

WRITING FOR FILM

The Role of the Production Board of the British Film Institute

ACCOMPANYING SCRIPTS

MY CHILDHOOD

MY AIN FOLK

MY WAY HOME

THE DRAUGHTSMAN'S CONTRACT

D. Phil. Thesis
Faculty of English Language and Literature
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Scripts for the Bill Douglas Trilogy (*My Childhood*, *My Ain Folk* and *My Way Home*) and for Peter Greenaway's *The Draughtsman's Contract* follow. These scripts are provided for the convenience of the examiners of the thesis: *Writing for Film: The Role of the Production Board of the British Film Institute*. They are not themselves submitted for examination.

This note is meant to provide information regarding editorial conventions used in their presentation. Strikeout ('~~strikeout~~') indicates material that appears in the script held in the BFI Library but not in the finished film. Material within square brackets '[''] is editorial insertion, consisting both of material which is in the films, but not in the BFI-held scripts, and of descriptive details added by myself to assist in the reader's imagining of the films.

Abbreviation of shot type is that, or similar to that, used elsewhere in film analysis:

ex-cu	=	extreme close-up	back to	=	back to previous shot
cu	=	close-up	estab-shot	=	establishing shot
med-cu	=	medium close-up	over-shldr	=	over-the-shoulder
med	=	medium shot	subj	=	subjective, point-of-view shot
med-ls	=	medium long shot	high-angle	=	down from a high angle
ls	=	long shot	low-angle	=	from a low angle up
ex-ls	=	extreme long shot	rev-angle	=	reverse angle (turned 180°)

For more on the nature of the shot understood by these types, see Kavin, *How Movies Work*.

MY CHILDHOOD

WRITTEN & DIRECTED BY
BILL DOUGLAS
(1972)

(From a Dialogue Script held in the BFI Script Collection)

[TITLE SEQUENCE]

[An air-raid siren wails over the simple white on black TITLE:]

MY CHILDHOOD

[SCENE 1: NEAR THE MINE]

[Slow tilt-down from sky to mine and village below. The sounds of birds, the mine and children at play become audible.]

CAPTION: 1945 — A Scottish Mining Village
German P.O.W's work the fields.

[SCENE 2: THE VILLAGE SCHOOL]

[TOMMY and JAMIE's maternal GRANDMOTHER stands waits outside the village school. Inside, a piano starts and children begin to sing.]

CHILDREN All things bright and beautiful,
SINGING: All creatures great and small,
 All things wise and wonderful,
 The Lord God made them all.

[A teacher watches in shy pleasure. A janitor comes along, enters the room, puts down his mop and pail and crosses to the teacher.]

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings—
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
[All things wise and wonderful,]
[The Lord God made them all.]

[The janitor whispers to the teacher who goes and speaks to TOMMY. He turns and leaves the class silently.]

[The purple-headed mountain,]
[The river running by,]
[The sunset and the morning]
[That brightens up the sky.]

[TOMMY meets his GRANNY outside and they go off.]

[All things bright and beautiful,]
[All creatures great and small,]
[All things wise and wonderful,]
[The Lord God made them all.]

[The cold wind in the winter,]
[The pleasant summer sun,]
[The ripe fruits in the garden,]
[He made them every one.]

[Aerial-shot: countryside—buildings, trees and fields in soft focus and shades of grey—over which is heard two more lines of the song.]

[All things bright and beautiful,]
[All creatures great and small . . .]

[SCENE 3: OUTSIDE GRANNY'S HOUSE]

[TOMMY and GRANNY climb the steps of their house and enter—all is brick, concrete, iron, in sharp focus and strong contrast. A train chuffs and rattles in the distance.]

[SCENE 4: A SLAG HEAP NEAR THE MINE]

[Wind whistles through dry weeds below a slag heap where JAMIE digs for coal, collecting it in some crumpled newspaper. A sudden whistle blows; JAMIE stops, surprised and frightened, as if he had lost track of time. He grabs up the paper and runs.]

[Dirty-faced but animated, chatting men leave the pit-head and joyous children run, laughing and calling, to meet their fathers.]

CHILDREN: [(LAUGHING) Da!, Da!, Da!]

[The fathers pick up, toss and hug their children, some caps are put on childrens' heads—there is laughter, smiles and chatter.]

[JAMIE looks down from high on the slag heap. Then he turns and runs, sliding down the far side, dropping the paper with his bits of coal.]

[SCENE 5: A FIELD OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE]

[JAMIE at a fence by a field where German POW's harvest turnips. A prisoner comes over, smiles, winks, lifts the boy over the fence and wipes his dirty face with his sleeve. Birds are singing throughout.]

SOLDIER: We're going now.

HELMUTH: *Ein[e] Minute bitte.*

[HELMUTH puts JAMIE on his shoulders.]

SOLDIER: There's no time.
Come you lot, get moving!

[JAMIE, wearing HELMUTH's hat, is carried to the wagon where the other POW's wait: close-ups on several faces. The guard urinates in the field—his rifle left with the POW's—then he turns and whistles for the tractor to start. JAMIE rides with the POW's in the wagon.]

[The tractor stops in the village to let off JAMIE. Silent villagers watch from stairs. HELMUTH retrieves his cap. JAMIE watches downcast as they drive away. HELMUTH waves, but without response from the boy.]

[Later, sounding like an airplane, JAMIE chases a black Persian cat]

[SCENE 6: INSIDE GRANNY'S]

[The door opens, Jamie peers through, then enters. Tommy chops furniture and tears paper for a fire. Granny is in her rocker. JAMIE pulls four small pieces of coal from his pocket and puts them on the table. TOMMY comes over and looks at them and JAMIE in contempt.]

JAMIE: I'm hungry

TOMMY: [(*SWEEPING THE COAL FROM THE TABLE*)] You're selfish!

[The boys begin fighting furiously but silently on the floor.]

GRANNY: [Here, stop it boys, stop it.]
[Tommy, you're the eldest, get up.]
[Stop it! Ah, stop it boys.]
[No . . . stop it . . . stop it son.]
[Ah, don't do that to the wee child.]
[Get up.]
[Tommy! . . . Get up Tommy!]
[Ah, son . . . get up.]
[Jamie . . .]
[Stop it Tommy!]

[Shot from behind, the three sit in silence before a blazing fire. As the scene ends, TOMMY reaches up and puts his arm around JAMIE.]

[SCENE 7: INSIDE GRANNY'S]

[JAMIE and GRANNY share a bedcupboard; TOMMY is next along the wall.]

JAMIE: Granny, where's my ~~ma and da~~ [da and ma]?

TOMMY: Ma's dead.

JAMIE: What does dead mean?

TOMMY: You go up to heaven.

JAMIE: What's heaven?

TOMMY: My teacher says it's a beautiful house [up] in the sky.
 Go to sleep.

[GRANNY is near tears. TOMMY lies awake, listening. JAMIE, lying between GRANNY and the wall, is invisible but for his hair.]

[Cu: A rectangular frame above GRANNY's head: in a pair of scalloped ovals are the photographs of two similar young women—one in each.]

GRANNY: [(*MOANING*)] Oh my poor girls.
 What have they done to you!
 God curse them!

[SCENE 8: A FIELD OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE]

[JAMIE stares up at the sun and passing clouds. HELMUTH approaches.]

HELMUTH: [*Jamie, guter Junge.*]

[HELMUTH lifts JAMIE, carries him to the back of a waiting truck, puts him in and gets in after. The other POW's are seated, heads down. The tailgate is closed. The truck moves off.]

[SCENE 9: INSIDE THE TRUCK]

[HELMUTH and JAMIE sit looking at an ABC book. The boy is teaching the man. (Jamie does not name the letters, but pronounces them, so I have given them as IPA symbols.)]

HELMUTH: [*Apfel*]

JAMIE: [apple]

HELMUTH: [apple]

JAMIE: [|b| is for boy]

HELMUTH: [|b| is for boy]

JAMIE: [boy]

HELMUTH: [boy]

JAMIE: [|k| is for cat]

[The truck moves slowly up a sharp incline to the right.]

JAMIE: [dog...|g|]

HELMUTH: [dog]

JAMIE: [dog]

HELMUTH: [dog]

JAMIE: Good. [(SMILING SWEETLY)]

[The truck stops in the village, HELMUTH helps JAMIE down and hands him the book.]

HELMUTH: [*Das ist dein Buch, Jamie.*]

JAMIE: No, it's for you Helmuth.

HELMUTH: [*Gehst du . . . nach deiner Mutter?*]

[JAMIE nods silently.]

HELMUTH: [*Auf Wiedersehen, Jamie.*]

[They wave to each other.]

[SCENE 10: OUTSIDE A HOUSE NEAR THE EDGE OF THE VILLAGE]

[The POW's are being fed mashed turnips. HELMUTH sits by himself reading the alphabet book, the other soldiers quietly laughing at him. A radio plays 'By the turn of the night'.]

[SCENE 11: A GRAVEYARD]

[*Med-ls:* From behind TOMMY, who stands hands in pockets, looking down at a gravestone before him. Crows call in the background.]

[*Cu:* the name on the stone can just be made out.]

[MARY <WALKER>]

[Beloved wife . . . Adam Sives]

[Died . . . 19 . . .]

[As he leaves, TOMMY takes the dead, dry flowers from the grave.]

[SCENE 12: IN THE STREET]

[TOMMY, passing JAMIE's FATHER walking a whippet, stops, stares after him and spits in contempt. Outside her house, OLD MRS KNOX nods in TOMMY's direction. Close-ups of the two males staring at each other.]

[SCENE 13: INSIDE GRANNY'S]

[The dead flowers are on the table in a cup of water. JAMIE enters with a kettle, empties the cup and flowers onto the floor, puts the cup back on the table and pours hot water into it, letting it overflow across the table. He puts the kettle down, empties the cup again and takes it to where GRANNY sleeps in her rocker. He carefully wraps her hands around the cup and pats them tenderly. Throughout, children can be heard playing in the street outside.]

[SCENE 14: OUTSIDE & INSIDE GRANNY'S]

[A bicycle leans against the outside stairs. Inside, GRANNY in her rocker looks shocked and angry. She holds TOMMY's arm tightly. JAMIE stands behind the rocker.]

TOMMY'S Hello old one, how are you getting on?
FATHER: It's a long time since I've seen you mind, but I'll tell you, you're looking
 well mind. How are you feeling? [Mmm?]
 Come on, you must have something to say to me.
 Oh well.
 See what I've brought for your birthday.
 How are you doing son?

TOMMY: Is it really my birthday?

[JAMIE comes around to the side of the rocker and puts his head, face down, on GRANNY's shoulder. She pats his head comfortingly.]

TOMMY'S Do you no ken that, a big laddie like you?
FATHER: What are you going to do when you grow up son?

GRANNY: I hope to god he'll no be anything like you!

TOMMY'S
FATHER: Well I think I've been no bad in the past.

GRANNY: Just get out, go on, get out.
 Go back to wherever you came from, and take your birthday present with
 you!

TOMMY'S [Well] I just brought him ~~his birthday~~ [a present]
FATHER: because I've always been thinking about him . . .

GRANNY: He's no needing anything from the likes of you, go on get out!

TOMMY'S
FATHER: Right!

[Ex-cu: One of the oval photographs. The young woman is smiling. She wears a single strand of pearls around her neck.]

[By the table, TOMMY stares hard at his GRANNY as his FATHER leaves.]

TOMMY: What did you do that for?

GRANNY: Because he's no earthly good to man or beast!

[JAMIE looks up from his GRANNY's shoulder smiling broadly at her.]

[SCENE 15: IN THE STREET & OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE]

[TOMMY runs into the street after his FATHER, who rides furiously away, and chases him round a corner at the end of the street.]

TOMMY: [Da!]
 Da, come back!
 [Da, come back!]

[The man pedals frantically down a country road out of the village.]

[SCENE 16: OUTSIDE]

[TOMMY sunk on the ground in the angle of a wooden fence, lost and alone. The wind whistles coldly.]

[SCENE 17: INSIDE & OUTSIDE GRANNY'S]

[JAMIE hangs up the bird cage in the front window.]

[GRANNY stands on the steps before the house in the dusk, looking up and down the empty, silent street. A dog barks in the distance.]

[Ls: Along the railway towards the mine; the slag heap behind it.]

[SCENE 18: OUTSIDE & INSIDE GRANNY'S]

[TOMMY walks up the street and sits on steps opposite GRANNY's. In the window is the birdcage. Suddenly a broom swipes at the cage, and it is gone. TOMMY rushes across the street, up the stairs and into the room to find GRANNY smashing at the cage on the floor before her with the broom. He takes the broom from her and picks up the cage.]

TOMMY: Just you leave my birthday [birdy] cage alone!
 I'll take it away if you want but just leave it alone!
 Right!
 [Okay?]

[TOMMY runs out of the house, down the stairs and into the coal-store beneath, closing the door behind him. He sits in a corner against the brick wall, the battered cage in his lap. He talks to its occupant.]

TOMMY: You'll be all right with me Joey, eh?
 You'll be all right with me [,eh?]
 [What's wrong?]

[SCENE 19: OUTSIDE GRANNY'S]

[JAMIE tries opening the coal-store door but TOMMY holds it closed.]

JAMIE: Tommy granny's lost.

TOMMY: I'm not bothered!

[A meow, JAMIE turns and follows the black cat down the street. TOMMY bursts from the coal-store and runs up into the house with the cage.]

[SCENE 20: OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE]

[GRANNY stands in a sea of tall, dry weeds, before a high plank fence. She seems in another world. JAMIE arrives carrying the yowling cat, takes her arm and leads her off.]

[SCENE 21: OUTSIDE GRANNY'S]

[JAMIE shields his eyes with his hand to watch a small military plane overhead. The sound dies away while a man's footsteps grow louder.]

[JAMIE sits near the top of the stairs outside GRANNY's. Below him, a man gestures for him to come down, which the boy does one slow step at a time. The man kneels and holds up a bright coin. JAMIE looks at him, takes the coin and runs back up the steps. The man pauses, then walks off towards his house without looking back at the boy.]

[SCENE 22: OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE]

[On a grassy hillock outside the village, JAMIE sits between HELMUTH's legs as they look at the alphabet book together.]

HELMUTH: *[Das ist in Deutsch, 'Apfel'.]*

JAMIE: *[Apfel.]*

HELMUTH: *[Und das ist in Deutsch, 'Junge'; 'kleiner Junge'.]*

[JAMIE stands, turns and puts his arms around HELMUTH's neck. Both laugh lightly, affectionately.]

JAMIE: I want something easy.

Helmuth: *[Kleiner Junge, Ich muss nach Hause gehen].*

[JAMIE does not understand what he hears. The two of them, holding onto each other tightly, roll down the hill together laughing.]

[SCENE 23: INSIDE GRANNY'S]

[JAMIE sits stroking the black cat, which growls in protest. GRANNY sleeps in her rocker. The cat escapes and JAMIE crosses to a torn sheet hung before TOMMY's bed. The canary chirps behind it. TOMMY's face appears at a hole as JAMIE nears.]

TOMMY: Get away!

JAMIE: If you don't let me play, I'll tell granny you've still got the canary.

TOMMY: You're just jealous because [it was] my dad gave it to me.

JAMIE: It's my dad too.

TOMMY: No, it's not.

JAMIE: Yes he [it] is.

TOMMY: I know a secret.

JAMIE: What?

[TOMMY whispers in JAMIE's ear. Their GRANNY is asleep in her chair.]

JAMIE: Well?

TOMMY: [Okay.]

[The boys move to the door. GRANNY, head up, is awake. As the boys open the door they pause and TOMMY once again whispers something to JAMIE who responds loudly.]

JAMIE: A whippet?

[This brings GRANNY's head round in their direction.]

[Outside, TOMMY points across to a pair of semi-detached houses.]

TOMMY: Jamie your dad lives over there.

JAMIE: Where?

TOMMY: [(*STILL POINTING*)] There.

JAMIE: How do you know?

TOMMY: 'Cause I do.

[JAMIE crosses and knocks on the door. There is no answer. He looks in a window, taps lightly on the glass, still there is no response.]

[SCENE 24: OUTSIDE GRANNY'S]

[TOMMY sits on the bottom step, head in his hands, looking dejected. JAMIE toys aimlessly with a bit of chain hanging on a door nearby. There is the sound of children playing somewhere. TOMMY looks up.]

TOMMY: Get lost you.
I got do'd all through you.

[JAMIE slowly goes off along the street.]

[SCENE 25: IN A STREET IN THE VILLAGE]

[JAMIE sits on a step, face pressed to the railings, watching some men walk and talk together. They have a dog with them. They disappear between some buildings without looking his way.]

[SCENE 26: OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE]

[HELMUTH sits on a bit of broken, stone wall eating and looking off thoughtfully. Below him JAMIE shares the lunch. When he finishes JAMIE climbs up behind HELMUTH and puts his arms around his neck.]

JAMIE: [(*SPEAKING NEXT TO THE MAN'S EAR*)] I love you Helmuth.

HELMUTH: [*Guter Junge.*]

[SCENE 27: A BOMB SHELTER IN THE VILLAGE]

[High-angle: Slow tilt down from village roofs silhouetted against a darkening sky to a ragged bomb shelter. The sounds of heavy aircraft & high explosives. A voice begins to sing, and inside the shelter a young girl sleeps across the far end, JAMIE sits near her head, GRANNY next to him with TOMMY's sleeping head on her lap. Opposite an OLD MAN sits wrapped in a tartan blanket.]

OLD MAN [O! Rowan Tree, O! Rowan Tree, thou'lt aye be dear to me,
SINGING: [Entwin'd thou art wi' mony ties, o' hame and infancy.]

[The old man in close-up. Beside the girl's head sits an apple.]

[Thy leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy flow'rs the simmer's pride;]
[There was nae sic a bonny tree in a' the countryside!]
[O! Rowan Tree!]

[JAMIE eyes the apple and checks to see if GRANNY is looking. His hand slowly reaches out to grasp it, but GRANNY sees and firmly removes his hand to her lap.]

[The all clear sounds and all who sheltered here together leave without a word. They go off in in their own directions in the dark.]

[SCENE 28: INSIDE GRANNY'S]

[TOMMY and GRANNY go in to the house together. JAMIE runs in shortly after. TOMMY stands motionless, mouth open in a silent scream, his face a mask. There is the sickening sound of crunching bones. The birdcage lies empty on the floor, its door open, and on the hearth the cat crouches eating. Suddenly he and JAMIE grab for the cat and begin to fight over it. They and the cat scream in fear and rage. GRANNY stands by helpless and silent.]

TOMMY: [Give me the cat!]

JAMIE: [No, he's my cat, he's my cat.]

TOMMY: [Give me the cat!] I'm going to kill it!

[TOMMY wrests the cat from JAMIE and flies outside. There are horrible dull thuds, screams from the cat, more thuds, then nothing. Outside, on the top of the steps, TOMMY swings the cat by the tail out and over the railing into the street. Triumphantly he slides down the railing and runs off past the cat's body. His head appears over the top of the plank fence outside the village. A train can be heard chuffing and puffing nearby. TOMMY runs along behind the fence which seems to lie alongside the railway line. The train comes chugging along. It passes under a pedestrian overpass and dissolves it in smoke and steam. Suddenly TOMMY can be seen standing on the overpass in the cloud, his arms held high in celebration or as ablution.]

[SCENE 29: OUTSIDE GRANNY'S]

[JAMIE watches from around a corner as his FATHER passes with the whippet, on his way to his mother's house. The FATHER enters and JAMIE crosses the street and stands at the curb looking at the house. Inside, OLD MRS KNOX looks out the window at the boy.]

OLD MRS

KNOX: Sixpence!

[She turns from the window to her son sitting near the fire.]

OLD MRS

KNOX: You're mine.

[She strokes her son's face lovingly, sensuously.]

OLD MRS I took you in and loved you when nobody in the world cared.

KNOX: God in heaven, the dreams I had for you.

[Cu: JAMIE's face outside.]

OLD MRS

KNOX: She was a whore son, all women are whores.

[Cu: the FATHER inside, as his mother strokes him.]

OLD MRS You're a king!

KNOX: How can they know

[JAMIE outside continues to gaze at the house as he kicks at the gravel at his feet. Slowly the blind in the window comes down.]

[SCENE 30: INSIDE A BUS]

[JAMIE looking out the window as the bus passes fields outside the village. A figure glimpsed standing alone in the field suddenly disappears. GRANNY sits silent beside him.]

BUS

CONDUCTOR: Where to then?

[JAMIE hands her a piece of worn paper.]

BUS

CONDUCTOR: That will be one and three.

[JAMIE pulls an apple from his pocket but no money. GRANNY, eyes closed, is silent, motionless. The CONDUCTOR cranks out two tickets.]

BUS

CONDUCTOR: Oh it's all right, we can afford it.

[GRANNY opens an eye and winks at JAMIE.]

[JAMIE studies the paper intently. GRANNY is awake but silent.]

JAMIE: Granny, who's Mary?
Granny, I don't ~~want to go to~~ [like going to] hospital.

[SCENE 31: THE ASYLUM]

[A brief shot of a neo-classical facade. JAMIE and his GRANNY stand beside a bed. An obsequious NURSE fusses round the bed with the numb figure of JAMIE's MOTHER.]

NURSE: Oh come on, come on now, what a naughty girl!
This is no way to behave when you've got visitors, is it now?
No it isn't.
Come on now, that's a girl! There we are, that's better now, isn't it?
I'll make you look pretty. [There we go. . . .]
That's it now, that's better ~~now~~ isn't it?

[GRANNY takes an apple from her pocket and gives it to JAMIE who puts it on the bed.]

NURSE: [That's lovely. Now, that's it. There we are now.]

[The NURSE, continuing to fuss with the bedclothes, picks up and pockets the apple without a word. GRANNY stares down at the bed.]

NURSE: [That's fine.] Now are you feeling ~~all-right~~ [more like] yourself, eh?
Going to give us a wee smile?
That's a girl!
[(LAUGHING) That's it now. Comfy?]

[She turns to JAMIE with a smile.]

NURSE: And what's your name?

JAMIE: Jamie. You stole my apple.

NURSE: [That's an awfully nice name.
 Would you like to say hello to your mother Jamie?]

[She takes him to the bed. His mother's traumatized stare never changes.]

NURSE: That's a boy.

[The NURSE leaves, patting her pocket where the apple lies. JAMIE looks down at his MOTHER. Behind him, GRANNY silently begins to cry. He turns to look, and when he does, his MOTHER slowly pulls the sheets up over her head.]

[SCENE 32: OUTSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S]

[GRANNY and JAMIE walking along the street stop outside the Knox house. GRANNY suddenly spits over her shoulder at the house.]

[SCENE 33: OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE]

[Ex-ls: GRANNY turns aimlessly in a stubble field. TOMMY and JAMIE run into shot, stop, look, and go to her. GRANNY, nodding, moaning, holds something in a crumpled newspaper. TOMMY takes it, opens it, and throws it down in disgust. Inside is a dead bird. TOMMY holds his GRANNY close, then slowly leads her home. JAMIE follows head down.]

[SCENE 34: A STREET IN THE VILLAGE]

[Nighttime. A bonfire roars in the street with young and old about it. There are the sounds of children and the people are caught mid-song.]

VILLAGERS [It's a long way to go.]
SINGING: [It's a long way to Tipperary,]
 [To the sweetest girl I know.]
 [Goodbye Picadilly;]
 [Farewell Leicester Square.]
 [It's a long, long way to Tipperary,]
 [But my heart's right there.]
 [Hooray!!]

[The morning after. Cold ash and unburned refuse lie in the street.]

[SCENE 35: OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE]

[A bus idles. The camera pans along a bus in which the POW's sit, heads down. In a field HELMUTH, for the first time in a suit and tie, helps JAMIE with the string of a kite. The wind whistles loudly. JAMIE looks up at HELMUTH with admiration and love.]

HELMUTH: There, [you,] you hold it.
 It's red . . .

HELMUTH
& JAMIE: . . . red and yellow.

HELMUTH: Nice kite, can you hold it all right?

JAMIE: ~~Yes~~. All the different colours of the flags.

HELMUTH: Yeh, nice, nice kite. [Watch . . .]

SOLDIER: We're going now!

HELMUTH: . . . don't let it go, too far.]
Jamie, I have got to go home now[, huh].
[*Auf Wiedersehen, Jamie.*]

[HELMUTH makes a quick dash away but JAMIE immediately lets go the kite and follows.]

[The kite drops from the dark and threatening sky.]

[The bus drives away. JAMIE runs across the field to head it off, yelling loud and long.]

JAMIE: [Helllllmuuuuuth!]
[Helllllmuuuuuth!]

[SCENE 36: OUTSIDE]

[JAMIE sunk on the ground, in the same angle of wooden fence as was occupied earlier by TOMMY. He is lost and alone. The wind whistles.]

[SCENE 37: INSIDE GRANNY'S]

[JAMIE lies in bed with his right arm up, his hand over his eyes.]

TOMMY: [What's the matter Jamie? Aren't you feeling well?]
[Is it because of your Dad?]

[TOMMY stands by the bed, GRANNY is in her chair beyond.]

[You'll be alright Jamie. Me and Granny'll look after you.]

[JAMIE pulls the sheet up over his head as his MOTHER did.]

[SCENE 38: INSIDE GRANNY'S]

[TOMMY prepares pobs in two bowls. He hands one to JAMIE, seated at the end of the table, and takes the other out of shot. JAMIE eats hungrily, then looks up and across in the direction TOMMY went. Then he stops and walks over.

[The boys stand next to their GRANNY's rocker looking at her in silence. JAMIE takes her hand from her lap, feels it, then gently puts it back.]

TOMMY: [I'd better go and get your Da.]

[TOMMY leaves. JAMIE stands, head hanging, looking.]

[Cu: GRANNY sits head back, mouth open, motionless. Suddenly JAMIE turns and bolts.]

[SCENE 39: THE RAILWAY LINES NEAR THE MINE]

[JAMIE runs past the mine, along and through the plank fence and down to the railway. He puts his head on a rail listening.]

[Then he rises and sits by the tracks, his head in his arms. After a time, his head comes up part way as if he heard something. Suddenly a whistle blows, the puffing and chuffing of a train gets progressively louder. JAMIE runs up onto the overpass, climbs over the edge in the smoke and steam, dangles a moment, then drops.]

[JAMIE slowly rises to a sitting position in a railcar full of coal. He puts his hands up under his jumper, pulls his legs up to his chest and stares back at the overpass disappearing behind him. He spits to the side, quickly, emphatically.]

[The train, with JAMIE aboard, gradually pulls out of view around a bend beyond the mine, leaving nothing after its steam and smoke but the mine and the slag heap and the wind.]

(END)

CREDITS

Jamie	Stephen Archibald
Tommy	Hughie Restorick
Grandmother	Jean Taylor Smith
Helmuth	Karl Fieseler
Tommy's Father	Bernard McKenna
Jamie's Father	Paul Kermack
Father's Mother	Helena Gloag
Jamie's Mother	Ann Smith
Nurse	Eileen McCallum
Bus Conductress	Helen Rae
Man Singing	James Eccles
Cameraman	Mick Campbell
Editor	Brand Thumim
Sound Recordist	Bob Withey
Sound Editor	Tim Lewis
Additional Photography	Gale Tattersall
.	Bahram Manoochehri
Sound Mixer	Mike Billings
Assistant Cameraman	Roger Pratt
Continuity	Ian Sellars
Assistant Director	Nick Moes
Producer	Geoffrey Evans
Script Writer and Director	Bill Douglas

This film could not have been made without
the help of the people of Newcraighall, Tranent
and the National Coal Board.

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MY AIN FOLK MY CHILDHOOD PART II

WRITTEN & DIRECTED BY
BILL DOUGLAS
(1973)

(From a Screenplay held in the BFI Script Collection)

The tale takes place in a Scottish Mining Village — Peacetime 1946

Synopsis

A Scottish mining village. Peacetime 1946. Nine year old Jamie and his eleven year old cousin Tommy have been fending for themselves since their maternal grandmother died. The boys soon find themselves threatened with being taken into care by the authorities. Jamie runs to his father who lives nearby. Meanwhile Tommy is taken away to a home. Jamie's father disappears from the house leaving him with his grandmother and John her second son, an ex war-time hero.

The woman blames Jamie's mother for ruining her son's life. She and John ill treat the boy. One day Jamie's grandfather comes home from hospital and they strike up a friendship. But Jamie's life is complicated when he discovers that his father is married to Agnes and they have a son of their own.

Jamie is taken to see Tommy by Tommy's father. Later he discovers that John is having an affair with Agnes. His father takes up with a new girlfriend and leaves the village. Meanwhile his grandparent's relationship has deteriorated, culminating in the old man's suicide.

Finally, Jamie willingly departs for a home.

SCENE 1: [INSIDE A CINEMA]

~~A beautiful Scottish landscape full of sun and laughter and lilting music.~~

[Ls: Black-framed alpine scene in brilliant colour. Strings and voices crescendo, then Lassie comes forward, over an open, rock ledge.]

[Rev-angle: Lassie on a cliff-edge looks out over an idyllic mountain valley with snow-capped peaks all around. Music climaxes and fades off down the valley.] But it is all happening on a screen in a drab picture house.

[The vivid scene suddenly appears angled in a dark room. Below it is the audience.]

[Cu (black & white):] Young TOMMY crying in the darkness. [Subdued music continues as TOMMY stares up, as at a movie screen.]

~~Beyond the cinema foyer we see a heartless place. We enter into its cold deserted streets and the houses and the bleak sky that falls like a sheet behind the pit wheel.~~

[Apparent rev-angle (black & white): Silence. Another framed shot, as of a movie screen, in which is a wet road and an old shed, in the background a pithead wheel and smokestack.]

[Cu: The still, pithead wheel against the sky.]

[Med-ls:] Below [and inside, where] at the pit shaft gate we see a group of miners, waiting, static, like images out of a dream. [Brilliant light streams into the semi-dark from a large open door on the right.] They drift silently away inside the gate mouth.

~~Beyond the shaft gate we see a square of white sky.~~ [Ls: Framed shot again, here of countryside: fields, hedges, mist and faroff hills.] Suddenly, the lift descends, black earth rushing up to shut out the light. We hear the sound of a long unbroken mountainous whine.

[TITLE SEQUENCE]

[The whine builds as the TITLE, white on black, appears on screen.]

TITLE: MY AIN FOLK

Caption: ~~A Scottish Mining Village~~
Peacetime 1946

CAPTIONS: [Granny died leaving Tommy and me to fend for ourselves.]

[Tommy had no idea where his father was but I knew where to find mine.]

[As things turned out I wasn't sure about anything.]

~~Black.~~ The whining sound cuts abruptly [dies away gradually].

SCENE 2: [OUTSIDE GRANNY'S]

Now we see in the cold light of day an open stairway in the village. At the bottom of the steps there is JAMIE's father, MR KNOX, in his pit clothes, agitated, pacing up and down. And at the top, on the stair landing, there is a man in black waiting.

MR KNOX kicks a stone [very hard] to release his anger.

SCENE 3: [INSIDE THE CINEMA]

TOMMY peers through a hole in the foyer curtain. He is eyeing a cash desk inside which there is a snoozing cashier. ~~Somewhere~~ [B]elow her domain [and right] there is a Today poster heralding *Lassie Come Home*. And above [her window], a sign reading Admission 5d ~~or Two Jam Jars~~. [In front of her is a collection of jam jars. Romantic music is heard within.]

[Cu:] A collection of the sticky jam jars isolated.

[Back to:] TOMMY's hand drawing back the curtain.

SCENE 4: [OUTSIDE GRANNY'S]

MR KNOX is down in the street [near the foot of the stairs]. He has his back to us. He [has] comes to a halt. [The wind blows hard.]

[Over-shldr:] ~~Closer~~, [I]n the distance beyond the man, waits his mother, MRS KNOX [looking impatient and annoyed].

~~MR KNOX looks defeated.~~

OLD MRS

KNOX: Finish [with it]!

[Cu: A defeated] MR KNOX turns to make that gesture with his hand[, that is, looking up to the man at the top of the stairs and jerking his thumb towards the inside of the house, as if to go on and get the job done].

And the man in black [nods and] disappears from the landing.

SCENE 5: [INSIDE GRANNY'S]

[A black coffin lies in the bedcupboard JAMIE shared with his GRANNY. The man from the landing comes in and stands before it.]

We see an old woman's dead face before the coffin lid covers her, hands crossed on her breast.

Young JAMIE[, slumped in the] ~~curled up inside a~~ rocking chair [before a cold fire] with his ~~face buried in~~ [head on] his arms [on the chair's arm].

[Back to: The man, who pulls the coffin lid up into place.]

SCENE 6: [OUTSIDE GRANNY'S]

Back in the street. [TOMMY stands at a corner near some stairs. OLD MRS KNOX stands across the street, arms folded, staring back at him. As she turns away TOMMY violently jerks up his knee in her direction. His hands, in jam jars, clank on the railing as he walks away.]

[Over-shldr: Past TOMMY at MR KNOX, who stands at the foot of GRANNY's stairs.]

MR KNOX: ~~You're too late!~~ [Do you realize you've made me late for my work?]

MR KNOX and TOMMY face one another. The boy has a look of defiance on his face.

MR KNOX waits for an excuse. He appears ~~calm~~ [angry].

MR KNOX: Well?

The boy echoes the man.

TOMMY: Well?

MR KNOX: [I don't want your bloody cheek!]

TOMMY: [I wanna see my Gran!]

~~TOMMY has his hands inside the jam jars like boxing gloves. He has adopted a couldn't-care-less attitude. He clonks the jars head on to emphasise his point. He makes to by-pass [runs past] the man on his way upstairs. MR KNOX stops him short [grabs him]. The boy struggles, curses.~~ [The two struggle, yelling]. MR KNOX slaps the boy hard on the face.

The slap exploding about them in the street.

SCENE 7: [A GRAVEYARD]

A shower of grit clattering [down on flowers lying] on the coffin.

SCENE 8: [OUTSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S]

MRS KNOX is peering round the corner of her window blind. There is the [distant] sound of a passing vehicle ~~descending in volume~~ [idling]. She lets her blind go.

SCENE 9: [OUTSIDE GRANNY'S]

A stationary black van at the foot of the open stairs, [idles loudly].

SCENE 10: [INSIDE GRANNY'S]

Inside the room all hell is let loose. JAMIE is screaming and struggling to get free. His neck is hooked by a uniformed arm.

And TOMMY is trying to fight off a pair of arms clamping his waist.

The boys are in the grip of two uniformed CHARITY WORKERS who are trying to get them out of the house. ~~One of the men says reasonably 'We're going to look after you' in answer to which TOMMY yells~~ [One grabs JAMIE from his bed, the other, TOMMY from the rocker.]

CHARITY [We're going to look after you.]
WORKER: [We're going to look after you.]

TOMMY: ~~We can look after ourselves!~~

ONE OF [Let me alone!]
BOYS: [Let me alone!]

[A wild struggle. JAMIE kicks things off the table, glass shatters.] TOMMY kicks violently at the legs of the man holding JAMIE. The pained man grabs up the offender's foot and JAMIE makes a dash for it ~~under the table~~.

TOMMY: Run for it, JAMIE, run for it. I'll find you.

JAMIE flies out the door.

And across the landing.

~~And up the street~~ [S]houting [at the third step down] an agonized

JAMIE: Da!

[And again, at the bottom of the stairs, as he tears up the street—]

JAMIE: [Da!]

SCENE 11: [INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—THE LIVINGROOM]

MR KNOX sitting by the fire [a whippet in his lap]. Across from him, MRS KNOX at the window [again], [peering round the blind] unmoved.

SCENE 12: [OUTSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S]

JAMIE runs to the door and knocks [frantically].

[MR KNOX quickly escapes to the toilet, the whippet's lead in hand.]

~~The van is coming up the street.~~

[JAMIE continues to knock.] MRS KNOX opens the door. JAMIE cries

JAMIE: [(SOBBING)] They're ~~going~~ [gonna] to take ~~me~~ [us] away!

[He rushes into the house, still crying.]

JAMIE: [They're gonna take us away! They're gonna take us away!]

~~He squeezes himself behind her skirts.~~ [OLD MRS KNOX looks at him as he passes and then she looks back into the street—she seems slightly taken aback.]

SCENE 13: [INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—THE LIVINGROOM]

The boy dashes across the firelit living room like an alarmed rabbit. ~~MR KNOX has disappeared from his fireside chair.~~ JAMIE dashes through a [the] bedroom door [and slams it closed, rattling the chimes in the wall clock].

SCENE 14: [OUTSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S]

[The black van comes quickly up the street.]

Outside, [OLD MRS KNOX stands in her doorway,] ~~moving in the breeze, a streamer~~ [above her is a sign] reading Welcome Home Son.

~~Above MRS KNOX's head, [S]uspended round the doorway, linked to the [sign,] streamer, hang limp decorations and flags [flutter].~~ The ear van arrives, first obliterating the woman then revealing her as it shrieks to a halt.

~~Close~~[Cu:] MRS KNOX looking amiable[—through a cold stoniness. The truck idles a moment then the engine cuts.]

SCENE 15: [INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—THE BEDROOM]

~~Jagged antlers horns on the bedroom wall.~~ [Cu:] JAMIE, a snared figure crouched in a corner of this room.

~~Closer, JAMIE, [H]ead cradled in his arms, [knees up to his chest,] hearing muffled conversation. Then a more immediate sound of breathing reaches him and he peeps up, [a filthy, ragged child, and] sees.~~

JOHN, who is MRS KNOX's other son. He is sleeping inside a bedcupboard. [Everything seems clean and comfortable.] Close beside him there is a chair, and there, draped over the chair back there is a soldier's uniform with decorations for bravery on the breast.

[Ex-cu: JOHN breathes deeply. Camera pans to his shoulder then tilts down his arm to his hand resting by his tunic, next to his ribbons.]

[Cu: The door suddenly opens with a clack.]

[JAMIE starts. MRS KNOX's hand on the latch lets the whippet in and then closes the door.]

[High-angle: JAMIE's tiny crouched figure in the corner, a rack of antlers on the wall above. Voices can be heard in the other room.]

OLD MRS

KNOX: [He was brought up by his Granny on his mother's side.]

CHARITY

WORKER: [Would you know where his mother is?]

OLD MRS

KNOX: [She's in an asylum.]

