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"THE VENGEANCE OF SHE"

Final Screenplay

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EXT. ROAD THROUGH WOODS MEDITERRANEAN COUNTRYSIDE
DAY

- 1 The only sound is that of the buzzing cicadas as the CAMERA PANS slowly around the beautiful countryside to pick up - way, way in the distance, the solitary figure of a young girl walking in the middle of the road.
- 2 A closer look reveals the girl (CAROL) to be well, but casually dressed, and that she is strikingly beautiful. In spite of the heat, she wears an expensive fur coat draped across her shoulders.
- 3 She walks with grace, but purposefully - her eyes fixed ahead - almost as if she were listening to someone calling her. She seems oblivious to the obvious discomforts - the heat, the dust and the fact that she must have walked quite a way.
- 4 Behind her, a cloud of white dust appears and, soon, the bulk of a huge French (or Spanish) truck appears, the roar of its diesel soon drowning that of the cicadas.
- 5 As the truck approaches, it slows down.
- 6 and the swarthy face of a Continental TRUCK DRIVER appears at the window. He is about to shout at her for not moving over quicker, when he sees how lovely she is. His expression changes, and he adjusts the speed of his truck so that he is just keeping pace alongside her.
- 7 The girl takes no notice - indeed, she does not seem to be aware of him.
- 8 The driver moves ahead a little, then stops, and opens the door, indicating that she should accept a ride.
- 9 Carol still does not seem to be aware of him, but continues on her way.
- 10 As she comes alongside, the driver calls out.

DRIVER

Ay!

- 11 Carol hesitates, looks up, but without surprise.
- 12 The driver jerks his head indicating that the seat next to him is free.
- 13 Carol hesitates, then moves towards him.
- 14 He extends a hand and helps her inside the cab.

INT. CAB DAY

- 15 Carol sits down, and the driver, smiling to himself, leans over and slams the door. He sits back in his seat and glances at her.
- 16 But Carol does not seem to be aware of him; she is lost once more in her dreams.
- 17 The driver shrugs, slips the vehicle into gear and with a jerk -

EXT. ROAD DAY

- 18 The truck moves off.

HIGHWAY NIGHT

- 19 A big French camion thunders through the night.

INT. CAB NIGHT

- 20 Inside the cab, Carol is dozing. At the wheel is the swarthy driver. He glances at her once or twice. She is not wearing her coat now.

His gaze rests on her legs.

EXT. ROAD JUNCTION NIGHT

- 21 The camion arrives at a road junction. It is sign-posted, indicating that the main road goes to TOULON, the fork to some village.

INT. CAB NIGHT

- 22 The driver glances at Carol again, then swings the wheel.

Carol does not wake, but her relaxed face tautens and begins to cloud as if with pain. And for the first time we hear the SOUND of an eerie, high-pitched CHORD that we shall hear again and again. Carol stirs uneasily.

EXT. NARROW COUNTRY ROAD NIGHT

- 23 The camion slows down as it approaches a gap in the trees by the roadside. It turns off on to the grass.

INT. CAB NIGHT

- 24 The motion of the cab becomes more bumpy. The driver is peering ahead, steering as if weaving deeper into the trees.

- 25 Carol sits up suddenly, her eyes wide. She looks out of the window, startled. The CHORD sounds briefly, piercingly.
- 26 The driver grins, brakes to a halt, puts the lever in neutral, and cuts the engine. There is a silence. Carol watches him as he turns, takes out a packet of cigarettes and offers her one.

She grabs for the door handle, but he is ready for this and catches her arm in a hard grip so that she reacts with a gasp of pain. Grinning, sure of himself, the driver shakes his head slowly. Still holding her with one hand, he draws a cigarette from the packet with his lips, puts the pack away and brings out a lighter.

- 27 His hand flicks the lighter. It has a long flame.
- 28 Carol suddenly pushes his hand holding lighter against his face as he lights cigarette. He reacts with shock and pain, releasing her.
- 29 Carol flings open her door to jump free. The driver lunges to prevent her.
- 30 His leg catches against the big handbrake, and he misses his grab at Carol.

He mouths a curse, and jerks his leg free, then scrambles in pursuit.

EXT. CLEARING IN WOODS NIGHT

- 31 Carol is running down a slight grassy slope to where the ground rises sharply in a steep bank. She looks back.
- 32 The camion is parked on this slight down-slope, its bonnet towards her. The driver is running in pursuit of her, frighteningly close.
- 33 Carol runs on, panting, afraid.
- 34 The driver's hand grabs at her, catches her dress near the shoulders. It rips, and she is jerked off balance. He catches at her and they struggle.

INT. CAB NIGHT

- 35 With a click-click-click of the ratchet, the handbrake moves slowly forward to the off-position, as if the ratchet is failing to hold. At the same time comes the brief sound of the CHORD.

EXT. CLEARING IN WOODS NIGHT

- 36 Carol and the driver struggle.

- 37 Her foot kicks hard at his shin.
- 38 She manages to tear herself away and runs on toward the bank.
- 39 The driver, limping slightly, moves after her. He is angry and dangerous now.
- 40 The huge front wheel of the camion is turning.
- 41 We see the camion moving ponderously but silently down the slope.
- 42 Carol scrambles to the top of the bank and glances back.
- 43 She reacts at what she sees, in horror at first ... a horror which changes to a detached fascination.
- 44 Carol's V.P. The driver is moving towards her, and behind him the great bulk of the camion is pursuing him.
- 45 The wheels turn faster as speed gathers.
- 46 Carol makes no attempt to run. She is held as though entranced.
- 47 The driver reacts to her, an inflamed leer spreading across his face.
- 48 The camion is almost on top of him.
- 49 He reacts to the SOUND of the camion. He spins around, opening his mouth in terror, frozen in fear.
- 50 Carol continues to watch ... clinically.
- 51 The on-coming bonnet obliterates the driver.
- 52 Carol takes it in, and only now does the reality of the situation take hold. The awareness that one scream of warning could have saved him. Her expression contorts in soul searing agony. It is as if she is coming out of a hypnotic trance.
- 53 The bumper of the camion drives into the lower part of the bank, and it halts.
- 54 Shakily, trying to hold back the sobs that sweep her, Carol drags out her coat, which hangs from the still open door of the camion, and stumbles away.

EXT: BEACH AND SEA DAWN

- 55 The sea is as calm as a lake. A little way out, a luxury yacht lies at anchor. The sound of distant music can be heard.

56 The camera moves across the beach, revealing a concession area, where the mattresses and sunshades have been neatly stacked for the night and the sand raked ready for the morning. At the rear is a row of changing huts. The camera closes on one of them.

57 Carol is sleeping rough. She is still dressed and has spread her fur coat over her. She has only taken off her shoes.

As the CAMERA CLOSSES ON HER we see that she is in a troubled half-sleep. She stirs and moans faintly as if in distress.

CAMERA CLOSSES until her head fills the screen.

INT. KUMA

58 SLOWLY FADING IN, superimposed on Carol's head, we see a great golden eye, the eye of some huge image; and in reality this eye would be about the size of Carol's head.

59 The CHORD sounds faintly and persistently, and rises slowly as two male hands appear from O.S. They are workman's hands, with straps on each wrist. One hand holds a chisel, and the other a mallet, both of ancient design.

EXT. BEACH AND SEA

60 Carol's face grows more distressed.

61 INT. KUMA

The chisel is placed against the corner of the eye, and the mallet strikes just as the CHORD reaches an almost unbearable pitch.

EXT. BEACH AND SEA DAWN

62 Carol screams and wakes with a start, sitting up.

63 She looks about her, and remembers where she is. She is breathing heavily as if from an ordeal, but shows no surprise. We realise that this kind of thing is not new to her.

Wearily she fumbles in her coat and produces a crumpled cigarette packet. It is empty. She throws it aside. As she does so, there comes a chugging sound of a motor-boat not far away.

Carol sits up, pulls her coat about her, and looks out to sea.

EXT. SEA AND YACHT DAWN

64 The yacht lies still on the sea. The yacht's tender is approaching a jetty to one side of the concession area.

EXT. TENDER DAWN

65 In the boat is a party of about a dozen men and women all dressed rather incongruously in evening dress.

66 The tender comes alongside the little jetty and the PAID-HAND jumps out to secure the tender and help the guests ashore. They are fairly high, presumably after a good party.

67 Waiting on the jetty is a casually dressed young man. This is DR. PHILIP SMITH.

68 He watches without enthusiasm as the crowd alights on the jetty. These people bore him. There are a few fragments of ad lib phrases in English and French from the guests.

69 Philip and Paid-hand catch each other's gaze. They both feel the same way about this crowd.

EXT. BEACH AND SEA DAWN

70 Carol is at the door watching. We hear the CHORD very faintly, and with it her face becomes gradually empty and expressionless, as when we first saw her. She is being drawn on again.

EXT. SEA TENDER DAWN

71 Paid-hand is at the wheel, Philip is sitting smoking a cigarette.

72 The tender reaches the stern of the yacht and turns to come alongside.

EXT. BEACH AND SEA DAWN

73 There are bare footprints on the new-raked sand. CAMERA TRACKS along footprints towards edge of sea.

74 Carol is knee-deep, walking slowly into the sea, not wearing her coat.
Her face is without expression as she wades on.

75 CAMERA EASES DOWN to water's edge where the expensive coat lies lapped in the water.

INT. THE BRIDGE DAWN

- 76 HELMSMAN at wheel. NUMBER ONE at chart table. CAPTAIN HARRY WALKER, a calm dry, Cockney of about forty stands by bridge window. The SOUND of music carries to the bridge. Harry stifles a disgusted yawn.

HARRY

Floating bloody knocking shop, that's what this is. Let me know when the last one falls overboard.

He yawns again and leaves the bridge.

EXT. SECTION OF DECK YACHT DAWN (STUDIO)

- 77 Harry moves down the bridge-ladder and along the deck. He passes a DECK HAND who is folding deck-chairs and stowing them in a locker. SOUND of revelry from the lounge.
- 78 C.U. bare wet footprints across deck. CAMERA TRACKS with footprints and catches up with bare legs of Carol as she steals across the deck. CAMERA PANS slowly up as she moves on, her thin torn dress clinging to her body.
- 79 C.U. Carol head and shoulders, back pressed to bulk-head as she stands in the shadows, tense. After a beat or two she moves on warily, keeping close to the bulk-head.
- 80 The deck-hand closes a locker. He moves away, pauses by lounge window to look in, reacts with an "all-right-for-some" grimace, and moves on.
- The deck-hand moves round a corner and stops dead in surprise.
- 81 His V.P., Carol, her back to CAMERA, looking warily about her.
- 82 C.U. Carol. Her head turns slowly to look into CAMERA. She reacts with shock.
- 83 The deck-hand stares wide-eyed. Then shakes his head to himself, shrugging . . . indicating that nothing aboard this ship is unusual.

EXT. SECTION OF DECK YACHT DAWN

- 84 Philip moves along deck and reaches doors leading to the saloon. He listens to the sound of soft music and a sudden burst of laughter. He frowns, hesitates, and with a slight grimace opens the door and enters, and gazes at the scene with cynical distaste.

INT. SALOON YACHT DAWN

85 P.O.V. FULL SHOT. The appointments are lavish but not entirely tasteful. The occupants are: GEORGE CARTER, a coarse self-made man of a little over forty, tough but quite genial.. He is very shrewd, but vanity makes him enjoy playing host to the ten or so mixed socialite guests, who are really no more than well-spoken and rather decadent hangers-on. George's wife, SHEILA, is blonde, good-looking in a rather brassy way, about twenty-eight, a tough cookie but not nasty.

George stands lighting a cigar. As he waves the match out a STEWARD appears with ashtray for him to drop dead match in, then moves O.S. George looks around with a satisfied air.

86 Two or three couples slowly shaking and gyrating.

A couple sitting on couch link arms holding glasses, drink, then uncouple and kiss. They are pretty high.

Steward moving among guests with tray collecting glasses.

87 GIRL of the couple on couch gets up. CAMERA TRACKS with her as she crosses lounge to George, whisking up a couple of full glasses, links drinking arms with him. Both drink, then they kiss.

88 Sheila stopping still and looking O.S., a bit cool-eyed and wary.

PHILIP (O.S.)

Don't worry. Half his mind is busy making the next million.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Philip.

TWO-SHOT PHILIP AND SHEILA

SHEILA

(not flip, a little
sadly)

And what's the other half working on?

PHILIP

How to spend it.

(looking around)

I thought this drink-in would be over by now.

SHEILA

It is - I'm just going to break it to them.

89 Begins disentangling dancers starting with George's lady.

George disengages from lady and begins dancing with Sheila.

George and Sheila dancing. George may have had a few drinks but nothing more. He's not the kind to need them. He has a spontaneous, boyish, zest for life.

GEORGE

(looking Sheila over)

Have we met?

SHEILA

At the altar, ten years ago. I was the girl in white, remember?

George kisses her lightly on the cheek.

GEORGE

I remember. And are you enjoying the honeymoon.

SHEILA

Honeymoon? I thought we were still at the reception.

With that, she expertly shifts him over to Philip.

90 TWO SHOT. PHILIP GEORGE

GEORGE

You're late. You've missed the party.

PHILIP

(there is a warm
underlying rapport
between them)

Never mind. I could hear it from the casino.

(takes some letters
from his pocket)

Your mail.

George takes the mail and begins leafing through it with only casual interest.

In the background Sheila with the help of a steward is handing people coats and gently propelling them out of the lounge. Noises off as guests leave ship for launch etc. All is suddenly quiet.

91 Sheila joins Philip and George. Philip stands up.

PHILIP

See you at lunch.

He wanders off. George comes across a telegram. He opens it, reads, reacts. His face clouds.

GEORGE

Steward, tell Captain Walker to get under way immediately.

SHEILA

Trouble?

George puts his arm round Sheila.

GEORGE

(lightly)

Nothing I can't run away from. That's why I'm rich. I know when to run.

SHEILA

(she has been through
this sort of thing before
and doesn't ask questions.
She looks around the
cluttered lounge)

You run from your mess. I'll try to get this
one cleaned up.

He pats her affectionately on the bottom. Sheila leaves. George returns his attention to the telegram, his expression revealing that he is actually badly shaken.

INT. BRIDGE DAWN

92 Harry walker enters buttoning himself up and muttering.

HARRY

Pull the hook up and start engines.

NUMBER ONE

(incredulously)

Start engines? I thought we were here for a fortnight.

HARRY

Well now you know we're not. Get moving.

92 Continued

Number one pulls the engine telegraph.

SEA DAWN

93 Yacht starts up and moves slowly off.

SECTION OF DECK

94 George emerges from saloon. He watches the beach move further away, and looks satisfied. He is about to turn back when he looks off camera and starts.

BOWS OF YACHT DAWN

95 Carol is standing by a ventilator or part of the deck housing, not exactly hiding, but not making herself obtrusive. Her clothes are still damp, clinging to her, and she is a little cold, hugging herself to stop shivering. She is staring forward into the far distance.

George appears behind her and stands watching her for a moment.

GEORGE

Did somebody forget you?

Carol spins round nervously . . . and yet there is something in her look which puts George off balance.

CAROL

(vaguely)

Forget me . . . ?

GEORGE

I mean, that last boat's gone, hasn't it?

Carol says nothing.

GEORGE

(uneasy, not knowing what
to make of her)

So how do you plan getting back then?

Carol's look remains vague, confused. But there is an odd decisiveness in her voice, as if the words are prompted by something deeper, more positive, within her.

CAROL

I'm not going back. I can't.

95 Continued

George looks at her curiously for a beat. He becomes increasingly, instinctively, on guard.

GEORGE

Neither can I.

CAROL

(quickly)

I won't be any trouble.

Carol's wild darting looks are disconcerting George more and more. Although he doesn't actually step back, he seems to be pulling away from her. He looks at her narrowly.

GEORGE

You're not one of them, are you?

The words strike an even deeper fear into Carol. Her hand clutches at the rail.

CAROL

Them?

GEORGE

My guests. So what are you doing on my ship!

Carol sags even more against the rail, as if she might collapse.

CAROL

Please don't ask me ...

George reaches out, taking her arm to steady her ... but it is as if he holds something he fears ... and yet with which he has an affinity.

GEORGE

Don't worry. I've got a couple of secrets myself.

Their eyes meet in a look that accepts. They are somehow involved with each other ... a look that forces George to withdraw his hand.

They both react as Sheila joins them, looking at Carol curiously.

SHEILA

What's this ... a little souvenir of the French Riviera?

95 Continued

GEORGE

Get her a cabin. Fix her up with whatever she needs.

Carol's confused frightened eyes meet Sheila's. She shivers again. Sheila's look softens with resignation.

