

REV. MARCH 5, 84

"THE MARVEL OF THE HAUNTED CASTLE"

Written By

X

LEM DOBBS

TEASER

A GREEN GARDEN

MORNING

Looks lush and lovely and peaceful as can be.
Cool crisp morning frost on the grass.

A rabbit appears - scampers across the lawn.
It pauses by a tree trunk to nibble at nuts on
the ground. The SOUND of running water can be
heard nearby. Everything is quiet and serene.

Suddenly the tree or a root of it or a branch of
it or something LUNGES at the rabbit! - almost
snapping it up - but the rabbit is too fast -
darting away - along a cobblestone pathway - toward
a puddle of water - so glassy still that the sky
is reflected in it - and the rabbit falls through
into the sky - as we fall with it - twisting and
turning and tumbling in the endless blue - falling,
falling, falling ...

We move in on one of the rabbit's eyes - closer, closer,
closer, until it's as big as the moon - until it is
the moon - and now something's moving into the brilliant
glow of it - a dark hulk - with the words "S.S. KHARON"
written on it - sliding by ...

X

OCEAN

NIGHT

1

A small, beat-up tramp steamer cuts through the dark waters. Few lights on. Silent.

ON A STARBOARD DECK OF THE SHIP

2

Cigarette smoke curls from around the corner of a bulkhead - and VANDYKE appears. He's an elegant European, looking faintly sinister in his immaculate evening wear. Seems to be following someone.

AT THE STERN END OF THE DECK

3

Shifty FREDDY PUTNEY, a Britisher, walks along, nervous, checking over his shoulder a bit. He goes up a companionway.

UPPER DECK

4

All quiet here. And dark. Putney looks around anxiously some more. Then looks around for a hiding place for something. Down a funnel. No. In a lifeboat. No. Behind a locked tool box bolted beside a doorway. Yes.

He takes a folded document from inside his jacket, shoves it behind the toolbox.

Vandyke's head peeks over the top of the second companionway that leads up here - the one on the port side.

5

Putney straightens up again, has another look round, seems slightly relieved of a burden, goes back to the starboard companionway.

6

Crouching on the port companionway, Vandyke turns, hearing approaching WHISTLING.

7

LOWER DECK

8

A FRIENDLY SEAMAN comes strolling along the port side, nodding hello to Vandyke in passing (Vandyke now innocently promenading). The seaman goes up to the next deck.

Putney comes down the companionway on the starboard side.

9

UPPER DECK

10

The seaman goes straight to the tool box and with a spanner starts bashing the bolts loose on it.

LOWER DECK

11

Putney, just in the shadow of the starboard corner, listens worriedly to the clanking sounds on that upper deck just ahead. He's sure that once again something has gone wrong in his life.

Vandyke, around the port corner, listens too.

12

UPPER DECK

13

The seaman has unbolted the tool box, now lifts it to carry away - and his whistling stops as he notices the folded document fallen to the deck, pages ruffling in the sea breeze. He puts the box down, leans to pick up the document - and someone hits him over the head violently.

CUT TO

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

14

Putting on a necklace before a mirror. MAGGIE. American. In her cabin. There's a KNOCK at the door. She opens it - sees the tray with a complimentary bottle of champagne on it.

MAGGIE

(looking up)

Oh, thank yo -

It's not the white uniform or face of a steward. It's the white US Naval officer's uniform and face of BARBICAN, a face she knows, a face that does things to her, things that at the moment she's not at all sure she wants. Her face registers in quick succession surprise, pleasure, anger. Anger is the one that lasts.

MAGGIE

You must be mad.

He brushes past her, setting down the tray.

BARBICAN

Only for you, dear heart.

MAGGIE

Where do you think this is going to get you?

BARBICAN

(smiles close at her)

America.

Cont.

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14 Cont.

MAGGIE

Get out. Get out and -

BARBICAN

Swim back to Morocco? We've been
at sea for -
(looks at watch)
five hours.

MAGGIE

This is -
(intolerable? outrageous? obscene?)
the worst thing you've ever done!

BARBICAN

The best.
(gives her a kiss before she can dodge it)
Just thought I'd let you know
I'm here. Always.

He leaves, shutting the door. She turns furiously to
wipe away his kiss, only smearing her lipstick. She
grabs the bottle to pour the contents into a glass and -

- the friendly seaman SUDDENLY appears outside her porthole! X
Dangling from the upper deck, his mouth open in a cry he
will never complete because whoever's still holding his
ankles up there now lets go and he drops out of sight down
to the sea. Maggie missed it all while she drowned her
drink. And the next thing she doesn't notice is Barbican .
appearing in the same porthole, directly outside it on
deck. He glances in at her, then at a ring he holds in
his hand. He thinks to himself, tosses the ring up and
catches it, and strides off. There's always tomorrow ...

CUT TO

THE BRIDGE

15

A needle charts the ship's course. A BURLY BRITISH SEAMAN
leans over it.

BURLY SEAMAN

You've made a mistake here, mate.

He's talking to JAKE ORWELL, a young seaman. Jake comes
over, doesn't know what the other is talking about.

Cont.

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15 Cont.

BURLY SEAMAN

That'll lead us right into a Jerry
minefield, we'll get blasted to
Kingdom Come. You wanna watch that.

Jake just stares at the needle.

JAKE

Yeah.

He's an American. The burly seaman leaves him staring.

CUT TO

THE DINING SALON

NIGHT 16

The few passengers and ship's officers just sitting for dinner. Putney and Vandyke find themselves located across from each other, a situation they both find awkward. Similarly, Barbican and Maggie find themselves too close for comfort. What follows, amidst a lot of "Ahs" and "Uhs" and "Ohs" is a quick game of musical chairs as everyone tries to find a seat to their satisfaction, Putney quite rudely shifting an elderly DOWAGER aside just as she was preparing to sit.

Resolved, Barbican and Maggie are on the same side of the table but with the PURSUR between them, with Putney and Vandyke likewise on the other side.

PUTNEY

(nods hello at Barbican opposite him)
Freddy Putney, we met on the quay.

BARBICAN

Ah.

PUTNEY

You're - Captain Barbican, was it?

MAGGIE

Commander Barbican.

PUTNEY

Oh, yes, so sorry - one's never on safe ground when it comes to proper forms of address. What exactly do you command, if you don't mind my asking?

Cont.

MAGGIE

Typists, isn't it?

Barbican leans forward to look at her. She ignores him, eating, as most of the others are doing, although there are subdued side conversations going on in various languages. The pursur offers Barbican the bread basket.

PURSUR

(in Norwegian)

Bread?

Barbican takes a piece, and reluctantly qualifies Maggie's answer.

BARBICAN

I've been attached to the American legation in Peking. Ordered back to Washington for reassignment.

PUTNEY

Peking? What're you doing in the Atlantic then? This is the long way home, surely.

VANDYKE

(with a glint at Maggie)

Perhaps this is the more ... scenic route.

PUTNEY

Scarcely the path of least resistance in time of war.

VANDYKE

And what were you doing in French Morocco, Mr. Putney?

PUTNEY

Business, Mr. Vandyke - very important business. My firm is a very important - supplier in this great conflict.

Vandyke smiles slightly at Putney's delusions of grandeur and turns his attention back to Maggie.

MAGGIE

(complies)

My family's lived in Morocco since I was a child. My father's a consular official. So you see, I'm another embassy brat.

Cont.

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16 Cont.1

Everything she says seems to be a barb at Barbican.
He's not thrilled.

VANDYKE

I too admit to a devotion for the
land of the Berbers. Had you not
seen it before, Commander?

BARBICAN

I was posted there once. Briefly.

That's all Vandyke wanted to confirm. Not to be outdone,
Putney interjects with his customary tact.

PUTNEY

And you're returning to Washington
too, are you, Miss Cross?

MAGGIE

No.

(very conscious of Barbican)
I'm not going that far.

CUT TO

DINING SALON

LATER 17

Cigars have burned low.

PUTNEY

Of course America will enter
the war. Can't let our chaps do
all the work. I expect the Yanks
will enter the struggle by spring.
Any advance word on that score, Commander?

Barbican is looking sourly into his whiskey glass, the
bottle drained next to it. He's not even answering Putney
anymore. Maggie is trying desperately not to notice.

PUTNEY

At any rate, the Germans are worried
- they're taking to desperate measures.
We "refugees" know that as well as
anyone, eh? The huns bombard the land
so we take to the sea - I had to leave
in an appalling hurry myself - no time
to pack any decent clothing - but I must
say the voyage is going jolly well, don't
you agree?

BOOM!

CUT TO

OCEAN

NIGHT 18

The sea is burning. Flames dance up into the dark sky. A dangling hand MOVES INTO FRAME. It's attached to Maggie, lying unconscious on a raft, her dress torn in intriguing places.

SPLASH! Vandyke has loomed up from the oily sea. He sits panting on the raft - and stares at Maggie in a rather oily way. He starts to reach for her - when there are cries from the sea.

Another man in the distance. Muffled shouts. He vanishes behind a wave. Vandyke hesitates just a moment, then jumps back into the water to go help.

It's Barbican. Vandyke helps him make the final stretch to the raft. They drag themselves onto it and collapse, Barbican absolutely winded. It's a moment before he can even lift his head - and notice Maggie. There is no disguising his instant elation - as Vandyke notices.

Barbican puts a hand to her forehead, sees she's OK, turns to look at Vandyke.

BARBICAN

Thanks.

VANDYKE

It was not altogether altruism that moved me, Commander Barbican. I simply recognized you as someone I could ill afford to do without.

Now Maggie starts coming to. Barbican helps her sit up. She opens her eyes groggily, sees him holding her, starts to show a similar expression of relief as he did upon seeing her, but then wakes up a bit more and retreats into an altogether cooler frame of mind, detaching herself from his grasp. She rearranges her dress as best she can. Barbican just sits there with his hands out and empty. Maggie looks around at the burning, churning sea.

MAGGIE

... Are we the only ones?

VANDYKE

So it would appear.

She now strains to be as polite to him as she is impolite to Barbican.

MAGGIE

I'm glad you could join us,
Mr. Vandyke.

Cont.

VANDYKE

(kisses her hand)

Charmed, Madame.

(removes his dinner jacket)

If this ever dries, it is yours,
my dear.

MAGGIE

I'm honored. Thank you.

Barbican looks at his own soggy jacket, wonders why he didn't think of that. Maggie looks away rather than look at him. The two men look away too. Their dirty faces reflect the intense glow of the windblown flames. Barbican, sour at his rejection, angrily throws a useless piece of wood over the side.

VOICE

Ow!

They all crane their necks, but can't see anything.

VOICE

Ahoy! I say, ahoy there!

They realize the voice is close and Maggie, peering over her side, finds its source - Freddy Putney - floundering in the water with a life preserver around his middle.

PUTNEY

Permission to come aboard!

VANDYKE

(aside to Barbican)

Oh, really - we needn't save him.

Barbican leans to help Putney up.

VANDYKE

(to himself)

But I suppose we must learn to
take the bad with the good.

Putney flops in a fat heap.

PUTNEY

Oh dear. Oh my.

They help him get the life preserver off. No easy task.

PUTNEY

I must say, I'd almost given up hope.

BARBICAN

This inspires a lot more, huh?

Cont.

PUTNEY

Well, for one thing, water has never agreed with me.

With that he's taken out an expensive flask and had a hefty swig from it. Vandyke watches expectantly - but Putney puts the flask away again. And now that his head is slightly clearer, he inspects his companions.

PUTNEY

Miss Cross - hello again.
Delighted to see you.

Maggie nods politely. Putney turns to Barbican.

PUTNEY

Ah - splendid - fancy meeting you here.

(his cheeriness is the opposite of infectious)

Our conversation needn't be interrupted even if dinner was, ha ha. Still, none the worse for wear, are we.

Vandyke has tried to pacify his thirst by taking a packet of cigarettes and a box of matches from his pockets. Both are, however, ridiculously soggy.

VANDYKE

I wouldn't jump to any conclusions.

Putney rubs his hands together, starts on at Barbican again.

PUTNEY

Well then - I take it you're in charge, Captain.

BARBICAN

(Maggie's rebuff has made him mean)
Of what - all the supplies we have?

PUTNEY

Really, I thought sailors
(indicating Barbican's sleeve stripes)
had an innate grasp of this sort of thing. Shouldn't we be navigating by the stars or something?

VANDYKE

We won't be navigating, my friend.
The wind is weak and we have no manner of steering this glorious vessel.

Cont.

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. 18 Cont.2

MAGGIE

There'll be another ship along
... won't there?

PUTNEY

(humphs)

If we're really lucky we might
incite another unprovoked attack.
We've probably still got torpedo
boats swimming underneath us.

BARBICAN

Is that what you think caused the
explosion?

PUTNEY

(suddenly defensive)

I'm sure I don't know what I think.

MAGGIE

(looks out to sea)

I think that steamer we were on
had seen better days.

(almost a sigh)

She was past her prime.

Her eyes come round to meet Barbican's. The first time
they've looked at each other since finding each other again.
And Putney and Vandyke exchange a knowing look themselves.

CUT TO

THE OCEAN

MORNING 19

The raft is now enshrouded by fog. After the ferocity of
last night, the silence is overpowering.

PUTNEY

An act of criminal barbarism,
that's what it was. We were an
innocent merchant ship.

The other passengers are becoming quite weary - mostly
of him.

PUTNEY

A useless old kettle like that.
I hardly consider tins of fruit
provocative cargo. Not so much
as a warning, can you bloody
believe it.

VANDYKE

What do you expect? The age of
chivalry is long past.

Cont.

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19 Cont.

MAGGIE .

That's certainly true.

Barbican is ready to hit her. Putney is looking suspiciously at Vandyke.

PUTNEY

My, we are sympathetic.

VANDYKE

I'm merely pointing out your naive view of modern warfare. I'm sure you would have sung God Save the King before commencing firing.

PUTNEY

Common courtesy costs nothing.
This is a damned nuisance.

VANDYKE

A shame you didn't go down with the ship - inconvenience wouldn't weigh so heavily upon you.

And he casts a glance at Putney's ill-fitting life preserver suggestive of cowardice and theft.

PUTNEY

Vandyke - that's a Dutch name, isn't it.

(Their bickering is only a ridiculous sidelight as the raft bobs in the misty void. What's really happening is that Barbican takes hold of Maggie's hand to warm it and looks in her eyes to try and elicit a warm response in return. She lets him hold the hand, perhaps simply to avoid an embarrassing incident, but doesn't return a look of any kind.)

VANDYKE

Yes, Mr. Putney - as it happens I am Dutch by birth - though what that has to do with -

PUTNEY

It's just that it's all very well saying one's Dutch, but in times like these a foreigner is in no position to cast aspersions on an Englishman, born and bred.

VANDYKE

(stands up shakily)
How dare you suggest to me -

Cont.

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19 Cont.1

PUTNEY

(also standing)

I wouldn't suggest anything to you -

VANDYKE

Why, you odious little man -

PUTNEY

I DEMAND you take that back!

They comically look like they might come to blows - pure affectation - but at this moment they almost lose their balance as the raft gives a violent lurch.

Jake Orwell has come aboard. Straight out of the haze. Sea water dripping all over his young smile.

JAKE

Sorry I'm late - my ship sunk.

And now the wind picks up, howling strangely.

CUT TO

OCEAN

DAY 20

The small party form a tattered tableau on their makeshift boat. The water shimmers enchantingly as incredible light breaks through the cloud formations above.

A wooden box has "PEARS" stencilled on the side. With great difficulty the top is wrenched off. A waterproof protective covering is revealed underneath.

The five survivors look at each other hungrily, then rip away the covering. But it's not pears inside - it's grenades.

BARBICAN

Merchant ship, huh?

PUTNEY

(the most distressed)

You might've seized a more appetizing picnic basket, dear boy.

BARBICAN

(glares at him)

You might eat one yet.

Putney scowls sheepishly and goes to sit as far away from Barbican as the raft allows. Maggie too is sitting as far away from Barbican as the raft allows. Vandyke retreats to a spot not close to Putney. And Jake keeps staring into the box of grenades as if unable to comprehend the cards he's been dealt.

(The box is clearly seen to be planted firmly within a larger section of wooden debris that would conceivably float)

X

Cont.

JAKE

I've been clinging to that for
dear life.

PUTNEY

It was your ship - I should think
you would've known it was carrying
contraband.

BARBICAN

This is the only ship we've got
left - dump 'em.
(an afterthought)
Carefully, kid.

MAGGIE

Jake, if we picked you up we must
still be in the shipping lanes.

JAKE

We never were.
(all look at him)
The ship was off course ever since
we left port. Kept veering off ...
in the currents.

PUTNEY

How is that possible?

VANDYKE

... Then we might be anywhere by now.

A question Jake decides to take as rhetorical - as he
crouches over the grenade box, blocking it from view,
while the others notice the way the light is spreading
out over the glassy water and listen to the tuneful
whistling of the breeze. Jake too looks up.

CUT TO

CLOUDS

MOONLIGHT 21

X

Clearing mysteriously, the raft revealed straight down
below, its haggard passengers sprawled asleep on it,
the sea around them beginning to ripple ...

CUT TO

REV. FEB 20, 1984

OCEAN

DAY

22 . X

It's day, but dark, almost black. They're in the midst of a horrendous storm, the travellers huddled down low in their increasingly flimsy float. Barbican is the only one trying to do something - trying to arrange a canvas over them as a tent.

PUTNEY

(to Jake)

Tell me, Mr. Orwell. What's a young American chap doing as a deckhand on a Norwegian ship?

JAKE

You've heard of running away to sea.

PUTNEY

I've heard of running away, yes.

VANDYKE

Honestly, Putney, it's your country that's at war, not his. -

Barbican can't believe they're having this conversation while he's struggling with the canvas flapping around his face. X

PUTNEY

As I said before, it'll be everybody's fight before long. And every man will have to do his duty.

(Jake makes a contemptuous grunt)

Is there something wrong with taking a stand in the world?

JAKE

In this world? You're better off out of it.

PUTNEY

Ah - I can see you're a visionary. No matter what a mockery the world makes of peace, you will be at peace with the world.

And he starts to take a swig from his flask - but Barbican snatches it - wipes off the nozzle - and hands it to Maggie. She has a sip, then passes it round, Putney looking a little feeble as everyone has their share. Jake is last before giving it back to Putney.

Cont.

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JAKE

Yeah, I'm a visionary. This
ain't the first time a ship's
been shot out from under me.

Spray showers over them. The light tumbles, getting clearer. They hang on, the sea bad, crazy, choppy. And then without warning a MASSIVE WAVE lunges toward them like a sea creature and WHOOOOOOOOOM! - their craft is carried on it like a surfboard - CRASH! - they all tumble - they've landed somewhere! And suddenly no storm. Dead silence. Weird, eerie twilight. They've all fallen right out of the raft onto the sand of this tiny cove - looking up now at - Jesus, what is it - something immense reaching up to the heavens - black and terrible - an enormous WALL - dark, jagged, giant towers and steeples jutting in silhouette way up there - some kind of bird SCREECHING and SWOOPING down from up there - all of it an instantaneous mind-boggling view! Where have they come to?

