

BORN DEAD - by Elisa Di Napoli

1

INT.APARTMENT BLOCK.NIGHT

P.O.V THE END OF THE CORRIDOR FACING THE ENTRANCE DOOR. Sound of keys. FRANK opens the door. Takes off his coat, hangs it on the rack.Goes to the kitchen, pours himself an orange juice, drinks it quite fast, rinses the glass and heads upstairs, as quietly as possible so as not to wake SARAH.

2

INT.APARTMENT BEDROOM.

The bedroom door faces a double bed and a window. On the wall behind the bed hangs Klimt's picture "Danae" as it can be seen by FRANK when standing at the door. On the opposite wall next to the door hangs Klimt's picture "The Kiss" as it can be seen by SARAH when sitting up from her side of the bed to face FRANK.

FRANK opens the door to the bedroom and quietly goes about getting undressed.The room is dark. Suddenly a loud male snort is heard from his side of the bed. FRANK stops unbuttoning his shirt and tries to focus his eyes in the dark. With the help of the murky outside streetlight he sees a slightly fat naked man curled up in his bed beside SARAH, both sleeping peacefully amid a maze of linen sheets.

Absolutely astonished he stands still and silent. He is taken aback, does not know what to do. He tries in his mind to find the best possible way of dealing with the situation. But then inevitably, a dull explosion of hurt takes place and he switches on the light.

CAMERA CLOSE UP ON SARAH.

After a couple of seconds SARAH moans, rubs her eyes and begins to sit up in bed. She looks confused. (The LOVER's body cannot be seen)

P.O.V LOOKING OVER FRANK'S SHOULDER. (There is a LOVER in the bed) .

FRANK waits a few seconds.

P.O.V LOOKING OVER SARAH'S SHOULDER. (There is no LOVER in the bed).

FRANK- You bitch. What the fuck do you call this?

P.O.V LOOKING OVER FRANK'S SHOULDER. (There is a LOVER in the bed).

SARAH blinks to bring FRANK into focus.

SARAH- Frank?

SHE meets his eyes and sees an alien rage in them, over a red livid face.

CLOSE UP OF FRANK'S FACE

SARAH (V.O) - Frank? What's going on?

P.O.V LOOKING OVER FRANK'S SHOULDER. (There is a LOVER in the bed snoring.)

FRANK gives a short bitter laugh and waits.

SARAH- Jesus Christ, Frank, what is it?

P.O.V LOOKING OVER SARAH'S SHOULDER .(There is no LOVER in the bed).

FRANK stabs a finger in the direction of the sleeping guest, thus pointing to the empty bed.

FRANK- Him , Sarah. He's the problem. Want to tell me his name?

SARAH looks across at FRANK's side of the bed.

P.O.V SARAH.(Only the sheets can be seen.)

SARAH- Who?

P.O.V LOOKING OVER SARAH'S SHOULDER.(There is no LOVER).

FRANK- Him!

P.O.V LOOKING OVER FRANK'S SHOULDER. (There is a LOVER).

SARAH's drowsiness is replaced by a more alert form of puzzlement. She looks again ,then again back to her husband.

SARAH- Honey, are you okey?

CAMERA ON FRANK.

FRANK- (sarcastic and gesticulating) Yeah! Oh, yes I'm just fine ,thanks. And him? Is he fine too? 'cause otherwise you know I can always lend him my pyjamas so he can feel more at home... (smiling sarcastically) and can fuck you better in the morning...

FRANK's sarcasm suddenly disintegrates. His words are finding no purchase on SARAH. Her face is innocent, confused. She even looks as if she's getting angry.

A car passes their house in the street outside.

FRANK- There is a man in the bed

SARAH checks one last time.

SARAH- No Frank, there isn't .

FRANK- Shut the fuck up Sarah. I'm looking at him right now, he's in the bed with you.-

SARAH- (looking puzzled and annoyed now) Hey- first you don't talk to me like that.

Second there is no man in the bed. I don't know what 's wrong with you tonight but (syllabizing) there-is-no-man-in-the-bed.

FRANK- Oh yeah? Right. So what's that then? A figment of my imagination?

SARAH- Yeah. You got it. Now if you don't mind

FRANK- (interrupting her) A figment of my imagination uh? What is it? Do you think I am stupid? Well sorry to disappoint you *darling* but I'm not quite as stupid as you think. A revolting fat guy with a fuckin' disgusting tattoo on his chest, snoring in my fuckin' bedroom is not exactly what I call a figment of my imagination!

SARAH throws him a glacial look.

SARAH- Been drinking then, Frank?

FRANK- (astonished) What?

SARAH- That's it huh? Brad and Spencer come to town for the first time in months, so nothing wrong with a few drinks huh? Well, that's fine ,but don't come in here and lay your shit on me. I'm tired .

FRANK- I haven't had a single fucking thing to drink all night!

SARAH- Yeah sure.

SARAH goes back to sleep.

FRANK is out of himself with frustration and impatience. He almost talks to himself

FRANK- This is fuckin' crazy. She's been shagging a fat ugly bastard in *my* bed and I'm the one who's drunk. Sure. I'm the one who has to defend himself 'cause *I* got out with my friends, and *I* came back home and *I* found *her* there in bed with some fuckin' snoring

bastard... and, after all this, not only she denies the undeniable simple evidence but no, she tells me I have a drunkard's visions! Yeah! Sure! I'm drunk! Right! Ah ah ah darling! How hilarious! (calmer now) Fuckin' hilarious. Unfortunately though, you know, I'm afraid it just doesn't quite work....

SARAH- Go to bed Frank. You'll feel better tomorrow morning.

FRANK- That's enough ! You stop playing this sick game right now!

SARAH rises again, very annoyed.

SARAH- Look, if you've been drinking and now you're completely out of your mind it's not my problem. But if you want to shout at me for some reason I don't know then get it out now and let's get it over with quickly. If you are frustrated about something I've done or you're angry at me for something there's no reason to shout and put up this farse. You can talk about it now and get it off your chest or we can go to sleep and sort it out tomorrow.

SARAH tries to go back to sleep, angry now, beating her pillow into shape.

FRANK- your little tricks won't work with me Sarah

SARAH- Ok then. (and switches the light off)

FRANK looks at her with hatred. He stands still for a few seconds and gets adjusted to the dark. Then he walks in front of the window and stands there looking at the street lamp outside. Then he has a sudden intuition. He comes back to the bed and switches on the light.

FRANK- (thoughtful and ironic) So that's why you did it. You went to bed with another man to get revenge from me. So what is it that that you want to punish me for? What horrible crime did I commit that made you do this to me? Whatever it is, let me tell you, whatever you imagined I did wrong or whatever I did wrong it is not an excuse for fuckin' another man Sarah... It is pathetic, it's childish, and I'm not gonna accept it.

SARAH looks at him with her elbows on the pillow ,wondering what to think. A long pause follows, while they look into each other eyes trying to understand what's going on.

SARAH- Frank... there's something wrong... with you tonight.

FRANK- (ironically) Oh ,Sure there is

SARAH- Maybe if you tried to sit down...

FRANK interrupts her.

FRANK- Stop lying Sarah. The game is over.

SARAH- (calmly) There is no game Frank. The game is inside your head

FRANK looks at her for quite a long time.

FRANK- (V.O) you must be in denial.

FRANK- You are sick and you should seek help

SARAH- (getting worried) You don't know what you're saying...

FRANK moves toward the bed.

FRANK- In all truth, now, I want you to look into my eyes and say to me that you don't remember what you've done to me tonight.

SARAH- (genuinely worried now) Oh god...

FRANK- Sarah, please, I just want you to tell me, do you or do you not remember what you've done tonight in this room?

SARAH- Frank...you...

FRANK- yes?

SARAH- I have been with you tonight in this room and that's what I've done tonight in this room.

FRANK lowers his eyes, convinced now that she's talking in good faith. After a while he takes a grip on himself to change attitude.

FRANK- (patronisingly caring) I don't know if I ever will be able to understand fully... well it doesn't matter anyway. I am...well, it's kind of scary... this all situation...but...well I'll find a way... Yeah. We'll find a way. Together....we'll sort it out somehow. I promise you... I'll do my best. It's gonna be all right.

SARAH- What are you talking about?

FRANK- Nothing. It's ok.

SARAH- Are you...trying to...Oh my God... Fuck Frank, this is crazy... you are...crazy

FRANK- It's fine Sarah, let's sleep and forget this all thing c'mon-

SARAH cannot believe what's happening. She refuses to go back to sleep.

FRANK tries to get her to sleep while awkwardly trying to avoid the body of the snoring LOVER in every way.

FRANK- C'mon, get to sleep. For tonight I'll sleep downstairs..

SARAH refuses decisively any help puzzled as she is. Finally she blurts:

SARAH- Frank stop it!

They stare at each other over the body of the naked LOVER. (the LOVER is seen only in P.O.V FRANK)

After a while they simultaneously say while still looking each other in the eyes:

SARAH /FRANK- You are crazy.

After a pause of astonishment:

SARAH \ FRANK- You're saying I'm crazy??!!

FRANK- Oh shut up!

SARAH- No you shut up!

SARAH turns her back to him and FRANK slowly sits on the edge of the bed turning his back to her. They stay silent for a long time.

Then with a tone of voice of someone who has given up he says:

FRANK- I think we should go see Brad and Spencer one of these days

After a while with his same attitude she replies:

SARAH- Do you mean go to dinner together?

FRANK- Yes, why not. Or a pub.

SARAH- No, I prefer dinner. It's more stylish

P.O.V FRANK

While they're talking, still with their backs turned to each other, the LOVER in the middle wakes up , pushes away the sheet and walks out of the door completely naked. FRANK sees him as the man leaves the bed and walks to the door. He stares at him.

