

" THE PRISONER " TV SERIES

" DANCE OF THE DEAD "

by

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EVERYMAN FILMS LTD.
M-G-M Studios
BOREHAM WOOD
Herts

STANDARD OPENING AND LINK

EPISODE 2 AND THEREAFTER

FADE IN:

STORM CLOUDS. DAY. (STOCK) A

BLACK. MENACING. A CRASH OF THUNDER, JAGGED FLARE OF LIGHTNING. MORE THUNDER MERGING INTO THE HIGH PITCHED SCREAM OF A JET AIRCRAFT.

MIX FAST TO:

EXT. AERODROME. DAY. LOC. B

A VAST DESERTED RUNWAY STRETCHING INTO THE DISTANCE. THE JET SCREAM FADES TO ABSOLUTE SILENCE. A TINY SPECK HURTLING AT WHAT APPEARS TO BE SUPERSONIC SPEED TOWARDS CAMERA. IT IS A SILVER LOTUS 7. IT EXPLODES INTO LENS WITH THE CRACK OF THE SOUND BARRIER BEING BROKEN.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. LOTUS 7. DAY. LOC. C

P DRIVING. HIS FACE TAUT AGAINST WIND PRESSURE. HIS HAIR SWEEPED BACK BY SLIP-STREAM. HIS EXPRESSION GRIM.

EXT. LONDON. DAY. LOC. D

WE SEE THE PANORAMA OF LONDON BELOW AND ZOOM IN TO PICK OUT THE ANT-LIKE LOTUS 7, DARTING ANGRILY THROUGH TRAFFIC.

EXT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE. DAY. LOC. E

A DOUBLE-DECKER LONDON TRANSPORT BUS COMES LUMBERING TOWARDS US. THE LOTUS EMERGES FROM BEHIND IT, OVERTAKES AND SWERVES ACROSS THE FRONT TO DISAPPEAR DOWN INTO THE BOWELS OF AN UNDERGROUND GARAGE.

INT. UNDERGROUND LIFT SHAFT. DAY. F

SHOOTING UP, THE LIFT DROPS LIKE A STONE. IT STOPS AND P GETS OUT. WE PAN WITH HIM AS HE WALKS FAST IN DETERMINATION DOWN A LONG CORRIDOR.

INT. LONG CORRIDOR. DAY. G

HOLDING P VERY LARGE WE TRACK BACK. HE GOES IN AND OUT OF POOLS OF LIGHT. HE OVERTAKES US AND WE PAN WITH HIM TO SHOW THE REST OF THE CORRIDOR. HE CRASHES THROUGH A DOOR AT THE END. WE SEE A MAN SITTING AT A DESK. HE IS FORMALLY DRESSED.

G CONTINUED

BUREAUCRATIC. THE OFFICE IS PAINTED WHITE.

IN LONG SHOT WE SEE P FORCEFULLY PACING. HE IS GESTICULATING ANGRILY. THE LANGUAGE WOULD BE STRONG IF WE COULD HEAR WHAT IS BEING SAID. WE CAN'T. INSTEAD EACH DYNAMIC GESTURE IS PUNCTUATED BY A CLAP OF THUNDER. THE OTHER MAN IS STILL AND THOUGHTFUL. HE SAYS NOTHING. P TAKES AN ENVELOPE FROM HIS POCKET AND THROWS IT ON THE DESK. HE SLAMS OUT.

INT. COMPUTER RECORD ROOM. DAY. H

WITH EXAGGERATED METALLIC SOUND A COMPUTER FLICKS RAPIDLY THROUGH A STACK OF RECORDER CARDS. ONE CARD DROPS OUT ONTO A MOVING FEEDER BELT. WE SEE ON IT A PHOTOGRAPH OF P.

INT. FILING ROOM. DAY. I

A PERSPECTIVE OF FILING CABINETS. SEEMINGLY ENDLESS. WE MOVE FAST ALONG IT. A DRAWER OPENS OF ITS OWN VOLITION. THE PRISONER'S CARD IS DROPPED IN. THE DRAWER SNAPS SHUT. ZOOM IN TO THE ONE WORD ON THE CABINET LABEL - "RESIGNED".

EXT. P'S LONDON HOME. DAY. LOC. J

HE DRIVES UP IN THE LOTUS. STOPS. GETS OUT. UNLOCKS THE FRONT DOOR AND ENTERS. PAN OFF TO SEE THE DISTANT FIGURE OF A MAN GIVING A SIGNAL.

INT. BEDROOM OF P'S LONDON HOME. DAY. K

HE IS PACKING IN SOME HURRY. HE CHECKS HIS WATCH. HE APPEARS TO HAVE A WEIGHT OFF HIS MIND. IN EVIDENCE, A HOLIDAY BROCHURE AND AN AIR TICKET.

EXT. P'S LONDON HOME. DAY. LOC. L

A HEARSE PULLS UP. FOUR MEN IN PROPER ATTIRE GET OUT AND MOVE PURPOSEFULLY TO THE FRONT DOOR.

INT. DEN OF P'S LONDON HOME. DAY. M

PACKED SUITCASE. THE AIR TICKET GOES INTO A POCKET. THE DOOR-BELL PEALS. HE MOVES TO THE WINDOW AND LOOKS OUT.

HIS POV. LOC. N

THE STANDARD LONDON SCENE. SUN SHINES BRIGHTLY.

INT. DEN OF P'S LONDON HOME. DAY. O

HE DROPS THE VENETIAN BLIND AGAINST THE GLARE. HE TURNS TO ANSWER THE DOOR. HE IS POLE-AXED IN SHOCK. HIS EYES GO. HE GRABS AT HIS THROAT. HE STAGGERS AND

O CONTINUED

FALLS ONTO THE DIVAN BESIDE THE WINDOW. WHIP-PAN ACROSS TO THE KEYHOLE OF THE DOOR TO THE ROOM. A JET OF VAPOUR HISSES THROUGH.

MIX FAST TO:

EXT. LONDON. DAY. (HELICOPTER SHOT) LOC. P

CAMERA MOVING AWAY. THE LONDON SCENE IS FAST DISAPPEARING BELOW.

EXT. COASTLINE. DAY. (HELICOPTER SHOT). LOC. Q

CAMERA MOVING IN. BENEATH IS SEA AND A PENINSULA OF LAND. NO DETAIL. APPROACHING FAST. ZOOM TO OUT-OF-FOCUS. PULL BACK TO:

INT. P'S ROOM. DAY. R

CLOSE UP OF P GROGGY. HE COMES TO. HE RISES AND MOVES TO THE WINDOW FOR SOME AIR. HE PULLS THE VENETIAN BLIND AND LOOKS OUT.

EXT. THE VILLAGE. DAY. LOC. S

HIS POV - IN PLACE OF THE ESTABLISHED LONDON VIEW WE HAVE A PANORAMA OF THE VILLAGE OF PORTMEIRION.

EXT. WINDOW OF P'S ROOM. DAY. LOC. T

CLOSE-UP OF P STANDING AT THE WINDOW. IN SHOCK.

FREEZE FRAME

FIRST MAIN TITLE

INT. PRISONER'S ROOM. DAY. U

THE PRISONER STANDS AT THE WINDOW AND STARES OUT. HE TURNS AND LOOKS AROUND. THE ROOM IS SIMILAR TO THE ONE IN HIS LONDON RESIDENCE - SAME DIVAN, SAME CARPET, SAME WALL-PAPER, THE SAME PICTURE ON THE WALL. HE RUSHES TO THE DOOR.

EXT. HOUSE AND STREET. DAY. LOC. V

HE BURSTS OUT. FROM ABOVE WE SEE A PANORAMA OF THE VILLAGE AND A TINY LONELY FIGURE. ZOOM IN. MEDIUM PACE. HOLDING P CENTRE.

P

Where am I ?

CONTINUING ZOOM IN NOW QUICKLY PAST HIM. THROUGH THE WINDOW OF HIS ROOM TO A SPEAKER ON THE WALL INSIDE. IT REPLIES.

V CONTINUED

SPEAKER
(nonchalantly)
In the village.

FREEZE FRAME
SECOND MAIN TITLE

EXT. BALCONY. DAY. LOC. _____ W

P LARGE IN CAMERA. RUNNING. PAN HIM TO INCLUDE A STONE STATUE FOREGROUND. THE DESERTED VILLAGE BEYOND. P STOPS. THE STATUE APPEARS TO SWIVEL ITS HEAD AND LOOK AT HIM.

P
What do you want ?

VOICE
(gently)
Information.

FREEZE FRAME
THIRD MAIN TITLE

EXT. BEACH AND VILLAGE. DAY. LOC. _____ X

VAST EXPANSE OF BEACH FOREGROUND. P RUNNING AWAY FROM THE VILLAGE ACROSS THE BEACH TOWARDS CAMERA. HE STOPS AT A DISTANCE. HE SHOUTS.

P
You won't get it.

FREEZE FRAME
FOURTH MAIN TITLE

SHOCK CLOSE UP OF P. PULL BACK FAST TO SEE P A DIMINISHING SPECK ON THE BEACH. THE VILLAGE LARGE FOREGROUND. PULL BACK FARTHER TO SHOW THIS ON A T.V. SCREEN IN:

INT. CONTROL ROOM. DAY. _____ Y

A BATTERY OF T.V. SCREENS. P'S ORBIT OF ACTIVITY FEATURED PROMINENTLY ON ONE OF THEM. PULL BACK MORE TO SEE THE SILHOUETTE OF A FIGURE SEATED FOREGROUND. IT SPEAKS.

SILHOUETTE
(rebukingly)
We will.

MOVE IN FAST PAST THE SILHOUETTE TO THE T.V. SCREEN AND:

EXT. BEACH AND VILLAGE. DAY. LOC. Z

LONG SHOT OF P. TINY FIGURE IN A LIMITLESS EXPANSE OF SAND. HE BELLOWS:

P

I'm a free man.

THERE IS A CLAP OF THUNDER IN THE BRIGHT SUNNY DAY.

FREEZE FRAME

FIFTH MAIN TITLE

SHOCK CLOSE UP OF P.

HE LOOKS BEHIND HIM.

EXT. BEACH AND VILLAGE. DAY. LOC. A1

SEEN LARGE THE WINKING BLUE LIGHT OF 'ROVER'. THE GROWING THUNDER NOW MERGES INTO AN ECHOING SINISTER LAUGHTER GROWING IN VOLUME AND WE ARE PULLING UP AND AWAY TO SEE BENEATH P RUNNING BUT BEING INEXORABLY HEADED BACK BY 'ROVER' ACROSS THE BEACH TOWARDS THE VILLAGE. ZOOM IN TO HIS DESPERATE FACE. PRISON GATES CLANG SHUT ACROSS IT. HIS FACE DIMINISHES AWAY INTO A SPECK THEN INTO NOTHING IN THE VILLAGE BEYOND THE PRISON BARS.

FREEZE FRAME

SIXTH MAIN TITLE

N.B. THE STANDARD OPENING WILL BE PERFORMED AND SHOT AT GREAT SPEED. IT WILL BE OPTICALLY STYLIZED.

