

"AFTERWARDS"

An Original Film Script

by

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DAVID HORNBY ASSOCIATES LTD.
5-8 LOWER LONDON WALL SQUARE,
LONDON, E.C.4

CHARACTERS

GLEN

MURIEL

PAT

JOHN PALERMO

JEAN DE LISLE SWIBURNE

SHOPKEEPER

'PROFESSOR' JEFFERSON GRIGG

LOUISE GRIGG

MYRA

CHARLES DORNELLING

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. EXT. A COVENT GARDEN STREET. MORNING

GLEN (as he will later become known) is walking along a side street in the Covent Garden area, glancing at the shop numbers. He is a good-looking young man of about 25, sunburned, casual, well-dressed. 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:

2. 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?

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 grandfather was an Italian commendatore?

2. Contd.

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.
(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 answered
the advertisement, would you?

GLEN shakes his head 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 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.

2. Contd.

PALERMO

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

(he begins to
close drawers
and locks them)

I never go 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:

3. 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

(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:

4. 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:

5. 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.

5. 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?

5. Contd.

GLEN

No, thanks.

PALERMO

Jock! This colleague of mine wants to buy me another! You see, Glen - 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.

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

You can't sell a fool as a clever man, however much 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.

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:

6. 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.

6. Contd.

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:

7. 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. 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 for 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 fiver be enough? Better be!

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

PALERMO (contd)

(from the other office)

Oh, Muriel, before you go -

MURIEL

(with irritation)

Here it comes.

7. 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:

8. 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?

8. 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. 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.

(to GLEN)
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! What else is there?

GLEN
But what the hell do I ask?

PALERMO
You don't ask anything. You let him shoot his mouth off. Listen, I could go to clink for this. It's an offence to imitate newspapers.

GLEN
I can guess.

CUT:

9. EXT. CAMBRIDGE STREET. AFTERNOON

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

CUT:

10. 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.

CUT:

11. EXT. CAMBRIDGE STREET. AFTERNOON

GLEN is walking along a Cambridge street looking for the number. He finds an apartment block with a glowing foyer and a porter's office. He enters.

CUT:

12. INT. GRIGG'S DOOR. AFTERNOON

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

GLEN rings the bell. 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:

13. INT. GRIGG'S APARTMENT. 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:

14. INT. GRIGG'S SITTING ROOM. 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.

14. 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!

14. 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!

14. 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?

14. 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!

14. 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

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.

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)

She leaves again.

14. Contd.

GRIGG

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.

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
on atomic warfare?

GRIGG

Way, sure. I'll be on and
off that damned Continent for
a montn or more.

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

LOUISE

Louise is going to feel lone-
some, all right.

14. Contd.

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)

14. 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.

14. Contd.

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:

15. 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

Am I so important?

15. Contd.

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 book is that?

GRIGG

'Afterwards'. 'Afterwards'. Know what I mean by Afterwards? It's now. It's hell! It's after Hiroshima. We're living in hell. And we've got to face the fact. Remember what Macbeth said - 'From this instant there's nothing serious in mortality! All is but toys. The wine of life is drawn!'

(raising his wine glass)

The human being is dead. That's my message, Glen. Print that if you like.

CUT:

16. 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.

GRIGG's voice comes over.

GRIGG (V.O.)

Since 1945 the human being's been dead. That's my message! Print that if you like!

CUT:

17. INT. PALERMO'S INNER OFFICE. MORNING

GLEN and PALERMO are sitting there. 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.

GLEN

(reading with astonishment)

It's the way it goes up, and, of course, the shape, said Louise Grigg, 46-year-

17. Contd.

GLEN (contd)
 old wife of American Professor Jefferson
 Grigg, one-time Hollywood gag-writer ...
 referring to the nuclear mushroom ... If
 that's not a symbol of something, she said,
 my name's not Lou...
 (to PALERMO)
 God, where did you get all that?

One of PALERMO's telephones rings. GLEN jumps.

PALERMO
 (snatching up the
 receiver)
 Yes?

MURIEL (VOICE OVER)
 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 -

17. Contd.

GRIGG (VOICE OVER)

What my wife thinks of you couldn't even be put down on paper! 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. 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?

FALERMO

(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!