FRANK- What the hell..

SARAH turns to face the doorway.

CAMERA SHOWS EMPTY DOORWAY

Then SHE turns to FRANK with an questioning face.

FRANK turns to her and shrugs his shoulders.
FRANK- Nothing.
FADE OUT

TITLES (SILENCE)
FADE IN

3

INT.LONDON SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL AND AFRICAN STUDIES (SOAS).
BAR.AFTERNOON.

DAVID and JO (female),students, sit on low stools,in a corner behind a pool table that is beside a juke box. JO sits on DAVID's left, the wall on her left, DAVID on her right, the pool table ahead. JO has black short hair and grey eyes. She is slim and quite tall. DAVID has light brown long shoulder length hair and blue eyes.

P.O.V CEILING OPPOSITE CORNER, FISH EYE LENS.

JO and DAVID are sipping their beer, two pool PLAYERS are asking for change at the bar, other people are hanging around during a typical winter afternoon in the school.

ZOOM IN TO DAVID AND JO sipping their beer.

P.O.V JO AND DAVID

MUSIC STARTS: "IMMIGRANT SONG" LED ZEPPLIN

as the pool PLAYERS ,approaching the table from the bar, put the money in and start playing.

P.O.V SURFACE OF POOL TABLE.(no more fish eye lens effect)

Balls on the table are knocked in different directions as one of the players breaks. After a shot or two the cue ball is struck by the cue.

CAMERA TRACKS TO FOLLOW CUE BALL AT CLOSE DISTANCE as it jumps unnaturally off the table and onto the floor in slow motion.

CAMERA PANS UP TO SURFACE OF POOL TABLE ,ZOOMS IN TO CUE BALL IN CENTRE FRAME

JO puts away her beer and fixes the ball with her stare as if trying to see something.

P.O.V JO.

The two players simultaneously bend down to strike two balls surrounding the cue ball . Their back is turned to JO, one player bending at her left the other at her right.

ZOOM IN THE CUE BALL as the two players strike.

ALL TURNS BLACK AND WHITE AS 1920'S SWING MUSIC SUBSTITUES THE PRECEDING SONG.

Everybody is now dressed and acts as if living in 1920's Chicago.

Women's cigarettes are transformed into cigarette holders and men's ones into cigars. There is a DODGY LOOKING GUY sitting near the juke box, with a particularly sly look on his face.

A quite fat quite ugly JAPANESE GIRL dressed with a white PVC blouse, black skin-tight pants and a big red kitch belt with an iron bolt shaped like a heart comes from the bar toward JO and DAVID. SHE stops in front of them closer to DAVID's side and says,

with a very strong Japanese accent:

JAPANESE GIRL- I'm gonna take a shower.

SHE turns her back to them and goes back to where she's come from. The DODGY LOOKING GUY follows her with his eyes while she's getting out, then stamps out his cigar and takes after her.

4

EXT.CITY.SUMMER DAY.

BLACK & WHITE SHOT OF STREET

CAMERA PANS to show entrance of a skyscraper, shaped like a glass pyramid. ZOOM IN one glass window. The sunlight reflects off glass, forming shades of grey on the surface.

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS UP AND ACROSS to the edge of the building to reveal an intensely blue sky, clear of clouds and dominated by a blazing sun. It's very hot. A huge vulture swoops out of the light and over the city.

5

INT.SOAS BAR.AFTERNOON.

A man, JOHN, sitting at the bar, looks out of the window and sees the vulture flying in the empty sky

6

EXT.CITY.SUMMER DAY

The vulture flies to the glass pyramid. A MUSCLE MAN, half naked, is struggling, chained to the side of it. The vulture swoops down and rips out his liver.

7

INT.SOAS BAR.AFTERNOON JOHN is sitting at the bar .A TV is on behind him. It's image is reflected by a mirror hung behind the bar counter .DAVID and JO also can be vaguely seen in the background, still sitting behind the pool table in the corner. JOHN walks up to the bar and lays down some money.

JOHN- The same please.

Meanwhile scenes 4,5,6 are being shown on the TV without him noticing. JOHN pays attention to the screen only after scene 6. He then turns his back to the bar and watches the screen. The vulture is seen flying away from the pyramid, with a bottle of whiskey - "J&C" - in the background which zooms into the foreground. The last shot shows the ad's caption "A man without "J&C" is a man without hope."

8

EXT.WESTMINSTER STREET.SUMMER DAY

P.O.V GROUND ,ONE SIDE OF THE STREET

SHOT OF counter of an ice cream booth parked on the opposite side of the street . People

inside are selling ice-creams to tourists. They wear red caps and red uniforms and they smile constantly.

AS CAMERA ZOOMS OUT AND SLOWLY TRACKS UP , a country tractor dirty with soil is seen parked on the booth's right side. From above people are seen walking around and buying ice-cream with non-chalance.

9

EXT. MOTORWAY. DAY

P.O.V DRIVER. WINDSCREEN CENTER FRAME

an out of control car is running very fast .

CUT TO:

video game screen, with car out of control running very fast.

CUT BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THESE TWO SHOTS

Both cars ultimately crash fatally.

CUT TO :

P.O.V VIDEOGAME SCREEN

A computer-generated beach ball bounces across the street.

EXTREME CLOSE UP of the beach ball at the end of its course.

10

EXT. BEACH. SUMMER DAY

Same beach ball

ZOOM OUT .CAMERA PANS RIGHT to show the long sandy beach in all its length.

The sea is on right of screen. There is a beach umbrella at mid distance, together with two deck-chairs, a towel and a toy-bucket suggesting the presence of a child.

The rest of the beach is empty.

Gradually, a far away noise is heard. The tractor from scene 8 is approaching in the distance but cannot be seen. Dust is progressively raising up into the air as the tractor comes nearer. Finally it reaches the umbrella and chairs and sweeps over them and destroys everything that is in its path. No driver can be seen in it. It travels past the CAMERA.

CAMERA PANS QUICKLY TO THE RIGHT doing a 180° turn, apparently to follow the tractor. Instead it finds :

11

EXT. MARKET PLACE. DAY

P.O.V THE ENTRANCE OF A BUSY MARKET PLACE.

DEREK, a white collar in his twenties, is entering the market carrying a suitcase in his hand. There is a lot of commotion.

P.O.V DEREK'S BACK.

CAMERA TRACKS to follow his movements.

DEREK mixes with the crowd following the main avenue which runs from the entrance to the exit in a straight line. Once in a while HE gives a look to smaller side avenues where people walk around doing their business, but HE moves like someone who wouldn't

venture into them. DEREK's path is being obstructed by the people and objects around him. People's voices talk over one another, building up in a noisy chaos. Their shouts progressively increase in intensity and volume climaxing with DEREK being pushed over to the floor by an oblivious person carrying a basket.

SILENCE

CLOSE UP ON DEREK.

HE looks at his aggressor who is now gone and then slowly looks around himself. HE seems quite indifferent .

FREEZE FRAME

Everybody 's everyday gestures are exposed in their paralysed nakedness but DEREK's. Unlike them, he can still move – they have become frozen statues. He picks himself up and walks towards the exit of the market carefully avoiding contact with anybody.

CAMERA ZOOMS OUT AND PANS UP TO FOLLOW DEREK

P.O.V DEREK'S BACK as he leaves the market place and continues to walk on a smaller street finally entering a door on the left.

12

INT.SOAS BAR. AFTERNOON

A pub's wooden door sweeps open

JO (V.O)- It's the theory of the maddening crowd...

CUT TO:

JO and DAVID.

P.O.V JO'S BACK, LOOKING OVER HER LEFT SHOULDER.

JO is talking to DAVID and she has her body turned towards him. They talk slowly and thoughtfully. The pool PLAYERS are still playing.

JO- You know, like a baby.. first her mother is there with the baby holding her in her arms. The baby feels good and secure. Then two friends of hers show up and the baby feels their presence but finds a way to adjust and eventually gets used to the two strangers. Then suddenly twelve other people show up, but the baby cannot take it. She freaks out and starts crying...

They give each other a significant look then DAVID looks straight ahead, staring at an indefinite point as if lost in his thoughts and listening at the same time

JO- They're killing us I tell you

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE. DAY

Cats and dogs run in all directions inside a house, jumping on top of wardrobes on the kitchen sink, passing through holes climbing chairs jumping etc in a fast crazy motion

CUT BACK

DAVID continues to look ahead of himself in mid-air

JO- and it's the people who do not realise it that are the most dangerous..

JUMP CUT TO
INT.HOUSE. DAY

Cat and dogs start destroying everything that gets in their way like mad warriors of death while JO continues to talk

JO (V.O)- With the passing of time they let the monsters that lie in the abysses of their souls slowly come out till they become angels of destruction..-

CUT BACK

SHE looks at him demanding attention but one of the pool PLAYERS sticks his ass in her face while lining up a shot .

She turns back to face emptiness in a David-like manner. They stay like this for a while. Then suddenly, while looking still ahead:

DAVID- Did you know that when you get into an elevator your brain shuts down?-

JO continues to talk but following her own thoughts.

JO- It's like when you are stuck in an enclosed space with too many people you don't know you'd feel out of control and you'd freak out if...

DAVID- Your brain can only work using pre-formed data while you're there. You can look at the floors going past but you can't get a single new idea.

JO- If.. you didn't learn a way of categorising, cataloguing and labelling them quickly...

DAVID- For our brain, going up and down in that way, it's too much of an unnatural experience.

Suddenly JO pays more attention , stops looking ahead and turns her head to DAVID

JO- A million elevators in all America. An average of two and a half people per elevator at a time. A frequency of usage of one ride every four minutes. One minute per ride....the population of America spends an average of 10 hours and 16 minutes a year in an elevator. Those who live in the city could reach a peak of 30 to 40 hours a year..