~~Suddenly, the door opens with a clack.~~

~~JAMIE startles.~~

~~MRS KNOX's hand is seen on the door latch. We hear~~

CHARITY By law the father will have to take [accept] full responsibility
WORKER: for the child's welfare.

OLD MRS

KNOX: [Well,] He was always welcome here!

CHARITY

WORKER: [Well, the boy is obviously in need of care.]

~~A whippet paddies into the room and the door closes.~~

SCENE 16: [INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—THE LIVINGROOM]

[Over-shldr:] In the firelit room [past CHARITY WORKER at OLD MRS KNOX by the mantle, arms crossed. Looking at the man] MRS KNOX says

OLD MRS [Don't you try to tell me my business.]
KNOX: My son's character is ~~impeceable~~ [spotless], ~~beyond reproach~~
[there's not a black mark on his conscience]!

SCENE 17: [INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—THE TOILET]

But MR KNOX is hiding inside the lavatory.

MR KNOX's hand flicks nervously on the whippet's chain lead.

SCENE 18: [INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—THE BEDROOM]

The whippet stares at JAMIE [from where it stands near the bed].

And JAMIE stares back at the whippet [from the corner].

SCENE 19: [OUTSIDE IN THE STREET]

TOMMY's numb face behind the van's rear window [hand pressed against the glass].

SCENE 20: [OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE]

The van going away along a [the] country road [outside the village].

SCENE 21: [INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—THE LIVINGROOM]

JAMIE is standing in a corner by the living room door looking unsure of himself. [The door is left, to the right, on a table, are two apples on a white pedestal plate on a circular white doily.]

MRS KNOX is sitting by the fire. She has her back to us. She is invisible except for her head above the chair and her [right] elbow on the arm rest. MR KNOX comes from the bedroom putting on his jacket. He comes to kiss his mother. They share a brief silent conversation of the eyes [and a low whisper]. ~~Then MR KNOX whistles for the dog and it follows him.~~

[JAMIE standing as before looking very nervous.]

[MRS KNOX nods at her son, who takes the dog by its lead and goes off. OLD MRS KNOX turns in profile to follow his movement.] ~~MR KNOX goes out the door attaching the animal to its lead.~~ He goes [out the door] without looking at JAMIE. It is as if the boy did not exist. JAMIE [watches his FATHER leave. He] feels unwanted. He hears the outer door slam shut.

[Back to: MRS KNOX still in profile.]

OLD MRS

KNOX: Your mother ruined my son's life!

JAMIE is confused. He is wishing he had let them take him away. [He stands head down, glancing up at his GRANDMOTHER as she speaks.]

MRS KNOX is quite calm but there is a note of irretrievable loss in her voice.

OLD MRS

KNOX: He had the makings of a great man.

At that moment JOHN comes out of the bedroom in his shirt tail[, fag in mouth]. He ~~glances briefly at his mother before moving away~~ [pads to a chair, picks up and glances at a paper].

OLD MRS

KNOX: He could have had the whole ~~wide~~ world at his feet.

[Ex-cu: Outside of livingroom door, which suddenly opens.] JOHN is now at the open living room door. [JAMIE looks at him,] [b]ehind him we can see MRS KNOX. Her words come as light as a dwindling feather[—childlike].

OLD MRS

KNOX: All gone.

JOHN ~~pushes the door further to reveal~~ [looks at] JAMIE. He nods his head back ~~to connect with his mother then he winks~~ [rolls his eyes, and smiles] at JAMIE. ~~During the wink MRS KNOX swings round for nothing escapes her.~~ JOHN moves quickly away, shutting his mother out then revealing her. [MRS KNOX swings round quickly.] She slams her fist down on the chair arm. The weight of this fist.

Her sudden angry face [directed at JAMIE].

OLD MRS

KNOX: She wanted to destroy him!

[Ex-cu: Her fists clenched, shaking, on the arm of the chair.]

~~A very frightened~~ JAMIE [looks steadily at her].

MRS KNOX falls silent. ~~During the silence there is heard the sound of the toilet flushing. Then silence.~~

[OLD MRS KNOX back in profile.]

OLD MRS

KNOX: What made you think you ~~had the right to~~ [could] come here?

JAMIE [stares at her, then turns and] goes quietly away closing the door behind him.

SCENE 22: [OUTSIDE GRANNY'S]

JAMIE running along the pavement and up the open stairs towards the landing.

He slams the door shut behind him.

SCENE 23: [INSIDE GRANNY'S]

~~A delicate butterfly inside an airless jam jar.~~

JAMIE lying on the bed [where he and his GRANNY slept, a slain figure,] with his face ~~buried in~~ [on] a pillow[, turned to the wall, a sheet crumpled at his feet, the photograph of his mother and aunt above.]

[Ex-cu: Two empty jam jars on the window sill.]

SCENE 24: [OUTSIDE GRANNY'S & OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE]

[Near total darkness.] JAMIE on the landing, hands cupped to mouth, making a long forlorn cry into the night.

JAMIE: TOMMY!

[Ls: Countryside.] The cry [again] embraces the landscape and dies.

JAMIE: [TOMMY!]

SCENE 25: [IN THE COUNTRYSIDE]

[Ex-high-angle:] A sunny glen full of trees and water. [MR KNOX tends a fire. JAMIE sits on a rock in a stream, naked but for a towel.]

JAMIE's clothes burning on dead leaves.

MR KNOX: [Get on, get on and wash yourself.]

[JAMIE begins soaping himself.]

[Med-cu: A stick lifts burning clothes, and socks drop on the fire.]

MR KNOX: [Come on, give that to me.]

[He takes soap and flannel and scrubs JAMIE vigorously.] The boy sitting in a stream having his head washed by his father.

JAMIE: [(SHAKING) It's freezing.]

MR KNOX: [Ah, it's not cold.]
[You think it's cold?]
[Look up . . . look up!]

SCENE 26: [OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE]

MR KNOX sauntering towards us along a narrow country road[—between a stone wall, right, and a wire fence and stubble field, left.] JAMIE is coming some distance behind with a damp towel rolled up under his arm. [Shoes sound loudly.] The scrubbed boy is wearing cleaner but similar clothing to his old clothes. MR KNOX turns to wait for his son to catch up. JAMIE comes for a bit then, seeing his father facing him, stops as wary as a rabbit for a snare.

~~MR KNOX looks friendly enough.~~

MR KNOX: ~~How old will you be now son?~~ [Are you alright? Mmm?]

[Cu:] JAMIE looks moodily at the ground. ~~He hears his father say~~

[Cu: MR KNOX looking friendly enough.]

MR KNOX: ~~Mmm?~~ [How old are you now son?]

[Cu: JAMIE looks up] [a]nd frowns in answer [then down again].

~~MR KNOX looks like a man who knows he has failed as a father and turning back now almost impossible. But he makes a final bid~~

MR KNOX: Would you like to come [home] and live with me?

JAMIE shakes his head firmly [violently]. Then he bolts away.

~~He hurries past the man~~ [runs back the way they came]. MR KNOX doesn't ~~bother to turn to~~ [move as he] watch[es] the boy go.

SCENE 27: [INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—THE LIVINGROOM]

JAMIE is again standing in the corner by the living room door and completely unsure of himself. [Next to him is the apple table.]

MRS KNOX is sitting in her chair with her back to him. The room is perfectly silent [but for the fire]. And there is no movement except for the woman's thumbs [slowly] circling each other in an endless clockwise movement. ~~Suddenly they stop.~~

JAMIE watches.

[Cu: The thumbs continue, slow, then stop.] Now the thumbs make a reverse movement [slowly, then faster]. ~~Then~~ [Suddenly] they part. The hands turn into fists [slam down, one on each arm of the chair. MRS KNOX leaps up]. ~~The body looms up.~~ Nervousness in the air.

She charges across the room [to a sideboard], pulls open a drawer [rattling plates and cutlery], [and] brings out a knife. [She holds it before her face, stares at it, then starts for the door.]

JAMIE runs for his life.

SCENE 28: [OUTSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S]

The frightened boy runs out of the house followed closely by a mad MRS KNOX. [He falls, scrambles up and is off down the street.] But she doesn't pursue JAMIE. Instead she makes for the house immediately next door. She bangs her fist on the door.

OLD MRS KNOX: [You whore, you whore, you bloody whore!]
[I've come for you]
[Bitch! Bitch! Bitch! Bitch of hell!]

~~JAMIE's shivering face in a corner.~~

~~The woman now batters on the window pane but gets no answer.~~

[SCENE 28a: OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE]

[Ls: JAMIE runs right, up a stubble-field hill and disappears.]

[SCENE 28b: OUTSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S]

[Nighttime. A policeman leads JAMIE to the door and knocks.]

SCENE 29: [THE VILLAGE SCHOOL]

[Med:] Classroom. A group of children behind desks. They are singing. ~~JAMIE singing with them is finally isolated.~~ [JAMIE, head on desk, looks off left. He is not singing.]

CHILDREN SINGING: Summer suns are glowing
Over land and sea,

[Ex-cu: JAMIE, still staring off right.]

CHILDREN

SINGING: Happy light is flowing

[Ex-cu: JAMIE's feet. He has wet the floor.]

Bountiful and free.

[Front view of the class singing. JAMIE, unmoved, is dead centre.]

Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays,

[As the last shot of sc. 1: countryside framed from the pit-lift, as the black earth suddenly rushes up to shut out the light.]

All earth's thousand voices

[Cu: Sad, tired, dirty faces of miners, descend into the earth.]

Swell the psalm of praise.

~~JAMIE has wet the floor.~~

~~All the children rear view.~~

~~All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
So thank the Lord,
Oh thank the Lord,
For all his love.~~

And as the singing continues we see what will become of the children.

~~We are in the cage, inside the pit shaft gate. Once more we are leaving behind the good light
and once more the black earth is rushing up to shut it out.~~

Miners' headlamps in the darkness of the cage.
~~The descent picked out by their lights. Dark, light, dark.~~

Out of the darkness we see sweating bodies wading through slime, [tiny lights approach, and
their reflections on black water their bare backs bent by the roof.

CHILDREN We will never doubt thee,
SINGING: Though thou veil thy light:
Life is dark without thee;
Death with thee is bright.
Light of light! shine o'er us

On our pilgrim way,
Go thou still before us
To the endless day.

SCENE 30: [INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—THE KITCHEN]

[Med-cu: A flood of light as a door opens.] JAMIE ~~slams the main door shut~~ [comes through and carefully closes it]. Again shutting out the light. He progresses across the kitchen towards an inner door. As he lifts up the latch ~~MRS KNOX is heard to say, though not unpleasantly~~

~~OLD MRS~~

~~—KNOX: ————— Come away from there son.~~

JAMIE turns.

MRS KNOX can be seen beyond the open living room door. As usual she is seated by the fire ~~and as usual she has her face averted~~ [in profile].

OLD MRS [Come away from there.]

KNOX: You're not allowed in there.

[He looks back across his shoulder, motionless.] A numb face. JAMIE drops the latch.

[MRS KNOX again, through the door, still in profile, listening.]

SCENE 31: [OUTSIDE GRANNY'S]

JAMIE ~~reaches the top of~~ [runs up] the open stairs and on to the landing. He tries the door but it won't open. He batters the door in anguish.

JAMIE: [Open the door!]

[Gradually he stops and shuffles for a moment on the landing.]

SCENE 32: [NEAR THE RAILWAY EMBANKMENT]

[Ls:] JAMIE, a tiny figure crouched on the earth. [In the background, a path passes through a narrow arch in the rail embankment to the countryside beyond.]

Closer, JAMIE's intent face. [His chin resting on his knees.]

[Rev-angle:] A beautiful white fernlike flower ~~with butterfly. The creature flits into space~~ [like short stalks of Queen Anne's Lace].

JAMIE rear view. He shoulders his braces. Then he heels back the earth the way an animal does when it covers its waste.

[SCENE 33a: INSIDE A KITCHEN IN THE VILLAGE]

[In a sink, a pail fills with water. The water is left running as another pail is put in its place.]

SCENE 33: [IN A STREET IN THE VILLAGE]

A winter's day. Slush high in gutters. Frozen villagers queuing along the pavement and up an open stair, kettles and pails and jugs in their hands. A woman called AGNES descends the stairs with ~~two vessels of~~ water in a yoke [pail].

SCENE 34: [OUTSIDE AGNES'S & OLD MRS KNOX'S]

[Med: Agnes enters, puts the pail down, looks to OLD MRS KNOX's, then opens her door.]

[Rev-angle:] JAMIE is standing outside the [other] door. The blind is drawn behind him. [Head down, hands in short-pants pockets, he looks very cold. AGNES is heard picking up her pail and going inside.]

AGNES is now inside her doorway. She eyes JAMIE for a moment then foots her door to a close.

The two neighbouring houses. JAMIE hurries away, progressing behind the building.

SCENE 35: [OUTSIDE THE BACK OF OLD MRS KNOX'S]

A rear window. There are hints of war time sticky tape still on the window pane. AGNES is there, watching from behind the glass, or rather trying to watch now [through a small, clear spot in the frosty glass].

[JAMIE opens his window and] ~~As JAMIE's leg slips inside his own window.~~

SCENE 36: [INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—BEDROOM, LIVINGROOM, KITCHEN]

The empty living room in the firelight[, as the bedroom door opens. JAMIE comes through blowing on his hands.] In the distance, in a flood of icy daylight, framed in an [the] open doorway, we can see ~~JAMIE disappear into the kitchen~~ [the open bedroom window].

[Rev-angle: JAMIE passes the apple table then goes out the livingroom door. He stops and looks through another open doorway, then enters.]

[Cu:] Inside the kitchen. An arrangement of ~~bottles~~ [containers] on a shelf[—a bottle of milk] with ~~all their~~ [its] liquid level marked.

[JAMIE takes the milk bottle down.]

[Over-shldr: Milk bottle showing the level mark.]

JAMIE drinking from a [the] bottle of milk. [He checks the level, drinks again, stops, gets down and takes the bottle to the sink.]

He goes to the water tap, turns the handle, but no luck. [Air hisses, pipes clank.] The tap is dry. A worried JAMIE. [He hits the tap.]

~~SCENE 37: [IN THE STREET]~~

~~MRS KNOX doddering through an alleyway with the whippet on a lead.~~

SCENE 38 [37: INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—THE LIVINGROOM]

[Med-cu:] JAMIE [from the knees down] peeing into the whippet's sleeping basket beside the fire. [Suddenly, there is the sound of the outside door opening.]

[Cu:] The milk bottle safely back on the shelf at its correct level. [The outside door slams.]

~~The soaking dog's basket. Sudden sound of the key turning in the lock.~~

[Cu:] JAMIE [turns his head,] alarmed.

~~The boy scurries back in the direction he came. But no, the door is opening, too late. He slips under the table by the window.~~

[Cu: Livingroom door. The latch rattles, the door opens and the dog, then MRS KNOX's feet, enter, pause and move away. Not latched closed, the door slowly creaks open.]

[Cu: JAMIE, crouched, knees up under the table by the window.]

MRS KNOX ambles into the room. She is drunk. ~~She turns an eagle eye and sees~~

~~Beyond the bedroom door the window is open.~~ JAMIE doesn't know it yet but she has eyes in the back of her head.

She goes to poke the fire.

OLD MRS [Oh, soon I'll have you blazin'.]
KNOX: [There]
 [Come on pet.]

[A]nd a blaze of light fills the room. She turns [to the whippet's bed], looks down, exclaims

OLD MRS ~~What have you done?~~ [Ah, you must have peed you're bed.]
KNOX: [Ah, och, never mind. It was my fault dear.]
 [Your mother should have taken you out much earlier than she did.]
 [Come here, I'll set an' watch it an' get you a clean blanket, so I will.]

[She takes a bottle from her coat, checks it, and returns to her chair with a great sigh.]

[My bottle's safe.]
[Come on pet. Not your fault anyway.]

JAMIE's cautious face in shadow under the table. Hears.

OLD MRS ~~My poor darling.~~ [Och she's my wee deary, so she is.]
KNOX: [My wee darling aye.]
 [Och, I got a wee pet.]

[She cuddles the dog, kissing it about the face.]

[Och, you're wanting to go down again.]

[Wait a minute.]

[Wait a minute till I get this then.]

[She fumbles with the dog's lead, releases it and the dog gets down.]

[There you are, away you go.]

[She sits back, unscrews the bottle-top, tips her head back and takes a long drink. She sits sighing, her breathing deep and long.]

[Ah, well.]

~~Sees. MRS KNOX sitting in her chair kissing the whippet on the mouth.~~

~~The door out is lying open.~~

~~JAMIE draws on this bootlace. When he looks again at his grandmother he gets a shock.~~

[Her right arm comes round in JAMIE's direction.] Her hand is outstretched towards him while the rest of her remains invisible. She twiddles her fingers to emphasise her invitation.

~~JAMIE comes out from under the table and moves timidly towards her. [Med: MRS KNOX in profile. JAMIE stands beside her, back to camera.] Her face is lit up by the fire. She listens to his progress instead of turning. She takes JAMIE's hand and draws him in front of her. Then she brings the boy to her breast and smothers him in a warm embrace. [She holds his right arm and left shoulder; his head is back and to the side—like a child afraid of being hit.] She speaks with much [drunken] affection.~~

OLD MRS

KNOX: Who is the best boy in all the wide world?

[Cu: The whippet standing alone, looking rejected.]

~~JAMIE's face squeezed against her breast. [Back to: MRS KNOX and JAMIE.]~~

OLD MRS

KNOX: Who is it my darling?

[She winks, and offers the boy her bottle.]

OLD MRS

KNOX: [Have a drink.]

~~JAMIE opens an eye on [takes several good drinks from the bottle.]~~

~~The abandoned whippet. The creature looks rejected.~~

MRS KNOX's cheeks are wet. She [pulls him to her breast, embraces him,] caresses ~~her head~~ against JAMIE's his hair with a display of great emotion.

OLD MRS

KNOX: [Ah!]

OLD MRS [(CLASPING & ROCKING THE BOY) Ah!]

KNOX: [(EXAGGERATING THE SIBILANT)] My young prince.

SCENE 39 [38: INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—THE LIVINGROOM & BEDROOM]

[Cu: Nighttime. The whippet curled up in its bed.]

Moonlight ~~beyond the closed window, and~~ [in the bedroom,] moonlight touching where JAMIE lies on the pillow. He says very quietly

JAMIE: Please Jesus, make [my] granny drunk every night.

Then he closes his eyes. He looks peaceful.

SCENE 40 [39: INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—THE LIVINGROOM]

Morning light. ~~The antlers horns in shadow on the wall.~~

~~JAMIE is standing in his usual corner by the living room door and looking as confused as ever.~~

MRS KNOX is as usual by the fire [back to us]. She says quite calmly.

OLD MRS

KNOX: I got word from the asylum.

~~She lets the whippet lick her face.~~

OLD MRS

KNOX: Your mother's dead.

~~JAMIE, a numb face.~~ [She turns in profile, kissing the dog on her lap.]

MRS KNOX ~~is now~~ [continues] in profile. She says with [a hint of] genuine consideration

OLD MRS

KNOX: Whatever misfortune she had in her life she ~~didn't~~ [did nae] deserve that.

[She looks down at the dog, then turns back to the fire.]

[JAMIE stands in the corner, confused and hurt. He looks across at her for a time, then]
JAMIE goes under the table.

~~MRS KNOX has her face turned away. Her hand is extended towards the boy but this time it holds a letter, the envelope of which is unopened.~~

SCENE 41 [40: THE VILLAGE SCHOOL]

Classroom. A boy, ARCHIE, is standing before the class reading from his composition. All others have their backs to us including the teacher who sits in ARCHIE's place. [JAMIE is in his seat, right of centre. As usual, his head is on his desk and he looks off to the left.]

ARCHIE: [(*HALTINGLY*)] There is more beauty than horror in our countryside, more hope than despair. If you get stung by a bee you can cure it with the [a] doken leaf because it has healing properties.

ARCHIE closer.

ARCHIE: There is a legend that says it is safe to take home anything from nature except [for] one thing. ~~This thing is called Dead Men's Flourish . . .~~

[Ex-cu:] Very close, JAMIE, ~~daydreaming~~, hearing [looking forward now].

ARCHIE: [This ~~thing~~ is called Dead Men's Flourish.]

ARCHIE: [For] If you take home this flower it means somebody will die.

A profusion of this white fernlike dead men's flourish shivering in the wind. [As in Scene 32.]

SCENE 42 [41: INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—THE LIVINGROOM]

~~MRS KNOX fast asleep in bed.~~ [High-angle: JAMIE on hands and knees by a bed, a sprig of the deadly flower lies beside a pair of slippers.]

JAMIE's hand [lifts the bed-skirting] slipping a spring [*sic*] of this flower beneath her bed, its petals given an eerie hue by the moonlight.

[Cut to: MRS KNOX fast asleep in the bed above.]

JAMIE [tip-toes out,] closing the door silently behind him.

SCENE 43 [42: OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE]

A white ambulance travelling down a ~~sunny country road~~ [the usual left to right stubble-field slope, all in complete silence].

SCENE 44: [IN THE STREET]

~~JAMIE's intent face round a street corner.~~

SCENE 45 [43: OUTSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S]

[Med-Is:] The ambulance is stationed outside the front door. [JAMIE, back to us, stands at the corner of AGNES's house facing OLD MRS KNOX's.] Sudden signs of life in movement. The window of the house ~~slides~~ [is] open. [As are t]he vehicle doors ~~swing open~~. [A man in white walks from house to ambulance, reaches in, then backs away followed by another man.] A stretcher bearing someone is being carried from the vehicle. [Crossing to the window the first man rests his end on the sill and goes through the door.]

SCENE 46 [44: OUTSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S]

~~JAMIE stunned~~ [Ex-cu: JAMIE's back. His fingers are crossed.]

[Cu: JAMIE's face. He has a dark, intent look.]

SCENE 47 [45: OUTSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S]

The stretcher entering the house by the open window. [A naked foot pokes from under the blanket. The second attendant rests his end of the stretcher inside the window and leaves. Moments later his hands appear inside the window, grasp the stretcher and disappear with it.]

[SCENE 46: OUTSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S]

[Repeat Scene 45: JAMIE at the corner of AGNES's house. The door and window to OLD MRS KNOX's stand open, as does the ambulance door.]

SCENE 48 [47: OUTSIDE THE BACK OF OLD MRS KNOX'S]

JAMIE moving ~~swiftly~~ [slowly] on tip toe towards the rear window. He peers carefully inside.

[From inside the room, JAMIE's face gazing intently into the room.]

~~Through the window, inside the empty silent room there is an OLD MAN lying in bed. There is a strange remoteness in his frail body. This is OLD MR KNOX who is MRS KNOX's husband.~~

SCENE 49 [48: INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—THE LIVINGROOM]

~~The firelight living room is silent too. MRS KNOX's fireside chair is empty. She is discovered lying on top of her bed with a newspaper covering her face.~~

[Cu: The door opens slowly.] JAMIE peer[s]ing inside ~~the living room door~~. Nearby, in the middle of the table there is a [the] plate with two apples. ~~JAMIE turns to look at the fruit.~~

[Rev-angle: A fire is burning. MRS KNOX's fireside chair is empty.]

[Back to: JAMIE, who turns left and looks along the wall towards the bedroom door. He turns back and closes the door quietly.]

[Cu: OLD MRS KNOX lying on her bed, her head near the wall clock, a newspaper covering her face. The paper reports: 'PEACE—Japanese Surrender' The whippet lies beside her, its head covered by her right hand.] ~~The whippet looks up from beside its sleeping mistress and follows JAMIE's progression.~~

[JAMIE stands by the table looking in MRS KNOX's direction. He looks at the apples on the plate, then back to MRS KNOX. Slowly he reaches out with his left hand and takes an apple.]

[Cu: The whippet. As JAMIE crosses the room it looks up and follows JAMIE's progression.]

[Cut to: JAMIE approaching and then opening the bedroom door.]

JAMIE [looks back, then] ~~closing~~ [closes] the bedroom door quietly behind him.

~~The dog sits bold [sic] upright as if it knew JAMIE was doing wrong.~~

SCENE 50 [49: INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—THE BEDROOM]

JAMIE is standing beside his grandfather's bed, watching.

The OLD man's eyes have a look of deep impenetrable hurt in them. [He stares off with the empty look that JAMIE's mother had in the asylum.]

[JAMIE slowly reaches out to touch the old man's cheek (as when his GRANNY died).]

~~JAMIE seems to understand.~~ [He slowly reaches out again and] He puts the apple on the bed.

[Cu: JAMIE in profile, watching.]

Suddenly there comes a sound of angry movement [from the livingroom]. [Cutlery and china rattle in a drawer.]

JAMIE turns [toward the noise] alarmed. [He looks terrified.]

[Ex-cu: The latch.] Behind the closed door, more sounds of MRS KNOX but coming nearer.

[JAMIE climbs quickly out the bedroom window.]

Old MR KNOX's hopeless face. [The apple is untouched near his pillow. His eyes motionless. We hear JAMIE climb out the window, close it, and then run off.]

~~SCENE 51:~~

~~JAMIE dropping into the street, closing the window, hurrying away.~~

SCENE 52 [50: ALONG THE RAILWAY EMBANKMENT NEAR THE VILLAGE]

[JAMIE peers out from behind a wooden pole. Beyond is a stubble field and the slag heap.]

[Rev-angle:] Old MR KNOX is accompanied by AGNES. They ~~are in a field by a dried up stream~~ [sit on a grassy bank]. AGNES has her hand[s] ~~in a comforting way on top of~~ [her coat pockets.] [T]he OLD man's [hands are in his lap] and they are quite content just to be peaceful, both lost in their own thoughts. [The mine is heard in the distance.]

[Slowly, AGNES turns to OLD MR KNOX.]

AGNES: The electric treatment ~~did~~ [must have done] you good.

The OLD MAN ~~nods~~ [turns and looks at her].

~~AGNES pats his hand.~~ [Cu: JAMIE peering from behind the pole.]

[Back to: AGNES looking at OLD MR KNOX. He looks off as before.]

AGNES: I'd [I would] have ~~dropped in to see you but you know what she's like~~
 [came and seen you quicker only, you know what like she is].

~~The OLD MAN sighs.~~

AGNES looks away across the grass then back slightly amused. She says in a secret way

AGNES: He's wondering who I am?

~~JAMIE is watching from behind a tree trunk. OLD MR KNOX turns affectionately to look at the boy. AGNES does likewise. She is still studying JAMIE after the OLD MAN has turned back. JAMIE, feeling the woman's solitary gaze hides himself. OLD MR KNOX has been looking at AGNES's breast which is amply revealed [turns to AGNES]. Finally, AGNES turns back. She obviously thinks there is something peculiar about JAMIE.~~

AGNES: He's [Is he] alright is he?

[She looks back to JAMIE.] The OLD MAN decides to change the subject. [He rests a hand on her thigh and leans toward her.] With a saucy smile he whispers into AGNES's ear.

OLD MR
KNOX: [Hello darlin' .]

[Over-shldr: Past JAMIE to the couple. Visible behind them is a bridge across the railway.]

OLD MR [How're you gettin' on darlin' ?]
KNOX: [Any chance to come up and see you sometime?]

~~She laughs and adjusts her apron.~~ [Both laugh knowingly. AGNES takes his hand, throws it playfully into his own lap, then takes it back and shakes it affectionately as she answers him.]

AGNES: [Oh,] You haven't [have nae] changed a bit.

~~JAMIE sneaks another look.~~ [She lets his hand go, then pats it as she rises.]

AGNES: [Well, I'm away.]

AGNES is going. ~~The pit horn is blowing in the distance and it hurries her down a slope and out of view.~~ [She moves off right without looking back at JAMIE or OLD MAN KNOX.]

[SCENE 51: INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—BEDROOM]

[OLD MR KNOX sitting in bed looks at JAMIE, who looks up at an old photograph of a young man in a classic, pugilistic stance.]

JAMIE: Is that you when you were young?]

OLD MR
KNOX: [Mmm.]

[JAMIE turns to his GRANDFATHER.]

JAMIE: [Let me see your muscles now.]

[OLD MR KNOX rolls up a sleeve and flexes his biceps. JAMIE leans forward and feels it.]

JAMIE: [I got better muscles than you.]

[JAMIE undoes his sleeve, rolls it up and flexes his biceps. They begin to play-box together.]

[SCENE 52: INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—LIVINGROOM]

[Med: Along the mantle at OLD MRS KNOX in her chair by the fire, the table, plate and apple visible beyond. She leans to the fire, spits and sits back. She does not look happy.]

SCENE 53: [INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—LIVINGROOM]

~~JOHN sneaks a look round the living room door.~~ [Ex-cu: Outside of livingroom door. It suddenly opens to show JOHN, who stops to look back toward the fire.]

MRS KNOX is snoozing in her chair.

[He tiptoes out toward the kitchen.]

SCENE 54: [OUTSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—AT THE KITCHEN WINDOW]

~~AGNES is standing outside her house as if she was waiting for something. She turns surreptitiously, sees~~

[Med:] JOHN behind the kitchen window. ~~He makes a secret sign language to her~~ [He broadly mimes to someone that his mother is asleep, then childishly mouths something like 'I come to see you?'] ~~Points to himself then to her then to an imaginary watch then holds up five fingers.~~

[Med: AGNES behind her kitchen window, smiling tight-lipped.]

[Back to: JOHN. He points to her, to an imaginary wristwatch, then holds up three fingers mouthing 'I'll see you at three o'clock.']

AGNES gets the message. She indicates ~~with eyes~~ that JAMIE is around [pointing slyly towards the wall that joins the two houses].

[Ls:] We see JAMIE crouched on the ground idly playing with some pebbles, and JOHN in the background [looking down in at him]. JOHN [drops the curtain and] disappears from view.

~~AGNES closes her door.~~

[Ex-cu:] JAMIE hasn't looked. ~~until now, until the door clacking. He looks there, then the other way where JOHN was and we know he hasn't missed a thing.~~ He goes back to his game ~~and draws two pebbles together.~~ [His hands shuffle together for a moment, then pull back to reveal two lumps of coal drawn together on the pavement.]

SCENE 55: [ALONG THE RAILWAY EMBANKMENT NEAR THE VILLAGE]

[Low-angle:] JAMIE and his grandfather [outlined against the sky] ~~warmed by the sun in the field by the dried up stream.~~ The OLD MAN rubs an apple on his jacket then hands it to JAMIE. ~~JAMIE is content to eat the fruit while his grandfather stares into space lost in a private world of his own. Then the OLD MAN speaks out of a memory of something fond.~~

JAMIE: [(SOFTLY) Thanks.]

[Cu: JAMIE and OLD MR KNOX, who speaks from a fond, but lost memory.]

OLD MR

KNOX: Your mother. ~~She was a very nice girl.~~

[Over-shldr: Past JAMIE at OLD MR KNOX, looking beaten and sad.]

OLD MR

KNOX: [I was very fond of her.] Always remember that son.

[JAMIE slowly looks down.]

~~He drifts back inside himself for a moment thinking about her and his face warms~~

OLD MR ~~She was so full of life. When she smiled, when she smiled~~

KNOX: ~~the sun was born in her eyes. I thought the world of her.~~

~~Then his face saddens thinking of what became of her.~~

JAMIE: Granddad?

~~The OLD MAN puts his arm round the boy.~~

[Back to low-angle: JAMIE bites the apple. He pauses, then turns to his grandfather.]

JAMIE: Granddad, your wife [Gran] isn't very good to you. Is she?

The OLD MAN laughs at the boy's insight.

OLD MR

KNOX: [(*LAUGHING*) No son.]

~~The sun in the sky is radiant. Then it disappears behind a dark cloud.~~ [OLD MR KNOX ruffles JAMIE's hair, then pulls his head to his chest in a rough, affectionate way.]

SCENE 56: [OUTSIDE GRANNY'S; OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE; IN THE CITY]

[Low-angle cu:] JAMIE is sitting on the [second] stair [from the top of the] landing. ~~He is reading his letter.~~ A [He tears open a] mucky crumpled envelope ~~lies in his lap.~~ [, removes some paper, checks inside the envelope, then throws it over the railing.] TOMMY [in voice-over] reads the letter for him.

TOMMY: Dear Jamie[,] just a few lines to let you know how I am keeping. Well I am keeping well. My da' came to see me then he never came back. If he comes again I am going to ask him to bring you.

MR BROWN, TOMMY's father, exits from the village school followed by JAMIE. ~~The children are heard inside the school.~~

TOMMY: A man came to talk to me about a career in the army.
But I don't care about anything.

[MR BROWN's makes a U-turn in the school yard and goes out into the street.]

MR BROWN's Austin journeying along a [the ubiquitous] country road [outside the village].

TOMMY: The home is not bad so long as you learn to look out for yourself?

The Austin ~~lost in~~ [drives up] a busy street in the city. [The street curves up a steep hill, goes round a large building at the top and disappears.]

TOMMY: From what I can see it's every man for himself.

Rushing passers-by[. The car disappears round the corner at the top.]

TOMMY: They would take your head if it wasn't fixed on[to] your shoulders.

~~The stationary car and towering above it a dark victorian building.~~

TOMMY: I'm wearing long trousers now. That is all I have to say . . .

[Med: Towering wall of a dark victorian building covered in a spider work of external drainpipes. One central window has a broken pane.]

TOMMY: [Love, Tommy.]

SCENE 57: [INSIDE THE ORPHANAGE—THE DORMITORY]

TOMMY emerges through swing doors in his longs. He is neither a boy nor a man but he has the mannerisms of the adult even if somewhat awkward. The swing doors are left rattling to and fro.

[MR BROWN sits at the foot of one of many beds. JAMIE sits beyond him, at the head of the next bed, near a window; TOMMY nearer the camera, and back to it, stands looking down on his father.]

MR BROWN looks awkward as if forced to come out of duty than a desperate need to see his son. But he says

MR BROWN: ~~Hello son.~~ [How are you getting on son?]

~~MR BROWN is sitting on a bed in a corridor of beds. JAMIE is sitting on another with his back to us. TOMMY is standing in a couldn't-care-less attitude. He doesn't reply to his father but he goes and, careful to pull up his trouser knees, sits beside the man. There is a momentary silence while MR BROWN thinks of something to say.~~

MR BROWN: ~~Well, how are you doing son~~ [Are you getting on alright son, are you]?

TOMMY shrugs, ~~winks across at JAMIE~~ [says nothing, but sits by the man, careful to pull up his trousers as he sits. He is now positioned between his father and JAMIE. There is silence].

~~JAMIE gives a brief smile.~~

[Med-cu: Son and father on the bed. MR BROWN looks at TOMMY who looks down.]

MR BROWN: [Well son, you're growing up to be a fine big lad.]
I had a word with the wife [about, regards giving you a home].

While MR BROWN stutters his way through his words, TOMMY picks his pocket.

MR BROWN: ~~It isn't~~ [It's not] that we [don't want you son, but, eh . . .]
[I think you'll understand].
~~Well, you know how it is.~~
[Because] You're ~~getting on~~ [growing up] to ~~being~~ a man now.

[TOMMY draws his pickings to his right, away from his father. As MR BROWN looks away at his own hands, TOMMY turns to JAMIE and smiles.]

[Cu: JAMIE smiles broadly, angelic against the bright window.]

[Back to 2s: Father and son. MR BROWN unrolls a banknote he has concealed in his hand.]

[Cu: From behind. TOMMY picks his father's pocket again.]

MR BROWN: [Well son, I been a bit, ah, worried about you.]
[But I don't suppose it will be very long afore you start work.
And who knows, eh, you might get a girl.]
[Everything might go alright for you.]

[TOMMY now has a coin which he holds up as if for JAMIE to see.]

MR BROWN: [As long as you mind and look after yourself.]

[Cu: JAMIE laughing heartily but silently to himself.]

MR BROWN: [You'll do that son, won't you?]

[Cu: TOMMY's right hand comes from behind with a cigarette pack.]

TOMMY: [Want a fag?]

MR BROWN: [Oh, thanks son.]

TOMMY offers his father one of his own woodbines then he has one himself. MR BROWN [feels his pocket, tries another, pulls out matches and] lights them up. He is due to lose the matches beside other things.

MR BROWN: ~~It's just that. Well, you'd be strange to the kids.~~
[You see son, it's the kids.]
~~And them being~~ [They're] set in their ways
[and it would probably be difficult for you—to fit in].
~~You know.~~
But [don't let it worry you,] I'll ~~come~~ [be back] and [to] see you [again].

TOMMY ~~twiddles the box of matches secretly~~ [brings out an envelope.] ~~JAMIE amused.~~

MR BROWN offers his son a [the] pound note which has been in his hand all the time.

TOMMY shakes his head.

MR BROWN looks awkward. He didn't expect that response. He wavers the note around not knowing quite what to do with it. Finally he puts it in the same pocket TOMMY has been tapping. [They both sit in silence, staring at the bed before them.]

SCENE 58: [INSIDE THE ORPHANAGE—AN OFFICE & THE DORMITORY]

Behind a frosted window, MR BROWN is in earnest conversation with an official.

MR BROWN: [Can I come up here very often and see him?]
[It's certain dates like is it?]

OFFICIAL: [Any day of the week.]

MR BROWN: [Is it? That's not so bad then; cause I do miss him really you know.]

TOMMY and JAMIE are sitting on the bed facing each other.

JAMIE is drawing badly on a cigarette[, coughing repeatedly]. TOMMY leans forward to ~~whisper in his ear~~ [picks up the envelope, opens it and takes something out].

[The boys giggle. TOMMY waves a condom and hits JAMIE, who says something laughing.]

[Cu:] TOMMY[,] ~~laughs at his own joke. He~~ blows air into a contraceptive. We can see his father in the distance. JAMIE points the tip of his cigarette on the balloon and it bursts.

[Cu:] JAMIE ~~laughs~~ [who suddenly looks very serious and unhappy].

SCENE 59: [IN AN OPEN AREA NEAR THE EDGE OF THE VILLAGE]

MR KNOX ~~disappearing round a corner of the village. He~~ is on a bicycle. [He is riding round in lazy circles, crisscrossing a dirt and grass track which runs from where he plays back towards the back of a pair of houses behind him. The path runs between them and disappears. MR KNOX heads off down the path towards the houses.]

[Cu:] JAMIE is watching [from some stairs, his face to the railing].

[Med-ls:] MR KNOX ~~re-emerges~~ some distance away [and nearing the houses]. There is no sound[.] ~~except for a loose mudguard clanking away. Then the man finally disappears for good.~~ It is rather like game of 'first you see me, now you don't' but the sound lingers.

