

CHAMBER OF HORRORS
A TALE OF BEDLAM

BEHIND the MAIN and CREDIT TITLES appear a series of Hogarth paintings; one painting to each card. The painting which shows the "Industrious Apprentice" in church which will be used to frame the MAIN TITLE and going on through to more elaborate and multicharactered paintings until the final painting is "Bedlam," and it is over this last painting that the narrative title appears.

LONDON - 1761
The People of the Eighteenth
Century called their Period
"The Age of Reason" --

As this TITLE FADES, the MUSIC of the overture FADES WITH it and there can be heard the SOUND of shrieks, wild laughter and hysterical babbling.

EXT. ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL - NIGHT - SPECIAL EFFECTS

LOW CAMERA SETUP to show the face of the building between the two statues of "Madness" and Melancholia" above the gates. The CAMERA TILTS to show the upper stories. As it reaches the cornice of the building, a man in dark small-clothes and a white shirt can be seen clinging to the gutter four stories above the street. He has the fingers of one hand hooked over the gutter and is wildly scrambling to get a grip with the other hand.

CLOSE SHOT - The man, dangling from the roof, desperately struggling.

EXT. THE ROOF GUTTER - ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM - NIGHT

A man with a lighted lantern in his hand, wearing great broad-toed shoes, comes clumping along the gutter. He holds up the lantern to look for a moment at the struggling man.

ANOTHER ANGLE - the CAMERA SHOOTING down OVER the shoulders of the man with the lantern. For a brief moment, the lantern light illuminates the white, desperate face of the clinging man. Then the man with the lantern grinds the other man's hand under his heavy heel. The man in the white shirt falls, screaming.

EXT. ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The falling figure, as the man drops with a long, sustained shriek of desperation. The body crumples sickeningly on the sidewalk. People run in from either side. The door opens and a warder clatters down the steps.

The CAMERA TILTS again and goes up past the doorway to focus on the lintel between the statues so that the inscription there on can be read.

ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL

Asylum for the Insane

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

LONG SHOT. A closed carriage comes careening down the street, its lamps glowing, and the coachman and footman sitting austere on the box.

INT. LORD MORTIMER'S CARRIAGE - NIGHT - PROCESS

Lord Mortimer and Nell Bowen. Lord Mortimer is a blandly stout man, puffy as a Yorkshire pudding, with a belly that would do honor to Silenus. He is of merry, but stupid, countenance and even in an age of rococo ostentation, his costume is outstandingly luxuriant. Actually, he is not a bad sort; only a little too rich and too foolish for his country's good.

Like Lord Mortimer, his companion, Nell Bowen, is a product of her age; a beautiful girl, bold as a frigate, merry as a flag and with no more thought for right and wrong, or the problems of the future, than the parrot on her wrist. She would rather say a bright word than do a good deed. At the moment, she is amusing herself with her parrot. Lord Mortimer, between sniffs of snuff and the accompanying explosive sneeze, is rolling with laughter, his fat belly shaking. He stops long enough for Nell to coax her parrot to display its prowess.

NELL

(to the parrot)

Come, Poll, do you know my friend, Lord Mortimer?

(prompting)

Lord Mortimer -- Lord Mortimer --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Parrot finally deigns to let out a raucous yell.

PARROT

Lord Mortimer is like a pig. His brain's
small and his belly big.

Lord Mortimer is seized with paroxysms of laughter. He
hugs Nell with familiarity in the abandon of his mirth.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

MED. LONG SHOT - the coach. A few people running across
the street are in danger of being run down. The coachman
slows his team. A huckster, pushing his barrow before
him, hastening to see the cause of the excitement, brings
the carriage of Lord Mortimer to a complete halt.

EXT. THE COACH - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. Lord Mortimer is leaning forward to see what
is going on. The footman starts to climb down.

INT. THE COACH - NIGHT

SHOOTING OUT PAST Nell Bowen and Lord Mortimer. The
footman's head appears at the window.

MILORD

What's this hub-bub?

FOOTMAN

One of the lunatics from the asylum, I
expect, Milord.

NELL

(excitedly)

A prank? A jest?

MILORD

Go and see, John.

The footman tuns and leaves and can be seen pushing his
way through the crowd.

NELL

(looking out and up)

Bedlam --? It doesn't look so merry a
place, Milord

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILORD

Never been there?

Nell, still looking, shakes her head.

MILORD (CONT'D)

You'll have to pay Master Sims tupence to see the loonies in their cages -- maybe they can teach you some new tricks, Nell.

NELL

I've no need of their wit to entertain you, Milord --

Lord Mortimer tries to get the kernel of the thought between his mental teeth. Before he can get it, John, the footman, comes back through the crowd.

JOHN

They say, sir, that one of the poor devils in there fell from the roof, trying to escape.

MILORD

(without any feeling)

Very regrettable -- well, drive on.

JOHN

(a little excitedly)

Your lordship -- it seems to me the man was known to you.

MILORD

Eh?

JOHN

I thought I saw him in your company not a week gone by.

MILORD

Eh -- really?

He shifts himself ponderously forward on the cushioned seat.

MILORD (CONT'D)

Well, let's have a look.

John holds the door open for him and he starts to get out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE SHOT - the step of the carriage as Lord Mortimer's satin-slippered foot is placed upon it. The step sags down and the carriage groans with his weight.

MED. LONG SHOT - the crowd, SHOOTING PAST the rear wheels of the coach. Lord Mortimer, proceeded by the footman, makes his way through the crowd.

ANOTHER ANGLE. On the pavement, in a disjointed fashion, the body of the man in the white shirt lies sprawling. Lord Mortimer bends over him.

JOHN
(gesturing)
You -- with the light --

The link boy advances his torch.

LOW CAMERA SETUP. The torch light illuminates a close view of Lord Mortimer's face.

MILORD
(quietly and without change
of expression)
It is -- it is young Master Colby.

MED. FULL SHOT. Lord Mortimer turns to a man in a leather apron whose official capacity as a guard is demonstrated by the keys hung at his hip.

WARDER
He fell trying to escape. Some of our
boobies haven't sense enough to keep safe
behind their bars.

MILORD
Where is Sims?

The man shrugs.

MILORD (CONT'D)
Fetch him.

WARDER
He is dining out, Milord.

MILORD
(angrily)
Dining out with Colby's blood on his
hands! Do you know me?

The warder nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILORD (CONT'D)

Then tell Master Sims to wait upon me in the morning. I have some few words I wish to say to him.

The warder bobs his forelock in deferential agreement. Milord turns away, striding through the crowd to his carriage.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. ANTE-CHAMBER OF LORD MORTIMER'S HOME - DAY

The sun shines warmly into this little bright bandbox of a room to illuminate the brooding figure of a man in a black coat. He sits with his chin upon the rounded head of his cane and the seamed wickedness of his heavy face, the thick woolen stuff of his clothes and even the stiff leather of his shoes, all make a sad contrast to the shining satin, polished wood and painted wall paper of this pretty apartment.

This is Master Sims, Apothecary General of the Hospital, St. Mary's of Bethlehem, pamphleteer to the Tory party, a poetaster and a wit; a type de siecle cut from the same sharp cloth as Boswell, Johnson and Voltaire; men of genius who were at the same time scoundrels and toadies.

From the next room comes the shout of Nell's parrot and the roaring laughter of Lord Mortimer. As Sims sits waiting, a small procession of servants pass bearing trays of covered dishes from which small clouds of steam escape. The last is an elaborately dressed little black-a-moor bearing a small silver mirror and a patch box. Sims interposes his cane before the colored boy, bringing him to a halt.

SIMS

Will you remind Lord Mortimer that I am waiting.

The little black-a-moor gives him one look and passes on disdainfully.

CLOSE SHOT - Master Sims relaxes again into a waiting posture. From Lord Mortimer's room comes another shout of laughter. He looks at the doorway with hatred, then quickly looks about the room, straightening his face as if afraid that even this momentary flash of true feeling might have been seen.

INT. LORD MORTIMER'S BED CHAMBER - DAY

Lord Mortimer is still in bed surrounded by billowing cushions, so that the bed and his body are one great mass of globular curves. Nell Bowen, in a velvet riding habit, her train over her arm, a crop in her hand and a cocky tricorne on her head, lounges at the foot of the bed. Beside her on a stand sits her parrot. The servants are busily setting out Lord Mortimer's breakfast table. The colored page has presented him with the mirror and is holding the open patch box before him. Lord Mortimer selects a patch and looking in the mirror finds a place for it on his cheek. He pats it into place, then turns the mirror so that the little colored boy can see into it.

MILORD

Well, Pompey, are you a pretty boy this morning?

Pompey looks into the mirror and makes a horrible grimace, contorting his face into what he conceives to be the very pink of ugliness.

EXTREMELY CLOSE SHOT - of the mirror with Pompey's grimace reflected therein.

MED. FULL SHOT - the group.

NELL

What are you trying to do, Pompey?

POMPEY

(looking up)

Milord, I want to look like the visitor in the hallway.

MILORD

(almost roaring as he sits up in bed)

Sims! I'd forgotten Sims!

(to servants)

You there -- clear out. I want room for anger.

The servants hurriedly finish putting the last dishes on the breakfast table and, bowing, start to take their departure from the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELL

(calling after them gaily)

Send in the good Sims -- first course for
Milord's rage, to be eaten with a sauce
of lightening, and to the tune of thunder
--Send him in -- send him in --

INT. ANTE-CHAMBER - DAY

The servants come in from the inner room. One of them starts over toward Sims who lifts his chin expectantly from his cane. Before the servant can speak there is a bellow from the other room.

MILORD'S VOICE

(shouting)

Sims!

With a smirk the servant gestures toward the door. Sims, rising slowly, passes into the other room. As he goes through the doorway another bellow can be heard.

MILORD'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Sims!

The door closes behind him. With one accord the servants cluster about the door, one gluing his eye to the keyhole, another his ear to the panel. There is a confused hub-bub of angry SOUNDS. They grin maliciously. Suddenly, the door opens and the servants straighten up and try to look as if they had been engaged upon lawful errands, then relax as Pompey comes through the door. He looks them over coolly, shuts the door and then takes the key position at the keyhole.

INT. LORD MORTIMER'S BED CHAMBER - DAY

Master Sims is making an elegant "leg" before his lordship. Lord Mortimer is in full spate.

MILORD

-- that you hated him I knew, that you
envied him was known to all, but that you
would dare -- dare to leave that
murderous window open -- to murder him
from spite and envy --

SIMS

Murder, Milord? There was no murder.
Colby was my guest.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMS (CONT'D)

He decided to leave by the window before
I could open the door for him and then --
that monstrous accident.

NELL

Accident? Master Sims is writing a new
dictionary.

Both men look at her, completely puzzled.

NELL (CONT'D)

Are accidents contrived, plotted,
executed?

Sims looks at her for a moment, appraising and judging
his antagonist, then he smirks.

SIMS

Exactly, Mistress Bowen. This was a
misadventure contrived by the victim and
executed by nature's law that those who
lose their grip on gutters must fall.

MILORD

You stick to that story, Master Sims?

SIMS

I could never invent one half so droll.
The characters of the tale; two poets --
Colby and myself. But I am not only a
poet, but also, by your Lordship's favor,
the Apothecary General of St. Mary's of
Bethlehem Hospital. My friend comes to
discuss poetry. I am absent. My guards
mistake my friend for a mad man. He
attempts to escape from them and is
killed -- like a romance, Milord.

MILORD

Its a romance that cost me twenty guineas
and a night of laughter.

SIMS

How so, Milord?

NELL

(breaking in)

Lord Mortimer was foolish enough to pay
in advance for poetry promised in the
future. Colby was to write a masque for
the fete Lord Mortimer is giving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMS

(almost cringing in his
servility)

If I could offer my humble talents --
even at the hospital I deal in wit and
laughter, Madame. Are there any who have
come to bedlam and say the entertainment
is not worth the tupence they paid?

NELL

You don't entertain me, Master Sims.

SIMS

(grinning)

That is because you have a tender heart.
Most people laugh at my ugliness.

NELL

(coldly)

It offends me, sir.

SIMS

(with a gracious gesture)

To move a lady so beautiful in any way --

MILORD

(laughing)

He's gallant, too.

SIMS

I am as you wish, Milord, and I shall
make your fete a frolic you will
remember.

MILORD

How?

SIMS

Sometimes the success of the play belongs
to the players. What if the masque were
performed by my company of wits, the
Bedlamites?

MILORD

Have your loonies perform --?

He begins to laugh at the thought.

MILORD (CONT'D)

The opposition --- not John Wilkes nor
his whole Whig Party -- could think of
anything as clever as that, eh, Nell?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELL

You didn't think of it either.

MILORD

Well, it's one and the same thing --

He waves his hand in Sims general direction.

MILORD (CONT'D)

My friend, here, thought of it.

SIMS

Let us say that you inspired the thought,
Milord.

MILORD

(immensely pleased)

You hear that, Nell? I inspired him.

Nell looks from Lord Mortimer to Sims and back again.
She says nothing.

SIMS

(trying to draw her into this
community of good feeling)

Let us say that you both inspired me --
Milord and the beloved of Milord.

Nell flashes him a quick, hard look.

NELL

I think you misunderstand, Master Sims.
I am Milord's protege. I entertain him
and he has no more freedom with me than
any other man.

There is a short silence. Both men are embarrassed.

SIMS

If, Milord, will but give me the day and
hour of the fete, I'll prepare a masque
of madness to set you howling.

MILORD

A week from today at the Vauxhall. The
company assembles at eight.

SIMS

(bowing)

Thank you.

(to Milord)

With your leave --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He indicates the door. Milord waves a fat but graceful hand. With another bow, Sims backs toward the door. Milord reaches for the cup of chocolate on the stand and begins to drink from a tiny china cup; a cup that looks like a thimble in his pudgy hand. He begins to laugh. Nell looks at him inquiringly.

MILORD

A merry notion --

NELL

(sarcastically)

The Lord Mayor will roll in the soup with laughter.

MILORD

A capital fellow this Sims -- a capital fellow.

NELL

If you ask me, Milord, he's a stench in the nostrils, a sewer of ugliness and a gutter brimming with slop.

MILORD

But witty.

NELL

(with a smile)

So he tells us.

MILORD

Even if his wit is wonting his Bedlamites will set my guests roaring. Everyone who goes to Bedlam expires with laughter. Why don't you go and see them, Nell? You'll see how funny they are.

NELL

Perhaps I will.

EXT. ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL - DAY

A group of three Cockney girls carrying baskets go past, directing their shouts of "Lavender, sweet lavender" toward the houses across the street from the asylum. A cart with a canvas tilt passes. In it are a bevy of young women, fresh from the country. They gawk at the grey walls of Bedlam, pointing their fingers and chattering among themselves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(See Hogarth's "Harlot's Progress, Plate #1") A dandy on the sidewalk looks at the girls in the slowly moving card through his quizzing glass. A scrub woman is scrubbing the steps to the hospital entrance.

Walking heavily, letting his weighty cane aid him, Master Sims comes down the street. At the entrance steps he pauses.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - The charwoman looks up. Towering above her is the lord of this mad domain. Hurriedly she begins to wipe dry the step she had been scrubbing. Sims stands quietly until she has finished, then, without a word or a nod, passes on up the stairs. Almost instantly a warder opens it and respectfully steps aside to let Sims enter. Sims passes him without a salutation or without even noticing the man's had deferentially at his forelock.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. SIMS' OFFICE - DAY

This is a cluttered apartment. Books, manuscripts, bottles, pipes, canes and other oddments and endments are scattered about in a disorderly fashion. In a corder of the room is a counting desk. Perched on a high stool is a slim wraith-like creature of the male sex with an enormous periwig atop a tiny head so that he looks like a spider with a fleck of wool on his head. He lays down a quill pen on his ledger and rises to greet Sims with a low bow. This worthy clerk is called Guy Podge.

PODGE

(making a leg)

Good morning, Master Sims.

Sims takes off his hat, throws it to one corner of the room, removes his scratch wig and lets it fall to the desk top.

