

THE LADY VANISHES

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(from the novel THE WHEEL SPINS. by Ethel Lina White)

Shooting script

With Revised Dialogue

March 14th, 1938

THE WEEKLY SPINS

1. EXT. SOMEWHERE IN SOUTHERN EUROPE. DAY. L.S. (Model)

FADE IN. A panorama of mountain scenery - snow capped mountain peaks. On the slopes the snow has already melted, indicating it is springtime. The CAMERA SWEEPS down to a lower altitude and reveals a picturesque little railway station - Zolnay. As the CAMERA TRACKS nearer we see it is completely deserted but standing some way outside the station is a Continental Express. There is no sign of life anywhere. We move nearer and nearer until at last we are able to see the reason - the engine of the Express is half buried in snow, as is also the track before it for several hundred yards. THE CAMERA PANS off the train until we include the village. Its street is quite deserted, gusts of wind blow up the snow round corners. We pass the Church and finally see a typical 'gasthaus'. Across its roof we read it is the 'Hotel Peter'. As we go closer the camera starts to pan on to the gasthaus.

2. EXT.) GASTHAUS. DAY. S.L.S. (Actual)
INT.)

The camera continues its pan until we fill the screen, then we move in until we have only a large double-glassed window, through which we peer. In the lounge there appears to be a collection of completely immobile people. They are seated in attitudes of anxious waiting. They are obviously travellers, dressed in heavy coats, rugs round the ladies' knees. Some surround the large closed-in stove. Luggage is strewn all over the place. In fact we gather that these are the unfortunate passengers of the snowed up Continental Express. At the desk on the right, the hotel Manager, a somewhat seedy little man, stands casually reading a paper; in one hand he holds the telephone receiver to his ear, apparently waiting for some reply. The phone itself is an old fashioned wall instrument on the wall by the side of his counter. Behind him is an old ornamental Austrian clock. Suddenly round the corner of the stairs appears a small grey-haired woman of about fifty - Miss Froy. She comes quietly down the stairs, she hesitates a little on seeing the crowd of strangers, then hurries over towards the desk. She is a warm human little body with all the fussy foibles of an English spinster. She carries a letter in her hand.

3. S.C.S.

As she approaches the desk she mutters something quite unintelligible, the Manager looks up from his paper; she holds the letter up to him indicating she requires a stamp. One handed he fumbles

3. contd.

in a drawer and finally hands her one. She opens her handbag, and first extracts a pair of gold rimmed pince-nez which she rests on her nose, then fishes out a coin and gives it to the man. She carefully licks the stamp with her finger and sticks it on her letter, then removing her glasses puts them down on the desk while she picks up her change. She then picks up the letter again, puts it in her bag and leaves her glasses on the desk. With a timid smile of thanks she moves over towards the door CALLED PANNING WITH HER. She opens the door, a fierce gust of wind blows in, to which she seems quite oblivious. She pauses in the open doorway and suddenly remembers her glasses, she turns to go back to the desk leaving the door wide open -

4. S.L.S.

Most of the passengers look towards the open door and Miss Frey with disfavour. Immediately several men, prominent among them two very 'English' men, rise and make towards the door. Miss Frey, seeing them, realises what she has done and swiftly turns back to the door, closing it with a smile. The men return to their seats. Miss Frey goes back to the desk, just as she arrives there the door flies open on its own, another gust of wind sweeps in, the men again rise to their feet and make for the door, at the same moment Miss Frey has retrieved her glasses and is also making for the door. There is a moment of indecision, but they all reach the door at the same time.

5. S.C.S.

One of the two 'English' men reaches the door first and closes it just as Miss Frey hurries into picture. Caldicott gives her a brief smile and starts to move back, but hesitates as Miss Frey opens the door again. He gets ready to shut it after her, but she trots out closing the door behind her. Caldicott hesitates then decides to make sure whether it is shut correctly this time, he moves to it again, tries the handle, is satisfied it is safe, and with a broad grin turns out of the picture.

6. S.L.S.

Caldicott has just returned and joined his friend, Charturs, an elder, stouter ex-Indian Army type of man, when the door bursts open again, and with a lot of clatter several pairs of skis and masses of luggage appear in the doorway, under which we can just see an old porter. Simultaneously a dog starts to bark. (The little dog we use later in the luggage van) The Manager starts to shout "ALLO".....

7. C.U.

The manager has discarded his paper and is yelling.

MANAGER: Allo! Allo!

8. C.U.

With a loud whirring noise the weight of the Austrian clock on the wall runs down and it begins to strike. At the same time a little man pops out to the accompaniment of a musical-box effect.

9. S.C.S.

The manager vainly tries to listen. The porter has brought his load up against the desk, and with a clatter the skis fall down, and various pieces of luggage are lowered to the ground with a great deal of noise. Finally the manager has received the message and nodding his head mutters.

MANAGER: Kosto!

He replaces the receiver and leaning over the front starts to announce -

MANAGER: Il treno e fermo; afortunatamente fins e domani. Si prega si passeggeri che desiderano rimanere in questo Albergo de notificare a me al pin presto.

10. S.L.S.

At this several Italians rush forward, including a lady with the little dog, which still barks loudly. Another man, rather flashy, well greased hair, with a large wife and small child. This is Doppo. The Italians all start to talk rapidly at once, while the manager proceeds to shout above their heads in French.

MANAGER: Mesdames et Messieurs. Malheureusement le train est tenu en arriere jusqu'a demain. Si vous voulez reserver des chambres il faut que vous le faire sur le champ.

Another half dozen more passengers now crowd round the desk, while the manager can be heard above the babble shouting in German.

MANAGER: Meine Damen und Herren. Leider muss der zug hier bis morgen bleiben. Wenn sie im diesen Hotel ubernachten vollen, bitte sagen si zugleich.

11. C.S. OF THE TWO ENGLISHMEN.

CALDICOTT: What's all the fuss about Charters?

CHARTERS: Hanged if I know.

11a. M. S. THE MANAGER AND THE CROWD AROUND HIM.

He shouts in bad English.

MANAGER: Ladies and Gentlemen, unfortunately - the train it is upheld until to-morrow morning. Those who wish accommodation in this hotel if you please - reserve your rooms immediately.

11b. RESUME ENGLISHMEN.

They jump up.

CHARTERS: Why the deuce didn't he say so in the first place?

They hurry towards the counter and stand on the fringe of the crowd. The Manager holds up his hand for quiet, and quickly comes round his desk. The Englishmen think he is coming to them. Charters is about to repeat his question when the Manager's face breaks into a broad smile as he looks across towards the door. He hurries out of the picture, leaving the Englishmen gazing after him.

11c. S.C.S.

Just entering and closing the door, laughing and talking loudly, are three girls. They are dressed in Bavarian shorts, socks, heavy walking shoes, sticks, no hats. The Manager hurries in and greets Iris. She is a self-possessed young lady with plenty of confidence, and obviously the leader of the three. Blanche is blonde and tough, while Julie is dark and baby-faced.

MANAGER: (effusively) How do you do, Miss Henderson? How do you do, ladies? It is a big treat to sight you all again.

Iris grabs his hand and shakes it.

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5.

IRIS: It's nice to see you Boris (looking at him)
You haven't altered a bit since last Friday.

Blanche runs her hand lightly across the Manager's chin.

BLANCHE: You haven't shaved either.

JULIE: Is everything ready?

MANAGER: Everything. Even I keep for you the same
rooms. Nothing is changed.

IRIS: Not even the sheets - we know! Lead the way Boris.

They start to move across CAMERA with them.

MANAGER: You get here more early than I expect.

IRIS: Our legs gave out - we did the last lap on a
farm cart.

As they move across they pass close to the edge of the mass of travellers.

JULIE: I see we've company. Don't tell us Cooks are
doing cheap tours here?

BLANCHE: Maybe its the League of Nations looking for
a spot to recuperate.

IRIS: What is it Boris?

MANAGER: The express - he meets the 'havalunch'.

JULIE: 'Havalunch?'

IRIS: (correcting him) Avalanche Boris. Av - a -
lancha!

MANAGER: Yes Mias - always in Spring we have the 'hava-
lunch' The snow slide down, plop, and bury the railroad,
inclusive of the engine.

IRIS: How long before they dig it out?

By now they have arrived at the stairs, CAMERA still continues to
follow them up.

112 307.

ALICE: By morning. For you it is good luck! No need to wait for the next train. It is a sick wind that blows somebody no good, eh?

The girls eye each other.

BLANCHE: Talking of wind - we haven't eaten since dawn.

IRIS: Serve us supper will you? In my room.

JULIE: I could eat a horse.

IRIS: Don't put ideas in his head. Cold chicken Boris, and a magnum of champagne and make it snappy.

BLANCHE: Bandrika may have a dictator, but we're painting it red tonight.

They have now reached the top of the stairs and disappear round the corner.

12. S.L.S.

The neglected travellers watching them disappear; there is a lot of gesticulating among themselves, indicating the unfairness of the treatment.

13. S.C.S.

Charters and Caldicott. They are furious after recovering from their astonishment.

CHARTERS: (bitterly) Meanwhile we stand and cool our heels, eh? Confounded impudence!

CALDICOTT: Third-rate country, Charters. What do you expect?

CHARTERS: (With a glance up the stairs) Wonder who those women were.....

CALDICOTT: (wisely) Probably Americans. The Almighty Dollar, old man.

CHARTERS: Suppose there's nothing to do but wait.... if only we hadn't missed that train at Budapest!

CALDICOTT: I don't want to rub it in - but if you hadn't insisted on standing up till they'd finished their National Anthem.....

13. (CONTD)

CHARTERS: Must show respect Caldicott. Though if I'd known it lasted 20 minutes.....

CALDICOTT: Of course it's always been my contention the Hungarian Rhapsody is not their national anthem. After all we were the only two standing.

CHARTERS: True.

CALDICOTT: Ah well, there may be time yet.

CHARTERS: I doubt it. That last report was pretty ghastly. Remember.... "England on the Brink"?

CALDICOTT: Newspaper sensationalism. The Old Country's been in tight corners before.

CHARTERS: Looks pretty black to me. (fretting) Even if we get going first thing tomorrow, there's still the connection at Basle - might have to wait hours.

CALDICOTT: That's true.

CHARTERS: (worried) Surely somebody can tell us.

He looks round, and, standing quite near him is a very English looking man, CAMERA PANS to include him, as Charters says -

CHARTERS: D'you happen to know sir, what time the train leaves Basle for England?

The man looks at him blankly and replies in German.

ENGLISH-LOOKING MAN: Ich kann kein Englisch.

CHARTERS: Oh..... really?

He awkwardly backs from him, and turning to Caldicott, says

CHARTERS: Fellow doesn't speak English.

Caldicott takes a look round and speaks in a superior tone.....

CALDICOTT: Leave it to me, Charters.

He exits picture.

14. S.C.S.

Standing a little away from the crowd, but near the desk, are the smart Mr. and Mrs. Todhunter. Caldicott comes into picture and addressing Mr. Todhunter, says haughtily.

CALDICOTT: (raising hat) Bon soir. Voulez vous dites moi quelle heure le tra'n departez gare du Basle pour Londres, s'il vous plait?

TODHUNTER: (equally rapidly) Je regrette, mais je ne peu pas vous dire a quelle heure les trains partent (gesturing towards desk) Mais, sans doute le patron.....

Caldicott looks at him open-mouthed for a moment, then vaguely replies.

CALDICOTT: Merci beaucoup. (raising hat) Er - Bon soir.

Todhunter turns away as Caldicott exits picture.

15. S.C.U.

Caldicott comes into picture with Charters again, and coughs importantly.

CALDICOTT: Les Francais - toujours la politesse.

CHARTERS: What's that?

CALDICOTT: The French - always so polite.

CHARTERS: Y'es, but what did he say?

Caldicott looks a trifle abashed and shrugs.

CALDICOTT: Some sort of patois, old man. Basque, I should say. French equivalent of Scotch.

16. S.C.S.

Todhunter, with his back still towards the Englishmen, Mrs. Todhunter taking a cigarette from her bag. Mr. Todhunter hands her a lighter.

MRS. TODHUNTER: Did you have to reply in French? He's got Empire Produce stamped all over him.

TODHUNTER: The man spoke French to me. Why run unnecessary risks?

Mrs. Todhunter watches him for a second then cuttingly adds:-

MRS. TODHUNTER: I suggest you take to dark glasses and a limp, Eric. I'm sure you'd feel much safer.

17. S.L.S.

The Manager comes hurrying down the stairs, followed closely by a maid, Anna. There is a general clamouring again for attention from him, but he ignores them and with a wave of the hand indicates to Anna to take the small luggage of Miss Henderson up to her room. Anna forces a way through the crowd, and picks up some of the smaller bags, and rushes upstairs again. This has caused many of the people who were in the front near the desk to be forced back. Charters and Caldicott find themselves at the side of the desk, while the Todhunters are fairly near the front. During this the Manager has immediately taken up a small house phone that hangs on the wall by the telephone and starts to "Allo."

18. S.C.S.

The Manager shouting down the house phone

MANAGER: Allo. Alex - vhoska dixra bron pulliken - ag nar champagne verst Miss Henderson. Grika, grika!

He puts the phone down and turning to the desk proceeds to methodically open a large book and run his finger down the list of rooms; he looks up enquiringly to two Frenchmen.

MANAGER: Messieurs?

18. (Continued)

The CAMERA PANS off him to Charters and Caldicott who are at the side of the desk, they have just found a time table and are engrossed in it.

CHARTERS: Here's one. Leaves Basle 21.20. Let's see that's -

He takes out his watch and starts to work it out mentally.

19. S.C.S.

The Manager has just handed over a key to two more guests, and now turns to the Todhunters. He runs his finger down the book and without even looking up at them announces

MANAGER: I regret, sir, - there is only left two single rooms in front - or a little double room at back.

Todhunter throws a slightly apprehensive glance at Mrs. Todhunter, then says

TODHUNTER: We'll take the two singles.

Mrs. Todhunter gives him a quick look with a bitter smile.

MANAGER: Very good, sir. Your keys.

He hands the two keys to Todhunter, who studiously avoids Mrs. Todhunter's eye.

20. S.C.S.

Including Charters and Caldicott and Manager. The latter is just informing a large German and his equally fat wife about the room at the back

GERMAN: Ja - das ghet.

10. (cont.)

MANAGER: Danke Schon.

Caldicott nudges Charters who is still studying the timetable and as the Germans move away Caldicott and Charters slip into their place.

CALDICOTT: We should like a private suite with bath.

CHARTERS: Facing the mountains.

CALDICOTT: With a shower ...

CHARTERS: Hot and cold ...

CALDICOTT: And a private thingummy.

The Manager who has not looked up from his register now says quietly.

MANAGER: I could manage you a maid's room gentleman.

21. C.U.

Charters and Caldicott.

CHARTERS: What's that?

They stare blankly at the man - we hear his voice say

MANAGER: I am sorry, sir - the hotel is full.

CALDICOTT: But it can't be - we haven't fixed up.

CHARTERS: Hang it, you can't expect the two of us to put up in a maid's room.

22. S.C.S.

The three. The Manager quite seriously adds.

MANAGER: I will move the maid out.

CHARTERS: I should think so ... (hastily) What are you talking about?

CALDICOTT: Sooner sleep on the train personally.

MANAGER: I am inform the heating is off, sir.

Charters and Caldicott exchange a glance.

CHARTERS: Em!

CALDICOTT: Awkward.

CHARTERS: All right. We'll take it.

The Manager, gratified, gets the key, and as he does so, says

MANAGER: Very good, sir. There is just one little thing. I must ask that you let the maid to use her wardrobe.

Suddenly he spots her and calls.

MANAGER: Hasa, Anna!

The maid who went up with the girls' luggage comes hurrying into picture. The Manager turns to the two men.

MANAGER: She is a good girl - I don't want to lose her ...

He takes the chain of keys hanging from Anna's waist and takes one off

MANAGER: Cautio, Anna - resta chasta contro dua Anglisch enn reposidka!

Anna turns and looks at the Englishmen. Her face breaks into a very broad smile; she looks back at the Manager and nods. The men exchange an alarmed look, while the Manager playfully tweaks the girl's cheek, then giving Caldicott the key, he wags a warning finger at the two men. They look terribly embarrassed and turn to move off; the girl comes round and with another smile moves off; they glance at each other.

CHARTERS: Time we dressed.

They pick up their bags and move off, CAMERA PANNING with them.

CALDICOTT: Rather primitive humour, I thought.

22. (Continued)

CHARTERS: Grown-up children, you know
Awkward situation, - I mean over our room and
that girl.

CALDICOTT: Pity they couldn't have given us
one each.

CHARTERS: Eh?

CALDICOTT: A room apiece.

CHARTERS: (grunting) Oh ...

23. INT. IRIS'S BEDROOM. EVENING. L.S.

This room is obviously the best bedroom in the hotel. Iris, in cami-knickers with her shirt or sweater still on, is just in the act of jumping up on the table - she has her shorts in her hand and once safely on the table proceeds to hang them up on the wooden chandelier. Julie we see sitting on the edge of the bed, about to divest herself of her shorts, while Blanche is partially hidden behind a trunk. Iris proclaims.

IRIS: I, Matilda Iris Henderson - a Spinster of no particular Parish, do hereby solemnly renounce my maidly past, and declare that on Thursday next the 26th inst., being in my right mind, I shall take the veil - and the orange blossom and change my name to Lady Charles Farquhar.

24. C.U.

Iris standing astride on the table, hanging up the shorts,
(to cut over half of her speech).

25. C.S.

Blanche, behind the innovation trunk, which is part of a pile of expensive-looking luggage in the corner of the room, is throwing clothes out right and left. The trunk itself serves as a screen, as all we can see is bare shoulders and arms. She comes back quickly on Iris's speech with:

BLANCHE: Can't you get him to change his name
instead?

25. (CONTD)

She flings more things out, among them a pair of slippers.

26. C.S.

The slippers come sliding into picture between Julie's legs, as she sits on the edge of the bed. After the slippers have disappeared under the bed her hands come down and pull her shorts downwards - they drop on the floor, she stands and steps carefully out of them. We hear her say.

JULIE: The only thing I like about him is his moustache.

27. C.S.

Big head of Blanche. Adopting a deep voice she strikes a pose.

BLANCHE: Ah yes, but underneath it he's a gentleman. His ancestors came over with the Conqueror, won their Spurs in the Wars of the Roses and lost their shirts in the last war.

28. C.S.

Shot up at Iris's legs from the back, she leans her head down and talks through her legs, her head being almost upside down.

IRIS: You're a couple of cynics. I'm very fond of him.

Iris nearly loses her balance and has to straighten up quickly.

29. S.L.S.

Showing the three girls. Blanche in foreground, still searching.

BLANCHE: I'm fond of rabbits, but they have to be kept down.... This is what comes of living together. I can't find a thing in this rotten trunk of yours.

IRIS: What are you looking for?

BLANCHE: My pyjama trousers.

Iris turns and indicates a pile of clothes Blanche has thrown out.

29. (Continued)

IRIS: There they are.

Blanche looks backwards over her shoulder, and with a smothered exclamation goes towards them, but still masked by the trunk; suddenly we hear a crash, Blanche disappears from view - she has tripped over an open suitcase and all we can see are her legs waving wildly in the air. There is a burst of laughter from the others.

30. S.C.S.

There is a quiet tap on the door which immediately opens revealing a placid-faced waiter, carrying a large tray of food and champagne. He gives the slightest swallow of embarrassment as he sees

31. S.L.S.

Shot from his eyeline showing Blanche's legs protruding round the corner of the trunk - Julie's sticking out from under the bed and Iris's standing on the table.

32. S.C.S.

The waiter quickly regains his usual composure and apparently quite oblivious of their lack of apparel comes down to the table. CAMERA following him, he places the tray on a nearby chair and commences to lay the table. (I suggest that if it is a polished wooden table typical to the country it will not be necessary to use table cloth etc.) The shot now includes the waiter and Iris's legs. He proceeds with some difficulty, to arrange the food, knives and forks, etc., always going round Iris's legs and avoiding going through them. Perhaps once he nearly does so but just in time manages to avoid doing so. During this we hear Iris's voice

IRIS: Personally, I'm quite sure my marriage will be a great success. My father arranged it and everything he arranges is always a great success; (pause) besides this is going to be a partnership in every sense of the word. I get a title and the bridegroom gets a large slice of the cash that father amassed by selling inferior jam at superior prices. What more could a young girl want?

During the pause the CAMERA PANS up to Iris and we see her pull her shirt or sweater over her head and arrange it above the shorts.

33. S.L.S.

Iris jumps down off the table and grabbing a dressing gown wraps it round her. Blanche, now complete with both parts of her pyjamas says

BLANCHE: Have you read about that thing called "Love"?

Julie, now in either dressing gown or perhaps a pair of flannel slacks, comes over to Iris.

JULIE: It used to be awfully popular.

Iris collects some of the clothes and things Blanche has strewn about the room and flings them back into the trunk, the waiter opens the champagne, it goes with a pop - as he pours out the three glasses Iris puts an arm round Julie's shoulder.

33. C.W./D

IRIS: Child, the carpet's already laid at St. George's, Hanover Square, and father is simply aching to have a Coat of arms on the jam label.

Julie goes over and grabs a glass, the others follow, she hands them both a glass.

34. S.C.S.

Julie raises her glass towards the hanging shorts

JULIE: To Iris - and the happy days she's leaving behind.

Blanche raises her glass

BLANCHE: And the...blue-blooded cheque-chaser she's dashing to London to marry!

35. C. U.

Iris - holding glass against her chin, laughing - for a second we get a thoughtful look in her eyes - the smile dies on her face - as Julie repeats

JULIE'S
VOICE: The blue-blooded cheque-chaser!

Then as suddenly as it appeared in a flash it has gone, the laugh comes back but rather too brightly as she bursts out.

IRIS: I've no regrets - I've been everywhere - done everything.

36. M.S.

Iris sits on the edge of the bed. The other two sit either side of her.

IRIS: I've eaten Caviare at Cannes - and sausage rolls at the Dogs; I've played baccarat at Biarritz and darts with the rural Dean. What is there left but - - Marriage?

The waiter has now finished his table, and without a glance at the girls goes towards the door - just as Iris raises her glass and they all drink.

37. INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR. EVENING. S.C.U.

The waiter comes from the bedroom door and shutting it behind him, he gives a quick glance back then with the serviette he carries mops his brow - the strain of remaining unconcerned for so long has been too much for him.

38. M.S.

As he starts to move off, the maid Anna comes up the stairs. She is untying her apron and on seeing the waiter, commences grumbling good-humouredly on how late she is getting off, in her own language.

ANNA: Pagrovato zu grano dos stello ag trainig durano. E nunzo dos Anglisch!

She gestures up a narrow flight of stairs which lead to the top floor and goes on up them, with a laugh.

39. INT. HOTEL TOP LANDING. EVENING. S.L.S.

This is a narrow little landing with the eaves of the roof preventing anyone from moving along it without bending their heads. There is a small door at the far end of it. Anna comes from the stairs and goes to the door. She is about to enter, then thinks she had better knock.

40. INT. MAID'S ROOM. EVENING. S.L.S.

This is the tiniest of rooms. There is only just room for a single bed - a small washstand with a jug and bowl upon it: A small cupboard wardrobe, and a little chest with two drawers beside the bed. The roof slopes so that the mirror of the little chest is hanging on an angle. We find Charters and Caldicott dressed for dinner, with the exception of their jackets. Charters is just in the act of pouring the water from a washbasin into a pail by the side. Caldicott is unpacking his case on the bed. He is jammed between the washstand and the bed.

CHARTERS: It's this hanging about that gets me - if only we knew what was going on at home.

CALDICOTT: Musn't loose grip you know Charters.

We hear Anna knock again on the door.

CALDICOTT: Come in.

Anna puts her head round the door.

40. (Continued)

ANNA: Pareskai.

She comes in and goes straight over to the wardrobe, hangs her apron up, crosses the room with a grin and dropping on her knees by the bed gropes under it.

41. C.U. CHARTERS.

Eyeing her sideways through a tiny mirror.

42. C.U. CALDICOTT.

On the opposite side of bed, drawing a pair of pyjamas out of his bag. Seeing Anna groping under the bed he stops short apprehensively. As he does so the pyjamas which he is trying to put on the edge of the washstand fall off and land in the pail of water, CAMERA PANNING as they drop.

43. M.S.

Anna takes out a hat box and bringing out a hat puts it on as she moves to the wardrobe again.

44. A.S.

- she lifts a
dress down. She pantomines that she wants to change her dress

ANNA: Pus quo roben garay plaiser depouli?

Caldicott looks over to Charters.

CALDICOTT: Follow that?

Charters picks up his jacket and puts it on, eyeing the girl out of the corner of his eye.

CHARTERS: I did. Tell her this has gone far enough.

Caldicott tries to pantomine that she cannot change her dress.

CALDICOTT: No - change - here. Outside - yes?

The girl nods her head and with a broad grin starts to undo her dress. The two men look in alarm at each other.

CALDICOTT: (desperately) She doesn't understand.

CHARTERS: Let's go

Caldicott grabs his coat and they rush from the room, leaving Anna quite bewildered.

45. INT. HOTEL TOP LANDING. EVENING. M.S.

Charters and Caldicott come from the room, Caldicott tries to struggle into his jacket, but is in difficulty with the low beams overhead. Charters gives him a hand - they come towards Camera, Charters looks back at the room and walks right into an extra low beam.

46. INT. GASTHAUS RECEPTION HALL. EVENING. M.S.

Charters and Caldicott come down the stairs. Several people waiting about stare in amazement at their dinner jackets. With complete unconcern they make their way towards the dining room, CAMERA FOLLOWING and coming into SEMI CLOSE SHOT as they near a small table upon which papers and magazines are strewn. Charters, on seeing the papers eagerly turns them over, picking up French, German, etc.

46. (Continued)

CHARTERS: (with disgust) Nothing newer than last month!

CALDICOTT: I suppose there's no such thing as a wireless set hereabouts?

CHARTERS: I hate being in the dark, Caldicott - all our communications cut, at a time of crisis.