SHEILA

Like a good stiff brandy to start with. Come on, love. You're turning blue. I'll ask my husband the appropriate questions later.

Carol lets Sheila take her arm and lead her away. George looks after them apprehensively, then moves off in a different direction.

EXT. SECTION OF DECK YACHT DAY

96 George wanders around to where Philip is stretched out on a deck chair, a magazine over his face. George slips onto the chair beside him, pressing the tips of his fingers thoughtfully together.

GEORGE

Tell me something, Phil. As a professional head shrinker . . .

PHILIP

Anyone who calls a psychiatrist a head shrinker needs a psychiatrist. Or a head shrinker.

GEORGE

That's what I need.

PHILIP

I'm on holiday. At least that's what you invited me on.

GEORGE

The problem is . . . we seem to have picked up another guest. Un-invited.

Philip removes the magazine and looks toward George.

PHILIP

So . . . ?

96 Continued

GEORGE

She happens to be a woman.

Philip gives him a bored look, leans back, replaces the magazine over his face.

PHILIP

That sounds logical. I wouldn't worry.

GEORGE

(lifting off the magazine)

Doc ... there's something funny about this one!

Philip looks to George again, responding to the gravity of his voice.

INT. CAROL'S CABIN DAY

97 A suitably furnished yacht cabin. Carol lies on the bed, a light cover over her. She is looking up, trying to focus on Sheila who stands over her. But Carol's eyes keep drifting shut ... something which she is obviously struggling against.

SHEILA

Don't fight it. You can use the sleep.

CAROL

(trying to struggle up)

No ... I mustn't sleep ...

SHEILA

Why not? I don't throw George's girls to the sharks. Not anymore. Not enough sharks.

CAROL

(quietly desperate)

I don't want to sleep.

Sheila frowns, deeply puzzled, alarmed.

SHEILA

Suit yourself.

Carol's eyes fall shut and this time she has no strength to resist. She falls almost immediately into an exhausted sleep.

Sheila studies her another few moments.

97 Continued

SHEILA

I do see what you mean.

She covers Carol, then quietly leaves.

CAMERA moves in on Carol ... on her still tortured face, even in sleep.

And then, the faint SOUND of the CHORD begins.

INT. SALOON YACHT DAY

98 Sheila enters and starts in helping. The steward comes in looking thoughtful. Philip crosses B.G. Sheila glances at the steward.

SHEILA

Shall we have the scene now George
or shall we save it till later.

GEORGE

Goodnight Percy ...

Steward look up, takes it in and exits.

GEORGE

Look Sheil, I've never seen the girl
before in my life.

SHEILA

And of course you've no idea how she got
on board.

GEORGE

(sighing)
I swear it.

SHEILA

(at the same time)
I swear it.

They exchange a look.

SHEILA

Well anyway, we're stuck with her now for
a while. No doubt it will all become clear.

98 Continued

GEORGE

Exactly, so I don't want you to worry about it.

SHEILA

(breaking from him and clattering glasses)

That telegram. I take it you've been caught in another double deal.

GEORGE

Triple deal.

SHEILA

Well, that's original at least.

George moves to her, stops her clattering and puts his hands on her shoulders.

GEORGE

I'm telling you the truth, you know that. Cubs honour.

They look at each other. Then after a moment.

SHEILA

Well then she's a bit of a mystery, isn't she?

GEORGE

To me, I'm sorry to say, as well as you ...

A short reluctant smile from Sheila.

GEORGE

Come on, let's get some sleep.

CAROL'S CABIN DAY

99 **CAROL'S FACE TENSION.** Her brow is damp and she breathes unevenly as if in stress.

She is in bed. The blinds are drawn.

We hear the faint sound of the **CHORD**.

The scene begins to shimmer.

INT. KUMA

100 A golden replica of Carol. This is the smaller life-size image which is in the Temple of the Magi, as we shall see later.

The CAMERA EASES ROUND to find the rather cruel face of MEN-HARI, his expression intent and eager. His lips move. This is superimposed on Carol.

VOICE

Ayesha ... Ayesha ...

The CAMERA TILTS QUICKLY down and away from Men-Hari to find the face of THE SEER - an infinitely old and rather monkey-like face, wrinkled and shrivelled. It is frightening enough to have a shock effect. (Still holding Carol)

CAROL'S CABIN DAY

101 Carol's lips move and she takes up the sound of the Voice murmuring with it at first, but her voice growing louder until it ends on a cry --

CAROL

Ayesha ... Ayesha ...

102 And Carol wakes, jerking upright and wide-eyed on the final cry.

CAROL

(almost a scream)

AYESHA!

EXT. CORRIDOR YACHT

103 Philip down to shirt and slacks, emerges from his cabin. He reacts to the sound of Carol's voice from inside. Alarmed, he throws open Carol's door.

INT. CAROL'S CABIN

104 Carol is sitting upright in bed, her eyes staring, dazed. Philip sits quickly on the edge of the bed, studying her intently. Carol reacts to him, frightened.

And Philip reacts to her, a deeply disturbed reaction.

PHILIP

What was all that about?

Carol looks at him, still dazed.

104 Continued

PHILIP

Do you know where you are?

Carol strains to concentrate, her eyes looking into space as her thoughts drift off . . . tortured thoughts.

CAROL

I could have saved him. I saw it coming . . .
right at him. I should have screamed. But
I didn't . . .

PHILIP

Saved who?

Carol presses her fingers to her forehead as if squeezing out some pain. When she finally looks up, her expression is clearer, more rational . . . although still deeply troubled.

CAROL

Who are you?

PHILIP

A friend of George's.

CAROL

George?

Through this, Philip is straining to catch her every reaction . . . every pause, every movement.

PHILIP

The man who owns this boat

CAROL

Oh yes, of course I remember.

PHILIP

What was it . . . a nightmare?

CAROL

What was what?

PHILIP

(change of pace)

You were calling out. A name. Something.

104 Continued

CAROL

(quickly)

Yes, it must have been a nightmare. I'll be all right now.

She lies back, closing her eyes. Philip leans over her, drawing back one lid a bit. The eye is distressingly moist. Philip is disturbed.

PHILIP

Do you want to tell me about it?

Mutely Carol shakes her head.

PHILIP

Some other time, then.

Philip moves slowly away, toward the door.

EXT. SEA

105 A pretty shot of the yacht moving swiftly through the water in the early sunlight.

INT. THE BRIDGE YACHT DAY

106 Harry is at the wheel. He glances to the compass to check his bearing. Number One appears on the bridge. Harry glances at his watch.

HARRY

Four on and four off. Remember the contract?

NUMBER ONE

(blithely)

I hear we've got a stowaway. A beautiful bird.

HARRY

(a slight smile, shaking
his head)

The old man never learns.

NUMBER ONE

(dreamily)

Who'd want to ...

HARRY

(sourly)

What's the matter with you young matelots?
You're all the bloody same. A week at sea
and the ship's cat isn't safe.

INT. CAROL'S CABIN

107 She lies as before. The CHORD can be heard, but muted now, not terrifying.

The scene begins to shimmer and

DISSOLVE TO

INT. KUMA HEAD OF MEN-HARI

108 The lighting is dim and eerie. The CHORD pulses. Men-Hari is beckoning, coaxingly, to someone O.S.

109 CAMERA PULLS BACK to include the Seer and Za-tor. Za-tor watches, torn and anguished. Men-Hari's words echo Philip's last line.

MEN-HARI

(to the o.s. person,
soothingly)

Nothing is impossible. Come closer.
Closer ...

110 An unidentifiable, shadowy figure comes INTO SCENE. Actually, it is Killikrates, but we can only see that it is the figure of a man.

MEN-HARI

Look now ... across the ages. Can you
see her?

Suddenly the Seer throws up both hands, stopping Killikrates' advance. The Seer turns his stern face slowly to Men-Hari.

SEER

You are young. And impatient. You forget.
We are the slaves of destiny. Not its masters.
You have much to learn, Men-Hari.

The form of Killikrates moves away, an effect of floating. The scene shimmers back to:

INT. CAROL'S CABIN YACHT DAY

111 C.U. Carol. She is completely transported. Her hands reach out where the Seer's had been, reach out as if to draw Killikrates back. And over this comes the voice, calling softly:

VOICE

Ayesha ... Ayesha ... Ayesha ...

111 Continued

The voice fades away. Carol's hands draw slowly back. She is jarred back to reality by the comparatively harsh knocking on the door.

Carol looks to the door, saying nothing.

112 The door opens slowly ... and Sheila comes in.

SHEILA

Feeling better?

CAROL

Yes.

SHEILA

I thought you might like to join us ... for lunch.

CAROL

Thank you ...

SHEILA

You'll find some clothes in the cupboard.

Sheila pauses, about to say something more but decides against it. Something about Carol obviously disturbs her. She motions toward the cupboard, then turns and leaves quickly.

When she has gone, Carol rises. She moves to the cupboard, opens it, to reveal several outfits hanging there. She picks out a dress and holds it up to herself. Still deeply troubled, she cannot find any interest in the clothes.

INT, DINING ROOM

113 C.U. CAROL. She is wearing the dress a flimsy, gauzy thing.

114 CAMERA PULLS BACK INTO:

GROUP SHOT AT THE TABLE

Philip, George, and Sheila are also seated at the elegantly laid table. They have finished the meal and are on the coffee and fruit. There is an uneasy silence which George finally breaks.

GEORGE

(to Carol)

Oh, I like that dress. But how'd you get your luggage aboard?

114 Continued

SHEILA

(wearily)

The dress is mine. It cost you a hundred and sixty guineas.

GEORGE

(immediately)

A hundred and sixty-eight quid, for that?

SHEILA

Don't mind him.

PHILIP

(casually)

Did you get any sleep after the nightmare?

CAROL

Yes ... a little, thank you.

PHILIP

I didn't hear you scream again.

Carol says nothing.

GEORGE

That's funny ... here we are all sitting around the table and we don't even know your name.

Silence.

CAROL

(finally)

It's Carol.

SHEILA

(kindly)

Where are you from Carol?

CAROL

(searching quickly)

From Scandinavia.

SHEILA

(a smile)

Any particular part of it?

CAROL

(hesitating)

Yes ... of course ...

114 Continued

The other three exchange glances.

GEORGE

(brusquely)

I know Scandinavia pretty well, and your accent isn't from there.

CAROL

(near to tears)

I've been to so many places.

GEORGE

You owe me a bit of something too, you know. Even if it's only a little trust. And a few answers that make sense.

Carol pushes back her chair. Philip looks at her troubled.

CAROL

If you'll excuse me, please.

She rises and exits quickly.

SHEILA

(to George)

Next time try hitting her on the head with a wicker bat.

GEORGE

I'm getting a bit sick of the mystery.

SHEILA

You and me both, believe me. But there's ways and ways.

She gets up and follows Carol.

GEORGE

You know long ago, they didn't even allow women on boats.

EXT. SECTION OF DECK AREA

115 A companionway door opens and Sheila emerges. She pauses, looking off down the deck.

116 P.O.V. CAROL

Carol is just disappearing toward the stern of the ship. She moves quickly, the filmy dress giving an impression of the ethereal, the unreal.

117 C.U. SHEILA

She looks after her. She is uncertain of many things ... but she is definitely suspicious. She strolls off in a different direction.

INT. BRIDGE YACHT DAY

118 Harry lounges in the Coxswain's seat, alone on the bridge, the boat on automatic. George appears on the ladder, entering the bridge. George moves directly to consult the charts with a troubled look. Harry moves up beside him.

GEORGE

What's your heading?

HARRY

We're locked on 280.

GEORGE

Fuel?

HARRY

We can run a few days more.

GEORGE

Then keep running.

Harry reacts to something o.s.

119 P.O.V. FROM THE BRIDGE

Below, Carol is seen on the foredeck, looking out to sea.

120 TWO SHOT GEORGE HARRY

George is also looking out now.

HARRY

Me, I'd toss her back where she came from.

GEORGE

(the remark deepens
his troubled look)

When I want your advice I'll ask for it ...
What's your advice?

120 Continued

HARRY

I just told you . . . throw her back in the sea.

GEORGE

You might be right Harry. You might be right.

EXT. BRIDGE YACHT

121 George is about to start down the ladder, when he meets Number One coming up with a radio message in his hand.

NUMBER ONE

This just came over the R/T for you, Sir.

George grabs the message. As he reads, his face turns pale. He crumples the message in his hand but doesn't throw it away. He pushes Number One roughly out of the way and stumbles down the ladder.

Harry comes up beside Number One. They both look after George, wondering.

EXT. SECTION OF DECK YACHT DAY

122 George moves along the deck, the message clutched in his hand. He is breathing hard, obviously in great physical distress. He stops, leaning up against the outer wall of the lounge, his face near an open porthole. He gulps for breath.

Philip appears, hurrying up to him in alarm. But he seems to know immediately what is happening. He takes hold of George, helping him onto one of the deck chairs.

George holds up the crumpled message, and struggles to put on a smile.

GEORGE

(with difficulty)

Large sized trouble in Algiers.

PHILIP

To hell with trouble in Algiers -- you've made your pile, George. I've warned you. Slow down. How much do you think your heart can take?

GEORGE

There's nothing wrong with my heart.

122 Continued

PHILIP

Is that what you want written on your headstone?

GEORGE

It's my heart - Go tell Harry to alter course.

PHILIP

Okay - if you stay here and rest!

GEORGE

It sounds crazy - but everything was going great until she came aboard.

Philip is about to answer but something has caught his attention, something just above him.

CLOSE SHOT. EXT. PORTHOLE WINDOW YACHT

123 The reflection of Carol's face as seen on the round glass. It holds a moment, then vanishes.

EXT. SECTION DECK YACHT DAY

124 TWO SHOT PHILIP GEORGE

Philip looks back to George.

PHILIP

It is crazy. She has nothing to do with it. I'll tell Harry.

George closes his eyes. Philip starts away but pauses to look into the porthole.

INT. SALOON FROM PORTHOLE P.O.V. DAY

125 The saloon is empty. At least there is no sign of Carol.

EXT. DECK YACHT DAY

126 On Philip. He moves away.

127 INT. CAROL'S CABIN DAY

She comes in and stands listlessly by the door. She is hot and troubled and she feels Sheila's dress clinging to her. She wanders across to the ventilator, turns it on. It is not very effective and, turning, she notices the shower. Desultorily, she begins removing the dress.

EXT OPEN SEA DAY

128 Ship's rudder. Water swirling past as rudder swings round slowly to port, to bring ship on northerly course. SOUND of throbbing propeller. SOUND changes slowly to the faint thrum of the electronic CHORD.

INT. SHOWER OFF CAROL'S CABIN DAY :

129 We see Carol in the shower cubicle turn on the water. She stands under the streaming water, her face covered by her hand, held up to it.

INT. BRIDGE DAY

130 The helmsman's hands spin the wheel.

The compass needle moves -- or rather the housing moves in relation to the needle.

EXT. SEA YACHT DAY

131 The yacht turns slowly to port in a wide arc, leaving a curving wake on the calm sea.

INT. SHOWER DAY

132 Carol is still how we left her, the water streaming on to her face and hands. Then, rising through the hiss of the water we hear the first faint sting of the CHORD. Carol freezes, listening. She puts hands to her ears as if trying to shut out the sound, but it grows stronger.

The CHORD rises fiercely. She snaps off the water, grabs a towelling robe and exits.

133 INT. CORRIDOR

Shooting past PHILIP to SHEILA, who is inside finishing changing into sunbathing gear.

133 Continued

PHILIP

Anyway, keep an eye on him, Sheila ...

Carol comes running up, a wild, frightened look in her eye.

CAROL

We're turning!

PHILIP

That's right.

As they speak, SHEILA comes forward in her cabin.

CAROL

(building to panic)

No, please, don't let them.

PHILIP

It's George's decision. Not mine.

CAROL

He mustn't. He mustn't.

She runs off up the corridor. PHILIP turns and stares at SHEILA.

SHEILA

That does it. Now I've had enough.

She turns purposefully to finish dressing.

EXT. DECK

134 A deserted section of deck. CAROL runs into scene and we hear more strongly the noise of the chord. She stops short, holding her head in agony. The chord fades and CAROL runs on along the deck.

ANOTHER SECTION OF EXT. DECK

135 GEORGE lies in the deck chair ... and then reacts, startled, as CAROL runs up to him.

CAROL

We're turning. We're going the wrong way.
You must turn back.

GEORGE tries to sit up, disturbed and angered.

135 Continued

GEORGE

This is my boat and it goes where I want
it to! You understand that.

Carol stares at him horrified then turns and runs again.

GEORGE

And if you don't like it . . . You can get off.

