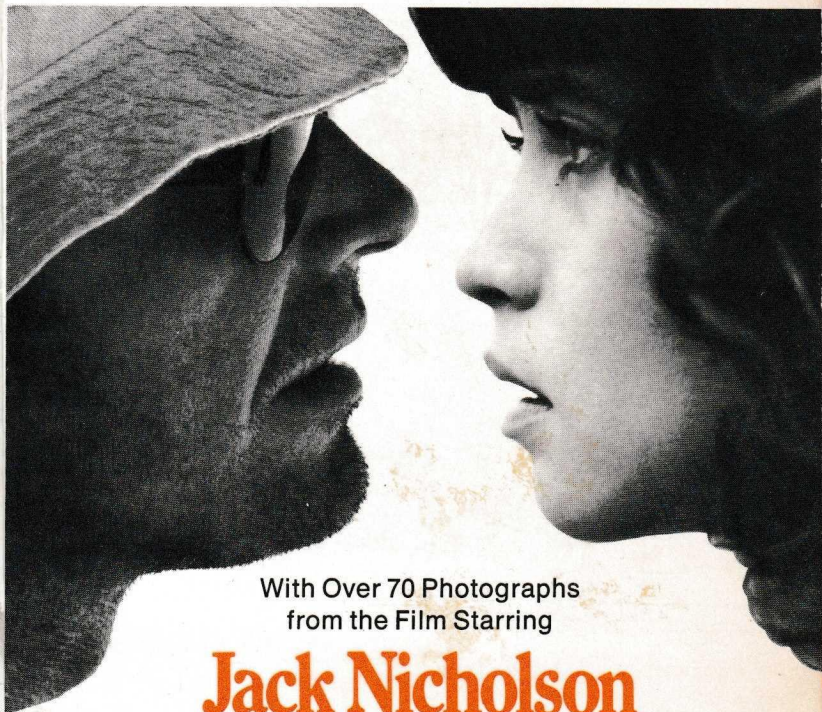


Michelangelo Antonioni's "The Passenger"

The Complete Script by
Mark Peploe, Peter Wollen, and Michelangelo Antonioni



With Over 70 Photographs
from the Film Starring

Jack Nicholson
and
Maria Schneider

"Stunning, fascinating, beautiful, breathtaking . . .
a cinematic tour de force . . . a poetic vision."

—Vincent Canby

THE PASSENGER

**by Mark Peploe, Peter Wollen & Michelangelo
Antonioni**

Grove Press, Inc., New York

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CREDITS

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	LES FILMS CONCORDIA, PARIS
	C.I.P.I. CINEMATOGRAFICA, MADRID

Metrocolor
A CARLO PONTI PRODUCTION
A Film By
MICHELANGELO ANTONIONI

CAST

Locke	JACK NICHOLSON
Girl	MARIA SCHNEIDER
Rachel	JENNY RUNACRE
Knight	IAN HENDRY
Stephen	STEPHEN BERKOFF
Achebe	AMBROISE BIA
Hotel Keeper	JOSE MARIA CAFAREL
Witch Doctor	JAMES CAMPBELL
German	MANFRED SPIES
Murderer	JEAN BAPTISTE TIEMELE
Police Inspector	ANGEL DEL POZO
Robertson	CHUCK MULVEHILL



1. The desert.

Only mountains, rocks, sand.

2. A small village.

Muck-colored houses. Figures go by, women with pots on their heads, children, camels, dust, men in long white robes, others in blue robes, others in black. And some soldiers. Everyday life.

3. A small street.

A light wind blows curls of sand into the air. Three or four men are sitting in front of one of the houses. They are talking among themselves, quietly but sometimes excitedly. Nearby there is an old, rather battered car. Inside it there is a man, DAVID LOCKE. Thirty-three years old. Unshaven. There is a tape recorder on the seat beside him, and a case for a 16-mm camera on the seat behind. He is obviously watching the men outside the house, especially one of them who wears glasses.

After a while, LOCKE's presence seems to make the group

uneasy. The MAN with glasses gets up and starts to stroll off. LOCKE gets out of the car and follows him. He catches up with him at the corner of the street. The MAN looks at him and stops. He doesn't say anything.

LOCKE: Je peux vous parler un moment? [Can I talk to you for a moment?]

MAN: Qu'est-ce qu'il y'a? [What is it?]

LOCKE: On m'a dit de parler avec vous. Pour des renseignements. . . . [I've been told to talk to you. For information. . . .]

MAN: Qui vous a dit ça? [Who told you that?]

LOCKE doesn't answer directly.

LOCKE: Vous êtes un Musulman, n'est-ce pas? [You're a Muslim, aren't you?]

MAN: Oui. [Yes.]

Pause.

LOCKE: C'est ici que vous habitez? [This is where you live?]

MAN: Oui. [Yes.]

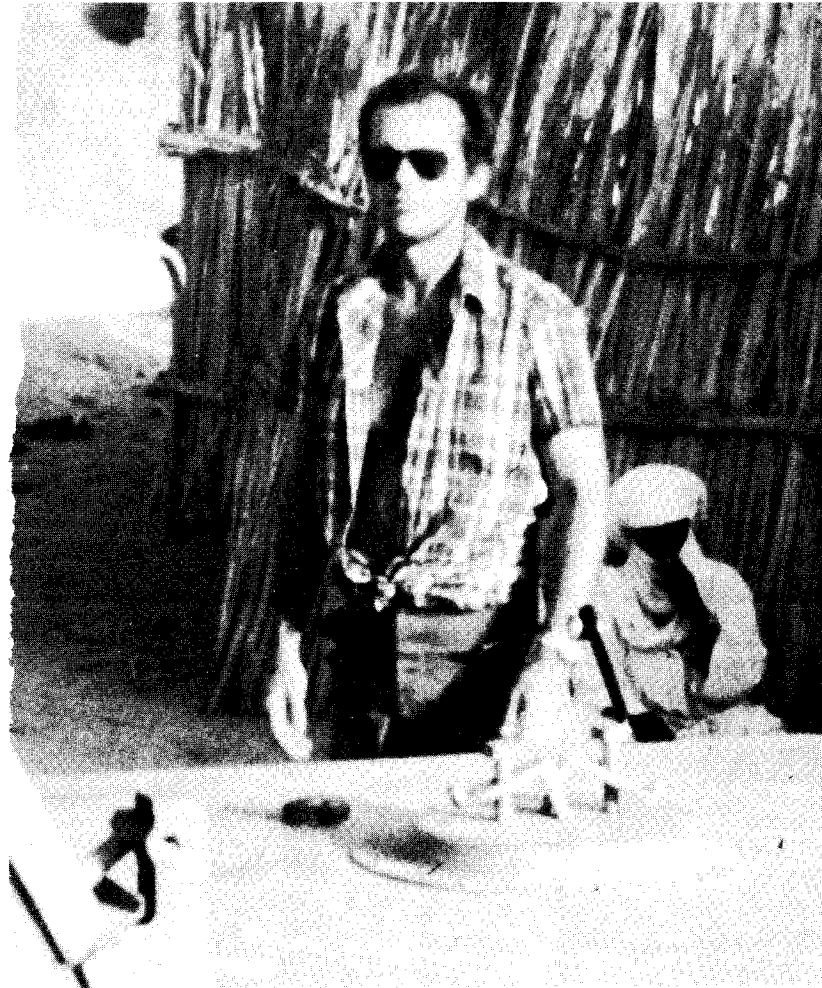
LOCKE: Comment ça se fait qu'il y'a tant des militaires dans la zone? [How come there are so many soldiers in this area?]

MAN: Ça a été toujours comme ça. [It's always been like that.]

He starts to move away.

LOCKE: Je ne comprends pas ce qui se passe ici. . . pourquoi personne veut me parler? [I don't understand what's happening here. . . why doesn't anyone want to talk to me?]

MAN: Je suis marchand de peaux de chameaux. Si vous voulez parler de ça. . . . [I sell camel skins. If you want to talk about that. . . .]



LOCKE: Shit.

The MAN moves off again. LOCKE in a last attempt calls after him.

LOCKE: J'ai connu Rama Fadedá. . . . [I knew Rama Fadedá. . . .]

The MAN turns around. He looks at him briefly and also at something further away, at the end of the street.

MAN: Rama Fadedea est mort. [Rama Fadedea is dead.]

He walks away and is hidden by a cloud of dust. LOCKE looks disappointed and tired. He turns back toward the car. He notices two Africans in European suits walking past. They disappear as LOCKE gets back into the car.

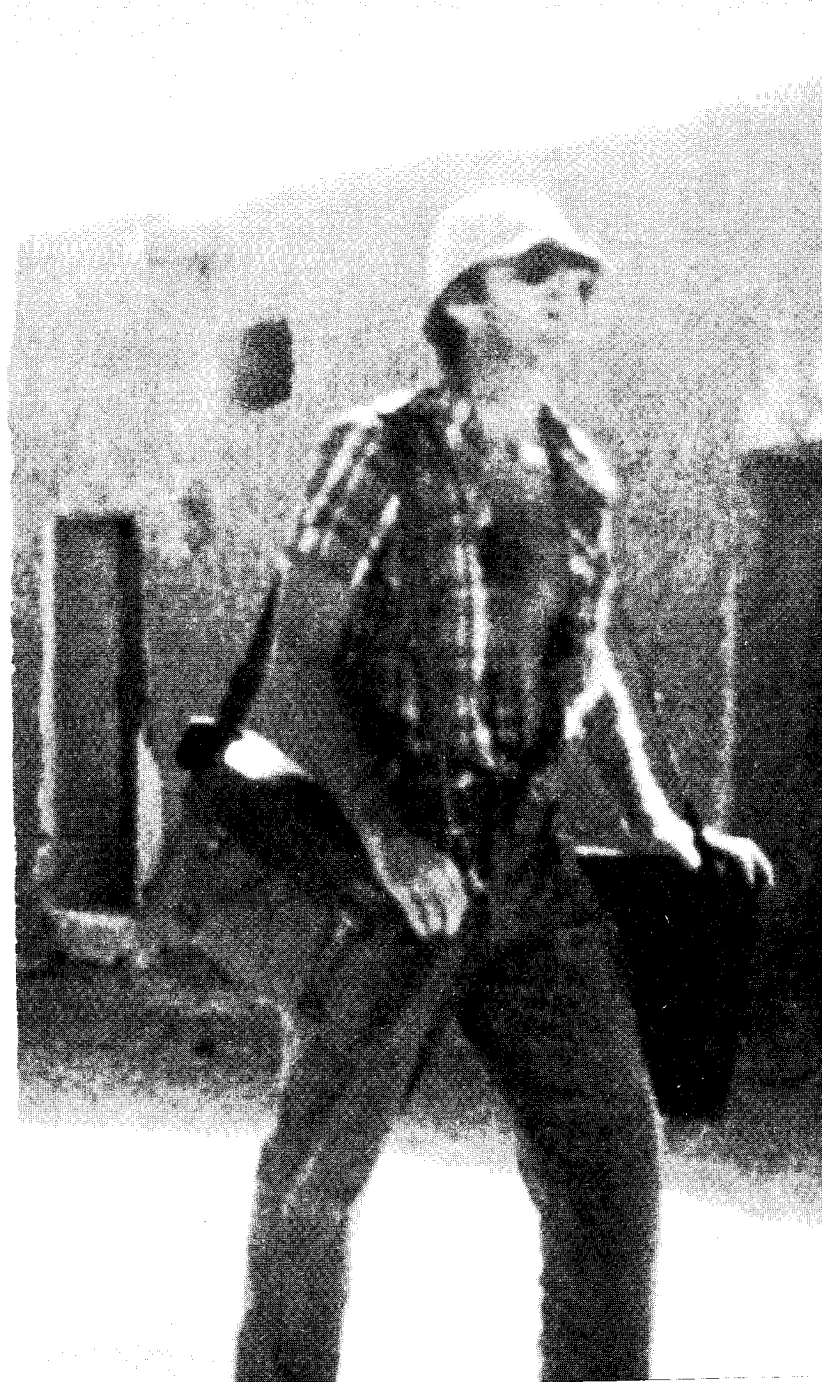


4. A road.

LOCKE driving slowly on a dust road which seems to lead away into the desert. It is blazingly hot and the light is dazzling. The wind starts to rise. The sky grows dark with sand. The windshield wipers are useless. The road in front of LOCKE seems to disappear into nothing. The car slows down. The wheels turn around in the sand and then stick. LOCKE waits for a moment as if deciding what to do. Then he picks up the recorder and camera and leaves the car. With great difficulty he continues on foot.







5. The outskirts of another town.

LOCKE appears through the dust. He looks exhausted and is completely covered with dust. As he moves down the street he notices the figure of a man who looks exactly like the one he had just tried to interview. He follows after him, turns a corner, but finds nobody. He gives up.

6. Small hotel. Africa. Exterior. Afternoon.

LOCKE reappears and goes indoors. He is exhausted.



7. Hotel bedroom. Interior. Afternoon.

In microscopic close-up we see an ant on a white wall. It moves slowly across a landscape of human objects—books, the leg of a chair, a shoe, etc.—a landscape of which it appears totally oblivious.

The room is white, obviously new, but already dingy. It is extremely hot. The shutters are closed. Above the bed there is a fan which turns monotonously.

LOCKE enters the room and lays the tape recorder and the

camera on the table. Then he goes to the bathroom.

We hear the sound of a shower being turned on . . . rattling pipes . . . a desultory dribble of water.

There is a knock at the door.

LOCKE (*off-camera*): Come in.

A WAITER—a young African—enters the room with a glass of gin and soda on a tray. He is dressed in tatty European clothes.

WAITER: Sir . . . your—

LOCKE (*off-camera, shouting*): Thanks. Put it on the table.

The WAITER puts the drink on the table.

LOCKE (*off camera*): There's no soap here.

WAITER: No, sir.

He exits.

LOCKE comes out of the bathroom. He is holding a washcloth in his hand. The shower is still running in the background.

He takes a sip of the drink, then glances into the bag as if he were looking for something. Not there. He lays the bag on the table and exits into the corridor.

8. Hotel corridor. Interior. Afternoon.

LOCKE standing in front of the door next to his own room. He knocks. There is no answer.

LOCKE (*knocking again*): Hello? . . . Mr. Robertson?



There is still no answer. LOCKE knocks a third time, is just about to turn away, then tries the door handle. The door opens. We hear the sound of something falling and rolling across the floor. LOCKE enters. He stops and stares.

Through the doorway we see half a room, an exact replica in reverse of LOCKE's—a mirror image. Some chessmen are lying on the floor and a fan turns slowly at the back.

9. Robertson's bedroom. Interior. Afternoon.

The room is the same color and has the same furniture as LOCKE's. We can see the body of a man stretched untidily across the bed near the wall. LOCKE stares down at the man.



A close-up of the man shows his face turned sideways so that we do not see it clearly, but we do notice that physically he resembles LOCKE.

LOCKE reaches out and touches the man's face . . . he tries to move the man's head.

LOCKE: Robertson?

But ROBERTSON doesn't move. LOCKE's hand slips away from his face. He reaches for the man's wrist and feels his pulse—the arm is heavy, lifeless . . . He lets it fall and stands back. He is still incredulous. He turns and stares around the room. In the tense silence around him we are aware of the electric fan turning slowly and monotonously.

LOCKE looks at the floor—at the overturned chessboard, the pieces scattered around it. . . .

He sits on a chair by the bed and stares at the telephone—black, old-fashioned, waiting for him to use it. He reaches for the receiver, then hesitates.



He drums his fingers on the receiver, and looks back at ROBERTSON—at the watch on his wrist. It is three o'clock.

LOCKE seems to be lost in thought. He looks back at the chessmen on the floor.

10. Robertson's bedroom. Interior. Afternoon.

ROBERTSON's watch shows 3:30. The fan is still turning at the end of the room.

LOCKE stands up and stares again at ROBERTSON's corpse. He wipes the sweat from his face with his sleeve. He seems to be thinking hard, as if he were deciding something, but we cannot tell what it is.

We hear the sound of footsteps approaching and then receding in the corridor.

LOCKE notices the door key on the bedside table. He picks it up and goes out through the door.

11. Locke's bedroom. Interior. Afternoon.

The shower is still running in the bathroom, but LOCKE doesn't notice it. He stands by the table and takes a long, thirsty drink from the glass.

On the wall opposite he sees again the ant.

He starts to walk slowly up and down. He sits down on the bed with his head on his hands. Suddenly he stands up again. As if remembering something, he turns to look at the tape recorder on the bedside table. He switches it on and listens. We hear a man's voice.

MAN (*voice-over*): . . . We're creatures of habit—that's what you mean.

LOCKE (*voice-over*): Something of the sort.

LOCKE gets up and lights a cigarette.

LOCKE (*voice-over*): However hard we try it seems impossible to get rid of our own habits.

LOCKE now switches off the tape and stubs out the cigarette in the ashtray. He walks across to the window and looks out. The color of the landscape is uniform. The light is blinding.

LOCKE sits down in a chair and lights another cigarette. He stubs it out almost immediately. Then he gets up, takes ROBERTSON's key from his pocket, and leaves the room as if he has decided what to do.

12. Robertson's bedroom. Interior. Afternoon.

LOCKE is seated on the edge of the bed next to the body. He reaches for the telephone receiver.

OPERATOR (*male voice-over*): Allo? [Hello?]

LOCKE: Hello . . . I want to inquire about the plane flights.

OPERATOR (*male voice-over*): Yes, sir. . . one moment, please.

LOCKE waits for the man to come back on the line. He sees a key chain beside the telephone; it is decorated with a piece of African leatherwork. LOCKE plays with it as:

OPERATOR (*male voice-over*): Hello, Sir? There are only two flights a week. The next one is in three days.

LOCKE: Is there another way to return more quickly?

OPERATOR (*male voice-over, almost laughing*): Ah, no, sir. . . . You know it's more than a thousand kilometers . . . and the road is in bad condition. You need a military pass. . . . It is truly impossible.

LOCKE: Okay. Thank you.

LOCKE slowly replaces the receiver and looks across the room at ROBERTSON's suitcase. He goes over and opens it. There is another suit, a few shirts, and a gun. Attached to the gun is a leather thong with a blue bead.

LOCKE picks up the gun. He turns it over in his hand, then glances across at ROBERTSON's body. He stands up and puts the gun on the table.

There is a light-blue tropical jacket hanging over the back of the chair. He picks it up and tries it on. It is almost the right size for him—just a little too big.

LOCKE sits down again and begins to go through the pockets. He finds very little in them. But he does it carefully, laying out each object on the table: a wallet, some dollars, a driver's license, a few club membership cards, no photographs, no letters. And a small, thin diary.

He leafs through it. Almost empty—except for the occasional jotting. On one page he sees "Achebe—Box 504," on another "Melina," then "Daisy," then "Hotel de la Gloria."

LOCKE continues searching the pockets. He finds a British passport and an air ticket. He opens the passport. We see ROBERTSON's face. He opens the ticket. It reads: Kuala Lumpur, Fort Lamy, Paris, London, Munich. On the front, written in handwriting, are the words "Box No. 28."

LOCKE stares at the ticket, and then smiles. It is a tired, sad smile.

He returns to the body and begins going through the trouser pockets. Nothing except a few coins. He keeps them, returns to the table, and starts to put everything back into the pockets of ROBERTSON's jacket.

13. Locke's bedroom. Interior. Afternoon.

The shower is still running.

LOCKE stands in front of the cupboard. He pulls out a briefcase and empties it on the bed. We see some papers, a British passport, a few colored photographs.

A close-up of a photograph shows a rather beautiful woman in a London garden.



LOCKE picks up the passport, returns to the table, and lays it beside ROBERTSON's. Then he takes out a lighter and a penknife from his trouser pocket and places the knife beside the passport.

LOCKE looks around the room. . . . The sound of the shower becomes noticeable. LOCKE glances at the bathroom door and starts to go toward it when he notices the tape recorder again.

He goes over to it and switches it to "rewind." He holds it for a few moments. Then he stops it and switches to "playback." We hear a moment of jumbled voices, a second of silence, and then a guitar solo.



14. Locke's bedroom. Interior. Afternoon.

The guitar music continues.

LOCKE places the glass on the table next to the passports, then returns to the recorder. He stops the guitar solo, spins the tape on a little, and switches again to "playback." Silence. Then:

LOCKE (voice-over): Wild track. Testing, one, two, three four. Rhubarb, rhubarb, rhubarb.

LOCKE sits down on the edge of the bed and listens. The papers and photographs from the briefcase still lie strewn over the bed beside him. He picks up the photograph of the woman.

The tape recorder. We watch the reels turning. There are two beeps on the track, then the sound of a knock at the door.

LOCKE is impassive.

LOCKE (voice-over): Entrez. [Come in.]

From the recorder we hear the sound of the door opening. We hear someone coming in.

MAN (voice-over): Sorry to barge in like this. I saw your lights on. I thought you might like a drink. . . .

LOCKE is terribly hot. He wipes the sweat from his face and continues listening to the tape, while removing a number of paper clips from the files on his bed.

LOCKE (voice-over): Yes, come in. . . . I saw you on the plane. You seemed to be having some trouble.