During this we hear the telephone bell on the desk nearby ringing, and hear the Manager's voice calling

MANAGER'S VOICE: Allo! Biz London?

On the word 'London' Charters and Caldicott look up sharply and across towards the desk.

47. S.C.S.

Manager on the phone, he calls off screen.

MANAGER: Telephone from London for Mr. Soltzer.

48. C.U.

Charters and Caldicott exchange looks then move over, CAMERA with them to the desk; the Manager mutters something to himself as he looks round in vain for a messenger, then calls back in the phone.

MANAGER: Hold on, please.

He places the receiver down on the desk and hurries off. CAMERA in close to the two, they look at the receiver and then to each other, Charters moistens his lips and mutters

CHARTERS: London

There is a moment's hesitation, then with a sudden gesture he grabs the receiver and leaning over the desk can just reach the mouthpiece

CHARTERS: Hello ... you in London? No, I'm not Mr. Soltzer. Name's Charters, but don't expect you know me ... oh? - No need to worry they've gone to fetch him ...

48. (LOWID)

Caldicott drums his fingers on the desk impatiently as Charters continues.

CHARTERS: (with eagerness) Tell me, what's happening to England?

He strains anxiously to listen.....

CHARTERS: Blowing a gale?

He looks impatiently at Caldicott as he continues.

CHARTERS: I don't think you follow.... I was enquiring about the Test match at Manchester, sir. Cricket, sir, Cricket (with more impatience) But you must know. You can't be in England and not know the Test score! (aside to Caldicott) Says he doesn't know. (back to 'phone) Can't you find out? Nonsense, it wouldn't take a second! (his temper rises as he listens) Oh.... all right ... if you won't, you won't.

He hangs up the receiver with a bang, having completely forgotten the call was for Mr.Seltzer. He turns angrily to Caldicott, muttering.

CHARTERS: Wasting my time.... fellow's an ignoramus.

They start to move out of picture.

49. M.S.

Just as the two men turn from the desk, the manager comes running from the dining room followed by Mr.Seltzer - a very large Gentleman. The Manager indicates the 'phone.

MANAGER: Your London call has come at last, Mr.Seltzer.

50. C.U.

On the name 'Seltzer' Charters and Caldicott turn, the sudden realisation that he has rung off dawns upon Charters, he makes half a movement as though to inform them what has happened, but

50. (Continued)

23.

with an impatient expression (after all they didn't know the Test score) turns to Caldicott and indicates they had better make an exit; they move towards the dining room.

51. M.S.

As Charters and Caldicott enter the dining room we see it is packed with stranded travellers. The tables are mostly in cubicles, with wooden forms; the whole place has an informal homely air about it, so that the entrance of the two Englishmen in dinner jackets is quite grotesque. The head waiter, unaccustomed to so much business, is rushing here and there. As he passes the Englishmen he stops for a second to shrug and mutters.

WALTER: Pairedun. Tropp tardi. Rayni cartodo escht finido.

This means nothing to the two men who look round and finally see a cubicle across the room with a vacant place. They cross to it.

52. S.C.S.

They are not sure if the vacant place is for one or two, but with a polite look towards the other occupant of the form they edge themselves in. Almost immediately a young waiter enters with a roast chicken and places it before them for their inspection. With pleased grins they approve.

CHARTERS: I say that's quick - we haven't even ordered.

Looks jolly good, though.

CALDICOTT: We shall have to revise our opinion of this place.

Mr. Seltzer comes hurrying up to the table - one glance at the two men and he calls loudly to the Head Waiter, who comes in and starts volubly.

WALTER: Bosk dadja explike - partray dufdask.

SELTZER: Kellner was nun! Jemand sitzt in meinen platz. (to Englishmen) That is my seat.

Charters and Caldicott exchange glances and realise. With mumbled apologies they rise. Caldicott looks back regretfully at the chicken. They look round the room again and see

53. S.L.S.

At another table across the room two people are just rising from their seats. At the other side of the table Miss Froy is seated.

54. S.L.S.

Charters and Caldicott hurry over towards it, just as two foreigners enter, and seeing the places being vacated, also make for them. All four arrive simultaneously, and stand there in a group glaring at each other. The Head Waiter appears.

55. S.C.S.

The Head Waiter addresses the four men ...

WAITER: Pairdun. Rayni cartodo escht finido.

The two foreigners exchange a disappointed glance, and leave the picture. Charters and Caldicott settle down in the seats, gratified, thinking the waiter has fixed it for them.

CALDICOTT: Thank you, waiter.

WAITER: (firmly) Rayni cartodo escht finido.

CHARTERS: (to Caldicott) What d'you say to a couple of grilled steaks?

CALDICOTT: Good idea. Well done, please.

CHARTERS: Oh the red side for me.

WAITER: (insistently) Rayni cartodo escht finido.

CHARTERS: Passion these people have for repeating themselves

Suddenly there is a slight cough from Miss Froy - she leans across the table apologetically.

MISS FROY: I beg your pardon.

CHARTERS: (turning to her abruptly) Eh?

55. (Continued)

MISS FROY: He is trying to explain that owing to the large number of visitors there is no food left.

CALDICOTT: None?

MISS FROY: None at all.

CHARTERS: No food! (suddenly bursting out) What is this place? Do they expect us to share a blasted dog-box with a servant girl on an empty stomach? Is that hospitality? Is that organisation? (To Miss Froy as an afterthought) Thank you.

The waiter shrugs, exchanges a glance with Miss Froy, and retires.

56. S.C.S.

The teree. Caldicott announces a fact which he feels is important.

CALDICOTT: I'm hungry.

CHARTERS: What a country - no wonder they have revolutions. Miss Froy looks sympathetically at them, then with a kindly gesture indicates a plate of local cheese.

MISS FROY: You're very welcome to what's left of the cheese. Of course it's not like beefsteak, but it's awfully rich in vitamins.

CHARTERS: Really? Ha ... (glances at Caldicott) Em. Thanks very much.

MISS FROY: They're not used to catering for so many people. Pandrika, I'm afraid, is one of Europe's few undiscovered corners.

CHARTERS: (tacking the cheese) Nothing worth discovering - that's why.

Miss Froy gives them a gentle smile.

MISS FROY: You may not know it as well as I do. I'm feeling quite miserable at the thought of leaving.

Caldicott is eyeing Charters with impatience.

56. (Continued)

CALDICOTT: (coldly) After you with the cheese -

CHARTERS: (generously, mouth full) Certainly - why not?

He pushes the small amount of cheese remaining across to Caldicott, then turns to Miss Froy.

CHARTERS: You're going home, then?

57. C.U.

Miss Froy, with a note of regret in her voice

MISS FROY: To-morrow. My little charges have quite grown up. I'm a governess and music teacher you know. In the six years I've lived here I've learned to love the country. Especially the mountains; I sometimes think they're like very friendly neighbours - the big father and mother mountains with their white snow-hats, their nephews and nieces, not quite so big, with smaller hats ... right down to the tiniest hillock, with no hat at all. Of course, that's just my fancy.

58 CHARTERS & CALDICOTT

They exchange raised eyebrows as Miss Froy prattles on....

CHARTERS: Er - naturally.....

59 C.U.

MISS FROY: I watch them from my bedroom every night when there's a moon.

From outside we begin to hear the strains of music - then a voice singing a folk-song...

MISS FROY:I'm so glad there'll be one tonight. (she listens for a second to the soft music) Do you hear that music? Everyone sings here, The people are just like happy children, with laughter on their lips and music in their hearts.

CHARTERS: Not reflected in their politics you know.

60 S.C.S.

During this Miss Froy has collected her glasses and put them away safely in her handbag - with another smile she rises.

MISS FROY: I never think you should judge a nation by its politics - after all we English are honest by nature, aren't we? You'll excuse me if I run along now, won't you? Good-night.

Almost before Charters and Caldicott have raised themselves in their seats Miss Froy has gone. They sink down again.

CHARTERS: Queer sort of bird.

CALDICOTT: Trifle whimsical, I thought.

CHARTERS: Six years in this hole and we'd be whimsical.

CALDICOTT: (seriously) I don't think so, old man. Decent of her to offer us the cheese.

Charters lets his knife wander over to Miss Froy's plate, on which she has left a small portion of cheese, and quietly transfers it to his own.

CHARTERS: I see she finished the pickles.

61. INT. GASTHAUS CORRIDOR. NIGHT. M.S.

As Miss Froy is about to pass Iris's bedroom door it opens and Blanche and Julie come out, dressing gowns on, laughing and talking. Iris kisses them good-night then nodding backwards through her room door says

BLANCHE: Listen! Someone's serenading.

IRIS: Let him. Nothing will stop me sleeping (yawning)

JULIE: Night, night!

Miss Froy has now extracted her door key and fumbles it in the door next door to Iris's.

IRIS: Good-night, children.

She turns and goes into her room as the girls turn and go up the corridor. Miss Froy has now managed to open her door and enters.

62. INT. MISS FROY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. S.L.S.

Miss Froy comes into her room and going straight over to the window throws them wide open - the voice of the singer comes through strongly. CAMERA moves in until she is in SEMI CLOSE UP, beyond her we see the mountains, etc.

63. EXT. GASTHAUS. NIGHT. S.C.S.

The singer below - leaning casually up against the wall - he strums a guitar and sings happily.

64. INT. MISS FROY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. S.C.S.

Miss Froy listening intently, she leans forward slightly, then starts to hum the same tune as the man plays. Her body sways very slightly to the rhythm of the music - her eyes fixed on the mountains beyond. Suddenly we hear sounds of loud thumping, Miss Froy frowns, then tries to listen once more, but again the noise disturbs her, and in addition to it we now hear a shrill screeching from some pipe instrument. It clashes horribly with the gentle sounds of the guitar. Miss Froy shows intense annoyance, and finally rather quickly turns from the window and goes over to her door.

65 INT. GASTHAUS CORRIDOR. NIGHT. S.C.S.

Miss Froy opens her door and comes out at the same time that Iris opens hers. They both look up towards the floor above, and then Iris says:

IRIS: What's happening? - An earthquake?

MISS FROY: (with a funny little smile) That would hardly account for the music - (another screech from the pipe is heard) - what a horrible noise!

A terrific thump follows.

MISS FROY: Whatever can they be doing?

IRIS: I can't imagine - but it's going to be nipped in the bud.

Miss Froy goes inside the door a little, after her.

66 INT. IRIS'S ROOM. NIGHT. S.C.S.

Iris sits on the edge of her bed, and picks up the phone beside it. The noise from above clashes discordantly with the half-drowned voice of the singer outside....

IRIS: (into phone) Hello....(dryly, to Miss Froy) Musical country this....

MISS FROY: (smiling) Yes. I feel quite sorry for the poor singer outside having to compete with that.

She nods up at the ceiling - Iris looks up.

67 C.U.

The wooden chandelier swaying about.

68 S.C.S.

Iris looks back to phone.

IRIS: (in phone) Boris? Miss Henderson speaking. Somebody upstairs is playing musical chairs with an elephant; move one of them out . . . there's a good man - I want to sleep.

She rings off

IRIS: That ought to settle it.

cc cont.

MISS FROY: Thank you so very much. Some people have so little consideration for others, which makes life so much more difficult than it need be, don't you think?

Iris has now reached the door, and as Miss Froy disappears she follows her out.

69 INT. GASTHEUS CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

Miss Froy and Iris emerge into the corridor.

MISS FROY: I expect you'll be going back on the train in the morning?

IRIS: Yes.

MISS FROY: Then I hope we shall meet again....(with a glance overhead) in quieter circumstances. Good-night, and thank you so much.

She goes back into her own room.

IRIS: Good-night!

Iris is about to return to her room when there is a particularly loud thump from above. She stops to look up as the Manager hurries into scene. He, too, stops to look up.

MANAGER: (furiously muttering) Sagri merrda! (to Iris) I fix it at once.

He exits homicidally.

IRIS: You'd batter!

She goes into her room.

70 INT. IRIS'S ROOM. NIGHT. S.C.S.

Iris goes over to the bed, slings off her dressing gown and with a self-satisfied air gets into bed. She switches all the lights off with the exception of the bedside table lamp.

71 INT. 2nd FLOOR CORRIDOR. NIGHT. S.C.S.

The Manager is outside a door - he knocks determinedly - the

71 Contd.

noise of the pipes is very loud and he gets no response - he starts thumping loudly on the door and finally opens it.

72 INT. GILBERT'S ROOM. NIGHT. S.C.S.

Shooting on to the door. The Manager enters and stands bewildered as he sees.

73 M.S.

A stout porter, with a large moustache and a green baize apron, and a long, thin waiter with a white apron, are solemnly gyrating in the centre of the room, round a large chambermaid, performing the regular movements of a dance, in which they set the palms of the hands against each other, and bend, one on the right, the other the left, knee, lifting the foot off the ground, and circling round the mid. This they do to the music of a pipe, and the thumps are caused by a leap which occurs at the end of each phrase. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to include a tall young man lying on his stomach on the bed, playing a clarinet, the stem of which projects over the edge of the bedpost. Music manuscript is scattered all over the bed, and a pencil is behind his ear. He suddenly removes the pipe and raps out.

GILBERT: Hold it.

74 M.S.

Shot including the Manager standing petrified in the doorway - The porter and the waiter stop suspended in the middle of one of the movements.

GILBERT: Splendid. Don't move!

He grabs the pencil from his ear and starts adding some lines on the manuscript. The Manager coughs to attract his attention. Gilbert doesn't look up.

75 C.S.

The two dancers poised in mid air - they both look out of the corners of their eyes in horror but dare not move.

76. C.S.

The Manager moves forward to protest indignantly.

MANAGER: Sir, if you please.....

77. C.S.

Gilbert, still without looking up, raps out:

GILBERT: Get out!.....

He shoves the pencil back behind his ear, and, lifting the pipe to his mouth again, looks over the bottom of the bed towards the dancers.

GILBERT:.....Right....one....two.....

He starts tootling again.

78. The dancers start to revolve around the chambermaid once more - the porter with his tongue stuck in his cheek - the waiter with an anxious eye on the Manager. The Manager comes over towards Gilbert, and having to raise his voice to be heard at all, shouts:

MANAGER: Sir, you must kindly stop!

Gilbert deliberately removes his pipe and the dancers at once stop in mid-air again. Gilbert rises from the bed and moves towards the Manager.

MANAGER: I am made complaints. You make too much noise....

THE CAMERA MOVES OFF the dancers to include Gilbert and the Manager alone as Gilbert advances nearer to him.

GILBERT: (in a horribly quiet voice) Too much what?

The Manager feebly repeats.

MANAGER: Noise.....

Gilbert sticks his face right into the Manager's and between clenched teeth:

GILBERT: You dare to call it a noise? The ancient music with which your peasant ancestors have celebrated every wedding for countless generations?

The Manager backs slightly during this, but Gilbert presses him back.

GILBERT: A dance they danced when your father married your mother, always supposing you were born in wedlock, which I doubt.....

He suddenly points to the dancers out of picture.

GILBERT: Look at them.....

79. S.C.S.

The dancers holding their position, but slightly wobbling.

80. S.C.S.

Gilbert turns back to the Manager who is pressed against the wall.

GILBERT: I take it you are the Manager of this hotel?

MANAGER: Yes sir.

GILBERT: Fortunately I am accustomed to squalor. Tell me - who's complaining?

MANAGER: The young English lady underneath.

GILBERT: Tell your young English lady I am putting on record for the benefit of mankind one of the lost Folk Dances of Central Europe - and furthermore that she doesn't own the hotel. Now remove yourself.

MANAGER: But sir.....

Gilbert puts his pipe to his mouth and gives a derisive toot, as though to shoo him out of the room. The Manager, with a helpless gesture, is forced to retreat. Gilbert kicks the door to behind him with his foot, and, swinging round again, resumes his practising.

GILBERT: Right.....One.....Two.....

As Gilbert starts up his music again the dancers resume their dance. CAMERA MOVES IN until we just have the dancers, we see they are hot and perspiring, the porter mops his brow.

81. Their feet falling heavily to the ground - as they clumsily execute the steps.

MIX TO:

82. INT. IRIS'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. C.S.

The wooden chandelier in Iris's ceiling swaying violently - we can still hear the heavy footfalls of the dancers above.

83. S.C.S.

Iris is sitting bolt upright in bed looking very angry while the Manager stands in the half open door, explaining.

MANAGER: And he say....."T-ell her she don't own the hotel"

IRIS: Can't you ran him out?

MANAGER: (shrugging) Impossible.

Iris looks angrily up at the ceiling again as a fresh burst of pipe music breaks in - then after a moment's thought she looks at the Manager significantly as she takes her bag from the table.

IRIS: Are you sure, Boris?

She slowly extracts a note from the bag, and displays it. The Manager's eyes go to the note, they open wide.

MANAGER: I begin to wonder (Iris adds a 2nd note)
It comes back. A German lady telephone. She pay for the room. It is he room. This young man....throw him out....How's that?

IRIS: Good enough.

The Manager takes the notes and Iris settles herself down under the bedclothes as he turns to the door. Then with another look back at her he makes a kick in the air with his foot, as though kicking an imaginary behind.

MANAGER: We will inject him - so!

As he shuts the door behind him we:

WIPE TO:

84. INT. MAID'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. C.U.

The screen filled with an open paper - the Continental Daily Mail. It is held open by a hand each side. We hear a knock on the door, the paper is lowered to reveal Charters and Caldicott squeezed into the narrow single bed. Charters is wearing the coat only of a pair of very loud striped pyjamas, while Caldicott has the trousers only and is nude from the waist upwards.

85. THE PYJAMAS that Caldicott dropped into the pail of dirty water in a previous scene are now hanging over the end of the bed - while a steady drip, drip, causes a small pool of water beneath.

86. M.S.

There is another knock on the door to which both men call out in a superior tone "Come in". The door opens and Anna the maid comes in. Caldicott slides down under the clothes, in answer to a deprecating look from Charters. Anna wears an outdoor coat thrown roughly round her, disclosing a large pair of corsets with very little over them. On her arm she has her dress and hat. She comes towards the bed, a broad smile on her face, and the two men back slightly as she approaches. She drops on her knees and once more extracts the hat box from under the bed, carefully placing her hat in, she pushes it under again. She goes over to the wardrobe, hangs her dress up, and then takes a large sized nightdress out.

87. C.S.

Caldicott peering over the top of the clothes, Charters shows signs of alarm.

88. M.S.

Anna throws the nightdress over her arm and, with another broad smile, exits. Charters leaps out of bed muttering.

CHARTERS: Can't have this - ridiculous lack of privacy - lock the door.

He proceeds across the room, looking quite incongruous in his pyjama coat only. Just as he reaches the foot of the bed the door opens again and Anna re-enters, with an apologetic smile. The trouserless Charters stands petrified. Undeterred, the maid crosses to the little chest of drawers, taking her hair brush and hand mirror out of a drawer.

89. C.U.

Charters rooted to the spot, horrified. Anna comes into picture, the brush in her hand, Charters shrinks back as she turns with a smile, and, looking towards the bed, says:

ANNA: Goot-night!

90. C.U.

Caldicott peeping over the edge of the clothes, eyes wide with horror and confusion.

CALDICOTT: (whispering) Good night.

91. Anna turns on the shrinking Charters and says another:

ANNA: Goot-night!

Then exits picture, Charters eyes following her across the room until we hear the door open and close again.

92. INT. IRIS'S ROOM. NIGHT. C.U.

A big head of Iris lying half-asleep - lit only by the side table lamp.

93. C.S.

The door suddenly bursts open, revealing the figure of a man standing in the doorway. His hand goes to the principal light switch.

94. C.U. IRIS.

The Switch clicks, and the light suddenly falls on her face. She sits up in bed with a start as she sees:

95. S.C.S.

Gilbert, standing in the doorway, his hat on the back of his head, and coat on, and his collar half off. He is carrying a battered suit case, and his pipe is slung round his neck by a string.

102. CONT.

He disappears back into the bathroom. Iris hesitates and then finally bangs the receiver down.

103. S.C.U.

Gilbert is turning on the taps in the bathroom. In the mirror we see Iris come to the door again and stand there, eyeing him. Gilbert delicately throws a handful of bath salts into the bath as he says, raising his voice.

GILBERT: And when I say everybody I mean everybody. I have a powerful voice.

In the mirror Iris makes a movement as though she is going to enter the bathroom. Gilbert quickly slams the door in her face, and we hear the bolt slid to.

104. S.C.U.

Iris bangs on the door.

IRIS: Come out of there at once!

She waits for a reply, but all we hear is the sound of the bath water running. Then Gilbert's voice is heard above it:

GILBERT: When you've bribed the Manager to restore me to my attic.

Iris bites her lips with vexation. She bangs again on the door.

IRIS: Come out of that bathroom!

The only reply is a burst of song from Gilbert - the tune of Colonel Bogey. Iris starts to pace angrily up and down, the CAMERA PANNING with her. She goes towards the bathroom door, is about to knock again and then changes her mind and moves towards the telephone stealthily. She speaks softly so that her humiliation shall not be heard by Gilbert.

IRIS: Hallo Boris. About that room upstairs....I was thinking I might change my mind....

We hear the click of the bathroom door opening. She turns her head quickly to see:

105. M.S. Gilbert, still fully dressed, walks calmly out of the bathroom, pyjamas, dressing gown and sponge bag over his arm. As before, he walks past the chandelier, making the same detour to avoid the shorts, takes his hat off the back of the door and opens it. Before going, he turns to Iris and very politely raises his hat in a gesture of farewell.

106. C.U. Iris, after a second of utter speechlessness, shouts furiously after him:

IRIS: You're the most contemptible person I ever met in my life.

107. C.S. Gilbert's head appears round the door as he makes his parting shot.

GILBERT: Confidentially, I think you're a bit of a stinker too.

The door closes behind him.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

108. PANORAMA OF ALPS. NIGHT. (MODEL). L.S.

Panorama of the Alps. In the foreground the station and the gasthaus with its one or two lit windows. A light here and there in the village goes out. CAMERA TRACKS into gasthaus, showing a couple of windows darkening there, too. During this we hear the voice of the sorenader, CAMERA goes right in until it finally comes to rest on the one lighted window left in the hotel.

109. S.C.U. Miss Froy is seated at her window enjoying the view and the singing in peace.

110. C.U. Big head of the singer below. His face is a smiling one. Slowly behind him two hands appear and, as he finishes his song, he is gripped by the throat before he can utter a cry and is slowly drawn out of picture.

111. S.C.U. Miss Froy fumbling in her bag. She rises from her chair, leans over the rail, and throws down a coin. She withdraws, and pulls the curtains across the windows.

112. C.U.

The coin lying untouched on the ground.

113. C.U.

Big head of Miss Froy, taking her hair down in front of a mirror. Her head nods in time, as she softly hums the tune she has just heard.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

114. EXT. RAILWAY STATION. DAY. L.S.

The engine standing in the station, now entirely clear of snow. Further up the line we can see peasants shovelling away the last remains of the avalanche. The platform is filled with people and prominent among them is a wedding group of peasants in national dress, just seeing off a bride and bridegroom outside a fourth-class compartment. One of their number is playing a concertina and they are all very talkative and excited.

115. S.C.U.

The two Englishmen come onto the platform, accompanied by the old porter from the hotel carrying their suitcases.

CALDICOTT: If we get to Basle on time nothing can stop us seeing the last day of the Match.

CHARTERS: Hope the weather's like this at Manchester - what a perfect wicket for our fellows.

CALDICOTT: You never can tell, Charters. There may be a dew. I remember at Hove once.....heavy dew.....early sun.....slow bowler.....seven for eight.....

As they pass out of the picture, Mr. Todhunter strides in a few steps in advance of Mrs. Todhunter. Neither of them look too happy.

TODHUNTER: (testily) If you don't hurry Margaret - we shan't get that compartment to ourselves.

MRS. TODHUNTER: (coolly) Does that matter?

116. S.C.S.

Iris with Blanche and Julie. Iris is dressed in a smart travelling costume, but her two friends are still in their shorts.

JULIE: There's still time to call it off Iris.

BLANCHE: Yes. Why not send Charles a Greetings Telegram and tell him he's washed up.

IRIS: It's too late. A week from now I'll be a slightly sunburnt offering on an altar in Fancover Square, and I shan't mind - really.

117. S.C.S.

Miss Froy bustles into the picture where a porter is just picking up some of Iris's expensive looking luggage. She fusses round it, as though looking for something. She sees Iris and the girls, and the CAMERA PANS her over to them. She speaks in a rather agitated fashion.

MISS FROY: Oh good morning. You haven't seen a little black shiny bag of mine. No I suppose not. Ah - there it is.

118. C.S.

Miss Froy's shiny black well-stocked hold-all rests among a pile of bags at the side of the platform, quite near the wall of the station house. Miss Froy bends into picture and, as she is about to pick up the bag, her goldrimmed pince-nez fall from her nose to the ground. As she fumbles with her various packages in order to get a free hand to pick them up, the CAMERA PANS off her swiftly up to an open window on the first floor of the station house. On the window-sill stand three small window-boxes. A hand comes from inside and slowly pushes one of the boxes towards the edge of the sill. CAMERA PANS down swiftly again to Miss Froy. Iris comes into the picture and stoops to pick up the glasses for Miss Froy.

119. C.U.

The hand pushing the window-box over. THE CAMERA SWIFTLY PANS down with it as it falls hitting Iris a glancing blow on the side of the head. Just at this moment --

120. C.U.

The engine gives a warning whistle.

121. M.S.

Iris straightens herself up, swaying, with her hand to her head. Miss Froy drops all her packages and puts an arm round her to support her. Blanche and Julie rush into the picture.

MISS FROY: Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear.

BLANCHE: Are you hurt?

Iris is obviously feeling the effects of the blow but tries to throw it off.

IRIS: No, no I'm all right. What was it?

She looks up at the window sill, as the flat-footed guard comes hurrying up. He has apparently not seen the accident. In his hand he carries a little wooden stick with a round disc on top of it. Bustling then along he says -

GUARD: Magrabtund masce nunzo dar treni.

BLANCHE: Never mind about that - this Mack Sennett station of yours has nearly brained my friend!