FALERMO

I know! What's she like? Forty-six is just my dish. What d'you say?

(with a wink)

Has she got 'it'?

GLEN shrugs.

FALERMO (contd)

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

GLEN

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

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

GLEN (contd)

Do you know where I can find a room?

FALERMO

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?

17. 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?

PALERMO

Listen, Glen, I've got a job for you tonight,
but it's personal. I want you to take a girl
out. Keep her amused. But no monkey
business - you understand?

GLEN

Yes.

PALERMO

You see, I'll be tied up with the professor's
wife.

CUT:

18. 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 withdraw-
ing the phone a little
from his mouth)

Your name, please?

GLEN

(hesitating)

Glen.

PORTER

(holding out receiver
towards GLEN)

Miss Swiburne.

18. 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:

19. 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 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?

GLENN
John Falermo was very sorry - tied up.

19. Contd.

JEAN
(with a very
quick stare)

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:

20. 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:

21. 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.

21. 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 screws up her face as if he's said something unexpected, though 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!

21. 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 all mixed 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

(turning to face him fully, her face very close to his)

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.

GLEN

Is it your real name? De Lisle Swiburne?

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

Well, 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.

21. 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:

22. 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:

23. 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?

23. 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.

23. 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.

JEAN

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. I like comparing noses and hands, and that kind of thing.

GLEN

Yes?

JEAN

Eyes are hackneyed, and they move too much. I guess there's something moral about eyes. Know what I mean?

GLEN

I think so.

23. Contd.

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. 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:

24. 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.

24. 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.

24. Contd.

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

CUT:

25. INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. EVENING

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

CUT:

26. INT. HOTEL SUITE. EVENING

GLEN and JEAN are both seated when the WAITER comes in, almost
kicking the door open. GLEN takes the wine list from him.

GLEN
(to JEAN)
What wine do you like?

JEAN
(directing her float-
ing 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 hock? And salad with
boiled eggs please.

WAITER
(with a haunted
glance at JEAN)
Yes, I will do that.

JEAN
I'll get things ready.

The WAITER leaves.

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

26. Contd.

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. 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.

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.

26. Contd.

GLEN

What?

JEAN

The cakes. They're in there.
 (nodding towards
 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.

JEAN (contd)

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?

26. Contd.

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 (contd)

You see, I've never been good at anything. No, really, I mean it. 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. Hey, stop looking at my hands. I know they're awful.

GLEN

Why awful?

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?

26. Contd.

JEAN

Well, you're one of the pools.

GLEN

Oh ...

JEAN

That's why you're here. 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

(with a laugh)

Okay, have it your own way! 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 (contd)

When I look at that bed I get so excited I don't know how to hold myself. 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. Would you not look at me for a moment? Please.

26. Contd.

GLEN

(turning away)

I'm sorry. I didn't know I was.

JEAN

I just feel I can't do a thing without you pinning on to it. I just don't dare 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.

26. 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

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

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

JEAN (contd)

Okay, keep it that way.
(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!

26. Contd.

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

I'll try.

JEAN

That's good. Now talk. Go on.

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

Listen, you just mention cakes again that's all!

26. Contd.

GLEN

(with resignation)

Your face is thin, but your cheeks are fatter. Your hips are quite nice. I like your powerful shoulders, too.

(adding, half to himself)

Among other things.

JEAN

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

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. 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

(peeping again)

Your neck's nice and smooth.

JEAN

Cut out the 'nice'.

GLEN

But mostly hidden in a sweater.

26. Contd.

JEAN

I can't stand having my flesh looked at, that's why. 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

26. 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.

26. 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.

26. 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.

26. 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:

27. 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:

28. EXT. STREET. NIGHT

GLEN is walking in a Covent Garden sidestreet on his way back to PALERMO's office.

CUT:

29. EXT. STREET. NIGHT

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

CUT:

30. INT. STAIRCASE. NIGHT

GLEN walks up the stairs. He pushes open the office door. From his P.V. we see into the office, where

GRIGG (VOICE OVER)
Somewhere in a sealed room at the end of deep windowless corridors where great doors turn on wheels so thick that they resemble the wheels of steam engines, sitting alone in the midst of devised and noiseless iron and even looking 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 ...

30. Contd.

PALERMO and LOUISE
GRIGG are sitting on the
desk fondling each other.

