

M A X

by

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CHARACTERS

MAX

BERYL

DR. GORDON LEWIS

RALPH

DAIRY MANAGER

WAITRESS; FARMHANDS ETC.

MAX

MAX'S FLAT. VIEW ACROSS LIVING ROOM TO FURTHER ROOM WHERE MAX IS LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW, SEATED.

WHEN THE SILENCE AND HIS IMMOBILITY ARE ESTABLISHED BEGIN SLOW TRACK THROUGH TOWARDS HIM UNTIL THE BACK OF HIS HEAD IS IN CLOSE UP. HE IS GAZING UP, PRESUMABLY AT THE SKY, CRANING OUT OF THE WINDOW. WE FOLLOW HIS GAZE UP, UP, UP THE BRICK WALL OPPOSITE TO THE NARROW STRIP OF SKY ABOVE.

CUT TO BERYL IN THE NARROW STREET BELOW. STREET NOISES. SHE STOPS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THEIR BLOCK OF FLATS AND LOOKS UP. FOLLOW HER GAZE, SEARCHING, UNTIL MAX'S ELBOWS ARE SEEN PROTRUDING FROM ONE OF THE WINDOWS. CUT BACK TO HER: SHE GOES ON, ENTERING THE FUNCTIONAL LOBBY WITH STEEL POST BOXES SET INTO THE RIGHT HAND WALL, NUMBERED.

SHE UNLOCKS ONE OF THE BOXES AND TAKES OUT THREE BUNDLES OF LETTERS, EACH TIED ROUND WITH RIBBON, AND PUTS THEM IN HER BASKET.

AND SHE STARTS UPSTAIRS. AND NOW THE TITLES COME UP. AT THE END OF THESE SHE IS LETTING HERSELF INTO THE FLAT. CUT TO INSIDE THE FLAT AND WAIT FOR HER AS SHE OPENS THE DOOR. OUR VIEW OF THE DOOR IS ACROSS THE DINING TABLE. WE TAKE IN GOLF CLUBS AND BALLS TO LEFT OF DOOR AND AN OCCASIONAL TABLE ON THE RIGHT.

BACK TRACK AS SHE COMES INTO THE ROOM. SHE TAKES OUT THE THREE BUNDLES OF LETTERS AND THROWS THEM ON THE OCCASIONAL TABLE.

WAIT FOR HER. SHE TAKES OFF COAT AND COMES TOWARDS US UNTIL SHE IS IN CLOSE UP. SHE LOOKS TOWARDS THE FURTHER ROOM.

BERYL: Max.

HE TURNS SLOWLY.

MAX: Hullo duck. Doctor's coming.

BERYL: Again?

MAX: Morning off. Just for a chat.

BERYL: Oh. (TAKING SHOPPING TO KITCHEN) I went to the agent's.

MAX'S VOICE: You did?

BERYL: Fasten your safety belt while I tell you the price. Twenty thousand.

MAX COMES INTO THE LIVING ROOM.

MAX: They're willing to sell then?

BERYL: Wouldn't you be at that price?

MAX: Well there's a dairy as well. And I've got the money.

BERYL: They said the mortgage hasn't been approved.

MAX: Who said?

BERYL: The agency.

MAX: . And why not for God's sake?

BERYL: You're not a first-class life!

MAX: They said---?

BERYL: Max, what does it mean?

MAX: They don't trust me not to conk out I suppose.

BERYL: But they can't know anything medical can they?

MAX: Of course they can't. Besides, I'm supposed to be Al. That's what all the papers talk about, isn't it?

BERYL: There's the usual letters.

MAX: Half of them mad I dare say.  
Mad with real life.

BERYL (FROM THE KITCHEN) Eh?

MAX: (AS HE SITS DOWN) If you call  
it real, which I don't.

BERYL (COMING INTO LIVING ROOM AND  
GOING TO THE OCCASIONAL TABLE) Go  
on have some fun.

SHE FLINGS A BUNDLE OF LETTERS ON TO  
THE TABLE BEFORE HIM.

BERYL: Some of them are nice. Some-  
times.

AS HE DOES NOTHING SHE BREAKS OPEN THE  
RIBBON AND LETTERS CASCADE OUT. SHE  
OPENS ONE OF THEM AND READS IT. WE  
SEE THE PLEASURE IN HER FACE IN CLOSE  
UP.

BERYL (HANDING IT TO HIM) Here, what  
did I say?

HE TAKES LETTER. MOVE IN FOR SHOT OF  
BADLY TYPED LETTER: 'DEAR MAX I HOPE  
YOU DON'T MIND ME CALLING YOU MAX I  
AM ONE OF YOUR MANY ADMIRERS AND JUST  
WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT MY PRAYERS GO  
UP FOR YOU YOU ARE A HERO LARRY MYERS'.

BERYL: Nearly always men, notice  
that?

MAX (WATCHING HER) Women don't like  
that degree of self-sacrifice do they?

BERYL (SITTING DOWN) Listen Max I  
wouldn't be happy living in a place  
that cost that much.

MAX: Are you happy here?

BERYL (LOOKING ROUND) I used to be.

MAX: And what's changed exactly?

BERYL: Everything! And you know it.  
Nobody's the same! Leastways not our  
friends. And I get the feeling we're  
watched.

MAX: Oh there might be a few press  
men!

BERYL: I don't care who they are!

MAX: But what does it matter?  
They're only men watching! What do  
men matter?

BERYL: I just don't understand you  
when you talk like that.

MAX: Take your mind off people.  
That's what I mean.

BERYL: And suppose you get tired of  
doing no work?

MAX: I work all right.

BERYL: Looking at the sky?

CLOSE UP OF MAX SUDDENLY REFLECTIVE.

A RING AT THE DOORBELL. CLOSE UP  
OF BERYL GAZING AT MAX DESPITE RING-  
ING. THEN SHE MOVES SLOWLY AND GOES  
TO THE DOOR.

DR GORDON LEWIS COMES IN DRESSED  
FOR A DAY OFF, TURTLE NECK.

GORDON: Hullo Beryl. Great man  
home?

BERYL: He's here.

MAX: Hullo Gordon. What's this,  
a check-up?

GORDON: No (SITTING DOWN) thought  
I'd pop round.

BERYL: Shall I make some coffee?

GORDON (FINGERING THE LETTERS) No  
thank you dear. Still get your fan  
mail I see. May I?

MAX (SMILING) Sure.

GORDON BREAKS OPEN ANOTHER OF THE  
LETTERS.

GORDON (EXAMINING IT) Look at this.  
Sent your own photo back. Rum idea  
eh?

HE TOSSES PHOTOGRAPH ACROSS TO MAX.  
CLOSE UP OF PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING MAX  
IN ASTRONAUT'S OUTFIT, JUST BEFORE  
THE HELMET IS FITTED ON. TRACK  
AWAY.

MAX TURNS PHOTOGRAPH OVER.

MAX: There's the punch, look. Thought  
it was somewhere.

HE TOSSES PHOTOGRAPH BACK TO GORDON AND BERYL LEANS OVER. SHOT OF THE BACK OF THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A LURIDLY DRAWN SKULL AND CROSSBONES.

GORDON: Meaning what?

MAX (WITH A SMILE) Well whatever else he's wishing me its certainly not my health.

BERYL (TAKING PHOTOGRAPH) We get dozens like that.

MAX: Do we? You never told me.

BERYL: Oh (GOING BACK TO THE KITCHEN) I don't want you mad as well.

MAX (TO GORDON) We can't get a mortgage then.

GORDON: Oh why's that?

MAX: Well you should know. They say I'm not a first class life.

GORDON: I'll get you any house you want don't worry.

MAX: She can't stand the idea of spending so much money---

GORDON: Well it is a big house.

MAX: But it's the dairy Gordon. She'll fall into that work and you won't hear another grouse from her lips. My God I know Beryl. She did near on ten years on a farm. And what has she got here?

GORDON YAWNS, RUBS HIS FACE.

MAX: What's the matter? Didn't you sleep?

GORDON: Something big coming off.

MAX: Oh.

BERYL APPEARS FROM KITCHEN WITH TRAY--- COFFEE AND BISCUITS.

GORDON: Well bless my heart. I knew she wouldn't take no for an answer.

MAX: How many cups of that stuff do you sink in a day?

GORDON: Thirty. Forty. A mercy I don't smoke as well.

MAX: I'll say.

CLOSE UP OF GORDON DRINKING.

GORDON: Goes up in a week. Top security.

MAX: Men or monkeys?

GORDON: The less endearing of the two---men. My God some of these boys have given me trouble this time. Temperament isn't in it. You were a saint compared.

MAX: I wonder if monkeys have the same experience.

GORDON: What experience is that?

MAX: Well, starting a new life.

GORDON: Is that how you feel?

BERYL: What does it mean about the mortgage Gordon?

GORDON: Oh some damned red tape. It'll be all right. If he wants a house he can have it. But Max it is a bit pricey.

BERYL: Gordon---Max is OK isn't he?

GORDON: Well of course he is!

BERYL: Are you sure?

GORDON: Here---(INDICATING MAX) just look at that picture of eastern calm and then try and imitate him.

BERYL: I wish I could. I wouldn't mind if Ralph and---

MAX: Oh Ralph's just stagestruck that's all. Thinks I'm a saint, probably. (TO GORDON) You know him, don't you? That one.

HE INDICATES PHOTOGRAPH ON SIDEBORD--- RALPH WITH OPEN NECK SHIRT AND EAST-BOURNE SMILE, HIS ARM ROUND AN ALSTIAN DOG.

BERYL: Are you sure he's the one who's changed?