EXT. DECK

136 GEORGE'S P.O.V

Carol is climbing onto the rail.

INT. BRIDGE HOUSE

137 Harry is looking back, obviously seeing what is happening.

He dashes forward and yanks The Telegraph to "STOP".

EXT. DECK

138 C.U. Carol's face - it is ravaged with fear and pain. She jumps into
the water.

EXT. DECK

139 George comes running into picture.

GEORGE

You little fool . . .

INT BRIDGE HOUSE

140 Harry on the phone issuing instructions.

EXT. DECK

141 George dives in after Carol.

EXT. SEA

142 George searching for Carol, the yacht is shaking to a violent stop.
George looks off and sees:

EXT. SEA

143 Carol's robe which acts as a balloon and rises to the top.

EXT. DECK

144 Harry with a lifebelt - throws it to George.

Philip and Sheila running into background.

EXT. SEA

145 George has reached Carol and is struggling with her. He grasps the life belt and pulls it onto Carol, she is limp. George is gasping, in terrible pain.

EXT. DECK

146 Philip and Harry pull Carol towards the boat, Philip suddenly sees George in difficulty.

PHILIP

Look after the girl. George is in trouble.

EXT. SEA

147 George struggling and gasping for breath.

EXT. DECK

148 Philip dives in.

EXT. DECK

149 Harry helping Carol onboard, assisted now by seaman or steward. He throws another lifebelt or a line, towards Philip.

EXT. SEA

150 Philip holding George. He slips lifebelt on George.

EXT. DECK

151 Harry begins to pull in second lifebelt.

HARRY

(to Steward)

Pour some brandy into her.

EXT. DECK

152 Harry helps George up onto deck. Then Philip.

EXT. DECK

153 Sheila runs to George and bends over him as does Philip.

154 Philip looks at George, feels his pulse and his heart, and slowly looks at Sheila.

SHEILA

(flat statement)

He's dead.

Philip nods slowly.

EXT. DECK

155 Sheila kneels beside George. She puts a hand gently to the side of his face.

SHEILA

Oh George ... George ...

Harry moves up beside them.

PHILIP

(to Harry)

Take Mrs Carter to her cabin and stay with her till I come.

Philip gently lifts Sheila to her feet. Harry puts an arm round her and leads her away down the deck. He barely glances at Carol who is sitting shivering but motionless on a chair, her face blank and empty. Two seamen who have appeared pick up George's body and stand looking at Philip for guidance.

PHILIP

Saloon.

The men move off. Philip crosses quickly to Carol as the steward returns with the brandy. She takes it from him.

PHILIP

Drink this. Come on.

(she takes a little)

Now go to your cabin and get into something dry. I'll be along as soon as I can.

155 Continued

Philip turns and follows Sheila and Harry.

STEWARD

Come along Miss.

INT. SHEILA & GEORGE'S CABIN

156 Harry brings Sheila in and stands watching uneasily as she crosses to the bed and gazes out of the porthole above it. Philip comes in.

PHILIP

(quietly)

All right, Harry.

Gratefully Harry slips out.

INT. CORRIDOR

157 Harry emerges, Philip following.

PHILIP

Harry.

(Harry stops)

You'd better head for the nearest port.
There'll have to be an inquest and we ...

HARRY

Eastern Med?

PHILIP

It's as good as anywhere.

Harry nods and moves away up the corridor. Philip goes back into Sheila's cabin.

INT. SHEILA & GEORGE'S CABIN

158 Philip comes in and closes the door behind him.

SHEILA

I'm all right Philip. Just don't make a
fuss, that's all.

Philip moves up behind her.

PHILIP

I can't tell you how sorry I am ...

A spasm of pain crosses Sheila's face.

158 Continued

SHEILA

(whispering)

I know . . . I know.

PHILIP

(gently)

Try not to blame the girl she would never have wanted to hurt George.

SHEILA

I know that too . . .

PHILIP (continuing)

She's obviously in pretty desperate trouble herself.

Sheila turns to him.

SHEILA

You'd better go and see if you can help her . . . She must be feeling awful.

Philip moves towards her. Sheila fends him off.

SHEILA

Please Philip . . . I'm all right . . . really I am.

Philip looks at her, sees she has in fact got herself in control. He smiles briefly, touches her arm, turns and exits.

EXT. SEA

159 Again we see the curving arc of the yacht's wake, as it swings back on its original course.

INT. CAROL'S CABIN

160 She lies on the bed, a terrible look of fear on her face as she struggles with some inner turmoil. Then her expression alters, relaxing just a little bit.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Philip who sits on the edge of the bed . . . in the act of withdrawing a hypodermic syringe from her arm. He settles back to watch it take effect.

161 CLOSE SHOT. CAROL

The CHORD sounds faintly. As it does so, her face takes on a more empty, trance-like expression.

SUPERIMPOSE

NIGHTMARE SEQUENCE

162 This is a MONTAGE OF SHOTS at a gradually accelerating pace.

The scenes spin, ZOOM from B.G. to F.G., and CUT from one to another with nightmare effect, repeating in random order.

Head of the SEER.

The golden image of AYESHA.

The face of MEN-HARI, eager.

A black caduceus wand.

A dagger with a jewelled hilt.

The face of ZA-TOR distressed.

A white caduceus wand.

Various faces of the MAGI.

The CHORD rises and falls eerily as the pace mounts.

And finally the avid face of KILLIKRATES ZOOMS from B.G. to fill screen and vanish. A second time. And a third time. Each time the whispering word is heard.

VOICE

Ayesha . . . Ayesha . . . AYESHA

Over the golden image of Carol.

The scene shimmers back to:

INT. CAROL'S CABIN

163 Carol's voice takes up the chant softly.

CAROL

Ayesha.

163 Continued

Philip leans forward, speaking soothingly to draw her out.

PHILIP

Ayesha. Who is Ayesha?

Carol's eyes blink open from time to time, but she is exhausted and drugged, her words and thoughts disjointed, confused . . . but mingled with terrible moments of clarity.

CAROL

I . . . am . . . Ayesha.

PHILIP

Who tells you this.

CAROL

The voice . . .

PHILIP

Yes . . .

CAROL

I see their faces . . . strange faces. It's all mixed up.

PHILIP

Are these people trying to harm you.

CAROL

I'm not there yet . . . where they are. But he keeps calling me . . . always calling me.

PHILIP

What does he say .

CAROL

Ayesha . . . and when he says that I know somehow he means me.

PHILIP

Why is he calling you.

CAROL

There is another man . . . a man who never dies . . . He calls me for him. It all happened long ago . . . long before I was born . . . like a dream of the past . . . that's somehow part of the future.

PHILIP

How do you know which way to go.

CAROL

I get noises in my head. It hurts so. I've tried to fight it, taken things to stop the pain, but nothing works. On and on until it feels as though my mind is on fire. And it only stops ...

PHILIP

Yes ...

CAROL

When I go the way I have to go ...

PHILIP

Do you have the pains now?

Carol shakes her head. Philip stares at her trying to add it all up.

CAROL

(mounting hysteria)

I didn't want him to die. But it was my fault ... They were calling me and I couldn't go to them ... he was taking me away ... so they killed him ... It was the same with the man in the truck ...

PHILIP

Carol ... Carol listen to me. I'm going to give you another injection that will make you sleep. Don't fight it ... we'll talk again when you wake up.

Carol quietens a little. Her eyes are full of tears as she stares up at Philip.

PHILIP

I'll do all I can to help.

CAROL

(whisper)

No Phil ... no.

PHILIP

No ... ?

163 Continued

CAROL

They'll hurt you too . . . and I couldn't
bear it.

He looks deeply troubled.

PHILIP

(a whisper)

Trust me Carol . . . trust me.

As she turns her head away weeping quietly.

FADE

EXT. MID EASTERN AIRPORT DAY

164 An aircraft takes off from the observation balcony. Philip
watches and waves.

He begins moving away.

EXT. MID EASTERN HARBOUR DAY

165 Launch chugs up to jetty. Harry stands in stern. Philip
waiting above. Harry calls up to him.

HARRY

I've turned the yacht over to the agents
and fixed the hotel. Your gear's here
with mine.

PHILIP

Want a hand ?

Harry nods and hands out a couple of suitcases as Philip climbs
down to help him.

HARRY

Mrs Carter get off all right?

PHILIP

Yes. Where's Carol?

HARRY

She's gone.

165 Continued

Philip reacts.

PHILIP

Gone? When? Where?

Harry shrugs.

HARRY

Soon after you left. With Mrs Carter.
She borrowed a few ackers off Number One
and off she went.

Philip is shaken.

PHILIP

But ... didn't she say anything to you - to
anybody?

Harry shakes his head, watching Philip with a blend of affection and
impatience at his concern.

HARRY

(after a few beats)

Aw, come on, Doc. What did you
expect? No more yacht - what did she
need us for?

PHILIP

(troubled)

The girl's sick. She needs help. Check
us in to the hotel ... I'll see you there
later.

Philip walks briskly away.

Harry stands for a moment with raised eyebrows, watching Philip
go.

EXT DESERT DUSTY ROAD DAY

166 A bus, crowded with Arabs, moves in its own cloud of dust along
the winding road.

INT. BUS DAY

167 Inside, the bus is packed with Arabs, all carrying something alive or
dead.

167 Continued

Carol sits in a corner seat, dozing. She wears shirt, slacks, stout shoes. She is hot, tired and travel-worn. On the rack above her is a battered rucksack.

EXT. HAIFA PORT

168 SHOT of Philip asking taxi drivers - they shake their heads.

EXT. SEA PORT

169 Philip asking at bars by sea - (Acre or Almeria) ARAB BOY points away.

EXT. TOWN

170 Philip asking bus drivers in busy bus station.

INT. BUS DAY

171 Carol still dozing. The CHORD begins to sound, becoming louder until she wakes with a start. She looks quickly out of the window.

KASADA P.O.V.

172 A signboard says: KASADA.

INT. BUS

173 Carol gets to her feet and starts to take down the rucksack. The CHORD fades. The Arabs all stare at her, curiously.

KASADA STREET AND ARAB CAFE DAY

174 Inside a small Arab café, spilling out onto the dusty main street of Kasada, local businessmen and shopkeepers drink sweet coffee and argue good-naturedly.

Carol approaches, led by a small ARAB BOY. The boy indicates one of the several men wearing Western dress sitting at the tables: plump, smooth HUSSEIN.

Carol gives the boy a coin and he runs off happily.

As Carol approaches Hussein, several of the Arabs stare, it being unheard-of for a woman to enter the café. Hussein looks up, unmoved.

175 Carol and Hussein.

CAROL

Are you Hussein, the jeweller?

He nods.

CAROL

I've come from your shop.

She takes a ring from her fingers, the only ring she wears.

CAROL

Will you buy this?

Hussein indicates that she should sit opposite him while he produces a jeweller's glass and screws it into his eye.

Carol watches him impassively.

He removes the glass and shrugs.

HUSSEIN

It is a pretty ring, of no great value.
One hundred lire..

CAROL

Two hundred.

HUSSEIN

(with smile)

You should say three, it prolongs the pleasure
of bargaining. But since you are in the usual
Western haste, I will give you my price.
One hundred and sixty.

Carol is about to speak. He raises his hand.

HUSSEIN

No more.

Carol nods. Hussein has taken a battered wallet from his pocket, and counts out the grubby notes. Carol takes them and stuffs them into her purse, then puts the purse in a handbag over her arm. She rises.

CAROL

Thank you.

175 Continued

Hussein nods but does not reply. Carol picks up her rucksack and moves off into the street.

Hussein never takes his eyes from her.

STREET ANOTHER SECTION DAY

176 Carol walks up the narrow street market, noisy with Arabic music from café and shop, looking for somewhere to stay the night. She suddenly staggers as the little ARAB BOY cannons into her, having run round a corner without looking. She staggers back and for a moment they clutch each other to avoid falling. Then they disentangle themselves. The boy is full of apologies, backing away, terribly embarrassed. Carol gives him a smile of reassurance and he scuttles off gratefully.

STREET ANOTHER SECTION DAY

177 The boy darts off up the road, dodging pedestrian and donkey, and suddenly pulls up short. He looks up guiltily. His way is barred by an elderly man, distinguished, grey-haired, with a calm, gentle manner. He wears loose robes and stands with hands folded patiently. This is KASSIM.

Quietly, Kassim holds out his hand, palm up, waiting. Although the boy could easily dart away again, he is held by the sheer presence of the man. The boy, tearful, fumbles in his shirt and produces Carol's purse, hesitates, then quickly thrusts it into Kassim's hand and is away.

Kassim holds the purse in his hand, and his benign smile fades to be replaced by a look of shocked pain. His hand grips the purse tightly. He sways as if he were about to faint, forces open his hand and stares at the purse as if it were possessed by the Devil. He looks wildly around for the owner, strides off in search.

STREET AND SMALL HOTEL DAY

178 Outside a little Arab hotel, Carol is desperately searching through her belongings for the purse.

KASSIM'S VOICE

Is this what you seek?

Carol looks up, startled. Kassim is holding out her purse to her. Carol, shaken by relief, takes it from him.

178 Continued

CAROL

Oh . . . thank you!

She starts to open it.

KASSIM

The money is still there.

CAROL

(embarrassed)

I didn't mean . . . I'm sorry.

Kassim waves a reassuring hand.

KASSIM

You know that it is unwise for you to be alone in this quarter - a woman - unprotected?

CAROL

I know, I realise -

KASSIM

But you are searching for a way - you must travel thus. Is this not so?

Carol looks at him, wide-eyed with astonishment. She nods.

Kassim asks her unspoken question himself.

KASSIM

How do I know this?

(he shrugs)

You are from the West. You would find it hard to believe me.

Carol stares at him wonderingly, with a touch of hope. Here is somebody who just might understand her strange trouble.

CAROL

(hesitantly)

People find it hard to believe me.

He does not offer help, but waits for her to ask.

CAROL

Can you help me?

178 Continued

Kassim nods slowly.

KASSIM

Perhaps. If you will trust me

He indicates the direction they should take. Carol begins to walk along beside him.

179 SUPERIMPOSE

The head of Za-tor, his eyes closed in concentration. Slowly, he opens his eyes and relaxes a look of relief to enter his dignified face.

EXT. HOTEL TERRACE

180 Harry is sitting with a drink. Philip appears on terrace and crosses to him.

PHILIP

She's gone south. I found out that much.
She took the Kasada bus. The driver's
remembered her.

Harry nods, looking at Philip thoughtfully. A pause.

HARRY

What time's the next bus?

Philip looks at him sharply, then smiles.

PHILIP

You guessed I'd know the answer to that,
did you?

It's Harry's turn to smile.

PHILIP

Couple of hours.

HARRY

Well, that takes care of my immediate
future.

(he downs his
drink)

I'll go and slip into something more com-
fortable and see you down here in fifteen
minutes.

180 Continued

PHILIP

Why, Harry?

HARRY

Cos I know the desert and you don't ...
right? And for that matter someone might
have to navigate.

Harry turns and walks away. Philip watches him go, shaking his head.

ROOM IN KASSIM'S HOUSE NIGHT

181 Kassim's house is on the edge of the desert, a fascinating place owing little to Western influence. The one large room is flooded by the red glow of the setting sun, illuminating the oriental drapes, the heavy brassware, a jackdaw in a bizarre cage.

Kassim and Carol sit opposite each other on a rug, bowls of food before them. Kassim eats with his hand. Carol is not eating. Her bowl with a few remnants stands before her.

KASSIM

You have eaten enough?

Carol nods.

CAROL

Thank you. It was very good.

Kassim pours coffee from a pot into a brass cup. They drink. They wipe hands, each on a little towel. Kassim rings the little handbell near to him. Immediately, his servant, PUTRI appears to clear away. Kassim murmurs something to her in Arabic and indicates that Carol should move to the window, where cushions are set out on the floor.

CAROL

How did you know about - everything - even
before I told you?

KASSIM

I did not know everything. Only some things.

He gestures in the direction of the room - his books, his scrolls, his zodiac charts.

181 Continued

KASSIM

I am a scholar. My work is to teach.
that is what Allah has ordained for me.
But my interest is to learn. All my
life I have studied the mysteries the
occult - those things which people call
the supernatural.

CAROL

Did you read my thoughts?

KASSIM

(shakes head)

I do not have that power, although they exist
but - I have certain psychic abilities. When
I held your purse in my hand, I received
sudden impressions, very strongly.

He is silent for a moment.

KASSIM

This man - the one who sends for you - who
calls you Ayesha - he is protected by a black
shield - not in the physical plane but in the
astral. He is immortal - he will never die.
And he is drawing you to him.

CAROL

But why? ... Why?

Kassim does not even seem to hear her.

