

T H E P R I S O N E R

THE OUTSIDER

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THE
OUTSIDER

by: MORIS FARHI

~~Agents
Andrew Plann
Roger Hancock Ltd.
8, Waterloo Place
S.W.1.~~

~~XXXX~~
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STANDARD OPENING AND LINK

A C T O N E

FADE IN:

EXT. CLIFFS, DAY. 1.

EARLY MORNING. BRILLIANT SUN.

P. IS MEASURING THE EDGE OF THE CLIFFS USING A LENGTH OF STRING WITH BOOKS AT BOTH ENDS.

HE JOTS A FIGURE DOWN IN A NOTE-BOOK.

INSERT. NOTE-BOOK. 2.

THE PAGE OF THE NOTE-BOOK IS TITLED:

CLIFFS - WEST

AND BELOW IT A SEGMENT OF A GEOLOGICAL MAP IS TAKING SHAPE.

THE OTHER OPEN PAGE OF THE NOTE-BOOK CONTAINS THE TITLE:

BEACH - AREA 18

AND A COMPLETED MAP OF THE PARTICULAR SECTION, SCALE 1:1000.

SUDDENLY THE DRONE OF A JET.

EXT. CLIFFS, DAY. 3.

P. REACTS SHARPLY TO THE DRONE OF THE JET - WHICH INSTANTLY REACHES A DEAFENING CRESCENDO.

P. CUPS HIS EYES TRYING TO SPOT THE JET.

THEN THE DRONE CUTS OUT - INSTEAD A WHISTLING WHINE.

AN EXPLOSION TEARS THE AIR. A GEYSER OF SMOKE AND FIRE SHOOT UP IN THE DISTANCE.

P. POKETS HIS NOTE-BOOK AND RUNS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SMOKE COLUMN.

EXT. DIFFERENT SHOTS IN FOREST, DAY. 4.

P. RUNS, ZIGZAGGING THROUGH THE TREES.

EXT. FOREST. DAY.

5.

A MOVEMENT IN THE FOLIAGE CATCHES HIS ATTENTION. HE VEERS TOWARDS IT.

EXT. FOREST. DAY.

6.

A PILOT, HOBBLING ON ONE FOOT, IS FOLDING UP HIS PARACHUTE. THE PARACHUTE IS MOTTLED IN CAMOUFLAGE COLOURS.

THE PILOT'S FLYING SUIT BEARS NO RANK OR NATIONAL INSIGNIA. NEAR HIM, A BOX, SIMILAR TO AN ASTRONAUT'S BREATHING APPARATUS - HIS SURVIVAL KIT.

HE SUDDENLY SEES P. WATCHING HIM. HIS FIRST IMPULSE IS TO GO FOR HIS GUN HOLSTER, BUT RESTRAINS HIMSELF WHEN HE SEES P. IS UNARMED.

THEY MEASURE EACH OTHER. THEN THE PILOT BREAKS INTO A SMILE AND ADDRESSES P. IN AN INDISTINCT LANGUAGE, A CROSS BETWEEN LATIN AND NORDIC.

P.

Are you the only one ?

THE PILOT DOES NOT ANSWER.

P.

Speak English ?

PILOT

(MOMENT'S HESITATION)

I need help. My ankle.

HIS ENGLISH IS PERFECT AND ACCENTLESS.

P.

Do you know where you are ?

PILOT

Don't you ?

P.

Where ?

PILOT

Instruments went haywire. I saw a seaside town...

P.

Where ?

PILOT

Look, I need help. Find me a doctor - until they come for me.

P.

Who ?

6. CONTINUED.

PILOT
My outfit. I have money.

P.
What outfit?

PILOT
The Met. Bureau.

P.
Reconnaissance?

PILOT
Met. Meteorological. You know, weather observation and all that...

P.
(NOT BELIEVING A WORD OF IT)
I see.

A RUSTLE OF LEAVES. BOTH P. AND THE PILOT REACT - THE LATTER READY TO PULL OUT HIS GUN.

EXT. FOREST. DAY. THEIR P.O.V. 7.

IT TURNS OUT TO BE A SQUIRREL.

EXT. FOREST. DAY. 8.

THE PILOT'S ALARM HAS NOT GONE UNNOTICED BY P.

P.
Can you walk?

PILOT
Yes. Oh, the parachute.

WH HE PICKS UP THE FOLDED PARACHUTE, P. TAKES THE SURVIVAL KIT.

EXT. FOREST. DAY. (ANOTHER PART). 9.

P. AND THE PILOT REACH A ROCK CLUSTER. THE PILOT IS LIMPING BADLY, AND P. IS SUPPORTING HIM. THE PILOT COLLAPSES, OUT OF BREATH.

PILOT
You're a forester, are you?

P.
No.

PILOT
Game-keeper?

9. CONTINUED.

P.
No. A prisoner.

PILOT
Aren't we all ? On parole ?

P.
(EXAMINING THE PARACHUTE)
Unusual parachute for a weather-man...

PILOT
(GIVES HIM A LOOK)
Government issue.

P.
What government ?

PILOT
(LAUGHS)
How many have we got ?

P.
How's the leg ?

PILOT
I'll survive.

P.
Come on...

EXT. FOREST. CAVE. DAY. 10.

P. AND THE PILOT REACH THE MOUTH OF A CAVE WHICH IS WELL CAMOUFLAGED BY GROWTH AND FOLIAGE.

PILOT
Phew. What I wouldn't give for a cup of coffee. Got anything to drink ?

P.
Sorry. Wait here.

THE PILOT GIVES HIM A QUIZZICAL LOOK, THEN LEANS AGAINST A TREE. HIS ANKLE IS GIVING HIM A LOT OF PAIN. P. GOES INTO THE CAVE.

INT. CAVE. DAY. 11.

AS P. ENTERS A FEW LIZARDS SCRAMBLE AWAY.

INT. CAVE. DAY. P.'S P.O.V. 12.

THE CAVE IS A BAT SANCTUARY AND NOTHING MORE.

INT. CAVE. DAY. 13.

P. EXAMINES THE WALLS FOR TV. LENSES, MICROPHONES ETC. SATISFIED THAT THE CAVE IS NOT UNDER SURVEILLANCE, HE GOES OUT.

EXT. FOREST. CAVE. DAY. 14.

P. HELPS THE PILOT INTO THE CAVE.

INT. CAVE. DAY. 15.

P. SPREADS THE PARACHUTE ON THE GROUND AND MAKES THE PILOT COMFORTABLE. THE PILOT TRIES TO MASSAGE HIS ANKLE.

P.
Let me have a look.

HE TAKES THE PILOT'S BOOT OFF AND EXAMINES THE ANKLE, WHICH IS SWOLLEN AND BRUISED.

PILOT
(DURING P.'S EXAMINATION)
Why here ?

P.
It's safe here.

PILOT
Safe ?

P.
Relatively. Nothing broken. Probably a burst blood-vessel. Better strap it up.

PILOT
It'll be alright.

P.
(POINTS AT THE SURVIVAL KIT)
There should be a first-aid kit in there. May I ?

BEFORE THE PILOT CAN REFUSE, P. HAS OPENED THE SURVIVAL KIT. HE FISHES OUT A BANDAGE AND THROWS IT AT THE PILOT.

P.
Here.

THE PILOT ARRANGES HIS HOLSTER SO THAT IT IS EASILY ACCESSIBLE. THEN HE STARTS APPLYING THE BANDAGE.

P.
Full complement. Can I look ?

PILOT
If you must.

HE CONTINUES BANDAGING, KEEPING A WARY EYE ON P. WHO IS EMPTYING THE CONTENTS OF THE SURVIVAL KIT ONE BY ONE.

15. CONTINUED.

A compass. P.
Useful.

PILOT
Points north.

Yes. Oh - P. and a map. Now, we'll know.

PILOT
What ?

P.
Where we are.

THE PILOT GIVES HIM A DEAD-PAN LOOK. P. SPREADS OUT THE MAP.

INSERT. MAP. 16.

THE MAP SHOWS THE TIP OF SOUTH AMERICA - ARGENTINA, CHILE AND THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

INT. CAVE. DAY. 17.

P. REACTS.

P.
(A TINGE OF DOUBT)
South America ?

NO REACTION FROM THE PILOT.

P.
Or... wrong map.

PILOT
Wrong map ?

P.
Clever. Instead of Northern Hemisphere, Southern Hemisphere. And 45 to 65 latitudes. Same climate. But you missed out on one thing...

PILOT
Oh ?

P.
The stars. You can't see the Big Bear from the Falklands.

PILOT
Big Bear ? No. The Southern Cross.

P.
It won't work.

17. CONTINUED.

PILOT
What won't work ?

P.
The set-up.

PILOT
(PUZZLED)
Set-up ?

P.
Number Two... ?

PILOT
Number Two ?

P.
(HAS BEEN STUDYING HIM CLOSELY)
Unless...

HE TURNS THE MAP ROUND AND STUDIES ITS BLANK BACK. THEN HE STARTS RUBBING IT AGAINST THE WALL. GRADUALLY, LINES APPEAR ON THE BLANK SIDE. P. RUBS HARDER: A MAP OF THE BALTIC SEA AND THE COUNTRIES SURROUNDING IT HAS MATERIALISED IN RELIEF.

P.
That's better. The Baltic.

THE PILOT LOOKS AT P. NOW WITH A CERTAIN RESPECT.

P.
(STUDIES THE MAP)
But where ?

THE PILOT DOES NOT ANSWER. HIS HAND IS OMINOUSLY NEAR HIS HOLSTER.

P.
No references to the village.

PILOT
What village ?

P. TAKES OUT HIS NOTE-BOOK AND COMPARES IT WITH THE PILOT'S MAP.

P.
Do you know where you've crashed ?

PILOT
No. All navigational instruments packed up.

P.
What was your destination ?

PILOT
North.

P.
Point of departure ?

17. CONTINUED.

South, PILOT

Be specific, P.

Why ? PILOT

Why not ? P.
You're a met. man - on a
weather-observation flight. So why
the secrecy ?

PILOT
None of your business.

P.
Unless it's aerial spying.

PILOT
You've lost me, friend.

P.
(FISHES OUT A BLACK HANKERCHIEF
FROM THE SURVIVAL KIT)
Black handkerchief. The countersign ?

PILOT
Countersign ?

P.
Identification tag.

THE PILOT PULLS OUT HIS GUN. BUT P. HAS BEEN EXPECTING
IT. HE DISARMS THE PILOT AND TAKES CHARGE OF THE GUN.

P.
Now, start answering...

PILOT
How much do they pay you ?

P.
Who ?

PILOT
A pittance. That's what they all pay.
Let me go - help me escape - and you
can retire tomorrow.

P.
(FISHING)
Or resign ?

PILOT
Why not ? Nobody would know.

P.
No ?

PILOT
There's a leather belt in there...

17. CONTINUED.

P.
(TAKES IT OUT FROM THE SURVIVAL KIT)
Yes ?

PILOT
Open it.

P. OPENS IT: IT CONTAINS USED NOTES IN VARIOUS CURRENCIES,
A FEW DIAMONDS AND SOME GOLD COINS.

PILOT
Gold, Diamonds, Dollars, pounds,
marks, roubles, francs. All yours.

