

WITHNAIL & I

by

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Lt Draft.

The curtains open. Illuminate a face staring out. Late twenties. Milk-white with insomnia. Glasses supplied by the state. Good looking when the angle's right. Clearly something dreadful happening in the street. He turns away with an expression of disgust. Begins to pace nervously towards a kitchen. His name 's MARWOOD.

Everything looks ill. The walls and furniture look ill. Daylight looks ill. It continues to seep through the gap in the curtains.

An utterance like someone giving birth. Then a small fart. Then a large one. Then a grunt. Then the drop. Then a space of almost inaudible laughter. Then sounds of the Toileter standing to examine his wares. Then the words "Good God." Then another small fart.

MARWOOD is retracing his steps. Hours and hours have passed. But they're still stagnating here. Drifting around in the cigarette smoke and settling with the dust. Nothing could get out of here.

The kitchen is an extension of the living room. But much worse. The living room doesn't have a sink. This room does and it looks like it's vomited. The unwashed and the unwashable are stacked to the height of the taps. Anything that can't get in seems in the process of getting out. Every horizontal surface is covered in naso/visual horror. Here are the remains of fish suppers and the newspapers in which they were dispensed. Here are saucepans filled with unspeakable liquids. Here are empty wine bottles and dead flowers. Roses in black water with blooms like knuckles of congealed blood. Here is a frying pan driven vertical with a partially fried egg still attached. Alarming things are beginning to grow in this kitchen. This place is a positive hazard to health.

The view stops MARWOOD in his tracks. He stares as though witnessing this panorama of degradation for the first time. Something has got to be done to maintain equilibrium. His eyes settle on a kettle. Plunging at the sink he fills it and slams it on the gas.

No question about it. Something heavy is coming down & MARWOOD is about to discover what it is. A hypnotic blue flame circles the kettle. For a moment it demands his attention. Then he turns away trying to breathe. The flame is obviously devouring all the oxygen. No air in here and he heads back for the living room.

As he reappears a man looks up from the sofa. Thirty years old. Stubbled and pale. Hue of an oven-ready chicken. The eyes have practically vanished under mauve lids. But the face has dignity. So do the clothes. He wears a tweed overcoat. Corduroy trousers. And brogues. There's class here somewhere. His name is WITHNAIL.

Despite the squalour the room is furnished with antiques. Heirlooms and other quality stuff. Clasping the arms of a Sheraton MARWOOD sits down. An indescribable melange crowds the table between them. Object d'art and breakfast remains compete for space.

There's also a small cassette recorder. It clicks on completion of a rewind. Both WITHNAIL and MARWOOD direct eyes towards it. To MARWOOD's horror WITHNAIL reaches out. A thumb descends onto the start button. The tape of toilet activity begins to replay.

An utterance like someone giving birth. Then a small fart. Then a large one. Then a grunt. Then the drop. Then MARWOOD elevates to his feet. Motoring on bile he heads for the door. A human being has reached his limit. One last dreadful look and he leaves. There can be no mistake about it. These people have taken drugs.

TITLES

A boarded up and derelict warehouse opposite. A line of old dwellings. But this street is on the up. Most of the houses have been converted. Here are brass-knockers and enamel number plates. Frog cars parked outside. Two or three rotten teeth remain in this row of gleaming dentures. MARWOOD emerges from one of them. He stands on the steps and fills his lungs before heading across the road.

*Perhaps thirteen million people in London.
And if they all go once a day, that means
end to end there'd be enough shit to stretch
from here to Casablanca. I'm not working it
out now. I'd done that before with Withnail.*

The street lights are still on. Old snow is piled at the kerb-side like dirty laundry. Utterly dismal. A carbon copy of a day.

*Also computed the Dresden route via Cologne.
And Moscow in a day and a half. Thirteen million
people in London. And Withnail's gotta be
the only one with an obsession for recording
himself do it. Why he does it, I don't know. I
don't know why he does it. I suppose he must be
unique ...*

MARWOOD turns a corner into a parade of shops. These have yet to be converted to the tastes of the immigrants with their Citroens. No come-for-the-weekends here. The area is shabby as the weather.

An old heap by the bank is selling newspapers. His face glows in the light of a carbide lamp. 'VICAR BATTERS OLD WOMAN TO DEATH.' About the only thing happening and MARWOOD stops to buy a paper.

MARWOOD

Evening News please.

A well-bred accent. But he may as well have spoken in Japanese.

Evening News please.

OLD HEAP

It's Sunday morning mate.

MARWOOD stares like it's the most devastating news he's ever had.

3: INT. WANKERS CAFE. DAY.

3.

More news now as MARWOOD scans a rag. Here are murderers and muggers and photographs of tits and advertisements for trusses and John and Yoko and maniac vicars and brassieres and atomic bombs and Viet Nam and pillage and thousands on the rampage.

Wide-eyed with shock MARWOOD lowers his newspaper. Practically everybody else in the dump is behind one. This cafe is a hovel. Grease and fumes and ketchup bottles with blackened foreskins.

MARWOOD watches an old Woman eating egg. Loathing and facination. Loathing wins it & he turns away. Comes face to face with WHY I DID IT - MOTHER OF ELEVEN TELLS ALL. There is no escape.

Thirteen million people have to cope with this? And vicars and All-Bran and Rape? And I'm sitting in this fucking shack and I can't cope with Withnail? I must be out of my mind. I must go home at once and discuss his problems in depth ...

END TITLES

4: INT. STAIRWAY/BATHROOM. APARTMENT. DAY.

4.

MARWOOD blunders upstairs. Sounds of mad hammering above. Candle light is spilling out of a small room. Looks like some kind of bathroom. Frenzied pounding louder. He pushes in and WITHNAIL is there. Foaming with speed. He's got a four pound sledge hammer going through wattle. No light to see what's happening. But his intention seems to be to get through the wall. Plaster and brick fragments are exploding. The refurbishings put MARWOOD to panic.

What are you doing? What are you doing? - Knocking some of these bastard pustules off. They're driving me out of my mind. - Stop doing it. Stop doing it. I can't bear you doing it. - What else shall I do? - I don't know. I don't know. But don't do it. Give me that hammer. - WITHNAIL allows the hammer to be confiscated.

He comes out with a candle and a glass of wine. Clutching the hammer & his newspaper MARWOOD heads downstairs. WITHNAIL follows. His voice has been to Oxford and is deadly with sincerity.

WITHNAIL

I have some extremely distressing news ...

MARWOOD

I don't wanna hear it. I don't wanna hear anything.

Back to the living room. Nothing has changed except it's now filled with steam. Neither seem to notice. Unlikely WITHNAIL is aware MARWOOD's been out. He hot-foots it in and the pacing recommences. This time with an intensity that forewarns some sort of crisis. He thumps to the window and stares into the street.

My God, it's a nightmare out there. I tell you, it's a fucking nightmare ...

WITHNAIL

We've just run out of wine ... What are we gonna do about it?

MARWOOD

I don't know. I don't know. I don't feel good. I feel like my liver just stopped.

MARWOOD's glasses mist with condensation. He doesn't look good. He pounds up the carpet wringing anxiety out of his newspaper.

WITHNAIL.
Give me that newspaper.

WITHNAIL grabs the paper and MARWOOD continues walking. He sees his reflection in a mirror. Muscles earthquake & he gets a rush.

MARWOOD
Jesus Christ. I think I've overdone it. I think I've overdosed. My thumbs have gone weird. I'm in the middle of a fucking overdose.

WITHNAIL collapses on the sofa. MARWOOD is still going up a hill.

I am. I tell you, I am. My heart's beating like a fucked clock. I feel dreadful. I feel fucking dreadful.

WITHNAIL
So do I. So does everybody. Look at my tongue. It's wearing a yellow sock. Sit down, for Christ's sake. What's the matter with you? Eat some sugar.

He fights the newspaper into shape. MARWOOD gathers his senses.

MARWOOD
D'you want some? D'you wanna eat some?

No answer and MARWOOD quicks it into the kitchen. Begins a frenzied search for a drinking receptacle. There's only a soup bowl. He's transferring sugar when WITHNAIL appears through the steam.

WITHNAIL
Listen to this. "Curse of the Supermen ...

WITHNAIL is reading from the paper with a disturbing looking grin.

I took drugs to win medal, says top athlete, Jeff Teal." ...

MARWOOD
Where's the coffee?

WITHNAIL
"In a world exclusive interview. thirty three year old shot-putter, Jeff Teal, who weighs three hundred and seventeen pounds, admitted taking massive doses of anabolic steroids, drugs banned in sport." ...

MARWOOD doesn't want to listen. Tangents off looking for coffee.

Look at him. Look at Jeff Teal.

MARWOOD

Don't show him to me. I don't
wanna see him ...

But WITHNAIL manages to get a photograph of Jeff in the escape path. MARWOOD is forced to look at a face with hair sprouting from the nose and ears. Side-boards exiting from the nostrils.

WITHNAIL

Look at his head. His head must
weigh fifty pounds on its own ...

MARWOOD has reached the living room. WITHNAIL travels with him.

"He used to get in bad tempers and
act daft, says his wife. He used to
pick on me. Now he's stopped, he's
much better in our sex-life, and in
our general life .. "

A jar of Maxwell House on the table. MARWOOD grabs it and they
return to the kitchen. Teal has excited WITHNAIL's imagination.

Jesus Christ, this huge thatched
head with its sideboards and cannon
ball is now considered sane. Jeff
Teal is feeling better. And is now
prepared to step back into society
and start throwing his ball about.

MARWOOD shakes coffee from the jar and mixes it with his fingers.
Grabbing a magazine he uses it to insulate the white-hot kettle.

Look at him. Look at Jeff Teal.

MARWOOD pours water into the soup bowl. Gets another view of Jeff.

His ear-lobes must weigh a pound
and a half each ...

MARWOOD

Take him away. I don't wanna see him.

WITHNAIL

Imagine the size of his balls.

The kettle returns to the gas. Jeff Teal is fascinating WITHNAIL.

Imagine getting into a fight with
the fucker ...

Clutching his soup bowl MARWOOD pushes past into the living room.

MARWOOD

Please. I don't feel good.

WITHNAIL

That's what you'd say. But that
wouldn't wash with Jeff. He'd like

WITHNAIL (Cond)
a bit of pleading. Adds spice to it. In fact, he'd probably tell you what he was gonna do before he did it. "I'm gonna pull your head off." No, please. Please don't pull my head off. "I'm gonna pull your head off because I don't like your head." ...

WITHNAIL stops mid-sentence. Stares with accelerating indignation

Have you got soup?

MARWOOD sits and begins sipping coffee from the edge of his bowl.

Why don't I get any soup?

MARWOOD
Coffee.

WITHNAIL
Well why don't you use a cup like any other human being?

MARWOOD
Why don't you wash up occasionally like any other human being?

Before the words have left his mouth MARWOOD realises he's made a mistake. If it is possible for a face as white as WITHNAIL's to pale the moment is now. Crumpling his newspaper he marches forward. In the interests of safety MARWOOD rises to his feet.

WITHNAIL
How dare you. How dare you.

MARWOOD
Calm down. Calm down.

The person offering this advice isn't entirely calm himself. Expecting the dreadful MARWOOD attempts to get closer to the door.

WITHNAIL
How dare you call me inhumane.

MARWOOD
I didn't call you inhumane. You merely imagined that. Calm down.

WITHNAIL
Right you fucker. I'm gonna do the washing up.

The crisis has focused. MARWOOD moves in to prevent a development.

MARWOOD
You can't. It's impossible. I swear to you. I've looked into it.

A cross between a scuffle and a waltz. MARWOOD leading in both.

MARWOOD

Listen to me. Listen. There are things in there. There's a tea-bag growing. You haven't slept for sixty hours. You're in no state to tackle it. The thing needs discussion. Wait for the morning, and we'll go in together.

WITHNAIL

This is the morning. Stand aside.

Rolling up the sleeve of his overcoat WITHNAIL barges into the steam. Issuing warnings MARWOOD follows prancing like a tit.

MARWOOD

You don't understand. I think there may be something living in there. I think there's something alive ...

It's difficult to see what's happening. But WITHNAIL is in possession of the Fairy Liquid bottle and is wielding it like a gun.

WITHNAIL

What d'you mean, a rat?

MARWOOD

Possibly. It's possible.

WITHNAIL

Then the fucker will rue the day.

Firing his bottle WITHNAIL plunges at the sink. Both taps go on and there's a clatter of activity. "Christ Almighty." And he staggers back clutching a saucepan filled with pungent brown fluids.

Sinew in nicotine base.

A facination for the unclean drives MARWOOD towards the visuals.

Keep back. Keep back. The entire sink's gone rotten.
I don't know what's in here.

A space for the saucepan is cleared. MARWOOD stares at it while WITHNAIL pours water from the kettle and envelopes himself in a cloud of super-heated steam. A volcanic growl comes from the fog.

MARWOOD

What is it? What have you seen?

Bellowing loud WITHNAIL passes at speed with his hand in the air.

I told you. You've been bitten.

WITHNAIL

Burnt. Burnt. The fucking kettle's on fire.

While WITHNAIL eats his hand his accomplice goes in for a squint.

MARWOOD
There's something floating up.

WITHNAIL races back into the kitchen. A voice laced with revenge.

WITHNAIL
Fork it.

MARWOOD
No. No. I don't wanna touch it.

WITHNAIL
You must. You must. That poop
will bore through the glaze.
We'll never be able to use the
dinner service again ...

He tugs at a drawer stuffed with domestic items. Produces a tool.

Here. Get it with the pliers.

MARWOOD
No. No. Give me the gloves.

Rubber gloves are handed across. WITHNAIL stares as they go on.

WITHNAIL
That's right. Put on the
gloves. Don't attempt any-
thing without the gloves.

Defying the view MARWOOD goes in. Starts probing into the depths.

MARWOOD
There's a boiled egg in here.

WITHNAIL
This is too much to bear.

An explosion of stagnant chilli and he reels back from the sink.

What is it? What have you found?

MARWOOD
Matter.

WITHNAIL
Matter. Where's it coming from?

WITHNAIL's eyes prod as he forces himself forward for an expose.

MARWOOD
Don't come. Don't look.
I'm dealing with it ...

WITHNAIL

I think we've been in here
too long. I feel abnormal. I
think we should go outside.

MARWOOD is diving for the foundations. This is apocalypse now.
Half a loaf comes out. Then other things. Both are dumbstruck.
There is nothing they can do. Very slowly the image begins to
fade. MARWOOD turns. WITHNAIL has metamorphosised into a wolf.

*Revealed in the sink were the remains of
a weeks breakfasts. A diary of our culin-
ary expertise over the last twenty days.*

5: EXT. REGENTS PARK. DAY.

5.

*A Chinese take-away was the foundation to
this pile of horror. One flattened ball of
pork (for which the inventor may in wide-
eyed innocence have conceived as sweet) but
could not, in his wildest Chinese nightmare,
have appreciated what the addition of the
word sour might entail ...*

Drizzle clings to the trees. The railings look very black against
the mist. This is a section of the park bordering on the zoo. The
wolves are as bored with them as they are with the wolves. They
turn away. Coats wrapped round them. Arms wrapped round the coats.

WITHNAIL

This is ridiculous. Look at me.
I'm thirty in a month. And I've
got a sole flapping off my shoe.

MARWOOD

It'll get better. It has to ...

WITHNAIL's expression is a mixture of vitimin-lack and cynicism.

WITHNAIL

Easy enough for you to say "lovey."
You've had an audition ...

An audition? Can these two wrecks be actors? Evidently they are.

It's ridiculous. I've been to
drama school. I'm good looking.
I tell you, I've a fuck sight
more talent than half the cunts
that get on television. Why can't
I get on television .. ?

MARWOOD has clearly listened to this before. He turns away cold.

MARWOOD

I don't know. It'll happen ...

WITHNAIL

Will it. That's what you say.
The only programme I'm likely to
get on is the fucking news ...

The assesment is probably correct. Unlikely anyone would let WITH-
NAIL loose in a television studio. Much less pay him to be there.

MARWOOD

It's a question of supply and demand.

WITHNAIL

Well I'm willing to supply. Why don't
they demand me?

MARWOOD

You know what they're like. Narrow
minded. If they want an upper-class,
ex-public school boy, which is what
you are, you'd have to go in wearing
your school cap to get the part ...

WITHNAIL

I'm perfectly prepared to wear a
school cap. I'm almost willing to
bend. I tell you, I can't take much
more of this. I'm going to crack ...

MARWOOD

I'm in the same boat ...

WITHNAIL mutters "Yeah, yeah." Conversation blows away in the wind.

WITHNAIL

I feel sick as a Pike. I'm
going to have to sit down.

A bench is spotted and they tramp towards it shivering with cold.

MARWOOD

You know what we should do? I
say, you know what we should do?

WITHNAIL

How can I possibly know what we
should do? What should we do?

MARWOOD

Get out of it for a while. Get in-
to the countryside and rejuvenate.

WITHNAIL

Rejuvenate? I'm in a park and I'm
practically dead. What good's the
countryside? ... What time is it?

MARWOOD

Eight.

WITHNAIL

Four hours to go. God help us.

They reach the bench and sit. WITHNAIL adjusts his tartan scarf.

Have we got any embrocation?

MARWOOD

What for?

WITHNAIL

To rub on us you fool. We can cover ourselves in 'Deep Heat' and get up against a radiator.

MARWOOD doesn't think much of the idea. But doesn't reject it.

Keep ourselves alive till twelve.

WITHNAIL suddenly spits with great violence. An oyster is born.

Jesus. Look at that. Apart from a raw potato, that's the only solid to pass my lips in the last sixty hours. I must be ill.

6: INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. DAY.

6.

The sofa has been pushed aside. WITHNAIL's head pokes over it like a corpse looking over a fence. He sits up against the radiator in his overcoat and sock. Other than Y's all other garb has been removed. His entire body is smeared with embrocation. The last of the tube goes up an arm & he looks up. The face is unstable. Dreadful & grimy. Nervous. The hue of wet cement. His tape-recorder clicks on and off as he fiddles with it. MARWOOD sits on the sofa in front of him. Smokes a cigarette and writes in a note book. Evidently oblivious to the head until it speaks.

WITHNAIL

Wasn't much in the tube. There's nothing left for you ...

He draws his overcoat around him. MARWOOD looks over his shoulder.

MARWOOD

How does that feel? Is that hot?

WITHNAIL

It's like fucking Greenland in here.

MARWOOD

You've got a lump of it on your leg.

WITHNAIL rubs the embrocation in. His cassette continues to click.

WITHNAIL

How can it be so cold in here?

MARWOOD

Hypothermia. It's sugar-lack.
We should try and eat honey.

WITHNAIL

Frankly, I find the idea repulsive. There's only one way we can increase heat, and that's by taking more drugs. Gimme the bottle.

MARWOOD reaches for the vial. Shakes out a single yellow tablet. A revelation that animates the corpse. A pale hand lunges over.

Give it to me. My need is greater than your's. I will take this pill on my own ...

Before it can be argued the pill has vanished down his thrattle.

It's getting colder all the time. There's no more booze. We've got to get some booze. It's the only solution to this intense cold ...

Donning a boot WITHNAIL begins to patrol. A distinct possibility the fuses are going to blow. Muscles are white. Molars are grinding. A wild look in his eyes. And he's put on the rubber gloves.

Something's got to be done. We can't go on like this. I'm a trained actor reduced to the status of a bum. Look at us. Nothing that reasonable members of society demand as their rights. No friges. No televisions. No phones.

MARWOOD isn't really listening. Continues to write in his book.

Much more of this, I'm gonna apply for Neals On Wheels ...

MARWOOD

What happened to your cigar commercial?

WITHNAIL

That's what I wanna know. What happened to my cigar commercial? What's happened to my agent? The bastard must have died.

MARWOOD

It's January. It's a bad patch.

WITHNAIL

Rubbish. I haven't seen Gielgud down the Labour Exchange.

WITHNAIL is beginning to look like some minor character from a 19th century Russian novel. Withnailavich. Incidental to the plot.

Why doesn't he retire ...

MARWOOD

Sit down will you. You're giving me the heeb. Things could be a lot worse.

WITHNAIL

Could they? You have an extraordinarily vivid imagination.

MARWOOD

We could be Wankers.

WITHNAIL

Wankers? What's wrong with being a Wanker? The Wankers know where they stand. All they gotta do is hod bricks and squat for some bone-idle employee of the Pope ...

MARWOOD

You wouldn't fancy it.

WITHNAIL

Wouldn't I? I fucking well would. Down the church. Down the pub. Arse-holed as quickly as possible. A fight if you're a young one. Start singing if you're an old one. And a good spew outside the Odeon about three o'clock for both. What's the matter with that? The Irish have got it made ...

MARWOOD has had enough of it. Stubs his cigarette and walks away.

They've got televisions and friges and phones ...

WITHNAIL is becoming unusual. Eyes bulge as he grabs the paper.

Look at this little bastard. "Boy lands plum role for top Italian director." Course he does. Probably on a tenner a day. And I know what for. Two pound ten a tit, and a fiver for his arse ...

The newspaper is cast to the floor. He follows into the kitchen. Looks with disgust at MARWOOD who's got a fork going in a honey pot. Muttering invective about the temperature he poles off for his clothes. A thought suddenly occurs and he turns accusingly.

Have you been at the controls?

MARWOOD

What are you talking about?

WITHNAIL

The thermostats. What have you done to them?

MARWOOD
Haven't touched them.

WITHNAIL
Then why has my head gone numb?

WITHNAIL binds it with his scarf. Some sort of climax approaches.

I must have some booze. I
demand to have some booze.

His eyes sweep rogue round the room. Hone in on a can of Ronsonal
Grabbing the lighter-fuel he works like a hob-goblin on the spout

MARWOOD
I wouldn't drink that if I was you.

WITHNAIL
Why not? Why not?

MARWOOD
Because I don't advise it. Wankers
don't even drink that. That's worse
than meths ...

WITHNAIL
Nonsense. This is a far superior
drink to meths. The Wankers don't
drink it because they can't afford it.

Levering the cap with his teeth he tears it off. Spits it on the
floor. The mouth opens with a bilious cackle. A tongue the col-
our of sand. Throwing his head back WITHNAIL downs the petrol in
one. A falsetto whine follows as he comes up fighting for air.

MARWOOD is looking very worried. Thinks WITHNAIL might drop dead.
But he doesn't. He's more furious and active than he's ever been.
A dreadful smile creases his dial as the octane floods his heart.

Have we got any more?

MARWOOD looks more worried. Shakes his head and steps back. This
drug-crazed fool in overcoat and underpants seems poised to kill.

Liar. What's in your tool box?

MARWOOD
We have nothing. Sit down.

WITHNAIL
Liar. You've got anti-freeze.

One comes on and one backs off. The latter with certain urgency.

MARWOOD
You bloody fool. You should
never mix your drinks!

The joke is an accident. It stops WITHNAIL in his tracks. This

is evidently the funniest thing he's ever heard. Barking with hysteria he staggers forward. The laughter is totally out of control. Suddenly he's down. He throws up on MARWOOD's shoes.

7: INT. KITCHEN. APARTMENT. DAY.

7.

MARWOOD has his boots on the kitchen table. He's scrubbed them. Applies perfume. Some sort of Indian incense. Essence of Petunia. The door bell rings and he freezes. Into the living room. WITHNAIL is stretched along the couch under his overcoat. Looks up with equal alarm. MARWOOD crouches in the window. A wing-mirror from a motorbike is bolted to the balcony outside. It affords a view of the front step. A bald and affluent looking MAN lurking.