[Cu: JAMIE, so sad, so lost, so alone.]

[Back to: MR KNOX, now disappearing between the houses.]

SCENE 60: [INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—THE LIVINGROOM]

MRS KNOX sitting in her usual chair by the fire. She turns to profile and says kindly

OLD MRS

KNOX: Help yourself to an apple [son].

JAMIE in his usual corner ~~and not too sure of his ground~~ [looks terrified. He turns slowly to look at the apple plate beside him].

[Ex-cu:] A solitary apple on a [the] plate and beside it a mousetrap set for action.

[Cu: JAMIE.]

JAMIE: I don't like apples.

[Med:] MRS KNOX ~~again has~~[,] her hand outstretched towards him.

~~SCENE 61: [INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S]~~

~~Old MR KNOX listening behind the bedroom door. He looks worried.~~

SCENE 62 [61: INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—THE LIVINGROOM & BEDROOM]

[Over-shldr: Past MRS KNOX at JAMIE.] JAMIE and his grandmother facing each other. She has the boy gently by the hand [shoulder; he leans away, scared]. She puts a finger to her mouth and whispers.

OLD MRS

KNOX: Sssh.

[Med-cu: Inside the bedroom, where OLD MR KNOX stands with his ear against the door listening. His face is expressionless.]

[Back to: Livingroom, from apple table towards the fire. JAMIE, back to us, kneels before OLD MRS KNOX. She leans towards him whispering.]

OLD MRS

KNOX: There's a mouse listening.

~~She listens herself then smiles to JAMIE at the same time drawing him into her confidence.~~

[Back to over-shldr: JAMIE's frightened face.]

OLD MRS

KNOX: Do you know what pearls look like?

JAMIE thinks, [looks down, looks up, and ever so slightly] nods.

OLD MRS

KNOX: Do you know where your mother kept them?

JAMIE thinks again, [looks down, looks up and slowly] nods.

OLD MRS

KNOX: [Well, go and] [b]ring them to me [Granny] and I'll [she'll] look after them.

[Ex-cu: Their hands in her lap.] She slips a key inside JAMIE's fingers[, closing his hand on it].

SCENE 62 [sic: OUTSIDE GRANNY'S]

The open stairs leading up to the landing.

SCENE 63: [INSIDE GRANNY'S]

JAMIE is kneeling inside the bedcupboard[, facing into the room].

There is a striped pillow ballooned between his knees. He plunges a knife into the material [stabbing and tearing at it over and over].

[Ex-cu: The] A portrait of JAMIE's mother on the wall. A gentle sad face. [The woman is not smiling and she wears no visible jewellery.]

[Back to: JAMIE on the bed.] A storm of feathers snowing about the room [as he scoops from the pillow and throws over his head].

[Cu:] ~~And~~ on to the bare wooden floor. [Feathers continue to fall like snow.] And of course the string of pearls.

SCENE 64: [THE SLAG HEAP NEAR THE MINE]

[High-angle: JAMIE digs furiously in the waste, the pearls and two jam jars beside him.]
~~JAMIE burying~~ [He buries] the pearls in coal dust on the slag heap. Then [grabbing the jars] he hurries away.

[Ls: JAMIE running off along the base of the slag heap.]

A world of black ash. And the pearls hidden forever.

SCENE 65: [OUTSIDE & INSIDE THE CINEMA]

At the picture house. [Nighttime. A banjo is strummed loudly. JAMIE runs up out of the darkness to stand before the external announcement of the current show.] Today: I Didn't Do It. A beaming George Formby.

[Cu:] JAMIE, clonking jam jars in hand, [studies the pictures, then] enters the cinema foyer.

[Inside, he hands in the two jars and is given a ticket by the sleepy attendant.]

[Back to cu: The sign outside as the banjo becomes louder.]

SCENE 66: [INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—THE LIVINGROOM]

~~A blazing fire. That flares on the walls of the room. MRS KNOX invisible as usual.~~ [Over-shldr cu: Past JAMIE at JOHN.] JOHN and JAMIE face to face. [He grasps the boy's shoulder and shakes him.]

JOHN: [Come on now son, where's the pearls?]

JAMIE: [I don't know.]

JOHN draws his face closer to JAMIE. His voice is calm. He has a friendly hand on the boy's shoulder.

JOHN: You're lying.

A shrinking JAMIE.

JAMIE: I ~~couldn't~~ [could nae] find them.

JOHN almost fatherly.

JOHN: You know what happens to laddie's who tell lies [don't you]? ~~They go to hell.~~

[Rev-angle: Past uncle at nephew.] Suddenly, JOHN pulls JAMIE up by the hair [and shouts.]

JOHN: [They go to hell!]

[Cu: JAMIE's corner by the door. JOHN and JAMIE burst in right, JOHN holding the boy up by the shirt slams him hard against the door. He slides down; JOHN picks him back up and slams him repeatedly into the door. They scream at each other through the violence.]

JAMIE: [Let's go!]

JOHN: [Where are those bloody pearls?]

JAMIE: [I don't know where they are.]

JOHN: [I'll kill you, you bastard!]

JAMIE: [I could nae find them!]

JOHN: [I'll kill you!]
[Where are they?]

JAMIE: [I don't know where they are. I could nae find them!]

[Cu: OLD MRS KNOX sits calm and motionless. The sounds of fighting rage about her.]

JOHN: [You're a liar! You're a bloody liar!]
[Tell me where they are!]

JAMIE: [I could nae find them!]

JOHN: [I'll kill you! I'll kill you!]
[Where are they?]

JAMIE: [I don't know where they are. I could nae find them!]

MRS KNOX unmoved by the sounds of a terrifying agony, by the pulling and pushing and punching within her reach. JAMIE screams as if about to die.

JAMIE: [(REPEATEDLY SHRIEKS) Granda!! Granda!!]

[Cu:] Then in a sizzling flash his head touches the fire grating. His body held there ~~by this hero's hands~~. And now there is no sound and the boy's mouth and eyes are bulging as if petrified forever.

~~The whippet curled up in a soft lap.~~

[Med: Bedroom door. JOHN, casually unrolling his sleeves, moves to the door, opens it and goes through.] JOHN closes the door silently behind him. [He never once looks back.]

[Cu:] MRS KNOX ~~draws~~ [holding] the hurt boy to her breast. [One hand is round his head—her wedding ring shines in the light—while the other pats his back. Her head rests on his and faces the camera.] JAMIE lets his face smother in her warmth, lets himself be cradled. He ~~gives out a high-pitched whine~~ [whimpers] like a wounded dog. When MRS KNOX speaks she means every word she says[.]

OLD MRS
KNOX: [There now, there now.]
[Your] Granny loves you ~~darling~~,[.]
[Your] granny loves you[.]
[Your] granny loves you.

[OLD MRS KNOX lifts her head, turns to JAMIE and kisses the side of his head, then puts her head back against his.]

[Your Granny loves you. Your Granny loves you.]
[Your Granny loves you. Your Granny loves you.]
[Your Granny loves you.]

JAMIE understands nothing.

SCENE 67: [INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—THE BEDROOM]

That night. Moonlight lies on the pillow with JOHN. He [sits up in bed and] puffs on a cigarette and its smoke hovers in the still room. JAMIE lies in shadow next to him, face away to the wall. ~~OLD MR KNOX's bed is empty beyond.~~

JOHN says quite calmly [between puffs].

JOHN: Breathe a word [son,] and I'll kill you.

~~JAMIE's hurt face staring at the wall.~~

SCENE 68: [INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—THE BEDROOM]

Early morning light in the room. ~~OLD MR KNOX comes wearily through the bedroom door, back from the pit, his face coal black. The jagged antler horns are there, in shadow, charging down from the wall above him.~~

JAMIE is lying awkwardly sprawled across his grandfather's bed. The covers hang off him in a twisted heap. A mucky smudge of dried tears lie on his still face. [His head toward the foot of the bed, his face bruised.]

[Med: The grandfather.] The OLD MAN stands there looking at the boy. Then, because he really cares, he very gently draws up the covers.

SCENE 69: [OUTSIDE GRANNY'S]

[The sound of a tremendous roar.] White flames in a cold grey street.

At the foot of the open staircase there is a huge blazing fire [built with furniture]. The place is deserted. Then sudden movement.

As a sweating JOHN comes [backs] on to the stair landing. ~~He struggles with the rocking chair which he throws over the railings.~~

[Low-angle: At the stairs as JOHN descends part way with GRANNY's rocker, which he heaves over the railing. The camera follows it into space, then lets the chair drop from view, leaving nothing but sky.]

[Med-high-angle: Down into the street, which should show the rocking chair on the still roaring fire as if belatedly following the movement. At the same moment, however, the sound abruptly ends, and instead there are] [s]mouldering ashes and silence.

SCENE 70: [THE VILLAGE SCHOOL]

[Cu:] JAMIE a ~~demented~~ [defeated] looking creature at his school desk, head on arm, [looks left with] eyes that stare into space in the manner of his grandfather.

TEACHER: [The world.]
[Now who lives in the world?]

CHILD: [We do.]

TEACHER: [We do.]
[So are we a big part of the world, or a small part?]

CHILDREN: [Small.]

TEACHER: [Small part.]
[Now we're a very small part indeed . . . but if you take us compared with this, which is a picture of the whole solar system and the sky, we're so tiny that we wouldn't be seen.]

The whole class ~~rear~~ [side-]view, but showing a very animated TEACHER talking about the earth in relation to the other planets[.] ~~but the sound is coming as if from a million light years away.~~ On the blackboard are drawn the planets in space. [JAMIE is head down.]

TEACHER: [Now this circle here, represents the sun.]
[Now can you touch the sun?]

CHILDREN: [No.]

TEACHER: [Why?]

CHILDREN: [It's too hot.]

TEACHER: [It's too hot.]
[Hands up when you want to answer. Put away those rubber bands Walter please.]
[It's a sphere . . . say it.]

CHILDREN: [It's a sphere.]

TEACHER: [Now we can't touch the sun, we know it's too hot, and we couldn't get near it because it is too . . . what?]

CHILDREN: [Hot.]

TEACHER: [Apart from being too hot.]

CHILDREN: [Too cold . . . too far away.]

TEACHER: [Too far away, very good.]
[Now if you wanted to travel to the sun it would take you years and years and years and lifetimes of people.]
[Now if we take this as being the sun, around it go a lot of things which are called . . . what?]

[Cu:] The planets isolated. [A drawing of the solar system on the blackboard from the Sun to Saturn. The board is old and pock-marked; but the infinite white pocks look like the stars.]

CHILDREN: [Planets, planets.]

TEACHER: [Planets.]
[Now we live on a planet.]
[This is a planet. This is the earth, the planet that we live on.]

We journey into real space [out into a milky distance of stars. The teacher's voice sounding as if it were a million light years away.] ~~and see an insignificant world. This circle, this terribly shining beautiful and silent thing that can hold so much pain.~~

TEACHER: [And we're not the nearest one to the sun, the nearest one is Mercury.]
[Mercury's a very hot planet.]
[It's so hot that you could fry an egg on the ground with no bother.]

SCENE 71: [INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—THE LIVINGROOM]

A door ~~crashes shut~~ [opens]. We are at the corner of the living room door where JAMIE usually waits. MRS KNOX [and JAMIE enter,] ~~is there.~~ She has one ~~a friendly~~ hand on [clenching one of] JAMIE's and the other on the door which she [slams] shut.

[Med-cu:] OLD MR KNOX is seated [back to us] at the table with food before him. But he is no longer eating. He is rock still. It is as if the crashing door had caught him. His spoon is suspended above his plate ~~and his eyes have a desperate look in them.~~ [In the centre of the table is the plate with the apple.]

MRS KNOX is now sitting with her back to us as usual. She still holds on to JAMIE's hand where he stands next to her. But the boy is turned to his grandfather's direction. MRS KNOX doesn't move when she speaks. Her tone is the kind that comes from a smile on a bitter face.

OLD MRS

KNOX: Off to see your OLD flame are you? ~~Mmm?~~

No answer.

JAMIE looks more and more nervous.

OLD MRS

KNOX: Off to get her sympathy? ~~Mmm?~~

Still no answer.

OLD MRS

KNOX: Can't wait to get on top of her?

MRS KNOX turn[s] her face to profile.

OLD MRS

KNOX: Mmm?

[Med: OLD MR KNOX.] The OLD MAN hasn't moved. Then he says something in a way that suggests he has said it all many times before.

OLD MR

KNOX: [It's a long, long time.] It's ~~all in your~~ imagination.

[Over-shldr cu: Past] MRS KNOX ~~front view but still in profile,~~ [at a frightened] JAMIE and ~~in the background, on his side, his grandfather.~~ The woman smiles knowingly to herself.

~~A bee buzzing frantically against the window pane.~~

MRS KNOX has JAMIE's face held tenderly [tightly] in the palms of her hands and they are very close together. You sense her own desperate loneliness, her need for someone to listen.

OLD MRS He [never] thought I ~~didn't know~~ [knew] about his whore[,]
KNOX: all these long years.

~~She shakes her head pathetically. Then with a sense of victory.~~

[JAMIE looks more and more distressed.]

OLD MRS But I never let him touch me. No, not once.
KNOX: Not once. [No.]

[She takes her hands from JAMIE.] She covers her face with her hands, ~~becomes involved with herself. She shakes her head nursing herself. JAMIE backs away. MRS KNOX~~ begins to cry [uncontrollably]. When she speaks it comes in an agonized high-pitched ~~whimper~~ [whine].

OLD MRS [I know he hated . . .]
KNOX: He never [did] ~~cared~~ for me.

[Med: Towards the door. OLD MR KNOX sits frozen, spoon in mid air. JAMIE backs into view right, moving slowly to the door. His face a combination of fear, shock and contempt. At the door he turns, opens it and goes out.] JAMIE closes the door silently behind him.

MRS KNOX cries[.] ~~bitterly into her hands. The whippet paddies on to her lap.~~

The OLD MAN still hasn't moved. There is nothing to say anymore.

SCENE 72: [OUTSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S]

[JAMIE sits under the kitchen window, knees to chest, head down. Suddenly a door opens.]

[Med:] ARCHIE, the schoolboy, comes out of AGNES's house pushing a bike. He stops to look with more than passing interest at something then says

ARCHIE: You're wearing my shirt.

JAMIE is crouched head in arms outside his own door. He doesn't look up.

[Med:] Neighbouring houses as ARCHIE rides away. ~~When he has gone there is still the sound of the bike's loose mud guard clanking.~~

[Cu:] ~~In JAMIE's ear. [JAMIE looks out at nothing.] Now the boy looks up above his arms.~~

~~The house ARCHIE has just left. The blind is drawn.~~

SCENE 73: [OUTSIDE THE BACK OF AGNES'S]

The rear window of the house. JAMIE is ~~hovering about~~ outside the one with the hint of war-time sticky tape on its panes. He sneaks a look inside.

Beyond him, in the silent room lies AGNES and JOHN in bed.

At that moment, ARCHIE and an irate MR KNOX and bike emerge from an alley. [The lane in Scene 59. MR KNOX is in pit clothes, ARCHIE pushes the bike.]

Close, JAMIE watching his father and ARCHIE, his step-brother.

JAMIE, rear view, foreground watching the figures in the distance [approach then go right along the dirt track]. Then he turns his back on them, sees

His grandfather up on the railway embankment. Then makes after him calling

JAMIE: Granddad!

He scurries up the grassy slope[, slips, then claws his way forward.]

JAMIE: Granddad!

But the OLD MAN doesn't seem to hear.

[Med: ARCHIE and his father at their door. MR KNOX signals ARCHIE to wait quietly outside, opens the door and goes in alone.]

SCENE 74: [ALONG THE RAILWAY EMBANKMENT NEAR THE VILLAGE]

[Med-cu:] JAMIE and his grandfather are sitting where they usually sit[.] ~~in the field by the dried-up stream.~~ The OLD MAN looks wretched. ~~The boy has his head in the OLD man's lap.~~

OLD MR KNOX: ~~Don't you think you would be happier in a home~~ [Ah you no be better off in a home]?

JAMIE says nothing. [He looks up at his Grandfather's, very sad.]

[Over-shldr: Past JAMIE at OLD MR KNOX—same as Scene 55.] His grandfather then says with a terrible feeling of helplessness

OLD MR KNOX: Granddad hasn't [got] the strength to fight for you ~~son~~ [any more].

[JAMIE looks back in profile then down at his feet.]

~~The dried-up stream.~~

SCENE 75: [INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—THE LIVINGROOM]

~~The flames flit over the walls of the living room as if it was on fire. MR KNOX has his face buried in his mother's lap. He is crying bitterly. MRS KNOX pulls her son up by the hair. [MR KNOX sits in his mother's chair, head down. She kneels before him, speaking emotionally.]~~

~~Her face looks demoniacal.~~

OLD MRS Forget the whore [son], forget her!
KNOX: She ~~doesn't~~ [does nae] exist!

~~MR KNOX's pathetic tear-stained face, hearing~~ [OLD MRS KNOX pats her son's cheek, and runs her fingers through his hair.]

OLD MRS You're a King. The whole world is yours.
KNOX: [Go and find a woman that's worthy of you.]
 [But . . .]
 You must never give up. Never!

Then with extreme tenderness[, she holds his head in her hands, stroking him.]

OLD MRS
KNOX: I believe in you my darling, I believe in you.

She kisses her son on the mouth with passion.

~~JAMIE watching under the table.~~ [MR KNOX suddenly buries his head in her shoulder. They embrace. He sobs bitterly and openly on her.]

OLD MRS
KNOX: [There, there.]

[Cu: JAMIE under the table, knees up, peering out over his arm.]

OLD MRS
KNOX: [Now, now my darling.]

SCENE 76: [OUTSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S]

[OLD MRS KNOX watches anxiously at the kitchen window. At the sound of running feet she disappears. JAMIE bursts into scene and runs up to the door.] ~~JAMIE hurries through the rain towards the door.~~ At that moment MRS KNOX opens the door [jerks her hand from her pocket]. ~~She thrusts an apple in JAMIE's hand and shushes him away. Then~~

[Ex-cu: Her hand pressing an apple into JAMIE's.]

[Back to: The two of them. She pushes him away and closes the door. JAMIE is stunned.]

SCENE 77: [INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S—THE LIVINGROOM]

~~Having closed the door she turns the key in the lock.~~ [High-angle cu: MR KNOX, who looks up when he hears a door open.]

[Med-cu: Toward the window.] We see MR KNOX sitting at the table, which is now set and in the centre of the room. [A woman sits beside him, back to the camera. OLD MRS KNOX enters, gives a quick, meaningful glance to her son, closes the door, and resumes her place. She smiles slightly at the other woman as tea and scones are resumed in silence.]

[Med: The bedroom door opens.] We see OLD MR KNOX entering this room. He closes the bedroom door behind him. He is completely absorbed in himself. He is dressed for going out.

[Rev-angle: The livingroom door,] ~~The whole room~~ as OLD MR KNOX makes his exit. ~~There are three figures at the table, MR KNOX, his mother and~~ [Only OLD MRS KNOX is visible, hand suspended half-way to mouth. She lowers her scone, looks to where her son would be, then to the woman and, tapping her temple, gives a brief apologetic look of explanation.]

[Over-shldr: At] Helen, who is MR KNOX's new find. Helen is a refined, clean looking attractive girl. She looks like an outsider. She has the shyness that visitors of her kind usually have. And there is a kind of innocence about her. ~~Helen is the only person who isn't animated.~~

She looks somewhat uncomfortable in the silence left behind after OLD MR KNOX's departure.

~~MR KNOX looks to his mother. And for the benefit of Helen, MRS KNOX puts her index finger to her temple to suggest all is not well with the OLD man.~~

Helen gives an embarrassed smile. MR KNOX [looks up, and] places a comforting hand on Helen's shoulder. [She turns to look back at him.]

[Cu: Face-on, OLD MRS KNOX.] Suddenly MRS KNOX isn't looking at all happy.

There is a [triple] string of pearls hanging round Helen's neck.

~~The antlers jagged horns.~~

SCENE 78: [ALONG THE RAILWAY LINE BELOW THE EMBANKMENT]

[Med:] Old MR KNOX is standing with his back to us. He is stillness itself. There is no warm light from the sun. And there is no sound except for the rhythmic chug and sway of an approaching train.

[Ls:] The OLD MAN is standing[, centre,] in the middle of the railway tracks. [The two tracks converging beyond him.] ~~Suddenly the train thunders through a tunnel in clouds of steam.~~

[Ls: From the lower embankment, 20° to the right of OLD MR KNOX, just visible, standing on the far set of two lines of track, facing a tunnel further right. The sound of a train grows.]

[Med: From the other bank, 90° to the old man's left—having moved through some 220°, 'crossing the cinematic line', as it has crossed the railway. Suddenly, with much noise a train bursts into the scene from the left.] But the engine runs on another track by-passing the harrowed figure. ~~Then the last wagon goes leaving in its wake a gust of cold wind.~~

SCENE 79: [OUTSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S & AGNES'S]

[Med: Nighttime.] MRS KNOX crashes [through] the [open] door ~~shut on~~ [of her house into] the darkness outside. ~~There is a momentary pause then the same door flies open.~~ MRS KNOX throws some underclothing away from her, shouting

OLD MRS

KNOX: [And] Don't come back!

~~Final~~ [She rushes back in and the] door crash[es shut].

[High-angle:] JOHN is standing in the crazy moonlight surrounded by his belongings, soldiers uniform and all. AGNES is ~~standing at~~ [exits] her open doorway engulfed in a blaze of light.

~~The crazy moon.~~

AGNES: [Ah, for God's sake what's going on?]

JOHN: [Threw me out.]

~~AGNES throws a bundle of clothes into the air and laughs like a schoolgirl at the circus of her day. She falls against JOHN and laughs helplessly. [They laugh as they pick up the clothes.]~~

MRS KNOX suddenly a ~~still figure at the~~ open[s her] door [and storms out.]

~~Suddenly, MRS KNOX goes for AGNES like a panther for its prey. We are looking into the arena of raw emotion now. They tear at one another, abuse one another while JOHN [steps back to watch.] does a disappearing act into AGNES's house, and young ARCHIE comes from it to his mother's defence. The boy is not heard above the madness.~~

OLD MRS [And you mind your own bloody business!]

KNOX: [You never cared for my son and you broke his heart!]

[You sympathize with him . . . with him, that!]

[You were a whore; aye right from the beginning, so you were!]

[You were nae wife to him.]

[I warned him; I warned and told him it would come to this but no, no . . .]

[He would nae believe me, because you wanted your clutches on him.]

[Alright, away you go. Take him!]

[The OLD WOMAN bends down and begins grabbing up underclothes and throwing them at AGNES, who has gradually moved closer.]

[There's his suits, go on wash them. Wash them!]

[AGNES discards the clothes, stands MRS KNOX up and pushes her away.]

AGNES: [You're bloody saying I'm a bloody whore!]

[I'm a whore?]

[You're are a whore for God's sake!]

[ARCHIE runs out of his house to his mother and tries to intervene.]

ARCHIE: [Mum! mum!]

[AGNES grabs her son and flings him back towards the open door.]

AGNES: [You get bloody inside!]

OLD MRS
KNOX: [Okay, that's enough . . .]

AGNES: [Ah, for God's sake . . .]

OLD MRS
KNOX: [Stop pushing.]

AGNES: [. . . away with you and shut your door!]

OLD MRS
KNOX: [Get away with you!]

AGNES: [Granny, you tell me to stop pushing . . .]

[ARCHIE again tries to intervene. JOHN turns and goes into AGNES's house.]

ARCHIE: [Ma! ma!]

OLD MRS
KNOX: [Let go of me!]

[Again AGNES turns on her son.]

AGNES: [You get in, get bloody in!]

[A held shot of the moon hanging in the night sky.]

OLD MRS
KNOX: [You break my son's heart, and then . . .]

[AGNES laughs a loud, phoney laugh over MRS KNOX.]

OLD MRS
KNOX: [You take my . . .]

AGNES: [Your son's heart . . .]

OLD MRS
KNOX: [. . . my son . . .]

AGNES: [. . . your son does nae have any fucking heart.]

[The women grapple, fall to the ground, cursing, spitting, swinging and clawing at each other.]

OLD MRS [You bitch!]
KNOX: [You whore!]

AGNES: [You bloody old bag! . . . Don't call me a whore . . . you bloody old bag!]

OLD MRS
KNOX: [You're just a whore!]

AGNES: [You bloody old bag! . . . Right! . . . Right!]

~~JAMIE watching from behind the window.~~ [They roll about on the stones and underwear making animal noises.]

SCENE 80: [OUTSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S]

[Med:] In the morning. ~~Silence.~~ [A truck piled with furniture idles at the curb—the apple table prominent.] ~~MRS KNOX is in an embrace with her son. He moves away with his mother's hand trailing along his arm. She holds on to his wrist. He breaks away.~~ [MR KNOX carries a suitcase to the curb. His mother follows, looking small and frail as the wind blows her white hair, skirt and apron out behind her. He takes her hands, looks at them, then at her. She goes on her toes to kiss him; he grabs her and kisses her cheek hard. She pats his chest, he picks up his case and goes to the truck.] ~~She moves her hand to the base of her neck.~~

[Med-cu: OLD MRS KNOX. As her son leaves, her hand goes to the base of her neck.]

~~MR KNOX progresses towards the front of an open lorry in the rear of which there are odds and ends of furniture. Prominent amongst this is the table beneath which JAMIE used to hide.~~

MR KNOX [can be heard, as he] climbs into the cabin where his girl friend Helen is waiting and slams the door shut.

[Med-cu: Across the cab. Helen looks straight ahead as does MR KNOX, leaning on the wheel. They turn to each other, smile and nod. Then they drive off.]

[Cu: Window of] AGNES's house ~~showing no signs of life.~~ [Near tears, ARCHIE looks around the blind.] Sounds of the lorry driving away.

MRS KNOX ~~waves until there is silence then her arm falls by her side~~ [stands as before]. She looks worried. Her fingers are smoothing an imaginary string of pearls round her neck.

SCENE 81: [INSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S: BEDROOM, LIVINGROOM, KITCHEN]

~~The jagged points of the antlers horns relieved by moonlight.~~ Silence.

JAMIE awkwardly asleep [the sheet twisted into a rope around him].

[Cu: MRS KNOX asleep, the counterpane pulled to her chin].

[Cu:] ~~A padded door.~~ Sounds of hissing gas.

[Med-cu:] OLD MR KNOX curled up on the kitchen floor like a foetus[, head next to the cooker. He breathes deeply, and then there is nothing.]

~~In the soundless room, MRS KNOX lies peacefully asleep with her dog beside her. The bedroom door lies open and beyond that an open window.~~

SCENE 82: [OUTSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S]

[Four men in dark suits, approach the house to receive a] The coffin coming into the daylight street through an [the] open [livingroom] window. [They shoulder the box and move off.]

~~SCENE 83: [IN A FIELD OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE]~~

~~JAMIE, a still figure grieving by the dried up stream.~~

SCENE 84 [83: OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE]

The [horse drawn] hearse moving slowly and silently uphill[—the stubbled hill seen before.]

SCENE 85 [84: THE OPEN AREA BETWEEN THE VILLAGE & THE RAILWAY]

[Med-cu: JAMIE, motionless, looks back over his left shoulder toward the camera. Gradually, the sounds of happy, laughing children at play can be heard.]

[Low-angle: Some fifteen] [h]appy laughing children at play [near the top of the railway embankment, some outlined against the sky].

[Med-ls:] JAMIE ~~far away, separate~~[, in middle distance, exactly as before]. He appears to have turned in the process of walking away. Their carefree sound is dying in him. [He stands on the path of Sc. 59. Each shot takes him closer to where it disappears between the houses.]

[Back to:] Ecstatic sight and sound of these children gloriously at one with their childhood.

[Cu: Against the sky, they play 'Ring Around the Rosie'.]

[Ls:] JAMIE very far away, still watching, but after further progression. Their sound is dead in him. ~~Then he turns and he goes away through an alley and there is silence.~~

SCENE 86 [85: OUTSIDE OLD MRS KNOX'S]

The window blind is ~~drawn~~ [down]. The door lies open. There is a stationary black van outside the house[; by the open rear door, a man in dark uniform smokes]. JAMIE comes willingly out of the house[, head down] ~~accompanied~~ [followed] by a charity worker who closes the door behind him. ~~Then another [the first] uniformed worker comes into view.~~ JAMIE lets the man lift him into the vehicle. The man ~~follows and his companion~~ closes the door. [The two men go forward, doors open and close.]

SCENE 87 [86: OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE]

The van travelling along the country road towards the city.

SCENE 88 [87: IN THE CITY]

[Med-Is: The colonnaded, hill-top, National Monument in Edinburgh.]

A steep street close to the city. There is a swirling pipe band coming on the descent. They are playing '~~Scotland Forever~~' ['Scotland the Brave', framing verses of 'Rowan Tree']. ~~They are trailed by patriots singing with great fervour~~ [It is the road from Scene 56.]

~~Let the Irish sing of the Emerald Isle
Where the three leaf shamrock grows
Let the English praise their valleys
And their dales
And the bonnie blooming rose~~

The van appears ~~on the other side~~ [at the bottom] of the road but going in an opposite direction [to the pipe band], upwards.

~~And they sing~~

~~But give me the land of the heather and the kilt
The mountains and the rivers
For the blood leaps in my veins
When I hear the bag pipes playing
Scotland
Dear old Scotland
Forever~~

And on they go on their triumphant way.

~~Scotland
Dear old Scotland
Forever~~

The van turns a [the] corner at the top of the hill, still travelling upwards [and disappears].

And the music dies away on the empty street.

(END)

CREDITS

Jamie	Stephen Archibald
Tommy	Hughie Restorick
Grandmother	Jean Taylor Smith
Tommy's Father	Bernard McKenna
Jamie's Grandfather	Mr. Munro
Jamie's Father	Paul Kermack
Father's Mother	Helena Gloag
Father's Wife	Jessie Combe
Father's Son	William Carroll
Father's Girlfriend	Anne McLeod
Soldier	Robert Hendry
Schoolteacher	Miss Cameron
Undertaker	John Downie
Cameraman	Gale Tattersall
Editor	Peter West
Assembly Editor	Brand Thumim
Sound Recordist	Peter Harvey
Sound Editors	Peter West/Michael Ellis
Dubbing Mixer	Doug Turner
Property	Elsie Restorick
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Assistant Director	Ian Sellars
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Scriptwriter and Director	Bill Douglas

MY WAY HOME

WRITTEN & DIRECTED BY
BILL DOUGLAS
(1977)

(From a Dialogue Script held in the BFI Script Collection)

[SCENE 1]

[Ex-cu: Framed photo of Queen Elizabeth, centre, on a settee, Charles in christening gown on her lap, the royal family about them.]

[SCENE 2: ORPHANAGE—DINING HALL/AUDITORIUM]

[Med-ls: Black-framed stage with children's Nativity play. Mary and baby sit centre with crib. An angel enters left and the MAGI right.]

1ST KING: It has been a long tiring journey.

2ND KING: Many evil things have been sent to try us.

[Cu: Official with chain of office, asleep in near dark. The play continues voice-over.]

3RD KING: But we didn't give up.

[A gloved, braced hand comes in right and gently wakes him. There is unseen applause.]

[Med-ls: JAMIE, carelessly holding some flowers, leans next to a door at the end of a hall looking bored. Applause sounds in the distance.]

[Rev-angle med-cu: MR BRIDGE at the other end of the hall. He puts his hands on his hips, and sighs loudly. Then, right hand to chest, he suggests the way he wants JAMIE to go.]

[Med-cu: A door, left, squeaks open to admit JAMIE in a kilt carrying the flowers. Applause.]

[Med-cu: Triad of official, wife and daughter smiling, waiting.]

[Med-ls: JAMIE at the door starts across stage; as he does his pant legs—rolled up under his kilt—fall down. He stops centre stage.]

TITLE SEQUENCE

[TITLE in white letters on black background, backed by silence.]

TITLE: MY WAY HOME

[There is the sudden sound of a man's voice.]

MR BRIDGE: [Hip! Hip!]

BOYS: [Hooray!]

[SCENE 3: ORPHANAGE—DINING HALL/AUDITORIUM]

[Med-cu: A mass of boys in institutional cardigans and ties leap up, arms held high, shouting their response. MR BRIDGE is not visible.]

MR BRIDGE: [Hip! Hip!]

BOYS: [Hooray!]

MR BRIDGE: [Hip! Hip!]

BOYS: [Hooray!]

[SCENE 4: A BLACK SPACE]

[Balloons falling against complete blackness in complete silence.]

[SCENE 5: ORPHANAGE—DORMITORY]

[Nighttime. JAMIE in bed awake, breathing audibly, in the distance many bells are tolling.]

[Med-ls: The dormitory as footsteps approach and a light goes on in the hall outside the room. The bells continue to ring.]

[Med-cu: Dormitory doors as MR BRIDGE comes through and quietly closes them. He tiptoes off right; his shoes squeaking as he walks.]

[Cu: A sack is put on the end of a bed. MR BRIDGE's hands open it.]

[Ex-cu: Letter to Santa asking for: 'a train set, a gun, a Red Indian outfit, lots of food, a Microscope, Rita Hayworth', signed 'Love Gregory'. MR BRIDGE's hand gently places a small present on the note.]

[Cu: A work sock hanging on a bed. The hand drops an identical present into the sock.]

[Cu: A pair of pants hang, legs tied closed with twine. The hand drops a present into one leg.]

[Ex-cu: Hands lift a gift by its wrapping unrolling a harmonica onto the bed. It lies there reflecting brilliantly in the darkness.]

[SCENE 6: ORPHANAGE—STAIRWELL]

[Ex-high-angle: Down a stairwell at JAMIE, a flight below, using his shoe as a hammer. There is a light, metallic hammering noise.]

[Same angle, med-cu: JAMIE punches holes in his harmonica with a shoe and a nail. When he finishes he sits back: the holes spell 'JAMIE'.]

[Rev-angle cu: JAMIE's lowered face as he looks down at his work. He brings the harmonica to his lips and blows, a single thin note.]

[SCENE 7: ORPHANAGE—DINING HALL & DORMITORY]

[A shot along a hallway towards a set of doors. From beyond them comes a crescendo of dozens of cacophonous harmonicas.]

[Interior of the dining hall. Dozens of boys sit at long tables madly blowing on their harmonicas. Suddenly there is a shout, followed by silence in the room.]

MR BRIDGE: Quiet!

[Med-cu: MR BRIDGE looking authoritarian, head still, looks back and forth across the room. He slowly reaches into his breast pocket, pulls out a harmonica, shines it on his lapel, and puts it to his lips. He looks accomplished, but plays simple scales. He takes it from his mouth and looks at it with admiration. A boy giggles, MR BRIDGE looks up, pauses, then smiles a broad happy smile, puts the harmonica back in his pocket and announces grace.]

MR BRIDGE: We will now say grace . . .

[Cu: Down one of the tables covered with cups and plates with Christmas pudding and sauce.]

For what we are about to receive,

[Ex-cu: MR BRIDGE's hands, fingers interlaced.]

May the Lord make us truly thankful.
For Jesus Christ's sake.

[Cu: MR BRIDGE's face, eyes closed in prayer.]

Amen.

[Immediately sound explodes from the boys. MR BRIDGE opens his eyes and looks sternly.]

[Med-ls: Across the tables; the boys talk, laugh, eat.]

[Med-cu: JAMIE looking serious, unhappy, eats his pudding. Someone blows a note or two and MR BRIDGE is heard in the background.]

MR BRIDGE: [Very good. Great! (*HE LAUGHS LIKE SANTA*) Ho, Ho, Ho!]
[How's that? Alright?]
[Good!]

[Med-ls: Across the hall, tables run left and right, towards the outer windows. MR BRIDGE, between the last table and the windows, walks in right laughing and talking to the boys. He stops along table, right, leans on a chair back and asks a general question.]

MR BRIDGE: [What's the pudding like?]

[There is a confusion of playful approval from the children.]

[MR BRIDGE laughs loudly, moves along to a lad, leans over, gently corrects the way he holds his spoon, and speaks quietly to the boy.]

MR BRIDGE: [There. That's it.]

[MR BRIDGE gives a loud laugh as he asks another general question.]

MR BRIDGE: [(LAUGHS) It's not too bad is it?]

[At the end of a table left, an unhappy, young boy sits head in hands. MR BRIDGE notices, stops, then goes and, as he kneels at the end of the table, puts his arm around the boy.]

MR BRIDGE: What's the matter son, eh?
[Come on.] You won't grow into a big chap if you don't eat this.

[High-angle med-cu: MR BRIDGE takes the boy's hand and holds it in one of his as he strokes the lad's hair with his other hand.]

MR BRIDGE: Andrew, what's the matter son?
~~Come and~~ [Want to come] sit over at my table, eh[?]
[Come on, we'll go and sit over there.]

[He picks up the boy's pudding, spoon and harmonica and rises.]

MR BRIDGE: ~~It will~~ [It'll] be nicer.

[Single table decked with tinsel. MR BRIDGE and Andrew enter left.]

MR BRIDGE: [Sit over in my place.]

[Andrew sits on the far side, MR BRIDGE opposite, back to camera.]

MR BRIDGE: [Pull your chair in . . . there we are.]
[Now then . . .] Let's try a spot of this stuff.
[It's very good; I just had some.]

[He offers the boy a spoonful.]

[Cu: JAMIE stares across the room, pudding unfinished, head propped on left arm. Gradually his unhappiness turns to anger.]

MR BRIDGE: [Come on, come on. That's it! That's it.]
[There, I'll put a drop more brandy in it for you shall I?]
[There's a spot with some brandy. Try that one.]
[(LAUGHING)] Good boy.
[Alright isn't it?]
Good lad. [Good lad.]
I thought you'd lost the use of your arms just now.
Good boy, splendid. [Fine.]
[There we are. Not bad at all.]

[There is the sound of a harmonica being blown top to bottom again.]

MR BRIDGE: ~~I'll~~ [Shall I] play you a tune while you're eating[?]
[Huh?]
[Music while you eat.]

[Again the scale is played up and down on a harmonica.]

MR BRIDGE: [Oh! (*LAUGHS*)]
[I'm not very good.]

[JAMIE suddenly sweeps his food off the table and bolts away.]

[Med-ls: Across the dining hall tables full of boys are turned to watch the entrance just as JAMIE bursts off through the doors.]