DAVID takes his beer and sips it slowly while JO remains in the same position. When he's finished :

DAVID- An elevator, a crowd, a fashion shop...

JO continues to look at him.

JO- And seven million Londoners walk everyday to work unwillingly freaking out the other seven million while all of them are secretly craving to be able to cry like that baby ...

MUSIC FROM THE JUKE BOX

DAVID picks up his beer again.

DAVID- (dreamily) Still there is-

JO- (abrupt) -there's too much noise.

DAVID- Despite all beauty and ugliness.

JO- *Beyond* beauty and ugliness.

A pool PLAYER again sticks his ass between them while lining up a shot.

CLOSE UP ON THE PLAYERS'S ASS WITH POOL CUE BESIDE IT.

JO (V.O)- Too much noise kills the melody.

DAVID- Imagine Beauty and ugliness as a newly wedded couple. They stand with a smile up there in the white clouds. Then one day they decide to look down here and what do they

see? A black elegant lady walking lonely in a street at night. Her name is written on her black mantel: Human Happiness. As the lady crosses a bridge and looks down to see her own reflection in the water, the couple notices her sister, a sort of shadow walking beside her with her hand in hers. Her name is Human Sorrow. The couple look at them as they walk away, and smile at them with condescendingly...

JO- You're poetic. But ..true. Although most people who can understand what you're saying would find your metaphor rather...offensive. That's of course because they wouldn't really understand what you're saying. They might even think you're crazy.

DAVID- So?

JO- So man's a social animal.

DAVID- (understanding now) And Isolation 's a beast.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEICESTER SQ. FRIDAY NIGHT

GREEN LAMP LIGHT

Loads of people walk around in the crowd

CUT BACK.

BLUE LAMP LIGHT

DAVID- Alone in a crowd for a moment you could stop screaming -

CUT TO:

EXT. LEICESTER SQ. FRIDAY NIGHT

RED LAMP LIGHT

Loads of people walk around in the crowd

CUT BACK

ALTERNATING RED\BLUE\GREEN LAMP LIGHT

DAVID- - you could hear that constant vibration.. All that-

CUT TO:

EXT. LEICESTER SQ. FRIDAY NIGHT

COLOURS REFLECTING THOSE OF THE NEON SIGNS.

Loads of people walk around in the crowd

DAVID (V.O)- is and all that is no more dance together in a stream of music.

CUT BACK

WHITE LIGHT OVEREXPOSURE

JO -Only some people have enough courage..

FADE TO WHITE

DAVID (V.O)- ...to be crazy.

EXT.LEICESTER SQ. FRIDAY NIGHT
MUSIC MIXED WITH CROWD NOISE
FADE IN

The TOP HAT MAN, a man in a black top hat dressed with a nineteenth century dinner jacket and a red bow tie, enters from left of screen, as the scene fades in from white. The effect is that he appears to be emerging from a cloud or mist. He starts crossing the square, his back to Charing Cross Road, slowly pedalling a penny farthing bicycle, humming to the melody of the soundtrack. People gesticulate and shout. He passes by a street guitarist who has gathered a small crowd around him, a political promoter of freedom and war to some evil makers, a tap dancer, a car full of noisy boors etc.

THE MAN STARTS DRIVING IN SLOW MOTION WHILE THE REST MOVES AT NORMAL SPEED

ALL SOUNDS FADE EXCEPT HIS HUMMING

Around him people continue to do what they were doing but their words and noises cannot be heard.

The man mixes into the crowd in the direction of Piccadilly circus and so disappears in the same manner as he appeared before.

14

INT.SOAS BAR. AFTERNOON.

P.O.V CORNER OF A WOODEN TABLE FOR TWO.

MUSIC – «OMLARGUS GARFUNGILOOOPS» BY COIL

JACK and CURTIS are sitting at a table. A cigar is perched on the edge of an empty ashtray. JACK's fat and hairy hand puts a Jack in the box on the table then takes the cigar to smoke it. He wears very expensive rings on his hand.

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF JACK'S MOUTH WITH THE CIGAR.

He's got a filthy longish beard. The smoke drifts down toward CURTIS's hand.

CUT TO

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF CURTIS'S hand tapping his fingers against the table in a continuous rhythm.

CUT TO

4 four-propelled ceiling fans slowly rotating in a row, fighting columns of smoke that drift from below.

CUT TO

BAR COOK, FULL FIGURE CENTER FRAME

BAR COOK- Excuse me mister?

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF JACK'S MOUTH (He holds the cigar with the tip of the fingers) MOVING FROM LEFT PROFILE TO 1/4 (as he turns his head towards the bar cook drawing the cigar from his mouth slightly, to talk).

JACK-Yes?

BAR COOK FULL FIGURE CENTER FRAME

The bar cook stretches his arm forward holding a bottle of HEINEKEN in his hand.

BAR COOK- Is this a Heineken?

CUT TO

CURTIS' hand abruptly stopping its tapping.

CUT BACK

JACK\CURTIS (V.O)(disdainfully)- No.

CUT TO

CENTER FRAME of EXTREME CLOSE UP of Jack-in-the-box being held up by JACK's hands. One of his hands turns the lever at normal speed, thus producing a normal sound.

CLOSE UP OF JACK FROM THE MOUTH TO THE WAIST

JACK - The smoke comes out of the wrong hole.

CUT TO

P.O.V.JACK. His arms holding Jack-in-the-box CENTER FRAME turning the lever much faster until a metal hatch on the side of the box opens like an iris spiralling outwards in EXTREME CLOSE UP CENTER FRAME.

CUT TO

EXTREME CLOSE UP of hatch PROFILE LEFT OF SCREEN with smoke drifting out of it RIGHT OF SCREEN.

CURTIS (V.O)- Yes.

CUT TO

Somebody putting a coin in the jukebox and selecting a song. The music starts.

MUSIC: "A SMALL PLOT OF LAND" DAVID BOWIE, INSTRUMENTAL

OPENING

CUT TO

CLOSE UP of JACK from mouth to waist. He puts the cigar in his mouth, but it has gone out. Leaving it there he asks

JACK- You gotta a light?

CURTIS lights him the cigar with a match. After a few puffs JACK continues, slowly, without taking the cigar out of his mouth while he speaks, smoke continuously drifts out of his mouth in puffs.

JACK- We were supposed to go to this reception after we signed the contract, but nobody knew what we looked like. Everything had been settled with a demo tape. So we sent photos but swapped the names, went to the party, I came home with somebody else's wife and I don't even know my name anymore.

CURTIS- Sounds pretty cool.

JACK- Like gasoline.

CURTIS- Yeah.

15

INT.STUDIO

STATIC SHOT: a photograph of a car (CENTRE FRAME) in a studio made to resemble the side of a desert road with a great expanse of desert behind, small shrubs and a purple sunset on the horizon. The car is a purple Morris minor or a VW Bug.

P.O.V OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD with road diminishing to vanishing point at right of

screen.

NO VISUAL MOTION WHATSOEVER THROUGHOUT THE SCENE.

SOUND EFFECTS:

Car ignition turns over seven times and stops.

Again, eleven times and stops.

Again, three times and stops.

MAN- Shit!

Car door opening and closing. Footsteps. Bonnet being opened and hitched. Tools being used to fix the engine slightly.

MAN- For fuck's sake..

More tools sounds.

MAN- There!

Bonnet closing, footsteps, car door opened and closed. Ignition turns over three times and ignites.

MAN- Yeah!

Engine revs. Car pulling out onto the road and accelerating, changing up through the gears. Hits a high speed and holds it. Car radio being switched on and tuned through several stations, before settling on a rock station, playing

"THE DISTANCE" BY CAKE over the sound of the engine.

RADIO- He's going the distance...he's going for speed...

MAN- Yeehah!

More acceleration. Sounds of other traffic: honking horns, shouting

OTHER DRIVER- Hey! What do ye think ye're doing?

MAN laughing. More acceleration, squealing of tyres, radio turned up. Fever-pitched joyride sound effects.

Sudden sound of distant sirens.

MAN laughing recklessly. Sirens become louder.

From a loudhailer:

POLICEMAN- Pull over to the side of the road! Stop your car!

Sound of frantic car chase, gears changing, squealing tyres and brakes.

POLICEMAN- Pull over! This is your last warning!

MAN- I'll see you in hell!!

Sudden vicious squeal. Sound of lethal collision followed by enormous explosion. Police cars approaching, stopping, turning off their sirens. Car doors, footsteps, fire crackling and little round pieces of metal rolling around. Wreckage noises of destroyed car.

POLICEMAN- Stupid bastard! What did he think he was doing?

Sounds of confused bystanders from passing cars, babies crying, a crowd gathering.

16

INT.SOAS BAR. AFTERNOON

CAMERA PANS FORWARD through a crowd chatting in the bar till it reaches JACK sitting at the same table, with his hands under it, sounding alone and heartbroken.

CLOSE UP of JACK from mouth to waist.

JACK -But then, she didn't speak much so I worked as her interpreter. Last night I knocked on her door and she didn't even answer. And all I ever seem to do is complain. I came home with somebody else's wife and I don't even know my real name anymore.

JACK takes a deep breath, and as if in front of a job interview he says:

JACK -I have a relaxed personality and I always try to take things in my stride; however I have a strong sense of work ethic and I am a conscientious worker.

JACK pauses.

"LOVE TO LOVE YOU BABY" DONNA SUMMER, FROM THE JUKE BOX

JACK breaks down

JACK -So she says to me: "Seal one of your nostrils with a finger to the side, and blow as hard as you can." I do, my ears pop, but otherwise nothing.

So she says to me: "You're just not blowing hard enough. You have to really give it everything ok?" I do, I really go for it.

