



THE ENGLISH
PATIENT

Screenplay by
ANTHONY MINGHELLA

Based on the novel by
MICHAEL ONDATJE

Produced by
SAUL ZAENTZ

Directed by
ANTHONY MINGHELLA

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SILENCE. THE DESERT seen from the air. Then a woman's voice begins to sing unaccompanied on the track. *Szerelem, szerelem*, she cries, in lament for her loved one, and the haunting melody winds around the heart.

The shadow of an ancient and rotting two-seater AEROPLANE swims over the contours of sand. It might belong to a ghost. Its wings are tatters. The engine splutters and misses.

INSIDE the aeroplane are two figures. One, A WOMAN, seems to be asleep. Her pale head rests against the side of the cockpit. THE PILOT, a man, wears goggles and a leather helmet. He is singing, too, but we can't hear him or the plane or anything save the singer's keening.

The plane shudders over a ridge. Beneath it A SUDDEN CLUSTER OF MEN AND MACHINES, camouflage nets draped over the sprawl of gasoline tanks and armoured vehicles. An OFFICER, GERMAN, focusses his field glasses. The glasses pick out the MARKINGS on the plane. They are in English. The Officer barks instructions. An anti-aircraft gun swivels furiously.

The sudden and shocking bursts of GUNFIRE. Explosions rock the plane, which lurches violently. THE WOMAN SLUMPS FORWARD, slamming her head against the instruments. The pilot grabs her, pulls her back, but she's not conscious. He makes frantic signals to the gun placement below.

The plane is PLUMMETING. The cockpit filling with an ugly smoke. Coughing, the pilot smashes at the glass canopy, struggling into the oily harness of his parachute.

From the ground, the officer watches the plane disappear over the next ridge with his binoculars, following the thin flag of smoke. There's an ominous pause as the engine cuts out, and then a foul yellow cloud mushrooms into the sky.

The man falls out of the sky, clinging to his dead lover. They are both on fire. She is wrapped in a parachute silk and it burns fiercely. He looks up to see the flames licking at his own parachute as it carries them slowly to earth. Even his helmet is on fire, but the man makes no sound as the flames erase all that matters - his name, his past, his face, his lover...

2 INT. RED CROSS TRUCK. ITALY, EARLY SPRING 1945. DAY 2

Another time, another country. The pilot, KNOWN NOW AS THE ENGLISH PATIENT, lies on the floor of a Red Cross Truck as it rattles along a bumpy hill road in Tuscany, one in a convoy of ALLIED MILITARY VEHICLES. Other patients lay around him, picked out by the fierce shafts of light which play through the tarpaulin cover. Burns cover The English Patient's body below the chin, around the ears, the scalp scorched away. The effect is curious, lassoing his features - a strong nose, the eyes liquid. A warrior's face. But he has no physical strength. He coughs violently, his lungs are shot.

A nurse, HANA, gathers herself against the morning chill. His coughing yanks her from her thoughts, which are of mourning and madness. She is young and heartbreakingly beautiful. And she wishes she were dead.

3 EXT. ITALIAN HILL ROAD. DAY 3

The convoy comes to a run of blasted trees lining the road. From them, grotesquely, are hanging A ROSARY OF CORPSES, strung up with crude placards denouncing, in Italian, their collaboration with the Nazis.

Hana stares from the Red Cross Truck at the corpses. Her eyes are blank.

Now the convoy passes the entrance to a once-grand VILLA, clearly a victim of bombing and shelling, with crumbling walls and a ruined gate. Hana seems taken with it, watches it disappear around the bend. An Army JEEP appears, at speed, overtaking the convoy, horn blaring. Suddenly AN EXPLOSION shatters the calm as the jeep runs over a MINE. The jeep is THROWN into the air. The convoy halts and there's chaos as soldiers run back pulling people out of the vehicles.

4 EXT. HILL ROAD. ITALY. LATER 4

- and the trucks are still being unloaded as two SAPPERS arrive on motorcycles. One of them, a SIKH, wears a turban.

The motorcycles arrive at the front of the convoy. Hana and a second nurse, MARY, are helping OLIVER, a DOCTOR, attend to a wounded soldier at the site of the explosion. Other bodies are covered with blankets. There's blood everywhere. The Sikh and his colleague pull out the paraphernalia of their bomb disposal equipment.

5 EXT. VILLA SAN GIROLAMO. DAY 5

Hana returns to her group. She bends over the English Patient, who lies completely still on his pallet.

HANA
Do you need something?

The Patient nods. Hana straightens up and walks over to where the luggage is piled and finds a small case. She opens it, finds A PHIAL OF MORPHINE and snaps off the tip. She sighs angrily. Mary glances at her as she prepares the injection.

HANA

He's dying.

MARY

Oh really? He seemed quite bright earlier.

HANA

No, I mean he's dying and we keep moving him. In and out of the truck. Why?

MARY

Well, we can hardly leave him. Do you mean leave him? We can't.

HANA

If he were a dog we'd shoot him.

Mary looks at Hana, full of anxiety and compassion.

MARY

Hana, I'm so sorry, about your dad, I just heard.

HANA

(walking away)

People die on me - if I love them - I must curse them - is that what I do?

6 EXT. ROAD. DAY.

6

KIP, the Sikh Sapper, and HARDY, his assistant, explore the road ahead of the becalmed convoy, using saucer-like metal detectors. Kip wears earphones and a radio set. He is young, lithe, contained, deceptively casual. Suddenly he stops and points to an apparently normal stretch of road.

7 EXT. GARDENS OF THE VILLA SAN GIROLAMO. DAY

7

Hana wanders through the garden. She nears the house itself, looking inside the broken windows of the Villa, the strangely serene decay, the garden encroaching into the drawing rooms. She passes a large and dry fountain in front of a terrace. It's quiet here except for the sounds of birds and insects. She hears a rustling on the gravel. A TORTOISE ambles towards the fountain.

8 INT. VILLA. DAY

8

Hana explores. She's gone upstairs, negotiating a huge void in the treads two thirds of the way up. To the right of the

staircase, the landing is intact, the left gapes where the floor has been blown away. She cranes to see down it, then turns towards safer territory, then SPINS AND RUNS AT THE GAP, leaping over it, her trailing leg clipping splinters of wood and debris. This is someone who's lost all sense of self-preservation.

9 EXT. THE VILLA GARDEN. DAY

9

Hana walks back into the garden. There's ANOTHER EXPLOSION. Her head snaps back to the road, but the mine has been intentionally detonated some way from the track - in a sloping field. Hardy suddenly materialises from the field and WHISTLES between his fingers to signal the ALL-CLEAR.

A GURGLING SOUND. THE FOUNTAIN IS SUDDENLY FLOWING, frothing water over the lip of its basin and onto the ground, where the tortoise, clearly arriving for this, enjoys a welcome shower. Hana goes to the fountain, dips her hands into the water.

10 EXT. THE ROAD. DAY

10

The Convoy is in the final stages of loading up. Kip is gathering up his things, fastening the panniers of his motorcycle while Hardy's machine is lashed to the rear of the new leading vehicle. Hardy sits up on the fender of the jeep, preparing to ride mount. Oliver passes them, deep in dispute with a determined Hana.

OLIVER

You can't. That's desertion!

HANA

The war's over - you told me yourself.
How can it be desertion?

OLIVER

It's not over everywhere. I didn't mean literally.

HANA

When he dies I'll catch up.

OLIVER

It's not safe here. The country's crawling with Bandits and Germans and God knows what. It's madness. I can't allow it.

The argument continues, but distantly, as Kip watches them walk back towards the Red Cross lorries. He has stretched back, like a cat, over the seat of the motorcycle. The world is upside down.

Oliver hovers as Hana adds a blanket to the one covering The Patient.

OLIVER

Hana -

(she turns to him)
If I said, if I were to say I had feelings for you, strong feelings, would that influence in any way your, your -?

HANA

I need morphine. A lot. And a pistol.

OLIVER

(clutching at straws)
And what if he really is a spy?

HANA

(impatiently)
He can't even move.

OLIVER

If anything happened to you I'd never forgive myself.

Hana nods. A tiny smile.

11 INT. VILLA. DAY

11

A SOLDIER is helping Mary and Hana carry The Patient into the house. Hana indicates the stairs.

HANA

Up here.

SOLDIER

(huffs, he's wary)
'they cleared this building then?

They struggle up the stairs, the Soldier gasping as he almost falls through the gap in the stairs. The cot almost tips up, at which The Patient SUDDENLY SPEAKS, his voice surprisingly healthy and rich. Aristocratic. The Soldier almost drops him.

THE PATIENT

There was a Prince, who was dying, and he was carried up the tower at Pisa so he could die with a view of the Tuscan Hills. Am I that Prince?

HANA

(laughs)
Because you're leaning? No, you're just on an angle. You're too heavy!

Mary laughs. They reach the landing, bear right. Hana kicks open one door, then another, then a third. It has a painted ceiling and a bed, covered in drapes and broken plaster.

HANA

In here.

Hana lets Mary take the weight while she goes to the bed and pulls away the drapes, sending up a cloud of dust. They lower The Patient onto the bed. She turns to the Soldier.

HANA

Thank you.

She shuts the door on him, leaving Mary staring aghast at the room, its faded murals, its mould, its chaos. Hana smiles.

HANA

Good.

She goes to Mary and hugs her.

12 INT. VILLA. DAY

12

A smaller upstairs room, completely bare. Hana finishes tying a hammock to the ceiling beams. Now, as she tugs off her uniform, she looks out of the window to see the departing Convoy. A cotton dress goes over her head and she emerges looking suddenly younger and rather fragile. She walks along to The Patient's Room and stands in the doorway. The Patient turns his head to her. He's grinning. He puts up a thumb. On the track a song begins :*I got it bad and that ain't good.*

13 EXT. DESERT. (BIR ABU MUNGAR) LATE DAY, MARCH 1938

13

THE SONG CONTINUES and we find the singer - PETER MADOX, a weather-beaten man in his 30s who is working on the guts of an ancient aeroplane we recognise from the beginning of the film. His face is blackened with oil. A second European, ALMASY, stands beside him, holding tools and a section of the camshaft. Madox yanks out a perished rubber hose and holds it up for Almasy to inspect. Behind them is an ENCAMPMENT - a well, some camels foraging in the scrub, and half a dozen black tents of the Bedouin: guides and servants to the Almasy/Madox Expedition. It's 1938 and the whole continent is full of such expeditions, competing with each other, pursuing lost treasures, sources of rivers, hidden cities.

A smart new aeroplane, a TIGER MOTH, is coming in to land. Madox looks up from his work.

As the plane makes a smooth landing, the entire expedition team makes its way over to meet the arrivals. Only Almasy hangs back, apparently not so enthusiastic.

The cockpit opens to reveal a young, kissed and newly-married couple. They are GEOFFREY AND KATHARINE CLIFTON. And it's immediately clear that Katharine is the woman in the planecrash at the beginning of the film.

Madox makes all the introductions, the Italian - D'AGOSTINO, the German - BERMANN, FUAD, the Egyptian. Hands are shaken, hellos all round, as the couple disembark in their leather flying gear. Geoffrey removes his helmet and, in what we will come to know as an ubiquitous gesture, produces a bottle of Krug champagne and sets off the cork with a flourish.

CLIFTON

I hereby christen us the International Sand Club!

14 EXT. DESERT. LATE DAY.

14

The party is in the shade of the tents. Almasy joins the group. Madox nods over to the Clifton plane.

MADOX

Marvellous plane. Did you look?

CLIFTON

(beaming at Almasy)

Isn't it? Wedding present from Katharine's parents. I'm calling him Rupert Bear. Hello. Geoffrey Clifton.

MADOX

We can finally consign my old bird to the great scrapheap in the sky.

Almasy smiles and walks on towards the others.

D'AGOSTINO

Mrs. Clifton - Count Almasy.

KATHARINE

(smiling, offering her hand)

Geoffrey gave me your monograph to read when I was swotting up on the desert. Very impressive.

ALMASY

(stiff, his English a little accented)

Thank you.

KATHARINE

I wanted to meet a man who could write such a long paper with so few adjectives.

ALMASY

A thing is still a thing no matter what you place in front of it. Big car, slow car, chauffeur-driven car, still a car. Slow death, sudden death, and so on.

CLIFTON
(joining them and joining in)
A broken car?

ALMASY
Still a car.

CLIFTON
(hands them champagne)
Not much use, though.

KATHARINE
Love? Romantic love, platonic love,
filial love -? Quite different things,
surely?

CLIFTON
(hugging Katharine)
Uxoriousness - that's my favourite kind
of love. Excessive love of one's wife.

ALMASY
(a dry smile)
There you have me.

15 INT. TENT. DUSK.

15

A SHOT RINGS OUT, disturbing the beginning of the evening meal. Almasi and others go outside. Silhouetted on a ridge, a group of men sit astride camels. One of them holds his rifle aloft, clearly pointing towards the sky - means *friend*. Al Auf, chief among the guides, peers at the horizon.

AL AUF
Europeans with guides.

CLIFTON
(can only see shapes)
How do you know?

FUAD BEY
Government Camels from the Egyptian
hills. Not good animals.

MADDOX
Yes, and I think I know who this is.

16 EXT. DESERT. DUSK.

16

ALMASY AND MADDOX WALK OUT TO INTERCEPT THE ARRIVALS as the first Arab dismounts, the procession of camels splaying out as if in collapse. Almasi speaks in Arabic, exchanging the ritual greetings.

DURING THIS, FENELON-BARNES, sole European in this expedition, has finally persuaded his camel to sit, and dismounts irritably, slapping the animal in disgust.

FENELON-BARNES

Ugly brute. Shits and roars and complains all day.

(bypassing Almasy and approaching Madox)

Of course, you have your aeroplane. Two now! Do you still call yourselves explorers? I assume not. Does a man in a boat call himself a swimmer?

MADOX

(stiffly)

Fenelon-Barnes.

ALMASY

Yes, I think a sailor can call himself an explorer, or should Columbus have swum to America?

17 INT. TENT. DUSK.

17

They arrivals come inside. Madox handles the introductions.

MADOX

I think you know all of us, except for Geoffrey and Katharine Clifton, who've just come out from from England.

CLIFTON

Goodbye Picadilly, hello lots of Sand.

MADOX

This is Clive Fenelon Barnes.

FENELON-BARNES

(to Katharine)

I know your mother, of course.

KATHARINE

Hello.

FENELON-BARNES

I'm also searching for the lost Oasis, but by more authentic means.

MADOX

(of Almasy)

Anyway, my friend here has a new theory - that Zerzura doesn't exist. So we may all be on a wild goosechase. Have some food.

FENELON-BARNES

Well it's certainly not between here and Dakhla. Nine days of nothing but sand and sandstorms. An egg. I found an ostrich egg and some fossils

FUAD

They say Zerzura is protected by spirits who take on the shape of sandstorms.

ALMASY

What kind of fossils?

FENELON-BARNES

I'll invite you to my paper at the Royal Geographical Society. Are you still a member?

ALMASY

I think you know I am.

FENELON-BARNES

(to Madox)

Motor cars next, I hear. Another gimmick.

He takes a long drink from a bowl of frothing camel milk.

FENELON-BARNES

Quite impossible, Madox, you should know that. If you attempt to cross the Sand Sea due east of Kufra by car you'll leave your bones in the sand for me to collect.

ALMASY

(leaving the tent)

If you come across mine, sir, I hope you'll do me the honour of leaving them in peace.

(to Katharine)

Excuse me.

FENELON-BARNES

You have my word as a gentleman.

(watching him leave)

I've discovered a type of sand-dune.

I've applied to the King for permission to call it the Fenelon-Barnes Formation.

18 EXT. DESERT. NIGHT.

18

The activity in the main tent continues. Geoffrey and Katharine appear to be dancing and there's a lot of noise and laughter - Geoffrey is singing his own accompaniment. The

camels are restless. Almasy emerges from his tent and walks silently through the shadows.

19 INT. FENELON-BARNES' TENT. NIGHT.

19

Almasy is now in Fenelon-Barnes' tent. He is pulling apart his baggage, quickly and methodically, using a small torch. He finds what he is looking for: A LARGE FOSSILISED BRANCH; a collection of stone leaves, wrapped in a piece of tarpaulin. Then he's distracted by a noise from Fenelon-Barnes' bed. Almasy stiffens, turns to investigate. There's a lump in the cot. A dog? Almasy eases back the blanket to reveal a YOUNG GIRL, no more than fourteen, bound hand and foot. He holds the torch to her face.

20 EXT. GILF KEBIR PLATEAU. MORNING.

20

The next morning. Both planes are scouting the Gilf Kebir region. Geoffrey flies up alongside Madox and wiggles his wings. Madox waves. Madox has Almasy behind him, trying to make sense of the rudimentary maps they're using. Madox is very disturbed by what Almasy is telling him. They have to shout.

MADOX

What did you think you were doing in his tent?

ALMASY

What? Looking for the fossils.

MADOX

That's inexcusable.

ALMASY

They're in his tent and I'm supposed to wait until London? I don't think so. This girl was probably twelve years old.

MADOX

You shouldn't go into another man's tent.

ALMASY

Her hands and feet were tied.

MADOX

What did you do?

ALMASY

Examined them. They're shrubs, small trees. Exquisite. And fossilised, rock hard.

MADOX

No, I mean the girl.

ALMASY

Cut the ropes. I left a note, on his blanket.

(gleefully)

At the next Geographical Society I shall await with great interest the announcement of the Fenelon-Barnes rope knot. The girl wouldn't leave, of course. Her father had sold her for a camel.

They're flying over a distinctive group of GRANITE MASSIFS, Crater-shaped hills. Almasy is distracted.

ALMASY

Down there. Remember Bell's expedition talking about three great craters of Zerzura? What do you think?

Madox brings the plane lower and they fly into the mouth of one of the huge craters. There are black ravines and, in them, signs of scrub.

MADOX

(drily)

Looks promising. Just happens to be about the size of Switzerland!

He gestures to the Cliftons to photograph the Massifs. A thumbs up from Geoffrey. Almasy stares at the other plane.

21 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. VILLA. MORNING. 21

It's morning and The Patient lies in bed. He's woken, been woken by a noise outside in the corridor.

22 INT. A CORRIDOR, VILLA. MORNING. 22

Hana sweeps the corridors with a shovel. She's attacking the mess with a frenzy, collecting weeds, bottles and the remains of the brief German occupation of the Villa. She goes past a mirror, or what's left of it, a sliver clinging to a magnificent gilt frame. Her face blinks back at her. She uses the shovel to smash it out.

She makes her way downstairs, shovelling all before her, then almost trips again on the void created by the missing stairs. She opens another door, investigating her new world.

23 INT. LIBRARY. DAY 23

A yellow tape bars the entry. And a Royal Engineers sign: DANGER - NO ENTRY. There's a big hole where a shell has

damaged the wall of this marvellous room. Water has swollen some of the books. Hana appears thrilled by a pile on a table and, quite undeterred by the warning sign, ducks under the tape and heads straight for the books, disturbing another stack in the process, scattering them with a terrifying clatter. Happy with her haul, Hana reverses out of the room, retracing her steps.

24 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY

24

Now The Patient is disturbed by the sound of HAMMERING. He strains unsuccessfully to identify it, using a hand mirror, which flashes around the room to find the door and the corridor beyond.

25 INT. STAIRS, VILLA. DAY

25

Hana is hammering large, salvaged nails THROUGH THE BOOKS and into the cavities of the damaged stairs. The heavy volumes are perfect for treading on.

26 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY

26

Hana enters, with a bowl and a small saucepan commandeered as a water jug.

THE PATIENT

What was all the banging? Were you fighting rats or the entire German army?

HANA

I was repairing the stairs. I found a library and the books were very useful.

THE PATIENT

You used books to mend the stairs?! Which books?

Hana shrugs. She's attending to him, pulling back the sheets, preparing to wash him. He's short of breath.

THE PATIENT

Before you find too many uses for these books would you read some to me?

HANA

I think they're all in Italian, but I'll look, yes. What about your own book? I put that out for you.

THE PATIENT

Herodotus? Yes, we can read him.

Hana picks up the book and hands it to him.

THE PATIENT

My scrapbook. My wallet was lost or stolen, everything else burnt, but somehow the book survived.

HANA

(shovelling in her dress)

Oh - I've found plums. We have plums in the orchard. We have an orchard!

She has peeled a plum and now slips it into his mouth.

THE PATIENT

Thank you.

His mouth works with the pleasure of the taste, a little juice escaping from the mouth. Hana mops it up. A noise, a GURGLING sound, disturbs them.

THE PATIENT

What's that?

HANA

(looking round)

I don't know.

27 EXT. VILLA TERRACE. DAY

27

Hana comes through the house onto the terrace as the gurgling increases. She arrives to catch the TORTOISE arriving once again at the FOUNTAIN just as it starts to gush with water.

Hana is delighted. She bends to the tortoise and strokes its shell, then dips her head into the frothing water and shakes it out, calling up to the open window of The Patient's room.

HANA

I think I have mastered the water system!

28 EXT. THE DESERT. 1942. DAY

28

THE PATIENT HAS BEEN RESCUED BY THE BEDU. Behind them the wreckage of the plane, still smoking, the Arabs picking over it. One of them comes across and puts A LEATHER BOUND BOOK by The Patient. The Herodotus. He's anxious, frantic about the woman who crashed with him. Two men carry him across to a litter where they carefully wrap him in a cotton blanket.

29 EXT. DESERT. NIGHT.

29

The Patient is being carried across the desert. A mask covering his face. His view of the world is through the slats of reed. He glimpses camels, stars, the men who carry him.

30 EXT. OASIS. NIGHT.

30

The Patient sees a man squat down beside him, takes a date from a sack and begin to chew it. Carefully, the Bedouin eases the mask from The Patient's face, leaving layers of cloth and oil, but revealing a mouth. He stops chewing and passes the pulped date into The Patient's mouth. Mouth to mouth.

31 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM. NIGHT.

31

Close on the HERODOTUS. Hana opens its cover, held together by leather ties. Papers, photographs, hand-drawn maps and sketches all threaten to spill out. She sees some drawings which appear to be based on CAVE DRAWINGS - four-coloured figures, dark-skinned warriors of the stone age, bows in their hands, plumes in their hair. One appears to be diving. There is a page from the BIBLE. She goes over to the bed, adjusts the lantern to cast light as she reads. The English Patient listens, his ruined lungs wheezing.

HANA

*King David was old and stricken in years
and they covered him with clothes but he
received no heat. Whereupon his servants
said, Let there be sought for the King a
young virgin: and let them lie together
that our King may have heat. So they
sought for a fair damsel throughout all
the coasts of Israel, and found -*

(she stumbles on the name)

Abishag a Shunammite...Is that right?

(he nods)

*And the damsel cherished the King, and
ministered to him, but the King knew her
not...*

The Patient's face, a small smile.

32 EXT. THE DESERT. 1942. NIGHT.

32

The SOUND OF CHIMES, of glass tinkling. A music of glass.

AN ARAB HEAD APPEARS ON A MOVING TABLE IN THE DESERT. It floats in darkness, shimmering from the light of a fire. The image develops to reveal a man carrying a giant wooden yoke from which hang DOZENS OF SMALL GLASS BOTTLES, on different lengths of string and wire. He could be an angel.

The man approaches the litter which carries The Patient. He's still in the protective reed mask, wrapped in blankets. The MERCHANT DOCTOR stands over the burned body and sinks sticks either side of him deep into the sand, then moves away, free of the yoke, which balances in the support of the two crutches.

He crouches in front of the curtain of bottles and MAKES A SKIN CUP with the soles of his feet, then leans back to pluck, hardly looking, certain bottles, which he uncorks and mixes in the bowl he'd made with his feet. This mixture he uses to anoint the burned skin. Next he finds green black paste - ground Peacock Bone - and BEGINS TO RUB IT on to The Patient's rib cage. All the while he hums and chants some ancient Bedu song. The bottles continue to jingle.

33 EXT. VILLA QUADRANGLE. NIGHT.

33

This INNER COURTYARD forms the heart of the Villa around which the buildings run. It's dark, but something is going on here. Hana is caught by the stray shafts of moonlight. She is SCRATCHING something on the flagstones. Her skirt is bunched up around her thighs. She throws something in the air. It lands with a crack. Suddenly she is flying across the space, a hop, a skip, a jump. Then turns at the other end, dips for the stone, then back again, in this blindman's version of HOPSCOTCH.