MARWOOD

It's him ...

WITHNAIL

We're out ...

MARWOOD

I know we are ...

8: EXT. STREET. CAMDEN TOWN. DAY.

8.

Not a lot changed since MARWOOD was last in the street. More people about. Mainly Irish Wankers hanging about the tube-station for no apparent reason. Too daft or too broke to care it's past opening time. Though they both look utterly wasted the chuck-up seems to have improved WITHNAIL. He counts change as they scuttle along.

WITHNAIL

Alright, this is the plan. We'll get in there and get wrecked. Then we'll eat a pork pie. Then we'll go home and drop a couple of Surmontil 50's each. That means we'll miss out Monday, but come up smiling Tuesday morning ...

Were this a new theory of evolution the answer would be the same.

MARWOOD

It's a good idea ...

WITHNAIL

Nothing ever happens on Mondays. I hate bastard Mondays.

9: INT. MOTHER BLACK CAP. PUBLIC HOUSE. DAY.

9.

This is an Irish pub. It's filling up in direct proportion to the emptying of the churches. The bar is full of Men. Only two Women in here and they look like men. Faces like rotten beet-roots. One with a tuft of carrot coloured hair. Everybody here has one thing in common. They have come in here to get drunk.

It's a horrible place. Shit coloured formica. Carpet like the surface of a road. The atmosphere is rank with smoke and Irish accent. WITHNAIL leads the way to the bar and is served at once.

WITHNAIL

Two large gins. Two pints
of cider. Ice in the cider.

WITHNAIL sits on a stool. MARWOOD supports himself on the bar. A packet of Gauloise come out. And here come the pair of gins.

Chin Chin.

These boys are purely medicinal. Down in one. On to the ciders. Enough time passes for them both to get through half a glass.

MARWOOD

What about what's his name?

MARWOOD is in the middle of a conversation that never started.

WITHNAIL

What about him?

MARWOOD

Why don't you give him a call?

MARWOOD gestures to a phone on the wall behind WITHNAIL's head. If WITHNAIL wasn't so wasted he'd perhaps focus the conversation.

Ask him about his house.

WITHNAIL

You want me to call what's his
name and ask him about his house?

MARWOOD

Why not?

WITHNAIL

Alright. What's his number?

MARWOOD is so spaced he has to think a moment before replying.

MARWOOD

I've no idea. I've never met him.

WITHNAIL

Neither have I. Who the fuck are
you talking about?

MARWOOD

Your relative. With the house in
the country.

WITHNAIL

Monty? Uncle Monty?

MARWOOD

That's him. That's the one.
Get the Jag fixed up and
spend a week in the country.

If the phone were any further away the chances would be slim.
But WITHNAIL can almost reach it without getting off his stool.

WITHNAIL

Alright. Give us a tanner,
and I'll give him a bell.

If muscles worked MARWOOD would smile. He pulls a ten bob note.

MARWOOD

Get a couple more in. I'm
going for a slash ...

WITHNAIL is putting in another order as MARWOOD makes his way across the bar. An enormous WANKER is sitting by the lavatory door. He's had a few. He's togged out in a Burtons and wearing size twelve black platformed boots. Obviously fashion conscious. As MARWOOD passes he looks up. A distinctly hostile expression.

WANKER

Ponce.

MARWOOD registers the address but doesn't acknowledge it. Navigates into the Gents with no visible manifestations of terror.

IO: INT. GENTS LAVATORIES. DAY.

IO.

*I could hardly piss straight with fear.
Here was a man with three quarters of an
inch of brain who had taken a dislike to
me. What have I done to offend him? I
don't consciously offend big men like
this. This one has a definite imbalance
of hormone in him. Get anymore masculine
than him and you'd have to live up a tree.*

MARWOOD is approaching a swoon. He leans into the wall manufacturing sweat. "I FUCK ARSES" is etched into the plaster with dedication. His senses capsize at the implications of the threat.

*I fuck arses? Who fucks arses? Maybe
he fucks arses. Maybe he's written this
in some moment of drunken sincerity?
I'm in considerable danger in here. I
must get out of here at once ...*

Following his own advice he zips and beats it through the door.

II: INT. MOTHER BLACK CAP. PUBLIC HOUSE. DAY.

II.

The pair of size twelve black platform boots are still in situ.

WANKER
Perfumed ponce.

MARWOOD would be willing to agree. But he keeps walking instead. He arrives at the bar. WITHNAIL greets him with a duckered smile.

WITHNAIL
You'll be pleased to hear, Monty
has invited us for drinks ...

MARWOOD
Balls to Monty. We're getting out.

WITHNAIL
Balls to Monty? I've just spent
an hour flattering the cunt.

Two pints have just appeared. WITHNAIL's interest is with them.

MARWOOD
There's one over there doesn't
like the perfume. A big one.

WITHNAIL manipulates a mouthful of cider. Swallows it and turns.

Don't look, don't look. We're
in danger. We gotta get out.

WITHNAIL
What are you talking about?

MARWOOD
I've been called a ponce.

More pissed than sensible WITHNAIL swivels boldly on the bar.

WITHNAIL
What fucker said that?

The fucker that said it has just put full weight onto his size
twelves. And they're coming across the room. Intuitively WITH-
NAIL realises this is he. A profound change in his expression.

This man is huge. Red hair. Face and neck peppered with stubble
and bright red with drink. At the end of his arms are arguably
the biggest hands in existence. Both bramble-patched with hair.

*It crossed my mind he'd do nothing in
his best suit. But at once realised the
futility of such a hope. This suit only
goes on for a funeral or a fight. And in
the state we're in, a fight will probably
mean a funeral. I'd never seen anything
like this. This man is bigger than Jeff
Teal ...*

As the WANKER approaches WITHNAIL attempts to disassociate him-
self from MARWOOD. He engages a TOOTHLESS to his left in conver-
sation. But this one's too pissed to know what he's talking about.
The technique is totally unsuccessful. WITHNAIL faces the WANKER.

WANKER

I called him a ponce. And now
I'm calling you one. Ponce.

WITHNAIL

Would you like a drink?

No he wouldn't. He's had ten pints. That's why he's over here.
He grabs WITHNAIL's tartan scarf and renders it unto the floor.

WANKER

What's your name? McFuck?

A couple of days pass while WITHNAIL searches for suitable reply.

WITHNAIL

I have a heart condition.

The bastard is working himself into some kind of violent lather.

I have a heart condition.
If you hit me it's murder.

WANKER

I'll murder the paira ya.

His eyes alternate between them. Pork ugly. Organs of a brute.
WITHNAIL's voice comes out in a curiously high-pitched whisper.

WITHNAIL

My wife is having a baby.

Both are paralysed with panic. Both are speechless with fear.
They stand to attention in front of him like defendants awaiting sentence. Hoping for the best. Expecting a dose of knuckle.

I don't know what my acquaintance did to upset you. But it was nothing to do with me ...

Can WITHNAIL really be saying this? MARWOOD is sweating adrenalin. His eyes are on the door. This has to be his only chance.

I suggest you both go outside
and discuss it sensibly in the
street ...

Precisely where MARWOOD is heading. But WITHNAIL is through the door first. Bellowing "Get out of my way." he sprints into the street. For one who can hardly stand he moves at amazing speed.

I2: EXT. CAMDEN HIGH ROAD. DAY.

I2.

Two hundred yards are covered at a hot-foot. WITHNAIL slightly in the lead. They turn a corner. Collapse gasping over railings.

WITHNAIL

You could have grabbed the scarf.
It was by your fucking feet ...

This bathroom is a psychological deterrent to cleanliness. It is unclean. At some time in the past somebody has had an epileptic fit in here with a can of flouresant paint. There is wet rot and dry rot. Evil looking pustules are breaking through. A poster of Lawrence Olivier as Othello clings to one of the walls.

Speed is like a dozen trans-Atlantic flights without ever getting off the plane. Time change. You loose. You gain. Makes no difference so long as you keep taking the pills ...

The room is very small. A lavatory at one end. A bath at the other. The type you sit up in like a huge enamel armchair. MARWOOD is sitting up in it. Pocked and shocked and attempting to shave. He wears a shetland jumper rolled up to just under his arm-pits. This obviously affords protection against the cold. A mirror propped behind the taps. His reflection appears in it.

But some time or another you gotta get out. Because it's crashing. And all at once those frozen hours melt through the nervous system and seep out the pores.

He rinces the razor and shivers. WITHNAIL bursts in wearing his overcoat. He clutches a couple of doses of fish & chips.

WITHNAIL

Bastards. Just to suck some miserable cheap cigar, and the bastards won't see me.

MARWOOD

Why not?

WITHNAIL

Because my feet are too big. Because this business is run by a bunch of flabby Yids. Because they think I'm doing alright on National-a-fucking-sistance ...

He thrusts a greasy parcel of newspaper across. MARWOOD begins unwrapping it. WITHNAIL lowers the toilet seat and sits to eat.

MARWOOD

Why are we having lunch in here?

WITHNAIL

Dinner. And Danny's here.

MARWOOD

Danny? How'd he get in?

WITHNAIL

I let him in this morning. He's lost one of his clogs. He's come in because of the cold ...

MARWOOD seems concerned at the news. Produces an orange sausage.

WITHNAIL

I hope sales plummet ...

MARWOOD

I've got your savaloy.

WITHNAIL stands. Pitches his F & C into the kazi and flushes it.

I don't want it.

WITHNAIL

Then stick it in the soap-tray and save it for later.

MARWOOD

Don't vent spleen on me.
I'm in the same boat ...

WITHNAIL

Stop saying that. You're not
in the same boat. The only
thing you're in that I've been
in is this fucking bath ...

He storms out muttering curses. Principally "They will suffer."
MARWOOD lowers his chips. His eyes slip focus into the mirror.

*Danny's here. Head-Hunter to his friends.
Head-Hunter to everybody. He doesn't have
any friends. The only people he converses
with are his clients and occasionally the
Police. The purveyor of rare herbs and pro-
scribed chemicals is back. Will we never be
set free ...*

Focus continues to slip. Another face waits at the end of it.

I4: INT. KITCHEN. APARTMENT. DAY.

I4.

DANNY is a man who kept the News Of The World in business all through the sixties. And at the end of them put Oz out of it. He has dedicated his adult life to drugs. And it shows. He is a wreck. About sixty except he's twenty six. A jade streak in his hair. Get down Punks. This man is before you were born.

He wears shorts and night-black shades. Bare feet and lipstick stained tee-shirt. Unsuitable garb for the season. It's difficult to believe this person exists. But he's real. And he's here.

MARWOOD walks in wrapped in a towel. DANNY is putting sugar into the kettle. He turns and embraces MARWOOD. Attempts to get a tongue in his mouth. His breath is pure agricultural protein.

MARWOOD

Don't do that Danny. I just got up.

DANNY's voice is cultured Cockney. Monotoned. And brain-bummed.

DANNY

You're lookin very beautiful
man. Have you been away?

MARWOOD shakes his head. Refills the kettle and gives it the gas.

St Peter preached the epistles
to the apostles looking like
that. Have you got any food?

MARWOOD

I've got a savaloy.

The item is handed across. DANNY examines it as though it were
some kind of deal. Gives it a sniffing and decides he likes it.

DANNY

How much is it?

MARWOOD

You can have it for nothing.

DANNY returns to the living room to put it in his bag. WITHNAIL
hobbles in re-togged in a tweed suit. It's old but has quality.
Possibly came from a will. DANNY looks across with curiosity.

DANNY

I see you're wearin a suit.

WITHNAIL

What's it gotta do with you?

One of WITHNAIL's boots is on the table. Matchsticks separate
the sole from the uppers. A cobbling operation is in progress.

DANNY

No need to get up-tight, man. I
was merely makin an observation.

He slumps on the sofa. WITHNAIL carefully adjusts a paisley tie.

I happened to be lookin for a suit
for the Coalman two weeks ago ...

DANNY conducts an audit of the ashtray. Finds a suitable butt.

For reasons I can't really dis-
cuss with you, the Coalman had
to go to Jamaica, and got bust-
ed comin back through Heathrow ..

WITHNAIL puts his boot on and stands on it to secure adhesion.

Had a weight under his Fez ...

Half an inch of Gauloise is lit. WITHNAIL pipes "Make us a cup."

DANNY

We worked out it would be handy-karma for him to get hold of a suit. But he's a very low temperature spade, the Coalman. Goer in in his kaftan and a bell ...

The Gauloise produces a single cough before it takes a stubbing.

This doesn't go down at all well. They can handle the kaftan. They can't handle the bell. So there's this judge sittin there in a cape like fuckin Bat Man, with this really rather far-out lookin hat ...

WITHNAIL

A wig.

DANNY

No man. This was more like a long white hat. And he looks at the Coalman and says, what's all this? This is a court man, this ain't fancy-dress. So the Coalman looks at him, and he says, you think you look normal, your honour? And the cunt gives him two years ...

MARWOOD comes in with a couple of cups. Hands one to WITHNAIL.

I'm afraid I can't offer you gentlemen anything ...

MARWOOD

That's alright, Danny. We decided to lay off for a bit ...

DANNY

That's what I thought. Cept for personal use, I concur with you. As a mattera fact, I'm thinkina retirin and goin into business.

WITHNAIL

Doing what?

DANNY

The toy industry.

WITHNAIL gestures to a small Fairy-Liquid bottle on the sofa. It's connected to straps and sprouts a yard of plastic pipe.

WITHNAIL

I thought you were in the bottle industry?

MARWOOD glances at the contraption and starts assembling clothes.

DANNY

No man. That's a side-line.
That's a sample. You can have
that. Instructions are included.

Nobody pays it any attention. WITHNAIL decreases the pressure.

Yeah, my partner's got a really
good idea for makin dolls. His
name's Presuming Ed. His sister
give him the idea. She got a doll
on Christmas what pisses itself.

MARWOOD

Really?

DANNY

Yeah. Then you gotta change its
drawers for it. S'horrible really,
but they like that, the little
girls. So we're gonna make one
that shits itself as well ...

WITHNAIL

Shits itself?

DANNY

He's an expert. He's buildin
the prototype now. D'you wanna
buy a watch? It's a Cartier.

He slips off a cheap expanding bracelet. Thrusts it at WITHNAIL.

WITHNAIL

This watch is Russian.

DANNY

That's right man. It's a Russian
Cartier. They just opened a new
plant on the banks of the Volga.

WITHNAIL throws the watch back and decides to give his boot a
test run. Makes a couple of journeys to the kitchen and back.

Why is he behavin so up-tightly?

WITHNAIL

Because a gang of cheroot vend-
ors considered a haircut beond
the limit of my abilities ...

DANNY

I don't advise a haircut man. All
hairdressers are in the employment
of the government. Hair are your
ariels. They pick up signals from
the Cosmos, and transmit them dir-
ectly into the brain. This is the
reason bald-headed men are uptight.

WITHNAIL
What absolute twaddle.

DANNY
How many laid-back long-haired
judges d'you know?

WITHNAIL disguises glue with polish. MARWOOD gets into a shirt.

Has he just been busted?

No he hasn't. MARWOOD focuses into a mirror. Also wearing a tie.

Then why's he wearin that old suit?

WITHNAIL
Old suit? This suit was cut by
Hawkes of Saville Row. Just be-
cause the best tailoring you've
ever seen is above your fucking
appendix doesn't mean anything.

DANNY
Don't get uptight with me man.
Coz if you do, I'll have to give
you a dose of medicine. And if I
spike you, you'll know you've
been spoken to ...

WITHNAIL
You wouldn't spike me. You're
too mean. Anyway, there's noth-
ing invented I couldn't take.

This is dangerous talk. MARWOOD is beginning to look concerned.

DANNY
If I medicined you, you'd think a
brain-tumor was a birthday present.

WITHNAIL
I could take double anything you could.

There is a very long pause. The Apothecary rolls a tongue over
his contaminated teeth. Somehow manages to lower an eye in his
head. He may be smiling. If Fritz Lang was alive he'd be a star.

DANNY
Very, very, foolish words man.

There's a confrontation coming. MARWOOD moves in to defuse it.

MARWOOD
He's right, Withnail. Don't be
a fool. Look at him, his mech-
anism's gone. He's taken more
drugs than you've had hot dinners.

WITHNAIL

I'm not having this shag-sack insulting me. Let him get his drugs out ...

WITHNAIL watches with a supercilious leer as DANNY empties his shopping bag. Horrible things in it. Food remains. Dead flowers.

Doctors and Policemen had fought this problem. What chance did Withnail think he had? You don't look like him by accident. It takes years in basements deprived of sunshine and food. Years of risks with illegal and highly dangerous chemicals. Years under the Coalman, the dangerous spade who apprenticed this wreck.

There is another watch. A bottle of nail-varnish. And a rubber doll. Perhaps the prototype? He holds it menacingly at WITHNAIL.

DANNY

This doll is extremely dangerous. It has Voo-Doo qualities.

WITHNAIL sniggers at it. Enrages its owner. Its bald and ugly little head is torn off and its guts emptied onto the table.

Foolish indeed. Those who've taken double than Danny are either in the hands of the authorities, or coffins ...

Two dozen coloured spansules. A dozen soiled & assorted pills. DANNY sifts through isolating a tiny pink tablet. He looks up at WITHNAIL as though this item prevents all further argument.

DANNY

Trade - Phenodihydrochloride-benzorex. Street - The Embalmer.

WITHNAIL

Balls. I'll swallow it and run a mile.

WITHNAIL reaches for it. A kharki finger detains it where it is.

DANNY

Cool your boots man. This pill's valued at two quid.

WITHNAIL

Two quid? Just to prove I'm right? You're outa your mind.

MARWOOD

That's sense, Withnail.

WITHNAIL

You can stick it up your arse for nothing, and fuck off while you're doing it.

DANNY
No need to insult me man.
I was leavin anyway ...

He gathers his equipment and stands. Slings a pelt around him.

Have either of you got shoes?

I5: EXT. STREET. EVENING.

I5.

There is a truck parked opposite. Its cargo is flashing road hazard lights. Fifty yellow beacons. Like a pin-ball machine.

WITHNAIL & MARWOOD & DANNY appear on the steps. The latter has obtained a pair of tennis shoes. MARWOOD is now also dressed in a suit. He climbs into a rusted Jaguar. It's a blue three point eight with hub-caps off. DANNY leans in at WITHNAIL's window.

DANNY
Where exactly are you going?

WITHNAIL
In the immediate future to
Chelsea. Later, without ques-
tion, to Hell. Au revoir ...

The Jaguar takes its time to start. It vanishes up the street.

I6: EXT. CHELSEA EMBANKMENT. EVENING.

I6.

Moisture puts the city out of focus. Rain is turning into mist. If the radio works there might be music. Maybe Dylan. Maybe the radio doesn't work. City light reflected in the Thames. The Jaguar speeds along the Embankment. One headlight is functioning on the drivers side. One windscreen wiper is functioning on the passengers side. The car turns into a crescent of imposing Victorian apartment blocks. Pulls up and the pair of them get out.

WITHNAIL checks his sole before crossing the road. MARWOOD follows straightening his trousers. Parked opposite is a huge green Sedanca Rolls. 1948 and immaculate. White upholstery. White walls. WITHNAIL looks approvingly as they pass. This is "Monty's car."

I7: INT. ELEVATOR. APARTMENT BLOCK.

I7.

All the elegance of Vienna. WITHNAIL and MARWOOD stand in silence as they ascend. The elevator clunks to a halt. WITHNAIL straightens his tie. Gates open and they pole towards a mahogany front door. A brass lions-head knocker goes into operation.

I8: EXT/INT. APARTMENT. EVENING.

I8.

Here's a sight. A wall of Mozart with UNCLE MONTY standing in front of it. He holds a cat in his right hand and a glass teapot filled with water in his left. He's delighted to see them.

With a Rococo sweep of the dangling Cat he ushers them in. The Cat recieves a drop-kick towards the sonata and the coats come off. MONTY is large. A pork-frog. Hogs eyes with a reptillian quality. His nose dominates the face and is massive. The colour of port. Somehow his head has managed to grow round his glasses like trees grow round wire. He's dressed in an old but quality suit. Corduroy waistcoat with a watch and chain. In his lapel is a radish the same colour as his nose. There's one immediate and predominate feautre about him. He is a rampant homosexual.

MONTY

Sit down. Do. Would you like a drink?

MARWOOD puts in for a gin and tonic and WITHNAIL for a sherry. He's obviously to be taken seriously. There's a trolly full of malt-whisky here so he is out for a good impression. Paintings and tapestrys decorate the walls. Maybe twenty paintings on the main wall alone. This includes a quality Spencer which WITHNAIL is examining. Apart from some good furniture the room is filled with vegetables. Cauliflowers and carrots are on every surface in valuable antique pots. A silver tray on the table sprouts a dozen fully grown onions. In the bay-window is a fucking great cabbage the size of an aspidistra. MARWOOD is staring at its luxurious foliage when UNCLE MONTY pirouettes with the drinks.

Do you like vegetables?

MARWOOD nods and MONTY wafts dust from the leaves of a parsnip.

I've always been fond of root crops, but I only started to grow last summer ...

MONTY proffers glasses and WITHNAIL moves in for a "Bottoms up."

I happen to think the cauliflower more beautiful than the rose. Don't you?

WITHNAIL

Yes.

MONTY swaps his glass for the tea-pot. Pumps MARWOOD a smile.

MONTY

You must forgive me. You've cought me in the middle of watering ...

He moves off at speed towards a turnip in an art-nouveau pot.

Do you grow?

WITHNAIL

Geraniums ...

News to MARWOOD. MONTY swings towards him. Exchange of smiles.

MONTY

You little trators. I think the carrot infinitely more fascinating

MONTY (Cond)

than the Geranium. The carrot has
mystery. Flowers are essentially
tarts. Prostitutes for the bees ...

All this is said isolating MARWOOD. He returns an uneasy smile.

There is, you will agree, a certain
je ne sais quoi, oh so very special
about a young and healthy carrot. Not
only that, you can eat them, can't you?

He evaportaes into the kitchen with a giggle towards WITHNAIL.

Help yourselves to another drink.

WITHNAIL immediately leaps to his feet and downs several huge
gulps of whisky from the bottle. Corks it quickly and refills
his glass with more sherry. MARWOOD is whispering in concern.

MARWOOD

What's all this? The man's mad.

WITHNAIL

Eccentric.

MARWOOD

Eccentric? He's insane. Not only
that, he's a raving homosexual ...

Activity in the kitchen and they reseat at speed and attempt
to look relaxed. The Cat comes skidding out followed by MONTY
with a purple face. He lumbers after it with veins throbbing.

MONTY

Beastly little parasite. How dare
you. You little thug. How dare you.

A degree of surprise from the assembled as MONTY goes after the
Mog. It shelters behind a leek and he conceeds to its agility.

You don't have a Cat, do you?

MARWOOD

No.

Wiping sweat from his brow MONTY calms and sits next to MARWOOD.

MONTY

Beastly ungrateful little swine
they are. Absolute yobs. Yob!

WITHNAIL

Shall I get you a drink, Monty?

A crimson silk handkerchief returns to MONTY's breast pocket.

MONTY

Yes, yes, yes please dear boy. You can prepare me a small resus-negative Bloody Mary. And you must tell me all the news. I haven't seen you since you finished the last film ...

