

" THE PRISONER" tv SERIES

'IT'S YOUR FUNERAL'

by

Michael Cramoy

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 HURLING AT WHAT APPEARS TO BE SUPER-SONIC 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 COMPUTOR 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 P.O.V., 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.

"THE PRISONER T. V. SERIES"

"IT'S YOUR FUNERAL"

Script Amendments

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. VILLAGE. DAY. 1.

EARLY MORNING. THE STILL SLEEPING VILLAGE.

EXT. P'S HOUSE. DAY. 2.

A GIRL COMES ROUND THE ARCH AND WALKS TOWARDS US. HER HEAD IS BOWED A BIT, WEIGHTED WITH THOUGHT. SHE IS TROUBLED. HER STRIDE'S A TRIFLE HESITANT, UNCERTAIN. WHEN SHE COMES CLOSER WE CAN SEE IN HER FACE THAT SHE HAS A PROBLEM - AND THAT SHE IS TERRIBLY AFRAID... WHEN SHE REACHES NO.6 SHE STOPS.

EXT. P'S HOUSE. DAY. 3.

HER POV - THE DOOR, MARKED NO. 6.

EXT. P'S HOUSE. DAY. 4.

THE GIRL HESITATES. UNCERTAIN. THEN, SUDDENLY COURAGEOUS, SHE STARTS TOWARDS THE DOOR.

EXT. THE DOOR. DAY. 5.

THE GIRL'S HAND REACHES TO KNOCK BUT STOPS MIDWAY. SHE LOOKS TOWARDS DOOR AND REACTS.

EXT. THE DOOR. DAY. 6.

HER POV - THE DOOR IS AJAR. BUT MINIMALLY. SO MINIMAL WE HAVE TO BE STANDING DIRECTLY BEFORE IT TO NOTICE.

EXT. THE DOOR DAY. 7.

A CLOSE SHOT OF THE GIRL. SHE REFLECTS... THEN, RESOLUTE, DARING, A DECISION IS MADE.

EXT. THE DOOR. DAY. 8.

THE GIRL'S HAND MOVES TO THE DOOR KNOB. SHE PUSHES THE DOOR OPEN AND GOES INTO THE HOUSE. THE DOOR IS LEFT OPEN BEHIND HER.

PULL BACK TO SEE THE OPEN DOOR ON THE SCREEN IN:

INT. CONTROL ROOM. DAY. 9.

THE SUPERVISOR AND NO. 2'S ASSISTANT ARE WATCHING. THE SUPERVISOR IS PLEASED BY WHAT HE'S SEEN. SMUG. BUT TIRED, AS IF FROM A LONG AND DREARY VIGIL.

SUPERVISOR
(RELIEVED) At last !

ASSISTANT
Shall I call him ?

SUPERVISOR
(Gently ominous) Weren't
you instructed ?

ASSISTANT
(Faltering) It's - it's so early. I
thought ---

THE SUPERVISOR LOOKS AT HIM ICILY. THE MEREST NUANCE OF MENACE. THE ASSISTANT SWIFTLY REACHES TOWARDS A CONSOLE OF PUSHBUTTONS. HIS FOREFINGER COMES TO REST ON A BUTTON WHICH SOMEHOW APPEARS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE OTHERS.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. DAY. 10

A CLOSE SHOT OF THE BUTTON AS THE ASSISTANT'S FINGER PUSHES IT IN. BUTTON IS HELD IN FOR AN EXTRA-LONG BEAT. THEN POPS BACK OUT AS FINGER IS REMOVED.

INT. PRISONER'S ROOM. DAY. 11

P IN HIS BED. SLEEPING. THE POSITION OF THE PILLOWS, THE SCATTERED BEDCLOTHES, INDICATE A RESTLESS NIGHT.

INT. PRISONER'S ROOM. DAY. 12

THE GIRL STANDS JUST INSIDE DOORWAY FOR A BEAT, GETTING HER BEARINGS. THEN, SOFTLY, STEALTHILY, SHE CROSSES TOWARDS BED.

INT. PRISONER'S ROOM. DAY. 13

P SLEEPING. HE TOSSES RESTLESSLY.

INT. PRISONER'S ROOM. DAY. 14

THE GIRL STANDS AT BEDSIDE. INTENT, SHE STUDIES P'S SLEEPING FACE. SHE'S VERY NERVOUS. THEN, THE GIRL REACHES OUT A HAND TOWARDS HIS SHOULDER.

INT. PRISONER'S ROOM. DAY. 15

P. THE GIRL'S HAND COMES INTO SHOT. SUDDENLY P'S EYES OPEN, HE BECOMES WIDE AWAKE INSTANTLY. HIS OWN HAND FLICKS OUT AND GRABS THE GIRL BY THE WRIST. HARD.

INT. PRISONER'S ROOM, DAY.

16.

THE GIRL'S FACE SHOWS PAIN, FEAR.

GIRL

You're hurting me.

P

What are you doing here?

GIRL

(in pain) Please!

HE STUDIES HER FACE, HARD, SUSPICIOUS. THEN, HE RELEASES HER, SHE RUBS HER WRIST. P. JUMPS OUT OF BED, PUTS ON A DRESSING GOWN.

GIRL

I was going to wake you up.

P

You did. Who are you?

GIRL

A number. Just as you. Does it matter which?

P

How did you get in?

GIRL

The door was open.

P

It always is to them. (Insinuating)
Isn't it?

GIRL

(Flaring) I'm not one of Them!

P

What do you want?

GIRL

(Simply) Help.

P

Try the Town Hall. Your Citizen's
Council promises help for everyone.

GIRL

Their Citizens' Council.

P

My position is, what's Theirs is yours.

GIRL
(Angry) I'm not one of them!

P
No. No one is. Go back and tell Them
I wasn't interested. That I wouldn't
even listen.

SHE LOOKS AT HIM WITH HATRED.

P
But why bother? They already know.

HE RAISES HIS HEAD, EYES HARD, AND GLARES AROUND HIM.
THE GIRL SEEMS FATIGUED, SHE SWAYS A TRIFLE WITH EXHAUSTION.

INT. PRISONER'S ROOM, DAY. 17.

A CLOSE SHOT OF P.

P
(To the room) I won't go for
it. Whatever it is. (Angry)
You may as well stop trying.

PULL BACK TO SEE THIS ON SCREEN IN:

INT. CONTROL ROOM, DAY. 18.

THE SUPERVISOR HAS BEEN JOINED BY THE YOUNG NO. 2 -
APPARENTLY SUMMONED FROM HIS BED, - HE'S WEARING A DRESSING
GOWN. HE WEARS HORN-RIMMED GLASSES THROUGHOUT.
THE YOUNG NO. 2 WATCHES THE SCENE ON THE SCREEN WITH
IMPORTANT INTEREST. HE'S A BIT ANXIOUS, NOT PLEASED WITH WHAT
HE'S SEEN. HE REPLIES TO P, SEEN IN CLOSE SHOT ON THE SCREEN,
RHETORICALLY, SINCE P. CAN'T HEAR HIM.

YOUNG NO. 2.
We never stop, No. 6.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, DAY. 19.

YOUNG NO. 2 AND THE SUPERVISOR LEAN IN TOWARDS THE SCREEN
TO OBSERVE. THE EXHAUSTED GIRL SUDDENLY FALLS TO THE FLOOR,
UNCONSCIOUS. YOUNG NO. 2 LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

YOUNG NO. 2.
Now, we shall see how accurately
they've timed it.

INT. PRISONER'S ROOM. DAY.

20

P IS SURPRISED AT THE GIRL'S SUDDEN COLLAPSE. HE KNEELS AT HER SIDE, TAKES HER WRIST, ASSURES HIMSELF THAT HER PULSE IS STILL TICKING. HE PUSHES BACK ONE OF HER EYE-LIDS, EXAMINES THE EYE, FROWNS. CALMLY HE CROSSES TO A TABLE, POURS A WATER TUMBLER HALF FULL. HE RETURNS TO WHERE THE GIRL IS LYING ON THE CARPET, PROPS HER HEAD ONTO SOME CUSHIONS AND PUTS THE GLASS TO HER LIPS, THE GIRL MAKES NO RESPONSE, HER LIPS REMAINING CLOSED. P MOVES TO A CHAIR. HE SITS AND FACES THE GIRL, WATCHING. WAITING FOR A RETURN TO LIFE.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

21

YOUNG NO. 2 AND THE SUPERVISOR WATCHING THE SCREEN.

YOUNG NO. 2

She was given a drug yesterday. One of the super-strength moprobrates we've developed. She doesn't know, of course.

SUPERVISOR

(Puzzled) Yesterday ?

YOUNG NO. 2

The drug remains dormant until triggered by the nervous system. Released to the exact quantity needed. For instant tranquility. (Indicates screen) Or temporary oblivion.

SUPERVISOR

But why ?

YOUNG NO. 2

In anticipation of No. 6 throwing her out. As he was about to do.

SUPERVISOR

And will, when she revives.

YOUNG NO. 2

No. She's become a lady in distress. He'll be all good deeds and sympathy.

YOUNG NO. 2 PICKS UP A CLIPBOARD AND STUDIES IT. IT IS THE PROCEDURES AGENDA.

YOUNG NO. 2

Still a few moments before she comes out of it. I don't recall my procedures agenda authorising his door being left open.

SUPERVISOR

It was an afterthought.

YOUNG NO. 2

To what purpose ?

SUPERVISOR

To make certain that once the girl made up her mind to see him - she'd have access.

YOUNG NO. 2

Doesn't she know how to knock on a door ?

SUPERVISOR

He doesn't always answer.

BEAT AS NO. 2 ASSESSES THE MATTER.

SUPERVISOR

(Defensively) It seemed a good idea.

YOUNG NO. 2

It wasn't. He now assumes that we sent her. We don't want him thinking that. (Rhetorically) Do we ?

SILENCE FOR A BEAT. THEN, AS IF HE'D BEEN WAITING FOR AN ANSWER --

YOUNG NO. 2

(Sharply) Do we ?

SUPERVISOR

(Hastily) No.

YOUNG NO. 2

The Plan is too important for slapdash improvisations. No matter how good the idea may seem at the moment.

SUPERVISOR

Yes, No. 2.

YOUNG NO. 2 LEANS TOWARDS THE SCREEN.

YOUNG NO. 2

She's coming out of it.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

22

ON THE SCREEN, THE GIRL SITS UP, GROGGY. SHE SHAKES HER HEAD TO CLEAR IT, LOOKS AROUND WONDERINGLY.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

23

ON YOUNG NO. 2. HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH. PLEASED.

YOUNG NO. 2
Precisely the length of time our
chemists anticipated.

HE RESUMES SCANNING THE SCREEN.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

24

ON THE SCREEN -- P HANDS THE GIRL THE GLASS OF WATER.
SHE DRINKS. WE TRACK IN, SEEMINGLY RIGHT THROUGH THE
SCREEN AND INTO:

INT. PRISONER'S ROOM. DAY.

25

THE GIRL GIVES THE GLASS BACK TO P.

GIRL
(Faltering) Sorry.

SHE SHAKES HER HEAD TO CLEAR IT.

GIRL
Exhaustion.

P
No. Drugs.

SHE REACTS. SURPRISED.

P
Your eyes. The pupils are contracted.

GIRL
I don't take drugs.

P
Forced feeding, then.

GIRL
(Worried) Yes! But why would they ?

P
You tell me.

GIRL
(Bitter) You mean you'll condescend
to listen ?

