

Two for the Road

more luscious. It is printed as it was written, with the addition only of one or two locations which I never specified but which add much to the final film. The faults of the screenplay are entirely mine; it goes without saying that many of the virtues of the film itself are those of Stanley Donen, the most tactful of producers and the most intuitive of directors, and that you will, I fear, look in vain on the printed page for the magic and vitality which Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney brought to the playing of Joanna and Mark.

1. EXT. ROMNEY MARSH. DAY.

A small village on the marsh on a sunny morning. A bevy of old, black limousines with a wedding party in it is just pulling away from the gate. A white Mercedes zooms into the village and comes down through a couple of angry gear-changes to confront the departing limousines. It bumps on to the pavement and jinks past the party until it comes face to face with the newly-weds.

The couple in the Mercedes, MARK and JOANNA WALLACE, are very good to look at and radiate the confidence of success, at least at first sight. MARK has a knitted cap on his head. JOANNA wears a silk scarf floating about her ears. Her eyes look out hugely and humorously.

The two in the Mercedes sit, for a moment, face to face with the two rather pudgy young people in the hired limousine.

JOANNA (whispers sideways): They don't look very happy.

MARK: Why should they? They just got married.

The limousine CHAUFFEUR is forced to back up by MARK's cold intransigence. The Mercedes, with another fancy gear change, hurtles through the gap and is gone up towards a hump-backed bridge.

2. EXT. LYDD AIRPORT. DAY.

The Mercedes, in close shot, suddenly seems to go up a steep hill (as if it had just hit the hump-backed bridge) and then there is a bump and as we ease back we see that in fact the car is being driven up a ramp into the nose of a Channel air ferry by one of the uniformed DRIVERS. We pan round to include the airport terminal and zoom in on the v.t.v. lounge.

3. V.I.P. LOUNGE, AIRPORT. DAY.

Drinks are being placed in front of MARK and JOANNA.

OFFICIAL: We hope you enjoy your trip, Mr Wallace – and your wife.

MARK: Thanks a lot.

The OFFICIAL goes out.

MARK: Well, well! I suppose we have Maurice to thank for this. What're you doing?

She is passing her gloved hand over the top of the drinks.

JOANNA: Just trying to discover where the strings are attached. *(She lifts her glass.)* We hope you enjoy your trip, Mr Wallace – MARK *(doubtfully)*: And my wife?

JOANNA looks at him and then sips, smiling to herself.

MARK: You're entirely too suspicious about Maurice. What harm'd he ever do us?

JOANNA: He hounds us.

MARK: Hounds us?

JOANNA: He hounds us.

MARK: Nonsense.

The OFFICIAL now enters bearing a telephone on a long lead.

OFFICIAL: Monsieur Maurice Dalbret for you, Mr Wallace, from St Tropez.

JOANNA goes and whispers to the OFFICIAL, while MARK starts talking.

MARK *(to JOANNA)*: He hounds us. *(Into phone)* Maurice, I told you. Of course we could have flown direct, but we wanted a few days on our own – Joanna and me. My wife. Yes. It's too late to change – anyway I want the car down there –

Meanwhile, JOANNA, by the window, is on another phone which has been brought in by the OFFICIAL.

JOANNA *(smiling warmly, into the phone but in a slightly grand manner)*: Yes, darling, of course we will. Of course we won't! Something

lovely. Promise! And you'll take care of Grandma, won't you? Yes, and Nanny. Take care of everyone. Dad, just ...

MARK: Three days – three – nothing's going to fall down. We have to fly. *(Shouts)* Fly ... but that makes nonsense of the whole spatial concept – *(shouts)* Spatial concept! *(giving up)* It messes up the whole lousy design. I'll see you in three days.

He looks up to see JOANNA is holding out the phone to him.

MARK *(irritably)*: Yes? Now who is it?

JOANNA: Caroline.

MARK *(puzzled)*: Caroline?

JOANNA: Caroline Wallace. *(Pause)* Your daughter.

MARK: Oh Caroline! *(takes the phone)* Caroline, how's my girl? *The roar of engines drowns the rest.*

3a. EXT. RUNWAY. DAY.
The car ferry plane takes off.

4. INT. THE PLANE. DAY.

MARK *sitting with his briefcase on his knee, a few architect's drawings (rough) spread on it. He makes a note or two with a pencil.*

JOANNA *leans back against her seat and closes her eyes. The STEWARDESS comes along with cigarettes.*

STEWARDESS: Cigarettes?

MARK *shakes his head, concentrating on his papers. The STEWARDESS goes. JOANNA opens her eyes wide and studies MARK.*

JOANNA *(quietly)*: Did you pick up your passport?

He nods and goes on reading, patting his pocket for his passport as he does so. He frowns, pats more frantically. He becomes increasingly desperate.

MARK *(attempts to leap up, but is held back by his belt, which he hurriedly unfastens)*: I'm sorry. We shall have to turn back. I've left my passport. We shall have to go back – STEWARDESS: I'm sorry – are you sure?

MARK: I've got a most important conference. I have to go to and

MARK stumbles into silence as he sees JOANNA holding up the missing passport.

JOANNA (reads from it): Mark Wallace, born 1933 - occupation architect?

He makes a pressed-lips, mock-furious face at her. He sighs and takes the passport.

JOANNA: Now how about buying me some cigarettes?

We sense between them a kind of throttled intimacy: their jokes spring from their understanding of each other, but a kind of cloud prevents real warmth from getting through. MARK signals for the cigarettes, as the STEWARDESS comes back.

MARK: I'm sorry. It's just that Maurice -

JOANNA: Has managed to persuade you that it's absolutely essential that we get to St Tropez by the day before yesterday. Why you always have to be taken in -

MARK (imitating Bogart): That's my nature, sweetheart.

JOANNA lights a cigarette and rolls the cellophane of the packet between her fingers.

MARK: Look, do you want me not to work? Is that what you want?

JOANNA shrugs faintly.

MARK: We're not going on like this for the rest of our lives.

JOANNA looks away. MARK tries to work.

MARK (flies at her): I just wish you'd stop sniping.

JOANNA: I haven't said a word.

MARK: Just because you use a silencer doesn't mean you're not a sniper.

JOANNA fires at him suddenly with her fingers. He is not amused. She sighs and looks out of the window. MARK affects to go on working. JOANNA turns her wedding ring round and round on her finger. She looks down.

5. EXT. CHANNEL AND CROSS-CHANNEL STEAMER. DAY.

Top shot, JOANNA's P.O.V. The steamer cleaves through the clear, blue water.

JOANNA (over): You haven't been happy since the day we met, I know. If only you were ten years younger and you knew what you know now!

MARK: You can say that again.

6. INT. THE PLANE. DAY.

JOANNA stares full at MARK, her eyes cold with tears of anger. His image is blurred. She looks out of the window again.

7. EXT. CHANNEL STEAMER. DAY.

A grey day. MARK is leaning against the deck rail, watching the horizon slip up and down. Start on his new and heavy walking boots. He is wearing hit-the-road clothes - levis, tartan jacket-shirt, loose-knit sweater. There is a small baggage bundle over his shoulder and a camera swings from his fist. It is twelve years earlier.

The usual gangs of TOURISTS are ambling about (we notice one ENGLISHMAN striding it, military fashion, round the deck), TEACHERS in batches, CAMPERs hung with pots and pans, MAP READERS, the whole crowd. As MARK watches, the parade is joined by a group of eight English GIRLS several of them quite attractive, some not. They file through into the saloon. Next to last is JOANNA. She looks at MARK and he at her without the faintest sign of recognition and without any great evidence of magic communion.

8. INT. BAR. THE STEAMER. DAY.

The GIRLS are lined up on the bar stools having drinks, snacks, etc. We start on PAT WAINWRIGHT, a pretty, plump girl, who is itching. She twiggles and scratches.

PAT: I think it must be an allergy.

JACKIE: Scratching won't help.

JACKIE is the dark, glamorous one, the leader of the group.

BALLY: No, it's something you've eaten.

FAT: I haven't eaten anything.

JOANNA (turning a page of the magazine she's reading, not looking up): Maybe it's something you haven't eaten. Maybe it's something you need.

FAT: It's possible, I suppose.

PAT looks up and meets MARK's unblinking stare. She blushes. She looks at JACKIE. MARK is sitting on the far side of the bar.

There is a showcase of sandwiches between him and the GIRLS. MARK (to the BARMAN): And I'll have one of those.

He is sipping a beer, but gestures to the sandwich case. The BARMAN taps with the plastic tongs - this or this or this?

MARK: Any one'll do. I'm not particular.

The GIRLS are on to the double meaning and giggle slightly to each other. JOANNA continues to read Music & Musicians. The hooter goes.

9. INT. THE STEAMER. DAY.

The usual stampede to be first off. MARK comes sidling through with his light bag, tough and independent. He stops near where the GIRLS are. PASSENGERS are getting out their passports. MARK pats his pocket confidently. He frowns. He pats another pocket. He looks on the floor. He bends and starts to crawl between legs. The crowd begins to move forward. MARK rises and tries to prevent them.

MARK: Excuse me, but I wonder if by any chance, someone's picked up the wrong passport. If you wouldn't mind -

They brush past him impatiently. He plunges about wildly.

OFFICER: Look in your bag, sir.

MARK: I know it isn't in my bag. Someone's obviously taken it -

OFFICER: I doubt that, sir. Try -

MARK (furious): You know what a passport's worth on the black market? A valid Royal Britannic Majestic passport? On the black market in Naples? A hundred pounds. At least.

OFFICER: This is France.

MARK: I don't have the latest figures for France. I can myself stuck on this boat for the rest of my life going backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards -

OFFICER: I can't see that happening.

MARK: I can see it happening. I can see it happening very easily. What do you think you're doing?

He has spotted JOANNA feeling in the pocket flap of his bag which he has left, in his frenzy, on the floor. Most of the PASSENGERS have now leaked off, but the last remnants, including several of the GIRLS, are still jostling down the narrow stairs.

MARK: You leave something for two seconds and -

JOANNA silences him by holding up the missing passport.

MARK (takes the passport with consummate grudgingness): Thank you.

JOANNA: You're welcome.

MARK (unamused): Hal

JOANNA turns to go. MARK snatches up his bag, which JOANNA has not refastened. His strap pulls out and all his stuff goes rolling down the stairs. He scrambles after it and stuffs it all into his sack, his back to us. He straightens up and we see (still from behind) him pat his pockets again with increasing desperation. In panic, he turns and there is the passport gripped firmly between his teeth. The OFFICER is watching him. MARK makes to speak - realizes where his passport is and, with a sheepish show of individuality, goes on his way.

10. INT. QUAY. CUSTOMS SHED. DAY.

A British passport bearing the name MARK WALLACE is stamped by a French OFFICIAL. It is removed and a passport bearing the name Mrs JOANNA WALLACE is stamped. JOANNA is now included as she takes the passport. It is five years later. Behind JOANNA in the background we see an antique folding-topped M.G.

10a. EXT. QUAY. DAY.

They go to the car. MARK gets in and starts the engine.

MARK: I've got your breath. We've got a long way to go.

He waves out the clutch. The car doesn't move. It stalls. MARK can't start it again.

MARK: What we need is a small push.

They look at each other. JOANNA smiles. She stops smiling. She gets out and pushes. MARK rears importantly. The OFFICIAL watches. JOANNA looks at him appealingly, but he is carefully combing his bald head. The car catches and leaps forward with a jerk, almost flattening JOANNA on her face behind it. The car moves forward smartly out of the shed.

JOANNA scampers after the car.

JOANNA: Oyl

MARK makes a circle round the area and returns.

JOANNA (climbs aboard): Remember me? Joanna?

MARK looks worried; signals her to be quiet.

JOANNA: What's the matter?

MARK: That donk. Hear it?

JOANNA: Donk? What kind of donk?

MARK: A medium-sized slightly unhealthy donk. A donk.

JOANNA: I can't hear anything. All I care about is, I've got you to myself for two whole weeks. Donk or no donk.

MARK: Hell, I'm not away much.

JOANNA: You're not away much at all. You're just away too much.

They have made another trial circuit. MARK nods at JOANNA, it's all right. He waves to the bald OFFICIAL and away they go.

11. EXT. THE ROAD (MERCEDES). DAY.

We have cut as the M.G. changes gear and now the Mercedes charges away. MARK and JOANNA fasten their seat belts.

MARK: My father's almost completely bald.

JOANNA: He's older than you.

MARK: That's true. But I'm catching up. So is Hal Van Benius. Bald.

JOANNA: Who cares about Hal Van Benius? You're related. MARK: I don't like the idea of working with a man whose mind me of - *(examines his hairline anxiously in the mirror)* - the inevitable.

JOANNA: The inevitable may never happen.

MARK: Of course it'll happen if it's inevitable. It'll happen. It's inevitable.

JOANNA makes a face. *How can you argue?*

MARK: Anyway, you don't want to go, do you?

JOANNA: Go bald?

MARK (unamused): Hal Go to the States. *(Explains impatiently)* If I work with Hal on this project, it means at least two years in the States.

JOANNA: Goody. *(Looks at his suspicious face)* Not goody?

MARK: You don't really want to go.

JOANNA: Look, if you want to go to the States, I want to go to the States. If you don't want to go to the States - *(thinks)* - I want to go to the States. Let's go to the States!

MARK: We can't go to the States. I haven't been offered the commission yet. How can we go to the States?

JOANNA looks at him thoughtfully. *She screams.*

12. EXT. FERRY QUAY. FRANCE. DAY.

MARK at first sight seems to be hitch-hiking along the open road.

JOANNA (over this): You were just a happy barefoot boy before you met me, weren't you? Swinging along without a care in the world!

It looks like it, until he winces and bends to ease his boot, blowing out his cheeks with exhaustion, as if he has walked a hundred miles. We now ease back, as he removes his boot, to disclose that he is still directly underneath the ferryboat. He has walked a hundred yards. He puts his boot on a stack of crates and rests his foot on a bollard. Cars go by, to which he waves a hopeful thumb. They ignore him. The last is a Mini-bus with all the GIRLS in it, PAT WAINWRIGHT at the wheel. The GIRLS look tempting, but prove unhelpful.

JOANNA (*over this*): You didn't want anything from anyone, did you?

MARK (*over*): Nothing permanent.

12a. INT. MERCEDES. DAY.

JOANNA: Thanks.

12b. RESUME MARK.

He dreams for a moment of the Girls and then reaches for his boot. He looks. The stack of crates has gone. He looks round. He looks up. The whole bundle of crates is swinging high above his head. He raises a protesting yell and the boot falls off the top of the crates and he catches it out of sheer surprise.

MARK: Thanks.

13. EXT. THE M.G. THE ROAD. DAY.

JOANNA is driving. A broad smile on her face.

JOANNA (*over, half-humorously*): When did it all start to go wrong? When did we have our first — you know —

MARK (*over*): Our first you know —

JOANNA (*over*): Was it in the M.G.? (*Pause*) Our first — bust up.

MARK (*over*): I thought we were quite happy in the M.G.

JOANNA (*over*): I thought we were quite happy in the M.G.

Voice over ends.

13a. EXT. M.G. DAY.

JOANNA: This is what I call real independence, don't you?

MARK: I can still hear that damned donk. Hear that? Donk — donk —

JOANNA (*blithely*): It's in the engine.

MARK: Right!

13b. THE M.G. DRIVES ON TO A FERRY BOAT.

A broad placid river in mid-France with poplars growing, and reflected Sisley-style in the water. The ferry boat goes in an unhurried fashion across. An impression of all the time in the world.

13c. EXT. M.G. DAY.

JOANNA (*deep breath*): Do you realize that this is the first afternoon I've spent in natural light for over a year? By the time I get home from work, it's pitch black.

MARK: Originally, you said you liked basements.

JOANNA: Originally I liked basements.

MARK: I think we were damn lucky to get the place frankly.

JOANNA: Look, I think we were damn lucky to get the place frankly. And I think one day we'll be damn lucky to get out of it frankly.

He shakes his head and puts his arm round her.

MARK: If you want to live in one half of a suburban shoebox like your parents do, you married the wrong man.

JOANNA: I don't want to live in one half of a suburban shoebox —

She kisses him.

JOANNA: — and I married the wrong man.

13d. INT. THE MERCEDES. DAY.

MARK: Do you want a divorce?

There is a sudden change in temperature. MARK changes expression. JOANNA looks irritated.

MARK: Why do we keep on with this farce? Is it bloody worth it? Is it?

JOANNA (*yells at him*): No, it isn't!

MARK: It was your idea. You wanted it.

JOANNA: And I've got it! (*Pause*) Yes — it is worth it. Sometimes.

He smiles at her. She loves him.

JOANNA: Only not now.

He stops smiling. She doesn't love him.

MARK: I really don't know what you ever saw in me in the first place.

JOANNA: I really can't remember. (*Pause — looks at him*) You had hair in those days, of course.

MARK looks in the driving mirror in some alarm. He gives
JOANNA a jaundiced look. She smiles blandly.

MARK: See you.

JOANNA's smile vanishes.

13c. THE M.G. DRIVES OFF THE FERRY DOAT.

13c. INT. M.G. DAY.

MARK: Look - if you want big houses and fast cars and hot and cold running servants -

JOANNA: Who wants that?

MARK: I know what you want. You want big houses and fast cars -

JOANNA: You're right - there is a donk.

MARK: There is? I thought there was.

He cocks his head.

JOANNA: Definitely. (Taps his head) In there. Donk, donk, donk. There's something loose. No question.

MARK: If there is, you've loosened it.

A donk from the engine.

MARK: Joanna, keep out of the lower gears.

JOANNA: You keep out of the lower gears.

She takes her hands off the wheel and offers him the driving seat.

MARK: Joanna - you -

JOANNA: Go on!

She climbs across him and he takes over the controls just in time.

MARK: You're crazy.

The M.G. goes away from us with MARK shaking his head at

JOANNA who smiles brightly at him and leans back, tipping her seat so that she almost falls into the back.

MARK: See? No donk, if you're careful.

MARK (over): I don't think we had any kind of real you know in the M.G. Bust up.

Suddenly there is a terrible clank and the M.G., which has been accelerating away, slows and lurches into the side of the road. JOANNA tries to keep a straight face as MARK glares at the way she's driven. They stare at each other.

MARK (quite amiable ferocity): Oh, shut up ...

14. EXT. THE ROAD. THE M.G. DAY.

A car flashes by and a pair of legs hurriedly retract under the beached M.G.

MARK is underneath and it is very dark. We dimly see his black face and the dripping, oily underbelly of the M.G.

MARK: I hate this - can't see a - oil in my eye now - I could happily -

JOANNA (calls): How is it down there?

MARK: Pitch black. This stinking exhaust pipe is so rusty I could - if I could just see -

Cut to JOANNA, sitting calmly in the front seat peeling hard-boiled eggs.