LOUISE sees GLEN and shrieks. She quickly pulls blouse back over
her shoulders. GLEN backs out again apologetically and hurries down
the dark stairs.

CUT:

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

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

31. Contd.

GLEN

In prison, she said.

PALERMO

That's right. And she put him there.

GLEN

What for?

PALERMO

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 - you -!;
(with immense admiration, coming closer to GLEN)

You took her on your knee! - Jean de Lisle Swiburne! Do you realise that's never been done before? Listen, you and me are partners from now on. The first thing I'm going to do is install you upstairs. Come on! Come with me.

They leave the office. PALERMO talks as they go out on to the landing.

PALERMO (contd)

Anyway, you be careful she doesn't put you inside, too.

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.
(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.

PALERMO (contd)

(as they walk in)
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:

32. 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.

32. 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:

33. 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!

33. 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.

33. 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. 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 fifty quid, and that's more or less letting it go for the fun of it.

GLEN

I can't afford fifty.

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 thirty.

33. Contd.

GLEN
What about twenty?

SHOPKEEPER
(laughing silently)
I'll tell you what - give me twenty five,
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 thirty, 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 (contd)
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 (contd)
(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.
(looking at the drawer
with strange yearning
eyes, almost feminine)

33. Contd.

SHOPKEEPER (contd)

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.

CUT:

34. 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.

CUT:

35. 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.

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. That's why she took an overdose. Wouldn't you try and commit suicide if you loved a man like Palermo?

GLEN

She loves him?

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 hundred pounds every morning. I can see you've got the touch. Who's it from?

35. Contd.

GLEN

Louise 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.

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

35. Contd.

PALERMO (contd)

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 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

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.

35. Contd.

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:

36. EXT. CAMBRIDGE. NIGHT

A taxi is speeding along King's Parade, Cambridge.

CUT:

37. INT. THE TAXI. NIGHT

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

CUT:

38. 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:

39. 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. Its walls bulge with furs and expensive
overcoats.

LOUISE

(as GLEN takes
off his coat)

Just stroll into the lounge when

39. 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:

40. 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?

40. 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.

40. 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?

40. 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.

40. 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.

40. 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:

41. 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
(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. But try and publish
the details of this party and, oh boy.
(laughing and
sitting back so
suddenly that the
chair seems to
crack)

GRIGG stretches and yawns.

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.

41. Contd.

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

GLEN

How did they like the lectures over there?

GRIGG

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

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, eight to ten hours. That's C.N.S. - central nervous system syndrome. I gave a quickie on vaporation.

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 (contd)

(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. 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)

41. Contd.

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. 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? 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)

Come on.

GLEN gets up and takes his waistcoat off. He notices a Madonna set into the wall.

GRIGG (contd)

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.

GLEN

You Catholic?

GRIGG

I am. And You?

GLEN

(as GLEN hesitates
to say anything)

You don't seem sure about all the things you should be.

41. Contd.

GRIGG leaves with GLEN's waistcoat.

GRIGG

Park your arse again! I'll get more fuel!

GLEN dabs his brow. A C. U. of him 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 to the lavatory. GRIGG passes him on the way back with fresh drinks.

GRIGG

How does it go, Charles boy?

DORNELLING

Couldn't be better, Jeff.

GRIGG puts the drinks down on the table.

GLEN

Was that chap in his socks?

GRIGG

Could be. He's the guy who owns this apartment. Charlie Dornelling.

(pushing GLEN's drink across to him)

Here, pour this down, foul mouth.

GLEN

IS he English?

GRIGG

(after gulping down some liquid)

That's right. Defence.

(with a menacing look)

A damned good friend of mine too.

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?

41. Contd.

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)

Here's to hell!

GRIGG raises himself up slowly.

GRIGG

I guess I'd better put the heating up.

GLEN

Up? You mean down!

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.

41. Contd.

GLEN's face registers 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
Whose is it?

At this moment GRIGG comes from the bar with two new drinks.

GRIGG
Looks like my wife's.

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 (contd)
What's this for?

GRIGG
That's your number tag.

GLEN
I see.

GRIGG
You'll find your sack in the cloak-room.

GLEN
My sack?