MAN (*voice-over laughing*): My luggage. They almost sent it to Khartoum. Hopeless bastards.

Pause.

LOCKE (*voice-over*): I'll get some glasses.

Footsteps. (Sound-over.)

LOCKE returns to the table with the paper clips and some fresh envelopes and sits down. The tape continues playing.

MAN (*voice-over*): It's only local stuff, of course, but . . .
(*coughing loudly*) it's got a kick like a mule.

LOCKE (*voice-over*): Yes. I've tried it before. . . .

LOCKE spreads both passports open with his hand.

ROBERTSON's passport reads: Name of Bearer: David Paul Robertson. LOCKE's passport reads: Name of Bearer: David John Locke.

There is silence on the recorder except for the sound of LOCKE returning from the bathroom, the clinking of glasses, a bottle being poured. . . .

LOCKE turns over to the second page of the passports. We see a photograph of the dead man, ROBERTSON.

From the recorder we hear:

MAN (*voice-over*): My name's Robertson, David Robertson. First time I've been in this part of Africa. Do you know it well?

Both passports are lying open beside each other. We can see the photographs of both men, and again we notice the

basic similarity in looks between them.

LOCKE (voice-over): No. I've never been up here before.
I'm a reporter. My name's Locke.

Opposite the photographs we can read the list of specifications: profession, place and date of birth, country of residence, height, color of eyes, etc.

LOCKE flattens the pages of the passports, then picks up ROBERTSON's and begins examining it in detail.

ROBERTSON (voice-over): Not David Locke?

LOCKE (voice-over): Yes.

ROBERTSON (voice-over): I've often read your pieces! I'm very glad to meet you. Are you down here for a story?

LOCKE (voice-over): Oh, I'm putting some material together—pieces of film for a documentary on Africa. I've finished now, thank God. Or almost finished.

LOCKE reaches into his pocket for his handkerchief. He folds it into a neat little wad, dips it into the glass of water, and begins to damp down the page on the back of ROBERTSON's photograph.

ROBERTSON (voice-over): What more do you need?

LOCKE (voice-over): Oh, I would have liked to make contact with the guerrillas. . . . Everyone knows they're fighting up here. They just arrested some foreigners. I expect you heard. . . .

LOCKE puts down the handkerchief. Then, using a paper clip, he affixes the page with the photograph to the other pages so as to keep it flat and steady.

ROBERTSON (voice-over): Yes.

LOCKE (voice-over): Anyway, I must have taken the wrong trail.

ROBERTSON (*voice-over*): There aren't very many 'round here. (*he laughs quickly, drinking*)

LOCKE picks up the razor blade and begins to saw very gently beneath the photograph so as to detach it from the page.

LOCKE (*voice-over*): That's what infuriates me. . . . I'm fed up with it now. But you're not a journalist as well, are you?

ROBERTSON (*voice-over*): Oh, no . . . I'm here on business.

LOCKE (*voice-over*): Business? In a God-forsaken place like this?

ROBERTSON (*voice-over*): Well, I've been in so many places the last few years. It doesn't make any difference any more.

Pause. The sound of footsteps.

ROBERTSON (*voice-over*): But all the same, it's beautiful, don't you think so?

LOCKE stops working for a moment and looks toward the window. Suddenly we become aware of two figures standing there with their backs to us and staring out at the African sky. One of them is LOCKE, the other ROBERTSON. The sense of physical resemblance between them is very great.

LOCKE: Beautiful? . . . Perhaps.

ROBERTSON: It's the immobility—a kind of waiting, an eternal suspension . . .

LOCKE: You seem unusually poetic—for a businessman.

ROBERTSON: Do I? Doesn't the desert have the same effect on you?

LOCKE: I'm interested in men more than landscapes.

ROBERTSON: But there *are* men who live in the desert.

LOCKE: What do you mean?





ROBERTSON laughs.

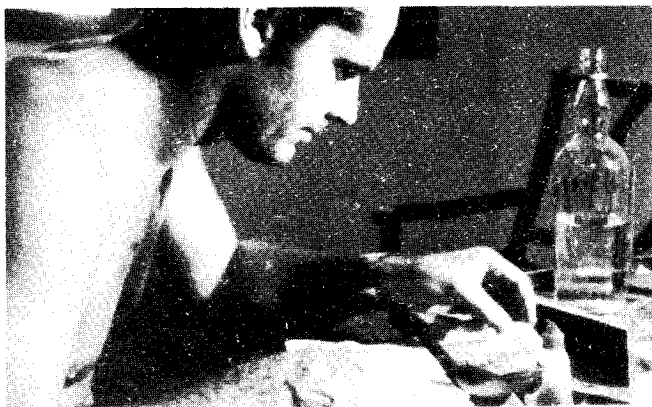
ROBERTSON: I think we need more time to get to know each other.

The figures fade away. LOCKE turns back to the desk and continues working. After a while:

LOCKE (voice-over): Any family?

ROBERTSON's photograph comes loose from the page. LOCKE opens the penknife and heats the blade in the flame.

ROBERTSON (voice-over): No. No family. No friends. Just a few commitments, including a bad heart. I shouldn't really be drinking . . . (he coughs) How about another?
LOCKE (voice-over): Thanks.



Working deliberately and precisely, LOCKE irons over the handkerchief with the warm blade—thus flattening out the official seal. On the tape recorder we hear the tinkling of glasses.

LOCKE (voice-over): And now what?

ROBERTSON (*voice-over*): Oh, I'll just keep going 'round the world, I expect. I'm a globe trotter. I take life as it comes. . . . I suppose it's different for someone like you.

LOCKE (*voice-over*): Yes. . . . It's different.

LOCKE keeps checking his progress by lifting up the corner of the handkerchief. He keeps working like this until he is satisfied.

ROBERTSON (*voice-over*): Still, you must have been around quite a bit yourself?

LOCKE (*voice-over*): I suppose so. . . .

ROBERTSON (*voice-over*): How about Umbabene? I bet you've never been to Umbabene.

We hear LOCKE laughing, and then silence. LOCKE opens several of the envelopes he had prepared on the table and then smears the glue evenly over the back of the two photographs.

ROBERTSON (*voice-over*): Terrible place . . . Or to Pernambuco?

LOCKE (*voice-over*): No.

LOCKE reinserts the photographs. But this time into different passports so that ROBERTSON's photograph is now in LOCKE's passport and vice-versa.

ROBERTSON (*voice-over*): Airport, taxi, hotel—they're all the same in the end.

LOCKE (*voice-over*): I don't agree. It's we who remain the same. We translate every situation, every experience, into the same old codes. We condition ourselves.

ROBERTSON (*voice-over*): We're creatures of habit. That's what you mean.

LOCKE drops the envelopes on the table and leans forward with his head in his hands.

LOCKE (voice-over): Something like that. However hard you try, it stays so difficult to get away from your own habits. Even the way we talk to these people—the way we treat them—is mistaken.

ROBERTSON (voice-over): Yes, I know.

LOCKE looks down at his hands. We see them in extreme close-up—every line, every hair, the pores.



LOCKE (voice-over): For instance, there were two people here I tried to get to. . . . Shit, it would help them to talk to me. But no. It's obvious they don't trust me. How do you gain their confidence? Do you know?

We hear ROBERTSON laughing.

ROBERTSON (voice-over): It's like this, Mr. Locke. . . . You work with words—with images—fragile things . . . I come with merchandise, concrete things. They understand me straight away.

A long pause on the tape recorder.

LOCKE (voice-over): Yes. Maybe.

LOCKE rises and goes toward the tape recorder.

LOCKE (voice-over): So—where are you going to next?

ROBERTSON (voice-over): Oh, London I think, and then perhaps Munich . . . No real reason . . . Just thought I'd check up on some of the old places. I haven't been in London for three years.

LOCKE switches off the tape recorder, spins it back for a couple of seconds, then switches it off.

15. Hotel corridor. Interior. Afternoon.

LOCKE comes out into the corridor. He stops and looks around but doesn't hear anything, so he closes the door of his room and goes back toward ROBERTSON's room.

Now, evidently tired, LOCKE drags the body down the corridor and into his own room.



16. Locke's bedroom. Interior. Afternoon.

LOCKE stands there for a moment to catch his breath.

With a last effort he lifts ROBERTSON's inert body up into his bed, unties the arms, and folds up the blanket. He moves his family photograph over to the bedside table.

It is sometime later. ROBERTSON, lying on the bed, is now wearing one of LOCKE's shirts and a pair of his trousers.

We see LOCKE strapping on ROBERTSON's watch. He puts his old passport back into the briefcase and leaves it on the floor beside the bed. He clears the penknife, lighter, envelopes, etc., from the table.

LOCKE takes a last slow look around the room. Then his eyes move to the corpse stretched out on the bed, with the photograph of LOCKE's wife beside him.

17. Hotel lobby. Interior. Afternoon.

The lobby is new, but already dowdy. LOCKE, dressed in ROBERTSON's blue jacket, approaches the reception desk and stands there waiting.

The CLERK attends to him. In spite of the heat, he is dressed in a dirty suit and tie.

CLERK: *(speaking with an accent)*: Yes, sir?

LOCKE: The gentleman in number seventeen. He's dead.

The CLERK nods uncomprehendingly, then approaches another man seated at a desk behind. This man (the MANAGER) reaches for the hotel ledger.





In the background we can hear a hum of voices speaking French.

The MANAGER comes and stands behind LOCKE. He looks worried and perplexed.

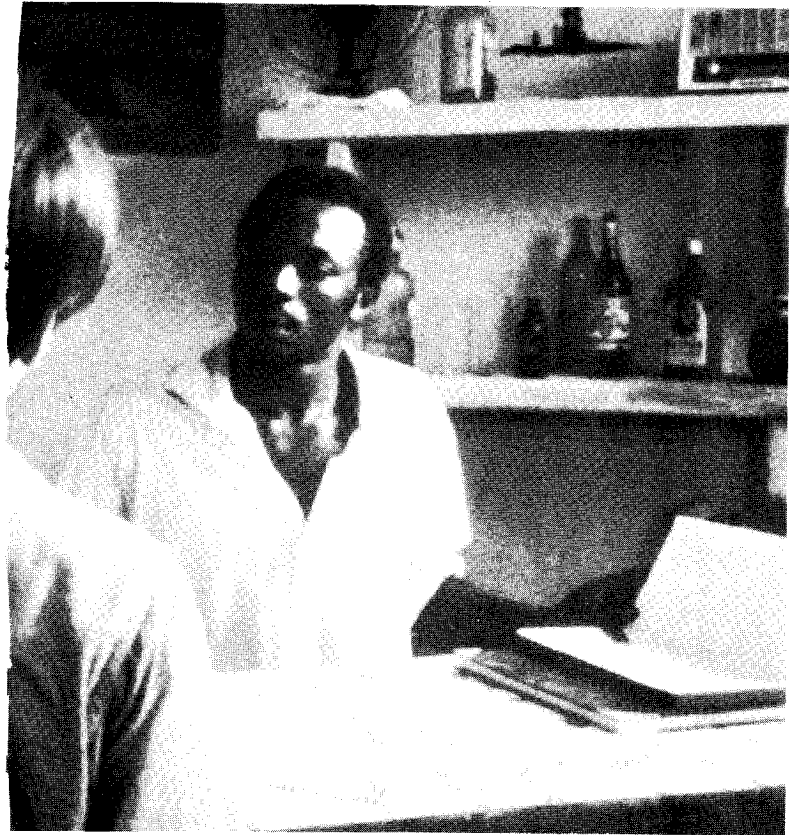
MANAGER: Mr. Locke?

LOCKE (*turning around*): Robertson.

MANAGER (*doubtfully*): Ah, yes. . . . Of course. The man in number seventeen. I believe it's a Mr. . . .

LOCKE: Locke. David Locke.

A moment of hesitation, then:



MANAGER: Yes. Exactly.

LOCKE: He was a newspaper reporter, I think.

The MANAGER shakes his head.

MANAGER: This is most unfortunate. . . . There is no doctor now—and no flights for another three days. . . . What can we do, Mr. Robertson?

LOCKE just looks at him.

LOCKE: I'll be outside.

The MANAGER turns away in a state of nervous frenzy. LOCKE moves toward the main door.

18. Hotel. Exterior. Afternoon.

LOCKE is lying on a low wall in the shade. Shimmering waves of heat rise off the ground and distort what he sees.

Three or four naked little children are playing in the dust nearby. Beside the steps leading into the hotel three African adults sit cross-legged and immobile in front of some beads and cloth. Their faces are covered with flies.

The MANAGER bustles out of the hotel and approaches LOCKE again. He is accompanied by a man in uniform, a district policeman.

MANAGER (*repeating the obvious*): He's dead, Mr. Robertson. . . .

LOCKE: What are you going to do?

MANAGER: We shall bury him this evening. The heat, you know . . . These things have to be done very quickly here.

LOCKE nods understandingly.

LOCKE: I suppose his family can make arrangements later on. . . .

MANAGER: Certainly . . . But it will take time. We are very cut off here—there are regulations . . . It is very sad.

LOCKE nods again. In the background the children have stopped playing and stare curiously at the three men.

MANAGER: *Perhaps you know if Mr. Locke was a religious man?*

LOCKE shakes his head.

MANAGER: We have a Catholic mission near here. Do you think. . . ?

LOCKE: I'm sure that will do very well.

A long, rather embarrassed pause. The MANAGER glances questioningly at the policeman, who merely shrugs his shoulders. Sound cut on noise of ticker-tape machine.

19. Newspaper library. Interior. Day.

A long corridor of metal files. A reporter walking down between them. We see the reporter's hand open a file marked 'L' and flick through the contents. We see the reporter's hand pull out an envelope.



20. Television studio. Interior.

ANNOUNCER: Tonight we have with us in the studio three journalists who had all known and worked with David Locke: Martin Knight, Joseph Harcourt, and Tom Carson. Martin Knight, I think you knew David better than any of us—in fact, I believe he was in Africa to make a television film for you?

KNIGHT: That's right. But I feel I must begin by saying how terribly upset I was at the news of his death. . . . It was so unexpected. . . . He was still very young. We were all very shocked. . . .

ANNOUNCER: If you had to sum up what it was that made David such a good journalist, what would you say?

KNIGHT: That's always a difficult question. . . . First, I suppose there was his background—the fact of being British but growing up and being educated in America. It gave him a different perspective—a kind of detachment. And then he had a talent for observation. He was always looking, always noticing.

ANNOUNCER: What was he really like—as a purpose, as a man?

KNIGHT: The main thing about David was his fairness. It went with his objectivity and with his control on life. He was always controlled.



HARCOURT: Yes, that was always very striking in him
—though sometimes I think he regretted it.

ANNOUNCER: What do you mean?

HARCOURT: Well, I remember once in Beirut. . . . He told me he felt angry with himself, with his habit of observation. . . . Then he said he thought that objectivity in a reporter was often just a style, a system of conventions. The public recognizes it, but it might have very little to do with the truth.

ANNOUNCER: Did you agree with him?

HARCOURT: Oh, yes, of course.

ANNOUNCER: What about you Tom?

CARSON: Well, David and I disagreed rather regularly. For instance, David maintained that objectivity was an illusory goal whereas I believe it is both possible and necessary.

21. London drawing room. Interior. Evening.

The room is comfortable and crowded with objects. There is nobody in it. However, a TV set with its back to us is switched on, with the volume very loud. We can hear the same television conversation continuing.

ANNOUNCER: There was certainly a change in his recent work. He seemed more . . . personally involved.

KNIGHT: His pieces about Africa, you mean? I think in some ways—however questionable—they were the best things he ever did.

HARCOURT: Definitely. But *not* because he was deeply involved personally. Perhaps that's why they seemed almost desperate to me.

KNIGHT: Why desperate?

HARCOURT: Because . . . I think he *wanted* to be involved but didn't know *how* . . .

A woman, clearly recognizable from the photographs we saw earlier in LOCKE's hotel room as his wife RACHEL, appears in the doorway and stands watching the television set. She is holding a glass of whiskey and, in the other hand, a soda siphon.

She is about thirty years old, rather beautiful, and dressed in bright, gay colors. (In spite of a certain coldness and self-control it is important that she should appear strongly sympathetic.)

RACHEL stares and listens. As we look at her we hear:

CARSON (voice-over): Well, they were certainly far from impartial.

KNIGHT (off-camera): Perhaps he was searching for—how should I put it—a different kind of objectivity?

RACHEL shakes her head, unbelievably.

Shot on television set.

HARCOURT: Well, obviously I, who believe in the benefits of being impassioned—unlike Carson—only feel sorry he didn't express the same force earlier—say, when he was writing about Vietnam.

ANNOUNCER: Martin, what do you think David Locke would have said about that, if he was here now?

KNIGHT: David always was a humanist.

RACHEL reenters and sits on a chair on the far side of the room. She has a drink in her hand, and a cigarette. She watches the television, clearly aware of the painful banality of the discussion.

KNIGHT (voice-over): He tried to show that, in human terms, problems all over the world are fundamentally very much



the same. It was this universality that he expressed in everything he wrote—like all great journalists.

22. Bloomsbury. Exterior. Day.

LOCKE reaches a new housing development in very modern design, which stands out in strong contrast to its traditional surroundings.

As if the design of the place had intrigued him, LOCKE changes his route and crosses the complex—tall blocks, glass, cement, stairs.

Women with shopping bags, men on their way to the office . . .

One man is reading and walking at the same time. He sees the GIRL sitting on a bench.

LOCKE cannot help seeing the GIRL. For a brief moment, his eyes rest on her—then he continues on his way.

23. Dawson Place. Exterior. Day.

LOCKE stops in front of one of the houses: white, Victorian, three floors.

LOCKE glances at the windows, then climbs the steps and rings the bell. He stands there for a moment, waiting. There is no answer. He rings again. Still no answer.

He listens through the mailbox to a fragment of his own obituary on TV.

24. Street. Exterior. Day.

LOCKE walks quickly away from the house. It is busier here and there is more traffic. He slows down. He looks uncertain—as if he didn't quite know what to do next. He keeps walking, but goes always more slowly.

Finally he comes to a halt. He seems to remember something. He fishes in his pocket and pulls out ROBERTSON's crumpled plane ticket. He looks at it uncertainly. The penciled handwriting on the front. Box 28. He opens the ticket. Kuala Lumpur, Fort Lamy, Paris, London, Munich. He looks at it again. He glances quickly at his watch, hesitates, and then makes a decision. A wry grin. He waves at a passing taxi. The taxi stops and he gets in.

As he drives away, a woman who is crossing the road steps back to let the taxi go by. Then she walks over to LOCKE's house.

25. Munich Airport. Interior. Day.

The desk of a car-hire agency. Avis.

LOCKE is signing a form. He is wearing different clothes now—rather in the style of ROBERTSON. He has a mustache. He looks happy and serene.

AVIS GIRL: Going on holiday?

LOCKE: Sort of.

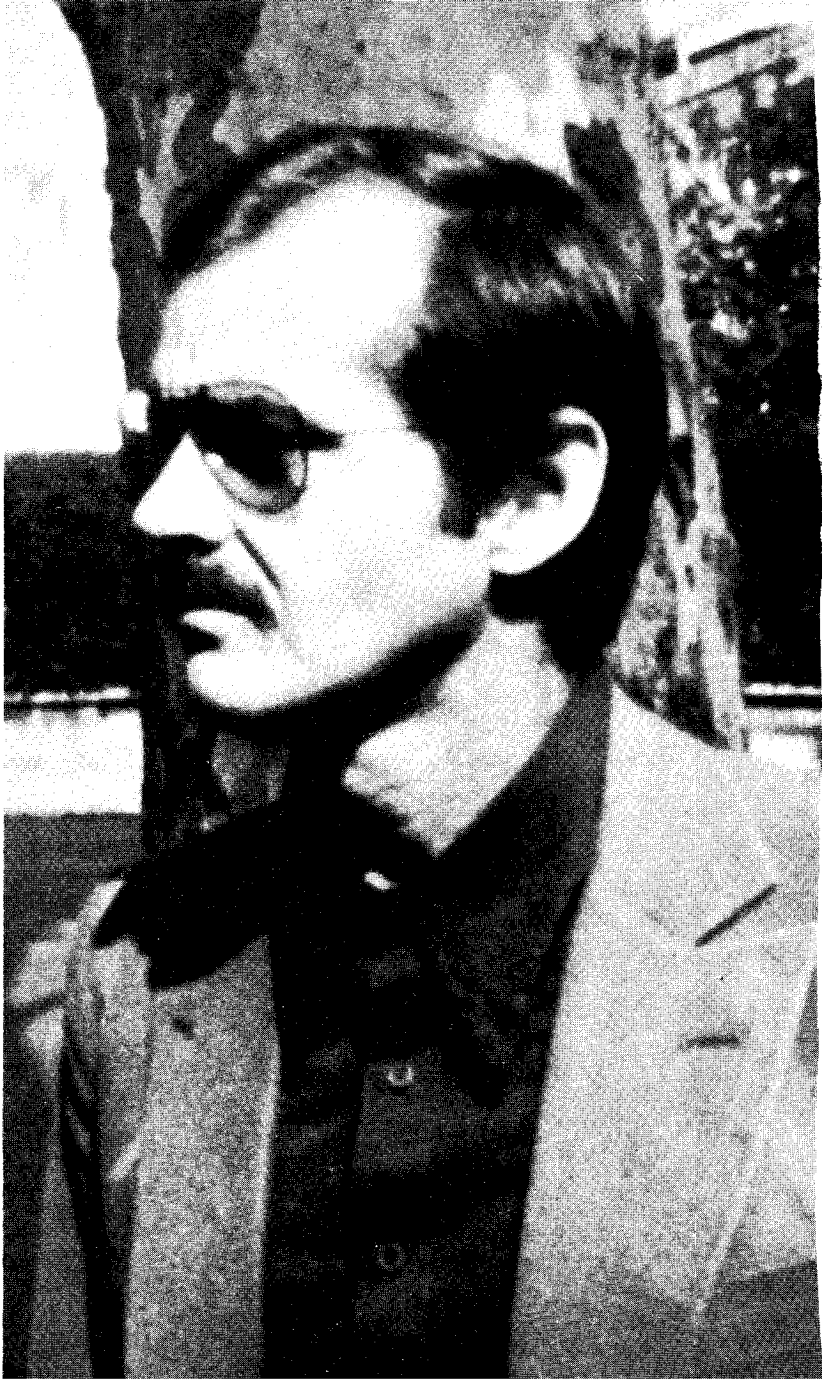
AVIS GIRL (*looking down at her papers*): Where do you want to return the car?