KASSIM

No, others are drawing you to him. Their
power is very great. I had thought such
power was lost to mankind long ages ago.
But they are masters of it.

Carol is half-incredulous, half-frightened.

CAROL

Can they make me ... see things?

(she remembers George)

Make things ... happen, even from
far away.

181 Continued

Kassim nods gravely.

KASSIM

Their skill lies in the understanding
and use of the human mind's deepest
powers, magnified by ritual and by
symbols into a real, living force ...
for good ... or for evil.

CAROL

(a whisper)

Who are they? Who is the man --
this man who will never die?

KASSIM

Much is veiled from my eyes. I know
only that this man, and the adepts who
serve him, could bring on you great evil.
But I will help you break their grip. I
have not studied the occult all my life
without gaining some small skill.

He is suddenly on his feet, and sweeps through the room across
to his books, and starts to search through them.

CAROL

(hesitantly)

What do you want me to do?

KASSIM

Nothing. First I must remove your
mind from the conflict. It will be
safer.

He moves across to her and looks gently into her face.

KASSIM

Lie back ... and sleep.

He puts his hand on her brow. Soon she begins to breathe deeply
and regularly. He takes away his hand: Carol is in deep,
untroubled sleep.

181 Continued

We HOLD this for a beat, then suddenly

CUT TO

INT. MAGI TEMPLE NIGHT

182 CLOSE SHOT of KILLIKRATES. He is dressed somewhat as the ancient Killikrates might have been dressed. He shouts angrily.

KILLIKRATES

Deal with him!

A FULL SHOT of this magnificent yet austere temple. The mood is one of black and white. Inlaid in the marble floor is a vast pentacle, with other mystic characters in its angles. Set on a dais is a head and shoulders gold carving of Ayesha. And squatting cross-legged on a cushioned lower dais is the monkey-like SEER.

Killikrates confronts MEN-HARI, and backing Men-Hari are a dozen or so MAGI, in the robes of their order.

Immediately behind Killikrates stands SHARNA, the senior female acolyte. (Sharna is not Killikrates' woman, but she would like to be). In a half-circle beyond her are other ACOLYTES, each carrying in the crook of each arm a white caduceus wand and a black caduceus wand.

A little to one side of the Killikrates / Men-Hari confrontation stands ZA-TOR.

After Killikrates' first angry command there is a little silence while we get the full shot.

183 C. U. MEN-HARI. He is tense, uneasy.

MEN-HARI

It is not so simple, master. The man is a scholar and a mystic. He is aware of our influence and he has rudimentary power of his own.

184 C. U. Killikrates

Killikrates glares, does not answer at once His gaze moves to take in the scene, and CAMERA picks up his V. P.

185 Men-Hari and the Magi.

186 Za-tor, troubled and disapproving.

187 The image of Ayesha.

188 The seer.

189 The acolytes, and Sharne.

190 Killikrates and Men-Hari. Killikrates registering scorn.

KILLIKRATES

So the old man knows a few tricks. But you are the Magi! Can he stand against the race that founded the art in which he is a novice?

MEN-HARI

The man is not an adept, as we are. But in operations on the astral plane it is always easier to defend than to attack.

Killikrates looks ugly. Then he speaks with quiet menace.

KILLIKRATES

Men-Hari . . . when the world was ruled by Babylon, your forebears turned aside from the rest of mankind. In solitude the Magi sought, and found, the powers that lie only in the mind. For fifty centuries your people made progress in their chosen art . . . until they could go no farther. Age and death set the barrier. To enlarge your powers you must have time. And only I, Killikrates, can give you time. I can give you immortality!

Za-Tor speaks without passion.

ZA-TOR

Where the way is evil, the end will also be evil. Through all the ages our art has been without blemish. Now we are tainted.

190 Continued

Killikrates and Sharna. Both glare O. S. towards Za-Tor.

MEN-HARI

Yes ... age is the barrier, and Za-Tor's mind is crumbling. Do not hear him, Killikrates ...

(suddenly vicious)

... or better still, ask him one question.

(his eyes slit sideways)

Through the mind of the seer ...

CLOSE SHOT of the Seer.

MEN-HARI

... Men-Hari has used his power to draw Ayesha here ...

Sharne and Killikrates.

MEN-HARI

We know that Za-Tor has advised against our course. But ask him now if he has not looked through the Seer's eyes and striven to turn Ayesha aside ... without your knowledge.

Killikrates is wide-eyed with fury. His hand closes on a jewelled dagger at his belt. He draws it slowly as he moves forward to confront Za-Tor.

KILLIKRATES

(a fierce whisper)

It is true, Za-Tor?

ZA-TOR

(calmly)

It is true. Strike with your dagger, Killikrates.

Za-Tor seems quietly pleased at the prospect. He stands quite still as Killikrates whips out the dagger and raises it.

Men-Hari starts forward.

190 Continued

MEN-HARI

No!

As Killikrates hesitates -

MEN-HARI

(urgently)

It is a trap, master! Release him from the bondage of the flesh and you set loose an astral entity that will act against us with tenfold power.

Killikrates stares, only half comprehending, but aware that Men-Hari knows what he's talking about. With an ugly glare at Za-Tor he sheathes the dagger and turns away from him, to glare with no special favour upon Men-Hari.

KILLIKRATES

Let him die in his own time -- as you and the rest of the Magi will die, Men-Hari.

MEN-HARI

(protesting)

But master, I have served you --

Killikrates silences him with a gesture, and speaks slowly, savagely.

KILLIKRATES

Men-Hari ... the wheel of life has turned, as you foretold, and Ayesha has been re-born. She is mine, and I will have her. She must come to me, as you tell me I once came to her. Crush this unknown fool who tries to protect her -- or I will never give you the secret that made me immortal.

ZA-TOR

It is a dark, unlawful secret, evil in essence, malignant in effect. Shun its whispering temptation, Men-Hari.

Men-Hari ignores him. He is staring at Killikrates, his face working. This is the crunch, the moment of decision, and Men-Hari must be ready to pay in full for the thing he desires. The dialogue is between these two, and when Za-Tor interjects it comes only as a kind of Greek

190 Continued

KILLIKRATES

(to Men-Hari)

Use your powers! Crush this dabbler!

MEN-HARI

(to Killikrates)

My brethren of the Magi must tread
the dark path with me.

Killikrates looks beyond Men-Hari.

- 191 The Robe Priests of the Magi. They are all men of powerful intellect, but they are trouble by this grave point of decision, and there is uneasiness in them.
- 192 Za-Tor and Men-Hari. They do not look at each other, but each in turn addresses the Magi, O. S. This is not a fiery quarrel, but an intense argument.

ZA-TOR

Do you want immortality . . . by this means?
For fifty centuries we have held ourselves
apart from the world to seek the growth
of mind and spirit. We have travelled far
along that path. Soon we shall be ready to
go out into the world bearing all the gifts
of our wisdom . . . resolving all problems . . .
teaching the world how to live in peace and
happiness.

MEN-HARI

(ironically)

Soon?

ZA-TOR

What are a few centuries to us, my
brethren?

MEN-HARI

They are death -- for us, for our children's
children, and perhaps for all humanity.
Mankind is poised to destroy itself. Can
we save a world that is burnt to a cinder?
But given immortality we can fulfil our
golden purpose within a single generation.

192 Continued

MEN-HARI

Our minds and bodies will remain strong
for ever, and we shall unfold the mysteries
of the universe for the salvation of all
mankind.

Za-Tor stares silently for a moment. The issues have been put and there is no more to be said. He looks off, towards the Magi.

193 The Magi. They exchange grave glances and seem to come to some tacit agreement. **FIRST MAGUS** speaks for them.

FIRST MAGUS

We have chosen. You lead the Magi no
longer, Za-Tor. The world will not
wait.

194 Men-Hari turns to look in triumph to Killikrates, who registers similar triumph. Both turn to look towards Za-Tor.

195 Za-Tor. He is defeated, but his sorrow is for the Magi, not for himself.

ZA-TOR

You have chosen. I hear the beat of
dark wings, and I know that our great
and starry order has fallen at last.

ROOF OF KASSIM'S HOUSE NIGHT

196 On the flat roof of Kassim's house, two figures are at work, Kassim and Putri. They are kneeling, painting the thick outline of a large pentacle in red. At each corner of the roof stands a smoking incense burner.

As we move closer, we see that a thin outline of the complex pattern has been carefully and lightly drawn in black, and that it is now being filled with the colour.

There is a low rumble of thunder. Putri looks up in alarm.

DESERT NIGHT

197 Putri's P. O. V. of the desert. Lightning flashes.

ROOF NIGHT

- 198 Kassim glances up, sees Putri's fear, murmurs a few words of comfort in Arabic.

They continue to work.

CAMERA PICKS up the mystical pattern of the pentacle.

INT. TEMPLE NIGHT

- 199 We see a similar pattern on the floor of the temple, but larger and far more beautifully executed.

The Seer gazes distantly upon the image of Ayesha. Behind him the Magi move into CAMERA in turn, to stand for a moment gazing intently towards the seer and the image, and then move on. They are "homing in".

As a Magus moves on he is confronted by one of the acolytes carrying the black and white caduceus wands. Slowly, grimly, he reaches out to choose the black wand.

Another Magus and another Acolyte. The same procedure.

FULL SHOT. The Magi are grouped in a big circle within the pentacle, each holding his wand in both hands at head height and point up, like a mace-bearer. Acolytes kneel outside the pentacle.

INT. TEMPLE NIGHT

- 200 On broad shadowed steps which lead down to the floor of the temple stands Za-Tor. He watches sorrowfully, then turns away.

As he moves up the remaining few steps and through an open archway he passes Killikrates, also watching, arms folded, face eager. He ignores Za-Tor. Za-Tor looks at him, then passes on.

KASSIM'S ROOF

- 201 On Kassim's rooftop, Putri watches as her master finishing his painting. The complicated pattern is now completed except for one line, leaving the pattern open. Kassim carefully puts the pot of paint and crude brushes to one side, then picks up a brass bowl and walks quickly round, dropping a handful of dried herbs, etc., in the angles of the pentacle. He then picks up a flask and sprinkles a few drops of liquid onto each of the little piles of herbs.

Putri shudders with apprehension and jumps at the distant rumble of thunder.

201 Continued

Kassim places the flask with the herbs and paint pots, picks up the brush, dips it into the paint, then enters the pentacle drawing the final line to close the pentacle behind him.

He stands for a moment with his hands pressed palm to palm before his face, then bows to each of the cardinal points in turn. Suddenly, he goes quite rigid, begins to sway.

Putri watches, fearful but fascinated.

ROOM IN KASSIM'S HOUSE NIGHT

202 Carol lies in her hypnotic sleep below.

ROOF

203 Kassim, still swaying, begins to chant in a strange, musical tongue.

TEMPLE

204 The golden image.

The Seer, for the first time the eyes flicker, and a reaction ripples over the ancient face. Something is troubling him.

ROOF

205 Kassim's eyes flash open, a look of exaltation on his face.

TEMPLE

206 Downward shot as from above the circle of Magi. One brings his arm and wand down from the upright to the horizontal, and immediately the next Magus follows suit, so that swiftly the whole ring of wands ripples into place like the spokes of a great wheel. In the centre stands an Acolyte. Like the others she is hypnotised - eyes staring. She is young and lovely. Then Men-Hari walks slowly towards her with ornate dagger raised. His face is blank and sweating with concentration. As he brings down his dagger, CAMERA PANS to floor, blood drips onto centre pattern of pentacle. The CHORD screams.

ROOM IN KASSIM'S HOUSE

207 Carol screams, in her sleep.

ROOF-

208 Kassim staggers - he is obviously in agony - but wills himself to carry on. Gasping for breath and wincing with pain, the sacred words form on his cracked lips and he continues to speak. The wind begins to rise, and whips at the old man's robes.

Putri, terrified, starts down the outside stairs. As she goes, the wind whips the shawl from her head. She ignores it and vanishes below.

The shawl blows to the edge of the pentacle. As it touches the thick red line, it shrivels as if by fire, bubbles and turns black scorching a great black blotch across the red line.

Kassim who has his back to this, suddenly falls with a cry. He twists himself round to see what has happened.

The pentacle is breached.

Fighting invisible foes, Kassim manages to drag himself to where the blotch is. With his bare hand, he tries to smudge the still-wet paint across the breach - gasps as his hand is burned by the black, smoking mess. He pulls himself half to his feet.

SKY NIGHT

209 Lightning splits the sky.

ROOF

210 In the glare of the lightning, Kassim seems to be hurled physically sideways. In incense-burner falls as he cannons into it.

He collapses across the low parapet of the roof.

ROOM IN KASSIM'S HOUSE

211 Carol is awake, staring at something O.S.

Putri stands by the doorway, her eyes wild, her mouth working, trying to speak. Carol stares at her in terror.

ROOF

212 Kassim lies across the parapet, unconscious, his body twitches, then rolls, and he topples over.

ROOM IN KASSIM'S HOUSE

213 Putri sees the body crash past the window - screams.

213 Continued

Carol turns round, runs quickly to the window, looks down.

214 P. O. V.

The body of Kassim lies sprawled in death below.

215 ROOM IN KASSIM'S HOUSE

Carol spins round from the window. She looks about for help. Putri has vanished. Carol staggers across the room, the wind still gusting violently, whipping the curtains, lifting scrolls and books and whisking them around the room, tearing at Carol's clothes and hair. The jackdaw squawks in terror. And in the sound of the wind, we hear Killikrates' voice calling:

KILLIKRATES' VOICE

Ayesha! Ayesha! ...

Carol is driven beyond endurance, defeated. She cries out:

CAROL

Yes! Yes, yes, yes ...!

She falls to her knees. Immediately the wind drops. Papers flutter to the floor beside her.

CAROL

(a whisper)

Yes.

Her body shakes as she weeps silently.

EXT. ARAB CAFÉ KASADA DAY

216 Hussein the jeweller sits at the table as before. Philip sits opposite him. Both have coffee. Philip is waiting for an answer of some kind, but is schooling himself to be patient.

DESERT DAY

217 It is the tiny figure of Carol as she rides on a camel across the desert. She has started her journey.

We see her with pack and water-bottle, trudging on, her face a dull, hopeless mask. She wears some kind of floppy hat against the sun, and about her neck is loosely tied the patterned neckerchiefs we have seen her wearing on the yacht.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. ARAB CAFE DAY

- 218 Harry stands leaning in the doorway, smoking a cigarette, watching Philip and Hussein in B.G. Hussein speaks, Philip speaks. (No sound)

DESERT ROCKY GROUND DAY

- 219 Carol's camel walks slowly up a slightly rocky incline.
- 220 CAMERA EASES TO SHOW that she looks quite exhausted. The CHORD sounds faintly, driving her on.

CAMERA PANS and ZOOMS to C. U. EVIL BEDOUIN face.

STREET KASADA DAY

- 221 Harry squats speaking to the small ARAB BOY who stole Carol's purse. No SOUND. Philip looks on anxiously.

Harry gestures, as if describing somebody. He is questioning the boy.

The boy is uneasy but at Harry's insistence he at last answers reluctantly, pointing off.

DESERT DAY

- 222 Carol is walking on soft sand, staggering. The camel follows. She drags at her neckerchief, then with an effort unhooks the pack from her back. She hardly knows what she is doing.

The pack falls to the sand and is left there.

Her feet trudge on slowly, wavering, dragging.

- 223 DESERT: CAMERA ZOOMS TO figure of Bedouin - watching

DESERT TRACK DAY

- 224 This is just a sunbaked track running across a section of desert. A land-rover buzzes along it.

Philip is at the wheel, Harry beside him. They look travel-worn. Harry glances sideways at Philip, not without sympathy. He wonders how long Philip will keep up this wild goose chase. Philip is intent on his driving.

Harry gives a tiny shrug. It's all the same to him. He picks up a map and starts to study it. As the land-rover passes CAMERA,

224 Continued

CAMERA PANS to C. U. of Carol's pack lying on track. They haven't noticed it.

DESERT DUNES DAY

225 The neckerchief blows across the sand in a very slight breeze.

It catches against the foot of a donkey, which stands waiting patiently, several skin chagals of water slung over its back.

226 A dark hand picks up the neckerchief.

227 The donkey's owner, the Bedouin Arab, very scruffy, stares at his find. Then he grins and knots it about his neck. He looks around and something catches his eye. He stares.

Off the little trail the sand lifts in dunes. There is something there, a disturbance in the sand - some small object by it.

228 The object is an empty water-bottle lying with cork out.

Beside it, slightly buried, her figure covered by a thin layer of blowing sand, lies Carol.

The Arab's sandaled feet come into frame.