And MARWOOD's certain he hasn't seen the first either. WITHNAIL shows an understandable evasiveness as he returns with the drink

WITHNAIL

Rather busy Uncle. T.V. and stuff. And he's just had an audition for the Royal Shakespeare Company ...

MONTY

Oh splendid. So you're a thespian to?

MARWOOD

A what?

MONTY's neck undulates with mirth. And a hand on MARWOOD's knee.

MONTY

I suppose it's amusing to you younger artists. But I do so adore tradition.

WITHNAIL

Monty used to act.

A statement that produces a coy & peculiar stare into his glass.

MONTY

I'd hardly say that. It's true, I crept the boards in my youth. But I never really had it in my blood.

MARWOOD takes a full-frontal of the nose and gets a vein massage.

And that's what's so essential, isn't it? Theatrical zeal in the veins? Alas, I have little but vintage wine and memories ...

And one of them is on the crowded mantelpiece. A photograph of Monty in his youth. A sepia reminiscence in a doublet and hose. He stands & almost clasps it. A dose of moth-balls and Adelphi.

It is the most shattering experience of a young man's life, when one morning he awakes, and quite reasonably says to himself, I will never play the Dane. When that moment comes, one's ambition ceases ...

He turns back towards MARWOOD. His voice sonorous with emotion.

Don't you agree ...

MONTY is suddenly on the ramparts. Staring at the Ghost he never saw. Now located somewhere towards the ceiling of the apartment.

MONTY

Ah! Ophelia, Ophelia. How is your mother? "Right fine, gentle Sir."

MARWOOD has had enough of this. Moves on WITHNAIL with a whisper

MARWOOD

Let's get out of here ...

WITHNAIL takes advantage of the relapse to pour himself another large Scotch. Unsuccessfully tries to stifle MARWOOD's concern.

Come on. He's a madman. Any minute now he's gonna rush out and get into his tights.

WITHNAIL

Gimme a minute ...

MARWOOD

I'm not sitting next a fucking parsnip while he recites Shakespeare. The house, or out.

WITHNAIL is persuaded and approaches MONTY who turns dew-eyed.

WITHNAIL

Could I have a word with you Monty?

MONTY

Forgive me, forgive me. I was allowing memory to have the better of me. Seeing you boys, so young, so filled with the fire of the theatre, puts a sting of nostalgia into ones nose ...

WITHNAIL agrees and manouvers him to the sofa. MARWOOD wanders into the Mozart as WITHNAIL hits the old bastard with a sherry. It's his Uncle. He can deal with him. He sits & begins the gab.

MARWOOD has reached a splendid bay-window. Outside is a panorama of the Thames. His attention alternates between the view and the activities on the sofa. Too much music and too far away to hear what is said. But WITHNAIL is in full-throated ease.

MARWOOD chews on his glass. Watches a barge plough solid filth under Albert Bridge. Its lights have just come on. London looks beautiful but a very long way away. He turns to watch the back of the heads. WITHNAIL's technique seems conspiratorial. His long scrawney neck is craned forward into MONTY's tufted ear.

But things seem to be going well. Occasionally MONTY's voice is heard above the music with comments like "It's scandalous." Or "They ruin anything for money." "No sense of theatre." WITHNAIL is suddenly on his feet and heading for the drinks. He shoots a glance at MARWOOD. Evidently pulled it off. The house is in the bag. MARWOOD is delighted and drifts back into the conversation.

MONTY

Indeed. I remember my first agent. Raymond Duck. He was a dreadful little Israelite.

WITHNAIL is pouring whisky. Confident he has landed his fish.

WITHNAIL

But what can we do? We work to the marrow, then have to sit around, tired and tense, waiting for the where-withall to get on a plane for France.

WITHNAIL reseats himself opposite MONTY while MARWOOD hovers.

MONTY

Indeed. Indeed. What about you Laddie? Help yourself.

As MARWOOD heads for the drinks something terrible happens. At this most crucial stage in the negotiations the Cat Reappears. For reasons best known to itself it throws itself at WITHNAIL.

MONTY rears to his feet driving the already dangerous levels of blood-pressure into the capillaries of his swollen conk.

Get that damned little swine out of here. It's trying to get itself in with you. Trying for even more advantage. It's obsessed with its gut. It's like a bloody rugby-ball now.

Swinging his arms wildly he makes towards WITHNAIL and his Cat in a menacing stoop. Both manage to get out of his way. Snorting oaths the Uncle follows the animal to a corner where it snarls in horror. MONTY swivels seeking to cut off escape. MARWOOD and WITHNAIL watch in amazement as pursuit continues. MONTY lumbers through his tray of onions and the Cat suddenly vanishes.

It will die. It will die.

WITHNAIL takes his arm and manages to escort him to the sofa.

WITHNAIL

Let me get you a drink ...

Ill charted maps of the Orinoco delta throb in MONTY's temples.

MONTY

No, dear boy, you must leave, you must leave. Yet again that oaf has destroyed my day ...

Everything is slipping away. MARWOOD decides to fabricate facts.

MARWOOD

It went out of the window.

MONTY barges into the kitchen shouting about window securities.

WITHNAIL

Where is it?

MARWOOD

Behind the cabbage. And before it comes out and there's another running paroxysm through the onions, I suggest we ask this maniac for his house, or make for the front door offering whatever excuses are necessary to get through it safely.

WITHNAIL is in agreement. Composes himself for the reappearance.

MONTY

Wait till it's hungry. It'll be back. It'll come back ...

WITHNAIL

Listen, Monty. We were wondering whether we could borrow your house in the country for a week or so?

MONTY

The cottage? Oh, no, no, no. I'm sorry, but you must leave.

MARWOOD doesn't seem to care anymore. Despite all work put in with this raving aberration he is prepared to leave instantly. So it seems is WITHNAIL. Then a thought. And a change of gear.

WITHNAIL

Could I have a word with you, Monty? Just a moment. In private?

MONTY looks at him preparing to say no. But WITHNAIL is earnest. Groaning "Very well." he allows himself to be shunted towards a bedroom. MARWOOD has no idea what the plan is. But even so isn't entirely happy with it. He stares after them till the door shuts.

On the instant the Cat reappears displaying the stealth that secures its existence in such uncongenial lodgings. MARWOOD eyes it with vague animosity. But the thing is on longer of importance.

Finishing his whisky he finds himself back at the windows. Night and lights and mist on the river. Anymore of this and it's art.

How many more maniacs out there? Nurturing their turnips. Living in green-houses with paranoid cats terrified by the sonnets of the Bard? Possibly thousands. Those with the money are eccentric. Those without. Insane.

The door suddenly opens. MONTY out first. Considerably mellowed and showing stabilisation of blood pressure. WITHNAIL out next. Doesn't meet MARWOOD's eyes but walks straight into the hall for his coat. MARWOOD swaps a smile with MONTY and they have gone.

19: INT. JAGUAR SEDAN. NIGHT.

19

Both doors slam. Nothing said for a moment. Then MARWOOD turns.

MARWOOD

That's that then.

WITHNAIL

And this is this.

A smug smile on his face. An iron key dangles from his finger.

I think a drink, don't you?

20: EXT. CITY STREETS. NIGHT.

20.

The mist is really coming down. Nothing left of the city but lights. Traffic lights. Street lights. The Jag with its single headlight. Moving fast as they head north towards Camden Town.

For reasons of expedience we decided on Greasy Pete's allnite restaurant and mini-cab service. Its patron, Crackadopolus, is dying from overwork. And his wife the Emu is being dragged to the grave with him ...

The Jag turns off the main road. Dissolves into a side street.

Greasy Pete hasn't slept since 1954. When he isn't cooking kebabs he's driving his Zephyr round with another Greek in the back whose circumstances are slightly better than his ...

MARWOOD parks and the headlight dims. With breath condensing in the cold they get out opposite a seedy-looking Greek restaurant.

You have to knock to get in. Greasy Pete is at risk from the Irish and the Police. The Irish get in because he pays no attention to the licencing laws. The Police get in for the same reason ...

WITHNAIL knocks on the door. A net curtain is drawn aside. A face like Omar Sharifs looks out. This is Crack's wife. The EMU. The door opens just long enough for them to get through.

21: INT. CRACKS ALL-NITE KEBAB AND CAR SERVICE. NIGHT.

21.

Jars of chilli steeped in sump-oil line the counter. Courgettes plunged in brine. All manner of offal in ulcerous acids are here. CRACK is engulfed in pork-fumes somewhere behind them. The maroon flesh under his eyes extends into his emery stubble. His clients include a peroxide blonde Irish Dwarf and one or two taxi-driver acquaintances. A circa 1962 juke-box pumps a clang of balalaikas.

WITHNAIL and MARWOOD sit next to it. A bottle has gone down and another one is coming up. The EMU clutches it in her claw together with two small dishes of houmous. She is so short they look her directly in the eyes even though they are sitting down. MARWOOD fills the glasses and WITHNAIL watches her waddle off.

WITHNAIL

Crack doesn't give her time to shave.

MARWOOD

He doesn't love her ...

(A toast)

A Monty, alors ...

The glasses go up and WITHNAIL puts in a customary "Chin Chin."

Incidentally, what was all this going off in private business?

If WITHNAIL wasn't a good liar this would appear to be a lie.

WITHNAIL

I attempted to get him to unleash a fiver. A suggestion for which he showed a remarkable disinterest ...

The glasses take a refilling. Eyes down to the mess of houmous.

Can you eat that?

MARWOOD

Who made it? The Emu or Crack?

WITHNAIL

Crack.

MARWOOD

No.

Crack is clearly an appetite suppressant. WITHNAIL pours wine.

WITHNAIL

Alright, we'll get this down, get another one in, and get outa here.

MARWOOD

That's a bad idea. We're gonna have to spend a pile on the Jag.

WITHNAIL seems to think this is bollocks. He may even say so.

It's fucked. The battery's flat.

WITHNAIL

Get hold of a coupla Crack's pickle jars. Wire his chillis up, you could power a house.

22: EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

22.

Another half bottle has gone down. The other half is in WITHNAIL's hand. They appear out of the mist like a pair of ghosts. Freezing breath and wine-stained teeth. WITHNAIL staggers under a lamp post. A line of Keats is selected as appropriate toast.

WITHNAIL

Bright star, would that I
were steadfast as thou art.

They arrive home. Clamber the steps. A hand on MARWOOD's arm.

I tell you, don't be surprised
if you come down in the morning
and find my brains all over the
sofa. The Webley is the only an-
swer ...

23: INT. SERVICE PIT. GARAGE. DAY.

23.

A greasy little back street dungeon. The Jaguar is shoulder height on a hydraulic jack. WITHNAIL & MARWOOD watch while a weazelish MECHANIC pokes beneath it. Doesn't like the look of what he sees. Stubbing a butt he emerges to address MARWOOD.

MECHANIC

Bob or two either sida forty quid.

MARWOOD

Forty quid? If we had forty
quid, we'd buy a better car.

MECHANIC

This thing's unroadworthy.

WITHNAIL

Nonsense. It's in first-class
condition. Right, get it down,
we'll service it ourselves ...

24: EXT. GARAGE FORECOURT. DAY.

24.

Bit of drizzle about. The Jag rumbles in and they dismount. WITHNAIL opens the boot shouting mechanical instructions at MARWOOD.

WITHNAIL

Right, you service the water,
and I'll service the tyres. Then
you can service the battery, and
I'll get under the sink ...

An air-hose and a watering can. A free service and a slow fade.

25: INT. KITCHEN. APARTMENT. DAY.

25.

WITHNAIL is arse-out on his knees in the cupboard under the sink. A forest of bottles surround him. Regiments of Guinness and Bass. MARWOOD is computing their value with a pad and pencil. The last bottle comes out and WITHNAIL stands and prepares for the total.

MARWOOD

I make it a tanner under four quid.

WITHNAIL

Alright, let's work this out.
Three pounds nineteen and six,
plus thirteen pounds three and
nine Assiso, plus your thirty
two quid three and four, that
makes, fifty pounds six and seven.

MARWOOD

Does it?

WITHNAIL

I've just said so, haven't I.
Right, at eight and eleven a
bottle, that means we can have
ninty six bottles of Greek Hock.

MARWOOD

Ninty six bottles of Greek Hock?
You're out of your fucking mind.

WITHNAIL starts loading the empties. MARWOOD counts the money.

WITHNAIL

I'm not suggesting we spend the
entire amount on Greek Hock. We'll
have nine two and a half liters of
Eye-tie red and three dozen barley
wines ...

MARWOOD

How much is that?

26: INT. OFF LICENCE. DAY.

26.

A horrible pinstripe suit. Dandruff. This is their wine BROKER.
And they're broke. And this is his wine. And WITHNAIL's pissed.

BROKER

Fifteen pounds twelve and a penny.

WITHNAIL

Good. We'll have a bottle of Haig.

The BROKER goes about it. MARWOOD is unhappy with the last item.

MARWOOD

Don't be a cunt. We can't afford it.

The whisky joins the wine. The BROKER observes without comment.

WITHNAIL

You've had petrol. I want whisky.

MARWOOD

I've had petrol? We've both had petrol.

WITHNAIL

You've had oil.

MARWOOD

Of course I've had oil. It's
four hundred miles ...

WITHNAIL

I'm not sitting in that wreck all
night without whisky. It's essential.

WITHNAIL has his way and a bottle of Scotch joins the supplies.

27: EXT. STREET. SUBURBS. DAY.

27.

The Jaguar heads north. Through the waste-lands of Finchley and Hendon. A scrag-land of T.V. arials and faces in corperate shock. Miles and miles of receintly constructed high-rise slums. Each with its archtecturaally designed and resident vandalised tree.

A roar from the twin punctured exhausts. They pass a line of School Girls at a bus stop. WITHNAIL hanging from his window.

WITHNAIL

Scrubbers. Scrubbers.

28: INT. JAGUAR SEDAN. DAY.

28.

WITHNAIL clasps the Haig. Laughing out and pissed as a Gorilla.

MARWOOD

Shut up. You'll fuck the pair of us.

WITHNAIL

Little tarts. They love it.

A Man on a bycycle takes his fancy. Head back out the window.

Mug. Mug.

MARWOOD

Listen to me. I'm trying to drive
this thing as quietly as possible.
If you don't shut up, we're gonna
get stopped by the police. Gimme
the bottle ...

MARWOOD grabs the whisky. Takes a hit. WITHNAIL grabs it back.

WITHNAIL

If we get stopped by the Police,
I'll talk the misguided bastards
into another profession ...

MARWOOD

If we get stopped by the Police,
they'll take one look at the tyres,
and we're fucked ...

WITHNAIL

If we get stopped by the Police,
and they take one look at the tyres,
they'll see their reflections in
them - faint - and we'll fuck off ..

A Roman Catholic Church. A Roman Catholic Priest. And WITHNAIL.

Balls to the Pope. Balls to the Pope.

Cackling with laughter WITHNAIL winds his window. Another guzzle at the bottle. MARWOOD grabs it and sinks one too. Hides what's left by the handbrake. WITHNAIL suddenly mountaineers his seat. A quick search in his bag and he produces his Japanese Cassette.

MARWOOD is about to remonstrate. Then another exterior attraction. They pass a sign. 'ACCIDENT BLACK SPOT. DRIVE WITH EXTREME CARE.'

Look at that! Look at that! Accident
Black Spot! These aren't accidents!
They're throwing themselves into the
road. Gladly. Throwing themselves in-
to the road to escape all this hideo-
usness ...

A Yob on a corner. The window goes down again. WITHNAIL screams.

Throw yourself into the road, dar-
ling. You haven't got a chance.

The window takes a rewinding. WITHNAIL is searching for whisky.

Gimme the bottle ...

MARWOOD

No. You can't have it.

WITHNAIL

I demand the bottle.

MARWOOD

You can't have it. It's empty.

A traffic light and MARWOOD starts pumping at the brake. WITHNAIL finds the bottle. It isn't empty. But it's empty enough. As soon as the car stops he leaps out swilling it and makes off across the pavement. His destination is evidently an off-licence.

*Shit street and only five miles from home.
When these lights change there'll be rage
and aggression from the other drivers poss-
ibly attracting the attention of the Police.*

MARWOOD's eyes alternate between the red and WITHNAIL. He can be seen in the shop. Apparently arguing with some sort of Proprieter. An old Woman is getting out of the way. Lights change. The hooting starts. MARWOOD is forced to ease in the clutch.

MARWOOD takes off with a neon-faced maniac running at fifty miles an hour at the side of the car. "What the fuck are you doing? Let me in." through the window. MARWOOD pulls over and the navigator gets in. The Jaguar takes off at maximum power.

MARWOOD

What d'you wanna do? Ruin our holiday?

WITHNAIL

We're having a marvellous holiday.
Look, trees already, and a Johnny
W. to go with each ...

One of the bottles of Johnny Walker comes out of his plastic bag.

MARWOOD

You selfish bastard. We'll be
broke before we get there. You're
not getting out of the car again.

WITHNAIL

Nor shall I. Nor shall I.

29: EXT. SUBURBS OF THE SUBURBS. DAY.

29.

The car vanishes into a perspective of street and exhaust fumes.

*Without question the best thing about the
Jaguar is its engine. The classic straight
six, three eight. In favourable conditions
this bastard will still get us up a motorway
at a hundred and ten ...*

30: EXT. M.I. MOTORWAY. ENTRANCE. DAY.

30.

The Jag is giving its ninty. Brutal rust on a traffic free road.

*In fact this car is ideally suited to motor-
way driving. At speed, rust, dirt, and paint-
work blend into perfect streamlined symetry.
And nobody's going to get in front of two tons
of metal coming on at 120 feet a second with
their hand stuck out expecting anything less
than death ...*

31: EXT. M.I. MOTORWAY. EVENING.

31.

Factories and power stations and morbid industrial complexes.
The land is in ruins and so is the sky. Great greasy clouds
are piling on the horizon. It'll be dark in less than an hour.

WITHNAIL (V.O.)

At some time or another, I wanna
stop and get hold of a child ...

MARWOOD (V.O.)
What do you want a child for?

WITHNAIL (V.O.)
To tutor it in the ways of
rightousness, and procure
some uncontaminated urine.

32: INT. JAGUAR SEDAN. EVENING.

32.

WITHNAIL is unravelling plastic hose from a Fairy Liquid bottle. Trying to work out where the strings and straps should be. Gets the bottle under an armpit and starts waving some sort of valve.

WITHNAIL
This is a device enabling the drunken driver to operate in absolute safety. You fill it with slash, take this pipe down the trouser, and cellotape this valve to the end of the old chap. Then you get horribly pissed and they can't fucking touch you ...

MARWOOD glances across. An instruction sheet takes an unfolding.

According to these instructions, you refuse everything but a urine sample. You undo your valve, give em a dose of unadulterated child's jimmy, and they have to give you your keys back ...

WITHNAIL takes another large slug of whisky. So does MARWOOD.

Danny's a genius. I'm gonna have a kip.

He slumps in his seat in the bottle. MARWOOD pushes up the speed.

If you see an infant, wake me.
And I'll have a word with it ..

33: EXT. M.I. MOTORWAY. EVENING.

33.

Bridges and other roadside bollocks. The Jaguar thunders past.

34: EXT. MOTORWAY INTERSECTION. NIGHT.

34.

A scraping of daylight left. Headlight on the Jag swings off the motorway onto a minor road. Going to piss down any minute now.

35: EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT.

35.

The Jaguar hits the rain. Hardly any decrease in speed. Black and ominous looking hills. Balls of black cloud rolling into a valley. The car descends with them. The brake lights come on.

MARWOOD pulls over and climbs out. One hell of a gale blowing. He gets to the passenger side of the car. Starts wrenching at the still moving wiper-blade. WITHNAIL's face is periodically visible. Wrecked in his seat and asleep with his maw wide-open.

MARWOOD finally succeeds in pulling the blade off. Moves to his side of the car. Tries to install it on his patch of windscreen. The fates do not smile on this enterprise. The fucker won't go on. Back to the otherside & on again with ease. Soaking wet and furious he staggers to his door. Slams it with nothing achieved.

37: INT. JAGUAR SEDAN. NIGHT.

37.

The force of MARWOOD's entry wakes his co-pilot and navigator.

WITHNAIL
Are we there?

MARWOOD
No we're not. We're here. And
we're in the middle of a fucking
gale.

He starts the engine & pulls out. Snaps instruction at WITHNAIL.

You'll have to keep a look-out
your side. If you see anything,
tell me. And get holda that map.

WITHNAIL emits an accelerating groan. Something to do with a headache. He looks across. Eyes like a pair of decayed clams.

WITHNAIL
Where's the whisky?

MARWOOD
What for?

WITHNAIL
I got a bastard behind the eyes.
I can't take aspirins without a
drink ...

The bottle is discovered. The cork popped. And back to MARWOOD.

Where's the aspirins?

MARWOOD
Look in the second draw of the kit-
chen table, next to your bandages.

WITHNAIL
You mean we've come out here in the
middle of fucking nowhere without
aspirins?

This appears to be the case. WITHNAIL is becoming emotional.

MARWOOD

Where are we?

WITHNAIL

How should I know where we are. I feel like a pig shat in my head. How much longer have we got in this fucking van. I must have aspirins.

MARWOOD

Get hold of that map, and look for a place called "Crow Crag."

WITHNAIL

I can't. I've gone blind. My bladder's exploding. I've got to have a slash.

MARWOOD

You can't have one.

MARWOOD is practically in WITHNAIL's lap trying to see some road.

WITHNAIL

What do you mean. I can't have one. I've got to have one. Stop this bastard and let me out.

MARWOOD

You've had your chance.

WITHNAIL

What are you talking about?

MARWOOD

Half a dozen garages chance on the way. You should have got out then.

WITHNAIL

How could I get out if I was asleep?

MARWOOD

Look at the map. Find a biro cross.

WITHNAIL grabs it. Practically destroys it. Approaches a shout.

WITHNAIL

We're about a yard from London, and going up a hill. Now, for Christ's sake, stop this crate and let me out.

MARWOOD is persuaded and pulls over. The pair of them climb out.

38: EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT.

38.

The night is overpoweringly black. The kind of black never seen in a city. Towards the end of his inexplicably long slash WITHNAIL turns to MARWOOD. His expression is one of genuine concern.

WITHNAIL

I think all this is a mistake.
A serious, and soon to be re-
gretted mistake ...

39: EXT. COUNTRY LANE. NIGHT.

39.

MARWOOD coasts at ten miles an hour with his head hanging out of the window. They pass an almost concealed five-barred gate. Back up & the headlight illuminates a sign. 'Crow Crag Farm.' WITHNAIL is dispatched to open the gate and the Jag turns in.

A dirt track vanishes up a hill. Steep and hard to climb. This is tractor country. The back wheels spin on the winding turns. A line of trees appear. Then a cottage. Eighteenth century. At a glance picturesque. A crank of hand-brake and they get out.

WITHNAIL

There must and shall be aspirin.

MARWOOD levers a pair of suit cases from the car. Still wearing his Fairy Liquid bottle WITHNAIL collapses wailing on the bonnet.

If I don't get aspirin, I shall die.
Here. On this fucking mountainside.

He staggers groaning to the front door and gets pushed aside.

MARWOOD

Give me the key. And get outa the way.

The huge key goes into a rusted lock. Wind howling like wolves.

40: INT. COTTAGE. NIGHT.

