

I now definitely call the film *I Dreamt I Woke Up*. Here is the script:

INT. GLEBE BEDROOM. NIGHT

JOHN HURT (*John Boorman's alter ego*) is sleeping alone in his big brass bed. He awakes, hearing voices murmuring below.

JH: (*Voice over*) I dreamt I woke up.

INT. GLEBE STAIRS/DRAWING ROOM. DAY

JH descends. He stops, looks down at the hall and drawing room, which are decorated with leaves and branches. People are gathered round a coffin. It is made of stone and carved with elaborate Celtic runes.

JH: I bought that as a coffee table. It's not meant to be used.

(*They appear not to hear him. JH is not pleased to see that he himself is lying in the coffin.*

Now he is inside the coffin, looking out as the lid slowly closes. The faces of his family and friends look down. They are smiling. There is a stranger among them, a veiled woman. She looks at him with ineffable love and sadness. Her lips are moving but he cannot hear her.)

JH: (*Voice over*) Being dead seemed such a pity when the woman I had been waiting for all my life had finally appeared. I felt no pain, just regret for other lives unlived.

(*The lid closes. Darkness.*)

So this is it. You let go and you fall. How good it is to let go at least, to give up the struggle. But wait. Hold on. That woman. I must . . . before I . . . Nooooo . . .

(*JH's face impacts on a sheet of glass. The camera is under the glass and records his flattened features and startled eyes.*)

and then I was back, watching . . .

(*The branches decorating the room are now bare and autumn leaves fall from the ceiling. The mysterious woman is running her finger along the runes*



John Boorman and John Hurt in County Wicklow during the filming of
I Dreamt I Woke Up

carved into the coffin lid. Her lips move soundlessly as she translates their meaning. The mourners watch tensely. The woman makes a gesture: voila! The lid opens and JH sits up, blinking and shaking his head. He is warmly embraced. He searches the room for the woman. He catches a glimpse of her back as she slips out of the room without looking back. The swish of her hair. In the way of dreams JH is watching all this from the stairs. He turns and goes back up to the bedroom.)

INT. GLEBE BEDROOM. NIGHT

JB *the dreamer is sleeping in the bed.*

JH *climbs into the bed and into his own skin. The dreamer and the dreamed are reunited.*

JB: *(Voice over)* Soon I would have to re-enter the waking world and resume the pretence of being one person, and that a ridiculous man, a stranger to himself.

(Close on JB lying asleep on his back, his profile revealing an absurdly pointed nose.)

When I look at my face it does not look like the person I feel I am. So I don't look at it if I can possibly help it.

INT. GLEBE BATHROOM. DAY

JB *is shaving in a fine eighteenth-century Waterford glass mirror. Big close-ups of chin and cheek following the path of the razor.*

JB: *(Voice over)* I just look at the bits I'm shaving. I'm embarrassed by me. *(JB pulls on his pants clumsily. He overbalances.)* I trip. I stumble. I stutter. I'm self-conscious. I am not comfortable in my skin. I have never got used to myself. I'm not my kind of person. *(He recovers, gets to his feet, looks in the mirror unhappy about what he sees. Fleeting images of Mastroianni, Voigt, Marvin, Connery appear in the mirror to replace JB.)* Fortunately, making movies has allowed me to engage the charming, handsome, rugged men I ought to have been and to send them off on my adventures. *(JB towels his face and goes to the bedroom window.)*

INT. GLEBE BEDROOM. DAY

JB *looks out to the east at the new morning.*

JB: *(Voice over)* And the world itself has never looked quite right to me. But when I came here to Wicklow in Ireland twenty-two years ago, I felt I'd come to a place . . .

(The view out of the window. Towering limes lead the eye down to the river and across a meadow planted with thousands of young trees, and on to the folds of foothills.)

. . . that had always existed in my imagination, that here I could

somehow come to myself at last. Is that what home is? Finding in the outer world a place that coincides with an inner landscape?

EXT. THE GLEBE AND MOUNTAINS. DAY

From outside looking in at JB at the bedroom window.

The Glebe itself from the river meadow, its reflection wavy and insubstantial in the water.

The house, small and square like a child's drawing, couched in trees, the Wicklow mountains stacked up behind it.

The soft folds of the mountains. Cloud shadows scud across them, light and shade, playing havoc with the cartography of colour – gorse-yellow, bracken-brown, granite-grey, moss-green, lichen-white, heather-heather.