18/8/66

" DANCE OF THE DEAD "

FADE IN:

INT. P'S ROOM, NIGHT. 1

P IS ASLEEP IN BED. HIS FACE IS TROUBLED. HIS FINGERS MOVE ON THE QUILT. THE ONLY SOUND IS A FAINT TICK-TOCK WHICH COMES FROM THE LOUD-SPEAKER. THE DOOR OPENS AND A MAN AND A WOMAN COME IN, QUITE LOUDLY, BUT P DOES NOT MOVE. THE MAN PICKS UP THE LARGE EMPTY CUP ON THE BEDSIDE TABLE, HOLDS IT UPSIDE DOWN AND SMILES AT THE WOMAN. HE GOES TO THE DOOR AND WHEELS IN A STRANGE TROLLEY WITH AN ELECTRICAL GADGET ON IT. THE MAN AND THE WOMAN SIT P UP IN BED. HIS HEAD LOLLS BACK.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, NIGHT. 2

THE DOCTOR AND NIGHT SUPERVISOR WATCH THIS ON THE MONITOR SCREEN.

NIGHT SUPERVISOR

Shouldn't you be doing this in the hospital ?

DOCTOR

I know what I'm doing.

ON THE SCREEN P IS SEEN NOW HAVING LEADS TAPED TO HIS HEAD, SHOULDERS AND WRISTS.

NIGHTER SUPERVISOR

Does No. 2 ? Has he agreed to this ?

DOCTOR

I'll take the responsibility.

NIGHT SUPERVISOR

This is against orders.

DOCTOR

If we wait for orders, we'll never get results.

INT. P'S ROOM, NIGHT. 3

THE MAN AND WOMAN STAND AWAY. P LIES BACK ON THE BED STILL FAST ASLEEP. THE MAN GLANCES AT THE DARK TV SET.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, NIGHT. 4

NIGHT SUPERVISOR
(ANXIOUSLY) They're ready.
I hope you do know what you're
doing.

THE DOCTOR PRESSES A BUTTON.

INT. P'S ROOM, NIGHT. 5

A BUZZER SOUNDS ON THE TROLLEY. THE MAN SITS
WELL CLEAR OF P. THE WOMAN PRESSES A SWITCH.
THE TROLLEY HUMS WITH LIFE. P, WITHOUT WAKING,
ARCHES HIS BACK, HOLDS ON A MOMENT.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, NIGHT. 6

THE DOCTOR AND NIGHT SUPERVISOR ARE RIVETTED TO
THE SCREEN.

DOCTOR
(TENSE) They always do that.
Don't worry. He'll be alright
in a moment.

NIGHT SUPERVISOR
You know the instructions about
No. 6. If any damage is done to
him

DOCTOR
He'll talk before that happens.
Relax.

INT. P'S ROOM, NIGHT. 7

CLOSE ON P. HIS TENSENESS GIVES WAY. HE SMILES
A LITTLE.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, NIGHT. 8

THE DOCTOR AND NIGHT SUPERVISOR WATCHING.

DOCTOR
It's going to work ! I knew
it would.

HE PICKS UP THE PHONE AND PUTS IT INTO THE HAND OF
A MAN ALONGSIDE HIM. THIS MAN, SEEN FOR THE FIRST
TIME, IS IN A HEAVILY CONDITIONED STATE. HE STARES
BLANKLY AHEAD. A NURSE IS LOOKING AT HER WATCH,
KEEPING A CONSTANT CHECK ON THE MAN'S PULSE. THE
DOCTOR DIALS THE FIGURE 6.

INT. P'S ROOM, NIGHT. 9

THE BEDSIDE PHONE RINGS. P PICKS UP THE RECEIVER.

18/8/66

3

9. CONT'D

P

(INTO TELEPHONE)

Hello. Roland! (CONCERNED)

Oh? What's it about?

INT. CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

10

DUTTON

(ON THE TELEPHONE)

It's a bore, old man. The Committee. They want a breakdown on all we know.

INT. P'S ROOM. NIGHT.

11

P BEGINNING TO LOOK PUZZLED.

DUTTON (Cont'd)

You, me, Arthur, the Colonel, everybody. Suspected security leak, apparently. All the files you've seen, the projects you know about, just headings, not details.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

12

NIGHT SUPERVISOR LOOKING EXTREMELY NERVOUS. THE DOCTOR BEGINNING TO SWEAT.

DUTTON (Cont'd)

This phone is scrambled, and I've got a recorder. You might as well tell me now.

THE DOCTOR SWITCHES ON A TAPE RECORDER.

INT. P'S ROOM. NIGHT.

13

P

(TROUBLED) But Dutton -- you can't ask me that.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

14

BEADS OF SWEAT STAND OUT ON THE DOCTOR'S FOREHEAD. HE PUTS HIS HAND OVER THE MOUTHPIECE OF THE PHONE.

DOCTOR

I'm not. It's the Committee that's asking.

DUTTON

I'm not. It's the Committee that's asking.

INT. P'S ROOM. NIGHT.

15

P. IS ALSO SWEATING PROFUSELY. HIS MIND IS FIGHTING THE CONDITIONING. HE INSTINCTIVELY KNOWS SOMETHING IS WRONG. HIS FACE SETS HARD.

P

Who is that ?

Who is that ?

THE MAN NODS TO THE WOMAN. SHE RENEWS THE DOSE, P CONTORTS.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

16

THE NIGHT SUPERVISOR IS NOW FRANTIC. HE HESITATES, THEN PRESSES A CONCEALED ALARM BUTTON. THE DOCTOR, TOO ENGROSSED TO NOTICE THIS, TRIES TO REGAIN CONTACT WITH P'S CONDITIONED MIND. HE COVERS THE PHONE MOUTHPIECE AGAIN.

DOCTOR

It's Dutton. Hello, hello.

Are you there ?

DUTTON

It's Dutton. Hello, hello.

Are you there ?

INT. P'S ROOM. NIGHT.

17

P'S FACE IS CONTORTED IN ITS RESISTANCE. THE MAN AND WOMAN ARE WORRIED NOW. P'S MIND IS NOW LOCKED. HE WILL DIE BEFORE HE SPEAKS.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

18

THE DOCTOR FRANTICALLY PUSHES THE BUZZER FOR ANOTHER DOSE. ON THE SCREEN WE SEE THE MAN AND THE WOMAN LOOKING AT EACH OTHER ANXIOUSLY.

NIGHT SUPERVISOR

You must stop. You will damage his brain. We will both end up in ...

A DOOR OPENS IN THE BACKGROUND. IT IS NO.2. NO.2 RUSHES TO THE MONITOR SCREEN.

NO.2

(TO THE DOCTOR) What the hell do you think you're doing ?

NO.2 PUSHES A BUTTON.

NO.2

(TO THE SCREEN) Stop. Immediately. (TO DUTTON'S NURSE) Get that man back to the hospital.

18 CONT'D

ON THE MONITOR SCREEN: THE MAN AND WOMAN START TO UNWIRE P. THE NURSE BEGINS TO LEAD THE DAZED DUTTON OUT.

DOCTOR

(FURIOUS) No. 6 was about to talk.

NO. 2

Don't you believe it. He'd have died first. You'll never force it out of this man. He's not like the others.

DOCTOR

I would have made him talk.
Every man has his breaking point.

NO. 2

I don't want him broken. He must be won over. It may seem a long process to your practical mind, but he has a future with us. There are other ways.

DISSOLVE:

INT. P'S ROOM. DAY.

19

CLOSE ON P, ASLEEP IN BED. THE CURTAINS ARE DRAWN. THE LOUDSPEAKER STARTS BRIGHT "WAKE UP" MUSIC AND P WAKES WITH A START. HE LOOKS AT THE EMPTY CUP ON HIS BEDSIDE TABLE.

LOUDSPEAKER

(WOMAN'S VOICE) Good morning?
It's another lovely day, so rise and shine. Life's for living.

THE MUSIC RESUMES. P GETS OUT OF BED AND GOES TO THE WINDOW. FAINTLY, THE SOUND OF LONDON TRAFFIC. IT DIES AS HE OPENS THE CURTAINS.

EXT. P'S HOUSE. DAY.

20

HIS POV: THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

INT. P'S ROOM. DAY.

21

P TURNS BACK INTO THE ROOM. HE WALKS UP TO THE BLANK TELEVISION SCREEN. HE STARES SQUARE INTO ITS "WATCHING EYE".

P

How did I sleep?

SUDDENLY ON THE TV SCREEN WE SEE A SMILING NO. 2.

INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY.

22

NO. 2 DRINKING HIS COFFEE AS HE WATCHES P ON THE SCREEN.

NO. 2

Sound as a bell. Have a nice day. Feel free.

70

1

INT. P'S ROOM. DAY. 23

THE SMILING NO. 2 FADES FROM THE TV SCREEN AS SUDDENLY AS HE APPEARED. P GOES INTO THE BATHROOM.

INT. P'S BATHROOM. DAY. 24

P PREPARES TO SHAVE.

INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY. 25

NO. 2 WATCHING SCREEN. WE SEE P AS IF THROUGH THE BATHROOM MIRROR. THE HOT LINE TELEPHONE SHRILLS AND AS HE TAKES IT UP, NO. 2 SWITCHES OFF THE MONITOR.

NO. 2
(INTO TELEPHONE) Good morning! Yes, sir! Splendid! Oh, he'll be no trouble. Just a matter of time. (PAUSE) Tomorrow night. We're getting ready for it now. (LAUGHING) Yes, I wish you could come too, sir.

HE EXHALES WITH RELIEF AS HE PUTS DOWN THE PHONE.

INT. P'S ROOM. DAY. 25A

THE BATHROOM DOOR OPENS. P COMES OUT. HE HEARS THE NOISE OF AN ENGINE. HE CROSSES TO THE WINDOW, AND LOOKS OUT. HIS LOUDSPEAKER STARTS PLAYING A MINUET.

EXT. STREET. DAY. (LOC) 26

A MINI-TRACTOR HAS PULLED UP OUTSIDE P'S FRONT DOOR. IT HAS THREE TRAILERS BEHIND IT. IN EACH IT HAS A MAID HOLDING A BREAKFAST TRAY. THE MAIDS ARE ALL DRESSED IN FANCY DRESS PERIOD COSTUMES OF DIFFERENT AGES. THE LAST ONE ALIGHTS AND MOVES TOWARDS P'S FRONT DOOR.

INT. P'S ROOM. DAY. 27

P CROSSES FROM WINDOW TO HIS DOOR. THERE IS A KNOCK. HE LETS IN THE MAID. SHE IS WEARING AN ELABORATE TUDOR GOWN.

MAID
Good morning!

SHE PUTS DOWN THE BREAKFAST TRAY. P INDICATES HER COSTUME.

P
Don't say time travel's in it
as well ?

SHE POURS THE COFFEE.

MAID
(COQUETTISHLY) A woman's
always impatient to wear a new
dress. How do I look ?

P
Different from the last one.
The maids come and go.

MAID
We'll get along.

P
I'm sure you get along with
everybody.

MAID
I've got a good mind to report you.

P
(SARDONICALLY) I'm new
here.

SHE GOES, SLAMMING THE DOOR. ALMOST IMMEDIATELY
THERE IS A KNOCK. P OPENS THE DOOR. STANDING
THERE IS AN OLD MAN IN A TRACK SUIT WEARING WHAT
COULD BE A POSTMAN'S HAT. HE HANDS A LARGE
ENVELOPE, MARKED "SPECIAL DELIVERY". HIS
PENNY-FARTHING BIKE LEANS AGAINST THE DOORWAY.

