

**"JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN tv SERIES"**

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**"SOMEWHERE IN A CROWD"**

**A film for television**

**Story and Screenplay**

**by**

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## PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

WILLIAM SEARLE is a handsome enough, if somewhat worn looking, man in his middle thirties. His suits are expensive but there is something about him, which has nothing to do with his tailor, but which gives him an air of being frayed about the edges. He is Wessex TV's leading commentator and interviewer.

RUTH SEARLE is around twenty-eight. Attractive and intelligent, she still loves her husband. She has been through a lot with him though and her frayed nerve ends are beginning to show just a little. Another six months without things getting better and she might well leave him. But not yet. As things turn out, she doesn't have to.

MARIELLE is Marielle. A beautiful, universal, man-made dream. Marielle is the girl you win by using the right aftershave, the non-greasy hairdressing, the "get away" petrol. She's the woman who always gives her guests after dinner chocolate mints and the swinging teenager with a bottle of coke and that well known ring of confidence. She is childlike innocence; she is an amoral alley cat. Marielle is like something out of this world.

ALAN RHODES is Head of WFV's News and Documentary Department. A short, thickset, friendly-looking man. He drinks too much and he doesn't get enough exercise now that he's tied to a desk. Result, a blossoming paunch. He is only a year younger than Searle. Rhodes and Searle have been friends since the days when they both worked on the same national newspaper. It was Rhodes who got Searle his job with WFV. Had things not gone wrong for Searle, Rhodes would almost certainly have been working for him.

THEY are you and me and the people next door. They don't have fangs, they don't drink blood, neither do they rise from their graves at midnight. You meet them in shops, offices, cinemas, theatres, on the train and in the street. Their very ordinariness is what makes them horrifying.

**"SOMEWHERE IN A CROWD"**

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**PROLOGUE**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. A SHIPYARD. DAY (STOCK)**

A ship of considerable tonnage stands in a slipway. STOCK FOOTAGE establishes activity around the vessel prior to her being launched; the launching platform from where the ceremony will be performed; crowds of shipyard workers and spectators. Flags are flying and a band is playing to entertain the crowd while they wait. It is obviously an important occasion.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE SHIPYARD. DAY**

A television Outside Broadcast unit is parked in a corner. It is made up of a large OB Mobile Scanner and two smaller tenders. The door to the control suite of the Scanner is open and from the vehicle runs a maze of power and camera cables.

CAMERA CLOSES IN on the Scanner vehicle to show

"NESSEX TELEVISION" and the TV Company's symbol painted on its side.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. O.B. SCANNER. DAY**

**MEDIUM. NEWBY, PRODUCTION ASSISTANT, SEARLE**

The interior of the Scanner is cramped and packed with electronic equipment. MAX NEWBY, the Producer, a middle-aged man with glasses, is in his seat at the control panel. His cardigan is unbuttoned and his tie pulled down from an open shirt collar. NEWBY's attention is on the six camera monitor screens and the Transmission and Line Monitor

screens set into the wall opposite him. At his side sits his PRODUCTION ASSISTANT, a pretty, eager-to-please girl of around twenty.

Standing just behind NEWBY is WILLIAM SEARLE.

At this moment SEARLE is bored. He is always bored by the lengthy process of the final lining up of cameras prior to going on the air. He is smoking a cigarette.

NEWBY

(into the microphone in  
front of him)

OK, One, give me a full pan will  
you, Frank?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SHIPYARD. DAY

CAMERA has TV CAMERAMAN and TV camera mounted on a hydraulic tower in LOW ANGLE SHOT against the sky. THE CAMERAMAN slowly begins to pan his camera as instructed over his headphones.

CUT TO;

INT. O.B. SCANNER. DAY

BIG C.U. MONITOR 1

On the screen, HIGH ANGLE PANNING shot along the vessel in the slipway.

NEWBY, PRODUCTION ASSISTANT, SEARLE watching monitors.

C.U. NEWBY

NEWBY

Fine, Frank. When she starts to  
slide hold her all the way down  
like that.

MEDIUM. NEWBY, PRODUCTION ASSISTANT, SEARLE

SEARLE

How long have we got?

The PRODUCTION ASSISTANT looks up at the clock above the monitor screens.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT  
Twenty-nine minutes, thirty-two.

NEWBY  
(his attention still on  
the screen)  
Better get out there, Bill.

SEARLE  
OK.

ANOTHER ANGLE

NEWBY  
(pressing another switch  
and into microphone)  
Sound! Bill Searle's going up  
to the commentary box now. He'll  
give you a level in five minutes.

VOICE FROM LOUDSPEAKER  
Right, Max.

NEWBY  
(into microphone)  
Three, four, five and six. See  
if you can pick up a few  
interesting faces in the crowd.  
I want to cut in some good reaction  
stuff as she goes down the slipway.

C.U. MONITORS 3, 4, 5 and 6

On the screens the television cameras ZOOM IN on the spectators and PAN across them. First one, then another camera holds on individuals or groups of people in the crowd.

MEDIUM. SEARLE

There is a look of horror and fear on his face.

C.U. MONITOR 3

Predominant on this screen is an ELDERLY MAN with a military bearing and fastidiously trimmed grey moustache. He is undoubtedly an ex-army officer and now, dressed as he is in a sober suit, regimental tie and bowler hat, probably a

businessman. He is not at all pleased at being jostled by those around him and, as we watch, glares angrily at someone on his left and says something which we cannot hear.

BIG C.U. SEARLE

SEARLE gazes as though hypnotised at the screen. A film of perspiration has broken out on his forehead.

SEARLE

(almost in a whisper)

Oh, no!

C.U. MONITOR 4

In the centre of a group of spectators, a NEGRO of about thirty, in a brightly patterned open-necked shirt, is peeling an orange. He looks around for somewhere to dispose of the peel. Finding nowhere, he lets it fall to the ground.

C.U. MONITOR 5

A YOUNG COUPLE are edging their way through to get a better vantage point. She is around twenty-five and attractive. He is only a year or so older than his wife.

THE MAN is holding the hand of a LITTLE GIRL who is probably not more than seven or eight; like her father she is a redhead and she is enjoying an ice lolly on a stick.

THE MAN picks the LITTLE GIRL up and swings her onto his shoulders so that she will be able to see more of what is going on.

BIG C.U. SEARLE

SEARLE

(louder this time)

Oh, no! No! Not again!

NEWBY

(offscreen)

What's up, Bill?

C.U. MONITOR 6

On the left of the screen is a MOTHERLY LOOKING WOMAN in her sixties with white hair and wearing a gay, print dress.

She is looking about her with great interest, obviously intent on enjoying her day out.

Beside her is a TEENAGE BOY of around sixteen or seventeen. He has a leather motorcycle jacket slung over one shoulder and a crash helmet with two large eyes painted on it under his arm. He is trying to light a cigarette with some difficulty.

MEDIUM. SEARLE, NEWBY, PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

SEARLE is on the verge of total panic. He leans forward as if to confirm his fears, his eyes rivetted on the screens.

SEARLE

(urgently to NEWBY)

We've got to stop the launching!

NEWBY

We've got to what? What are you talking about?

SEARLE

(shouting, his control gone)

We've got to stop the launching.

NEWBY

Is this some kind of a joke?

TWO SHOT. SEARLE, NEWBY

SEARLE grabs NEWBY by his arms and almost lifts him out of his seat. He is desperate now.

SEARLE

Do I look as if I'm joking? Get on that telephone; call someone, quick.

NEWBY tries to prise himself free but SEARLE has him in a savage grip.

NEWBY

I can't do that. You know I can't.

SEARLE, realising that he is not getting through, lets NEWBY go so that he falls back into his seat.

MEDIUM. SEARLE, NEWBY, PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

SEARLE looks around him like a trapped animal seeking a way of escape.

SEARLE

Must do something. Must stop it happening.

He turns to leave the control suite but NEWBY catches him by the sleeve and checks him.

NEWBY

Bill! For Heaven's sake. What's the matter with you?

SEARLE

(breaking free from NEWBY)

You don't understand. They're here; in the crowd. They're here!

SEARLE blunders his way out of the control suite.

C.U. MONITOR SCREENS

CAMERA ZOOMS IN on them

BIG C.U. MONITOR SCREENS 3, 4, 5 and 6

THE ELDERLY MAN, THE NEGRO, THE YOUNG COUPLE and THE LITTLE GIRL, THE MOTHERLY LOOKING WOMAN, and THE TEENAGE BOY are still in their places - waiting.

FADE OUT:

END OF PROLOGUE.



## ACT ONE

INT. ALAN RHODES' OFFICE. DAY

MEDIUM. RHODES, SEARLE

The office is tastefully furnished and unpretentious. It has been designed for comfort rather than to impress. There are framed photographs on the walls of some of the more important people and events covered by Wessex TV.

ALAN RHODES is at a cabinet set in the wall by his desk. He is pouring whiskey into a glass.

RHODES  
(looking across at SEARLE)  
Drink?

ANOTHER ANGLE

SEARLE turns from the window.

SEARLE  
(shaking his head)  
You don't think I'm drunk already then?

RHODES  
You're not drunk.

SEARLE  
Crazy then?

RHODES knows that this is going to be a very difficult interview. He is going to try to make it as easy as he can on SEARLE but authority and friendship is a tricky blend. He sits on a corner of his desk, drink in hand.