17

INT. WHITE ROOM.NIGHT

JACK's shadow standing up writhing in agony

JACK (V.O)- So my face goes red, my ears water, my eyes begin to bleed-

JACK' s shadow-head explodes.

JACK (V.O)- and then suddenly the top of my head explodes with a thick meaty plop-

18

EXT.SEA.NIGHT

A boat emerges from a fog bank, and approaches some docks while a million hooks dangle from the sky with shadowy pieces of flesh attached.

JACK- (V.O) -dangling down to kiss the water, as the boat finally docks.

19

EXT.BEACH.NIGHT

JACK'S body is pushed ashore by the water. A team of doctors in white uniforms runs to take him.

JACK (V.O)- The doctors found the cause of blockage during an autopsy-

20

INT.AUTOPSY CHAMBER

P.O.V JACK'S BODY lying on the table

DOCTOR n1 takes removes a golf ball from Jack's body and holds it up with a scalpel to observe it.

JACK (V.O)- A series five Top-Flight golf ball.

DOCTOR n2 comes to DOCTOR n1 to see what has been found, then perplexed asks

DOCTOR n1 a pair of scissors and leans over JACK.

JACK (V.O)- But still darker secrets were yet to be found in my urethra..

DOCTOR n2 emerges from region of JACK's midsection with a horrified look and turns

his head towards DOCTOR n1. DOCTOR n1 comes near DOCTOR n2 to discover the cause of his terror and looks down too. Both turn their back and vomit

21

INT.SOAS BAR. AFTERNOON

P.O.V JACK

CLOSE UP OF BAR COOK

BAR COOK- So, what did you do?

JACK- Well, I had to tell somebody about it

22

EXT.ST JAMES'S PARK.DAY

ANNA and JULIA are friends. ANNA is crouched down under a tree, trying to get some sleep; JULIA is sitting beside her in a relaxed position, enjoying her stay in the park.

P.O.V JULIA (this is maintained throughout most of the scene)

RUBBISH MAN, a man, middle aged, dressed in a posh grey suit and a fashionable posh hat comes from the distance in a straight line towards JULIA. As he gets progressively nearer to her a black dangling rubbish bag can be seen hanging from his shoulder. The RUBBISH MAN stops in front of Julia, who remains seated. The RUBBISH MAN is unshaven and quite dirty but otherwise looks perfectly and fully attired. He stands slouched in front of JULIA. HE talks with a unequivocal posh accent (that he fakes perfectly) but has a poor vocabulary and posture .HE fixes the bag to his shoulder with a rope knot, so that it can be seen for the rest of the scene. HE looks at her and says

RUBBISH MAN- Excuse me, this is St. James's Park?

JULIA- Yes.

RUBBISH MAN- Are ye sure?

JULIA- Ehm.. Yes.

RUBBISH MAN- Would ye be able to tell me if that is Green Park?

The RUBBISH MAN points to the place where he's just come from

JULIA- Ehm...Yes, ehm.. Over there it should be..Well I know this is St James's Park, and over there it should be ..Green Park yeah.

RUBBISH MAN- So ye say this is St James's Park. And over there that is Regent's Park?

JULIA- No, Regents Park is..

RUBBISH MAN- So that should be Regent's Park.. And Green Park, do you know where Green Park is?

JULIA- Green Park.. I thought it was that one over there..

JULIA points behind the man.

RUBBISH MAN- Yes yes.. So this is St James's Park..

JULIA nods

RUBBISH MAN- But then that can't be Green park can it?

JULIA- Well..Actually..I don't know, sorry. I know this is St James's Park but..

RUBBISH MAN- All right. Yes. And...Sorry to bother ye more, but do you know instead where Hyde Park is?

JULIA- Hyde Park...well...Ehm no (pretending to consider the idea of answering honestly).

The man leans a little bit forward, towards JULIA.

RUBBISH MAN- No?

JULIA- N-no.

P.O.V JULIA.

CLOSE UP OF MAN AGAINST BLUE SKY

The man points to his right. In the distance there is a road with terraced houses. Some steps can be vaguely seen, leading from the road behind the houses.

RUBBISH MAN- There are six steps there. Do ye see them?

JULIA quickly turns just to please the RUBBISH MAN, without paying attention, not seeing the steps.

JULIA- (lying) Yes.

P.O.V JULIA.

CLOSE UP OF MAN AGAINST BLUE SKY

RUBBISH MAN- There are six steps there. If you climb them, you'll be right in Hyde Park. If you take another road it would take you a long time to get there. Instead if ye take those six steps you won't need too much and you'll get right there in Hyde Park.

JULIA- Really?

RUBBISH MAN- I know because I've done it. Nobody knows but me..

JULIA is now pretending to be interested. She looks at ANNA hoping she might wake, but ANNA appears to be in a slightly agitated sleep and changes her position a little, restless.

JULIA- Ah.

RUBBISH MAN- If ye take them, ye see them yes?

JULIA- Yeah yeah.

RUBBISH MAN- There.

The man points to the steps again, Julia does not bother to look and has in mind to try and get rid of him as soon as possible. She checks instead whether ANNA is a little bit more awake. ANNA utters an animal noise of vexation still being half-asleep.

JULIA- Yes.

RUBBISH MAN- Ye take them-I know cos' I have done it-and you're there in no time. Believe me.

JULIA nods at him repeatedly.

JULIA- Ok.

ANNA , who has half followed the conversation dreamily, suddenly awakes. She sits up and rubs her eyes with an expression of displeasure. She looks at the scene with some surprise, but she is still too dazed to understand anything. JULIA takes the occasion to divert her attention to ANNA and to stop the conversation. After a few moments of suspended silence the RUBBISH MAN starts to leave, HE tips his hat and says:

RUBBISH MAN- Ok then, Good afternoon..

JULIA- Bye Bye.

The man has now turned his back and is walking in the direction of the steps (JULIA's left)

RUBBISH MAN- Bye..

As the man walks farther away from JULIA and ANNA

MUSIC "BYE BYE LOVE", SIMON & GARFUNKLE starts playing.

CUT TO

23

INT. SOAS BAR. AFTERNOON

From the JUKE BOX the MUSIC "BYE BYE LOVE" SIMON & GARFUNKLE is been played.

People chat with one another at various tables.

STUDENT1 (male) is talking to another two (male and female) at a table

STUDENT1- Respect to Bach. Peace up to my boss and to the nation of Islam. Awe and mystery to Brian's favourite scene in Dirty Harry.

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS to the next table.

STUDENT2 (female) is talking to another one (female).

STUDENT2- I'm trying to become a collector's item. About a naked old man who tortures people for money in Calais, walks barefoot across rocks, and has got holes in his back like windows to his muscles organs and bones-

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS to another table.

STUDENT3 (male) is talking to another one (female).

STUDENT3- The psycho stops shouting and looks at the bridge. His face blanches, he says: "What? WHAT? What is he doing there.."

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS to JO and DAVID, who are still sitting in the same place beside the pool table.

JO- It's a tremendous energy...every moment of the day you are being pushed onwards by this tremendous energy, which wants everybody to get together with everybody else. In the long run not only doesn't it do you any good, because you can't really communicate meaningfully with anybody in this way, but it actually fucks you up because it's like you don't even know your real name anymore. You are a mirror of other's people expectations and you arrive to the point of making those your own until you start considering them the only norm. All the rest becomes absurd mind-deranging aberration...

Imagine Jack. Adult, Caucasian, just like us.

24

INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT

JACK is in his bedroom taking off his sweater. He remains bare-chested.

JO (V.O)- A hero or a bastard, it doesn't make a difference.

JACK walks to the bathroom and starts washing his teeth. He doesn't pay attention to his image in the mirror; he looks down to the sink

JO (V.O)- So Jack goes to bed at night and starts to brush his teeth. Distracted as he is he does not even bother watching himself in the mirror. -

JACK casually raises his head for a second with an empty look. His image is not reflected in the mirror but he doesn't even notice it.

JO (V.O) To be more precise he does look at himself in the mirror but all that he can see is the image of an empty silver sheet which hangs flat from his wall and carries no image other than its own. -

JACK looks down to the sink again and in that instant his REFLECTION appears standing on the other side of the glass (from head to knees). His REFLECTION does not reflect Jack's movements. HE stares at Jack, immobile, moving only his eyes to observe him.

JO (V.O)- Jack's reflection nevertheless, has been secretly hidden behind the sheet all of the time, comfortable and secure. It has been observing Jack for a long time. It follows his every movement, studies his every expression. -

JACK finishes washing his teeth and is putting his toothbrush inside a glass when suddenly, with the corner of his eye he sees his reflected face, which now normally reflects his movements, looking at him. The body of the reflected face cannot be seen in the mirror. JACK turns and he gets nearer to it to see it better.

JO (V.O)- It is waiting to take him by surprise, and shock him. -

The reflected face becomes the REFLECTION. IT suddenly seems to be moving it's mouth in fast speech, while JACK mouth is shut. IT alternates between silence and whispers. A noise seems to be coming out of the REFLECTION's mouth but it is hardly understandable.

ITS last whisper is louder but uttered in an unknown language. JACK stares at it in shock, as if he wasn't recognising himself. He cannot understand his REFLECTION'S words.

JO (V.O)- The first contact is always like that, because of course the two of them speak a different language. -

The REFLECTION finally fades out and disappears.

JO (V.O)- But once Jack receives this shock he becomes defenceless. -

JACK moves a distance from the mirror and slowly goes to dry his hands on the towel. He thus turns his back on the mirror. The REFLECTION appears again (from head to knees) from the right side of the mirror, and moves closer to JACK who is unaware of what's happening.