P
Until what you're saying becomes
too obviously phoney.

THE GIRL FLARES. GLARES AT P. P MOVES TO CHAIR AND
SETTLES INTO IT.

SHE STARTS TOWARDS THE DOOR.

GIRL

I'll find help somewhere else.

P

They told you to find it here.

GIRL

(Hopelessly) Believe what you like of me. It doesn't matter.

SHE CONTINUES TOWARDS DOOR. DEJECTEDLY. THEN, SUDDENLY, TURNS TO FACE P, BLAZING WITH ANGER.

GIRL

No! It does matter! It concerns the welfare of every person in this village !

P

And welfare's our biggest consumer item.

GIRL

Make a joke of this if you can. Assassination !

P

Are you trying to organise one or prevent one ?

GIRL

They would have to take reprisals. Everybody would suffer.

P

What do you want from me ?

GIRL

I've just told you. Help in preventing an assassination.

P MAKES A GESTURE TOWARDS THE UNSEEN TV CAMERA.

P

They've heard you. They're warned. And They don't need anyone's help.

GIRL

They don't believe me.

P

No comment.

GIRL

So much caution. It seems all wrong in a man like you.

P

Many times bit forever shy. But They're not shy. And they love to listen.

GIRL

You don't understand. My name --
my number -- is on a list.

P

Honours or deportation ?

GIRL

Jamming.

P

I see. Domestic science.

GIRL

You should learn about jamming one day.
It's our most effective means of fighting
back.

P

All right. Now.

GIRL

No. I tell lies. Remember ? Sorry
to have troubled you.

SHE GOES OUT. P FROWNS, PUZZLED. SUDDENLY REMEMBERS
HIS MANNERS, CALLS AFTER HER.

P

No trouble at all. Drop in anytime.

THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND HER. P STARES AT THE DOOR FOR
A BEAT. CONTEMPLATIVE.

PULL BACK TO SEE P IN CLOSE-UP FROWNING AT CLOSED DOOR,
ON MONITOR SCREEN IN:

INT. CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

26

ON YOUNG NO. 2. HE SCOWLS AT THE MONITOR SCREEN, DIS-
PLEASED BY WHAT HE'S SEEN. THE SUPERVISOR,
SIMILARLY GLUM, SITS BESIDE HIM.

YOUNG NO. 2

Damn?

SUPERVISOR

I warned you about him.

YOUNG NO. 2

If only I had a little more time ...

SUPERVISOR

We're running late as it is.

YOUNG NO. 2

(Irritably) I know that. Better than
anyone.

A TELEPHONE RINGS. THE HOT LINE. THE SUPERVISOR PICKS IT UP, NERVOUSLY. HE LISTENS FOR A BEAT.

SUPERVISOR

Yes, sir. At once.

HE OFFERS THE RECEIVER TO YOUNG NO. 2, HIS EYEBROWS RAISED SIGNIFICANTLY AS A WARNING. YOUNG NO. 2 SPEAKS INTO PHONE, WITH EXTREME RESPECT.

YOUNG NO. 2

No. 2 here.

CLOSE ON YOUNG NO. 2 AS HE LISTENS. HE'S A BIT NERVOUS.

YOUNG NO. 2

Yes, I realise that, sir. What put us behind was the Girl's hesitancy. As you know, she took a long time making up her mind to see him.

HE LISTENS.

YOUNG NO. 2

I had every hope of catching up. . . But No. 6 flatly refused to become involved. Which means another delay.

HE LISTENS.

YOUNG NO. 2

Perhaps if we could replace him with someone more tractable . . . less suspicious . . .

HE LISTENS. UNHAPPILY, AS HE'S OBVIOUSLY BEING CRITICISED.

YOUNG NO. 2

Yes, sir. I'm fully aware of the reason we selected No. 6. A matter of credibility -- without which the Plan might backfire.

HE LISTENS.

YOUNG NO. 2

Indeed I will, sir. As you say, I must find a way to make him interested.

INT. CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

27

YOUNG NO. 2 REPLACES THE RECEIVER. HIS FACE IS SET HARD, WITH DETERMINATION.

YOUNG NO. 2
And I damn well will !

HE RISES. TO SUPERVISOR

YOUNG NO. 2
I want today's Activities Prognosis
on No.6. Quickly as possible.

INSTANTLY, THE SUPERVISOR PRESSES BUTTON ON INTER-COM.
YOUNG NO. 2 CROSSES TO EXIT.

YOUNG NO. 2
(TO SELF, DETERMINEDLY)
I damn well will!

HE GOES OUT.

EXT. OLD PEOPLES' HOME AND APPROACH. DAY. (STOCK). 28

ESTABLISHING.

EXT. OLD PEOPLES' HOME. DAY. 29

CLOSE-UP OF P. HIS HEAD HELD HIGH. TIGHT, FIXED
EXPRESSION.

PULL-BACK TO SHOW P SITTING ON A LAWN CHAIR, POSING FOR
A PORTRAIT BEING PAINTED BY AN OLD MAN. THE CANVAS ON
WHICH HE'S WORKING IS BACK-TO-CAMERA, SO THAT THE WORK
CAN'T BE SEEN.

THE ARTIST HOLDS UP A THUMB, SQUINTS PAST IT AT P FOR
A PERSPECTIVE READING. HE RESUMES WORKING WITH BRUSH
AND PALLET. VERY INTENT, THOROUGHLY PROFESSIONAL.

ARTIST
Yes, I can tell you about jamming.
(Accusingly) You moved!

P
Sorry.

THE ARTIST APPLIES BRUSH TO CANVAS VIGOROUSLY FOR A FEW
BEATS. THEN -

ARTIST
What they do, the jammers, is talk.
Talk about plots they're hatching.

P
Plots ?

ARTIST
Escape mostly. But plans and developments
for all kinds of mischief. They do it to
confuse the observers. (Annoyed) Still!
Please!

P

Sorry.

ARTIST

The plots they talk about are always make-believe. Non-existent. But control can't know that until they've checked 'em out. Used to run themselves ragged investigating the schemes of jammers.

P

Used to ?

ARTIST

Don't bother so much any more. Now They keep a list of known jammers. Anything control picks up from these, They just let ride.

P

(Thoughtfully) I see.

ARTIST

Steady! Almost finished . . . That's all there is to it. Jamming. A way of having fun, is all.

THE ARTIST WHIPS THE CANVAS OFF THE EASEL, PROUDLY HOLDS IT UP FOR P'S VIEWING. THE CANVAS SHOWS A CIRCLE, A LOPSIDED RECTANGLE OR TWO, A NUMBER OF VAGRANT STREAKS OF PAINT, ETC, WITH NO MEANING THAT'S APPARENT. NO ARTISTIC RELATIONSHIP. IN VIVID COLOURS.

ARTIST

(PROUDLY) Well ? What do you think ?

P STUDIES THE PAINTING FOR A BEAT. THEN -

P

(Kindly) A perfect likeness.

THE OLD MAN BEAMS WITH PLEASURE.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM. DAY.

30

CLOSE-UP ON COMPUTER EJECTION SLOT AS A STRING OF TYPED TAPE EMERGES.

PULL BACK TO SHOW --

A FUTURISTIC COMPUTER, NOT QUITE LIKE ANY SUCH DEVICE IN CURRENT USE. A PRETTY GIRL ATTENDANT REMOVES THE TAPE FROM THE SLOT.

SHE PUTS IT INTO AN OFFICIAL ENVELOPE MARKED, "FOR THE ATTENTION OF THE ACTING NO. 2. DAY'S ACTIVITIES PROGNOSIS ... NO. 6"

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. THE DOME. DAY. (STOCK) 31

ESTABLISHING.

INT. NO. 2'S LIVING SPACE. DAY. 32

YOUNG NO. 2 IS WITH A BRAUNY HARD-FACED MAN, ALERT. INTELLIGENT. A BIT TOO SELF-ASSURED. THIS IS NO. 100. ON TABLE, TWO EMPTY COFFEE CUPS.

YOUNG NO. 2

Then you're satisfied with your progress to date on Plan Division Q ?

NO. 100

My Division will be operational exactly according to Plan. You can quote me in your report.

YOUNG NO. 2

I shall. Still confident of your cover ? Any sign of penetration ?

NO. 100

None. They all think of me as just another prisoner.

YOUNG NO. 2

Getting along with your subject ?

NO. 100 SMILES CONFIDENTLY.

NO. 100

We're kindred spirits. Comrades. There'll be no trouble from him.

THE BUTLER COMES IN WITH A STEAMING POT OF FRESH COFFEE.

YOUNG NO. 2

You're doing well, One Double Zero. I'm pleased.

NO. 100 REACTS, SMILES. THE BUTLER FILLS THE COFFEE CUPS. THE COMPUTER ATTENDANT ENTERS.

ATTENDANT

Good morning. I've brought you
the Activities Prognosis you ordered.

YOUNG NO. 2.

Good. How accurate are these? What
percentage right and wrong?

ATTENDANT

I'm afraid we don't know that.

THE BUTLER GOES OUT.

YOUNG NO. 2.

Why not?

ATTENDANT

Twice we programmed our machines for
percental appraisals of their own efficiency.
Each time they've refused to give up the
requested information.

YOUNG NO. 2.

Refused? How?

ATTENDANT

Simply by not returning the data to us.

YOUNG NO. 2.

They'll want their own trade union next.
Let me hear the prognosis, please.

SHE OPENS THE ENVELOPE, REMOVES AND UNFOLDS THE TAPE. SHE
GLANCES AT HER WATCH.

ATTENDANT

It's now ten-nineteen exactly.

SHE CONSULTS THE FORM.

ATTENDANT

According to the prognosis, subject is
now taking his daily stroll through the
village.

YOUNG no. 2.

Go on.

ATTENDANT

Approximately ten twenty, he will go to
the kiosk,

YOUNG NO. 2 PUSHES A BUTTON. THE SCREEN SHOWS P. WALKING
UP TO THE KIOSK.

ATTENDANT

There, he will buy a copy of the newspaper
and a bar of soap, and a bag of sweets.

ON THE SCREEN P PICKS UP NEWSPAPER AND STARTS TO READ.

YOUNG NO. 2.

(Disgustedly) No, no. He never eats candy.

ATTENDANT

(Defensively) According to the prognosis...

YOUNG NO. 2.

(Annoyed) It's wrong, and of no value.

HE IS ABOUT TO TURN OFF THE PICTURE.

ATTENDANT

It will take only a moment to find out.

RELUCTANTLY YOUNG NO. 2 WATCHES.

EXT. KIOSK, DAY.

33.

AT THE COUNTER, A SAD-FACED OLD WOMAN IS TALKING WITH THE STALL HOLDER. P CAN BE SEEN PICKING UP A BAR OF SOAP.

OLD WOMAN

But I must have them!

STALLHOLDER

For the last time...your week's credit allowance is used up. Come back tomorrow.

OLD WOMAN

I can't go through an entire day without my sweets.

STALLHOLDER

(Sory) Sorry.

HE TURNS TO FACE P WHO INDICATES THE NEWSPAPER AND SOAP HE HAS TAKEN.

P

And a bag of candy for the lady.

THE STALLHOLDER PUT THE BAG OF SWEETS ON THE COUNTER IN FRONT OF THE OLD WOMAN. SHE TAKE IT, STARTS OPENING IT. SHE BEAMS AT P AS HE HANDS HIS CREDIT CARD TO THE STALLHOLDER.

