

"AFTERWARDS"

**An Original Film Script
by
Maurice Rowdon**

CHARACTERS

GLEN

JONATHAN CHANDLER WILLIAMS

MURIEL

PAT

JOHN PALERMO

JEAN DE LISLE SWIBURNE

SHOPKEEPER

KING'S COLLEGE PORTER

'PROFESSOR' JEFFERSON GRIGG

LOUISE GRIGG

MYRA

CHARLES DORNELLING

NANCY

VANCE

SHEPHERD

GREY-HAIRED WOMAN

GENERAL HEELEY

LEONARD HARCOURT SELSEY

PERCY KLYDONHALL

PEW

JACK RYAN

HOTEL PORTERS, RECEPTIONISTS, PARTY GUESTS, WAITERS,
CLUB COMMISSIONAIRE, etc.

* * * *

1. INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. EVENING

GLEN (as he will later become known) is walking behind a PORTER who is carrying his cases. GLEN is a young man of about 25, bronzed, good-looking, well-dressed. They enter one of the rooms.

CUT:

2. INT. HOTEL ROOM. EVENING

The PORTER and GLEN enter the hotel room. GLEN looks round, satisfied. Flashing neon lights from outside the window in red show the words AIRPORT TERMINAL. The PORTER puts the cases down and GLEN nods Thank you. The PORTER leaves the key in the lock and then goes. GLEN sits on the bed, rather tired, and opens his jacket, feeling strange. He takes a letter out of his pocket and examines it.

GLEN gets up from the bed and begins unpacking his cases. When he takes out his suits some studs fall to the floor and he makes a tt-tt of annoyance and gropes for them. He hangs up his suits in the wardrobe. He takes out a double-framed picture and puts it on the table by his bed.

A C.U. of this shows a handsome young woman on one side and a small child of about two on the other.

He goes back to the bed, takes off his shoes, and lies back comfortably. He takes up the room service telephone and waits for a reply.

GLEN

Hello. I'd like something to eat.

CUT:

3. INT. HOTEL ROOM. EVENING

GLEN is in the same position on the bed, only in shirt sleeves now, with a trolley of food before him, mostly finished. There is a bottle of wine and he is just at this moment finishing a glass. He smacks his lips. The titles of the film come up over him eating and drinking.

When they are finished he gets up from the bed with a sigh, pushes the trolley away and begins to undress.

CUT:

4. INT. HOTEL ROOM. EVENING

GLEN is in his pyjamas and switching out the lights. The trolley tray is still there with dirty plates etc. He jumps into bed. In the light from the neon sign outside we see him take the double photograph and kiss it. He sleeps.

CUT:

5. INT. HOTEL ROOM. EARLY MORNING

GLEN is dressing. The trolley tray is no longer in the room. He puts on his jacket and takes the letter he read the previous evening from the bedside table and puts it in his pocket, after a glance at the address.

CUT:

6. INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. MORNING

GLEN in a spring overcoat walking away from his room. He appears fresh, optimistic.

CUT:

7. EXT. A LONDON STREET. MORNING

GLEN is walking along the street. It is a bright morning. He hails a taxi and gets in.

CUT:

8. EXT. A STREET IN THE CITY. MORNING

A taxi draws up and GLEN gets out, pays. He turns and walks into a doorway.

CUT:

9. INT. STAIRCASE OF AN OFFICE BUILDING. MORNING

GLEN walking up the stairs hurriedly.

CUT:

10. INT. CHANDLER WILLIAMS'S OFFICE. MORNING

We are looking at CHANDLER WILLIAMS behind his desk. The desk is innocent of any signs of work.

CHANDLER WILLIAMS is an amiable, rather helpless-looking executive in his middle age. We are seeing him from GLEN'S P.V. Behind CHANDLER WILLIAMS'S head there are a number of family photographs hanging on the wall -- a wife, and several children. CHANDLER WILLIAMS rises with his hand outstretched as the CAMERA edges forward. He shakes hands with GLEN and motions him to one of the armchairs in front of the desk. GLEN sits down. CHANDLER WILLIAMS looks at GLEN with a smile and also some misgiving. He blinks hesitantly. He smiles again. There is silence.

CHANDLER WILLIAMS

Did I write to you.

GLEN

Yes. So did John Palermo.

10. Contd.

CHANDLER WILLIAMS

You know John?

GLEN

No.

(CHANDLER
WILLIAMS blinks
another message
of hesitancy)

John Palermo wrote to me in
Naples and here
(with a smile)

I am!

CHANDLER WILLIAMS

(brightening up)

You were there on holiday?

GLEN

No, I live there. I've got a job
there. With a shipping agency. I
answered your advertisement.

CHANDLER WILLIAMS

Ah, yes. I think I remember now.
John rang me about it. Yes. Well,
then!

CHANDLER WILLIAMS plants his elbows on the desk and simply looks
at GLEN. Another silence.

CHANDLER WILLIAMS (contd)

Yes, well, we're looking for some-
one who can come in with us. On a
sort of commission basis. Did John
tell you roughly what he wanted?

GLEN

No.

CHANDLER WILLIAMS

(looking at GLEN
with a trace of
horror)

Of course, this is more John's
pigeon than mine. I only come in
on a sort of legal and accounts
side. He's a terrific chap! Yes!
So I think John should tell you all
about it, in his way. Actually, I
think you're the only chap he
troubled to get in touch with. You
can stay in England, I hope?

GLEN

Yes, I can.

10. Contd.

CHANDLER WILLIAMS

You married?

GLEN

Yes, I see you are too.
(glancing at the
photographs on
the wall)

Are those your children?

CHANDLER WILLIAMS

Yes.

GLEN

Nice-looking.

CHANDLER WILLIAMS

Thank you.

Another pause.

CHANDLER WILLIAMS (contd)

Yes, perhaps you'd better meet
John Palermo. Why don't you drop
round to his office right away?

(hands him a
card)

I think it's better than me going
through a lot of explanations.

CUT:

11. EXT. A COVENT GARDEN STREET. MORNING

GLEN walking along a side street in Covent Garden area, glancing at the shop numbers, the card in his hand. He finds a dark, open, unpainted door, which seems to be the right one. There is a wooden staircase, unswept and uncarpeted, beyond it, and no lights. He hesitates then goes inside.

CUT:

12. INT. PALERMO'S OFFICE. MORNING

This is a foyer-cum-office, a warm little cubby hole with two desks so close together that GLEN can hardly squeeze between them. There is a girl at each desk. One of them is dark with moody eyes. She is cutting pictures out of magazines, and slips of paper are floating on to the floor. She is MURIEL. The blonde girl is typing. She is PAT. They both have an over-painted, misused look. GLEN squeezes apologetically into the room. Neither of the girls looks up.

GLEN

Mr. Palermo here?

12. Contd.

DARK GIRL

Well, he came in. Unless he went out by the window he's still here.

GLEN

Can I see him? Chandler Williams sent me.

PALERMO (VOICE OVER)

Show the gentleman in!

MURIEL shows GLEN through a door behind the desks into another office. On the glazed glass of the door is written the name JOHN PALERMO. Before GLEN reaches this it bursts open and JOHN PALERMO himself is standing there. He is a dark man, prosperously dressed. His eyes are dazzling, compelling. He half pulls GLEN into the room with his handshake, smiling at him watchfully. He has something both rough and debonair in him. He has a defiantly crushed expression, and a whining tone easily comes into his voice, even when he is insulting. He is a Maltese Englishman. TRACK through to his office. He puts his arm on GLEN's shoulder and leads him to a chair in front of his desk. The room is hardly bigger than the other one and even lacks a window. The desk is covered with clippings and india ink sketches. GLEN sits down and PALERMO goes round behind his desk, talking all the time.

PALERMO

Did Chandler Williams tell you I was related to one of the Tsars of Russia?

GLEN

No.

PALERMO

That my father was an Italian commendatore?

GLEN

No.

PALERMO

Or that I used to run a hotel in Cairo -- and a damned good one it was, too?

GLEN

No.

PALERMO

Well, it's all true.

12. Contd.

PALERMO (contd)

(leaning back and
lighting a cigarette,
taking an enormous
puff)

And you're the chap from Italy?

GLEN

That's right.

PALERMO

Well, I suppose you know a bit
about personal management.

GLEN

(hesitating)

Oh yes.

PALERMO

(with an ironical
look)

Otherwise you wouldn't have travelled
all this way, would you?

GLEN nods silently.

PALERMO (contd)

Well, then, I won't bore you with
the details. You probably know
them better than I do. What you
don't know is me. I manage
celebrities on the way out, and
celebrities on the way in. I manage
anyone who needs publicity, as long
as they've got the money.

(with a sudden
burst of
affection)

Listen, if you really have given up
a job in Naples to come and talk
business with me, you've found
your man.

GLEN

Do you think you've found yours?

PALERMO

(eyeing him)

All you need is neck and I don't
know whether you've got it.

GLEN

You need neck for everything.

They spar with each other through their eyes. PALERMO puffs at his
cigarette, his eyes narrowed. GLEN taps his foot on the floor.

12. Contd.

PALERMO

Listen, why don't we go downstairs
and have a drink?

(he begins to
close drawers
and locks them)

I never goes to bars usually, but
you ought to see the barmaid in this
one. You've never seen anything
like it in your life, not even in
Italy.

They both get up and GLEN helps PALERMO on with his overcoat,
which is black cashmere. They walk into the untidy feminine room
next door. PALERMO talks all the time.

PALERMO

As I said, the thing is --

(as they pass
out of his
office)

persuasion, everything hinges on
that --

(as they walk
down the dark
stairs)

persuasion is the alchemy of the
big deal, mind the steps, old
chap, or you'll find yourself arse
over tit. I did it once and they
had to remove my sex.

CUT:

13. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE. MORNING.

On the entrance door of PALERMO's office, as PALERMO, followed
by GLEN, comes out and turns down the street, PALERMO still
talking.

PALERMO

(looking up at
the sky)

Some people have all the luck. My
wife, for instance. She's in the
south of France and I'm paying.
Just because she's jealous of these
girls in my office. Now, could you
be jealous of my girls?

GLEN

I might be.

PALERMO

Good God! How weak human
nature is.

CUT:

14. EXT. THE SAME STREET. MORNING

On the entrance of a pub further down the street, as PALERMO and GLEN come into view, huddled against the cold. They duck into the doorway.

CUT:

15. INT. THE SALOON BAR. MORNING

PALERMO, followed by GLEN, comes into the saloon bar of the pub. C.U. of GLEN as he involuntarily glances towards the bar to find the barmaid. PALERMO is watching him.

PALERMO

There, now that's persuasion.
You're looking for the pretty barmaid, aren't you? She exists, but in another pub south of the River. Now, if you'd been practising it all your life you'd get a sort of flair --
(to the BARMAN)

Hallo!

The BARMAN comes into view, flushed, limping.

PALERMO

Jock, this is a business associate of mine. He's in wine. Got any to offer us?

BARMAN

Well, it's rather duff. I got a nice sherry. Dry and very pale.

PALERMO

Get out the whisky, quick.

(taking GLEN
by the arm
towards chair)

He's going to give us the finest whisky in town, you can't even find it in Scotland, except at the distillery itself.

GLEN

(as he sits
down)

I'll have soda as well.

PALERMO

No you won't. This is Mortlach - Glenlivet. You can get drummed across the Border for watering it down, eh, Jock?

JOCK takes no notice, preparing the drinks behind the bar.

15. Contd.

PALERMO

Another thing, tuck yourself under somebody's wing who doesn't really want you. If they hate you, you just get closer, they'll learn to like it. Hatred is a very malleable business property, Glen - mind if I call you Glen after this whisky, I can't stand real names?

GLEN

Alright.

PALERMO

As I was saying, when they want to get rid of you it means you're becoming a force in their lives, however deadly, and it isn't long before they begin to need you, they don't know what they need you for but it's up to you to tell them. You see, Glen, they're missing something all the time, everybody is, and you've got to make them feel it's you. It can happen in a minute. Girls have lost their maidenheads and men their fortunes in a minute.

The BARMAN puts the drinks down on the table and limps away.

PALERMO (contd)

You see, Glen, people need confidence, these days. Their spirits are horribly low and that's where my pictures come in.

GLEN

What pictures?

PALERMO

All life is pictures. A man has a picture of himself, and a picture of other people based largely upon his picture of himself. I tell you, old chap, I've worked it all out. A man has a picture of what his clerks and typists think of him, and, as I said, if he comes into the office hating himself one morning, this is where he needs me, he needs my picture of him, the picture I know he needs to have. I provide pictures.

(finishing off
his drink)

Let's have another, shall we?

15. Contd.

GLEN

No, thanks.

PALERMO

Jock! This colleague of mine wants to buy me another! Of course, you have to give him the impression that you're selling him to other people, but in fact you're selling him to himself. By the way, the journalist is your best friend, never forget that. Now, my client might not believe in me but he believes in the picture I give him. Because he needs it. He looks down at me, he thinks I'm a scrounger, which I am, but he takes the picture I give him and he isn't canny enough to see that I've made it for him, by making him compare himself favourably to me. He sees bits in the paper which refer to him, and though he knows I put them there he thinks they're the truth, he makes himself think so, and even there I help him. I know he needs to think so and I encourage this as part of my service. Now, there's the important of selling a man to himself, even though you sell someone that doesn't exist. You see, Glen -

(as the new
glasses of whisky
come and GLEN
pays)

the way people are formed in our world their pictures are very poor, they haven't the time to get the right ones, and then if they did it would all be a mess. But everybody thinks he's something. This you can take as your sketch and begin from there. Naturally, the picture must be one the man can deceive himself into thinking is himself: the discrepancy mustn't be too great. You can't sell a fool as a clever man, however you try. But you can sell a bad man to himself as a good man, in fact that's one of my principal sales.

PALERMO puts down his drink in one or two gulps and stands up, taking no notice of the fact that GLEN has not yet started on his. PALERMO grabs his overcoat and throws it over his own shoulders, and GLEN gets up without having touched his drink.

15. Contd.

PALERMO

Goodbye, for now, Jock! And don't tell me another time I can't sell your whisky for you, you serve the worst Scotch in London and I make it taste like the best. Mortlach-Glenlivet my foot! You see, Glen -

(as they turn
to go)

- they'd never have a picture if you didn't give them one. They may kick against the picture you give them -

(as they pass
through the door)

- but if it makes other people sit up and take notice they'll love it, always remember that!

A C.U. of the BARMAN's cynical face over the bar, with PALERMO's voice over.

CUT:

16. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE. MORNING

On the pub doorway as PALERMO and GLEN come out and walk up the street again, PALERMO still talking.

PALERMO

Never try to give a man what you think his picture ought to be if he were you. Let him walk into the jaws of Hell, if he wants to, he may like it there.

PALERMO has a characteristic way of hurrying along, bent forward, his shoulders seeming to cringe from something behind him.

An attractive GIRL passes them, and he notices her at once.

PALERMO

(softly)

Going my way, Mouse?
(the GIRL takes
no notice and he
continues at once
to GLEN)

Yes, you've got to develop an eye for the man who lacks a picture and has the money to pay for one.

CUT:

17. INT. PALERMO'S OFFICE. MORNING

PAT is smoking at the window while MURIEL is paring her fingernails at her desk, bent over them like a child, her mouth open.

17. Contd.

PALERMO enters, his face suddenly harsh, GLEN following.

PAT

It's lunchtime.

PALERMO

Well, get the hell out, then, and eat some lunch.

PAT

That's what we're waiting for.

PALERMO makes a step towards his own door but the other girl interrupts him.

MURIEL

Oh no you don't.

PALERMO

(stopping)

Don't what?

MURIEL

How do I pay for the food - with these paper-clippings?

PALERMO

Haven't you heard of monthly salaries?

MURIEL

At the end of the month it starts being two-monthly! Come on, you big pill, cough, we're hungry!

PALERMO

(with a sudden mildness and a smile at GLEN, taking out his slim wallet)

Will a quid be enough? Better be!

He hands her the money and immediately passes on to his office. The GIRLS glance at each other.

PALERMO

(from the other office)

Oh, Muriel, before you go -

MURIEL

(with irritation)

Here it comes.

17. Contd.

PALERMO

(still from the
other office)

Slip down and get Jack Ryan's mid-day final, will you, darling? I've got a horse running!

MURIEL

I hope it loses.

CUT:

18. INT. PALERMO'S OWN OFFICE. MORNING

PALERMO has taken off his overcoat and is sitting behind his desk again. GLEN is in his overcoat and is also seated.

PALERMO

Now, Jack Ryan, he runs a newspaper. He feeds more people with dirty thoughts every morning than anybody else in the game. Remind me to talk to you about the dirty picture, that's in a category of its own.

PALERMO opens a drawer of his desk and takes out a bottle of whisky. Two glasses follow. He wipes them carefully with a clean, folded cloth which he also keeps in the drawer. We notice his delicate hands. He pours the glasses and they silently drink to each other.

PALERMO

(with a long
calculating
look at GLEN)

You're not famous in any way, are you?

PALERMO seems to be thinking something out to its conclusion, gazing right through GLEN.

GLEN

No.

PALERMO

(absently)

I just wondered.

MURIEL brings the newspaper and leaves again. PALERMO begins reading it with great concentration, frown marks deep in his forehead.

PALERMO

(snapping suddenly
at MURIEL in the
other room)

You still there?

18. Contd.

MURIEL

(from the
other room)

Yes.

PALERMO

Take this down. No, better still,
give the buggers a ring. Professor
Grigg. Get his number. He's an
American. He's just arrived in
Cambridge and they're putting him
up at King's College. Say you're
The Times.

MURIEL

(from the
other room)

The Times!

PALERMO

Say Mr. Palermo, the features
editor, would be glad of a word
with him.

We hear MURIEL take up the telephone.

There seems to be some difficulty in getting the Professor's number.
All this time PALERMO continues to read the newspaper with
concentration.

MURIEL (VOICE OVER)

This is The Times. I wonder if
your husband's free to have a word
with Mr. Palermo, our features
editor? Hello, one moment, sir,
I'll put you through to Features.

PALERMO leaps at his telephone, his face set like an animal's. He
begins saying 'Hello' before MURIEL has put the jack in.

PALERMO

Hello ... hello ... hello. Hello,
Features, here. Who? Who? Oh,
for God's sake, yes, Professor!
Good morning. I thought we'd
never get through. Well, now,
Professor, there's no point in
breaking it gently, I'll come
clean right away, I say, I didn't
get you out of bed, did I? No? -
Well, this is good news for the
academic world! Listen, I want
an interview. I'm sending a man
up this afternoon. He's medium
height and engaging. Tell him the

18. Contd.

PALERMO (contd)

truth, only not the whole truth, we don't want to get into libel suits.

(some chuckling
at the other end)

And we're interested in your wife. We're rather fascinated by all American women, as a matter of fact. I hope you won't mind her coming into the picture, it humanises things.

(a distant 'You're
telling me!' from
the other end)

Can I send this lunatic of mine by the next train, then? And I want to meet you myself. Now, seriously, Professor, give us something good, I want to get in before the tabloids. If you wait till they create your image for you, there's no telling what might happen. Here's my number, by the way. We're not exactly in the Times Building, but a stone's throw away.

(calling out)

Okay, Muriel. Give him the number!

(he puts the phone
down with a crash.

To GLEN at once)

Now then. He docked at Southampton yesterday, but he still may know somebody on The Times. So you've got to get there before the afternoon's over. I don't want him connecting up. We can make a few hundred quid out of this. I'll fix everything from this end. In fact, I'll have a private chat with his wife while you're on the way.

GLEN

(in astonishment)

Do you mean to say you're sending me?

PALERMO

Of course I am! Who else is there?

GLEN

But what the hell do I ask?

PALERMO

You don't ask anything. You state and you lead, and you let him shoot his mouth off. Listen, if you're not

18. Contd.

PALERMO (contd)
back by eight this evening I could go
to clink for this. It's an offence to
imitate newspapers.

GLEN
I can guess.

PALERMO
Now, if he starts probing don't try
and lie, just keep The Times playing
before his eyes. If he comes out
with a straight question about old so
and so on The Times, tell him the
secretary here made a mistake and
she never did say The Times though
she may have said the Church Times.
But always remember, a lie has to
come out on the spur of the moment,
never prepare one because this shows
in your face

GLEN
But - who is he?

PALERMO
(throwing him
the newspaper)
Read that. I'll find out when the next
train goes. I'd go myself, only I'm
tied to my desk
(with a quick
burlesque of a
man tied to a
desk)

GLEN begins reading the paper.

A C.U. of the newspaper shows a picture of a man and woman in their
middle age, and a quarter of a column about their arrival at Southampton
Docks the day before.

GLEN
(reading aloud
from newspaper)
Professor Grigg is here for a
series of lectures in Europe. He
once wrote a book on nuclear war-
fare in which he claimed that an
H-bomb war would not destroy the
world. He believes that pockets of
sub-human life would survive a
nuclear war and that out of these a
better if more violent civilisation
would be created.

18. Contd.

GLEN (contd)

(looking up with
surprise, then
reading again)

In this civilisation bombing would become a kind of new play. The Professor himself rather pooh-poohs the book. 'One of many' he says. He has also written about Mexicans and the architecturally perfect city. He believes the whole world could become a city and Nature virtually disappear.

PALERMO is dialling a number.

PALERMO

(into the phone)

Hello ... sweetheart, I want to get to Cambridge as fast as possible. Three, fifty-nine - that's fine!

(slamming the
phone down again
and jumping up
from his seat)

Come on, we'll get a taxi downstairs.
(as GLEN does
not move
immediately)

Come on, what the hell are you waiting for, do you want to get me in prison?

PALERMO rushes out of the office, half-dragging GLEN with him.

CUT:

19. EXT. THE STREET BELOW. MORNING

PALERMO and GLEN are standing at the kerb. PALERMO is hailing a taxi. He takes out his wallet, and hands GLEN some money.

PALERMO

Here's ten quid. And I want the change even if it's five pence.

A cab draws up. PALERMO opens the door for GLEN, and GLEN, thoroughly bewildered, gets in.

PALERMO (contd)

(to the CABMAN)

Drive this man to King's Cross, will you, and see that he pays, he's just escaped from prison. O.K., Glen, see you tonight, and I want a hot story! For God's

19. Contd.

PALERMO (contd)
 sake don't come back like all the
 beginners saying they're nice people
 or something.

A C.U. of the CABMAN looking uncertain as to whether to be
 suspicious or jolly.

CUT:

20. EXT. SAME STREET. MORNING

The cab draws away and GLEN pokes his head through the window,
 shouting at PALERMO.

GLEN
 What do we call ourselves?

PALERMO
 (shouting)
 Say PRI or something! It doesn't
 matter! And go to King's College!

CUT:

21. EXT. CAMBRIDGE STREET. LATE AFTERNOON

A taxi going along the King's Parade. There are cycling STUDENTS
 everywhere.

CUT:

22. INT. TAXICAB. LATE AFTERNOON

From GLEN's P.V. inside the cab, the colleges along the King's
 Parade - Peterhouse, St. Catherine's, King's College.

The taxi comes to a halt before the main gate of King's.

CUT:

23. EXT. KING'S COLLEGE. LATE AFTERNOON

The taxi draws up at the King's College gate and GLEN gets out, pays.
 Then he walks across the cobbled entrance to the Porter's Lodge. He
 stands at the window and the PORTER comes across to speak to him.

GLEN
 Is there a Professor Grigg stay-
 ing here, please?

PORTER
 Not that I can place, sir.

GLEN
 But he arrived yesterday.

23. Contd.

PORTER

A professor?

GLEN

Yes, American.

PORTER

Not here, he didn't. Not this college, mate.

GLEN

But the papers say he did.

PORTER

Go on!

(with a smile,
rather intrigued,
and stroking his
chin as he comes
nearer to the
hatch)

In the papers?

GLEN

I read it this morning.

PORTER

Wait a minute.

(going to the
wall-telephone)

I'll ask the Bursar.

(picking up phone
and dialling)

Hello, there's a gentleman here, says a Professor Grigg took up residence in College today. Yes, I was going to say, we haven't had that name, not as passed this office, I thought I'd missed your buttery list this morning or something.

(replacing the
phone and turning
to GLEN slowly,
out of breath)

Well, I've been on to the Bursar and he says, Yes, there's a professor of that name, arrived yesterday and the papers got it wrong like they get everything wrong, and he's staying in digs, and the College never invited him to give any lectures like the papers said, in fact they doubt if he's a professor. Anyway,
(with a fat smile)

23. Contd.

PORTER (contd)
he's not here and he's not ours, but
I think you'll find him in a little
block of flats behind Gonville and
Caius. I'll write it out for you.

(as he takes
the pencil and
begins writing
an address on
a pad)

You a reporter?

GLEN

Yes.

PORTER

You get around a bit, I dare say?

GLEN

That's right.

PORTER

Working for which paper, would
that be?

GLEN

Well, an agency. The articles
are syndicated.

PORTER

Ah, yes. Nothing simple in this
world. I thought you were going
to say something glamorous like
The Times.

(with a wink)

He hands the slip of paper to GLEN.

CUT:

24. EXT. CAMBRIDGE STREET. LATER AFTERNOON

GLEN is walking along a Cambridge street looking for the number.
He keeps glancing at the paper in his hand. He finds an apartment
block with a glowing foyer and a porter's office. He enters.

CUT:

25. INT. FOYER. LATER AFTERNOON

GLEN walks across the close-carpeted foyer and goes up the stairs.

CUT:

26. INT. GRIGG'S DOOR. LATER AFTERNOON

The door of Professor Grigg's apartment is tall and white with a plaster palladian frame all round.

GLEN comes up the stairs and rings the bell. He looks at this for some time. The door opens and a woman bursting with action confronts him. This is LOUISE GRIGG. She is so suddenly and stunningly there that he steps back with surprise. There are great laughter lines round her mouth, and her quick eyes give the impression of having been much screwed up with emotion. She is at the middle and wildest stage of her life. She is flushed, not strikingly healthy but strong. There is a burning interest in her eyes that might be drink or erotic appetite or just curiosity. She puts out a hand and smiles, showing good teeth.

LOUISE

Are you the fake Times man?

GLEN

Yes.

LOUISE

Well, come in and have a drink.
The old man's waiting for you.
We passed tea a half-hour ago
and we're coming down the
straight to a gin and tonic. Where
the hell is he?

GLEN walks in and she closes the door.

CUT:

27. INT. GRIGG'S APARTMENT. LATE AFTERNOON

The entrance hall. LOUISE is leading GLEN to the sitting room. Her woollen dress is close to her hips and a bracelet clicks on her wrist as she moves. The hall is brightly lighted, with mirrors and large pots with pussy willows in them, and carpets galore.

LOUISE

He's always disappearing.

CUT:

28. INT. GRIGG'S SITTING ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON

LOUISE and GLEN come through the door.

LOUISE

Well, sit yourself down. You'll
roast, but we've been dreaming
of an English fire for years.

28. Contd.

She motions him to a settee in front of the large log fire that goes together with the central heating. The windows are tall, in two great panes, with curtains that stretch down to the parquet floor. The walls are covered with whitewood panels. GLEN sits down.

GLEN

This your first visit?

LOUISE

Well, we haven't been over for five or six years.

GLEN

See any changes?

LOUISE

None. They still say braces for suspenders!

(with a massive laugh)

GLEN

How did you know I was fake?

LOUISE

A real Times man called.

GLEN

Did he want an interview, too?

LOUISE

No, he went to college with Jeff.

GLEN

There was a mistake in the office, I think. Some girl - she's new - anyway, I didn't get the details - she made a mistake ...

(he trails off)

LOUISE

That's, O.K., you don't have to apologise, they call me the walking lie detector. And by the way, I certainly got some hot talk from your office - who is that guy?

GLEN

You spoke to Mr. Palermo?

LOUISE

You call him Mister! He sounded like a dog!

28. Contd.

She goes to the table behind the settee, where the drinks are.

LOUISE
What can I mix you?

GLEN
As I had three whiskies for lunch,
I suppose I'd better go on.

LOUISE
Well, don't let me ram it down
your throat.

GLEN
Well, thank you very much. Yes,
I'd like some whisky.

LOUISE
(as she pours
a drink)
You two certainly make a rum
outfit! But my husband and I have
a taste for adventure.
(handing him his
drink over the
table and calling
out, in a stupen-
dous voice)
Jeff! The Press is waiting!
(then to GLEN)
He's just shy, that's all. Have
you always been in this line?

GLEN
(hesitating)
Yes.

One of the doors opens and PROFESSOR GRIGG fills up most of the
frame.

GRIGG
Well, look at that. Wife drinks
with unknown visitor!

He comes forward, tall and long-limbed with the same deep lines
on his face as his wife. It makes them look uncannily similar, as if
they had used the same forms of suffering to carve the same wrinkles.
His skin is harder and drier than hers, his eyes a little watery.

LOUISE
What the hell have you been
doing, Jeff! I wondered where
you disappeared to, the moment
he comes!

28. Contd.

GRIGG

(giving her a
swift familiar
look, with the
slightest twinkle
of hatred)

As a matter of fact, I wonder you
didn't hear me pull the chain.

LOUISE

(offended)

Oh.

GRIGG goes on scowling in her direction, while she continues to look
away like a frightened deer.

GRIGG

(to GLEN, in
a deep voice)

The hell of it! She'll be following
me round with bloodhounds next.
No, I mean it. That's women.
Or rather, American women.

LOUISE

(to GLEN)

That's something for you to print.

GLEN

I'll print what you say I can print.

LOUISE

(to GRIGG)

Well, our visitor's a gentleman,
at least.