MAX: He just doesn't <sup>dig</sup> get me any more. That's all there is to it. You know how I talk. About when I was floating up there I put my hand out, to see if I could touch the earth---and he just doesn't get it that's all.

GORDON: Does anybody get it?

MAX: The earth was just a ball---  
I thought I could touch it---millions  
of people---all your hopes; Beryl;  
houses, the place where I was born---  
just a ball. It seemed so easy.  
I suddenly realised that it was just  
the way you thought about things,  
that made them big or small or real.  
Just thought. It doesn't matter  
where we are, what we're doing.  
Just thoughts make the difference.  
What we want and what we dream; that  
sort of thing.

GORDON: That's right Max.

MAX: Like one of those golf balls.

CUT TO GOLF BALLS AND CLUBS BY DOOR.

MAX: Try and imagine all our hopes  
and worries on that ball. Size  
doesn't mean a thing. It depends  
where you look at it from. And  
well---I tried to explain it to  
Ralph and he gave me a funny look,  
well I don't blame him.

GORDON (FINISHING HIS COFFEE) As  
long as you feel all right Max.

BERYL: He can sit all day. I  
admire it really. He could never  
keep still before.

GORDON: That's partly the training.  
Not much you can do cooped up in a  
capsule. I suppose you learn self  
reliance. My God if you can go out  
there and dangle yourself in space  
I reckon you can do anything.

MAX: Oh it's no distance. Even  
a million miles wouldn't be a distance.

BERYL: Distance enough for me; don't  
you worry. God knows I used to eat  
my heart out all those nights, nobody  
to tell me if he'd come back, then  
read the next morning how he was two  
hundred odd miles off the earth---

MAX: Oh the earth! I tell you,  
it doesn't mean life!

BERYL: It means mine! I'm here!  
I was born here!

MAX: No you weren't!

BERYL: Oh I can't talk your language  
any more. You've changed, you have  
changed!

MAX: Well thank God I have then because I'm happier as I am!

GORDON: But what for Christ sake did you see up there? Angels, or something? God?

MAX: I saw that it's all the same for miles and miles, for thousands and millions of miles, and nothing changes, and the only real thing is what we think and what we can't see---so there's no point in going anywhere---and we never do---don't you understand?

GORDON: Yes but how does it add up to a new life?

MAX: Because you realise everything you've got is inside you. It isn't outside any more. Outside is all the same. You can't get to anything outside.

BERYL: So he sits at the window half the day.

MAX: And I realised I was in somebody's arms. I was safe. You feel it out there. Something's breathing. Perhaps that's why they sent me up, a fool like me---to come back and tell them---all those army men with their tight mouths---yet all they have to do is to change inside---don't you see, it's a terrific power we have?

BERYL: I don't see you had such a bad life before.

MAX: Oh it wasn't bad.

CLOSE UP OF MAX, GAZING BEFORE HIM. MIX TO HIM AND RALPH PLAYING CARDS IN THEIR SHIRT SLEEVES. MAX WHILE CONCENTRATING ON GAME, SLAPPING CARDS ON TABLE WITH AN EXPERT MOVEMENT, IS ALSO GLANCING ROUND, JOGGING HIS LEG, A CIGARETTE IN THE CORNER OF HIS MOUTH.

MAX'S VOICE OVER: I enjoyed myself. It just wasn't enough that's all. Just never enough.

CUT BACK TO THEM AT TABLE:

MAX: I used to live as if this little ball was everything. And I knew it wasn't. I suppose that's why I needed a damn great rocket under me, to explode me into the truth,

I wasn't bright enough to see it on my own.

CUT TO ROCKET DISCHARGE OF CAPSULE. THROUGH THE SMOKE MIX TO SPACE WITH ASTRONAUT DANGLING AND THE SHADOWY CURVE OF THE EARTH TO ONE SIDE.

MAX'S VOICE: When I was dangling up there it was like sitting at the window, only no people to sell me how important that big soft ball was--- I knew I'd been looking for it all my life, that feeling. And I'll tell you something else---a man works his life out---we get the lives we want---

CUT BACK TO THE TABLE.

GORDON: That sounds like rot to me!

MAX: It doesn't matter what happens to you, you worked it out for yourself, you---

GORDON (WITH DISPROPORTIONATE FRENZY) You're talking balls! When a man in full health goes down sudden just like that (MOVEMENT OF HIS HAND)---I see it all the time! That's the truth!

MAX: Look back on his life and you'll see he worked towards it.

GORDON: It's rot Max! Best to keep your mouth shut!

MAX (CALMLY, FIXING HIM WITH HIS EYES) Why, are we treading on dangerous ground?

GORDON: Get me another cup of coffee will you honey?

BERYL TAKES TRAY ABSENTLY AND GOES TO KITCHEN.

MAX: ~~Somehow~~ You're here for a purpose aren't you?

GORDON: I came for a morning off.

MAX: It's written in your face.

GORDON: Oh don't talk damn silly Max!

THE PHONE BELL RINGS. MAX LEAVES THE ROOM. GORDON FIDDLES NERVOUSLY WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHS, TAKES UP THE ONE WITH SKULL AND CROSSBONES AND THROWS IT DOWN AGAIN. GETS UP, STROLLS TO THE KITCHEN. TRACK BEHIND

HIM. WATCH BERYL AT STOVE, OVER HIS SHOULDER.

GORDON: You crying?

BERYL: He's always talking like that---and when we go out---

MAX (from behind) It's for you.

GORDON (turning) Oh.

CAMERA TAKES IN THE TWO OF THEM, GAZING AT EACH OTHER..

THEN GORDON WALKS ACROSS LIVING ROOM. TRACK BEHIND HIM TO FURTHER ROOM, WHERE HE PICKS UP THE PHONE, GIVING A CAREFUL THOUGH NOT SURREPTITIOUS GLANCE BACK TOWARDS THE KITCHEN.

CUT TO MAX AND BERYL IN THE KITCHEN.

MAX: What's the point of talking to him? He's got enough on his mind.

BERYL: Oh it's his job.

MAX: Does the way I talk worry you?

BERYL: It isn't that---

MAX: Now don't cry.

SHE PUTS HER HEAD ON HIS SHOULDER.

BERYL: I get so frightened---

MAX: But what about for God's sake?

BERYL: We seem so---cut off---!

CUT TO GORDON PUTTING DOWN THE PHONE WITH A SLOW, THINKING MOVEMENT. HE WATCHES THE PHONE FOR SOME TIME, LOOKS ACROSS AT THE WINDOW WHERE MAX ALWAYS SITS. THE CURTAIN TREMBLES SLIGHTLY.

TRACK BEHIND HIM BACK TO LIVING ROOM, PASSING PHONE IN SUCH A WAY AS TO BRING IT INTO PROMINENCE.

MAX AND BERYL ARE ALREADY BACK AT THE TABLE.

MAX: Trouble?

GORDON: Have to hear about my latest charges. See if they've thrown another temperment. Like a game of golf Max?

MAX: I've got a better idea. Let's go and see the house.

GORDON: Your dairy farm? Anything for a breath of fresh air.

BERYL: I'll just clear these things.

GORDON: What about the Bell and Anchor for tea?

MAX: Couldn't be nicer (~~GETTING HIS JACKET~~).

GORDON: I'd better leave word. Will we be there by four?

MAX: At the farm?

GORDON: No I mean the Bell and Anchor.

MAX: Oh about then.

GORDON: Right.

HE RETURNS TO PHONE. TRACK BEHIND HIM AND STOP AT A DISTANCE. HE PICKS UP PHONE AND BEGINS DIALLING.

MIX TO IS OF FARMHOUSE. THEN A MS AND FINALLY CLOSE TO THE BACK WALL. THE PLACE IS GRAND BUT CLEARLY HAS NO TENANTS. ESTABLISH THE SILENCE AND SENSE OF DESERTION.

BERYL APPEARS AT THE CORNER OF THE HOUSE. WALKS BY THE UNCURTAINED WINDOWS, STARES ABOUT HER. WE FOLLOW HER GAZE ACROSS THE FIELDS. A FINE DAY. SHE WALKS ON; OPENS DOOR OF AN OUTHOUSE, STARTS, SQUEALS AS SOMETHING RUNS OUT---SHOT OF CAT LEAPING AWAY.

MAX (FROM WINDOW ABOVE) Anything wrong?

CAMERA FINDS HIM AND GORDON GAZING DOWN FROM UPPER WINDOW.

BERYL: A cat---

MAX: Your nerves!

GORDON: Well how does it strike you?

BERYL: Lovely!

CLOSE UP OF BERYL, HER FACE STRAINED, GAZING ACROSS FIELD AGAIN.

CUT TO ROOM WHERE MAX AND GORDON ARE STANDING, A DARK INTERIOR. VIEW OF FIELD FROM BEHIND THEM, AS THEY CONTINUE TO LEAN OUT OF THE WINDOW.

GORDON: You've got about thirty acres here. I admire your pluck.

MAX: You see she needs risk again--- something to worry about---she got used to the strain---when I was getting ready for the big day---

SHOT OF BERYL FROM ABOVE, THE OUTHOUSE DOOR STILL HANGING OPEN, SHE STILL GAZING ACROSS FIELD.

CUT BACK TO MAX AND GORDON AS BEFORE.

GORDON: Funny isn't it? We train you for maximum self confidence and it becomes your philosophy for the rest of your life.

MAX: Did it happen to the other one too?

GORDON: God knows.

GORDON TURNS FROM WINDOW WHILE MAX REMAINS GAZING OUT.

MAX: He's not alive to tell the tale is he?