PODGE (CONT'D)

There is a Quaker waiting for you, sir -- a master stone mason. Will you have him in?

Sims looks around the desk.

SIMS

Podge, where is my rhyming lexicon? I want a rhyme for Mortimer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PODGE

That Quaker, sir --

SIMS

Whatever are you rattling on about? I have an important commission -- a rhymed comedy for Milord Mortimer -- and you bother me with some snivelling Quaker.

PODGE

(humbly)

He's been waiting so long.

SIMS

Waiting?

PODGE

(with a glance at the clock)

Four hours, sir.

SIMS

I waited three hours for Lord Mortimer before he would give me a dog's word. Let him wait some more.

PODGE

He will not wait. He's a good workman and cheap, I'm told.

SIMS

Cheap?

(thinking a moment)

Let him in.

EXT. HALLWAY - DAY

Podge crosses to the door, leans out and beckons.

INT. SIMS OFFICE - DAY

In comes William Hannay, a young Quaker of about twenty-six, dressed in the plain, neat habit of his sect. His hair is unpowdered and is square cut. He looks both neat and washed, which is a great deal more than can be said for even the luxurious person of Lord Mortimer, to say nothing of the fusty garments and dirty scratch wig of Master Sims. Podge stands by the door while the Quaker advances and stands before Sims' desk. Sims, who has returned to his perusal of the book, does not lift his head. The Quaker stands silently. Podge makes a nervous SOUND in his throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sims pays not the least bit of attention. There is an awkward silence, then Sims, very deliberately, closes the book and looks up.

SIMS

You may leave us, Podge.

Podge fusses out the door.

SIMS (CONT'D)

My clerk tells me that you will do the work cheaply.

HANNAY

With cut stone one foot thick and the best mortar, I could do the work for fifteen guineas.

SIMS

What if I were to give you eighteen guineas?

HANNAY

It would be too much.

SIMS

(as if he had not heard)

Eighteen guineas and you are to return to me two -- then you would have a better price and I would have some reason to employ you.

HANNAY

My friend -- I have forgotten what thee has said. If thee do not repeat it, then I can believe no evil of thee.

SIMS

What kind of can't is this? I've asked you for a bribe, man! You've never been asked before? This is simple business between us two.

HANNAY

(obviously controlling his temper)

My friend, about the stone masonry --

At this moment, the door bursts open and Nell Bowen comes sailing into the room.

Sims reaches hastily for his scratch wig, slaps it on his head and rises, smiling. Nell is in riding clothes and has a crop in her hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMS

I had not looked forward to the pleasure
of seeing you so soon again, Mistress
Bowen.

Nell Bowen, out of the corner of her eye, gives the
Quaker an appraising look, speaking to Sims as she does
so.

NELL

I have a curiosity to see the loonies in
their cages.

SIMS

And so you shall -- and so you shall.

Sims goes around the desk and offers her his arm with
half-bow. She places her gloved hand on his elbow.
Hannay steps aside to let them pass out the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM - DAY

Sims and Nell come out into the corridor and he guides
her toward the left. Behind them Hannay emerges from the
office and stands waiting.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Nell and Sims walk down the hall. At the
rack, Sims pauses.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Sims and Nell. She looks up at the
rack. There are some gentlemen's hats, two small swords,
a bludgeon and a sheathed dirk on a broad leather belt
hanging from this apparatus. A guard stands beside it.
Sims puts out his hand for Nell's riding whip. She looks
puzzled and draws away from him.

SIMS

Your riding crop, Mistress Bowen. You
must hang it here. It's a law of the
institute -- no weapons --

NELL

For Heaven's sake, why?

SIMS

In his play, Dekker, a second-rate
dramatists of the last century, wrote of
those in there --

He gestures to the door at the end of the corridor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMS (CONT'D)

"Fierce as wild bulls. Untamable as
flys, And these have oft from stranger's
sides, Snatched rapiers suddenly and done
much harm."

NELL

Strangely -- one forgets you are a man of
letters, Master Sims.

Nell hands him her whip. He hangs it on the rack.

SIMS

Our hospital is ancient and well-known --
much written of --- I dare say, no man or
woman comes to London from the country
who does not pay his tupence.

He puts out his hand, palm up and Nell fumbles for a
moment in a reticule at her waist, brings forth some
coins, counts out two coppers and puts them in his hand.
He smiles and offers her his arm again.

TRUCKING SHOT - The CAMERA on a crane, DOLLIES BEFORE
Nell and Sims as they walk toward the doors at the end of
the corridor. The nearer they get to the door, the
closer the CAMERA is to Nell's face so that finally she
is in full CLOSE-UP. As she walks down the corridor
strange cries, shrieks, bursts of laughter and hysterical
babblings grow louder and louder. Nell, listening as she
walks, grows more intent and wondering. So long as Sims
continues in the frame, he is watching her reaction to
these SOUNDS with cruel amusement.

As the CAMERA BACKS THROUGH the double doors, the doors
opening to either side, Nell's face is in FULL CLOSE-UP.
Both she and the CAMERA STOP.

The CAMERA HOLDS just long enough to convey the look of
horror on her countenance, then activated by the crane,
the CAMERA SWOOPS UP and BACK to reveal the SOUND and
fury of Bedlam.

(Note to Director: Please use care with the following
sequences according to conversation regarding the showing
of insane and lunatic persons.)

The main ward of Bedlam from the superior height of the
camera is shown as a strange, unearthly place. Barred
windows set high in the wall push dust-filled beams of
sunlight across the room, leaving the larger portion of
the great hall in shadow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In these shadows and in the blinding sunlight, strange, aimless human beings can be dimly seen. At the same moment that this curious room reveals itself to the eye the horrid SOUND of Bedlam bursts upon the ear; the moans, the shrieks, the maniacal laughter and the bird-like twitter of idiocy. At the far end of the room, Sims leads Nell from the dark doorway to a blazing square of sunlight.

FULL SHOT - Sims and Nell. Nell looks about her. What she sees is one small section of the main hall of Bedlam. Near the stairway are the open doors of two rooms through which the mad inmates can be seen.

(This set up should approximate the picture of Bedlam by Hogarth, with Sims and Nell in the places of the mistress and the maid, visitors to the institution who can be seen in the left middle b.g. of the painting.)

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Nell and Sims are seen through the weaving ribbons in the fumbling hands of an idiot who is amusing himself at "Cats Cradle."

SIMS (CONT'D)

Are they not witty, Mistress Bowen? Look at the frolic that this one treats himself to. All day long weaving nets to catch peacocks for the Royal dinner.

He forces a laugh. Nell looks at him.

NELL

(quietly; still shocked by the first impact with the insane; almost as if to herself)

They are all so lonely -- they are all in themselves and by themselves. They pay no heed to us.

SIMS

(smiling faintly)

You noticed that. They have their world and we have ours.

NELL

(still speaking almost as if to herself)

Like separate dreams.

SIMS

Ours is a human world, theirs is a bestial world -- without reason and without souls. They're animals.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes her arm.

TRUCKING SHOT - Nell and Sims as they approach a pillar that holds up the roof of the great hall. At a small table butted against this pillar sits a quiet, decently dressed man, Oliver Todd, the author, who is busily writing with a quill pen. Sidney Long, a tall, slim man of early middle age with a bald head and dressed in breeches and waistcoat leans against the table. Crouched at the foot of the table is a timorous young maniac, Dan, whose eyes are wide with countless, unseen terrors.

SIMS (CONT'D)

(as they come up to this group)

-- Some are dogs. These I beat.

He lifts his hand and Dan, the Dog, crouches away from him in abject fear.

SIMS (CONT'D)

(as they continue to walk)

-- And some are pigs.
(he points)

MED. CLOSE SHOT - A dirty man. This man has matted unkempt hair and beard and crouches down in a mass of soiled rags.

SIMS (CONT'D)

-- these I let wallow in their own filth.

They pass on.

TRUCKING SHOT - Sims and Nell.

SIMS (CONT'D)

Some are tigers -- their remedy is a dose of iron -- chains.

He pauses and points.

ANOTHER ANGLE - to show the barred doorway of the room in which Tom, the Tiger, is confined. This is a gigantic maniac. The rents in his garments show the tremendous muscles of his torso and arms. He is chained to the wall; one chain binds his right arm to the wall, another chain passes about his waist and through holes in the wall behind him; other chains hold his legs. Only his left arm and hand are free and with this hand he is plucking at the chain which binds his torso.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Dorothea, a young girl in a grey gown, her dark hair falling down about her shoulders. She stands statue-like by a pillar, her eyes set in a vision of far away worlds. Not a muscle moves in the face of this victim of melancholia. As Sims and Nell come up to her, Sims stops and with a coarse hand pats the cheek of the insane girls, the contemptuous sort of pat one would give a heifer in passing a stall.

SIMS (CONT'D)

-- and some, like this one -- are doves.

Nell looks at him with aversion.

NELL

I've seen enough.

She turns and stars away.

TRUCKING SHOT - Sims catches up with Nell and lays his hand on her elbow.

SIMS

But you haven't seen the ones in the cages --

NELL

(nudging his hand off her elbow)

I've seen enough.

She marches resolutely toward the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM - DAY

Nell, with Sims a pace behind her, comes out the double doors and starts toward the rack.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - the rack with the Quaker in the b.g. Sims and Nell come up, and Nell reaches for her whip. Sims, with exaggerated politeness forestays her and hands it to her ceremoniously.

SIMS

-- but you have no idea how merry they can be -- what amusement they afford --

NELL

Amusement? From that mad girl with her staring eyes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE TWO SHOT - Nell and Sims. With a sudden exasperated movement, Nell lifts the whip and brings it down in a smashing blow across Sims' cheek.

Sims nursing his cheek, makes a leg, backing away from her.

SIMS

If I have offended you, Mistress Bowen --

Nell starts to lift the whip and he backs away from her. She turns and starts rapidly away, flouncing past the Quaker without giving him so much as a look.

CLOSE SHOT - Sims, as he watches Nell.

EXT. ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM - NOON

Before the door of the hospital stands a gnarled, misshapened little valet, wearing postillion boots and holding the bridles of two blooded horses. One of these horses carries a side-saddle. They move restively and he calms them by patting their necks.

Suddenly, the door of Bedlam bursts open and Nell, without bothering to close it, comes quickly down the steps. Behind her in the doorway, the Quaker appears and starts coming down the steps.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - As Nell comes to her valet. She crosses quickly to her horse. Varney cups his hand for Nell's foot to help her mount. As she starts to put her foot between his hands, she makes a sudden quick movement to transfer her crop from her left to her right hand. The suddenness of the movement alarms Varney's horse. It rears and Nell's horse shies and pulls away from Varney. He tries to hold the reins as the horse rears and plunges. Suddenly, Hannay steps in, takes the reins from the little valet, and after a brief struggle, he subdues the horse, holds it for a moment patting its neck to calm it.

NELL

Thank you, sir.

(smiling)

My valet can plait a tress or twirl a furbelow quicker than a handy woman, but he has no knack with horses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANNAY

I was glad to do thee this service. I saw the strike Sims. Thee should not have done that.

NELL

Do you think I'm afraid of him? Do you think he could harm me?

HANNAY

(smiling)

Thee are able enough. It is the poor ones in there I'm thinking of. Sims will make them suffer for that blow.

NELL

Are we lovers, that you "thee" and "thou" me? I've never seen your face before.

VARNEY

He's a Quaker, Mistress Bowen.

He goes through an absurd performance of shaking and shuddering. Hannay looks at him with deep resentment.

HANNAY

My name is William Hannay. I am one of the Society of Friends.

NELL

(scornfully)

I've heard of them. They turn the other cheek.

HANNAY

(smiling)

There's more to being a Quaker than turning the other cheek, and saying "thee" and "thou". It's feeling pity for those in there, as you did.

NELL

Do you think I struck him because I felt pity for the loonies?

HANNAY

I saw it in thy face.

Nell forces a laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELL

Pity? I had no such feelings, sir. I struck the man because I wanted to -- because he is an ugly thing in a pretty world.

HANNAY

There are many ugly things in this pretty world, if thou would but see them.

NELL

(looking at him directly)

Master Quaker, I did not always wear velvet.

HANNAY

(smiling)

Eh, I had guessed that. But where there is one like thee to wrest comfort from a hard world with wit and cleverness there are ten thousand who can not.

NELL

I have no pity for them. Let them do as I did.

HANNAY

But those in there --

(pointing)

Can they help themselves?

NELL

And I have no pity for them, either -- animals without souls --

HANNAY

That is not thy thoughts.

NELL

Is it not? Come a week hence to Vauxhall in the evening and you will see me laughing at these same loonies you think I pity.

Nell makes a motion to Varney who cups his hands again. Nell places her foot in his hands and mounts her horse.

HANNAY

Thou will not laugh at the poor and the afflicted -- not thee. I have seen great ladies and their hearts were like stone, but thee ---

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Varney mounts, Nell looks down at Hannay.

NELL

(gathering her horse)

My heart is a flint, sir -- it may strike sparks, but they are not warm enough to burn. I have no time to make a show of loving kindness before my fellow men -- not in this life -- I've too much laughing to do.

She strikes her booted foot against the horses's flank. Varney rides after her. Hannay watches them.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. THE FETE CHAMPETRE - VAUXHALL GARDENS - NIGHT

The CAMERA SHOOTING OVER the necks of two fiddles DISCLOSES a night scene from Fragonard: At a long table covered with linen and gleaming with silver is a gay company. The men are in court dress and powdered wigs; the women in bouffant skirts. The whole scene is illuminated by lanterns hung on tree limbs and in the bushes and shrubbery of the gardens.

At one end of the table stands a structure not unlike the tall, narrow apparatus in which Punch and Judy shows are given. A curtain hangs across the face of this box, hiding its contents from view.

The CAMERA EDGES BACK TO show the two musicians in the foreground who sit on the lawn, their backs against the bole of a great oak. One is playing a violin, the other a viola and behind them, standing leaning against the trunk of the tree is another musician with a flageolet.

Suddenly from the right a tumbler in multi-colored garments comes whirling in, head over heels, a torch in either hand. His last violent somersault brings him right side up in front of the table.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Lord Mortimer at the center of the table with Nell at his right hand and another lady on his left. In front of the table is Sims, dressed in court satins and wearing a white wig on his head. The acrobat, torches in either outstretched hand, has come to a stop just beside him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVERSE SHOT - SHOOTING OVER Lord Mortimer's shoulder. Sims, grinning, holds the acrobat's head in his hands at table level, his right hand under the man's chin and his left hand on top of his head. The effect is that of a man who holds a manikin head, inasmuch as the acrobat's face is masked with a sharp-nosed Venetian mask through which the eyes gleam in mad fun.

SIMS

(ceremoniously)

-- and here, Milord, is the spirit of
Lunacy to illuminate the Golden Age of
Reason --

He releases the mad acrobat's head.

ANOTHER ANGLE - With a prodigious leap the acrobat whirls, somersaults and lands on his knees in front of the gaily painted box. He holds up his torches and the curtains slowly part to reveal what appears to be a gilded statue; the subject a youth crowned with bays, a loin cloth around his hips and a golden orb and scepter in his hands.

ANOTHER ANGLE - to include the entire table. There is a stir among Milord's guests; exclamations of delight and a light patter of applause. Sims bows.

SIMS (CONT'D)

Lit by Lunacy and speaking with the voice
of Youth, the Age of Reason will tell you
of its brightest adornment --

(with a gesture)

Milord Mortimer.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - The gilded boy moves forward to the little stage-like projection at the opening of the box. For the first time it can be seen that this is not a statue, but a young boy of about twelve covered from head to foot with gold leaf. Now that his eyes are open, they stare wildly pale in contrast to the gilded skin. He tries to speak, gasps, and tries again.

MED. FULL SHOT - with Sims in the foreground.

SIMS (CONT'D)

(lightly)

Come, Reason, you've wit enough to say a
word or two.

The boy tries again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Lord Mortimer as he half rises and calls down to the end of the table.