RHODES  
Bill, I'm just trying to find out what happened.

SEARLE  
(bitterly)  
They must have told you.

He crosses to the desk and violently stubs out his cigarette in an ashtray.

TWO SHOT. RHODES, SEARLE

RHODES

Max rang me, yes. News and Documentaries is my department, remember?

RHODES sips his drink.

C.U. SEARLE

SEARLE

Did he tell you I tried to stop them going ahead with the launching? That I shouted at one of the directors of the shipyard?

RHODES

(off screen)

He told me. But why, Bill?

SEARLE

Because they are there, that's why.

SEARLE hesitates momentarily, then decides. He must make one final effort.

SEARLE

( with a glance at his watch)  
Look, there's still seven or eight minutes to go. You could stop it. They'd listen to you.

RHODES from SEARLE'S P.O.V.

RHODES

I doubt that. But even if they did, what reason would I give?

TWO SHOT. RHODES, SEARLE

SEARLE

Tell them something's going to happen.

RHODES

To the ship?

SEARLE

Maybe to the ship. To something or someone. Anyway people stand to get hurt, killed even.

RHODES  
How do you know?

SEARLE  
I've told you already. They are  
there. I saw them. That's  
enough.

SEARLE turns away.

CLOSE. RHODES

RHODES  
(setting his glass down on  
the desk)  
Not for me, it isn't, Bill. Who  
are these people you keep going  
on about?

MEDIUM. RHODES, SEARLE

SEARLE  
(groping)  
People... just people.

RHODES  
(helpfully)  
People you recognise? People  
you know to be troublemakers;  
possible saboteurs. Is that it?

SEARLE  
Yes... No! (despairingly) You  
just don't understand.

SEARLE crosses to the window again and stands there looking  
out, his back to RHODES.

RHODES gets up off the desk, goes behind it and sits down  
in his chair.

RHODES  
I'm trying to.

SEARLE turns from the window.

CLOSE. SEARLE

SEARLE

Those people I saw out there today. It's not the first time. Last year at that mine disaster. Remember? And in Italy, when there was that crash on the Grand Prix circuit and three drivers and forty spectators were killed. And less than three months ago not fifty miles from here, when that big department store was burned down. Each time those same people were there. Among the crowd; watching. And I saw them again today at the shipyard.

MEDIUM. RHODES, SEARLE

RHODES

How can you be sure they were the same people each time?

SEARLE

I'm sure. Hell, its my job to spot things like that.

RHODES

Coincidence then?

SEARLE moves to face RHODES across the desk.

TWO SHOT. RHODES, SEARLE

SEARLE

Coincidence! Once perhaps. But four times? Wales, Italy, Letchminster and now here. Aw c'mon, Alan.

RHODES

What's your theory, then?

SEARLE hesitates. But he realises he has gone too far to draw back now.

SEARLE

I wasn't sure at first, but now... (he pauses) I think they were there because they knew something was going to happen.

RHODES

You mean they organized these accidents? Were responsible for them in some way?

CLOSE. SEARLE

SEARLE

(angry that he is not getting through)

No, I don't mean anything like that. There was nothing suspicious about any of those accidents. Its worse than that. What I'm saying is that somehow these watchers knew in advance that they were going to happen. And they were there to witness them. Just like they know that something is going to happen at that shipyard today. Now do you see?

MEDIUM. RHODES, SEARLE

RHODES

You've never said anything about this before.

SEARLE

Only to Ruth. I wasn't certain. But I am now.

This is proving even trickier than RHODES had imagined. He slowly puts out a hand and takes a cigarette from a box on the desk. Thoughtfully he picks up a table lighter, flicks it, and lights his cigarette. He studies the lighter, rolling it round in his fingers.

RHODES

How long since you had a good holiday, Bill?

SEARLE

(with a sigh of resignation)  
That just had to be your reaction. And you won't phone the shipyard, will you?

RHODES

You've put in a hell of a lot of hours these past months. Nobody can be expected to keep that kind of pace up. Not in this game.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

SEARLE

So, I'm having another breakdown,  
am I?

RHODES

I didn't say that.

SEARLE

No. You didn't say it. (he  
pauses) You won't phone?

RHODES

No.

SEARLE draws deeply on his cigarette and then exhales.  
His hand is shaking. He has been studying his friend closely.

SEARLE

(with a shrug)

Well, that's that then. What  
happens now?

RHODES

What happens now is you go back  
to London and get some rest.  
I'll be in touch.

As far as RHODES is concerned the interview is over. He  
has played it cool and easy seeing this as the only way he  
could play it. Attentive but businesslike to hide his real  
concern for a friend.

SEARLE waits only for a second or two and then, seeing he  
has been dismissed, makes slowly for the door.

CAMERA PANS with him

At the door SEARLE hesitates but does not turn.

CLOSE. SEARLE

SEARLE

Who've you sent to cover for me  
at the luanching?

CLOSE. RHODES

RHODES is making a pretence of studying some papers on his  
desk. He does not look up.

RHODES

Young Farrow. I know he's still a bit green, but promising. Could make it in a big way if he doesn't push too hard.

CLOSE. SEARLE

SEARLE

Well, one thing's for sure. He's got a ringside seat at a tragedy today. (he puts his hand on the doorknob) That can't be bad for his career.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE HALLWAY OF SEARLE'S LONDON APARTMENT. DAY

MEDIUM L.S. THE FRONT DOOR

SEARLE lets himself into the apartment. He closes the door behind him and throws his car keys onto the hall table.

CAMERA TRACKS BACK as

He walks slowly down the hall.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF SEARLE'S APARTMENT. DAY

The living room is alive with muted colours. WILLIAM and RUTH SEARLE are lighthearted and non-specialist collectors of antiques. Not the Christies variety but of the kind you can pick up, after haggling over the price, in the open air markets as yet undiscovered by tourists and the junk shops of Romford and Edgware. The choice was nearly always made together; SEARLE did the haggling, RUTH, for the most part, the renovation. The results make the living room and the whole apartment look like a comfortable, lived in home put together with thought, care and affection. Two of the living room walls are lined with books.

MEDIUM L.S. RUTH

RUTH SEARLE is at the large bay window, half-way up a pair of folding steps, dressing the curtains which she has just hung. She is wearing a jacket and skirt of denim type material and glasses with shaped and coloured rims.

REVERSE SHOT M.L.S. FROM WINDOW P.O.V.

Behind RUTH we see WILLIAM SEARLE come into the living room through the opening which leads into the hall.

She is aware of his presence but does not turn immediately. A worried frown creases her forehead and she nervously bites her lower lip. It is as if she is steeling herself for something unpleasant but inevitable.

After a moment she removes her glasses and turns to him.

RUTH  
(with exaggerated surprise)  
Hi, darling.

RUTH FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

She climbs down the steps and, slipping her glasses into her jacket pocket, comes to him.

TWO SHOT. RUTH, SEARLE

RUTH  
(contd.)  
You're early. That's nice. (she kisses him on the cheek) Look, the new curtains. Do you like them?

SEARLE  
(flatly and searching her face for a sign)  
They're fine.

RUTH  
(gayly nervous)  
How has it been today? (she doesn't let him reply but flows on)  
It's been a real bitch for me. Don't know why, haven't done much. But I'm flaked, really flaked. Perhaps its the weather or something.

RUTH turns and moves out of shot toward window.

SEARLE is studying her intently.

MEDIUM L.S. FROM WINDOW P.O.V. RUTH, SEARLE IN BACKGROUND

RUTH folds the steps. Her back is to SEARLE.



RUTH  
(contd.)

Anyway whatever it is, I just couldn't face that party tonight. I rang the Masons and cried off for us. We can have an early night. You don't mind, do you darling? You didn't really want to go, did you?

SEARLE  
You've heard.

RUTH winces. This is it.

RUTH  
(quietly and without turning)  
Alan phoned.

SEARLE  
(sourly)  
Great. He didn't lose any time informing the next-of-kin, did he?

RUTH  
He's concerned.

SEARLE  
Kind of him.

CLOSE. RUTH

She leans the step ladder against the wall.

RUTH  
He's a friend, Bill. A good friend.

MEDIUM. SEARLE

CAMERA PANS with him as he crosses to a trolley on which there are bottles and glasses.

SEARLE picks up a bottle of whiskey. He is going to open it but hesitates and then puts it down again on the trolley.

MEDIUM. SEARLE, RUTH

RUTH comes up to SEARLE and stands just behind him.

RUTH  
Was it like the other times?

SEARLE  
Just like the other times.  
Those same faces.

SEARLE picks up the whiskey bottle again and this time starts to unscrew the cap.

SEARLE  
(contd.)  
And I'm not imagining things.  
They're real.

RUTH puts her hand on his arm to check him.

RUTH  
No, Bill, please. Not that.  
We've done that bit, haven't we?  
It didn't help then and it won't  
now.

SEARLE  
(a sudden outburst)  
Oh, for pity's sake! I was  
going to have one drink.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Angrily he slams the bottle back onto the trolley.

RUTH  
(gently)  
Hey!

She turns him to face her.

TWO SHOT. SEARLE, RUTH

RUTH  
(contd.)  
It's me you're shouting at. That  
woman who's in love with you.  
(she smiles).