GRIGG

Gentleman my arse! He's a
reporter! Anyway, get me a
drink, I've had an afternoon of
Cambridge dons and all they
drink is tea.

LOUISE

Get it yourself.

GRIGG

Why, you sound high already.

LOUISE

I am.

GRIGG

Listen,

(going to the
drinks table
behind GLEN)

how many have you had?

28. Contd.

LOUISE

This is my first - and who's on the trail with bloodhounds now?

GLEN

(in a burlesque sort of way)

Well, marriage is a trial by fire and water.

GRIGG

You're telling me.

(pouring himself a stiff tumbler of whisky and walking over to the settee)

Now for the questions. What do you want to know?

GRIGG sits down so heavily on the settee at GLEN's side, throwing another scowl at his wife, that GLEN involuntarily jumps in his seat.

GLEN

Are you two always like this?

GRIGG

Is that the first question?

(making a kind of grinding chuckle that is swallowed in his glass as he takes a gulp of whisky)

It's been like this for ten years and we believe in it. Is that right, Louise?

LOUISE

(giving GLEN her broad, dry, flashing smile which has no happiness in it)

I guess it is.

GRIGG swills the whisky round in his glass, staring at it with his watery eyes.

GRIGG

You know, when I'm standing around with these English academics it feels like they haven't arrived at a problem yet, let alone a solution!

28. Contd.

LOUISE

(sitting down,
too, then to
GLEN)

Listen, what's your name?

GLEN

(for a moment
confused)

Call me Glen.

GRIGG

(leaning back
suddenly, making
the settee give
heavily a second
time)

Listen, what paper do you work
for?

GLEN

The P. R. I. It's an agency.

GRIGG

Well, you sound quite a crew.
First you fake a call from The
Times, then your boss seduces
my wife down the phone. That
was about the randiest phone
conversation I ever heard, what
do you say, Louise?

LOUISE

(flashing another
smile)

I'm keeping quiet.

(then to GLEN)

Listen, can you stay to dinner?

GLEN

I'd love to.

LOUISE

(rising)

I'll tell the girl. The food's
simple but wholesom. She's Irish.

LOUISE leaves the room but suddenly pops her head round the corner
again.

LOUISE

Listen, Glen, do you like a sort
of beef stew? Well, it's more
like a pot au feu -

(JEFF chuckles

ironically at this
attempted French)

28. Contd.

LOUISE (contd)

I told her, salmon on toast followed by schnitzel but she goes her own way.

GLEN

I'll take anything. I haven't really had lunch yet.

LOUISE

You haven't?

(zooming back
into the room)

Listen, would you like some crackers? Come on!

She runs a plate of cheese fingers across to GLEN.

LOUISE (contd)

I should have offered them before.

GRIGG

(to GLEN)

Come on. Give me your glass. Was that strong enough?

GLEN

I'll say!

GRIGG goes behind him and begins pouring new drinks.

GLEN (contd)

You'll get me drunk.

GRIGG

(seriously)

Just what I'm trying to do.

LOUISE leaves again and GRIGG seems deep in his own thoughts, frowning, making a slight involuntary cough of concentration, his eyebrows heavy over his eyes, as he brings the drinks round to the settee.

GLEN

You're giving a few lectures? The papers were right about that, I suppose? They were wrong about your address - said you were at King's.

GRIGG

Lectures? Why, sure. I'll be on and off that damned Continent for a month or more.

LOUISE bursts back into the room, hearing his last sentence.

28. Contd.

LOUISE

Louise is going to feel lonesome,
all right.

GRIGG

Well,

(swilling his new
drink round with
surprising vigour)

you're not a stay-at-home girl. I
don't think you'll suffer.

LOUISE

Still, this isn't London.

GRIGG

You'll be there!

There is an intimate scowl between them and GRIGG puts down another heavy gulp of whisky, sounding like water down a bung hole.

LOUISE

If you ever said anything new in
your lectures I'd come along with
you.

GRIGG

Do you expect a new lecture
every night, Louise?

LOUISE

Well, I'm not going to sit around
listening to the same stuff every
night, just to keep myself out of
mischief!

GRIGG

That's dead right, mischief's the
right word, sweetheart.

LOUISE

(to GLEN)

Well, the children are grown up.
I don't feel like being a grand-
mother yet.

GRIGG

(with a laugh)

Grandmother! I'd like to see
you play that part!

(giving GLEN
an almighty
nudge)

28. Contd.

GRIGG (contd)

We've got two married daughters
and she's still the biggest kid in the
family.

LOUISE

I guess my life's work was bring-
ing them up; and that's over now.

GRIGG

You were always the same! You
never wanted to stay in the house,
you never went along with my work,
and I'll tell you why, because you
were dreaming of something else
all the time. God knows what it
was, but it wasn't me!

LOUISE

Listen, this is getting personal.

GRIGG

I'm telling the truth! And accord-
ing to what you're always telling
me, you worship the truth - when it
goes against me!

GLEN

The same with most of us.

GRIGG

Like hell! She'll take things so
far - I've seen her lead a man! -

LOUISE

(with a really
menacing
look this
time)

Now can it, will you?

GRIGG

O.K., Louise. But just lay off
my work. Anyway,
(to GLEN)

let's say she's been about to
divorce me for twenty years.

GLEN

You know, that's probably what
keeps you out of the divorce
courts, telling the truth all the
time.

28. Contd.

GRIGG

God, do you think we'd ever get ourselves in a divorce court, are you crazy? Divorcing somebody means you think there's somebody better. And we don't! No, you don't get out of marriage by divorcing, old son, you just get into another one!

LOUISE

(in a better
frame of mind)

Well, there's something in that.

GLEN

You mean, every woman is woman whoever she is and every man man, and it doesn't much matter who you marry?

GRIGG

(with a long
puzzled look at
GLEN and then at
the drink in his hand)

Well, I never thought of it just like that, but it's a way of thinking.

(with a sniff)

LOUISE

(to GLEN)

He means you're drunk.

(with such a loud,
rasping cackle that
the panelling seems
to shake)

GRIGG

She has quite a voice, hasn't she? It's been ringing in my ears since I was a college kid. She even tried it in a lecture of mine. I had a bit where the words 'underbelly' and 'brief explosion' came in the same sentence, and she seemed to think that funny.

LOUISE

(with a bellow)

I never laughed so much in all my life!

They all start laughing.

GRIGG

Well, that's the first good laugh we've had since we docked yesterday - glad to have you here!

GLEN

Glad to have come.

CUT:

29. INT. GRIGG'S DINING ROOM. EVENING

The three of them are sitting round the table eating. This room is in the same panelling as the sitting room. GLEN looks less steady than he did before, and is attacking his food with enormous appetite, with LOUISE's eyes on him from the other side of the table.

LOUISE

Don't they let you eat on your job?

GLEN

(suddenly aware)

This was a rush one.

GRIGG

A rush one? Am I so important?

GLEN

Well, things like the destruction of the world seemed important.

GRIGG

Listen,

(leaning forward)

how does the English Press see me? Can you tell me that? You know, that's my reason for coming over, to hell with the lectures. I mean, I got such a damned bad press over here on this book of mine, it made me wish I'd never written it!

GLEN

Which one?

GRIGG

'Afterwards'. They just picked up one or two of the ideas, I admit they're important, but, God, they're not the whole thing. That book's more or less an academic study, you can't apply lay standards to it, it's written for information, I won't say it's for the experts but they should have the say on what kind of a book it is, not any hack book reviewer.

LOUISE

(to GLEN)

Don't take too much notice. He's overwrought, been working too damned hard. Are you married, Glen?

GLEN

Yes.

LOUISE

Children?

29. Contd.

GLEN

One boy, two years old.

LOUISE

Oh well, that's nice.

GRIGG

(to LOUISE)

You know, this girl can't lay cutlery. Is that a peculiarity of the Irish?

LOUISE

Probably.

They exchange another of their scowls.

GLEN

(looking round
the room)

There's plenny of panellin' in
this fla'. Mus' be worth somethin'.
(really drunk
now)

GRIGG

Why, sure, this is quite an
old house. The panelling was
by Verberckt.

GLEN

When was that?

GRIGG

Not long before the French
Revolution. He did a lot of the
wood at Versailles.

GLEN

Oh yes?

LOUISE

My husband's a mine of cultural
tittle-tattle. He picked that up off
the janitor downstairs, he'd never
heard the name in his life before.

GRIGG

Doesn't make the information any
less because it comes from the
janitor. And who the hell ever heard
of a soup going before a stoo?

(turning to GLEN)

Can you tell me what's happened to
women in our epoch?

29. Contd.

GLEN

They've lost the touch, and I don't blame them.

GRIGG

(to LOUISE, after
a wink at GLEN)

Oh, he's just singing for his supper.

GRIGG begins making absorbed sloop-slooping noises with his soup as regular as a steam-engine, and doesn't stop until his plate is dry.

LOUISE

(with GRIGG's
sloop-sloop OVER)

No, I'll tell you what happened. I decided on soup, this morning, when I thought we were going to have schnitzel, and she decided on stoo as the second course without consulting me. That's what happened.

GRIGG

You two want to get together. If you cut out the blarney about how your great grandfather came from Cork it might help.

(pushing his plate
away roughly)

Yes, this is quite an apartment. As a matter of fact, a great friend of mine owns it.

LOUISE

English, naturally. He's in the Government, or something very high up, anyway. He's quite a sweetie when he's had a few.

GRIGG

(with a sudden
glare)

Glen's a pressman, Lou. You might remember that. No, I mean it, you could start a whispering campaign like that.

GLEN

Whispering campaigns start with falsehood not truth.

GRIGG

You're dead right, Glen, that's how they started over my book, falsifying it.

29. Contd.

LOUISE

Everything they said was true. They just didn't like it.

(with another cackle)!

GRIGG

(really angry this time)

You mean, you like whispering campaigns against your own husband? That's a lack of self-respect, not just respect for me.

LOUISE

(frightened by his look)

Why, no, I'm not saying that, Jeff, I was following the argument, that's all.

GRIGG

Maybe you'd better keep off my work once and for all, and off British public figures.

GLEN

Oh - er - what's his name? You mean, your friend who owns the fla'?

GRIGG

(still without taking his eyes off LOUISE)

He's one of the finest defence brains you have in this country - name of Dornelling. Anyway, let's get on with business. I'd just like to say this, Glen.

GRIGG - moving close to GLEN with energy and giving his speech with a certain demonic force that makes GLEN flinch increasingly.

GRIGG (contd)

I wrote this book Afterwards to save humanity in the event of a nuclear war and that went all over the world as my advocating nuclear war. Now, I wouldn't mind if people knew what I meant by Afterwards, but they don't, they think I mean after the bomb falls in the future, but I don't. I mean now. Remember what Macbeth said after his first murder - 'From this instant there's nothing serious in mortality' and then he said, 'All is but toys,

29. Contd.

GRIGG (contd)

grace and renown is dead' - they weren't too hot on their grammar in those days - 'the wine of life is drawn'. Think of that, Glen. It's happened to us, too. The wine of life is drawn. Our murder was Hiroshima. We murdered respect for the human creature. We're living in the Afterwards of that and we've got to go on and on like Macbeth. The murders can't stop. I'm only facing facts, trying to see some chance of survival in all this, and even some hope. Old Macbeth had to murder. Maybe we've got to do the same. And that's hell. That's what we're living in now - hell - the hell of indecision - and people don't know it. Leastways they have a hunch about it, but mostly they prefer acting. They think they're still in the Before and everything's nice and cosy and being looked after like it used to be. Now, my book

(out of breath now)

tries to make 'em face up to hell rationally. But people won't listen, they'd rather call me a nuclear nut. Since 1945 the human being's been dead. That's my message, Glen. Print that, if you like.

CUT:

30. INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT. NIGHT

GLEN nodding asleep in a train roaring towards London. A book is in his lap, the CAMERA PANS DOWN to a C.U. of this. It shows the dust jacket: AFTERWARDS by Jefferson Grigg, Author of Mexico and The World City. GLEN blinks awake again, stares before him, falls asleep.

CUT:

31. EXT. LONDON STREET. NIGHT

A taxi draws up outside PALERMO's office and GLEN gets out, pays the driver off. He walks into the dark entrance and feels his way along.

CUT:

32. INT. PALERMO'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Everything is dark. Suddenly the lights come on and GLEN walks into the room. The copy of AFTERWARDS is still in his hand. He is looking for PALERMO. He goes to PALERMO's desk and we see

32. Contd.

it from his P.V. PALERMO has given a can-can girl a big moustache and he has printed, in Gothic characters, over her head, the following sentence: Press Relations Institute for Captains and Kings.

CUT:

33. INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

GLEN is standing in his pyjamas. The only light is from the neon sign outside. He sways slightly. The CAM. PANS round to his copy of Afterwards on the bed. He kisses the photograph on the bedside table and sleeps.

CUT:

34. INT. PALERMO'S OFFICE. MORNING

The two girls are typing as GLEN enters the office.

GLEN

Good morning.

Neither of them takes any notice. He squeezes past them to JOHN PALERMO's inner office. We hear PALERMO's voice.

PALERMO

(talking over
the phone)

I'll give you half, and that's over-
paying.

CUT:

35. INT. PALERMO'S INNER OFFICE. MORNING

PALERMO is just slamming down the receiver as GLEN comes in. PALERMO looks the worse for wear; there are bulges under his eyes and his lips are pale.

PALERMO

Muriel! Take this down to the
shop.

(looking up at
GLEN with a
brief smile)

Printers! I've never heard such
prices. What do you think of that,
by the way?

(flinging a newspaper
across the desk to-
wards GLEN)

From GLEN'S P.V. the newspaper with the following headline:
I ALWAYS SAY IT'S THE SHAPE THAT GETS HIM, SAYS MISSILE
PROFESSOR'S WIFE, then a photograph of LOUISE.

35. Contd.

GLEN sinks down into a chair with the newspaper in his hand and reads the column aloud.

GLEN

It's the way it goes up, and, of course, the shape, said Louise Grigg, 46-year-old wife of American Professor Jefferson Grigg, known in nuclear circles as Mr. Afterwards when we chatted over the phone today. She was referring to the H-bomb mushroom. Life with Jefferson hasn't always been a bed of roses. Louise told me confidentially that they nearly ended in the divorce courts twice in the last few years and each time were saved by the thought that though their marriage smelt a bit high those of most of their friends stank.

GLEN looks up at PALERMO with some astonishment and then goes on reading.

GLEN (contd)

Husky, deep-voiced Jefferson Grigg has made it his business to study all the published data concerning the likely results of the big flash when it comes.

(looks up again)

Jefferson Grigg was for two months a Hollywood gag-writer. I enjoyed my chat with his pleasant wife today. It humanised him for me. Take the nuclear mushroom, she said. Now, if that's not a symbol of something my name's not Lou.

(putting the paper down)

God! Where did you get all that?

PALERMO

(lighting a cigarette and screwing up his eyes)

What's that? Oh, the article. Don't you think it's great? Jack Ryan gave me -

The telephone next door rings, and one of the typewriters ceases for a moment.

MURIEL

(from the other side of the partition)

Hello ... Yes. Of course. He's in the office now.

35. Contd.

One of PALERMO's telephones rings and he snatches up the receiver.

PALERMO

Yes?

MURIEL

(from the other
side of the partition)

There's somebody for Mr. Glen.
I think it's from Cambridge.

PALERMO immediately thrusts the receiver across to GLEN.

PALERMO

It's for you.

GLEN takes the receiver. PALERMO goes on quietly working.

GLEN

Hello.

GRIGG

(from the other
end of the line)

Is that Glen? - because I don't
know your other name. I guess
you know who this is.

GLEN

Is that Jeff?

GRIGG (VOICE OVER)

Jeff my arse! You can call me
Professor. You know what I think
of you?

GLEN

No.

GRIGG (VOICE OVER)

That's a lie. By the sound of
your voice, you glass-eyed phoney,
you know what I think of you and you
know I'm right. You can quote me,
too. Put that in your crummie paper,
and I hope it chokes you.

GLEN

Excuse me but -

GRIGG (VOICE OVER)

What my wife thinks of you couldn't
even be put down on paper. Listen,
I'm very sorry about this. I don't
hate you, I despise you quite a bit,
but mostly I'm just darned sorry,
because I thought you were quite a
nice guy. How did you get caught up
in this job?

35. Contd.

GLEN

I don't know.

GRIGG (VOICE OVER)

You can always get out. There's a story about the Emperor Constantine - ever heard of him?

PALERMO

(looking up quickly)

Tell him 'yes'!

GRIGG (VOICE OVER)

They say he came back from Rome with all the crimes in creation on his shoulders. He just about killed everybody in his own family, and he had a helluva big family. And that's how he became a Christian. Somebody told him this was the only religion that forgave you everything you did. Think about that.

GLEN

I will.

GRIGG (VOICE OVER)

Well, I don't suppose we'll bump into each other again, but if we do, it'll be a big bump, and I hope it hurts. A kick-in-the-pants from my wife, too. I just wanted you to know you're a shyster, that's all.

GLEN

I didn't -

The receiver is crashed down at the other end. Silence. GLEN slowly replaces his own receiver.

GLEN (contd)

Listen. Did you write all that?

PALERMO

(torn with
difficulty from
his work)

Of course I did - with Jack Ryan's help. I asked for a hundred quid, and he gave me seventy-five. Not bad for a phone conversation, eh?

GLEN

But they're nice people!

35. Contd.

PALERMO

I know! I fixed you a dinner with them! Here, what's she like? Forty-six is just my dish. What d'you say?

(with a wink)

Has she got 'it'?

GLEN shrugs.

PALERMO (contd)

I'll take her to the Mirabel, then, like she asked me to.

GLEN

And I take the blame!

PALERMO

What the hell! You're working for an agency; that's not your responsibility.

GLEN

He said this would happen. Not exactly in those words, but he said I was a reporter, not a gentleman.

PALERMO

Oh, by the way, got any change from the ten quid?

GLEN

What about my share?

PALERMO

Why, you crooked bugger, you didn't write the article, and your conscience won't let you have any part of it, but you want the wages of sin! You can keep the change and call it money well earned.

GLEN looks up at him steadily, but PALERMO is already touching up another of his sketches.

GLEN

Do you know where I can find a room?

PALERMO

Not a hope. I tried last year when my wife walked out on me. She sold the flat from under my feet. She's spending the money now, in Cannes. Where are you staying?

35. Contd.

GLEN

A hotel.

PALERMO

Well, isn't that good enough
for you?

GLEN

Yes, but I'm trying to earn my
living. Can't you see that? I've
come over here to get out of the
shipping business. It was boring
me to death. And I want to bring
my wife and child over.

But PALERMO is deep in his sketches and the typewriters are
thundering next door.

PALERMO looks up suddenly.

PALERMO

Stand up.

GLEN

Stand up?

PALERMO

Yes, go on - stand up.

GLEN stands up.

PALERMO (contd)

Now turn round.

GLEN

What for?

PALERMO

Just turn round.

GLEN turns round.

PALERMO (contd)

Yes. Alright.

(calling next
door)

Muriel! I think we've found our
man.

CUT:

36. INT. PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO. MORNING

This is PALERMO's large photographic studio in the basement. It is littered with old flats, camera equipment, stands, and lamps. There are cables all over the floor. There is a cubicle for changing. PALERMO is at this moment fixing one of the cameras, in his shirt sleeves. PAT is fixing the scenery. GLEN is standing there with nothing on except a flimsy dressing-gown.

PALERMO

This is something I've been working on for weeks. It's an apple campaign.

GLEN

Apple?

PALERMO

Yes. They told me, Give us a bright idea and we'll give you the account. Well, you have the body. In fact, it was the first thing I noticed about you.

MURIEL emerges with only a flimsy dressing-gown on like GLEN's.

MURIEL

Why don't you heat this place?

PALERMO

(still fixing the camera)

No fire.

GLEN

You wouldn't like to tell me what all this is for, before we start would you?

PALERMO

I've told you already - I'm trying to sell apples, and you're trying to sell yourself. That's what you told me - you wanted a job. Isn't that right? Now, just lay down, both of you.

He sweeps MURIEL's dressing-gown off her shoulder as she sits down on the floor in front of the flats, and motions GLEN to sit behind her, both facing the CAMERA. GLEN does not remove his dressing-gown.

PALERMO (contd)

(snatching off GLEN's dressing-gown)

Oh, come on! God, you must have undressed in front of a woman before.

36. Contd.

GLEN

Not a strange woman.

PALERMO

(quietly, as he goes
back to the camera)

I bet that's a lie.

(as he gazes through
the viewfinder)

Closer. These lights are marvellous.
Why they don't burn the house down
I shall never understand. Alright,
now lean down on your elbow. That's
right, do the same, Muriel. This
is going to reach them.

(refocussing as
GLEN and MURIEL
lean on their elbows)

Bend your legs a bit. That's it.
A bit closer, Glen, that's it, Muriel,
just straighten your underneath leg;
that's it. Now you do the same,
Glen. Go on, a bit more. That's
it. Get a bit closer. Go on, that's
it. Boy, oh boy! O.K. Rest.

PALERMO begins fixing sprays of artificial flowers and twigs in
front of them.

MURIEL

I wish you'd buck up, I'm freezing.

GLEN

Your circulation must be all
wrong. I'm not even chilly.

MURIEL

You don't sit behind a typewriter
all day.

PALERMO

(quietly)

Or a glass of Pernod all night.

(going back
to the camera)

Alright, keep it like that.

GLEN

What are we supposed to be?

PALERMO

Adam and Eve, about to eat the
apple of temptation.

GLEN

Muriel looks like Eve, but do I
look like Adam?

36. Contd.

MURIEL

(quietly)

Well, you've got it all there.

PALERMO

Listen to them both. They're getting funny. The only thing is.

(emerging from the camera)

Adam never wore swim-pants.

PALERMO goes over to GLEN and points to the discrepancy between his middle and the rest of his body - white skin against brown.

PALERMO

See what I mean? It's a different colour from the rest. We can smear on some tan.

PAT gets a big pot from one of the benches and hands it to GLEN.

GLEN

What d'you mean? I smear this over myself?

PALERMO

That's right.

GLEN eases himself away from MURIEL a little and unscrews the lid slowly while the others watch. He begins creaming.

PALERMO (contd)

Further down.

GLEN goes on creaming, making circular little movements until the front is at least uniform.

PALERMO (contd)

Who's going to do the back? I see mostly back from here.

MURIEL

I will. Get on your stomach. He's got quite a figure. Did you go in for athletics?

(as GLEN turns over)

GLEN

No.

PALERMO

(to GLEN)

You don't know what she means by athletics.

36. Contd.

MURIEL takes the pot and then in the concentrated silence begins creaming GLEN, making soft slapping noises.

MURIEL

How's that?

PALERMO

A bit lower down.

MURIEL

Where?

PALERMO

That's right. Open your legs a bit, Glen.

Here MURIEL ceases her circular movements and dives down between his legs.

A C. U. of GLEN's face shows him in an equivocal state of mind.

PALERMO

(ducking towards his camera again)

I reckon that's enough. Glen, you'll have to get closer to Muriel - I want you in the viewfinder.

GLEN moves up closer as before to MURIEL.

MURIEL

Here, like this.

She yanks GLEN with one swift movement towards her so that he lies curved round her middle. There are the hollow clicks of the camera working.

PALERMO

O. K. , break it up!

MURIEL

(to GLEN)

I'm smeared all over with your damned greasepaint. Just look!

GLEN

Yes, you're covered in it.

PAT throws them a towel.

MURIEL

(handing the towel to GLEN)

Here, wipe me, will you?
(he begins to do so)

Never posed before?

36. Contd.

GLEN

No.

MURIEL

You're O.K. Not like some of these new people who fling a temperament.

PALERMO

He's an executive.

GLEN

I bet an executive never did that before.

PALERMO begins working at one of the benches taking 35mm film out of tanks and peeping into the dryer tanks. There are photographs in piles, still curled and unpressed.

GLEN in his dressing-gown strolls over to him, looks over his shoulder.

GLEN

This is all your work?

PALERMO nods.

From GLEN'S P.V. we see a picture of three naked men - one holding a rolled umbrella, another with only a bowler hat on, the third with a black bow tie: then the bold printed words running down the side, GET THE REST FROM SNOWE'S OF SAVILLE ROW.

MURIEL comes up level with GLEN.

MURIEL

I knew you'd never done it before by the way you were sort of all on top of me. Suppose you had to hold it for a couple of hours.

GLEN

(gazing at her)

I don't think I could. Not with you.

CUT:

37. INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

The CAM. DRAWS BACK to show GLEN's bed turned down for him and his copy of Afterwards on the bedside table laid open on its face. He is in his pyjamas. He goes to bed. He is just lying back on his pillow when the telephone rings. He takes up the receiver.

GLEN

Hello.

(nothing happens at the other end)

37. Contd.

GLEN (contd)

Hello!
 (still nothing
 happens)
 Hello!

LOUISE

(at the other
 end)

Hello, bad boy.

GLEN

Yes?

LOUISE (VOICE OVER)

I'm with your boss. He's trying
 to seduce me.

GLEN

Oh.

LOUISE (VOICE OVER)

Listen, I hope you weren't too
 cut up this morning about that
 phone call from my husband. I
 was listening on the bedroom line.
 This is Louise.

GLEN

Yes, I recognised you.

LOUISE (VOICE OVER)

He flew to Paris this afternoon.
 Lecturing to some NATO boys
 about total destruction. He calls
 it the North Atlantic Treason
 Organisation.

GLEN

You'd better be careful I don't
 quote you on that, hadn't you?

LOUISE (VOICE OVER)

You're quite a couple of boys,
 you and Palermo, aren't you?

GLEN

We do our best.

LOUISE (VOICE OVER)

You know the thing that really
 got Jeff's goat was that bit about
 having been a gag-writer. There
 isn't a soul in the States knows about
 that, and he thinks you're as clever
 as Satan. He gloats over you like some
 people do over rats, with a fascinated
 horror.

37. Contd.

GLEN

I see.

LOUISE (VOICE OVER)

Sometimes he wants to cut you up into fine pieces, and sometimes he wants you over for a drink. I've been meaning to say what that article said for ten years. He thinks you and I are in cahoots, by the way. That excites him another way too - he thinks there might be something kinky there, between you and me.

GLEN

Really?

LOUISE (VOICE OVER)

Would you tell me one thing - how did you get mixed up with these people?

GLEN

It's a long story. Or, perhaps a short one.

LOUISE (VOICE OVER)

You mean you sort of fell into it?

GLEN

Yes.

LOUISE (VOICE OVER)

Well, you can fall out of it at any time.

GLEN

That's what your husband said.

LOUISE (VOICE OVER)

Yes. What we have to do for money. How did you find out about him being a gag-writer?

GLEN

As I didn't write the thing, I don't know.

LOUISE (VOICE OVER)

Well, how did your editor find out?

GLEN

I suppose they have libraries and things. I haven't got an editor.

37. Contd.

LOUISE (VOICE OVER)

Palermo says you've got about the most dangerous tongue in Fleet Street. And yet you wouldn't think it, to look at you. You look as if you've just come up from the country, growing corn or something.

GLEN

That's not far wrong, either.

LOUISE (VOICE OVER)

And listen - if you've got a wife why are you staying in a hotel? Palermo gave me the number. Excuse the familiarity, but you started the habit, kid.

GLEN

Well, we live in the country, just as you said.

And with this GLEN hangs up. He stares before him in the dimness. He kisses the photograph on the bedside table and sleeps.

CUT:

38. INT. PALERMO'S OFFICE. MORNING

GLEN is sitting by PALERMO's desk in his shirtsleeves. PALERMO bursts into the room and throws a heavy packet on to the desk.

PALERMO

Have a look at this. By tomorrow morning that'll be all over England.

(as GLEN opens the envelope and takes out photographs)

That friend of yours is quite a girl, isn't she? Louise, I mean!

But GLEN is concentrating on the photographs. We see them from his P.V. - several prints of yesterday's study from the Genesis. The naked forms of MURIEL and GLEN shine through the leaves and there is a boldly-printed caption: WHY DID THE APPLE TEMPT EVE? FIND OUT BY EATING ONE.

PALERMO

This is going to make us in the art world. As a matter of fact, I've already thought of a whole series called Adam and Eve. Just nudes of you and Muriel.

38. Contd.

GLEN

(putting the
prints down)

Listen, I'm clearing out of that hotel tomorrow. What about a contract? Something permanent, to give me security. I've got to tell my wife something, an excuse for coming over here.

PALERMO

(gazing at him
closely)

Chandler-Williams told me you've got 20 acres of vineyard.

GLEN

Yes, that's true. I bought it on the cheap.

PALERMO

Then what are you doing over here?

GLEN

Oh, I suppose I needed London, I needed to see it again.

PALERMO

You were born here?

GLEN

Yes.

PALERMO

And your wife?

GLEN

Yes.

PALERMO

Why didn't she come too?

GLEN

Oh, there's the house, and then the child. He's a bit young for an upheaval. And anyway, I'm only on leave.

PALERMO

Ah, so you're taking us on a kind of trial, are you?

GLEN

Well, if you like.

38. Contd.

PALERMO

And what do we have to prove ourselves?

GLEN

I don't know. I just want a different life.

PALERMO

You'll get that, alright.

PALERMO goes and sits behind his desk.

PALERMO (contd)

Shall I tell you something, Glen? You're the only person who answered that advertisement.

GLEN

Am I really?

PALERMO

You see, not many people in life want adventure, really.

MURIEL comes in with a tray of two coffees, sets them down on the desk.

GLEN

Thank you.

MURIEL

(to GLEN, with a scowl towards PALERMO)

You notice how nice he is to me?

