

THE PRISONER TV SERIES

MANY HAPPY RETURNS

by

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EVERYMAN FILMS LTD.
MGM STUDIOS
BOREHAM WOOD
HERTS.

STANDARD
OPENING

LINK SEQUENCE - EPISODE TWO AND THEREAFTER

EXT. VILLAGE. DAY. (LOC). (LIBRARY). U

P'S VOICE OVER

P'S VOICE
Where am I?

EXT. VILLAGE. DAY. LOC. (LIBRARY). V

ZOOM IN (OPTICAL) TO THE GREEN DOME OF NO. 2'S.

INT. LIVING SPACE. (LIBRARY) W

WHOLE AREA. THE BLACK CHAIR RISING AND TURNING.

INT. LIVING SPACE. X

CLOSE ON THE DOME OF THE BLACK CHAIR. PULL BACK
TO SEE THE B. P. SCREEN BEYOND. P RUNNING IN
SILHOUETTE. UNSEEN, NO. 2 SPEAKS FROM THE
BLACK CHAIR.

No. 2'S VOICE
In the village.

EXT. BEACH. DAY. LOC. (LIBRARY) Y

P RUNNING AWAY FROM THE VILLAGE.

P'S VOICE
What do you want ?

INT. CONTROL ROOM. (LIBRARY). Z

THE GREEN EYE TURNING INTO CAMERA.

NO. 2'S VOICE
Information.

INT. LIVING SPACE. A1

THE B. P. SCREEN. P'S SILHOUETTE STOPS RUNNING.

P'S VOICE
Whose side are you on ?

NO. 2'S VOICE
That would be telling. We want
information.

THE SILHOUETTE SHAKES A FIST.

P'S VOICE
You won't get it.

HIS SILHOUETTE RUNS AWAY. ROVER APPEARS, ALSO
IN SILHOUETTE.

EXT. BEACH. DAY. LOC. (LIBRARY)

A2

P BEING HERDED BACK TO THE VILLAGE BY ROVER.

NO. 2'S VOICE

By hook or by crook ...

INT. LIVING SPACE

A3

IN SILHOUETTE, ROVER AND P. NO. 2 IS REVEALED.

NO. 2

We will.

P AND ROVER IN COMBAT, P FALLS. ROVER FLOATS AWAY. P RISES.

P'S VOICE

Who are you ?

NO. 2'S VOICE

The new No. 2.

P'S VOICE

Who is No. 1 ?

A GENTLE LAUGHTER.

NO. 2'S VOICE

You are our No. 6.

P'S VOICE

I am not a number. I am a free man.

MOVE IN FAST BEYOND THE BLACK CHAIR TO THE SILHOUETTE HEAD OF P.

FREEZE FRAME

BRING IN OVER AN ECHOING, MOCKING LAUGHTER.

END OPENING TITLES

" THE PRISONER "

MANY HAPPY RETURNS

Act One

INT. P'S HOUSE . DAY

1

P. WAKES UP. IT IS A STRUGGLE. FOR ONCE HE IS NOT IMMEDIATELY ALERT. HIS HEAD IS THICK. HE HAS A NASTY TASTE IN HIS MOUTH. HE PICKS UP HIS DRESSING GOWN AND PUTS IT ON AS HE CROSSES TO THE KITCHEN. HE SHAKES THE COFFEE POT, IT IS STILL HALF FULL. HE PLUGS IT IN. RUBBING HIS FOREHEAD HE ENTERS THE BATHROOM.

INT. BATHROOM . DAY.

2

P. TURNS ON THE COLD TAP OF THE SHOWER. NOTHING HAPPENS. IT IS A MOMENT BEFORE HE REALISES. HE TRIES THE HOT TAP. STILL NOTHING. IRRITATED, HE GOES BACK INTO THE MAIN ROOM.

INT. P'S HOUSE . DAY

3

CROSSING TO THE FRONT DOOR, P. LOOKS AT THE LOUD-SPEAKER. IT IS SILENT. HE CHECKS HIS WATCH. THE FRONT DOOR FOR ONCE DOESN'T OPEN AUTOMATICALLY. P. PULLS IT OPEN.

EXT. P'S HOUSE . DAY

4

P. REACHES DOWN AUTOMATICALLY FOR HIS PINT OF MILK. THE EMPTY BOTTLE FROM THE DAY BEFORE IS STILL THERE. THIS IRRITATES HIM EVEN MORE. HE GOES BACK INSIDE.

INT. P'S HOUSE . DAY.

5

THE TELEPHONE OPERATOR DOESN'T ANSWER. P. DROPS THE PHONE. HE REALLY NEEDS THAT COFFEE. HE WALKS TO THE KITCHEN, DRUMS HIS FINGERS ON THE KITCHEN COUNTER, WAITING IMPATIENTLY FOR THE COFFEE TO BOIL. IT'S TAKING A LONG TIME, HE FEELS THE COFFEE POT, IT'S STONE COLD. HE CHECKS THE SWITCH. IT IS TURNED TO "ON". P. CROSSES TO THE LIGHT SWITCH, DELIBERATELY HE PUSHES IT DOWN. THE BULBS DON'T REACT. HE OPENS THE FRONT DOOR.

EXT. P'S HOUSE . DAY.

6

APART FROM THE VILLAGE CAT SITTING ON P'S WALL WASHING ITS FACE, THE VILLAGE IS ABSOLUTELY STILL. NOT A SOUND. EVEN THE BIRDS SEEM TO BE ASLEEP.

EXT. VILLAGE . DAY.

7

VARIOUS POINT OF VIEW OF THE DEAD VILLAGE.

EXT. P'S HOUSE. DAY 8

P. IS HIGHLY SUSPICIOUS. WHAT IS NO. 2 UP TO? HE GOES BACK INSIDE.

INT. P'S HOUSE. DAY. 8y

P. CLOSES THE DOOR. HE STARTS TO REMOVE HIS DRESSING GOWN AS HE MAKES FOR THE WARDROBE, MOVING JUST A FRACTION FASTER THAN BEFORE. HE STARTS TO DRESS.

EXT. P'S HOUSE. DAY. 8z

P. COMES OUT. NOW FULLY DRESSED IN HIS VILLAGE OUTFIT. HE TAKES ANOTHER SLOW LOOK AROUND. IN THE DISTANCE, THE CRY OF SEAGULLS. HE MOVES OFF.

EXT. BATTERY SQUARE. DAY. 9

P. STOPS AT THE DOOR OF THE VILLAGE STORE. IT IS LOCKED. HE LOOKS THROUGH THE GLASS. TAPS GENTLY, NOT WISHING TO DESTROY THE EXCITEMENT THAT IS BUILDING UP INSIDE HIM TOO SOON. WHEN HE GETS NO REPLY HE MOVES OFF TOWARDS THE VILLAGE SQUARE.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE. DAY. 10

AS HE CROSSES THE SQUARE HIS EYES ARE EVERYWHERE. THE FOUNTAIN IN THE POND IS GENTLY TRICKLING. HE MOVES ON, HIS PACE URGENT BUT CONTROLLED.

EXT. THE CAFE. DAY. 11

THE TABLE UMBRELLAS WAIT SADLY TO BE OPENED. THE DOOR RESISTS P'S PUSH. HE KNOCKS AND WAITS, KNOCKS AGAIN. A LITTLE HARDER. FINALLY BANGS UNTIL THE GLASS RATTLES. HE WALKS AROUND THE BUILDING LOOKING IN THE WINDOWS. THE ONLY MOVEMENT IS HIS OWN REFLECTION. SUDDENLY HIS REFLECTION IS GONE.

EXT. VILLAGE. DAY. 12

SHOOTING BACK THROUGH THE BIG ARCH BY THE CAFE, WE SEE P. STRIDING TOWARDS US. HE TURNS OFF INTO THE BUSHES.

EXT. WOODS. DAY. 13

P. APPEARS THROUGH THE GREENERY.

EXT. WOODS. DAY. 14

POV OF THE ROW OF STATUES THAT STAND JEALOUS GUARD OVER THE EXITS.

EXT. WOODS. DAY. 15

P. COMES FORWARD CAREFULLY. HE EXAMINES THE STATUES. THEY DON'T EXAMINE HIM. THIS, IF ANYTHING, MAKES HIM MORE WARY. HE TURNS BACK TO THE VILLAGE PROPER.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE. DAY. 16

IN THE DISTANCE A FIGURE IS SEEN MOVING ACROSS THE SQUARE, AS IT GETS CLOSER IT BECOMES P.

EXT. OLD PEOPLES' HOME. DAY. 17

ONE TABLE IS LYING ON ITS SIDE. ITS OPEN UMBRELLA A FEW FEET AWAY ROLLING GENTLY IN THE BREEZE. AS A SLIGHTLY STRONGER GUST CATCHES IT, IT ROLLS AWAY TO REVEAL P, ENTERING. HE LOOKS THROUGH THE WINDOWS OF THE OLD PEOPLES' HOME. HE TURNS AND STARTS PICKING HIS WAY THROUGH THE SWAYING UMBRELLAS THAT SLOWLY ROCK THE TABLES TO AND FRO. THE ONLY SOUND IS THE RATTLE OF THE EMPTY CROCKERY ON THEIR METAL TRAYS. P. STOPS AND LOOKS TOWARDS THE BEACH. THE STONE BOAT MOCKS HIM, BUT P. IS GONE.

INT. BELL TOWER. DAY. 18

LOOKING DOWN, WE SEE P. CLIMBING TOWARDS US. HE COMES INTO BIG CLOSEUP. HE SENSES SOMETHING BEHIND HIM, HE SPINS ROUND. IT IS JUST ANOTHER STATUE STARING INTO SPACE.

INT. BELL TOWER. DAY. 19

P. LOOKS DOWN FROM HIS VANTAGE POINT.

EXT. VILLAGE. DAY. 20

VARIOUS POINTS OF VIEW OF THE EMPTY VILLAGE.

INT. BELL TOWER. DAY. 21

P. REACHES UP AND TAKES HOLD OF THE BELL ROPE, HE PULLS.

EXT. BELL TOWER. DAY. 22

LOOKING UP AT THE BELL TOWER, WE SEE A CLOUD OF PIGEONS RUDELY DISTURBED, TAKE TO FLIGHT.

INT. BELL TOWER. DAY. 23

P. STOPS PULLING THE ROPE. HE WATCHES AND LISTENS. ONLY THE ECHO OF THE BELL, AS THE SOUND WAVES BOUNCE OFF THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS, IS DIFFERENT. P. IS BEGINNING TO BELIEVE THAT THE VILLAGE IS REALLY EMPTY. HE TAKES ONE LAST LOOK AT THE STATUE, IT RETURNS A STONY LOOK.

EXT. BATTERY SQUARE. DAY. 24

A BEACH BUGGY STANDS IN THE SQUARE, SEEN FOR THE FIRST TIME. BEYOND IT WE SEE P. COMING FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE BELL TOWER. HE STOPS IN CLOSE UP.

EXT. VILLAGE DAY. 25

POV OF NO. 2'S DOME AS IT BROODS OVER THE VILLAGE.
THE EVER-WATCHFUL EAGLES EITHER SIDE.

EXT. VILLAGE . DAY. 26

LOOKING DOWN FROM THE DOME WITH ONE OF THE EAGLES
IN FOREGROUND WE SEE THE SMALL FIGURE OF P. START
UP THE STEPS.

EXT. NO. 2'S FRONT DOOR. DAY, 27

A HAND ENTERS FRAME AND PULLS THE BELL. WE HEAR
THE TINKLE DEEP IN THE HOUSE. AFTER A MOMENT P.
PUSHES THE DOOR. IT SWINGS OPEN.

INT. ANTE ROOM. DAY. 28

AS THE DOOR CLEARS FRAME IT REVEALS P. STANDING
THERE. HE FEELS THE EVIL ATMOSPHERE OF THE PLACE
AS HE ENTERS. THE LARGE STEEL DOORS STAND WIDE OPEN.
HE MOVES FORWARD.

INT. LIVING SPACE . DAY. 29

THE ROUND CHAIR IN THE MIDDLE HAS ITS "BACK" TO US.
THE ROOM LOOKS EVEN MORE EERIE THAN USUAL, BEING
LIT ONLY BY THE LIGHT THAT IS COMING THROUGH THE
FRONT DOOR. THE CAMERA STARTS FORWARD SLOWLY.
AS WE GET TO THE BLACK, ROUND CHAIR, P'S HAND ENTERS
FRAME AND GRASPS NO. 2'S SEAT OF OFFICE. THE KNUCKLES
WHITEN AS THE HAND SPINS THE CHAIR INTO CAMERA. IT IS
EMPTY SAVE FOR NO. 2'S UMBRELLA.