JO (V.O)- At any time then his reflection can grab him without warning-

The reflection stretches his arm and grabs JACK

JO (V.O)- and by stretching his arm and breaking the barrier-

JACK is carried to the other side in one go

JO (V.O)- can carry him to the other side of the mirror. -

The mirror becomes black and noises of devouring animals are heard

JO (V.O)- He will be devoured in one go-

The noises stop, CAMERA ZOOM IN to the black mirror. Total darkness

JO (V.O)- But hey, no problem, Jack will never realise a thing..

25

INT.SOAS BAR.AFTERNOON

DAVID- Can I ask you something?

JO looks at him without saying answering.

DAVID- What are you doing here?

JO looks at DAVID, not understanding, then faces the pool table and sighs.

JO- I'm a victim David.

DAVID- A victim.

JO- (Still gazing at the table) A victim, like everybody else.

DAVID- So how do you know you're a victim if you are one?

JO stops gazing and casually gives DAVID a serious look.

JO- You usually don't know.

DAVID- So there are victims who know to be victims and victims who don't.

JO turns towards DAVID.

JO- The majority of people are victims without the knowledge of being so.

DAVID- What about you then? You seem to *know* you're a victim. You should be able to avoid being one, because you have recognised your own state.

JO- Y-yeah.

DAVID- Why don't you go home?

JO gives him a questioning look.

DAVID- Is anybody forcing you to stay?

JO- No.

DAVID- But the monster is right here and sooner or later he's gonna get *you*.

JO nervously lights a cigarette.

DAVID- One of these days Jo, you're going to brush your teeth like Jack, and your reflection will eat you up like him.. It was the mask behind the mirror that pushed you to come here wasn't it? You're lined up to be his next victim .. As everybody of course.. the difference being that while you are here consciously waiting for your death by inglobation,-
CUT TO

JOEY and TOM sipping beer at the bar,

DAVID (V.O)- them, there they are, sipping their beer unaware of the tragedy.

CUT BACK

DAVID- You know, Jo, so why don't you go? Why don't you go home?

JO- Well..because.. because I don't want to.

26

INT.APARTMENT.NIGHT

JO is in JACK's apartment and has just finished brushing her teeth. She puts her toothbrush in the empty glass, thus turning her profile to the mirror. She follows her reflection with the corner of her eye, until, in the instant in which she quickly turns to check where she's putting the toothbrush, she believes her reflection has disappeared. She immediately turns her head back to face the mirror but the image is still there.

27

INT.SOAS BAR. AFTERNOON

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF JO'S EYE.

She stares ahead, as if lost in her own daydream. DAVID's whispers to her.

DAVID (V.O)- You can either feel sorry for yourself or you can do something about it.

CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS OUT while JO's faces doesn't change expression
DAVID (V.O)- You can open your eyes to the big grey shadow that's eating the world
alive...

CAMERA ZOOMS OUT TO REVEAL ALL OF JO'S FACE

DAVID (V.O)- but you better be ready for it or...

JO moves her face towards the bar and is followed by the CAMERA WHICH PANS
ACROSS TO THE COUNTER

DAVID (V.O)- you could be the one to lose...

PROFESSOR MCNEIL and PROFESSOR CONRAY are sitting on stools drinking stout
in the bar, which is quite full. They are in their forties\fifties and are dressed nicely but
casually. (Tweed jackets etc) They are both tall and quite fit but while PROFESSOR
CONRAY is almost bald and looks absorbed by the sadness of his heart in a quite
romantic and serious way, MCNEIL looks more youthful than he is, and looks satisfied
with the conciliation he is able to operate between his private life and the fake intellectual
nest that his job represents. Between them and the counter there is a scattered line of people
sitting on stools, among which there are JOEY and MARK, two Soas students. MCNEIL
is sitting half facing the fire exit door, half the line of people, while CONRAY sits on his
right facing the bar completely. A FEMALE PROFESSOR is standing opposite the
counter on their right beside the fire door exit, with her back to them while sipping a vodka
and lemonade. SHE is quite good-looking and stylish in her professional clothes, although
she must also be about forty years old. PROFESSOR MCNEIL is eating a chicken pie
covered with ketchup from a plastic plate. MCNEIL is quite hungry and eats quite fast,
although he finds the pie quite disgusting. The plate lies on his lap. PROFESSOR
CONRAY does not pay much attention to his friend and leaves him to eat, while instead
HE has his head turned to his right, losing himself in the FEMALE PROFESSOR'S
beauty with dreamy eyes. When only a third of the pie is left PROFESSOR MCNEIL puts
his fork back onto the plate and looking elsewhere calls CONRAY back to reality.

PROFESSOR MCNEIL- Do you want to finish this?

CONRAY turns back to him.

PROFESSOR CONRAY- (distracted) No.

PROFESSOR MCNEIL- Well I'm not going to finish it. I'll leave it here and if you want it
you can have it.

PROFESSOR CONRAY- You shouldn't have ordered it if you didn't want it.

PROFESSOR MCNEIL snorts to his friend and as he turns his head to the right he notices
the FEMALE PROFESSOR standing at the counter. HE winks at CONRAY, gesturing to
her with his head. PROFESSOR CONRAY understands MCNEIL is doing again just
what he feared he would do and although evidently not pleased does not externalise his
feelings. He nods to MCNEIL and looks down. MCNEIL instead continues to stare at her.

PROFESSOR MC NEIL- Look at her.

CONRAY gives her a look as if just acknowledging her presence then turns back.

PROFESSOR CONRAY- I am.

PROFESSOR MCNEIL- No. look at her.

PROFESSOR CONRAY reluctantly turns to look at her more intently.

PROFESSOR MCNEIL- Try to imagine her without any clothes on..

CONRAY feels outraged and would like to stop MCNEIL but instinctively decides not to cause trouble. Repressing his anger he says:

PROFESSOR CONRAY- Okay.

PROFESSOR MCNEIL- ..or any hair whatsoever.

PROFESSOR CONRAY- What??

CONRAY looks at MCNEIL in shocked disbelief but PROFESSOR MCNEIL gives him a stern look

PROFESSOR MCNEIL- Just do it. Can you picture it?

PROFESSOR CONRAY- (after a while) Yes.

They stay silent looking at her for a few seconds.

P.O.V CONRAY'S AND MEICNEIL BACK ABOVE THE SHOULDERS

PROFESSOR MCNEIL- We're all like that Thomas. Underneath.

PROFESSOR WOMAN leaves.

CONRAY rapidly turns to stare at his friend.

PROFESSOR CONRAY- She heard you, you sick bastard.

CONRAY, disgusted, gets up and leaves as well.

CAMERA TRAVELS TO FOLLOW CONRAY, who is going for the door, but just before he reaches it:

CAMERA PANS LEFT PARALLEL TO THE BAR COUNTER AND ZOOMS IN TO REACH JOEY AND MARK, who have been talking all of the time. JOEY is sitting between the counter and MARK, whose stool is further away from the bar. JOEY has long blondish hair with a goatee and is quite good-looking in a down-to-earth and easygoing way. MARK has dark brown short hair, quite good- looking as well but looks more serious.

JOEY- C'mon man, you gotta try the Crazy Dreamhorse!

MARK- No Joey it's stupid.. Really..

JOEY- But why? Everybody has tried the Crazy Dreamhorse. Everybody has to try the Crazy Dreamhorse sooner or later!

MARK- Well yes Ok, but.. I just don't understand, why do you have to buy the bottle?

JOEY- (distinctly pronounced and gently condescending) Because that's the way it's done. He takes a small used glass from the counter.

JOEY- Look. You wanna use this?!? Oh c'mon man, it's a sin! Glasses suck. Everybody knows that. And we don't wanna be suckers do we? If you wanna do it, do it, but I tell you, if you do I'm out of it. Go ahead and get drunk and full of shit...

MARK- Ok, all right Joey, I won't use a glass. but.. don't you think a bottle is a little bit too much?

JOEY- Man, if it's just about the money stay cool, I'm gonna pay for it.

MARK- (eyes to the sky) Oh fuck, it's not a problem of money ok? It's just that I don't understand why you wanna waste off your rent for something like this.

JOEY- (smiling jovially, already having made up his mind) I'm gonna buy it!

MARK shrugs his shoulders.

JOEY calls the BARGIRL

JOEY- Hey you, miss! A Smirnoff vodka bottle please.

The BARGIRL automatically bends down to grab a vodka glass from the bottom shelf of the counter when SHE realises she has been asked for a bottle, so SHE stands up again to face JOEY.

BARGIRL- Sorry, did you ask for a bottle?

JOEY nods.

JOEY- (smug, and gently taking the piss) Yes. That's precisely what I asked for.

The BARGIRL looks quizzical.

BARGIRL- Ok.

She goes to fetch the bottle.

JOEY- Thank you!

JOEY looks at MARK triumphantly and puts the money on the counter.

The BARGIRL puts the bottle on the counter. SHE sees the money and grabs it, even more quizzical.

JOEY looks at MARK and then tilts the bottle in his hand, without lifting it up, displaying it to MARK.

JOEY- (theatrically) Look at it. The adventure has just begun.

MARK smiles condescendingly and waits. JOEY does not take any initiative to open the bottle, instead just stares at him with a face similar to that of an excited boy who's going to open an old fascinating box full of mysterious treasures.

MARK- So how are we gonna drink it?

JOEY laughs as if at the punch line of a joke. When he's almost finished:

JOEY- Drink it? We're not gonna drink it!

MARK- We're not gonna drink it?!?

JOEY- Of course not. Fools do that.

MARK looks at him carefully trying to read his face. Then, half smiling:

MARK- Umph, you are joking.

JOEY shakes his head.

JOEY- Listen. This is what we do with it. You take the bottle in your hand and you place it in front of yourself, directing it towards whatever you wanna see. Then you look through it and things will appear to you how they really are.