OLD WOMAN

Bless you.

P. SMILES, THE STALLHOLDER FINISHES CLIPPING P'S CARD, RETURNS IT TO HIM. P. LEAVES.

INT. NO. 2'S LIVING SPACE. DAY.

34.

YOUNG NO. 2 HAS VIEWED THE FOREGOING WITH BOTH SURPRISE AND PLEASURE. TO ATTENDANT...

YOUNG NO. 2.

My apologies. How did you know?

ATTENDANT

Efficient prognosis programming must include a quantum permutation of the cause and effect of all supplementary elements.

YOUNG NO. 2.

(Dryly) In other words, the computer calculated the old woman's routine would influence No. 6's behaviour pattern.

THE ATTENDANT CONSULTS THE FORM.

ATTENDANT

Subject will now proceed on foot to the Old Peoples' Home. Where, at approximately ten forty-five he will undertake a game of chess with No. 32. Expected length of time... fifteen minutes. Ending with an eleven move checkmate win by No. 6. They will start a second match at...

YOUNG NO. 2.

(Impatiently) Pass over the chess matches. What next?

ATTENDANT

Between eleven forty and eleven fifty, subject will arrive at the Gymnasium for his semi-weekly kosho practice.

YOUNG NO. 2 AND NO. 130 EXCHANGE SIGNIFICANT LOOKS.

YOUNG NO. 2.

That's it?

ATTENDANT

There's a lot more. He's very active.

YOUNG NO. 2.

I've found what I want, thank you.

ATTENDANT

Yes, No. 2.

SHE CROSSES TO THE DOOR AND EXITS. YOUNG NO. 2 TURNS TO NO. 100.

YOUNG NO. 2.

You know what I have in mind. Arrange it.

NO. 100 SMILES, NODS REASSURINGLY. HE CROSSES TO THE DOOR.

DISSOLVE:

INT. GYM, DAY. 35.

P. AND A WELL BUILT, TOUGH OPPONENT PRACTISING KOSHO. THEY BOTH WEAR LONG SLEEVED RED NIGHTGOWNS AND WHITE BOXING BOOTS. EACH MAN HAS A WHITE GAUNTLET ON HIS RIGHT HAND AND A BLACK BOXING GLOVE ON HIS LEFT. ON THEIR HEADS ARE AMERICAN FOOTBALLERS' HELMETS OF DIFFERENT COLOURS TO IDENTIFY THE COMBATANTS. EACH MAN STANDS ON A TRAMPOLINE WITH A TROUGH OF WATER BETWEEN THEM. THE OBJECT OF THE GAME IS FOR ONE MAN TO TRY AND KNOCK THE OTHER OFF HIS TRAMPOLINE INTO THE WATER. THE CONTESTANTS CAN GRAB ONE ANOTHER WITH THE GAUNTLETED HAND, PUNCH AND KNOCK WITH THE BOXING-GLOVED ONE. P TAKES THE OFFENSIVE. THEY GO FOR EACH OTHER VIOLENTLY. IT'S A TOUGH EVENLY MATCHED TUSSLE.

INT. GYM, DAY. 36.

NO. 100 QUIETLY ENTERS THE GYM. HE SLIPS TOWARDS THE DOUBLE ROW OF LOCKERS WITHOUT P. OR THE OPPONENT BEING AWARE THAT HE'S COME IN. NO. 100 WATCHES THEM FIGHT FOR A MOMENT, FROM CONCEALMENT.

INT. GYM, DAY. 37.

THE OPPONENT COMES AT P NOW DETERMINED TO BEST HIM. P AND HE HAVE AN EXPERT, PROFESSIONAL KOSHO DUEL.

INT. GYM, DAY. 38.

NO. 100 IS SHIELDED BY THE FIRST ROW OF LOCKERS. HE GOES TO THE SECOND BANK OF LOCKERS, AND FINDS P'S. HE OPENS IT AND REACHES TO THE SHELF INSIDE.

INT. GYM, DAY. 39.

CLOSE UP OF P'S WATCH ON LOCKER SHELF. NO. 100'S HAND COMES INTO SHOT. IT PUTS DOWN A WRIST WATCH, IDENTICAL IN EVERY WAY TO THE ONE LYING THERE, AND REMOVES P'S WATCH.

INT. GYM, DAY. 40.

NO. 100 PUTS THE WATCH HE'S TAKEN INTO HIS COAT POCKET. HE CLOSES THE LOCKER DOOR.

INT. GYM, DAY. 41.

P. AND HIS OPPONENT GOING STRONGLY.

INT. GYM. DAY.

FOR A MOMENT, NO. 100 WATCHES SHIELDED BY THE BANK OF LOCKERS. THEN HE GOES OUT.

DISSOLVE:

INT. GYM. DAY.

P IS JUST FINISHING DRESSING. HE REMOVES HIS WATCH FROM THE LOCKER SHELF, STARTS TO STRAP IT ON. HE GLANCES AT THE DIAL CASUALLY, FROWNS, HOLDS THE WATCH TO HIS EAR FROWNS AGAIN. HE SHAKES THE WATCH IN AN EFFORT TO RESTART IT, HAS NO SUCCESS, SHRUGS AND EXITS.

INT. WATCHMAKER'S SHOP. DAY.

SMALL, AT THE MOMENT EMPTY. AT REAR, A CURTAINED DOORWAY LEADING TO THE WORKROOM. P ENTERS. A BELL OVER THE DOOR RINGS.

INT. WATCHMAKER'S SHOP. DAY.

THE WATCHMAKER ENTERS FROM WORKROOM IN ANSWER TO THE BELL. HE IS MIDDLE-AGED, GREYING, TOUSLED, OWLISH. HE WEARS OLD-FASHIONED GOLD-RIMMED SPECTACLES. CLIPPED TO THE FRAME OVER THE LEFT LENS IS A MAGNIFYING GLASS SUCH AS WATCHMAKERS AND OTHERS USE FOR CLOSE WORK. THE MAGNIFIER IS HINGED AND CAN BE TITLED UP AND AWAY FROM THE SPECTACLE LENS WHEN NOT IN USE. NOW IT'S IN WORKING POSITION AS THE WATCHMAKER COMES IN FROM HIS WORKROOM COMPLETELY ABSORBED IN THE EXAMINATION OF A SMALL, UNIDENTIFIABLE DEVICE - A SORT OF MINIATURISED MACHINE. OBVIOUSLY, HE'S TOO ABSORBED IN WHAT HE'S DOING TO REMEMBER THE REASON FOR HAVING LEFT HIS WORKBENCH.

P

Good afternoon.

THE WATCHMAKER LOOKS UP, STARTLED.

INT. WATCHMAKER'S SHOP. DAY.

WATCHMAKER'S POV - P HE APPEARS DISTORTED, GROTESQUE, THROUGH THE MAGNIFYING LENS.

RESUME WATCHMAKER

HE TILTS THE MAGNIFIER UP AND AWAY.

WATCHMAKER

Good afternoon.

INT. WATCHMAKER'S SHOP. DAY.

P WAITS PATIENTLY AS THE WATCHMAKER MOVES INTO POSITION BEHIND THE COUNTER. THEN HANDS HIM HIS WRIST-WATCH.

P

My watch has stopped.

THE WATCHMAKER SETS THE DEVICE HE'S BEEN EXAMINING CAREFULLY ONTO THE COUNTER AND TAKES P'S WATCH. IN HIS OTHER HAND THERE'S A SECOND DEVICE - SIMILAR BUT SMALLER. HE SETS IT DOWN TOO. HE TAKES OUT A SMALL FLAT CHISEL AND PRIES OPEN THE BACK OF P'S WATCH. HE PULLS THE MAGNIFYING LENS INTO POSITION AND PEERS INTO THE WATCHWORKS.

WATCHMAKER

Yes. I can fix it.

HE STARTS TOWARDS THE REAR DOOR.

WATCHMAKER

I'll just be a moment.

HE GOES OUT, THROUGH THE CURTAINED DOOR.

CLOSE SHOT - P

49

HE LOOKS AROUND IDLY. THEN HIS EYE CATCHES THE STRANGE DEVICES SET DOWN BY THE WATCHMAKER NEAR HIM ON THE COUNTER. HE LOOKS AT THEM PUZZLEDLY.

CLOSE UP - THE DEVICES.

50

P'S POV. THEY APPEAR TO BE SOME SORT OF MECHANO-ELECTRONIC MINIATURISATIONS. PROTRUDING FROM THE LARGER ONE - A PLUNGER. THE SMALLER IS ABOUT THE SIZE OF A FLORIN AND ALMOST AS THIN. IT IS - AS WE SHALL LEARN - A RADIO-OPERATED DETONATOR OF EXPLOSIVES. THE BIGGER DEVICE IS THE TRANSMITTER.

RESUME P.

51

CURIOUS, HE PICKS UP THE BIGGER PIECE, EXAMINES IT. P PRESSES IN THE TINY PLUNGER. THERE IS AN IMMEDIATE REACTION FROM THE PIECE CONTAINING THE DETONATOR. P TRIES IT AGAIN. THE SAME. P CONTEMPLATES THE DEVICES, A BIT PUZZLED, AS IF TRYING TO FIGURE OUT TO WHAT USE THEY'LL BE PUT.

THE WATCHMAKER RETURNS, HASTILY, HE SNATCHES THE DEVICE OUT OF P'S HAND.

WATCHMAKER

It's all right now.

HE HANDS P HIS WRISTWATCH. P INDICATES THE DEVICES.

P

Ingenious. What is it for ?

WATCHMAKER
(Evasively) It's . . . nothing. Just a
toy.

P LOOKS AT HIM HARD, SCEPTICALLY. THEN P HANDS
OVER HIS CREDIT CARD. THE WATCHMAKER PUNCHES
THE CARD, RETURNS IT.

WATCHMAKER
Thank you.

P GOES OUT. THE WATCHMAKER TAKES THE DEVICES AND
HURRIES INTO THE WORKROOM.

INT. WORKROOM. DAY.

52

THE WATCHMAKER COMES IN. NO. 100 IS WAITING FOR HIM.

WATCHMAKER
(Anxiously) Well ? Was it all right ?

NO. 100 SMILES AFFABLY, NODS.

NO. 100
Perfect, dear friend. Exactly right.

WATCHMAKER
It wasn't very difficult. (Puzzled)
I still don't understand. Why is
it necessary to expose our method ?

NO. 100
It will all be explained to you in time.

WATCHMAKER
No! Now! What can we gain by
letting Them know what we're up to ?
The enemy ?

NO. 100
We add to Their confusion. That's what
we gain. They don't believe anything we
say. Or do. Or intend to do. And that
alone is why we're able to carry out our
plan.

THE WATCHMAKER THINKS IT OVER. HARD. THEN BOBS HIS
HEAD IN AGREEMENT. SLOWLY, REPEATEDLY, AS IF HE'S
NOT QUITE SURE.

EXT. WATCHMAKER'S AND STREET. DAY.

53

P WALKING AWAY FROM THE WATCHMAKER'S SHOP.

EXT. WATCHMAKER'S AND STREET. DAY.

ON THE GIRL. SHE'S BEEN WAITING. SHE SEES P APPROACHING, TENSES, SHE MOVES TOWARDS HIM, JOINS HIM.

GIRL

I saw you going in. How did you find out ?

P

Beg pardon ?

GIRL

(Impatiently) I never mentioned the Watchmaker to you. What put you on to him ,?

P

My watch. It stopped.