GORDON: I wasn't in on that.

MAX: It doesn't scare me any more. None of your words like death.

GORDON WATCHES THE BACK OF MAX'S HEAD.

CUT TO CATTLESHEDS AND DAIRY. MAX, GORDON AND BERYL ARE WALKING ACROSS THE COBBLED YARD.

BERYL (AS THEY COME TO THE STABLES)  
What about the owner?

MAX: Search me.

BERYL: He doesn't even live in the house.

MAX: A house as generous as that is only for the likes of you and me (WITH A WINK AT GORDON).

THEY WALK ON AND MAX STOPS TO FONDLE HORSE LEANING OUT OF BOX.

GORDON (PEERING INTO THE STABLE)  
Well groomed. Somebody must ride.

MAX: You ought to see this girl up on a horse---ride bareback---do anything---

GORDON (TO BERYL) Is that so?

BERYL: Yes.

GORDON: Well then you should be at home here.

MAX: Ride before breakfast every morning. Lovely idea.

BERYL: I like the way you talk, they always used to throw you as soon as smell you.

MAX: No I mean for you.

HE WALKS ON WHILE BERYL AND GORDON REMAIN BY HORSE.

GORDON: What did this agency say--- he waan't a first class life?

BERYL: Yes.

GORDON: But damn it all I'm his doctor, what do they know about it?

BERYL: Does it mean---?

GORDON: He's as right as rain I tell you.

HE PASSES ON.

BERYL: Gordon---

BUT HE DRAWS CLOSE TO MAX.

MAX (TURNING) Come and look at this. Twenty head of cattle.

THEY APPROACH THE CATTLESHEP WHICH IS CLEAN, FUNCTIONAL; AUTOMATIC MILKERS, LOUDSPEAKERS. BUT NO FARMHANDS. THEY PEER INSIDE.

GORDON: Lunchbreak I suppose.

MAX: Long lunch.

GORDON: Let's push on to the Bell and Anchor. You can keep your country silence.

THEY WALK AWAY.

MAX: Funny to hear you say that.

GORDON: Why?

MAX: Well you trained me to go right

out there.

HE INDICATES THE SKY.

GORDON: I didn't train you. I took your pulse.

MAX: No you didn't. You prepared ~~my~~ mind.

GORDON: Come on let's get some tea inside us.

MAX (CHUCKLING) Still the same Doc Lewis!

THEY WALK TOWARDS GORDON'S CAR WAITING IN THE LANE. BERYL LINKS HER ARM IN MAX'S AFFECTIONATELY.

BERYL: I think we'll be allright there. I don't care about the money.

MAX: There. Did you hear that Gordon?

GORDON GIVES THEM A BRIEF ~~MAX~~ SMILE AS HE LOWERS HIMSELF INTO THE CAR.

MIX TO CAR ARRIVING AT A ROADSIDE INN: THERE IS A TEAS SERVED SIGN.

THEY STROLL IN. CUT TO COSY INTERIOR WITH INVITING ARMCHAIRS AND SETTEES AND KNEE-HEIGHT TABLES. HERE THERE ARE OTHER PEOPLE AND GORDON SEEMS TO WARM AT ONCE TO THE NEW CIRCUMSTANCES.

THEY SIT, SIGH WITH RELIEF.

GORDON: Back to real life.

WAITRESS---A SPANIARD---COMES UP.

GORDON: I think tea and toast and cakes and ale and anything they consider right for four o'clock don't you?

WAITRESS (ALL AT SEA) Tea?

GORDON: And toast. And cakes.

WAITRESS: Scones you like?

GORDON: Well I like. Do you like Beryl?

BERYL: Yes.

GORDON: So we all like scones.

WAITRESS: . . . Jam?

GORDON: Listen darling just bring everything you can lay your hands on.

WAITRESS (WITH A GREEDY SMILE) You wanna big tea for three?

GORDON: You're there! Now run along and get it. (AS SHE WALKS AWAY) What could be realer than her? No wonder people go south for their holidays.

BERYL: (TO MAX) Do you remember, we used to come for their dances?

MAX: I was a simple oversmoking corporal in those days.

BERYL (TO GORDON) He never talked about the sky then. Never even had a thought that he'd be sent up one day.

MAX: I used to think about things all the time. Know what I mean? New car, having kids, getting a tent. I never thought.

GORDON: Excuse me I'd better phone. Have to keep in touch.

MAX: But you left word you'd be here didn't you?

GORDON: Well they might have phoned already---leastways---

HE GOES OFF TO THE PHONE.

MAX (TO BERYL) So let's hear what you really think---about the house and that.

BERYL: We can try I suppose. After all you did the other thing and came out a winner, so why not this as well? You sat down one day and said I'm going to go in for this space game.

MAX: Did I really say that?

BERYL: Don't you remember?

MAX: As far as I remember I just drifted in----

BERYL: You sat down and said I'm fed up with the army. I'm fed up with larking about. I'm going to do something serious.

MAX: Did I?

BERYL: You know, when we had those

mess dances, and there were all the other wives, and I gave a party once a week for all the kids on the station, I was happy, I know I was.

MAX: So was I. But it wasn't enough. It wasn't enough for you either duck. You used to say so.

BERYL: I didn't!

MAX: You used to say are we staying on this station all our lives. Oh you can look back and see it all nicely rounded off. But nothing's rounded off while it's happening. Not unless-----

BERYL: What?

MAX: When I saw it as a ball, and realised I didn't belong to it, no more than you or anybody else does, I got my freedom---

CUT TO ROCKET LAUNCHING AND THEN THROUGH SMOKE MIX TO SPACE AS BEFORE.

MAX'S VOICE OVER: And then life felt rounded off. But not before.

BERYL: Max-----

CUT BACK TO THEM AT TEA.

BERYL: Max, I always think, I wish I'd have come up with you!

MAX (LAUGHING) And darned my socks for me?

THEY GAZE BEFORE THEM.

BERYL: Do you remember what you said I was to do if you didn't come back? It sounds daft now but it didn't at the time. You said I was to get hold of a horse-----

MAX: That's it!---and ride and ride as far as you could, just go on riding till it felt all right---

CUT TO BERYL RIDING IN DISTANCE, UP A LONG HILL.

MAX'S VOICE OVER: And not to cry even if you felt like it, just go on riding and riding as if you was riding-----

IMPOSE ON FRAME PICTURE OF CURVE OF EARTH SEEN FROM THE CAPSULE, IN SUCH

A WAY THAT BERYL AND HORSE NOW SEEM TO BE RISING OVER THE CURVE.

MAX'S VOICE: ----up the side of the earth.

BERYL: Max!

CUT BACK TO THEM.

BERYL: Thank God you came down again. I thought that night was my last.

MAX: I tell you something, Beryl--- all training, whatever it is, is a training for---

THE WAITRESS COMES WITH VAST LADEN TRAY AND BEGINS PUTTING ARTICLES ON THE TABLE. THEY SAY NOTHING MORE.

CUT TO GORDON IN TELEPHONE KIOSK IN FOYER PUTTING DOWN PHONE WITH SAME THINKING MOVEMENT AS BEFORE. HE CROSSES THE FOYER IN AN ABSENT WAY AND RE-ENTERS THE LOUNGE.

GORDON (SITTING DOWN) Ah now that's a sight to behold. Nothing realer than a sit-down tea is there?

BERYL POURS.

MAX (TO BERYL) In a way I didn't come down. We're both of us floating now. The money comes from nowhere. Pensions are like that.

GORDON: I wouldn't mind a drop of money from nowhere.

MAX: You'd hate it.

GORDON (TUCKING IN) Think so?

MAX: You wake up with your name in the papers. Just for sitting in a capsule for three days.

GORDON: And being brave. Don't miss that out.

MAX: You taught me that part.

GORDON: These scones are certainly real. (AS BERYL GIVES HIM A CUP OF TEA) Thank you darling.

BERYL: It's always been marvellous for food.

GORDON: I ought to have moved down this way years ago.

BERYL: Where were you before?

GORDON: Big city. Fighting the common cold. I got out of that game.

MAX: Is this one any better?

GORDON: Well I meet people like you.  
(PUTTING HIS CUP BEFORE BERYL) Got another one there honey?

MAX: You ought to get yourself spliced Gordon. Lighten your leisure hours.

GORDON (TAKING HIS TEA) Leisure hours-- can't stand 'em. A rush followed by fatigued collapse into a chair like this one, that's life for me.

MAX: But this is leisure isn't it?

GORDON SIMPLY DOWNS HIS SECOND CUP. BEFORE HE FINISHES WE HEAR HIM BEING PAGED.

PAGE'S VOICE: Dr Lewis! Dr Lewis!

GORDON RAISES HIS EYES, FOR A MOMENT WITH TERROR IN THEM, BEHIND HIS CUP. AND THEN HE LOWERS IT SLOWLY.

GORDON: You see what I mean.

HE LEAVES AS BEFORE. TRACK AFTER HIM AS HE FOLLOWS THE PAGE, AS FAR AS THE LOBBY KIOSK. CUT BACK TO MAX AND BERYL.

MAX: I'd reorganise those outbuildings for a start.

BERYL: Eh?

MAX: They sprawl too much---you can't tell the difference between the house and the dairy.

BERYL: But what are we going to do with so many rooms?

MAX: Have friends. You're always talking about them. Children. We could run a school if I continue sterile.

BERYL: Sterile my foot!

THEY CONTINUE EATING. A SLOW FADE. OPEN AGAIN ON STREET BELOW THEIR FLAT. THE THREE OF THEM ARE ENTERING THE LOBBY. IT IS DUSK.