34 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. NIGHT.

34

Upstairs, The Patient struggles as first the crack and then the shuffle strike the paving slabs and offer their clues for him to decipher.

35 INT. TRAIN. BEFORE DAWN, 1944.

35

AS HANA HOPS AND JUMPS IN THE SHADOWS SHE IS SUDDENLY ON A TRAIN IN 1944. A HOSPITAL TRAIN ploughs through the night carrying the wounded back to Naples.

Hana walks through a long carriage. Minor Injuries here. It's quite peaceful. Her hair is long and she wears her yellow and crimson Nurse's Uniform. She could be ten years younger than the Hana at the Villa. And easy. She stops at the bunk of a new patient. Hana bends to the boy. He's had shrapnel in his legs and cheek. She speaks softly to him.

HANA

How are you?

BOY

Okay.

HANA

Your leg will be fine. A lot of shrapnel came out - I saved you the pieces.

BOY

You're the prettiest girl I ever saw.

HANA

(she hears this every day)
I don't think so.

BOY
Would you kiss me?

HANA
No, I'll get you some tea. Wait till
you're in Naples. You'll find a girl
there.

BOY
(innocent)
Just kiss me. It would mean such a lot
to me.

HANA
(tender, believing him)
Would it?

She kisses him, very softly, on the lips.

BOY
Thank you.

He closes his eyes. Is almost instantly asleep. Hana smiles.
continues along the compartment. VOICES CALL OUT.

#1 INJURED MAN
Nurse - I can't sleep.

#2 INJURED MAN
Nurse? Would you kiss me?

#3 INJURED MAN
You're so pretty!

#4 INJURED MAN
(singing)
Hinky-dinky parlez-vous!

HANA
(good-naturedly waving away
their joke)
Very funny. Go to sleep.

She gets into a corridor. Mary is coming the other way. She
carries a blood-soaked bundle. Hana questions her appalled
expression.

MARY
Don't ask.

36 INT. NAPLES STATION. DAY.

36

The train is arriving. Hana hangs out of a window, scouring
the the crowds to find her sweetheart, STUART MCGANN, a young
Canadian Captain, who seeing her, runs up to her window.

HANA

Where are we going? Not the Vomero. I don't want to be kissing in a crowd. I have six hours.

She jumps out of the moving door and into his arms.

STUART

(laughing at her ferocity)
Whoa - give me a chance!

HANA

Sorry. I took a Benzedrine.

The Station is full of desperate people trying to make do. Monks begging, Hunchbacks selling their blessings, ordinary Women selling themselves. The couple hurry through, oblivious to anyone except each other.

STUART

I've got a surprise. A boat! We can go to Capri.

HANA

I'd like to spend a night with you in a bed.

STUART

We can do that when we're very very old.

37 EXT. VILLA TERRACE. NOON.

37

The TORTOISE heads towards the fountain, to the gurgling accompaniment. It reaches the shade only to be greeted by the obstacle of some tennis shoes, a frock. It clammers over as the water begins to belch out. Hana, naked, kneeling in the bowl of the fountain, receives the shower with a great YELP of shivering joy.

38 EXT. VILLA. AFTERNOON.

38

Later and Hana appears from the Chapel, dragging A HUGE CRUCIFIX. It's bigger than she is, and damaged, and she drags it, as if approaching Calvary, into the gardens, towards where she has evidently been planting a vegetable patch. A MAN WATCHES HER. He's approaching fifty, grizzled and attractive, and could be Italian. His hands are bandaged. He resembles a bear. Hana aims the cross at the soil, but is not quite big or strong enough. The man, CARAVAGGIO, chooses this moment to introduce himself.

CARAVAGGIO

(very cheerful)

Buon' Giorno!

Hana turns, startled and suspicious.

CARAVAGGIO

Are you Hana?

HANA

What do you want?

CARAVAGGIO

I met your friend Mary. She said I should stop and see if you were okay.

(he reaches carefully inside his haversack, produces two eggs)

I'd like to take credit, but they're from her. My name's David Caravaggio, but nobody ever called me David. Caravaggio, they find too absurd to miss out on.

HANA

(catching his accent)

You're Canadian!

CARAVAGGIO

So are you.

(shouldering the crucifix)

You're not planning anything dramatic?

HANA

What? No, this is going to be a scarecrow.

39 INT. KITCHEN. DAY

39

Hana has taken his eggs and put them into a bowl. She beats them with a penknife. Caravaggio watches. On a tray on the table are TWO PHIALS OF MORPHINE from The Patient's room. As Hana turns to the stove, he's moved and covered them with his bandaged hands, a second later and he's juggled them into his pocket with the slightest clink. Hana looks at him. He shrugs, nods at the eggs.

CARAVAGGIO

They're fresh. I haven't eaten eggs in...have you noticed there are chickens? You get chickens in Italy but no eggs. In Africa there were always eggs, but never chickens. Who separated them?

HANA

You were in Africa?

CARAVAGGIO

Yeah, for a while.

HANA

So was my Patient.

CARAVAGGIO

I'd like to stay. That's the long and short of it. I mean, you know blah blah if it's convenient, if there's room blah blah. I have to do some work here - I speak the language. There are Partisans to be -

(trying to paraphrase)

- we embrace them and see if we can relieve them of their weapons, you know - while we hug. I was a thief, so they think I'd be good at that.

HANA

Can you shoot a pistol?

CARAVAGGIO

(showing his hands)

No.

HANA

If you said yes I would have had a reason. You should let me redress those bandages.

CARAVAGGIO

I'm okay. Look, it's a big house. We needn't disturb each other. I can shoot a pistol! I'll sleep in the chapel. I don't care where I sleep. I don't sleep.

HANA

Because I don't need company. I don't need to be looked at.

CARAVAGGIO

Fine. I'm not looking.

40 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY

40

Hana carries in a tray. There's OMELETTE on the plate.

HANA

(as she sits to feed The Patient)

There's a man downstairs. He brought us an egg.

(shows him the omelette)

He might stay.

THE PATIENT

Why? Can he lay eggs?

HANA

He's Canadian.

THE PATIENT

(brittle)

Why are people always so happy when they collide with someone from the same place? What happened in Toronto when you passed a man in the street - did you invite him to live with you?

HANA

He needn't disturb you.

THE PATIENT

Me? He can't. I'm already disturbed.

HANA

He won't disturb us then. I think he's after morphine.

(she's cut the omelette into tiny pieces)

There's a war. Where you come from becomes important. And besides - we're vulnerable here. I keep hearing noises in the night. Voices.

The Patient says nothing. She puts a spoonful of the omelette into his mouth. He grunts.

41 EXT. CAIRO MARKET. 1938. DAY

41

A STREET MARKET in full sway, a locals only affair, blazing with noise and bustle and barter. Emerging from a thicket of women and begging children who are clinging to her like locusts, KATHARINE CLIFTON carries her purchase of an exotic-looking RUG. From nowhere she is joined by ALMASY.

ALMASY

How much did you pay?

KATHARINE

(delighted)

Hello! Good morning.

ALMASY

They don't see foreign women in this market. How much did you pay?

KATHARINE

Seven pounds, eight, I suppose. Why?

ALMASY

We'll take it back, come along, which stall?

KATHARINE

Excuse me?

ALMASY

You've been cheated, don't worry, we'll take it back.

KATHARINE

(bristling)

I don't want to go back.

ALMASY

This is not worth eight pounds, Mrs. Clifton.

KATHARINE

It is to me.

ALMASY

Did you bargain?

KATHARINE

I don't care to bargain.

ALMASY

That insults them.

KATHARINE

(turning to face him)

I don't believe that. I think you are insulted by me, somehow. You're a foreigner too, aren't you, here, in this market?

ALMASY

(of the carpet)

I should be very happy to obtain the correct price for this. I apologise if I appear abrupt. I am rusty at social graces.

(tart)

How is your honeymoon? Did you visit the Pyramids?

KATHARINE

Excuse me.

He stands as she continues, pushing past him, shrugging off the children, boiling.

42 INT. SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO. EVENING.

42

THE LONG BAR. The Exploration Team are drinking at a table. They are not entirely off-duty - Almasy and Madox as ever ponder the maps. Geoffrey Clifton appears, arms waving.

CLIFTON

Gentlemen, good evening!

MADOX
Clifton, will you join us?

CLIFTON
Thank you.

MADOX
(clicking his fingers)
Waiter!

D'AGOSTINO
How is your charming wife?

CLIFTON
Uh, marvellous. She's in love with the
hotel plumbing. She's either in the pool
- she swims for hours, she's a fish,
quite incredible - or she's in the
bathroom. Actually, she's just outside.
(responding to their
bewildered expressions)
Chaps Only in the Long Bar.

MADOX
(standing, embarrassed)
Of course. Well, we should all go out
onto the terrace.

CLIFTON
Oh no, really. She has her book.

MADOX
I won't hear of it. None of us will.

43 EXT. SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL TERRACE. NIGHT.

43

Katharine appears with Geoffrey to join the arriving
Explorers. She looks exquisite in her evening clothes. Madox
brings her to her seat. There is dancing inside, and couples
walk to and from their tables. Katharine manages to produce
a dazzling smile which includes everyone except Almasy.

MADOX
Mrs. Clifton, you'll have to forgive us.
We're not accustomed to the company of
women.

KATHARINE
Not at all. I was thoroughly enjoying my
book.

MADOX
Of course. No, it's actually our loss,
but here we are, if you'll allow us.

KATHARINE
(indicating they should all
sit and then nodding at Almasy
before greeting the others)
Please. Signor D'Agostino, Herr Bermann.

CLIFTON
The team is in lament, darling.

KATHARINE
Oh really?

MADOX
I'm afraid we're not having much luck
obtaining funds for the expedition.

KATHARINE
How awful.

BERMANN
Not everyone, it seems, is so inspired by
our obsession with trawling the desert.

KATHARINE
What will you do?

MADOX
A more modest expedition, by camel, or
even wait a year. Remind our families we
still exist.

CLIFTON
(astonished)
Good heavens, are you married, Madox?

MADOX
Very much so. We all are, save my friend
here.

He nods at Almasy.

CLIFTON
(delighted)
I feel much better, don't you darling?
We were feeling rather self-conscious.
Let's toast then, to absent wives.

D'AGOSTINO
(raising his glass to
Katharine)
And present ones.

KATHARINE
(to Almasy)
And future ones.

44 INT. SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL. NIGHT.

44

THE BALLROOM. Almasy dances with Katharine. They dance beautifully.

KATHARINE

Why did you follow me yesterday?

ALMASY

Say again?

KATHARINE

After the market, you followed me to the hotel.

ALMASY

I was concerned. As I said, women in that part of Cairo, a European woman, I felt obliged to.

KATHARINE

You felt obliged to.

ALMASY

As the wife of one of our party.

KATHARINE

(sardonic)

So why follow me? Escort me, by all means. Following me is predatory, isn't it?

45 INT. HOTEL BALLROOM. NIGHT.

45

Later, and Katharine is dancing with D'Agostino, while Almasy goes across to chat with the newly-arrived German Consul and his guests, who include King Farouk of Egypt. Clifton watches from their table, with Bermann and Madox.

MADOX

Katharine's enjoying herself. Putting us all to shame.

CLIFTON

Yes. Of course, I'm not expecting her to stick out the desert - I was at Boarding School so I'm pretty sure I can survive, but no, couple of days, she'll be begging to come back here.

(pointing at Almasy)

I should have thought that was rather more your department - the German Consul.

BERMANN

The Aristocracy, Mr. Clifton, is another country. Count Almasy is also a great friend of the King's. He is better placed to present out petition.

D'Ag comes back to the table with Katharine.

MADOX

None of us is proud. When it comes to overtures to the British Embassy we send along D'Ag to petition Sir Ronnie. Isn't that right?

D'AGOSTINO

(shrugging)

Lady Hampton is Italian. Very charming.
(to Katharine)

Thank you.

CLIFTON

In that case I'm going to cable London, see if I can't stir up some dosh from Downing Street - Katharine's mother and the PM's wife are best -

KATHARINE

(interrupting)

Darling!

CLIFTON

Well, she is!

46 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY

46

Hana brings Caravaggio into the room. He approaches the bed.

CARAVAGGIO

Hello.

THE PATIENT

Finally! So you're the famous Canadian pickpocket.

CARAVAGGIO

Thief, I think, is more accurate. And you're the famous English Patient.

(cryptic)

Is that accurate?

THE PATIENT

It'll do. I understand you were in Africa. Whereabouts?

CARAVAGGIO

Oh, all over.

THE PATIENT

All over? I kept trying to cover a very modest portion and still failed.

(to Hana, who's collecting his tray)

Are you leaving us? Now's your opportunity to swap war wounds.

HANA
Then definitely.

And she exits. The men consider her.

THE PATIENT
Marvellous girl.

CARAVAGGIO
What are her war wounds, do we know?

47 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY

47

Hana stops, leans against the wall, listening to their conversation.

THE PATIENT (O/S)
I think anybody she ever loves tends to die on her.

CARAVAGGIO (O/S)
Are you planning to be the exception?

THE PATIENT (O/S)
Me? I think you've got the wrong end of the stick.
(a pause)
So - Caravaggio - Hana thinks you invented your name.

CARAVAGGIO (O/S)
And you've forgotten yours.

THE PATIENT (O/S)
I told her you would never invent such a preposterous name.

CARAVAGGIO (O/S)
I told her you can forget everything but you never forget your name.

48 EXT. CABIN, ITALY. DAY. 1944

48

HANA IS STILL LISTENING BUT NOW SHE'S OUTSIDE A CABIN. She's clearing things away. Inside the Cabin AN INTERVIEW IS IN PROGRESS. Hana listens casually as she gets on with her work. She has long hair, and is in uniform. The Cabin door is ajar. A man moves around.

OFFICER (O/S)
You don't remember your name?

THE PATIENT (O/S)
I've told ten people this already - forty people! - at Siwa, at Tunis, on the crossing.

OFFICER (O/S)

What about your rank or serial number?

THE PATIENT (O/S)

I was a pilot. I fell from the sky. I was found near the wreckage of a plane by the Bedu.

OFFICER

How long ago was this?

Hana walks in. She has a blanket, and some dressings and a chart for The Patient's bed. She busies herself.

THE PATIENT

A long time. A life time.

OFFICER

Do you remember where you were born?

THE PATIENT

Am I being interrogated? You should be trying to trick me. Ask me about Don Bradman. Rupert Bear. About Marmite - I was addicted. Or make me speak German, which I can, by the way.

OFFICER

Why? Are you German?

THE PATIENT

No.

OFFICER

How do you know you're not German if you don't know your name, or your parents names, or anything about your past?

THE PATIENT

I remember a lot of things. I remember a garden, plunging down to the sea - the Devil's Chimney we called it - and there was a cottage at the bottom, right on the shore, nothing between you and France.

OFFICER

(writing)

This was your garden?

THE PATIENT

Or my wife's.

OFFICER

You were married?

THE PATIENT

I think so. Although I believe that to be true of a number of Germans. Might I have a glass of water?

Hana pours him a glass of water. He notices her.

THE PATIENT

Thank you.

(he sips)

Look - my lungs are useless, the rest of my organs are packing up - what could it possibly matter if I were Tutankhamun? I'm a bit of toast, my friend - butter me and slip a poached egg on top.

Hana leaves, smiling at The Patient's irascibility, sharing this with the Officer, who frowns. The interview continues.

49 EXT. CABIN. DAY

49

Hana continues out of the cabin and reveals its location. This is Sorrento. It's 1944. AND THE CONVALESCENCE HOSPITAL HAS BEEN FASHIONED FROM A LONG ROW OF BATHING CABINS, complete with Campari Umbrellas and metal tables, at which are seated the bandaged and the dying and the comatose, staring out to sea or in slow, muted conversation. Hana continues on her way. STUART steps out of the shade. He is drawn, older than last seen.

HANA

Stuart? What are you doing?

STUART

My leave is cancelled. I can't meet you later.

Hana frowns, helpless. As if to emphasise this, a Staff Nurse comes by, carrying a bowl and a withering look.

50 INT. THE PATIENT'S CABIN. DAY

50

Hana has just given The Patient an injection.

HANA

Excuse me -

THE PATIENT

Yes?

HANA

Uh, would you mind, awfully, if my friend joined us? Just for a few minutes?

THE PATIENT

Your friend?

HANA

He's going back to the front this evening
and I shan't see him otherwise.

THE PATIENT

Just go off, I'll be quite all right.

HANA

No, I can't go, but if it, if you weren't
offended, it would be very good of you to
allow us - every other cabin is crammed.
This is as private as we'll get.

THE PATIENT

Well then yes. Of course.

HANA

Thank you. Thank you.

She hurries out, returns with Stuart. They stand awkwardly.

HANA

This is Captain McGann.

THE PATIENT

I'm afraid I've managed to lose my name
somewhere. Listen, please, don't waste
your precious time on pleasantries -

STUART

Thanks.

THE PATIENT

I'm going to sing. If I sing I shan't
hear anything.

And with that he bursts into a raucous, coughing version of
Yes! we have no bananas. The couple stand, formal, then edge
round to the back of the bed.

HANA

(touching his lip)
You've got a moustache.

STUART

A bit of one.

HANA

I was looking forward to this evening.

STUART

(whispers)
I had a hotel room.

HANA

(whispers)

I thought that was for when we were very
very old?

STUART

I'm feeling old.

They EMBRACE, fiercely, hardly making a sound, or moving.
THE PATIENT ROARS THE SONG.

51 EXT. DESERT BASECAMP. DUSK.

51

Almasy squats under a tree with an ancient Arab, who draws on the sand, talking in some arcane dialect, scratching out a possible location for the lost oasis. The man stops speaking and scours the sky a beat or two before we or Almasy hear the faint noise of a PLANE. It's Clifton's Rupert Bear.

Almasy takes leave of the man and scrambles down the hill as the plane swoops to land, passing a line of three brand-new MERCEDES-BENZ TRUCKS with balloon tyres. The Cliftons, accompanied by Madox, hurry towards the expedition tents, where we see a barbecue in progress, with a goat spitting over the fire, and the men, tribesmen and Europeans, standing or squatting around it under the shade of the tents. Geoffrey carries champagne, but still manages an arm around Katharine. He is as chipper as ever. He approaches the Barbecue, holding up the bottles.

CLIFTON

Gentlemen, one for tonight, one for when
we find Zerzura.

D'AGOSTINO

Agreed.

CLIFTON

Which mustn't be for at least a week.

MADOX

Geoffrey has to fly back to Cairo.

CLIFTON

Have to pay my way a little - take a few
photographs for the army.

KATHARINE

Darling, Peter says I can stay...

MADOX

Absolutely.

(to Almasy, who's arrived)

What do you say?

ALMASY

What kind of photographs?

CLIFTON

Portraits. The Brigadier, the Brigadier's wife, the Brigadier's dogs, the Brigadier at the Pyramids, the Brigadier breathing.

KATHARINE

(to Clifton)

What do you think? About my staying?

CLIFTON

Well look, if nobody minds, truly, then I suppose - I shall, of course, be bereft...

KATHARINE

(playfully poking his ribs)

Oh.

CLIFTON

But finally able to explore the Cairo nightlife. I shall produce an authoritative guide to the Zinc Bars and - I want to say Harems - am I in the right country for Harems?

52 EXT. DESERT BASECAMP. NIGHT.

52

Goat eaten, champagne drunk, the company is entertaining itself. D'Ag is nearing the end of a passionate rendition of Puccini's *E Lucevan Le Stelle*. He sits down to much applause from the others and SPINS THE EMPTY BOTTLE of Bollinger on the sand. It comes to a rest pointing at Clifton who gets up, grinning, and plunges into *Yes! we have no bananas* with great gusto. Song finished, much bowing and gying, he spins the bottle and it arrives - with a little nudge from the husband - at his wife. Katharine gets up, awkward.

KATHARINE

I can't sing.

(the audience groans)

but I can tell a story...from Herodotus.

(to Almasy)

I think I might need to borrow your copy, to crib from, may I?

ALMASY

My copy?

MADOX

Your book, your Herodotus.

Almasy looks incredibly uncomfortable.

KATHARINE

(reacting quickly)

It doesn't matter. Really. I think I can muddle through. Okay - *The Story of Candaules and Gyges*. King Candaules was passionately in love with his wife -

(Geoffrey whistles)

- and he was forever boasting of her beauty and grace. On one occasion he said to Gyges, the son of somebody, anyway - his favourite warrior -

ALMASY

(quietly prompting her)

Daskylus...

KATHARINE

(smiles)

Yes, thank you, Gyges, son of Daskylus - Candaules said to him *I don't think you believe me when I speak of the beauty of my wife*. And although Gyges replied he did find the Queen magnificent, the King insisted he would find some way for him look upon her naked. And Gyges responded *Lord, I believe she is fairest of all women - don't make me do what is unlawful*. But the King was determined. Do you all know this story?

The men all encourage her to continue. She shrugs.

KATHARINE

I can't remember now why I thought this was a good idea, uh -

D'Ag laughs, claps Geoffrey on the back.

KATHARINE

Now I'm completely embarrassed.

Cries of *Shame!* from Geoffrey and Madox. Katharine turns to her husband and, encouraged, turns back to the group.

KATHARINE

I will hide you in the room where we sleep, the King said to Gyges -

53 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM, VILLA. NIGHT.

53

- and Hana's voice CONTINUES THE STORY as The Patient listens, eyes closed, still in the desert.

HANA

(reading from the Herodotus)

- *when my wife comes to lie down she lays her garments one by one on a seat*

(MORE)

HANA (cont'd)
*near the entrance of the room, and from
where you stand you will be able to gaze
on her at your leisure...*

54 EXT. DESERT, BASE CAMP. NIGHT.

54

KATHARINE
(her story continuing)
And so, that evening, as arranged, Gyges
is concealed in the room, and the Queen
comes to prepare for bed, and exactly as
the King had told him, she stands at the
chair and removes her clothes, one by
one, until she stands naked and beautiful
in full view of Gyges.

Almasy stares at her, this proud woman, standing against the
flames of the fire, framed by the velvet black sky. Katharine
turns to look at him.

KATHARINE
But the Queen looked up and saw Gyges
concealed in the shadows. But she said
nothing. The next day she sent for Gyges
and challenged him. And hearing his
story, she said this -

CLIFTON
Off with his head!

KATHARINE
- she said *Either you slay Candaules for
shaming me and you yourself become my
King and husband, or you must die now for
gazing on that which you should not.*

Clifton makes a face of outrage. For Katharine the story has
collapsed. She wants it to be finished. Almasy shrinks back,
away from the fire, disappears into black.

KATHARINE
So Gyges killed the King and married the
Queen and became ruler of Lydia for
twenty eight years. The end.
(an uncomfortable moment)
Do I spin the bottle?

55 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. NIGHT.

55

Hana looks up from the book, sees The Patient's eyes closed.
Gently touches his face and whispers.

HANA
Are you asleep?

THE PATIENT

(lying)

Yes. Dropping off.

And Hana closes the book, gets up, and blows out the lamp.

56 INT. VILLA. STAIRS. NIGHT.

56

Caravaggio is in shadows on the stairs. As Hana's lamp goes out, he disappears.

57 EXT. DESERT 1938. DAY

57

FENELON-BARNES sits astride his camel, and wipes away the sweat. The desert stretches for miles, shimmering, the sun baking the sand. His GUIDES wind their headcloths tighter. Nobody speaks. Then one of them looks round, raises a hand. A BUZZING noise. They all turn. A SMALL CLOUD OF DUST EMERGES OVER A RIDGE. Locusts? A sandstorm?

A CARAVAN OF TRUCKS bumps along, suspensions threatened by the constant dips and ridges. On each truck there are three in the passenger cabin, the open backs crammed with drums of gasoline and water and equipment. On the front vehicle, the tenth member of the party, KAMAL, acts as a navigator and sits, a rodeo cowboy, on the roof of the leading truck, driven by Madox. As they spot Fenelon-Barnes they sound their horns and wave good-naturedly. FB scowls, watches them roar by, stealing his thunder.