229 He stares, then squats down and begins to brush the sand away from her figure. He moves her hat away, revealing Carol's face -- parched and haggard, but still very beautiful.

The Arab puts a hand to her cheek, feeling it then a hand to her heart.

His face lights up with lecherous pleasure at his find.

DESERT HILL TRACK SUNSET

230 A rocky canyon rising from the desert, where a few stunted trees can grow and a little greenery can keep alive.

The land-rover is halted. Philip and Harry are peering at its underneath. Something is obviously wrong.

Harry looks up from the car.

HARRY

We've cracked the bottom of the sump.
The Hardy Spicers gone. Cracked right
through.

230 Continued

PHILIP

Is that serious?

HARRY

(kicking a tyre slightly)

It's fatal.

Philip looks round.

PHILIP

If we have to walk, the sooner we start
the better.

He bends into the land-rover to pull out some gear.

Suddenly in the silence a shot rings out and passes over them. They duck and peer very carefully round the car. At first they see nothing - just barren desert and an eerie silence. Then Philip nudges Harry - looks up.

EXT. RIDGE P. O. V.

231 On a ridge just above them stands a man. As the CAMERA CLOSES ON him we see that he is very old, yet curiously hale and hearty. He wears some kind of Arab headdress, but with it a British military-style khaki shirt and slacks of very ancient cut. The single crown of a major shows on his shirt epaulettes, and he wears medal ribbons of the First World War. This is MAJOR HOLLY. He gazes down aggressively, his gun pointing at them.

HOLLY

Put that stuff back and move on ...
Go on - or I'll let you have it!

EXT. TRACK

232 Philip and Harry exchange glances. Then Philip shouts at Holly from behind the security of the car.

PHILIP

We can't move on - the car's broken down.
(he begins to rise slowly)
Can you help us?

RIDGE

233 Holly frowns disapprovingly. He is very suspicious - his finger on the trigger.

233 Continued

HOLLY

You heard what I said. Move on.

TRACK

Harry rises and stands beside Philip.

PHILIP

(aside to Harry)

Head case. Follow my lead and don't show fear.

(calling to Holly)

We're coming up to talk to you.

RIDGE

Holly raises rifle.

HOLLY

I'm warning you ...

TRACK

Philip glances at Harry indicating with his eyes for him to follow. He steps from the shelter of the car. One startled look after him. Harry leaps to a position half beside, half behind Philip. They move forward deliberately making no noise in the soft sand. Harry flinches as as from distant off there comes the sound of Holly cocking his rifle.

RIDGE

Looking very grim Holly slowly raises his gun.

TRACK AND RIDGE

234 Harry's eyes are beginning to pop and Philip isn't quite as sure of himself. They continue to move forward purposefully. Suddenly, tearing through the silence, comes frightening roar of the rifle. Four shots, very quickly one after the other, the noise of them reverberating like thunder round the walls of the canyon. spurts of sand leap from beside the feet of Philip and Harry. Harry comes to a dead stop, frozen to the spot. Philip falters then carries on. When he is only a few yards from Holly there is another thunderous roar from the rifle and a bullet snicks poor Philip's shoulder leaving a neat singed mark on the epaulette. Still Philip keeps going and when he is literally staring down the barrel of the rifle he stops and holds out his hand.

234 Continued

PHILIP

My name is Stafford. Philip Stafford.

Holly holds the rifle unwaveringly for a moment, aimed at Philip's head, then suddenly he drops it. Then very very quietly he gives a dry cackling little laugh.

HOLLY

I like that . . . I really like that.

Without further ado he turns and stalks away up the gully. Philip turns and calls Harry:

PHILIP

Harry . . . come on.

Slightly shamefacedly, Harry runs up to Philip whose grin now is as much relief as amusement.

HARRY

I'm too young to die. Don't make a fool out of me for that.

They turn and follow Holly together.

INT. HOLLY'S HOME NIGHT

235 This is set in a basin of sandy rock, where a thread of river rises above ground and runs for a little way over a rocky bed. Holly's dwelling is a tent, a large square Indian pattern tent with one wall now thrown open.

He has a primitive kitchen a few yards away, but there are no chairs. An oil lamp hangs in the open wall of the tent.

Philip, Harry and Holly squat round a little fire with a small dixie on it. Beside them are empty platters from their meal. They are silent, each busy with his own thoughts, sipping from chipped enamel mugs of coffee.

Holly still has the gun within easy reach and doesn't take his eyes off them. Philip is impatient but careful not to irritate him. He is looking at Holly, waiting for a reply to some question.

HOLLY

A girl, you say. Out here in the desert?

235 Continued

PHILIP

I know it sounds strange . . .

HOLLY

That's the word for the desert. Strange.

PHILIP

We were hoping you might have seen her.

HOLLY

Strange. But I like it out here. Alone.

HARRY

How d'you manage for supplies, Major?

HOLLY

I walk into Kasada every week or so and buy a bit of stuff.

(a beat)

Don't seem to need much.

PHILIP

You . . . walk in?

HOLLY

M'mm. Takes the best part of a night. Not so spry as I was. Then I rest up and walk back next night.

There is silence. Holly gazes absently into the fire, his mind withdrawing from the present.

HOLLY

Nobody left of the old crowd but me. Don't like the new crowd.

(he shakes his head,
and glares at them)

I wouldn't want to live forever though.
Not now. Tried to find the sacred flame
of Kuma, y'see. Not now though, too late.

236 Philip and Harry watch, fascinated by this mumbling reminiscence.

Holly reflects.

236 Continued

HOLLY (Cont)

I've sometimes wondered ... what would have happened if I'd found it. I was young then.

(after a few beats)

She was a beautiful woman. That pale face, those dark eyes, that flaxen hair ...

Philip and Harry exchange quick glances.

PHILIP

Then you've seen her? She's alive?

HOLLY

(still vague)

Alive? She was immortal! She was a devil.

237 Philip's hopeful look vanishes. These are just ramblings, nothing to do with Carol.

HOLLY (Cont) O. S.

She'd been through the flame -- three thousand years ago. Immortal. And she made him go through the flame with her.

238 He speaks in a monotone as if remembering or perhaps repeating the story.

HARRY

The flame?

HOLLY (Cont)

But you can't go through twice. The second time, it takes away what it gave the first time. He came through - immortal. But she crumbled to dust.

PHILIP

(interested despite himself)

Who was he?

Holly either doesn't hear or doesn't wish to answer.

HOLLY

He'd have done anything for her. She was beautiful. Ayesha.

239 Philip reacts strongly to this last word. He stares at Harry who also reacts, presumably since Philip has told him something of Carol's nightmares.

PHILIP

(to Holly)

Ayesha?

HOLLY

(nodding)

They call her SHE in Kuma. But that was her name ... Ayesha.

Philip speaks quietly, not wanting Holly to lose the thread of his thoughts.

PHILIP

Do you know where this place Kuma is, sir?

Holly points into the night.

HOLLY

South-east. The way you were going. You'll never find it, though. I've tried myself. Been very near, I know, but never found it. Too late now.

Philip is trying to frame another question when Holly rambles on of his own accord.

HOLLY

There was this man Killikrates. All those centuries ago. He was her lover, but she killed him. Waited three thousand years in Kuma for him to be born again. And now he's there and she's dust.

Holly stares into space and shakes his head.

HOLLY

She was mad, you know. But to live forever's enough to drive anyone out of their mind. I suppose I thought I'd have liked it once - but not now - too old.

Philip has listened with fascination tinged by horror. He can't believe this fable, and yet ...

PHILIP

How did she ... ? How did Ayesha bring this man to her?

239 Continued

Holly is losing interest. He doesn't take in the question.

HOLLY

Poor devil.

His voice trails away and he seems to be going to nod off, but suddenly as if transformed he jumps up and points the gun at them.

HOLLY

Be on your way. Go on, be off.

240 Philip and Harry are not arguing with the point of a gun - They move on down the ridge - collecting their packs from the car and begin to walk into the night.

241 C. U. Philip as he looks back towards Holly on ridge.

242 Holly - silhouetted against sky - still with gun pointing at them.

DISSOLVE

BEDOUIN CAMP DAY

243 The camp is set near a ridge of low barren hills. It consists of a Tent and little else. Three camels are tethered nearby.

A little group of THREE MEN sit playing dice. One of them (FIRST ARAB) is the Arab who found Carol. He still wears her neckerchief. Their rifles are near at hand. The FIRST ARAB rises and moves toward the tent.

INT. TENT DAY

244 Carol lies on a straw mattress with a light, coarse-woven blanket covering her. She is half-conscious, fevered.

The FIRST ARAB enters, looking down at her cruelly, debating what to do. He comes to some decision and strides out.

DESERT DAY

245 Harry and Philip wearily walking through the desert. The sun is burning down. They find a small piece of shade from an overhung rock and sit or rather fall under it. CAMERA PANS over nearby hill revealing Bedouin camp, unseen by HARRY and PHILIP.

245 Continued

Harry uncorks his water-bottle. Philip wipes the sweat from his brow. Harry tilts the bottle to his lips, finds it dry, throws it away.

HARRY

It was this way, Doctor. There I was, a nice cold drink in my hand. And then I had this dream, I went off into the desert where I died under the sun. Believe me, Doctor, that dream was so real . . . That I actually died under the sun. So what's my problem, Doctor?

PHILIP

Do me a favour. Next time, don't take your analyst with you.

HARRY

You think we've bought it, huh?

PHILIP

No, dammit, we'll find her if we have to go all the way to Kuma.

HARRY

Kuma! You're as crazy as the Major.

PHILIP

(getting up looking off,
speaking slowly)

If . . . The major was crazy.

HARRY

(a very odd smile of
amusement . . . a terrified
smile)

That's funny, isn't it? We have to believe he's sane. If we figure on getting out of this alive, we have to believe in immortality!

Philip looks at him, unable to deny the terrible logic. He picks up his things and starts off. Harry staggers off after him.

EXT. DESERT DAY

- 246 A dramatic LONG SHOT shows the Arab, the donkey and Carol moving along the crest of a dune (a dry river bed). The Arab rides the donkey, his legs flopping. He wears a neckerchief he had found, Carol's neckerchief. One of the Arab's hands trails back, holding a rope. The rope is tied around Carol's waist and her hands are tied together in front of her. She plods and stumbles along behind the donkey.

EXT. DESERT DIFFERENT SECTION DAY

- 247 Harry and Philip plod over a similar terrain. Both are near the point of collapse.

EXT. DESERT DAY

- 248 TRAVELLING SHOT WITH HARRY AND PHILIP

Their eyes are fixed glassily ahead. Harry has already fallen a few steps behind. They are in such a state that they are almost oblivious to each other.

PHILIP

(rambling)

Wait 'til I tell them about this at the psychiatrists' convention. Strike me off the register, that's what they'll do.

As he talks, Harry staggers and falls, unnoticed by Philip who continues to ramble.

PHILIP

Let them. What do I care? How many of them have ever followed a woman to the unknown kingdom of Kuma.
(he gives an odd laugh)

Philip plods on. Harry manages to gain his feet again and staggers after Philip. But now he is some distance behind.

EXT. DESERT DAY

- 249 The Arab and Carol move on as before. Carol falls and is dragged along. The Arab looks back but takes no notice. Carol hauls herself up by the rope with superhuman effort.

And then, the Arab stops, looking o.s. Quickly he hops off the donkey, pulling the donkey and Carol back below the rise of the dune or into some other concealment.

Then the Arab cautiously pokes his head out.

LONG SHOT ARAB'S POV

250 Philip and Harry continue to make their way ... Harry lagging far behind.

The Arab rises INTO SCENE. He glances at Carol with a greedy smile.

ARAB

Where they are going, they will have no
use for whatever money they carry.

The Arab moves forward and OUT OF SCENE. CAMERA ANGLES
to HOLD on Carol as she tries to take in his words.

EXT. DESERT DAY

251 Philip and Harry make their way as before. CAMERA LOSES Philip
to stay with HARRY. Suddenly, from some high boulder the Arab leaps,
landing on Harry with his dagger drawn. Harry doesn't have a chance.
The knife strikes home. Harry slumps lifelessly. The Arab immediately
begins rifling his pockets.

EXT. DESERT DAY

252 Carol looks down on the scene from her vantage point. She struggles
desperately with the ropes which tie her hands. The ropes cut into
her, drawing blood, causing her to flinch with pain as she twists her
hands out of the binds ... and then attacks the knot of the chord around
her waist.

EXT. DESERT DAY

253 Philip walks along. But now it is the Arab who follows, gaining ground
rapidly.

EXT. DESERT DAY

254 TRAVELLING SHOT PHILIP

As the Arab continues to close the gap between them. Philip's eyes
remain fixed glassily ahead.

PHILIP

The funny thing is, I'll never know.
Never know how it would have ended.
(the odd laugh again)
Tell you what, Harry, let's stop at the
next pub. I'll buy you three gallons

254 Continued

PHILIP (Cont)
of Lager. No more. Can't have you
getting drunk. How does that sound,
Harry ...

Pleased with the little game, he pauses to look back over his shoulder
... just as the Arab's knife flashes down.

The shock immediately brings Philip to his senses ... at least enough
to grab the knife arm.

Philip and the Arab are slammed to the ground where they lock in
combat. Philip draws on the strength of the desperate, finally forcing
the Arab to drop the knife.

They continue the struggle with fists, knees and feet.

EXT. DESERT DAY

255 Carol runs, staggering across the terrain.

EXT. DESERT DAY

Philip and the Arab continue to fight. Philip scrambles up on a boulder.
The Arab reaches up, managing to grab his ankle and bring him crashing
down.

EXT. DESERT DAY

256 TWO SHOT PHILIP, ARAB

Again they lock in combat. But Philip's strength is almost gone.
The Arab sends him sprawling back, grabbing up a rock with his free
hand. He is about to smash the rock at Philip's head ... when Carol
looms up. And she has the Arab's knife in her hand. She holds
it awkwardly but there is no doubt she will strike.

The Arab barely diverts her arm. As he does, Philip launches
himself forward, grabbing the knife from Carol.

The Arab's eyes dart about, taking in the situation ... and then he
flees.

EXT. DESERT DAY

257 TWO SHOT CAROL, PHILIP

Philip takes her in his arms gratefully. Behind them, the donkey is

257 Continued

seen, ambling up. Philip sees the donkey from the corner of his eye.

PHILIP

Mademoiselle, your carriage awaits.

CAROL

(shakily)

Philip - don't try to take me back.
They'll kill you if you try to stop me
getting there.

PHILIP

I wasn't trying to stop you, Carol.

She stares at him, half relieved, half incredulous.

PHILIP

I just think we've got to find out what
lies at the end of your journey. It's
the only way - for both of us.

CAROL

You - you believe it now?

PHILIP

I don't know what I believe, but I do know
I don't want to leave you.

She clings to him, unutterably glad that she will be no longer alone.

She lies back, pressing her hands over her eyes, very frightened.

CAROL

(desperately)

Phil . . . I'm not Ayesha, am I? I
don't belong to -- him!

He leans over and draws her hands gently away.

PHILIP

(softly, insistently)

You're not Ayesha. And the only man
you belong to is the man you choose your-
self.

257 Continued

For the moment his words set aside her fear, and she is quiet. Her eyes invite his kiss. He leans lower, and kisses her.

INT. KILLIKRATES' CHAMBERS. IN KUMA NIGHT

258 A magnificent suite, with decor and carvings which throw back to the days of SHE.

One wall is pierced by a large opening which gives on to a balcony.

Killikrates stands gazing out. Men-Hari appears behind him, a glint of triumph in his eyes.

MEN-HARI

Ayesha draws near. She will soon reach Kuma.

Killikrates turns slowly to look at him with an intense solemn look.

KILLIKRATES

Soon. But soon enough? The turning of the stars bring a time when my secret can give you immortality. As it was given to me so long ago. When that time is past, those fleeting minutes gone ... the secret is worthless. Until once again the stars unlock its power. But that will not happen again in your lifetime, Men-Hari. If Ayesha is not here before the hour when she can be made immortal, then you also will lose that prize.

MEN-HARI

If that prize were for myself alone, I would gladly spurn it. Eternal life is not a fate I desire. But I seek it humbly as my duty. As the burden I must carry for the good of all mankind.

KILLIKRATES

You do not know the true weight of that burden, my friend.

MEN-HARI

For you, that burden will become as wings ... with Ayesha at your side. She will be here in time, I promise you.

258 Continued

KILLIKRATES

There are many dangers . . . for a woman alone. If only I could go to meet her.

MEN-HARI

It is written that she must enter Kuma with no physical aid or escort from us. We can only guide her footsteps through powers of the mind . . . as best we can.

(beat)

But she does not come alone.