[Low-angle: Up stairwell as JAMIE storms past and up the stairs.]

[Med-cu: Outside dormitory double doors, which are burst inward by JAMIE storming past into the dormitory. The doors are left swinging.]

[Med-ls: Across the hall from behind MR BRIDGE's table. All heads are turned up to the violent sounds of things dragged, thrown and broken above. Suddenly the sounds stop.]

[Med: JAMIE on his bed in the foetal position, back to the camera.]

[Cu: Dormitory doors from the inside, furniture mounded before them. Footsteps approach. MR BRIDGE opens the doors, stops, looks round at the mess, then across to JAMIE.]

[Low-angle: Up stairs at a door. It opens, JAMIE comes through—head down—slowly descends past the camera, which pans to show him going through a door at the bottom.]

[Rev-angle: JAMIE enters the empty dining hall. He walks part way across the room, kneels and begins picking up pieces of china from among a mess of plate and pudding on the floor.]

[SCENE 8: MR BRIDGE'S OFFICE]

[Med-cu: Directly across MR BRIDGE's desk at him.]

MR BRIDGE: Oh, he's doing very well,
Very well.

[Rev-angle: MR KNOX, in suit and tie, sits opposite MR BRIDGE.]

MR BRIDGE: Your interest is a bit late, don't you think?

MR KNOX: Ah well, he's still my son isn't he?
[I mean, ah,] [w]hen all's said and done.

MR BRIDGE: [Mmm.]
So you want to make amends?
Your son wants to be a painter.

MR KNOX: Aye, well, there's always plenty houses ~~need painting~~
[today, isn't there?]

MR BRIDGE: He wants to paint pictures.

MR KNOX: [Oh.]
Is that what he is good at [then]?

MR BRIDGE: He should go to an art school.

MR KNOX: [Ah, well,] That's alright with me.
[You know, um . . .]

[MR KNOX reaches into his jacket pocket.]

MR KNOX: Education, is [it's a . . .]

[He removes a sweet from the pocket.]

MR KNOX: [It's] a great thing.

[He looks down at the sweet in his hand, places it in his mouth, and sucks on it in an exaggerated, obsessive manner.]

[Outside the office, beneath its pebbled windows, JAMIE sits biting his fingers. The men move about as they talk. MR KNOX clears his throat noisily. Bits of what they say can be heard.]

MR KNOX: [That's the way, you see.]
[You never know what they're going to do you see.]
[And they grow up then, and that's it.]

[MR BRIDGE says something inaudible. MR KNOX moves towards the door.]

MR KNOX: [Aye, well I'm very grateful your honour.]
[I was]

[MR BRIDGE's response is masked by a squeak as MR KNOX opens the door. MR BRIDGE stands in the doorway as MR KNOX moves to JAMIE, who has stood up. He puts his arm around his son and speaks *sotto voce*.]

MR KNOX: [Now don't worry.]

[JAMIE goes in, MR BRIDGE closes the door, and they can be seen seating themselves. MR KNOX sits where his son sat. Again, part of what is said in the office can be heard outside.]

MR BRIDGE: [Now son, I've had a chat with your father.]
[And, ah, I find that he's a bit more reasonable than I thought he'd be.]
[It seems that . . .]

[A loud tapping sound which MR KNOX clearly hears but ignores.]

MR BRIDGE: [. . . he's rather keen on what you want.]
[That you want to paint.]

[Tapping is repeated, insistently. MR KNOX quickly glances off left and then tries to ignore the noise, though he looks agitated, angry.]

[Cu: A window, MR KNOX sighs loudly in background. Outside, a young woman holds up a loop of the pearls she wears, looking agitated, impatient. She raps again with the pearls, loudly, then drops them and taps on her wrist as if at a watch, insisting on the time.]

[Med: MR KNOX stands by the office door in a wild, silent rage. He does a contorted mime of anger and sweeps his left arm toward the window and away in a great gesture of dismissal.]

[Ls: A wet, cobbled street slopes away. The woman enters left, runs down the pavement and disappears round the corner at the bottom.]

[Med-cu: Inside the office. MR BRIDGE and JAMIE sit next to one another on chairs against the wall. He looks kindly at JAMIE, who stares down at his own hands in his lap.]

MR BRIDGE: We might as well face it.
~~He has~~ [He's] never in all his life done anything
for you.
Has he son?
He left the job of looking after you to his old mother.

[JAMIE looks up at MR BRIDGE. He has a numbed look, as if he saw the man's lips moving but heard nothing. Then he looks down again.]

MR BRIDGE: And she didn't exactly put out the welcome home flag[s for you].
Look, I'll be quite frank with you, Jamie.

[JAMIE turns to look at MR BRIDGE again, then back to look off in front.]

MR BRIDGE: I'm not too happy ~~about~~ you're going back.
Anyway, for all our ups and downs, I imagine you would miss me,
wouldn't you son?

[MR BRIDGE reaches out to pat and hold JAMIE's hands. The boy again looks up, smiles rather stupidly, then looks back down at his hands.]

MR BRIDGE: Look, I can't stop your father [from] taking you.
On the other hand, You don't have to go son.

[Again MR BRIDGE pats JAMIE's hands. The boy nods slightly and MR BRIDGE takes his hands away, watching for a sign of understanding or agreement, but JAMIE says nothing. Then, in a replay of his FATHER, he opens his hands to reveal a crumpled bag of sweets, puts one in his mouth and sucks in a loud obsessive way. Throughout he looks numb, even stupid.]

[SCENE 9: MR KNOX'S TRUCK IN THE CITY & COUNTRY]

[Ls: Same sloping, wet street as in previous scene. A flat-bed truck comes in left and goes off down the street and round the corner.]

[Med-cu: Looking inside the cab of the truck at MR KNOX and JAMIE. As they drive along the sound of a calliope playing 'I Do Love To Be Beside The Seaside' goes past. JAMIE turns his head slightly, noticing the sound.]

[A wet, cobbled street. The truck enters left and with a squeal of wet brakes stops in the middle distance. Someone is running. Then woman with the pearls comes up to the left of the truck, opens the door and gets in.]

[Subj-cu: From JAMIE's position across the cab at MR KNOX as the truck pulls off.]

[Cu: JAMIE looking straight ahead, no longer at his father. Then slowly, without moving his head much, he looks down and right.]

[Subj-cu: The woman's knees sticking out of her skirt.]

[Cu: The woman, head down, leaning against the door, stares out the side window. The string of pearls is prominent round her neck.]

[Cu: JAMIE now turned toward the woman. He stares at her face for a long time, then slowly turns 180° to stare for even longer at his father. Then he looks forward and down.]

[Ls: Across a wet, plowed field at a distant line of leafless trees. The truck pulls straight across in front of the camera and stops with the camera looking across the end of the flat, wet deck.]

[Med: Towards the front-left of the truck. The door opens, the woman gets out, looking near tears, then closes the door behind her.]

[Med: The woman, head down, walking away across the field. The truck idles loudly as she moves off, getting smaller and smaller.]

[Ex-cu: The pearls discarded on the seat. There is only the sound of distant bird-song.]

[Med-ls: MR KNOX, standing on the side of a grassy embankment, looks down, frowning at the pearls in his hands as he passes them from left to right. Then, resigned, he throws them underhand out and down the bank.]

[Cu: Scummy surface of water as the pearls fall through into the murkiness beneath, the scum closing after to hide their passage.]

[SCENE 10: AGNES'S HOUSE]

[AGNES, in slippers and apron before her house, arms crossed, looks into the distance left.]

[Ls: The ubiquitous country road outside the village. Empty until the flat-deck truck comes into view and carries on past the camera.]

[Med-cu: The front of the truck, before a building with a flight of outside stairs. The driver's door opens and MR KNOX gets out.]

[Back to: AGNES, who goes into her house AND slams the door her. The camera holds as MR KNOX and JAMIE come round the corner left and go up to the door. They stop, MR KNOX takes JAMIE's arm and whispers:]

MR KNOX: [You just wait here. I'll see it's alright.]

[MR KNOX goes in and closes the door, leaving JAMIE outside. Raised voices can be heard within; much of the yelling is indistinct.]

AGNES: What the fuck ~~do~~ [are] you ~~want~~ [doing back here]?
 [You're tellin' me to shut up?]

[A baby begins and continues to scream in distress.]

MR KNOX: [Aw, pipe down and hear what I'm saying!]

AGNES: You tell your [bloody] whore to shut up [not me].

MR KNOX: [Will ya keep your fuckin' trap shut!]

AGNES: [Ah, you're not wanted!]
 [You go straight to hell!]
 [You're not wanted. You go!]
 [You're not wanted!]

[Suddenly the door opens. A filthy ARCHIE, shirt-tail out, bursts out and stumbles past JAMIE, yelling over his shoulder as he runs off.]

ARCHIE: Dad, what did you have to come back for?

[AGNES appears in the hall moving toward the door.]

AGNES: [You go! You're not wanted!]

[She goes after ARCHIE, a screaming two year old in her arms.]

AGNES: Archie!
[Archie!]

[She goes out of shot left after ARCHIE.]

AGNES: Never mind the swine [bugger]—he's not [bloody] worth it.

[Then quickly reappears, arm round ARCHIE's neck, leading him back.]

AGNES: [Bugger him!]
[Come on.]

[They go back inside, slamming the door in JAMIE's face. There is silence. Throughout, JAMIE has stood facing the door, head down.]

[After a time there is a light tapping as on glass.]

[Cu: The back of JAMIE's head and shoulders. The tapping is repeated with insistence. Eventually, JAMIE slowly turns his head round to the right and looks over his shoulder toward OLD MRS KNOX's door.]

[Rev-angle: OLD MRS KNOX at her kitchen window looks out at JAMIE. She lets the curtain drop from a bandaged right hand and disappears.]

[SCENE 11: OLD MRS KNOX'S HOUSE]

[The scene is shot in high-key lighting with strong shadows. It is the familiar shot across the livingroom to the corner by the door where JAMIE so often stood. But room now is a terrible mess. MR KNOX had taken things like the hexagonal table, but the linoleum, carpet and curtains are gone too. An old piece of blanket or sacking covers most of the window, letting in little light. The wallpaper is dirty and lifting, the corner of the bed a mess. The door slowly opens to admit JAMIE's head. He looks across the room without advancing.]

[Rev-angle: OLD MRS KNOX sits in her chair before the fireplace, which is cold. The chair is turned 180° and faces toward the dark windows. The room appears to be empty. The old woman's hands and feet are wrapped in dirty rags, her hair is wild and unkempt. She looks at a book lying open on her lap. In her right hand she holds a pen.]

[Med: The corner behind where OLD MRS KNOX sits. In the near darkness many of her possessions are visible stacked next the sideboard.]

[Rev-angle cu: JAMIE's face staring, motionless, in open doorway.]

[Ex-cu: OLD MRS KNOX's hands as she writes in a book.]

OLD MRS
KNOX: ~~To My Young Prince~~
 ~~from his Loving~~
 Granny

[For]
[My young Prince]
[From his loving Gran<nie>]

[The pen runs dry part way through the last word leaving only 'Gran' on the paper, though she continues the motion of writing it out.]

[Rev-angle: Livingroom door with OLD MRS KNOX's much stooped figure standing before JAMIE, who is now just inside the room. She looks up at him, hands him the book and speaks in an old and unsteady voice.]

OLD MRS:
KNOX: Welcome home son.

[JAMIE folds the book to his chest and replies in a gravelly voice.]

JAMIE: Thanks.

[They look at each other for a long time, fixed in the near dark.]

[Subj-cu: From JAMIE's at the cover of the book held before him. It is *David Copperfield*.]

[SCENE 12: OLD MRS KNOX'S—LIVINGROOM]

[Again, the shot across the livingroom towards the door. The house is immaculate, looking better than ever. The dining table, back before the window, is set for tea. There are clean curtains, a plant in the window, a picture on the wall, linoleum on the floor and a rug on that. The bed is freshly made. Outside, someone whistles 'I Do Love To Be Beside The Seaside'. The door opens and JAMIE enters wearing an apron, carrying a kettle and whistling.]

[Rev-angle: JAMIE goes to the fire and puts the kettle on. He sits in OLD MRS KNOX's chair, now perpendicular to the fire, pokes the fire and warms his hands with enthusiasm. After a moment, he rises, goes to the sideboard, takes a teatowel, opens the cutlery drawer and begins a meticulous process of inspecting and wiping pieces.]

[Med-cu: Along the sideboard at JAMIE. He takes a large knife from the drawer—like the one he once ran from—and shines it and inspects it with exaggerated attention. Then he carefully folds and replaces the teatowel, and goes off left.]

[Rev-angle: Back toward the livingroom door as JAMIE crosses, stops by the table to wipe his hands carefully on his apron, removes it and hangs it on a hook on the door, takes his book from the edge of the table and goes out. The room is brilliant and cheery, and clearly JAMIE's re-creation. Throughout the scene he has bustled about whistling the same holiday tune.]

[SCENE 13: IN THE STREET]

[Med: JAMIE leaves the house and walks casually and relaxed out of shot left. As he disappears, AGNES comes out of her house, arms crossed, and calls after him.]

AGNES: Jamie!

[Rev-angle: JAMIE's back as he stands motionless on the pavement between a flight of outside stairs and the street, looking away.]

AGNES: Have you got something inside your belly?

[JAMIE nods quickly without looking round, then runs off.]

[Med-ls: Outside the maternal grandmother's. The windows are broken, but it is bathed in sunlight from the step third-from-the-top to the roof. The sound of running ushers in JAMIE, left. He runs up into the sunshine, sits near the top and opens the book on his lap.]

[Over-shldr cu: The book, open in his hands. He turns a page. Recto is an illustration a boy is about to be beaten with a rod by a man.]

[Rev-angle cu: JAMIE's face as he reads. Suddenly his father's voice is heard.]

MR KNOX: Jamie!

[JAMIE does not respond or look up. Sound of MR KNOX approaching.]

MR KNOX: Jamie!

[Still no response. A lump of coal bounces off the bricks near his head—still no effect.]

[ARCHIE, stands in his filthy clothes at ground level near a door to one of the under-stair coal-bins, picking up and throwing something.]

MR KNOX: [(TO ARCHIE)] Any more of that my boy and I'll boot your arse for you.

[This too is without effect.]

MR KNOX: What did I tell you?

ARCHIE: [Ah,] Go to hell!

[ARCHIE turns and goes off left. The cleats of his dilapidated workboots sounding loudly.]

[Med-cu: JAMIE, left, and MR KNOX, right, either side of the railing at the foot of the stairs. JAMIE, head down, holds his book close. MR KNOX leans slightly, stooping a bit to his son.]

MR KNOX: You shouldn't have run away like that [you know].

[JAMIE gives a brief side-long at his father, but is expressionless.]

MR KNOX: [The] Wife was only trying to help.
 [Here] She's made up a bed for you.
 Come on son.

[JAMIE's head stays down as he answers.]

JAMIE: I want to stay with my gran.

[MR KNOX straightens, hit lightly. It moves him away from his son.]

[SCENE 14: OLD MRS KNOX'S—LIVINGROOM]

[Med: Outside of OLD MRS KNOX's door, ajar. The blanket or sacking is back over the window; the plants are gone. There is sobbing inside.]

[Rev-angle cu: Inside the door at JAMIE's face (high-key lighting leaves the left half in darkness). His head is down slightly as he looks across the room. His expression the old mix: emptiness, defeat, and at the same time both comprehension (the sickening familiarity) and incomprehension (the missing reasons). OLD MRS KNOX is not seen.]

OLD MRS
KNOX: Why did you want to remove my name?

JAMIE: I didn't. It just faded.

OLD MRS
KNOX: Why did you want to remove my name?

JAMIE: It just faded.

OLD MRS
KNOX: You want the world to think I ~~never~~ [did not] cared for you.

[Rev-angle: OLD MRS KNOX in her chair as when JAMIE first returned—the same rags, the unkempt state, the chair facing left again. Her hands slowly cover her face and she begins to rock gently, sobbing all over again.]

JAMIE: It's [It was] a nice present.

OLD MRS
KNOX: Why did you want to hurt me?

[Med-ls: Across at the door, where JAMIE stands holding the book open before him, looking down at it. He is dirty and his shirt tail is out. In the darkness the room is bare as before. The table, linoleum and carpet are gone. JAMIE suddenly starts tearing the book apart, throwing the pieces down onto the floor to punctuate his screams.]

JAMIE: I ~~didn't~~ [did nae] do it.
 [I did nae do it.]
 [I did nae do it.]

[SCENE 15: AT THE COAL MINE]

[A noisy close-up of coal pouring off the end of a conveyor belt.]

[Med-cu: Back to the camera, MR KNOX (in a helmet) in animated talk with another man. The conveyors form a backdrop, and the sound of its operation continues. MR KNOX shouts to make himself heard. At one point he makes a repeated gesture suggesting 'right here'.

[Med-cu: JAMIE sitting in dirty clothes on the side of a slag heap.]

ARCHIE: You're not right in the head.

[Med-cu: ARCHIE in equally dirty clothes looking down to the left as he talks. Behind him the slag heap slopes off revealing countryside and another heap in the distance beyond.]

ARCHIE: My ma says you got it from your mother.

[He looks away as he finishes, just as MR KNOX shouts.]

MR KNOX: Here, you two!

[Rev-angle ls: MR KNOX stands in the entrance to a mine building shouting and gesturing angrily and impatiently for the boys.]

MR KNOX: [Here, come on here!]
 Get a move on, eh!

[MR KNOX turns and disappears into the blackness of the interior. Sparks, as from a furnace or welding torch, shower down where he stood.]

[Ls: Left to right, a column of steam rises vertically, the mine's tall, smoking chimney, the pithead wheel turning. There is the faint sound of a steam engine running in time to the wheel.]

[SCENE 16: AGNES'S—LIVINGROOM]

[Med: Across the livingroom towards the door (familiar from OLD MRS KNOX's house but in mirror image here because of the design of the houses). JAMIE, in filthy shirt and pants, shirt-tail out, stands before the door. Coal dust makes his face a mask.]

JAMIE: I want to be an artist.

AGNES: And what kind of a job is that?

[Rev-angle: Toward the fireplace at MR KNOX, AGNES (standing slightly forward) and ARCHIE (sitting in a chair before the fire). AGNES has her arms crossed and looks stern. The two males are filthy with coal dust.]

AGNES: I've bloody well asked you a question.

[MR KNOX looks at her, then turns and goes off left.]

[Cu: A door, MR KNOX comes up right, opens it, goes through into darkness and closes it.]

[Med: AGNES and ARCHIE as before.]

ARCHIE: He must think he's better than us.

[AGNES turns on her son, grabs him by the shoulders, hauls him from the chair and throws him bodily across the room.]

AGNES: You shut your bloody mouth.

[Cu: JAMIE's head. He still stands with it downcast in the corner.]

AGNES: An artist?
Don't come here with your high falooting ideas.
You go and do an honest day's work and get some dirt on your hands.
If you were meant to be different you would have been born different.

[At this his head comes up and he looks across the room at her, his face so dirty that the whites of his eyes seems to burn in contrast. He is stunned, lost, alone, broken. His mouth is open slightly as if he needed more air.]

AGNES: This is your place in life!!

[SCENE 17: THE ORPHANAGE—DININGHALL]

[Med-cu: MR BRIDGE, from the right side, at a piano playing with ease and expression, though the sound from the piano is tinny.]

[Med-cu: JAMIE, in clean sweater and pants of the home, leans back on a bench, arms crossed. He looks oblivious to life and surroundings.]

[Back to: MR BRIDGE, who turns to look over his shoulder and then back with a look of disgust or frustration.]

[Med-ls: Ten or so girls in three groups on benches under the windows, talk and giggle.]

[Back to: MR BRIDGE again looking over his shoulder. As he turns to the piano he calls out.]

MR BRIDGE: [Oh,] Come on boys!

[Med-ls: Seven boys on benches under the windows sprawled in all sorts of frightened disinterestedness. JAMIE at the far left end.]

[Med-cu: MR BRIDGE's back. Suddenly he rises and turns from the piano, which continues playing by itself.]

[Back to: Girls, two pair of whom dance, MR BRIDGE suddenly shouts.]

MR BRIDGE: Okay girls after them!

[And the girls tear off in all directions squealing.]

[Med-cu: JAMIE alone on the bench. A girl comes up right.]

GIRL: [Would ya like to dance?]

[JAMIE looks up at her, shakes his head with contemptuous, 'not-on-your-life' smile, gets up, arms still crossed, and goes off left.]

[Med-ls: JAMIE crossing slowly to doors, opens one and goes upstairs. MR BRIDGE comes quickly to the door, looks up and calls after him.]

MR BRIDGE: Jamie!

[Then MR BRIDGE goes out, closing the door behind him.]

[SCENE 18: THE ORPHANAGE—DORMITORY]

[JAMIE lies on his back on his bed, his right arm over his eyes. MR BRIDGE sits on the next bed and leans forward, looking concerned.]

JAMIE: If I run or walk it ~~doesn't~~ [does nae] make any difference.
It always comes to the same thing in [at] the end.

[MR BRIDGE takes JAMIE's left hand and holds it firmly in his. His gesture and look are loving, comforting, parental.]

[SCENE 19: CLOTHING SHOP IN THE CITY]

[Estab-shot: from the pavement of the double front doors and display window of a clothing shop. Passers by are reflected in the glass.]

[Ls: Down a long corridor opening into shop at far end, an open door on the near right. An older man enters from shop end with a mirror on wheels which he pushes down the corridor and through the door on the right, closing it behind him. On the door is the sign 'Despatch'.]

[Med: Inside despatch room, where JAMIE stands, facing the camera, in a too large dark suit as the old man and mirror pass between.]

SHOP [Now,] I think you might ~~take~~ [have] a wee look at yourself [,eh?]
ASSISTANT: They may be a wee ~~bit~~ [thing] big for you.

[Cu: JAMIE's almost expressionless face.]

SHOP
ASSISTANT: Still it's a pity to waste them.

[Rev-angle over-shldr: Past JAMIE at his full-length reflection in the mirror. He looks with some attention but little expression.]

SHOP ~~Yes~~, [Aye,] I think you look pretty smart.
ASSISTANT: You look like a gentleman.

[Hold for some time on JAMIE looking at himself in the mirror.]

[Med-ls: JAMIE exits from the rear of the shop, puts a package into the basket of a bike leaning against the building, turns the bike in an arc out into the street and goes off left. There are sounds of the city: people yell and talk, vehicles move about, there is a bustle.]

[Med: The bike leans on a railing near the sign: 'Gentlemen'. JAMIE comes up stairs dressed in windbreaker and slacks. He removes his tie in disgust and throws it in a litterbin.]

[High-angle: Inside a toilet cubicle at the ill-fitting dark suit lying in a heap round the toilet.]

[SCENE 20: FETTES COLLEGE]

[Ls: JAMIE walks up long slope from a grand, iron gate carrying the package. In field beyond, boys play rugby. The incoherent sounds of their game and JAMIE's feet on gravel compete.]

[Rev-angle ls: From beyond the gate, the Victorian, Franco-Scottish Gothic-revival school with its tall central tower. There is traffic in the background.]

[Med: A SCHOOLBOY in jacket and kilt stands, feet apart, weight slightly forward, holding his books at his side. His stance and standard pronunciation are confident, dominant.]

SCHOOLBOY: What do you want?

[Rev-angle: JAMIE, feet together, head slightly forward and to one side, holds the package before him like an offering. He looks diffident, uncomfortable, his accent raw, impoverished.]

JAMIE: I'm looking for somebody called Gaskni.

[Back to: SCHOOLBOY, his weight back slightly on his left foot.]

[Back to: JAMIE, as before.]

SCHOOLBOY: I beg your pardon.

[Back to: SCHOOLBOY, weight again slightly forward on right foot.]

JAMIE: Gaskni.

[Back to: JAMIE, head down as he looks at the label. Then he looks up.]

[Back to: SCHOOLBOY, steps forward confidently off his right foot.]

SCHOOLBOY: Let me see that.

[Med-cu: JAMIE, as SCHOOLBOY comes in left, takes the package, looks at the label (not at JAMIE), turns 180° and goes off as he came in. JAMIE's head and eyes drop slightly.]

SCHOOLBOY: Good Lord! That's not Gaskni.

[JAMIE looks ashamed. He glances up.]

SCHOOLBOY: That's Gascoigne you fool.

[SCENE 21: FETTES COLLEGE WAR MEMORIAL]

[Ex-low-angle: An enormous bronze statue of a fallen, kilted officer, on his left side facing forward, eyes closed, his right arm reaches heavenward. Overall the sounds of rugby continues. The camera tilts up, following the arm to the sky. Then a whistle blows very loud.]

[SCENE 22: ORPHANAGE—DORMITORY]

[Cu: The smiling face of a kindly looking elder lady.]

[Med: The woman in full, standing in the dormitory doorway. She turns to watch MR BRIDGE come up right, then leans and whispers to him. He looks past the camera and smiles. They whisper together some more then stand side by side in the doorway smiling broadly.]

[Rev-angle: JAMIE sits facing away on the far side of his bed. There are footsteps, he slowly turns his head to look over his right shoulder, his face ill-lit. He looks haunted, hunted, wild.]

[Back to: Woman standing alone in the doorway smiling.]

[SCENE 23: KIND WOMAN'S HOUSE]

[Med-ls: Exterior of a comfortable, modern, middle-class bungalow.]

[Med: Inside, across the livingroom at the door. JAMIE stands as in other houses—between the door and a small table, looking out of place (here the door is right, the table left). Good furniture, books, oriental carpets indicate the contrast in wealth. Low-angle high-key lighting illuminates JAMIE sharply, throwing heavy shadows on the wall behind. A soprano aria from Handel's 'Messiah' forms a loud soundtrack for the scene. It begins with the following.]

SOPRANO: [I know that my Redeemer liveth.]

[Rev-angle: The woman sits in a easy chair before a blazing fire. Slowly, carefully she rises and goes round the chair and off right.]

[Ex-cu: A beautiful cut glass bowl containing apples. The woman's hand pick the bowl up.]

[Back to: JAMIE at the door. The woman slowly comes in right and offers the bowl. JAMIE takes an apple. She reaches over and places the bowl to the left of him on the small table. The whole time JAMIE stands staring, the apple held before him in his right hand. She returns as she came, JAMIE staring after her. Eventually he looks down at the apple in his hand.]

[Cu: The woman asleep in her chair, her hands crossed in her lap.]

[Med-cu: JAMIE still holds the apple before him in his right hand. He looks across the room, then at the apple, then up again as he opens his jacket and puts it inside. He continues to stare across the room as he slowly takes the other apples. Then he quietly leaves, looking back as he goes, as the soprano reaches the climax of her piece.]

SOPRANO: [For now is Christ risen.]
 [For now is Christ risen.]

[Ex-high-angle cu: On the woman's hands in her lap. The left lies palm down; the right, crossing at the wrist, is palm up and open.]

[SCENE 24: ORCHARD]

[Med-ls: Large orchard of old apple trees in winter, all shades of grey. One great gnarled, leafless tree stands centre foreground.]

[SCENE 25: SALVATION ARMY HOSTEL—FRONT DESK]

[Med-cu: Some 14 elderly, balding men in poor clothes stand crowded together in a room. Most of have their heads or eyes downcast.]

[Med-cu: SALVATION ARMY WOMAN sitting at a desk. A flight of stairs rises sharply to the left immediately behind her.]

S. A. WOMAN: ~~Well, lad,~~ [Now then, laddie,] what do you want?]

[High-angle cu: JAMIE still in windbreaker, sweater, shirt and pants as earlier, but the clothes are soiled and his face is very dirty.]

JAMIE: A bed.

S. A. WOMAN: Three shillings a night.

[Med-ls: JAMIE and the SALVATION ARMY WOMAN on opposite sides of the table, left and right foreground, the men wait quietly beyond.]

S.A. WOMAN: I think you'd better put this young lad with the others.

[SCENE 26: SALVATION ARMY HOSTEL—DINING HALL]

[Ex-cu: A mound of porridge is ladled into a heavy, white china bowl embossed with the Salvation Army crest. Dirty hands take it away.]

[Med-cu: A DOWN-&-OUT sits on the far-side of a long table slowly eating. JAMIE comes in left, crosses behind him, puts his bowl on the table, right, and sits. He looks at the old man's bowl then stares at his own for a long time. Then he elbows the old man as he speaks.]

JAMIE: Mr?

D-&-OUT: ~~What is~~ [What's] it son?

JAMIE: Can you watch my place [seat and **ousk?**]
I forgot my spoon.

[The DOWN-&-OUT reaches over and puts his spoon in JAMIE's bowl.]

D-&-OUT: ~~You can have mine~~ [I'll give you my spoon] son.
I'm finished.

[Med-Is: The dining hall: at several long tables are poor men at their bowls. JAMIE is at the back right. There is a noise like a large, metal screen being pulled over the food-service area.]

[SCENE 27: SALVATION ARMY HOSTEL—DORMITORY]

[Nighttime. Everyone lies under their blankets, backs to the camera. Upper centre, however, JAMIE lies uncovered facing the camera. There is the sound of a piano and singing far off.]

VOICES [Running over,]
SINGING: [Running over,]
[My cup too is running over. . . .]
[I'm as happy as can be.]
[My cup too is running over.]

[Cu: JAMIE in bed in the near dark. His begins a chant which builds to a climax. He punches the pillow with the force of the last line.]

[illegible]

[SCENE 28: IN THE STREET OUTSIDE THE HOSTEL]

[The hostel exterior, daytime. High up, on the side of the building is a sign: 'The Salvation Army'. JAMIE comes out right, walks left and stops under 'The'. He looks further along for a long time without moving, then turns 180° to the right and looks back the way he came. Then he faces the street but again looks back up the pavement left for a long time.]

[SCENE 29: IN THE VILLAGE]

[Ls: Along the road out of the village. It is in brilliant light, but empty. The wind blows.]

[High-angle: Down the street where his maternal grandmother once lived. Stairs curve down to the pavement from the houses along both sides. The street glistens, but is empty.]

[Med: AGNES's front door. JAMIE comes up right and knocks. A strange man answers, stares out for a while in silence, then shuts the door.]

[Med: OLD MRS KNOX's door, which is open. A young Asian woman stands inside looking at JAMIE, who slowly turns away and goes off right.]

[High-angle: At the back of the houses, OLD MRS KNOX's window, left, is bricked up; AGNES's windows are shuttered; the space between is overgrown with tall weeds and grass.]

[Cu: JAMIE, his dirty face in strong, part shadow, head slightly down, seems lost and alone. Gradually there comes the sound of a train chuffing in the distance, then its whistle blows.]

[Med-cu: A blank station arrival/departure board. Not a single train or platform is listed.]

[High-angle ls: Parallel and criss-crossing lines of a railyard, rails glistening against the black sleepers. But they are all empty.]

[SCENE 30: EGYPTIAN DESERT]

[The camera points down. Nothing is visible but sand. The sounds of a heavy truck are loud. Then on the right there are palm trees—an oasis—and with it the sound of Arabian music.]

JAMIE: When was it you came out here then?

ROBERT: What?

JAMIE: When was it [when] you came out here?

ROBERT: When what?
[Oh!] About a month before joining up with you lot.

JAMIE: I'll show you around [about] if you like.

ROBERT: What?

JAMIE: ~~Don't~~ [Do] you [no] understand English?

ROBERT: I beg your pardon.

JAMIE: What's your name?

ROBERT: Robert
What's yours?

JAMIE: What?

ROBERT: What is your name?

JAMIE: Jamie

[Camera tilts down slowly to show nothing but sand passing by below.]

[SCENE 31: RAF BASE]

[Med-cu: ROBERT in uniform on parade. Other uniformed men in rank and file around him.]

ROBERT: Fifteen!

AIRMEN: [(SHOUTING IN TURN, FROM) Sixteen! (TO) Twenty-nine!]

[Cu: JAMIE's head, slouched to the left in an ill-fitting RAF cap.]

JAMIE: Thirty!

[A sergeant shouts indistinguishable orders and the men march: JAMIE straight into the camera. A poor military band begins to play.]

[Low-angle cu: A limp Union Jack atop a flagpole as the sergeant shouts more orders.]

[Med: JAMIE marching off by himself across the sand, away from the camera. He disappears centre top leaving empty sand.]

[SCENE 32: RAF BASE—THE PERIMETER]

[JAMIE, sitting on the sand, repaints a row of alternately black and white bricks before him. After a moment he stops, leans down to the bricks and looks off left along their length.]

[Subj-ls: JAMIE's view of the bricks stretching across the sand: on the left, all is smoothed, with ridges every three feet or so; on the right is a chaos of tracks and marks.]

[SCENE 33: THE PYRAMIDS AT GIZA]

[A huge, weathered, stone block fills the shot. ROBERT walks in right, puts his hand out to the stone and, looking up past it, walks round to the front trailing the hand along the rough surface. Then, to see higher, he backs towards the camera, then past it out of shot.]

[Ls: A great pyramid fills the screen.]

[Rev-angle Ls: From the pyramid's base towards another in the distance. A man rides across on a camel. Nearer, left, JAMIE stands looking down and away left. ROBERT, face-on, right, looks up at the pyramid. He is in an open-necked shirt and slacks. JAMIE is in fatigues.]

[Cu: ROBERT's face. He looks down and left, in JAMIE's direction. He smiles as he speaks in a mellifluous, educated English accent.]

ROBERT: Well,
 What do you think of it?

[Med: JAMIE, full length, still looking down and away, lights a cigarette. He looks hard at it, then across in ROBERT's direction.]

ROBERT: Enthuse!

[JAMIE draws on the cigarette, looking at ROBERT, saying nothing.]

ROBERT: Enthuse!

[Cu: JAMIE's face, brow furrowed, looking ratty, confused, dead.]

ROBERT: You're looking at one of the seven wonders of the WORLD!

[SCENE 34: RAF BASE—OUTSIDE BARRACKS]

[Med-ls: Left, is the outside wall of a barracks. JAMIE backs into shot left dragging a length of pipe on its side by a piece of rope passed through it. It leaves a smooth three foot track, with ridges where tracks meet. In the distance, a barbwire fence marks the camp perimeter. The sand is smooth from JAMIE to the fence. He continues carefully to the far end.]

[Cu: Graffiti on a wall. A sound of splashing and ROBERT stands up with a wet cloth and proceeds to wash the writing off the wall.]

[Med-ls: Nine or ten latrine doors right. ROBERT comes out of one with a bucket, pauses, looks, sighs, then goes in. More sounds of washing.]

[Back to: JAMIE just as he backs round the far corner on his last pass round the barracks. The camera holds on the smoothed surface.]

[Ex-cu: Sand. A movement as an insect struggles in the sand. It crawls free and goes off.]

[SCENE 35: RAF BASE—MESS HALL]

[Cu face-on: JAMIE sits, head resting on his arm. There are voices talking in the background.]

[Med-cu: JAMIE at a long table, a plate and cup before him. ROBERT comes in left with his meal and sits beside him: shirt open to the waist, he looks tanned, relaxed, settled. JAMIE, in fatigues, is pale, tense, angry. ROBERT taps JAMIE'S shoulder as he speaks.]

ROBERT: Watcha.

[JAMIE hardly turns, grunting in response. But he watches when ROBERT carefully lays out his things. ROBERT notices JAMIE's uneaten meal.]

ROBERT: Why aren't you eating?

JAMIE: [(WHINING)] It's all bones.

[Dance-band music begins playing in the background. A woman begins singing.]

ROBERT: All kippers have bones.
There is a way of coping.

WOMAN'S VOICE: ['Tell me we'll meet again,']
['When we'll stroll down the lane.']

ROBERT: Do you want me to show you how?

[A pause, JAMIE nods slightly, sits up and watches as ROBERT shows how to fillet a fish.]

ROBERT: You set about it like so.
[See,] It's easy ~~when~~ [once] you know how to get rid of all the rubbish.
Try it.

[ROBERT watches sympathetically. JAMIE makes a messy try, then throws down his knife and fork in disgust. A pause, ROBERT changes plates with JAMIE, who does not look up.]

JAMIE: Thanks.

[They both eat the fish before them.]

[SCENE 36: OUTSIDE MESS HALL]

[JAMIE and ROBERT saunter round the building swinging their mess kits. As ROBERT wanders off right, the camera follows JAMIE along the wall till he stops to lean against it. ROBERT comes up right and leans next to him. They look in opposite directions: ROBERT right, JAMIE left. Someone whistles and JAMIE turns to ROBERT who raises his cup and pours out a stream of sand. JAMIE looks away. When the sand stops, ROBERT looks at JAMIE then away. Then JAMIE looks back at him. They continue this till their eyes finally meet and they smile coyly, each nodding slightly.]

[SCENE 37: RAF BASE—OUTSIDE BARRACKS]

[Sand, the perimeter fence nearby, and ROBERT running up yelling.]

ROBERT: Watch out!

[Rev-angle: JAMIE faces away, bent over as if in leap-frog. ROBERT runs in right, jumps on JAMIE, takes him to the sand, and rolls off laughing. But JAMIE is like a rag doll. ROBERT picks up the silent form and holding it in his two arms spins about with it repeating.]

ROBERT: Come on, be alive, be alive, be alive, be alive!

[He drops JAMIE and runs off waving, shouting and dancing around.]

[Back to: Opening shot, only ROBERT dances away, waving to JAMIE.]

ROBERT: Come on.
 [Yahoo!]

[JAMIE runs in left, chasing ROBERT.]

ROBERT: Can't catch me.
 [Can't catch me.]

[In the far corner by the fence, JAMIE eventually catches ROBERT and drags him down. They roll about wrestling as ROBERT shouts.]

ROBERT: He's alive.
 He is alive!

[SCENE 38: RAF BASE—OUTSIDE BARRACKS]

[JAMIE sits in fatigues, left, knees up, head down, picking up and dropping sand in his right hand. ROBERT on his side, right, in shorts and checked shirt open to the waist, reads a book with a photo of Wittgenstein on it. A metal fence-post behind them divides the shot. JAMIE stops playing, looks up, crosses his right arm over his left and puts his chin back on them.]

JAMIE: I don't think I like people.

[ROBERT does not move, except to glance at JAMIE and back again.]

ROBERT: Thanks.

JAMIE: I don't mean you.

[Again ROBERT glance up and down, though this time more slowly.]

ROBERT: [Well] That's nice to know.
 Anyway people are alright.

JAMIE: I want to do something.