JB: *(Voice over)* What makes a landscape? Is it the contours, the colours, the light, the rock, the things that grow upon it? What is the mysterious thing that touches us, that says, 'This is your place?'

(JB is looking at Djouce mountain. Its shape resembles a reclining woman. He stares at it with intense concentration. A woman's body appears faintly superimposed, closely following the contours of the mountain. JB blinks in surprise and the apparition disappears.

JB walks the bog at Sally Gap. He is an awkward figure. His feet sink into the soggy soil.

JB's foot sinks into the squelching bog. The next step sets his foot alongside a rotting sheep's jaw.)

The roof of the Wicklow mountains is a sponge, a bog that soaks up the relentless rain. It is bleak and desolate up here. I like that. It's a salutary corrective to my tendency to romanticize nature. The soft folds of the mountains give them a feminine aspect, but that softness came about by the glaciers grinding at the hard granite. Djouce Mountain was sacred to the Celts. They saw the Mother Goddess lying there, wrapped in moss and heather with the fickle light playing on her slopes. Ha! There I go! Remember, there's a stony heart under all that. In winter it's the bleakest place on earth. A wasteland – which is exactly what I needed for my film *Excalibur*.

(Excalibur Excerpt: A knight rides across the bleak land where peasants grub among their rotting crops.)

JH: *(Voice over)* A great hurt has been done by man to the earth. Crops will not grow. The knights set out on a quest to find the lost Grail. Only the Grail can heal the sick King and make the land fertile once more.

(JB comes across two men cutting turf in a peat-bog. They are pulling a heavy object out of a pool of black water. It is a man perfectly preserved by the sterile bog. The TURF-CUTTER looks up shiftily as JB approaches.)

TURF-CUTTER: Finding a few of these, lately. Could be a thousand years old, this lad. The old bog'll preserve them for ever.

(The figure is tanned the colour of the bog. As the water runs off it, JB studies the leathery ancient face.)

JB: If only it could speak, eh? What tales he could tell.

(A hiss of air escapes the bog-man's mouth. JB is replaced by JH, who looks urgently at the BOG-MAN. He stoops close as the creature whispers.)

BOG-MAN: They buried me alive.

JH: Who did that to you?

BOG-MAN: The Druids. They made me half-dead.

JH: Why?

BOG-MAN: My sin was great. I did rape on the holy mountain.

JH: The Druids. Where did their power come from?

BOG-MAN: Down there. The lough.

(JH turns to look at Lough Tay, a silver dish of water far below. He looks back at the BOG-MAN, who is trembling, his body caught in convulsions.)

Be warned, you who dig and delve,

You who knows no peace himself,

Never waken those who die,

Lt sleeping bogs lie.

(JB is back. He looks at the BOG-MAN, now lifeless and inert.)

JB: You'd better get in touch with the National Museum.

(The two TURF-CUTTERSS wink at each other and grin with the special joy that men who do hard work derive from easy money.)

TURF-CUTTER: Ah, no, Mr Boorman. There's a fellow in Roundwood makes them up for us. We sell them to the tourists. It's softer work than cutting turf.

(A stream runs down from the bog into the magical valley of Luggala. Lough Tay lies below couched in mountains, a mirror for the heavens, a chalice.)

JB: *(Voice over)* The rain, bog-filtered, beer-coloured begins its fall to the sea. It drops into Lough Tay at Luggala, and a few miles on it will pass my house.

(JB moves down towards the lough, pushing his way through tangled branches.)
There's an easier way down, all right, but I favour the steep slope to the lake with its tortured oaks entangled in the mossy rocks – a memory of how life looked after the ice receded.

(Views of Luggala in all its aspects from above and below.)

This valley of Luggala is an enchanted place, a chalice cupped by mountains. I felt sure it was here, in the heart of her mystery, that the Lady of the Lake might offer up the sword of power – Excalibur.

(Excalibur excerpt: The sword Excalibur, held in the hand of the Lady of the Lake, rises from the water.)

JB stands where Merlin stood. The lake is a mirror reflecting an upside-down mountain. As JB watches the lake, two strange creatures appear before him, GARECH BROWNE in norfolk jacket, bearded and pony-tailed, and MÁIRTÍN MACSIÚRTÁIN, the tree man. MÁIRTÍN is peering myopically at a leaf while GARECH's head is temporarily concealed by the young tree he is carrying. In fact he looks like a mobile tree. It is an extremely rare Korean tree and they are disputing its history and provenance. MÁIRTÍN suddenly disappears into a hole and GARECH hands him the tree for planting.