LOCKE: I don't know.

AVIS GIRL (*looking up*): Where are you going?









LOCKE: Nowhere. Anywhere. I haven't decided.

AVIS GIRL: This is a list of our offices.

LOCKE looks at the list.

LOCKE: Spain. I'll go to Spain.

AVIS GIRL: Barcelona?

LOCKE shrugs easily. The AVIS GIRL smiles indulgently at him.



AVIS GIRL: How long for?

LOCKE (*smiling*): The rest of my life.

AVIS GIRL: Why don't you buy a new car?

She laughs and completes the form and hands him the car keys.

LOCKE attaches the car keys to the African key chain, the one which used to be ROBERTSON's. He nods to the AVIS GIRL, picks up his bags, and walks away.

As he approaches the airport doors we see him halt. He puts down his bags as if struck by a sudden thought, and stands for a moment pondering.

Slowly he takes out the key chain from his pocket and stares at it. One of the keys—originally ROBERTSON'S—is marked "Munchen Flughafen No. 28."

LOCKE returns to the Avis desk and asks the AVIS GIRL something. She points to the far end of the lobby.

26. Munich Airport. Interior. Day.

A wall of luggage lockers.

LOCKE feels in his pockets and takes out the key chain. He is quite obviously nothing more than simply curious about it.

To the right there is a long bench with four or five people. Among them and sitting apart from the rest are two men, one of them an African and the other probably German—about forty years old.

LOCKE approaches one of the lockers and stands in front of it.

A close-up of the locker. The door opens, and inside it we see a soft black leather envelope.

The two men stand up expectantly.

LOCKE pauses, then reaches into the locker and pulls out the leather envelope. He hesitates for a moment, half in



puzzlement, half as if he were making up his mind. Then he opens the zipper and glances at the documents. We get a brief glimpse of a long typewritten list. One thousand hand grenades, two thousand FN rifles . . . LOCKE looks up, his eyes blinking. He turns the envelope around in his hand. He is visibly surprised by what he has found. He closes the zipper, and stuffs the envelope into the pocket of his jacket. He turns and moves quickly away.

The two men who have been following LOCKE's behavior, and have obviously been, in some way or another, surprised by it, glance at each other. The German shrugs as if to say he doesn't understand. They move off after LOCKE and follow him out of the main entrance.

27. Flashback. Garden. Exterior. Late afternoon.

LOCKE is building an enormous bonfire in the middle of

the lawn. Piles of branches and dead leaves. Old cartons. Old clothes. Even a chair. He sprinkles some petrol over it all and then tosses a match onto the top. The entire thing bursts into flames. Black smoke billows into the sky. LOCKE seems delighted.

RACHEL (voice-over, shouting): David! David! What the hell do you think you're doing?

She comes running into the garden—obviously worried by the size of the flames which are threatening a nearby tree.

RACHEL: You're crazy.

LOCKE: Yes. Does that bother you?

RACHEL stands there for a moment, deciding what to do, then calmly turns her back and strolls away toward the house.



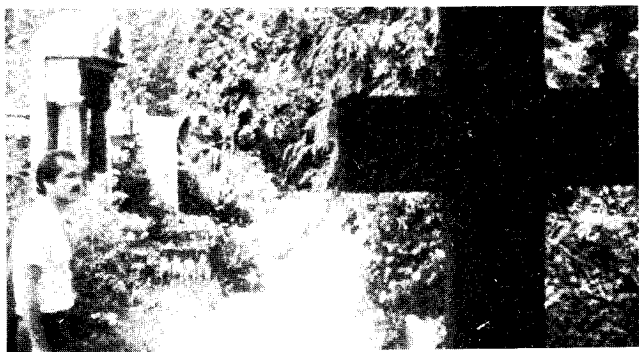
LOCKE (now shouting himself): Rachel! Where are you going?!

28. Rococo church—Germany. Exterior. Day.

LOCKE parks a car in front of the church. There is a tourist bus nearby. He gets out and walks toward the front entrance with his jacket slung loosely over his shoulder.

29. Rococo church—Germany. Interior. Day.

It is empty, silent. LOCKE strolls slowly around the church. It is cooler in there, out of the sun. He stops and stares at a golden angel on white stucco. In the background we hear the sound of German voices. The voices grow louder.



LOCKE looks around and notices a wedding ceremony. He stands at the back of the church and watches.

30. Rococo church—Germany. Interior. Day.

A priest and an altar boy emerge from a side chapel. A



mass begins—a distant muttering.

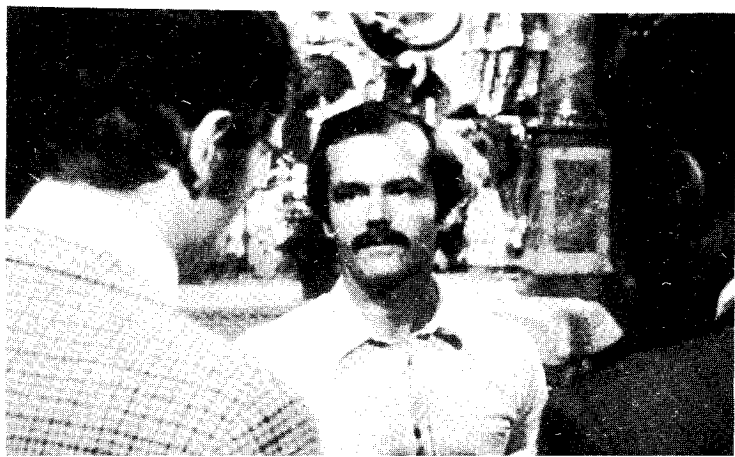
Another sound has also distinguished itself—more footsteps—double footsteps. The sound grows louder, nearer to LOCKE. It moves in behind him. Obviously some other people. Probably the tourists. LOCKE doesn't turn around.

Suddenly:

GERMAN VOICE: Mr. Robertson?

LOCKE's face stiffens, caught by surprise and disbelief.

GERMAN VOICE: Mr. Robertson?



LOCKE turns around very slowly. There are two men sitting behind him—a GERMAN and an AFRICAN. We remember them from the airport. But LOCKE hasn't the slightest idea who they are.

GERMAN: Did something go wrong at the airport?

LOCKE cannot answer.

GERMAN: We were expecting you to contact us there.

LOCKE (*trying to understand*): I'm sorry. . . . There was a slight muddle.

GERMAN: Is it all right for us to talk now, then?

LOCKE (*uneasily*): Talk . . . I expect so. . . . Yes.

GERMAN: This is Mr. Achebe.

The AFRICAN puts out his hand.

ACHEBE: Delighted . . . We are very grateful for your help.

LOCKE shakes his hand disbelievingly. ACHEBE smiling, LOCKE blinking, expressionless. A moment of silence, then:

GERMAN: Did you manage to get everything we wanted?
Have you got the papers?

LOCKE: Eh, yes . . . You better look at them and tell me what you think.

He fumbles for the leather envelope in his pocket and hands it to the GERMAN, who passes it to ACHEBE.

GERMAN: Have you got the keys?

LOCKE pauses, then starts, as if pulling himself together, and gets out his key ring. He hands it to ACHEBE, who unlocks the pouch, removes some papers, and thumbs through them.

ACHEBE: Yes . . . Yes . . . Oh, excellent. (*he looks up*)
You got the FN rifles as well, excellent . . . Yes . . . A
pity about the anti-aircraft guns.

He continues to thumb through the papers, then hands them to the GERMAN, who rechecks them.

ACHEBE: Well, that's very good. . . .

LOCKE: I'm glad it's all there. I'm sorry about the anti-aircraft guns. I hope it's not too much of a . . . drawback.

ACHEBE: Oh, no. Their planes aren't very effective at the moment. We evade them easily enough. Our main problem is the military assistance the government is getting from Europe.

LOCKE: Yes, I know. That's not surprising.

The GERMAN puts the papers back in the pouch.

GERMAN: They seem in order.

He takes a large brown envelope from his pocket and holds it out to LOCKE.

GERMAN: Here is the first installment, Mr. Robertson.

LOCKE takes the envelope.

GERMAN: Don't you want to check it?

LOCKE: No, I'm sure it's all right.

GERMAN: The second installment will be paid as agreed in Geneva. You know the office. At our next meeting. The arrangements for that remain unchanged.

ACHEBE leans forward to shake his hand again.

ACHEBE: This will be of great assistance to our people.

LOCKE *nods*. *The two men stand up.*

ACHEBE (*sincerely*): We're very grateful, Mr. Robertson. . . . We appreciate the risks you have taken for us. . . . Of course, you realize the present government has agents who may try to interfere with you. In that case I hope you will get in touch with us. We will help you in any way we can.

LOCKE: Thank you. . . .

ACHEBE: Give my regards to Daisy.



He smiles politely and turns away. LOCKE watches the two men as they walk away down the aisle and out of the church.

LOCKE turns around again and stares ahead at the ludicrously ornamented altar. The mass is still in progress. The priest turns around and blesses the nonexistent congregation. LOCKE rubs his eyes. He has been badly shaken.

LOCKE looks down at the brown envelope beside him. He opens it and peers inside. Bundles of dollar bills.

LOCKE (*under his breath*): Shit!

He looks around. The church is empty. He holds the envelope as if it were hot—or dangerous. He looks worried. He gets up, turns on his heel, and exits.

31. Large square—Africa. Exterior. Early morning.

The image is fuzzy. The camera is obviously hand-held. There is no sound. Only the noise of a motor running.

We see LOCKE standing with his back to the camera. Some way to the left there is a strange group of silent Africans dressed in an odd mixture of costumes—part African, part European junk.

Over to the right there is a low raised platform with three or four Africans in military uniform.

In the far background a group of soldiers are leading three men to a row of stakes. They tie them up. They move away. The firing squad takes aim and fires. The three figures fall to the ground. The small crowd of mourners run forward. LOCKE takes a hip flask from his pocket. He drinks, then turns on his heel and moves toward the camera. There





is a look of silent disgust on his face. Helplessness.

KNIGHT'S VOICE: We'll have to cut this carefully if they let us use it.

Freeze frame on LOCKE's face.

Into the frame comes the tip of a pencil. We see entire screen marked over with a white cross.

32. Editing room—London. Interior. Day.

MARTIN KNIGHT, holding a pencil, is seated in front of a moviola. An ASSISTANT is working in the background.

KNIGHT: Where's the splicer gone?

The ASSISTANT hands over the splicer. KNIGHT cuts the film, removes a few frames, and replaces the strip with another piece of film.

The telephone starts to ring. KNIGHT picks up the receiver.

KNIGHT: Martin Knight . . . Yes . . .

Behind him the door opens and RACHEL enters. KNIGHT, on the telephone, is surprised and smiles at her.

KNIGHT: Four o'clock . . . In the lab.

He puts down the telephone receiver and picks up the strip of film. He continues to hold it absent-mindedly throughout the scene.

KNIGHT: Rachel!



RACHEL: Is it all right—coming in like this?

KNIGHT (*warmly*): Of course it is. . . . Would you like some coffee?

RACHEL: No thanks.

RACHEL is subdued and apparently slightly distracted. She gestures toward the moviola.

RACHEL: Don't let me interrupt you. I can just watch.

On the second moviola we see LOCKE interviewing the African PRESIDENT. (We recognize him from the portrait in the hall of the hotel in Africa.) LOCKE is dressed in a tropical suit and tie. He appears effective and efficient—the classic reporter.

PRESIDENT: Yes.

LOCKE: Mr. President—can you comment on the recent arrests of foreign nationals?

PRESIDENT: This matter is in the hands of the courts. It is up to the law to make its comment.

LOCKE: Does the United Liberation Front still threaten the northern provinces? In other words, are the guerrillas still fighting?

PRESIDENT: Perhaps—for once—the official terminology corresponds with the actual facts. And the facts are

these. This is no longer a problem. Intellectuals and journalists like to make publicity out of it—to give it a political substance—but . . .

KNIGHT (*to the ASSISTANT*): That's enough, thanks.

The moviola stops running. KNIGHT turns toward RACHEL.

KNIGHT: You must have seen a good many of David's interviews.

There is a strange expression on RACHEL's face—as if the interview had affected her in some way.

The ASSISTANT gets up and points at his watch. KNIGHT nods at him, and the ASSISTANT leaves.

KNIGHT: So—how are you?

RACHEL: I'm fine.

KNIGHT: You're looking wonderful. I'm glad you dropped by.

RACHEL nods and smiles at him.

KNIGHT: Well—what about my idea?

RACHEL: The portrait of David?

KNIGHT: Yes. A real portrait. What he was like, how he grew, what he stood for . . .

RACHEL: Why do you want to do it?

Pause.

KNIGHT (*a little nonplused*): A tribute, a way to remember him . . .

RACHEL: Yes.

Pause.

KNIGHT: I thought it would pull this material together

—make more sense of it.

RACHEL: More sense?

KNIGHT: Yes. Some of it is quite—peculiar. I've only seen part of it, but the subjects he chose, the way he put himself into every shot . . . I don't know. . . .

RACHEL says nothing.

KNIGHT: You don't look very enthusiastic.

RACHEL: It's not that—no. Just that . . . Well, interviews, reporters—you know David wasn't so different . . . That sounds disloyal . . . What I mean is, he accepted too much. I always felt he could have been more than he was. *(then, after a pause)* I'm sorry. I hope you make the film. You know we hadn't been close the last couple of years. We quarreled in spite of ourselves. We'd even talked of separating.

KNIGHT nods.

RACHEL: I don't know why I'm talking like this. I think about him a lot. . . . You know he was a very distant person. . . .

KNIGHT: How do you mean?

RACHEL: He was very sure of himself. It came out as a kind of dryness. The theater, the cinema, novels, you know . . . He avoided them.

KNIGHT: Rather like you do?

RACHEL *(laughing)*: Well, perhaps. But David objected to them. It was a kind of prudishness. . . . He thought all fiction was—unnecessary, frivolous.

KNIGHT releases the blinds on one of the windows and light streams into the room.

KNIGHT: Yes, I remember. . . . *(then, looking up at her)*
Did he love you?

RACHEL (*suddenly upset and emotional*): . . . Yes, I think so. We just didn't make each other very happy. I was there, you know, when he was doing that interview. I went to see him. . . . But I only stayed for one day.



KNIGHT: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to upset you.

RACHEL shakes her head, picking up her coat and bag. But then she doesn't move. After a moment of silence:

KNIGHT: Look at this.

The strip of film he has been carrying. Quickly he laces it up on the moviola with some feet of soundtrack. He starts the motor and the film begins to run through.

We watch the same thirty seconds as before (the execution), but they now look rather different; some of the middle section is missing and replaced with cutaways. On the soundtrack we hear LOCKE's voice-over commentary.

LOCKE (*voice-over*): Rama Fadedá was arrested on March 14th and accused of being an important member of the

outlawed United Liberation Front. He was tried by a summary court martial and executed the following day.

The film runs out. RACHEL looks even more disturbed and moves toward the door.

KNIGHT (*in a different tone of voice*): What about David's things? Have they arrived yet?

RACHEL: No. They called to say it'll take two or three weeks. The usual muddle.

KNIGHT: Yes, I know.

RACHEL (*as if she remembered something a little odd*): They asked me about someone called "Robertson." He was staying in the same hotel as David. They wondered if I'd heard from him.

KNIGHT raises his eyebrows and shrugs. He joins her and they exit.

33. Garden. Exterior. Day.

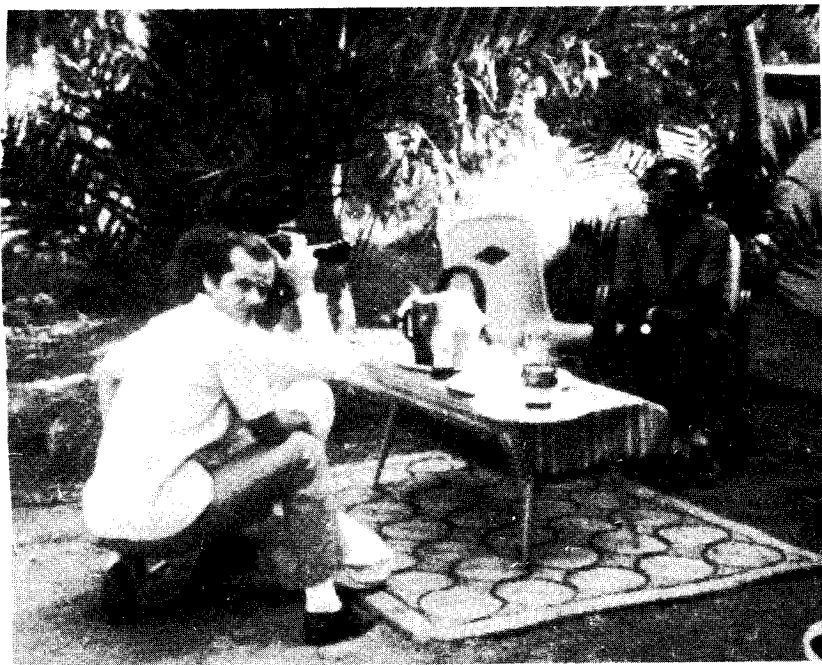
LOCKE with the African president—the same scene we just saw. Except that we can now see all the surroundings—the camera, the crew, and RACHEL. She is standing close by, watching LOCKE talking quietly to the PRESIDENT, while the CAMERAMAN is focusing and setting the exposure.

LOCKE: Mr. President, I hope it's all right if we do this in English instead of French?

PRESIDENT (*with self-satisfaction*): Whatever is most convenient for you.

When the CAMERAMAN holds out the tape to measure the exact distance, his hand brushes accidentally against the PRESIDENT's face.

CAMERAMAN: Excuse me.



RACHEL smiles. We continue to concentrate on her reactions as she observes the beginning of the interview.

LOCKE (to CAMERAMAN): Ready?

The CAMERAMAN nods.

CAMERAMAN: Camera running.

LOCKE turns to the PRESIDENT.

LOCKE: Mr. President—can you comment on the recent arrest of foreign nationals?

As the PRESIDENT starts to reply, RACHEL sees LOCKE

indicate that the PRESIDENT should be directing his answers to the camera, not to him. There is a faint touch of servility in the gesture. It is too polite.

RACHEL looks away and turns toward the house: the grand white building, a colonial garden. An atmosphere of pretension and luxurious bad taste.

While the PRESIDENT is answering a question, LOCKE sees this. He has a faint but immediately controlled reaction.

RACHEL looks back and hears:

PRESIDENT: . . . Intellectuals and journalists like to make publicity out of it. To give it political substance. But if you go—like I have—and speak to the people, the country people, who have to deal with these outlaws, they will confirm what I say. There is no fighting any more. The situation is practically normal. What remains are a couple of hundred guns in the hands of some common bandits.

LOCKE (*resigned*): I see. But don't you think . . .

PRESIDENT (*interrupting*): I think this country is on the road to a great future. . . .

While the PRESIDENT goes on talking his words are lost. We concentrate on RACHEL as she looks at LOCKE. And he, too, glances at her.

RACHEL moves off again. She sees two African waiters in matching tunics preparing a small table with fruit and drink. Nearby there are also a couple of officers in military uniforms.

34. Car. Interior. Day.

LOCKE and RACHEL driving through the streets of an Afri-



can city. RACHEL is looking out of the window. An atmosphere of heat and squalor.

LOCKE: You didn't like that, did you?

RACHEL: No. You involve yourself in real situations but you have no real dialogue. . . .

LOCKE: Do you blame me for that?

RACHEL: No, not blame. But your neutrality becomes a form of acceptance. Why didn't you tell that man that he is . . . *(she searches for the word)*

LOCKE: A liar?