P. STUDIES HIM. DURING THE FOLLOWING EXCHANGE, THE PILOT
TRIES TO GRADUALLY REACH A ROCK.

PILOT
I'm offering you a fortune.

P.
I thought you were trying me out.

PILOT
Very well, I'm trying you out. Will
you help me escape ?

P.
Perhaps.

PILOT
I warn you, you can't turn me in
and take those. I'd tell them.

P.
Who ?

PILOT
Your superiors.

P.
Just answer me. Where do you come from ?
What was your last navigational fix ?

PILOT
You won't crack me.

P.
Alright. Where do you want to escape
to ? Poland ? Russia, Germany, ~~Russia~~
Finland ?

PILOT
(HOPEFUL)
A boat. That's all I need. I managed
to get a signal off before crashing.
They'll be searching.

P.
Not a chance.

17. CONTINUED.

THE PILOT HAS MANAGED TO GRAB A ROCK. HE HURLS IT AT P. P. DUCKS. THE PILOT JUMPS HIM. A BRIEF BUT VICIOUS STRUGGLE ENSUES. THE PILOT, WITH HIS BAD FOOT, DOES NOT STAND A CHANCE. P. & FINALLY KNOCKS HIM OUT SENSELESS.

THE P. TIES THE PILOT'S HANDS AND KNEES TO A JUTTING PIECE OF ROCK WITH THE PARACHUTE CORD. DURING THIS, THE PILOT REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.

PILOT

I suppose, you'll get a medal for this. But then sometimes tin glitters more than gold.

P.

No medals.

PILOT

I see. The Idealist.

P.

Idealist ?

PILOT

Not interested in riches or decorations. Only the cause. I was wondering how an Englishman happened to be in the Baltic.

P.

Not through choice.

PILOT

Of course not.

P.

I'm a prisoner.

PILOT

Oh, I forgot about that. And what am I ? The prisoner's prisoner... ?

P.

The boots - and helmet. May I have them ?

PILOT

Will they fit you ?

P.

We have to fake your death.

DURING THE ENSUING EXCHANGE, P. PUTS THE HELMET INSIDE HIS PULL-OVER - TIES THE BOOTS TO HIS CALVES, INSIDE THE TROUSERS; THEN PUTS THE GUN AND JEWELLERY ETC. INTO THE SURVIVAL KIT AND HIDES THAT BEYOND THE PILOT'S REACH.

P.

I'll have to leave now. They may start missing me. I'll be back with some food.

PILOT

And a regiment. Yes, I know. Ah, well, you can't win them all...

17. CONTINUED.

P.
Trust me.

PILOT
Oh, but I do. I do.

SUDDENLY THE PILOT TRIES TO TAKE THE HOOK OF HIS LAPEL ZIP INTO HIS MOUTH. HE IS ABOUT TO BITE ON IT WHEN P. REALIZING WHAT HE IS UP TO, PUNCHES HIM. AS BLOOD DRIPS DOWN THE PILOT'S HOSTILE MOUTH, P. EXAMINES THE HOOK: IT IS ~~OF~~ OF PLASTIC AND CONTAINS A PILL. P. EXAMINES THE PILL - THEN BREAKS IT. HE SMELLS IT.

P.
Cyanide.

THE PILOT GIVES HIM A HOSTILE, DEFLIANT LOOK.

P.
(SYMPATHETIC)
Trust me.

PILOT
You won't make me confess.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE, DAY. (STOCK ?) 18.

THE WRECKAGE OF A PLANE SPREADS FROM THE SUMMIT OF A MOUNTAIN DOWN TO THE VALLEY: THE TIP OF A WING, A BLAZING WHEEL. IT IS A SCENE OF DESOLATION.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE, DAY. 19.

A COUPLE OF MINI-MOKES ARE PARKED NEAR THE DISASTER AREA.

A RESCUE CREW IS SEARCHING THE DEBRIS.

A MAN, DRESSED LIKE A FARMER IS SUPERVISING. HE IS AT THE MOMENT TALKING TO CONTROL THROUGH THE RADIO OF HIS MINI-MOKE.

FARMER
No sign of the Pilot.

CONTROL VOICE
Keep searching.

FARMER
Of course.

HE REPLACES THE RECEIVER AND STARTS WALKING TOWARDS THE DEBRIS, WHEN HE SEES P.

E FARMER
I'm sorry, Number Six - no sightseers.

P.
Perhaps I could help.

19. CONTINUED.

FARMER

That is kind of you. But we can manage. Besides, it's dangerous work. We can't have you taking risks.

P.

No. I could melt.

(SALUTES)

Be seeing you.

FARMER

And you.

P. LEAVES. THE FARMER WATCHES HIM GO, PUZZLED.

EXT. BEACH, DAY.

20.

THE TIDE IS GOING OUT.

EXT. BEACH, DAY.

21.

A FEW EARLY RISERS DOT THE BEACH, SUNBATHING, PLAYING OR SWIMMING.

EXT. BEACH, DAY.

22.

P. IS BY THE WATERLINE, BAREFEET, SHRIMPING WITH A NET AND PAIL.

AS HE EMPTIES THE CONTENTS OF THE NET INTO THE PAIL, HE LOOKS OUT AT SEA.

EXT. SEA, DAY, HIS P.O.V.

23.

A BOAT SHIMMERS ON THE CLEAR WATER, OBVIOUSLY SEARCHING.

EXT. BEACH, DAY.

24.

P. LOOKS AROUND.

EXT. BEACH, DAY, HIS P.O.V.

25.

THOSE ON THE BEACH ARE PURSUING THEIR PLEASURES. NOBODY IS PAYING THE SLIGHTEST ATTENTION TO HIM.

EXT. BEACH, DAY. 26.

P. BENDS DOWN, AS IF SEARCHING FOR SHRIMPS.
HE TAKES OUT THE HELMET, THEN UNTIES THE PILOT'S BOOTS.
HE DROPS THEM INTO THE WATER. THEN STRAIGHTENS UP. HE
WATCHES THE BOOTS AND HELMET DRIFT.

EXT. BEACH, WATER, DAY, HIS P.O.V. 27.

THE BOOTS AND HELMET, HALF SUBMERGED ARE GRADUALLY
BEING CARRIED AWAY BY THE OUTGOING TIDE.

EXT. BEACH, DAY. 28.

P. REVERTS TO SHRIMPING. HE CATCHES ANOTHER NET-LOAD
AND DUMPS THEM INTO THE PAIL. HE HAS QUITE A GOOD CATCH.
HE THROWS ANOTHER LOOK AT THE WATER.

EXT. BEACH, DAY, HIS POV. 29.

THE TIP OF ONE BOOT CAN JUST BE SEEN IN THE DISTANCE.

EXT. BEACH, DAY. 30.

SATISFIED, P. GATHERS HIS THINGS, AND STARTS WALKING
BACK TOWARDS THE PROMENADE.

EXT. BEACH, DAY. 31.

A MINI-MOKE ON THE BEACH IS SPEEDING TOWARDS P.

EXT. BEACH, DAY. 32.

P. SEES IT, BUT CONTINUES WALKING.

EXT. BEACH, DAY. 33.

IN THE MINI-MOKE, NO. 2 POINTS P. TO HIS DRIVER.

EXT. BEACH, DAY. 34.

P. NOW REACHES THE QUAY, THE MINI-MOKE NOT TOO FAR
FROM HIM. HE COMPLETELY IGNORES IT, AND STARTS WIPING
THE SAND OFF HIS FEET.

EXT. BEACH. DAY.

35.

THE MINI-MOKE COMES TO A STOP BY P. NO. 2 JUMPS OUT.

NO. 2

(HIS OMINOUS FACE BREAKING INTO
A SMILE)

Good morning, Number Six. Up and
about early, I see.

P.

Most observant, Number Two.

NO. 2

One has to be in my job.

P.

Amongst other things.

HE NOW STARTS PUTTING ON HIS SOCKS AND SHOES.

NO. 2

You know, I may be wrong, but I think
you're beginning to toe the line.

P.

Oh, really?

NO. 2

Yes. This terse defiance, for instance.
Mere defense. Automatic response. But
breaking down.

P.

Well, anything is possible.

NO. 2

That is very true. With one exception,
of course. Escape is impossible.

P.

So I'm told. Anything I can do for you?

NO. 2

No! Just a social call. I saw you -
shrimping. I must say, you never stop
surprising me. What with shrimping and
early morning hikes, you look as if
you've discovered happiness. You're
really a nature boy at ~~hand~~ heart,
aren't you?

P.

We all are, deep down.

NO. 2

Is that why you resigned? To be with
nature?

P.

No.

35. CONTINUED.

NO. 2

Oh, Pity. It would have been such a noble reason. Prominent man rejects humanity for... what is it you do, during your hikes ?

P.

EX Study geology. Suggested by the Citizen's Advice Bureau.

NO. 2

Which, of course, you're putting to good use ?

P.

Indeed. One can learn so much from rocks.

NO. 2

Like - making maps ?

P.

I haven't advanced that far.

NO. 2

And the shrimps ? Do they teach something, too ?

P.

They're delicious for breakfast. Care to join me ?

NO. 2

Wish I could. But this damn plane crash - you know about it, of course.

P.

Yes. I saw the wreckage.

NO. 2

I know you did. By the way, you didn't stumble upon the pilot by any chance, did you ?

P.

Oh, yes.

NO. 2

(SURPRISED)
You did ? What happened ?

P.

I fell.

NO. 2

(SMILES)
You're on form. It must be the sun. Just wanted to make sure. I'd have thought he'd have made straight for the village to get help.

35. CONTINUED.

Logical. P.

NO. 2
Unless warned to steer clear. And
there's only one person who'd give
such a warning.

P.
I can't think who you mean.

NO. 2
Of course, if you do see the Pilot...

P.
Of course...

NO. 2
Then again, he could have been killed.
Still, we'll soon know. Well, be seeing
you.

P.
And you.

NO. 2 GETS INTO HIS MINI-MOKE. P. CLIMBS THE STEPS
TO THE PROMENADE.

EXT. VILLAGE. DAY. 36.

P. WALKS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE GENERAL STORES.

TANNOY
(COMES TO LIFE)
Good morning, everybody - and what a
morning. Here is a repeat announcement.
Early this morning, a plane crashed by
the mountain - and there might be a
survivor. This is an opportunity to
show our hospitality. Let us join hands
in one big effort to find the unfortunate
man, and take him to our bosom.

P. MAKES A FACE AND WALKS INTO THE GENERAL STORES.

INT. GENERAL STORES. DAY. 37.

THE SHOPKEEPER UPON SEEING P. IS VERY SERVILE. P.
HELPS HIMSELF.

M SHOPKEEPER
Good morning, Number Six. What will
it be? I have some lovely mangoes -
specially imported.

P.
From ?

37. CONTINUED.

SHOPKEEPER

The outside. They are a bit dear, but with your credit power...

P.

Alright - I'll ~~not~~ have some.

SHOPKEEPER

Splendid. It's always such a privilege to serve you, if I may say so...

P.

Thank you.

SHOPKEEPER

A high-class clientele, that's what I have always wanted. And with your patronage - a V.I.P. - the diplomatic corps, am I right?

P.

You always ask me that, Number Thirty-three. And it isn't really very subtle.

SHOPKEEPER

Oh.

P.

Have you got any coffee? I can't see any on the shelves.

SHOPKEEPER

Oh, yes. I haven't unpacked them yet.