JB watches GARECH and MÁIRTÍN as they walk towards the house, a Gothic hunting lodge at the foot of the mountain commanding views of the lake. Many trees have been planted in little cages to protect them from the deer that abound in the valley.)

JB: (*Voice over*) Here is the habitat of the Hon. Garech Browne, my friend and neighbour. He is the custodian of this valley of Luggala. He nurtures it, as he nurtures Irish music and poetry. Máirtín MacSiúrtáin is the tree man who plants for Garech and me. I put down mostly native broadleaves, whereas Garech favours rare and exotic species. That goes for his life. He is a collector of the rare and exotic – whether it be objects or people. He is a rare bird himself.

EXT./INT. LUGGALA. DAY

JB looks through a window of the house. A number of people are draped about the room. There is an air of shabby decadence and exquisite good taste, a potent mix. GARECH and MÁIRTÍN enter.

JB: (*Voice over*) Here he collects poets and pipers, druids and drunks, landed and stranded gentry.

(Faces are picked out for JB to identify: the poet JOHN MONTAGUE, the piper PADDY MOLONEY, the novelist GERALD HANLEY, DESMOND MACKEY, STAN GEBLER-DAVIS.)

He likes to have his friends about him and when they die he keeps their death masks close at hand, and indeed their hands.

(Moving across the death masks on the wall and a pair of bronze hands on the sideboard among the vodka bottles. Across the open pages of the visitors book, over the Irish Georgian furniture and on to the portrait of a young Garech hanging on the wall.)

His own likeness by Lucien Freud is a death mask of his youth, for the face has gathered the wisdom and sorrow of years to itself since then.

(Dissolve to GARECH's present face, his eyes sad. He is now standing by the window looking out at the lake and the little temple on its shore.)

About Gareth and this place the poet John Montague wrote . . .

(MONTAGUE, seated in the room, has his New Selected Poems open in his lap. A close shot of the poem 'Luggala' on the page. He reads.

JM: Again and again in a dream I return
to that shore . . .

EXT. LUGGALA. DAY

JOHN MONTAGUE *walks to the tomb by the side of the lake.*

JM: (Voice over) There is

a wind rising, a gull is trying to skim over the pines, and the waves whisper and strike along the bright sickle of the little strand. Shoving through reeds and rushes, leaping over a bogbrown stream, I approach the temple by the water's edge, death's shrine, cornerstone of your sadness.

(JM stands against one of the pillars. He looks down at the circular stone basin filled with water like an echo in artifice of the lake beyond.)

I stand inside, by one of the pillars of the mausoleum, and watch the water in the stone basin. As the wind ruffles cease, a calm surface appears, like a mirror or crystal.

(Dissolve to GARECH's face at the window. Superimpose the image on the stone basin of black water.)

And into it your face rises, sad beyond speech, sad with an acceptance of blind, implacable process. For by this grey temple are three tombs, a baby brother, a half-sister and a grown brother, killed at twenty-one.

(The lake, circled by gulls, falls into deep shadow, forbidding. MONTAGUE, a small figure, leaves the tomb and walks back towards the house.)

Their monuments

of Wicklow granite are as natural here as the scattered rocks, but there is no promise of resurrection, only the ultimate silence of the place, the shale littered face of the scree, the dark, dark waters of the glacial lake.

INT. LUGGALA. DAY

The guests are engaged in conversation.

JB: (Voice over) Magic leaks out of that lake and people and things are intensified in this house, made better or worse, and whatever they are, they are made more so here.

(In the drawing room one of the guests is looking through an album of photographs of Garech's wedding in which he wears an enormous turban and ornate robes.)

Garech's marriage to an Indian princess gave full rein to his pleasure in ritual and regalia.

(Garech is there in the drawing room, back to the fire surveying his guests, who are in animated conversation.)

PADDY MALONEY *has picked up his pipes and plays a haunting air that seems to touch the very spirit of Luggala. It silences the clever tongues.*

GARECH *is moved by the music as he looks out over his guests. Still standing by the fire, he levitates slightly. His guests applaud. 'That's powerful piping, Paddy,' they say.)*

GARECH: Paddy, put me down.

EXT. WICKLOW MOUNTAINS. DAY

From high above Luggala a view sweeping down from Lough Tay across the mountains to Lough Dan.