MISS FROY: Yes indeed!

BLANCHE: (to guard) What are you going to do about it?

GUARD: Tempar mag rabtung!

He picks up Miss Froy's case and hurries towards the train with it. Miss Froy starts looking very agitated once more.

MISS FROY: He says he cannot hold the train any longer.

JULIE: (indignantly) Well I like that!

Iris makes another effort.

IRIS: Oh, I'll get on - I'm quite all right, really.

JULIE: Are you sure?

IRIS: Yes, positive.

THE CAMERA PANS them over towards the train, Blanche and Julie assisting Iris, and Miss Froy bustling alongside.

122. S.C.S. DOOR AT END OF FIRST CLASS COACH.

The guard, pushing Miss Froy's bags in, turns and helps the old lady and Iris up, Miss Froy turns to the two girls on the platform and with a protecting arm round Iris says -

MISS FROY: Don't worry - I'll take care of her
(glancing back towards window-box) Such carelessness!

The guard slams the door to and hurries away out of the picture.

123. C.S.

The guard signalling with his wooden stick with the round disc toward the engine driver.

124. C.S.

Wheels of the engine start to revolve.

125. L.S.

Train starting to move off slowly, out of the station.

126. INT. CORRIDOR - FIRST CLASS. DAY. S.C.U.

Iris is standing looking with her back against the partition. Miss Froy is looking at her anxiously. Through the open window we can see Blanche and Julie walking slowly along with the train. Blanche calls up -

BLANCHE: Sure you're all right?

Iris pulls herself together and leaning out of the window, nods her head.

JULIE: Send us a copy of 'The Times', Iris.

BLANCHE: And write and tell us all about it.

JULIE: Good luck!

127. C.S.

Iris smiles with an effort and waves her hand. She half closes her eyes.

128. M.S.

From Iris's cycline the faces of Julie and Blanche go right out of focus. CAMERA PANS round on the faces of other see-ers off, including some of the peasants, all very much out of focus.

129. C.S.

Iris puts her hand to her forehead and sways.

130. M.S. (TRICK SHOT).

The bystanders go even more out of focus. Their faces start to spin round in a circular motion, faster and faster, until they are just a swirling blur.

131. C.S.

The train wheels gathering speed faster and faster. Over this we hear a piercing shriek from the engine whistle which goes violently and unnaturally up scale until it is a distorted screech.

132. C.U.

Big head of Iris. She closes her eyes. We see her reel back from CAMERA and slumps down into a dead faint on the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

133. INT. FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT. D.Y. C.U.

Big head of Iris - her eyes closed - still in a faint. The sound of the train roaring and the distorted screech of the whistle dies slowly away to be replaced by the quiet rhythmical tappety-tap of the train, as a bottle of smelling salts is passed under Iris's nose. Iris slowly opens her eyes.

MISS FROY'S VOICE (Off) There, there! You'll be all right in a minute.

Iris looks round vaguely.

134. C.U. MISS FROY.

She is smiling sympathetically - from the seat opposite.

134. (Contd.).

MISS FROY: Just take everything quietly.

135. S.C.U.

Iris and Miss Froy. Miss Froy takes a bottle of Eau-de-Cologne from her bag, looking across to Iris.

MISS FROY: I'll put a little Eau-de-Cologne on your forehead.

She takes a handkerchief from Iris's pocket. Iris looks round at her.

136. C.S. IRIS.

She looks a little bewilderedly round the carriage.

137. C.S. DOFFO.

On the opposite side of the compartment is seated a swarthy and rather silly Italian, smartly but flashily dressed. He is smiling sympathetically towards Iris. CAMERA starts to PAN OFF him to the right and reveals the occupant of the next seat which is by the window - a large awe-inspiring woman in widow's weeds, sitting bolt upright in the corner. She is THE BARONESS. Her strong masculine face is almost expressionless. She wears her hair high, with a sort of black pill-box on top from which the veil is draped. Her black dress is stretched tight over a voluminous bust. She watches Iris without the flicker of an eyelid. CAMERA PANS past the window through which we see mountain scenery onto the occupant of the opposite window seat. Here is seated a dumpy little Italian woman - SIGNORA DOFFO. By her side occupying the seat next to Iris is a dark little boy about four years old - the Doppo offspring. They are both looking at Iris with curiosity.

138. C.S.

Miss Froy and Iris. Miss Froy hands her the handkerchief soaked in Eau-de-Cologne. Iris just wipes it across her forehead, saying apologetically -

IRIS: I'm afraid I made an awful fool of myself.

MISS FROY: You mustn't apologize, my dear....You might have been very badly hurt indeed. I really think you should make a complaint.

138. (Contd.).

Iris gives a faint smile.

IRIS: It was an accident!

MISS FROY: People should be more careful! Do you feel any better?

IRIS: Yes, thanks, I'm all right now.

Miss Froy puts the Eau-de-Cologne away -

MISS FROY: What you need is a nice strong cup of tea. I'll ring for the steward.

IRIS: Please don't bother. I'll go to the dining car myself - I need some air.

MISS FROY: In that case, I'll come with you, - if you don't mind, that is.

Iris rises - Miss Froy takes up her hold-all and follows.

IRIS: Of course not.

139. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY. S.C.U.

CAMERA TRACKS with Iris and Miss Froy as they come along the corridor. Just as they pass the second compartment the train rounds a curve and Miss Froy staggers a step or two into the doorway of the Todhunter's compartment. She steadies herself, and apologizes as Todhunter looks up sharply.....

MISS FROY: Oh, I beg your pardon.

With a smile she moves on with Iris. Todhunter rises abruptly and pulls down a blind, closing the door. Miss Froy passes on, saying coyly to Iris....

MISS FROY: You can always tell a honeymoon couple, you know. They're so shy.

140. INT. TODHUNTERS' COMPARTMENT. DAY. S.C.U.

Mrs. Todhunter looks as Todhunter resumes his seat and picks up the book he has been reading:

MRS. TODHUNTER: Why did you do that dear?

140. (Contd.).

TODHUNTER: We don't want people staring at us.

MRS. TODHUNTER: Anyone would think the whole legal profession were dogging you.

TODHUNTER: One would be quite enough.

MRS. TODHUNTER: You even thought that beggar in Damascus was a barrister in disguise.

TODHUNTER: I merely remarked that his face was distinguished enough for a K.C.

MRS. TODHUNTER: You hurried off in the opposite direction I noticed.

TODHUNTER: That is not true. I was looking for the Street called Straight.

MRS. TODHUNTER: You weren't so careful the first few days.

Todhunter replies spitefully.

TODHUNTER: I know.

MRS. TODHUNTER: And as for you meeting someone you know - what about me? George thinks I'm cruising with mother.

Without replying, and as if the whole subject was distasteful to him, Todhunter deliberately picks up his book and starts reading.

141. INT. DINING CAR. DAY. M.S.

CAMERA SHOOTING down length of dining car as Miss Froy leads Iris down towards CAMERA. The dining car is almost empty, the tables not yet being prepared for lunch. Miss Froy helps Iris to a seat in the foreground.

MISS FROY: If one is inclined to feel a little shaky, I always think it's best to sit in the middle of the coach, preferably facing the engine.

They sit down as a waiter comes from the kitchen, hastily putting his coat on:

MISS FROY: A pot of tea for two please...

The waiter speaks in elementary and broken English -

WAITER: Very goot, idam.....

He turns to go. Miss Froy stops him.....She fumbles in her holdall.

MISS FROY: Just a minute.

142. C.U.

Miss Froy bring. forth a screwed up, half empty packet of tea from the bag. As she hands it up to the waiter we read distinctly on the label: "HARRIMAN'S HERBAL TEA - FIVE MILLION MEXICANS DRINK IT".

MISS FROY: Will you tell them to use this? I don't drink any other.

143. S.C.U.

Miss Froy, the waiter and Iris. As the waiter turns to depart:

MISS FROY: And make absolutely sure the water is really boiling.....understand.

Iris gives an amused smile at her little fad.

MISS FROY: It's a little fad of mine. My dear father and mother, who I'm thankful to say are still alive and enjoying good health, invariably drink Harriman's tea, and I've followed in their footsteps. Do you know five million Mexicans drink it? At least that's what it says on the packet.

IRIS: It's kind of you to help me like this. I don't think we've introduced ourselves. I'm Iris Henderson - I'm going home to be married.

MISS FROY: Really? How very exciting! I do hope you'll be happy.

IRIS: Thank you.

MISS FROY: (rattling on) You'll have children won't you - they make such a difference. I think it's having been with kids for so long that's made me - if I may say so - young for my age. I'm a governess you know, my name's Froy.

Just as she says her name the noise of the train increases as it passes over points.

143. (Contd.).

IRIS: (raising her voice) Did you say Freud?

MISS FROY: No. O - Y! Not E - U - D! FROY.

Miss Froy's voice is almost drowned by the noise. Iris pantomimes that she still can't hear. Miss Froy turns to the steamed window by her side and traces on it the word FROY.

MISS FROY: (as she does so) Froy. To rhyme with joy.

Iris nods in acknowledgement. The waiter comes in with a tray and starts laying out the cups.

144. S.C.S.

At the next table are seated Charters and Caldicott. Charters with his back to partition dividing him from Miss Froy is talking animatedly.

CHARTERS: I've always maintained that Hammond wasn't out at all. Remember the occasion?

CALDICOTT: Think so. Rather a moot point wasn't it?

CHARTERS: (testily) Nonsense - nothing moot about it - simply wasn't out that's all. But for the umpire's blunder he might still be betting.

He looks round for something to illustrate it with, and takes lumps of sugar from the sugar bowl as he continues:

CHARTERS: ... Show you how it was - saw it myself. Here's Hammond....bowler....umpire.

145. S.C.S.

The waiter has now set the tea. Miss Froy, her glasses on her nose, is just inspecting the bill and paying it.

MISS FROY: Please reserve us two places for lunch (to Iris). That's if you'd care to have it with me.

Iris nods. The waiter exits. Miss Froy begins to serve the tea.

MISS FROY: Milk?

IRIS: Please.

MISS FROY: Sugar?

145. (Contd.).

IRIS: Two please.....

Miss Froy looks over the table in vain.

MISS FROY: Dear me, there isn't any sugar.

146. S.C.S. CHARTERS. CALDICOTT.

Table with dozens of lumps of sugar all over it, neatly arranged to illustrate the disposition of the field at the moment that the controversial stroke was played. Charters hand is just emptying the bowl of its last pieces. We hear his voice.

CHARTERS:....and finally here's myself - ideal position, eh!

Charters rubs his hands in anticipation -

CHARTERS: Now we're ready. Watch carefully Caldicott, Grimmett bowled -

He leans over the "field" to begin. As he does so we hear Miss Froy's voice timidly asking:

MISS FROY: May I trouble you for the sugar?

The two men look up.

147. C.U.

Miss Froy's head appearing over the partition.

148. S.C.S.

From Miss Froy's eyeline. Charters vaguely.

CHARTERS: Eh?

MISS FROY: (voice) The sugar, please.

Charters eyes go down to the sugar carefully placed ready for play. His lip drops. With a baleful glance at Miss Froy visibly suppressing adjectives that rise to his lips, he slowly and deliberately scoops the carefully laid out lumps of sugar into the bowl.

149. M.S.

Charters comes from his table and round to Miss Froy - he places the

149. (C. ntd.).

bowl with exaggerated politeness on the table before her.

MISS FROY: Thank you so much.

Charters gives her a slow look of deadly dignity and solemnly wheels round back to his own table.

WIPE TO:

150. INT. FIRST CLASS CARRIAGE. DAY. S.C.S.

Back in the carriage Iris is seated in her corner and is settling down to rest. Miss Froy is reaching up to the rack on the seat opposite and takes down a copy of "The Gentlewoman" as she settles herself in the corner she looks over to Iris.

MISS FROY: If I were you I should try and get a little sleep - it'll make you feel quite well again.

Iris smiles and nods her head.

151. S.L.S.

The whole carriage - all we hear is the tappetty tap of the train wheels, when suddenly the Doppo child starts to whimper - Doppo beckons it across, it goes to him, clutching a little doll, and stands between his legs. Doppo takes the doll from him and starts making it disappear behind his handkerchief. In the f.g. we get the Baroness's grim and inflexible profile.

152. C.S. MISS FROY AND IRIS.

MISS FROY: There's a most intriguing double Acrostic in this week's "Gentlewoman". I'm going to try and unravel it before you wake up.

She gives Iris a friendly smile.

153. C.U. Iris smiles back, her eyes half closed - she is dropping to sleep.

154. S.C.S.

Seen from Iris's eyeline. Doppo is making the doll disappear - this trick is done in quite a professional way. The child looks on open-

154. (Contd.).
mouthed. Another whisk of the handkerchief and the doll reappears - the child chuckles.

155. C.U.
Iris, half smiling through her drooping eyes.

156. S.C.S.
The carriage as seen by Iris, including all except Miss Froy. Doppo doing the disappearing doll trick - his wife opposite nodding approvingly at the now happy child - the grim faced Baroness. The scene starts to go out of focus - only enough to soften it - the CAMERA PANS OVER until we see Miss Froy in S.C.S. She is poring over the crossword and humming softly to herself the tune of the hotel serenade. As the scene goes slightly more out of focus she locks up towards Iris and smiles.

157. C.U.
Iris, her eyes closed, she is asleep. Over this we hear Doppo chuckle deeply.

158. EXT. RAILWAY TRACK. DAY. L.S.
The train going away from CAMERA, disappears round a distant bend, with a shrill scream from the engine, smoke billowing.

MIX TO:

159. EFFECT SHOT. DAY.
A series of impressions of revolving wheels of the train - flashing telegraph poles and wires - fast disappearing railway lines - all these accompanied by their respective noises which gradually increase until they reach a crescendo. Behind we have a sort of Greek chorus of voices singing the tune the troubadour sang outside the hotel. The whole effect is eerie and menacing.

160. EXT. RAILWAY TRACK. DAY. L.S.
CAMERA HOLDING on mouth of tunnel. The engine plunges out with a roar, siren screaming, smoke billowing.

161. C.U.

Iris swirls and opens her eyes, without moving her head, which has fallen sideways while she slept. She sees -

162. S.C.U.

The Baroness is looking in the same inflexible way towards Iris. The CAMERA PANS over on to Doppo, still in the act of making the doll disappear. The CAMERA PANS on to Miss Froy's place - but Miss Froy is not there.

163. S.C.U.

Iris comes back to full consciousness and sits up, yawning. A dining car attendant appears in the doorway beside her.

ATTENDANT: Prandoor, billst resach, billst resach.
(in broken English) Reservations for lunch, please.

164. M.S.

The whole carriage - Doppo looks up.

DOPPO: Bin. May.

ATTENDANT: Daf?

DOPPO: Bin. Daf.

The attendant steps inside, handing two tickets to Doppo, who takes them. He addresses Iris.

ATTENDANT: Madame has booked for lunch?

IRIS: (nodding) My friend did. She's got the tickets.

She indicates Miss Froy's empty seat. The attendant nods, and exits. Iris looks again across at Miss Froy's seat. She gets up and looks out into the corridor, thinking she may be there.

165. INT. CORRIDOR. M.S.

We hear the Attendant's voice, as he proceeds further down the train.

ATTENDANT: Billst resach?

185. (Contd.).

Iris looks up and down the corridor. There is no sign of Miss Froy, only an occasional passenger looking out of a window or walking up and down. She turns back towards the carriage again.

186. M.S.

The whole carriage - Iris sits down into her seat again. The Baroness's profile is in foreground, motionless and uninviting. Iris glances round and then impulsively leans over to Doppo.

IRIS: Have you seen my friend?

187. C.U.

Doppo looks at her blankly and then shrugs.

DOFFO: Non.

188. M.S.

Shot to include Baroness, Doppo and Iris leaning over towards them. She starts to speak, indicating Miss Froy's empty seat.

IRIS: My friend where is she?

Doppo looks at the seat and gives a foolish smile.

DOFFO: Non. I do not understand.

Iris tries stumbling Italian.

IRIS: La Signora Inglese? ... The English lady. ... where is she?

There is a sudden silence, then the Baroness, whose grim profile has not so far moved an inch, turns slowly and says in a deep voice, her words dropping heavily one by one -

BARONESS: There has been no English lady here!

Iris stares at the Baroness as she exclaims -

IRIS: What?

169. C.U.

The Baroness repeats the words in the same slow deliberate tones.

BARONESS: There has been no English lady here!

170. C.U.

Iris stares for a second - then laughs.

IRIS: Of course there has - she sat there.....
in the corner.

171. M.S.

The three once more - the Baroness turns to glance at the empty seat. She shakes her head. Iris stares at her bewildered, then turns to seek help from Doppo.

IRIS: You saw her, you spoke to her, she sat next to you.

He shrugs and shakes his head. Iris feels there is something extremely unpleasant behind all this, in spite of her consciousness of the absurdity of the situation. She gives a nervous little laugh.

IRIS: But - it's ridiculous. She took me into the dining car, and I came back here with her.

Once again the Baroness speaks.

BARONESS: You went and came back alone.

172. C.U.

Iris knits her brows for a brief moment of bewilderment, then her face clears a little, as she suddenly realises that they probably haven't understood what she has been saying.

IRIS: Maybe you don't understand. I mean the lady who looked after me when I was knocked out.

173. M.S.

The Baroness, Doppo and Iris. Doppo gives a shrug and, indicating his head, says:

DOFFO: Perhaps it makes you forget, eh?

Iris takes this in, then decides she has had enough. She jumps up and pauses in the doorway to add:-

173. CONT.

IRIS: (irritated) I may be very dense, but if it's some sort of joke I'm afraid I don't see the point.....

174. S.C.U.

As Iris comes from the compartment, the CAMERA TRACKS with her along the corridor. She peers into each compartment as she passes. As she reaches the little door of the lavatory she hesitates. Suddenly it opens and a little foreign gentleman pops out. Iris hurries on and disappears through the concertina junction between the two coaches.

175. DINING CAR. INT. DAY. S.L.S.

Iris enters the deserted dining car and hurries through it.

176. KITCHEN AND CORRIDOR. INT. DAY. M.S.

As Iris enters the picture we see a small kitchen, with a serving hatch at the rear. At one side standing by a leaf table attached to the wall is the Head Steward going through some bills. The Steward who served Iris's tea is washing up and whistling as he does so. Through the hatch we vaguely get an impression of the chef preparing lunch. Iris addresses the waiter she recognises.

IRIS: Oh waiter! You served me tea just now....

STEWARD: (deferentially) Yes Madam.

IRIS: Have you seen the lady I was with? The English lady?

The steward speaks slowly and emphatically.

STEWARD: But Madame was alone.

177. C.U.

Iris appears absolutely dumbfounded.

178. M.S. THE HEAD STEWARD.

He swings round angrily on the other steward.

HEAD STEWARD: Caproki, Eugene! Pardon Madame...he make the mistake.

178. CONT.

IRIS: Of course. He must remember the little English lady. Why she ordered the tea and paid for it!

STEWARD: (deliberately) No, it is you who pay.

HEAD STEWARD: (furiously) Caproki!

STEWARD: (with some heat) Nagra additan!

The Head Steward's expression changes on this - he turns to Iris.

HEAD STEWARD: He says to look at the bill. I will look.

He picks up a bundle of bills and adds:

HEAD STEWARD: He will suffer.

As he goes through the bills, Iris turns on the other steward again.

IRIS: But she gave you a special packet of tea. You can't have forgotten that?

STEWARD: (volubly) The tea was ours Madame. I receive no packet.

IRIS: But you did....I know what happened....

During this the Head Steward has found the bill, and holds it in his hand, frowning at it.

HEAD STEWARD: Pardon.....the bill.....

She takes it.

179. C.U. TEE BILL FOR ONE PERSON ONLY.

Over this we hear the Head Steward continue:

HEAD STEWARD: (voice) Tea....for one!

180. S.C.U.

Iris appears dumbfounded.

IRIS: That can't be right.

The Head Steward flicks quickly through the bills again as he says:

190. CONT.

HEAD STEWARD: (holding out the whole pile of bills to Iris) Perhaps Madam would care to examine the bills herself?

IRIS: No, I wouldn't. The whole thing's too absurd...

She turns, is about to go back through the dining car, then changes her mind, and goes on towards the 4th class coach.

181. ENTRANCE TO 4th CLASS COACH. S.C.S.

Iris goes through the concertina function and opens the wooden door separating the 4th class coach from the rest of the train. As she does so, we hear loud voices, singing, and accordion music.

182. S.L.S. INT. 4th CLASS CARRIAGE.

The Carriage is of the bare-boarded wooden-seat type with seats on either side and luggage racks above. It is crowded with peasants who are watching the peasant bride we saw on the platform performing a National Dance with the bridegroom. An accordion player and a peasant flutist are providing the music, while Gilbert is sitting, BACK TO CAMERA, on a case containing two geese. He is watching and making occasional notes in his book. The carriage is filled with a haze of smoke.

183. M.S.

Iris pushes her way through the peasants up to Gilbert whose back view she does not recognise. She touches him on the shoulder, he being the most prominently placed person.

IRIS: (with some agitation) Please have you seen a lady pass through here?

GILBERT: (turning round) Eh?

They recognise each other. Gilbert grins.

GILBERT: Hello, its you! If I'd known you were travelling on the same train I would have stayed another week at the hotel. No, I haven't seen a lady - why?

IRIS: (icily) It doesn't matter. You probably wouldn't recognise me anyway.

She moves out of picture. Gilbert looks after her.

184. M.S. IRIS.

She pushes past the jiggling peasants to the other end of the car.
As she reaches the door, she sways, puts one hand to her head and
nearly topples over. An old peasant smoking a pipe sitting by the
door, jumps up and supports her.

185. C.U. GILBERT.

He springs to his feet and rushes forward.

186. M.S. THE PEASANT IS SUPPORTING IRIS.

Gilbert hurries into picture and takes Iris from him.

GILBERT: Hello, what's the trouble? (to Peasant)
It's that pipe of yours George. Why don't you throw
your old socks away? (to Iris) Sit down and take it
easy.

IRIS: (coldly pulling herself together.) It's nothing.

She pushes past him and exits through the door. Gilbert hesitates,
then follows her.

187. BRAKE VAN AT REAR OF TRAIN. INT. M.S.

The van is piled up with luggage of various descriptions.

188. M.S.

As Iris enters she suddenly realizes she has come into the luggage
van at rear of train, and stops. She puts her hand to her forehead
again. At this moment Gilbert comes through the door and steps
up to her side.

GILBERT: What's the matter? You look scedy.

IRIS: (rounding on him irritably) If you must know,
something fell on my head.

GILBERT: In infancy?

IRIS: (snapping) At the station.

GILBERT: (sincerely) Oh, I'm sorry. Can I help at all?

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IRIS: Only by going away.

GILBERT: My father always taught me: 'never desert a lady in trouble' and he took it as far as marrying my mother. What about some brandy?

IRIS: (abruptly) Do you remember a little woman in tweeds in the hotel last night?

GILBERT: (shaking his head) I only saw one woman - and she was hardly in tweeds.

IRIS: (worried) She was in my compartment with me, and now I can't find her.

GILBERT: She must be on the train somewhere, it hasn't stopped since we got on.

IRIS: (irritably) Of course she's on the train - I know that.

GILBERT: Alright - nobody's saying she isn't.

IRIS: That's just what they are saying.

GILBERT: Who?

IRIS: The rest of the compartment - and the stewards. They insist they never saw her.

GILBERT: All of them?

IRIS: All of them.

GILBERT: Hmm. (looking at her carefully) You were saying something fell on your head.....

IRIS: What d'you mean?

GILBERT: Disregard it. Tell me, do you speak the lingo?

IRIS: No.

GILBERT: They probably thought you were trying to borrow a couple of quid. Let's go back and knock the idea out of their heads. (Iris gives him a look) An unfortunate idea - I beg your pardon.

They exit to fourth class compartment.

WIFE TO:

189. INT. FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT. DAY. S.C.S.

Iris and Gilbert come through the concertina junction. Iris stops Gilbert with a gesture as she sees Doppo ahead:

IRIS: That's one of them. The little dark man.

190. S.L.S. In the corridor stands Doppo talking to a handsome and sympathetic looking man of about 40 - DR. HARTZ - who is explaining something to him.

191. S.C.S. DR. HARTZ AND DOPPO. Iris and Gilbert come towards them. Gilbert addresses Doppo.

GILBERT: Excuse me butting in like this, but I feel there's been a little misunderstanding. This young lady has lost her friend.

Just as Doppo is about to reply Dr. Hartz interposes.

HARTZ: I have heard. This gentleman has been explaining to me..most interesting. Under the circumstances I think we should all introduce ourselves....

Doppo proudly butts in with:

DOPPO: I am Italian citizen. My wife and child.

He sweeps an arm towards the compartment. Gilbert pokes his head round.

GILBERT: How do you do - bonny little chap. How old is he?

DOPPO: (boastfully) 1952 class!

GILBERT: Ah!

DOPPO: The lady in the corner is the Baroness Athona.
The Baroness nods.

GILBERT: Indeed. I met your husband at the folk dance festival, he presented the prizes. (to Iris) Minister of Propaganda.

HARTZ: I am Dr. Zgon Hartz of Prague, you may have heard of me.

GILBERT: Hartz. Not the brain specialist?

HARTZ: (pleased) The same.

GILBERT: I remember you flew to England the other day and operated on one of our Cabinet Ministers. By the by, did you find anything?

HARTZ: A slight cerebral confusion.

GILBERT: Well, even that's something.....

192. S.C.U. GILBERT, IRIS AND HARTZ.

HARTZ: I am picking up a similar case at the next station - but so much more complicated. I shall operate at the National Hospital to-night. A depressed cranial fracture - with adhesions. You understand?

GILBERT: (with a glance at Iris) Perfectly. A wallop on the head.

Iris who has been getting a little impatient now addresses Dr. Hartz.

IRIS: I suppose you didn't see my friend?

HARTZ: Unfortunately 'no'!

GILBERT: I'll have a word with the Baroness.

Gilbert moves into the compartment.