58 INT. TRUCK. DAY

58

LATER - Almasy drives the second truck, accompanied by Katharine and Al Auf. Katharine breaks the long silence.

KATHARINE

I'd love to know what first brought you to the desert.

Almasy doesn't answer. Katharine, who has looked at him for an answer, looks away. There's another long silence.

ALMASY

I once travelled with a marvellous guide, who was taking me to Faya. He didn't speak for nine hours. At the end of it he pointed at the horizon and said - Faya! That was a good day.

Point made, they lapse again into silence. Katharine boils.

KATHARINE

Actually, you sing.

ALMASY

Pardon?

KATHARINE
You sing. All the time.

ALMASY
I do not.

KATHARINE
Ask Al Auf.

Almasy asks Al Auf in Arabic. He laughs, nods, mimes.

KATHARINE
(sings wickedly)
I'll be looking at the Moon, but I'll be
seeing you...?

Al Auf nods and grins furiously, joins in, impersonating
Almasy.

ALMASY
(irritably)
Hmm.

59 EXT. UWEINAT. DUSK.

59

The group is climbing up a cleft in the rocky massif. Below
them, a temporary Base Camp.

The group winds around the rock. Almasy turns to offer a
hand to Katharine behind him, pulling her up to the next rock
slab. She smiles at him. He smiles back curtly, continues.

The group stops at a level plateau. The Arabs stand apart
and sing their prayers at dusk. Al Auf leads the
incantations.

AL AUF
Allahu Akbar, Allahu Akbar...

The westerners wait, respectfully. As the sun sets in glory,
Almasy looks over at the range of rocks. BATS FLY IN AND OUT
OF THE ROCK FACE. Almasy discreetly pulls out his COMPASS.

60 EXT. CAVE OF SWIMMERS. DUSK

60

Almasy clambers up the rocks, coming through a narrow crevice
to find the mouth of a cave. He disappears inside.

61 INT. CAVE OF SWIMMERS. DUSK.

61

BATS stir up, disturbed and frantic, as a FLASHLIGHT squirts
into the cave. Almasy treads cautiously. Unidentified
things slither in the murky darkness. Almasy takes his
flashlight up to a wall. DRAWINGS EMERGE, four-coloured
paintings of figures, animals. Ancient pictures. A giraffe.
Cattle. Fish. Almasy is astonished by what he sees.

62 EXT. UWEINAT. DUSK.

62

Almasy comes scrambling down the rocks, transformed into an excited teenager.

ALMASY
Madox! Madox!

He slithers in a heap in front of the astonished expedition party. Doesn't care.

63 INT. CAVE OF SWIMMERS. DUSK.

63

Almasy has led the whole party into the cave. Now Madox comes alongside him at the wall, his torch joining Almasy's and increasing the visibility of the paintings. A dark-skinned figure, apparently in the process of diving into water, comes clearly into view.

MADOX
(with audible excitement)
My God, he's swimming!

The others crowd round. FIVE EXCITED FACES IN THE GREEN GLOOM OF THE CAVE.

64 EXT. CAVE OF SWIMMERS. DAY

64

A hive of activity. D'Ag has set up trestles to catalogue the finds as the Bedouin come out with baskets of detritus, which they empty onto a growing heap as the Cave is cleared out. Almasy passes with camera equipment.

65 INT. CAVE OF SWIMMERS. DAY

65

Bermann is setting up lamps, running wires from a car battery. Kamal is helping him. And as Almasy arrives he catches a tiny moment of tenderness between them. Bermann, seeing him, quickly disengages and busies himself with the lights. At another wall, Katharine is sketching.

66 EXT. DESERT. DAY

66

The trucks are heading back to Basecamp. They bounce over the sand.

67 INT. BERMANN'S TRUCK. DAY

67

Bermann is driving the lead truck. Almasy beside him. Bermann is peeling an orange, a segment of which he holds out of the window. Kamal, riding shotgun, leans down and collects it, his head dipping in to grin at Bermann. Bermann looks uneasily at Almasy. He wants to tell him of his passion, of his absolute love for Kamal, but he daren't.

BERMANN

I love the desert, you see. That's my, that's my - I can't think of the word.

(Almasy nods)

How do you explain? To someone who's never been here? Feelings which seem quite normal.

ALMASY

(compassionate)

I don't know, my friend. I don't know.

Bermann holds out another segment of the orange, and watches the slim brown hand collect it. Suddenly they HIT A DITCH, THE REAR AXLE SNAPS and the truck lurches over and skids sideways to a stop. D'Ag - following, Katharine beside him - brakes to avoid the ditch and slews across the ridge to PLUNGE INTO THE UPTURNED TRUCK WITH AN OMINOUS CRUNCH, glass flying everywhere, the radiator exploding. Only Madox, a little way behind, manages to stay clear of trouble. Pandemonium as the passengers stumble out of the vehicles, dust flying, smoke pouring from the upright vehicle, the wheels of the overturned truck spinning wildly in the air.

68 EXT. DESERT. DAY

68

LATER and the group have cleaned up as best as possible. The luggage, water and petrol have been stacked up and the Bedouin are loading up the remaining truck. Almasy and Madox are working at the crumpled end of the truck. Madox suddenly strikes the bonnet with a spanner in his exasperation.

KATHARINE

I shall stay behind, of course.

MADOX

Absolutely not.

KATHARINE

Absolutely. There plainly isn't room for us all, and should you get stuck on the return journey I'm the least able to dig. Those are facts. Besides, if I remain it's the most effective method of persuading my husband to abandon whatever he's doing and rescue us.

It's hard to argue with this logic. Almasy shrugs.

69 EXT. DESERT. DAY.

69

The ONE REMAINING TRUCK is loaded with men and provisions. Almasy, Katharine, Al Auf, Kamal and another of the Bedouin stand around the mess of the two broken trucks. Madox speaks from the open window of the truck.

MADOX

We'll be back within forty-eight hours,
thirty-six if I can.

ALMASY

Get a second radiator, we'll bury it
between here and Kufra. And a better
jack. We planned badly.

Madox punctuates these requests with yesses.

MADOX

Don't be liberal with the water.
(to Katharine who is
approaching)
I'm just telling him - no swimming in the
water.

KATHARINE

(smiles)
Safe journey.

MADOX

(nods at Almasy, then shouts
over to the wrecked trucks)
Bermann!

This is Bermann's cue to take leave of Kamal who is staying
behind. Kamal makes a little bow.

KAMAL

May God make safety your companion.

Bermann nods and hurries away, squeezing into the truck which
jolts off, bouncing over the track. Almasy immediately
returns to the two damaged vehicles and helps the men stretch
the cut canvas which was once a tent to fashion a makeshift
shelter between the two vehicles. Katharine joins him.

ALMASY

We have the better of it. They left us
more than half the water. They are too
many on one vehicle. If there are
problems, they would be in trouble.

KATHARINE

But then, of course, so would we.

ALMASY

I'm sure uxoriousness will save us.

Katharine doesn't respond to this jibe. She busies herself
helping Kamal to tie down a corner of the tarpaulin. There
is no obstacle to the horizon, just miles of undulating
dunes. It could be the surface of the moon.

70 INT. SHELTER. DAY

70

Almasy sits alone, writing into his journal, a map folded in front of him, from which he makes notes. Katharine comes across with a clutch of her sketches from the Cave wall. Hands them to him. They're beautiful.

ALMASY

What's this?

KATHARINE

I thought you might paste them into your book.

ALMASY

I have several photographs, there's no need.

KATHARINE

I'd like you to have them.

ALMASY

(handing them back)

There's really no need. This is just a commonplace book. I should feel obliged. Thank you.

KATHARINE

(exasperated)

And that would be unconscionable, I suppose, to feel any obligation? Yes. Of course it would.

She's already turning, walking as far from him as the cramped shelter permits. He continues with his maps.

71 EXT. DESERT. EARLY EVENING.

71

Katharine sits alone, smoking, surveying the landscape. Behind her the makeshift camp - a fresh wind flicking at the tarpaulin, THE DEEP TRACKS OF MADOX'S TRUCK STRETCHING OFF TOWARDS CIVILISATION. Almasy emerges from the tent and, locating Katharine, heads towards her.

ALMASY

You should come into the shelter.

KATHARINE

I'm quite all right, thank you.

ALMASY

Look over there.

Katharine turns, scans the horizon.

KATHARINE

What am I looking at?

ALMASY

See what's happening to them - the stars.

KATHARINE

(shrugs)

They're so untidy. I was just trying to rearrange them to make *Pepsi Cola* hits the spot.

(she traces the words in the sky)

12 full ounces, that's a lot.

ALMASY

In an hour there will be no stars. The air is filling with sand.

He offers a hand. A little reluctantly she takes it.

72 EXT. SHELTER. EARLY EVENING.

72

The team hurries around the improvised tent, weighing it down with packing cases, gasoline drums, water cans, bringing anything loose or light inside the tarpaulin. The wind is whipping up, the air busy with sand. Almasy pushes everyone under cover.

73 INT. SHELTER. EVENING.

73

The sand seems to be scouring the tarpaulin. And angry jags lash at the weak points. Kamal and Almasy try to secure one vulnerable area, but suddenly there are leaks everywhere and the sand swarms inside.

It's noisy, too, and Almasy has to shout to make himself understood, indicating to the Bedouin to grab water and blankets and food, all the valuables, and get out. He himself finds blankets and water and shouts at Katharine to do the same. One side of the the canvas suddenly rips apart like paper. Chaos as figures struggle in ever-worsening conditions, sand blizzarding the air.

74 EXT. SHELTER. EVENING.

74

The figures fleeing from the collapsing shelter, their heads wrapped in blankets. They seek safety in two groups, the tribesmen to the cabin of the overturned truck, Katharine and Almasy to the upright one.

75 INT. TRUCK. EVENING.

75

Inside the cabin, the sand swirling around them, Katharine and Almasy sit without speaking. He pours a little water into a mug so that they can wash out their eyes and noses and mouths. She takes her silk scarf and first dries her eyes with it, then dries his.

KATHARINE
This is not very good, is it?

ALMASY
No.

KATHARINE
Shall we be all right?

ALMASY
Yes. Absolutely.

KATHARINE
Yes is a comfort. Absolutely is not.

76 EXT. DESERT. NIGHT.

76

The sand is piling up against the two trucks, the tent is swept from its moorings, the water cans are hurled up too, and then plunge ominously into sand drifts as if going under an ocean.

ALMASY (O/S)
... let me tell you about winds. There is a whirlwind in Southern Morocco, the *Aajej*, against which the fellahin defend themselves with knives. The *Ghibli* from Tunis rolls and rolls and produces a strange nervous condition...

And we hear Katharine's laugh.

77 INT. CABIN. NIGHT

77

Almasy sits with his arm around Katharine, whose head is against his shoulder. He continues his story of winds.

ALMASY
... there is a secret desert wind, whose name was erased by the King after his son died within it.

KATHARINE
Truly?

ALMASY
Truly. There is the *Harmattan*, a red wind. Mariners called this wind the sea of darkness. Red sand from here has flown as far as Cornwall, producing showers so dense they were mistaken for blood.

Almasy checks to see if Katharine is still awake.

KATHARINE

I have a cousin in Cornwall. Go on.
More.

ALMASY

Herodotus, your friend, records the death of whole armies completely buried in the *Simoom*. One nation was so enraged by this evil wind they declared war on it and marched out against it in full battle dress.

78 EXT. DESERT. DAY

78

The sand has almost completely engulfed the truck.

79 INT. CABIN. DAY.

79

Almasy is woken by the sound of A DISTANT ENGINE. He jerks up, waking Katharine in the process, and heaves against the door. He can't open it, and has to lean his feet against the door, lying across Katharine, pushing with all his might, kicking in the window.

80 EXT. DESERT. DAY

80

By the time Almasy emerges from the door, the sand pouring into the cabin, MADOX'S TRUCK is a mile away, roaring along the horizon. Almasy waves, shouts, and then runs back into the truck, finds his flaregun, and SENDS A FLARE high into the sky. Katharine is with him now, and they watch, helplessly, as the Mercedes truck bounces away, Madox a man on a mission. Katharine panics, the sand has erased all trace of them. She speaks quietly, shocked.

KATHARINE

Look, our tracks, they've disappeared.

ALMASY

I fell asleep. Unforgivable.

KATHARINE

(blank)

Geoffrey's not in Cairo.

(Almasy looks at her)

He's not actually a buffoon. And the plane wasn't a wedding present. It belongs to the British Government. They want aerial maps of the whole of North Africa. He might even be in Ethiopia. Anyway, it's all hush-hush but - in case you were counting on his sudden appearance.

ALMASY

And the marriage - is that a fiction?

There's a beat. Katharine has a hundred answers.

KATHARINE
No, the marriage isn't a fiction.

Almasy acknowledges this, then starts to pace out to where he thinks the other truck must be.

KATHARINE
(moving to join him)
They are over there, to our right.

ALMASY
Madox will have calculated how many miles, they'll soon turn around. We mustn't move. If we do we have no accurate means of finding our bearings.

They locate the truck and start to shovel away sand with their hands.

ALMASY
(during this)
Could I ask you, please, to paste your drawings into my book? I should like to have them. I should be honoured.

KATHARINE
Of course. Is it, am I a terrible coward to ask how much water we have?

ALMASY
Water? Yes, we have water, we have a little in our can, we have water in the radiator which can be drunk if needs be. Not at all cowardly, extremely practical. There's also a plant - I've never seen it but I'm told you can cut a piece the size of a heart from this plant and the next day it will be filled with a delicious liquid.

KATHARINE
Find that plant. Cut out its heart.

They hear noises, scrabbling, faint thumps. Almasy scrapes at the sand and they find the glass of the truck. The angle of the cab, tilted up to the sky, has made it impossible for the trapped boys to lever it open. Their oxygen is rapidly deteriorating. Almasy pulls on the door and it cranks open.

81 EXT. DESERT. DAY

81

Katharine sits in the truck, putting her pictures into the Herodotus. It's full of ALMASY'S HANDWRITING, PHOTOGRAPHS, SOME PRESSED FLOWERS. Almasy and two of the three Bedouin circle the area of the trucks in ever widening circles, like

water-diviners, like Kip searching for mines. Kamal is slumped against the front of the truck. He's sick. Almasy suddenly drops to his knees and begins to shovel into the sand. He pulls out a can of water. Turns to Katharine and holds it in the air.

82 INT. DESERT. NIGHT.

82

There's a small, weak fire. The group crouch around it. The boys talk noisily to Almasy. Kamal is wrapped in a blanket and shivering. Almasy gives him water.

KATHARINE

What are they saying?

ALMASY

They don't want to sleep in the truck. It's understandable. And Kamal is very hot. He needs medicine. I think we must risk the other flare.

He gets up and loads the flare with what is clearly the last charge. This time the effect is dramatic with A GREEN UMBRELLA OF LIGHT. Katharine comes up beside him. Suddenly on the far horizon AN ANSWERING FLARE fireworks into the sky.

KATHARINE

Thank God. O thank God.

There's excited shouting from the two fit boys. They leap up and run towards the couple, who meanwhile have realised that the flare has not come from Madox, but from an approaching CAMEL CARAVAN. Almasy shouts to the boys for some identification.

KATHARINE

Do they know them?

ALMASY

(squinting at the horizon)
No, but I think I do.

The caravan slowly comes into focus. IT'S FENELON-BARNES. Katharine touches Almasy's arm - an almost imperceptible gesture.

KATHARINE

Am I K. in your book? I think I must be.

Almasy turns to her. He runs the blade of his arm across her neck - the sweat leaving a clear stripe.

Fenelon Barnes approaches, dismounts from his camel, and addresses Almasy.

FENELON-BARNES

I recollect your saying to ignore your bones but I assume you have no objection to my rescuing your companion?

(to Katharine)

Good evening, Mrs. Clifton.

KATHARINE

(accepting his handshake)

Hello.

FENELON-BARNES

I'd like to introduce you to my camel - the most noble beast on earth.

(to Almasy)

I understand you found some remarkable caves.

A bowl of camel milk, frothing with scum, is offered to Katharine. She drinks and hands it to Almasy.

FENELON-BARNES

Drawings of swimmers? Remarkable.

83 EXT. CAIRO. DAY

83

Another world as a honking cab negotiates the incredible bustle of Cairo and helter-skelters towards Shepheard's Hotel. Almasy, still in the same clothes, and evidently weary, emerges from the cab, and pulls Katharine's belongings from the trunk, then holds open the door for her. As she walks towards the hotel, he hands her bag to a porter. Katharine is stung.

KATHARINE

Will you not come in?

ALMASY

No.

KATHARINE

Will you please come in?

ALMASY

(a beat)

Mrs. Clifton -

Katharine turns, disgusted.

KATHARINE

Don't.

ALMASY

I believe you still have my book.

Katharine fishes the book from her knapsack, shoves it at him, then disappears.

84 INT. ALMASY'S ROOM. DAY

84

Almasy lying on a camp bed, face down. The walls are covered with maps, enlargements of photographs. A fan whirrs over his kit which is spread, unravelled but ordered, on the stone floor. An ineffably male room, the shutters closed, just the thinnest shaft of light piercing the gloom. Almasy hasn't even removed his clothes, his boots kicked off below his jutting feet.

There's A KNOCK at the door. Almasy sleeps. Another. A third. He's roused from the dead. Stumbles to his feet, opens the door as the knocking continues.

It's Katharine. She's bathed, luminous, stands backlit by the afternoon sun - an angel in a cotton dress. She walks past him into the rooms. He closes the door. She turns. He KNEELS before her, head at her thighs, hitching up the dress to bury his head between her legs. She's crying, her face expressionless as her hands go to his head.

KATHARINE

You still have sand in your hair.

She starts to BEAT on his head and shoulders, violently. He pulls back, to look at her, the tears streaming down her face. She kneels and covers his face with kisses. He pulls blindly at her dress and it RIPS across her breasts.

85 INT. BATHROOM. DAY

85

Almasy is in the bath. Katharine, wearing his dressing gown, pours in a jug of steaming water. Almasy leans over the rim of the bath. He's sewing, carefully repairing the torn dress.

KATHARINE

I'm impressed you can sew.

ALMASY

Good.

KATHARINE

You sew very badly.

ALMASY

You don't sew at all!

KATHARINE

A woman should never learn to sew, and if she can she should never admit to it. Close your eyes.

ALMASY

(laughs)

That makes it harder still.

She pushes the sewing from his hands, then pours water over his head, then begins to shampoo his hair.

Almasy is in heaven. The biggest smile we have seen from him. She continues to massage his scalp.

ALMASY

When were you most happy?

KATHARINE

Now.

ALMASY

When were you least happy?

A beat.

KATHARINE

Now.

ALMASY

Okay. And what do you love? Say everything.

KATHARINE

What do I love? I love hedgehogs, and water, and rice pudding, any fish, the gardens at our house in Freshwater - where Tennyson wrote *Crossing the Bar* - which I can describe to you bed by bed.

ALMASY

Is that bed by bed or flowerbed by flowerbed?

KATHARINE

Both.

ALMASY

What else?

She rinses his scalp, then slips off the robe and CLIMBS IN BESIDE HIM, covering his neck and shoulders in kisses.

KATHARINE

Uh - Marmite... addict! Islands. Your handwriting. I could go on all day.

(a beat)

My husband.

Almasy nods.

ALMASY

What do you hate most?

KATHARINE

A lie. What do you hate most?

ALMASY

Ownership. Being owned. When you leave,
you should forget me.

She freezes, pulls herself away, out of the bath, looks at
him, then SLAPS HIM VERY HARD across the face.

She picks up her dress, the thread and needle dangling from
it, and walks, dripping, out of the room.

86 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM. NIGHT.

86

Hana has fallen asleep on the bed, next to The Patient. He
touches her.

THE PATIENT

Could I ask you to move? I'm sorry - but
when you turn, the sheets, I can't really
bear the sheets moving over me.

HANA

(mortified, moving quickly)
Yes, of course, I'm so sorry. Stupid of
me.

THE PATIENT

(grunts with relief)
Thank you. That's it, you see, the
pleasure of someone lying beside you and
then the pain. Seems there's always a
price.

Hana gets up, upset to have hurt him.

HANA

I'm so sorry.

87 INT. VILLA KITCHEN. NIGHT.

87

Hana comes to the table, carrying a jug of water and a bowl.
She's still sad. She takes off her blouse, begins to pour
the water to cool herself against the night's pressing heat.

88 EXT. FIELD HOSPITAL. NURSE'S TENT. DAY.

88

The Alban Hills. Near Rome. 1944.

Heavy gunfire. Behind and in front. This Emergency Field
Hospital is a cluster of tents practically ahead of the Front
Line. Sporadic gun fire, light and heavy, sounds throughout.

In a tent sleeping six nurses, Mary is washing out of her
helmet, and stands naked in her socks. Hana is using a
flannel on her back. A couple of other girls lie, exhausted,

on their cots. The mud is everywhere. BARBARA, another nurse, is making tea out of an adapted plasma can on their tiny primus. Hana is in mid-story to her friends:

HANA

- and you had to assemble your *Ideal Man* from parts, body parts, and you were given a sackful and my sack was all wrong
- there were too many legs and hands and no heads and -

Another nurse - JAN - has come in and flops down. She's given blood and is pale and enervated.

JAN

Okay, Type Os, the vampires await.
Everybody's giving a pint.

Hana makes a face and continues.

HANA

- and people were cheating and making men
- Jan, you were there! - making men with three legs or using a foot as a face or-

BARBARA

(reacting to Jan's bewildered expression)
This is a dream. *Ideal Men!*

MARY

My mother wrote me asking if I might find her lace in *one of those picturesque hill towns*. What do people think is happening here?

BARBARA

Who wants tea?

HANA

Oh, yes please.

BARBARA

(she's chopping up a piece of grey looking Spam)
When I get home I'm going to go to some fancy restaurant and have a fat juicy steak with a side order of Spam, and when it arrives I'm going to take the Spam and just chuck it on the floor.

89 INT. EMERGENCY FIELD HOSPITAL. NIGHT

89

Hana walks through the main Triage tent. It's packed with the ruined bodies of the injured, swaddled in bloody bandages. Hana stops at a couple of beds, shares a word or two with the patients. She doesn't seem perturbed by the nightmare of it

all. She stops at another bed, leans over its occupant. His bandaged face is bloated and yellow. He's not breathing. She bends over him, his open eyes fixed in a glassy stare. No pulse. She snaps the triangular cardboard ID from his bed to indicate HE'S DIED. Then tenderly closes his eyes. THEY SUDDENLY SNAP OPEN. He rears up.

WOUNDED SOLDIER

Can't wait to have me dead? You bitch!

He slaps her hand away. Slaps at the tubes going into his arm. Hana is absolutely shocked.

HANA

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

But he's sunk back into semi-consciousness. She sits by him takes his hand, he pulls it away, she takes it again.

HANA

Try to be calm. Sssshhh. Come on, don't die angry. Be calm now. Sssshhh.

His hand is clutching at hers. He is in terrible pain. His face creased with anger. She continues to soothe him.

HIS FACE STILL. HIS HAND LOOSENS. Now he has gone. As Hana inspects him, a shell seems to land close by. THE LIGHTS FLICKER. She ducks, along with everyone else.

Below the bed, on a tarpaulin above the mud, are the now dead soldier's possessions. They include A PAIR OF TENNIS SHOES. Hana pushes her foot alongside them. They seem a good fit.

98 INT. EMERGENCY TENT. EVENING.

98

HANA IS GIVING BLOOD. She lies in a cot, next to Mary. The shelling sounds closer.

OLIVER, the Doctor, is working on the most recent patient, a young CANADIAN Boy who is critically ill - the tubes hanging above him, of plasma and of blood. The curtain drawn around him is pulled back, to reveal the two nurses in background. The Soldier can just see them. He's going to die any minute.

CANADIAN SOLDIER

(whispering to Oliver)

Is there anybody from Canada?

OLIVER

Canada? Yes, I think so.

CANADIAN SOLDIER

I'd like to see somebody from home before I go.

Hana can only really hear Oliver's end of this conversation, but the mention of Canada chills her, and she knows, now, not later, that Stuart's dead.