She leaves at once, while PALERMO goes on finishing one of his sketches.

GLEN takes up the mid-day newspaper and gazes at it idly, stirring his coffee and then lifting it to his lips. Suddenly he sees something in the paper that makes him choke.

PALERMO takes no notice.

GLEN

What the hell's this!

We see the newspaper from his P.V. under a column titled HIT LINES OF THE WEEK, with another grinning photograph of JEFFERSON GRIGG. We see the beginning of a paragraph: 'One-time gag-writer Professor Jefferson Grigg ...' and GLEN begins reading this aloud.

38. Contd.

GLEN

'One-time gag-writer, Professor Jefferson Grigg, at present using England as a launching-pad for lectures on the Continent, is in the news again. Said his wife, Louise, cosily known in The States as Mrs. Afterwards, Jeff flew to Paris this afternoon ... he's lecturing to some NATO Boys about total destruction. She added with a husky laugh: He calls it the North Atlantic Treason Organisation.' Here! She said all that to me last night. On the phone!

PALERMO raises his head, slowly, and stares at GLEN with his mouth open, a photograph of an apple in his hand.

PALERMO

What's bitten you?

GLEN

This story! Look at it! He'll sue me, and that'll be the end of your stories.

PALERMO

What story?

GLEN

Look at this!

He flings the newspaper across to him.

GLEN (contd)

Don't tell me you're not responsible for that.

PALERMO

(screwing up his eyes to read and repeating the words silently to himself)

Well, I can't see what's wrong with that. Does this man pay me a cent for getting his name in the papers every day? But he's going to pay.

(adding quietly, through pursed lips, his eyes narrowed)

Let me tell you something, Glen. The Americans are the most un-rebellious race on earth.

GLEN

Yes, but there are nearly two hundred million of them, and you might get some surprises.

38. Contd.

PALERMO

Oh don't you worry. That man loves every word we say about him.

(getting up from
pushing his chair
back noisily)

Don't you know there are thousands of people who'd give their right hands for an attack on them in the papers? I know a dozen starlets who at this moment are craving to be smeared.

(taking his over-
coat down from
the hook)

Don't you realise what I've done getting him to the top of the HIT LINES column - and he's not paying me a cent! If there's one thing I hate, Glen, it's being used. I'll be at the printers. Goodbye.

He goes, but pops back into the room at once.

PALERMO (contd)

Listen, Glen, I've got a job for you tonight, but it's personal. I shall be tied up with the printers for hours, otherwise I'd do it myself. It's a girl, Glen. I was going to take her out. You know, club, or dinner, or something. Can you do it for me?

GLEN

But who is she?

PALERMO

Meet her at the London International at seven. Take her where you like. I hope my friends are yours.

GLEN

What about money?

PALERMO

I'll give you ten quid. That should cover it.

GLEN

Ten!

PALERMO

Alright - fifteen. When it runs out, you'll have to push her off home, that's all. If people don't pay me how can I pay you?

38. Contd.

PALERMO leaves.

GLEN

(shouting)

What about the money?

PALERMO returns, irritated, and throws fifteen pounds on the desk. He dashes out again.

GLEN (contd)

(shouting)

And what about her name?

PALERMO

(from the other
side of the parti-
tion)

Get it from Muriel.

GLEN gets up and goes to the door. The CAM. follows him through.

The GIRLS have stopped typing now that PALERMO is out of the office.

GLEN

(to MURIEL)

Do you know who he means?

MURIEL

Yes. It's somebody called Jean de Lisle Swiburne.

GLEN

That's a funny name.

MURIEL

Well, I didn't give it to her.

She writes the name down on a piece of paper and hands it to GLEN. We see it from his P. V. 'Jean de Lisle Swiburne'.

CUT:

39. INT. HOTEL ROOM. EARLY EVENING

GLEN is standing in front of the mirror putting on a fancy waistcoat. He puts on a dark jacket over it. He checks that there is money in his wallet, and then puts his overcoat on. He goes to the door and leaves, but returns at once to give the photograph on the bedside table a look.

CUT:

40. EXT. STREET. EARLY EVENING

GLEN is coming out of the hotel, and turns into the street. He walks along quickly, smart and energetic.

CUT:

41. EXT. ANOTHER STREET. EARLY EVENING

GLEN walking along. He looks up with surprise. From his P.V. we see a gigantic poster. It is the print of himself and MURIEL. He stops and gazes at it with his mouth open. He looks at people walking by and clearly it is passing through his mind that they take no more notice of this vast poster than they would of any other. The caption stands out clear on the poster: WHY DID THE APPLE TEMPT EVE? FIND OUT BY EATING ONE. These last words seem to drill into his mind.

CUT:

42. INT. A BUS. EARLY EVENING

GLEN on the top of a bus gazing down into the street. Suddenly he looks surprised, gazing straight ahead. From his P.V. we see another huge poster - himself and MURIEL again. This time he seems pleased, he seems to be getting used to it.

CUT:

43. INT. A HOTEL FOYER. EARLY EVENING

GLEN walks into the hotel. A clock shows a few minutes after seven. He goes over to the DESK PORTER who leans forward politely.

GLEN

Miss Jean de Lisle Swiburne,
please.

Without a word the PORTER goes to the hotel telephone and dials a number.

PORTER

A gentleman to see you, madam.
(turning round to
GLEN and with-
drawing the phone
a little from his
mouth)

Your name, please?

GLEN

(hesitating)

Glen.

PORTER

(holding out receiver
towards GLEN)

Miss Swiburne.

43. Contd.

GLEN
 (taking the receiver)
 Miss Swiburne, good evening.

JEAN
 (at the other end)
 Is that chaise-longue?

GLEN
 What's that?

JEAN (VOICE OVER)
 I suppose you're chaise-longue?

GLEN
 (out of his depth)
 I'll be sitting under the clock.

JEAN (VOICE OVER)
 Just two minutes.

She puts the phone down, and GLEN hands his back to the PORTER. He strolls across to one of the chairs in the foyer, looking perplexed.

CUT:

44. INT. HOTEL FOYER. EARLY EVENING

The clock is now at seven-thirty. GLEN is still sitting in his chair, nodding half asleep. Suddenly he is awoken by a young woman standing immediately behind him.

JEAN
 Hi, there!

GLEN
 (jumping to
 his feet)
 Oh.

JEAN has blonde hair full of ringlets. She is smiling, with blue eyes that shift pleasantly like glass in water. Her coat is so immense that she seems to have struggled to the top of it with great effort in order to show her head. She is pale, but the pallor has a touching delicacy. She wears no hat. Her earrings flicker in the light. She seems to have thrown everything on from a careless distance. JEAN is American.

JEAN
 (with a flickering
 smile)
 Did I keep you waiting?

GLEN
 John Palermo was very sorry
 - tied up at the printers.

44. Contd.

JEAN
 (with a very
 quick stare)
 Printers? Well,
 (with a smile that
 makes her face
 flicker again)
 where do we go, boss?

GLEN
 I think a drink's a good idea,
 don't you?

She walks slightly in front of GLEN towards the hotel entrance, so close that she nearly trips him up.

CUT:

45. EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOTEL. EARLY EVENING

GLEN and JEAN stand waiting for a taxi. JEAN has one ungloved hand at her neck, holding the collar of her coat against the wind. She keeps glancing at GLEN - casually, with the touch of a smile, a sadly wistful expression of the eyes. Her talk drifts in.

JEAN
 ... try and create an illusion,
 I suppose.

GLEN suddenly wakes up to the fact that she has been talking to him for some time.

GLEN
 What was that?

JEAN
 I'm saying, we try and create
 an illusion, and what else is
 anything, anyway?

The COMMISSIONAIRE gets them a taxi, and they get in.

CUT:

46. INT. TAXI. EARLY EVENING

GLEN is sitting next to JEAN. She puts her coat a little off her shoulders, showing a woollen jumper underneath. GLEN leans forward and speaks to the cabby.

GLEN
 Could you just drive towards the
 River, and I'll make up my mind.

He settles back in his seat.

46. Contd.

JEAN is now gazing out of the window at the pavement, a smile softly and unsteadily on her lips. GLEN gives her jumper an appreciative glance.

GLEN

How long have you known Palermo?

JEAN - screwing up her face as if he's said something unexpected through the smile returns almost at once.

JEAN

Oh! Since I was born.

GLEN

Honestly?

JEAN

If you like.

GLEN stares at her in puzzlement. The cab passes down Regent Street.

GLEN

How do you mean - if I like?

JEAN

Well,

(her smile swelling
and making her
cheeks fat for a
moment)

if we're creating it all anyway
let's make up old friends, too.

He gazes at her helplessly.

GLEN

Are you here on work?

JEAN

Ah!

(with even
fatter cheeks)

I was promised an anonymous
evening don't forget!

GLEN

He's quite a character, isn't
he, Palermo?

JEAN

(laughing a pleasant
high-pitched rippling
laugh)

Have it your own way. Have it
your own way!

46. Contd.

She goes on smiling to herself, her cheeks fat, shaking her head slowly with a certain surprise too.

The cab throbs in a traffic jam.

GLEN
Do you know London?

JEAN
Tonight I don't want to know anything. I get tied up with people. Yes, I do, honest. With my husband, too.

GLEN
Oh! You're married.

JEAN
Yes.

The cab moves on, and GLEN leans forward to the cabby window again.

GLEN
(to the DRIVER)
Villiers Street, please.

JEAN
You know, people are always pouring out their hearts to me. I just sit and let them pour and I'm damn well not interested, I'm not.

(turning to face him fully, her face very close to his)
I guess you think I'm a nut. Oh, yes, yes, sure. Listen, Mister, do you believe in marriage?

GLEN
Yes.

JEAN
I don't.

GLEN
What do you believe in, then, as a substitute?

JEAN
Being yourself.

GLEN
Can't you be yourself if you're married?

46. Contd.

JEAN

Of course you can't.

GLEN

Why not?

JEAN

Because they try and own you,
and that's wrong. I'm independent
- I try to be.

GLEN

What about children?

JEAN

I haven't any.

(turning away as
if he'd stung her)

Having somebody else's name -
that's wrong.

GLEN

Is this your husband's name?

JEAN

Which?

GLEN

I mean - the name you have.

JEAN

Swinburne's my husband's name,
but I couldn't stand it, so I cut
out one 'N'. 'N' for nut. I'm like
that - yes, sure. I made him
change his name by deed poll.

GLEN

You did - to Swiburne?

JEAN

Yes.

GLEN

Is he in London?

JEAN

No, he's inside. Brixton gaol. I
think his parents are English and
his mother married again - some junk
I didn't care to go into. Listen, I'm
awfully sorry, I must sound terribly
disrespectful. The fact is, I respect
my husband more than anybody, but I
just have to be alone. I suppose that's
why I like hotels.

46. Contd.

GLEN
But is his name de Lisle, as well?

JEAN
No, that's mine. I use both when
I'm travelling.

GLEN
So you're French as well?

JEAN
No, I'm Scotch-American. I would
have been born in Detroit but my
parents were holidaying in Scotland.
It's a long story.

JEAN - suddenly disconsolate, her mouth drooping and for a moment,
looking not unlike Queen Victoria.

JEAN (contd)
Here, I'm sorry you've got to
listen to all this.

GLEN
I enjoy it.

JEAN
You must get used to it, huh?

JEAN - giving him another close look with her face once again very
close to his.

CUT:

47. EXT. VILLIERS STREET. EVENING

The cab comes to a halt, and GLEN and JEAN get out.

JEAN
Do you get trained for it?

GLEN does not answer being busy paying the cabby.

JEAN (contd)
No training?

CUT:

48. INT. SHERRY BAR. EVENING

In a crowded bar JEAN and GLEN are seated on barrels, close together.
It is noisy and smoky.

JEAN
Well, look, this is quite a place.
Do you keep a kind of list, or
something?

48. Contd.

GLEN
(undecided as to
what to say)

No.

JEAN
You know, this is the first
time I've done it.

GLEN
What?

JEAN
Okay, okay!
(with a wide
smile)
Have it your own way! Well,
I agree, it's the right way to
play it.

GLEN
(nodding towards
her coat)
Won't you take that off?

JEAN
No. It gives me security.
(with a pleas-
ant wink)

GLEN
But it's stifling here.

JEAN
I prefer to stifle.

GLEN
Will you have your sherry dry,
or sweet?

JEAN
Neither.

GLEN
Neither?

JEAN
Listen, if I drink all I want to do
is sleep.

GLEN
Can I get you a glass of water?

JEAN
I'd like a cake most, but they
won't have any.

48. Contd.

GLEN gets up with increasing puzzlement and goes to the bar. He stands there waiting to give his order and casts a quick glance back at her. A SHOT of JEAN shows her smiling vaguely towards him though the smile could easily be a trick of her cheeks.

He orders his sherry, still casting back rather frightened glances. Then he returns to his barrel. He finds that she is leaning slightly at an angle and he has to more or less inch himself on to his seat so that she is leaning against him.

JEAN

Hey, do you do this every night?

GLEN

No. Too much work.

JEAN

(looking at him
with surprise)

Oh. And Mr. Palermo?

GLEN

He's ... fine.

She is still leaning heavily on him and he seems to be having difficulty in getting the drink to his mouth. To make it easier for himself, he begins leaning towards her, taking the weight so to speak. One of her hands still secures the overcoat collar round her neck as if there were a wind. To his surprise she looks down at his knees and carefully plucks off a piece of fluff, but she does not move away from her rather drowsy leaning position.

GLEN even begins to push at her slightly, but she does not seem aware of any movement on his part. He is really getting squashed into a corner. Then she suddenly smacks her lips together, like someone waking up, and she sits properly, blinking, and turns and smiles at him as if he were the head on the next pillow.

JEAN

You know, I'm only really myself with my own family. Honestly, I don't know why I ever left them. I guess that's why I left them.

GLEN

(quite out of
his depth)

What was that?

She continues to look at him with an almost eastern smile. Then she turns away, looking down, with a new thoughtfulness. All round there is wild and noisy talk from mostly young people.

JEAN

(looking at his drink)

That sherry certainly looks sexy.

48. Contd.

GLEN

(blinking towards
her)

Sexy?

JEAN

Why, yes. Heavy and oily.

Okay, okay!

(with the same
fat smile as
before)

You win! Let's play it that
way. You're trained to it,
after all.

(looking at him
closely again,
her nose almost
touching his)

Okay, okay!

GLEN decides to nod playfully and pat her knee. This is disastrous. The moment she is touched she makes a sudden spring in the air with an expression of horror, almost tipping his drink over, and says, in a stage whisper.

JEAN

Don't do that! Don't do that
again! D'you promise me?

GLEN

Do what?

JEAN

Touch me like that! I'll run
out of here screaming!

GLEN

Alright.

She sits down again, gingerly, panting with a faint distress, her mouth slightly open, her cheeks seeming to hang down over her mouth.

GLEN

Your husband must have had
a hell of a time. Doesn't he
ever touch you?

JEAN

Husbands are different.

GLEN

They're human.

48. Contd.

JEAN

Well,

(turning away
from him)

as I see it every touch robs
you of just a bit more indepen-
dence, and I like to be free.
You see, it's the heat, the heat
of the touch, and the lights being
on, and people standing around.

GLEN

What have lights got to do with
it?

JEAN

It's like somebody's looking for
something, all over your body,
when they touch you like that.
Don't you feel it?

GLEN

No.

JEAN

I told you I was different. I
like the way you carry your
shoulders, by the way. I think
a lot depends on shoulders:
everything grows out of them -
the head upwards, and the arms
sideways, and of course the
trunk downwards.

(nodding with
a wise look)

I'm only myself when I'm alone,
which makes you ask

(putting her
face close to
GLEN's again)

why I'm here. Well, I'm sold
on the way people look. I like
comparing noses and hands, and
that kind of thing.

GLEN

Yes?

JEAN

Eyes are hackneyed, and they move
too much. They're too much like
being touched. That's why I don't
like most eyes - they touch you when
they look at you! I guess there's
something moral about eyes - we can't
help looking at other people without
that moral indictment. Do you know
what I mean?

48. Contd.

GLEN

I think so.

JEAN

Sometimes I flatter myself that there's nothing moral about my eyes.

GLEN

I don't think there is.

JEAN

Really? You don't know how good you make me feel! I'd regard that as the greatest achievement of my life, I really would. Yes, really.

(nodding)

It took me five years to look at people the same way I look at things when I'm alone, and that's where you come in. I can be alone and with you at the same time. You don't know who I am. I don't know who you are, and I care less. You could go out and walk under a bus, and it wouldn't change my life. Listen, if that sounds horrible, you'd better excuse me.

GLEN

Oh, that's all right.

JEAN

I can be really alone with somebody if he's the right shape. You know.

(intimately)

I think you are.

GLEN

Suppose I hadn't been?

JEAN

Oh, I'd have gone back to my room after one peep. That was the understanding, anyway.

GLEN

Who with?

JEAN

Your boss.

CUT:

49. EXT. THE STRAND. EVENING

GLEN and JEAN are walking along the Strand towards Trafalgar Square - she winding in and out of people haphazardly, and sometimes pushing GLEN involuntarily towards the shop window, her head high and her mouth slightly open, her eyes wandering from side to side, slightly hunted, her shoulders hunched while GLEN does his best to keep up with it all.

GLEN
Where would you like to eat?

JEAN
(focussing on
him slowly)
Oh ... any place.

CUT:

50. EXT. CHARING CROSS ROAD. EVENING

GLEN and JEAN are walking along as before. Outside Wyndham's Theatre she turns to him.

JEAN
I'd just as soon go back to the hotel. We can be comfortable there. How about that?
(giving him
another of her
intimate looks)
I mean, do you like having waiters tread on your feet?

GLEN
Well, no, I'd just as soon be quiet.

JEAN
Here, I don't want you to think I'm fresh. Oh, listen, you're not getting the wrong idea, are you, because if you are, I'd just as soon say good night right now.

GLEN
(hopelessly)
I'm not getting any ideas at all.

50. They hail a taxi.

CUT:

51. INT. HOTEL FOYER. EVENING

The clock in the foyer of the London International says half-past nine.

GLEN and JEAN come into the hotel and the RECEPTIONIST looks up briefly from his ledger to give her the key. They go to the lift.

CUT:

52. INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. EVENING

GLEN and JEAN get out of the lift. They walk along the corridor.

CUT:

53. INT. HOTEL SUITE. EVENING

GLEN and JEAN come into a spacious and comfortable suite.

JEAN walks straight across the sitting room to her bedroom, and almost closes the bedroom door behind her, while GLEN stands in the middle of the room. She comes back.

JEAN

Make yourself at home. Really!

GLEN takes off his overcoat and hangs it in the little hallway near the door.

JEAN comes back into the room without her overcoat, looking a new person. Her feet are crammed into slim shoes, making a bulge along the insteps. She walks towards the fireplace, gazing at GLEN placidly, her head ducked a little, her shoulders hunched as before. She has powerful shoulders. He looks at her with curiosity.

53. Contd.

JEAN

(smiling graciously)

Listen, just you get on that service phone and order what you like - how's that?

GLEN

What about you?

JEAN

Oh, I'm fine as I am; I've got my cakes.

GLEN

Is that good for you?

JEAN

Well, it's true, I ought to cut down weight.

JEAN - looking down at herself, at her powerful breasts, her smile gone, her mouth sagging with a touch of puzzlement as if she didn't belong to her own body.

JEAN (contd)

How old do you think I am?

GLEN

Late-twenties.

JEAN

Boy, are you kind! I'm thirty-six!

She sits down in one of the armchairs, her thick legs crossed.

JEAN (contd)

I've tried to cut down on cakes, but I can't. Hey, stop looking at me like that.

GLEN

Like what?

JEAN

Like I'd be wrong to eat another cake.

GLEN

Was that in my eyes?

JEAN

Listen, you're quite interesting. I struck lucky, I really did.

(another vivid and gracious smile)

Listen, you get on that phone and order what you like.

GLEN goes to the house phone, and waits for the RECEPTIONIST.

53. Contd.

GLEN

Hello . . . Could you send up a wine list and a menu, please.

CUT:

54. INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. EVENING

A NEAPOLITAN WAITER walks briskly along the corridor with wine list and menu in his hand.

CUT:

55. INT. HOTEL SUITE. EVENING

GLEN and JEAN are both seated when the WAITER comes in. GLEN takes the wine list from him.

GLEN

(to JEAN)

What wine do you like?

JEAN

(directing her floating smile towards the WAITER instead of GLEN):

Listen, just you go ahead and order for yourself. Really, if I take a sip of anything, I start saying the silliest things.

The WAITER thinks she was addressing him.

WAITER

Pardon, madam?

But JEAN misses this.

GLEN

(to WAITER)

What about some Schwanen Riesling? A bad year, but it can't be helped. And I think I'll have salad and boiled eggs followed by cheese with toast. Will you bring the wine still corked on ice, please?

WAITER

(with a haunted glance at JEAN)

Yes, I will do that.

JEAN

(getting up)

I'll get things ready.

55. Contd.

The WAITER leaves.

JEAN takes a cloth from the sideboard drawer and spread it on the table.

GLEN

Is that where you keep your cakes?

JEAN

(turning round with
a rather screwed-up
expression, her brow
drawn in between her
eyes, mouth drooping
again)

Hey, listen! I wish you'd lay off
that. You really do want to make
me feel bad about it, don't you?

(as she straightens
the tablecloth)

Listen, you're not the persecuting
type, are you?

GLEN

Not that I know of.

JEAN

Well, that's good to hear. Well,

(as she goes to
the sideboard again)

we don't have to be friends, if
we're incompatible.

GLEN

I don't care how many cakes you
eat.

JEAN

Listen, will you lay off cakes once
and for all?

(swivelling
round at him)

GLEN

(laughing)

Okay.

She sits down again and begins gazing towards him. Silence establishes itself.

After a time he becomes aware that her gaze is set on his legs. He looks at her, then down at his legs. He looks up again at her. She is still gazing towards him with the same set and unblinking expression. He begins to sit in rather a fixed position, aware of her eyes on his lower quarters. He begins to stare at her.

This mime is interrupted by the entrance of the WAITER with a trolley.

55. Contd.

JEAN gets up again and makes herself busy setting knives and forks and glasses.

The WAITER opens the wine in front of GLEN after showing him the label. The WAITER wheels the trolley with the ice bucket towards the table and then leaves the room, after another glance at JEAN. To GLEN's astonishment JEAN now comes and sits down at his side on the settee very close to him.

GLEN

(politely)

What about your cakes?

JEAN

(with a great sigh)

Oh, boy, oh boy, are you out to get me tonight!

GLEN

Well, I mean you want to eat, don't you?

JEAN

Okay, bring 'em over. They're in there.

(pointing to the sideboard)

GLEN gets up and goes to the sideboard, opens it. A SHOT of the interior shows the cakes to be certainly there - a great platter full of them, the kind of platter used for sucking pigs. There is every kind of cake imaginable - pink and dark brown and white and spiralled and coned and cylindered and peppered with chocolate pieces and spiced and ice-sugared and creamed and baked shiny. GLEN looks at this mountain of confectionery with his mouth open. With some effort he takes out the vast dish. For a moment he stands with it, not knowing where to put it.

GLEN

What shall I do? Take some off, or will you have the lot?

JEAN

Hey, what have you got there?

(springing up and coming to his side)

You've got the whole damned works there! Put it back - go on, put it back!

GLEN puts it back, sheepishly, and JEAN takes out a single normal plate from the sideboard with three cakes on it - a chocolate meringue, a pastry cake crowned with fluffed coconut, and a vanilla mousse, which wobbles as she carries it over to her seat.

55. Contd.

JEAN

You certainly frightened me for a moment.

She sits down. Without hesitation, she starts it on the chocolate mousse with a teaspoon, putting it into her mouth with quick regular motions, her eyes fixed before her.

GLEN pours out his first glass of wine. It seems that all three cakes are gone from her plate before he has had time to take his first sip. He watches her with awed fascination. It is like a mechanical show; the meringue goes down with sullen crunches, while she holds her left hand underneath to catch any crumbs. Gradually her chewing becomes slower and then she stiffens altogether. She looks up at him.

JEAN

(in a whisper)

Don't ... do ... that.

GLEN

What?

JEAN

Don't ... look at me. Go and sit down. Go on.

GLEN sits down at the table and begins helping himself to salad.

She goes on chewing.

JEAN

Have you been to The States?

GLEN

No.

JEAN

You should go there, some day. But miss out Detroit. You see, I've never been good at anything. No, really, I mean it. You see, my second name's Narcissus. Why, yes, my face in the pool is the only face I know, the only one I'm interested in. I'm interested in other people when they're interested in me. And you're interested in me. Am I right?

GLEN

Yes, of course.

JEAN

Not of course. If somebody's not interested in me I see straight through them. I make an approach -

55. Contd.

JEAN (contd)

and boy, if that don't come off, why, they could be a speck of dust as far as I'm concerned. My husband was so interested in me he followed me all round the world. He came to Colombo and I'd just left, and the same in Hong Kong. But he got me in the end. He makes me feel real sexy when he's around, but hell, I don't wanna spend all my time in the kitchen.

GLEN

What do you mean, exactly, by sexy?

JEAN

You know cosy - when you curl up and wanna sleep so much you stay awake ...

GLEN

Do other people make you feel sexy?

JEAN

(puzzled)

How's that possible?

GLEN

Well, I mean - men.

JEAN

Men? How could they make me feel sexy?

GLEN

Well, who else could make you feel sexy other than men?

JEAN

Family, of course - I mean, any family. Mums and Dads! Isn't that agreed? I mean, what else than family can make you feel sexy?

GLEN

But ... just family?

JEAN

Just? What else is there? Hey, stop looking at my hands. I know they're awful.

GLEN

Why awful?

55. Contd.

JEAN

I do my own housework. That comes from three dish washes a day and sometimes the sheets.

GLEN

Here you do housework?

JEAN

At home, I mean.

GLEN

Where's that?

JEAN

Oh, I travel all the time, looking at my face in different kinds of pools. You're a part of that.

GLEN

Of what?

JEAN

The tour of Narcissus.

GLEN

How?

JEAN

Well, you're one of the pools.

GLEN

Oh ...

JEAN

That's why you're here.

GLEN

Is Palermo a pool, too?

JEAN

He could be. But I'll tell you something - he's only interested up to a certain point. I doubt if I could have a real deep conversation with him like I can with you. Listen, I'm sorry I jumped down your throat about the cakes. I guess it must be a hum-drum sort of life after the first few times - huh?

GLEN

How do you mean?

JEAN

You're determined not to understand anything, aren't you?

55. Contd.

JEAN (contd)

(with a laugh)

Okay, have it your own way! Here, am I keeping you up? Because, look, if you wanna call it a day I'll scrap the contract.

GLEN

No, I'm not a bit tired.

JEAN

Well, would you like to see the bedroom?

GLEN

(gulping down his food)

Bedroom!

JEAN

Sure! Come on!

(she gets up)

I always like to show the guests the house.

He follows her to the bedroom door.

JEAN (contd)

Come right in.

(as he hesitates)

No, come on in.

This is a pleasant room. A large teddy bear sits on the pillows.

GLEN goes to the bed and sits down on it.

JEAN

When I look at that bed I get so excited I don't know how to hold myself.

GLEN

Do you?

JEAN

You know what I mean? Just curling up ... being alone and having a book in your hand? Are you like that?

GLEN

Sometimes.

JEAN

I don't often meet people who feel the way I do. Mostly they're social,

55. Contd.

JEAN (contd)
 though I'm not. Would you not look
 at me for a moment? Please.

GLEN
 (turning away)
 I'm sorry. I didn't know I was.

JEAN
 I just feel I can't do a thing with-
 out you pinning on to it. I just
 don't care to move! Stay like that,
 will you?

GLEN
 Certainly.

Silence again establishes itself between them.

GLEN
 (his head still
 turned away)
 May I go and get my wine, please?

JEAN
 Why, sure.

He goes next door to fetch his glass of wine and returns with it.

JEAN
 (the moment he
 sits down on her
 bed again)
 Listen, do you mind getting off my
 bed?

GLEN
 (jumping up)
 Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you
 didn't mind.

JEAN
 No, I don't mean that.
 (her eyes cast down)
 I like you sitting on my bed. I'd -
 (hesitating while
 he stands there)
 Couldn't you please sit on a chair?
 (imploring him,
 almost crying):
 And please don't look at me.

GLEN
 (turning his
 back on her)
 I'm sorry. But there isn't a chair to
 sit on.

55. Contd.

JEAN

Well, please get one from the other room.

GLEN goes next door and brings back a straight-backed chair. He places it by the dressing table but with the precaution of placing it towards the window so that his back is half-turned toward her.

GLEN

(not looking at her)
How's that for bearings?

JEAN

(as he sits down)
You're sitting so funny.

GLEN

Why?

JEAN

Well, is that how you usually sit in company? With your back turned?

He turns to look at her, at once there is a cry.

JEAN (contd)

Please don't. I asked you not to look at me. It makes me feel like a cactus. It's horrible. How did you get eyes like that?

GLEN

Nobody ever told me.
(as he faces
the curtain again)

JEAN

Boy, do you take it out of women. What is it - a revenge on our sex? Do you dislike the look of it so much you can't face round this way?

GLEN

Look of what?

JEAN

Me.

He turns round again, but this time takes the precaution of holding a hand over his eyes.

JEAN (contd)

I didn't mean you to sit with your face in the curtains - just don't stare at me so fixed, that's all.

55. Contd.

JEAN (contd)
 (as he keeps his
 hands over his eyes)
 Okay, keep it that way.

