
" THE PRISONER " tv SERIES

" A CHANGE OF MIND "

by

Roger Parkes

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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 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.

STANDARD
OPENING

LINK SEQUENCE - EPISODE TWO AND THEREAFTER

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

P'S VOICE OVER

P'S VOICE

Where am I?

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

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

INT. LIVING SPACE. (LIBRARY) W ✓

WHOLE AREA. THE BLACK CHAIR RISING AND TURNING.

INT. LIVING SPACE. X

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

No. 2'S VOICE

In the village.

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

P RUNNING AWAY FROM THE VILLAGE.

P'S VOICE

What do you want ?

INT. CONTROL ROOM. (LIBRARY). Z

THE GREEN EYE TURNING INTO CAMERA.

NO. 2'S VOICE

Information.

INT. LIVING SPACE. A1

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

P'S VOICE

Whose side are you on ?

NO. 2'S VOICE

That would be telling. We want information.

THE SILHOUETTE SHAKES A FIST.

P'S VOICE

You won't get it.

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

EXT. BEACH. DAY. LOC. (LIBRARY)

A2

P BEING HERDED BACK TO THE VILLAGE BY ROVER.

NO. 2'S VOICE

By hook or by crook...

INT. LIVING SPACE

A3

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

NO. 2

We will.

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

P'S VOICE

Who are you ?

NO. 2'S VOICE

The new No. 2.

P'S VOICE

Who is No. 1 ?

A GENTLE LAUGHTER.

NO. 2'S VOICE

You are our No. 6.

P'S VOICE

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

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

FREEZE FRAME

BRING IN OVER AN ECHOING, MOCKING LAUGHTER.

END OPENING TITLES

STANDARD OPENING

" A CHANGE OF MIND "

Act One

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODLAND P.T. AREA. DAY. 1.

A CLEARING OVERHUNG BY LARGE TREES. P HAS CHOSEN IT FOR HIS PRIVATE GYMNASIUM. THE CENTRAL ITEM OF WHICH IS A LARGE MAKESHIFT PUNCH BAG SUSPENDED FROM A BRANCH. THERE IS ALSO A ROUGH MAT FOR PRESS-UPS AND ABOVE IT A HOME-MADE HORIZONTAL BAR BETWEEN TWO TREES. A ROPE HANGS WITHIN REACH. THERE MAY ALSO BE A BAR AND SET OF WEIGHTS WHICH P HAS PREFABRICATED FROM SCRAP COG WHEELS, ETC.

P IN TRACK SUIT IS PUTTING HIMSELF THROUGH A RIGOROUS FITNESS SESSION. WE FIRST FIND HIM GYRATING ENERGETICALLY ROUND THE HORIZONTAL BAR. WITHOUT PAUSING, HE LEAPS CLEAR OF THE BAR, CATCHES THE ROPE AND SWINGS ACROSS THE CLEARING. AT THE APEX OF THE SWING HE CRASHES BOTH FEET AGAINST THE PUNCH-BAG, THEN DROPS INTO A PARACHUTE ROLL FROM WHICH HE COMES UP FIGHTING TO RAIN BLOWS ON THE BAG AS IT SWINGS BACK. HE CONTINUES TO BATTLE IT, FORCING IT FURTHER AND FURTHER BACK. WE COME IN TIGHT UNTIL P AND THE BAG FILL THE PICTURE. SUDDENLY, WITH A TREMENDOUS RIGHT HOOK, P SENDS THE BAG FLYING ASIDE. AS IT GOES OUT OF FRAME, WE ZOOM IN ON A COUPLE OF TOUGH LOOKING VILLAGERS WHO HAVE COME UP UNSEEN BEHIND. THEY ARE STARING IN SILENT CONTEMPT AT P.

FIRST MAN
(SNEERING) Training for the big
break ?

THEY START TO SAUNTER FORWARD.

SECOND MAN
Why not use the Village Gymnasium ?

P
I could prefer privacy.

FIRST MAN
(SHARP) And that could be taken
as anti-social.

THE SECOND MAN HAS CROSSED TO THE HORIZONTAL BAR AND NOW LEAPS TO SWING EASILY FROM IT.

SECOND MAN
(AS HE SWINGS) Some set-up.

THE FIRST MAN CROSSES TO THE WEIGHTS, LIFTS THEM A FEW INCHES, BUT ABANDONING THE IDEA OF RAISING THEM PROPERLY.

FIRST MAN
Keeping it all to yourself, Number Six ?

P IS STILL STANDING A FEW FEET FROM THE PUNCH-BAG. THE SECOND MAN HAS NOW LEFT THE BAR AND COME TO STAND BY THE BAG. AS HE SPEAKS HE SWINGS THE BAG TOWARDS P.

SECOND MAN
Not at all the action of a Public Minded Citizen.

P IGNORES THE BAG, LETS IT BUMP OFF HIS SHOULDER UNHEEDED. THE FIRST MAN CATCHES IT AND, GRINNING, PUSHES IT BACK AT P WITH MUCH MORE FORCE.

FIRST MAN
(DURING THIS) And the committee won't like that at all.

P SIDE-STEPS SO THAT THE BAG MISSES HIM. THE SECOND MAN INTERCEPTS IT.

SECOND MAN
Not at all.

THE SECOND MAN PUSHES THE BAG HARD AT P. AS P AGAIN SIDE-STEPS, THE FIRST MAN ATTEMPTS TO TRIP HIM. P HAS ANTICIPATED THIS, HOWEVER. HE PUSHES THE MAN GENTLY ON THE CHEST. THE MAN, BEING OFF BALANCE, GOES SPRAWLING.

SECOND MAN
(CLOSING FAST ON P) Aggressive too!

P PARRIES THE MAN'S BLOW AND THEY GO INTO A THREE-SIDED FIGHT -- MAKING LIBERAL USE OF THE P.T. GEAR. FINALLY, WITH HIS MATE LAID OUT, THE OTHER MAKES A BREAK FOR IT. AT THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING HE PAUSES TO GASP OUT A FINAL THREAT.

FIRST MAN
You'll face the committee for this...

DISSOLVE:

EXT. EST. TOWN HALL. DAY. (STOCK)

3

2

INT: COUNCIL CHAMBER ANTEROOM. DAY.

3

THE ROOM IS BARE, IMPERSONAL. THE WALLS ARE RINGED WITH CHAIRS. SEVERAL OF WHICH ARE OCCUPIED BY OVER-ANXIOUS VILLAGERS. CAMERA PANS IN CLOSE UP FROM ONE TO THE OTHER.

P IS WATCHING THEM ALL -- PUZZLED, SUSPICIOUS. A GIRL, NO. 42, IS SITTING NEAR TO P. SHE IS SOBBING.

THE HIGH DOUBLE DOORS AT THE FURTHER END OF THE ROOM OPEN. NO. 93 COMES OUT. HE HAS A HUNTED LOOK. THE DOORS CLOSE BEHIND HIM.

NO. 93 PAUSES JUST SHORT OF THE EXIT DOOR AND TURNS TO THE ROOM AT LARGE IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO ABSOLVE HIMSELF.

NO. 93

They're right, of course. Quite right. I'm inadequate. Disharmonious. I -- I'm grateful. Truly.

THE OTHERS LOOK AWAY. THOSE NEAREST TO THE WRETCHED MAN SHIFT AWAY FROM HIM.

NO. 93

You have to believe me ...

THE MAN'S VOICE TRAILS AWAY. VAGUELY HE MAKES THE VILLAGE SALUTE. NO ONE RESPONDS. HE TURNS AND SHUFFLES OUT THROUGH THE EXIT DOOR.

VOICE

Number Six. Enter.

P TURNS ROUND TO SEE THE DOORS HAVE OPENED AGAIN.

VOICE

Number Six. Enter.

AWAY, P STRIDES THROUGH THE OPEN DOORS.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER. DAY.

4

THE COMMITTEE CONSISTS OF NINE BENIGN OLD MEN. THEY ARE SEATED ROUND A GREEN-BEIGE TABLE THAT FORMS AN ALMOST COMPLETE CIRCLE. IN THE CENTRE IS A COMFORTABLE CHAIR TO WHICH P MAKES HIS WAY FROM THE DOOR. THE FINAL SECTION OF THE TABLE SLIDES INTO PLACE BEHIND HIM CLOSING THE CIRCLE. P STANDS BY THE CHAIR AND GLARES ROUND. THE

CHAIRMAN IS INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE OTHERS EXCEPT THAT HE SITS OPPOSITE THE DOORS.

CHAIRMAN

Sit please, Number six. Make yourself comfortable.

P

(CONTINUING TO STAND) What makes you think I'm staying ?

VOICE ONE

(FROM ONE OF THE MEMBERS UNSEEN BEHIND HIM) We are here to help you.

P SWINGS TO IDENTIFY THE MEMBERS. BEFORE HE CAN DO SO, ONE OF THE OTHER MEMBERS SPEAKS FROM THE OTHER SIDE SO THAT AGAIN P MUST TURN. THIS EFFECT PERSISTS THROUGHOUT, SO THAT HE RARELY FIXES THE SPECIFIC SPEAKER.

VOICE TWO

Please understand that.

VOICE THREE

Hostility can do you no good.

CHAIRMAN

So please do sit down and tell us about yourself.

P

(REMAINING STANDING) Didn't you check my file ?

VOICE TWO

Your file is no concern of ours.

VOICE THREE

Number Two has charge of the files.

VOICE ONE & TWO

(TOGETHER) We are only here to help you.

VOICE THREE

We are the Citizens' Welfare Committee.

CHAIRMAN

It is the duty of this committee to deal with complaints.

P

(SWINGING ROUND) Complaints ?

VOICE TWO
Complaints.

P
(AFTER A PAUSE) Well fine.
I have several.

VOICE THREE
(INTERRUPTING) Frivolity will not
help your case, Number Six. The
consequences could be severe.

VOICE ONE
A serious complaint has been filed
against you.

VOICE TWO
Concerning your hostility towards
your fellow citizens and your spirit
of social disharmony.

P
Ah yes. Disharmony. Common
sickness around here.

CHAIRMAN
(NOT UNKINDLY) I would counsel
discretion, Number Six.

VOICE THREE
Your remarks at this hearing are being
recorded.

P
And may be used in evidence against
me.

THE SILENCE BRINGS A HINT OF HOSTILITY OVER THEIR
SEEMING BENEVOLENCE :

VOICE TWO
This is a strictly impartial committee.

P GLARES AT HIM.

P
I am familiar with the pattern.

CHAIRMAN
Number Six, you are not called
before this committee to defend
yourself.

VOICE THREE
That presupposes guilt.

VOICE ONE
Naturally, Confession is a complete
defence.

P SWINGS ROUND TO IDENTIFY THE SPEAKER.

CHAIRMAN
(ALL SMILES) I'm sure you'll
co-operate, No. 6.

CHAIRMAN
(HE LOOKS ROUND AT THE SOUND
OF A DISTANT BELL) Gentlemen, it's
time. I think we're all more than
ready for a tea-break...

THERE IS A GENERAL BLEATING OF ASSENT.

VOICE THREE
I move that we suspend Number
Six's hearing.

VOICE TWO
Pending full medical examination...

VOICE ONE
... and fellow analysis by a Social
Group.

CHAIRMAN
(NODDING) The Group and medical
reports will be considered in full at
the resumed hearing of this committee.

TO A HURRIED CHORUS OF "EXCELLENT" "FIRST RATE!"
THE COMMITTEE RISES, COLLECTS UP PAPERS AND
FILES OUT. P STANDS FROWNING FOR A MOMENT.
HE TURNS TO GO. THE SECTION OF TABLE ONCE
AGAIN SLIDES ASIDE.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER. ANTEROOM. DAY.

5

AS P COMES THROUGH, THE SAME VILLAGERS ARE
STILL WAITING. THE GIRL, NO. 42, IS STILL HALF
SOBBING. P LOOKS AT HER. THE GIRL SWINGS
ROUND AND CRINGES AWAY FROM HIM. THE OTHERS
ARE ALSO SHIFTING AWAY TO GET AS FAR FROM P AS
POSSIBLE. WITH A TOUCH OF IRONY, HE MAKES THE
VILLAGE SALUTE AND MOVES FROM THE ROOM. NO
ONE RESPONDS.

EXT. VILLAGE TOWN HALL. DAY. STOCK.