Killikrates reacts, disturbed.

KILLIKRATES

Who then?

MEN-HARI

A man. A doctor of the modern world.
A doctor of the mind.

KILLIKRATES

Of the mind?

MEN-HARI

There is nothing to fear.

KILLIKRATES

You have given orders . . . for him to be turned back?

MEN-HARI

It is not so simple. She has become dependent upon him. Remember, her mind is yet that of a mortal. It has been, of necessity, strained and tortured to the point of collapse.

KILLIKRATES

You're saying she needs this man, this Doctor?

MEN-HARI

It would not be wise to snatch him away . . . yet. I cannot control a ruined mind.

258 Continued

KILLIKRATES

But you will be rid of him at the first possible moment?

CAMERA moves in on MEN-HARI.

MEN-HARI

At the first possible moment.

DESERT MOUNTAINS DAY

259 The figures of Philip and Carol trudge on up a slight sandy incline which leads to the base of a sheer wall of rock.

They are weary, but not exhausted. Philip stares, baffled.

PHILIP

It's a dead end. We can't climb that.

CAROL

This is the way.

PHILIP

You know?

CAROL

I know.

They move on.

In the rock face there is an aperture, a crevice taller than a man. They halt facing it. Philip looks at Carol. Her face is blank. We hear the steady sound of the CHORD. She nods. Philip takes her hand and moves on, passing through the crevice.

INT. LARGE CAVE DAY

260 This is a huge vaulted cave. The rocky ground slopes down slightly and ends in a broad stretch of fast-running water - an underground river. It emerges from the gloom on one side and disappears into the gloom on the other side.

Philip stares, amazed. He takes a flashlamp from his pack and shines it around. There appears to be no exit.

He flashes the beam across the torrent. There is only blank rock on the far side.

260 Continued

He looks at Carol questioningly.

PHILIP

There's no way out.

Carol's face is strange. She puts her hand to her head. Philip watches her with pity and love.

CAROL

We must wait.

She sits down, gazing across the water. After a beat, Philip sits down beside her, and takes her hand.

Slowly we become aware that the rumbling turmoil of the water is lessening.

Philip looks both ways, then shines his torch across.

261 In the beam, we can see that the water has gone down. There is a mossy bank of rock which shows its normal height, but now the water is two or three feet lower.

As we watch, the water grows calmer still, and its level drops steadily, as if it were being drained away.

262 Philip gets to his feet, shining the torch along the river each way.

The river has become a shallow stream, a rivulet. The beam holds on a point directly opposite, and now the falling of the water has revealed an aperture leading into the rock beyond.

263 Carol stands beside Philip. He takes her hand and moves forward.

They wade slowly, knee deep, through the quiet rivulet, Philip leading, testing each step as he goes.

They are halfway across when there comes the echoing sound of strong water approaching. Philip glances upstream, and presses on faster.

264 A seething wall of water bears down.

265 Philip struggles on, the water rising. He reaches the aperture and drags Carol through.

The wall of water boils past as the river resumes its former power.

INT. APERTURE DAY

- 266 Here the ground slopes up sharply, and Philip is hauling Carol along as the water swirls into the aperture and hammers at them, dragging at their legs.

Philip braces himself, struggles on. They are getting clear of the water, and finally reach a level above it.

They pause, panting. Ahead, the aperture winds on like a narrow tunnel.

Still holding Carol's hand, Philip moves on.

EXT. VALLEY PRECIPICE PATH DAY

- 267 Here is the other side of the mountain through which Carol and Philip are passing. There is a broad aperture opening on to it.

They emerge from the aperture and halt, staring. They are soaked to the waist.

- 268 Carol's P. O. V. - Points. A precipice path, broad at first but rapidly growing narrower, winds up the rock face.

- 269 Philip wipes the sweat from his brow with a forearm, and plods dourly forward, still holding her hand.

PRECIPICE PATH DAY

- 270 A narrow section of the path, high up. Philip and Carol come into view in single file, facing the rock wall and edging along.

- 271 There is a dizzy drop below.

- 272 They pause to take breath. Carol begins to look fearfully over her shoulder. Philip's hand comes up against her cheek. He shakes his head, and turns her head back to face the wall. She mustn't look down.

They move on slowly.

GATEWAY TO KUMA DAY

- 273 Here, the precipice path broadens suddenly into a broad flat area, a plateau set halfway up the mountain.

Philip and Carol come into view from the end of the precipice path.

273 Continued

They halt, panting, shaken by the ordeal of the climb.

Philip takes Carol's hand to move on, then they both halt, staring.

274 Their V. P. The entrance to Kuma. There is a great natural arch set in the rock, and above this, in relief in gold, there is a colossal head and shoulders of SHE - Carol.

275 Carol stares, shaken.

CAROL

(a whisper)

It's ... me.

Philip nods grimly. He is not making any more guesses, but just going to slog on until the end.

He takes her arm and they move forward towards the archway.

The golden image of Ayesha fills the screen.

276 CAMERA TILTS SUDDENLY and there in the archway stands Men-Hari, with SHARNA beside him and the MAGI grouped in a half-circle behind him.

Philip and Carol stop short, staring.

277 Men-Hari smiles, a smile to which Sharna reacts sharply.

MEN-HARI

Ayesha.

It is a statement.

278 Carol shakes her head, afraid.

CAROL

No. I -

279 C. U. Men-Hari, he stares hypnotically at Carol.

280 C. U. Carol, terrified yet held by his eyes.

MEN-HARI

Come. Welcome to Kuma. When you pass through this entrance into Kuma - you shall be Ayesha. She for whom Killikrates has waited so long.

280 Continued

He turns, and the Magi part to let him through, remaining so for Carol and Philip to follow. She is exhausted by the last stages of the journey and can hardly walk. Philip supports her. Sharna falls in beside her, quickly concealing her look of instinctive hatred.

INT. LARGE NATURAL TUNNEL DAY

281 Men-Hari leads, with Carol, Philip and Sharna following.

282 Slowly, Carol straightens up from struggling with exhaustion. She looks queenly.

Some guards follow the procession. They are a cut above other residents of Kuma, who are SLAVES and who never see the light of day.

Philip looks back from where they have come. It is distant and dark. He doesn't like it. He gazes at Carol - she looks different. She doesn't look at him. She doesn't notice that he is there. He is surprised at the expression on her face.

Men-Hari halts and inclines his head. From a side-tunnel emerge slave-types carrying a rather splendid litter. These are more primitive and bovine even than the servants, and are dressed differently to show their status.

Men-Hari helps Carol into the litter, and the slaves begin to carry her. Philip moves alongside.

INT. CORRIDOR DAY

283 This is a broad, smooth-flagged corridor with masonry walls, not a tunnel. It is a part of the whole Temple/Palace section of the Kuma complex.

The procession approaches.

Philip walks beside the litter, tense, watchful.

To one side curtains hang down the wall, covering an opening. Men-Hari halts, draws back one of the curtains to reveal the doorway with a glimpse of a room beyond. He gestures politely for Philip to precede him, with the impression that all will follow. Philip goes through.

INT. PHILIP'S QUARTERS DAY

284 The room is of medium size, but luxuriously-furnished. The only light comes through narrow embrasures in the stone wall, too narrow

284 Continued

for a man to pass through; and there are ancient oil-lamps also, for night.

Philip is momentarily stunned by the opulence, and turns as if to speak. But the others have not followed. The curtain has fallen into place again, and now the curtain seems to be on this inner side of the opening.

Impatiently he moves to brush the curtain aside and go out. But there is no opening now, only the wall of the room.

Shaken and alarmed, Philip jerks the curtain aside, bangs at the wall with the palms of his hands.

PHILIP

(shouts)

Carol!

There is only silence. He turns slowly away, realising he is trapped.

He moves slowly about the room looking for an opening. There is none. He is pretty tired himself. There is a table with food set out - bread, fruit, greenstuff, wine, water. There is a little annex with a small sunken bath into which water runs permanently, and presumably drains out, as if the bath were part of a water-course. He moves to the embrasures and looks out.

EYELINE DAY

285 Philip's V. P. - shows part of the area of Kuma which is open to the sun. He looks down on part of a valley with sandy terraces on each side with small fruit trees and various crops and greenstuff growing. (There is a hydroponic area which we shall see later) A few SERVANTS move about the terraces at their work.

INT. PHILIP'S QUARTERS DAY

286 He turns away from the embrasure and slumps down on the bed.

He sees the table set with food.

He gets up, moves to the table, and starts to pour water from a flask into a plain goblet.

INT. KILLIKRATES' CHAMBERS NIGHT

287 Sharna replenishes with wine an ornate goblet that Killikrates holds.

287 Continued

He stands near the opening to the balcony which looks out over part of Kuma, and he is in high fettle. The relationship between them is that of master and servant. He turns to gaze out at the night. She puts down the flask and retires to stand by the wall, awaiting his next need.

Men-Hari enters, and Killikrates turn to him eagerly.

KILLIKRATES

Well?

MEN-HARI

I have brought her to you in time, as I promised.

KILLIKRATES

In time, yes. But barely so . . .

He looks out of the wide opening.

EYELINE NIGHT

288 Dark sky with bright stars.

KILLIKRATES (V. O.)

Another day and a night, Men-Hari, and the hour for immortality would be past. The stars do no wait. And I tired of waiting for my first glimpse of Ayesha.

INT. AYESHA'S BEDCHAMBER NIGHT

289 This is the bathing and robing part of the suite. Carol is being prepared for her meeting with Killikrates. She soaks in a splendid sunken bath with tinted water, attended by young acolytes.

Sharna is in charge, controlling arrangements with an occasional curt gesture.

Carol's expression is thoughtful yet enigmatic.

An acolyte holds a towel to wrap Carol as she emerges from the bath. Swathed in the towel, Carol moves quickly towards a large mirror, and studies herself in the mirror. Her look becomes more intent as if she is trying to really see who she is.

289 Continued

Sharna watches with jealousy. A young acolyte comes up and whispers to her. Sharna turns and hurries out.

INT. ANTE-CHAMBER NIGHT

290 Another room of the suite. Men-Hari is waiting here. Sharna comes to him. As they talk, Men-Hari's eyes are constantly on Carol through the archway.

MEN-HARI

Killikrates grows impatient -

SHARNA

She will soon be robed and ready for him.

MEN-HARI

Is it possible that she is even more beautiful?

SHARNA

(becoming quietly enraged)
Her beauty blinds you. You forget whose woman she is!

MEN-HARI

(stung, angry)
I forget nothing.

SHARNA

Do not trust her. If Killikrates must choose between you, do you not know he will choose her?

MEN-HARI

There will be no need for choice.

SHARNA

Fool. Mark my words. She will turn Killikrates against you. When the hour comes she will not let another gain immortality with her. She will not chance a rival for power in you.

MEN-HARI

Go! Get her ready. And still your jealous tongue.

Sharna backs away, but her eyes are still blazing.

INT. LIBRARY DAY

291 A vast room of shelves and pigeon holes all neatly filled with scrolls. On a large table, other scrolls are spread. Za-Tor sits at the table, writing on another scroll.

A SERVANT is rolling and filing some scrolls. Like the others, he has a dull stolid look.

Za-Tor finishes the sheet and pushes it wearily toward the Servant who pauses in his other work to sprinkle the parchment with sand to blot the ink. Za-Tor lets his head loll back, exhausted.

SERVANT

You should sleep, Master.

ZA-TOR

Not yet.

SERVANT

(he speaks laboriously)

What is it you write of such importance?

ZA-TOR

All my thoughts.

SERVANT

They are troubled thoughts.

ZA-TOR

Yes ...

SERVANT

It is because she comes. And because she brings evil to Kuma.

ZA-TOR

We dream to rid the world of evil. Should we fear it then in our midst?

INT. KILLIKRATES' QUARTERS NIGHT

292 The guards and servants watch dumbly, with a touch of apprehension.

Large doors swing open, and Carol enters, led by Men-Hari, with Lady-in-waiting behind her.

He conducts her regally up the steps to the dais, on which Killikrates waits.

292 Continued

Killikrates rises and moves forward a little, staring in wonder and delight. He whispers to himself -

KILLIKRATES

Ayesha . . . !

Men-Hari reaches the dais with her. Killikrates has come forward. Men-Hari gives her hand to him, and he takes it staring into her face. Men-Hari moves back to where Lady-in-waiting waits.

KILLIKRATES

Ayesha!

Carol gives a slow, but unsure smile.

KILLIKRATES

-- SHE has returned to Kuma. Killikrates is no longer alone, for Ayesha rules with him again!

293 CAMERA PANS over the servants and slaves. Their emotion is one of fear. The kneeling slaves huddle down to touch foreheads to the floor. The guards kneel.

We see fear in a number of faces.

294 The Magi, with Men-Hari remain standing, austere and impassive. Perhaps there is just a hint of doubt in them. Have they chosen rightly?

295 Carol and Killikrates gaze at each other. As they do Men-Hari signals and the room empties.

CAROL

We have met before . . . in my dreams.

KILLIKRATES

But not in mine. No dream of mine could dare dream such beauty.

Carol lowers her face slowly as if in submission.

KILLIKRATES

Do not bow your head to me. You are Ayesha, the queen, the goddess of Kuma.

295 Continued

Killikrates puts out a hand, touching her chin, raising her face.

CAROL

(hesitantly touching
his cheek)

And you . . . Killikrates. My master.

Killikrates is about to take her in his arms when Men-Hari steps forward.

MEN-HARI

Alas, this night is only for your eyes
to meet, and only for a moment, for
much has yet to be done.

KILLIKRATES

(reluctantly)

But tomorrow we shall meet again. And
I will show you the lost city of Kuma . . .
which you once knew better than I. Which
you once ruled before I came. Which you
will rule again.

CAROL

(a break, a hesitation)

Which I once ruled . . . ?

296 C. U. MEN-HARI

His expression intensifies.

297 TWO SHOT KILLIKRATES, CAROL

Carol's face clears a little.

CAROL

You must be patient with me.

KILLIKRATES

A patience to tax the strength of a thousand
men. But this night will pass, and the coming
day. And then . . .

CAROL

And then . . .

297 Continued

Killikrates reaches out, now on the verge of breaking under his passion. But Men-Hari comes smoothly forward.

MEN-HARI

It is better you part now.

Killikrates steps back reluctantly.

KILLIKRATES

(a smile)

Wise counsel, Men-Hari.

Men-Hari returns the smile. He takes Carol's arm and leads her back toward Lady-in-waiting, handing her over.

She leads Carol away.

Killikrates comes up to Men-Hari.

KILLIKRATES

You spoke well, Men-Hari. That my burden will become as wings.

(his eyes narrow)

But now, it would interest me to see this man, this Doctor, who you tell me still holds sway with her.

MEN-HARI

I will take you. But I promise you, there is nothing to fear from him.

INT. PHILIP'S QUARTERS NIGHT

298 Philip sits on a raised dais with two lovely slave GIRLS standing on either side. In the area of the room in front of him, a dozen lovely slave girls are assembled, one is dancing. Sharna stands motionless behind them.

But Philip is in no mood for such things, and his temper finally breaks.

Philip rises abruptly, almost upsetting the low table in front of him.

PHILIP

Take them away!

The dancers stop in confusion.

298 Continued

SHARNA

The slaves do not please you?

PHILIP

A dancing girl wouldn't convince me that
I am not being held prisoner.

SHARNA

But you are an honoured guest . . .

PHILIP

An honoured prisoner. You heard me.
You're wasting your time. Take them
away.

The girls, including the attendants, have now all instinctively backed
away toward Sharna.

SHARNA

As you wish.

Sharna signals with her hand. The girls vanish through the curtains.
Sharna gives a backward glance at Philip, then she, too, is gone.

Philip begins prowling around the room, looking for the way out.
Only stone walls greet him. He is angry, concerned and certainly
realizes that he is not in the most enviable position. More for
something to do, he pours some wine into a golden goblet and moves
to look out through the embrasures.

KILLIKRATES (O.S.)

I trust you have been made comfortable.

Philip spins around, staring.

Killikrates stands near the entrance and begins advancing into the
room.

Philip pauses, then begins advancing also . . . until the two men stand
only several feet from each other.

KILLIKRATES

I hear you did not like the dancing.

PHILIP

(coming to the point)
Where is Carol?

298 Continued

KILLIKRATES

Carol?

PHILIP

The woman I brought here.

KILLIKRATES

The woman you arrived with is
Ayesha.

Both men begin moving around the room, slowly, as if jockeying for position. Their eyes are wary, alert, as they size each other up . . . two men who know instinctively that they are enemies, that each poses a threat to the other. Thus their words as well as their movements have a cat and mouse quality.

KILLIKRATES

I am given to understand that you are a
Doctor . . . a man of learning.