OLD MAN
(PRESENTING PAD AND
PENCIL) Sign your number
here, No. 6.

P GENTLY CLOSES THE DOOR IN HIS FACE. HE TEARS
OPEN THE ENVELOPE. IT CONTAINS A LARGE INVITATION
CARD TO THE CARNIVAL.

EXT. THE SQUARE. DAY.

28

A PROCESSION ROUND AND ROUND THE SQUARE, HEADED
BY THE BRASS BAND. THEY RIDE IN THE BEACH
BUGGIES, WHICH HAVE THE CANOPIES DOWN. FOUR
MUSICIANS STAND IN EACH, PLAYING UPRIGHT. THEY
ARE FOLLOWED BY A TRACTOR PULLING A TRAILER IN
WHICH A MAN WEARING AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY TRI-
CORN HAT, IS RINGING HIS HANDBELL AND TRYING TO

COMPETE WITH THE BAND. HE IS THE SELF-APPOINTED "TOWN CRIER".

P STANDS ON THE BALCONY OVERLOOKING THE SQUARE WATCHING THE SPECTACLE.

A BLACK CAT WALKS ALONG THE BALUSTRADE AND STOPS BY P. P STROKES IT.

VOICE (O. S.)

You've made a friend.

P TURNS. IT IS NO. 2.

NO. 2

You've got your invitation for the carnival tomorrow. It's one of our little traditions. Once a year there's a fancy dress and a ball in the evening.

P MOVES AWAY CONTEMPTUOUSLY.

NO. 2

We're promised a cabaret this year. You'll come ?

P STOPS AND LOOKS BACK.

P

I have a choice ?

NO. 2

You do as you want.

P

As long as it is what you want.

NO. 2

As long as it is what the majority wants. We're democratic. In some ways.

TWO YOUNG BLONDES PASS THEM GOING INTO THE CAFE.

NO. 2 NODS TO THEM.

NO. 2

Good morning, my dears. (TO P)
No game is worth playing if you can't win. That's not very English, I know ...

P

Are you English ?

NO. 2

(TINY PAUSE) What you should do is find a nice young lady. For carnival. You're too "independent".

P

Words mean what you want them to mean.

NO. 2

It's what they're for. They're pretty. And unattached.

THE BLONDES ARE CHATTING AT ONE OF THE CAFE'S TABLES. A GIRL IS ALSO THERE, ALONE.

P

What about that one ?

NO. 2

Quite unsuitable.

P

(OF THE BLONDES)

You mean they're public-minded citizens ? I'm independent, remember.

NO. 2 WATCHES HIM GO TO THE LONE GIRL'S TABLE. SHE SPINS ROUND IN HER CHAIR TO SEE IF ANYONE IS WATCHING -- AND SEES NO. 2

P

(URGENTLY) Don't go.

GIRL

I must.

SHE GETS UP.

P

There's a reason!

GIRL

Reason ?

SHE GLANCES AT NO. 2 AS HE WALKS AWAY.

P

He wants you to go.

THE TWO BLONDES ARE OPENLY STARING AT THEM.
SHE SITS DOWN AGAIN.

P
(STARING AT HER) Or does
he ? Am I playing his game ?
Your game ?

GIRL
(FRIGHTENED OF HIM) Not
mine.

P
Are they watching us now ?
(SHE JUST LOOKS AT HIM)
Don't mind me. Go if you want
to.

SHE STILL LOOKS AT HIM.

P
How long have you been here ?
(NO ANSWER) It's not something
I could use.

GIRL
(AS IF BY ROTE) "Questions
are a burden to others; answers
a prison for oneself."

P
What did you do ?
(SHE LOOKS AT HIM)
To bring you here ?

GIRL
"Questions are a burden."

SHE STANDS UP.

GIRL
I must go. Don't stop me.

P
I won't.

SHE HURRIES AWAY. THE BLONDES REGARD HIM COLDLY.

HE GETS UP AND WALKS AWAY.

EXT. VILLAGE. DAY. (LOC)

HE SEES THE GIRL MOVING AWAY AND FOLLOWS HER.
HE REALISES THAT HE, TOO, IS BEING FOLLOWED.
ROVER, IN QUIET MOOD, IS DOGGING HIS STEPS. HE
HURRIES BUT CANNOT ELUDE THE MACHINE. HE RUNS
UP SOME STEPS. ON REACHING THE TOP, THERE IS

ANOTHER ROVER WAITING FOR HIM. HE SEES THE GIRL APPROACHING THE TOWN HALL. ROVER BLOCKS HIM TO PREVENT HIM APPROACHING THE BUILDING. BUT THEN, AS THE GIRL VANISHES INSIDE, THE MACHINE STOPS, SILENT, ITS LIGHT WINKING SLOWLY. P MAKES HIS WAY TO THE TOWN HALL ENTRANCE, LOOKING ABOUT HIM. A GARDENER IS BUSY AT A FLOWER BED AND TAKES NO NOTICE.

EXT. TOWN HALL ENTRANCE. DAY.

30

THE DOORS ARE OPEN. P STRIDES ON TO THE PORCH. THERE IS A GREAT CRACKLE AND HE IMMEDIATELY DOUBLES UP, FALLING BACKWARDS ONTO THE GRAVEL DRIVE. THE GARDENER COMES OVER.

GARDENER

You all right ? No. 6,
isn't it ?

P

What - was it - ?

GARDENER

You tried to go in. By mistake ?

P

It's a - beam ?

GARDENER

(GENUINELY) Dunno. It's
fussy who it lets in. (AS
EXPLANATION -) This is
the Town Hall.

THE GARDENER WALKS INTO THE PORCH AND OUT AGAIN.

GARDENER

See ?

P GETS UP AND WALKS TOWARDS THE PORCH AGAIN.

GARDENER

I shouldn't.

P WALKS TO THE PORCH. AGAIN HE IS REJECTED. SWEAT BURSTS ON HIS BROW AS HE KNEELS IN PAIN. THE GARDENER LOOKS SYMPATHETIC. FROM BEHIND THE DOORS A MAN AND A WOMAN IN WHITE OVERALLS ARE STARING OUT AT HIM CURIOUSLY.

P

(BITTERLY) Feel free !

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

31

ON A MONITOR, THE GIRL AND THE DAY SUPERVISOR ARE WATCHING P AS HE WALKS AWAY FROM THE TOWN HALL.

1229-4
1

SUPERVISOR

He tried to follow you.

GIRL

It is hardly my fault.

SUPERVISOR

Funny though. You being his observer.

SHE MOVES AWAY.

SUPERVISOR

Remember! A special watch!
Don't trust him an inch!

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE. DAY. LOC.

32

P WALKING UP PATHWAY LEADING TOWARDS BATTERY SQUARE. PULL BACK TO REVEAL WE SHOOTING THROUGH AN OPTICAL WINDOW. IN THE FOREGROUND IS NO.2 WHO GIVES A SLIGHT SMILE AND EXITS FRAME.

EXT. P'S HOUSE. DAY.

33

P ABOUT TO ENTER HIS FRONT DOOR, SEES A CAT SITTING ON HIS WALL.

P

You've turned up again, have you?

P TURNS AND GOES BACK UNDER THE ARCH.

INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY.

34

NO.2 ENTERS, STOPS AND LOOKS OFF SCREEN. HE IS RATHER AMUSED.

INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY. (B.P. SCREEN)

34A

WE NOW SEE THE SOURCE OF NO.2'S AMUSEMENT. IT IS P, BUYING ICE CREAM IN THE VILLAGE STORE. HE IS LEAVING THE STORE CARRYING TWO TUBS OF ICE CREAM IN A POLYTHENE BAG.

EXT. P'S HOUSE.

35

THE CAT JUMPS DOWN OFF THE WALL AND FOLLOWS P AS HE ENTERS HIS HOUSE.

INT. P'S ROOM. DAY.

36

THE MAID IS POLISHING THE MIRROR WITH HER DUSTER. SHE HEARS THE OUTSIDE DOOR OPEN.

MAID

(CALLING) Have a nice walk ?

NO ANSWER. SHE GOES TO THE DOOR.

INT. P'S ROOM. DAY.

37

P IS SITTING DOWN, SCOOPING ICE CREAM FROM THE LITTLE TUB INTO AN ASH TRAY. THE CAT IS LICKING IT GREEDILY.

MAID

Where did you find it ?

P

She found me.

MAID

You're not allowed animals.
It's a Rule.

P

(SHARPLY) To which I'm not
subject ?

MAID

I'll take it with me.

P

You might get scratched.

MAID

(RUNS HER DUSTER OVER THE
RADIATOR) I've about done.

SHE GOES TO THE DOOR.

P

(PUZZLED) The shop's run out of
milk. I could only get ice cream.
How does it get here ? Milk ?
And ice cream ? Potatoes and
aspirins ?

THE MAID LOOKS AT HIM.

P (CONT'D)

At night ? When everypne's
asleep ?

SHE GOES SHUTTING THE DOOR. P LOOKS AT THE CAT
LICKING THE ICE CREAM.

P
I've not seen a night yet. I
just ... (REALISING IT)
... sleep.

HE LOOKS AT THE TV SET. HE TAKES UP HIS DRESSING-GOWN, HOLDS IT OUT LIKE A MATADOR FOR A SECOND, THEN THROWS IT OVER THE TV. AT ONCE AN ALARM BELL RINGS. HE DRAGS THE DRESSING GOWN AWAY AND THE BELL STOPS. HE LOOKS ROUND AT A SOUND. A HUGE FLOWER MAN IS HEAD AND SHOULDERS IN THE WINDOW, LIFTING A WINDOW-BOX ON TO THE SILL.

P
Supposing I don't want flowers !

FLOWER MAN
Everyone has flowers. For
carnival tomorrow.

P DRAGS THE CURTAINS SHUT ANGRILY.

FLOWER MAN:
(O.S.) Be seeing you.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. P'S HOUSE. NIGHT. LOC. 38

A LIGHT SHINES THROUGH P'S CURTAINS.

INT. P'S ROOM. NIGHT. 39

P ON THE BED, STILL DRESSED. A LARGE CUP OF SOMETHING STEAMS ON THE TABLE BESIDE HIM. AN ELDERLY MAID HAS BROUGHT IT.

ELDERLY MAID
Drink it while it's hot.

P
What is it ?

ELDERLY MAID
(A LITTLE SHRUG) It's good
for you.

P
Good for someone.

SHE GOES. HE LOOKS AT THE STEAMING CUP, SNIFFS IT. HE HAS NO INTENTION OF DRINKING IT. THE CAT TROTS IN FROM THE BATHROOM.

A CLOCK CHIMES THE HALF HOUR. THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

40

THE GIRL AND OTHER OBSERVERS ARE WATCHING THE MONITOR SCREENS. THE GIRL PRESSES A SWITCH MARKED "INFRA RED". P APPEARS ON THE SCREEN IN HIS DARK ROOM. THE PICTURE LOOKS ODD, FOR THE ILLUMINATION IS INVISIBLE TO P AND QUITE UNNATURAL. THE GIRL GLANCES AT HER WATCH.