CUT TO

THE COVE

A LITTLE LATER

23

The five of them head up a rocky path leading up the incredible wall - leaving the lifeboat behind on the sand.

X

CUT TO

THE CASTLE

24

A black castle, of macabre aura, fantastic turrets, strange towers, eerie windows of all shapes and sizes, bizarre roof slopes and pinnacles and chimneys and gables, exuding magic and mystery and mayhem.

In the fading light the five come cautiously across the approach courtyard. Waiting for them is a gauntlet of statues, old, chipped, decaying. The travellers start walking past them. The sandblasted faces stare down at them, features obscured by time. Like towering chess men - knights, bishops, saints.

They walk through an entrance arch beyond the statue-lined path - then up a series of steps - that leads them right to the grand and solid front door - that stands open in a dark interior.

Cont.

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The travellers exchange apprehensive looks, then, watched by stone gargoyles perched above them, they go in. One after the other, disappearing inside ... eaten up ... swallowed by this gothic pile. And did one of those gargoyles just move ever so slightly?

INSIDE

25

Once entered, it's not so black. The glimmer of firelight draws them further in.

A LAMB TURNING ON A SPIT IN A FIREPLACE

Stops turning the moment they enter the big dining room it's in. Without their noticing.

All they notice is the food on a long table. They all rush for it. While he eats, Putney notices an unflattering reflection of himself in a huge mirror standing here. X
The door they came in by closes ponderously and slams shut - and a door on the other side of the room reciprocates by opening. The travellers view this with some suspicion and begin to wander over to the second door while they munch on food. The second door leads to stairs - a light glowing 26
around a corner at the top of them.

Barbican leads the way up.

PUTNEY

(surprising everyone)

Hello up there! Anybody home?

There's a landing where the front set of steps branches off into two flights. They take the one that leads to the light, all of them going around the corner. Immediately the light shifts from there to the opposite corner at the top of the second flight of steps and Barbican appears, the others following - an impossible turning for them to have made so instantly - as if the turning they went around and the turning they come around are the same turning! But that just can't be. They come back down to the landing where they started, a suit of armor standing guard there.

MAGGIE

How did ...

They look around, perplexed. The light shines up the first flight again. Barbican takes them that way again. Again they come right back down to where they started.

VANDYKE

I think we should leave.

Cont.

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26 Cont.

And as they're all feeling decidedly spooky, there seems to be general agreement. Back down the front flight of steps they go - only to reappear back down the second flight of higher steps, coming right back to the landing. That damn suit of armor seems to mock them.

And suddenly Maggie's hair ruffles in breeze - they turn. On the other side of the landing now there's an open door. ... Barbican starts for it.

THE ROOM ON THE OTHER SIDE

27

As they come in - Maggie's hair still blowing in breeze.

MAGGIE

There's a draft ...

(looking around)

... but we haven't seen any windows.

WHOOSH! A curtain billows. This is a room with a view after all. It's right behind Putney. The others swarm past him while he's still turning in dismay. They swipe aside the curtain - and Putney has to jump around behind them to get a look out at:

A truly dizzying view from an impossible height - down an endless gorge - clouds moving down there - a distant river glimmering magically far, far, far below. Wow.

The four of them jump back, absolutely bewitched, bothered, and bewildered.

VANDYKE

We're not that high up. We can't be.

But before further comment can be made:

JAKE

Barbican.

They all turn to him. He's opened another door in this room.

Through it is a view through many more doors. As in any respectable castle, one chamber leads into another - and another and another and another ...

CUT TO

THROUGH THE CASTLE

28

They wander. Through door after door, some open, some needing to be opened by Barbican as he leads the way ahead, through room after room, some lit, some in shadow - but each one just slightly, tantalizingly more inviting than the last - so they'll keep trying just one more.

Passing through one room, Putney finally flops into an easy chair, a trembling hand over his face.

PUTNEY

Barbican, we've been walking for an hour.

MAGGIE

It wasn't this big from the outside.
... Not this big.

They're scared. Barbican knows it. Suddenly a very distant sound causes him to turn - back the way they've come. Then a repeat of the sound. The line of doors they've come through stretches back to infinity - and the doors are now closing - one after the other - the sound was a slam and the slamming gets louder as the closing doors come faster and faster towards them. Putney's mouth starts to droop. The doors are slamming toward them, accelerating. faster. faster. faster - SLAM! - the door of this very room bangs shut, reverberating.

They're terrified. Finally Barbican walks to it, tries the handle. Locked tight. He shoulders hard against it. Still won't budge. He turns away - holding his shoulder - and keeps going - past the others' horrified looks.

PUTNEY

I can't go on - really I can't.

BARBICAN

Let's see if the rest of us can.

But before he gets to the next door there's pounding on the other side of it. Everyone freezes. The pounding continues. They wait. BAM! - the top half of the door smashes open! A strange-looking guy looks in at them. He's wearing a top hat. There's a little smile on his odd face. He reaches a strangely long arm over to unlock the door from the inside, turning a key. The little smile begins to open up, more, more, more - until teeth are showing - and more, more, more - the teeth becoming impossibly big and - BAM! - he's kicked open the bottom half of the door - with just one of the awful multitude of legs his lower body now displays - and just as many spindly arms! X

The travellers back off. The creature smiles wider and wider. And just as they realize that it's about to take a swipe at them - SWIPE! - the thing's hands are so big that it can clamp one around the entire waist of Vandyke.

The fight is on! Vandyke shrieks. Barbican takes the offensive, grabbing up a table lamp and swinging it mightily at the creature's head - but one of its arms darts out to deflect the blow, the lamp smashing over it.

Jake picks up a letter-opener from the same table in this cluttered Victorian room and moves forward in a crouch, weaving amidst the creature's swinging arms and legs, trying to get to the torso to stab.

And Vandyke is still shrieking - Putney cowering in the background is joining him - and Barbican is now wrestling with one of the arms - and Maggie doesn't know where to turn - so she turns to drapes, and thinks to rip them away from the wall to try and blanket the creature. Vandyke, being swung around the room, at one point finds himself being held directly above the creature's head. He pounds on the top hat - and Jake has made it to the torso - stabs up with the letter opener - the creature howls, drops Vandyke, easing its fight against Barbican too, who jumps up to finish the job of pulling its hat down over its eyes!

Blind, the creature wails and flings its arms all over the place, knocking every one of the travellers over, sending them flying across the room, furniture and bric-a-brac smashing all over the place.

How can they possibly defeat this monstrosity? But they must - and all at once they attack it again - just as the creature gets its hat off with a POP! And Maggie throws the drapes over it - and Vandyke knocks over a bookcase onto it, pinning a couple of its legs, forcing it to its other knees - allowing Barbican to jump on its back and get a hammerlock around its neck - and Jake breaks a chair over another part of it. But it's still no good - with an almighty movement the creature LUNGES UP, throwing everything aside again, jumping up to the ceiling where it clings, reaching back down at them with all its arms!

The travellers dodge around the room to avoid the clutching hands. SNATCH! - almost got Maggie there. SNATCH! - almost got Jake. They run around pillars in the room, players in this deadly game. The creature drops again, landing in a crouch, ready to pounce. Barbican runs in front of Maggie to shield her - the thing punches out at him - he reels into Putney - and the thing reaches for Maggie - she ducks - and Barbican tugs at the large floor rug the thing is on - it loses its balance, topples over onto its back, legs and arms waving around in the air.

Cont.

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28 Cont.1

Barbican notices the chandelier above its head now - grabs a poker from a hearth, swings it with all his might up there - the chandelier comes CRASHING down on the creature - setting him on fire!

The creature roars back onto its feet, flaming. It starts to spin, spin, spin - the travellers leaning back in the firestorm - spinning, spinning, spinning - it puts itself out!! Then stares at them blackened, but more vicious than ever. And Jake throws a heavy paperweight at it - the creature's head dodges deftly - the paperweight smashes through a window - the creature sneers more horribly than ever - starts for the final kill ... and pauses.

The breeze from the small round hole the paperweight made in the window behind it has given it pause. It shivers. Barbican realizes its Achilles heel instantly. He hefts an entire side-table through a window. Maggie with a cry of effort heaves a chair through a window near her. Crosswinds blow throughout the room.

The creature freezes. Starts to crack. Falls into a thousand pieces over the floor, joining all the rest of the broken glass, wood, china already scattered there.

And Barbican grabs Maggie's hand and runs, pushing the others with him, all of them just running from this incredible scene they can't possibly begin to comprehend.

A few rooms later they finally slow down and dare to look back.

PUTNEY

What was it, what was it, what was it! My God, we're rational people!

JAKE

Yeah.

(brushing himself off)

We got blown out of the water to get here.

BACK THERE IN THAT ROOM

All the pieces of bric-a-brac, broken Toby mugs, etc. start to reconstitute, start coming back together - to form not one - but many of the same creatures ...

CUT TO

A STAIRCASE

NIGHT

29

X

Barbican is going slowly up it. It's a frighteningly long and steep staircase. There is not a hint of what waits over the rim. The dark at the top is ghastly.

The others wait in a tense huddle at the bottom, looking up at him.

Barbican's hand sweats on the bannister as he nears the top. NOW -- a gust of air! and a sharp BANG! and SOMETHING is swept over the top step at him! He jerks back but doesn't lose his balance -- it's only a leaf. A small frail leaf, floating quietly past him now, down for the others to catch and inspect.

And Barbican is almost at the end -- he's about to see over the top -- he's holding his breath -- he makes the final steps, coming up onto the landing, and:

There's just a door -- banging open in the wind -- wind from the outside seen through it. The glorious bright outside. Barbican goes through the black frame out into the light -- walking to the wall of this rampart he's now on -- looking over at:

The grounds of the castle. An incredible labyrinth of breathtaking splendor, a spellbinding muddle of buildings, looking positively Lilliputian from this height. And for the first time glimpses of green and other vegetation -- strange gardens and arbors here and there in the phantasmagorical panorama. The wall behind Barbican is itself covered with creepers and vines, growing all around the black space of the doorway he came out of

BACK AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS

30

Maggie runs up to see what's become of him -- Vandyke reaching to stop her but not fast enough.

THE RAMPART

31

She comes out -- sees him -- he's moved further along the parapet. She's relieved first, then walks to him as if to chastise for leaving them in the lurch, then, on joining him, looks over the wall and finds herself as overcome as he is at the enchanting sight before them.

The breeze is heavy here. She shivers at it as well as at the landscape. He puts his arm around her, turns her to face him. She looks into his eyes, the wind whistling around them. He stares back at her marvelously.

MAGGIE

...There's nothing to say.
Absolutely nothing.

BARBICAN

Why don't you give me a chance.

She breaks away and backs away, astounded at him.

MAGGIE

I didn't mean us.
(gestures at the
amazing view)
How can you be thinking about us!

BARBICAN

It's all I think about. Nothing
more. Nothing less. I can't help
that.

MAGGIE

You can't help anything except
yourself. Everything's still a
game. It saves you the trouble of
having to make choices -- like the
rest of us do.

BARBICAN

(grabs her)
I came halfway around the world
to be with you again -- why are
you running from me?

MAGGIE

I didn't think you'd ever come back.
You can't just show up at my porthole
one day and serenade me like some
schoolboy and expect me to fall into
your arms again.

(weakening in
his grasp)

And then sulking in your cabin when
I didn't --

BARBICAN

Why were you goin' to New York?

Cont.

MAGGIE

I don't owe you any explanations.

BARBICAN

(grips her tighter)

Why were you goin' to New York!

MAGGIE (shows him the ring on her hand) X
I'm getting married in New York!

And she's broken away from him completely -- just as the others appear cautiously out of that grave of a doorway onto the rampart. One by one they line up next to Maggie at the wall, Maggie trying to shield her flushed face from them. But she hardly needs to do that -- they're suitably staggered by the incredible vista over the wall.

And further along, Barbican stands apart from all of them.

CUT TO:

AN OUTSIDE VIEW

32

An arched stone passage -- a bridge in the sky -- connects one wing of the castle with the next.

THE LOST SOULS

33

inside, coming along the winding hallway, arriving at the covered indoor walkway, their eyes wide open and watchful.

Barbican brushes aside the thick cobweb that covers the entranceway to the bridge.

They see more clearly now that things have gotten a little crumbled and rotted this deep into the castle. The roof of the bridge displays plenty of caved-in holes. Worse, there are gaps in the floor where stones have fallen through. All in all, it looks very tentative.

Barbican steps forward.

JAKE

He ought to go first.

Everyone looks at Putney. Putney is horrified.

PUTNEY

Me? Why should it be me?

VANDYKE

If it supports you, the rest of us will be in the pink.

Cont.

PUTNEY

No! I won't be picked upon.
You'd have a better chance if I went
last - what if it does collapse?

Barbican goes first. Putney looks relieved, though still shocked at Jake for bringing the notion up. Jake smiles at him.

And Maggie turns suddenly to look back down the hall. A noise has been heard back there. An unearthly noise. She turns anxiously back to look at:

Barbican - who put a foot carefully out onto the first portion of bridge. It seems to have remained solid enough. He proceeds a bit further, as the others watch.

And as they watch - they're stunned - because Barbican starts walking upside down - what looks like a deformed knot of stone in the middle of the bridge turns out to be just that - the floor following it around like a rollercoaster loop. But when you're actually walking it, you don't notice.

BARBICAN

(not looking back)
It's OK - c'mon.
(no response - as he balances
across a hole)
What's the matter?

MAGGIE

Nothing. Nothing at all -
you're doing fine.

Although to them he's still upside down. She looks at the others, shrugs, takes her heart in her mouth - and steps forward to follow - just as they all now hear the sound coming up behind them. The sound of something truly awful approaching.

Barbican is continuing on, coming off the loop now, as Maggie is coming up to it. And he looks back and almost faints when he sees her coming toward him upside down. She goes "Whoo!" with the exhilaration of it, arms out to her sides for balance, as she comes round the loop, across the ledge, and to his amazed outstretched hand.

X

Jake, Vandyke, and Putney are growing increasingly nervous, looking front and back..

And now the creatures appear back at the end of the hall! Loping this way, screaming and spitting.

That's it, no need to be convinced anymore - Putney starts for the bridge, but Vandyke yanks him back so he can go first.

VANDYKE

You wanted to be last!

And the creatures are comin' at 'em!

And Barbican pulls Maggie onwards, still a good deal of dangerous bridge to be crossed.

JAKE

(pushes Putney ahead)

Go on.

As Putney stumbles onto the bridge hastily, Jake checks over his shoulder. It's a long view down the hall, but the things are closing the gap - faster and faster.

Vandyke starts around the loop - his eyes squinting with fear. Behind him Putney manages to step over a dangerous hole, but then, straddling it with a foot on either side, he sees Vandyke start to go upside down and almost loses his balance. Finally he totters over the hole with a little shriek of terror.

And Jake - looks down the hall - the creatures are roaring along - almost here - and Jake slips a hand inside his beat-up leather jacket like Napoleon. Why?

And Putney runs around the loop to get it over with fast, actually overtaking cautious Vandyke. And Barbican and Maggie are almost across to the next wing when - VOOM! - suddenly the whole bridge is turning. Jake turns to see - and just decides to run the whole damn thing - into the revolving bridge tunnel, dodging dangerous holes like he was jumping hurdles - and the creatures have arrived! They crawl through a hole past the bridge entranceway, until they're swarming along the outside of the bridge, dipping arms through more holes on the way to try and snare people inside, everything turning upside down - and Putney screams as he's almost nabbed - and not just the bridge but the world turns upside down next - Putney falls out a hole into the sky! Barbican, still holding onto Maggie, makes a sudden reach for a handhold, but it's too late - the both of them fall out into the sky. And Jake and Vandyke.

The travellers are falling. But the creatures stay clinging to the bridge, howling and snarling and clawing the air nastily, their fangs dripping after the prey they lost.

And the world turns again! Now the travellers are falling toward green - springy vines they land in - except for Putney who lands in painful nettles.

When their heads stop reeling, Barbican notices a window at the end of the creeper-covered ledge they're on. He starts crawling through the network of vines. The others follow him, all climbing through the window.

CUT TO

OTHER SIDE OF WINDOW

34 X

They come into the hallway of some sort of apartment. Servants' quarters maybe. Jake, the last one in, locks the barred window behind them (it was previously open for them). Instinctively, Putney staggers into the first bedroom to crash face down on the big four-poster bed there without even taking off his shoes.

PUTNEY

(into pillow)

A dream ... all a dream.

Beat. He looks up, realizing he noticed something on the way in. Over on a chair his clothes are draped. Not the actual ones he's still wearing - but an identical set. Cleaned and pressed.

Still in the hall, Barbican is walking to the next bedroom, taking his shirt off.

35

BARBICAN

Everybody stay close - I don't
want any wandering about -

He sees the starched white naval uniform lying on the bed in there waiting for him.

As Vandyke in the first bedroom opens a closet - and his formal dinner wear is hanging before him in duplicate. On a second comfortable chair Jake finds a new set of his clothes too.

36

And Maggie hasn't noticed any of this yet because she's walked on to the third bedroom, rather in a huff that they should all, given the situation, want to flake out. Actually, she's the only one unaffected by the magical lethargy that's suddenly overcome the others.

37

MAGGIE

Well - if you think you can just
go to sleep, good luck to you.

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37 Cont.

But here in the third bedroom it looks cold and horrible. Awfully dark and scary. There's a closet here too, the door slightly ajar, a ghastly shadow streaking from it. There's a window, also slightly open, creaking back and forth. She's mesmerized by it, suddenly impressed by a terrible intimation of imminent violence, violence gathering its force, waiting to strike.

She moves closer toward the window - and JUMPS! - as a CRASH of thunder rings out! Rain starts to patter, then louder, like hail against glass. She's closer to the window - it's swinging more frighteningly - she's closer and closer and WHEW! - in one quick movement she's slammed it shut, flipped the latch, and run the hell out of the room - and she doesn't stop until she's back in Barbican's 38 room where she jumps onto the bed beside him and lies stiffly on it for a moment, the electric thunderstorm growing in intensity outside, before shutting her eyes tight.

Barbican opens his. Feeling her next to him, he smiles. And over the foot of the bed, his duplicate uniform is now X draped, right next to something she didn't even notice - a duplicate of her dress.

THE THIRD BEDROOM 39

At the closed window, lighting cuts jaggedly through the dark on the other side of it - and SOMEONE! suddenly drops into view! Upside down yet, his face grinning as X he looks inside the empty room.

OUTSIDE 40

This is ANGUS Mac OG, a devilish, devious little figure, getting soaked out here as he somehow clings to the wall. Now he walks backwards back up the wall of the building X to the top of this tower, where he flips right side up again and - ZAP, ZAP, ZAP - continues throwing lightning streaks across the sky. He's conducting this storm! And enjoying his mischief tremendously.

CUT TO

THE SECOND BEDROOM LATER THAT NIGHT 41

Barbican and Maggie are asleep on the bed - when the door starts to slowly open. Barbican sits up like a shot - watching it open further and further and - Vandyke appears. Barbican breathes a sigh of relief, and Vandyke gestures for him to come out in the hall. Barbican has a look at the sleeping Maggie and goes.

THE HALLWAY

42

Barbican follows Vandyke to the end where they can speak privately. Behind them the storm still rages out another window.