PHILIP

To some extent.

KILLIKRATES

And do you think, Doctor, that you and
your colleagues have plumbed all the
secrets of life?

PHILIP

We've only scratched the surface.

KILLIKRATES

(harshly, almost a threat)

Then you must realize that it is dangerous
to interfere with the unknown.

PHILIP

(quietly)

Is it not you who interferes with the
unknown? You who has reached out
beyond the boundaries of your knowledge?
You who has stolen a life from a world
you know nothing of?

KILLIKRATES

I have not stolen! I have reclaimed!

298 Continued

PHILIP

(a long beat, again quietly)
She is an ordinary mortal. Nothing more.

KILLIKRATES

(angry)
She is Ayesha! And she has returned to
me - to Kuma - to her people.

PHILIP

That is nonsense!

KILLIKRATES

I warn you, do not provoke me.

PHILIP

I never knew the truth to provoke a wise
man. So I tell you the truth. You say
she is Ayesha, because that is what you
want her to be.

KILLIKRATES

And you say she is not, because you love
her and you do not wish to lose her.

PHILIP

Yes, I love her.

KILLIKRATES

You speak of tawdry mortal love.

PHILIP

I speak of love that does not need the
trappings of immortality.

Killikrates is badly shaken, and struggling not to show it.

KILLIKRATES

(as coolly as he can manage)
Then perhaps, Doctor, you will find some
way to prove that to me.

PHILIP

Can you prove she is Ayesha?

KILLIKRATES

It will amuse me to do that.

298 Continued

Killikrates finishes off his wine, strides across the room, and is gone.

Philip looks after him, and now we see that he, too, is badly shaken, uncertain. He moves to the embrasures, looking out at the starry night.

PHILIP

(calling softly)

Carol ...

(he waits, as if for some
response but there is nothing.
He calls again)

Ayesha ...

(again he waits and again
there is no response)

EXT. KUMA BALCONY DAY

299 Carol and Killikrates are standing looking down on the valley where the crops grow ... a much wider view of the same area as seen by Philip.

Carol takes in the view, overwhelmed by it. Killikrates looks too, but mostly at Carol ... thrilled and excited by her ... and yet filled with anguish and uncertainty.

Men-Hari stands behind them, constantly watching the two figures. His face is intent, concentrating, since he is holding Carol under his mental influence.

KILLIKRATES

Does it please you ...

(a deliberate beat)

Ayesha?

CAROL

(too absorbed to respond to
the name one way or another)

I find it hard to believe.

KILLIKRATES

It belongs to Ayesha. To her alone, this valley, this richest of kingdoms, this paradise which lives only for its queen. For you ... if you are Ayesha.

299 Continued

CAROL
(turning to him slowly)
If ... ?

KILLIKRATES
Have you any doubts?

Carol opens her mouth to speak, but there are no words ... yet.

300 C. U. MEN-HARI

His eyes narrow in the most intense concentration.

301 C. U. CAROL

The barest but definite suggestion of the CHORD is heard. And then she speaks. But there is a certain mechanical quality about her voice.

CAROL
I am beginning to feel ... I have been here
before.

302 GROUP SHOT

A slight smile shows on Men-Hari's face. Killikrates begins to relax as if he has been over the first great hurdle.

KILLIKRATES
Come, I will show you more of your
kingdom.

He takes her arm and leads her from the balcony.

INT. PHILIP'S QUARTERS DAY

303 Philip comes from the bedchamber. He has dressed and made some kind of toilet but looks tired and troubled.

He looks out through the sunlight that shines through the embrasures. Then angrily he begins prowling the room, tapping at the walls. He comes to the curtain and yanks it aside.

The moment he does, Za-Tor's figure looms up as if from nowhere. Philip reels back several steps with the shock ... and then springs to a stance with his hands out as if waiting to repel or launch an attack.

303 Continued

ZA-TOR

I'm an old man. You would not find it
hard to kill me with your bare hands.

Philip hesitates, impressed by the dignity of this man. He strides
past him and sweeps the curtain aside again. The wall is still solid.
He turns back to Za-tor.

PHILIP

Who are you?

ZA-TOR

I am Za-tor, of the Magi.

PHILIP

(incredulous)

The Magi? The ... wise men of Chaldea?
But --

ZA-TOR

We are their descendants.

Philip absorbs this slowly. He brings himself sharply back to the
urgency of the moment, and speaks harshly.

PHILIP

Where's Carol? The girl who was with me?

ZA-TOR

At this moment she walks through Kuma with
Killikrates.

Philip sits down slowly on the bed and stares at him with all the
frustration of a man who feels utterly helpless.

PHILIP

I want to know what's happening to Carol!
What is he going to do with her?

Za-tor stands staring through an embrasure, lost in thought.

ZA-TOR

A flame. A sacred flame. A mortal who
enters it becomes immortal.

Philip begins to speak, Za-tor raises his hand to silence him.

303 Continued

ZA-TOR

But there are two conditions. The person must enter willingly. And then only with the consent, the blessing of Killikrates.

PHILIP

Carol will never enter willingly. She's afraid. She has been forced to come to Kuma. She belongs to another world.

(he pauses, looking
deeply at Za-tor)

Don't you know that?

Philip is desperate.

ZA-TOR

It does not matter. She will enter the flame gladly ... because Men-Hari holds her mind in bondage and makes her as Killikrates wishes her to be, as Ayesha would be. And when it is done, she will become the real Ayesha.

Za-tor moves slowly across the room.

PHILIP

(tensely)

Za-tor - you must not allow this thing to happen - Carol does not belong here.

Za-tor pauses by the curtains and looks at Philip.

ZA-TOR

(almost as if speaking to
himself)

It may be better that she does become Ayesha.

PHILIP

Better?

ZA-TOR

Killikrates has also promised the gift of immortality to Men-Hari. Killikrates is weak. Ayesha will be strong. Perhaps strong enough to oppose Men-Hari.

303 Continued

PHILIP

Then you'd use Carol as a pawn in this ...

ZA-TOR

I would use her, yes. I would sacrifice one person to save the world, your world. Men-Hari, too, works for the salvation of all mankind. But he will lead the Magi out into the world long before they are ready to serve the world.

PHILIP

Why then does Men-Hari keep me prisoner and alive?

ZA-TOR

Because he still needs you - in case her mind begins to falter.

PHILIP

Is your way better than his?

ZA-TOR

(a long pause)

Come - you will judge for yourself ...
at the risk of both our lives, 'if we are found.

PHILIP

I wouldn't give much chance for my life as it is.

Za-tor studies him a long moment. Then he reaches for the curtain and whisks it aside. There is an exit.

INT. KUMA CORRIDOR DAY

304 Za-tor and Philip have been somehow whisked into the corridor which leads to Philip's room. Philip is startled by the transition. But Za-tor strides off.

ZA-TOR

Come ...

Philip moves off after him.

INT. KUMA UNDERGROUND DAY

305 Za-tor and Philip stealthily tour a maze of underground corridors. Here, the slaves of Kuma (male, female, children) live and work, digging the gold and marble that is so prominently seen around Kuma. With these slaves, all the work of Kuma is carried out. Every now and again, there is a pocket of light from above where the mountains meet the sky. It is a complete metropolis. The slaves are simple and know no better. They are supervised by GUARDS armed with prods.

But Za-tor and Philip make their way unseen. There is no doubt that Philip is staggered by the sight.

ZA-TOR

Is this not more than you expected,
than you could possibly have imagined?

Philip quickly regains his sense of proportion, his mind working swiftly.

PHILIP

More ... yes. I did not expect to see a
kingdom of slaves, a vast prison.

Za-tor stares, speaks with reproving dignity.

ZA-TOR

Our people are cared for like children.
Each performs his task and is content. They
also serve, in their way, to prepare the
Magi for the world outside - when the time
is right.

PHILIP

Like cattle. What do they know of
contentment. There is more real
contentment in the outside world.

ZA-TOR

There is also madness. The world burns
- for lack of a few great minds to control
the madness that lies within man.

PHILIP

The world burns because every great mind
wants to control it his way! With all your
colossal intellect, what the hell do you know
about the world, stuck here in your ivory tower?

305 Continued

ZA-TOR

I know that man may well destroy himself,
because he cannot control his mind.

PHILIP

But you can save one human being, Za-tor.
Help me to free Carol. Tell me what I can
do --

Suddenly, Za-tor reacts sharply, pulling Philip back into a shadow.

306 P. O. V. SHOT

Killikrates, Carol, and Men-Hari are walking through the tunnel, approaching. They, however, walk openly and in full sight of the slaves. As Carol passes, the slaves grovel and touch the ground with their heads. When this is not instantaneous, the Guards give them a prod.

307 TWO SHOT PHILIP, ZA-TOR

They watch from their concealment. Philip's expression begins to become tortured. He makes to move forward. Za-tor stops him.

ZA-TOR

(whispering)

They will kill you. Then all will be lost.

308 TRAVELLING SHOT WITH KILLIKRATES CAROL MEN-HARI

They pass by the place where Za-tor and Philip are concealed.

KILLIKRATES

These are yours to do with as you please,
as is all of Kuma.

309 TWO SHOT ZA-TOR, PHILIP

Philip's expression is agonized now.

ZA-TOR

You see, there is nothing to be done
about her at this time. Come.

Philip says nothing, but allows Za-tor to take his arm and hurry him back in the direction they had come.

310 TRAVELLING SHOT WITH KILLIKRATES CAROL MEN-HARI

They continue through the tunnel. Men-Hari's eyes seem almost physically to hold Ayesha.

INT. CORRIDOR DAY

311 The corridor outside Philip's quarters. He and Za-tor appear. Za-tor pulls back the curtain.

INT. PHILIP'S QUARTERS DAY

312 Philip is back inside his quarters. His shoulders sag in despair. He moves to the embrasures to look out, then turns from them ... and reacts.

He sees Carol, with Killikrates and Men-Hari, and several Guards, standing just behind her.

PHILIP

Carol!

He moves towards her, two guards stop him.

KILLIKRATES

(with a sardonic smile)

This man is a stranger to Kuma. So you know him Ayesha?

313 C. U. Men-Hari. For a moment we see the face of Men-Hari and hear the sound of the CHORD.

314 Carol hesitates a moment, then shakes her head.

CAROL

I do not know this man.

315 Philip comes forward, stares at her distractedly, frustrated by the guards.

PHILIP

Carol! It's me - Philip! Try to remember ...

Philip in desperation pushes back the guards and grabs her, turns her to interpose himself between her and Killikrates, and speaks fiercely.

315 Continued

PHILIP

Carol, for God's sake --

But in the same instant Killikrates' guard strikes from behind with the hilt of his dagger to Philip's head.

Philip goes down, dazed. He speaks hoarsely, a last plea, staring up at her.

PHILIP

Carol ...

KILLIKRATES

I have given you the proof you demanded.

For a moment a hint of doubt, then horror, touches Carol's face. But then --

316 C. U. Head of Men-Hari.

317 Sound of CHORD. Carol's face becomes blank again. She turns away --

INT. KILLIKRATES' CHAMBERS DUSK

318 Killikrates strides in with Carol. Men-Hari behind. Killikrates waves his hand at slaves and servants. They go. Killikrates jerks his head at Men-Hari.

KILLIKRATES

Leave us.

319 Men-Hari hesitates - he doesn't like being spoken to as a servant.

KILLIKRATES

Go!

He moves out obediently, after bowing sarcastically, his face angry.

320 Killikrates moves on with Carol into the main room with the balcony. He turns to Carol and takes her by the arms. She slips her hands about his neck, looking into his face. He is excited, longing for her.

KILLIKRATES

We have not long to wait. Do you remember the flame, Ayesha, the sacred flame?

320 Continued

Carol shakes her head slightly.

KILLIKRATES

It will appear tonight , when the Star of
Seth shines between the twin peaks of Kuma.
And when the flame grows cold you will pass
through it . . . and be made immortal.
I have waited so long for you, my love,
my only love.

He kisses her passionately but towards the end of the embrace a
fleeting puzzled expression touches her face as if Men-Hari's going
has weakened his influence over her. But it is fleeting. He takes
her hand and begins to lead her towards the bedchamber.

KILLIKRATES

Come . . . I will show you the source of
the sacred flame, unknown even to the
Magi.

As they pass out of the main room and into the bedchamber Sharna
appears from the balcony, where she has evidently been listening.
She stares after them, and moves stealthily forward.

INT. KILLIKRATES' BEDCHAMBER DUSK

321 Carol and Killikrates pass across the bedchamber to where a life-
size golden image of SHE stands in relief on the wall.

Killikrates grips the handle of the dagger at the waist of the image,
and the narrow section of wall bearing the image swings back and
opens like a door. He leads the way through.

INT. FLAME ROOM DUSK

322 This is a stone-walled room with a vaulted roof. The upper part of
one wall is pierced by an opening, a window, in the shape of a five-
pointed star -- with one peak pointing directly down. (This is the
black-magic symbol). Sunlight passes through the opening to illumin-
ate a narrow fissure in the stone floor, in the centre of which lies a
huge gemstone as big as a man's fist. It glitters and throws out
dazzling rays.

Killikrates points to it. Carol stares.

KILLIKRATES

There is the flame, held in bond, Ayesha . . .

322 Continued

KILLIKRATES (Cont)

but soon it will be released. Tonight the Star
of Seth will shine between the peaks, and then ...

323 Killikrates and Carol both turn to look at the irridescent gem-stone.

324 CAMERA CLOSES on gem-stone until it fills screen. Within the
stone the flames can be seen.

INT. PHILIP'S QUARTERS NIGHT

325 Philip remains collapsed on the floor. He begins struggling up.
A female hand reaches down to help him.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that is it Sharna's hand. Philip
manages to get to his feet, looking at Sharna in confusion.

SHARNA

The next time, they will kill you.

PHILIP

Is that what you came to tell me?

SHARNA

I came to beg you to get your woman
away from here, away from Kuma.

PHILIP

If I only could!

SHARNA

You must. You must find a way.
(lowering her eyes)
Since she came, Men-Hari has eyes for
no other.

PHILIP

(he begins to realize)
Of course. In Kuma you love and fear
like any other people.

SHARNA

If you succeed, I may be able to turn
Men-Hari from his dreams of conquest.

PHILIP

Conquest?

325 Continued

SHARNA

His true ambition, to conquer the world.

PHILIP

I see. The question is how do I get her out of here.

SHARNA

I do not know. I only promise that you can trust me . . . if you find a way.

PHILIP

I'll find a way.

SHARNA

I must go . . . before I am missed.

Sharna hurries across the room and leaves. Philip begins wandering, thinking, scheming. He stops in his tracks as three SLAVES appear, carrying trays of food.

Philip watches them as they quickly cross the room with bowed heads, put the food down, and start back.

PHILIP

Wait!

The slaves stop, cringing in terror. Philip strides toward them.

PHILIP

Why do you fear me?

The slaves look at him dumbly.

PHILIP

Because that is all you know . . . fear.
And so you serve . . . and obey. Do
you never wish to be free?

The slaves continue to look fearful, but something is penetrating.

PHILIP

Tell me . . . what you know of Ayesha.

The very name strikes new fear into them.

325 Continued

PHILIP

I have heard that she was strong. I suspect now that she was also cruel.

A faint glimmer of some sort of hope comes to the slaves eyes. One of them dares nod his head in agreement.

PHILIP

So cruel that fear of her cruelty has lived in you generation after generation, even in her absence. And now, soon, she will be restored in her immortality. to rule you again.

The fear strikes the slaves' hearts again.

PHILIP

I see that I'm right. You love and fear like any other people. But you are slaves. But there is still time ... to rise up and free yourselves. To enter the outside world. Killikrates alone is weak. He will not stop you. But if Ayesha enters the flame, you are all lost. If Men-Hari enters it ... the world is. I cannot make you find your freedom. This you must do yourself.

The hope begins to burn in the slaves eyes again. They look at one another ...

INT. LIBRARY NIGHT

326 Za-tor sits at table with clean parchment in front of him, but the quill pen lies idle, and he sits staring blankly.

The servant is working at a slow pace, carefully rolling and tying a scroll to file.

Za-tor comes to himself and stares around the lofty shelves.

ZA-TOR

The distilled wisdom of our race for countless generations ... and it means nothing. The lust for power, the impatience, the weakness of the unenlightened are still there.

326 Continued

SERVANT

Master . . . ?

Za-tor looks at him with sad humour.

ZA-TOR

Do you never think? Wonder? Seek knowledge?

SERVANT

I obey Killikrates . . . I fear Ayesha . . . I serve you, master.

ZA-TOR

(thoughtfully)

You fear, you serve, you obey - do you never wish to be free?