INT. LIVING SPACE . DAY. 30

P. UNCONSCIOUSLY BRUSHES THE SWEAT OFF HIS BROW. THE
LARGE SCREEN THAT HAS REVEALED EVEN HIS MOST PRIVATE
MOMENTS TO NO. 2 TAKES HIS ATTENTION. THE BUTTONS
ON THE CONSOLE DON'T COOPERATE. NOTHING WORKS. P.
SITS IN NO. 2'S CHAIR AND SLOWLY STARTS TO ROTATE IT.
THE FULL IMPACT OF WHAT IS HAPPENING SUDDENLY HITS
P. HE IS IN THE ANTE ROOM BEFORE THE CHAIR STOPS
SPINNING.

EXT. NO. 2'S HOUSE . DAY. 31

P. COMING DOWN THE STEPS TOWARDS US FAST. HE JUMPS
INTO THE BUGGY. THE ENGINE STARTS IMMEDIATELY. HE
DOES A FULL CIRCLE AND SPEEDS OFF UNDER THE ARCH.

EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY. 32

TRAVELLING SHOT TOWARDS THE HOSPITAL.

EXT. HOSPITAL GROUNDS. DAY.

33

THE BEACH BUGGY IS BROUGHT TO A HALT. EVEN THOUGH P. HAS PAID SEVERAL VISITS TO THE HOSPITAL, THE REVULSION HE FEELS AT SEEING IT AGAIN SHOWS IN HIS EYES. HE BACKS THE BUGGY OUT OF SIGHT, AND CREEPS TOWARDS THE HOSPITAL.

EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY.

34

LOOKING DOWN WITH A TURRET IN F.G. WE SEE P. STOP. HE SUDDENLY LOOKS UP AS IF CONSCIOUS OF THE CAMERA.

EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY.

35

THE CAMERA IS NOW P'S POV. IT IS LOOKING UP AT THE TURRET, IT MOVES SLOWLY ALONG THE ROOF UNTIL P'S HEAD COMES INTO PICTURE. AS HE MOVES, WE PAN DOWN TO SHOW HIM GOING TO THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY. (MAIN ENTRANCE)

36

FROM INSIDE WE SEE P. STOP AT THE DOOR. HE LOOKS THROUGH THE GLASS. HE TRIES TO OPEN THE DOOR, BUT IT IS LOCKED. HE MOVES OFF.

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY. (HIGH WINDOW)

37

STILL LOOKING OUT. P'S HEAD COMES INTO PICTURE. HE AGAIN TRIES TO ENTER. THE WINDOW REFUSES. P. CLIMBS OUT UP OUT OF OUR VIEW, BUT WE PAN ACROSS THE CEILING UNTIL A SKYLIGHT BREAKS THE GREYNESS. P'S FACE, DISTORTED BY THE GLASS, ARRIVES A MOMENT LATER. HE SMASHES THE GLASS WITH HIS FOOT, RELEASES THE CATCH AND DROPS FEET FIRST THROUGH FRAME.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY.

38

P. WAITS IN A CROUCHING POSITION, LISTENING. NOTHING. HE SLOWLY STRAIGHTENS UP. A DOOR STANDS SLIGHTLY AJAR. HE PEERS THROUGH THE CRACK. AS HE OPENS THE DOOR, IT CREAKS.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. DAY.

39

P. PASSES ALONG THE CORRIDOR CAUTIOUSLY, WIND FROM AN UNSEEN OPEN WINDOW BLOWS PIECES OF PAPER ALONG THE FLOOR. HE STOPS AS HE GETS TO A TURN IN THE CORRIDOR. BEHIND HIM, THE DOOR HE HAS JUST PASSED THROUGH, IS SLAMMED BY THE WIND. P, HIS NERVES TAUT, SPINS ROUND. AFTER GIVING THE DOOR AN ACCUSING LOOK, HE TAKES A BREATH AND GOES OUT OF OUR SIGHT.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR. DAY.

40

P. PASSES THROUGH LIGHT AND SHADOW. HE REACHES THE HOSPITAL WARD AND ENTERS.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD, DAY. 41

ONE WINDOW IS OPEN. FROM IT A HEAVY CURTAIN FLAPS, BREAKING THE BLACKNESS WITH SHAFTS OF LIGHT. P. PULLS BACK THE CURTAIN. ALL THE BEDS ARE UNMADE. SHEETS AND BLANKETS ARE THROWN BACK AS IF THE OCCUPANTS LEFT IN A HURRY. P. GENTLY CLOSES THE CURTAIN AGAIN. HE TAKES A SAD LOOK AROUND BEFORE HE LEAVES.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR, DAY. 42

A SOFT SCRAPING SOUND IS COMING FROM THE EXAMINATION ROOM. P. LISTENS AT THE DOOR. HE OPENS IT A FRACTION.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM, DAY. 43

IN THE F.G. THE DENTIST'S CHAIR AT A STRANGE ANGLE, AS IF IN USE. P'S HEAD COMES SLOWLY ROUND THE DOOR. THE SCRAPING SOUND IS COMING FROM A DARK CORNER. TENSING HIMSELF, P. PUSHES DOWN THE LIGHT SWITCH. THE ROOM STAYS DARK. LOOKING UP, P. SEES THE MASTER SWITCH. WITH A QUICK MOVEMENT HE PULLS IT DOWN. FOR A MOMENT HE IS BLINDED. THE SCRAPING SOUND IS COMING FROM A BIG WIRE CAGE. A LARGE WHITE RAT, TAKING EXERCISE IN A WHEEL. OTHER RATS SIT WATCHING P. WITH TRANSLUCENT PINK EYES. THEY ARE NOT PARTICULARLY GRATEFUL AT BEING RELEASED AND SIT ON THE FLOOR SNIFFING EACH OTHER. THE MOMENT IS INTERRUPTED BY VOICES. P. PUTS OUT THE LIGHTS AND HIDES HIMSELF IN ONE MOVEMENT. THE VOICES HAVE ABRUPTLY STOPPED. P. MOVES TO THE DOOR AND CRACKS IT.

INT. CORRIDOR, DAY. 44

THROUGH THE CRACK IN THE DOOR WE SEE NO SIGN OF LIFE. THE DOOR OPENS WIDER AS P. COMES THROUGH. STEALTHILY HE GOES BACK TO THE WARD.

INT. WARD, DAY. 45

NOTHING HAS CHANGED. P. KEEPS VERY STILL, BUT NO MORE VOICES. HE CLOSES THE DOOR SOFTLY AS HE LEAVES.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM, DAY. 46

P. ENTERS. HE DECIDES TO TAKE THE BULL BY THE HORNS AND PULLS THE MASTER SWITCH DOWN AGAIN AND GOES INTO THE CORRIDOR.

INT. CORRIDOR, DAY. 47

THE SHADOWS ARE NO LONGER. P. STARTS TOWARDS THE MAIN ENTRANCE. SUDDENLY HE FREEZES. THE VOICES, PERHAPS A LITTLE LOUDER THIS TIME, ARE COMING FROM THE CONDITIONING ROOM. THERE IS A RED GLOW FROM THE CIRCULAR GLASS PANEL INSET IN THE DOOR.

INT. CONDITIONING ROOM. DAY. 48

LOOKING OUT INTO THE CORRIDOR, WE SEE P'S FACE
A PIECE AT A TIME, FILL THE WINDOW.

INT. CONDITIONING ROOM. DAY. 49

TWO ROWS OF STRAIGHT JACKETS STRAPPED TO THE WALL.
BESIDE EACH A HEADPHONE SET. AT THE END OF THE
ROOM WE "SEE" THE VOICES. A BUILT-IN TAPE
RECORDER IS TURNING, GIVING ITS MESSAGE TO THE
EMPTY EARPHONES. P OPENS THE DOOR AND FLICKS
ONE OF THE SWITCHES ON THE WALL. THE RECORDER
RUNS TO A STOP, ITS VOICE GETTING DEEPER AND
DEEPER UNTIL IT CHOKES.

EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY. 50

P RIPS OPEN THE FRONT DOORS, CAUTION NOW COMPLETELY
THROWN TO THE WIND. HE RUNS LIKE HELL TO THE HIDDEN
BUGGY, STARTS IT AND IN A SHOWER OF STONES GOES.
THE BLACK CAT SITS IN THE BUSHES WATCHING.

EXT. LANES ON THE EDGE OF THE VILLAGE. DAY. 51

THE BEACH BUGGY COMING AT US FAST. IT STOPS. P
GETS OUT, WALKS FORWARD AND STOPS.

EXT. MOUNTAINS. DAY. 52

P.O.V. THE MOUNTAIN RANGE SEEMS TO GO TO INFINITY

EXT. LANES ON EDGE OF VILLAGE. DAY. 53

P. AFTER A SHORT DELIBERATION GETS INTO THE BUGGY,
TURNS IT ROUND AND HEADS BACK.

EXT. LANES ON EDGE OF VILLAGE. DAY. 54
(INT BUGGY)

P DRIVING BACK TOWARDS THE VILLAGE. SUDDENLY
HIS EYES OPEN IN ABSOLUTE AMAZEMENT. HE JAMS
ON THE BRAKES, GOES INTO REVERSE, STOPS. WE PAN
OFF HIS FACE TO SEE THE VILLAGE HELICOPTER SITTING
IN A FIELD, AS LARGE AS LIFE.

EXT. LANES ON EDGE OF VILLAGE. DAY. 55

P LEAPS FROM THE BUGGY AND OVER THE GATE.

INT. HELICOPTER. DAY. 56

P OPENS THE DOOR, AND CLIMBS ABOARD. QUICKLY HE
CHECKS FOR THE IGNITION KEY. IT IS THERE. HE
SWITCHES IT ON. PETROL GAUGE REGISTERS FULL.
WITH A SILENT PRAYER HE PUSHES THE STARTER. THE

56 CONTINUED

BLADES START TO ROTATE SLUGGISHLY. THEY STOP. HE TRIES AGAIN. THE BLADES ONLY MOVE INCHES BEFORE THE BATTERY GIVES OUT. IF P CRIED, HE WOULD CRY. HE LOOKS OFF AT THE BEACH BUGGY, THEN STARTS TO GET OUT.

EXT. FIELD. DAY. 57

STARTING ON THE HELICOPTER BATTERIES TO WHICH TWO WIRES ARE ATTCHED, WE TRAVEL ALONG THEM AT THE OTHER END WE FIND P. ATTACHING THE LOOSE ENDS TO THE BUGGY BATTERY HE MOVES ROUND AND STARTS UP THE BUGGY. FROM THE GROUND HE TAKES A PIECE OF ROCK. THIS HE PUTS ON THE ACCELERATOR PEDAL, THE ENGINE RACES.

INT. HELICOPTER. DAY. 58

P CLIMBS IN AND SWITCHES ON THE IGNITION. A PAUSE THEN HE PUSHES THE STARTER. THE BLADES NOW TURN QUITE FAST. THE ENGINE COUGHS. P TRIES AGAIN. IT ALMOST STARTS. HE PUSHES THE STARTER ONCE AGAIN. THE BATTERY STARTS TO DIE, SUDDENLY THE ENGINE FIRES. P IS WET WITH PERSPIRATION. HE REVS THE ENGINE A COUPLE OF TIMES THEN CLIMBS OUT.

EXT. FIELD. DAY. 59

P RIPS THE WIRES FROM THE 'COPTER BATTERY. AS THIS HAPPENS THE ENGINE STARTS TO FALTER. P QUICKLY LEANS INTO THE CHOPPER AND REVS LIKE CRAZY. STILL WITH HIS HAND ON THE THROTTLE HE CLIMBS ABOARD.

INT. HELICOPTER. DAY. 60

THE 'COPTER BLADES ARE NOW COMING UP TO SPEED. EVERYTHING IS FINE. IT STARTS TO LIFT OFF. A FOOT OR SO OFF THE GROUND THE ENGINE SUDDENLY CUTS. THE RUBBER FLOATS HIT THE GROUND WITH A BUMP. P PUSHES THE STARTER ALMOST FRANTICALLY, THE BLADES MAKE A HALF TURN ONLY. HIS EYES GO DOWN TO THE INSTRUMENT PANEL; THEY STOP ON THE PETROL GAUGE.

INT. HELICOPTER. DAY. 61

CLOSE SHOT THE PETROL GAUGE. IT STILL REGISTERS FULL. P'S HAND COMES SLOWLY INTO PICTURE, HE TAPS THE GAUGE WITH HIS KNUCKLE, THE NEEDLE SINKS SLOWLY BACK TO EMPTY.

INT. HELICOPTER. DAY. 62

P SITS QUITE STILL FOR A FEW MOMENTS, THEN WEARILY CLIMBS OUT.

EXT. FIELD. DAY. 63

P WALKS OVER TO THE BEACH BUGGY AND STANDS LOOKING AT THE VILLAGE EMBLEM ON ITS BONNET. WITH SUDDEN RAGE HE SMASHES HIS FIST ONTO IT, AS HE RAISES HIS ARM TO DO IT AGAIN WE CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST. DAY. 64

SHOOTING TOWARDS THE SKY, P'S ARM COMES INTO PICTURE. IN HIS HAND IS AN AXE. AS THE AXE DESCENDS WE GO WITH IT. IT BITES INTO A TREE. THE SWEAT IS RUNNING FREELY FROM P. HE HAS BEEN WORKING FOR SOME TIME. BEYOND HIM WE SEE THE BUGGY WITH TWO TREE TRUNKS LASHED TO ITS BACK BUMPER.