6

P WALKS OUT OF THE TOWN HALL IN THE DIRECTION
OF HIS HOUSE.

EXT. ATLAS STREET. DAY.

AN OLD LADY IS WALKING ALONG THE STREET SMILING TO HERSELF. SHE SEES P APPROACHING AND INSTANTLY FROWNS, HALF TURNING AWAY. P SEES HER AND GIVES THE VILLAGE SALUTE.

P

Lovely day, Number sixty-one.

SHE DOES NOT RESPOND. PUZZLED, P CONTINUES ON UP THE STREET. HE PASSES A COUPLE MORE VILLAGERS. THEY ARE WATCHFUL, BUT NOT OPENLY HOSTILE. THEY DO NOT GREET HIM OR ACKNOWLEDGE HIS PRESENCE.

EXT. STREET FORECOURT TO P'S HOUSE. DAY.

P PAUSES WHILE SILENT NEWSVENDOR TEARS OFF A NEWS-SHEET FROM THE INSTANT NEWS-STAND. AS P GLANCES AT IT:

IN CLOSE UP WE SEE HEADLINES:

"COMMITTEE HEARINGS CONTINUE"

"NO. 93 CONFESSES DISHARMONY"

"NO. 6 FOR FURTHER INVESTIGATION"

P CRUMPLES THE PAPER, AND STRIDES TO HIS HOUSE.

INT. P'S HOUSE. DAY.

P COMES IN, THROWS THE PAPER INTO A WASTE PAPER BASKET. HE SEES NO. 2'S LEGS PROTRUDING INTO VIEW FROM THE DEPTHS OF AN ARMCHAIR.

P

I might have guessed. Did you enjoy the show ?

NO. 2 STANDS UP. HE IS A LARGE CATTLE-AUCTIONEER TYPE. THE EFFECT OF HIS BOOMING VOICE IS LESSENERED, HOWEVER, BY THE INSISTENCE OF A NERVOUS "APPEASEMENT" LAUGH WHENEVER P SHOWS SIGNS OF HOSTILITY. WHILE POSSESSED OF NO SPECIFIC ACCENT, HIS RURAL TURN OF SPEECH MIGHT BETRAY PEASANT ORIGINS.

NO. 2

There is a saying: The slowest mule is the first to the whip.

P

And another: He who digs a pit will one day lie in it. Or is Number Two above investigation?

P CROSSES, FILLS KETTLE AND PUTS IT ON TO HEAT.

NO. 2

No one is above investigation. And failure to co-operate makes one an outcast.

P

No more taxi rides, no more credit ...

NO. 2

Believe me, it could be only a beginning.

P

(IRONIC) You should know.

NO. 2

You surely don't think I'm behind this committee.

P

(DRY) Of course not.

NO. 2

(THE NERVOUS LAUGH) I assure you, no matter what significance you may hold for me, to the Village and its committee, you are simply Citizen Number Six who has to be tolerated and, if necessary shaped to fit.

P

Public Enemy Number Six.

NO. 2

Well -- if you insist. And public enemies cannot be tolerated indefinitely.

HE CROSSES TOWARDS P.

NO. 2

(URGENT) Be careful. Do not defy this committee. If the hearings go against you, I will be powerless to help.

P GIVES HIM A WEARY SMILE. IT IS CLEAR HE DOESN'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT.

CAMERA PANS TO TAKE IN NO. 86 -- TALL AND ATTRACTIVE BUT WITH THE PREOCCUPIED AIR OF AN HONOURS GRADUATE. SHE SPEAKS WITH AN ASSUMED SWEDISH ACCENT, BUT DURING THIS SCENE ONLY.

NO. 2

Ah, my dear ...
(TO P) Number Eighty-six.
has had valuable experience with the committee.

P

As a member ?

NO. 86

I suffered the shame of being posted. Disharmonious.

P

From their average age, I'd guess it was just sour grapes.

NO. 86

(EARNESTLY) The hearings were fair and just. I was at fault. But this is irrelevant. (TO NO. 2) With your permission, sir, Number Six has a busy schedule; first the Social Group, then the medical.

NO. 2

(HEADING THE DOOR) Of course. Do carry on.

P

(INDICATING BOILING KETTLE)
No time for tea ?

NO. 2

No. Only your future.

NO. 2 GOES. P CROSSES TOWARDS KETTLE BUT NO. 86 HEADS HIM OFF AND STARTS TO PREPARE TEA.

NO. 86

Please, I will do this. More important that you listen. First, your frivolous attitude with the committee -- most dangerous.

DURING THIS SHE HAS BEEN PREPARING HIS TEA IN TYPICALLY CONTINENTAL STYLE -- SPOONING TEA-LEAVES INTO A CUP THEN POURING BOILING WATER OVER. P IS APPREHENSIVE BUT DOES NOT INTERFERE. THE CUP IS OF THE DISPOSABLE TYPE HELD IN A COLOURED CONTAINER.

NO. 86

The hearings are televised. That is why your behaviour is so important. You stand before the entire community.

SHE BRINGS HIM HIS TEA. HE REGARDS IT WITH SILENT DISTASTE. SHE TURNS FOR A MOMENT IN EARNEST THOUGHT AND P DISCREETLY POURS THE TEA INTO SOME RECEPTACLE (FLOWER VASE?)

NO. 86

The Social Group is your one hope. Fortunately I too have been attached to the Group ...

P

(DRY) Most fortunate.

NO. 86

Please, you must try to co-operate. Join in with the Group's spirit. Only they can help you with the committee. (SHE GLANCES AT WATCH) Come, we are already overdue.

INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY.

10

NO. 2 IS WATCHING THEM ON THE SCREEN. HE IS SHOWING MARKED SIGNS OF AGITATION. ON SCREEN WE SEE P AND NO. 86 CROSS TOWARDS THE DOOR. JUST BEFORE GOING OUT, NO. 86 TURNS, STILL FORMAL.

NO. 86

One last thing, Number Six.

P

Yes?

NO. 86

What must I do to -- to make you look at me ?

P

Look at you ?

NO. 86

Yes. As -- as a man should look at a woman.

P

I can't stand girls who put
on phoney accents.

ON SCREEN WE SEE HIM GESTURE TOWARDS THE DOOR,
THEN FOLLOW NO. 86 OUT. NO. 2 SWITCHES OFF THE
SCREEN THEN TURNS IN DESPAIR TO HIS ASSISTANT.

NO. 2

Females! If that girl makes
one mistake we could lose Number
Six. You know that ? (HE TAPS
HIS HEAD SIGNIFICANTLY) Lose
Him !

EXT. WOODS. DAY.

11

THE SOCIAL GROUP IS SEATED ON FOLDING CANVAS STOOLS
IN A NEAT CIRCLE. P TO THE DESPAIR OF NO. 86 IS
SHOWING A BAD NON-CONFORMIST ATTITUDE BY STANDING
APART AND LEANING AGAINST A TREE. AMONG THE
GROUP WE RECOGNISE THE GIRL NO. 42, THE ONE P SAW
IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER ANTE-ROOM. SHE IS UNDER
ATTACK FROM THE REST OF THE GROUP. ALL THEIR
REMARKS ARE MADE WITH THE RESTRAINED EARNESTNESS
OF UNDERGRADUATES.

FIRST MEMBER

There can be no mitigation. We
all have a social obligation to stand
together.

GIRL

I don't contest the validity of
the complaint. My point is ...

SECOND MEMBER

No exceptions. All right, so you
say you're a poet. You were
composing. You failed to hear No. 10's
greeting.

FIRST MEMBER

Neglect of a social principle.

P

Surely poetry has a social value ...

FIRST MEMBER

(SWINGING ROUND) He is trying to
divide us ...

NO. 86

It is not No. 6's intention to ...

SECOND MEMBER

His intention is obvious ... To stop
us from helping this unfortunate girl.

GIRL
(TURNING ON P) You're trying
to undermine my rehabilitation --
disrupt my social progress ...

P
Strange talk for a poet.

FIRST MEMBER
(SHOUTING HIM DOWN) Reactionary!

SECOND MEMBER
Seditionist! Rebel!

GIRL
He must be declared disharmonious.
Worse! Unmutual! Unmutual!

HER CRIES OF "UNMUTUAL" ARE TAKEN UP BY THE OTHERS.
THEY RISE AND START TO CROWD AROUND P. HE IGNORES
THEIR ANGRY CLAMOUR AND PUSHES HIS WAY THROUGH
THEM. AS HE WALKS OFF THEY YELL AFTER HIM
"UNMUTUAL, UNMUTUAL". NO. 86 LOOKS WORRIED.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PATH AND WOODS. DAY. 11A

P GOES ALONG THE PATH. SUDDENLY A BEACH BUGGIE
CUTS IN AHEAD OF HIM, BLOCKING HIS PATH. IN THE
BUGGIE ARE FOUR MALE NURSES IN WHITE COATS; ONE
OF THEM BEHIND THE WHEEL. TWO OF THE MEN GET OUT.

DRIVER
Ah, good No. 6. Just in time
for your medical.

FOR A MOMENT, P HESITATES. THEN HE GETS INTO THE
BACK OF THE BUGGIE. THE MEN MOVE IN ON EITHER
SIDE OF HIM. THE BUGGIE SHOOTS OFF.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. EST. HOSPITAL. STOCK. DAY. 12

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM. DAY. 13

THE DOCTOR HAS BEEN CHECKING P'S BLOOD-PRESSURE.
HE RECORDS A NOTE ON A STANDARD MEDICAL CHART
THEN NODS TO THE NURSE TO REMOVE THE PRESSURE
BAND FROM P'S ARM.

DOCTOR
First rate, Number Six. The
life here suits you.

P
(ROLLING DOWN HIS SLEEVE)
Are you finished ?

DOCTOR
Just the patella reflexes ...

P CROSSES HIS LEGS AND THE DOCTOR TAPS THE KNEE
TENDON FOR REFLEXES. WHEN HE HAS TAPPED BOTH
KNEES HE NODS AND RECORDS A NOTE ON THE CHART.

DOCTOR
Excellent. Fit for any contingency.

P
(QUICKLY) Anything specific
in mind ?

DOCTOR

My dear chap, how suspicious you are of us all. (HE HOLDS THE DOOR OPEN FOR P) Be seeing you.

P EXITS.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. DAY.

14

AS P COMES OUT OF THE ROOM WE SEE TWO PLUMPISH LOBO' MEN OF ABOUT 40, SMILING VACANTLY AS THEY WAIT ON CHAIRS AGAINST THE WALL.

DOCTOR

(FROM DOOR) Next !

ONE OF THE LOBO' MEN RISES AND ENTERS THE ROOM. HIS MOVEMENTS ARE LEISURELY.

IMMEDIATELY OPPOSITE THE REMAINING LOBO' MAN THERE IS A DOOR LABELLED "AVERSION THERAPY". IN THE DOOR IS AN OBSERVATION WINDOW. AS P PASSES THE DOOR THERE IS A STRANGLER GASP FROM THE ROOM. P LOOKS THROUGH THE WINDOW.

INT. AVERSION THERAPY ROOM. DAY.

15

A MAN IS STRAPPED INTO A CHAIR IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM. HIS SLEEVES HAVE BEEN ROLLED UP AND AN ELECTRODE TAPED TO EACH ARM. ON THE WALL IN FRONT OF THE MAN IS A SCREEN ON WHICH VARIOUS WORDS AND SYMBOLS ARE FLASHED.

TO BEGIN WITH WE SEE THE MAN CONVULSED, HIS FACE TORTURED WITH THE EFFECT OF THE SHOCKS PASSING THROUGH THE ELECTRODES. ON THE SCREEN WE SEE A PICTURE OF ROVER NOSING THROUGH THE VILLAGE. THE PICTURE FADES, THE MAN RELAXES. SUDDENLY HE SMILES RADIANTLY. ON THE SCREEN WE SEE "NO. 2" "NO. 2" "NO. 2" FLASHED IN RAPID SEQUENCE, FOLLOWED BY A SMILING PICTURE OF NO. 2 HIMSELF. THEN, ABRUPTLY, THE MAN'S HAPPINESS TRANSFORMS WITH A GASP AS HE IS ONCE AGAIN RACKED WITH THE ELECTRO-CONVULSION, AND ON THE SCREEN WE SEE THE SINGLE WORD: "UNMUTUAL" "UNMUTUAL" "UNMUTUAL" FLASHED IN RAPID SEQUENCE.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. DAY.