MAX (TO BERYL) Got the key? Not that we ever read the stuff.

SHE HANDS HIM THE POST-BOX KEY AND THEY WAIT WHILE MAX OPENS THE BOX

AND TAKES OUT ONE PACKET OF LETTERS.

GORDON: Only one this time.

MAX: One in the evening, two in the morning, as regular as clockwork.

GORDON (AS THEY WALK UPSTAIRS) And you never read the stuff?

MAX: No. Would you?

GORDON: All day. I'd be glued to it. Praise or blame wouldn't matter.

MAX CHUCKLES AS THEY DISAPPEAR ROUND THE FIRST LANDING.

MIX SLOWLY TO INSIDE THE FLAT: CAM WAITS FOR THEM INSIDE. DUSK. EVERYTHING IS AS WE SAW IT THIS MORNING, THE PACKETS OF LETTERS ETC. THEY ENTER.

BERYL (GOING STRAIGHT TO THE KITCHEN) Are you dying for a drink Gordon?

GORDON: I usually am at this hour.

BERYL (FROM THE KITCHEN) Ice?

GORDON: If there is any.

MAX (CLEARING THE TABLE) Let's get rid of this stuff.

CLOSE UP OF HIS HANDS CLEARING, AND OF THE SKULL-AND-CROSSBONES PHOTOGRAPH. GORDON'S HAND SUDDENLY COMES ACROSS THE TABLE AND GRASPS HIS.

GORDON (IN A LOW VOICE) I'm<sup>ll</sup> have to talk to you alone.

MAX: Oh you needn't worry about Beryl.

GORDON: No. Alone.

MAX: You bachelors don't understand (WITH A SMILE).

GORDON: Have it your own way. But I wonder if she's as strong as you.

MAX (AS HE CONTINUES CLEARING THE TABLE) Stronger.

THE PHONE BELL RINGS.

GORDON (IN AN OUTBURST) No! Jesus Christ!

MAX: Here. What's up?

GORDON LEAVES THE ROOM WITHOUT A WORD MORE, TO GO TO THE PHONE.

BERYL COMES IN AND SHE AND MAX STAND WATCHING GORDON IN THE FURTHER ROOM.

BERYL: How did he know it was for him?

WE REMAIN WITH THEM, WATCHING GORDON'S BACK AS HE ANSWERS THE PHONE. HE NODS AND REPLACES THE RECEIVER ALMOST AT ONCE, WITH AN IMPATIENT GESTURE.

GORDON (RETURNING) I was less of a slave in the old days---I---  
(AS BERYL GIVES HIM HIS DRINK) Oh that's nice. (GOING TO TABLE) Come on I've got to talk.

BERYL: Talk?

GORDON: Here's health.

HE DRINKS.

GORDON: Look Max I'm here to keep an eye on you.

BERYL: What?

GORDON: That's the truth.

MAX: What about it?

GORDON: If anybody knew I was telling you this--- That's why I came this morning. They sent me.

MAX: It makes me feel important.

GORDON: I should have thought all those letters did that.

MAX: They're not from the ones on top.

GORDON: Well anyway I've told you now---

MAX: You've told me nothing. Why am I a risk all of a sudden?

GORDON: All I know is---

THE DOORBELL RINGS AND GORDON STARTS, CLEARLY THINKING IT IS THE PHONE AGAIN: BUT THE WIDENING OF HIS EYES DENOTES MORE THAN IRRITATED SURPRISE, AND MAX AND BERYL SEE THIS.

BERYL: It's the door.

SHE GOES AND RALPH IS STANDING THERE.

RALPH: Hullo Berry! The great man in?

BERYL: He's right here. Come in. You know Dr Lewis don't you?

RALPH: He's Gordon to me. How are you?

THEY SHAKE HANDS.

MAX: Sit down Ralph. Have a drink.

RALPH (WINKING AT GORDON) If you'll join me.

MAX: I won't.

BERYL GOES TO THE KITCHEN.

BERYL (FROM KITCHEN) Renie all right?

RALPH: Yes thanks duck.

GORDON: How's life at the barracks?

RALPH: Rough. Used to have more fun. Eh Max, just between you and me?

MAX: That's right.

RALPH (TO GORDON) But I can't get him to stand in a pub five minutes these days.

GORDON: I warned him off the stuff. His heart.

MAX (LAUGHING) That's the first I've heard about it!

RALPH: No Gordon. He's tuned in to another wavelength and I'm not on that one.

GORDON (TO MAX) My words this morning, almost.

BERYL COMES IN WITH BEER FOR RALPH.

RALPH: Thank you darling. Now look---at least you aren't up Dry Lane surely?

BERYL: All right I'll have a sip. No, of yours.

RALPH: There now isn't that intimate?

SHE TAKES A SIP AND THEN HE DRINKS

VERY DEEP.

RALPH: Funny thing down at the range today. Feeding the old Schmeizer with a nasty belt of bullets and the thought comes over me, mustn't do this, mustn't kill things---all of a sudden. And I couldn't pull the trigger. Thought you'd be interested.

CLOSE UP OF MAX'S ATTENTIVE FACE.

RALPH: HAD to get up off my knees and tell the mugs learning murder at my hands to carry on and fire. They didn't need any inviting either. Threw themselves down on their balls---excuse that one, Berry, my wife allows the word---and fired hell into the target board. And I stood there and thought, you dirty young beasts. Yet I've been doing it once a week myself for nigh on five years.

BERYL: Oh well you don't have to kill except in war.

CLOSE UP AGAIN OF MAX.

RALPH: Mind you I would kill if it came to the toss. (DRINKS) It's just that I don't like the life any more. It isn't a life.

MAX: You can always get out.

RALPH: But I don't want to mate. I like all the perks, the leaves, the does---all the wages of sin.

BERYL: I reckon you just miss Max.

RALPH: It's not just missing him. I used to think, Max is a bright bloke and if he can shove a dozen bullets into a cardboard man then it's all right. And then he does the dirty on me---leaves the army and dangles in space.

MAX LAUGHS.

RALPH: I get so damn shakey. Nothing to hang on by. Know the feeling? I'll tell you something about the army, they're all strangers. Nothing solid. (TO GORDON) I wish I had your profession.

GORDON: Think it's more solid?

RALPH: Yes I do!

MAX: Gordon's got his worries,  
don't worry.

BERYL: You ought to be on a state  
pension like him (INDICATING MAX)  
and then you'd know what it felt like  
not being solid. The money comes  
from nowhere---

RALPH: Ah but he doesn't mind it.  
You can see by his face. He went up  
there to float and he's been floating  
ever since.

GORDON: Nobody floats. We're all  
on our feet whether we like it or not.  
To float up there you need a damn  
great rocket that could blow a city  
to pieces, you need months of train-  
ing. You float up in space for a bit  
but you come back to earth with a  
bang.

MAX: I didn't. I floated down.  
Didn't even feel it.

GORDON: And my job is to stand by  
and wait for the bang when it comes---

THE PHONE BELL INTERRUPTS THIS GRIM  
TUSSLE BETWEEN MAX AND GORDON. HEAR-  
ING THE BELL GORDON REMAINS QUITE  
STILL:

MAX: Shall I go?

GORDON DOESN'T ANSWER, SIMPLY GAZES  
BEFORE HIM, AND MAX GOES OUT TO THE  
PHONE.

GORDON (murmuring) The hospital I  
expect. Have to keep a line open  
to them all day.

RALPH: More guinea pigs going up?

MAX RETURNS.

MAX (TO GORDON) It's for you.

GORDON LEAVES THE TABLE.

BERYL (TO RALPH) It's rung umpteen  
times today. Even at the hotel  
didn't it?

MAX: That's right.

RALPH: Oh you've been whipping it  
up in a hotel have you?

MAX: Bell and Anchor. Remember?

RALPH: Do I!

MAX: Been looking at a house just up the road from there.

RALPH: Why, thinking of moving?

BERYL: It's a dairy farm.

RALPH: Eh? Since when have you been a farmer?

MAX: She had ten years on the land.

RALPH: Yes but what are you going to do---watch her?

MAX: (AFTER A PAUSE) In a way yes, I suppose so.

RALPH (LAUGHING, TO BERYL) He's <sup>cool</sup> ~~a boy~~ this one! I reckon I heard that enough times in our troop---'Old Max is a boy, a real <sup>cool</sup> boy! ~~Talk about neck!~~

MAX: Drink your beer up and keep quiet.

RALPH: No Sooner said than done.

HE FINISHES GLASS WITH MIRACULOUS SPEED AND OFFERS THE EMPTY TO BERYL FOR REPLENISHMENT. SHE RETURNS TO THE KITCHEN.

RALPH: But it must cost a bomb Max eh?

MAX: Twenty thou.

RALPH: Strike a light! And who coughs it up---some admiring enterprise?

MAX: Mortgage. Pay it off out of my pension.

RALPH: If you can call it a pension. <sup>The</sup> Paper I was looking at the other day called it a damned disgrace.

MAX (WITH A SHRUG) They won't let me work. Got to be on tap. Give lectures. Show the new boys how it's done. Medical check-ups <sup>for</sup> to see ~~what~~ <sup>watch</sup> the aftereffects of all that radiation up there. ~~are~~ <sup>is</sup> But all I get is the medical check-ups. No lectures. And most of what I learned is out of date ~~now~~ anyway.

RALPH: Go on.

BERYL COMES BACK WITH THE BEER.

BERYL: Do you think it's a mad idea Ralph?

RALPH: The <sup>farm</sup> dairy? No not mad. <sup>far</sup> ~~a tin scabbard~~

~~(WITH A SMILE)~~ Just Max. To your toes.