GIRL

(Disappointed) That's the only reason you called on my Father ?

P REACTS, SURPRISED.

P

Your father. Now I can see why you're so concerned.

GIRL

And you ? The same total disinterest ?

P

No, not quite the same.

GIRL

(Hopefully) You'll help me ?
(Suddenly suspicious) What has happened ?
Why are you interested ?

P

Because I don't believe a device to detonate explosives by radio is a toy.

SHE LOOKS AT HIM PUZZLEDLY.

P

And I don't think your Father does either.

SHE REACTS, EVEN MORE PUZZLED.

INT. NO. 2'S LIVING AREA. DAY.

YOUNG NO. 2 KEENLY WATCHING THE ABOVE ON SCREEN.
HIS ASSISTANT IS WITH HIM.

ASSISTANT

Well done!

YOUNG NO. 2

Not yet.

ASSISTANT

But it worked.

YOUNG NO. 2

(Correcting) It's working. I'll take the bows later on. After he's been here to warn me that an assassination is being plotted. (Smiles) And that I'm the intended victim.

THEY ARE AMUSED.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. CAFE FORECOURT, DAY.

P AND THE GIRL AT TABLE, DRINKING COFFEE.

P

Tell me what you know.

SHE SHAKES HER HEAD, SADLY.

GIRL

Very little.

P

The victim ?

GIRL

Number Two.

P REACTS. THINKS ABOUT IT FOR A BEAT. THEN -

P

Go on.

GIRL

That's it. I don't know anything else. Not when they intend doing it. Nor how, nor where.

P
(Sharply) They ?

GIRL
(Tiredly) Yes. There's another man involved. I've seen him. But don't ask me who he is. Who is anyone here ?

BEAT. THEN, P STANDS UP.

P
Come.

SHE LOOKS AT HIM QUESTIONINGLY AS SHE GETS TO HER FEET.

P
I'm going to see your father.

GIRL
(Dubiously) What for ? Do you think you can make him listen to reason ?

P
Maybe. If he's still able to.

SHE REACTS. THEY START TOWARDS THE EXIT.

INT. NO. 2'S LIVING AREA. DAY.

57

C.S. OF NO. 100. THERE IS A SMUG, CONFIDENT LOOK ON HIS FACE. PULL BACK TO SHOW YOUNG NO. 2 AND NO. 100 WATCHING THE ABOVE ON SCREEN. YOUNG NO. 2 IS WORRIED.

YOUNG NO. 2
You're certain of your subject's indoctrination ? No possibility of his reverting to his natural psyche ?

NO. 100 SMILES INDULGENTLY.

NO. 100
None.

YOUNG NO. 2
He's a key man. If he should revert the plan will have to be scrapped.

THERE IS A NUANCE OF A THREAT.

YOUNG NO. 2
And those responsible along with it.

NO. 100
You worry too much.

YOUNG NO. 2
I'll stop when you lose some of that damned self-assurance. Remember, reversions aren't entirely unknown.

NO. 100

They are to me. I've never failed.
And I won't with the Watchmaker.
You'll soon see.

HE GESTURES TOWARDS THE SCREEN. IT SHOWS:

EXT. WATCHMAKER'S SHOP. DAY.

58

P AND THE GIRL GOING IN,

WE BLEND INTO AND SEEMINGLY THROUGH THE SCREEN INTO:

INT. WATCHMAKER'S SHOP. DAY.

59

AS P AND THE GIRL COME IN. THERE IS THE SOUND OF THE DOOR BELL. THE WATCHMAKER COMES IN FROM THE WORKROOM. THE MAGNIFIER ATTACHED TO HIS SPECTACLES IS IN WORKING POSITION. THE WATCHMAKER LOOKS IN VAIN FOR HIS CALLER, REMEMBERS THE MAGNI-LENS AND PUSHES IT UP. HE BLINKS. THEN:

WATCHMAKER

Ah. . Monique.

GIRL

Hello, father.

SHE INDICATES P.

GIRL

I believe you've already met this gentleman.

THE WATCHMAKER TURNS TO FACE P. A POLITE ANTICIPATORY SMILE ON HIS FACE. HE RECOGNIZES P. THE SMILE FADES. REPLACED BY A LOOK OF NERVOUS APPREHENSION.

WATCHMAKER

(Nervously) Yes. A short while ago.

A THOUGHT OCCURS. HE SPEAKS, ALMOST HOPEFULLY.

WATCHMAKER

It has stopped again ?

P

No. It's running well.

THE WATCHMAKER SEEMS DISAPPOINTED TO HEAR IT.

GIRL

We've come to talk to you, father.

WATCHMAKER

I can guess what about. It's not difficult. The look on your face. The tone of your voice. Besides, do we ever talk of anything else ?

GIRL

We used to. Before this insane idea took hold of you.

WATCHMAKER

Now you see me as a madman, eh ?

GIRL

(Earnestly) You must give it up. I beg you, father. For my sake.

HE GESTURES.

WATCHMAKER

(Angrily) No! Not again! I am sick of your begging and whining.

A WILD LOOK IN HIS EYES. HIS ANGER MOUNTS.

WATCHMAKER

(Ranting) There will be no more of it! Do you hear ? No more!

SUDDENLY, HE'S CALMER, BUT WEARY.

WATCHMAKER

You refuse to understand. What I am doing is for a principle. We are in this prison for life. All of us. But I have met no one here who has committed a crime. I will protest in a manner they cannot ignore.

P

Some other way, then. Not by an act of murder.

WATCHMAKER

(Correcting) Assassination.

P

Call it what you like. What matters is that everyone in this village will be punished for it.

WATCHMAKER

Perhaps it's what they need to wake them up. To shake them out of their lethargy. To make them angry enough to fight.

P

Assuming they survive the punishment.

THE WATCHMAKER STUDIES HIM FOR A BEAT. THINKING IT OVER. HIS EYES WILD. THEN:

WATCHMAKER

(Tiredly) What is the use ? You will never understand.

GIRL

(Gently) You are the one who doesn't understand, father.

HE DOESN'T APPEAR TO HAVE HEARD HER. WEARILY, HE RUBS A HAND ACROSS HIS BROW. HE STARES, FIXEDLY, AT NOTHING. LOST IN A PRIVATE WORLD. P AND THE GIRL OBSERVE HIM, SHE WORRIEDLY. THEN - IN A SEMI-STUPOR, HE STARTS TOWARDS THE DOOR OF THE WORKROOM.

WATCHMAKER

(To self) I must get back to my work. It must be ready in time.

GIRL

(Sharply) Father!

WATCHMAKER

(to self) I must get on with my work.

HE EXITS INTO THE WORKROOM. THE GIRL LOOKS AFTER HIM SADLY.

INT. NO. 2'S LIVING SPACE. DAY.

60

YOUNG NO. 2 AND NO. 100 TURN AWAY FROM THE SCREEN.

YOUNG NO. 2

(Grudgingly) My apologies. Well done.

NO. 100 SHOWS HIS PLEASURE.

NO. 100

Since he cannot reason with the watchmaker, he must come here to warn you. Of course, everything's ready for him ?

YOUNG NO. 2

Would you care to see ?

NO. 100 SMILES, INDICATES THAT HE WOULD. YOUNG NO. 2 PRESSES A BUTTON. INSTANTLY A SMALL SECTION OF THE WALL OPPOSITE SLIDES OPEN SILENTLY. IT REVEALS A CAMERA.

YOUNG NO. 2
(Into microphone) The subject will be arriving shortly. Camera one are you prepared ?

VOICE (OS)
Camera one ready sir.

YOUNG NO. 2
Stay alert.

HE PRESSES ANOTHER BUTTON. ANOTHER SMALL SECTION OF WALL OPPOSITE THE FIRST ONE SLIDES OPEN TO REVEAL A SECOND CAMERA.

YOUNG NO. 2
Camera two ready ?

VOICE (OS)
Camera two ready, sir.

YOUNG NO. 2
Audio ?

VOICE (OS)
All set No. 2.

YOUNG NO. 2 PRESSES A BUTTON. THE FIRST PANEL SLIDES AND CLOSES LEAVING NO TRACE. HE PRESSES ANOTHER BUTTON. DITTO THE SECOND PANEL. HE TURNS TO FACE NO. 100 ENQUIRINGLY. NO. 100 SMILES HIS APPROVAL.

EXT. NO. 2'S STEPS APPROACH. DAY. (STOCK). 61

P ENTERS FOREGROUND. HE WALKS UP THE PATH TOWARDS NO. 2'S HOUSE.

EXT. No. 2'S FRONT DOOR. 62

THE FRONT DOOR OF NO. 2'S RESIDENCE. IT OPENS. NO. 100 COMES OUT.

P ENTERS FRAME. NO. 100 SHOWS HIS PLEASURE WHEN HE SEES P. HE GIVES P THE VILLAGE SALUTE AS HE PASSES. P RETURNS IT, AND GOES THROUGH THE OPEN FRONT DOOR.

INT. ANTEROOM. DAY. 63

P CROSSES THE ROOM. THE BUTLER OPENS THE DOOR TO THE LIVING SPACE. P GOES THROUGH.

INT. NO 2'S LIVING SPACE. DAY.

P COMES IN. YOUNG NO. 2 IS AT HIS DESK, HEAD BENT, READING. HE LOOKS UP AT P'S ENTRANCE, RISES, HE'S DELIGHTED.

YOUNG NO. 2

No. 6! My dear fellow, come in.
Come in.

HE MOVES TOWARDS P, HAND OUTSTRETCHED.

P IGNORES THE OUTSTRETCHED HAND.

YOUNG NO. 2

Shall I order tea ? Or would you prefer coffee ?

P

You can forego the amenities. This isn't a social call.

YOUNG NO. 2

No ? To what, then, do I owe the pleasure ?

NO. 2 RESUMES HIS SEAT BEHIND THE DESK. HE GESTURES TOWARDS A CHAIR.

P

I've come to deliver a warning.

YOUNG NO. 2

A warning ? What about ?

P

A plot to kill you.

NO. 2 LEANS FOWARD AS IF TO HEAR BETTER.

YOUNG NO. 2

To what ?

P

Kill you. Assassinate you.

YOUNG NO. 2 REACTS. HE EYES P SHREWDLY FOR A BEAT.

YOUNG NO. 2

I don't believe it.

P

(Ironically) They should have told you.
There are some unhappy people here.

YOUNG NO. 2

Yes, yes. I've seen the list of
malcontents. It may interest you to
know that you are top of the bill.

P

I shall try to live up to it.

YOUNG NO. 2

(Jocular) By attempting to save my
despicable hide ?

P

Not for your sake.

YOUNG NO. 2

What then ?

P

Suppose they succeed in killing you.
What sort of action would your people
take ?

YOUNG NO. 2

They'd punish those responsible
of course. What would you expect
them to do ?

P

Punish everyone. A mass reprisal.
As a never-to-be-forgotten deterrent.

NO. 2 MULLS IT OVER. BEAT.

YOUNG NO. 2

I see. But I still don't believe it.
My observers would have told me.
They see and hear everything.

P

They don't believe everything.

YOUNG NO. 2

You're referring to jamming, I
suppose. Naturally, when a person is
known to us as one who repeatedly

HE BREAKS OFF AS A THOUGHT OCCURS, SURPRISED.

YOUNG NO. 2

Don't tell me it's that little watch-
maker that concerns you!

P'S EXPRESSION INDICATES HE'S HIT IT CORRECTLY. HE CHUCKLES.