16

P WATCHING IN DISGUST, ANGRILY SEIZES THE HANDLE AND RATTLES IT TO NO EFFECT.

LOBO' MAN
(MILDLY, STILL SITTING) Relax
fellow. Relax.

P
(SWINING ROUND) You the poor
devil's keeper ?

LOBO' MAN
So excited, all of you. Rushing
and shouting ...

P
(PUZZLED AS HE CROSSES TO THE
MAN) You ... something odd ...
Were you ever in there ? (HE
NODS TOWARDS AVERSION THERAPY
ROOM)

LOBO' MAN
Not in there.

P
(STARING AT HIM) Very odd ...

INVOLUNTARILY THE LOBO' MAN RAISES A HAND TO HIS
TEMPLE WHERE THE SUGGESTION OF A SCAR IS VISIBLE.

LOBO' MAN
Not odd, please. Different maybe...

P
Different ?

LOBO' MAN
(NODDING HAPPILY) I'm one of
the lucky ones -- the happy ones ...
I was ...

P
Yes ?

LOBO' MAN
(A HINT OF CRAFTINESS, YET
STILL SMILING) I was Unmutual ...

WHIP PAN TO P'S ALARMED REACTION.

FADE OUT:

---- END OF ACT ONE ----

----- ACT TWO -----

FADE IN:

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER. DAY.

17

P IS ONCE AGAIN IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROUND TABLE. THE SAME WRINKLED FACES OF THE COMMITTEE ENCIRCLE HIM. AGAIN THE GENERAL EFFECT IS OF SENILE BENEVOLENCE, BUT THERE IS A SUBTLE HINT NOW OF DISAPPROVAL AND IMPENDING ADMONISHMENT.

CHAIRMAN

The Fellow Analysis Report submitted by the Social Group leaves us no choice. We are now obliged to classify you as unmutual.

P TRIES TO SPEAK BUT AS HE DOES SO A HARSH LIGHT FOCUSES ON HIS FACE, AGAINST WHICH WORDS ARE SOMEHOW IMPOSSIBLE. FROM THE DARKNESS BEHIND THE LIGHT, THE CHAIRMAN'S VOICE TAKES ON A FORBIDDING, IMPERSONAL QUALITY.

CHAIRMAN

We have to warn you, that should any further complaint be lodged against you, it will be necessary to propose you for the treatment known as Instant Social Conversion.

A LONG, SILENT MOMENT AND THEN THE LIGHT SNAPS OFF. P BLINKS TO READJUST THEN LOOKS ROUND. TO HIS SURPRISE THE CHAMBER IS ENTIRELY EMPTY. HE STANDS, THE TABLE AGAIN OPENS. THE DOUBLE EXIT DOORS ALSO OPEN FOR HIM.

INT. TOWN HALL ANTEROOM. DAY.

18

P COMES IN, STRIDES THROUGH THE EMPTY ROOM AND OUT THROUGH THE EXIT DOORS. CAMERA HOLDS ON A GARISH WALL POSTER. IT SHOWS NO. 2'S FACE AND POINTING HAND IN MUCH THE SAME POSE AS THE KITCHENER 1914-18 RECRUITING POSTERS AND READS:

"YOUR COMMUNITY NEEDS YOU !"

EXT. ATLAS STREET. DAY.

19

THE STREET IS STRANGELY EMPTY AND QUIET. THE PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM SILENT OF ITS USUAL SOFT MUSIC. P COMES ALONG THE STREET. HE IS FROWNING AND SUSPICIOUS OF THE UNUSUAL SILENCE. HALF-WAY ALONG THE ROAD HE PAUSES TO LOOK BEHIND. NOTHING. HE CONTINUES TOWARDS HIS HOUSE.

EXT. STREET FORECOURT TO P'S HOUSE. DAY.

P COMES THROUGH THE ARCHWAY AND CROSSES TOWARDS THE INSTANT NEWS-STAND. THE NEWS-VENDOR IS ABSENT. HE TEARS A SHEET FROM THE MACHINE. P'S PICTURE IS ON THE PAPER WITH A HEADLINE: "NO. 6 IS DECLARED UNMUTUAL". SUDDENLY HE HEARS:

LOUDSPEAKER

Your attention please. Here is an important announcement: Number Six has been declared Unmutual until further notice. Any unsocial incident involving Number Six should be reported immediately to the Appeals sub-committee. Thank you for your attention.

THE LOUDSPEAKER FALLS SILENT. P HURRIES THE LAST FEW YARDS TO HIS HOUSE.

INT. P'S HOUSE. DAY.

P ENTERS. HE LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM, SENSING THAT SOMEONE HAS BEEN IN. BUT UNSURE TO WHAT EFFECT. THEN HE REALISES AT LEAST ONE THING IS DIFFERENT: NO SOFT MUSIC PLAYING. HE CROSSES TO THE LOUDSPEAKER, TAPS IT. NO SOUND. HE CROSSES TO THE PHONE.

P

(INTO PHONE) Hello ... Hello ?
I want Number two, Hello ? ...
Hello ?

HE CONTINUES TO LISTEN IN VAIN FOR A MOMENT THEN SHRUGS AND REPLACES THE RECEIVER. AS HE DOES SO THERE IS A SHARP KNOCK ON THE DOOR. IT OPENS. THREE LARGE DOMINANT LADIES OF MIDDLE-AGE ARE WAITING OUTSIDE WITH THE GIRL, NO. 42. ALL ARE VERY SOLEMN. THEY WAIT TILL P STEPS BACK, THEN ENTER CAUTIOUSLY TO STAND JUST INSIDE THE DOOR.

FIRST WOMAN

We represent the Appeals sub-committee.

P

Quick off the mark. (TO GIRL 42)
Appeals sub-committee already ?
You get around.

FIRST WOMAN

Do not sneer at Number Forty-two.
To volunteer for social work of this nature requires considerable moral courage.

P

Sure. Risk infection from the untouchables.

GIRL

Bitterness will not help you, Number Six. You have brought your misfortunes on yourself.

P

(DERISIVE) But nevertheless, you, in the goodness of your hearts are sure to help me.

FIRST WOMAN

(TURNING TO OTHERS) It is clearly premature to look for contrition in the poor creature. Come, girls!

IN PIOUS SILENCE THEY TURN AND FILE OUT. THE GIRL SHUTTING P'S DOOR CAREFULLY AFTER THEM.

INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY.

22

NO. 2 IS WATCHING P. ON SCREEN WE SEE HIM CROSS TO THE KITCHENETTE AND START TO PREPARE A MEAL.

NO. 2

(TO ASSISTANT) Now let's see how the loner withstands real loneliness. For his own sake I hope it is not too long. You hear me ? (AGAIN HE TAPS HIS FOREHEAD) For his own sake!

EXT. WOODLAND AND ROUGH COUNTRY. DAY.

23

IN LONG SHOT WE SEE P WALKING TOWARDS US. IT IS EARLY EVENING. HE PAUSES TO PICK UP A STONE AND FLING IT IDLY INTO THE BRUSH. HE WALKS ON AND UP TO A CLEARING WHERE HE STOPS AND STARES OUT TO:

EXT. CLIFFS AND SEA. DAY. STOCK.

24

GULLS MEW DISCONSOLATELY IN THE EVENING SUN.

EXT. EVENING SKY. STOCK.

25

A SKEIN OF WILD GEESE PASS HIGH OVERHEAD, CALLING TO EACH OTHER AS THEY HEAD NORTH.

EXT. WOODLAND AND ROUGH COUNTRY. EVENING. 26

RESUME P. HE WATCHES AS THE GEESE HEAD AWAY, THEN HE WALKS AWAY, A LONELY FIGURE, INTO THE TREES.

EXT. DENSE TREES. NIGHT. 27

P HEARS A FAINT NOISE BEHIND HIM. HE STOPS, SPRINGS ROUND TO FACE THE SOUND. NOTHING. FROWNING, HE CONTINUES WARILY ON THROUGH THE TREES.

EXT. WOODED CLEARING. NIGHT. 28

P CROSSES THE CLEARING. AS HE NEARS THE TREES ON THE FURTHER SIDE HE AGAIN CATCHES A STEALTHY MOVEMENT BEHIND HIM. AGAIN HE TURNS, THEN STARTS TO EASE BACK TOWARDS THE COVER JUST BEHIND HIM. ANOTHER MOVEMENT, THIS TIME FROM THE SCRUB NOT FAR TO HIS LEFT. P ALTERS DIRECTION SLIGHTLY.

SUDDENLY THERE IS A SHOUT OF "UNMUTUAL!" FROM THE TREES BEHIND HIM. P SPINS ROUND. NO ONE VISIBLE. A FROZEN MOMENT. THEN ANOTHER VOICE SCREAMS OUT "UNMUTUAL!" FROM THE SCRUB TO P'S RIGHT. AGAIN HE TURNS TO FACE IT. ALMOST IMMEDIATELY THERE IS A SUDDEN RUSH FROM BEHIND HIM. P FLINGS ROUND. NOTHING VISIBLE. QUICKLY P STARTS TO HEAD BACK TOWARDS THE OPEN GROUND OF THE CLEARING.

A FIGURE APPEARS, DASHING TO HEAD HIM OFF FROM THE SCRUB. P SEES THE MAN JUST IN TIME TO PARRY A VICIOUS BLOW.

MAN ONE
(WILDLY AS HE HITS AT P)
Unmutual! Death to Unmutuals!

P CATCHES THE MAN AND TURNS HIS ATTEMPTED BLOW INTO A THROW. P SENDS HIM CRASHING TO THE GROUND. P TACKLES HIS NEXT ASSAILANT AS HE DASHES UP. HE GOES DOWN. P STARTS TO TURN BUT IMMEDIATELY A THIRD MAN, WILDLY SHOUTING "UNMUTUAL!" IS ONTO HIM. THEY WRESTLE WILDLY, P TAKING SOME SEVERE PUNISHMENT BEFORE HE CAN GET THE BETTER OF THE MAN. JUST AS P LANDS A DECISIVE PUNCH TO THE MAN'S JAW, THE FIRST ASSAILANT WADES IN AGAIN. AS THEY STRUGGLE, WE SEE THE SECOND AND THIRD ASSAILANTS, BOTH IN BAD SHAPE, DRAGGING HURRIEDLY OFF THROUGH THE TREES. REALISING THE LACK OF SUPPORT, THE REMAINING ATTACKER MAKES A DESPERATE EFFORT TO BREAK FREE. HE IS TOO SLOW. AFTER A FURTHER STRUGGLE, P GETS HIM IN AN ARM LOCK.

MAN ONE
 (WITH ABRUPT SURGE OF
 HATE) Unmutual! Unmutuals
 are -- are evil -- have to be
 broken !

WITH UTTER CONTEMPT, P PUSHES THE MAN FREE.
 HE STUMBLES HURRIEDLY AWAY INTO THE NIGHT.
 P WATCHES HIM GO.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FORECOURT TO P'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 29

P PADS SILENTLY ACROSS THE MOONLIT FORECOURT.
 HALF-WAY TO HIS DOOR HE PAUSES, WARNED BY SOME
 SLIGHT MOVEMENT IN THE HEAVY SHADOW NEAR THE
 DOORWAY. HE CREEPS UP AND GRABS A FIGURE,
 CLAMPING A HAND OVER THE MOUTH. HE SEES IT IS
 86, HER EYES WIDE WITH SHOCK. SHE MAKES NO SOUND.

THEY TALK IN WHISPERS THROUGHOUT.

P
 So we only play the outcast
 game during office-hours ?

NO. 86
 (CAUTIONING HIM TO SPEAK
 QUIETER) Please. The penalty
 for associating with Unmutuals
 is severe.

P
 (DRY) I know. And you're here
 solely to help me. (WHEN SHE
 NODS) Care to tell me why ?

NO. 86
 You must on no account risk a
 further complaint.

P
 Why ? What does this Social
 Conversion involve ?

IN ANSWER SHE CAN ONLY SHAKE HER HEAD IN AWED
 SILENCE.

P
 Of course. Number Two said to
 keep me guessing, so

NO. 86
 You have to trust me.

P

(DRY) Like I'd trust that bunch who were here earlier.

NO. 86

(NODDING URGENTLY) If you refuse to appeal, they will certainly complain to the committee.

P

Too bad.