INT. TOWN HALL CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

41

A CLOCK SAYS 10.32. NO.2 IS WEARY AS HE WALKS ALONG THE CORRIDOR, A SHEAF OF PAPERS IN HIS HAND. A DOOR OPENS AND THE DOCTOR COMES OUT.

DOCTOR

You're late.

NO.2

There's a lot to do.

DOCTOR

It's no picnic.

NO.2

If never has been.

THEY STOP OUTSIDE A PARTICULARLY IMPRESSIVE COLUMNED AND PEDIMENTED DOORWAY, AN ORNATELY GUILDED LOOKING GLASS ON THE WALL BESIDE IT.

DOCTOR

You're going in ?

NO.2

To make my report.

DOCTOR

Does it concern me and No.6 ?

NO.2

No -- we'll overlook that and put it down to enthusiasm.

DOCTOR

Thank you. By the way, get me a directive about Dutton, will you ? He's being rather difficult.

HE GOES. NO.2 STRAIGHTENS HIMSELF AS HE OPENS THE GREAT DOOR AND GOES INSIDE. THE DOOR SWINGS SHUT BEHIND HIM.

INT. P'S ROOM. NIGHT.

42

LIT BY THE BRIGHT MOON. P HAS OPENED THE CURTAINS AND IS LOOKING OUT AT THE NIGHT. THE LOUDSPEAKER IS PLAYING SOPORIFIC MUSIC.

18/8/66

15A

EXT. THE VILLAGE. NIGHT. LOC.

43

HIS P.O.V. THE MOON IS UP. THE WHOLE PLACE IS DEAD.
P TRIES THE WINDOW. IT IS, OF COURSE, LOCKED.

INT. P'S ROOM. NIGHT.

44

HE TURNS FROM THE WINDOW AND LIES DOWN ON THE BED.
THE CAT IS CURLED UP, FAST ASLEEP.

AFTER A MOMENT:

LOUDSPEAKER
(QUIET MUSIC, WOMAN'S
SOOTHING VOICE)
Sleep Sleep Sleep ...
That's it Sleep softly until
tomorrow ... lovely, gentle sleep
... and a lovely tomorrow.

P'S EYES FLICKER SHUT. BUT HE'S RESISTING. HE OPENS
THEM SHARPLY. HE HEARS THE VOICE.

LOUDSPEAKER
Sleep ... no cares ... no
dreams ... peace ... warm ...
sleep.

IT IS INSIDIOUS.

LOUDSPEAKER
Sleep ... sleep ... sleep ..

TO THE VOICE IS ADDED THE BEAT OF A METRONOME, THE
SLOW COUNT OF A SLEEPER'S HEART.

LOUDSPEAKER
Sleep ... sleep ... sleep.

P COVERS HIS EARS WITH HIS HANDS.

MUSIC AND VOICE SUDDENLY STOP. THE SLOW, STEADY,
RELENTLESS BEAT THUMPS ON.

INT. P'S ROOM. NIGHT.

45

P GETS UP AND HURRIES TO THE DOOR, BUT CANNOT
OPEN IT. THE DOOR REFUSES TO BUDGE, OR EVEN RATTLE.
DESPERATE TO GET AWAY FROM THE HYPNOTIC ATMOS-
PHERE, HE WRAPS THE DRESSING-GOWN OVER HIS FIST AND
SMASHES THE WINDOW.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT.

46

THE GIRL HAS WATCHED THIS. SHE TAKES UP THE TELE-
PHONE.

INT. LIVING SPACE. NIGHT.

47

NO. 2 HAS JUST COME IN. THE TELEPHONE WARBLER AND
HE PICKS IT UP.

NO. 2
(INTO TELEPHONE) Has he ?
Don't worry. It'll test our
efficiency.

THE PRISONER

DANCE OF THE DEAD

SCRIPT AMENDMENT

EXT. P'S HOUSE. NIGHT. LOC. 48
P. IS HANGING FROM THE SILL. HE DROPS TO THE GROUND, PICKS HIMSELF UP AND RUNS LIKE HELL

EXT. VILLAGE. NIGHT. 49
P RUNS WITH ABANDON THROUGH THE VILLAGE. 147

EXT. VILLAGE. NIGHT. 50
P RUNNING.

EXT. VILLAGE. NIGHT. 51
P RUNNING TOWARDS THE BEACH.

HIGH ANGLE BEACH. LOC. NIGHT. (shot) 52
THE PRISONER RUNS ONTO THE SANDS - FALLS ONTO HIS KNEES AND BEATS THE GROUND.

EXT. SANDS. STUDIO/LOT. 53
B.C.U. PRISONER JUMPS TO HIS FEET TURNS AND RUNS.

INT. LIVING SPACE. NIGHT. STUDIO. 54
NO.2 PUSHES A BUTTON. ON THE SCREEN A GREEN GLOBULE RISES RAPIDLY. ON NO.2'S LEFT IS THE BLACK CAT.

EXT. SEA. NIGHT. (model) 55
FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA "ROVER" EXPLODES AND MOVES TOWARDS THE CAMERA.

EXT. SEASHORE. NIGHT. LOC. 56
P RUNS TOWARDS THE SEA. IN THE BACKGROUND IS ROVER GENTLY RISING UP AND DOWN ON THE WATER.

EXT. SEASHORE. NIGHT. STUDIO/LOT 57
C.U. P. HE LOOKS AT ROVER.

EXT. SEASHORE NIGHT. LOC. 59
P MOVES AWAY FROM THE SEASIDE. ROVER MOVES SLOWLY ALONG PARALLEL TO THE SHORE.

EXT. ROCKY FORESHORE. STUDIO NIGHT. 60

P ENTERS SHOT AND WEARILY SINKS TO THE SANDY FLOOR.

INT. LIVING SPACE. NIGHT. 61

NO. 2 PRESSES A BUTTON. THE GREEN GLOBULE SINKS SLOWLY TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN.
THE CAT WATCHES - BORED.

EXT. SEASHORE. NIGHT. LOG. 62

ROVER IS NO LONGER ON THE SEA.

EXT. ROCKY FORESHORE. NIGHT. STUDIO. 62A

P LYING DISCONSOLATELY AGAINST A ROCK.

INT. LIVING SPACE. NIGHT. STUDIO. 63

NO. 2 LOOKING AT P (off screen) - HE IS STROKING THE CAT.

NO. 2
He'll eventually go back to his
room. It's the only place he can
ever go.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. THE VILLAGE. DAWN. 64

LONG SHOT FROM THE SEA. NO SIGN OF LIFE.

EXT. SMALL BEACH. DAWN. 65

P SLEEPS, STRETCHED ON THE SAND. THE TIDE IS MOVING IN CLOSER. AS THE FIRST
WAVELET TOUCHES HIS FINGERS, P OPENS HIS EYES; TO SEE ANOTHER HAND NEAR HIS. HE
TOUCHES THE HAND, THEN STANDS UP. SOMEONE IS ROLLING HELPLESSLY IN THE TIDE. P PULLS
ASHORE THE BODY OF A YOUNG MAN IN HOLIDAY SHIRT AND JEANS. P CHECKS THAT THE MAN IS
DEAD.

HE GOES THROUGH THE POCKETS, AND FINDS A PIPE, A SOGGY TOBACCO POUCH, AND A BILL FOLD-
TYPE WALLET. IN THE WALLET A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE DEAD MAN AND A PRETTY GIRL. SOME
OTHER PAPERS IN THE WALLET ARE SO SOGGY THEY DISINTEGRATE IN P'S HAND. P STUFFS
THE WALLET IN HIS OWN POCKET. HE SITS THE BODY UP PREPARATORY TO HOISTING IT OVER
HIS SHOULDER. P NOTICES A BULGE IN THE MAN'S HIP POCKET. IT IS A TRANSISTOR RADIO.

HARDLY DARING TO BELIEVE IT, P EXAMINES THE RADIO.

FADE OUT:

--- END OF ACT TWO ---

----- ACT THREE -----

FADE IN:EXT. THE SQUARE. DAY.

66

ON THE BALCONY IS THE "TOWN CRIER" RINGING HIS HAND BELL AND HOLDING A SCROLL. HE STARTS READING ALOUD FROM IT:

TOWN CRIER

A proclamation ! All citizens
take notice that carnival is decreed
for tonight ! Turn back the clock !
There will be music ! Dancing !
Happiness ! All at the carnival.
By order.

EXT. SQUARE. DAY.

67

ALL THE UPTURNED FACES START CHEERING WILDLY. THE PROCESSION BEGINS AGAIN. THE MILITARY BAND IS NOW LED BY FOUR SHAPELY DRUM MAJORETTES. THE CROWD MARCHES BEHIND. SOME OF THEM ARE WAVING FLAGS. THEY ALL MARCH ROUND AND ROUND IN AN EVER DECREASING CIRCLE.

T
1226-
1229

INT. P'S ROOM. DAY.

68

P COMES IN. THE WINDOW IS MENDED AS IF IT NEVER HAPPENED. THE MAID REGARDS HIM.

MAID

You didn't sleep.

THE BED IS UNDISTURBED.

P

I thought it would save you the trouble. For carnival.

MAID

What's happened to your clothes ?

P

I've been swimming. Where's the cat ?

MAID

Gone. I didn't make her.

P IS ANXIOUS TO BE RID OF HER.

P

Everyone's having a good time outside.

68 CONT'D

MAID

You wait until tonight.

HE GLANCES AT THE DOOR.

P

We're allowed out after hours ?

MAID

Anyone'd think you were locked
in the way you talk.

SHE STARTS TO MOVE AWAY.

MAID

Your costume came.

A BOX ON THE CHAIR.

P

I don't get a choice ?

MAID

Other people choose. It's a
game.

SHE WATCHES AS HE TAKES OUT THE COSTUME, AN
ORDINARY DINNER SUIT.

P

I expected something exotic.

MAID

What is it ?

P

(LOOKS AT THE LABEL IN THE
JACKET) My own suit. Delivered
for the occasion.

MAID

What does it mean ?

P

That I'm - still myself.

MAID

(AT THE DOOR) There now.

SHE GOES. HE PUTS DOWN THE SUIT. HIS HAND TOUCHES
HIS POCKET BUT HE DARE NOT PRODUCE THE RADIO IN FRONT
OF THE EYE. HE STRETCHES AND YAWNS EXAGGERATEDLY,
DISTURBS THE BEDCOVER ROUGHLY, BASHES THE PILLOWS
ABOUT AND THROWS HIMSELF DOWN, HIS BACK TO THE TV.
CAREFULLY, HARDLY MOVING, HE EXAMINES HIS TREASURE.

68 CONT'D

IT DOES NOT WORK OF COURSE. HE GETS THE BACK OFF, BLOWS ON THE WORKS GENTLY AND PROCEEDS TO WIPE THEM WITH HIS HANDKERCHIEF. THE RADIATOR IS BEYOND HIM AS HE WORKS. HE DOES NOT NOTICE THE GLEAM OF GLASS BETWEEN TWO OF ITS FLUTES.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. DAY. 69

ON THE SCREEN, P CURLED UP ON THE BED. THE GIRL IS WATCHING, PENCIL POISED.

INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY. 70

NO.2 AND THE DOCTOR. WATCHING MONITOR SCREEN.