41. Contd.

GRIGG

(sitting down heavily and
scowling sideways 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.

GLEN

You actually put the heating up?

GRIGG

(with a yawn)

I actually did. 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.

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)

Whata they for?

41. Contd.

GLEN (contd)
 (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.

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 shirt-
 sleeves, two-timer. Do you have to lie
 about everything?
 (making a leering
 smile and swaying
 perilously)

GLEN
 I gotta vest under my shirt!

41. Contd.

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.

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 cloakroom)

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.

41. 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:

42. 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.

42. 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 onehand, 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 behind.

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.

42. 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.

GRIGG (VOICE OVER)
I see human creatures as
naked . . . We're naked
because the world doesn't
want us any more . . . Old
grandad History is dead!

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.

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
she whirls round.

MYRA joins the DANCERS without a word, looking rather like a girl
in her nakedness. She sways about with her eyes closed.

CUT:

43. 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.

One tall MAN in the queue 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.

The man with the uptilted cigar (SHEPHERD) 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?

43. Contd.

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.

44. INT. CLOAKROOM. NIGHT

GLEN is putting his clothes in a sack. He starts when he feels a hand on his shoulder. It is LOUISE.

LOUISE

Come and sit down.
 (leading him away)
 Well, how do you like the party?

GLEN

Fine!

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)
 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 Swburne?! Do you
 know her?

LOUISE

Why, certainly.

GLEN

But she's mad.

44. 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 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 judgement 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. 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. 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.

44. 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.

CUT:

45. INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

The kitchen is empty save for GLEN and LOUISE.

They are both naked still.

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 starts falling asleep.

GLEN

(his eyes closed)

I'm not used to late nights.

LOUISE

(gently)

Did you want more - more money?
Four hundred?

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.

45. Contd.

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?

45. 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.

45. 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.

45. 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:

46. 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.

46. Contd.

GLEN gets up, shivering, hunched together and goes into the flat. The door begins to close.

CUT:

47. EXT. CAMBRIDGE STREET. DAWN

GLEN strolls out of GRIGG's apartment block, fully clothed now. He sniffs the air - feels good. Looks up at the sky. Looks all round him in the silence. No one about. He strolls off.

CUT:

48. EXT. ANOTHER STREET. DAWN

GLEN walking along as before towards the Backs.

CUT:

49. 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 silence. He stops, leans on the parapet, gazes down into the river. He looks up at King's College and goes on with his walk. We watch him from the bridge as he begins to walk along the towpath on the other side.

CUT:

50. EXT. THE BACKS. DAWN

GLEN strolls along the towpath, his shoes sounding on the gravel. He reaches a bench, sits down. He gazes across at the lawn and quadrangle of King's. He gazes up at the Chapel roof. We see it from his P.V. He yawns, stretches, turns up the collar of his coat.

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

Good morning.

GRIGG (VOICE OVER)
The Before still beckons us with its powerful centuries of habit. Surely the world is safe, it says! Isn't there the same cosy old furniture - the same murders in Manhattan, the same elevated train roaring over the Bronx, the quiet rain that stains the penthouse roofs at night, the lonely walk through Grand Central Station? And the country - isn't that still there? - Old Greenwich, Stanford, the dark hedges, as safe as unbombed houses? But the answer is No! Afterwards has taken over! Nature's all pooped out! One space-shot can turn summer into winter! Only hell's for real!

50. Contd.

COLLEGE PORTER

(as he cycles
away)

Bit nippy.

GLEN smiles. He looks across at King's again.

CUT:

51. 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

Get some sleep - upstairs. It's all ready for you.

GLEN

The furniture people came?

PALERMO

Oh yes. And there's a carpet down -- persian. You must have influence. By the way, I opened a bank account for you. Put three hundred quid in.

GLEN

What three hundred is that?

PALERMO

(with a lecherous
smile)

Why? Want me to take it back?

GLEN

(after thought)

No.

PALERMO

(still smiling)

The only thing is, I don't want you to think it's Louise's money.

GLEN

Well, thank you.

51. Contd.

PALERMO
(calling out)
Pat, give Glen his nice new cheque book.

CUT:

52. INT. STAIRCASE. MORNING

GLEN walking up the stairs to his new quarters. He reaches the first landing.