[ROBERT looks up, closes his book and puts it down.]

[SCENE 39: RAF BASE—OUTSIDE BARRACKS]

[The perimeter fence runs right-foreground to middle-distance, then at a right-angle left out of shot. JAMIE stands next to it, right-foreground, looking left to where ROBERT walks in. He follows the fence to the corner and around. Then JAMIE turns and continues past the camera. When ROBERT comes to where JAMIE stood he stops. A plane approaches and as it nears ROBERT looks down, sees something in the sand and gets down to look closer.]

[High-angle med-cu: ROBERT as the plane passes. Before him an insect struggles from the sand. ROBERT looks up, right, after the plane.]

[Subj-ls: A low flying, four-engine plane moves into the distance.]

[Med-cu: JAMIE leaning on the barbed wire fence, barracks in the background. ROBERT comes in right and stops before JAMIE.]

ROBERT: C'mon you, I thought we were ~~going~~ [supposed] to be doing something.
[Come on.]

JAMIE: Don't you like walking?

ROBERT: We've walked.

JAMIE: Well, let's talk then.

ROBERT: What about if it isn't you?

JAMIE: Well let's go to the pictures [or something].

ROBERT: I've [We've] seen it.

[JAMIE shrugs, smiles, as if he had done his bit. ROBERT turns back. JAMIE waits, then follows to where ROBERT has stopped, and leans on the fence again—the camera tracks along beyond the fence.]

ROBERT: C'mon, what we need is one constructive idea.

JAMIE: You think of something.

ROBERT: No. It should come from you for a change.

[JAMIE stands silently looking. ROBERT finally gives up, sighs, then leaves, backing away towards the barrack building behind them.]

ROBERT: Look, I'll see you later, okay?

[At this he turns and half runs off to and around the corner of the barracks. JAMIE stands unmoved watching as he goes.]

[SCENE 40: RAF BASE—INSIDE BARRACKS]

[Cu: JAMIE's locker. He comes up and opens the door. Inside are photos of Marilyn Monroe and a clipping for *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. He takes his dress tunic and cap and goes off.]

[Med: ROBERT sits at the end of his bed cleaning tunic buttons, his bedside table piled high with books, photographs of Kafka, Jung, Virginia Woolf, Wittgenstein and others on the wall behind him. JAMIE comes in left and throws his jacket and cap behind ROBERT.]

[Med-cu: JAMIE and ROBERT sitting next to each other on the bed. As ROBERT continues to clean buttons JAMIE looks at the bedside table.]

JAMIE: What a lot of books you've got.

ROBERT: I've got a lot more at home.

[JAMIE takes a book, *Maxim Gorky*, inspects its, flips its pages, then puts it back as ROBERT, who has just finished the last button on his tunic, looks up at him. ROBERT passes the jacket to JAMIE with a buffing cloth, then takes JAMIE's tunic and sets to work.]

[SCENE 41: RAF BASE—OUTSIDE BARRACKS]

[Med-ls: JAMIE and ROBERT out near the fence. JAMIE as before, knees up, throws sand and pebbles with his right hand. ROBERT lies beyond on his stomach, shirtless, taking the sun and reading. The *Maxim Gorky* book lies unopened by his arm.]

JAMIE: Do you want to do something?

[Cu: Side view, ROBERT reading. The unopened book is *Maxim Gorky*.]

JAMIE: I'm bored.

[ROBERT looks at JAMIE, then his book. He closes it with frustration, turns onto his left side towards JAMIE, looks down at the sand and draws a large 'X'. He then looks up.]

ROBERT: Do you know what that is?
 [(PAUSE)] That's you.

[He draws another 'X' some way to the left.]

ROBERT: That's me.

[He draws a quick, deep line across the sand between the two X's.]

[Med-ls: ROBERT walks away to the barracks, with his things, opens a door and goes in.]

[Cu: JAMIE's face. He looks hurt, frightened, terribly alone.]

[Med: ROBERT lying on his bed staring at the ceiling.]

[SCENE 42: RAF BASE, TRUCK & EGYPTIAN VILLAGE]

[Med: Sand and a line of black and white bricks bounce past, to the noise of a truck engine.]

[Ls: Out the truck at a military building, a sign—‘Royal Air Force Abu Sueir’—a cairn.]

[Med-cu: JAMIE in uniform, rides in the back of the truck.]

[Ls: ‘U’-shaped Egyptian buildings, with an open, empty area of dirt and sand before them. A small truck drives in past the camera, circles left round the cul-de-sac and stops before a building on the left. Faintly, a baby cries and children are heard at play.]

[Med-cu: The driver’s feet, from the back of the truck nearest the building, as he turns to an embossed iron gate, opens it with a squeak, goes through with a file-folder, and closes it.]

[Med-cu: JAMIE sits in the back of the truck, eyes closed, head forward. Truck and village sounds are louder. Then a BOY speaks in Arabic. JAMIE’s eyes slowly open. He looks out.]

[Rev-angle: An EGYPTIAN BOY stands at the back of the truck, his hand out. He speaks in Arabic, smiles, then resorts to simple English.]

EGYPTIAN [. . . .]

BOY: [Money?]

[Rev-angle: From the BOY’s point of view, of JAMIE, a rifle in his lap. JAMIE holds both hands up and shrugs a don’t-have-anything gesture.]

JAMIE: [I’ve no] Money[.]

[He pats both breast pockets at the same time, smiling slightly.]

JAMIE: [See!] ~~I’m sorry, I’ve~~ No money.

[Rev-angle: EGYPTIAN BOY, who says something in Arabic three times.]

[Med: The gutted, groundfloor interior of a small building. Inside, framed by the shell, sits a mother on a stool with a wrapped infant on her lap. Behind stands a white donkey.]

[Back to: EGYPTIAN BOY smiling broadly up at JAMIE.]

[Rev-angle: JAMIE pulls at his jacket again implying he has nothing. A truck door closes, the engine revs and it drives off. JAMIE raises his hand and waves as he moves off in the truck.]

[Rev-angle: EGYPTIAN BOY waving as he recedes into the distance.]

[SCENE 43: RAF BASE—THE PERIMETER]

[Ls: The truck moves along the right of the black and white bricks, which divide the scene vertically. It then turns left, crosses them and goes off. The camera holds on the bricks.]

[SCENE 44: RAF BASE—INSIDE THE BARRACKS]

[High-angle med: The legs of airmen kneeling in a circle on the floor. In the centre is a beret with a large desert insect in the middle. Someone pours a clear fluid around the beret's rim.]

[Cu: Side view of JAMIE kneeling, looking down.]

[Back to: The circle of legs. Someone holding matches lights one.]

[Ls: The group on the floor between bunks. JAMIE rises and walks away right, head down.]

[Rev-angle: ROBERT on his bed, a pad of paper on his knees, as JAMIE comes in left.]

AIRMEN: [(IN EXCITED WHISPERS) Come on, it's alright!]
 [Oooh! Look at it go. Yeah!]

[JAMIE sits by ROBERT as the voices trail into the distance. A door bangs. ROBERT uses a pencil and ruler on his pad. He does not look up as JAMIE gestures toward his side table.]

JAMIE: Can I borrow one of your books?

ROBERT: [(WITHOUT LOOKING UP)] Help yourself.

[JAMIE shuffles through the books, takes one, sits back and opens it. On the cover can be seen *Kafka*. He closes the book and gestures toward ROBERT with it as he goes off.]

JAMIE: Thanks.

[ROBERT does not stop, but he glances quickly at JAMIE as he leaves.]

[JAMIE lying on his own bed, smoking and reading the Kafka volume.]

[SCENE 45: RAF BASE—INSIDE THE BARRACKS]

(Picture: drawing on wall) HOME

[Over-shldr cu: ROBERT hangs his work on the wall at the foot of his bed—a hand-made calendar, six squares wide, seven high, numbered left to right, top to bottom from 38 to 1. At the top is 'TIME', and at the bottom right is 'HOME'. The top fourteen squares are shaded.]

[SCENE 46: RAF BASE—OUTSIDE THE BARRACKS]

[ROBERT, in fatigues, sits on a sand bank, knees up with a writing pad. His blouse is open to the waist and he has no shoes. His tan is accented by JAMIE's white legs coming in right. As JAMIE sits, blouse buttoned and shoes on, ROBERT stops and they look at each other.]

JAMIE: What're you doing?

ROBERT: Writing home.
 I [C]an't think of anything to say.
 You're lucky.

JAMIE: Why?

ROBERT: You don't have that problem.

JAMIE: I wouldn't mind.

ROBERT: Alright,

[ROBERT hands pen and pad across to a surprised and uncertain JAMIE.]

ROBERT: You write something. [Come on.]

[ROBERT lies back smiling. JAMIE balances the pad on his knee, then makes to return it.]

JAMIE: [No,] I don't know ~~your family~~ [them].

[ROBERT stays as he is and does not play along.]

ROBERT: Well, now's your chance.

[He reaches up and pushes the pad back at JAMIE.]

ROBERT: [Go on!]

[JAMIE turns a page and stares at it. Then he begins to write. ROBERT smiles and looks about casually. After several moments of strained effort, JAMIE turns to ROBERT.]

JAMIE: How many L's is there in 'wonderful'? One or two?

[SCENE 47: RAF BASE]

[JAMIE, screaming, runs from near the fence past the camera with a rifle and fixed bayonet.]

[Rev-angle cu: The bayonet plunged through a practice dummy.]

[SCENE 48: OUTSIDE A CINEMA]

[Med: An intensely bright day ROBERT and JAMIE, left and right, lean listlessly against a cinema's closed doors. ROBERT gazes off. JAMIE, reading a book, slams it closed and play acts coming to attention. On the far left, a poster announces Marilyn Monroe in 'Niagara'.

[Med-cu: JAMIE, looks down, thoughtful, ROBERT looks up, at nothing. Again the sound of an airplane (it sounds like a jet) roars past overhead. JAMIE glances up at ROBERT, down, then up again suddenly as he speaks. ROBERT looks down at JAMIE when he responds.]

JAMIE: What are you going to do when you get back then?

ROBERT: I [S]uppose I'll eventually go to university.
How about you?

JAMIE: [Well,] I want to be an artist.

[Cu: The movie poster, advertising 'Marilyn Monroe and Niagara, a raging torrent of emotion that even nature can't control'.]

JAMIE: [(LAUGHING)] Maybe even a film director.

ROBERT: Wow!

[SCENE 49: RAF BASE—OUTSIDE THE BARRACKS]

[Med-ls: A military tent on the sand. ROBERT backs in, right to centre, with a small camera, looks about, then back the way he came.]

ROBERT: Say cheese!

[He puts the camera to his eye.]

[Rev-angle med: JAMIE wrapped in a white sheet and fake head-piece.]

[Cu: JAMIE's face as the shutter clicks in the background.]

ROBERT: Smile!

[JAMIE smiles, looks truly happy, as two more pictures are taken.]

[SCENE 50: IN CAIRO—A CAFE]

[ROBERT and JAMIE seated left and right at a table outside a cafe in Cairo. The sounds of the Middle East are around them. JAMIE reads a book. A BOY comes from the cafe with a hookah, sets it up, draws on it lengthily, then hands the mouth-piece to JAMIE.]

JAMIE: Thank you.

BOY: [Thank you.]

ROBERT: [Thank you.]

BOY: [Thank you.]

[The BOY goes inside. JAMIE draws on the pipe as ROBERT watches.]

[SCENE 51: A CAIRO STREET]

[ROBERT, left, and JAMIE, right, walk along a busy street of small shops. They move to the far side of the street and lean against a folding metal door dropped down over the front of a shop. JAMIE carries his book. The sounds of the Middle East are loud.]

[Med-cu: JAMIE looks off left and ROBERT at him.]

ROBERT: [Sighs] Okay, what shall we do now?

[JAMIE turns to ROBERT and speaks with confidence.]

JAMIE: I know a place we ~~could~~ [can] go.

[JAMIE smiles as he moves into the street, opens the book and unfolds an enclosed map. He studies it, looks down the street right, then left, then back right. ROBERT, still leaning against the metal door, smiles affectionately. Suddenly JAMIE seems clear about the way.]

JAMIE: Come on.

[He takes ROBERT by the arm, and they go off left, smiling. The sound of a muezzin can be heard very faintly in the distance.]

[SCENE 52: CAIRO—A MOSQUE]

[The arched entrance to a mosque. Many Egyptian men, removing their sandals, are entering. The voice of the muezzin is loud. JAMIE and ROBERT enter left with more men. ROBERT removes his shoes and reminds JAMIE to do the same, and to take his shoes with him.]

[Rev-angle: They pass under the arch into an open court beyond. Men rush past, prayers echo. ROBERT stops, looks up and around. JAMIE drifts off left looking about. The floor is a geometrical pattern.]

[Med-cu: JAMIE consults his book, looks up right, checks the book again, then looks left and crosses to ROBERT (the camera pans to follow). ROBERT, still looking up, is now seen from behind (the camera having moved some 180° and panned a further 40° is now near the entrance.) JAMIE looking up above the entrance grabs ROBERT's sleeve lightly as he speaks, and ROBERT turns toward him.]

JAMIE: Hey, Robert, look.

[JAMIE points down at the book and they both read in it.]

JAMIE: [See?]

[Then JAMIE points up high over the camera.]

JAMIE: [There it is up there.]

ROBERT: [Where?]

[JAMIE refines his pointing.]

JAMIE: [There, see?]
[Looks like a bit like you.]

[He playfully nudges ROBERT in the side, looks at him and smiles, then looks up again.]

ROBERT: [It's a mosaic.]

[The two stand close, looking down at the book and up at the mosaic. As ROBERT bends closer to the book, JAMIE's head drops slowly and gently onto ROBERT's left shoulder.]

[Ex-high-angle: Detail of the floor's pattern. The camera zooms out slowly to reveal most of the floor. The small figures of ROBERT and JAMIE, left and right, stand in the centre of the vast pattern. JAMIE stands legs apart, his right arm round ROBERT. The muezzin is loud.]

[SCENE 53: RAF BASE—INSIDE THE BARRACKS]

[JAMIE stands before his empty locker tearing the photos off the inside. His duffel bag leans against his bed, and when finished he turns to it, pulls the drawstrings tight and ties them—all the while looking off right. Then he shoulders the bag and goes off right.]

[Med-cu: ROBERT, on his bed, writing on a piece of paper, looks up, smiles, then continues as JAMIE enters and sits beside him.]

ROBERT: Look, here's [there's] how to get there.

[He hands the paper to JAMIE, who takes it, looks at it, then at ROBERT and nods slightly. Seeming tense, tight-lipped, he stares at the paper. ROBERT watches closely, then he reaches over and lightly taps JAMIE's nearest knee with his fist to emphasise his words.]

ROBERT: And keep it in a safe place!

[JAMIE nodding again, stares at the paper as if it were a treasure map. ROBERT smiles to himself. He almost seems embarrassed by JAMIE's barely contained, emotional response.]

[Cu: JAMIE's face. ROBERT's voice recites the following like the lines of a poem.]

ROBERT: If you feel like it,
 look us up sometime.
 No need to feel shy.
 If you like[,] you can stay.
 If you want . . .
 You can call it home.

[As JAMIE continues to stare at the paper a very distant, faint sound becomes audible. A roaring, jarring, shaking noise. The sound segues across to the next scene.]

[SCENE 54: THE MATERNAL GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE—LIVINGROOM]

[Cu: Brilliant white. The camera pans left. The white is uneven and texture but not immediately identifiable. The roaring, jarring, shaking noise continues, growing in strength and volume. It too cannot be identified immediately. Suddenly the camera comes upon a shelf or simple mantelpiece, white like the wall it springs from.]

[Cu: Junction of the floor and wall in white, though a dark line marks where the baseboard was. The camera pans left, then tilts up to the window and open door—even the glass and handle are white—then pans past the door to the corner. The roar continues to build.]

[Cu: The wall of the first shot, only the camera is close to the floor. Pan left continues, revealing the corner of the fireplace, all white. Then camera tilts up past centre of the mantelpiece and adds a pan left till it reaches the corner near the ceiling.]

[Med-cu: The fireplace. The grate is gone and bricks and ash spill out onto the hearth. But everything, bricks, soot, ash is white as if dusted with flour or sprayed with paint. The camera again pans left, past the cupboard door left of the fireplace, to reveal the radiantly white window in full. Its brilliant, diffused light is everywhere. Now a significant part of the roar is made up of strong, intermittent shaking and jarring sounds of the sort a plane makes on its final approach as heard from inside the plane. It continues to get louder and louder as the camera continues to pan past the door and then tilt up into the corner above the bedcupboard. This is the original room back in Scotland where JAMIE, TOMMY and their GRANNY lived in such material and mental poverty. Then it was shabby, dirty, purgatorial. Now everything is white, with a window like the sun.]

[Cu: The cupboard door left of the fireplace. The camera pans left to the window, zooming into its brilliance as the sounds peak.]

[SCENE 55: ORCHARD]

[Med-ls: The orchard as in Scene 24—the same great, old apple tree centre—but now the grass is full and spread with flowers, everything is in bloom. At the same time there is a Doppler shift in the roar that clearly marks it as the sound of a plane passing low overhead, the sound of a jet coming in to land. Once it passes, the orchard is full of birds singing. And in the distance, a dog barks.]

(END)

CREDITS

Jamie	Stephen Archibald
Jamie's Father	Paul Kermack
Father's Wife	Jessie Combe
Their Son, Archie	William Carrol
Father's Girl Friend	Morag McNee
Grandmother	Lennox Milne
Mr Bridge	Gerald James
Boy in Home	Andrew
Shop Assistant	John Young
School Boy	Jan Spowart
Foster Mother	Sheila Scott
Salvation Army Woman	Rebecca Haddick
Down and Out	Archie
Robert	Joseph Blatchley
Egyptian Boy	Radir
Singer	Lita Roza
Cameraman	Ray Orton
Sound Recording	Digby Rumsey
Editor	Mick Audsley
Dubbing Editor	Peter Harvey
Dubbing Mixer	Doug Turner
Camera Assistants	Bob Taylor
.	Jeff Strasburg
.	Steve Shaw
.	Abdul and Ali
Assistant Director	Martin Turner
Production Assistants	Bob Settle
.	Celia Southerst
.	Fatima Rateb
.	Mr Safwat
Production Help	Hag Shaffrey
Continuity	Keith Silva
Art Direction	Oliver Bouchier
.	Elsie Restorick
Production Supervision	Richard Craven
Writer & Director	Bill Douglas

THE DRAUGHTSMAN'S CONTRACT

WRITTEN & DIRECTED BY
PETER GREENAWAY
(1982)

(Based on a Dialogue Script held in the BFI Script Collection)

[TITLE SEQUENCE I]

[White calligraphic letters on a black background with counter-tenor & harpsichord continuo.]

FIRST TITLE: A British Film Institute Production
 in association with
 Channel Four Television

SINGER: At last the glittering Queen of Night
 With black caress kills off—
 Kills off the day.

[SCENE 1: INDOORS, COMPTON ANSTEY BY CANDLELIGHT]

[Cu face-on: a man eating a plum, who looks left & right as he talks.]

MR. NOYES: Mr. Chandos was a man who spent more time with his gardener than
 with his wife—they discussed plum trees—ad nauseam. He gave his
 family and his tenants cause to dread September for they were regaled
 with plums until their guts rumbled like thunder and their backsides
 ached from over-use. He built the chapel at Fovant where the pew
 seats were of plumwood so the tenants still have cause to remember
 Chandos through their backsides—on account of the splinters.

[TITLE SEQUENCE II]

[Actor's names in white calligraphic letters; character's names written in blood-red above.]

SECOND TITLE: *R Neville*
 Anthony Higgins

SINGER: At last the glittering Queen of Night
 With black caress kills off—
 Kills off the day.

THIRD TITLE: *Virginia Herbert*
 Janet Suzman

[Med-ls: 10 figures stand about talking, with Mrs. TALMANN, Mrs. CLEMENT & the
POULENCS I & II in the foreground, left to right.]

MRS. CLEMENT: Some years ago two gentlemen went back to Amsterdam saying that
 Allhevinghay was just like home—there was so much water, so many
 ornamental ponds, so many canals, so many sinks and basins. There
 was even a wind pump. What they had not realised was my father had
 made his land into a pattern of reservoirs—because he was terrified of
 fire. There was even a room under the front stairs that housed two
 hundred buckets—all of them filled with water. I know because
 whenever I was taken short my brothers and I used to rush in there
 and use them. (*LAUGHS*) Those buckets were filled before my

mother died, I expect them to be still there with the same water of thirty years ago I shouldn't wonder, mixed with a little of myself of course—I used to pee like a horse—I still do . . . (*LAUGHS*)

[TITLE SEQUENCE III]

TITLE FOUR:

Sarah Talmann
Anne Louise Lambert

SINGER:

. . . for those that walk, that walk
with hopeful step in garden, in garden
in garden love to find . . .

TITLE FIVE:

Thomas Noyes
August 1694
Neil Cunningham

[Cu: the POULENCs, heads together. The singer continues indistinctly in the background.]

MR. POULENC I: At Southampton there is a house I have admired because from the side it looks so flat. It is of white Portland stone and on a cloudy day it looks as though it might be attached to the sky. Especially in the evening.

MR. POULENC II: Its owner is a Miss Anterim—she is a lady without a husband.

MR. POULENC I: From the side Miss Anterim is also a lady without significance.

[Cu: Mr. NEVILLE.]

MR. NEVILLE: Maybe that is why unlike her house the lady is unattached.

[Back to the cu: the POULENCs.]

MR. POULENC I: What with one flatness and another, Mr. NEVILLE, as a painter and as a draughtsman . . .

MR. POULENC II: . . . you could be entertained—it seems

THE POULENCs

IN UNISON: . . . especially in the evening—from the side.

[TITLE SEQUENCE IV]

[These credits appear as in Sequence I, in white on black calligraphic lettering.]

TITLE SIX:

Costume
Sue Blane

SINGER: For those that walk
That walk . . .

TITLE SEVEN: Art Director
Bob Ringwood

[Med-s: Mr. SEYMOUR, Mrs. CLEMENT, the POULENCES & another man playing cards.]

MR. SEYMOUR: . . . it is said that the Duc de Courcy invited his water mechanic to the top of an elaborate cascade he had built and asked him if he could build such a marvel for anyone else. The man, after offering various thanks and pleasantries finally admitted that with sufficient patronage he could. The Duc de Courcy pushed him gently in the small of the back and the wretched man plummeted to a watery death.
(*LAUGHTER*)

[**TITLE SEQUENCE V**]

TITLE EIGHT: Photography
Curtis Clark

SINGER: . . . their hope to find success,
they're sure to make . . .

TITLE NINE: Editor
John Wilson

[Med-ls: a man, Mrs. PIERPOINT, Mr.'s NOYES & HERBERT, Mrs. TALMANN.]

MRS. PIERPOINT: Now Mr. NOYES, do you have a ribald piece of gossip for me?

MR. NOYES: Madam, I am here to fulfill a role as entertainer, so I am sure that sooner or later I could find something for you.

MRS. PIERPOINT: Then you are here on merit—a characteristic that the rest of the company does not share, being here merely to express confidence in one another's money.

MR. NOYES: Madam, you are one of the company.

MRS. PIERPOINT: My meretricious conduct in the company of Mr. SEYMOUR [*(MUCH LAUGHTER IN THE BACKGROUND)*] has been my invitation. I am strictly not of the company but a part of its property.

MR. NOYES: Since that is what the company is here to discuss and to revel in, you should be well favoured. I would well favour you myself above two parterres and a drive of orange trees.

MRS. PIERPOINT: You are not extravagant in your compliments, My NOYES.

MR. NOYES: As yet I am not wealthy enough to offer you more but I intend to be so soon. In the present company of thirteen that owns a fair slice of England . . . two parterres and a drive of orange trees is a beginning and being a lady of the . . . er . . .

[He gently pulls aside her bodice veil to reveal a dark aureole, showing above her dress.]

MR. NOYES: . . . Italian fashion, Madam, you will appreciate the value of oranges. They smell so sweet—they are so invigorating.

[TITLE SEQUENCE VI]

[The music ends with the song, followed by scattered applause.]

TITLE TEN: Music
Michael Nyman

SINGER: . . . the very statues breathe.

TITLE ELEVEN: Writer and Director
Peter Greenaway

[2s: mother & daughter standing behind a large bowl of fruit.]

MRS. HERBERT: Do you think your father will ask Mr. NEVILLE to draw the house?

MRS. TALMANN: Why not improve Mr. NEVILLE's chances, and yours, by inviting Mr. NEVILLE yourself?

MRS. HERBERT: Oh, that is a too imaginative stratagem for me. Your father would find it uncharacteristically bold.

MRS. TALMANN: Then you could surprise him and perhaps surprise Mr. NEVILLE, as well. And if that frightens you mother we could lay the blame on Mr. NEVILLE.

[Med-3s: Mrs. CLEMENT, Mr.'s NEVILLE & TALMANN. NEVILLE directs his final comments to TALMANN, who scowls & looks across the room as NEVILLE finishes.]

MR. NEVILLE: I hold the delight or despondency of a man of property by putting his house in shadow or in sunlight—even possibly, I have some control over the jealousy or satisfaction of a husband by depicting his wife, Sir, dressed or—undressed.

[Med-cu: Mrs. TALMANN & Mr. HERBERT, a five-candle wall bracket between.]

MR. HERBERT: Mrs. CLEMENT asked me if I had a wife—which has a ring of impertinence. Well she knows I have a garden—how come she does not know I have a wife?

MRS. TALMANN: Perhaps because you boast of one and not the other, but I suspect a sense of modesty is an impertinence to such a lady as Mrs. CLEMENT.

MR. HERBERT: Your mother takes a sense of modesty an unprecedented distance. Why doesn't she come out more, she frets in the shadow.

MRS. TALMANN: She does not fret, father, or if she does you well know the cause is your indifference. A house, a garden, a horse, a wife, the preferential order.

[MR. HERBERT: Nonsense.]

[Med: Mr. NEVILLE & Mrs. HERBERT stand before a dark window.]

MRS. HERBERT: I am anxious, Mr. NEVILLE, that you should draw my husband's estate.

MR. NEVILLE: Why is that Madam?

MRS. HERBERT: My husband is a proud man who is delighted to be associated with every brick and every tree of his property at every moment of his waking life—and no doubt in his dreams as well, though I have not been too well acquainted with his dreams since . . .

MR. NEVILLE: Madam, with such an excellent relationship as your husband has with his property he surely, having the real thing, does not need a copy.

[Med: Mr. HERBERT & Mr. SEYMOUR in a shadowy corner.]

MR. HERBERT: I do not take well to young men who preen. Their vanity usually outweighs their prowess.

MR. SEYMOUR: Mr. NEVILLE has prowess enough. Enough to charm where he cannot impress. And he can charm and impress the wives of rich men.

MR. HERBERT: That's not so uncommon, Mr. SEYMOUR. you come with me to Southampton tomorrow, I'll show you how to impress a lady with a good drawing on.

[Med: Mr. NEVILLE & Mrs. TALMANN standing.]

MRS. TALMANN: My father's property Mr. NEVILLE is a little more forward than humble and since humility in a building is not antithetical to you, perhaps I can prevail on you to draw my father's house?

MR. NEVILLE: Ah. The same proposition from a different quarter. A concerted effort naturally intrigues me, but I feel Madam, things being as they are — may I be bold—I do not think that you or your mother could afford my services.

[Med: Mrs. HERBERT sitting with Mr. NEVILLE standing left.]

MRS. HERBERT: Why not enjoy our patronage? Come and walk in Mr. HERBERT's garden tomorrow—

MR. NEVILLE: Madam, I cannot say that I would not be delighted but I fear, despite your persistence, that I have work to do up and beyond this coming apple season and will be in the service of Lord Charborough until next year's apples have all been drunk as cider.

[Med: Mr. TALMANN, sitting at the end of a table laden with food. He slowly turns towards & looks past the camera. The next shot is the implied direction of the look.]

[Med-ls: Mrs. TALMANN & Mr. NEVILLE, seated left & right, some distance apart.]

MR. NEVILLE: Your mother, Madam, is excessively keen to have this house down on paper—or perhaps it is you that is keen and your mother is merely your surrogate?

MRS. TALMANN: I admit Mr. NEVILLE to being a suppliant on my mother's behalf, but she does not want it for herself but for her husband.

MR. NEVILLE: The supplication then has a long and diverse path. I am flattered. But, may not Mr. HERBERT himself do his own commissioning?

MRS. TALMANN: The point of the exercise, Mr. NEVILLE, is to avoid that one thing. You, Mr. NEVILLE, are to be the instrument of a hopeful reconciliation.

[Med: Mr. NEVILLE & Mrs. HERBERT, standing left & right.]

MRS. HERBERT: Mr. NEVILLE, how can I persuade you to stay with us at Compton Anstey?

MR. NEVILLE: You cannot, Madam.

MRS. HERBERT: But you can be bought, Mr. NEVILLE. How much will it cost?

MR. NEVILLE: More than you can afford Madam. [(APPLAUSE AS MUSIC ENDS)]

MR. NEVILLE: But I must confess my prime reason is indolence. I increase my price in proportion to my expectation of pleasure. I do not expect great pleasure here, madam. (EXIT RIGHT)

[Enter left, a nurse carrying a young boy to Mrs. HERBERT, who kisses his hand. They exit right. Mr. HERBERT enters left. He speaks roughly to his wife & she suppresses her anger.]

MR. HERBERT: Madam, I'm to leave very early in the morning for Southampton—I've come to take my leave of you now. Do not order the hay to be cut; do not leave the Estate and do not drink my claret and do not expect me back until I am ready, which at the very least will be fourteen days. Good night Madam.

[Med-ls: Mr. NEVILLE stands behind a lacquered screen. Mrs. HERBERT enters left, then crosses behind him to his right as he speaks.]

MRS. HERBERT: I have decided that it is most important that you stay here to make for me twelve drawings of my husband's Estate. My husband is to leave for Southampton for at least twelve days. Will that be enough time for you?

MR. NEVILLE: First Madam, you make a demand that suggests we have not discussed the proposition at all this evening. Second, you increase your demand by at least twelve. Third, you add to the proposition a time limit. And fourth, you expect me to start at once.

MRS. HERBERT: Four factors, Mr. NEVILLE, you have convinced us are well within your talents and capabilities.

MR. NEVILLE: Your terms are exorbitant—so must mine be.

[TITLE SEQUENCE VII]

[The title is blood-red on a black background. Music & singing continue in the background.]

TITLE:

*The
Draughtsmans
Contract*

SINGER:

She loves, and she confesses to—
There is then at last, no more to do—

[High-angle med-cu: a small table with Mrs. HERBERT, Mr.'s NOYES & NEVILLE seated left to right, with a pen & paper before NOYES. Through the scene, the music fades out.]

MR. NEVILLE: The conditions of the agreement, Mr. NOYES, are: My services as draughtsman for twelve days for the manufacture of twelve drawings of the estate and gardens, parks and outlying buildings of Mr. HERBERT's Property. The sites for the twelve drawings to be chosen at my discretion, though advised by Mrs. HERBERT.

MRS. HERBERT: For which, Thomas, I am willing to pay eight pounds a drawing, um to provide full board for Mr. NEVILLE and his servant—and er . . .

MR. NOYES: . . . and Madam?

MRS. HERBERT: . . . and to agree to meet Mr. NEVILLE in private and to comply with his requests concerning his pleasure with me.

[SCENE 2: DAYTIME, EAST-SIDE OF HOUSE]

[Ls: past a drawing-frame, table & chair towards the house, as NEVILLE & his servant approach. NEVILLE gives the 'curriculum' voice-over & the film's theme music begins here.]

MR. NEVILLE: Curriculum for the execution of the drawings at Compton Anstey.
For Drawing No. 1:
From 7 o'clock in the morning until 9 o'clock in the morning, the whole of the back of the house from the stable block to the laundry garden will be kept clear.

[Ex-cu: NEVILLE's hand as he begins to draw on a sheet of grid-lined paper.]

[Low-angle: NEVILLE at work. Beyond him, at the table, his servant sharpens a quill.]

[Med: an upstairs gable of the house. Someone is visible moving behind its leaded window.]

[Rev-med: face-on, NEVILLE & servant, then two inter-cuts (numbered in square brackets):
1) ex-cu: NEVILLE's hand drawing the window; 2) med: the window as a woman opens it.]

MR. NEVILLE: No person shall use [1]the main stableyard gates whatsoever and no person shall use the back door or interfere with [2]the windows or furniture of the back part of the house.

[Med: from their right, as NEVILLE leans forward to look at what is happening at the house.]

[Med: the woman at the window, as she hangs out a quilt & plumps it to air.]

[Back to med: NEVILLE, as he leans on his drawing pad & stares at the house.]

[Med-cu: through the drawing-frame at NEVILLE's face, as he looks through it at the house.]

[SCENE 3: NORTH-SIDE FORMAL GARDEN]

[Ls: box-potted trees left, an obelisk right, to a woman & child coming through clipped yews.]

NURSE: ‘A’ ist für [for] Apricot.
 ‘M’ ist für Marille

[Ls: from a field to the house as NEVILLE strides purposefully left to right along a walk.]

[Med: a man on a ladder against a fruit tree drops fruit into the apron of a woman below.]

NURSE: ‘C’ ist für Citrone . . . Citrone

[Ls: path in the garden, as NEVILLE strides in left foreground & on into the distance.]

NURSE: ‘A’ ist für Ananas . . .

[Back to first shot as boy & nurse come into middle distance.]

NURSE: . . . Ananas

[AUGUSTUS: Ananas]

[Med: garden wall with open doorway. NEVILLE enters left & goes through.]

NURSE: ‘P’ ist für pineapple.

[Low-angle: gardeners at work inside the walled garden.]

MR. NEVILLE: For Drawing No. 2:

[Med: NEVILLE enters left, stops to survey the scene & removes his hat with a flourish.]

NEVILLE: From 9 o'clock in the morning until 11 o'clock . . .

[Ls: through the garden drawing-frame at NEVILLE's servant right, gardeners mid-distance left, the NURSE & AUGUSTUS further on & the house beyond. NEVILLE enters left, stops before the frame, bangs his stick on his pad, waves the people away then moves around right.]

NEVILLE: . . . the lower lawns of the house including the formal garden will be kept clear. No window in the upper part of the house will be opened, closed or otherwise disturbed.

[Ex-cu: grid-lined drawing paper as the folder is opened.]

MR. TALMANN: Your Mr. NEVILLE, Sarah, has the God-like power of emptying the landscape.

[Low-angle: at the TALMANN's posed all in white, gazing at the scene.]

MR. TALMANN: It is a wonder the birds still sing.

MRS. TALMANN: If they stopped, I doubt whether Mr. NEVILLE would appreciate the difference.

[Med: NEVILLE on a red settee, his servant under an apple tree, the TALMANNs beyond.]

MRS. TALMANN: His attitude to nature is strictly material.

[SCENE 4: INSIDE THE HOUSE & NORTHEAST LAUNDRY GARDEN]

[Med: Mrs. HERBERT, left, faces out an open window, Mr. NOYES, right, faces inside.]

MRS. HERBERT: Thomas, why is Mr. NEVILLE interested in my sheets?

[Ls: across a drawing-frame, lower left, a low wall, the moat, green with duckweed, towards the back of the house. Sheets are spread on low hedges & a woman throws water over them. NEVILLE approaches right, turns to look at the laundry, then sits & peers through the frame.]

MR. NOYES: Madam, he is to draw them wet outside the laundry.

MRS. HERBERT: Wet—why does he want them wet?

MR. NOYES: Madam, I cannot answer you that—perhaps he has fond memories of being a baby.

MR. NEVILLE: For Drawing No. 3:
From 11 o'clock in the morning until 1 o'clock, the back and north side of the house will be kept clear.

[Cu: the drawing paper as the draughtsman begins.]

MR. NEVILLE: This area that is used as a place for drying linen will be left as asked for, on an arrangement made between . . .

[Med-ls: from the shady walk to NEVILLE's right. His servant stands on the wall beyond.]

MR. NEVILLE: . . . the draughtsman and the laundress who will take full responsibility . . .

[Low-angle: from below clothes line, past sheet-draped hedges, across moat at NEVILLE.]

MR. NEVILLE: . . . for the disposition of the linen.

[SCENE 5: INSIDE THE ORANGERIE & OUTSIDE THE WEST-FRONT]

[Med: NEVILLE lounges on a couch. Mrs. HERBERT enters left, holding her dress together, & goes to a window framed with potted oranges, centre, to close the shutters. He jumps up, grabs her, pulls her onto the couch, kneels before her & strips her dress to her waist. As he speaks, he raises her arms, handles her roughly, then buries his face in her flesh.]

MR. NEVILLE: Madam, I am delighted to see that you've loosened your clothing as I requested. When your husband had the pear trees grafted, do you know if he asked for the advice of Mr. SEYMOUR's gardener?

MRS. HERBERT: We—

MR. NEVILLE: Sorry, Madam, you do not speak very loud.

MRS. HERBERT: We—COUGHS—we do not know Mr. SEYMOUR's gardener—

MR. NEVILLE: I see—

MRS. HERBERT: . . . Mr. NEVILLE.

MR. NEVILLE: The trees have been poorly cared for—the angle between the branches and the main trunk is er too steep, but the original work is good. And what of the pears themselves, Madam? In season—are they presentable?

[Cu: AUGUSTUS, looking through a drawing-frame (site of Drawing 4). As the NURSE, standing behind him, speaks, there is a series of inter-cut shots (numbered in square brackets): 1) cu: a slate on which AUGUSTUS scratches a line drawing of the house; 2) med: from their right, sheep pass behind—a bell tolls 2; 3) low-angle: the pair; 4) back to cu: the slate.))]

NURSE: Im alten Griechenland, [1]gab es eine schöne Königstochter die hieß Persephone, [2]und eines Tages kam der böse Gott der Unterwelt und hat sie einfach mit sich fortgenommen . . . [3]und die Mutter von Persephone, die Göttin, die weinte so sehr, [4]daß der böse Gott der Unterwelt Mitleid hatte und ihr die schöne Tochter wieder zurück<kgebe>.

[Med: (AUGUSTUS's stylus scrapes on the slate) as Mrs. HERBERT staggers into a room, hand to mouth, choking. She leans over a washbasin & spits up quantities of semen. In the background, someone makes a poor attempt at playing a spinet]

[SCENE 6: WEST-FRONT OF HOUSE]

[Med-ls: the house from the west field, with drawing-frame, table & chair & two servants, left, while four men rake the gravel drive, from right to left. NEVILLE strides in right & sits at the frame, then dismisses the rakers with an imperious wave. The sound of the spinet continues.]