EXT. FOREST. DAY. 65

A TREE FALLS TOWARDS US. AS IT HITS THE GROUND P STEPS INTO PICTURE AND STARTS TO LOP OFF THE SMALL BRANCHES.

EXT. VILLAGE. DAY. 66

HIGH SHOT. THE BUGGY DRAGGING LOGS BEHIND IT. IT GOES IN THE DIRECTION OF THE OLD PEOPLES' HOME.

EXT. GARAGE. DAY. 67

SHOOTING INTO THE BLACKNESS OF THE GARAGE, WE HEAR A RUMBLING SOUND. FROM THE GARAGE A LARGE OIL DRUM ROLLS TOWARDS US FOLLOWED BY P'S FEET. THE DRUM DROPS INTO THE KERB. P UNDOES THE CAP AND THE OIL STARTS TO SPILL DOWN THE DRAIN.

EXT. OLD PEOPLES' HOME. DAY. 68

THE RAFT IS ALMOST COMPLETE NOW. SEVEN LOGS, WITH AN OIL DRUM LASHED TO EACH CORNER. P IS JUST FINISHING TYING A TARPULIN TO THE MAST. THIS COMPLETED, P GETS INTO THE BUGGY AND DRIVES OFF UP THE ROAD.

INT. GENERAL STORE. DAY. 69

P IS ABOUT STOCKED UP WITH PROVISIONS; HE IS TAKING A CASE OF ORANGE JUICE AND AN OILSKIN COAT OUT THROUGH THE DOOR.

EXT. GENERAL STORE. DAY. 70

P PUTS THE CASE OF ORANGE JUICE & THE COAT INTO THE BUGGY. THE BACK SEAT IS ALREADY LOADED WITH BOXES. P GOES INTO THE STORE AGAIN.

INT. GENERAL STORE. DAY. 71

P WRITES SOMETHING ON THE COUNTER THAT WE DON'T SEE. SUDDENLY HE NOTICES IN ONE CORNER OF THE SHOP A PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION. HE PUTS DOWN THE CHALK AND TAKES A CAMERA AND A ROLL OF FILM WHICH HE STUFFS IN HIS POCKET. HE RESUMES CHALKING ON THE COUNTER. WE TRACK IN TO SEE WHAT HE IS WRITING. IT IS A COLUMN OF FIGURES. HE MAKES A TOTAL. THEN MOVES TO A CLEAN PIECE OF COUNTER AND WRITES. "I.O.U. 974 MONEY UNITS." AND SIGNS IT NO. 6.

EXT. TOWN HALL. DAY. 72

DISTORTED THROUGH A VIEWFINDER. CLICK! P LOWERS CAMERA AND WINDS THE FILM ON.

EXT. NO. 2'S HOUSE. DAY. 73

DISTORTED THROUGH THE VIEWWINDER. CLICK!

EXT. CAFE. DAY. 74

DISTORTED THROUGH VIEWFINDER. CLICK!

EXT. P'S HOUSE. DAY. 75

DISTORTED THROUGH VIEWFINDER. CLICK! P ONCE AGAIN LOWERS HIS CAMERA; AUTOMATICALLY WINDS ON THE FILM, THEN ENTERS HIS HOUSE.

INT. P'S HOUSE. DAY. 76

P CROSSES TO THE WARDROBE AND TAKES OUT HEAVY SWEATER. AS HE GETS BACK TO THE DOOR HE TURNS, TAKES A LAST LOOK AROUND, GIVES THE VILLAGE A SALUTE AND GOES.

EXT. OLD PEOPLES' HOME. DAY. 77

THE BOXES OF PROVISIONS ARE NOW SAFELY NAILED ONTO THE RAFT. P TAKES A STILL OF THE OLD PEOPLES' HOME. PUTS THE CAMERA IN ONE OF THE BOXES. HE BENDS TO LAUNCH THE RAFT. A LOUD CRASH BEHIND HIM. HE DOESN'T TURN. HE KNOWS NO. 2 AND "ROVER" ARE STANDING WATCHING HIM. FINALLY HE TURNS INTO CLOSE UP. HIS FACE VERY TIRED.

EXT. OLD PEOPLES' HOME, DAY. 78

THERE STANDS, NOT NO. 2 AND "ROVER" BUT THE BLACK

78 CONTINUED

CAT. AROUND IT THE DEBRIS FROM THE TRAY THAT WAS ON ONE OF THE TABLES. THE CAT RUNS OFF INTO THE BUSHES.

EXT. OLD PEOPLES' HOME. DAY. 79

P BREAKS INTO A RELIEVED SMILE. THE WIND IS GETTING UP. HE HEAVES THE RAFT INTO THE WATER, CLIMBS ABOARD AND STARTS TO PADDLE.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. VILLAGE AND SEA. DAY. 80

L.S. THE VILLAGE FROM THE SEA. THE SETTING SUN LIGHTS THE DISTANT BELL TOWER.

EXT. RAFT. DAY. 81

P TAKES HIS LAST PICTURE, UNLOADS THE CAMERA AND PUTS THE CASSETTE OF EXPOSED FILM INTO HIS INSIDE POCKET. FROM ONE OF THE BOXES HE TAKES AN APPLE AND BEGINS TO EAT IT.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. RAFT AT SEA. NIGHT. 82

L.S. OF THE RAFT FLOATING IN THE MOONLIGHT.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. SKY. DAY. 83

THE SUN FLARING INTO LENS.

EXT. RAFT. DAY. 84

THE RAFT IS ON THE OPEN SEA. NO LAND. NO VILLAGE, NOTHING BUT SEA. P IS STARVING. FROM ONE OF THE BOXES HE TAKES BREAD, CHEESE AND HAM. THE SAIL IS FLAPPING CHEERFULLY IN THE WIND.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. RAFT. NIGHT. 85

P LIES SLEEPING, COVERED BY THE OILSKIN COAT.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. SUN. DAY. 86

THE SUN GLARING DOWN.

EXT. RAFT. DAY. 87

THE SAIL HANGS LIMPLY. THE BOXES OF FOOD ARE ONLY HALF-FULL. P, LOOKING FAR FROM CHEERFUL, STARES FOR SIGHT OF LAND.

EXT. SEA. DAY. 88

BUT THERE IS NO LAND.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. SKY. NIGHT. 89

THE SKY BRILLIANT WITH STARS.

EXT. RAFT. NIGHT. 90

THE SAIL STILL LIMP. P HAS BROKEN THE SIDE FROM A BOX AND IS USING IT AS A PADDLE.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. SEA. DAWN. 91

THE SUN IS RISING OVER A CHOPPY SEA.

EXT. RAFT. DAWN 92

THE RAFT IS SWINGING A BIT SO P HAS TO HANG ON. BUT AT LEAST THE SAIL IS FULL. HE LOOKS VERY TIRED. AS HE GOES TO THE FOOD BOXES, BUT THEY ARE EMPTY. HE TAKES UP THE LAST CAN OF ORANGE-JUICE, THINKS OF OPENING IT BUT CHANGES HIS MIND AND PUTS IT BACK. HE TAKES OUT A FISHING LINE WITH FIVE HOOKS AND PLAYS IT INTO THE SEA. THEN, STRETCHED ON THE RAFT AND THE END OF THE LINE ABOUT HIS WRIST, HE WAITS.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. SKY. DAY. 93

THE SUN IS HIGHER AND LARGER.

EXT. RAFT. DAY. 94

P IS STARING THIRSTILY AT THE CAN OF ORANGE-JUICE AGAIN AS THE LINE SUDDENLY TUGS AT HIS WRIST. EXCITED, HE PULLS IN THE LINE, THE FISH SWINGING IT FROM SIDE TO SIDE. THEN, JUST AS HE IS ABOUT TO LAND THE FISH, THE LINE SNAPS. SO DOES HIS TEMPER. HE GRABS UP THE ORANGE-JUICE, PIERCES THE CAN

94 CONTINUED

ANGRILY WITH A KNIFE AND DRINKS IT. HE WIPES HIS STUBBLY CHIN AS HE THROWS THE EMPTY CAN BACK INTO THE BOX.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. SUN. DAY.

95

THE SUN GLARES DOWN, LARGER AND HOTTER, FILLING THE SCREEN.

EXT. RAFT. DAY.

96

P IS STRETCHED ON THE RAFT, HIS ARMS OVER HIS FACE TO SHIELD IT. HE WAKES AND PULLS HIMSELF WEARILY TO THE BOXES. BUT THEY ARE EMPTY. HE SITS THERE, BEARDED NOW AND HAGGARD, STARING AT THE SEA. HE TAKES UP THE EMPTY CAN AND, LEANING OVER, SCOOPS UP SEA-WATER, ALMOST RAISES IT TO HIS LIPS BUT DOES NOT, LETS IT DRAIN BACK AGAIN.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. SKY. DAY.

97

A ROLL OF THUNDER. THE SKY IS THICK WITH GREY CLOUDS.

EXT. RAFT. DAY.

98

THE FIRST DROPS OF RAIN ARE SPLASHING ON P. HE STRUGGLES DESPERATELY TO GET THE SAIL DOWN. HE DOES SO AND, AS THE RAIN REALLY STARTS, HE USES IT TO CATCH SOME.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. RAFT IN FOG. DAY.

99

EVEN THE SEA IS SILENT AS THE RAFT DRIFTS THROUGH THICK MIST. P GLANCES UP AT THE SAIL, MADE INTO A BAG AND HANGING FROM THE MAST BY ITS FOUR CORNERS. THE LACK OF MOVEMENT IRRITATES HIM AND HE SLIDES INTO THE WATER TO SWIM AND PUSH THE RAFT AHEAD OF HIM. BUT ONE OF HIS PUSHES IS TOO STRONG AND IT VANISHES. HE FORCES DOWN THE PANIC, SWIMS METHODICALLY UNTIL HE FINDS IT AGAIN. HE CLAMBERS ABOARD AND PRESSES HIMSELF FLAT AGAINST THE LOGS.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. RAFT. DAY.

100

A STIFF WIND IS SPINNING THE SAIL-LESS RAFT. P IS HANGING ON TO THE MAST FOR DEAR LIFE. SUDDENLY THE RAFT HEAVES AND THE MAST SNAPS. THE BAG OF WATER VANISHES INTO THE SEA. THE MAST HITS P, KNOCKING HIM OUT. SO HE DOES NOT SEE THAT SOME OF HIS LASHINGS ARE COMING APART. AS HE LAYS THERE, ONE OF THE LOGS DRIFTS OFF WITH ITS TWO OIL DRUMS. WHAT IS LEFT OF THE RAFT IS AT AN ANGLE NOW AND P'S LOWER HALF IS IN THE SEA. THIS WAKES HIM. HE CLINGS TO THE UPPER EDGE DESPERATELY, AT THE END OF HIS STRENGTH. HE TAKES OUT HIS KNIFE AND CUTS FREE THE REMAINING OIL-DRUMS. SO THAT THE RAFT, EVEN IF VERY LOW IN THE WATER, IS AT LEAST LEVEL. HE KNOWS HE IS NEAR THE END AND, WITH THE ROPE THUS FREED, HE LASHES HIMSELF TO THE STUMP OF THE MAST.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. RAFT. DAY.

101

CLOSE ON P. HE LOOKS VERY ROUGH NOW, HIS BEARD SOME THREE WEEKS' GROWTH. HE IS SO STILL HE COULD BE DEAD. THE RAFT BENEATH HIM ROCKS A LITTLE. PULL BACK. ON EITHER SIDE OF HIM IS A PAIR OF SEAMAN'S BOOTS.

INT. CABIN. NIGHT.

102

CLOSE ON P. HE OPENS HIS EYES. HIS SURROUNDINGS COME INTO FOCUS. HE IS IN A TINY CABIN, HARDLY LARGER THAN A BOX. DARK BARRED SKYLIGHT OVERHEAD, A SMALL DARK PORTHOLE, A DOOR, A CUPBOARD, A SINGLE WEAK BULB.

HE SITS UP ON THE BUNK AND LOWERS HIMSELF TO THE FLOOR. HE HAS TO HOLD ON TO THE BUNK TO PREVENT HIMSELF FALLING IN A HEAP. HE SUDDENLY REMEMBERS AND FEELS IN HIS POCKET. THE CASSETTE OF FILM IS STILL THERE. HE LURCHES TO THE DOOR. IT HAS NO LOCK BUT ONLY OPENS A COUPLE OF INCHES FOR IT IS SECURED ON THE OUTSIDE BY A STOUT CHAIN AND PADLOCK. THE ONLY SOUNDS ARE THE ENGINE, THE SWISH OF THE SEA AND FAINT FOREIGN MUSIC.

