

JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN

Written by

Dalton Trumbo

from his novel

of the same name

A BRIEF HISTORY

JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN, the last major novel of World War I, was written thirty years ago (in 1938) and first published by J. B. Lippincott in September of 1939 --- three days before the beginning of World War II. Its reputation as the most controversial novel of its time was fortified by a National Book Award.

The novel has always made its way slowly. Written entirely in the American vernacular and almost completely devoid of punctuation, it has proved extremely difficult to translate into other languages. The first foreign edition appeared in Denmark in 1940. A partial Russian edition, published in the same year by the USSR, was withdrawn in 1941. Sixteen years elapsed before its third foreign translation into Italian. In 1960 it was published in England. The German edition appeared in 1963; the Portuguese not until 1968. Although its foreign publication has thus far been limited to England, Denmark, Norway, Italy, West Germany, Russia and Brazil, translators are now preparing editions in French, Spanish, Hungarian and Arabic.

In its own country, successive generations of young people, from contemporary teen-agers to those now in their mid-forties, have discovered and re-discovered the book and made it their own. Through three wars it has won a secure although sometimes underground place in the student-academic community; it has been used in high school oratorical contests from one end of the country to the other, assigned as required reading in contemporary literature by colleges and junior colleges, widely dramatized (without permission but with implicit consent) by high school and university theatrical groups, nationally broadcast as a radio drama by James Cagney, used as the subject of a six-week seminar by the University of Indiana, and choreographed as a ballet by the drama department of Bennington College.

Uniquely the possession of youth --- the young and the recently young --- its last edition of 200,000 copies was issued late in the spring of 1967 by Bantam House.

References: Who's Who, Twentieth Century Authors, The Reader's Encyclopedia of American Literature.

A SAMPLING OF AMERICAN REVIEWS

(1939 - 1940)

New York Times (Ralph Thompson): "Dalton Trumbo's new novel, published today, could hardly have been published in any country but our own. . . . The theme itself is as appropriate as that of any war novel we have had, and possibly as striking and imaginative. . . Mr. Trumbo sets this story down almost without pause or punctuation and with a fury amounting to eloquence."

Book-of-the-Month Club News: "This novel will win your admiration. It is as sincere as it is appalling."

New York Herald Tribune (Fred T. Marsh): "In eight years of book reviewing this is the toughest assignment I have ever had. It's a terrible story, remorseless, uncompromising. Even for one who believes that everything in life is subject for the novelist, that there should be no limitations of any kind to the honest portrayal of that which is, this book was a shocking and violent experience."

Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger (Aubrey L. Thomas): "We have read a good many stories, fiction and otherwise, in which the horrors of modern warfare have been stressed but never have we read one which stirred us as has Johnny Got His Gun."

Washington Post (Evelyn Page): "I find it very hard to write about Johnny Got His Gun without being guilty of understatement or hysterics. It is a terrifying book, of an extraordinary emotional intensity."

Boston Herald (Charles Lee): "The literary heat is on as it has not been on since Humphrey Cobb wrote Paths to Glory. Johnny Got His Gun is an extraordinarily agitating book, passionate in its language, potent in its emotional effect, a novel that tells in unsparingly honest words what a wickedly gruesome business war is, and how wickedly wasteful. Johnny Got His Gun, full of horror and hurt, will be a terrific and vivid experience for any one who reads it."

New York Daily Mirror (Charles Wagner): "One of the most shocking indictments of war we have ever read in novel form (the other one is All Quiet on the Western Front)."

Hollywood Citizen-News (Morton Thompson): "Johnny Got His Gun ranks with Grapes of Wrath in the list of important books published this year. As a piece of creative work, Mr. Trumbo's book ranks quite as high."

The New York Herald Tribune (Lewis Gannett): "If you read Johnny Got His Gun you won't forget it. It is savage and bitter and beautiful... It has a ghastly timeliness; it is shatteringly real. Johnny Got His Gun is an unforgettable story, and now is the time to read it."

Chicago Daily News (Sterling North): "It is hard to imagine a more persuasive argument for staying out of war than this smooth, savage, brilliant tale."

Atlanta Constitution: "Such terms as genius must be used with care, but there is no other word to describe Johnny Got His Gun."

Saturday Reivew of Literature (Ben Ray Redman): "A powerful and brilliant work of the imagination. In giving voice to a human experience that has hitherto been voiceless, Mr. Trumbo has written a book that can never be forgotten by anyone who ever reads it."

AND LATER ---

Publishers' Weekly (1959): "Dalton Trumbo's powerful anti-war novel. . . ."

Chicago Daily News (Joseph Haas, 1967): "But surely one of the most brutally, unflinchingly honest books about the reality of war is Dalton Trumbo's Johnny Got His Gun, now available for the first time in paperback. . . . The climax will shock most readers for a variety of reasons. . . . This is a pitiless book but, unless your heart has turned to stone, it bares to you the face of truth: the face of war."

Berkeley Daily Californian (Jere L. Johnson, 1967): "Johnny Got His Gun is one of the most terrifying books of our time and one of the greatest. . . it is a modern-day classic."

Our Generation Quarterly, Quebec, Canada (Ben Habeebee, 1967): "Never have I read such a book. . . I wished Johnny dead. Later I wept for him. Then I loved him. Prayed for him. Hoped against hope for him. . . and finally was inspired by him."

A SAMPLING OF MIDDLE-EUROPEAN REVIEWS

(1962 - 1963)

Der Mittag, Vienna (W. A. Kraeling): "Only people who do not fear the truth will be able to read this book. It is the most horrifying accusation against war that has ever been written in our alphabet, a terrifying story."

Forum Academicum, Heidelberg University, West Germany, (B.A.): "Dalton Trumbo makes his accusation: he accuses war and those who use catch phrases to hound living men into the deadly fire. . . The importance of the book lies in the question mark which appears spontaneously behind the heroic words 'dulce decorum est' when one has finished reading it. Read it."

Die Andere Zeitung, Hamburg, West Germany, (E.H.): "More powerful than Remarque, more striking than Norman Mailer's anti-war novel, is this story, an outcry which leaves one with a crippling horror. . . To all those who still have a good opinion of war, this book is directed."

Die Tat, Frankfurt, West Germany (Andre Muller): "For us Germans, it has either been withheld by design, or the mentality of our publishers is such that they thought it wiser to keep silent about the book. . . All other anti-war books I know pale beside it. . . By one horrifying example, the accusation against war has attained the immeasurable."

Darmstadter Studentzeitung, Darmstadt, West Germany, (B.R., 1962): "Dalton Trumbo brings us a unique, terrible accusation against war. Even Norman Mailer's The Naked and the Dead, Hemingway's Fiesta, Faulkner's Soldier's Reward, are conventional and inhibited by comparison."

National Zeitung, Basel, Switzerland (Walter Widmer): All the famous war novels from Remarque through Malraux to Plievier . . . must founder on the impossibility of putting the unspeakable horrors of war today into adequate words. . . Johnny Got His Gun is the most horrifying, moving protest which has ever been raised against war. . . Because Trumbo restricts himself to this individual case and ignores the actual noise of battle and all the obvious aspects of war itself, because he refuses to make any attempt at conveying an atmosphere but tells his tale simply, almost soberly and yet impressively, he achieves the highest effects. The contrast between the actual happenings in the hospital room and the memories that pass before our eyes without drama, in the most matter of course manner --- this is masterly craftsmanship."

Aufwärts, Cologne, West Germany, (A.S., 1963): "A graceful, charming book, one could almost say, were it not for the horror. Almost a joyful, positive book in its sincerity and poetry, were it not for the frightfulness. No, it is a positive book in its truth and its love."

Kolnische Rundschau, Rundschau, West Germany (R.L.): "Mailer's and Hemingway's war books lack the indisputable, strongly poetic power of expression of this outstanding work. With its vast warning, it knocks at the conscience of every man of good will. . . A poet's accusation."

Das Freie West, Bonn, West Germany, (Peter Juling): ". . . hackneyed and boring... brutal speech. . . accusing monologues . . . Even Hemingway was more lyrical. . . the reader has difficulty following the text. . . a monotonous style, not to mention the language. . . lacks the power to convince..."

1 OPENING

House lights up; screen curtained. Muffled SOUND of a distant explosion. House lights begin to dim. Curtain slowly parts to reveal a dead black screen. For a long moment both house and screen are completely blacked out. At the SOUND of a second explosion, much closer, much more violent, we go to:

2 FULL WHITE SCREEN

SOUND of two rifle shots is heard from different parts of the theatre. After a further moment of silence a title appears on the blank screen in bold, black, typewritten letters:

A MOVIE CALLED
JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN

All credits are withheld until the end. The SCREEN dims to newsreel black and white. SOUNDS of desultory rifle and machine-gun fire are heard. The shattering SOUND of a third explosion (like the boom of a bass drum) introduces a blare of martial MUSIC.

3 LIBRARY STOCK MONTAGE: PATRIOTS, PRINCES, MARCHING REGIMENTS, ANTHEMS, EXHORTATIONS

The Kings of England, Italy, Rumania, Greece, Serbia, Montenegro and Belgium review the ranks of their be-plumed and marching regiments. The Emperors of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Japan, the Czars of Russia and Bulgaria, the Presidents of France, Portugal, the United States, and the Sultan of Turkey do likewise. No attempt is made to conceal the graininess of the film or the jerking absurdity of the troops' movements and the potentates' gestures. SOUND: a cacaphony of cheers, anthems, and patriotic phrase-mongering in a dozen different tongues.

4 ESTABLISHING LIBRARY STOCK SHOT - PLATFORM LOS ANGELES R.R. STATION (1917) - DAY

The footage consists of a troop train in b.g. with draftees on the station platform bidding farewell to wives, children, friends. SOUND: band music, sobs, farewells, garbled conversations, fragmentary phrases from the speeches of local patriots and civic wowzers.

ORATOR'S VOICE (o.s.)
This is not a war for profit, for
conquest, or for vengeance!

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

MALE CHORUS

Johnnie get your gun, get your gun,
get your gun,
Johnnie show the Hun you're a son
of a gun,
Hoist the flag and let her fly,
Like true heroes do or die!

5 EXT. R.R. STATION PLATFORM - MED. CLOSE - JOE AND HIS
MOTHER - DAY

(NOTE: This and all subsequent station scenes to be shot
on LOCATION and, with one later exception later to be
noted, in BLACK AND WHITE.)

JOE is nineteen years old, undistinguished in height or
stature, much like any other American boy of his time and
class. He embraces and kisses his MOTHER, a tired-looking,
over-worked, middle-aged woman with tears in her eyes.

GRATOR'S VOICE (o.s.)

It is a war to make the world safe
for democracy!

MALE CHORUS

Pack your little kit, show your grit,
do your bit,
Soldiers to the ranks from the towns
and the tanks,
Make your mother proud of you,
And to liberty be true!

JOE'S MOTHER

And remember, Joe --- please be
careful.

JOE

I will.

JOE'S MOTHER

You say that now, but you always
forget. Promise?

JOE

I promise. I won't forget to be
careful. Goodbye, mother.

He turns to his older sister.

6 MED. CLOSE - JOE AND OLDER SISTER - DAY

She is a girl of fourteen who clings to him fiercely.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

JOE

Goodbye, Catherine.

ORATOR'S VOICE (o.s.)

Beyond that, my good friends and
fellow countrymen, it is a war
against war itself ---

MALE CHORUS

Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word
Over there,
That the Yanks are coming,
The Yanks are coming,
The drums rum-tumming everywhere.

7

MED. CLOSE - JOE AND YOUNGER SISTER - DAY

Joe sinks onto his haunches to embrace the little girl, who
is only seven.

JOE

Goodbye, Elizabeth.

ORATOR'S VOICE (o.s.)

--- a war that is fought to keep
the peace ---

MALE CHORUS

So prepare, say a pray'r,
Send the word, send the word
To beware,
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't be back till it's over
Over there!

8

WIDER ANGLE - JOE AND FAMILY F.G. - MIKE AND KAREEN B.G. - DAY

MIKE BURKEMAN, a hawk-nosed, weather-beaten man in his mid-fifties, once stood well over six feet tall. His back, grown crooked from twenty-eight years in the Wyoming coal fields, now gives him the look of a fierce, overgrown dwarf. He stands protectively beside his daughter, watching Joe's family farewells. KAREEN too, watches. She is eighteen years old. Although fragile, she gives an impression of great strength, of great capacity to love and to be loved. Her eyes never waver from their steady contemplation of Joe.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

Joe rises from his younger sister, casts a worried glance toward Kareen and her father, looks back to his mother and sisters, shrugs helplessly. Then he picks up his canvas suitcase, turns his back on them and moves swiftly to Kareen. His farewell to his family has been two-fold: goodbye not only because I'm going away, but also because I've found someone who is closer to me than you.

MALE CHORUS

Johnnie get your gun, get your gun,
get your gun,
Take it on the run, on the run,
on the run,
Hear them calling you and me,
Every son of liberty?

9 MED. CLOSE SHOT - JOE, MIKE, KAREEN - DAY

Joe somewhat awkwardly submits his hand to Mike's grip.

JOE

Well --- goodbye, Mr. Burkeman.

MIKE

(a fierce growl)
A-a-a-a-a --- !

Joe takes Kareen's arm; they move a few steps away.

10 HEAD AND SHOULDERS - JOE AND KAREEN - DAY

Kareen, like Joe, does not vary too far from the national average. She is neither beautiful nor ugly, neither brilliant nor stupid. When they are together, however, they infuse each other with a beauty that is almost breathtaking.

ORATOR'S VOICE (o.s.)

--- peace not only in our time but
for all time --- it is, God willing,
the first war in all history that is
waged for the total banishment of
war from the face of the earth --- a
war to end war for all time and for
all generations!

MALE CHORUS

Hurry right away, no delay, go today,
Make your daddy glad to have had
such a lad,
Tell your sweetheart not to pine,
To be proud her boy's in line!

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

KAREEN

Oh golly, Joe, I'm scared! I'm
so scared!

JOE

(soothingly)

Forget it. Everything's going to
be all right.

O.s., above the SOUND of speeches and babbled farewells we
hear the CRASH of a stamp press, instantly followed by:

11 SUBLIMINAL SUPERIMPOSITION OVER JOE AND KAREEN: CLOSE
SHOT - SHELL-CONE IN STAMP PRESS - SPECIAL EFFECT

The upper portion of the press retracts to reveal the dull,
gleaming shell-cone beneath. The cone RUSHES FORWARD,
fills the screen, FREEZES. We see the number that has been
stamped on it: 13-21-18-4-5-18. Both shell-cone and
number vanish abruptly, leaving the screen to:

12 CLOSE ON JOE AND KAREEN

Kareen talks to him earnestly despite the medley of singing,
shouts, train and station SOUNDS, which prevent us from
hearing most of what she says. Joe has his left arm around
her, but not his right.

ORATOR'S VOICE (o.s.)

In the words of that great patriot,
Patrick Henry ---

MALE CHORUS

Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word
Over there,
That the Yanks are coming,
The Yanks are coming,
The drums rum-tumming everywhere.

KAREEN

Don't go. Please don't go! Run
away!

JOE

(soft laugh)

Where to? The shipyards?

KAREEN

Anywhere! I'll hide you! Honest
I will!

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

JOE
(chidingly)
Want me to be a slacker?

KAREEN
Yes! They'll kill you, Joe! I
know they will!

13 SUBLIMINAL SUPERIMPOSITION OVER JOE AND KAREEN: CLOSE ON
GERMAN GIRL AND SHELL

A shell, thirty-six inches long, stands on its carrier-base, a dull-gleaming phallus, marvelously smooth and symmetrical. Using both hands, the German girl screws the cone of the shell into place. Then, quite unconsciously, she cups her hands around it and draws them downward, caressing its full length.

MALE CHORUS
So prepare, say a pray'r,
Send the word, send the word
To beware,
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't be back till it's over
Over there!

Girl and shell vanish, leaving the screen to Joe and Kareen.

ORATOR'S VOICE (o.s.)
In the words of that great patriot,
Theodore Roosevelt ---

KAREEN
Love me, Joe. Hold me closer. Put
both of your arms around me ---
both of them.

He puts his bag down and holds her tightly to him with both arms.

ORATOR'S VOICE (o.s.)
May God bless you. May God give
you victory. Let us pray. Our
Father Which art in heaven.

A tiny Negro WOMAN of perhaps 45, bent almost double from a deformity of the spine, supporting herself with a cane, passes between our principles and the CAMERA. CAMERA leaves Joe and Kareen, TRUCKS briefly with the woman through the crowd, which ignores her completely.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

WOMAN

Where's my boy, where's my little boy? He just came up from Tucson and they put him in jail and let him out if he'd join the army. He's under age, couldn't they tell when they saw him? He's too little to be in the army! His name is Jesus Christ and He came to save the world.

MASS PRAYER

Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

14 CLOSE TWO SHOT - JOE AND KAREEN

They are still in each other's arms. We do not hear the conversation which has brought Kareen to a point midway between laughter and tears.

15 SUBLIMINAL SUPERIMPOSITION OVER JOE AND KAREEN: THE SHELL

It is placed in an individual wooden crate for shipment.

MASS PRAYER

Give us this day our daily bread;
and forgive us our debts as we
forgive our debtors.

The shell vanishes, leaving screen to Joe and Kareen.

KAREEN

I can't pray like that. All I can say is dear God, don't make him go away, don't let him be killed!

JOE

I won't be.

MASS PRAYER

Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever.

(then, like a
shout of anger)

A-a-a --- MEN!

As the last growl rumbles into silence, BUGLES announce the moment of separation. CRIES of "All aboard!"

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: *

Train whistle gives short, repeated BLASTS. Engine bell RINGS. A mounting BABBLE of farewells. O.s. BAND, with a menacing thunder of drums, begins to play what then was our national anthem: My Country 'Tis of Thee.

Kareen covers Joe's face, ears, throat with kisses.

16 SUBLIMINAL SUPERIMPOSITION OVER JOE AND KAREEN: TAIL GATE OF GERMAN TRANSPORT MUNITIONS TRUCK

Individually crated shells are hoisted onto the tail gate and stacked by those inside the vehicle. Scene vanishes, leaving the screen to Joe and Kareen.

Joe disengages from their embrace, puts the palms of his hands to her cheeks, holds her head firmly. They are surrounded by a pandemonium of SOUND and whirling activity.

JOE

You stay right here. Don't move.
I want to remember you just the way
you are now.

(she nods, looks up
into his eyes)

And don't say goodbye.

He releases her, picks up his bag, turns instantly away from her and swiftly weaves his way through the crowd toward the o.s. train.

17 STATION PLATFORM - FULL WIDE ANGLE SHOT

Joe leaving Kareen and moving toward the o.s. train. The SHOT is described on the following pages A, B and C.

JOE AND KAREEN: THEIR FAREWELL

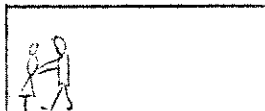
The ideas involved:

1. When young lovers say farewell, they do not see the world and its crowds around them; they see only each other.
2. When young lovers part, an emptiness falls between them; emptiness is blackness: the greater the distance between them the larger the blackness.
3. The departing lover moves swiftly; the one left behind hesitates, takes a few involuntary steps forward, pauses again, perhaps one more anguished forward step, then, as the other vanishes, stands immobile and desolately alone.
4. When young lovers part, the most moving point of view is that of the one left behind.

HENCE

the following wide angle pan shot in which, although Kareen occasionally moves toward Joe's departing figure, her position on screen left remains always the same:

Their last
embrace.



Station crowds;
train out of scene.

Kareen stares
after him.



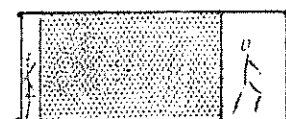
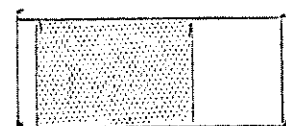
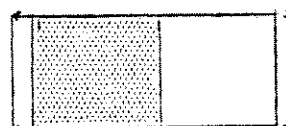
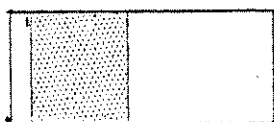
Joe begins to thrust
his way through the
crowds to the train.



JOE-KAREEN FAREWELL (2)

Kareen waves
back

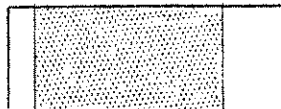
She still
waves.



Joe turns, looks
back, waves.

He starts again;
the train comes
into view.

JOE-KAREEN FAREWELL (3)



She watches.



He mounts steps
of r.r. coach.

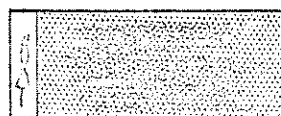
Train whistle gives a tremendous BLAST; engine bell RINGS wildly. The coach begins to move left to right. Band MUSIC, crowd SINGING, and SHOUTS of farewell rise to a crescendo.

She waves.



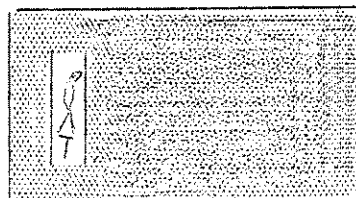
Leaning out of train
vestibule, he waves.

She is alone.



He is gone; the empti-
ness is complete: the
blackness has swallow-
ed him altogether.

As we MOVE IN for a FULL LENGTH CLOSE of Kareen, we diminish the continuing station SOUNDS, and increase the CHUFF-CHUFF-CHUFF of steam pistons.



ALL SOUND is blotted out by her intense concentration on the only sound which means anything to her --- the rapidly diminishing sound of a steam engine picking up speed. As it, too, fades into silence, we FREEZE Kareen for two or three seconds, then go to

18 LIBRARY STOCK - FRENCH TROOP TRAIN - DAY

(NOTE: Entire sequence to explosion shot in BLACK AND WHITE.)

It consists of a long line of the famous transport coaches said to accommodate "forty men and eight horses." It moves from right to left --- i.e., eastward toward what was called the Western Front.

19 LIBRARY STOCK - GERMAN MUNITIONS CONVOY - DAY

Deep in Germany, a long line of canvas-topped munitions trucks moves from left to right toward the same objective.

20 TRIPLE SCREEN #1 - DAY

Left - shell's progress, always left to right.

L	C	R
---	---	---

Right - Joe's progress, always right to left.

Center - library stock front line battle action.

SCREEN LEFT: A German munitions truck backs up to an unloading ramp. Uniformed men throw rear open, drop tail gate, and begin to unload the individually crated shells, stacking them beneath a camouflaged canvas shelter penetrated here and there by dead trees made up with false leaves to look like live ones.

CENTER SCREEN: Library stock: battle action.

SCREEN RIGHT: An American transport truck halts at staging area. Joe and perhaps twenty others emerge from the truck, march off toward the left. Their uniforms are immaculate, their equipment gleaming, their faces young and fresh.

21 TRIPLE SCREEN #2 - DAY

SCREEN LEFT: MED. CLOSE, GERMAN AMMUNITION DUMP - Joe's shell, with others, is stacked on a hand truck. Hand truck moves off right.

CENTER SCREEN: Day battle action.

SCREEN RIGHT: (1) A line of weary American soldiers, their uniforms caked with dried mud, moves leftward. (2) CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT with two of them, from behind the second. The second taps the first on the shoulder. As the second turns, we discover that he is a startlingly different Joe.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

His face, covered with a three-day beard, is gaunt with fatigue; he has aged five years. Second man's lips form a request for a match which CENTER SCREEN battle prevents us from hearing. Joe, without breaking step, hands him one and faces forward.

22 TRIPLE SCREEN #3 - NIGHT

SCREEN LEFT: GERMAN GUN EMPLACEMENT - The gun is pointed right. A shell is rammed into its breech. The breech slams shut.

CENTER SCREEN: Night battle action.

SCREEN RIGHT: NOMANSLAND - MED. CLOSE - JOE AND CORPORAL TIMLON - (Timlon will be introduced later.) The two crawl to the left through foot deep mud. Three dim figures pass behind them, doubled over, moving as fast as the muck permits. A star-shell bursts overhead. All freeze.

23 TRIPLE SCREEN #4 - NIGHT

SCREEN LEFT: GERMAN GUN CREW - Commanding officer signals. Scene fills with smoke as the gun recoils to the shell's discharge. A looping WHINE is heard as the shell settles into its trajectory.

CENTER SCREEN: Night battle action, very heavy.

SCREEN RIGHT: JOE AND TIMLON - They hear the still distant but rapidly approaching WHINE of the shell. Joe dives left, Timlon right. CAMERA FOLLOWS Joe as he scrambles into a shallow crater. His feet land on one of two dead bodies floating face downward in the water at the crater's bottom. He climbs perhaps two feet higher, flattens against the mud. END OF TRIPLE SCREEN.

24 FULL SCREEN - THE SHELL - NIGHT

It SHRIEKS rightward through the darkened heavens toward its target.

25 FULL SCREEN CLOSEUP - JOE'S FACE

Cowering against the side of the crater, he stares wildly up to the source of the swift-approaching, ever-louder SHRIEK. As the shell approaches the end of its flight, he covers his face with both hands.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

The screen is engulfed in a blood-red EXPLOSION. Against this bloody background the dead-white SUPERIMPOSED number: 13-21-18-4-5-18 stutters on and off, on and off, like the frantic beep of a radio alarm. Each of its numbers indicates the position of a code letter in the English alphabet. Black smoke curls inward from all sides of the screen, enveloping the explosion's red until we see only darkness.