VANDYKE

X

Commander Barbican, God knows what has happened to us - I won't even begin to wonder - but I must now know for certain whether you were on our ship in an official capacity - or in pursuit only of, shall we say pleasure?

MAGGIE

We can say it.

She's here. Barbican frowns as is his way and turns back to Vandyke.

VANDYKE

You see, it's about Mr. Putney. He is a very dangerous man.

X

Thunder.

THE FIRST BEDROOM

43

Putney doesn't look very dangerous, snoring away on his half of the bed. Jake is asleep in the comfortable chair, his feet up on the second one. And - at the window - Angus MacOg appears, sideways this time. He peeks in, and smiles.

HALLWAY

44

Lightning throws fierce patterns over their faces.

VANDYKE

Mr. Putney is carrying something that does not belong to him - implicit in his attraction to that shabby jacket you have never seen him take off.

MAGGIE

I didn't think it was modesty.

VANDYKE

The night before we sailed, a British admiral in Morocco died of a stroke. He'd been waiting for translation of a certain document taken off a captured German U-Boat. In the morning I tried to stop its delivery, but was only in time to follow the fat oaf who did receive it onto his departing escape ship.

MAGGIE

What does Putney have?

VANDYKE

With itemized details and dates ... the German outline for an invasion of England.

Lightning and thunder. And in the flash of light Angus MacOg is glimpsed in the foreground, leaning casually against the rail of a little stairway leading down from here - then gone.

X

BARBICAN

Germany couldn't pull off an invasion - they're barely hangin' on.

VANDYKE

So are we. All they have left is the audacity of a surprise attack - all we have left is the hope of help - from America.

MAGGIE

A document like that - it could cast the deciding vote if it was disclosed.

Another flash of lightning - now Angus MacOg is in the background, draped in the arms of a statue of a woman.

X

VANDYKE

Yes! If America declares war before it's too late! Germany would think twice about risking her High Seas Fleet - which even now is being complemented by submarines recalled from the south.

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30

44 Cont.1

MAGGIE

(looks at Barbican now)
If an American took the evidence
back to Washington with him of
England's imminent downfall?

BARBICAN

(why is everything up to him?)
You want me to finish the race
for you? I didn't know British
agents were so generous

Lightning flash - Angus MacOg is posing in a shelf.

X

VANDYKE

I'm afraid I am only a cryptographer
in Allied service. I receive
dispatches in German cipher and
convert them to British cipher. And
I'm anxious to retrieve this
extraordinary one before it comes to
light that I lost it.

BARBICAN

What's that jackass doing with it?

VANDYKE

I imagine he's hoping to hold his
very own flea market in New York.
A ransom for a Doomsday Book! The
German consulate will bid generously
for its return.

Lightning flash - Angus MacOg is napping on the floor.

X

MAGGIE

But what's that jackass doing
with it?

VANDYKE

(slightly embarrassed)
He was given it by my courier.
Mr. Putney, you see, is a butler.
A butler given an envelope marked
Secret, access to our mutual and
suddenly deceased employer's code
book, and a lifelong aspiration to
be more than another man's servant.

JAKE'S EYES!

45

Open for a moment in the dark of the first bedroom. They
look at the window but there's nothing to be seen except
the rain droplets spattering the pane. The drowsy eyes
close again.

HALLWAY

46

The storm rages unabated. Each flash of lightning illuminates Angus MacOg in a new spot around the tense talking trio who remain oblivious to his playful presence. X

MAGGIE

So what're you gonna do - kill him?

VANDYKE

I am not a warfaring man! The Germans will probably see to that. Mr. Putney without his document is a cat without its claws - and as our reaching America is suddenly in grave doubt we must relieve him of it - now.

BARBICAN

We're not gonna do anything now except get outta here - 'cause I don't know if you're telling the truth or not now, do I?

VANDYKE

Mr. Barbican, I assure you -

MAGGIE

Yes - why would Putney risk a crossing to the States? Spain is a neutral country too - a German embassy there is a good deal closer.

Flash. Angus MacOg peeking through the railing below stairs. X

VANDYKE

He's risking nothing! The approaches to Spain are blockaded. He's putting as much distance as possible between himself and past association - of which I remain an unsuspected example.

BARBICAN

He might not suspect you, but I still can - until one of you tips his hand for sure. And I have a feeling this place'll see to that.

Cont.

VANDYKE

46 Cont.

If Putney stays with us that long!
He may decide to take his leave of
us - and then where will you be?
(to both of them)
Europe will fall to the enemy -
and the American cavalry who might
have arrived in time will be
blowing their bugle over a corpse.

Angry now, he walks away in a huff. Lightning reveals
Angus MacOg getting out of his way. Maggie looks dryly
at Barbican.

X

MAGGIE

You do have a way of winning
people over.

Barbican looks at her. She's supposed to be sound
asleep.

BARBICAN

What're you following me around
for?

He too walks off in a huff. Maggie scoffs at his
perversion of the facts.

MAGGIE

I'm following you around.

Angus flashes behind her. Some instinct makes her
turn around. Then she hurries off after Barbican.
And Angus illuminates himself without lightning to do it,
hops up onto the stair railing, and slides along it and
down the bannister, out of sight into the darkness below.

X

CUT TO

THE CASTLE

MORNING

47

Daylight has returned. Small comfort to those trapped
inside.

THE LOST TRAVELLERS

Outside, walking along a rampart, then across a ramp
right into the big gaping mouth of a gigantic statued
head. And just after they're all inside - CHOMP! - the
jaws of the head close.

X

INSIDE THE HEAD TUNNEL

48 X

They all look at each other - and then VOOM! - they all just drop out of sight! Falling as if down the neck of the head. And then - VOOM, VOOM, VOOM, VOOM, VOOM - all five of them slide in different directions, as if into the intestines - each of them zipping along separate chutes. Down, down, down they zoom, sometimes whizzing crazily past each other, spiralling all over the place and -

A BIRD CAGE

X

Sitting silently somewhere. . . We expect something to fall into it. But WHOOSH! - one by one the travellers shoot up out of the feathers covering the bottom of the cage. It's a huge cage. Up zooms Vandyke and lands with a splash in the bird bath. Up zooms Barbican and lands in the revolving wheel. Up zooms Jake, right to the top of the cage where he catches the bars and has to start climbing down. Up zooms Maggie - landing daintily on the swing. Up zooms Putney, who lands spluttering in the food bowl. Feathers flying all over.

J. HAMILTON HANCOCK

49 X

Standing startled on the interior balcony surrounding this lavish apartment of his - birdcage in the main room below. A mild-mannered man, up here at the moment with all his scientific gadgetry - astronomy stuff and so forth. A marvellous observatory dome overhead.

Now he hurries down the steps to go over to the birdcage. A massive wall of books is behind him. The place has the character of an abbey. On the far side of the room is a greenhouse. Hancock unlocks the door in the cage to let out his disgruntled guests.

They've picked themselves up and now step out decidedly warily into this fantastic domicile filled with all manner of odds and ends and fishtanks and eclectic furniture. There's even a pretty GIRL in a Victorian housemaid's outfit who also jumped back with a cry of alarm at their arrival, popping a hand to her mouth with the surprise of it all.

49 Cont. X

HANCOCK

Where are we!

And they all look at each other. Aren't they supposed to ask that?

MAGGIE

Aren't we supposed to ask that?

After his initial surprise Hancock is now withdrawing a bit.

HANCOCK

Er -- well -- we move around a lot. We float.

The travelers are coming further in.

BARBICAN

What floats.

HANCOCK

The island. It, uh, used to be a piece of Persia, but it cracked off into the Arabian Sea.

That didn't go over well at all. He decides the best thing to do is formally shake hands.

HANCOCK

Hancock's my name -- J. Hamilton Hancock.

Their limp hands barely respond.

HANCOCK

We're not back in the Bay of Bengal, are we? That's where I joined the party. Just in time too -- it went to bed under the Indian Ocean after that. Couldn't leave the house in eight years for fear of flooding.

His words of welcome have clearly been useless. The travelers are by no means at their ease. Hancock can only attempt an amiable shrug and a wobbly smile. He's no social lion.

HANCOCK

What do you expect from a haunted palace?

J. HAMILTON HANCOCK'S DINING TABLE

DAY

50 X

The nubile young maid serves a sumptuous meal. They're beside the greenhouse. Through the glass, outside, can be seen a lovely courtyard.

X

HANCOCK

You gave me quite a scare, really.
All I expect these days are more
of those goblins - would you pass
the salt, please.

(Maggie mouths to herself, "goblins")
It's the leprechauns I'm after.

(Maggie mouths, "leprechauns")
If you catch them they're obliged to
grant you a wish.

(an exhausted look at the maid)
I, uh, I caught one once.

The maid giggles.

MAGGIE

But that's ... folklore. Those
things are figments -

HANCOCK

Was it figments you ran into upstairs?
No, ma'am. Spirits, but not figments
- ghosts of the far-gone past.

PUTNEY

How can they be ghosts. Ghosts
are ... human.

Before he got it out, he realized it was stupid.

HANCOCK

Not when they're before your time.
Extinction claimed more than just
the dinosaurs, you know. But as
you're an authority on the subject,
you'll be pleased to hear that we
have all kinds here. Those who walk
through walls; those who walk into them
- those you can see through, those who
can see through you - mythic creatures
who came to haunt men's imaginations,
come here to haunt their souls.

Beat.

BARBICAN

Hancock, did you say you've been
here for twenty years?

His tone suggesting Hancock has gone stir crazy.

HANCOCK

Oh, I'm still a newcomer - she's been in residence for more than half a century.

They know who he means, but have to think about it a moment - before turning in their chairs for another look at the exceptionally well-preserved and sexy maid. And Vandyke looks around the old walls, the only one who rather believes what's happening to him.

VANDYKE

I suppose the Middle Ages had more reason for their superstitions than we give them credit for.

HANCOCK

There's a man with a head on his shoulders. Wish I could say the same for some others I run into.

(has a drink)

My wife's responsible, I'm happy to say.

Indicates a photograph nearby of the fat battle-axe to end them all - grimacing domineeringly, obviously loathe to have her picture taken.

HANCOCK

Forced me to take her on a cruise to celebrate our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. I celebrated by being sick over the side - so sick I fell over the side. I'm afraid I can't tolerate sea air.

BARBICAN

(wistful and ironic)

That's what I joined the Navy for.

HANCOCK

That's the rest of my brood - last time I saw them anyhow.

More photographs lined up - of eight wailing, dribbling, ugly BRATS!

HANCOCK

Used to be an insurance man in Boynsville, Ohio, east of Cincinnati. Now I'm a happy man in an enchanted castle somewhere east of everywhere.

Putney is still staring at the maid - now he turns back to Hancock and bangs his little fist on the table, rattling all the dishes.

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37

PUTNEY

50 Cont.1

(with astonishing shrillness)
Half a century my eye! It's
an INSANE ASYLUM!

CUT TO

BANG!

51

As a hatchway is slammed open. Hancock, carrying a lantern, leads his guests down steps.

HANCOCK

An asylum - that's how the castle began. An order of knights on the run from the Crusades built it as their sanctuary.

(arrives at the bottom of the steps)
And a refuge it remains - for the excess baggage of the afterlife. What is a ghost, after all, but a fellow who never got where he was going.

MAGGIE

Some fellows never do.
(wandering into this large and dim basement room)
The land of the lost seems to suit them.

HANCOCK

(quite intimidated by her)
Well - not so much lost as indefinitely delayed. You see - this is Purgatory.

All look at each other. Barbican is next down the steps.

BARBICAN

Just like Grand Central Station, huh?

HANCOCK

That's it! - a waiting room for the Great Beyond.

He gives Barbican the lantern to hold while he goes over to yet more chains and pulleys on the wall and starts fiddling.

JAKE

(nod)
We all miss trains sometimes.

MAGGIE

I don't.

HANCOCK

Yes - instead of arriving in the
Promised Land, or -
(a glance at sullen Putney)
wherever you were headed - waylaid
travellers find themselves trapped
within these walls - and nothing
to do but make the best of it.

All sorts of little apertures are opening. An intricate
system of latches and slots that cast light in from above
in shafts of varying fineness, dust swimming in the streaks.
And some of the small windows the light filters through have
been tinted, creating chromatic dispersion, glimmering
pencil beams of all colors of the rainbow. Vandyke and
Putney look at each other with - for once - a common bond
of fear and confusion.

HANCOCK

I've decided that the Great Plague
opened up this particular stop on
the line. After all, uh, it's
medieval, isn't it. Too much traffic
comes along, you're bound to lose a
few. ... Until you find them again.

SUDDENLY the travellers have a start. Just starting to
take shape in the strange twists of light and color - is
a ghostly figure.

HANCOCK

It, uh, it all takes some getting
used to, I know. It's upsetting to
find that death's door has holes in
it. Being displaced isn't always
good for the soul.

MAGGIE

(backing off)

And interrupted journeys make for
strange bedfellows.

BARBICAN

(still uptight about everything)
I'll say.

They're all watching in increasing wonder as the ghostly
image becomes more defined - and more mathematical rays
pierce through to the floor all around the room in dazzling
patterns, one after the other, one upon the other, from all
angles, until the whole room is a mass of crisscrossing
lines. They're so intently watching the single figure take
shape that the holy shit is definitely scared out of them
when -

A dark and wild Moslem warrior of the Middle Ages WHIRLS out of a cylindrical beam near Putney, charging straight for Maggie, a mighty axe held high, aiming to split her scull in half - and she screams, shutting her eyes - and the blow is delivered! - but it passes through her without injury!! And Barbican has lunged at the guy - but he tumbles right through the image - all the guy is, however real he first appeared.

HANCOCK

(laughs)

These ones can't hurt you. They're prisoners of the castle's past. It's the ones who came later you've got to worry about.

Putney shrieks - because the room is now ASWARM with medieval knights and warriors - all of them hazy and translucent now, but in partial color too - particularly the red of spilled blood. Ghostly demons of what was once here - the fiercest of battles.

Barbican sits where he fell on the floor, turning all around in bewilderment as the fight rages around him, the rays of light outlining the long-ago knights like sprinklings of dust visible in the atmosphere. A room of spectral effects to be sure.

And Maggie screams again and cringes! - a misty warrior has backed into her - over her - the knight that is his combatant swinging a sword. This time she dodges out of the way, crashing into Vandyke who's avoiding more hand-to-hand combat on his side of the room.

Hancock chuckles more and more, thrilled to be demonstrating his remarkable extra-dimensional camera obscura.

HANCOCK

(the ancient warriors passing through him)
What do you think of my picture gallery? Men and their crusades - nothing like a little carnage for stirring up the spirits.

Barbican at the foot of the stairs now - a killed knight coming tumbling down right at him! - and through him - as Barbican anticipates the collision and almost falls again.

Putney is trying to escape back to the stairs, running blindly through the labyrinth of kaleidoscopic gleaming, trying to squeeze between and around the light beams, dodging unnecessarily the fierce fighters in his path. Barbican punches to ward off two more opaque silver champions rushing headlong at him - his arm going straight through one.

Cont.

REV. JAN. 12, 1984

51 Cont.2

Maggie screams again - against a wall, hands covering her face - in front of her another 3D terror ripping a dagger through the air. The butchery becoming more crowded, the light show more dazzling. Jake is standing in a shadowed alcove, his hand up as shade from the flickering. Vandyke's eyes roll in their sockets. Putney jumps through a light beam. The upheaval increases - Barbican almost getting used to it now, not flinching as much. They all observe the horror of the phantom slaughter, Maggie now peeking discreetly through the fingers over her frightened face.

HANCOCK (CONT'D)

Keep an open mind - and you'll
never know what you'll find!

And as his speech has reached a crescendo, so does the battle royal. The bursts of ghost light discharge through the chamber so intensely that everyone is thrown to the floor in this final cataclysm - even Hancock, knocked on his ass, chuckling uproariously now. Whew!

CUT TO

OUTSIDE

DAY 52

With gorgeous lilac shrubbery a complimentary backdrop for her, Maggie sits down on a bench in this idyllic, silent courtyard within the walls of Hancock's wing of the castle. Barbican strolls around her. Her eyes slide that way, but she doesn't turn her head to follow his movements. Movements she knows are his prelude to further discussion of their condition - not the condition she feels is the appropriate one to be discussing under the circumstances.

JAKE

53

Sits alone elsewhere, on a wall like Humpty Dumpty, looking around this splendid place, meditating to himself.

ON A LEDGE HIGH ABOVE

54

Weird stone gargoyles sit sullenly. Moving along the line, the last is arrived at. It starts to crack. It breaks open like a shell. Angus MacOg is inside. He watches two figures stroll by below - Vandyke and Putney.

They walk aimlessly around Hancock's vegetable patch, both of them nervous.

55

PUTNEY

I don't like it, Mr. Vandyke.
Not in the least. I don't like
this place at all.

VANDYKE

(blissfully lights up a cigar)
Hardly an original conclusion.

PUTNEY

And a fat lot of good that
Barbican bloke's been.

He nods over where Barbican and Maggie are.

VANDYKE

He does seem remarkably preoccupied.
But I suppose that's his own affair.

BARBICAN AND MAGGIE

56

He sits down next to her. Looks at the engagement ring on her hand.

X

BARBICAN

Who is he?

And she stands up.

BARBICAN

What is he?

MAGGIE

He's none of your business.
He's in oil.

She herself realizes that sounds a little dreadful -- but before he can laugh outright she's turned round to face him again.

MAGGIE

Well you never asked me!

BARBICAN

...No, that wouldn't be my business.

MAGGIE

And what would I do with you -- sit around the polo grounds getting tipsy with the other officers' wives? With nothing better to look forward to than whatever rotten outpost you get transferred to next?

(turns away again)

All my life I've been stranded.

BARBICAN

Yeah -- it's hard to get back where you started out, isn't it.

She smiles pensively. He hit the nail on the head there.

MAGGIE

I can barely remember what America looks like. But I hope it looks like what I remember.

BARBICAN

(understands)

This man of yours -- he's fenced off a pretty piece of it, has he.

MAGGIE

Yes, it's pretty -- the way he's described it to me.

(looks at Barbican again)

But no fences for him. None you can see anyway.

The courtyard they're in is magical, birds -- or the ghosts of birds -- chirping around it. Romantic to an almost fantastic degree.

Maggie kneels by Barbican to make an earnest plea to him.

MAGGIE

It's no good being what you are, can't you see that? You're better than that. You're in the Navy and you let a desk in an office protect you from the elements. Well I'm not going to live a life of regulations.

(goes away again)

He's a Texas oil baron. He doesn't have to wait for two weeks' leave to start living. He champions causes that mean something to him.

BARBICAN

Did he sweep you off your feet or did you slip?

She walks off. Then runs. Leaving him alone again.

JAKE -

57

On his wall, as Maggie strides by, disappearing up some steps to a second, sheltered level of the courtyard. Now he turns his head to see Barbican coming this way too. But Barbican, looking determined, is heading back inside. Jake hops down to follow him.

INT. HANCOCK'S

58

Hancock looks down from his astronomical balcony as Barbican enters the large room below, with Jake in tow.