SEARLE  
(calmed)  
Still?

SEARLE takes RUTH in his arms.

RUTH  
Still.

SEARLE

It hasn't always been good.  
You've had some hard-to-take  
moments. Looks like there could  
be some more.

RUTH

(to banish any doubts)

Still!

They kiss. When they break SEARLE holds RUTH a little away  
from him and looks into her eyes.

SEARLE

(desperately wanting confirmation)  
You believe me, don't you, Ruth?

RUTH could lie. It would be easy, but it wouldn't help.  
Evasive directness; that's the right tactic and keep it casual.

RUTH

I... (she turns away out of his  
arms) I think you're tired. I  
think you need a rest.

MEDIUM. SEARLE, RUTH

RUTH moves to the settee and needlessly plumps and rearranges  
the cushions on it.

SEARLE

(cuttingly)

Well that answers my question.  
The gospel according to Alan  
Rhodes. Thanks.

RUTH

(deflecting the knife and  
keeping it brisk)

All that travelling back and forth  
to the studios. That's enough on  
its own to wear anyone down. And  
you work all hours. (almost a  
throwaway) Alan told me that he  
could probably swing a job for  
you up here in London. At Head  
Office. If you're interested.

SEARLE

Behind a desk?

RUTH

(keeping up the casual note)  
I don't know. Perhaps. Something  
in administration.

ANOTHER ANGLE

SEARLE

(adamantly)

Well you can both forget that.

RUTH

(turning to him)

Oh, Bill! Why?

SEARLE

Because I'm a television reporter.  
Its the job I do best. Its the  
one I like. That's why.

RUTH

(pleading now)

Then go and see a doctor. Have  
a check up.

SEARLE

There's nothing wrong with me.

RUTH

OK, there's nothing wrong with  
you. So you waste an hour.  
Better that than... well things  
can happen. (suddenly direct)  
Oh, what's the point of playing  
games, Bill? It has happened  
before, hasn't it?

SEARLE

(hurt but covering it with  
cold anger)

Once; just once in my life I had  
a breakdown. I got over it. But  
for certain sure no-one's going  
to let me forget it, are they?  
Not even my wife. (he turns away  
from her impatiently)

RUTH puts out a hand to him. She has hurt him. She wants desperately to reach him, to help. But she doubts her ability to do it at this moment. Her hand falls to her side. She turns and slowly walks out of the room.

CAMERA TRACKS with her.

In the hall RUTH momentarily gives way to the fears that have been building up inside her. She leans back against the wall, a hand up over her mouth.

C.U. RUTH

She wants to cry, to run. She might do either but the moment of tension is broken by the sound of something being pushed through the letterbox. She turns her head to see

CLOSE. THE FRONT DOOR

A copy of the "EVENING STANDARD" is lying on the floor.

MEDIUM. RUTH, HALLWAY

With some effort RUTH pulls herself together. She walks down the hall and stoops to pick up the paper, automatically glancing at the headline as she does so.

BIG C.U. RUTH

She reacts

BIG C.U. "EVENING STANDARD" FROM RUTH'S P.O.V.

Headline reads

"TRAGEDY AT LAUNCHING  
EIGHT DEAD, THIRTY INJURED"

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE KITCHEN OF SEARLE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

C.U. AN ELECTRIC COFFEE PERCOLATOR 'PERKING'

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show

RUTH setting coffee cups and saucers onto a tray on which there is already a plate of petits fours.

ALAN RHODES comes through the swing door.

CLOSE. RHODES

He stands propping the swing door open. In the living room behind him we have a glimpse of SEARLE, drink in hand, talking and laughing with BETTY RHODES. She is an attractive brunette in her middle to late twenties.

RHODES

Want any help?

He steps into the kitchen and the door swings shut behind him.

RUTH

Thanks Alan, but its nearly ready.

RHODES

That was a really great meal.  
You're not only beautiful but  
talented.

There is a muted burst of laughter from SEARLE in the living room.

RHODES

(with an indication of his head)  
Bill's in good form tonight.

RUTH

(happy)

Yes, isn't he.

RHODES

He's working well too. Turning  
in some fine stuff.

RUTH

Oh, Alan, this evening's really  
clinched it for me. He's all  
right again.

RHODES

Well its six weeks since that  
business at the launching. He's  
had time to shake it off. Put  
it behind him.

TWO SHOT. RUTH, RHODES

RUTH unplugs the percolator and pours the coffee from it  
into a coffee pot.

RUTH

How do you explain that, Alan?  
His knowing that something was  
going to happen that day?

RHODES

Who knows? E.S.P.? A trick of  
the mind? Something like that.

RUTH

And the faces? The people in  
the crowd.

RHODES

All part of it. They never  
existed. He hasn't mentioned  
them since, has he?

RUTH

No.

SEARLE comes into the kitchen.

MEDIUM. SEARLE, RHODES, RUTH

SEARLE moves between RHODES and RUTH

SEARLE

(stealing a petit four from  
the plate)

Don't hurry you two. Give me  
five more minutes; I'm seducing  
Betty.

RHODES

Be my guest. I might tell you  
that I'm not doing too badly  
with your wife.

ANOTHER ANGLE

RUTH picks up the tray with the coffee things on it and  
moves to the door.

RUTH

I hate to disappoint you boys but  
nobody's seducing nobody. Not  
right now anyway. Coffee's up.

She backs out of the swing door.

RHODES leads SEARLE out after her.

RHODES  
(at the door)  
Ah well, tomorrow is another day.

SEARLE  
For you maybe. I'm working.

CUT TO:

EXT. JET AIRLINER TAKING OFF. DAY (STOCK)

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON AIRPORT. DAY (STOCK)

General Establishing shots

CUT TO:

EXT. FOOT OF COVERED PASSENGER FOOTBRIDGE. DAY

CAMERA starts on NEWS FILM CAMERAMAN from Wessex TV. He is fiftyish, dressed in slacks, polo neck sweater and cotton golfing style jacket. He is carrying a 16mm Arriflex camera with the power pack slung over his shoulder.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as SEARLE comes down the ramp to join him.

MEDIUM. SEARLE, CAMERAMAN

CAMERAMAN  
(betraying a slight  
Cockney accent)  
Everything OK?

SEARLE  
In the interview room fine. But you can relax. They've just told me that all incoming aircraft are being held up. There'll be some delay before his plane lands.

CAMERAMAN  
That won't please the Right Honourable gentleman. Make him late for the Cabinet meeting.



SEARLE

We're only going to use him in a six minute spot. He's said it all before anyway.

There is a sudden and urgent clamour of two-tone sirens.

TWO SHOT. SEARLE, CAMERAMAN

CAMERAMAN

(interested and alert)

Oi, oi. Something's up. There go the fire tenders.

They both look over to their left.

EXT. LONDON AIRPORT. DAY (STOCK)

Fire tenders race out across the dispersal area, lights flashing and sirens blaring.

MEDIUM. SEARLE, CAMERAMAN

They turn their heads to follow the passage of the tenders.

SEARLE

Plane in trouble.

CAMERAMAN

But where? I can't see nothing.

SEARLE

(looking up and to his right)

Yes, look, there. There it is.

EXT. JET AIRLINER IN DIFFICULTY. LOW. DAY (STOCK)

MEDIUM. SEARLE, CAMERAMAN

SEARLE

She's coming in too fast. She'll never make it.

The CAMERAMAN has his Arriflex up and is focussing on the distressed plane.

EXT. JET AIRLINER CRASHING AND BURSTING INTO FLAMES. DAY  
(STOCK)

MEDIUM. SEARLE, CAMERAMAN

There are sounds of confusion. A distant shouting of instructions; a hubbub of noise.

SEARLE  
(calmly professional)  
Get what you can. I'll check on  
the flight number and get all  
the details I can.

The CAMERAMAN nods and runs forward out of shot. SEARLE turns to make for the Main Building but something holds him back.

C.U. SEARLE

A look of apprehension, of foreboding comes onto SEARLE's face. As if compelled to but, at the same time, trying to resist the compulsion, he looks up. What he sees hits him like a sudden slap in the face.

EXT. A SECTION OF THE PUBLIC OBSERVATION TERRACE FROM  
SEARLE'S P.O.V. DAY

THEY are there; strung out like migratory birds on telephone wire.

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS along them

THE ELDERLY MAN, in sports jacket and tweed cap, stands appalled;

THE NEGRO, dressed in neat city suit and Homburg - he could be a foreign diplomat - looks up from the telescope he has been using. He returns to it, adjusting the focus;

THE YOUNG COUPLE and THE LITTLE GIRL are cradled together in fear;

THE MOTHERLY LOOKING WOMAN has her hands up over her ears; her eyes tight shut;

THE TEENAGE BOY, in airline ground steward's uniform, grips the rail in shock and leans forward intent;

THE CAMERA CONTINUES PANNING AND STOPS ON

A strikingly beautiful girl, standing a little apart from the others. She is crying. This is MARIELLE.

As a gust of black smoke from the burning aircraft drifts across her face

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. HUGH BAILLIE'S CONSULTING ROOM. DAY

CAMERA STARTS ON

HUGH BAILLIE. He is a leading psychiatrist and consultant to St. Benedict's Hospital. A tall, spare man of 55; the antithesis of the popular image of a Harley Street specialist. He could easily be taken for a G.P. with a country practice. His hair is gray and his ten year old tweed suit, with leather patches and binding at jacket elbows and cuffs, is clearly treasured.