MARK is confused. He does not know whether to think it's all just a bad joke or if his friend is a weirdo.

MARK- Umm, really?

JOEY knows his friend doesn't believe him. He gives him an intense look.

JOEY- Try it.

MARK is puzzled and no longer amused.

MARK- Look. I'm not gonna try it Joe. It's stupid.

While he's saying this HE moves his head in denial to his right to where PROFESSOR MCNEIL is sitting sipping the rest of his beer. MCNEIL is sitting there with no clothes on and without any hair whatsoever. MARK at first notices it only subliminally but an instant later he opens his eyes wider and is shocked by what he is seeing. He checks various times whether he is really seeing it, and then turns his head back to JOEY, who has not noticed

anything, with a look of dismay.

P.O.V MARK

As JOEY is saying

JOEY- Do you understand now?

JOEY suddenly is subject to a visual and vocal transfiguration. His voice assumes an unnaturally high pitch, and his face is that of an oddly dressed 8-year-old JOEY-child, with a brightly striped beanie on his head, complete with a tiny plastic toy propeller.

P.O.V JOEY

MARK is completely freaked out. He cautiously stands up from the stool, at brief intervals laughing uneasily.

MARK- I... ehm... have to go to the... toilet..

MARK makes his way through the crowd towards the exit.

CAMERA on JOEY FULL FIGURE, with empty stool on his right

JOEY is a bit surprised by his friend's behaviour, but doesn't seem too worried. He turns his attention to his precious bottle, which is still standing on the counter

CLOSE UP OF JOEY

and contemplates it, waiting for the right moment to start the game.

28

INT.OUTSIDE SOAS SNACK BAR.AFTERNOON

MARK has left the crowd and has just crossed the bar door's threshold. A long yellow slimy skinny arm with a beckoning finger calls him inside the snack bar' doorway on his left.

FREAK- Psst!

MARK slowly approaches the door, worried, thinking himself to be victim of vicious hallucinations whose origin he cannot explain. The arm disappears. MARK enters the snack bar whose doors are open but whose inside is dark.

EXTREME CLOSE UP of coffee percolator running.

MARK is trying to see where the FREAK is hiding, so he walks in carefully, scanning all of the snack bar's dark corners. He doesn't know what to believe so he lets himself be carried by the situation. The FREAK'S shadow suddenly looms from behind a fridge.

MARK sees it and stands before it.

MARK-Who are you?

FREAK- (from behind the fridge) We have to talk.

MARK behaves as if he were slowly starting to believe the FREAK really exists.

MARK- (summoning his courage) So let's talk.

FREAK- (stepping partially into the open, but still partially hidden by shadows) I've been sent to remind you of something you might have forgotten.

What can be seen of the FREAK are only dim outlines of his real appearance. He has got filthy black dreadlocks radiating from his head like a fright wig; ping pong balls for eyes, a brass kazoo for nose, a shapeless mouth with jagged teeth; he is naked under a trench coat, and has supernaturally thin yellow slimy legs; for shoes he wears hollowed out bread loaves.

FREAK- (whispering fiercely) You're insane.

EXTREME CLOSE UP of coffee percolator beginning to whine and hiss loudly.

FREAK- You're a fucking froot loop, man.

MARK sags backwards at these words, supporting himself with a hand on the counter beside him. A beam of light, coming from outside the doorway shows MARK's eyes as the eyes of a broken man. With his head hung slightly he looks around the room, refusing to look directly at the FREAK. His thoughts are unreadable. Finally his eyes do settle on the FREAK, a new light slowly comes into them, which transforms his previously sympathetic face into something darker. Then, under a sudden impulse he runs toward the FREAK, and, stepping into an area of darkness he furiously beats him with wild, uncontrolled fists. Only the blows can be seen. Then MARK folds the FREAK up and sticks him in the microwave, switching it on. Only now MARK's face can be seen. He's holding his head high and smiling at the FREAK without malice:

MARK-Look who's talking.

MARK leaves.

CUT TO

Coffee percolator in the foreground on the right pouring out boiling coffee, illuminated by the microwave light, with the FREAK's head partially visible inside, in the background on the left.

29

INT.SOAS BAR COUNTER.AFTERNOON

JOEY lifts the bottle and holds it up to level it to the glass that is resting on the counter so that he can look at it through the bottle.

P.O.V JOEY.

His hand holds the glass which looks now like a sphere inside of which a sequence of rapidly changing miniature images is projected:

DREAMISH QUALITY OF LIGHT FOR ALL SEQUENCE

1- EXT.HIGHWAY.MIDDAY

A BOY and a GIRL, about 17 years of age standing motionless in the middle of a deserted American-type highway holding hands.

2- INT.BATHROOM.NIGHT

An OLD MAN slowly and willingly drowning in his own foam- bath. Above him a squalid light bulb is hanging from a naked and rusty ceiling.

3- EXT.SCOTTISH MOORES.SUNSET

A HILLTOP BOY, 25ish, wandering alone in the wild with a dog.

4- EXT.ROAD.NIGHT

A WAITING WOMAN, 30ish, sitting by the side of a dark empty road illuminated only by a street lamp.

JOEY shifts the bottle to the left and stops looking through it. The glass now appears as it does under normal conditions.

JOEY is excited because his experiment has worked. He decides he has to test it on human subjects so he points the bottle to the BARGIRL, who is now serving drinks to a client.

P.O.V JOEY: The BARGIRL's face is transformed into that of a rat, and her expression is infinitely sad and resigned. The BARGIRL finishes serving drinks and unexpectedly turns to JOEY'S right. Her eyes now suddenly turn burning red. SHE raises her right arm, which is an Octopus's tentacle, walking towards JOEY .

JOEY immediately puts the bottle down the counter to discover that the BARGIRL, who is now normal again, is taking the glass off the counter to clean it. With her look SHE scrutinises JOEY. JOEY takes a deep breath, then decides to experiment the Crazy Dreamhorse in the city. JOEY stands up, takes care in grabbing the bottle securely and walks out of the bar in an excited haste, leaving by the same door MARK walked out.

30

EXT.SOAS ENTRANCE DOORS.AFT.

JOEY quickly runs out of the SOAS doors down the entrance stairs.

P.O.V SOAS'S ENTRANCE DOORS

JOEY alternates soft running and fast walking in the direction of Russell Square until he disappears round the corner

31

EXT.RUSSEL ST (TOWARDS HOLBORN).AFT.

JOEY is at times walking slowly with the bottle in his hand, at times standing still to observe the passers-by better.

PASSER-BY1 is approaching from ahead walking towards JOEY. JOEY can see it's a woman, 25ish, good looking, dressed in a stylish black suit, walking erect in a steadfast manner. A high rank career woman. JOEY levels the bottle to PASSER-BY1 and looks through.

P.O.V JOEY

CAMERA ZOOMS IN AND TRAVELS TO FOLLOW PASSER-BY1

PASSER-BY1 is half-shapeless black shadow half sheep with a panther's face, walking four legged with the same pace as before. JOEY puts the bottle down as the PASSER-BY1 passes him only to see another - PASSER-BY2 - coming out of a shop on his left and preparing to cross the road. PASSER-BY2 is a 70-80 year old man, with a long white beard, a grey old fashioned suit and hat. He helps himself walking with the use of a cane he carries with his right arm.

PASSER-BY2 stands on the edge of the pavement waiting for the cars to stop so that he can cross the road, when JOEY uses the bottle on him. PASSER-BY2 is now a 20-year-old soldier from head to waist. He is dressed in uniform, wears a helmet, and has a rifle hanging from his shoulder. His sleeves are rolled up. The lower part of his body is instead the trunk of a tree, with roots for feet, well anchored to the floor. Car frequency diminishes, so PASSER-BY2 looks to his right to check if it is safe to cross the road. In this way he happens to face JOEY .As HE is turning his face, he slowly puts a cigarette (formerly the stick) to his mouth with his right arm and smiles. He is beautiful and his face glows.

JOEY immediately lowers the bottle, and PASSER-BY2, now normal again, turns his head

back and, putting his stick down the pavement with the right arm, he slowly crosses the road. JOEY follows him with his eyes until he has crossed completely. JOEY feels happily elated, so he starts walking again in the direction of Holborn. While he's walking HE crosses two BRIEFCASE MEN, carrying briefcases and wearing black business suits. JOEY hears a part of their conversation while they approach him and pass him. BRIEF1 is walking on the shops side of the pavement while BRIEF2 walks on his left side. JOEY is further to BRIEF1's left.

BRIEF1- Therefore I'd intend to invest the £10.000 government grant on the WA project so that we could bring a bigger first quarter windfall to the company.

BRIEF2- (not looking too convinced) Mmm.

JOEY continues to look at them even now that they've just passed. A cellular phone rings, and BRIEF1 immediately picks it up from his pocket while apologising to BRIEF2 for the interruption.

BRIEF1- Oh sorry, just a moment.

BRIEF1 (TO PHONE)- Yes?

JOEY aims the bottle at the phone, which BRIEF1 naturally has put to his ear. While BRIEF1 continues with his conversation which gets more confused the more BRIEF1 AND BRIEF2 move further away from JOEY. JOEY can see that the telephone has turned into a mass of snakes, which swiftly envelop his head and squirm inside BRIEF1'S ear.

BRIEF1- Oh good morning. Yes, we were just talking about it... Yes, I assure you will be completely satisfied with our service. Oh, sure, no problem. Maybe we could settle the matter over dinner... mm...yes...Yes...I understand..

DAVID withdraws his look after the first few moments of curiosity, and looks a bit disgusted. He turns back in the direction of Holborn.

ORANGE FLASH LIGHT

SEQUENCE OF JUMP CUTS

1- EXT.PARK.AFT

JOEY running around holding the bottle with his right arm at a level with his right eye.