He is now facing her, but with his hand over his eyes. She stares at him, fixedly.

Silence again.

JEAN
 (in a whisper)
 You're conning me through your
 fingers. Did you hear me?

GLEN
 (also in a whisper)
 No.

JEAN
 (her eyes fixed
 on his trousers
 again)
 You're looking at me, aren't you?

GLEN
 Yes. Through my fingers.

JEAN
 Well, don't. That's a dirty trick.
 Boy, am I undoing all my concepts
 of the polite Englishman!

GLEN
 You should have had Palermo, he'd
 have given you a run for your
 money.

JEAN
 I wish you'd leave my money out
 of it - this is your job and let's
 leave it at that! Keep to the signed
 clauses at least.

GLEN
 (with a yawn)
 I'll try.

JEAN
 (another whisper)
 Have you got your eyes closed again?

GLEN
 Yes. I'm sleepy.

JEAN
 That's good. Now talk. Go on.

55. Contd.

GLEN

What about?

JEAN

Anything.

GLEN

I can't think of anything.

JEAN

Talk about my body - say, it's big here, thin there, that sort of thing.

GLEN

Ah, go to hell, I'm tired.

JEAN

Oh, that's really nice. Thanks for a lovely evening.

GLEN

(changing hands
over his eyes)

But why should I - what's the point?

JEAN

You see

(in a pathetic
little voice):if I'm away from my husband and
alone all the time. I get no
guarantee of anything. I mean,
I wanna know I exist!

GLEN

Of course you exist, otherwise you
wouldn't be here. Somebody who
eats cakes must exist.

JEAN

Boy, have I debased myself for
you! I can even enjoy it. I guess
that's something in all women.

GLEN

(with resignation)

Your face is thin, but your cheeks
are fatter. You've got floating sort
of eyes, and thick legs, and your
hips are quite nice. I like your
powerful shoulders, too.(adding, half to
himself)

Among other things.

55. Contd.

JEAN

Listen, I don't want a panegyric, I want a statement: just tell me what you see.

GLEN

Your cheeks are flushed.

JEAN

Yeah.

GLEN

Your feet stick out of your shoes.

JEAN

How's that?

GLEN

They just do.

JEAN

I'm not objecting. I'm just asking. Hey, are you looking again?

GLEN

Your shoes seem to pinch.

JEAN

They do. I'm vain about my feet. You're dead right - I need a size bigger but won't admit it.

GLEN peeps at her again, while her eyes are fixed as before on his legs, her mouth open.

JEAN

Go on.

GLEN

I can't, if I can't see you. I've got nothing to work on.

JEAN

Okay, but don't look at my face.

GLEN

Alright.

(peeping again)

Your neck's nice and smooth.

JEAN

Cut out the 'nice'.

GLEN

But mostly hidden in a sweater.

55. Contd.

JEAN

I can't stand having my flesh looked at, that's why. Why do we have to stick our stupid flesh in front of other people's faces? It makes me sick to look at myself. I get the sensation of spreading all over the place. I wanna stop myself spreading.

GLEN

You've a right to your feelings.

He stretches his hand out blindly to his glass and takes a gulp.

JEAN

(moving closer to him)

What I mean is - I want you to define me, that's what would stop me spreading. I only spread in my mind.

GLEN

How - define?

So interested in this that he takes his hand down from his eyes involuntarily.

JEAN

(at once)

Look out!

GLEN's hand shoots back to his eyes at once.

JEAN

You see, I wanna feel I'm alone when I'm not. I feel myself when I'm all alone, and I'd like to feel the same with other people. Listen, do you think we can be friends?

GLEN

(with a shrug)

We haven't known each other long enough to say.

JEAN

But I'll keep you on contract. You don't have to worry about that. I'll double the fee, if you like.

GLEN

What fee?

JEAN

Okay, play it that way, if you want

55. Contd.

JEAN (contd)

to, but think it over. I've got to have a stranger, you see, not a friend.

GLEN

But, you just now said you wanted me as a friend.

JEAN

Yes, but only as a stranger. I mean, you know me alright, but only like a stranger. I can't pick one off the streets every night and explain what I want to each one, can I?

GLEN

No, you can't, very well.

JEAN

I wanna person but not so as I feel his breath down my back, if you get me. So, I'm free to be strangers if you want to take the chance.

GLEN

Well, thanks.

JEAN

I don't even wanna know your name. You've told me what it was but I don't remember, which I do, but I'm forcing it out of my mind. After all, that's why I chose the chaise longue.

GLEN

What do you mean, exactly, by chaise longue?

JEAN

That's it! That's it! That's well-played. It's the kind of thing I want. Boy, you learn fast. Don't understand a thing I say, that's how I want you to play it. But I'll just say again, to get the practical details fixed because you have your bread and butter to consider, after all - I'll sign you up for a couple of years and double the fee if you like.

GLEN

I don't understand.

55. Contd.

JEAN

Thanks! Play it like that. You're doing fine. I don't understand either. Listen, I want you to take your hand down soon. Remember you're a stranger, stranger. And I'll never know your name.

(after a silence)

I want you to stare at me rudely.

GLEN begins moving his hand.

JEAN

(at once)

Not now! When I tell you!

JEAN gets up and goes to the other side of the room. She lifts her skirt high above her knees, holding it with both hands. Her eyes are fixed on his legs as before.

JEAN (contd)

Alright. Stare away. There! Like in the street.

GLEN

(still behind
his hand)

I don't stare rudely in the street.

JEAN

Go on! At my legs! Legs!

GLEN lowers his hand, and tries the best he can to stare rudely at what he sees before him. After a time, having digested his stare with an appearance of shocked horror, JEAN lowers her skirt again.

JEAN

Okay. Close your eyes again.

She sits down on the bed, panting a little.

JEAN

(in a whisper)

Now, do you think you can be a mirror?

GLEN

How? A mirror?

JEAN

Just reflect everything I say and do, like you was putty. Take your hand down.

(as GLEN does so)

Right! Let's go.

She now smiles at him in an exaggerated way, her teeth sparking.

55. Contd.

JEAN
 (urgently)
 Smile back!
 (as GLEN tries
 to do so)
 Right! Let's go from there.

JEAN now frowns at him. GLEN frowns too. She waves at him with a little flutter of her fingers and he does the same. She stares at him lewdly, and he returns it, which brings her to a great pitch of excitement. There is a peculiar authority in everything she does.

JEAN
 (like a college girl)
 Hi, there! Hi!

GLEN
 (involuntarily looking
 round as if to see
 someone)
 Hi, there! Hi!

JEAN's eyes narrow malevolently and GLEN gives her a nasty look back. She gazes at his mouth and frames her own into a kiss and he gives her a kiss back, a fruity one with noise thrown in, a small raspberry. She bares her teeth, rocks with laughter, makes several wild kisses into the air, some of them what we call French, with her tongue out.

GLEN follows it all feeling more and more her partner. But she suddenly leans forward and gives him a smart smack round the face which provokes him to a kind of lascivious anger which he, least of anyone, expects. Before he realises what he is at, he has caught her hand on the rebound and begun dragging her towards him; with one heave he pulls her on to his knees, grabs her shoulders and, before she has even grasped the new situation, is planting hot kisses all over her cheeks and her neck.

The effect on her is so drastic that at first she only stares before her with rapt horror and cannot make a sound. But then she begins screaming. She clings to him as if to achieve better screams. Then her grip suddenly loosens and she goes with a mighty crash to the floor so that the whole apartment shakes. Her panic-stricken screams continue, as she remains on the floor a hand held up to her mouth, her eyes closed. And through the screams there are incoherent phrases.

JEAN
 You ... you touched me. Oh ...
 oh ... my dear sir, you touched
 ... touched ...

Tears begin to take the places of screams; they pour down her cheek, in great, helpless cascades. Her finger points blindly to the door - he is to get out, at once.

55. Contd.

GLEN
(pleading with her)
Please stop. Please.

But this has the effect of bringing the screams back, so he is quiet. He jumps towards the door, he speeds through the sitting room, grabs his overcoat in the hall, then he is out of the suite altogether.

CUT:

56. INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. EVENING

GLEN is running away from JEAN's suite, alarmed and frightened.

Her screams can still be heard. He runs towards the lift. There is commotion below. Someone is running up the stairs. GLEN, hearing this, slows down to a calm walk, slips his overcoat on, smooths his hair down, puts his hands in his pocket.

The HALL PORTER appears at the top of the stairs stolidly puffing.

GLEN
(as he passes
the PORTER)
No. 22.

PORTER
(hardly looking
at him)
You're telling me it's number
twenty-two. It always is.

CUT:

57. EXT. STREET. NIGHT

GLEN is walking along a side street behind Covent Garden on his way to Palermo's office. The street is deserted.

CUT:

58. EXT. OUTSIDE PALERMO'S OFFICE. NIGHT

GLEN reaches the dark doorway. He sees with pleasure that there is a light on upstairs. He goes in.

CUT:

59. INT. STAIRCASE. NIGHT

GLEN walks up the staircase to PALERMO's office. He pushes open the door.

At once there is a shriek: it is a woman. From his P.V. we see into PALERMO's office LOUISE GRIGG and PALERMO are close together on his desk. They are kissing. She quickly pulls her

59. Contd.

blouse back over her shoulders and looks, in panic, at GLEN. He backs out again apologetically and hurries down the dark stairs.

CUT:

60. INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

The CAM. PANS round from the bedside photographs to find GLEN in bed reading Afterwards.

GRIGG's voice comes over. GLEN's eyes widen as he reads.

GRIGG'S VOICE OVER

Somewhere in a sealed room at the end of deep, windowless corridors where great doors turn on swivels of steel so thick that they resemble the wheels of steam engines, sitting alone in the midst of devised and noiseless iron and looking even virginal with locks and seals is the trigger itself which despite the corridors and locks can be reached in a moment, and when pulled will turn all things in a flash, to hell . . .

CUT:

61. INT. PALERMO'S OFFICE. MORNING

Hands on typewriter.

The CAM. PULLS BACK to find PAT typing feverishly. MURIEL is absent.

GLEN strolls in.

GLEN

Hello, all.

PAT

(without looking
up from her type-
writer)

Look out, the tiger's gone wild.

GLEN stands there for a moment, perplexed, and then walks through to the inner office.

PALERMO is half-lying in his chair, his eyes fixed on the doorway as GLEN enters. His eyes are black with anger.

PALERMO

(at once)

Listen! If I ask you to go out on a job I expect you to do it properly.

61. Contd.

PALERMO (contd)

Get that? I specially said, No monkey business, didn't I?

GLEN

What do you mean?

PALERMO

Oh, come off it, for God's sake. It was written all over your face before you went.

GLEN

Went where?

PALERMO

To take out Jean de Lisle Swiburne.

GLEN

But I didn't do a thing.

PALERMO

Of course you didn't. Who could, with de Lisle Swiburne? But you had a damned good try!

GLEN

She's mad.

PALERMO

I don't care what she is. A job's a job, and unless you can learn that you can fou le camp - and you know what that means in English!

(giving him a sudden shrewd look)

If this job of yours in Naples was so big, would you be over here licking your chops when I give you two ten-pound notes, then drooling over the first woman you see?

GLEN

I might. Yes.

PALERMO

(suddenly jumping up and leaving the office, pushing past GLEN)

Ach!

GLEN goes and sits down in his usual seat. PALERMO returns to the doorway and gazes down at him.

PALERMO

Listen, Glen, don't overplay your hand. A man doesn't play all his tricks in the first round.

61. Contd.

GLEN

You see, she was talking about chaise longue, or something mad all the time, and I didn't get it, Most of the time, I just stared.

PALERMO

You know where her husband is, don't you?

GLEN

In prison - she said.

PALERMO

That's right. And she put him there.

GLEN

What?

PALERMO

For assault. Did you assault her too?

GLEN

Well, she started to . . . it's a bit difficult to describe. I hardly did anything, really - just took her on my knee.

PALERMO

You took her on your knee! de Lisle Swiburne! My God, didn't anybody warn you - the Hall Porter, or somebody?

(with immense admiration coming closer to GLEN)

You took her on your knee! I'm going to use you, I really am. You and me are partners from now on. The first thing I'm going to do is instal you upstairs. Come on! Come with me.

He pulls GLEN to his feet, and they leave the office. He talks as they pass the typing and go out onto the landing.

PALERMO

It's written all over her, man - "Trespassers Prosecuted". I mean, that's what she put her husband inside for. She didn't like his morals, she said. She didn't realise he hadn't got any. Just like you. Anyway, you be careful she doesn't put you inside, too.

61. Contd.

GLEN

Oh, I feel pretty safe about that.

PALERMO

Not by the way she talked this morning, when she phoned Chaise Longue.

GLEN

(stopping again)

Look, what is Chaise Longue?

PALERMO

It's a small company for chaperoning lonely girls. We've got about a dozen presentable young men on our lists, but they were all out last night, working on a busload of Australians.

GLEN

That isn't true, is it?

PALERMO

Why?

(with a cynical look)

Are you shocked?

GLEN

Well, you might have told me that before I started.

PALERMO

I might. And you might have refused. Anyway, all I know is she phoned our reception rooms this morning and said you tried to stuff her.

(with a grating laugh)

You seem to rub all these women up the wrong way. What do you do - some little Neapolitan trick?

(winking at him)

She screamed at you, didn't she?

GLEN

Yes.

PALERMO

She screamed at him, too, just before she put him inside.

They have reached a door on the attic floor. PALERMO kicks it open.

Before them there is a long bare room with dirty curtainless windows, and no carpets on the floor, nor a stick of furniture.

61. Contd.

PALERMO

(as they walk in)

You know, you and he could be twins. He's got the same pure look. That's why I'm keeping you on. People like you and George are the cleverest twisters of all. Well, how do you like it?

GLEN

It doesn't seem very warm, does it?

PALERMO

Okay, so you don't want it.

GLEN

Yes, I do. I'll fix it up. I'll put a fire in.

PALERMO

And get some furniture. You'll need some furniture.

GLEN

What about the rent?

PALERMO

You're the rent - your body, your innocence, that's my rent, and by God I'm going to see it's exorbitant, too. I'm going to use you, Glen, you've got the kind of touch I've been looking for all these years. I've never had a partner who really worked. To be really gentle and really crooked, like you, that's the real McCoy.

GLEN stands staring at PALERMO as he clatters downstairs again. After a time he follows him.

CUT:

62. INT. OFFICE. MORNING

PAT is still typing feverishly. GLEN stands in the doorway looking at her.

GLEN

Did he go out?

PAT

(without looking up)

I think so.

62. Contd.

GLEN

You're alone, this morning.

PAT

Yes. Muriel took an overdose of sleeping tablets. She's in hospital. He's gone round to see her, but they won't let him in.

GLEN

What?

PAT

Oh, she tried to cut her wrists before. Nothing unusual.

She goes on typing while GLEN stares at her.

CUT:

63. INT. FURNITURE SHOP. MORNING

This is a second-hand furniture shop crammed with articles.

The door opens making the shop bell clang and GLEN comes in. He begins looking round, searching among the wardrobes, mirrors and chests of drawers for what he wants.

The SHOPKEEPER comes out of his cubby-hole; he has a wide flushed face so fat that his mouth seems to have spread from ear to ear into a smile like the folds of his chin. He is in his shirt sleeves. He lays a fat hand on one of the bedsteads.

SHOPKEEPER

(smartly)

Well, sir?

GLEN

I'd like a bed. Maybe a chest of drawers, if you've got one. Nothing grand. And perhaps a chair.

SHOPKEEPER

(leaning forward,
straining his ears)

What's that, please?

GLEN

(raising his voice)

A bed! And a chest of drawers. Maybe a chair.

SHOPKEEPER

A bed . . .

(stroking his chin,
and giving GLEN
fat glances)

Oh blimey!

63. Contd.

GLEN

(pointing to an
ugly iron bedstead)
There's that. I could paint it white.

SHOPKEEPER

Now, a bed.
(moving heavily
between some dusty
trunks)

There's this.
(pointing into the
darkness to a divan)

GLEN

Yes, that's the idea.

SHOPKEEPER

You'll need a mattress.

GLEN

Have you got a second-hand one?

SHOPKEEPER

No, we don't do that any more,
mate. It's not hygienic, d'yer
follow me?

GLEN

I'll have to buy a new one, do
you think?

SHOPKEEPER

Well ...
(smiling coyly)
I won't say you'll have to but you'd
be well advised to - I mean, with
thirteen million inhabitants our
hopping friends thrive, eh?
(making a silent
trembling laugh
with his hand over
his mouth)

GLEN

I only want it for a few weeks.

SHOPKEEPER

I see. I might be able to lay my
hands on one if it's only a few weeks.

GLEN

You mean - you want it back?

SHOPKEEPER

No, mate.

63. Contd.

SHOPKEEPER (contd)
(again his trembling
laugh)

That'd be good, eh? No, what I mean is, if it don't have to be special, I can suit you, I think. It'll be clean, if used, as the actress said to the bishop. Yes, it won't be this week, though.

GLEN
I need it today. I've got nowhere to sleep.

SHOPKEEPER
(his mouth open)
You an actor?

GLEN
No. I'm here on business, and everything's a rush.

SHOPKEEPER
I was going to say - I get actors. Free tickets have come to me, that way. They want bits and pieces for their digs, and then they try to sell them back. Being sympathetic to the art, I give 'em a good price - more than I can afford -
(with a wink)

GLEN
Can we get the mattress today?

SHOPKEEPER
We can try. I'll phone my dumb friend in Nightingale Lane, and he might be able to drive something over.

GLEN
Will it cost a lot?

SHOPKEEPER
I can do you a divan and mattress for twenty quid, and that's more or less letting it go for the fun of it.

GLEN
I can't afford twenty.

SHOPKEEPER
Well . . .
(smiling, and running his teeth over his lower lip)
I might knock off a little bit, but it won't be less than eighteen.

63. Contd.

GLEN

What about fifteen?

SHOPKEEPER

(laughing silently)

I'll tell you what - give me sixteen,
down now, and I'll deliver the lot
by four this afternoon.

GLEN

I can give you ten deposit.

SHOPKEEPER

(stopping)

And what about the rest?

GLEN

The firm'll pay.

SHOPKEEPER

Famous last words. Then it'll have
to be seventeen, mate. I'm lenient
with individuals, but firms have no
faces, as I always say. Come in
here.

GLEN follows him into a dim, tiny room, with a frosted glass window.

SHOPKEEPER

Alright,

(giving GLEN a little
nudge in the side)

let's see the colour of your money.

GLEN counts out ten pounds, on the table. The SHOPKEEPER writes
him a little receipt in a laborious scrawl, heaving for breath.

SHOPKEEPER

(quietly)

You smoke?

GLEN

No.

SHOPKEEPER

(opening a small
envelope and showing
GLEN some dark,
fluffy stuff)

Not this?

(closing the envelope
quickly again and putting
it in the drawer)

You never know when clients want
a puff. It may be their hour of need.

63. Contd.

SHOPKEEPER (contd)

(looking at the drawer
with strange yearning
eyes, almost feminine)

Where you from - the North?

GLEN

No. From Italy.

SHOPKEEPER

(pausing and looking
back into the shop)

There's many must be in need in
Italy, mate. Going back some time?

GLEN

Yes.

SHOPKEEPER

Write me down your address, mate.
(pushing a scrap of
paper towards him)

GLEN

Where - Italy, you mean?

SHOPKEEPER

No, here. You said you wanted a
bed, eh?

GLEN

Oh yes.

GLEN takes a card from his pocket and scribbles JOHN PALMERO'S
office address under his name.

GLEN (contd)

Just to show you we're above board.

SHOPKEEPER

(taking the card
with a smile)

Very boring, being above board.
'Ere, let's make ourselves com-
fortable.

(dragging two chairs
towards the table)

Sit down, and I'll phone my dumb
friend.

(pulling an old-fashioned
upright telephone from
under the table, and
planting it on his knee
with a wheeze, then
dialling a number)

Hello, is that you?

(as a voice answers
at the other end)

There's a young man just come in -

63. Contd.

SHOPKEEPER (contd)

he wants to put in an order: Five hundred rubber condoms with zips up the back, please.

(with a wheezing laugh)

Listen, Arthur, get me out one of them mattresses. I hope to God they haven't been standing in the rain. Get it round 'ere by twelve noon, mate.

(putting the phone down without waiting for an answer)

He's had a nasty life, Arthur. Seaman. Hates and loathes the sea. Had his tongue cut out. Got on the wrong side of some sailors, one night, in a row in Malaya. He never talks about it -

(with another wheezing laugh)

- for obvious reasons. Listen, I don't like to let an intelligent man slip through my fingers. I'll give you bed and mattress for five quid, if you'll come back and see me before you go to Italy.

GLEN

Alright.

SHOPKEEPER

Don't let me down, though.

GLEN

You can't give me a chest of drawers for, say, another five, can you? Just to complete the deal.

SHOPKEEPER

(getting up)

'Ere, you're selling your soul. Alright, I'll tell you what - I'll rake out a little chest of drawers. I was keeping it for a piecan who likes two hundred years of grime in his furniture, and I'll send it with the rest, and maybe a chair, too.

GLEN

So what's the price?

SHOPKEEPER

(taking his arm as they go towards the exit)

Just you come round and see me

63. Contd.

SHOPKEEPER (contd)
before you go to Italy, mate.

Just before they reach the door the SHOPKEEPER turns round and returns to his cubbyhole.

GLEN walks into the street.

CUT:

64. EXT. LONDON STREET. MORNING

GLEN strolling along whistling to himself, glancing in at the shop windows, his hands in his pockets.

CUT:

65. INT. HOTEL ROOM. MORNING

GLEN is packing his bags. His last act is to take his copy of Afterwards and slip it into a briefcase.

CUT:

66. INT. HOTEL FOYER. MORNING

GLEN comes down the stairs and goes to the Reception desk.

GLEN
(to the RECEPTIONIST)
Could I have my bill, please?
And my cases are ready,
upstairs.

The RECEPTIONIST nods and goes to his ledger. He takes out GLEN's bill, and passes it across to him.

A C. U. of GLEN shows him to be rather alarmed by the bill, but he puts as good a face on it as he can and takes out his wallet. He pays. The RECEPTIONIST nods 'Thank you', and stamps his receipt on the bill before handing it back. GLEN folds the bill and puts it in his pocket.

RECEPTIONIST
(going to the
house phone)
I'll get your cases down, right
away.

GLEN turns from the desk and strolls to a chair.

CUT:

67. EXT. COVENT GARDEN STREET. MORNING

A cab draws up outside PALERMO's office and GLEN gets out.

67. Contd.

The CABBY helps him take his cases into the doorway. GLEN pays him off.

CUT:

68. INT. STAIRCASE. MORNING

GLEN struggling up the stairs with his cases. He passes the secretarial office. The feverish typing is still going on.

CUT:

69. INT. THE ATTIC ROOM. MORNING

This is the room above PALERMO's office.

GLEN pushes his way through the door with his suitcases and puts them down. He stands looking round. He takes some paper tissues out of his briefcase, and begins cleaning up the window.

There is a sound behind him. He turns. It is PAT, in the doorway.

PAT

Hello. There's a letter for you -
from Cambridge.

GLEN

For me?

PAT

Yes. I've got it downstairs.

GLEN

I'll come down.

He follows PAT down the stairs.

CUT:

70. INT. SECRETARIAL OFFICE. MORNING

PAT comes in, followed by GLEN.

GLEN

I've cleaned myself right out,
buying furniture. I'm moving
in upstairs.

PAT

Are you?

GLEN

Does he pay you on time?

PAT

Not if he can help it.

70. Contd.

GLEN

Has he got money behind him?

PAT

He's got no money at all - except what's in his wallet, and you can never tell how much it's going to be.

GLEN

(sitting down)

I wish I knew where I stood.

PAT

(going behind her desk)

I shouldn't worry. I don't know where I stand, nor does Muriel. She worries. That's why she took an overdose. Fancy worrying about a man like that.

GLEN

She worries about him?

PAT

She's in love with him. Wouldn't you try and commit suicide if you loved a man like Palermo?

GLEN

Yes, I suppose I would.

PAT

(handing him the envelope)

Here's the letter.

GLEN

If it's from Cambridge, it won't be good news.

He rips open the envelope and takes out the letter. A cheque is clipped on to the letter.

PAT

(watching closely)

That's a cheque.

GLEN

I know. And it's for three hundred pounds.

PAT

Well! and you complain about money! I bet he'd like to have cheques for three

70. Contd.

PAT (contd)
 hundred pounds every morning. I
 can see you've got the touch.

We see the letter from his P. V., roughly typewritten. He reads it.

GLEN
 'I've found out the most generous
 rate for a syndicated article and
 I hope this refunds you for any
 loss of copy on my account. For
 God's sake take it, and don't
 be squeamish. I shall return the
 cheque again and again if you tear
 it up. I know that everything's
 finished if Jeff finds out about
 last night! I'm scared of him!
 And I don't want to lose him! I
 don't know if that makes you feel
 powerful, but I hope you have a
 little Christian feeling. You'll
 think me very weak, which I am.
 If this cheque is all wrong - I
 mean, if you want something else,
 let me know.'

PAT
 Who's it from?

GLEN
 Louis Grigg.

He gazes at the cheque and the letter, then he suddenly tears up both.

PAT
 Hey! You shouldn't do that! That's
 good money!

He throws the scraps of paper into the waste-paper basket.

PAT (contd)
 Now what did you do that for?

GLEN
 It was dirty money, that's why.

PAT
 Still, you could always discuss
 it beforehand?

GLEN
 It was dirty money, I tell you. I
 saw her here last night with
 Palermo. They were on his desk
 together. And she wants to bribe
 me to keep quiet. As if I'd say
 anything, anyway.

70. Contd.

PAT

But you should have taken it. He does that sort of thing all the time, and calls it journalism. You work for him, you want to take his money, why do you want to leave the dirty side to him?

GLEN

Yes. I suppose I ought to take some of the dirt on my shoulders too, if I want his money.

PAT

Don't get upset about it. You'll learn in time. I was young once - about six months ago, when I met him. Then I learned fast ... If I'd got that letter I'd have rung her up and made it six hundred. You ought to have seen her last night at the club.

GLEN

You know her, then?

PAT

Of course I do. She had a tablecloth draped round her shoulders. She was drunk.

GLEN

Was she with Palermo?

PAT

Oh, of course. Why do you ask? That's why Muriel took an overdose.

CUT:

71. EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE. MORNING

PALERMO walks out of the hospital, rather gay. He looks up and down the street, and hurries off.

CUT:

72. EXT. COVENT GARDEN STREET. MORNING

PALERMO hurries along the busy street. He is still in a carefree mood.

CUT:

73. INT. SECRETARIAL OFFICE. MORNING

GLEN is still sitting in front of PAT, while she types.

PALERMO pushes open the door.

PALERMO

Oh, here you are. I've got a job for you.

GLEN

Another one?

PALERMO

Why - have you come into some money?

PAT

(at once)

Yes, as a matter of fact he has. But then he came out of it again. He tore up a cheque for three hundred pounds.

PALERMO stares down at GLEN. He has gone quite pale.

PALERMO

You did what, Glen? You tore up a cheque? Never do that! Glen, you must never do that again. Never tear up cheques.

PAT

He said it was dirty money.

PALERMO

But, Glen, all money's dirty. Didn't you know that?

GLEN

It was from Louise Grigg. Money for seeing you and her on that desk together.

PALERMO

She wants to pay you for giving me pleasure? She must be mad! The difference between you and me, Glen, is that when a woman wants to give me pleasure, I take it. I'm ashamed of you, Glen. I'll get her to write you another one.

GLEN

How's Muriel, by the way?

PALERMO

Oh, she always does this at the end

73. Contd,

PALERMO (contd)
of a heavy week - Thursday or
Friday. I can always tell when
it's coming. She's all right.
She's having a rest.

PAT
That's a good way of putting it.

GLEN
What's the job, then?

PALERMO
It involves you in another visit
to Cambridge.

GLEN
Not to Professor Grigg?

PALERMO
He's invited you up for a party,
tonight.

GLEN
Invited me? He wants to cut my
throat, and yours, I should imagine.

PALERMO
No, Glen. I arranged it. Well,
she did - Louise. You see, I've
got rather deep with that girl.
As you saw last night. The
position is this: I want her old
man to come inside and feel warm.
I mean, you could grease the rusty
joints and make a friend of him.
I can see you're good at that. You
don't succeed with women, but you
might with men.

GLEN
And how do I explain the newspaper
story?

PALERMO
You don't. And you'll get three
hundred pounds out of it.

GLEN
I don't want it.

PALERMO
You'll get it, just the same. Dark
suit ... begins at eight ... arrive
at nine. And I want a good report
tomorrow morning.

He leaves the office.

CUT:

74. INT. ATTIC ROOM. EVENING

There is still no furniture in the room above PALERMO's office.

One naked bulb is shining in the ceiling, and GLEN's suitcases are open all over the floor. GLEN is just buttoning a white shirt. He knots his tie trying to see himself in the reflection of the window. He puts on a dark jacket. He is dressed for an evening out. He puts his overcoat on, takes out his wallet. He counts - thirty pounds. He takes up the book Afterwards, sees the double photograph and kisses it quickly, with something like puzzlement. He leaves the room, switching out the light.

The sound of a roaring train comes over.

CUT:

75. INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT. EVENING

GLEN on his way to Cambridge. He is reading Afterwards. He is about half-way through the book. We see the pages from his P.V. and hear GRIGG's VOICE OVER while the train clatters in the background.