BAILLIE is at his desk, an open dossier in front of him.

BAILLIE

Of course the people exist, Mr. Searle. (he pauses) The question is do they exist in reality or only in your mind?

MEDIUM. BAILLIE, SEARLE

SEARLE is sitting on the other side of the desk. He did not want to come to see BAILLIE. But now he is here he will co-operate, if only to please RUTH. And after the airport even he is no longer sure.

SEARLE

Am I sane? That's what you're really saying, isn't it?

BAILLIE

(smiling)

Sane! I've been a psychiatrist for nearly twenty years and I wish I knew what that word meant. (looking through the file of papers in front of him and quoting) "William Charles Searle, born Toronto, Canada". (he looks up) How long have you been in this country?

SEARLE

Going on six years.

BAILLIE

(returning to the file)  
I see from your medical records  
that you were involved in that  
train smash two years ago.

SEARLE

Yes. I was on the local train  
that was hit by the express.

BAILLIE

(reading from file)  
"Treated for shock and minor cuts  
and abrasions". (he looks up)  
You were lucky, Mr. Searle.

SEARLE

A hundred and twenty-three dead;  
over three hundred seriously  
injured! Yes, I was lucky.

BAILLIE

It was a dreadful business.  
Happened in thick fog as I remember.  
And it was after that that you  
started drinking heavily?

SEARLE

(indicating the file)  
Is that in there too?

BAILLIE

He is a thorough man, your doctor.  
Three months later you had a  
nervous breakdown.

SEARLE

Yes, sort of.

BAILLIE

And when do you first remember  
seeing these watchers of yours?

SEARLE

About a month before my illness.  
At a mine disaster in South Wales.

BAILLIE

And since then you've seen these  
same people again; four times.  
Each time at the scene of an  
accident.

SEARLE

Yes.

BAILLIE gets up from his chair, picks up a cigarette box and, coming round to the front of the desk, offers it to SEARLE.

SEARLE

(taking a cigarette)

Thanks.

BAILLIE

(lighting it for him)

Tell me some more about the train smash, Mr. Searle.

TWO SHOT. BAILLIE, SEARLE

SEARLE

I can't. I remember very little about it. Perhaps its just as well.

BAILLIE

Your conscious mind obviously thinks so. But the memory's still there; locked away in your subconscious. It might be helpful if we got it out and had a look at it.

SEARLE

I'm afraid I don't have the key.

BAILLIE

But I do. Narcosynthesis.

C.U. BAILLIE

BAILLIE

(contd. reassuringly)  
Its quite simple. Just an injection of sodium pentothal.

CAMERA HOLDS on BAILLIE

He has finished speaking but we hear his voice over the end of this scene and beginning of next. His face becomes blurred and out of focus.

BAILLIE  
 (his voice growing fainter  
 and fainter and finally  
 taking on an echo)  
 Pentothal... pentothal...  
 pentothal....

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAILLIE'S CONSULTING ROOM. DAY

BAILLIE'S VOICE  
 (fading away)  
 'thal... 'thal...

The curtains are drawn. The only light in the room comes from a shaded table lamp close by the couch on which SEARLE is lying under the effect of the pentothal which BAILLIE has administered.

C.U. SEARLE

He has removed his jacket and his tie is undone. He is seating freely and struggling against the memory he is now reliving.

SEARLE  
 Been here long time... Train  
 not moving. Signal? No.  
 Fog... Its the fog. Of course...  
 Couldn't use the car...  
 Should've phoned Ruth.

He turns his head to one side as if to catch a distant sound.

SEARLE  
 What's that?

There is the faint sound of a train travelling at speed and coming nearer and nearer. A diesel locomotive klaxon booms.

SEARLE  
 Another train. Fast... Fast...  
 Very fast... Can't be...  
 Its near... Too near...

The klaxon sounds again.

SEARLE

Its going to hit! Jump... Get out... Get out!

There is a sound of a violent collision; the rending of metal; the splitting of wood. Screams are heard. Under the pentothal SEARLE twists and turns his head in his distress.

SEARLE

Someone lying across my face...  
Blood... Blood on my hand...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TRAIN SMASH. DAY (FOG)

These scenes of the train crash should be cut in as CLOSE, FILTED SHOTS, with a simple, stylised and SURREALISTIC quality.

Fog obscures anything more than a yard or so away. There is a sound of men, women and children crying out for help or in pain.

SEARLE pulls himself with difficulty through the splintered woodwork of a wrecked coach lying on its side. There is a cut on his forehead and blood running down his face.

SEARLE'S VOICE OVER  
(under the pentothal)

Get out... Must get out...

He steadies himself against the coach, fear and horror on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. BAILLIE'S CONSULTING ROOM. DAY

C.U. SEARLE

He is crying.

SEARLE

Its awful... awful... No, don't run... don't run...

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN SMASH. DAY (FOG)

TRAVELLING SHOT from injured SEARLE'S P.O.V. as he moves along the track.

SEARLE'S VOICE OVER

People... People in there...  
Must do something... Why doesn't  
somebody come...

A toy woolly dog, caked with blood and dirt, lies trapped under some wreckage.

The contents of a suitcase, ripped open in the collision, are scattered on the ground.

A man looms up out of the fog, his clothes stained and torn. He is in a state of shock. He blunders past.

CUT TO:

INT. BAILLIE'S CONSULTING ROOM. DAY

SEARLE

Yes, I can hear you... I can hear you... Hold on... Must get help... Why don't they come...

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN SMASH. DAY (FOG)

From within the wreckage a hand appears, the fingers waving feebly.

SEARLE tears away at the wreckage trying to get at the people trapped underneath it.

SEARLE'S VOICE OVER

All right... All right... I'm doing my best... I'm doing my best...

He struggles to lift a heavy piece of metal but it is too much for him.

SEARLE'S VOICE OVER

Why don't they come... (shouting)  
Someone!... Anyone!... Over here.  
I need help...

CUT TO:

INT. BAILLIE'S CONSULTING ROOM. DAY

C.U. SEARLE

SEARLE jerks up into a sitting position, his eyes now wide open.



SEARLE  
 (the effects of the pentothal  
 wearing off but in desperation  
 and still shouting)  
 I need help!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAILLIE'S CONSULTING ROOM. DAY

MEDIUM. BAILLIE, SEARLE

The curtains have now been pulled back to let in the sunlight.

BAILLIE is seated behind his desk. SEARLE is opposite him.

SEARLE has his jacket on once more and has almost recovered from the traumatic experience of the narcosynthesis.

BAILLIE  
 You're feeling better now?

SEARLE  
 It was one hell of an experience.  
 I wouldn't want to have to go  
 through that again.

BAILLIE  
 That won't be necessary.

SEARLE  
 Did it help?

BAILLIE  
 Undoubtedly. Shock treatment is  
 often the best therapy in cases like  
 yours. Well now, when can you come  
 and see me again?

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY

BIG C.U. ASSORTED BUNCHES OF FLOWERS

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show

SEARLE with WOMAN FLOWERSSELLER at street corner stall.

MEDIUM. SEARLE, FLOWERSSELLER

SEARLE looks at the blooms on display with a critical eye.

Banked on the back to the FLOWERSSELLER's handcart is a wall of cut roses in metal vases. The roses completely block any view of the street behind.

SEARLE points to the roses and the FLOWERSSELLER gathers up two large bunches. In lifting the flowers out to wrap them, she opens up a window on the scene beyond.

A young woman is standing on the opposite pavement, adjusting the strap of one of her shoes.

C.U. SEARLE

He sees the girl and reacts.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN on girl

It is MARIELLE.

CLOSE. FLOWERSSELLER

She turns with the wrapped flowers. SEARLE has gone. She looks about her annoyed.

MEDIUM L.S. SEARLE FROM FLOWERSSELLER'S P.O.V., MARIELLE IN  
BACKGROUND

MARIELLE is walking away down the street. SEARLE crosses the road, dodging through the traffic, and follows her.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY

MARIELLE walks towards CAMERA and past it out of shot. SEARLE is not far behind her.

LONGSHOT. MARIELLE, SEARLE FOLLOWING HER.

CLOSE. MARIELLE

She turns down a side street.

CAMERA TRACKS with her

MEDIUM. MARIELLE

She stops to look in a shop window, conscious that she is being followed. There is a puzzled, somewhat nervous look, on her face. She turns her head to look in the direction of SEARLE.

MEDIUM L.S. SEARLE FROM MARIELLE'S P.O.V.

He has stopped. He makes no attempt to conceal the fact that he is following her. He is watching her closely.

CLOSE. MARIELLE

Her fears confirmed, she turns from the window and walks away at a faster pace.

MEDIUM L.S. SEARLE

He goes after her.

MEDIUM L.S. MARIELLE FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

MARIELLE disappears down a side street.  
SEARLE quickens his pace so as not to lose her.

CAMERA (SEARLE) turns corner and comes face to face with

C.U. MARIELLE FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

She is a little frightened but trying hard not to show it with a cover of simple annoyance.

MARIELLE

Why are you following me?

MEDIUM. SEARLE, MARIELLE

C.U. SEARLE FROM MARIELLE'S P.O.V.