HE OPENS A NEW CARTON AND GIVES A CAN TO P.

P.

Thank you. Don't forget to charge it.

SHOPKEEPER

No.

P. CARRYING HIS PURCHASE IN A ~~KARRIERS~~ CARRIER-BAG, LEAVES THE STORE.

SHOPKEEPER

(AS SOON AS P. LEAVES, INTO THIN AIR)
Did you notice, Control? Number Six bought some coffee.

CONTROL VOICE

What of it?

SHOPKEEPER

He has never done so before. He is a tea-drinker.

FADE OUT.

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. CAVE. DAY.

38.

THE PILOT IS STILL BOUND, THOUGH HE CAN USE HIS HANDS TO EAT AND DRINK. P. IS WITH HIM, WATCHING HIM.

PILOT

Good coffee.

P.

... so with luck, the helmet and boots will wash ashore with the ~~low~~ tide.

PILOT

And then what?

P.

We'll see if it's proof enough for Number Two.

PILOT

You keep referring to this Number Two. What is it?

P.

The warden of the village.

PILOT

Oh, I forgot - you're a prisoner. And what are you? Number One?

P.

Six.

PILOT

Charming.

P.

When the search is called off, we can start planning an escape.

PILOT

When...

P.

But to do that, I must know where we are. What is the nearest country? How to get there.

PILOT

Back to that line of questioning, are we? Not very subtle, Mr. Six.

P.

You want to escape - so do I. Better answer me. Did you take off from a British base? Are you British?

38. CONTINUED.

PILOT

Do I sound British ?

P.

Were you heading for a base in the Baltic ? Norway ?

PILOT

Falklands.

P.

I'm hiding you. I'm jeopardising my plans to help you. It's time you trusted me.

PILOT

I'm conditioned against all this I-am-your-friend-trust-me stuff. So do us both a favour, and drop it, will you.

P.

What more proof do you want ?

PILOT

Release me.

P.

You'd only get captured.

PILOT

I'll take my chances.

P.

You haven't got one - against Rover.

PILOT

Rover ? What's that ? A dog ?

P.

Not the sort you'd take out for a walk.

PILOT

(CHUCKLES)

They're all mad in your line of business, but, at least, you're original.

P.

Look, why should I keep you a...
(HATES TO SAY IT)
prisoner... ?

PILOT

Promotion ? You tell me.

P.

I've told you - to help you.

PILOT

Most philanthropic.

38. CONTINUED.

I am your P. only chance of escape.

PILOT
Alright - let's play charades. You say you're a prisoner...

P.
Yes.

PILOT
Under constant watch ?

P.
Yes.

PILOT
Then how come you can roam around so freely ?

P.
It's a type of open prison.

PILOT
Open ? Are you a political prisoner ?

P.
A prisoner is a prisoner.

PILOT
Well, I'll tell you what I think, friend. We're in the same business. And there are no prisons for us, least of all, open. Just the firing squad.

P.
What makes you think that ?

PILOT
You know what I am. It didn't take you long to find out. You're too familiar with all the gear, the procedure.

P.
Easy to deduct.

PILOT
For an old hand.

P.
It's up to you. Do we join forces ?

PILOT
We're on different sides.

P.
How do you know ?

PILOT
You don't just ~~by~~ bump into an Englishman in the Baltic ! You're working for them.

38. CONTINUED.

Who ? P.

PILOT
Okay, we'll leave it at that, shall we ?

P.
We can't.

PILOT
Alright, you tell me who you are, what you're doing, who you're working for - and I might do the same. But it's not very likely, is it ?

P.
I told you - I'm trying to escape.

PILOT
Well, what were you before you became a prisoner ? Who's imprisoned you ? And why ?

P.
You don't need to know that.

PILOT
Exactly. So why should I trust you ?

P.
You have no alternative.

PILOT
Oh, yes, I have !

P.
Cyanide ?

PILOT
It would have helped.

P.
I see.

PILOT
Stalemate.

P.
(GETS UP)
For the moment.

PILOT
A reminder: it's a cardinal rule for prisoners to escape. Watch out. Given half a chance...

P.
You'd be a fool.

PILOT
We're all fools in this business.

EXT. BEACH & PROMENADE, DUSK. 39.

P. IS WALKING HOME. SOMETHING ON THE BEACH CATCHES HIS ATTENTION. HE LOOKS.

EXT. BEACH, DUSK. HIS P.O.V. 40.

THE TIDE IS IN. A BOAT IS GROUNDED ON THE SAND. A FEW FISHERMEN TYPES ARE GETTING OFF THE BOAT, RATHER EXCITED. ONE OF THEM, WAVING A DRIPPING BOOT RUNS TOWARDS A PARKED MINI-MOKE.

EXT. PROMENADE, DUSK. 41.

P., THOUGHTFUL CONTINUES ON HIS WAY.

EXT. VILLAGE, DUSK. 42.

P. IS ON HIS WAY HOME.

A RATHER PLAIN, BUT BEAUTIFULLY DRESSED WOMAN SPOTS HIM, AND RUNS TO HIM.

WOMAN

Number Six ! Number Six !

P.

Yes ?

WOMAN

Could you help me - look ?

P.

For what ?

WOMAN

The survivor. He - he must be so lonely... I thought - I mean, it's bad to be lonely...

P.

I'm sorry.

WOMAN

Please - he - we - we must help him. I'd - I'd look after him, feed him, make a home for him. I - I mean, they're convinced at the social centre I'd make a... a good wife - to a nice man...

P.

Of course.

WOMAN

You see, I'm not really cut to be a career girl... I've really been wasting my time - all these years... He - he'll like me - I think...

42. CONTINUED.

P.
I'm sorry - I can't help you. Ask
Number Two - I'm sure he'd be able to.

WOMAN
(NEW HOPE)
Would he ?

SHE TAKES OFF TOWARDS THE GEORGIAN HOUSE, ALL DELIGHTED.

EXT. VILLAGE, DUSK. 43.

P. WATCHES THE WOMAN RUN, PITY SHOWING ON HIS FACE.

INT. NO. 2'S LIVING ROOM, DUSK. 44.

NO. 2 IS WATCHING P. ON THE MONITOR. THE BUTLER IS IN ATTENDANCE.

NO. 2
How can a man be so strong - and yet
so weak. Do you know, my mute friend ?

THE BUTLER GIVES HIM A BLANK LOOK.

NO. 2
Love: the stuff saints are made of.

THE BUTLER GRINS.

NO. 2
But it's the wrong world for saints.

THE DOORBELL CHIMES.

NO. 2
Send her away.

INT. P.'S LOUNGE, NIGHT. 45.

START WITH:

A POLITICIAN IS MAKING A SPEECH FROM A BANNER-DECORATED STAND. A FEW PEOPLE ARE LISTENING TO HIM. A POSTER WITH THE POLITICIAN'S PORTRAIT IS IN THE BACKGROUND.

POLITICIAN
More hours of leisure; palaces, not
houses; better films; more imaginative
cooking; more money units...

PULL BACK:

TO REVEAL P., HIS BACK TURNED TO THE TV SET, STRETCHED ON THE SOFA READING A BOOK ON GEOLOGY.

POLITICIAN'S VOICE
And you can have them all - if you
vote for me-----

45. CONTINUED.

THE PHONE RINGS. P. PICKS IT UP.

INSTANTLY THE POLITICIAN'S FACE DISAPPEARS FROM THE TV SCREEN - REPLACED BY NO. 2'S.

NO. 2
Good evening, Number Six.

P.
(INTO PHONE)
Good evening.

NO. 2
Don't turn your back on me.

P.
(TURNS TO THE TV. SCREEN)
You're an improvement on that politician.

NO. 2
I should hope so. The pompous ass. I can't for the life of me understand why he's here.

P.
Probably believes in the village.

NO. 2
Never thought of that. Still. Feel like a gamble, Number Six?

P.
Russian roulette?

NO. 2
Good Lord, no. Poker.

INT. NO. 2'S LOUNGE. NIGHT.

46.

A POKER GAME HAS ITS OWN RITUAL FOR NO. 2. A PROFESSIONAL TABLE, INDIVIDUALLY LIT OCCUPIES THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM. THE CARDS AND JETONS WOULD MAKE ANY CASINO PROUD.

TWO ATTRACTIVE GIRLS, NO. 55 AND NO. 83, ARE PREPARING THE CHAIRS, DRINKS, ASHTRAYS ETC. THROUGHOUT THE POKER GAME, THEY ARE TO ACT AS "INSPIRATION" AND DECORATION, HARDLY SAYING A WORD, BUT BEHAVING LIKE PERFECT HOSTESSES: I.E. LIGHTING CIGARETTES, CHANGING ASHTRAYS, FRESHENING DRINKS ETC.

P. HAS JUST ARRIVED, LED BY THE BUTLER, AND IS BEING WELCOMED BY NO. 2.

THE BUTLER, WHO WILL ACT AS THE DEALER, NOW STARTS SORTING OUT CARDS AND JETONS.

NO. 2
Ah, my dear Number Six - puntual, as usual.

(CONT.)

46. CONTINUED.

NO. 2

(INTRODUCING THE GIRLS)

Let me introduce you, Number Fifty-five and Number Eighty-three.

NO. 55 & NO. 83

(TOOTH-PASTE ADVERT SMILE)

Good evening.

P.

New staff ?

NO. 2

Charming, aren't they ? Two of the most promising undergraduates studying at the Palace of Fun. They're on field work now - and they've kindly chosen to attend to our... pleasure.

NO. 83

(TO P.)

Can I get you a drink ?

P.

Not yet - thank you.

NO. 2

Encourage them, my dear fellow. You wouldn't want them fail their degree, would you ?

P.

In that case - a scotch, please.

NO. 83

(ALMOST A CURTSEY)

Thank you.

NO. 55

And you, Number two ?

NO. 2

I'll have the same, my dear.

NO. 55

Thank you.

THE GIRLS ATTEND TO THE DRINKS.

NO. 2

It's my only vice, poker - and I think I've deserved tonight's indulgence. What a hectic day ! But the crisis is over.

P.

Crisis ?

NO. 2

The plane crash.

P.

Oh.

46 ~~46~~. CONTINUED.

NO. 2
Now, don't disappoint me - I want a
good, hard game - and I play to win.
Let's sit, shall we ?

THEY MOVE TO THE TABLE. P. IS ABOUT TO SIT WHEN SOMETHING
CATCHES HIS ATTENTION.

INT. NO. 2'S LOUNGE, NIGHT, HIS P.O.V. 47.

A VERY THIN WIRE PROTRUDES FROM THE BACK-REST OF THE
CHAIR.

INT. NO. 2'S LOUNGE, NIGHT. 48.

P. HESITATES.

NO. 2
That's my lucky chair. Superstition
and all that - if you don't mind...

P.
Not at all.

HE MOVES TO ANOTHER CHAIR. TAKES A CLOSE LOOK. A SIMILAR
THIN WIRE PROTRUDES FROM IT AS WELL. AS HE SITS P.
SCRATCHES THE WIRE.

INT. LABORATORY. NIGHT. 49.

START ON:

AN ELECTRONIC DETECTOR WITH A GRAPH AND PENCIL ATTACHMENT.
P.'S SCRATCH HAS PRODUCED A GIANT SQUIGGLE ON THE GRAPH.