YOUNG NO. 2

We expected something like this. That they'd try to get through to us through a dupe. So they chose you to lead us into believing their fantasy?

P STARES AT HIM.

YOUNG NO. 2

They knew you'd have to warn us. They wanted you to. Because we just might swallow it, coming from you. (Laughingly) How did they manage to sell you, No. 6 ? Did they show you the gun ?

P

They don't intend to shoot you. They're going to blow you up.

YOUNG NO. 2 LAUGHS.

YOUNG NO. 2

Did they tell you how they intend going about it ? When ? Or where ? You must find out for me. The laugh will do me good.

P

(As he exits) You might find out yourself. Suddenly. In which event you won't be laughing.

P CROSSES TO THE DOOR.

YOUNG NO. 2 PICKS UP THE MIKE.

YOUNG NO. 2

(Into mike) Vision ? Did you get it ?

VOICE (OS)

Camera one perfect, sir.

VOICE (OS)

Camera two, perfect, sir.

VOICE (OS)

Audio ?

VOICE

Loud and clear, sir.

YOUNG NO. 2 SIGHS, TURNS AWAY, SATISFIED.

EXT. BANDSTAND. DAY. (STOCK)

THE BRASS BAND IS CONCERTISING. A SCATTERING OF PEOPLE IN THE AUDIENCE, LISTENING, RESTING, SLEEPING.

EXT. BANDSTAND. (BACKING). DAY.

P ARRIVES. HE LOOKS AROUND. FINDS THE GIRL. MOVES TO HER. SITS DOWN BESIDE HER. SHE STUDIES HIS FACE FOR A LONG BEAT.

GIRL

What did he say ?

P

He thinks I'm being used as a communications medium. One more credible than you or your father.

GIRL

You don't believe him ?

HE GIVES HER A HARD LOOK.

P

I've no way of knowing.

GIRL

(Faltering) You you'll go on with it ?

P

I haven't much choice.

SHE REACTS. THE BAND FINISHES A NUMBER. APPLAUSE. SUDDENLY A VOICE COMES OVER THE LOUDSPEAKER.

VOICE

Good afternoon, everyone. Good afternoon. I've some exciting news for you.

EXT. DIFFERENT SHOTS OF AUDIENCE. DAY.

CLOSE SHOT WITH VOICE OVER.

VOICE

Your Citizen's Council officially proclaims Thursday - the day after tomorrow - as Appreciation Day. The day when we pay due honour to those brave and noble men who govern us so wisely.

EXT. BANDSTAND. (BACKING). DAY.

CLOSE ON P'S FACE. HE REACTS AS A THOUGHT STRIKES HIM.

EXT. BANDSTAND. (BACKING). DAY.

RESUME DIFFERENT SHOTS.

VOICE

Your Citizens' Council also wishes to make it clear that attendance at this ceremony will not be compulsory. Special non-attendance licences may be obtained at the Town Hall. Any citizen with a legally valid reason for not attending this spectacular event may purchase one of these licences. They will be equally available to one and all.

ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE.

EXT. BANDSTAND. (BACKING). DAY.

P AND GIRL. HE IS THOUGHTFUL.

VOICE

Finally, you will all be delighted to hear that the proceedings will be opened with an address by No. 2 himself, and concluded by the unveiling of our new appreciation monument. There'll be speeches, thrills, and excitement!

APPLAUSE, THE BAND STRIKES UP A TUNE.

P

Maybe more excitement than planned.

THE GIRL REACTS.

P

I must pay another call on your father.

GIRL

Why ? It won't do any good.

P

It might if he isn't there.

SHE REACTS.

EXT. WATCHMAKER'S SHOP. NIGHT.

71

ROVER ROUNDS A CORNER. IT PAUSES BY THE SHOP. AFTER A MOMENT IT RESUMES ITS PATROL. WE TRACK IN TO SHOP WINDOW. IT IS DARK INSIDE. SUDDENLY. WE SEE THE BEAM OF A TORCH DARTING ABOUT.

INT. WATCHMAKER'S SHOP. NIGHT.

72

P AND THE GIRL. HE'S PLAYING THE TORCH BEAM AROUND THE SHOP. SEARCHING. P MOVES TOWARDS THE DOOR TO THE WORKROOM. HE GOES THROUGH. THE GIRL FOLLOWS.

INT. WORKROOM. NIGHT.

73

P FOLLOWED BY THE GIRL COMES IN. HE EXPLORES THE ROOM WITH THE TORCH BEAM. NOTHING TO CATCH HIS INTEREST UNTIL THE BEAM CATCHES A SECONDARY WORK-TABLE ON WHICH IS ATTACHED A JEWELLER'S VICE. PROPPED ON THE TABLE, A LARGE FLAT BOX WITH A RED VELVET COVERING. P MOVES TO TABLE. SETS TORCH DOWN ON IT. PICKS UP THE BOX. OPENS IT. HE RECOVERS THE TORCH AND FLASHES IT INTO THE BOX.

INT. WORKROOM. NIGHT.

74

C.S. OF THE BOX'S CONTENTS. P'S POV. THERE IS A LARGE GOLD MEDALLION, ATTACHED TO IT A LONG TRICOLOURED, STRIPED RIBBON, LOOPED SO THAT THE MEDALLION CAN BE WORN AROUND THE NECK AS A BADGE OF OFFICE WHICH IN FACT, IT IS, ON THE MEDALLION IS THE VILLAGE MOTIF - THE PENNY FARTHING BICYCLE. UNDER IT ARE THE WORDS "CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR. NUMBER TWO".

INT. WORKROOM. NIGHT.

75

RESUME GIRL AND P. THEIR FACES HIGHLIGHTED IN THE REFLECTED GLOW OF THE TORCH.

GIRL

(Whispering) It's the Great Seal of Office.

P

(Whispering) Always worn by No. 2 at ceremonies.

HE DRUMS HIS FINGERS IDLY ON THE WORK TABLE AS HE THINKS, UNDER THE DRUMMING FINGERS A SHEET OF HEAVY TRACING PAPER.

GIRL

What would my father be doing with it ?

P BECOMES AWARE OF THE PAPER. HE GLANCES AT IT.

INT. WORKROOM. NIGHT.

C.S. OF THE TRACING PAPER. P'S POV. IT IS A SCALE DRAWING OF THE GREAT SEAL. AN EXACT DEPICTION OF THE ORIGINAL WE'VE JUST SEEN.

P'S VOICE OVER

It appears he's making a replica of it.

INT. WORKROOM. NIGHT.

GIRL

But why ?

P

A hollow replica.

SHE LOOKS PUZZLED, THEN GASPS AS THE REALIZATION HITS.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. THE DOME AND APPROACH. MORNING. (STOCK)

P ENTERS THE FOREGROUND. WALKS UP THE PATH TOWARDS THE HOUSE, DETERMINEDLY.

EXT. NO 2'S DOOR. MORNING. (STOCK)

P APPROACHES THE DOOR. IT OPENS. P BRUSHES PAST THE BUTLER IMPATIENTLY AND INTO THE ANTE ROOM.

INT. ANTE ROOM. MORNING.

P STRIDES ACROSS THE ROOM TO THE CENTRE DOOR. THE BUTLER TROTS AFTER HIM AND OPENS IT. BEYOND, THE STEEL DOORS SLIDE OPEN.

INT. NO. 2'S LIVING SPACE. MORNING.

P COMES IN. NO. 2 IS SEATED IN HIS DESK CHAIR WITH HIS BACK TO THE DESK AND HIS VISITOR.

THE CHAIR SWIVELS AROUND. THE MAN IN IT FACES P. HE'S A STRANGER. DISTINGUISHED. A MAN WHO SEEMS TO BE ACCUSTOMED TO EXECUTIVE COMMAND. HE IS IN HIS 60'S. HE GREET'S P WARMLY, AFFABLY. HE IS THE ELDERLY NO. 2

ELDERLY NO. 2

No. 6, isn't it ? I've been expecting you.

P

I want to see No. 2

ELDERLY NO. 2

I am No. 2.

(Pleasantly)

You've come to tell me there's a plot against my life. Haven't you ?

81 CONT

ON P'S REACTION:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. NO. 2'S LIVING SPACE. DAY.

82

P AND THE ELDERLY NO. 2. THE LATTER BEHIND DESK.
P STANDING FACING HIM. ELDERLY NO. 2 LOOKS AT P
SYMPATHETICALLY.

ELDERLY NO. 2

My colleague is very concerned about
these imminent-death-by-violence plots
you've been reporting during my absence.

P

I've given one warning.

ELDERLY NO. 2

Not so. Every interim No. 2 who's
served here while I've been on leave
has been cautioned by you. Of some
improbable conspiracy to murder him.

HE SEES P'S REACTION.

ELDERLY NO. 2

You obviously don't believe me. The
psychiatrist warned me this would be
the case. Shall I show you proof ?

P

Feel free.

ELDERLY NO. 2

(Almost apologetically) He calls it
confrontation therapy. It's a simple
matter of recognising the problem and
facing up to it. It can't do any harm.
Shall I carry on ?

P

By all means.

NO. 2 PRESSES A BUTTON. INSTANTLY THE SCREEN COMES TO

LIFE.

INT. NO. 2'S LIVING SPACE. DAY.

83

ON FILM SCREEN. THE SCENE IN ALL THE EXCERPTS DESCRIBED BELOW IS THE SAME. NO. 2'S LIVING AREA. IN THE INITIAL SEQUENCE WE SEE P AND THE YOUNG NO. 2 BUT AT NO TIME ARE THEY SEEN IN THE SAME FRAME. P AND HIS VIS-A-VIS ARE CUT TO DIRECTLY ONE STARTS A SPEECH. THIS TO APPLY TO THIS PARTICULAR EXCERPT AND TO ALL THE FOLLOWING EXCERPTS AS WELL. (ALL OF THE EXCERPTS OF P'S DIALOGUE BELOW HAVE BEEN TAKEN FROM P'S SCENE WITH THE YOUNG NO. 2 - SOME OF P'S LINES HAVE BEEN DOCTORED AFTER TAPING - HERE A PHRASE JUXTAPOSED, THERE A WORD DROPPED. IN THE LATTER CASE, THE WORD "NOT" THUS CHANGING A NEGATIVE REMARK INTO A POSITIVE ONE.)

ON THE SCREEN WE SEE ...

YOUNG NO. 2

Ah, No. 5! My dear fellow. Come in!
in! Come in!

P

I've come to deliver a warning.

YOUNG NO. 2

A warning? What about?

P

A plot to kill you.

INT. NO. 2'S LIVING SPACE. DAY.

84

ELDERLY NO. 2 AND P. THEY ARE WATCHING THE SCREEN. P REACTS TO WHAT HE'S JUST SEEN.

ELDERLY NO. 2

Shall I continue?

P

Please.

ELDERLY NO. 2 PUSHES A BUTTON ON THE CONSOLE. THE ACTION ON THE FILM SCREEN RESUMES.

INT. NO. 2'S LIVING SPACE. DAY.

85

ON FILM SCREEN. P and SECOND EX. NO. 2.

223-2

EX NO. 2

They're going to what?

223-2.
P

Kill you. Assassinate you.

THE EXCERPT ENDS. A NEW ONE STARTS AT ONCE. P AND
THIRD EX. NO. 2, A WOMAN. 224.

FEMALE EX. NO. 2

What did you say ?

P

They intend to shoot you. ASSASSINATE

 INT. NO. 2'S LIVING SPACE. DAY.