SEARLE

(caught off-guard)

I... I want to talk to you.

MEDIUM. SEARLE, MARIELLE

MARIELLE

(sarcastically)

But of course. I know! You want to offer me the starring role in your next film. Or perhaps I remind you of your long lost sister. Is that your line?

SEARLE

No, its nothing like that. Its just that I've seen you before.

MARIELLE  
(raising an eyebrow)  
That's not very original either.

SEARLE  
But true.

MARIELLE  
(she is more relaxed now)  
I must say you don't look the type  
that makes a habit of accosting  
strange women. You don't, do you?

SEARLE  
(smiling)  
Hardly ever.

MARIELLE  
Good. Well, you've talked to me.  
'Bye.

She half turns to walk away.

SEARLE  
(on impulse)  
Look, I owe you something for  
upsetting you. Have dinner with me.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Marielle turns back but with a doubtful look on her face.

SEARLE  
(holding up his hand as though  
taking an oath)  
All above board I promise. Hands  
on the table. No passes.

C.U. MARIELLE FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

She looks at him, summing him up. She makes up her mind;  
the adventure appeals to her.

MARIELLE  
(with a warm, gay laugh)  
My name's Marielle.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A RESTAURANT. NIGHT

TWO SHOT. SEARLE, MARIELLE

They are at a table in a booth. There are empty coffee cups on the table and brandy glasses in front of them. MARIELLE is toying with hers. Soft music in the background. A folded bill lies on a plate close to SEARLE.

SEARLE

At the airport the day the jet crashed. That's where I saw you.

ANOTHER ANGLE

MARIELLE

(a pained expression on her face)  
That was an awful day. Terrible!  
Specially as I'd just seen a friend  
off on another flight.

SEARLE

(casually)

Did you happen to notice the people  
standing around you there?

MARIELLE

(looking puzzled)

That's an odd question. There were  
hundreds of people about. You mean  
people in general or people in  
particular?

SEARLE

In particular.

MARIELLE

(searching her memory)

No, 'fraid not. Is it important?

SEARLE looks at her. She is young, beautiful, happy and full of life.

SEARLE

Its just that... (he changes his  
mind) No, its not important.

MARIELLE starts humming quietly with the music. SEARLE puts  
a hand on hers. She makes no attempt to shake it off.

SEARLE

Thanks for having dinner with me.

C.U. MARIELLE FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

MARIELLE  
Its been wonderful.

MARIELLE looks at her watch.

TWO SHOT. SEARLE, MARIELLE

MARIELLE  
(contd.)  
I only wish I didn't have to go.  
I really mean that but...

SEARLE  
(breaking in)  
I know, you did warn me. You've  
got to go to a meeting.

MARIELLE  
(nodding)  
And be bored.

She gathers her things together.

SEARLE  
(quietly and as if everything  
depended on it)  
I want to see you again, Marielle

MARIELLE stands up.

MARIELLE  
(simply and sincerely)  
I think I'd like that.

SEARLE picks up his brandy glass and drains it.

C.U. SEARLE

SEARLE  
(not looking at her)  
I'm married. And that's your cue  
to tell me to go to hell.

CUT TO:

EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD. DAY

CAMERA (TRAVELLING SHOT) starts on

SEARLE's sports car, with the hood down, is travelling at speed  
on an otherwise deserted road.

C.U. MARIELLE

Her hair is being blown by the wind. She is laughing.

TWO SHOT. SEARLE, MARIELLE

SEARLE is driving fast but not recklessly. He enjoys speed and is glad that MARIELLE apparently shares his enjoyment.

C.U. SEARLE

He turns his head briefly and looks at MARIELLE. He smiles.

C.U. MARIELLE FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

She brushes her hair away from her face and smiles back at him.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY

MEDIUM. SEARLE, MARIELLE

It is raining. SEARLE's car is stationary at the side of the road. SEARLE and MARIELLE are struggling to get the hood up. They are laughing.

The hood won't budge. MARIELLE runs round from her side of the car and out of shot. SEARLE watches her go and follows her.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY

MEDIUM. SEARLE, MARIELLE

The shower is at its height. SEARLE and MARIELLE are sheltering under a tree.

MARIELLE, her head down, brushes the rain from her hair with her fingers.

C.U. MARIELLE

She lifts her head. Her face is wet from the rain. She is laughing; happy, uncaring.

TWO SHOT. SEARLE, MARIELLE

SEARLE is happy too. He takes off his jacket and drapes it around MARIELLE's shoulders.

C.U. SEARLE

His hands are on MARIELLE's shoulders. He looks at her and suddenly he is not laughing any more.

C.U. MARIELLE FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

She looks up at him. Her smile dies, laughter is replaced by another, deeper emotion.

MEDIUM. SEARLE, MARIELLE

Slowly they move together. MARIELLE tilts her head and they kiss, gently. The kiss becomes more passionate. SEARLE's jacket falls from MARIELLE's shoulders and onto the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SEARLE ON TELEPHONE. DAY

CLOSE. SEARLE

SEARLE

I know I promised Ruth, but this is important.... But I've been trying to get an interview with this character for months.... (shortly) No, I can't do it some other time... Darling, if you haven't seen me much this past week its because I've been working. That's the way it goes sometimes. Look, I've got to go, the camera car's waiting.... (gently) Right, see you later.... Probably not until late, so don't wait up..... (he pauses before answering) And I love you.

SEARLE replaces the receiver. He looks upset; as though his conscience were troubling him. He picks up the telephone to call RUTH back but then changes his mind and puts it down again.

CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see for the first time that SEARLE was telephoning from a call box.

MEDIUM. SEARLE

SEARLE comes out of the call box and walks to his car which is parked nearby. MARIELLE is in the car waiting for him.

DISSOLVE TO:



EXT. A LONDON STREET. NIGHT

SEARLE's car approaches and turns down a quiet road bordering a small, tree-studded park.

CUT TO:

INT. SEARLE'S CAR. NIGHT

TWO SHOT. SEARLE, MARIELLE

MARIELLE

Drop me somewhere along here, Bill.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKSIDE ROAD. NIGHT

SEARLE's car pulls into the kerb and stops. He switches off the engine.

CUT TO:

INT. SEARLE'S CAR. NIGHT

TWO SHOT. SEARLE, MARIELLE

SEARLE peers out through the windscreen.

SEARLE

Do you live around here?

MARIELLE

Close by.

SEARLE

We've been seeing each other for a week now and I still don't even know where you live.

ANOTHER ANGLE

MARIELLE

Does that matter?

She puts her arms around his neck and draws him to her. SEARLE kisses her passionately and, when she finally pulls her lips away from his, he kisses her cheeks, her eyes, her throat.

MARIELLE

(holding him close)

Oh, my love! I want you so much. Not now. But soon my darling, soon. I promise you; very soon.

SEARLE releases her. She smiles at him and kisses him lightly on the cheek.

MARIELLE  
(opening the car door)  
'night.

SEARLE  
I'll see you tomorrow?

MARIELLE  
Yes, darling, tomorrow.

MARIELLE gets out of the car.

MEDIUM. MARIELLE, CAR

SEARLE starts the engine and drives out of shot.

C.U. SEARLE

She watches him drive away.

MARIELLE (softly)  
Tomorrow and tomorrow and  
tomorrow.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. BATTERSEA PARK FUNFAIR. DAY

General Establishing shot

CUT TO:

EXT. BATTERSEA PARK FUNFAIR. DAY

MEDIUM L.S. SEARLE, MARIELLE

SEARLE and MARIELLE are walking hand-in-hand among the sideshows and amusement stalls.

MEDIUM. SEARLE, MARIELLE

They stop and MARIELLE points excitedly towards a stall. SEARLE shakes his head but laughingly allows himself to be pulled in the direction of the stall and out of shot.

CUT TO:

EXT. COCONUT SHY. BATTERSEA PARK FUNFAIR. DAY

MEDIUM. SEARLE, MARIELLE

SEARLE is holding three wooden balls. MARIELLE watches as he throws the first two.

CLOSE. SEARLE

He throws the last ball.

MEDIUM. THE FAR END OF THE COCONUT SHY

With his third ball SEARLE knocks down a coconut.

CLOSE. MARIELLE

Laughing, she applauds his success.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WATER SHUTE. BATTERSEA PARK FUNFAIR. DAY

MEDIUM L.S. SEARLE, MARIELLE

SEARLE and MARIELLE board a car. They sit in the back seats. There are only three or four other people in the car with them.

The car starts to pull away and gradually ascend the rise.

TWO SHOT. SEARLE, MARIELLE

MARIELLE  
(with childlike excitement)  
This is my favourite.

SEARLE  
You wouldn't get Ruth anywhere  
near it.

C.U. MARIELLE

MARIELLE  
(turning to look at him)  
Have you told Ruth about us yet?

C.U. SEARLE FROM MARIELLE'S P.O.V.

SEARLE  
(discomforted and not looking  
at her)  
No. Not yet.

TWO SHOT. SEARLE, MARIELLE

MARIELLE turns to look out over the side of the car as it  
reaches the top of the rise.

LONG SHOT (TRAVELLING). THE FUNFAIR FROM MARIELLE'S P.O.V.

MARIELLE  
(off camera)  
You worry about that, don't you?  
Telling her I mean.