MR. NEVILLE: For Drawing No. 4:
From 2 o'clock until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the front of the house that faces West will be kept clear. No horses, carriages or other vehicles will be allowed to be placed there and the gravel on the drive will be left undisturbed. No coals are to be burned that will issue smoke from the front of the house.

[Ex-cu: NEVILLE's hand smooths out a piece of drawing paper. He then begins to draw.]

[SCENE 7: NORTH-SIDE LOWER LAWN, NORTH-SIDE HILLTOP & INDOORS]
[A man sweeps leaves in the garden. NEVILLE, followed by the two servants, strides through a gate in the wall beyond, walk up to the sweeper & go off right.]

[High-angle: down on a drawing-frame on the lower lawn, (site of Drawing 6). The servants pass through right to left. NEVILLE pauses to look through the frame then follows.]

[Low-ls: along a herbaceous border to an iron gate in the garden's north-wall. Beyond, is a large obelisk & a wooded hill. As they go through NEVILLE's servant hands things to the other man, turns back, speaks to NEVILLE, then retraces his steps. NEVILLE shouts at him.]

MR. NEVILLE: And hurry up!

[Ls: from a hilltop down to the house. NEVILLE approaches a drawing-frame, table & chair (on which he hangs his wig); the servant with his coat & waistcoat follows. Below, right, Mr. TALMANN climbs the hill, while further on, a hunched figure runs right to left.]

MR. NEVILLE: For Drawing No. 5:
From 4 o'clock in the afternoon until 6 o'clock in the afternoon, the hilltop prospect of the estate to the North of the house, will be kept clear of all members of the household staff and farm servants. Such animals as are presently grazing in the fields will be permitted to continue to do so.

MR. TALMANN: Good day, Mr. NEVILLE.

MR. NEVILLE: Mr. TALMANN.

MR. TALMANN: Huh. I see you have selected a fine view for my son to inherit.

[Ls: over TALMANN & NEVILLE towards the house.]

MR. NEVILLE: I prefer, for the moment at least, to regard the view as the property of Mr. HERBERT.

[Med: before a fireplace, in which a fire is burning, Mr. NOYES (leaning on the mantelpiece) & Mrs. HERBERT. She is buffing her nails, & gives him a knowing look as she speaks.]

MRS. HERBERT: Thomas, see that Clarissa does not go to the laundry around noon.

[Over-shldr: past NEVILLE, still at the top of the hill. Mr. TALMANN moves from NEVILLE's left across in front of him & stops just a bit further down the hill. He glances back at NEVILLE, then moves over so he is directly in the line-of-view of the drawing-frame.]

MRS. HERBERT: And, come to my withdrawing room this afternoon with some ink. I want to send to Mr. HERBERT to know by which road he intends to return.

MR. NEVILLE: Is it your intention to continue to stand there Mr. TALMANN?

MR. TALMANN: I can see the view very adequately from here, Mr. NEVILLE, thank you.

[Ex-cu: NEVILLE's hand on the drawing paper.]

MR. NEVILLE: Will you be wearing the same clothes tomorrow?

[Back to: shot before last of the two men. TALMANN turns to NEVILLE as he speaks.]

MR. TALMANN: Why? I have not decided. (*WHISTLES*)

[Cu: TALMANN from his left side.]

MR. TALMANN: It depends on my servants.

[Back to: shot before last of the two men.]

MR. TALMANN: Is it important?

[Ex-cu: the drawing pad, showing part of the house as he adds the of TALMANN's outline.]

MR. TALMANN: Maybe I will.

[SCENE 8: NORTH-SIDE LOWER LAWN]

[Ls: from drawing-frame, table & chair, past the statue of Hermes, to 6–8 figures in white, standing in two groups near the house. As NEVILLE comes in left, his servant rises & pours him a cup of tea.]

MR. NEVILLE: For Drawing No. 6:
From 6 o'clock in the evening until 8 o'clock the lower lawn of the garden by the statue of Hermes will be kept clear of all members of the household, staff, horses and other animals.

MR. NEVILLE: Philip, go and ask those people to move, and ask them nicely—and smile. Don't trot.

[Med-ls: the people across the lawn. Philip comes first to Mrs. TALMANN, Mr. NOYES, AUGUSTUS & the NURSE & speaks to them. There is laughter from the further group.]

[Low-angle cu: NEVILLE with teacup, smiling.]

(LAUGHTER [& TALK BEYOND])

[Back to: shot before last, as Philip leads the first group away left.]

[Back to cu: NEVILLE, eating, drinking, smiling.]

[Med-ls: the furthest group (Mr.'s SEYMOUR & TALMANN, a woman & a POULENC). Philip speaks to them as the first group comes up left. They all look in NEVILLE's direction. SEYMOUR dismisses Philip with a wave. Then they all grandly bows & curtsy to NEVILLE.]

MR. SEYMOUR: *(LAUGHS)*. Go away. *(LAUGHS)*.
Where? Really? Not that I know.
Ohhhhh—

[Back to cu: NEVILLE. He throws his tea grandly over his shoulder & bows in return.]

[(MORE)] (LAUGHTER)

[Back to med-ls: the group near the house as they move away towards the house. Philip returns in the direction of his master. (The shot is held as Mr. NOYES begins his story.)]

[SCENE 9: NIGHTTIME, WEST-FRONT OF HOUSE]

MR. NOYES: Mr. Lucas was a man whose enthusiasms were divided equally between his garden and his children. Whenever his wife conceived, Mr. Lucas planted fruit-trees. His wife seldom came to um successful labour, and those children she was blessed with died before weaning. Mr. Lucas threatened to cut his trees down, but he never did.

[Med-cu: a dining table set across the shot, illuminated by candles & torches, with Mr.'s NEVILLE, TALMANN & NOYES facing, Mrs.'s TALMANN & HERBERT at left & right ends. Through the scene, the camera dollies left & right along the table.]

MR. NOYES: To date there are eleven trees in his fruit-garden, and he knows them all by their Christian names.

MR. TALMANN: The English are not blessed with the most appropriate fecundity at the moment. They can raise colonies but not heirs to the throne.

MR. NEVILLE: It depends, Mr. TALMANN, which colonies you are speaking of—some of England's oldest colonies have heirs in plenty.

- MRS. TALMANN: Ah, Mr. NEVILLE, do we have an indication of Scottish sympathies?
- MR. NEVILLE: Madam, you would be reading far too much into what is simply a statement of fact.
- MR. TALMANN: If the best Englishmen are foreigners, Mr. NEVILLE, and that seems to be a simple statement of fact, then the best English painters are foreigners too. There's no English painter worthy of the name—would you agree Mr. NEVILLE? To be an English painter is a contradictory term.
- MRS. HERBERT: Then Mr. HERBERT shows some sense in encouraging Mr. NEVILLE.
- MR. TALMANN: Mr. HERBERT, Madam, as we all know, is full of contradictions.
- MRS. HERBERT: Contradictory enough Sir to have invited you into this house—despite his being a man without airs and graces.
- MR. TALMANN: But not privy to whom his wife welcomes into his house, Madam.
- MRS. TALMANN: When my father is away, Louis, my mother is at liberty to run his house as she feels fit. And she has seen fit to invite Mr. NEVILLE.
- MR. NEVILLE: A gracious speech, Mrs. TALMANN.
- MR. TALMANN: . . . to hide all manner of inconveniences.
- MR. NEVILLE: How is that Sir?
- MR. TALMANN: It is apparent, Sir, is it not from our meeting this afternoon, that your presumptory regime not only extends to [c]onfining the household like animals in reservations, but directing us as to whether or not we should wear a coat, carry a walking-stick or whistle.
- MR. NEVILLE: When I met you in the garden this afternoon you were doing all three of those things, Sir. If you intend being there tomorrow I would wish you to dress and to behave in the same way. However, it's beyond my power to describe a whistle pictorially, whether it comes from an Englishman or from a German dressed as an Englishman.
- MRS. TALMANN: And what do you do about the birds, Mr. NEVILLE? If you ignore their song, you can hardly prevent them from flying across the field of your vision.

MR. NEVILLE: Madam, the prospect of twelve fine-weather days with clear skies and sharp shadows is an excellent proposition, but not to be guaranteed—so I am naturally anxious that time should not be wasted. It would assist me greatly therefore, Madam . . .

[Med-ls: the entire table before the neo-classical portico. On the roof, a grey figure creeps out of the shadows to the pediment, puts one foot on it & raises his right arm in a Roman salute.]

MR. NEVILLE: . . . if my instructions, which have been given great consideration, should be observed. I'm painstaking enough to notice quite small changes in the landscape. Once started, I make that a committal Madam, whatsoever ensues—and I think you can surmise that it is an attitude from which I obtain great satisfaction and some entertainment.

[SCENE 10: EAST-SIDE PARKLAND & NORTH-SIDE YEW WALK]

[There are three shots of sheep grazing in parkland—site of Drawing 1.]

[Ls: in parkland beyond the house, with the drawing-frame in the immediate foreground facing right. Beyond, NEVILLE, brandishing his walking stick, chases sheep.]

[Med: tracking left to right along a row of cylindrically-trimmed yews (flashing past before the camera), following the TALMANNs, walking on the other side of the yews greeting people as they pass. The camera stops at Mrs. HERBERT & Mr. NOYES & the TALMANNs walk on.]

MRS. HERBERT: Thomas, can you remember, when Mr. HERBERT had his clothes packed whether he took his French boots?

[SCENE 11: NORTH-SIDE FORMAL GARDEN—DRAWING 2]

[Cu: Drawing 2 as NEVILLE shades & finishes.]

[Med: NEVILLE on a red settee before a drawing-frame, with the TALMANNs, standing to the left, looking down at him.]

MR. TALMANN: How is it Mr. NEVILLE that you've contrived to make the garden so empty of people?

MR. NEVILLE: The authority for these drawings Mr. TALMANN, comes from Mrs. HERBERT—do you think that she is a woman who enjoys having a crowd of people kick her gravel around or move her earth like a pack of dogs in a herb garden?

[Ls: towards the house of the scene being drawn.]

MR. NEVILLE: I would seek peace and quiet in a garden . . .

[Back to: shot before last of the three figures.]

MR. NEVILLE: . . . and noise and excitement at a carnival.

MRS. TALMANN: Carnem levare. So Mr. NEVILLE, you would reserve your revelries for a religious occasion—and what of Gethsemene?

MR. TALMANN: A wild sort of garden I shouldn't wonder.

MR. NEVILLE: Certainly, Mr. TALMANN, there would be no geometric paths and no Dutch bulbs.

MRS. TALMANN: Well, we have Cedar of Lebanon and a Judas tree. Perhaps we could cultivate a Tree of Heaven?

MR. TALMANN: The gardens of England are becoming veritable jungles—

[Back to cu: Drawing 2.]

MR. TALMANN: —such exotics are grossly unsuitable. If the Garden of Eden was planned for England, God would have seen to it.

[Back to 3s.]

MR. NEVILLE: The Garden of Eden, Mr. TALMANN, was originally intended for Ireland for it was there, after all, that St. Patrick eradicated the snake.

MR. TALMANN: The only useful eradication that ever happened in Ireland, Mr. NEVILLE, was performed by William of Orange, four years ago on my birthday.

MR. NEVILLE: And happy birthday to you Mr. TALMANN, and if you are not too old to receive presents, perhaps the gardener and I can find a snake for your Orangerie.

MR. TALMANN: What?

[Mr. TALMANN looks blankly at NEVILLE. His wife takes his arm & leads him off.]

MRS. TALMANN: Goodday to you, Mr. NEVILLE.

MR. NEVILLE: Goodday, Madam.

[Cu: the drawing as NEVILLE rests his hand on the work.]

[SCENE 12: NORTH-EAST LAUNDRY GARDEN—DRAWING 3]

[Cu: a plumb bob swings in circles above the ground.]

MR. NEVILLE: Philip . . .

[Ls: past NEVILLE & servant to the laundry, where sheets are still draped over shrubs.]

[Med: from NEVILLE's right as he leans forward & peers through the drawing-frame.]

[Subj-ls: through the drawing-frame at the laundry.]

[Cu: Drawing 3, exactly as in the shot just seen.]

[SCENE 13: NORTH-SIDE HILLTOP PROSPECT—DRAWING 5]

[Ls: from behind TALMANN's, NURSE & a dog (in the foreground left) on a rug spread on the grass. The drawing equipment & NEVILLE's servant are right. NEVILLE comes up the hill towards the equipment, & stops before it, looking at the group. As he refers to the view, he turns towards the house, raises his hands above his head & applauds dramatically.]

MR. NEVILLE: I see the company is assembled, Madam. What are we to be spectators of?

MRS. TALMANN: You must not be surprised, Mr. NEVILLE, we are here at your request.

MR. NEVILLE: I did not request an audience, Madam, nor a dinner on the grass. Ah, perhaps we are to applaud the view.

[Low-level med-ls: at the TALMANN's on their bench. During the shot NEVILLE's legs pass by the camera as he goes to his drawing-frame.]

MR. TALMANN: The scribbler is never satisfied. He is as insatiable as a . . .

MRS. TALMANN: You have said that Mr. TALMANN should be here dressed as you asked and carrying a gold-topped cane.

[Back to: view from behind TALMANN's, with NEVILLE now seated for work.]

MRS. TALMANN: We have taken you at your word. There was another instruction, but conveniently I have forgotten it.

[Back to med-ls: As Mrs. TALMANN speaks, her husband rises & walks forwards.]

MR. TALMANN: Whistling, Sarah.

MRS. TALMANN: So much for convenience.

MR. TALMANN: You do not catch me in the best of tempers, Mr. NEVILLE, wearing yesterday's clothes, and I give you twenty minutes only—I have a horse to exercise.

MR. NEVILLE: Then, Sir, please take your place.

MRS. TALMANN: I will take a walk. Come with me, Maria. We have a dog[. . .]

[Back to: view from behind the group as the women rise. Mr. TALMANN is in place below.]

MRS. TALMANN: [. . .]to exercise.

MR. NEVILLE: A little to the left[. . .]

[Back to: shot of the bench, as Mrs. TALMANN & the NURSE walk off right with the dog.]

MR. NEVILLE: [. . .]Sir, if you please. And puff out your cheeks.

[Back to: view towards house.]

MR. TALMANN: Why should I do that?

MR. NEVILLE: Because last time, Sir, you were whistling. A tune perhaps not readily recognisable even by its own composer.

[SCENE 14: DAYTIME, INSIDE MRS. HERBERT'S BEDROOM]

[Cu: Drawing 5 with the figure for which Mr. TALMANN modelled, but without a face.]

MR. NEVILLE: Look, Madam, this man has no head—a typical German characteristic.

[Med: across Mrs. HERBERT, naked from the waist up, lying on her stomach on a bed. NEVILLE sits on the bed, the other side of her, looking at the picture.]

MRS. HERBERT: Mr. NEVILLE, you're talking about my son-in-law.

MR. NEVILLE: By the grace of God, Madam, you are to have a grandson by him—some day. Is that not a better thing to talk of?

MRS. HERBERT: And you mock my money and my person to draw caricatures.

[As he speaks, NEVILLE seems filled with the cleverness of his conceit.]

MR. NEVILLE: With my memory three pictures in the house and your personal knowledge of the subject, I intend to place the head of Mr. HERBERT[. . .]

[Cu: Drawing 5 as NEVILLE points to the faceless figure with the toe of his shoe.]

MR. NEVILLE: [. . .]on these shoulders as a fitting and appropriate acknowledgement of your husband and his property.

MRS. HERBERT: If he should return?

[Back to: shot across Mrs. HERBERT on the bed.]

MR. NEVILLE: Why, Madam, what a strange thing to say.

[A bell strikes 2 o'clock.]

MRS. HERBERT: If he should return home to me.

[SCENE 15: NORTH-SIDE LOWER LAWN—DRAWING 6]

[Ls: through a drawing-frame, past the statue of Hermes, to the house. On a bush in the foreground, left, hangs a shirt.]

[Med: from right of the frame, as NEVILLE comes between the yews of the yew-walk. Philip, sitting foreground, jumps up to meet him. NEVILLE sits & Philip hands him his drawing pad.]

[Cu: Drawing 6.]

[Cu: on detail of drawing, showing the bush, which in the drawing has no shirt on it.]

[Ex-cu: the area of the drawing where the shirt would be if it had been there to draw initially.]

[Back to: shot through drawing-frame as NEVILLE comes round left, with his typically jaunty walk, goes to the bush & tries to remove the shirt, one sleeve of which remains caught on a branch. He pauses, looks back towards the drawing-frame, then redrapes the shirt & returns.]

[SCENE 16: NIGHTTIME, INSIDE THE HOUSE]

[Med-cu: Mrs. TALMANN, left, & Mrs. HERBERT, right, sitting at a table in candlelight. Mrs. HERBERT is sobbing. Mrs. TALMANN reaches out & takes her mother's hand.]

MRS. TALMANN: [(SOFTLY) Mother.]

[Mrs. HERBERT stops crying & turns to her daughter.]

MRS. HERBERT: (SOBBING) So . . . I am grieving because Mr. HERBERT is away.

MRS. TALMANN: Yes, Mother.

[Mrs. TALMANN takes her hand away & turns slightly away from her mother.]

[SCENE 17: DAYTIME, EAST-SIDE OF HOUSE—DRAWING 1]

[Ls: a foggy morning from the back of the house towards the equipment for Drawing 1. Philip has his head on the desk. NEVILLE paces right to left behind, looking up for the sun.]

[Ls: down an avenue of trees as light streams through the mist.]

[Rev: of first shot, at the house, from east of where NEVILLE continues to pace restlessly.]

[Med-ls: the back of the house as in Drawing 1. A tall ladder leans up against the house.]

[Med: from behind the apparatus as NEVILLE, seated, prepares to draw in the better light.]

[Cu: drawing 1 as NEVILLE works on it.]

[Med-rev: NEVILLE, bends to peer through the frame, then sits up & looks past, puzzled.]

[Med: back of the house, with the ladder more prominent.]

[Ex-cu: of area in Drawing 1 where the ladder should be but is not.]

[Back to med: shot before last of back of house showing ladder.]

[Back to med-rev: NEVILLE who checks through the frame again & draws.]

[Cu: Drawing 1 as NEVILLE begins to sketch in the ladder.]

[SCENE 18: NORTH-SIDE FORMAL GARDEN—DRAWING 2]

[Med-ls: over the back of a crimson settee & NEVILLE, who sits on it. Through the drawing-frame Mrs. HERBERT can be seen advancing purposefully. She stops directly in front.]

MRS. HERBERT: The Contract is void, Mr. NEVILLE I cannot meet you again.

[He rises & offers her his place, which she accepts. He sits beside her.]

MR. NEVILLE: Mrs. HERBERT, sit here. Move your head into the shade. Do you not think the gardeners have excelled themselves?

[He resumes drawing. She stares at him as she sits.]

MRS. HERBERT: You should not continue to draw, Mr. NEVILLE I no longer feel able to continue the terms of our[. . .]

[Rev-med: the two on the crimson settee. NEVILLE stops drawing.]

MRS. HERBERT: [. . .]contract. The fee is yours, as is the[. . .]er hospitality.

[As NEVILLE responds, she is somewhat distressed.]

MR. NEVILLE: I was about to say, Madam, that in spite of my satisfaction at continuing the prospect in such delightful circumstances, the peak of my delight is obtained in those short minutes when we are together—I would regret losing them. Besides, I do not need to remind you that the contract was made between two people—it will take the consent of both signatories to make it void? And now, Madam, I feel that from this position I cannot adequately see what I ~~ought~~ [am supposed] to be seeing and I must therefore ask you to find some other resting-place—at least until 4 o'clock when our next meeting is to be consummated as arranged.

[Cu: Drawing 2.]

[SCENE 19: NORTH-SIDE LOWER LAWN—DRAWING 6 AREA]

[Med: four servants attend AUGUSTUS on a swing, in the background, under a large tree. Mrs. TALMANN & Mr. NEVILLE walk into the foreground left & stop. He delivers his last line with excessive scorn, then angrily walks off right.]

MR. NEVILLE: Madam, who is this child who walks the garden with such a solemn look on his face?

MRS. TALMANN: That is my husband's nephew, Mr. NEVILLE

MR. NEVILLE: He attracts servants like a little midget King. What is his patrimony, Madam?

MRS. TALMANN: His father was killed at Ausbergenfeld, his mother became a Catholic so my husband had him brought to England.

MR. NEVILLE: To be reared as a little Protestant.

MRS. TALMANN: He was an orphan, Mr. NEVILLE, and needed to be looked after.

MR. NEVILLE: An orphan, Madam, because his mother became a Catholic?

[SCENE 20: NORTHEAST, LAUNDRY GARDEN—DRAWING 3]

[Ls: across Philip & the moat towards the laundry. A bell strikes 11. NEVILLE comes up right, sits, open his drawing pad & begins to compare the drawing to the scene before him.]

[Cu: Drawing 3.]

[Med-cu: the laundry hanging on the bushes. One sheet has been replaced by a white coat.]

[Ex-cu: the area of the drawing where the coat should be if it had been there initially.]

MR. NEVILLE: Philip, find out what's happening.

[Back to ls: across NEVILLE towards laundry garden. Philip jumps up & scurries off right.]

[Back to ex-cu: drawing detail.]

[Med-ls: through the grid frame at the laundry as the laundress & Philip come into view.]

LAUNDRESS: Mr. NEVILLE, Sir, I'm sorry about the coat. It was not I that put it there.

[Rev-med-ls: across the moat, from the laundry to NEVILLE.]

MR. NEVILLE: Is that so, Madam—then who did?

LAUNDRESS: I'll ask Sir.

MR. NEVILLE: No, no don't ask. Leave it there. Someone is getting careless. The garden is becoming a robe-room. I wonder what they keep in their clothespress—plants perhaps.

[SCENE 21: DAYTIME, INSIDE STABLE LOFT]

[High-angle med: a ladder up against the edge of the loft. Mrs. HERBERT followed by Mr. NEVILLE come in right. He pushes her up the short ladder. She turns & sits at the top. He comes up between her legs &, as he talks, undoes his trousers & fusses with her skirts.]

MR. NEVILLE: Who will be your husband's direct heir after you?

MRS. HERBERT: A future grandson, Mr. NEVILLE, though not after me. Mr. HERBERT does not believe in a woman owning property.

MR. NEVILLE: And what about your daughter and her husband?

MRS. HERBERT: Well, they would be guardians on a grandson's behalf. Do you intend to study legal matters, Mr. NEVILLE?

MR. NEVILLE: You must forgive my curiosity, Madam, and open your knees.

MRS. HERBERT: To have possession, Sir, of my person is not an excuse to be privy to my husband's Will.

MR. NEVILLE: Your loyalty is exemplary, Madam. But what will happen to the estate if your daughter has no heirs?

MRS. HERBERT: I do not like to think of it. The estate was my father's—Mr. HERBERT obtained it through marriage to me.

[He pushes her back & mounts her. She yells out & the sound segues to the next shot.]

MRS. HERBERT: [(CRYING OUT)] Ah, ah—oh.

[Med: a lichen covered wall, stretches out of shot, with the mottled, nude figure of the living statue flat against it. Mr. TALMANN & AUGUSTUS walk in left. The boy stops & stares at the figure. TALMANN stops too, looking away from the wall, oblivious to the statue.]

MR. TALMANN: It is imperative, AUGUSTUS, that in representing me, you ask of yourself the very best, and you do not fraternise with whomsoever you choose—and chasing sheep is a tiresome habit best left to shepherds. If Mr. NEVILLE chases sheep he is not to be emulated. Drawing is an attribution worth very little and in England, worth nothing at all. If you must scribble I suggest that your time would be better spent in studying mathematics. I will engage a tutor . . .

[The statue comes to life, puts his hands to his head, wiggles them, rolls his eyes & pulls a face at TALMANN, then smiles at AUGUSTUS & points to the man as he walks off.]

MR. TALMANN: . . . and who knows, one day you, AUGUSTUS, may add the TALMANN name to the Royal Society.

[Med-ls: along the wall, past the statue at TALMANN, who stops, turns & shouts at the boy.]

MR. TALMANN: AUGUSTUS!

[The boy backs towards his uncle. Turning, they walk off together.]

MR. TALMANN: Your tutor of course must be German. There are already far too many English influences on your life as it is.

[SCENE 22: NIGHTTIME, INSIDE HOUSE & OUTSIDE WEST-FRONT]

[Med-ls: Mrs. HERBERT sits in a chair, her feet in a tub, as a maid bathes her lower limbs.]

[Med-ls: a table lit by torches & candles before the west porch, as in sc. 9. This time, people seated both sides.]

MR. TALMANN: Mr. NEVILLE is our resident draughtsman. He is making one or two drawings of Mr. HERBERT's house and estate.

[Rev-med-ls: into the darkness of the garden, where the living statue creeps up towards one of the small obelisks found round the house. In his hand he carries an unlit torch.]

MR. HAMMOND: I've heard of your prowess, Mr. NEVILLE. Indeed I've heard more than that. I've heard you're not a conventional man.

[Med: the table. The camera tracks left & right along the table as before.]

MR. TALMANN: Mr. NEVILLE has planned his stay here like an officer in a hostile billet. We've orders to appear and disappear, to wear cocked hats, to eat meals in the open air and to prepare furniture for inspection.

MRS. HERBERT: And yet, Louis[. . .]

[Back to rev: as the statue lifts the obelisk off its plinth.]

MRS. HERBERT: [. . .]I hear that you are not averse to exchanging exercise on a new horse for standing to attention in the hot sun, like a halberdier.

[Back to: the table, the right end, where Mrs. HERBERT sits.]

MR. HAMMOND: What control you must exercise Mr. NEVILLE—it sounds as if you might be better employed as a military man rather than as someone who merely draws a landscape. Mrs. HERBERT, whatever is the price you must pay[. . .]

[Back to rev: the statue has put the obelisk down & moves back to the plinth. He picks up his unlit torch & holds it for a moment behind the plinth. As he steps up to take the place of the obelisk, the torch is ablaze (though there is no sign of a source for the fire).]

MR. HAMMOND: [. . .]to capture this general who leads the wheat by the ear.

MR. NEVILLE: Gentlemen, Mrs. HERBERT pays no price she cannot afford and, thanks to her generosity, I am permitted to take my pleasure without hindrance on her property[. . .]

[Back to: table, looking across it at Mr. NEVILLE.]

MR. NEVILLE: [. . .]and to enjoy the maturing delights of her country garden[. . .]

[Pullback-ls: the entire table.]

MR. NEVILLE: [. . .]and, gentlemen, there is much there to be surprised at[. . .]

[Back to rev: statue standing on plinth, holds the lit torch high & urinates noisily.]

MR. NEVILLE: [. . .]and applauded. (*HE CLAPS.*)

[SCENE 23: EAST-SIDE—DRAWING 1; & NORTH-SIDE GARDEN—DRAWING 2]

[Ls: under a parasol, past a chair, through a drawing-frame towards the back of the house. In the frame, a flock of sheep run forward to the frame, moving left & right, then off right.]

[Med-ls: past a drawing-frame, left, & scarlet settee, right, towards the yew walk. Apples from a tree beside the settee are strewn about. NEVILLE & Philip (pushing a wheelbarrow) come through the yews & up to the settee, which NEVILLE clears of apples. He sits down.]

[Ex-cu: detail of right side of Drawing 2 showing the edge of the Bacchus herm & a shrub.]

[Back to med-ls: NEVILLE & Philip, as NEVILLE jumps up, runs forward & throws an apple at the herm (just marginally visible, left), where it explodes on impact. At the base of the herm a bit of cloth can just be made out. NEVILLE returns to the settee, sits & reaches out an arm.]

[MR. NEVILLE: (*SNAPPING HIS FINGERS*) Board!]

[Cu: Drawing 2.]

[SCENE 24: NORTHWEST, FRONT OF HOUSE]

[Slight-high-angle med: NEVILLE sits at a table (on which Drawing 4 sits), at the moat's northwest corner, eating strawberries. In the distance, men with long-handled nets skim the moat from the north bridge. As in sc. 6, someone plays badly on a spinet.]

[High-angle: down on NEVILLE & the drawing table. As NEVILLE eats, he stops briefly, looking thoughtfully into the distance, & laughs to himself.]

[Cu: Drawing 4, on the table. One of NEVILLE's black gloves lies across it.]

[SCENE 25: NORTH-SIDE HILLTOP—DRAWING 5]

[Ls: from behind Mr. TALMANN, sitting in a chair before a drawing-frame, as Mr. NEVILLE comes up the hill. Two servants follow behind. TALMANN rises & meets NEVILLE in the mid-distance. To the left, on the ground, are a pair of crumpled riding boots.]

MR. NEVILLE: Good afternoon, Mr. TALMANN.]

MR. TALMANN: Good afternoon, Mr. NEVILLE. You are late. I heard the clock strike four some several minutes ago.

MR. NEVILLE: That is indeed true. I met Mr. Porringer. I'm becoming Mr. Porringer's taster of victuals. Does the same thing happen to you? Today, it was raspberries. I congratulate you on today's raspberries but not on yesterday's damsons—they were . . . tasteless—geschmacklos—like your coat Mr. TALMANN.

MR. TALMANN: There's no way, Mr. NEVILLE, that I was going to wear that coat a third day.

[Med: from the other side, slightly below the two men & behind TALMANN. The NURSE, AUGUSTUS & two servants pass in the background.]

MR. NEVILLE: We are indeed, Mr. TALMANN, losing the novelty of this situation. First I was graced with the presence of Mrs. TALMANN, two servants, a maid and a meal served on silver-plate. Now what have we? Yourself dressed in the wrong clothes.

[Back to: shot from behind drawing-frame downhill at the two men.]

MR. TALMANN: Mr. NEVILLE—enough. Your enthusiasms for complaint knows [sic] no limit. For a fee of eight pounds your impertinence is too expensive.

MR. NEVILLE: Would you have me be impertinent for nothing Sir?

MR. TALMANN: For nothing, Mr. NEVILLE, I would have you run off my property. Good day.

[Back to: shot below & from behind TALMANN, who turns & stalks off. NEVILLE turns & goes toward the drawing-frame, but pauses & looks back as he speaks.]

MR. NEVILLE: Your property, Mr. TALMANN? (*HE LAUGHS*)
Mr. TALMANN, you've forgotten your riding-boots.

[Back to: shot from behind drawing-frame.]

MR. TALMANN: They are not mine, Mr. NEVILLE. I felt sure that they were yours.

[Ex-cu: Drawing 5 with the faceless figure of TALMANN, in the foreground.]

[SCENE 26: NORTH-SIDE LOWER LAWN—DRAWING 6]

[Med-ls: from right of NEVILLE at the drawing-frame with Philip beside him. Nearer, a man in white jacket, black gloves & red trousers peeks round a bush, then leaves unnoticed.]

[Ex-cu: nearly finished Drawing 6.]

[SCENE 27: NORTH-SIDE BRIDGE, NORTHEAST-CORNER LAUNDRY AREA]

[High-angle med-ls: Mrs. HERBERT with parasol sitting on the bridge's low wall, Mr. NEVILLE standing just beyond her. The moat is richly & densely green with weed.]

MR. NEVILLE: Why doesn't your husband have the moat cleaned out?

MRS. HERBERT: He doesn't like to see the fish, carp live too long. They remind him of Catholics. Besides from his window the duckweed could be mistaken for a lawn.

[Ls: From northeast corner of moat, near site of Drawing 3, looking along the moat towards the north bridge, where a building extends out part way across the moat, hiding where NEVILLE & Mrs. HERBERT were just seen. Laundry is visible on the hedges, left.]

MR. NEVILLE: Can he swim?

MRS. HERBERT: I've never seen him swim.

[SCENE 28: NIGHTTIME, INSIDE THE HOUSE]

[Mr. & Mrs. TALMANN in bed. He sleeping noisily, mouth open, she, with her hair down, lying partially uncovered, gently rubs her lower abdomen. She seems dissatisfied, unhappy. Eventually she lays down on her side, pulls her legs up & slowly begins to masturbate.]

[SCENE 29: DAYTIME, EAST-SIDE—DRAWING 1]

[Over-shldr ls: past NEVILLE at the drawing-frame. Mrs. HERBERT approaches, centre.]

MR. NEVILLE: Ah, good morning, Mrs. HERBERT. This morning I'm progressing well. I'm beginning to enjoy myself. Madam, would you be so good as to sit.

[He indicates a chair to his right. As she does he turns to her & grapples under her skirts.]

MR. NEVILLE: It's a little chilly perhaps, but I think you tremble too much. It is not easy for me this way to use your person as I would like to. Madam, would you stand.

[She does so & he is more vigorous in his 'use' of her person.]

MR. NEVILLE: The ladder, Madam, as you can see, has now become . . .

[Med: of back of house showing the ladder still leaning up against the wall.]

MR. NEVILLE: . . . a meretricious vertical, but I forgive you for standing it there.

[Ex-cu: detail of the same section of Drawing 1.]

MRS. HERBERT: What use have I for the ladder, Mr. NEVILLE—it does not go anywhere.

[Back to: opening shot of scene as he stands & removes his hands from beneath her skirts.]

MR. NEVILLE: Madam, would you be so good as to kneel.

[Med: from right of the first shot & behind Mrs. HERBERT. Four pillows are stacked on a rug on the grass. She turns, glancing about uncertainly, as he moves the parasol so as to hide them from the house. He then saunters round behind her & gives her a push on the shoulder.]

MR. NEVILLE: Kneel, Madam! (*HE PUSHES HER DOWN ONTO THE PILLOWS*)

[Rev: At the parasol as NEVILLE ducks down behind.]

MR. NEVILLE: If you have any influence over your son-in-law, could I suggest that he travel over to Mr. SEYMOUR's to see what can be done with limes, by doing as little as possible.

[There is a rustling of skirts. NEVILLE's voice becomes sensuous & a bit dreamy.]

MR. NEVILLE: Limes, Madam, can smell so sweet. Especially when they are allowed to bloom without hindrance. And it will shortly be time to bloom.

[SCENE 30: OUTSIDE THE BACK OF THE HOUSE]

[Med-cu: facing east. A dining-table is set before the moat, horizontal to the shot, with Mrs. TALMANN at the left end, Mr.'s TALMANN, NOYES & NEVILLE facing. In the field are the drawing-frame, table & chair for Drawing 1. The camera dollies left & right throughout.]

MR. NEVILLE: Is it true Mr. NOYES, that you would wish to see Mr. HERBERT dead?

MR. NOYES: I've no great love for Mr. HERBERT. Goodness, Mr. NEVILLE, a provocative question.

MR. NEVILLE: Then why stay?

MRS. TALMANN: Mr. NOYES has a great attachment to my mother, Mr. NEVILLE.

MR. NOYES: I'm employed by Mr. HERBERT as Estate Manager. Mr. HERBERT is very often away and I believe I can make myself useful to Mrs. HERBERT.

MR. NEVILLE: In more ways than one I presume—but is it not that way which is most important?

MR. TALMANN: Your questions, Mr. NEVILLE, are far too imprudent and provocative in this company.

MR. NEVILLE: Then you would rather I asked them behind your back, Mr. TALMANN?

MRS. TALMANN: Mr. NOYES' position in this house is well known to us all, Mr. NEVILLE—

MR. NEVILLE: It is a—a difficult position—I'm surprised that you all concur in it.

MR. NOYES: The organisation of this house is Mr. HERBERT's affair . . .

MRS. TALMANN: My father and Mr. NOYES were once great friends.

MR. NEVILLE: . . . and then?

MRS. TALMANN: My mother was at one time promised to Mr. NOYES.

MR. NEVILLE: Ah—your position Mr. NOYES is then a consolation.

MR. NOYES: You overstep your privileges in being a guest in Mrs. HERBERT's house . . .

[Pull back to med: Mr. NOYES gets to his feet in anger, then sits at NEVILLE's suggestion.]

MR. NEVILLE: Sit down, Mr. NOYES. I merely pursue an enquiry. It may help me to understand what is happening in the garden.

[Med: the nude, living statue against the garden greenery. Water pours from a jug in his left hand. With his right, he rubs his penis then reaches up & takes his statuesque pose.]

[Rev-ls: past the statue out across a lawn towards a hedge.]

[SCENE 31: NORTH-SIDE LOWER LAWN—DRAWING 6]

[Ls: through the grid of the drawing-frame at the statue of Hermes with the bush on which the shirt is still draped. The top of the bush has started to turn a distinct, autumn scarlet.]

MRS. TALMANN: That shirt, Mr. NEVILLE, is prominent enough in your drawing.

[Cu: Drawing 6.]

MRS. TALMANN: Would it be possible, do you think, to disguise its presence?

[Cu: of the appropriate 'shirt' detail of Drawing 6.]

MR. NEVILLE: I try very hard never to distort or to dissemble.

[Ex-cu: of the shirt detail of Drawing 6.]

MRS. TALMANN: Would that always be your method of working, Mr. NEVILLE?

MR. NEVILLE: It would.

[Rev-med: NEVILLE on the stool before the frame, with Mrs. TALMANN beside him, right.]

MRS. TALMANN: Well—let me make a little speech.

[Low-angle med-cu: through the grid-frame past NEVILLE's head up at Mrs. TALMANN.]

MRS. TALMANN: In your drawing of the north side of the house, my father's cloak lies wrapped around the feet of a figure of Bacchus. In the drawing of the prospect over which my husband turns an appreciative gaze, you will have noticed that there is unclaimed a pair of riding boots. In the drawing of the park from the east side, it is possible to see leaning against my father's wardroom a ladder usually put to use for the collecting of apples. And in the drawing of the laundry . . .

[Back to: shot before last, with NEVILLE on stool, Mrs. TALMANN standing beside him.]

MRS. TALMANN: . . . there is a jacket of my father's slit across the chest. Do you not think that before long you might find the body that inhabited all those clothes?

MR. NEVILLE: I am thinking very hard, Madam, about the drawing you've left out . . . and you, Madam, were in that drawing.

MRS. TALMANN: Are you sure, Mr. NEVILLE?

MR. NEVILLE: Well—the sound of you was in the drawing. You were playing the spinet.