HANA
(to Oliver)
Why Canada?

OLIVER
He's from there - edge of Lake Ontario
right, Soldier?

The boy nods.

MARY
(innocent)
Where's your Stuart from? Somewhere near
there, isn't it?

HANA
(to Oliver)
Ask him what company he's with?

Oliver leans over, then turns to Hana.

OLIVER
Third Canadian Fusiliers.

HANA
Does he know a Captain McGann?

The boy hears this, whispers to Oliver.

CANADIAN SOLDIER
He bought it. Yesterday. Walked into a
Spandau.

The shells are getting closer.

HANA
What did he say?

OLIVER
(can't look at her)
Doesn't know him.

A SHELL SUDDENLY LANDS ON TOP OF THE SITE, PERHAPS FIFTY
YARDS FROM THE TENT. THE LIGHTS GO OUT. THEN ANOTHER LANDS.

Suddenly everybody is on the floor, struggling to get on a
helmet. One nurse kneels attending to the Canadian Soldier.

Hana lies down, the blood still leaving her, her helmet on.
Oliver is next to her in the mud. Her heart is breaking.

HANA
He's gone, hasn't he?

OLIVER
No.

HANA
Oh God. Oh God.

The shells pound them, incredibly loud, drowning out her grief, but each explosion illuminates it for a moment.

91 INT. BATHROOM, SORRENTO CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL. DAY. 91

The hospital at Sorrento. Hana is in a small bathroom, standing at the mirror. SHE STARTS TO SHEAR AWAY AT HER HAIR.

92 EXT. SORRENTO CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL. DAY 92

THE ENGLISH PATIENT HAS HIS BED PUSHED OUT ONTO THE FRONT OF HIS CABIN, the umbrella shading him from the afternoon sun. Hana threads her way through the other patients towards him. She stands in front of The Patient, who shields his eyes, surprised and delighted to see her, but shocked by her hair.

THE PATIENT
Hana?

HANA
How are you?

THE PATIENT
I heard your news. Your friend. I'm sorry.

HANA
(dully)
Yes.

THE PATIENT
You cut your hair.

HANA
It's a little less drastic than cutting my throat.

THE PATIENT
(tenderly)
I missed you.

93 INT. VILLA KITCHEN. NIGHT. 93

Caravaggio comes into the kitchen. Hana is slumped at the table, her back naked. The jug of water in front of her. She's sobbing, her shoulders heaving. Caravaggio approaches tentatively.

CARAVAGGIO

Hana?

(he touches her shoulder)

Hana? Are you all right?

HANA

(without raising her head)

Don't touch me if you're going to try and fuck me.

CARAVAGGIO

I'm not going to try anything.

He touches her again, calming her.

CARAVAGGIO

I'll have some of your water. It's hot.

She reaches for her blouse, wraps it around herself. Her face is red with weeping.

CARAVAGGIO

(gently)

You have to protect yourself from sadness. This is the thing I've learned. Sadness is so close to hate.

(drinking the water)

You're in love with him, aren't you? Do you think he's a saint or something? I don't think he is.

HANA

He's not in love with me. He's in love with ghosts.

CARAVAGGIO

Who are his ghosts?

HANA

Ask him.

CARAVAGGIO

(he holds up his hands)

What if I told you he did this to me?

HANA

(stung)

What? How could he have? When?

CARAVAGGIO

I'm one of his ghosts and he wouldn't even know. It's like a door slammed in Cairo and trapped my fucking hands in Tobruk.

HANA

I don't know what that means.

CARAVAGGIO

(shrugs)

Ask him. Ask your saint who he is. Ask him who he's killed.

HANA

(furious)

Please don't creep around this house.

94 INT. MUSIC ROOM. DAY

94

Hana stands at the piano, puts her hands on the keyboard over the filthy dustsheet which covers it and begins to play blind, as it were, testing the keys. She picks up the METRONOME which stands, strangely pristine, on top of the dustsheet. Now she sits, pulling off the sheet, dragging plaster and muck off with it, sets the metronome back onto the piano, and begins to play the Aria which opens and generates Bach's *Goldberg Variations*. The aching little tune leaks out through the open chasm in the wall into the garden and beyond.

95 EXT. ROAD. DAY

95

Hardy is marking out safe areas with ribbon. Kip kneels on the road with the ordnance survey map spread in front of him, marking the day's discoveries. The wireless is strapped to his back, and he's singing exuberantly along with *Chattanooga Choo Choo*. Hardy, meanwhile, detects the distant piano threading across the fields, listens admiringly for a second, then continues working.

96 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY

96

Hana's piano continues. Upstairs, Caravaggio chats with the Patient while working his arm to RAISE A VEIN, a bootlace tied around it, preparing an injection for himself, tapping the syringe. During this:

THE PATIENT

I have come to love that little tap of the fingernail against the syringe. Tap.

97 EXT. ROAD. DAY

97

Kip listens to his music, which stops and is replaced by SALLY, the famous 'American' commentator for the German Propaganda Station (Front Line Radio).

SALLY (O/S)

Hall-o boys, here's your girlfriend Sally.

Kip mouths along with this ubiquitous intro. Hardy taps his shoulder.

HARDY

You're missing some piano, sir, nice bit of Bach.

Kip pulls out his headphones, hears the Bach - now in the more exuberant Variations - looks for its source, sees the Villa over the fields. and starts to run, dropping his detector. Fifty yards on, he raises his rifle and FIRES IN THE AIR, still running.

98 INT. MUSIC ROOM. DAY

98

Hana plays. She's totally engrossed and only hears Kip's second or third shot. Her hands falter, she looks up to see A SIKH SOLDIER RUNNING ACROSS THE FIELD WAVING HIS ARMS, his rifle held aloft. He approaches the French Windows, his face creased with anxiety, and raps on the glass. Hana inexplicably begins to laugh.

She gets up and walks past Kip standing at the doors, and continues the seven or eight feet to the right and out into the garden VIA THE HOLE RIPPED OUT OF THE WALL. She suppresses her giggle.

HANA

Excuse me. Yes?
(of the doors)
I don't have the key to those doors.

KIP

You speak English?

HANA

Yes.

KIP

This house was abandoned by the retreating German Army. They may have left mines. Pianos were their favourite hiding places.

HANA

I see.
(then mischievous)
I was playing Bach. Shouldn't that be a safe bet?

She starts to laugh again. Kip is looking inside the piano.

KIP

Is something funny?

HANA

No, but, no, not at all. I'm sorry. You came to the doors, that's all, and -
(another spasm of laughter)
- terribly good manners for someone worried about mines. No. Thank you. Thank you very much. I'm really sorry. I haven't laughed in a year. In a hundred years.

Kip stiffens. He has been carefully studying the metronome. He takes the bayonet from his rifle and uses it to gently release the back plate, TO REVEAL A TINY EXPLOSIVE CHARGE. He looks at Hana and shrugs.

99 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM, VILLA. DUSK.

99

Hana looks down from The Patient's room. Across from the terrace, HARDY AND KIP ARE PUTTING UP THEIR TENTS. Caravaggio stands, chatting amiably to them, holding a haversack, smoking a cigarette. Kip glances up at the window. Hana, suddenly shy, backs away.

HANA

He wants us to move out, says there could be fifty more mines in the building. He thinks I'm mad because I laughed at him. He's Indian, he wears a turban.

THE PATIENT

Sikh. If he wears a turban, he's Sikh.

HANA

I'll probably marry him.

THE PATIENT

Really? That's sudden.

HANA

My mother always told me I would summon my husband by playing the piano. If that's true this is the fellow - he came running!

She goes over to The Patient's bed.

HANA

I liked it better when there were just the two of us.

THE PATIENT

Why? Is he staying?

HANA

With his sergeant. A Mr. Hardy.

THE PATIENT

We should charge. Doesn't anyone have a job to do?

HANA

They have to clear all the local roads of mines. That's a big job. They won't stay in the house. They're putting up their tents in the garden.

THE PATIENT

In that case, I suppose we can't charge.

She has plumped up the new pillows, now she sits and pulls over the Herodotus. She finds her place and opens the book to show him the page where a BEERMAT covered in handwriting has been glued in.

HANA

Tell me about this, this is in your handwriting - *March 6th - There are betrayals in war that are childlike compared with our betrayals during peace. The new lover is nervous and tender, but smashes everything - for the heart is an organ of fire...*

(she looks up)

I love that, I believe that.

(to him)

Who is K?

100 EXT. GEZIRA COUNTRY CLUB, 1938. DAY

100

A busy day at the Country Club - imperialism at its most grand. Groups play tennis, golf and - on the lawn - a CROQUET GAME in progress. A REFRESHMENT TABLE serving Punch and Lemonade. D'Agostino is there with Katharine, partners in the Croquet. Almasy appears. D'Ag is delighted to see him.

D'AGOSTINO

Hello! How are you?

ALMASY

Yes - Good.

(he nods at Katharine)

Mrs. Clifton.

D'Ag returns to the game with the others. Almasy goes closer to Katharine.

ALMASY

Say you're sick.

KATHARINE

What? No!

ALMASY

Say you're feeling faint - the sun.

KATHARINE

(but a frisson)

No.

ALMASY

I can't work. I can't sleep.

Lady Hampton, one of Katharine's team, calls impatiently.

LADY HAMPTON

Katharine!

KATHARINE

Coming.

(to Almasy)

I can't sleep. I woke up shouting in the middle of the night. Geoffrey thinks it's the thing in the desert, the trauma.

ALMASY

I can still taste you.

KATHARINE

(waving at the croquet players)

Don't take my shot!

ALMASY

I'm trying to write with your taste in my mouth.

(as she leaves)

Swoon. I'll catch you.

101 EXT. THE COUNTRY CLUB GOLF COURSE. DAY

101

Behind the Croquet Lawn is a golf course where a foursome is in progress - BRIGADIER LARKIN AND MADOX VERSUS CLIFTON AND FUAD BEY.

Larkin is a power in the British Army. Madox is hoping to get some money and replacement vehicles from him. He tries hard between shots.

MADOX

These are remarkable findings, sir, hugely important. If we could only replace our trucks we could investigate the whole region. The cave drawings prove there was water, a sea in the middle of -

BRIGADIER LARKIN

(interrupting)

What do you think? A five iron?

(to his caddie)

(MORE)

BRIGADIER LARKIN (cont'd)

Shotgun!

The Caddie produces A TWELVE-BORE from his bag. The Brigadier aims at the KITES which circle over the course. He lets loose both barrels. One of the birds falls to the ground.

BRIGADIER LARKIN

Bastards. I lost my ball last week, two holes up, bird stole it. Stupid blighters think they've found an egg.

(to Caddie)

Five-Iron!

102 EXT. GOLF COURSE. DAY

102

Fuad Bey and Clifton walk up the fairway, watching the Brigadier's Caddie picking up the dead Kite.

FUAD BEY

I would count it a great favour were you to inform your Brigadier the Kite is a treasured bird in Egypt. It protects our cotton.

CLIFTON

Really? I'm most terribly sorry. I shall mention it, of course.

Fuad hits the ball.

CLIFTON

Good shot!

(they walk on)

I hope you aren't feeling overrun - all these army types descending on Cairo.

FUAD BEY

Why are they here?

CLIFTON

Why? Well, obviously, *storm clouds brewing* and so on. I think His Majesty's Government feels responsible to protect our friends all over the world.

FUAD BEY

Protect your interests - some might say.

CLIFTON

They'd be quite wrong.

103 EXT. CROQUET PITCH. DAY

103

Almasy sits watching the croquet. He's writing on a cork beermat emblazoned Gezira Country Club - we see the following - *March 6th. There are betrayals in war that are childlike compared with...*

D'Ag is very active and flamboyant, larking with Katharine and Lady Hampton. An extravagant shot. Katharine next. She lines up to hit the ball, then suddenly sags at the knees, and SWOONS. People rush to her. Katharine lies prostrate.

KATHARINE
I'm fine. How silly.

D'AGOSTINO
(helping her to her feet)
It's the heat.

LADY HAMPTON
You should sit down, darling
(to the others)
She's quite all right.
(escorts Katharine towards the
seat)
Are you pregnant?

KATHARINE
I don't think so.

LADY HAMPTON
(squeezing her arm)
How romantic. With Fiona I fell over
every five minutes. Ronnie christened me
Lady Downfall.

KATHARINE
I think I might visit the Clubhouse.

LADY HAMPTON
I'll come with you.

KATHARINE
No, please. I shall be absolutely fine.

They pass Almsy, who doesn't look up from his book.

104 EXT. GOLF COURSE. DAY

104

Larkin has hit the ball into the BUNKER and now Madox has to rescue him. Clifton and Fuad Bey approach.

MADOX
I was just telling the Brigadier about
the rotten luck with our vehicles...

CLIFTON
So much for German machines, eh Brig?
Mercedes. So much for them!

He winks at Madox.

BRIGADIER LARKIN

Quite.

Up at the green, Clifton putts and misses badly. Larkin snorts. Madox chips skillfully onto the green, leaving Larkin an easy putt.

BRIGADIER LARKIN

Good show.

(they approach the green)

To be quite honest, if it weren't such a mongrel crew, I wouldn't be so - who's going to claim this discovery? The Germans? The Italians? The Gypos? If things turn nasty you don't want to get caught short with a bunch of foreigners.

MADOX

(insulted)

We're all foreigners here, of course.

BRIGADIER LARKIN

You know what I mean - the *foreign* foreigners.

Fuad Bey misses his putt. Larkin holes from a couple of inches to win the match for the Madox/Larkin team.

BRIGADIER LARKIN

Clifton, drinks are on you chaps. And you'd better come and see me tomorrow about requisitioning a brace of Bedford trucks.

CLIFTON

Yes sir, thank you sir.

BRIGADIER LARKIN

(to his caddie)

Gun!

FUAD BEY

(raging)

For God's sake! -

Clifton glides smoothly between the Caddie and the Brigadier, ushering him to one side, muttering confidentially.

CLIFTON

The Gypos like these birds, sir, apparently bit of a curse attached to bagging them. Get one and your wife'll be unfaithful, two and your mistress will be!

BRIGADIER LARKIN

(snorts)

That so? Ha! Then your mistress will
be, eh! I like that. Bloody funny!

105 INT. STORE CUPBOARD. DAY

105

A small store cupboard on the outer wall of the Clubhouse for rollers, table-tennis tables, nets and other large pieces of games equipment. ALMASY AND KATHARINE MAKE LOVE IN THE DARKNESS. Almasy is climaxing - Katharine flings out a hand and holds onto to a shelf which promptly collapses on Almasy with a loud clatter.

106 EXT. STORE CUPBOARD. DAY

106

An elderly couple pass the store cupboard. Hear the clatter.

107 INT. STORE CUPBOARD. DAY

107

Katharine surfaces, looks at Almasy, sees the blood pouring from his temple.

KATHARINE

Oh God, your head is gashed!

108 INT. CLUBHOUSE. DAY.

108

Geoffrey, anxious, comes hurrying into the Clubhouse - very plush, very colonial, almost like the reception of an hotel. Katharine sits with a fan in a rattan armchair, a glass of water in front of her. Geoffrey spots her.

CLIFTON

Darling, I just heard. Oh my poor
sausage, are you all right?

KATHARINE

Fine. Truly.

CLIFTON

I'll take you straight home.

KATHARINE

There's really no need.

CLIFTON

(proud)

Lady L. said she thought you might be -
(then suddenly distracted by
the bloodstain on her lap)
Oh dear, you're bleeding -

KATHARINE

(horrified)

What? Oh yes, listen, perhaps we should
go home -

(MORE)

KATHARINE (cont'd)
(pointedly, implying she has
her period)
So I can change my underclothes.

CLIFTON
Of course, how clumsy of me.

Madox has come in, heads for Reception, spies the Cliftons en route.

MADOX
Katharine, feeling better?
(to a passing Steward)
Is Doctor O'Brien still out on the
course?

STEWARD
Yes sir.

MADOX
Have someone find out which hole, would
you? We need him to stitch up a cracked
head.

STEWARD
Certainly sir.

The Cliftons look over, Madox explains cheerfully, shaking his head, sympathetically, at Katharine.

MADOX
Seems like we're all in the wars today.

189 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM. MORNING.

189

Cheek to Cheek leaks into the room courtesy of the GRAMOPHONE that Caravaggio stands over proudly. The Patient opens his eyes - is confused, dislocated.

CARAVAGGIO
(beaming)
Thought you'd never wake up!

THE PATIENT
What?

Hana comes in, sleepily.

HANA
(an old-fashioned look)
Where did you find that?

CARAVAGGIO
I liberated it.

HANA

I think that's called looting.

CARAVAGGIO

(relaxed)

No-one should own music. The real question is who wrote the song?

THE PATIENT

Irving Berlin.

CARAVAGGIO

For?

THE PATIENT

Top Hat.

CARAVAGGIO

Is there a song you don't know?

HANA

(speaking for him)

No. He sings all the time.

She goes over to The Patient and kisses him gently.

HANA

Good morning.

(of his singing)

Did you know that?

THE PATIENT

I've been told before.

HANA

Kip's another one.

She goes to the window, looks over to where the tents are pitched, sees Kip IN THE PROCESS OF WASHING HIS HAIR, his turban washed and hanging like a ribbon between two trees. He's perched a bowl on the sundial and is dipping his long coal-black hair into it. As Hana watches him, the men banter.

CARAVAGGIO (O/S)

I want to find a small bar with a Wurlitzer, and drink without a bomb going off. Listen to Frank Sinatra. Be good for you, too.

THE PATIENT (O/S)

I'm in Africa. This song sends me straight to Cairo.

CARAVAGGIO (O/S)

I think the English love Africa because a part of their brain reflects the desert precisely.

THE PATIENT (O/S)

You mean they've got sand between their ears? And what about Canada and all those miles of nothing?

HANA

(turning back into the room)

You guys.

110 EXT. GARDEN. MORNING.

110

Hana approaches Kip, who's still working at his hair. She's carrying a small cup. Kip hears her and puts out an enquiring arm, moving towards her like a blind man through the curtain of hair. He touches her.

HANA

Sorry, is it all right I'm seeing this?

Kip shrugs.

HANA

My hair was long. At some point. I've forgotten what a nuisance it is to wash. You know - if you were ever around - we get running water in the fountain at noon. Comes likes the Angelus.

He continues to wash. She holds up the cup of oil.

HANA

Try this. I found a great jar of it. Olive oil. In Naples this was so precious it would have bought you a wife.

KIP

Thank you.

She stands for a second, then walks away. Kip examines the oil, calls after her.

KIP

For my hair?

HANA

(turning, smiling)

Yes, for your hair.

111 EXT. VILLA GARDEN. DAY

111

HANA IS GARDENING, close to the crucifix, which is now a fully-fledged scarecrow. Broken bottles, fragments of stained glass and shards from a mirror are hung from the crossbar, syringes too, all jangling and tinkling and catching the sunlight.

Kip and Hardy drive off to work on their motorcycles. She watches them, catching Kip's careless wave to her. She looks briefly at herself in A PIECE OF MIRROR dangling from the Scarecross.

112 INT. LANDING, UPSTAIRS AT THE VILLA. DAY

112

Hana walks along the landing with a tray. She hears noise from The Patient's room. Listens for a second before going in.

THE PATIENT (O/S)

Because you're reading it too fast!

KIP (O/S)

Not at all.

THE PATIENT (O/S)

You have to read Kipling slowly! Your eye is too impatient - think about the speed of his pen.

(quoting Kipling to demonstrate)

What is it - *He sat comma in defiance of municipal orders comma astride the gun Zamzammah on her brick... what is it?*

113 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY

113

During this, Hana comes through with the tray, finds Kip perched on the window, relishing his skirmish with The Patient, who has condensed milk dribbling down his neck.

KIP

Brick platform opposite the old Ajaib-Gher -

THE PATIENT

- The Wonder House comma as the natives called the Lahore Museum.

KIP

It's still there, the cannon, outside the museum. It was made of metal cups and bowls taken from every household in the city as tax, then melted down. It was then used in battle against my people - comma - *The natives.*

THE PATIENT

So what do you really object to - the writer or what he's writing about?

KIP

What I really object to, Uncle, is your finishing all my condensed milk.

(snatching up the empty can)

(MORE)

KIP (cont'd)

And the message everywhere in your book - however slowly I read it - that the best destiny for India is to be ruled by the British.

THE PATIENT

Hana, we have discovered a shared pleasure - the boy and I.

HANA

Arguing about books.

THE PATIENT

Condensed milk - one of the truly great inventions.

KIP

(grinning, leaving)

I'll get another tin.

Hana and The Patient are alone.

HANA

I didn't care for that book. It's all about men. Too many men. Just like this house.

THE PATIENT

You like him, don't you? Your voice changes.

HANA

I don't think it does.
(a beat)
Anyway, he's indifferent to me.

THE PATIENT

I don't think it's indifference.

Kip comes bounding in with a fresh can.

THE PATIENT

Hana was just telling me you were indifferent -

HANA

(appalled)

Hey! -

THE PATIENT

- to her cooking.

KIP

Well, I'm indifferent to cooking, not Hana's cooking in particular.

(stabbing at the tin with a bayonet)

(MORE)

KIP (cont'd)

Have either of you ever tried condensed
milk sandwiches?

114 EXT. TRUCK. DAY

114

ENGLAND. 1940

A truck is chugging through English Countryside, heading for Devon. A full load of British Soldiers in the back; conspicuous among the white faces is Kip. The other men ignore him, he manages to be isolated in this sardine pack. The men are strangers to each other and swap their versions of what is in store for them as Bomb Disposal recruits.

FRINGS

Me? Fixed hoovers, this has got to be the
same sort of thing.

GALLIVER

Six months, they reckon, for the
officers...

FRINGS

What? Before they...

GALLIVER

Bang!

FRINGS

Everything's six months these days, war
over in six months, back pay settled in
six months, invasion in six months...

GALLIVER

Or getting married and having babies in
six months!

HUNTER

Who's wogged my fags? C'mon - who wogged
them, I had them in my shirt...!

He glares at Kip.

IMISON

Lord Suffolk's meant to be mad as a
hatter. Lost his temper defusing a mine
and kicked the bloody thing - blew his
leg off.

GALLIVER

That's what Lord means - barmy from in-
breeding. Serious - you know this
driver's meant to be an Earl? And he's
several fucking ounces short of a pound.

HUNTER
(finding his cigarettes)
Found em!

IMISON
(of Suffolk and his driver)
German, are they?

FRINGS
What?

IMISON
Well none of them's English, I'll tell
you that for nothing. Come over here,
stick a pin in the map, call themselves
Northumberland, or Suffolk. Or Windsor.

Kip looks steadfastly out at the rolling hills.

115 EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE. DAY

115

The truck has stopped for a meal break. The men sit on the grass and eat or smoke, some of them kick a ball around. Kip sits alone on the back of the truck. A pleasant-looking woman has walked round from the front of the truck, carrying a flask. Her name is MISS MORDEN (MM), and she is a jewel. Behind her is the driver of the truck, another unique human being - strange, titled, full of joy, suffering from something diagnosed as simple-mindedness. His name is Jim Stevens.

MISS MORDEN
Corporal Singh, everything all right?

KIP
Yes, thank you.

MISS MORDEN
We have a rather nice madeira cake, can
we offer you a slice? You met Jim didn't
you?, who's Lord Suffolk's driver?

KIP
Yes.

JIM STEVENS
Rather nice madeira.

KIP
No, thank you.

116 EXT. SUFFOLK HOUSE. LATE DAY

116

The truck swings into the endless drive which leads to Suffolk's house. The men are impressed, hostile, overawed.

The truck comes to a rest in a gravel forecourt. Lord Suffolk, a big bluff eccentric, leaning on a stick, shakes each man by the hand. Suffolk welcomes Kip.

LORD SUFFOLK
Corporal Singh. Hello! Welcome. So the big question - Do you spin the ball?

KIP
Excuse me?

LORD SUFFOLK
Cricket...

KIP
Uh yes, a little.

LORD SUFFOLK
Excellent. We have a decent team. I hope you'll play. I bat. No style of course. Jim is rather a surprise, eh Jim?
(Jim smiles)
Hits the ball jolly hard.