JOANNA: It is difficult trying to do things in the dark, isn't it?

MARK's head comes out.

MARK: We can not afford a new flat.

A car hoots. The head goes in. And comes out again.

MARK: On the present budget we can't even afford a new exhaust pipe.

JOANNA: You really ought to try avoiding the lower gears.

MARK: Why don't you put a very British sock in it?

He looks up at JOANNA's smiling face.

JOANNA: Why don't you put a hard-boiled egg in it?

She pops it into his mouth. He disappears. There is a grinding noise.

MARK (calls): That's fixed it.

He comes out from under.

JOANNA: Do mean (brightly) that's fixed it? Or (gloomily) that's fixed it?
MARK (getting into the car): Ask me in an hour's time.

15. EXT. ROAD. DAY.

MARK, the student, is sitting in the back of a tractor-pulled farm cart loaded with turnips. The DRIVER sits ahead, hugely inflated in wind-filled oilskins.

The Mini-bus comes sweeping past them (the GIRLS have had lunch along the way) and the heads all turn and smile at MARK.

PAT WAINWRIGHT takes her eye off the road and it is for a second too long. The Mini-bus goes into a long, dramatic skid and slithers into the ditch.

It is not serious — as we see from MARK's P.O.V. as the tractor comes level and the GIRLS spill out. The tractor DRIVER, on a wink from MARK, drives straight past.

The GIRLS call 'oy' and beg for help with hand signals.

MARK looks down on them superbly. He's not helping. The GIRLS look beseechingly. He's helping. He winks at the DRIVER.

16. EXT. THE SAME. DAY.

The Mini-bus comes jerking out of the ditch, with MARK at the wheel — a tow rope connects him with the tractor. The Mini-bus gains the road with its engine running, none the worse. The GIRLS scamper into it out of the wet, avoiding passing cars.

17. EXT. THE MINI-BUS. THE ROAD. DAY.

The bus with MARK at the wheel moving briskly along. The mouths of the GIRLS can be seen moving in unison — though no sound is heard. MARK looks quizzical.

18. INT. THE MINI-BUS. DAY.

The GIRLS are singing their heads off. Back. They are a choir.

PAT WAINWRIGHT is sitting near MARK, breathing song down his neck.

The Cantata ends. PAT sighs and wriggles.

JACKIE: What's wrong with you?

PAT: Nothing. Everything. I don't think travel agrees with me.

She scratches vigorously.

JACKIE: I hope it isn't measles.

She and MARK exchange warm smiles.

PAT: I've had measles, clever. No, it must be something else —

MARK smiles and then has to brake hurriedly.

19. EXT. ENTRANCE TO FARMYARD. DAY.

A clutch of chickens has strayed on to the road. The faces of the Mini-bus occupants stare down at them. MARK looks at the chickens and then at PAT. The chickens cluck. PAT's face goes pink with horror. She begins to scratch convulsively.

20. INT. CLINIC. ABBEVILLE. NIGHT.

PAT standing there. And another GIRL. And a third GIRL. All very long-faced. And spotty.

DOCTOR'S voice: Chickenpox. No question.

21. INT. SMALL HOTEL. ABBEVILLE. NIGHT.

JACKIE: That's messed everything up. But completely.

Five of the GIRLS and MARK are having a rather sketchy supper, with a soup tureen as the centre-piece.

MARK: Messed what up but completely? I mean ... what're you on exactly?

JACKIE: We're supposed to be going on holiday together and then on to the Music Festival at Menton. Middle of the month. What we do now, I don't know.

SALLY: Golly, nor do I.

She scratches her head ruefully. She scratches her ear. She scratches.

SALLY: Oh no!

JACKIE: And then there were four.

MARK: *... she are isolated in a tight two-shot.*

JACKIE: Only one thing to do, I s'pose, and that's see who's left in the morning.

MARK: Good plan.

22. INT. LOBBY. SAME HOTEL. DAY.

MARK comes down the narrow stairs and looks across the room. There, with an expression which can only be called frankly triumphant, sits JACKIE, alone.

MARK: Well, well, well.

JACKIE: How are you this morning?

MARK: I'm very well. How are you?

JACKIE: Very well indeed.

MARK: And - um - the others?

JACKIE (grins): I'm afraid it's been a night full of casualties.

MARK: I am sorry.

JACKIE: I think we should leave them the Mini-bus and press on. Does that appeal to you?

MARK: How can you be so callous? When do we leave?

MARK has sat down and now raises his coffee cup to JACKIE.

JOANNA (answers his question O.S.): Whenever you're ready!

MARK and JACKIE turn to see a radiant JOANNA approaching them.

JACKIE: Joanna, I thought you'd gone to the doctor!

JOANNA: I drove the others. There's nothing wrong with me.

MARK: Are you positive?

JACKIE: That feeling can be very deceptive.

MARK: Right. The calm before the spots.

JOANNA: I had chickenpox when I was twelve. Look.

She points to a tiny pit in her forehead.

JOANNA: I scratched.

She grins at both of them.

JACKIE: We're not taking the bus. We're leaving that for the others. When they're better. We thought we'd hitch -

JOANNA: I love hitch-hiking! (She smiles happily) I won't in the way, will I?

MARK: What gave you that idea?

He and JACKIE watch JOANNA bleakly as JOANNA skips over to the map on the wall.

JOANNA: Where do you think we'll get to by tonight?

She points well down the map, almost as far as Lyon, and turns questioning to MARK. He goes and points somewhere still north of Paris.

JOANNA: Oh we can do much better than that, can't we Jacqueline?

MARK: Can we, Jacqueline?

But JACKIE is not attending. She is trying to reach an irritating place which is itching between her shoulder blades. The other two turn and watch with interest her extravagant contortions. She stops and looks at them with sudden realization. She straightens up and attempts to look casual.

JOANNA: JACKIE! (She clucks like a chicken) Puck-puck-puck-poo!

JACKIE raises two fingers to her temples and mock shoots herself through the head.

23. EXT. ROAD NEAR AQUEDUCT. COUNTRY. DAY.

JOANNA hiking happily along, eyes everywhere. MARK stumbles moodily behind her. JOANNA sees some lambs in the fields and points them out to MARK. He nods unenthusiastically.

JOANNA: Lambs!

MARK: I guessed.

JOANNA: Aren't they sweet?

He nods. They walk on.

JOANNA: Isn't it a shame about Jacqueline?

MARK: Isn't it?

They march on.

JOANNA: I expect you'd have preferred it if I'd been the one who got chicken.

A gob-pause.

They hitch a passing lorry without success. MARK makes a face.

JOANNA: You don't have to stay with me, you know.

MARK (*imitating Bogart*): Sweetheart, let's get this quite straight. I have no intention whatever of staying with you. I don't know what your plans are, but I have a schedule. I am not - whatever you may be - on holiday.

JOANNA: I understand.

MARK: I'm in Europe strictly for the buildings. Anything else is entirely by the way. I don't have a minute to waste.

JOANNA nods like a rebuked younger sister. They walk on.

MARK: My time is organized.

JOANNA: You have a schedule.

MARK: But a tight schedule.

She nods again. She looks at him. She walks on. She looks.

JOANNA: Did you pick up your passport when you left the hotel this morning?

MARK stops as if shot. He starts the patting routine. JOANNA walks on. MARK runs across the road and gesticulates madly in front of the oncoming saloon, which stops reluctantly. MARK scrambles in, yelling incoherently.

MARK's P.O.V. He hears a shout -

JOANNA: Mark -

And sees her holding up the missing passport. He is already in the car, looking out through the back window. The DRIVER starts moving, but MARK is already opening the far door and scrambling out. The car moves off with both back doors open.

He dives across the road and reaches JOANNA, furious. He snatches the passport from her hand. Her look is irresistible. He begins to see the humour and can't hold on any longer.

MARK: If there's one thing I really despise, it's an unpensable woman.

He smiles and starts walking along really with her, looking out a roof on a barn and, as they go from us, making some comment on its structure.

24. EXT. SENLIS CATHEDRAL. DAY.

MARK photographing the great tympanum. He shoots first from one angle and then from another. Carefully. Accurately.

MARK (*over this*): No one knows the names of the men who made it.

She is standing looking up at it. He keeps shooting.

MARK: To make something as exquisite as this and not want to leave your stupid name all over it -

JOANNA: Would you want to?

MARK: All you hear nowadays is about people making names. Not things.

He lifts the camera for another shot. JOANNA has wandered over so that she is right in line for the picture. She assumes he's seen where she is and smiles, supposing he wants her picture. MARK frowns and gestures her to a place to one side. She goes there and arranges herself - thinking this is where he wants to shoot her. But when he clicks the camera, it is pointing at where she was before, at a leering gargyle. He turns to her and lowers the camera.

MARK: Oh! I'm sorry! Did you want me to take your picture?

JOANNA: No, no, no, no.

MARK (*busily packing up*): Only this is a three-dimensional camera. It's really for taking three-dimensional subjects.

JOANNA: I'm three-dimensional as a matter of fact.

MARK (*fastening the case*): It's basically for buildings.

JOANNA: Oh well, I'm not a building!

25. EXT. STREET. MARKET. SENLIS. DAY.

JOANNA and MARK appear at the head of the street. JOANNA looks

terribly excited and they come down towards the rows of stalls brilliant with fresh vegetables, flowers, etc. We track with them until we lose them behind a stall. We track on quickly and pick them up coming out of the bottom of the street, their arms full of little paper bags and both of them armed with 'baguettes', the slim, long, crisp bread that's best for picnics.

JOANNA: We won't have to waste a minute stopping for lunch! She breaks off a piece of bread and hands it to him, with a tomato. A small van hoots them from behind. They part to let it through and hitch it as they do so.

26. EXT. THE VAN. COUNTRY. DAY.

JOANNA and MARK crouch in the open back of the van among a mass of scaffolding shacks. MARK puts the tomato in his mouth and offers JOANNA a piece of cheese from one of his bags.

MARK: The trouble with American women is, they want to label you. Put you in a pigeon-hole. What they don't realize is, the only thing that really fits in a pigeon-hole is a pigeon.

27. EXT. THE ROAD. DAY.

JOANNA puts the cheese in her mouth. But we pull back to disclose that they are now hiking along the main road again. The little van turns up a lane towards a building site. The dialogue and the 'picnic action' continue throughout this sequence without allowing for the breaks in scenic background.

MARK: Marriage is all they ever think about. I have no intention of marrying for at least forty years.

JOANNA hands him an apple from one of her bags. He looks at it suspiciously. She thumbs an approaching vehicle ...

28. INT. FURNITURE LORRY. DAY.

MARK bites into the apple.

MARK: Not that I have anything against sex.

JOANNA looks at him. They are sitting opposite each other in comfortable armchairs, with a standard lamp at MARK's elbow and a birdcage in the background.

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MARK: It's contracts I don't go for. Promises of long service and good conduct. Are you a virgin?

JOANNA: I -

MARK: Thought you were. I have a built-in virgin-detector.

JOANNA: Congratulations.

MARK: I was two years at the University of Chicago.

JOANNA: Studying virgin-detection?

He hands her a salami sandwich.

MARK: Only at night school.

29. INT. CITROEN (2 CV). DAY.

JOANNA bites into the salami sandwich and we ease back to show that they are now crushed together in the back of the tiny car which is seesawing uphill in the classic deux chevaux style, driven by a large, beret-wearing PEASANT.

MARK: Architecture during the day. You know, I always thought American women would be different. I thought America had broken through the inhibitions barrier, and it was all one long sex-fest.

JOANNA: No?

MARK: But no, but no. The nicely brought up American girl may play it cool and modern, but what she wants is what her grandmother wanted -

JOANNA produces a banana and offers it to MARK.

30. EXT. ROADSIDE. DAY.

The banana skin slung into the ditch.

MARK (over): Your head stuffed and mounted on the living-room wall!

MARK and JOANNA are hitching along the roadside again.

MARK: And if you don't want it that way, take your loving self elsewhere - I'm speaking quite generally, of course.

JOANNA: Of course. Who was she?

MARK: Whaddya mean?

He grins and hands her a peach.

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31. INT. CAFE. AN ANT ARTICULATED LORRY. DAY.
JOANNA bites the back of the lorry.

MARK: Her name is Cathy Scligman, if you must know.

JOANNA offers the DRIVER some grapes off the bunch. He smiles at her agreeably and takes some.

The lorry has eased away from us somewhat and the cab slides forward out of shot.

32. EXT. THE ROAD. DAY.

The articulated lorry moves forward to clear the frame.

MARK (o.s.): Selfish, grasping, Philistine, materialistic, stubborn, opinionated - I was crazy about her.

The lorry clears the frame and we pick up the car which appears to follow it (without a cut). It is a Ford station wagon with four ADULTS and a CHILD in it. Tags hang from the luggage on the roof.

32a. EXT. THE NAME HOWARD MAXWELL MANCHESTER IS ON THEM.

CATHY is looking out of the window.

MARK (as we hold on CATHY): Mrs Howard Maxwell Manchester, no less. Luckily for you, you'll never be called upon to spend too much time in her company.

CATHY is very pretty and doesn't look quite as vampirish as MARK's young tongue suggested. It is some three years later and the MANGUESTERS and the WALLAGES are making a joint expedition, as we shall shortly see.

33. INT. THE FORD. DAY.

Roars of laughter! Such a happy party!

MARK: I always thought you two ought to meet.

CATHY: There's only one drawback, Howard said, we'll have to go to Greece! Remember saying that, Howie?

HOWARD: Yes.

There is a fly buzzing on the windscreen and CATHY has it flapping at it ineffectually. HOWARD's hand comes into shot with an aerosol spray in it. Fwwhoosh! End of fly.

CATHY: Drawback! Of course I absolutely slipped!

MARK and JOANNA are sitting in the back, with luggage, a cot, other stuff all piled in the compartment behind them. RUTH's toy box keeps slipping off into the back of MARK's neck.

CATHY: Naturally the first thing we thought of landing in England, was getting in touch with you. Mind you, I never thought you newly-weds (MARK winces) would want to travel with us ancients!

MARK (big joke): We don't care who we go with, Cathy, frankly.

CATHY: I'd guessed that!

A pair of legs comes up between CATHY and HOWARD. RUTH is coming up from the floor where her two teddy bears and three dolls are having a party.

RUTH: Mommy, do snakes have nipples?

CATHY: No, Ruthie, they don't. Do they, Howie?

HOWARD: No. They don't.

CATHY: Ruthie is hooked on nature. It's so wonderful you two kids were free to come with us. I just know we're all going to be terribly terrific friends!

She leans over and smiles very warmly at both MARK and JOANNA.

CATHY: Of course, Joanna, you know Mark used to be my favourite beau.

MARK: Second favourite.

CATHY: Favourite favourite. That was before you came on the scenario, Howie.

HOWARD: Of course.

RUTH: Why don't they?

HOWARD: Why don't who what?

RUTH: Snakes have nipples.

HOWARD: Because they lay eggs. Cathy, did we pack the anti-snake serum?

CATHY: Mar 10 you remember David Lewinsolm? He's turned into a fine physician in New York City. And he gave Howard a course in how to treat snake-bite. How to inject serum subcutaneously and all that. We've invested over sixty dollars in anti-snake equipment.

MARK: Wow! I sure hope someone gets bitten.

The speedometer turns to another mile.

HOWARD *brakes sharply and the travelling cot bumps MARK sharply on the head. HOWARD looks at his watch, then at the distance gauge.*

HOWARD: That's my hundred exactly. Now let me see --

He takes out a notebook from the glove compartment. MARK rubs his head.

HOWARD: Mark, it's you to drive -- and -- oh, we change places, that's all there is to it.

33a. EXT. ROAD. DAY.

He gets out of the car and MARK and he change places, MARK to drive. The car starts off again.

33b. INT. FORD. DAY.

RUTH: I'm hungry.

JOANNA: I think Howard's wonderful the way he organizes everything.

CATHY: He's not an efficiency consultant for nothing, are you, sweetness?

MARK: If he were, he wouldn't be married to you, honey.

CATHY: Still a cat, Wallace, aren't you? Grrrr!

RUTH: I'm hungry!

HOWARD *(looks at watch)*: We stop for lunch in exactly -- nineteen and a half minutes. Pass me the guide book, sugar.

RUTH: I want to eat something now!

RUTH is three and a half and a very expressive child.

CATHY has opened the second compartment and revealed a shelf of guide books. She hands the Michelin to HOWARD.

CATHY: If you want to ruin your lunch, Ruthiebelles, you *She presses a button and a miniature larder is opened to our Fruit, biscuits, cheese, etc.*

HOWARD: We believe in leaving things to Ruthie's own free decision.

RUTH *(to MARK)*: Does that key make the car go?

MARK: Sort of.

RUTH eyes the ignition. MARK eyes RUTH. RUTH looks at him very long and hard and then turns and pinches her mother with ferocity.

CATHY: Ruthie, that hurt Mommy! Howie, did you see that? She pinched me.

HOWARD: She probably thinks you're excluding her, honey-bunch. She needs reassuring.

CATHY: If she does it again, I'm going to need hospitalization.

RUTH starts to scream.

HOWARD: Well, we're covered. *(To JOANNA)* Have you ever been in analysis?

JOANNA: Not

HOWARD: It can be very worthwhile.

JOANNA *(seeing RUTH at CATHY again)*: Would you like me to tell you a story, Ruth?

RUTH nods and starts to climb over on to the back seat to JOANNA.

CATHY smiles at MARK rather intimately.

CATHY: Well, well, well. Quite like old times, Mr Wallace!

34. EXT. RESTAURANT. DAY.

The Ford comes into the car-park and stops, with rather a jolt. The luggage falls forward inside on to HOWARD and JOANNA.

MARK gets out and opens HOWARD's door. A ball rolls out, some blankets, stuff like that. And HOWARD.

HOWARD: I see what you mean about readjusting the luggage, Marcus.

MARK: *Th* You might, Howie.

The car parked in bright sunlight.

CATHY (*getting out*): Wow, that's a sun now!

HOWARD: Getting way down south, honah!

He starts adjusting ropes - lugging things out of the back.

RUTH: I'm hungry!

Speeded-up action: they all immediately restore luggage inside, shut doors, lock the car, pick up RUTH and scamper into the restaurant.

35. INT. THE RESTAURANT. DAY.

Speeded-up action continued: a table is laid, cushions are brought, food is ordered, water is poured, waiters dash back and forth, napkins are adjusted, food is brought and served.

The action returns to normal speed as CATHY puts food in a spoon for RUTH and gives it to her.

RUTH: I don't want anything to eat.

HOWARD: I think maybe she's going to be a little late fixating. She felt we hurried her. Let's all relax. Marcus - I've been meaning to say about expenses. I think I've come up with a formula. If you're agreeable, we'll call Ruthie a half, in which event we can most efficaciously divide everything into nine parts, and split them in the ratio of five to four.