MRS. TALMANN: I thought, Mr. NEVILLE, that we had discussed the pictorial equivalents of noise without conclusion. Perhaps it was not me playing the spinet. Have you thought of that?

MR. NEVILLE: Then who, Madam, was it?

MRS. TALMANN: You see, Mr. NEVILLE, you are already beginning to play the game rather skilfully.

MR. NEVILLE: Four garments and a ladder do not lead us to a corpse.

MRS. TALMANN: Mr. NEVILLE, I said nothing about a corpse.

MR. NEVILLE: Madam, you are ingenious. It is as if you'd planned it.

[Back to: view through drawing-frame of NEVILLE & Mrs. TALMANN. She looks down at him after his last remark.]

MR. NEVILLE: Your father is in Southampton, ~~you~~ [he] would not miss his clothes or notice the ladder.

MRS. TALMANN: Is my father in Southampton, Mr. NEVILLE? My mother told you that. And you must realise that she is a lady of few words and not incapable of a few stratagems. Have you not thought how hard she persuaded you to be her draughtsman—to draw her husband's house while her husband was away.

MR. NEVILLE: Her explanation for that can be supported.

MRS. TALMANN: Perhaps, Mr. NEVILLE, you have taken a great deal on trust.

MR. NEVILLE: I look forward, Mrs. TALMANN, to the eventual purpose and outcome of this ingenuity. My last six drawings will be redolent of the mystery. I will proceed step by step to the heart of the matter.

MRS. TALMANN: Perhaps to the heart of my father, Mr. NEVILLE?

MR. NEVILLE: Lying crimson on a piece of green grass?

MRS. TALMANN: What a pity, Mr. NEVILLE, that your drawings are in black and white.

MR. NEVILLE: [No] You rush ahead, Mrs. TALMANN.

[Back to med: NEVILLE on stool, Mrs. TALMANN standing beside him.]

MR. NEVILLE: The items are innocent.

MRS. TALMANN: Taken one by one, they could so be construed. Taken together you could be regarded as a witness to misadventure.

MR. NEVILLE: Misadventure, Madam? What misadventure? There is no misadventure.

MRS. TALMANN: And more than a witness, Mr. NEVILLE—an accessory to misadventure.

MR. NEVILLE: Madam, you are fanciful

MRS. TALMANN: Mr. NEVILLE, I have grown to believe that a really intelligent man makes an indifferent painter, for painting requires a certain blindness—a partial refusal . . .

[Back to: view through the drawing-frame.]

MRS. TALMANN: . . . to be aware of all the options. An intelligent man will know more about what he is drawing than he will see. And in the space between knowing and seeing, he will become[. . .]constrained, unable to pursue an idea strongly, fearing that the discerning—those who he is eager to please, will find him wanting if he does not put in, not only what he knows, but what they know as well. You, Mr. NEVILLE, if you are an intelligent man and thus an indifferent painter, will perceive that a construction such as I have suggested could well be placed on the evidence contained in your drawing. If you are, as I have heard tell, a talented draughtsman, then I could imagine that you could suppose that the objects I have drawn your attention to, form no plan, stratagem, or—indictment.

MR. NEVILLE: Indictment, Madam? You are ingenious—I am allowed to be neither of the two things that I wish to be at the same time.

[Back to med: the two figures from the side. As she continues, Mrs. TALMANN comes forward & sits beside NEVILLE on the stool.]

MRS. TALMANN: I propose, since I am in a position to throw a connecting plot over the inconsequential items in your drawing, an interpretative plot that I could explain to others to account for my father's disappearance—and there's no word now from my father having arrived in Southampton.

[Back to: shot through drawing-frame. As she now sits, their heads are level.]

MRS. TALMANN: I propose that we could come to . . . some arrangement that might protect you and humour me. I suggest that we come to a similar arrangement as you have struck with my mother.

[Back to med: As she speaks, Mrs. TALMANN gathers her skirts, rises & goes round before the drawing-frame. NEVILLE rises slowly & follows her as she walks off left.]

MRS. TALMANN I would like you now to accompany me to the library where I know that Mr. NOYES is waiting for us.

[High-angle ls: the prospect of Drawing 6, from behind the stool & frame past the shirt draped bush & statue of Hermes to the north side of the house. The two walk along sedately, she glancing back to him as she reaches the shirt-bush, he pausing slightly to glance at the bush as they pass by & disappear left behind it.]

MRS. TALMANN: . . . and for each remaining drawing to agree . . .

MR. NEVILLE: . . . and for each remaining drawing to agree . . .

MRS. TALMANN: . . . to meet Mrs. TALMANN, in private . . .

MR. NEVILLE: . . . ~~and~~ to agree to meet Mrs. TALMANN, in private . . .

[High-angle med: the same table & writing implements as in Title Sequence VII, where the first contract, between NEVILLE & Mrs. HERBERT was drawn up. The seating here is reversed (though the figure proposing the terms is seated in the same place as before), with NEVILLE left, Mrs. TALMANN right & Mr. NOYES, as before, facing the camera. As Mrs. TALMANN reads from a completed contract before her NOYES follows along. As she finishes her last line, the music fades, & both she & NOYES look knowingly at NEVILLE.]

MRS. TALMANN: . . . and to comply with her requests concerning her pleasure, with me.

MR. NEVILLE: . . . and to comply with her requests concerning her pleasure, with me.

[SCENE 32: WEST, EAST, NORTH & EAST OF HOUSE—SITES OF 7, 8, 9 & 10]
[Ls: past a chair & drawing-frame, over the moat-bridge to the west-front of the house.]

MR. NEVILLE: Drawing No. 7:
From 7 o'clock in the morning until 9, the whole of the front prospect of the house will be kept clear of members of the household, household servants, horses and carriages.

[Med-ls: past picture rack, chair & drawing-frame towards the southeast bath-house.]

MR. NEVILLE: Drawing No. 8:
From 9 o'clock in the morning until 11, the gardens in front of the bath house building will be kept clear. No coals will be burnt to cause smoke to issue from the bath house chimnies.

[Ls: through the drawing-frame's, down the centre of the yew-walk between the cylindrical bushes, to the great obelisk outside the far, garden-wall gate. At the end of the walk, Mrs. TALMANN, with parasol & greyhound, comes through the yews, left, puts the parasol at the foot of a yew & passes between the yews opposite. *It looks to be mid-afternoon.*]

[Rev-med-cu: back through the frame at NEVILLE. He looks bemused at what he sees.]

[Back to ls: halfway along the walk, Mrs. TALMANN comes through the yews right, removes & drops her gloves, crosses over & goes through left. As NEVILLE stops speaking, she comes through the yews closer on the left, hangs her jacket on a yew & crosses again.]

MR. NEVILLE: From 11 o'clock in the morning until 1, the yew tree walk in the centre of the lower garden, will be kept completely clear of all members of Mr. HERBERT's family, members of his household staff and animals.

[Rev-med-cu: through the frame as before at NEVILLE, now looking a bit puzzled.]

[Cu: the centre of the drawing as if a subjective shot from NEVILLE's perspective.]

[Back to ls: Mrs. TALMANN comes out right & drops her dress on the grass. Wearing only her petticoats, & leading the dog, she comes up, centre, before the drawing-frame & stops.]

MRS. TALMANN: It is time Mr. NEVILLE.

[Ls: from far out in the east field, through a drawing-frame, towards the house. At first, all is in the shadow of a cloud, but as it passes the sun hits the house and then slowly sweeps the field towards the frame. *It looks to be sometime between 7 a.m. & noon.*]

MR. NEVILLE: From 2 o'clock in the afternoon until 4, the back of the house and the sheep pasture on the eastern side will be kept free of all members of the household and farm servants.

[SCENE 33: MR. NEVILLE'S ROOM]

[Med: a small room in shuttered light as Mrs. HERBERT enters, covering her mouth with lace from her headpiece. She sits on a chair NEVILLE is holding, foreground. He takes a painting (about 12" x 18") from the far wall, asks her to stand, and puts it on the chair.]

MR. NEVILLE: The reason I have suggested you come here is because I have borrowed this painting from the house. Madam would you stand. Are you not intrigued by it?

[He swings onto his bed, near foreground. As she speaks, he pats the bed & she sits by him.]

MRS. HERBERT: I confess I have paid it little attention.

[NEVILLE starts to unlace her dress & the scene inter-cuts 11 shots of painting & the pair on the bed (each shot is numbered, in square brackets). From left to right, the painting shows: two young couples stumbling on an elderly, grotesque figure, on the ground, a mask raised in his right hand, a torch lowered in his left; a bright, central figure, right foot on the grotesque, pointing to a small, classical temple in shadow, right; the temple, with a cherub before an altar, below a painting; before the temple, two elderly figures turn away right; above, lightening flashes by an illuminated sundial. The shots are: 1) cu: the full painting; 2) ex-cu: the couples; 3) ex-cu: lightening & sundial (showing 5 o'clock); 4) cu: the full painting; 5) back to: the couple on the bed, as NEVILLE reaches for scissors & cuts Mrs. HERBERT's lacing.]

MR. NEVILLE: Your husband surprises me with his eccentric and eclectic taste. Whilst [While] most of his peers are content to collect portraits, mostly of an edifying family connection, Mr. HERBERT, seems to collect anything. [1]Perhaps he has an eye for optical theory. [2]Or the plight of lovers. [3]Or the passing of time. [4]What do you think? [5]Perhaps, Madam, he has—and I would stand by him in this—an interest in the pictorial conceit. Can you see why your husband had reason to buy it?

MRS. HERBERT: It is of a garden—that is probably reason enough.

[6) cu: temple interior & two elderly figures; 7) cu: central figure & temple; 8) back to: the bed, with NEVILLE passing his hand over Mrs. HERBERT's bare back as he speaks; 9) ex-cu: the lightening; 10) cu: the grotesque on the ground; 11) cu: the full painting.]

MR. NEVILLE: True, true, but what of the events that are happening within it, um?
[6]Shall we peruse it together? Do you see, Madam, [7]a narrative in these apparently unrelated episodes? There is drama is there not in this[. . .]overpopulated garden? [8]What intrigue is here? Do you think the characters have something to tell us? Would you know, Madam, if your daughter[. . .]had any particular interest in this painting? [9]Madam, could you put a season to it? Madam, do you have an opinion? [10]What infidelities are portrayed here? [11]Do you think[. . .]that murder is being prepared?

[SCENE 34: EASTSIDE, IN & OUT OF THE BATH-HOUSE]

[Med-ls: in misty light, across gently rising grassland, Mr. CLARKE leads a grey horse]

MRS. TALMANN: Did you hear that a horse had been found at Strides,[. . .]

[Med: a raised wooden tub, centre, with NEVILLE undressing, left, just as Mrs. TALMANN climbs up onto a platform, right, so that her head and shoulders are not visible.]

MRS. TALMANN: [. . .]which is about three miles from here on the road if followed long enough could lead you to Southampton. I will stay dressed, Mr. NEVILLE, you will not. Mr. CLARKE says the horse has been badly treated.

[Med-ls: through the drawing-frame (for Drawing 8) at the the bath-house cupola, in which Mrs. TALMANN's head comes into view.]

MR. NEVILLE: It could be said that all roads can lead to Southampton if the traveller on horse is ingenious enough.

[Back to: opening shot inside bath-house. Mr. NEVILLE is removing his trousers.]

MR. NEVILLE: I've heard of a horse that found its way to Dover—and boarded a ship taking hay to Calais. The French, Madam, do not treat horses kindly—they eat them. Was your horse partly eaten, Madam? May I leave my hat on?

[Ls: over the drawing equipment at the cupola, in which Mrs. TALMANN's head is visible.]

MRS. TALMANN: Your chair looks insignificant out there, Mr. NEVILLE.

MR. NEVILLE: What significant assumption are we to make, Madam[. . .]

[Back to: opening shot inside bath-house as NEVILLE removes his stockings & drawers.]

MR. NEVILLE: [. . .]of a wounded horse belonging to your father found on the road to Southampton?

MRS. TALMANN: The first assumption is that the horse has no business being there without my father and why is it wounded and what does that imply for my father.

[NEVILLE mounts the tub, pauses, then climbs in & sits. As he does, Mrs. TALMANN lowers herself beside the tub, to sit on the platform on which she has been standing.]

MR. NEVILLE: And the second assumption will no doubt implicate me, since a saddle-less horse has now found its way into this morning's drawing. Mrs. TALMANN, why don't you now leave the window and come to the basin. Don't worry, your position of superiority will not be diminished. I will still have to look up to you. Since I have taken valuable time to fill this basin with a little water[. . .]

[Med-cu: at the wall, with door right, separating the bath-house from the east-side lawn.]

MR. NEVILLE: [. . .]why not share it with me?

[The door opens a crack & the greyhound is pushed out. It turns & whines at the door.]

[SCENE 35: MRS. HERBERT'S ROOM & EAST-SIDE OF HOUSE]

[High-angle ls: from an upper, east-window down on moat, grass verge, wooden gate & field (approx. reverse-angle of Drawing 12). Philip leans on the gate; Mr. CLARKE walks a white horse on the verge. Two men with dog & wheelbarrow approach from the field. This shot is intercut with an interior one across a room to a south window. Sometimes we see the upper part of Mr. NEVILLE, who apparently kneels between Mrs. HERBERT's legs.]

MR. NEVILLE: You have a curious mole, Mrs. HERBERT, and it is ideally placed.

[Inside Mrs. HERBERT's room.]

MR. NEVILLE: Does your gardener catch moles, Mrs. HERBERT?

MRS. HERBERT: No, he says they are to be encouraged for good luck and the destruction of one's enemies.

MR. NEVILLE: They trip up horses, Mrs. HERBERT.

MRS. HERBERT: You will not persuade Mr. Porringer to persecute them.

MR. NEVILLE: A curious man, and ideally placed.

MRS. HERBERT: Ideally placed for what?

MR. NEVILLE: Why for persuading a fine white horse from Southampton to go lame in the leg.

[Outside: Mr. Porringer has joined the scene & is examining the horse.]

MRS. HERBERT: You have nothing to fear from Mr. Porringer[. . .]

[Inside Mrs. HERBERT's room.]

MRS. HERBERT: [. . .]Mr. NEVILLE. He watches you for his own amusement.

MR. NEVILLE: As I do you, Madam. You seem nonetheless to be curiously keen to protect your gardener. It is not you, Madam[. . .]

[Outside: Porringer, groom & horse go off right.]

MR. NEVILLE: [. . .]but his breeches that are his best defence. A man in red breeches could scarcely be considered an inconspicuous conspirator, Madam. Unlike that other fool who behaves like a statue[. . .]when you least expect.

[SCENE 36: WEST & EASTSIDE OF HOUSE—DRAWINGS 7 & 10]

[Ls: west-front, as Mr. CLARKE waits beside the chair & drawing-frame for Drawing 7.]

[Med: Mrs. TALMANN & NEVILLE, from their right, as they sit on a bench before a drawing-frame under a tree in a field (the location for Drawing 10).]

MRS. TALMANN: Away from the house, Mr. NEVILLE, I—I feel I grow smaller in significance.

[A bell faintly begins to strike 7.]

MR. NEVILLE: Madam, what signifies, does not grow smaller for me.

MRS. TALMANN: Your significance Mr. NEVILLE is attributable to both innocence and arrogance in equal parts.

MR. NEVILLE: Er, you can handle both with impunity, Mrs. TALMANN.

[Med-cu: the pair face-on.]

MR. NEVILLE: But you will find that they are not symmetrical, you will find that one weighs heavier than the other. Which do you think is the heavier, Mrs. TALMANN.

MRS. TALMANN: Your innocence, Mr. NEVILLE, is always sinister, so I will say that the right one[. . .]

[Ls: the same position & shadows as the last shot of Sc. 32 (for Drawing 10), out in the east field, through a drawing-frame grid, towards the house. *It looks to be between 7 a.m. & noon.*]

MRS. TALMANN: [. . .]is the heaviest.

MR. NEVILLE: Madam, your dexterity is admirable.

[SCENE 37: NIGHTTIME, INSIDE TALMANN'S BEDROOM]

[Med: the TALMANNs sitting on their bed, she, left, faces forward, he, right, facing her.]

MR. TALMANN: You spend too much time with Mr. NEVILLE.

MRS. TALMANN: How is that?

MR. TALMANN: The man is a pariah. He eats like a vagrant and dresses like a barber.

MRS. TALMANN: What compliments! I think he would be amused . . .

MR. TALMANN: As for his servant—he looks like a fleece with a foot disease.

MRS. TALMANN: (*LAUGHS*) Do you not think Mr. NEVILLE is knowledgeable?

MR. TALMANN: About what?
About what, Madam? Madam, I could take your silence as provocation.

MRS. TALMANN: And why, Sir, should I wish to provoke you.

MR. TALMANN: To excite me to think that you might wish to compliment Mr. NEVILLE with more than praise for his knowledgeability.

MRS. TALMANN: The complexity of your speech does you credit, Louis, but it far exceeds the complexity of any relationship I might have with Mr. NEVILLE—which is indeed very simple. He's a paid servant of my mother's, bound by a contract. That is all. I'm encouraged by my mother to see him honour it.

MR. TALMANN: Is his pleasure in your encouragement so necessary?

MRS. TALMANN: Although Mr. NEVILLE has qualities, he is neither as intelligent nor, for that matter, as talented as he thinks. Both characteristics you have observed from the start, Louis—though I admit more by prejudice than by observation.

[SCENE 38: DAYTIME, WEST-FRONT & SOUTHSIDE OF HOUSE]

[Cu: a quick, series of shots of drawings 1 (East-side: rear of house), 2 (North-side: formal garden), 3 (Northeast-corner: laundry garden), 5 (North-side: hill prospect) & 6 (North-side: statue of Hermes), in order—however, Drawing 4 (West-side: front prospect) is missing.]

[Med: of an elaborate settee on a carpet before the front porch. NEVILLE, left, back to the camera, faces Mr. SEYMOUR & another man. Beside him on the settee sit Mrs. TALMANN &, further right, Mrs. HERBERT, looking right. Beside her, & slightly behind, stands Mr. TALMANN & Mrs. PIERPOINT. NEVILLE turns right, towards Mrs. TALMANN as she speaks. When he mentions Mr. HERBERT, the two men behind him exchange glances.]

MRS. TALMANN: I understand that you will be leaving us tonight, Mr. NEVILLE.

MR. NEVILLE: With Mrs. HERBERT's permission, I will be leaving after the arrival of Mr. HERBERT and after he has passed an opinion on the drawings of his house. If my servant has obtained a vehicle, I will be leaving in the morning.

MR. TALMANN: And, of course, Mr. NEVILLE, the sooner the better—as you no doubt expected me to say.

MR. NEVILLE: You Sir, have acquainted me with your opinion on drawing, on horticulture[. . .]

[As he speaks, NEVILLE turns further right & gestures in the direction of the front gate.]

[Rev-angle med-ls: the open front gate to the house with the main bridge. At the far end of the bridge, the dark-grey figure of the living statue, with Roman cape & cuirass matching his body-paint, climbs up on the parapet & runs along it in a crouch towards the gatepost.]

MR. NEVILLE: [. . .]the Roman church, childbearing, the place of women in English life, the history and politics of Lubeck, and the training of dogs[. . .]

[Back to med: the figures before the porch. As NEVILLE continues, he walks round behind the settee & leans on its high back, between the heads of mother & daughter.]

MR. NEVILLE: . . . so I am in a fair position to anticipate your opinion as to my departure.

MR. TALMANN: And is Radstock to greet you with such devoted hospitality?

MR. NEVILLE: Mr. TALMANN, Sir,[. . .]

[Back to rev-angle: the gate as the statue figure climbs up onto part of its base, watching.]

MR. NEVILLE: I have been treated with as great hospitality as I could wish for in Mrs. HERBERT's house.

[Cu: a quick series of shots of drawings 7 (West-side: front of house), 8 (East-side: bath-house), 9 (North-side: yew tree walk), 10 (East-side: distant, back prospect), 11 (North-side: bridge & garden), 12 (East-side: back of house) in order.]

MR. SEYMOUR: Your drawings are full of the most unexpected observation, Mr. NEVILLE,[. . .]

[Med: west-front, to the left of the opening shot of the scene (the settee is just out of view left). NEVILLE sits at a table, centre, with his drawings before him. Mr. TALMANN leans against a pillar, left, looking left; Mrs. PIERPOINT & the extra man stand on a step above; SEYMOUR stands right of NEVILLE & to his right, just out of shot, is Mrs. TALMANN.]

MR. SEYMOUR: [. . .]and looking at them is akin to pursuing a complicated allegory. Are you sure this ladder was there?

MR. NEVILLE: Indisputedly.

MR. SEYMOUR: And what is this? It looks like a . . .

MR. NEVILLE: Whatever it is, it was there. Mrs. TALMANN will confirm it.

[At this, Mr. TALMANN turns towards NEVILLE.]

MR. TALMANN: How is that? How will my wife confirm it?

MRS. TALMANN: Mr. NEVILLE is probably too encompassing in his statement.

[Med-cu: statue at the gate post, turning his head slightly to hear better what is being said.]

MRS. TALMANN: I can, however, confirm the sighting of the ladder—

[Back to med: TALMANN, NEVILLE, SEYMOUR, et al. As she continues, SEYMOUR leans forward to identify the detail in question.]

MRS. TALMANN: [. . .]it is propped against my father's withdrawing-room.

MR. SEYMOUR: It is indeed, Madam. You have an exact knowledge.

MR. NEVILLE: As exact a knowledge as though, Madam, you had placed it there yourself, would you say?

[Back to med-ls: gate & bridge with statue still listening. Mr. CLARKE approaches from the far end of the bridge, removing his hat as he comes.]

MRS. TALMANN: Mr. NEVILLE, if ever I had such a mind to, I would have found it impossible to have lifted it.

[Back to: group round the drawings. As she speaks Mrs. TALMANN looks towards the gate.]

MRS. TALMANN: It would have taken—

[Back to med-ls: gate & bridge with statue & Mr. CLARKE.]

MRS. TALMANN: [. . .]two men.

[CLARKE has stopped at the gate & hits the statue with his hat as he yells.]

MR. CLARKE: Halt!

[Rs: all those round the drawings look up in the direction of the shout at the gate.]

[Back to med-ls: the gate & bridge, as Mr. CLARKE waves his hat & tells the statue to go.]

MR. CLARKE: Away!

[The statue jumps down & runs back across the bridge. CLARKE turns to the group.]

MR. TALMANN: What do you want Mr. CLARKE?

MR. CLARKE: Can you come with me, Sir. It's important.

[Med-cu: at the edge of the moat, one servant in the water & two on land struggle to draw the corpse of Mr. HERBERT from the water. A ladder lies on the grass beside them.]

[Med-ls: the first ever from the south-side of the house, showing, across the plane of the shot (foreground to background) rough grass with a gravel path, the moat, a memorial flame, an equestrian statue, with corner obelisks & a tall brick wall. The servants roll the body onto the bank as TALMANN, SEYMOUR & NEVILLE stride in left. TALMANN stops short, turns to the camera & strikes a lordly pose. SEYMOUR & NEVILLE go to where the servants turn the body onto the ladder. SEYMOUR seems surprised & looks from body to TALMANN & back. TALMANN remains impassive. SEYMOUR takes charge & points right with his stick, indicating the body should be taken round the east-side. NEVILLE walks up to TALMANN, who looks down at his father-in-law. As SEYMOUR leads the body off right, TALMANN follows in a stately manner. NEVILLE stands directly opposite the statue & stares across at it. He then turns right in the direction of the out-of-shot procession.]

[Rev-cu: NEVILLE's face looking left (in the direction of the body). He slowly turns back to look in the statue's direction. He squints & winks slightly.]

[Rev-med: the statue. The rider is in classical dress. On the wall are two dark escutcheons.]

[SCENE 39: INSIDE HOUSE & OUT THE NORTHSIDE]

[Med: a darkened room. Mrs. HERBERT, in black, stands at the far wall next to a shuttered window (brilliant light streams through a crack). Suddenly, light from the near side of the room shines across her. She shields her eyes & turns to the right. Mr. NOYES moves into shot left, in black, & stops in the foreground. As she speaks she covers her face with her fan.]

MR. NOYES: Madam, it is most important that I speak with you.

MRS. HERBERT: I cannot now, Thomas.

MR. NOYES: I am in a position to insist.

MRS. HERBERT: Thomas, after what has happened, I refuse to speak to you just now. You must take care of affairs yourself, or in the last resort, you must ask Mr. TALMANN.

[NOYES advances to her.]

MR. NOYES: Telling Mr. TALMANN what is on my mind will not help you.

MRS. HERBERT: What do you mean?

MR. NOYES: I mean, Madam, that I'm sure I'm shortly to be accused of the murder of your husband. And I'm determined to confront that eventuality well protected.

[She drops her fan from her face.]

MRS. HERBERT: And who will accuse you?

MR. NOYES: Firstly, I think will be your son-in-law, abetted and witnessed probably by his servants.

MRS. HERBERT: How can that be?

MR. NOYES: I need your assistance.

MRS. HERBERT: To what end? If my son-in-law believes that you're guilty of the murder of Mr. HERBERT[. . .](*SIGHS*).
[*(SOFTLY)*] Leave me.
(SHOUTS) Maria!

MR. NOYES: Calling your servants is not going to help.

MRS. HERBERT: What do you mean? [*(LOUDLY)*] Maria!

MR. NOYES: I mean the draughtsman's contract, Madam.

[A door opens, throwing brilliant light across Mrs. HERBERT, who again shields her eyes. Maria steps just into view, left.]

MRS. HERBERT: What of it? Maria, call Mr. TALMANN.

MR. NOYES: I mean your contractual obligations to Mr. NEVILLE.

MRS. HERBERT: What of them?

[NOYES turns back to the middle of the room & stands against the left wall, by a dresser.]

MR. NOYES: Madam, you are disingenuous beyond words.

[Mrs. HERBERT takes her hand from her eyes & begins to fan herself as she advances towards her servant. She is upset & thinking on her feet. As she reaches Maria she turns & goes back to the far side of the room, where she rests her left arm on the back of a tall chair.]

MRS. HERBERT: Maria, don't bother to call Mr. TALMANN, fetch me instead a—
fetch me nothing, I'm not thirsty just at present. (*SIGHS*)

[Maria retreats from the room closing the door as she goes, shutting off the flood of light. Mrs. HERBERT looks back across her arm towards NOYES.]

MRS. HERBERT: Now . . . Mr. NOYES, what are you inferring?

MR. NOYES: I am to be unjustly and unscrupulously accused of the murder of your husband.

MRS. HERBERT: On what grounds?

MR. NOYES: That I was the most likely person to have done it. That I was the only person, with the exception of your servants, to know [of] Mr. HERBERT's return on Friday. That I am culpable because of my known feelings towards your husband.

MRS. HERBERT: That is ridiculous—there was—

[She turns & advances across the room again, where she stops to look at him.]

MR. NOYES: —and Madam, I am the only person in the group of people you are about to mention, who was not at home awaiting the arrival of Mr. HERBERT. And, further Madam, because of my known feelings towards you.

[She returns again to the far side of the room & looks out the chink in the shutters.]

MRS. HERBERT: Is all that sufficient reason?

MR. NOYES: There is more.

[Med: outside northside of house as a servant skims the moat using a net on a long pole. This is the approximate location of the drawing-frame for Drawing 11.]

MR. NOYES: Mr. HERBERT's study is mysteriously littered with papers and my gloves are there. Now against this conspiracy, I need your protection and more.

[Med-Is: a pull-back shot of the same location .]

MRS. HERBERT: If you're guilty, Thomas, you shall have neither.

MR. NOYES: With Mr. NEVILLE's contract, Madam, I shall have them both—for your protection and for seven hundred guineas, I will trade you the contract of your infidelities.

[Back to: Mrs. HERBERT & NOYES. She sits in the chair, he stands, right, looking at her.]

MRS. HERBERT: I have no money. Seven hundred is a calculated sum.

[He looks at the wall opposite him.]

MR. NOYES: I will trade you the contract for the drawings. You have twelve drawings and Mr. NEVILLE has a reputation.

MRS. HERBERT: What, for twelve drawings executed privately?

[As he speaks he walks to the wall & turns to stand next to the dresser.]

MR. NOYES: Consider, Madam. —~~the~~ [The]drawings ~~could~~ [can] be construed as an embarrassment to you. And the original purpose and significance of the drawings as a gift to your husband is absolved.

MRS. HERBERT: Those drawings, Mr. NOYES, have cost me too much already.

[NOYES walks forward & stops between Mrs. HERBERT & the camera.]

MR. NOYES: They ~~could~~ [may] cost you a great deal more, ~~Madam~~. They ~~could~~ [may] cost you possibly everything. An adulteress with a dead husband is no reputation to relish.

MRS. HERBERT: And Mr. NEVILLE?

[NOYES moves further right & turns back to face the wall.]

MR. NOYES: What of Mr. NEVILLE? He's gone to Radcote.

MRS. HERBERT: What part is he in this stratagem?

MR. NOYES: He is not a part of my stratagem.

MRS. HERBERT: He could be party to a future arrangement with the same intent.

[NOYES turns & walks to the window, turns again & puts a hand on the back of her chair.]

MR. NOYES: You paid him a fee, Madam, and you offered him full board on your property during the commission. To the prying eye that is as much as he is usually worth. With the contract in your ~~possession~~ [hand] and ~~then~~ destroyed, why should the world think you have offered him more?

[She turns slightly to him.]

MRS. HERBERT: Where is that contract now?

[He puts his hand to his breast.]

MR. NOYES: I have it here, Madam. Where are the drawings?

[She turns back towards the dresser.]

MRS. HERBERT: What would be said[. . .]if I no longer had the drawings?

MR. NOYES: That you destroyed them, for without your husband they were valueless to you.

MRS. HERBERT: And what would happen, Mr. NOYES, if it were known that they were for sale? Your stratagem is weak.

MR. NOYES: That you sold them[. . . er] in order to[. . .]afford a memorial to your husband, or alternatively, that[. . .]you sold them in order to rid the house of something which pains you ~~every~~ [each] time you see [look upon] them.

[SCENE 40: A STAIRCASE & LOWER ROOM IN THE HOUSE]

[Very low-angle: up some stairs to a landing. Light streams through a large window beyond. Mr. NOYES & Mrs. PIERPOINT descend to the landing & stop. As they do, NOYES turns to her (both are dressed in black). He carries a portfolio under his left arm.]

MR. NOYES: You once asked me, Mrs. PIERPOINT, if I could supply you with a ribald piece of gossip.

[She gently moves the lace (which hangs from her headdress) away from her left breast.]

MRS. PIERPOINT: And I remember your friendly gesture at the time.

MR. NOYES: (LAUGHS) Ah, Madam—

[He moves the lace away from her right breast.]

MR. NOYES: [. . .]you Romans know how to be charitable.

[He leans over & kisses what he has so delicately uncovered.]

MR. NOYES: I can supply you with a little more than gossip. I'm in a position to invite you to help me elaborate and decorate such an item—an entertaining item. We need not work too hard for the rump of the matter has been well laid.

[He gestures slightly with the portfolio of drawings under his arm.]

MRS. PIERPOINT: And what [real] benefit do you think I might gain from this exercise?

MR. NOYES: Amusement—and a certain delight in a symmetrical stratagem, and the satisfaction that our betters might be seriously discomforted . . . and who knows, perhaps two parterres and a grove of orange trees—*(SHE LAUGHS)*—if Mrs. HERBERT is generous.

[She walks across to where he stood as he steps back to let her by.]

MRS. PIERPOINT: And why Mrs. HERBERT?

MR. NOYES: Because I think you will find she is mistress[. . .]

[Cu-2s: NOYES, left, looking right, Mrs. PIERPOINT, back to the wall, facing. Behind her, hangs a large oil painting. The detail visible between them is of a young woman about to cut a lock of hair (possibly a painting of Erminia & Tancred).]

MR. NOYES: [. . .]of strategy—and if you do not benefit from her directly—I think that, by and by, if you wait a few years, then you will achieve them from me—as a token of my esteem.

[Mrs. PIERPOINT turns to the right & begins to descend the stairs.]

MRS. PIERPOINT: From the same source?

[After a moment's pause, NOYES follows her down.]

MR. NOYES: Madam, I think you have understood me.

MR. SEYMOUR: A monument would need a designer.

[Med: inside the candle-lit room in which Mrs. HERBERT was seen retching in sc. 5. The stairs, in daylight, are visible through an open door at back. Mr. SEYMOUR sits at a dressing table with a cloth over his shoulders. He has just had his wig powdered by a servant. Beyond him stands Mrs. CLEMENT & to the right Mrs. PIERPOINT & Mr. NOYES.]

MR. SEYMOUR: Would a certain pecuniary draughtsman be eager to sign another contract?

MR. NOYES: As far as I am aware, Sir, the idea is Mrs. HERBERT's—though the expenses might be laid at Mr. NEVILLE's door.

MR. SEYMOUR: . . . an about face.

MR. NOYES: It is *his* drawings that are to be sold, not more of his talent. By Mr. NEVILLE's growing reputation, twelve drawings could be profitably sold to furnish a more solid and enduring monument. It is said that Mr. NEVILLE is to be invited to the Hague.

MRS. PIERPOINT: Aha . . . if I had the wherewithal I would advance Mrs. HERBERT one hundred guineas straight away for capital audacity—for bravura in the face of grief.

MRS. CLEMENT: Mr. HERBERT is no especial excuse for such generosity, but how publically directed is the gesture? How could posterity doubt her affection?

MRS. PIERPOINT: Just so.

MRS. CLEMENT: I shall offer three hundred guineas—not my own money, you understand. My father-in-law's—he can afford it—he collects, has no perspicacity, no knowledge. I shall tell him that they are Italian, Guido Reni, er Modesta. (*LAUGHS [AS DOES SEYMOUR]*) He shall hang them in the darkroom somewhere, and they shall never be seen again.

MR. NOYES: That is a great pity for they are full of illuminating details.

MR. SEYMOUR: Mr. NEVILLE moves forward in Mrs. HERBERT's susceptibilities like a man pressing a life-work by slow stages. Would there perhaps be an idea in Mr. NEVILLE's imagination for a certain contract to cap them all?

[As SEYMOUR finishes he turns to look back over his shoulder at NOYES.]

[SCENE 41: INSIDE THE ORANGERIE, SOUTHWEST-CORNER OF HOUSE]

[Med: the east-end of the room. Light streams in a tall window, left. On the wall are three paintings: large, rectangular, full-figure portraits of a man, left, & a woman, right, with a small circular bust-portrait of a woman centre. Before each rectangular painting is a standard orange tree in a box container. The POULENCs stand before a bureau, below the centre picture. Mr. NOYES stands to the right with an orange in his hand. The POULENCs speak, as usual, as if only to each other, elaborating their story with dramatic gestures. As they do, NOYES paces from side to side before them &, on one pass, smells deeply from the orange.]

POULENC II: . . . on horseback, a dashing St George, looking like a Jacobite with um . . .

POULENC I: . . . with a palette for a shield and a quiver full of brushes and a pen held crosswise in his teeth.

POULENC II: . . . with inkstained fingers . . .

POULENC I: . . . what is in his fingers?

POULENC II: . . . unmentionable . . . another pen? . . .

POULENC I: . . . it's like a pen . . .

POULENC II: . . . is it a pen? . . .

POULENC I: . . . a little pen . . .

POULENC II: . . . 'the pen is mightier than the sword' . . .

POULENC I: . . . we will forward four hundred guineas to this scabrous monument to a pen . . .

POULENC II: . . . and our receipt will be Mr. NEVILLE's drawing in the bath-house . . .

POULENC I: . . . the one with the little dog . . .

[POULENC II slaps his hands together in an obscene allusion.]

POULENC II: . . . um—wagging its tail . . .

[SCENE 42: NIGHTTIME, NORTHSIDE YEW WALK]

[In complete darkness, TALMANN & NOYES, each with a lantern, walk back & forth along the yew walk. The camera dollies with them on the near side of the bushes as in sc. 10.]

MR. TALMANN: Mrs. HERBERT does well to sell them. How much will they bring?

- MR. NOYES: They are worth what those who buy them wish to pay. Mr. SEYMOUR has tentatively offered four hundred guineas.
- MR. TALMANN: Huh!
- MR. NOYES: I am inclined to think he makes his offer generous to Mrs. HERBERT in order to interest her in a larger and a—a grander sale.
- MR. TALMANN: What other sale?
- MR. NOYES: Why, of course, of the house.
- MR. TALMANN: Well, that was very forward to him.
- MR. NOYES: I tested his ambition by suggesting that he might buy a set of distinguished drawings of it. Either way is a useful way to help Mrs. HERBERT to a—a more profitable bargain and thereby to help her demonstrate her loss, in the knowledge that er a larger sum would make ~~er~~ for a larger monument for her husband. Mr. HERBERT, one way or another, stands to benefit by Mr. NEVILLE's industry—as do we all, Sir.
- MR. TALMANN: I fail to see, for a start, my benefit, or for that matter, yours.
- MR. NOYES: Ha, [ha] Mr. TALMANN—you are disingenuous. You, Sir, as—by your leave—your future son's future guardian, stand in an enviable position and consider the neatness of it, Sir. The estate would have an enduring memorial which is part of the landscape, instead of twelve perishable items which are mere representations of it.
- MR. TALMANN: I fail to see why Mr. SEYMOUR's presumption should gain him a part of my son's inheritance.
- MR. NOYES: Maybe there again, Mr. SEYMOUR will be doing you a favour, Sir.
- MR. TALMANN: What do you mean?
- MR. NOYES: By taking away the possibility of your son ever seeing them—when you have one, as I'm sure you will.
- MR. TALMANN: Why should he not see them?
- MR. NOYES: Because, Sir, he might perceive the allegorical evidence in them which you might, Sir, be stubborn enough to deny . . .
- MR. TALMANN: Mr. NEVILLE had no use for allegory and I am unlikely to miss what my son would appreciate.

MR. NOYES: . . . an allegorical meaning, Sir, that might involve his mother.

[TALMANN stops & looks at NOYES, who naturally has stopped as well.]

MR. TALMANN: What? My wife? How is that.

MR. NOYES: It is[. . .]fancifully imputed, Sir, that Mr. NEVILLE saw you as a deceived husband.

MR. TALMANN: How was I deceived?

[SCENE 43: DAYTIME, INSIDE TALMANN'S BEDROOM]

[Med: Mrs. TALMANN stands centre foreground. Through an open doorway, right distance, an enraged Mr. TALMANN storms down a hallway, through the door & into the room. His wife turns her back to him as he rages up behind her. He immediately begins yelling at her.]