86

ELDERLY NO. 2 and P.

ELDERLY NO. 2

More ?

P

Why bother ?

ELDERLY NO. 2 PRESSES BUTTONS.

ELDERLY NO. 2

You're convinced.

P

Yes. That those excerpts are fakes.

P CROSSES TOWARDS THE DOOR.

ELDERLY NO. 2

You think they've been doctored ? For
what purpose ? Why would we want to
convince you that you aren't well ?

P

Perhaps it's you they want to convince.

ELDERLY NO. 2

Me ? Tomorrow I hand over to my
colleague. I retire.

P

Perhaps they want to save a pension.

P GOES OUT. ELDERLY NO. 2 FROWNS IN CONCENTRATION.
HE LIGHTS A CIGARETTE, HIS FINGERS TREMBLING. HE IS
ANXIOUS.

 EXT. CAFE. DAY.

87

P AND THE GIRL AT A TABLE. THE CAFE IS BUSY. A NUMBER
OF TABLES ARE OCCUPIED.

87 CONT

GIRL

But what was the reason for it ?

P

To discredit me.

GIRL

Why ?

P

I was the only one he might have believed.

SHE'S ABOUT TO SPEAK WHEN SOMETHING OFF CAMERA CATCHES HER ATTENTION. SHE GRABS P'S ARM, INDICATES FOR HIM TO LOOK WHERE SHE'S LOOKING. P FOLLOWS HER GAZE.

EXT. CAFE. DAY.

88

P'S POV. NO. 100 IS JUST ENTERING THE FORECOURT. HE PAUSES, SPIES AN EMPTY TABLE, MOVES TOWARDS IT.

EXT. CAFE. DAY.

89

RESUME P. AND THE GIRL. HE TURNS TO HER.

GIRL

That's the man. My father's fellow conspirator.

P REACTS. HE TURNS BACK FOR ANOTHER LOOK AT NO. 100.

EXT. CAFE. DAY.

90

P'S POV. NO. 100 JUST SITTING AT TABLE. PICKS UP A MENU. GLANCES AT IT. PUTS IT DOWN, THEN CASUALLY LOOKS AROUND. HIS EYES ANGLE ON GIRL. HE SMILES WARMLY BY WAY OF GREETING HER, HALF RISES FROM HIS CHAIR AND BOWS TOWARDS HER.

EXT. CAFE. DAY.

91

P AND THE GIRL. SHE SMILES BACK AT NO. 100 HALF-HEARTEDLY.

P

I've seen him before. Coming out of No. 2's house.

GIRL

What would he have been doing there.

P

Planning an assassination maybe.

GIRL

With No. 2 ?

P

With his stand in.

INT. NO 2'S LIVING SPACE. DAY.

92

ELDERLY NO. 2 SITTING AT DESK. WATCHING THE SCREEN ON WHICH THE ABOVE SCENE IN THE CAFE FORECOURT CAN BE SEEN. THERE IS A LOOK OF DESPERATION ON HIS FACE. HE PRESSES A BUTTON ON THE CONSOLE. HIS ASSISTANT COMES IN. ELDERLY NO. 2 LOST IN HIS DARK MEDITATION APPARENTLY ISN'T AWARE OF THE ASSISTANT'S PRESENCE.

ASSISTANT

Did you call ?

ELDERLY NO. 2 LOOKS AT ASSISTANT, SEEMINGLY STARTLED FOR THE MOMENT AT FINDING HIM THERE.

ELDERLY NO. 2

Send someone to the Bureau of Visual Records. There's a tape I want to review.

ASSISTANT

At once. Subject ?

ELDERLY NO. 2

Subject - warning of assassination plot. Persons - No. 6 and my associate.

THE ASSISTANT REACTS. DISTURBED.

ELDERLY NO. 2

Well. Get on with it.

ASSISTANT

(Hesitantly) It ... would be a waste of time. There's no recording of that description.

ELDERLY NO. 2 LOOKS AT ASSISTANT SHREWDLY.

ELDERLY NO. 2

That's strange.

ASSISTANT

You must have been misinformed.

ELDERLY NO. 2

Strange that although you have no duty-functions with the Bureau of Visual Records, you can declare instantly, and with total assurance that the record I've requested is non-existent. Will you please explain ?

ASSISTANT

No, No. 2. I'm not able to.

ELDERLY NO. 2

I understand.
(Sadly) The fact that you won't explain . . . explains everything.

THE ASSISTANT REGARDS HIM WITH SYMPATHY FOR A MOMENT. THEN HE MOVES TO THE DOOR AND EXITS. ELDERLY NO. 2 SINKS INTO A CHAIR. TIRED AND DEJECTED.

EXT. OLD PEOPLES' HOME. DAY. (STOCK).

93

LONG SHOT ESTABLISHING.

EXT. OLD PEOPLES' HOME. DAY.

94

ON P AND THE GIRL STROLLING. IN THE BACKGROUND A NUMBER OF ELDERLY RESIDENTS SITTING AT TABLES.

GIRL

Then why don't they just let him retire ?

P

Lonely old men can be bad security risks. They like to talk.

SUDDENLY A LOUDSPEAKER ERUPTS WITH TREACLY CHEERFULNESS.

LOUDSPEAKER

Just to remind you good people everywhere. The big day is tomorrow. Appreciation day. Remember folks . . . Speeches by No. 2 and the unveiling of the magnificent Appreciation Monument. Don't miss it. Come one, come all, Be seeing you.

ELDERLY RESIDENTS

(In unison) Be seeing you!

THE SENIOR CITIZENS LAUGH GOOD HUMOUREDLY AT THEIR ACCOMPLISHMENT. P AND THE GIRL SIT AT THE TABLE. A WAITER APPEARS.

P
(to GIRL) Coffee ?

GIRL
Thank you.

P NODS TO WAITER. WAITER GOES.

GIRL
If they've made up their minds to do away with the man, why all the rigmarole ? Why don't they just go ahead and do it ?

P
What would the rank and file think ? They'll be due for retirement themselves one day.

GIRL
(Bitterly) So they brainwash my father into doing their dirty work. What will happen to him ? What will they do ?

THE WAITER INTERRUPTS WITH THE COFFEE. HE LEAVES.

GIRL
Please? We must prevent this thing!
For my father's sake!

HE SCRUTINISES HER FOR A BEAT. THEN:

P
(Grimly) For everybody's sake.

DISSOLVE:

INT. NO. 2'S LIVING SPACE. DAY.

95

C.S. ELDERLY NO. 2 SHAKING HIS HEAD IN NEGATION.

ELDERLY NO. 2
(Annoyed) I've already told you I don't want to see anyone.

PULL BACK TO SHOW ELDERLY NO. 2 SEATED AT DESK. HE HAS A PEN IN HIS HAND AND FROM THE STACK BEFORE HIM, APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN WRITING MANY LETTERS. THE BUTLER STANDS NEAR THE DOOR TO THE ANTE ROOM.

ELDERLY NO. 2
Tell him to go away.

THE BUTLER TURNS. P STRIDES INTO THE ROOM.

ELDERLY NO. 2.

I gave instructions that I was not to be disturbed.

P

What I have to say won't wait.

ELDERLY NO. 2.

(Wearily) I know what it is. After I hand over office tomorrow, I am to be assassinated.

P

Strike "assassinated". Insert "executed".

ELDERLY NO. 2.

Since it's my own people who arranged it, you mean?

P REACTS SURPRISED.

P

I see you've looked into the matter.

ELDERLY NO. 2.

Yes. You didn't really strike me as a man with a fixation.

P

You don't seem to mind.

ELDERLY NO. 2.

I mind very much. I just didn't think it would happen to me.

P

Nobody ever does. But you can prevent it.

ELDERLY NO. 2.

Preventing only means postponing. You still don't understand us, No. 6. We never fail! Anyway, why should you care what happens to me?

P

I don't. But innocent people will be blamed.

ELDERLY NO. 2.

(Genuinely) Yes, I'm sorry. There's nothing I can do.

P

You can have the ceremony without
the Seal.

ELDERLY NO. 2

The Seal is the ceremony..

SUDDENLY ELDERLY NO. 2 REALIZES THE IMPLICATION. HE
LOOKS AT P.

P

It's been hollowed out. Packed with
explosives.

ELDERLY NO. 2

And before I hand it over to my
successor

P

It will be detonated by a radio beam.

ELDERLY NO. 2

(Suddenly breaking) I can think of
better ways to die.

P

And better causes to die for.

ELDERLY NO. 2 SLUMPS INTO HIS DESK CHAIR. RESIGNED. P
LEAVES.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE. DAY. (STOCK).

96

SPINNING UMBRELLAS FILL THE FRAME. PEOPLE MARCHING
ROUND AND ROUND THE SQUARE. CARNIVAL ATMOSPHERE.
BRASS BAND.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET. DAY. (STOCK).

97

PEOPLE RUNNING DOWN THE STREET, VERY GAY.
MAKING FOR THE VILLAGE SQUARE.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE. DAY. (STOCK).

98

THE SQUARE FILLING UP. THE BRASS BAND IS FORMED UP,
PLAYING. SOME OF THE PEOPLE HOLD UP LARGE PLACARDS.

EXT. SECTION OF VILLAGE SQUARE. BASE OF BALDONY.
DAY.

99

THE GROWING CROWD OF HOLIDAY-SPIRITED VILLAGERS.
SOME OF THEM HOLD UP LARGE PLACARDS WITH PHOTO-
GRAPHS OF THE YOUNG NO. 2 AND THE ELDERLY NO. 2.
PROMINENT IS THE SHROUDED STATUE OF "ACHIEVEMENT"
WAITING TO BE UNVEILED.

EXT. SECTION OF VILLAGE SQUARE. BASE OF BALCONY.
DAY.

100

P HIS BACK TO THE STATUE, FACING THE GATHERING CROWD OF VILLAGERS, P SEARCHES THE CROWD CAREFULLY, INTENT ON PICKING OUT A FACE IN IT. HE SWIVELS HIS HEAD SHOWING INCREASING CONCERN AT NOT FINDING THE PERSON HE IS SEEKING. SUDDENLY HE SPOTS THE GIRL.

EXT. AUDIENCE AREA. DAY.

101

P'S POV. THE GIRL ALONE BUT HEMMED IN BY VILLAGERS, SHE TOO IS LOOKING FOR SOMEONE.

EXT. SECTION OF VILLAGE SQUARE AND BASE OF BALCONY.
DAY.

102

P STARTS TOWARDS THE GIRL.

EXT. AUDIENCE AREA. DAY.

103

P STARTS THROUGH THE CROWD.

THE GIRL IS SEARCHING FOR SOMEONE.

SHE SEES P. SHE WAVES TO HIM, AND STARTS TOWARDS HIM.

EXT. AUDIENCE AREA. DAY.

104

MEDIUM SHOT P AND THE GIRL STRUGGLING THROUGH VARIOUS GROUPS OF PEOPLE TOWARDS EACH OTHER. P AND THE GIRL JOIN UP.

SHE'S A BIT BREATHLESS.

P

Where is your father ?

GIRL

He didn't come home last night.

P

The shop ?

GIRL

I've tried there. He must be here.

P

Not necessarily. The type of radio transmitter he's using, has a large range. He could be anywhere.

EXT. THE BELL TOWER. DAY.

105

THE TOP OF THE BELL TOWER. THE BRASS BAND MUSIC AND THE HUM OF THE CROWD BELOW CAN ONLY BE HEARD FAINTLY UP HERE. A FACE APPEARS. IT IS THE WATCH-MAKER.