PULL BACK:

A MEDICAL ASSISTANT IS SUPERVISING.

ASSISTANT
(INTO AN INTERCOM)
Lie detector functioning - but observed.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, NIGHT. 50.

ON A TV SCREEN P. IS SEEN SITTING DOWN. THE DOCTOR AND
THE CONTROL ROOM SUPERVISOR ARE WATCHING.

DOCTOR
(INTO INTERCOM)
Yes, I know...

SUPERVISOR
Has he guessed it ?

50. CONTINUED.

DOCTOR
Of course. But he's sat down, hasn't he ?

(INTO INTERCOM)
What's the response ?

INT. LABORATORY, NIGHT. 51.

THE GRAPH IS SHOWING A SMOOTH LINE.

ASSISTANT
Normal.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, NIGHT. 52.

DOCTOR
(TO SUPERVISOR)
We'll see how he plays it.

INT. NO. 2'S LOUNGE, NIGHT. 53.

THE BUTLER HAS STARTED DEALING.

NO. 2
What about the stakes, my dear fellow.
Shall we say, the sky's the limit ?

P.
I've never been able to cash sky in
my bank.

NO. 2
I'm surprised Number Six - all those
resources of yours...

P.
Well, if you insist...

NO. 2
That's settled then. The winner claims
~~whatever~~ whatever he wants - within reason,
of course...

~~MEANWHILE~~ THEY HAVE NOW BEEN DEALT THEIR CARDS: P. HAS
THREE KINGS - NO. 2, TWO ACES, AND TWO NINES.

NO. 2
I open.

P.
I'll see.

P. TAKES TWO CARDS, NO. 2 TAKES ONE. P. INCREASES, NO. 2
ACCEPTS. BOTH HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO IMPROVE THEIR CARDS,
SO P. WINS.

THE BUTLER DEALS AGAIN.

53. CONTINUED.

Cigar ? NO. 83

No, thank you. P.

NO. 2
(sotto voce)
I think she likes you.

Does she ? P.

Ah, this is the life, my friend, wouldn't you agree. NO. 2
This is paradise.

P.
(POINTS AT THE BUTLER)
And, he, I presume, is Confucius.

NO. 2
(LAUGHS)
~~Supper~~ Oh, capital !
(HAS A PAIR)
I'll open.

P.
(HAS A BETTER PAIR)
I'll see.

NO. 2
No, but seriously. It is paradise.
Synthetic perhaps, but paradise, all
the same. Three cards.

P.
Two.

THE BUTLER DEALS.

NO. 2
We have made into reality what every
political philosopher has been preaching
since Plato.

P.
Who is "we" ?

NO. 2
Does it matter ? Have you ever seen a
happier village ?

P.
Yes.

NO. 2
Where ? Two hundred units.

P.
Five hundred. Just outside Kent.

53. CONTINUED.

NO. 2

I'll see you. You're an old romantic, my friend. I suppose you'd object finding Goliath at the Gates of Heaven instead of St. Peter.

P.

(LAYS HIS CARDS)

And how !

NO. 2 IS LEFT WITH HIS PAIR. P. HAS THREE OF THE SAME & - AND WINS.

INT. LABORATORY. NIGHT.

54.

ON THE GRAPH, THE PREVIOUS CONVERSATION HAS CREATED A FEW PEAKS.

ASSISTANT

Predictable response.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

55.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM, THE DOCTOR WATCHES THE GAME.

ONE OF THE RADAR SURVEYORS SUMMONS THE SUPERVISOR.

SURVEYOR

Number Twenty-one - there's a flying object - helicopter - circling...

SURVEYOR

(LOOKS AT THE DOT ON THE RADAR SCREEN)

It's crossed our air space...

(INTO INTERCOM)

Number Two !

INT. CAVE. NIGHT.

56.

THE PILOT HAS HEARD THE WHIR OF THE HELICOPTER. HE IS DESPERATELY RUBBING HIS BONDS AGAINST THE JUTTING ROCK. BUT THE PARACHUTE CORD PROVES TOO STRONG.

INT. NO. 2'S LOUNGE. NIGHT.

57.

NO. 2 HAS SWITCHED ON HIS RADAR, AND IS OBSERVING THE DOT. P. IS ALL ATTENTION. HE HAS CHANGED HIS SITTING POSITION SO THAT HIS HANDS ARE RUBBING AGAINST THE BACK OF HIS CHAIR, NEAR THE WIRE.

NO. 2

This pilot must've been important - if they search in shore for him. If it lands - Red Alert.

63. CONTINUED.

NO. 2
No, just a boot - he went in the drink.

P.
He could still be alive...

NO. 2
No. It's quite hazardous business, ditching in the sea. A wet parachute - that's a dead weight - must have dragged him under. Well, you should know...

P.
Should I?

NO. 2
Come, come, you're all too familiar with this hazard. According to your file...

P.
You're slipping into old bad habits, Number Two. It will only spoil the game.

NO. 2
I take the point. Shall we have some refreshments...

THE GIRLS JUMP UP TO SERVE.

NO. 2
Coffee? Oh, you don't drink coffee - or do you, I ~~sure~~ can't remember...

P.
No -
(STOPS HIMSELF IN TIME)
I used to hate it, but I've recently acquired a taste for it...

NO. 2
Coffee it is.

THE GIRLS RUSH TO THE KITCHEN, EAGER TO PLEASE.

SLOW MIX

INT. CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

64.

THE POKER GAME IS ON THE SCREEN. THE DOCTOR IS WATCHING, SLEEPY-EYED, BUT INTERESTED. THE SUPERVISOR AND THE SURVEYORS ARE CARRIED AWAY WITH THE GAME.

SUPERVISOR
I must say, he's good.

DOCTOR
Who?

SUPERVISOR
Number Six - he's winning.

64. CONTINUED.

DOCTOR
He's meant to.

SUPERVISOR
Oh, why ?

DOCTOR
We'd be more than interested in the stakes he claims. Psychology - even the most harmless desire has thousands of connotations - each a virtual trap. We should be able to deduct if he's met the pilot.

INT. NO. 2'S LOUNGE, NIGHT. 65.

IT HAS BEEN A HARD GAME. THE GIRLS ARE ABOUT TO FALL ASLEEP, THE SMILES ON THEIR FACES, GRADUALLY FADING. P. HAS PRACTICALLY WIPED THE TABLE.

NO. 2
Last hand ?

P.
Suit yourself.

NO. 2
It's been a terrible night - I can't even pretend I'm winning in love -
(NODS AT THE HALF-ASLEEP NO. 55)
Look at her...

THE BUTLER SHUFFLES THE CARDS.

NO. 2
Shall we make this the decider ? You can refuse if you like - you're winning.

P.
I don't mind.

R NO. 2
Right.

THE BUTLER STARTS DEALING. P. WATCHES HIM, SUSPICIOUSLY. HE COLLECTS HIS CARDS: HE HAS BEEN DEALT FOUR ACES - PUZZLED, HE LOOKS AT THE BUTLER.

THE BUTLER RETURNS THE LOOK, A FAINT SMILE ON HIS FACE.

P. LOOKS AT NO. 2, WHO TO ALL APPEARANCES, IS UNHAPPY WITH HIS CARDS.

NO. 2
You speak, Number Six...

P.
One card.

THE BUTLER DEALS HIM ONE.

65. CONTINUED.

Ah, going NO. 2 for a run. Two.

THE BUTLER DEALS HIM TWO.

Check, P.

Check, eh? NO. 2

HE STUDIES P. P. RETURNS THE LOOK.

Let me think... NO. 2

WHILST NO. 2 THINKS P. WATCHES THE BUTLER. THE BUTLER GIVES ANOTHER FAINT SMILE. P., EVEN MORE SUSPICIOUS LOOKS AT HIS CARDS AGAIN.

Alright - NO. 2 win or bust. How much you've got there?

About ten P. thousand units.

Ten thousand, NO. 2 it is. I'll give an I.O.U.

P. PUTS HIS MONEY INTO THE CENTRE.

What have NO. 2 you got?

Your bet, P. You speak.

NO. 2 LAYS OUT HIS CARDS. HE HAS TWO KINGS AND THREE TENS.

Full house, NO. 2

P. LOOKS AT HIS CARDS, THEN AT THE BUTLER, WHO GIVES HIM A KNOWING LOOK. P. SHUFFLES HIS CARDS, IS ABOUT TO LAY THEM OPEN, THEN MIXES THEM WITH THE DECK.

Too good - P. it'll teach me to go for a royal flush....

THE BUTLER GIVES HIM A SURPRISED LOOK. EVEN NO. 2 IS SURPRISED.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, NIGHT.

66.

THE DOCTOR AND THE SUPERVISOR LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

SUPERVISOR
He threw it away...

66. CONTINUED.

DOCTOR
Interesting. Most interesting.

INT. NO. 2'S LIVING ROOM, NIGHT. 67.

NO. 2 AND P. GET UP FROM THE TABLE.

NO. 2
(STRETCHING, PLEASED AS PUNCH)
I told you, I play hard, didn't I -
and you were good opposition.

P.
Was I ?

NO. 2
Now what can I claim as my prize ?

P.
The sky ?

NO. 2
Very funny. No, I'll tell you what.
It's been a most enjoyable evening -
so - I'll ask for... your happiness...

P.
Granted.

NO. 2
That's kind of you, but I want more.
I want you to take Number Eighty-three.
Let her ~~take~~ look after you... See, what
a generous man I am...

NO. 83, ON HEARING HER NAME JUMPS UP, ALL SMILES.

P.
Thank you all the same - but I can
look after myself...

NO. 83 LOOKS DISAPPOINTED.

NO. 2
But you can't refuse. A gambling debt
is a matter of honour.

P.
You said - within reason. And slavery
is never within reason. Good night.

HE WALKS OUT. NO. 2 WATCHES HIM GO, THEN PICKS UP A
TELEPHONE.

NO. 2
Nothing re-the pilot. Lie-detector
destroyed. Win refused. It's been a
futile night, but you know something
Number One - I'm getting to admire this
man. I almost wish we were on the same
side.

INT. P.'S KITCHEN, NIGHT. 68.

P. / ~~YIKES~~ WALKS INTO THE KITCHEN, OPENS THE FRIDGE AND IS ABOUT TO POUR HIMSELF A GLASS OF MILK WHEN HE SEES A COFFEE PERCOLATOR BUBBLING, SET ON THE TABLE.

HE SMILES, PUTS THE MILK BACK IN THE FRIDGE, THEN POURS HIMSELF A CUP OF COFFEE. THEN GESTURING "BOTTOMS UP" TO THE TV, LENS, DRINKS IT, AS IF IT WERE AMBROSIA.

DISSOLVE

EXT. VILLAGE. DAY, ESTABLISHING SHOT. 69.

THE SUN IS SHINING. IT IS ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL DAY.

EXT. VILLAGE, P.'S HOUSE & STREET, DAY. 70.

~~NOX~~ P. LEAVES HIS HOME.

EXT. VILLAGE. CAFE. 71.

NO. 2 IS HAVING BREAKFAST IN THE CAFE. HE IS IN THE COMPANY OF NO. 55 AND NO. 83.

NO. 55

She's worried that she's going to fail her finals...

NO. 83

He rejects me - you saw last night.

NO. 2

Graduation is never easy, my dear girl. You must try harder. There is such a thing called feminine guile.