HE SHUTS THE DOOR AND LOOKS IN THE CUPBOARD. IT IS EMPTY. HE EXAMINES THE PORTHOLE BUT, EVEN WERE IT OPENABLE, HE COULD NOT GET MORE THAN AN ARM THROUGH. HE NOTICES A TRAY ON THE FLOOR, WITH COARSE BREAD AND A WOOLLY TEA-COSY. BENEATH THE TEA-COSY IS A JUG OF SOUP. HE IS SUSPICIOUS OF IT BUT HUNGER DRIVES HIM TO DRINK IT DOWN.

102 CONTINUED

THE VESSEL LURCHES, THROWING HIM ABOUT. THE CUPBOARD DOOR SWINGS OPEN. HE EXAMINES THE CUPBOARD MORE CAREFULLY. IN HERE THE MUSIC IS LOUDER. THE BACK OF THE CUPBOARD IS MATCHBOARD AND, WITH A STRONG KICK, HE KICKS IT IN. HE WAITS, BREATHLESS. THE MUSIC ENDS AND HE HEARS A VOICE:

RADIO VOICE
(OFF) (ANNOUNCEMENT IN
ALBANIAN)

THE MUSIC RESUMES, A CIMBALON TUNE. HE GETS DOWN AND LOOKS THROUGH THE HOLE HE HAS MADE. HE ENLARGES IT WITH HIS HANDS AND WRIGGLES THROUGH -

INT. ADJOINING CABIN. NIGHT. 102A

- THE OTHER CUPBOARD INTO A CABIN WHICH IS A MIRROR IMAGE OF HIS OWN. HE SWITCHES ON THE LIGHT. A BATTERY RADIO IS PLAYING. HE SHUTS THE CUPBOARD DOOR CAREFULLY. THIS CABIN SHOWS MANY SIGNS OF HABITATION - PIN-UP PICTURES, CLOTHES, A TUMBLED BUNK, A BOTTLE OF BRANDY. ALONG THE BULKHEAD STANDS A STACK OF NEW WOODEN CRATES, LONG AND NARROW. THE DOOR IS UNCHAINED AND HE LOOKS OUT -

INT. PASSAGEWAY. NIGHT. 103

- INTO A SHORT, NARROW PASSAGEWAY.

INT. ADJOINING CABIN. NIGHT. 103A

BUT SOMETHING ABOUT THE CRATES INTRIGUES HIM. HE SHUTS THE DOOR AGAIN AND EXAMINES THE NEAREST ONE. IT TAKES A BIT OF GETTING OPEN AND HE BEGINS TO GET EXCITED. BUT WHEN THE LID DOES COME OFF, THE CRATE PROVES TO BE EMPTY. HE REPLACES THE LID AS NEATLY AS HE CAN AND SLIDES OUT OF THE CABIN.

INT. PASSAGEWAY. NIGHT. 104

AT THE END OF THE PASSAGEWAY OPEN STEPS LEAD UP, BUT TO REACH THE STEPS HE HAS TO PASS AN OPEN DOOR. HE IS JUST ABOUT TO DO SO WHEN, GIVING HIM THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE, A HUGE MAN (ERNST) COMES OUT WITH A BUCKET WHICH HE TAKES UP THE STEPS. P NIPS FAST PAST THE OPENING, WHICH PROVES TO BE A GALLEY, UNTIDY WITH A PILE OF NEWSPAPERS IN GERMAN, AND HIDES BEHIND TWO OPEN STEPS. THE MAN RETURNS, THE BUCKET EMPTY, AND GOES BACK INTO THE GALLEY. P CREEPS SILENTLY UP ON TO:

- THE DECK. THE LITTLE VESSEL IS MOVING THROUGH THE NIGHT AT A GOOD SPEED. HE MAKES HIS WAY VERY CAUTIOUSLY ALONG THE STARBOARD SIDE UNTIL HE CAN PEEP INTO THE WHEELHOUSE. HERE ANOTHER MAN (GUNTHER), AS LARGE AS THE FIRST, IS AT THE WHEEL. P STARES AT THE RADIO SET, VERY MODERN FOR SUCH A SCRUFFY VESSEL. AND AT A ROLLED-UP CHART.

HE DUCKS DOWN AS ERNST COMES FROM THE STERN AND MOVES ALONG THE PORT SIDE TO THE WHEELHOUSE WITH FOOD. P CAN SEE THAT THE TWO MEN DO NOT SPEAK. IT LOOKS AS IF THEY HAVE HAD A ROW. ERNST TAKES THE WHEEL WHILE GUNTHER TRIES THE FOOD. BUT IT IS NOT TO HIS TASTE, HE PUSHES IT AWAY AND WALKS OUT OF THE WHEELHOUSE, ACROSS ITS FRONT TO WHERE HE MUST SEE P. BUT P HAS VANISHED.

P CREEPS OUT OF THE SALOON ONCE MORE, THIS TIME WITH SOME OF THE NEWSPAPERS AND A BOX OF MATCHES. HE CHECKS THAT HE IS UNOBSERVED. HE SCREWS THE NEWSPAPERS UP TIGHTLY, SETS FIRE TO THEM, USING HIS BODY AS A SHIELD, RAISES THE TRAP THAT COVERS THE ENGINE AND THROWS THEM IN, ONE BY ONE.

GUNTHER, STILL OUTSIDE THE WHEELHOUSE, IS STARING AT THE NIGHT WHEN HE SMELLS BURNING AND SEE'S A FLAME. HE BANGS ON THE GLASS, MAKES A SIGN TO SHUT OFF AND HURRIES TOWARDS IT. ERNST SHUTS OFF, GRABS A TORCH AND FOLLOWS HIM. P SLIDES INTO THE WHEELHOUSE AND TAKES UP THE CHART HUNGRILY. TO HIS DISAPPOINTMENT IT PROVES TO BE ONLY A SCHOOL MAP OF THE WORLD. HE TURNS TO THE RADIO.

THE TWO MEN HAVE THE ENGINE TRAP OPEN AND ARE INVESTIGATING THE FIRE.

P HAS SWITCHED OVER TO TRANSMIT AND IS TAPPING ON THE MORSE-KEY, HOPING AGAINST HOPE THAT THE MESSAGE IS GOING OUT. AS HE DOES THIS, HE HEARS SOMEONE LUMBERING BACK TOWARDS THE WHEELHOUSE. RIGHT BESIDE HIM IS A FIRE EXTINGUISHER. THERE IS NOWHERE TO HIDE. P HAS TO SLIP OUT INTO THE DARKNESS, LEAVING HIS MESSAGE INCOMPLETE. GUNTHER GRABS THE EXTINGUISHER, PULLS THE WHEELHOUSE DOOR SHUT WITH A TERRIBLE SQUEAK AND HURRIES BACK TO HIS COMRADE.

ERNST IS BENT RIGHT INTO THE WELL AS GUNTHER PREPARES TO SET OFF THE EXTINGUISHER. ERNST STOPS HIM WITH A GESTURE.

BEHIND THEM, P STEPS OVER THEIR LEGS AND SLIPS SILENTLY INTO THE SALOON.

105 CONTINUED

ERNST PULLS OUT SOME SMOULDERING BUT STILL RECOGNISABLE NEWSPAPER. THE TWO MEN LOOK AT EACH OTHER, THEN, OF ONE ACCORD, MOVE THROUGH THE SALOON -

INT. PASSAGEWAY. NIGHT.

106

- ALONG THE PASSAGEWAY TO P'S CABIN. GUNTHER UNLOCKS THE PADLOCK AND THROWS OPEN THE DOOR, FISTS CLENCHED -

INT. CABIN. NIGHT.

107

BUT P IS SOUND ASLEEP ON THE BUNK. THE CUBOARD DOOR IS SHUT. THE TRAY IS WHERE IT WAS. GUNTHER MOVES TO THE DOOR -

GUNTHER

(IN GERMAN: We didn't search him. Do it !)

- AND GOES OUT. P PLAYS DEAD AS ERNST GOES THROUGH HIS EMPTY POCKETS. ERNST FEELS THERE IS SOMETHING IN ONE POCKET BUT, TO GET AT IT, HE HAS TO SIT P UP SO THAT HIS ARMS HANG OVER HIS SHOULDERS. AS HE TOUCHES THE FILM, P'S ARMS TIGHTEN ABOUT HIS NECK. THE TWO MEN ARE NOSE TO NOSE. ERNST TRIES TO PUSH HIM AWAY BUT P KEEPS HOLD AND STANDS UP.

P

Where am I ?

(ERNST SAYS NOTHING)

Where am I ? What ship's 'this ?

ERNST

(IN GERMAN: I don't understand you.)

ERNST PUSHES HIM AWAY, TURNS TO LEAVE BUT P GRABS HIM.

P

Where are we going ?

ERNST

(IN GERMAN: Shut your mouth !)

ERNST PUNCHES HIM. P LETS FLY AND THEY FIGHT IN THE TINY CABIN. THE BLANKETS GET PULLED FROM THE BUNK. ERNST TRIPS ON THEM AND FALLS. P DOES NOT TAKE ADVANTAGE. ERNST STANDS UP AND IT IS THEN THAT P KNOCKS HIM OUT COLD. P HAS TO STAND STILL A MOMENT. IT HAS TAKEN A LOT OUT OF HIM.

INT. WHEELHOUSE. NIGHT.

108

GUNTHER IS AT THE WHEEL, THE SHIP AT FULL SPEED. GUNTHER NOTICES THAT THE RADIO IS SWITCHED TO 'TRANSMIT'. IT MAKES HIM SUSPICIOUS AND, FROM A HIDING PLACE, HE TAKES A GUN AND SLIPS IT INTO HIS BELT.

EXT. DECK. NIGHT.

109

P CHECKS THAT HE IS ALONE ON DECK. HE LOOKS UP AT THE STARS, TURNS, LOOKING FOR THE PLOUGH. FINDING IT, HE IS ABLE TO ASSESS THE SHIP'S DIRECTION. HE GIVES A SHIVER AND RUBS HIS ARMS, FOR IT IS COLD.

HE REACTS TO THE SOUND OF THE ENGINE STOPPING, LEAVING JUST THE WIND AND THE NOISE OF THE SEA. THERE IS NO SIGN OF GUNTHER BUT HE DUCKS AND, KEEPING LOW, MOVES TO THE WHEELHOUSE. IT IS EMPTY. HE CREEPS ROUND TO THE DOOR AND IS ABOUT TO HAVE ANOTHER GO AT THE RADIO WHEN HE STOPS, THE GUN IN HIS BACK.

GUNTHER

Wo ist Ernst ?

P SAYS NOTHING.

GUNTHER

Wo ist Ernst ?

P THROWS HIMSELF BACKWARDS AGAINST GUNTHER AND IS ABLE TO DART PAST HIM. GUNTHER RAISES THE GUN TO FIRE BUT P HAS SNATCHED UP A TARPAULIN WHICH HE THROWS OVER HIM. GUNTHER FIRES ONCE BLINDLY THROUGH IT. P MAKES OFF.

WHEN GUNTHER GETS CLEAR OF THE TARPAULIN, P HAS GONE. GUNTHER LUMBERS TO THE WHEELHOUSE AND ANGRILY PULLS WIRES FROM THE RADIO. THEN HE MOVES ALONG THE DECK TOWARDS THE STERN. NO SIGN OF P. HE REACHES THE COMPANIONWAY AND PEERS DOWN CAREFULLY. SUDDENLY P IS ON TOP OF HIM AND GUNTHER - THE GUN GOES FLYING OVERBOARD - AND THEY -

INT. PASSAGEWAY. NIGHT.

110

- CRASH DOWN INTO THE PASSAGEWAY. THE TWO MEN WRESTLE THE LENGTH OF THE PASSAGEWAY. GUNTHER HAS THE STRENGTH AND GRIP OF A BEAR. HE HOLDS P'S HEAD IN HIS HANDS AND BANGS IT ON THE DECK AGAIN AND AGAIN. UNTIL P GETS HIS POSITION JUST RIGHT AND SENDS GUNTHER FLYING OVER HIS HEAD TO LAND ON HIS BACK. GUNTHER GROANS. P GETS UP, RUBS HIS HEAD, THEN DRAGS GUNTHER INTO THE ADJOINING CABIN. THE CHAIN FROM HIS OWN CABIN IS LONG ENOUGH FOR BOTH DOORS.

INT. ADJOINING CABIN. NIGHT 111

GUNTHER SHAKES HIMSELF, TUGS AT THE DOOR.

GUNTHER

Ernst !

THEN HE NOTICES THAT THE CRATE HAS BEEN OPENED.
THIS INFURIATES HIM AND HE BASHES ON THE DOOR.

GUNTHER

Ernst !

INT. CABIN. NIGHT. 112

ERNST GROANS AS HE BEGINS TO COME ROUND.