GRIGG (VOICE OVER)

The Before still beckons us with its powerful centuries of habit. Surely the world is safe, it says! Surely it only has problems like it always used to! Isn't there the same cosy old furniture, the same murders in Manhattan, the same elevated train roaring over the Bronx, the quiet train that stains the penthouse roofs, the lonely walk through Grand Central Station in the dead of night, the sound of music in Carnegie Hall? And the country, isn't that still there - Old Greenwich, Stanford, the dark hedges, the moon wandering at the edge of the clouds, the sound of a window being latched in the night silence, surely that's all still there, as safe as un-bombed houses? But just because it seems so safe we know it has gone! Afterwards has taken over! The world isn't ours any more. Old Granddad history is dead!

GLEN gazes before him.

CUT:

76. EXT. CAMBRIDGE STATION. NIGHT

GLEN walks out of the station to a waiting taxi. It speeds away. A tremendous wind.

CUT:

77. EXT. KING'S CROSS. NIGHT

The taxi is speeding along King's Parade, Cambridge,

CUT:

78. INT. THE TAXI. NIGHT

From GLEN's P.V. the colleges along King's Parade - Peterhouse, St. Catherine's, King's.

CUT:

79. EXT. CAMBRIDGE STREET. NIGHT

The taxi draws up outside GRIGG's apartment block. GLEN gets out and pays. He enters the foyer, beat against the wind. A dustbin lid is sent flying somewhere.

CUT:

80. INT. APARTMENT BLOCK FOYER. NIGHT

GLEN walks to the staircase tucking the book Afterwards into one of his pockets. He walks up the stairs. Wind whistles.

CUT:

81. INT. GRIGG'S FRONT DOOR. NIGHT

OPEN on the door bell. GLEN presses the button. We PULL BACK as the door is opened by LOUISE GRIGG. She is in a transparent dress, low at the neck, sleeves high.

LOUISE

Well, look who's here!

Her smile gives way to the faintest of twitches as they shake hands and she walks into the apartment. Beyond there is the faint hum of talk.

CUT:

82. INT. GRIGG'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

GLEN and LOUISE walk from the front door.

LOUISE

Like to hang your coat, Glen?

GLEN

Thanks.

She takes him to a cloakroom leading from the wall. Its walls bulge with furs and expensive overcoats.

LOUISE

(as GLEN takes off
his coat)

Just stroll into the lounge when

82. Contd.

LOUISE (contd)
 you're ready, and-if you find a guy
 with white gloves - why, he'll give
 you a drink.

She walks abruptly away.

GLEN glances at himself in the mirror, then walks after her, none
 too certain of himself.

CUT:

83. INT. LOUNGE. NIGHT

The lounge is crowded with well-dressed GUESTS. There are
 gleaming-white collars. Several heads are all but shaved. And there
 is long male hair too. There is a gaunt middle-aged MAN in military
 uniform.

A WAITER comes round with a tray of drinks making a slight old-
 world bow every time a GUEST takes a glass.

GLEN is not introduced to anyone. LOUISE has disappeared and GRIGG
 himself is not to be seen. GLEN takes a drink. One of the GUESTS
 laughs, lifting his chin, an easy laugh in great contrast to GLEN's
 situation.

The ARMY MAN slips on to the sofa at a pretty woman's side, with
 a glance round him as if he were doing wrong. One of the other
 pretty WOMEN moves about with a tray of dainty canapés; her dress
 is the darkest in the room, with a Vee-neck and flounced sleeves.
 Her hair is dark too, and in the relative dimness of the room it frames
 her pale face like black satin. Her name is MYRA.

MYRA

(to GLEN)

Are you English?

GLEN

Yes.

MYRA

I'm in the rag trade. What are
 you? Forgive me asking. I know
 it's rotten form and all that, but
 I have to single you out from the
 nuclear nuts.

GLEN

Why? Are all these people nuclear
 nuts?

MYRA

(blinking at
 him as if they
 had not spoken
 before)

You said something about these
 people being nuts?

83. Contd.

GLEN
Defence, I thought you meant.

MYRA
(leaning towards
him, screwing
up her eyes)
Pardon me?

GLEN
Defence?

MYRA
What about it?

GLEN
Are the other guests in it - most
of them, did you say?

MYRA
(pointing across
the room)
That's my husband.

GLEN
Is he one of them?

MYRA
One of the guests - sure. He's in
textiles.

GLEN
That's better than destruction.

MYRA
You never told me what you do.

GLEN
I grow wine, near Naples.

MYRA
You what?

GLEN
I grow wine.

MYRA
Well, listen to that! You got any
over here?

GLEN
No.

MYRA
Well, listen to that! You ought
to connect up with my husband.

83. Contd.

GLEN

Why?

MYRA

(with a silent laugh,
showing perfect teeth)He's trying to expand his Italian
market.

She winks at him, and walks away.

From GLEN's P.V. we see across the room to a flushed, plump Englishman. This is CHARLES DORNELLING. He has fat gills from more drink than he can comfortably take. He is roaring with laughter at this moment.

DORNELLING

I couldn't agree more! I absolutely
couldn't!

LOUISE has reappeared and is bending down to take her drink from the low table near the hearth. She shows mighty bosoms, and MYRA makes a mock goggling movement towards them. They chuckle together like college mates.

MYRA

(to LOUISE)

He's in wine. Now isn't that
something?

LOUISE

(looking bleak
for a moment)

Oh, is that what he told you?

GLEN

(to LOUISE)

A side you don't know about.

LOUISE

(with a glance
at her friend)Oh, there's a whole lot I don't
know about you, I dare say. Well,
well, you're in wine now, are you?
Well!(giving her friend
a pert look)

GLEN

That's right.

MYRA

In Italy. Listen, Louise, why don't
you take a seat? You'll start a riot
bending down like that.

They chuckle again together.

LOUISE

No, thanks, honey. I'll see to the
other guests. They're arriving fast -
in fact, they're cascading in.

GLEN

Where's Jeff?

83. Contd.

LOUISE

(as if another
word from him
will be the last
straw)

He's on a plane - coming from Paris.

GLEN

Oh, he's coming?

LOUISE

That's right.

(fixing him
with her eyes)

And I hope you get on together.

Hear that, Glen? I hope you
get on.

GLEN

So do I.

LOUISE

Well, that's fine.

(really smiling
at him for the
first time)

Again we see the Englishman, CHARLES DORNELLING, from
GLEN's P.V.

DORNELLING is in a talkative group of people which includes a hippy. He keeps glancing at the hippy whilst he talks, rather gingerly, then at the other guests, as if getting permission from them to treat the hippy seriously. We cannot hear what he says above the mounting noise from the other guests.

MYRA has gone away.

The WAITER begins to lose his benign look and his old-world bow as the orders for a gin and fizz or a highball or a Manhattan grow rougher.

The ARMY MAN has increased his public, and is talking with a bright gleam in his eye, his lips pursed slightly, as if hammering something home with a fine steel hammer.

MYRA appears again, silent as before. She sways, ever so slightly.

LOUISE walks past her and mutters something to her under her breath, screwing her mouth up strangely to do so.

MYRA's eyes turn slowly and rest on GLEN. She walks slowly to his side and almost pulls him down on to the settee.

MYRA

Lou tells me you're a liar.

83. Contd.

GLEN

How's that?

LOUISE

She says as for growing wine in Italy - you don't know a grape from a blackberry.

From GLEN's P.V. GRIGG suddenly fills up the doorway. There is a great welcoming boom, male and female, from the guests, and 'Hi, Jeff!' with 'Hello, there!' and 'How's it go, boy?' He waves and gives a prolonged creased smile.

GLEN is beginning to feel hot, sweat begins to show on his brow since he and MYRA are facing the huge log fire. He takes out a handkerchief. The ARMY MAN passes on his way out.

ARMY MAN

Well, Myra, I guess I'd better git.

MYRA

(looking up with
mocking curiosity)

A council of war?

ARMY MAN

A date, as a matter of fact.

MYRA

You exciting fella!

(turning to GLEN
again after the
ARMY MAN has
gone)

That man has orders to gas all wine growers in Europe in the event of a nuclear catastrophe, did you know that?

(with a laugh)

One of the lights goes out.

GLEN looks up and round, but nobody else seems to bother.

MYRA slips off her shoes.

MYRA

Here we go!

GLEN

Go where?

She makes no reply to this, but gazes in front of her towards the log fire.

83. Contd.

A couple drift over and after saying 'Hi!' quietly to her, sit down without a further word.

All at once GRIGG is behind GLEN, his great hand on GLEN's shoulder.

GRIGG
Mind stepping outside a moment,
Glen?

GLEN
(looking up
with surprise)
Oh! Why, certainly.

GLEN gets up and follows GRIGG into the hall.

CUT:

84. INT. THE HALL. NIGHT

GRIGG and GLEN sit down in a corner of the hall where a coffee table and armchairs have been set.

GRIGG
I'm glad you could come. Your
wife never seems to be with you.
Are you happily married, Glen?
(with a wink)

GLEN
Yes.

GRIGG
Well,
(with a sudden
yawn)
I wish I was happily married
like that. Perhaps it's the only
way - never see 'em.

LOUISE appears.

LOUISE
You can't sit there like that,
without a drink. Why don't you
take your jackets off, make yourself
comfortable?

GRIGG
(giving her parting
figure a long look,
his eyes half-
closed)
A good idea at that. Peel it off,
Glen.

84. Contd.

GLEN
It's certainly hot in here.

GRIGG
(as they stand
up to take off
their jackets)
And how's our amateur photo-
grapher - up in Town?

GLEN
Palermo?

GRIGG
Who else?
(as they sit
down again in
their shirt
sleeves)

GLEN
He's all right.

GRIGG yawns again and sits, hidden in thought, staring at the coffee table.

LOUISE comes over with a small tray, and sets two drinks down for them.

LOUISE
Wake up, Dad, it's milking time!

She goes off again. We hear her voice in the other room.

LOUISE (VOICE OVER)
Well, doesn't this look cosy.

GRIGG puts out a blind hand for his drink and more or less drains it in one gulp.

GRIGG
(gazing at his
empty glass)
It's bad when you take this stuff
for medicine, like I do.

GLEN
How did they like the lectures
over there?

GRIGG
They just goggled! Chromosome
damage, alpha radiation, C.N.S.
- they know nothing, they know
nothing, they can't tell the difference
between 15 megatons and a lighted
match.

84. Contd.

GLEN

I bet they would if one went off.

GRIGG

That's about it. They've got expendable written all over them, Glen.

GLEN

What's C.N.S. mean?

GRIGG

You lose control over your limbs, Glen. You get very excited, you have difficulty breathing, you sort of black-out now and then, and you're dead in, say, either to ten hours. That's C.N.S. - central nervous system syndrome. I gave a quickie on vaporation. Some people call it vaporisation - I prefer the other word, it's more graphic - and it's nearer what happens. Well, they have the effrontery to be horrified. The Germans, too. I don't just mean by the facts but by me!

GLEN

What's vaporation?

GRIGG

Effect of the fire bomb. Everything gets evaporated - buildings, people. Nothing left, not even ruins.

The noise becomes greater from the lounge. DORNELLING's laugh is heard. The ARMY MAN comes into the hall area.

GRIGG

(nodding towards
the ARMY MAN)

That guy is what you might call one of our kept gentlemen. He collects antiques.

GLEN

Who?

From his P.V. we see the ARMY MAN leaving the apartment after shaking hands with LOUISE GRIGG.

GRIGG

The general. We like to get rid of him and the butler early. It's his butler, by the way. Without his Sackville & Drummond and Sir Philip Sidney he can't drop off at night.

84. Contd.

GLEN

How do you mean?

GRIGG

I mean, your English poets. It's his affectation. He was born in Ohio. The thing is, the poets mustn't be too famous, then he feels O. K. And he don't buy wine in a shop, not Chester. He owns a vineyard. Hey, that was a great gag of yours, Glen, saying you grew wine. Louise told me all about it.

(laughing pleasantly
and huskily)

GLEN

It's true.

GRIGG

(consolingly)

Yeah!

(laying his hand
on GLEN's)

I guess we're both a couple of poor hicks when you get down to it. You're a hired shyster and so am I. Listen, when you look round and think to yourself what kind of a world we've got - the crowds and the stink of automobiles and the whole phoney racket - listen, you don't believe in the racket, you leave that to the poops. Now, is it worth preserving? Wouldn't a damned good blast clear the air a bit? Wouldn't it be a real decent apology to God? Is there anything in it you want to preserve? Can you say what a nice place the earth is?

(as GLEN
hesitates)

There! You couldn't say Yes, right on the dot, because though you want to tell me Yes you don't mean Yes, you don't register Yes right deep down, and that's what I mean, Glen, we need the power to blow the whole damn lot to pieces!

(getting up)

Take the waistcoat off. You'll fry.

(waiting for
GLEN to do so)

I'll put it in the bedroom. Come on.

84. Contd.

GLEN gets up and takes his waistcoat off, then hands it to him. They walk across the hall to a large silent bedroom. One of the bedside lights with a soft, red silk shade is on. The window curtains reach the floor, grandly.

LOUISE's dressing table is chaotically full of open pots and alabaster bowls and perfume sprays.

There are piles of coats on the bed, and to GLEN's surprise GRIGG begins taking them up into his arms and going to the wardrobe set into the wall.

GRIGG

You never know!
(taking out
hangers and
draping the
coats on them)

People start sprawling about in the
early hours, and a fur can get in a
real mess.

GLEN sees a Madonnina on the wall, with a little red light under it. He stops, surprised at this sudden little piece of Italy.

GRIGG

(watching him)
You Catholic?
(as GLEN hesitates
to say anything)
You don't seem sure about all the
things you should be.

GLEN

Are you a Catholic?

GRIGG

I am.

GLEN

Your wife, too?

GRIGG

Sure.

They begin leaving the bedroom.

We TRACK AFTER THEM as they walk back to their place in the hall.

GRIGG

Park your arse, and I'll bring
you some fuel.

84. Contd.

GLEN sits down, rather exhausted by the heat. He loosens his collar and takes out his handkerchief, staring before him.

Roars of laughter, gasps, comes from the lounge. GLEN seems puzzled by it all.

GRIGG returns with the drinks.

GRIGG

Here, pour this down, foul mouth.
(sitting down)

Yes, we've got a helluva world,
and unfortunately guys like you with
brains on their shoulders spend their
time kicking guys like me.

(putting his face
close to GLEN's,
across the table)

I'll tell you something, Glen. You're
in my house because of your blabber-
mouth. You don't mind me saying
that?

GLEN

No.

GRIGG

You were born with it, Glen, and
you know how to use it. Listen, you
look as drunk as a rat in a vat, Glen.
I'm surprised. Men don't drink on
duty.

GLEN

I'm not on duty.

GRIGG

Yeah? I bet tomorrow's evening
edition carries a contradiction of
that remark. But try and publish
the details of this party and, oh boy

(laughing and
sitting back so
suddenly that the
chair seems to
crack)

Listen.

(turning to
GLEN inti-
mately)

When you face up to the fact that
life's hell and we've got to make
it liveable you'll be a contemporary
of mine, not before. No good just
saying it's hell. We all know that.

84. Contd.

GRIGG (contd)

In fact,

(putting his face
close to GLEN's
again)

I wonder if you really know how
hellish it is.

GLEN

I bet I don't.

GRIGG

I bet you don't, too.

GLEN

(his head swaying
towards GRIGG,
his speech blurred)

I've been reading your book ... I
wanted to ask you ... Has that thing
called the Domesday Machine been
invented? Some people say it has
... the thing that blows the whole
world up in one go ...

GRIGG

(gazing ahead of
him seriously
weighing the
matter up)

It's the last logical step, yes. It's
got to happen! And to repeat some-
thing else I said in Afterwards: If I
had the decision as to whether to
make it or not, I'd say Yes.

GLEN

You'd make it?

GRIGG

Why sure. Because then we'd have
total responsibility. We'd have to
think so damned hard about war we'd
have one all the time, inside our
minds!

GLEN

But suppose somebody else produces
it - then two people have got total
responsibility.

GRIGG

Boy, you sound drunk. Yes, well,
that only means we've educated
others to develop responsibility, so
we have an increasing number of
total threats against everybody. We
threaten ourselves with murder!
That's how you keep life moving!

84. Contd.

GLEN

It's a novel definition of education.

GRIGG

It's education to hell.

GLEN

Well,

(raising his glass)

here's to hell.

A C. U. of GLEN shows him looking down the hall with astonishment.

From his P.V. we see the Englishman, DORNELLING, coming out of the lounge and crossing the hall towards the lavatory. He has no jacket on, and no shoes. GLEN nudges GRIGG.

GLEN

Is that chap walking in his socks?

GRIGG

(with a light
chuckle)

Could be. He's the guy who owns
this apartment. Charles Dornelling.

(calling out softly
to DORNELLING)

How does it go, Charlie, boy?

DORNELLING

(without turning)

Couldn't be better, Jeff.

The lavatory door closes behind him.

GLEN

Is he English?

GRIGG

(with a nod)

Owens this apartment.

GLEN

Embassy?

GRIGG

I wouldn't have embassy people
here. Leastways, not after
eight in the evening. No, Defence.
He's a friend of mine.

(with a menac-
ing look)

A damned good friend.

84. Contd.

GLEN

But where does he come in - I mean,
about lectures on hell?

GRIGG

Let's say I need his co-operation.

GLEN

What - as a lecturer?

GRIGG

(with a grim
smile)

Listen, I don't know if this interview
is your editor's concoction or not. I
know he was enrolled in the
Communist Party for eight years,
but you could get your hands burned,
boy, and I wouldn't like that.

GLEN

I haven't got an editor.

GRIGG

We've got a dossier on him that
thick.

(indicating the
width of his
glass)

GLEN

Who's we?

GRIGG

(staring before
him glumly)

I guess I'm drunk, now, too. When-
ever I try to sound like the FBI it
means I'm drunk.

GLEN

(raising his glass
towards him)

You're down to the rocks, Dad.
Get yourself a refuel.

GRIGG raises himself up slowly.

GRIGG

(taking their
glasses)

I guess I'd better put the heating
up.

GLEN

Up? You mean down!

84. Contd.

GRIGG
You've still got your shoes on.

GRIGG moves away heavily towards the bar.

GLEN
(calling after
him)
Why not?

GRIGG
Take 'em off! Everybody else
has. Rule of the game.

As he passes GRIGG looks into the lounge. We see him from GLEN's P.V. GRIGG sways and bends forwards, his wrinkles like thick brushmarks in the dim light.

GRIGG
(calling into
the Lounge)
How's folks for drinks, Lou?

LOUISE (VOICE OVER)
Fine! Hey, Jeff, don't you think
it's kind of chilly?

GRIGG
Just what I had in mind.

GLEN's face registers further surprise. He begins trying to take off his shoes. He makes several efforts humming softly.

At this moment LOUISE slips past him in stockinged feet towards the bedroom. As she does so, she drapes something over GLEN's bowed head. It makes him jump. (He is still aiming at his shoes)

GLEN
What the hell's that?

He puts his hand up and draws the object off his head. It is a white bra. He laughs, and LOUISE makes a pale smile towards him.

LOUISE
You can keep it as a memento.
I'm glad you're making out with
Jeff.

GLEN
Who's is it?

At this moment GRIGG comes from the bar with two new drinks.

GRIGG
Looks like my wife's.

84. Contd.

GRIGG puts the drinks down, and then hands GLEN a tiny object on a string.

GLEN
(blearily)
You two keep handing me things.

He looks at the object and finds that it is a disc with number 49 on it.

GLEN
What's this for?

GRIGG
That's your number tag.

GLEN
I see.

GRIGG
You'll find your sack in the
cloakroom.

GLEN
My sack?

GRIGG
(sitting down
heavily and
scowling side-
ways at him)
Sack! Sack!
(taking a quick
gulp of whisky)

GLEN has given up work on his shoes; they remain on his feet. He returns to his drink and takes a sip.

More noise comes from the lounge and another of the GUESTS goes to the lavatory, like DORNELLING, shoeless. He has no jacket on, nor does he have a shirt, just a short-sleeved white undershirt with a round neck. GLEN gazes at him blearily.

GRIGG
(calling out)
How you making out, Vance?
(VANCE simply
waves a hand
and goes on)

GLEN
What do I need a sack for?

GRIGG
Oh, can it, Glen you know the
rules as well as I do.

84. Contd.

GLEN
You actually put the heating up?

GRIGG
(with a yawn)
I actually did. You know, Glen -

He is interrupted by a phone bell from the bedroom. It is quickly answered by LOUISE.

LOUISE (VOICE OVER)
Hello?

She kicks the bedroom door closed with her foot before saying anything more.

GLEN looks at GRIGG. GRIGG is straining to hear her beyond the door.

LOUISE comes out.

LOUISE
It's for you, Glen.

GLEN
For me?

LOUISE
Don't sound so surprised, they probably want your story.

GRIGG
(turning to him quickly)
Mind what I said, Glen.

GLEN
(getting up unsteadily)
Like to come and listen?

GRIGG
I will at that!

They go together into the bedroom - GLEN with LOUISE's bra in his hand.

We TRACK AFTER THEM into bedroom, where LOUISE is sitting at her dressing-table brushing her hair.

GRIGG sits down on the bed making it sag tremendously, while GLEN answers the bedside phone.

PALERMO
(at the other end of the line)
How's it going?

84. Contd.

GLEN

All right.

PALERMO (VOICE OVER)

I hear you're staying the night.

GLEN

Yes.

PALERMO (VOICE OVER)

Louise got you a hotel room.
Accept it.

GLEN

Thanks.

GRIGG

(to his wife,
leaning forward
so that the bed
nearly tips GLEN
over)Sounds like a code. What trash
you pick up with, if you don't mind
me saying so.

LOUISE

(firmly)

I'm married to trash, so I got
used to it.

GRIGG makes a disgusted noise.

PALERMO (VOICE OVER)

Somebody's put a carpet in your
room - a Mr. Parsons. You seem
to have influence.

GLEN

A carpet?

PALERMO (VOICE OVER)

And a chest of drawers. And a
chair. And a bed. Listen, Glen,
take the first train back in the
morning. Unless he murders
you, of course.GRIGG yawns and gets up. He looks down at GLEN for a few seconds,
then leaves the room.LOUISE turns and winks at GLEN, still slowly drawing a brush
through her hair.

PALERMO (VOICE OVER)

Is the old man there?

84. Contd.

GLEN

No.

PALERMO (VOICE OVER)

Listen, Glen. Get him to a party of mine, tomorrow night.

GLEN

A party - where?

PALERMO (VOICE OVER)

He knows all about it. He won't come on my invitation. He's watching her like a hawk.

GLEN

He's watching me, too.

PALERMO (VOICE OVER)

Get him to that party. 8.15 at the club, for drinks. And if you don't succeed, you're out of a job from tomorrow on.

GLEN

What are you going to do with him when you get him there?

PALERMO (VOICE OVER)

Fix him up with a nice girl.

PALERMO rings off at once, without saying goodbye.

GLEN

(to LOUISE, in
a low voice)

He wants your husband at a party, tomorrow night.

LOUISE

So do I.

GLEN leaves the room, and she goes on combing.

CUT:

85. INT. THE HALL. NIGHT

It is the hall again, where they were sitting before. GRIGG is listening at the bedroom door.

GLEN comes out straight into him.

GRIGG

Well, did you hand in your story? You're all in this together, eh? - that bitch as well!

85. Contd.

GRIGG (contd)

(nodding towards
the bedroom)

You know, I like you, you're such a damned crook I'm not sure you haven't made hell your home as thoroughly as I have. Here, come on, we're behind. Come on.

He puts a hand on GLEN's shoulder, and leads him down the hall to the cloakroom, where there are not only coats and furs on hooks but white canvas sacks hanging side by side, each with a number tag like the one GRIGG gave to GLEN not long ago.

GRIGG stands in the doorway peering at the numbers, his long hunched back blocking the light.

GRIGG

(turning)

Gimme your shoes.

GLEN

I still got 'em on ... I can't get 'em off.

GRIGG

Here, dammit. Can you read the number? I need my glasses.

GLEN

(swaying forward)

Whatta they for?

(as GRIGG looks
at him impatiently)

This one's ... 37.

GRIGG

I'm in the twennies. Whatta you?

GLEN

(pulling out his
tag)

Forty-nine.

GRIGG

Well, you're up there - close to the door. Well,

(taking down his
sack, and peering
into it)

sonovabitch if somebody hasn't put his shoes in mine. That kinda thing takes the whole night to work out, and my experience is, it's like a running sore.

85. Contd.

GLEN
(with appeal in
his voice)
What's it for?

GRIGG
Aw, come on, Glen, chuck yer
boots in and let's have yer shirt.

GLEN
My shirt?

GRIGG
Like this, crumb.

GRIGG takes off his shirt. After sweeping the strange shoes out on to the floor, and putting his own in, he carefully folds his shirt and puts it in the sack.

GLEN
You've already got my waistcoat.

GRIGG
You mean - vest.

GLEN
I got my vest on.

GRIGG
(staring at him,
drunkenly)
Like hell, you have. You're in
yer shirtsleeves, two-timer. Do
you have to lie about everything?
(making a leering
smile and swaying
perilously)

GLEN
I gotta vest under my shirt!

GRIGG
Yeah, and I got an overcoat under
my pants.

They both start laughing and at this moment LOUISE comes across the hall.

LOUISE
Well, isn't this nice! I never
thought I'd see the day when you
two'd be club pals.

85. Contd.

GRIGG

(in a throaty
voice, and with
unexpected
intimacy)

Come in, honey. These Britishers insist on calling their vests waistcoats, and he starts telling me he's wearing his waistcoat under his shirt, believe it or not.

LOUISE

You're drunk.
(coming further
into the cloak-
room)

Come on, Jeff, they're screaming for us.

GRIGG

Okay, okay. I can't be rushed. I don't even know how to stand, honest, Lou.

To GLEN's astonishment LOUISE begins unbuttoning her dress and slipping out of it. She folds it carefully and looks around.

LOUISE

(half to herself)

Now what number am I? Is it 21? No, I think it's 23.

She slips her dress into the No. 23 sack, and then takes her petticoat off. She is suddenly naked except for stockings and girdle.

GLEN stares at her with an idiotic smile. She folds her petticoat carefully and puts it in the sack.

LOUISE

(to GLEN)

Come on, you're behind.

GRIGG

(in the act of
taking his
trousers off)

Seems to me, Lou, nobody briefed this guy, else he's playing dumb.

LOUISE begins loosening her stockings from the girdle. She gives GLEN a quick glance.

LOUISE

(to GRIGG)

He'll be telling us this is his first one, next.

85. Contd.

GLEN

First what?

LOUISE

There! Listen to him!

GRIGG

(chuckling and
folding his
trousers care-
fully)

I reckon he's smarter than his
boss.

LOUISE

That's what his boss says, too.

GRIGG

(in a snarling
voice)

Well, you ought to know.

GRIGG is down to a pair of underpants now, and GLEN goes on smiling at him.

GLEN

Am I supposed to do this, too?

LOUISE

(as she passes
him on the way
to the door)

Well, you're going to look like a
misfit if you don't.

GRIGG follows her out, naked, too. GLEN stares after them.

CUT:

86. INT. THE LOUNGE. NIGHT

The lights have been turned down, and the big room is crowded with naked and half-naked forms. Music is switched on.

There are people sprawled on settees, on cushions on the floor, DORNELLING is down to his undershirt. Most of the other MEN are the same. ONE MAN has taken his trousers off, but still keeps his shirt on, his underpants gleam white on the floor. The WOMEN are in all states - some have pulled their dresses down to their waists, others have simply taken off their shoes and stockings.

GLEN enters from the hall in his shirt-sleeves, shoeless. He stares from one person to the other. It all seems quite a normal activity to most of the others. They even show little or no physical interest in each other.

86. Contd.

GLEN takes a seat on the floor, as far from the blazing fire as he can get.

A sigh goes up from everyone as LOU and GRIGG appear. They begin to dance together in a peculiar way that seems to be accepted by everyone else.

All this is a montage of SHOTS which concentrates on faces, hands, legs rather than overall nudity. It should avoid direct erotic suggestion.

DORNELLING is leaning against one of the WOMEN, who smiles broad and delighted.

The dim light and the flickering flames make GRIGG look rough and odd in silhouette.

Their first movements are rather like conventional ballroom movements, but then they touch each other lightly with one hand, half-turned towards the audience, which makes encouraging remarks, such as 'Turn right round there!' and 'Attaboy, let's see that hip, Jefferson!' and 'Oh, Lou, you're pointing right at me!', and, 'Wow! It's hurting me!'. And, from one of the MEN, urgently, 'Git! Git Jeff!'

A C. U. of this MAN from GLEN's P.V. shows his face fascinated and gentle; now and then LOU makes a slight jump in her dance and there is an appreciative groan from the MEN. The smack of their hands against each others hips can be heard.

GRIGG

(out of breath,
as he dances)

Come and join us, folks!

The first MAN gets up to join them, tall and spare. He leaves his trousers behind as he walks towards the hearth.

Then a WOMAN does the same leaving her skirt behind. GLEN notices that a MAN at his side is still in his shirt and shoes.

GLEN

(to his neighbour)

You're beind.

NEIGHBOUR

(looking at him
slowly and
yawning)

I guess I'm off the game tonight.

The MAN who has joined GRIGG and LOU is taller than either of them, and they dance together.

The two men have an accidental grace; they dance on their toes around LOU, or rather walk and trot round her, making feminine movements though they only seem feminine because they are graceful.

86. Contd.

The other WOMAN dances with them, and they are now four, the two men dancing round the two women.

The music is soft and haunting.