CUT:

53. 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 throws himself down on the bed. He is asleep at once, his new cheque book in his hand.

CUT:

54. INT. TAXI. MORNING

A taxi is travelling along the streets of Covent Garden, with GLEN and PALERMO inside.

PALERMO

In a day from now Jefferson Grigg will be eating out 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.

CUT:

55. EXT. CITY STREET. MORNING

The cab draws up, and GLEN and PALERMO get out. PALERMO almost stumbles.

GLEN

Are you all right?

PALERMO

(pointing to his heart)

Ticker. Have to be careful. She's taking it out of me, Glen!

(with a wink)

He leans on GLEN's arm for a moment, and pays off the taxi. They walk into a doorway where a small wooden sign juts from the wall: SELSEY ASSOCIATES.

55. Contd.

GLEN

Shouldn't I know what this is about?

PALERMO

Just don't talk, and you'll be all right.

They enter the SELSEY ASSOCIATES door.

CUT:

56. INT. SELSEY ASSOCIATES. MORNING

There is a desk and a RECEPTIONIST. She jumps up from her swivel seat.

RECEPTIONIST

(brightly)

He's with Lord 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:

57. 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!

57. 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 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 armchairs, and GLEN has to find himself a straight-backed chair from the wall.

SELSEY

Now, as you know, John, we mustn't lose money, John.

PALERMO

You're telling me!

SELSEY

We won't lose money. 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. I'll bring you together right away, tonight. What about that?

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

All right, Eh, Percy?

KLYDONHALL

I think so. And the professor?

57. Contd.

PALERMO
He'll be there.

CUT:

58. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE. MORNING

GLEN and PALERMO are walking along together.

PALERMO
That young chap's a millionaire!
There isn't a pie on either side of
the Atlantic he hasn't got a big fat
finger in. And my finger's in now,
by God.
(rubbing his hands
together)
I'll make people green with envy.
It'll eat through them, corrode their
insides. And you know what this is all
about?

GLEN
No?

PALERMO
Explosions.

CUT:

59. 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?

59. 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:

60. 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.

60. 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)

60. 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?

60. 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.

60. 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.

60. 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.

60. 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.

60. Contd.

JACK

On the host, too.

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. On vaporation,
when people and buildings just
melt in the heat. He's a scream.

JACK

He sounds it.

GLEN

There was some General or
other there. Anyway, Jeff said
he was a crumb.

JACK

That wouldn't be General Heeley,
would it?

GLEN

Yes. That's right. He called
him a chocolate soldier.

60. 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.

60. Contd.

JACK

The defence brain?

GLEN

That's right.

(enjoying it now)

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 when - 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 souffle. He puts it over my head - and I can tell you, if you haven't had that weight of iron on your brain-box, it hurts some. 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 reckon I was out there for a full ten minutes.

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 - they're Catholics -

JACK

Oh yes . . .

60. Contd.

GLEN

That's right. Anyway, he leads her over there and makes her swear that she's never had anything with me, which she does, 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.

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 BARMAN)
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 confidential 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)

60. 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.

60. 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. 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.

60. 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)

60. 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.

60. 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.

60. 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:

61. 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:

62. 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.

62. 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:

63. 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:

64. 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?

64. 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 yourself, 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.

64. 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:

65. 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:

66. 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 lamplight 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:

67. 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.

67. 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:

68. 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:

69. INT. NIGHT CLUB. NIGHT

GRIGG, SELSEY, KLYDONHALL and DORNELLING are still talking.

DORNELLING

(in a seventh
heaven of satis-
fied 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?

69. Contd.

MURIEL
Money. Why do you?

They walk off the floor.

CUT:

70. 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:

71. 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:

72. 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:

73. 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:

74. 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:

75. INT. GLEN'S ATTIC ROOM. MORNING

An envelope is leaning against the bedside 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 at 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:

76. 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.

76. 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. You see, they have to develop those kind of weapons because they don't know how to use their own. But is that any worse than what you do?

76. 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:

77. 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 at: THE NAKED TRUTH AT PROFESSOR'S PARTY.

CUT:

78. 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

78. Contd.

GLEN (contd)
heard some naked truths last
night ...

GLEN's voice trails on over the next scene.