BARBICAN

Alright, how do we get off this floating circus?

HANCOCK

What do you mean, get off? You can only get off if you're still ali ...

(looks strangely at them)

Oh, my lord ... you're not - deceased, are you?

Barbican and Jake look at each other - and go up to join Hancock. To confront him, almost menacingly.

HANCOCK

No, you'd know it if you were.
(feels Barbican's forehead)
I should've known it. And you've been wasting time with me!

JAKE

(suddenly looks interested)
In limbo? How can time be wasted?

HANCOCK

When it runs out! I saw no reason to upset you further before - it wouldn't have made any difference. But now - if you don't belong here ...

BARBICAN

What do you mean?

Cont.

HANCOCK

58 Cont.

(jerks a finger meekly upwards)
I mean the powers that be have
finally found their lost sheep.
Tomorrow at dawn we give up the
ghost. We're being evicted!
(looks at them)
Odd that you should appear at
such an inopportune moment.

... or is it? He turns away with a shrug.

HANCOCK

Took them a few hundred years
to plug the hole, but what can
you do? All good things must end.

JAKE

How do you know that?

HANCOCK

There are those in this castle
with the power to know everything.
And secrets don't stay secrets very
long when the wind carries whispers
and the walls ... have ears.

He gestures to holes in the walls - speaking tubes from
one part of the castle to another.

EXT. HANCOCK'S COURTYARD

59

From the safety of a corner, a small furry creature of
obviously sweet disposition watches with interest as
Vandyke and Putney stroll (eyeing each other warily).
It nods its head curiously from side to side. Suddenly
Angus MacOg drops down behind the little thing.

ANGUS MacOG

(not loud enough for Putney
and Vandyke to hear)

Scat!

With a squeak the little thing darts off in fright.
Angus MacOg takes its place, continuing his spying.

INT. HANCOCK'S

60

Barbican leans toward Hancock as if about to bite.

BARBICAN

You're not dead either?

HANCOCK

(backing off)
I'm - honorary. I'm the
honored dead.

REV. MARCH 8, 84

60. Cont.

JAKE

If we're still here at dawn,
what happens?

HANCOCK

Things will be as they should.
The castle will be lost to time
and its inhabitants will - better
late than never - be sent on to
their final destination.

(turns up an hourglass)

They will no longer be ghosts in
our world. We will be ghosts in
theirs. Whatever it may turn out
to be.

BARBICAN

Yeah, well maybe I'm not ready to
get cast away any further than I
already am.

Hancock's hand shoots out, slams up a lever - a screen
rolls across the observatory dome - Barbican and Jake
avert their eyes as windows turn into mirrors and a
disc-like instrument in front of Hancock starts revolving
and shining light like some kind of projector, attached
to a tubular thing that looked like a pillar but is in
fact some sort of periscope going right up through the
ceiling. The darkened room has become a planetarium/
movie theatre - Barbican and Jake looking up now at a
visual overview of the castle grounds.

HANCOCK

(with a pinpoint spotlight)

You are here. The way out is
here - somewhere in the West Wing.
In between - the central citadel,
a castle in itself, surrounded by
a moat, one drawbridge in, one
drawbridge out.

BARBICAN

Now tell me the bad news.

HANCOCK

The central citadel is the Baron
Diaghilev's territory - and he
doesn't appreciate trespassers.
You won't get through.

BARBICAN

Maybe he won't be home.

REV. MARCH 1, 84

HANCOCK

There are powerful influences in this castle besides the Baron. He knows he's most threatening on his own ground.

BARBICAN

If we do get through, if we make it to the West Wing - will we find the way out?

HANCOCK

No. The West Wing is worse than the Baron. It's worse than your worst nightmare. Even if you did have directions -

BARBICAN

Can we get them?

HANCOCK

(paces)

There is a legend - of one who got out. Just one other lost traveller like yourself. He could tell you the way.

BARBICAN

Lotta good that does us - if he's living happily ever after someplace else.

HANCOCK

But he's not. You see, although I've never met him myself, those who swear by this fellow call him the Echo.

JAKE

The Echo?

HANCOCK

Echoes ... come back.

And his pinpoint light pinpoints another spot on the overview where the Echo would be. In between the central citadel and the dark zone of the West Wing.

CUT TO

EXT. HANCOCK'S COURTYARD

61

Barbican walks urgently past Putney and Vandyke.

BARBICAN

Where is she?

VANDYKE

Uh - having a bath, I believe.
(at Putney)

Let's hope it starts a trend.

And Barbican bounds up the steps to the second level of the courtyard.

There's an enclosed pavillion up here, the sound of 62
splashing water coming from within. Barbican pauses,
thinking about the woman in there - then he marches -
straight to it - slams open the door. Maggie gasps.
She's lounging in a grand, circular stone bath,
marvellous carved nozzles spouting water. And Barbican
just grabs her - lifts her right up out of the water -
and presses her hard against him - to kiss her for a
long time. And then with her now completely breathless
and weak at the knees, he lets her drop with a splash
back into the bath.

BARBICAN

(walking away)

We're leavin' in two minutes.

Slamming the door on his way out.

Maggie sits there dazed, looking at the closed door,
thinking about the man on the other side of it. And
that might be a drop of splashed water on her cheek,
or it might be a tear.

COURTYARD BELOW

63

Putney and Vandyke now pretend they weren't loitering
nosily as Barbican, the front of him wet from neck to
knees, comes back down the steps and walks right between
them.

BARBICAN

Let's go.

CUT TO

A WOODEN DOOR IN HANCOCK'S OUTER WALL DAY

64

Opens. Hancock peeks out. He ushers his guests out.
Barbican shakes his hand.

BARBICAN

64 Cont.

Thanks.

HANCOCK

Hurry up now - the dawn comes
at six o'clock tomorrow morning.

The travelers take their leave.

Hancock's place was high up. They're going down a
long stepped rampart now. Putney is looking around
as jumpily as ever, tugging at Barbican.

65

PUTNEY

Mr. Barbican, it can't be true,
can it. What does it mean,
nothing will be the same tomorrow?
It can't be true, this dawn
business, can it?

BARBICAN

(shakes him off)

I won't be here to see it.

Vandyke smiles slightly at Barbican's irritation.

VANDYKE

Time is indeed running out.

He gives Barbican a look to belabor the point. And
Barbican gives Putney a quick glance. Putney is still
wearing that shabby jacket of his, even if it is a new
replacement. And Maggie knows what Barbican is trying
to decide amidst all his other troubles. And laconic
Jake brings up the rear. As they wind around and down.

Behind them Angus MacOg swings on a rope or vine between
one high wall and another.

Jake looks back - but the view behind is now innocent.

CUT TO

ANOTHER PRECINCT OF THE CASTLE - DAY

66

Shadows thrown across the floor of the court from the symmetrically planted and tended trees that stand like thin pillars in it.

And now the legs of a white horse! As it trots into the courtyard, hooves clopping across the antique tiles that pave it, a sharp and solitary sound in the deathly quiet.

On either flank of the white horse is the leg of a man dressed in black. Long black boots in the stirrups. He remains unseen in his entirety.

The horse is reined to a stop at a rusty iron gate, the upper half of which swings open with a dreadful creak. Behind it in the gloom the gnarled face of a MAN can be DISCERNED, looking up at the RIDER.

MAN

Aye, Sir -- it's the West Wing
they're making run for. The
West Wing and cursed it be.
Five of them -- coming our way.

The Rider is still only SEEN below the shoulders, from a BACK ANGLE, the Man behind the gate beyond him in the dark. The Rider wonders aloud, and authoritatively.

RIDER

Interlopers -- at this late
date? Could it be an omen...

The Man behind the gate isn't sure whether an answer is required from him, and is far too terrified of the Rider to risk a faux pas, however slight. But he's made the right choice. The black boots of the Rider nudge the white horse away.

CUT TO:

AN UPSIDE DOWN ROOM

DAY

67 X

The five travelers passing through, walking across the ceiling. And after they're gone ... the pitter-patter of little feet following them ... that turn out, when seen, to be big feet, big flapping shoes clomping across the room after the travelers.

CUT TO

ALONG A HALLWAY

68

Come the five travelers, a door at the end leading outside again. Weapons are displayed on the walls here - old blunderbusses and pistols. Putney pauses to rest, looking at them as he mops his sweaty brow. The others don't dawdle with him.

AROUND A CORNER

69

Now we see little heads bobbing up and down as they follow the travelers. At the corner the lead one pauses, peeks around, sees Putney catching up with the others, going out the door.

EXT. PARAPET

70

They've come out into - snow. It's snowing out here! Maggie bends to scoop up a handful. Putney copies her and dabs his flushed cheeks with it. Maggie looks at her snowball, then up at the blue sky, the sun shining.

MAGGIE

Why doesn't it melt?

BARBICAN

Some things stay cold longer
than they oughta.

Giving her one of his frowns. Maggie hefts the snowball in her hand. Is she going to cream him with it?

Vandyke and Putney and Jake, as always, observe the twosome with interest - as they all move on through the blizzard.

And out the door after them ... come the followers. We've seen the feet. We've seen the heads. Now we see their full bodies. And that was their full body. Heads with feet under them. Little wobbly guys.

CUT TO

THE TRAVELERS

DAY

71

Coming down more steps, still through snow.

Higher up behind them, still following, come the little wobbly guys, their big feet skiing on the snow, some of them bumping into each other.

The travelers move across a dangerously slippery - as Putney learns when he almost goes over the side - rampart. And ahead are still more steps winding down.

They come out of the snow. Literally right out of it, as if through a curtain. Pausing in their descent, they peer over a wall at a garden party going on in a pretty lawn far in the distance, figures there playing croquet and picnicking.

MAGGIE

We'd better ask if we're still
going the right way.

BARBICAN

I don't wanna meet anyone I
don't have to.

71 Cont.

He leads them on down the steps.

While at the garden party, a woman takes a swing with her
croquet mallet, then turns around - and she has a frog face!

A TOPIARY COURTYARD

72

Hedges trimmed into animal shapes. The travelers come
down into it, walking on, the hedges leading them
unknowingly into a complex maze - as we see by PULLING BACK
- seeing the maze in its entirety - a massive pattern
that is itself a bizarre animal shape.

PUTNEY

(as they go on)

I hope we're not in for another
extended hike. I was never much
good at sports.

VANDYKE

With a bit of luck you'd lose
your voice and the journey would
pass more pleasantly.

JAKE

(still bringing up the rear)

Luck - no such thing.

VANDYKE

Ah, we're a fatalist as well.

Putney turns around to look miffed at Jake, then forward again.

PUTNEY

Young man, I've frankly been
irritated by your airs of superior
serenity since the moment we met.
It speaks to me of an indefensible
indifference to the fate not only of
yourself but the rest of us into the
bargain. Do you really not care about
anything at all?

Silence is the response. Too much silence. Putney turns
around again. So do the others. Jake isn't here anymore.

Jake's gone!

Cont.

The remaining travelers run around a bit looking - but all they see is that they're lost in a maze. How did they get themselves into this?

72 Cont.

MAGGIE

(around one corner)

Jake!

BARBICAN

(around another)

Jake!

Putney and Vandyke turning around looking. Vandyke calling through cupped hands:

VANDYKE

Orwell!

Only echo returns an answer. Jake has utterly vanished. Now the others are really scared. They quickly regroup before any more are lost - and suddenly there's all kinds of rustling in the surrounding hedges. They look back, and a hedge that was far is now near. They look ahead, and a hedge wall that was blocking their path now has a way through it. The maze is subtly shifting. A wind picks up - leaning into them - pushing them onwards. They come to deadends, turn away, turn back, and suddenly they're not deadends anymore. They're being guided as they run this way and that - and finally an open door appears to them in a hedge - and back inside they go.

INT. ROOMS

73

As they hurry through, then slow down. They're all looking desperately worried and scared and determined to get out now.

Barbican pauses to see them all through into the next room and check back the way they've come. Turning to continue, his eye is caught by a picture framed on a wall - an evocative seascape. It's a picture he clearly likes, though it inspires in him a kind of melancholy and longing. He follows the others - walking quickly to the front again, as duty requires.

CUT TO

FURTHER ON:

LATER

74

Vandyke stops.

VANDYKE

We're lost.

(as Barbican stops too)

Aren't we? We've taken a
wrong turning - it was the maze.

MAGGIE

That's not the only thing to notice.

BARBICAN

What?

MAGGIE

The rooms. They're getting smaller.

PUTNEY

That's absurd.

MAGGIE

That's absurd?

Putney looks troubled- as they all do - but not quite convinced yet of this new development, the room looking normal enough - except for the remains of food left on a table, the skeleton of a turkey.

CUT TO

FURTHER ON

75

Barbican bumps his head on the next door frame.

He glances at Maggie. She has one of those I-told-you-so looks on her face. But he's still not absolutely sure.

FURTHER

The rooms are definitely getting smaller. Same rooms, different sizes - and as they proceed, the food on the table builds, becoming less eaten, the turkey fleshing out - even as it gets smaller.

ANOTHER ROOM

As they come through, looking around. Smaller still.

ANOTHER

They're starting to bend lower as they go through doors.

PUTNEY

Stop!

They do. Putney drops to his knees. Having a nervous breakdown.

PUTNEY

We can't go on!

REV. MARCH 1, 84

75 Cont.

Maggie backs against the wall for support, trying herself not to lose control.

BARBICAN
(to all of them)
You wanna go back?

Vandyke, looking just as panicked, walks close to him.

VANDYKE
This can't be happening.
It can't be happening!

Barbican tilts down to look back the way they've come. Another door back there, as if to make fun of him, shuts of its own accord, lock clearly clicking. Barbican looks very tired.

FURTHER ON

They bend double to come into another room - the same table standing there, but by this time very much in miniature, places set on it, four little chairs - and the meal now complete and steaming - just served.

The four people circle around it, staring down it it, their backs scraping the ceiling. Barbican picks up one of the little plates, has a sniff. He picks up one of the tiny forks and starts stabbing at the food. Has a careful taste, then nods - it's not bad. He sits down on one of the little chairs to continue his meal.

Putney is scared speechless. Vandyke is almost overcome with claustrophobic panic.

VANDYKE
(smashing aside some dishes)
I won't give in to this!

But this outburst doesn't inspire even an extra blink from Barbican. Now that he's let it out, Vandyke becomes self-conscious and subdued. Putney takes over for him.

PUTNEY
... if you give in, you're done for.

Barbican stays calm, chewing carefully.

BARBICAN
The only thing you two seem to agree on is how to make me very, very edgy.

He's so calm he might be the next to explode. Putney looks nervously from Barbican to Vandyke. Maggie just watches Barbican.

VANDYKE

75 Cont.1

I'm sorry, Commander Barbican -
I thought you knew by now - a
leader stands alone.

But now ... Maggie goes to join Barbican at the little table. Sitting down, she tries a sip from a little wine glass, and she hums her approval of it.

CUT TO

FURTHER ON

76

Barbican crawls through a tiny doorway, crouches in the room he's come into, knocks aside some of the tiny doll-house furniture to make more room for the others, opens the next little door, peeks through.

NEXT ROOM

Barbican's arm reaches through to open the next door.

BARBICAN

His expression lights up - because so does this next minichamber. Its door is the last. Beyond it seems to be a hall of not only normal scale, but grand scale.

Vandyke's perspiring head appears beside Barbican's. He looks through the small opening ahead, then at Barbican.

VANDYKE

(more claustrophobic)

Hurry up. Please hurry up.

Barbican goes through the door he reached through and, tight squeeze, through the one after.

GRAND HALL

77

He comes out, standing and straightening up painfully. He's now in a wide, wood-paneled hall.

Maggie and Vandyke emerge from the miniscule door - Putney coming last and with the greatest difficulty - in fact, he's stuck. The others try to yank him out - when something yanks him from within!

X

INSIDE THE LAST TINY ROOM

78

X

Tiny people are scampering all over Putney's bottom half! Swinging around on teeny ropes, hammering his trouser legs and jacket hems to the floor, others in line tugging him.

GRAND HALL

79

The other team of this tug-of-war think that Putney is just too fat.

X

MAGGIE

Just breathe in!

X

But Putney shrieks, his face beet-red. Finally, with an almighty pull, Barbican, Maggie, and Vandyke manage to yank him out - all of them then surprised to see the tiny people yelling at them from the tiny door - which the tiny people then slam shut in disgust.

X

The travelers look at each other. Putney is calming down, a hand to his trembling heart.

BARBICAN

(to Putney and Vandyke)

We better now?

Putney and Vandyke glance at each other, rather embarrassed by the lily-livered way they've been behaving. And now through the French windows that line this hall Putney sees:

PUTNEY

A drawbridge! That means -

VANDYKE

We've found our way out!

BARBICAN

(holds them back)

It means we've found our way to the Baron Diaghilev - and that's someone I definitely don't want to meet.

X

SMASHHHHHHH!!!! Twelve mounted knights of the Middle Ages ride crashing through the French windows, charging this way.

X

BARBICAN

That way!

They're running across the hall to an exit that leads:

OUTSIDE

80

Into a courtyard. They run across it toward the drawbridge - the only way to go - and across it - only to see - more knights coming at them out of the center keep, a few savage Moorish warriors interspersed among their ranks, as ugly, vicious, and depraved a bunch as can be imagined. The clangor of the assorted armor they wear and carry is bloodcurdling.

The travelers try turning back again but - SLAM! - 80 Cont. down comes the portcullis blocking the drawbridge gateway - more warriors dropping down from the rampart above the portcullis where they worked the chain pulley to lower it.

Barbican leads his people to one side of this courtyard, through a doorway.

INT. STONE HALLWAY

81

Running along, they come to the entrance to a stair tower. Up they go, Barbican snatching a sword from another suit of armor that stands decoratively against the wall.

EXT. THE COURTYARD

82

Here come the cutthroats, the two groups of them meeting up to form one murderous pack.

THE STAIR TOWER

83

The travelers are running up, around the massive stone center pillar.

THE STONE HALLWAY

84

The chasing villains rush to the stair tower, starting up, a truly obese knight in the lead.

X

BARBICAN AND COMPANY

85

Around and around and around they go, ever upwards on the endlessly spiralling steps.

Not far behind come the ferocious marauders, chasing hard, shouting war cries, the obese knight huffing and puffing.

X

THE TOP

86

Is finally reached, Putney spilling out onto his hands and knees, gasping, Vandyke lifting him up still on the move. This really is the top. The darkening sky of approaching night is above them now, no ceiling ever having been completed here. And now the obese knight appears on the steps right behind Barbican! He lifts his equally immense sword over his head to bring down on Barbican, but by now he's so exhausted from the climb that the weight of the sword causes him to topple backwards!

X

THE STAIR TOWER

87

The knights still on their way up stop as they hear the shocking racket coming their way - whatever it is it's something to avoid - and they all start knocking each other over in the frantic hurry to rush back down.

THE OBESE KNIGHT

X

THUNDERING down around the spiral steps toward them! Armor crashing and denting at every step, tumbling over and over.

WHILE AT THE TOP

88

Barbican is pulling his party onwards, up out of this derelict section, onto proper castle rooftops.

THE STAIR TOWER

89

The villains are crying and yelling in their haste to escape from this circular trap.