NO. 83

What's that? It's not in the curriculum.

NO. 2

Well, it should be!

EXT. FOREST. DAY. 72.

P. ZIGZAGS THROUGH THE TREES, NOW AND AGAIN STOPPING TO MAKE SURE THAT HE IS NOT BEING FOLLOWED.

EXT. CAVE. DAY. 73.

P. REACHES THE CAVE AND GOES IN.

INT. CAVE. DAY. 74.

HE REACTS.

INT. CAVE. DAY. HIS P.O.V. 75.

THE PILOT HAS ESCAPED.

FADE OUT

A C T T H R E E

FADE IN:

EXT. CAVE. DAY. 76.

P. RUNS OUT OF THE CAVE. LOOKS AROUND, OBSERVES A TRAIL OF IMPRINTS LEFT BY A STICK, AND FOLLOWS IT AT A RUN.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE FOREST. DAY. 77.

THE PILOT, HOBBLING WITH AN IMPROVISED STAFF - A THICK BRANCH - IS BEING CHASED BY ROVER. HAVING REACHED A CLEARING IN THE FOREST, HE IS CORNERED.

EXT. FOREST. DAY. 78.

P. RUNNING, STILL FOLLOWING THE TRAIL LEFT BY THE STAFF.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE ~~WON~~ FOREST. DAY. 79.

THE PILOT, TERRIFIED, TURNS TO FACE ROVER. HE DRAWS HIS GUN AND STARTS SHOOTING.

EXT. FOREST. DAY. 80.

P. HEARS THE SHOT - VEERS IN THAT DIRECTION.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE FOREST. DAY. 81.

THE PILOT HAS EMPTIED HIS MAGAZINE ON ROVER - TO NO EFFECT. ROVER, MAKING A STRANGE, SNIFFING SOUND, AS IF SMELLING THE PILOT, MOVES FORWARD OMINOUSLY. THE PILOT BRACES HIMSELF TO FACE HIS DOOM.

81. CONTINUED.

P. COMES UPON THE SCENE. HE RUNS TO THE PILOT.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE FOREST. DAY. 82.

ROVER, NOW FACING TWO INSTEAD OF ONE, IS ANTAGONISED. ITS LIGHTS KEEP BLINKING, AS IT MOVES TOWARDS THEM, SNIFFING.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE FOREST. DAY. 83.

P. HAS BEEN WATCHING ROVER INTENTLY.

P.
You're a new smell to it - look !

THE PILOT LOOKS. ROVER CONTINUES SNIFFING.

P.
Your jacket !

THE PILOT STARES, UNCOMPREHENDING.

P.
Give it to me !

THE PILOT TAKES HIS ~~JACKET~~ JACKET OFF AND GIVES IT TO P. P. WAVES THE JACKET AT ROVER. ROVER TURNS TOWARDS THE JACKET, SNIFFING.

P.
Get back to the cave !

And you ? PILOT

P.
I'll try to lose it - now go !

THE PILOT DOES AS HE IS TOLD, AND RUNS INTO THE TREES. MOMENTARILY, ROVER LOOKS AS IF IT IS GOING TO FOLLOW THE PILOT. P. WAVES THE JACKET IN FRONT OF IT. ROVER HESITATES, THEN ATTACKS.

P. USING THE JACKET LIKE A MULETA, JUMPS OUT OF ROVER'S WAY. THEN HE, TOO, RUNS INTO THE FOREST - IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION TO THE PILOT. ROVER FOLLOWS.

EXT. FOREST. DAY. 84.

ROVER CHASES P. STILL SNIFFING, BUT ITS SPEED HAMPERED BY THE THICK TREES. WHENEVER IT CATCHES UP WITH P., HE MANOEUVERS OUT OF THE WAY, ALWAYS USING THE K JACKET AS A MULETA.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE FOREST. DAY. 85.

P. REACHES ANOTHER CLEARING IN THE FOREST. ROVER, CAN BE HEARD IN THE BACKGROUND, STILL IN PURSUIT.

SUDDENLY A GUARD APPEARS IN FRONT OF P. BLOCKING HIS WAY INTO THE TREES. P. HAS NO OPTION BUT TO FIGHT IT OUT WITH THE GUARD.

IT IS A BRIEF AND FOR P. A DESPERATE STRUGGLE, WITH ROVER'S SNIFFING GETTING LOUDER AND NEARER. FINALLY, P. MANAGES TO KNOCK THE GUARD OUT. IN THE STRUGGLE, HOWEVER, HE HAS DROPPED THE PILOT'S JACKET, SO RUNS INTO THE FOREST WITHOUT IT.

EXT. FOREST. DAY. 86.

P. RUNS, MOMENTARILY OUT OF ROVER'S REACH.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE FOREST. DAY. 87.

THE GUARD REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS. HE LOOKS AROUND SEARCHING FOR P., SEES THE JACKET AND PICKS IT UP. A ~~WARRIE~~ HORRIFIC SNARL MAKES HIM TURN HIS HEAD.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE FOREST. DAY. HIS P.O.V. 88.

ROVER IS HOVERING ABOVE HIM, ITS LIGHT BLINKING AND FLASHING. THE SNARL REACHES A SPINE-CHILLING PITCH.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE FOREST. DAY. 89.

THE GUARD, TERRIFIED, TRIES TO RUN AWAY, STILL CLUTCHING THE JACKET. ROVER CLOSES IN.

EXT. FOREST. DAY. 90.

P., STILL RUNNING - WHEN A HORRIFIC SCREAM TEARS THE AIR. P. PAUSES MOMENTARILY, THEN CONTINUES ON HIS WAY.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE FOREST. DAY. 91.

ROVER HAS CAUGHT UP WITH THE GUARD, LEAVING IN ITS WAKE A PULPED MASS. THE JACKET NOW IN ITS POSSESSION, ROVER MOVES TOWARDS THE VILLAGE.

EXT. FOREST. DAY. 92.

THE DANGER OVER, P. HAS NOW STOPPED RUNNING. HE IS MAKING HIS WAY TOWARDS THE CAVE WHEN SUDDENLY HE COMES UPON NO. 83, WHO IS CARRYING A PICNIC BASKET.

92. CONTINUED.

NO. 83

Good morning, Number Six. They told me you'd be somewhere here. I've prepared a nice picnic. It's such a beautiful day...

P.

I'm sorry - I'm busy...

NO. 83

But---

P.

Some other time perhaps.

NO. 83

But I'm assigned to you. I must please you - otherwise... they'll fail me...

P.

Well, if you want to please me - go back to the village - to my house... I have some shirts that need ironing.

NO. 83

(DELIGHTED)

Oh, yes - if it will please you.

P.

It will. I'll have the basket. Thank you very much.

NO. 83 GIVES HIM THE PICNIC BASKET - THEN RUNS TOWARDS THE VILLAGE, THE IMAGE OF A HAPPY WOMAN. P. WATCHES HER GO - THEN LOOKS AROUND TO MAKE SURE THAT SHE HAD COME UNACCOMPANIED - AND HURRIES AWAY.

EXT. CAVE. DAY.

93.

P. REACHES THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE WITHOUT FURTHER INCIDENT. & HE GOES IN.

INT. CAVE. DAY.

94.

P. COMES IN. THE PILOT LOOKS WORSE FOR TEAR AND QUITE BEWILDERED.

PILOT

You've made it.

P.

Just about.

PILOT

Was that Rover?

P.

Yes.

94. CONTINUED.

PILOT

Thanks - I'm sorry. But you understand, you'd have escaped, too...

P.

I understand.

PILOT

If it's any help, I believe you now. We must get out of here - or die. Preferably, get out !

P.

Time's running out. They now know you've survived - and they'll be searching hard. We must try tonight.

PILOT

Whatever ^{ev} you say.

P.

There was a helicopter, last night...

PILOT

Yes, I heard it.

P.

Searching for you. They must have picked up your signal.

PILOT

Yes.

P.

When they try again tonight...

PILOT

They won't. Not anymore.

P.

Then we contact them.

PILOT

How ?

P.

Your emergency transmitter - turn round.

THE PILOT DOES SO. P. TEARS PART OF THE FLYING SUIT AND RETRIEVES A TINY GADGET SEWN JUST BY THE SMALL OF THE PILOT'S BACK.

PILOT

(FULL OF ADMIRATION)

I thought you'd missed it.

P.

It's standard issue. You had to have one.

PILOT

When did you notice it ? Whilst tying me up?

P.

Yes.

94. CONTINUED.

PILOT

No wonder you bound me up like a crocodile. I nearly strangled myself trying to reach it. I'm glad we're on the same side.

P.

Now, this is a homing beacon - which emits a regular signal, right?

PILOT

Right. To my Air-sea rescue. It uses our special frequency. Your control won't be able to pick it up.

P.

They will.

PILOT

Then it's useless.

P.

Not if we take advantage of it.

PILOT

How?

P.

By using it as a decoy.

PILOT

They swoop on the transmitter - whilst we're somewhere else?

P.

Yes.

PILOT

But how do we let the copter know we're somewhere else?

P.

A bonfire.

PILOT

Yes. That could work.

P.

Not quite. ~~XXXX~~ Number Two won't be fooled so easily. He'll guess we're using the transmitter as a decoy - and will be on the look-out. As soon as he spots the bonfire, Rover will be on top of us. So, we'll have two decoys: the transmitter in the forest - and the bonfire on the mountain - and we'll be on the beach.

PILOT

We still have to contact the copter.

P.

We can flash a signal - navy-fashion. In code. You must have one which would take precedence over any other.

94. CONTINUED.

PILOT

Yes - but how do we flash the signal ?
The torch's not strong enough.

P.

I'll find something.

PILOT

Where ?

P.

In the village.

PILOT

You can't go back. Not now ! You'll have
quite a reception committee waiting for
you.

P.

That's my problem. Don't worry, I won't
betray you.

PILOT

I know that. But you---

P.

Should I not come back - by midnight -
you have a go - I might just be able
to distract them.

PILOT

If - if you can't make it - and I do -
d'you want me to contact someone ?

P.

(ON HIS GUARD)

Could you ?

PILOT

Who ? Any particular department - or
colleague ?

P.

N-ooo.

PILOT

Who then ?

P.

No one. Who'd believe you. ?

(ABOUT TO GO)

There's a bottle of spirit in the first-aid
kit. Make a molotov cocktail - with a fuse.
It'd be handy for the bonfire.

PILOT

Easy. Good luck.

P. LEAVES. THE PILOT HOBBLES ACROSS TO THE SURVIVAL KIT
AND GETS TO WORK ON THE MOLOTOV COCKTAIL.

EXT. VILLAGE, DAY. 95.

SEVERAL MINI-MOKES, SOME DRIVEN BY GIRLS, OTHERS BY GUARDS HAVE CIRCLED THE FOREST EXITS AT STRATEGIC POINTS.

EXT. VILLAGE, DAY. 96.

P. EMERGES OUT OF THE FOREST.

EXT. VILLAGE, DAY. 97.

IMMEDIATELY THE MINI-MOKES SURROUND P. HE LOOKS AT THEIR LEADER, BLANKLY.

LEADER

Number Two wants you - get in.

P. GETS IN. THE MINI-MOKES STARTS SPEEDING. THE OTHERS ESCORT IT.

EXT. VILLAGE, DAY. 98.