HE DRINKS THIRSTILY AGAIN.

RALPH: Still get your fanmail I see.

MAX: That's right.

RALPH: What, do they all want to marry you?

BERYL: They're mostly men.

RALPH: Go on.

MAX: And they're mostly threatening. They say we shouldn't interfere with nature, <sup>not</sup> to stay down here and work out our problems instead of floating them about in the atmosphere, where they're just the same. <sup>anyway</sup> And they're dead right. (FOR THE FIRST TIME. SHOWING STRONG FEELING) But what could I do? being the poor ~~damned~~ fool I was, standing in a rifle range all day teaching kids how to cock their guns. Suppose you want to think and talk and dream like other men but you can't, you just can't, you want to have a mind and know things but you haven't got one, you don't know things! What do you do? My God I asked that question over the years grinning and kidding all the time and looking round for a chance of escape. You need a rocket to blow a man like me into real life! I used to sit in that canteen Ralph trying to keep myself still, stop my leg jogging up and down---

BERYL: All right. Take it easy.

RALPH: My God I think there's tears in his eyes.

GORDON RETURNS.

(to Gordon)  
RALPH: That was a long one. Did he fall out of his capsule?

GORDON (TO BERYL) Can I fetch myself a drink?

BERYL: Yes go on help yourself.

HE GOES TO THE KITCHEN WITH HIS GLASS.

RALPH: I'll tell <sup>you</sup> what Max, that rocket knocked the fun out of your system. (TO BERYL) Do you know my whole life was based on Max having a laugh at the end of everything?

That's why I joined the army---

MAX: Oh come on.

RALPH: I saw him having such a whale of a time, I thought it must be good inside that uniform. Well so it was. He had me in fits. Morning and night. That's why I got myself a dog. When Max went away. I needed the companionship.

BERYL: Wasn't your wife enough?

RALPH: My wife? We're not friends, we're sex-mates!

BERYL (LAUGHING) I'd like to see her face if she heard that one.

RALPH: And then he comes round the other night---listen to this Berry--- and strike me if the dog didn't make more fuss of him than he ever did of ~~me~~ me. And he'd never slapped eyes on him before. Licked him all over. An animal feels it you see-- if you're all right---

MAX: And you're not all right?--- don't talk daft.

RALPH: I'm not bad I suppose but there's nothing to me, I---

GORDON RETURNS WITH THE WHISKY BOTTLE AND GLASS.

GORDON: Listen I don't want to interrupt but I'll have to examine you Max and there's not much time.

A SILENCE.

MAX: Examine me?

GORDON: Yes.

MAX: I didn't know you'd come for that. You could have done it this morning, any time.

GORDON: They want it for some special reason---you know, it's just for the record---they phoned just now.

MAX: Well then---

RALPH: Would you like me to go?

GORDON: Yes I would. You know about these things Ralph, it's all top security where Max is concerned.

BERYL: But what do they want to know?

GORDON: I've got to do it and that's all I know.

HE DRINKS AND THE OTHERS NOTICE THAT THIS IS NEAT WHISKY AND QUITE A LOT OF IT.

RALPH: Blimey you won't be much good for carving off legs tonight! Not if you sop it up like that.

GORDON: Oh (HOLDING HIS GLASS UP TO THE LIGHT) this stuff steadies me.

RALPH: It wouldn't me, not if I was your patient.

GORDON: Thank God you're not.

RALPH (GETTING UP) Never mind doc we only do it to tease. Thanks for the wallop ducks.

BERYL (GOING TO THE DOOR WITH HIM) That's all right. Give my love to Renie.

RALPH: Shall do. Well good bye all. You'd better not take his appendix out tonight Gordon.

GORDON: I'll take yours out if you're not careful.

MAX: Bring the dog over some time Ralph.

RALPH: Yes all right I will. Might be tomorrow. I'm on late.

MAX: Cheerio.

THE DOOR CLOSSES BEHIND HIM. THE OTHERS ARE SILENT FOR A TIME.

GORDON: The thing is Max---I don't need to examine you, I only said that, the fact is---

MAX: What?

BERYL: What's been worrying you all day Gordon?

GORDON: They want you under observation. That's the long and short of it. And nobody else has got to know.

MAX: Who's they?

GORDON: The hospital. Experimental centre. Where I can keep an eye on you.

MAX: You mean I've got to move? Why for God's sake?

GORDON: Because you're a sick man! You're sick! And I swear that's why you say half the things you do!

BERYL: What's he got then? Come on you may as well tell the truth! Gordon what's he got?

GORDON: Oh it's not fatal. As long as we get hold of it now. Nip it in the bud.

MAX: Oh.

GORDON: Anyway we'll have to have you in.

BERYL: How long for?

GORDON: Oh it won't be long. Three weeks. Could be four.

MAX: But why didn't you say all this this morning?

GORDON: Because I'm fond of you man, because you're my friend!

MAX: But it's not unfriendly to cure me of something.

GORDON: It's the inconvenience, the moving you and all that---

MAX: And what sort of disease can it be that affects my talk?

GORDON: No that was a damn fool thing to say. I just don't like the talk I suppose. When I know all the time what's hanging over your head---all this talk about feeling safe, in somebody's arms---

BERYL: What's hanging over his head? WHAT?

(MAX)

GORDON: You see, I asked to talk to you alone but you wouldn't!

MAX: Oh she can take it!

BERYL: What's up then?

GORDON: Well it might be six weeks--- six months---

BERYL: What?

GORDON: For the treatment.

BERYL: What treatment? for what? Go on, you will tell the truth! I knew something was up! I was frightened, frightened all the time!

MAX (PUTTING HIS HAND QUIETLY ON HERS) Let him talk duckie.

GORDON: It's the methods they want to use... You see, you've got to come on a stretcher.

MAX (WITH A SMILE) Oh they're up to their usual theatre are they, getting the image right, like they lined me up for the cameras---

BERYL: Why a stretcher?

GORDON: Because it's got to look right---like something sudden---it's for the image, yes, I suppose---

BERYL: Rehie said only yesterday, they're lavishing money on your Max, it looks too good to be true...

GORDON: It's only the looks of it that counts to them, Max.

MAX: But what exactly are they staging, this time?

GORDON: You see Max you're a state possession, well of course you know that already, I mean you know what my private feelings are, but it means you're always watched. The press are always around. They can't have you just walking into hospital. For some reason. So (WITH A SHRUG) let's do it the quiet way, just for my sake, eh?

MAX (QUIETLY) Oh I'll do it any way you want.

BERYL: So hadn't you better tell him the disease?

GORDON: I haven't made a real surefire diagnosis. All I'll say is we have to catch it now and--- with ray treatment it'll be all right.

BERYL: Oh. It's that. Oh my God.

MAX: When did you find out I had it?

GORDON: A couple of months ago.

MAX: You kept it pretty quiet.

GORDON: They did.

MAX: What about our friendship?

GORDON: Max I'm a frightened man---  
like us all---

MAX: Yes I shouldn't have asked that.

GORDON: Come on, Beryl, face up to  
it.

BERYL: We should have gone away,  
thousands of miles, I said so at the  
time---

MAX: I'm fed up with going away!  
I've been doing it all my life. And  
I'm staying put. You don't think  
they can move me do you?

GORDON: What Max you mean you  
won't---you don't agree---? Then  
what happens to me for God's sake?

MAX: They couldn't move me in a  
thousand years---

BERYL: You should fight it---get  
it in the papers---show them up---

GORDON: Max I've got to get you out  
of here. It's your life or mine.

MAX: Oh you can move my body where  
you like but you'll never move me.  
I don't belong any more any way, so  
how can you move what isn't really  
here?

BERYL: You don't belong, not even  
to me?

MAX: I'm the same as you---there's  
no difference. They couldn't move  
what I feel for you, not with a brigade  
of tanks! That's what I mean.

GORDON: So it's on Max? we can go  
through with the show?

BERYL: But why don't you fight?

MAX: What for? and who against?  
Gordon here? He's the one I'd have  
to fight---I'd be throwing him to  
the wolves. You don't understand  
the State Beryl.

BERYL: It's made up of men!

MAX: But look at the men honey.  
Then you wouldn't wonder.

GORDON: No she's right, you could fight, you'd probably get away with it, the papers'd be on your side--- I don't agree about the State, it's fluid, Max, it changes all the time--- all I'm saying is it'd be the end of me, I've been told---

BERYL: Told what?

GORDON: It'll be the end of me if he doesn't go out of this block of flats tonight on a stretcher---

BERYL: Tonight!

MAX: But who said so? who's been scaring you?

GORDON: How do I know who talks to me on the phone!

MAX: But it might be a hoax. For God's sake, things aren't that bad yet----

GORDON: But it can't be a hoax Max if I get the orders, to move you out, if the superintendent gives me the order himself---

MAX: He did? And is he doing the phoning?

GORDON: Of course he isn't!

MAX: You could tell the police.

GORDON: I could. But I don't think I'd last the night.

MAX: And all to get me treatment which apparently I need.

GORDON: That's the way to think of it Max. Once you're in I can get to work---they'll have the public image they want---

MAX: And what's your guess as to why they want it? why the pantomime Gordon?

GORDON: They don't want the disease you've got---they want to keep it dark.

MAX: And why?

GORDON: Your guess is as good as mine.

MAX: No come on. You may as well go the whole hog.

GORDON: Perhaps they don't want to

scare the new trainees.

MAX: Listen Gordon did I get this disease up there?

GORDON: How the hell---?

MAX: There's a lot of radiation up there! Is that how it came?