TWO SHOT. SEARLE, MARIELLE

MARIELLE is still looking over the side of the car.

SEARLE  
When I'm with you its fine. When  
I'm with her I feel like the worst  
kind of heel.

MARIELLE turns to him.

C.U. MARIELLE

MARIELLE  
These things happen. Don't worry,  
it'll all work out. No need to  
rush into telling her. (she puts

MARIELLE  
(contd)

her arm through his and hugs it to her) One thing's for sure, I'm not going to let go of you. I want us to be together forever and ever.

MEDIUM L.S. THE FALL OF THE WATER SHUT FROM SEARLE'S AND MARIELLE'S P.O.V.

The car lifts a little, turns for the descent, then hurtles down towards the water splash.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF FUNFAIR. CLOSE TO THE BIG WHEEL. DAY  
CAMERA TRACKS with

SEARLE and MARIELLE as they walk together arm-in-arm. There are other people about. The atmosphere is gay.

MARIELLE is holding a stick of pink candyfloss. She takes a bite from it; the tacky candy sticks to her lips and chin. They stop. Laughing MARIELLE wipes the shreds of floss from her face.

MARIELLE offers the candyfloss to SEARLE who turns his head away with an expression of disgust.

TWO SMALL BOYS chase one another past them. MARIELLE stops the second of THE BOYS and thrusts the stick of candyfloss into his hand.

THE BOY first looks surprised and then grins broadly. He runs, shouting his good fortune, after his friend.

CUT TO:

EXT. A SPOT CLOSE BY THE BASE OF THE BIG WHEEL. DAY  
MEDIUM

A small group of people are standing looking up anxiously.

SEARLE and MARIELLE come into shot mingling with them.

A man in the group points. SEARLE and MARIELLE look up.

LONG SHOT. THE BIG WHEEL FROM SEARLE'S AND MARIELLE'S P.O.V.

The Wheel is stationary. In the topmost car there are a teenage BOY and GIRL.

THE BOY, showing off and to frighten his girlfriend, is standing up in the car and rocking it, his arms outstretched.

MAN IN CROWD  
(off camera)

Stupid git. (shouting) Sit down  
you fool.

CLOSE. SEARLE, MARIELLE, ONLOOKERS

They are looking up.

CLOSE. THE BIG WHEEL CAR

THE BOY is rocking the car more wildly now. THE GIRL is frightened. She reaches out a hand to stop him; to pull him down into his seat.

THE BOY moves back to avoid her grasp and loses his balance.

CLOSE. THE BOY

He falls backwards at an angle across shot. THE GIRL screams.

TWO SHOT. SEARLE, MARIELLE

MARIELLE has her face buried in SEARLE's chest; her hands clutching his jacket.

SEARLE, horrified, has his arms around her. But his attention is not on the broken body lying on the ground. He is looking across the Big Wheel enclosure to the railings on the far side.

CLOSE. SEARLE

This is almost as much as he can take.

CAMERA ZOOMS FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V. ONTO

the railings on the far side of the enclosure.

C.U. THE MOTHERLY LOOKING WOMAN

CAMERA PULLS BACK

CAMERA PANS SLOWLY ALONG

railings

THE MOTERLY LOOKING WOMAN is in tweeds. She could be a schoolteacher. She looks appalled but somehow fascinated;

THE NEGRO, in bus driver's uniform. He turns as if to run to get help;

THE TEENAGE BOY; check shirt and jeans. He looks as though he is going to be sick at any minute;

THE YOUNG COUPLE. He is in Royal Air Force uniform, an officer. He is stunned by what he has just witnessed. She comforts THE LITTLE GIRL who is crying.

THE ELDERLY MAN. A working man in his best suit with watch chain across waist-coated belly. He has frozen with a hot dog half way to his open mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. HUGH BAILLIE'S CONSULTING ROOM. DAY

C.U. BAILLIE

BAILLIE

Where did you see them?

MEDIUM. BAILLIE, SEARLE

As before, the two men are seated on either side of the desk.

SEARLE

At Battersea Park, yesterday.  
A boy was killed. It was in the papers.

BAILLIE

(thoughtfully)

I see. (as if making up his mind that this is the right moment)  
I want you to look at some pictures, Mr. Searle.

He opens a drawer in his desk and takes out a large manilla envelope. He pulls a bundle of photographs of varying sizes from it.

BAILLIE

These weren't easy to get hold of. Its not a complete set, but anyway have a look through them. Tell me if you recognise any of those people.

BAILLIE hands the bundle of photographs to SEARLE who begins to look through them.

The first few mean nothing to him but then he comes on one to which he reacts.

CLOSE. PHOTOGRAPH OVER SEARLE'S SHOULDER

It is a snapshot of THE MOTHERLY LOOKING WOMAN

MEDIUM. SEARLE

With increasing excitement he turns over more of the photographs and finds another face he knows.

CLOSE. SECOND PHOTOGRAPH OVER SEARLE'S SHOULDER

It is a formal head-and-shoulders portrait of THE NEGRO.

SEARLE

(excitedly)

Yes, they're here. You've found them. They're real.

C.U. BAILLIE

He is watching SEARLE closely.

MEDIUM. BAILLIE, SEARLE

SEARLE has been through all the photographs now. He gets to his feet with some of them in his hand, letting the remainder slip onto the floor.

He spreads the photographs across the desk; THE MOTHERLY LOOKING WOMAN; THE NEGRO; a family group of THE YOUNG COUPLE and THE LITTLE GIRL; a postcard size seafront picture of THE TEENAGE BOY and a portrait of THE ELDERLY MAN.

C.U. THE PHOTOGRAPHS

MEDIUM. BAILLIE, SEARLE



BAILLIE  
These are your watchers?

SEARLE  
(delighted and justified)  
Yes, that's them. And no-one  
would believe me!

BAILLIE  
Then I was right. Your problem  
all stemmed from that train wreck.  
(by way of explanation) You see  
each and every photograph in that  
pile you looked through was of  
someone who was in that train and  
involved in the accident.

SEARLE  
And you traced them. Where are  
they now?

C.U. BAILLIE

BAILLIE  
(slowly and watching Searle  
closely)  
They're dead, Mr. Searle. They  
were all killed in the wreck.

C.U. SEARLE

His face is a study, first of bewilderment and then, as he  
takes in what BAILLIE has told him, he remembers.

For SEARLE this is the moment of realisation; perhaps of  
release. But the shock has been a great one. A drawn out  
moan wells up from deep within him; part relief, part  
distraction. He falls back into his chair.

MEDIUM. BAILLIE, SEARLE

BAILLIE crosses to a table and pours a brandy.

BAILLIE  
(pouring drink)  
You remember them now, don't you;  
in the wreck?

SEARLE nods.

BAILLIE crosses back to him with the brandy.

BAILLIE

Yours was a classic case of obsessive transference. Here. (he hands the glass to SEARLE who gulps down the brandy).

BAILLIE moves behind his desk and sits in his chair.

BAILLIE

(contd)

That train wreck was a traumatic experience for you. So you deliberately blotted it from your memory, almost as if it had never happened. But not from your subconscious. Hence the drinking; your breakdown.

CLOSE. SEARLE FROM BAILLIE'S P.O.V.

SEARLE

And the watchers?

CLOSE. BAILLIE FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

BAILLIE

An attempt on the part of your subconscious to make you face up to the memory. Each time you were in a place where there was an accident of any kind your subconscious projected the images of the dead you saw in the wreck onto people in the crowd.

MEDIUM. BAILLIE, SEARLE

SEARLE

As simple as that?

BAILLIE

(he nods)

Those photographs brought it all out into the open.

SEARLE

So what now?

BAILLIE

A holiday. Can you get away for a week or so? Right now I mean.

SEARLE

I think I could fix it.

CLOSE. SEARLE FROM BAILLIE'S P.O.V.

SEARLE

(contd.)

And the faces; the people in the crowd. Will I see them again?

CLOSE. BAILLIE FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

BAILLIE

No, Mr. Searle. The dead are buried. They've gone; gone for good.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHELSEA EMBANKMENT. DAY

TWO SHOT. SEARLE, MARIELLE INTO CAMERA

They are side by side, leaning on the embankment wall, looking down into the water.

MARIELLE seems in a happy frame of mind and to have taken SEARLE's news well; he is somewhat subdued.

MARIELLE

How long will you be away?

SEARLE

A couple of weeks.

MARIELLE

Ruth's going with you.

SEARLE

Yes.

MARIELLE

Good idea. And we'll see each other again soon.

MEDIUM. SEARLE, MARIELLE

They have their backs to CAMERA. We can see across the river behind them.

They straighten up and turn in to face one another.

C.U. SEARLE FROM MARIELLE'S P.O.V.

SEARLE

(with difficulty)

Marielle, about us; perhaps its a mistake. I'm not sure any more. What I mean is I don't want anyone to get hurt. Not you; not Ruth.

C.U. MARIELLE FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

MARIELLE

People get hurt all the time, darling. For every winner there's a loser. (intensely) I've waited a long time for someone like you. I want you more than I've ever wanted anything. I'm not going to let you get away from me. Not ever.

C.U. SEARLE FROM MARIELLE'S P.O.V.

SEARLE

(disturbed by her intensity but jokingly)

Is that a threat or a promise?