INT. WHEELHOUSE. NIGHT. 113

P. REALISES THE RADIO CANNOT BE MADE TO WORK. HE
CAN HEAR BANGING FROM BELOW. HE GLANCES UP AGAIN
AT THE STARS, AT THE COMPASS, THEN SWINGS THE WHEEL
HARD TO PORT.

EXT. BOAT AT SEA. NIGHT. 114

THE BOAT SWINGS ON TO ITS NEW COURSE.

DISSOLVE:

INT. CABIN. NIGHT. 115

THE CUPBOARD IS NOW A WRECK. GUNTHER HAS GOT
THROUGH TO ERNST AND IS TRYING TO ROUSE HIM.

GUNTHER

(IN GERMAN) Come on! We
must kill him!

HE HOLSTS ERNST UP AND TAKES HIM TO THE PORTHOLE
FOR AIR.

GUNTHER

Himmel !

EXT. COAST FROM SEA. NIGHT. 116

HIS VIEW. A SHORE LIGHT IS FLASHING

INT. CABIN. NIGHT. 117

GUNTHER

(IN GERMAN) He will run us
aground! Ernst!

ERNST

(IN GERMAN) I'm all right.

ERNST RECOVERS SUFFICIENTLY TO JOIN GUNTHER IN
BASHING AT THE DOOR.

INT. WHEELHOUSE . NIGHT. 118

P. CAN HEAR THE CRASHING BUT IS FAR MORE INTERESTED IN THE APPROACHING LIGHT. HE BOLTS THE WHEELHOUSE DOOR. THEN HE LOOKS UP AT THE STARS AGAIN. THE CRASHING STOPS AND HE REALISES HIS CAPTIVES ARE FREE.

EXT. SHIP AT SEA . NIGHT. 119

THE SHIP IS HEADING TOWARDS THE LIGHT AT FULL SPEED.

EXT. DECK. NIGHT. 119A

GUNTHER COMES OUT, FOLLOWED BY ERNST. GUNTHER IS ALL FOR ATTACKING THE WHEELHOUSE AT ONCE.

ERNST

Nein !

HE RAISES THE TRAP OF THE ENGINE. GUNTHER GRINS AS ERNST STOPS THE ENGINE.

INT. WHEELHOUSE . NIGHT. 120

P. REALISES WHAT HAS HAPPENED. HE MOVES TO OPEN THE BOLT, TO GET OUT BUT THE MEN ARE ALREADY TUGGING AT THE DOOR.

EXT. DECK. NIGHT. 120A

THE TWO MEN KICK AT THE DOOR.

INT. WHEELHOUSE . NIGHT 121

P. LOOKS ABOUT FOR SOME WEAPON BUT THERE IS NOTHING AT ALL. HE GETS IN A POSITION TO SPRING AND, AS THE DOOR FINALLY CLATTERS OPEN, HE HURLS HIMSELF FEET FIRST AT THE MEN. HE CONNECTS WITH GUNTHER WHO GOES BACKWARDS AND OVERBOARD WITH A CRY.

EXT. DECK. NIGHT. 121A

ERNST DRAGS P. OUT AND THEY FIGHT. GUNTHER CLIMBS UP THE MIDSHIPS LADDER LIKE A DROWNED RAT AND MOVES TO JOIN IN.

ERNST

(IN GERMAN) No! Get a gun !

GUNTHER HURRIES BELOW AS THE FIGHT CONTINUES. P. FINALLY KNOCKS ERNST OUT. HE HURRIES TO THE STERN AND OPENS THE TRAP. THE BOAT HAS SWUNG AND THE SHORE LIGHT IS NOW IN THE BOW QUARTER. BUT BEFORE P. CAN DO ANYTHING ABOUT THE ENGINE, GUNTHER REAPPEARS WITH A STEN GUN. HE FIRES A BURST AT P. P. STANDS UP, LOOKS BACK -

121A CONTINUED

P.
Be seeing you !

- AND DIVES OVERBOARD INTO THE DARKNESS . GUNTHER
FIRES AGAIN .

EXT. SEA . TANK . NIGHT. 122

THE BULLETS SPLAT THE WATER NEAR P . AT THE END OF
THE CLIP HE ROLLS OVER AND SWIMS AWAY HELL FOR
LEATHER .

EXT. DECK . NIGHT. 123

ERNST GETS THE SECOND CLIP IN AND FIRES AGAIN .

EXT. SEA . TANK . NIGHT. 124

AGAIN THE BULLETS FALL QUITE NEAR P . HE GOES BE-
NEATH THE WATER . THE FIRING ENDS . AS P . SURFACES,
THE ENGINE CAN BE HEARD STARTING AGAIN .

EXT. BOAT AT SEA . STOCK . NIGHT. 125

THE BOAT TURNS BACK TOWARDS THE OPEN SEA .

EXT. SEA . TANK . NIGHT. 126

P . LISTENS TO THE DIMINISHING SOUND, LOOKS IN THE
OPPOSITE DIRECTION, TOWARDS THE LIGHT, AND SETS
OFF STEADILY TOWARDS IT .

DISSOLVE:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE BEACH . DAWN. 127

THE SQUAT LIGHTHOUSE LOOKS OVER THE EMPTY BEACH .
THE ONLY SIGN OF LIFE IS P . KNEELING EXHAUSTED AT THE
WATER'S EDGE . HE PULLS HIMSELF TOGETHER, GETS TO
HIS FEET AND MOVES LIKE AN AUTOMATION TO THE LIGHT-
HOUSE, STUMBLING OCCASIONALLY IN THE SAND, BUT THE
LIGHTHOUSE IS OBVIOUSLY AUTOMATIC AND UNTENANTED .
NOW HE ALMOST DESPAIRS . UNTIL HE LOOKS ALONG THE
BEACH AGAIN AND SEES A MAN WATCHING HIM . P . MOVES
A STEP, MAKES SURE HIS EYES ARE NOT DECEIVING HIM,
THEN RUNS TO THE MAN, A SWARTHY INDIVIDUAL, WHO IS
HOLDING A SHOTGUN IN THE CROOK OF HIS ARM . P . STOPS .

P.
Where am I ? That's all I
want to know .

THE MAN LOOKS PAST P . P . SPINS ROUND . A YOUNGER
SWARTHY MAN IS BEHIND HIM WITH ANOTHER SHOTGUN .

P.
What country's this ?

127 CONTINUED

THEN HE SEES A YOUNG WOMAN STANDING ON THE CREST OF THE BEACH. HE DOESN'T LIKE THE SITUATION ONE BIT.

THE WOMAN CALLS OUT AND BECKONS TO THE MEN.

WOMAN
(A STREAM OF UNRECOGNISABLE
LANGUAGE, ACTUALLY ROMANY)

IT DEPRESSES P.

P
I'm a long way from home,

THE OLDER MAN LEADS THE WAY WHILE THE YOUNGER ESCORTS P. UP THE BEACH. REACHING THE WOMAN HE SEES THE CARAVAN, THE HORSE, THE CAMPFIRE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CREST. THE OLDER MAN GOES STRAIGHT TO THE FIRE, LEAVING THE GROUP.

WOMAN
(QUESTION IN ROMANY)

YOUNGER MAN
(BRIEF ANSWER IN ROMANY)

P. STARES AT THE WOMAN. SHE IS VERY BEAUTIFUL AND VERY FOREIGN.

P
I want to get to England.

SHE SMILES. THE LEADER RETURNS AND HOLDS OUT A MUG TO P. HE TAKES IT.

P
What is it ?

NO ANSWER. THEY ALL WATCH HIM. HE ACCEPTS THE CHALLENGE AND DRAINS THE MUG.

P
Thank you

THE WOMAN LAUGHS. EVEN THE TWO MEN SMILE.

P.
I - have - to - get - to - England!

THEY ALL LAUGH.

P
England ? Inlaterra ? Grande
Bretagne ? I - have - to - get -
to England.

WOMAN
(BROAD COCKNEY) Just as well
the, 'nt it? That's where you're at.

127 CONTINUED

P. TAKES IT IN. THE JOKE IS ON HIM.

P.
Whereabouts ?

WOMAN
(LOOKS ABOUT) Kent, I'd say

P. SWAYS FOR JUST A SECOND, EXHAUSTED AND RELIEVED.

WOMAN
Get some more.

THE OLDER MAN GOES BACK TO THE FIRE.

P
How do I get to London ?

WOMAN
Dunno. Never go there. There's
a road that way. (SHE POINTS)

P
A road ?

WOMAN
It'll take you somewhere.

THE MAN RETURNS WITH THE MUG. SHE RESTRAINS HIM
FROM HANDING IT OVER.

WOMAN
You got money ?

P. SHAKES HIS HEAD. SHE CONSIDERS, THEN SIGNS TO THE
MAN TO HAND IT OVER.

WOMAN
Give it to him. He's got a
long walk.

P. DRINKS LUXURIOUSLY.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. SANDY TRACK. DAY.

127A

P. MOVES ALONG THE TRACK BETWEEN HIGH HEDGES. HE IS
THE ONLY SIGN OF LIFE UNTIL HE SEES A MAN DIGGING SOME
WAY AHEAD. P. STOPS, UNSURE WHAT TO DO, THEN HE
PUSHES THROUGH THE HEDGE AND MOVES PAST, SILENT
AND OUT OF THE MAN'S SIGHT.

THE MAN LOOKS UP FROM HIS DIGGING. HAS HE HEARD
SOMETHING ? HE RESUMES HIS WORK.

P. CONTINUES CAUTIOUSLY.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. COUNTRY LANE. DAY.

128

P. STRIDES ALONG A TARMAC COUNTRY LANE, ALONE AGAIN. UNTIL HE HEARS SOMETHING COMING ALONG BEHIND HIM, GETTING CLOSER. IT GROWLS AND RUMBLES LIKE A TANK. AT LAST, AS IT IS ON THE POINT OF ROUNDING THE CORNER, P. DIVES INTO THE DITCH TO WATCH. IT IS A PERFECTLY ORDINARY TRACTOR. IT PASSES AND IMMEDIATELY TURNS OFF INTO A FIELD.

P. IS HALF OUT OF THE DITCH WHEN, WITHOUT WARNING A MINI HURLS AROUND THE CORNER. IT STOPS WITH A SQUEAL BY P. THE GIRL IN IT LOOKS AS IF SHE MIGHT BE GOING TO OFFER HIM A LIFT. BUT SHE DOESN'T LIKE THE LOOK OF HIM AT ALL AND ROARS ON HER WAY AGAIN.

P. MOVES AFTER HER AND CAN SUDDENLY SEE WHERE THE LANE JOINS A MAIN ROAD. HE CAN SEE TRAFFIC PASSING. AND THERE ARE TWO POLICE CARS, BLOCKING THE EXIT. THE MINI HAS STOPPED AND THE GIRL IS SPEAKING TO THE POLICEMEN. SHE POINTS BACK IN P'S DIRECTION. P. QUICKLY PUSHES THROUGH THE HEDGE -

EXT. PLOUGHED FIELD. DAY.

129

- AND SETS OFF ACROSS THE DEEPLY PLOUGHED FIELD TOWARDS THE MAIN ROAD, CUTTING OFF THE CORNER. HE KEEPS HIS EYES ABOUT HIM BUT THERE IS NO EVIDENT PURSUIT. HE STOPS FOR JUST A MOMENT, LOOKING AT A SCARECROW WITH BUTTON EYES, THE HEAD SWAYING LIFE-LIKE IN THE BREEZE. HE REACHES THE HEDGE ON THE FAR SIDE -

EXT. MAIN ROAD. DAY.

130

- AND PUSHES THROUGH, ALMOST INTO THE ARMS OF A POLICEMAN! HE DUCKS BACK. ANOTHER ROAD-BLOCK, THIS TIME WITH A QUEUE OF VEHICLES. THE POLICEMEN ARE SHOWING THE DRIVERS A PHOTOGRAPH.

P. MOVES CAREFULLY PAST THE BLOCK AS A CANVAS-HOODED TRUCK IS CLEARED. HE BREAKS FROM COVER, RACES AFTER IT AND CLAMBERS ABOARD AS IT PULLS AWAY.

INT. TRUCK. DAY. BP.

131

THE BACK OF THE TRUCK IS EMPTY OF CARGO. P. SQUATS BY THE TAILBOARD, OUT OF SIGHT OF THE DRIVER. HE HEARS THE PERSISTENT BELL OF A POLICE-CAR AND OPENS THE CANVAS TO SEE. THE CAR BEARS DOWN ON THE TRUCK, THEN OVERTAKES IT AND SHOOT AWAY. P LOOKS AS IF HE IS READY TO SPRING AT ANY MOMENT.

DISSOLVE :

EXT. ALIEN LANDSCAPE. DAY.

132

THE TRUCK HAS LEFT THE MAIN ROAD. THE FIELDS THROUGH WHICH IT PASSES LOOK NOT QUITE OF THIS EARTH.