193. M.S.

Gilbert comes in and sits on the edge of Miss Froy's seat - Iris follows him in and takes her own seat, leaving Dr. Hartz standing in the doorway. Gilbert leaning forward addresses the Baroness

GILBERT: Bekara vaskin femera, Baronak?

BARONESS: (shaking her head slowly) Negray femona!

Gilbert turns to Mrs. Doppo and asks her in Italian if she has seen the lady - she replies in a monosyllabic negative in Italian.

194. S.C.S.

Gilbert, Iris and Hartz. Gilbert looks puzzled - Iris asks eagerly

IRIS: What do they say?

GILBERT: They've never seen her.

Iris looks round her desperately.

IRIS: It isn't true. She was sitting there where you are.

Hartz interposes quietly.

HARTZ: Can you describe her?

194 (Contd.).

IRIS: (hesitating) Well I can't tell you much. She was sort of middle-aged and ordinary.

GILBERT: What was she wearing?

IRIS: (closing her eyes then speaking rapidly) Tweeds oatmeal flecked with brown - three quarter coat with patch pockets. A scarf - blue straw hat, brown shoes. Tussore shirt blouse, stitched with blue - a different shade - oh, and a small blue handkerchief in her breast pocket. I can't remember any more.

GILBERT: You couldn't have been paying attention ... listen - you both went along to tea ...?

IRIS: Yes.

GILBERT: Then surely you must have met somebody?

Iris tries to recollect -

IRIS: I suppose we did - let me think.... yes, there was an Englishman who passed the sugar.

GILBERT: Good, let's dig him out....

He rises swiftly Iris following - Dr. Hartz steps politely aside to allow them to pass, and as they do so he says

HARTZ: Pardon....may I come with you? This is most interesting to me.

GILBERT: All right. We don't want everybody museling in, but we'll make you a member.

195 S.C.S. INT. FIRST CLASS CORRIDOR. DAY.

Iris and Gilbert come from the compartment, Dr. Hartz following - CAMERA TRACKS with them as they proceed down the corridor - suddenly as they pass the Todhunters' compartment with the blinds drawn down, Iris stops.

IRIS: Wait - there was someone else. As we passed this compartment Miss Froy stumbled in - there was a tall gentleman and a lady

GILBERT: Now we're getting somewhere. If we can find one person that's seen her, we'll have the train searched.

195. (Contd.).

As he starts to slide the door open Todhunter enters picture behind them.

TODHUNTER: Can I be of any assistance?

IRIS: That's the gentleman.

GILBERT: Do you recall this lady passing here with a little Englishwoman?

196. C.U.

Todhunter, with the faintest flicker of hesitation, replies

TODHUNTER: I'm afraid not.

197. C.S.

Iris turns to Gilbert, very disturbed and quite bewildered, then looks back to Todhunter.

IRIS: But she almost fell into your compartment.

198. S.L.S.

Charters in the foreground of the picture - beyond him further up the corridor we see the group outside Todhunters' compartment. He is puffing a pipe and trying to overhear their conversation. Iris is saying with excited raised voice

IRIS: Surely you haven't forgotten - it's very important. Everyone's saying she wasn't on the train, but I know she is, and I'm determined to find her if I have to stop the train to do it.

THE CAMERA RUSHES in until we get only Charters in C.U. He is very alarmed and making a quick decision turns quickly out of picture.

199. S.C.S.

Charters hurries up to the lavatory door - he raps on it impatiently and calls through in a low voice

CHARTERS: I say, Caldicott - it's me - Charters. Let me in.

199. (Contd.).

The door opens and Caldicott looks out. He is in his shirt sleeves and is wiping his hands on a towel. In the corner of the small lavatory is a tiny basin. Charters edges his way in as he speaks until he is standing bang up against Caldicott - CAMERA MOVING in as he does so - there is barely room for two people to stand in the lavatory. Charters talks breathlessly

CHARTERS: That girl we saw in the hotel - she's down there - kicking up a devil of a fuss - she's lost her friend.

CALDICOTT: She hasn't been in here, old boy.

CHARTERS: The point is Caldicott, the girl's threatening to stop the train.

CALDICOTT: Good Lord!

CHARTERS: If we miss that connection at Basle we won't make Manchester in time.

CALDICOTT: This is serious.

He closes the door carefully. The "engaged" sign which reads "LIBERRO" slips over and is replaced by "OCCUPE".

200. S.C.S.

The group outside Todhunters' compartment. Iris is now very upset - Todhunter is looking extremely impatient.

TODHUNTER: I'm sorry. I haven't the faintest recollection. You must be making a mistake.

He turns back into his compartment abruptly -

GILBERT: He doesn't remember, that's certain....Let's find the other fellow.

He pilots Iris off, followed by the Doctor.

201. INT. TODHUNTERS' COMPARTMENT. DAY. S.C.S.

Todhunter closes the door behind him and, carefully averts his eyes from Mrs. Todhunter. The CAMERA pulls back as he sits down to include Mrs. Todhunter, who is eyeing him narrowly.

201. (Contd.).

MRS. TODHUNTER: Who were you talking to outside?

TODHUNTER: Nobody my dear (he catches her eye) Just some people in the corridor arguing...

She gazes at him steadily.

202. CORRIDOR. INT. DAY. M.S.

Gilbert, Iris and the Doctor are just going along the corridor, past the lavatory door towards the concertina junction. The lavatory door opens and Caldicott peeps round. The moment he sees their retreating backs, he gives an "all clear" signal to Charters, who steps out. They are about to turn towards their compartment, when Iris's voice is heard -

IRIS: (voice) There he is!

Charters and Caldicott swing round guiltily. Iris comes hurrying back through the concertina junction, followed by Gilbert and Hartz in the background. Iris indicates Charters.

IRIS: That's the man....

The Englishmen try to make their escape, but Gilbert steps forward -

GILBERT: Sorry to bother you, sir, but I wonder if you can help us.

CHARTERS: Eh? How?

Iris interrupts eagerly.

IRIS: I was having tea with an English lady about an hour ago. You saw her, didn't you?

Charters hesitates before replying.

CHARTERS: I - I'm afraid - that is, I really can't say, you know - definitely. I was talking to my friend... wasn't I?

CALDICOTT: Indubitably.

IRIS: But you were sitting at the next table....She turned and borrowed the sugar. You must remember.

Charters agrees reluctantly to part of her question -

202. (Contd.).

CHARTERS: Er - I recall passing the sugar...

IRIS: (triumphantly) Then you must have seen her ...

CHARTERS: I can only repeat I was deep in conversation. We were discussing cricket...

IRIS: I don't see how a thing like cricket could make you forget seeing people.

Charters draws himself up stiffly -

CHARTERS: You don't eh? Well, if that's the attitude you take, there's obviously nothing more to be said.... Come Caldicott!

He turns and marches off offendedly with Caldicott. We hear him mutter -

CHARTERS: Thing like cricket!

203. S.C.U.

Iris and Gilbert, looking after the disappearing Charters.

GILBERT: Bad tactics. We should have told him we were looking for a lost cricket ball.

IRIS: But he spoke to her. There must be some explanation.

The Doctor comes into the picture and says quietly -

HARTZ: There is

He pats Iris's hand with a kind and sympathetic smile as he continues -

HARTZ: Please forgive me! I am quite possibly wrong. But I have known cases where a sudden shock or a blow has induced the most vivid impressions.

IRIS: I understand. You don't believe me.

HARTZ: (gently) (It is not a question of belief. Even a simple concussion may have curious effects upon an imaginative person.

203. (Contd.).

IRIS: I tell you I can remember every detail. Her name - Miss Froy - everything!

HARTZ: (to Gilbert) So interesting! If one had time, one could trace the cause of the hallucination --

GILBERT: Hallucination?

HARTZ: Precisely. There is no Miss Froy. There was never a Miss Froy. Merely a vivid subjective image.

IRIS: But I met her last night in the hotel.

HARTZ: You thought you did

GILBERT: What about the name?

HARTZ: Some past association - an advertisement, or a character in a novel subconsciously remembered. (to Iris, soothingly) These things are not uncommon - there is no need to be frightened, if you are quiet and relax.

IRIS: (dryly) Thank you very much.

Hartz turns to glance out of the window.

204. EXT. RAILWAY STATION. DAY. L.S.

We approach a small wayside station, which is still three or four hundred yards away.

205. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY. S.C.U.

Hartz turns back, taking out his watch.

HARTZ: Dravka. (bowing to Iris) If you will excuse.... This is where my patient comes aboard.... (with professional enthusiasm studying Iris) Most interesting.

He hurries off.

206. C.S.

Gilbert and Iris gazing out of the window. Iris is very thoughtful. Gilbert looks at her, almost imperceptibly shrugging.

206. (Contd.).

GILBERT: We're stopping.

Iris gets a sudden idea -

IRIS: This is the first stop isn't it?

Gilbert nods.

IRIS: Then Miss Froy must still be on the train. Look out this side, and see if anyone gets off. I'll take the other side.

She goes off out of picture; Gilbert throws open the corridor window and leans out.

207. INT. END OF CARRIAGE. DAY. S.C.U.

Iris pulls down the window of door and looks out.

208. C.U.

Gilbert pulls his head in from the window and calls over his shoulder.

GILBERT: What was she dressed in - Scotch tweeds wasn't it?

209. C.U. IRIS.

She looks back.

IRIS: Oatmeal tweeds.

210. C.U. GILBERT.

GILBERT: I knew it was something to do with porridge.

211. EXT. DRAVED STATION. L.S.

Long shot from the train, as it slowly moves into the station. We see a motor ambulance drawn up, with open back. Two white-clad attendants and a nun are standing by. The station is fairly deserted except for officials. There is a squeal of brakes as the train comes to a stop.

212 S.C.U.

Gilbert standing on the step in foreground of picture shooting along train. As the train stops he leans further out. A sleeping car attendant jumps off and a second later is followed by Dr. Hartz, but there is no sign of anyone else alighting. Gilbert turns and looks up the other end of the train.

213 S.L.S.

Shooting along the train the other way. There is no one about at all.

214 S.C.S.

On the other side of the train - Iris looks up and down anxiously.

215 S.L.S.

Shooting on to train - showing Gilbert on the steps. Dr. Hartz approaches the ambulance. He instructs the stretcher bearers to carry the stretcher to the train, he gives a kindly smile to the nun. We see them start to pull the stretcher out.

216 S.C.S.

Hartz watching the patient on the stretcher carefully. All that can be seen of the figure is a form covered by a sheet, the head swathed in bandages.

HARTZ: Escht tranquir?

ATTENDANT: Bin, Doktor.

Hartz fusses about the patient,

HARTZ: Gentil, gentil.....

As the stretcher is lifted up through the window of the sleeper the CAMERA pans with it.

217 C.U.

Gilbert, who has been watching this, turns his head and looks up the other way as he hears a call

218 S.C.S.

Caldicott and Charters are leaning out of their window. Caldicott is in the act of buying a paper from a boy with a small newspaper trolley. The boy is just asking Caldicott if he would like the Paris Edition of the New York Herald,

CALDICOTT: New York Herald.... haven't you got an English newspaper....Anglaise newspapaire.. .

BOY: (nodding) Engleesh. Bin!

He proffers the same paper.

CHARTERS: Doesn't know the difference.

Caldicott gives the boy a coin and takes the paper.
CAMERA tracks up to C.U. of the two as he scans it.

CHARTERS: Anything there?

CALDICOTT: "Slayer bumps off two in love nest."

CHARTERS: Nothing about the Test Match? Try the stop press.

Caldicott turns over the paper, and reads out in a bewildered voice.

CALDICOTT: Giants 6 - White Socks 3.

CHARTERS: What's that?

CALDICOTT: Baseball, old boy. You know the game - we call it rounders - children play it - rubber ball and a bit of wood.

CHARTERS: No mention of cricket?

CALDICOTT: Not a word....Americans have no sense of proportion.

219 OTHER SIDE OF TRAIN. S.C.S.

Iris looking out anxiously. CAMERA PANS along until we reach the window of the Todhunter's compartment, where Todhunter is leaning out smoking his pipe.

220 INT. TODHUNTER'S CARRIAGE. DAY. S.C.S.

Todhunter's back is filling the window space - Mrs. Todhunter sits

220 CO. TD.

in the corner by him, her back to the window and her feet up on the seat. She addresses him casually but by the expression on her face we realize that her questions are being carefully and purposely phrased.

MRS. TODHUNTER: How long does it take to get a divorce?

Todhunter's back stiffens, as far as a man's back can look painfully embarrassed, his does. He does not reply.

MRS. TODHUNTER: Eric!

Todhunter turns, feigning only just to have heard.

TODHUNTER: Oh....I beg your pardon, I wasn't listening...

MRS. TODHUNTER: (deliberately) I said...how long does it take to get a divorce?

Todhunter eyes her uncomfortably.

TODHUNTER: Er.... that depends why?

MRS. TODHUNTER: I was only wondering whether we could take our honeymoon next spring.....

221 C.U.

Todhunter stirs uneasily as we hear her voice continue

MRS. TODHUNTER'S VOICE: I mean the official one.

Todhunter takes his matches from his pocket and relights his pipe, carefully flicking the match through the window, obviously playing for time.

TODHUNTER: The..... er.... difficulties are considerable. For one thing the courts are very crowded... though I suppose we barristers shouldn't complain about that.

He gives an awkward laugh, there is no reaction however from Mrs. Todhunter. His laugh turns to a cough.

TODHUNTER: As a matter of fact, with conditions as they are, my chances of becoming a judge are extremely rosy... that is if nothing untoward occurs.....

200 CONT.

MRS. TODHUNTER: Such as you being mixed up in a divorce case yourself?

Todhunter refuses to look at her as he says

TODHUNTER: Er....yes.

MRS. TODHUNTER: (with calculated irony) In that first careless rapture of yours you said you didn't care what happened.

TODHUNTER: You really must look at it from my point of view (pompously) The Law like Caesar's wife must be above suspicion.

MRS. TODHUNTER: Even when the law has spent six weeks - with Caesar's wife?

Todhunter opens his mouth to protest, but with a sharp gesture she swings her legs down to the ground, and drops any pretence.

MRS. TODHUNTER: Now I understand why you've been running around like a scared rabbit....why you lied so elaborately a few minutes ago.

TODHUNTER: I? lied?

MRS. TODHUNTER: To those people in the corridor. I heard what you said.

Todhunter obviously reluctant to continue the conversation again fumbles with his pipe and relights it.

TODHUNTER: It was merely that I didn't wish to be mixed up in any enquiry.

MRS. TODHUNTER: Enquiry? Just because a little woman can't be found?

TODHUNTER: That girl was making a fuss. If the woman had disappeared and I'd admitted I'd seen her we might become vital witnesses.

222 C.U.

Big head of Mrs. Todhunter as she realizes the full implication of this - we hear Todhunter's voice continue.

222 CONTD.

TODHUNTER'S VOICE: My name might even get into the papers, coupled with yours. A scandal like that might lead anywhere - anywhere!

An expression of almost triumph comes into her eyes as she says softly and consideringly.

MRS. TODHUNTER: Yes - I suppose it might.....

We hear a whistle from the engine.

223 EXT. DRAVKO STATION. DAY. L.S.

The train slowly starts to move away - in the background we see the men shutting the ambulance doors. Gilbert retreats back into the corridor.

224 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY. S.C.S.

Gilbert goes into the single compartment.

225 INT. SINGLE COMPARTMENT. DAY. S.C.S.

Iris leans in from the window. Gilbert comes in from the corridor.

GILBERT: Nobody?

Iris shakes her head.

IRIS: Nobody.

GILBERT: The only things that left my side were two bits of orange peel and a paper bag.

Iris notices something in the tone of his voice and looks sharply at him.

IRIS: (desperately) Listen...I know there's a Miss Froy, she's as real as you are.

GILBERT: That's what you say - and you believe it, but you appear to be the only one who saw her.

During the latter part of this speech WE PAN OVER to the door where Mrs. Todhunter stands.

MRS. TODHUNTER: I saw her, I think.

226 C.U.

Gilbert and Iris look towards her in surprise.

IRIS: You did?

They both move quickly over to her, CAMERA following. Mrs. Todhunter asks quietly.

MRS. TODHUNTER: A little woman in tweeds?

IRIS: (eagerly) Yes.

MRS. TODHUNTER: Wearing a three quarter coat?

Iris finishes her sentence excitedly for her.

IRIS: With a scarf....

MRS. TODHUNTER: That's right. I saw her with you when you passed our compartment.

Iris turns breathlessly to Gilbert.

IRIS: I knew I was right. (Turning back to Mrs. Todhunter) But your husband....?

MRS. TODHUNTER: (smoothly) He didn't notice. But when he mentioned it I remembered at once.

Iris turns again to Gilbert in triumph. Gilbert promptly lifts her arm up high, like the winner of a Boxing contest.

GILBERT: You win.

He grabs her by the arm masterfully.

GILBERT: This calls for action.

227 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY. S.C.S.

(laterally with side of coach removed) Gilbert leads Iris with Mrs. Todhunter following of her own accord. Gilbert turns as he goes to address Mrs. Todhunter.

GILBERT: You're prepared to make a statement?

MRS. TODHUNTER: If it helps.

They are brought to a stop as they come face to face with Dr. Hartz, who is hurrying along the corridor in the opposite direction,

(Contd.).

carrying his medical bag.

HARTZ: Ah - pardon. My patient has just arrived.
The most fascinating complications.....

Iris brushes this aside.

IRIS: We've some news for you. This lady actually
saw Miss Frey.

Hartz looks extremely surprised.

HARTZ: So?

Mrs. Todhunter nods.

GILBERT: We're going to have the train searched.

Iris smiles triumphantly at the Doctor.

IRIS: I'm afraid you'll have to think of a fresh
theory, Doctor.

Hartz appears comically disconcerted as he says a trifle stiffly.

HARTZ: It is not necessary. My theory was a good
one. The facts were misleading. I trust you will
find your friend.

Hartz turns away with a kindly smile to Iris - and hurries down
the corridor towards the Sleeping coach. Mrs. Todhunter turns
into her compartment.

MRS. TODEUNTER: I'll be here if you want me.

Gilbert nods and he and Iris pass along.

228. INT. TODEHUNTERS' CARRIAGE. DAY. S.C.S.

Todhunter, immersed in a novel. Mrs. Todhunter enters and sits
down opposite him. She is looking very pleased with herself.

MRS. TODEUNTER: Eric!

He doesn't look up so she continues airily:

MRS. TODEUNTER: I was merely going to mention I'd told
that girl I saw her friend.

228 (Contd.).

The book is very swiftly lowered as Todhunter snaps back at her:

TODHUNTER: What's that? Have you taken leave of your senses?

She nonchalantly takes out a cigarette and lights it.

MRS. TODHUNTER: On the contrary - I've come to them.

TODHUNTER: What do you mean?

MRS. TODHUNTER: (with emphasis) If there's a scandal, there'll be a divorce and you'll have to do the decent thing as reluctantly as only you know how.

TODHUNTER: (incisively) You forget one very important thing, Margaret. Your husband would divorce you, I've no doubt. But whatever happens my wife will never divorce me.

229. C.U.

The smile fades from Mrs. Todhunter's face as she stares blankly at him.

230. INT. DINING CAR. DAY. M.S.

Gilbert and Iris are moving down the dining car in the middle of an argument with the guard. (the flat-footed guard we saw on the first station). In the background the steward who served tea earlier is setting tables.

GUARD: (protesting) But M'sieur - to search the train - it is fantastic.....

GILBERT: Fantastic or not - you're going to do it.....

Doppo comes hurrying into picture from the opposite direction - he bumps into them.

DOFPO: Scusi!

231. S.C.S.

As Doppo sees Iris his face breaks into a beam.

231. (Contd.).

DOPPO: Ah, Signorina. (nodding towards corridor) Down there, they look for you. Your friend, she come back!

IRIS: Come back?

DOPPO: Si, si.

IRIS: But what happened?

DOPPO: You go. She tell you. Scusi.

He bustles on. Iris looks at Gilbert a trifle apologetically; he gives a resigned sigh.

GILBERT: (to guard) All right Athelston - Relax! The crisis is over. (to Iris) Shall we join the lady?

Iris nods. They move on.

CUT TO:

232. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY. S.C.S.

Tracking with Iris and Gilbert as they near Iris's compartment. Iris appears relieved and excited. Gilbert is still comically resigned. They have now reached the door of the compartment.

GILBERT: Here we are.....

233. INT. IRIS'S COMPARTMENT. DAY. S.C.S.

Iris looks into the carriage, and exclaims:

IRIS: Miss Froy!

234. C.U.

Miss Froy seated in the corner, her head away from CAMERA. On hearing the name, she turns and faces Iris. The CAMERA swiftly moves into a big head - It is not Miss Froy! Though she wears exactly the same outfit as Miss Froy, she is of the heavy-featured Germanic type.

235. C.U.

Gilbert and Iris. Iris stares at the woman, unable to believe her eyes.

IRIS: That isn't Miss Froy!

235. ()

GILBERT: (puzzled) She isn't.

IRIS: No!

236. S.C.S. THE WOMAN, IRIS AND GILBERT.

Gilbert leans towards the woman.

GILBERT: Are you Miss Froy?

The woman speaks in a strong, guttural accent -

MADAME KUMMER: Non. I am Madame Kummer. (to Gilbert).
Ga domez jeelester, er hockatch bat kaver fronche an
mond.GILBERT: Madame Kummer says she helped you to the com-
partment when you were bowled over, then left to see some
friends.

237. M.S. Including the Baroness, Mrs. Deppo and child.

BARONESS: (to Gilbert) Norsk revolt do denrht rindt
Anglisch femont!GILBERT: (to Iris) The Baroness says you asked for an
English lady - and they didn't connect Madame Kummer with
her.IRIS: But she wasn't the lady I saw - it was Miss Froy.During this last Dr. Hartz has approached and stands quietly in the
doorway.

238. S.C.U.

By the door - Gilbert, Iris, Dr. Hartz, and Madame Kummer. Gilbert :
is looking closely at what she is wearing - he murmurs half to himself.GILBERT: Cotmeal tweeds.....scarf.....tussore shirt...
blue handkerchief.

Iris turns on him.

IRIS: I know... everything's the same.....but it isn't
her....

Hartz, who has been watching Iris carefully, interposes quietly:

238. (Contd.).

HARTZ: When did you say you first met the Miss Froy?

IRIS: In the hotel last night.

HARTZ: Was she wearing this costume?

He indicates the tweeds Madame Kummer is wearing. Iris thinks for a second before replying -

IRIS: No - a dress of some sort.

HARTZ: Then I must apologize. You did meet her after all.

Iris looks at him eagerly -

IRIS: Then....

HARTZ: But not on this train. In your subconscious mind you substituted for the face of Madame Kummer - that of Miss Froy.

Iris protests frantically -

IRIS: I didn't - I couldn't have done. I tell you I talked to her...here.

GILBERT: It's easily settled. There's a woman on the train who says she saw her. If Madame Kummer wouldn't mind....(turning to Madame Kummer) Abner brosen dak master cay selham

MADAME KUMMER: (rising) Non, trar task!

They all turn to go out, as Gilbert says with a flourish -

GILBERT: Bon. Apres vous, mesdames. What a gift for languages the fellow's got!

239. INT. CORRIDOR. M.S. DAY.

A flash of Iris, Gilbert and Madame Kummer going down the corridor towards the Todhunters' compartment. Iris stops outside the door and knocks. It is opened by Todhunter.

240. INT. TODHUNTERS' COMPARTMENT. DAY. M.S.

Iris and the others stand in the doorway. Mrs. Todhunter is seated in the foreground, while Todhunter stands by the door.

240 CONTD.

Gilbert indicating Madame Kummer - looks directly at Mrs. Todhunter.

GILBERT: Will you tell us please - is this the woman you saw?

241 C.U.

Mrs. Todhunter stares at Madame Kummer. Then her eyes turn slightly in the direction of her husband.

242 S.C.S.

The group at the door - Iris anxiously waiting Mrs. Todhunter's reply - while Todhunter looks at his 'wife' steadily.

IRIS: (impatiently) It's not a bit like her, is it?

243 C.U.

Todhunter gazing steadily - We hear Mrs. Todhunter's voice.

MRS. TODHUNTER'S VOICE: Yes - she is the woman.

A brief look of triumph passes over Todhunter's face.

244 M.S.

The whole group. Iris looks in horror at Mrs. Todhunter. Then bursts out hysterically -

IRIS: She isn't, I tell you.....she isn't.

Gilbert says gravely to Mrs. Todhunter.

GILBERT: Are you sure?

245 C.S.

Mrs. Todhunter looks at him quite steadily as she replies -

MRS. TODHUNTER: Perfectly.

246 M.S.

The entire carriageful...

246. CONT.

IRIS: (hopelessly) She isn't! She isn't!

MADAME KUMMER: (breaking in) Bragarsan?

GILBERT: Ascar!

Madame Kummer nods and exits. Gilbert looks across at Iris sympathetically and says:

GILBERT: Come on...

He turns to go, then looks back at Mrs. Todhunter.

GILBERT: Thank you. Sorry to bother you.

Todhunter shuts the door after them, and sitting opposite Mrs. Todhunter, picks up his book.

MRS. TODHUNTER: Aren't you going to say anything?

Todhunter doesn't look up.

MRS. TODHUNTER: You might at least gloat, if nothing else.

TODHUNTER: What am I expected to say? You only did it to save your own skin..

MRS. TODHUNTER: (with an unhappy laugh) The quality of mercy is not strained. But of course it was a woman judge who said that!

247. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY. S.C.U.

Iris and Gilbert are standing outside the Todhunter's compartment, the door of which has just closed behind them.

IRIS: She was lying - I saw it in her face - they're all lying. But why? Why?

Gilbert tries to calm her as she starts to walk along the corridor, he following her, the CAMERA PANNING with them.

GILBERT: Sit down somewhere and take it easy.

247 CONTD.

Iris stops short and turns on him -

IRIS: Do you believe that nonsense about substituting Miss Froy's face for Madame Kurmer's?

GILBERT: I think any change would be an improvement.