JB: *(Voice over)* From Lough Tay at Luggala the bog water begins to form a river in the glacial valley and it cuts a path into a second lake, Lake Dan. *(JB on the grassy edge of Lough Dan, which is tamer, more benign than Tay. He turns and walks through the dark, tangled thicket and emerges in the oakwood that rises from the shore. The floor of the wood is dusted with a haze of bluebells amid the holly and bracken.)* On the lower shore a tangled thicket discourages intruders, but if you can pass through it you come upon a secret corner of the valley where lies one of the last fragments of primal oak forest. Much of northern Europe looked like this a thousand years ago. The oak was sacred to the ancient Celts. They cut it down on pain of death. They feared the wrath of the Green Man, the malevolent spirit of the woods. If the Green Man lived still, he would live in such a place.

(A figure gradually emerges from its surroundings of bark and leaf. It appears to be a soldier in camouflage. JB has become JH. He studies the face.)

JH: Is this a military exercise? In here of all places?

MAN: Come closer.

(JH studies the face. The face is camouflaged in brown and black. Lichen and moss grow out of his beard and eyebrows.)

JH: Camouflage?

MAN: You could say that. *(He raises a hand. The fingernails are long, spiky points. The eyes are malevolent.)*

JH: It's you again. The Green Man. Can't you leave me alone? I just want to take a walk – ALONE!

(JH walks away; the GREEN MAN calls after him.)

GREEN MAN: Alone? Only a fool would come to a wood like this to be alone. You're in the midst of life, death-dealer. You're in the heart of the world.

(The GREEN MAN is suddenly in the branches of a tree in the path of JH, who stops and looks up.)

Trespasser! Desecrator! Tree-feller!

(The GREEN MAN makes a slashing pass with machete-like blade. A branch crashes down on JH. He falls to the ground, pinned by it. JH's face pops out from the leaves that cover him.)

JH: *(Angrily)* You've always been at war with us, long before we began to destroy you.

GREEN MAN: Because you're the enemy. Always have been.

JH: *(Furious)* Peace! Peace and harmony is what we want, you malignant bastard!

(JH hauls himself out from under the branch, then gets tangled in briars, trips and falls headlong. The GREEN MAN's laughter rings in his ears. Although it is JH who falls, it is JB who painfully stands up in his place, freeing his feet from the briars. JB looks up at the tree above him. Frayed ropes hang from several branches.)

JB: *(Voice over)* The ropes are still there after more than ten years. It was in this same wood and on this very tree that we strung up . . .

(Excalibur Excerpt: Knights in armour hang from many of the tree's limbs, swaying and creaking. A rook picks out the eye of one of them.)

. . . the knights of King Arthur, who had failed to find the Grail and heal the land. They hung like rotting fruit. This oakwood, so vibrant with life, is also a place of death and decay.

EXT. ANNAMOE. DAY

The camera follows the river as it sweeps past an oak-banked escarpment, through silver birch and gorse and meadow-sweet to the bridge at Annamoe.

The camera passes under the bridge and down into JB's domain.

The Glebe house, reflected in the river. Young trees planted in cages line the banks. The great lime trees standing about the house are in the first flush of leaf, their colour at its limest. Pan to the slender bridge which spans the river.

Dissolve to the pen-and-ink drawing of the design of the bridge.

JB: *(Voice over)* Just below Lough Dan the river passes my house and divides my land. We built a bridge across it, which the architect Jeremy Williams designed. I wanted a sword-bridge, so narrow that one man with a sword could defend it against an army. It gives access to thirty-five acres on which we have planted thirteen thousand native broadleaf trees. Jeremy helped Máirtín and I plan the series of groves and the network of walks and rides between them.

INT. GLEBE DRAWING ROOM. DAY

JEREMY is drawing a perspective view of the house set among the groves of trees giving an impression of how they will look in maturity. JB and MÁIRTÍN lean over him as he works. Spread out on the table are Máirtín's plans of the groves, indicating

the species planted. They remark that they will all be dead when the woods look like this. MAÍRTÍN comments on the suitability of the soil and the ecological effects. JB tells of his wish to restore the valley to its original natural condition. JEREMY speaks of landscaping, Capability Brown, and the forgotten people who planted the mature trees here. They also were dead before their trees came to their full glory.

EXT. GLEBE. DAY

MAÍRTÍN and JB walk the land, inspecting the young trees, the damage done by rabbits, the trees cut by hares angry that trees have been planted on their runs. MAÍRTÍN points out that although our aim is to restore we are also imposing an ecology. All growth is resisted, all nature is in competition. 'What about reaching a state of harmony?' asks JB. 'We drain, plough, fence, plant, banish the gorse. Are we doing the right thing? Some experts claim that we shouldn't plant at all. We should allow these forests to regenerate naturally.'