RACHEL: Yes.

LOCKE: I know. But those are the rules.

RACHEL: I don't like seeing you keep them.

LOCKE: Then why did you come?

She shrugs.

35. Sidewalk cafe—Barcelona. Exterior. Day.

ACHEBE and the GERMAN are talking together at a small table.

A black, six-door Mercedes draws up quietly beside them. The doors swing open. Four men, two of them African, leap quickly out of the car. They are partly disguised

by coats and hats. ACHEBE sees them and starts to get to his feet. But the man at the table behind him has swung around. He smashes ACHEBE's face down into the coffee cup, then jerks him to his feet and into the car. The GERMAN has also been torn back off his chair and thrown in.

The last of the men to leave finishes the coffee and puts some money down on the table.

The doors slam shut. The car moves away. The remaining customers look at each other with the mild surprise of people who have long since given up interfering in other people's business.

36. Bar—Munich. Interior. Day.

A large, rather empty place decorated in the most depressing contemporary German style.

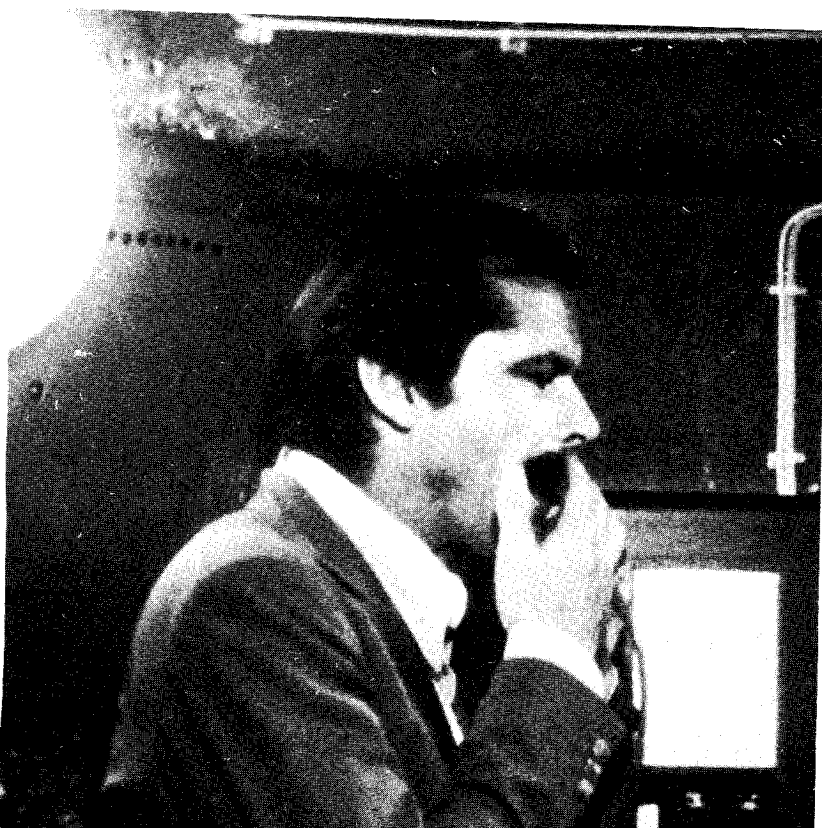
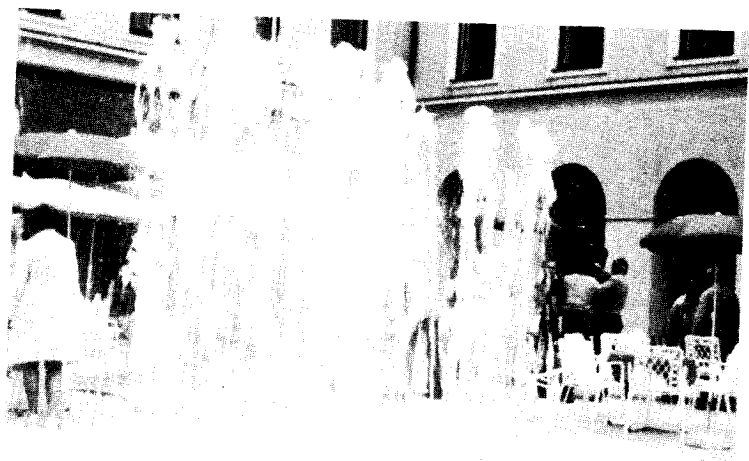
LOCKE is talking on the telephone. Then, as if remembering something, he raises his hand to his mustache and slowly starts to pull it off. He puts the mustache on the light above the telephone.

37. Funicular cabin—Barcelona. Interior. Day.

The ATTENDANT is shutting the metal doors. LOCKE is the only passenger. The car swings away from the tower and out across the port of Barcelona—the water hundreds of feet below.

LOCKE stares out over the port toward the town. There are mountains in the background, a ship hooting in the distance.

The ATTENDANT—a gnarled and weathered old





man—turns to look at LOCKE.

ATTENDANT: Is beautiful?

LOCKE looks at him and smiles.

LOCKE: Yes.

ATTENDANT: Most of the times I am alone here. But every day I think it is beautiful.

LOCKE glances at him. There is something about this old man that he likes very much.

LOCKE: Where do you live?

The ATTENDANT nods toward a distant part of the town.

ATTENDANT: But from my window I see the funicular. (*he pauses*) Often I sleep in here. It doesn't make any difference.

Silence. The ATTENDANT puffs away on his pipe. LOCKE watches him.

LOCKE (*guessing*): Were you a sailor?

The ATTENDANT laughs.

ATTENDANT: Me? I spend six years in a submarine.

He sits down on his stool again.

LOCKE: Would you like to eat with me later?

The ATTENDANT stares at him in surprise. A ship hoots in the distance.

38. Bedroom. Interior. Day.

RACHEL turns away from the window. She drops two suits into the packing case on the floor, and then continues straight on out of the room as if she had remembered something.

39. African garden. Exterior. Day.

It is a garden filled with tropical vegetation.

KNIGHT (off-camera): Now here, look at this. One of the bits I was telling you about.

RACHEL: The man they executed?

KNIGHT: Yes. But this was much earlier.

In the center of the moviola shot we see an AFRICAN, about forty years old, sitting cross-legged on the grass with his back leaning against a tree.

LOCKE (voice-over): Yesterday when we filmed you at the village, I understood you had been brought up to be a witch doctor?

The AFRICAN's face remains expressionless. He doesn't answer.

LOCKE (voice-over): Isn't it unusual for someone like you to have spent several years in France and Yugoslavia?

The AFRICAN smiles but doesn't answer.

KNIGHT (off-camera): He must have filmed it by himself —the crew certainly weren't there.

Close-up on moviola. The overlapping of voices makes it

seem almost like an actual conversation between LOCKE, the AFRICAN, RACHEL, and KNIGHT.

LOCKE (voice-over): Has that changed your attitude toward certain tribal customs?

The AFRICAN still doesn't answer and looks as if he were trying to understand something else hidden in what LOCKE was asking.

LOCKE (voice-over): Don't they strike you as false now—and wrong perhaps for the tribe?

For the first time the AFRICAN moves. He looks down at his hands, and then up again into the camera.

AFRICAN (speaking slowly and deliberately in surprisingly fluent English): Mr. Locke, there are perfectly satisfactory answers to all your questions. . . . But I don't think you understand how little you would learn from them.

Pause.

The AFRICAN smiles again. He speaks as if making quite an effort.

AFRICAN: Your questions are much more revealing about yourself than my answers would be about me.

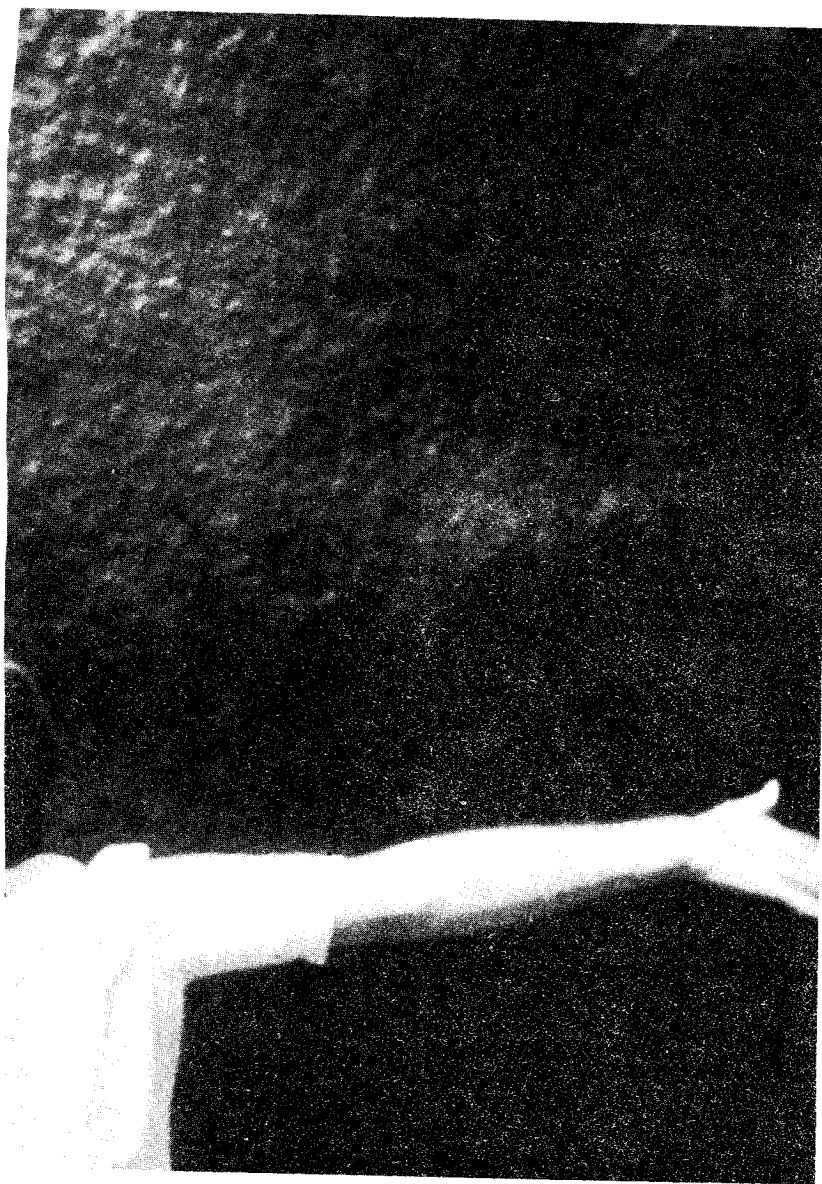
LOCKE (voice-over): I meant them quite sincerely.

The AFRICAN stares into the camera. Then he speaks again.

AFRICAN: Mr. Locke, we can have a conversation but only if it is not just what you think is sincere, but also what I believe to be honest.

LOCKE (voice-over): Yes, of course. . . .





We see the AFRICAN stand up and approach the camera. His hands reach out for it, his waist blocks out some of the image. There is a moment of darkness.

Then the camera pans suddenly around the room and comes to a stop facing the opposite wall where we see LOCKE. He is clearly accepting the situation and aware of the hidden truth in the AFRICAN's action in turning the camera to face him, the interviewer. He sits down in a chair.

RACHEL (turning away from the moviola): Yes . . . It's strange. . . .

The moviola stops running.

KNIGHT: Toward the end he seems to have gone off onto a track of his own.

RACHEL looks up. KNIGHT removes a sheet from a cardboard file. He glances at RACHEL, then reads:

KNIGHT: "Independence. What nonsense. We hypnotize them. We rob them. . . ." Pages of it. "They should strip us naked at the airport, put jewelry in our noses, give us a blowpipe and wattle hut, and invite us to live in the jungle. Why not? That would be Africanization." (he looks up) Is he joking there?

RACHEL: I was never sure whether he was being serious or not.

KNIGHT smiles. RACHEL glances back at the moviola. KNIGHT puts the file away.

Neither of them speaks for a moment. KNIGHT begins lacing up another strip of film.

RACHEL: What about that man in the hotel—what's he

called?

KNIGHT: Robertson?

RACHEL: Yes.

KNIGHT: I've been trying to find out. He was staying in the room next to David's. He found the body. . . . He was probably the last person to talk to him.

RACHEL: Can you find him?

KNIGHT: Perhaps . . . I think he was in London some time ago. He had a stopover on a Munich ticket. . . .

RACHEL: I'd like to talk to him.

KNIGHT: So would I.

40. Funicular cabin. Exterior. Day.

The small cabin continues across the harbor, suspended on its wire high above the water.

41. Stephen's flat. Interior. Afternoon.

RACHEL sits up and lights a cigarette.

RACHEL: Stephen?

STEPHEN (*off-camera*): Yes?

RACHEL: Is Deirdre still wor. . .

STEPHEN (*off-camera shouting*): What?

RACHEL gets up and goes into the sitting room.

RACHEL: I wondered if Deirdre was still working for the refugee center?

More sounds of tea being prepared, a tray being laid—spoons, cups, etc.

STEPHEN (*off-camera*): I think so—at least she was the last time I saw her.





RACHEL: When was that?

STEPHEN (*off-camera*): Oh, I don't know. . . . Why?

RACHEL (*quietly*): I just wondered. . . .

A long pause. RACHEL falls back onto the sofa.

RACHEL (*louder and smiling ironically*): Did you know she was having an affair with David?

Pause.

STEPHEN appears in the doorway dressed in trousers and a T-shirt.

STEPHEN (*a little puzzled, a little amused*): What makes you think that?

RACHEL: I found some letters.

STEPHEN shrugs and smiles. He leaves to fetch the tray, then reappears and lays it on a small table.

He pours out the tea, and then hands her a cup.

STEPHEN: Does it annoy you?

RACHEL: No. I mean yes, a little.

RACHEL puts down her cup and returns to the bedroom.

STEPHEN (*voice-over*): Why?

RACHEL sits down at the dressing table and begins brushing her hair.

RACHEL: Vanity? Ego? It makes me think someone else might have understood him better than I did.

STEPHEN reappears.

STEPHEN (*speaking kindly*): Is that so important now?

RACHEL (*shrugging*): No . . . I don't know.

STEPHEN (*lightly, affectionately*): Why don't you try and forget it all?

RACHEL: Because I'm curious—that's why. I'm interested. . . .

STEPHEN takes another drink from the teacup.

STEPHEN: But why just now? It's the wrong time.

RACHEL shrugs. She turns to the dressing table.

RACHEL: . . . I know . . . It's idiotic. I didn't care at all before. Now that he's dead—in some strange way, I do . . . Perhaps I was wrong about him.

STEPHEN: If you try hard you can reinvent him.

STEPHEN kisses her on the back of the neck, collects some clothes from the cupboard, and goes into the bathroom.

RACHEL puts on a shirt and skirt, then reaches for the telephone and dials. Her clothes are distinctly more somber than they were in her earlier scenes.

RACHEL: Martin Knight, please . . . Oh? Really? When? Rachel Locke, yes . . . No, I didn't, I was out. But that's marvelous! How—from Avis? Yes . . . The Hotel Oriente. Thank you—and do let me know if—yes . . . Goodbye.

STEPHEN, putting on his jacket, returns to the bedroom. He finds RACHEL sitting with her back to him and lost in thought.

STEPHEN: What was that?

RACHEL: Martin.



She seems suddenly absent-minded.

RACHEL: He left this morning for Barcelona. He may have found Robertson. . . .

STEPHEN sits down on the bed.

STEPHEN: Are you still looking for him?

RACHEL touches a couple of the objects on the dressing table, then turns and looks at STEPHEN.

RACHEL: Yes.

42. Ramblas. Exterior. Day.

LOCKE strolls down the mall near the Hotel Oriente. A few café tables on either side. Opposite the hotel he stops and looks around. At one of the café tables he sees MARTIN KNIGHT. He is drinking and reading the paper.

LOCKE freezes.

KNIGHT glances up from his paper. He stares past LOCKE—who looks, of course, rather different from the man KNIGHT remembers.

LOCKE quickly crosses away from the mall, and turns down the first side street. He disappears from view.

KNIGHT folds the paper, looks at the check, puts some money down on the table, rises, and strolls off—apparently following LOCKE down the same side street.

43. Side street—Barcelona. Exterior. Day.



LOCKE stands in front of the window of a modern furniture shop. By looking into the mirror of a display dressing table, he can see behind him down the street.

KNIGHT's reflection appears in the mirror. LOCKE is appalled. KNIGHT's reflection gets larger as he approaches. LOCKE moves quickly away.

The adjoining building is a museum—the Palacio Guell. LOCKE enters through the enormous doors—two gates of fantastic and extravagant wrought iron, the gates of a mausoleum.

44. Courtyard—Palacio Guell. Interior. Day.

An enclosed courtyard. It is a nineteenth-century neo-



Gothic building, designed by the architect Gaudi. A stairway leads up from the courtyard and we see LOCKE already halfway up the stairs.

Below him the TICKET SELLER steps out of the booth and calls up to him. LOCKE hesitates; then, looking back at the gates, he sees KNIGHT stroll slowly past. There is something in his leisurely way of walking which tells us that he was clearly unaware of whom he had been following.

LOCKE descends again and buys a ticket.

45. Central hall—Palacio Guell. Interior. Day.

The hall rises through the middle of the building all the

way to the roof. It is dominated by an enormous organ. Arched windows look down on it from above. LOCKE stands staring up at them. There is complete silence, except for the intermittent shuffling of the feet of a party of visitors. Occasionally we see some tourists passing in front of the windows, and we observe that they are holding little plastic speakers up to their ears and listening to an inaudible guided tour on tape.

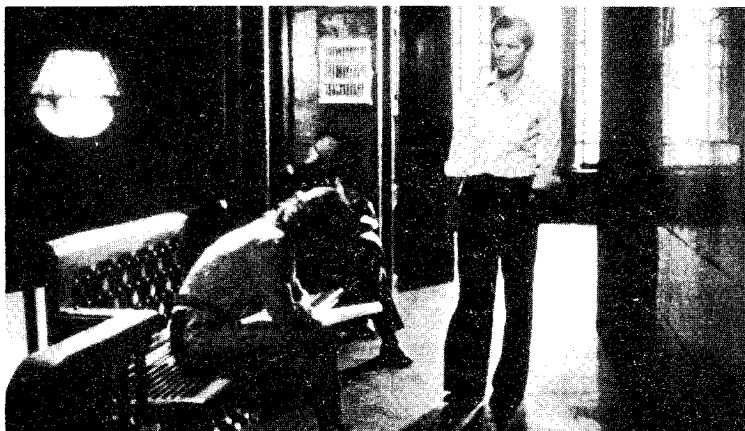
(The whole setting—as well as the subsequent Gaudi building we see—is unusual and fantastic. Twisting curves, strange perspectives, bizarre colors. It looks like the invention of a dream.)

46. A long room—Palacio Guell. Interior. Day.

Sunlight is streaming in through the arched Gothic windows. LOCKE gazes around in wonder.

At the far end of the room the guided tour is being shepherded out. The tourists look English, Belgian, or Dutch. They have their speakers glued to their ears.

In the far corner an attendant dozes in a pool of sun. Above him, there is a little bird in a cage—and near him, on



a bench, a GIRL. . . . She is strikingly beautiful, very natural. She is smoking a cigarette.

LOCKE, in some strange way, seems surprised by her. We recognize her as the same GIRL he saw on the steps of the building in Bloomsbury.

The room is completely silent—only the bird chirping occasionally in the background.

LOCKE slowly walks across and sits down beside the GIRL. The colors of the clothes they are wearing match. LOCKE turns to her with the inflection and manner of someone who knows her well, and not as if he is picking her up. The attendant dozes in the sun beside them.

LOCKE: Excuse me, I'm trying to remember something.

GIRL (*very naturally*): Is it important?

LOCKE: No.

The GIRL reacts to LOCKE with an absolute directness, and with an unusual absence of embarrassment.

LOCKE: Do you know what it is? I came in by accident.

GIRL: The man who built it was hit by a tram.

LOCKE: Who was he?

GIRL: Gaudi. He built this house for a corduroy manufacturer.

She gets up.

GIRL: Come.

They enter a big salon.

GIRL: They used this room for concerts. Wagner.

LOCKE: Do you think he was crazy?



GIRL: What do you think?

LOCKE: No, he wasn't.

She looks at him and laughs easily.

GIRL: How could you come in here by accident?

LOCKE: I was escaping.

GIRL (*deadpan*): Wow . . . (*then seriously*) From what?

LOCKE: I thought there was someone following me, somebody who might recognize me.

GIRL: Why?

LOCKE: I don't know.

GIRL: Well, I can't recognize you. Who are you?

LOCKE: I used to be someone else. But I traded him in. What about you?

GIRL (*she smiles ironically*): I'm in Barcelona. I'm talking to a man.

LOCKE smiles at her.

GIRL: I was with those people but I'm going to see the other Gaudi buildings alone.

LOCKE: All of them?

GIRL: It depends how much time you've got. They're all good for hiding in.