During this RUTH ostentatiously refuses to eat, pressing her lips together. The rest of them eat guiltily.

36. EXT. THE ROAD. DAY.

The M.G. bounces past the restaurant going very well.

MARK: I (*smiles*) fixed it!

JOANNA smiles at him. She looks at the restaurant where the Ford turned in and makes a face.

MARK: I once ate with some friends there.

JOANNA (*innocently*): Oh, really? I must say, it's nice to own our own wheels, don't you think?

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MARK: I do think. (*Listens for donk*) I think I think.

37. INT. THE RESTAURANT. DAY.

The bill has been brought and HOWARD is doing the necessary division. RUTH still sits there. She snatches the pencil out of HOWARD's hand and starts to draw on the tablecloth. CATHY goes to stop her, but HOWARD signals her to leave RUTH to it. He takes a pen from his pocket and goes on working.

HOWARD: I think that's the final breakdown on the morning's figures, Marcus, if you'd care to check.

MARK: I believe you.

HOWARD: Well, shall we go?

They get up. HOWARD starts apologetically bribing the WAITER over the tablecloth. RUTHIE has drawn a house on it.

RUTH: You don't like my house, do you?

MARK: It's very handsome. Split level. Market at about twenty-five thousand. I like it a lot.

CATHY: It's beautiful, Ruthiebel! Come on, sweetheart.

They get up to go.

RUTH: I want to take my house with me.

HOWARD: She's feeling insecure. Very natural.

CATHY: Come on, sweetness.

RUTH: I WANT TO TAKE MY HOUSE WITH ME!

She gives the tablecloth a great pull; the wine spills, the water spills and runs in a great river on to JOANNA's lap as she gets up. JOANNA, infuriated, slaps the child's hand almost before she knows what she's done. There is a stunned silence. HOWARD rubs his neck. He consults the ceiling. He controls himself.

RUTH: I WANT IT!

CATHY: Ruthie, this time I have to say no. And I mean no. Now no.

38. EXT. THE RESTAURANT. DAY.

They come out. RUTH is trailing the tablecloth.

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HOWARD: a very reassuring at times to retain a certain flexibility attitude.

JOANNA *walks out alone. HOWARD is with RUTH (the last line being addressed to CATHY over his shoulder). CATHY is with MARK.*

CATHY: Howard has a tremendously mature quality, Marcus, that's what I love about him. He has quiet assurance. Don't you think he has quiet assurance?
MARK: Very quiet assurance.

HOWARD *has reached the car and unlocks the door. The handle is hot. The car has stood in the mid-day sun for far too long.*

CATHY: He's the husband type. You were always the lover type. I guess basically you still are -
MARK: Joanna and I have been married for two years.
CATHY: But your relationship is basically volatile. Anyone can see that.

HOWARD *is busy reloading the car, altering the position of the cases on the roof. He puts the cot right on top now and readjusts the ropes. JOANNA helps, dutifully. RUTH plays in the dust.*

HOWARD: Joanna, I don't want you to feel badly about what happened just now.

JOANNA (*forgiving*): Oh it doesn't matter!

HOWARD: I think it does matter, Joanna. Would you mind?

He dumps a large suitcase in her arms.

HOWARD: You resent Ruth, don't you, Joanna?

JOANNA: Listen, a little spilt wine -

HOWARD: You misunderstand me. You resent her because she represents the child you want to have.

JOANNA *looks at RUTH, busy pulling at one of the rubber straps, stretching it further and further.*

HOWARD: Ruthie, may I have that now, honey?

RUTH *lets go as her father turns and the rubber strap springs back and catches him on the head.*

39. INT. THE CAR. DAY.

HOWARD *has finished rubbing his head and arranging the luggage.*
HOWARD: Everybody in! We're seventeen minutes behind schedule. Mark, you have fifty-three kilometres still to run. O.K.?

They start to get into the car. The seats are very hot.

RUTH: It's hot.

CATHY: Sweetheart, I hate to say it but we should've left the car under the sun-shelter, Howie.

HOWARD: I know, sugarcubush.

They go through the usual pantomime of people sitting in a hot car. When MARK takes the wheel it almost sears his hands off.

HOWARD: Let's move it, Marcus, eh?

MARK *starts the car and steers it - one hand then the other - out into the road.*

39a. INT. MOVING FORD. DAY.

RUTH: Mommy.

CATHY: What is it, candyface?

RUTH: I'm hungry.

39b. EXT. THE ROAD. DAY.

The M.G. rolling along. A lyrical feeling to the drive. They are both very happy. JOANNA has on MARK's motoring jacket and is deep in it with a knitted cap on her head, sitting close to MARK. They speak with long pauses: in no hurry.

MARK: Better look for a camping ground soon.

JOANNA: Mmmm.

MARK: I don't know about you, but I've got an appetite.

JOANNA: So've I.

MARK: Yes?

JOANNA: Mmm. And I'm hungry as well.

He looks down at her and kisses her. She comes even closer to him.

MARK: A few more miles - all right?

She nods. . . y have come to a sharpish corner. MARK works on the wheel, but there is no response. The M.G. cruises serenely over the verge, through a half-open gate, down a dusty path to the edge of a small, beautiful river, through a bush or two and stops among the willows and reeds.

JOANNA (*she has closed her eyes but now opens them*): Changed your mind?

MARK: Ycs.

Near by, on the far side of the river, a few sheep are grazing. They bleat gently. MARK and JOANNA exchange looks.

40. EXT. THE ROAD. DAY.

MARK and JOANNA, on foot, finishing their hitch-hike picnic. Their hitching luck has changed and they are finding it hard going. MARK screws up one of the remaining picnic bags and throws it furiously after a departing car. He sits down and eases his boot. JOANNA contemplates him patiently.

MARK: Oh it's all very funny, isn't it? But I happen to have a schedule. The trouble is there's two of us. That's the basis of the whole trouble.

JOANNA *nods slowly.*

Another car flashes past.

MARK (*rages again*): If I ever have a car, I'm never going to pass up a single hitch-hiker as long as I live.

A white Mercedes flashes past, cutting off the roadside figures from our view for a moment. When they come into clear shot again, we see that they are now a pair of German STUDENTS with ponderous rucksacks, encouraging flags and innocent faces. They watch balefully as the Mercedes flashes away.

41. EXT. THE MERCEDES. ROAD. DAY.

MARK's expression is of amused contempt as they fizz past.

JOANNA: Must we dice with death?

They have been cutting in and out. MARK now brakes sharp. Freeze frame: MARK and JOANNA frozen with their faces rigid against the windscreen.

41a. EXT. ROAD & MERCEDES. DAY.

Action restarts: the Mercedes in the shadow of a large, peaceful wood.

JOANNA (*easing back from windscreen*): Since when does this car have only two speeds - a hundred and ten miles an hour and stop?

MARK: I'll tell you what. You drive.

JOANNA (*opens her door*): I'll tell you what. I'll walk.

She gets out of the car. MARK comes up level with her.

MARK: O.K. Walk. (*He speaks coaxingly.*) Come on, Jo. Don't be silly.

JOANNA: You'd have been much better off on your own, wouldn't you?

MARK: Not again. Look, Joanna -

JOANNA: You want to get on, I know. Maurice's waiting.

MARK: Let him wait.

JOANNA: He's got you on a line. All he has to do is start reclining in and -

She jerks her arm and lurches away as if someone has suddenly tugged a rope attached to her wrist.

MARK: Will you shut the hell up about Maurice? If it weren't for Maurice, do you know where we'd be?

JOANNA: Happy.

MARK: Broke.

JOANNA: Broke and happy.

MARK: Want to go back to living in a cellar? You hated it.

JOANNA: I loved it.

MARK: You hated it.

JOANNA: I hated it.

They smile at each other. The row seems over. But it catches fire again.

JOANNA: ...e being at other people's beck and call, that's all. As soon as ...one becks or calls, I resent it, that's all.
MARK: So ... in the show. You handle it. You worry about the house and the flat and Nanny and Mrs Rathbone -
JOANNA: I don't want any of them.
MARK: So? Am I the one who has crocodile travelling bags already?

JOANNA: Have your lousy crocodile-skin travelling bag. (She hurls it at him) I don't want it. I don't want anything.
MARK: Nothing makes a woman more bloody-minded than giving her everything she wants.
JOANNA: You don't give me everything I want. You give me everything you want to give me.

MARK holds out the bag.

MARK: Joanna. Your bag.

She takes it, and walks a couple of steps back towards the car.

MARK: Joanna. I love you.

JOANNA (with her back still turned to him): Come on, Maurice's waiting.

MARK (watches her go back to the car and mutters softly to himself): Bitch.

42. EXT. THE ROAD. DAY.

JOANNA in c.u. (We are back with them hitch-hiking.)

MARK (Bogart again): Look, kid, this is the kiss-off. We're not getting the breaks, that's all. So here's the thing - you take the low road and I'll take the high road and we'll see who's in where before who. O.K.?

He has now emerged from the ditch holding out her bag and dusting off his own. JOANNA nods with a kind of bright anguish.

MARK: If we meet up some place - great. Otherwise, happy holidays!

He hands her her bag.

MARK: No hard feelings but -

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JOANNA: You have a schedule.
MARK: Right.

He grins and marches off, whistling. JOANNA's face crumpled a moment in disappointment. MARK signals a truck. It ignores him. JOANNA presses her lips together and turns and raises a determinedly cheerful thumb.

There is an instant squeal of breaks, as the first car she signals stops instantly. It is a red Alfa-Romeo.

43. EXT. THE ROAD. DAY.

MARK, on foot, watches miserably as a red Alfa-Romeo pulls away from the kerb and accelerates past him. JOANNA's face peers out of the back, as she swings round to see the tail of him. She waves gaily. MARK slings his bag on his back and toils on.

44. EXT. FILLING STATION. DAY.

The Ford, driven by JOANNA, pulls into a filling station. We see HOWARD get out his little book and start being very busy.

Speeded-up action: They all leap out and change places again. The ATTENDANT puts petrol in the car, checks oil and water, cleans the windscreen. RUTH also changes places in the rush and we note (without dwelling on it) that something has fallen from the car. The ATTENDANT signals them out into the main road and the car disappears into the distance. A wailing noise - unmistakably RUTHIE!

The car comes zooming back, zips into the service area; a door opens, the teddy bear is retrieved and the car is signalled out again by the ATTENDANT and disappears at full velocity.

45. EXT. ROAD WORKS. DAY.

MARK is trudging on grimly, hiking alone. He comes to where the road narrows and there is a large electric warning robot with stiff arms which wave up and down and have flashing red lights for 'hands'. There is also a flashing light on top of its 'head'. (This is a standard form of warning used in France.)

As MARK approaches this man-sized monster JOANNA steps out from

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behind it, making exactly its jerky automatic movements, and making a weird honking noise at the same time.

MARK: What happened to your silky friend in the Alfa-Romeo?

JOANNA: I explained that I was in love with you so he put me down.

He stares at her and then he realizes what she has said. She is indeed in love with him. Flattered and moved, he takes her in his arms. The same honking noise from behind them reveals a public service van whose way they are blocking. He takes her hand and they walk on.

MARK (a little hoarsely): I warn you -

JOANNA: Well don't.

46. EXT. SMALL VILLAGE. EVENING.

Start on: a group of sheep, packed rather tightly together. We ease back to reveal that they are in the back of a truck which has just pulled up in the square. Two heads - MARK's and JOANNA's - appear over the tail-board. They've got a lift at last. They climb out, MARK first. He helps JOANNA into his arms and so to the ground. They stretch.

MARK: What would you say to a cup of coffee?

JOANNA: Baah!

He takes her arm and they cross - with a grateful wave to the DRIVER of the truck - towards a small café.

47. EXT. THE CAFÉ. NIGHT.

The cars are just switching on their lights. So are the shops their signs. And the cafés. The street lights come on.

JOANNA and MARK sit at a small table in front of a not very impressive café. She sits and stares at him. He stares at her. They lean forward and look at each other. The PATRON brings the coffee. They nod, but don't look up - stir their coffee, but don't look at it.

48. INT. THE CAFÉ. NIGHT.

A young MAN playing a pin table. The ball bounces from spring to spring and the lights flash up, mounting higher and higher. Through the

open door - we look from behind him outwards - MARK and JOANNA can be seen looking at each other. MARK puts his hand on JOANNA's.

They lean forward as if to kiss and then hold back.

MARK says something to JOANNA. JOANNA looks back and up at the café - and nods. MARK smiles and gets up and comes into the café. He goes up to the PATRON.

MARK: Vous avez une chambre, Monsieur?

49. INT. CAFÉ. NIGHT.

MARK and JOANNA have to go through the bar restaurant to reach the narrow stairs which lead up to the bedrooms. A morose MAN and WOMAN sit facing each other in desolate silence. As MARK and JOANNA go by, MARK whispers:

MARK: What kind of people just sit in a restaurant and don't say one word to each other?

JOANNA: Married people?

He grins and takes her hand and they go upstairs.

50. INT. CAFÉ. NIGHT.

The pin table reaches a superb climax of flashing lights - the acme of pop art electric pyrotechnics.

51. INT. CAFÉ. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

MARK's hiking knapsack on a chair next to JOANNA's bag. MARK and JOANNA are in bed. They lie staring at the lights crossing the ceiling.

MARK: You know, this is absolutely contrary to my principles.

JOANNA: Good. I wouldn't like to think it happened all the time.

MARK: I had absolutely no intention of sleeping in hotels.

JOANNA: You didn't?

MARK: Hell, what do you think I brought a sleeping bag for?

JOANNA: I hadn't seriously thought about it.

She is in a state of blissful, confused uncertainty. MARK's matter-of-factness is so inappropriate that she almost finds it endearing. He senses her strangeness now and turns to her. He kisses her gently.

MARK: Who ... you?
JOANNA: Some girl.

MARK shakes his head. Rather too touchingly. For she has expressed very well what part of him thinks of her.

51a. EXT. SMALL ELEGANT HOTEL. DAY.

MARK and JOANNA are walking towards the parked Mercedes. A BELLBOY is carrying the luggage.

MARK: Sleep well?

JOANNA (yawning accusingly): I think that room was on top of the plate-smashing annex. I think my roughing-it days are over. Next time you must get Maurice to book us a room, if you can't remember yourself; preferably one with a carpet, and something else in the hot tap besides schwsssssglogloglksssss ...

MARK hums an aggressive hum. He presses the button on the boot. The boot flies up, papers scatter everywhere. He leaps up and down.

52. EXT. THE ROAD. DAY.

The Mercedes passes the parked Ford. JOANNA is walking along the verge, abstracted, followed by a half-anxious, half-exasperated MARK. HOWARD is doing deep-breathing exercises. CATHY is looking at her face in the wing mirror and applying powder to her nose. What's it all about? It's all about RUTH. She is now seen sitting on her travelling pot – and taking her time about it.

HOWARD looks at his little book.

HOWARD: When we're ready – it's Joanna in the hot seat and Catherine the great co-driver, check?

JOANNA looks at MARK.

MARK: We have three weeks to go, so you may as well make the best of it.

JOANNA: Believe it or not, I am making the best of it.

MARK: You wanted to come.

HOWARD: O.K.?

JOANNA flashes a patently insincere smile, the insincerity of which only MARK fully appreciates.

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RUTH (at JOANNA): I don't want her to look at me.

CATHY (comes up to JOANNA): Joanna, may I say something?

JOANNA nods.

CATHY: I know it may sound ridiculous to you. I know you love Ruthie, but she doesn't seem to realize. I don't think you're getting through to her. She's gotten the idea you're hostile [she pronounces it 'host-ill'] to her.

JOANNA blinks.

CATHY: May I make a suggestion?

JOANNA: Please.

CATHY: Why don't you woo her a little?

JOANNA: Woo her ... ?

CATHY: That's right. Why don't you woo her a little?

JOANNA gulps and nods. During this, HOWARD has been tipping the pottie into the ditch and he is busy squirting it clean with an aerosol disinfectant. He straps the pot back on the roof and smiles encouragingly.

HOWARD: O.K., let's get this show on the road.

53. INT. THE FORD. DAY.

CATHY is consulting the guide book. She checks the symbols.

CATHY: It has running hot and cold, bath, free garage, telephone and transistor radios are not allowed in the dining room.

HOWARD: Sounds minimal, but I'll buy it.

RUTH: I don't want to go to a hotel.

CATHY: Our own little home for the night. Of course you do, sweetness.

RUTH: I don't. I don't!

She is sitting in front, beside JOANNA. She turns and looks at the dashboard. The keys are dangling right in front of her. She snatches them out of the dashboard. The car slows down: HOWARD looks: and there is RUTH with the keys.

53a. EXT. ROAD. DAY.

The car rolls to a halt.

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HOWARD (a. s. l.): Ruthie, may I have the keys back now, please?

RUTH: No.

HOWARD: O.K. We'll just have to stay here all night. Is that what you want?

A silence.

RUTH: Yes.

They sit.

HOWARD: With nothing to eat.

A silence.

RUTH: I'm not hungry.

CATHY: She had a snack -

HOWARD: Cathy, please -

They sit. HOWARD thinks. He thinks.

HOWARD (sharply): Ruthie, will you please give me that KEY! He makes a dive, but RUTH is too quick. She throws the key out of the window into the verge.

JOANNA stares innocently ahead of her.

54. EXT. THE VERGE. NIGHT.

They are tramping the grass for the key. HOWARD has a flash-light.

MARK: Don't you have a spare?

HOWARD: If I use the spare, we don't have a spare.

They tramp.

RUTH: Mommy, I'm so tired.

She is sitting in the open door, her feet hanging down out of the car.

HOWARD turns - very near the end of his tether - but restrains himself.

MARK (to JOANNA, quietly as they tramp away from the others): You still want a child?

JOANNA: I want a child. I just don't want that child.

MARK: We agreed before we got married we weren't going to have any children.

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JOANNA: And before we were married, we didn't.

HOWARD has got hold of himself. He goes down on his knees in front of RUTH.

HOWARD: Ruthie, you know that was kind of a very funny thing you did with the key. Fast thinking. Um, did you see where it landed?

RUTH: Yes.

HOWARD: Good girl! Where?

RUTH: I'm not going to tell you.

JOANNA has wandered up from the other side and is suddenly right by RUTH.

JOANNA: Tell Daddy at once!

RUTH nearly jumps out of her skin and points before she can prevent herself to the key lying in the dirt by the roadside.

HOWARD: Good girl!

JOANNA (with a big smile): I wooed her!

55. EXT. THE RIVER BANK. DAY.

The M.G. is parked, covered with dew. It is early morning. Beautiful.

JOANNA comes out of a tent, having packed up, and pulls a stopper out of the tent side. The tent immediately deflates. It is one of the special 'igloo' tents which don't need struts, functions on compressed air. The tent begins to wriggle. MARK is still inside.