40.

This is the sort of place Mrs Minniver would live in. If she did it would have curtains and fires and grandfather clocks and be cosy and full of vicars on Sundays. Mrs Minniver doesn't live here.

MARWOOD strikes a match and WITHNAIL whispers "Christ Almighty." In the brief moment before the match goes out they see crumbling walls and stale shadows and giant atlases of damp on the floor.

The match goes out. Another one is lit. And another look around. Table with several chairs. Old but not antique. An ancient gramophone with a stack of 78 records. Another match. A photograph of a football team. All with moustaches and shorts down to their knees. Oxford 1926. Is one of them Monty? Two arm chairs and a chaise longue with stuffing hanging out of it. A grate incorporated into a kitchen range. Another match. An oil lamp. Light.

A yellow glow and the lamp reveals all. MARWOOD journeys into an adjoining room. Here is a table and a vast granite sink with a rusty pump placed at a distance to be convenient. This must be the kitchen. He drags the lever down. A rheumatic whine. No water and back to the living room. WITHNAIL is in an armchair.

MARWOOD

What are you doing?

A pair of shocked and horn-rimmed eyes focus in his direction.

WITHNAIL

Sitting down to enjoy my holiday.

Blasts of icy intensity rocket down the chimney. WITHNAIL could be standing on a cliff. MARWOOD un-latches a door and peers up a flight of stairs. Turns back to WITHNAIL forcing the optimism.

MARWOOD

Alright, we're gonna have to approach this scientifically. First thing is to get a fire alight. Then we'll split into two fact-finding groups. I'll deal with the water and other plumbings. You can check the fuel and wood situation ...

41: INT. BEDROOM. COTTAGE. NIGHT.

41.

MARWOOD is on the move with a candle in a saucer. This bedroom contains a bed. No other furniture other than a pair of salmon pink rags hanging either side of the window. These are curtains. He moves into an identical room opposite. Another bed. Also a cupboard with blankets in it. A large snail is asleep on top of them. He removes both and descends the stairs with the blankets.

42:- INT. LIVING ROOM. COTTAGE. NIGHT.

42.

With an abundance of acrid smoke a minute fire smoulders in the grate. MARWOOD dumps the blankets and goes for the pump. Cranks violently. A dozen strokes and a flood of khaki water erupts. Euphoria. WITHNAIL barges through the front door in time to observe this phenomena. Wet and gale-blasted and carrying a twig.

MARWOOD

What have you got there?

WITHNAIL

The fuel and wood situation.

MARWOOD

That's the fuel and wood situation?

WITHNAIL

That's right. There's fuck all out there except a hurricane.

The fuel and wood situation gets thrown on the fire. WITHNAIL tears his Fairy Liquid bottle off and slumps in his armchair.

There's no wood, no light, no gas, no coal, and no aspirins.

One or two burnt-out logs in the grate. MARWOOD puts them on and joins WITHNAIL in the opposite chair. They stare into the fire. At every change of the wind they are engulfed in smoke.

WITHNAIL

This place is uninhabitable.

MARWOOD

Give it a chance. It's gotta warm up.

WITHNAIL

Warm up? We may as well sit round
a cigarette. Four hundred fucking
miles and all I've got's a headache.

MARWOOD takes a large slug of whisky. Hands the bottle across.
WITHNAIL practically finishes it. Lights a Gauloise and starts
coughing as he's temporarily obscured by another dose of smoke.

Incidentally, I found the lavatory.

MARWOOD's expression asks the question. What's this lavatory like

Magnificent. About fifty thousand
acres with sheep and trees in it.

Another blast of smoke. WITHNAIL is a traffic light of Gauloise.

This is ridiculous. We'll be found
dead in here next Spring. I've got
a blinding fucking headache. I must
have heat ...

So saying he rises to his pins and demolishes the nearest chair.
MARWOOD assists in the dissection. Flames suddenly appear. WITH-
NAIL assaults another and MARWOOD says he's going out for Scotch.

43: EXT. COTTAGE. NIGHT.

43.

A vicious wind meanders. MARWOOD gets to the Jag and climbs in.
Opens a bottle and takes a hit. Looks towards the cottage. Pale
lemon light through the window. He takes another huge mouthful.

44: INT. LIVING ROOM. COTTAGE. NIGHT.

44.

The room is filled with smoke. They can hardly see each other.
Only cigarette ends are visible. Both squat in their overcoats
in front of a cold fire. WITHNAIL slings another chair leg on.

WITHNAIL

What ever happens we've got
to keep this bastard burning.

The wind dumps misery on the roof. Sings an appropriate tune.

MARWOOD

We've got enough furniture
for tonight. We'll get down
the farm tomorrow and get logs.

WITHNAIL

All this is a mistake. I tell
you. This is a dreadful mistake.

There's a door banging outside. The wind is devouring the house.

45: INT. BEDROOM. COTTAGE. DAY.

45.

MARWOOD wears his overcoat like a dressing gown. His boots like slippers. Wind still hammers the house. He looks out of his window. The rain has stopped. Little view except the side of a shed. Grabbing his clothes he shambles into WITHNAIL's room. Its occupant is heaped under blankets and overcoat and asleep. Decides not to wake him and quietly closes the door and heads downstairs.

46: INT. LIVING ROOM. COTTAGE. DAY.

46.

The fire is out and his breath shows in the cold. The room looks different in daylight. Seems to be more furnished and more dingy. He creeps to the front door and opens it. And here it is. Outside is the reason anyone would want a place like this in the country.

47: EXT. GARDENS. COTTAGE. DAY.

47.

Here is a fifteen mile long picture post card. Bleak but very beautiful. The house is situated halfway up the mountain side over-looking a valley. A lake stretches for as far as the eye can see in either direction. Cloud topped peaks on the left. A forest climbing the hills five miles down stream on the right.

About a mile down the track is a farmhouse. Smoke pours from its chimney and takes off at speed in the wind. A comforting sight. With fuel & wood thoughts MARWOOD returns to the house.

48: INT. KITCHEN. COTTAGE. DAY.

48.

A scraping of rusty music. The Tommy Dorsey Band play. MARWOOD is fully dressed and full of enthusiasm. He empties a pair of carrier bags of their barley wines and stuffs the bags in his pockets. Back into the living room. The ancient gramophone accompanies him as he selects a walking stick from a tub discovered behind the door. Also a couple of cheese-cutter caps. Acting instincts are at work. Donning a cap he lines up in front of a mirror. Seems a suitable look for a man living in the country.

49: EXT. TRACK. HILLSIDE. DAY.

49.

MARWOOD's country image doesn't last long. It dissolves with every step. Midway between the cottage and the farmhouse and his boots are saturated. Cows turn to see him pass. He shows a healthy respect for them. Comes to a halt at a gate. 'SHUT THIS GATE.' A few yards past it and he sees why. Twenty feet in front of him is a big Bull with horns on its head. Neither of them like the look of each other and MARWOOD climbs a wall.

No more path. This is virtually wading. At a safe distance he reclaims the wall. Continues towards the farmhouse. The wind practically takes his glasses off. Angry black clouds massing.

50: EXT. CROW CRAG FARMHOUSE. DAY.

50

A large and mysterious looking building constructed of local stone. Seems to have absorbed the colour of the storms. It's draped in shadows and age. Curtains drawn and looks deserted. MARWOOD comes in over a fence and walks towards it. Clears mud from his boots. An imposing front door. It takes a knocking. No response and another knock. Sounds of footsteps over stone.

VOICE (O.S.)

Who's there?

MARWOOD

Me.

The door opens. Here's an old BIRD in an apron & hob-nailed boots

OLD BIRD

What do you want?

MARWOOD stares at her. She stares back. She's horrible and seventy and suspicious. *Is this the Crow that made the farm famous?*

MARWOOD

I'm a friend of Montague With-nail. He's lent us his cottage.

She freezes a hard so what? MARWOOD tries to smile at her. Fails.

I wondered if you could sell us some food? Eggs and things?

OLD CROW

No. We ain't a shop.

MARWOOD

What about wood and coal?

OLD CROW

No.

Maybe it's his accent she doesn't like. He tries another tack.

MARWOOD

I'm not from London, you know ...

HORRIBLE OLD CROW

I don't care where you come from.

And MARWOOD gets a faceful of door. He stares at it a moment. Turns away. Walks fifteen feet backwards & looks at the house.

Not the attitude I'd been given to expect from the H.E. Bates novel I'd read. I thought they'd all be out the back drinking cider and discussing butter. Clearly a myth. Evidently country people are no more receptive to strangers than city dwellers ...

He decides to have another go. Back to the door. Another knock.

What would Withnail do, I wonder, if the door bell rang at eight o'clock in the morning and there was a man standing out there in a mack asking for coal and eggs?

The foot-steps return. But this time she declines to open up.

MARWOOD

D'you think you could tell me where I could buy some coal and wood?

OLD CROW (O.S.)

You'll have to see my son. He runs this farm.

MARWOOD

Where is your son?

OLD CROW (O.S.)

Up in Top Fields. You can't miss him. His leg's bound in polythene.

The boots clatter back over the stone floor. As MARWOOD turns away it starts to rain. By the time he hits the fence. Pissing.

51: EXT. TRACK. HILLSIDE. DAY.

51.

Back up the track having achieved fuck-all. Solid grey sleet coming off the mountain side and driving into his face like tacks.

As he trudges he curses Withnail. This is Withnail's fault. An ancient rendering of 'The Man Who Broke The Bank At Monte Carlo' supplies accompanying music. Evidently one of Monty's records.

Halfway home and the track has turned into a small stream. He attempts to stay on the banks. Gives up and ploughs through the centre of it. The Bull has moved off towards the house. Too far away to offer threat. It wouldn't matter anyway. He's becoming more and more angry with Withnail for putting him through this.

About a hundred yards from the cottage and he goes down in a batch. A cow has something to do with this. So has Withnail. 'I can hear the girls declare, he must be a millionaire, he's ...'

52: INT. BEDROOM. COTTAGE. DAY.

52.

'The man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.' End of Noel Coward. MARWOOD comes in at speed and delivers instruction at the heap.

MARWOOD
Wake up, you bastard.
You have to get wood.

WITHNAIL wakes and rolls over. An eye widens in mild surprise.

WITHNAIL
Jesus - you're covered in shit.

MARWOOD
Get up. If you don't get
up, I'm getting in.

The idea doesn't appeal. He gets out instantly. Fully dressed.

You dirty bastard.

And as quickly as he's arrived he's gone with a slam of the door.

53: INT. KITCHEN. COTTAGE. DAY.

53.

Rain beats the windows. MARWOOD works the pump. Washes himself with spurts of icy water. A gale blows through the house. Without a fire the chimney is like having a hole in the roof. WITHNAIL shuffles in wearing his overcoat. Catches a hostile glare as MARWOOD heads for the hearth & sits to wrench his boots off.

WITHNAIL
What happened to you?

MARWOOD
I tried to get fuel and wood.
There's a miserable little pensioner down there. She wouldn't give it to me ...

WITHNAIL
Where are we gonna get it then?

MARWOOD
There's a man up the mountain.
Why he's up there, fuck knows.
But he's up there with a leg bound in polythene. You can't miss him. He's the man ...

MARWOOD succeeds in removing his boots. Takes a slug of whisky.

Have another look in that shed.
Find anything. And if you can't find anything, bring in the shed.

54: EXT. COTTAGE. DAY.

54.

The gale gives smoke a problem in finding a direction to take.

MARWOOD

We're friends of Montague Withnail.
We desperately need fuel and wood.

An exchange of eyes. PARKIN stares. Repeats "Montague Withnail?"

Montague Withnail. You must know him.
He's a fat man. He owns the cottage.

ISACS PARKIN

I seen a fat man. Lunnnon type. Queer
sort. But his name's French or summit.

WITHNAIL

French?

ISACS PARKIN

Adrienne de la Touche. But he ain't
been here for a coupla years. Last
time I seen him was with his son.

Even under these circumstances MARWOOD finds a sort of a smile.

MARWOOD

That's him.

WITHNAIL

Listen, we're bona-fide. We don't
come from London. Can we have some
fuel and wood?

ISACS PARKIN

I could bring you some logs up later.
I gotta feed the cows and that first.

WITHNAIL

When?

MARWOOD

Shut up. That would be very nice of
you. What about food? D'you think you
could sell us something to eat?

ISACS PARKIN

I could bring you a chicken. But
you'll have to go into the village
really ...

MARWOOD

That would be very kind of you ...

PARKIN swings his stiffened leg inside and starts the engine.

What happened to your leg?

ISACS PARKIN

Got a randy Bull down there.
Give us one in the knee ...

He guns the engine and vanishes down the track. Smiles emerge. They head back to the cottage with a sense of achievement. It's going to get better. And Al Bowley is already beginning to play.

57: INT. LIVING ROOM. COTTAGE. DAY.

57.

A record continues to scrape. But things are looking up in here. The optimism-gland has been at work. Logs are coming. And they have made free with the furniture. A roaring fire releases hitherto unseen pleasantries of the room. Dancing shadows. Everything reassembles on the walls liberated from its dinginess and grime.

This includes WITHNAIL. Almsot whistling as he goes about his duties at the grate. He's invented some sort of 'Draft Deflector.' A device constructed from a sheet of iron. Moderately successful in directing smoke up the chimney. The oven is an integral part of the grate. Mid-Victorian with an iron door. MARWOOD appears and removes a cauldren of boiling water. WITHNAIL shoves his boots in and shuts the door. Follows MARWOOD into the kitchen.

MARWOOD scrapes rust off knives and forks. Cauterises plates with boiling water. To his amazement WITHNAIL starts laying the table.

58: INT. LIVING ROOM. COTTAGE. DAY.

58.

They can see each other for the first time. It's warm for the first time. WITHNAIL looks almost content. Whisky bottle in his lap and feet on the hearth. MARWOOD stokes with a chair leg.

MARWOOD

You wanna get out the back,
don't you? Get some spuds up?

WITHNAIL doesn't like the sound of it. Has the perfect excuse.

WITHNAIL

Sorry, I can't. My boots are
in the oven. They're red hot.

MARWOOD

You'd go out if you had boots?

WITHNAIL

Gladly.

MARWOOD stands and walks into the kitchen. Reappears instantly. WITHNAIL looks suspiciously at a pair of plastic carrier bags.

MARWOOD

We can tie em up with string.

59: EXT. GARDEN. COTTAGE. DAY.

59.

WITHNAIL emerges from the front door wearing his overcoat and a pair of carrier bags. He clasps a carving fork and heads for the potato patch. MARWOOD stands at the door. Shouts directions concerning the location of the potato. The fork goes in and a fibrous little marble comes out. "I've got one. I've got one."

59 Cond.

59

MARWOOD is unimpressed and instructs him to "Get your fork in. Dig deeper." WITHNAIL grunts and the big ones start coming out.

60: INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. EVENING.

60

Though it's still light outside dusk has fallen in the house. WITHNAIL is back in front of the fire asleep in his overcoat.

MARWOOD is in the kitchen. Several large peeled potatoes and his note book on the table. He writes in the light of an oil lamp.

Sound of the tractor again. He crosses to the window. Looks out and sees a pair of headlights shuddering up the track. Into the living room. Pointless to wake WITHNAIL & he goes outside alone.

61: EXT. GARDENS. COTTAGE. EVENING.

61

The rain has stopped but it's still blowing up rotten from the lake. MARWOOD opens the gate and the tractor rumbles in. Dumps dozens of logs from its scoop. MARWOOD walks round to the cab. Smiles up at the Farmer offering thanks and how much do I owe?

ISACS PARKIN

You can pay us when you come down.

MARWOOD

What about the chicken?

ISACS PARKIN

He's on the back. In the sack.

MARWOOD walks round to the back of the tractor. Unties a bag. As it comes down it reincarnates and jumps in the air squawking. He can hardly believe his eyes. Back round to the driving cab.

MARWOOD

It's alive?

ISACS PARKIN

That's right. Nice and fresh.

Smoke pours from the exhaust pipe. The Farmer is back on his way

62: INT. LIVING ROOM. COTTAGE. EVENING.

62

MARWOOD wakes WITHNAIL. He looks up with partially cooked eyes.

MARWOOD

We got a problem. You better come out.

63: EXT. GARDENS. COTTAGE. EVENING.

63

WITHNAIL tramps out in his bags. Gets introduced to his dinner.

MARWOOD

Parkin's been. There's the supper.

MARWOOD gestures to the static sack. WITHNAIL gives it a kick.

WITHNAIL
Bring it in then.

MARWOOD
I think you'd better look at it first.

WITHNAIL
I don't wanna look at it. I wanna eat it.

His eyes suddenly widen. As MARWOOD reaches for the bag it starts hopping. Then a chicken gets out and stares. WITHNAIL stares back.

What are we supposed to do with that?

MARWOOD
Eat it.

WITHNAIL
Eat it? The fucker's alive.

MARWOOD
I know that. You've gotta kill it.

WITHNAIL
Me? I'm the fire-lighter and fuel collector. You know that. I'm not killing it.

MARWOOD
You have to. I got the logs in.

The Chicken starts to walk. And WITHNAIL says "Follow it." It stops suddenly & they stop with it. It turns and they back off.

It takes away your appetite looking at it ...

WITHNAIL
No it doesn't. I'm starving. How can we make it die?

MARWOOD
You have to wring their necks.

WITHNAIL
What, throttle it?

MARWOOD
Yes.

WITHNAIL
Can't be done. Can't be done.

A curious sight. One Chicken. Two cowards. One in carrier bags.

Let's poison it ...

MARWOOD

Don't be ridiculous. If we poison it we'll kill ourselves eating it.

Suddenly it leaps in the air and drives them back. A moment of panic. It seeks cover in the wood shed. They follow it inside.

I think you should strangle it instantly, in case it starts trying to make friends with us ...

WITHNAIL

It's beginning to look delicious.

A convenient wood-axe in a chopping block. WITHNAIL grabs it.

There's only one way. Decapitation.

He shoves the instrument at MARWOOD. And he approaches the bird. An awful silence broken only by a whine from WITHNAIL's stomach.

Well hit it then. Clout it in the ribs.

MARWOOD

I can't. It's got dreadful beady eyes. It's staring me out ...

WITHNAIL

It's a fucking chicken. Just think of it with bacon across its back.

MARWOOD

Alright, alright. I'll kill it, but you'll have to draw it ...

WITHNAIL

What d'you mean, drag it in? Alright, it's a deal.

MARWOOD

No, no, get its guts out ...

WITHNAIL

Its guts? Impossible. Alright, I've worked this out. Shut your eyes and I'll direct you ...

MARWOOD

That's insanity. If you can direct, you can do. You must kill this hen!

The concept of removing bird-gut persuades him. WITHNAIL takes the axe and creeps at the Capon. Suddenly he races at it. The axe descends in a perfect stroke. He cleaves its head straight from its daft body and returns to MARWOOD with a guttural roar. The Chicken is still standing there. They stare at it in wide-eyed horror waiting for it to drop. But the bastard twitches its wings and starts to run. Keeps running in shocking inhuman hops.

An explosion from the wood-shed. WITHNAIL out first. Followed by MARWOOD. Followed by the Chicken. It races from the shed and makes for the gate. Then swivels like Chaplin and rushes back towards them flapping its wings. Its neck is at an angle. There is a pecking motion. As though it is in possession of its head.

WITHNAIL

Jesus Christ. It's coming for us.

They stand aside. It passes at speed heading towards the house.

MARWOOD

It's heading for the house.

WITHNAIL

Get in before it.

They rush past it and WITHNAIL slams the front door in its missing face. Their faces appear instantly at the window. They watch as the Hen makes a couple of hasty circles before dropping dead.

It'll put a curse on us, won't it?

MARWOOD

No, no. It's quite normal.
I've read about things like
this in Readers Digest.

The Chicken is stone dead. Feet in the air in traditional pose.

64: EXT. COTTAGE. NIGHT.

64.

The wind is back at work. But the place looks almost comfortable. Warm light posted at the kitchen & living room windows.

WITHNAIL (O.S.)

Why can't you just get all its
hair off, and cook it with the
organs intact?

MARWOOD (O.S.)

You can't do that. They've got a
gland in them. It's infused with
toxic grit. It's called a crop.

65: INT. KITCHEN. COTTAGE. NIGHT.

65.

Fire light illuminates the living room. Candle light in here. MARWOOD has finished preparations. A muzzle of a shotgun prods at the back of his head. "Stick em up." He turns & starts back in shock. WITHNAIL and two barrels. He knocks the latter aside.

MARWOOD

Never point guns at people.
It's extremely dangerous. What
about this roasting dish?

WITHNAIL shakes his head and turns on the Chicken with his gun. "Don't move." It doesn't. The barrels poke at it. It's still in possession of its feet and a considerable amount of feathers.

MARWOOD

What are we gonna cook it in?

WITHNAIL

You're the food and plumbings man. I've no idea. I wish I'd found this an hour ago. I'd have taken great pleasure in gunning this pullet down ...

The gun is lowered and WITHNAIL applies himself to the chicken.

Shouldn't it be more bald than that?

MARWOOD

No, it shouldn't. Alright, we're gonna have to reverse the roles. We'll bake the potatoes in the oven, and boil this bastard over the fire.

A large iron kettle. They attempt to stuff it in. Head first. Won't go. MARWOOD reverses it. Arse next. Won't go. WITHNAIL punches it. But this pullet is not going to go in this kettle.

WITHNAIL

Let's get its feet off.

MARWOOD shakes his head and walks purposefully towards the oven.

MARWOOD

No, it's gonna need its feet.

He opens the oven door. Instructs WITHNAIL to remove his boots. They come out steaming on the end of a poker. MARWOOD replaces them with a brick. Positioned side-on at the bottom of the oven.

It can stand with its
legs either side of this.

MARWOOD mounts it upright looking out towards the door. WITHNAIL bastes his hands as another door is slammed in the Chicken's face.

66: EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY.

66.

About as much countryside as a Super Panavision lens is capable of handling. It has snowed in the last couple of days. The lake and the sky and the mountains look anaemic. This is a huge panorama. Somewhere in the middle of it is a tiny telephone booth.

WITHNAIL (V.O.)

I've already put two shillings in.
No. I haven't got another. It's not
my fault if the system doesn't work.

WITHNAIL (V.O.)

What? I am not drunk. I am not drunk.
How dare you. How fucking dare you.

67: EXT. TELEPHONE BOOTH. COUNTRY ROAD/LAKESIDE. DAY.

67.

A bunch of youthful Soldiers march past. A reciprocal disdain.
WITHNAIL shoves his head out. Like MARWOOD several days beard.

WITHNAIL

The hitch hung up on me.

MARWOOD gestures WITHNAIL out. Grabs the Insurance Card that doubles as his address book. He goes into the booth and dials.

WITHNAIL hunches in the icy wind. Watches the Soldiers disappear. Success in the booth. The door reopens and MARWOOD hands the receiver across. "You got one minute." WITHNAIL squeezes in.

68: INT. PHONE BOOTH. DAY.

68.

A combination of emotion and bad-line causes WITHNAIL to shout.

WITHNAIL

Hello? How are you? Very well. A
what? Why wouldn't they see me?
This is ridiculous. I haven't been
for a job for three months. A fert-
iliser advert? How do I audition
for a fertiliser advert? Might? What
the fuck are you doing down there?
If they don't think I can advertise
shit, send them up here. Tell them.
I'm an expert. No I'm not in London.
Penrith. Penrith. What about T.V. ?
Listen, I pay you ten percent to do
that. What? What? Well lick ten per
cent of the arses for me then. Hello?
Hello? Hello? How dare you. Fuck you.