26 INT. FRONT LINE TENT SURGERY - FULL SCREEN

(NOTE: For the surgery we need not a set but a tent. Photography, BLACK AND WHITE.)

There is no light anywhere. There is no sound. There is no movement. Then through the blackness we hear a faint CLICK, as if a metallic instrument had been knocked against another; the SOUND of a soft but heavy object being dropped into a metal container; a convulsive gasp of feminine retching. Then a quiet voice:

CHIEF DOCTOR'S VOICE

Not in the waste can, nurse. You
are vomiting on the boy's leg.

We begin to detect images --- a vague impression of dark objects in occasional movement, illuminated by a small central shaft of light in their midst.

27 CLOSEUP - CHIEF DOCTOR - IN SHADOWS

The light is so dim that we receive only the impression of the head, black-bearded face, and shoulders of a doctor in surgical dress. Beneath each armpit we see a supporting crutch, which gives a massive up-thrust to his shoulders. He presses the side of his face against a horizontal object, and listens. He nods gravely, straightens, and looks at his two colleagues. His face is carefully masked to conceal whatever emotion, if any, he feels. ANGLE WIDENS to include his confreres.

CHIEF DOCTOR

(a weary sigh)

Well, you can't expect everything
in a war to be perfect.

He pauses, hearing from a distance outside the tent the faint SOUND of cheering, snatches of songs, and pistol shots.

CHIEF DOCTOR

(faint smile; wryly)

Or, for that matter, in peace either.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

CHIEF DOCTOR (cont'd)
(pause; then to
business)

How did you get him so soon?

THIRD DOCTOR

A medical team had just moved into
the area.

Second doctor, as indistinct as the first, lowers his head into the scene. He presses his face against a glass jar through which little bubbles stream upward. An increase of volume makes us suddenly aware of a variety of soft SOUNDS --- those bubbling, hissing, pumping, clicking sounds that will keep Joe alive. Second doctor smiles, nods, steps back out of the scene.

28 CLOSE SHOT - THIRD DOCTOR

He is as deeply shadowed as his colleagues. His hand stretches forth to touch something immediately below the level of our screen. He nods. As he turns, we go to:

29 TIGHT SHOT - THE THREE DOCTORS

Their white jackets, the bushy hair of one, the beard of another, the spectacles of a third, are caught in the faint light and distorted into the images of misshapen freaks. In the background we see the shadow outline of white-robed assistants. Our FIRST NURSE stands close to the doctors. Chief Doctor pivots abruptly on his crutches, confronts the nurse.

CHIEF DOCTOR
You'll come with us to the base
hospital.

FIRST NURSE
Yes, sir.

CHIEF DOCTOR
Register him as unidentified, number
-- uh -- whatever the number is.

FIRST NURSE
Twenty-three.

CHIEF DOCTOR
I want him transported on a bed
board. Thin pad. No pillow.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

FIRST NURSE

Yes, doctor.

He turns slightly, hunched on his crutches. Three or four other white-clad figures are dimly seen in b.g. Chief Doctor addresses them all.

CHIEF DOCTOR

(crisply)

The rest of you will come with us also. For the next few weeks we're a team.

He turns from them, clumps swiftly toward the exit.

30 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - FULL WIDE ANGLE SHOT TOWARD THE HORIZON
- NIGHT - BLACK AND WHITE (SPECIAL EFFECT)

A glowing line of fire bisects the screen: star-shells, flares, rockets, tracer shells. Three doughboys traverse the mid-foreground, arms linked over shoulders for support, their voices lifted in beery, sentimental song: My Buddy.

THE SONG

Nights are long since you went away...

As the song continues, we hear Chief Doctor's voice very close at hand.

CHIEF DOCTOR'S VOICE

So it's over.

31 EXT. HOSPITAL TENT - REVERSE ANGLE - CHIEF DOCTOR AND OTHERS
- U.S. RED CROSS AMBULANCE AND STAFF CAR - NIGHT - BLACK
AND WHITE - (LOCATION)

Our three doctors, First Nurse, and members of the surgical staff stand outside the tent hospital, gaze off at the line of white fire which heralds the armistice. Chief Doctor now wears the uniform of a major in the Medical Corps; his two colleagues are captains. A stretcher with a shrouded stump on it passes before them toward the ambulance, the rear door of which is open. O.s. we hear our three doughboys continuing with My Buddy.

CHIEF DOCTOR

(continuing)

The war to end war is ended.

(the stretcher

passes before them)

Perhaps we can console ourselves
for that ---

(MCRE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

CHIEF DOCTOR (cont'd)
 (indicates stretcher)
 --- by remembering how safe the
 world has now been made for democracy.
 (stretcher in
 ambulance, its
 doors are closed;
 ironically)
 Forever and ever, Amen.

He turns, propels himself swiftly toward the staff car followed by his two colleagues, First Nurse, and two technicians. They enter the car.

32 THE TWO VEHICLES - NIGHT - BLACK AND WHITE (LOCATION)

My Buddy still continues softly o.s. Very slowly the two-car cortege starts down the narrow, muddy road, moving left to right.

CHIEF DOCTOR'S VOICE (o.s.)
 I know what you're thinking. The answer is negative. He will never know what has happened to him. The only part of his brain that has escaped danger is the medulla oblongata. It is only because of this that his heart, vasomotor, and respiratory centers still function: in short, that he lives.

33 EXT. REAR LINES ROAD - AMBULANCE, STAFF CAR - NIGHT - BLACK AND WHITE (LOCATION)

O.s. singing of My Buddy continues. Moving in low gear, they ease onto a major traffic artery and increase speed somewhat.

CHIEF DOCTOR'S VOICE (o.s.)
 He retains the power of physical movement -- but such movements signify nothing. If they become violent they must be treated as reflexive muscular spasms, which is to say by sedation.

34 EXT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - NIGHT - BLACK AND WHITE (LOCATION)

My Buddy continues softly o.s. The ambulance and staff car arrive before the hospital entrance and halt. Attendants begin to unload the ambulance, and the members of the staff car to debouch.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

CHIEF DOCTOR'S VOICE (o.s.)

The rest of his brain has suffered massive and irreparable damage. He has no sensory perception. He has completely lost the power of ratiocination. That is, he cannot think.

35 FULL SHOT - DIM HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - BLACK AND WHITE - SET

(NOTE: All hospital interiors are SETS: all are shot in BLACK AND WHITE.)

My Buddy softly continues. A blanket covered platform or palanquin is wheeled down the corridor, accompanied by a cortege of Red Cross nurses, technicians and Medical Corps personnel of several nationalities. A figure, completely sheeted and almost invisible because of the surrounding attendants, lies on the platform. Beside its head and left side --- all of them emitting soft, efficient, comforting SOUNDS --- a delicate array of pumps, gauges, tanks and liquid-filled glass containers may be seen, each connected by tubes to Joe's body.

CHIEF DOCTOR'S VOICE (o.s.)

Had I not been sure of this, I should not have permitted him to live. There is no justification for his continued existence unless we learn from him how to help others. Care for him as gently as if he knew what you were doing and could feel the pain if you did it badly.

36 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - JOE - BLACK AND WHITE - SET

(NOTE FOR SOUND: Joe, as we shall discover, is totally deaf. The governing rule for SOUND in all hospital room scenes is this: when Joe is alone the SOUND TRACK is completely silent; when others are in the room the TRACK carries all sounds which originate within the room, plus sounds of the hospital and the larger world outside. END NOTE.)

The last quavering, drunken note of My Buddy gives way to total silence. The room is empty, but for Joe, who lies on a narrow bed, the gleaming gadgetry of life assembled around his head. The gloom is deep, the highlights deceptive: we can discern no more than a grey lump under grey covers in the farthest corner of a small, grey-walled room.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

CHIEF DOCTOR'S VOICE (o.s.)

(continuing)

Remember, however, that learning stops at the point where emotion begins. Control your emotions by recalling that he himself is forever free from pain, pleasure, heat, cold, memory, emotion, or conscious thought. He will be as comfortable as the dead until he joins them.

As the Chief Doctor's voice dies away, the room is filled with utter silence and surging black clouds, each billowing inward upon the other: a pulsation of blackness in the rhythm of a beating heart. Each pulsation brings, very faintly, the SOUND of surf washing against a distant beach.

Then, in swift succession, in different sizes and on different parts of the screen, we get a 15-second history of Joe in the form of family snapshots or formal studio photographs: Joe as a baby in his mother's arms; a boy of 5 in a Buster Brown suit; a barefoot schoolboy in overalls; on his bicycle, age 13, with a newsboy's bag slung over his shoulders; at 15 on a fishing trip with his father; at 16 with a boy and two girls; his high school graduation photo; with Kareen in Los Angeles; in uniform in Paris. As they flicker onto and finally off of the screen, we are left for a long moment with the pulsating black clouds and the distant surf SOUNDS. Then:

JOE'S MIND

(choked, panicked)

Mother!

After a period of waiting expectancy, we hear, from an enormous distance, the uncertain RINGING of a telephone. After two or three RINGS it fades into silence.

JOE'S MIND

Yes? Who is it?

(silence)

Was that the telephone?

JOSE'S VOICE

The telephone hasn't rung yet.
But it will.

JOE'S MIND

Is that you, Jose?

JOSE'S VOICE

Si, si, of course.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

JOSE'S VOICE (cont'd)
 I am telling you about the very fine
 job I had. Also the people I work for.

37 INT. BAKERY LOCKER ROOM - CLOSE SHOT JOSE - NIGHT

(NOTE: LOCATION SHOT -- The room still exists in Los Angeles. It is shot in the COLOR OF MEMORY, soft focus, vaguely pastel.)

Jose is a tall, slim, good-looking young man of perhaps twenty-two. His features bear the color and conformation of ancestors in Spain, Africa, and the Caribbean. He is a mixture of pride, deference, intelligence, modesty, and that serene self-confidence which comes only from purity modified by experience. Clad in work-clothes, he sits on one of the locker room benches, soberly explaining himself to his fellows.

JOSE
 They were very kind and also very
 rich, and all I do is drive for
 them that shiny automobile.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO:

38 WIDER ANGLE - LOCKER ROOM - THE SHIPPING CREW - NIGHT

The locker room is perhaps nine feet by sixteen. An open door at one end gives onto the bakery; that at the other end opens into the washroom and toilets, some of which are visible. The two remaining walls are lined from floor to ceiling with battered metal lockers.

Six members of the night shipping crew are sprawled on the two parallel ten-foot benches, munching sandwiches, hard boiled eggs, etc. from open lunch tins or brown paper sacks. Joe, at eighteen, seems the youngest; PINKY, a slit-eyed, red-head of twenty-eight, the oldest. The others --- LARRY, KARL, CURLEY, RUSS --- are of various ages within the range. They wear work trousers and shirts with sleeves rolled to the shoulder, circa 1916. Their eyes are intently fixed on Jose. There is something about this young Puerto Rican that confounds, perplexes, and sometimes infuriates them.

JOE
 What kind of automobile, Jose?

JOSE
 Pierce-Arrow.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

JOSE (cont'd)
(describes with
his hands)

Headlight, they go like this. Then
comes a terrible thing. All at
once, very sudden, the daughter want
to marry with me.

(gesture)
Spoil my whole world there.

General perplexity; a round of disbelieving glances.

LARRY
A rich dame wanting to marry you?
For God sake, how can that spoil
anything?

JOSE
In Puerto Rico, if a lady want to
marry with you and you don't love
her, it spoil ever'thing.
(pause; a gesture)
So I go away from New York and come
here to work in the movie pictures.

Gestures of "what next?", of pity, even indignation.

PINKY
Who the hell do you think would
pay to see you in a movie?

Faintly a telephone begins to RING in the distance.

JOSE
No, no, not acting! I wish to be
in the accounting.
(nods confidently)
Because to accounting belongs the
future. You will see.
(o.s. telephone
ceases)
So what to do? I am hungry, I ask
for job, and this fine gentleman,
Mr. Jody Simmons, he give me.

VOICE (o.s.)
Telephone, Joe.

JOE
(rising)
Coming.
(exits)

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

FINKY

Jody Simmons is the worst bastard
on earth and you're the biggest
liar.

39 INT. BAKERY SHIPPING ROOM - TRUCKING WITH JOE - NIGHT
(LOCATION)

Joe picks his way among dollies and bins and racks of hot
bakery goods from the adjoining bakery area to a wall
telephone beside the hutch-like, broad-windowed structure
which is the office of Jody Simmons, the night manager.
While he speaks, we hear the o.s. SOUNDS of a large bakery
in full operation: the rattle of conveyor belts, the
screech of travelling ovens, the roar of machinery, the
rumble of dollies and racks.

JOE

(into telephone)

Hello?

(he listens)

Yes, mother. I'll be right home.

40 INT. BAKERY - WIDER ANGLE - NIGHT (LOCATION)

Joe hangs the phone up and turns to confront MR. SIMMONS,
the bald, pot-bellied little night manager, who wears a
pencil behind one ear, a sharp pair of suspicious blue eyes
which occasionally blink violently from an involuntary tic,
and a constant frown.

JOE

My father just died, Mr. Simmons.
I've got to go home.

MR. SIMMONS

(peering at him,
he blinks)

Died? Gosh, kid, that's too bad.
Sure, kid, you run along.

(calls off)

Rudy. Hey, Rudy!

RUDY, a young man of twenty-five, enters.

MR. SIMMONS

Grab a truck and drive Joe home.
His old man --- I mean his father
just died.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

MR. SIMMONS (cont'd)

(pats Joe)

Don't worry, kid. I'll have one of the boys punch you out on the time clock. It's tough, kid. You go home.

41 BAKERY TRUCK - RAIN-SWEPT STREET - NIGHT - COLOR OF MEMORY (LOCATION)

The only SOUNDS are the roar of the Model T engine and a hiss of rain water beneath the tires.

42 DRIVER'S SEAT - JOE, RUDY - NIGHT

Rudy drives, Joe sits beside him, staring ahead, white-faced, bemused. The truck halts.

43 HALTED TRUCK - RAIN - NIGHT (LOCATION)

Joe climbs out of the truck, turns back to it.

JOE

Thanks, Rudy. I'll let you know when everything's finished. I'll be back to work in a couple of days.

RUDY

Sure, Joe, that's all right. It's tough. I'm sorry. Good night.

Joe turns down a narrow alley, and the truck starts to turn around in the rainy street.

44 EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - RAIN (LOCATION)

(NOTE: This house still exists in Los Angeles.)

Joe appears, opens the door, revealing a narrow flight of stairs. He closes the door, starts up the stairway.

45 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - COLOR OF MEMORY (LOCATION)

Joe enters from the head of the steps. It is a small room, one-third of it occupied by a double bed on which lies a body with a sheet drawn over its face. Joe's mother stands against a window, staring numbly out at the rain. His seven-year-old sister lies on a cot, curled in slumber.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

His thirteen-year-old sister, clad in her nightgown, sits in a corner on the floor, sobbing, hands clasped around up-bent knees on which she rests her forehead. After one brief impression of the scene, Joe walks to his mother, takes her in his arms, kisses her, and presses her cheek to his.

JOE'S MOTHER

(choked voice)

We must know the truth, Joe. There is no death. There are no endings in life. Only beginnings.

He nods, releases her, turns to his father's bed.

46 CLOSE SHOT - JOE AT BED - NIGHT

After the briefest pause, he gently lifts the sheet and stares at the tired face of his dead father. A clock on a table beside the bed ticks loudly.

JOE

I'm sorry I couldn't help you. I'm sorry I lost your fishing pole.

Once again he hears (and we with him) the phantom RINGING of that distant telephone bell which summoned this memory to his mind. He listens sharply. His eyes leap from point to point, seeking the sound's rapidly shifting source. The SCREEN darkens.

47 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - TOWARD THE BED - SET - BLACK & WHITE

The lighting is so dark that we receive only the dimmest impression of a silent object on the cot, surrounded by medical equipment. The far-away RINGING of a telephone continues.

JOE'S VOICE

(dreamily)

The telephone. Where is the telephone?
Where is Jose? Where are you, father?

The telephone dies away completely.

JOE'S VOICE

(still in dreams)

Where am I?

In the silence which follows, we hear the whispery, little-girl voice of a black chanteuse SINGING very softly:

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED:

LITTLE GIRL VOICE

LENTO

Don't know where I -----am,

Don't know where I'll -----go

Or what I'll-----do

JOE'S MIND

(conscious at last;
with alarm and panic)

Where am I?

The IMAGE emerges from the figure of the wounded man on the cot, comes to a sitting position, stares around the room in bewilderment. Astonished, alarmed, terrified, the Image leaps from the cot and gyrates wildly about the room, seeking some means of escape. There is no escape. He spots a small wall mirror, slips stealthily up to it, stares into it, discovers to his astonishment that nothing is reflected back to him.

(NOTE on the IMAGE: He is Joe, completely nude and painted grey from head to foot. Specifically, he is Joe's consciousness, hence Joe's complete and involuntary slave. When Joe sleeps, the Image must sleep. When Joe awakens, the Image must do likewise. The Image is a prisoner in the room precisely as Joe is a prisoner within his own mutilated body. The Image cannot speak, nor have any effect on any physical object. It is visible as solid flesh to the audience at all times, but others who enter the room do not notice it because they cannot see it. Its purposes are (1) to interpret Joe's feelings to the audience, (2) to inform the audience when Joe is awake, hence thinking or remembering, and when he is asleep and therefore fantasizing, and (3) to divert the audience's attention from Joe to itself.)

JOE'S MIND

How did I get wherever I am? What happened?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

In physical action, his Image asks the same question.

JOE'S MIND
(fainting voice)

Oh Jesus Christ... I hurt --- !

His body jerks convulsively. It's movement sends a poorly balanced pottery bowl on the table beside his bed CRASHING to the floor. Although it shatters there, WE HEAR NO SOUND.

JOE'S MIND

I can feel the sweat pouring out of my skin. Hot, wet, skin all over me. And the wetness soaked in --- soaked in --- in bandages. Wet bandages. All over me. Even over my head...

The Image mimes Joe's words in physical action.

JOE'S MIND

I sure must have got it. Maybe... pretty bad.

The Image covers its face with its hands.

JOE'S MIND

I'm scared. I'm so scared I can feel my own heart smashing against my ribs. Can't you hear it? Why don't you help me? Can't you hear my heart, the way it's pounding?

(pause; then
wonderingly)

No. You can't. I can't even hear it myself. --I can feel my heart smashing away in my chest --- I can feel the blood pumping through my veins like --- like a swelling and then a shrinking --- and then a swelling once more --- but I can't hear the pulse of my blood in my ears.

(pause)

When you can't hear your own pulse, you're deaf.

(savoring it)

I'm deaf. You're deaf, Joe.

His Image nods sadly.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (3)

JOE'S MIND

(with relief)

Then you're not really hurt ---
 you're only deaf. There was that
 shell, and it blew up, and it smashed
 your eardrums, but it didn't hit you.
 That was a close one. Oh well...
 lots of people can't hear... lots of
 things nobody wants to hear anyhow...

The Image nods eager reassurance. The telephone begins to
 RING once more, monotonously and from an immense distance.

JOE'S MIND

Hello... Hello... I can't hear you
 ... Hello... Hello... Stop ringing,
 because it doesn't do any good, I
 can't hear you... I'd rather be deaf
 anyhow -- than to hear a telephone
 ringing --- to tell me that my father
 --- is dead...

The voice of Joe's Mind whispers away into silence. The
 Image, in slow, reluctant surrender to impending uncon-
 sciousness, sinks to its knees on the floor, lies down,
 falls into deep sleep. The screen darkens to near black.
 We hear soft liquid SOUNDS.

48 SPECIAL EFFECT - TANK - BLACK AND WHITE

When Joe sinks into unconsciousness, he sinks into deep
 dark water. When he returns to consciousness, he shoots
 upward again. In these scenes he is the Joe he was, young,
 perfect, nude. Somewhere below him and in the background
 of all such consciousness-unconsciousness scenes, we always
 see the swimming body of a girl (Kareen, although not
 identifiable, as Joe is not either), who seems eternally
 trying to help him, to lift him up --- and eternally unable
 to do so. Since Kareen is constantly in Joe's conscious
 mind, just so she constantly inhabits the peripheral areas
 of his unconscious.

CHIEF DOCTOR'S VOICE

There's been a parade of nurses in
 and out of this room since the day
 he got here. It's indecent.

Joe shoots up from the depths, leaving Kareen far behind.

49 INT. JOE'S ROOM - DOCTORS, NURSES, ETC. - DAY

Two doctors and three nurses completely obscure Joe's
 figure on the bed.

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

It is the touch of their hands that has awakened him. His Image awakens at the same moment, rises, hovers anxiously close, more concerned than they with the purpose of their work. In the foreground, our Chief Doctor, keeping an eye on the bed, speaks softly to a hospital official.

CHIEF DOCTOR

(continuing)

Beyond that, it's bad for morale
and worse for infection.

HOSPITAL OFFICIAL

I'll keep them out.

CHIEF DOCTOR

That won't do. I want him moved
to the least conspicuous room you
can find. For his own good. A
room with a lock.

(afterthought)

And a curtain on the window so they
can't peer in at him.

HOSPITAL OFFICIAL

There isn't a decent unoccupied
room in the building.

CHIEF DOCTOR

(his voice suddenly
harsh with emotion)

How the hell can he tell the difference?

(he regains control
of himself)

Give the room to someone who can.

(a glance off)

One moment, there.

(starts for bed)

I'll have a look.

50

INT. JOE'S ROOM - ANOTHER ANGLE

We see, among the equipment which keeps Joe alive, an open-face Ingersol watch suspended from a loop of leather. The nurse is unwinding a long bandage from the unseen stump of Joe's left arm. Chief Doctor bends low to inspect the wound when it is finally revealed (but not to us).

JOE'S MIND

My arm. Yes. My left arm.

Bandages coming off. I wonder

what's wrong with it? I wish

they'd get this stuff off my face

so I can see what they're doing.

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51 CLOSEUP - A LARGE BANDAGE

It is tossed into a waste container by the hand of a nurse.

52 ANOTHER ANGLE - UPWARD INTO FACES OF DOCTORS, NURSES AND JOE'S IMAGE

They peer down at what they have uncovered by removing the bandage. Nods of satisfaction are exchanged. Joe's Image, peering with them, recoils in horror.

JOE'S MIND

It feels cool to the air. It feels good.

They begin to unbandage the other arm.

JOE'S MIND

There are several of them. I can tell by vibrations when they walk. They're starting on the other arm. Then maybe they'll unbandage my face.

53 UPWARD INTO ALL FACES

They gaze down intently at the second unbandaged area. What they see here causes one doctor to pat the other's shoulder. Joe's Image writhes in utter despair.

JOE'S MIND

Well? What's going to happen now?

A nurse hands a tray to the Chief Doctor, who takes from it a pair of tweezer-clippers, and bends low over Joe.

54 CLOSE - TWEEZER-CLIPPERS - STITCHED SKIN

The clippers snip the thread in two places. The tweezers clamp down on the stitch that has been freed and jerk it free.

JOE'S MIND

Ouch!

The doctor works swiftly, steadily, his progress visible each time he rises from his position above Joe and disposes of a stitch into the tray which the nurse holds for him.

JOE'S MIND

They're pinching.

(pause)

No. It's more like --- it's sharp and hot.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

JOE'S MIND (cont'd)

Like a --- a little stab of heat.
 Wait a minute! I know! It's just
 like when I ran into the barbed-wire
 fence. They sew you up, and then it
 heals, and then they take the
 stitches out.

(dubiously)

Only ---

(panic mounting)

--- only ---

55 INSERT - TRAY HELD BY NURSE

The doctor's hand enters and leaves the SCENE rhythmically,
 his tweezers each time depositing a severed stitch. There
 are eight or ten stitches already on the tray.

JOE'S MIND

(continuing)

--- only this is different. I can
 feel what they're doing to my arm,
 but I can't rightly feel my arm at
 all. It's like I had to feel
 through the end of my arm.

56 ANOTHER ANGLE - GROUP AROUND BED

Joe's Image is crouched beside the bed on hands and knees,
 weeping. The removal of the stitches continues briskly.

JOE'S MIND

The nearest thing to the end of my
 arm is the heel of my hand. But
 the heel of my hand --- the end of
 my arm --- oh Jesus Christ, it's
 high --- high --- it's high as my
 shoulder! It's like the end of a
 sausage! And the stitches go in a
 little rosette --- !

57 FULL SCREEN - JOE'S FACE UNDER WATER

Pale, wide-eyed, filled with horror, covered by perhaps an
 inch of water, and beginning to sink back into the darker
 depths once more.

JOE'S MIND

You've cut my arm off! Oh my God,
 why would you do a thing like that?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

He begins to SINK deeper and deeper into the water, CAMERA following him.

JOE'S MIND

You can't cut a man's arm off
without his consent. He's got to
sign a paper or something. Oh
Jesus, I have to work with that arm!
Why did you cut it off? Why did
you, why did you, why did you?

He reaches the bottom of his descent, in deep, dark waters.
We see Kareen's image swimming as close as she can, unable
to help. A second thought strikes.

JOE'S MIND

There was a ring on my hand! Where
did you put it? What did you do
with it?

He begins a swift ascent to the surface.