BOTTOM EXIT

90

The first and luckiest of the cutthroats come barrelling back out into the stone hallway.

THE STAIR TOWER

91

And right behind the unluckiest of them appears the obese rolling knight. Both he and them disappear around the next bend of the stairs - to the sound of horrifying, shattering, clanking, crashing screams.

X

CUT TO

THE CASTLE ROOFTOPS - EVENING

Barbican and Maggie are in the lead as the travelers clamber across, around steeples and spires and chimney stacks, in the dangerous and mystical twilight.

PUTNEY

struggling to keep up. He stops again to gulp some air, placing a hand against his overexerted heart, where he thinks to pat his jacket to make sure the familiar crinkle of the document it carries is still to be felt there. It is.

VANDYKE

(pauses to look
back at Putney)

I wouldn't dawdle if I were you --
we've already lost one at the
back of the line.

That perks Putney up as much as anything -- he's soon gone past Vandyke. Vandyke frowns knowingly and follows after.

BARBICAN AND MAGGIE

peer over an edge -- a long drop to a raging torrent of a moat far below. A little too far to jump -- even if they wanted to.

VANDYKE AND PUTNEY

following. They're one roof dip behind Maggie and Barbican -- who just disappeared over the top of the next roof slope.

PUTNEY

Snatched out of thin air like
that -- what d'you think happened
to him?

VANDYKE

I'm trying my best not to think of
such things.

BARBICAN

Clambering up the next roof slope -- when -- ! A KNIGHT!
LEAPS over the rim onto him -- and they roll back down.
Maggie screamed at the same time and fell back -- as another warrior comes flying over and past her without seeing her dropped there.

And Barbican landed on top of the first guy when they hit the flat part and has immediately landed about eight punches to his face to put him out of commission -- and is now turning round -- just as the second guy is in midlunge with his sword. And Barbican rolls out of the way -- so the second warrior stabs the first instead -- Barbican rolling all the way to where his own sword fell -- terribly near the edge of this roof.

The second warrior withdraws his sword from his companion - who ages about five hundred years instantaneously and pops away in a puff of ghost dust. And as Barbican turns to get up, the other guy is already looming above him, about to deliver a fatal sword slash for sure this time - nowhere for Barbican to roll now but over the edge - when an almighty sudden shove from the sidelines knocks the villain himself over with a scream.

X

Barbican breathes relieved - while Maggie brushes her hands together proudly and cocks her head at him.

And the villain who fell lands in a courtyard below, flattening right up into himself like a brick - then rocketing off into the sky and exploding in a shower of fireworks over -

97

X

- the travelers who are on the run again, Vandyke and Putney having joined Barbican and Maggie from over the ridge of the previous slope - noise of pursuit now heard from back there because -

98

MORE BREASTPLATED MARAUDERS

On their trail again!

THE TRAVELERS

Escaping as fast as they can. Not so easy to do on dark and complicated rooftops they're not familiar with.

THE CHASING CUTTHROATS

Know these roofs much better than their prey, running fiercely.

THE TRAVELERS

99

have to cross over a not very wide beam.

THE CHASING KNIGHTS

100

The three in front, one a dark tribesman, knives clenched between their teeth, are really showing off, leaping over gaps that Barbican and friends took time to go around.

THE TRAVELERS

101

going as fast as they can, their pursuers vanishing out of sight behind them, then reappearing, as everyone dips and rises over the strange and complex configurations here at the top of the castle.

THE CHASING KNIGHTS

102

The three sprinting barbarians ahead of the rest are really catching up now. Cutlasses and sabers glint.

MAGGIE

103

Her foot cracks through a soft spot. Barbican pulls her out and:

THE LEAD WARRIOR

104

Leaping over the very last rise. This time Barbican manages to lift his own sword fast enough for the terrifying marauder to land on it with an awful groan, but can't get it out again before the next guy is flying toward him. Instead he's able to grab the first guy's cutlass to fight the second off with.

The first teeters with the sword in his middle. A single X crack develops from it - right up and down him - and he splits in half, the two sides falling away from each other.

THE BACKUP KNIGHTS

Getting closer.

MAGGIE

105

On the verge of the very next rise - the biggest slope yet - looking back anxiously to see Barbican duelling with that barbarous villain. And as she watches, there is something more in her expression than simple fear - there is the swashbuckling glory of Barbican's performance - the bravery, the skill, the daring - the heroism.

And Barbican wounds his opponent fatally. Consequently, 106X the warrior blows up like a balloon and POPS.

Meanwhile Vandyke and Putney have been defending themselves 107 against the third warrior - their combined terrified frenzy blinding him with blows, causing him to stumble, then trip, X then fall from this high roof to a lower roof where he's impaled on a steeple, then starts spinning around it, up it, off it, and into nothingness.

Up the next rise the travelers all start. 108

THE OTHER KNIGHTS

109

Leaping over previous slopes.

THE TRAVELERS

110

Seem to be losing more than they gain as they try to ascend across loose slates that cause them to slip right back down.

And the knights are right behind them now.

And they manage to reach the top.

Another of the knights takes a blade from between his teeth. His arm arcs back to throw it.

Cont.

As the travelers are now wobbling like tightrope walkers X
where the roof comes to a point, making for the next
tower window just three steps away.

The knife is thrown.

It thuds into the wall about an inch from where Barbican's
ear just was - and he's lifted Maggie up into the tower top
through one of the open arches that go right round it.

INSIDE 111

Maggie helps Barbican climb in. And both Barbican and Vandyke
have to try to hoist Putney up.

ANOTHER KNIGHT 112

has a bow and arrow -- aiming right at Putney's dangling
backside. The arrow is let fly!

PUTNEY 113

One-two-three -- up and over he's pulled! -- the arrow
ricocheting off the wall where he just was.

BELL TOWER 114

Like the top of a lighthouse, but with a big bell instead
of a light in it. And unlike a light, a bell -- they see --
has ropes attached.

THE KNIGHTS 115

coming up the steep slope to the bell tower.

THE TRAVELERS 116

starting down the two bell ropes. Barbican and Maggie on
one (Barbican still has the cutlass, slipped through his
belt). Putney and Vandyke sharing the other.

THE KNIGHTS 117

The first of them make it to the top of the slope and start
teetering toward the tower.

THE TRAVELERS 118

Long way down.

TOP OF THE BELL TOWER 119

The first of the knights climbs in. Bell clanging.

BOTTOM OF BELL TOWER 120

The rope ends dance about as -- still far above -- the four
figures dangle.

THE BELL TOWER

121

The knights are cutting the ropes. On the plus side, one might suppose that their swords and knives aren't as sharp as when they were first forged ... and the ropes are thick.

The travelers might still get near enough for a fall the rest of the way not to matter much. But they ain't there yet.

The ropes are being sliced. And in his eagerness one knight X leans too far - and falls to his doom - melting along the way, his face distorted into a slimy scream as he falls past the dangling travelers - and splatters into a puddle on the floor far below.

And the travelers are trying not to burn their hands going down too fast, though they must be getting blistered anyway - and Barbican looks down - at some more knights looking up! Just arrived down there, one of them stepping X into the puddle of their late companion.

All the way down the side of this bell tower are narrow arched embrasures, casting in last dusty rays of dim daylight. Barbican swings over to one, hearing water outside. He looks out -- at the moat. The rounded bell tower they're in forms a corner of the outer wall that surrounds the castle center, itself surrounded by the moat. The cascading moat at the bottom of the bell tower outside. The knights at the bottom of the bell tower inside. Here's a choice for him. He holds the rope taut, waiting for Maggie to come down it to join him in the embrasure window.

Vandyke, above on the second rope, sees what Barbican has done and does the same to another open embrasure, holding his rope so Putney who's still coming down it will come to him. On his way down Putney get a glimpse out another embrasure as he passes it, the high view dizzying him. The plan is now to jump, and he's not thrilled with the idea.

PUTNEY

No -- no!

VANDYKE

(reaching to pull
him over)

Yes -- yes!

And the knights at the top of the bell tower are frantically cutting the ropes -- and the first rope snaps! Maggie is almost lost -- but she's just arrived at Barbican's embrasure and he grasps her in with him not a moment too late. They hug together in the narrow opening.

Putney's rope is cut next -- he starts to fall -- but Vandyke has a good grip on him and yanks him into their embrasure -- where there's not enough room for the two of them -- so Vandyke just lets himself fall right on through -- pulling a shrieking Putney after him.

They fall the still considerable distance outside into the rushing current of the moat.

Barbican and Maggie, embracing close in their own small archway, look at each other -- and together tip over and out.

THE KNIGHTS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BELL TOWER 122

disgusted at losing their prey again. One -- the one who earlier was glimpsed behind a gate -- goes outside to:

THE WHITE HORSE AGAIN 123

The black Rider upon it, only the lower back of him seen as his Man peers up at him.

MAN

They've got the Devil's luck,
My Lord.

The Rider is heard to give a small chuckle, philosophical.

RIDER

Very good. We still have time
on our hands.

And his black boots nudge the horse away.

CUT TO:

THE ROARING MOAT 124

The four travelers are swept along in the water.

THE TRAVELERS 125

rolling over and over in the rapids.

BARBICAN 126

is able to stop thrashing about just long enough to point ahead at a likely landing spot that is fast approaching.

Maggie nods and starts swimming for it.

Vandyke steers that way. Putney tries to.

THE BANK 127

The ground is sloped smoothly enough here for them to get handholds. Barbican arrives first and waits to pull Maggie out with him. Next comes Vandyke. And here comes Putney, tumbling towards them like a berserk barrel. Vandyke and Barbican look at each other...

VANDYKE

This time we could save the
jacket and spare the man.

...But Barbican reaches out to seize the floundering Britisher.

THE TRAVELERS

128

climb out of the moat and flop onto the bank exhausted.
Vandyke is the first to look up to see where they are now.

VANDYKE

(a long moan)

Oh no.

The others look up.

MAGGIE

(as if things aren't
bad enough)

...a graveyard.

CUT TO:

THE NIGHT SKY

129

The moon and the stars glow eerily.

THE GRAVEYARD

130

In a word...spooky.

THE TRAVELERS

131

making their way through. Hoping they will. At every step
every aspect of this place leads one to expect that something
will JUMP out.

As they walk the four are huddled together even closer than when
they were on the life raft. Doing their best not to shudder.

The graveyard is overgrown and unkempt. The graves are
overcrowded and unbalanced. The thin cobblestone footpath
they follow, twisting and turning, has moss and weeds flowing
between the cracks.

The path turns a corner ahead. Tall tombs on either side
block the view on the other side. They go around and --

BOO! A ragged old SCARECROW! hangs there. Staring at them
through fierce painted eyes. After recovering from their near
heart attacks, the travelers move past it.

They're going up a little hill now. A weeping willow sways on
the ridge. There are murmurs in the high grass lining the
pathway.

Down the other side they come now - more graves on either side - a gauntlet for them to pass through. They move past the first few headstones when -

A VOICE FROM BEHIND

Good evening!

They all jump again and turn. Back at the first grave there stands ... its occupant. A skinny old man - transparent and glimmering - holding a jug.

THE GHOST

Won't you share a drink with me?

BARBICAN

(edges his bunch on)

Keep going.

They turn back to do so - and now the way ahead is filled with glowing ghostly figures - all standing or sitting by their graves.

BARBICAN

Keep going.

Now the oncoming ghosts are urging the travelers to stop too - all their strange voices and accents and languages starting to overlap, the beckonings of the ones behind fading as they're replaced by the pleadings of those still to come. Maggie even has her eye caught by an actually rather handsome, though transparent, fop of a Parisian who speaks French at her as he tries to charm her. It's such a convincing appeal she responds with a sorry shrug and shake of the head before it occurs to her that the correct response should be one of shock.

And the ghosts are starting to physically overlap each other X now. What began harmlessly now seems to be getting dangerous. Putney cringes back horrified as a grotesque washerwoman reaches out at him. The ghosts are crowding, pushing, surrounding. Barbican stays stoic, moving them forward, eyes flicking around.

BARBICAN

Almost there.

There's a picket fence and gate up ahead that marks the boundary of the graveyard.

Now suddenly graves start opening up in front of them! X
One after the other, all over. They almost fall. And the ghosts are closing in more horribly than ever - to the point of touching - which reveals that they're not simple images this time - they're made out of cobwebs! The travelers have to tear through them to get by! And they're massing all over now - not just front and back, but climbing on top of each other to crawl above the travelers, and winding through their legs under them, trying to topple them as they negotiate narrow ledges between open graves.

. Cont.

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131 Cont.1

And a grave opens up in front of Maggie - she falls into the blackness with a cry - then reaches her hand up to Barbican to pull her out - he reaches back - and suddenly the grave is filled with reaching hands - which one is hers? Vandyke and Putney join in - all grabbing hands and pulling - and most of the hands pull them back, trying to yank them into the grave too - until Vandyke makes contact with the right hand, pulling Maggie up, and Barbican grabs her wrist to help and they get her out and continue forward - but the weight of the massed ghosts is pushing them to the ground - it's a sea of ghosts and they have to swim through it - as if through a jellied solution - Putney hating to have to part some guy's face with his hands to get through.

They're nearing the gate, but like quicksand, they might be overwhelmed. The ghosts are slowing them down, clutching, gripping. Barbican knows it's up to him to make the most headway. Almost there. Just a little bit more. A little bit. Putney is almost lost, Vandyke is almost suffocated, Maggie's dress is dragging her down, even Barbican now can barely reach out - fingertips straining - to touch the gate. He opens it, pulls himself out - and the others follow - all of them gasping as they come out into the fresh air on the other side of the fence - the ghosts left wailing in the graveyard, flickering in the dark there like jack-o'-lanterns.

CUT TO

X

DEEPER INTO CASTLE GROUNDS

EVENING

132

X

Another gust of wind brews up for a moment and the bushes of a rose garden brush aside to show a glimpse of -- a body.

Maggie exclaims with a short intake of breath. And Putney -- after seeing for himself -- laughs.

PUTNEY

It's just another scarecrow --
fallen over.

And he gives it a kick -- waking it up! Startled Putney hides behind Barbican while THE GROUNDSMAN stands up from the soft overturned earth of the flowerbed where he's been napping. He yawns, and rearranges around his shoulders the sack he was using for a blanket. He sees the reaction he's caused -- even though he isn't transparent.

GROUNDSMAN

No, I'm not part of that lot.

Nodding off down the hill where those other ghosts are -- who X can't be seen anymore but whose glow still permeates the sky.

GROUNDSMAN

Poor fools -- they never had
freedom of movement like the rest
of us. The misfortune of dying
on the premises to begin with saw
to that.

He resumes his work, taking up a shovel for more digging.

GROUNDSMAN

Neither one place nor the other.

The travelers watch him work.

BARBICAN

Like us.

GROUNDSMAN

You'll be the new arrivals.

Cont.

Barbican with resolve walks closer to the man, looking him squarely in the eye.

BARBICAN

Departures.

GROUNDSMAN

Ho-ho -- through the West Wing,
I suppose.

BARBICAN

(nods)

We're looking for someone who
knows the way through. He's
supposed to --

GROUNDSMAN

I know, I know -- he couldn't stay
away. The Echo...

(chuckles leeringly)

Neither would I, knowing what
brought him back.

(pushes past them to
peer mysteriously

into the gloom)

You haven't seen any Frenchies,
have you?

BARBICAN

Any what?

GROUNDSMAN

Frenchies -- from the
Napoleonic Wars -- they've been
stealing my cabbages.

MAGGIE

(getting him back
on the track)

Are we going the right way?

GROUNDSMAN

It's a mortal strange thing you've
prospered this far.

(cranes forward again)

Do ye thirst for communion with
demons?

Barbican backs off, the man's breath nothing to get more than
an introductory whiff of.

VANDYKE

We're quite getting used to them.

Cont.

The Groundsman looks at him sadly, knowing that Vandyke doesn't know what he's talking about.

GROUNDSMAN

(points)

Follow the stream then. All the way to the end. And I'd go no further if I was you.

BARBICAN

(adamantly starting off again)

Only to the West Wing.

GROUNDSMAN

You're better wanting it than finding it. There's madness in the West Wing. Madness above all.

MAGGIE

Who should we say sent us?

SUDDENLY a black bird swoops right past them -- and lands upon the Groundsman's shoulder. The Groundsman tips his hat.

GROUNDSMAN

I'm the Groundskeeper.

He turns back to his digging and starts whistling a tune. Then he looks up.

GROUNDSMAN

Oh, I forgot to tell you. You mustn't linger. Those who stop by the stream --
(turning around to them again)
-- never leave it.

But they're already too far away to hear him. He shrugs and continues digging.

CUT TO:

THE STREAM

133

trickles throughout these lush gardens, still clearly within the castle precincts.

Cont.

THE TRAVELERS

133 Cont.

following the stream, walking very wearily, but forcing their tired legs to keep going, one foot after the other. Too tired and benumbed at this stage to even discuss anymore what they've been going through, each of them pondering their fate to themselves.

FURTHER ON

134

Maggie watches Barbican, walking ahead of her.

MAGGIE

Wait a minute.

They do.

MAGGIE

(to Putney and
Vandyke)

Not you.

Vandyke and Putney look at each other smirkingly and roll their eyes at all this love nonsense. They keep going. .

Barbican looks at Maggie, waiting to see what she's up to.

She leads him just the other side of a tree so Putney and Vandyke can't see them should they happen to look back. And there she kisses him like he kissed her. Passionately. Thrillingly. For the longest time. 135

Meanwhile...BRANCHES of the tree ! -- above them -- start to close in -- like a giant hand about to clamp over them.

The kiss is still holding.

The leaves of the tree are trembling with the excitement of their imminent catch.

Maggie pulls back from Barbican.

MAGGIE

I'm still gonna see Texas.

And she goes after Vankyke and Putney.

Barbican stands there more in need of a cold shower than ever. If he stands there much longer his entanglements will be more than romantic. The deformed boughs are stretching toward him. He goes after Maggie. The tree clasps down over nothing.

BARBICAN AND MAGGIE

136

walking.

Cont.

MAGGIE

I loved our time together. But that's what it was -- a beguiling interlude. Like this one. I hope to wake up from both.

He stops her again.

BARBICAN

If you didn't want me to follow you onto that boat you woulda broken the news of your little engagement a helluva lot sooner.

MAGGIE

I never know what you'll do! You turn up out of nowhere and chase me onto ships -- you're reckless and irresponsible and completely ...unpredictable.

Mesmerized by the severity of his gaze:

MAGGIE

What reason did you ever give me to make me think I'd ever see you again.

BARBICAN

I told you.

The trees seem closer together. Now roots slither snakelike across the darkly shadowed ground, interlacing, thick in places, spindly and twisting in others, heading for where Barbican and Maggie stand.

MAGGIE

You told me, that's right. You told me like you just hopped off a merry-go-round and thought you might bump into me again at the fair -- like any other outgoing sailor.

Barbican rips the insignia off his shoulders and offers the bits of cloth to her. She is startled by the suddenness of the gesture.

BARBICAN

I just resigned my commission.

Here come those creeping roots.

MAGGIE

Don't do that for me.

BARBICAN

It's what you want.