MR. TALMANN: I've been convinced, Sarah, that you have been deceiving me.

[She turns to him in surprise.]

MRS. TALMANN: What is the matter with your voice?

MR. TALMANN: Damn my voice.

MRS. TALMANN: If you did, it would scare me less. What's the matter with your face. Your face, Louis, is *very* red.

MR. TALMANN: No redder than *your* backside, Madam, when Mr. NEVILLE had finished with it.

[Looking angry, she turns & walks back to the left of the bed (in the centre of the back wall). Mr. TALMANN angrily follows to the right side of the bed, which they shout across.]

MRS. TALMANN: When your speech is as coarse as your face, Louis, you sound as impotent by day as you perform by night.

[He points an angry & accusing finger at her.]

MR. TALMANN: Night and day, Madam, your behaviour has been coarse and is now down in corresponding black and white for all the world to peer at[. . .]

[He turns towards the window right.]

MR. TALMANN: [. . .]whether the sun shines—or the wind blows—hot or cold . . .

MRS. TALMANN: Your speech, Louis, is becoming meterological. You must explain your conceit.

[He turns back towards her as he speaks.]

MR. TALMANN: It is no conceit, Madam, but Mr. NEVILLE's drawings.

MRS. TALMANN: I was sure you believed Mr. NEVILLE incapable of complicated meaning—what has he done now?

[He slams his fists, arms straight, down on the bed which shakes with the violence of it.]

MR. TALMANN: It is mostly what he has undone—it seems to be your person.

[She throws something at the window beside her then storms round to the end of the bed.]

MRS. TALMANN: I have no control over Mr. NEVILLE's drawings. He draws what he pleases.

[He comes round the end to face her.]

MR. TALMANN: He is not paid to draw for his own pleasure—nor, Madam, for yours.

MRS. TALMANN: And what makes you think he has done that?

MR. TALMANN: Probably the way it looks.

MRS. TALMANN: How does it look?

MR. TALMANN: The way the world sees it.

MRS. TALMANN: The world! There cannot be that many people who have seen these drawings. Who are these people that represent the world?

MR. TALMANN: SEYMOUR, NOYES, the POULENCES.

MRS. TALMANN: Ah—and what do they see?

MR. TALMANN: Enough, Madam, to delight them—to exercise their tongues[. . .]

[He turns & walks to a nearer window on the right.]

MR. TALMANN: [. . .]to discuss patrimony—

[Mrs. TALMANN follows & stands behind him.]

MRS. TALMANN: Or the lack of it. They see then what they have long been searching for, do you think?

[He looks over his shoulder at her.]

MR. TALMANN: And that means?

MRS. TALMANN: An opportunity to upbraid you for not producing an heir—

[He moves threateningly towards her & speaks close to her face.]

MR. TALMANN: Woman, it takes two.

MRS. TALMANN: It does indeed, Sir. You amaze me. And what has that to do with Mr. NEVILLE?

MR. TALMANN: I could ask you that, Madam.

MRS. TALMANN: You did not—you asked Mr. NOYES.

MR. TALMANN: It was he who pointed it out to me.

MRS. TALMANN: With his long nose he could point you in any way he wishes.

[She turns to go back towards the bed, but he grabs her arm & sits her down beside him on the chest at the foot of their bed.]

MR. TALMANN: Madam, you will look at those drawings and you will explain to me why a pleaching-ladder is conveniently placed under your window and why your revolting little dog is outside the bath-house and why your walking-clothes casually decorate the bushes of the yew-walk.

MRS. TALMANN: Your inventory, Louis, is unlimited—like your long, clean, white breeches—but there is nothing of substance in either of them.

[He throws himself off the chest & into a chair between the windows with a heavy sigh.]

MRS. TALMANN: Let me ask you, perhaps you can explain what your boots were doing in the sheep-field?

MR. TALMANN: They were not my boots.

MRS. TALMANN: And why was your undershirt idling on a hedge near the statue of Hermes.

MR. TALMANN: It was not my shirt.

MRS. TALMANN: Can you not see the drift of this domestic inquisition. You are answering me as I could answer you . . .

[Pointing an angry finger at her.]

MR. TALMANN: You cannot deny it is your dog . . .

[She stands & walks over to look down at him.]

MRS. TALMANN: . . . and whereas, with your final accusation, you pursue the ambiguity of an abandoned sunshade—you, Sir, are complete on paper, in a borrowed hat, and a borrowed coat, and a borrowed shadow I shouldn't wonder. Posing, Sir, with your knees tucked in and your arse tucked out—and a face like a Dutch fig and a supercilious Protestant whistle, I shouldn't wonder, on your supercilious smug lips . . . and Louis, you have always said that Mr. NEVILLE has no imagination—he draws what he sees. Whose patrimony were you apeing then? My father's?

[Now sounding heartbroken about her father, she walks forward to occupy the same position in the foreground she held when the scene opened—only looking back with her last words.]

MRS. TALMANN: And the world knows that he is dead and is not certain who killed him. The world might peer at those drawings and ask what conspiracy of inheritance did Mr. NEVILLE have for you.

MR. TALMANN: You are disreputable Madam—

[He slowly rises from the chair, turns & leans against the window casement & looks out.]

MR. TALMANN: [. . .]and you side with a tenant-farmer's son against your husband.

MRS. TALMANN: [Humph.]You have married the grand-daughter of an army victualler and there is nothing that I have said that suggests I side with Mr. NEVILLE . . . but I hope you will agree that he has been useful to us all. What have you done with his drawings?

MR. TALMANN: I've bought them for six hundred guineas and plan to destroy them.

[Turning slightly to look at him.]

MRS. TALMANN: Oh, it would be a pity to destroy them.

[He turns to her with a yell & approaches angrily.]

MR. TALMANN: Bah . . . you are concerned that posterity will know of your duplicity

[She speaks as if to a dull & senseless child.]

MRS. TALMANN: Louis—they contain evidence of another kind. A kind more valuable than that seized upon by those titillated by a scandal that smears your honour. Evidence that Mr. NEVILLE may be cognisant to the death of my father.

[SCENE 44: DAYTIME, EASTSIDE PARKLAND]

[Ls: among parkland trees, a groundsman rakes & burns leaves. Smoke mingles with mist. A rustic fence runs left to right. Through the mist & smoke, NEVILLE rides up, clad in white, comes through a gate into middle foreground & stops, looking off right, as if at something.]

[Subj-ls: through the smoke, mist & trees a bewigged figure is faintly visible carrying Mr. TALMANN's long, black stick. Seeing NEVILLE, or afraid to be seen, he scurries off left.]

[Back to ls: NEVILLE has now dismounted, who looks back to his horse & gives it a pat.]

[Cu: a burning fire of sticks & straw.]

[Med: two men put straw & branches on the fire. Then one begins to rake up somemore.]

MR. NEVILLE: Good morning, Madam.

[Med-ls: Mrs. TALMANN, left, & another man (with Dutch-style hat), right, look back in the space between them where Mr. NEVILLE bows deeply with a sweep of his hat, then comes striding forward & stands between them. NEVILLE's servant follows some distance behind, & goes over to stand before the fire to the right. He carries a small box in his left hand.]

MRS. TALMANN: Mr. NEVILLE.

MR. NEVILLE: Good morning [Sir]. . . .

MRS. TALMANN: Good morning—though the summer suddenly seems past and the weather less than good. What, Mr. NEVILLE, has brought you back to Anstey so soon? I thought our humble estate had seen the last of you.

MR. NEVILLE: I am staying, Madam, at Radstock with the Duke of Lauderdale, and have come at the invitation of Mr. SEYMOUR to find that curiously he is out and most of his house is shut up.

MRS. TALMANN: Mr. SEYMOUR, I understand, is in Southampton with my husband.

[At this news, NEVILLE seems puzzled & looks back over his shoulder, the way he came.]

MRS. TALMANN: The funeral was three days ago & they are discussing property.

MR. NEVILLE: It would seem then that my visit is poorly timed. Madam, may I ask after the health of your mother?

[Med-cu 3s: slightly past the Dutchman so that more of Mrs. TALMANN's face is visible.]

MRS. TALMANN: Although my mother was understandably disturbed by my father's death, she is now, from the knowledge that her affection for my father can never be reciprocated, at ease.

MR. NEVILLE: And what of yourself, Madam?

MRS. TALMANN: I am very well, Mr. NEVILLE. And we are thriving. Mr. VAN HOYTEN is to consider for us a new management of the grounds in an entirely fresh approach.

[At this, NEVILLE raises an eyebrow & shakes his head ever so slightly.]

MRS. TALMANN: He has come at our request to soften the geometry that my father found to his taste, and to introduce a new ease and complexion to the garden. Mr. VAN HOYTEN has worked in the Hague and he has presented Mr. TALMANN with some novel introductions which we will commence next spring. He is a draughtsman too.

VAN HOYTEN: (*MR. VAN HOYTEN SPEAKS IN DUTCH*) [. . .]

[Cu: Mr. VAN HOYTEN's face. He smiles ingratiatingly as he finishes speaking.]

[Ls: across the parkland to the northeast. The mist has cleared leaving blue sky & sunshine. Approaching in the middle distance are VAN HOYTEN, talking & holding the arm of, Mrs. TALMANN & Mr. NEVILLE, the only one in white. Into the frame left comes the greyhound led by Mrs. HERBERT. She stops as the group comes up, & another woman in black walks in right & crosses behind Mrs. HERBERT & goes on left. Both men remove their hats & bow to Mrs. HERBERT. NEVILLE now has the box his servant was carrying. As Mrs. TALMANN speaks, he opens the box to display the fruit within.]

MRS. TALMANN: Mr. NEVILLE has come, mother, as we both believed he might, and he has brought with him a rare gift from Radstock—three pomegranates from Lauderdale's gardener, reared in English soil under an English sun.

[As he speaks, NEVILLE steps forward to show Mrs. HERBERT the fruit. At the same time, his servant comes up on the left to the other woman who stands waiting. He greets her, they speak & then he leans closer as if telling her a secret.]

MR. NEVILLE: . . . but with the help, Madam, of one hundred panes of glass and half a year's supply of artificial heat.

MRS. HERBERT: ~~Hmm~~—t[~~T~~]hank you Mr. NEVILLE. We must see what we can do for you in return.

[As Mrs. TALMANN speaks, NEVILLE turns around to face her (his back to the camera), glancing once at Mrs. HERBERT as she refers to the planned changes.]

MRS. TALMANN: I was about to take Mr. Van Hoyten to the river—he has plans to make a dam and flood the lower field. I will no doubt see you later, Mr. NEVILLE.

[As the pair go off right, NEVILLE steps over to the right of Mrs. HERBERT, turning round to his right as he speaks in surprise.]

MR. NEVILLE: Flooded fields Madam.

[Ls: approx. 90° to the left of the preceding shot—the same shot as in sc. 32 (location for Drawing 10)—looking at the house from a southeasterly direction at the same time of day.]

MR. NEVILLE: Do you ~~plan~~ [intend] to join Anstey to the sea?

MRS. HERBERT: We are to have an ornamental lake. My son-in-law has ambitions for his countrymen—it is probably you, Mr. NEVILLE, that has opened his eyes to the possibilities of our landscape.

[Med-cu: Mrs. HERBERT, left, looking left, & NEVILLE, right, looking round between them where, in the distance, Mrs. TALMANN & van Hoyten walk—the latter waving his arms about grandly. In the distance is more parkland. The camera points almost due north.]

Why is this Dutchman wagging his arms about?

[Mrs. HERBERT turns to look off between them at the sight.]

MR. NEVILLE: Is he homesick for windmills?

MRS. HERBERT: (*LAUGHS*) Who knows? He's a man with new ideas . . . new ideas demand new methods, perhaps.

[She looks back around to the left of the screen, glancing occasionally at the dog, unseen at her feet, she does not look at NEVILLE as she continues, though he watches her intently.]

MRS. HERBERT: How was Radstock?

MR. NEVILLE: Fine enough, Madam, but dull after the excitements of Anstey.

MRS. HERBERT: Ah, and have you now come here to renew those excitements?

MR. NEVILLE: Oh, Madam, that would be presumptuous.

MRS. HERBERT: It would, indeed, Sir. All contracts have, after all, been honoured and the body has been buried.

MR. NEVILLE: Madam, that was blunt.

MRS. HERBERT: I remember, Sir, that you were blunt in your dealings with me.

[NEVILLE looks back again towards Mrs. TALMANN & Van Hoyten as he begins, then back to Mrs. HERBERT when he refers to her. He looks about when he speaks of the place.]

MR. NEVILLE: I was glad to see Mrs. TALMANN and in all truth, put as much a possibility as I could to see that a meeting with yourself might occur. I confess that I was curious to see the house and gardens again. To see what appearance they'd put on after this week of changing weather, but I admit, Madam, that it was out of curiosity to see you was behind the reason for my wishing to be invited to Mr. SEYMOUR's house.

MRS. HERBERT: Curiosity[. . .]does not sound a very respectful reason to visit a lady—even one you've had the pleasure of. And is it really myself that is the centre of your interest—and not my daughter?

MR. NEVILLE: Yes, Madam.

MRS. HERBERT: Ah—how's that?

MR. NEVILLE: My former contractual obligations, Madam, tied us together to my advantage, and at your husband's death it was again I who gained and you who lost.

MRS. HERBERT: . . . very confident of that, Mr. NEVILLE.

MR. NEVILLE: And I must confess that in losing, you have excited my curiosity further.

[He bites his lower lip.]

MRS. HERBERT: (*SIGHS*) How do you imagine my losses, Mr. NEVILLE?

MR. NEVILLE: Humiliations, Madam—each one exceeding the other.

[She smiles slightly to herself at this remark.]

MRS. HERBERT: Is losing a husband a humiliation . . .

[She looks up at him for the first time as she says his name.]

MRS. HERBERT: [. . .]Mr. NEVILLE?

[She looks down to the dog, whistles for it to come, turns to her left & goes off into the distance left. NEVILLE looks thoughtful for a moment, looks after her, then turns & follows.]

[SCENE 45: INSIDE THE DAYROOM, NORTHWEST-CORNER OF HOUSE]

[Med: Mrs. HERBERT, left, arms on a chair-back, stands before a sideboard below a tall, west window. NEVILLE, right, leans on a fireplace mantle (against the north wall)—it looks like the fireplace in Sc. 7. On the wall behind them are paintings & before that a small table set for tea. On a small ottoman at the foot of the table, the box of pomegranates sits open. When NEVILLE refers to the site for Drawing 13, he gestures in that direction with his hat.]

MR. NEVILLE: Madam, in making my arrangements here, I concluded with the possibility of thirteen sites, one of which had to be rejected to comply with the twelve drawings as commissioned. The site that was rejected was, as you will recall, ~~to the~~ south of the house and included the monument to the horse . . . it is the site where your husband's body was found.

MRS. HERBERT: It was that irony, Mr. NEVILLE, that was uppermost in enquiring minds at the discovery of Mr. HERBERT's body.

[As NEVILLE speaks, Mrs. HERBERT moves behind the table & sits down. As he speaks, NEVILLE crosses to sit in the chair on which Mrs. HERBERT had been leaning.]

MR. NEVILLE: The thirteenth site, Madam, was rejected for[. . .]no clear reason. It contained no view of the house—then that was true of several other of the drawings. Possibly it was the least characteristic of the garden's viewpoints, and was most powerful at the least advantageous times of day. And that is why, Madam, with your permission, I would like, if I may, to attempt to accomplish that drawing this afternoon—that is, if you have no objection.

MRS. HERBERT: Mr. NEVILLE[. . .]your approach is full of hesitant pleasantries.

MR. NEVILLE: Madam, that is because I am still unable to fully judge your present feelings as to past events.

[He removes his gloves & sits back crossing his legs as a woman servant comes in right with the teapot. As she leaves, Mrs. HERBERT checks that the pot is hot]

MRS. HERBERT: Mr. NEVILLE, suffice it to say that the object of my life has changed. I am a widow whereas I was[. . .]a wife. It could be construed that I was a widow whilst being a wife. I have only exchanged a false position that made me unhappy for . . . a true position[. . .]that has left me without any emotion. Mr. NEVILLE, I[. . .]propose to eat and ~~er~~ [uh] . . . I propose that you should eat with me, and when we are ready, I will show—along with my gardener, Mr. Porringer, what we at Anstey are capable of cultivating. It will be by way of returning your gift in kind, and who knows, it may be that we could revive—one more time—a liaison, outside of a contract[. . .]

[This gets NEVILLE's attention. He uncrosses his legs & sits forward.]

[Med 2s: across the table at Mr. NEVILLE, looking pleased. He recrosses his legs, towards her this time. As she finishes, she begins to pour tea.]

MRS. HERBERT: [. . .] to our mutual satisfaction—and then you must accomplish your thirteenth drawing. Is all that acceptable to you?

MR. NEVILLE: Madam, it is as if you'd planned it. I'm surprised, delighted—*(LAUGHS)*. Madam, I am overwhelmed.

[As she speaks she hands him a teacup, takes one for herself & they drink.]

MRS. HERBERT: Mr. NEVILLE, I will take all three states of your satisfaction into consideration. I have . . . quite legitimately, a freedom to exploit and I might as well exploit it with you . . . considering our past experience.

[SCENE 46: INSIDE THE HOUSE, THE ORANGERIE]

[Hight-angle med: down on sleeping figures of Mrs. HERBERT & Mr. NEVILLE lying *déshabillé* on a low bed or couch, over which is spread a heavy patterned cloth. He lies full-length with his abdomen uncovered, she lies in the opposite direction, her head on his legs, one breast exposed. She appears to waken, covers herself, & then rests her head on her hand, looking down off the side of the couch. There she notices the pomegranates sitting beside her on the floor. She picks one up & quietly places it on NEVILLE's abdomen. He wakens with a bit of a start, then sighs tiredly. They look at each other. As she begins to speak, she picks up the fruit from his midriff & turns it about in her hand.]

MRS. HERBERT: A pomegranate, Mr. NEVILLE—gift of Hades to Persephone.

MR. NEVILLE: Madam, my scholarship is not profound.

[She sits up a bit in surprise.]

MRS. HERBERT: Unusual of you, Mr. NEVILLE, to profess to an ignorance of a subject which before, you would be anxious to have us believe was an essential prerequisite to an artist's vocabulary.

MR. NEVILLE: Maybe, Madam, I am hesitating to acknowledge an unintended allusion.

[As she speaks, Mrs. HERBERT hands the fruit to NEVILLE, he reaching out to fondle it.]

MRS. HERBERT: By eating the fruit of the pomegranate, Mr. NEVILLE, Pluto kept Persephone in the Underworld.

MR. NEVILLE: Oh, a symbolic fruit Mrs. HERBERT.

MRS. HERBERT: And you've brought me three.

MR. NEVILLE: That was all Madam, that Mr. Clancy would spare me.

MRS. HERBERT: Maybe Mr. Clancy is a contriver of allusions.

[Letting go the pomegranate, NEVILLE sits up at this suggestion.]

MR. NEVILLE: How, how is that Mrs. HERBERT—are you acquainted with the man?

[Med-Is: down the room, with the couch just right of centre in the foreground. The room is as described in sc. 40. This time, a door is visible right. From this angle, Mrs. HERBERT faces the camera, Mr. NEVILLE faces away. Mrs. HERBERT holds the fruit before her as she speaks, referring to it or the room as her story suggests.]

MRS. HERBERT: Having been tricked into eating the fruit of the pomegranate, Mr. NEVILLE, Persephone was forced to spend a period of each year underground—during which time, as even Mr. Porringer will tell you, Persephone's mother, the goddess of fields, of gardens and of orchards, was . . . distraught, heart-broken . . . she sulks, and she refuses, adamantly refuses to bless the world with fruitfulness. Now . . . my Mr. Porringer and your Mr. Clancy try hard to defeat the influence of the pomegranate, by building places like these—don't you think? And having built them and stocked them and patiently tended them, what do they grow—why, the pomegranate—and we are turned full circle again.

MR. NEVILLE: Certainly a cautionary tale for gardeners, Madam.

MRS. HERBERT: And for mothers with daughters, Mr. NEVILLE.

[He throws himself back on the couch. As he talks, the door at the far end opens & Mrs. TALMANN enters dressed as last seen in the park. She closes the door with a bang.]

MR. NEVILLE: But, who knows, Madam, pomegranates grown in England might not have such unhappy allegorical significance.
(*SLAMM!*)

[Mr. NEVILLE sits up with a start, glancing at Mrs. HERBERT, but she seems unmoved.]

MRS. TALMANN: . . . plants from the hot-house, according to Mr. Porringer, are seldom fertile.

[Mrs. HERBERT sits up, taking a knife & napkin from the floor beside her. NEVILLE fusses with his unfastened trousers, turning away from Mrs. TALMANN & towards the camera.]

MR. NEVILLE: Fertile enough, Mrs. TALMANN to engender felicitous allusions . . .

[Mrs. HERBERT spreads the napkin on the couch & begins to cut open the pomegranate.]

MR. NEVILLE: [. . .]if not their own offspring.

MRS. HERBERT: And, of course, there are more . . .

[He turns round further to look at her & she stops cutting for a moment to look at him.]

MR. NEVILLE: More of what Madam?

MRS. HERBERT: Mr. NEVILLE, we well know your delight in the visual conceit.

[Mr. NEVILLE looks down to where she finishes cutting the juicy pomegranate in half. Putting the knife down, she takes half the fruit in each hand & squeezes the juice out of them onto the starched napkin, from whence it runs onto the floor.]

MRS. HERBERT: The juice of the pomegranate may be taken for . . . blood . . . and in particular the blood of the new born—

[Continuing to squeeze the fruit, she turns to look at NEVILLE.]

MRS. HERBERT: —and of murder.

[NEVILLE looks up from the 'allegorical' juice before him.]

MR. NEVILLE: Then thanks to your botanical scholarship, you must find it cruelly apt that I was persuaded to bring such fruit.

MRS. HERBERT: Oh, Mr. NEVILLE—I suspect that you were innocent of the insight[. . .]as you have been innocent of much else.

[NEVILLE is incredulous. As he speaks Mrs. HERBERT puts the pulp down on the napkin.]

MR. NEVILLE: [Ah . . .] Innocent, Madam? By impute I was convinced you thought me guilty, certainly of opportunism—probably of murder.

[Mrs. HERBERT dismissively flicks juice from her fingers. Her remarks surprise NEVILLE.]

MRS. HERBERT: What I do think you guilty of, I do not at all reproach you for. In our need of an heir, you may very likely have served us well.

MR. NEVILLE: Madam?

[Mrs. HERBERT licks juice from a finger then wipes her hands carefully on the dry, outer sections of the napkin. As Mrs. TALMANN speaks, NEVILLE turns to look at her.]

MRS. TALMANN: We had a contract, did we not?
You do not think I would have signed so much for pleasure alone?

[Mrs. HERBERT smiles slightly to herself. NEVILLE turns to her with his mouth open in shock & disbelief. Having finished wiping her hands, she turns to look at him & sighs heavily.]

MR. NEVILLE: (SIGHS)—Madam[. . .]

[He covers his face with his hands.]

MR. NEVILLE: [. . .]that was ingenious?

[Mrs. TALMANN looks away dismissively, then walks up beside NEVILLE & looks down on him as she speaks. He drops his hands & looks up to her.]

MRS. TALMANN: Since when has adultery been ingenious?
Mr. NEVILLE you are ridiculous.

[She walks on past the camera on right. As she goes, NEVILLE reaches out to her in an almost child-like, beseeching gesture. At the same time, Mrs. HERBERT puts on her slippers, licks another finger, rises & walks forward past the camera on the left. NEVILLE watches her go. NEVILLE looks back in Mrs. TALMANN's direction.]

MRS. TALMANN: And why should you have murdered Mr. HERBERT?
For what reason?

[NEVILLE, looking about worried & disbelieving, climbs to his knees on the couch, further fastening his trousers & tucking in his shirt. He looks back & forth to the two women.]

MR. NEVILLE: Mr. TALMANN believes I had reason enough.

MRS. TALMANN: Yes, Mr. TALMANN is in Southampton still trying to find or invent some responsibility for you in the matter.

MRS. HERBERT: He will not forgive your indiscretion with Sarah. But he will not disown his wife, for then, you see, he would lose Anstey.

[He points a finger of certainty in Mrs. TALMANN's direction, looking back & forth between the two as if his wit had proven itself.]

MR. NEVILLE: I am sure that Mr. TALMANN is not in Southampton for did I not see him on the carriage drive here this afternoon?

MRS. TALMANN: Why, I think not. He is in Southampton, with Mr. SEYMOUR.

[Rev-med-Is: across the figure of NEVILLE, still kneeling on the couch, towards the women. They stand against the far, west wall, daughter & mother, left & right, each before a tall window, a large, arched painting on the wall between, & with standard orange trees about them. Light from the westering sun washes the space about them.]

MR. NEVILLE: I do not think that Mr. SEYMOUR can be in Southampton, for he stopped my servant this morning at Radstock to ask after me, and on the understanding that I had some hope of seeing you, was according to my servant, more than pleased. I am convinced that we will see him this afternoon.

MRS. TALMANN: I confess I am surprised, Mr. NEVILLE, if that is the case. I will enquire.

[Glancing briefly at her mother, Mrs. TALMANN walks forward as far as the couch before Mrs. HERBERT speaks, at which point she stops & looks back to her mother. As Mrs. HERBERT speaks, she too walks forward to stand just before Mr. NEVILLE.]

MRS. HERBERT: Sarah, ask Mr. Porringer to get Mr. NEVILLE a chair. He intends to make a drawing for me in the garden—by that horse.

[Mrs. TALMANN turns to go, but is stopped again, beside NEVILLE, who watches her. She looks back at him, almost coyly, as she then walks forward past the camera left.]

MRS. HERBERT: And, Sarah, ask Mr. Porringer to bring Mr. NEVILLE a pineapple—a small one, they're sweeter. You would care to try a pineapple would you not, Mr. NEVILLE?

MR. NEVILLE: Madam, I would be delighted.

[(*THE DOOR SLAMS*)]

[SCENE 47: NIGHTTIME, SOUTHSIDE OUTSIDE GARDEN WALL]

[Cu: a pineapple split in half on a plate with a knife lying upon it. There is the crackling sound of a fire burning & light flickers on the flesh of the fruit & the dish.]

(CHURCH CLOCK STRIKING [12 TIMES])

[Med-ls: through a drawing-frame at the equestrian statue before the south wall. The small, memorial or votive fire before the statue is still burning, but the light comes from elsewhere.]

[Med-ls: pulled back from the frame, centre, just beyond Mr. NEVILLE, who sits at a table facing left (towards the light source), resting his chin on his hand in thought. Across the moat, is the statue against the wall, above which, against the black sky, the lantern of the barn is lit from within. To the right stands the picture rack. A white-wigged figure, masked & clad in black, carrying a lantern in one hand & Mr. TALMANN's gold-headed, black walking stick in the other, slowly, solemnly walks in left & stops before the table.]

MR. TALMANN: Good evening, Mr. NEVILLE.

[NEVILLE looks up.]

MR. NEVILLE: Good evening, Sir.

MR. TALMANN: And why, Mr. NEVILLE, do we find you here so late?
Surely the light is now too poor to see adequately?

MR. NEVILLE: That is true. I am finished.

[NEVILLE looks back down at his drawing.]

MR. TALMANN: Good. Perhaps I could see it?

MR. NEVILLE: If we had light, that might be possible.

MR. TALMANN: I'm sure we can find some light.

[He looks up & raises his lantern slightly. NEVILLE starts & looks back as three figures, masked & attired like the first, come up behind. One carries a lantern & a large roll of papers, the others torches & sticks. He does not see another figure come in left, also with a torch. Turning back, NEVILLE puts his pen on the table & hands his drawing pad to the first figure.]

[Cu: on the drawing, number 13, showing the equestrian statue *sans* rider.]

MR. TALMANN: But it is not finished, Mr. NEVILLE.

[Med: the group gathered round NEVILLE. NEVILLE puts the picture down as he speaks.]

MR. NEVILLE: No, Mr. TALMANN it is not. You may successfully hide your face in the dark, but in England at least it is not easy for you, surely, Sir to hide your accent?

MR. TALMANN: I did not think to hide my identity for long, Mr. NEVILLE, which even in the eyes of the English is no especial crime, compared with the identity you care to assume with such ease.

[NEVILLE looks up at the masked speaker.]

MR. NEVILLE: And what identity might that be, Mr. TALMANN?

[As TALMANN speaks he looks up at the man on the right then at the others.]

MR. TALMANN: The identity of a man of some little talent, (*NEVILLE LAUGHS*) some dubious honour, a proper dealer in contracts. The identity of a man with an eye to the improper pursuit of dishonour to others.

MR. NEVILLE: You talk, Mr. TALMANN, like one who has learnt abroad an archaic way of speaking that became unfashionable in England when my grandfather was a young man.

MR. TALMANN: My speech is in no way dependable on your view of fashion, Mr. NEVILLE. We all know that in the field of deeds and of talent, you in your field are an innovator.

MR. NEVILLE: That must be some sort of flattery, Mr. TALMANN. Have your companions also come to flatter.

[He turns to look briefly at the figure behind him. The man far right speaks.]

MR. SEYMOUR: We have come merely as curious observers, Mr. NEVILLE—to wonder why after so much has happened, you return to continue to fix Mr. HERBERT's property on paper—and chose to draw this particular site?

[NEVILLE looks down, in the direction of the camera.]

MR. NEVILLE: I might be inclined to answer those questions Mr. SEYMOUR, if I did not feel that the truthful answers I would give would in no way be of interest to you.

MR. TALMANN: It is our belief, Mr. NEVILLE, that in returning here you are seeking a codicil to your original contract—a codicil of a more permanent nature than the last one—a lasting contract with a widow.

[As NEVILLE speaks he looks in the direction of the statue, then back across the table.]

MR. NEVILLE: You speak, of course, Mr. TALMANN, like a disinherited man, uninterested in painting or draughtsmanship—uninterested even in the prospect of the estate you covet from this position. An ideal site for a memorial, perhaps.

MR. SEYMOUR: Do you think Mr. HERBERT would have appreciated the prospect of his estate.

MR. NEVILLE: As a landowner yourself, Mr. SEYMOUR, I leave you to judge.

[He looks round again in the statue's direction.]

MR. NEVILLE: For a man of property it is a view that might be enviable.

[He now gets to his feet, pointing a finger at Mr. SEYMOUR.]

MR. NEVILLE: Though I think you are wrong to ascribe those enviable thoughts to me.

[Cu: the masked faces of SEYMOUR & TALMANN.]

MR. NEVILLE: Perhaps, I would suggest, they should be ascribed to my friend Mr. NOYES who is I think standing beside me.

[Med: turned 90° to the left & from behind NEVILLE's chair. The fire illuminating the scene is visible beyond SEYMOUR. NOYES stands left with NEVILLE, centre, turned to face him.]

MR. NEVILLE: A custodian of contracts—a man who was given custody of private agreements in black and white.

MR. NOYES: And how do you feel, Mr. NEVILLE, that Mr. HERBERT felt about these black and white contracts?

[As NEVILLE addresses NOYES, he shakes a finger & leans towards him angrily. He then turns to the right so he is in profile, partly facing the others, partly with his back to NOYES.]

MR. NEVILLE: As his agent, his bailiff, his notary, his one-time friend—the close, though not close enough confidante of his wife—I would have thought you would be the best person to answer that. It is curious, gentlemen, that you persist in asking me questions which you are the most suitably situated to answer. It has, of course, occurred to me that you, Mr. NOYES, might have advanced Mr. HERBERT the information that was so discretionably set down in black and white. Whether he could have appreciated what it stood for is another matter. He was blind to so much—certainly blind to considerable unhappiness.

[TALMANN spits out his words venomously.]

MR. TALMANN: Your understanding of Mrs. HERBERT's unhappiness could in no possible way be considered profound or relevant.

[Cu: NEVILLE's face, looking right, illuminated by the fire light.]

MR. NEVILLE: I had access to some considerable observation of her state of mind.

[Back to cu: faces of SEYMOUR & TALMANN.]

MR. NEVILLE: And you will not forget, Sir, that I was helped in that respect by her daughter, your wife Sir—and was persuaded[. . .]

[Back to cu: NEVILLE's face.]

MR. NEVILLE: [. . .]and was persistently persuaded by both ladies to undertake the commission in the first place.

MR. SEYMOUR: And they persuaded you, Sir, with a view that you might reconcile differences, Sir, and not plunder them.

[NEVILLE is getting passionate in his avowals. He looks & points in the direction of the various men present as he names them.]

MR. NEVILLE: I am in no way responsible for Mr. HERBERT's death. The affair is a mystery to me, though I have strong suspicions Mr. TALMANN, Mr. SEYMOUR, Mr. NOYES—and if they were here, indeed of Mrs HERBERT herself and Mrs TALMANN—ladies who both after all entered willingly into their contracts.

[Back to cu: SEYMOUR & TALMANN.]

MR. SEYMOUR: Is that why, Mr. NEVILLE, you have just abused Mrs. HERBERT further?

[Back to cu: NEVILLE. He looks off at nothing & speaks softly at this. As he utters the last three words he closes his eyes & shakes his head.]

MR. NEVILLE: Ah—what a pity—that was clever.

[Back to med: towards SEYMOUR, TALMANN & the fire, taking in the entire group.]

MR. TALMANN: We now have a contract with you , Mr. NEVILLE, and [under] conditions of our choosing.

MR. NOYES: The contract[. . .]

[Low-angle med: up at NEVILLE, right, from beside his chair. He is turned looking back in NOYES direction, who is just out of shot right. The rest of the group are visible left.]

MR. NOYES: [. . .]concerning our present pleasure, Mr. NEVILLE, has three conditions. It would be best served, Sir, when you have removed your finery.

MR. SEYMOUR: Take off your hat, Sir.

[NEVILLE turns round quickly in SEYMOUR's direction, then speaks with a lightness of tone. Removing his hat, & flourishing it broadly, he bends in a low, graceful bow, upon which he is struck heavily on the head from behind.]

MR. NEVILLE: Ha[(*LAUGHING*) Ah]—my hat, gentlemen, has no contractual obligations with anyone. ([*THE SOUND OF A*] *BLOW*)

[Med: through the space between Mr. NOYES, far left, & the Poulencs, right, as NOYES drops a heavy stick behind the nearest POULENC & takes a torch from him. Opposite, Mr. SEYMOUR is just out of shot left, Mr. TALMANN, the Poulencs in foreground right.]

MR. NOYES: The contract's first condition, Mr. NEVILLE, and there is no need to write it down for you will never see it—is to cancel your eyes.

[NOYES bends down & puts a torch to NEVILLE's face.]

(*NEVILLE SCREAMS*)

MR. TALMANN: Since we have now deprived you[. . .]

[Med-cu: ground-level, across NEVILLE's body, towards the statue (the base briefly visible between the legs of the Poulencs). TALMANN hands his lantern to one of the Poulencs, then kneels, & with NOYES, lifts NEVILLE to a sitting position & begins to strip the body.]

MR. TALMANN: [. . .]of your access to a living, this shirt on your back will be of no value to you.

[There is the sound of tearing clothes.]

MR. NOYES: It may well ~~dangle from~~ [dress] a scarecrow to frighten the crows.

MR. SEYMOUR: Or be scattered about an estate as ambiguous evidence[. . .]

[Cu: SEYMOUR's mouth.]

MR. SEYMOUR: [. . .]of an obscure allegory.

[Med-cu: the heads of the Poulencs. In the distance between them is the horse & rider.]

POULENC'S And the third condition of your contract—concomitant to the
IN UNISON: other two . . .

POULENC I: . . . and legally binding . . .

POULENC II: . . . and efficiently undertaken . . .

POULENC I: . . . and for what is a man without property . . .

POULENC II: . . . and foresight . . .

POULENC'S
IN UNISON: . . . is your death.

[They each strike two hard blows with large, heavy sticks at the figure at their feet.]

[There follows an intercut series of shots, alternating a drawing & a murderer.]

[Ex-cu: Drawing 6 (north-side, with torn shirt & statue of Hermes), curling in the flames.]

[Cu: NOYES unmasking.]

[Ex-cu: Drawing 12 (east-side, back of house with ladder), burning.]

[Cu: Poulencs unmasking.]

[Ex-cu: Drawing 2 (north-side, formal garden with herm of Bacchus), burning.]

[Cu: TALMANN unmasking.]

[Ex-cu: Drawing 5 (north-side, hilltop prospect with Mr. TALMANN), burning.]

[Med: down at NEVILLE lying on the ground in the torn & bloodied garments of his death. His position & the torn undergarments wrapped about him make him look like Christ after the deposition. There is even a wound (or blood looking like a wound), on his left side.]

[Med-ls: as in the third shot of the scene, taking in the entire view. Four of the men lift the body &, following TALMANN (who goes to stand next to the moat, on the left), carry NEVILLE's body to the moat & throw it in just right of the statue, where Mr. HERBERT's body was found. They then gather their things together & go off right.]

[Med-ls: as in the second shot of the scene, through the drawing-frame at the statue. The figure on the equestrian statue comes to life. It stretches back, then leans forward, placing its head on its arm on the horse's neck.]

[Ex-cu: Drawing 9 (north-side, yew walk with Mrs. TALMANN's clothes), burning.]

[Back to: previous shot as the rider slides slowly off the horse onto the pedestal.]

[Ex-cu: Drawing 3 (north-east-side, laundry garden with coat), burning.]

[Back to: previous shot as rider, looking about, lowers himself from pedestal into the moat.]

[(*SPLASH*)]

[Cu: NEVILLE's cut face as the body floats in the water.]

[Ex-cu: Drawing 7 (west-front, with grey horse), burning.]

[Med: across the drawing-frame, the chair with NEVILLE's coat & hat, right, the small table, left, as the rider climbs out of the moat on the near shore, adjusts his helmet, looks back at the body & dries his hands on his garments.]

[Cu: as in the first shot of the scene, of the split pineapple.]

[Ex-cu: Drawing 13 (the equestrian statue without rider), burning.]

[Cu: the statue, with the cut pineapple in his hands, looks at it before taking a great, juicy bite from its flesh.]

[Back to ex-cu: Drawing 13 burning.]

[Back to cu: the statue as he turns away from the fruit & vigorously spits out the contents in his mouth.]

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