MILORD

What say you to this Wilkes -- a mad boy playing Reason. That's a Tory joke for you.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - The end of the table. Here sit Lord Sandwich and John Wilkes. A pretty girl sits between them with numerous patches on her face. Wilkes bends across to speak to Lord Mortimer.

WILKES

And only the Tories laugh at it. The opposition wonders what the effect may be on that sick young boy. The Tories care only for the jest, we Whigs have some concern for the humanities.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Milord.

MILORD

You hear that, Nell -- give them a jest and they answer with a political tirade.

NELL

He said something about the boy -- the effect --?

MILORD

(carelessly)

Go and ask him. He'll make you a speech on the matter.

Nell shrugs.

MED. FULL SHOT - The gilded boy. Sims in the f.g. And part of the company at that end of the table.

GILDED BOY

To this pretty world --

CLOSE SHOT - Nell

GILDED BOY'S VOICE

(fumbling over the words)

-- pretty world --

She looks thoughtful, then starts to rise.

FULL SHOT - The entire company as Nell starts down toward Wilkes' end of the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(Note to Director: Please avoid showing the full figure of the gilded boy as much as possible by using the voice to gain such effects as can be had.)

GILDED BOY

To this pretty world, there came Heaven
sent, Divinely inspired --

He breaks off.

SIMS

Good -- good -- the great voice of
reason.

GILDED BOY'S VOICE

The blessing of our age --

He stops again.

SIMS

(prodding him with his cane)
Come, come! I spent all morning beating
it into your head.

The people at the table laugh. The gilded boy drops the
scepter and clutches his throat as if it pained him.

SIMS (CONT'D)

(turning to Lord Mortimer)
You see, Milord, Reason is overcome with
emotion when it must speak of you.

MILORD

Prod him on, Sims.

SIMS

Come on! A few more of those golden
words I taught you, lad.

GILDED BOY

A man set like a jewel --

MED. CLOSE SHOT - The other end of the table. Nell is
bending over Wilkes' shoulder to speak to him. He is
half-turned.

WILKES

The effect? Somewhere I heard that the
human body must breathe through its
pores. If you shut those pores --

He gestures toward the gilded boy. Nell looks over, nods
and starts back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EXTREME LONG SHOT - The young lunatic in his bright gilt is writhing in agony. By now the orb, too, has joined the scepter on the ground. Sims points at him with his cane.

SIMS

Another word, good, gentle Reason.

GILDED BOY

(in a voice choked with pain)

-- this prince of men, this paragon --

He stops, fighting for breath.

SIMS

Go on.

CLOSE SHOT - Lord Mortimer with the two ladies on either side. He is laughing and the hand that holds his wine glass shakes with mirth and the wine drops over the satin of his coat and stains the ruffles at his wrist. The woman at his left hand bends forward, eager and excited by the pain she witnesses. Her face is set.

SIMS' VOICE

Go on -- go on!

MED. FULL SHOT - Sims and the gilded boy. Sims prods at him with his cane.

GILDED BOY

(forcing it out)

Lord Mortimer --

He falls to the ground and lies still.

FULL SHOT - The table. There is a general stir, but most of this movement is the excitement of laughter.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - As Nell comes to stand beside Lord Mortimer.

MILORD

(laughing)

Bless me, Nell, better than your parrot --
what an eulogy -- from a mad boy freezing
with ague and burning with fevers.

Nell looks at him without replying.

MED. FULL SHOT - Sims bending over the boy. Two footmen with white aprons over their livery come into the scene.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMS

(to the servants)

Duck him in the river -- a bit of canvas
and a handful of coarse sand will get the
gilt off.

As he says this, Nell leans across the table toward him.

NELL

Master Sims --

He turns in her direction.

NELL (CONT'D)

Isn't that harsh treatment for a sick
lad?

SIMS' VOICE

They have to get off the gilt if he's to
be well again.

NELL

So you know that.

Sims looks at her with an air of surprise.

SIMS

Know what, Mistress Bowen?

NELL

You know that anyone painted over so
thick as this poor lad will die.

ANOTHER ANGLE - the table. This has become more
interesting than the guests had anticipated. They are
craning forward eagerly, some still half-smiling from
their former laughter.

CLOSE SHOT - Sims

SIMS

If I understand you properly, this boy is
dying because --

A footman kneeling beside the boy looks up and plucks at
Sims' sleeve. Sims looks down.

FOOTMAN

The boy is dead, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMS
(correcting himself)
-- the boy is dead because his pores were
clogged by the gilt.

GROUP SHOT.

SIMS (CONT'D)
Well, then, sweet Mistress Bowen, as you
are such a stickler for the correct
definition, you will grant me the legal
fact that this boy died by his own
exhalations. You might say -- he
poisoned himself.

FULL SHOT - the table. As the guests hear this, they
burst into loud laughter.

FOOTMAN
(to Sims)
Where shall we take him?

SIMS
I have told you -- the river -- canvas --
sand -- there is no change in my order.

The servants start to pick up the boy.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOOTING PAST Nell as she watches the
servants carry away the limp body of the boy. Then she
looks at Lord Mortimer. He is pouring wine; his chuckles
subsiding. She looks to the right. A fop is seated
there, licking pastry off his fingers.

NELL
Milord -- have we not had enough of this?

MILORD
Eh?

NELL
(pointing to Sims)
Enough of this boring, dull man and his
cruelty.

MILORD
But we're all laughing, Nell.

NELL
I'm not laughing, Milord.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILORD

He shall make you laugh.

(calling)

Sims!

NELL

Spare me that.

She starts to turn away.

MILORD

But Nell --

NELL

A boy died tonight -- a boy -- a boy who had no mind to guide his thoughts or deeds -- maybe there'll be some concern about that among the Whigs. There certainly is none among the Tories.

MILORD

Oh, you'll find they're laughing too.

She starts away and he gives her a little push in back as if it were a benediction and a blessing. She moves off.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Wilkes, Lord Sandwich and the paramour of that nobleman.

LORD SANDWICH

Liberty -- that is a great word you Whigs found somewhere, but, just the same, you'll end either with the pox or on the gallows.

WILKES

That, Milord, depends on whether I embrace your sweetheart or you politics.

Lord Sandwich and his companion burst out laughing. Wilkes joins in.

ANOTHER ANGLE. It is at this moment that Nell comes walking up behind them. She has not heard what was said; she hears only the laughter. She looks at them for a moment without speaking, then with a look of disappointment, walks off.

LONG SHOT - Lord Mortimer's end of the table. Sims is leading up a young lady whose face is also adorned with a Venetian mask. This one is fringed and hung with tiny bells.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMS

(with the air of one who is
master of ceremonies)

Here is Alfrieda, Queen of the
Artichokes. She will sing for you.

FULL SHOT as seen from Nell's angle. She hears the roar of laughter and sees the poor, mad wench trembling at Sims' side, then turns and passes into the darkness between the trees. As she does so, a cracked female voice can be heard beginning the song, "The World's Turned Upside Down."

DISSOLVE

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT - a barber shop window. (See Hogarth's painting, "Night".) The window is set with small square panes of glass. In each pane is a short candle. This candle-light illuminates not only the interior of the barber shop, but also a portion of the dark street outside. Through the window, as in the Hogarth painting, a barber can be seen shaving a customer, holding the customer's nose between thumb and forefinger to steady his head. The CAMERA DRAWS BACK TO show a doorway at one side of the barber shop. On this doorway is lettered
THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS
Meeting House

As the CAMERA HOLDS on this doorway, the doors open and Quaker men and women come quietly out into the street. Some walk one way; some the other. William Hannay comes out and starts down past the barber shop. As the light from the candle-lit window falls on him, a voice from the other side of the street calls his name.

NELL'S VOICE

Master Hannay --

Hannay stops abruptly puzzled.

MED. FULL SHOT - Nell's carriage, parked on the other side of the street. Varney opens the door and Nell, in all the finery she wore at the fete, comes out and sweeps across the street, the CAMERA PANNING WITH her.

FULL TWO SHOT - Nell as she comes up to Hannay.

HANNAY

This is a strange place to see thee,
Mistress Bowen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELL

(looking around)

A little dull perhaps -- but a good enough place to ask the questions I want to ask.

HANNAY

(smiling)

So far, Mistress Bowen, I have found thee more ready with answers than with questions.

NELL

Don't fear -- my questions are pert enough. First, do you think me a woman of kind heart?

HANNAY

So I have told thee.

NELL

Why?

HANNAY

I saw thy face at Bedlam -- it had compassion and kindness.

NELL

I have never seen that in my mirror. But let's say I grant the fact -- let's say I saw things that moved me to pity -- what the, Master Quaker?

HANNAY

Perhaps God sent thee here so that thee might find guidance --

NELL

From you?

HANNAY

I have not said so.

NELL

Well, from whom then?

HANNAY

Perhaps he sent thee so that we might speak together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELL

I have seen things tonight I have no liking for -- my friends laughing at sorry idiots brought out from Bedlam to amuse them -- a poor boy --

HANNAY

Thou need not tell me. It is a bad time for the poor -- and people suffer, the ones with wit and the ones without.

NELL

And if you feel sorry for them -- what do you do about all this?

HANNAY

I do what I can. I am a stone mason.

NELL

How does that help people?

HANNAY

I build well -- let others build as well -
- and soon this city will be a clean and decent habitation.

NELL

But what of me? What can I do? I'm only a jester to bring laughter to Lord Mortimer's dinner table.

HANNAY

Perhaps even in the amusement of Mortimer there may be a way for thee to help the poor people in Bedlam. Is not Mortimer a member of the Council?

She looks at him for a moment, then nods her head.

NELL

Good. You're not such a fool as I thought you.

(suddenly flirtatious and
feminine)

But why don't you remove your hat -- have you no liking for me?

Almost instinctively the Quaker starts to lift his hand to his hat brim, then stops, and brings it down to his side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANNAY

It is a rule among the Friends to uncover
only before God.

She smiles at his confusion. He smiles back at her.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. LORD MORTIMER'S ANTE-CHAMBER - DAY

CLOSE SHOT - Pompey. The little colored boy is seated on a high stool, examining with a dandified air the polish of his finger nail. He turns from this elegant diversion to the disdainful contemplation of some person at the other side of the room.

The CAMERA PANS WITH his glance to reveal Master Sims in his snuff-brown coat, his chin on his cane, waiting as he waited before.

ANOTHER ANGLE of the room - showing the door to Lord Mortimer's chamber. The door opens, a gentleman is ushered out by a footman, who, holding the door open, turns to Sims.

FOOTMAN

Milord will see you now, Master Sims.

Sims rises slowly, crosses to the door and goes through it. Pompey watches him with lofty interest. When the door closes behind Sims, Pompey returns to the elegant examination of his finger nails.

INT. LORD MORTIMER'S CHAMBER - DAY

Milord, dressed in his small clothes but without his coat, is seated before his poudoir. His valet is in attendance. At the moment of Sims' entrance, Lord Mortimer has his fat face deep within a paper cone and the valet is sprinkling powder on his dressed wig.

Nell is seated on a straight chair beside a little table on which is a plate of biscuits and a glass of wine. She is nibbling on a biscuit.

SIMS

(making a leg)

Good morning, Mistress Bowen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELL
(gaily)
Good morning.

Lord Mortimer emerges from the powder cone.

MILORD
Ah, there, Sims -- Ah! Sit down and wait
a bit, I've news for you.

He puts his face back in the cone.

SIMS
(to Nell)
I trust you enjoyed the fete.

NELL
You will hear presently how much I
enjoyed it.

Lord Mortimer emerges from the cone. The valet takes it
away from him and begins to whisk the loose powder from
his shoulders.

MILORD
Sims, you've no idea what we've decided.
Nell has a splendid notion. She wants to
turn Bedlam upside down -- make all the
loonies happy as linnets.

SIMS
Mistress Bowen is very kind.

MILORD
You can't imagine what a clever vixen she
is, Sims -- thought it all out before she
even spoke to me -- beds -- blankets --
some to sew and some to bake -- good food
-- a practical lass.

SIMS
(smiling)
I can quite understand what Mistress
Bowen wants. We've needed good beds and
good food in Bedlam for a long while.

NELL
You've forgotten to mention good
treatment, Master Sims.

SIMS
That, too. I'm sure we could afford
that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pauses, looking at Nell.

SIMS (CONT'D)

You can't imagine what gratitude I bear you, Mistress Bowen. These reforms you propose will make my name stand out in the history of Bedlam --

The valet begins to hang a sash around Lord Mortimer's bosom. Lord Mortimer rises to facilitate this ministration.

MILORD

(to Sims)

We knew you'd agree.

SIMS

I'm overjoyed, Milord.

MILORD

Good -- good.

(to Nell)

You see, it's done, Nell -- not a bit of trouble.

SIMS

There is but one little point, Milord -- the trifling matter of money.

NELL

(quickly)

Milord has thought of that.

MILORD

Of course -- of course -- the council will vote the funds.

SIMS

That is generous of you, Milord -- very generous.

NELL

How so, Sims? What sort of generosity?

SIMS

Does not Milord have property in Moorfields?

MILORD

A dozen dwelling houses -- a warehouse -- two inns. You see, Sims, I know my accounts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMS

I know your properties. They are taxable by the institute, therefore, Milord, this reform would cost you no less than five hundred guineas in additional taxes. But what is that to you, Milord -- a mere bagatelle -- some little gift you'd gladly give to Mistress Bowen.

NELL

I'll relinquish that little gift, Master Sims.

MILORD

I gave you no gift, Nell.

SIMS

She merely speaks, Milord, of a gift she's not going to have. Now take Master Wilkes -- he would never be so generous -- he would say, "Loonies don't vote."

MILORD

But that's true. There is nothing to be had from them.

NELL

You were going to do this as a kind deed, Milord.

SIMS

(murmuring)

Five hundred guineas!

MILORD

There would be so much I would have to do without. We'll have to forget this whim of yours, Nell.

NELL

It is not a whim, Milord. It is the first thing I've asked of you.

SIMS

(protesting)

Now, Mistress Bowen, Milord has to keep up appearances at Court -- that's a great expense to a man.

MILORD

That's true. You've no idea, Nell, what a great responsibility it is to be rich -- what an expense --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELL

It's simply this, Milord -- I've asked you to do a good deed -- and you find the very thought of it too expensive.

MILORD

You've no right to speak to me that way, Nell.

NELL

I've all the rights of having put up with you for almost a year, Milord -- trying to make you laugh and then listening to that fat laugh of yours as it comes rumbling out of your fat throat.

MILORD

(sputtering)

Put up with me -- with me --

NELL

I said so.

MILORD

But look what I've done for you. You'd be camping in the rain on Strathmore Common with the other strolling players if you had not caught my eye.

NELL

Do you call that weak and watery vessel you eye? I would not want to look at the world through it. I would not want to be a dull man forever in need of amusement. I would not want to bribe and be bribed -- to fawn upon the king and kick the commoner -- in short, Milord, I would not want to be Lord Mortimer.

SIMS

Such angry words!

MILORD

(sputtering)

You would not want -- you would not want -

-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELL

(as she starts for the door)

Nor do I want to be with you -- not for an instant longer -- maybe being rich and great and powerful is infectious -- it's a disease I don't want to catch. Goodbye, Milord.

At the doorway she turns. An amused light comes into her eyes. She first grins, then grimaces and sticks her tongue out at Lord Mortimer.

INT. ANTE-CHAMBER - DAY

Nell comes quickly out of the door and passes with a rush through the ante-chamber. Pompey, still seated on the high stool, looks at her in astonishment. And when the wind of her passage subsides, he sits puzzling out the meaning of this passionate exit. With a shrug he gives up the mental effort and takes from his pocket a pair of "conquerors", two chestnuts, tied to a separate string, which he proceeds to bang together to see which one "wins." Then, as the door to the inner room begins to open, he quickly stuffs them back into his pocket and assumes a formal air. Sims and Lord Mortimer appear in the doorway. Lord Mortimer's arm is familiarly about the shoulders of the other man.

SIMS

Of course, as I pointed out to you, you have every right to take legal steps --

MILORD

You've been very helpful, Sims.

SIMS

But it grieves me, Milord, to have been the cause of the quarrel.