He bashes the receiver down and follows MARWOOD out of the box.

Bastard asked me if I could pass
as a farmer. Of course I could ..

They start walking up the road. MARWOOD clutching a grocery bag.

MARWOOD

Gonna have to get the car out before
it sinks ...

WITHNAIL

Probably know everything there is
to know about fucking farming. I
think I'll change my name ...

69: EXT. TRACK. MOUNTAINSIDE. DAY.

6'

WITHNAIL already has his bags on. MARWOOD has acquired a pair. Finishes tying them and they take to the track. Sodden fields. The mountains seem to have an inexhaustable supply of water.

WITHNAIL

We're gonna have to get back soon,
aren't we? Gonna have to sign on.

MARWOOD just about nods and they head up the hill. The reality of Agents and Government Departments has depressed them both. They proceed with delicacy. Attempt to avoid any bag puncturing.

Pocked lino. Mackintoshes. And bum-polished benches. The Labour Exchange seemed a long way away. But if we cared to turn up, they'd be waiting for us. Fit us in with the old of aspect and sparce of tooth. And bar the shouting, our thirteen quid would arrive Friday morning as it had for the last four months. I couldn't contest the necessity of the Labour. But I was not prepared to support it.

Pausing for breath MARWOOD stops. Thrusts the groceries across.

MARWOOD

Change-over-point.

WITHNAIL looks up at the tractor descending from the Top Fields.

WITHNAIL

D'you think he's happier than us?

MARWOOD

No.

He opens the gate and WITHNAIL follows through. They continue walking. Absorbed in their own thoughts. The tractor is about 100 yards away. It stops suddenly and ISACS PARKIN sticks his head out. For some reason he waves frantically. They wave back.

WITHNAIL

I suppose happiness is relative ...

ISACS PARKIN is back in his tractor. Gunning the engine and racing towards them in a haze of mud. And still waving frantically.

But I never thought it would be
a polythene bag without a hole
in it ...

MARWOOD isn't listening. Watches ISACS PARKIN drive like a maniac.

MARWOOD

What's the matter with him?

MARWOOD suddenly swings round. Wide-eyed. The question is answered

You didn't shut the gate.

The Farmer is driving dangerously. Head stuck out and screaming.

ISACS PARKIN

Shut that gate. Shut that gate.

But it's too late. They stand paralysed in their bags. Watch as the Bull charges up the field and crashes through the opening.

Stop that Bull. Stop that Bull.

Thrusting the groceries across WITHNAIL runs for it and literally dives over the nearest wall. ISACS PARKIN leaps from his tractor and poles across the field like Long John Silver. "Stop that Bull. Stop that Bull." Five yards separation and the Bull stops. MARWOOD freezes. WITHNAIL's head comes back over the wall.

WITHNAIL

Grab its ring.

MARWOOD holds the groceries out in front of him as though offering some sort of sacrifice. A flimsy barrier between himself and four thousand pounds of angry hamburger waiting to take revenge.

Keep your bag up. Out vibe it.

With a terrified sneer MARWOOD stares into its blood-shot eyes. Breath like a Ferarri revving up. Exhaust from either nostril.

It wants to get up there and
fuck those cows ...

ISACS PARKIN arrives but can't get over the wall because of his stiffened leg. MARWOOD is the pig in the middle. WITHNAIL looking over one wall. The Farmer looking over the wall opposite.

ISACS PARKIN

Show no fear ...

The Bull starts hoof-actions in the mud. MARWOOD stares in terror. This is quite possibly an advertisement preceeding the charge.

Show no fear. Just run at it.

MARWOOD

That can't be sensible, can it?
The Bastard's about to run at me.

ISACS PARKIN

He's randy.

MARWOOD

Yes, yes, I know he is.

WITHNAIL

He wants to fuck those cows.

MARWOOD

Shut up Withnail.

ISACS PARKIN

Run at it shouting.

WITHNAIL

Do as he says. Start shouting.

The shouting was about to start anyway. And also the running. My only concern was for the direction in which the running was advised.

On the edge of vision MARWOOD sees WITHNAIL light a cigarette.

WITHNAIL

It won't gore you.

MARWOOD's voice sounds like Richard III at some sort of climax.

MARWOOD

A coward, you are, Withnail. An expert on Bulls, you are not.

This statement is delivered with considerable emotion. Violence towards WITHNAIL drives MARWOOD towards the Bull. Vegetables fly as he descends in his carrier-bags shouting at the top of his voice. The Bull is astonished by what's coming at him. Apparently even less prepared to get-charged than charge himself. He turns instantly and hot-hoofs it back through the opening. PARKIN hobbles at speed and closes the gate behind him. As soon as he's convinced the danger is over WITHNAIL clammers back over the wall.

WITHNAIL

We were bloody lucky there.

MARWOOD

We?

WITHNAIL

You know if there was anything I could have done, I'd have been right in there. You can rely on it.

MARWOOD is trembling and in a state of shock. He picks up stray vegetables from the mud. This seems the only sensible thing to do. PARKIN shouts "Keep This Gate Shut." And legs off as though he has just finished the shit/crop allocation in time for tea.

I think an evening at the Crow?

MARWOOD grabs a turnip. The experience has frozen his senses.

MARWOOD

An evening at the Crow? I could have been killed.

WITHNAIL

Nahh. Parkin knew what he was doing.

MARWOOD

Sure he did. An absolute fucking authority. That's why he couldn't get over the wall ...

WITHNAIL

Don't wanna over do it, do you?

MARWOOD shunts for home with his fist locked round his turnip.

We're in the countryside. Things like this are perfectly normal.

MARWOOD

I couldn't agree with you more.

Both daylight and the image are fading as they head up the hill.

With carrots and turnips flying in your wake, and a pair of carrier bags on your feet, what could be more natural than to run at an animal two thousand times your own weight with the intention of frightening it ...

70: EXT. LAKESIDE ROAD. NIGHT.

70

WITHNAIL and MARWOOD pound along in the moonlight. A spiteful wind coming off the lake. Also reflections of a tiny village. Their destination is one of the few buildings emitting light.

If the Crow & Cunt ever had life it was dead now. It was like walking into a lung. A sulphur-stained nicotine-yellow and fly-blown lung. Its Landlord was a retired alcoholic with military pretensions and a complexion like the inside of a tea pot. By the time the doors opened he was arse-holed on rum and got progressively more arse-holed till he could take no more and fell over about twelve o'clock ...

71: INT. 'CROW AND CUNT'. PUBLIC HOUSE. NIGHT.

71.

A pair of small rooms with a log fire at one end and a bar in the middle. Thick smoke & packed with men. Mainly Wankers from the local farms. One or two Shepherds. And one or two apprentice killers previously seen on the march. Everything is yellow except for the Landlord who is bright red. Years of consistent boozing have gone into this face. It also has a large moustache. WITHNAIL and MARWOOD squat on stools at the bar in front of him.

We took five pints quickly, then moved to the bar to start on the spirits. The General had switched to automatic pilot and was now serving by instinct ...

WITHNAIL

We'll have a pair of large Scotches.

They watch in facination as the GENERAL lunges for his bottles.

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He hands them the drinks and turns to his till to ring up. The money draw shoots out. Catches him in the gut and he staggers.

MARWOOD

He's going down ...

But he doesn't. Richochetting off the bar he throws himself on the till. Grabs a fistful of change and slaps it on the counter

THE GENERAL

I thought I was going for a minute ..

His voice is circa 1942 with faint undertones of Mancunian.

But no man has ever put me down. Have you had training in the martial arts?

WITHNAIL

Yes, as a matter of fact I have. Before I became a journalist, I was in the P.S.B.A. Mainly knife work ...

The GENERAL attempts to focus on WITHNAIL with his sepia eyes.

THE GENERAL

D'you know, when you first came in here, I knew you'd been a services man. You can never disguise it.

A cigarette is offered and WITHNAIL lights up like Jack The Lad.

WITHNAIL

What were you in?

THE GENERAL

Tanks. North Africa Corps. A little before your time. Don't suppose you've engaged have you?

WITHNAIL

Cyprus.

THE GENERAL

Ah, a crack at the Wop.

WITHNAIL

Exactly. We'll have a couple more.

THE GENERAL

These shall be my pleasure.

He swings their glasses under the bottle and repositions them.

What are you doing up here then?

WITHNAIL

Feature for 'Country Life'. We're doing a survey of rural types. You know, farmers, travelling tinkers, milk-men, that sort of thing ...

Steadying himself on the bar The GENERAL leans in on WITHNAIL as though trying to get the end of his moustache into his ear.

THE GENERAL
Have you met Jake?

WITHNAIL shakes his head and backs away from a disturbing exhalation from the landlords gut. His tone is almost conspiratorial.

Poacher. Works the lake. But
keep it under your hat ...

With what is virtually a salute WITHNAIL acknowledges this confidence and they make their way to corner seats near the fire.

MARWOOD
What's all this P.S.B.A. bollocks?

WITHNAIL
Got a drink, didn't we?

The reason is valid. Their eyes join everybody elses staring into the fire for no apparent reason. The pub slowly falls over.

The image is soft-focus and sideways. It is from The GENERALS point of view. As he straightens up it straightens up. Focus improves & he looks across his now nearly empty establishment.

THE GENERAL
Time Gentlemen ...

All the Soldiers & Shepherds & Wankers have gone home. The fire has gone out. Only WITHNAIL and MARWOOD in front of its embers. MARWOOD looks across. The GENERAL is supporting himself on the beer-pumps like a man on crutches. His jaw is firmly clenched.

MARWOOD
I think he means it.

The time has approached when they're all too pissed to know what time it is. WITHNAIL finishes his drink and they stand to leave.

The door swings open and an alarming looking creature walks in. Around his neck are a dozen mole-traps linked to a length of sisal rope that disappears into his hunch back. Loops of string are tied under his knees. Above them a pair of massive bulges like deformed thigh muscles. This is obviously JAKE the poacher.

They watch as he heads for the bar. Pulls his own pint and downs it as quickly as a pint can be poured from a glass. A formidable sight. Like a tree has uprooted itself and come in because it fancied a drink. But respect from The GENERAL. He gets himself upright to pull the next pint. These drinks are evidently free. A detail that doesn't go unnoticed. WITHNAIL leads the way across.

A pair of Scotches are ordered. And delivered. And on the house. JAKE's clothes are a mixture of earth and tweed and blood and decaying vegetables. A stank comes off them buckling MARWOOD's nostrils. JAKE is halfway through his pint when his bulges move. It causes him discomfort. Plunging a hand under his belt he extracts a pair of half dead eels. They take a terrible bashing on the

71 Cond.

71

counter and return to the interior of his trouser. A pair of astonished faces stare. MARWOOD leans into WITHNAIL with a whisper.

MARWOOD

Ask him if we can have one.

WITHNAIL

What for?

MARWOOD

So we can eat it. We're fed up with stew ...

WITHNAIL moves in and addresses JAKE as though he were a waiter.

WITHNAIL

Excuse me. Could we have an eel?

The Tree turns towards him. Doesn't like the look of this prat.

You've got eels down your leg.

JAKE

You leave them alone. Ain't nothin down there interest to you ...

Ignoring WITHNAIL he returns to his elbows and beer. Finishes his pint and suddenly tugs at the rope vanishing into his hump.

Help I, Raymond Goff. These be fed from bum-ole to beak.

The GENERAL grabs at the rope. With difficulty he pulls a brace of pheasant over JAKE's head and conceals them behind the bar. More astonishment from MARWOOD and WITHNAIL. And more whispers.

MARWOOD

He's like a butchers ...

The Poacher gestures towards the whisky. Everyone gets a glass.

What about one of those pheasants?

WITHNAIL is reluctant. JAKE is preparing to leave. Now or never.

Go on. Ask him. He's got carcasses all over him ...

The GENERAL collapses on a stack of beer crates. JAKE rattles his traps & ties his coat with the rope. WITHNAIL works a smile.

WITHNAIL

Excuse me. We were wondering whether we could perhaps purchase a pheasant off of you?

JAKE

No.

MARWOOD

We don't come from London.

JAKE

I ain't got nothin to sell.

WITHNAIL

Come on, old boy. What's in your hump?

JAKE puts his face into WITHNAIL. Skin like the sole of a foot.

JAKE

Now you look here. Them pheasants there are fer his pot. These eels here, are fer my pot. What makes you think I should give ya summat fer yer pot?

WITHNAIL

What pot?

MARWOOD

Our cooking pot.

JAKE

Arr, he knows. Give I wheeze on that fag.

MARWOOD hands the cigarette across. JAKE sucks a deep inhalation. He hands it back & MARWOOD ashrays it for fear of contamination. A Gauloise is offered. JAKE takes three. Wraps them in his hanky.

I might see you lads in the week.
I might put a rabbit your way.

WITHNAIL

We don't want a rabbit. We want a pheasant.

JAKE

Now you look here. I an't got no pheasants. I ain't got no birds, no moran you do ...

WITHNAIL

Of course you have. You're the poacher.

Not a very sensitive remark. JAKE is clearly upset by this accusation. Exploring his trousers he withdraws one of his eels.

JAKE

If I hear more wordsa you, I'll put one a these here black-pods on yer.

A rapid retreat as he menaces the creature in WITHNAIL's face.

WITHNAIL

Don't threaten me with a dead fish.

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7:

MARWOOD

It's alright, Jake.

JAKE

Dead he might be. But I'll come on up after ye, and see to ye with a live un.

WITHNAIL

Sod your pheasants. You'll have to find us first.

WITHNAIL's indignance has propelled him to the door. As MARWOOD follows him through JAKE raises his voice to bid them farewell.

JAKE

Oh, I knows where you are. You two's up at Crow Crag. I seen ya.

Cackling to himself he trousers his Pod and the door slams shut.

72: EXT. MOUNTAIN TRACK. NIGHT.

72.

Several superior brains have dealt with nights like this. Here are raging moons and starry-starry nights. MARWOOD and WITHNAIL labour through the mire. The latter breathless and staggering.

WITHNAIL

If I see that silage heap hanging around up here, I'll take the bastard axe to him.

The cottage comes into sight. Indigo slates in the moonlight. WITHNAIL staggers to a wall and shouts at five miles of lake.

Bastards. (Bastards. Bastards.)

Nobody to reply except an echo. As loud and as drunk as he is.

You'll all suffer. (Suffer. Suffer. Suffer.) I'll show the lot of you. (You. You. You.) I'm gonna be a star. (Star. Star. Star. Star. Star. Star.)

He turns away and the echo fades into the black and starry night.

73: INT. LIVING ROOM. COTTAGE. DAY.

73.

A load of weather on the roof. A large fire in the grate. MARWOOD is stirring in the kettle. Fishes something out. Tastes it & decides it's ready. WITHNAIL is at the dining table. Already hacked one crust off and is working at the opposite end of the loaf. A complaint from MARWOOD as he transfers kettle to table.

MARWOOD

What are you doing?

WITHNAIL

Getting the crusts. I like the crusts.

MARWOOD

So do I. You can have that one. The other one's mine when we get to it.

MARWOOD sits and WITHNAIL removes the kettle lid and peers in.

WITHNAIL

Vegetables again? We'll sprout fucking feelers soon ...

MARWOOD

There's black-puddings in it.

WITHNAIL

Black puddings are no good to us. Anyway, they taste like shit ...

Despite the complain both his & Marwood's bowls take a filling.

I want meat. I must have meat.
I've always eaten meat, and I
must have some meat ...

MARWOOD ignores his prattle and WITHNAIL ignores his stew. Picks up the kettle and pours some of the beige liquid over his crust.

Must be twenty thousand sheep out there on those fucking volcanoes, and we got a plateful of carrots.

MARWOOD

What d'you want me to do about it?

WITHNAIL

Nothin. Nothing either of us can do about it. But I vote we cut our losses, pack up, and get outa here.

MARWOOD

Well shove out there then, and dig the fucking car up. Coz I can't get it on the road.

WITHNAIL suddenly pushes his plate aside and rises to his feet.

WITHNAIL

I can't eat this. I want somethings flesh.

74: EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE. MOUNTAIN STREAM. DAY.

The water is freezing and fast running and so is WITHNAIL. With bare feet and trousers rolled up above his knees he charges up the centre of the stream loosing off his shot gun. Massive explosions of water. A single fish is atomised. MARWOOD stands in his bags on the bank watching. Sees another fish. Directs WITHNAIL who fires. Empty gun. He reloads. Fires. The fish has gone.

75: EXT. FOREST TRACK. DAY.

7

The kind of day you could pour into a bucket and rush up a garden with. Late afternoon. They walk fishless through the trees.

WITHNAIL

Let's take the high track ...

MARWOOD

Why?

WITHNAIL

Because it's a beautiful view.

MARWOOD

Also dry. Your bag's burst, hasn't it?

WITHNAIL

No.

MARWOOD

You're a liar. It didn't escape my attention that you picked up my Tesco, when you know perfectly well you wear a Sainsburys. All right, we'll take the high-track.

76: EXT. HIGH TRACK. MOUNTAINSIDE. DAY.

76

Both are bagless. Both dejected. Even the sheep look pissed off.

WITHNAIL

I think I'll call myself Wally Twain.

They turn off the track and head down the hillside towards the cottage. A hundred yards above it when WITHNAIL commands "Stop." With knees bent he goes into a sort of running crouch to a wall.

MARWOOD follows. "Keep down. He'll see you." They both peer over the wall. A dark bundle of overcoat and savage hair is squinting into the living room window of the cottage. Hard to identify at first. Then no mistaking it. To WITHNAIL's horror this is JAKE.

It's him. It's him. What does he want?

MARWOOD

Probably brought us a rabbit. We'd better get down there and ask him.

He attempts to stand. WITHNAIL pulls him down. Fear in the larynx.

WITHNAIL

Don't be a fool. He's after us. He's brought his Pods. We daren't go down.

Heads over the wall again. Whether it's Pods or rabbits JAKE is tired of waiting. Back on his way and heading towards the lake. They climb the wall with WITHNAIL muttering about precautions.

77: INT. KITCHEN. COTTAGE. EVENING.

MARWOOD is at the sink peeling potatoes. WITHNAIL has procured a huge rusty bolt from somewhere and nails it to the kitchen door. Security is completed with a shovel rammed under the door knob. He then loads the shotgun. Vanishes with it into the living room.

78: INT. LIVING ROOM. COTTAGE. NIGHT.

Nothing much changed in here. Back at the table. And the stew's out again. This time WITHNAIL eats. MARWOOD ignores his diet.

WITHNAIL

This place has become impossible. Everywhere you go there's a tidal-wave of shit. Look at us. We're up here, eating vegetables, suffocating with shit, and now there's a fucking madman on the prowl outside with his eels ...

MARWOOD

Alright, you've made your point. We'll pack up and get out tomorrow.

He throws his spoon down and crosses to the fire. Sits to light a cigarette. Boots stand in the grate. Socks stand next to them.

WITHNAIL

And that's another thing. We're filthy. I can hardly tell the difference between a boot and a sock.

MARWOOD tests one of his. Baked stiff. He starts putting it on.

What are you doing?

MARWOOD

Going for a slash.

WITHNAIL

No you're not. You can't. I can't get my boots on when they're hot.

MARWOOD

I'll go alone.

WITHNAIL doesn't like the sound of this and rockets to his feet.

WITHNAIL

No you won't. You're not leaving me in here alone. Those are the kind of windows faces look in at.

MARWOOD

Alright then. I won't go for a slash.

He throws his boot back into the grate and grabs his note book. WITHNAIL grabs the shotgun. MARWOOD writes into a slow dissolve.

79: EXT. COTTAGE. NIGHT.

7

Owls and wind and doors banging. Light fades from the living room.

WITHNAIL (O.S.)

In both our interests, I think
we should sleep together ...

MARWOOD (O.S.)

No.

The light reappears upstairs. Window up & MARWOOD takes a slash

WITHNAIL

But if he catches us unawares and
deals with one of us, he's got a
much better chance of dealing with
the other ...

MARWOOD

No.

The slash finally ends. The light vanishes. The window slams shut.

80: INT. STAGE. THEATRE.

80

Someone is playing a saw. That kind of Edwardian music that saws produce. Top hats at the music hall. The stage and auditorium are filled with chickens. And paper fish hanging on wires. And stupid lights. MARWOOD sits in the stalls staring towards the stage. Behind him a dozen shabby little Fags that can be seen in the suburbs of any theatre. Beards and balds and polluted with Bernard Shaw. And five Brian Forbes. WITHNAIL is on stage in a pair of black tights. And a hat. He looks like Hamlet. A row of candles on a table. He walks away from them. Hens get out of his way. He announces something to the Brian Forbes. But impossible to hear the words. His voice is vasaline on a lens. He bends over. Lowers his tights. Farts. And a candle wafts out. This is a distance of fifteen feet or so. The saw continues to supply the music. MARWOOD starts laughing. WITHNAIL increases the distance. Pop. Pop. Pop.

Three more candles out. MARWOOD rolls around in hysterics. "I will now blow out a candle from a distance of fifty feet, followed by a rendition of Beethovens music." "What key?" "The key of G." One of the Brian Forbes rushes forward. "We're just looking at faces." WITHNAIL turns. "Well look at this one. Look at this one. Look at this one." His face becomes bigger and bigger.

81: INT. BEDROOM. COTTAGE. NIGHT.

81.

WITHNAIL's face emerges from the dream. MARWOOD starts back as he wakes. Blinks at this spectre like figure. Here is a corpse in Y Fronts. A candle in one hand and the shotgun in the other.

WITHNAIL

What are you laughing at?

MARWOOD is too drousy to answer. WITHNAIL is drenched in terror.

What's the matter with you?

81 Cond.

WITHNAIL

You frightened the piss out of me. Move over. I'm getting in.

MARWOOD resists but a pocked leg forces itself under the cover. A brief struggle follows. WITHNAIL manages to get into the bed.

Ever since we met that bastard Jake I've been terrified up here.

Huge shadows in the candle light. A dispute over the blankets. It resolves itself with MARWOOD's arse thrust into the icy air.

MARWOOD

This is ridiculous. I'll have to sleep in your bed.

WITHNAIL

I'll have to come with you then.

MARWOOD

Will you get out?

WITHNAIL

No.

MARWOOD

Then I will.

They both get out together. Stare at each other. Both get back in together. MARWOOD is prepared to tolerate WITHNAIL but not his shotgun. It's positioned across the bed below their chins.

Alright. You can stay. But the gun doesn't.

WITHNAIL

I must keep the gun. I intend to remain awake till morning.

MARWOOD snaps up in the bed. Attempts to confiscate the shotgun.

MARWOOD

This is my bed, and I demand precedence in it. Give me the gun.

WITHNAIL

No.

A fight in the bed begins. In effort to retain the gun WITHNAIL drags it under the covers. MARWOOD goes after it. Little to see but two heads and a muzzle and a heap of writhing blankets. The gun goes off. Blows a fucking great hole in the wall behind the bed. A paralysis. Silence. Smoke and dust settle. Then MARWOOD emerges with an explosion as violent as the gun. "You mad fucking bastard." He storms across the room and launches the weapon head-first through the window. A shattering of glass. Then this terrific door-slam as he pounds out to sleep in Withnail's room.