DISSOLVE:

INT. TRUCK. DAY. BP

133

P. IS FAST ASLEEP IN HIS CORNER, SWAYING TO THE MOVEMENT OF THE TRUCK. THEN A PARTICULARLY HEAVY JOLT WAKES HIM. FOR ONCE HE IS NOT IMMEDIATELY ALERT, HIS HEAD IS THICK. HE PULLS THE CANVAS BACK AND LOOKS OUT. THE TRUCK IS DRIVING THROUGH THE VILLAGE! HE LOOKS TOWARDS THE CAB WITH HATRED, THEN STRADDLES THE TAILBOARD. A BEACH BUGGY IS IN PURSUIT, ITS SIREN GOING.

HE HANGS FROM THE TAILBOARD AND THEN, THE TRUCK AT FULL SPEED AND THE SIREN GETTING CLOSER, HE DROPS OFF.

EXT. LOWER REGENT STREET. DAY.

134

HE LANDS ON A PAVEMENT, STAYS THERE A MOMENT, WINDED. THE TRUCK HAS STOPPED WITH A SQUEAL OF BRAKES. THE SIREN HAS VANISHED. P. LOOKS UP AT THE TRUCK. THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS CHANGE TO GREEN AND IT PULLS AWAY. IT CLEARS HIS VIEW AND HE SEES - PICCADILLY CIRCUS: ZOOM BACK.

P. STANDS UP. A FEW PEOPLE LOOK AT HIM BUT, BEING LONDERS, DO NOT INTERFERE. HE LOOKS AT THE TRAFFIC, STILL NOT BELIEVING IT.

THE LIGHTS CHANGE TO RED AGAIN AND HE LURCHES ACROSS THE ROAD. HE STOPS OUTSIDE LILLYWHITE'S, LOOKING AT EROS AND THE PEOPLE.

AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN STUDIES HIM SHREWDLY, GOES TO HIM AND TAPS HIM ON THE SHOULDER. P. SPINS ROUND, FISTS CLENCHED.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

I hope things get better for you, son.

HE PRESSES A COIN INTO P'S HAND WITH A KINDLY SMILE, THEN HURRIES AWAY. P. STARTS TO PROTEST - UNTIL HE SEES HIS SCRUFFY REFLECTION AMIDST THE ELEGANT DUMMIES IN LILLYWHITE'S WINDOW. HE MAKES UP HIS MIND AND WALKS OFF QUICKLY.

EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE. DAY.

135

THE FOUNTAINS PLAYING. A CLOUD OF CIRCLING PIGEONS. P. STANDS AT THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE SQUARE, HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS, STARING DOWN WHITEHALL.

135 CONTINUED

MAN'S VOICE

Don't move !

HE LOOKS BEHIND HIM . A MAN IS TAKING HIS WIFE'S PHOTOGRAPH - CLEARLY A HONEYMOON COUPLE . AS P . STARES AT THEM, HE TAKES HIS HANDS FROM HIS POCKETS . IN ONE HAND IS THE TWO-SHILLING PIECE, IN THE OTHER HIS CASSETTE OF FILM . RIGHT BEYOND THE COUPLE IS THE UNDERGROUND ENTRANCE . HE MAKES UP HIS MIND AND MOVES QUICKLY TOWARDS IT, TAKING NO NOTICE OF THE TRAFFIC . THE DISTANT BIG BEN STARTS TO GIVE OUT THE HOUR -

INT . LOCKERS AND TELEPHONE KIOSK . DAY . 136

- WHICH CUTS OFF IN A CLUTTER OF UNDERGROUND TRAINS . WITH HIS COIN P . OPENS ONE OF THE LUGGAGE LOCKERS, TAKES OUT THE KEY, PUTS THE CASSETTE INSIDE AND SLAMS THE DOOR . THE KEY GOES SECURELY IN HIS POCKET . HE LOOKS ONE WAY, AND SEES A MILITARY POLICEMAN, POSSIBLY WATCHING HIM . HE SPINS THE OTHER WAY AT A SHOUT .

PORTER

(OFF) No. 6 !

HE SEES A PORTER DIRECTING A NUN WHO IS EITHER FOREIGN OR HARD OF HEARING .

PORTER

(POINTING AWAY) It's No. 6
you want !

AHEAD OF P . IS A TELEPHONE KIOSK . HE ENTERS IT AND TAKES UP THE TELEPHONE, DIALS 100 .

P

(TO TELEPHONE) A reverse-charge
call, please. No, local. The
number's 235 -

INT . P's LIVING ROOM (LONDON) DAY . 137

THE ROOM AS IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN . THE TELEPHONE STARTS TO RING .

INT . LOCKERS AND TELEPHONE KIOSK . DAY . 138

P . HEARS THE RINGING . THE MILITARY POLICEMAN AND THE PORTER ARE STILL THERE .

INT . P'S LIVING ROOM (LONDON) DAY . 139

RING-RING, RING-RING . NO-ONE ANSWERS IT . ON A SIDE TABLE STANDS A LARGE VASE FULL OF FRESH YELLOW CHRYSANTHEMUMS .

END OF ACT TWO .

ACT THREE

EXT. P'S LONDON STREET. DAY. 140

FROM P'S WINDOW. P. IS ON THE FAR PAVEMENT, STARING SEARCHINGLY AT THE BUILDING.

HIS POV. IT LOOKS PEACEFUL AND INNOCENT ENOUGH. THOUGH ON THE PAVEMENT NEAR THE HOUSE IS A GPO TENT WITH TWO WORKMEN MENDING CABLES. THEY LOOK ACROSS AT P. BUT, WHEN HE LOOKS AT THEM, THEY LOOK AWAY.

P. CROSSES THE ROAD TO THE FRONT DOOR. ONE OF THE TELEPHONE MEN WATCHES HIM. P. PUSHES THE DOOR AND GOES IN.

INT. FRONT HALL AND P'S DOOR. DAY. 141

STILL BY THE FRONT DOOR HE GLANCES UP THE STAIRS AND ALONG THE PASSAGE AHEAD. SILENCE. HE OPENS THE FRONT DOOR A CRACK AND LOOKS OUT.

EXT. P'S LONDON STREET. DAY. LOC. 142

HIS POV. ONE OF THE MEN IS STILL WORKING. THE WATCHING MAN HAS GONE.

INT. FRONT HALL AND P'S DOOR. DAY. 143

HE FEELS HE MUST MOVE QUICKLY. HE WALKS ALONG THE PASSAGE TO HIS OWN FRONT DOOR. HE KNOCKS LIGHTLY ON IT BUT NO-ONE ANSWERS. IT IS LOCKED, OF COURSE, BUT HE KNOWS WHERE A KEY IS KEPT. AGAIN GLANCING ABOUT, HE REACHES UP AND RUNS HIS FINGERS ALONG THE TOP OF THE DOOR JAMB. ALL HE COLLECTS IS DUST. NO KEY. FURIOUS, HE GIVES AN INSTINCTIVE LITTLE SHOVE AT THE DOOR. BUT THINKS TWICE OF MAKING TOO MUCH NOISE. ALL HE HAS IN HIS POCKET IS THE LOCKER KEY. HE HOLDS IT TO THE LOCK BUT IT IS QUITE THE WRONG **SHAPE**. THOUGH ITS PLASTIC TAG ... HE BENDS DOWN.

INT. P'S LIVING ROOM (LONDON) DAY. 144

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR. THE SCRAPE OF THE PLASTIC. THE LATCH GIVES. P. COMES IN AND SHUTS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM. HIS EYES GO OVER EVERYTHING. SILENCE. IT IS JUST LIKE THE OTHER LIVING ROOM. THE TELEPHONE ON THE TABLE, AS IT WAS. HE TAKES IT UP. THIS TIME IT IS NOT DEAD, HE GETS THE DIALLING TONE. HE REPLACES IT, LOOKING AT THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS. THEY WORRY HIM. HE GOES TO THE WINDOW AND LOOKS OUT CAREFULLY.

EXT. P'S LONDON STREET. DAY. LOC. 145

HIS POV. BOTH TELEPHONE MEN ARE AT WORK AGAIN.

INT. P'S LIVING ROOM (LONDON) DAY. 146

HE MOVES QUICKLY TOWARDS THE KITCHEN.

INT. P'S KITCHEN (LONDON) DAY 147

HE COMES IN. IT IS TIDY AND FAMILIAR. UNTIL HE NOTICES THE FLORAL TEAPOT ON THE TABLE. HE OPENS THE HIGH WALL-CUPBOARD. THE CHINA IN HERE IS ALSO PRETTILY FLORAL. HE SHUTS IT AND TURNS. AN EMPTY SAUCEPAN STANDS ON THE GAS STOVE. HE TAKES IT UP AND LOOKS AT IT. IT IS NOT ONE OF HIS. THEN HE GOES TO THE FRIDGE, OPENS IT AND TAKES OUT THE REMAINS OF A CHICKEN. HE BRINGS IT TO THE TABLE, PULLS OFF A LEG AND CHEWS RAVENOUSLY AT IT AS HE LOOKS ABOUT AGAIN, TAKING IN THE DETAILS. HE STOPS CHEWING AS HE HEARS THE FRONT DOOR OPEN AND SHUT. HE MOVES QUICKLY BEHIND THE DOOR. THE DOOR IS OPENED AND SOMEONE SURVEYS THE ROOM. WITH A QUICK GRAB OF THE DOOR, P. PULLS IT WIDE TO GRAB THE INTRUDER. A LITTLE OLD LADY.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH

No! Don't you touch me! Who are you? (HE JUST LOOKS AT HER)
Are you a burglar?

P

Are you?

MRS. BUTTERWORTH

Don't be impertinent. (OF THE CHICKEN -) That's my dinner you're eating.

P

In my fridge?

MRS. BUTTERWORTH

If you're not a burglar, you're a lunatic. I'm not afraid of you. (SHE BEGINS TO GET ANGRY)
The very idea!

SHE TURNS AND MARCHES AWAY -

INT. P'S LIVING ROOM (LONDON) DAY. 148

- TO THE TELEPHONE. P. FOLLOWS HER TO THE DOORWAY, WATCHES AS SHE DIALS 999.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH

Bursting in here! I'll soon deal with you, my lad.

P

It's my flat.

148 CONTINUED

VOICE OF OPERATOR
Emergency. . Which service do
you require ?

HE MOVES TO HER.

P
My flat ! I live here !

SHE LOOKS UP AT HIM .

VOICE OF OPERATOR
Emergency. Which service do you
require ? Hallo ?

SHE PUTS THE TELEPHONE DOWN.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH
I can ring again. And shall. You
do not live here. I have a lease.

P
Who from ?

MRS. BUTTERWORTH
The estate-agent, of course. Who
are you? What do you want ?

P
(LOOKS ABOUT) I lived here. I
still own it.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH
(DOUBTFULLY) You don't sound
like a burglar.

P
How long have you been here ?

MRS. BUTTERWORTH
Several weeks. I should be asking
you questions.

HE TAKES UP THE TELEPHONE AND DIALS.

P
We'll ask the agent. See where
he got his instructions.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH
It's Saturday afternoon. He won't
be there.

THE NUMBER RINGS. NO ANSWER. HE PUTS THE TELE-
PHONE DOWN.

148 CONTINUED

MRS. BUTTERWORTH
You can't do anything till Monday.
Can you prove you lived here ?

P
I doubt it. (LOOKS AT HER)
What month is it ?

MRS. BUTTERWORTH
March. Are you all right?

P
(REALISING) Then I'm sorry.
I owe you an apology. My lease
has run out. They didn't waste
much time.

HE GOES TO THE FRONT DOOR, LOOKS BACK.

P
Are any of my things here ? I'd
like to change.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH
No

HE DOES LOOK A BIT DEFEATED.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH
Would you like some tea?

P
I must get on. You wouldn't know
where they are ? Where they've
been stored ?

MRS. BUTTERWORTH
I've no idea. I'll make that tea.

HE WATCHES HER TO THE OTHER DOOR. SHE LOOKS BACK.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH
Though I did find a suitcase. In the
cupboard under the stairs. Shall
I fetch it ?

P
I will. (THEN -) I know where it is.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH
(WATCHING HIM) No-one's ever
asked after you.

P
(AT THE FRONT DOOR) That would
have been arranged.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH GOES OUT. P GOES OUT OF THE FRONT
DOOR TO THE PASSAGE.

INT. P'S KITCHEN (LONDON) DAY.

149

MRS. BUTTERWORTH COMES IN. SHE IS WORRIED, BUT MAKES UP HER MIND AND FILLS THE KETTLE AT THE TAP.

DISSOLVE:

INT. P'S LIVING ROOM (LONDON) DAY

150

THE REMAINS OF TEA AND SANDWICHES ON THE TABLE. MRS. BUTTERWORTH, DRINKING HER SECOND CUP, LOOKS UP AS P. COMES FROM THE BATHROOM IN HIS OFFICE CLOTHES, CLEAN AND SHAVED.

P

My second-best suit.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH

I liked the beard.

P. NOTICES A LITTLE SILVER CALENDAR ON THE BUREAU AND TAKES IT IP.

P

March the eighteenth ?