GORDON: We just can't tell!

MAX: You've got a pretty good idea though!

GORDON: It can come all sorts of ways! Radiation's everywhere--- everywhere you walk. Babies get it. Old men who've never moved from their villages. How the hell can we tell?

MAX: But they don't want it to get around that if you fiddle with nature too hard you pay for it?

GORDON: Yes I suppose so. It's my guess. Yes I suppose it would be that.

BERYL: And we've been kidding ourselves all day, with that house--- the dairy farm!

MAX (TO GORDON) I'm grateful you didn't spoil our day.

GORDON: You needn't be. It was just cowardice.

MAX: Who'd be Doc Lewis eh?

GORDON: Well now you know as much as I do (HE DRINKS).

MAX: And what's the sudden disease I have to have? instead of the real one?

GORDON: Heart failure I suppose. The papers have always talked about your weak heart. So it connects up.

MAX: But my heart's sound?

GORDON: As sound as mine!

BERYL: And then, once he's in, who says when he comes out again..?

GORDON: He'll be in my care darling. If you can't trust me by now---

BERYL: Oh I trust you.

MAX: Well if they kill me they'll be making me even stiller than I am--- one man thinks he can move another man!

BERYL: They've got no reason to kill you; now put that out of your head!

MAX: I know exactly how they work. It all depends on how easily I can be salvaged from the other disease, eh Gordon?

GORDON: You'll be all right Max. Don't make the mistake of taking the pantomime for real life.

MAX: Weren't the phone calls you've been getting all day real life?

GORDON: But they didn't say anything really---

BERYL: Was it a man?

GORDON: It was different people--- some office connected with the station, I forget the name---

MAX: (But) What did they say?

GORDON: It was vague. <sup>But</sup> Every phone call made it more and more clear. Then by the last one I got the message, well I really got it before; I could see what was coming already this morning. No they just talked round the subject, said how much they were worrying about you, how you needed treatment, and you were in the public eye; the thing had to be managed so people weren't distressed, they had future programmes to think about---

MAX: Ah I love it when they talk about programmes!

GORDON: And how long had I been with the hospital, and ofcourse I was a friend of yours, I had your confidence which was lucky, and then they hoped I understood the gravity of the situation, and what a responsible position I occupied; and how they must take care that nothing devolved on me and therefore the matter must be managed with great tact and circumspection and I was after all being your friend the best man to do it and how if it wasn't done properly and within the stipulated/they must take steps to protect my person,

*morning*

*time*

because I would need protection, more perhaps than they were able to give.

BERYL: Poor Gordon.

MAX: So what's required of me? What do I do, flop out with my mouth open? How do you know I'm a good enough actor?

GORDON: It's me that's got to act.

MAX: My God they call it serious and real, and down our street we wouldn't even have played these games as kids--- yet we get all this marvellous space--- when I was up there Gordon I saw what it all was for the first time---what a marvellous gift---all that blue, blue, blue, so still, as far as you could see, just blue, so soft and pure and quiet, for miles and miles and millions of miles, and we sit down here and play these damn fool games instead of worshipping, going down on our knees and marvelling---that's all there is to do, the only serious thing, just marvel at it all! But no!

BERYL: I could phone the hospital---  
(GETTING UP) They'd listen to a woman!

MAX (GRIPPING HER) <sup>Where are</sup> Produce your  
stretcher <sup>man!</sup> <sub>me!</sub>

GORDON: It isn't quite time.

MAX: They gave you a time as well eh?

GORDON: To the minute.

SILENCE.

MAX: It's no good fretting Beryl. The thing is the game isn't just starting, it's been on from the beginning. But at the beginning it went our way. Rising salary, pension and golden handshakes and your name in the paper. But this is what it's really like. You're not your own. We weren't our own before-

BERYL: We were all right---when you was a corporal---

MAX: It was just the same! We weren't our own!

BERYL: Oh don't talk silly!

GORDON: It's a marvel to me Max how you can keep so calm.

BERYL: I'll talk about it when you're in---I'll talk to the papers---nobody can stop me---I've got nothing to lose!

MAX: You'd lose Gordon, you'd lose me! Don't you see they've trained this body up, they've fed it for years, they've watched it night and day? Him and me (MEANING GORDON) were in it together. So they own our bodies. Start fighting for our bodies and they'll dispose of them, nothing easier! So just give up fighting. Just wait and see. What can they take away from us darling? Don't cry.

GORDON: It's funny Max, it's like I trained you for this, not the other thing, not the rocket.

MAX: You did your work well.

BERYL: Gordon---do they have visiting hours?

GORDON: Of course they do girl. Anyway you know me, just mention my name and come any time you like---my God he's only under observation---I told you I'd cure him---don't you want that? would you prefer him here, wasting away? Don't you want him well?

BERYL: Yes yes. I'll be good. I really will.

MAX (LOOKING AT GORDON WITH A SMILE) My God you are an actor---I think you'll do their job well---I---

A LONG RING AT THE BELL.

BERYL: No!

GORDON REMAINS WHERE HE IS, PALE.

MAX (IN A LOWER VOICE) What's Beryl going to do tonight? Shouldn't she pop over to Ralph's?

GORDON (ALSO IN A LOWER VOICE) No she has to stay here.

BERYL: I want to anyway.

MAX: They don't want the press sound, pulling people's heartstrings-----

GORDON: No it isn't that.

ANOTHER LONG RING AT THE BELL.

GORDON (GETTING UP SLOWLY) They want her to answer any calls there might be. You've got to say it really was heart failure Beryl. Tell everybody. Not a word about the other. You're not supposed to know. I told you as a friend.

BERYL: How can I---?

MAX: Oh for God's sake it's only one more move in the pantomime--- what does it matter---? Beryl say cheerio---

BERYL (KISSING HIM) Max!

GORDON: Not even Ralph. Do you hear that Beryl?

ANOTHER LONG RING AT THE BELL.

GORDON: He's the only who talks. Not a word to him. Let him read the papers. Just say yes. And let me come to you. Don't come to me. Don't phone me up.

BERYL: Yes yes yes yes.

GORDON: Now I've got to get you out of here as a clear cardiac case. Even the stretcher bearers have got to be convinced.

MAX: Tell me what I'm supposed to look like---Good God what a farce! What a way for <sup>hero</sup> to end---!

GORDON: Get me a glass of water quick.

BERYL DOESN'T MOVE.

MAX: Come on honey, it's only a game, we'll be starting to laugh next--- Come on!

BERYL: It's wrong Max! (GOING TO THE KITCHEN) It's wrong to play their game!

GORDON: Now I'm giving you a quick sedative. It'll just knock you out for a bit---

ANOTHER LONG RING AT THE BELL.

GORDON: Do you understand me?

*Injection*

*injection*

MAX: I was thinking, it reminds me of when I was training, saying yes doc, yes doc all the time, looking up at your face---

GORDON (AS BERYL RETURNS WITH THE GLASS OF WATER) ~~Now I want you to take this straight down.~~ It won't do you any harm. *OK relax*

GORDON DISSOLVES A WHITE PILL IN THE WATER. *INJECTION*

MAX: Yes doc.

BERYL: But Gordon---

GORDON: It's so as he sleeps--- it's got to be real===just a sedative---

~~HE HANDS IT TO MAX AND MAX DRINKS.~~

MAX (SMACKING HIS LIPS) It even tasted good.

GORDON: Now you'll be alright. ~~Do you feel a tiny bit sleepy?~~

~~MAX: Yes doc.~~

GORDON TAKES HIS PULSE, PULLS THE LIDS OF HIS EYES DOWN VERY SLIGHTLY.

GORDON: You feel sleepier still?

MAX (LOOKING UP AT HIM) Yes doc.

MAX PUTS HIS HAND UP GENTLY AND TOUCHES THE SIDE OF GORDON'S FACE, WITH A SLIGHT SMILE. THEN HE SUCCUMBS TO THE DRUG.

GORDON (TO BERYL, URGENTLY) Now play your part. Come on. I'll get him out of this if you play your part--- they're only fools---if we're clever we'll have him out of that place in a month--- Beryl, you're going to be alright?

BERYL (GAZING WITH ALARM AT MAX) Yes if you promise!

GORDON: I promise!

BERYL: Promise again!

GORDON: I will! Yes I promise! I promise!

BERYL: I will then.

GORDON OPENS THE DOOR. THERE ARE TWO STRETCHER BEARERS AND A MALE

ORDERLY. THEY NOD TO GORDON AND  
 BEGIN MAKING MAX COMFORTABLE. BERYL  
 STANDS TO ONE SIDE. THE STRETCHER  
 IS MADE READY. A SLOW FADE.

END

OPEN AGAIN ON STREET BELOW NEXT MORN-  
 ING, BUSY AND NOISY.

BERYL ENTERS THE LOBBY AND GOES AUT-  
 OMATICALLY TO THE POST BOX WITH HER  
 KEY AND OPENS THE LITTLE DOOR. SHE  
 TAKES OUT THE USUAL THREE PACKETS OF  
 LETTERS AND THEN SEES THAT THERE IS  
 SOMETHING ELSE. SHE STOPS, PEERS.  
 THEN SHE SLOWLY TAKES OUT A SINGLE  
 LETTER AND LOOKS AT IT.

SHOT OF LETTER REVEALS THAT IT IS  
 ADDRESSED TO 'MRS MAX ANDERSON,  
 FLAT 14'---NOTHING ELSE.