JOE'S MIND

If you've stolen my ring, then
you're grave-robbers, because my
arm that is gone is dead, and if
you've taken the ring from it, you've
robbed the dead. Where is my ring?
Kareen gave it to me! I want it back!
Where is my ring, Kareen's ring,
before I go under again! Don't you
remember?

His white face surfaces barely an inch below the waters,
filling the SCREEN with its anguished appeal. We go to:

58 INT. SMALL LIVING ROOM - JOE AND KAREEN ON SOFA - NIGHT
(LOCATION)

(NOTE: To be shot on LOCATION in the soft COLOR OF MEMORY.)

They sit very closely together, Joe's arm around her, both
of them intent on the ring which Kareen is putting on Joe's
finger. The lights, of course, are off. From b.g. a
phonograph wheezily plays a popular hit of 1917.

KAREEN

It was my mother's. It's a real
moonstone.

JOE

(pleased little
laugh)

It won't fit.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

KAREEN

The little finger, silly, try the
little finger.

JOE

Oh.

KAREEN

(with triumph)

See? I said it would fit.

Joe holds the hand up to look at it with the ring on, then
pulls her tight to him.

JOE

(softly)

Little mick.

He kisses her. She responds shyly. The year is 1917; Kareen is a virgin; sexual taboos are still powerful; it is not "nice" for a girl's passion to equal a boy's. Joe may have had one or two swift sexual experiences en passant, but he is not an expert lover. His caresses, though clumsy, are unfailingly delicate: being a girl, she is made of precious stuff - and also, he loves her. Yet behind this mutual facade of shyness and restraint flow swift-moving breathless currents of excitement and wild expectation.

KAREEN

Oh Joe, I'm so scared. Kiss me
again.

JOE

(glancing around the
darkened room)

We shouldn't have turned the lights
out. Your old man'll be sore.

KAREEN

Kiss me. Mike won't care. He
loves me.

They kiss again. At the end of the caress:

KAREEN

Don't go, Joe, please don't go.

JOE

(practically)

There's a war, they draft you,
you've got to go. Everybody's
going.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

KAREEN

They'll kill you.

JOE

I could get killed at the bakery,
too. Or crossing the street.

(soothingly)

I can take care of myself, don't
you worry.

KAREEN

Lots of people get killed who don't
think they'll be.

JOE

Lots of people come back, too.
Most of them.

The o.s. phonograph record ends, but the machine does not.
They do not notice its rhythmic SCRATCHING.

KAREEN

But the rest of them, Joe, they --
they never come back. Don't go.
I love you, Joe.

JOE

(fondly)

You're a little mick. You just say
that.

KAREEN

I'm not a mick, I'm bohunk.

JOE

You're half and half, but you look
mick. You've got eyes and hair
like a little mick.

KAREEN

Oh Joe...

A solitary tear slides down her cheek. Joe takes her in
his arms, drawing his torso somewhat over hers as he
engulfs her in his arms. His free hand, for the first time,
slips under the elastic of her bloomer just above the knee.
Someone o.s. SNAPS the phonograph off. They do not notice
it.

JOE

You're the only girl I ever saw
who could cry without wrinkling
up her face.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (3)

A darker shadow than that which covers the room now falls upon them. A harsh male voice intrudes:

MIKE'S VOICE

Stop that, stop it, goddamn you.

Mike Burkeman stands before the sofa glaring down at them. Joe slips his hand from beneath Kareen's bloomer with miraculous speed. Otherwise, they make no move.

MIKE

I'll have none of this going on in my house. You think you're in the back seat of a flivver? Now get up, both of you. Get up like decent people.

(gesture)

Come on. Get up from there, K'reen.

Kareen gets up and confronts her father.

KAREEN

(quietly)

He's going away in the morning.

MIKE

(grumblingly)

I know. I know, girl. Get into the bedroom.

(another gesture)

Both of you. It may be the only chance you ever have. Go on, K'reen.

Kareen takes one look at him, then turns and exits through an open door into an adjoining bedroom, from which a soft light presently emerges. Joe has risen to his feet. The two men face each other uncertainly. Finally Mike makes a little gesture of futility.

MIKE

Go on in there, boy. She's scared. Go in and put your arm around her.

Joe nods, turns, starts slowly toward the open bedroom door. As he is about to enter:

MIKE

You know how to treat her, don't you? She's no whore. You know that, don't you?

Joe turns from the doorway and nods.

JOE

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (4)

MIKE
(with a snort)
Go to bed, boy.

Joe enters the bedroom. The door closes gently behind him.

59 INT. KAREEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - COLOR OF MEMORY (LOCATION)

The scene which ensues moves from shyness to teasing gaiety and, finally, to love.

Joe pauses just inside the door, gazing across to Kareen. She has kicked her slippers off in the center of the floor, gone to her mirror, loosened her hair, and now is brushing it. She turns, sees Joe, gazes at him blankly for a moment. She makes no further move with the brush. He crosses, puts his arms around her very gently. She leans to him briefly, her forehead against his chest. Then, with a little smile, she turns away, crosses to the bed, pulls the covers down, and climbs in, clothes and all. She keeps her eyes directly on Joe's face, although her own features have a look of absorption as she concentrates on the task of undressing herself beneath the bed covers, dropping her clothes over the side of the bed to make a little pile on the floor. This task completed, she indulges herself in a faintly triumphant smile. Joe, frowning slightly to cover his shyness, slowly begins to take off his shirt. Kareen looks around the room.

Joe... KAREEN

Yes? JOE

Turn your back. KAREEN

Why? JOE

I want to get out of bed. KAREEN

Why? JOE

There's something I forgot. Turn your back. KAREEN

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

JOE
(teasingly)
Huh-umm. Not me.

KAREEN
Please.

JOE
(shakes his head,
still smiling)
I'll get it for you.

KAREEN
(mock exasperation)
I want to get it myself. Turn
around!

JOE
(shakes his head)
No. I want to see you.

KAREEN
(a prim smile)
I won't let you. Will you get my
robe for me?

JOE
Sure.

KAREEN
(indicating)
On the closet door. It's red.

Joe goes to the closet, opens the door, lifts a thin little cotton bathrobe from its peg on the other side and takes it to the bed, holding it a certain distance from Kareen.

KAREEN
Bring it closer.

JOE
Reach'for it.

She laughs, snatches at it. He flips it out of her reach. The second time she rises higher in bed and stretches her arm farther. She gets the robe, but not before exposing the upper curve of her breasts. Then, laughing softly, she struggles under the bedclothes to get the robe on. This task accomplished, she jumps out of bed, runs to the door, opens it and exits into the living room. Joe takes his shirt off, hangs it on a chair, begins to pull his under-shirt off over his head and shoulders. Kareen returns, carrying a bowl filled with red geraniums.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2)

Carefully closing the door behind her, she walks over to a little table which stands in front of a window, opens the window, and places the flowers on the table. Then she turns around to face him, her back leaning slightly against the table, her hands behind her clamped to its edge.

KAREEN

Well?

Joe, sitting on a chair and starting to unlace his shoes, looks up at her in puzzlement.

JOE

Well?

KAREEN

If you really want to see me...

Joe slowly rises, staring at her.

JOE

But if you don't want me to ---
I don't want to...

She turns away from him, walks over to the closet, slips off her bathrobe, hangs it on its peg on the door. Then she turns, watching her feet all the while, and walks deliberately across the room to the bed. She slips in between the covers, closes her eyes. Joe watches her for a moment in awed silence. Then he shucks trousers, underwear and socks off in one swift movement, and enters the bed beside her.

60 CLOSE - JOE AND KAREEN IN BED

She lies flat on her back, her eyes closed, her face serene. On the table beside her bed a clock ticks. Joe also lies on his back. It is as if each were afraid to touch the other. Suddenly, Kareen whirls, throws both of her arms around him.

KAREEN

I don't want you to go!

JOE

You don't want me to see Paris,
France, that's all. I was going
to bring you back some perfume.

KAREEN

I'm afraid!

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

JOE
(his arm slides
around her)

Of me?

KAREEN
(shocked at the
thought)
Oh no-o-o.....!

JOE
(squeezing her close)
Little mick.

KAREEN
(nestling against
him)
It's nice like this, isn't it?

JOE
(dreamily)
Um-hmmm.

KAREEN
Were you ever this way with anyone
else?

JOE
(after a moment)
Not with anyone I loved.

KAREEN
I'm glad.

JOE
Were you?

KAREEN
You shouldn't ask that!

JOE
Why not?

KAREEN
Because I'm a lady.

JOE
You're a mick.

KAREEN
I never was like this with anyone
before.

JOE
I know.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

KAREEN

But you couldn't've known really.

(holds him close)

Oh Joe --- I wish you'd run away
and not go!

He reaches across to her side of the bed, snaps the lamp
off. The room is plunged into total darkness.

JOE

There. My left arm under you.
Like a cushion.

KAREEN'S VOICE

Kiss me.

JOE'S VOICE

You know something? You're the
sweetest little mick I ever ran
into...

KAREEN'S VOICE

(dies away in
a sigh)

Oh Joe....! Oh...

61 TRUCKING SHOT WITH MIKE - THROUGH LIVING ROOM - MORNING
SUNSHINE - COLOR OF MEMORY (LOCATION)

The fierce blood-shot, hunch-backed ex-miner carries a tray
containing breakfast for two -- eggs, bacon, coffee pot,
etc. He is not adept at this sort of thing. His walk to
the bedroom requires a good deal of concentration. He
knocks on the door, turns the knob and enters.

62 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING SUNSHINE

Kareen, startled, sits up straight in bed, clutching the
sheet to her breasts. Joe, with instinctive caution and
good sense, remains under the covers. Mike advances to
the bed with his tray.

MIKE

(gruffly)

Here, you kids. Hurry up and eat.

He puts the tray on the foot of the bed, glances for an
instant at the two young people in it, then directs an
amused smile at Joe.

MIKE

It's all right, son.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

MIKE (cont'd)
(he turns away)
You ain't got much time.

He exits, closing the door behind him.

KAREEN
(to Joe)
You get up first.

JOE
No, you get up first.

Kareen throws herself on him.

KAREEN
Oh Joe, kiss me, don't go!

MIKE'S VOICE
(from living room)
Hurry up, you damn kids.

Kareen breaks the caress.

JOE
(a smile)
Well --- get up.

KAREEN
(shaking her head)
You.

JOE
I'll count --- one, two, three!

They jump out of bed.

63 JOE AND KAREEN - HEAD AND SHOULDERS

Instead of getting dressed, they melt into each other's arms in a kiss.

MIKE'S VOICE
(from the living room)
You'd better hurry up. You'll miss the train, and then Joe will be shot by Americans instead of the Germans. That would be a goddamn shame.

64 HEAD AND SHOULDERS - JOE AND KAREEN - COLOR

This is a reprise in color of their earlier farewell scene at the station.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

Kareen is weeping softly. Joe has his left arm around her, but not his right.

ORATOR'S VOICE (o.s.)
In the words of that great
patriot, Theodore Roosevelt ---

KAREEN
Closer, Joe. Hold me closer.
Put both of your arms around me
and hold me close.

The scene BLURS.

KAREEN
Both of your arms, Joe ---

The SCREEN rapidly begins to darken. As it blackens completely:

JOE'S MIND
My arms.

65 INT. JOE'S NEW HOSPITAL ROOM - SET - BLACK AND WHITE

The room is small and bare and painted grey. Two walls are lined with storage shelves that have been emptied. A solitary window is screened with meshed wire grating. Joe's bed and equipment remain what they were in the larger room. His Image stares down at the dim figure on the bed with wide unbelieving eyes.

JOE'S MIND
Arms... arms... arms... arms.
I'm fainting in and out all the
time, Kareen, and I'm not catching
on very quick. You are in my arms ---

KAREEN'S VOICE
(very softly)
Both of your arms, Joe --- both
of them.

JOE'S MIND
Both of my arms. Both of them.
Both of ---

There is an instant of pure silence.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

JOE'S MIND

(a shout)

I haven't got any arms!

Joe's Image covers his face with his hands in a gesture of unutterable agony.

JOE'S MIND

(weeping)

My arms are gone. Both of my arms
are gone, Kareen, both of them.
They're gone. Kareen --- Kareen ---
Kareen --- they've cut my arms off,
both of my arms.

Joe's Image, hands still covering his face, turns away from the bed. From the distance we hear the sound of a telephone RINGING monotonously.

JOE'S MIND

Oh mother, God, Kareen --- they've
cut off my arms! Oh Jesus, mother,
God, Kareen --- my arms --- my arms
--- my arms --- !

The voice grows fainter; the darkness deepens; Joe's Image sinks to the floor in slumber as Joe's Mind surrenders to dreams. We hear Joe's voice speaking with that curious connotation which indicates that the speaker is reading aloud.

JOE'S VOICE

"Unless your arms are around me ---

Screen lightens to reveal:

66 INT. BAKERY LOCKER ROOM - THE SHIPPING CREW - NIGHT

Once again the crew are consuming their lunches; once again Jose is the object of their fascinated attention as Joe very slowly reads the contents of a letter which he holds with both hands.

JOE

(still reading)

" --- and mine are around you, I
simply do not want to live any
longer. Yesterday I was twenty-
one, so the money I told you about
belongs to me now. It's only about
\$400,000, but there'll be more
later on."

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

AD LIBS

More! Who wants more?
I can't stand it!

JOE

"I want to come to you in California,
but the only address I have is
General Delivery. Please send me
your real address, because I love
you and promise to make you happy
forever. Kisses and kisses from
your Emily."

(he sniffs, hands
letter to Pinky)

Smell.

Pinky inhales deeply, passes it on to the next man, and
turns almost indignantly to Jose.

PINKY

So what's the problem? Send your
address and tell her to come!

LARRY

And bring all her dough with her!

CURLEY

And then marry her, for God's sake!
No reason to pick on a dame just
because she's rich!

JOSE

That is not the reason. It is
much better to marry with a rich
young lady than with a poor one.
But the rich one I marry with I
must also love her.

(helpless gesture)

This one, I do not love her.

PINKY

Well, I'm a sonofabitch you can
learn to love her, can't you?

JOSE

I tried, but I cannot. Yet if I
tell her that it will be impolite,
no?

LARRY

It would be rude as hell!

JOSE

That is why I bring the letter.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2)

JOSE (cont'd)

I have this idea how to make the whole thing polite.

CURLEY

Well? How?

JOSE

To be polite and make it nice, I like somebody write to her, this address --

(indicates letter)

-- that your dear friend Jose have to kill himself because he love her too much, and the body is now cremate and scatter in the wind.

(triumphant gesture)

So! She is happy because I am dead from loving her, and I am happy because she forget all about me!

PINKY

(after a long moment)

I think you're nuts. I think I'm nuts too.

(jabs forefinger)

Do you know what this means? It means you'll spend the rest of your lousy life in this lousy hell-hole of a lousy stinking crapped-up imitation of a lousy goddamn bakery!

JOSE

(serenely)

No. I will do the accounting work for movie pictures.

PINKY

Oh horse shit! When?

JOSE

Maybe not too long. I hunt all day.

The scene darkens rapidly.

VOICE OF JOE'S MOTHER

What are you hunting for, son?

67 JOE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Joe on his bed, his Image still prone on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

JOE'S MOTHER'S VOICE

Did you lose something? Of course
you did. Where are your legs, Joe?

PHOTOGRAPHY turns to the vivid, weird, sharp COLOR OF
FANTASY, as Kareen appears, looking intently off toward the
bed.

KAREEN

Joe. Wake up.

She moves past the sleeping figure of Joe's Image without
seeing it. CAMERA PANS with her to:

68 CLOSE SHOT - KAREEN BESIDE JOE'S BED

Joe himself is not in the scene.

KAREEN

(sweetly)

Where are your legs, Joe?

69 ANOTHER ANGLE - JOE'S MOTHER

She appears at the side of the bed, opposite Kareen, stares
down intently at her son, chides him gently.

JOE'S MOTHER

(gently chiding)

What happened to your legs, son?
Did you forget to put them on this
morning?

(to Kareen)

He was always forgetting things.

ANGLE WIDENS to include Kareen on the other side of the bed.

KAREEN

Maybe he left them in the hall.

She turns from the bed, goes to the hall door, turns the
lock, opens it, peers in both directions down the corridor,
shakes her head, and returns, closing the door behind her.

KAREEN

No. There's no sign of them out
there.

JOE'S MOTHER

(sharply)

What have you done with them, Joe?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

JOE'S MOTHER (cont'd)
I will not have you running around
without any legs!

KAREEN
(peevishly)
Just because you don't care anything
about legs is no reason I don't! If
you don't tell me where your legs are,
I'll never speak to you again!

JOE'S MOTHER
Where are your legs?

KAREEN
Where are your legs?

70 BLACK WATERS - JOE'S FACE AS IT RUSHES UP FROM THE DEPTHS
TO A FULL SCREEN CLOSEUP FLOATING JUST BENEATH THE WATER'S
SURFACE - PHOTOGRAPHY RETURNS TO BLACK AND WHITE

JOE'S MOTHER'S VOICE
Where are your legs?

KAREEN'S VOICE
Where are your legs?

71 INT. JOE'S ROOM - MED. CLOSE SHOT - JOE'S IMAGE - SET -
BLACK AND WHITE

The Image still slumbering on the floor, twitches slightly.
Kareen and his mother have vanished.

JOE'S MOTHER'S VOICE
Where are your legs?

KAREEN'S VOICE
Where are your legs?

Joe's Image stirs, but does not waken.

JOE'S VOICE
(with perfect
serenity)
I haven't got any legs.

JOE'S MOTHER'S VOICE
Where are your eyes?

JOE'S VOICE
(calmly)
I haven't got any eyes.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

KAREEN'S VOICE

Where is your nose?

JOE'S VOICE

(placidly)

I haven't got any nose.

JOE'S MOTHER'S VOICE

Where is your mouth?

JOE'S VOICE

I haven't got any mouth. They
have a cloth hanging over my face
so they won't have to look at what
they've scooped out of it.

KAREEN'S VOICE

How could you lose all those things
and still be alive?

JOE'S VOICE

I was lucky, I guess.

JOE'S MOTHER'S VOICE

No, Joe, you were forgetful.

JOE'S VOICE

But I didn't lose them. It's only
a dream.

KAREEN'S VOICE

Goodbye, Joe.

JOE'S VOICE

Goodbye, Kareen.

JOE'S MOTHER'S VOICE

Goodbye, Joe.

JOE'S VOICE

Goodbye, mother.

JOE'S MOTHER'S VOICE

(lovingly)

It isn't a dream, my son. It's true.

72 FULL SCREEN CLOSEUP - JOE'S OPEN MOUTH - BARELY BENEATH
THE SURFACE OF THE WATERS - BLACK AND WHITE

From it there issues a SCREAM. As his face slowly sinks
from sight, receding deeper and deeper into the black waters,
his scream gives way to ringing silence. Kareen is there,
but can't help him.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

A moment of this and then, muffled by the water, faint and far away and somehow peaceful, we hear:

JOE'S MIND

You're wrong, mother. It's a dream.
It's got to be. Everything else is
true, but not this. I remember the
real things, mother. Even before we
left Colorado and moved to Los
Angeles.... I remember everything...

73 A DARK CELLAR CUT INTO THE EARTH - DAY - THE SOFT COLOR
OF MEMORY (LOCATION)

Joe, a boy of ten, is taking eggs from their liquid nest inside a glazed, pale-lemon stoneware crock. Gently he places each dripping egg beside others in a white serving bowl. Beside him, his mongrel dog watches curiously.

JOE'S MIND

Fresh eggs put up in water-glass
for winter days when the hens
stopped laying ---

74 INT. OLD-FASHIONED KITCHEN - DAY - COLOR OF MEMORY (LOCATION)

The kitchen contains an iron sink with a single brass faucet; a wooden table and chair; a black iron four-lidded coal-burning stove with warming oven above it; and a "kitchen cabinet." A cheesecloth sack, stained with the boiled fruit, hangs from the warming oven, its sweetness seeping into the bowl set beneath to receive it.

Joe's mother, swathed in a bib-apron covered with stains from the day's work, her forehead beaded with sweat and laced with stray wisps of stuck hair, bends low to the open oven door, transfers pans of hot bread and rolls from oven to kitchen table. Throughout her work she hums, over and over again, a phrase from Rock of Ages --- mindlessly, repetitively, sometimes tunefully and sometimes not.

Joe, followed by his dog, enters with his bowl of eggs, places it on the kitchen table. He inhales the perfume of seeping jelly, fresh loaves.

JOE'S MIND

--- the jelly bag at the back of
the stove ---

(disengages a
hot roll)

--- the good good bread and the
rolls ---

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

JOE'S MIND (cont'd)
 (dips a knife into
 a bowl of yellow
 butter and spreads it)

--- crocks of fresh sweet butter ---

His mother looks down at him, smiles fondly, reaches for a jar on the shelf immediately above the table, opens it and places it on the table. Outside, it begins to snow.

JOE'S MOTHER
 Wouldn't you like some of this?

JOE'S MIND
 (as he scoops)
 --- apricot preserves with walnuts
 in them ---

He takes an enormous bite from the roll, chews it with almost solemn relish. Something about the sight triggers his mother's love. She sinks to her knees beside him, takes him into her arms, and, cheek to cheek, hugs him. Then she rises to continue her work. Her humming resumes. Joe, perfectly used to her love, turns casually away and wanders to the 18-inch area between the rear of the stove and the kitchen wall, taking another bite of the roll as he goes.

MOTHER'S VOICE
 (following him)
 And don't forget your cap, it's
 snowing already.

75 BEHIND THE KITCHEN STOVE - DAY - SET - COLOR OF MEMORY

A low-sided, cloth-lined cardboard box full of baby chickens has been placed in the warmth of this small, shadowed area. Huddled in sleep as Joe sinks to his knees beside them, they awaken instantly, rise on wobbly legs to greet him with eager CHEEPS. His mother's vagrant hum continues over the scene.

JOE'S MIND
 --- baby chickens born too late
 for the hen house frost and the
 cold ---

He lifts one of the chicks, brushes it softly against his cheek. As he replaces it among its fellows a large, grizzled, notch-eared tomcat rises from its unseen sleeping place on the other side of the chicken box, dislodging a fat and elderly pet white rat which has been sleeping in the fur of the cat's curled-up stomach.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

The rat jumps into the cardboard box among the chicks, curls up in a corner. The cat yawns, arches its back to a lazy inverted U, then noses the chicks and languidly sniffs their effluvium, shit-sweet and warmly humid.

JOE'S MIND

--- Two-toes, my tomcat, who lost
his other three in the mowing
machine ---

76 EXT. SMALL BACK PORCH - DAY - COLOR OF MEMORY (LOCATION)

Two sides of the porch are provided by the outer walls of the house; a third side is protected from roof to wains-coating by a canvas curtain, the fourth by snow-crusted screen and half-screen door. Joe's father saws steaks from a half-consumed side of frozen beef which hangs by its single hoof from a rafter, handing each stiff slab to Joe. The dog sits on his haunches, watching alertly. In the adjoining kitchen, Joe's mother still hums the same monotonous phrase of her favorite hymn.

JOE'S MIND

--- winter beef and the old man
cutting steaks ---

77 INT. OUTDOOR PRIVY - DAY - COLOR OF MEMORY (LOCATION)

The privy is actually a wooden store-shed, stacked with previous refuse, against one wall of which an iron toilet has been installed, its spring-seat always up. Joe, his back to the CAMERA, lowers his winter pants, unbuttons the rear window-flap of his one-piece long winter underwear, delicately lowers the cold toilet seat to a certain angle, and then, with almost frantic resolve, whirls and sits on it. The instant the seat touches the toilet, its concealed plumbing emits a loud jet of icy water of which there is no surcease until the user comes to his feet. He flinches as the rushing waters spray the warmth of his tender hindside, but hangs on grimly.

JOE'S MIND

--- the new toilet in the woodshed
that stung like icicles ---

78 EXT. YARD - BEEHIVES UNDER APPLE TREE - DAY - COLOR OF MEMORY (LOCATION)

The apple tree is in full bloom. The air is filled with the droning, pervasive hum of honey bees.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

Joe and his father, bee nets over their heads and gloves on their hands, kneel beside one of the hives. Their veils and shoulders and gloves and arms are covered with bees. Occasionally they brush the small creatures away --- but very gently. The hive's top section, which contains the honey-comb squares, has been removed. Joe's father withdraws one of its thin wooden frames. It is filled with tiny octagonal breeding cells and a milling throng of puzzled workers. Joe pumps his smoke-pot occasionally to immobilize the hive's disturbed and angry residents.

JOE'S MIND

--- bees in the springtime making
honey for us under the apple tree ---

The father turns, grins and indicates something o.s.

79 ANOTHER ANGLE - JOE AND FATHER IN F.G. - HOUSEHOLD ANIMALS IN B.G. - DAY - COLOR OF MEMORY (LOCATION)

Sitting in a row watching the operation are (1) Joe's dog, (2) Two-Toes, the cat, (3) the white rat, and (4) a bantam rooster. The dog sleeps, the cat licks, the rat sniffs at the debris which the bantam busily scratches up for forage.

JOE'S FATHER

(a chuckle)
Where's the goldfish?