MAGGIE

It's what you have to want - for
more reason than a beguiling
interlude.

They're about to get their legs grabbed by those worming
weeds. The roots are juuuuuuust about to brush against them.

BARBICAN

I told Vandyke this place would
see him and Putney unmasked one
way or the other. Looks like it
got to me first. You were right
... I've been boxed in for a long
time.

(looks about)

Here's where I fight my way free.

But what about her, his tone implies? And he starts to
be the first to walk away this time - but she holds him
back.

MAGGIE

You think I'm marrying the first
man who made me an offer, don't
you? For the convenience of it.

BARBICAN

Nah - you're better than that.
Must be for more reason than a
ticket home.

He's got her number. He drapes the badges of his ex-office
on her shoulder now - and goes, pulling up some roots that
his shoe accidentally got entangled with - he thinks. And
Maggie takes off the badges to hold in her hand, but still
shouldering the burden all the same as she thinks things
over - and just as the slithering roots touch her she
starts to follow him - but she's trapped - there are roots
already attached to her shoe - she cries out - Barbican
turns, comes back, tries to pull her free - while the thing
grows more and more - and more foliage starts to move in.

Just when it seems Maggie might as well resign herself to
turning into a tree - SNAP! - Barbican finally manages to
break her free - and off they go - the forest swaying after
them.

They run past the walking Putney and Vandyke. Those two
wonder what's up now, look back and - horrors - the whole
forest seems to be reaching for them - trees that were
once people, once animals - who lingered.

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136 Cont.2

It's a chase through the forest now, roots trying to trip up the travelers - tree trunks springing at them - swooping in - arm-like branches trying to snatch them.

But they get through, running into:

A DARK TUNNEL

137

And they come out into:

CLOISTERS

138

Where Angus MacOg leans under the colonnade. Beyond, through the stone arches, is the most glorious of gardens, fabulous flora abounding.

ANGUS MacOG

(and this time they can see him)

Wipe your shoes.

There's a big mat at the tunnel exit. They do as they're told - and all the roots they were trailing and grass clinging to their shoes is cleaned away.

Cont.

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138 Cont.

And Maggie - jumps back suddenly! Something has WHIZZED past her face. Her face spins to follow it. Sees it alight on a ledge. It's a tiny shiny elf or pixie or sprite or some damn thing.

Whatever it is, while the travelers are still staring at it in a rather baffled way, a couple more have zoomed a circle around them, and another has raced across the floor ahead of them.

The travelers are frozen, waiting for something more to happen. But the whizzing things seem to have no purpose other than curiosity. More and more keep appearing from all over - until the garden is absolutely brimming with them. Some are buzzing around from plant to plant, pollinating. Others are marching up and down under the direction of a little drill sergeant. Elsewhere, there's a little band playing music. Others are gardeners, trimming individual blades of grass. And now here come the wobbly guys with the heads and feet and nothing in between. It's an all-star cast - with the superstar about to make her appearance ...

There's a marvellous, luminous fountain in the middle of the garden, lighting up the place. Glowing, colored, fountain water twisting up slowly, separate streams revolving around each other, the sparkling water showering up but not falling back again, simply evaporating into the air. And now a mysterious outline is forming in the vapors - and a woman of spectacular BEAUTY emerges from the water! Coming this way.

BARBICAN

I think I see why someone would come back.

He also sees Maggie jealous of that opinion. But it's too late to retract it - the beauty is here before them. Eyes like jewels. Tinged, though, by an essence of superiority, of regal remoteness, of inordinate power. She's a dangerous attraction.

There's a sound near her - another elf, the top-ranking one, has sat himself on the branch of a tree. He's her attendant, his little legs swinging over the side, dressed flamboyantly in white tie and tails, holding a small cane. He is LAWRENCE, and no bigger than Tom Thumb.

Putney and Vandyke are about to have a seizure. Barbican and Maggie just stare at the vision of a woman.

BEAUTY

So - we've been discovered.

CUT TO

THROUGH HER MAGICAL GARDEN

NIGHT

139

Beauty is walking with the travelers. Lawrence the head elf flits about near Putney and makes him nervous.

BARBICAN

He's here then. The Echo. He's been expecting us?

BEAUTY

It seemed likely. As you prefer to leave things behind you.

X

VANDYKE

The things we've seen here, I shouldn't wonder.

X

Beauty pauses. They're in an area of ancient ruins, the stone having strangely crystalized. Beauty points across her grounds, toward some sort of grotto.

X

BEAUTY

If it's the West Wing you truly want then - that's the way to it.
(looks back at them)
But it's been years since he went that way. I don't think he'll be able to help you.

X

MAGGIE

We'd like to see him anyway - if you don't mind.

X

Beauty smiles enigmatically, glances up the mossy steps that lead to a higher level of the ruin.

X

BEAUTY

I wouldn't all troop up there at once. He's not fond of crowds.

Barbican immediately looks at Vandyke and Putney, and they know - grudgingly - that they're to stay here. Barbican and Maggie go up.

Beauty looks a little disdainfully at Putney and Vandyke - as if she knows everything there is to know about them - and wanders gracefully away. They're rather disconcerted. They start to wander about themselves.

THE MOSSY STEPS

140

X

Angus MacOg leads Barbican and Maggie as they reach the top. Maggie looks at Barbican, trying not to giggle at this odd guide of theirs.

GROUNDS OF THE GARDEN BELOW

141

X

Putney strolls. It's a warm night. He mops his brow with his hankie. Then he takes off his jacket, drapes it over the back of a crystallized bench. Now he hooks his thumbs in his suspenders and snaps them back.

Sitting on a wall nearby, little Lawrence clicks his tongue somewhat bitchily at Putney's poor taste in clothes.

Putney looks at him, then down at his suspenders, then back at Lawrence, then around in general to check if anyone's watching - then with a THWAK! of his hand he slaps the little man right off the wall.

PUTNEY

(walking away)

Bloody fairies.

Now another magical firefly of some kind whizzes nearby, going around a hedge. Putney is distracted enough to go investigate ... and Vandyke ... peering around a statue ... looks at the jacket left unattended.

RUINS ABOVE

142

X

Angus MacOg has brought Barbican and Maggie to a pretty cleared spot. Then they look around - and he's gone.

THE CRYSTALLIZED BENCH

143

X

Vandyke has skulked over to the dinner jacket. He lifts it up carefully and reaches for an inside pocket.

PUTNEY

What're you doing?

He's come back from another direction.

PUTNEY

(coming closer)

What're you doing?

VANDYKE

(backs off, hand still in jacket)

I was -

RUINS ABOVE

144

X

Maggie's ear has been alerted by the urgent talking below.

MAGGIE

Listen.

She parts some bushes, Barbican joining her. They have a sightline to Putney and Vandyke in the garden below.

X

THE GARDEN BELOW

145

X

Vandyke still backing off.

VANDYKE

I was just taking back what you stole.

Now Mr. Putney really is hot and sweating.

RUINS ABOVE

146

;

Barbican and Maggie listening to the muffled conversation.

PUTNEY

What d'you mean?

147

THE GARDEN BELOW

:

They've both stopped in their tracks now.

VANDYKE

I mean, Mr. Putney, that you are a traitor to your country.

And with a flourish he's withdrawn the incriminating document, flipping through its wrinkled pages covered in typed numbers.

VANDYKE

I make good durable copies, don't I? If it was in ink your disloyalty would have been waterlogged before now.

PUTNEY

(sneering now he's been uncovered)

Disloyal, am I? To England?

RUINS ABOVE

148

X

Barbican and Maggie are listening in.

PUTNEY

149

(scoffing)

What has merrie England ever
done for me?

Barbican and Maggie look at each other.

150

BARBICAN

Sonuvabitch. Vandyke was right.

THE GARDEN BELOW

151 X

And now Putney is advancing again. He actually looks menacing.

PUTNEY

It's Germany that's building a new
empire. A man can make something
of himself in Germany. You don't
have to be born in a - castle!

Vandyke backs away around the hedge where that firefly went. X

VANDYKE

(waving document)

As long as you can buy your way in?
They'll slit your stupid throat as
a reward.

PUTNEY

I don't mean to give it up as
easily as all that.

RUINS ABOVE

152 X

Barbican and Maggie can't see or hear them anymore.
Barbican runs across to another side.

THE HEDGE WALK

153 X

Vandyke has paused at a well that sits here. A wishing well.
Now he's found something in the other inside pocket of Putney's
jacket.

VANDYKE

And what's this?

He draws out a pistol -- an ancient pistol -- one Putney must
have taken from that hallway they passed through earlier.

VANDYKE

Really, Mr. Putney -- you're
becoming quite a kleptomaniac.

Putney rushes him. They struggle. The pistol drops. The
document drops. The jacket drops. And ultimately -- Vandyke
drops -- down the well where Putney's advantage in weight has
pushed him.

VANDYKE

154

falling, feet in the bucket, hands grabbed to the attached rope that's slacking off now at a tremendous rate.

ABOVE

155

Putney quickly gathers up his jacket, document, and pistol -- and runs, across the garden, toward the back where Beauty indicated. The wheel of the well is losing its rope rapidly, the handle spinning around in a blur.

VANDYKE

156

falling deeper and deeper and he looks down and -- there's an EYE the size of Cuba down there!! Blinking at him -- getting bigger and bigger -- waiting to devour him. He screams.

RUINS ABOVE

157

Barbican screams over his side of the wall over at the hedge area.

BARBICAN

Vandyke! Putney!

THE WELL WHEEL

158

The rope is almost gone. The handle is spinning crazily. Then it stops. With a jolt it just stops.

VANDYKE

159

looks down, wondering what snag is keeping him from the evil eye below and certain doom. And now the bucket starts slowly moving again -- but up.

THE WELL WHEEL

160

turning the other way, winding the rope up again. The handle turns all by itself...

...but there's Angus MacOg -- yards away -- pointing his finger at the handle -- the finger revolving!

RUINS ABOVE

161

Maggie Sees Putney cross into her view as he runs away in the garden.

MAGGIE

I think the bubble just burst.

VANDYKE

162

emerges up from the well. He climbs out. Angus MacOg raises his eyebrows at him.

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162 Cont.

ANGUS MacOG

He went that way.

Vandyke is too flummoxed and shaken to know how to respond. He just mutters something incoherent and hurries off the way Angus MacOg indicated.

RUINS ABOVE

163

X

Barbican is back with Maggie. They see Vandyke running the way Putney went.

BARBICAN

Damn.

But now there's a noise - they turn to see who they've come to have an audience with.

JAKE

Walks in.

JAKE

Hi, gang.

(almost smiles at them)

So how d'ya like it so far?

CUT TO

THE GARDEN

164

Vandyke peeks over a hedge - sees Putney scampering away like the white rabbit in Alice. Vandyke climbs over the prickly hedge to follow him.

RUINS ABOVE

165

X

Jake is as cool as ever. Barbican and Maggie aren't.

JAKE

I didn't even know I was the Echo
- how about that? I wound up my
own myth.

MAGGIE

You could've told us the way out
all along.

JAKE

No. I wouldn't remember the West
Wing unless I saw it again. And
I'm not gonna see it again. I've
been a long time tryin' to find
my way back - I'm stayin' put
this time.

BARBICAN

Can she help us?

JAKE

(not even sure)

Sometimes I think she's a
witch.

Barbican and Maggie look at each other.

JAKE

But even she's got no pull in the
West Wing -- and she's not about
to help you get me there again.
You looked into those eyes,
didn't you.

He stares over the wall. Beauty is there in the garden now, X
looking back at him from afar, knowing that Barbican and
Maggie are trying to get Jake to leave again, not wanting
him to.

MAGGIE

Didn't you even recognize
the way we came in?

JAKE

(shakes head)

Last time a ship of mine went
down I thought I was goin'
right down with it -- till
I woke up - right here.

He turns with a shrug.

JAKE

Soon as I knew where I was I
gave you the slip. With a
little help from my other...
guardian angel.

He puts the flat of his hand out to indicate the short stature
of Angus MacOg.

JAKE

I still haven't figured that
guy out.

Cont.

MAGGIE

I haven't figured you out.
You just decided to leave
us to the lions?

JAKE

Nothin' I can do for you
here.

BARBICAN

What'd you do to bring us here.
Maybe it was more than fog that
took our ship off course.

JAKE

Only people who ever find
this place are people who're
off course. But I didn't do
a thing. Not a thing.

(can't help
looking over that
wall again)

Except come to know where I
was meant to be.

X

Beauty isn't out there anymore.

JAKE

Wasn't me brought us here.
She may not have pull in
the West Wing -- but she
sure had me on the line.

(looks up
at the sky
now)

And just enough time to
reel it in.

AT THE END OF THE GARDEN

166

Putney enters the grotto.

X

THE GROTTTO

167

X

Statuary surrounding it. And steps at the other end.
Leading down. Putney goes that way. Then stops. Looks
behind him. Quiet. He keeps going.

IN THE GARDEN

168

Here comes Vandyke. Carefully following.

RUINS ABOVE

169

X

Jake leans against the wall. Maggie nods over it.

MAGGIE

(trying insult on him)
Those eyes? They're as cold as
yours. I can see why you were
made for each other.

JAKE

Yeah. She's a ghost. And I...
(bitter smile)
I was probably no worse off
thinkin' it was all a dream.

MAGGIE

(tries appeal)
Take us out, Jake. You know it's
not a dream now. I'm even starting
to believe it myself. There's
nothing holding us here -- except
you.

JAKE

Can't wait, can you.

BARBICAN

Six o'clock won't.

THE GROTTO

170

X

At one point Vandyke stops abruptly and looks suspiciously at one of the statues. He may already have racked up too many haunted house stories. He shakes his head, thinking he ought to know better, and continues on - and the eyes of one statue do move back and forth.

RUINS ABOVE

171

X

Jake's coming dramatically closer to them.

JAKE

What did you leave behind.
The whole world is at war. In
China there's civil war. In
Ireland rebellion. In Mexico
revolution. In Russia there's
gonna be another one.

(very close to
them now)

Why do you want to go back there?

He does have a point. Barbican has no answer for him. But Maggie...she's got one...it's just that it's been taking her a while to come to it.

Cont.

Her hand ... moves to take hold of Barbican's. But her eyes don't leave Jake's.

MAGGIE

(tries compassion)

... Why do you want to stay?

Barbican looks at her, and squeezes her hand tighter.

JAKE'S FACE

Looking at her. Love is the only thing he's no longer cynical about.

DISSOLVE TO:

BEAUTY'S FACE

172

Watching ...

Jake ... leading Barbican and Maggie across the garden. 173

Jake looks over his shoulder back at her. Barbican and Maggie too, hoping he's not going to change his mind now.

THE GROTTTO

174 X

Vandyke pauses at the top of the natural limestone steps that lead down underground. Suddenly Putney lunges at him from the side, trying to hit him with the pistol. Vandyke deflects the blow. They struggle violently. Then Vandyke slips, dropping to one knee - and Putney steps back - his face almost distorted now from fear and frayed nerves - and he points the trembling pistol straight at Vandyke - and shoots.

THE GARDEN

175

Barbican and Maggie run toward the grotto.

Beauty turns sadly away into trees.

And hesitant Jake turns from looking at her to follow Barbican and Maggie.

THE GROTTTO

176 X

Putney.

Scurrying away down the limestone steps - on his way to the West Wing.

JAKE

177

Coming into the grotto, going over to the top of the steps to join Barbican and Maggie crouched over Vandyke's quite dead body.

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177 Cont.

BARBICAN

Our Mr. Putney has more sides to
him than we thought.

Jake looks questioningly at them.

CUT TO

UNDERGROUND

178

X

Putney hurrying along like a sewer rat. He's in
the depths now.

CUT TO

THE BOTTOM OF THE LIMESTONE STEPS

179

X

Faced with a choice of two alternate tunnels.

JAKE

(looks from one to the other)
The West Wing is so old
it's buried. It's the
underworld - that's why no one
comes here.

X

BARBICAN

You came here.

X

Cont.

JAKE

I don't remember!

MAGGIE

Can we spare the time to make a mistake?

JAKE

I wouldn't recommend it.

BARBICAN

Recommend something.

JAKE

I'll know if I go far enough.
You go that way -- if I don't
catch you up in fifteen minutes
you catch me up.

MAGGIE

What're we looking for?

JAKE

The West Wing was sealed off
-- I bashed a hole in the wall.

He runs off down one hallway. Barbican and Maggie take the other.

CUT TO:

BARBICAN AND MAGGIE - LATER

180

Coming into a new chamber. And there it is. The hole in the wall. It does not look inviting beyond. They go closer.

MAGGIE

I don't think I want to go
in there.

They hear footsteps. But it's not Jake who enters. It's Putney. He's surprised to see the others here ahead of him. Barbican keeps himself in check -- and tries to approach Putney.

BARBICAN

We -- wondered what happened
to you.

Putney avoids him -- they're turning circles around each other.

PUTNEY

Uh --

(gulp)

Where's Mr. Vandyke?

Cont.

BARBICAN

Vandyke? Weren't you with him?

They've reversed positions completely. Putney is nearer the hole in the wall. Barbican is nearer the doorway they came in by. Maggie is standing beside it, watching them.

PUTNEY

No -- I thought I'd just -- go exploring a bit. While I was waiting for you. Got lost.

He tries to smile, nervously. Barbican is still trying to come closer to him, also a little insincerely -- something Putney is picking up on as he continues to back away. And -- unseen to Barbican -- the pistol is stuck in the back of his pants.

PUTNEY

You know, don't you.

BARBICAN

(smiling innocently)

Know what?

Now Putney chuckles. He's really flipping his lid.

PUTNEY

The document. The bloody document.

BARBICAN

(coming closer,
friendly)

What document?

The pistol! Putney has drawn it -- pointing it at Barbican. Putney's hand is shaking. The pistol -- two-barrelled -- is quivering dangerously.

181

Maggie is frozen at the doorway as she watches the confrontation. So she won't notice when -- BEHIND HER!!! -- a frightful warrior suddenly looms! Half of his skull is visible where skin has peel'd away, his mass of horrid teeth sneering silently at her as he prepares to strike, his evil hand reaching...

182

Barbican and Putney are looking each other straight in the eye. Putney about to faint from anxiety. His finger tensing on the trigger of the trembling gun. The trigger is about to be pulled -- SCREAM! From Maggie, whose mouth is then muffled by the evil hand of the evil knight as he pulls her away with him.

Cont.

And Barbican and Putney have turned to see -- and now Putney escapes through the hole in the wall -- and Barbican turns to see him go -- then turns to see Maggie already gone -- and he starts forward after her -- but now the doorway is darkened by a new terror -- the sudden loud appearance of -- the white horse with the black-clad Rider on it -- about to be SEEN in full now --

RIDER

(still just a
voice)

And behold a pale horse...

Barbican gaping. Up. At...

A headless horseman. The BARON DIAGHILEV. Blood still seeps discreetly out of his open collar. His head is carried in a custom-made leather pocket strapped to the saddle on one side.

BARON

And he that sat upon him
his name was Death!

The head smiles. Laughs. The body raises one hand defiantly while the other hand reins the horse away.

Barbican stands there. Maggie snatched. Putney on his way out. And -- CLICK -- a clock in here -- as if to mock his situation -- strikes a new hour.