Iris is rapidly losing her temper under the strain -

IRIS: You've said quite enough. Miss Froy was on the train - I know she was - and nothing will convince me otherwise. - Nothing, do you hear?

By this time they have arrived outside the door of Iris's compartment. Gilbert pauses. She starts to open the door, then, seeing him still standing there, says angrily -

IRIS: Must you follow me about like a pet dog?

GILBERT: Let's say a watch dog. I've all the better instincts.

IRIS: When I need your protection, I'll ask for it.
Good-bye.

She goes into her compartment and slams the door. Gilbert looks out of the window thoughtfully.

248 INT. IRIS'S COMPARTMENT. DAY. S.C.U.

Iris is just settling herself into her seat with a resentful expression on her face. She looks around the carriage at the other occupants almost defiantly -

249 C.U.

Big head of Madame Kummer staring.

250 C.U.

Big head of Doppo, smiling in a sinister fashion.

251 C.U.

Big head of the Baroness, calm and imperturbable.

252 C.U.

Mrs. Doppo looking sideways at her curiously.

253 C.U.

Iris looks very uncomfortable. We hear the rhythm of the train wheels increasing.

254 QUICK SERIES OF MIXES OF THE BIG HEADS AS ABOVE - MADAME KUMMER, to DOPPO, TO THE BARONESS, TO MRS. DOPPO. Increasing the sound of the train wheels over these until the noise reaches a crescendo. The MIXES should be so close as almost to give the impression of one face melting into the other.

255 C.U.

Iris can stand this no longer - she jumps up and rushes out of the carriage.

256 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY. S.C.U.

Gilbert is looking out of the window. He turns as Iris rushes out - she is quite hysterical -

IRIS: The Doctor was right - you're all right! I never saw Miss Froy on the train it didn't happen. I know now.

Gilbert puts a friendly hand on her arm as he says kindly -

GILBERT: I'm glad you're taking it like that. What you want to do is forget all about it - make your mind a blank. Watch me and you can't go wrong. How about a bite in the dining car?

IRIS: Anything.

They start towards the dining-car.

WIPE TO:

257. INT. DINING CAR. DAY. S.C.U.

86.

Iris is just sitting down at the same table as that at which she previously sat with Miss Froy. Gilbert is opening the window alongside.

GILBERT: Like a little air?

IRIS: Thanks.

Gilbert sits down opposite her.

GILBERT: Think you can eat?

IRIS: (smiling) I can try.

GILBERT: That's the spirit. Tomorrow you'll feel a different girl.

IRIS: I hope so. I don't want to meet my fiance - a nervous wreck.

Gilbert looks at her, his face comically falling.

GILBERT: Your fiance?

IRIS: I'm being married on Thursday.

Gilbert looks at her quizzically.

GILBERT: You're sure you're not imagining that?

IRIS: Positive.

GILBERT: (gloomily) I was afraid not....

The head steward comes up, handing them a menu.

GILBERT: (studying menu) What are you having?

IRIS: I was thinking of steamed halibut.

GILBERT: Stop mooning about him. I have a much more interesting topic to suggest.

IRIS: Indeed?

GILBERT: Myself. Would you like to hear about my early life?

IRIS: I don't think so.

258. C.U.

Totally ignoring this, Gilbert continues:

GILBERT: Since you press me, I will begin with my father. It is remarkable how many great men began with their father....

At this point the steward who served the tea pushes a trolley by. He puts napkins in front of Iris and Gilbert and passes on.

GILBERT: What are you having?

IRIS: On second thoughts - just a pot of tea.

As she finishes speaking she stares out in front of her. The reference to tea has started a fresh train of thought. Gilbert's voice rambles on:

GILBERT'S VOICE: You know best. Well, my father was a colourful character, amongst other things he was very much addicted to...you'll never guess...

Iris, paying no attention, speaks very slowly and thoughtfully to herself:

IRIS: Harriman's Herbal Tea....

259. C.U. THE TWO.

GILBERT: Wrong! Scotch!

Iris speaks in the same far-away voice.

IRIS: A million Mexicans drink it....

GILBERT: Maybe, but father didn't.

Iris looks up sharply at Gilbert.

IRIS: Miss Froy gave the waiter a packet of it.

GILBERT: Of what?

IRIS: Of Harriman's Herbal Tea. It's the only kind she drinks.

GILBERT: I thought we agreed to cut that out!

Iris passes her hand over her forehead, bewildered by the vividness of the recollection.

259. CONT.

IRIS: But it's so real! I'm sure it happened.

Gilbert feigns exasperation as he says:

GILBERT: Did we or did we not...?

Iris forces herself to smile back at him cheerfully.

IRIS: We did. Sorry. Go on telling me about your father.

GILBERT: He was a very remarkable man.

IRIS: Did he play the flute?

260. C.U. GILBERT.

GILBERT: Incessantly. He only put it down when no... when it became absolutely necessary. I couldn't help inheriting his love of music.

IRIS'S VOICE: Why not?

GILBERT: That was all he left me.

He suddenly looks at her appreciatively...as he suddenly says:

GILBERT: You're remarkably attractive. Has anyone every told you?

261. C.U. IRIS.

IRIS: We're talking about you.....

GILBERT'S VOICE: Of course. Do you like me?

IRIS: Not much.

262. C.U. THE TWO.

Gilbert, without showing the slightest reaction, says rapidly:

GILBERT: Well, after I'd paid my father's debts I took to travelling before they tried to cash the cheques. At the moment I'm writing a book about Folk Dances. Will you buy a copy.

IRIS: I'd love to. When will it see the light of day?

262. CONT.

GILBERT: In about four years.

IRIS: That's a long time.

GILBERT: It's a long book.

263. C.U.

IRIS, including a fairly large section of the window by her head. She laughs at Gilbert's remark. Then her attention is suddenly riveted to the window....

GILBERT'S VOICE: D'you know why you fascinate me?
I'll tell you.

264. C.U. A SECTION OF THE WINDOW PANE.

Traced on the misty glass are the letters Miss Froy has traced in the earlier scene - F R O Y. Over it we hear Gilbert's voice.

GILBERT'S VOICE: You have two great qualities I admired in father - you haven't any manners and you're always seeing things.

As he finishes speaking there is a stifled scream from Iris.

265. C.U. GILBERT AND IRIS.

Iris is staring at the window absolutely speechless.

GILBERT: What's the matter?

IRIS: Look!

She points at the window. Gilbert turns his head sharply to look.

266. EXT. TUNNEL. DAY. L.S.

With a terrific shriek from its whistle the train plunges into a tunnel, a great cloud of smoke belching round the tunnel mouth.

267. INT. DINING CAR. DAY. S.C.S.

The dining car has been suddenly plunged into darkness - Gilbert involuntarily starts back as a cloud of thick smoke pours in from the open window.

268. C.U. THE WINDOW.

The train is just emerging from the tunnel, as the thick smoke clears away from the glass we can just distinguish the last two letters of F R C Y rapidly misting over again, beyond we see back projection of open countryside.

269. S.C.U.

Gilbert coughs as the smoke clears away and then with a puzzled expression asks:

GILBERT: What is it?

Iris is staring wide-eyed at the window.

IRIS: It's gone!

GILBERT: What?

IRIS: On the window....Miss Froy's name.

She points to where it appeared, Gilbert looks but does not see anything. Iris suddenly jumps to her feet.

IRIS: You saw it. You must have seen it. She's on the train.

Gilbert looks at her concerned and grabbing her arm, forces her down to her seat.

GILBERT: Here....steady...

He looks round him quickly.

270. S.C.S.

At the table opposite him sits a bearded Frenchman sniffing his liqueur brandy - as he raises it to his lips Gilbert comes into picture and with a curt "Pardon me" removes the glass from his hand - the Frenchman is too astonished to do anything but goggle.

271. S.C.S.

Gilbert comes back to Iris and, holding the brandy to her lips, tries to make her drink. Iris suddenly pushes it from her, and, jumping to her feet again, cries:

IRIS: No. No. We've got to find her. Something's happening to her.

271. CONT.

Gilbert again tries to restrain her.

GILBERT: Take it easy.

IRIS: Stop the train!

She pushes him aside.

272. M.S.

Iris strides to the centre of the car, now thoroughly worked up. She looks round her at the various diners, then calls out loudly.

IRIS: Listen, everybody!

All heads turn in Iris's direction.

273. S.C.S.

Iris trying to keep her voice steady.

IRIS: There's a woman on this train, Miss Froy. Some of you must have seen her. They're hiding her somewhere.

No one appears likely to do anything. Iris's voice rises...

IRIS: I appeal to you - all of you - to stop the train!

274. M.S.

There is no response. People exchange remarks in an undertone, some are extremely embarrassed. Iris senses the lack of response - her self-control begins to go. Dr. Hartz rises from a table near the door and comes down to her. She takes a few steps towards him appealingly.

IRIS: Please help me - please make them stop the train! (she swings round on the other occupants again). D'you hear? Why don't you do something? Before it's too late.

Hartz takes hold of her arm firmly, but says kindly.

HARTZ: Please, please.....

IRIS: I know. You think I'm crazy. But I'm not... I'm not. For Heaven's sake stop this train!.....

274. CONT.

Hartz tries to lead her to a seat, but Iris struggles, Gilbert takes her arm the other side, but with a sudden wrench she breaks free from them screaming:

IRIS: Leave me alone! Leave me alone!

Rushing past them and through the other onlookers, some of them having risen with her screaming hysteria, she reaches the end of the car.

275. S.C.S.

Iris, with a desperate look round her, puts up a hand to pull the Alarm Communication cord. One of the passengers seeing her intention, puts an arm up to stop her, but she angrily sweeps it aside and pulls.

276. C.U.

Iris' hand pulling the Alarm Cord.

277. C.U. EXT. WHEELS. DAY.

With a grinding of brakes the wheels suddenly slow down.

278. INT. ENGINE DAY. C.U.

The driver of the train pulling brakes gives a quick look to his assistant and he leans over the side of the cab.

279. EXT. TRAIN. DAY. L.S.

Shooting along the train from the engine - as it slows down heads pop out all along. There is a final squeal of brakes and it comes to a stop with a jerk.

280. INT. DINING CAR. DAY. M.S.

Iris stands swaying - her hand still holding the alarm cord. Hartz and Gilbert hurry towards her - CAMERA MOVES IN quickly to Iris - she looks at them quite blankly, then suddenly collapses and with a forward lurch, falls to the ground. As she is surrounded by onlookers crowding round her we:

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

281. INT. 1ST CLASS COMPARTMENT. DAY. S.C.S.

Charters and Caldicott seated in their compartment. Charters is engrossed in a copy of "The Quest of the Ashes". Caldicott coughs nervously, Charters looks up, then extracting a modern expanding flat watch from his pocket, glances at it, saying irritably:

CHARTERS: Ten minutes late, thanks to that fool of a girl. If she gets up to any more of her tricks, we'll miss the last day of the match.

Caldicott hesitates, and with another apologetic cough:

CALDICOTT: I suppose we couldn't put it to her...

CHARTERS: What?

CALDICOTT: I mean tell her people simply don't vanish and so forth.

CHARTERS: But she has.

CALDICOTT: What?

CHARTERS: Vanished.

CALDICOTT: Who?

CHARTERS: The old dame.

CALDICOTT: Yes.

CHARTERS: Well?

CALDICOTT: But how could she?

CHARTERS: What?

CALDICOTT: Vanish.

CHARTERS: I don't know.

CALDICOTT: That's my point. No one disappears into thin air.

CHARTERS: It's done in India.

CALDICOTT: What?

CHARTERS: The rope trick!

281. CONT.

94.

CALDICOTT: Oh, that. It never comes out in a photograph though.

282. INT. IRIS'S COMPARTMENT. DAY. M.S.

Iris is sitting in her corner seat, her head leaning back wearily. Dr. Hartz, seated beside her, holds her wrist - actually he is taking her pulse. Gilbert, watching her anxiously from the door. The Business is seated in her usual position in the f.g. of picture. (If Mrs. Doppo is shown she is rocking the small boy to sleep in her arm)

283. S.C.S. IRIS. HARTZ AND GILBERT.

Hartz looks at her gravely as he places her hand in her lap with a gentle pat,

HARTZ: In half an hour we stop at Morakan, just before the border. I leave then with my patient for the National Hospital. If you would come with me you could stay over night, in a private ward. You need peace and rest.

Iris shakes her head.

IRIS: Sorry, nothing doing.

GILBERT: Isn't there anything we can do?

IRIS: (Laconically) Yes, find Miss Froy.

She turns away. Gilbert gives a resigned glance at Hartz who returns it with a steady meaning look - he gives a slight movement of the head indicating will Gilbert join him in the corridor. He gets up and follows Gilbert out.

284. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY. S.C.S.

Hartz takes Gilbert's arm in a friendly fashion and says in a low tone:

HARTZ: I tell you my friend, if she does not rest, I will not answer for her. It will be better if she goes with me. Perhaps you will persuade her - she likes you.

Gilbert gives a dissenting grunt.

GILBERT: I'm about as popular as a dose of strychnine.

HARTZ: (giving Gilbert a friendly pat) If you coat it with sugar she may swallow it.

284. (Contd.).

Hartz goes off towards the sleeping compartment. Gilbert takes a step towards the carriage then hesitates - a look of indecision on his face - he finally decides that Iris is better left alone and turns back. He goes over to the window and starts lighting a cigarette. The steward that served the tea comes by at this moment and supplies him with a match - with a muttered "Thanks" Gilbert looks out of the window again thoughtfully.

285. INT. KITCHEN DAY. S.C.S.

The chef piling scraps of food into a refuse bucket - he opens the window by his side and swinging back the bucket catapults its contents into the air. The force of air rushing in blows back a small piece of bacon, which alights in a frying pan beside a sausage which is sizzling.

286. S.C.S.

Scraps of food and paper blowing away alongside the train.

287. C.U.

Gilbert's face looking through the window, contemplatively, smoking his cigarette. A flurry of papers blows against the window, splashed with tea leaves and food scraps. Gilbert glances at them. One of the pieces, a flattened out container is sticking to the pane. Gilbert's attention is suddenly riveted as he sees.

288. C.U.

The portion of paper container flattened against the window pane. On it we can distinctly read the words

'HARRIMAN'S HERBAL T'
'A Million Mexi.....'

289. C.U.

Gilbert stares at it for a second then gives a sharp look back over his shoulder towards Iris's compartment. Then back to the window again just as the packet blows away. He cranes his neck after it.

290. EXT. TRAIN. DAY. S.L.S.

The paper container blowing away over the sleepers until it disappears completely from view.

291. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY. S.C.S.

Gilbert's expression changes to one of intense excitement. He goes to the door of the compartment, thinks quickly then goes in casually.

292. INT. IRIS'S COMPARTMENT. S.C.S.

Gilbert comes in and sits down beside Iris, who is leaning back too tired and depressed to care any more. Iris opens her eyes, sees it is Gilbert and turns her head away from him wearily. Gilbert looks casually round the carriage before speaking.

293. M.S.

The carriage as seen by Gilbert. Doppo is half asleep looking at him through half shut lids. The Baroness staring intently. Mrs. Doppo pauses in her lullaby.

294. S.C.S. GILBERT AND IRIS.

Gilbert leans back in his seat and with an assumed nonchalant air says

GILBERT: Cosmopolitan train this. Passengers of all nations. (More deliberately) I saw at least a million Mexicans in the corridor just now.

Iris turns quickly looking into his face, it gives nothing away. They exchange a flash of understanding. Gilbert continues casually.

GILBERT: Well, I only dropped in to ask you to think over what Dr. Hartz said. If you feel like changing your mind, I'll be hanging around.

He rises and strolls through the door. Iris waits a second.

295. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY. S.C.S.

Gilbert comes into scene, he goes towards the concertina junction then pauses, ostensibly to light a cigarette. Iris comes up behind him.

IRIS: Why all the mystery?

295. (Contd.).

GILBERT: Miss Froy is on the train.

Iris starts. Gilbert continues

GILBERT: You're right. I've just seen the packet of tea you told me about. They chucked it out with the rubbish.

Iris bursts out bitterly.

IRIS: You're a trifle late, aren't you? Miss Froy may be dead by now.

GILBERT: Dead or alive we'll (he breaks off sharply then continues quickly) ... for sheer variety give me an English summer.

Iris looks at him blankly, but we see the reason as Madame Kummer comes into picture.

GILBERT: I remember spending a wet Bank Holiday at Brighton....

Madame Kummer passes out of earshot. Gilbert suddenly changes his tone again.

GILBERT: Come on, we're going to search the train. There's something very queer in the air.

WIPE TO:

296. INT. 4TH CLASS COMPARTMENT. DAY. M.S.

Some of the peasants are now resting - the accordion player is playing soft music. The bride is nestling against her bridegroom. One or two peasants hum softly. Gilbert and Iris are standing by the old peasant who still smokes his pipe by the door.

GILBERT: Hello George. Have you seen a little woman without a tweed skirt?

'George' shakes his head.

'GEORGE': Nagray. Foltays orrgan barget -

Gilbert turns to Iris and laughs.

GILBERT: He says 'Try the Folies Bergeres!'

He moves 'George' aside and they go through to the luggage van.

297. S.L.S.

Gilbert and Iris enter the luggage van, piled with trunks, boxes and suitcases. On one side are some large theatrical hampers, canvas flats and packing cases. Gilbert points to the trunks.

GILBERT: Looks like a supply service for trunk murderers.

IRIS: (nervously) Don't.

As they advance hesitantly, Iris suddenly trips over something. She looks down to see what it is and sees a little dog sitting up looking at her in a friendly fashion, wagging his tail. Iris bends down and pats it on the head.

298. S.C.U.

Iris takes a bag of sweets from her bag. The dog sits up in anticipation. Iris rewards it with a sweet. Gilbert bends into the picture impatiently.

GILBERT: Hardly the time to feed animals, is it?

IRIS: He's very sweet.

She looks up at him smiling as she says this last; suddenly her eyes are riveted in a certain direction. She grabs Gilbert's arm. Gilbert looks in the direction in which she is staring.

IRIS: What's that?

299. S.C.U.

A long wicker basket heaving ominously. From it comes a slight moan.

300. S.C.U.

Gilbert and Iris look at each other then move over to the basket. Another moan comes from it. Gilbert, bending over, starts to undo it.

GILBERT: It's all right, Miss Froy - it's only us.

As he says this, he finally gets the rope off and pulls back the basket-work lid. A baby calf raises its head. It gives a pathetic 'moo'. Gilbert and Iris exchange looks and then laugh.

GILBERT: You never know - it might be Miss Froy bewitched.

They move away.

301. M.S.

Following them round as they search between the various piled-up trunks:

GILBERT: I refuse to be discouraged. Faint heart never found old lady. By the way, d'you know anything about her?

IRIS: Nothing - except that she's a governess on the way home.

Gilbert meanwhile is looking behind some canvas flats which are standing against the wall. The end of the flat, unnoticed by him, is pushing out another canvas flat which overlaps it. It begins to topple forward.

GILBERT: Look out!

Iris jumps back, as it crashes forward.

302. C.U.

Iris gives a stifled scream.

303. S.C.U.

The fallen flat has revealed the figure of a man in evening dress - Doppo - showing his teeth in an oily smile. It begins to sway backwards and forwards - we realise that it is merely a plywood cut out of Doppo, such as are used in display advertisements in theatres.

304. S.C.U.

Iris and Gilbert and the cut-out gently swaying.

GILBERT: Our Italian friend!

IRIS: What on earth!

Gilbert looks round and indicates a packing case on the floor by them.

305. C.U.

The packing case, plentifully covered with multi-lingual labels - "DER GROSSE DOPPO", "THE GREAT DOPPO", "LE GRAND DOPPO", etc.

303. S.C.U.

GILBERT: That's who he is!

From the top of the case he takes a large roll of paper. He starts to unroll it.

GILBERT: Ah - here's his visiting card! Shall I translate?

307. C.U.

The poster unrolling. In the middle is a photo of Doppo in the act of sawing through a woman, surrounded with large letterpress in Bandrikan. We hear Gilbert's voice translating

GILBERT: "The Great Doppo - Magician, Illusionist and Mind-Reader -"

308. S.C.U.

Iris and Gilbert. Iris leans over Gilbert, peering at the poster, as he continues reading.

GILBERT: "Signor Doppo will appear in all the principal towns and cities. See his sensational trick - THE VANISHING LADY!"

He looks quickly at Iris - they stare at each other. Gilbert gives a long whistle.

IRIS: The Vanishing Lady!

They both turn to look at the smiling face of the cut-out figure.

GILBERT: Maybe that's the explanation.

IRIS: What?

GILBERT: He was practising on Miss Froy.

Iris looks at him thoughtfully for a moment.

IRIS: I suppose it couldn't be a publicity stunt or something?

GILBERT: (shaking his head) Think again.

His eye suddenly lights on a small basket, with a rod fastening it.

.C. (Contd.).

GILBERT:..... It wouldn't account for the Barcness or Madams Kummer.

IRIS: Well, what's your theory?

GILBERT: (struggling with case) My theory. Well, I'll tell you.....

While he has been saying this last, he has been fiddling about with the rod fastening the basket. It suddenly flies open and a host of pigeons fly out. Gilbert gazes after them.

GILBERT: Now we have a menace from the air.

We hear the calf give a low moo.

GILBERT: If you don't keep that dog quiet we'll have the whole train in here. Look at him.

309. S.C.U.

The little dog sitting up begging and barking. Iris enters the shot and kneeling down beside it, dives into her bag, as she says.

IRIS: I'll give him another sweet.

310. S.C.U.

Gilbert looks after her for a moment then pushing aside a trunk, pulls a canvas covering from what is disclosed to be a magician's disappearing cabinet. Across the top is written in silver letters in Italian - "THE GREAT DOFFO". The interior is lined with black velvet. Gilbert steps inside and is immediately lost to view.

311. S.C.U.

Iris leaves the dog happy with a sweet. She looks around and not seeing Gilbert calls softly.

IRIS: Where are you?

There is no reply. She goes over towards the cabinet, the CAMERA FOLLOWING. She calls again.

IRIS: Where are you?

Gilbert's voice comes back somewhat muffled.

311. (Contd.).

GILBERT'S VOICE: I'm here - with a strong smell of camphor balls.

Iris peers into the cabinet.

IRIS: I can't see you.

GILBERT: I'm in the district somewhere.

She steps up into the cabinet.

312. C.U. REVERSE SIDE OF THE CABINET.

Gilbert is saying.

GILBERT: Any sign of me yet?

313. S.C.U.

Iris is groping in the dark interior of the cabinet. Her hand apparently touches some switch. Suddenly there is a sharp swivel movement and she is whisked out of sight. But the pivoting wall brings Gilbert back into view inside the cabinet once more.

GILBERT: Here we are again.

Iris screams. Gilbert steps off the swivel floor.

GILBERT: This is what comes of forgetting to say "Abracadabra"

IRIS'S VOICE: Stop it, can't you?

The cabinet starts to swivel once more - there is the sound of a loud crash.

GILBERT: Certainly, "Abracadabra"!

As the cabinet comes to rest.

314 C.U.

A little white rabbit sitting where Iris had been.

315 S.C.U.

Gilbert gazes in comic astonishment at the rabbit.

CONTD.

GILBERT: Good Lord!

Iris gives a yell. He looks up from the rabbit and rushes to the back of the cabinet.

316 M.S. REVERSE SIDE OF CABINET.

Iris is lying among a pile of cases which have toppled over on her she was thrown off the swivel back of the cabinet. Her foot is caught in the wire netting nailed over a box of rabbits - it has torn the edge of the wire away from the case, and the rabbits are still popping from the box. Another case has also burst open and spilt its contents, which consist of various theatrical props and clothes, all around her, Gilbert helps Iris up.

GILBERT: Not hurt, are you?

IRIS: Not much, What is that thing?

GILBERT: In Magic Circles it's called a disappearing cabinet. You get inside and vanish.

Iris rubs her behind carefully.

IRIS: So I noticed.

They seat themselves on the edge of a large trunk.

IRIS: You were about to tell me your theory.

GILBERT: My theory is the whole thing needs a lot of understanding.

He suddenly catches sight of a deerstalker hat among the pile of fallen props.

GILBERT: Perhaps this will give us inspiration.

He puts it on.

GILBERT: (striking attitude) We are in deep waters, Watson.

Iris looks at him and grins, then spotting an old-fashioned Moerschbaum pipe on the floor, picks it up and hands it to him.

GILBERT: Thank you. Let us marshal our facts over a pipeful of Baker Street shag. A little lady disappears - everyone who saw her promptly insists she was never there at all. Right

316 CONTD.

IRIS: Right.

GILBERT: Well we know she was. Therefore they did see her. Therefore they are lying deliberately. Now - why?

IRIS: I don't know - I'm only Watson.

GILBERT: There's no need to bury yourself in the part. I'll tell you - because they daren't face an inquiry - why? Because Miss Froy is still somewhere on this train.

IRIS: I told you that hours ago.

GILBERT: So you did. For that Watson you shall have a trichonopoly cigar. There is only one thing left to do - search the train in disguise.

IRIS: As what?

Gilbert takes off his deerstalker and goes out of picture for a second. He returns wearing a mortar board, with a pair of pince-nez on the extreme edge of his nose. He cocks an eyebrow, and addresses her -

GILBERT: Will Hay for instance (Sniffing) Now, boys, own up! Which of you has stolen Miss Froy?

317 C.U.

Iris is laughing at his fooling. Suddenly her laugh dies. She gives an exclamation and points at Gilbert -

IRIS: Those glasses. Give them to me?

318 C.U.

Gilbert and Iris. He takes off the glasses and hands them to her

GILBERT: Why?

Iris is tremendously excited -

IRIS: They're Miss Froy's

She looks at them closely.

GILBERT: Are you sure?

319. C.U.

The glasses in Iris's hand. Over it we hear Iris's voice:

IRIS: (voice) They're exactly the same. Gold-rimmed with - where did you find them?

GILBERT: (voice) Down here. Look the glass is broken.

320. S.C.U.

Gilbert bends down into picture and on the floor we see several bits of broken glass belonging to one of the lenses, which is broken. Iris comes into picture, and kneels beside him. They pick up the pieces. They rise up, the CAMERA FOLLOWING.