82: INT. BEDROOM. COTTAGE. NIGHT.

82

A door banging as wind blunders to the lake. Owls hooting in the distance. MARWOOD is asleep. The door opens. The candle comes in followed by WITHNAIL. Face ruptured with terror. The candle goes down on the bedside table and a hand clamps over MARWOOD's mouth. MARWOOD wakes choking for breath and the hand gets bashed aside. WITHNAIL dances around. Finger over lips. A gesture for silence.

MARWOOD

Get out. Fuck you. Fuck off.

With hands waving like a hypnotist WITHNAIL screams in a whisper.

WITHNAIL

Shut up. Listen. Listen.

MARWOOD tries to focus his ears and eyes but manages only temper.

MARWOOD

There's nothing. Get to bed.

He hunches back under the blankets. WITHNAIL decides to join him.

WITHNAIL

I heard a noise. I must get in.

MARWOOD

Oh-for-fucks-sake.

WITHNAIL gets into the bed. MARWOOD turns over. There is a noise.

What was that?

WITHNAIL

That's it. That's it.

MARWOOD

What is it?

WITHNAIL

It's the maniac.

MARWOOD sits up. Myopic ears straining at the darkness. The door continues to bang. But nothing suspicious and the noise has gone.

MARWOOD

Probably foxes looking for grub.

WITHNAIL suddenly stiffens in the bed. Sticks a knee into MARWOOD. He wails loud. Knocks the candle over which extinguishes as it hits the floor. Faint moonlight now illuminates the room.

WITHNAIL

Listen. Listen.

WITHNAIL sits bolt upright. When he hears what he's listening for he clenches MARWOOD's neck and screws his head in the direction of the sound. No mistaking it this time. Definitely a

82 Cond.

suspicious movement outside. Here come the wide-eyes and sweat. Both are now bolt upright in the bed. Hearts revving up as the adrenalin squirts in. WITHNAIL's hand is still clamped around MARWOOD's neck. Tension and terror forces the head downwards.

MARWOOD

Stop doing that. I can't hear.

Sound reinvades the silence. Unmistakably the grind of gravel under the heel of a heavy boot. An exchange of tiny whispers.

Maybe it's the farmer?

WITHNAIL

At two o'clock in the morning?
It's the killer. He's come to
kill us. What are we gonna do?

The feet are heading round the house towards the kitchen door. A rattle and a banging as the intruder shakes the securities.

He wants to come in. He's trying
to get in.

MARWOOD

Be quiet. He can't. He'll go away.

They follow the footsteps with their ears. After several indecisive tramlings they get fainter and move away from the house.

He's going ...

WITHNAIL has gone up six octaves. Like a whispering choir boy.

WITHNAIL

This is all your fault. You've
even given him the fucking gun.

For a few moments a silence that promises perpetuality. Then both are shattered with the glass of the living room window.

He's coming through the fuck-
ing window. He's getting in.

An aggressive grunt downstairs as the intruder attempts to force his way in. WITHNAIL is stiff as a board and practically levitating. Though MARWOOD is equally terrified he plans some sort of defense. Grabs the candle. "Gimme the matches." A Walt Disney mouse replies. "Downstairs." And so is Jake. They hear his feet make contact with the stone floor. Then again profound silence.

WITHNAIL vices a hand onto MARWOOD. Gurgles "He's in. He's in." And then shoves the sheet in his mouth. They stare into the boulders of silence. Then a hair-raising panic-striking sound. WITHNAIL gags through the sheet. "He's sharpening a fucking knife."

82 Cond.

MARWOOD

We'll have to tackle him. You stay in bed and pretend to be asleep. He'll go for you. When he does I'll leap on his back.

MARWOOD attempts to implement his plan but WITHNAIL detains him.

WITHNAIL

No. No. It'll be too late. I'll be knifed by then. We'll have to try and make friends with him.

The latch clicks on the door at the bottom of the stairs. Then a creak of wood as foot-steps mount. Slow heavy treads of unfamiliarity with the house. A pause. They head for Marwood's room. Although WITHNAIL is atrophied with fear he pushes at MARWOOD's back. Interprets Jake's direction as a signal of his intentions

He's gone into your room. It's you he wants. Offer him yourself.

A terrible moment of silence. Then the feet head back. The bed is thrashing the wall in record of their heart-beats. The door knob turns. A yellow beam of torch light. A low sustained rattle escapes WITHNAIL's throat. Like a death-rattle. The cry of a coward in crisis. Perhaps he's just died of a heart attack. Heads press back into the pillows. The beam dazzles their eyes. A voice tangled with saliva and grinding teeth attempts speech. Several breathless grunts before he falls back into the pillow.

We mean no harm ...

The beam lowers itself. A chuckle. A towering figure. It speaks.

MONTY

Dear boys. Dear boys. Forgive me.

Total silence. Followed by total relief. Followed by total anger.

MARWOOD

Monty. Monty. Monty.

WITHNAIL

Monty. You terrible cunt.

MONTY

Forgive me. It was inconsiderate of me not to have telegraphed.

WITHNAIL

What are you doing? Prowling around in the middle of the fucking night?

WITHNAIL's bark redirects his Uncle's torch. He coyly examines the floor boards. Clearly he thinks he's disturbed them at it.

MONTY

I had a punctured tyre. I had to wait an aeon for assistance. I'm sorry if I disturbed you. I should have knocked. I'll sleep in the spare room tonight if I may ...

MARWOOD

Anywhere you like.

83: INT. BEDROOM. COTTAGE. DAY.

Sounds of chopping outside. Squares of sunshine on the wall. An unusual sight. The first clear day. Apart from socks and boots MARWOOD is fully dressed. Dons his overcoat and heads downstairs

84: INT. LIVING ROOM. COTTAGE. DAY.

An almost remarkable transformation. MARWOOD scans the changes as he applies his boots. Floor swept and fire blazing. A huge bowl of fruit on the table. No broken windows. Monty has worked magic in here. Elbowing his coat MARWOOD walks into the kitchen. Work surfaces scrubbed. Floor mopped. A stack of exclusive groceries on the table. And under it a cardboard box containing several joints of meat. Monty clearly intends to stay for a while. And here he is. Plus-fours. Hiking boots. And an armful of logs.

MONTY

Good morning. Did you sleep well?

MARWOOD follows him into the living room. MONTY dumps the wood.

I do apologise for last night. It was perfectly inconsiderate of me.

MARWOOD

Perfectly alright, Monty. You've been busy in here?

MONTY

As a bee.

He cavorts back into the kitchen. And unwraps a deck of bacon. MARWOOD notices the cassette. Transfers it to the window ledge.

MARWOOD

How did you repair the window?

MONTY

I didn't break it. Merely forced it a little. Sorry if I frightened you, there was an empty wine bottle on the ledge ...

MONTY prods rashers with a fork. An exercise he doesn't enjoy.

MONTY

Why don't you go and wake him?
Breakfast in fifteen minutes.

MARWOOD

I'm sure the bacon'll bring him down.

85: INT. LIVING ROOM. COTTAGE. DAY.

85.

The improvements in living-standards haven't gone unnoticed by WITHNAIL. Breakfast has matured into Turkish cigarettes. MONTY beams with pleasure. Sits in a waistcoat proffering his tea pot.

MONTY

Such an exquisite day. Such perfection is ruined in town by the eyes of the proletariat. Don't you agree?

WITHNAIL

Yes.

An appropriate moment for a rendition of Alfred Lord Tennyson.

MONTY

The old order changeth, yielding place to new. And God fulfills himself in many ways. And soon, I suppose, I shall be swept away by some vulgar little tumor.

The moment mists his eyes. His head shakes. His voice vaporises.

Ah, my boys, my boys, we're at the end of an age. We live in a land of weather forecasts, and breakfasts that 'set in'. Shat on by Tories. Shovelled up by Labour. And here we are. We three. Perhaps the last island of beauty in the world.

He takes their hands. For a moment it seems he's going to shove them in his mouth. An exchange of eyes. And then MONTY smiles.

Now which one of you is going to be a splendid fellow and go down to the Rolls for the rest of the things?

MARWOOD and WITHNAIL stand simultaneously & speak simultaneously.

MARWOOD/WITHNAIL

I will.

MARWOOD

No, I'd better go. I've got to see about digging the car out, anyway.

MONTY

We have my car, dear boy.

MARWOOD

Yes, but if it rains, we're buggered.

Or words to that effect. MONTY doesn't notice. MARWOOD stutters.

MARWOOD

I mean ... we'll never get it out ...

MONTY

Stranded!

A surprising enthusiasm from WITHNAIL as he reaches for his bags.

WITHNAIL

We'll deal with the car when
I get back. Leave this to me.

MARWOOD

I'll come with you then. I fancy a walk.

MONTY

No. No. I'm told you're a little
wizard in the kitchen. I'll need
you to work on the joint.

WITHNAIL

Yeah. You're the cook.

MONTY raises an eyebrow as WITHNAIL climbs into his footwear.

MONTY

What on earth are those?

WITHNAIL

We haven't got any wellingtons.

MONTY

But how dreadful. You mean you've
been up here in all this beastly
mud and oomska without wellingtons?

WITHNAIL nods and heads for the kitchen door. MONTY follows.
And somewhat peeved MARWOOD paces after them. WITHNAIL tramps
outside and MARWOOD sees them both through the kitchen window.

This afternoon I'm going to take you
both into Penrith, and get you fitted
with some good quality rubber boots.

With MARWOOD staring after them MONTY waves WITHNAIL to the gate.

*Was it imagination or had Monty really acc-
entuated the word 'rubber' with more than
just the usual jowl-buckling smile? I felt
certain that he had. And that the Welling-
ton boot was more to him than simply the
procribed footwear for a rainy afternoon.*

MARWOOD's eyes slip focus as WITHNAIL vanishes down the track.

MARWOOD seems worried to be alone with the Uncle. They're both midway through unpacking the supplies. A bombardment of smiles from MONTY everytime their eyes meet. MARWOOD does his best to return them. But nerves force lips into a sort of sneer. MONTY uses a napkin to remove a massive leg of lamb from his box. He shoves it at MARWOOD who holds it like a father with his newly born & highly deformed baby. MONTY chirps towards another box.

MONTY

Garlic, rosemary, and salt.

He plunges into a grocery sack. A table cloth and napkins and a pair of aprons. Slips into one. Goes for MARWOOD with the other.

I brought two in case either of you was any good in the kitchen.

MARWOOD

I'm not.

MONTY

Of course you are. Cooking's one of the natural instincts.

He heads for him with the apron. MARWOOD defends with his leg.

MARWOOD

Listen Monty, this is all very kind of you, but I really think I ought to get out there and get some work done on the car ...

MONTY

Nonsense, you haven't time. We'll be having a late luncheon at three.

MARWOOD would say anything to avoid the apron. Says the first thing that comes into his head. It is said with great regret.

MARWOOD

Fraid we have to leave by three, Monty.

MONTY

Leave?

MARWOOD

Yes, didn't he tell you. We've gotta get back to sign on ...

MONTY

Sign on?

But you're successful actors? They realise the blunder together.

MARWOOD

It's sort of fashionable, actually. All the actors do it. Even Redgrave.

MONTY

But surely you could forego for just this one occasion? I've come a very long way to see you both.

MONTY's eyes bulge behind his glasses. MARWOOD affects remorse.

MARWOOD

Well, no. Can't really. I mean, I'd love to stay. But he's more adamant to get back than I am.

MONTY

Then we must choose our moment, and have a word with him. I'm sure together we could persuade him.

MARWOOD suddenly finds himself entering into some sort of pact.

MARWOOD

No. I don't think so. I don't think we could. He's very strong willed.

MONTY

Aren't we all? Now slip this on.

MONTY has both the problem and MARWOOD in hand. The apron goes on. MARWOOD is tied up at the back & MONTY returns to his work.

Garlic, rosemary, and salt. I can never touch meat until it's cooked. As a youth I used to weep in butchers shops ...

MARWOOD transfers his meat to the table and reluctantly begins a search for the condiments. Garlic and salt come out. "I can't find the rosemary." Feigning exasperation MONTY launches beans at the sink and approaches wiping his hands on the apron. MARWOOD attempts to get out of his way. Out of luck instead. MONTY circles him in his arms and forces him backwards over the table. Their faces come to the point where they normally kiss in films.

I'm sure we can find it together.

MARWOOD continues to arc backwards as MONTY searches behind him.

MARWOOD

Perhaps it's in the other bag?

MONTY

Perhaps it is. Shall we look?

Before they do WITHNAIL barges in. Dumps groceries on the table.

WITHNAIL

Oh - Sorry - Sherry's in there.

He gestures towards a carrier bag and continues into the living room as though he'd disturbed a courting couple. MONTY doesn't seem at all concerned. Breaks away to deal with the sherry. MAR-

WOOD follows WITHNAIL. A fast and frenetic exchange of whispers.

MARWOOD

What d'you mean 'sorry'? What's going on. What's he doing here?

WITHNAIL collapses into an armchair & begins removing his bags.

We can't stay. He won't leave me alone.

A bag comes off and WITHNAIL looks up with an ambiguous smile.

WITHNAIL

Shouldn't lead him on, love.

MARWOOD

Don't be bloody ridiculous ...

Further exchange is cut off by MONTY. He lumbers in with three glasses of differing style & an opened bottle of Bristol Cream.

MONTY

I'm afraid we must drink from these.

The glasses are handed out & MONTY moves over them with sherry.

I trust their shape will not offend your palate ...

MONTY slips the wink at MARWOOD and proposes an expansive toast.

To a delightful weekend in the country.

The glasses go up. A clink. A drink. Everyone happy but MARWOOD.

87: EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE. TRACK. DAY.

87.

Effortless sunlight. An amateur photographers day. The Jaguar skids down the track. MONTY marches in front of it waving arms and shouting instructions ignored by the occupants of the car.

MARWOOD (V.O.)

You were the one who wanted to leave.

WITHNAIL (V.O.)

You were the one who wanted to stay.

MARWOOD (V.O.)

Well, we can't. You saw him. He practically kissed me ...

WITHNAIL (V.O.)

I should have thought it a perfectly reasonable sacrifice ...

MARWOOD (V.O.)

What do you mean by that?

WITHNAIL (V.O.)
You wanted the cottage.

MARWOOD (V.O.)
So did you. He's your Uncle. What
about you making the sacrifice?

WITHNAIL (V.O.)
Alright. We'll sink the lunch and leave.

MONTY opens the gate & the Jag bumps through onto the main road. They pull up behind the Rolls. MONTY is holding the back door open. They get in and drift away with Louis Armstrong playing.

*The plan was a suggestion to this Uncle
that it would be better to buy us some-
think of more lasting use, i.e. new Levis
instead of the wellingtons which were to
become redundant in the next few hours ...*

88: EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

88.

The Rolls winds down a hill. A small country town in the distance.

*But the problem was we were supposed to be
in the league that could afford new Levis,
and we didn't want to arouse suspicion
about the second plan which was our deter-
mination to leave immediately after lunch.*

89: INT. ROLLS. DAY.

89.

MONTY motors at a steady thirty. Carpet and polished walnut and leather upholstery. A strange contrast to the passengers in the back. Muck-streaked and filth and a weeks stubble. They exchange surreptitious pulls from a bottle of Cointreau extracted from the drinks cabinet. MONTY turns with a reprimand for their appearance.

MONTY
I do think you could have shaved.
What on earth will people think of
me turning up with you two. You
look like a pair of farm hands.

WITHNAIL
Electric Monty. Nothing we can
do about it. Have to admit though,
we're in a bit of a state. As a
matter of fact, I don't think we're
gonna be able to try these boots on.

MONTY
Nonsense. You don't have to try
Wellington boots on.

WITHNAIL
I have very high arches.

MONTY

Then you'll have to forfeit style
for size and purchase a large pair.

A town has appeared around them. Old and tiny with a clock tower
in the middle of it. MONTY manoeuvres the Rolls in and they stop.

90: EXT. MARKET SQUARE. PENRITH. DAY.

90.

Surprise from the Locals as everyone gets out. WITHNAIL and MAR-
WOOD with their Cointreau bottle. MONTY with his watch and waist-
coat and radish in his lapel. Residents actually stop and stare.

MONTY

This is most embarrassing.
Let's get away from the car.

Beetling off he crosses the square with them following. Every-
time they increase speed to catch up MONTY puts on a spurt and
the gap opens again. WITHNAIL issues a breathless instruction.

WITHNAIL

We're almost running. Tell him to stop.

Overtaking the Uncle MARWOOD suggests they should take it easier.
MONTY brakes and a wallet comes out. A pair of crisp blue notes
are dispensed. He shoves a glance towards the 'Penrith Tea Rooms.'

MONTY

Buy the wellingtons and I'll see
you outside there in half an hour.

And off he fucks. MARWOOD examines the loot as WITHNAIL arrives.

MARWOOD

Pair of blues. One each.

WITHNAIL flexes his fiver and is infused with a sudden inspiration

WITHNAIL

I think a drink, don't you?

MARWOOD

What about the wellingtons?

WITHNAIL

Bollocks to the wellingtons.

91: INT. KING HENRYS SALOON BAR. DAY.

91.

A dingy little establishment. WITHNAIL & MARWOOD are at the bar.

WITHNAIL

We'll tell him they had a farmers
conference and had a run on them.

WITHNAIL finishes his pint. The BARMAN informs them "Time Gents
WITHNAIL looks worried. MARWOOD looks at his watch. Two o'clock

WITHNAIL

Alright, we're gonna have to work
quickly. A pair of quadruple whis-
kys, and another pair of pints ...

92: EXT. MARKET SQUARE. PENRITH. DAY.

9

Speed of consumption has affected speed of inebriation. Another
fifteen minutes in the Kings and they'd be staggering. WITHNAIL
shuffles up the pavement. A lack of Monty produces indignation.

WITHNAIL

Where is he? I'm utterly arse-holed.

MARWOOD

We're early.

He nods towards the 'Tea Rooms' on the other side of the square.

We wanna get in there, don't we?
Eat some cake. Soak up the booze.

The plan is agreed upon and they foot it off across the square.

93: INT. 'PENRITH TEA ROOMS'. DAY.

93

A bell on a spring clatters above their heads. All eyes turn in
their direction. Not an eye-ball in here under seventy years old
Maybe five or six Ladies eating dainty little cakes with dainty
little forks. The place is dainty. Decorated like one of its ice
and joub-joubed numbers in the window. An OLD WOMAN in an apron
approaches as WITHNAIL gestures towards a gingham clothed table.

WITHNAIL

Alright here?

OLD WOMAN

What do you want?

WITHNAIL

Cake. Alright here?

Clearly a pair of drunken dustmen. She shows considerable courage

OLD WOMAN

No. We're closing in a minute.

WITHNAIL

We're leaving in a minute ...

They sit down and WITHNAIL studies the menu. An old Man with a
neck lagged in bandage like the top of a boiler glares at them.
WITHNAIL ignores him and pokes a finger at the 'Afternoon Teas.'

We'll have cake and tea.

The BOILER gets up balancing on his walking stick. He's been in the army. Obviously isn't used to this kind of insubordination.

BOILER

Didn't you hear? She said she's closed.

Continued insubordination and the BOILER approaches red of face.

What do you want in here?

WITHNAIL

Cake. What's it to do with you?

BOILER

I happen to be the proprietor.
Now would you leave?

WITHNAIL

Ah, I'm glad you're the proprietor.
I was gonna have to have a word with
you anyway. We're working on a film
up here. Locations see. We might
wanna do a film in here ...

BOILER

You're drunk.

MARWOOD

Just bring out the cakes.

WITHNAIL

Cakes and fine wines.

This is a desperate situation. But the OLD WOMAN has a solution.

OLD WOMAN

If you don't leave. We'll call
the Police.

A threat that brings a flutter of agreement from the feathers
in the hats and the Pugs on leads faction. "Yes. The Police."

WITHNAIL

Balls. We want the finest wines
available to humanity. And we want
them here. And we want them now.

BOILER

Miss Blenehassitt. Telephone the Police.

MARWOOD

Alright, Miss Blenehassitt, I'm
warning you. If you do, you're
fired. We'll buy this place. We're
multi-millionaries ...

MARWOOD & WITHNAIL rise to their feet and the BOILER steps back.

WITHNAIL

Yes, we'll buy this place. And we'll get a fucking juke-box in here to liven all these stiffes up a bit ...

BOILER

The Polce, Miss Blenehassitt.

She goes about it. Fumbles nervously with the phone. Bit of chat from the Hats & Pugs. "Vagabonds." "They won't like the Police."

Just say there are two dunks in the Penrith Tea Rooms and we want them removed.

MARWOOD

We're not drunks. We're multi-millionaires ...

BOILER

Hurry up, Mabs. We'll keep them here till they arrive.

Seems like he's going to bolt the door. A whispered explanation.

HAT & PUG

He'll keep them talking ...

WITHNAIL

He won't keep us anywhere. We'll buy this place and have it knocked down.

Just as Mabs says "Police please" a limousine appears outside.

MARWOOD

Don't bother. Our car's arrived. We're going ...

Eyes alternate between them and the car as they reach the door.

WITHNAIL

But we'll be back. We're coming back in here.

The BOILER and the OLD WOMAN and the old LADIES with the feathers and Dogs on leads watch in amazement as WITHNAIL & MARWOOD stagger out and slump in the back of an immaculate Rolls Royce.

94: INT. LIVING ROOM. COTTAGE. DAY.

94.

The lamb is sizzling to perfection. WITHNAIL draws air over his teeth. Closes the oven door. MARWOOD appears from the stairway.

MARWOOD

Where is he?

WITHNAIL

Sulking up the hill. He says he won't come in for lunch without an apology.

MARWOOD

Suits me. He can eat
his fucking radish.

They sit in front of the fire. MARWOOD cracks a bottle. He's filling the glasses when a voice hisses petulantly in his ear.

MONTY (O.S.)

It's all your fault.

MONTY straightens up with an expression of teasing indignation.

You lead him astray.

MARWOOD

I beg your pardon, Monty?

MONTY

Oh, don't tell me you're not
aware of it. I know what you're
up to, and so do you ...

WITHNAIL stands with the bottle. Fills a glass and proffers it.

Sherry? Oh dear, no, no, no. I'd
be sucked into his trap. One of
us has got to stay on guard. He's
so mauve. We don't know what he's
planning ...

MARWOOD's expression makes it clear that if WITHNAIL participates in this particular tack he will be lunching alone. WITHNAIL doesn't participate. And MARWOOD escapes into the kitchen.

95: INT. KITCHEN. COTTAGE. DAY.

95.

Al Bowley scratching in the background. MARWOOD is at the sink peeling potatoes. MONTY joins him at the draining board with his beans. Arse-holed on sherry and enjoying himself. MARWOOD isn't. Everytime he goes in with a potato MONTY goes in with a bean. It seems he gains some perverse satisfaction from uniting their vegetables under water. Finally he blatantly knocks MARWOOD's legume aside and grabs his hand in the muddy depths. MARWOOD freezes to the marrow. They both stand up to their elbows in peelings. About a month passes before MARWOOD can bring himself to make comment.

MARWOOD

Our hands will get cold.

MONTY suddenly excavates MARWOOD's hand clasped in his massive fist. Starts rubbing it between his fleshy palms. "Better now?"

Yes. Much better. Thank you.

MONTY

Warmer?