In front of GLEN from his P.V. a rather ELDERLY WOMAN with bare shoulders shows her bracelet to her neighbour and says, distinctly:

ELDERLY WOMAN

That ain't going in the sack!

The FOUR DANCERS beckon to others on the floor to join them.

DORNELLING stands up and jettisons his trousers; his white skin is very white and contrasts greatly with the pink flush of his face. His legs appear under-exercised. He threads his way among the sitters with some applause from them. He joins the DANCERS, rather grotesque and without the slightest sense of rhythm.

GRIGG

We need more women here.

LOUISE

Hell, we don't! I'm having a whale of a time!

Everyone laughs, though GRIGG gives her a fierce and galvanizing look.

A MAN behind them looks at his neighbour with surprise, when she takes off her blouse and drapes it over his head. He stays that way.

The dancing now begins to become general.

One of the WOMEN calmly lets her plaited hair down to her waist, and as she whirls round it whirls round too.

MYRA joins the DANCERS without a word, looking rather like a girl in her nakedness. She sways about with her eyes closed.

The DANCERS are getting closer and closer. They move gently, talking and nodding in a polite way. Now and then a buttock is lightly slapped and there is a chuckle of laughter..

There are now only a few clothed people on the floor and GLEN is one of them. They get up one by one and go across the hall to the cloakroom and GLEN is the last to follow.

CUT:

87. INT. THE HALL. NIGHT

There is a queue outside the cloakroom. GLEN is the last in the queue. The GIRL in front of him takes off her dress, but has difficulty with her bra. GLEN helps her politely from behind, and she turns to smile her thanks as the queue moves on.

87. Contd.

GIRL
What's your name?

GLEN
Glen.

GIRL
Mine's Nancy.

GLEN
What's your number?

NANCY
Oh . . . the tag's in my . . .
(taking the number
tag out of a tiny
pocket in her bra)
Cute idea, don't you think? Good
place for money, when abroad.

GLEN
(noticing her
number)
Two numbers away from me.

NANCY
That's cosy.

They enter the cloakroom, and we TRACK in after them.

GLEN
(as they undress
further)
Known the Griggs long?

NANCY
My husband's in the same
line as Jeff.

GLEN
Nuclear physics?

NANCY
Well . . . more the actual experi-
ments.
(with a pleasant
smile towards
him)

Having deposited their clothes in their sacks they go towards the lounge again. As they enter LOUISE is close to the door.

LOUISE
(to NANCY)
You've got him! Right there - the
guy I was telling you about!

87. Contd.

NANCY
 (looking first at
 her, then at
 GLEN)
 What! The Tongue?

LOUISE nods and gives her a slight warning look.

NANCY
 (smiling at
 GLEN placidly)
 You're a low-down sonovabitch,
 from what I hear.

They begin dancing together.

GLEN
 (smiling back)
 It isn't true.

NANCY
 Why they let you in, I don't know.
 This room must be hot with
 secrets.

GLEN
 I thought I was a friend of theirs.

NANCY
 They have none. They're on the
 make, like you.

GLEN
 Does your husband have secrets?

NANCY
 (with a long
 questioning
 look)
 I wonder if I'd trust you with your
 clothes on. He's got the FBI to
 keep him warm, honey.

GLEN
 Are there FIB men in this room?

NANCY
 Well, what d'ya think? Where
 secrets go, they go too.

The whole of the lounge is now dancing. There are naked couples everywhere in the dim light. One tall MAN is smoking a cigar and tilting it up from his mouth so as to avoid naked flesh. Now and then a vast cloud of smoke emerges from him.

There is a cry of 'Food!' from the doorway.

87. Contd.

LOUISE
Food up! Come and get it!

There is a drift towards the door to the time of the music.

A COUPLE still cling together.

The CAM. picks its way through the naked flesh to the hall outside where a queue has begun to form into the kitchen.

The man with the uptilted cigar (SHEPHERD) is there. He calls out to another man (VANCE) further down the line.

SHEPHERD
Why, hello, Vance. Weekend run?

VANCE
On the way to Germany, Shepherd.
Just stopping off. How's the kids?

SHEPHERD
Pain in the neck.
(with a scowl
and a huge
cloud of cigar
smoke towards
the ceiling)

CHARLES DORNELLING is standing with the GREY-HAIRED WOMAN of the bracelet. They are chattering and joking together in a social way as if they were fully clothed.

MYRA is going from one person to another touching them lightly on the shoulder, the buttocks, the stomach, a faint smile on her face, her eyes half-closed.

GLEN is standing at the rear of the queue with NANCY. He starts when he feels a hand on his shoulder. It is LOUISE, who clearly wishes to prevent intimacy between him and NANCY.

LOUISE
Come and sit down.
(leading him
away)
Well, how do you like the
party.

GLEN
(reluctantly
moving from
NANCY)
Fine.

87. Contd.

They go towards the chairs which he and GRIGG occupied earlier. They sit down and GLEN waits for her to speak.

LOUISE

(peering into
his eyes and
speaking in
a hushed
voice)

You haven't been phoning your boss again, have you? I mean, your editor?

GLEN

No.

Suddenly she pulls a chair round next to his and grips his arm.

LOUISE

Is it true you work for a male chaperone outfit, Glen?

GLEN

Well, I didn't know what it was. There was this mad woman.

LOUISE

(gripping him
so hard that
he screws his
face up with
pain)

She's not mad, Glen. I'd say she was about one of the most quietly gifted people I've met in a long time.

GLEN

Jean de Lisle Swiburne?! Do you know her?

LOUISE

Why, certainly.

GLEN

But she's mad.

87. Contd.

LOUISE

And she says you're bad. No, Glen, your smears just don't stick. There's some truth in the world, and I think the truth wins out in the end.

(patting his
naked knee)

That'll be to your advantage later on because you won't be able to live on smears all your life. There's not one card the Devil ever offered you that you haven't played, is there? I realise, by the way, that you procured me for John Palermo. You were dead right - my legs went weak the minute I clapped eyes on that man.

GLEN

I procured you for him? Who told you that?

LOUISE

(pulling him with
a slight hug
towards her)

Listen, Glen, he got a neat description of me from you. It inflamed him, he said. And he used those words! He said you didn't say anything, but it showed in your eyes. He could see me in your eyes. Now, that's the smooth, procuring job.

At this moment NANCY walks by with a drink. LOUISE looks up.

LOUISE

(with a keep-
away glare)

Hi, Nance!

NANCY passes on.

GLEN

He asked me if you were attractive, and I suppose I might have nodded or something ...

LOUISE

He looked at you with a leer and all you had to do was look him in the eyes. That's what happened. There's a private language between you two. And you don't even look sorry.

87. Contd.

GLEN

Well, I can't tell when your legs
are going to go weak.

LOUISE

That's just what I think you can do.
I don't know what it is, Glen, perhaps
it's something old and ancient in you
that we Americans are too damned
innocent to fathom. One look at you
tells anybody with the smallest judge-
ment that you're none of these things
- not a smear reporter or a procurer
or even a male whore!

(as GLEN looks
at her hopefully)

You're playing, playing all the
time. Big stakes, too. I don't
know what they are and neither does
Jeff, but you're no small man. And
that's why you're here tonight, in the
hope you'll make a friend in the end.
I suppose it's hopeless to try. I'd
like to. Frankly, you scare me - not
because you look scary, but because
you don't. I feel exactly like that
girl de Lisle Swiburne. We talked
about you for a couple of hours,
Jean and I.

GLEN

You did?

LOUISE

She wondered if you had a feeling
in your body. She said you seemed
in your seventh heaven just mocking
and pulling somebody down all the
time.

GLEN

Is that what I did to her?

LOUISE

The whole evening! Now, if she's a
liar, she speaks with great conviction,
that's all I can say. You had her crying
out for mercy, she said. Now, women
are easy to pull down, Glen, don't you
realise that?

(taking his hand
in hers and to his
surprise putting
it on her leg)

There! I don't know if you ever really
and truly experienced a woman, but
it's the only thing that could do you good.

87. Contd.

LOUISE (contd)

I just don't believe a man can give up being good. For one thing, my religion doesn't allow me to.

GLEN

Nor does mine.

LOUISE

(at once, quickly
and fiercely)

God in heaven! You're not Catholic, are you?

(as he hesitates)

Glen, go and find a priest. I can take you round to our little church in the morning. Take Communion.

(as GLEN gives
her a puzzled
look)

I mean, don't you ever?

GLEN

Ever what?

LOUISE

Confess.

GLEN

To a priest? I haven't done.
No.

LOUISE

Darling, you look miserable.

(suddenly giving
him a kiss on the
lips)

I'm not going to let you be damned.
Jeff even wouldn't want me to.

GLEN

(speaking through
the kisses)

God's the judge of that.

LOUISE

You think we've got no power at all? I'll show you that isn't true. I might save you. I'm weak and stupid, but I could have a try. A woman's softness could do it, maybe. That might be one weakness you've overlooked - that every man is born of woman.

87. Contd.

GLEN

(his words again
punctuated with
kisses)

I did realise that.

LOUISE

Well, I'm going to have a try.

(as she gets up
and draws him
after her)

Come on! Let's grab a drink.

I wonder if you've heard a single
thing I said.

(stopping and
looking into
his eyes, her
own screwed up)

Honestly, I think you're the biggest
test I've ever had.

GLEN

Test?

LOUISE

Of my charity. And, perhaps,
my understanding.

They thread their way through the couples towards the kitchen.
We TRACK after them.

Most people are eating, either on their feet or seated. One or two
couples are on the floor of the hall, plates in their hands.

When LOUISE and GLEN reach the kitchen they find only one person
there. It is MYRA; she is going round the long buffet table, now
covered with the débris of lobster and salmon and caviare and empty
champagne bottles and salad. She is touching the plates lightly, her
eyes half-closed, just as she formerly did people.

LOUISE

(sharply)

Hi, there, Myra! Would you mind
vacating the kitchen a moment?

I'd like to use it.

MYRA

Why, sure, honey.

She drifts off with a wink at GLEN. LOUISE closes the door behind
her.

LOUISE

These damned tiles are cold on
the feet. Here,

(throwing him a
teacloth)

use that as a carpet. Sit down.

87. Contd.

She prepares him a drink as GLEN sits down and begins to nod asleep. She brings the drink across to him, but instead of putting it on the table for him puts it to his lips.

LOUISE
Come on. You need it. You're
falling asleep.

GLEN takes a sip and nods Thank you. But his eyes close again.

LOUISE stands gazing at him, close to him, bent forward. She begins whispering.

LOUISE
You refused the cheque, didn't
you?

GLEN
Yes.

LOUISE
Why?

At the same time she kisses him on the lips again, but GLEN persists in falling asleep.

GLEN
(his eyes
still closed)
I'm not used to late nights.

LOUISE
(gently)
Did you want more - more
money? Four hundred?

As she lowers herself on to him with her legs astride, her arms round his neck, face to face with him, on the same chair.

LOUISE (contd)
Four hundred and fifty?
(kissing him)
Five hundred?
(kissing him
again)
Five-fifty? Six hundred?

GLEN
(still half-gripped
in sleep)
I'm not interested in cash.

LOUISE
Listen. If Jeff gets to hear
there's no end to what he can do -
even to you.

87. Contd.

GLEN

Hear what?

LOUISE

Don't let your tongue wag, Glen.
That's all I mean.

GLEN

About what?

LOUISE

I'm gonna soften you. You can't
be hard all the way through.

LOUISE - kissing him fiercely and moving to and fro while he sits there slumped and passive underneath her.

LOUISE (contd)

Is that your trouble, Glen?
(putting one of
her hands down)

GLEN

What are you talking about?

LOUISE

Are you impotent? I won't give
up though!

GLEN's sleepiness disappears rather quickly. He begins to respond to her with kisses and to play his part in the rising and falling motion. The chair begins to move.

C. U. of the chair leg demonstrates this.

Then suddenly the door is pushed open with terrific force.

GLEN's eyes happen to be closed and he keeps them closed in sheer fright. It is GRIGG standing in the doorway.

GRIGG

Comfortable?

GLEN opens his eyes.

GRIGG sways in the doorway, glowering across at them. LOUISE does not move, only turns round to speak to him.

LOUISE

(in a level voice)

Now, Jeff! Take it easy!

GRIGG

(quietly)

Am I too early? Or too late?

87. Contd.

LOUISE raises herself from GLEN, slowly, keeping her eyes on GRIGG.

GRIGG inspects GLEN's body with a dry pair of eyes.

GRIGG
Too late, it seems.
(to LOUISE)
Congratulations.

LOUISE
(like a high-
school girl)
I haven't done anything!

GRIGG still looks down at GLEN, his teeth shut tight, and slowly he comes into the kitchen. He does not trouble to close the door.

GRIGG
(to LOUISE)
I knew it was one or the other
- either him or Palermo. Tell
you the truth, I thought this one
was too damned normal for your
taste.
(standing directly
in front of GLEN)
Know what I'd like to do to you?
I'd like to put your head in dark-
ness, and that's exactly what I'm
gonna do.

LOUISE
Now, Jeff!

He turns towards one of the kitchen shelves and on tiptoe takes down a vast iron saucepan of the old fashioned type. It is so heavy that he can hardly carry it alone.

GLEN jumps up, terrified.

GRIGG advances on him with the saucepan in his hand, his lips pursed into a disgusted horse-shoe. Suddenly he places the saucepan deftly over GLEN's head so that in a moment GLEN is truly in darkness with the iron rim resting on his shoulder blades, and GRIGG now presses him towards his chair and makes him sit down under the weight of the saucepan.

LOUISE
Jeff!

GRIGG pushes harder and harder.

GLEN bows under the weight, doubled under it, and then manages to slip himself off the chair on to the floor.

87. Contd.

GRIGG
(pressing down
with the handle)
Sonovabitch! Dirty, low-down,
two-timing male whore!

GLEN
(from inside the
saucepan as he
slips all over the
floor under its weight)
Now, look, Jeff!

His voice booms across the room.

GRIGG
Sonovabitch! Low-down crumb!

He goes on pressing.

GLEN has found a way of pressing up with his arms so as to prevent his body being pushed down completely on the floor. But he finds himself being slowly manoeuvred across the room, pushed and dragged in a to-and-fro motion which since he cannot predict he is always surprised by. Gradually GRIGG gets him towards the door.

VANCE appears from the hall.

VANCE
Anything wrong, in here?

GRIGG
(out of breath)
Sonovabitch here getting rough.
Help me pitch him out of doors,
Vance. The only thing that'll cool
him off.

Hearing that he is to be pitched in this state out of doors, GLEN begins shouting incoherently inside the saucepan and hitting out with his legs, but he now has two men on him.

The other guests are interested but do not come to his rescue.

GLEN's feet catch VANCE on the leg with a smack and VANCE draws his breath in quickly with pain.

VANCE
Sonovabitch! Right on my
varicose veins. Sonovabitch!

And this brings a second helper to GRIGG. The three of them drag and push at GLEN, GRIGG uses the saucepan handle as a man uses the shaft of a cart, while the other guest grips him round the middle, so that GLEN slides and bounces his way across the floor of the hall towards the main door. The soft carpet gives him more levering power and the three men have to pull all the harder, puffing and groaning as they get him to the front door.

87. Contd.

GRIGG manages to pull the door open, and in a moment they have him in one great heave outside and the door is pushed to.

CUT:

88. INT. THE STAIRCASE. NIGHT

GLEN is pitched out of GRIGG's door with the saucepan on his head. He clatters into a heap as the door slams behind him. His first act is to wrench the saucepan off his head and throw it to the ground with a great clang. Here it is desperately cold for a man without his clothes. He jumps, beats his arms about, he runs up and down, he searches for something to put round himself, he hammers at the door, he shouts:

GLEN

Grigg! Louise! Open up!

But it is too cold to stand hammering at the door for long.

He rings at the bell again and again, and then begins racing up and down the stairs, to keep warm. He takes two steps at a time coming up and one going down. He has his fists clenched like an athlete as he runs. When he is warm enough he returns to the door, presses the bell, hammers with the palm of his hand, shouts out again:

GLEN

Open the door! I'm naked! Open the door!

He takes to running desperately up and down the stairs again.

Once more he searches for something to put round his body. He is getting close to panic. He succeeds in pulling up a foot or two of carpet but the rest will not come away. He hammers at the door, rings again, but nothing happens. His teeth begin chattering. He jumps up and down. He kicks against the door hoping to push it down, shrieking at the top of his voice.

GLEN

Louise! Louise! Let me in!

But still nothing happens. He begins to give up. He gives way to the cold. He goes to a corner of the hall as far from the cold staircase as possible and lowers himself down all in a heap like a tired dog, and he sits there gazing before him quite sober now, his knees drawn up to his chin. There is silence. Some time passes. He is watching the door. It opens, slowly.

LOUISE is standing there in a silk dressing-gown, her feet bare.

LOUISE

(quietly)

Jeez, I'm sorry. He disconnected the bell.

88. Contd.

GLEN gets up, shivering, hunched together and goes into the flat.
The door begins to close.

CUT:

89. INT. GRIGG'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

GLEN comes in the front door, and LOUISE closes it behind him.

LOUISE
(in a whisper)
They're mostly asleep.

GLEN blinks into the dimness of the hall. From his P.V. we see a pair of bare legs protruding from the lounge and one man with a blanket over him, sleeping outside the cloakroom. There is silence.

GLEN
(in a whisper)
How did you get me back in?

LOUISE
(also in a
whisper)
Listen! You go in the kitchen.

She walks into the lounge while GLEN goes into the kitchen.

We TRACK in after him. He walks slap into GRIGG, who is still naked. They make a fleshy thud together.

GRIGG
(putting a hand on
GLEN's frozen
shoulder)
Come in, Glen. Gee, I'm sorry.

GLEN
Everybody asleep?

GRIGG
Seems like it. We cover them up.
Louise'll be right back.

GRIGG looks yellow and creased from the effort of the recent battle.

GRIGG
(for something
to say)
That's right. Louise covers them
with blankets. Well, I mean, they
get cold. Sit down. We'll break
a bottle of claret, what say?

GLEN sits down but avoids the chair by the table in which he was imprisoned by the saucepan.

89. Contd.

GRIGG

Kind of a misunderstanding.
 (taking down a
 dusty bottle and
 holding it out to
 GLEN without
 enthusiasm)

Charles Dornelling's cellar -
 up here, behind the stove. Sold
 it to me.

GLEN

What - the bottle, or the cellar?

GRIGG

(giving him a
 quick, sour look)

The cellar.

GRIGG uncorks the bottle clumsily and gets the liquid all over his
 hairy hand.

GLEN

It smells good.

GRIGG

Can you smell it that far?

(with cynicism)

Oh, I forgot. You're a wine man,
 aren't you?

He pours GLEN a glass.

GRIGG (contd)

There! That'll warm you³up.

GLEN - after taking a long draft, with a great satisfied smack of
 his lips and then holding the glass up to the light.

GLEN

Wish I could get it like this.

GRIGG looks at him in a puzzled way.

LOUISE comes into the kitchen at this moment with soft steps.

LOUISE

They're all tucked up till lunch-
 time, Dad.

GRIGG has sat down, and is taking a long pull at his wine. She bends
 down and kisses him on the temple.

LOUISE

Feeling okay, now, honey?

89. Contd.

GRIGG

(nodding in
rather a des-
olate way)I think I'll throw myself down
somewhere.

He gets up heavily, having drained his glass. LOUISE takes him by the arm, and they walk to the door.

LOUISE

I got the maid's room ready.

GRIGG

(calling back
to GLEN)

Kill that bottle!

GRIGG and LOUISE leave.

GLEN pours himself a glass full of wine and drinks half of it at once. He holds up the bottle, looks at the label, nods to himself, smells at the wine, then LOUISE returns silently and goes straight to a chair.

GLEN

How did you cool him down?

LOUISE

(with a certain
flat irony)

Well, as a matter of fact, I gave him what he thought I'd given you. Thanks, by the way, for not letting it happen. I've given up trying to save people as from tonight.

GLEN

(after pouring
himself another
glass)

I must be going, after this.

LOUISE

He made me swear on the Bible.

GLEN

Swear what?

LOUISE

That it wasn't you.

GLEN

How do you mean - not me?

LOUISE

Not you that I'm mixed up with. He knows I'm mixed up with somebody.

89. Contd.

Her eyes close and her head nods forward for a moment. She opens her eyes again and blinks at him.

LOUISE

He took me to the Madonna in the bedroom . . . made me swear it wasn't you. I swore it wasn't. Well, I didn't sin there. Thank God he didn't make me swear about Palermo, that's all.

Another silence, and they both of them sleep for a moment, their heads nodding.

He gets up from the chair. He walks into the hall. We TRACK after him - through the hall into the lounge. He stands watching all the sleepers like children on the floor, on settees, on divans, hunched, spread out, on their sides, mouths open or closed, peaceful, fevered.

The dawn seems to be coming through the long windows giving dim light to the room.

MYRA is there, her head slumped forward. One of the men has covered himself with a carpet. GLEN turns and goes to the cloakroom, he finds sack No. 49 and quickly puts on his shirt and trousers, knots his tie clumsily, wrenches on his shoes.

LOUISE appears all of a sudden.

LOUISE

(in a whisper)

Come and say cheerio to Jeff.
He's still awake. Hope you enjoyed it.

She leads him, his jacket on his arm, across the hall to the bedroom. We TRACK after them, and find GRIGG in his pyjamas in bed.

GLEN shakes hands with him.

GLEN

Thanks for a nice party.

GRIGG

Like hell! Was it cold out there?

LOUISE

(to GLEN, suddenly)

Didn't you want to have Jeff in town tonight?

(to GRIGG)

Party - at 8.15. Sounds like fun.

89. Contd.

GRIGG
(very quietly, and
warily)

Okay.

LOUISE
(to GLEN)
Can I bring friends?

GLEN
It isn't my party.

LOUISE
(giving him a
sharp look)
Thanks! I'll bring friends.

He shakes hands with LOUISE, and she accompanies him to the front door. He goes out.

CUT:

90. INT. OUTSIDE THE DOOR. DAWN

GLEN putting on his overcoat as the door closes behind him, passes the iron saucepan on the floor and gives it a look. He buttons up his coat, hurries down the stairs.

CUT:

91. INT. APARTMENT FOYER. DAWN

GLEN hurries across the foyer to the street outside. It seems so clean and merciful.

CUT:

92. EXT. CAMBRIDGE STREET. DAWN

GLEN strolls out of GRIGG's apartment block. He smells the air; it feels good. He looks up at the sky. He looks all round him in the silence. No one is about. He strolls off. It looks as if he has all the time in the world on his hands.

CUT:

93. EXT. ANOTHER CAMBRIDGE STREET. DAWN

GLEN walking along, as before, towards the Backs.

CUT:

94. EXT. THE BACKS. DAWN

GLEN walking towards a bridge leading to the Backs by the Science Building. He reaches the bridge. We TRACK after him in the great silence. He stops, he leans on the parapet, gazes down into the river

94. Contd.

which is like a pool. He looks up at the college, gazes across at King's, and goes on with his walk. We watch him from the bridge as he begins to walk along the path on the other side.

CUT:

95. EXT. THE BACKS. DAWN

GLEN strolls along the towpath, his shoes sounding on the gravel. He reaches a bench, he sits down. He gazes across at the lawn and quadrangle of King's College, at the Chapel itself. We see it from his P. V. He yawns, he stretches, he puts out his legs, he turns up the collar of his overcoat, he takes out his copy of Afterwards, he begins to read, drowsily, and GRIGG's voice comes over.

GRIGG (VOICE OVER)

I see human creatures as naked.
We're naked because the world
doesn't want us any more.
Nature's all pooped out. One
satellite shot in the air can turn
summer into winter.

GLEN turns up his collar, glances up at the sky, shivers.

GRIGG (contd)

Earthquakes, floods, snow in
the middle of summer, it's all
gone mad! We'll be having plagues
soon! And our biggest mistake is
to take our little lives for real.
Only hell's for real! Only the
satellite's for real!

A ringing 'Morning' comes from a COLLEGE PORTER as he cycles along the gravel path on his way to college.

GLEN looks up startled.

GLEN

Oh! Good morning.

COLLEGE PORTER

(as he cycles
away)

Bit nippy.

There is silence again.

GLEN smiles. He gazes at King's Chapel again. He closes the book. King's Chapel in the dawn, serene and still, is a perfect picture from the 'Before'.

CUT:

96. INT. PALERMO'S OFFICE. MORNING

We open on the standing figure of PALERMO behind his desk. He is quiet, delicate looking, in a spotlessly-white shirt that makes his hands look frail and his lips fastidiously soft. He has no jacket on.

There is the sound of a typewriter behind. GLEN enters in his overcoat, and stands at the door. PALERMO looks up slowly and nods a charming Good morning, and signals him to a seat.

GLEN takes off his overcoat and hangs it up; he then sits down. There is silence.

PALERMO

(quietly)

All-night session?

GLEN

Yes.

PALERMO

She phoned me up, just now.

(lowering his
voice)

Asked for you.

GLEN

Why?

PALERMO

(with a shrug)

Anyway, thanks. You'll hold
my hand, tonight, eh?

GLEN

I'm not going to any parties.
I've had enough of them.

PALERMO

It's a gathering at my club,
part of your work.

(looking at GLEN
in silence while
GLEN rubs his
sleepy eyes)

Get some sleep - upstairs. It's
all ready for you.

GLEN

My room?

PALERMO

It's a luxury apartment. There's
even a lavatory.

GLEN

The furniture people came?

96. Contd.

PALERMO

Oh yes. And there's a carpet down
-- persian. As I said last night,
you must have influence. How much
did all that cost you, by the way?

GLEN

Oh ... about ten quid.

PALERMO

Then you certainly do have
influence. By the way, I opened
a bank account for you. Put three
hundred quid in.

GLEN

(wide awake)

What?

PALERMO

I didn't know if you had an
account here, in London. Anyway,
it's the bank we use.

GLEN

What three hundred is that,
for God's sake?

PALERMO

The advance I told you about.

GLEN

What advance?

PALERMO

(with a lecherous
smile)

Why? Want me to take it back?

GLEN

(after thought)

No.

PALERMO

Chandler-Williams and I had a
talk about it. Thought you were
worth it, so

(with a theatrical
shrug)

we did it. The only thing is, I
don't want you to think it's
Louise's money.

GLEN

Well, thank you.

96. Contd.

PALERMO
I'm under the weather, too.

GLEN
I notice you're not smoking.

PALERMO
(pointing to
his heart)
Ticker.

GLEN
You?

PALERMO
(with a nod)
I'm saving myself up for tonight.
Have to be careful.

GLEN
(getting up)
Looks as if you ought to be
in bed.

As GLEN leaves PALERMO calls out to PAT.

PALERMO
Pat, give Glen his nice new
cheque book.

CUT:

97. INT. . SECRETARIAL OFFICE. MORNING

GLEN comes in from PALERMO's room as PAT stops typing and takes up a new cheque book. She hands it to him with a smile.

PAT
There, you got your three
hundred, after all.

GLEN
Yes. It seems I did.

He walks out.

CUT:

98. INT. . STAIRCASE. MORNING

GLEN walking up the stairs to his new quarters. He reaches the first landing.

CUT:

99. INT. LANDING. MORNING

GLEN walks towards his door and pushes it open. We TRACK in after him.

He stands there astonished to see his room clean and modestly furnished with a chest of drawers, a double divan bed, a mirror, an armchair, and a small carpet. His suitcases are neatly stacked along one wall. He goes to a suitcase and brings out the photographs of his wife and child, and puts the double frame on the bedside table. He throws himself down on the bed. He is asleep at once, his new cheque book in his hand. PAN across to the photographs under the sound of his breathing. Some time passes. PAN BACK to find PALERMO sitting on the bed in a dazzling suit, gazing down at GLEN. He shakes him gently. GLEN opens his eyes and falls asleep again. PALERMO wakes him once more.

PALERMO

(softly)

We've got a job to do, Glen.
The biggest I've ever had.

GLEN

A job?

PALERMO

It's only round the corner.
We'll take a taxi. Christ, that
woman's taking it out of me!
You see, Glen, I've always
wanted it like that.

CUT:

100. INT... TAXI. MORNING

The taxi is travelling along the streets of Covent Garden, with GLEN and PALERMO.

PALERMO now has his overcoat on.

PALERMO

And I can't stop. I couldn't stop
for any man on earth. We'll be at
it tonight! And the day too, if the
old man's tied up! By the way, he
knows, doesn't he?

GLEN

(still nodding
half asleep)

Not that I can see. He thought
it was me, for a time.

PALERMO

Well, he'd better find out, because
I can't stop. I'm going to get him
into it up to his teeth. In a day from
now Jefferson Grigg will be eating out

100. Contd.

PALERMO (contd)
of my hands, and wanting to kill
me at the same time. You'll see.
I'm working on something big.

(a beat)

She says the scandal's going to
kill him. Well, I don't reckon it
will. That's hopeful on her part.
You'll see. But don't talk. I'm
hanging on by a lifebelt. So are
you, for all you know. You do your
own swimming, cock, and I'll do
mine.

GLEN

(looking at him
puzzled)

How d'you mean?

PALERMO does not answer; he is gazing out of the cab window, his
head bowed, biting his lip.

GLEN watches him with curiosity.

GLEN

You'll be with Louise tonight?

PALERMO

I was the first night, and I was,
mentally, last night, and, by
God, I shall be tonight! It's
going to be the finest yet. We're
not going to stop! She can't, and
I can't. We've found each other's
mark.

CUT:

101. EXT. CITY STREET. MORNING

The cab draws up, and GLEN and PALERMO get out.

GLEN

Shouldn't I know what this
conference is about?