SHE LOCKS THE POST BOX AND PUTS THE  
 THREE PACKETS IN HER SHOPPING BAG, THEN  
 LOOKS AT THE LETTER AGAIN. SHE  
 WALKS UPSTAIRS, THE LETTER IN HER  
 HAND, GLANCING AT IT ONCE MORE  
 BEFORE SHE TURNS AT THE FIRST LAND-  
 ING.

CUT TO INSIDE THE FLAT. WAIT FOR  
 HER TO OPEN THE DOOR. SHE DEPOSITS  
 THE SHOPPING BAG AND LOOKS AT THE  
 LETTER AGAIN, LEAVING THE DOOR  
 SLIGHTLY AJAR BEHIND HER. GOES TO  
 THE TABLE AND SITS DOWN, ALL THE  
 TIME WITH THE LETTER.

WATCH THE DOOR, FROM BEHIND HER.  
 THE LETTER IS OUT OF SIGHT. SHE  
 OPENS IT AND BEGINS READING.  
 SILENCE.

SHE LOOKS UP, HAVING READ THE LETTER.

THERE IS THE SOUND OF STEPS ON THE  
 CEMENT STAIRCASE OUTSIDE. REGULAR,  
 QUITE RAPID. SHE REMAINS QUITE  
 STILL.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

BERYL: It's open.

RALPH APPEARS, ASTONISHMENT ON HIS  
 FACE.

RALPH: I've just seen the papers!  
 Well strike a light! Just after I  
 went. Nine-ten, it said.

BERYL: Yes it was sudden.

RALPH (COMING IN) What a world eh!

HE SITS.

RALPH: Feeling rough?

BERYL: Oh---I hardly know what feelings are any more---

RALPH: I don't know! You talk to your pal one minute and next he's on the danger list.

BERYL: Is that what they say?

RALPH: Haven't you seen the papers?

BERYL: No.

RALPH: Well don't worry yourself. They don't always pick up the truth. Has the doctor been?

BERYL: Not this morning.

RALPH: Not to say---?

BERYL: He phoned. He said Max was all right!

RALPH: These papers exaggerate. Of course he makes big news. So he's all right.

BERYL: Yes.

RALPH: Well thank God for that then.

BERYL: What did the papers say was wrong?

RALPH: Heart attack. He did have one didn't he?

BERYL: Yes.

RALPH: You don't seem sure.

BERYL: All I know he's not here! And I want him here!

RALPH: Don't cry mate. It don't do any good. He's in good hands--- he's alive---you'll get him back soon don't worry.

BERYL: I'd better!

RALPH: What do you say to sharing rooms with us for a bit? The kids'll take your mind off.

BERYL: That's all right Ralph.  
It's better here. He might be back  
tomorrow for all I know.

RALPH: I nearly fell through the  
pavement when I saw that headline.  
I had the dog with me. Max asked  
me to bring him round, remember?  
When I saw that placed I took him  
back home and raced straight round.

BERYL: You should have brought him  
just the same.

RALPH: That's right. He might have  
taken your mind off.

A PAUSE.

BERYL: I'll get a job Ralph.

RALPH: But you're OK for money---  
they're not stopping the pension?

BERYL: No I need to get out---

RALPH: Oh I'm with you there.  
But how long do you contemplate him  
being there?

BERYL: He'll have to lie quiet they  
say. It might be a time.

RALPH: Yes well for heart trouble  
that's the usual thing isn't it?

BERYL: I'll keep the flat... (SHE  
TURNS AND LOOKS AT THE FURTHER ROOM)  
I haven't touched that window since  
he left it yesterday.

CUT TO WINDOW OF FURTHER ROOM, STILL  
OPEN. THE CURTAIN BILLOWS SLIGHTLY.

CUT BACK TO BERYL AND RALPH.

RALPH: But you'll be visiting him  
Beryl?

BERYL: They say I mustn't go.

RALPH: What?

BERYL: He's got to be kept that  
quiet.

RALPH: But can't old Gordon get you  
in? He's looking after him isn't he?

BERYL: He's the one who told me not  
to come.

RALPH: What---Gordon? Yes I don't think! We'll find a way of smuggling you in don't you worry about that. It's only a lot of damned red tape.

BERYL: It's good you dropped in last night.

RALPH: They won't keep me away, I've got my methods down at that establishment! No visiting, I've never heard ~~of~~ such a load of rubbish.

BERYL: Almost as if you knew...

RALPH: Yes. Dunny isn't it? I thought I'll call round on old Max. He'll look down his nose at me but I'm fond of him just the same.

BERYL: Look down his nose?

RALPH: Well---just between you and me!

BERYL: How?

RALPH: It happened as clear and loud as the rocket that sent him up my sweetheart. He never really looked at me again. Not after his name got in the papers.

BERYL: You think so?

RALPH: Oh I don't blame him really. A chap goes up in the world. He leaves the members of the lower levels behind.

BERYL: Is that what you think?

RALPH: He spent more time with my dog than he did with me, the last time he came round to see us. Hardly said a word.

BERYL: Yes I wanted him to come round more often.

RALPH: Still why worry? I know I'm not much of a chap. Good for a game of cards and a lark. We had a decent time between the two of us so I've no regrets.

BERYL: But he didn't change you know.

RALPH: Oh he changed all right.

BERYL: He just became his real self.

RALPH: Well he changed then. If he wasn't his real self before. I preferred the bloke he wasn't, in that case. I could get a word out of him before, at least.

BERYL: It was the same for me. I mean he didn't say much more to me. He didn't lark about like he used to. He used to have me in fits in the old days. What I mean is he certainly didn't look down on me! But he changed. He was wonderful ~~was~~ to be with. It was like always being in the sun.

RALPH: Well he got a lot of money all of a sudden and his name was everywhere. He was made director of God knows how many firms.

BERYL: He didn't accept!

RALPH: No?

BERYL: No.

RALPH: But he did get ideas equal to his new station. I don't mean any offence duck, I don't blame him you see. I don't mind being stepped on. In fact I think it's a good idea. I suppose I'm one of life's natural underlings. I prefer to stay under and complain. And he's always been bigger than that, old Max. He's always been able to sort of invent life---know what I mean?

BERYL: Yes. I think so.

RALPH: Who else would have thought of taking that job on? They could have sent up a capsule a minute for eighteen years and I wouldn't have volunteered. It just wouldn't ever have crossed my mind. So I don't blame him getting fed up with me.

BERYL: But he never did!

RALPH: Of course he did. And you know he did. He couldn't stand my jokes any more. And my all night romps.

BERYL: He wasn't afraid of you any

more, that's all.

RALPH: Afraid?

HE LEANS FORWARD, INTRIGUED.

BERYL: I mean he didn't try to fit in any more. That's why Gordon started coming and seeing him. Max was his only patient who didn't seem afraid of him and treated him like a friend, he told me that himself. He said he felt easy with Max. Because Max was easy with himself.

RALPH: Do you mean he tried to fit in with me?

BERYL: Of course he did, in the old days.

RALPH: How duck? Listen you're boosting my morale up no end---just go on and don't stop---well, slap me down, if a chap like Max can want to fit in with me---

BERYL: He never liked your jokes!

RALPH: Oh don't spoil it!

BERYL: No I mean he didn't change afterwards---he was just being honest. He never liked the all-night romps, I could see that myself. He didn't even like keeping me in fits of laughter---instead of really loving me. But afterwards he really loved me. I didn't know at the time, I mean I thought he always loved me. I thought everything was all right. I thought the same as you, I liked him better then. But it came over me in the night---I didn't sleep a wink all last night---I just sat here and tried to think it all out. I sat in his chair.

RALPH: Well strike a light. Do you think he looked up to me in the old days?

BERYL: No, I think he looked down on you. So he tried to fit in with you, and play on your level---

RALPH: But blimey he was the joker not me! That's why I joined the army, because I thought it was all jokes.

BERYL: Perhaps he only joked with you.

RALPH: But he had you in fits as well---you said so yourself!

BERYL: He was just trying to fit in. And then afterwards he didn't try. He just said what he thought. He stood on his own feet.

RALPH: And I thought when I joined the army I'd never seen a man standing so square and firm on his own two feet. They say he never batted an eyelid when they put the helmet on, just before he took the jump!

BERYL: I'm so tired! Would you like some coffee?

RALPH: No thanks duck. I'll be pushing. Like a lift somewhere?

BERYL: Oh Ralph could you? Could you take <sup>me</sup> out of town?

RALPH: Just name the place.

BERYL: It's the house we went to see---the dairy farm---

RALPH: You're not really buying it are you?

BERYL: Oh, we haven't got that sort of money---

RALPH: Then what was he talking about---a twenty thousand pound establishment---

BERYL: He could have done it. But me, I'll just get a job there, if I'm lucky.

RALPH: Oh! Well it's not a bad idea. Just while he's away eh?

BERYL: That's right.

RALPH: Beryl, might it be a long time?

BERYL: Yes.

RALPH: How long?

BERYL: Gordon said six months it might be.

RALPH: But surely he can give you a better idea than that? Does he say what the trouble is, I mean what started it?

BERYL: It's Max's wonky heart.

RALPH: But what about that careering around in space, wasn't that----?

BERYL: No. Shall we go Ralph?

SHE GETS UP. HE REMAINS LOOKING AT HER. THEN HE GETS UP TOO AND THEY LEAVE, AFTER SHE HAS TAKEN HER HANDBAG FROM THE OCCASIONAL TABLE.

REMAIN IN THE FLAT. CLOSE UP OF LETTER WHICH SHE HAS LEFT BEHIND ON THE DINING TABLE. IT READS, IN HANDWRITING, 'DARLING BERYL, IA HAVEN'T GONE AWAY. I'M IN YOU. I'M EVERYWHERE. MY LOVE, MAX.'