IRIS: Probably in a struggle.

GILBERT: (excitedly) That means Miss Froy has been here. D'you realise this is the first bit of tangible proof.....

321. C.U.

Iris's hands holding the glasses and piecing the broken bits into the frame. Slowly as Gilbert is speaking a hand comes into the picture and makes a grab for the glasses. But Gilbert's hand is quicker and grabs them first.

322. C.U.

THREE BIG HEADS - Iris and Gilbert together - and on the other side of the picture the face of Doppo! It has lost its oily smile and is livid with fury.

DOPPO: Will you please give me those spectacles. They belong to me. I demand that you give them back to me at once. My spectacles please.

GILBERT: Yours! Are you sure?

DOPPO: (furiously) Give them to me.

He makes a grab at Gilbert's wrist and wrenches the glasses from him. Gilbert seizes him by the lapels. They glare at each other.

GILBERT: A' . naughty! That's a very large nose for a very small pair of glasses.

With his free hand he twists Doppo's nose.

323. S.C.U.

Gilbert springs on to Doppo in a flash - they become locked in a terrible grip and swing round almost knocking Iris sideways. Gilbert thrusts Doppo back against a trunk and they both fall over it on to the ground and up again. All through the fight Gilbert keeps up a running commentary to Iris, but Doppo remains silent and desperate.

GILBERT: So that's your game, eh? We'll soon see about that - those glasses are Miss Froy's and you know it! She's been in here and I bet you know that too.

They trip over another small case and roll over on the floor. Iris frantically dodges round them from side to side.

GILBERT: I don't much care for this all-in stuff, but since you've got the glasses...

He turns his head as much as he can and addresses Iris directly.

GILBERT: Don't hop about like a referee - co-operate - kick him and see if he's got a false bottom (turning Doppo round) Here you are.

Iris kicks at Doppo, but kicks Gilbert instead.

GILBERT: That's a big help (to Doppo) Keep still will you! Where is Miss Froy now eh?....What happened after you brought her in here....how can I talk if - you will keep....trying....to throttle me....

They knock against one of the canvas flats, which falls over with a crash.

324. C.U.

THE CALF, looking over the top of its box. Its head disappears as it gives a long frightened 'moo'.

325. C.U.

The pigeons fly fluttering out of the grilled window.

326. S.C.U.

Gilbert and Doppo still on the floor, with Doppo now on top. Iris is running around frantically, not knowing what to do.

326. CONT.

GILBERT: (gasping) Quick - pull his ears back, you can't miss.

Iris leans over Doppo's back and pulls his ears. Doppo's head jorks back. Gilbert gives a heave and all three roll over.

GILBERT: (to Iris) Good! Now give me room.

Iris scrambles up as Gilbert continues -

GILBERT: Thanks - fine teamwork - you saved my Adam's Apple...Got him now.

Doppo rolls over again.

GILBERT: Sorry, spoke too soon. This fellow's a slippery customer.

327. C.U.

Doppo and Gilbert interlocked on the floor - Doppo's right hand slips free of Gilbert and dives into his pocket. He produces a nasty-looking knife. Gilbert grabs his arm. They get to an upright position, the CAMERA PANNING UP with them.

GILBERT: For Heaven's sake - he's got a knife. Got it from him - quick - grab his arm before he cuts himself a piece of Gilbert.

Gilbert is hanging on to Doppo's upraised arm. Iris runs round and tries to jump up to it.

IRIS: I can't reach it.

GILBERT: All right - wait a minute - I'll try and pull down for you.

328. S.L.S.

Iris pulls over a box and stands on it. Immediately Doppo and Gilbert struggle away to another spot. Gilbert trips Doppo and they fall over, Gilbert on top.

GILBERT: Now's your chance -

Iris bites Doppo's wrist - he immediately releases the knife with a yell. Gilbert attacks him angrily.

GILBERT: I'll make you wish you'd never taken a ticket - on this line.

They crash into some boxes and roll down again with a crash to the ground.

329. C.U.

Several rabbits in the upturned top hat - their eyes popping over the top, very frightened.

330. S.C.S.

Doppo and Gilbert, rolling over and over, Iris looking on with popping eyes. She looks round for something with which to come to the rescue - she spots an old Thermos flask, and grabbing it up quickly rushes towards them. By this time Doppo has his hands round Gilbert's throat - he is gasping.

GILBERT: Adam's apple again - can't you see I'm suffering?

Iris comes as near to him as possible and, flourishing the flask in the air, shouts:

IRIS: I'll hit him with this, shall I?

Gilbert can just see it out of the corner of his eyes:

GILBERT: Yes - but be careful - hit him! Wait a minute I'll manoeuvre him into position - if I can - then you can knock him for six.

Iris dodges about while Gilbert tries to manoeuvre Doppo round to her, realizing what is going to happen, he manages to struggle to his feet. Iris is just about to take an aim when Doppo dodges - Gilbert lands out towards him.

GILBERT: You won't take it, eh? All right then....

He catches Doppo a blow direct on the chin. Doppo flies back directly against the disappearing cabinet - he staggers and then staggers back into it, disappearing from view. Gilbert rushes towards it.

GILBERT: Come out of that - we know how it works.

Iris disappears round the back of the cabinet.

331. S.C.S. REVERSE SIDE OF CABINET.

Iris at the back of the cabinet. There is the sharp swivel movement

331. CONT.

again and Doppo appears. Suddenly Iris brings the flask down with a thud on Doppo's head. Doppo staggers from the cabinet as Gilbert appears round the corner. Iris gives him another whack and he stumbles towards Gilbert, who quickly throws open the lid of the box they were sitting on earlier, and as Doppo staggers he gives him a gentle push guiding him backwards into the trunk. He lies half-dazed, Gilbert quickly folds his legs up and shuts down the lid with a bang saying:

GILBERT: Good girl!

332. S.C.S.

Gilbert sits down on the trunk, while Iris, rather exhausted, by her efforts, joins him. Gilbert starts to sway, closing his eyes. Iris looks at him anxiously.

IRIS: What is it?

GILBERT: Garlic! I'll be all right in a second.

Iris smiles - Gilbert indicates some rope lying under the trunk.

GILBERT: Better tie him up - will you run it under as I heave?

They proceed to bind the trunk - Gilbert talking all the time.

GILBERT: Fine. We're getting somewhere at last. We know definitely that Miss Froy disappeared on this train and that our friend here was in on it. (finishes tying knot) There, that ought to keep him quiet till we find her.

They both sit on the top of the box.

333. C.S.

IRIS AND GILBERT, happily exhausted.

GILBERT: Hard work, but worth it. Let's have the evidence.

IRIS: Evidence?

GILBERT: The glasses!

IRIS: You've got them.

333. CONT.

110.

GILBERT: I haven't got them.

Gilbert looks at Iris - his mouth drops - he looks down at the trunk they are sitting on - then the awful realisation sweeps over him.

GILBERT: Confound it - he's got them.

They jump down from the trunk.

GILBERT: Off with these ropes.

They struggle feverishly. As he says this he swings the lid open.

334. S.C.S.

The trunk is empty.

335. S.C.S.

Iris gives a gasp and as their eyes meet Gilbert mutters:

GILBERT: Another false bottom!

He puts his foot in the trunk and kicks the side, which is on a pivot, open.

GILBERT: Snookered!

IRIS: He's gone all right.

GILBERT: Yes, to tell the others and start more trouble. (seriously) We're in a jam, my dear. We can't fight the whole train. We need allies.

IRIS: Who can we trust?

GILBERT: That's the snag.

IRIS: There is one person.

GILBERT: Eh? Dr. Hartz?

IRIS: Yes.

GILBERT: You've hit it. Let's go and tell him the symptoms.

He takes her by the arm and leads her from picture.

WIPE TO:

336. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY. S.C.S. SLEEPING CAR.

Iris and Gilbert coming through into the corridor of the sleeping car.

GILBERT: He'll probably be with his patient.

As they say this they peer into the various compartments. Gilbert, who is leading suddenly pulls up outside one.

GILBERT: This is the one.

He sees.

337. S.C.S. INT. PATIENTS COMPARTMENT. DAY.

Through the open door. The patient is lying swathed in bandages on the stretcher placed on the seat one side, while in the opposite corner in the small seat is seated the nun who came aboard the train with the patient. She does not turn her head.

338. INT. SLEEPER CORRIDOR. DAY. S.C.S.

Gilbert turns to Iris.

GILBERT: He's not here.

He glances back through the open door towards the recumbent patient for a second, then turns to Iris again

GILBERT: I've just had a particularly idiotic idea.

IRIS: I can quite believe that.

GILBERT: Supposing that patient there was really Miss Frey.

IRIS: But it didn't come on the train till after Miss Frey disappeared.

GILBERT: That's why it's an idiotic idea. Let's find the doctor.

He is about to move off when he sees Iris's eyes fixed on the compartment.

GILBERT: What is it?

Iris turns to him and moving slightly to one side says out of the corner of her mouth softly.

338. (Contd.).

IRIS: That nun - do you notice anything wrong?

Gilbert looks round - his eyes fall to the ground as he sees.

339. C.U. INT. PATIENT'S COMPARTMENT. DAY.

CAMERA PANS from below the knees of the nun's habit down to a shoe that protrudes - it is a high heeled patent court shoe!

340. C.S. INT. SLEEPER CORRIDOR. DAY.

Gilbert turns to Iris again - as they look out of the corridor window they speak quietly to each other.

IRIS: Nuns don't wear high heels.

GILBERT: You're right. Did you see Madame Kummer get on the train?

IRIS: No.

GILBERT: Supposing they decoyed Miss Froy to the luggage van, and hid her there - At the first stop the patient comes aboard - all wrapped up - head injury - patient is Madame Kummer. She becomes Miss Froy - and Miss Froy becomes that.

He indicates compartment. As he does so the door of the sleeper behind them is slowly slid to. Gilbert turns his head swiftly:

GILBERT: Let's investigate!

He quickly steps over to the door and opens it - Iris following.

341. INT. PATIENT'S COMPARTMENT. DAY. M.S.

As Gilbert and Iris enter the nun looks up quickly:

GILBERT: Parlez vous francais?

342. C.U. The nun looks at them blankly.

343. S.C.S.

Gilbert comes nearer to her across the carriage:

343. (Contd.).

GILBERT: Sprechen sie Deutsch? Yarka dar Benriken?
(the nun just stares) Then you'll have to put up with
English. We want to take a look at the patient please...
thank you..... (to Iris) Simple.

Gilbert and Iris turn their backs on the nun and look down at the swathed figure.

344. C.U.

The swathed head of the patient - over it we hear Gilbert's voice.

GILBERT'S VOICE: Keep an eye on the nun.

345. S.C.U.

Gilbert puts a hand down in order to remove the bandages - the nun springs to her feet - Iris bars her way.

346. C.U.

Gilbert is just in the act of touching the bandages to pull them slightly off the face when Dr. Hartz' voice is heard

HARTZ: What are you doing?

347. C.U. OF DR. HARTZ standing in the doorway glaring at Gilbert.

HARTZ: (angrily) Why are you in here? This is a most serious accident case. You have no business here at all, either of you.

He steps into the carriage.

348. S.C.S.

Dr. Hartz steps between Iris and Gilbert and the patient.

GILBERT: Dr. Hartz - I want you to undo those bandages so that we can see the patient's face!

HARTZ: Are you out of your senses? There is no face there - only lumps of raw flesh! Already the case has lost so much blood, nothing but a transfusion can save him. What do you want me to do - murder my patient?

346. (Contd.).

GILBERT: (quietly) Are you sure it is your patient?

IRIS: (quickly) We believe it's Miss Froy.

Hertz looks astounded.

HARTZ: You can't be serious. Miss Froy! Whatever put such an idea into your heads?

Gilbert gives an anxious look towards the nun.

349. C.U. THE NUN.

Looking at Hertz silently.

350. S.C.S.

Gilbert turns his back on the nun and going close to Hertz says:

GILBERT: We can't tell you here.

He indicates with a nod of the head that the nun's presence is the reason.

HARTZ: I understand she is deaf and dumb.

Iris and Gilbert look at her surprised.

IRIS: She may lip-read.

GILBERT: Yes - we shall be in the dining cor, if you'd care to join us, doctor.

Gilbert moves Iris towards door.

351. M.S.

Gilbert and Iris go through into the corridor - Hertz swiftly crosses to the door and shuts it - he comes down to the nun who is in the foreground of the picture and when they are in C.U. his professional manner drops from him abruptly as he angrily addresses her:

HARTZ: Cadreskan barogno sar calto drung.

Just as abruptly the serene expression falls from the nun's face and she retorts with equal vehemence in fruity Cockney.

NUN: How the devil do I know how they cottoned on? Somebody must have tipped 'em off.

351. (Contd.).

Without displaying any surprise at her outburst in English Hartz merely raps out:

HARTZ: Quiet!

He takes down his doctor's bag from the rack.

NUN: You never said the old girl was English.

Hartz starts to open his bag.

HARTZ: What difference does that make?

He takes two white pellets from a small bottle and gives them to the nun:

HARTZ: In a few moments I shall order three drinks in the dining car. Mine will be Chartreuse. Hand these to Alex and tell him to put one in each of the other drinks. You understand?

The nun nods, as Dr. Hartz replaces his bag and exits.

352. C.U.

The nun gazes after him enigmatically.

353. S.C.U. INT. DINING CAR. DAY.

Charters and Caldicott are sitting at a table, in the soup stage of a meal. Charters catches sight of Iris and Gilbert entering compartment.

CHARTERS: There's that girl again.

CALDICOTT: Seems to have recovered. Lucky it blew over.

354. M.S.

As Iris and Gilbert seat themselves at a table they are joined by Dr. Hartz. He sits opposite Iris.

HARTZ: Now perhaps you will tell me what it's all about?

GILBERT: Have you ever seen your patient?

HARTZ: No. I merely received a message to pick the case up and operate at Morskén.

331. (Contc.).

GILBERT: Then how do you know it's not Miss Froy?

IRIS: We believe there's been a substitution doctor.

HARTZ: (loudly) You really mean to tell me you think someone has -

GILBERT: Ssh.

The steward who served the tea comes into picture.

STEWARD: (to Hartz) Anything you require sir.

HARTZ: I'll have a green chartreuse (to Gilbert) Won't you join me.

GILBERT: Thanks. A large brandy please. (to Iris) Come on, it will do you good.

IRIS: All right - just a small one.

The steward exits. Gilbert leans forward to the Doctor.

GILBERT: Tell me - do you know anything about the nun who is looking after the patient?

HARTZ: Only that she's from a Convent close to where the accident occurred.

GILBERT: (looking directly at him) Isn't it rather peculiar for a nun to be wearing high heeled shoes.

Hartz effects an entirely convincing surprise.

HARTZ: Is she?

Iris nods.

HARTZ: That's very strange.

IRIS: (getting more excited raises her voice as she continues) It's a conspiracy, Doctor. What else could it be? All these people say they haven't seen Miss Froy, and yet they have. We know that because just now in the luggage van

355. S.C.S. CHARTERS AND CALDICOTT.

Charters looking out of the corner of his eyes anxiously - says in a low voice

355. (Contd.).

CHARTERS: I say, old boy, she's off again.

CALDICOTT: Hope she doesn't create another scene.
Put the lid on the Test Match if she did.

356. S.C.S.

Iris, Gilbert and Hartz. Gilbert is continuing the story to Hartz in a low voice

IRIS:then up came that man in the carriage - Doppo's his name - and grabbed the glasses.

GILBERT: I went for him and we had a good old rough and tumble.

HARTZ: (incredulously) A fight?

IRIS: We knocked him out.

As she says this last sentence Gilbert nudges her as he sees -

357. S.L.S.

Doppo coming down the centre of the dining car - all smiles - looking as if nothing had happened. As he passes their table he nods affably at Gilbert and Iris, then passes on down the car.

358. S.C.S.

Hartz looks from Doppo to Gilbert enquiringly -

HARTZ: He seems to have made a speedy recovery.

GILBERT: He's behaving that way for a purpose.

At this point the steward appears with a tray with the two brandies and chartreuse. He places their respective drinks before them. Hartz gives him a coin and waves to him to keep the change. Hartz indicating Doppo with his head

HARTZ: But how could he be concerned in such a plot - he is an Italian.

Hartz takes a sip at his chartreuse - Gilbert is so busy with his story that he completely ignores his drink.

358. (Contd.).

GILBERT: He is also a music hall artist making a tour of Bandrika.

HARTZ: Well?

GILBERT: The Baroness's husband is the Minister of Propaganda. One word from her and Signor Doppo's tour could be cancelled.

Hartz is watching their drinks closely as he replies thoughtfully.

HARTZ: I see.

GILBERT: As for the stewards - if they don't do as they're told, they'll be given a nice brick wall to lean against.

At this moment the train goes over some points and the drinks on the table commence to sway.

359. C.U.

Hartz eyes the drinks with concealed concern.

360. C.U.

The two brandies - almost spilling over.

361. S.C.S.

Dr. Hartz thoughtfully stretches out his hand and steadies the glasses until the moment of danger has passed. Gilbert takes up his glass but still holds it in his hand.

HARTZ: But, tell me - the two Englishmen over there, they also denied seeing her.

GILBERT: British diplomacy, doctor - "Never climb a fence, if you can sit on it" - old Foreign office proverb.

HARTZ: Very well, but what I cannot understand is why anyone should want to dispose of the old lady.

GILBERT: That's what stumps us! All we know is that she was here on this train, and now she's - (he tosses off his brandy with one gulp) gone!

362. S.C.S.

Hartz watching him closely successfully conceals his satisfaction.

HARTZ: If you are right it means that the whole train is against us.

IRIS: (anxiously) What do you think we ought to do Doctor?

HARTZ: In view of what you've told me I am going to risk examining the patient.

Iris and Gilbert start to rise.

HARTZ: (detaining them) One moment. We must not act suspiciously - behave as if nothing had happened.

Hartz smiles and raises his glass as if to propose a toast, then pretending to notice, as if for the first time, that Iris's glass is untouched he says

HARTZ: Drink - it will steady your nerves. (raising his glass) Our health! And may our enemies - if they exist - be unconscious of our purpose.

Iris responds and drinks the brandy with a slight grimace. A look of relief passes over Hartz' face - he proceeds now to act with some urgency -

HARTZ: (rising) We must hurry. Follow me.

Iris and Gilbert jump to their feet and they all make their way from the car.

363. INT. SLEEPER CORRIDOR. DAY. S.C.S.

Iris and Gilbert with Hartz approaching the Patient's sleeper, as they reach the compartment before this, Hartz stops - and throwing the door open says

HARTZ: Wait in here!

GILBERT: Right.

Iris and Gilbert go into the unoccupied compartment while Hartz goes on to the next one.

364. INT. PATIENT'S COMPARTMENT. DAY. M.S.

Hartz enters the compartment - the nun looks up sharply - Hartz stands by the door not attempting to even look at the bandaged figure. The nun asks anxiously

NUN: Anything wrong?

HARTZ: Nothing only that they noticed you were wearing high heels. (He takes out his watch) However, it makes no difference we shall reach Morsken in three minutes quite an eventful journey.

The nun watches him steadily as he moves out into the corridor again.

365. INT. SLEEPER NEXT DOOR. DAY. M.S.

Iris is standing looking towards the open door, Gilbert is sitting in the corner, his feet up on the seat. As Dr. Hartz enters he swings his legs down abruptly.

IRIS: Well?

Dr. Hartz looks from one to the other with an enigmatic smile, then starts to speak in a low peculiar tone.

HARTZ: Yes - the patient is Miss Froy. She is being taken off the train at Morsken in about three minutes. She will be removed to the hospital there and operated on. The operation unfortunately, will not be a success.

GILBERT: (horrified) They've got to be stopped.

They both look bewildered at Hartz.

366. C.U.

Hartz looks from one to the other - deliberately making them wait for his reply - then with an almost apologetic shrug he says slowly

HARTZ: I should perhaps have explained. The operation will be performed by me.

367. C.U.

Iris and Gilbert stare with horror at him as slowly they realise the import of what he is saying.

368. C.S.

The three. Hartz continues in the same low tones -

HARTZ: You see I am in this conspiracy, as you term it.. (He puts his hand in his pocket to his gun) You are a very alert young couple, but it is quite useless for you to think, as you are undoubtedly doing, of a way out of your dilemma. (He looks from one bewildered face to the other) The drinks you had just now, I regret to say, contained a quantity of hydrocin...

369. C.U.

As he continues speaking he watches the effect of his words closely.

HARTZ: For your benefit hydrocin is a little known drug, which has the effect in a small quantity of paralysing the brain and rendering the victim unconscious for a considerable period.

370. C.U. IRIS AND GILBERT.

Their eyes widen with horror. Over it we hear Hartz's voice continue:

HARTZ: in a slightly larger quantity of course, it induces madness.....

371. S.C.S. THE THREE.

Iris and Gilbert stand motionless.

HARTZ: However, you have my word for it that the dose was a normal one.....

Iris is overcome with horror and, almost without a sound, slips away into a dead faint, Gilbert just catches her and lowers her on to the seat, he stares up at Hartz:

HARTZ: In a few moments now you will join your young friend. Need I say how sorry I am having to take such a - how shall I put it? - melodramatic course.

372. C.U.

As Hartz's voice rises his expression loses every trace of its former charm.

372. (Contd.).

HARTZ: Unfortunately your persistent meddling made it necessary.

He looks at Gilbert sharply.

373. C.U.

Gilbert slowly closes his eyes, he makes an effort to keep them open, then his head slumps to one side and his eyes close.

374. M.S.

Hartz leans forward and looks at them closely, then with a smile of satisfaction he turns and exits quickly, closing the door behind him.

375. C.S. BIG HEADS OF IRIS AND GILBERT, their eyes closed. Gilbert slowly opens one eye and looks towards the door. Iris comes to from her faint and in a soft tearful voice says

IRIS: Aren't you - out - yet?

Gilbert without moving his head with one eye on the door replies

GILBERT: Not yet - are you?

IRIS: I feel sort of hazy.

GILBERT: Poor kid.

IRIS: (giving him a pathetic smile) I shouldn't have dragged you into all this.

GILBERT: Couldn't be helped.

IRIS: Yes it could. I wouldn't have been on this train if I'd listened to Blanche and Julius.

GILBERT: Who are they?

IRIS: My friends. They didn't want me to go back and - well, get married.

GILBERT: Sounds good advice. What's he like?

IRIS: Who - Charles? Oh, all right!

GILBERT: Only all right?

375. (Contd.).

IRIS: It isn't fair to ask me questions like that when I'm only half-conscious. (she pauses) If I tell you you won't hold it against me when I get better, will you?

GILBERT: Why should I?

IRIS: Well - he isn't my idea of a man I'm afraid.

GILBERT: Do you know any - better ideas?

IRIS: I'm not in my proper senses remember.

GILBERT: Of course.

IRIS: Yes, then.

GILBERT: Since when have you thought like this?

IRIS: Since I don't know. You never know when you start to think like that, do you?

GILBERT: I started when I crashed into your bedroom.

IRIS: You did? (relapsing) I think - it was a bit later than that with me. This is a funny drug isn't it?

There is a momentary pause then Gilbert without looking at her grips one of her hands, then relaxing he says half jokingly

GILBERT: Perhaps it isn't a drug at all - perhaps its a love potion.

IRIS: (dreamily) There isn't such a thing is there?

376. S.C.U.

Gilbert sits up suddenly with an exclamation, forcing Iris up with a jerk.

GILBERT: What the devil are we sitting here for like a couple of mugs, letting it get the better of us! There's a woman next door who's going to be murdered! We've got to get moving - before the stuff takes effect.

Iris makes a desperate effort to pull herself together.

IRIS: I read once that if you keep on the go you can sometimes stay awake.

373. (Cont'd.).

GILBERT: That's the idea.

377. M.S.

Gilbert jumps to his feet and going over to the communication door, tries the handle. It is locked. He makes a half-movement towards the corridor and stops.

GILBERT: No. We'll be spotted out there.

He looks round for the moment defeated, then catching sight of the window, crosses to it, slings the window down and starts to climb out, Iris rushes across:

IRIS: You can't do that! You might fall off.

GILBERT: Don't worry! It's only next door. You carry on keeping fit. Touch your toes - stand on your head, but whatever you do - don't fall asleep.

He starts to clamber through.

378. EXT. TRAIN. DAY. S.C.S.

Gilbert climbing out through the window hanging on perilously, suddenly there is a screech of an engine whistle - Gilbert looks up with alarm.

379. S.L.S.

A train rushing towards him in the other direction.

380. M.S.

Gilbert hanging on for dear life as the other train rushes by, the force of its speed nearly making him lose his hold.

381. S.C.S. INT. COMPARTMENT. DAY.

Iris watching Gilbert's progress anxiously.

382. EXT. TRAIN. DAY. S.C.S. Gilbert starts to climb in the adjoining carriage window.

383. S.C.S. INT. COMPARTMENT. DAY.

Iris watching Gilbert's progress anxiously.

384. EXT. TRAIN. DAY. S.C.S.

Gilbert starts to climb in the adjoining carriage window.

385. INT. PATIENT'S COMPARTMENT. DAY. M.S.

The nun seated in the seat opposite the stretcher, suddenly Gilbert appears in the window, and throwing it open, jumps in. He gets on his guard on seeing the nun, then, with a swift movement, pulls a handkerchief from his pocket, with the object of gagging her.

386. C.U.

The nun looking at him calmly.

387. S.C.S.

The nun's look disarms Gilbert; he hesitates, then gives a quick look at the bandaged figure and back to the nun. She still does not move - he turns to the figure on the stretcher again. His hands go down to rip the bandages off, he hesitates - suddenly we hear the nun's voice

NUN'S VOICE: Go on - you needn't be afraid. It is Miss Froy.

Gilbert swings round in astonishment.

388. S.C.S.

The nun looking up at him calmly.

NUN: It's all right - you haven't been drugged. I was told to put something in your drink, but I didn't do it.

She rises from the little seat and comes towards him, CAMERA with her, Gilbert, as she approaches, says -

GILBERT: Who are you?