JOANNA: Your time's up, buddy!

MARK crawls out from under.

JOANNA: Breakfast is served.

We ease back to show that JOANNA has set up the paraffin stove and made breakfast.

55a. THE SAME. DAY.

MARK sipping his tea.

MARK: Boy, that's a good cup of tea.

JOANNA: It's coffee.

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MARK: I knew it was a good cup of something.
JOANNA (drily): Baah!

55b. THE SAME. DAY.

MARK in front of the M.G., having just emerged from under it.

MARK: Try it, will you, sweetheart?

The wheels start to twist as JOANNA tests the steering.

MARK: Now the other way. Fine. Let's go.

The engine starts. MARK runs to get round and in. JOANNA revs and starts the car up the steep slope the path takes to get to the road.

MARK: Plenty of revs.

The engine roars. The car goes from us up the slope. It stops. The engine dies.

The car rolls back down the slope. JOANNA grins.

JOANNA: We stalled.

MARK: You stalled.

JOANNA: You drive.

MARK: No, no ...

JOANNA: I don't want to drive.

MARK changes places with JOANNA and starts the car in businesslike fashion. It charges away up towards the slope. It revs furiously. It stops as the engine dies. It rolls back into shot and stops. JOANNA looks at MARK.

JOANNA: You stalled.

MARK sits hunched in fury. He starts the car again.

56. EXT. THE SLOPE. DAY.

The car comes back into shot — the only way to get it up the slope has been in reverse.

JOANNA: Done it!

JOANNA gives MARK a slick look and changes gear and moves off smartly. There is a terrible clang. MARK's expression changes.

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He looks at her like it was her fault. He gets out in a rage and under the car.

The pipe has parted again. MARK looks round furiously.

There are some rags in a heap by the gate they've just come out of. MARK picks them up.

MARK: There's more rust than pipel

He goes under the car.

JOANNA waits for him. He comes out.

MARK: That'll hold for a while.

She slides over. He gets in and starts the car.

57. EXT. ROAD. DAY.

The M.G. bowling along. MARK sniffs.

MARK: Someone's having a bonfire.

JOANNA: I love bonfires. (She sniffs and smiles.) One day we're going to have a big, big garden and grow lots of bonfires.

MARK drives on sniffing again.

57a. EXT. ROAD.

The M.G. eases past until we are following it, from a low angle. Sparks are coming out of the exhaust and there is a curl of dark smoke coming from under the car.

MARK: The smell I like best is wood smoke. Hickory smoke, for instance. You ever smell hickory smoke?

JOANNA: Never.

57b. INT. MOVING CAR. DAY.

MARK: I have to take you to the States. Alternatively, I could get Cathy to send us a few cans. They really can it, you know. She could.

JOANNA: Or she could bring some on her next visit.

MARK raises his eyebrows.

MARK: Don't tell me I detect a welcoming note.

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JOANNA (in an American accent): You wouldn't want her not to come and see your dear little baby, would you?
MARK: No.

He looks at her in alarm.

MARK: You're not?

She nods gaily.

MARK: And that, I suppose, was my little holiday surprise?

JOANNA: I don't suppose it's really much of a surprise.

MARK: Well, you know ...

He gives her a big hug.

MARK: You always have to have what you want, don't you?

She makes a face, lips pressed together, eyes bulging. He puts his hand flat on her belly.

MARK: Aren't we supposed to celebrate? What've we got to drink?

JOANNA produces a bottle of mineral water. She pours some into a mug and hands it to him.

57c. THE ROAD. DAY.

MARK: Here's to it.

JOANNA: It.

Smoke billows out behind, unnoticed. Some PEOPLE in another car, coming towards them, wave and point. MARK and JOANNA wave back. The M.G. has once again edged through frame so that it is now going away from us. It is completely obscured now by a cloud of black smoke, of which MARK and JOANNA remain oblivious.

58. EXT. ANTIQUE YARD. DAY.

The Mercedes is parked in view.

MARK and JOANNA are looking at the display.

MARK (justifying himself): If you design a house for people, you have to take them a house-warming present.

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JOANNA: People with stereophonic under-floor duets are eating don't need house-warming presents.

She stops in front of a huge stone lady with prodigious breasts and hips.

MARK (nods to it): So nice to have met you both.

He smiles at JOANNA, who grins back, a little ruefully.

MARK (takes her hand): As soon as we've finished with Maurice and Co. let's go off somewhere and just be ourselves.

JOANNA: I doubt if you'll be able to spare the time.

MARK (angrily): You don't want us to succeed!

JOANNA (in front of a large wrought-iron negro with a pineapple on his head): How about this for their living-pit? No?

MARK (hurt boy): Why be sarcastic?

JOANNA: Sarcastic?

MARK: About the living-pit. That's what it's called. A depressed section in the middle of a room. It's called a living-pit.

JOANNA: I called it a living-pit. What's sarcastic about calling a living-pit a living-pit?

MARK: You think my work's some kind of a joke.

They wander sourly for a moment.

MARK (grins suddenly): What the hell kind of expression is 'living-pit' anyway?

JOANNA: I love you.

He looks at her solemnly, suddenly sad. And pleased.

MARK: I won't let it all go up in smoke, Joanna, I won't.

JOANNA: What's going up in smoke?

59. EXT. THE ROAD. DAY.

The M.G. is pouring flames from underneath - but JOANNA and MARK are, for another moment, unaware of the catastrophe.

59a. INT. MOVING M.G. DAY.

JOANNA and MARK, happily sitting in the front.

MARK: We're getting farther south all right.

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JOANNA: I certainly getting warmer.
MARK: Right.

A hooting behind - Boopety-boop-boop-boooooooh!

59b. EXT. THE ROAD. DAY.

MARK puts his foot down. The car behind comes up alongside them and the PASSENGERS point furiously.

MARK: If they're going to overtake, why don't they overtake?

He signals them on. They point again. JOANNA smiles and then looks back. Flames are coming up behind the hood.

JOANNA: Mark! Fire!

MARK: Where?

JOANNA: Here. Us. We are on fire.

MARK looks back and the car practically swerves off the road.
They zigzag crazily to a halt.

59c. EXT. DOMAINE ST JUSTE. DAY.

The other car has vanished ahead. The area is deserted. No sign of water. They leap out and MARK attacks the flames with his jacket. But they are too strong.

MARK: Water.

JOANNA: Where?

He starts to drag the luggage out of the back and chucks it into the side of the road - the tent, etcetera.

MARK: Find some.

JOANNA looks around desperately. She takes the bottle of mineral water from the front and with a helpless sort of struggling loyalty pours its contents on to the flames. They spring higher.

JOANNA: It likes water!

The flames are unquenchable.

MARK: We must have more water!

JOANNA looks around. The only sign of life is the entrance to a very ritzy-looking country hotel, the Domaines St Juste.

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JOANNA: It's no good.

She comes up and tries to help him with the blankets, etc.

MARK: You don't have to tell me. Stand back.

JOANNA (*hoping he's going to perform some miracle*): What're you going to do?

MARK: I'm going to stand back. Think I'm crazy?

The flames mount higher. In the distance, sirens are heard. Some people come running out of the hotel entrance and stand watching.

MADAME, the owner, is totting a bucket of water, which they fling hopelessly on to the flames.

MADAME: I have telephoned the pumpers.

JOANNA: The Fire Brigade.

MARK nods and tries futilely to think of something to do.

59d. EXT. DOMAINE. DAY.

A spout of asbestos foam squirts from a fire hose and then stops. The flames are dead. And so is the M.G. In the middle of an appalling mess the car sits snowed up in white asbestos foam. We pan across to JOANNA who is soaked from head to foot and also daubed with foam. MARK is blackened and sad. Funeral music.

Cars file past along the water-drenched, foam-slicked main road in an almost mournful procession, with GENDARMES acting as ushers. FIREMEN push the wreck into the side. Rotating lights on the fire engines and the Gendarmerie vans add a note of delusive gaiety.

MADAME drapes a blanket round JOANNA.

The INSPECTOR of the Gendarmerie and the CHIEF DES POMPIERS are consulting together. The INSPECTOR comes up to MARK.

INSPECTOR: Passeport, s'il vous plait, Monsieur.

MARK nods and feels for his passport. *There is a tap on his shoulder. He turns. JOANNA, wrapped in a blanket, holds up his passport.*

A Rolls Royce comes by. In it, though we do not know them by name at the moment, are FRANÇOISE and MAURIOE DALBRET.

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FRAN() is a chic, blonde Frenchwoman (though she speaks perfect saucy English), and MAURICE is a charming, middle-aged, supremely confident and egotistical Frenchman. The DALBRETS are very rich. Their car has French number plates. They pass the wreck and look at it with intrigued amusement. The Rolls Royce drives up to the front of the Domaine.

60. INT./EXT. THE FORD. HOTEL YARD. DAY.

The Ford turns in and drives up to an hotel.

Inside:

CATHY: For heaven's sake park it in the shade this time, Howie, I don't want to come out after lunch to a red-hot car again.

JOANNA and MARK exchange a secret look. HOWARD nods and steers toward a high, palm-leaf-roofed carport. He drives in and pulls up. A sign faces them: POUR LA DIRECTION.

HOWARD: What does 'pour la direction' (he pronounces the words as if they were English) mean?

JOANNA: Reserved for the management.

HOWARD: Hell, we're the customers.

RUTH: Daddy, why do you think Red China is a bitch?

CATHY: We can't stay here, Howie.

JOANNA and MARK look at each other and then don't say anything.

HOWARD: I meant Red China is a difficult problem. It's all right, Cathy, I'm moving. I'm moving.

He rears up and shoots out backwards at great speed and with much crunching of gravel.

We now see a row of low concrete sun-shaded carports. HOWARD changes gear grindingly.

CATHY: Over there, Howie, is perfect.

HOWARD: I saw them.

He accelerates at great speed again and hurtles under the low lintel. There is an appalling crash. The concrete lintel was quite high enough for a normal car, but the Ford has a roof rack stacked high

with luggage and this has hit the concrete beam with great force. The luggage has been dragged backwards and knocked sideways and generally sent flying.

There is a long silence.

RUTH: Daddy.

Another long silence.

HOWARD: Yes, Ruthie.

RUTH: Daddy, did you do that on purpose?

Another silence.

HOWARD (very quickly indeed): No, Ruthie, I didn't. I did not. No. No, I didn't. No.

Another case falls from the roof and dangles on its elastic strap, bobbing up and down silently outside the window.

A fly buzzes against the windscreen, and with manic zest HOWARD gets the aerosol fly-killer and squirts it to death or tries to.

61. INT. BATHROOM. BEDROOM. DOMAINE JUSTE. DAY.

JOANNA squirts the hand-shower all over MARK who is in the bath, luxuriating, though still black with smoke and soot from the M.G. fire.

MARK: What the hell are you ...

JOANNA: Do you love me?

MARK: Now she asks! Don't you ...

JOANNA: Do you?

MARK: Confessions extracted under torture don't count, don't you know that? (Tells) YES! You'll get us turned out of here. (Pause) That's not such a bad idea! It's going to ruin us anyway.

He starts to get out of the bath.

JOANNA is now in the bedroom and goes to the window.

JOANNA: This is heaven. I could eat a horse.

She flings open the shutters.

MARK is *holding the price list on the back of the door. He is wrapped in a towel.*

MARK: You may have to. I hate to tell you this, but we've just gone on a diet.

JOANNA: We didn't have any lunch!

MARK: Baby, I'm not kidding, we can't afford to eat here.

JOANNA: Oh!

MARK: No.

JOANNA *looks through the mess of stuff. She holds up a bag of squashed tomatoes - very squashed.*

JOANNA: Supper!

She starts undressing and goes into the bathroom.

MARK (*calls*): We shall just have to practise self-restraint.

62. INT. THE BATHROOM. DAY.

JOANNA *is sitting in the bath. MARK comes in.*

JOANNA (*reciting as in a trance*): I am not hungry. You are not hungry. We are not hungry.

JOANNA *comes out of her trance and looks at him.*

JOANNA: I'm hungry. You are not hungry.

MARK: A woman in an advanced state of pregnancy should be very careful about over-eating.

JOANNA: Advanced! I have eight months to go. There must be a food shop in the village.

MARK: And I'm too worried about you to dream of eating anything. I'm just going to slip down to the chemist to get you some - what do you think?

JOANNA. Hamburgers.

MARK: Tablets. That's it. Tablets.

He takes a large sack from the pile of stuff.

JOANNA: Hamburger tablets. Large hamburger tablets. And don't let them see you bringing them in.

63. EXT. ROAD FROM VILLAGE. DAY.

MARK *is trekking along carrying a paper sack of provisions, looking glum and slouchy. It is rather overcast, spitting rain gently. The white Mercedes sweeps into view and blots out the trekking figure.*

64. INT. MERCEDES. DAY.

The roof is up against the rain. The gilt figure is in the back with JOANNA's overnight bag.

MARK: What about food?

JOANNA: What about food?

MARK: We have to eat. Let's go to the Domaine St Juste. Why not?

JOANNA: I'm not dressed.

MARK: Baby, the last time we went there I was dressed in soot and you were wearing a blanket.

JOANNA: I can change, if you want me to.

MARK: Change. I want you to.

He smiles across at her. She reaches in the back and opens her travelling bag. She pulls out a brilliant cocktail dress of red silk and starts to wriggle out of her clothes.

65. EXT. THE ROAD. DAY.

A Fiat overtakes them. The DRIVER goggles at our Mercedes.

66. EXT. THE MERCEDES. DAY.

Through the windscreen (as from the last DRIVER's P.O.V.) we see JOANNA with her dress entirely over her head and MARK driving quite unconcernedly.

67. EXT. THE ROAD. DAY.

The Fiat DRIVER looks over his shoulder, misses a corner, and drives deep into a field of high wheat in which his car is completely drowned.

68. INT. MERCEDES. DAY.

JOANNA *finishing wriggling into the red dress.*

MARK: Are you almost there? Because we're almost there.

JOANNA: Cui around a little, will you?
 MARK: We'll have to get a bigger car.
 JOANNA (twiggling): Or a bigger dress. Phew!
 MARK: You look sensational. Here we are.
 JOANNA: Mark, hold it, please. I'm not done up.
They turn into the entrance of the Domaine St Juste.

69. EXT. DOMAINE ST JUSTE. DAY.
The Mercedes drives up in front of the hotel. JOANNA looks out, very elegant and assured. The DOORMAN comes out and goes towards the car.

70. INT./EXT. THE MERCEDES. DAY.
 JOANNA turns and smiles at the oncoming DOORMAN.
 JOANNA (through her teeth): I'm still not done up.

She turns her back to MARK, who zips up the back of her dress.
 DOORMAN: Bonsoir, Madame.
 JOANNA (smiles politely): Bonsoir!

MARK'S P.O.V. *He fishes desperately and finally makes the vital junction. JOANNA makes time by handing out various things for the DOORMAN to take.*

JOANNA finally opens the door and steps out of the car. MARK gets out too.

DOORMAN: Bonsoir ...

71. INT. LOBBY. DOMAINE ST JUSTE. DAY.

MADAME: ... Monsieur.

MARK walks across the lobby, looking shabby but as casual as he can. He bulges suspiciously, but tries to look inconspicuous. He gives MADAME a sickly smile.

MARK: Bonsoir, Madame.

He goes towards the stairs.

MADAME: Bon appétit!

He starts guiltily and smiles seedily. But he looks round to see that she is speaking to some other GUESTS. He continues up the stairs.

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He reaches the first landing when FRANÇOISE and MAU come down. MARK steps back politely to allow them passage. They nod, without smiling, and go past. MARK slightly misses his footing and grabs at the balustrade. A tomato falls out of his sleeve and rolls, in full view.

MARK starts after it and begins to spill other food. FRANÇOISE retrieves the tomato and hands it back to MARK. MARK smiles awfully and trudges on up.

72. INT. THE ROOM. DAY.
 JOANNA opens the door. MARK comes in.

MARK: Phew!

He shakes himself. Good food literally falls from him. The last thing he produces is a bottle of cheap wine. He goes into the bathroom and returns with the two toothglasses. He pulls the cork out of the wine bottle.

73. INT. RESTAURANT OF DOMAINE ST JUSTE. NIGHT.

Wine being poured for JOANNA in her red, elegant dress. MARK and JOANNA sip their wine. They can't think of anything to say now. JOANNA toys with her food.

JOANNA: What sort of people just sit in restaurants and don't even try to talk to each other?

MARK (looks up and smiles wryly): Married people.

They smile with real amusement and touch glasses to each other.

74. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

A severe CHAMBERMAID comes out of the next room, having done the bed, turns out the light and comes to MARK and JOANNA'S door. She knocks briefly and opens the door.

75. INT. THE ROOM. NIGHT.

CHAMBERMAID'S P.O.V. JOANNA lying with the coverlet right up to her chin, apparently in a fitful doze. MARK is reading a book with an air

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of solemn anx. MARK raises his finger to his lips. *THE CHAMBER-MAID nods and goes out, contrite.*

MARK continues chewing food. *He pulls back the coverlet and reveals the entire picnic still laid out: ham, sardines, fruit, etc.*

MARK: You're the only woman I know who's prepared to share her bed with a sardine.

JOANNA kisses him.

JOANNA: I don't care what kind of a sardine you are, I like you. Are you going to hate me when I'm bow-fronted?

MARK: Undoubtedly.

JOANNA: Will you be unfaithful to me?

MARK: Blatantly.

JOANNA: No.

MARK: You promised I could!

JOANNA: Yes, but you promised you wouldn't. *(Explains)* When we got married.

76. INT. BEDROOM. DOMAINE ST JUSTE. NIGHT.

MARK is working at a spread-out pile of plans and blueprints. *The red dress comes into shot and JOANNA turns her back to him.*

JOANNA: Would you mind undoing what you did?

He reaches up, almost without looking, and unzips her dress, unhooks her bra.

JOANNA: Thanks.

MARK: Welcome.

He goes on working as she moves out of shot and continues undressing.

JOANNA: Are you coming to bed at all?

MARK: Tired?

JOANNA *(innocently)*: No.

MARK: I won't be long.

JOANNA: Shall I call your secretary and make an appointment?

MARK *(between irritation and amusement, looks up)*: When did you start being as snide as this?

JOANNA: Right after we got married. Didn't I?

MARK: Did we get married?

JOANNA: Oh yes. Don't you remember? When sex stopped being fun.

MARK: And started being official. I remember.

He gets up and goes and embraces her.

77. INT. THE ROOM. NIGHT.

The picnic is finished. The camping equipment is piled against the wardrobe. The whining of a mosquito.

JOANNA: You know, I think that lovely little lake breeds lovely little mosquitoes.

MARK: I'll shut the window.