DOWN A CORRIDOR

183

Jake dodges into an old door frame's shadow while the huge scull warrior goes by, Maggie draped over his monstrous shoulder. The Baron on his white horse gallops frighteningly by a moment later. Jake peeks around the corner - and sees them disappear into a secret passageway through a sliding wall panel.

X

CUT TO

JAKE AND BARBICAN

184

Meeting up in the corridor, Barbican just coming out of the chamber where the entrance hole to the West Wing is.

JAKE

You found it.

BARBICAN

So's Putney.

JAKE

(stopping him)

What happened - where's Maggie?

THE SECRET PASSAGEWAY

185

X

The Baron and the scull warrior with Maggie are heading back toward the castle center.

BARBICAN AND JAKE BACK IN THE CORRIDOR

186

Jake wants Barbican to be sure he knows what he's doing in his agitated state. They talk quick:

BARBICAN

Putney's lost in there - he won't find the way out.

JAKE

I did - and you told me what happens if he does.

BARBICAN

Are you really giving a damn about the world?

JAKE

The world you miss so much is gone like this one if Putney lets the wrong people win it.

BARBICAN

Well maybe I don't care anymore either. Maybe I'm better off like you.

JAKE

If you know what you're doin', do it ... but don't be like me.

CUT TO

THE SECRET PASSAGEWAY EXIT

NIGHT

187

X

Barbican appears out of another secret door in a wall - looks at where he is. He's in the arched tunnel between the portcullis and the drawbridge of the center keep's west side (crosses and tomb markers visible across the moat in the distance - the graveyard).

Barbican walks under the portcullis, back toward the center tower, back into the Baron's territory.

X

CUT TO

INT. THE CENTER TOWER

188

Barbican appears over the top of some steps, and stops.

REV. JAN. 30, 1984

The Baron Diaghilev sits before him, his head held in a special leather pouch on his forearm like a prize falcon. The head mocks Barbican.

BARON

Look at this. A brave man.

Some of his warrior knights stand around looking dangerous.

BARON

Welcome. I am the Baron Diaghilev.

Barbican comes closer.

BARBICAN

Why.

BARON

Why did I take her? To save my eternal soul.

(practically sneering)

Death doesn't alter the facts of life, my friend. Possession is still power. My reprieve in this place has come to an abrupt end. And the Devil at last will want his due.

BARBICAN

Not that girl.

BARON

What better could I bargain with - where I fear I'm going?

BARBICAN

Me.

BARON

She's the more attractive pound of flesh, I'd say.

BARBICAN

I'd be easier to get along with.

BARON

(stands to approach)

Why? Do you have more sins on your conscience? I was beheaded for mine. Are you better suited to my journey's end?

Cont.

REV. JAN. 30, 1984

Barbican answers his question by shoving a warrior aside and grabbing his sword. The Baron holds his head back, surprised.

BARON

Ah, so it's a challenge.
The fine art of duelling has
not gone out of style - though
I may have in practice.
(his free hand draws his own)
Winner take all?

The warriors move back, giving them room. Barbican and the Baron starting to warily move circles around each other. The Baron holds his head close, like a shield, but ready to move it fast if need be - which he suddenly does - stretching his arm out to full length, the head (wearing a helmet) Winking at Barbican who's distracted just enough for the Baron to get in the first lunge - that Barbican barely dodges. Barbican is more careful then, trying not to let the moveable head distract him, the Baron holding it in close again.

Barbican now attacks, the Baron moving back out of the way, Barbican keeping after him, swinging the sword that he has absolutely no idea how to handle, the Baron laughing at him and effortlessly defending against Barbican's heavy-handed thrusts with simple turns of his wrist. And when the Baron has backed up as far as he can go he turns the tables on Barbican, taking the offensive, pushing Barbican back the way they've come, Barbican hopelessly holding up his sword to defend himself, but the Baron just toying with him, thrusting his head out occasionally for wider, superior field of vision. Maggie is shoved forward out of a door by some warriors. She gasps at what she sees.

The Baron forces Barbican to his knees, Barbican holding his sword up to block. And the Baron stops laughing. He doesn't have time for this game. He's going to finish it, deliver a death blow - but Barbican rolls forward, into the Baron's legs, knocking him off his feet - while Barbican gets back on his - and kicks one of them at the Baron's head - a perfect hit - knocking it clear across the floor. Some warriors rush toward it, but Barbican ploughs through them, getting there first, grabbing it up - and flinging it crying out a window!

Barbican has run to Maggie, immediately started pushing her away.

Cont.

REV. JAN. 30, 1984

188 Cont.2

BARBICAN

Get outta here - back where we
were -

MAGGIE

What about you - what're you
doing -

The Baron has gotten to his feet, walked smack into
a wall, and fallen over again.

BARBICAN

(shoving her off)
Do what I said -

MAGGIE

Not without you!

BARBICAN

(surprisingly loudly)
Go!

And he pushes her surprisingly violently. She's
startled and hurt enough to do as he says. Off she goes.

The warriors who aren't helping the Baron to his feet
are starting to close in on Barbican. The Baron's head
screams for help from the other side of the wall.
Barbican leans closer to the speaking tube he was
covering by the wall and yells louder this time:

BARBICAN

I said GO!!

OUTSIDE

189

Jake! On the ramparts around the center tower, at a
corresponding speaking tube.

JAKE

I'm goin', I'm goin'.

As he tries to pull the goddamn pin from - a grenade!
Jesus, he saved some of those grenades from the ship!
And now he's rolled that one down the speaking tube and
is running around to do the same at others.

INSIDE

190

The first grenade drops out of the chute. A knight
picks it up curiously, no idea what it is -

- while Barbican is getting the hell out and -

BAM! - so much for the knight who picked up the grenade.

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OUTSIDE

191

And Jake is running around the ramparts, shooting grenades into the speaking holes in the wall of the tower.

INSIDE

192

BOOM - BOOM - BOOM!

Barbican running back down the stairs.

OUTSIDE

193

Jake pops another grenade down a hole, runs down the steps off the circular rampart around the center keep, onto the straight rampart alongside the wall leading back to the western drawbridge.

INSIDE

194

Explosions rip through the Baron's chamber! Knights scattered - into bits and pieces. The Baron's headless body thrown somewhere.

OUTSIDE

195

The Baron's head lies outside the window on the terrace where it landed. The helmet it wears protected it, but it's cut and bruised nonetheless.

BARON

Help! Help, damn you!

THE PORTCULLIS

196

X

Maggie comes under it, heading for the entrance to the secret passageway, turning as she hears the commotion back in the center.

JAKE

197

Arrives above the gateway, still within the Baron's ramparts. He draws another grenade from his jacket - the last one. Carefully places it in the pulley system that works the portcullis. So when it blows it'll break the chain and the barrier of the portcullis will come crashing down.

INSIDE CENTER KEEP

198

Smoke clearing. Surviving knights regrouping. One goes to lift a big shield off the Baron's body that protected him, his head still shouting for help from outside.

OUTSIDE TERRACE

199

Another of the Baron's men scoops up his head.

OUTSIDE COURTYARD

200

Barbican is running towards the portcullis, waving up at Jake who's been waiting for him.

Jake waits for Barbican to get past the portcullis gateway - then pulls the pin!

Jake runs for the steps leading down off the rampart, decides the hell with them, leaps athletically over the side to land in the courtyard - knights charging out of the center tower - Jake running for the portcullis - Barbican joining Maggie in the arched tunnel by the secret passageway entrance, the two of them cheering Jake on - the grenade about to explode - the Baron Diaghilev on horseback roaring through his knights to come out ahead, his head back in his saddle pouch - Jake running, running, running - one of the knights kneeling to aim a crossbow at him - the Baron about to grab him - the grenade goes off! - Jake dives - the crossbow bolt is shot - the portcullis gate is zooming down - Jake just lands on the other side of it, rolling, safe! But he was hit - the crossbow bolt stuck in his back. He staggers to the secret passageway entrance, falls at Barbican and Maggie's feet.

X

OTHER SIDE OF PORTCULLIS GATE

201

Knights hammer on the portcullis gate to no avail.

BARON

Wedge it back up! Hurry!

IN THE ARCHED TUNNEL

202

X

Jake's a goner. Barbican holds him close.

BARBICAN

Which way? Through the West Wing
- which way?

OTHER SIDE OF PORTCULLIS GATE

203

They've brought out a big plank or something to try and wedge the portcullis back up, knights straining to push it up with all their might, the Baron galloping around the courtyard impatiently.

IN THE ARCHED TUNNEL

204

X

Maggie kisses Jake's hand, her eyes misty.

MAGGIE

Thank you.

Jake manages to whisper two final words:

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204 Cont.

JAKE

Good ... luck.

He falls back.

OTHER SIDE OF PORTCULLIS GATE

205

The knights have almost gotten the wedge in.

BARBICAN AND MAGGIE

206

Starting into the secret passageway, then turning with a start - the apparition of Beauty is there! And Jake's body glimmers magically and she embraces him - and his hand - at first limp at her back - rises shimmering to clutch softly at her hair.

X

The dead body of Jake falls back to the ground.- while the newly resurrected body of Jake stands with Beauty, the two of them hand in hand.

MAGGIE

(watching in wonder)

He's finally joined her ...

Barbican looks up at the sky - dawn isn't that far off anymore. He leads Maggie off into the secret passageway.

X

While Jake and Beauty float across the drawbridge, back toward her place.

X

CUT TO

THE NIGHT SKY

207

Gloomy and black. But not quite as black as before. The new day approaches.

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THE ENTRANCE TO THE WEST WING

208

Barbican and Maggie come back to the hole in the wall. Barbican looks through, starts to go in. Maggie holds him back a moment. She touches his face.

MAGGIE

... How dare you come back to rescue me. Can't you make a simple decision?

BARBICAN

Never could.

Their faces start to edge toward each other, almost equally this time, each one the initiator, but before it's absolutely a sure thing, before their lips actually connect -

CUT TO

THE WEST WING

209

Looks like the worst place anyone would want to be. The most dilapidated and sinister section of the castle yet encountered. The shadows are more abominable than ever, horribly contoured and undulating. There are sudden noises and bumps and weird sounds and whistling drafts.

And Putney is a wobbling mass of jelly as he turns this way and that, shaking like a leaf, wondering which way to try next. He starts one way - and someone appears!

Cont.

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It's a GIRL. A lovely girl.

X

GIRL

Oh, thank God!

She fans herself calm and runs up to give Putney a friendly and bouncy hug, her loose and easy skirt giving a little lilt as she rises on tiptoe to squeeze him. It's a moment of mind-boggling sensuality.

PUTNEY

Who're you!

GIRL

(breathless with
excitement and
youth)

I thought I was the only one -- but
you're tryin' to get out too, aren't
you!

PUTNEY

Well, yes --

GIRL

(pulling him on)

C'mon -- we don't have much time
left.

Putney is quite falling under her spell as he allows himself to be led along into the next awful corridor.

GIRL

You've saved my life! I was
almost ready to give up.

She squeezes his hand to show him how thankful she is he's here. It sends a thrill through him.

PUTNEY

(chuckles nervously)

The West Wing doesn't seem so bad
now. They told me it was impassable.

GIRL

Yeah -- they don't want anyone to
leave. But we're gonna make it --
now I know we are.

Putney is happy to be with this free spirit...as they disappear around the next corner.

BARBICAN AND MAGGIE

210

in the West Wing now too. Walking along the eeriest passage yet. A cramped corridor of bizarre lineage and sudden twists and acclivities.

DEEPER INTO THE WEST WING

211

Maggie puts a hand on Barbican to stop him. They listen. Distant noises. Barbican draws the cutlass he's kept with him, goes back to the last door they came through, and hears the very obscure noise of armor clanking after them. He closes the door quietly.

Maggie waits for him to return, looking around the terrible surroundings, shivering a bit. A suit of armor stands behind her.

Barbican is coming back. And BEHIND HER! -- the suit of armor SUDDENLY starts to grasp for her.

BARBICAN

(screams at her)

DOWN!

She ducks -- he's swinging his cutlass at her -- and over her head to slice off the head of the suit of armor. The helmet lands on the floor with a THUD. It's empty. No head in it. The rest of the armor now collapses with a huge crash, also empty.

Maggie still lies on the floor with it, looking ahead, eyes level with the top of some stairs.

MAGGIE

(nods nervously)

Down -- that's what he said.

And again she doesn't relish heading down into that blackness.

CUT TO:

PUTNEY AND THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

212

making their way through the West Wing. They come to a spot where the ceilings above have caved in and there's a wall of rubble to surmount.

GIRL

Help me up.

As she starts to climb, Putney -- with obvious relish -- puts a hand on her leg to give her a push up. And as she goes higher one of her shoes falls off by accident -- revealing a webbed foot! Putney is horrified -- then even more when he sees the leg his hand is holding is now hairy! A man's leg -- and the Girl is turning around to look down at him, the game up, no use pretending anymore, and her face is no longer a her -- it's momentarily a he -- and then it's neither -- turning into the most appalling diabolic fiend!!

Cont.

And Putney SCREEEAAMMS and falls over as he backs away from it -- and it's coming back down to get him -- and with an agility one would have thought him incapable of commanding he's rolled right to his feet and is away and running.

And the fiend's face is still metamorphosing -- one moment an aged crone, the next a putted glob -- coming after him -- hissing -- straight at us!

CUT TO:

BARBICAN AND MAGGIE

213

moving through rooms of furniture covered with sheets. Up ahead are glass doors leading out into a dark courtyard of the West Wing.

A SHEET!!! Rises up! Amorphous and shape-shifting and whistling in breeze. It's a ghost of classical dimension. And it attacks!

Maggie waves her arms to brush away the hostile cloud. It knocks her to the floor. Barbican grabs up what he quickly verifies is a real sheet to throw over the ghost to smother it. It smokes out from under and as Maggie is trying to get away snakes around her ankle to drag her back. Meanwhile the other end of it got a hold on Barbican when he came close. He struggles so valiantly, though, that it has to let go of Maggie entirely to deal with him.

Maggie is white as a sheet herself.

Barbican grabs for furniture, for anything, knocking over tables and things as he's thrown around the room with this thing. And his hand grabs a small wooden chair, brings it down upon part of the flowing ghost -- the chair going straight through the spirit, smashing on the floor.

And Maggie notices the way air from the windows affects the ghost -- drawing it in the draft -- a draft not strong enough to distort it too much. Maggie starts over that way.

The whirlwind of the apparition swirls around with Barbican, Barbican being crushed within its icy grasp. Until Maggie throws open the doors to the outside -- and the ghostly form it tugged out, hauling Barbican with it, right out into the 214 courtyard -- where it's forced to let him go as it's blown away by the wind, carried up into the dark blue sky.

Maggie runs to Barbican's side, helping him sit up. He holds his ribs tenderly. Now they hear screams from the buildings on the other side of the court.

BARBICAN

Putney --

PUTNEY

215

running as fast his little legs will carry him through the dim corridors of the West Wing, not even caring what might be waiting in the gloom ahead -- because what he can see behind him is bad enough -- the transforming ghoul coming closer and closer.

PUTNEY

HELP MEEEE!

BARBICAN AND MAGGIE

216

following his cries -- in a new hallway. The sounds of the chase seem to be coming from upstairs. They go up some steps.

THE STAIRCASE

217

An extremely rickety-looking one. The steps are of unequal height, the angles asymmetrical -- a staircase that is almost a winding corridor in itself, darker and darker on the way up, passing turnoffs into the other hallways darker still.

BARBICAN AND MAGGIE

218

round a corner on the clacketing staircase -- and Barbican starts back suddenly! Just in time -- as he holds Maggie back and her hand goes to her mouth in fright as she sees that -- the stairs just end here. They've broken off -- a drop into blackness before them.

THE GHOUL!!! has come up behind them! The blonde locks of the young Girl now changed into wild black hair billowing about horrifically -- the face turning into a man's again for a second, then back to the specter of an insane woman, SCREAMING MANIACALLY as she LUNGES at them and -- pushing Barbican with her -- PLUNGES howling over the drop!

And Maggie surges forward as near as she dares, holding on with a cry after the lost Barbican.

Who swings back onto the stairs to join her again. He didn't fall. When the ghoul went over and pushed him he held on to some bannister extension or something and was just clinging in the shadows while the ghoul fell beneath.

Now -- in the corridor on the other side of the gap -- Putney 219 appears. He freezes as he sees Barbican and Maggie standing on that last windy step. They all stare at each other for a moment -- then Putney hurries on o.s. -- and Barbican and Maggie go back down the stairs to find another way after him.

PUTNEY

220

hurrying along -- keeps looking over his shoulder.

BARBICAN AND MAGGIE

221

Take one of those hallway offshoots away from the crooked staircase.

PUTNEY

222

Coming into a new area. The castle crypts. A vast vault chamber. Great stone tombs with sculptured images of the knights and nobles they contain lying on top. Carved and ornamented sepulchers and shrines.

BARBICAN AND MAGGIE

223

Following.

THE CRYPT

224

They come in - see Putney go up steps onto an upper level. They go after him.

PUTNEY

225

His expression turns from scared to hopeful as he sees up ahead - a marvellous oak door - a duplicate of the one they all entered the castle through in the first place. And there's a latch open in the center of it - showing a view outside, a pathway leading back down the mountain, presumably to the sea. Putney looks back down at Barbican and Maggie, smiles, and quickens his pace toward the door.

X

BARBICAN

226

Figures from the look of things that it must be the way out. Starts running across the vault chamber.

A KEY

227

In the exit door. A long metal one. Putney withdraws it.

X

BARBICAN

228

Stops. Putney on the upper level holds the key up teasingly at the balcony railing.

Barbican is not yet close to the stairs that are the only way up there. They are still far to one side, and split to lead down also to a lower level, the overlooking balcony railing of which Barbican himself now stands at. That is to say, if Putney dropped that key, it would fall from his level right past Barbican down into the extremely inhospitable depths of the lower level.

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Putney grins at Barbican from above, looking his most taunting. Barbican glances from him over to the stairway system on the other side of the chamber. Putney knows exactly what he's trying to judge. 229

PUTNEY

What do you think, Mr. Barbican?
Is it possible to run to those
stairs over there and all the way
up to me before ... before I'm
gone. X

(notices daybreak just beginning
out there)

I do believe ... I can see
the light.

He giggles. Maggie has joined Barbican now.

PUTNEY

Would you like an added incentive?

He reaches into his jacket pocket with his free hand to pull out the all-important document. He flips its pages at Barbican and Maggie, reveling in his power. There are more tombs lined up behind him.

BARBICAN

Putney. You might still need us.
That might not be the way out.

PUTNEY

Oh, I think it is. Still, you
suit yourself. I'm afraid this
is where we part company for good.
Enjoy your stay - wherever. X
(waves document bye-bye)
Toodle-oo.

YAAAAHHH!!!! The top of a tomb pops off like the lid of a jack-in-the-box. The document flies from Putney's hand - and a monstrous terror SPRINGS out of the tomb to devour him. Some sort of abominable decomposed knight, garnished with growing fungus. And it pulls Putney right into the great stone casket.