He starts to go through the door. Lord Mortimer goes with him.

MILORD

It was not your fault. She quarreled with me. She insulted me.

Sims bows and Lord Mortimer closes the door behind him. Sims straightens himself; breathes deeply. Pompey watches him, then suddenly jumps off the stool, bows and says with great respect:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POMPEY

May I guide you to the door, Master Sims?

With assured pride, master Sims follows the pageboy from the room.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. NELL'S LODGINGS - MORNING

The place is in an uproar. A bailiff, assisted by several porters, is removing the furniture. The bailiff has a paper in his hand which he waves angrily before Nell's face. Varney cowers in one corner. The parrot on its stand in the other corner of the room is screaming and flapping its wings. Nell has a dish in her hand and this dish is in imminent danger of being thrown at the bailiff.

BAILIFF

(waiving the paper)

You know Lord Mortimer's signature -- is this not it?

NELL

I can recognize a pig's tracks when I see them.

BAILIFF

Then you know I have the right to remove the furniture which he loaned you.

NELL

Loan does he call it? He and that loathsome Sims!

BAILIFF

It is all legal -- all by order.

NELL

Oh, take it and get out!

She lifts her hand. The bailiff ducks. She puts the dish down gently on a small table. The bailiff picks it up and hands it to one of the porters. He crosses the room and picks up the parrot, stand and all. Varney comes out of his corner and takes hold of the stand.

VARNEY

That's not Lord Mortimer's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELL

Leave Poll alone. She's no present to be given and taken back.

VARNEY

She's been with Mistress Bowen since Mistress Bowen played "Aurora" in "The Rivals."

(proudly)

We did very well in that.

The bailiff relinquishes the parrot and looks around the room which has been cleared by his men. With a courteous tilt of his hat he goes out. Nell looks around her. There is nothing in the little room except Varney, herself and the parrot on the stand. She begins to laugh.

NELL

Serves me right, Varney. A kind heart butters no parsnips.

VARNEY

But what shall we do, Mistress Bowen? We've nothing but the clothes we wear and poor Poll.

NELL

Poll? Poll's enough ---

CLOSE SHOT - the parrot as she reacts by cocking her head quizzically to one side.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

INT. LORD MORTIMER'S ANTE-CHAMBER - AFTERNOON

MED. FULL SHOT of Sims and Mistress Sims. Mistress Sims is a young woman of about thirty. She is dressed in the mode, with perhaps a little more elegance than an honest woman would display. Her figure is good and when she moves there is an assurance and authority in her movements that one would not readily ascribe to a young and innocent girl. On her face are several decorative patches; their placement, as was the manner of the time, dictated by such skin blemishes or marks of disease as they were intended to hide.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMS

-- and remember, if gin is offered you,
my dear, you must take wine -- it is more
genteel.

MISTRESS SIMS

(a little wearily)

But I like gin. It makes me merry.

SIMS

You'll be merry enough on wine.

MISTRESS SIMS

But you tell me that lord Mortimer likes
a witty girl.

SIMS

You'd best leave the wit to me. I'll
make you seem witty.

MISTRESS SIMS

I can crack a joke well enough.

SIMS

Not in good company, my dear niece.
You're not accustomed to it, you know.

MISTRESS SIMS

(hurt)

I've known some gentlemen.

SIMS

But this is a lord -- a man from whose
largess many blessings can come to the
family of Sims -- and all for just a
little laughter. That's all he wants --
to be amused.

MISTRESS SIMS

A fine lord indeed! Mocked by a parrot.

SIMS

But that parrot is our key to open
Milord's friendship to you. Remember,
you were offended -- you offered money --

It is at this moment a footman emerges from the interior
chamber, and, with a bow, gestures to the open door.

INT. LORD MORTIMER'S CHAMBER - AFTERNOON

Lord Mortimer is at a small Sheraton desk, writing with a quill pen. He rises to greet his visitors.

SIMS

Milord -- a dreadful thing --

He catches himself in a pretense that his excitement had overcome his good manners.

SIMS (CONT'D)

Lord Mortimer, this is my niece, Kitty.

MILORD

A charming person -- she does you honor, Sims. But have you heard the latest news of my lady -- brave Mistress Nell? What a jest she's hit upon.

SIMS

You mean the parrot, Milord? It is because of that we've come here.

MILORD

(admiringly)

A great bit of japerie, Sims -- what a vixen!

Sims and Mistress Sims exchange glances.

SIMS

I had hardly thought to find you in such humor.

MILORD

But it's only a jest. Nell has the bird for sale in the market place letting it scream that silly ditty, "Lord Mortimer is like a pig, His brain's small and his belly big." All London's come to laugh at the bird.

SIMS

So they have. And it does you no good, Milord. This joke will make your proud name a mockery.

MILORD

The bird won't sing too long. I've sent Pompey to buy it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISTRESS SIMS
(in a rather flat, vulgar
tone)
That girl holds the bird at a high enough
price.

Sims darts her a look.

SIMS
(quickly)
My niece knowing of my affection for you
tried to buy the bird. She offered
twenty guineas and was refused.

Lord Mortimer starts to cross to a small table on which
are set out a carafe of wine, glasses and a stone bottle
of Holland gin.

MILORD
Oh, Mistress Bowen wants more hone on her
bread than that, Sims. Pompey has a
purse with a hundred guineas in it.

MISTRESS SIMS
(with a glance at Sims)
A hundred guineas for a bird!

MILORD
Will you have some wine, Mistress Sims?

MISTRESS SIMS
Wine is too French for me, Milord. It is
the way I feel about men. I like men to
be as big as beer and as strong as gin.
Beer has a head on it, you know. You
can't say that for wine. Gin has some
muscle to it an you can't say that for
wine either.

Sims tries to give her a warning glance. She takes the
drink of gin Lord Mortimer has poured for her.

MILORD
(watching her)
Bless me, I've never heard anyone put it
that way.

SIMS
There is much to be said for our national
institutions.

It is at this moment that there is a discreet knock at
the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILORD

Come in.

Pompey enters and as he comes through the doorway he holds up a purse apparently full of guineas.

MILORD (CONT'D)

She refused?

POMPEY

She said it was not enough --

MILORD

What sort of game is this?

POMPEY

Mistress Bowen told me to tell you the bird would remain for sale and that you could sell every property you owned and not have money enough to buy it.

SIMS

Oh -- that's the way the wind blows, Milord.

MILORD

Malign me! The girl digs her spurs too deep.

Sims beckons and Lord Mortimer follows him to a corner of the room.

SIMS

(whispering)

Milord, we can always make her my guest.

MILORD

At Bedlam -- no, no. She's as sane as you and I.

SIMS

Was Colby mad? He was my guest --

MILORD

We've been good comrades, Nell and I. I'll not do that.

SIMS

As you will, Milord.

They start out of the two shot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MED. FULL SHOT - as the two men cross the room to where Mistress Sims is seated. Mistress Sims pours a glass of gin and hands it to Lord Mortimer.

MISTRESS SIMS

Her, Milord. Here's confusion to your enemies.

Milord takes the glass. She clinks her glass against his and they both drink. Sims watches them and smiles.

SIMS

It's a shrewd trick. You can't restrain a parrot from slander -- you can't exercise the right of privacy against a bird. But I have a way, Milord.

MISTRESS SIMS

Another drink? It will make you a lion

Milord takes the drink and swallows it at a gulp.

MILORD

I'm an angry man.

SIMS

There are laws against the depredations of live stock, Milord. Is not a parrot live stock? Are you not suffering loss? You know that, "he who steals my purse steals trash, but he who --"

MISTRESS SIMS

(interrupting)

Why I heard that at the playhouse.

Sims gives her a look to silence her.

MILORD

What do you suggest?

SIMS

We can swear out a writ of seizure -- send a bailiff for the parrot and have it here within the hour.

MILORD

We could do that.

SIMS

Indeed we can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISTRESS SIMS

Arrest a parrot? I'll drink on that,
Milord.

She tosses off another glass of Hollands.

DISSOLVE

INT. LORD MORTIMER'S ANTE-CHAMBER - DAY

Pompey jumps off of his stool and backs up against the wall to get out of the way as a whole squad of people come crowding through. There is a bailiff who has Varney clutched firmly by one elbow while with the other hand Varney holds onto the parrot. After them come Nell and Hannay.

BAILIFF

(hauling and tugging at
Varney)

Come along -- come along.

His efforts to push Varney through the door into Milord's room are so violent that he blocks the door instead of opening it and has to pull Varney around to one side to clear the doorway. This momentary stoppage enables the Quaker to say a word to Nell.

HANNAY

I told thee no good would come of it.
Thee can not mock thy friends this way.

NELL

Mock him -- he'll wish I'd only mocked
him when I finish.

HANNAY

Softly.

NELL

Bah!

She flings into the other room after the bailiff and Varney. Hannay quietly follows her.

INT. LORD MORTIMER'S BED CHAMBER - DAY

Milord and Mistress Simms are a bit reddened by the gin they have consumed, but Sims himself is seated elegantly, delicately holding up a tine wine glass. Milord, his wig a bit awry goes lurching across the room toward Varney.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILORD

I swore I'd wring its neck. Give me that bird, Varney.

Varney looks fearfully from Lord Mortimer to Nell.

NELL

You gifts you can take back, Milord, but the parrot was mine, is mine and remains mine as long as I want.

Lord Mortimer lurches forward and seizes the parrot roughly from Varney's wrist. With one hand he holds it by the body, the wings fluttering, with the other hand he seizes its neck. The parrot squawks piteously. Nell screams. The Quaker steps forward and with a quick movement, takes the parrot from Lord Mortimer.

HANNAY

Thee must be careful of other's property.

MILORD

(making a great bustle to get at his sword)

Curse you, man! You'll fight me for this.

Nell takes the parrot from the stone mason; smooths its disturbed plumage with her hand. Lord Mortimer finally gets out his sword.

MILORD (CONT'D)

(furiously)

Draw man, draw!

HANNAY

As thee can see, I am weaponless. I do not fight nor brawl with other men.

MILORD

(furiously advancing and menacing the Quaker with his sword)

You shall fight me.

HANNAY

I cannot.

MILORD

Fight or I'll run you through.

He has the point against the Quaker's chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILORD (CONT'D)

Will you not fight?

The Quaker shakes his head.

NELL

Milord --

The muscles of Lord Mortimer's fat arm tense as he prepares to thrust. Hannay sees the desire to strike in the other's eyes. With a quick movement of his arm, he brushes aside the sword and seizes Lord Mortimer by both arms.

HANNAY

(very quietly)

Friend, thou hast no quarrel with me.

He gives Lord Mortimer a shove. Lord Mortimer goes stumbling backwards, catches his heel on the edge of the carpet and falls backward into the depths of the feather mattress on his bed.

CLOSE SHOT - Lord Mortimer struggling to get up from the soft cushions. Nell with the parrot on her wrist bends over him, laughing.

PARROT

(shouting)

Lord Mortimer -- Lord Mortimer --

Hannay bends into the scene, takes a firm hold on Nell's arm and draws her back, saying

HANNAY

(with a slight smile)

Thee must not mock thy friend.

FULL SHOT - The group. Hannay takes Nell's arm and quickly gets her out of the room while the bailiff and Sims rush to aid Lord Mortimer.

CLOSE SHOT - Sims and the bailiff help Lord Mortimer to get up. On his angry face.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. STONE YARD - AFTERNOON

It is a bright sunny day and the clink of the hammers on the chisels makes a merry and industrious sound. Two or three journeymen are busy squaring blocks of granite. In the f.g. Nell is seated on a block of cut stone with her skirts lifted a few inches to protect them from the dust. Behind her stands Varney with the parrot on his wrist. Hannay stands before her in his work apron, his sleeves rolled and a sledge in his hand.

HANNAY

Thee can earn an honest living for thyself.

NELL

I had to sew my costumes when I was on the stage.

VARNEY

Two shillings a week and all found for a seamstress.

HANNAY

One can live well on that if one is frugal.

NELL

(sighing)

What would I do with Varney? Who'd have him?

Hannay feels Varney's arm muscles and shakes his head.

HANNAY

Thou has not strength enough for a mason, Varney.

NELL

(shrugging)

You see?

HANNAY

Just the same I'll give Varney work. He can sweep up the dust here. He has strength enough for that.

NELL

He sweeps and I sew -- all very fine, but not very exciting.

(to Varney)

What do you think of it, Varney?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VARNEY

I like a merry life, Mistress Bowen.

NELL

(rising suddenly)

And so -- by blazes -- so do I! Everyone makes his living with his own tricks. My tricks are not yours, Master Stonemason.

VARNEY

If I may say a word, Mistress Bowen -- you still have many friends.

NELL

That I have! There's Captain Standing -- but he's always talking about Fontenoy -- and Mr. Armiston and Wilkes -- there's Wilkes --

(admiringly)

"That devil Wilkes." He's a clever man and Sims fears him.

DISSOLVE:

INT. JOHN LARD'S PUBLISHING HOUSE - DAY

This is a small shop opening directly onto the street. The walls are lined with bookcases and a library ladder serves the highest shelves. On this ladder a gentleman with a cocked hat pushed back on his wig sits reading. There are bins of books on the sidewalk in front of the shop and counters within. At the rear of the shop is a manually operated printing press. The shop is fairly well filled with customers; serious gentlemen who are looking at books, discussing prints and indulging in political arguments. Sims is standing near the printing press with a companion, a stout gentleman who looks not unlike Dr. Samuel Johnson. The CAMERA is set up to SHOOT THROUGH the press. The press lowers, stamps and starts to move up. The printer, wearing the typical box hat of his trade, reaches into the press for the finished sheet and hands it to Sims.

INSERT THE FINISHED SHEET. It is a cartoon by Hogarth depicting John Wilkes with horns, a tail and a devil's pitchfork.

BACK TO SCENE - Sims and the other man chuckle and look over to another corner of the shop.

The CAMERA PANS WITH their gaze to pick up Wilkes and Nell standing near a small counter. Wilkes has a book in his hand. He is talking across it to Nell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILKES

So far as I'm concerned, dear Mistress Bowen, you need not teach your parrot any special phrases for my benefit.

Nell looks at him for a moment, trying to figure out this cryptic statement.

NELL

Am I to understand from that, Master Wilkes, that you're not interested -- not in Bedlam nor in me?

She makes a movement as if to go. He restrains her by putting his hand lightly on her arm.

WILKES

I did not mean that. I meant only that I am a different sort of a man from Lord Mortimer. I am not easily pleased.

Again Nell and Wilkes exchange a long silent glance.

NELL

I think you expect too much, Master Wilkes.

WILKES

I offer more. You want to fight the nastiness and the corruption of Bedlam and I offer you political alliance with John Wilkes. Bring me evidence and I'll be pleased to take it to court.

NELL

Let us say that puts a brighter face on the matter, Master Wilkes.

WILKES

One gives a girl a kiss to seal a certain kind of bargain, Nell.

NELL

(protesting)

This is a rather public place, Master Wilkes.

WILKES

(disregarding her)

But one shakes hands with a comrade and a friend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He puts out his hand. Smiling delightedly, Nell gives him her hand.

The CAMERA PANS BACK TO Sims and his companion.

FRIEND

(smiling at cartoon)

This is a real blow to Wilkes.

SIMS

(looking off at Nell and
Wilkes)

It is a blow I'll leave you to
administer. I've a blow of his to ward
away.

He puts his hat on his head and starts for the door.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. LORD MORTIMER'S CHAMBER - LATE AFTERNOON

A little table has been drawn up to the fireplace and
around this table sit Lord Mortimer, Master Sims and Nell
Bowen.

SIMS

-- and so you see, Mistress Bowen, Milord
thought it would be best to make friends
again.

NELL

On your advice, I suppose, and for some
purpose of your own?

SIMS

(with a resigned gesture)
Milord, speak to the girl.

MILORD

Every word he says is true and better put
than I could say it.

NELL

Well, so we're friends again. You go
your way and I go my way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMS

But friends aren't that off-handed with each other, Mistress Bowen. Milord would like to be kind to you.