HE HAS SPOKEN CASUALLY, BUT SHE STARES AT HIM APPALLED.

NO. 86

Don't say that! Please ...

P

(MORE KINDLY) All right. (HE PUTS A HAND REASSURINGLY ON HER SHOULDER AND REALISES SHE IS SHIVERING) You'd better get home.

NO. 86

(COMING CLOSE) Did you not notice anything ?

P

You mean the accent ?

NO. 86

(NODDING HOPEFULLY) Well then ?

P

(MOCK SOLEMN HE TURNS HER AWAY) There's some thing else: I can't stand deceit -- least of all from girls in trousers.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OLD PEOPLES' HOME. DAY.

30

SEVERAL VILLAGERS SIT AT EAST ENJOYING COFFEE ON THE TERRACE. THE PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM CRACKLES TO LIFE WITH ITS SERIES OF SET NOTES.

LOUDSPEAKER

Your attention please: Weather: The day will continue warm and sunny but with a danger of sudden storms. A reminder: Incidents regarding unmutuals should be reported to the Appeals sub-committee. Thank you for your attention.

DURING THE LAST OF THIS THE COFFEE DRINKERS HAVE SHOWN MARKED SIGNS OF AGITATION AT SIGHT OF SOMEONE OUT OF SHOT. THERE IS A GENERAL EXODUS TO THE VERY FARTHEST END OF THE TERRACE.

EXT. OLD PEOPLES' HOME. DAY. 31

P STROLLING ONTO TERRACE AND CROSSING TOWARDS TABLES.

EXT. OLD PEOPLES' HOME. DAY. 32

ALL TABLES ARE VACANT AS P ARRIVES. THE WAITER WATCHES IN CONSTERNATION AS P CROSSES TO A TABLE AND SITS. HE NOTICES THE WAITER AND SIGNALS.

P
Grapefruit juice, please.

THE WAITER GESTURES ANGRILY FOR P TO GO AWAY.

WAITER
Closed! Closed to Unmutuals !

P FROWNS AND LOOKS ACROSS TO THE FURTHER END OF THE TERRACE WHERE WE NOW SEE THE COFFEE DRINKERS GROUPED IN SULLEN INDIGNATION.

WAITER
(O.S.) Closed!

P SWINGS BACK TO THE WAITER AND STARES AT HIM.

WAITER
I -- I shall complain! Complain
to the committee!

P
I am sure you will.

P GRIMACES THEN SAUNTERS AWAY FROM THE TABLE AND BACK DOWN TO THE FURTHER EXTREME END OF THE TERRACE.

EXT. OLD PEOPLES' HOME. DAY. 33

IN FOREGROUND P WALKS TOWARDS US AND OFF FROM THE TERRACE. AS HE GOES THE VILLAGERS START FORWARD IN A SULLEN GROUP. THEY ARE CLEARLY INTENT ON FOLLOWING HIM.

EXT. ATLAS STREET. DAY. 34

P WALKS DOWN THE STREET IN FOREGROUND. BEHIND HIM THE CROWD FOLLOWING. P SENSES THEM, STOPS AND TURNS TO FACE THEM. THE CROWD STOPS. P

URNS AND WALKS ON. THE CROWD FOLLOWS, GAINING ON HIM. P JUMPS SUDDENLY ROUND. THEY BACK SLIGHTLY, BUT THEIR SULLENNESS IS CHANGING NOW TO OPEN AGGRESSION. THEN, AS ONE OR TWO START TO MUTTER "UNMUTUAL" "UNMUTUAL" THEY START TO EDGE FORWARD AGAIN. P TURNS HIS BACK ON THEM AND WALKS ON. THE CROWD, ANGER GROWING, PUSH AFTER HIM.

EXT. STREET FORECOURT TO P'S HOUSE. DAY. 35

P COMES THROUGH THE ARCHWAY, HARD PUSHED NOW BY THE CROWD -- SWOLLEN AND ENRAGED NOW P TRIES TO HEAD FOR HIS HOUSE, BUT THE MOB -- ONE BURLY THUG IN PARTICULAR -- HEADS HIM OFF. THE THUG LURCHES FORWARD -- WE RECOGNISE HIM FROM SCENE 28. P'S FIST SMASHES FORWARD, CRACKS THE MAN'S JAW. THE BLOW ACTS LIKE A CATALYST ON THE CROWD. WITH A ROAR OF "UNMUTUAL" THEY PRESS IN. P GOES DOWN BEFORE THEM. THEN, ABRUPTLY, ALL FALL SILENT AS THE DISTANT SOUND OF ROVER REACHES THEIR EARS.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET. DAY. STOCK. 36

ROVER STREAKS DOWN THE STREET.

EXT. STREET FORECOURT TO P'S HOUSE. DAY. 37

THE MOB FREEZES. ROVER STREAKS THROUGH THE ARCH AND STARTS TO CIRCLE THEM. THEY BEGIN TO MOVE OFF. FINALLY ONLY P AND THE BURLY THUG ARE LEFT -- THE LATTER SITTING ON THE GROUND RUBBING HIS JAW. HE SEES ROVER, LEAPS TO HIS FEET AND STUMBLES OFF THROUGH THE ARCHWAY, ROVER IN ESCORT. P ENTERS HIS FRONT DOOR.

INT. P'S HOUSE. DAY. 38

P COMES IN FROM THE STREET, PEERING ANXIOUSLY OUT BEHIND HIM AS HE DOES SO. AS THE DOOR SHUTS WE HEAR:

FIRST WOMAN

(O.S.) Unmutualism, Number Six ...

P SWINGS ROUND TO SEE THE THREE FAT WOMEN AND THE GIRL NO. 42 STANDING IN THE ROOM.

FIRST WOMAN

(cont) More, you must now agree, than just a game.

P

If you think that mob is going to...

GIRL 42

(INTERRUPTING) Socially conscious citizens, provoked by the loathsome presence of an Unmutual.

P

Sheep.

GIRL 42

Number Six, before it's too late...

FIRST WOMAN

(SWEEPING HER FIRMLY TOWARDS THE DOOR) Enough! He insists on rejecting our offer of help. So be it, there remains but one course open to us. Come, girls.

THEY GO. P STANDS FROWNING A MOMENT. THE PHONE RINGS.

INT. P'S HOUSE. DAY.

39

NO. 2'S VOICE

(DISTORT) I warned you. I told you the community would not tolerate you indefinitely!

P

(INTO PHONE) You simply need a scapegoat. "Unite citizens, to denounce this menace in our midst!"

INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY.

40

SHOOTING AWAY FROM THE SCREEN.

NO. 2

(INTO PHONE) A scapegoat ? This is what you think ? (AGAIN THE NERVOUS LAUGH) Well, let me assure you, after conversion you won't care what it is. You hear me ? You won't care!

P

Ah yes - the sinister ordeal of social conversion.

NO. 2

(INTO PHONE - QUICKLY AFTER A PAUSE) You'll soon have lasting peace of mind and adjustment to the social system here ...

INT. P'S HOUSE. DAY.

P

Drugs ?

NO. 2

(DISTORT) Would drugs be
lasting ?

P FROWNS THEN SLOWLY RAISES HIS HAND TO THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD -- THE POINT WHERE THE LOBO' MAN'S SCAR WAS VISIBLE IN ACT ONE.

NO. 2

(DISTORT) Exactly, Number Six.
Isolation of the aggressive frontal
lobes of the brain.

THE PHONE GOES DEAD.

SUDDENLY FROM THE LOUDSPEAKER COMES A VOICE:

LOUDSPEAKER

Your attention please. Here is an announcement for all staff psychologists and psychiatrists. Those wishing to study the conversion of No. 6 on Hospital's closed-circuit television please report immediately to the hospital common-room. Thank you for your attention.

THE SOFT MUSIC IS RESUMED AS P RUNS IN DISGUST TO HIS FRONT DOOR.

EXT. P'S HOUSE. DAY.

AS THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN THERE IS THE TWO-TONE BEAT OF AN UNSEEN DRUM -- STARTS ALMOST SUB-AUDIO AT THIS STAGE -- IT RESEMBLES IN TONE AND RHYTHM THE "LUB-DUMB" BEAT OF A HUMAN HEART. THIS DRUM CONTINUES, GROWING IN PITCH THROUGHOUT THE NEXT SCENES AND CEASING ONLY AT THE CLIMAXIAL POINT WHERE P PASSES OUT OF THE ULTRASONIC ROOM.

P STOPS DEAD IN THE DOORWAY. WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL THAT THE FORECOURT IS CROWDED WITH VILLAGERS ALL STANDING IN FORMATION. THEY ARE SILENT AND ALL SMILING WITH THE FIXED OPTIMISM OF RELATIVES AT A CHRISTENING. TO THE FORE WE RECOGNISE THE THREE FAT LADIES AND GIRL 42.

THE FIRST WOMAN STEPS FORWARDS AND SALUTES. THE REST PROMPTLY ALSO GIVE THE VILLAGE SALUTE.

FIRST WOMAN
Splendid Number Six. Right on
time for the procession.

P SUDDENLY LEAPS SIDWAYS. A BURLY P.M.C. GRABS HIM. THE CROWD SURGES FORWARD AT HIM. P BACK FLIPS THE MAN INTO THEIR MIDST.

EXT. STREET FORECOURT TO P'S HOUSE. DAY. 43

TWO MORE P.M.C'S GRAB P. HE FIGHTS LIKE A MAN POSSESSED. HE MANAGES TO GET CLEAR OF THEM AND RUNS FOR THE ARCH ONLY TO BE TRIPPED AT THE LAST SECOND BY THE GIRL, 42. AS P LIES WINDED ON THE GROUND, THE THREE FAT LADIES ARE TO THE FORE OF THE CROWD THAT BEARS DOWN ON HIM. P IS SEIZED.

THE CROWD RE-FORM TO THE APPROXIMATE FORMATION OF THE PROCESSION. P IS FENCED IN BY FOUR PMC'S. THE FIRST WOMAN NODS TO THE PMC'S WHO PROMPTLY GRAB P. CHEERING IMMEDIATELY BREAKS OUT. THE VILLAGERS CLAMOURING ROUND AND MAKING THE VILLAGE SALUTE.

VARIOUS VOICES
Great day, Number Six ... Not long
now ... Be seeing you soon, Number
Six ... See you soon, soon, soon ...

THE CHANT OF "SOON, SOON, SOON!" IS TAKEN UP BY THE OTHERS AS THE PROCESSION MOVES OFF ACROSS THE FORECOURT AND OUT THROUGH THE ARCHWAY.

EXT. STREET. DAY. 44

PROCESSION DRAGGING P, CHANTING "SOON, SOON, SOON!"

INT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE HALL. DAY. 45

ONE ORDERLY LOOKS AT HIS WATCH. HE NODS AT TWO MORE WAITING JUST INSIDE THE ENTRANCE. WE SEE THE CROWD BRING P TO THE ENTRANCE. WE HEAR RENEWED CHEERING AND CATCH A GLIMPSE OF THE EDGE OF THE CROWDS OF VILLAGERS. THE CROWD BRINGS P UP TO THE DOORWAY. THE ORDERLIES STEP FORWARD, ONE TO EACH SIDE OF P. THE THIRD MOVING IN DEFTLY WITH A SYRINGE OF MUSCLE RELAXING DRUG.

THE DOORS SLAM SHUT, CUTTING OUT MUCH OF THE LIGHT AND ALL OF THE NOISE. THE CONTRAST OF SILENCE IS PRONOUNCED. ONLY THE DRUM IS AUDIBLE FOR A MOMENT AND THEN THE ECHOING STEPS OF THE ORDERLIES AS THEY HALF DRAG P AWAY ALONG THE CORRIDOR.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. DAY.

FROM P'S POV WE SEE THE LONG CORRIDOR -- ONLY THE TWO TONE DRUM BEAT CAN BE HEARD. THE PICTURE SWIMS SLIGHTLY AS HIS EYES REACT TO THE EFFECT OF THE DRUG. WE TRACK ALONG THE CORRIDOR RIGHT INTO THE ULTRA-SONICS THEATRE.

INT. ULTRA-SONICS THEATRE. DAY.