JOANNA: We may suffocate.

The whining increases. He gets into bed with her. She draws the sheet right over their heads.

MARK: That's great ...

JOANNA: And just -

MARK: Except -

We move down to the end of the bed. Their feet are now bared.

JOANNA: They've taken our last penny. Now they're going to take our last drop of blood as well.

MARK: We'll just have to pretend they don't exist.

JOANNA: Right. Good night.

MARK: Good night.

They settle for sleep.

JOANNA: Mark.

MARK: Mmmm?

JOANNA: They exist.

MARK: No, they don't.

He leaps up.

MARK: Yes, they do.

JOANNA: I've had an idea.

78. INT. 1 ROOM. DAY.

It is the follow morning. Start on the window and move across to the bed. The igloo tent has been inflated to make a mosquito-proof vault over the bed. JOANNA reaches round and takes the plug out of the tent. It subsides and she pushes it off on to the floor.

MARK: Sleep well?

JOANNA: Very well. I had the most dreamy dream.

MARK: Well, tell me the worst.

JOANNA: I dreamt you built us the most beautiful Wallace-designed house—

MARK: Uh-huh!

JOANNA: And I built us the most beautiful little Wallace-designed triplets. Wasn't that lovely?

She turns her blissful face to MARK who looks at her with calculated lack of excitement.

MARK: All we need right now is a population explosion.

There is a knock at the door.

MARK: Who is it?

The door opens and the CHAMBERMAID comes in with a beautiful breakfast tray with coffee, rolls, croissants, honey, cake, flowers, morning paper, etc.

CHAMBERMAID: Oh, you did not need the mosquito net?

MARK and JOANNA look up. A white gauze cocoon is tied up to a hook in the ceiling. JOANNA and MARK look at each other. A mosquito net!

JOANNA: No. We managed without.

The CHAMBERMAID shrugs and puts the tray down near them. They shake their heads.

CHAMBERMAID (astonished): No breakfast?

They shake their heads. JOANNA sees a cross round the CHAMBERMAID's neck.

JOANNA (explains): Religious reasons, Madame.

The CHAMBERMAID nods and takes the breakfast away, is shuts the door. JOANNA and MARK look hungrily at each other.

MARK: Let's get out of here. This self-denial is killing me.

79. INT. LOBBY. DOMAINE ST JUSTE. DAY.

JOANNA and MARK come downstairs with all their camping equipment. MADAME is at the cash desk as MARK approaches. She has the bill ready.

MADAME: I am so sorry you were not able to sample our restaurant last night.

MARK: Yes, so are we. Religious reasons.

He makes polite gestures.

MADAME: Particularly when we have to charge you an all-inclusive price, as you see—

MARK (stunned, studies the bill): I beg your pardon?

MADAME: High season—our price includes dinner and breakfast always.

MARK gulps and takes out his wallet, pays the bill.

MADAME: Thank you. I think the Inspector is waiting for you outside, Monsieur.

MARK: Inspector?

MADAME: Concerning the expenses for the pumps and such like.

MARK nods.

MAURICE and FRANÇOISE, unsmiling as ever, come up behind him and MAURICE signals for his bill. MAURICE and FRANÇOISE look bleakly at each other.

MADAME: We will see you again, I hope.

They smile grimly and go towards the door.

MARK (to JOANNA): What's the French for 'Inspector, that is a damn lie and I am not going to pay a penny'?

JOANNA: Oui, Monsieur.

MARK: JOANNA have met the INSPECTOR by the Rolls Royce and walk sk. down the gravel drive with him.

MARK: Oui, Monsieur.

INSPECTOR: Trente mille francs.

MARK: Oui, Monsieur.

INSPECTOR: Et cinq mille plus deux mille cinq cents plus deux mille cinq cents plus deux mille cinq cents. C'est tout.

MARK: C'est tout?

INSPECTOR: C'est tout.

MARK looks puzzled. The INSPECTOR points. The M.G. en son goo. The mess at the side of the road. MARK shrugs.

JOANNA looks helplessly at him from the roadside.

INSPECTOR: Et mille francs taxe.

MARK (the last straw): Taxe!

INSPECTOR: Taxe.

MARK: Taxe on what?

JOANNA goes and joins them.

JOANNA: Quel taxe, Monsieur l'Inspecteur?

INSPECTOR: Taxe sur quarante-deux mille cinq cents francs, Madame.

MARK: Mille francs?

INSPECTOR: Mille francs.

JOANNA: Pourquoi mille francs sur quarante-deux mille cinq cents?

INSPECTOR: Taxe.

JOANNA: Mais pourquoi mille francs?

INSPECTOR: Mille francs de taxe, Madame.

MARK: This is literally highway robbery! It's literally highway robbery!

JOANNA (out of gritted teeth, still smiling): Don't lose your temper.

MARK: I AM NOT LOSING MY TEMPER.

MARK empties his wallet into the INSPECTOR's hands.

INSPECTOR: Et dix mille francs pour en disposer.

He gestures to the wreck.

JOANNA: For disposing of the wreck.

MARK: We'll dispose of it. Nous la disposerons.

INSPECTOR: Mais, où ...

JOANNA: Where will we?

MARK: Quelque place ou autre. Come on, Jo.

81. EXT. HILL. THE ROAD. DAY.

MARK and JOANNA are pushing the M.G. It is on its rims, a terrible, toasted ruin. It begins to run freely down the hill.

JOANNA and MARK look back at the Domaine and when they turn back to the car it is going too quickly for them. It careers down the hill and sails to make the corner at the bottom. It goes between two stone gate posts, dislodging them like children's bricks. The stone balls on top of the posts crash into the gateway. The car storms on and goes into a large Dutch barn whose towering thatch roof is supported on a central column. The car hits the column and the entire roof comes down over the car like a lid.

JOANNA looks appalled.

MARK: We disposed of it.

The FARMER now appears shaking with rage. MARK ROYCE has come discloses his empty wallet. Meanwhile the Rolls Royce has come into shot. MAURICE and FRANÇOISE are rocking with laughter. The FARMER is raving about Police and Scandale and Domages and Poursuites Judiciaires. We close on his face which slowly clears from anger to suspicion to reluctance to amiability to good humour.

Ease back to disclose MAURICE feeding notes into the FARMER's honest peasant hand. FRANÇOISE is leaning helplessly against the pump in the farmyard in agonized hysterics of laughter.

82. INT./EXT. THE ROLLS. THE ROAD. DAY.

MARK and JOANNA, dazed but delighted, are sitting in the back of the car.

MARK (whispers): This is the life.

FRANÇOISE looks quite recovered from the giggles.

MARK (ending a story): He let me down, I must tell you, disgracefully. So I am looking for an architect.

JOANNA looks at MARK. MARK shakes his head: don't tell him.

JOANNA: My husband is an architect.

FRANÇOISE goes into fits of giggles. They look at her. She shakes her head, recovering herself.

FRANÇOISE: You put up buildings as well as knocking them down?

MARK: Corporation bus -

JOANNA (quickly): He never has a spare moment.

MAURICE: What about now?

JOANNA: He has a spare moment.

MAURICE: Good, good. Good. We must talk. I must tell you I am really in a corner.

MARK makes a face: oh well, if you insist.

The Rolls cuts shamelessly on an American station wagon which has to brake sharply.

MAURICE: Espèce de chewing gum!

83. EXT. THE FORD. THE ROAD. DAY.

The Rolls cuts right across in front of HOWARD, who brakes sharply.

84. INT. THE FORD. DAY.

HOWARD: Communist!

They have all fallen forward with the speed of the braking and various pieces of luggage have fallen on JOANNA and MARK who are again in the back seats.

They extricate themselves as the car moves forward again.

HOWARD (sees road sign): Chantilly. Now that's in the guide book ... ?

MARK: It could just be.

JOANNA: Oh do let's stop!

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GATHY: I don't want Ruthie to be late for her lunch today.

HOWARD: It's off the main road.

MARK: Listen, Howard, before we get to Greece, maybe I should warn you, the Acropolis is off the main road.

HOWARD: O.K. O.K., this is a democratic trip.

85. EXT. CHANTILLY. DAY.

The Ford drives in. They all get out. HOWARD looks meaningfully at his watch.

86. SPEEDED-UP SEQUENCE. CHANTILLY. DAY.

The sequence includes the tour of the chateau, with everybody taking souvenir photographs of everybody else with everybody else. The tour resumes at breakneck speed up and down the steps with the help of a Guide whose explanatory speech is also speeded up. Then they are out again and into the car and driving away.

87. INT. THE FORD. DAY.

HOWARD: It really is great to dawdle through an old place like that. Joanna, I have to thank you.

RUTH: I thought you didn't like Joanna, Daddy.

HOWARD: Of course I like Joanna.

RUTH: Then why did Mommy say she was a suburban English nobody?

There is a long silence.

HOWARD: I think it may be very important for the future of our quadripartite relationship to get that particular remark into very clear context.

MARK: It might be best for the future of our quadripartite relationship if we accepted here and now (fiercely) that it has no future whatsoever.

MARK opens the door of the car.

88. EXT. SMALL TOWN. DAY.

MARK is trying to extract their suitcase from the very careful arrangement

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on the roof. He starts unlooping the elastic straps, chucking other cases to the ground, and so on.

HOWARD: Mark, please don't be too hasty —

MARK: We're through, Howard, we're through —

HOWARD: Those things took a lot of arranging. Now you listen to me — try and imagine how Joanna feels —

MARK: I can see how Joanna feels:

HOWARD: She's going to feel that the whole trip's been loused up because of her.

MARK: You are the most complacent sonofagun —

HOWARD: Abuse me if you want to —

MARK: I want to —

HOWARD: You're going to dominate that girl out of existence.

MARK: I'm going to smash your face in, Howard, now —

HOWARD: That's not a very adult attitude, if I may say so. Mark, please, that's the phonograph. Marcus, please.

MARK is still handling the luggage very roughly, extracting their belongings.

MARK: Come on, Joanna. Darling, come on, sweetheart.

He calls her through the car window.

MARK opens the car door. JOANNA gets out.

HOWARD: You haven't thought of asking Joanna if she wants to abandon the expedition at this point, now have you?

MARK (to JOANNA): Come on, baby.

HOWARD: That, if I may say so, is a very revealing usage. Calling her 'baby' at this point shows that you are prepared to do her thinking and her deciding for her — I warn you solemnly, Marcus, you're denying Joanna the right to be her own paradoxical self.

MARK: Howard, you are the largest untapped pocket of natural gas known to man.

89. EXT. SMALL TOWN. DAY.

A large petrol-tanker passes through and out of frame. The street is visible from where MARK and JOANNA have been in the last scene. But as the tanker pulls clear, we see the pair of them ambling along, the

carefree hitch-hiking students again. They come to a shop window is being redecorated. A SIGN-WRITER is at work on the window, carefully painting in the owner's name and telephone number. MARK and JOANNA stop to look.

90. INT. THE SHOP. DAY.

Through the window which the SIGN-WRITER continues to work on, MARK and JOANNA are looking in at the OWNER and his WIFE who are having, very obviously, one hell of a row. Since the P.O.V. is from the outside, we cannot hear a word, but their dumb show is even more eloquent than their words. They slam, they yell, they shrug, they threaten.

91. EXT. THE STREET. DAY.

MARK and JOANNA hugging each other with amusement and barely able to contain themselves.

MARK: And they haven't even opened yet.

JOANNA: What do you think it's about?

MARK: Who knows?

JOANNA: What do people have rows about?

MARK: Money. Sex. Sex. Money. He wants. She doesn't want.

JOANNA: She wants. He doesn't want.

MARK (pers in): He thinks that counter is all in the wrong place.

JOANNA: The counter. The display case. It's really funny!

MARK: That's marriage for you.

JOANNA: That's marriage for them.

MARK: That's marriage. Full stop.

92. INT. THE SHOP. DAY.

MARK and JOANNA's P.O.V. The row gets even fiercer. But now MARK's and JOANNA's voices are heard while we see the shop owners arguing.

MARK: I'm allowed not to like Howard and Cathy. They're my friends. You never intended to enjoy the trip. You were jealous of Cathy before we ever set out.

JOANNA: It's not my idea of bliss to be cooped in a car with three

MAX: Manchester.

MARK: You promised me that once we were married, you'd always be happy, no matter what.

JOANNA: I know.

MARK: Well then, why can't you be happy no matter what?

JOANNA: Because I can't.

A pause.

MARK: Then you've broken your promise.

A pause.

JOANNA: I am happy usually.

A pause.

JOANNA (*makes a face: so?*): I love you, if that's any good.

MARK (*grudgingly*): That's not the issue.

JOANNA: If it isn't, it should be. The issue!

MARK: You're right.

JOANNA: I'm right?

MARK: You're right. Let's find an hotel.

JOANNA: It's three o'clock in the afternoon. What do we want an hotel for?

He looks at her.

JOANNA: Let's find an hotel.

She gets up and takes his arm. He kisses her. They go away from us.

MARK: To hell with the Maxwell Manchesters. Mr, Mrs and Miss. From now on, we travel alone together or not at all.

A Triumph Herald comes along the village street and cuts us off from them.

93. EXT. VILLAGE STREET. DAY.

The Herald is coming down to the end of the village. MARK is driving it. He is alone in the car. It is four years later. On the back of the car is a sticker: 'Running In - Please Pass'.

93a. THE ROAD. HERALD. DAY.

MARK (v.o.): My darling Joanna, So far all goes well. The car's

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nearly run in and my patience is nearly run out. I mean you like mad. I drove nearly all night last night - couldn't face one of our hotels without you with me. I finally slept in the car quite near where we buried the poor old burnt-out M.G.

93b. EXT. ROAD. DAY.

As this 'letter' is being read over, there is a sudden erk-erk and a Saab convertible overtakes the Herald. A single blonde GIRL is in it, her hair blowing in the wind, her face full-lipped, blue-eyed, confident, a little coarse. She is about 32.

She turns and looks at MARK and then accelerates on down the road.

MARK (v.o.): I wish to hell I hadn't had to make the trip, but I suppose what with the house, not to mention The Terror, otherwise Caroline, it's just as well I've got some work. At least this pays better than corporation bus shelters.

He has driven on round a bend in the road. The Saab is going very slowly up a mild gradient and he repasses it with a smile at the GIRL who is driving it.

MARK (v.o.): And it's a lot more interesting, too, let's face it. I think about you all the time.

The Saab now recovers its zing and comes up and overtakes again. MARK knows a signal when it's flashed right in his face. The two cars now begin to race each other. The daring of the race increases as the sexual attraction between the two drivers becomes more flagrant. MARK tackles back - then she roars past - the pace gets more furious and the chances taken more outrageous.

94. EXT. TUNNEL. ROAD. DAY.

Top shot: The Saab goes into the tunnel first, closely followed by the Herald. We pan along the top of the ridge through which the tunnel goes. The Herald comes out first, followed by the Saab.

MARK (v.o.): It's been a pretty uneventful drive so far. It's a long dull road when you're on your own. All I care about is getting down there, doing whatever has to be done and getting the hell

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back. when I'm not being woken at three in the morning I feel very paternal and I miss you both (that sounds funny still somehow) more than I can say. Life's very flat.

During the last part of this we hold on the Saab and the very handsome GIRL in it. Her name is actually SIMONE. She looks very good.

95. EXT. VILLAGE. DAY.

A carnival in progress. These hangovers from fertility festivals take place all over the South of France. Everyone is in fancy dress, with masks, and the village brass band plays ponderously festal music while the people dance. The REVELLERS carry long poles with 'horses' tails' of coloured paper at the end and with these the males tap any passing female, the females any passing male. The whole street is filled with them, the procession threads through the streets which are bright with lights. It continues and we, swept along with the music, move on with it as it goes round a corner.

MARK (v.o.): I shall probably drive on overnight tonight and get down to the site in the morning. Two or three sessions with the far-famed clients should be more than enough.

The procession passes a small hotel. There are two cars parked outside: the Saab and the Herald.

MARK (v.o.): It's typical of me that as soon as I get away, all I want to do is get back to you again.

We pan up to a bedroom window in the hotel.

96. INT. THE HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

SIMONE shakes her head and lies, catlike, under the sheet on the big bed. She watches as MARK (not visible to us) comes closer to her. We move in with him. MARK's hand now comes and takes the sheet and lifts it right along and off her.

He puts the sheet over the end of the bed in which her bare legs are now visible. He smiles. She smiles.

The light goes out.

MARK (v.o.): I won't write any more at the moment, because I really do want to get on. As soon as I have a chance, I'll drop you another line. Love, love, love - Mark.

97. EXT. FORK IN ROAD. DAY.

The Saab and the Herald come along. The Saab is leading. Both are travelling at speed. The Saab forks off towards Marseille. The Herald sheers away from it along the other fork. The two cars move farther and farther apart.

MARK (v.o.): P.S. The next time we come away, we shall have our own little Ruthiebelle with us.

98. EXT. TUNNEL. DAY.

The Herald goes in with MARK alone driving - and the theme of SIMONE fading slowly in our ears.

99. EXT. THE TUNNEL (FAR END). DAY.

The Herald comes out with MARK, JOANNA and CAROLINE in it. The car is dented in one wing and a fender is slightly twisted at one end. It's been used.

99a. INT. HERALD. DAY.

CAROLINE is two and a half. She doesn't talk a great deal, but she is a pretty, alert child, not too angelic, but with none of RUTH's assertive ghasliness. She is eating an ice-cream out of a tub and spilling a good deal of it down her front.

CAROLINE: I don't want any more.

JOANNA takes the tub from her and scrubs unsuccessfully at the mess on her sweater.

JOANNA: Want to finish it?

MARK shakes his head. He drives on.

100. EXT. THE ROAD. DAY.

MARK and JOANNA on their first trip. They are hiking, rather tired, along the road, eating out of a single tub of ice-cream - one bite for him,

one bit her. He feeds her a huge lump to finish with. She shakes her head, but he crams it all in. She stops and kisses him. There is a rumble of thunder.

101. EXT. THE ROAD. DAY.

Specks of rain falling on the windscreen of the Herald.

The car stops.

They start to put up the top.

102. EXT. THE ROAD. DAY.

Rain falling as JOANNA and MARK hike steadily onwards.

Cars ignore them.

103. INT. HOTEL BEDROOM. DAY. RAIN.

A cot being manoeuvred into the room by a rather surly CHAMBERMAID. The hotel is fairly simple and the room small. CAROLINE is playing on the floor while JOANNA tries to get her into her pyjamas.

JOANNA: Boiled egg for supper, Caro?

MARK sits on the bed and opens his briefcase. CAROLINE nods.

JOANNA: Un œuf à la coq – trois minutes et demie – et du lait, s'il vous plaît. Et du pain.

CHAMBERMAID: Bien.

MARK has some plans out now and is considering them – an impression of small villas in an idyllic setting is among them.