2- EXT.OUTSIDE COFFEE SHOP.AFT

P.O.V COFFE SHOP WINDOW PANE

Two CATWOMEN are sitting at a table sipping coffee just in front of the cafe's window. They are two women with cat's eyes and very long cat's tails which lay on the table beside their cups .The two CATWOMEN gently caress their tails, which move slightly like those of cats, while talking. Their mouths can be seen moving but their words cannot be heard.

3- EXT.STREET.AFT

JOEY running in the middle of the street, thus trying to avoid cars in both directions, using the bottle to look at the office buildings.

4- EXT.PARK. AFT

A CELTIC girl, beautiful, with plaited red hair styled in the typical Celtic manner, is swimming on site naked in a park lake, while two CHILDREN, a boy and a girl, are throwing her pieces of bread from the shore, as with ducks. She, in turn, tries to catch the

bred with her mouth.

5- INT. LAW COURT BUILDING CORRIDORS.AFT

JOEY walking fast along the corridors trying to sneak inside the Law Court to spy on the cases with his bottle.

6- EXT.STREET.AFT

P.O.V THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE ROAD

A row of shops (recognisable by the glittering intermittent lights of their signs) transformed into faces of giant aggressive barking dogs, and a SHOPKEEPER coming out of one of these shops with a dog's face and barking himself as well.

7- EXT.TRAFALGAR SQ.AFT

JOEY running around pointing the bottle to the TOURISTS.

8- EXT. OUTSIDE ST. MARTIN IN THE FIELDS CHURCH.AFT

P.O.V THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET.

HUMAN1 and HUMAN2 (man and woman) are kissing (profile) embraced beside one of the columns of the yard, opposite the church's entrance. Their mouths are small elephant's trunks that touch on the front nostrils and suck the other's snout.

9- INT.UNDERGROUND.AFT

JOEY is pointing the bottle to the tube as it approaches from the end of the tunnel and stops in front of him.

10-EXT.TRAFALGAR SQ.AFT

A horde of American ZOMBIE-TOURISTS comes out of a coach parked in the square. Their clothes are typical American tourist style but their bodies are those of dead corpses rotting.

ORANGE FLASH LIGHT

32

INT.SOAS BAR.AFT

Students are talking at various tables.

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF STUDENT4's MOUTH .PROFILE LEFT.

STUDENT4 is male, has black goatee and moustache. Ordinary type.

STUDENT4- Some kind of primal fear. Sometimes I think it's a nest of poisonous spiders, or perhaps just one very big spider living somewhere in everybody's head. It's psychological really...

CUT TO

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF STUDENT5'S MOUTH .PROFILE RIGHT.

STUDENT5 is female, has round face, brown hair, ordinary.

STUDENT5- The rhythm... where everybody gets to get away from the city, but they'll chase you down anyway, and take you to a desert where you can really become.. it's kind of cool, ain't it?

CUT TO

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF STUDENT6'S FACE WITH ONLY HALF EYES VISIBLE. 3/4 LEFT.

STUDENT6 is female, long blond hair, ordinary type.

STUDENT6- Something about cannibals. There's always something about cannibals, or about being alone, or about being with someone, or about wanting to run out of steam, or perhaps just one very big spider, and I dream of this spider but I am afraid of him because he's the only one capable of stopping me, because he 's heard about me-
CUT TO

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF STUDENT5'S FACE WITH ONLY HALF OF HER EYES VISIBLE.(3/4 RIGHT PROFILE).

STUDENT5- (laughing) And he wants to kill me next!!

CUT TO

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF STUDENT4'S FACE. FRONT. (His eyes can be seen)

STUDENT4- And always over all this the old stinking redundant corny plagiarised image keeps on walking on long skinned and emaciated legs that taper down to oozing seedy hooves that clop along the pavement of a sidewalk near you.

OFF SCREEN SOUND EFFECT: DEER FOOTSTEPS WALKING ON PAVEMENT LIKE A HUMAN

33

EXT. STREET. AFT

JOEY is coming back towards Soas walking on a solitary street.

OFF SCREEN SOUND EFFECT: deer footsteps gradually fading.

JOEY can hear the footsteps on his left. HE has arrived to a left turn, and although he has to proceed ahead he throws a glance to his left to see if he can see the cause of the strange sound.

Something looking like a TALL SKINNED DEER walking on two legs has just turned round the corner and is no longer visible. THE SOUND OF THE DEER'S FOOTSTEPS DIES OUT.

JOEY continues to walk ahead in a street devoid of cars. Suddenly a black CAB appears at the end of the street in front of him. The CAB stops and stays stopped. At first JOEY has an expression of slight curiosity on his face, and stops walking as well. He looks at the CAB and decides to use the bottle on it. What HE sees though is more interesting than expected.

The CAB is ominously roaring like a bull. JOEY advances a little towards the car to see better. The CAB roars even louder. JOEY advances a little bit more and stops. Nobody can be seen inside the car because its windows are smoked.

The wheels suddenly start moving very fast but the break must be pulled because the car does not move ahead.

THE SOUND OF THE WHEELS IS LIKE THAT OF A SCREAM.

JOEY decides to get down on the street not to loose the unique opportunity to watch the car while it's moving. The CAB's headlights come on, producing strongly bright yellow light beams.

THE SOUND OF AN INTERMITTENT HORN SUBSTITUTES THE ROAR. After a few moments the front bonnet opens up and the CAB starts running at high velocity with the HORN CONSTANTLY SOUNDING. JOEY is in the middle of the street watching

the car coming towards him through the bottle. He knows he has to get out if he doesn't want to be run over but he is enormously fascinated and he continuously puts off the time to get out. The CAB, screaming with its horns and its pulled up bonnet and its lights, is coming fast towards JOEY, looking like an hungry beast, but JOEY wants to push the limits of what he can see further and further so HE does not jump away. His excitement grows more and more till he realises the car is too much near him to escape. He surrenders to the fascination of this "game" and accepts the inevitable. The CAB smashes into him and its open bonnet swallows him like a mouth.

MUSIC "TAKE IT ALL" - YELLO

The CAB skids, swerves in a 180-degree arc, and shudders to a halt. The ground opens up beneath it and it drops into a pit of hellfire.

BLACKNESS

SOUND EFFECT: Gun shot

34

INT.SOAS BAR.AFTERNOON

P.O.V DAVID'S BACK LOOKING OVER HIS LEFT SHOULDER.

The pool table, the PLAYERS, and all people hanging around, plus part of the bar can be seen. DAVID talks facing straight ahead. The bar is not quite as crowded as before as it is past lunch hour. MARK is sitting on a stool with his face buried in his arms and hands.

DAVID- The revelation can be too much for some to handle. And even if you can there's always gonna be Hell right there beside Heaven... and you gotta face it alone...

JO- Alone...

DAVID- It's like when you die. You can't carry your best friend with you.

JO- In all the important times...

DAVID- it's just you.

A moment of silence.

JO- still... there's that energy that pushes everybody to get together.

DAVID- It's not something that comes from outside. We create it. So we must need it. The same energy that creates the monsters in the mirror can create the force that people call love..

JO- They push us to get together David, so we can dream to be in love.

P.O.V DAVID .

CLOSE UP OF JO (RIGHT PROFILE)

JO- Love is such an abused little thing. Here, right now people are being pushed to get together with somebody even when they're not ready. Look at all the students. With some variations we could say the girls are looking for the blue prince to come and take them away on their white horse to a fairyland of happiness and unending love.

35

INT.ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASSROOM.DAY

EXTREME CLOSE UP of light switch being switched off by a hand.

P.O.V BACK OF ROOM

The curtains are drawn, the light is off; an old school projector has been set up together with a white rolling sheet to show a super8 film to elementary school kids of both sexes. The projector's light is switched on.

The kids sit on chairs, BOYS on the right, GIRLS on the left, facing the sheet. Girls can be distinguished from boys because they all wear caps as part of their uniforms.

On the classroom screen the film countdown starts. The GIRLS look interested, and look at the screen attentively while some BOYS are making noise throwing balls of screwed up paper at one another. The TEACHER, who is standing to the right of the projector, silences them by turning left to face them and raising her finger to her mouth.

TEACHER: Shhhhhhhh!!!

FILM SEQUENCE 1:

INT.APARTMENT.LATE AT NIGHT

MUSIC: RIDERS ON THE STORM, THE DOORS

CLOSE UP OF JO sitting at her desk studying.

The lamp on her right illuminates the piece of paper she is writing on. She has already written half a page, with many corrections. The desk is positioned beside a typical english window. There are lots of books piled up on the table.

CAMERA ZOOM OUT so that WINDOW is in shot. It is raining hard

CUT TO

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF RAIN as seen from inside windowpane.

CUT BACK

JO stops writing. She looks out of the window and sees the rain. She stretches her neck.

There is a coffee mug on her right near the lamp. She sips some coffee: it's finished. Slowly she gets up, and goes towards the kitchen to grab some more coffee.

CUT TO

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF coffee percolator, quarter filled with coffee, left on a hot plate near the sink, where one of the taps is leaking water.

JO picks it up and is pouring the coffee into the mug when the doorbell rings. JO registers surprise – she isn't expecting anybody. She leaves the mug on the kitchen counter.

P.O.V JO'S BACK

CAMERA TRAVELS TO FOLLOW HER

SHE walks along the corridor which leads to her front door wondering who it can be. At about half way the doorbell rings again. SHE opens the door.

SHOT OF PRINCE FULL FIGURE CENTER FRAME

ALL SOUND EFFECTS CEASE.