WE SEE THE SCIENTISTS AND THEIR ASSISTANTS GROUPED ROUND THEIR EQUIPMENT IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM. THE LATTER CONSISTS OF: A PADDED TROLLEY WITH A HEAD-CLAMP (NOT TOO GRUESOME); THIS TROLLEY IS ON RAILS AND HAS ADJUSTMENT WHEELS AT THE TOP AND SIDE FOR MINUTE ADJUSTMENT OF THE POSITIONING OF THE PATIENT'S HEAD. BESIDE THE TROLLEY IS A LARGE PARABOLIC REFLECTOR (CIRCULAR CONCAVE MIRROR) ANGLED TOWARDS THE HEAD OF THE COUCH. BETWEEN IT AND THE PATIENT'S HEAD IS SUSPENDED THE ULTRA-SONIC UNIT - A CONTAINER HOLDING A QUARTZ CRYSTAL WHICH EMITS ULTRA-SONIC WAVES WHEN VIBRATED IN AN ELECTRO-MAGNETIC FIELD. THE SOUND WAVES (ULTRA-SONIC) THUS PRODUCED HIT THE CONCAVE MIRROR AND BOUNCE BACK FROM IT ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF REFLECTION - I.E: THEY ARE ALL CONCENTRATED, REACHING A POINT OF MAXIMUM MOLECULAR AGITATION AT THE EXACT FOCAL POINT OF THE MIRROR. IF THE PATIENT'S HEAD (CLAMPED ON ITS ADJUSTABLE COUCH) IS MOVED INTO PLACE, THE FOCAL POINT CAN BE USED TO INFLUENCE THE BRAIN INTERNALLY (N.B: ULTRA-SONIC WAVES WILL PENETRATE WHERE LIGHT WILL NOT.)

PROCEDURE: THE CHIEF OPERATOR WOULD "FEEL" THE FOCAL POINT TO THE CRUCIAL SPOT IN THE PATIENT'S BRAIN BY TURNING THE FIELD VOLTAGE DOWN TO A "SAFE" LEVEL AND THEN MOVING THE FOCAL POINT GENTLY INSIDE THE BRAIN UNTIL HE GETS EXACTLY THE RIGHT POINT FOR ISOLATION OF THE AGGRESSIVE FRONTAL LOBES. HE DEFINES THIS POINT BY WATCHING THE PATIENT'S REACTIONS. WHEN THE CORRECT LOBOTOMY POINT IS LOCATED THE PATIENT'S FACE WILL ASSUME A RELAXED SMILE, TYPICAL OF THE LOBOTOMY PATIENT.

THE ULTRA-SONIC WAVES ARE AUGMENTED BY LIGHT WAVES WHICH ACT PURELY AS A GUIDE TO THE OPERATORS. FOR VISUAL DEMONSTRATION OF THE U-S WAVES, IF A PIECE OF POLY-STYRENE WERE PLACED AT THE FOCAL POINT, ITS CELL STRUCTURE WOULD BE DESTROYED, AND A NEAT ROUND HOLE WOULD APPEAR IN IT.

AS FAR AS DECEIVING P IS CONCERNED, HE COULD INDEED BE GIVEN THE LOW-VOLTAGE TEST TO LOCATE THE CRUCIAL SPOT AND THEN A DRUG INTRA-DERMALLY INTRODUCED TO STIMULATE LOSS OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

A TEMPORARY SCAR WOULD BE LEFT ON THE TEMPLE AFTERWARDS DUE TO PARTIAL DISRUPTION OF THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF THE SKIN.

IMMEDIATELY THE TROLLEY RISES FROM THE FLOOR BEHIND P TWO MORE ORDERLIES STEP FORWARD, GRAB HIM AND LIFT HIM BODILY. P IS UNABLE TO RESIST DUE TO THE EFFECTS OF THE INJECTION. HE IS STRETCHED ON THE TROLLEY AND HIS HEAD SECURED BY CLAMPS. THOUGH PRESENT DURING THIS, NO. 86 HAS HER BACK TO THE CAMERA. THIS, PLUS THE FACT OF HER WHITE COAT, ETC., MAKE HER AS YET UNRECOGNISABLE.

NO. 86

(OS) We are using standard equipment ...

WHIP PAN FROM P TO NO. 86 AS SHE CROSSES TO THE PARABOLIC REFLECTOR, ETC., AND DIRECTS HER REMARKS TO A T. V. CAMERA. IN THE BACKGROUND WE CAN SEE HER AND THE EQUIPMENT ON A MONITOR SCREEN.

NO. 86

(INDICATING EACH ITEM OF EQUIPMENT IN TURN)

Unit containing quartz crystal is activated by a variable electro-magnetic field from these high-voltage condensers.

INT. COMMON ROOM. DAY.

48

WHITE COATED MEDICOES AND SCIENTISTS WATCH THE MONITOR SCREEN ATTENTIVELY.

NO. 86

(ON SCREEN) The crystal emits ultra-sonic sound waves which are bounced off the parabolic reflector, here. (SHE INDICATES MIRROR)

INT. ULTRA-SONIC THEATRE. DAY.

49

NO. 86

The focal point of the reflector can be seen here, (SHE SHOWS IT) by use of these light waves included purely as a guide.

NO. 86 PICKS UP A PIECE OF POLYSTYRENE.

NO. 86

I shall now demonstrate the molacular turbulence at the focal point --

SHE AND HER ASSISTANTS PUT ON EAR COVERS. SHE THEN TURNS A CONTROL ON THE CONDENSORS - THE HUM OF THE EQUIPMENT INTENSIFIES AND RISES IN PITCH. SHE THEN WAVES THE POLYSTYRENE ACROSS THE F.P. OF THE BEAM. WE SEE IT DISAPPEAR. (JUST THE TIP.)

NO. 86

The Ultra-Sonic beam is capable of penetrating whereas the light is not. Now.

SHE TURNS AND NODS TO THE ASSISTANTS, HAVING FIRST TURNED DOWN THE CONDENSOR CONTROL. THE ASSISTANTS MOVE THE TROLLEY FORWARD ON ITS RAILS UNTIL THE LIGHT BEAM SHOWS ON P'S TEMPLE. IN C.U. WE SEE P LOOKING UP AT THE MONITOR ABOVE HIM. SUDDENLY HIS EYES MOVE SIDeways AND WE PULL BACK TO SEE THAT NO. 86 IS CALMLY CHECKING HIS PULSE. WE HOLD THIS WITH P'S FACE IN SHOT BUT NOT NO. 86's.

NO. 86

(O.S) The prime concern ... (P's EYES FLY BACK TO THE MONITOR) is to locate the link point of the frontal lobes. To do this we turn to a low voltage rating (SHE DOES SO. THE HUM RISES SLIGHTLY) and, so to speak, "feel" our focal point into place.

SHE NODS TO THE ASSISTANTS, ONE AT EACH ADJUSTER WHEEL. THEY START TO TURN VERY SLOWLY. THERE IS LITTLE OR NO APPARENT MOVEMENT OF THE POINT OF LIGHT ON P'S TEMPLE. THE ASSISTANTS CONTINUE TO TURN UNTIL P'S LEFT LEG SUDDENLY TWITCHES INVOLUNTARILY. IMMEDIATELY NO. 86 HOLDS UP HER HAND. THE ASSISTANTS STOP TURNING.

NO. 86

Ah! We have now located the medial aspect of the left motor area. (SHE CONSULTS A CHART THEN ADDRESSES ONE OF THE ASSISTANTS) Three centimeters in. (TO OTHER ASSISTANT) One-point five centimeters up.

THE TWO ASSISTANTS MAKE FINE ADJUSTMENTS, AGAIN NO. 86 CONSULTS CHART.

INT. COMMON ROOM. DAY.

50

THE MEDICOES WATCH CLOSELY AS:

NO. 86 (ON SCREEN)

Point four-five centimeters right,
Point zero-two-three centimeters down.

INT. ULTRA-SONIC THEATRE. DAY.

51

THE ASSISTANTS MAKE THE TINY ADJUSTMENTS.

NO. 86

Point-zero-zero-one-five up. Hold the horizontal.

AS THE ASSISTANT AT THE SIDE STARTS TO MAKE A FINAL ADJUSTMENT, WE CLOSE IN ON P'S FACE. SUDDENLY HIS EXPRESSION CHANGES TO THE SAME SMILE WHICH WE SAW IN THE LOBO' MAN IN ACT ONE.

NO. 86 SMILES COMPLACENTLY.

NO. 86

Precise! The ultra-sonic beam is now focused on the exact link point of the frontal lobes.

SHE RELINQUISHES P'S WRIST AND TAKES A TUBE OF CREAM. SHE RUBS SOME OF THE CREAM VERY GENTLY ONTO THE AREA OF P'S TEMPLE ON WHICH THE LIGHT IS FOCUSED.

NO. 86

Lanolin barrier to minimise external cell break-down and subsequent scar tissue.

SHE THEN TAKES A HYPODERMIC FROM AN ASSISTANT AND PREPARES TO INJECT P'S ARM.

NO. 86

(AS SHE INJECTS) Relaxant to preclude muscular reaction. (SHE PASSES THE HYPODERMIC TO THE ASSISTANT, THEN TURNS BACK TO THE TRANSFORMER CONTROLS) Now to step up the voltage until the ultra-sonic bombardment causes a permanent dislocation.

INT. ULTRA-SONIC THEATRE.

52

NO. 86'S HAND AS SHE STARTS TO TURN THE VOLTAGE CONTROL UP.

INT. ULTRA-SONIC THEATRE.

53

THE HUM STARTS TO RISE SLOWLY IN PITCH AND INTENSITY.

INT. ULTRA-SONIC THEATRE.

P'S FACE STILL BEARS THE SMILE. THE NOISE AND PITCH IS STILL RISING.

INT. ULTRA-SONIC THEATRE.

THE POINT OF LIGHT ON THE SIDE OF P'S FOREHEAD IS AS INTENSE AS A MAGNIFIED SUN RAY. THE PITCH OF THE NOTE HAS RISEN NOW TO A POINT ALMOST ABOVE THE HUMAN AUDIO RANGE.

INT. ULTRA-SONIC THEATRE.

NO. 86'S HAND CONTINUES TO TURN THE CONTROL UP AS THE PITCH SQUEALS HIGHER.

INT. ULTRA-SONIC THEATRE.

THE MONITOR ABOVE P IS RINGED WITH LIGHTS. FROM P'S POV WE SEE THESE LIGHTS START TO REVOLVE, MONITOR TOO. AS THE PITCH RISES AND SCREAMS UP ABOVE THE AUDIO RANGE, THE LIGHTS SPIN FASTER AND FASTER, BLUR, MERGE AND FINALLY:

FADE OUT:

----- END OF ACT TWO -----

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY.

P IS LYING ON BED. HE IS SMILING DROWSILY UNDER THE EFFECTS OF A TRANQUILISING DRUG. APART FROM A SMALL STRIP OF PLASTER ON ONE TEMPLE THERE IS NO SIGN OF HIS RECENT ORDEAL. NO. 86 STANDS BY THE BED SMILING RADIANTLY. A WHITE-COATED DOCTOR ALSO STANDS BESIDE THE BED.

DOCTOR
(LOUDLY CHATTY, WITH
PLAYFUL ADMONISHMENT) You
went to sleep, Number Six. Just
at the most interesting point you
went to sleep.

P
(HAPPILY) Always was a bad
audience

DOCTOR

(HIS HEARTINESS CONTRASTS WITH P'S TRANQUILITY)

Wonderful, wonderful. Now then, - just remember, boy, no exertion, no over-excitement. That's not for you anymore.

NO. 86

Don't worry, Doctor. I'll keep an eye on him myself.

P

(TOUCHING THE PLASTER) And this ?

DOCTOR

Largely superfluous. I should leave it on for a couple of days if I were you. (HE GAFFAWS) Just to remind you to take it easy. (HE GLANCES AT HIS WATCH) Well, some of us have to get on. Go home at your leisure. And by the way, congratulations. Lucky fellow. Wonderful.

HE HURRIES OFF DOWN THE WARD. P MEETS NO. 86'S SMILE FOR A MOMENT THEN GETS CAUTIOUSLY TO HIS FEET. HE TAKES A FEW CAREFUL STEPS, THEN ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE LED OUT OF THE WARD.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. DAY.

59

NO. 86 LEADS P DOWN THE CORRIDOR. AS THEY DRAW LEVEL WITH THE OBSERVATION WINDOW THROUGH TO THE AVERSION THERAPY ROOM, WE AGAIN HEAR A GASP.

INT. AVERSION THERAPY ROOM. DAY.