LOCKE: I must leave today—this afternoon.

The GIRL stands up.

GIRL: I hope you make it. People disappear every day.

LOCKE (*smiling*): Whenever they leave the room.

GIRL: Goodbye.

She smiles at him and walks out of the room. LOCKE shrugs and looks at the bird in the cage.

A man, a Dutch tourist, enters the hall and approaches LOCKE.

TOURIST: (*pointing to the bird cage*): Digame . . .
puedo . . .

LOCKE: English. English.

TOURIST (*pleased*): Ah, good. Can you tell me the name of this bird?

LOCKE *Ostropithecus Nauticus*.

A moment's pause. An incredulous, puzzled look. Then:

TOURIST: Nauticus? But this is not the name of a bird.

LOCKE (*suddenly angry*): It is the name of this bird!

47. Avis office—Barcelona. Interior. Day.

LOCKE is standing in front of the counter. Behind it the AVIS GIRL is filling out a form.

AVIS GIRL (*looking up*): Can we give you another car, Mr. Robertson? This one really ought to be serviced.

LOCKE: That's fine, as long as it's a large car.

The AVIS GIRL looks down—and then up again.

AVIS GIRL (*suddenly remembering something*): Oh, by the way, Mr. Robertson, there is a message for you.



LOCKE: A *what?*

The AVIS GIRL turns around to look for something.

AVIS GIRL: Yes. It's from a Mr. Knight.

LOCKE (*shaken*): It can't be for me.

AVIS GIRL: I'm sure it's not a mistake.

She finds the message.

AVIS GIRL: Here.

She notices LOCKE's surprise.

AVIS GIRL: He said you didn't know him, but he wanted you to get in touch with him. He's staying at the Hotel Oriente—the same as you, I think?

The AVIS GIRL puts a message on the counter. It reads: "URGENT—Dear Mr. Robertson. We had a mutual friend David Locke about whom I would very much like to talk to you. I would be extremely grateful if you could get in touch with me as soon as possible at the Hotel Oriente on the Ramblas—Martin Knight."

LOCKE stares down at the message on the counter without touching it.

The AVIS GIRL continues working on the hire form.

AVIS GIRL: Would a Seat 125 be all right?

There is a pause. LOCKE is obviously shaken and not listening to the AVIS GIRL.

LOCKE (*to himself*): Bloody hell.

The AVIS GIRL looks at him in surprise.

LOCKE: Are you sure he said I didn't know him?

AVIS GIRL: Quite sure, Mr. Robertson.

LOCKE: Listen, I don't think I'll be needing another car after all. I'm sorry.

LOCKE is shaken. He leaves hurriedly.

48. Barcelona. Exterior. Day.

LOCKE stands thinking. He looks nervously left and right, then turns and begins to walk away. Then he pauses and seems to make a decision. He stops a young man and points to one of the entries in ROBERTSON's little black book.

LOCKE: Excuse me, do you know somewhere called the Umbraculo?

Blank incomprehension from the young man. LOCKE moves on. He stops a middle-aged man. The same question, the same result. He waves at a passing taxi.

49. Umbraculo—Communal part, Barcelona. Interior. Afternoon.

An enormous kind of hut filled with plants.

There is an unusual light inside the hut, soft and full of shadows, an effect produced by the light filtering through hundreds of strips of wood which make up the roof and walls.

In fact, the place is called "House of Shadows."

LOCKE is sitting alone on a bench watching some children who are playing nearby. But at the same time he seems lost





in some sort of private reverie. After a while he notices the blank face of the watch on his wrist. He presses the knob and the electronic digits begin ticking over. He lets go. Another long pause. It is clear by now that no one is going to turn up here to meet him. Suddenly he speaks out loud to an OLD MAN who happens to be passing.

LOCKE: My name is Robertson. I suppose you'd say I'd retired now.

He smiles at himself. The OLD MAN stops in front of him as if he understood, and then, with a movement of the head, indicates the children.

OLD MAN: Children! . . . I've seen so many of them grow up. . . .



LOCKE smiles at him and the OLD MAN sits down beside him. They are silent for a moment; then:

OLD MAN: Other people look at children and they imagine a new world. . . . But me . . . me, when I watch them, I just see the same old tragedies about to begin all over again. . . . They can't get away from us. It's so boring.

50. Hall—La Pedrera. Interior. Afternoon.

Another strange Gaudi building now used as an office and apartment block.

LOCKE walks across the tiled hall. He appears to be searching for someone. He peers through the glass of a large door but sees nobody, then walks on toward the lift.

Next to the entrance to the lift we see (also elaborate) the CONCIERGE's cubicle. There is no one there. LOCKE waits impatiently. The CONCIERGE arrives.

LOCKE asks her something in Spanish.

LOCKE: Por favor . . . usted ha visto una muchacha . . . alta così . . . ? [Excuse me, please . . . you have a girl staying here . . . about so high . . . ?]

He gestures a description.

LOCKE: Capello cortado [Short hair . . .]

Strangely, the CONCIERGE seems to recognize this description. She nods vigorously and points toward the lift. The top floor. LOCKE enters the lift.

51. Top floor—La Pedrera. Interior. Day.

LOCKE exits from the lift and finds himself in a long corridor with Gothic arches. Judging from the light which streams out of it, the only door which happens to be open leads out onto the roof.

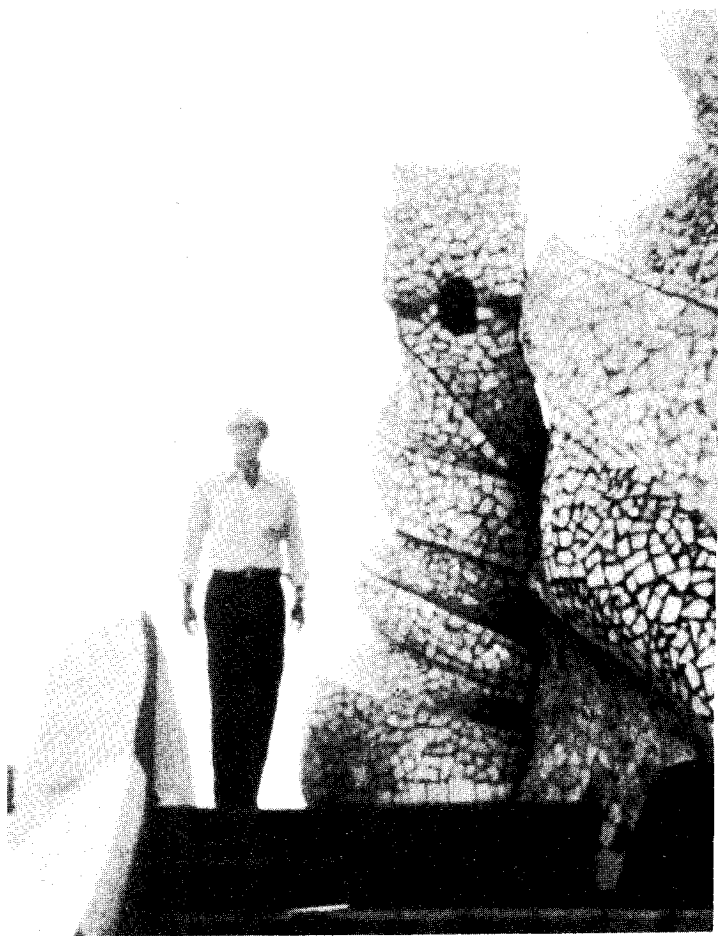
LOCKE moves toward it.

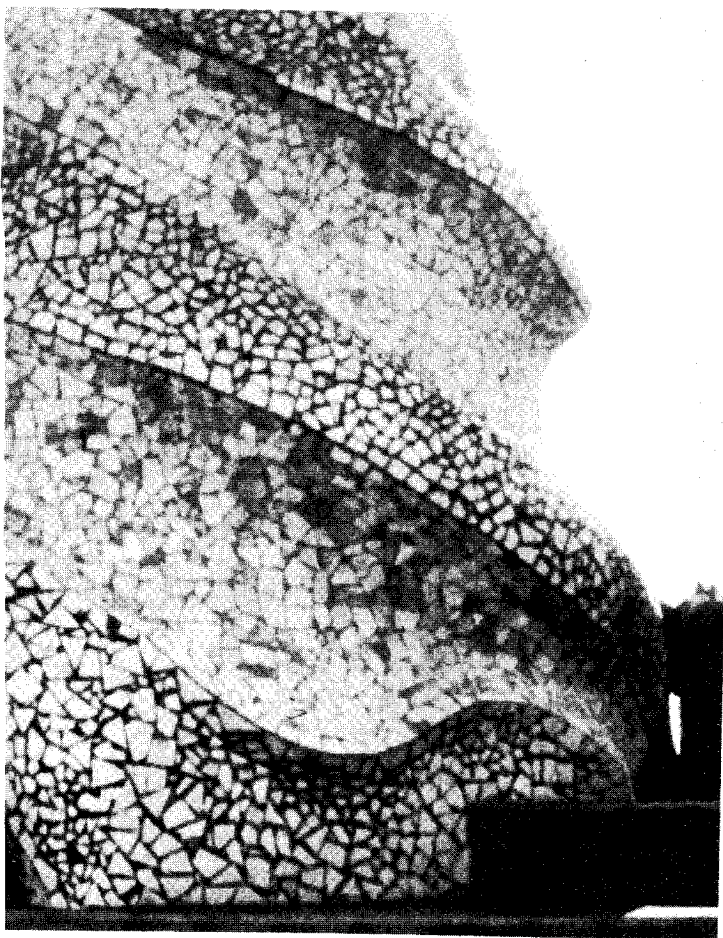
52. Roof—La Pedrera. Exterior. Afternoon.

LOCKE emerges onto the roof terrace. There are some lines of washing hanging out to dry and a few extraordinary carved and tiled chimneys twisting into the sky.

LOCKE then sees the GIRL leaning against the parapet and looking at the chimneys. She is only very faintly surprised to









see him and smiles easily.

GIRL (*with just a slight touch of irony in her eyes*): Have you decided not to disappear?

LOCKE: No. (*he smiles*) That's why I came. I thought you might help me.

GIRL: Oh . . . How?

LOCKE comes and stands beside her. He looks out over the roofs of the town.

LOCKE: I can't explain it, but there is someone looking for me—someone I don't want to meet.

GIRL: Another one?

LOCKE: No. The same man . . .

The GIRL continues to look at him.

LOCKE: I've bought a car.

GIRL: Bought?

LOCKE: Secondhand. I'm leaving Barcelona. But first I must get my things from the hotel.

GIRL: Actually, that sounds rather easy.

LOCKE: Except that he's probably waiting for me.

GIRL: Ah . . .

A long pause. The two of them stand there looking at each other.

GIRL (*ironic*): So you want me to get the jewels and secret documents?

LOCKE: Yes. I'll give you my passport, a thousand pesetas, and the car keys. I don't know who else to ask.

They continue looking at each other.

53. Hotel Oriente lobby. Interior. Day.

The GIRL is paying the bill at the desk. A boy comes past with several cases. She points toward the door.

GIRL: It's the white car.

The boy gives her some change. She puts it in her bag and turns toward the revolving door. In front of her there is a



large mirror in which we can see her reflection. Set in the mirror is a glass door leading into a salon. On the far wall of the salon there is another mirror.

As she leaves, MARTIN KNIGHT appears and walks through the glass door from the far side.

They pass each other. Their reflections are reversed.

54. Hotel Oriente. Exterior. Day.

A white convertible is parked in front of the door. A boy puts the case in the trunk.

The GIRL appears and walks around to the far side of the car. As she deposits the things on the passenger seat, MARTIN KNIGHT appears and comes up to the car.

KNIGHT: Excuse me, can I speak to you for a moment?

The GIRL looks up and takes him in.

GIRL: What is it?

KNIGHT: I'm sorry to intrude like this, but I understand you're a friend of David Robertson.

The GIRL doesn't answer for a moment. Then:

GIRL: Who?

KNIGHT: David Robertson.

GIRL: Oh, yes, in a way. But who are you?

KNIGHT: I've been trying hard to find him—I thought you might know where he was. I gather from the hotel that these are his things.

GIRL: Yes.

She walks round to the front of the car and stands next to KNIGHT.

KNIGHT: I'm sorry. My name is Martin Knight. I'm a producer from Thames Television. I've come all the way out here to talk to Mr. Robertson. . . . He could be very helpful to us.

GIRL: I see . . . Well, I'll take you to him.

KNIGHT: Really? That would be very kind. I left a message for him at the Avis office, but there seems to have been some misunderstanding.

GIRL: I think he mentioned you. . . . Would you mind following me in a taxi? The car's so full and I have to pick up someone else with some more stuff on the way.

KNIGHT seems a little surprised. But he has no choice.

KNIGHT: Yes, yes, of course. It's very kind of you.

KNIGHT signals one of the passing taxis, talks to the driver, points to the white car, and gets in the taxi.

The GIRL climbs into the white car.

55. Street—Barcelona. Exterior. Day.

We watch the white car, followed by the taxi, move slowly through the traffic.

56. White car. Another street—Barcelona. Interior. Day.

The GIRL is driving slowly. She keeps glancing in the mirror, where we can make out the taxi directly behind her.

57. White car. Crossroads—Barcelona. Interior. Day.

The GIRL approaches the traffic lights. They are green, but she begins to slow down as they turn to yellow.

She glances in the mirror. We see the taxi.

Suddenly, just as the lights turn red, the GIRL accelerates. The car shoots across the junction. We hear another car hooting, the whistle of a policeman, a bicycle falling down.

58. Taxi. Interior. Day.

The taxi driver has come to a halt. Through the windshield we see the white car moving away fast on the other side of the lights. It disappears.

KNIGHT (*leaning forward from the back seat*): Follow her!
Follow her!

The taxi driver turns around and stares at him flatly. KNIGHT looks at him, then sits back in resigned fury. He takes out a notebook and a pen and writes down the car number.

59. Café opposite La Pedrera. Exterior. Day.

LOCKE is drinking a coffee at the bar. This is situated slightly below ground level. Through a window we can see the traffic passing by.

The GIRL parks the white car in front of the bar. She gets out. LOCKE signals to her from inside the bar while he pays the bill.

He goes out and meets the GIRL on the stairs, where they start talking.

LOCKE: Was it difficult?

He pushes her toward the exit. As they come out into the street and go toward the car:

GIRL: Like driving off in a red herring.

LOCKE smiles and nods.

LOCKE: Thank you—I . . .

GIRL (*interrupting*): Get in.

LOCKE climbs into the front passenger seat. The GIRL glances again into the rear-view mirror—the car pulls away from the curb.

60. Car. Avenue—Barcelona. Interior. Day.

A moment of silence. LOCKE taps his fingers on his knee.

LOCKE: You can drop me anywhere you want.

The GIRL laughs.

GIRL: Where do you want to go?

LOCKE: Anywhere out of town.

GIRL: I'd like to go to Seville.

LOCKE glances at her.

LOCKE: That's in the opposite direction.

As the GIRL immediately and calmly swings the car around:



LOCKE: Where are your things?

GIRL: In my bag.

LOCKE turns to look at the back seat—a single, rather small bag on the seat. Then he continues to look at her, but now with evident satisfaction.

61. Road—Spain. Exterior. Day.

A vast, slightly hilly landscape. LOCKE is at the wheel, following a long straight road. The radio is on—very low. A Spanish marital drama. Incomprehensible. A long silence between LOCKE and the GIRL.

GIRL: Well, how about “Nice afternoon, isn’t it?”

LOCKE (*playing her game immediately*): Beautiful. The open road. The soft white clouds.

GIRL: Or . . . “Excuse me, have you got a light?”

LOCKE: I’ve run out.

GIRL (*quick*): Of what?

LOCKE: Matches.

GIRL (*insistent*): Run out of what?

LOCKE glances at her and then stops the car. There is a crossroad a little way ahead of them.

LOCKE: Everything. A wife. A house. An adopted child. A successful job. Everything except a few habits I can’t get rid of.

GIRL: How did you get away with it?

LOCKE: There was an accident. Everyone thought I was dead. And I let them think it. There’s no way to “explain it.”

GIRL: So what happens now?

LOCKE shrugs vaguely.

LOCKE: I might become a waiter in Gibraltar.

GIRL: Too obvious.

LOCKE: What about a novelist in Cairo?

GIRL: Too romantic.

LOCKE: Or a gun runner?

GIRL: Too unlikely.

LOCKE: As a matter of fact, I think I am one.

GIRL: Then it depends which side you are on.

LOCKE (*suddenly serious*): Yes.

LOCKE starts the engine again.

LOCKE (*still quite serious*): I have just sold 500 grenades, 700 rifles, and a great deal of ammunition to some people fighting a secret war in an obscure part of the world.

GIRL: I like it.

LOCKE smiles and lets the car into gear. He pulls out and they approach the crossroad.

LOCKE: What about you?

GIRL: I'm a T-O-U-R-I-S-T.

LOCKE (*laughing*): Tourist.

GIRL: Who thinks she's become a bodyguard. I study architecture.

Long pause.

They have now reached a small crossroad with a dirt road heading off to the left.

LOCKE: Left or right?

GIRL: Right.

LOCKE takes the dirt road.

GIRL: Do you realize that there are still some people who

think they are alone on this planet? They don't know anyone else exists.

LOCKE: Where?

GIRL: New Guinea, the Philippines, perhaps even in Brazil.

LOCKE: If you knew where they were, would you go and find them?

GIRL: And tell them about postcards and holidays?

LOCKE laughs.

The GIRL looks at the landscape.

LOCKE (*without looking at her*): What impression do you think you make on people when you first walk into a room?

The GIRL laughs.

GIRL: They look at me—they think I'm all right. . . . A glass surface . . . a visitor. (*she turns and looks at him*) Nothing mysterious—you learn everything about me at one glance.

LOCKE (*glancing at ROBERTSON's key chain lying on the dashboard*): Yes . . . It's like overhearing a private conversation on the telephone.

GIRL: It's as if they were dead.

She laughs.

It is the silence between them, now and later, which is as important as anything they say. In these silences there are endless questions, doubts, and decisions which are never vocalized—though often visible to each other.

What they don't say to each other is therefore left unsaid not because it doesn't occur to them, but because they choose, sometimes with difficulty, not to say anything.







62. A house in Paddington—London. Exterior. Day.

RACHEL is standing on the porch. Beside her we see the copper notice of the embassy. The door opens. RACHEL enters.

63. Editing room—London. Interior. Day.

RACHEL is sitting in front of a moviola. The ASSISTANT is working in the background. Cans of film, coffee cups, editing benches in the dark shadows around her.

AFRICAN (*moviola, off-camera*): Not just what you think is sincere but also what I believe to be honest.

LOCKE (*off-camera*): Yes, of course.

RACHEL watches the little screen intently.



We see the AFRICAN stand up and approach the camera—the same untidy, scraping pan as before—and end on the same view of LOCKE resignedly accepting the logic inherent in the reversal of roles. He laughs ruefully at himself.

AFRICAN (voice-over): Now we can have an interview. . . .
You can even ask me the same questions as before.

LOCKE glances up and smiles again. He remains silent. He opens his hands as if to say he has nothing to ask any more.

RACHEL watches in silence, with ever-increasing interest.

LOCKE's face on the moviola: He, too, seems intent—engrossed—and unspeaking.

A silent dialogue between them.

RACHEL remains looking at his face for a long time. His

expression seems to assume an intense and mysterious significance.

In some strange way RACHEL is put out by this.

Behind her the door opens. She turns around.

RACHEL: Martin! You're back.

KNIGHT enters in his shirt-sleeves, holding a teacup in his hand.

KNIGHT: Ah, you're here. I was just going to call you.

RACHEL (*shyly*): Yes. I wanted to see this—but what happened?

KNIGHT kisses her on the cheek.

KNIGHT: He disappeared.

RACHEL: Robertson?

KNIGHT: Yes. As if he was frightened of something.

KNIGHT sits down on an adjoining stool. The film runs out. The ASSISTANT stops the moviola.

RACHEL: Frightened?

KNIGHT: I don't know why. You should try going to the embassy. They might tell you something about him.

RACHEL is deeply perplexed.

RACHEL: Yes. I'm supposed to collect David's things there tomorrow.

64. Attache's studio—Chad Embassy. Interior. Day.

The shot is from behind the desk, past a desk photograph

of the Chadian president, to the door. The hands of a black man appear in the foreground. He is writing. The room is dark, dingy, and cluttered. There are piles of paper all over the floor and a number of dirty teacups. Beside the desk, on a small table, there is a large cardboard box with various markings on it.

The door opens and RACHEL is ushered in.

A Chadian DIPLOMAT behind the desk rises to his feet.

DIPLOMAT: Mrs. Locke. Good afternoon. Please sit down.

RACHEL sits in a large chair opposite the desk.

DIPLOMAT: Mrs. Locke, may I offer you my government's most sincere condolences. . . .

RACHEL nods politely.

RACHEL: Thank you.

A moment of awkward silence.

DIPLOMAT: We have his things here for you.

He gestures toward the box, then gets up, takes it, and gives it to her. She receives it with a certain hesitation, then with visible care, as if it contained something fragile. She lays it on the floor.