The GREEN MAN appears at their side.

GREEN MAN: Exactly. Nature? It's become a third world country. We live on hand-outs of fertilizers. Look at those groves with their barbed-wire fences – refugee camps for trees.

JB: You are so melodramatic.

(The GREEN MAN has disappeared. MAÍRTÍN wonders if the remark is aimed at him. But then JB often talks to himself, so MAÍRTÍN just ignores it.

MAÍRTÍN talks about trees, how that great oak, in its lifetime, will consume only a cupful of nutrients. These, the largest living things, take their sustenance from the air. They live on carbon dioxide and replenish our oxygen. They temper our climate and provide the environment for all forms of life. They are noble, they have no malice nor aggression. They provide us with everything from newsprint to furniture.

JB becomes passionate on the subject. This is a tree planet, he claims. It belongs to them. We should revere them as our ancestors did. I've come to know these trees, he says. When I stand among them they calm me, they steady me down. Is that fanciful? When I was in the Amazon there was a species being killed by a virus that was slowly moving across the forest. A strange thing occurred. Trees in the path of the virus but which it had not yet reached, developed antibodies. When the virus arrived, they were able to withstand it. Did the dying trees send out some kind of signal? Do trees have minds, Maírtín? He thinks they do.

They walk among the groves, examining the tender young leaves flushing on the fledgling trees. Close shots of a leaf of each species, veined and vibrant. On the soundtrack MAÍRTÍN recites their names, oak, ash, beech, willow, black walnut, hornbeam, etc. It is a litany of profusion.

They examine oaks planted five years ago and now becoming sturdy.

MAÍRTÍN, JB and JEREMY are joined by PADDY KENNY as they approach the point where two rivers converge. They discuss JB's wish to build a pagoda at the point of convergence. JB says that the meeting of rivers have always been considered sacred places. They discuss holy places, wells, lakes, springs – holy meaning whole, complete, harmonious. Is it proper to mark this place with a pagoda or should it be left wild, untouched? Why does man have this compulsion to impose meaning, order, form? JB says it is a way of connecting the real, turbulent, chaotic world to our dream world.

A large stone boulder sits in the grass a few yards from the Glebe house.

BROTHER ANTHONY, a Benedictine monk, hammer and chisel in hand, chips at the hard granite. He is carving a series of Celtic spirals into the reluctant stone. JB questions him.

Why did he want to do it? Because it is so hard, almost impossible? Like being a monk in modern Ireland?

BROTHER ANTHONY points out that the glacier took much longer and more care to produce this beautiful shape. He explains that this was a glacial valley and that 14,000 years ago we would have had hundreds of feet of ice above us. JB asks why we have this urge to take an artefact of nature and improve it.

Not improve it, BROTHER ANTHONY replies, but try to know it, reveal it, release it. The spirals follow the style of those found at New Grange.

Some illustrations of the New Grange spirals.

JB comments that the spirals suggest tension within the rock, powerful opposing forces held in balance. Is that ridiculous? Do we impose our imaginations on the inert and lifeless, needing to find meaning everywhere?

BROTHER ANTHONY might respond that he seeks God in all nature. The hard rock reminds him how hard He is to find.

What about the river? Like me, says JB, you have the urge to submerge, only you do it winter and summer. Is it a sensual pleasure or a way of scourging the flesh?

Both at once, BROTHER ANTHONY laughs.

BROTHER ANTHONY and JB swim in the river. They speculate that the river is the opposite of the rock. It is all movement and change and reflects whatever is in its path. What is a river? Its path, its course, its flow? It changes at every moment of time. Yet when we say 'river', we see it in our minds, we know it. Change is the only constant of a river. A river is an idea, not a thing. It is like a movie, which we know is a big reel with a start and a finish but we experience it one frame at a time. So it is with the river. We know it has a source and runs down to the sea. But we experience it a bit at a time. JB says that rivers, for all their elusiveness, are a great comfort to him. 'I can't be far from one for long.'

JB swimming in the river.)