DOCTOR

What shall we do with him ?

NO.2

There you go again. You mustn't be so eager, doctor. Your techniques are valuable but not always beneficial. No.6 will yet be of great value.

DOCTOR

He can't do as he likes.

NO.2

He's an individual, and they're always trying. Don't worry. His observer will ring me the moment he puts a bomb in your lovely hospital. Incidentally, how's progress with Dutton ?

DOCTOR

He's given me quite a lot of information, but he's reluctant to go any further. I'm afraid I'll have to be more extreme. Of course, I'll win in the end. I always do.

NO.2

Rather a small fish, you know. Still, it's an opportunity for you to experiment. After all, he is expendable.

EXT. SQUARE. DAY. LOC. 71

SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANCE WE HEAR THE BRASS BAND STILL PLAYING.

P LOOKS ABOUT THE EMPTY SQUARE WARILY, TAKES THE RADIO FROM HIS SHIRT AND SWITCHES IT ON. ALL HE GETS IS A NASTY CRACKLE. THEN IT STARTS A HIGH-PITCHED HUMMING. LOOKING UP, P SEES "ROVER" OVER BY THE MERMAID. HE SWITCHES OFF THE RADIO AND "ROVER" TURNS AWAY. P GLANCES UP AT THE CAMPANILE ABOVE HIM. HE GOES IN THROUGH THE ENTRANCE.

INT. CAMPANILE. DAY. LOC. 72

HE CLIMBS SILENTLY UP THE WINDING STAIRCASE, EXPECTING TO MEET SOMEBODY AT EVERY BEND.

EXT. TOP OF CAMPANILE. DAY. 73

HE REACHES THE TOP AND LOOKS OUT,

EXT. THE VILLAGE FROM CAMPANILE. DAY. LOC.

74

HIS P.O.V. THE VILLAGE AND THE SEA ARE LAID OUT BENEATH HIM.

EXT. TOP OF CAMPANILE. DAY.

75

HE PUTS THE RADIO ON THE STONE LEDGE AND SWITCHES IT ON AGAIN. IT GIVES A CRACKLE, THEN A BURST OF MARTIAL MUSIC. HE QUIETENS IT, THEN TUNES IT EXCITEDLY. HE GETS A RATTLE OF RUSSIAN AND TUNES IT AGAIN. HE GETS A VOICE SPEAKING ENGLISH.

RADIO

(MAN'S VOICE, SPEAKING UNNATURALLY SLOWLY)
Nowhere is there more beauty than here. Tonight when the moon rises the whole world will turn to silver. Do you understand? It is important that you understand.

IT MAKES NO SENSE TO HIM.

RADIO

I have a message for you. You must listen. The appointment cannot be fulfilled. Other things must be done tonight. If our torment is to end, if liberty is to be restored, we must grasp the nettle even though it makes our hands bleed. Only through pain can tomorrow be assured.

HE SUDDENLY HEARS SOMEONE COMING, SWITCHES OFF THE RADIO AND HOLDS IT BEHIND HIS BACK. NO.2 AND THE GIRL APPEAR.

NO.2

(TO THE GIRL) You were right, my dear. (TO P -) I'm too old for those stairs.

HE HOLDS OUT A HAND. P LOOKS FROM HIM TO THE GIRL, EYES DOWNCAST, AND BACK TO HIM AGAIN. HE HANDS OVER THE RADIO.

NO.2

Where did you get it? (NO REPLY) Does it work?

HE SWITCHES IT ON.

RADIO

(WOMAN ANNOUNCER) That practise dictation was at sixty words a minute. Now here is a passage from the wartime memoirs -

HE SWITCHES IT OFF.

NO.2

Hardly useful. (GLANCING OUT) The view's beautiful from here. I'm sad, No.6. I thought you were beginning to

P

Give in ?

NO.2

Be happy. Everything you want is here.

P

(LOOKING OUT) Everything's elsewhere.

NO.2

Don't force me to take steps.

P IS INDIFFERENT, THE GIRL ALARMED.

NO.2

We indulge any member of our community for a time. After that

P

I've been to the hospital. I've seen.

NO.2

You've seen only a fraction.

P

(TO THE GIRL) I know where you stand, don't I ?

NO.2

She's one of our best observers.

P

We have one each ?

NO.2

Only our more fractious children.
Shall we go down ?

P TURNS TO THE VIEW.

NO.2

Suit yourself.

HE MOVES AWAY BUT STOPS.

NO.2

You're not thinking of jumping ?

P

Never.

NO.2

Good.

HE SEES THAT THE GIRL IS NOT ANXIOUS TO LEAVE SO HE
GOES BY HIMSELF.

P LOOKS ACCUSINGLY AT HER. SHE LOOKS AWAY.

GIRL

I have my duty !

P

To whom ?

GIRL

Everyone ! It's the Rules.
Of the People, by the People,
for the People.

P

(DRILY) It takes on a new
meaning.

GIRL

(MEANING IT) You're a wicked
man.

P

(SURPRISED) Wicked ?

GIRL

You've no values, -

P

Different values.

GIRL
-- you won't be helped -

P
Destroyed.

GIRL
-- you want to spoil things.

P
I won't be a goldfish in a bowl.

GIRL
I must go. I may see you later ?

P
(DRILY) Can you avoid it ?

HE CONFUSES HER.

GIRL
I hope it's all right. The radio.

P
What can he do ?

GIRL
Report on it. Ask for
instructions.

HE LOOKS AT HER.

P
No. 1 ?

GIRL
Yes. No.

P
Who ? Tell me !

GIRL
It's all I know. All there
is to know.

P
In the place where you work ?

GIRL
Don't keep asking !

SHE TURNS AND RUNS OUT. HE TURNS BACK TO THE VIEW,
DIGESTING THE NEW THOUGHT. FROM HIS POCKET HE
TAKES THE CRUMPLED WALLET AND CONSIDERS IT. THEN
HE LEANS OVER THE PARAPET AND LOOKS DOWN.

EXT. THE VILLAGE FROM CAMPANILE. DAY. LOC. 7 76

HIS VERTIGINOUS VIEW. THE GIRL COMES OUT AND WALKS AWAY. SHE STOPS AND TALKS TO ANOTHER WOMAN. IT IS THE MAID. THEY BOTH GLANCE UP TOWARDS HIM, THEN MOVE OFF TOGETHER.

1235

TOP OF THE CAMPANILE. DAY. 77

P HAS AN IDEA. HE TURNS FROM THE VIEW, HOLDING THE WALLET VERY TIGHTLY.

INT. TOWN HALL CORRIDOR. DAY. 78

NO. 2 IS OUTSIDE THE GREAT DOOR, THE LITTLE RADIO IN HIS HAND. HE GLANCES AT HIMSELF IN THE ORNATE LOOKING-GLASS AND THEN, APPARENTLY WITH SOME RELUCTANCE, OPENS THE DOOR AND GOES INSIDE. IT SWINGS SHUT BEHIND HIM.

EXT. STONE SHIP. DAY. LOC. 79

P LOOKS DOWN AT THE SHIP. PEOPLE HAVE BEEN WORKING ON IT FOR POTS OF PAINT, BRUSHES, ETC., ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE. HE SEES WHAT HE WANTS - A LIFEBELT HANGING ON ITS HOOK. THE WORKERS ARE SITTING ON THE WHARF NEARBY, STARING OUT TO SEA. P GETS DOWN ON TO THE SHIP AND PRETENDS A CASUAL INTEREST. HE LOOKS TOWARDS THE OLD PEOPLE'S HOME. IT LOOKS PEACEFUL. HE LOOKS AT THE OBSERVATION TOWER. IT LOOKS UNTENANTED. HE UNHOOKS THE LIFEBELT AND THE ROPE ATTACHED TO IT AND RESTS IT ON THE DECK WHILE HE LOOKS ABOUT AGAIN. STILL UNOBSERVED, HE GETS IT OVER THE STERN AND ON TO THE PATH. HE SEES AN INDIAN LADY, HER EYES EVERYWHERE. HE TAKES UP A BRUSH AND BUSILY PRETENDS TO BE PAINTING THE LIFEBELT AS SHE PASSES. SHE LOOKS AT HIM, THEN MOVES ON AND STANDS OVER THE WORKERS. SHE SAYS NOTHING. THE WORKERS GUILTILY DRIFT BACK TO THE SHIP TO WORK. AS SOON AS SHE IS SATISFIED AND HAS TURNED AWAY - AND BEFORE THE WORKERS GET TOO CLOSE -- P TAKES UP THE LIFEBELT AND RUNS SWIFTLY WITH IT -

EXT. WOODS. DAY. LOC. 80

- INTO THE WOODS. HE WAITS BY A LARGE TREE BUT THERE IS NO UPROAR. HE MOVES THROUGH THE DENSE WOODLAND WITH THE LIFEBELT AND ROPE, CONFIDENT. UNTIL HE HEARS SOUNDS OF METAL AGAINST STONE. HE PUTS DOWN HIS BURDEN AND MOVES SILENTLY THROUGH THE BUSHES TO WHERE TWO MEN WITH SPADES ARE JUST COMPLETING FILLING A LARGE HOLE. BETWEEN THEM. A FEW FEET AWAY, THE DOCTOR IS WATCHING.

DIGGER

All done, sir.

DOCTOR

Good. We can't leave bodies
lying about, can we ?

THE DOCTOR PUTS ON HIS HAT AND WALKS AWAY. P
HURRIES BACK TO HIS LIFEBELT AND MOVES ON, QUICKER
NOW AND LESS SILENT. HE BREAKS FROM THE WOODS.

EXT. ROCKS. DAY. LOC.

P LOOKS DOWN AT THE ROCKS AND THE SWIRLING SEA.
HE IS SWEATING. NO-ONE ABOUT, NO-ONE BEHIND HIM.
IN THE DISTANCE THE VILLAGE CLOCK GIVES OUT THE
QUARTER. HE CLAMBERS OVER THE ROCKS, STUMBLING
NOW AND THEN WITH HIS HEAVY BURDEN -

1056-1059 | 81

1056 | 1
| 3
| 7

EXT. CAVE. DAY. LOC.

82

- UNTIL HE REACHES THE CAVE. HE LOOKS ABOUT
AGAIN, PARTICULARLY AT THE OBSERVATION TOWER,
BEFORE GOING INSIDE.

INT. CAVE. DAY.

83

THE YOUNG MAN IS PROPPED AGAINST THE WALL
OF THE CAVE. P IS RELIEVED.

HE PUTS DOWN THE LIFEBELT, SITS DOWN, TAKES
HIS TREASURES FROM HIS POCKET AND SPREADS THEM
ON THE SANDY FLOOR: BLANK SHEETS OF PAPER,
THE POLYTHENE BAG FROM THE ICE-CREAM, A STUB
OF PENCIL, A PAPER CLIP, A SAFETY PIN AND HIS
IDENTITY CARD WITH ITS PHOTOGRAPH. HE LICKS
THE STUB OF PENCIL AND BEGINS TO WRITE. HE
STOPS AND CONSIDERS THE FIRST FEW WORDS.

P

"To whoever may find
this

INT. CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

84

THE GIRL IS AGITATEDLY SWITCHING HER MONITOR
FROM ONE CAMERA TO ANOTHER: P'S ROOM, ITS
EXTERIOR, THE ESPLANADE, THE TENNIS COURT,
THE CAFE, OUTSIDE THE TOWN HALL, THE BEACH.
NO.2 ENTERS.