RACHEL: Thank you.

DIPLOMAT: Please . . . Now, about your inquiry, Mrs. Locke. I understand you were asking about Mr. Robertson, David Alfred Robertson.

RACHEL (*interrupting*): Yes. Can you help me?

DIPLOMAT (*obviously feeling his way*): It depends. What is it



you want to know? Haven't you been in touch with him at all?

RACHEL: No, we've tried to—we almost got hold of him in Barcelona.

DIPLOMAT (*trying to sum her up*): I see, I'd presumed your husband was a friend of his. . . .

RACHEL: No . . . I don't think so. But Robertson was probably the last person to talk with him. There are things about my husband which I wanted to understand—I thought . . .

DIPLOMAT: Yes, of course. . . . And you say you haven't seen him since?

RACHEL: That's right.

A pause during which RACHEL stares at the DIPLOMAT.

RACHEL: Robertson even seems anxious to avoid us. . . . And I don't understand why.

The DIPLOMAT presses a bell on the desk. He smiles at



RACHEL, gets up, and offers her a cigarette from an ornamented box. He takes one himself. He lights both cigarettes.

A CHADIAN enters the room.

He looks carefully at RACHEL. He is carrying a file which he gives to the DIPLOMAT.

The DIPLOMAT opens the file, glances at RACHEL, and then hands her a large photograph.

RACHEL looks at the photograph. She is obviously astonished. When she speaks again her voice is shaking.

RACHEL: This is my house.

The DIPLOMAT waits for her to look at the photograph more closely. Her eyes move back to it.

It shows LOCKE-ROBERTSON in distant side-view standing on the porch of Dawson Place, exactly as we saw him earlier. He is wearing a mustache and his clothes are like ROBERTSON's.

The DIPLOMAT watches RACHEL's reactions intently. Occasionally he glances at the CHADIAN standing beside him.

DIPLOMAT: Do you recognize this man?

RACHEL: No.

DIPLOMAT: It's Robertson.

Pause. The DIPLOMAT continues to search RACHEL's face.

RACHEL (almost to herself): Robertson? . . . What does this mean? What was he looking for in my house?

DIPLOMAT: Robertson is involved in illegal arms traffic into Chad.

RACHEL: Arms traffic?

DIPLOMAT: We confirmed this only recently.

RACHEL: Could he have killed my husband?

A long pause.

DIPLOMAT: No. We're quite sure about the doctor's report. Your husband died from a heart attack.

RACHEL: But did my husband realize who he was?

DIPLOMAT: I don't know, Mrs. Locke. Naturally Robertson isn't his real name. His real name is Thompson. Charles Thompson. Does that mean anything to you?

RACHEL: No, nothing at all.

The DIPLOMAT glances at the CHADIAN and then back at RACHEL.

DIPLOMAT: He was associated with the United Liberation Front, a rather . . . what should I say? A rather radical

organization. . . . A man called Achebe?

RACHEL shakes her head. The name means nothing.

DIPLOMAT: Very troublesome people. Very unintelligent. However, Robertson has vanished. We were also hoping to find him in Barcelona. He may return there. . . . But if there's any help you can give us. . . .

RACHEL: I don't know. . . .

The CHADIAN intervenes.

CHADIAN (*starting to speak quickly*): For instance, when did you contact him there?

RACHEL (*as if in a trance*): Three days ago . . .

CHADIAN: Was there a girl with him?

RACHEL: I don't know—yes . . .

RACHEL shakes her head uncomprehendingly.

DIPLOMAT: How was he traveling?

RACHEL: By car, I think . . . I . . . There's a number.

RACHEL, clearly bemused, begins searching through her handbag. Then, as if changing her mind, she closes it and stands up. She is obviously very shaken by the whole discussion.

RACHEL: Please forgive me. I can't talk now . . . I . . . Perhaps some other time . . . I don't understand anything any more. . . .

65. Hotel. Exterior. Sunset.

The car draws up in front of a hotel built into the walls of an old castle. It is very beautiful but over-restored.



LOCKE and the GIRL leave the car and go toward the entrance.

66. Hall Hotel. Interior. Evening.

An enormous vaulted room—part of the old castle. It looks quite unlike a normal hotel.

The RECEPTIONIST who has met them leads them toward some heavy armchairs and gestures for them to wait there.

RECEPTIONIST: We'll get your bags.

He moves off again, leaving them alone for a moment. The GIRL looks around and seems to hesitate, as if she were uncertain about whether she liked the place or not.

LOCKE: It looks comfortable.

GIRL: Do you need comfort, Mr. Robertson?

A pause. LOCKE looks at her and understands what she means.

LOCKE: No . . . Shall we leave?

He gets up, but just then the RECEPTIONIST and a porter return with the two bags.

The GIRL shrugs her shoulders as if to say it doesn't matter. Reluctantly they both follow the RECEPTIONIST down the corridor, until they reach the room.

The RECEPTIONIST opens the door and lets them in. He smiles politely and closes the door behind them.

67. Hotel bedroom. Interior. Night.

Plain white twin beds, cupboard, etc.

The GIRL is sitting on a bed. LOCKE is in the bathroom next door.

GIRL (loudly, but deadpan): I feel happy, definitely happy. I can feel all the symptoms.

LOCKE appears in the doorway, smiling.

LOCKE: What symptoms?

GIRL: Whistling symptoms.

LOCKE: Whistle.

GIRL: I can't whistle.

She whistles. Hopeless. They both laugh. LOCKE returns to the bathroom.

The GIRL leans forward and unzips ROBERTSON's case.





She opens it. We see ROBERTSON's gun on top of the clothes. She picks it up, turns it over in her hand, then lays it down and glances disinterestedly through some of the other things.

LOCKE returns to the room and sits down on the floor.

The GIRL finds a small black book in one of the side pockets. ROBERTSON's diary. She picks it out and lies back on the bed with the diary in her hand. She starts leafing through the book and undoing her shirt at the same time.

LOCKE begins peeling an orange.

GIRL (*while reading*): That man said he was looking for David Robertson.

LOCKE: Who did?

GIRL: The man who was following you.

A long pause. LOCKE looks up at her. He stops peeling the orange.

LOCKE: What else?

GIRL: Nothing. He said he was a television producer. He wanted to talk to you about a friend. That's all.

LOCKE goes on looking at her for a moment, then moves to the window and opens the shutters. He looks back at the room. Food everywhere. The GIRL is still reading the diary.

LOCKE: I once counted the number of hotels I'd stayed in . . . there were almost five hundred.

GIRL: You've got a date with Daisy on August 1st. Don't forget.

LOCKE smiles. He moves toward her and passes her the joint.

GIRL: And another one next week. In Algeciras.

LOCKE (*surprised*): Algeciras . . . ?

GIRL: Yes. The Wellington Hotel. Avenue George I—that must be Jorge Primero. On the harbor front. Very picturesque.

LOCKE (*disturbed*): I won't be there.

He turns away, lifts ROBERTSON's case off the floor, and lays it on the chest of drawers. The GIRL glances after him, then back at the book.

GIRL: What a pity. All these girls. Melina. Daisy. Lucy. Daisy.

LOCKE turns again. He starts to take off his shirt. The GIRL finishes the joint.

GIRL: Daisy seems to be your favorite.

The GIRL looks at him. He seems lost in thought. After a moment:

LOCKE: I think Daisy is a man.

GIRL: A man?

LOCKE: Yes . . .

68. Locke's study. Interior. Night.

The large brown cardboard box from the embassy stands on the desk.

RACHEL starts taking off the string and wrappings. As she does so the dog comes in through the open door and sits beside her. . . .

The room itself is now completely different. The walls are

bare, the photographs have been taken down, the bric-a-brac cleared away, the shelves tidied, the magazines neatly stacked, the desk cleared. As if LOCKE had been packed away.

RACHEL starts to look through the box with an inevitable emotion. She finds an officially signed inventory listing the contents. She begins taking them out—various personal effects, the photographs of herself and of Dawson Place, some papers, a briefcase, a few tape spools, etc., and—at the bottom of the pile—LOCKE's small tape recorder and his passport.

All the objects lie around her. The dog snuffles about in them while she lifts the recorder carefully out of the box.

She turns it around in her hands, then presses one of the knobs—the wrong one. She presses another. We hear:

ROBERTSON (voice-over): London, I think, and then Munich perhaps . . . No real reason. Just thought I'd check up on some of the old places. I haven't been in London for three years now.

LOCKE (voice-over): Wouldn't it better if we could forget old places, forget everything that happens. . . ? Throw it all away day by day?

RACHEL is clearly affected on hearing the sound of her husband's voice. She covers her face with her hands and then stands up. But as she does so she spills a jar onto the floor. It breaks into several large pieces.

ROBERTSON (voice-over): Unfortunately the world doesn't work like that.

RACHEL starts to pick up the pieces. But very slowly, because she is listening to the tape.

LOCKE (*voice-over*): But it doesn't work the way we see it either. That's the problem. What's on the other side of that window? People will believe what I write.

RACHEL looks up into the mirror above the desk and sees herself.

LOCKE (*voice-over*): And why? Because it conforms to their expectations. And to mine as well—which is worse . . .

A long pause . . . breathing . . . the shuffling of feet.

RACHEL looks at the dog.

ROBERTSON (*voice-over*): Well, in India they—hey, I think your tape recorder's . . .

LOCKE (*voice-over*): Yes, I must have . . .

ROBERTSON (*voice-over*): . . . running, you know.

Click.

The tape runs on silently. RACHEL is lost in her own thoughts. She still has the pieces of the jar in her hand.

The dog starts whining again. RACHEL stares at it. Then she takes the passport out of the bag and begins to leaf through it. She is very tense. Her glance falls on the photograph—and suddenly, it is as if something bursts inside her. She continues to stare at the photograph, caught between incredulity and fear. Her hands shake as she gets up. She takes a few steps and then sits down again and once more looks at the photograph. But the expression on her face has now changed.

69. Locke's car—Spain. Interior. Day.

Through the front windshield we can see the oncoming



landscape. The GIRL is sitting in the back seat playing with a portable radio. Music. We can see her in the rear-view mirror.

LOCKE (*voice-over; GIRL in mirror*): Are the days of the week in the right order?

GIRL: No.

LOCKE (*voice-over; GIRL in mirror*): If every woman became a man and every man became a woman, would they stay married?

GIRL: Yes.

LOCKE (*voice-over; GIRL in mirror*): Do you believe that in a thousand years from now human beings will still have a body?

GIRL: No.

LOCKE (*voice-over; GIRL in mirror*): Have you ever killed an animal?

GIRL: Yes.

LOCKE (*voice-over; GIRL in mirror*): Do you know enough words?

GIRL: No.

She turns the radio up to full volume. Then she lowers it again.

GIRL: Can I ask you some questions now?

LOCKE: Just a few. One or two.

GIRL: Only one. What are you running away from?

Pause.

LOCKE: Turn your back to the front seat.

The GIRL does this so that she finds herself looking out of the back window, through which she can see the winding road racing away from her around the corners.

The GIRL seems to have discovered a new way of looking at things.

GIRL: My first journey looking back.

After a while she turns around to look at LOCKE again.

GIRL (*as if resuming the discussion*): Well . . . You didn't answer my question.

But LOCKE remains silent. He continues staring ahead, serious, concentrated, lost in his thoughts.

The road behind them races away. . . .

70. Crowded street—Barcelona. Exterior. Day.

We follow a taxi through the late afternoon traffic. . . .

71. Police headquarters—Barcelona. Exterior. Day.

The taxi draws up in front of the building. The door opens. RACHEL steps out. She enters through the main gate.

We stay outside. The car behind her taxi has also stopped. The driver is wearing dark glasses. We recognize him. He is the CHADIAN assistant from the embassy. He looks expressionless. There is another man beside him, also African.

72. Small town. Exterior. Day.

It is very hot. The street is nearly empty. LOCKE's car drives slowly along and reaches an old bullring.

They begin to circle slowly round. When they have made a complete tour, LOCKE stops the car. Both of them look around. Complete silence. The square is deserted.

After a moment, the GIRL gets out of the car. Nearby, one of the gates of the bullring is open. The GIRL strides toward it. She can see through into the interior of the ring—the empty tiers of seats. The silence is intense. It seems to make the place absurd. She is about to walk on in, when an attendant, who has been sitting unnoticed in the shadows, intervenes and shakes his finger at her. It is a gesture which



brooks no argument. The GIRL turns back to the car. She leans against the hood.

LOCKE looks at his watch. The electronic digits show it is past three o'clock. After a while:

LOCKE: There is no one here.

GIRL: Except you.

Just then an OLD MAN comes out of a side street near the square. He is walking and reading the newspaper at the same time. He stops in front of the door of a building and, without ever looking up, he unlocks the door and disappears inside. As if he might have suddenly remembered something, LOCKE turns to look at the GIRL. There is a curious expression in his eyes.

73. Restaurant—Costa del Sol. Interior. Day.

LOCKE and the GIRL are the only customers except for an old Spanish couple.

The restaurant is so typically Spanish that it seems false. It is filled with baroque furniture, flowers, shells, etc.

The GIRL leans forward and very firmly touches LOCKE's lips with her thumb.

LOCKE: Do you believe in coincidence?

GIRL: I never asked myself.

LOCKE: I never used to notice it. But now I see it all around me.

A pause, during which the GIRL looks at him questioningly.

LOCKE: You know something?

GIRL: What?

LOCKE: I've seen you before.

GIRL: Where?

LOCKE: In London. Is it not possible?

She stares at him, not knowing whether to believe him or not.

GIRL: What was I doing?

LOCKE: Laughing.

GIRL: Then it must have been me.

They both laugh. Another pause.

GIRL: You know something else?

LOCKE: Tell me.

GIRL: You know how thick this tablecloth would be if you folded it in half fifty times?

LOCKE: Fifty times?

GIRL: Yes.

LOCKE hesitates, makes a rapid calculation, and then guesses.

LOCKE: Ten feet?

GIRL: No. It would be thicker than the distance between here and the sun.

LOCKE is sincerely surprised. The GIRL seems pleased. She smiles. They sit for a moment in silence.

Then she becomes serious and, looking steadily at her companion, says:

GIRL: What do you want to do now?

LOCKE: Nothing . . . I feel fine where I am. In this restaurant. At this time. With you.





The CHEF approaches and addresses LOCKE.

CHEF: Excuse me, Senor, is that your white car parked outside?

LOCKE: Yes. Why?

CHEF: There's a policeman who is looking for the owner. Shall I tell him to come in?

LOCKE gets up.

LOCKE: No. I'll go.

He goes toward the door.

74. Restaurant—Costa del Sol. Exterior. Day.

LOCKE comes out of the restaurant and goes toward the car.

Two motorcycle POLICEMEN: one of them is stalking slowly around the car, writing the details in a notebook. The other waits patiently on his bicycle nearby. The POLICEMAN salutes half-heartedly.

POLICEMAN: Este coche es suyo? [Is this car yours?]

LOCKE: Sí. [Yes.]

POLICEMAN: La documentacion? [Papers?]

LOCKE reaches into the glove compartment and gives him the car papers.

LOCKE: Qué passa? [What's the matter?]

The POLICEMAN doesn't answer for a moment as he continues writing down the details. Then he looks up and hands back the papers.

POLICEMAN: Tengo orden de encontrar un coche blanco . . . matriculado en Barcelona . . . [I have orders to find a white car . . . registered in Barcelona . . .]

LOCKE: No comprendo. [I don't understand.]

GIRL: He said he's looking for a white car with Barcelona plates.

LOCKE turns around to find that the GIRL has come outside to join him. He looks back at the POLICEMAN.

LOCKE: Por que? [Why?]

POLICEMAN: Esse no le sé. El coche es este. Nos tiene que acompañar. [I don't know. This is the car. You must come with us.]

GIRL: He doesn't know why. He wants us to go in with him . . . (then after a pause) I'll go. It's better.

LOCKE looks at her for a moment, thinking fast about her offer. Then he hands her the keys. The GIRL climbs into the car. The POLICEMAN looks a bit put out and turns to LOCKE.



POLICEMAN: Pero . . . [But . . .]

LOCKE interrupts him.

LOCKE: Are you looking for a car or the person in it?

The POLICEMAN doesn't quite understand the question and doesn't know how to answer. He simply salutes and then gets back on the motorcycle.

The car and the motorcycle move off.

75. Restaurant. Interior. Day.

LOCKE is sitting alone at the table. The meal has been cleared away. He is drinking coffee. After a while he notices the GIRL's bag on the chair beside him. He reaches out for it and starts to lift out the contents piece by piece. A penknife with a multiplicity of blades. A little box with a photograph of a naked baby covering the lid. Inside it is a long string of birth-control pills. A book, Architecture Without Architects. A miniature bottle with some money folded up inside. An emergency blanket rolled into the size of a cigarette pack. A rubber stamp.

The GIRL comes back into the restaurant and returns to the table. LOCKE stares up at her. Silence. Then she sits down again in front of him with the things from her bag between them.

GIRL: They are looking for David Robertson. There is a woman called Rachel Locke? She thinks he is in danger.

LOCKE takes this in. He cannot understand what it means. He cannot imagine what his wife has found out. What she could know or not know. The GIRL says nothing. After a while:

LOCKE: In danger of what?

GIRL: They didn't say. I told them Robertson has lent me the car and I would see him in Grenada. They told me to take him to the central police station there.

LOCKE rubs his hands, wipes his brow—a series of small movements during which he tries to work out what seems to be an inexplicable puzzle. Then, as if changing the subject, he holds up the little box of pills as if asking about the photograph on it.

GIRL: Me.

LOCKE smiles.

GIRL: I'm against repetition.

76. Rocks. Exterior. Day.

An endless landscape of brown boulders of different sizes strewn over acres of heath. An enormous sky.

In far distance we see the car moving through the rocks.

77. Hotel lobby. Almeria. Interior. Day.

RACHEL is sitting in an armchair near the window. A PORTER comes up to her.

PORTER: Madam? We've got your call to London.

RACHEL gets to her feet and hurries across the hall to one of the telephones which the PORTER indicates to her.

She picks up the receiver. An operator's voice. A crackling line. Then:

KNIGHT (voice-over): Hello? Rachel?

RACHEL: Yes, Martin . . .



KNIGHT (*voice-over*): Can you hear me?

RACHEL: Only just. Talk louder.

KNIGHT (*voice-over*): Robertson deserted from the . . .

RACHEL: What?

KNIGHT (*voice-over, louder*): He deserted from the British Army in Kenya in 1954. That's the only thing I've been able to find out.

78. Almeria. Hotel. Exterior. Day.

The white car. LOCKE and the GIRL slow down in front of the building.

79. Hotel lobby. Almeria. Interior. Day.

LOCKE enters and approaches the reception desk. Then he



glances absent-mindedly toward the telephone boxes.

He immediately recognizes RACHEL even though she has her back to him. He whirls around so that the GIRL sees his face but we can't. She realizes that something has happened but doesn't know what.

LOCKE walks out very quickly. The GIRL follows him.

In the lobby RACHEL, still talking on the telephone, happens to turn around and glance across the hall to the plate-glass window. She hesitates a moment as she sees the two figures getting into the white car and driving off. . . .

RACHEL (a stifled cry): Stop!

She looks stunned. She drops the receiver. The other

guests in the lobby are staring at her. She tries to control herself and then hurries across the lobby toward the reception desk.

RACHEL (*urgently*): Do you know them—those people?
Were they staying here?

The other guests at the desk look at her with curiosity.

DESK CLERK: No, Madam. I haven't seen them before.
There are many strangers at this time of year.

He glances across the lobby. We see an AFRICAN leaving through the main door. We recognize him as the second man from the car that followed RACHEL's taxi to police headquarters.

80. Outskirts of Almeria. Crossroads. Exterior. Day.

LOCKE's white car, driving fast, approaches the halt sign at the crossroads. Yellow traffic lights.

GIRL (*breaking the silence*): Who was that woman?
LOCKE: My wife.

We remain in the car for a while, living with the effect that this remark and this situation have on the two occupants.

81. Outskirts of Almeria. Crossroads. Exterior. Day.

A police car is parked half on the pavement with a POLICEMAN waiting beside it.

82. Same crossroads. Exterior. Day.

LOCKE is driving very fast toward the lights—which are now yellow. He slows down slightly; then, as the lights turn to red, he accelerates across the white halt line and branches left onto the main road.

As the car draws away, the POLICEMAN, who has noticed the traffic offense, climbs quickly into his own car and slams the door. The green beacon on the roof of the police car starts to flash.

The police car moves off in pursuit.

83. Locke's car. Road. Interior. Day.

The road winds along by the side of a dry river bed. There are orange groves and, beyond the trees, desert mountains.

LOCKE and the GIRL are silent.

In the rear-view mirror we see the police car coming up from behind, the green beacon flashing, getting closer. . . . The police car overtakes them and stops a little way up the road. LOCKE slows up. . . . A POLICEMAN gets out of the squad car and begins to wave them down.

LOCKE hesitates, then:

LOCKE's foot moves from the brake to the accelerator. It presses down hard.