80 A MOUNTAIN LAKE SURROUNDED BY PINE-COVERED HILLS - DAY - COLOR OF MEMORY (LOCATION)

Joe and his father troll close to the shore of the lake. His father handles the oars, dipping the blades slowly and carefully to propel the boat on its gliding course as silently as possible. Joe sits in the prow, supervising two fishing rods that stick out left and right as far apart as possible, each trailing its long line some fifty yards in the boat's stealthy wake.

JOE'S VOICE

--- summer fishing trips with the
old man ---

Joe's father gazes off pensively for a moment, then, with a nod of his head, indicates a rock slide which slashes the descending slope of the mountain and terminates in a small meadow on its nearest shore.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

JOE'S FATHER

See that meadow just below the
shale side?

(Joe looks off, nods)

In the old days they caught a hunting
party of Ute Indians camped there.
Know what they did? They rounded
them up and tied rocks to their feet
and threw them into the lake. Just
about where we are right now.

(pause)

They say it's been good fishing on
this side of the lake ever since.

One pole tip bends sharply toward the water; a reel SINGS
out as the fish runs with the lure.

JOE

(quietly)

Your pole.

The father gently banks his oars, rises, accepts the
twitching rod from his son's hand, and begins to play the
fish.

81 SMALL TOWN STREET - HAMBURGER STAND - NIGHT - COLOR OF
MEMORY (LOCATION)

The hamburger man conducts his business from a large canvas-
canopied, gas-heated iron griddle stacked with cooked ham-
burgers and heaps of fried onions, newer patties sizzling in
its central area. The stand is illuminated by a single gas
flare which veers wildly in the night breeze. The ham-
burger man, having completed the wrapping of sandwiches,
sacks them and hands them to Joe, who, after carefully
paying him the exact amount, unbuttons his shirt, tucks the
sack against his bare skin, buttons the shirt over it care-
fully, and turns away. The dog, which has been sitting
expectantly at his feet, rises and follows him.

JOE'S VOICE

--- hamburgers on Saturday night
from the hamburger man ---

82 CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT WITH JOE - THROUGH SMALL-TOWN STREET -
NIGHT - COLOR OF MEMORY (LOCATION)

He runs down the street full clip, cutting corners through
dusty sidepaths, panting, sweating -- but never diminishing
his speed. The dog scampers excitedly ahead of him.

JOE'S VOICE

--- running home through summer
nights so they wouldn't get cold ---

83 INT. CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH - DAY - COLOR OF MEMORY
(LOCATION)

The small rectangular church interior, with a capacity of perhaps thirty worshippers, is pure white New England austere. Beyond a low railing, the First Reader (a man) and the Second Reader (a woman) stand behind twin podiums. The First Reader reads the concluding passages of The Scientific Statement of Being. The audience stands.

JOE'S VOICE

--- and church on Sunday morning...

84 INT. CHURCH - JOE AND FAMILY - COLOR OF MEMORY - (LOCATION)

Dressed in their best, scrubbed faces gleaming with cleanliness, Joe, his father, his six-year-old sister Catherine, and his mother who holds year-old Elizabeth in her arms, stand in silence, listening. Joe, who has brought the white rat along in the breast pocket of his jacket, hastens to thrust the rat's protruding nose back into the pocket.

FIRST READER

Spirit is immortal truth. Matter is mortal error. Spirit is the real and eternal. Matter is the unreal and temporal. Spirit is God and man is His image and likeness. Therefore man is not material, he is Spiritual.

84A EXT. SMALL CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH - DAY

Joe's dog lies sound asleep on the sunny steps of the church. He has taken a position just outside the double doors at the point where, if either opens, it will bang into him. SOUND of ORGAN MUSIC from within the church introduces the final hymn. The dog awakens instantly, jumps aside just in time to avoid the impact of the doors as they are opened by an usher. SOUND of SINGING from inside increases sharply. The dog moves to one side of the doors, watches attentively for the emergence of his family. The scene darkens as we go to:

85 INT. JOE'S ROOM - JOE, HIS IMAGE - BLACK AND WHITE

JOE'S MIND

Those were the real things, mother.
What I am now is the dream.

The anguished movements of his Image portray the terror, the ghastly fear, and finally the madness that rages in Joe's mind.

JOE'S MIND

But it isn't a dream! I can't see.
I can't hear. I can't taste. I
can't breathe. I can't even ---

(CONTINUED)

85

CONTINUED:

The voice of his mind breaks off with a moan... Joe's Image shakes its head, ready to weep.

JOE'S MIND

(with the increasing
tempo of panic)

Mother! Where are you? Help me!
It isn't a dream. It's me, and I'm
here, I'm alive!

His Image, arms crossed over its chest, hands clutching forearms, shaking its head in denial, sways slowly back and forth in the rhythm of anguish. The door opens. For an instant the room is flooded with light and SOUNDS from the real world. Each time the door opens a clock on the corridor wall opposite the door becomes visible. A nurse, key in hand, regards Joe's heaving torso from the doorway, shakes her head, closes the door again. (She is not the nurse we have seen previously: time flies, nurses change.)

JOE'S MIND

(his voice gradually
rises to a scream)

I'm alive! Oh mother Jesus Christ
Kareen Almighty God -- I'M ALIVE!
(brokenly)

Oh no, it can't be me! Not me!
Please God --- please, please,
please not me!

(a sound of sobbing)

It can't be. I --- I can't live
like this! I can't! Please no, I
can't! Help me! Won't anybody help
me?

The door opens again. The nurse enters carrying a small porcelain tray. The nurse crosses to the bed, where Joe's torso is still in feeble movement.

JOE'S MIND

No, no, it isn't possible --- it
can't be --- oh please, please no!
No, no. It isn't me. Wake me up.
No, no, no --- not me. Not me ---!
What did I do?

His voice dies away; his attention is distracted by the nurse as she swabs the skin of his shoulder and plunges the needle home.

JOE'S MIND

No! No! Don't do that! Don't
put me to sleep --- wake me up!

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (2)

His Image supplicates the nurse, prays to her, kneels before her, begging her to acquiesce.

JOE'S MIND

Don't knock me out! I've got to
find out what's happened! I've
got to find out what I am!

(the drug takes
effect quickly)

What I am . . . !

The nurse stands watching him. The movements of his torso diminish somewhat as the drug takes effect. The supplicating gestures of his Image turn languorous.

JOE'S MIND

(tempo slowing)

No... no... no...

(almost a whisper)

Don't --- do it. . .

Satisfied that he is lapsing into unconsciousness, the nurse arranges the cover at his throat and silently exits from the room, closing the door behind her. Joe's Image watches her departure with terrible despair; then turns reluctantly back to the bed.

JOE'S MIND

(even fainter)

I must find out --- what I'm good
for...

Joe's Image sags slowly to its knees succumbing with Joe to the effects of the drug.

JOE'S MIND

... what I can do? I'm nothing but
a freak.

(long pause)

How can I work? How can a freak
like me make a living....?

All movement ceases. Joe's torso lies silent on the bed. His Image lapses into slumber. The room darkens. Very faintly, as if from some enormous distance, we hear the tinkling strain of what seems to be a delicately phrased Parisian STREET MELODY articulated with lutes, bells, a sitar, and rattles. As the screen lightens, we see:

86

FULL WIDE ANGLE SHOT - AN ENORMOUS YELLOW DESERT - DAY -
VIVID COLOR OF FANTASY (LOCATION)

Perfectly flat, smooth, yellow, this abstraction of a desert imposes its terrible monotony from horizon to horizon.

(CONTINUED)

86

CONTINUED:

In the mid-distance stands a solitary tree. In the far distance a small plume of drifting dust marks the advance of a tiny column still too remote for classification as men or insects. It is from this column that the curious strains of the STREET MELODY seem to emanate.

87

EXT. DESERT - FULL SHOT - A SMALL CARNIVAL PROCESSION - DAY
COLOR OF FANTASY (LOCATION)

The procession is led off by a gaily dressed clown (Played by Jody Simmons), who plays a lute and dances along the trail to its weird rhythm. He is followed by half a dozen freaks, one of whom plays a flute, the other an oriental drum. The delicate lilt of the STREET MELODY is wildly inappropriate to the background; its rhythm is inappropriate to its melody; its mod intonation and oriental instrumentation are inappropriate to everything else. The music, in short, plays against everything in the scene; it is madness.

The freaks who follow the clown consist of: (1) a giant (Played by Jose) who carries in his arms, and incessantly fondles, (2) a beautiful, exquisitely dressed, weeping female midget (Played by Joe's sister, Elizabeth) who cowers beneath his caresses, (3) an enormously fat woman (Played by Mike Burkeman) whose face is covered with hair which she has woven into thick, waist-length braids; (4) a hunch-backed dwarf (Played by Corporal Timlon) who carries Joe's father's fishing rod over his right shoulder, and has enormous difficulty keeping one end or the other from dragging in the dust; (5) a hydrocephalic boy (Played by Joe's sister, Catherine) whose head is so huge that it occasionally throws him off balance as he cavorts through the dance, causing him to fall; (6) a pair of male Siamese twins (Played by Pinky and Larry), joined together from shoulder to thigh, dancing along the road on three legs, keeping time to the music with two undulating arms, graciously nodding two heads right and left as if acknowledging applause.

The Siamese twins are followed by a garishly painted mule-drawn cart. The cart has an open wagon bed on which stands a bunting-draped platform or runway. Atop the platform, flashing in the sun, stands a crystal casket perhaps three feet long and two feet wide. A small table beside it is filled with jars, tanks, meters, pumps, and other medical equipment, all connected to the crystal casket by rubber tubes. A woman, whose girlish figure tells us she is quite young, vigorously cleans and recleans the casket with white smears of Bon Ami which she instantly wipes off. She wears flesh-tint circus tights and a short ballet skirt: we do not see her face. A sign on the cart reads:

JOE BONHAM

THE SELF-SUPPORTING BASKET CASE!

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

The cart is driven by Joe's father, who wears a shabby, old-fashioned black tail-coat, striped trousers, pointed patent leather button-top shoes, a dirty wing collar, a derby hat, and a large cigar which he chews incessantly but does not smoke.

Kareen sits beside him on the driver's seat. She is nude save for a pair of glittering nipple-covers, a bejewelled G-string, and a delicate chain around her neck from which a large, gold, gem-encrusted pectoral cross glistens in the sunlight. She wears a carved white wooden mask of sorrow, with down-turned lips and cheeks that are splashed with blood-red tears.

87A EXT. DESERT - CARNIVAL PITCHED BENEATH THE DESERT'S ONLY TREE - DAY - COLOR OF FANTASY (LOCATION)

The cart has halted and set up business beside the tree. Joe's father stands, pointer in hand, facing the freaks who have lined up for a performance. Kareen remains to one side, still wearing her mask. On signal, the musical introduction begins.

At the proper moment, Joe's father signals to Kareen. She casts aside her mask to reveal a seductively simpering face, red-lipped, berouged, heavily mascaraed. She skips gaily to center stage in front of the freaks. Then, as the freaks burst into SONG, she capers back and forth, doing the belly dance, the bumps, the shimmy, the hula, the grinds. Streams of sweat run down her naked body, already begrimed from the dust of their trip. Mascara drips from her eyes like tears.

There is no crowd to sing to, no audience of any kind, nothing but the shade of a solitary tree in the midst of an empty desert, and, of course, our CAMERA, which now WITH-DRAWS sufficiently to reveal:

88 JOE - SITTING AT THE BASE OF THE TREE - CARNIVAL IN B.G.

Wearing bakery work clothes, leaning against the trunk of the tree, arms clasped around his shins, chin resting pensively on his knees, he is completely unresponsive save for two grave eyes which follow each movement of Kareen's body.

The insert pages "A" and "B" which follow are intended to suggest the kind of song our freaks should sing:

(CONTINUED)

SONG OF THE FREAKS

A WALTZ TIME

Spir - its from the deep are we, And
 creat-ures of the dawn;

B

When your dreams Fill with screams
 We are danc -- ing on the lawn.

C

Kill a wo---man, Kill a man Or
 Bet -- ter **D** still just kill a lit-
 tle child, For kill - ing's fun, once be-
 gun; **E** Kill - ing's fine, sweet as
 wine; **E** Kill - ing's fair,
 If you dare
 To kill them
 A TEMPO
 ten - der ly,

Song of the Freaks (2)

B.

Handwritten musical score for "Song of the Freaks (2)". The score is written on five staves. The first staff contains the lyrics "Just ten - der --- ly,". The second staff contains the lyrics "So". The third staff contains the lyrics "ten --- der --- ly ...". The fourth and fifth staves contain musical notation, including notes, rests, and a double bar line. The score is written in a simple, handwritten style.

88 CONTINUED:

The song ends. Joe's father steps forward, bows to his non-existent audience, motions for silence, apparently receives it, stretches forth an introductory hand toward the ballet-skirted young woman who continues to clean the casket, her back still to the CAMERA, and calls heartily to her.

JOE'S FATHER

Well, mother?

The young woman at the casket turns to face the audience.

89 MED. CLOSE SHOT - JOE'S MOTHER - BESIDE CASKET - DAY -
COLOR OF FANTASY (LOCATION)

Thus far we have seen her as the mother of a ten-year-old son; as the widowed mother of a nineteen-year-old son; and (on page 72) we shall see her as a girl in her teens. The face revealed to us now, however, is the lined and weary visage of a woman in her early forties who has been thrust by grief and hardship well into her fifties. Only the body, so inappropriate to the face, remains young.

She begins her short spiel with ghastly, coquettish little smiles and flirtatious movements of her body: after all, she is opening the show, she is selling.

JOE'S MOTHER

He was a good boy --- a sweet boy---
and very strong, and healthy. But he
was always forgetting things. He
would forget his cap --- he'd forget
his coat --- he'd forget his overshoes ---

Her smile fades, and with it her coquetry. Her face disintegrates to reveal all the world's weariness and grief.

JOE'S MOTHER

--- and now, of course --- he's
forgotten just --- everything...

JOE'S FATHER

Thank you very much!

90 EXT. DESERT - ENTIRE CARNIVAL - FAVORING JOE'S FATHER - DAY
- COLOR OF FANTASY (LOCATION)

Turning back to his audience, he begins to harangue the empty air in the high, nasal, con-man's patter of an old-time carney barker.

(CONTINUED)

JOE'S FATHER

My good friends and fellow Americans.
You have thrilled to the music of our
gifted chorus ---

(indicates freaks)

--- your hearts have been uplifted
by the delicate mammaries ---

(his pointer indi-
cates each item)

--- the talented navel and --- the
marvelously educated rumples of
this little lady who will shortly
pass among you to receive such love-
donations as your generous hearts
are moved to give. But now ---

(beckons them)

--- come closer, come closer ---
all of you --- don't be afraid ---

Joe's father takes up his position beside the crystal
casket, begins his sing-song spiel.

JOE'S FATHER

What we're going to show you here,
ladies and gentlemen, is the dead
man who is alive --- the live man
who is dead. He can't walk, he can't
talk, he can't hear, he can't see,
he can't breathe, he can't chew his
food, he can't even scratch his own
backside --- and yet, by God, he's
just as much alive as you and me!

He bends toward an imaginary girl in the imaginary audience,
beckons her forward.

JOE'S FATHER

Come forward, little lady. Don't
be frightened. The way things are
these days --- the rich getting
richer and the poor getting slops ---
I'm just as worried as you are about
where my next pair of shoes is coming
from. That's why I'm making this
grand tour of the country, to show
you good people the only man in the
whole United States of America who
has got the economic situation one
hundred percent licked.

(taps the case)

This fella right here. He don't
worry about shoes, because he don't
need any shoes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2)

JOE'S FATHER (cont'd)

No shoes, no socks, no underwear,
 no shirt, no gloves, no hat, no
 necktie, no collar buttons, no vest,
 no coat, no movies, no vaudeville
 shows, no football tickets. He
 never has to shave, and he don't
 even need a girl, although I promise
 you he's very well equipped in that
 department.

(beckoning)

All right you people there in the
 back, step forward --- step forward.

(to the clown)

Strike up the music, Rollo boy.

The clown begins to play. Joe's father nods to Kareen, who descends the two steps from the wagon bed and weaves through the imaginary crowd, holding a small white chamber pot for their contributions. An imaginary admirer pats her bottom. She turns, slaps him soundly. We HEAR the slap. As others drop coins into her chamber pot we hear the clink of the coins as they land. She curtsies prettily in thanks for each contribution.

JOE'S FATHER

Now all you have to do is drop a
 love-offering of more than fifteen
 cents into the little lady's thunder
 mug, and then step right up here on
 the platform. Because here's what
 I'm gonna do: I'm gonna lift up
 this glass lid ---

(illustrates by
lifting it)

--- and then I'm going to let you
 look at the face of the only man in
 the world who don't give a damn
 about anything.

91 MED. CLOSE - JOE'S FATHER AND THE CASKET

JOE'S FATHER

(concluding)

So step right up, friends. Hurry,
 hurry, hurry, pay your money for
 a good long look, and there's a
 five-dollar payoff if he looks back!

He bows to his first imaginary customer, and turns to lift the casket lid. At this instant he turns into a DEAN OF MEDICINE and the carnival truck becomes an OPERATING TABLE upon which Joe's casket rests. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal:

92

MED. SHOT - CRYSTAL CASKET, DEAN OF MEDICINE, TWO NURSES,
AN INTERN - PHOTOGRAPHED AGAINST SOLID AZURE BLUE B.G. -
DAY (SET)

Joe's glass casket, all of its life-giving equipment in full operation, has been placed on a surgical operating table. The Dean wears elegant striped trousers, a white shirt with pearl-pinned cravat, a morning coat and pince-nez with a black ribbon. The nurses wear identical white turtle-neck sweaters, white skirts, white stockings and white tennis shoes. The interns are similarly garbed, except that they wear trousers instead of skirts. Clearly they constitute a team, of which the Dean is both coach and star.

As the Dean begins to speak, his eyes, speech and gestures are directed to the imaginary medical students who gaze down at him from tier upon rising tier of circular observation balconies. During the course of his speech, our CAMERA assumes a close position directly over his head and then slowly recedes upward, giving us the point of view of his non-existent students. As his speech draws to its end, and we are far away from him and still directly above him, our RECEDING CAMERA reveals a two-foot fragment of balcony suspended in mid air, with Joe seated behind it, leaning forward, his arms folded on the balustrade, his chin resting on his arms, his face turned downward, his attitude one of grave attention.

DEAN

To the artist, war means censorship and censorship is always the death of art. With the scientist, however, it is quite the opposite. Far from being censored in wartime, the scientist is set free. He is able to work with equal skill for either side, and under any form of government. Unlike the artist, therefore, the scientist must regard war as a time of great intellectual and economic abundance -- a season for research, progress, creativity and inspiration. For example:

(turns to casket)

In previous wars each major injury represented a loss to the taxpayers of an experienced and very expensively trained fighter. In the next war we shall have that same fighting unit returned to combat in less than three months.

(taps the casket)

All because of the radical new techniques which this young man has taught us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

92

CONTINUED:

DEAN (cont'd)

What now remains of his body can be compared, in a certain sense, to the human tissue which we keep almost eternally alive in our laboratories. But this is a different kind of tissue because it contains a brain. The brain, we have every right to assume, is thinking. The question is: about what? The answer to that question is important enough to justify experimental surgery.

(soothingly)

Remember, young gentlemen, it is impossible for brain tissue to feel pain.

(to a nurse)

Scalpel.

One of the nurses hands him a scalpel. He turns, opens the lid of the crystal casket, and lifts the scalpel and makes a sweeping incision, the results of which we cannot see. Nurses bend to swab the wound and tie off its blood supply.

DEAN

Trepine.

As the screen darkens, we hear the VOICE of a little child.

LITTLE CHILD'S VOICE

Now I lay me down to sleep,
My bomb-proof shelter's nice and
deep,
But if I'm killed before I wake,
Remember God, it's for Your sake.
Amen.

JOE'S VOICE

Stop that! Cut it out! You've
got it wrong anyhow.

The screen lightens, delivering us to:

93

thru OMITTED

96

97

JOE'S ROOM - BLACK AND WHITE

The Image, having just awakened, rises to a sitting position, rubbing its eyes.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

JOE'S MIND

It's if I die before I wake I pray
the Lord my soul to take!

(brief pause; begins

to reason with himself)

What difference does it make anyhow?
Now look here, Joe, you can't keep
going on like this. You've got to
straighten up. Got to stop dreaming
and find out about things. You've
already learned how to tell people
by their vibrations, now you've
got to learn more. You've got to
think. Got to make a future for
yourself.

JOSE'S VOICE

Because to accounting belongs the
future. You will see.

98 INT. BAKERY LOCKER ROOM - THE SHIPPING CREW - NIGHT - COLOR
(LOCATION)

Once again they are completely absorbed in Jose and the
curious problems which seem always to beset his life. They
regard him with something close to awe. Jose, on the other
hand, is the picture of despair and exhaustion.

JOE

(unbelievably)

Accounting? At a movie studio?

Jose nods morosely.

JOSE

Of course.

PINKY

Well, how did you get it?

JOSE

I tell them I wish to work with
them, they say okay.

LARRY

When does the job start?

JOSE

Two days ago.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

You mean you've been holding down
both jobs?

JOSE

(nodding)

Make me very tired, too.

PINKY

But why, for Christ sake?

JOSE

Because I don't think of any nice
way to tell Mr. Jody Simmons I
going to quit.

CURLEY

Then think of a shitty way! I
can think of more damned ways to ---

JOSE

(shaking his
head firmly)

No, no, I could not. I have no
work, he give me work. He make
me grateful. So how to tell him
I don't work here no more without
to hurt the feelings?

Rudy sticks his head through the open door.

RUDY

Break it up. Pie run.

Rudy vanishes. The shipping crew drift out of the locker
room and into the shipping room.

99 INT. SHIPPING ROOM - TRUCKING SHOT - JOSE AND PINKY - OTHERS
FOLLOWING - COLOR (LOCATION)

They pass between a double row of steel bins, each of which is partly filled with bread, rolls and packaged bakery products. Pinky and Jose take the lead; the others straggle behind.

PINKY

If you don't want to quit, how about getting fired? Would that be all right?

JOSE

Oh yes! I would go right home and begin to sleep again.

Pinky stops beside a rack of pies that has just been wheeled in from the bakery beyond.

PINKY

Stack six or eight of these on your arm and walk over in front of Jody's window.

(the others come
up, listen)

Then watch me. I'll be behind that bin. When Jody looks up, I'll give the signal and you drop the pies.

LARRY

That's a hell of an idea! Make it ten pies, maybe twelve!

JOSE

I do not like violence. Yet I am a desperate man without too much sleep these days. So if you think violence will work --- then I will violate the pies.

He begins to stack the pies on his right arm. The rest of the crew grab other racks of pies and begin to distribute them amongst the bins according to the order form on the upper right hand corner of each bin. All maneuver themselves so that they have a clear view of:

100 END OF SHIPPING ROOM - WINDOW OF SIMMONS OFFICE - COLOR
(LOCATION)

On the other side of the window, Jody Simmons sits at his desk, running his pencil down successive columns of figures. Jose appears outside the window, pies high on his right arm, his back to the man in the office.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

He watches Pinky, who, in his own turn, watches Jody. Jody looks up. Pinky signals, Jose drops the pies. Jody leaps from his chair and zips out of his office like a tormented bumblebee.

101 ANOTHER ANGLE - SHIPPING CREW BEHIND BINS IN F.G. - TO JODY AND JOSE IN B.G. - COLOR (LOCATION)

Jody's face is beet red as he confronts the stricken Jose.

JODY

(bellowing)

Why, you clumsy spic bastard, what the hell is the matter with you?
Look at those goddamn pies!

Jose makes a helpless gesture. Contrition is writ large in his face --- contrition even to the point of grief --- and his eyes are dark pools of misery.

JOSE

I know. I have violate your pies,
Mister Simmons! God knows I don't
want to! Forgive me please! Also
I pay for them!

Jody's cold, suspicious eyes inspect every inch of Jose's face. A rare smile breaks over his face. He pats Jose's shoulder with a fatherly hand.

JODY

That's all right, Jose, I only wish
I had more men like you. I'll deduct
a dollar a week from your check till
they're paid for. Now you just
forget the whole thing and go back to
work.

Pleased with his forbearance, Jody turns and waddles back into his office. Jose stands above the violated pies, his face filled with desperate, horrified disbelief. Then he turns and staggers across to the bin behind which his colleagues have witnessed his failure.

102 ANOTHER ANGLE - BEHIND THE BIN - SHIPPING CREW AS JOSE JOINS THEM - COLOR (LOCATION)

He looks like St. Francis on the day the birds stopped talking.

JOSE

(gasping)

It not work!

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

PINKY

(softly, urgently)

The idea was right, but we did it too small. To quit an important job like this you got to do something important. It's too late tonight, but tomorrow we'll fix it so you can dump a whole rack of pies!

JOSE

(blinking)

A rack?

PINKY

(enthusiastically)

A whole lousy rack! One hundred and eighty lousy pies while they're still hot! One hundred and eighty lousy runny blueberry pies while they're still hot! All over the floor! Smash! Splatter! Crash! Oh my God! Oh Jesus!

As the screen darkens, we hear:

JOE'S VOICE

(quietly)

It's getting dark, Jose, and I need help! Where are you, Jose? Help me!

103 HOSPITAL ROOM - CLOSEUP - SIDE OF JOE'S HEAD - BLACK AND WHITE

One of the several tubes which pump food and drink and air into his body hangs from its frame above his head in such a way that a sharp, protuberant piece of metal attached to the tube touches his forehead. He shakes his head from time to time, trying to rid himself of the annoyance, but his movement merely elongates the track of the metal across his forehead. His sleeping Image twitches, but does not awaken.