JOANNA (not seeing what he's doing): Make sure Caro doesn't fall out of the window or eat any of the chairs or anything, darling, can you, while I wash out a few things for the morning?

MARK: O.K.

She takes a pile of dirty washing for CAROLINE and goes into the bathroom.

104. EXT. THE ROAD. DAY. RAIN.

JOANNA and MARK are drenched to the skin. We start on JOANNA

wringing water out of the khaki knitted cap of MARK' which she is wearing to keep the rain off. MARK walks on ahead.

Thunder and lightning. MARK turns. JOANNA has disappeared. MARK blinks. The road is straight and without sign of habitation at this point. He frowns and looks in the ditch. There is a long section of concrete drainage tubing, about a yard in diameter. He goes down suspiciously and peers into it.

105. INT. THE TUBING. DAY. RAIN.

Sure enough JOANNA is inside.

JOANNA: Enough, I say, enough!

MARK: Mind if I join you?

JOANNA: Enter, Signor!

He crawls in out of the rain. He crawls towards her and she towards him. They meet and make themselves comfortable.

MARK: First time I've stayed anywhere under the beaten track.

He takes her in his arms and she closes her eyes.

106. INT. HOTEL BEDROOM. DAY. RAIN.

JOANNA can be seen in the bathroom hanging wet clothes over rails. She comes to the door with something wet still in her hand.

JOANNA: Hasn't it come yet?

MARK looks up guiltily from the bed.

MARK: What?

JOANNA: Caro's supper.

MARK: No.

JOANNA: Couldn't you go and see what's happened to it?

MARK: By all means.

JOANNA looks across at CAROLINE. She has pulled all the tissues out of a box of Kleenex and is throwing them out of the window.

JOANNA: I thought you were watching Caroline.

MARK: I'm sorry. I have to see His Majesty The Client tomorrow morning and –

JOANNA: I'll go.

MARK: go.

JOANNA: Don't bother -

MARK: Joanna, I'll go.

He pushes her out of the way and goes angrily to the door. Hold on JOANNA's face. She goes and starts pulling the Kleenex back in the box. We hear MARK's voice, muffled, from below - and then another voice. They become increasingly angry.

107. INT. HOTEL LANDING. DAY. RAIN.

MARK (*calling downwards*): Half an hour. Une demi-heure.

MANAGER (o.s.): C'est pas possible, Monsieur. Le chef n'est pas arrivé.

MARK: Quel chef? Pour un œuf?

The MANAGER climbs up into shot.

MANAGER: I must ask you, Monsieur -

MARK: I must ask you, Monsieur -

MANAGER: You are disturbing the other guests -

MARK: I want that egg here within five minutes, or we're leaving.

108. INT. THE ROOM. DAY. RAIN.

MARK bursts in.

MARK: We're leaving.

JOANNA: Leaving?

MARK: Leaving.

He starts bundling all their things together.

JOANNA: Caroline's in her pyjamas.

MARK: Then she can leave in her pyjamas. They don't want us here, we're not staying here. I'm sorry. I'm not going to be insulted by a fifth-rate doss-house and that's it.

JOANNA: I ask you for a boiled egg. You come back with an eviction order. I don't ...

MARK: I've told you. We're leaving. Now let's go. Let's GO!

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109. INT. THE HERALD. NIGHT. RAIN.

JOANNA is sitting with CAROLINE still in pyjamas on her knees. MARK is driving. The luggage is all crammed higgledy piggledy in the back.

JOANNA is wringing out wet clothes through the open window. Between MARK and JOANNA an atmosphere of sullen hostility.

CAROLINE: Again, Mummy.

JOANNA heaves a deep sigh.

JOANNA: The bumble-bee, the bumble-bee,

He flew to the top of the tulip tree,

He flew to the top,

But he couldn't stop,

For he had to get home to early tea.

The bumble-bee, the bumble-bee,

He flew away from the tulip tree,

But he made a mistake,

And flew into the lake,

And he never got home to early tea.

110. INT. THE TUBING. EVENING.

MARK and JOANNA asleep.

111. INT. CHEAP HOTEL BEDROOM. NIGHT.

CAROLINE asleep in a tally cot.

JOANNA flings herself on the bed.

JOANNA: Pooped!

MARK looks at her.

MARK (*loudly*): Oh it's all my fault, I know.

JOANNA: I have been telling Caroline bed-time stories for one hour. It'd be nice if you could avoid fortissimo for a little while.

MARK: I quit that hotel because they didn't bring you what you wanted. I didn't want a boiled egg.

JOANNA: And Caroline, of course, is nothing to do with you.

MARK: You were the one who wanted a child.

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JOANNA: Why don't you wake her up and tell her?
MARK: I don't want to tell her. I'm telling you. I love Caroline -
JOANNA (*loudly*): You don't know what love is.

CAROLINE *starts to cry out and move.*

JOANNA (*whispers*): You don't know what love is.

MARK: That's tough on me.

JOANNA: All you can do is take the salute at an endless march-past of yourself.

MARK *is about to get angrier, but he laughs at this image. He takes her and kisses her. She doesn't yield to him.*

MARK (*softly* - *ignoring her indifference*): I have an appetite. Do you?

JOANNA (*looking into his eyes*): It wouldn't matter who I was, would it?

MARK *freezes over. He gets up and goes agitatedly to the window.*

MARK: I'm willing to call it a day. Shall we call it a day?

JOANNA: You've never wanted to call it anything else.

MARK: You're damned right there.

JOANNA *turns and flings herself face down on the bed, without a sound.*

MARK: Joanna.

CAROLINE *cries out. JOANNA immediately gets up and goes to her. There are no tears on JOANNA's face, but her muscles are so rigid they look tuned to a very high note indeed. She tucks in CAROLINE and quietens her.*

MARK: We can't even have a fight in peace.

JOANNA: Oh leave me.

He turns and slams his fist into the wardrobe door with a terrific crash. There is a yell from CAROLINE.

JOANNA: You selfish ...

MARK: Oh ...

He goes out of the room and slams the door.

112. INT. THE BEDROOM. NIGHT.

The light is out. It is two hours later. The lights of cars cross the ceiling. JOANNA and MARK lie in each other's arms in the bed. Some of the bedclothes have slipped on to the floor. JOANNA's nightie is among them. MARK is asleep, but JOANNA's eyes are open.

113. INT./EXT. THE TUBE. DAY.

It is morning. JOANNA and MARK wake inside the tube where they have made themselves very comfortable. The tube is rocking slightly. They look at each other puzzled. They start crawling down the tube towards the daylight at the end.

114. EXT. THE ROAD. DAY.

MARK's and JOANNA's P.O.V. Cars coming up towards them and then pulling out to overtake.

114a. C.U. MARK AND JOANNA.

They look at each other in horror and then in delight.

115. EXT. THE ROAD. DAY.

A large truck with the tubing on its back climbs slowly over the brow of a hill.

115a. C.U. MARK AND JOANNA.

They look out of the front end of the tube (over the driving cab). They grin and hug each other.

116. EXT. THE MEDITERRANEAN. DAY.

The sea is there, far away but unmistakable. The coastline spread out ahead.

117. EXT. BUILDING SITE. DAY.

The truck with the tube on top has pulled up. MARK and JOANNA climb out and drop to the ground.

They walk slowly away, still bent to the shape of the tube, and slowly

an infinitely straighten up. They smile and take each other's hand and slipping down the road towards the sea.

MARK: They call it the Mediterranean, my lady!

JOANNA: Come on! Time for a swim!

They hurry on, breaking into a trot. They are carrying their knapsacks. They trot away.

Dissolve to:

118. EXT. SEASIDE. DAY.

They are parked, CAROLINE is playing with her sand-bucket. JOANNA and MARK look at each other. She makes a sort of helpless face.

MARK: I don't understand sex.

JOANNA: Don't worry. It doesn't show.

MARK: Seriously. Why is it we enjoy it more and it means less?

JOANNA: Because it's not personal any more.

MARK (*appalled*): Not personal?

JOANNA (*bluntly*): That's right.

119. EXT. BEACH. SUNSET.

JOANNA and MARK trot into shot, still toting their knapsacks, some hours after descending from the lorry which carried the section of tubing. It is getting dark. They reach the fence along the promenade and lean over it, exhausted.

MARK: Too late, they cried, too late!

They stare out at the sea and the lights for a long moment. Then, together, they turn and kiss passionately. JOANNA gives him an extra kiss afterwards.

JOANNA: I'm so happy, I'm so happy, I'm so happy ... I wish everything could stay like this for ever.

He embraces her. The scene freezes for a moment, then continues.

JOANNA: I love you. Find us a big bed.

She closes her eyes and opens them and smiles, as if she couldn't help herself.

MARK: Tired?

She half turns and collapses, as if in a dead faint, into his arms. She opens her eyes and looks up at him from his arms.

JOANNA: No.

MARK: Come on.

MARK looks across to where a low, dark embankment has a small hotel below it. He picks her up and carries her a few paces. He puts her down.

MARK: End of romantic gesture.

JOANNA: That didn't last long.

MARK: I believe in short romances.

JOANNA: So do I. Short happy romances.

MARK: Last one in bed turns the light out.

They start to run towards the hotel.

120. INT. HOTEL BEDROOM. NIGHT.

JOANNA is in bed with the bedclothes up to her chin. MARK looks at her disgustedly. He reaches and pulls back the bedclothes. She is fully dressed.

JOANNA: Oh well, it was worth a try.

He reaches and takes her shoes off. He starts to tickle her feet. She screams and squirms, but he continues. She falls off the bed and they roll about on the floor, laughing, kissing, laughing, serious.

121. INT. HOTEL BEDROOM. DAY.

JOANNA: You know what I dreamt?

They are just waking up. The shutters are closed tight.

MARK: What did you dream?

JOANNA: I dreamt that a train drove slap bang through the room in the middle of the night.

MARK: Sigmund Freud, what big ears you have!

JOANNA: All the better for analysing you with, my dear.

MARK: You said it.

JOANNA: It had nothing to do with sex whatever. One thing I most certainly am not is frustrated.

124. EXT. DESERTED BEACH. DAY.
They come up out of the water and MARK stops and looks toward the bay.
MARK'S P.O.V. *The deserted, wild hills which ring the bay*

125. EXT. THE BEACH. DAY.
JOANNA takes MARK's hand and pulls him towards the sands.
They come up and fling themselves down. There is a screen of bamboo half hiding them from our view. Presently her bikini and his shorts are hung over the dry bamboo. They turn over and embrace the sun.
JOANNA: We must be very near the Garden of Eden, don't you think?

MARK: Do you know what marriage is?

JOANNA (*slightly excited*): You tell me and I'll see if we're thinking of the same thing.

MARK: Marriage is when the woman asks the man to take off his pyjamas because she wants to send them to the laundry.

He laughs at his joke. She smiles. She stops smiling.

MARK: Good?

JOANNA: Brilliant. I'm hungry. And thirsty.

MARK: You're never satisfied.

JOANNA: What's wrong with being hungry?

MARK: It makes you dependent on other people. It's time you realized that all human appetites are profoundly degrading, with the exception of lust.

JOANNA: What if we could just clap hands and someone'd bring us a menu.

MARK shrugs and claps his hands.

126. EXT. SMART BEACH. DAY.
A WAITER is holding out a menu to MARK and JOANNA who lie, glistening with sun oil, on two mattresses. MARK has finished his order. The WAITER nods, makes a mark on his pad and goes.

MARK: What if we could just clap hands and make all these people disappear?

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MARK: *He's got out of bed and goes to the window and is about to open shutters.*

MARK: *That's your story. Try and sell it to Freud.*

JOANNA flings open the shutters. Instantly there is an appalling and terrifying and thundering rattling crashing banging roaring huffing puffing. An express train roars past the window only a few feet from the sill. Carriage after carriage hurtles past while JOANNA and MARK gape. When the last carriage has gone, they gasp for air.

JOANNA (*regaining calm*): Sexy, wasn't it?

MARK: O.K. You're not frustrated.

122. EXT. SMART BEACH. DAY.

The Mercedes races up into the parking space and stops.

JOANNA and MARK get out. Beyond, on the beach, we can see the usual mattresses, self-conscious girls, chest-expanding, chestnut-coloured men, gaudy umbrellas, peddlers, etcetera.

With a sigh, MARK takes their swimming things out of the back of the car and they go down the concrete steps.

123. EXT. DESERTED BEACH. DAY.

MARK and JOANNA come out from behind a concrete wall (roughly matching the wall of the steps we have just seen) in their not very chic swimming things. Yet they look very good. They carry their student clothes and knapsacks.

They walk out on to the beach which is entirely deserted. No one in sight. They look up and shade their eyes.

JOANNA: Hot!

MARK: Scalding already!

JOANNA: We'd better not sun too long the first day.

MARK: I don't burn. I have asbestos skin.

He grins and claps his hands and starts to chase her furiously. She runs down to the sea and plunges in. He plunges after her.

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MARK: Scream quietly if I'm hurting.

He looks into her eyes. He puts a hand, very gently, to her shoulder. She opens her mouth in a great yell of silent anguish. She takes the hand away. She shakes her head. He puts it back.

MARK: Joanna, Joanna, Joanna.

JOANNA: That's the first time you've actually said my name as if you meant it.

MARK: Joanna, Joanna, Joanna. I mean it.

She smiles ruefully.

JOANNA: We've only got a week, asbestos.

MARK: I'm not asbestos.

JOANNA: No.

MARK: You're not really going to rejoin those poxy choir-girls, are you?

JOANNA: I promised. We've got a week. A week! *(She speaks as if it were a long time, then - on reflection - as if it were a second.)* Oh ... the hell with it. It only hurts for a minute.

She dives recklessly on to the bed.

129. EXT. DALBRETS' VILLA. DAY.

JOANNA plunges into the swimming pool.

The villa is in good taste, luxurious but not scandalously so. MAURICE and MARK are playing pingpong very energetically.

MARK *(smiles across at JOANNA as she surfaces)*: This is the life, eh darling?

She smiles wanly. MARK serves and the pingpong resumes.

MAURICE: Your wife is happy?

MARK: It doesn't take much to make her happy. A villa, a swimming pool, champagne ... simple things like that.

A couple of SERVANTS are lifting a trolley laden with a delicious buffet out on to the terrace.

MAURICE: You are not angry?

MARK: Angry ... ?

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JOANNA claps her hands. The WAITER immediately turns and comes back. JOANNA shakes her head apologetically. The WAITER makes a small bow and goes away again.

JOANNA: It's just as well. You wouldn't really like it.

MARK: Why are we always so busy telling each other what we'd really like or not like? I'm not really this and you're not really that and we never really one thing and we always really the other. Why don't we go off the really standard for a little while? Really.

JOANNA picks up the sun-oil squoosher and squirts it over MARK's shoulders in a fancy pattern.

JOANNA: You're right.

MARK: I'm right?

JOANNA: Baah!

The WAITER comes back with a tray, with two cold lobsters in their red shells.

127. EXT. DESERTED BEACH. DAY.

MARK and JOANNA have dozed off. They wake up, beet red. Burned! They look at each other in horror.

128. INT. HOTEL BEDROOM. DAY.

MARK and JOANNA stare with horror at their images in the mirror. They are both bright red.

MARK: What'll we do?

JOANNA: Stand very still. For several days. And maybe it'll go away.

MARK: I don't want to stand very still. I don't want to at all.

He makes to embrace her. JOANNA gives a little scream.

JOANNA: Nor do I. *(She stares at him.)* Come back next week.

He leans forward and kisses her gently, their bodies not touching.

MARK: Did that hurt?

JOANNA shakes her head. She takes his fingers, one at a time in hers. He leans forward and kisses her again.

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MAURICE: Not to be alone together.

MARK: I can always be alone together.

MAURICE: I am waiting now to hear from Palamos about a meeting and then we show you the whole project. If you are interested ...

MARK: I'm sure I shall be.

MAURICE: Perhaps it will be necessary to stay a few more days. Shall you mind?

MARK (grins): I'll suffer.

JOANNA lies back on her towel in the sun by the pool. MAURICE slams the ball.

MAURICE: Game!

JOANNA turns at MAURICE's cry — hoping it's over — but they change ends with self-absorbed immediacy.

MARK: Ready?

They play. MAURICE slams at the ball and it flies high in the air and lands near JOANNA. She picks it up. MARK turns and claps hands for its return. She holds it up and then takes it to her mouth and makes a great swallowing 'glunk' and holds up empty hands.

MARK: Come on, darling. Give.

JOANNA: Too late.

She points to her stomach.

MARK (comes to her — with careful patience): Sweetheart, we're playing.

JOANNA: Sweetheart, you've been playing for two hours.

A MANSERVANT has come out carrying a telephone. He plugs the extension cord into the navel of a marble cherub by the pool. The phone immediately rings. The MANSERVANT offers it to MAURICE, who picks it up.

MAURICE: Palamos, I was going to call you! Oh! Am I calling you? I understand. Well ...

He walks off, holding the receiver, followed by the MANSERVANT with the bottom part of the phone.

MARK (to JOANNA): Honey, come on, give me the ball.

MARK lunges at JOANNA and pulls at the towel under which she's hidden the ball. MARK grabs. JOANNA gets there first. He attacks her. She tosses the ball into the pool, where it floats.

MARK (seriously polite): Will you please get me the ball?

JOANNA: No. It's your game. You get it.

MARK: I have sneakers on. And things.

JOANNA: Very pretty. Françoise lend them to you?

MARK: Yes. They're a guest pair.

JOANNA: Probably her son's.

MARK: Joanna, please get the ball.

JOANNA: Or her grandson's.

MARK: Will you please give up this insane jealousy? I want that ball.

JOANNA: It's there.

She points. MARK looks furious and glances up at the terrace. Who's watching?

MAURICE is talking on the telephone. He waves to MARK, nods into the phone — something is being satisfactorily arranged.

Cut back to MARK, who has now grabbed JOANNA and picked her up.

JOANNA: Put me down.

MARK: Will you get me that ball?

JOANNA: Certainly not.

He drops her into the pool.

MARK: Get it.

JOANNA gets the ball, dives with it and releases it. It bobs up. Then she swims to the edge of the pool with it and holds it up to MARK.

MAURICE comes down from the terrace.

MAURICE: We meet Palamos for drinks at six. We talk about the whole scheme and then we make your decision.

MARK: Fine.

He 's up at MAURICE as he reaches for the ball. JOANNA grasps his wrist and at the same time braces her legs against the pool side and straightens them. MARK is catapulted into the water at great velocity. He comes up spluttering.

MARK: You little -

JOANNA: You big -

MARK and JOANNA treading water in the middle of the pool, whispering to each other.

MARK: Now I've got my shoes wet. I shall probably catch cold.

JOANNA: Mark, how much longer are we going to stay here?

MARK: You got us into this, sugar!