MRS. BUTTERWORTH

If that's what it says.

P

Then tomorrow's my birthday.

HE JOINS HER.

P

Thanks for the food. I'm sorry I gave you a fright.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH

Only a little one. (SHE SIPs HER TEA) My son would be about your age.

P

Would ?

MRS. BUTTERWORTH

He died. Where will you stay? There's the sofa.

P

I won't trouble you. I have some "friends".

MRS. BUTTERWORTH

(SLIGHTLY EMBARRASSED) Are you all right for money? (HE IS TOUCHED) I could lend you a little.

150 CONTINUED

P

I'll go to the bank.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH

It's Saturday.

P

So it is.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH

You're a funny man. You really did live here ? It's not a fib ?

P

I swear it, Now I must be on my way.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH

(RISING) So soon?

P

I'll come back. To thank you properly.

SHE FOLLOWS HIM TO THE DOOR.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH

If you come back tomorrow, I'll make you a birthday cake.

P

I had a car. I suppose that's gone too.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH

They gave me the key to a garage. Said it went with the flat.

HE WATCHES HER TO THE BUREAU WHERE SHE FUMBLES IN A DRAWER.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH

I've never been near it.

SHE RETURNS WITH THE TAGGED KEY.

P

Thank you.

HE OPENS THE FRONT DOOR.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH

You'll try to come back ?

P

I promise. I'm sure you make wonderful cakes.

HE GOES AND SHUTS THE DOOR.

EXT. P'S LONDON HOUSE. DAY. 151

P. COMES OUT IN HIS LONDON CLOTHES. THE TELEPHONE MEN AND TENT HAVE GONE. HE SETS OFF.

EXT. LONDON STREETS. DAY. 152

P. SEES A POLICEMAN ON A CORNER. HE PASSES HIM SLIGHTLY SELF-CONSCIOUSLY. THE POLICEMAN TURNS AND WATCHES HIM GO.

EXT. LONDON MEWS. DAY. 153

P. ENTERS THE MEWS AND SEES THAT IT IS EMPTY. HE UNLOCKS THE GARAGE DOOR, LIFTS IT. THERE STANDS THE LOTUS. HE FEELS ON THE HIGH SHELF FOR THE SPARE KEY HIDDEN BENEATH A TIN OF GREASE, FINDS IT AND GETS INTO THE CAR. HE PRESSES THE STARTER. THE BATTERY IS COMPLETELY DEAD. HE TAKES OFF THE BRAKE AND THE CAR MOVES SLOWLY DOWN THE SLIGHT SLOPE. IT FIRES ALMOST AT ONCE.

EXT./INT. LONDON JOURNEY. DAY. 154

P. DRIVES ACROSS LONDON, INTO THE UNDERGROUND CAR PARK, UP IN THE LIFT, TO THE DOOR OF M'S OFFICE.

INT. M'S OFFICE (DOOR SECTION AND C.S. 'M'). DAY. 155

THIS TIME HE DOES NOT BARGE IN. HE HESITATES A MOMENT, THEN OPENS THE DOOR AND GOES IN. M LOOKS UP CALMLY FROM THE TIMES CROSSWORD.

P
(POLITELY) Anyone at home ?

M JUST PRESSES A BUZZER ON THE DESK AND RETURNS THE THE CROSSWORD.

EXT. FORMAL GARDEN. DAY. 156

CLOSE ON THE PLAYING FOUNTAIN. BIRDSONG. PAN TO THE TERRACE, THE TERRACE DOORS.

INT. DRAWING ROOM. DAY. 157

THE ROOM IS IMMACULATE. ON UPRIGHT CHAIRS AGAINST ONE WALL SIT AN R.N. COMMANDER AND AN R.A.F. GROUP CAPTAIN. P. IS SITTING AT THE ROUND TABLE WITH THE COLONEL AND THORPE.

P
Once and for all, I did not
defect !

COLONEL
Good.

157 CONTINUED

THORPE

We hardly expected you to admit it.

THE COLONEL READS FROM A PAPER.

COLONEL

I think it's all here. Kidnapped, woke up in a village you'd never seen before -

THORPE

(SARCASTICALLY) In an unknown country.

COLONEL

- you didn't escape -

P

I didn't succeed in escaping.

COLONEL

- built a raft, picked up by a boat, swam ashore, truck, car, home. That's all ?

P

Isn't it enough ?

COLONEL

To get on with.

THORPE

And it will be checked! Every bit of it !

COLONEL

The Village is the hardest bit to swallow. I suppose you wouldn't have a photograph ?

THORPE

That would be too useful.

P. IS SO LONG IN REPLYING THAT BOTH MEN LOOK AT HIM. HE TAKES THE KEY FROM HIS POCKET AND THROWS IT ON THE TABLE.

P

That fits a locker in Trafalgar Square. You'll find a whole roll of film.

THE COLONEL PRESSES A BUZZER AND TAKES UP THE KEY.

THORPE

Why didn't you tell us sooner ?

157 CONTINUED

P
(EYES ON THE COLONEL) I
wasn't sure. I'm still not sure.

COLONEL
Of us ?

P
Of whose village it is.

COLONEL
You always were mistrustful.
It's why you were so good at
your job.

A SECRETARY COMES IN. THE COLONEL HANDS HER THE
KEY.

COLONEL
Trafalgar Square.

SHE GOES OUT AGAIN.

COLONEL
It must be time for tea.

P
I've had mine.

EXT. COMMERCIAL GARAGE. DAY. 158

TRUCKS LINED UP. A SPECIAL BRANCH MAN IS WALKING
ALONG THEM. HE COMES TO THE (ONE), STOPS AND
CONSULTS HIS NOTEBOOK.

INT. FRONT HALL AND P'S DOOR. DAY. 159

MRS. BUTTERWORTH IS TALKING TO ROWE, ANOTHER
SPECIAL-BRANCH MAN.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH
Yes, of course he did. I thought he
was a burglar at first. He was a
very nice young man. I hope nothing's
wrong.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE BEACH. DUSK. 160

THE SUN IS SETTING. THE ASHES OF THE CAMPFIRE HAVE
ALMOST DISAPPEARED. A COUNTRY POLICEMAN, WHEEL-
ING HIS BICYCLE, LOOKS ALONG THE DESERTED BEACH.
THEN THE LIGHTHOUSE GIVES ITS FIRST FLASH OF THE DAY.
HE PUTS HIS WATCH RIGHT BY IT.

INT. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

161

THE LIGHTS ARE ON. THE ROOM IS NOT IMMACULATE NOW. THE TABLE IS COVERED WITH CHARTS, MAPS, AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS. THE R.A.F. MAN IS STILL THERE, THOUGH THE R.N. MAN HAS GONE.

THE SECRETARY COMES IN WITH SEVERAL SLIPS OF PAPER WHICH SHE HANDS TO THE COLONEL. HE SCANS THEM AND HANDS THEM TO THORPE.

P

Well? Do you believe me yet?

THORPE

I believe you're a traitor.

P

Do traitors come back?

COLONEL

Sometimes, old man. If they're subtle. I'm only interested in where you've come from.

P

(OF THE PAPERS) What are those?

COLONEL

The results of our enquiries.

HE TAKES UP A SLIP, COMPARES IT WITH THE STATEMENT.

COLONEL

You built a raft. Neither the weather-planes nor air-sea-rescue have had a sight of it.

THORPE

You were picked up by a nameless boat. The two men fit descriptions we have.

P

Good.

COLONEL

Gun-runners.

P

That makes sense. Where's the boat now?

COLONEL

We've no idea. Probably vanished up some river. You swam ashore near a lighthouse.

161 CONTINUED

HE HOLDS UP A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LIGHTHOUSE .

COLONEL

This one. Where some gypsies directed you.

THORPE

We're informed there have been no gypsies in that area for years.

P

Gypsies don't advertise themselves.

COLONEL

You were picked up by a truck. We found it. The driver denies seeing you.

P

He didn't see me. That was the idea.

THORPE

As for the mythical mini-car. That we haven't found. Even if it exists.

P

What about the road block ?

COLONEL

(SLIP OF PAPER) It was nothing to do with you. They were looking for an escaped convict.

P

But it was there ?

COLONEL

(IGNORES THIS) You then went to your home. Where you found - (SLIP OF PAPER) - a Mrs. Butterworth. She admits you went there.

THE SECRETARY COMES IN WITH ANOTHER SLIP OF PAPER -

THORPE

Though she has no real idea who you are or where you came from.

- AND GOES AGAIN.

P

Incidentally. Where are my things ?

161 CONTINUED

COLONEL

We have them. We're looking after them for you. You started to send a message from the boat.

P

I was interrupted.

COLONEL

(READING) One of the coastguard stations logged the beginning of a message at about that time. (TO P -) What did you send ?

P

I sent - (REMEMBERING) - "S.O.S. held prisoner on diesel boat - " That's as far as I got.

THE COLONEL HANDS THE SLIP TO THORPE.

COLONEL

"S.O.S. held prisoner on diesel boat."

P

It's something.

THORPE

But not enough !

ROWE COMES IN WITH A MANILLA ENVELOPE -

COLONEL

Though this should be.

- AND GOES AGAIN. FROM THE ENVELOPE THE COLONEL TAKES THE CASSETTE AND PUTS IT DOWN. P. STARES AT IT.

COLONEL

The film was where you said it would be. We've had it developed.

THORPE

By experts !

P. AND THORPE WATCH AS THE COLONEL TAKES FROM THE ENVELOPE A LENGTH OF 35 mm FILM. HE HOLDS IT UP TO THE LIGHT.

COLONEL

Oh dear.

IT IS COMPLETELY BLANK.

THORPE

Ruined by sea-water ?

161 CONTINUED

P
(BITTERLY) Ruined by
something.

END OF ACT THREEACT FOUREXT. FORMAL GARDEN. DAY.

162

THE COLONEL IS SITTING ON THE EDGE OF THE FOUNTAIN,
PUFFING AT HIS PIPE. THORPE IS PACING ABOUT.

COLONEL
I think I believe him.

THORPE
Even though the celebrated
photographs don't exist ?

COLONEL
That's why I believe him. . He
wouldn't expect us to believe they
were conveniently ruined.

THORPE
(AFTER A MOMENT) Then there's
nothing else for me to do, sir.

COLONEL
Not for the moment.

HE WATCHES THORPE GO.

INT. DRAWING ROOM. DAY.

163

THE SECRETARY BRINGS IN A TRAY OF COFFEE AND PUTS
IT ON THE TABLE. P, THE COMMANDER AND THE GROUP
CAPTAIN ARE BUSY OVER CHARTS.

GROUP CAPTAIN
You've never grown a beard before ?

P
I did once. I reckon this one
was about three weeks.

COMMANDER
(BUSY) From what you say of the
weather, if you'd been travelling north
by north-east it must have been one
of two coastlines. It's working out
the distance that's tricky.

163 CONTINUED

P

I was in no state to measure

COMMANDER

(LOOKS UP) Quite.

THE COLONEL COMES IN FROM THE TERRACE, PUTS HIS PIPE IN HIS POCKET.

COLONEL

Any luck ?

P

Not yet.

COLONEL

Ah, coffee ! Shall I be mother ?

HE PROCEEDS TO POUR.

COLONEL

I hope we find it. Cream ?
What was the idea of it ? In
a word !

P

(LOOKING AT HIM) It's somewhere
to keep people who can't be left
around. People who know too much,
or too little. A place with many
ways of breaking a man. Their
interrogation techniques are streets
ahead of yours. Which is why I
must find it and go back.

THE COLONEL HANDS HIM COFFEE.

COLONEL

You've not had enough ?

P

I want to destroy it. Whoever's
it is.

THE COLONEL SMILES. THE DOOR OPENS AND A YOUNG NAVAL LIEUTENANT COMES IN EXCITEDLY WITH TWO CHARTS.

LIEUTENANT

Sir ! We've -

HE STOPS AT THE STONY LOOK HE GETS FROM THE COMMANDER.

LIEUTENANT

Sorry, sir. It's Edgar, sir.

163 CONTINUED

P

Who's Edgar ?

COMMANDER

(GROWLS) That ruddy tin computer.

COLONEL

Well, Lieutenant ?

LIEUTENANT

We fed in everything you gave us sir. With all the variables. It's come up with a possibility.

COLONEL

(TO P) You see? Our techniques aren't so bad.

LIEUTENANT

Two possibilities actually. (HE SHOWS HIS CHARTS) In this area. Or this.

COMMANDER

Exactly what I said.

LIEUTENANT

And as it happens, there's a possible island right here. (CHART) Island 116.

P

What sort of name's that ?

LIEUTENANT

It's a volcanic island, sir. And though it's quite old - over fifty years - it still moves about. No-one's ever claimed it. We didn't know it was inhabited.

P

It isn't any more.

COLONEL

We'd better send a destroyer to have a look.

LIEUTENANT

This is an old chart. The position's not quite accurate.

P

The shape's right.

THE COMMANDER IS LOOKING MISTRUSTFUL.