THE MINI-MOKES CROSS THE VILLAGE LIKE A MINIATURE ~~MOE~~ MOTORCADE.

EXT. VILLAGE, DAY. 99.

THE MINI-MOKES COME TO A STOP OUTSIDE THE PALACE OF FUN. P. IS ESCORTED OUT OF THE CAR AND HANDED OVER TO A WAITING AMAZON. SHE LEADS HIM INTO THE PALACE OF FUN.

INT. PALACE OF FUN, BALLROOM, DAY. 100.

P. AND HIS ESCORT CROSS THE BALLROOM - WHERE THE VILLAGERS ARE IN THE MIDST OF COMMUNITY DANCING.

INT. PALACE OF FUN, STAIRS, DAY. 101.

P. AND HIS ESCORT DESCEND SOME STAIRS.

INT. PALACE OF FUN, THERMAL BATHS, DAY. 102.

P. IS LED INTO THE THERMAL BATHS.

ESCORT

This way...

THE CAMERA OBSERVES THE THERMAL BATHS. IT HAS A PREVALENT JOYOUS ATMOSPHERE. THERE ARE PEOPLE TAKING SUN-RAY TREATMENT ETC. ALL THE STEWARDS ARE MOST OBLIGING; SERVING DRINKS, PLAYING SCRABBLE, MASSAGING ETC.

THE ESCORT LEADS P. INTO A PRIVATE CUBICLE.

INT. THERMAL BATHS. CUBICLE. DAY. 103.

NO. 2 IS IN THE CUBICLE BENEATH A SUN-RAY LAMP, BEING MASSAGED LOVINGLY BY NO. 55.

NO. 2

Ah - Number Six - nice of you to come.

P.

I couldn't refuse.

NO. 2

Shows good breeding, my dear fellow.
How about a massage ?

P.

No, thanks.

NO. 2

Do you good - you've had quite a day,
from what I hear...

P.

No, thanks.

NO. 2 SWITCHES ON ANOTHER SUN-RAY LAMP WHICH SHINES DIRECTLY UPON P.

NO. 2

Then enjoy - the sun !

P.

This weakness of yours for the synthetic.

NO. 2 SIGNALS THE ESCORT TO LEAVE. SHE LEAVES. THROUGHOUT THE SCENE THE SUN-RAY LAMP WILL BEAT DOWN UPON P. HE WILL SHOW NO SIGNS OF DISCOMFORT - PERHAPS A FEW BEADS OF PERSPIRATION.

AS FOR NO. 55, SHE WILL CONTINUE MASSAGING NO. 2 LOVINGLY, WITHOUT, HOWEVER, PAYING THE SLIGHTEST ATTENTION TO THE CONVERSATION.

NO. 2

Well now, I don't know what to say...

P.

You'll still say it.

NO. 2

It's not funny, you know - I'm most disappointed in you...

P.

I'm not.

NO. 2

Why ? Why this continuous defiance ?

P.

My chromosomes have something to do with it.

NO. 2

Stop being quixotic, Number Six. We're building a new world...

103. CONTINUED.

P.
I prefer the old.

NO. 2
A new world, Number Six - which, if you're smart enough, can be yours to rule. You can be god in it, and dispense salvation.

P.
(NIGGLED)
I'm not interested in your new world. It offers no hope.

NO. 2
Exactly. So accept it. You can't fight hopelessness ! All alone!

P.
I'm not alone.

NO. 2
The Pilot ?

P.
No. Others. There are many like me.

NO. 2
Not so many. Do you think the Pilot will lead you to freedom, when you, a superior intellect, failed all this time ?

P.
Who can tell ?

NO. 2
I can ! You don't stand a chance ! How long do you think you can hide the Pilot ? Accept defeat, my friend - and let's cure this headache.

P.
If you've finished...

NO. 2
Immolation ? Martyrdom ? Is that what you want ?

P.
(GETS UP)
No - real sunshine.

NO. 2
Number ~~XX~~ Six, I'm warning you - tell me where the Pilot is !

P. TRIES THE DOOR OF THE CUBICLE, BUT IT IS LOCKED.

P.
In the Falklands.

103. CONTINUED.

NO. 2
 Very well - you've abused my tolerance !
 You better enjoy my synthetic sunshine,
 my friend - you'll need the warmth where
 you're going !

THE CAMERA MOVES INTO A CLOSE-UP OF P.'S PERSPIRING FACE.

SLOW MIX TO.

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY. 104.

START ON:

P.'S FACE - THE BEADS OF PERSPIRATION HAVE NOW FROZEN INTO MINUTE ICICLES.

PULL BACK:

TO REVEAL HOSPITAL TORTURE ROOM. A CLOCK ON THE WALL READS 5:50.

P. IS INSIDE A DEEP-FREEZE GLASS CHAMBER, SPREADEAGLED. HE LOOKS AS IF HE HAS UNDERGONE SEVERE PUNISHMENT.

THE DOCTOR AND NO. 2 ARE BY A CONTROL PANEL, OBSERVING P. ON A TV. SCREEN.

Again ? NO. 2

THE DOCTOR PULLS ON A LEVER AND A HUMMING NOISE FILLS THE ROOM.

INT. GLASS ROOM. DAY. 105.

THE GLASS ROOM STARTS VIBRATING. GRADUALLY P.'S BODY LIFTS UP, UNTIL IT IS FLOATING IN MID-AIR, DIRECTIONLESS IN A WEIGHTLESS CONDITION.

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY. 106.

THE DOCTOR PULLS ON ANOTHER LEVER.

INT. GLASS ROOM. DAY. 107.

P. IS STILL FLOATING - NOW A FLUCTUATING LIGHT HITS HIS FACE AND FOLLOWS IT, WHEREVER THE NON-GRAVITATION SEEMS TO TAKE HIM. P.'S FACE IS TAUT AND DEFORMED.

INT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT. DAY. 108.

THE DOCTOR PULLS YET ANOTHER LEVER.

INT. GLASS ROOM. DAY. 109.

NOW THE PROJECTED LIGHT ALTERNATES WITH WEIRD HORRIFIC SHAPES - WHICH SEEM TO ZOOM INTO P.'S FACE. P.'S FACE IS SO DEFORMED AS TO BE UNRECOGNISABLE.

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY. 110.

THE DOCTOR RETURNS ALL LEVERS TO ORIGINAL POSITION.

INT. GLASS ROOM. DAY. 111.

P. PLUMMETS DOWN FROM MID-AIR ONTO THE FLOOR. HE STRAINS TO GET UP.

NO. 2'S VOICE

Answer me - and we'll stop.

P. SHAKES HIS HEAD IN THE NEGATIVE.

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY. 112.

THE CLOCK ON THE WALL IS SHOWING 6:00.

NO. 2

Again !

THE DOCTOR PULLS ON THE FIRST LEVER - THE HUMMING STARTS.

INT. HOSPITAL & GLASS ROOM. DAY & NIGHT. (MONTAGE). 113.

A MONTAGE OF CROSS-CUTS:

THE TORTURE.

FROM P.'S SUFFERING FACE, TO THE DOCTOR, TO NO. 2 AND TO THE CLOCK ON THE WALL. THE TORTURE CONTINUES SYSTEMATICALLY WITH NO. 2 FIRING HIS QUESTION. P. REFUSES TO ANSWER.

INT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT. 114.

THE CLOCK NOW SHOWS 11:10.

THE DOCTOR AND NO. 2 LOOK AT THE SUSPENDED FIGURE OF P. ON THE TV SCREEN. P. IS ABOUT TO PASS OUT. THE LIGHTS AND WEIRD IMAGES FLICKER ACROSS HIS FACE.

114. CONTINUED.

DOCTOR

I don't want to alarm you - but unless you want a vegetable in your hands - we better stop.

NO. 2

Alright.

THE DOCTOR RETURNS ALL LEVERS TO NORMAL.

INT. GLASS CAGE. NIGHT. 115.

ONCE AGAIN P. PLUMMETS DOWN.

INT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT. 116.

TWO ASSISTANTS OPEN THE GLASS ROOM AND DRAG P. OUT.

NO. 2

(FRUSTRATED YET FULL OF RESPECT)

We'll break him - one day...

THE CAMERA MOVES TO THE CLOCK ON THE WALL, IT SHOWS 11:15.

EXT. CASTLE. NIGHT. 117.

THE CLOCK ON THE CASTLE TOWER READS 11:40

BY THE GATES OF THE CASTLE, NO. 83 WAITS IN A MINI-MOKE. THERE IS ANOTHER MINI-MOKE WITH TWO GUARDS, WAITING IN THE DARK, WATCHING NO. 83.

THE DOCTOR AND NO. 2 ESCORT P. OUT AND LEAD HIM TOWARDS NO. 83'S MINI-MOKE.

NO. 2

You've been to the brink and back, Number Six. How do you feel ?

P.

I'll live.

NO. 2

Of course. You must, for our sake. Ah - Number Eighty-three's been waiting for you... Now, isn't that nice ? She's so concerned...

P.

I'm touched.

NO. 2

But my dear fellow, she's just what you need to convalesce. Human company, affection - and above all, warmth...

NO. 83 FLASHES A LOVELY SMILE AT P. P. IGNORES HER, BUT HIS ATTENTION IS DRAWN TO THE MINI-MOKE.

EXT. CASTLE, NIGHT, CU. MINI-MOKE, HIS P.O.V. 118.

THE MINI-MOKE AND ~~XXX~~ PARTICULARLY ITS HAND-MANIPULATED LAMP.

EXT. CASTLE, NIGHT. 119.

A MOMENT'S THOUGHT, THEN P. GETS INTO THE MINI-MOKE. NO. 2 AND THE DOCTOR EXCHANGE A KNOWING LOOK. NO. 83, HAPPY JUMPS INTO THE DRIVING SEAT.

NO. 2

I might drop in for breakfast, Number Six - if I may...

P.

You may.
(TO NO. 83)
Let's go.

NO. 83 STARTS THE ENGINE. P. CASTS A CASUAL GLANCE AT THE CASTLE CLOCK.

EXT. CLOCK, NIGHT. 120.

IT READS 11: 33.

EXT. CASTLE, NIGHT. 121.

THE SECOND MINI-MOKE WITH THE GUARDS EMERGES FROM THE DARK AND FOLLOWS P.'S MINI-MOKE.

EXT. VILLAGE, NIGHT. 122.

P. AND NO. 83 DRIVING.

NO. 83

I have done the shirts. I hope they will be to your satisfaction.

P.

Drive towards the forest - I need fresh air.

NO. 83

(BEAMS A SMILE)

I am here to please you.

NO. 83 MANIPULATES THE STEERING WHEEL ACCORDINGLY. P. LOOKS BEHIND AND OBSERVES THE GUARDS' MINI-MOKE.

EXT. VILLAGE, NIGHT. 123.

BOTH MINI-MOKES TAKE THE FOREST ROUTE.

EXT. FOREST ROUTE. NIGHT. 124.

P. AND NO. 83 DRIVING.

Give. NO. 83

Give ? P.

NO. 83
Yes. Give. The road to salvation. To give - to please. To give everything. Never to take. That is our motto...

P.
But what did they take to make you give everything ?

NO. 83
The evil in us...

P.
And the good.

EXT. FOREST ROUTE. NIGHT. 125.