The nun ignores his question and abruptly says -

388. (Contd.).

NUN: If you want to save her, you'd better hurry.

Gilbert gives her a puzzled look; then swings round to the stretcher again, and starts to tear the bandages from the head.

389. C.U.

The bandages being torn from the head and face reveal - MISS FROY! For the moment she is unable to speak, but her eyes express her gratitude.

390. INT. CORRIDOR FIRST CLASS. DAY. M.S.

The door of a compartment is opened and Madame Kummer comes out and makes her way along the corridor approaching CAMERA.

391. INT. PATIENT'S COMPARTMENT. DAY. S.C.U.

Miss Froy is sitting up with a dressing-gown round her shoulders - Gilbert is helping her to sit up as he says -

GILBERT: Don't worry, Miss Froy, you're with friends.

The nun, who is tidying up the bandages, by Miss Froy's side, says -

NUN: Hartz will be back in a minute. What's going to happen then?

GILBERT: If we could hold them off until we get past Morsken - the border is a few miles beyond the station.

As he says this, the CAMERA PANS swiftly over to the door. It slowly opens and Madame Kummer enters. She is about to scream when Gilbert dashes swiftly into picture and puts a hand over her mouth. Still holding her he looks about him.

GILBERT: What are we to do with her?

392. M.S.

The nun quickly goes round to the other side of her - rolling up her sleeves.

NUN: Put her back in Miss Froy's place. There may be time. Come on - I'll help you.

She lays her hand on the terrified Madame Kummer's arm. Madame Kummer tries to struggle, but between them the nun and Gilbert drag her towards the stretcher.

393. INT. FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT. DAY. M.S.

Dr. Hartz sitting opposite Doppo, is just paying him out a number of notes. Doppo is watching the notes and counting them mentally, while the Baroness looks on silently. Mrs. Doppo is fussing about with the child's clothes and their various packages, prior to getting off the train. Hartz finishes counting out.

HARTZ: Arkda dak jova set - finiki!

Doppo looks up angrily as he says - in Italian -

DOPPO: Five hundred. Is that all? After all I've done?

He points to his eye which by now has become quite discoloured.

DOPPO: (in voluble Italian) Look at this!

Hartz deliberately puts his pocket book away but the Baroness interposes sharply.

BARONESS (to Hartz) Magordavsay.

Hartz looks at her, then obediently takes a couple more notes from his pocket book and hands them to Doppo. He gets up to the window and looks out.

394. L.S.

A distant view of the approaching station. On the platform in the background we see an ambulance backing.

395. INT. PATIENT'S COMPARTMENT. DAY. M.S.

The change has been effected - Madame Kummer lies on the stretcher bandaged. The nun is kneeling down, strapping her legs. Miss Froy, now recovered, is titivating in the mirror on the communicating door. Gilbert is looking out of the window in the direction of the station. He turns back to say.

GILBERT: It's Morsken! (to nun) Have you finished?

The nun nods as he adds to Miss Froy -

GILBERT: Come along, Miss Froy!

He moves quickly up to the communicating door leading to the next compartment. As he bends down to slip back the bolt he says to Miss Froy:

395. (Contd.).

GILBERT: You haven't left anything?

Miss Froy looks about her.

MISS FROY: No, I don't think so.

396. C.U.

Gilbert throws open the communicating door and we see through into the next compartment. Iris energetically touching her toes in an effort to keep herself awake.

GILBERT: (slapping her on the behind as she bends)
Cut it out, kid - you're not drugged.

Iris stops abruptly - too breathless to reply, she can only grunt.

GILBERT: I'll explain later.

He locks back as he says:

GILBERT: Come on.

Miss Froy comes into picture, and Iris stares at her delighted.

IRIS: Miss Froy!

MISS FROY: (petting her hand) Yes, thanks to you, my dear.

397. INT. SLEEPING CAR CORRIDOR. DAY. M.S.

Dr. Hartz coming into sleeping car coach. He approaches the door of the patient's compartment and opens it. He is wearing his hat and coat and carries his bag.

398. INT. PATIENT'S COMPARTMENT. DAY. M.S.

The nun is sitting in the corner, as before. The doctor enters and asks briskly.

HARTZ: Ready?

NUN: Yes.

Dr. Hartz turns to the communicating door and, unlocking it, goes through into the next door compartment, the nun watching him anxiously.

399 INT. SLEEPER NEXT DOOR. DAY. M.S.

Gilbert and Iris are sitting in exactly the same positions as they were when Dr. Hartz left them - Miss Froy is nowhere to be seen. Dr. Hartz looks at them closely and then, satisfied, glances out of the window and sees that they are drawing into the station (BACK PROJECTION). With a quick glance towards the corridor, he leans Iris's head against Gilbert's shoulder, and, carefully places Gilbert's arm around her - they look like a pair of lovers asleep. He goes quickly out into the corridor.

400 INT. SLEEPER CORRIDOR. DAY. M.S.

Hartz goes towards the exit door of the coach, where we see a train attendant passing with luggage.

401 INT. SLEEPER NEXT DOOR. DAY. C.U.

Gilbert and Iris - Gilbert half opens one eye and murmurs -

GILBERT: He's gone!

CAMERA PANS over to a triangular cupboard in the corner; with a click the door opens slowly revealing the huddled up figure of Miss Froy in the wash-basin. We hear Gilbert's voice -

GILBERT: Are you all right, Miss Froy?

MISS FROY: Yes, thank you very much.

402 C.S.

Gilbert edging himself carefully against the side of the compartment so that he can get a clear view through the window.

403 EXT. STATION AT MORSKEN. DAY. S.L.S.

As seen by Gilbert - As the train comes to a stop, we see clearly the waiting ambulance, the back open. The two waiting attendants advance towards the train, as Dr. Hartz steps onto the platform. He indicates with a gesture the window of the patient's compartment.

404 INT. SLEEPER NEXT DOOR. DAY. C.U.

Iris makes a movement as though she would go to look through the window. Hardly moving his lips Gilbert says -

404 C.U.

GILBERT: Keep still - he's just outside.

405 EXT. MORSKEN STATION. DAY. S.L.S.

Still from Gilbert's eyeline - we see the stretcher being handed out of the window, Dr. Hartz supervising.

406 S.C.S.

The attendants carefully sliding the stretcher into the ambulance, while one or two station officials look on curiously. Hartz busies himself around the patient -

HARTZ: Gentil! Davara!

As one of the attendants moves away, Dr. Hartz steps up into the ambulance.

407 INT. AMBULANCE. DAY. M.S.

As Hartz enters, the attendant who has just placed the head of the stretcher in position moves out. Hartz bends over the stretcher and with a charming smile says - as the CAMERA MOVES UP to include only the two -

HARTZ: I'm sorry you've had such an uncomfortable journey, Miss Froy.

Suddenly his expression changes as his hand goes forward slowly -

408 C.U.

A bandaged head - a wisp of black hair protrudes from under the bandages. Dr. Hartz's hand comes into the picture and rips the bandages back from the nose and mouth. We see it is - Madame Kummer! She opens her mouth to scream.

409 C.U.

Dr. Hartz and Madame Kummer. Hartz immediately hushes her to silence. He glances furiously towards the train, and then with sudden

409. CONTD.

determination, indicates to Madame Kummer with a gesture and a command in Bandriken that she is to remain where she is. Regaining his composure, he turns away towards the door of the ambulance.

410 EXT. MORSKEN STATION. DAY. M.S.

Dr. Hartz comes down from the back of the ambulance, wearing his usual charming smile. As he moves along the platform, the nun is just descending from the train. He quickly goes up to her and bars her way.

411 C.S.

He speaks to her in a peremptory manner -

HARTZ: Get back on the train - please!

She looks at him in alarm - then obediently moves back up the steps into the train.

412 M.S.

Hartz calls over a couple of railway officials and starts to talk to them rapidly. What he says we do not hear owing to the noise of steam being let off from the engine, but from the officials' expressions we see that something unexpected and important has happened. Their manner to Hartz is most obsequious.

413 INT. SLEEPER NEXT DOOR. DAY. C.U.

Gilbert and Iris are still sitting propped up against each other, Gilbert is just finishing his explanation to Iris.

GILBERT: So we swapped the torcs and bob's your uncle.

IRIS; I hope nothing goes wrong. Aren't we stopping rather a long time?

413 CONTD.

Gilbert moves his neck slightly to look out of the window.

GILBERT: (with a grimace) Too long for my neck!

414 EXT. MORSKEN STATION. DAY. S.L.S.

Through the window from Gilbert's angle - we see the ambulance just making off.

415 INT. SLEEPER NEXT DOOR. DAY. C.U.

Iris and Gilbert. Gilbert gives a quicksigh of relief.

GILBERT: The ambulance has gone. We'll be off in a jiffy.

416 EXT. TRAIN. MORSKEN STATION. DAY. C.U.

A close view of a porter uncoupling the sleeping car from the next carriage.

417 S.C.U.

Dr. Hartz on the steps of the train turns into the sleeper.

418 L.S.

The train gathering speed as it leaves the station. We see the first portion of the train - the engine, dining car and sleeping car - moving away, leaving the rest of the train standing in the station.

419 INT. SLEEPER NEXT DOOR. C.U.

As the train gathers speed - Gilbert says triumphantly -

GILBERT: A couple of minutes and we'll be over the border.

420. INT. PATIENT'S COMPARTMENT. DAY. M.S.

The nun is seated on the little corner seat while Hartz and the Baroness are on the seat facing her, previously occupied by the stretcher. The nun is obviously undergoing a form of third degree. The Baroness rasps out her words, Hartz allowing her always to take the lead.

BARONESS: Briden dan kárvik jasconey pos hafden ragenok mantado pondalat.

The nun is terrified, but answers with considerable spirit.

NUN: I know I've been well paid - and I've done plenty of dirty work for it! But this was murder - and she was an Englishwoman.

BARONESS: You are Bandrikan!

NUN: My husband was Bandrikan but I'm English and you were going to butcher her in cold blood.

HARTZ: (cooly) Your little diversion has made it necessary not only to remove the lady in question but two others as well.

421. C.U. THE NUN.

She stares at him and bursts out:

NUN: You can't do that!

422. S.C.S. BARONESS. HARTZ.

Hartz leans forward towards the nun, his face quite close to CAMERA.

HARTZ: Also it would be unwise of us to permit the existence of anyone who cannot be trusted.

423. The nun shrinks back as she realises the full import of their words, then suddenly bursts out:

NUN: You wouldn't dare. I know too much.

424. S.C.S.

Fairly big heads of the Nun and the Baroness.

424. CONT.

BARONESS: Precisely.

The nun gazes at her horrified.

425. INT. SLEEPER NEXT DOOR. DAY. M.S.

Gilbert and Iris both seated as before in their loverlike attitude. Gilbert raises himself slightly and looks out of the window, then glancing at his wrist watch, says:

GILBERT: We must be over the border now.

He gets up and goes over towards the corner cupboard.

GILBERT: You can come out Miss Froy.

The door opens and Miss Froy is seen, still huddled in the basin. Iris comes forward and they help her down.

MISS FROY: Bless my soul, what an unpleasant journey!

GILBERT: Well, you shall have a corner seat the rest of the way, but now its over perhaps you'll tell us what it's all about.

At this point a piercing feminine scream is heard - Gilbert turns his head sharply:

GILBERT: What was that scream?

IRIS: Only the train whistle surely.

GILBERT: It wasn't - it was a woman.

He crosses at once and opens the door quietly.

MISS FROY: Be careful!

426. INT. SLEEPER CORRIDOR. DAY. M.S.

Gilbert comes out into the empty corridor. He looks up and down, he takes a step or two towards the rear of the train and stops dead as he sees:

427. EXT. RAILWAY. DAY. S.L.S.

The gaping aperture of the open bellows where the train has been detached. Beyond we see the retreating branch line on to which this portion has been diverted.

428. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY. S.C.S.

Gilbert goes swiftly to the opening and stares out incredulously.

429. EXT. RAILWAY. DAY. L.S. (? MODEL).

We see distinctly the branch line connecting with the Main Line that leads to the station they have just left. An express train rushes past from right to left on the main line.

430. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY. M.S.

Gilbert turns and hurries back into his compartment.

431. INT. SLEEPER NEXT DOOR. DAY. S.C.S.

Gilbert comes in, closing the door carefully behind him - he says tensely.

GILBERT: They've rumbled. We're on a branch line and they've slipped the rear part of the train -

Iris and Miss Froy jump to their feet.

MISS FROY: Oh dear, oh dear!

GILBERT: (abruptly turning on Miss Froy) Lock here, who are you? Why are these people going to all this trouble to get hold of you?

432. C.U. MISS FROY.

She hesitates, then says with an almost suspicious innocence.

MISS FROY: I really haven't the faintest idea. I'm just a children's governess you know. I can only think they've made some terrible mistake.

433. S.C.U.

Gilbert is watching her closely, then angrily says:

GILBERT: You're holding out on us. Why can't you tell us the truth! You get us involved in this fantastic plot and you've still got the nerve not to trust us.

MISS FROY: I'm sorry, but really I.....

433. CONT.

Gilbert turns away to Iris in exasperation.

GILBERT: I wonder if there's anyone else left on the train.

IRIS: There's only the dining car in front.

GILBERT: I'm going to have a look. Come on - we'd better keep together.

They turn and go to the door.

434. INT. SLEEPER CORRIDOR. DAY. M.S.

The three come out and go away from CAMERA towards the dining car. Looking in the various compartments as they go.

435. INT. DINING CAR. DAY. M.S.

Gilbert opens the door of the dining car: we get a view of the whole car. Charters and Caldicott occupy the same seats they had before, while on the other side are Mr. and Mrs. Todhunter, the steward who denied Miss Froy is serving them. As Gilbert comes in the head steward comes towards him with a welcoming smile.

436. S.C.U.

CHARTERS AND CALDICOTT.

Charters who is facing the door, has just seen Miss Froy.

CHARTERS: I say, Caldicott - there's that old girl. She's turned up.

Caldicott leans round, looking over his own shoulder.

CALDICOTT: So it is. Told you it was a lot of fuss about nothing. Bolt must have jammed.

437. S.C.U.

Mrs. Todhunter has looked up and on seeing Miss Froy is amazed. She lets her knife and fork drop to her plate with a clatter.

438. C.U.

The under-steward, who has been serving Todhunter, follows Mrs. Todhunter's gaze - his expression changes to one of fear.

439. M.S.

Gilbert turns and closes the car door behind him - then taking a step or two forward, pulls up as he nears the other two tables, and, with a gesture, addresses them all in a clear calm voice:

GILBERT: I have something to say. Will you please all pay attention. An attempt has been made to abduct this lady here by force. (he indicates Miss Froy) We have good reason to believe the people responsible are going to try again.

440. S.C.S.

The group round the Englishman's table - Charters leans over towards Caldicott.

CHARTERS: What the devil's the fellow drivelling about?

Gilbert turns and addresses Charters directly.

GILBERT: If you don't believe me look out there. This train has been diverted on to a branch line.

Charters looks at him vaguely, then out of the window. Gilbert puts a hand on Miss Froy's arm.

IRIS: It's true - this lady is in danger.

441. S.C.U.

Todhunter still seated at his table - the understeward has backed behind him - Iris with her back towards him. Todhunter is looking at the group with marked annoyance.

TODHUNTER: I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about. Abduction, diverted trains!

Iris swings round on him.

IRIS: We're telling you the truth!

TODHUNTER: I'm not interested. You've annoyed us enough with your ridiculous stories.

S.C.S.

The group round the Englishman's table. Charters is saying to Gilbert:

CHARTERS: Look here, old chap, you've got hold of the wrong end of the stick somewhere.

CALDICOTT: (echoes him) Yes, things like that just don't happen.

Miss Froy says in a very quiet voice.

MISS FROY: We're not in England you know.

CALDICOTT: Eh? Can't see what difference that makes.

Iris suddenly looks out of the window.

IRIS: We're stopping.

They all turn and look out. The train comes to a standstill with a sudden jerk.

443. EXT. ROAD. DAY. L.S.

The train has come to a standstill on the edge of a forest - on the roadway some distance from the train are two cars drawn up, one or two military officers and men are standing by them.

444. INT. DINING CAR. DAY. S.C.S.

Iris with a terrified look, instinctively puts an arm around Miss Froy, as though to protect her. Gilbert, who has grasped the situation immediately, looks at the others and says quietly:

GILBERT: You see those cars - they're here to take Miss Froy away.

445. S.C.S. CHARTERS AND CALDICOTT.

Caldicott, who still looks out of the window, says:

CALDICOTT: Nonsense. Look, there go a couple of people.

Gilbert and Iris look quickly.

446. EXT. TRAIN. L.S. DAY.

Through the window of the train we see Hartz and the Baroness moving quickly towards the waiting cars.

447. INT. DINING CAR. M.S. THE GROUP.

CALDICOTT: The cars have obviously come to pick them up.

GILBERT: If that's the case why go to the trouble of uncoupling the train and diverting it.

CHARTERS: Uncoupling it?

GILBERT: There's nothing left of the train beyond the sleeping car.

CALDICOTT: Ridiculous! All our bags are in the 1st class carriage.

GILBERT: Not any longer. Would you care to come and see?

Gilbert turns back towards the door, Caldicott following.

CALDICOTT: If this is a practical joke, I warn you I shan't think it very funny.

448. INT. DINING CAR. S.C.U. DAY.

Gilbert opens the door and the figure of the nun falls in at his feet - her hands are tied and a gag cuts between her teeth. From her legs trail the remains of a knotted belt, which is still partly attached to her feet. Gilbert bends down to help her.

CALDICOTT: Good Lord!

449. M.S.

The others jump to their feet in alarm. Iris rushes forwards to help. In the background we see the steward backing towards the end of the car. Gilbert and Iris assist the nun to the nearest table on the right, the CAMERA, following them. Mrs. Todhunter pushes her way past CAMERA towards the nun to see if she can do anything.

CALDICOTT: It's a nun! - bound and gagged!

449. CONT.

CHARTERS: So I see - you don't suppose there is anything in that fellow's story - I mean, after all, people don't go about roping up nuns, do they?

CALDICOTT: Does seem a bit queer.

During this Gilbert has been removing the gag from the nun's mouth, allowing the nun to gasp for more air:

GILBERT: Get me some brandy.

Mrs. Todhunter runs quickly out of picture.

450. S.C.U.

Todhunter has sat down again at his table. Mrs. Todhunter comes into picture; picks up his glass full of brandy from the table and is about to hurry off when he says:

TODHUNTER: They can't possibly do anything to us. We're British subjects.

With a hard look and totally ignoring his remark, Mrs. Todhunter hurries out of picture.

451. S.C.U.

The group round the nun, Iris glances out of the window. She says in a quiet voice:

IRIS: Someone's coming.

452. EXT. TRAIN. DAY. L.S.

From Iris's eyeline - we see one of the officers approach the train.

453. INT. DINING CAR. DAY. C.U.

The nun and Gilbert. Mrs. Todhunter hands in the brandy to Gilbert, who forces some between the nun's lips. She opens her eyes and looks up at him gratefully.

454. M.S.

The door of the carriage opens and the officer enters. He comes

454. CONT.

forward to the group of English people and addresses them in almost faultless English -

OFFICER: I have ~~come~~ to offer the most sincere apologies. An extremely serious incident has occurred. An attempt has been made to interfere with passengers on this train. Fortunately it was brought to the notice of the authorities. If you will be good enough to accompany me to Morskan I will inform the British Embassy at once. Ladies and Gentlemen, the cars are at your disposal.

455. C.U. CHARTERS AND CALDICOTT.

They exchange a look of relief.

456. C.U. TOLHUNTER.

He is seated at his table and wears an air of self-satisfaction at the way matters have turned out.

457. S.C.S. GILBERT IRIS THE NUN AND THE OFFICER.

Gilbert turns from attending to the nun - he almost apologetically interposes:

GILBERT: Hold on - I think this woman is trying to say something. I don't understand the language but it may be important. Would you mind?.....

The officer clicks his heels.

OFFICER: Certainly.

He moves over to the nun and bends down:

OFFICER: Parskadray?

Gilbert has backed to allow the officer to approach the nun; he now swiftly picks up a brass table lamp and brings it down with a crash on the officer's head. The officer crumples up.

458. S.C.U.

The under steward by the door at the far end registers alarm and quickly disappears through the door.

459. M.S.

Todhunter jumps from his seat and comes over to join his wife and the two astounded Englishmen. Gilbert is in the foreground. They all start to attack him:

CHARTERS: What the blazes did you do that for?

CALDICOTT: You heard what he said, didn't you?

Gilbert indicates the nun -

GILBERT: I heard what she said. That was just a device to get us all off the train.

The nun faintly nods agreement.

460. M.S.

Todhunter now takes on the attack.

TODHUNTER: I don't believe it. The man's explanation was quite satisfactory.

CALDICOTT: Absolutely (to Charters) He spoke perfect English.

CHARTERS: (indicating officer) Thing like that might cause a war. I'm going out to tell them what's occurred. It's up to us to apologise and put this matter right. Stand aside, sir.

He pushes Gilbert aside and starts to move towards the door at the far end.

461. EXT. TRAIN. DAY. S. L. S.

The two cars - with the group of military and the Baroness and Hartz standing by one. The under steward who left the dining car has joined them and is telling the Baroness and Hartz what has happened to the officer.

462. S.C.U.

Charters emerges from the dining car and makes to open the door of the coach.

463. EXT. TRAIN. DAY. S.C.U.

Charters opens the coach door and stands at the top of the steps, looking over towards the group by the cars.

464. S.C.U.

Shooting onto the cars - the Baroness draws an automatic from her bag and fires.

465. INT. DINING CAR. DAY. L.S.

Shooting from behind the group - the full length of the car - the group rigid with the shock of the shot are quite silent for a moment, Charters walks calmly back in at the door, as he comes towards them he pauses for a second.

466. S.C.U.

In the foreground of the picture Charters' arm and hand. In the background the group of startled faces as they see - his hand dripping with blood.

467. S.C.U.

Charters' expression shows that he fully realizes the seriousness of the situation, though he remains perfectly calm. Caldicott comes in to picture and the others behind him. Charters raises his injured hand

CHARTERS: (to Gilbert) You were right.

As he says this he pulls a handkerchief from Caldicott's pocket and proceeds to bind his hand up.

468. M.S.

The group round the cars. The Baroness and Hartz are looking in the direction of the kitchen end of the dining-car. The Baroness calls out -

BARONESS: Aska day rono.

469. S.L.S.

The head steward and chef at the kitchen exit door. In answer to the Baroness's command they hurry down the steps in the direction of the cars.

470. INT. DINING CAR. M.S.

Shot from the inside of the dining-car showing our group inside, and through the window beyond the cars, and military and the Baroness issuing instructions. They start to approach the train - The group of English people anxiously watching -

CHAPTERS: Look's as if they mean business, doesn't it?

GILBERT: I'm afraid so.

Todhunter is thoroughly frightened -

TODHUNTER: They can't do anything - it would mean an International situation.

MISS FROY: It's happened before.

IRIS: They're coming!

The nun suddenly rouses herself and almost screams out -

NUN: Don't let them in. They'll murder us. They daren't let us go now.

She collapses again.

471. C.S.

Gilbert swings round at the nun's outburst. As he does so, his eye catches sight of a large revolver holster on the hip of the fallen officer. He bends down and takes it out, swiftly examining it to see if it is loaded. He lowers the window -

472. EXT. TRAIN. DAY. M.S.

Hartz and a group of soldiers approaching the train - the Baroness has remained by the cars. Hartz shouts towards the train -

HARTZ: I order you to surrender at once.

473. INT. TRAIN. DAY. C.U.

Gilbert at the window in the foreground - beyond we see Hartz and the others approaching -

GILBERT: Nothing doing. If you come any nearer - I'll fire.

They continue to advance steadily. Gilbert fires. One of their number stumbles.

474. EXT. TRAIN. DAY. S.C.U.

The injured man grasps the man nearest to him, indicating he has been shot in the foot. The whole group halt suddenly. Two of them lift the injured man and, putting his arms round their shoulders, make for the cars, while the others back slowly, producing guns as they do so. We see the party take up positions behind the cars.

475. INT. DINING CAR. DAY. M.S.

The band of English - Gilbert is by the window, the revolver in his hand, he turns round and takes command of the situation - as he says quietly -

GILBERT: Better take cover. They'll start any minute now.

CALDICOTT: Nasty jam, this. Don't like the look of it.

They all dodge down under cover - Charters addresses Gilbert -

CHARTERS: Got plenty of ammunition?

Gilbert indicates the fallen officer -

GILBERT: Whole belt load.

CHARTERS: Good.

Caldicott looks round and sees Todhunter still standing. He orders curtly, jerking him down by the coat-tails -

CALDICOTT: Duck down, you.

TODHUNTER: I'm not going to fight, - it's madness.

Mrs. Todhunter puts a hand out and drags him lower -

MRS. TODHUNTER: Do as you're told, Eric!

476. C.U.

Gilbert looks through the window - he sees -

477. EXT. TRAIN. DAY. L.S.

The soldiers by the cars have got their guns facing the carriage over the bonnets of the cars. A junior officer and a soldier start to creep away and make a wide circuit towards the train.

478. INT. DINING CAR. DAY. S.C.U. TODHUNTER AND CALDICOTT.

TODHUNTER: You're behaving like a pack of fools - What chance have we got against a lot of armed men?

Caldicott is busy extracting the bullets from the officer's back -

CALDICOTT: Don't be damn silly, old boy. You heard what the Mother Superior said - if we give in, we're for it.

THE CAMERA PANS swiftly over to Gilbert who is still standing by the window -

GILBERT: Hello, they're trying to work round to the other side of the train!

He raises his revolver and fires.

479. EXT. TRAIN. DAY. S.L.S.

One of the men making the detour towards the train falls. We see the other one uncertain which way to run. He runs on ahead. Gilbert fires again to deter him - he runs back. His wounded companion throws up an appealing arm. He half picks him up and drags him back towards the cars. During this the military by the cars open up their fire.