C.U. MARIELLE FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

MARIELLE

(suddenly gay once more and laughing)

That's a promise, my darling; a promise

CAMERA HOLDS on MARIELLE

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. A LARGE COUNTRY HOTEL ON THE COAST. DAY

Establishing shot

"The Anchorage" is genuine sixteenth century but it has been tastefully adapted and extended to meet the requirements of its twentieth century clientele and justify its prices. What was once the tap room is now a cocktail bar.

The hotel backs onto the sea and has its own private beach and landing stage.

LONG SHOT. "THE ANCHORAGE"

SEARLE's car turns into the drive and stops outside the front entrance.

A uniformed DOORMAN steps down to open RUTH's door for her. A PORTER is close on his heels.

SEARLE and RUTH get out of the car, mount the steps and go through into the lobby. The PORTER follows them, carrying their luggage.

Over the end of this shot we have the sound of a pop group belting out one of the Top Twenty. The music is quiet at first but builds as we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE DINING ROOM OF "THE ANCHORAGE". NIGHT

Tables with shaded lamps. The men are mostly in dinner jackets; the women in cocktail dresses. Waiters are serving drinks. Enthusiastic dancers gyrate to the music of the pop group ranged on the small stage.

CAMERA STARTS on

POP GROUP. Young, long haired and loud. Drums, guitars and lead singer on an electric organ.

MEDIUM. SEARLE, RUTH

They are at a corner table. There is a small shaded lamp on the table and a slender vase with a single rose in it. Both RUTH and SEARLE have unfinished drinks in front of them. RUTH is watching the dancers. SEARLE is suffering from a

surfeit of "pop" music.

RUTH

(indicating the dancers)  
They're enjoying it.

SEARLE

So did I; the first time I  
heard them. The second even. But  
we've been here for ten days. Is  
that the only number they know?

RUTH

(putting on a face and mimicking)  
You don't make the scene man.  
Don't bug it. That's right out of  
the Top Twenty, man!

SEARLE

So where's the other nineteen?

They laugh.

MEDIUM. THE POP GROUP

They finish their number to a great burst of applause.

THE M.C. jumps onto the stage and goes to the microphone.

M.C.

(indicating the Group)  
Ladies and Gentlemen, our resident  
Group, "The Wild Ones".

The applause lifts and then dies away as THE GROUP begin to  
leave the stage.

MEDIUM. SEARLE, RUTH

They are applauding.

M.C.

(off camera)  
You'll be hearing from "The Wild  
Ones" again during the evening.  
Meanwhile, carry on dancing to -  
Billy Morton and his Sextet.

MR. MORTON and his BAND are greeted with applause. They begin  
to play a sophisticated, sentimental number.

RUTH and SEARLE turn back to their drinks.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

SEARLE

That's more my style; might even  
be persuaded to dance to this lot.

RUTH

This break has done you good, Bill.  
Feeling better, aren't you?

SEARLE

That's the understatement of the  
year, Mrs. Searle. You've won an  
award.

SEARLE takes the rose from the vase and hands it to RUTH.

C.U. RUTH FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

RUTH

(laughing and then suddenly  
serious)

And we've got to know one another  
again. For a while, in London, I  
thought we'd lost each other.

C.U. SEARLE FROM RUTH'S P.O.V.

SEARLE

So did I. But these past days  
I've had time to think about you  
and me. About a lot of things.

MEDIUM. SEARLE, RUTH

He has his hand on hers.

RUTH

(brightly)

It's our last day tomorrow. What  
shall we do?

SEARLE

Oh, I dunno. Make love?

RUTH

I'll go along with that. And  
afterwards?

SEARLE

Make love again?

RUTH

Uh. Uh. We might get hooked on it.  
How about a picnic? In that little  
bay we found.

SEARLE

I think my idea's a better one.

RUTH

(exaggeratedly seductive)  
Perhaps we could combine the two.  
Its pretty deserted there.

SEARLE

Lady, you just made yourself a deal.

RUTH

Now, what was that you were saying  
earlier; about being persuaded to  
dance?

SEARLE raises his hands in a gesture of surrender.

SEARLE

Trapped!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOTEL JETTY AND LANDING STAGE. DAY

THE WILD ONES and FOUR GIRLS are loading food and drink into  
a powerful motorboat. They are all in swimming costumes.

CAMERA STARTS on

A crate of beer bottles as it is swung into the boat.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show

Loading in progress and SEARLE and RUTH coming toward the boat  
along the jetty.

RUTH is dressed in a sunsuit; SEARLE in sports shirt and  
shorts. He is carrying a picnic basket in one hand and has  
a rug draped over his other arm.

THREE of THE WILD ONES and the FOUR GIRLS drop down into the  
motorboat. The fourth member of the POP GROUP, THE LEAD SINGER,  
bends to untie the rope securing the boat to the jetty.



MEDIUM. SEARLE, RUTH

They walk slowly along the jetty. RUTH waves.

CLOSE. THE LEAD SINGER

He waves back.

MEDIUM. SEARLE, RUTH, LEAD SINGER

SEARLE and RUTH come into shot.

LEAD SINGER

Fancy a trip?

SEARLE

(shaking his head and smiling)  
No thanks. I've seen the way you  
handle that thing. It scares me  
just to watch.

LEAD SINGER

(with a grin)

That's what its built for innit,  
speed?

He swings himself over the side of the jetty and down into  
the boat out of shot.

MEDIUM. MOTORBOAT FROM SEARLE'S AND RUTH'S P.O.V.

THE LEAD SINGER takes over the controls; presses the starter  
and, with a wave, steers the boat away from the jetty; engine  
rearing.

TWO SHOT. SEARLE, RUTH, ON JETTY

They watch the boat as it pulls away from them.

LONG SHOT. THE MOTORBOAT

Nose up, it gathers speed. It narrowly misses two sailing  
dinghies moored offshore and heads out to sea.

MEDIUM. SEARLE, RUTH, ON JETTY

They watch for a moment and then turn and make for a path  
which winds up onto the cliffs.

CUT TO:

EXT. A SMALL BAY. DAY

HIGH ANGLE Establishing Shot

The bay is secluded and sheltered. A diving raft bobs gently in the water a hundred and fifty to two hundred yards offshore. The beach is deserted except for SEARLE and RUTH and a few sea birds.

The rug is spread out on the sand. SEARLE and RUTH are now in swimming costumes. He is lying on his face as RUTH, in tinted glasses, massages suntan lotion into his back.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN on them

MEDIUM. SEARLE, RUTH

She smooths the lotion across his shoulders.

SEARLE  
(sleepily)

Mm. That's nice. More, more!

RUTH puts the cap back on the bottle of lotion and slaps SEARLE smartly on the back.

RUTH  
You're done. And wake up. Is there any wine left?

With a great effort, SEARLE stirs himself and pulls the picnic basket, now empty of food, toward him. He lifts out a wine bottle. There is nothing in it.

SEARLE  
(putting the bottle back)  
No. We drank it all.

RUTH  
Ah, well, it was just an idea.

She lies back on the rug, her hands behind her head, and looks up into the sky.

CLOSE TWO SHOT. FROM P.O.V. ABOVE SEARLE, RUTH

RUTH  
Isn't this great? Not a soul around.

SEARLE rolls over onto his back.

SEARLE

(shading his eyes against  
the sun)

Great. Happy?

RUTH

Very. Sorry its nearly over  
though. Back to London tomorrow  
and the same old routine.

TWO SHOT. SEARLE, RUTH

SEARLE props himself up on his elbow and looks at her. There  
is a steadily increasing sound of a motorboat engine somewhere  
offshore.

SEARLE

No, it won't be the same. It'll  
be different. (he pauses; its  
not going to be easy) Ruth,  
there's something I've got to tell  
you. It didn't really mean any-  
thing - I know that now and its  
over - but I've got to tell you  
about it.

The noise of the motorboat engine becomes a deafening roar  
almost drowning the end of his speech.

They both sit upright and look out to sea.

LONG SHOT. THE BAY

THE WILD ONES' motorboat is hurtling across the water towards  
them. It looks as though it is going to plough up onto the  
beach. But at the last minute it swings round and out to sea  
again, sending up a sheet of spray.

CLOSE. THE COCKPIT OF THE MOTORBOAT FROM P.O.V. IN BOWS

At the controls, THE LEAD SINGER is drinking beer from a bottle.  
It is obviously not his first. The other occupants are also  
drinking. They cheer and raise their bottles in salute to  
SEARLE and RUTH on the beach.

LONG SHOT. THE MOTORBOAT FROM SEARLE'S AND RUTH'S P.O.V.

The boat executes a series of tight turns at speed around the  
diving raft, almost overturning it, and then planes away out  
of the bay.

TWO SHOT. RUTH, SEARLE

SEARLE

Damn fools.

RUTH

Well, its their necks. I'm going in for a swim. Coming?

She takes off her sunglasses and starts to get to her feet but SEARLE checks her.

SEARLE

Ruth, I started to tell you something just now.

MEDIUM. SEARLE, RUTH

RUTH stands up.

RUTH

(looking down at him)  
Yes, I know. It sounded like a confession. Don't want to know; not now. Come on, race you to the raft.

She runs out of shot.

SEARLE

(letting it go for now)  
Are you crazy? You can get wet doing a thing like that.