THE MINI-MOKE HAS REACHED THE EDGE OF THE FOREST. THE GUARDS' ~~MINI~~ MINI-MOKE, NOT FAR BEHIND.

EXT. FOREST ROUTE. NIGHT. 126.

P. AND NO. 83 AS BEFORE.

Stop here ! P.

NO. 83 STOPS.

EXT. FOREST ROUTE. NIGHT. 127.

SO DOES THE GUARDS' MINI-MOKE.

EXT. FOREST ROUTE. NIGHT. 128.

Now, get out ! P.

NO. 83 OBLIGES, STILL BEAMING. P. TAKES THE STEERING WHEEL.

I'm sorry. P.

HE DRIVES INTO THE FOREST.

128. CONTINUED.

NO. 83 LOOKS AT THE SPEEDING MINI-MOKE, HURT AND BEWILDERED. THE GUARDS' MINI-MOKE SWITCH ON THEIR HEADLIGHTS AND ZOOM INTO PURSUIT.

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT. (MONTAGE) 129.

CHASE IN THE FOREST - AS MINI-MOKES SPEED PRECARIOUSLY PAST TREES.

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT. 130.

P. DRIVES THE MINI-MOKE INTO AN AVENUE OF TREES - THEN STOPS SO THAT THE MINI-MOKE BLOCKS THE WAY. HE JUMPS OUT AND TAKES COVER.

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT. 131.

THE GUARDS' MINI-MOKE SPEEDS INTO THE AVENUE, THE DRIVER IS LATE IN SPOTTING P.'S MINI-MOKE AND CRASHES INTO IT. THE DRIVER IS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS ON IMPACT. THE OTHER JUMPS OFF THE CAR... ONLY TO FACE P. WHO KNOCKS HIM OUT.

P. THEN RUNS TO HIS MINI-MOKE, QUICKLY DISMANTLES THE HAND-LAMP, AND THE BATTERY - AS A FINAL MEASURE HE WRECKS THE RADIOS IN BOTH CARS - THEN RUNS INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE FOREST.

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT. 132.

P. RUNNING. HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

INSERT. WATCH. 133.

IT READS 11: 58

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT. 134.

P. CONTINUES RUNNING.

EXT. CAVE. NIGHT. 135.

HE FINALLY REACHES THE CAVE AND GOES IN.

INT. CAVE. NIGHT. 136.

HE REACTS: THE CAVE IS EMPTY. HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

INSERT, WATCH. 137.

IT READS 12:06.

INT. CAVE. NIGHT. 138.

THEN HE HEARS A SHUFFLE OF FEET. HE TURNS. FACING HIM IS NO. 83 - A GRIM EXPRESSION ON HER FACE.

FADE OUT.

A C T F O U R

FADE IN:

INT. CAVE. NIGHT. 139.

CONTINUE FROM CLIFFHANGER:

P.

What are you doing here ?

NOW THE PILOT EMERGES OUT OF THE DARK.

PILOT

(GRINNING)

Found her snooping. She's what you might call the prisoner's prisoner's prisoner.

(CHUCKLES)

There must be a moral in it somewhere - but don't ask me.

P.

How did you find this cave ?

NO. 83

I was searching for you - it is my duty to please you...

(POINTS AT THE PILOT)

Then I saw him...

PILOT

I was outside - looking out for you - and there she was...

(IMITATING NO. 83)

" I have come to please you ". What is she ?

(MEANING "MAD")

slightly... ?

NO. 83

(PROUDLY)

Pleasure Hostess !

PILOT

A what ? You mean... ? Well, I'll be - new world loreleis.

139. CONTINUED.

P.
(REACTS)
New world ?

PILOT
Talk about temptation. Are there many
like her ?

P.
Yes.

PILOT
Maybe this village is not such a bad
place after all...

P. GIVES HIM A LOOK.

PILOT
Sorry - just a joke.

P.
We're wasting time.

P. MOVES TO CHECK THE TRANSMITTER AND THE FUSED MOLTOV
COCKTAIL. THE LIGHT FROM THE PILOT'S TORCH FALLS ON
HIS FACE.

PILOT
God, you look a mess. What happened ?

P.
Nothing. Ready ?

PILOT
(AN UNDERSTANDING LOOK)
Yes. What about her ? Can we let her go ?

P.
No.

PILOT
(PICKS UP HIS GUN)
In that case...

P.
Hold it !

PILOT
It's her or us !

P.
We'll take her along.

NO. 83
(ALARMED)
Where ?

PILOT
Oh, come on ! You, me and her ? That's
all we need !

NO. 83
Where will you take me ?

139. CONTINUED.

P.
(VERY GENTLE)
Away from here.

NO. 83
(INCREASING ALARM)
From the village ? To the outside ?

P.
Yes. Where they will help you.

NO. 83
No ! No, not to the outside ! That's
a horrible place !

PILOT
(RAISES HIS GUN)
That settles it ! She doesn't want
to come !

P.
(KNOCKS THE GUN OUT OF HIS HAND)
She's coming all the same. Can't you
see what they've done to her ?!

NO. 83
(PLEADING)
Please... I'm so happy here... So happy...

P.
(TO THE PILOT)
Don't you see ?

PILOT
But if she's happy - what right have
we to... Our world won't make her happy.

P.
Right ? A minute ago you were ready
to kill her !

PILOT
Death is peace, my friend. I'm sure,
she'd prefer it to unhappiness.

NO. 83
Yes, kill me ! Kill me ! But please,
don't take me...
(IT IS A HORRIFIC WORD FOR HER)
OUTSIDE !

P.
That's what we're fighting: to eliminate
death as the only means to peace.

PILOT
A noble dream - but that's all it is.

P.
Some dreams come true.

PILOT
You know, for someone who has the
grit of an A-One agent, you've got
disturbingly intense principles...

139. CONTINUED.

Have I ? P.

PILOT
Yes. I was wrong about us being in the same business - you're straight out of the top-drawer. You must be a prize catch for this Number Two fellow.

P.
Here, lamp and battery. Should give us a strong beam.

NO. 83
Please, please, please don't take me away...

P.
"It's for your own good".

THE PILOT GAGS HER WITH THE BANDAGE, THEN TAKES CHARGE OF THE SURVIVAL KIT. P. LEADS THEM OUT, CARRYING THE BATTERY AND LAMP.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT. 140.

NO. 2 IS PACING UP AND DOWN.

SUPERVISOR
Will he attempt an escape ?

NO. 2
Of course, he will ! Wouldn't you ?
After all our inefficiency ? Yellow Alert !

SUPERVISOR
(INTO MICROPHONE)
Yellow Alert !

EXT. VILLAGE. NIGHT. 141.

MINI-MOKES, LIGHTS BLAZING, FOUR GUARDS TO EACH, SET OFF FROM THE MAIN SQUARE TOWARDS VARIOUS DIRECTIONS.

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT. 142.

THE TRIO HAVE STOPPED IN A THICK PART OF THE FOREST. P. HAS GATHERED SOME LEAVES. HE IS BEING WATCHED BY THE PILOT WHO SHINES HIS TORCH SO THAT P. CAN SEE.

NO. 83, ALMOST PARALYTIC WITH FEAR, RECLINES AGAINST A TREE - A PITIFUL SIGHT.

P. NOW SWITCHES ON THE TRANSMITTER - A TINY RED DOT APPEARS ON THE DIAL TO SHOW THAT IT IS FUNCTIONING. P. BURIES THE TRANSMITTER WITHIN THE LEAVES - THEN GETS UP.

142. CONTINUED.

P.
Now the bonfire. You and the girl
make for the beach - and be careful !

HE PICKS UP THE FUSED MOLOTOV COCKTAIL - AND DISAPPEARS
WITHIN THE TREES.

THE PILOT SWITCHES OFF HIS TORCH - THEN IN CHARGE OF
THE BATTERY AND LAMP, GRABS NO. 83 AND DRAGGING HER
HOBBLING TOWARDS THE BEACH.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, NIGHT.

143.

A SONIC DEVICE HAS CAUGHT A BLEEP. ANOTHER INSTRUMENT
SHOWS FREQUENCY ETC.

SURVEYOR
Signal - very high frequency - alien.

NO. 2
(PRECIPITATES TO THE INSTRUMENT)
Transmitter ?

SURVEYOR
Yes.

NO. 2
Trace it.

SEVERAL OTHER SURVEYORS TAKE CHARGE OF SPECIAL INSTRUMENTS
AND START TRACING THE RADIO SIGNAL.

EXT. BEACH, NIGHT.

144.

THE PILOT AND NO. 83 REACH THE BEACH. LIGHT FROM A BEACON
SCANS THE AREA. THE PILOT HOBBLING AND DRAGGING THE GIRL,
MOVES EVERY TIME THE LIGHT BEAM GOES PAST HIM. THEY
RE FINALLY REACH THE WATERLINE, TO A CLUSTER OF ROCKS.
THE PILOT FORCES NO. 83 TO TAKE SHELTER, BEHIND THE
ROCK JUST WHEN IT SEEMS IMMINENT THAT THE LIGHT IS
GOING TO HIT THEM. NOW LYING ON THE WET SAND, BEHIND
THE ROCKS, THEY WAIT.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE, NIGHT.

145.

P. HAS GATHERED ENOUGH DRY SHRUBBERY FOR A GOOD FIRE.
HE PLACES THE MOLOTOV COCKTAIL IN THE CENTRE - THEN
LIGHTS THE FUSE AT THE THIRD ATTEMPT. THE FUSE GRADUALLY
STARTS BURNING. P. SCRAMBLES AWAY.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, NIGHT.

146.

BUSY ACTIVITY IN THE CONTROL ROOM.

146. CONTINUED.

SURVEYOR
In the forest.

NO. 2
Where ?

SURVEYOR
(POINTS THE LOCATION ON A LIT MAP)
Here.

SUPERVISOR
Rover ?

NO. 2
No. We'll keep him in reserve. I think
the transmitter is a decoy.

SUPERVISOR
Could be, it's an impossible location
for pick-up.

NO. 2
Is it ?

SUPERVISOR
In the dark ? Thick forest ?

NO. 2
Send the guards ! Number Six has a habit
of doing the impossible.

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT. 147.

P. RUNNING STEALTHILY TOWARDS THE BEACH.

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT. (MONTAGE). 148.

QUICK MONTAGE OF CROSS-CUTS:

MINI-MOKES AND P.

P. RUNNING AND HIDING. MINI-MOKES SEARCHING THE FOREST
TO INSTRUCTIONS FROM CONTROL.

X

SUPERVISOR'S VOICE
(OVER RADIO)
Car 2 - three points west. Car 1 - two
points east... Car 4 - five points north.
Car 3 - one point south.

FINALLY P. CLEARS THE FOREST.

EXT. FOREST, NIGHT. 149.

THE MINI-MOKES HAVE REACHED THE LOCATION OF THE TRANSMITTER. THE GUARDS USING MAGNETIC DETECTORS ARE SEARCHING THE TREES AND THE EARTH.

EXT. BEACH, NIGHT. 150.

P. REACHES THE BEACH. HE WEAVES PAST THE LIGHT OF THE BEACON TOWARDS THE ROCKS - AND FINALLY MAKES IT.

EXT. BEACH, NIGHT. 151.

P. JOINS THE PILOT AND NO. 83.

PILOT
Alright ?