CUT TO RALPH'S CAR DRIVING THROUGH TOWN, THEN OPEN COUNTRY. CUT TO FARM, WHICH THIS MORNING IS ACTIVE WITH TRUCKS AND FARMHANDS.

CUT TO RALPH'S CAR DRAWING UP IN THE YARD AND BERYL GETTING OUT.

TRACK BEHIND HER PAST THE HORSE MAX PATTED YESTERDAY. SHE STOPS, SEEMING TO RECOLLECT THIS, AND FONDLES THE HORSE TOO, THEN LOOKS IN THE SKY IN A PUZZLED WAY, HER HAND STILL ON THE HORSE'S NECK.

SHE WALKS ON TO THE CATTLESLED AND WE SEE HER ENTER.

CUT TO INTERIOR OF CATTLESLED WITH THE WHITE-COATED MANAGER STANDING IN THE MIDDLE WITH A CHECK-LIST IN HIS HAND, MAKING NOTES ON THE PINTAGE PER HEAD OF CATTLE AS HE PASSES THE INDICATORS. SHE WALKS STRAIGHT UP TO HIM. HE DOESN'T LOOK UP AT ONCE. THEN HE SLOWLY TAKES HER IN.

MANAGER: Yes miss?

BERYL: Have you got a job? I used to be a farmhand.

MANAGER: Well (studying her at his ease) there's nothing like the direct approach is there? (CONTINUING TO NEXT ANIMAL WHILE SHE WAITS) Worked in the dairy line before?

BERYL: Yes.

MANAGER: Don't mind a bit of muck?

BERYL: No.

MANAGER: Got a car?

BERYL (HESITATING) Yes.

MANAGER (TURNING TO HER AT ONCE, WITH CLEAR EYES) Have you?

BERYL: Yes. My husband's.

MANAGER: Does he work in this line too?

BERYL: He's in hospital.

MANAGER: Oh I see. Sorry to hear it. Nothing serious I hope.

BERYL: No.

MANAGER: Yes we can fit you in I expect. As long as you don't ask for accommodation.

BERYL: No, we've got a flat.

HE WALKS TOWARDS THE EXIT, SHE FOLLOWING HIM. THE HOUSE IS FRAMED IN THE EXIT.

MANAGER: Unless you wanted to buy that one of course.

THEY STAND IN THE ENTRANCE.

MANAGER: There she is.

CUT TO HOUSE THEY SAW YESTERDAY, BEHIND TREES.

BERYL: It's a lovely house.

MANAGER: Too big for me. Can't afford the upkeep. Nor can anybody else it seems. Of course they come and look at it. Place is up for sale, farm and all. Yes people come but I reckon more for the country jaunt than anything.

BERYL: Oh yes.

MANAGER: There was a party here yesterday, I was away at my lunch. They looked at every nook and corner so I'm told. Then went away and didn't say a blind word. You get a lot of city people you know, full of dreams, country dreams.

BERYL: I suppose so.

MANAGER: If you'll come to the office I'll take your particulars.

BERYL: Yes.

THEY WALK ACROSS THE YARD.

MANAGER (AS THEY PASS THE HORSE) Due for the knacker's yard.

BERYL: Oh no don't kill him! I'll buy him, I really will!

MANAGER (CHUCKLING AT HER) You keen on horses then?

BERYL: Yes! I noticed him yesterday----

MANAGER: Yesterday?

BERYL: I came---you weren't here--- I came about this job---

MANAGER: Well if it's a ride you're after she won't give you much of one.

BERYL: Oh I don't mind how lazy she is.

MANAGER: And what about the stabling?

BERYL: I'll pay for that too.

MANAGER: No I mean will you stable her here?

BERYL: Oh yes I'd like to.

MANAGER: Kind of rent the stable?

BERYL: That's right.

MANAGER: Well I expect we can fix something up.

BERYL: Thank you ever so much!

MANAGER (CHUCKLING AS HE WALKS ON) Just like my wife! She'd put the knackers out of business if she could.

THEY WALK TOGETHER TOWARDS THE DAIRY OFFICE.

CUT BACK TO CAR AND RALPH PLAYING WITH ONE OF THE FARM DOGS, COAZING IT TO COME NEARER BUT IT WON'T.

RALPH SUDDENLY LOOKS UP. BERYL  
WALKS INTO FRAME.

RALPH: Anything?

BERYL: Yes he signed me on.

RALPH: Well strike me down! Wish  
I could get a job as easy as that!

BERYL: Start next Monday.

RALPH (AS THEY GET BACK INTO THE CAR)  
Good for you girl.

CUT TO INTERIOR OF THE CAR, AS THEY  
GET IN. THE OUTBUILDINGS INCLUDING  
THE HORSE BOX CAN BE SEEN THROUGH THE  
WINDSCREEN.

BERYL: It's funny. I feel close  
to Max all of a sudden.

RALPH: You do?

BERYL: I can see what he means.  
I never did before.

RALPH: You're luckier than I am  
then, because he's not on my wave-  
length.

FARMHANDS GO ACROSS THE YARD. ONE  
OF THEM PUTS A HAND OUT TO THE HORSE  
IN AFFECTION AS HE PASSES.

BERYL: That horse belongs to me.

RALPH: Which horse?

BERYL: That one there.

RALPH: Belongs to you?

BERYL: Yes I bought it.

RALPH: You bought it, in that short  
time?

BERYL: Yes!

RALPH: Was it going cheap or some-  
thing?

BERYL: I don't know. I forgot to  
ask the price.

RALPH SIMPLY LOOKS SIDEWAYS AT HER.

BERYL: It'll be a surprise for  
Max when he comes out.

RALPH: Yes I suppose it will. He's  
always been keen on horses hasn't he?

BERYL: It's funny, when he was training for the big jump he said to me one day, if the capsule busts up ~~there~~ just you get hold a horse from anywhere and go riding, just go riding as far as you can and don't cry, I'll never forget that.

RALPH: Well it didn't bust thank God. And he's alive and kicking.

HE STARTS THE ENGINE AS A KIND OF ABRUPT ANSWER TO HER MUSING AND PUTS HER INTO GEAR.

CUT TO THE CAR MOVING OUT OF THE DAIRY FARM.

LS OF CAR ALONG COUNTRY ROAD.

CUT TO STREET OUTSIDE MAX'S FLAT. THE CAR DRAWS UP.

CUT TO INTERIOR OF CAR AS THEY COME TO A HALT NEAR THE FLATS.

BERYL: Well thanks a lot Ralph.

RALPH: That's all right fucks. I'm glad you got the job. It'll take your mind off.

BERYL: That's right.

SHE STARTS TO GET OUT OF THE CAR.

RALPH: Oh and I'll nip round tomorrow and tell you all I know. Don't you worry they'll let me in. Red tape don't bother me.

BERYL: Give him my love and----

RALPH: Oh go on, he's got that already, he knows that----

BERYL: Cheerio then.

RALPH: Ta-ta.

SHE GETS OUT OF THE CAR.

CUT TO STREET OUTSIDE WITH BERYL CLOSING THE CAR DOOR. SHE GIVES HIM A LITTLE WAVE AND WALKS TOWARDS THE FLATS.

CUT BACK TO INTERIOR OF CAR WITH RALPH WATCHING HER WALK TOWARDS THE FLATS. SHE ENTERS THE LOBBY AND IS GONE. RALPH STARTS THE ENGINE AND IS ABOUT TO PULL AWAY FROM THE KERB WHEN HE CHANCES TO LOOK TOWARDS

THE PAVEMENT; AT A NEWSVENDOR'S  
STALL BERYL HAS JUST PASSED.

SHOT OF THE PLACARD WHICH READS  
'ASTRONAUT DIES---HEART FAILURE.'

HE SWITCHES THE ENGINE OFF AT ONCE,  
CLUTCHES THE DOOR HANDLE TO GET OUT  
BUT THEN CHECKS HIMSELF AND SUBSIDES  
IN HIS SEAT. HE SIMPLY WATCHES THE  
STREET BEFORE HIM, HUNCHED, QUITE  
STILL.

CUT TO BERYL IN THE LOBBY TAKING OUT  
ONE PACKET OF LETTERS FROM THE POST  
BOX. SHE LOCKS IT AGAIN AND BEGINS  
WALKING UPSTAIRS.

CUT BACK TO RALPH STILL SITTING THERE.

CUT TO FLAT WITH BERYL WALKING TOWARDS  
THE OPEN WINDOW WHERE MAX ALWAYS SAT.  
SHE LOOKS UP AS HE USED TO AT THE  
NARROW STRIP OF SKY.

SHOT OF THE NARROW STRIP OF SKY WITH  
MAX'S VOICE/OVER:

MAX'S VOICE: I haven't gone away.  
I'm-in you.. I'm everywhere.

MIX THROUGH TO THE DAIRY FARM WITH  
BERYL IN FARM CLOTHES CARRYING BUCKET TO  
HORSE BOX. CUT TO HER GROOMING THE  
HORSE. AGAIN MAX'S VOICE OVER:

MAX'S VOICE: I'm in you. I'm  
everywhere..

MIX TO HER RIDING. SHE IS RIDING  
UP, UP, UP A LONG HILL, IN A CANTER  
SO STEADY AS TO SEEM FLOATING.  
IMPOSE ON FRAME THE CURVE OF THE EARTH  
SEEN FROM THE ASTRONAUT'S POINT OF VIEW,  
SO THAT BERYL SEEMS TO BE RIDING  
SLOWLY UP THE SIDE OF THE EARTH,  
FLOATING, AS THE TITLES COME UP.

THE END.