1236

GIRL

No.2.

HE COMES TO HER. THE DAY SUPERVISOR LOOKS ACROSS WITH A GLINT OF JEALOUSY.

NO.2

Yes, my dear ?

GIRL

I can't find No.6.

SUPERVISOR

That's no way to report !

NO.2

Forgive us. She knows I'm interested in No.6.

THE SUPERVISOR SMILES SICKENINGLY AT HIM, THEN LOOKS DAGGERS AT THE GIRL.

GIRL

I've tried everywhere.

NO.2

I expect he's under a bush reading a forbidden book. He's very undisciplined.

HE SMILES AND MOVES AWAY AMONG THE MONITORS. THE GIRL SEES THE SUPERVISOR HATING HER.

GIRL

I've lost my subject. Shall I watch No.34 instead ?

SUPERVISOR

No. 34's dead.

GIRL

Dead ? When ?

SUPERVISOR

It's not our business.

GIRL

(BEAT)

I'll send some flowers. I got to know him quite well.

84 CONT'D

SUPERVISOR

He didn't know you, did he ?
And there'll be no flowers.

INT. CAVE. DAY.

85

CLOSE ON THE YOUNG MAN, PROPPED AGAINST THE WALL
OF THE CAVE.

P'S VOICE

I'm going to be murdered. If
I can't escape, I must know my
killer will be brought to justice.

PULL BACK SLOWLY THROUGH THIS THE YOUNG MAN IS NOW
WEARING THE LIFEBELT WHICH HAS BEEN SECURED TO HIM
WITH THE ROPE. P IS WHERE HE WAS, READING WHAT HE
HAS WRITTEN.

YOUNG MAN'S VOICE

You'll find him hiding in a village
by the sea. I don't know its latitude
or longitude. I hope this rough
sketch may help you find it. I
attach his photograph so you'll
have no doubts.

P GLANCES AT THE LITTLE PHOTOGRAPH OF HIMSELF,
PRISED FROM THE IDENTITY CARD. P PUTS THE PHOTO-
GRAPH, THE SKETCH AND THE NOTE INTO THE WALLET.
HE WRAPS THE WALLET IN THE POLYTHENE BAG, FOLDING
IT UNTIL IT IS A SHINEY LITTLE PARCEL. HE PUTS IT IN
THE YOUNG MAN'S SHIRT POCKET AND FIXES IT WITH THE
SAFETY PIN. THEN HE MOVES THE CORPSE CLOSER TO
THE CAVE'S ENTRANCE.

EXT. CAVE. DAY. LOC.

86

FROM THE DISTANT VILLAGE THE BRASS BANDS MUSIC
COMES AND GOES ON THE WIND. NO-ONE IS IN SIGHT. P
BRINGS THE BURDENED CORPSE FROM THE CAVE.

EXT. ROCKS. DAY. LOC.

87

P HUMPS THE BODY TO THE EDGE. THE SURF IS BREAKING
HIGH. HE LOWERS THE CORPSE INTO THE WATER, THEN
STANDS UP. IT VANISHES BENEATH THE WAVES FOR A
MOMENT, THEN BOBS UP A FEW YARDS OUT. THEN THE
CURRENT TAKES HOLD OF IT AND IT SPINS OUT TO SEA AS
IF BEING TOWED. P WATCHES IT GO. HE SENSES SOMEBODY
WATCHING HIM AND TURNS.

EXT. CAVE MOUTH. DAY. STUDIO.

87A

A MAN IS STANDING BY THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE,
STARING.

EXT. ROCKS. DAY. LOC.

87B

P STANDS UP SLOWLY AND WALKS TOWARDS THE FIGURE.

EXT. CAVE MOUTH. DAY.

87C

P ENTERS SHOT AND STOPS. THE TWO MEN LOOK AT EACH OTHER. DUTTON LOOKS HAGGARD.

DUTTON

(FLATLY) You : You of all people. I'd never have believed it !

P

(SHOCKED BY SEEING DUTTON AND APPALLED BY HIS CONDITION)
Dutton : (PAUSE) You don't understand.

DUTTON

Who was he ?

P

I found him here. He was washed ashore.

THE TWO MEN STAND, EACH WAITING FOR THE OTHER TO MAKE THE FIRST MOVE.

P

How long have you been here ?

DUTTON

You don't know ?

P

Would I ask ?

DUTTON

Difficult to say. A couple of months. And you ?

P IS STILL VERY WARY.

P

Quite recently.

DUTTON

How's London ?

P

About the same.

DUTTON

(LAUGHING MIRTHLESSLY)
Yes, places don't change. Only people.

P

Some people.

18/8/66

29B

87C CONT'D

DUTTON

I want to talk about it anyway.

P

Let's go inside.

P STANDS BACK FOR DUTTON TO ENTER THE CAVE.

INT. CAVE. DAY.

87D

DUTTON ENTERS AND STANDS WITH HIS BACK TO THE ENTRANCE. P COMES AND WAITS UNTIL DUTTON IS READY.

DUTTON

(SUDDENLY CRACKING)

I told them.

P

What ?

DUTTON

Everything I know.

P

(GENTLY) Tell me about it ?

DUTTON

(TURNING TO FACE P) The irony of it is, they don't believe me. You know I didn't have access to the vital stuff.

P

What will happen ?

DUTTON

They'll take me back to the hospital. And by the time they realise I speak the truth, it will be too late.

P

When ?

DUTTON

They released me for 72 hours. So that I could reconsider in the peaceful atmosphere -- of the village.

P

(LOOKING TOWARDS THE SEA) Roland, there's still hope.

DUTTON

No my friend, Not for me.

P

There is a chance. Don't give up yet.

DUTTON

Such noble thoughts are long dead. Soon Roland Walter Dutton will cease to exist.

FADE OUT:

----- END OF ACT THREE -----

---- ACT FOUR ----

FADE IN:

INT. BALLROOM. (TOWN HALL). NIGHT.

88

THE MUSICIANS WAIT SILENT, AWAITING INSTRUCTIONS. ALL THE INHABITANTS ARE HERE IN A GREAT VARIETY OF COSTUMES. NO-ONE IS DANCING YET. THEY ARE UNUSED TO MIXING SO STAND ABOUT, WITH OR WITHOUT DRINKS, NERVOUS AND NOT AT ALL TALKATIVE.

EXT. ESPLANADE AND BEACH, NIGHT. LOC.

89

THE WIND IS STILL BLOWING, TOSSING THE STRINGS OF COLOURED LIGHTS TORMENTEDLY. THE ESPLANADE IS DESERTED, SAVE FOR P IN HIS DINNER SUIT, GAZING OUT TO SEA.

EXT. SEA. LOC.

90

P.O.V. THE SEA. FAR AWAY A DISTANT LIGHT FLASHES NOW AND THEN.

NO.2'S VOICE O.S.
You're waiting for something,
Mr. Tuxedo ?

1234
J

EXT. ESPLANADE AND BEACH. NIGHT. LOC.

91

NO.2 IS STANDING BEHIND P. HE IS DRESSED AS JACK-THE-RIPPER AND CARRIES A BLACK BAG.

NO.2
Or expecting something ?

P
Hoping. Jack-the-Ripper ?

NO.2 MOVES UP FROM THE BEACH -

NO.2
So it seems. I really think it must have been meant for the doctor.

P
I don't know

NO.2.
Your hostility's showing again.

- AND JOINS P.

NO.2.
What were you looking at ?

P
A light.

NO.2

A star.

P

A boat.

NO.2

An insect.

P

A plane.

NO.2

A flying fish.

P

A man who belongs to my
world.

NO.2.

This is your world. I am
your world. If you insist on
living a dream, you may be
taken for mad.

P

I like my dream.

NO.2

Then you are mad. Now go
inside.

P

(BEAT) I may as well.

HE GOES TO THE TOWN HALL ENTRANCE, HE HESITATES AND LOOKS
BACK.

NO.2

You can enter tonight. It's
carnival.

P GOES IN. NO.2 FOLLOWS HIM.

INT. BALL ROOM (TOWN HALL). NIGHT.

92

SOME PEOPLE ARE MOVING ABOUT OR CHATTING LISTLESSLY,
THOUGH MOST STILL STAND OR SIT LIKE PUPPETS AWAITING THE
JERK OF THE STRING. P SURVEYS THE SCENE FROM THE DOORWAY.
SILENCE FALLS AND EVERY PAIR OF EYES LOOK BACK AT HIM. THE
EYES MOVE AS NO.2 ENTERS.

NO.2

What ! No dancing ? Tonight's
for dancing ! (SMILES AT P)
Amongst other things.

THE PEOPLE TITTER AND IT SOUNDS LIKE GHOSTS.

NO.2

Music ! Come along ! You've
been practising long enough !

THE MUSICIANS STRIKE UP A WALTZ, RAGGED AT FIRST BUT SOON
IN ADEQUATE UNISON.

NO.2

And dance ! Enjoy yourselves !
It's carnival !

SOME OF THEM DO AS THEY ARE TOLD AND SUDDENLY THE SCENE
LOOKS ANIMATED. A MAN PASSES WITH A TRAY. NO.2 TAKES
TWO GLASSES FROM IT AND HANDS ONE OF THEM TO P.

P

I rarely drink.

NO.2

Then you'll enjoy it all the
more. Self-denial's a great
sweetener of pleasure. (THE
ROOM IS HOT) It's warmer than
we think.

P HOLDS THE GLASS SUSPICIOUSLY. NO.2 DRINKS FROM HIS.

NO.2

Undoctored. To carnival.

P

(SIPS) Your administration's
effective. Though you've no
opposition.

NO.2

An irritation we've dispensed
with. Even it's best friends agree
democracy's remarkably inefficient.

P SAVOURS THE WINE.

P

A '53 ?

NO.2

How impressive. From here on,
of course, we degenerate to the '55
and the '57 and, if people really
misbehave, to a quite extraordinary
'58. (HE WRINKLES HIS NOSE)

TWO BRUNETTES (DRESSED AS A PAIR OF MARIE ANTIONETTES) FLOAT PAST, SMILING AT THEM. NO.2 LOOKS A QUESTION AT P, SEES HIS EXPRESSION AND GIVES THE GIRLS A TINY SHAKE OF THE HEAD.

P
Why haven't I a costume ?

NO.2
Perhaps because you don't exist.

HE CATCHES HOLD OF THE GIRL AS SHE PASSES. SHE AND P FACE EACH OTHER.

NO.2
Quite enchanting.

GIRL
(SELF-CONSCIOUS) Little
Bo-Peep.

P
I always suspected she had a
meat-axe under her apron.

NO.2 TAKES P'S GLASS.

NO.2
You must dance. Cheer him up,
my dear. (TO P -) It's a special
night.

P LOOKS AT HIM -

P
We must hope so.

- BEFORE DANCING AWAY. THE DOCTOR (NAPOLEON) SIDLES UP.

NO.2
A glass of wine, doctor ?

DOCTOR
(SHAKES HIS HEAD) Drink's too
levelling. How is he ?

NO.2
Still rebellious, but it will pass.

DOCTOR
Without treatment ?