60

ANOTHER MAN IS STRAPPED IN THE CHAIR. ELECTRODES TAPED TO HIS BARE ARMS. HE IS CONVULSED WITH SURGE OF THE AVERSION SHOCK AS THE WORDS: "INDIVIDUAL" "INDEPENDENCE" "REBEL" "SELF" "REACTIONARY" "INDIVIDUAL" "INDEPENDENCE" ETC., ARE FLASHED ON THE SCREEN IN RAPID SEQUENCE.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. DAY.

61

P, STILL SMILING BENEVOLENTLY, HAS PAUSED TO WATCH. NO. 86, FEARFUL OF P'S REACTION, URGES HIM AWAY FROM THE OBSERVATION WINDOW AND ON DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

INT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE HALL. DAY.

62

AS NO. 86 OPENS THE HOSPITAL DOORS, THE CROWD OF WELL-WISHERS WAITING OUTSIDE STARTS TO CHEER LOUDLY. SOME HURRY FORWARD TO SHAKE P'S HAND.

VARIOUS VOICES

Welcome, Number Six. Great day,
Number Six. Welcome! Welcome!

ANXIOUSLY NO. 86 FENDS OFF THE WELL-WISHERS, INDICATING THAT P HAS TO BE TREATED GENTLY. P REGARDS THEM ALL BENEVOLENTLY, RETURNS THE VILLAGE SALUTE. NO. 86 LEADS HIM TO A WAITING BUGGIE.

EXT. FORECOURT TO P'S HOUSE. DAY.

63

A SMALL CROWD OF VILLAGERS IS WAITING EXPECTANTLY IN THE FORECOURT. THEY CROWD FORWARD AT SOUND OF THE APPROACHING BUGGIE. AS IT SWEEPS THROUGH THE ARCHWAY THEY START TO CHEER.

VARIOUS VOICES

Welcome, Number Six! Welcome,
Welcome! Great day, Number Six.

P WAVES BACK AT THE CROWD BEFORE LETTING NO. 86 HUSTLE HIM INTO THE HOUSE.

INT. P'S HOUSE. DAY.

64

NO. 2 IS WAITING FOR THEM INSIDE. HE STANDS UP AND SALUTES P. FROM NOW ON HIS Demeanour, LIKE THE DOCTOR'S AND THAT OF 86, EMPHASISES A SENSE OF BUSTLE. THERE IS NO FURTHER SIGN OF THE APPEASEMENT LAUGH.

NO. 2

Welcome, Number Six. Welcome home. The lamb returns to the fold.

P

(QUIETLY, STILL SMILING)
Like the month of March.

NO. 2

Quite so. (HE CATCHES NO. 86'S EYE FOR A MOMENT) Well, no more lions from now on, eh. (HE NODS TOWARDS BOILING KETTLE) The kettle, my dear. Ready for you to make Number Six a nice soothing cup of tea. (TO P AND HEADING FOR THE DOOR) Celebration drink, eh, my lucky fellow.

P

Won't you stay for the ritual ?

NO. 2

(AT DOOR) No time now. We'll have a good old chat later, eh. Be seeing you both.

HE SALUTES AND GOES. NO. 86 HAS BEEN PREPARING THE TEA -- THE SAME NOXIOUS CONTINENTAL METHOD. P SITS AND WATCHES HER AMIABLY. SHE HAS HER BACK TO HIM AND WE SEE HER DISCREETLY DROP TWO TABLETS INTO P'S CUP. SMILING SHE TURNS AND TAKES IT ACROSS TO HIM.

P

I wanted you to know, I'm -- what's the word -- grateful.

SHE HANDS HIM THE TEA. HE EYES IT WITH DISTASTE. SHE SITS AND WATCHES HIM. HE STRETCHED AND YAWNS, THEN GRINS DROWSILY AT HER.

P

Must be all the excitement.

NO. 86

Only natural. Just finish your tea and then ...

P

Could you get me a pillow ?

NO. 86

Of course.

HE INDICATES THE BED. UNSUSPECTING, NO. 86 HURRIES ACROSS. AS SHE GOES, P TURNS AND DISCREETLY POURS THE TEA INTO THE SAME RECEPTACLE AS IN SCENE 9. NO. 86 FINDS THE PILLOW AND BRINGS IT ACROSS. SHE SEES THE EMPTY CUP.

NO. 86

Sleep well.

SHE SMOOTHES THE PILLOW FOR HIS HEAD AS HE RELAXES AND CLOSES HIS EYES. SHE WATCHES HIM FOR A MOMENT TO BE QUITE SURE HE IS ALSEEP THEN CROSSES TO THE DOOR AND LEAVES.

INT. P'S HOUSE. DAY.

65

P IS FAST ASLEEP. SUDDENLY THERE IS THE SHARP CLICK OF SOMEONE SNAPPING HIS FINGERS. P FROWNS IN HIS SLEEP. THE NOISE IS REPEATED TWICE. P OPENS HIS EYES, LOOKS TO ONE SIDE OF THE DIVAN AND SMILES. PULL BACK ENOUGH TO REVEAL NO. 2

SITTING BESIDE HIM, BUT OTHERWISE PLAY THE WHOLE SCENE VERY CLOSE AND INTIMATE.

NO. 2

Time for our talk, Number Six.

P STRETCHES LUXURIOUSLY. HE IS STILL GENUINELY CONFUSED AT THIS STAGE.

P

Ah yes. Our talk.

NO. 2

Now that your aggressive anxieties have all been, so to speak, purged forever, I know you'll feel free to speak.

P

Feel free ...
(ANOTHER LUXURIANT STRETCH)
Free to speak ...

NO. 2

About that little matter, for instance, which has been causing you so much absurd distress -- that trivia of your resignation ...

P

(DROWSY) Ah yes, my resignation.

NO. 2

(REPRESSING HIS EXCITEMENT)
Yes. You resigned. Prematurely.
Why? Why did you resign?

P REACTS VAGUELY TO THE WORD "RESIGN"

P

(RESISTING SUBCONSCIOUSLY) Of course. It was pretty -- er -- complex, you know. Now just let me -- let me concentrate ... My -- (HE FROWNS SLIGHTLY) My resignation

NO. 2

Try. Try and think.

P

(CONFUSED) I - I can't.

NO. 2

(QUIET BUT URGENT) You must.

P

I -- it's like a mental blockage.
A blank. I -- You'll have to give
me more time.

NO. 2

Try - now.

P

Now ? Why ? What's all the
urgency ? Why the hurry ?

NO. 2

(HASTILY) No hurry. None at all.

P

(VAGUELY TO HIMSELF) Time
to think .. time to think ...

NO. 2

(A LAST EFFORT) Was that it ?
You couldn't stand your work ?
You needed time to think ?

P

(SHAKING HIS HEAD) No ... Surely
not.

NO. 2

(FINALLY EXASPERATED) I'm asking
you, not telling you!

P

It's important ?

NO. 2 CLENCHES HIS FISTS IN FRUSTRATED RAGE.

P

Don't -- please don't get angry.

NO. 2

(QUICKLY, TO MAINTAIN THE
DECEPTION) I am not angry, my
friend. It just seems that way to you.
Your new world is so serene by contrast.

P

(SUSPICIOUS) Is that so ? Serene ?
(HE SWINGS ABRUPTLY OFF THE
DIVAN, TESTING THE NEW THOUGHT)
Is that true ?

NO. 2

(SMOOTHLY) Of course it is, my dear man. For you, agitation is a thing of the past. Now just rest up. We'll carry on with our chat later. When you've had time to collect your thoughts.

HE SALUTES AND GOES. P STANDS STARING AFTER HIM A MOMENT, FROWNING. SLOWLY HE RAISES HIS HAND TO THE PLASTER ON HIS RIGHT TEMPLE. HE TOUCHES IT LIGHTLY, THEN CROSSES TO THE MIRROR. FOR A MOMENT HE HESITATES THEN, STEELING HIMSELF, RIPS IT OFF. ZOOM IN ON THE NEAT, FRESH SCAR OF HIS SUPPOSED ULTRA-SONIC TREATMENT.

INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY.

NO. 86 IS SITTING WATCHING THE SCREEN WHERE P IS STILL LOOKING IN THE MIRROR.

NO. 86

(WORRIED) Strange. Very strange.

NO. 2

(OUT OF SHOT) What is ?

NO. 86 GLANCES AT THE DOOR AND WE SEE THAT NO. 2 HAS JUST ENTERED.

NO. 86

Already he suspects.

NO. 2 HURRIES ACROSS TO LOOK AT THE SCREEN.

NO. 2

The scar at any rate is genuine. He will learn nothing from it.

NO. 86

No. But he suspects. Already. I gave him eight grains of Mytol. Suspicion, doubt -- these are factors of aggression. The drug should preclude all such reactions.

ON SCREEN WE SEE P TURN FROM THE MIRROR. HE IS POUNDING HIS FIST INTO THE OPEN PALM OF HIS OTHER HAND.

NO. 2

He is still very confused.

NO. 86

(NODDING) He is shocked. As I anticipated. You should have waited ...

NO. 2

You watched me with him. You saw how I acted up to the illusion of a personality change. (WHEN SHE NODS) And he saw the operation. He watched it. He must believe ...

NO. 86

(THOUGHTFUL) Certainly no reason for him to suspect. Even if he had been fully aware of the injection, he could hardly have guessed...

NO. 2

Exactly. So he must believe he has undergone the full personality change. And with these drugs ... How long before his next dose ?

NO. 86

At least four hours.

NO. 2

(ABRUPT) Go to him now. Repeat the dose.

NO. 86

Now ? But sixteen grains of Mytol ... Quite impossible.

NO. 2

Now, I said. Look? (HE INDICATES SCREEN) Already suspicious, aggressions. We cannot risk a relapse.

NO. 86

But this drug ...

NO. 2

The man has the constitution of a bull. We must simply step up the dose.

AS NO. 86 SHRUGS DUBIOUS ACQUIESCENCE, WE GO TO:

INT. P'S HOUSE. DAY.

67

OPEN ON BOILING KETTLE. PULL BACK AS NO. 86 LIFTS IT AND STARTS TO POUR BOILING WATER ON TEA-LEAVES AND TABLET IN P'S CUP.

NO. 86

Tiredness is only natural. Tea will soon soothe you.

P IS WARY BUT STILL MUCH UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE TRANQUILIZER. P STRETCHES AND GRUNTS AFFIRMATION AS HE FLOPS DOWN ON THE DIVAN. HE TAKES THE TEA FROM HER AND SETS IT CAREFULLY TO ONE SIDE. SHE SITS BESIDE HIM.

NO. 86

Your plaster ?

P

Sorry, nurse.

SHE SHAKES HER HEAD IN MOCK ADMONISHMENT, THEN MOVES CLOSER TO HIM.

NO. 86

Then to that extent you are not changed. (WHEN P LOOKS PUZZLED)
You still have some impatience --
impulsiveness.

SHE EDGES CLOSER STILL, THEN SMOOTHES OUT HER DRESS.

NO. 86

You like my dress ?

P

Yes, more feminine than slacks.

NO. 86

(A BREATHLESS LITTLE LAUGH)
Then at last you can look at me ?
As a woman needs to be looked at ?

P MEETS HER GAZE, ONLY TO SHAKE HIS HEAD IN SOLEMN REFUSAL.

P

One thing more.

NO. 86

(INDIGNANT) Always one more!
What now ?

EXPRESSIONLESS, P PICKS UP HIS CUP OF TEA.

P

I just can't stand girls who are
incapable of making a good cup of
tea.

CASUALLY HE POURS THE CONTENTS OF THE CUP INTO THE SAME RECEPTACLE. NO. 86, EYES WIDE WITH HUMILIATION, LIFTS A HAND TO SLAP HIS FACE. THEN, WITH A STRAINED LITTLE LAUGH, SHE CONTROLS HERSELF. FOR P, WATCHING HER IMPASSIVELY, IT IS ALL FURTHER FUEL FOR HIS SUSPICIONS.

P

(STANDING) Come on. I'll give
you a lesson. (AS SHE SWINGS
HUFFILY AWAY) No ?

SHE REALISES HER MISTAKE AND HURRIES TO JOIN HIM AT THE KITCHENETTE,

NO. 86

Of course. Please teach me your method.

P POURS SOME OF THE STILL HOT WATER INTO THE POT, THEN PUTS THE KETTLE TO RE-BOIL. HE EMPTIES THE POT OF WATER.