JIM STEVENS
Jolly hard.

At the side of the house, just within view, are TWO VERY LARGE TENTS. The men head over.

117 INT. LORD SUFFOLK'S STATELY HOME. NIGHT

117

Miss Morden is leading Kip through the house. He carries his kit. He's never seen anything like this, his eyes darting.

KIP
Where are we exactly?

MISS MORDEN
Well, this is technically the East Wing, although in -

KIP
(interrupting)
No, sorry, I meant where are we on the map?

MISS MORDEN
In England you mean? Oh, West, the West of England - *Smugglers' Country*.

KIP
Only I thought Suffolk was to the East?

MISS MORDEN
It is. Don't ask me to explain, because I can't. The Aristocracy has its own
(MORE)

MISS MORDEN (cont'd)
rules, doesn't it? Perhaps his family
own Suffolk too.

KIP
I see. Thank you. And Jim - he's not
really an Earl, is he?

MISS MORDEN
Oh yes. He's a darling. The mind of a
child, of course, but a massive heart. LS
rescued him from the kitchens at
Aldershot, I'm afraid the Army had no
idea what to do with him.

They're passing all the familiar icons of such a family -
Portraits, Statues, Stuffed Animals. Miss Morden is trying to
make light of the fact that the other men have been reluctant
to have Kip in their tents.

MISS MORDEN
(carefully)
Yes, a little confusion about sleeping
arrangements. The tents sleep six, and
you're thirteen, so...
(Kip nods)
Means you get a bed, which is...

KIP
(quite clear that he knows)
Yes, thank you.

MISS MORDEN
(embarrassed for them all)
Before this war is over, I'm sure a lot
of people will be very glad of the help
we're getting from the colonies.

They've arrived at the top of the landing outside Kip's room.
Miss Morden smiles. Takes Kip in, nods at the bed.

MISS MORDEN
Lord Suffolk is delighted to have you
here. And so am I. Good night, Kip.

KIP
Good night, Miss Morden.

Kip goes inside. Flops on the bed. As soon as she leaves,
he sits on the floor. This is a man who never sleeps on a
mattress. He lies back and stretches out like a cat.

118 INT. LIBRARY. DAY

118

Suffolk and Jim push a huge bomb into the library on a
trolley. The men, sitting in front of Suffolk's desk, watch
with only mild curiosity.

LORD SUFFOLK

(as they push it in)

This, gentlemen, is an unexploded bomb.
A big chappie. 1,000 lbs. Let's defuse
it, shall we? Mr. Frings...

He nods over towards a startled Frings, then unrolls some primitive looking tools from their canvas wrap. The men start to murmur - *is he saying this is a live bomb?*

LORD SUFFOLK

Don't look so startled. There's absolutely no need to worry. I can do these in my sleep. Like riding a bike.

Frings approaches warily. LS hands him a tool.

LORD SUFFOLK

Good, so let's get the locking ring off.

SUFFOLK'S BRIEFING CONTINUES IN VOICE-OVER as a commentary to snatches of the group in training.

119 INT. GALLERIED DINING HALL. DAY

119

Large outlines of England made from metal. Each man is required to take a metal loop around the outline, without any part of the loop touching the map. Such things exist in fairs to challenge steadiness of hand. If the loop touches the wire a buzzer will go off. Buzzers go off. Kip's got most of the way round, Suffolk presiding.

LORD SUFFOLK

(continuing in voice over)

- We don't care about most bombs, they hit the ground and blow things up and there's nothing to be done. We arrive when the devils don't go off. And Jerry has worked something out. The bomb which doesn't go off causes twice the problems of the ones which do.

Kip's almost there. He gets round the Norfolk Coast and then a slight miscalculation sets off a howling alarm.

LORD SUFFOLK

I think you just blew up my county.

120 EXT. GARDENS. DAY

120

Now the men are working at wooden trays. They are separated from sight of the bombs by a wooden fence. THEIR HANDS GO THROUGH HOLES IN THE FENCE and tackle the bombs in the tray via sleeves attached to the fence.

LORD SUFFOLK (O/S)

Since the Blitz began we've been dealing with about 3,000 unexploded bombs a month. Each time a new type of bomb appears our job is to work out the solution to it, blueprint it and circulate it to the sections...

Frings is working at his bomb. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE, UNSEEN BY FRINGS, Imison removes the bomb, pulls down his pants, and offers his private parts as substitute. Frings continues to work on what he thinks is a bomb. A confused expression turns thunderous when he hears a guffaw and stands up to look over the partition. The others roar with laughter. Kip, next to him, is removed, focussed on his device.

121 INT. GALLERIED DINING HALL. DAY

121

Jim is circulating the desks, placing a device for each man. It's a small contraption attached to an Alarm Clock.

LORD SUFFOLK

Here's your final test. You each have a device. Work it out. It won't explode if you set it off, but the alarm clock will ring. That means you're dead.

The men set to work. One by one the alarm clocks go up. The victim curses. LS glances at MM. Soon every alarm clock has gone off, save Kip's. He finishes. Holds up the fuse he's removed. LS walks over, looks at the back of the alarm clock, winks at Kip.

122 INT. SUFFOLK HOUSE, HALL. DAY

122

The men mill about, Frings approaches Kip.

FRINGS

So what was the trick?

KIP

(shrugs)

I turned off the alarm clock.

FRINGS

What?

KIP

Before I started. So it wouldn't ring.

FRINGS

You sneaky bastard!

(to the others)

Hear that? He only turned off his alarm clock!

The others are impressed and enraged.

KIP
I think that was the trick, wasn't it?

IMISON
You devious sod!

KIP
(cool, but with a mock Indian
lilt)
Oh yes, clever these wogs.

123 EXT. VILLA GARDEN. MORNING.

123

Kip walks towards Hana, HIS LEFT HAND RAISED IN FRONT OF HIM
As if he's sprained it.

She's in her vegetable garden, under the Crucified Scarecrow.
He appears to pass something to her. She grins, gets up.
Now her own arm is thrust out.

124 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. MORNING.

124

Hana comes in, interrupting Caravaggio, who is READING DANTE
(in Italian) to The Patient. She approaches the bed and
leans over The Patient and TRANSFERS A LADYBIRD ON TO HIS
ARM. It walks, blood red, up the arm.

HANA
(smiling)
Good morning. It's Spring!

125 EXT. VILLA. MORNING.

125

The gallery above the courtyard. A whoop precedes THE
HEADLONG RUSH OF KIP AND CARAVAGGIO as they cart The Patient
around the gallery like manic stretcherbearers. Hana is with
them, checking on The Patient who bounces uncomfortably on
the stretcher. He is nervous, a little giddy, yells happily,
then frightened. The others are full of the joys of Spring.

THE PATIENT
(no irony)
Careful, we might have an accident! I
don't want to die from a fall.

126 INT. OFFICE, BRITISH HQ, CAIRO. DAY

126

A small office, shared by two men, and a mountain of filing
cabinets and paper. There are aerial maps all over the
walls. Clifton is on the telephone, while his colleague,
RUPERT DOUGLAS, works at the desk.

CLIFTON

(into the phone)

Darling, it's me, I'm sorry, something's come up.

(Katharine responds)

Don't sulk - I'll be back tomorrow evening. I promise.

(Katharine responds)

Rupert is my witness.

(Rupert looks up)

No, not Rupert Bear! Rupert Douglas!

(to Rupert)

She says fly me safely.

(Rupert puzzled)

Private joke.

(to Katharine)

Okay darling, love you.

Rupert makes a face at his friend's sentimentality. Clifton beams.

RUPERT

I didn't know you were going anywhere?

CLIFTON

I'm not. I have a bottle of bubbly care of Moose, and the afternoon off, so I'm going to surprise her. It's our anniversary. She's forgotten, of course. What's the symbol for your first anniversary? I should get something. Is it paper?

(he knocks sharply on the wall)

Moose! You there? First Anniversary - is that paper?

A man walks into the office, his codename is MOOSE. We know him as CARAVAGGIO. He has fewer grey hairs, and thumbs.

CARAVAGGIO

Is what paper?

CLIFTON

First Wedding Anniversary.

RUPERT

(of Clifton)

He's hopeless!

CLIFTON

Your day will come, my sausage.

CARAVAGGIO

Your first anniversary is Cotton.

ALMASY

(as if interpreting)

Uh, Szerelem means love...and the story - there's a Hungarian Count, brave but foolish, and he falls under the spell of a beautiful, mysterious English woman and becomes her slave...One day while exploring in the desert he -

Katharine had thought for a few seconds he was serious, then she catches on and starts to beat him.

ALMASY

(laughing)

Ouch! Ouch! You're always beating me..!

KATHARINE

You bastard, I was believing you!

They embrace, he lies over her, considering her naked back.

ALMASY

I want this shoulder blade - it's mine.

KATHARINE

(teasing)

Oh? I thought we were against ownership?

(kissing him)

I can stay tonight.

The luxury of this makes them both sad. The duplicity.

ALMASY

Madox knows, I think. He's tried to warn me. He keeps talking about Anna Karenina. I think it's his idea of a man-to-man chat. It's my idea of a man-to-man chat.

KATHARINE

This is a different world - is what I tell myself. A different life. And here I am a different wife.

ALMASY

Yes. A different wife.

129 INT. CAB. CAIRO STREET. NIGHT.

129

The cab driver is asleep. A loud POP! jerks him awake. In the back of the car Geoffrey has opened the champagne. He lets it overflow, then takes a swig. He notices the startled driver and puts up an apologetic arm.

CLIFTON

Sorry.

Two or three children knock on the window, begging. Geoffrey knocks back, violently. They disappear.

CABBIE
Hotel now, sir?

CLIFTON
No.

130 EXT. CAIRO. DAWN

130

Almasy and Katharine wander through the early morning streets, hand in hand.

The MORNING PRAYERS rise out from the city's three Minarets. They pass the INDIGO MARKET. Almasy stops at a stall, which is just preparing to open for the day. He picks up a SILVER THIMBLE, points at it to the merchant who gives him a price. Without comment, Almasy produces the money and, beaming, hands the thimble to Katharine.

ALMASY
I don't care to bargain.
(she smiles)
It's full of saffron, just in case you think I'm giving it to you to encourage your sewing.

KATHARINE
That day, had you followed me to the market?

ALMASY
Of course. You didn't need to slap my face to make me feel as if you'd slapped my face.

KATHARINE
(loving him, but frightened)
Shall we be all right?

ALMASY
Yes. Yes.
(shrugs)
Absolutely.

131 EXT. CAIRO STREET. DAWN.

131

Katharine takes leave of Almasy on the street corner away from the hotel entrance. They don't kiss, there's no demonstration of feeling. He turns immediately away and disappears.

132 INT. CAB. DAY

132

Geoffrey watches, unshaven, as Katharine crosses the street and heads towards the hotel. His expression is terrible, trying to smile, his face collapsed.

133 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM. MORNING.

133

Hana sits with the English Patient. His breathing is noticeably worsening, a shudder of a breath, the shallow rise and fall of his chest hardly perceptible. Hana frets, touches his wrist, feeling for the pulse.

THE PATIENT

I'm still here.

HANA

You'd better be.

THE PATIENT

Don't depend on it. Will you? That little bit of air, each day there's less of it, which is all right, which is quite all right.

She squeezes his hand, suddenly overwhelmed.

THE PATIENT

(brightly)

I've been talking to Caravaggio - he's my research assistant - we think this is the Villa Bruscoli! Poliziano lived here. A brilliant awful man - translated Homer, for the Medicis. Michelangelo would have been in this room. Fourteen ninety-something. There's meant to be a ghost in the garden. I can join him.

There's some kind of noise from the garden. Muffled shouts.

THE PATIENT

It's the boy.

Hana goes to the window. Kip - barely visible - stands at the far perimeter of the garden, against one of the old walls, HIS HANDS RAISED ABOVE HIM AS IF HE WERE HOLDING A GIANT COBWEB. His headphones are around his head, and he's trying to shake them off. Wires run from his body in all directions, black wires.

134 EXT. GARDEN. DAY

134

Hana appears at the edge of the garden and hurries towards Kip, who hasn't moved. He shouts a warning to her.

KIP

Go to the left! Keep to the left! There are mines and wires everywhere!

Hana stops, hoists up her skirt and circles left, tentative in the long grass. She reaches him.

HANA

What can I do?

He hands her the wires, very carefully, and drops his arms, getting the blood back into them.

KIP

I'll take them back in a minute. I made a mistake. They're both live.

HANA

It's okay.

KIP

Just don't move.

He gets the Geiger Counter and Magnet from his satchel and runs them over both wires. Nothing.

KIP

(agitated)

There's a trick and I don't know what it is. All the wires are black.

He walks away from her arms, through the macaroni of black wires that develop from her, trying to understand their tributaries, and ending up at the concrete-encrusted mine by the tree. Jazz dribbles from the earphones suspended around his neck. He looks up at her. She smiles reassuringly - holding the wires as if they were snakes.

HANA

It's all right.

KIP

I don't know which wire to cut.

(he puffs)

You should go. I'll tape these to the tree.

He means the wires, and it's clear they won't reach the tree.

HANA

They won't reach the tree. I'm fine.

KIP

No.

HANA

Kip - I can hold them..

Then she's suddenly tense.

HANA

Is this urgent - I mean, is it ticking?

KIP
No, there's no clock. Don't worry.

HANA
Well, could you just take these back for
a minute.

He takes the wires. She turns and tiptoes RIGHT THROUGH THE DANGER AREA, straight to what had seized her attention. Kip is appalled.

KIP
What are you doing!? Hana! What are you
doing!

HANA
My tortoise! Look!

KIP
Leave it. Leave it!

HANA
He's my good luck.

KIP
(furious)
Hana!

She walks around another mine and its web of wires just as the tortoise clambers onto a clump of rock, which is, in fact, ANOTHER CONCRETE-COVERED MINE.

Hana snatches him up as he ambles towards the metal. She turns, holding the protesting animal in triumph. HER FOOT SNAGS ON A WIRE. She has to ease it off, in arabesque, still clutching the tortoise. She goes sideways to the safe zone - setting down the animal. Then she's back with Kip, collecting the wire. He's boiling. She is strangely elated.

HANA
I promise you that was the right thing to
do. Now cut.

He goes to his satchel, and fishes out some pliers, muttering.

HANA
I hope we don't die.

KIP
Don't talk.

HANA
I'm not scared. So many people have died
around me. But it would be a shame for
us. We can't choose when to be young.
(shrugs)

(MORE)

HANA (cont'd)

I don't feel like being shy.

KIP

Don't talk. I don't know which one to cut.

HANA

Kiss me. Before you cut. Just in case.

He doesn't respond, freezes her out, starts to talk to himself, muttering the logic, mentally travelling up and down the wires. Head racing. He makes a decision. Then looks up at her AND KISSES HER, THEN IMMEDIATELY CUTS. They both have closed their eyes, Now - still kissing - they look at each other.

135 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

135

The Patient lies in bed. He's agitated by the silence. SUDDENLY THERE'S AN EXPLOSION. He starts to shout, a croak which reduces him quickly to coughing and breathlessness.

THE PATIENT

Hana! Hana! Kip! Hana!

He tries to move. He can't. He's frantic.

Footsteps, as someone hurtles up the stairs. It's Hana. She's ashamed to have forgotten him. She rushes to him.

HANA

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I forgot you'd be worrying. We're all safe. It was a bomb, and he made it safe. I'm sorry.

She calms him. He's exhausted. His eyes shine.

136 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD, ITALY. 1945. DUSK

136

Hana clings onto Kip as the TRIUMPH MOTORCYCLE hares along the circling road. She has her arms around his waist. His head turns to her for a second and she smiles, moving her right hand up to his neck to explore his collarbone.

137 INT. VILLA. EVENING.

137

Caravaggio is with the Patient. He sits in the window. Fiddles with the bandages on his hands.

THE PATIENT

There was a general who wore a patch over a perfectly good eye. The men fought harder for him. Sometimes I think I could get up and dance. What's under your bandages?

Caravaggio goes to him, holding out his hands, the bandage ends trailing.

CARAVAGGIO

Hold the ends.

The Patient holds them. Caravaggio walks backwards, the bandages unravelling and unravelling.

138 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD, ITALY. EVENING.

138

It's getting dark. Kip stops the motorcycle and straps on his crimson emergency light, as well as turning on the headlight. Then they're off again, along the winding crest of mountain ridge that is a spine down Italy, passing some Allied Positions. Kip waves.

139 EXT. TOBRUK. JUNE 1942. DAY

139

Caravaggio, wearing a crumpled linen suit, walks hurriedly through the streets. Smoke is rising from buildings, the ominous scream of Stuka divebombers in the distance as the harbour is pounded, the steady thud of explosions. TOBRUK IS UNDER SIEGE.

140 EXT. BRITISH HEADQUARTERS. DAY

140

Caravaggio enters the iron gates of British HQ. This is a place in the throes of dismantling itself. Secretaries are visiting braziers manned by Arab boys who stoke the fires as box after box of papers is fed into them. Ashes hover in the air. Caravaggio catches a piece of paper as it floats down to him. The word Secret still visible on the scorched fragment. Mules are being loaded with luggage.

141 INT. BHQ. DAY

141

Caravaggio comes down a corridor. People hurry the other way carrying cases. Some doors are open, revealing men and women in uniform urgently shredding documents. Caravaggio knocks, but keeps walking into an office whose door is ajar and where the incumbent is stripping the room of his personal possessions - photographs, trophies, curios, a rugby ball. The officer's name is HAYNES and he is Caravaggio's control.

HAYNES

(barely looking up)

What a bloody flap, eh? I telephoned Alexandria this morning - my wife's gone ahead - apparently no-one is accepting British pounds. If you pick up a telephone everybody's practising their German.

(holds up some gramophone records)

What do you do - do you take these things?

(MORE)

HAYNES (cont'd)

(then, awkward)

Look, Moose, we need you to stay in Tobruk. A bit of a short straw but the thinking is we'll be back - I mean, we will be back - but...and in the interim we need eyes and ears on the ground.

A big bomb lands nearby. The building shudders and plaster dust drops from the ceiling.

CARAVAGGIO

There are 30,000 troops in Tobruk. What are they going to be doing?

HAYNES

(continuing to pack)

I don't know, but they're not on my boat. They're giving Rommel a bloody nose. I don't know. Did you hear the BBC last night? *Tobruk is of no strategic importance* - makes you wonder.

He's got a suitcase filled and lugs it towards the door.

HAYNES

Were you ever to get a clear shot at him, Rommel - that's my fantasy! -
(grasping the irony)
- said he, running away ...

Caravaggio opens the door, Haynes goes through. Caravaggio lets it shut with them separated.

142 INT. BALCONY. NIGHT.

142

Caravaggio stands on his balcony. The curfew is in force, but the night sky is strobing with brilliant curtains of light as explosion after explosion rocks the town.

143 EXT. TOBRUK. DAY

143

A HUNDRED OR MORE BEDRAGGLED BRITISH POWS are marched along a narrow street. A Panzer tank - almost the width of the road - brings up their rear. A few German soldiers march alongside, some facing out with machine guns at the ready, alert to the possibility of snipers. As they enter AN OPEN SQUARE they pass a crowd of non-Arab residents - Germans and Italians among them - whose papers are being thoroughly checked by officers sitting at open desks. IN A LINE, WEARING HIS SHABBY SUIT, IS CARAVAGGIO.

144 INT. BALLROOM. NIGHT.

144

German Officers, in uniform, and Italians - some in uniform, some in dinner suits - pack the dance floor, fill the tables. An orchestra plays. Among the couples, dancing elegantly in a foursome which includes a German officer - WOLFF - and

their two attractive Arabic companions, is Caravaggio. He is in great form, entertaining his friends with an elaborate manouevre, a Fred Astaire shuffle. As he comes back to his partner, SOMEONE TAKES HIS PHOTOGRAPH.

The sudden flash spins Caravaggio round. He sees a glimpse of a very beautiful woman, who smiles, bows, and moves on. Caravaggio is furious, beside himself, but doesn't know what to do about it. He turns to Wolff, trying to grin.

CARAVAGGIO

Ha! That was a surprise.
(following the girl)
Pretty girl.

WOLFF

Hands off. The lovely Elli is the girlfriend of my Colonel.

CARAVAGGIO

(watching her photograph
another couple)
Pity.

145 EXT. O/S THE PRINCE'S VILLA. NIGHT

145

FROM THE COVER OF TREES CARAVAGGIO REGARDS THE BIG VILLA appropriated for the use of the Axis Officers. It's gracious, stucco-fronted, with balconies to each of the rooms on the upper floors. And well-guarded. A STAFF CAR arrives and disgorges THE COLONEL AND HIS MISTRESS. Caravaggio, still in dinner suit, lights a cigarette and watches the upstairs windows. A light goes on, second floor.

He watches a sentry with a ferocious-looking GERMAN SHEPHERD walk around the front of the house and stop for a word with the Guard at the gate. Caravaggio sets off across the street to join them - immediately causing the dog to growl horribly.

CARAVAGGIO

(very jolly)
Buona Sera!

#1 GUARD

(in German)
What do you want?

CARAVAGGIO

Captain Wolff.

#1 GUARD

Not here. Gone.

CARAVAGGIO

(speaking in Italian)
No, I know he's here. Ziggye Wolff. My friend. Mein freund. Wolff!

#1 GUARD
(to the other soldier)
He got booted out for the Italians.
(to Caravaggio)
Gone.
(points down the street)
Strasse Fiore. Strasse Fiore.

CARAVAGGIO
(offering cigarettes)
Ah! Via Fiore! Grazie.
(nodding at the dog)
Great dog. What's he called? Nahme?

#2 GUARD
Bruno.

CARAVAGGIO
Bruno!
(Bruno growls)
Shhhh, hey Bruno. Ssshh.

Bruno quiets, the guards take the cigarettes, Caravaggio soothes the dog in Italian, which sniffs at him.

CARAVAGGIO
That's good, come on, Bruno, sniff my balls, that's right. I have to get that camera, Bruno, because if somebody sees my picture they might cut off my balls. Sniff. Beautiful.
(to Guards)
Thank you. Thank you. Buona Sera.

And with that he's gone.

146 EXT. GARDEN OF PRINCE'S VILLA. NIGHT. 146

Caravaggio climbs up onto the perimeter wall. Bruno is on his rounds, his nose and ears spring up, sniffing, but no bark. CARAVAGGIO STEPS OUT ALONG THE WALL LIKE A TIGHTROPE WALKER, heel to toe, makes for the back of the house.

147 INT. VILLA. NIGHT 147

Caravaggio gets up the back stairs, eases open the door on to the landing. SENTRIES stand guard at both ends. Caravaggio closes the door and leans back against it, mind racing.

148 INT. HALL. NIGHT 148

The sound of his boozy rendition of *Torno a Sorrento* leaks out into the corridor. Both Sentries suddenly jerk alert as they are confronted by A STARK-NAKED CARAVAGGIO STAGGERING DRUNKENLY ALONG THE CORRIDOR. He does an elaborate negotiation of a plant, bows to it, then waves at one of the Sentries who nods back suspiciously. Caravaggio goes to a

door and tries to open it. It's locked. He does a double-take as if astonished, then makes the guards laugh by miming trying to use his penis as a key. Then, as if inspired, tries the next door. It opens and he slips inside. The two sentries shake their heads - *these Italians*.

149 EXT. VILLA. NIGHT.

149

Caravaggio comes out onto the balcony and, still naked, clambers onto it and swings to the floor below. He's now next to the Colonel's room. He climbs over the rail.

150 INT. COLONEL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

150

ELLI AND HER COLONEL ARE MAKING LOVE.

Caravaggio eases himself into the room. The only light is from the moon. He crawls from pile to pile of hastily discarded clothing, discovering the map of their foreplay - a stocking here, a camisole there. But no camera.

The Colonel grunts over his mistress.

Finally, Caravaggio nudges against a statue - a neoclassical marble sculpture of a young boy, left hand outstretched. The camera hangs from his hand. Caravaggio gets to his feet and collects the camera.

At that moment, THE HEADLIGHTS OF AN ARRIVING CAR SPRAY THE ROOM WITH A ROVING ARC OF LIGHT. Elli looks up from her lovemaking to find Caravaggio standing in front of her, holding her camera, naked man next to naked boy. Her gasp of surprise is answered by a grunt from the Colonel.