46

EXT. THE BELL TOWER. DAY. 106

THE WATCHMAKER PEERING. HE BENDS DOWN, REACHES FOR SOMETHING, COMES UP WITH A PAIR OF BINOCULARS AND FOCUSES THEM ON THE CERMONIAL AREA.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE. DAY. 107

THROUGH BINOCULARS. WATCHMAKER'S POV. THE BRASS BAND HARD AT WORK.

EXT. AUDIENCE AREA. DAY. 108

THE CROWD. THROUGH THE BINOCULARS.

EXT. BALCONY. DAY. 109

THROUGH BINOCULARS. PMCS IN TOP HATS, VARIOUS DIGNITARIES AND THE BUTLER BEGIN TO GATHER ON THE BALCONY.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE. DAY. 110

SUDDENLY THE BRASS BAND BREAKS OFF THE MUSIC WITH WHICH ITS BEEN ENTERTAINING THE CROWD, AND BREAKS INTO A FANFARE.

EXT. BALCONY. DAY. 111

THE CROWDS' CHEERS ARE HEARD. THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE ELDERLY NO. 2 AND HIS SUCCESSOR, THE YOUNG NO. 2. THEY GIVE A REGAL WAVE.

EXT. AUDIENCE AREA. DAY. 112

P AND THE GIRL WATCH THE PROCEEDINGS, THE GIRL ISN'T IMPRESSED EITHER.

EXT. VILLAGE BALCONY. DAY. 113

THE VIP'S ARE TAKING THEIR POSITIONS.

EXT. AUDIENCE AREA. DAY. 114

P'S EYES SWEEP THE ROOFTOPS RATHER LIKE A PRESIDENTIAL SECRET SERVICEMAN LOOKING FOR POSSIBLE SNIPERS. P TAKES THE GIRL BY THE ARM. THEY START TOWARDS THE EDGE OF THE CROWD.

EXT. AUDIENCE AREA. DAY. 115

P AND THE GIRL.

GIRL

Where are we going ?

P

To check the best place for a man to see everything.

47

EXT. BALCONY. DAY. 116

THROUGH BINOCULARS. THE TWO NO. 2'S ARE SEEN.

EXT. THE BELL TOWER. DAY. 117

THE WATCHMAKER LOWERS THE BINOCULARS. HE BRINGS OUT THE MINIATURE TRANSMITTER. HE HOLDS IT IN HIS HAND, STUDIES IT CAREFULLY, ALMOST LOVINGLY. THE OMINOUS PLUNGER IN THE "OUT" POSITION. THE WATCHMAKER TENDERLY STANDS THE TRANSMITTER UP-RIGHT IN READINESS.

EXT. SECTION OF VILLAGE SQUARE AND BASE OF BALCONY. DAY. 118

THE CROWD CHEERS WITHOUT LET-UP.

EXT. BALCONY. DAY. 119

THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES MOVES FORWARD TO THE MICROPHONE. THE M. C. HOLDS UP HIS HAND FOR SILENCE. THE CROWD OBEYS INSTANTLY. THE M. C. CLEARS HIS THROAT AND BEGINS.

M. C.
Fellow citizens No. Dear
friends . . . for that's what you are . . .
each and everyone of you . . .

THE CROWD CHEERS

M. C.
We are gathered here on this happy
occasion . . . our Annual Appreciation
Day . . . to pay homage and to show our
gratitude to our glorious leaders.

THE CROWD CHEERS WILDLY.

EXT. THE BELL TOWER. DAY. 120

THE WATCHMAKER OBSERVING THROUGH THE BINOCULARS.

EXT. BALCONY. DAY. 121

THROUGH BINOCULARS. THE INVESTITURE CEREMONY HAS BEGUN. THE M. C. AT MICROPHONE CAN BE SEEN (BUT NOT HEARD) DESCRIBING THE PROCEEDINGS. CENTRE STAGE SHOWS YOUNG NO. 2 AND ELDERLY NO. 2 FACING EACH OTHER. WE ZOOM IN SEEMINGLY THROUGH THE BINOCULARS AND DIRECTLY ONTO:

48

EXT. BALCONY. DAY. 122

THE BUTLER WHO IS HOLDING A VELVET CUSHION ON WHICH RESTS THE GREAT SEAL OF OFFICE.

EXT. BALCONY. DAY. 123

THE YOUNG NO. 2 TAKES OFF HIS HORN-RIMMED GLASSES, STARTS WIPING THEM OFF WITH A HANDKERCHIEF.

CLOSE UP - THE EYEGLASSES 124

IN YOUNG NO. 2'S HANDS. HE WIPES THEM. HIS THUMB SLIPS TO THE EAR PIECE. WE SEE A SMALL, ROUND ELECTRONIC DEVICE, ABOUT THE SIZE OF A SIX PENCE, BUILT INTO THE INNER PART OF THE EAR PIECE. NEXT TO THE DEVICE THERE'S A SMALL THUMB SWITCH. YOUNG NO. 2'S THUMB PUSHES THE SWITCH.

RESUME. NO. 2. 125

CLOSE SHOT, AS HE PUTS THE EYEGLASSES BACK ON. HE STARTS TALKING. QUIETLY, UNHEARD, AMID THE CHEERS, HIS LIPS BARELY MOVING THROUGH THE FIXED POLITICIAN'S SMILE.

YOUNG NO. 2
Can you hear me ? Can you hear me ?
Come in, please.

EXT. AUDIENCE AREA. DAY. 126

WE PICK OUT NO. 100 IN THE CROWD. WE ZOOM IN TO --

CLOSE UP - NO. 100 127

SUDDENLY ATTENTIVE AS HE HEARS NO. 2'S VOICE. IT SOUNDS ELECTRONIC, FILTERED. TOO LOW TO BE HEARD BY ANYONE ELSE.

NO. 2'S VOICE
Come in, please. Come in, please.

QUICK CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - NO. 100'S WRIST. 128

TO SHOW A WATCH. IT HAS TWO EXTRA BUTTONS ON IT. NO. 100'S HAND COMES INTO SHOT. HE PRESSES ONE OF THE BUTTONS.

CLOSE SHOT - NO. 100 129

HE IDLY RUBS A FINGER ACROSS HIS CHEEK. THE WATCH IS EXPOSED. HE TALKS, LOW, HIS LIPS BARELY MOVING.

NO. 100
I can hear you. Over.

EXT. VIP AREA. 130

CLOSE ON NO. 2; LIPS BARELY MOVING.

NO. 2
Is everything all right ?

EXT. AUDIENCE AREA. DAY. 131

CLOSE ON NO. 100. LIPS UNMOVING. HE SEEMS ANNOYED THAT HIS EFFICIENCY CAN BE DOUBTED.

NO. 100
Everything is all right. Stop
worrying. Repeat.

EXT. BALCONY. DAY. 132

ON YOUNG NO. 2.

NO. 100'S VOICE
(Thin, filtered) Stop worrying.

YOUNG NO. 2 PUTS ON HIS DUTY SMILE AGAIN. THE BUTLER RAISES THE CUSHION. THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES STEPS FORWARD. HE PICKS UP THE GREAT SEAL BY THE RIBBON, IN BOTH HANDS. WE ZOOM IN FOR --

CLOSE-UP - THE GREAT SEAL 133

WE TRACK IT IN CLOSE-UP AS IT MOVES TO --

EXT. VIP AREA. DAY. 134

ELDERLY NO. 2. THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES LOOPS THE RIBBON OVER ELDERLY NO. 2'S HEAD. THE CROWD CHEERS. ELDERLY NO. 2 SMILES. BUT BEHIND THE SMILE, WE CAN DETECT FEAR.

EXT. THE BELL TOWER. DAY. 135

THE WATCHMAKER OBSERVING THROUGH BINOCULARS.

EXT. BELL TOWER ENTRANCE. DAY. 136

P GOING IN. FAST. THE GIRL FOLLOWS A BEAT AFTER HIM.

EXT. THE BELL TOWER. DAY 137

THE WATCHMAKER CONTINUES TO OBSERVE. THEN, HE PUTS DOWN THE BINOCULARS. SATISFIED. ANTICIPATORY. AND MAD.

"IT'S YOUR FUNERAL"

Script Amendment

Page 50

EXT. THE BELL TOWER. DAY. 138

THE WATCHMAKER PICKS UP THE TRANSMITTER. SUDDENLY HE HEARS RUNNING STEPS. HE LOOKS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SOUND, ALARMED.

INT. BELL TOWER. DAY. 139

P. COMES RUNNING TO TOP OF STAIRS.
THE WATCHMAKER, WILD-EYED WITH FEAR AT P'S SUDDEN APPEARANCE.

WATCHMAKER

Stay away!

P. GRABS THE PLUNGER AND THE OLD MAN STRUGGLES WITH HIM. THE OLD MAN SLIPS AND BANGS HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WALL. HE FALLS DAZED. THE GIRL JOINS THEM.

P

Is he hurt?

GIRL

No. I don't think so. Is it all over now?

P. SHOWS HER THE TRANSMITTER.

F

(gently) For him, yes.

GIRL

Thank you.

P

Take good care of him.

EXT. BALCONY, DAY. 140

ELDERLY NO. 2 IS AT THE LECTERN CONCLUDING HIS SPEECH. HE'S STILL WEARING THE GREAT SEAL.

ELDERLY NO. 2.

Now I know that you are all eagerly awaiting events far more interesting and exciting than an old man's farewell address... the finalisation of my esteemed successor's investiture, for one. And the unveiling of the glorious monument symbolic of Appreciation. So I shall soon end this dull oration -- and we can get on with it.

DURING THE ABOVE SPEECH WE ARE ON THE YOUNG NO. 2. A CLOSE SHOT, MARKED ANXIETY SHOWING IN HIS FACE. HIS LIPS MOVE, BARELY, AS HE TRANSMITS.

YOUNG NO. 2.

We're running out of time. Find out what's wrong. And be quick about it!

EXT. AUDIENCE AREA, DAY 141

WE STILL HEAR THE ELDERLY NO. 2'S SPEECH.
CLOSE ON NO. 100. FOR THE FIRST TIME HIS SELF-ASSURANCE GONE.
WE HEAR THE YOUNG NO. 2'S ELECTRONIC VOICE.

YOUNG NO. 2'S VOICE
Do you hear? Be quick about it!

NO. 100
(Almost inaudible) Right away, No. 2.

FULL BACK TO SHOW NO. 100 AS HE SHOULDER HIS WAY THROUGH THE
CROWD. HE'S AGITATED AND IN A HURRY.

EXT. FOOT OF TOWER, DAY. 142

P COMING OUT OF THE TOWER'S DOORWAY. P IS HOLDING THE TRANSMITTER
IN HIS HAND. WE TRACK HIM FOR A FEW PAGES. SUDDENLY NO. 100
COMES INTO FRAME. HE TURNS TO P, REGISTERS WORRIED SURPRISE
WHEN HE SEES---

EXT. FOOT OF TOWER, DAY 143

NO. 100'S POV. A CLOSE SHOT OF THE TRANSMITTER IN P'S HAND.

EXT. FOOT OF TOWER, DAY 144

NO. 100 BLOCKS P. HE HOLDS OUT HIS HAND TOWARDS THE TRANSMITTER.

NO. 100
(Menacingly) Let me have it.

P
Get out of my way.