P

Always warm the pot.

HE PICKS UP THE CADDIE AND SPOONS TEA-LEAVES INTO POT.

P

(AS HE DOES SO) One for thee, one for me and one for the pot.

THE KETTLE HAS BOILED AGAIN. P POURS WATER INTO THE POT.

P

Now let it brew while...

HE BREAKS OFF, SEARCHING IN VAIN FOR LEMON.

P

No lemon. Have to be milk.

HE SEARCHES OUT SOME MILK AND POURS SOME INTO EACH CUP. THEY ARE THE TYPE MADE IN TWO SECTIONS - A WHITE DISPOSABLE SECTION HELD IN A COLOURED PLASTIC CONTAINER. ONE CONTAINER IS PALE PINK, THE OTHER IS DARK BLUE. WE REALISE THAT NO. 86 HAS YET ANOTHER TABLET READY.

P

(TURNING TO CUPBOARD)
Biscuits.

AS HE SEARCHES IN CUPBOARD, WE SEE NO. 86 DROP THE TABLET INTO THE DARK-BLUE CONTAINER. P WATCHES THIS MOVE ON A SMALL MIRROR ON THE INSIDE OF THE CUPBOARD DOOR.

P COMES BACK WITH THE BISCUITS, PUTS THEM ON THE TRAY AND CARRIES IT ACROSS TO THE TABLE.

P

(AS SHE FOLLOWS) Oh, the sugar please. On the shelf.

AS SHE TURNS BACK FOR IT, P NEATLY SWITCHES THE WHITE SECTION OF THE CUPS, SO THAT THE DRUGGED TEA NOW SITS IN THE PINK CONTAINER.

INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY.

NO. 2 AND THE ASSISTANT WATCH THE SCREEN ON WHICH P CAN BE SEEN WITH HIS BACK TO US AS HE BENDS OVER THE TRAY. IN THE BACK OF THE LIVING SPACE, THE BUTLER APPEARS.

NO. 2

(DRY) All charmingly domestic.
(to the BUTLER) I think I'd like
some tea.

THE BUTLER EXITS. MOVE IN ON SCREEN A BIT AS NO. 86 CROSSES WITH THE SUGAR. THEY SIT AND SMILE AT EACH OTHER.

INT. P'S ROOM. DAY.

P PICKS UP THE BLUE CUP AND OFFERS IT TO NO. 86. SHE SHAKES HER HEAD AND REACHES FOR THE PINK CUP.

NO. 86

(IMITATING GRUFF HEARTY
VOICE OF NO. 2) There is a saying:
Pink for a little girl, blue for a boy.

P NODS POLITELY, OFFERS HER SUGAR, TAKES SOME HIMSELF. THEN, WITH RELISH, HE TAKES A LONG DRINK OF TEA.

P

You see, worth all the effort.
Come on -- drink up.

HE RAISES HIS CUP IN A TOAST TO WHICH NO. 86 HAS TO RESPOND. SHE FINISHES HER CUP THEN STANDS. P YAWNS HUGEY AND PUTS HIS FEET UP ON THE DIVAN.

INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY.

NO. 2 AND ASSISTANT.

NO. 2

(WATCHING SCREEN) Excellent.
Now just leave him, girl. Leave
him to me.

NO. 2 STANDS AND STARTS TO CROSS TOWARDS THE DOOR. JUST BEFORE HE LOSES SIGHT OF SCREEN, NO. 86 HALF FALLS TOWARDS P WITH A GURGLING LAUGH AND STARTS TRYING TO EMBRACE HIM. AGHAST, NO. 2 RUSHES BACK TO THE CONTROL CONSOLE.

NO. 2

Stupid woman! (HE REACHES
ACROSS, THROWS A SWITCH AND
SPEAKS INTO A HAND MIKE)
(WITH RESTRAINT) Number eighty-
six. Please report immediately to
Number Two.

INT. P'S HOUSE. DAY.

71

NO. 2

(DISTORT) Repeat, immediately!

P

(DROWSILY) Oops -- duty calls ...

NO. 86

(ALARMED DESPITE THE DRUG)

Please, I must hurry.

SHE LEAPS UP IN CONFUSION, THEN HURRIES SHAKILY OUT. PUZZLED, P LIES BACK ON THE DIVAN. HE KNOWS THAT HE HAS NOW MISSED OUT ON ONE, IF NOT TWO, CUPS OF DRUGGED TEA. AS A RESULT, HE IS SLOWLY RETURNING TO NORMAL. BUT HIS SUSPICIONS STILL NEED CONFIRMATION -- PROOF THAT RESISTANCE AND AGGRESSION STILL LIVE IN HIM.

INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY.

72

NO. 2 IS STILL WATCHING THE SCREEN, - ASSISTANT NEARBY.

NO. 2

That stupid eighty-six.
Passionate fool! She'll ruin
everything.

HE MOPS HIS BROW WITH A LARGE RED HANDKERCHIEF AND IS ONCE AGAIN ABOUT TO HEAD FOR THE DOOR WHEN HE SEES P SIT UP ON THE DIVAN AND STRETCH.

NO. 2

Idiot woman -- what has she
started!

WITH A GREAT SHOW OF DROWSINESS, P STANDS AND WANDERS ACROSS TO THE DOOR. HE REACHES IT, PAUSES TO YAWN AGAIN THEN OPENS UP.

NO. 2

(AFTER BRIEF HESITATION)

Well, why not? Let him go out --
feel free. He is safely drugged. If
he has doubts, suspicions even, then
a little external contact will soon
reassure him.

ON SCREEN WE SEE P GOING OUT THROUGH HIS FRONT DOOR.

NO. 2 PICKS UP THE PHONE.

EXT. ATLAS STREET. DAY.

P WALKS DOWN THE STREET. HE IS FROWNING, TRYING TO CONCENTRATE ALL HIS FACULTIES. THE LOBO' MAN FROM ACT ONE IS WANDERING VAGUELY DOWN THE STREET TOWARDS P. AS THEY PASS P GLANCES UP.

LOBO' MAN
(MILDLY) Beautiful day!

P STOPS HIM.

P
I see you were once an Unmutual.

THE MAN NODS HAPPILY.

LOBO' MAN
(FEELING THE SCAR ON HIS
TEMPLE) Yes but I was saved by
Social Conversion.

P.
You felt different -- afterwards ?

THE LOBO' MAN STARES AT P A MOMENT THEN SLOWLY, LABORIOUSLY, STARTS TO LAUGH.

LOBO' MAN
You should know.

P
I should ?

LOBO' MAN
(POINTING AT P'S SCAR)
Who better ? Be seeing you.

HE GIVES THE VILLAGE SALUTE AND AMBLES OFF.

P TURNS AND WALKS ON UP THE STREET.

EXT. WOODLAND P.T. AREA. DAY.

THE CLEARING AS IN SCENE ONE. P COMES UP, LOOKS AROUND, THEN CROSSES TO WHERE THE PUNCH BAG STILL HANGS. HE LOOKS AT IT FOR A LONG MOMENT THEN TAKES AN EXPERIMENTAL PUNCH AT IT. AS IT SWAYS BACK AT HIM HE TRIES TWO MORE PUNCHES, A LEFT AND A RIGHT. THEY ARE NOT HARD BLOWS. AGAIN THE BAG SWAYS TOWARDS HIM. THIS TIME HE PUMMELS AT IT BUT STILL NOT HARD. HE PAUSES, UNCLENCHES HIS HANDS AND FROWNS. HE LACKS AGGRESSION.

THE BAG SWINGS PAST HIM AGAIN AND AS IT DOES SO HE SEES THE TWO MEN FROM SCENE ONE LEERING AT HIM FROM THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING, SLOWLY, MENACINGLY, THEY START TO CROSS TOWARDS HIM.

FIRST MAN

Back here again.

SECOND MAN

But not so full of himself now.

FIRST MAN

(TAKING A PUNCH AT THE BAG)

Not so much punch in him now.

SECOND MAN

(ALSO PUNCHING THE BAG)

We had some unfinished business.

FIRST MAN

(PUNCHING THE BAG BACK)

Remember, Number Six ?

THE SECOND MAN PUNCHES AT THE BAG BUT DELIBERATELY MISSES AND HITS P. P STANDS HIS GROUND FROWNING.

SECOND MAN

Or maybe he doesn't feel up to it.

FIRST MAN

(PUSHING P ROUGHLY) Too much of a social convert now ...

THE SECOND MAN GOES TO PUSH P. ALMOST TENTATIVELY P GRABS HOLD OF THE MAN'S ARM. INSTANTLY THEY BOTH WADE IN THROWING WILD PUNCHES FOR A MOMENT P TAKES IT. -- STILL VAGUE, STILL ON THE DEFENSIVE. THE BLOWS GRADUALLY SNAP P OUT OF THE FINAL EFFECTS OF THE TRANQUILISER AND STARTS TO FIGHT BACK WITH INCREASING VIGOUR. HE MANAGES TO CATCH THE STILL SWAYING PUNCH BAG, USES IT TO SWING ON AND SLAM HIS FEET INTO THE FIRST MAN'S CHEST. THE MAN GOES DOWN HEAVILY.

P SPRINGS BACK TO GAIN SPACE. AS HE WAITS FOR THE SECOND MAN TO CLOSE WITH HIM, HE RAISES A HAND TO HIS TEMPLE, THEN SMILES SLIGHTLY.

THE SECOND MAN LEAPS IN. THEY TANGLE VICIOUSLY BEFORE P FLOORS HIM WITH A TREMENDOUS BLOW. AGAIN P SPRINGS BACK, THE SMILE CHANGING NOW TO ELATION. NOW HE KNOWS THE OPERATION MUST ALL HAVE BEEN A TRICK.

P

(AS FIRST MAN STAGGERS IN TO THE ATTACK AGAIN)

Found my punch.

P LANDS THREE RAPID AND DECISIVE BODY BLOWS. THE MAN FALLS UNCONSCIOUS.

P RAISES HIS HAND TO TOUCH THE SCAR. A SMILE OF GRIM SATISFACTION ON HIS FACE AS WE CLOSE IN ON HIM.

FADE OUT:

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

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY.

75

NO. 2 IS SEATED AT HIS DESK. HE IS ON THE PHONE. THE BUTLER IS POURING TEA.

NO. 2

I want to know about that damn girl.

VOICE

(DISTORT) Girl, sir ?

NO. 2

Number eighty-six! She was supposed to report. Find her.

VOICE

(DISTORT) Yes, sir ...

NO. 2

(EXASPERATED - AT THE BUTLER)

They give us directives. They rate them Top Priority. And then they expect us to break a man like Number Six with a so called female "expert" ! Get that tea out of here.

THE BUTLER PICKS UP THE TRAY AND RETREATS.

EXT. WOODLAND PATH. DAY.

76

P IS WALKING THOUGHTFULLY DOWN THE PATH. SUDDENLY HE HEARS A NOISE. HE CONCEALS HIMSELF AND SEES NO. 86 WANDERING HAPPILY ALONG COLLECTING WOOD FLOWERS AND SPRIGS OF FERN. P WATCHES HER A WHILE THEN EMERGES FROM HIDING.

P

(NODDING AT FLOWERS) Planning a funeral ?

NO. 86
(PREOCCUPIED) I -- I have to report...

P
(DRY) On plant life ...

NO. 86
To Number Two. (ABRUPTLY
SHE GIGGLES) I want to make him
happy. (SHE HOLDS UP THE FLOWERS)

SHE IS ABOUT TO START WANDERING DOWN THE PATH
AGAIN. P MAKES UP HIS MIND.

P
Can't have you wandering around
like this.

NO. 86
I'm higher. (SHE GIGGLES)
-- higher than Number Two...

P
(DRY) The ecstasy of illusion.

NO. 86
I -- I have to -- report ...

P GLANCES AROUND THEN STARTS TO LEAD HER TO
SOME SHRUBS.

P
Come on then.

INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY.

77

NO. 2 HAS BEEN JOINED BY HIS ASSISTANT.

NO. 2
She could ruin everything.

ASSISTANT
Maybe she's watching over Number
Six.

NO. 2
(DERISIVE) Physically ?
Put out a general call for her.

ASSISTANT
(LIFTING PHONE) Number Six
as well, sir ?

NO. 2
No! He's safe enough here for
the moment. Just the girl.