NO.2
We don't want to spoil him.

DOCTOR
Unless we must.

P AND THE GIRL DANCE.

P
How many of these have you been
to ? (NO ANSWER) It's my first,
of course. And last.

GIRL
Don't be silly.

P
Who's that speaking ? You or
the computer ?

GIRL
Me.

P
Are you paid by the hour or given
a lump sum ? (SHE REACTS) For
services rendered.

SHE STOPS DANCING.

GIRL
(ANGRILY). I'm given nothing !

THE SUPERVISOR (CLEOPATRA) TAPS THE GIRL ON THE SHOULDER AS
SHE DANCES PAST .

SUPERVISOR
Don't stop ! Dance !

THEY RESUME .

P
You mustn't behave like a human
being. It confuses people.

GIRL
Only you are confused ! Though
not for long. There are treatments
for people like you.

THEY PASS NO.2 AND THE DOCTOR .

P
He'll have to get instructions.
Who does he get them from ? Is he
here ? The man behind the big door ?

GIRL
There's no need to know.

P
We can't live on what we need.

GIRL
This place has been going a long time.

P
(INTERESTED) Since the war ?
(NO ANSWER) Before ?

GIRL
Which war ?

SHE STOPS DANCING AND WALKS OFF THE FLOOR. HE FOLLOWS.

P
Don't half say something !

SHE LOOKS HARD AT HIM.

GIRL
A long time !

SHE WALKS AWAY. NO.2 IS CLOSE TO THE BAND, WAVING HIS WINE GLASS AS IF CONDUCTING IT. P IS NEAR THE ENTRANCE. HE MOVES DISCREETLY OUT.

INT. TOWN HALL. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

93

P ENTERS THE DUSKY CORRIDOR. ON A RACK HANG WHITE COATS. HE SLIPS ONE ON. THERE ARE SPECTACLES IN THE COAT'S POCKET AND HE PUTS THEM ON. HE WONDERS IF HE IS BEING WATCHED. HE WALKS TO THE IMPRESSIVE DOOR. IT IS LOCKED. FURTHER ALONG, TWO OTHER DOORS, BOTH LOCKED. HE MOVES ON AND HEARS SOMEONE APPROACHING. AT A JUNCTION WITH ANOTHER CORRIDOR HE COMES FACE TO FACE WITH A WHITE-COATED OLD LADY WITH AN ENVELOPE.

P
I'm sorry.

OLD LADY
No matter. Have you seen him ?

P
Him ?

OLD LADY
No.2. He's not at the party ?

P
(LOOKS AT THE ENVELOPE)
I'll be seeing him.

OLD LADY
He must see this urgently. It's
a termination order.

P
Shall I give it to him for you ?

OLD LADY
Would you ? I'd be most obliged.

SHE THRUSTS THE ENVELOPE INTO P'S HAND AND BUSTLES AWAY.

OLD LADY'S VOICE O.S.
Don't forget ! It's urgent !

INT. TOWN HALL 2ND CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

94

P MOVES INTO THE OTHER CORRIDOR. HE RIPS OPEN THE ENVELOPE AND TAKES OUT A SHEET OF BLACK PAPER. IT HAS ONLY A NAME TYPED IN WHITE ON IT.

P
(READS) Roland Walter Dutton

HE PUTS THE PAPER AND ENVELOPE IN HIS TROUSER POCKET AND MOVES ALONG THE SECOND CORRIDOR. HE SEES A DOOR, HALF OPEN ON TO DARKNESS, AND APPROACHES IT WEARILY. AS HE PUTS OUT A HAND TO TOUCH THE DOOR IT CREAKS FURTHER OPEN OF ITS OWN ACCORD. AND THE LIGHT IN THE ROOM GOES ON. HE STANDS BACK TIGHTLY AGAINST THE WALL. BUT NOTHING HAPPENS. HE MOVES CAREFULLY -

INT. EMPTY ROOM. NIGHT.

95

- INTO THE ROOM AND LOOKS ABOUT, WAITING FOR THE TRAP TO SPRING. IT IS EMPTY, SAVE FOR A BARE DEAL TABLE AND ANOTHER HALF-OPEN DOOR IN THE FAR WALL. AS HE LOOKS THE DOOR SWINGS WIDER. HE MOVES THROUGH IT -

INT. FILES ROOM. NIGHT.

96

- THE LIGHTS GO ON AS HE CROSSES THE THRESHOLD - INTO A GERMANIC HORROR OF A LONG, NARROW ROOM WITH FILING CABINETS ON EITHER SIDE FROM FLOOR TO CEILING. AT THE FAR END, NO LARGER THAN A POSTAGE STAMP FROM WHERE HE STANDS, IS ANOTHER DOOR. HE GLANCES BEHIND HIM. THE SOUND OF MUSIC HAS QUITE GONE. HE MOVES IN A DREAM, ALMOST IN SLOW MOTION, BETWEEN THE METAL WALLS AND AT LAST STOPS IN FRONT OF THE FAR DOOR. THERE IS A LIGHT SHOWING BENEATH IT. IT IS LOCKED.

BUT THE KEY IS HANGING ON A NAIL. HE TAKES IT DOWN,
UNLOCKS THE DOOR AND MOVES -

INT. DEAD ROOM. NIGHT.

97

- INTO A SMALLER SCRUBBED ROOM WITH YET ANOTHER DOOR
(CLOSED) IN THE FAR WALL. THERE'S A TRAP DOOR IN THE FLOOR.
FOUR VERY LARGE FILING CABINETS AS FURNITURE. HE OPENS
ONE OF THE LARGE DRAWERS - IT MOVES EASILY FOR ITS SIZE -
BUT IT IS EMPTY. THEN ANOTHER - EMPTY. THEN ANOTHER -
EMPTY. BUT IN THE FOURTH IS A WHITE CLOTH. HE KNOWS
EVEN BEFORE HE TOUCHES THE CLOTH. HE LIFTS IT CLEAR.
IN THE DRAWER IS THE BODY OF THE YOUNG MAN, STILL IN
HOLIDAY SHIRT AND JEANS, EYES STILL OPEN.

CAT
(OFF, YOWLS)

HE LOOKS UP, GOES TO THE OTHER DOOR AND THROWS IT OPEN.
HE HEARS THE CHATTER OF THE PARTY. THE CAT IS LOOKING
UP AT HIM. NEXT TO A PAIR OF BOOTS. AND STOVE-PIPE
TROUSERS. BELONGING TO JACK-THE-RIPPER.

NO.2
You make the most of your
opportunities. (OF THE CABINET -)
You don't blame us for doing the
same.

THE CAT RUBS AGAINST P'S LEGS.

NO.2
She's taken to you. I'm jealous.
(P LOOKS) Oh, she's mine. She
works here, too. She's very
efficient. Almost ruthless.

P
Never trust a woman. Even
with four legs.

NO.2
You can trust everyone. And
will in time. Let's go back. The
cabaret's beginning.

P
In his pocket - !

NO.2
The wallet ? (SMILES) It's still
there. "Amended" slightly. We'll
amend him slightly. (AMUSED -)
It's you who's died. In an accident
at sea.

P

So to the outside world -

NO.2

Which you only dream about.

P

- I'll be dead.

NO.2

A small confirmation of a known fact. May I ?

HE HELPS P OUT OF THE WHITE COAT.

NO.2

Don't blame me. It's a case of - (GLANCES BACK) - waste not, want not.

HE LEADS P FROM THE ROOM. THE CAT SITS AND WATCHES THEM GO.

INT. BALL ROOM. TOWN HALL. NIGHT.

98

THE PEOPLE ARE NOW STANDING AND SITTING AROUND THREE SIDES OF THE HALL. ALONG THE FOURTH WALL THE BAND'S DIAS IS CLEAR SAVE FOR THREE EMPTY CHAIRS. A SMALLER DIAS WITH A HANDRAIL STANDS EMPTY IN THE CENTRE OF THE FLOOR-SPACE. BETWEEN IT AND THE LARGE DIAS ARE TWO CHAIRS, WELL-SPACED AND FACING EACH OTHER. ONE IS EMPTY. IN THE OTHER SITS BO-PEEP.

PEOPLE PART AT THE ENTRANCE, MAKING A SILENT PASSAGE FOR NO.2 AND P. NO.2 LEADS P TO THE SMALL DIAS.

P.

I thought there was a cabaret.

NO.2

There is. You are it.

THE PEOPLE TITTER. NO.2 STANDS BY THE CHAIR FACING BO-PEEP. EVERYONE IS LOOKING AT HIM.

NO.2

(LOUDLY) In the matter of The People versus (POINTS) That Man, the Court is now in session.

P

What's my crime ?

'98 CONT'D

NO.2

We'll come to that. Perhaps I should explain - for justice must be seen to be done, else there's really little point - (AUDIENCE TITTER) - that our legal system is unusual.

P

With no jury ?

NO.2

Three judges decide here.

P

Just like the French Revolution.

NO.2

They got through the dead wood, didn't they ? I'm appointed by the Court to defend you.

P IS AMUSED .

NO.2

(SLIGHTLY PAINED) That lady to prosecute.

BO-PEEP DOES NOT LOOK UP .

NO.2

The judges have been chosen.

HE CLAPS HIS HANDS . THE MAID (ELIZABETH I), THE DOCTOR (NAPOLEON) AND THE TOWN CRIER (JULIUS CAESAR) TAKE THE THREE CHAIRS .

NO.2

(TO THE JUDGES) Proceed.

TOWN CRIER

I shall read the charge.

P

(LIGHTLY) I hope it's serious !

TOWN CRIER

It's the most serious charge we have ever dealt with.

P BEGINS TO WONDER IF IT COULD ALL BE TRUE .

TOWN CRIER

You are charged with having on your person and using for unlawful purposes and against the interests of the community an object the possession and use of which breaks our Rules. (PAUSE) A radio set.

98 CONT'D

THE AUDIENCE IS SHOCKED. BO-PEEP STANDS UP.

P

This is ridiculous ! I've had
enough of this game !

HE GETS OFF HIS DAIS AND WALKS AWAY. BUT BURLY
MEN SURROUND HIM AND THEY SCUFFLE. P PUNCHES
ONE OF THE MEN. P IS SEIZED AND FROGMARCHED
BACK TO THE DAIS. JACK-THE-RIPPER STANDS UP.
THE NOISE INSTANTLY SUBSIDES.

TOWN CRIER

We consider the Prisoner's
outburst unseemly.

MAID

(WITH RELISH) I've made a
note of it !

DOCTOR

It'll count against you.

P

Don't you ask how I plead ?

TOWN CRIER

(TO BO-PEEP) Proceed,
Prosecutor.

SHE HAS BEEN STANDING THROUGH ALL THIS.

GIRL

From somewhere - he has not
yet been subjected to interrogation
- the accused acquired a radio.

ALL EYES ARE ON HER.

DOCTOR

Why hasn't he been interrogated ?
We're none of us safe in our beds
until everything is known about
everyone.

MAID

How do you know he had this
radio ?

GIRL

I am his observer -

P

So she's biased and shouldn't be here.

GIRL

- I saw him with it in his room. And later on top of the bell-tower.

MAID

Did anyone else see it ?

GIRL

The - Defender was with me on the bell-tower.

FROM THE AUDIENCE CLEOPATRA STANDS UP .