Caravaggio makes a praying gesture with his hands - then points at the camera, at himself, and makes the sign of his throat being cut, shrugging.

Elli views the pantomime, her hands on the Colonel's back urging his movements. She kisses her lover's cheek. Caravaggio knows this to be acquiescence, nods his thanks, and drops to his knees and into darkness.

151 EXT. BALCONY. NIGHT

151

Caravaggio slips onto the balcony, then across the rail, the camera hanging around his naked chest like a lunatic tourist. As he stretches for the balcony above a searchlight SNAPS ON and CATCHES HIM, his back to the light, arms outstretched. Voices bark instructions in German - *Don't move! Keep your hands in the air! Stand still! Stand still!* Caravaggio closes his eyes.

152 INT. OFFICE. DAY

152

Caravaggio is slumped at a table, HIS HANDS MANACLED TO ITS THICK WOODEN LEGS. There's A TELEPHONE at another table in

the corner of the room attended by a CLERK, A STENOGRAPHER working next to him. Other people seem to be coming and going incessantly. The room has stone walls which appear damp, and no windows. A SOLDIER stands guard at the door. It's a horrible room. Caravaggio is trying to sleep, he's unshaven, and pasty-looking. His interrogator, MULLER, seems incredibly tired and aggravated. He barks into the phone.

MULLER

Yes, yes, yes, yes.

He slams down the phone and comes back to the table.

MULLER

David Caravaggio.

CARAVAGGIO

No.

MULLER

Petty thief, six months imprisonment
Kingston Penitentiary, 1937.

CARAVAGGIO

(barely with humour)

I've told you. You've got the wrong man.
My name is Bellini - Antonio Bellini.
Bellini, Caravaggio, both painters, I
think that is confusing you. Although if
you looked at the work of our namesakes,
I think you'd agree it was quite
different.

Muller doesn't even pay attention, he's going through a file.
Pulls out a photograph.

MULLER

Is this you?

CARAVAGGIO

I don't know.

MULLER

It is you. This was taken in Cairo at
British Headquarters. And so was this -
and this.

CARAVAGGIO

It's possible. I was buying or selling
something. I've been to Cairo many
times.

MULLER

You are a Canadian spy working for the
Allies.

The phone rings again, is answered. The Clerk calls to Muller who gets up, irritably. Caravaggio addresses the room.

CARAVAGGIO

Could I have a doctor? I am passing blood. I must be bleeding internally.

(to the clerk)

Can you get me a doctor? Look -

(he spits onto the table,
there's blood in his mouth)

I'm leaking blood.

(he indicates the guard)

He kicks me. He kicks me all the time.

Nobody responds. Muller is irascible on the phone. The call finishes. The Clerk speaks impassively in German.

CLERK

He's asking for a doctor.

MULLER

(to Caravaggio)

You want a doctor?

CARAVAGGIO

Yes, I've been asking for one for weeks, a month, I don't know, also my clothes, also my -

MULLER

We don't have a doctor, but we do have a nurse.

CARAVAGGIO

A nurse? Well, sure, a nurse is great. A nurse? Great.

MULLER

(turning to the Clerk, in
German)

Get the nurse.

The Clerk gets up. Just then the telephone rings. He hesitates.

MULLER

Leave it and get the nurse!

The Clerk exits. The phone rings. The Stenographer is plagued by flies. Suddenly he slaps at one.

MULLER

(snapping)

Why is there so much noise? I can't hear myself think!

(turns to Caravaggio)

Look - at the Colonel's house - taking

(MORE)

MULLER (cont'd)

your clothes off - that's witty. I like this person. But there's a job to be done here - names, contacts, codes... Give me something.

(wiping his face)

It's too hot.

CARAVAGGIO

Please. I have a perfectly good explanation for what happened.

MULLER

(rehearsing this explanation)

Your wife - terrible embarrassment - you getting photographed with a girlfriend...

CARAVAGGIO

Exactly. If my photograph were seen in Rome or Milan-

The NURSE comes in. She Arab and wears a headscarf.

MULLER

I'll tell you what I'm going to do. This is your nurse, by the way. She's Moslem, so she'll understand all of this. What's the punishment for adultery? Let's leave it at that. You're married and you were fucking another woman, so that's - is it the hands that are cut off? Or is that for stealing? Does anyone know?

There's a silence.

MULLER

(to Caravaggio)

Well, you must know. You were brought up in Libya, yes?

CARAVAGGIO

Don't cut me.

MULLER

Or was it Toronto?

CARAVAGGIO

(ashen)

Don't cut me. Come on.

Now the phone starts again. The clerk picks it up, there's a terse exchange, he puts the receiver on the desk, waits for the moment to interrupt Muller.

MULLER

Ten fingers. How about this? You give me a name for every finger. Clifton, that's a good name. Or Rebecca.

(MORE)

MULLER (cont'd)
(pauses, suddenly puzzled)
Are thumbs fingers?
(in GERMAN to the others)
Is a thumb a finger?

No response. Muller opens his palms to Caravaggio.

MULLER
I get no help from these people.

CLERK
The telephone -

Muller walks over, takes the receiver and slams it down. An AIR RAID SIREN is going off somewhere, and now the faint sound of explosions is also discernible, but all muffled in this room with the steady *clack-clack* of the stenographer. At that moment, Muller suddenly becomes aware of what is happening. Turns on the Stenographer.

MULLER
What are you doing?

STENOGRAPHER
(awkward)
The Geneva Convention. I'm -

Muller peremptorily rips out the paper, throws it on the floor.

CARAVAGGIO
You can't do that! Hey! Come on - fuck!
Come on! You have to make a note of all interrogations.

MULLER
Oh, our Libyan businessman is conversant with the fine points of the Geneva Convention. How come?

During this he's gone to the table, pulled out a drawer, and produced A CUT-THROAT RAZOR. He hands it to the nurse, makes a line across his own left thumb and jerks his head towards Caravaggio. The nurse is extremely reluctant. Muller claps his hands, pushes her towards Caravaggio.

MULLER
Go! Hey! Go!

Caravaggio is in terror.

CARAVAGGIO
Oh Jesus. Oh Jesus Christ.

The guard comes away from the door and presses his hands down on Caravaggio's shoulders to prevent him from moving. The nurse, grim-faced, approaches, kneels at the table.

CARAVAGGIO

(as she begins to cut)

Listen, I'll give you a name. What names did you say? I knew them! I promise. Please - please! - because I can't think of any names.

And then he SCREAMS AND SCREAMS and jerks up, carrying the guard and the table with him, all heaving off the ground, the nurse thrown off balance. He falls to the floor, ROARING WITH PAIN, blood everywhere, the table on top of him. The AIR RAID is continuing outside, the PHONE IS RINGING, the nurse stands, pale, blood all over her uniform.

MULLER

Cut the other thumb.

He stabs at his own right thumb.

MULLER

This one! Come on!

The nurse, horrified, shakes her head. Muller snatches the razor from her and heads towards the prostrate Caravaggio.

The Guard has got to his feet and grips Caravaggio around the neck in a half-nelson, while Muller approaches. Caravaggio can't move. He's gurgling as the Guard almost strangles him. His eyes are streaming with tears.

Now Muller is at his other hand, and the roar of pain again lifts Caravaggio to his feet, the whole table rising in the air, his mutilated hands slipping from the handcuffs like Houdini, the drawers of the table spilling their contents everywhere, before he sinks to his knees like a gored bull and blacks out.

153 INT. ROOM. DAY

153

Later, and Caravaggio comes round. His eyes open and then his face spasms with pain. He looks down at his ruined hands, then realises he's alone on the floor of the room, the papers still scattered, the table on its side. He gets up and staggers out of the open door.

154 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY

154

The corridor is deserted. Outside he can hear firing.

155 EXT. TOBRUK STREET. DAY

155

Caravaggio walks unsteadily along a narrow bridge. Grey and yellow gusts of smoke and the rat-ta-tat-tat of machine gun fire accompany him, and there's the sound of vehicles screeching and people shouting nearby, but no visual clues as to what's happening.

SUDDENLY A PARACHUTE FLOATS DOWN BY HIM. THEN ANOTHER. THEN ANOTHER. HE'S SURROUNDED BY PARACHUTES. THE BRITISH ARE RECLAIMING TOBRUK.

156 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. NIGHT.

156

Caravaggio stands in front of the bed, holding up his naked hands to The Patient, like a man surrendering - two flaps like gills where his thumbs were.

157 EXT. AREZZO. NIGHT.

157

The bike arrives at the deserted Piazza.

They dismount and Kip starts to unbuckle his bulging satchel and unload the panniers. Hana still doesn't know what's in store and looks questioningly at Kip as he walks up to the doors of the CHURCH.

158 INT. CHURCH. NIGHT.

158

They enter the Church. It's in almost total darkness. THEN A FLARE SUDDENLY ILLUMINATES THE INTERIOR. Kip holds it, crimson on one arm, green pouring up from the other. Hana walks behind him, still perplexed.

A second flare. Kip fires a rivet already threaded with rope into a high wooden beam.

Now Kip circles Hana with rope, making a sling across her waist and shoulder. He lights a smaller flare and hands it to her before disappearing.

Hana stands holding the flare. She can't see Kip, can only hear him scrabbling.

HANA

Kip?

He has climbed the stone stairs to the balcony. He collects the other end of the rope which is attached to Hana. Holding onto it, he climbs up on to the balcony and just STEPS OFF INTO THE DARKNESS.

SIMULTANEOUSLY HANA IS SWUNG UP, her started yelp echoing around the Church. Kip touches ground, while Hana swings high in the air, coming to rest about three feet from the FRESCOED WALLS, painted by Piero Della Francesca. Hana's flare makes a halo around her.

Kip, on the ground, still holding the rope, walks forwards and causes Hana to swing to the right, hovering in front of THE QUEEN OF SHEBA TALKING TO SOLOMON. Hana is overwhelmed. She reaches out to touch the giant neck of the sad Queen.

159 INT. A LARGE HOSPITAL BUILDING. UMBRIA. 1945. DAY

159

The Patient opens his eyes to find Hana gathering up his belongings. Around him other Patients are being helped out of their beds, Nurses packing rapidly around them.

HANA

I'm sorry, but we're moving again.

THE PATIENT

I don't want to move.

HANA

Me neither. But otherwise we get left behind.

160 EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY

160

The Convoy from the beginning of the film is in the process of being loaded up. Oliver walks by. And Mary. Hana is helping with The Patient's cot when a CHAPLAIN appears.

CHAPLAIN (O/S)

Hana...

Hana turns, sees the Chaplain standing there. He has an ENVELOPE. She stares at his hand.

CHAPLAIN

Hana, I wonder if I might have a word?

She walks towards him. He puts an arm around her, which she shrugs off. He takes her away from the trucks. The Patient struggles to watch their progress. Sees her slump against the side of a vehicle, while the Chaplain stands over her.

Hana looks up at the Chaplain, devastated. Blank.

HANA

Never use that voice, that sound.
Because I'll remember it - the words, the
tone - until I am dead, too.

She gets up. Walks away from him.

HANA

Next time use a better voice, use better
words.

She continues walking past The Patient, holding up her head. The Chaplain, a decent man, follows, not trying to catch her, knowing there are no better words, no better tones to communicate death. He passes The Patient.

CHAPLAIN
(Explaining to him)
Her father.

161 INT. RED CROSS TRUCK. DAY.

161

The convoy from the beginning of the film. Hana sits inside the truck, The Patient swaying in the cot hammock alongside her, the sun knifing through the canvas roof of the vehicle.

162 INT. CHURCH AT AREZZO. NIGHT.

162

From below, Kip watches as Hana dangles in front of the Queen of Sheba. Then slowly he lets her down, paying out the length of rope. Hana's face is full of tears. He smiles.

KIP
I wanted to show you where I'd seen your
face before.

163 EXT. VILLA. DAWN.

163

Caravaggio stands on the balustrade, and takes a tentative step along the narrow wall. He falls off, clambers on again, steps out, stutters, falls. He sits on the wall. The motorbike comes around the bend, approaching the Villa. He watches, waves to Kip and Hana. In his bedroom, The Patient hears the motorbike's angry buzz.

164 INT. LIBRARY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF EGYPTOLOGY. DAY

164

Madox and Almasy are camped in one corner of the library, hunched over their maps and papers and journals and clashing furiously over the site of the next part of the expedition.

MADOX
(pushing away his charts)
And I'm telling you there's nothing there
to explore.

ALMASY
No, because you can't see from the air!
If you could explore from the air life
would be very simple.
(he yanks up a map)
Look!
(and another, stabbing the
location)
And look!

Other readers look over at this unseemly skirmish.

MADOX
So - on Thursday you don't trust Bell's
map - *Bell was a fool, Bell couldn't draw*
a map, but on Friday he's suddenly
infallible?

Almasy realises there is an hidden agenda.

ALMASY

What's got into you?

MADOX

Nothing. Nothing has got into me. It's over, that's all. By order of the British Government - all International Expeditions to be aborted by May 1939.

165 EXT. CAIRO STREET. DAY

165

Almasy and Madox walk down this busy and rather narrow street without pavements. Almasy hesitates at a junction, clearly about to take his leave of Madox.

ALMASY

What do you call that place at the base of a woman's throat? You know - the hollow - here - does that have an official name?

Madox looks at him.

MADOX

Pull yourself together.

AN ARMY JEEP, driving eccentrically scatters some of the pedestrians. A YOUNG OFFICER, one of four in the jeep, leans out like a surfer from his seat, and lunges at a passing Egyptian man, grabbing his tarboosh (fez) with a yelp. The jeep then swings away. Madox, observing this, is outraged and sets off in pursuit, RUNNING AFTER THE JEEP. The young guys in the jeep barely look round at their pursuer.

MADOX

(shouting)

Hey! Hey!

The jeep is forced to slow by the weight of vehicle and pedestrian traffic. Madox, red-faced, has caught up with them. He points at the hat.

MADOX

Give me the tarboosh. Come on.

YOUNG OFFICER

Tarboosh?

The youths mouth the word as though they had never before heard it, shrugging and shaking their heads. Tarboosh? A space has opened up meanwhile and the driver puts his foot down. As the jeep jolts away, Madox CLINGS ON.

MADOX

Come on, get down and let's settle this!

YOUNG OFFICER

Get off! You're mad. Get off!

MADOX FALLS TO THE GROUND. The Young Officer throws the tarboosh at him. It spins to a halt by his feet.

YOUNG OFFICER

There's your tarboosh! Wog lover!

The others turn round to support this. *Wog Lover!* they call out as Almasy helps Madox to his feet and brushes down the dust-covered hat.

166 INT. EZBEKIEH GARDENS, OPEN-AIR CINEMA. EVENING

166

The open-air cinema is just beginning its evening programme.

PATHE NEWS BEGINS and we date the event to 1939. Stories of imminent war, of sporting victories, of Cruft's Dog Show. Alone among the necking couples -mostly soldiers with their Egyptian girlfriends - in an otherwise empty block, is Katharine. The main feature begins - TOP HAT. A soldier comes over to Katharine's row and settles a couple of seats away from her.

SOLDIER

Begging your pardon, miss, but you got a light?

Katharine lights his cigarette and returns to the movie. The Soldier moves a seat nearer. Fred and Ginger do their stuff.

SOLDIER

(leering)

I love Ginger, she's a foxy girl, int she.

KATHARINE

Fuck off.

SOLDIER

What?

KATHARINE

You heard me.

SOLDIER

(getting up, muttering)

Same to you with brass knobs on.

Katharine is wretched. She sits head down, not watching the screen, marooned in her despair about duplicity, sordid assignations, being in love with Almasy.

Almasy arrives, slides in beside Katharine, his shadow momentarily large across the screen.

They watch the screen. Katharine is weeping. Almasy doesn't understand. He puts his arm around her.

KATHARINE

I can't do this, I can't do this any more.

167 EXT. GROPPI PARK. EVENING.

167

A man walks round with A HAND BELL - announcing that the Park is closing. Almasy and Katharine sit stiffly on a bench. They don't speak. Almasy puts his hands to his head, he rubs his shoulders.

Finally, Katharine gets up.

KATHARINE

I'd better get back.
(she keeps him away with a hand)
Say goodbye here.

ALMASY

I'm not agreeing. Don't think I'm agreeing, because I'm not.

They stand, awkward. Katharine rehearses her position. The bell clangs.

KATHARINE

I just know - any minute he'll find out, we'll barge into somebody, we'll - and it will kill him.

ALMASY

Don't go over it again, please.

He takes her hands, lays his cheeks into them, then releases them. She walks towards the gate. He calls after her.

ALMASY

Katharine -

He walks towards her, his smile awful.

ALMASY

I just wanted you to know. I'm not missing you yet.

She nods, can't find this funny.

KATHARINE

You will.

Then she turns sharply from him and catches her head against the gatepost, staggers at the shock of it, then hurries away.

168 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM. NIGHT

168

Hana sits with the Patient. His eyes are full of tears. He opens them, sees her, watching over him. He's embarrassed.

THE PATIENT
Why don't you go?
(wiping his eyes)
You should sleep.

HANA
Would you like me to?

He nods. She gets up, touches his hand, then leaves.

169 INT. VILLA, LANDING. NIGHT.

169

Hana leaves the room, then turns and sees A TINY LAMP on the floor, it's made from a SNAIL SHELL and oil. She bends to it curiously, then sees a second lamp half-way down the stairs, then a third further down. She smiles in the light, then follows the trail.

170 EXT. VILLA COURTYARD. NIGHT.

170

In the courtyard THE TRAIL OF SHELL LAMPS CONTINUES, like tiny cat's eyes. As they reach the hopscotch chalk marks, they outline the squares. Hana HOPSCOTCHES and then follows the lights, disappearing round a corner.

171 INT. VILLA STABLES. NIGHT.

171

Hana comes through into the stables. The lamps lead her, then they stop. She peers into the shadows.

KIP (O/S)
Hana.

She turns to the voice. He steps out of the darkness.

HANA
(happy)
Kip.

And he goes to her.

172 EXT. A ROAD NORTH OF THE VILLA. DAY.

172

Four members of the Bomb Disposal team, Hardy in charge, ARE PUSHING A DEFUSED MINE ON A TROLLEY to the side of the road. Kip, behind sandbags, is preparing the box terminals to make the controlled explosion.

Kip, as ever, has on the portable crystal set. He's listening intently. He runs the wires over to the mine, then joins Hardy, who's ready to detonate, his hands on the plunger.

HARDY

Okay, on a count of three...

BUT SOMETHING IS HAPPENING. KIP PUTS UP A RESTRAINING HAND.

KIP

Hang on! Stop.

(he listens, paraphrasing
what's happening for the
others)

At twenty five minutes before midnight
Greenwich Meantime yesterday... Berlin,
May 8th 1945,

(listens)

Grand Admiral...

(listens)

- signed the third and unconditional
instrument of surrender, witnessed by...
(to the others)

It's over...

(listens, paraphrases)

...Red Army... de Tassigny for Fr...

(listens)

It's over.

One of the Sappers punches the air. Kip shakes Hardy's hand, then the others, then gives a tiny shuffle of joy.

173 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM. NIGHT.

173

A VICTORY CELEBRATION PARTY.

The gramophone plays Frank Sinatra. Kip sits in the window, the shutter open, the village lit up behind his head, nodding to the music, sucking out of his condensed milk. Elsewhere there is an open bottle of cognac, some wine. The Patient has a beaker of wine. Caravaggio is teaching Hana to dance.

CARAVAGGIO

You must guess my moves.

HANA

Why can't you guess mine?

CARAVAGGIO

I will, when you've learned the dance.

HANA

Kip - come and dance with me.

KIP

(a sly wobble of the head)

Yes. Later.

Caravaggio goes to The Patient with the cognac, proudly shows him the label.

CARAVAGGIO

Have a drink.

THE PATIENT

I've had a drink. Fatal.

CARAVAGGIO

Well, anything you do is likely to be fatal, so you know -

THE PATIENT

Very true!

174 EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE. NIGHT.

174

A tiny PIAZZA where the Sappers and the Villagers are having their own, more raucous, Victory Feste. There are accordions, there's dancing, and there's HARDY, stripped to some exotic underpants, a large tattoo :DORIS in a heart, clambering up the EQUESTRIAN STATUE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FOUNTAIN. He's astride the horse and now straining to get up to the tip of the outstretched sword, so that he can hang the UNION JACK FLAG he has in his mouth.

BLACKLER, one of the other Sappers, is Hardy's assistant. He's drunk and slips from his ladder, falling flat on his back into the fountain with a great splash, to much hilarity.

175 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. NIGHT.

175

Hana and Caravaggio are still dancing. The music has stopped. Caravaggio changes the record. Hana goes to Kip for a second, beaming, before Caravaggio has snatched her away again. The Patient taps along to the music.

THE PATIENT

Who knows the Bosphorus Hug?

CARAVAGGIO

Never heard of it.

THE PATIENT

That was a dance we invented at the International Sand Club.

CARAVAGGIO

(cryptic)

What? You and Madox? Or you and Katharine Clifton?

THE PATIENT

(a small laugh)

What?

There's a muddled thud in the distance, Kip's ears prick up. He glances for an instant out of the window.

HANA

(anxious, of the noise)

What was that?

She is spinning with Caravaggio. When she comes round again, Kip has gone.

176 EXT. VILLA. NIGHT.

176

Kip is running now, down the steps to the edge of the Villa, where his motorbike is, strapping on his light, kick-starting the machine.

177 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM. NIGHT.

177

Hana watches from the window as the motorbike glows around the road and disappears towards the Village.

178 INT/EXT. GROPPY'S HOTEL. NIGHT

178

An elegant private dining room, on an outdoor terrace above the ballroom, from which leak the strains of an orchestra. The Almas/Madox team is assembled for A FAREWELL DINNER. The men wear dinner suits: Clifton and D'Ag with great style; the others, notably Madox, with varying degrees of discomfort. They are waiting for Almas to arrive, his seat conspicuously empty. He is very late. And then he's there, dangerously drunk, absolutely dashing. He practically dances to his chair, which he drags violently away from its position opposite Katharine.

ALMASY

I believe I'm rather late.

MADOX

(ignoring the drama of this entrance)

Good, we're all here? A toast, to the International Sand Club - may it soon resurface.

THE OTHERS

The International Sand Club!

ALMASY

(raising his glass)

Misfits, buggers, fascists and paedophiles. God bless us every one.

The others drink, trying to ignore his mood.

ALMASY

Do you think anybody gives a damn about the past anymore? because they don't, it's the future and the future does not include history.

(he stands up)

I've invented a new dance called the Bosphorus Hug. Anybody up to it? Madox? D'Ag? Come on D'Aggers.

D'AGOSTINO

Let's eat first. Sit down.

ALMASY

And the people here don't want us. Are you kidding? The Egyptians are desperate to get rid of us Colonials...

(to Fuad)

- isn't that right? Their best people get down on hands and knees begging to be spared a knighthood. Isn't that right?

Fuad shrugs. The Band is now playing Manhattan - Almasy, without missing a beat, begins to sing, replacing the words with alternatives he knows. Katharine can't look at him.

ALMASY

... We'll bathe at Brighton, the fish we'll frighten when we're in. Your bathing suit so thin will make the shellfish grin, fin to fin. - those were the words - actually - before they were cleaned up. Could be a song for you, Mrs. Clifton -

(a perfect English accent)

- with your love of bathing.

179 EXT. GROPPY'S BALLROOM. NIGHT

179

Later, and now most of the group are dancing. We see Katharine dancing with Rupert Douglas, enjoying herself. Bermann is there and even Madox jogging and grinning foolishly. Clifton dances with an Egyptian girl, beaming at Katharine who, as the dance ends, excuses herself to go down to the cloakroom.

180 INT. FOYER, GROPPY'S. NIGHT

180

Katharine comes down the stairs and is suddenly confronted by Almasy, tortured and out of control.

ALMASY

Why did you hold his collar?

KATHARINE

What?

ALMASY

(mimicking her inflection)

What? That boy, that boy, you were holding his collar, gripping his collar, what for?

KATHARINE

Would you let me pass?