The white convertible pulls out suddenly into the middle of the road and shoots away past the police car.





84. Winding road. Exterior. Day.

LOCKE is driving as fast as he can.

The GIRL is looking back, but there is no sign of the police car—only the corners as they twist away behind them.

LOCKE is nervous, biting his lips, his hand changing gears on a corner.

The rear-view mirror: the police car appears again, approaching fast.

85. Winding road. Exterior. Day.

LOCKE is driving the car really fast.

The GIRL is looking at LOCKE, who has never seemed so decided as he does at this moment. He looks as if he can't quite realize what he is doing. He keeps glancing into the rear-view mirror.

86. Police headquarters—Almeria. Exterior. Day.

RACHEL comes out with three POLICEMEN. They all hurry down to a waiting police car and climb in. RACHEL seems very tense. The car races off at top speed.

87. Winding road. Exterior. Day.

The landscape has become even barer—parched hills, surrealistically yellow and purple rocks. LOCKE turns off the road onto a small dust track.









The GIRL is again staring out over the back of the car. . . . The police car has disappeared.

LOCKE: There is a hole in the pan.

GIRL: What's that?

LOCKE tries to explain to her.

Pause.

LOCKE: What shall we do?

GIRL: Reach the first place, get a mechanic, and repair the car. Will it run?

LOCKE: Slowly.

They move and get it on the road, by a bar called Bar Fatima. LOCKE asks for a mechanic. They tell him the mechanic has his shop up in the village.

LOCKE: The police will come soon, I know.

GIRL: Listen. You can't live like that. . . . Just running away: From what?

LOCKE: I don't know.

GIRL: So, keep the appointment.

LOCKE: No one will be there, like the other places.

GIRL: But Robertson made these appointments.

LOCKE: Robertson is dead.

GIRL: You are not.

LOCKE: Are you sure?

88. Purellana. Exterior. Day.

LOCKE emerges from one of the cave houses. He begins to make his way back down the hillside. Then he notices two POLICEMEN who are climbing toward him. He steps back behind a wall. He remains very calm, making no real effort





to hide himself. He simply avoids them. He stands there waiting. It is very hot. In the distance he can see a little child playing with a doll. Soon he hears footsteps and the sounds of the POLICEMEN's voices. They go past without seeing him. He moves out and quickly down toward the white car.

89. Algeciras. Exterior. Day.

An old, dilapidated taxi. It stops on a corner and we see LOCKE emerging from it. He carries ROBERTSON's jacket over his arm with the brown envelope stuffed into one of the pockets. He pays the taxi and walks on alone.

90. Hotel de la Gloria lobby. Interior. Day.

LOCKE is standing by the desk completing the registration form.

CLERK: Is there any luggage?

LOCKE: No. No luggage.

He returns the form to the CLERK.

There is a postcard stand at the end of the desk. LOCKE revolves it slowly with his finger. The postcards are old and dusty.

CLERK's WIFE: Thank you Mr. Robertson. Your wife arrived a few hours ago.

LOCKE looks up, astonished.

CLERK: We have put you in adjoining rooms. Sixteen and seventeen on the first floor.









LOCKE nods. He looks as if he understood.

91. Corridor—Hotel de la Gloria. Interior. Day.

A long, dark, rather dirty corridor. LOCKE exits from the lift. He turns left and stops in front of one of the bedroom doors. The key is in the lock. He enters.

92. Bedroom. Interior. Day.

When LOCKE comes into his room, he goes to the door

and opens the door to the GIRL's room and sees her standing at the window:

LOCKE: What can you see?

The GIRL turns very slowly; she doesn't seem surprised to see him. After a moment:

GIRL: A little boy and an old woman, they were having an argument—about which way to go.

LOCKE smiles. The GIRL comes toward him in the doorway, looks at him for a moment.

LOCKE: You shouldn't have come.

GIRL: I wanted to.

LOCKE: I don't know who made me come here. It could be difficult for you.

He turns back into his room and lies on the bed. The GIRL follows behind him and goes to the window. She looks out of the window.

GIRL: They've gone.

LOCKE (with his eyes shut): What else can you see?

GIRL: A man scratching his leg. A shutter closing. A kid and dust. It's very dusty.





*She comes and lies down beside him, looking at his face.
His eyes are still shut.*

GIRL: Isn't it funny the way things happen?

Gently she touches the lines on his face.

GIRL: All the shapes we make.

She covers his closed eyes with her hand.

GIRL: Wouldn't it be terrible to be blind, the worst thing of all?

LOCKE: I knew a man who was blind. He had an operation when he was nearly forty and got his sight back.

GIRL: What was it like?

She takes her hand away. LOCKE keeps his eyes shut.

LOCKE: At first he was elated, really high. Faces, colors, landscape . . . Then everything started to change.

He opens his eyes and looks at her.

LOCKE: The world was much poorer than he imagined. No one had ever told him how much dirt there was, how much ugliness. He noticed ugliness everywhere, and danger. When he was blind, he used to cross the street

alone with a stick. After he could see he became afraid. . . . He started to live in the dark; he never left his room. The curtains were always drawn. After three years he killed himself.

The GIRL and LOCKE look at each other; then he lies back and looks at the ceiling.

93. Bedroom. Interior. Sunset.

We see the window. The sky begins to grow red. The sun is setting.

From next door we hear the sound of rattling pipes . . . a car passing in the street outside . . . a door slamming . . . a distant shout . . .

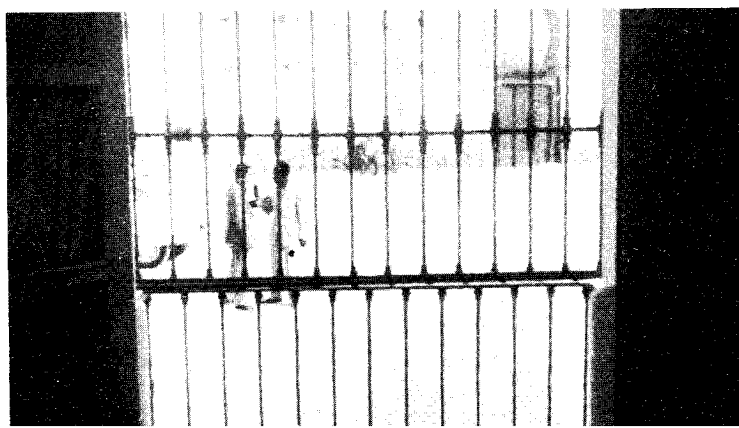
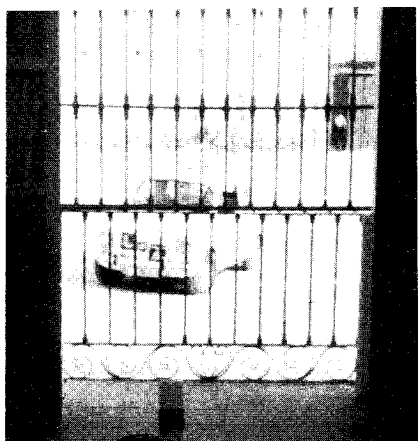
And far away some gay-sad music from a radio. Insistent. Repetitive.

We hear the sound of footsteps in the corridor. They go past and disappear. The GIRL glances at LOCKE. His face looks drained. . . .

LOCKE: You better leave me.

The GIRL gets up and moves toward her own room. LOCKE





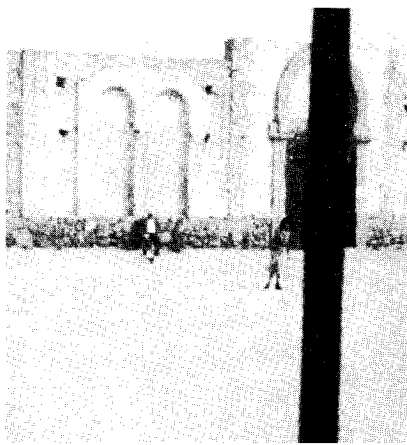
lights a cigarette.

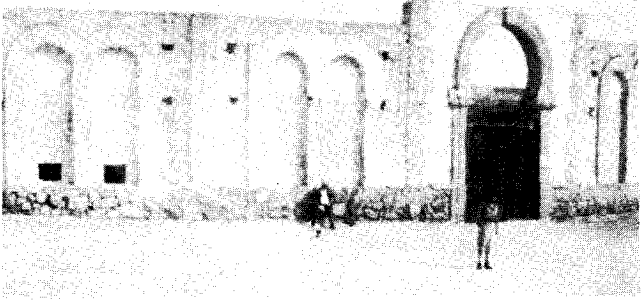
The GIRL enters her room and closes the door quietly. LOCKE is still staring out of the window. The blue has turned to mauve. . . .

The camera now fixes itself on the window and begins to move very slowly toward it. LOCKE's face disappears, and then also his hand with the cigarette. We begin to concentrate increasingly on the expanding view of the road outside—the odd passing pedestrians, a creaking bicycle, the occasional car. . . . One of them is black and stops in front of the hotel. The CHADIAN from London, the one who also kidnapped ACHEBE, gets out and remains standing on the curb, while the car drives on out of view.

After a moment, he is joined by a SECOND CHADIAN. They stand there together for a while looking up at the hotel and strolling casually back and forth. A poor but attractive Spanish girl runs past them. They follow her with their eyes and say something to each other. Obviously a joke. From far away we can hear someone shouting.

The sky begins to grow dark. The road falls into shadow. The CHADIANS separate, the SECOND CHADIAN walking away to the left, the FIRST CHADIAN coming across the road toward

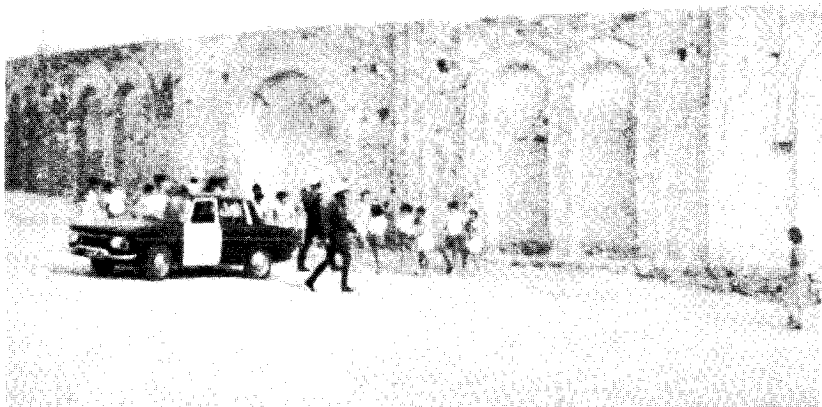




the hotel until he disappears below the lower ledge of the window. The camera is still tracking toward it.

For a while the road remains completely empty. Then, as the window begins to come into extreme close-up, we hear from behind us the sound of a knock at the door.

The sound of something falling, a chair, scraping metal, probably a gun. But by now the camera is emerging through the window and the sounds from the room have grown blurred and then dominated by the sounds from the street—a passing truck, a radio, some shouts. We keep moving out over the road toward the harbor. A little later a police car appears. It slows down and stops. Doors opening. Voices. Running feet.



Then RACHEL appears from out of the police car. The camera now begins to turn slowly around, a full 180-degree pan, so that we are now looking back across the street and directly at the hotel. We start to move back toward it, aiming at the window of LOCKE's room. We move toward it as RACHEL and the police make for the front door which is almost directly below it.





But the entire group is almost immediately lost from view as the camera continues to move relentlessly toward LOCKE's window. Outside the sound of voices, running feet, and shouted orders continues. But the camera moves in past the shutters and reenters the now twilit room. The door at the back is wide open onto the corridor. LOCKE lies on the bed in the middle of the room. His body is crumpled up in a fetal position. His face is half turned toward the wall. One arm hangs down over the side of the bed. It is a similar position to the one in which we found ROBERTSON at the beginning of the film. LOCKE is obviously dead. As we reach the side of the bed the arm comes into close-up. We start to hear the sounds of people's footsteps and the now subdued mutterings of their voices.



A hand comes into frame and grasps LOCKE's wrist. No pulse. When we look up we find TWO POLICEMEN, an INSPECTOR, RACHEL, and the GIRL all standing beside the body. The INSPECTOR lets go of the wrist. He turns to the GIRL. She looks grave, stunned, her eyes silent pools of brown.

INSPECTOR (*turning to Rachel*): Do you recognize him?
RACHEL: I never knew him.

The tears stream silently down her face.

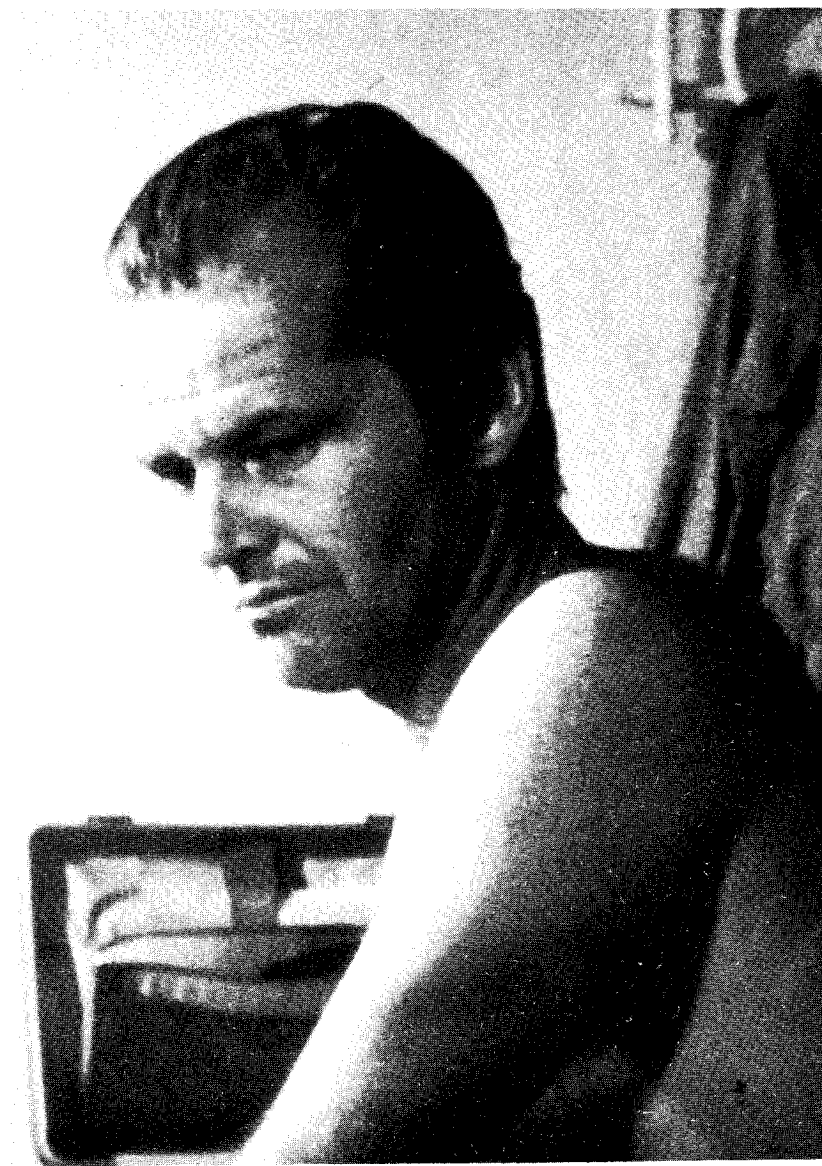
INSPECTOR (*turning to the GIRL*): Do you know him?

GIRL (*slowly nodding her head*): Yes.

94. Hotel. Exterior. Sunset.

We see the building in medium long shot. The street, passing cars. An everyday life which goes on. It becomes night.





ANTONIONI'S HAUNTING VISION

by Vincent Canby

As if he were a member of some privileged order, Michelangelo Antonioni is allowed to see things the rest of us cannot. In his stunning new film, "The Passenger," he shares that privilege with us. His camera's eye is a laser that transforms everything it sees into a more precise definition of the thing represented—objects, people, movements, landscapes. Yet the definition of the thing represented—and this is the rub—becomes increasingly ambiguous the closer Antonioni's camera gets. The same thing happens when you say the same word over and over again so often that finally only the sound is left. We return to essentials.

This is one of the haunting effects of "The Passenger," a suspense melodrama, a story so basically conventional that it isn't until you're at least half-way through it you realize it's a magnificent nightmare, and that you are on the inside looking out. More effectively than any other film he has made, "The Passenger" translates Antonioni's concern with the quality of contemporary life into non-esoteric film terms. Even more successfully than in "L'Avventura" and "Blow-Up" he achieves a balance between psychological

substructure and intellectual superstructure, the weight of which capsized "Zabriskie Point," his last film, even before it had left the dock.

"Zabriskie Point" was a collection of handsomely illustrated, neo-radical ideas, a meditation on America not of the first interest, for which a love story of sorts had been concocted, but it was a narrative that had no life of its own.

"The Passenger" is a fascinating tale of flight and pursuit that moves non-stop across the screen. Its intellect is more apparent in the way it looks (the best movies *are* what they look like) than in anything that anybody says. It's there in the beautiful opening sequence, which I will try to describe, and in the extraordinary closing sequence, which I won't, not only because it would be giving the story away but because it's the sort of cinematic tour de force that must be discovered for oneself.

This ending has some of the breathtaking quality of the ending of Bunuel's "Tristana," though the two sequences have nothing specifically in common. Neither sequence is particularly fancy, but each in its way rediscovers a narrative device unique to films.

The opening sequence of "The Passenger" is pictorial exposition of special order: a man (Jack Nicholson) is searching for someone or something through North Africa, on the outskirts of cities, in rural villages. He is scarcely acknowledged. People look through him, or away. In a café two black men help themselves to his cigarettes and turn back to their own affairs. Later a small Arab boy materializes and leads him and his Land Rover into the desert. There the boy motions the man to stop. The boy gets out of the car and disappears. The man can see nothing but desert and some distant mountains. No place for the boy to escape to. The dry heat and the seeming clarity of the desert light at high noon make him a little giddy.

Then, in the distance, there appears an Arab atop a camel riding leisurely across the sands. The man waves to the Arab and calls. The Arab and his camel pass close by. The

Arab nods to the man, but distantly, as if he were on a ship whose course was being directed by others. The Arab goes on his way at the same unbroken pace. The man climbs back into the Land Rover, turns on the engine and quickly allows himself to get stuck in the sand. He gets out once more and kicks the half-buried tire. It is the last straw. It's also his own bloody fault. At last he's reached the end of the line.

The man is a television news personality named Locke, English-born, American-bred, the sort of reporter, one gathers, who's more of a celebrity than the people he reports on. Locke has been on a wild goose chase to find and interview a group of African guerrillas.

Locke returns to his fleabag hotel in the desert on foot. You suspect that he might be a Maugham character doomed to an exotic end in civilization's outpost. Not so. When a passing stranger, an Englishman about Locke's age, weight and height, dies suddenly of a heart attack at the hotel, Locke makes a choice. He assumes the man's identity. Locke picks up the man's name, passport, wardrobe and appointments book, and then sets out to discover who he now is.

Thus begins "The Passenger," which follows Locke on his search from North Africa to England to Germany to Spain. In the course of his travels he meets a pretty, calm, unflappable girl (Maria Schneider), who is known only as The Girl. The Girl is an architecture student but she exists only to help and comfort Locke. As much as he has known what the end of his search must be, he has known about the girl even before he meets her in Barcelona. Earlier, in London, he had seen her sitting on a park bench and they had recognized each other.

Antonioni doesn't spend too much time convincing us of the desperation of Locke's life that would make him so easily assume another's identity. He has been unhappily married, we are told, though the wife (Jenny Runacre) is hardly a harridan. We are also told he is fed up with his career, freezing on film those moments of history that never

truly tell the entire story. He has been in the business of reducing to comprehensible terms—to television merchandise—events that may be incomprehensible in their complexity. Wars, revolutions, and the like. Locke wants out but unlike most of us who might have that dream from time to time, he gets the opportunity.

In Germany, where Locke goes to keep one of his new identity's appointments, he meets two representatives of an African terrorist group who give him \$50,000 and thank him for obtaining the guns, though they are disappointed he couldn't get anti-aircraft equipment.

Gee, says Locke, in effect. "I'm sorry about the anti-aircraft guns. I hope it won't be too much of a drawback." It's the first important thing Locke has said in his assumed role, and it's funny because it's so obviously inadequate.

Later Locke learns far more forcefully the inadequacy of his masquerade. There has been, however, a recognizable nobility in his search for the truth.

"The Passenger," which was written by Mark Peploe, Peter Wollen (author of "Signs and Meaning in The Cinema") and Antonioni, is open to all sorts of solemn interpretations, a lot of them involving the use of the word "alienation," which may be the most boring word to gain wide currency in criticism in the last 20 years.

Once you leave the film's narrative level to ponder its other meanings, you are on your own. "The Passenger" shouldn't be scrutinized and deciphered like a top-secret NATO message. It's a poetic vision. Its images, as perfectly illuminated as a night landscape by a flash of lightning, suggest all sorts of associations, from "The Odyssey" to other movies, including pot-boiling, multi-national co-productions about Interpol agents.