JB: (*Voice over*) As a child on the Thames I fell into the river by a lock and was sucked down by an open sluice-gate. When I could hold my breath no longer, I breathed water – the lungs close off automatically – but the stomach sucks it in and out. The water roared in my ears. I opened my eyes and stopped struggling. I was breathing the river. I felt completely at home in this alien element. I had become the river. (JB *ducks under the surface of the river.*) *Deliverance* was a film about rivers. When Jon Voigt falls, he plunges into a nightmare, for the man he has shot is brought back to apparent life and seems to embrace his killer. (*Deliverance excerpt: Ed (Voigt) is lowering the dead mountain man by rope down a cliff-side to the river. The rope breaks and they both fall into the water. Beneath the surface, the mountain man's limbs appear to move and grasp at his killer. The rope entangles the two men. Ed's eyes are full of horror.*) In *Excalibur*, Percival is set upon by the people he had betrayed. Failing to find the Grail, he has lost all hope. He is sucked under by the weight of his armour, by the weight of his guilt.

(*Excalibur excerpt: Percival is hurled into the river by angry peasants. His armour drags him under. Beneath the water he struggles to rid himself of the armour, the weight of which is holding him under. Finally naked, he bursts to the surface gasping for air.*)

JB *surfaces from the black waters of the river.*

(*Excalibur excerpt continues: Percival hauls himself out of the water to find himself at the Grail Castle.*)

Stripped of his pride, and all he possesses, and having breathed the water of despair, only then – when all hope is lost – does he find himself at the gate of Grail Castle. So, finally, he is able to fulfil his quest and heal the King, and to bring the Wasteland back into fruit and flower.

EXT. THE POWERSCOURT WATERFALL. DAY

The slender waterfall feathers down the rock face into a pool of spray. Dissolve to . . .

EXT. GLENDALOUGH HOUSE. DAY

. . . the cascade at Glendalough House. It spills into a culvert which guides the water down a series of pools and lilyponds through exuberant and wildly various rhododendrons and azalias. DANNY ROCHEFORD weeds and nurses it.

JB: (*Voice over*) All is flow and all water has a longing for the sea. One of the many streams that join our river is captured by my neighbour, and her gardener, Danny Rocheford. He guides it through a series of pools and canals to make this water garden, a dream of what nature could be, or was once, perhaps, or is still – in another world.

(DANNY clips and weeds, and digs and tells of the endless struggle to keep it beautiful. JB asks him what would happen if it was left wild.)

EXT. THE GLEBE RIVER. DAY

DANNY is fishing in the river. He speaks of the fish he caught as a boy, how much larger they were then, and how the old men in his day remembered tales of salmon. A tall man in long waders appears in the middle of the river. He is NICK GREY.

JB: *(Voice over)* Nick Grey is engaged in a study of this whole river system from the Wicklow mountains to Arklow, where it meets the sea. *(He fills a bottle with a sample of water and holds it up to the light. Leaves of mica sparkle in the soupy water. He comments on its contents. A map is spread out. NICK GREY's fingers trace the tributaries and he describes the water shed. He shows our river coming from Sally Gap and Lough Tay and the other branches of the system spilling down from Glendalough, Glenmalur and Glenmacanass. He points to Avoca.)*

EXT. RIVER AT AVOCA. DAY

NICK GREY and JB are wading in the river. NICK describes how the old copper mines are still leaching metal into the river. Several old mines release other metals and the Arklow river is one of the most polluted in Europe. He describes how a fungus reacts with the copper ore to produce sulphuric acid, which runs into the river. It eats his rubber boots away.

EXT. NITRATE FACTORY. DAY

A grey pall of dust is permanently settled over the factory and the surrounding vegetation. Not a weed will grow within a quarter of a mile of it.

JB: *(Voice over)* This factory produces nitrate fertilizers which are supposed to promote growth and bounteous crops. The Holy Grail of Science. Ironically, it kills every living thing about it and produces this wasteland. No salmon could ever pass this place. And, if it did, the sulphuric acid would be waiting for it upriver.

(PADDY MOLONEY plays a dirge on the soundtrack as the wounded river finally dissolves into the Irish Sea. It is a bleak, featureless place. The camera moves in on the murky swirling water. . .)

A river that begins in hopeful springs and magical lakes, ends here in a kind of lurid, green death.

INT. GLEBE/DRAWING ROOM/HALLWAY. NIGHT

A reprise of the first scene. JH in the coffin rises out of the casket, guided by a woman's hand.

JB: *(Voice over)* The opening scene. A man has a dream of death. A mysterious woman draws him back to life.

INT. GLEBE/STUDY. DAY

JB is trying to write a script. He moves from his desk to a drawing board where he has made a chart on a large sheet of paper. On it are lines and arrows and words like 'plot', 'themes', 'the woman'. There is also a storyboard of the dream seen at the beginning of the film.