PALERMO

Just don't talk, and you'll be
all right.

PALERMO pays off the taxi, and they walk into a doorway where a small
wooden sign juts from the wall: SELSEY ASSOCIATES.

GLEN

(quietly)

But, what am I supposed to be?

101. Contd.

PALERMO

They'll recognise you, don't worry.

They enter the SELSEY ASSOCIATES door.

CUT:

102. INT. SELSEY ASSOCIATES. MORNING

There is a desk and a RECEPTIONIST. She jumps up from her swivel seat.

RECEPTIONIST

(brightly)

He's with Mr. Klydonhall.

PALERMO makes an amazed Whew! under his breath, and straightens his cuff. GLEN and PALERMO follow the RECEPTIONIST through to another office.

There is a long corridor. The RECEPTIONIST has high, clicking heels and pushes her hips from side to side. PALERMO walks behind her imitating her quick steps and the roll of her behind.

Suddenly the door at the end of the corridor opens and a huge, beaming red-faced fellow stands holding out his hand; his name is SELSEY. He watches PALERMO's performance.

SELSEY

(in an enormous voice)

Hello, old pal! Still up to your dirty tricks? Come and meet my playmate.

He ushers PALERMO and GLEN into the room and nods Thank you to the RECEPTIONIST who turns back.

CUT:

103. INT. SELSEY'S OFFICE. MORNING

SELSEY closes the door behind GLEN and PALERMO.

PALERMO

I've brought my stooge. Glen, this is Leonard Harcourt Selsey, the biggest hypocrite in the City.

SELSEY offers no hand to GLEN, only a quick nod.

SELSEY

Not in my game, is he?

PALERMO

God, I should hope not!

103. Contd.

SELSEY

Oh, that's all right. Don't like fellow dogs - feel inclined to bite them.

There is laughter from the other side of the room, and we discover another man. He is pale, thick-faced, with a ready smile, though thin-lipped. A certain agreeable sparkle in his eyes never disappears. He is a level young man, powerfully built, clearly used to making big decisions and standing his ground. He has curly hair which gives him the air of indeterminate late youth. His name is **PERCY KLYDONHALL**. **GLEN** nods to him and gets a polite sparkle but again no handshake.

PALERMO looks very gracious; he is all of a heap with awe; he keeps directing admiring glances at **KLYDONHALL** while the huge Leonard **SELSEY** bubbles with professional laughter, going to an untidy desk, rubbing his hands together, ducking his head in an odd way with a little hissing sound through his teeth.

PALERMO and **KLYDONHALL** sit down in two upright armchairs, and **GLEN** has to find himself a straight-backed chair from the wall.

SELSEY speaks.

SELSEY(to **KLYDONHALL**)

The point about Palermo is he's an amateur. Right, John?

PALERMO

(with a smile)

Right, indeed.

KLYDONHALL replies with his dazzling boyish look, nodding encouragement at **PALERMO** but always with a certain level scrutiny.

SELSEY

(walking up and down, his hands behind his back)

What I mean, John, is these companies, big and small, have all got hardening of the arteries, one way or another. I mean, these big publicity firms. Now, you're a human publicity firm, you've got it in your blood. What we want is a man working alone - just like you. You see, Junior.

(addressing **KLYDONHALL**)

it does depend on people, you simply can't handle this kind of thing through firms that ask you for a hundred thousand dollars on the nail and then try and interest you in a lot of blasted TV presentations.

103. Contd.

SELSEY (contd)

(more writhing
and hissing)

Now, as you know, John,
(turning back to
PALERMO and
flinging himself
with an almighty
crack into his chair,
then as quickly get-
ting up again)

we mustn't lose money, John.

PALERMO

You're telling me!

SELSEY

We won't lose money. Now, if
you'd like to take this thing on
your shoulders, O.K., but it has
to be faster than anything you've
done before.

PALERMO

This evening.

SELSEY

(clearly impressed
by this and giving
KLYDONHALL a
glance)

Alright, Percy? And, of course,
John, keep our names out of it.
If you can launch us safely, you'll
make a packet. I can promise you
that.

PALERMO

(with a touch of
vengeful grimness)

You'd better.

KLYDONHALL

(in an almost
fearfully level
voice)

Shouldn't there be something written?

SELSEY

(a little danger-
ously)

I don't think so. John and I have
trusted each other for years, eh,
John? And if we started playing the
cuss with each other now, the whole
boat's going to rock for both of us,
because we happen to be in the same
one.

103. Contd.

SELSEY - breaking into an easy laugh.

KLYDONHALL

(with a youthful
nod)

Alright. That's alright.

PALERMO

Thought it might be an idea
to bring you together, right
away, tonight. What about it?

SELSEY

Matter of fact, Charles Dornelling
and I were at school together.
We never met. He was in Lower
School. He was a crack-shot on
the range, I seem to remember.

PALERMO

What about my club - 8.15?

SELSEY

Alright. Eh, Junior?

KLYDONHALL

I think so.

After a silence between them all, PALERMO rises. SELSEY comes
round his desk to usher them out again.

SELSEY

Yes. I just thought you ought
to meet Percy, beforehand.
We're terribly tied up this after-
noon, otherwise we could have
chewed the fat a bit more. By the
way, I don't think your American
professor's had a very good deal
in the Press since he came over.

PALERMO

Oh, he'll get a better one from
now on, don't you worry about
that.

SELSEY

(with a wink)

I bet he will, once you get
working.

(turning to GLEN,
with a rather
abstract smile)

Cheerio. I only know you in the
nude, I'm afraid. I see you from
the bus, every morning.

103. Contd.

PALERMO and GLEN are suddenly through the door and the door is closed.

CUT:

104. INT. THE CORRIDOR. MORNING

GLEN and PALERMO are walking away from the office.

GLEN

What did he mean by that?

PALERMO

(disregarding
this)

By God, I've got to the top now,
boy.

(as they pass
the RECEPTION-
IST)

Eh, darling?

(winking at the
RECEPTIONIST
as they leave the
office)

I'm on the top, eh?

CUT:

105. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE. MORNING

GLEN and PALERMO are walking along together.

PALERMO

I reckon I worked that well,
don't you? That young chap's
a millionaire! He'll sign me a
cheque every time I turn over in
bed and fart, you see if he doesn't!
Old Selsey worked that. I knew he
would. I've been watching that pot-
bellied old tank for years, trying to
squeeze a really good contact out of
him. And I've got it now, by God!
Klydonhall's one of the richest men
alive, do you hear me? He break-
fasts in London and suppers in New
York. He doesn't know whether he's
going to bed in Manhattan or Mayfair.
It's all the same to him. Some of the
jobbers call him Ariel, because you
never know whether he's going to turn
up in Wall Street or Threadneedle
Street. There isn't a pie on either
side of the Atlantic he hasn't got a big

105. Contd.

PALERMO (contd)
 fat finger in. And my finger's in
 now, by God
 (rubbing his hands
 together)
 if anybody had told me this was
 going to happen a week ago I'd
 have laughed in his face! I'm in
 the money. And not only that -
 there's nobody in the world wouldn't
 like to know me. I'll make people
 green with envy. It'll eat through
 them, corrode their insides. And
 you know the key name of all this?
 (stopping)

GLEN

No?

PALERMO

Charles Dornelling.

GLEN

He's the man who owns Grigg's
 apartment in Cambridge. He was
 there last night!

PALERMO

And I'm bringing him and Klydonhall
 and Jefferson Grigg together!
 Brains and money. When you got
those together, you make a big ex-
 plosion. And that's what all three
 of them happen to be interested in.

GLEN

What?

PALERMO

Explosions.

CUT:

106. EXT. SOHO STREET. EVENING

GLEN and PALERMO are walking along after dark. They are
 smartly dressed. They stop at the entrance to the club which has
 a plushy foyer and '1812' over the entrance in neon.

PALERMO

(before they
 go in)

And shall I tell you something?
 This doesn't interest me one damned
 bit. That's how I can do it so easy.
 Keep these words of mine in mind,
 Glen. Never be too interested. Know
 what I'm going to do?

106. Contd.

GLEN

No.

PALERMO

I'm having Jefferson Grigg and Klydonhall talking business within an hour from now, while I'm in bed with the wildest creature on earth.

(with a glance
towards the
entrance)

It was she who got me into this deal. A woman always lets something drop when she isn't thinking, or rather when she's thinking somewhere else, such as between her legs. She let something drop about Charles Dornelling - a little project of his, a project in his brain, a weapon, and I could see it would probably stay in his brain if he didn't meet the money to develop it. So I'm providing the money in the form of Klydonhall, and who's to say I'm a rascal for doing it? This isn't heaven we're in. I don't say it's hell, either, but it isn't heaven.

He begins to move towards the club, GLEN following him. But he stops again.

PALERMO (contd)

And, listen, Glen. From now on we sing hymns of praise for Professor Jefferson Grigg. Alright? If you know anything bad about him, forget it. In fact, keep your mouth shut altogether. I only want you to use your ears, tonight.

(giving him a
long firm look)

Remember what I say, and keep that cheque I gave you this morning dangling in front of your eyes, because if you say a word out of turn, you won't get another.

They walk into the club, and the COMMISSIONAIRE gives an airy Good evening to PALERMO.

CUT:

107. INT. THE CLUB LOUNGE. EVENING

A burst of loud talk.

There is a bar along one wall of the room, getting a lot of custom from well-dressed men; many of the comfortable chairs and settees are occupied; the CAMERA TRAVELS leisurely round.

107. Contd.

We recognise no-one so far.

Young WAITERS, not in the least subservient, go busily to and fro.

There are chuckles, laughter, the chink of glasses, and at last we reach the male group round a table where GLEN and PALERMO are seated.

There are five men in the group, including GLEN and PALERMO. Of these, PEW is plump and bald-headed, with a large belly and wasted damp skin. He has a twitch of the eyes that accompanies all his talk, even when nobody is listening to him. He is well-dressed in a conventional City way, without flair.

PEW

Old jobber Carter-Staines grumbling the other day, no bloody political crises. Have to engineer one, he said. If only the P. M. 'd be caught in a toilet soliciting he could work a nice day-crisis and have the bloody share prices down in a jiffy, but all the sex perverts in the Cabinet seem to be in hiding these days.

The others sniff, smile, look in the direction of the bar, turn to each other, mumble things.

PALERMO leans across to GLEN.

PALERMO

(under his
breath)

Biggest crooks in London, here. You should be in your element.

(with a wink)

See the one by himself - corner of the bar? He doesn't look ruthless, does he? No, Glen, the more crooked, the more innocent the expression, eh?

GLEN follows his gaze across the bar where A MAN stands talking in a matter-of-fact way to the BARMAN, his expression quite unblemished. He is dressed in a fine suit, dark and smooth. We see him from GLEN's P. V. for a moment.

PEW

I could have made a nice packet out of that. I had it all over the morning papers. Nasty lot of people, stock jobbers. But I suppose I'm not an angel myself.

(wheezing with silent
laughter so that his
belly shakes)

107. Contd.

The others mumble together, smile, scratch themselves, as before.

PALERMO

Well, look who's here! Another rascal with an angel's face.

JACK RYAN walks into the FRAME, dressed unlike most of the other men, in a sports jacket with a casual shirt. He is strolling from the bar, his hands in his pockets. He is sharp, bright, attentive, in his early middle-age. He nods Hello to PALERMO, who does not rise.

PALERMO

This is Glen, by the way.

JACK

(as if he knew
GLEN already)

Hello, Glen.

PALERMO

Come and join us.

JACK

I'd like to. I've got to get back to the office.

At this moment a WAITER brings drinks. JACK turns away from the party with a Goodbye wink to GLEN.

The party round the table take up their glasses with brief movements, make 'Cheerio' to each other, and drink. They gaze around. Suddenly PALERMO is galvanised into attention, his eyes change. He gets up from his seat. From his P.V. we see the doorway.

LOUISE and GRIGG have just come in. LOUISE is in a gown fit to kill, her shoulders are bare; GRIGG comes forward smiling, seeming quite untired.

The two men who have not spoken drift off with polite bows in the direction of LOUISE and GRIGG. LOUISE and PALERMO shake hands, their eyes stay on each other, fascinated.

GRIGG blinks in their direction and nods casually towards GLEN.

LOUISE

Hello.

PALERMO

What can I get you both?
(to LOUISE, under
his breath)
You look beyond all belief.

LOUISE

(flustered)

What you gonna have, Jeff?

107. Contd.

GRIGG

(mumbling as he
sits down)

Whatever it is, I'll take it neat.

PALERMO calls the WAITER as they all sit down again. LOUISE is next to GLEN; she touches his arm softly, and leans towards him.

LOUISE

(in a whisper)

I'm glad you took it, honey.

GLEN

Took what?

LOUISE

The cheque.

GLEN

What cheque?

LOUISE

(with sudden
anxiety)

Didn't he give it to you? The
three hundred pounds?

GLEN

He said it was for -

LOUISE

(gripping his arm
with a glance at
her husband)

Anyway, I'm mighty relieved.
So is Jeff. Have you used any
of it?

GLEN

A little.

LOUISE

That's good. Then it's too
late to be proud.

GLEN

Yes.

PALERMO looks up as the WAITER leaves with his order. MURIEL is suddenly standing there, dressed in black which makes her look like a child - very pale, with rather fuzzy hair, a Reynolds portrait. She does not look at any of the others, only at PALERMO standing quite still.

107. Contd.

PALERMO

Mouse!
 (standing)
 Come and sit down.

He indicates the chair next to GRIGG with a pointed expression. She goes and sits down next to GRIGG mutely.

PALERMO

This is Muriel, Jefferson.

GRIGG, half-rising.

GRIGG

Hello, Muriel.

MURIEL nods slightly towards him, without a smile, and then gazes blankly at the table before her.

LOUISE

(to MURIEL)

Hello, there.

MURIEL nods to her as well with the same blank expression.

PALERMO

(to MURIEL)

I got you a drink, Mouse. How do you feel?

MURIEL simply shrugs and continues to gaze at the table.

JACK suddenly appears again, strolling as before; he has apparently returned from his office; he is smiling vaguely towards the group, but bends down to GLEN.

JACK

(quietly)

I've got you a drink at the bar.
 Come over and join us, old chap.

GLEN stares at him for a moment, then glances at PALERMO whose expression tells him nothing. GLEN gets up and follows JACK to the bar. PEW is standing there as well. We FOLLOW GLEN. Drinks are waiting at the bar.

JACK

(with a smile)

You're Palermo's new acquisition, I hear. He always seems to be getting new men.

GLEN

Does he?

PEW turns away and talks to the man at his side, in an undertone.

107. Contd.

JACK

Didn't mean to drag you away
from your friends. Cheers!

GLEN

(as he raises
his glass)

Cheers!

JACK

You'll be going on to a night-spot,
I hear. Lucky people!

GLEN

Oh ... I didn't know.

JACK gazes at him with a mixture of respect and admiration. He seems full of sanity and health. He establishes an atmosphere of decency and cleanliness and good sense.

JACK

I was with John Palermo last night.
At this bar; as a matter of fact,
but you weren't around. You were
asleep, or something.

GLEN

No ... I was at a party.

JACK

Oh yes?

GLEN

In Cambridge.

JACK

(decently)

Friends of yours?

GLEN

The Griggs. Over there. The
couple.

JACK

Oh yes. They've taken Charlie
Dornelling's place in Cambridge,
haven't they?

GLEN

That's right.

JACK

Best defence brain the country's
got Charlie Donelling - at least, out-
side the Government.

107. Contd.

JACK (contd)

(giving GLEN a slight brotherly nudge as if to deprecate brains among sensible people)

Never will go for Parliament, old Charlie. Keeps his influence with both parties, that way.

GLEN

Yes?

JACK

So,
(another very bright smile)
was it a nice party?

GLEN

It went on all night.

JACK

(a brotherly laugh)
What could be nicer than that?

GLEN

Have another whisky.

JACK

Don't mind if I do.
(indicating the BARMAN)
Better tell him you're not a member of the club. He chalks it up, and you pay at the end.

GLEN gestures the BARMAN over and orders two more whiskies.

GLEN

You're a member?

JACK

Oh yes. They have to sweep me out at dawn, sometimes. I've got an office two yards away.

GLEN

That was a funny thing, last night. I didn't get a wink of sleep all night, but I felt as right as rain this morning. Depends on the party, I suppose.

JACK

On the host, too.

107. Contd.

GLEN

(as the drinks
are placed down
on circular mats
as in a French café)

Mind you, he shouts his mouth off
a bit, old Jeff. You know what he's
over here for, I suppose?

JACK

A lecture tour, isn't it?

GLEN

That's right. He said what
Europeans know about thermonuclear
war could be got on a postage stamp
- he said they've got 'expendable'
written all over their faces. ;

JACK

(with a slight
wink and a laugh)

Did he?

GLEN

He said, they had the effrontery
to be horrified when he gave a
lecture on vaporation, which means
vaporisation, when people and
buildings just melt into the heat.
He's a scream.

JACK

(with another laugh)

He sounds it.

GLEN

There was some General or other
there. Anyway, Jeff said he was
a crumb. He said, he reads the
English poets, rides a horse, and
buys his wine direct from the French
vineyards, and he said they only use
him as an advertisement. They wheel
him round the world with a nice white
glove over the mailed fist.

JACK

That wouldn't be General Heeley,
would it?

GLEN

Yes. That's right. He called him
a chocolate soldier.

107. Contd.

They both laugh again. They sip their drinks, smile, gaze across at the seated group: GRIGG with MURIEL, LOUISE with PALERMO.

GLEN

But he went early.

JACK

(as if he had
lost the trend)

Who?

GLEN

General Heeley.

JACK

Oh yes ...

GLEN

It would have got a bit hot for
him, I think.

(with a laugh
while JACK
looks at him
expectantly)

They've certainly got central
heating in that apartment. We
stewed!

JACK

You did?

GLEN

Then everybody started taking
their clothes off, believe it
or not.

JACK

(with genial de-
tachment)

No ...

GLEN

You started with your shoes, and
then he gave everybody a little
number tag, and this was the number
of your bag where you put your clothes.
Yes, we had a ripe old night.

(laughs again)

Well, a sort of dance started up, the
idea being that you couldn't join in the
dance without being starkers. He and
his wife started off, and I can't reme-
mber who went up then. I think it was
that English chap.

107. Contd.

JACK

The defence brain?

GLEN

That's right. But I tell you something - it's very funny, it didn't strike you as lascivious or anything like that ... I mean, you really got to know people ... I mean, you saw them exactly as they are, not as just faces, if you see what I mean. I mean, I can well understand people in ancient times like, say, the Etruscans, going naked - climate permitting, of course. I reckon this central heating was equivalent to an Egyptian August.

(enjoying it now)

Yes, it was an experience worth having, but when he put a saucepan on my head and started dragging me across the floor -

JACK

No!

GLEN

Yes. You see, his wife, Louise, had the idea that I was always writing to the papers, and, you know, sort of spilling the beans about their life. Completely ridiculous, because I've never spoken to an editor in my life, and apart from Palermo, I've never met anybody even mildly connected with the Press. But anyway she was convinced that I was out for a story, and she was trying to persuade me not to do it any more. Well, anyway, there she was sitting naked on my knee - you know, everything quite harmless and above board - but who should come in but the old man himself. Of course, he jumps to the inevitable conclusion.

JACK

No!

GLEN

The first thing he sights is the hugest saucepan you've ever seen - one of those jobs they used when Mrs. Beaton was putting 16 eggs in a soufflé. He puts it over my head - and I can tell you, if you hadn't had that weight of iron on your brain-box, it hurts some.

107. Contd.

GLEN (contd)

Then he starts calling me a crumb like General Heeley and drags me across the floor. And - this is nothing yet - wait for it. He calls in a friend who's about eight feet tall in his socks to help throw me out. And out they do throw me - saucepan and all - stark naked and a firmly-locked door between me and my clothes!

JACK

No-o ...

GLEN

You think I'm making it up, but I'm not. There I was stuck outside. I didn't know whether to run up or down, and finally I plumped for doing exercises to keep warm. Anyway, I reckon I was out there for a full ten minutes, and I started getting worried by this time as to whether I was in for pneumonia, but just then she opens the door and lets me back in.

JACK

Good God!

GLEN

Listen. You haven't heard anything yet. When she let me in, she told me he took her over to the Madonna - they've got a little Madonna in the bedroom, they're Catholics -

JACK

Oh yes ...

GLEN

That's right. Anyway, he leads her over there and makes her swear on a Bible that she's never had anything untoward with me, which she does immediately, and as he knows she wouldn't risk hellfire for a small mortal sin, being a Catholic, he believes her and says he's sorry, and lets her let me in again. And, of course, in I come, blowing and hissing like a night watchman, then they're both as nice as pie, and he breaks a bottle of the finest Mouton Rothschild and we end friends, and I leave feeling as if I'd been on a cure at a German spa - apart from a slight ache in my back and a few scratches on my neck where his blasted saucepan caught me.

107. Contd.

JACK

Well,
 (with a laugh)
 that sounds quite an adventure.
 Have another drink.

GLEN

Thanks.

JACK

(signalling to
 the BARMAN)
 Yes, it sounds quite an evening.
 (to the BAR-
 MAN)
 Get my guest another drink, will
 you.

GLEN

Aren't you having one too?

JACK

No. I'd better get off. Don't
 worry about it, by the way. I'll
 be getting in touch with you.
 (with a confi-
 dential nod)

JACK strolls away.

GLEN looks after him, frowning with puzzlement: What did Jack mean?

The BARMAN deposits his drink on the bar, GLEN takes it and turns to PEW by his side, but PEW has his large round back in his face. GLEN wanders back to his own seated group still pondering JACK's last words.

A WAITER is just putting down a fresh order of drinks on the table. GLEN sits down.

The BARMAN comes across with five drink discs in his hand and puts them down in front of GLEN. He bends down to talk to GLEN.

BARMAN

Your five drinks, sir.

He walks away at once.

PALERMO is watching GLEN with a twinkle.

PALERMO

Glen, that's quite a collection you
 have. They charge night-club prices
 for non-members. Still, you're well
 in the blue, aren't you?
 (with a wink)

107. Contd.

GLEN

(after taking a
sip of whisky)

Yes, I dare say I can run to it.

PALERMO leans across to him.

PALERMO

(with a cautionary
glance at LOUISE
who is talking to
MURIEL)

Listen. How many times do you
sell your soul? You've sold it three
times to my knowledge. Aren't you
afraid of going into liquidation?

GLEN

What do you mean?

PALERMO

Well, first you sold it to me,
didn't you? Then to dear good
Louise, here. And now to Jack
Ryan, which makes you the cool-
est bastard under the sun.

(with hissing
menace)

Now, what was the deal?

GLEN

Jack Ryan? Who's he?

PALERMO

(imitating him)

Jack Ryan? Listen, what was the
big laugh about, eh? I just want
you to get one thing clear - all
stories go through me. You're not
smarming your way through all my
contacts, and you can take that as
final.

(with narrow
eyes)

Boy, I've had just about enough of
you! If it wasn't for what you did
for me last night I'd kick you out
of here right now.

(with a glance
across at GRIGG
to see that he is
listening)

GRIGG is indeed following PALERMO with appreciation.

107. Contd.

PALERMO (contd)

(still to GLEN)

It takes you about two minutes flat to get across the room if you see an editor on the horizon, doesn't it? The only thing is I have to admire the way you do it, with that innocent bloody expression that makes everybody think you're mentally deficient, but I bet you're not mentally deficient when you're talking to a news editor, and you know how to make them laugh, it seems! Jeff and I were watching you. You're quite a performer, aren't you?

GLEN

But I didn't know who he was! He just comes across here and asks me to have a drink with him.

PALERMO

(with a sneer,
revolving his
hands like a man
playing a hurdy-
gurdy)

Da-da-da-da-da-da-da- ...

GLEN

Anyway, that three hundred wasn't yours to give.

PALERMO

(on the alert
at once)

Keep office business to office hours.

GLEN

(seeing that he
has pacified him)

We'd better make that a pact, then. One thing I did learn from Jack Ryan is that you change employees like a man changes socks. Well, you don't change me.

PALERMO looks at GLEN with quiet astonishment and GLEN seems astonished at himself too.

PALERMO

(almost in a whisper)

I'll find out who's behind you, don't you worry about that.

But GLEN's remarks have clearly made him nervous of him and also respectful.

107. Contd.

PALERMO (contd)

(leaning closer
to him)

Another thing: don't go bawling
your mouth off to Percy Klydonhall
when he comes. He's always got a
smile on his clock, but let me tell
you this: he's not a decoration in
this town, he knows a thing or two
about weapons, and I don't mean
just weapons like yours, so mind
your tongue because that man can
destroy.

GRIGG

(gazing across
at them)

Sounds quite a recommendation.
Who you talking about?

PALERMO

(appreciating
the success of
his own remarks)

Percy Klydonhall's your biggest
contact of the year, if not the
decade, Jefferson.

GRIGG

(to GLEN)

I like to hear your boss chew
your balls off. Those your chips?

(pointing to
the five
discs in front
of GLEN)

GLEN

Yes.

GRIGG

Give them to me.

(moving the
lot over to
his side of the
table then calling
the WAITER)

107. Contd.

GLEN

Look here, I've got plenty of money.

This makes GRIGG laugh, and the lines on his face become deep and dark, like crayon marks.

GRIGG

You're telling me! You got a thousand bucks from me only this morning.

(with a wink
at PALERMO)

The WAITER comes and GRIGG pays him with a generous tip.

PALERMO watches this with a sullen glower, trying to achieve the maximum disapproval for GLEN.

GRIGG

(to LOUISE)

What say we move on to a night-spot?

LOUISE

Okay.

(to MURIEL,
girl to girl)

Shall we go powder our noses?

MURIEL nods mutely. The two of them get up and leave the lounge.

GRIGG - leaning forward to PALERMO over the table and indicating MURIEL.

GRIGG

Quite a girl! Been telling me her life story.

107. Contd.

PALERMO

Glad you like her.

PALERMO says no more. He has a reserved and fastidious look which makes him seem ancient for a moment. GRIGG expects more information, nods, and looks at PALERMO briefly, his eyes narrowed for a moment, seeming to take stock of PALERMO's detachment.

GRIGG

I didn't say that, old son. I didn't say I liked her. I meant she's a nice girl, she has nice ways. It's a pity she got mixed up in -
(with a gesture
across the room)

PALERMO

Oh, she enjoys night life.
(narrowing his eyes
too as he puts a cigarette in his mouth)

GRIGG

(watching him closely)
Do girls take an overdose of sleeping pills when they're happy?

PALERMO

(the cigarette alight)
Sometimes.

GRIGG

Sometimes? How do you make that out, Mr. Palermo?

PALERMO

(shrugging, and not
looking at him)
If she has problems and needed the problems. That happens, you know.
(suddenly looking at
him with his large
piercing eyes)

GRIGG

(slightly less
ethical now)
Didn't I hear she was Percy
Klydonhall's girl of the year?

PALERMO

(rising)
She could only have told you that herself. She could be keen on Lord Klydonhall, for all I know.

The three of them stroll across the lounge to join the women.

107. Contd.

GRIGG

(with special interest)

He's a lord?

PALERMO

That's right?

GRIGG

(excited by the news
but wanting to talk
about something else)

Still, a damned nice girl.

PALERMO

Yes.

GRIGG

Does his lordship go in for
young girls on a wide scale, I
mean?

PALERMO

Well, we're all friends. He might
have slept with her. Any law
against that?

GRIGG

No. I just wondered what it had
to do with the taking of sleeping
pills, that's all.(not really
interested any more)

PALERMO

It had nothing to do with it.

GRIGG

I see. You say this guy's American
- then what's he doing being a lord?

PALERMO

He gave up the title but we still use
it, and he appears to like it.PALERMO looks round anxiously, glances at his watch. His
GUESTS have not arrived.

CUT:

108. EXT. SOHO STREET. EVENING

The COMMISSIONAIRE of the 1812 Club is calling a taxi. It draws
to the kerb and he turns round to signal to PALERMO who is in the
foyer with the rest of the party.

CUT:

109. INT. CLUB FOYER. EVENING

PALERMO and the rest of the party are standing chatting together. They are in their overcoats. MURIEL stands hunched and chilled, holding her mink collar up to her neck.

PALERMO

(to GRIGG, as the
COMMISSIONAIRE

comes towards them)
What say you take the girls, and
I follow on with Glen?

COMMISSIONAIRE

Taxi's waiting, Mr. Palermo.

PALERMO

(to the COMMISSIONAIRE)

Tell him The Mimosa, will you?

GRIGG

(to PALERMO,
with a twinkle)

Why, have you got a little article
to write?

PALERMO

I've got my assistant to brief.

(with a grim look
at GLEN, sideways)

GRIGG

Oh, that. I guess it must be quite
an uphill job. Why, sure, I'll take
the girls, and see you later, John.

PALERMO

You'll find a table waiting for you,
and order what you like.

GRIGG

(taking out
his wallet)

I'll do that.

GRIGG pushes two pound notes into the COMMISSIONAIRE's hands, replaces his wallet, and takes the women - one on either side of him - to the waiting taxi. Once he is out of earshot PALERMO turns to GLEN excitedly.

PALERMO

Do you realise I'm trembling?
Klydonhall and Selsey haven't turned
up, and I've got to play it cool. Do
I look cool?

GLEN

Yes, you do.

109. Contd.

PALERMO

They should have been here an hour ago! Sometimes I wonder how my nerves stand it. This might be the death of a deal!

(gazing at him
with admiration)

You're really cool. You really don't care!