He starts up the ladder out of the pool.

MARK: You were the one who sold me to Maurice. And you were right. A chance like this doesn't come up every day.

JOANNA: Thank God!

FRANÇOISE signals to them from the terrace.

FRANÇOISE: Lunch!

130. EXT. THE TERRACE. DAY.

MAURICE, still followed by the MANSERVANT, is coming up the steps.

MAURICE: Six o'clock and I bring the genius with me. Ciao. Ciao.

He hangs up. He presses a button and the electric sunshade opens up over the table.

FRANÇOISE is gesturing to MARK and JOANNA to sit down.

FRANÇOISE presses the bell for the toast, etc. It is next to the awning button.

JOANNA sits near the button controls - FRANÇOISE tactfully moves round.

MAURICE: Tonight we all go to the gala and everything is fixed. We see Palamos and ...

JOANNA: I don't have any clothes suitable for a gala.

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FRANÇOISE: Then I borrow you.

MARK: There you are. François'll borrow you.

FRANÇOISE: I hope you don't mind finishing up the caviare.

MARK: If we must.

MARK gives FRANÇOISE a boyish grin and then turns to smile at JOANNA. She gives him a blindingly false smile in return.

FRANÇOISE: You like galas?

JOANNA: Some galas.

FRANÇOISE: Would you mind ... ?

She gestures towards the bell push.

JOANNA: Not at all.

She presses the button - the wrong button. The huge sunshade closes over the entire table and the four of them sitting round it.

MARK (from underneath): Of course that's the trouble with this part of the world. You don't get much of a sunset!

131. EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE. NIGHT.

Coloured lights strung up. COUPLES are dancing very chastely, à la ball-room. When the music comes to our ears, it is almost unbelievable. Can this be the Hôtel de Paris? No, it cannot! It is eight years earlier. It is the Quatorze Juillet celebrations in the village square. A village band of stalwart amateurishness is playing Dixieland waltzes, while the PEASANTS dance their first and last dance of the year. We pick up JOANNA and MARK, wearing coloured paper hats, as they come on to the 'floor' - actually fenced-off area of the square. We pull back slowly to reveal all this.

MARK: Joanna, Joanna, Joanna, how can a week go so quickly?

JOANNA: We made the mistake of enjoying it.

MARK: Don't go tomorrow. Just don't.

JOANNA: Let's not go over it again. Let's not.

MARK: All right. We won't.

JOANNA: We agreed.

He embraces her - neither dares speak. They dance away from us.

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132. IN ALBRETS' VILLA. BEDROOM. NIGHT.
They shut the door. JOANNA is wearing a very chic outfit and a fur wrap which have obviously been borrowed, with her jewellery, from FRANÇOISE.

JOANNA: Quel gala. Fooof.

She starts to undress.

MARK: You were marvellous, Joanna, you were absolutely marvellous.

JOANNA (*looks at herself in the mirror*): I was?

MARK: You were so funny. The way you told the story about the sunshade. You charmed the pants off Palamos.

JOANNA (*slightly drunk*): That would not be too difficult.

He comes to her and takes her in his arms and looks into her eyes.

MARK: I knew you'd love it once we got there.

JOANNA: I hated it once we got there.

MARK: Why?

JOANNA: Why? Because I'm tired of being a parasite. Because I want to go. Because I want to be on our own.

She is in her pyjamas, getting into bed. Still in her diamond tiara.

MARK: Listen, we haven't been here long.

JOANNA: We've been here month after month for two whole days.

MARK: But I'm going to work for the man.

JOANNA: Well, I'm not. (*She makes a grand, haughty face.*) I'm not. What're we going to call the baby?

MARK: Baby? Um ...

JOANNA: Our baby. What're we going to call him?

MARK (*makes a face*): The baby, I guess. Franz Ferdinand?

He looks at her curiously.

JOANNA: What is it?

MARK: I'm trying to imagine you fat.

She suddenly gazes at him.

MARK: What is it?

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JOANNA: I'm trying to imagine you thin.

JOANNA still has her tiara on.

MARK: As I always say to the Duchess, if you want to be a duchess, be a duchess. If you want to make love, hats off.

She puts the tiara on the side table.

133. EXT. DESERTED BEACH. NIGHT (*D. for N.*)

The paper hats from the carnival are flung on the beach, together with their clothes. Naked legs run through and down the beach. Splash. MARK and JOANNA swimming together in the moonlight.

JOANNA: I'd like to swim all the way to a desert island and never come back.

MARK: I'll never forget tonight as long as I live.

JOANNA: Won't you?

MARK: Tell you what! Ten years tonight, no matter what, I'll meet you here. Right here. Is it a deal?

JOANNA: You'll be building skyscrapers ten miles high by that time. You'll never be able to get down in time.

MARK: I'll always think of this place as us, no matter what. The lonely sea and the sand!

134. EXT. THE SAME. DAY.

JOANNA is building an elaborate sand-castle with CAROLINE. For the moment it seems as if the beach is deserted except for them.

CAROLINE (*looks up*): Here comes Daddy.

We now cut to include the whole scene. MARK is indeed coming along the beach, but he is accompanied by PALAMOS, an affluent Greek, for ever twiddling a string of worry beads, his stinky blonde mistress, MICHELLE, in a bikini, COMTE and COMTESSE (YVONNE) DE FLORAC, MAURICE, the SITE MANAGER, and a number of SERVANTS carrying canvas chairs, drinks, sunshades etc. The thud and roar of bulldozers and similar noisy machines fill the air. Above the beach we can see a number of large cars parked at the edge of the site. The Triumph Herald is among

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MARK waves briefly at JOANNA and then begins to
acmonstrate with lavish gestures the overall plan for the develop-
ment. CAROLINE and JOANNA run down to the sea with a bucket
to get water for the finishing touches to the castle. As they return
they see the bulldozer crash thoughtlessly through the entire
careful structure.

135. EXT. THE BEACH AND BAY. NIGHT. (D. for N.)
JOANNA runs over the paper hats, etc. and across the sand and scrambles,
who knows where or why, up the rocks. It is ten years earlier again.
MARK gathers up the paper hats, towels, etc. and follows her.

MARK: What the hell's the matter with you?
He runs after her.

JOANNA: If you think I'm going to wait ten years and then turn
up and smile and say what ho -
MARK: Nobody wants you to say what ho -
JOANNA: And say darling -
MARK: Or darling or anything else -
JOANNA: I don't ever want to see you again.

She breaks free and climbs on up the rocks towards the top of the
bay.

MARK: Then don't.

JOANNA turns and wails - with comic effect and intention - yet
with real anguish.

JOANNA: I hate you.
MARK: Joanna!

JOANNA marches determinedly on her way. MARK comes
crashing after her.

MARK (dodging in front of her again): Listen, we both went into this
with our eyes open. Nobody deceived anybody else -

JOANNA dodges him and flits through the trees.

MARK: So stop playing the ruined virgin. I've heard the tune
before and I didn't like it then. Anyway, you're the one who's

insisting on going back to your damned choir, Joani. ... I don't
want you to go.

JOANNA: Oh yes you do! You want me to turn into ... beautiful
memory and the quicker the better.

MARK: Who said anything about beautiful. Will you come here?
JOANNA: I don't ever want to see you again.

MARK: Not much. Ow!

JOANNA: As long as I live.

MARK: Joanna ...

JOANNA: No.

MARK (calls): I've decided we should get married. What do you
say?

Shock cut:

JOANNA (right next to him): Yea.

The frame freezes.

The picture reanimates.

JOANNA (sincere): I won't ever let you down.

MARK: I will you.

JOANNA: I don't care what you do, as long as I've got you.

MARK (wondering): Joanna Wallace!

JOANNA: You won't regret it, sir.

MARK: You will.

JOANNA: Never.

136. EXT. BEACH. DAY.

The CHAUFFEUR opens the boot of the second Rolls Royce and we see
that it contains an ice-bucket with champagne in it. The CHAUFFEUR
joins a line of SERVANTS who are now setting up a picnic on the beach.
Behind him a MOTOR-CYCLIST on a rather rattly motor-cycle drives up.
He is wearing a panama hat and worn shorts, espadrilles and a towelling
shirt. He looks rather shabby and inappropriate.

FRANÇOISE (calls from the beach): David. We're all down here.

137. EXT. THE BEACH. DAY.

DAVID approaches.

FRANÇOISE (to CAROLINE): Caroline dear, you and Jean-Louis are going to have lunch with Nanny. Won't that be nice? And then afterwards you can all go to the zoo or something.

JOANNA is not very keen about this but MARK gives her a look and CAROLINE, after a moment's hesitation, goes off with JEAN-LOUIS and his starched NANNY.

FRANÇOISE: David, you are naughty. We were expecting you yesterday.

DAVID: I'm sorry.

FRANÇOISE: Well, you're very naughty. Now who don't you know? You know Nicky and Michelle and the Comte and Comtesse de Florac and Mark. Have you met Joanna? (JOANNA shakes her head.) Joanna Wallace, my brother, David.

DAVID: No. (Shakes hands.) How are you?

He looks at JOANNA with a curiously humorous look as if to say that he and she are somehow separate from this band of self-regarding sophisticates.

MARK: She's bored and overheated and she's got a headache, but otherwise she's fine, thank you very much.

MICHELLE (flirtatiously): Mark, you are horrible. I think he's horrible.

PALAMOS: Mark, I have given Michelle an island. You must come when you have finished here and build us a nest.

MICHELLE (mimicking): Cuckoo, cuckoo!

PALAMOS: Without a cuckoo.

FLORAC: You'll be lucky, Nikos.

PALAMOS: I am lucky.

During this interchange, DAVID and JOANNA look at each other, obviously sharing a feeling of distaste for this oh-so-funny carry-on. All this time the bulldozer and machines have continued to clack away, though at a slight distance.

MAURICE: Mark, I must tell you I can't hear myself eat.

MARK gestures to the SITE MANAGER to kill the noise. As it stops, JOANNA and DAVID heave a sigh of relief but at the same

moment MICHELLE leans over and turns on, as if as it will go, a transistor-radio which immediately begins to blare out le hot music from Radio Monte Carlo.

138. EXT. SKY AND GROUND (AERIAL SHOT).
L.S. GLIDER.

138a. INT. GLIDER. DAY.

JOANNA sitting next to DAVID in a glider. Total silence. He is obviously an expert pilot. JOANNA finds the whole thing delicious.

139. EXT. SKY. DAY.

The glider completes an aerobatic.

139a. INT. GLIDER. DAY.

They sit there for a moment, then JOANNA turns to him and smiles.

JOANNA: And they never got home to early tea.

140. EXT. WINDING ROAD. DAY.

The Triumph Herald comes careering wildly through the bends. It passes a place with a great broken bridge towering above the road.

140a. INT. HERALD. DAY.

MARK is driving.

141. EXT. RESTAURANT L'ABBAYE. VENCE. DAY.

The restaurant is built in the ruins of an old abbey. MARK drives the Triumph Herald in and parks it. He walks up the drive.

142. EXT. THE RESTAURANT. DAY.

MARK comes along. JOANNA and DAVID are at a table together. From MARK's P.O.V. we hold them in view and the frame freezes for a second to suggest the shock effect on MARK. Natural motion resumes as he goes forward to them.

DAVID *up politely.*

DAVID: Good morning. Coffee?

MARK *(looking at JOANNA)*: Good morning. Thank you. *(To JOANNA)* Caroline sends her love.

MARK *draws in a deep breath. The coffee is brought and poured.*

MARK: Did you stay here last night?

DAVID: Yes. It's very comfortable.

MARK: Stayed here before, have you?

DAVID: Once or twice.

MARK *looks at JOANNA. She seems unappalled. MARK unwraps sugar and puts it in his coffee.*

MARK *(with final exasperation)*: Look, do you think I could have a word with Joanna - alone?

DAVID: But of course!

He stands up, moistens his finger and holds it up to the wind. Then he ambles off and leaves them alone.

143. EXT. THE RESTAURANT. GARDENS. DAY.

MARK and JOANNA *in the old gardens.*

MARK: You slept in the same room.

JOANNA: Yes.

MARK: In other words -

JOANNA: Yes.

MARK: Are you in love?

JOANNA: Yes.

MARK: After only one day - ?

JOANNA: Yes.

MARK: I see.

JOANNA: I'm like that.

MARK: Are you? How many times has this happened, you being like this?

JOANNA: Twice. *(Pause)* You and David.

MARK: I thought I was going to last a lifetime.

She shrugs. What can I do?

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JOANNA: I never meant it to happen. We just sud' 'y found we -

She shrugs again. How can you explain?

MARK: Got on?

JOANNA: If you like.

MARK: Oh, I'm absolutely mad about the idea.

He watches her for a moment.

DAVID *walks over to MARK.*

DAVID: You really mustn't blame yourself you know.

MARK: You've got your infernal bloody gall, I must say. I don't bloody blame myself. I blame you.

DAVID: But that is ridiculous!

MARK: Look - Joanna's my wife - or had you not heard?

DAVID: This talk of blame is very childish! You have not loved Joanna and now you are angry if someone else does. That is very childish.

MARK: Haven't loved her? I married her.

DAVID: Since some time you have not loved her. I am not taking her away from you, you know.

MARK: Oh?

DAVID: We are simply going away together for a time.

MARK: Thanks. You've set my mind at rest.

DAVID: I'm sorry we did not know each other longer. It would have been easier.

MARK: Oh yes. And more fun! Then you could have had the supreme pleasure of taking your friend's wife. That's real kicks!

144. EXT. THE CAR PARK. L'ABBAYE. DAY.

MARK *watches DAVID get into the Herald with JOANNA. The picture goes out of focus. The whole scene is, from MARK's P.O.V. blurred.*

144a. EXT. VILLA TERRACE. DAY.

MARK *building a house for CAROLINE out of bricks. The theme of MARK and CAROLINE is now, of course, the stronger. He looks at his watch.*

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145. EXT. THE SITE. DAY.

MARK: *ies towards the beach from the Herald and is soon involved directing the unloading of a number of things from a lorry which has driven right down on to the sand.*

MICHELLE *comes into view water-skiing, towed by a motor-boat with one of PALAMOS's SAILORS in charge. She is very good at water-skiing, but when she sees MARK she waves and allows herself to sink into the water and swims in towards him.*

MICHELLE: Why don't you come out?

MARK *shakes his head.*

MICHELLE: Palamos won't mind.

MARK *shakes his head again. She swims back to the skis and fits them on again. She signals to the motor-boat driver who switches on power again. As they go off, she sticks her tongue out at MARK who smiles and waves before turning away.*

A cable has just been fastened to a small gnarled tree and attached to the bulldozer which is obviously going to yank the tree out of the ground.

MARK: No, not that one. There's still life in it, for God's sake.

146. EXT. ST TROPEZ RESTAURANT. DAY.

DAVID and JOANNA *are finishing lunch at a small restaurant in the old port. The tables are out on the quay. DAVID offers JOANNA a cigarette, which she accepts and smokes rather self-consciously, to calm her uncertainties.*

DAVID: The whole world is changing out of all recognition – there is no such thing as permanence any more –

She turns back to him with a smile. Her thoughts have been elsewhere.

JOANNA: No, I suppose not.

DAVID: And we should be glad!

JOANNA: Yes, I suppose so.

Her eyes go to a middle-aged COUPLE sitting morosely staring at the field. She leans forward and indicates them to DAVID.

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DAVID: What sort of people just sit like that with – a word to say to each other?

JOANNA *(the old joking answer trips from her tongue)*. Married people!

DAVID *(unamused)*: Exactly!

JOANNA *(looking at the couple)*: It's sad, though.

DAVID: No, my darling, it is not sad. When something is finished, one must say – it's finished. What is sad? What is sad is to go on when there is nothing left. That is sad. Like you and Mark. That is sad.

That is sad? JOANNA thinks to herself. Then she puts a bold face on it and smiles.

147. EXT. THE BEACH. NIGHT.

After the proposal. JOANNA picks up the carnival hats and puts hers on MARK's head and his on hers.

JOANNA: I shall always love you, always, always, no matter what.

MARK *(promise?)*: No matter what?

JOANNA *(very naive and sincere)*: Yes. *(Pause)* As long as I don't catch you.

He embraces her tenderly. He pulls the hat right down over her face.

She puts out her arms like blind man's buff.

MARK: If you can catch me, you can keep me.

148. EXT. FORK IN ROAD. DAY.

DAVID and JOANNA *are sitting inside the parked Herald.*

DAVID: There comes a time when one must grow. When the old things are not amusing any more.

JOANNA does not answer.

149. EXT. A BEACH. DAY.

MARK and JOANNA *playing beach cricket. MARK bowls – with a rubber ball – and hits JOANNA, batting with a piece of driftwood, on the leg. A hunk of dried cactus as wicket.*

MARK: How was that?

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JOAN Painful.

MARK: That was out, you pregnant sow. That was plumb out. Lcg before cactus.

JOANNA (*advances on him*): Pregnant what?

He runs into the sea.

JOANNA (*sits down*): You'll have to come out eventually and then I'll —

She settles determinedly and looks round.

MARK: Help!

She looks up. He is going under the water.

MARK: If you don't forgive me, I'll drown myself.

He goes dramatically under again.

JOANNA (*alarmed*): Mark. Come back, all is forgiven.

MARK gives a fearful gurgling scream and goes down again, spouting water.

MARK: Too late!

JOANNA (*screams*): Mark —

She plunges into the water. He stands up. In water up to his shins.

MARK (*the butler*): You called?

JOANNA: Bastard!

He makes a funny face and jerks towards her, walking like some bizarre thing from outer space. He looms up over JOANNA.

MARK (*in a monstrous voice*): Give us a kiss.

150. EXT. FORK IN ROAD. DAY.

JOANNA smiles to herself, almost laughing. Then she looks across.

DAVID is not smiling. She takes the smile off her face.

DAVID: Well?

He turns to her, sympathetic but somehow distant.

DAVID: You must decide.

JOANNA: I know.

He puts his arm round her and draws her to him.

DAVID: If something is dead, the best thing is to bury it. The quicker the better.

JOANNA: Yes.

151. INT. BEDROOM. DALBRET VILLA. EVENING.

MARK lying on the bed, surrounded with drawings on which he affects to be working. He looks at his watch. He leans over the papers. He looks up at the door.

A movement. He looks at the terrace door. And there is JOANNA.

151a. EXT. FORK IN ROAD. DAY.

JOANNA kissing DAVID.

152. INT. BEDROOM. DALBRET VILLA. EVENING.

JOANNA, dressed as in the last scene, comes towards MARK.

MARK: Hullo.

JOANNA: Hullo.

MARK: Well?

JOANNA: I'm back.

MARK: Enjoy yourselves?

JOANNA (*nods, looking hard at him*): Yes, thank you. But I missed you.

MARK: (*mirthless laugh*): Ha!