163 CONTINUED

COLONEL

What do you say, Commander ?

COMMANDER

(PEERING) The position's very inaccurate.

LIEUTENANT

Sir ?

COMMANDER

It's clear neither my staff not "Edgar" read Standing Notices.

P

What's wrong ?

COMMANDER

Island 116 was volcanic, as we're informed. And respectably old. It blew up two weeks ago.

P

Blew up ?

COMMANDER

Something I'd have expected a "computer" to know,

P

But - how much of it ?

COMMANDER

All of it. Off the face of the earth.

COLONEL

So that's that.

P

It would explain why it was empty. They'd been evacuated.

COMMANDER

Anyway, the trees you describe are more than fifty years old. I reckon it's in this (MAP) part of the world.

COLONEL

(LOOKING AT P.) If it exists.

COMMANDER

(BUSY WITH HIS CHARTS) It must be here somewhere.

COLONEL

You know I've complete faith in you, Commander. Show me.

163 CONTINUED

COMMANDER

Here or here. Two separate coastlines, each a thousand miles long.

LIEUTENANT

Edgar does agree, sir.

COMMANDER

(DRYLY) Good.

COLONEL

Then we'll have them searched.
(TO P -) We'll have every foot searched. If we don't find it -
(SMILE) - never mind.

P

And if you do ?

COLONEL

You'll get your job back.

P

I resigned. Remember?

COLONEL

(TO GROUP CAPTAIN) Group, set it up. The best pilot and observer you've got.

GROUP CAPTAIN

Right, sir !

THE GROUP CAPTAIN GOES TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT.

GROUP CAPTAIN

Jimmy !

P

I want to go.

THEY ALL LOOK AT HIM. SQUADRON LEADER LYNN COMES IN, A YOUNG MAN WITH A HANDLEBAR MOUSTACHE.

P

I know what it looks like.

COLONEL

(AFTER A THOUGHT) Why not? Group ?

GROUP CAPTAIN

Whatever you say, sir.

163 CONTINUED

P

I'll go on flight after flight
if necessary. Until I've covered
the whole world.

COLONEL

Does it matter so much? If
it's been abandoned ?

P

It's still there. Waiting for other
prisoners.

GROUP CAPTAIN

This is Squadron Leader Lynn.
Your pilot.

COLONEL

Come along then. We can all get
in the Rolls.

EXT. AIRFIELD. DAY.

164

AN R.A.F. AIRFIELD. A FIGHTER, ITS JET AT HALF
SCREAM, IS BEING CHECKED BY A GROUNDSMAN.

AN EMPTY ROLLS IS PARKED OUTSIDE THE CONTROL
BUILDING. A MILK FLOAT STOPS BEHIND IT AND THE MILK-
MAN GETS DOWN WITH HIS HANDCRATE OF BOTTLES AND
GOES INTO THE BUILDING.

INT. KITTING-OUT ROOM. (DOOR SECTION WITH LOCKERS
BEYOND.) DAY.

165

THE DOOR OPENS AND THE COLONEL AND THE GROUP
CAPTAIN COME OUT WITH P. HE IS IN FLYING KIT, HIS
FACE MASK DANGLING. SQUADRON LEADER LYNN, INSIDE
THE ROOM, IS STILL DRESSING, TAKES HIS FLYING SUIT
FROM A LOCKER.

LYNN

You go on. I won't be a tick.

THE COLONEL SHUTS THE DOOR.

COLONEL

(TO P) You'll be gone about
six hours. I'll wait for you.

THEY MOVE OUT. THE DOOR IS OPENED AGAIN - BY THE
MILKMAN THIS TIME, WHO GOES IN WITH HIS CRATE -

MILKMAN

(INTO THE ROOM) Milk ?

- AND SHUTS THE DOOR.

EXT. AIRFIELD. DAY. 166

P. GIVES THE COLONEL A WAVE AND CLIMBS INTO THE PLANE.

INT. PLANE. DAY. 167

HE GETS INTO THE OBSERVER SEAT AND THE GROUNDSMAN STRAPS HIM IN.

GROUNDSMAN

Okay, sir? (P. NODS) Put your mask on. She goes up like a rocket.

THE GROUNDSMAN LEAVES AND P DOES AS HE IS TOLD.

EXT. AIRFIELD. DAY. 168

LYNN, STRAPPING ON HIS MASK, HURRIES PAST THE COLONEL AND THE GROUP CAPTAIN WITH A WAVE, THE GROUNDSMAN GIVE HIM A LEG UP, THEN STANDS CLEAR.

INT. PLANE. DAY. 169

LYNN GIVES P THE THUMBS-UP, STRAPS HIMSELF INTO HIS SEAT AND STARTS UP.

EXT. AIRFIELD. DAY. 170

THE PLANE TAXIS PAST THE GROUP CAPTAIN AND THE COLONEL.

GROUP CAPTAIN.

Good chap, Jimmy Lynn. Not gone on your fellow, though.

NO ANSWER. THE PLANE ROARS OFF. THEN

COLONEL

He's alright. Never gives up.

EXT. PLANE IN SKY. DAY. 171

THE PLANE VANISHES TO A DOT.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. AERIAL SHOT. DAY. 172

THE CLOUDS BENEATH PART, REVEALING THE COAST.

INT. PLANE. DAY. 173

P. DOES NOT EVEN BLINK, HE IS STARING DOWN SO INTENTLY. HE FINDS THE MASK RATHER UNCOMFORTABLE AND UNDOES IT. IT SEEMS TO MAKE NO DIFFERENCE SO HE LETS IT HANG. HE GLANCES AT THE CLOCK ABOVE THE PILOT'S HEAD. IT SAYS 11.20.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. AERIAL SHOT. DAY. 174

A DIFFERENT COAST, HIGH MOUNTAINS NEAR THE SEA.

DISSOLVE:

INT. PLANE. DAY. 175

C.S. P, LOOKING DOWN.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. PLANE IN SKY. DAY. 176

THE PLANE SHOOTS ACROSS THE SKY LIKE A BULLET.

INT. PLANE. DAY. 177

THE CLOCK SAYS 1.15. P. IS STILL STARING DOWN. WITHOUT MOVING HIS EYES, HE PICKS AT THE STRAPS WHICH SEEM TO BE UNNECESSARILY TIGHT.

EXT. AERIAL SHOT. DAY. 178

THE COAST BELOW NOW BORDERS THE DESERT.

DISSOLVE:

INT. PLANE. DAY. 179

THE CLOCK SAYS 3.05. P'S EYES ARE ACHING BUT HE CONTINUES THE VIGIL. HE FROWNS. IS WHAT HE SEES FAMILIAR ?

EXT. AERIAL SHOT OF VILLAGE. DAY. 180

THE WILD COAST PASSES BENEATH HIM. THEN, SUDDENLY, THE VILLAGE COMES INTO VIEW !

INT. PLANE. DAY. 181

P IS EXCITED.

P

There it is! Down there !

NO RESPONSE. HE TRIES THE MASK.

P

We've found it!

NO RESPONSE. PERHAPS HE DOES NOT KNOW HOW TO WORK IT.

P

(SHOUTS) It's down there !

THE PILOT GIVES THE THUMB-UP WITHOUT TURNING.

181 CONTINUED

P
(SHOUTS) Go closer !

HE STARES DOWN EXCITEDLY.

EXT. AERIAL SHOT OF VILLAGE. DAY. 182

THE VILLAGE STILL LOOKS ABANDONED.

INT. PLANE. DAY. 183

THE PILOT IS PULLING OFF HIS HELMET. P TURNS FROM THE WINDOW.

P
(SHOUTS) It still looks empty!
You know where we are ?

HIS EXPRESSION CHANGES AS THE PILOT RAISES HIS HAND TO A LEVER. P. HAS A PRESENTIMENT. THEN THE PILOT TURNS AND GRINS AT HIM. IT IS THE MILKMAN. P. TUGS AT HIS STRAPS.

MILKMAN
(SHOUTS) Be - seeing - you !

HE CRASHES THE LEVER. SOMETHING THAT FEELS LIKE A BUS HITS P. IN THE FACE.

EXT. EJECTOR-SEAT IN SKY. DAY. 184

THE EJECTOR-SEAT FLIES UP IN AN ARC.

EXT. PLANE IN SKY. DAY. 185

THE PLANE FLIES ON AND VANISHES.

EXT. PARACHUTE IN SKY. DAY. 186

THE PARACHUTE OPENS WITH A JERK.

EXT. SKY. DAY. 187

P. LOOKS DOWN BITTERLY. THE ONLY SOUND IS THE WIND IN HIS HARNESS.

EXT. AERIAL SHOT OF THE VILLAGE. DAY. 188

THE VILLAGE IS SPREAD OUT BENEATH HIM, STILL DESERTED.

EXY. SKY. DAY. 189

P'S FACE IS LIKE STONE.

EXT. OLD PEOPLES HOME. DAY. 190

THE CAT SITS ON A TABLE. ITS EYES TRAVEL DOWNWARDS,
STOPPING AT THE BEACH.

EXT. PARACHUTE ON BEACH. DAY. 190A

THE PARACHUTE LANDS.

EXT. BEACH. DAY. 191

P. STRUGGLES OUT OF THE HARNESS, LOOKS WITH LOATHING
AT THE VILLAGE, WALKS TOWARDS THE OLD PEOPLES
HOME.

EXT. OLD PEOPLES HOME. DAY. 192

THE CAT WATCHES HIM APPROACH. APART FROM MORE
TABLES LYING ON THEIR SIDES, NOTHING HAS CHANGED.
P. MOVES THROUGH THE WRECKAGE IN THE DIRECTION
OF HIS HOUSE.

EXT. P'S HOUSE. DAY. 193

HE STOPS ON HIS TERRACE AND LOOKS BACK.

EXT. VILLAGE. DAY. 194

IT IS ALL AS DEAD AS BEFORE.

EXT. P'S HOUSE. DAY. 195

HE GOES IN THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR.

INT. P'S HOUSE. DAY. 196

EVERYTHING IS AS IT WAS. THEN SUDDENLY THERE IS A
HISSING SOUND. IT COMES FROM THE BATHROOM. P.
MOVES CAUTIOUSLY TO THE DOOR AND LISTENS. THEN
HE PULLS THE DOOR OPEN SHARPLY.

INT. BATHROOM. DAY. 197

THE SHOWER IS SPURTING WATER. P. HEARS ANOTHER
NOISE BEHIND HIM, SPINS ROUND.

INT. P'S HOUSE. DAY. 198

THE COFFEE PERCOLATOR, WHERE HE LEFT IT, IS GIVING
ITS PRELIMINARY GRUNTS.

P. TAKES A STEP TOWARDS IT AS HE DOES SO THE STAND-
ARD LAMP, NOW JUST BEHIND HIM, SUDDENLY COMES ON.
P. SPINS. A MEOW. HE TURNS AGAIN TO SEE THE VILLAGE
CAT STARING UP AT HIM. JUST BEYOND ARE A PAIR OF
FEET. WE PAN UP AND ZOOM IN. MRS. BUTTERWORTH,

198 CONTINUED

DRESSED AS BEFORE BUT NOW WEARING THE BADGE OF NO. 2, IS HOLDING A LARGE BIRTHDAY CAKE WITH SIX CANDLES ON IT. THE LOUDSPEAKER STARTS TO PLAY. "HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU."

MRS. BUTTERWORTH

Many happy returns.

SHE PUTS THE CAKE DOWN ON A TABLE AND COMES FORWARD TO P, WHO IS SHATTERED. FROM HER POCKET MRS. BUTTERWORTH TAKES A LITTLE PACKAGE TIED WITH PINK RIBBON AND HANDS IT TO P. HE RIPS IT OPEN TO REVEAL THE CASSETTE OF FILM.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH

You see, there is no escape. So be sensible and tell me why you resigned.

P. JUST STARES AT HER. THEN NOTICES THE WRAPPING PAPER FROM HIS PRESENT. HE OPENS IT FULLY TO SEE IT IS THE VILLAGE NEWSPAPER. "TALLY HO". THE HEADLINES READ: "PLANE LOST OVER SEA, NO HOPE OF SURVIVORS." P. LOOKS UP. MRS. BUTTERWORTH IS NOW STANDING BY THE OPEN DOOR, HOLDING THE CAT UNDER HER ARM.

MRS. BUTTERWORTH

Give in and enjoy being dead.

SHE GOES.

P

(SCREWING UP NEWSPAPER)
I'll die first.

AS HE LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM ...

EXT. VILLAGE DAY.

199

WE MOVE UP AWAY UNTIL WE HAVE AN AERIAL PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE VILLAGE, IN THE CENTRE OF THE SCREEN WE SEE A WHITE DOT COMING TOWARDS US LIKE A BULLET. IT IS THE FACE OF THE PRISONER. TWO PRISON GATES GLANG SHUT IN FOREGROUND. THE FACE STOPS JUST BEHIND THE BARS.

FINAL FADE OUT.