CUT:

79. 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 ... The
great number of guests last night
presented in the Professor's language
a problem of identification, and it was
groovey to issue them with number tags
for their clothes. The central heating
was at the proverbial American boiling
point? At the end, close on dawn, I felt
like a man with his head in a saucepan,
being boiled.

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 Reception. Good morning.
I believe we know each other. I'd like
you to do something for me. Give Mr.
Palermo a call, and tell him I'd like to have
Glen

(almost giving way
to his feelings)

for tea today - here at this hotel. Thank
you.

He crashes the telephone down.

CUT:

80. INT. PALERMO'S OFFICE. MORNING

GLEN and PALERMO are still sitting there, GLEN has just finished
reading the article.

PALERMO

How much did Jack Ryan give you?

GLEN

Fifty.

80. Contd.

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:

81. INT. HOTEL 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 -

81. Contd.

GRIGG

(harshly)

Okay! Let's cut out the phoney stuff! In fact, I nearly burnt this hotel down, but it made me give Palermo my personal account right away, without even talking it over. Did he explain the work?

GLEN

No.

GRIGG

(infuriated)

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 looking like a Roman empress when the old man's been away at the wars - knocked to hell. She rattled when she sat down. 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 news-

81. Contd.

GRIGG (contd)

paper 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 (contd)

By God, I needed that!
(to the WAITER,
holding his glass up
for soda)

Come on.

The WAITER, who seems used to him, spurts soda into the whisky, and then deposits the siphon on the table. He leaves.

GRIGG (contd)

Know what she wants - Louise?

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. Glen, she needs it so bad it's like a pain, and I love her so much I want to spare her the pain. 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.

GLEN

All night?

GRIGG

I've promised to keep you out of your bed till dawn, and I'm a man who keeps promises.

81. Contd.

GLEN
Till dawn! Listen -

CUT:

82. 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:

83. 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:

84. INT. HOTEL LOUNGE. EVENING

GLEN and GRIGG are sitting with champagne before them.

GRIGG

You don't need to sleep! Nature's
a name for playing it lazy! I'd like
some of these Nature bugs to tell me
exactly what Old Lady Nature is!

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!
(realising another
rusty guffaw, ducking
his head and shaking it
with enjoyment)

GRIGG relaxes again, gazing into the distance. He looks at GLEN in a soft way.

GRIGG (contd)

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

84. Contd.

GRIGG (contd)

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. Pick yourself out of Nature's chair. There's a long night ahead!

He pulls GLEN up with affectionate vigour and clutches his arm. They march out of the lounge.

CUT:

85. 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:

86. 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. We kill ourselves every day, like the Mouse here, eh, Honey? How you making out today, Muriel?

MURIEL

Okay.

They sit looking glumly before them.

CUT:

87. INT. GLEN'S ROOM. NIGHT

We come down to more love-making, between LOUISE and PALERMO, less soft than before.

CUT:

88. INT. NIGHT CLUB. NIGHT

The same table with GRIGG, MURIEL and GLEN. GRIGG is quite drunk now.

88. Contd.

There are many more people than before. The dance floor is full.
There is a great noise round them.

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. 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:

89. INT. GLEN'S ATTIC. NIGHT

PALERMO and LOUISE are lying together, naked, asleep, she on top
of him.

CUT:

90. 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 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 upwards glances
as he bends to adjust it with pride.

GRIGG

(unbending)

Well? How do you like it? That's the
egg your 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.

90. 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:

91. EXT. COVENT GARDEN STREET. DAWN

GLEN walking along a deserted street huddled against the chill air,
gazing down at the pavement.

CUT:

92. EXT. ANOTHER STREET. DAWN

GLEN enters the doorway of PALERMO's office and walks up the
stairs.

CUT:

93. 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.

93. 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:

94. 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:

95. EXT. COVENT GARDEN STREET. DAWN

MURIEL is walking along slowly, dishevelled, tears pouring down her face, biting her lip.

CUT:

96. 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.

96. 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.

MURIEL (contd)

He was never nice to me. I've
 given up trying to reason things out.

GLEN

And you let him send you off to other
 men?

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

You thought you'd find a better
 life over here?

96. Contd.

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.

(slumping into a
chair)

He's right.

GLEN

Oh. Hell's inside. So is heaven.

He begins dialling.