JB: (Voice over) He meets her later, by chance. He recognizes her from his dream. Does she recognize him? No. He follows her obsessively. She is elusive, mysterious. She's wounded by life in some way.
(His name is called. A visitor. He rises from his reverie and leaves the room.)

INT. GLEBE DRAWING ROOM. DAY

JB enters the room where a woman is awaiting him. Her hair, clothes and make-up are very different but it is unmistakably her, the woman from the dream. Her manner is brittle, aggressive. SHE holds a miniature tape-recorder in her hand which SHE shakes at him.

SHE: You don't mind this? People deny they said things. Journalists make things up. It keeps us honest.
(JB sits down. Her stares at her, astonished. SHE does not sit but moves about the room, inspecting it brazenly. SHE looks at some paintings.)
Ivon Hitchens?

JB: Yes.

SHE: He just kept on painting the same landscape over and over. Never got it right, I guess. (SHE laughs rather unpleasantly.)

JB: Well, I happen to believe he was trying to penetrate that landscape. In the end he wasn't painting trees and rivers, but their meaning.
(SHE raises an eyebrow)

SHE: I'll do you a favour. I won't print that. It would read so pretentious.
(JH appears at JB's side on the sofa.)

JH: It's her!

JB: I know.

SHE: You know it's pretentious? Then why say it?

JH: Say something. Do something.

JB: Shut up.

SHE: Take it easy.

(BRIGID the housekeeper comes in with a tray of coffee and puts it down on the stone coffin. The woman runs her fingers over the carved runes just as her dream sister did.)

Creepy coffee-table.

JB: As a matter of fact, it's a Celtic sarcophagus.

SHE: Some critics have said there is an unhealthy obsession with death in your movies. How do you feel about your own death?

JB: Right now I feel I'd rather die than do this interview.

SHE: Why did you agree? You surely know my reputation.

JB: I wanted to use your magazine to promote my film.

(SHE *smiles sweetly, sits.*)

SHE: Great. We want to exploit each other. Perfect grounds for a modern relationship. Speaking of which, I read somewhere that you are very taken with that quote from *Citizen Kane* where the guy says that he glimpsed this girl getting off the Staten Island ferry. Never saw her again, but there wasn't a day went by for twenty years when he didn't think about her. Is that how you see women? Mysterious, elusive?

JB: The women in *Hope and Glory* were earthy and raunchy, weren't they?

SHE: But they were your mother and aunts and sisters. They probably disgusted you. So you reach out for this 'idea' of woman. Sort of distant and unattainable and therefore safe. And also she has to carry all this symbolic baggage, like she's Mother Nature and Isis and the Lady of the Lake, etc. I mean do you really believe all this mystical stuff?

(JH *appears at JB's side again.*)

JH: This is disastrous. Can't you stop her? Can't you rewind this? Make her how we want her to be? Start again?

SHE: Have you ever actually had a mystical experience?

(JB *looks anxiously at JH then turns to SHE.*)

JB: You can't see him, can you?

SHE: Who? Are you putting me on? You call yourself a Jungian. Wasn't Carl Jung just a convenient scientific justification for your pet ideas about man's alienation from nature, Merlin as a magician-mediator and the quest for the Holy Grail, all those woolly notions about harmony and oneness?

JB: Do I get a chance to answer some of these questions?

SHE: Go ahead.

JB: Well, let's take Merlin. Yes, he is very real to me. He lives in my imagination. We converse all the time.

SHE: But has he ever appeared, physically, like in this room?

JB: No, of course not.

SHE: So it's all just so much fantasy and whimsy?

(MERLIN *appears, in the conservatory window, behind SHE. JB jumps to his feet, astonished. He points.*)

JB: Can you see him? It's him, Merlin.

(She *smiles, cynically.*)

SHE: You pulled that one already.

(SHE *looks over her shoulder. SHE screams. MERLIN puts his hand on her arm, confirming his corporality.*)

Look, I absolutely do not believe you can possibly exist.

MERLIN: You are not yourself.

(SHE starts to sob. SHE looks younger and vulnerable. The brittle shell has fallen away.)

SHE: I know. I'm not like this. I'm someone else.

MERLIN: All men are liars and you have devoted your life to finding them out.

SHE: Yes. And it's made me into someone I don't like.

MERLIN: It's a terrible thing, not to feel at home in your own skin, to be a stranger in a strange land. You are not alone. So it was with me. So it is with him. *(Indicating JB)* But you have come to the right place, for close by is Glendalough. Long ago a man called Kevin came there. He also was lost to himself. . .