ALMASY

I've watched you - on verandahs, at Garden Parties, at the Races - how can you stand there? How can you ever smile? As if your life hadn't capsized?

KATHARINE

You know why.

He tries to hold her. She resists.

ALMASY

Dance with me.

KATHARINE

No.

ALMASY

Dance with me. I want to touch you. I want the things which are mine.

KATHARINE

Do you think you're the only one who feels anything? Is that what you think?

Some women, flushed with dancing, turn the corner of the stairs on the way to the Ladies Room. They collect Katharine in their train and leave Almasy to fall back into the shadows.

181 EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE. ITALY 1945. NIGHT.

181

Kip's motorbike slews into the tiny piazza.

A MILITARY AMBULANCE IS ALREADY THERE. A couple of the Sappers are presiding as the paramedics take two bodies into the rear of the truck. The shattered fountain, the sluiced flagstones, shining wet and slick, give some clues as to what's happened, as do the elderly standing in the shadows, the distressed girls, arm in arm. One girl is particularly inconsolable, her grief sobbed out at the doors of the ambulance.

One of the soldiers, SPALDING, salutes Kip, who waves his salute away, just wanting to know what happened.

SPALDING

Booby trap. They was running up the Union Jack, sir, up off that statue - It just went off.

CALDER

Should have been me. It was my idea but Sergeant Hardy climbed up, sir, him and Blackler.

Kip goes to the ambulance. Spalding tries to stop him.

SPALDING

Sir - you don't want to look. Got him smack in the face.

Kip steps into the back of the ambulance, bends over both bodies, uncovering them, then he comes out, past the weeping girl.

KIP

Who's that girl?

CALDER

His fiancée, sir.

KIP

(astonished)
Hardy's?

CALDER

Kept it a bit dark.

182 EXT. VILLA. APPROACHING DAWN.

182

Kip pulls down Hardy's tent. It collapses. He kicks out the pegs.

183 INT. VILLA. APPROACHING DAWN.

183

Kip comes up the stairs, his boots tied around his neck. He steps over the sleeping Caravaggio who lies slumped outside The Patient's room, a bottle of wine alongside him.

184 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. DAWN.

184

Kip walks silently into the room, bare-footed. Hana is asleep in the chair, The Patient's breathing shallow and ragged, the remains of the party still evident in the pale light from the lamp.

Kip approaches Hana, puts his hand on her shoulder. She stirs, looks at him.

HANA

What?

KIP
(whispering)
I'll spell you.

He goes to his place by the window and settles, to keep vigil over the Patient and sit shiva over Hardy.

185 EXT. RAILWAY VIADUCT NEAR KING'S CROSS. DAY

185

An Austin Utility with crimson mudguards arrives at the site of a UXB. The area is taped off, a small crowd gathering, the Sappers already hard at work digging around the bomb which is lodged close to one of the brick piers. IT'S VERY BIG, 2,000LBS, AND PROTRUDES OSTRICH-LIKE FROM THE PIT the Sappers have dug around it, its nose sunk into a pool of sludge. Kip, now Lieutenant, approaches from the car, his uniform immaculate. Hardy is waiting for him. Salutes.

HARDY
All ready for you, sir.

The men are running lines out from the shaft, and a pulley is set up. Kip walks to the edge and looks down. It's cold. He shivers.

KIP
Been down, Sergeant?

HARDY
Yessir. Big blighter, sir, Esau,
2,000lbs. Not ticking at the present
time.

KIP
(nods)
So - I'll need liquid oxygen, and a
stethoscope and a clock stopper. Am I
going down in this?

He points at the harness.

HARDY
Yessir. You'll want to take those boots
off, or you'll get stuck in the mud.

186 INT. BOMB SHAFT. DAY.

186

KIP IS LOWERED IN THE CONTRAPTION DOWN INTO THE SHAFT, HIS BARE FEET SWINGING. He steps off and sinks knee deep in freezing mud and sludge, grunting in disgust.

He stares grimly at his huge opponent, huge fins, sinister-looking. Warily, he touches it, feeling the condition of the case, listening hard to it.

A satchel comes down on the rope. Kip starts loading up clips and tools. He wipes the area of the fuze head dry, then

begins to mould a clay cup around it with the mud. THE JAR OF OXYGEN IS NOW DANGLING BESIDE HIM AND HE POURS SOME INTO THE CUP.

The oxygen is dribbling everywhere, but in particular makes a vivid frost around the area of the fuze. Kip dips a piece of cotton wool into the muddy water, then presses it against the casing near the fuze. It sticks. Satisfied that the fuze is frozen, Kip starts to bark out his commentary.

KIP

Type marked 50, in a circle, B. Two y-shaped pockets most likely. Put me on a microphone now and get back.

Hardy gets to his feet and clears the site, settles at some distance back - the Sappers brewing up behind him.

KIP (O/S)

Can you hear me?

HARDY

Yes sir.

KIP (O/S)

Hardy? Whistle.

Hardy puts his fingers to his lips and whistles. Back in the shaft, Kip works away, his fingers shaking with the cold.

KIP

Okay! I hear you. I'm topping up the oxygen - if I can stop shivering.

He blows on his fingers.

JIM STEVENS (O/S)

Why aren't you wearing my woolie?

Kip looks up, sees Jim Stevens peering over the top of the shaft.

KIP

What? Jim, hello!

Now Suffolk and Miss Morden appear around the moon of light.

KIP

Oh, hello sir. Hello MM.

LORD SUFFOLK

That's a nasty brute, Kip. Anyone listening for a tick?

KIP

Yes sir.

LORD SUFFOLK

Good. We're off down to Waterloo - they've got a couple of SC-250s. Bit of a nuisance but we're still on course for tonight I hope. Say Rita Hayworth like a mantra, Kip. I've never been late for one of her pictures.

(to MM)

What's this new one?

MISS MORDEN

Angels over Broadway, with Douglas Fairbanks.

JIM STEVENS

The Regal, Marble Arch -

LORD SUFFOLK

And then pop down to Leicester Square for fish and chips. How does that sound?

Kip looks up. Grins at them all.

MISS MORDEN

'Bye Kip - your poor feet.

(to Hardy)

Sergeant Hardy - get somebody to boil the kettle and have some hot water in a bowl ready for Lieutenant Singh, will you? And Epsom Salts.

(Hardy responds with a frown)

Don't look so astonished. There must be a Chemists somewhere nearby.

KIP

(this is family)

Thanks.

The trio wave and disappear. Kip gets back to work.

KIP

Hardy - you listening?

(a yell from Hardy)

Okay, I'm using the quilter key.

He's pulled the key out of his pocket and begins to remove the locking ring. A sharp twist and it begins, smoothly, to turn. He pulls off the locking ring and goes in with his pliers to remove the fuze.

Suddenly there's a VIOLENT TREMOR and the top of the fuze head SHEARS OFF inside his pliers. The ground is SHUDDERING, And the bomb slips horribly. Kip GRABS AT IT helplessly as if trying to stop a man from falling. It might be some kind of earthquake.

KIP
Hardy! Hardy! What's happening.

Hardy comes running up. The tremors stop.

KIP
The fuze head has snapped off! Talk back to me. The head's off and the main body of the fuze is still down there.

Hardy arrives. Kip releases the bomb. He's sweating. Trying not to panic.

HARDY
Train, sir. Underground. I think we must be above the Northern Line.

KIP
(incredulous)
The Northern Line?! Well, get Corporal Dade to call somebody and cancel the trains! - unless they want a new bloody stop on the Northern Line.

Hardy runs back, shouting instructions. Kip starts pouring the oxygen directly onto the exposed fuze. It goes everywhere, all over his clothes, hissing on the surface of the water. But the fuze starts to frost over and Kip attacks its case with a chisel. The first blow is terrifying. Then the second. Even more aggressive. Nothing. Kip tears at his breast pocket, rips it off, and puts it on the head of the chisel like a hood, before thumping it with a hammer. Hardy has come back.

HARDY
You've got about three more minutes with the frost, sir.

KIP
Is someone listening for the tick?

HARDY
Yessir.

KIP
Go away.

HARDY
Yessir.

KIP
This is making me incredibly angry.

HARDY
I know, sir.

KIP
(hammering the chisel at each
word)
Northern! - Line!

He sighs. Nothing. Time is running out.

HARDY
Two minutes, sir.

Kip goes to strike again - stops himself.

KIP
I can see a contact.
(he works at the hole)
I can't open it up.

It's a tiny silver tendril in the narrow gash Kip has opened.

KIP
I'm going to have to try and cut. Don't
tell me how long I've got left.

He rubs his hands to warm them up, locates his needle pliers and slips them through the tiny gap. His hand touches the casing and the freeze burns his hand. He jerks back, dropping the pliers into the sludge, cursing.

Now he's on his hands and knees in the sludge, trying frantically to find the pliers. Hardy looks at his watch, doesn't know what to do. The seconds run out as Kip grovels in the mud. Totally submerged, he suddenly comes out with the pliers, goes straight to the fuze, no finesse, and cuts. There's a snip. Then nothing. Then Kip's laugh.

KIP
Fuze out. Gaine off.
(looks up to Hardy)
Kiss me.

Hardy is already at the winch, hauling it up, Kip can hardly clip on the halter - his hands numb and burned. As the pulley jerks he just clings on, rising from the grip of the mud like an ancient corpse out of a bog, his small feet rising out of the water to hang, a slow swivel under the tepee of poles holding the pulley. Hardy helps him down in a kind of embrace. He's covered in mud.

A group of people have gathered around the edge of the site. Hardy's shrill all-clear whistle brings some applause, although strangely when CORPORAL DADE comes up he has a serious face. Hardy scowls at him.

HARDY
Get a blanket!

DADE
(hangs back, but has something
to say)
Sarge -

HARDY
You heard.

DADE
(persistent)
Sarge, I really need to -

HARDY
Dade - go and get the lieutenant a
blanket!

KIP
See to him, Hardy - I'm absolutely fine.

And Hardy thunders up to Dade, barking as he does so.

HARDY
What the bloody hell's the matter? And
get these punters out of the way,
Corporal, come on - there's still
2,000lbs of explosive down that hole!

Dade stops him, takes his arm, pulls him to one side, as Kip
wipes off his face with a filthy towel. Dade is whispering
to Hardy who just stands, ramrod straight. He nods grimly.
Then walks back to Kip.

KIP
(incredibly weary)
If there's another bomb tonight,
Sergeant, I have to say no. I've had it.

HARDY
There's been a message from Waterloo,
sir. I think they will need us down
there.

KIP
(frowning)
Who from? From MM or who?

HARDY
No sir. Sir, there's quite bad news,
sir. Quite bad, sir.
(his eyes are flooding)
Would you excuse me, sir, I just need to
uh -
(he turns to wipe his eyes)
Lord Suffolk, uh Lord Suffolk and Miss
Morden and Jim - they've had a rotten
break.

A Sapper has approached with a steaming bowl of water.

SAPPER

Very hot, sir, with Epsom Salts as Miss Morden instructed.

KIP

Thank you.

SAPPER

(warning of the temperature)
I should wait a few minutes.

But Kip plunges his feet into the water.

187 EXT. THE SOUTH BANK. NIGHT

187

A MESS OF RUBBLE. Smoke still hanging over the scene. The light fading. Military ambulances. A row of bodies covered by blankets. An AIR RAID WARDEN escorts Kip and Hardy past Suffolk's HUMBER and directs them to two of the corpses. Kip kneels and momentarily examines both bodies, pulling back a tiny triangle of each blanket. All the time he's talking to the Warden, who shakes his head at Kip question, and indicates the source of the explosion. He's telling Kip that they found nothing of Lord Suffolk, who was, of course, on top of the bomb when it exploded.

Sappers are rigging up lights around the second bomb, still armed, with big sulphur torches which pick out the area close to the trunk of the bridge like a small floodlit soccer pitch. Kip walks to the site and slips under the security tapes. He approaches the bomb, Hardy a few steps behind. As he considers it, his throat cramped with emotion, AN AIR RAID WARNING SOUNDS OUT, AND THE SAPPERS RUN ROUND EXTINGUISHING THE TORCHES. One by one they go out, and suddenly the source of light is not pointing down but up, as the searchlights along the Thames swivel in the sky. Kip is gradually extinguished as - squatting inside the perimeter of the bomb - he begins to work, the sky a firework display of shell bursts above him.

188 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. MORNING.

188

Kip, still in the window, keeps vigil over The Patient. Hana is sleeping.

189 INT. KIP'S TENT. NIGHT.

189

Hana lies over Kip, unravelling his turban, slowly, sensual.

HANA

If one night I didn't come, what would you do?

KIP

I try never to expect you to come.

HANA

But if it got late and I hadn't shown up?

KIP

Then I'd think there must be a reason.

HANA

You wouldn't come to find me?

(Kip shrugs)

That makes me never want to come here.

But she continues unravelling the turban.

HANA

Then I tell myself he spends all day
searching, in the evening he wants to be
found.

198 EXT. UWEINAT. 1939. DAY

198

The Expedition Team is packing up the Basecamp at Uweinat at the site of the Ain Dua Well. Madox is covering his old plane with tarpaulin, struggling to tie it down. Almasy goes across to help.

MADOX

Had a letter from my wife. The wisteria is still out, which I'm looking forward to. She says Dorset is gripped with Invasion Fever. Wrong coast I should have thought, still...

ALMASY

Right.

MADOX

Bermann thinks he'll be interned, poor fellow. I'm going to do what I can, but... And D'Ag is in a flap. Great fan of Mussolini which I never knew.

ALMASY

I didn't know.

MADOX

About D'Ag? That's what I hear.

ALMASY

Thanks for the maps, and the compasses. I'll treasure them.

MADOX

(shrugging this off)
When's Clifton coming?

ALMASY

Tomorrow afternoon. We'll all be done by then.

MADOX

(nods, then reflects on the plane)
Odd to bury the old bird.
(rubs the propeller blade like the muzzle of a horse)
I have to teach myself not to read too much into everything. Comes of too long having to read so much into hardly anything at all.

They walk away from the plane and towards the jeep which is taking him back to Cairo. He throws his haversack into the Jeep then turns. Almasy puts out a hand. This is a moment of great emotional weight for them both, conducted as if nothing were happening.

ALMASY

Goodbye, my friend.

They shake hands.

MADOX

Goodbye, my friend. *May God make safety your companion.*

ALMASY

(a tradition)
There is no God.
(smiles)
But I hope someone looks after you.

Madox turns to get into the truck then remembers something, jabs at his throat.

MADOX

In case you're still wondering - this is called the *supasternal notch*.

He gets in the truck, Almasy shakes hands with them all as the truck is moving.

MADOX

Come and visit us in Dorset. When all this nonsense is over.
(then shrugs)
You'll never come to Dorset.

The truck - a British one - roars off. Almsy watches - then heads back to continue with his packing up.

191 EXT. YEOVIL RAILWAY STATION. DAY

191

A train pulls into the station. People disembark, some in uniform. Madox emerges from a pack of EVACUATION CHILDREN with a couple of matronly women supervising. He looks about him, feels like a Martian. A woman, his wife FRANCES, approaches, falters, then embraces him. It's very modest, pregnant with meaning.

FRANCES

Hello Peter.

MADOX

Hello Frances.

192 EXT. DORSET. DAY

192

A bus picks its way along this incredibly English journey, rolling verdant hills, a bobby on a bicycle. A perfect day.

193 INT. BUS. DAY

193

Madox and Frances sit on the bus, rather formally holding hands.

FRANCES

Your parents are excited. I said we'd pop over on Sunday if you weren't exhausted.

(Madox nods)

We've all missed you.

MADOX

Ditto. Ditto. I'm very keen to see the wisteria.

194 EXT. THE MADOX GARDEN. DAY

194

And the Wisteria is exquisite. The garden is walled and the tree covers practically the whole of the back wall. Madox, now in a cardigan, wanders down the garden towards it, Mary in tow. Madox touches the wisteria.

MADOX

Well.

FRANCES

Awfully pretty.

MADOX

Yes.

He takes her hand again.

FRANCES

Peter, listen, I made the children go to school today because -

(she hesitates)

I'm afraid I wasn't being absolutely truthful.

MADOX

What?

FRANCES

(gathers herself up)

There's been some terrible news, darling. Your friends - the Count, Mr and Mrs Clifton.

MADOX

What about them?

FRANCES

There was a ghastly accident, the day you left - apparently, apparently Mr. Clifton's plane crashed and, anyway, there was a telephone message for you...

MADOX

No, that's not right, Katharine couldn't have been there -

FRANCES

The message said all three.

MADOX

And I'm saying it can't be right! whatever they said! because it's a two-seater plane!

FRANCES

Well, of course, I don't even know them.

MADOX

Where's the step-ladder?

FRANCES

The step-ladder?

MADOX

(pulling at the wisteria)

This needs to be cut right back.

FRANCES

(aghast)

Well, not now dear, I've got lunch.

MADOX

Now is as good a time as any. Needs to be chopped right back.

195 INT. MADOX HOUSE. DUSK.

195

The two children watch at the window. Madox is hacking away at the Wisteria, brutalising it. Frances has the meal waiting. She takes the plates off the table and puts them back in the oven.

196 EXT. GARDEN. DUSK.

196

Frances comes out towards Peter, who's up on the step-ladder. He's lighting a cigarette, taking a breather, considering his work.

FRANCES

Peter, will you come in? The children are desperate for you.

MADOX

Nearly there.

FRANCES

It's dark.

(Madox takes up the shears again)

Darling, you're not supposed to light a match. There's a blackout.

MADOX

(hacking with the shears)

Imagine, just imagine if I looked at Lizzie and Pip and said, and you, and said - yesterday you were my family, but today Lizzie - you're my enemy; Pip - you're my enemy; and you, Frances - you're my enemy. We didn't care about countries. French, Hungarian, German, none of it mattered. None of it. It was something finer than that.

FRANCES

I'm so sorry. Well your family is still here - me, Lizzie and Pip - and we love you.

(wretched)

Peter?

197 INT. ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY. LONDON. 1942.

197

The Geographical Society has been appropriated by the Army and is being used for a special briefing. YOUNG OFFICERS AND OLDER AFRICA HANDS file into the Reading Room. Among them is MADOX, subdued, aged. He is greeted warmly by a few fellow former-explorers. At the podium, coughing impatiently, is CLIVE FENELON BARNES.

FENELON-BARNES

Gentlemen, gentleman, let's start please.
Splendid to see so many familiar faces.

People find seats, and settle during this-

FENELON-BARNES

Ironically. the last artifact I turned over to the keepers here at the Geographical Society was a bronze arrow head I found in the Sand Sea. Now once again we have terrible war in the desert, strewing the North African sands with weapons for future historians to unearth and learn from. But our interest today is not academic. To be blunt - Jerry is giving us a bloody good hiding out there. Well, the news for those of us anxious to get back is we're wanted - finally! - Anyone heard of the Long Range Desert Patrols?

Not many have.

FENELON-BARNES

Rommel, of course, is already two or three moves ahead of us. He's got better maps, better intelligence. Some of you may be startled to learn he's also got his own recruits, chaps you might have considered friends - Bermann, D'Agostino, Fellows of the Society. And others.

He pulls down a roll map showing North Africa. Takes up a pointer and jabs at a location in western Libya.

FENELON-BARNES

Three months ago, in June 1942, a Nazi spy - known as the Rebecca Spy - was escorted a thousand miles across desert to Cairo. This was the route of that remarkable expedition.

(scrapes a course passing through Uweinat)

As far as I know only one man not in this room could have navigated that journey.

(looks at Madox)

Madox? Count Ladislaus de Almasy.

MADOX

Almasy's dead.

FENELON-BARNES

I don't think so. I don't think he did die. You're talking about the Cliftons? I rather think he killed them.

MADOX

I don't believe it. This is rubbish.

FENELON-BARNES

(he takes a large envelope)

I have here a photograph, not a very good one - taken at Giala Oasis - of a man in the uniform of the German Desert Korps, giving the German Salute. I am satisfied the man in the photograph is your former colleague, your friend.

He hands THE PHOTOGRAPH to a man in the first row, who studies it, nods vigorously, then passes it on. It goes in a chain towards Madox. BEFORE IT GETS TO HIM, he stands, walks blindly from the room. Fenelon-Barnes shrugs.

FENELON-BARNES

I'm afraid that proves my point.

(turning back to the maps)

Let's examine the current state of play, shall we...?

198 INT. RGS. DAY

198

Later, the meeting over, the men pour out of the room, lighting pipes and cigarettes, generally excited. It takes one of them to SLIP UP in macabre fashion on the pool of blood before they notice MADOX SLUMPED DEAD in the chair just outside the door of the Reading Room, A CEREMONIAL SWORD PLUNGED INTO HIS THROAT, a Geographical Society ID tag hanging from the hilt. Fenelon-Barnes is the last man out.

199 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM. NIGHT

199

The Patient, breathing, each intake accompanied by a small noise, a note. His eyes open to see Caravaggio at the morphine.

CARAVAGGIO

Care for a cocktail? Two thirds morphine, one pure alcohol.

THE PATIENT

Fancy.

CARAVAGGIO

Yeah. A Brompton Hospital special. Takes the sting off.

THE PATIENT

Hana tells me you're leaving.

CARAVAGGIO

(preparing the injection)

There are going to be trials, they want me to interpret, don't they know I'm allergic to courtrooms?

THE PATIENT

We shall miss you.

He delivers the injection. The Patient sighs.

THE PATIENT

So, are you going to tell me - why did you really come here?

200 EXT. GARDEN. NIGHT.

200

Kip is in the tent, looking out of the flap, waiting for Hana.

201 INT. THE VILLA, VARIOUS. NIGHT.

201

Kip walks along the corridors, looking for Hana. He passes The Patient's room, sees Hana is not with Caravaggio and The Patient, then goes to her room. She's not there either.

He's looking everywhere now - Kitchen, Library - can't find her. He goes back upstairs. There's the abandoned part of the floor where the shells have smashed through. He leaps over it.

Hana is sitting on the floor in the corner of the room. Kip comes in. He looks questioningly at her.

HANA

Sometimes I need you to find me.

202 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. NIGHT.

202

Caravaggio's ready for his own injection.

CARAVAGGIO

Ah. Anyway, I come across the Hospital Convoy and they tell me about you and Hana, hiding, in purdah here, whatever it is -

(holds up the syringe)

I was looking for this stuff, and Mary, Hana's friend, tells me about how you'd come in from the Desert and you were burned and you didn't know your name but you knew the words to every song there was and you had one possession -

(picks it up)

- a copy of Herodotus - and it was full of letters and cuttings, and then I knew it must be you.

THE PATIENT

Me?

CARAVAGGIO

I'd seen you writing in that book. At the Country Club in Cairo, when I had thumbs and you had a face and a name.

THE PATIENT

I see.

CARAVAGGIO

Before you went over to the Germans, before you got Rommel's spy across the desert so he could set himself up and take photographs of anyone who entered and left British Headquarters. Me, for instance. Pretty good photographs - I saw mine in a torture room in Tobruk, so they made an impression.

THE PATIENT

And you thought you'd come and settle the score.

CARAVAGGIO

I don't know what I thought. I thought - he's here and I'm here - and, and I had to come and look at you and see if I was right. And I was, wasn't I? Count?

THE PATIENT

About who I am? Perhaps. About what I did? It's a war which had nothing to do with me, with what I care about.

CARAVAGGIO

Nothing to do with you but if the British hadn't unearthed your nosey friend in Cairo thousands of people could have died.

THE PATIENT

Thousands of people did die, just different people.

CARAVAGGIO

But you were among the British, they were your friends - why fight against them? Why kill the Cliftons?

THE PATIENT

What?

CARAVAGGIO

The Cliftons. We know you killed them, we found his body and -

THE PATIENT

(a bitter laugh)

Is that what you thought? That I killed them? Of course. Well, perhaps I did.

203 INT. TIGER MOTH. 1939 DAY.

203

Geoffrey Clifton is flying up to Gilf Kebir. As the plane approaches the Base Camp it's possible to make out Almasy STANDING ON A RIDGE, waving a blue tarpaulin as a marker to Clifton, who - on seeing it - drops altitude and prepares to land. As he banks sharply, the angle reveals he has a passenger. Katharine.