327 The Servant stares at him dumbly. He is troubled. He is not used to thinking but something is penetrating.

ZA-TOR

Today I spoke with one from the world outside. His words were few . . . but to enter his mind was like treading a new planet. I grieve because the Magi have failed.

328 Za-tor torn by indecision, stands up and paces across the library. His eye falls on the Servant, who watches him dumbly.

ZA-TOR

Listen! You know the tales of Ayesha's cruelty? They are still whispered among you. You must save yourselves.

Servant nods fearfully. Za-tor takes him by the shoulders and speaks softly but with great intensity, with all his power.

ZA-TOR

There is a world outside Kuma where you and your kind can be free from Ayesha, free from Killikrates . . . free from us. If Ayesha enters the flame you are all lost. If Men-Hari enters it - the world is. I cannot make you find your freedom. This you must do yourselves.

- 329 Servant stares, and for the first time a glimmer of spirit comes into his eyes.

PHILIP'S QUARTERS NIGHT

- 330 Philip is trying to escape. He has managed to smash up his bed and wrench a heavy iron stanchion from it.

With this stanchion he is smashing at one of the fairly slim pillars of rock which separate two of the narrow embrasures.

ZA-TOR (Voice)

Young man!

Philip spins round, sweating, ready for any violence.

- 331 Za-Tor stands within the room, and beside him is his Servant and one other. The curtains are drawn back and the opening is there.

ZA-TOR

Listen to me. I have set great mischief afoot in Kuma this day by putting the thought of freedom into the minds of these poor creatures . . .

He indicates his servants with a slight movement of his head.

ZA-TOR

Go quickly. These men will guide you.
The rest is in your own hands

The Servants move to the doorway. They are scared, but determined.

Philip follows, then pauses in the doorway and looks back at Za-Tor.

PHILIP

And you?

Za-Tor stares absently, withdrawn into his own thoughts.

ZA-TOR

I? . . . I must put my mind to a greater matter . . .

CORRIDOR NIGHT

- 332 Philip hurries along the corridor beside the two servants. They see a guard at the entrance to another corridor. The guard steps forward to question them. In silence the two servants strangle him.

332 Continued

It is all done silently and swiftly They pass through entrance down stone steps and enter maze of corridors. as seen by Ayesha on her tour

INT MAZE OF CORRIDORS

333 It is a bright moonlit night, and occasionally the moonlight is seen The servants lead Philip along the corridors.

Here and there we see Slaves in bunches. Something is happening. They are restless. The sight of Ayesha has roused them. The servants glance at Philip and indicate the Slaves.

SERVANT

The low ones they have never left this place

Philip looks around horrified

As the Servants move on, they gather to them some strong men - obviously the more intelligent. All are silent as they move along the corridors.

INT FLAME-ROOM NIGHT

334 V. P. as through the star window Between the fork of the twin peaks there now shines a bright star

CAMERA EASES BACK to show Killikrates staring out. He turns eagerly.

Carol stands staring at the blazing gem-stone

KILLIKRATES

Soon soon Ayesha!

335 A bright needle-shaft of light touches the gem-stone. It blazes even more fiercely, then is suddenly transformed into a burst of searing flame, where it blazes up with steady force

Carol and Killikrates watch, fascinated

KILLIKRATES

In a short while, the flame will burn cold. That is the moment, Ayesha. That is when its embrace will give you immortality.

INT. ENTRANCE TO KILLIKRATES CHAMBERS NIGHT

- 336 Philip and the Servants, and slaves approach. Near the door stands a life-size gold statue of SHE. The guards are disposed of.

INT. KILLIKRATES QUARTERS

- 337 They pass through the massive doors into the chamber. It is empty. Philip stares about him. He is swiftly led towards the bedchamber.

INT. TEMPLE CORRIDOR NIGHT

- 338 Sharna, angry and bewildered, is struggling against a tide of Servants and Slaves. She shouts as she tries to force her way through them, but they ignore her.

SHARNA

Men-Hari! Where is Men-Hari?

INT. BEDCHAMBER NIGHT

- 339 This is also empty, but the door to the Flame-Room stands wide. Philip passes through with some servants and slaves. The others are dealing with the guard.

INT. FLAME-ROOM NIGHT

- 340 P.O. V. The flame burns hotly. Killikrates and Carol watch. Philip and Slaves appear at the top of a flight of stairs. Killikrates and Carol are unaware of them. The noise of the flame drowns the noise of their arrival.

KILLIKRATES

(to Carol)

Not yet my love ... not till the flame burns cold. I cannot lead you through, Ayesha. When the flame embraces for a second time, it destroys. But there is nothing to fear --

PHILIP (Voice)

Carol!

Philip and slaves stand in the Flame-Room. Carol and Killikrates turn to stare at him. Killikrates is shaken by fury.

KILLIKRATES

(to slaves)

My guards shall die for this!

340 Continued

Carol is confused.

KILLIKRATES

(to slaves - pointing
to Philip)

Kill him.

The slaves are confused. They are used to orders but in their present state cannot bring themselves to kill Philip - or yet kill Killikrates.

KILLIKRATES

(thundering - in a
mad rage to Slaves)

You shall pay for this - leave this chamber -
get back to your holes - you vermin!

He draws his dagger.

The slaves too used to being dominated lose heart and cringe with fright.

They leave the chamber in confusion.

The servants hesitate and they too leave.

PHILIP

(now by Carol's side,
during the confusion)

Carol - don't you see what they've done to you.

He takes her by the shoulders.

PHILIP

You are not Ayesha - you're Carol -

Killikrates moves menacingly forward, drawing his dagger.

PHILIP

(desperately)

Carol! Don't! Don't go through the flame --

Killikrates attacks.

Philip jumps back, dodging, and the slashing blade just misses him. Philip kicks for the dagger hand. Killikrates jerks his hand clear and lunges with a slashing movement again, ripping Philip's shirt.

- 341 Carol watches, blank-faced, unmoved.
- 342 Again Killikrates strikes, again Philip jumps back, but this time he trips and falls.
- 343 Then Killikrates is upon him, a hand on his throat, dagger poised. He turns to glance towards Carol, watching.
- 344 Beyond Carol, the flame begins to change its nature.
- 345 Killikrates reacts to this and holds back his thrust.

KILLIKRATES

The moment is upon us. The flame will
soon be ready for you, Ayesha.

- 346 Carol turns to face the flame.

INT. MAGI TEMPLE NIGHT

- 347 Men-Hari stands in the middle of the pentacle, hands crossed on chest, eyes distant in profound concentration.
- 348 From a little way off, a group of the Magi watch gravely. Sharna appears, breathless, stumbling. She cries out.

SHARNA

Men-Hari! Do not let her go into the flame.
She will never let you have immortality.

MEN-HARI

Silence! I hold her mind captive. She
will do as I wish. Come - it is ready!

- 349 Sharna, in despair, follows him out.

INT. FLAME-ROOM NIGHT

- 350 Killikrates still holds Philip pinned, the knife at his throat. Both are watching Carol and the flame. Killikrates eagerly, Philip in an agony of alarm.
- 351 The flame turns cold.
- 352 Carol stands facing the cold flame, her back to them.

KILLIKRATES

Now, Ayesha! Don't be afraid!

- 353 Carol backs slowly away from the flame. She turns, her face is slowly changing, from the enigmatic expression of SHE to her own personality. She is bewildered, feels growing fear, horror.

Suddenly she sees Killikrates and Philip. She cries out.

CAROL

Philip!

- 354 Philip speaks, half strangled by Killikrates' grip, but with sudden hope.

PHILIP

Carol . . . don't . . . go through the flame.

- 355 She shakes her head dumbly, more afraid for Philip than for herself. She starts forward, then hesitates. Killikrates still holds the knife poised.

KILLIKRATES

Go through the flame, Ayesha! Go through! Quickly before the flame changes.

Killikrates looks up . . . to see:

- 356 P. O. V. Men-Hari stands within the Flame Room, Sharna just behind him.
- 357 Killikrates rises, releasing Philip. Philip struggles up.
- 358 Carol remains rooted to the spot, torn in two directions. But there is nothing Philip can physically do

KILLIKRATES

Take her, Men-Hari. Walk with her through the flame. She will be my queen. You my trusted friend.

MEN-HARI

(moving forward exultantly)
As you command, Killikrates.

Men-Hari continues his advance toward Carol.

PHILIP

You are a fool, Killikrates.

As Killikrates spins toward him savagely.

358 Continued

PHILIP (Cont)

Ayesha has never been reborn. Can't you see? Men-Hari found her in the world and brought her to you . . . but only so you would give him the key to immortality!

KILLIKRATES

You lie. Men-Hari would not deceive me!

ZA-TOR (OFF)

It is true, Killikrates.

359 C. U. Za-tor at entrance.

ZA-TOR

She is not Ayesha.

360 The idea strikes Killikrates with horror . . . and stops Men-Hari in his tracks.

MEN-HARI

Do not listen to him.

KILLIKRATES

(to Men-Hari)

Is this true?

ZA-TOR

(his voice rings out)

Killikrates you know that which I speak is always truth. He wishes for immortality to conquer the world. For this he is ready to destroy his soul.

KILLIKRATES

(heartbroken,
to Men-Hari)

Then you have betrayed me!

MEN-HARI

(raging)

He's a meddling old fool.

KILLIKRATES

I withdraw from you my blessing to enter the flame, Men-Hari.

360 Continued

MEN-HARI

Then neither will she go through!
Not willingly.

All eyes turn to Carol. She remains as before. As Ayesha.

MEN-HARI

Without me, there is no Ayesha.

Men-Hari lifts his hand.

361 C. U. Men-Hari and eyes.

362 C. U. Carol.

The chord is heard. But this time it is cut off abruptly. Carol is freed. Carol looks at the flame and about her with horror and gasps - she looks at Killikrates, then at Philip.

363 FULL SHOT

Carol runs to Philip, holding him close, full of love.

CAROL

Oh! Philip!

364 Killikrates looks at Carol and Philip ... stunned.

365

MEN-HARI

He is right. She is only a mortal woman.
But it is not too late. I can make her
Ayesha. She will enter the flame. She
will emerge as Ayesha.

366 Carol looks at him in terror. Philip holds her close.

367

KILLIKRATES

(torn, tempted)

You can still do that Men-Hari?

MEN-HARI

Yes. But only after I enter the flame -
with your blessing Killikrates.

368 No one in the room moves. Then Killikrates takes a step aside.
Men-Hari begins advancing, to move past Killikrates to the flame.

369 C. U. Killikrates - an agony of indecision.

370 Then, Killikrates steps forward again.

KILLIKRATES

No Men Hari. I see now your ambition
has made you evil. I deny you my blessing.

MEN-HARI

(blazing insanely and
turning on Za-Tor.

You fool - we could have conquered the
world - we could have made it as we wished
it. I will not wait. And you are in my way.
(he plunges his dagger
into Za-Tor who falls)

SHARNA

(from where she watches)

No Men-Hari!

But Men-Hari begins running wildly toward the flame. As he does,
Killikrates steps out . . . and plunges his dagger deep into Men-Hari -
Men-Hari looks astonished, and then crumples dead to the floor.

371 CLOSE SHOTS THE FACES

Of Philip and Carol, of Killikrates, of Sharna.

372 GROUP SHOT FEATURING KILLIKRATES

He stares down at Men-Hari's and Za-Tor's body. Then he looks
at Carol - Philip.

KILLIKRATES

There was a time when immortality seemed
the way to enchantment and happiness. Now
I yearn for death - the flame that gave me
eternal life shall now give me eternal death.

373 THE FLAME - IT IS STILL BLUE

374 KILLIKRATES WALKS INTO IT.

375 As Killikrates passes through he becomes older, wrinkled, distorted.

376 The watchers react to the sight.

377 Carol hides her face against Philip.

378 Killikrates totters on through the flame, wizened, decaying. He staggers out towards Carol with his arm outstretched to touch her, but the arm falls into dust before it reaches her - then the rest becomes dust.

379 Sharna watches awed - quietly weeps.

380 The dusty skeleton of Killikrates in charred rags lies on the floor beyond the flame, which still burns coldly.

381 Sharna watches in horror.

382 Philip watches in horror.

383 Carol watches in horror.

384 Sharna runs towards the flame.

SHARNA
(screaming)
Killikrates.

385 The flame goes red.

386 Sharna enters and is burned to death.

387 Philip and Carol horrified quickly leave, not looking back.

388 Za-Tor slowly crawls towards the flame. He looks at Men-Hari in sorrow.

ZA-TOR
(gasping)
Farewell - my son.

and turns towards the flame.

INT. CORRIDOR NIGHT

389 Philip and Carol move along. They hurry as fast as they can. Most of the lights have guttered out. A sinister atmosphere. They pass dead guards and frightened servants.

INT. FLAME ROOM

390 Za-Tor stands in front of the flame his arms raised with superhuman effort.

Sweat runs down his face. His eyes are closed.

INT. FLAME ROOM NIGHT

391 Suddenly the flame erupts in a great burst of heat, filling the whole screen.

Flames envelope Za-Tor but he remains unflinching. The charred, silent figure of Za-Tor staggers back through the spreading smoke and flame, and collapses, burning.

392 Sharna, terrified, runs for the door, but the leaping flames engulf her. The whole Flame-Room roars like a furnace.

INT. MAIN TUNNEL NIGHT

393 Here we have a mixed crowd of Servants, Slaves and Guards.

Philip and Carol are running as are they. Behind them the tunnel quakes. The walls crack. Flames spurt from the cracks, and the ground shakes.

INT. MAGI TEMPLE NIGHT

394 Smoke and flames break through the entrances. The walls crumble and collapse on the Magi and acolytes who are in prayer in the pentacle.

INT. LIBRARY NIGHT

395 Flames leap up the shelves, consuming the scrolls. The library Servant tries foolishly to beat out some small part of the flames, but is overcome. The walls fall in.

INT. MAIN TUNNEL

396 Philip and Carol are running. Behind them walls collapse and there is a wall of flame. Carol stumbles and falls. Philip picks her up and carries her.

INT. UNDERGROUND CORRIDORS

397 The flames pour through like marsh gas and slaves - men, women and children are burned to death.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO KUMA NIGHT

398 The face cracks, breaks away, falls -

399 The mountains around the precipice path begin to crumble beneath their feet. Philip still carries Carol who is hardly conscious.

400 Philip stumbles down the mountain to the precipitous path and slowly step by step, still carrying Carol, he works his way around as the earthquake behind rumbles away.

401 They reach the aperture and squeeze through into the cave. Off screen there is a loud, final thunderous noise.

INT. CAVE

402 Beneath them Philip hears the noise of the raging river. He looks back in the blackness.

403 Through Aperture P.O.V. a smoking mass of mountainous rubble - no sign of Kuma - just desolation.

INT. CAVE

404 He holds Carol tight, the earth shakes and they are thrown into the raging torrent.

405 The shock of the water revives Carol. She is bewildered. Philip holds her close. They are gasping and struggling in the torrent of water that sweeps them along. The light from the aperture recedes further and further until all is black.

INT. LARGE CAVE DAY

406 The river runs turbulently.

A broad patch of sunlight from the cave entrance slants in, and within the distorted circle of light that it throws we see Carol and Philip lying on the sandy ground in a sleep of exhaustion.

Carol stirs in the sun, opens her eyes. She props herself on an elbow and lies there for a moment as if listening -- listening for the CHORD, for strange impulses, for all the things that have torn her apart for so long past.

There is nothing, and a wave of relief and joy sweeps over her. She feels free.

She looks at Philip, leans over and kisses him on the lips. He wakes at her kiss, holds her to him and responds.

He lifts her head, looking down at him.

PHILIP

Do you feel ... all right?

406 Continued

She touches a hand to her brow, smiling down at him, and nods.

Philip looks at her with profound relief, then gets up and pulls her up gently. They move towards the entrance.

They stand in the entrance of the cave, looking out, content, unworried.

EXT. DESERT DAY

407 Their P. O. V. from the cave, showing the route they must travel.

INT. CAVE DAY

408 Philip turns Carol towards him.

He kisses her gently.

PHILIP

We've a long way to go - and it won't be
easy - but we'll get back.

CAROL

I'm ready, Philip. As long as I'm with you.

EXT. DESERT DAY

409 Carol and Philip leave the cave hand in hand. She wears the white robe with hood thrown back and her "SHE" sandals, all bent, tattered and torn. She hesitates for a moment, as if to turn.

PHILIP

Don't look back, Carol - only forward.

410 As they come closer we can see that they are content, confident, in love: the nightmare is a thing of the past.

411 Long shot as from behind them. The two figures trudge steadily on down the slight slope and towards the distant dunes.

FADE OUT

END

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