CUT:

110. EXT. SOHO STREET. EVENING

GLEN and PALERMO are getting into the taxi with the COMMISSIONAIRE behind them. PALERMO turns to the COMMISSIONAIRE.

PALERMO

(taking the
COMMISSIONAIRE's
arm and speaking
very close)

Lord Klydonhall is coming. At least, I hope to Christ he is. Tell him we're at The Mimosa. Put him into a taxi.

He pushes some money into the COMMISSIONAIRE's hand.

COMMISSIONAIRE

(with a confidential
nod)

You leave it to me.

PALERMO gets in the taxi. The door slams shut.

CUT:

111. INT. NIGHT CLUB. EVENING

The CAM. travels round the dim heavily-curtained, heavily-carpeted night-club, its tables and armchairs raised on platforms - one nook hidden from another by trellis work and potted plants. A few couples are dancing on a lonely floor. The CAM. finds a table in the corner with GRIGG, LOUISE and MURIEL sitting silent and rather disconsolate with glasses before them and a bottle of champagne on the ice.

WAITERS pass to and fro.

PALERMO and GLEN walk in. The party at the table does not seem to brighten up. PALERMO and GLEN sit down. A WAITER at once brings two more glasses and pours champagne.

GRIGG

What happened to your good friends, John?

111. Contd.

PALERMO

They'll be right over.

He leans back in the chair, apparently quite easy with himself, and lights a cigarette.

LOUISE

(to GLEN)

Enjoying herself, Glen?

GLEN

I think so. And you?

LOUISE

(with a miserable
expression)

Whale of a time!

They sit there in silence.

Suddenly a WAITER comes to PALERMO.

WAITER

Lord Klydonhall, sir.

PALERMO leaps up. In the doorway are KLYDONHALL and SELSEY with CHARLES DORNELLING.

GRIGG

(calling out)

Well, hello, Charlie!

CHARLES DORNELLING deprecates the shouting, but covers it with a cheerful wave. He is torn between obsequious power-feelings for GRIGG on the one hand and class-awe of KLYDONHALL on the other. PALERMO does the introducing.

PALERMO

This is Lord Klydonhall, Mrs. Grigg, Muriel. This is Professor Jefferson Grigg and here's my old friend Leonard Harcourt Selsey.

DORNELLING

(to PALERMO)

I'm not sure we've met before.

PALERMO

(giving him a steely
and determined look,
very erect and holding
out his hand)

How d'you do?

They shake hands and DORNELLING winces from PALERMO's grip.

111. Contd.

GRIGG

(with creased
smiles all round)

Very glad to meet you all. Well,
Charles, boy, how far did you get
this morning, in that punt?

There is boyish laughter all round.

DORNELLING

As a matter of fact, we grounded
at Caius!

GRIGG plants himself next to KLYDONHALL and they begin a close
discussion with each other, their heads bent together.

PALERMO

(to MURIEL)

Why don't you take Glen round the
floor?

This looks like an order and she gets up waiting for GLEN. He rises
too, and they walk on to the dark floor.

CUT:

112. INT. NIGHT CLUB. EVENING

GLEN and MURIEL are dancing on the floor, neither of them very
interested in the dance.

GLEN

Do you feel alright, now?
I heard about it - from Pat.

They dance on - she gazing ahead with disenchanted eyes.

MURIEL

You know what John Palermo said
to me one day? There are millions
of suicides, he said. Successful
ones. You meet them every day.
They did it so well there was no
body, not a mark to be seen.
Well, that's me!

She gazes into GLEN's eyes with a sad expression. They go on dancing.

The CAM.PANS round the night-club and once more finds our group in
the corner. It pushes in to find GRIGG, KLYDONHALL, SELSEY and
DORNELLING in close discussion, their chairs together. The CAM.
moves on to where LOUISE and PALERMO were seated. They are not
there.

CUT:

113. INT. GLEN'S ATTIC ROOM. NIGHT

The landing outside GLEN's room in darkness as a couple come up the stairs, their shoes clattering on the bare boards. They stop to kiss. The door of the attic room is open, and lamp comes through the window from the street beyond. LOUISE and PALERMO arm in arm, clinging to each other, reach the landing. They walk towards GLEN's room, stopping constantly to kiss. He is already baring her shoulders. They push the door, further open.

The CAM.TRACKS after them into the room. They fall on to the bed, kissing and pulling each other's clothes off.

CUT:

114. INT. NIGHT CLUB. NIGHT

GRIGG, SELSEY, KLYDONHALL and DORNELLING are still talking, though flopped out now in their armchairs, ashtrays full in front of them, with bottles of wine, plates of sandwiches.

GRIGG

Yes, Harcourt, there's a helluva lot in it, but you don't mind me saying Massacre 2 is redundant.

SELSEY

I do mind, I do.

(with alarm and some writhing)

No, Jeff. I can prove it works, and Charles can give you book, bell and candle on it - I mean, he's the brain, after all.

GRIGG

Well, what Charles has to say is gospel for me, as you probably know. But in this case, I'm just repeating what I heard back in Washington.

DORNELLING

What you heard in Washington, Jeff, was about Massacre I, unless I'm mistaken. In fact, the Under-Secretary said to me about a week ago, I mean, this is off the cuff and the record, he said Massacre I as a weapon stank, but it had been damned effective in getting us noticed in the Pentagon.

(with a clubby laugh)

I'm not sure he had the ears of the Minister there, but I've a damned good idea they chewed it over about a minute and a half before I came into the room.

114. Contd.

GRIGG

Okay. I know your heart's in this, Charles, and I don't need to tell you I'm looking at it seriously all the time. I'm open to persuasion. It's a wonder weapon, and the cheapest article of its size I've ever heard about. Just to think - we're talking about total destruction - at a decent market price! And people say it isn't hell...

SELSEY and DORNELLING laugh with polite indulgence.

KLYDONHALL

(nodding grimly)

If we don't produce it somebody else will.

CUT:

115. INT. GLEN'S ATTIC ROOM. NIGHT

PALERMO and LOUISE are frantic with enjoyment as the CAM, comes down to them, to STAY on them for a time.

CUT:

116. INT. NIGHT CLUB. NIGHT

GRIGG, SELSEY, KLYDONHALL and DORNELLING are still talking.

DORNELLING

(in a seventh heaven of satisfied ambition)

What the devil was that hunch of Joe's called - it was beyond the trial stage in six months? Clever blighter, that, though true enough, what he has in elegance he loses in sheer fussiness. I mean, take the fuse attachment. I ask you.

PAN over to the dance floor, where MURIEL and GLEN are still dancing. ZOOM IN as the dance comes to a close.

GLEN

I think I'll push off.

MURIEL

My night's beginning.
(with a glance at GRIGG)

GLEN

Why do you stand for it?

116. Contd.

MURIEL
Money. Why do you?

They walk off the floor.

CUT:

117. INT. . GLEN'S ATTIC ROOM. NIGHT

Back again to LOUISE and PALERMO who are in the calm after the storm, kissing each other softly.

CUT:

118. INT. . NIGHT CLUB. NIGHT

GRIGG and MURIEL are sitting together, all the others have gone. They are looking miserable in different ways: GRIGG creased and tired, MURIEL apathetic.

MURIEL
(gazing down
at the table)
I thought it all out. The night I
took the pills. I thought, why do
away with your body, really,
because you haven't got a body,
anyway. It doesn't belong to you,
I don't feel it belongs to me. It
does things I don't want it to do,
with people I don't want.

GRIGG
(taking a drink)
Ya - ya. I get it. But nobody's
forcing you to anything.

CUT:

119. EXT. . COVENT GARDEN STREET. NIGHT.

GLEN is walking along a side-street alone, his overcoat open. The
dead of night.

The street is deserted. There is only the sound of his footsteps.

CUT:

120. EXT. COVENT GARDEN STREET. NIGHT

GLEN is approaching PALERMO's office. He walks into the dark doorway, and we hear his feet clatter up the stairs.

CUT:

121. INT. GLEN'S ATTIC ROOM. NIGHT

We are on the landing outside GLEN's room, his feet come clattering up. He reaches the landing. We TRACK in after him. He pushes open the door and switches on the light, takes off his overcoat, hangs it on a hook behind the door, looks at his suitcases, begins loosening his tie, then he turns round and his eyes meet the bed. It is chaos - sheets, pillows and blankets are mixed up everywhere, and dangling towards the floor is the bra that LOUISE put on his head the previous evening. He goes to the bed and sits down. He takes the bra and holds it before him.

CUT:

122. INT. GLEN'S ATTIC ROOM. MORNING

An envelope is leaning against the beside photographs with 'GLEN' in block capitals across it. The sound of a typewriter comes from below. The CAM. PANS to find GLEN asleep on the bed in his clothes with the bra still in his hand. He wakes up. He looks round, he notices the bra, blinks, puts it aside, stretches, begins to recollect. He looks across the window with a rather wistful expression. Sunlight is coming in. He puts the bra aside and begins to sit up with some effort. He catches sight of the envelope. He takes it quickly, opens it, and a C. U. of what he finds shows a cheque. It pays cash to the sum of fifty pounds, and is signed JACK RYAN. GLEN puts it in his pocket. He gets up, grooms his hair, looks at himself in the glass of the window, he stretches again, then leaves the attic room.

CUT:

123. INT. PALERMO'S SECRETARIAL OFFICE. MORNING

PAT is typing when GLEN, looking dishevelled, comes into the room. She stops.

GLEN

I've just woken up. Did you bring the cheque?

PAT

What, another cheque? You seem to have golden fingers, honey.

GLEN

It was from Jack Ryan.

PAT

I tried to shake you awake, but it didn't work. You seem to have had a good night of it.

123. Contd.

GLEN

I don't know about good. Is he in?

PALERMO (VOICE OVER)

Yes, he is.

GLEN strolls through to the other office. We TRACK after him.

PALERMO is sitting behind his desk, idle, gazing before him, rather sullen. He looks up at GLEN in a kindly way and gestures him to sit down.

PALERMO

It was the tops, Glen. Never had anything like it in my life. I thought she was going to have my blood as well.

GLEN

On my bed, too.

PALERMO

Where else do you think I'm going? Hell, it's all my property.

GLEN

Did you get your big explosion last night, too?

PALERMO

(screwing up his eyes)

What big explosion?

GLEN

You said you were bringing brains and money together, and that always meant a big explosion.

PALERMO

(unwillingly torn from his subject)

Oh, that. I expect they'll produce a nice new weapon. It'll kill more people in a shorter time than anything before. Whereas I like to spin it out, I like to go on for hours. You see, they have to develop those kind of weapons because they don't know how to use their own. The minute I clapped eyes on that Charlie Dornelling I knew he'd never really slept with a woman, so, of course, he's got to develop a weapon that's big and made of steel. But is that any worse than what you do?

123. Contd.

GLEN

What do I do?

PALERMO

I'll show it to you in the morning
paper.(taking the paper
and handing it to
GLEN)

GLEN

(taking it absently)

I grow wine, in Italy.

PALERMO

Yeah,

(with a smile)

and I grow toenails.

CUT:

124. INT. HOTEL ROOM. MORNING

This is a spacious hotel suite where the GRIGGS are staying.

TRACK through to a double bed. LOUISE is dead asleep. GRIGG is seated on his side of the bed in his dressing gown, rubbing his eyes awake. He turns to look at LOUISE. He shakes her. She does not budge.

GRIGG

(to himself)

Yeah, yeah!

He gets up, disconsolate, and walks into the other room where a breakfast tray has been set on a low table together with the morning paper. Here sunlight pours into the room. The light is painful for him. He sits down with a yawn, stretches his legs, and pours himself a cup of coffee. He gulps down a few mouthfuls and seems to feel some relief. He takes up the newspaper, looks at it in an idle way, more yawns, he opens it, clears his throat and then he is galvanised into life by what he sees. He suddenly leans forward gripping the paper and from his P.V. we see a picture of himself laughing and the bold headline: THE NAKED TRUTH OF PROFESSOR'S PARTY.

CUT:

125. INT. PALERMO'S OFFICE. MORNING

We are on the same newspaper and the same piece of news, only GLEN is reading it. He reads what he sees.

GLEN

(reading)

The guests at Professor Grigg's
party (his Cambridge apartment

125. Contd.

GLEN (contd)
 belongs to Defence Brain; Charles
 Dornelling) heard some naked
 truths last night. I was one of them,
 so I know ...

GLEN's voice trails on over the next scene.

CUT:

126. INT. HOTEL ROOM. MORNING

GRIGG is reading the same piece. He grips the newspaper in both hands as if squeezing someone to death.

GLEN (VOICE OVER)
 Listening to the Professor talking
 naked is quite an experience. One
 of the guests at the Professor's
 party was Boston-born General
 Heeley, famous in the last war for
 smooth liaison work between British
 and American headquarters. The
 Professor, I noticed, waited for the
 General to leave before he turned
 the heat on, and it certainly would
 have been a bit hot for any army
 man, since the Professor has strong
 views on the conventional chocolate
 soldier. The great number of guests
 last night presented in the Professor's
 language a problem of identification,
 and it was groovy to issue them with
 number tags for their clothes. The
 central heating was at the proverbial
 American boiling point, or, should I
 say, vaporation point? At the end,
 close on dawn, I felt like a man with
 his head in a saucepan, being boiled.
 One thing I can say, the Professor
 has a cellar as well stocked with
 surprises as his lectures. I tasted
 his Mouton Rothschild, so I know.

GRIGG suddenly brings the whole newspaper together with a bang, and with a few powerful movements crushes it into a ball and hurls it across the room. He takes up the cream telephone at his side, and with trembling self-control, gripping the phone so that his knuckles are white, he speaks.

GRIGG
 Give me the Receptionist. Good
 morning. I believe we know each
 other. I'd like you to do some-
 thing for me. Give Mr. Palermo
 a call, and tell him I'd like to have

126. Contd.

GRIGG (contd)

Glen

(almost giving way
to his feelings)for tea today - here at this hotel.
Thank you.

He crashes the telephone down.

CUT:

127. INT. PALERMO'S OFFICE. MORNING

GLEN and PALERMO are still sitting there, GLEN has just finished reading the article.

PALERMO

See what I mean? When I saw that I came up to your room with the idea of throwing you out of the window - bed and all. And then I looked at you, and I thought you had something wise about you, and then I thought, 'Well, he knows his man, he knows Grigg's going to eat out of his hand for this sort of thing.'

The telephone rings. PALERMO takes up the phone.

PALERMO (contd)

Yes? I'll give him the message.
Thank you.(putting the
phone down)

You see what I mean? - he wants you for tea. Imagine that! A nice English tea-party, for having knifed somebody in the back. That's successful journalism!

GLEN

Oh, I don't give a damn any more.

PALERMO

You never did, you never cared!

GLEN

(looking up, slowly)

No, I suppose I never did. I never cared. I'm thinking about something else all the time.

PALERMO

That's why I took you on. I think we make a marvellous team. How much did Jack Ryan give you, by the way?

127. Contd.

GLEN

Fifty.

PALERMO

I'll see he trebles that before the week's out. I'll have to disapprove of you a lot, Glen, I'll have to tell Louise I can't stand the sight of you, and I'll have to promise Grigg that I'm going to fire you. I'll have to tell them that I'm afraid of you! And sometimes when I look at you I think I ought to be afraid. You have something . . .

(he stops, thinking)

something I've always wanted. I don't know what it is.

(he looks at his watch)

In half-an-hour from now they'll be having their conference on the new weapon.

(leaning back with pleasure)

and tonight I'll be having my little conference! My weapon doesn't have to be financed, by anybody.

(cheerfully)

Women are the ruin of men.

GLEN

No woman ever ruined me, unless I wanted her to.

PALERMO

But I want her to.

CUT:

128. INT. HOTEL FOYER. AFTERNOON

This is the spacious foyer of GRIGG's top category hotel. GLEN comes in, looks about him, and goes to the desk.

GLEN

(to the RECEPTIONIST)

Professor Grigg, please.

RECEPTIONIST

He's through there - in the tea lounge.

GLEN

Thank you.

He walks away.

CUT:

129. INT. THE TEA LOUNGE. AFTERNOON

GRIGG is seated in one of the comfortable chairs. There are a few people taking tea. GRIGG is dressed with special care, his strikingly white shirt with a tie-pin, a dark suit with black suede shoes. He has a thick gold ring on his marriage finger, and he has clearly been to the hairdresser.

GLEN walks into the lounge. GRIGG studies him as he approaches without moving either body or face. GLEN stops in front of him.

GRIGG

Sit down, Glen.

GLEN sits down. GRIGG motions to a WAITER, who comes across at once.

GRIGG (contd)

(to WAITER)

Tea and toast, for two, please.
And a double scotch.

GLEN

I expect you were steamed up about that article. You see, it wasn't my fault at all. I just didn't realise -

GRIGG

(harshly)

Okay! Let's cut out the phoney stuff! Of course, I was human enough to want to drive red-hot needles through your eyeballs, kick you in the pants until steam came off, and throw you out of the top-floor window. In fact, I nearly burnt this hotel down, but it made me give Palermo my personal account right away, without even talking it over.

GLEN

Oh?

GRIGG

Did he explain the work?

GLEN

No.

GRIGG

Listen. Why don't you name your price and be damned for it? You got a thousand bucks out of Louise, that was payment for procuring. Well, you made two people very happy. She came back this morning

129. Contd.

GRIGG (contd)

looking like a Roman empress when the old man's been away at the wars - knocked to hell. She rattled when she sat down and she gave me a chronicle of the whole thing. There's nothing she didn't do to that man.

GLEN

Anyway, what's my work?

GRIGG

You name your terms, Glen, and then we can start talking.

GLEN

But I don't know what work's expected of me.

GRIGG

Okay, play it that way, if you want to. I wanna story once a week, and I don't mean the provincial press, either.

GLEN

What kind of a story?

GRIGG

Well, hell, not the kind you let off this morning.

GLEN

But, how do I know the papers are going to be interested in what I tell them - I mean -

GRIGG

(harsh again)

Listen, cut that out, will you! And I wanna tell you one more thing: You try and get a smear on me in any newspaper with a circulation above a thousand, Glen, and you're finished as from today. I'm in with your boss, and I'm deep in, and Louise is paying with her body. That's the kind of hell we live in.

The WAITER comes with the whisky. GRIGG grabs the glass before the WAITER has time to take it from the tray. GRIGG has swallowed half the whisky in a moment. The WAITER watches him with surprise.

GRIGG

By God, I needed that!
(to the WAITER,
holding his glass
up for soda)

Come on.

129. Contd.

The WAITER, who seems used to him, spurts soda into the whisky, and then deposits the siphon on the table. He leaves.

GRIGG

When Louise came to me this morning with her eyes popping out of her head, looking like she'd been knocked up once a minute for a fortnight, I said, Okay, Lou, do it all you like, and I hope you get it out of your system. Know what she wants?

GLEN

No.

GRIGG

Just one night - a whole night with John Palermo, not just a couple or three hours after dinner, but the whole damned night from teatime on, diving into that charnel-house. I wonder where they get it all from, I wonder what they can be doing to each other. Glen, she needs it so bad it's like a pain, and I love her so much I want to spare her the pain. So I say, Okay, Lou, you get it out of your system. Ah, she knows there's nothing between me and Muriel. She knows it gives me the biggest thrill of my life thinking about her, and that makes her even wilder to get back on that bed with him. You don't call that hell? What they must be doing to each other - sometimes it frightens me! She told me they only have to get inside a room and they just kind of throw themselves in like boxers - they're stripped off before you can say Heironymus Bosch!

GLEN

Yes. On my bed.

GRIGG

(nodding and
moving closer
to GLEN)

That's why we're here, that's why you're staying with me all night.

129. Contd.

GLEN

All night?

GRIGG

I've promised to keep you out of your bed till dawn, and I'm a man who keeps promises.

GLEN

Till dawn! Listen -

GRIGG

I tell you what, Glen, you don't need to sleep. Nature's a name for playing it lazy, that's why this earth's been standing still all these centuries, nothing's been done because of some darned frowsy idea that the old lady called Nature is out there looking after everything. And how do I behave exactly when I'm natural, can you tell me that? Have they seen it - this Nature? - talked to it? I tell you what, Glen, we've got further in ten years of hitting Nature round the face than they did in three thousand, those Nature bugs, because life's a fight every minute of the day. You even gotta be careful when you're asleep. Don't sleep while your enemy's awake. Always remember those words, Glen. No, I'd just like 'em to tell me what Nature is.

(finishing his drink
and then motioning
to the WAITER for
another one)

CUT:

130. EXT. COVENT GARDEN STREET. EVENING

A taxi draws up outside PALERMO's office. PALERMO and LOUISE get out. He pays off the taxi and they walk in.

CUT:

131. INT. GLEN'S ATTIC ROOM. EVENING

PALERMO and LOUISE come up the stairs pausing to kiss and fondle each other. They reach the first landing. We TRACK in after them as before, They throw themselves on to the bed.

CUT:

132. INT. TEA LOUNGE. EVENING

GLEN and GRIGG are sitting with the tea things before them.

GLEN

Try not sleeping for a week, then you'll find out what Nature is. Nature's there all right. I can see it in my vines, for instance.

GRIGG

(with a sudden happy burst of laughter)

Those vines again!

(gripping GLEN's hand with great enjoyment)

They came o'er my ear like the sweet sound of breeze upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving odour!

(releasing another rusty guffaw, ducking his head and shaking it with enjoyment)

GRIGG relaxes again, gazing into the distance, still shaking his head lightly over the big laugh. He looks at GLEN in a soft way.

GRIGG

What d'ya think they're doing now? Boy, I'm so randy sitting here I could fertilise a stable full of cattle out of season. Don't tell me infidelity breaks up marriages, Glen; it builds them into Paradise, unless this is Hell. If it is, I'm staying, because I like it.

(with sudden resolution)

Come on! Let's pick up Muriel and go to the club. We'll make a night of it. Come on, Glen. Pick yourself out of Nature's chair. Come on.

He pulls GLEN up with affectionate vigour and clutches his arm. They march out of the tea lounge.

CUT:

133. INT. GLEN'S ROOM. NIGHT

There is the sound of kissing and sighing and we come down to PALERMO and LOUISE on the bed making soft love.

CUT:

134. INT. NIGHT CLUB. NIGHT

GRIGG, MURIEL and GLEN are seated together at the same table. They all occupied the night before. MURIEL and GLEN are looking drawn and tired. There is a bottle of whisky and a soda siphon on the table before them. GRIGG is talking rather unsteadily.

GRIGG

Yeah, our wives are unfaithful. We feel damned insecure, and this makes us do insecure things. We're slipping, and hanging on to each other, and pushing each other down. We wake up in the morning feeling like dead men, and we go to sleep at night wanting to kill ourselves, and just as your clever boss John Palermo says, we kill ourselves every day, and some people are brave enough to go the whole hog and cut their wrists or take an overdose of pills, like the Mouse, here, eh, Honey? How you making out today, Muriel?

MURIEL

Okay.

They sit looking glumly before them.

CUT:

135. INT. GLEN'S ROOM. NIGHT

We are on the bronze Buddha. We come down to more love-making, between LOUISE and PALMERO, less soft than before.

CUT:

136. INT. NIGHT CLUB. NIGHT

The same table with GRIGG, MURIEL and GLEN. GRIGG is drunk now.

There are many more people than before. The dance floor is full. There is a great noise round them. Our party has been drinking champagne as well as whisky.

GRIGG

Tell yer something, Glen. Me and this girl here's gonna sleep together tonight. And we don't even like each other.

(giving MURIEL a pleasant look)

She's young, she treats sex like Heaven, whereas I want the truth.

136. Contd.

GRIGG (contd)

Sometimes I wanna scream out at the top of my voice: 'Why don't you all come clean! What's all this embellishment for?' Let's go back to my hotel. Come on. I'd like to show you two something. I'd like to show you the truth. Come on.

CUT:

137. INT. GLEN'S ATTIC. NIGHT

PALERMO and LOUISE are lying together, naked, asleep, she on top of him.

CUT:

138. INT. GRIGG'S SUITE. NIGHT

This is the sitting room of GRIGG's suite.

GRIGG, MURIEL and GLEN are there. GRIGG is in the process of unfolding a simply enormous blueprint of DORNELLING's projected missile Massacre 2 across the floor. It nearly covers the entire room. As he is fairly drunk he stumbles and gets the ends ruckled.

GLEN watches him from his armchair, his legs stretched out, his eyes narrow with sleep. MURIEL stands gazing at the enormous design, disconsolate. GRIGG keeps giving her quick upward glances as he bends to adjust it with pride.

GRIGG

(unbending)

Well? How do you like it? That's the egg you clever boss hatched up, and you're wondering why I'm looking proud and why I feel all of a sudden peaceful because I know this is something we need, this is something which gives us security, and by God we all need that. Even you need it, don't you, Glen?

GLEN nods, drowsily.

MURIEL stares down at the print and suddenly bursts into tears.

MURIEL

I don't want to see missiles!

GRIGG

(holding her)

Okay, honey. I'll fold it up.

138. Contd.

MURIEL

(looking over
GRIGG's shoulder
at GLEN)

And he's fallen asleep.

GRIGG

Ah, he's always been asleep.
That's why I like him. I wish
I'd never woken up, either ...

(gazing across
at the window,
stroking MURIEL's
hair)

Hey, look, dawn's arrived.

(to GLEN softly)

You can get back to your bed now,
Glen.

CUT:

139. EXT. COVENT GARDEN STREET. DAWN

GLEN walking along a deserted street huddled against the chill air,
gazing down at the pavement.

CUT:

140. EXT. ANOTHER STREET. DAWN

GLEN enters the doorway of PALERMO's office and walks up the
stairs.

CUT:

141. INT. GLEN'S ATTIC ROOM. DAWN

GLEN comes up the stairs with slow steps; he reaches the landing;
he walks slowly on to his room. The door is wide open. We TRACK
in after him. He stands in the doorway looking round. We follow his
gaze until it rests on the bed.

PALERMO is lying there on his back naked, a sheet half covering
him, one arm dangling down to the floor.

GLEN

(to himself)

Oh no!

He walks across the room slowly and sits down on the bed at
PALERMO's side. PALERMO does not move. GLEN gazes down at
him. He looks at him with a certain tenderness.

Some time passes. He touches PALERMO but PALERMO does not
move. GLEN shakes him slightly.

141. Contd,

GLEN
Hey, I want to sleep, too.

He shakes PALERMO again. He frowns. He looks at PALERMO more closely. He shakes him harder.

GLEN
Palermo! Palermo!

But PALERMO does not move. GLEN feels PALERMO's shoulder. He keeps his hand there, he gazes before him with fear. PALERMO does not move. He is dead.

GLEN
(with fear)
Palermo!

He withdraws a little from PALERMO, he continues to stare down at him, he withdraws from the bed still looking at PALERMO's motionless body, he walks back to the doorway still staring across at the divan. He bumps into the door, starts, looking round frightened. Then he looks back again at PALERMO. He leaves the room. He walks slowly along the landing, his overcoat open, his hands in the pockets, gazing down, astonished, lost, almost crying. He walks down the stairs. We hear his heavy, slow steps.

We STAY on the open door of GLEN's room until the steps have ceased.

CUT:

142. INT. DOOR TO THE STREET. DAWN

GLEN is leaning against the door frame, gazing into the deserted street. We see him from inside. He is quite motionless. There is silence. The light is growing outside.

CUT:

143. EXT. COVENT GARDEN STREET. DAWN

MURIEL is walking along slowly, dishevelled, tears pouring down her face, biting her lip.

CUT:

144. INT. DOOR TO THE STREET. DAWN

Again GLEN leaning against the door frame seen from inside, motionless as before. He looks down the street, he stirs. A flash of MURIEL coming down towards him. Her steps sound in the silence of the street. She reaches the entrance.

GLEN
I've got something to tell you.

144. Contd.

MURIEL

I know already. She came back.
Louise! She rushed into the room
... she said, 'He's dead. Palermo's
dead!' He died underneath her.
Oh, Glen.

She collapses on to GLEN. They stay in the doorway.

GLEN

Has he got a wife?

MURIEL

Who?

GLEN

Palermo.

MURIEL

Yes, he's got a wife. It's me.

GLEN

You! ?

MURIEL

It wasn't much of a marriage ...

They remain together, the deserted street beyond them.

GLEN

He said his wife was in the south
of France. I remember.

MURIEL

That was the first one. I don't
know why he married me. He
was never nice to me. One of
us had to die.

GLEN

Why didn't you say you were
married - either of you?

MURIEL

Because we weren't proud of it.

GLEN

So why did you marry?

MURIEL

We loved each other. It's absurd.
(with a shrug)
I've given up trying to reason things
out.

GLEN

And you let him send you off to other
men?

144. Contd.

MURIEL

(giving him a long look)

I'm not nice, darling! Not all of us are.

(touching his face)

In the next life I might be. What are you going to do now - I mean for a job and that?

GLEN

Go back.

MURIEL

Where?

GLEN

Naples.

MURIEL

What made you come?

GLEN

Curiosity.

MURIEL

And have you got a better world over there?

GLEN

No. The same.

MURIEL

And you thought you'd find a better life here?

GLEN

Yes.

MURIEL

Nice people are always fools.

GLEN

I know. I prefer it. Being a fool.

MURIEL

We ought to call a doctor. The police.

GLEN nods. They walk slowly up the stairs. We watch them coming up, then to the office. He goes to the telephone.

GLEN

(his hand on the telephone)

Did you sleep with Grigg?

MURIEL

No. He talked about hell all the time.

144. Contd.

MURIEL (contd)
(slumping into a chair)
He's right.

GLENN
Oh. Hell's inside. So is heaven.

He begins dialling.