EXT. GLENDALOUGH. DAY

The mountains rise sharply from the lake. It is more forbidding, powerful and ominous than Lough Tay and Lough Dan. Paddy's music echoes across it.

JB: *(Voice over)* In the sixth century, the man Kevin came to this remote place and lived as a hermit up here in a tiny cell and stared at the lake and mediated.

(JB stands at St Kevin's Bed, looking down at the lake.)

Such was his reputation that he attracted hundreds of fervent followers and a great monastery grew up.

(The churches, the round tower and the graveyard clustered in the valley at the foot of the lake.)

Probably Kevin came here because the Druids had found it a holy place before him. So what was the power it possessed? What was Kevin doing? Praying, I suppose. But, why here? And why did this supremely passive act arouse such wild excitement? His disciples knew he was on to something.

(Tourists wander about in a desultory way. They stare out at the lake as though waiting for something to happen.)

Glendalough is one of the essential tourist stops in Ireland. They are told it is a holy place, the holiest of all. They flock here as Kevin's followers did. But when they arrive, they are disappointed. They look at the lake hoping to feel something, but there is no ritual, no ceremony to help them. At shrines all over the world you see the same blank expressions as the secular present peers at the magical past. Is it quite dead, that past?

(The tourists have gone. JH is alone at the lake. He is climbing up to St Kevin's Bed. It is very steep. He clutches at roots to haul himself up.)

JH: *(Voice over)* I dreamt I was trying to reach Kevin's Bed. I knew if I could only get there, some important mystery would be revealed.

(He reaches the top, panting. JB is standing there. They look. A deep hum seems to come from the lake.)

JH: Can you hear that?

JB: No. What?

JH: There's a great force coming from the lake.

JB: I often come here hoping to feel something, but . . .

JH: Surely you can feel it. It's terrifying.

(JH is trembling, his eyes fearful. JB has disappeared.)

JH: *(Voice over)* A great force was coming from the lake. It was . . . How can I describe it . . . like naked power. It was terrifying because it had no purpose, no objective, not good, not evil. It was just itself. *(JH is trembling, his eyes fearful. A wind has got up, lashing the trees around him, buffeting the water off the lake. JH starts to scramble down the hill.)* And I understood that what the Druids and the monks were doing was to harness that power to the cause of good and now nobody is watching, nobody cares, and it is running wild, blind, destructive.

(JH is running along the shore of the lake, terrified.)

A WOMAN's face is rising from the lake, forcing itself up through the turbulent water. As she bursts through the surface, the humming stops.

JH looks back over his shoulder at the lake and sees the WOMAN emerging from the water. She wears a silver wetsuit. She looks at JH and he sees that she is the WOMAN in his dream. She reaches the shore some fifty yards away where twisted trees overhang the water. The surface of the water is calm again.

The WOMAN smiles at him. Even though they are far apart and speak softly they are able to hear each other's words.)

JH: I have been looking for you all my life.

WOMAN: And in other lives. And you will. The word is not . . .

(Before she can finish her sentence, the GREEN MAN emerges from a tree beside her. He draws her into the wood.)

JH: *(Voice over)* I tried to help her, but my feet would not move.

(JH's tormented face. Flashes of limbs seen through branches. Fallen leaves churn into the air in the turmoil of the rape. The spiked fingernails of the GREEN MAN rip open the rubber belly of the WOMAN. Blossoms and berries spill out of the wound. The GREEN MAN claws them with his cupped hands and buries his mouth in them.

JH screams soundlessly. A hand touches his shoulder and he swings about.)

JH: Merlin!

MERLIN: You cannot stop it. It happened long ago. Before Kevin, before the Druids. It is the wound.

JH: I can I must.

(MERLIN gestures towards JH's feet. He looks down. His feet are tree roots going deep into the ground. He screams.)

INT. GLEBE DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT

JB is sleeping on the sofa. A book lies in his lap. He wakes up with a start. He rubs his feet. Pins and needles. He stands up but his feet will not support him properly. He circles the rug as though walking on glass. He suddenly sees Merlin sitting in an armchair by the window. He goes towards him.

JB: How can we heal the wound, Merlin?

MERLIN: Ah, there's a question.

JB: Is there nothing I can do?

MERLIN: Well, you have made this film.

(JB looks out the window, at the clear, summer's afternoon light. He turns towards MERLIN and smiles.)

JB: OK. Cut. It's a wrap. Thank you very much, everybody.