NELL

I'm duly warned. Go on.

Sims holds up a large bank note. After a proper pause to let Nell take in the full significance and amount of the bill, he speaks:

SIMS

Milord thinks you've been looking rather pale of late -- perhaps the waters of Bath -- a rest --

He hands over the bank note. Nell takes it and looks from him to Lord Mortimer. She then reaches out to the tea table and picks up two pieces of bread as she speaks.

NELL

(to Lord Mortimer)

Milord, you know that I have a contempt for certain kinds of money. How deep that contempt is I am about to show you.

She takes a big bite of the bank-note sandwich, chews and swallows it, then throws the rest of it into the fireplace.

SIMS

(bowing to her across the table)

The Bank of England thanks you for three hundred pounds.

Nell rises and cuffs his face for his impertinence. This makes Lord Mortimer laugh. With contempt she stalks past him to the door.

SIMS (CONT'D)

(taking papers from his pocket and putting them on the table)

Tomorrow after the Commission for Lunacy examines her she will strike no more blows -- not at you nor at me.

He dips a pen.

SIMS (CONT'D)

Here -- you sign here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lord Mortimer takes the pen reluctantly and holds it poised over the paper.

MILORD

But confound me, Sims, I can't sign this. She's not mad. She's not a danger to herself and others, as it says here.

SIMS

Sign, Milord. She's a danger to my position and to your properties. Alone she means nothing. With Wilkes behind her she's more dangerous to us than any mad woman.

MILORD

(weakly)

But I don't like to do this.

SIMS

Sign.

Milord begins to write.

DISSOLVE

INT. - THE LUNACY BOARD'S CHAMBER - ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM - MORNING

This is a medium-sized room. A peg-board runs around the walls and on each peg hangs a cocked hat, point down. (See Hogarth's "Hudibras" -- Plate IX - The Committee). These hats are the only decoration. At one end of the room is a small barred window. In the center of the room, three tables are arranged in a U-shape and covered to the floor with dark cloth. Around this U-shaped table sit ten commissioners of lunacy in somber clothing. Most of them wear either scratch wigs, periwigs or their own hair, powdered. The three chief commissioners at the center of the table wear judge's wigs, the hair curling down to their shoulders. Nell stands before the opening of the U made by the three tables.

NELL

(rattling on)

I'm twenty-three years of age -- born at Rye -- my parents are dead and I have no husband nor child -- what more would you wish to know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF COMMISSIONER

The commission of Lunacy will frame the questions for you, Mistress Bowen.

NELL

Ask away.

CHIEF COMMISSIONER

Do you know your alphabet?

Nell looks at him with scorn.

NELL

I know A from Zed and I can read and write as readily as any man I see before me --

(she takes a look)

Perhaps a little better.

There is no answering smile on the dour faces of the commissioners.

CHIEF COMMISSIONER

Do you know the difference between right and wrong?

NELL

What is right for me is wrong for you -- that much I know -- and vice versa.

The Chief Commissioner nods to the man at his left, knowingly. The man nods back.

NELL (CONT'D)

(watching them)

Oh, don't fool yourself. A merry answer does not make me a fool, gentlemen. Ask me a sensible question and you shall have a sensible answer.

Again the two men look at each other, but the nod is a little different this time. Nell has scored a point here. Behind the Judges a door opens and James Sims comes through. With a nod to the commissioners, he pulls up a chair so as to take his place at the elbow of the Chief Commissioner. The Chief Commissioner nods to him. He leans to whisper in the Chief Commissioner's ear. The Chief Commissioner looks up at Nell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF COMMISSIONER

Mistress Bowen, is it true that some days past you refused the sum of one hundred gold guineas for a parrot not worth five shillings?

NELL

I had my reasons. It was a jest.

At the foot of the table, a commissioner looks up at her.

SECOND COMMISSIONER

You know your sums?

NELL

If two and two make four -- I do.

CHIEF COMMISSIONER

Knowing that one number added to another makes a greater number, I presume you know a large sum of money from a small sum.

NELL

I only know I like large sums better than I like small sums.

SECOND COMMISSIONER

Then why did you refuse one hundred guineas for a parrot worth five shillings?

NELL

I told you it was a jest.

CHIEF COMMISSIONER

Knowing the value of money, Mistress Bowen, can you explain why it was that you ate a bank note?

NELL

For a jest.

The Chief Commissioner nods.

NELL (CONT'D)

Master Sims knows why I ate the money -- to show my contempt for it.

SECOND COMMISSIONER

Is that how one shows contempt?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELL

No. But at that moment it was the only way to show contempt. I was angry and that's what occurred to me.

CHIEF COMMISSIONER

Do thoughts like that always occur to you when you are angry?

NELL

But surely everyone does foolish things some times -- at a whim -- for a prank --

The Chief Commissioner nods his head. Sims grins.

SECOND COMMISSIONER

Is it wise to eat money?

NELL

But it was a jest.

A paunchy commissioner laughs. Sims smiles. The Chief Commissioner raps with his palm on the table top for order.

CLOSE SHOT - Nell as she looks about, panic growing in her face.

NELL (CONT'D)

Sir -- gentlemen -- would you permit me to communicate with Mr. John Wilkes -- he would speak for me.

FULL SHOT - The commissioners. The Chief Commissioner looks at Sims. Sims shakes his head.

CHIEF COMMISSIONER

(turning back to Nell)

This is not a court -- you are not in need of any witnesses but your own sanity and we shall judge the worth of that.

He turns to Sims and begins to whisper. The Commissioner on his right hand and on Sims' left hand bend in to confer.

CLOSE SHOT - Nell as she watches them.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - the end of the table where Sims sits with the Commissioner. Nell is in the f.g. The Chief Commissioner glances through some papers on the table, picks up a quill pen and signs his name, then passes the paper to Sims.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

Mistress Bowen you have asked for
voluntary commitment to enter St. Mary's
of Bethlehem Asylum. The charges for
your care and keep are to be borne by
Milord Mortimer and I have here --

(he holds up the paper)

The commission's approval of your
request. The commission has adjudged you
insane.

As he finishes speaking, the commissioners start to rise,
get their hats from the peg-board and start for the door.

NELL

But I made no petition to enter Bedlam.

CLOSE SHOT - Sims as he looks at her and grins.

SIMS

Perhaps you did it in jest, Mistress
Bowen.

He joins the others as they leave the room. Nell rushes
forward into the U formed by the three tables.

NELL

You're not going to put me in Bedlam --
not for a little joke -- not for playing
a trick --

They pay no attention to her and continue leaving the
room. Nell holds out her hands to them and tries to
plead with them.

NELL (CONT'D)

Milords -- gentlemen -- please listen --
I'm of sound mind -- I know what I do --
I know what I say. I did not ask for
admission to bedlam -- please -- please --

Without looking back at her, they leave the room. Sims
is the last to leave. He is the only one who looks back.
As he goes through the door, he shuts it behind him.
Nell crumples to the floor in the middle of the U and
lies there sobbing.

(Optical effect - A Fade out in which the walls seem to
be drawing in around the prostrate girl.)

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. THE MAIN ROOM - ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM - NIGHT

BIG HEAD CLOSE UP - Nell. She is listening and around her can be heard strange, low human SOUNDS. Her eyes are wide with apprehension and alarm. She rolls them first one way and then another following the source of these soft SOUNDS.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to display a little of the space around her. On the walls, crouching, rounded shadows can be seen moving; almost as if animals were crawling, indistinct and horrible through terrible darkness.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MED. CLOSE SHOT - Nell's face. On the wall behind her one of the soft, indistinct shadows begins to grow harder in outline, distinct and erect; in appearance the shadow of a human. The shadow leans toward her. She gazes at it with panic-fixed intensity. Her lower jaw falls slack in terror as the shadow, growing larger, comes closer. She takes her eyes from the shadow and searches in the surrounding darkness for its source. Suddenly, her whole body moves away from what she sees in an instinctive gesture.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - REVERSE ANGLE - to show Nell in the f.g. And coming toward her is a man. His figure is in outline.

CLOSE SHOT - Nell as her mouth begins to form a scream. The scream is stopped by the harsh, sudden metallic SOUND of chains being flung down. She looks wildly in the other direction.

LONG SHOT - Toward the door from Nell's angle. Coming toward her are three men with pierced lanterns. The three moving blobs of light are fantastic and eerie in the deep length of the room. They come steadily toward her, revealing themselves as Master Sims, attended by two guards. One of the guards roughly pushes him aside.

CLOSE TWO SHOT - Sims and Nell. Sims comes up to Nell, holds his light over her face and grins down at her. He fumbles in his pocket, pulls forth a coin and holds it up.

SIMS

Here in Bedlam, my dear, we cannot feed
you bank notes.

He forces the penny he holds between her teeth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMS (CONT'D)
Try chewing on this.

DISSOLVE

INT. LORD MORTIMER'S CHAMBER - MORNING

CLOSE SHOT - Poll the parrot. A man's hand comes into the frame and presents a cracker to Poll.

MILORD'S VOICE
Polly wants a cracker.

POLL
(repeating)
Polly wants a cracker.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK TO disclose Lord Mortimer in very tight white riding breeches and boots. Varney is holding the parrot before him. On the floor around them are open trunks and portmanteaux.

MILORD
(looking up brightly)
You see, Varney, now that he is mine,
I've already taught him a new and
original trick.

VARNEY
Yes, Milord.

There is the SOUND of a door opening and both look off.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MED. LONG SHOT - to show Mistress Sims in mob cap and mantelet as she comes in from the ante-chamber.

MILORD
Ah, my love -- and how did you spend the
night?

Mistress Sims ignores him and looks at the trunks.

MISTRESS SIMS
Are you going on a voyage, Milord?

MILORD
Oh, no, not a voyage. Just a trip to the
country to ride -- to smell the innocent
air -- to listen to the twitter of the
birds -- to rusticate --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISTRESS SIMS
(pointing to the tight
trousers)
I see - to rusticate.

MILORD
I would invite you, my dear, but it's a
bachelor occasion -- sport, you know --
manly things.

MISTRESS SIMS
(still eyeing the tight
trousers)
I see.

She shrugs.

MISTRESS SIMS (CONT'D)
Well, all good things must end, Milord.
I'll have a bit of the gin.

She crosses over to the buffet and pours herself a glass.
She drinks.

MISTRESS SIMS (CONT'D)
And another little sip to take away the
dry taste of piety.

She downs the rest of the gin.

MILORD
Piety? I thought there was precious
little of that in this house.

MISTRESS SIMS
There's a Quaker outside who wants to see
you. Pompey is sending him about his
business.

INT. LORD MORTIMER'S ANTE-CHAMBER - DAY

From his high stool Pompey is holding forth to Hannay.

POMPEY
-- such a person has never been known in
this household.

HANNAY
Come now -- thou must know that to be an
untruth. Nell Bowen had tea with Milord
only yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POMPEY

(shaking his head)

Your young lady was the one who was telling tales. There's been no woman in this house but Mistress Sims since I can remember -- so they tell me.

Hannay looks at him. He knows it's useless to ask further.

HANNAY

Well, never mind.

He turns and leaves the room. Pompey watches him off, then digs into the pocket of his jacket and takes out a piece of toffee. He begins to munch it. The door from the bed chamber opens. Instantly, Pompey thrusts the toffee back into his pocket, then reaches for it again as he sees that it is only Varney.

VARNEY

Where is the Quaker?

POMPEY

He's been and gone.

VARNEY

He must have just left.

POMPEY

That's likely.

Varney gives him a dirty look and hustles off in pursuit of the Quaker.

DISSOLVE

EXT. THE STONE MASON'S YARD - DAY

Hannay in his street clothes comes slowly down the street and passes under the block and tackle. From behind him comes a shout. He turns.

VARNEY'S VOICE

Master Hannay -- Master Hannay --

Hannay who has turned at the sound of his name, waits and Varney comes running in to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VARNEY

(excited and out of breath)
I'll tell you where she is, Master Hannay. I'll tell you where she is -- they put her in Bedlam.

HANNAY

In Bedlam?

VARNEY

Aye -- yesterday -- they summoned her. She's there now.

HANNAY

Well -- friend -- thee must come with me. We shall go to Bedlam.

VARNEY

No, no. I can't go with you. I'm employed by Milord.

Hannay looks at him. Varney quickly explains.

VARNEY (CONT'D)

You see, Master Stonemason, I have to live.

He lifts his arm.

VARNEY (CONT'D)

And you, yourself, said I haven't muscle enough for honest work.

HANNAY

It is enough that thee is an honest man, Varney -- that thee ran all this way to tell me where she is.

DISSOLVE

INT. THE MAIN ROOM - ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM - DAY

MED. FULL SHOT - the pillar near which Oliver Todd is busily writing at a small table. The author is engrossed in his work, his quill pen flying, the point creaking and scratching on the paper. Near him slouches Sidney Long, a tall, slim man, who continually thumbs the edges of a book. A shaft of bright sunlight strikes past them and in the murky depths of the room on either side the dim figures of other mad men and women can be seen. Nell stands near them, looking fearfully about her. Suddenly from far off a voice can be heard calling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE

Nell Bowen -- Nell Bowen --

CLOSE SHOT - Nell as she looks. Other voices take up the chant of her name.

VOICES

Nell Bowen -- Nell Bowen -- Nell Bowen --

She looks puzzled.

MED. FULL SHOT - the group near the pillar. The voices are still calling and Nell's anxiety and curiosity verges on terror. She looks about to find the source of this weird chanting. Sidney Long looks up from his book and sees her anxiety.

LONG

Is that your name they call?

Nell nods.

NELL

How do they know I am here?

LONG

They don't know. Some of our poor companions spend their days looking out the window. If they hear a new cry they repeat it, then others take it up and so it goes.

NELL

But my name -- how do they know?

LONG

Someone shouted in the street -- someone trying to reach you.

NELL

(gratefully)

Oh -- thank you -- thank you.

Long points with his finger and she runs off in that direction.

LONG SHOT - Nell running through the alternate light and darkness of the main room.

MED. FULL SHOT - Nell as she comes up to the window. Her name is still being called. Three lunatics, two men and a woman, are hanging out the window. She forces her way between them and bends out over the sill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE SHOT - Nell. She looks up and down the street. The three patients watch her with meaningless, uncomprehending eyes. Finally she turns away in disappointment.

EXT. ENTRANCE - ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM - DAY

William Hannay is just mounting the steps.

INT. CORRIDOR - ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM - DAY

At the arms rack stand two warders. One of them is taking the admission fee from a young apprentice all done up in holiday finery, with his lass on his arm. The other warder hangs up the boy's cudgel on the arms rack. The little business of entry fee and weapon checking having been gone through the young couple are admitted into the main room just as Hannay comes up to the arms rack. Without a word he holds out a two-penny piece. They look at him, then at each other. The older of the two warders shakes his head. The younger speaks.

YOUNG WARDER

(in a surly voice)

You can't come in.

HANNAY

By George Sims' order I suppose.

YOUNG WARDER

Even so.

During this conversation the older of the two warders has slipped away in the direction of Sims' office.

HANNAY

And may I see Sims?

YOUNG WARDER

(with a jerk of his head)

And quickly too.

Hannay looks around in the direction of the warder's nod.

REVERSE ANGLE - Simms, with the older warder, is coming toward him.

TWO SHOT - as Sims and Hannay meet.

HANNAY

I've been refused admittance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMS

That is unfortunate -- but a new ruling --
you understand --

HANNAY

I understand only that I am a free man --
that I have money in my hand. You have
no legal right to deny me entry to a
place where others have been admitted.

SIMS

Quite true -- quite true.

HANNAY

Well?

SIMS

The warder will take you tuppence.

The older of the two warders takes Hannay's money.

SIMS (CONT'D)

And now if you will leave your arms at
the arms rack --

HANNAY

I have no arms. I am of the Society of
Friends.

SIMS

Then I'm afraid we must return your
tuppence.

HANNAY

But why?

SIMS

Did you not quote the law to me? Let me
then quote law to you -- it is a rule of
our institute that any who go into the
main hall must hang their arms upon that
rack.