SUPERVISOR

I saw him with it in his room.

TOWN CRIER

Thank you, your majesty. Proceed.

GIRL

He was listening to a programme.

DOCTOR

What manner of programme ?

GIRL

I don't know. It's improper to listen.

TOWN CRIER

Quite right. (TO JACK-THE-RIPPER -) Did you listen, sir ?

P

How can my Defender be a prosecution witness ?

NO.2

No, my lords. But it did work.

THEY LOOK BACK AT BO-PEEP .

GIRL

It is the duty of us all to care for each other -- and see the Rules are obeyed. Without their discipline we should exist in a state of anarchy, -

P

Hear, hear !

DOCTOR

(ANGRILY) You do yourself no good, Prisoner !

GIRL

He had no radio of his own; there's no radio he could have borrowed. (TEARS IN HER EYES) So in acquiring one he made a positive effort against the community, indicating a malicious, breaking of The Rules. The Court's duty is to pass the severest possible sentence.

SHE SITS DOWN TO APPLAUSE. EVEN NO.2 APPLAUDS HER. SEEING THE JOKE OF IT, P APPLAUDS TOO. ALL THE CLAPPING SAVE HIS DIES. HE TOO BREAKS OFF.

TOWN CRIER

(TO HIS FELLOWS) You wish to question the Prosecutor ?

(NEGATIVE) We shall hear the Defender.

JACK-THE-RIPPER STANDS UP.

NO.2

I would beg the Court to remember that beneath its panoply of splendour, beneath the awful majesty of the Rules, beat human hearts. We must not forget this is a human-being with weaknesses and failings of his kind. That he had the radio and has broken Rule after Rule cannot be denied.

P

Has anyone seen these Rules ?

THE COURT IS SHOCKED.

NO.2

I plead, your honours, for clemency. He is new and guilty of folly. No more. We can treat folly with kindness, knowing that soon his wild spirit will quieten and the foolishness will fall away to reveal a model citizen.

P

That day you'll never see.

TOWN CRIER

The Prisoner will be quiet !
This is a serious matter.

NO.2

(LOOKING AT P) Very serious.

TOWN CRIER

Both officers have presented their please with creditable simplicity. We will now consider.

THE THREE JUDGES PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER .

P

I want to call a witness .

SURPRISE . THE JUDGES LOOK UP .

DOCTOR

Witness ?

NO.2

The lady and I are the only witnesses there can be.

MAID

He has his rights. What manner of witness ?

P

A character witness. I want the Court to call Roland Walter Dutton.

THE JUDGES AND BO-PEEP GLANCE AT JACK-THE-RIPPER.

TOWN CRIER

(NERVOUSLY) No names are used here.

98 CONT'D

IT IS JACK-THE-RIPPER'S TURN TO SILENCE THE JUDGE WITH A HAND. BUT HIS EYES ARE ON P.

P

He's a man I think I knew. A man who is scheduled for death, so may say better than I things that need saying.

JACK-THE-RIPPER AND NAPOLEON EXCHANGE A GLANCE. JACK-THE-RIPPER WALKS TO THE PRESS OF PEOPLE AND IT PARTS. HE TAKES A MAN BY THE HAND AND LEADS HIM TO P. THE MAN IS DRESSED IN THE COSTUME AND CAP AND BELLS OF A COURT JESTER AND CARRIES A BALLOON ON A STICK. HIS FACE IS DOWNCAST. JACK-THE-RIPPER STANDS HIM BELOW P, THEN RAISES HIS FACE WITH A HAND. P LOOKS INTO THE FACE AND HIS EXPRESSION CHANGES. IT IS A BLANK FACE WITH BLANK EYES. ROLAND WALTER DUTTON. P IS HORRIFIED.

NO.2

Character witness ?

SEEING THAT HE HAS GOT THE MESSAGE, JACK-THE-RIPPER TURNS THE JESTER AND SITS HIM ON A CORNER OF P'S DAIS. HE RETURNS TO HIS CHAIR.

NO.2

The Court will resume its deliberations.

THE JUDGES CONFER. P STARES DOWN AT THE JESTER WHO SEEMS TO BE FASCINATED BY HIS SWAYING BALLOON. THEN P BEGINS TO FEEL ALARM FOR THE WHOLE AUDIENCE LEAVE THEIR PLACES AND ADVANCE UNTIL THEY ARE A SOLID BLOCK ABOUT HIM.

TOWN CRIER

It's decided.

JACK-THE-RIPPER AND BO-PEEP STAND UP.

TOWN CRIER

The Prisoner is guilty of breach of The Rules which his inexperience and "folly" cannot excuse. We pass sentence in accordance with The Rules.

ELIZABETH CASUALLY HANDS JULIUS CAESAR A BLACK KERCHIEF WHICH HE PLACES ON HIS HEAD. THE ENCLOSING AUDIENCE SIGHS.

TOWN CRIER

The sentence is death.

P IS GENUINELY SHOCKED.

DOCTOR

We sentence in the name of the
people. The people carry it out
in the name of justice !

THE MOB TAKES HOLD OF P. THE JUDGES WATCH WITH
INTEREST, JACK-THE-RIPPER WITH A SLIGHT FROWN,
BO-PEEP WITH HORROR. P FIGHTS LIKE A DEMON. THE
JESTER LAUGHS AND WAVES HIS BALLOON.

GIRL

No ? Stop it !

NO.2

It's the Rules, my dear.

P BREAKS AWAY AND GETS TO THE DOOR.

INT. TOWN HALL CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

99

P RUNS OUT, THE MOB AFTER HIM.

INT. TOWN HALL 2ND CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

100

HE RUNS ALONG THE OTHER CORRIDOR.

INT. EMPTY ROOM. NIGHT.

101

P RUNS INTO THE EMPTY ROOM. HE CANNOT SHUT THE
DOOR AGAINST THE MOB SO DARTS ON -

INT. FILES ROOM. NIGHT.

102

- INTO THE FILES ROOM. HE HARES ALONG AND -

INT. DEAD ROOM. NIGHT.

103

- INTO THE DEAD ROOM, TRYING TO SHUT THE DOOR EACH
TIME. THE MOB IS CLOSE BEHIND. HE OPENS THE FURTHER
DOOR AND SEES MORE PEOPLE RUNNING TOWARDS HIM. HE
IS CAUGHT. UNTIL HE SEES THE TRAP-DOOR IN THE FLOOR.
HE PULLS IT UP, CLAMBERS DOWN AND LETS IT SHUT. THE
TWO MOBS MEET AND MILL ABOUT, CONFUSED. THEY
START TO FIGHT EACH OTHER.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN STAIRS. NIGHT.

104

SUDDEN SILENCE, SAVE FOR THE DRIP-DRIP OF WATER. OLD
STONE STEPS LEAD DOWN INTO DARKNESS. P BRUSHES
COBWEBS FROM HIS FACE AS HE DESCENDS. BUT AT THE
BOTTOM THERE IS ONLY ANOTHER FLIGHT OF STEPS UP
AGAIN. HE CLIMBS THEM. TO A DOOR AT THE TOP. HE
LISTENS, THEN PUSHES IT OPEN CAUTIOUSLY.

INT. TOWN HALL 2nd CORRIDOR, NIGHT. 105

P STEPS BACK INTO THE TOWN HALL, ALL LIGHTS ON NOW. THE DOOR SWINGS SHUT, A CONCEALED PANEL. P IS DISAPPOINTED BUT THE MOB IS CLOSE, CHANTING DANGEROUSLY. HE MOVES LIKE AN ANIMAL -

INT. TOWN HALL CORRIDOR, NIGHT. 106

- DOWN THE LENGTH OF THE CORRIDOR, STOPPING AT THE GREAT DOOR. THE DOOR IS UNLOCKED. THE SOUNDS OF THE MOB ARE VERY NEAR AS HE STEPS THROUGH THE DOOR -

INT. INSTRUCTION ROOM, NIGHT. 107

- TO LEAN AGAINST ITS OTHER SIDE IN DARKNESS AND SILENCE. HE FINDS THE LIGHT SWITCH AND PUTS IT ON. THE ROOM IS VERY LUXURIOUSLY APPOINTED IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY STYLE. AT THE CENTRE STANDS A FOLDING SCREEN. THUDDING ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE DOOR. THERE IS NO OTHER WAY OUT.

P

You're there ! I know you're there ! (SILENCE)

HE SWEEPS THE SCREEN ASIDE, REVEALING A TELEX MACHINE, ITS LONG SHEET OF PAPER, COVERED IN WRITINGS, WRITHING AND FESTOONING BAROQUELY TO THE FLOOR. AS HE LOOKS, STUNNED, IT CHATTERS BRIEFLY. HE TURNS AND SEES A CLEAR GLASS PANEL IN THE WALL, THE REVERSE OF THE LOOKING-GLASS, PACKED BY THE WATCHING MOB, A BOX OF HEADS. THE DOOR OPENS AND NO.2 AND THE GIRL COME IN.

NO.2

(OF THE HEADS) It's a one-way mirror. They can't see you. They've never seen in here and they never will. They lack your initiative. (TO THE GIRL) Deal with them. (TO P) There's nothing to fear.

SHE LEAVES THE ROOM.

P

They want to kill me :

NO.2

A man can only die once. And you're already dead, aren't you ? In our little room ?

THE GIRL RETURNS AND STANDS INSIDE THE DOOR. NO.2 TAKES P AND LEADS HIM TO THE GIRL. THE WINDOW IS EMPTY NOW.

107 CONT'D

NO.2

There is a party going on.

HE PUTS THE GIRL'S HAND INTO P'S.

NO.2

It's alright. She's no longer your observer. Someone else has taken over. Observers should never get involved.

P

You won't win with me. I'll never give in.

NO.2

How very uncomfortable for you, old chap.

P

But rewarding, old chap.
(PAUSE) Being dead does have its advantages.

AS HE SAYS THIS HE PICKS UP A HEAVY ASH TRAY AND SMASHES THE TELEX MACHINE.

P

Shall we dance ?

THE GIRL AND P EXIT, LEAVING NO.2 SURROUNDED WITH PAPER ROLLS AND BROKEN SPRINGS.

INT. BALL ROOM. NIGHT.

108

A HECTIC FORMATION DANCE IN FULL SWING. ELIZABETH I, JULIUS CAESAR AND NAPOLEON ARE DANCING IN A RING, HANDS JOINED TO THE QUICK MUSIC. THEY BREAK TO INCLUDE P AND THE GIRL. THEY ALL DANCE AS IF THE DEVIL IS PLAYING.

EXT. THE VILLAGE. NIGHT. LOC.

109

CONTINUE THE MUSIC FASTER AND FASTER. THE VILLAGE IS BRIGHTLY ILLUMINATED. NO-ONE ABOUT. PULL BACK SO THAT THE SEA COMES BETWEEN US AND IT, UNTIL THE VILLAGE IS ONLY A GLOW IN THE DARKNESS OF NIGHT. TWO PRISON GATES SUDDENLY CLANG SHUT IN FOREGROUND. A WHITE DOT COMES AT US LIKE A BULLET. IT IS P'S FACE. IT STOPS JUST BEHIND THE BARS.

PEAK THE MUSIC AND --

FINAL FADE OUT:

----- END CREDITS -----