ASSISTANT
(INTO PHONE) Control room ...

EXT. WOODLAND AND SHRUBS. DAY.

P IS HURRYING 86 THROUGH THE BUSHES. SUDDENLY IN THE DISTANCE WE HEAR A LOUDSPEAKER CRACKLE TO LIFE.

LOUDSPEAKER

Calling Number Eighty-six.
Number Eighty-six report immediately
to Number Two.

CONFUSED, NO. 86 HANGS BACK.

86

I have to -- to report

P FROWNS IN THOUGHT A MOMENT, THEN, REACHING A DECISION, HE SMILES AND STARTS TO REMOVE HIS WATCH.

LOUDSPEAKER

Number Eighty-six report to
Number Two.

86

I -- I have to ...

P

That's right. But first I have to
show you this. Number Two's orders.

HE HOLDS THE WATCH UP BEFORE HER EYES. SHE TRIES TO FOCUS AS HE SWINGS IT SLOWLY BACK AND FORTH.

86

(HAPPILY) Watch ...

P

That's right. Watch closely --
very closely. See if you can see
the tiny green light inside.
Do you see it ?

86 SQUINTS CLOSELY AT THE SWAYING WATCH.

P

Look closely. Tiny green light.
When I see it I feel sleepy ...
very sleepy. I watch it -- the light
-- I feel sleepy. Very sleepy ...

86'S EYELID'S START TO DROOP. THEN AGAIN THE LOUDSPEAKER ECHOES IN THE DISTANCE.

LOUDSPEAKER

Eighty-six report to Number Two.

FOR A MOMENT 86'S EYES FLUTTER OPEN AGAIN IN RESPONSE. P CONTINUES TO SWING THE WATCH CLOSE BEFORE HER EYES.

P

I watch the light -- I feel sleepy
-- sleepy -- want to lie down --
down -- to sleep -- down -- down ...

HE BREAKS OFF TO CATCH 86 AS SHE FALLS BACK HYPNOTISED, - P PROPS HER AGAINST A TREE, THEN STARTS TO WHISPER CLOSE TO HER EAR.

P

Now listen. You're going to obey my instructions. I'm your superior. I'm going to count from four down to one. When I reach one, you'll make your report about the Social Conversion of No.6. Right. Four, three, two, one.

NO. 86 SITS UP SUDDENLY STRAIGHT. HER SPEECH IS RATHER MECHANICAL.

NO. 86

Everything went as planned, sir. We created the illusion of a full ultrasonic dislocation of the frontal lobes of the brain.

P

How was this done ?

NO. 86

By using just sound. No ray. No focal point.

P

But the patient lost consciousness.

NO. 86

The result of an intra dermal injection of Mytol I gave him.

P

And to sustain the illusion ?

NO. 86

He is being kept heavily tranquilized.

P

Good work, 86.

NO. 86

Thank you, sir. Is there anything further ?

P THINKS FOR A MOMENT THEN MOVES CLOSE SO THAT AGAIN HE CAN SPEAK SOFTLY INTO HER EAR.

P

Yes. Listen. Listen very carefully to what I want you to do. When you hear the village clock strike four ...

DISSOLVE:

INT. LIVING SPACE. DAY.

79

NO. 2 GLANCES AT HIS WATCH, THEN PENCILS A BRIEF CALCULATION ON A PAD.

NO. 2

He's safe I tell you.

ASSISTANT

But if the drug wears off ...

NO. 2

The drug is good for several hours yet. If we put out a search for him it could revive his suspicions. Ruin everything.

AS HE SPEAKS, A LIGHT STARTS TO FLASH ON THE DESK. NO. 2 GRABS THE PHONE.

NO. 2

(INTO PHONE) Yes ? ... (HIS FACE BREAKS INTO A SMILE AS HE LISTENS) Right. (TO THE ASSISTANT) Out!

NO. 2 HURRIES ACROSS TO THE MAIN ENTRANCE DOOR, REACHING IT JUST AS THE BUTLER USHERS P IN. THE ASSISTANT EXITS.

NO. 2

(HEARTY BUT WATCHFUL) My dear man, so good of you to drop in.

P

I thought we might continue that -- er -- chat we were having.

NO. 2

Why yes. Clearer in your mind now ?

P

(NODDING) Much clearer. And happier. I want you to know that. Such peace of mind.

NO. 2

Well of course -- only to be expected.

P

And to think I resisted. All this time I resisted.

NO. 2

Understandable. A man with your training. But now ,

P

Yes. Now everything's clear-cut. Simple.

NO. 2

Quite so.
(HE CLOSES HIS EYES AS THOUGH ALMOST IN PRAYER) No more worries. We can have our chat at last.

P

(ENTHUSIASTIC) Yes. Yes. I hope so. . . But . . .

NO. 2

(OPENING HIS EYES) But ?

P

The fact is, I feel I ought to tell everyone.

NO. 2

(A DISMISSIVE GESTURE) Ah. I am the only one you need to tell. Just me.

P

(HE LEANS FORWARD) Yes, of course. But, don't you see, there must be others with things -- secrets you need to hear. By speaking publicly I might . . .

NO. 2

(INTERRUPTING EXCITEDLY) . . . inspire them also to speak out! Excellent, Number Six. Highly commendable. Be sure I shall record this in my report.

P
(SMILING HIS GRATITUDE)
And also ...

NO. 2
Yes ?

P
I can thank them all. The committee,
the Appeals ladies -- everyone.
Thank them for all their help. For
bringing me to Social Conversion.

NO. 2
(SMILING AS HE REACHES
FOR DESK LOUDSPEAKER)
What could be more natural.
(INTO MIC' SPEAKER) Your
attention, please.

EXT. OLD PEOPLES' HOME. DAY.

80

VARIOUS VILLAGERS ARE LOOKING UP FROM THEIR
COFFEE TOWARDS THE LOUDSPEAKER FROM WHICH
NO. 2'S VOICE IS ISSUING.

NO. 2
(DISTORT) Here is an exciting
announcement. Following his
successful social conversion, Number
Six has expressed the touching desire
to address you all in person.

EXT. ATLAS STREET. DAY.

81

VILLAGERS LISTEN ATTENTIVELY TO NO. 2'S INSTRUCTIONS.

NO. 2 (Cont)
(DISTORT) All of you who are
not otherwise occupied should come
immediately to the Village Square.
Thank you for your attention.

DURING THE CONCLUSION OF THE ANNOUNCEMENT THE
VILLAGERS HAVE STARTED TO HURRY OBEDIENTLY
TOWARDS THE SQUARE.

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

82

P
(AS NO. 2 REPLACES THE
MIKE) I can't begin to thank you. . . .

NO. 2
 (LEADING THE WAY TO THE DOOR) There is a saying: A man who ploughs a straight furrow needs owe for nothing. Come. And just remember. (HE TAPS P'S FOREHEAD) No over-excitement. (HE CANNOT RESIST A HEARTY CHUCKLE)

HE USHERS P OUT THROUGH THE DOOR.

EXT. VILLAGE. DAY. STOCK. 83

THE SQUARE IS FILLING RAPIDLY. THE VILLAGERS HURRY FORWARD, THEIR GAZE FIXED EXPECTANTLY ON THE BALCONY.

EXT. BALCONY. DAY. 84

AS P AND NO. 2 APPEAR ON THE BALCONY, THERE IS A CHEER FROM BELOW. P STEPS FORWARD. THE CHEERING INCREASES. P RAISES HIS ARMS FOR SILENCE. HE IS STILL SMILING.

P
 Fellow citizens --

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE. DAY. 85

THE VILLAGERS RESPOND WITH FRESH CHEERS.

EXT. BALCONY. DAY. 86

AGAIN P RAISES HIS ARMS FOR SILENCE.

P
 You are cheering me. That is wrong. The man we should applaud is Number Two.

APPLAUSE AGAIN BREAKS OUT, BUT NUMBER TWO SMILINGLY SHAKES HIS HEAD, BOWS TO P AND STEPS BACK.

P
 Until he brought me to Social Conversion -- and make no mistake, it was Number Two and not your committee -- until then I was a rebel. An Unmutual who senselessly resisted this our fine community!

NO. 2 HAS FROWNED AT THE REFERENCE TO HIM, BUT IS REASSURED BY THE REST OF THE SPEECH. APPLAUSE STARTS AND P RAISES HIS ARMS TO QUELL IT.

P

To borrow one of Number Two's own sayings: The butcher with the sharpest knife has the warmest heart.

P HAS PAUSED BRIEFLY TO GLANCE ACROSS AT CLOCK.

IT READS ALMOST FOUR O'CLOCK.

P

Some of you have resisted -- withheld secrets which are important to Number Two. Now, thanks to Social Conversion, I want to tell you all something. And I trust my example will inspire others to confess

HE BREAKS OFF AS THE VILLAGE CLOCK IS HEARD TO STRIKE FOUR.

WITH STROKE ONE WE

CUT TO:

NUMBER TWO'S FACE, TENSE AND EXPECTANT.

WITH STROKE TWO WE

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE. DAY.

87

THE CROWD IS HUSHED AND ATTENTIVE.

WITH STROKE THREE WE

CUT TO:

EXT. BALCONY. DAY.

88

P'S FACE IS CALM AND CONFIDENT.

WITH STROKE FOUR WE

CUT TO:

NO. 2'S FACE AGAIN. HOLD ON IT AS:

86

(OS FROM SQUARE) Number Two is Unmutual! Unmutual!

NO. 2 SWINGS ROUND TO GLARE AGHAST AT THE SQUARE.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE. DAY

89

NO. 86 IS STANDING IN THE SQUARE POINTING ACCUSINGLY UP INTO SHOT.

86

Social Conversion for Number
Two -- the Unmutual!, The Unmutual!

AROUND HER THE CROWD ARE SUDDENLY CONFUSED AND RESTIVE.

EXT. BALCONY. DAY.

90

NO. 2 HIS PEASANT FACE FLUSHED WITH ANGER, TURNS AND, AFTER A FURTHER GLARE AT THE SMILING P, RUSHES FROM THE BALCONY.

P

(AS NO. 2 GOES) Already Number
Eighty-six has a confession
for us. That Number Two is
Unmutual.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE. DAY.

91

NO. 2 IS DRAGGING NO. 86 TO THE VERY EDGE OF THE SQUARE. IT IS STILL TOO PUBLIC FOR HIM TO BE REALLY ROUGH WITH HER. BUT HE NEVERTHELESS STRIKES HER ACROSS THE FACE WITH BARELY CONTROLLED ANGER. THE BLOW HAS NO EFFECT ON HER. SHE CONTINUES TO POINT AT HIM AND SHOUT FURIOUSLY.

NO. 86

Number Two is unmutual!
Unmutual!

AS THE CONFUSED VILLAGERS START TO CROWD ANGRILY ROUND. NO. 2 SWINGS ROUND TO GLARE FURIOUSLY UP AT P ON THE BALCONY.

EXT. BALCONY. DAY.

92

P

Look at him. An Unmutual
who deceives you all!

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE. DAY.

93

THE CROWD IS CONFUSED, TAKING UP NO. 86'S CRIES OF "UNMUTUAL"! AND GLARING AT NO. 2 WHO IS DESPERATE.

P

(FROM BALCONY) Your
welfare committee is a tool of
those who seek to possess your
minds...

NO. 2 HAS FOUND TWO PMC'S AND IS DIRECTING THEM URGENTLY UP TO THE BALCONY.

EXT. BALCONY. DAY.

P BUILDS TO THE FINAL EXHORTATION.

P (cont)

You still have a choice. You can still salvage your rights as individuals. Your rights to truth and free thought! Reject this false world of Number Two. Reject it! Now!

AS THE CROWD STARTS TO ROAR IN CONFUSED ANGER FROM THE SQUARE BELOW, P LOOKS DOWN TRIUMPHANTLY AT NO. 2

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE. DAY.

NO. 2 SPEECHLESS AND DEFEATED, IS RINGED WITH ANGRY VILLAGERS. AS THEY CLOSE IN MENACINGLY UPON HIM; SUDDENLY WE HEAR THE SOUND OF ROVER. EVERYONE FREEZES. NO. 2 HASTILY RETREATS ESCORTED BY ROVER.

EXT. BALCONY. DAY.

P STANDS ON THE BALCONY AND WATCHES NO. 2 GO.
STANDARD ENDING.

---FINAL FADE OUT:

END CREDITS