JOE'S MIND

It's a rat! Hit it! Knock it off!
Help me, Jose! There's a rat
chewing on my head!

104 JOE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - JOE IN BED - DAY

Joe flings his head from side to side, trying to dislodge the imagined rat.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

His Image, twitching convulsively but still asleep, confirms that we are witnessing a dream. Suddenly Joe sits up in his bed. A wild YELL emerges from behind the cloth mask that covers his face.

105 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - TOWARD JOE'S DOOR - COLOR

A sign on the door reads:

STORE ROOM

Joe materializes through the door on phantom legs and starts down the corridor, clutching the frantically squirming body of his pet white rat in one of his phantom hands. (SPECIAL EFFECT)

106 TRUCKING WITH JOE - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - COLOR (SPECIAL EFFECT)

Only his masked head and his gown-covered torso and the rat are flesh and blood; the rest of him is as insubstantial and transparent as mist. He rushes down the hall in great jerks and lurches, mad with fear.

JOE'S VOICE

(crying out)

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

But the hall is deserted and without end and rapidly turning dark.

107 ANOTHER ANGLE - DOWN CORRIDOR - STATIONARY CAMERA - COLOR (SPECIAL EFFECT)

Joe, running away from the CAMERA, seems to be rushing down the narrowing corridor toward the remotest point of infinity.

108 FLASH TRUCKING SHOT - WITH JOE - COLOR

He feels down a passageway now so dark that nothing in it is visible except himself and the white rat in his hand. He comes to a ten-foot circular opening in the floor and leaps into it.

109 FREE FALL INTO DEEP CISTERN - WITH JOE - TANK SHOT - COLOR

Joe and the white rat strike the water's surface with a splashing echo.

110 CLOSEUP - JOE'S FACE - JUST BELOW THE WATER'S SURFACE -
COLOR

The released rat pops quickly to the surface. Joe sinks deeper and deeper into the black waters, then disappears altogether. The rat swims vigorously for the side of the cistern.

111 CLOSEUP - FOLLOWING THE WHITE RAT - COLOR

It begins an endless circling movement around the cistern wall, keeping nose and whiskers high out of the water, scratching desperately at the smooth sides for foothold, almost achieving it, then slipping back to continue its doleful pilgrimage.

112 CLOSEUP - JOE'S FOREHEAD - BLACK AND WHITE

Joe's head tosses frantically from right to left, but the movement does not permit it to escape the touch of the metal object which drags against it. Nurse's hand enters SCENE, lifts the metal object beyond the range of Joe's head. Instantly the head stops threshing. Joe's Image sighs with relief in its sleep.

113 FLASH SHOT - BLACK WATERS - BLACK AND WHITE

Joe's head shoots up from the depths until it is within an inch of the surface, filling the SCREEN.

114 JOE'S BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT JOE'S IMAGE - BLACK AND WHITE

Lying full length in slumber against the wall, Joe's Image suddenly opens both eyes, indicating that Joe on the bed has awakened.

JOE'S MIND (o.s.)

Where did it go?

His Image comes to a sitting position.

115 MED. SHOT - JOE AND NURSE

A different and newer nurse rubs his brow and the top of his head, gently kneading the muscles of his shoulders. His Image moves to the bedside, puzzled, listening intently.

JOE'S MIND

Where did it go? Did I kill it?
Did I drown it? What if it comes
back?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

JOE'S MIND (cont'd)

(pause)

It was a dream, it had to be. But how can I tell? How can you tell what's a dream and what's real when you can't tell when you're asleep and when you're awake? Maybe the rat's real and the nurse here is a dream. How can I ever be able to tell the difference?

116 SMALL CARPENTER SHOP - JOE AND CHRIST - DAY - COLOR
(LOCATION)

The equipment in the shop is completely modern by the standards of 1918: power lathes, power saws, power drills, power sanders, etc. Sitting on his work bench is a huge hour glass, the sand running steadily. The shop is filled with crosses and cradles in various sizes, shapes, and stages of completion. A wooden peg extending from the wall holds perhaps a dozen crowns of thorns. In b.g. two burly TRUCKMEN are loading crosses on a flatbed truck.

As we come in on the SCENE, CHRIST, bearded, wearing overalls and workmen's thick-soled shoes, has just left off working with an electric hand-drill. He now holds its butt-end in his hand like a pistol. He points it occasionally to emphasize or illustrate a point. He is answering Joe's question of the previous scene.

CHRIST

The way I used to tell was by yelling, and the yell would wake me up. So the next time that rat comes around, just yell. That will wake you up and you'll realize the rat was a dream.

JOE

But you see, I can't yell. I can't even whisper.

CHRIST

(practically)

Whispering wouldn't help anyway. Another way is to just tell yourself, 'Wait a minute, here, this is a nightmare, and I've got to wake up in order to stop it.'

(a gesture with the electric drill)

Then force yourself to open your eyes. The minute they're open, the dream will be over and the rat will be gone.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

I can't open my eyes, I haven't got any.

CHRIST

(thoughtfully)

Hmmm. That does complicate matters.

(thinks)

Maybe the thing to do is police your mind before you go to sleep. Say to yourself, 'I'm going to go to sleep now, and I am not going to have any nightmares.' It could be done, you know, with practice. You feel yourself getting drowsy and ---

JOE

(interrupting)

I never feel drowsy because I haven't got anything to feel drowsy with. I have no way of knowing when I'm about to go to sleep. I can't even tell the difference between when I'm awake and when I'm not.

CHRIST

Maybe we should take a different line of attack altogether. Let's begin by assuming that everything is a dream, which by and large it is. When we're awake, we have one kind of dream. When we're asleep we have another kind. The difference is that we summon our day-dreams because we like them. We control them. But the dreams we have when we're asleep just happen. So they control us. Do you see?

(Joe smiles)

If you control the dream, you're awake. If the dream controls you, you're asleep.

JOE

I --- I think I see. When the rat comes, I don't control it, it controls me. And that proves I'm asleep and the rat is a dream.

CHRIST

Of course. If you were awake, your mind would never permit so horrible a dream to happen.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

But couldn't it be it's the rat
that's real --- and all the rest
is a dream?

CHRIST

In real life it's impossible for a
man to spend his waking hours with
a rat nibbling at him. He'd knock
it off. Since you do not, it's
obvious the rat is a dream.

JOE

I haven't got any arms to knock it
off with.

CHRIST

No arms?

JOE

I haven't got any legs either. I
haven't got anything. I'm deaf and
dumb and blind. I can't even feed
myself. I'm kind of a --- freak.

CHRIST

(shakes his head)

Since your real life is a greater
nightmare than your dreams it
would be cruel to pretend that
anyone can help you.

(turns away)

What you need is a miracle.

Wishing to be rid of someone he yearns to help but no
longer can, ashamed of his incapacity, wishing the boy had
not pushed him to the necessity of revealing it, he picks
up a drill and starts to work. His irritation with himself
makes him careless. The drill slips, upsets the hour glass.
It shatters as it hits the floor. Christ stares at it in
disgust, then looks across to Joe.

CHRIST

Perhaps it's better for you to go
away now. You're a very unlucky
young man. Sometimes it rubs off.

He turns, begins to saw a plank as centerpiece for a new
cross.

JOE

(in despair)

Then tell me this, just this: are
you and I really here together ---
or is this a dream, too?

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (3)

CHRIST
It's a dream.

JOE
How do you know?

CHRIST
Because I'm a dream.

JOE
I don't believe you!

CHRIST
Nobody does. That's why I'm not
real.

117 INT. CISTERN - THE WHITE RAT - COLOR

It hopelessly circles the smooth slipperiness of the cister wall.

JOE'S VOICE (o.s.)
(almost a scream)
But I am --- ! I'd sooner the rat
was real, and everything else a
dream --- but it isn't! I'm real ---!
(pause)
Mother!

As if caught up by Joe's urgency, the rat pauses, listens.

JOE'S VOICE (o.s.)
Tell me, mother! Am I real? I
can't be real, can I?

118 EXT. YARD - JOE, HIS MOTHER - DAY - COLOR (LOCATION)

Joe's mother is seated on a rope swing, her feet on the ground in position to propel her body backward for the fir swing. Sixteen years old, she is dressed in the prevailin fashion for young girls in 1894. Joe, a boy of ten, stand wistfully beside her.

JOE'S MOTHER
Of course you're real, but you're
not my little boy. I'm not even
married yet!

JOE
You are too! And you're my mother!

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

JOE'S MOTHER

No, I'm not. If you say that again I'll wash your mouth out with soap and water. Can't you see I'm trying to swing?

JOE

What makes you say you're not my mother when you are?

JOE'S MOTHER

I am not your mother because I would never have a little boy like you. If you won't go away, the least you can do is help me swing.

JOE

Why do you want to swing?

JOE'S MOTHER

Because I've wanted to do it all my life and couldn't, and now I'm doing it. Give me a push.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

JOE

No.

JOE'S MOTHER

You nasty little boy! Take that!
(she slaps his face)
Why won't you give me a push?

JOE

Because I can't.

Joe's mother, with a little laugh, kicks the swing into motion. From this point to the end of the scene she continues swinging, ever higher, ever faster.

JOE'S MOTHER

(laughing)

Of course you can, you're just
stubborn!

JOE

No I'm not, honest I'm not!

JOE'S MOTHER

Then why didn't you push me?

JOE

I haven't got any hands.

His mother laughs again, swinging now in great swoops.

JOE'S MOTHER

(with peals of
laughter)

Oh you funny boy! You funny little
boy!

(in the down swoop
she almost hits him)

Keep out of my way! Are you blind?

Joe turns, starts to run out of the scene, his face contorted with horror.

JOE

Father!

JOE'S MOTHER

(laughing merrily)

Look at the little blind mouse
run!

119 INT. SHED - JOE AND HIS FATHER - DAY - COLOR OF FANTASY
(LOCATION)

His mother's wild laughter still continues over the scene.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

Joe's father has placed a fishing rod in a small padded vise on the bench. He works on it throughout the scene with delicate tools and silk thread and fine lacquer. Joe, still ten years old, stands beside, watching wistfully. His father talks as much to himself as to his son, of whose presence he seems scarcely aware.

JOE'S FATHER

Nothing I have in this world is really any good, you know. My house is small, my job is small, my salary is also small. My son is small, and so is my wife, and when you come down to it, I'm no giant myself. Everything around me is small and inferior except this fishing pole. I myself wind it every year with the best of silk thread. You see this lacquer? It comes from China. There is no finer lacquer anywhere. The leaders are pure amber. No one in town has a pole like this, not even Mr. Latimer down at the bank. My life is so poor and shoddy that without this pole I'd have nothing to set me apart from other men --- nothing to give me distinction --- nothing at all. That's why I love it so much.

JOE

Do you love it more than you love me?

Joe's father bursts into booming laughter.

JOE'S FATHER

Of course I do! What is there about you that can give a man distinction? You're not unusual at all!

JOE

Yes I am, father. You'll never know how unusual I am.

Joe's father abruptly stops laughing, turns, and for the first time really looks at his son.

JOE'S FATHER

(quietly)
How's that?

(CONTINUED)

JOE

I said --- I mean --- I may not
be unusual now, but I'm going to
be.

Joe's father sinks to his haunches in front of his son.

JOE'S FATHER

(gently)

Of course you are. You're going
to make the world safe for democracy,
aren't you?

JOE

Isn't it safe now?

JOE'S FATHER

The world is never safe for
democracy. You'll learn that
when you grow up.

JOE

What is democracy?

JOE'S FATHER

I was never very clear on it myself.
Like every other kind of government,
it has something to do with young
men killing each other, I believe.

JOE

Why don't the old men kill each
other?

JOE'S FATHER

The old men are needed to keep the
home fires burning.

JOE

Couldn't the young men do that
just as well?

JOE'S FATHER

(shakes head)

Young men don't have homes. That's
why they must go out and kill each
other.

JOE

To get homes?

JOE'S FATHER

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (3)

JOE

When it comes my turn, will you
want me to go?

JOE'S FATHER

For democracy any man would give
his only begotten son.

He takes Joe in his arms, hugs him close to his breast.
Joe relaxes against his father's body, but his arms hang
limp.

JOE'S FATHER

(gently)

I won't be here then, Joe. Put
your arms around me. I need their
warmth to keep the chill of death
away from me.

JOE

(muffled voice)

I --- I can't.

JOE'S FATHER

Please.

JOE

No!

He breaks loose from his father and runs out of the scene.
His father comes slowly to his feet, gazing off with re-
signed eyes to the point at which his son disappeared.

JOE'S FATHER

(thoughtfully)

I guess that's what it always comes
down to. Each man faces death by
himself.

(shrug)

Alone.

He turns back to his fishing rod.

120 CLOSE SHOT - A COFFIN - CLOUDY DAY - COLOR (LOCATION)

The coffin is covered with grey cloth on which rests a
wreath and three small sprays of flowers. Off scene
attendants operate ropes and pulleys to lower it slowly
into its grave. As it sinks below the level of the turf,
CAMERA DRAWS BACK TO:

121 MED. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP AROUND GRAVE - CLOUDY DAY WITH
HAZE - COLOR (LOCATION)

Joe, his mother, his two sisters, two neighbor women, Rudy, an undertaker, a minister in mufti with Bible in hand, and two assistants at the ropes, are huddled about the open grave. One of the neighbor women dabs her eyes with a handkerchief, but the immediate family watch the casket's descent without tears; with yearning, perhaps, with a certain chill horror, with agonized incredulity, but without tears. Midway in the casket's slow journey, CAMERA RISES to reveal:

122 KNOLL IMMEDIATELY BEHIND GRAVE SITE - CLOUDY DAY - COLOR
(LOCATION)

Only the heads and shoulders of our mourners remain in the scene. The gentle breast of the knoll against which the new grave nestles is studded with headstones of all sizes and shapes. Beside each headstone, clad in burial raiment which dates from 1870 to 1915, stands the person whose name it bears. The dead have risen as a mark of respect and welcome to a newcomer.

But they are not truly dead persons. They are mere crossed sticks draped with grave-worn shrouds and tattered finery --- what Yeats called "Old clothes upon old sticks to scare a bird". Silent, immobile, alien to each other and forever alienated from the living, they stand in a gentle haze of drifting purple dust -- the tint of Paris at sunset in summertime, the color of mourning at the Court of St. Peter. As light begins to fade:

JOE'S MIND

Two times two is four.

The screen has now turned completely BLACK.

123 INT. JOE'S BEDROOM - DAY - SET - BLACK AND WHITE

Joe's bed, from head to foot, lies in a dazzling shaft of sunlight. His Image stares out of the wire mesh window, in an attitude of sad, intolerable boredom.

JOE'S MIND

Four times four is sixteen.

Sixteen times sixteen is ---

(pause)

-- two hundred and forty -- no!

-- two hundred and fifty-six.

Yes! Two-fifty six.

(pause)

Two hundred and fifty-six times

two hundred and fifty-six is ---

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOE'S MIND (cont'd)

(small groan
of disgust)

Why didn't I learn to do figures in my mind? There are eight planets. Earth, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Mars, Mercury. One, two, three, four, five. Three more.

(pause)

How can a man spend so much time with himself when he doesn't know anything? Matthew, Mark, Luke and ---

He breaks off. The door has opened to admit two nurses, one of whom we have seen before. The other is a tall, massive woman with a badge of authority on her breast.

JOE'S MIND

Wait a minute. What's this?

(nurses go
to window)

There are two vibrations and one of them's heavy. Is it a man?

HEAD NURSE

Why is the shade drawn?

REGULAR NURSE

It always has been, at least since I've been here. It's on the order sheet.

HEAD NURSE

It's crazy.

She gives a sharp tug. The curtain snaps to the top of the window, admitting a broad flood of sunlight which falls directly on Joe's cot.

JOE'S MIND

What's going on out there?

HEAD NURSE

As long as I'm in charge of this ward it goes up and it stays up. Let him have a little sunshine.

She turns the catch, raises the window half way. The Image rushes to the window, stares with unbelievable joy at the sunlight, deeply inhales the outer air.

REGULAR NURSE

They said it was to keep people from peeking in at him.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (2)

HEAD NURSE
(turning from window
with a snort)
Take a man seven feet tall to peek
through that one.

She starts toward the bed, Regular Nurse following.

JOE'S MIND
There are two of them! Two vibrations!

They go to the opposite side of Joe's cot, facing CAMERA.
There they pause, Head Nurse staring intently at the
shrouded figure and his equipment.

JOE'S MIND
Well? What are you doing? Hello,
you. Have I got visitors?

Head Nurse lifts the covering sheet, stares down to what it
reveals and CAMERA cannot see.

HEAD NURSE
Poor baby.

She drops the sheet back into place, touches her palm to
Joe's brow, holds it there a moment.

JOE'S MIND
It's a woman. Those hands. A fat
woman. That's why I could feel her
footsteps so clear.

HEAD NURSE
Poor, poor baby.

She lifts her hand abruptly, glares at the nurse to com-
pensate for her moment of weakness, turns away.

HEAD NURSE
Come on.

The two exit, closing the door behind them.

JOE'S MIND
That was funny. What were they
doing? What has happened? What's
different than it was before they
came?
(long pause)
Think, Joe. Think. Use your head.
Feel. Feel with your scalp and the
skin on your forehead. Something
has changed.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (3)

During the long pause which ensues as Joe tries to discern and define the change, the Image tries by gesture to direct Joe's attention toward the open window and the sunlight which floods his bed.

JOE'S MIND

It was cooler before she came in
than it is now. What I feel is ---
is warmth! But where does it come
from?

(Image gesticulates
frantically)

Yes! Yes, yes, yes, of course!

Oh my God, I see it now!

(breathlessly)

It --- it --- it's the sun --- !

The entire room is suddenly with a flare of yellow sunlight so blinding that Joe on his cot and the Image are scarcely visible. At the very heart of the sun, the Image breaks into a little dance of ecstasy.

JOE'S MIND

The sun! The sun! I've found the
sun! The sun, oh God, the SUN --- !

124 FLASH SHOT - JOE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is pitch black, with a mote of moonlight coming from the window. Joe's Image points out of the window triumphantly.

JOE'S MIND

It's night! If a man can tell the
difference between day and night,
he's beginning to tell time!

125 FULL SHOT - JOE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The room is flooded with sunshine; Joe's Image excitedly indicates it.

JOE'S MIND

It's warm again! It's morning
and I've caught up with time!
I'm in the world of people again!

The nurse enters, carrying fresh clothing and bandages for Joe, crosses to the bed, throws the covers back, and begins to change him.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

JOE'S MIND

She's changing me! That is another way I can tell, even on a rainy day with no sun. When she changes me, that means it's morning!

(pause)

But does she change me every morning
--- ? And only in the morning?

126 FLASH SHOT - JOE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joe's Image dances with glee.

JOE'S MIND

(triumphantly)

It's night again!

127 FULL SHOT - JOE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

JOE'S MIND

It's morning!

The nurse enters, this time with a basin of water as well as a change of his bed clothing. Joe's Image, watchful, hopeful, profoundly interested. As she dips the wash cloth into a basin, and touches it to his body:

JOE'S MIND

It's the second morning and she's bathing me! Yesterday she only changed me. Today she'll bathe and change me both. That means she changes me every day, and it's always in the morning! What happens if I dream that she's changing me, when she really isn't? Then I'd be a day ahead, wouldn't I? How can I be sure? I must! I must be sure!

128 FLASH SHOT - JOE'S ROOM - NIGHT

JOE'S MIND

It's night again!

129 FLASH SHOT - JOE'S ROOM - MORNING

Joe's helpful attending Image. The nurse is changing Joe but not bathing him.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

JOE'S MIND

It's morning! She's changing me
but there's no bath! I must count
the days between baths, and that
will be another way of telling!

130 FLASH SHOTS - JOE'S ROOM - DAY AND NIGHT

The tempo of alternation speeds up. So does the rhythm of
Joe's mind, and his Image's physical excitement.

JOE'S MIND

She's bathing me again! That means
she bathes me every other day! Each
bath is two days! Oh God, I've got
it, I've got it. I've got it!

The Image disports itself madly about the room.

JOE'S MIND

Two days! Four days! I'm back
in the world again! I've caught
time! Six days! Eight! Ten!
Twelve! Fourteen!

131 FULL SHOT - JOE'S ROOM - MORNING

The nurse is bathing him. The corridor door is open,
revealing the clock on the corridor's opposite wall.

JOE'S MIND

Fourteen days!
(pause)
Or is it thirteen? No, no.
Thirteen isn't an even number.
Is it twelve, or fourteen, or
sixteen?

132 THROUGH DOOR TO CLOCK ON CORRIDOR WALL

JOE'S MIND

Or maybe it's more! I seems like
lots more! Ten, twelve, fourteen,
sixteen, eighteen --- I don't know!
I caught up with time, and now it's
slipping away from me!

133 CLOSE ON NURSE - HEAD AND SHOULDERS - FEATURING GOLD WATCH
PINNED TO HER BREAST - CAMERA GRADUALLY MOVES TO CLOSE-UP
OF WATCH.

Her work completed, she draws the sheet over Joe.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

JOE'S MIND

Help me, somebody! I can't lose
time just when I'm beginning to
find it!

134 ANOTHER ANGLE - JOE, NURSE, IMAGE

The nurse turns, goes to the door, exits. The Image reflects
utter despair.

JOE'S MIND

Eight, nine, seventeen days ---
who knows? Can't anybody help me?

135 CLOSE UP - THE INGERSOLL WATCH ON HIS EQUIPMENT

Its second hand circles steadily.

JOE'S MIND

I've lost time! Oh God, no, please
no! Now I'll have to start all
over! I've got to catch it again!
I've got to find out --- how long
it's been...

136 BLACK WATERS - JOE'S DISTORTED FACE - TANK

It slowly recedes from the CAMERA as he sinks once more into
the deep waters of the unconscious. Kareen's figures swims
toward him, but he is beyond her help.

JOE'S MIND

How... long --- ?

His face disappears into the depths. CAMERA withdraws some-
what from the surface of the water to reveal:

137 INT. THE CIRCULAR CISTERN

The little white rat still swims despairingly around the
circular enclosure, still fights to keep its nose above
water, still vainly searches for foothold. We hear its
breath in small, explosive gasps.

JOE'S MIND

(from an enormous
distance)

How long...?

The screen BLACKENS. We hear Kareen's VOICE softly calling.

KAREEN'S VOICE

Joe.,
Oh Joe... (on three notes)

138 JOE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

His Image sleeping on the floor informs us we are entering into another of Joe's fantasies.

KAREEN'S VOICE (o.s.)

Come out in the garden in the pale moonlight.

Joe's fantasy of himself as a whole man sits up abruptly in bed, listening sharply. He wears the same clothing in which we last saw him at Kareen's house.

KAREEN'S VOICE

Did you hear me?

JOE

(gets out of bed)

Yes! Where are you?

KAREEN'S VOICE

Out in the garden in the pale moonlight.

Leaving his slumbering Image on the floor behind him, he crosses to the window, peers through its wire mesh.

KAREEN'S VOICE

In the pale moonlight.

Ignoring the window's wire mesh, Joe lifts one leg to clamber through it.

139 COURTYARD GARDEN - FULL SHOT - COLOR (LOCATION)

The garden is bounded on one side by a hospital wall which is almost completely covered by a mass of climbing roses, each plant in full rich bloom. An ancient brick wall forms a second side. It is not so much a wall as the ruins of a wall, dank with moss and creeping ivy.

The garden's third side is outlined by a row of cypress trees, slim and mournful as black candles. Near the center of the garden stands an enormous flat-topped Roman pine, its branches creating a pool of darkness in the midst of an area otherwise dappled with moonlight. Not far from the tree a white marble fountain, topped by a battered sun dial, rises from its grassy pedestal, bowl cracked and filled with sediment.

Two hundred years ago --- or a thousand --- the marble statue of a helmeted Roman soldier fell near the ruined wall. Now he lies peacefully at rest in the moonlight, his helmet broken, his face mottled with lichen and the green growth that is said to feed on the faces of dead men in their coffins.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

In the shadowed background of the garden we repeatedly see,
but never call attention to, a grazing animal --- perhaps
a pony or a small horse.

Joe materializes through the wire mesh of his hospital window, drops lightly to the ground, peers through the gloom. He sees no one.

JOE

I can't see you.

KAREEN'S VOICE

I'm over here.

In the pool of darkness beneath a tree, he sees the vague white form of what could be a seated girl, her back to him. He approaches cautiously.

JOE

Is that you?

The figure moves slightly, but the girl does not turn her head. She answers in Kareen's voice.

GIRL

I didn't call you. She did.
(points off)
She did.

JOE

Where is she?

GIRL

In the pale moonlight where she
said she'd be.

Joe turns, moves in the direction indicated. Kareen becomes visible for the first time on screen. She stands at screen left frozen in the position in which we left her at the bottom of Page C of the Joe-Kareen Farewell Scene, framed in the same narrow rectangle of light which then framed her on the totally black screen. As Joe approaches her, the rectangle of light gives way to the natural color of our present scene, but the girl herself still remains frozen.