HANNAY

But I have no arms.

SIMS

Since you have none, I cannot let you
enter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANNAY

(furiously)

Thou cannot deny me entrance for such
cause.

He takes a step toward the door and tries to push it
open. It is locked. The two warders and Sims grin.

SIMS

I must.

For a moment the Quaker stands silent but furious as if
ready to try physical conclusions with the two warders,
then he collects himself, shrugs and walks off.

SIMS (CONT'D)

(calling after him)

It is a rule, and I break no rules,
Master Quaker.

Hannay walks off without turning around.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE OF ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM - DAY

This is a portion of the street which has not been seen
before. The street at the side of the hospital. In the
street is a horse-drawn stone sledge and several hand
wains. On the sledge are three great pieces of cut
granite and in the wains are tubs of mortar, trowels,
chisels and other impedimenta of the mason's craft.

Three young masons are at work sliding one of the cut
stones onto a litter. They catch sight of someone off
scene. One mason nudges another. They stand up. Hannay
comes strolling into the scene.

FIRST STONE MASON

Brother Hannay -- I'll be blasted --
sauntering as if it were a holiday.

HANNAY

On my own business, friend Smith, and
without profanity.

SECOND STONE MASON

And without this good job of work that we
have, Hannay.

HANNAY

(pleasantly enough)

I bid for it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECOND STONE MASON

And found Master Sims' way of doing
business a little strange, eh?

FIRST STONE MASON

(turning to his work)

We've the work -- we've the will -- let's
at it boys!

They bend to the stone again and start heaving to get it
into place.

HANNAY

But you haven't the knack of it.

He bends down and give a heave and the stone slides
easily down the rollers and onto the litter.

FIRST STONE MASON

(wiping the sweat off his
brow)

Thanks, Hannay.

SECOND STONE MASON

Maybe you'd give us a hand.

THIRD STONE MASON

There are but three of us.

HANNAY

I'd just as leave.

The four men take their places about the litter.

FIRST STONE MASON

(to Hannay)

You call

HANNAY

One -- two -- heave, all.

With a great surge they force the litter up onto their
shoulders.

HANNAY (CONT'D)

Lead away.

The two men at the front of the litter start up a short
ramp into the building.

INT. ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL - DAY

A long narrow corridor. The four masons carrying their cut stone come along the corridor to a place where it leads into a slightly wider but darker hall. Here a candle is hung on the wall and there is evidence of mason's work. The first two masons come up to this place and halt.

FIRST STONE MASON

Call!

HANNAY

One, and two and down we go!

Simultaneously they lower the litter. All four stand around the stone, wiping their brows, hitching up their aprons; laxing off the tension of hard muscular labor.

FIRST STONE MASON

Thanks, Hannay.

HANNAY

Thee is welcome.

SECOND STONE MASON

Now you're here, Hannay, you can see all of Bedlam without paying your tupence. Can't he, lads?

They all nod. The first mason winks. Hannay pretends not to have noticed the wink and the jocular air of the two others.

FIRST STONE MASON

Oh, aye -- indeed you can. All the wonders of Bedlam for nothing.

HANNAY

(quietly)

That I would like to see.

THIRD STONE MASON

(pointing)

This corridor leads to the main room.

SECOND STONE MASON

It's a little dark maybe, but if you get to the end of it, Hannay, you'll see an eyeful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANNAY

Down this way?

They nod.

HANNAY (CONT'D)

If thee don't mind I'll go and look.

He starts down the long corridor and is lost to view.
The three masons stand looking after him, grinning.

FIRST STONE MASON

He'll be back soon enough.

SECOND STONE MASON

(laughing and slapping his
leather apron)

Never fear.

THIRD STONE MASON

Like a shot from a gun.

INT. CORRIDOR - ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM - DAY

Very little light comes into this dark corridor; only light enough to show that at intervals there are strong, iron-barred doors like the entrance to cages of wild beasts. The corridor is narrow and Hannay gropes his way through the darkness toward a dim light at the very end.

CLOSE SHOT - Hannay as he gropes his way. His hand passes from the solid wall onto the bars of one of the doors. From the darkness of that room a white, ghastly hand is suddenly thrust and seizes his wrist. He struggles to pull away from the clinging grip of these thin fingers. Finally, he pulls away, but this exertion has brought him back against the door on the other side of the corridor. His gaze is still fastened on the door from which the hand was thrust, when a sudden burst of maniacal laughter explodes against his ear. He whirls.

REVERSE SHOT - An old woman with wild eyes and streaming white hair thrusts her face between the bars at this shoulder.

MED. FULL SHOT - Hannay as he proceeds.

TRUCKING SHOT - As Hannay quickens his stride and looks from one barred door to the next, eluding hands which reach out for him, fists that are shaken and all around him the screaming and laughter of the incurably insane.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MED. FULL SHOT - As Hannay comes up to the door at the end of the corridor. This door, which leads into the main room of Bedlam, has a cross-barred window set into it.

LONG SHOT - Through the window from Hannay's ANGLE. He sees the sun-striped interior of the main room. At the far end near the pillar where Long and Todd habitually sit, he can see Nell.

CLOSE SHOT - Hannay

HANNAY
(calling softly)
Nell -- Nell Bowen --

FULL SHOT - Nell at the pillar. She hears her name, turns and then relaxes as again the chorus of the insane take up the chant of her name.

VOICES
Nell Bowen -- Nell Bowen --

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Hannay through the window. He, too, hears the chanting of the name; is puzzled and confused.

VOICES (CONT'D)
Nell Bowen -- Nell Bowen --

Finally the shouting subsides.

LONG SHOT - Nell Bowen as seen from Hannay's ANGLE.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Hannay again cups his hands and calls softly.

HANNAY
Nell Bowen --

Again the queer and confused chanting of the name springs up.

MED. FULL SHOT - Nell. She listens, half confused, half disgusted, only hoping for the irritating SOUND to stop. It diminishes and dies away. She relaxes.

CLOSE SHOT - Hannay at the window. He tries again.

HANNAY (CONT'D)
Nell Bowen --

Again the chant breaks out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FULL SHOT - Nell. For the third time she hears the SOUND of her name being called by myriad voices. She starts slowly for the window.

VOICES

Nell Bowen -- Nell Bowen --

Hannay shouts her name, but it is a shout lost among the others. She is about to pass out of sight when she looks over. He reaches his arms through the bars and waves. She catches the gesture and starts toward him. Some ten feet from the window she stops and looks to the right. From his position and the position where the CAMERA is set up, what she sees cannot be seen.

HANNAY

(encouraging her)

Come Nell -- Nell --

She makes a sudden resolution and with one or two fearsome glances to the right, comes quickly up to the window and grabs hold of Hannay's arm.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOOTING FROM the corridor TOWARD the main room. Nell has come up to the barred door. The shadow of bars falls across her face and on the floor. Across these shadows another shadow moves, grim, grotesque and huge. As she and Hannay talk the shadow keeps passing and repassing, partially on the floor and partially on her face. She continues to cling to his arm, holding onto this link to the sane world with frantic intensity. Hannay comforts her.

NELL

You've come to take me away.

HANNAY

(shaking his head)

No. There is no way.

NELL

Find Wilkes. He'll get me out of here.

HANNAY

I had thought of that. I'll seek him out, but until he can free thee, thee must be patient.

NELL

Patient? How can I be patient? I'm terrified -- these people are like beasts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She glances off to the unseen figure on her right.

HANNAY

So thou has that same thought -- the same thought as Sims.

NELL

No. But they frighten me. They're dirty -- savage -- mindless -- disgusting --

HANNAY

(patiently)

Thee wanted to help them -- that is why they put thee here -- for trying to aid them.

NELL

I still want to aid them, but I can not here -- not here where they are all about me. All I want is release or a weapon to defend myself.

HANNAY

Thee has thy kindness and thy courage -- they can be sword and buckler to thee in this place.

NELL

I want better weapons -- I want something more than my naked hands to help me if there should be trouble. Give me a weapon.

HANNAY

Thee knows that I carry no sword.

NELL

Anything.

Hannay shakes his head.

HANNAY

I carry nothing that could harm my fellow creatures.

NELL

(pointing)

Your trowel.

He looks down to where his trowel is stuck through his broad leather belt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANNAY

That is to build with.

NELL

It has a point -- it has a handle.

Hannay shakes his head again. Nell looks at him.

NELL (CONT'D)

Would you have me maimed -- scratched --
scarred?

She looks at him.

NELL (CONT'D)

My face?

HANNAY

The Lord will not let it happen.

NELL

Give me the trowel and I will not let it
happen.

He shakes his head again.

NELL (CONT'D)

(more softly)

Look at my face again -- look close --
shall it be scarred?

The Quaker stands looking at her for a moment, then he
pulls the trowel from his belt and hands it to her.

HANNAY

God forgive me for what I do.

NELL

(seizing the handle of the
trowel)

Forgiven or not, at least I can defend
myself. Now get to master Wilkes.
Wilkes will have me out of here like
that.

She snaps her fingers. Hannay looks at her, then starts
away past the camera.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN:

INT. JOHN LARD'S PUBLISHING HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Lard, himself, a square, well-fed man, is operating the printing press. Between the rhythmic banging of the press, he talks with Hannay.

LARD

I haven't seen Wilkes for the last week.

HANNAY

He's never at home.

LARD

He's electioneering.

HANNAY

But where?

LARD

Anywhere in the Kingdom.

HANNAY

It is a matter of import -- grave import --
- a woman's reason hangs on it. I must
see him.

LARD

He has ordered pamphlets and posters from
me. He has to come here. When he does,
I'll tell him.

HANNAY

(starting to turn away)
I'll be back tomorrow.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. MAIN ROOM - ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM - NIGHT

The great hall is feebly lit with a few rush lights hung on the walls. But near the pillar is a pool of light from a wax candle set up on Todd's desk. By its light, he is still writing while Long stands beside him still engrossed in the edged leaves of his book. He is flipping them past his thumb. Nell is seated on a stool near them, but with her back toward them. At the next pillar Dorothea and the Dove stands mutely beautiful. The other inmates are dim moving bulks in the half light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly from afar comes the booming of Big Ben striking eight o'clock. Long lays down his book, takes a greasy pack of cards from his side pocket and shows them to Todd. Todd lays down his pen and clears the desk before him.

LONG

(looking off at Nell)

We might ask her, Master Todd -- she seems quite lady-like -- quite sane, or as I might express myself before the bar, compos mentis en lex.

Todd nods.

LONG (CONT'D)

Then I shall ask her. We can have Dan. The four of us can play Paroli.

Todd nods. Long goes off.

TWO SHOT as Long comes up to Nell. He makes a graceful leg. Nell looks up at him.

LONG (CONT'D)

(formally)

Madame, would you care to join us? We are going to play Paroli.

NELL

That's kind of you. But I have no money.

LONG

Money? We play on our word.

NELL

(rising)

I have a wealth of words. I don't cheat but I warn you I'm not above amending the mistakes of fortune.

FULL SHOT - Todd, Dan the Dog at the desk as Nell and Long come up. Todd raises quite reasonably. Dan the Dog crouches over the chair with a vacuous grin. Long introduces them.

LONG

This, Mistress Bowen, is Oliver Todd. He will not speak to you, nor to me, but there is no harm in him and he writes and reasons well. And this is Dan. Sometimes he fancies himself a dog;

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONG (CONT'D)

sometimes the rider of a spirited horse,
but he has no malice in him and he
remembers how to play cards. I am Long --
Sidney Long, the Crown Solicitor -- whose
enemies will not let him practice at the
bar, I, the most skilled of them all, I
have many enemies -- many, many enemies.

NELL

(soothingly)

I understand.

LONG

I should not have told you that. But
believe me, we who are near this pillar
are the safe ones -- the good ones -- the
wisest -- that is why they let us have
the candle -- but the rest -- you must be
careful of the rest.

NELL

(feeling her skirt where the
trowel is hidden)

I am careful.

LONG

Let us begin the play.

Nell seats herself and the rest also take their places
around the desk. Long shuffles the cards.

LONG (CONT'D)

I will hold the bank -- twenty thousand
pounds --

He indicates an empty space on the desk. Nell looks at
him and then at the empty space and points to the empty
space before her.

NELL

Five pounds for a card.

LONG

Five pounds.

He passes her a card. Todd holds up the five
outstretched fingers of one hand. Long passes him a
card. Dan looks from one empty space on the desk to the
other and nods sagely.

DAN

Five whippets, ten bassets, one gaze
hound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Long looks at him and passes three cards. Nell looks at her partners in this mad card game with a little smile on her lips.

LONG

Does anyone wish another card?

NELL

Five pounds.

He passes her another card. Long looks to the others. They shake their heads.

LONG

Banko.

Everyone turns up his cards and looks.

NELL

Paroli.

LONG

Fortune smiles at your first play. What card?

NELL

(holding it up)

Knave of Spades.

LONG

You win.

They all pass back their cards. As Long shuffles them the sound of heavy chains moving and a man groaning can be heard in the darkness. Nell looks off. The others pay no attention. Long deals. Todd holds up three fingers.

DAN

Eight bulldogs.

Again the painful groan is heard from the darkness.

NELL

What's that?

LONG

A poor wretch -- Sims gave him a dose of iron this morning. The chains scruff his flesh.

NELL

Will the warders not help him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONG

They've heard too many groans to bother.

NELL

But what about you? Don't you ever help the others?

LONG

Why should we help? We are the people of the pillar.

The groaning sounds out again.

LONG (CONT'D)

A card?

NELL

Wait.

She listens to the sound of the groan.

NELL (CONT'D)

(starting to rise)

I can't play with that going on. May I have the candle?

LONG

Be careful of the straw.

Nell picks up the candle and starts toward the direction of the groaning sound.

LONG SHOT - Nell, as she threads her way between the sleeping figures of the loonies.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Nell stops to listen, trying to orient herself by the sound of the groaning. She starts off.

MED. CLOSE DOLLY SHOT - Nell following the sound of the groaning. Suddenly, it stops. She stops with it. Then it begins again. Again she goes forward.

CLOSE SHOT - Nell. She pauses. The groaning is very near. She looks around her at the huddled figures, lifting the candle high, trying to distinguish among them the injured man. She holds the candle in her left hand and looks to the left. From the right comes the clang and jangle of heavy chains. She whirls, her right hand seeding the trowel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE SHOT - from Nell's ANGLE. Right before her stands a half-naked lunatic encumbered with his "dose of iron." This is a curious and frightening contraption of steel plate and chain, a terrifying travesty of chivalrous armor. For a moment, they stand en tableau, Nell with the candle upraised in her left hand, the trowel held dagger-wise in her right, then the man groans.

NELL

(whispering cautiously)

Do your chains hurt you?

The man nods. Nell places the candle warily on the ground, clearing a space in the straw with her foot before him. Then she turns to the man again.

NELL (CONT'D)

Where does it hurt?

The man gestures with his head toward his restricted elbow. With her free hand Nell touches it.

NELL (CONT'D)

Here?

The man nods.

NELL (CONT'D)

Would it help if I put a bit of cloth there to ease the chain?

Again he nods. She tears a little strip from her fichu and, with her left hand, starts to stuff it under the chain at the man's elbow. It is awkward, one-handed. She draws back, looks at him, then puts the trowel down on the ground next to the candle. With her two hands, she easily tucks the cloth under the chain, then tears another strip and eases the burden on his other elbow.

NELL (CONT'D)

Better?

He turns his head painfully. Nell tears a third strip and tucks it in at the collar of the contraption. He smiles. She smiles back at him, bends to pick up the candle and starts back toward the pillar.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - the pillar. In silhouette can be seen the three figures of Dan the Dog, Todd and Long. Beyond them, Nell's candle can be seen advancing through the darkness, then finally she herself is disclosed in this moving pool of light as she comes up to the desk and sets the candle down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONG

He's quiet now. That was kind of you.

NELL

It's just that I don't care for sad music with my game of paroli. Let us play.

LONG

A card?

NELL

Five pounds.

LONG

Any others?