LONG SHOT. FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

RUTH runs across shot and into the sea. When the water is waist deep she dives into a wave and strikes out for the raft.

CLOSE. SEARLE

He watches her.

MEDIUM. RUTH

RUTH swimming. She reaches the raft and climbs onto it. She waves.

CLOSE. SEARLE

He waves back.

MEDIUM. RUTH

She lies down on the raft; rolls over onto her stomach and, resting her face in folded arms, sunbathes.

CLOSE. SEARLE

He is sitting with his legs stretched out in front of him looking out to sea.

A slim and very attractive pair of legs come into shot behind him.

SEARLE becomes aware that he is no longer alone. He pivots round and looks up.

CLOSE. INTRUDER FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

It is MARIELLE.

She is wearing a white bikini swimsuit.

Laughing, she throws herself down beside him.

TWO SHOT. SEARLE, MARIELLE

SEARLE

(surprised and disconcerted)

Marielle! What are you doing here?

MARIELLE

I came to find you. I had to come.

Worried, SEARLE glances out toward the raft.

CLOSE. THE RAFT

RUTH is still lying, face down, sunbathing.

TWO SHOT. SEARLE FROM MARIELLE'S P.O.V.

SEARLE

Marielle, I want to see you. I want to talk to you. But not now. Where are you staying?

TWO SHOT. MARIELLE FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

MARIELLE

I'm not. Kiss me, darling, kiss me.

TWO SHOT. SEARLE, MARIELLE

She pulls him over and onto her, kissing him hungrily.

SEARLE finally pulls himself free of her and into a kneeling position. He looks down into her face; she laughs.

There is a sudden burst of music from a radio.

SEARLE looks up to see where it is coming from.

LONG SHOT. THE BEACH BEHIND HIM FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

A youngman is at the foot of the path leading down the cliffs.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN on him.

It is THETEENAGE BOY.

He is in an open shirt and swimming shorts and carrying a transistor radio.

C.U. SEARLE

His face freezes into a mask of terror. He looks to his left.

CLOSE. THE MOTHERLY LOOKING WOMAN FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

She is in a floral dress and sitting in a deckchair, knitting;

CLOSE. THE YOUNG COUPLE FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

They are in swimming costumes and helping

THE LITTLE GIRL

To build a sandcastle;

C.U. SEARLE

He looks to his right.

CLOSE. THE NEGRO FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

He is wearing a pair of red briefs and exercising with a beach ball;

CLOSE. THE ELDERLY MAN FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

White shirt, gray flannels and wide brimmed straw hat. He is setting up a coloured umbrella over a folding, metal chair.

C.U. SEARLE

SEARLE  
(meaning)

No! No! They can't be here;  
they don't exist.

He looks down at MARIELLE.

SEARLE  
(desperately)

Help me, Marielle. Help me!

CLOSE. MARIELLE FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

She laughs and stretches out her arms to him.

MARIELLE  
Kiss me again.

MEDIUM. SEARLE, MARIELLE

SEARLE pushes himself up onto his feet. He takes a step or two forward.

CLOSE. SEARLE

SEARLE  
(shouting to WATCHERS)  
Listen to me. All of you. I  
know you now. You're all dead.  
You gather like vultures waiting  
for death. (with the sudden  
realisation) You are Death.

MEDIUM. ELDERLY MAN, NEGRO

THE ELDERLY MAN turns from struggling with the umbrella; a look of surprise on his face.

THE NEGRO catches the beach ball; his expression is "What kind of a nut have we here?".

CLOSE. SEARLE

SEARLE  
(still shouting)  
There's nothing for you here.

MEDIUM. MOTHERLY LOOKING WOMAN, YOUNG COUPLE, LITTLE GIRL

THE YOUNG COUPLE look bewildered and glance at each other.  
THE LITTLE GIRL laughs.

THE MOTHERLY LOOKING WOMAN lowers her knitting, puzzled and annoyed by the disturbance.

The distant sound of the motorboat is heard again.

MEDIUM. SEARLE

SEARLE

(shouting)

There's nothing for you here, I tell you.

He turns, looking up and down the beach, to make sure that he is right. He looks out to sea.

C.U. SEARLE

He reacts.

CLOSE. RUTH FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

RUTH is now standing on the edge of the raft, poised to dive into the water. She dives.

CLOSE. SEARLE

He turns his head slightly to look out beyond the raft.

CLOSE. THE MOUTH OF THE BAY FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

THE WILD ONES' motorboat comes roaring around the headland.

LONG SHOT. THE BAY FROM SEARLE'S P.O.V.

THE motorboat is making for the raft.

CLOSE. RUTH

She is swimming with a leisurely stroke. She seems unaware of her danger.

CLOSE. SEARLE

SEARLE

(aghast at what he sees)

No! Not Ruth. Not Ruth.

MEDIUM TRAVELLING SHOT. SEARLE

He runs down the beach to the water's edge, frightening and scattering the sea birds.

SEARLE

(running and shouting)

Ruth, get back. 'They're' here. Get back to the raft!



MEDIUM. THE WATCHERS

They are following his flight of panic; assorted expressions of bewilderment and distaste on their faces.

CLOSE. RUTH

She becomes aware for the first time of the sound of the motorboat. She treads water and turns to look in the direction of the boat.

LONG SHOT. THE MOTORBOAT FROM RUTH'S P.O.V.

It is bearing down on her fast.

MEDIUM. SEARLE

He splashes out into the sea, dives and strikes out strongly.

MEDIUM. THE WATCHERS

All save THE LITTLE GIRL are conscious of the danger now. They are on their feet, craning their necks to see what is happening.

MARIELLE comes into shot with them.

CLOSE. SEARLE

He is a powerful swimmer and is nearing RUTH.

CLOSE. RUTH

She is swimming fast now in an attempt to get out of the path of the motorboat.

CLOSE TRAVELLING SHOT. THE BOWS OF THE MOTORBOAT

Close, threatening; an enormous bow wave. Roaring throb of engine.

TWO SHOT. SEARLE, RUTH

They are close in the water. The motorboat is almost on them.

SEARLE  
(desperately)  
Dive, Ruth. Dive!

CLOSE. MOTORBOAT

It thunders through and across shot. It buckets wildly in the water.

A GIRL on board screams.

MEDIUM. THE WATCHERS, MARIELLE

They have seen what has happened and run forward towards the water's edge and out of shot.

LONG SHOT. THE MOTORBOAT

It swings inshore.

MEDIUM TRAVELLING SHOT. WATCHERS, MARIELLE

They are running down the beach.

MEDIUM. THE MOTORBOAT

Engine throttle back, it grinds up onto the beach.

One of THE GIRLS is in hysterics and does not move. The other occupants leap out onto the beach.

One of THE WILD ONES breaks away at an angle, presumably to get help. The others race out of shot toward where...

MEDIUM. THE WATCHERS

... THE WATCHERS, with their backs to us, are gathered in a tight group round something or someone lying on the beach at the water's edge.

Three of THE WILD ONES and THE GIRLS from the motorboat push their way through the knot of people. We cannot see what is beyond because THE WATCHERS close ranks behind them again.

CLOSE. LOW ANGLE. TILTED. THREE WILD ONES, THE GIRLS, INTO CAMERA

They are looking down.

THE LEAD SINGER winces at what he sees.

THE GIRLS turn their faces away, sickened.

LONG SHOT. THE GROUP ON THE BEACH

The fourth WILD ONE runs into shot with two motor patrol POLICEMEN.

MEDIUM. THE GROUP

Without turning, THE WATCHERS break to let the TWO POLICEMEN through.

CAMERA FOLLOWS them

MEDIUM. SEARLE, RUTH

SEARLE is lying on his back, feet trailing in the water. There is blood on his face.

RUTH is bending over him, sobbing; trying to revive him.

MEDIUM. RUTH, SEARLE, POLICEMEN, WILD ONES AND GIRLS

THE TWO POLICEMEN drop onto their knees beside RUTH. One of them examines SEARLE. He shakes his head and, taking a towel that one of THE GIRLS from the motorboat is carrying, drapes it over SEARLE's face and chest.

RUTH cries out. One of THE GIRLS puts her arms around her and tries to comfort her.

THE POLICEMEN lift SEARLE's body and start to carry it up the beach.

CLOSE. THE WATCHERS

THE WATCHERS fill the shot. They still have their backs to us. Slowly they turn to face us.

CAMERA begins to PAN slowly along them.

CLOSE. WATCHERS INTO CAMERA

CAMERA PANNING

THE ELDERLY MAN;  
THE TEENAGE BOY;  
THE MOTHERLY LOOKING WOMAN;  
THE YOUNG COUPLE;  
THE LITTLE GIRL;  
THE NEGRO;  
MARIELLE and,

standing beside her with the expression of a man just awakening from a dream,

SEARLE

CLOSE. MARIELLE, SEARLE

MARIELLE puts her arm through SEARLE's and looks up at him, a smile of triumph on her face. She runs the fingers of her other hand sensuously across his bare chest. She turns her head to look INTO CAMERA

CLOSE. THE WATCHERS WITH SEARLE

They are all looking INTO CAMERA. Their faces are expressionless.

Now they are watching - US

CAMERA HOLDS THIS SHOT

FADE OUT:

THE END