140 MED. CLOSE SHOT - JOE AND KAREEN - COLOR (LOCATION)

He comes to within a few inches of her and pauses. The sight of him causes Kareen's frozen image to return to life. For a long moment they gaze intently at each other, the sun dial directly behind them.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

JOE

How old are you now, Kareen?

KAREEN

I don't know. But I'm old.

JOE

How long has it been?

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

KAREEN

How should I know? Look at her.
(glances at girl
under the tree)
Can't you see how long it's been?

JOE

You were eighteen when I left.
Then there was four months in
training camp. And eleven months
in France, until I ---
(pause)
The trouble is, I don't know how
long I've been in this place. Can't
you please remember how long it's
been since I saw you last?

KAREEN

No. I think it may have been forever,
though... I don't pay much attention
to time any more.

JOE

(urgently)

Oh you must! That's all I think
of is time.

KAREEN

Time is what makes people old.

JOE

The way I am, Kareen --- the way
it is with me --- you'll never get
old, because I keep you right here
in my mind --- in my heart ---
(taps his temple)
--- just the way you were when I
saw you last. So with me you can't
get old. Your hair will always
stay brown and your skin will always
be fresh like rain. I won't let one
little wrinkle mark your face. I
will keep you beside me young and
beautiful forever. Because, of all
the people in the world, only with
me will you be safe from time.
(he bends, kisses
her; gently she
breaks the embrace)
Like a fresh, fresh flower.
(she shakes her head)
Like a rose...

Still shaking her head, she covers her face with her hands.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (2)

KAREEN

I'm not! I'm not! Nobody loves me
anymore!

(uncovers)

Oh Joe, why did you call me here?

JOE

I didn't. You called me. I love
you, Kareen.

KAREEN

Will you love me now? Right here?
Just once again?

(throws her arms
around him)

Oh Joe, I want so badly for you to
love me and there's so little time!

Joe glances toward the girl under the tree.

JOE

There's someone sitting under the
tree. Where can we go?

KAREEN

Behind here! Hurry!

She takes his hand. They start for the protection of the ruined wall. The white figure under the tree soars to her feet and rushes to intercept them. The three confront each other in a little circle, at the center of which lies the sad Roman warrior. We discover that the second girl is also Kareen -- a Kareen of twenty-three or twenty-four. Her lips are feathered with the first lines of tension and disappointment. Makeup cannot conceal the hunger in her face, the first wilt of flesh beneath her dark reproachful eyes. In her arms she carries a year-old baby.

THE OLDER KAREEN

Stop this! Stop it at once, you
wicked girl!

Kareen seems almost on the point of bursting into tears.

KAREEN

But I love him!

THE OLDER KAREEN

I won't let you love him! We have
a baby to think of, you as much as I!

KAREEN

I didn't want it! You know I didn't!

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (2A)

THE OLDER KAREEN
You have it anyway!

JOE
(hesitantly)
Is it --- my baby?

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (3)

KAREEN

(fiercely)

No! It's his baby! She made me
marry him, and then she made me
have his baby!

JOE

(reaching for it)

Then let's get rid of it! Let's
kill it!

The older Kareen slaps him sharply in the face. The baby
begins feebly to cry.

THE OLDER KAREEN

You will not touch this child!

(to young Kareen)

You see what you've done? You've
made him a murderer already! Now
come with me! Come! This very
minute!

She starts toward the shadows beneath the tree, Kareen is
compelled to follow her.

KAREEN

Goodbye, Joe.

Joe starts forward. The two Kareens pass into the shadowed
area beneath the tree.

JOE

Kareen!

He, too, enters into the shadows. He looks around. There
is no one there. He calls out softly.

JOE

Kareen.

KAREEN'S VOICE

Don't let them take you! Run away!
Goodbye, Joe.

JOE

Can't you tell me how long it's
been?

KAREEN'S VOICE

(from a vast distance)

No...

JOE

Can't you even tell me where I am?
What country I'm in?

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (4)

KAREEN'S VOICE
(trailing away)
No country... no country...

O.s. we hear a SNORT of fright.

141 MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE GRAZING ANIMAL - NIGHT - COLOR

Its eyes white with horror at what it has heard, a green unicorn stares off for an instant toward Joe and the garden.

KAREEN'S VOICE
(so distant now that
it is barely above
a whisper)
. . . no country. . .

The unicorn SCREAMS, rears, whirls on its hind legs and plunges off into the darkness and the woods beyond. We hear its CRASHING progress briefly, then return to:

142 EXT. GARDEN - HOSPITAL WALL AND JOE'S WINDOW - NIGHT - COLOR

Joe has vanished. Our previously introduced Siamese twins emerge from the shadow of the tree and cross to a point beneath the window. There, backed by the massed bank of blooming roses, they execute a little dance, the outer two of their three legs kicking first, then the center one. As they dance, they sing in high, falsetto voices:

SIAMESE TWINS
(singing)
Roses are shining in Picardy
in the hush of the silver dew,
Roses are flow'ring in Picardy,
but there's never a rose like you!
And the roses will die with the summertime,
and our roads may be far apart,
But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy!
'Tis the rose that I keep in my heart!

As the song diminishes and the screen fades off into black, we hear:

JODY SIMMONS' VOICE
(sharply)
Rudy! Come here!

143 INT. BAKERY SHIPPING ROOM - JOE AND PINKY BEHIND BIN IN F.G. - TO JODY SIMMONS IN HIS OFFICE IN B.G. - NIGHT - ENTIRE SEQUENCE IN COLOR - (LOCATION)

From their place of concealment, Joe and Pinky watch Jody Simmons with lively interest. Beetle-browed with suspicion, Jody withdraws a dozen long-stemmed roses from their box. He stares at them almost angrily for a moment, then paws through the box for a card. There is none. Rudy appears, pops into the office door.

RUDY

Yeah?

JODY SIMMONS

Get a can full of water, put these flowers in it.

Rudy takes the flowers and exits. Jody Simmons sinks into a suspicious reverie, blinking almost convulsively. He hates mysteries, even when they involve free flowers.

PINKY

(in f.g., to Joe)

Now who would waste good money buying flowers for that sonofabitch?

Joe looks off, indicates.

JOE

Who else?

They both start off toward:

144 ANOTHER ANGLE - JOSE - CONCEALED BEHIND A RACK OF BREAD - NIGHT

As Joe and Pinky come up to him, we perceive that Jose, although both eyes are open to an almost unnatural width, is sound asleep on his feet.

PINKY

Hey.

(Jose wakes up
with a start)

Did you send those flowers to Jody?

JOSE

Yes.

Larry and Curley approach in the background, each pushing a full rack of hot pies.

PINKY

Why?

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

JOSE

Because he is a fine gentleman who
give me a job, and now I am going
to violate 180 pies to make him mad.
So I send flowers.

PINKY

Did you put your name on 'em?

JOSE

(shakes head)

It is not important that Mr. Simmons
should know who send them. It is
only important that he receive the
roses, no?

PINKY

No, but let it go.

LARRY

(arrives with pies)

Here they are. All hot and all
blueberry. I'll set 'em up for you.

CURLEY

(with second rack)

You can keep this rack in reserve.
Vanilla cream. Russ is bringing
another one.

JOSE

(barely audible)

Hurry. Four, five minutes I don't
stand up no more.

145 ANOTHER ANGLE - JODY SIMMONS IN HIS OFFICE IN B.G. - THREE
LOADED PIE RACKS IN F.G. - CREW DISTRIBUTED BEHIND BINS

Swaying slightly, Jose advances uncertainly to the first pie
rack. Jody behind his office windows remains immersed in
figures and roses. Jose looks off wanly toward Pinky, who
shakes his head. Jody looks up; Pinky signals; Jose gives
the tray a gentle shove; 180 steaming hot blueberry pies hit
the pavement.

146 ANOTHER ANGLE - JOSE IN F.G. - JODY IN B.G.

As the pies hit, Jody winces. No more. Just that first
involuntary wince, followed almost instantly by a look of
profound absorption, of something close to wonder. Jose
looks at him despairingly. The reaction he has prayed for
does not come. He waves his arms at the mess on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

JOSE
(weakly)

I have violate more pies!

Simmons, still bewitched, sits perfectly still. The only reaction he can muster is a staggering sequence of blinks. Jose staggers, turns to a second rack, sends 180 vanilla creams hurtling to the floor. Jody Simmons winces again. Jose flings himself desperately at the third rack, adding 180 hot cherry pies to general mess. Jody Simmons winces a third time, then slowly, carefully rises from his chair.

JOSE
(turning away,
arms waving)

My God! All violate!

He lurches forward a few steps, stumbles, falls to his knees, then collapses full length on the floor, sound asleep, head pillowed in his arms. The screen turns dark. Through the darkness we hear:

JOE'S MIND

A hundred and eighty days --- no,
no, that was a hundred and eighty
pies! It's been sixty-four days...
ninety-six days...

147 INT. JOE'S ROOM - FULL SHOT - MORNING - SET - BLACK AND WHITE

Joe's thoughts continue. His Image, bored by them, stands at the window where he sniffs longingly of the roses which overhang it here and there on the outer wall.

JOE'S MIND

... one hundred and twenty-two days.
That's three months, I mean four
months. I've kept myself in the
world of time for four long months.
But --- four months from when?
Forget it. David Copperfield had a
tough time and Mr. Micawber believed
everything would turn out all right.
His mother had big brown eyes and was
gentle and Barkis was willing. Old
Scrooge was tight and Tiny Tim said
God bless us all. The last of the
Mohicans was an Iroquois. Or was he?
Where did they go? Where did all the
dead Indians go?

As he asks the question, the scene begins to waver, as if shot through water.

148 UNDERWATER SHOT - LAKE BOTTOM - PALLID GREEN TINT -
SPECIAL EFFECT

Eleven Ute braves stand upright on the lake bottom, ankles bound by rope to jagged pieces of shale, slim bodies sinuous in the gentle current, arms in slow perpetual movement, long hair floating free.

JOE'S VOICE

Oh, there you are, brothers. What were you hunting when they caught you?

A fishing pole appears at the top of the frame, butt end first. Dragged down by the weight of its reel, trailing a graceful serpentiform of line from its tip, the pole drifts slowly toward the lake bottom. It comes to rest at the feet of a dead Ute brave. The scene rapidly darkens.

149 JOE'S BEDROOM - TWILIGHT - SET - BLACK AND WHITE

The door opens to admit a Young Nurse. Carrying a tray with basin and supplies, she starts toward the bed. Joe's Image rises from the chair, moves toward the bed, watching her alertly.

JOE'S MIND

Who's this? A different nurse?
Why does she walk without vibrations?
Is she tiptoeing? Or is she just
--- little... ?

The nurse arrives beside Joe's bed, deposits the supplies she has brought with her on the table beside it. She is a girl in her early twenties, slender, delicate, sensitive, luminously beautiful. She wears the high-collared, starched nurse's uniform of the period with a tiny gold cross suspended from a chain around her throat. Her face is capable of extraordinary compassion and understanding.

JOE'S MIND

Who are you?

Joe's Image casts a quick glance at her, moves curiously to her side of the bed. She turns toward Joe, folds back the cover to bare his chest and looks at him.

JOE'S MIND

Well? What's wrong?

150 CLOSEUP - THE YOUNG NURSE

Her eyes brim with tears.

151 CLOSE ON JOE - CHEST UP - STUMPS NOT VISIBLE

His face is concealed beneath the surgical mask.

JOE'S MIND

What's she waiting for?

A tear falls onto his chest.

JOE'S MIND

Something fell on me! Something wet! What was it?

152 WIDER ANGLE - JOE, HIS IMAGE, YOUNG NURSE

Gently, soothingly, compassionately, the Young Nurse begins to stroke his hair and that portion of his forehead not covered by the surgical mask.

JOE'S MIND

(wonderingly)

Why she -- she's touching me!
She must be new. Nobody ever did
this before. She is new! Her
hands are soft like Kareen's! She's
a girl! I don't make her sick!
She isn't afraid of me! Hello, new
nurse. Hello, new, beautiful, young
nurse. Hello out there...

The Young Nurse turns away, dabs at her eyes, wrings out a cloth from the basin she has brought, begins to wash him.

JOE'S MIND

Oh, it feels good...

JOE'S MOTHER'S VOICE

(calling out)

Joe...

152A INT. KITCHEN - JOE'S MOTHER AND CATHERINE - NIGHT (SAME LOCATION AS SCENE 74)

A round, corrugated washtub filled with soapy water sits in the center of the floor. The dog dozes in front of the stove, and a tea-kettle SINGS on top of it. Joe's mother sits on a stool beside the tub, holding a towel toward six-year-old Catherine as she steps out of the tub.

JOE'S VOICE (o.s.)

Yes.

The dog wakes at the SOUND of his response.

(CONTINUED)

152A CONTINUED:

JOE'S MOTHER
(wiping Catherine)
Bath time.

JOE'S VOICE (o.s.)
Oh, all right.

Ten-year-old Joe enters. Barefoot, shirtless, wearing a pair of worn overalls, he glances at Catherine and the tub with distaste. The dog crosses, sniffs him.

JOE
Why does she always have to go first?

JOE'S MOTHER
Because she has to go to bed earlier.

She lifts Catherine onto her lap, begins to wipe her feet and legs, taking special care to reach between the toes.

JOE
Well I'm not going to bathe in her water any more.

JOE'S MOTHER
(cheerfully)
And I'm not going to heat another tub of it.

He dips a finger into the water fastidiously.

JOE
It isn't even hot.

JOE'S MOTHER
There's a full kettle on the stove.

JOE
(to Catherine)
Did you do it again? In the tub?

CATHERINE
(all innocence)
Oh no-o-o-o!

JOE
Look at the way she looks! She did do it!

CATHERINE
I did not!

(CONTINUED)

152A CONTINUED: (2)

JOE
You little liar!
(to Mother)
She always does!

JOE'S MOTHER.
(mildly amused)
She wouldn't do a thing like that.
Now hurry up and get your clothes
off.

JOE
Not while she's here.

JOE'S MOTHER
We're going.

She rises and exits, carrying towel-swathed Catherine in her arms. Joe shucks off his overalls and underwear with a shrug of disgust, goes to the stove, takes the teakettle and empties it into the tub. As he tests the water with one foot, we see a circle of grime around his ankle at shot-top level. The dog curls up beside the tub.

JOE
All the same, I bet she did.

Eyes smouldering, he sits in the tub, fishes up a washrag, takes soap from its dish on the floor, begins to wash his chest. Suddenly he calls out defiantly:

JOE
From now on I'm going to have my
baths at the YMCA the way Daddy
does!

As the light diminishes, we HEAR the Young Nurse's Voice:

YOUNG NURSE
Well, that's better, isn't it?

152B INT. JOE'S ROOM - JOE AND YOUNG NURSE

She puts aside the towel with which she has been drying him, then bends forward impulsively and kisses his breast.

JOE'S MIND
Thank you! I kiss you too! I kiss
you with my --- with my heart!

As the screen darkens, we hear:

JOE'S VOICE
Are you an American? I hope so.
I wish I could be sure. I get so
lonesome for someone who's ---
American...

153 INT. WHOREHOUSE BEDROOM - LUCKY AND JOE - NIGHT

The room, which is scarcely more than a cubicle, contains a sheeted bed, a wooden rocking chair, a small table beside the chair on which stands a cheap electric lamp, a butt-filled ashtray, etc. Beside the bed stands a small commode atop which are towels and a tin wash basin and pitcher. Directly above the bed a large colored poster of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. smiles insanely at the revels in which he plays the constant role of a voyeur. Another wall is decorated with a garish "To Hell with the Kaiser!" poster.

LUCKY's clothing is hung on nails driven into the wall. She is a bony, tiny young woman of perhaps twenty-five who looks thirty-five. Bright, cheerful, eternally optimistic, she talks incessantly in the swift, bird-like tones of a little girl. Stark naked, she sits in the rocking chair, knitting busily, her lap covered with yarn. Throughout the SCENE a blowfly, caught inside the lampshade's hot trap, BANGS crazily from side to side, BUZZING angrily.

LUCKY

I'm as American as apple pie. I was born in San Francisco, didn't I tell you? I was there when the earthquake hit in 1906. Believe me, that was a shake. I was up on the fourth floor of a hotel on Market Street entertaining a gentleman friend, and when I first felt that thing hit I said to myself, I said, "Lucky," I said, "that's an earthquake and you ain't going to be caught dead with no fat sumbitch like this on top you!" So you know what I did? I pushed him off, and I run right down into the street stark naked and you should have seen the guys stare!

JOE

I'll bet.

LUCKY

You don't want to do anything, I guess, huh?

JOE

Too tired.

LUCKY

That's what this French cognac does to you. It'll be two dollars just the same.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

JOE

Okay. What are you knitting there?

LUCKY

A sweater for my kid. He's only five years old, and the sweetest little bastard you ever saw.

JOE

Where is he?

LUCKY

I keep him in a school on Long Island. That's in New York. A private school. They got lots of polo players there, and that's what I want him to be when he grows up. Once you're a polo player, you meet all the best people, did you know that?

Getting no response from Joe, she looks up from her knitting, sees that his eyes are closed.

LUCKY

You asleep?

JOE

(shaking his head)

Huh-uh. Must cost you a lot of money, a school like that.

LUCKY

Oh sure it does, but then I don't do too bad here. Not counting the house percentage, and towel expenses, and these frog cops and that bastard of a quack with his cheap pills, I still make myself more'n a hunnerd bucks a week.

(pause)

Of course we got to dress up to our position, and that takes money. And then for education.

JOE

(eyes closed)

What education?

The trapped blowfly, with a mighty BANG against the side of the lamp, knocks himself out, falls to the table on his back, BUZZES despairingly.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED: (2)

LUCKY

I read a lot and take courses.
You don't think I'm gonna be a
chippy my whole life, do you?

She picks up a tattered, paper-bound book that has been
lying open and face down on the table beside her.

LUCKY

Do you know something I learned
that I bet you don't know?

She reads from the book in a sing-song voice, pronouncing
the words slowly and with great exactitude as a child
would.

LUCKY

(reading)

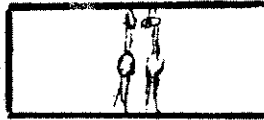
"The giraffe has no voice at all.
For this reason he is considered
the gentlest of all the animals."

We go at once to a giraffe sequence which is visualized
on the following page A:

(CONTINUED)

FULL SHOT - 2 GIRAFFES

Good giraffe. →



← Bad giraffe.

Move in and
pan down to:



← Bad giraffe
kicks good
giraffe.

Cut to:

Good giraffe
astounded. →



← Bad giraffe
looks innocent

Good giraffe
kicks back. →



Good giraffe
feigns innoc-
ence. →



← Bad giraffe
feigns surprise,
indignation.



← Bad giraffe
kicks back hard.

Etc. →



← Etc.

153 CONTINUED: (3)

INTERCUTTING these four movements as long as we wish, and in precise rhythm, we go to:

154 INT. JOE'S ROOM - DAY - SET - BLACK AND WHITE

Joe threshes wildly from side to side of his cot in perfect rhythm with the four movements of the giraffe cuts. His Image lies on the floor, twitching in slumber. Our Young Nurse enters with a wash basin and other equipment. She stands beside his cot for a moment, troubled by the wildness of his movements. She touches his forehead.

YOUNG NURSE

Good morning, soldier...

He still threshes; his sleeping Image still twitches. Perplexed and troubled, the Young Nurse slips her hand under the covers, touches his chest. The Image awakens instantly, and so does Joe.

JOE'S MIND

It's you!

As his body movements subside, she continues stroking his chest.

JOE'S MIND

I love you. I love you because
your hands have the feeling of love.

She lifts one side of the sheet, revealing his whole body to her, although not to us. What she sees there is reflected in her face, first as a paroxysm of agony, then as purely feminine compassion. The Image turns from Joe's body to the Young Nurse with mute appeal. She pulls the sheet back into place, closes her eyes against what she has seen, covers her face with cupped hands, and shakes her head in denial of a need almost too great for human understanding.

YOUNG NURSE

(whisper)

Oh God, my heart tells me to kill
him but murder is a great sin and
I cannot commit it. Grant me
indulgence, then, for a lesser sin
which I cannot refuse to commit.

She slips her hand, palm down, underneath the sheet.

155 CLOSEUP - YOUNG NURSE'S HAND - UNDER JOE'S SHEET

Infinitely delicate, infinitely compassionate, it traverses his chest, passes the first rise of his belly, slides over the small hollow which is his navel, and continues downward.

156 ANOTHER ANGLE - TOWARD THE BED

She bends low over the bed, her eyes brimming with love and tears. Joe's Image turns away from the bed and withdraws to a corner, where it folds its arms against the two walls, buries its head in them, and weeps.

JOE'S MIND

(breathlessly)

No-no! No. Oh yes. Please yes!
Please... please...! Oh you
beautiful new nurse....!

The images fade; the high, lovely melody of a woman's voice is heard --- notes of soaring tenderness for which there are no words. Color seeps in from the four corners of the screen. Joe sinks deep into blue-black waters.

157 AQUATIC BALLET - IN DEEP BLUE WATER - JOE AND KAREEN

Our principals will be nude. Since their faces will not be shown in closeup, we shall use two of the most beautiful professional swimmers available. They move through the liquid, joyful beginnings of love's foreplay like young dolphins... advancing, retreating, circling, fleeing and pursuing in great circles and lovely parabolas, each movement bringing them closer and closer until at last the girl floats on her back, arms and legs outspread. The boy sinks face downward into the cradle of love she has offered him. Then, clasped in each other's arms, they sink slowly downward, deeper and still more deeply, until they are lost from view.

158 EXT. MOUNTAIN LAKE - DAY - COLOR (LOCATION)

This is the same lake in which Joe fished with his father when he was ten years old. His head and shoulders explode from the water. BILL HARPER emerges a few feet behind him. The two boys, naked, strike out strongly toward the shore some thirty feet distant. Joe is now seventeen years old. A short haircut, or even a shaved head (fashionable for boys in the summertime in those days), will suffice to make him look two years younger than the nineteen years at which we play him. The boys reach the shore and begin to pull their clothes on.

159 EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - A TENT - DAY - COLOR (LOCATION)

The tent is small and rectangular with three-foot sides. Joe's fishing rod leans against the tent. Beside it leans the black leather case which contains his father's pole. Just outside the open tent flap, a small black-charred pit has been dug for cooking purposes. Joe's father, in worn vacation attire, is inspecting, fish by fish, a net-covered line of trout that have been gutted, stuffed with green grass, and hung up to dry. Joe and Bill Harper arrive before the tent.

JOE'S FATHER

Hello, Bill.

BILL

Hello, Mr. Bonham.

JOE

He just came up for the afternoon.
He hasn't got a pole. I thought
maybe he could use yours.

His father, slightly nonplussed, thinks for a moment.

JOE'S FATHER

Why don't you take mine and let
Bill use yours?

JOE

Okay.

The two boys move to the tent. Joe hands his own rod to Bill, then picks up the case which contains his father's.

BILL

Thanks, Mr. Bonham.

160 CLOSE SHOT - JOE'S FATHER

He stares off after the departing boys, frowning thoughtfully, his eyes squinted against the sun. A reluctant, almost melancholy smile touches his lips.

JOE'S FATHER

(to himself)

Why can't a boy grow up without
going away? Well... I went away
from my father --- why shouldn't
you go away from yours?

161 MOUNTAIN LAKE - JOE, BILL HARPER - TWILIGHT - COLOR (LOCATION)

Joe rows the boat as carefully, as silently as his father. The boat pursues a course parallel to the lake's shore and perhaps fifty feet from it.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

Bill Harper sits in the stern, handling both rods. Fisherman's silence is broken by the sharp WHINE of a reel. Bill grabs wildly as the fishing pole which belongs to Joe's father leaps out of the boat and disappears into the darkening waters.

162 EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - TENT - NIGHT - COLOR (LOCATION)

The cook pit still glows with embers from the lone supper which Joe's father has cooked for himself. The tent flap has been dropped. Joe, having added three trout to the line, carefully draws the mosquito netting over them, and turns toward the tent entrance. He pauses, casts a despairing glance at his rod which leans against the tent, and at the black leather case beside it which now is empty. He sighs deeply, lifts the tent flap, and vanishes.

163 INT. TENT - NIGHT

Joe's father, apparently asleep, lies on his side of a pine-cushioned camp-bed for two, his face to the wall. Joe sits down on a camp stool, unlaces his boots, pulls them off, disrobes to his BVDs.

164 MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE BED

Gently lifting the covers, Joe slips into bed, turns on his side and lies back to back with his father. His eyes stare soberly into the darkness. The burden of his guilt is too much to bear.

JOE
(quietly)
Father...

His father stirs.

JOE'S FATHER
Yes?

JOE
(back still to
his father)
We lost your pole, father. We got
a quick strike and before we knew
your pole was in the water. We
hunted around for it and fished with
the oars but we couldn't find it.
So it's gone.

165 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING FATHER

The father stares for a moment at the dark wall of the tent no more than six inches from his face. Then, with a slight cough, he slowly turns to his other side, his belly fitting against his son's back. His right arm steals from beneath the covers, touches Joe just beneath the armpit, slides under the boy's arm and comes to rest on his chest. He clutches his son close. They lie for a moment in utter silence, jackknifed belly to back, the father staring at the back of his son's head, the son staring miserably into the darkness of a future not yet revealed.

JOE'S FATHER

Well, I don't think we should let
a fishing pole spoil our last trip
together, should we?