MARWOOD nods and tries to withdraw. MONTY clings on and starts blowing gales of humid air onto the finger tips. "Warmer now?"

MARWOOD

Yes. Much warmer. Thank you.

But he doesn't let go. Closes on him with an intimate whisper.

MONTY

I think we'd better release
you from the legumes, and transfer
your talents to the meat.

Still clasping the hand MONTY heads for the living room. MARWOOD manages to pull away. Exchanges it for a nervous smile.

You shouldn't treat each other
so badly. The boy's out here,
frozen to the marrow, and you
just sit in here drinking.

MONTY manoeuvres MARWOOD to the fire and readdresses WITHNAIL.

Now come along. He's going to
revitalise himself, and you're
going to finish the potatoes.

WITHNAIL

I don't know how to do them.

MONTY

Of course you don't. You're incapable
of indulging in anything but
pleasure. Am I not right?

MONTY misinterprets MARWOOD's smile as protection of WITHNAIL.

You don't deserve such loyalty.

WITHNAIL is prised to his feet and escorted into the kitchen.

Come along. I'm going to teach
you how to peel a potato ...

MONTY rolls WITHNAIL's sleeves up. MARWOOD staring after them.
The geography of the room dislocates through a slow dissolve.

96: INT. LIVING ROOM. COTTAGE. DAY.

96.

They are halfway through lunch. MONTY is going at it with a will. He empties a bottle of wine and dispatches WITHNAIL into the kitchen for a replacement. Despite a monstrous gobful of food he manages a smile for MARWOOD. It's reciprocated. Not because he sees anything to smile at. But because embarrassment forces him to. MONTY's stares are hard enough to itch. MARWOOD looks relieved when WITHNAIL reappears with a bottle of wine.

MONTY

Isn't it stimulating, getting
back to a basic sort of life
for a while?

WITHNAIL

Yes.

His fork plunges into a roast potato almost before he sits down.

MONTY

Surrounded by trees and nature, one feels a glorious stirring of the senses. A rejection of poisonous inhibition, and a fecund motion of the soul ...

MARWOOD

Except of course the problems tend to take the edge off the pleasures. I mean, with no proper facilities ...

MONTY

All the glorious trials of youth. When I was a lad I'd rocket off on my tandem with Wigglesworth, and we'd just ride and ride. And at night, we'd find some barn, and fall asleep with the perfumes of nature sighing on our skin.

All this said staring at MARWOOD. He responds with an awful begummed smile. WITHNAIL leans into MONTY with an air of delicacy.

WITHNAIL

Would it be in bad form to plagiarise a toast?

MONTY

Depends entirely on the quality of the wine. In this instance, most certainly it wouldn't ...

WITHNAIL tops up the glasses. They raise to the point of contact.

WITHNAIL

In that case, to a delightful weekend in the country.

Both MONTY and MARWOOD are decidedly surprised by the proposal.

MONTY

I thought you had a date with Redgrave?

MARWOOD

I explained about the signing on.

WITHNAIL's face solidifies with apprehension as he swallows wine.

More to see our friends, really ...

WITHNAIL

Oh, they can wait. We'll pop into the Vic wednesday ...

MARWOOD can't believe his ears and MONTY can't believe his luck.

MONTY
Splendid. We expected a volley
of argument ...

And here's one of them. MARWOOD's voice is as brittle as glass.

MARWOOD
You're forgetting Jake, aren't you?

MONTY
Not another word. Jake can wait too.

MARWOOD
Jake isn't a friend, Monty. I hoped
to avoid telling you this, I didn't
want to alarm you. But there's a mad-
man on the prowl outside this house.

The news squashes appetite and pleasure. MONTY turns to WITHNAIL.

Ask him whether I exaggerate. He's
threatened us, and he's dangerous.
He's sworn to come up and see to us.

MONTY
Is this true?

WITHNAIL lowers his fork. Throws away a light smile. Dilutes it.

WITHNAIL
Well, there's this local type
hanging about. A poacher. Got
into a tiff with him, and he
threatened me with a dead fish.

His tone proves there are different ways of telling the truth.

MONTY
I'd hardly describe a dead fish as
dangerous. Unless, of course, it's
been dead for an awfully long time.

WITHNAIL explodes with laughter. Wit like this isn't every day.

MARWOOD
I don't know what you're laugh-
ing at, Withnail. He frightened
the living daylights out of you.

WITHNAIL
Yes, it was rather amusing actually.
When you came in, we thought it was
him. And we thought you scraping your
boots, was him sharpening his knife.

MONTY

Oh, how delicious ...

Absolutely fucking hilarious. MARWOOD can't take any more of this. Fun reverts to feeding. MONTY beams across with his utensils poised over the lamb as though about to play a tune on it.

More meat?

MARWOOD

No thanks. I'm going for a walk.

MONTY

Well wait until we've finished dear boy, and we'll all come.

But MARWOOD is already on his way. The kitchen door slams shut.

97: EXT. GARDENS. COTTAGE. DAY.

97.

MARWOOD hangs over the wall staring down at the lake. The sun is setting. The kind of visuals that get into adverts. WITHNAIL approaches from the cottage smoking a Turkish cigarette.

WITHNAIL

I know what you're thinking, but I had no alternative. Old bugger's come a long way, and I didn't wanna put the wind up him.

MARWOOD

Your sensitivity overwhelms me. And if you think you're gonna get a week-ends indulgence up here at his expense, which'll mean him having a weekends indulgence up here at my expense, you've got another think coming ...

WITHNAIL

I give you my word, we'll leave first thing tomorrow morning.

MARWOOD

Tomorrow? Tomorrow? What about tonight?

WITHNAIL

He's not gonna try anything ...

MARWOOD

Of course he is. Why d'you think he's up here? He means business. He'll probably fling himself on top of one of us in the middle of the night.

WITHNAIL attempts to lighten it. Prevaricating. And concealing it.

WITHNAIL

Anyway, he sent me out to tell you the coffee's ready ...

MARWOOD

I couldn't drink it. I've got
cramp in the mouth from grinning.

WITHNAIL

Well stop smiling at him.

MARWOOD

I can't help it. I'm so uptight
with him, I can't stop myself.

98: INT. LIVING ROOM. COTTAGE. EVENING.

98.

WITHNAIL is drinking coffee. MARWOOD is staring into his cup.
MONTY is arse-holed and on his feet and emoting at the ceiling.

MONTY

Laisse moi resperer, longtemps,
longtemps l'odeur de tes cheveux.
Ah, Baudelaire. Brings back such
memories of Oxford. Oh, Oxford ..

The orbs refocus. He heads for the tub with the walking sticks.

Halcyon days. The gentle ego mak-
ing art. The brutes, selfishness.

99: EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE. EVENING.

99.

A massive panorama with three tiny FIGURES in the far distance.

*Followed by yet another anecdote about his
sensitive crimes in a punt with a chap called
Norman who had red hair and a book of poetry
stained with butter drips from crumpets ...*

100: EXT. TRACK. MOUNTAINSIDE. EVENING.

100.

A pair of field-glasses slung round his neck. A walking stick
in his fist. Intoxicated with alcohol. Or the gloaming. Or both.
MONTY leads down the track with WITHNAIL and MARWOOD following.

MONTY

I often wonder where Norman is now.
Probably wondering with his mother
in Guildford. A cat and rain. Vim
under the sink. And both bars on.

He turns towards the lake. Hits a sheep with a gatling of Latin.

Quid ego tibi commendem
eum quem tu ipsi diligis.

WITHNAIL

Ex alto se aestus incidat.

100 Cond.

MARWOOD doesn't understand this. And doesn't like the sound of

MONTY

How right you are. How right you are. Come on lads, let's get home. The sky's beginning to bruise, night will fall, and we'll be forced to camp.

He takes off down the track. MARWOOD forcefully detains WITHNAIL.

MARWOOD

He's having your bed, alright? That's the condition, alright?

WITHNAIL

Alright.

MARWOOD

I want the room with the lock. Agree to that, or I'm off ...

WITHNAIL

Alright. Alright.

The cottage emerges from behind a knoll of rock. About sixty yards away. A suspicious figure is moving in the gloom of the gardens. The view stops WITHNAIL in his tracks. JAKE is back. The news is instantly communicated to MONTY. Also stops in his tracks. Everyone is concerned. Except MARWOOD who's delighted.

MARWOOD

Good old Jake, eh? I told you, he's back. And that's precisely the reason I'm off to London.

No Old Vic when we feel like it now. WITHNAIL has the wind-up. H stares at MONTY who squints through binoculars towards the house

Let's all have a good laugh, eh, Withnail? Old Jake's back, eh?

MONTY

He's on his way. He's leaving.

MARWOOD takes command. Leads the way. MONTY and WITHNAIL follow.

MARWOOD

Come on, let's pack up. We'll get out of here before it gets dark.

101: EXT. GARDENS. COTTAGE. EVENING.

101

The gloom thickens. Mostly in MONTY. They creep the gardens. A Hare is hanging on the back door. Accompanied by a note. "Here. Hare. Here. Jake." Suddenly everyone is back on holiday. Except MARWOOD. He rebuffs a smile from WITHNAIL as they vanish inside.

IO2: INT. LIVING ROOM. COTTAGE. NIGHT.

I

Candle light and a blazing fire. A good Bordeaux and a bottle of Pernod on the table. Celery and stilton. Playing cards. Ivor Novello singing "We'll Gather Lilac In The Spring Again." on the gramophone. Half-crowns and bottle tops. This could be 1932

MARWOOD looks worried. WITHNAIL looks drunk. MONTY looks artful. They are playing poker. MONTY bets from his stack of halfcrowns. WITHNAIL & MARWOOD cover him with their beer-bottle tops. MONTY is encouraging WITHNAIL to drink. He is succeeding. MARWOOD is discouraged from drinking. Glass filled under protest. The only thing he gets from MONTY is smiles. Up. Tight. No smiles back.

There's something going on here. And MARWOOD doesn't like the cut of it. Maybe it's imagination. But both WITHNAIL and MONTY seem prepared to giggle for the most trivial of reasons. MONTY deals the cards. A quip from WITHNAIL as MARWOOD receives his.

WITHNAIL

Cibum captāmus ē marri.

MONTY's mouth puckers with mirth. A Queen of Hearts for MARWOOD.

Dona in templis collocāvaram.

Obviously the punch-line. It creases MONTY. He and WITHNAIL simmer with amusement. MARWOOD isn't amused. His face is like rock. Bets are placed. The room loses focus through a slow dissolve.

IO3: INT. LIVING ROOM. COTTAGE. NIGHT.

IO

MONTY is cranking at the gramophone. Both the Pernod & candles have gone down several inches. A huge stack of beer-bottle tops and halfcrowns in front of WITHNAIL. He is ferociously drunk. MONTY returns to the table. WITHNAIL's deal. He can't make it.

WITHNAIL

I'm arse-holed. I gotta go down.

MARWOOD immediately gets up. Manouvers WITHNAIL to the couch. But the bastard's renaged. Offers resistance. Wants to go upstairs.

MONTY

I think we'd better get him to bed.

MARWOOD

No, no. He's down here. You're in my room. I'm in his room. And he'd down here ...

MONTY

I wouldn't dream of depriving the dear fellow of his bed. And especially in that condition.

MARWOOD

It's agreed. It's what he wants.

WITHNAIL

No I don't. I wanna get to bed.

And that's precisely where he's heading. Despite MARWOOD's efforts he barges for the stairs. MONTY opens the door at the bottom. A desperate situation. If you can't beat them. Join them.

MARWOOD

Alright then, lovey. Come on. Let's get you to bed. Early night'll do us good. Night, night, then Monty.

And a convoy heads up the stairs. WITHNAIL gurgles as they climb

WITHNAIL

I wanna be alone. I wanna be alone.

His chances are slim. MARWOOD has turned into some kind of nancy boy. The theory is sleep with WITHNAIL equals safety. The landing creaks under MONTY's foot. MARWOOD has become quite lovey-dovey.

MARWOOD

Thank you Monty. We're alright now. I've got a candle in here.

Cradling WITHNAIL he leads him into the bedroom. Dumps the vile corpse on his bed. MONTY's still at the door as MARWOOD flits out

I'll say goodnight now, Monty.

He wafts past into his bedroom. Makes the bed in under four seconds. Grabs items of underwear. Heads back for Withnail's room. Huge shadows in the lamplight. MONTY has just locked Withnail's door. Key into the pocket. Mr Badger and Mr Mole. MARWOOD is horrified. Instantly an ex-homosexual. MONTY doesn't seem to notice.

MONTY

I think he's better sleep alone tonight ...

MARWOOD's mind races. But his feet won't move. He stutters back.

He doesn't want to sleep with you.

MARWOOD

Alright then. You're in there. I'll get a blanket. I'll have the couch.

His disappearance into the bedroom is so brief it isn't worth mentioning. He reappears. Passes MONTY. Descends the stairs.

I'll say goodnight, then.

MONTY

You've already said it. Twice.

He doesn't say it again. Hot-foots it through the stairwell door.

104: INT. LIVING ROOM. COTTAGE. NIGHT.

MARWOOD closes the door behind him. It opens again almost instantly. MONTY expands into the room. Deals gently with the latc

MARWOOD

What is it, Monty. I'm very tired. I need to go to sleep.

MONTY's fluids are on the move. He glides gently round the room

MONTY

But not that tired, eh?

Apparently he is. Starts making his bed up. MONTY closes on him

Are you a sponge or a stone?

MARWOOD

What d'you mean?

MONTY

D'you like to experience all facets of life, or do you shut yourself off from new experience?

MARWOOD

I voted Conservative ...

MONTY

Are you faithful?

MARWOOD

To whom?

MONTY

Faithfulness isn't selective ...

MARWOOD

No, I quite agree. It's more a question of selecting to whom one will be faithful ...

MONTY

Have you selected?

MARWOOD

I'm terribly tired, Monty ...

MONTY

I've been watching you all evening. You've been avoiding my eyes, haven't you?

As off-handedly as possible in reference to these bulbous spheres

MARWOOD

Your eyes?

A smile simmers the length of MONTY's lip. He picks up a record.

104 Cond.

I

MARWOOD

Not now, Monty. I really am
very tired ...

MONTY

I thought you liked music?

MARWOOD

I do. But not that sort ...

MONTY

No?

MARWOOD

No. I have rather bizare tastes.

MARWOOD almost nods with tension. MONTY reaches for the cassette

MONTY

I'm always prepared to be converted.

The start button goes down. This is basically a straight-forward toilet-obsession track. Intercut with snatches of dialogue from Marwood & Withnail. They come from the morning of the 'Deep Heat' application. Withnail's amphetemined fiddlings produced the edit.

This is just what MARWOOD doesn't need. A groan and a couple of grunts. A fart. Marwood's voice. "How does it feel?" Furious activity in the toilet. Marwood's voice. "Is that hot?" Back to Withnail. A fruitful straining. "You've got a lump of it on your leg. MARWOOD's leg quivers like a gnats leg in death throe. Tries to articulate but can't. The terrible tape continues to supply mood.

At luncheon you couldn't take
your eyes off me. This evening
you've hardly looked at me ...

He's looking at him now. In alarm. A volley from the tape-recorder

What did he say to you?

MARWOOD

Nothing.

MONTY

You can tell me you know.

MARWOOD

I assure you, nothing. Look here,
Monty, I really must go to bed.

MONTY constructs a smile. And then separates it with his tongue.

MONTY

Yes. You must. Mustn't you.

Suddenly his waistcoat is off. Also bow-tie. He silences the tape.

IO4 Cond.

MONTY

Off you go then. I shall sleep here. Won't be the first time I've been left with the couch.

MARWOOD wears diving boots to the door. A second later he's gone.

IO5: INT. BEDROOM. COTTAGE. NIGHT.

All the usual noises of the night. A door banging in the wind. An owl hooting five miles away. A footstep on the bottom stair. The room is pitch black. Just a hint of light through the window. The footsteps continue to mount. Slow heavy treads. If MARWOOD asleep when they begin he's awake by the time they reach his door. The door knob turns. A chair holds it for a while. Then fractures slowly under the determination of the intruder. Panic in the darkness. He is in. MARWOOD has no defense other than pretend to be asleep.

MONTY

Boy. Boy. I know you're not asleep.

MONTY moves to the bed. Sits at the end. His voice is quivering.

But he is. I've been into his room. He won't hear a thing.

A key descends onto the bedside table. Owls hooting and snoring.

I know you're not asleep, boy.

MARWOOD

No, I'm not, Monty. What do you want?

He snaps up. A match strikes. A candle lights. Horror. "Good God In Heaven." A huge woman is sitting at the end of the bed.

MONTY

I had to come. I tried not to. Oh, how I tried not to.

MONTY isn't actually in drag. First glance and the outfit looks like drag. Long paisley-silk dressing gown and velvet slippers. Little bit of make up. Nothing ostentatious. A smudge of rouge.

MARWOOD

Look here, Monty. There's something I have to explain to you.

MONTY

You needn't explain. He's told me everything. He told me that first day you came to Chelsea.

MARWOOD

What? What did he tell you?

MONTY

He told me about your arrest
in the Tottenham Court Road.
He told me about your problems.
How you feel. Your desires ...

MARWOOD

What problems?

MONTY

You are an effeminate homosexual.

MARWOOD

He told you that?

MONTY somehow manages to motor quickly up the bed on his arse.

MONTY

You mustn't blame him, and you
mustn't blame yourself. I know
how you feel, and how difficult
it is. And that's why you mustn't
hold back, ruin your youth as I
nearly did over Eric. It's like a
tide. Give in to it boy. Go with
it. It's society's crime. Not ours.

MARWOOD

I'm not homosexual, Monty.

MONTY

Yes you are. Of course you are.
You're simply blackmailing your
emotions to avoid the realities
of your relationship with him.

MARWOOD

What are you talking about?

MONTY

You love him. And it isn't his
fault he cannot love you, anymore
than it is my fault that I adore you.

That'll do for MARWOOD. He leaps from the bed. Cloaks himself
in a blanket and bolts for the door. MONTY is as fast as he is.

Couldn't we allow ourselves just
this one moment of indiscretion?

MARWOOD

No.

MONTY

He would never know.

MARWOOD

I don't care what he knows. You've
gotta go, Monty. You gotta get out.

He tries to open the door to get out himself. MONTY isn't having it. MARWOOD is inhibited with fear of dropping the blanket. Bit of a scuffle. He rushes across the room with MONTY in pursuit. His impassioned voice raises with an overload of emotion.

MONTY

If you want to humiliate me,
humiliate me. I adore you ...

MARWOOD backs off. MONTY nails him into a corner. An owl hoots.

Tell him if you must. I no longer care. I mean to have you ...

A rapid and almost indecipherable series of protests from MARWOOD. All to no effect. MONTY tears his robe off. The blanket follows. A mass of stark naked flesh thrashing in the corner.

Not much light to see what's happening. But here is a huge arse. And flailing arms. And MARWOOD almost off the floor. Lips seek lips. A sheer expanse of bosom makes resistance impossible. MARWOOD takes what he can. Grabs MONTY's ears and screams at him.

MARWOOD

It's not me. It's him. He lied to you. We're an affair. Have been for years. But he doesn't want you to know. Doesn't want anyone to know.

MONTY seems to deflate a little. MARWOOD still clings to an ear.

We're both in it. We're obsessed with each other. But he's ashamed. Ashamed. He refuses to come out and accept what he is. That's why he's rejecting me while you're here ...

The owls hooting. Two naked men in a corner. The bubble bursts.

On my life, Monty. This is the first night we haven't slept together in six years. I can't cheat on him. It would kill him.

MONTY

He told me you were in purgatory because he couldn't love you ...

MARWOOD

He's lying. Lying.

A moment later they are retogged in their respective garments.

MONTY

Oh, my boy. Had I known I'd never have attempted to come between you.

MARWOOD

I know that, Monty. I respect you for your sensitivity ...

A period of sterile atmospherics. MARWOOD hastens to the door.

MARWOOD

I thank you for it. But you must leave.

MONTY

Yes. Yes. You'd better go to him.

MARWOOD

I intend to. This instant.

IO6: INT. BEDROOM. COTTAGE. NIGHT.

IO6.

The door flies open. MARWOOD barges in. Y Fronts and an oil lamp.

MARWOOD

Withnail. You bastard. Wake up.

WITHNAIL's forty a day tongue hangs from his mouth. Jeweled with a morbid sequin of spittle. His snoring enrages the man in pants.

Wake up. You bastard. Or I'll burn the fucking bed down.

He moves in with his lamp. A voice muffled with sleep & blankets.

WITHNAIL

I deny all accusations.

MARWOOD grabs his shroud of overcoat and blankets. Wrenches them to the floor. WITHNAIL stirs. A waxy body and shotgun revealed.

MARWOOD

Are you awake?

WITHNAIL

Of course I'm awake. What would you be with that search-light in your face? What do you want?

MARWOOD

I've just narrowly avoided a bugging. I've come in here with the express intention of wishing one on you. Having said that, I'm now going to leave for London.

WITHNAIL regards this threat with enough seriousness to sit up.

WITHNAIL

Hold on. Don't wanna let your imagination run away with you.

MARWOOD

Imagination. I've just finished fighting a naked man. How dare you tell him I'm an effeminate homosexual ...

WITHNAIL

It was a tactical necessity.

WITHNAIL scratches his head into focus. Makes an inspection of the candle saucer. Finds a dogend. Lights it. A deep inhalation.

If I hadn't told him you were active, we'd never have got the cottage.

MARWOOD

I'd never have fucking wanted it.
Not with him in it.

A whine of rattling mucus. An evil cough. WITHNAIL stubs the dog.

WITHNAIL

God. That hurt. I never thought he'd come all this way ...

MARWOOD

Monty? He'd go to New York.

WITHNAIL

A calculated risk.

MARWOOD

What is all this tactical necessity and calculated risk? This is me naked in a corner. And how dare you tell him I love you. And how dare you tell him you rejected me.

An almost imperceptible smile stagnates on WITHNAIL's mouth.

How dare you tell him that.

WITHNAIL

Sorry about that. I got a bit carried away, sort of said it without thinking.

MARWOOD

Well let me tell you something, Withnail. If he comes into my room again, it's murder ...

He grabs the shotgun. Heads for the door. Speaks before the slam.

And you'll be held responsible in law.

107: EXT. VALLEY. DAY.

107.

A big view. Sunlight through thunder clouds. Black edged with gold. Lightening on the horizon. A rumble of thunder. Both it and Crow Crag are several miles away. MARWOOD's voice seeps in.

MARWOOD (V.O.)

... and I could not help but hear your unfortunate exchange which I

MARWOOD (V.O. Cond)
believe was ostensibly caused by me.
I do assure you it was not my intention. Nor, may I add, did I expect to bid so empty a valediction as that which circumstances necessitate ...

108: INT. LIVING ROOM. COTTAGE. DAY.

108.

WITHNAIL is up to his elbows in lunch. Cold lamb. Hot potatoes. Plenty of enthusiasm and wine. All in all things have turned out rather well. MARWOOD sits opposite reading from Monty's note.

MARWOOD (Cond)
Perhaps it is appropriate justice for the eavesdropper, that he should leave as his trade determines, in secrecy, and in the dead of night. I am, yours ever faithfully, Montague H. Withnail ...

An instant of lightening. MARWOOD crumples the note for the fire.

Poor old bastard ...

WITHNAIL charges his maw with lamb. Talks through a mouthful.