Locke, a rôle that Jack Nicholson assumes with such grace and ease that one almost forgets he's an actor, comes out of the barren world of earlier Antonioni films, but unlike earlier Antonioni characters he makes a decisive choice that sets him apart from his predecessors, who were too busy

just trying to cope to make decisions of such magnitude. In his way Locke is a much more committed, much more revolutionary character than the pea-brained radical in "Zabriskie Point." He's also a much more appealing character than the photographer in "Blow-up," a man who remained always outside his pictures.

"The Passenger" marks Antonioni's triumphant passage from the concerns of the nineteen-fifties and nineteen-sixties, when we seemed to be standing still, to those of the nineteen-seventies, when events have given us the guts to choose, perhaps to move on.

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ABOUT REPRIEVE

by Penelope Gilliatt

Michelangelo Antonioni's august and delicate "The Passenger" is the story of a man trying to fly the coop of himself. He has come to a critical moment of alienation from his English life and work. His identity and his past both seem to him matters of dislocation, and the resulting laxness has nearly consumed him. Not quite. With the courage of an almost beaten man attempting a probably final throw of the dice, he seizes the opportunity to pretend himself dead and to assume the character of a man facially very like him, victim of a fatal heart attack, whom he has met in a remote part of Africa by chance. For the first time in the Socialist Antonioni's career, a declared causal connection is made between a character's distress and his environment. This man's failure of resolve, gently understood by the director, is the political consequence of a dulled life in England and of a fleeting and parasitic job as a TV-news journalist. It is significant that Africa and a movement to change an African government—together with the love of a strange girl who is ready to see him as a new man—are the things that resurrect him for a time.

The film is superficially a thriller. It includes chases, narrow escapes, false alarms, danger in broad daylight while the hero is doing mundane things like renting a car. But not even a newcomer to Antonioni, let alone anyone who has seen his other films, could experience "The Passenger" as a piece of Hitchcock plot-making. Its philosophical foundations and its perceptions of a man's essence are far more interesting and subtle than any narrative. Narrative is the foot soldier of the dramatic arts; Antonioni's points fly in this picture so fast that their meanings are caught only on the wing. "The Passenger"'s ambiguities are not a thriller writer's red herrings but the double meanings of a metaphysician who happens to be a Marxist. Before this, the aristocratism of Antonioni's painterly eye and the radicalism of his complex intellect often seemed to be at odds. Here they work in unity. Besides giving us a triumph of technical invention that stretches the wizardly vocabulary of film as he has never stretched it before, Antonioni takes us into the dense world of Camus's "The Stranger" and of the left-wing Existentialist philosophers. There is none of the disquiet between the instinctive and the ideological halves of a slumbrous man in arcane agony which made his "Eclipse" and "Red Desert" seem the struggles of a dozing patient to kick the sheets about in a long, long night. A good many times, at Antonioni's earlier pictures, one felt as if one were sharing the nap of a tormented fop. They often appeared the work of a genius whose dreams were lured by limply beautiful aesthetics and whose intelligence was wasted on teasing us with deliberate obscurantism. "The Passenger" is streets ahead. Everything about it is there by necessity. For instance, where Antonioni's films have often had an unwarranted way of seeing with a foreigner's eye—particularly "Blow-Up" and "Zabriskie Point"—the method is totally pertinent to "The Passenger," because it is a study of a bleached-out man for whom everything is estranging. The man has reached a crisis where even his own past seems an

alien's, so that he feels momentarily elated by shedding it to inhabit the carcass of a stranger who is at least new to him.

We are somewhere in Africa. David Locke (Jack Nicholson), an English reporter educated in America, tries to track down a story about a guerrilla hideout. He fails lamentably. Even a small child refuses to be informative when Locke uses him as a guide on a drive by jeep through the desert. A grown guide from the hideout, also volunteering no information, then takes the reporter on foot up a steep hill of sand. But at the sight of a string of camel riders presumably from the side in power the guide abruptly abandons the project and treks off alone. Locke can only go back to the jeep. Another chance missed. How many left? One? Two, with luck? Most of us think chances are limitless, but this man doesn't. His jeep gets ignominiously stuck in the sand. In a tantrum of equal ignominy, he bangs the wheels in turn with a shovel and quickly gives up, shouting "All right! I don't care!" in a position like a Muslim praying. Back at his fly-riddled hotel, there is no soap in the shower. He accepts the fact in his prevailing mood of inert despair, and wanders into the adjoining room of his new acquaintance, named David Robertson. He finds him dead. Their physical likeness is eerie. A fly buzzes. Locke idly starts to go through Robertson's belongings. He looks at Robertson's British passport, and he puts on Robertson's shirt instead of his own. Later on in the film, there is a line about being able to find out a great deal that is sure about a man from the contents of his luggage: better evidence, the film implies, than his outward behavior, just as it was suggested by a wise and quizzical African witch doctor whom Locke interviews in a flashback that the reporter's questions expose a great deal more truth about the reporter than any answers could about the witch doctor.

By putting on Robertson's shirt, Locke has begun the process of changing identity. He returns to his own room, which is a mirror image of Robertson's, and we see him switching photographs in the two passports while his tape

recorder plays a conversation between him and the dead man. A time change follows, and the two men are alive together on a balcony in the past, continuing the mechanically embalmed conversation. And then, by an act of film technique as fluent and fit as achieved originality always is, the camera tracks sideways in space and time across the end of a wall to take us back into the film's present tense, with Locke still concocting his new identity under a fan that moves like a wounded wasp. After dragging Robertson's body into his own room, he abandons his belongings as if they were owned by the corpse, just as he plays dead to his alienated wife, who is in London, by leaving her photograph with the body that is now cast as David Locke's.

The identity, the plans, and the as yet undeciphered motives of Robertson begin to fill the directionless reporter like water pouring into an empty vessel. Locke has Robertson's air ticket, made out for flights around Europe on missions as yet unknown. The route aims first for London, then for Munich. There is a Munich luggage-locker number scribbled on the ticket. Locke also takes possession of Robertson's diary, which is full of the names of far-flung cities to be visited in rapid succession, and notes reading "Daisy," "Lucy," and "Melina." He is drawn by the enterprises of the dead man as if Robertson were still alive to magnetize him, for there is nothing more attractive to the burnt-out than the spectacle of purpose. For a time, Locke follows Robertson's curt orders to himself with obsessed obedience. The designation of his new casting dawns on him slowly. Robertson presented himself to Locke as a traveler who came with merchandise: someone whom the Africans understood, he explained, because he worked with things, instead of with the fragile images and words of Locke the reporter, who had found himself growingly incomprehensible in Africa. In Munich, unwittingly watched by a black African and a European companion as he opens Robertson's luggage locker, the reinvigorated man finds a briefcase full of diagrams and guns. Meaning what? He

doesn't know yet. In a hired car, he follows a white horse-drawn coach for no reason except that it is pretty and that he can see the mostly hidden coachman making hand signals. He arrives at a church, to find himself in the middle of a wedding. When the ceremony is over, he stays on alone in the church. Why? Because he is posturing as someone whose reasons for moving in any direction at all are still hidden from him. The ellipses begin to be filled in when the black African and his European friend arrive there on secret business with this man whom they have followed and whom they take to be Robertson. Locke hands over the diagrams, uncertainly pieces together the role he has assumed untutored, and finds himself cast as a highly rewarded political gunrunner in the pay of guerrillas in Africa. There is grateful talk by the two cryptic visitors of the hazards he is facing by working for the guerrillas. Not that Locke cares. It is not the danger of being taken to be Robertson that he ever tries to escape from in the film; it is the danger of being found out to be Locke extant. He wants ferociously to slip the old clutches. The familiar makes him sick at heart. His passionless wife, his adopted child, his ephemeral career as a reporter have all become stale concerns for him. He ditched them for the sake of inhabiting a new identity, which elates him by the sheer potency of the political motive it bestows. Motive to fight on which side? He doesn't care, for the moment. It takes a character who is named just *The Girl* in the credits—she is exquisitely played by Maria Schneider—to make such questions matter. Obedient to the edicts of the diary, he has gone on to Barcelona. *The Girl*, met there, is a quiet-voiced, attentive student of architecture who recognizes him as a man at the end of his tether. She quits her companions for the more important business of heeding him. Talking to him, she absorbs more within a very short time than his chilly wife in England ever did, because the wife—a brisk, coarsely pretty figure, played by Jenny Runacre—is an untender woman whose judgments are based only on the evidence of the explicit. She can call

on nothing that might be sensed. It is a limitation that must have contributed to the aridity that Locke is running away from. His endeavor to disappear would strike most intimates of such a man as an obvious possibility, but it doesn't strike her until she examines her supposedly dead husband's passport photograph when Locke's luggage is returned to her in London. In the meantime, The Girl has become a passenger in Locke's hired car. She listens to him. The guidance that her own sure character can give him is offered without weight: in a remark about its mattering very much which side a gun-runner is on; in a practical plan to get a mechanic when another stoppage by a mulish vehicle has driven him into another hapless frenzy; and, most of all, in the act of hauling him out of a bog of flailing rebellion about keeping Robertson's next appointment, which is in Tangier. She says simply to him that Robertson made those appointments because he believed in something, and that's what Locke wants, isn't it? She loves him ungraspingly, and soothes him in a predicament that she seems entirely to understand.

The two characters have a typically eloquent and terse exchange about disappearances. "People disappear every day," she says. "Every time they leave the room," says Locke/Robertson. Lying on a bed in a hotel in Almería, he tells her a story about a blind man who gained his sight through an operation when he was nearly forty. At first, Locke says, the man was exhilarated. Then he started to notice that the world was poor. He felt surrounded by dinginess. Squalor everywhere. In the days of his blindness, the man had been able to cross the road with a stick. Then he grew too afraid, and he lived in the dark. The man is Locke's emblem of himself, manifestly. He tells The Girl to go. Altogether aware of some peril, she walks first into the adjoining room and then to the square outside, visible to us through the window grille of Locke's room. There is no sign of his getting up. He isn't in the camera frame any longer. Perhaps he is already dead of a heart attack matching Robertson's? The camera tracks closer to the window, look-

ing out onto the square and the walls of a bullring where foolish trumpets are sounding. The Girl is very far away: a small, urgent figure in heavy shoes, leaning forward as if she were in a gale. Cars arrive. An African whom we have seen to be on the government side, and coldly brutish about it, gets out of one and walks to the hotel. There is a muffled shot, or perhaps only a backfire from a car, and the sound of an inside door opening and closing. Is the African an assassin? Is *that* how the unseen Locke dies? It seems likely—but not positive, because not important in such a film. Then the pursuing wife from England, significantly roused to action long after it was merited, speeds into the square in a police car. The camera goes back to Locke's bedroom. His face is hidden. His wife, asked whether she recognizes the body as Robertson's, says, looking at her husband, "I never knew him." The Girl, asked if she recognizes him, says "Yes."

"The Passenger" is an unidealized portrait of a drained man whose one remaining stimulus is to push his luck. Again and again in the movie, we watch him court danger. It interests him to walk the edge of risk. He does it with passivity, as if he were taking part in an expressionless game of double-dare with life. Jack Nicholson's performance is a wonder of insight. How to animate a personality that is barely there? He does it by cutting out nearly all the inflections from his voice, by talking very slowly, by making random movements. One particular gesture is oddly expressive and impassioned. A slight flapping of the arms, as if he were trying to fly. He is sometimes hit by excitement: when he first makes the decision to be Robertson, for instance, and when he feels free of trouble, aloft in a sight-seeing car that swings from a cable high above some blue seawater. He leans out of the car and makes a completed version of his flying movement, with his arms spread apart over the sea far below: like a seagull coasting, yet also with a suggestion of a man flinging himself into the embrace of suicide.

Locke is a man racked by the idea of being too distant

from the center, which is a major theme of the film's style and content. He feels doomed to live on the outskirts. The picture has a concentration on suburbs which is no accident. Nor is the oddity of a view of a striking modern housing complex in Bloomsbury, inserted bang in the middle of shots of London houses built a century or two ago. Even when Locke comes upon the familiar, he does it at the tangent of a stranger or a burglar. Disturbingly, he creeps in disguise to the front door of his own house in London after his assumed death, and listens through the letter box to a fragment of his own obituary film on TV. "The Passenger" is full of the imagery of disjuncture. One of the voices in the obituary film is out of sync with the lip movements; cars break down; Locke and The Girl, trying to make contact on the roof of a Gaudi structure in Barcelona, are cut off for a time by a barrier even when they are only yards apart. And Locke is out of joint with his job: though he is famous for his foreign reports, foreignness is his defeat. We recognize a metaphor for that when we see him ineptly struggling to make himself comprehensible in Spanish. Earlier on, trying French, he says, "*Vous parlons français?*" The first and second persons in verbs have begun to overlap, as his own identity is to overlap Robertson's. He doesn't even possess any longer the pure energy of a reporter on the trail of a scoop. His professional attributes have disappeared as completely as the attributes of his onetime self, so that he feels as much at odds with his past work as with his past personal life. Unalignment is everywhere. In the desert, a passing camel rider has a violently trembling leg that doesn't seem to belong to the rest of his body.

The parallel theme of ambiguity, which has often been explored by Antonioni in a mood of pixie obscurity, is clarified in "The Passenger" to become an excursion into ideas about interchangeability and recurrence. Locke and Robertson are both named David. There are duplicated images of electric wires leading nowhere in different hotel rooms, of like fans in different places, of flies and smashed

flower petals on different seedy walls. Everything is done very lightly, as if a punkah were brushing by one's face. Antonioni is working here in unemphatic command of his talent, and for the first time he has bent it to the making of a film that has both the density of a thoughtful novel and the transparent simplicity of an astonishing creation in the visual arts. Besides that, he is as exact about politics as he is about questions of character. His position is stated even in the title: the film was once called "The Reporter," but Antonioni must have considered this to be misleading about who it was he meant to be the key figure, for he changed the title to "The Passenger." So the hero isn't Locke, the empty, unsure man; it is The Girl, who transmits substance and certainty, and whose temperament runs in a radical vein that is always open to ideas of change. It is a joy to find Antonioni making clean statements softly. He shows us, with compassion, a lost man whose alienation is a direct result of his society and his job. Incapable of inventing a new nature, this man can only dwell in someone else. Locke throws himself willy-nilly into a stranger's stream of cause and effect. His history is not some random study in spoilt melancholy; it makes plain a very intelligent filmmaker's political thought. This is not to speak of the serene relevance of almost everything else in "The Passenger": the beautiful and understated sound track, which uses natural sound as if it were music; the camera innovations (the director of photography was Luciano Tovoli); the uncluttered compositions, often like paintings by Veronese, but paintings brought to life. And the screenplay, which was written by Mark Peploe, Peter Wollen, and Antonioni, from an original story by Peploe, grandson of the Scottish painter S. J. Peploe. Earlier Antonioni films have often seemed studied, but not this one. Its details are easy and apropos.

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ANTONIONI PAUSES HERE IN HIS SEARCH

By Richard F. Shepard

Michelangelo Antonioni's latest film, "The Passenger," deals, in part, with a journalist who stops being an onlooker and becomes a doer, even though he is not sure what he is doing.

It's a theme that would appeal to Mr. Antonioni and other creative people, picture makers and writers, who often go through life looking, recording and interpreting rather than participating. In "The Passenger," the hero, if he's that, assumes the identity of a stranger who has conveniently died, and he sets out to continue the dead man's life according to obscure instructions found in the stranger's papers.

"One of the themes of the film," said Mr. Antonioni in an interview over the weekend as he was visiting New York, "is to examine the myth of objectivity.

"The character, David Locke," continued the director, "is looking for this myth. He's always an onlooker, and he's always frustrated. His marriage is a failure; he has failed with his adopted child; he can't be committed in his job as he would like to be. Because of this the myth of objectivity is exposed."

Mr. Antonioni, who at 62 is slim, trim and gray-haired, spoke slowly and carefully, although it was difficult to tell whether he did so because he worries about his English, which is good but studied, or because he himself was cast in the role of a doer speaking to an onlooking interviewer.

“A Certain Detachment”

“For the first time, I made a film story by someone else, a story by Mark Peploe, although I worked on the script,” he said. “Because of this, I started with a certain detachment. I had to use my brain rather than my instinct. It was a difficult film. I had to think of everything. We made it in Spain, England, Germany and Algeria, in the desert 4,000 kilometers south of Algiers. Each country had its own problems.”

The film stars Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider. Mr. Antonioni disclosed a bit of directorial technique when he described a scene where Mr. Nicholson, utterly frustrated, is trying to dig his Land Rover out of the desert sands and ends up hitting it, viciously and desperately.

“The day we shot that, it was windy, the sand was blowing, and everyone had something wrapped around the face,” he recalled. “I provoked him. I made arguments. When the scene was ready to be filmed, he wasn’t acting.”

Mr. Antonioni pondered a question about the satisfaction he gained from the film.

“I am never satisfied,” he replied. “I amuse myself from experimenting. It’s an illusion to think that with movie people, our lives stop when we are finished shooting a film. Everything keeps going on. It’s part of my life.”

The director, it was noted, often deals with the lonely individual at the same time as he evinces a concern for the fate of humanity.

“I never think in terms of this kind of conflict, between the individual and the mass,” he said. “I’m not a sociologist. I never make a political thesis. I would prefer it

if something like this comes out of it. If I put a character against a landscape, there is naturally a relationship."

"Blind in Your Own Country"

Working in English has been something of a chore for him.

"As Brecht used to say about his English, I say what I can say, not what I want to say," he said. "I have to complicate my thoughts. I have to change my nature and think in terms of Americans or English. The same force that pushes me to make the film pushes my mentality. It must be the same for an actor who has to change many parts, he has to change many times.

"My next project?" he continued. "I have some ideas. They are converging into a film. I'd like to set it in Italy. After making three films abroad—'Blow-Up,' 'Zabriskie Point' and 'The Passenger'—I feel rootless. I don't think it is useful to stay out of your own country for so long."

The director spoke about the merits and demerits of being an outsider looking at someone else inside.

"I have to keep my philosophy, opinions and morality, if I have any, as an artist," he said.

"My own cultural luggage, my education can be useful for what I face in a new country. But in Italy, I can't see at all. You are blind in your own country. I don't mean myself. I am trained to look. But talk about Rome. What does a person know about Rome? Only his own itinerary."

Mr. Antonioni linked this feeling to the hostile reception accorded in this country to "Zabriskie Point," a film set in the American West.

"That's why everyone got so angry when I showed 'Zabriskie Point,' " he said, "That's one of the reasons. They got so furious, they couldn't see what was good in that film, and there was much that was good.

"I am trying to go back to Italy. I need to shoot a film there. I need to hear Italian. I'm fed up with hearing only

English," he went on. "It is difficult. These problems are new to me as a director. In 'The Passenger' there was a line by Jenny Runacre, who plays the journalist's wife. I didn't like it, but I couldn't tell her why.

"I asked Jack Nicholson, who is very discreet. He said, 'She sounds a little too snobbish.' That was right."

Anglo-Saxon in Italy

His Anglo-Saxon films, he said, have done quite well in Italy, where "Zabriskie Point" grossed about 3-billion lire, and he never had such good reviews as he received in Italy. In more than 30 years as a director, Mr. Antonioni has felt some changes in his ability, if not in his talent.

"My experience is deeper now," he said. "Even technically, I am more mature. I don't have any technical problems, I never cared about grammar. Now everything I have to say comes out fluently. I'm still never happy while I'm shooting a film. I don't know why."

The director, whose credits include a dozen major films—among them "Il Grido," "L'Avventura," "La Notte" and "Red Desert"—has trotted the globe with his camera. He has been through North America, Europe and China (where he made a revealing documentary about life today). He has been in New York a number of times, but he has never made a movie in this city.

"It is a fantastic place, New York," he said. "I am ready to shoot in New York the day the screen becomes vertical."



THE PASSENGER

**The Complete Script of the Film by Mark Peploe,
Peter Wollen, and Michelangelo Antonioni**

"More effectively than any other film he has made, *The Passenger* translates Antonioni's concern with the quality of contemporary life into non-esoteric film terms. Even more successfully than in *L'Avventura* and *Blow-Up* he achieves a balance between psychological substructure and intellectual substructure in a haunting vision. . . . *The Passenger* is a fascinating tale of flight and pursuit that moves non-stop across the screen. It marks Antonioni's triumphant passage from the concerns of the nineteen-fifties and nineteen-sixties, when we seemed to be standing still, to those of the nineteen-seventies when events have given us the guts to choose, perhaps to move on. A superior suspense melodrama, probably Antonioni's most entertaining film."—Vincent Canby, *The New York Times*. "A triumph of invention!"—Penelope Gilliatt, *The New Yorker*. "Antonioni's best film since *Red Desert*, a stunning film experience, and exciting mystery. Its impact is astonishing."—Rex Reed, *Daily News*

Michelangelo Antonioni is one of the world's foremost filmmakers, whose earlier *L'Avventura*, *Blow-Up*, and *Red Desert* are widely considered among the best work produced for the modern screen.

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