With the exception of Joe's long, shuddering sigh, the silence between them remains unbroken. The scene darkens rapidly.

JOE'S MIND

Oh God, I'm homesick, where am I?

166 INT. JOE'S ROOM - JOE AND IMAGE - DAY - SET - BLACK & WHITE

Joe's Image paces the room disconsolately.

JOE'S MIND

With just one look, one smell, one
taste of home the darkness wouldn't
be so black and the people outside
in the darkness would be my people.
I want to be in America!

(he thinks)

They wouldn't have shipped me that
long way home with all these tube
things. Maybe I'm in some Frog
hospital. No --- no, it would have
to be Limey. We were stationed
right next to that Limey regiment,
remember? We were all mixed up with
Limeys, and then I ran into that
little Limey corporal ---

167 FRONT LINE TRENCH - DAY - COLOR (LOCATION)

The sector is under intensive artillery barrage. The trench, almost completely obscured by smoke and dust and debris, seems empty of life. The WHINE of shells in transit and the tumult of their arrival fills the air. Joe emerges from the smoke, runs wildly down the trench. The voice of CORPORAL TIMLON calls out from behind him:

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

CORPORAL TIMLON
 (strong Cockney accent,
 herein badly simulated)
 W'ere you tykin' out fer, matey?

Joe halts, turns back, peers through the smoke, calls out.

JOE
 I lost my outfit.

A battered little English corporal emerges from the haze, beckoning for Joe to follow him.

CORPORAL TIMLON
 Wot's the difference? We're so
 mixed up in this bloody sector you
 can't tell one bloody fool from
 any other bloody fool!

Corporal Timlon disappears into the smoke, Joe following.
 Over the scene, we hear the crisp, cultivated voice of a
 British colonel:

COLONEL'S VOICE (o.s.)
 Corporal Timlon!

168 TRENCH - ANOTHER AREA - DAY

Corporal Timlon faces a tall, bony, moustached, immaculately
 uniformed BRITISH COLONEL who, but for a remarkably stiff
 bearing, would look every one of his sixty years. A handful
 of haggard British infantrymen (and two Americans, one of
 whom is Joe) watch the colonel and the corporal from
 relatively safe positions in the background.

CORPORAL TIMLON
 Yes, sir!

COLONEL
 (sniffing the air)
 What is that odor?

CORPORAL TIMLON
 (pointing)
 Out there, sir.

169 REVERSE ANGLE - TRENCH TO BARBED WIRE - DAY

Hopelessly impaled, the bullet-ridden body of a fat, grey-
 uniformed Bavarian infantryman stands upright and alone in
 the midst of total desolation --- a brave, faithful, stub-
 born, forgotten sentinel.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

CORPORAL TIMLON'S VOICE

The stink ayn't 'alf so bad w'en
they're close to the ground, but
this one, 'e's 'ung up on the wire.

170 BACK TO SCENE IN TRENCH

COLONEL

Bad for morale. Extremely bad.

CORPORAL TIMLON

'E's a Bavarian, sir. They always
smell worse.

COLONEL

Um-m-m. They do, don't they?
(sniffs again, a
connoisseur)

No worse than Hindus, though. Or
Welshmen.

CORPORAL TIMLON

W'en things are quiet-like we try
to shoot him down, sir. Be 'e
'olds up pretty good.

COLONEL

Take a detail out tonight and bury
him.

There is an almost audible gasp of amazement from the
colonel's small audience. Corporal Timlon looks worried.

CORPORAL TIMLON

It's kind of busy out there, sir,
even at night.

COLONEL

(starting off)

And don't forget, Corporal ---
a word of prayer, hey?

He exits. A round of snickers impels Corporal Timlon to
whirl on his men.

CORPORAL TIMLON

(furiously)

Just for that, I'll tyke volunteers!
(pointing them out)

You --- you --- you --- you ---

171 NO MAN'S LAND - TIMLON AND SQUAD - NIGHT - COLOR (LOCATION)

Corporal Timlon's men fill a shallow grave with battlefield mud, tamping it down with the backs of their shovels. A few SHOTS ring out from the enemy side. Then the WHINE of a flare descending.

CORPORAL TIMLON

Clear out, men! If it's prayers
'e wants, 'e can myke up 'is own!

The detail drops instantly onto hands and knees, scuttles out of the scene. High overhead the flare ignites, casting an eerie light over the ruined landscape. The burial squad vanishes altogether. A high explosive shell WHINES toward its target, which turns out to be uncomfortably close to our poor Bavarian's resting place. Preceded by a flash of thunder, the cadaver leaps from its grave and proceeds in a beautiful slow-motion arc toward the Allied lines.

172 NO MAN'S LAND - APPROACHING ALLIED LINES - NIGHT - COLOR (LOCATION)

Corporal Timlon and his men dart like frightened crabs through barbed wire entanglements. The Bavarian's body, shining like a rocket in the flare's brief illumination, completes its parabola with a perfect landing in the barbed wire just ahead of them.

CORPORAL TIMLON

Look! The bloody barstud beat
us 'ome!

The overhead flare gives way to inky darkness. Corporal Timlon and his men come to their feet and scramble for their trench. The Bavarian, now behind them, with three feet of pure night air between his body and the ground, lies full length on the wire, a man recumbent in blissful slumber. As the screen darkens, we go to:

173 JOE'S ROOM - FULL SHOT - NIGHT - SET - BLACK AND WHITE

Joe's Image lies sound asleep on the floor, hence Joe on his cot is also sleeping. The door opens to reveal our Young Nurse and a uniformed lieutenant. We hear the SOUNDS of MUSIC and CHRISTMAS CAROLS from a staff celebration somewhere deep in the bowels of the hospital. From outside we hear the CHIMING of bells.

The LIEUTENANT wears an army overcoat, and our Nurse a long cloth coat with a fur collar. There are flecks of confetti in their hair and on their shoulders. Our Nurse nods to the Lieutenant, who remains in the hall, waiting, as she enters the room.

174 MED. SHOT - YOUNG NURSE AT JOE'S BED

As she leans forward, we see that there is a touch of make-up on her lips and cheeks. She regards Joe for a moment with somber concern. She appears to be engaged in some inward debate about waking him. Her hand moves to stroke his forehead, hastily withdraws before touching it. Then, her mind made up, she gently touches his brow.

175 FLASH CLOSE SHOT - JOE'S IMAGE

Recumbent in slumber, his eyes suddenly fly open. He starts to rise to his feet.

JOE'S MIND

Hello?

176 ANOTHER ANGLE - JOE'S BED - YOUNG NURSE

JOE'S MIND

Is it you? The one I love?

She draws the covers down to a point just above his waist. Then she pulls up the hospital gown to a point just below his throat, exposing his bare chest. Using her forefinger as a pencil, she begins to trace lines on the skin of his chest.

JOE'S MIND

(alertly)

Yes!

177 CLOSEUP - JOE'S CHEST, YOUNG NURSE'S HAND

She is drawing the letter "M" on the skin of his chest in long strokes.

JOE'S MIND

What's this? What are you doing?

A new thought causes him to break the old one. Once she has completed drawing the letter "M" she carefully "erases" it with the palm of her hand and repeats the process.

JOE'S MIND

One up --- one down --- one up ---
one down again. Oh God no, it can't
be, it can't ---

178 MED. SHOT - JOE, IMAGE, YOUNG NURSE

Joe's Image grows wildly excited, imploring the man on the bed to understand what is happening. The Young Nurse continues writing on his chest.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

JOE'S MIND

Are you talking to me out there?
 Are you saying something to me?
 Are you drawing a letter on my skin?
 A word? You are, you are, you are!
 Yes, you are! It's the letter "M!"
 Yes! Oh, God bless you, nurse.
 I've got it! M!

With such movements of his head and shoulders as he is able to make, he tries to tell her that he understands. Joe's Image goes into an ecstatic little dance. The nurse, her eyes flushed with tears, "erases" the "M," and begins to draw the letter "E." Once having understood the method, Joe's recognition of the letter which follows is almost instantaneous.

JOE'S MIND

E! R! R! Y! Yes! Yes, of
 course, I've got it! Merry!
 (she continues)
 C! H! R!
 (he jumps the gun)
 Merry Christmas?

He nods as vigorously as he can. His Image skips around the room joyfully, triumphantly.

YOUNG NURSE

You understood, didn't you?

JOE'S MIND

December 25th! I've got a date
 to count from! By counting
 Christmases I can count the years!
 I can tell when it's spring! I
 can tell when it's summer! Oh,
merry Christmas, sweet nurse!
Merry Christmas to you!

She kisses his forehead, adjusts his clothing and sheet, goes to the door. The young Lieutenant takes her arm as she closes it behind her.

JOE'S MIND

Merry Christmas and all my love!
 Merry --- merry --- Christmas --- !

The screen turns black. The voice of Joe's Mind is drowned out by SOUNDS of churchbells ringing all over the world, of choirs singing hymns, cries of "Merry Christmas" in scores of tongues.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED: (2)

Then, as the screen lightens, all sounds merge to the soft strains of Holy Night, which take us to:

179 INT. LIVING-ROOM DINING-ROOM - JOE'S HOUSE WHEN HE WAS
TEN - NIGHT - COLOR (LOCATION)

It is small, lace-curtained, plainly furnished.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

A round, pot-bellied stove stands almost in the center of the room, its black pipe going straight to the ceiling, its ising-glass windows glowing red from the fire within. Wintry winds can be heard howling at the corners of the house; the windows are banked with snow at their lower edges. A glowing Christmas tree, stands on its base of cotton snow near the dining room table.

Joe's father sits with dreaming face in an easy chair, year-old Elizabeth asleep in his arms. Six-year-old Catherine sits at her father's feet. Joe's mother occupies a chair opposite her husband, reading from the Bible. Joe sits on the floor before the stove, hands clasped around his knees, listening, gazing steadily at the rosy glow of the stove's multi-faceted windows. The dog sits at Joe's feet, the cat at his mother's; the white rat sleeps next to the cat.

CAMERA investigates each member of the family as the mother reads from the Gospel according to St. Luke. The strains of Holy Night which began over the preceding scene continue throughout this one.

JOE'S MOTHER

(reading softly)

. . . for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

The scene darkens as we jump eight years forward in time to:

180 CLOSE SHOT - JOE - COLOR (LOCATION)

Clad in his working clothes, Joe faces the CAMERA, cups his hands to his mouth, and yells:

JOE

Merry Christmas!

181 INT. PORTION OF A BAKERY - NIGHT - COLOR (LOCATION)

Here and there may be seen racks loaded with bread, perhaps a wrapping machine, perhaps a conveyor belt moving fresh baked loaves, a long bench where the girls pack cookies, pies, cakes, etc. The area is thronged with members of the shipping crew (minus Jose), bakers, and packing girls shouting "Merry Christmas!" to each other, laughing, singing, dancing, playing such musical instruments as we may desire.

182 CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - THROUGH BAKERY CROWD - FARM WOMAN

She is the same woman we saw at the station when Joe left, dressed in the same clothing, engaged in the same search.

FARM WOMAN

Where's my boy, where's my little
boy? He's under age, can't you see?
He just came up from Tucson --- he's
too little for the army!

183 CLOSE SHOT - BAKER AND PACKING GIRL

They dance with great vigor and grace, their lips managing to touch with almost every movement of their bodies. Jody Simmons, clad in his best suit, enters, taps the baker on the shoulder.

JODY SIMMONS

May I cut in?

BAKER

No.

JODY SIMMONS

I have influence. I can get you
a soft berth. I can be of great
help.

BAKER

(indicating his girl)

I've helped myself.

JODY SIMMONS

That's what you think, but
everything has changed. The
time has come for you to go out
and fight for liberty.

BAKER

What kind of liberty?

(CONTINUED)

183 CONTINUED:

GIRL

Whose liberty? How much liberty?

JODY SIMMONS

Lots of it. Oceans of it. Liberty
and justice for all!

BAKER

Are you going to fight for it, too?

JODY SIMMONS

I'm over-age. I can't. But
somebody's got to fight for liberty!

GIRL

We've already got it.

BAKER

Damn right. See these?

(he slaps his arms)

Two arms. See these?

(he slaps his legs)

Two legs. See this?

(puts his arm
around the girl)One girl. How much more liberty
can a guy have?He grabs the girl. . They dance together out of the scene and
then miraculously change into:

184 JOE AND KAREEN - DANCING

JOE

I love you, Kareen.

KAREEN

You shouldn't have gone. You
shouldn't have left me.

JOE

You're a girl. You don't understand
these things. I had to make the
world safe for democracy.

KAREEN

Did you?

The scene blurs over, becomes:

185 CLOSE SHOT - GENTLEMAN IN FULL EVENING DRESS - AT COOKIE-
PACKING TABLES

The cookie table is covered with priceless linen, decorated with silver, crystal, champagne coolers, a small Christmas tree. The gentleman in evening dress pours champagne for the bakers and their packing girls, talking constantly.

GENTLEMAN

I'm the boss. This is champagne.
Merry Christmas. I'm the boss.
This is champagne. Merry Christmas.
(and over again)

186 HEAD AND SHOULDERS - JOE AND KAREEN

They have stopped in front of a rack filled with unwrapped bread. Joe pulls her close in his arms, kissing her.

JOE

You in my arms, Kareen, in both
of my arms... !

They break the caress. As their faces draw apart, Joe is horrified to discover that he has been kissing the gaunt old farm woman, who stares back at him with a surprise equal to his own.

FARM WOMAN

You're not my little boy!

JOE

Kareen!
(looks around)
Where did she go?

FARM WOMAN

Where did my boy go? My little
boy! He's under age and ---

Joe turns away from her to rush through the crowd, CAMERA
TRUCKING briefly with him.

187 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING GENTLEMAN

He still pours champagne for his employees.

GENTLEMAN

I'm the boss. This is champagne.
Merry Christmas. Because of the
war emergency our little holiday
will end in three more minutes.
The ovens are hot and we must keep
the home fires burning. Let us
sing:

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED:

GENTLEMAN (cont'd)
(he begins to sing)
"Keep the home fires burning..."

The entire group joins the Gentleman in his song:

GROUP SINGING
"While your hearts are yearning;
Though the boys are far away,
They dream of home..."

188 TRUCKING SHOT - JOE

Searching for Kareen, he comes to a door marked: MIXING ROOM. He pulls the door open, passes through it.

189 DARKENED GLADE - NIGHT - COLOR (LOCATION)

Joe pauses for a moment, trying to penetrate the darkness of the glade. It appears to be in the midst of a pine forest, crossed by a small o.s. brook which fills the moonlit air with the happy sound of its passage. SOUND of bakery singing continues o.s. He grows accustomed to the light. He moves forward a little, pausing as he sees:

190 A TREE TRUNK - IN THE GLADE - NIGHT - COLOR (LOCATION)

His father's fishing pole leans against a tree, carefully reeled and set aside, black leather case beside it. He stares at it for a moment, then goes to the other side of the tree. O.s. bakers conclude their rendition of Keep the Home Fires Burning.

191 JOE'S FATHER - EMBRACING SOMEONE

Joe enters, stands silent, watches his father intently, watches the girl's arms as they undulate around his father's shoulders, her delicate hands as they gently dig into the coat which covers his father's back. A long sigh escapes from her lips; their bodies separate.

Joe's father reaches down to a partially consumed honeycomb he has torn from a bee tree. He dips his forefinger into it, offers it to Kareen, who opens her mouth and sucks the sweetness from it. He returns the finger, dips it in for himself, sucks the honey off, then repeats the action again for Kareen's benefit.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED:

At this moment, with his father's finger still in her mouth, Kareen's eyes widen as she sees Joe standing silently, intently beside them. She pushes the finger away, still looking up at Joe --- not frightened, not shocked, not penitent, only puzzled and profoundly curious. His eyes following hers, Joe's father discovers his son.

JOE'S FATHER

Hello, son.

He turns away from Kareen as casually as if she had never been present. She disengages herself from his encircling arm.

JOE

Hello, father.

Kareen shakes her head unbelievably, rises, begins to withdraw from them. Neither appears to notice her ultimate disappearance.

JOE'S FATHER

Sit down.

Joe sits down facing his father.

JOE'S FATHER

Well, did you make the world safe for democracy?

JOE

It's safe.

(pause)

Who was the girl you had in your arms?

JOE'S FATHER

I really don't know. I was fishing, and she happened by and wriggled into my arms and stayed there.

(pause; puzzled)

So many young women these days seem to be hunting for a place in old men's arms.

(looks sharply at Joe)

Where did all the young men go?

JOE

(passing it off)

Oh, they --- you know --- they drift away.

(pause)

How --- how is it with you, father?

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED: (2)

JOE'S FATHER

It's all right. In many ways it's better. I don't have to worry so much about money any more.

(pause; a smile,
a shrug)

The trouble with life is, you worry so much you don't enjoy it. It's better this way except that --- I do miss your mother.

(quietly)

How is she?

JOE

I haven't seen her lately.

His father nods, as if with complete understanding.

JOE'S FATHER

(pause)

Um-m-m. Ah well...

(he rises, picks up
his fishing pole)

It's not too long till sunrise.

I have to go. The trout will be rising on Willow Lake.

(indicates pole)

Now that I've got my pole back, I don't want to miss them.

Joe rises. His father offers his hand. Joe shakes it.

JOE

Goodbye, father.

JOE'S FATHER

Give your mother my love when you see her. I'm sorry I left you in the lurch, but it was the only way, believe me. Death is much better than life. You'll find out for yourself one day. Goodbye.

Carrying his pole carefully, he turns and trudges off. As the ANGLE WIDENS to view his departure, we see the small mountain stream whose o.s. gurgle we have heard throughout the scene. It flows not water but pure white milk. Joe's father has indeed found the land of milk and honey.

As the father's figure vanishes, we hear, from an immense distance, the sporadic RING of a telephone bell. The bell diminishes, then gives way to Kareen's voice which seems to proceed now from one direction, now from another; now from above, now from below.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED: (3)

KAREEN'S VOICE

Joe!

(he looks off)

Joe!

(he looks in
another direction)

Here I am, Joe!

(he starts off
in a third)

No, Joe --- over here!

He reverses, starts to run.

KAREEN'S VOICE

Why did you leave me, Joe?

He plunges in still another direction whence the voice
seems to come, stumbles over a tree root, falls belly first
to the ground.

KAREEN'S VOICE

Why didn't you write me?

192 HEAD AND SHOULDERS - JOE ON THE GROUND

Tears burst from his eyes; he beats his clenched fists into
the moist earth.

JOE

(choked voice)

I couldn't! I couldn't! I couldn't
write you! I couldn't!

KAREEN'S VOICE

Why couldn't you?

JOE

(sobbing)

I can't tell you! I can't tell
you, that's all --- I can't --- !

KAREEN'S VOICE

(a farther distance)

You don't love me...

JOE

I do! I love you, Kareen --- I ---

KAREEN'S VOICE

(far away now)

You --- don't --- love --- me...!

Joe scrambles frantically to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

JOE

I do love you!

He starts running blindly.

JOE

Don't go, Kareen! Where are you?

Don't go away from me again...

Please don't --- !

He collides in a flash of starlight with a tree trunk, falls to the ground a second time. His father, still carrying the fishing pole, emerges from the shadows, crosses to Joe, and squats down on his hunkers beside him. Joe's face is hidden in his arms; his breath comes in harsh, gasping sobs.

JOE'S FATHER

You need help, son.

JOE

There isn't any help.

JOE'S FATHER

Have you asked for it?

JOE

I can't. I can't ask for anything.

There's no way I can talk to them.

JOE'S FATHER

Then why not send them a telegram?

Joe lifts his head, exposing his face as he stares up to his father.

JOE

A what?

JOE'S FATHER

A telegram. Don't you remember when you were little? How you and Bill Harper strung a wire between the two houses so you could telegraph to each other?

JOE

Yes...

JOE'S FATHER

Do you still remember the Morse code?

JOE

Yes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED: (2)

JOE (cont'd)
 (rises on one elbow)
 But what good is that? How can I
 tap out a message? How can I tap
 out anything?
 (brief pause)
 And what will I say?

JOE'S FATHER
 (tapping his temple)
 You must think, son --- you must
 learn to think. Use your head.

The screen rapidly begins to blacken.

JOE
 My head? Yes! My head! My head ---!

The screen goes completely black, except for a tiny blur of white at its very center where Joe's face was lifted up to his father. We hear the rhythmic, muffled sound of an object thumping against a hard, thinly padded surface. The tempo is three short thumps, two deliberate thumps, and three short thumps, repeated endlessly: dot-dot-dot --- dot-dot --- dot-dot-dot. The small white blur pulsates to the same rhythm. As light begins to seep onto the screen we find ourselves in:

193 MED. SHOT - JOE, IMAGE, YOUNG NURSE - SET - BLACK AND WHITE

The source of our previous sound was Joe's head thumping solidly, dully against his bedboard. The thumping continues remorselessly throughout the following scenes.

JOE'S MIND
 SOS. Help! SOS. Help! SOS.
 Help! SOS. Help! SOS. Help!
 SOS. Help!

The Young Nurse, deeply troubled and quite unable to find an explanation for her patient's conduct, tries in various ways to soothe him. Joe's Image makes anxious, pleading gestures, begging her to understand.

JOE'S MIND
 SOS. Help! Can't you see what
 I'm doing? SOS. Help! I want
 help! SOS.

She tries to quiet him by pressing her palm against his forehead, making it impossible for him to tap. He responds with savage sideward lunges from shoulder-to-shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED:

She removes her hand. The tapping continues. She turns and runs out of the room, leaving the door open. Joe's tapping continues.

JOE'S MIND

SOS. Help me! SOS. Listen to me!
 SOS. Let me get through to you!
 SOS. Help! I'm trying to talk to
 you! SOS. Help!

Our Young Nurse runs back into the room, followed by a YOUNG INTERN. The intern, like the nurse before him, begins to explore Joe's body with his hands. Again Joe's writhings try to communicate his negatives.

JOE'S MIND

SOS. Help! No, not that. No!
 SOS. Help! Not that! SOS. Help!

The intern makes a swift inspection of Joe's tubes and mechanical aids. He takes the air tube from Joe's throat, holds it to the light for examination. Small strangling sounds come from Joe's throat. His tapping continues. The intern replaces the tube, turns to his tray, takes a needle, swabs a portion of Joe's shoulder with alcohol-soaked cotton. Joe begins to shake his head back and forth in furious objection. His Image frantically indicates Joe's head, trying to divert the doctor's attention from his shoulder.

JOE'S MIND

Oh no! SOS. Don't give me dope.
 Don't knock me out. Help me. SOS.
Listen to me. Help! SOS. SOS.

The needle is driven home. Joe's Image claps his hands to his head in a gesture of total desolation.

JOE'S MIND

(he still taps)

I won't go under. SOS. I won't.
 SOS. I won't go under. SOS. SOS...

The intern nods to the nurse and exits. Joe's Image turns away from the bed in shuddering disappointment. Our Young Nurse adjusts the covers to Joe's throat, brushes a kiss against his brow, picks up her tray and exits. Joe's tapping continues in diminishing rhythm.

JOE'S MIND

Don't leave me! SOS. I have
 something to say. SOS. Listen
 to me! I have something to say
 to ---

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED: (2)

His mind begins to wander as the drug takes effect.

JOE'S MIND

--- to bugs and little worms ---
to fishes --- to fallen birds ---
to small frightened animals --- to
everything that's trapped and lost
--- to everything that lives --
I love you.

(tapping slower;
voice drowsy)

With all my heart --- I love you.
Crawl on me --- peck at me -- eat
me...

The tapping ceases. Joe's Image disposes itself on the floor in slumber. The SOUND of a vast sigh shudders through the room. The screen darkens. Through the darkness we hear:

FARM WOMAN'S VOICE

Where is my boy, my little boy?

As the screen lightens, we discover:

194 TRUCKING SHOT - WITH FARM WOMAN - THROUGH UNIFORMED SOLDIERS
- AT RAILROAD STATION - DAY - COLOR (LOCATION)

Our previous railroad station was one from which draftees in civilian attire embarked for training camp. Our present station is one from which full-fledged soldiers board train for the Atlantic coast and shipment overseas. The farm woman passes among them, wailing her lament:

FARM WOMAN

He's under age, can't you see? He's
only a little boy!

She pauses in front of a Red Cross canteen from which local matrons dispense coffee and doughnuts to the departing soldiers. Plastered against one wall of the canteen is Herbert Paus' war poster: The United States Army Builds MEN. Next to it is Howard Chandler Christy's called AMERICANS ALL!

195 INT. STATION WAITING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - CHRIST - DAY -
COLOR (LOCATION)

Sad-faced, infinitely compassionate, he sits at a wooden table, playing blackjack.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

FARM WOMAN'S VOICE (o.s.)

His name is Jesus Christ and He
came to save the world.

196 INT. WAITING ROOM - WIDER ANGLE - COLOR (LOCATION)

Seated around a battered card table are Joe, RED HEAD, SWEDE, LITTLE GUY and Christ. Red Head is dealing a hand of blackjack. A fifth uniformed man stands in a corner watching them lonesomely, enviously. He is no more than 17, very black, and poignantly beautiful: obviously he is excluded from the game. Cards dealt, the players begin craftily to examine their hole cards.

SWEDE

Christ, I sure could do with a
shot of whisky.

CHRIST

Help yourself.