LONG SHOT - SHOOTING PAST the group of card players TOWARD the main door. Dorothea and her pillar are in the perimeter of the candlelight. Out of the darkness behind her, his hands folded behind his back, Sims appears. He watches the card players for a moment. Then, almost automatically, he lifts his hand and pats Dorothea's cheek.

CLOSE SHOT - the four card players, as Sims comes quietly up to them. They look up.

SIMS

A very pleasant group you make, dear people.

They all look at him without answering. Dan crouches away, making soft, placating SOUNDS. He disappears into the darkness.

SIMS (CONT'D)

It's so nice to find you here among the upper classes, Mistress Bowen. But then it is exactly where I expected you to be. It's a law of physics -- the lighter elements, like scum, rise to the top.

NELL

I thank you, Master Sims -- a delicate compliment --

SIMS

(bowing his acknowledgment)

I see that you have joined what little we have of society -- the group around the pillar. Is this the brotherhood you Quaker friend preaches?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMS (CONT'D)

Or perhaps you're afraid among the rest --
those dark shadows I see about me --

NELL

I'm not afraid.

SIMS

Then you've forgotten.

NELL

Forgotten what?

SIMS

Forgotten that you were going to reform
Bedlam -- cleanliness and soft beds for
the delight of the patients -- good
treatment -- Well, you've been here a
week, Mistress Bowen, and your only
friends are these -- our nobility.

(sneering)

The brotherhood of man --

NELL

Give me soap and a few buckets of water
and I'll scrub this place clean myself.

SIMS

A likely sight.

NELL

And give me clean straw -- I'll make beds
for them. Bandages -- and I'll bind
their wounds -- water and soap --

SIMS

That would delight me to see. You shall
have water -- you shall have soap -- you
shall have straw enough. I hope you make
good use of it.

NELL

I shall. Never fear.

SIMS

But now I leave you to dream about these
Augean labors. May you find your dreams
sweet and cleanly.

He turns and goes toward the door. On his way, he again
passes Dorothea and again pats her cheek.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL - EARLY MORNING

A few people pass along the street.

INT. MAIN ROOM - ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM - EARLY MORNING

CLOSE SHOT - Oliver Todd is busily writing. The camera is set up on his back.

GRAY'S VOICE

But where is it -- you promised a chapter for today.

The CAMERA BEGINS TO PULL BACK TO Master John Gray, stationer and publisher, a well-fed man. He is bending over Oliver, berating him testily. Sidney Long, his book in his hand, slouches nearby.

GRAY

I appeal to you, Master Long -- is it fair? I support his family -- feed his children -- even pay my tupence to come in and get my script and it is not ready.

LONG

We've been busy. We've been helping Mistress Bowen.

GRAY

Mistress Bowen -- who is she?

Long points

LONG SHOT. A thin crowd of people are gathered at one place. The camera is set up to show the crowd but not what they are working at.

CLOSE SHOT - Nell, in the middle of the crowd of loonies. They are stupidly staring while she bulks together a heap of straw and covers it as neatly as she can with a thin blanket. Beyond her, other similar pallets can be seen neatly arranged along the wall. The loonies watch her stupidly. She finishes making up the pallet, dusts off her knees and starts down the hall.

MED. FULL SHOT - Gray, Long and Todd.

GRAY (CONT'D)

Oh -- a new female warder -- now about the next chapter --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONG

Not a warder, Master Gray -- an inmate like ourselves who does all she can to help her fellow suffers.

GRAY

What can she do?

LONG

Look, I'll show you.

He takes the book, holds it edge up, then, between thumb and forefinger, he rapidly lets the separate pages flutter by.

INSERT - THE PAGES OF THE BOOK as they flutter past, revealing that a series of drawings have been made; drawings which are animated by the movement of the pages.

These animated drawings show a girl feeding a person in bed; reading to a man chained to a wall. As the pages flutter past, Long's voice can be heard.

LONG'S VOICE

What can she do you ask? She can feed those who have not wit enough to feed themselves -- she can wash the helpless -- cheer the despondent -- she can -- she is an angel in this darkness.

BACK TO SCENE

GRAY

Very interesting -- but this book you have -- those drawings --

LONG

Oh -- the pictures -- you don't know half their wonder, Master Gray --

(enthusiastically)

If I could only get a light behind these pages I could throw them large as life upon the wall.

GRAY

Aye --- that's not a bad notion -- one could charge admission. You could even tell the story Todd's writing that way.

LONG

(in the manner of one
imparting a secret)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONG (CONT'D)

You forget -- it's because of these pictures that I'm here -- that and because I'm the best lawyer in England, I, the most skilled of them all.

GRAY

Oh, yes, that's true.

He turns to Todd.

GRAY (CONT'D)

And you, Oliver -- You'd best finish that chapter by tomorrow or I'll withdraw my support from your family. Understand?

Without turning, Todd nods his head.

MED CLOSE SHOT - Nell, as she comes along the corridor behind the pillars. She passes Dan lunging against a pillar and stops to speak to him.

NELL

Dan, did you chance to see a trowel?

DAN

A trowel? I'll build you a wall -- a wall that high --

He reaches to indicate. Nell looks at him, shrugs and passes on. Dan follows her.

MED. FULL SHOT - the pillar, as Nell comes up to Long, followed by Dan.

NELL

Master Long, have you seen a trowel?

LONG

I beg your pardon.

NELL

A trowel -- a mason's instrument. I mislaid it some days ago. I'd like it back.

LONG

Oh, yes -- a trowel.

He looks suspiciously at Nell.

NELL

I'm not mad, Master Long. I had a trowel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONG

(comfortingly as to a child)
Oh, certainly, Mistress Bowen. We'll
help you find it.

Nell shrugs hopelessly at him and smiles.

NELL

You think I'm mad. Sometimes I think
I've gone mad myself, scrubbing and
making beds and all for people who don't
even know that I'm trying to help them.

LONG

They know.

INT. DOOR OF THE MAIN ROOM - ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM -
DAY

Sims, attended by two guards, comes through and starts
down the room. He comes up to the group around the
pillar. Dan is slightly in his way. He raises his arm
threateningly. Dan merely looks at him with a stupid
sort of interest but no fear. Sims looks puzzled for a
moment, then pushes the idiot out of his way.

SIMS

Good morning, Mistress Bowen --

Nell nods to him in dignified greeting.

SIMS (CONT'D)

(looking about)

What a happy place this has become.
Everything is so much cleaner -- the
idiots even have their faces washed.
Only a little time and this wonderful
change in Beldam! What wonders will you
not accomplish in a life time.

He makes a mock bow.

SIMS (CONT'D)

Madame, you are to be congratulated.

NELL

What do you want?

SIMS

I want only to reward you. Didn't you
ask for a separate sleeping apartment?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELL

I'd like to sleep in peace. The main room is noisy at night.

SIMS

And I have a room for you -- a pretty chamber -- if you will come with me --

Nell rises.

INT. CORRIDOR - ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM - DAY

Two guards with cold chisels, hammers and bold clippers are snapping chains, the links of which come through holes in the wall and are passed around a stone pillar in the corridor.

INT. TOM THE TIGER'S CAGE - DAY

Tom reacts in surprise as first one chain and then another falls to the floor. He takes a great draught of air into his lungs. He moves cautiously, feeling his freedom. His eyes move wildly.

INT. MAIN ROOM - ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM - DAY

TRUCKING SHOT - Nell, Sims and the two guards behind them.

SIMS

-- Unfortunately, you will have to share this comfortable apartment with one other. I'm sure you won't mind that.

NELL

Better than one hundred.

ANOTHER ANGLE - to show Nell, Sims and the two guards approaching the cage. Sims takes out a key.

SIMS

This is your new chamber, my dear lady.

Inside the cage the gigantic maniac is beginning to move away from the wall, still tremulous with his new freedom; his movements hesitant.

CLOSE TWO SHOT - Nell and Sims.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMS (CONT'D)
(with a gesture)
Won't you enter?

Nell looks at him.

NELL
You've not driven me mad yet, Sims. I
would not go in there.

SIMS
And I wanted so much to please you --

Nell starts to turn away. Sims catches hold of her
elbow.

SIMS (CONT'D)
Wait. This was to show you -- that all
those mawkish theories you've learned
from the Quaker are lies. Men are not
brothers -- men are not born kind and
good -- even the mindless ones are savage
and must be ruled with force.

NELL
I know your thoughts on the matter, Sims,
they do not interest me.

SIMS
(disregarding this)
With the others, yes, you could prove the
little value of gentleness -- but look at
this man -- look at him and tell me that
kind words and tender deeds can rule him -
- look!

He crushes her elbow in his hand to emphasize his point.

NELL
I am looking -- it proves nothing.

SIMS
But you don't dare enter the cage with
him -- that proves much -- that proves
the falseness of all that you have come
to believe.

NELL
It does not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMS

Well, then, enter the cage, gently him
with a word -- conquer him with kindness -
- or admit that your Quaker lies.

Nell looks directly at him, then, firming her will, she
takes a step toward the door.

SIMS (CONT'D)

(taunting)

You would enter.

Nell nods. He opens the door wide enough for her to pass
through. She hesitates, then steps slowly into the cage.
Sims clangs shut the door behind her.

INT. TOM THE TIGER'S CAGE - DAY

In his first astonishment Tom retreats from her. She
stands still, a pace within the door, and looks at him.
He takes a few steps toward her, almost as if impelled
with animal curiosity. He circles to one side, then
hunches his great shoulders. His whole body grows tense
like that of some tiger who stiffens before he leaps.

NELL

(quietly)

My friend, you do not wish to hurt me,
nor I you.

It is the first gentle word spoken to him in years.
Before his madness can triumph over his surprise, Nell
walks to a small chair, catches up her skirts and seats
herself.

NELL (CONT'D)

Perhaps you would like to talk. I will
listen to you.

The gigantic maniac places himself before her and tries
to talk. Only inarticulate gasping sounds come from his
mouth. He gesticulates wildly. Then again he breaks
into a frenzy of gasping, disarticulated sound.

NELL (CONT'D)

I know -- you are trying to remember --
some day you will.

He is silent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELL (CONT'D)

(comfortingly)

You will remember -- some day you will remember.

She looks up at Sims.

CLOSE SHOT - Sims. He shrugs and turns away leaving the cage door unlocked behind him.

DISSOLVE

INT. JOHN LARD'S PUBLISHING HOUSE - DAY

Wilkes and his political supporters crowd the little publishing house. Most of them are admiring a poster hanging up on the wall which reads:

Your votes, Poll and Interest
Are desired for
JOHN WILKES
Citizen and Joiner, to be
Chamberlain

He having more creditors than any other person.

A little away from this group stand John Wilkes, Hannay and Varney.

VARNEY

-- and the bailiff came. She went with him to Bedlam.

WILKES

Apparently Sims fears an investigation. Men have rid themselves of unwanted wives by that sweet expedient but it takes Sims to forestall criticism with imprisonment.

HANNAY

I will not believe such ill even of him -- but she is there. I have spoken with her. She's as sane as thee or me.

WILKES

Mistress Nell with that bright, quick mind of hers -- saner than either a politician or a Quaker. This is still England, Hannay, and we have laws here -- laws of right and justice. I shall see that Sims feels their full weight.

He pats the Quaker's shoulder.

(CONTINUED) *

CONTINUED:

WILKES (CONT'D)

We'll have Nell out of Bedlam in a
twinkle -- never fear --

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. MAIN ROOM - ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM - NIGHT

FULL SHOT - Two maniacs are seated together on the floor.
One has a Bible in his hand, but from it he reads
incongruous verses.

FIRST MANIAC

Let Hull, house of Hull rejoice with
Subis a bird called the Spight which
breaks the eagle's eggs. Let Scroop,
house of Scroop rejoice with Fig-Wine-
Palmi primarium vinum. Not so - Palmi-
primum is the word. Let Hollingstead,
house of Hollingstead rejoice with
Sissitietaeis herb of good fellowship.
Praise the name of the Lord September
1762.

While he reads the other maniac keeps shouting.

SECOND MANIAC

That's not right -- that's not right --
that's not the word of Truth -- the word
of Truth is peace.

With this last remark he tears the Bible from the other's
hand and the two begin to fight madly for its possession.
In the struggle the Bible is torn and its leaves
scattered.

Nell, with Tom the Tiger following her, comes into the
scene.

NELL

Oh, Wallace! -- Edward! -- Stop !!

She takes the Bible from them. Tom gets on his knees to
pick up the torn pages, handing them to her one by one.

SECOND MANIAC

We were fighting over the word peace.

Nell grins.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELL

Wiser men than you have fought about it,
Edward.

SIMS' VOICE

Mistress Bowen --

She turns. Sims comes into the scene attended by his two warders.

SIMS

-- a word with you.

She steps quietly forward.

SIMS (CONT'D)

I have good news.

ANOTHER ANGLE - showing that behind Sims and Nell is the pillar near which Todd's desk is placed. Todd is busily working and Long, as usual, is leaning against the desk, thumbing his book of motion pictures.

SIMS (CONT'D)

You are to have a new hearing before the
commission.

NELL

(eagerly)

When?

SIMS

When it pleases the Commission.

She starts to turn away very disappointed. Sims takes her elbow.

SIMS (CONT'D)

It will please them to have your hearing
tomorrow afternoon. I'm delighted for
your sake.

Nell gives him a quick, direct look.

SIMS (CONT'D)

Indeed, I am so pleased -- you've so
endeared yourself to me -- that I want to
do everything possible to make sure you
hearing is a success -- that you will be
released --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELL
(briefly)
Thank you.

SIMS
In fact, I have ordered our most
beneficent remedy for you.

At Nell's feet, Tom the Tiger reacts to this; begins to crouch away. Nell puts her hand down, touches his shoulder and quiets him.

TWO SHOT - Long and Todd. For the first time, Todd lays down his pen and turns to listen. Long's face is a study in frightened interest.

MED. FULL SHOT - Sims, Nell, Long, Todd and Tom. Sims looks around at Long and Todd, savoring their fright. Nell also looks at them. What she sees in their faces puzzles her.

NELL
A remedy, Master Sims?

SIMS
Have they --
(pointing to Long and Todd)
Not told you?

Nell shakes her head.

SIMS (CONT'D)
It is my own invention -- a cure -- a
specific for the lax and wandering mind.

He takes Tom's shoulder and moves him a little so that the light falls on the kneeling maniac's face.

SIMS (CONT'D)
Look at him. When he came here he had
but one concern -- to remember something
he had forgotten -- I tried to help him
with my remedy --

Sims sighs deeply.

SIMS (CONT'D)
Perhaps I was not drastic enough.

NELL
I need no cure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMS
(shrugging)
Just to be sure, Mistress Bowen.

NELL
No.

SIMS
I've given you an invitation. Now I must
speak as your physician. Come with me.

NELL
I'll take my chances with the
Commissioners. I need no cure.

SIMS
As the Apothecary General of Bedlam, I
order you.

NELL
No!

SIMS
If you insist upon it, I must force you.
He takes a step toward her.

NELL
Force me? Here? Look around you.

SIMS
(grinning)
Do you think your friends will help you?

NELL
I have helped them.

SIMS
You expect them to band together and
overwhelm me. If they could reason so,
they would not be here.
He comes closer to her.

NELL
I warn you. They know me. They know
that I've helped them -- been kind to
them --

SIMS
(sneering)
And so they love you and will aid you --
again that Quaker nonsense --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He comes right up to her and seizes her wrist. She pulls back. For a moment they stand silently, pulling in opposite directions, then his superior strength begins to tell and she is forced to take a step toward him. From the darkness two arms suddenly reach in and seize Sims. He drops Nell's wrist and tries to yank himself free. A whole group of lunatics crowd in upon him, grasping him with their hands. Nell backs away from him, one hand restraining Tom.

SIMS (CONT'D)

Let go of me.

LONG

(stepping to Nell's side)

Hold him.

SIMS

(shouting)

Warders -- help -- warders --

NELL

Shout away, Master Sims. Shout away.
Your men are used to Bedlam and its
noises -- they have heard too many cries
to pay attention to one.

Sims sees the logic in her speech and keeps silent.