NO. 100 LUNGES FOR THE TRANSMITTER IN AN ATTEMPT TO GRAB IT
FROM P. P PULLS HIS HAND OUT OF REACH. NO. 100 AIMS A PUNCH AT P
CAUSING HIM TO REEL AND STAGGER UNSTEADILY BACKWARDS.
NO. 100 MAKES A LEAPING TACKLE AND CRASHES P TO THE GROUND HARD.
THE TRANSMITTER FALLS FROM P'S HAND, NO. 100 GRABS FOR THE
TRANSMITTER. P ROLLS OVER JUST IN TIME TO GRAB NO. 100'S HAND
BY THE WRIST, PREVENTING HIM FROM TOUCHING THE TRANSMITTER.
THEY STRUGGLE.

EXT. BALCONY. DAY.

145

THE ELDERLY NO. 2 IS AT THE END OF HIS SPEECH.

ELDERLY NO. 2

... you must forgive an older man for talking so much, but this is a moment of great emotion for me ... the handing over of our symbol of leadership. Soon I shall leave you. I have come to the end of my time here. Farewell, my friends.

YOUNG NO. 2 IS GETTING DESPERATE. HE FIDDLES WITH HIS GLASSES.

EXT. FOOT OF TOWER. DAY.

146

C.S. THE TRANSMITTER ON THE GROUND. THE WICKED LOOKING PLUNGER IN THE "OUT" POSITION. NO. 100'S HAND FIGHTING DESPERATELY TO GET HIS FINGER ONTO THE PLUNGER. P HAS HIS WRIST IN A TIGHT GRIP JUST MANAGING TO PREVENT NO. 100 FROM ATTAINING THE LAST FRACTION OF AN INCH THAT HE NEEDS TO DEPRESS THE PLUNGER.

EXT. BALCONY. DAY.

147

CLOSE UP OF THE GREAT SEAL, AGAINST THE CHEST OF ELDERLY NO. 2. IT IS LIFTED OFF BY THE RIBBON. PULL BACK TO SHOW

EXT. BALCONY. DAY.

148

THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES REMOVING THE GREAT SEAL FROM ELDERLY NO. 2. SEVERAL FEET AWAY, FACING THE CROWD, IS YOUNG NO. 2. THE M. C. RITUALLY HOLDS THE SEAL HIGH, WITH BOTH HANDS, THE RIBBON SEPARATED AND READY TO BE IMPOSED UPON THE YOUNG NO. 2. THE M. C. SLOWLY, WITH MEASURED STEPS, CROSSES TO YOUNG NO. 2 WHO SMILES. HIS FACE ALSO SHOWS FEAR. THE M. C. PUTS THE LOOPED RIBBON OVER YOUNG NO. 2'S HEAD. THE CROWD CHEERS. YOUNG NO. 2'S FACE IS BEGINNING TO SHOW TERROR. PAN DOWN TO ...

CLOSE-UP THE SEAL

149

ON NO. 2'S CHEST. CAMERA PULLS BACK FROM IT, SLOWLY.

EXT. FOOT OF TOWER. DAY.

150

P AND NO. 100 AS BEFORE. FIGHTING FOR CONTROL OF THE PLUNGER. P FINALLY KNOCKS HIS OPPONENT DOWN. THE FIGHT GONE OUT OF HIM. P PICKS HIM UP.

NO. 100

(Weakly) No more. No more.

P

Come on. I've a job for you.

P TAKES A LOCK HOLD ON NO. 100'S ARM AND STARTS MARCHING HIM OFF.

NO. 100

Where are you taking me ?

P

There are some people I want you to meet. Quite a few. The entire Village in fact.

NO. 100

What for ?

P

To make a speech. A public confession, as future assurance for innocent people.

NO. 100 REACTS. HE'S AFRAID. STRUGGLES VAINLY TO GET AWAY.

NO. 100

No! No! No!

EXT. BALCONY. DAY.

151

ON THE YOUNG NO. 2. THE CROWD CHEERING. HE SHOWS HIS ANXIETY. WE HEAR THE VOICE OF NO. 100

NO. 100'S VOICE

No! Let me go!

QUICK CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - YOUNG NO. 2'S GLASSES.

152

HE PRESSES DOWN THE THUMB SWITCH.

EXT. BALCONY. DAY.

153

CLOSE UP YOUNG NO. 2. HE STARTS TO SPEAK - LOW. HIS LIPS MOVING JUST SLIGHTLY - THE CROWD CHEERING. WE ARE UNABLE TO HEAR HIM.

EXT. NO. 2'S DOME. DAY.

154

WE SEE ROVER FLOATING FROM TOP OF DOME TOWARDS US.

EXT. P'S HOUSE AND PATH. DAY. 155

WE CAN HEAR THE CHEERING CROWD. UNSEEN, P AND HIS PRISONER CROSS TOWARDS THE SQUARE. ROVER COMES THROUGH THE ARCH BY P'S HOUSE. P AND NO. 100 STOP IN THEIR TRACKS.

EXT. P'S HOUSE AND PATH. DAY. 156

TWO SHOT - P AND NO. 100. P LOOKING WARILY AT ROVER. NO. 100 SMIRKS. HE'S BEEN RESCUED.

EXT. P'S HOUSE AND PATH. DAY. 157

ROVER STARTS TOWARDS THEM. NOT TOO FAST. DELIBERATELY. NO. 100 TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE MOMENTARY STANDSTILL BY BREAKING AWAY. P REMAINS WHERE AND AS HE WAS. ROVER COMES CLOSER. THEN, SUDDENLY, ROVER ARCS AROUND INTO A NEW COURSE AND HEADS DIRECTLY FOR NO. 100 FULL SPEED.

EXT. P'S HOUSE AND PATH. DAY. 158

CLOSE ON NO. 100. HE REGISTERS TERROR AS HE REALISES HE'S THE ONE ROVER'S AFTER. HE SCREAMS.

EXT. P'S HOUSE AND PATH. DAY. 159

CLOSE UP P AS HE WATCHES.

EXT. P'S HOUSE AND PATH. DAY. 160

P'S POV. ROVER DESCENDING ON THE TERROR-STRUCK NO. 100 ROVER DESTROYS HIS VICTIM.

EXT. SECTION OF VILLAGE SQUARE AND BASE OF BALCONY. DAY. 161

THE MONUMENT, STILL VEILED, IS NOW THE FOCUS OF ATTENTION.

EXT. BALCONY. DAY. 162

THERE IS NOW QUITE A CROWD GATHERED ROUND BEHIND THE BALCONY. YOUNG NO. 2 IS FINISHING HIS DEDICATION ADDRESS. THE ELDERLY NO. 2 WATCHES HIM.

YOUNG NO. 2

And so it is with great pride that
I dedicate this magnificent monument
which represents our appreciation of
this great community.

EXT. SECTION OF VILLAGE SQUARE AND BASE OF BALCONY.
DAY.

163

THE BRASS BAND STRIKES UP AN APPROPRIATE AIR. THE BUTLER PULLS THE CORD. THE SHROUD FALLS AWAY TO REVEAL THE MONUMENT. IT IS A SIMPLE CUBE OF STONE. POLISHED. SMOOTHED. BUT NOTHING MORE.

EXT. AUDIENCE AREA. DAY.

164

A REPRESENTATIVE PORTION OF THE AUDIENCE. THEIR EYES ARE WIDE WITH WONDER AT THE "MAGNIFICENCE" OF THEIR NEW MONUMENT. AFTER SOME PRELIMINARY "OOHS AND AH'S" THE CROWD ROARS A FULL VOLUME CHEER OF APPRECIATION. WILD WITH ENTHUSIASM.

EXT. BALCONY. DAY.

165

P PUSHES THROUGH THE CROWD GATHERED BEHIND THE BALCONY. HE APPROACHES ELDERLY NO. 2 AND HOLDS OUT THE TRANSMITTER.

P

Here. Take it.

ELDERLY NO. 2 LOOKS AT IT, PUZZLED, AND MAKES NO MOVE TO TAKE IT.

ELDERLY NO. 2

What for ?

P

It's your passport. No one will dare question its authority.

ELDERLY NO. 2 HESITATES.

P

The helicopter's waiting.

ELDERLY NO. 2

(Hesitantly) They . . . they'll get me eventually.

P

Fly now, pay later.

ELDERLY NO. 2

They'll find me wherever I go.

P

Just so long as they don't find you here. (Stern) Take it and go.

THE YOUNG NO. 2 WHO HAS BEEN ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS SUDDENLY SEES THE TRANSMITTER.

ELDERLY NO. 2 REACHES OUT, GRABS THE TRANSMITTER AND STARTS AWAY. THE YOUNG NO. 2 TAKES A FEW URGENT STEPS TOWARDS HIM. ELDERLY NO. 2 HOLDS THE TRANSMITTER IN POSITION AS IF ABOUT TO USE IT. YOUNG NO. 2 STOPS IN HIS TRACKS. NERVOUSLY, HE FINGERS THE GREAT SEAL ON HIS CHEST. THE ELDERLY NO. 2 HURRIES OFF.

HOLD ON YOUNG NO. 2 FOR A BEAT, HE STARTS TO TAKE THE SEAL OFF. P. GRABS BOTH HIS HANDS BEFORE HE CAN TOUCH THE SEAL AND STARTS PUMPING THEM. THE YOUNG NO. 2 HAS NO CHOICE. THE SEAL STAYS ROUND HIS NECK WHILE HIS HANDS ARE TRAPPED. EVERYONE TAKES THE CUB AND THEY ALL CROWD AROUND THE YOUNG NO. 2 SHAKING THEIR HANDS PERVERNTLY. P. LOOKS ON AMUSED. THE YOUNG NO. 2 IS DESPERATE. P. SPEAKS TO HIM WITH IRONY, ALMOST MOCKING AS YOUNG NO. 2'S HANDS CONTINUE TO BE SHAKEN BY ALL AND SUNERY.

F

So the great day's just about
over. Came off rather well,
I thought. Better than planned.

THE YOUNG NO. 2 LOOKS INTO F'S FACE, HIS HATRED AT FULL DEPTH. F IGNORES IT. HE CONTINUES IN THE SAME MOCKING TONE. YOUNG NO. 2'S FACE CONTORTS.

P

Now you can look forward to
your own retirement. I'm sure
they'll arrange something equally
suitable for you -- when the day comes.

YOUNG NO. 2'S FURY IS MIXED WITH A TINGE OF FEAR FOR A MOMENT. HE HAS DIFFICULTY IN KEEPING CONTROL. WE HEAR THE HELICOPTER AS IT ASCENDS. P AND THE YOUNG NO. 2 TURN TO LOOK.

EXT. VILLAGE GENERAL VIEW, DAY.

166

THE HELICOPTER RISING FROM BEHIND A ROW OF BUILDINGS. IT CLIMBS FAST, EASILY.

EXT. BALCONY, DAY.

167

P AND YOUNG NO. 2

F

Be seeing you.

HE GIVES THE VILLAGE SALUTE. THEN, HE GLANCES UP AS FROM THE SOUND THE HELICOPTER IS APPARENTLY OVER HEAD. P QUICKLY TURNS BACK TO YOUNG NO. 2.

P

(with mock concern) Won't I?

YOUNG NO. 2 GLARES HIS HATRED. P WALKS AWAY.

EXT. VILLAGE. DAY.

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 CLANG SHUT IN FOREGROUND. THE FACE STOPS JUST BEHIND THE BARS.

----- FINAL FADE OUT -----