JOANNA: I did.

MARK: Why?

JOANNA (*shrugs*): He was so serious.

MARK: I thought you liked people to be serious.

JOANNA: But he was so serious.

MARK: Remind me to make some funny faces.

JOANNA: You don't need to make them.

MARK: Ha!

JOANNA: Mark, I'm back.

MARK: You humiliate me. You humiliate me and then — you come back.

JOANNA: That's right.

MARK Thank God!

... grabs her and embraces her. She looks into his face, searching for something and then accepts his kiss, almost frightened, not knowing whether it will work or whether she should yield again to him so quickly.

She kisses him fervently, eyes shut.

MARK: You're sure you remember which one I am?

She looks sick. She twists out of his arms and runs, panting and sobbing, out of the terrace window. MARK is appalled at what he has said and frightened that he has lost her again by his silly gibe.

153. EXT. THE GARDEN OF THE VILLA. EVENING.

The sun is setting, golden light fills the gardens. JOANNA runs down the steps of the terrace and in among the bushes and flowers.

MARK: Joanna -

He blunders on through the bushes. JOANNA moves away.

MARK: Joanna -

MARK'S P.O.V. He sees her behind a barrier of low bushes. He flings himself through the bushes towards her.

The swimming pool is between him and her. He goes hurtling into the pool at great speed and with an enormous splash.

JOANNA breaks up.

MARK breaks surface and looks at her with a bleak, drowning expression.

She comes down to the edge of the pool and holds out her hand to him. He climbs out of the pool and stands there.

JOANNA: You'd better come inside. You're raining.

MARK: I've been a fool. A great big fool.

JOANNA: We've both ...

MARK: It's all been me really. You were always ... (He stops and shrugs) I'm sorry.

JOANNA: Forget it.

MARK: Can we forget it?

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JOANNA: Can you?

MARK: I can. I'm just glad you're back. That's all re about.

JOANNA: Well, I'm back.

MARK: Well that's all I care about.

They go in.

153a. EXT. AUTOROUTE. MERCEDES. DAY.

The last frames of the last scene are visible in the driving mirror of the Mercedes as MARK and JOANNA pull away from the Plage and speed away up the autoroute. The images fall away as if they were the images of something they have overtaken. Both of them glance at the mirror and then at each other, balefully.

MARK: We should've parted then.

JOANNA: Why didn't we?

MARK: I didn't have the courage.

JOANNA: You didn't have the courage? What courage did you need?

MARK: The courage to see that what was finished was finished.

JOANNA: And what was finished?

MARK: You know bloody well what was finished.

JOANNA: Yes, I do. Me and David. And we finished. So?

MARK: I should have left you to it. It would have hurt - but that's what I should have done. Only I didn't have the courage. It would have meant going back to a life of joyless promiscuity; an endless succession of purely physical relationships, traipsing from one bed to another, brief affairs with a row of brainless birds with nothing but their bodies to offer. No wonder my nerve failed me. It would've needed a man of iron to face that prospect without wavering. Right?

He smiles at her, his good humour somewhat restored, as usual, by a bold flight of the imagination.

JOANNA: What the hell do you want?

MARK: My cake and eat it. Doesn't everybody?

A pause.

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MARK: You know as well as I do you're hoping he'll be there. Why pretend?
JOAN: I'm not pretending. I do hope he'll be there.
MARK: You see?

JOANNA: I like him. And it'll give me someone to talk to when Maurice drags you off for one of his ten-minute chats for six hours.
MARK: I'm not having any ten-minute chats with Maurice.

JOANNA: Ha!

MARK (*mock Continental*): I swear to you.

We see a sign: 'CAP VALÉRY - NEXT EXIT'.

MARK: Pin on a nice smile. We're almost there.

JOANNA *pins on a nice smile, radiantly false.*

154. INT. DE FLORAC VILLA. NIGHT.

MARK and JOANNA, now looking radiant, come up to YVONNE and HUSBAND carrying the statue.

MARK: Joanna thought he'd make a handsome addition to the living-pit.

YVONNE: Bless you both. (*She kisses JOANNA*) Prettier than ever! (*and then she kisses MARK.*)

MARK: Prettier than ever?

YVONNE (*with a light laugh*): Everyone is admiring the house so much - I can't tell you.

MARK: Tell me, tell me. I can't stand praise unless I have it.

AMERICAN LADY: You must be the architect. I just love the high ceilings.

MARK: And the low floors?

AMERICAN LADY: Precious!

As MARK is being congratulated and generally lionized, he (and we) see DAVID come in from the terrace. He sees JOANNA and gives her a slow smile. She smiles at him and there is a sudden swoop of feeling between them, of which MARK, surrounded by flattery, is only too conscious.

There are many guests in the house and music is playing. JOANNA and DAVID approach each other and, without our hearing any-

thing, embrace, kiss on either cheek, smiling, unobtrusively, apparently, except MARK who notices all right.

DAVID takes JOANNA by the arm and leads her to the terrace door.

AMERICAN LADY (*over this*): You'll never believe this - it's just the wildest coincidence imaginable - but right when I was en route [*on roof*] to the airport who should I bump into - metaphorically, of course -

MARK (*watching DAVID and JOANNA*): Of course.

AMERICAN LADY: ... but Howard and Cathy Maxwell Manchester on the way home from the hospital where she's been undergoing surgery for a particularly nasty cyst although I'm glad to say the doctors have given her a very hopeful prognosis and they said I should call you up when I got to Europe and what a darling couple you were and then when I called Yvonne and discovered that you'd built their new home for them, well, you can imagine -

MARK: Yes.

AMERICAN LADY: Isn't it just the wildest coincidence imaginable?

MARK: What? Oh yes, yes, isn't it?

AMERICAN LADY: I think you've done the most fantastic things. I guess you must be a very happy man.

MARK: I guess so.

AMERICAN LADY (*laughs*): That's right. And your wife's so darling. I've heard a lot about her. And you've got a wonderful little boy, haven't you?

MARK (*blinks*): We've got a wonderful little girl, actually.

MARK *moves to get away.*

AMERICAN LADY: Enjoy it while you have it - that's my advice. My husband recently passed on, you know, and believe me, you don't know what you've had until you don't have it any more. Still and all, it makes me very happy to see a really talented young man break right through to the top and I only wish Howard and Cathy were here right now to see it because, believe

me, I w, they always believed in you right from the first, if not be ...

Through the terrace window, without being able to hear them, we and MARK have seen glimpses of DAVID and JOANNA, smiling and talking together. MARK now manages to slip away from the AMERICAN LADY and moves across towards the buffet which lies between him and the terrace door. The AMERICAN LADY's voice goes right on talking, as above, although MARK has now slipped the leash of her garrulity.

Now MARK sees JOANNA look suddenly delighted. She spreads her arms and kisses DAVID enthusiastically. MARK feels sick. He puts down the plate of food which a WAITER has handed him and pours himself a glass of wine which he drains instantly.

He puts the glass down and starts for the terrace. A SERVANT touches his arm. He turns and sees that the MAN is carrying a telephone.

SERVANT: Monsieur Wallace?

MARK nods.

SERVANT: Telephone for you.

MARK (takes it): Thank you very much.

SERVANT: One moment - I plug you in.

MARK (to a very PRETTY GIRL whom we shall know as SYLVIA): One moment, he plugs me in.

MARK follows, still carrying the phone, to a corner where there is a plug.

SERVANT: They call you from America.

MARK: They call me from America. They call me from here. They call me from there. They call me from every bloody where.

SYLVIA smiles with slow amusement.

MARK (into phone): Hullo? Hallo? Hallo, how are you? (Excited, to SYLVIA, forgetting she isn't JOANNA) It's Hal Van Benius. (Into phone) Well, what's the story? You dot It's fixed? Well, that's wonderful.

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All this time he is trying to see out of the terrace door - stretches the cord to its limit.

MARK: When do we start? (laughs) Yesterday I can't do. I already have things I have to do yesterday.

He makes a 'big deal' face at SYLVIA, who again smiles.

MARK: Rome! You are? When? Friday? I'll be there. I'll be there. I've got it. See you then. Great.

He puts the phone down.

MARK: Rome on Friday.

SYLVIA: So, you are very much the success.

MARK: Incredibly much. Shall we dance?

She nods slowly. There are a couple of other couples dancing. Nothing elaborate. MARK dances SYLVIA towards the terrace. The lights flicker for a moment and there is a gasp of excitement and then they steady again.

SYLVIA: I think it is too early in the evening for that.

MARK: Is it ever too early in the evening for that?

He smiles roguishly and she seems to enjoy it. He feels better.

MAURICE is now seen coming into the room, wiping his hands.

MAURICE: Mark - you are here! No one tells me a thing. I am repairing the electrics, which you should have been here to check again incidentally, and no one tells me you are arriving.

MAURICE has paid not the smallest attention to SYLVIA but has come straight between her and MARK, whom he takes by the arm.

MAURICE: I have a great many things now we must discuss.

MARK: You haven't met my fiancée.

MAURICE: How do you do? Now, we go somewhere quiet and have a long talk.

MARK: I thought I'd come to a party.

MAURICE: Please, I have problems. What is your fiancée's name?

MARK: I don't know. I'll ask her. Excuse me, darling, what's your name?

SYLVIA (enjoying the charade): Sylvia.

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MARK: She's very pretty. (*Frowns*) You have divorced Joanna? (*He is suddenly aware of what's been said.*) I don't understand. Anyway, the main question is, when are you free?

DAVID and JOANNA come in through the terrace door. SYLVIA still has her arm on MARK's shoulder and he has an arm round her waist. MARK and JOANNA look at each other. JOANNA and DAVID come towards them; MAURICE looks uneasy and uncertain.

SYLVIA leaves go of MARK and goes and kisses DAVID with some passion, which he returns. MARK looks astonished, MAURICE even more so.

DAVID (*introducing SYLVIA to JOANNA*): Joanna, I want you to meet my fiancée, Sylvia Urbino - Joanna Wallace.

JOANNA: David's been telling me about you.

MAURICE is even more astonished.

MARK: Congratulations.

He holds out his hand to DAVID.

DAVID: Thank you.

MARK (*to JOANNA*): Hal Van Benius just phoned.

JOANNA: And?

MARK (*American accent*): I got the job.

JOANNA: Good! (*isn't it?*) Good?

She looks really delighted. He shrugs - yes, it's good.

MAURICE: You are going to the States?

MARK: Only for a couple of years.

MAURICE: Then you give me ten minutes now. I need your advice.

MARK (*to JOANNA*): We're meeting him in Rome on Friday on his way through.

MAURICE: Ten minutes.

JOANNA and MARK look at each other. MAURICE is up to his old tricks.

The AMERICAN LADY now comes up with FRANÇOISE, beaming.

AMERICAN LADY (*to DAVID*): Your sister has just - at telling me your wonderful news. About you and this beautiful girl.

DAVID smiles uneasily.

AMERICAN LADY: Well, all I want to say is, if you can be as happy as these two wonderful young people and have a marriage like theirs, you don't have a thing to worry about.

MARK and DAVID look at each other and a reluctant flicker of amusement passes between them.

DAVID: I hope very much you are right.

MAURICE: Now, Mark, my problem is very simple but very complicated ... So if you can spare me just ten minutes ...

JOANNA shakes her head. MARK shrugs. What can he do?

MAURICE: You are the obvious man, since it was your original conception -

The lights go out very suddenly and very completely. Cries of surprise and alarm.

MAURICE: Everybody jump please.

Everybody jumps. The lights come on.

MAURICE: I think it only fair that you should see what you can do. I am sorry that you are not here to supervise the whole thing, but ten minutes surely is not very much ...

He looks. MARK has gone. JOANNA has gone. DAVID and SYLVIA are smiling at each other. The AMERICAN LADY looks puzzled at MAURICE. MAURICE and she shrug and, almost without realizing what they are doing, dance off together.

155. EXT. PINEWOODS. NIGHT.

The Mercedes coming slowly down the drive which now leads through the wood to the new villa. We can hear the music from the party.

MARK: I hate these occasions.

JOANNA: I hate these occasions. You love these occasions.

MARK: I love you.

JOANNA: I love you.

MARK: Ummm.

JOAN: How long is this going to go on?

MARK: I don't know. How long is this going to go on?

JOANNA (*brightly*): For ever! (*appalled*) For ever? How long is what going to go on?

MARK *stops the car.*

MARK: You used to think I wasn't ever serious. Now you're never serious.

JOANNA (*seriously*): How long is what going to go on?

MARK: The pretence that we're happy.

JOANNA: You've never pretended we were happy! So who's pretending?

MARK: You are. That you want to stay with me. That we're happily married.

JOANNA: Those are two entirely different things!

MARK: You don't have to tell me.

JOANNA: You really want it all to be a failure, don't you?

MARK: I haven't got anyone else to go to.

JOANNA: You've got women all over the place who'd be glad to renew their subscriptions.

MARK: But I wouldn't be glad.

He restarts the car.

JOANNA: If you had someone you wanted to go to, you'd be on your way, you don't have to tell me.

MARK: Then why are you still here?

JOANNA: Because I'm not you.

MARK: How long are you going to go on resenting the past?

JOANNA: Who's talking? Just who is talking?

He stops the car.

MARK: I'm talking. What would you do if we got a divorce?

JOANNA: Cry.

MARK: Like for how long?

JOANNA: You want dates? I don't know. Why should we get a divorce?

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MARK: Or if I died. If I didn't exist.

JOANNA: Look, if I hadn't had chickenpox, I'd've had chickenpox. I don't know.

MARK (*touches her forehead*): You scratched.

JOANNA: I scratched.

MARK: I love you, Joanna Wallace.

JOANNA: Well then! Well then!

He restarts the car.

MARK: What would you do if I didn't exist?

JOANNA: The trouble with your examination is I have to answer every question.

MARK: It's a tough school.

JOANNA: I'd probably have married David.

MARK *looks at her with bleak anguish and stops the car.*

JOANNA: But you do exist. You knew the answer, why did you ask the question?

MARK: Because I knew the answer.

JOANNA: There'll never be anyone else like you in my life.

MARK: You promise?

JOANNA: I hope.

MARK (*starts the car*): I thought we were going to be serious.

JOANNA: Serious isn't solemn. I am serious.

The car starts to move forward down through the woods.

JOANNA: It's you who can't accept it.

MARK *stops the car again.*

JOANNA: Why do you always stop the car as soon as I say anything?

MARK: What can't I accept?

JOANNA: That we're a fixture. That we're married. You go on about me leaving you when I'm always still here. Are you sure you don't want me to leave you?

MARK: Positive.

JOANNA: Michelle's at the party, you know.

MARK: Positive.

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JOANNA: Suddenly you're a vegetarian?

MARK: You are my meat.

JOANNA: And so are you mine. (MARK starts the car again.) Why do you think I'm here?

MARK: I don't know. That's the whole —

JOANNA: That's the whole thing, you never stop to think.

MARK stops the car again.

MARK: I've stopped. To think.

JOANNA: Stop thinking.

She puts her arms round him and kisses him. She whispers to him.

He looks at her.

MARK: Now?

She nods.

MARK: Here?

She nods again, vigorously.

JOANNA: I love happy endings!

He smiles at her and kisses her passionately, all in one.

MARK: You're just plain immoral.

JOANNA: How can it be immoral if you're married?

MARK: We're going to have to get a divorce.

156. EXT. THE COAST ROAD. DAY.

JOANNA and MARK in their hitch-hiking days are walking steadily along the road.

They turn and look back and see a car coming. MARK raises his thumb.

The Ford with the MAXWELL MANCHESTERS in it slows down and they get in.

The Ford goes away from us and suddenly pulls in and stops.

Sped-up action: The OCCUPANTS of the Ford change places and the car moves off again.

157. EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHTS. SAME DAY.

The Ford slows down. The M.G. pulls in next to it, on the far side (we

cannot see into the driving seat). The lights change, the M.G. pulls away quickly. The M.G. moves more slowly. We see now that in fact MARK and JOANNA are pushing it from behind.

There is a loud hoot. They look up indignantly. The Herald with them aboard, comes up with them. They stop pushing the M.G., which rolls backwards out of shot, and climb into their own selves in the Herald.

158. EXT. ROUNDABOUT. SAME DAY.

The Herald comes along with two of them sitting in front, rather coldly. At the roundabout, cut to:

Top shot: The Herald splits into two identical Heralds, one of which goes one way, following a Saab with a blonde in it, the other the other way with JOANNA and DAVID in it.

The two cars meet at the far side of the roundabout and rejoin into one. JOANNA and MARK are reunited.

The Mercedes immediately overtakes the Herald. We stay with the Mercedes and see MARK and JOANNA driving along 'in the present' smiling and in good humour.

159. EXT. THE FRENCH-ITALIAN FRONTIER. DAY.

The Mercedes making up the steep approach to the frontier station.

MARK (philosophizing): We've changed. You have to admit it.

JOANNA: I admit it. We've changed.

MARK: It's sad, but there it is. Life.

JOANNA: It's not that sad. Do you know what I dreamt? I dreamt —

MARK: This is no time for triplets. (He smiles.) Maybe there are compensations. Monster!

JOANNA: Well at least you're not a bad-tempered, disorganized, conceited failure any more.

They have reached the barrier area.

MARK: No, I'm a pretty slick fellow in my way.

He slips open the glove compartment and hands out documents to the OFFICIALS.

JOANNA: You're a bad-tempered, disorganized, conceited
SUC
MARK: Thank you. And you are no longer a suburban nobody.
You're a suburban somebody! Who says I'm disorganized?

He files the returned documents neatly.

OFFICIAL: Passport.

MARK, smiling still, slips open another compartment and reaches in, but there is nothing. He looks unruffled. He pats his pocket confidently, but again there is nothing. He starts to get out of the car — but his seat belt is fastened. He unhooks it, slightly flustered now, and gets out. He pats himself furiously, looks under the car, under the seat — rushes round and opens the boot.

We lift and pull back from the scene. MARK is increasingly flapped. He starts to rave.

MARK: I've got to get to Rome. I've got a very important meeting — I have to get through — I don't know what's happened to it, but —

OFFICIALS are gesticulating and shrugging.

As this drama reaches its peak, JOANNA is once more holding up the missing passport. She looks at MARK. He stops in mid-rhetoric and looks at her ruefully. He takes the passport and hands it to the OFFICIAL.

MARK: Passport.

He comes up to JOANNA and takes her in his arms and kisses her once more.

MARK: Bitch.

JOANNA: Bastard.

Fade out.

About the Author

Frederic Raphael has already established a prominent name in movie circles with his excellent, original screen script for *Darling* for which he won both an Oscar and the British Film Academy Award. Mr. Raphael, who was born in Chicago but now lives in London, is also one of England's leading young novelists; he has written among other novels *Limits of Love* (1960) and *Lindemann* (1963).