WITHNAIL
I would say, that that represents a degree of hypocrisy I have hitherto suspected in you, but not noticed due to highly evasive skills.

A grand slam of thunder. A moment later it's pissing a monsoon.

MARWOOD
Here it is. I don't think I can take another afternoon in here listening to you and the roof.

WITHNAIL
Bottom's gone out of it.

MARWOOD
By Christ, Withnail. You'll suffer for that. What you've done will have to be paid for.

WITHNAIL
Pass the redcurrant, will you?

MARWOOD
You will be punished.

WITHNAIL goes about his grub with a grin. Examines the wine label.

WITHNAIL
I'll say one thing for Monty. He keeps a sensational cellar.

A toast to Monty is offered. Interrupted by a knock on the door. Infinite possibilities. Has Monty come back? MARWOOD walks into the kitchen. WITHNAIL staring after him. Opens the back door. A dishevelled POSTMAN outside. A telegram handed across. MARWOOD closes the door. Opens the envelope. Returns to the living room. WITHNAIL's turn to read the telegram. A smile. Without charity.

WITHNAIL

Well done.

MARWOOD

Doesn't mean I've got it.

High voltage lightening. He reseats himself opposite WITHNAIL.

That's that then. Gonna have to leave first thing tomorrow morning ...

WITHNAIL

That's typical of you, isn't it? Fuck the rest of us. "I'm out tomorrow morning." What about me? I'm a monday man, me. If we're gonna leave, we should leave tonight.

The last thing he wants. It's unlikely. The reason it's suggested

MARWOOD

I can't. I need some sleep.

WITHNAIL

See. Selfish.

WITHNAIL's mouth takes a stuffing. MARWOOD watches while he eats.

MARWOOD

Alright then. You wanna sign on. We'll go now. Get your kit together. I'm leaving in half an hour.

Fork down and heads for the stairs. WITHNAIL mouthing after him.

WITHNAIL

Half an hour. Don't be ridiculous. I need at least an hour for lunch.

IO9: EXT. MOTORWAY. NIGHT.

IO9.

Not much traffic about. Thick rain keeps the Jag around seventy.

WITHNAIL (V.O.)

You got a truck coming up. Bout two hundred yards, followed by a slow right-hander.

MARWOOD (V.O.)

I can't keep this up. This is insanity.

II0: INT. JAGUAR SEDAN/MOTORWAY. NIGHT.

II0.

WITHNAIL has virtually transferred the dining table to his lap. Here is the leg of lamb. Potatoes. Knife & fork. Bordeaux. And a bottle of gin. MARWOOD's vision is almost entirely obscured. He has to depend on WITHNAIL who navigates between mouthfuls.

WITHNAIL

Stay in this lane. Bear right.

MARWOOD

What lane. I can't see the fucking lane.

WITHNAIL

Bear right. Bear right.

Tail lights of the truck. A near miss. That dreadful sound of a hooter being absorbed by speed. MARWOOD takes an unnerving.

MARWOOD

Right. That's it. Next garage
I gotta find a windscreen wiper. And I gotta get some sleep.

WITHNAIL doesn't seem concerned. Cackles through a hit of gin.

III: EXT. MOTORWAY SERVICE AREA. NIGHT.

III.

This is one of those horrible neon complexes. A tourist frightener. A giant boiled egg announces the name of the dump. This is Charles Forte's fault. Not much action. The Jag cruises in looking for the garage section. There isn't one. MARWOOD pulls over.

II2: INT. JAGUAR/CAR PARK. SERVICE AREA. NIGHT.

II2.

MARWOOD kills the engine. Yawns. Exhausted. Runs hands through his hair. WITHNAIL continues his dinner. Rain batters the roof.

MARWOOD

Wake me when it stops.

He finds pills in the glove compartment. Starts climbing his seat.

WITHNAIL

What am I supposed to do?

MARWOOD gets in the back of the car. Stretches along the seat.

MARWOOD

Finish your dinner and drop a Surmontil.

MARWOOD grabs the gin bottle. Sinks a mouthful to take his pill.

Intermittent patches of orange illuminate MARWOOD's face. He wakes slowly. Looks up at street lamps whizzing by. A moment to work it out. Still in the back seat? The car's going like the clappers? But he's not driving it? Fighting a pill-over he sits up. WITHNAIL is at the wheel. He's trying to ram a cripple car. There's a lot of stuff coming into focus at once. (1) WITHNAIL is drunk. (2) He hasn't got a licence. (3) There's a terrified Invalid in a tiny powder blue three-wheeler trying to get out of his way. (4) The Jaguar sounds fucked. (5) Traffic lights.

MARWOOD

What's going on?

WITHNAIL

I'm trying to ram this bastard.

MARWOOD directs eyes at the Old Woman. She's revving to get away.

Watch her. Watch her.

MARWOOD

Pull over. You havn't got a licence.

WITHNAIL

No.

The lights change and they take off. The Cripple Car has superior acceleration. Despite WITHNAIL's efforts to ram it escapes.

See. We're being overtaken
by everything on four wheels.
This bastard's aged ten thousand
miles in four hundred.

MARWOOD

Where are we?

WITHNAIL

London.

The engine beats like a flabby drum. Firing on only three cylinders. WITHNAIL floors the accelerator. Forty is about maximum. He hasn't got the mirror together. Turns back over his shoulder.

Here comes another fucker.

The other fucker pulls alongside. Two faces stare into the Jag. They are both wearing identical hats. They are both POLICEMEN.

MARWOOD

Oh no.

WITHNAIL

It's perfectly alright. Leave
them to me ...

MARWOOD

You're full of gin you silly cunt.

Instructions to pull over are issued. WITHNAIL complies. The Cops park their van in front of them and get out. As they walk towards the Jag WITHNAIL hides bottles. A fat face appears at the window.

WITHNAIL doesn't open it. A black-leather-clad knuckle taps. MARWOOD issues another "Oh no." And WITHNAIL winds the window down. Nothing is said for a moment. Government eyes scan the bottles.

From anyones point of view this doesn't look good. From a Policemans point of view it looks fucking wonderful. One in the front. Bearded. Clearly drunk. One in the back. Bearded. Clearly drugged.

POLICEMAN

Bit early in the morning for festivities, isn't it?

WITHNAIL

These aren't mine. They belong to him.

POLICEMAN

You're drunk.

WITHNAIL

I assure you I'm not, Officer. Honestly. I've only had a few ales ...

POLICEMAN TWO examines a front tyre. Sees his reflection in it.

POLICEMAN

Out of the car. Please. Sir.

II4: EXT. CARRAGEWAY/JAGUAR. SUBURBS. DAWN.

II4.

WITHNAIL and MARWOOD get out. All the usual terror. Radios going. Lights flashing. Job satisfaction. Here comes a breath-kit.

POLICEMAN

I want you to take one deep breath, and fill this bag.

WITHNAIL looks at the bag. Looks at the Copper. Shakes his head.

Are you refusing to fill this bag?

WITHNAIL

I most certainly am.

POLICEMAN

I'm placing you under arrest.

WITHNAIL

Don't be ridiculous. I haven't done anything.

The back of the van is opened. WITHNAIL is hussled towards it.

Look here. My Cousin's a Q.C.

POLICEMAN TWO turns into a Nazi. Extraordinarily high-pitched.

I:
POLICEMAN TWO
Get in the back of the van.

WITHNAIL gets in the back of the van. Prompt. MARWOOD joins him.

II5: INT. POLICE STATION. DAY.

II
A green wall with a cream stripe around it. MARWOOD sits on a bench. The room is full of uniforms. WITHNAIL is handed a sort of bottle and instructed to piss in it. The ARRESTING OFFICER escorts him to a corner where he is obscured with curtains. The sort of thing that goes round hospital beds. Forms are getting filled in at a desk. MARWOOD looks at his watch. The Constabulary receive tea in mugs. WITHNAIL is still behind the curtains.

These Boys are paid to be suspicious. And they are. POLICEMAN TWO approaches the curtains. He wants to know if Withnail has "done." Evidently he hasn't. The curtains are pulled aside and MARWOOD gets a view. WITHNAIL stares back. The bottle is empty.

WITHNAIL
Gall stones ...

Suspicion increases as he turns away. Left arm pumping like a chickens wing. MARWOOD suddenly realises what's happening. The device! The POLICEMAN doesn't know what's happening. But knows something is afoot. Pulls his prisoner round. As he does so the device delivers the goods. A rainbow of piss escapes WITHNAIL's collar. The POLICEMAN is drenched. Danny should stick to dolls.

II6: EXT. STREET. LONDON. DAY.

II6.
A bright sunny day. Cotton wool clouds. Trees in leaf. Flowers. A luxury new development of apartments. Penthouses at the top. But all this is to come. Right now the street is dirty & dingy and in the middle of winter. The Jaguar turns in. Parks opposite the huge architects bill-board. The only sunny day around here. The warehouse has been demolished. They hardly seem to notice. Flashing lights all over the pavement. The first wave of Wankers arriving at site. They get out and vanish into their house.

II7: INT. HALLWAY. HOUSE. DAY.

II7.
Stagger into the hallway. Utterly wasted. WITHNAIL makes an inspection of the mail. A considerable amount of crap. But no National Assistance payments. This is serious. He looks at MARWOOD.

WITHNAIL
Where's our bunces?

MARWOOD
We didn't sign on.

The house is divided into two apartments. Theirs is on the upper level. MARWOOD unlocks the front door. WITHNAIL follows upstairs.

WITHNAIL

That wouldn't make any difference to the previous weeks bunce.

II8: INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. DAY.

II

A stretch in the country and this place shocks even them. Smells like a tube-station. Radiators full on. Air cooked with ashtrays and the rubbish bin. Unwashed plates on the table. Just like the left it. MARWOOD opens the curtains. This is all very depressing

MARWOOD

Gotta take a kip. Then I'll phone Squat, and we'll get down the Labour.

II9: INT. STAIRWAY/BEDROOM. APARTMENT. DAY.

II9

MARWOOD climbs the stairs and pushes into his room. Pitch black. He gropes round the bed to get to the windows. A bronchial snore. He tears the curtains apart. An animal on the bed. He jumps back. It's some sort of fox. A moment later a tranquilised man sits up.

MARWOOD

What are you doing in my bed?

DANNY scratches. Mutters something about sleep. MARWOOD is angry.

Well you wanna get out. Coz I wanna get in. Ten minutes, and you'd better be on your feet.

I20: INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. DAY.

I20

WITHNAIL is down on the couch with a bottle going. All flagons have been brought up from the car. This one is a good Bordeaux. MARWOOD has a glass. So wasted he can hardly drink it. The door opens and DANNY comes in. Wears his pelt and a school satchel. WITHNAIL glares at him. Doubtless because of his failed device.

WITHNAIL

How did you get in?

DANNY

Ingenuity man. Come up the drain pipe.

DANNY slings his pelt on the floor. It's a mangy brown Fox with glass eyes. A grandmothers garment. MARWOOD gestures towards it.

MARWOOD

There it is. I thought it was an animal.

DANNY

This is an animal. Arctic Fox. I had it dyed brown. Would you like a smoke?

WITHNAIL

Yes.

MARWOOD

No thanks. I gotta make a call.

He stands and walks to the window. DANNY unloads his rolling equipment. A bag of grass and Rizlas. He begins pulling out papers.

WITHNAIL

What are you gonna do with those?

DANNY

The joint I'm about to roll requires a craftsman. It can utilise up to twelve skins. It is called a 'Camberwell Carrot.'

MARWOOD turns away from the window. DANNY is applying the spittle.

MARWOOD

It is impossible to use twelve papers on one joint.

DANNY

It's impossible to make a 'Camberwell Carrot' with anything less.

WITHNAIL

Who says it's a Camberwell Carrot?

DANNY

I do. I invented it in Camberwell and it looks like a carrot.

DANNY introduces WITHNAIL's nostrils to the grass. "A Good boquet? The answer is yes. But WITHNAIL's attention is with MARWOOD. He's nervous about his call. And his nerves are making WITHNAIL nervous

D'you realise this gaff's over run with rodents?

A vibration from outside. MARWOOD gets to his feet again. He looks across the street. A hydraulic hammer is in action on the building site opposite. More Wankers are arriving. And DANNY begins to roll.

WITHNAIL

We've got a mouse.

DANNY

You got a herda them. When I come in I seen one the siza fuckin dog.

MARWOOD

No, that is a dog. It belongs to the fellow downstairs ...

DANNY

Does his dog get in the oven?

MARWOOD

No. His dog doesn't come up here.

DANNY

Then it was a rodent. Opened the oven door, and it was in there lookin at me. Quite freaked me at the time. I was gonna cook onions.

MARWOOD finishes his wine. Looks at his watch. Heads for the door.

Are you goin to bed now?

MARWOOD

No. I'm going to phone.

He leaves with WITHNAIL's eyes following him. His thoughts are almost visable. Hundred to one shot he's got a job. What happens then? Doesn't bear thinking about. DANNY continues the "Carrot".

I21: EXT. STREET. DAY.

I21.

A phone booth opposite the house. Next to the construction site. MARWOOD walks in. The thump of the hydraulic hammer as he dials.

I22: INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. DAY.

I22.

WITHNAIL is at the window. Stares across the street. Distinctly on edge. MARWOOD is just about identifiable in the phone booth.

DANNY

Who has he gone to telephone?

WITHNAIL

Squat Betty.

He returns to the couch. Swallows wine. And clarifies himself.

His agent. But he's wasting his time coz he won't be in.

The 'Camberwell Carrot' is finished. DANNY lights it and fills his lungs. A drag or two later the joint is handed to WITHNAIL.

DANNY

This'll tend to make you very high.

This Camberwell Carrot represents perfection of the joint rollers art. An amalgamation of a toilet-roll tube and an ice-cream cone stuffed with dope. WITHNAIL inhales with respect. Slaps a hand over his mouth to prevent his lungs rejecting the exhaust.

This grass is the most powerful in the western hemisphere. I have it specially flown in from my man in Mexico. He's an expert. His name's

DANNY (Cond)

Juan. This grass grows at exactly
two thousand feet above sea-level.

MARWOOD walks in in the middle of this crap. The Carrot is back
on its way to DANNY. Both look up. WITHNAIL's eyes interrogate.

MARWOOD

Not there. Gotta call back later.

WITHNAIL's spirits instantly raise. DANNY hands MARWOOD the joint.

DANNY

Where exactly have you two been?

MARWOOD takes a deep hit. Speaks while holding down a lungful.

MARWOOD

Christ ...

DANNY

Good stuff?

MARWOOD

Excellent ...

He exhales. The joint continues the circuit. WITHNAIL is next.

Holiday in the countryside.

DANNY

That's a very good idea. London is
a country comin down from its trip.
We're about to witness the worlds
biggest hangover, and there's fuck
all Harold Wilson can do about it.

WITHNAIL

This'll back the lot of us, won't it?

The joint is handed back to its creator. DANNY addresses MARWOOD.

DANNY

There was a geezer round here
the other day lookin for you.

MARWOOD

What geezer?

DANNY

Some bald geezer. Reckons you owe
him two hundred and sixty six quid
back rent. I told him there's no
question of payin no back rent while
the house is over run with rodents.

MARWOOD gets the joint again. This time he rations his intake.

I told him, if he wants rent, ask
the fuckin rodents for it. He takes

DANNY (Cont)
exception to this, and comes
on really bald with me ...

WITHNAIL
What d'you mean, ratty?

WITHNAIL has amused himself. Starts to chuckle. DANNY is serious

DANNY
I told him to piss off.

MARWOOD
You bloody fool. He'll have us
in court again.

DANNY
No he won't. It ain't legal.

WITHNAIL
I assume we can quote you, can we?

DANNY
Law rather appeals to me, actually.

WITHNAIL stares at him. He looks like a stoned sheep. The valve of credibility blows in Withnail's brain. Laughter and smoke explode from his face. DANNY looks at him. Their eyes meet. WITHNAIL falls off the sofa. Rolls hysterically with hash-giggles.

DANNY raises a foot to allow him to pass. Retrieves the 'Carrot' Looks towards the raving hysteric at his feet without expression

Just high.

And so is MARWOOD. Though he disguises it he isn't enjoying it.

MARWOOD
Stop laughing. This is serious.

DANNY
No it ain't. I looked into it.

DANNY takes a hit. Offers it to MARWOOD. This time it's refused.

I studied the papers ...

MARWOOD
What papers?

DANNY
Legal papers.

WITHNAIL is crying with laughter. Manages enough air to speak.

WITHNAIL
He can appear for me.

Another rictus of laughter. WITHNAIL tries to crawl away from the table. Fails & falls on his gut. MARWOOD is deadly serious.

MARWOOD

What papers, Danny?

DANNY reaches for his satchel. MARWOOD grabs it and empties it out on the table. The usual flotsom of food and make-up. Also the National Assistance envelopes and a legal looking document.

He's got our bunces.

WITHNAIL is too gone to care. The 'Carrot' glows like a log.

What are you doing with these?

DANNY

I was gonna cash em in for ya.

MARWOOD tries to look reasonably at the document. Juan gets in the way. This is obviously extremely potent grass. "Rama. Rama."

MARWOOD

For Christ's sake. Stop laughing.
This is a notice of eviction.

No effect on WITHNAIL. Crying with laughter. He can hardly speak.

DANNY

Rama. Rama.

WITHNAIL

Give it to my barrister.

DANNY

Rama. Rama.

The 'Barristers' comments increase the fury of WITHNAIL's hysterics. MARWOOD has gone white. Gets to his feet. Looks like he is in for a dose. That Old Black Magic throbbing through the veins.

MARWOOD

Stop laughing. They're throwing us out.

DANNY

Harry Ramma. Harry Rammer. Harry
Ramma. Hammy Kalma. Hammy Rammer.

MARWOOD is trying to maintain sanity. But his brain is capsizing into a dose of horrors. The chanting and the laughter don't help.

MARWOOD

For Christ's sake shut up both
of you. I'm getting the fear.

He charges the window. Opens it. This is worse. Closes it again.

My brain's touching the inside
of my head. I've got wet elect-
ricity under the skull. I'm get-
ting the horrors. Gimme a downer.

DANNY

Change down man. Find your
neutral space. You gotta
rush. It'll pass. Be seated.

MARWOOD takes the advice. Stares at DANNY with a clenched jaw.
The Barrister is calmly finishing this huge carrot on his own.

MARWOOD

Powerful stuff isn't it?

Teeth are exposed in a smile. WITHNAIL makes a slow re-entry.

Aren't you getting absurdly high?

DANNY

Precisely the reason I'm smokin it.

WITHNAIL

Christ, that was funny.

He crawls back to the sofa. Gets offered the Carrot. It's refuse

Couldn't. I'm spaced.

DANNY

Not as spaced as your rodents.

MARWOOD

Don't talk about them.

DANNY

I imagine they're talkin to each other.

MARWOOD

What d'you mean?

DANNY

I dealt with them.

MARWOOD

Dealt with them. What the fuck
d'you mean?

DANNY

Dosed em. I expect they're dead
down the drain.

Electricity increases voltage. MARWOOD is looking control again.

MARWOOD

Dead down the drain. What
have you done to them?

DANNY

Given em all drugged onions.

MARWOOD

Jesus Christ. Why have you
drugged their onions.

I22 Cond.

DANNY
Sit down, man.

DANNY
Gimme a Valium. I got the fear.

DANNY
You have done something to your brain. You have made it high. If I lay ten mills of Diazepam on you, you will do something else to your brain. You will make it low. Why trust one drug and not the other?

Reality floods in on WITHNAIL. He reaches for the legal document.

That's politics. Isn't it?

WITHNAIL
Yeah, and all hairdressers are in the employment of the government.

DANNY
You have to get your hair cut to get a cigar commercial. The more straights they flog, the more tax they get. The more tax they get, the more they got to fuck ya with.

MARWOOD
For Christ's sake. Let's go outside.

DANNY
Hair cuts and governments go hand in hand with war. All is politics, man.

I23: EXT. REGENTS PARK. DAY.

I23:

Sky like dirty marble. Bit of sun. But very cold. DANNY wears his fox stole. A top hat with orange emulsion paint daubed on it. And Marwood's tennis shoes. They have also received decoration. WITHNAIL & MARWOOD wear their overcoats. Smoking cigarettes. No more laughter. WITHNAIL's face is a heap of worries. They arrive at the wolves cage. Stare at the animals for a long time. MARWOOD looks at his watch. WITHNAIL looks at him. Almost a smile before MARWOOD walks away. WITHNAIL stares after him until he's vanished down the path. DANNY turns towards WITHNAIL.

DANNY
You gonna be a soldier to?

WITHNAIL doesn't answer. Stares at the wolves. A very slow fade.

I24: INT. AUDITORIUM. THEATRE.

I24:

This theatre was built in the late fifties. One of those bare brick wall and local artists in the foyer jobs. Hopefully it's

1
a matinee. The auditorium is practically deserted. Maybe a dozen Pensioners and the same again from the Sixth Form. The play is 'Journey's End'. This is the last scene. Stanhope comforting Raleigh. 1917 on Vimmy Ridge just before everybody gets killed. Not a good production. Most of the Pensioners are asleep. Most of the Kids wishing Raleigh would die so they can go home. And Raleigh is dying. Terribly slowly. Sounds of war from the wings

125: INT. DRESSING ROOM. THEATRE. DAY.

Dialogue continues via the P/A system. MARWOOD sits in an empty dressing room. First World War uniform. A Private. He writes in his note book. Looks up into the mirror in front of him to think. A radical change here. His head is practically shaved. A savage army haircut. Like a pineapple. An interruption of the dialogue. "Five minutes to curtain call." MARWOOD returns to his note book

Court today for Withnail. What's the matter with him? Why doesn't he write?

The voice through the P/A repeats itself. MARWOOD grabs his gun. The Bosch make their final assault as he vanishes out the door.

126: INT. LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT. DAY.

12
"We'll gather Lilacs In The Spring Again." A bizarre coincidence. This song is from the First World War. It plays on the cassette. Somebody has recorded it from the gramophone. WITHNAIL is drunk. Sits in his overcoat. Alone. Everything but his mouth is smiling. The apartment has totally fallen apart. The only thing in order is a stack of unopened mail on the table. WITHNAIL shuffles into the kitchen. A cardboard box under the table. A single bottle of wine left. It's a Bordeaux. Paulliac 53. The best of the century. WITHNAIL looks approvingly at the label. Returns to the living room. This kind of vintage gets into auction rooms. He opens it. Sniffs the cork. Drinks from the bottle. The last bottle. Ivor Novello continues to sing. WITHNAIL's eyes fall on the shotgun. A fractured stock. He picks it up by the barrels. Walks to the window with it. Stares across the building site. The foundations have gone down. Joyous contempt on WITHNAIL's face. Another hit from the bottle. An idea. He fills the gun barrels with wine. Holds them up like a glass. Offers a defiant toast to the city.

WITHNAIL
Chin Chin.

Pride and cynicism. A sort of a smile. He drinks from the barrels. The Bordeaux gushes over his face. His fingers seek the triggers.

127: INT. AUDITORIUM. THEATRE.

127
The public applaud. A curtain call in progress. The Principals

I27 Cond.

are already on stage. The clapping looses energy by the time MARWOOD gets on. At the end of the line. Obviously a tiny roll MARWOOD stares out over the auditorium. The Kids are already on their feet. Spectacles glint in the lights. The curtains close

THE END