NELL (CONT'D)

As for me, I'll just borrow your keys,
Master Sims.

She takes them from his hand.

LONG SHOT - As Nell, the keys in her hand, runs toward the main door. Todd sees her and rises from his place at the desk and goes quickly after her. At the main door he catches up to her as she inserts the key into the lock.

TWO SHOT - Todd and Nell.

TODD

(as he lays a restraining
hand on Nell's wrist)

No -- Mistress Bowen -- not that way.
There's a warder in the hall and another
at the front door.

NELL

But you heard him threaten me with the
treatment. I can't stay here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TODD

There's a little window that is left unbarred --

NELL

I think I know that window, Master Todd. You are mad if you think I'll try to climb through that window as Colby did, and others before him, I dare say.

TODD

I'm not mad, Mistress Bowen -- I'm not like the others here. I've been placed here by my family to keep me from drink so that I may write and support them. I know that little window is dangerous -- designed for a death trap -- but those who tried before were men of small strength.

NELL

I'm no Hercules.

TODD

Tom could lift you through that window.

Nell considers this, then nods.

TODD (CONT'D)

You can go through that door.

They start off in that direction.

MED. FULL SHOT - Sims as he still struggles in the grasp of his captors. He is addressing himself to Long who still stands before him.

SIMS

Long -- you've more reason than the rest and I expect more from you -- you know that there are chains to bind you and rods to beat you the punishment you'll get for this. You understand that don't you?

Long nods mutely.

SIMS (CONT'D)

Then go to the door -- call the warders for me -- or else you'll feel the weight of those chains and the bite of the rods on your back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Long hesitates.

SIMS (CONT'D)

Do as I say.

LONG

(hesitating and looking
around; frightened)

But the rest -- what will they do to me?

SIMS

Are you afraid of their vengeance? They
couldn't think far enough ahead for that.
They are lunatics. They have been tried
and found incompetent by fair trial.

LONG

Trial? Quo Warranto -- corpus delicti --
cum grano salis --

SIMS

Ah yes, I'd forgotten you were a lawyer.

LONG

A lawyer, sir? I am a judge.

(in great excitement)

I am a judge --

(levelling his finger in
Sims' face)

I, the most skilled of them all -- and
you shall be judged -- judged as I say.

There is a general movement of excitement among the
lunatics. They move curiously forward; some grinning,
some snickering in excitement.

LONG (CONT'D)

(pointing)

Bailiffs, hold that man! He disturbs the
court.

Three or four lunatics, including one of the women,
fasten themselves onto Sims' arms. A woman maniac begins
to twitter.

WOMAN

Try him -- try him.

MAN

A fair trial for Master Sims -- a fair
trial --

Sims struggles in the grasp of his captors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANOTHER ANGLE - As Nell, followed by Tom and Todd, passes the struggling group. Sims reaches out one hand to her and calls.

SIMS

Mistress Bowen -- speak to them -- please
speak to them -- I beseech you --

Nell pauses, looks at him and then laughingly says:

NELL

Give Master Sims a fair trial.

She turns and with Tom following her, walks across to the small door near the cage. She unlocks it and followed by Tom disappears into the darkness of the corridor.

DISSOLVE

EXT. THE ROOFS OF ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT - Nell and Tom come out onto the window ledge.

NELL

(whispering)

Tom -- you must get up on the roof. You
are to go first. Then you must pull me
up -- up -- you understand?

He nods. Nell throws open the window and gives him a little pat on the shoulder. He starts to climb out. Evidently, he has found a hand-hold above him as first his head, then his torso and finally his legs disappear. Nell edges out tot he outer ledge of the window and lifts her hand up.

NELL (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Tom --

EXT. THE ROOF GUTTER - ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM - NIGHT

Tom is kneeling in the gutter. He has one hand extended down over the edge and this hand is wound tight around Nell's upraised wrist.

NELL

Tom --

He starts to pull. She lets her feet slide off the window ledge and is suspended above the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE SHOT - PROCESS - Tom and Nell. The strain of pulling Nell up brings Tom's head back so that he sees the stars above him. He looks at the stars, forgetting all else. He has forgotten about Nell. She swings suspended by only one hand four stories above the hard cobbles of the street.

CLOSE SHOT - Nell

NELL (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Tom -- Tom --

TWO SHOT - Nell, frantic, but still holding her voice to a whisper.

NELL (CONT'D)

Tom -- Tom --

Suddenly, comprehension dawns on Tom's face. With a great effort he pulls her up and she scrambles safely onto the gutter. She crouches there, breathing heavily. Tom looks at the stars. Then she starts off over the roofs, leading Tom.

INT. MAIN ROOM - ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM - NIGHT

LONG SHOT. In the dimly lighted room pandemonium reigns without let or license. The insane patients, shouting in excitement, are in a great crowd about the pillar where Long and Todd habitually stay.

Todd's desk has been converted into a bar of justice and behind it sits a stout lunatic with a dirty sheep's skin spread over his head to imitate a judge's wig. Behind him stands a thin, sombre-looking idiot who makes exact splitting motions in front of his face.

IDIOT

I am Solomon the Wise -- split him in tow
-- split him in two.

A jury of twenty crazy men and women are herded together by Dan the Dog to the right of the desk. At the left, surrounded by other lunatics, held by two crazy bailiffs is Master Sims. Long, himself, is the crown advocate. Oliver Todd, the sanest of them all, is evidently acting for the accused.

MED. FULL SHOT - Long.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONG
(pointing an accusing finger)
And so, Milords, we have brought this man
before you to answer for these crimes --
these crimes which I shall number for you
-- neglect --

A great shout rises from the lunatics.

LONG (CONT'D)
-- cruelty --

Another yell that grows fiercer arises.

LONG (CONT'D)
(as he continues more
rapidly)
-- whippings -- beatings -- dirty straw
to lie upon --

Some of the lunatics dance around Sims, tearing off their
garments to show the marks from the lash; the bruises
from the club.

LONG (CONT'D)
-- chains --

A great shout rises and above it can be heard the
clanking of the chains from those still fastened to the
walls.

LONG (CONT'D)
Starvation -- stealing our food -- for
all these crimes, Milords and Gentlemen
of the Jury, I ask justice.

A roar from the crowd follows. Sims tries to speak but
his words are drowned out by the shouting of the maniacs.
They swarm about him. Some pluck at his clothing with
their fingers. He goes down to his knees. The lunatics
rain blows on him.

CLOSE SHOT - Sims. His face is battered. He is shaken
by the blows and kicks of his charges. He tries to make
himself heard, pleading with outstretched arms and
finally his words can be heard.

SIMS
I beg you -- let me speak -- let me talk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It is to no avail. They surge toward him again and again the kicks and blows rain down.

DISSOLVE

INT. QUAKER MEETING HOUSE - NIGHT

After the hurly-burly shouting and screaming of Bedlam here is perfect peace. The monotone of the Quaker costumes, the orderly lines of the benches and the deep quiet with which these simple people commune with God give a feeling of great peace. Hannay sits at the end of one bench near the door. Suddenly, that door bursts open and Nell stands there, wildly disheveled by her flight, her eyes and face glowing with excitement. She takes the few quick steps necessary to bring her to Hannay's side.

NELL

William --

HANNAY

(whispering)

Sh-h. This is God's house.

NELL

(lowering her tone)

I broke free from Bedlam.

HANNAY

But thee should not have run from there --
thee were to have a new hearing tomorrow.

NELL

If I lived that long. He had some
treatment that he was to give me -- a
treatment that made even the maddest of
them shudder to hear -- I ran -- and they
have him now.

HANNAY

Who has him?

NELL

The loonies -- they've seized him and are
trying him in mockery -- they will kill
him. It is what he deserves.

HANNAY

Hush! Thee should not speak of any man
that way. Have they killed him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELL

They will -- they will --

Hannay starts to rise and takes her arm.

HANNAY

Then thee must go to him. Thee must speak to the poor afflicted ones and save him.

NELL

Save him?

HANNAY

Can one know his mind? Can one know what sickness lies in it? As thee were kind to those in Bedlam, thee must be kind to those whose sickness forces them to hurt their fellow man.

Nell hesitates.

HANNAY (CONT'D)

Is it not the same thing? Has Sims not a madness thee can pity?

Nell thinks, then nods.

HANNAY (CONT'D)

Come -- we shall get Wilkes -- he will help us --

He starts to lead her from the Quaker Meeting House.

INT. ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The rush lights have burned low and only two portions of the place are well illuminated; the pillar around which the main group of the insane are gathered around Sims and the other pillar where Dorothea, the Dove stands in deep quietude.

CLOSE THREE SHOT - Sims as he faces Todd and Long. Behind him is the spectral figure of Solomon. Sims has been pretty well battered. His wig is gone. His face is dirty and bruised.

SIMS

I did not want to hurt you. I did not want to put chains on you -- to starve you -- to steal from you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONG

But you did. And now it is our turn.

SIMS

You will not dare harm me. They'll load you with chains, scourge you with the cat. Then you shall really know what cruelty can be. I warn you.

TODD

Your vengeance is not our present concern. What you have done concerns us -- why you did it.

SIMS

I told you -- I had to -- even as you do things because you have to do them -- even when you know they're wrong --

LONG

But why?

SIMS

(still addressing himself to
Todd)

Can't you understand? This is a great world and strong men with great advantages rule over it -- and men like me are frightened -- born poor and misshapen --

TODD

Did you beat us out of fright Sims -- did you starve us out of fear?

SOLOMON

Split him in two.

The crowd moves forward, yelling. Long and Todd hold them back with outstretched arms. Sims cringes.

LONG

Is that why you still threaten us if harm comes to you?

SIMS

(turning to him with a snarl)

I warn you -- the chains -- the rods --

TODD

You spoke of your fear --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMS

It is a great world -- a world of force
and pomp and power -- and I was
frightened at my littleness - my ugliness
and my poverty.

TODD

And for that you struck and starved --

SIMS

(desperately)

It is the frightened dog that bites --
and I had to fawn and toady and make a
mock of myself so that all I could hear
was the world laughing at my ugliness. I
was afraid.

TODD

You had to strike us.

SIMS

Yes -- yes -- can't you understand?

TODD

I understand.

SOLOMON

Split him in two.

LONG

And our punishment --

SIMS

Let me go. There will be no punishment.

TODD

He is sane. There is a fear in him -- a
fear that strikes out -- that claws and
tears at the world like a singed cat. He
is sane.

LONG

He will not punish us. He is sane.

JUDGE

This man is sane.

SOLOMON

Split him in two.

The crowd surges toward Sims, but Long interposes and
stretches out his arms to stop them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LONG

Wait -- wait.

He is given a little space and a little quiet in which to talk.

LONG (CONT'D)

This man has been judged sane -- he has no place here -- he must leave -- you cannot harm him -- it is the order of the court that he is sane and that he shall be free.

The loonies nod their heads sagely. This seems a proper way of settling the matter.

LONG (CONT'D)

Bailiffs, release the prisoner!

The bailiffs let go of Sims. He can hardly believe that he has been freed. He looks apprehensively about him, at the faces of his charges and then begins cautiously, slowly to back toward the door.

ANOTHER ANGLE - As Sims backs away his course brings him past the pillar where Dorothea the Dove stands in her usual statue-like immobility. He starts to back away past her, moving cautiously, keeping his eyes on the gaping lunatics who follow him. As he comes close to Dorothea she puts her hand into her bosom and draws forth the trowel. With a calm, almost majestic movement, she plunges it into Sims' back. He falls to the floor, sprawling, and the lunatics crowding about him hide him from view.

LOW CAMERA SETUP - Showing the loonies around Sims. They are frightened at what they have done and begin to move away; some furtively, some running.

LONG (CONT'D)

They will punish us for this -- all of us. The Apothecary General is dead.

CLOSE SHOT - Sims as he moves weakly.

LONG'S VOICE

We must hid him -- somewhere we must hide him -- so that they will never know --

Many hands come into the shot and the body is lifted up.

FULL SHOT - A group of the loonies as they carry Sims through the main hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MED. FULL SHOT - The door near Tom's cage. As the loonies come up to it, Long takes a key from Sims' pocket, opens the door and they pass through it.

DOLLY SHOT - as the lunatics carry Sims through the corridor of the incurably insane, pandemonium reigns.

INT. THE INTERSECTION - ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM - NIGHT

Here are the trowels, the mortar and the stones left by the masons, as well as the unfinished wall. The lunatics come into the shot bearing the figure of Sims. With a great effort they put him behind the wall, propping him up in an upright position and silently, with many a glance over their shoulders they begin to wall him up. When the stones have reached his chest his eyes open. Almost as if frightened by this, the lunatics hasten, throwing up the blocks of stone, slapping the mortar into place. The wall rises above his head and he is blocked out.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN:

INT. THE MAIN ROOM - ST. MARY'S OF BETHLEHEM - DAY

Along the walls the lunatics are lined up. There are many warders watching them. In the center of the hall, walking toward the camera is a small group of people including a warder, the Chief Commissioner of Lunacy, another gentleman, John Wilkes, Hannay and Nell Bowen.

MED. FULL SHOT - The group.

NELL

(to Wilkes)

-- and when we got here, Master Wilkes, he was gone. Long said he just left -- disappeared --

CHIEF COMMISSIONER

That is all I can get out of Long, but I know they must have killed him.

DOLLY SHOT - As the group advances toward the little door near Tom's cage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF COMMISSIONER

(CONT'D)

But it's so preposterous, Master Wilkes --
a man like Sims doesn't just disappear.

The little party has reached the door and they pass
through it into the corridor. The warder leads the way
with a lamp.

INT. THE CORRIDOR - DAY

MED. FULL SHOT - As the party proceeds through the
intersection. They come to the intersection and stand.
Hannay crosses to the wall behind which Sims' body is
buried.

WILKES

-- and that's precisely why he
disappeared. They tried him, found him
guilty of sanity and let him go. Can you
imagine what was in his mind -- the mind
of this man who had sworn on all that was
holy to aid and comfort these people --
can you imagine his feeling of guile? I
think that is what drove him to run away.

CHIEF COMMISSIONER

They killed him.

CLOSE SHOT - Hannay. With professional interest he looks
at the masonry. It seems rough and badly done. He puts
his hand up and feels the mortar, then looks at his hand.
His hand is wet. He taps the wall. It is hollow. He
turns as if to speak to the others of his discovery, then
pauses to listen as the Chief Commissioner's voice drones
on.

CHIEF COMMISSIONER

(CONT'D)

-- killed him and hid his body somewhere -
-

WILKES

You can't prove that without finding his
body.

CHIEF COMMISSIONER

We shall find it and we shall punish
them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILKES

Yes, I know -- the chains -- the beatings -- I tell you it's no good. What you need here is a better man to fill the post after Sims has fled from -- and after him a better man and so on until things here are as they should be; all kindness and care for these poor sick ones.

TWO SHOT - Nell watching Hannay as he listens to Wilkes. His hand is still out-stretched and on his fingers the wet mortar can be seen. As Wilkes finishes talking, she and Hannay exchange glances.

ANOTHER ANGLE - Showing the group. The Commissioner and Wilkes turn away and start down the corridor. Hannay starts after them. Suddenly Nell throws herself in his way.

NELL

You're not going to tell them. You know what it means to the people in there. Is it not worth silence to save them suffering?

HANNAY

I must tell the truth.

NELL

But no one has asked you.
(looking at him with a
twinkle in her eye)
I have heard there was much rejoicing in Heaven for the lost lamb that comes back to the fold.

HANNAY

Let me pass, Nell. I must tell them.

NELL

With only a little silence you can win a lost lamb for the fold, Master Hannay. If you speak you gain nothing but suffering for those in here.

Hannay stands puzzled, shaking his head. His conscience seems sorely tried.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELL (CONT'D)

They have not asked thee. Thou hast no need to affirm and why should thy hand be added to the weight that those people in there must bear. Is that God's will?

Hannay looks at her for a moment, then slowly grins.

HANNAY

Are we lovers that you thee and thou me?

Nell smiles back at him.

FADE OUT.

THE END