Swede looks at the table. His eyes widen with surprise at the glass of whisky which stands near his right hand. The others, with the exception of Christ, discover they have whiskey too. They all stare at their benefactor. Throughout the scene the young men sip their whisky. Joe COUGHS once in taking his. A glass has also appeared on a ledge beside the black youth in the corner. He looks at it but does not touch it.

RED HEAD

How did you do that?

CHRIST

It's simple. I can do anything.
(indicates exposed
card)

Hit me, only not too hard.

Red Head deals him a queen, face up. Christ throws in his hand, pushes his money across the table toward the dealer.

CHRIST

I never could hit a twelve. I
don't understand it. Twelve
shouldn't be any harder to hit
than thirteen, should it?

RED HEAD

It shouldn't be but it is.

(CONTINUED)

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196 CONTINUED:

SWEDE

That's nothing but superstition.
A twelve to hit is just like any
other number above it only better,
and don't let anybody tell you
different.

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED:

LITTLE GUY
(setting whiskey
glass down)

That's the best whiskey I ever drank.

CHRIST

It should be. It's almost as old
as you are.

Above the SOUNDS of singing and speech-making which drift through the open door, we hear a BUGLE sounding assembly. Red Head, who has finished the deal, slaps his cards onto the table, rises, stretches, and yawns.

RED HEAD

Well, it's all aboard out there.
Anybody know what time it is?

JOE

Three Christmases and forty-one days.

RED HEAD

Then let's go. I've got a date to be killed on the 27th of June, so I'd better say goodbye to my wife and kid. The kid, he's only a year eight months, and smart as hell already. I sure wish I could see him when he's five.

LITTLE GUY

(rising)

You talk like you were the only one. We're all going to be killed, that's why we're here.

(points to Christ)

Christ, he already got his ---

(points to Swede)

--- and the big Swede over there is going to catch flu and die in camp ---

(points to the black)

--- and you in the corner, you're going to get blown so damned high nobody'll even get a souvenir off you ---

(indicates himself)

--- and I'm going to get buried in a trench cave-in and smother to death --- now isn't that a hell of a way to go?

The instant his words are out, a profound silence falls over the station room, over the crowds outside, over the universe itself. For a moment they stare at each other in bewildered perplexity, straining to attention as the SOUND of a woman's high, wordless soprano voice cuts through the stillness. They listen in rapt wonder.

196 CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIST

(quietly)

It's the music of death. The high
thin music of death...

The Little Guy points an accusing finger at Joe.

LITTLE GUY

Then what's this guy doing here?
He ain't going to die.

All eyes focus accusingly upon Joe.

CHRIST

Leave him alone, he's all right.
On your feet, everybody. We've
got to make that train.

JOE

(to Christ)

Are you going with us?

CHRIST

Of course. I've got lots of trains
to handle, lots of dead men, so
many dead men you wouldn't believe
it.

Moving ahead of Christ, the young men slowly file out of
the room. At the doorway Christ realizes that one of their
number is missing. He turns, looks across the room to:

196A THE BLACK SOLDIER - CHRIST'S POV

Still standing in the corner to which Christian decency has
condemned him, he gazes steadily at Christ, his eyes as
wide and reproachful as a trapped fawn's.

196B ANOTHER ANGLE - CHRIST AND BLACK SOLDIER

Hating what he has been condemned to do, his face filled
with compassion for his victim, Christ slowly crosses to
the infant-soldier, over whom he towers like a giant. He
puts a gentle, comforting arm around the boy's shoulders.

CHRIST

(softly)

Come on, son. This is one place
you're welcome.

The boy reluctantly suffers himself to be led toward the door.

196C REVERSE ANGLE - TOWARD DOOR - CHRIST AND BLACK SOLDIER

Their backs are to the CAMERA. Christ's arm still encircles the young man's shoulders. Just before they reach the door, the boy overcomes his misgivings. His arm steals trustingly around Christ's waist, his hand and wrist in almost startling contrast to the whiteness of Christ's robes. Arm in arm they pass out of the waiting room.

197 LONG SHOT - TRAIN RUSHING THROUGH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY - COLOR (LOCATION)

The film is speeded up to the point where the train's velocity is almost ludicrous. Its shrill, mournful WHISTLE shatters the distant atmosphere.

198 CLOSE SHOT - CHRIST ON ENGINE BOILER - COLOR - SPECIAL EFFECT

He sits astride the engine, tears streaking his cheeks, clothes and hair and beard streaming wildly behind him. Above the ROAR of the engine and the CLATTER of wheels we hear the SHRIEK of the train's whistle, blast after blast. But it isn't the whistle at all. It is Christ, throwing back his head and SCREAMING with horror at the task which has been laid on Him. As the screen darkens and the SOUND diminishes, the SOUND of desultory GUNFIRE takes us to:

199 INT. TRENCH - DAY - COLOR (LOCATION)

The sector is enjoying a fairly quiet day. Joe and three or four other men stand at their gun notches, idly firing away at the Bavarian in the futile hope of dislodging him.

200 LONG SHOT - BAVARIAN - DAY - COLOR (LOCATION)

The Bavarian shudders from time to time as the bullets strike, but stubbornly refuses to budge.

201 INT.TRENCH - DAY - COLOR (LOCATION)

The Colonel appears. The men cease their fire. The Colonel wrinkles his bony nose and sniffs the air.

COLONEL

Corporal Timlon!

The Colonel takes the handkerchief from his sleeve and covers the lower part of his face with it. Corporal Timlon emerges from a dugout behind him, looking sad.

CORPORAL TIMLON

Yes, sir!

COLONEL

When I was a subaltern an order was not regarded as an interesting suggestion --- it was an order.

CORPORAL TIMLON

Yes, sir! We 'ad 'im buried as neat as you like, sir, and then 'e caught a big one. 'E's a damned Lazarus, sir --- a ruddy bleedin' leapin' Lazarus!

COLONEL

(unimpressed)

In that event you deserve a second chance. Tonight. Full squad, regulation burial, and six feet deep.

CORPORAL TIMLON

Beggin' your pardon, sir, 'e ayn't in the best condition for transport. 'E's got to the runny stage, if you know wot I mean.

COLONEL

Wrap him in a sheet.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

COLONEL (cont'd)
And to further improve your dim
comprehension that regimental orders
bear some relationship to reality,
you will read the full service of the
Church of England over the remains
of our fallen enemy.

202 NO MAN'S LAND - BURIAL SQUAD - NIGHT - COLOR (LOCATION)

Rifle and machine-gun FIRE is remotely heard right and left,
but the immediate sector is quiet. Corporal Timlon, prayer
book in hand, stands at the head of a grave which is six
feet long and six feet deep. His men, sweating and grunt-
ing and slipping on the mountains of mud they have created
on either side of the grave, use ropes to lower the
Bavarian's sheeted body into it. Retrieving their ropes,
they look expectantly to Corporal Timlon.

CORPORAL TIMLON
Ashes unto ashes ---
(scoops handful
of mud)
--- dust unto dust ---

As he leans forward to toss the mud onto Lazarus' face, a
single SHOT rings out. Corporal Timlon stiffens. His
prayer book flies in one direction, ritual mud in another.
Freed of their burdens, both hands fly convulsively to his
hind-quarters, as if trying to keep their halves together.

CORPORAL TIMLON
(a bellow)
--- God-'ave-mercy-on-yer-soul-
Amen! Those bloody barstuds've
shot me through the arse, that's
wot they've done, myke for cover
men!

All hands abandon the open grave and bolt for home.

203 FULL SHOT - THE NIGHT SKY - SPECIAL EFFECT

High above No Man's Land a star-shell ignites. Its slow,
floating descent casts spectral light over the scene below.

204 NO MAN'S LAND - SHELL BURST - NIGHT - SPECIAL EFFECT

A volcanic eruption of mud and debris rises from the earth
like a giant flower, then slowly begins to fall back upon
itself. The body of Lazarus emerges from the very heart of
the flower --- its stamen, so to speak --- perfectly
launched for a destination known but to God.

205 ARCING SHOT - SLOW MOTION - WITH LAZARUS - NIGHT - SPECIAL EFFECT

Head foremost, dead on course, trailing his grave-sheets behind him in flare-light, Lazarus soars toward the barbed wire entanglements from which his enemies have tried so hard to remove him. He comes to rest almost on target, upright this time, one sheeted stool-pigeon arm pointing to the trench from which his burial squads have twice emerged.

206 REPEAT FILM: GERMAN GUN CREW

Commanding officer signals. Scene fills with smoke as the gun recoils to the shell's discharge. A looping WHINE is heard as the shell settles into its trajectory.

207 REPEAT FILM: JOE AND TIMLON

They hear the still distant but rapidly approaching WHINE of the shell. Joe dives left, Timlon right. CAMERA FOLLOWS Joe as he scrambles into a shallow crater. His feet land on one of two dead bodies floating face downward in the water at the crater's bottom. He climbs perhaps two feet higher, flattens against the mud.

208 REPEAT FILM: FULL SCREEN - THE SHELL - NIGHT

It SHRIEKS rightward through the darkened heavens toward its target.

209 REPEAT FILM: FULL SCREEN CLOSEUP - JOE'S FACE

Cowering against the side of the crater, he stares wildly up to the source of the swift-approaching, ever-louder SHRIEK. As the shell approaches the end of its flight, he covers his face with both hands.

The screen is engulfed in a blood-red EXPLOSION. Against this bloody background the dead-white SUPERIMPOSED number: 13-21-18-4-5-18 stutters on and off, on and off, like the frantic beep of a radio alarm. Each of its numbers indicates the position of a code letter in the English alphabet. Black smoke curls inward from all sides of the screen, enveloping the explosion's red until we see only blackness.

210 REPEAT SCENE: EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - FULL WIDE ANGLE SHOT TOWARD THE HORIZON - NIGHT - BLACK & WHITE (SPECIAL EFFECT)

A glowing line of fire bisects the screen: star-shells, flares, rockets, tracer shells.

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED:

The SOUND of their detonations comes to us faintly, dimly, muffled. Then the voice of a man fills the SOUND TRACK --- a jubilant voice that seems to echo through the whole world:

MAN'S VOICE

(a shout)

She's all over, boys! She's all over but the shouting.

His voice gives way to a deafening cacaphony of yells, whistles, bells, chimes, bands, songs, sirens, laughter. As it diminishes, we go to:

211 SEQUENCE OF LIBRARY STOCK SHOTS - IN REVERSE ACTION - BLACK AND WHITE - DAY

The war is over. Infantry charges out of the trenches and into No Man's Land are reversed in slow motion: the men move backward and vanish into the trenches from which they came. Convoys back away from the battle zones instead of moving toward them. Fighting planes, instead of taking to the air, sink tail first onto their landing strips. In a broad avenue filled with cheering crowds and parading troops, the regiments march backward until they vanish altogether in the distance, leaving the street empty of martial life. As the whole world, instead of moving forward to war, backs its way into peace, we go to:

212 FULL WIDE ANGLE TRUCKING SHOT - THROUGH AN ENDLESS MILITARY CEMETERY - DAY - BLACK AND WHITE

The scene is completely silent. No flags. No bugles signalling taps. Nothing but the silence of death. Our CAMERA is an island in the midst of a boundless tide of crosses which flows toward it and into it and around it endlessly and without number. Then the rich, fruity voice of an ORATOR floods the screen:

ORATOR

Our no-o-o-o-o-ble dead!

SECOND ORATOR

No-bul-dead!

A guttural, chanted response rises from all the world's throats. It is pitched in a lower key than Second Orator's "No-bul-dead"; it is softer; it emphasizes neither of its two words; it is delivered in a monotone.

CHANTERS

(softly; slowly;
monotone)

All --- dead.

(CONTINUED)

212 CONTINUED:

THREE ORATORS

(shout)

No-bul-dead!

CHANTERS

(softly; slowly;
monotone)

All --- dead.

The Orators and the Chanters now take up both lines, becoming indistinguishable from each other.

THE CHANT

No-bul-dead!

All --- dead.

No-bul-dead!

All --- dead.

No-bul-dead!

All --- dead.

(etc.)

With each repetition the tempo turns swifter, the volume louder, until a crescendo is reached. Then, as our light begins to fade, tempo and volume gradually diminish until the CHANT can no longer be heard.

Another SOUND, in exactly the same rhythm and emphasis, replaces it --- slowly at first, and then more swiftly, more loudly. The new SOUND (dot-dot-dot: dot --- dot: dot-dot-dot: dot --- dot: dot-dot-dot, etc.) is, of course, one that we have heard before: the SOUND of Joe's head tapping out SOS in the Morse Code.

213 GROUP TRUCKING SHOT - DOWN AN ENDLESS HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT - SET - BLACK AND WHITE

CAMERA RECEDES before the swift advance of a group consisting of Young Nurse, Chief Doctor (now a grey-bearded Lieutenant-Colonel), a BRIGADIER GENERAL of the Medical Corps, a TECHNICIAN, a PRIEST, and two Medical Corpsmen. SOUND of Joe's tapping carries over, steadily increasing in tempo and volume: tap-tap-tap: tap --- tap: tap-tap-tap: tap --- tap; etc.

Our group comes to that point in the corridor at which Joe earlier fantasized the circular cistern. It is still there, but our characters do not see it. As they continue past it and down the corridor, CAMERA HOLDS on:

214 REVERSE ANGLE - JOE'S FATHER AT CISTERN - HOSPITAL GROUP CONTINUING DOWN HALLWAY IN B.G.

Sitting on the corridor floor, his legs dangling over the edge of the cistern, Joe's father fishes intently.

(CONTINUED)

214 CONTINUED:

In b.g. we see the Nurse and her party continuing down the long corridor. The SOUND of Joe's tapping steadily becomes louder and swifter in tempo.

The tip of the father's fishing rod dips sharply. He jerks the rod backward. The white rat, fish-hook fast in its mouth, flies out of the cistern and lands on the floor behind the fisherman, mercifully obscured from our view. Volume and tempo of Joe's TAPPING increases. Figures in b.g. continue down the endless corridor.

Joe's father turns his back to the CAMERA and addresses himself to the white rat. He tosses the line and fish-hook aside, thus informing us that he has dislodged it from the rat's mouth. Then, still sitting, he turns back. Gently he cradles the rat with both hands against his bare throat. Although the rat, panting with exhaustion, shows a fleck of blood on its muzzle, it nestles its small inquiring face in the warm hollow beneath the fisherman's chin. The SOUND of Joe's TAPPING reaches its crescendo: hospital group arrives at Joe's door at the end of the corridor, and opens it.

215 INT. JOE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The rhythm and SOUND of Joe's head as he taps its back against the cot instantly becomes normal. The nurse and her party cross to his bed. The nurse turns on the small light which illuminates the equipment at the head of the cot. The room is filled with shadows. Joe's head, discernible only as a dark object in vague movement, wearily rises and falls as it taps the terrible monotony of his appeal. The Technician leans forward, watches intently. Joe's Image drifts close, begging the technician to understand.

TECHNICIAN

Morse Code.

YOUNG NURSE

I thought so!

BRIGADIER GENERAL

(sharply)

Morse Code for what?

TECHNICIAN

SOS. Help.

(a glance at Joe)

What else?

During the eerie silence which ensues, all eyes turn involuntarily to the Chief Doctor.

216 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CHIEF DOCTOR

He stares unbelievably at Joe, his eyes wide with horror.

GENERAL

(stunned voice)

Then he --- he's rational!

(whirls to Chief

Doctor)

I'd say 'help' is a rational request,
wouldn't you?

CHIEF DOCTOR

I --- I --- I don't understand!
Everything was gone. Shattered.
Destroyed. By all known tests he
was --- completely decerebrated.
Completely.

GENERAL

(contemptuously)

Tests.

(to technician)

Ask him what he wants.

217 ANOTHER ANGLE - GROUP AROUND BED

The technician looks incredulously at the General.

TECHNICIAN

How can I ask a man like this a
question like that?

GENERAL

By asking it. How else can we help
him?

From outside a low grumble of THUNDER is heard. The technician reluctantly turns back to the bed, bends over it. As he gingerly begins to tap his forefinger against Joe's brow, the thumping ceases. Technician speaks each word, almost to himself, as he taps it out.

TECHNICIAN

What --- do --- you --- want --- ?

We HOLD the moment of silence which follows the question just one point short of the breaking-point of audience toleration: silence while Joe considers the unbelievable query that has been posed. A second roll of THUNDER is heard, closer now, more ominous. Joe begins at last to tap his answer. Tension increases. The technician bends low, interprets the message as it comes.

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED:

TECHNICIAN

(translating slowly)

"I --- want --- to --- work ---
in --- a --- carnival --- show.
Let --- me --- out."

There occurs a swift exchange of glances above the bed. Joe's Image nods violent affirmatives. The Young Nurse dabs at tears which have formed in her eyes. The General looks at the others, then makes a hopeless gesture which indicates the utter insanity of Joe's request.

GENERAL

Well, what could we have expected?
Tell him --- uh --- tell him we'll
do everything we can, but his condition
won't permit him to be moved. For
the present, that is. Be sure and
say for the present.

The technician turns slowly back to Joe, starts to tap the question on his brow. Outside, beyond the open window, the first gush of RAIN is heard. The answer comes back in an incredibly swift, short sequence of thumps. The technician seems to pale as the response unfolds. Then he looks up at his companions.

TECHNICIAN

He says, "If --- you --- won't ---
let --- me --- out --- then ---
kill --- me."

There is a moment of stunned silence. The nurse's face fills with anguish. Joe's Image nods violent agreement with the request.

CHIEF DOCTOR

It wouldn't be killing him, it
would be just letting him die!
Otherwise he --- he could continue
like this for years!

The General casts him a look of veiled contempt, then turns back to the technician.

GENERAL

He's upset. Understandably so.
Try to find out what his name is.

Technician shrugs, begins to tap on Joe's chest again.

CHIEF DOCTOR

For Christ sake, stop bothering
him with trivialities!

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED: (2)

GENERAL

You're becoming emotional, Colonel.
His identification is not a
triviality.

He sees that the technician has stopped tapping, and that
Joe is responding.

GENERAL

What's he saying? Did you get his
name?

Joe continues tapping. Technician shakes his head.

TECHNICIAN

All he says is "Kill me." Over
and over again. Just --- "Kill
me."

GENERAL

Tell him we understand his feelings.
Tell him we'll do everything we can
to make him comfortable. Tell him
for now he needs rest. Tell him
we'll give him a sedative and come
back later.

(as he turns away)

And try to get his name.

He turns from the cot. His eyes briefly sweep the room.
Then he crosses to the window, pulls the shade down.

GENERAL

This shade is to be drawn at all
times.

He turns back to the group around the bed, frowning.

GENERAL

You are not to mention what has
happened tonight in this room to
anyone. Until I receive further
orders I will hold each of you
responsible for absolute secrecy.

Seeing that the technician has stopped tapping and Joe has
resumed, he returns to the cot.

GENERAL

(to technician)

Well?

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED: (3)

TECHNICIAN

He says he doesn't want dope. He's begging you not to give him any.

CHIEF DOCTOR

If he doesn't want it, he shouldn't have it!

GENERAL

Will you make up your mind? One minute you want to kill him, the next you won't even let him have a sedative!

CHIEF DOCTOR

He doesn't want one! The only thing he has left is his mind, and obviously he wants to use it, he wants to think with it! Every time you drug him his mind dies for a while and he doesn't want that, he wants it to stay alive!

(pause)

Incidentally, his condition will permit him to be taken outside occasionally.

GENERAL

Our orders are no exposure of any kind.

CHIEF DOCTOR

I'll see they're changed. I'll see that ---

GENERAL

You'll see to nothing. This case will be reported by me, and whatever orders come back will be carried out by me. Until then, present orders apply, which means that aside from authorized personnel, absolutely no one sees him but his family --- and we don't know who they are! That's why I ---

CHIEF DOCTOR

I don't give a damn about your orders, he's my patient and I ---

GENERAL

(interrupting)

Your patient? You pass through here on inspection every six months and call him your patient?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED: (4)

GENERAL (cont'd)

(shakes his head)

He's your victim, Colonel.

The Chief Doctor, handicapped by his crutches, doubles his fist and delivers a ferocious but glancing blow to the General's cheek. The General scarcely reacts, but the Chief Doctor, unbalanced by his effort, falls to the floor in a tangle of crutches. The two medical corpsmen come to his aid. The General watches coldly until Chief Doctor is on his feet again.

GENERAL

You're under arrest.

(to corpsmen)

Help him to my quarters.

Chief Doctor exits in silence, a corpsman on either side of him. The General turns back to the technician. Joe is still tapping.

GENERAL

The same?

TECHNICIAN

(nods)

Just "Kill me, kill me, kill me."

Infuriated by his inability to say anything to Joe which is remotely appropriate to the circumstances, the General, who is far from an insensitive man, turns accusingly to the priest.

GENERAL

Don't you have some message for him?

PRIEST

No.

GENERAL

You could at least tell him to put his faith in God!

PRIEST

For the first time in my life ---
I cannot utter those words. I will
pray for him to the end of my days
--- but I will not risk his faith
by testing it against your stupidity.

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED: (5)

GENERAL

Well you're a hell of a priest!

The priest gently touches the General's arm.

PRIEST

He's the product of your profession,
not mine.

He brushes by the General and exits. Led by the General, they file out of the room one by one, until only our Young Nurse remains. Joe's thumping continues.

While Joe pleads for death, his Image casts himself on his knees in front of the Young Nurse, hands uplifted in despairing supplication. The nurse, her eyes brimming with tears, steals a cautious look toward the closed door. Momentarily reassured, her hand steals toward the tube that passes into Joe's wind-pipe. She almost touches it, then withdraws in horror. Once again she steels herself; once again her hand slips toward its deadly goal. This time, shuddering violently, she does not flinch.

She takes the tube from his throat and stands for a moment, holding it in her hand, looking down at Joe with a mixture of horror and profound compassion. She almost panics as faint GURGLING sounds begin to emerge from the hole in his throat. He is strangling to death.

She bends down swiftly, presses her lips to his brow in a farewell kiss. As she straightens, Joe's Image goes into a wild dance of exultation, his mind into a paen of joy and gratitude.

JOE'S MIND

Oh, nurse! Beautiful, beautiful
nurse! Thank you! Thank you,
thank you! Dear God, thank her
for me! Be sweet to her, God!
Make her happy, make her beautiful,
make everything she wants come true,
make every one love her --- !

The door opens. Joe's Image, ecstatic an instant earlier, cringes. The General stands in the doorway.

GENERAL

Nurse, I ---

He spots the tube so plainly held in her hand. Inescapably caught, she has no choice but to reach for a cotton swab with which she begins to clean the tube's insertion piece.

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED: (6)

NURSE

I was just ---
 (she inserts the
 tube back in
 his throat)
 --- you see the tube needed cleaning
 and ---

GENERAL

Leave the room and report to me
 in the morning for reassignment.

She adjusts the bedcovers to Joe's throat, brushes his forehead lightly with two fingers, crosses to the still open door and exits. Joe is aware of change going on about him, and alert to its possible meaning. The General crosses to the bed, prepares an injection at the bedside table, douses a cotton swab in alcohol. He stares down at the frantically tapping figure on the bed for a frowning moment, then applies the swab.

JOE'S MIND

(with sharp alarm)
 No, no, not that! Don't give me
 dope again! Don't make me sleep
 all the time, I have to think!
 Don't do it, please, please don't
 do it!

(the needle
 plunges home)
 Ah no! I've got to think! Don't
 you see? I've got to keep on
 finding out!

(General swabs
 the puncture)
 Oh God --- just when I --- was
 learning to --- to talk again...

The General sighs heavily, turns away and exits. Darkness seeps through the room. Joe's Image sinks to his knees in despair. Joe resumes his hopeless thumping against the matted bedboard, the tempo of its rhythm diminishing as the drug's slow stupor steals through his mind and body. Outside the RAIN continues.

JOE'S MIND

(with diminishing
 tempo and volume)
 Help me. SOS. Help me. SOS.
 Help me. SOS. Help me. SOS.
 Help me. SOS. Help me... help
 me...

(CONTINUED)

217 CONTINUED: (7)

The voice of his mind fades away into whispering silence. Sadly, reluctantly, Joe's Image sinks to all fours, lies prone, curls up in the foetal position, surrenders to slumber.

The SCREEN begins to darken. The STRAINS (but not the voice) of "Don't Know Where I Am" (page 22) are heard, plucked softly on a stringed instrument. As they yield to silence the SCREEN goes completely black. A YELL, fierce with triumphant vindication, goes up from a thousand throats.

218 FULL WHITE SCREEN

No SOUND of any kind. The names of all persons, from producer to prop man, who are qualified for screen credit, begin to appear on the screen in the same type which introduced the film. All names appear in identical type size. All names appear in alphabetical order. No names appear more than once, regardless of how many functions the person has performed. For example: between Script Clerk---Mary Taylor and Story Consultant---George Tynan, we shall see Novel, screenplay and direction---Dalton Trumbo, etc. to Z.

A single rifle shot RINGS OUT from the rear of the house. A machine-gun STUTTERS briefly from another area. The last CREDIT flashes onto the screen and disappears. Instead of using the words THE END, we HOLD the white screen. A rifle SHOT here. Another there. After a moment more, the house is blasted by an EXPLOSION. As the curtains are drawn across a staring, empty SCREEN, Joe's story continues, although ours has come to its

END