P.
So far. Anything yet ?

PILOT
No. The bonfire ?

P.
Any second.

HE TURNS TO LOOK AT THE DARK, LOOMING MOUNTAINSIDE.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE, NIGHT. 152.

THE FUSE HAS NOW BURNT COMPLETELY AND REACHED THE BOTTLE. IT EXPLODES IN A FLASH AND THE SHRUBBERY CATCHES FIRE.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, NIGHT. 153.

START ON:

FIRE BLAZING ON MOUNTAINSIDE AS SEEN THROUGH BINOCULARS.

ZOOM BACK:

TO REVEAL NO. 2 OBSERVING IT. HE LOWERS HIS BINOCULARS - AND SMILES,

NO. 2
That's where they are. As soon as you spot the rescue plane...

AS IF ON CUE A DOT APPEARS ON THE RADAR SCREEN.

SUPERVISOR
There ~~is~~ it is...

EXT. BEACH. NIGHT. 154.

P. AND THE PILOT REACT. THE WHIR OF A HELICOPTER CAN NOW BE HEARD.

That's it $\frac{P.}{I}$

HE MOVES TO CONNECT THE LAMP TO THE BATTERY. NO. 83 GRABS P. THOUGH SHE IS GAGGED, HER EYES CAN SPEAK. SHE IS CRYING, HER EYES PLEADING.

Don't be $\frac{P.}{I}$ afraid. You won't get hurt.

HE STARTS CONNECTING THE LAMP TO THE BATTERY.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE. NIGHT. 155.

THE BONFIRE BLAZES AWAY.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT. 156.

PAGE NO. 2

Orange. Remember, no harm must come to Number Six.

SUPERVISOR

(INTO MICROPHONE)

Orange Alert !

EXT. BEACH. NIGHT. 157.

THE SOUND OF THE HELICOPTER IS QUITE CLOSE. P. SPOTS IT AND POINTS IT AT THE PILOT.

Now ! $\frac{P.}{I}$

THE PILOT STARTS FLASHING THE SIGNAL BY USING THE SURVIVAL KIT AS THE SCREEN TO INTERSPACE THE LIGHT BEAM.

EXT. MOUNTAIN. NIGHT. 158.

ROVER IS SPEEDING TOWARDS THE BLAZE.

EXT. BEACH. NIGHT. 159.

THE PILOT KEEPS FLASHING THE SIGNAL: DOT-DOT-DASH ETC., HIS FRUSTRATION GROWING. P., TENSE, WAITS CALMLY. THERE IS A GLIMMER OF HOPE IN NO. 83'S EYES, WHEN IT LOOKS AS IF THE HELICOPTER WILL NOT ACKNOWLEDGE THEM.

THEN SUDDENLY THE SIGNAL IS ACKNOWLEDGED.

EXT. HELICOPTER SHOT, NIGHT. 160.

THE HELICOPTER CHANGES COURSE AND MOVES TOWARDS THE BEACH.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE, NIGHT. 161.

ROVER HAS REACHED THE BONFIRE. IT IS CIRCLING AROUND MENACINGLY. ONE OR TWO MINI-MOKES CARRYING GUARDS HAVE ALSO REACHED THE AREA, AND ARE SCOURING IT.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, NIGHT. 162.

NO. 2 IS LOOKING AT THE BLAZE THROUGH BINOCULARS.

NO. 2
Throw a tv beam there - I want to see what's happening.

THE SUPERVISOR PRESSES A SWITCH - ONE OF THE SCREENS SHOWS THE MOUNTAINSIDE - WHERE ROVER PERFORMS MENACING DIVES UPON SHADOWS.

NO. 2
Good boy, Rover, good boy !

EXT. BEACH, NIGHT. 163.

THE HELICOPTER IS NOW ABOVE THE FUGITIVES ON THE BEACH. IT NOW LOWERS A LIFELINE.

NO. 83 LOOKS AROUND HER HELPLESSLY. THE PILOT AND P. WAIT.

FINALLY THE LIFELINE REACHES THEIR LEVEL. P. HELPS TO STRAP THE PILOT ONTO IT.

NO. 83 PROFITS BY P.'S DISTRACTION AND STARTS RUNNING BACK TOWARDS THE VILLAGE.

WITHOUT HESITATION, P. RUNS AFTER HER.

PILOT
Let her go ! Let her go !

EXT. BEACH, NIGHT. 164.

THE CHASE IS BRIEF. THE PANICKY NO. 83 CAN ONLY RUN AIMLESSLY AND P. CATCHES UP WITH HER - AND DRAGS HER TOWARDS THE HELICOPTER.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, NIGHT. 165.

SURVEYOR
The helicopter's hovering over the beach.

165. CONTINUED.

NO. 2
Searchlights !

THE SUPERVISOR SWITCHES ON THE SEARCHLIGHTS.

EXT. BEACH, NIGHT. 166.

P., THE PILOT AND NO. 83 ARE ALL STRAPPED UP TO THE LIFELINE AS THE SEARCHLIGHTS HIT THEM.

P. SIGNALS - AND THE HELICOPTER WHIRS AWAY AS THE LIFELINE IS LIFTED UP.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, NIGHT. 167.

NO. 2
Red Alert ! Red Alert !

THE SUPERVISOR PULLS AT SOME LEVERS.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE, NIGHT. 168.

ROVER TAKES OFF FROM THE MOUNTAINSIDE AND SPEEDS TOWARDS THE SEA.

EXT. HELICOPTER SHOT, NIGHT. 169.

THE HELICOPTER HAS GONE FAR OUT TO THE SEA - AND THE LIFELINE HAS ALMOST BEEN LIFTED INTO THE CABIN.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, NIGHT. 170.

NO. 2
Well, what's happening ?

SUPERVISOR
Too late for Red Alert. They're out of disintegration range !

INT. HELICOPTER CABIN, NIGHT. 171.

THE PILOT AND P. HAUL NO. 83 INTO THE CABIN. P. TAKES HER GAG OFF. NO. 83, DRAINED OF ALL EMOTION FAINTS.

IN THE MEANTIME, THE PILOT HAS BEEN GREETED BY HIS FRIENDS - THE CREW OF TWO. A FOREIGN LANGUAGE PUNCTUATES THEIR PURPOSEFUL EXCHANGE OF NEWS.

P. IS EXHAUSTED, BUT WARY.

171. CONTINUED.

HELICOPTER PILOT
(POINTING AT P., IN HIS INCOMPREHENSIBLE LANGUAGE)

Who's he ?

P.
What's he saying ?

PILOT
Wants to know who you are.

P.
Tell him - a friend.

THE HELICOPTER PILOT LOOKS AT THE PILOT - THE PILOT NODS.

HELICOPTER PILOT
(PASSES P. A FLASK)
Here, grab yourself a drink - you've earned it.

P. TAKES THE FLASK - AND A BIG GULP. THEN HE RETURNS THE FLASK TO THE PILOT. THE PILOT AND HIS FRIENDS START DRINKING AMONGST THEMSELVES.

P.
Where will you land ?

HELICOPTER PILOT
Our base. You'll be okay.

THE PILOT AND THE CREW START TALKING ABOUT THE PILOT'S EXPERIENCES IN THEIR INCOMPREHENSIBLE LANGUAGE.

THE CAMERA MOVES ONTO P.'S FACE: THE STRAIN IS TELLING ON HIM. HE HAS DIFFICULTY IN KEEPING HIS EYES OPEN.

SLOW MIX TO.

INT. NO. 2'S LOUNGE, DAY. 172.

START ON:

P.'S PEACEFULLY SLEEPING FACE. HE IS LYING ON A SOFA.

PULL BACK:

JUST ENOUGH TO REVEAL THE PILOT, NOW OUT OF HIS FLYING SUIT. HE IS NUGGING P., A FRIENDLY SMILE ON HIS FACE. P. WAKES UP AND LOOKS AT THE PILOT.

PILOT
I've heard of the long sleep of the righteous, but this is ridiculous...

P.
(STRAINS TO GET UP)
Sorry...

172. CONTINUED.

PILOT

It's cloudy - but all the same - a beautiful day...

P. GETS UP - AND LOOKS AROUND. GRADUALLY HIS FACE FREEZES.

INT. NO. 2'S LOUNGE, DAY, HIS P.O.V. 173.

THE CAMERA SCANS THE ROOM: IT IS ~~NO. 2'S LOUNGE~~ NO. 2'S LOUNGE.

INT. NO. 2'S LOUNGE, DAY. 174.

THE PILOT CHUCKLING AT P.'S BEWILDERMENT GOES TO SIT AT THE DESK. HE IS STILL LIMPING. HE PRESSES THE INTERCOM.

PILOT

Two teas - one with lemon. Well, what d'you think of the place, eh?

P. JUMPS UP. HE IS ABOUT TO MOVE TO THE WINDOW, WHEN IN COMES THE BUTLER WITH THE TEA. THE BUTLER SERVES.

P.

Quite a production - the ankle, cyanide, the crash...

PILOT

In your case expense is no object - bits of plane wreckage - ~~quite~~ real... and this...

HE PRESSES A BUTTON - AND WE HEAR THE DRONE OF THE JET REACHING A CRESCENDO, AS IN THE BEGINNING. THE PILOT SWITCHES IT OFF - IN THE MIDST OF THE EXPLOSION, AND SMILES AT P.

PILOT

(PROUDLY)

This is psychological warfare, my friend - and we're professionals. You don't expect us to do things half measure... I must say though, I was a bit scared with the cyanide - I thought you'd never act in time.

P.

I guessed as much. But one mustn't pass any chances. Good training. Was it worth your while?

PILOT

Indeed. It should convince you there is no one you can trust, no one who can help you. No way out.

P.

It won't.

PILOT

Maybe not today. But soon.

174. CONTINUED.

P.
You can wait for it.

PILOT
(PUTTING ON THE NO. 2 BADGE)
One doesn't become Number Two -
without a good reserve of patience.

THE DOOR OPENS AND NO. 83 COMES IN ALL HAPPY. SHE FLASHES A SMILE AT P., NOT A SIGN OF ANIMOSITY.

NO. 83
Hello...

P. LOOKS AT THE PILOT.

PILOT
(SHRUGS)
She's too attractive for unhappiness -
so I requisitioned her.

P.
Spoils of victory ? It should
please you.

PILOT
It will. Good day, Number Six -
go back to your rocks. They may
console you.

P.
But who will console you ? When
I'm through.

PILOT
Is that a threat ?

P.
Yes.

PILOT
You're mad.

P.
But without delusions. Unlike you.

P. WALKS OUT.

EXT. VILLAGE. DAY. 175.

F. COMES OUT OF THE GEORGIAN HOUSE.

AROUND HIM THE VILLAGE IS COMING TO LIFE.

F. STARTS WALKING TOWARDS HIS COTTAGE - A MAN, UNBROKEN.

THE CAMERA MOVES UP TO AN AERIAL PANORAMIC VIEW OF
THE VILLAGE.

175. CONTINUED.

TWO PRISON GATES SUDDENLY CLANG SHUT IN FOREGROUND.

IN THE CENTRE OF THE SCREEN WE SEE A WHITE DOT COMING AT US LIKE A BULLET.

IT IS THE FACE OF THE PRISONER. IT STOPS JUST BEHIND THE BARS...

FINAL FADE OUT.