480. INT. DINING CAR. DAY. M.S.

Bullets crack against the glass panes of the dining car, shattering them. Gilbert dodges down with the rest. Some of the crocks on the tables are splintered.

481. S.C.U. GILBERT, CHARTERS AND CALDICOTT.

CHARTERS: (to Gilbert) Let 'em have it old man.

Gilbert raises himself slightly so that he can just see through a corner of the open window. He fires back again. We hear the crash of some crockery falling from the table.

CHARTERS: (to Caldicott) Puts paid to the Test Match, what!

Caldicott nods then his attention is attracted to something else.

482. S.C.U.

Mr. and Mrs. Todhunter scuffling on the floor. Caldicott crawls into the picture.

482. (Contd.).

CALDICOTT: I say, what's going on here?

Mrs. Todhunter, still struggling, gasps out:

MRS. TODHUNTER: He's got a gun - and he won't use it.

Caldicott immediately joins in the struggle:

CALDICOTT: (to Todhunter) What's the idea?

TODHUNTER: I've told you, I won't be a party to this - I don't believe in fighting.

CALDICOTT: Pacifist eh? Doesn't work, old man. Early Christians tried it - got thrown to the lions. Come on, hand it over.

There is another rain of bullets, shattering the glass window panes, Mrs. Todhunter yells to Caldicott to duck. As they do so, Mrs. Todhunter grabs the gun from Todhunter's pocket.

MRS. TODHUNTER: I'm not afraid to use it.

She moves over to the window, Caldicott following, CAMERA PANNING with them. She starts firing wildly. Caldicott drags himself up beside her, saying almost in a drawing room tone:

CALDICOTT: I say, wouldn't you rather I handled the thing? Probably more used to it, you know - once won a first at Bisley.

Mrs. Todhunter hands it over to him, saying softly:

MRS. TODHUNTER: So did my husband.

Caldicott looks across at Todhunter.

CALDICOTT: Did he?

483. C.U. TODHUNTER, crouched miserably on the floor.

484. C.U. CALDICOTT AND MRS. TODHUNTER.

Mrs. Todhunter follows the direction of his gaze and, as he turns back to her, shakes her head. Caldicott grasps the situation, then quickly turns back to the job on hand.

CALDICOTT: Hope the old hand hasn't lost it's cunning... Mind you I'm half inclined to believe there's some rational explanation behind all this.....

484. (Contd.).

He fires, then turns back to Mrs. Todhunter a trifle proudly.

CALDICOTT: Shot one of the blighter's hats off by George.

485. C.U.

Miss Froy crawls round the table till she reaches Gilbert and Iris. She says quietly as Gilbert turns round to take another bullet from Charters, who is handing him ammunition.

MISS FROY: Would you mind if I talked to you a minute?

GILBERT: (loading) What now?

486. C.U. MISS FROY.

Looking at him straightly and speaking with emphasis.

MISS FROY: Yes - please forgive me, but it's really very important.

487. S.C.U. MISS FROY, GILBERT AND IRIS.

Gilbert hesitates, then hands the gun over to Charters.

GILBERT: Hang on to this for a second.

Charters takes the gun from Gilbert.

CHARTERS: All right, old man - I'll hold the fort.

Miss Froy starts to move in a crouching position round the partition.

MISS FROY: I think it's safer here - (to Iris) You come, too.

Miss Froy, followed by Gilbert and Iris, all stooping to avoid bullets, move round into the kitchen corridor, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

488. S.C.U. INT. KITCHEN CORRIDOR. D.Y.

Iris, Gilbert and Miss Froy in the kitchen corridor.

MISS FROY: (as if she were at an afternoon tea-party) I just wanted to tell you that I must be getting along now

IRIS: But you can't. You'd never get away - you'd be shot down!

488. (Contd.).

Miss Froy suddenly loses her timidity and in a calm business-like way:

MISS FROY: I must take that risk. Listen carefully - in case I'm unlucky, and you get through I want you to take back a message to a Mr. Callendar at the Foreign Office in Whitehall.

IRIS: Then you are a spy!

Miss Froy replies with a touch of humour:

MISS FROY: I always think that's such a grim word.

GILBERT: (impetiently) What is the message?

MISS FROY: It's a tune. It contains - in code of course - the vital clause of a secret pact between two European countries. I want you to memorise it. It goes like this..

She starts to hum, but a splutter of gunfire comes in and drowns it. She breaks off her humming to say:

MISS FROY: Perhaps you'd better take it down. Have you a piece of paper?

She starts to fumble in her bag for a pencil as Gilbert answers:

GILBERT: Don't bother - I've been brought up on music - I can memorize anything.

MISS FROY: Very well.

She starts to hum the tune once more. Gilbert hums it with her. Gilbert hums it over alone - she accompanies him by saying.

MISS FROY: A - C sharp - E - and G. Flat.

They both continue humming.

489. EXT. TRAIN. DAY. L.S. Of the cars firing at the train.

490. INT. DINING CAR. DAY. M.S. Charters at one window and Caldicott at the other duck down and take cover.

CALDICOTT: Do you know, Charters - this reminds me of an Ivor Novello show I saw once.

CHARTERS: (reprovingly) Hardly the time for joking - is it?

490. (Contd.) CALDICOTT: I wasn't.

There is a cessation in the firing and Miss Froy's voice is heard singing. Caldicott looks along towards the dining car.

CALDICOTT: Hello - the old bird's gone off her rocker!

491. M.S. THE WHOLE GROUP. Todhunter is almost hysterical - his voice rises to a shrill pitch of fear.

TODHUNTER: I don't wonder. Those swine out there will go on firing until they kill the lot of us. Why don't you face it? We haven't an earthly.

MRS. TODHUNTER: Oh, shut up, Eric. You're becoming monotonous!

492. INT. KITCHEN CORRIDOR. DAY. S.C.U.

Miss Froy is humming a phrase and Gilbert is joining in. They are beating time mutually with their fingers. As they reach the end

MISS FROY: That's all. Now we'll have two chances instead of one. You're sure you'll remember it all?

GILBERT: Don't worry. I won't stop whistling it.

MISS FROY: I suppose this is my best way out.

They move over towards the window.

IRIS: Have you got any money?

MISS FROY: Yes. They didn't touch my bag. (she starts to climb out of the window).

IRIS: (to Gilbert) We can't let her go like this.

GILBERT: (anxiously) It's a deuce of a chance you're taking.

Miss Froy turns back framed in the window.

MISS FROY: In this sort of job you have to take chances. I'm very grateful to you both for all you've done. I do hope and pray that no harm comes to you, and we shall all meet again one day.

IRIS: I hope so too. Good luck.

GILBERT: Good luck.

They start to lower her down carefully.

493 INT. TRAIN. DAY. S.C.U.

The party round the cars - The Baroness, who is peeping through the now splintered glass of one of the cars, suddenly grabs hold of Hartz' arm. She points -

BARONESS: Argraken!

Hartz looks where she is pointing.

494 S.L.S.

From their angle - under the train the feet of Miss Froy as they come down into picture and touch the ground.

495 S.C.U.

The Baroness fires. Hartz indicates Miss Froy to the military, who starts to fire also.

496 S.L.S.

From the angle of the party by the cars - under the dining car - Miss Froy starts to run along beside the train.

497 INT. DINING CAR. DAY. S.C.U.

Gilbert and Iris anxiously watching Miss Froy. Shots are heard.

498 EXT. TRAIN. DAY. S.L.S.

From their angle - we see Miss Froy start to run rapidly away from the train - firing continuing all the time. Miss Froy stumbles on the rough ground.

499 INT. DINING CAR. DAY. S.C.U.

The alarmed faces of Gilbert and Iris. They give an exclamation on seeing her stumble.

500 EXT. TRAIN. DAY. L.S.

Miss Froy recovers her balance and hastens on through the trees. The firing increases in intensity. She reaches a rise in the ground; as she does so, her hands go up and she falls to the other side, disappearing from sight.

501 INT. DINING CAR. DAY. S.C.U.

Gilbert and Iris trying to see whether Miss Froy is safe or not -

IRIS: Was she hit?

GILBERT: I'm not sure.

They start to turn back towards the main part of the dining car.

502 INT. DINING CAR. DAY. S.C.U.

Caldicott withdraws empty clip from handle of Todhunter's automatic.
He calls out of picture -

CALDICOTT: That's the lot.

Charters looks down at fallen officer's belt -

CHARTERS: Not much left here, either.

Gilbert enters picture and throws himself on the ground beside
Charters and Todhunter -

GILBERT: Listen - we've only one chance - we must
get this train going - drive it back to the main line,
and try and make the frontier.

CALDICOTT: Bit of a tall order, isn't it? The driver
fellows aren't likely to do as we tell 'em.

Gilbert picks up Todhunter's empty automatic - and gets cautiously to
his feet, taking cover all the time -

GILBERT: This'll help. Who's coming with me?

CALDICOTT: Count on me.

CHARTERS: Me too.

GILBERT: We can't all go. (To Charters) You stay
here and carry on. If we have any luck we'll stop
the train when we reach the points. You jump out and
switch them over.

CHARTERS: (nodding) Can do.

503 M.S.

Todhunter crouched on the floor - the others in the foreground -

503 CONTD.

TODHUNTER: You're just inviting death. You can't fight a whole country. Why don't you give in before it's too late?

Gilbert merely stares at him coldly and beckoning Caldicott to follow moves to the door at the end of the dining car.

504 S.C.U.

Gilbert standing in the doorway, glances back.

505 S.C.U.

Iris, crouched on the floor, looks appealingly towards Gilbert. With a timidity she has never shown before she raises her fingers to her lips and blows him a kiss.

506 S.C.S.

Gilbert waves back in acknowledgement, smiles and exits.

507 M.S. MR. & MRS. TODHUNTER. CHARTERS. IRIS.

Todhunter watches Gilbert go then scrambles to his feet.

TODHUNTER: There isn't a chance in a million of getting away with this. I'm not a coward but this is suicide - If we give ourselves up - at very worst they're bound to give us a trial.

MRS. TODHUNTER: (cuttingly) They might even make you counsel for the Prosecution if you plead hard enough Iris.

TODHUNTER: Very well, you go your way and I'll go mine.

He starts off.

CHARTERS: Hey, where are you off to?

TODHUNTER: I know what I'm about, I'm doing the only sensible thing.

Mrs. Todhunter half rises to go after him, Charters pulls her back.

CHARTERS: Let the fellow go if he want's to.

500 EXT. TRAIN. DAY. M.S.

The door of the luggage van at the front slides back and Gilbert and Caldicott emerge and start to climb across up onto the tender.

509 M.S.

The party by the cars - the Baroness is obviously ordering the men to rush the train. There is a lull in the firing on both sides for the moment.

BARONESS: Karensag trainin vasdodrar.

The soldiers straighten up to prepare for the attack on the train. At this moment a burst of shots come from the train. The soldiers dive down - one of them is hit. Suddenly one of them sights something; he levels his gun and makes ready to fire -

510 S.L.S.

Gilbert and Caldicott climbing over the tender.

511 C.U.

The soldier about to fire. His eye suddenly catches sight of something else. He hesitates.

512 S.L.S.

Todhunter descending from the dining car a white handkerchief in his hand. He waves it above him and runs forward stumblingly. Several shots spit forth.

513 C.U.

An expression of surprise on Todhunter's face as he crumples up.

514 INT. DINING CAR. DAY. S.C.U.

Mrs. Todhunter, Iris and Charters are looking out - Mrs. Todhunter turns away and covers her face with her hands. Iris puts an arm round her. Mrs. Todhunter lowers her hands from her face and stares in front of her dully as she says -

MRS. TODHUNTER: Don't - please! (She suddenly bursts out) - Why aren't we going? Why aren't we going? They said we were going. Why aren't we?

514 COMED.

Iris is infected by Mrs. Todhunter's anxiety. Charters has now ceased firing.

IRIS: If only we can get away now - we must!

Charters gets up from his crouching position by the window and looking round at them, says calmly -

CHARTERS: Only one left - I'll save that for a 'sitter'.

Iris looks out of the window -

IRIS: They're moving away from the cars - they're coming towards the train.

Charters and Mrs. Todhunter follow her gaze -

515 L.S. EXT. TRAIN. DAY.

We see Hartz leading a party of soldiers rise from behind the cars and advance menacingly towards the train over the rough grass.

516 INT. DINING CAR. DAY. C.U.

A close view of the three faces staring at the oncoming soldiers.

CHARTERS: Pity we haven't a few more rounds -

Mrs. Todhunter says half to herself -

MRS. TODHUNTER: It's funny - I said I wouldn't see my husband again.

Iris calls out almost hysterically -

IRIS: Gilbert! Gilbert!

517 EXT. TRAIN. DAY. M.S.

Their view from the window of Hartz and the soldiers coming closer. Suddenly there is the shriek of an engine whistle, which brings the party to a halt.

518 INT. DINING CAR. DAY. S.C.U.

Inside the dining car the train starts to move off with a jerk.

518. (Contd.). CHARTERS: God! We're off!

IRIS: (excitedly) This gives us a chance.

MRS. TODHUNTER: Thank Heaven!

519. EXT. TRAIN. D.Y. M.S.

The military appear nonplussed for the moment. They turn and hurry back to the cars.

520. INT. ENGINE CAB. D.Y. S.C.U.

Inside the engine cab - Caldicott and Gilbert are crouched on the floor. Gilbert is pointing the empty automatic up at the engine-driver and fireman, who with terrified expressions have just set the train in motion.

521. EXT. TRAIN. D.Y. M.S.

By this time Hartz and his soldiers have arrived back at the cars. The Baroness snaps out an order. They level revolvers and fire at the engine cab.

522. INT. ENGINE CAB. D.Y. S.C.U.

As the train gathers speed, the driver and fireman are both hit. They collapse, one of them falling from the cab.

523. C.U. GILBERT AND CALDICOTT at the back of the cab -

CALDICOTT: Do you know how to handle this thing?

GILBERT: I watched the fellow start it - anyway I know something about 'em.

He moves forward to the controls, as he adds -

GILBERT: Once drove a miniature engine on the Dymchurch line.

CALDICOTT: I'll watch out for the points.

524. INT. DINING CAR. D.Y. S.C.U.

Charters, Mrs. Todhunter and Iris are now standing and locking out of the windows, as the train gets up full speed.

CHARTERS: Blighters are coming after us. Lock!

525. EXT. TRAIN. DAY. S.L.S.

As seen from the train window - Hartz and the Baroness in the front car with some of the soldiers, and the remainder in the second car, speeding along the road which runs parallel to the train lines.

526. INT. DINING CAR. DAY. S.C.U. IRIS, MRS. TODHUNTER AND CHARTERS.

IRIS: We can't have far to go.

MRS. TODHUNTER: They're overtaking us.

CAMERA PLANS ROUND TO show the officer on the floor recovering full consciousness. He is watching them steadily as he remains lying on the floor. He stretches a stealthy hand towards the revolver that Charters has put down on the chair. We hear Charters' voice -

CHARTERS VOICE: Time for my little job at the points.

The officer, still on the floor, points his gun upwards - as Charters swings round into the picture. In almost perfect English, the officer addresses them -

OFFICER: That will not be necessary.

527. M.S.

The officer gets slowly to his feet - Iris, Mrs. Todhunter and Charters are held up at the point of the revolver.

OFFICER: I am sorry but the points, as you call them, will not be changed over. Will you please be seated?

They hesitate - then slowly seat themselves.

528. EXT. TRAIN. DAY. L.S.

Shooting from the train - we see the points ahead.

529. INT. ENGINE CAB. DAY.

Caldicott is watching anxiously from the cab -

CALDICOTT: We're nearing them, old man!

The train is slowing down, Gilbert is busy with the controls.

530. EXT. TRAIN. DAY. L.S.

The cars are some distance behind the train but as the train slows down, the cars gain on it.

531. M.S.

158.

The train coming to a stop at the points. The points in the foreground of the picture.

532. INT. DINING CAR. DAY. M.S.

The officer still holding Iris, Mrs. Todhunter and Charters at the point of the gun. The nun has been sitting all the time in her seat by the door, apparently unconscious. She now starts to rise stealthily behind his back, pressing herself against the wall of the compartment. She starts to move round towards the door, at the same time striving to attract Iris's attention, while the officer is saying:

OFFICER: You will keep quite still until my friends arrive. If anyone of you moves, I shall shoot.

533. C.U.

Iris realises the nun's intention and that it will be necessary to distract the officer's attention - she rises slowly from her seat:

IRIS: There's just one thing you don't know, Captain. There's only one bullet left in that gun, so you see, if you shoot me, you will give the others a chance. You're in rather a difficult position aren't you?

534. S.C.S. THE GROUP.

The officer stares at Iris, while the nun continues creeping round the wall towards the door.

OFFICER: Sit down.

Charters gets up too.

CHARTERS: If anyone's going to take the fellow on - it's up to me.

By this time the nun has reached the door and is out in a flash. The CAMERA FOLLOWS her into the little corridor until she turns out of sight.

535. EXT. TRAIN. DAY. S.C.U.

The nun appears at the outer door and looks out. She jumps down and starts to run in the direction of the points.

L.S.

The cars tearing along towards the train.

537. M.S.

The nun reaches the points. She falls on them.

538. S.L.S.

The two cars draw up with a screech of brakes opposite the train.

539. C.U.

The nun struggling to swing over the points. Vaguely in the background we can see the two cars with the soldiers, Hartz and the Baroness piling out. The nun finally succeeds in swinging over the lever.

540. INT. ENGINE CAB. DAY. C.U.

Gilbert and Caldicott looking anxiously in the direction of the points

CALDICOTT: Go ahead! She's done it!

541. EXT. TRAIN. DAY. L.S.

The train starts to move off with a jerk. The nun is running alongside it. From the cars comes a volley of firing.

542. M.S.

The nun getting nearer to the engine. Caldicott is leaning out, watching anxiously, while the train gathers speed. Shots are spattering round the nun all the time. Caldicott puts out a hand, ready to help the nun. With a tremendous effort she manages to get a foothold on the cab. A shot cracks out, she almost falls from the engine cab.

543. C.U.

The nun's face distorted with pain. Caldicott just manages to get a grip on her and pull her into the cab.

544. INT. DINING CAR. DAY. M.S.

The band of English give a cheer, as the train moves off slowly. The officer turns his head to see what is happening. Charters seizes his chance and, jumping from his chair, springs at the officer, wresting the gun from him. He starts to back him round towards the door, saying as he does so:

CHARTERS: Come on, get moving! This is where you walk the plank!

545. S.C.U.

Shot from inside. Charters finally backs the officer into the doorway, out onto the steps. The officer makes a final protest as he stands on the steps, but Charters takes a threatening step towards him. With a terrified expression, the officer leaps down the three steps and disappears from view.

546. INT. ENGINE CAB. DAY. S.C.U.

Gilbert is busy at the controls, while the train gathers speed. Caldicott is ministering to the stricken nun. He tears off his coat and lays it over the coal to try and find a soft place for her to lie. The nun looks up at Caldicott gratefully as she murmurs weakly:

NUN: Don't bother - I'll be all right - I'm glad I was able to do it.

547. EXT. TRAIN. DAY. L.S.

A long shot of the train running onto the main line. In the far distance we see the striped sentry box signifying the frontier.

548. S.C.U.

Hartz and the Baroness, with the military behind them. They have ceased firing. We hear the noise of the engine as it steams away. The baroness wears an expression of impotent rage, but on the doctor's face there is the faintest trace of a smile.

BARONESS: (furiously) Baroglutz farahadram!

HARTZ: Ar Bandrikan oska oar Manibloon - in English I say 'Good luck to 'em!

The Baroness glares at him.

549. INT. ENGINE CAB. S.C.U.

Caldicott is leaning out of the cab in the direction they are travelling. He shouts out.

CALDICOTT: We're almost on top of the frontier! Here it comes - here it is!

550. EXT. TRAIN. DAY. M.S.

As seen from the engine cab - a view of the striped sentry-box and a small hut similarly decorated with a soldier on guard, as the train flashes over the border into safety.

551. INT. ENGINE CAB. DAY. S.C.U.

Caldicott turns back into the cab.

CALDICOTT: We've passed it.

He bends over the stricken nun, adding:

CALDICOTT: Thanks to you, old girl!

CAMERA PANS OVER to Gilbert looking straight ahead. He is absent-mindedly whistling the tune Miss Froy taught him.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

552. EXT. ENGLISH CHANNEL. DAY. L.S.

A long shot of a Channel steamer in mid-channel.

553. VICTORIA STATION. DAY. L.S.

Over this double exposed a shot of the boat train drawing in at Victoria.

MIX TO:

554. INT. FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT. DAY. S.C.U.

CAMERA opens on one side wall of a First Class compartment of a Boat Train. We see the usual piece of mirror, flanked on either side

554. CONT.

by a picture of some South Coast resort. Over this we hear Gilbert still whistling the same tune. Iris's face appears in the mirror - she is powdering her nose preparatory to arrival. The CAMERA MOVES OFF the mirror to include Iris herself and Gilbert, who comes up beside her, collecting his coat. He puts it on, looking particularly gay as he does so, while Iris appears a trifle wistful. A porter puts his head in:

PORTER: Porter sir?

Iris hands over her bags, Gilbert is still whistling.

IRIS: We're home, Gilbert.

Gilbert stops whistling and asks casually:

GILBERT: Charles be here to meet you?

IRIS: I expect so.

GILBERT: You're going to be busy between now and Thursday.

Iris interposes, almost eagerly.

IRIS: If you'd like to meet for lunch or dinner, I could manage it.

GILBERT: Sorry - I didn't mean that. As soon as I've done the little job for Miss Froy I'm travelling up to Yorkshire to get on with my book.

IRIS: (disappointed) Oh, I see.

Gilbert finishes collecting the odd pieces of luggage and says:

GILBERT: Ready?

They exit the carriage.

555. EXT. PLATFORM. D.Y. S.C.U.

A rather solid-looking Englishman is standing on the platform holding by the hand a little boy, aged four. They are looking expectantly at the first-class coach. Mrs. Todhunter emerges; she sees the man and the little boy. Her face lights up and she hurries to them. The man kisses her fondly....then she picks up the little boy and

555. CONT.

163.

hugs him. As she looks over the little boy at her husband, we see the nun pass by with a nurse in attendance. Her arm is strapped down to her side, but she is able to walk with a little assistance. Mrs. Todhunter smiles at her and the nun smiles back.

556. S.C.U. CHARTERS AND CALDICOTT.

They are standing by their luggage, giving instructions to a porter.

CHARTERS: Ample time to catch the 6.50 to Manchester after all.

Suddenly Caldicott grabs Charters' arm in alarm:

CALDICOTT: Lock:

557. INSERT. J.U.

From their eyeline: we see a line of evening paper posters, which read:

TEST MATCH
RAIN STOPS PLAY

RAIN
TEST ABANDONED

RAIN FINISHES THE MATCH

558. C.U.

The comically disgusted faces of Charters and Caldicott.

559. EXT. PLATFORM. DAY. S.C.U.

Iris and Gilbert are standing on the platform.

GILBERT: Any sign of Charles?

Iris gives only a very cursory look round before she replies:

IRIS: I can't see him.

Gilbert hails a taxi. He throws in his bag and turns back to Iris, keeping his foot on the running board of the taxi.

559 CUT.

GILBERT: Well, this is where we say 'Goodbye'.

He holds out his hand to her. Iris looks at him, unable to speak. Suddenly her expression changes to one of complete dismay. She hurriedly pushes past him and dives into the taxi.

560. S.C.U. INT. TAXI. DAY.

Shot from inside the taxi. Gilbert, with his foot on the step, leans in to ask:

GILBERT: What's the matter?

He follows the direction of her gaze.

561. S.C.U. EXT. PLATFORM. DAY.

Charles standing on the platform. He is a definitely weak-chinned young man of the Guardee school. He is looking vaguely about him.

562. S.C.U. INT. TAXI. DAY.

Gilbert looks at Iris for a second, then jumps into the taxi, slamming the door, and seating himself beside her. He starts humming a few bars of the tune to himself as he glances casually up at the ceiling.

GILBERT: (casually) Charles?

Iris bursts out at him.

IRIS: Yes - you insufferable, heartless, callous, selfish, swollen-headed beast, you!

He grins at her, then takes her firmly in his arms and they embrace.

563. C.S. OF TAXI-DRIVER.

He slides back the glass and looks at them.

TAXI-DRIVER: Going anywhere?

564. C.S. IRIS AND GILBERT - still in a clinch.

GILBERT: (without looking) Foreign Office!

565. INF. A ROOM IN THE FOREIGN OFFICE AT WHITEHALL. S.C.U.

Gilbert and Iris are seated close together on a leather sofa. Nearby is a door marked, 'MR. CALLENDAR'. We hear the sound of a typewriter tapping in the room.

IRIS: Where shall we go for the honeymoon?

GILBERT: It'll have to be somewhere cheap.

At this moment the door opens and a young man says:

YOUNG MAN: Mr. Callendar will see you now.

Gilbert and Iris get hastily to their feet. Suddenly Gilbert pulls up short - by the open door.

GILBERT: Oh, my lord!....

IRIS: (alarmed) What is it?

GILBERT: (slowly) I think - I've - forgotten the tune!

Iris looks at him horror-struck.

IRIS: You can't have done!

GILBERT: I have. Wait a minute - let me think.

He starts to hum a quite different tune.

GILBERT: That's not it, is it?

IRIS: No - that's the Wedding March.

Gilbert starts to try and hum the tune once more.

GILBERT: This is awful.....what are we going to do?

At this moment a piano starts playing the tune off. Gilbert and Iris turn swiftly and look at each other in amazement. They pass through the door into the room beyond.

566. S.C.U.

Iris and Gilbert come slowly in complete bewilderment into the room. They stand and stare as they see:

567. M.S. MISS FROY.

Looking very alert, seated at the piano, playing the tune. Mr. Callendar and another Foreign Office official are standing round at the piano, while another man is seated at a desk obviously transcribing the music, as Miss Froy plays it, phrase by phrase. THE CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY TO A C.U. OF MISS FROY. She looks up and gives a sweet smile towards Iris and Gilbert.

FINAL FADE OUT