Putney struggles wildly - reappearing for a moment - but already he's half ripped to shreds - and now he drops the key to the floor! - just before he's dragged back inside, failing to pull himself free, and that's the last of him - the casket lid slamming shut again. X

Maggie hides her face in Barbican's chest.

230

From inside the tomb come the sounds of ravenous eating - crunching and chewing.

Cont.

The key lies visible on the floor of the second level, halfway through the balcony railing, overlooking the lower level. The document lies in the middle of the floor of the lower level. A small square of white in the incredibly harrowing and foreboding shadows down there.

MAGGIE

Don't go down there.

He doesn't want to but ... as he looks from the key up there to the document down there ...

X

BARBICAN

One thing at a time.

X

He walks along the railing, toward the stairs that lead down there ... looking down there as he goes. Maggie following. He comes to the stairs. Takes a deep breath ... and starts descending.

BARBICAN

231

coming down the stairs into the depths. It's almost possible to see the poundings of his heart. Maggie stays at the top, not daring to breathe. Barbican comes further into the pit.

THE LOWER HALLWAY

232

He comes to the bottom. Looks left. Looks right. It's dark and silent. The document is over there at the other end, pages rippling a bit in slight breeze from somewhere. There are strange and irregular doors all along the way -- closed to whatever horrors might be lurking behind them.

Barbican starts walking toward the document.

MAGGIE

233

waiting above. Looking around nervously.

THE DOOR THEY CAME INTO THE CRYPT BY

234

Someone or thing darts by in the shadows on the other side. Just a split second's glimpse.

THE LOWER HALLWAY

235

Barbican is coming closer to the document, eyes still flicking about warily, but nothing happening. He's almost there. Closer now. Closer still. Maggie is following him on the next level, moving along the railing overlooking him. He's arrived at the document. Starts to bend. Picks it up. Maggie breathes a sigh. Barbican starts to turn back to the stairs and:

A DOOR OPENS! Straight ahead of him at the end of this hallway. But nothing jumps out of it. Just a rush of air.

Cont.

Barbican shivers with the unexpectedly bracing pleasure of it. It feels great. And showers him with light. He looks out the door -- at a very simple but serene view. A green hillside -- rolling down to the bluest sea in the world.

Barbican is entranced by it. It's his idea of heaven. His eyes glow and look dreamy.

Maggie above can't see the view he sees -- just the light streaking over him from it. But she knows it's not as nice as he thinks it is.

MAGGIE

Tom.

Barbican starts to walk toward the door.

MAGGIE

Tom?

Barbican keeps going.

MAGGIE

(following along
upper railing)

Tom, come back. Come back to me.

Barbican tries to stop but can't. His longing to get out in that landscape is too overpowering. Behind above him Maggie knows she's losing him -- she cries at him:

MAGGIE

Don't leave me alone!

Tears starting to stream from her eyes. Barbican still going forward.

MAGGIE

I love you!

He stops. Shakes his head to try and clear it.

MAGGIE

Yes. Yes -- come back to me. Come back to me, please come back.

He sways where he stands. Toward that door. Toward her.

MAGGIE

I LOVE YOU!

The door is so enticing -- but he forces himself to turn around.

MAGGIE

(really weeping away)
I love you.

As she follows along with him as he starts coming back to the stairs, moving sluggishly, but building in pace.

AND the DOORWAY! Shows its true colors now -- as a GIANT's head comes INTO VIEW! Peering in, really angry that his bait didn't work. The door is only big enough to get his arm through -- which is what he starts to do.

MAGGIE

Run! RUN!

Barbican is getting better now -- his legs start to run.

And the giant's hand is coming in --

And Barbican is running -- and Maggie is running back to the stairs to meet him -- and Barbican is running to the stairs -- and the giant's arm is coming through -- the giant's face blocking the door at the end is roaring -- and the fingers of his hand are just at Barbican's back -- and Barbican is tearing along -- and the fingers start pinching at the carpet to pull him back! -- but Barbican JUMPSup onto the stairs -- leaping them four at a time -- and Maggie is there at the top to hug him back to her.

BARBICAN AND MAGGIE

236

Hugging tight, the document in one of Barbican's hands.

THE TOMB THAT GOT PUTNEY

237

Munching noises still muffled in there.

BARBICAN AND MAGGIE

238

Break apart -- more sounds now -- from the way they came in.

Knights of the Baron Diaghilev -- coming into the crypt! And then -- the Baron himself -- on that nimble horse of his. And this time the Baron draws his sword, this time he means business.

Barbican looks as weary as a man can be. This is ridiculous. His gamble is now the one Putney suggested -- but the odds are far worse. Can he and Maggie get up to that doorway out front? He almost considers throwing in the towel -- but a sudden surge of determination spurs him on to try. He and Maggie run up the stairs.

The chase is on again.

Cont.

Barbican and Maggie pause, looking at the key lying down there by the way-out door. They hate the thought of having to pass by that last row of tombs to get to it - but they start to - when the thing that ate Putney POPS OUT again - snatching up the key for dessert - and retreats again, with a gulping noise. X

The knights are rushing up after them.

Barbican and Maggie turn to the only route left to them - back down the opposite end of this upper walkway and through the doorway there leading back into the West Wing. They run past another tomb whose top WHIPS UP! But they're past before its inhabitant can snare them. They're back into the West Wing - as all the tombs start springing to life!

The knights now have to deal with the decomposed cannibal tomb dwellers. They fight back with their weapons with varying degrees of success. And while his men are being gobbled or not, the Baron rides past them after Barbican and Maggie.

BARBICAN

Slams shut a door that he can latch. Has a quick look round to get his bearings, decides the best way to go - still downwards.

OTHER SIDE OF DOOR

239

The Baron gives it a kick with his boot, sees it's locked, spurs his horse another way that he knows.

BARBICAN AND MAGGIE

240

Come down a winding walkway - and look dismayed.

They seem to be at the end of the line this time. They're in underground caverns. A black pool surrounded by jungly growth. Weird stalagmites and stalagtites. X

Barbican just sits down with a laugh. Maggie doesn't agree that it's so hilarious really, but realizes there's not much else to do but sit down next to him. He puts his arm around her and they sit there awhile.

MAGGIE

We're mad. We must be.

(shakes her head)

They wouldn't have let us back
in the real world after this anyway.

Barbican flips through the mumbo-jumbo of the coded document.

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240 Cont.

BARBICAN

Too bad about the German invasion plans. Looks like the British will have to learn to love sauerkraut.

X

Maggie drapes her arms around him.

MAGGIE

I loved it when you showed up to serenade me.

They cling to each other. Barbican takes the ring he's been saving out of his pocket - a pearl in it - idly turning it in his hand. Maggie looks, takes it.

MAGGIE

A pearl ...
(romantically)
You had this for me ... all along.

He smiles back at her romantically - and takes it back.

BARBICAN

Hell no. It's the pearl I've been on the trail of. A whole pirate's cove full of 'em. That's why I put in for Washington - this time they gotta give me a ship.
(looks at her)
How do you feel about fishing?

X

MAGGIE

(looks away)
With you? It wouldn't be for compliments.

BARBICAN

Just a small ship. Nothin' they wouldn't trust me with. Maybe the South Seas fleet.

X

MAGGIE

Well - captain of your own ship - that's all you've ever wanted, wasn't I right?

X

Barbican takes her hand, removes the engagement ring already there and replaces it with his. All kidding aside.

BARBICAN

... Only with the perfect first mate.

X

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240 Cont.1

They embrace and kiss passionately - and Barbican tosses her ex-fiance's ring into the black pool. The black pool shimmers. Barbican looks over Maggie's shoulder at it. She looks too then.

The moon is reflected in the pool. And yet they're miles underground. They stand, going closer, peering into the pool, closer, closer, closer - BOO! - a white rabbit rockets out of the moon and lands squeaking in Maggie's arms.

Barbican and Maggie look at each other - and at the rabbit she's stroking - and at the brilliant full moon reflected in the pool. Pause.

MAGGIE

What the hell.

They join hands - and jump into the moon!

CUT TO

THE FOREST

241

Barbican and Maggie emerge out of the stream. The rabbit jumps out of Maggie's grasp and runs hopping away. Maggie is about to exclaim something but the trees are swaying and Barbican pulls her away.

BARBICAN

No discussion this time.

They run - not even knowing where - just running - until OOMPH! They've come around a tree and collided with someone coming the other way. It's Angus MacOG. He looks panic-stricken, starts to run off again - but Maggie grabs his collar.

ANGUS MacOG

Let me go! Let me go!

MAGGIE

(she's just realized)

Are you a leprechaun?

Barbican looks at her like she really has gone mad - then realizes there's no reason he should.

ANGUS MacOG

Are you joking? Of course not.

MAGGIE

If you are, we want a wish.

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241 Cont.

ANGUS MacOG

A leprechaun! Pah!

Barbican looks around - trees swaying more ominously - he grabs Angus MacOG from Maggie, lifting him up.

BARBICAN

(sneers)

Get us outta here.

ANGUS MacOG

You don't have time! We're in the last dawn. The sun is about to rise!

Barbican drops him. Angus MacOG stands up, brushing himself off, trying to be nonchalant.

ANGUS MacOG

Alright - alright, I'm a leprechaun.

And quickly - because it's getting lighter - he shakes his arms a bit - loosening-up exercises - then raises them up dramatically - Maggie and Barbican waiting expectantly. And he opens his mouth to start reciting magic words when - ! day breaks! - a stream of light cuts through the trees - touching Angus MacOG - and he's gone with a wail - Barbican and Maggie tumbling back out of the way of the light like people scampering to avoid an incoming tide.

BARBICAN

Boy, he really got shafted.

Now Maggie pulls him away - the light is spreading - the forest itself is starting to panic - the animalistic trees starting to scream horribly and clutch out again at Barbican and Maggie - but they're running faster than they've ever done - as more shafts of light are shooting through the trees - chopping them down - the brightening sky zapping them into invisibility, into infinity.

And that same sky is starting to fill with imagery. It's 242 the last judgement, the apocalypse - things charging through the air - creatures from the castle whipping around - a whirlwind of images that's so crowded and complex it's hard to comprehend - millions of eyes here - trumpet-playing angels there - satanic demons spiralling.

And Barbican and Maggie are rolling down the hill back into 243 the graveyard - as the groundskeeper is seen behind them, whirling up into the sky, his black bird whizzing around his head like a halo.

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243 Cont.

And Barbican and Maggie are outrunning the light - literally racing against time - everything they pass devastated in their wake.

And all the awful ghosts who inhabit the graveyard are popping out again - but Barbican and Maggie are going too damn fast this time, barrelling through, leaping over graves - and the ghosts have enough problems on their hands because they're all being flung together as if caught in a duststorm, all spinning into one big tornado as they're whipped off to the heavens and the light starts crumbling the gravestones they leave behind.

Barbican and Maggie run over the pounding boards of the western drawbridge, the light flooding over the planking right behind them, the drawbridge being eaten away, and just before it falls away completely they make it into the temporary safety of the arched tunnel before the portcullis, shadows there protecting them from the light. They can only catch their breath briefly, though, because the light is chewing away the structure of the stone - the open sky again starting to break into view. It looks like the architecture of the castle is having bites chomped out of it in big chunks. 244

MAGGIE

Where are we running? We can't get all the way back where we started!

They have to dodge back as a sudden streak of light beams past them - starting to cut away a section of wall opposite them. And now out of the secret passageway panel in the wall appear the little wobbly guys with big feet and little heads - and the light catches them and they're swooped off into the brightening sky - a whole stream of them funnelling out of the secret passageway - and not just them but all the other fabulous beings from Beauty's garden - the noises they all make as they go shooting off not terrified but happy - so many of them swooping up to join the maelstrom in the sky that they block out the light.

BARBICAN

We can with enough shortcuts!

He and Maggie run through the partially completed bite in the opposite wall!

As all of Beauty's creatures filter away - leaving her standing where she was all the time in their midst - arms spread in a shield of glory - Jake at her side - the two of them glancing back with a smile after Barbican and Maggie - they were giving them the chance of escape. And now they too are lost in the light as it breaks relentlessly forward again.

And Barbican and Maggie are running through sections of the Baron's territory - as evident when the evil incarnation himself roars into sight in the distance, head yelling with a vengeance - chasing them along with the dawning light - but faster, of course.

245

And Maggie pauses as they pass a mirror hanging on a wall.

BARBICAN
(pulling her on)
You look fine!

But then realizes what she realizes - and grabs the mirror and figures out some angles fast and holds the mirror up into a ray of light causing it to bounce onto another wall cutting a way through - then again at another wall, always deflecting the light before it dissolves everything completely - always leaving an outline of something tangible for him and Maggie to run through - then bouncing the light back to ward off the Baron who jumps his horse from shadow to shadow, still coming on strong.

Suddenly they've found themselves back in little rooms. They use the mirror as an umbrella over them, reflected light zapping the first ceiling away, that then taking with it all the others along the way, all of them connected together, flipping away like lids, so Barbican and Maggie can just keep running without bending low, just jumping in and out of little rooms like in and out of cardboard boxes - the tiny people swarming about, being swept up into the raging torrents of magic and trumpeting in the clouds.

And the open sky stops the Baron from following them directly - and he's had to turn his horse another way, his head snarling in frustration, riding off along a hallway still in shadow.

Because the cut-out technique Barbican is utilizing is playing havoc with the natural flow of daylight across the landscape of the castle - and seemingly the true space within. It's become a mad maze of light and shadow, of rooms complete and rooms cut-out - beams and shafts and rays of light breaking through all over.

And Barbican and Maggie fall out a low window into the hedge maze - with more little wobbly guys scampering all over the place, running from the approaching light - and the Baron Diaghilev gallops along one pathway - and the heavens are swarming with even more apocalyptic visions - splendid swimming figures - and everyone chases everyone in the non-stop, loud, pulsating confusion.

246

Cont.

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There are knights of the Baron, wobbly guys zipping between their legs - there are more of those sweet furry creatures - there are froggy croquet players - old men with cricket bats - and shivers of light breaking through hedges that have been trimmed too much - while the maze overall is being erased by the major wave of light spreading over it from the west.

Barbican and Maggie come crashing out of a hedge - not caring if their clothes are torn. The Baron on his horse comes jumping after them over another.

247

The people at the garden party in the distance are dancing around a maypole - one by one being flung up, up, up, and away. Music is building to a crescendo.

Hancock! Comes sliding down a snow-covered ledge as Barbican and Maggie run breathlessly up. He's howling with delight!

HANCOCK

I'm writing my final goodbyes
to Ohio!

Ohiohhhhhhhhhh! - as he shoots off into eternity, roaring with laughter.

And now Barbican and Maggie are almost trapped - the way ahead practically surrounded by light - closing in on a doorway they must go through - and Barbican raises his mirror to deflect it, letting Maggie run through - then darting fast after her.

248

And the Baron below didn't take his horse up the steps. He's hugging the shadows as he gallops along the side of a wall, as the wall starts dissolving with the light.

And Barbican and Maggie fall through a floor that's just dissolved to the point of caving in - falling into -

249

- the room of swirling, swarming, transparent knights and warriors, all coming together in an explosive conflagration, Barbican and Maggie tumbling across the floor - and through a wall out into -

- Hancock's courtyard - still in the shadowed part of it, thank God, but it's getting smaller, smaller, and Maggie doesn't think she can go on anymore, but Barbican pulls her on, on, on - and some incredible MONSTER we've never even seen before LUNGES out of nowhere at them!!! but gets struck by light and vanishes and by now they're into -

250

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Hancock's house - where all the objects are whirling about - and the Victorian housemaid lifts her skirt to curtsy at them as they go by - and one wall is being engulfed by light - revealing another room beyond - which Barbican and Maggie get to before it too is gone - and into another long hallway - and Barbican bounces some more light off his mirror - and VOOM - they drop - suddenly they're - 251

- sliding through the innards underneath that big sculpted stone head they walked into at the start - but backwards this time - and the mouth spits them out with a burp. They run along the ramp. Light chases them across it - almost gets them again - but they make it into the cover of the next building. 252

Up the stairway into the servants quarters they come - with the roof breaking away to reveal the open sky - and sun is starting to appear - sky not just glowing red anymore but rich blue now. And a wall disappears - and they run along a roof ledge that leads them, down, down, down, sunlight streaming after them, almost catching them - but they lean away to the side just in time again, shinnying down a drainpipe now - leaping off to the bottom, landing on some shady grass, Barbican yanking Maggie to cover where they can pant breathlessly for a moment before having to move on again. 253

Now the top-hatted goblins SUDDENLY swarm around them! Barbican reflects oncoming light at them with his mirror as he and Maggie run - knocking them off one by one, each one disappearing with a screech.

And Barbican breaks them through another wall - they find themselves in the grand entrance hall they first encountered in the castle. They look at each other. How'd they get back here? It was just seconds ago they were deep underground in the West Wing. And SMASH! A dagger has hit Barbican's mirror and broken it to the floor - it's the Baron - coming out of another secret panel in a wall. Now riding full force at them - the hooves of his white charger galloping ferociously - swinging his sword wildly over his headless neck! 254

But there's that huge mirror here, not facing the Baron. Barbican glances at it, Maggie too. They wait till the Baron is horrifyingly close - then with all their effort swing it round on him. The light behind him reflects off it - and onto the Baron's shining armor. Lightbeams spray out all over the place - the Baron screaming as he sizzles away to Hell!

Cont.

And Barbican and Maggie are going to eat it now too - 254 Cont.
there's nowhere left to go - the light is coming at
them - they're standing on a tiny little square of shadow
- and the wall behind them gets a chunk blasted out of
it - blue sky beyond - and a beam is turning to point at
them - when the ghost of Vandyke steps in front of it!
He salutes Barbican and Maggie with a flamboyant flourish
before he vanishes - and there's no stopping the light
now. Maggie and Barbican just look at each other, hold
each other tight, shutting their eyes - the light streams
over them - and they open their eyes. They're still
here.

MAGGIE

(realizes)

We're alive!

And before the room is completely dissolved - they dive
through the gap in the wall just before the entire wall
disappears completely.

They fall through the air, falling, falling, falling - 255
they land splashing into the sea, going so fast they go
right underwater, scattering fishes left and right.

They resurface, spluttering. Look around. Nothing.
Just ocean. As far as the eye can see. Blue emptiness.
Absolute silence. As if nothing was ever there.

Then PLOP! Their lifeboat noses up out of the water 256
and bobs there. They swim to it, climb on.

Water pours off Barbican and Maggie, water floods of its
own accord out of the boat, over its sides. Until the
two of them are just sitting there drenched and breathless
- just like it all began. They look at each other.

MAGGIE

Do you think we -

BARBICAN

No. I don't know about you, but
I don't have dreams that stupid.

Maggie looks over the side of the boat.

MAGGIE

Look.

Water churns at the lifeboat edges. It's steering without
a sail or a motor, moving along steadily in the water.

Cont.

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BARBICAN

(sits back with a sigh)
Maybe leprechauns grant wishes
after all.

MAGGIE

(smiles at him)
He's taking us home.

They clinch passionately.

THE BIG OCEAN

257

As the two small figures hug each other in the boat
as it steers into the distant blue.

BARBICAN (V.O.)

We hope ...

THE END