204 EXT. UWEINAT. DAY

204

Almasy walks down from the ridge towards the landing area - the base camp now neatly parcelled up below him with markers for buried equipment and a small pile of valuables ready to be collected by the plane. He watches as the plane drops towards him, shielding his eyes against the sun. The plane SUDDENLY BANKS UP AND MAKES A LOOP, turning to approach the strip from the other direction. Puzzled, Almasy turns to watch the second attempt.

205 INT. MOTH. DAY

205

Katharine also looks at Geoffrey with some concern.

KATHARINE

Geoffrey? Is everything all right?

CLIFTON

(not emotional, checking his instruments, trying to pull off the stunt of his life)

I love you. I love you so much, Katharine, and - too much! - as it happens, so this is absolutely for the best.

And, without warning, he suddenly YANKS the plane to its left, throwing Katharine against the cockpit.

206 EXT. GROUND. DAY

206

Almasy sees the plane swerve, now suddenly heading straight towards him. He's completely vulnerable, nowhere to run. He turns and falters and dives at the ground. THE MOTH IS BOUNCING ALONG, STRAIGHT FOR HIM. Then it smashes against an invisible ridge and turns over and over, the wings snapping off like twigs as it hurtles past the prostrate Almasy. He gets to his feet and starts to run towards the wreckage.

A blue line of smoke is uncoiling from the Moth, but no fire. Almasy pulls away the mangled cockpit to find GEOFFREY - SLUMPED, NECK BROKEN, BLOODY. He tries to move him, and in

the process reveals, to his horror, KATHARINE, STARING GRIMLY AHEAD, UNABLE TO MOVE. Almasy is beside himself. He had no idea that Katharine would be there.

ALMASY

Katharine! Oh sweet Jesus, Katharine -
what are you doing here?

KATHARINE

(eyes rolling, an incredible
weariness)
I can't move. I can't get out.

Almasy starts to pull at the wreck around her. DURING THIS-

ALMASY

Why did he bring you?

KATHARINE

A surprise, he said.

Almasy struggles with the canopy, kicking it away, increasingly frantic and emotional. He inspects Clifton, tries to find a pulse. The smoke circles around them.

KATHARINE

Poor Geoffrey, look at him. He knew. He knew all the time. Is he badly hurt? His neck is odd.

Almasy puts his arms around Katharine to try and pull her clear. She can't stand the pain.

KATHARINE

Please don't move me. It hurts too much.

ALMASY

We've got to get you out of here.

KATHARINE

It hurts too much.

ALMASY

(can't bear to hurt her)
I know, darling, I'm sorry.

The smoke thickens. He pulls - hard - the pain from which causes Katharine to gasp, then pass out. They slip haphazardly to the ground, cushioned a little by the sand. He lifts her gently into his arms and carries her from the danger of the place, then turns and runs back, heedlessly entering the smoke again before emerging with Clifton over his shoulder, fireman's-lift style, struggles under the weight of him. THE PLANE SUDDENLY ERUPTS IN FLAMES, and blows them both to the ground.

287 EXT. THE CAVE OF SWIMMERS. DAY

287

He has wrapped Katharine in the silk folds of her parachute and emerges from near the familiar cleft in the rock, struggling with the exertion of the climb as they approach the Cave of Swimmers. He has a large water bottle slung around his neck and a haversack, and is loaded like a pack horse. Katharine opens her eyes.

KATHARINE

(whispering)

Why did you hate me?

ALMASY

What?

KATHARINE

Don't you know you made everybody mad?

ALMASY

Don't talk.

KATHARINE

(gasping)

You speak so many bloody languages and you never want to talk.

They stagger on. He suddenly notices a stain of gold at her neck. It's saffron, leaking from a silver THIMBLE which hangs from a black ribbon.

ALMASY

(overwhelmed)

You're wearing the thimble.

KATHARINE

Of course. You idiot. I always wear it. I've always worn it. As I've always loved you.

HE CRIES as he walks - huge sobs, no words - convulsed with the pain of it. They approach the Cave.

288 INT. CAVE OF SWIMMERS. DAY

288

Almasy comes through in shadows, carrying Katharine, blocking out the light that pours into the entrance of the cave. Once inside, he sets her down incredibly gently, makes a bed of blankets and the parachute. He turns on his flashlight.

KATHARINE

It's cold.

ALMASY

I know. I'll make a fire.

He begins to find debris for the fire, pulling out the stocks of acacia twigs the Expedition had cached. As he scours the cave, the torch sends his shadow flitting across the walls.

KATHARINE

Shall we be all right?

ALMASY

Yes. Absolutely.

KATHARINE

(a little laugh)

Oh dear.

ALMASY

(as he works)

Listen to me, Katharine. You've broken your ankle and I'm going to have to try and bind it. I think your wrist might be broken, too - and some ribs, which is why it's hurting you to breathe. Naturally, because Madox and I have no brains whatsoever, his aeroplane is stored without fuel. So I'm going to head for El Taj. But given all the traffic in the desert these days I should bump into one army or another before I reach there - or Fenelon-Barnes and his camel. And then I'll be back and we'll be fine, and I'll never leave you.

The fire is lit and he comes over to her, kneels beside her.

KATHARINE

Do you promise?

ALMASY

I promise. And there's plenty of water and food. You can have a party.

He kisses her tenderly. Pulls out his Herodotus and lays it beside her.

ALMASY

And a good read.

KATHARINE

I shall. Thank you.

(clouds over)

Will you bury Geoffrey? I know he's dead.

ALMASY

I'm sorry, Katharine.

KATHARINE

I know.

ALMASY

Every day I cut out my heart but next morning it was full again.

He's tearing strips from the parachute with his knife. As he starts to bind her wrist he gets her to talk, trying to distract her from the pain.

ALMASY

Tell me about your garden. The garden you love.

KATHARINE

(tries to focus)

Our Garden, our garden - not so much the garden, but the copse alongside it, wild, a secret way plunging down to the shore and then nothing but water between you and France. *The Devil's Chimney* it was called -

(she gasps with pain)

The Devil's Chimney, I don't know why.

(he kisses her)

Darling. My darling.

209 INT. KIP'S TENT. NIGHT.

209

Hana is asleep. Kip looks at her, examining her, gently, with love. He glances up at The Patient's room, sees the light still burning. Caravaggio is at the window, looking out, but then turns back into the room at something which is being said.

210 EXT. DESERT, 1939. DUSK.

210

ALMASY BURYING CLIFTON. He's dug a narrow trench, and now he goes to the body. Clifton's face is oil stained, bloody. Almasy takes his handkerchief and, pouring his precious water into it, CLEANS GEOFFREY'S FACE with real tenderness, before carrying him over to the grave. He starts to fill it in.

THE PATIENT (O/S)

Seventy miles, north by north west. I had Madox's compass. A man can walk in the desert as fast as a camel. That's about two and a half miles an hour.

211 EXT. DESERT. NIGHT.

211

He's walking. slides and collapses as he misjudges a dune, gets up.

THE PATIENT (O/S)

I stopped at noon and at twilight. Three days there, I told her, then three hours back by jeep. Don't go anywhere. I'll be back.

212 EXT. DESERT. DAWN

212

He trudges on, his eyes opening and closing. He's singing to keep awake. *Darktown Strutter's Ball*. He does a little shuffle. Looks behind at the crazy trail of his footprints.

213 EXT. WELL. DAY

213

Almasy lowers himself by rope into an old well. It's brackish and almost dry and he's lowered himself ten feet to get to the filthy water. He stands in the well, filling his water bottle, pouring water over his head, grimacing at the taste, but parched too.

214 EXT. DESERT. DAY

214

Almasy gets his first sight of the fortress town of El Taj and sinks to his knees, in relief and exhaustion. Then he gets up and trudges towards the town.

A jeep comes out to intercept him, blowing up a cloud of dust. The British Army. A young OFFICER gets out of the vehicle, a CORPORAL with a rifle in his hands following up behind. They approach a little circumspectly.

OFFICER

Good morning!

ALMASY

Could I trouble you for some water?

OFFICER

(registering the accented English)

Yes, of course.

(the Corporal has a water bottle, hands it to Almasy)

So, golly, where have you come from?

ALMASY

(gulping the water)

I desperately need a jeep. There's been an accident.

OFFICER

I see.

ALMASY

(brain racing)

No, I'm not thinking clearly - I need a doctor too, to come with me, can I take

(MORE)

ALMASY (cont'd)
this vehicle? I'll pay, of course - and
some morphine and...
(calculating)
Seventy miles - I can be back here by
dusk.

OFFICER
Do you have your papers, sir?

ALMASY
What?

OFFICER
If I could just see your passport.

ALMASY
Am I not talking sense? - forgive me,
I'm, I've been walking, I've - there's a
woman badly injured at Gilf Kebir, in the
Cave of Swimmers. I am a member of the
Royal Geographical Society.

OFFICER
Right. And what's your name, sir?

ALMASY
Count Ladislaus de Almasy.

The Officer is writing this down. A glance at his Corporal.

OFFICER
Ladislaus - would you mind just spelling
that for me? What nationality would
that be?

ALMASY
Look, listen to me. A woman is dying -
my wife! - is dying seventy miles from
here. I have been walking for three
days! I don't want to spell my name, I
want you to give me this jeep!

OFFICER
(writing)
I understand you are agitated - perhaps
you would like to sit down while I radio
back to HQ -

ALMASY
(snapping)
No! NO! Don't radio anybody, just give
me the fucking jeep!

Almasy sets on the Officer, hauling him by the lapels, but
then immediately loses his balance. As he stumbles up he gets
the stock of the corporal's rifle across his head, **KNOCKING
HIM TO THE GROUND.**

215 EXT. EL TAJ STREET. DAY

215

Almasy, head pounding, is in the back of an army lorry, locked inside AN UPRIGHT BAMBOO CAGE which has the dimensions of a coffin. There are two other prisoners in the open back of this vehicle, both in identical cages. They sway - struggling to keep their feet - as the truck lurches over the uneven streets.

ALMASY

(shouting, hoarse)

Hey! Hey! Stop this truck! Let me out of here - there's a woman dying, there's a woman dying while I'm - Hey!

DRIVER

Shut-up!

ALMASY

Please - I beg you, I beg you, I beg you, please listen to me, this is a terrible mistake. Just stop, please, and listen to me. My wife is dying.

DRIVER

Listen, Fritz, if I have to listen to another word from you I'll give you a fucking good hiding.

ALMASY

Fritz? What are you talking about? Who's Fritz?

DRIVER

That's your name innit? Count Fucking Arsehole Von Bismarck? What's that supposed to be then, Irish?

Almasy, berserk, starts to shake the cage, screaming.

ALMASY

Let me out, let me out, let me out - Katharine! Katharine!

His frenzy capsizes the cage and IT TIPS OVER THE EDGE Of the truck, lands with a nasty crunch and bounces along the road. The driver and his partner get out and viciously KICK THE CAGE BACK towards the truck.

DRIVER

Now shut the fuck up!

216 INT. A TRAIN. DUSK

216

A TRAIN scuttles through the desert.

Almasy wakes up. His hand is cuffed to the metal grille of the goods compartment. He's lying down amongst a bunch of other prisoners and their little bundles of possessions in this makeshift cell - some Arabs, some Italians.

A SERGEANT pushes a lavatory-bound prisoner along the corridor, leaving behind A YOUNG PRIVATE who sits on a packing case, with a rifle across his lap, reading a Penguin edition of *Gullivers Travels*. Almasy is HORRIFIED to find himself on a train. He tries to move, but he's locked tight to the grille. He rattles the cuffs against the metal.

ALMASY

Excuse me.

The Soldier looks up.

ALMASY

I also need to use the lavatory

SOLDIER

You'll have to wait.

ALMASY

Yes. Where are we going, please?

SOLDIER

Tobruk.

Almasy can't bear this news. Completely the wrong direction.

ALMASY

Ah. I'm embarrassed to say this Call of Nature - it's rather urgent.

SOLDIER

Hang on.

(calls up the corridor)

Sarge! Jerry wants to use the lav - says it's urgent.

The Sergeant returns.

SERGEANT

What's up?

ALMASY

Cramps.

SERGEANT

(making a face to the soldier)

You take him.

(the soldier looks uneasy)

You unlock the cuffs, sit him down, then lock the cuffs to the downpipe till he's done.

SOLDIER

Right. Sarge - I can wait outside though?

SERGEANT

What do you think? Unless you're a
bleedin' pervert!

217 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY

217

The Soldier pushes Almasy along the corridor. The train bucks and complains on the rudimentary track.

They arrive outside the lavatory. The toilet opposite is occupied. A voice is calling impatiently from inside it.

ITALIAN PRISONER

(O/S)

Hey! Finished. Ho finito qui.

The Soldier is distracted for a split second. Enough for Almasy to ELBOW HIM savagely in the stomach, winding him, then kicking him repeatedly in the head. He wraps his cuffs around the Soldier's neck and - yanking them together and twisting - produces a tiny, efficient and sickening snap.

ALMASY

(to the prisoner in the
toilet, with a perfect
English accent)

Be right with you.

He finds the key to the handcuffs, unlocks them, grabs the soldier and drags him into the empty lavatory.

218 INT. TRAIN. EVENING.

218

Almasy, DRESSED IN THE SOLDIER'S UNIFORM, arrives at the rear of the train, nods casually to the Guard, then SHOTS HIM With his stolen pistol. He clambers over the rail and leaps off the train and into the moonlit desert.

219 EXT. RAILWAY TRACK. EVENING.

219

Almasy, silhouetted against the evening sky, walks back down the track, three hundred miles away from the dying Katharine Clifton, no way now of saving her. He is a tiny speck in the vast desert. His heart broken.

THE PATIENT (O/S)

So yes. She died because of me. Because
I loved her. Because I had the wrong
name.

220 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY

220

The Patient is exhausted. He has said aloud what has tortured him. His failure to save Katharine. He looks at Caravaggio.

THE PATIENT

If my name had been Smith or Brown or Jones I could have saved her. So then I hated men with those names. For a very long time. And then I came to hate my own name. So I lost it.

221 INT. STABLES. AUGUST 1945. DAY

221

Kip is working at a BLACKSMITH'S FORGE in one of the Stables. He is making a mould. A collection of metal is arranged on a bench - a bayonet, a rifle, a piece of bomb casing.

Hana enters, goes up, hugs him from behind.

HANA

What are you up to?

KIP

A sidecar - for my motorcycle. I'm going to use my rifle, Hardy's bayonet, a piece of the bomb which killed him. That gun at Lahore, Kipling's cannon - *Zamzammah* - remember? That was made out of the metal of ordinary things. I want to make an ordinary thing out of guns.

He starts to heat up the melting cup. It's thrust into the forge.

KIP

When I went to England I was amazed at what went on, the waste - I'd been taught to reuse anything, the dung from a cow to cool a radiator, a fork to fix a typewriter- India could live for a hundred years on what I saw thrown away.

HANA

I should go to the house, get breakfast.

KIP

The lamp was burning all night in his room. Caravaggio was there with him.

She goes to kiss him. He is over the fire and protests.

KIP

This is hot!

HANA

(teasing him)

Nya-nya-nya!

KIP

I mean it!

222 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY

222

Caravaggio is topping himself up with morphine.

CARAVAGGIO

You get to the morning and the poison leaks away, doesn't it? Black nights, fucking black nights, when you want to howl like a dog. I thought I would kill you. But the girl was always here, like some Guardian Angel.

ALMASY

Anyway, you can't kill me. I died years ago.

CARAVAGGIO

No, now I can't kill you. My hands stopped hurting. That's the thing, in the end, it's just scars.

223 INT. THE STABLES. DAY

223

Kip has melted part of the metal. He's listening to something on his crystal set. It's news he seems not fully to understand. He holds the blade of the bayonet and watches it dissolve into the molten mass. The news is sinking in, about a bomb dropping on Japan. A NEW KIND OF BOMB.

THE METAL GLOWS A VIVID RED IN THE BLACKSMITH'S CUP.

Suddenly Kip slops all of it into the trough of water, sending up a great hissing column of steam.

224 INT. PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY

224

Caravaggio sits by The Patient who is helping him to take off his bandages.

CARAVAGGIO

And did you never see Katharine, you never got back to the Cave?

THE PATIENT

Yes, I got back there. It should have taken a day, it took me three years. It took a mine. That would amuse Kip. I was blown up in a patrol, fifty miles from the Cave of Swimmers. And I went there, went there to keep a promise, to bury her. And then of course I couldn't... I couldn't even do that pr-

Kip storms into the room, walks straight up to The Patient and POINTS THE GUN AT HIM. Caravaggio is taken by surprise.

CARAVAGGIO

Kip - what are -?

KIP

Stay out of this.

THE PATIENT

Kip, what is it?

KIP

I looked up to you, Uncle. My brother always said I was a fool. *Never trust the British, he said: the deal-makers, the map-makers; never shake hands with them.*

THE PATIENT

I don't understand.

KIP

What have I been doing all this time? Mines, bombs, an army of mines I've fought with my bare hands.

He approaches the bed. Caravaggio tries to intervene.

CARAVAGGIO

Kip, listen -

Kip swings the rifle at him, KNOCKING HIM To the floor.

KIP

I said keep out of this!

He pulls off his earphones and rams them around The Patient's head, dropping the set onto the bed. The Patient listens, coughing.

KIP

Can you hear? Can you hear what they're celebrating? I listened to you, Uncle. Sitting at your feet - always sitting at somebody's feet - trying to learn. The right way to hold a teacup, otherwise you're out, the pukkah knot in your tie. Your schools, your prefects and your cricket and your - as if everything can be explained in terms of a bat and a ball and an accent.

CARAVAGGIO

Kip -

KIP

Kip! - it's not even my name because you can't say it. Kirpal Singh Bhuller is my name.

Hana enters carrying a tray, stunned by what she sees.

CARAVAGGIO

Well, then understand his name - because you've got the wrong guy. He's not English. Ask him his name!

THE PATIENT

Do it. Pull the trigger.

HANA

(getting in between Kip and the Patient)

What's happened? Kip! Don't pull the trigger. Please! What do you mean he's not English? What's happening?

KIP

They're excited! They're excited about destroying a whole city. Would they do that to a White Man's City? Never!

THE PATIENT

(pulling off the earphones)

Go on, do it. I don't need to hear any more.

CARAVAGGIO

Kip, listen, he lost everything because he wasn't English - you know? Shoot me, I'm more English than he is!

Kip levels the gun at The Patient. Then breaks it open, throws it down on the bed, next to the earphones, from which the news continues to leak, some words audible - *Enola Gay... Hiroshima.... and from different voices - It was beautiful! just beautiful! Bang! the biggest bang you ever saw!*

225 EXT. KIP'S TENT. LATE DAY

225

Hana approaches. Kip is inside the tent, the flap zipped. She sees his shadow moving, then still as she calls his name. It's like a confessional. The flap between them, the man in shadows, Hana crouched, forlorn.

HANA

Kip. Kip. It's me.
(no response)

Why? It's another bomb. However big, what's the difference? There've been so many bombs. What about Coventry? What about Dresden? Those were white cities.
(no response)

I don't understand. Let me come in.

The shadow doesn't move. Hana is at a loss.

226 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. EVENING.

226

The Patient becomes aware of something in the room, opens his eyes, squints into the darkness and sees A FIGURE hovering against the wall. *He's in the Cave, he thinks, he's seeing the painted figures moving, he's seeing the Swimmer.*

KIP - wearing only his shorts, no turban, hair loose, stands in the shadows at the foot of the Patient's bed.

227 INT. HANA'S ROOM. EVENING.

227

Kip comes into the room. Hana sits in the corner. She is nervous of him, his look, his intensity.

KIP

Will you come with me?

HANA

Of course. When?

KIP

I mean home. India.

HANA

(thrown, complex)

Kip...I -

KIP

(interpreting this)

I know - here I am always a brown man, there you would be always a white woman.

HANA

Is that what you think? Is that what you think I think?

KIP

It's what I've learned.

HANA

I'm thinking about your heart, not your skin. And how to reach it. If I could reach it. And that I don't think I can.

She stands, goes to him.

HANA

I've clung to you. I've clung to you. Kip. Like a raft.

And she clings to him. He loves her.

KIP

Then come with me.

228 EXT. VILLA. DAY

228

Next morning and Kip drives the motorbike out of the Chapel. Waiting at the terrace balustrade is Caravaggio. Kip slows alongside him, the engine turning over. Caravaggio grins.

CARAVAGGIO

We shall have to learn how to miss you.

He hugs him, wrapping his arms around the boy like a bear.

229 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM.

229

Hana, from the window, watches all this, watches as Kip rides away on the Triumph.

She is preparing an injection for The Patient. The tray has a handful of ampoules. She takes one. THE PATIENT REACHES OUT AND PUSHES TWO MORE TOWARDS HER, THEN ANOTHER, THEN ALL OF THEM. She looks at him. IT'S A MASSIVE, LETHAL DOSE. She starts to prepare the injection, her eyes filling with tears. The Patient nods, smiles, whispers.

THE PATIENT

Thank you. Thank you.

She kisses him, gently on the mouth. He closes his eyes.

230 EXT. NEAR THE CAVE OF SWIMMERS. 1942. DAY

230

The familiar cleft in the rocks. Almasy climbs wearily over it. He's thin, unshaven, his clothes are unrecognisable. He wears his shredded shirt like a scarf around his head and neck - and strapped to his back is a jerrycan of gasoline.

231 INT. CAVE OF SWIMMERS. DAY

231

The light from a makeshift torch flickers and illuminates the cave. The bats have returned and flap in alarm, screeching a little. Almasy comes through.

KATHARINE'S CORPSE lies where he left her - a ghost on a bed of silk and blankets. The chill of the cave has preserved her. She could be asleep. She clutches the Herodotus.

ALMASY

Katharine, my darling. I'm sorry. I took so long.

He sobs. He's terribly cold, exhausted. He slips underneath the covers to be next to her, and closes his eyes.

ALMASY

I'm so tired.

232 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. 1945. DAY 232

He's slipping away. Hana lies in the bed beside him. He looks across AND WHAT HE SEES IS KATHARINE BESIDE HIM, SMILING, STROKING HIS HEAD.

233 EXT. AIN DUA WELL. 1942. DUSK. 233

ALMASY CARRYING KATHARINE IN HIS ARMS. The gasoline can strapped once more to his back. He sets her down tenderly, then begins his DIVINER'S WALK, like an aboriginal, circling a particular area, kicking up sand. He finds the spot, starts to dig, uncovers a flap of tarpaulin.

234 EXT. AIN DUA WELL. DAWN. 234

ALMASY HAS UNCOVERED MADOX'S OLD PLANE. The tarpaulin hangs off it in tatters from where time, and then Almasy's knife, have ravaged it. He finds a leather helmet, flying suit, all neatly stowed. He walks across to the bundle of Katharine and lifts her up. She appears to weigh nothing at all.

The plane shudders into life, missing, stalling, cutting out. He tries again. Same performance.

The plane growls into the air. Weary, old, fuselage rotting.

235 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY 235

THE BED IS EMPTY, THE MATTRESS STRIPPED. Hana stands in the doorway, then sees the Herodotus on the bedside table. She picks it up, sits at the foot of the bed and starts to read.

236 EXT. THE DESERT. DAY 236

The plane climbs reluctantly.

237 EXT. VILLA GARDEN. 1945. DAY 237

Caravaggio is at the gate to the Villa. He has his things and is waiting for Hana.

CARAVAGGIO

Hana! Come on!

He gets up onto the balustrade, tentatively finds his balance, then starts to walk, heel to toe - slowly, and then with more confidence - along the long thin line of stone.

238 INT. VILLA COURTYARD. DAY 238

Hana walks across the courtyard, smudging the chalked hopscotch squares, leaving it all behind.

239 INT. PLANE. DAY.

239

INSIDE THE COCKPIT : THE COUPLE AS AT THE FRONT OF THE FILM. Almasy obliterated by goggles and helmet. Katharine slumped forwards as if sleeping.

Below them the earth without maps - the desert - stretches out mile after mile after mile. And he begins to sing - *Szerelem, Szerelem...* until that fades and is replaced by the woman's keening voice heard at the begin of the film, singing for all that has been lost.

The sound of gun fire...