The PRINCE, a tall well-built handsome man, with wavy Viking-like longish reddish hair and green eyes, dressed with stylish Seattle grunge-style clothes is standing in the middle of the doorway. Outside it is still raining but the rain seems to pass through the PRINCE without making effect. A white soft light illuminates the PRINCE and another spot behind him (the HORSE, which is not yet visible), making him look almost dreamlike.

P.O.V JO'S BACK

HE looks at her intently as if to say: «I've answered your call and now I have come to take

you away». JO looks at him turning up her head with amazement. JO shifts her head to the right so that she can see the source of the white light. It's a white HORSE, dressed with fine golden harness and tied to a parking meter. The HORSE radiates the same light as the PRINCE does. JO turns back to face the PRINCE with an even greater amazement. The PRINCE, without withdrawing his powerful gaze, stretches one of his hands out gently, as if inviting JO to another land. JO is almost in a trance and after a moment of hesitation offers her hand to him. As SHE touches his,

CLOSE UP OF JO'S RIGHT FEET THE DOOR'S THRESHOLD.

CUT TO

The PRINCE helps JO onto the horse and then gets on it himself. SOUND EFFECTS RESTORED.

He flicks the reins of the horse forcefully. At the same time a thunderbolt strikes the sky and the rain can be heard tapping hard on the ground as the PRINCE rides the horse wildly through the street towards the city's horizon.

END OF FILM SEQUENCE

The film rolls out. The light is switched on again. The TEACHER takes the film reel out of the projector and puts it down beside it. A sticker on the reel reads "GIRLS". SHE picks up another film reel, labelled "BOYS", and she fits into in the projector.

JO (V.O)- The boys instead dream of being trapped with a "Barbie doll sex kitten" in a elevator and being forced by her unquenchable lust to prove their masculine prowess to her..

The light is switched off again and the projector starts showing the countdown. Now the BOYS suddenly stop talking and pay attention, while the GIRLS look disinterested.

FILM SEQUENCE 2:

INT. UNIVERSITY BUILDING. DAY

ANGLED CLOSE UP OF closed elevator doors. Floor indicator shows lift going up. Silence. Floor indicator shows lift stopped on the 8th floor.

SOUND EFFECT: steps of someone approaching the lift.

DAVID walks into the shot from right of screen and presses the call button. HE is wearing his university casual clothes and carries a book and a notebook in his hand.

P.O.V DAVID'S BACK.

He is standing on the lift's right, facing the doors.

P.O.V DAVID

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF LIFT INDICATOR. LIFT GOING DOWN

As the lift reaches the 4th floor

P.O.V DAVID'S BACK,

SHOT OF DAVID AND THE ELEVATOR FULL FIGURE CENTRE FRAME

The lift reaches the ground floor

CLOSE UP OF ELEVATOR DOORS CENTER FRAME

The doors are about to open. They open, but nobody can be seen inside. An instant later BARBY, a woman until then hidden behind one of the doors appears from the left and

stands in the centre of the elevator. The BARBY is very blond, with blue eyes, dressed provocatively in a long red velvet dress with a huge vent on the leg. SHE wears red high heel shoes. The neck and the shoulders are bare apart from a cat's head shaped pendant. SHE looks at DAVID as if calling him inside the lift. As DAVID bashfully gets in close to the right door SHE takes an academic type of book from behind her back and opens it in the middle without withdrawing her provocative, stylish and sexy look from DAVID.

DAVID notices the pendant

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF THE PENDANT.

The lift doors close. Because of his embarrassment DAVID cannot help acting a bit awkward and stands in the corner near the buttons feeling BARBY'S stare on his body. HE shyly points to the buttons still facing her 3\4.

DAVID- Ehm.. Which floor..?

Still staring at him The BARBY closes the book holding it with her left hand, then advances towards DAVID so much as to almost touch him and stretches her right arm in order to press the button behind him, thus enclosing him on the right. As DAVID imperceptibly moves to avoid the touch of her arm. BARBY stretches the other arm as well and so confines him to the corner. DAVID looks as if he's going to say something to protest but...

P.O.V DAVID CLOSE UP OF BARBY'S FACE

SHE raises her right hand to her mouth and waves her index finger disapprovingly.

P.O.V BARBY'S BACK FROM ABOVE

CLOSE UP OF DAVID'S AND BARBY'S LEGS.

The books falls on the floor, BARBY'S legs entwine with DAVID'S, a sound of shirt being ripped, shirt buttons fall on the floor.

END OF FILM SEQUENCE

JO (V.O)- The way in which they go about their life-

INT.SOAS BAR.AFTERNOON

P.O.V DAVID

CLOSE UP OF JO (RIGHT PROFILE)

JO is still talking to DAVID while people are busy drinking and the same two PLAYERS are playing at the pool table

JO- is determined by what they see on tv. Take the woman's image. There's cat woman and the feminist, the defeated one and the half-naked emancipated warrior; the sex kitten, the ugly but intelligent, the virgin, the street rebel, the bitch, the professional social climber, the man-hater and the man-eater... what are the role models that a poor girl who is trying to find her identity can choose from? TV implicitly proposes her these ideals as the only possible ones. These are the only fucked up role models she can choose from.

DAVID- TV is just another kind of culture Jo. People need it. It's just that they don't like using their own head.

JO- I know! I know that!

DAVID- So?

JO- So this culture is fucked up. And if people need culture they don't need one that's fucked up.

DAVID- But all cultures are the same. There is no difference. They all suck.

JO looks at the pool table.

JO- So this culture sucks just like any other right?

DAVID- That's right.

JO- Well I am scared. And offended.

DAVID- Offended?

JO- Yes. And so should you.

DAVID- Why?

JO- Because this culture offends our intelligence!

DAVID- How?

One of the pool PLAYERS sticks his ass in JO's face while lining up a shot. She moves to her right, and so is forced to talk to DAVID with her face very close to his.

JO- Subtle social control works on a level that is much more effective than outward coercion. If you were outwardly forced to conform, you'd be dragged up to a iron tower in front of a crowd of witnesses. There you 'd spend your days screaming out your innocence and furiously blaming your jailers. Everyone would have a chance to hear you. Everybody would know that a crime has been committed supposedly by you and would know that you consider it an injustice. They probably would judge you guilty on the basis that authority has decided you should be punished, but at least there would be space for doubt.

Now, subtle social control wants to eliminate even that doubt. To avoid possible rebellion or any kind of trouble, there is no material iron tower. Instead you are drugged into sleep and you're put comfortably down on a soft and warm bed inside a golden palace. Then you're told that this palace is here only for your benefit and that all there is to know and all there is to see in life is inside it. "Life is only possible if you follow some simple rules and you don't question what you're told." But if you instead try to question it and ask too many questions you eventually are put in special units, where you are denied credibility and you are declared mentally ill or, alternatively, socially deranged. The invisible palace police patrols the palace gates day and night without respite, making sure nothing and nobody poses a threat to the safety of its inhabitants. Of course you're free to leave at any time, but should you venture outside it you are warned you'll enter a no-man's land. There, there is no food and shelter. No love and understanding. You are too weird to be approached, and you end up alone and hungry. Unless, of course, you're lucky enough to meet someone who has had your same fate.

DAVID thinks. After a pause:

DAVID- So it's easier to trick the stupid than to fight the intelligent.

JO- Look at the results David. They are disastrous.

37

EXT.PARK.DAY (REFER TO FIGURE 1 FOR THE LAYOUT OF THIS SCENE)

A bushy area of the park with four trees whose positions form a cross. Between the trees there is a clearing.

P.O.V TREE TOPS , CENTER OF CLEARING

JO (V.O)- They try and love each other but they do not know how to do it.

P.O.V BEHIND TREE1 LOOKING AT TREE2, which can be seen in the distance on the right.

HOOLA HOOP WOMAN, dressed in a classical pink ballet dress, black spiky hair held in the centre by a pink ribbon, black Doc Martin boots, a fake cat tail, and holding with her left hand a pink hoola hoop which goes around her waist, appears leaning out the right side of the trunk as if looking for HOOLA HOOP MAN and taking care not to be seen.

CAMERA QUICKLY PANS LEFT TO TREE3.

HOOLA HOOP MAN, dressed with a vest-like Barbarian fur on an otherwise bare chest, bicycle shorts, a seventeenth century powdered wig, nice leather Armani-style shoes, enters from the right, swinging a blue hoola hoop too fast for it to be seen properly, runs across the screen to the left and vanishes behind tree3.

CUT TO

HOOLA HOOP WOMAN edges round the side of tree2 because she's heard a noise and tries to see where it came from.

P.O.V HOOLA HOOP WOMAN .

A SEQUENCE OF JUMP CUTS:

HOOLA HOOP WOMAN, attempting to understand where the HOOLA HOOP MAN is hiding, quickly scans around tree3 tree1 tree4, but she cannot see anyone.

CUT TO

HOOLA HOOP MAN swiftly moves from one tree to the other various times. Finally HOOLA HOOP WOMAN sees him and a chase between the two ensues, in which they both run swinging their respective hoola hoops around their waist and cut at the air with knives in their hands.

JO (V.O)- They are given a costume to wear which seems to match their desires. But sooner or later fear and insecurity are going to mess up the whole plan.

P.O.V TREE TOPS. CENTER OF CLEARING

HOOLA HOOP WOMAN and MAN are chasing each other from one side of the clearing to the other one with a comic effect.

JO (V.O)- The game'll become delusion and sooner or later someone is gonna get killed.

CUT TO

At each tree base there alternates a HOOLA HOOP MAN threatening a HOOLA HOOP WOMAN'S life by holding his knife against her neck while she's trapped against the tree trunk, and a HOOLA HOOP WOMAN doing the same to a HOOLA HOOP MAN. In total there are four couples, one for each tree trunk.

OFF-SCREEN SOUND EFFECT: a peacock mating scream, coming from the bushes, followed by the fast footsteps of an animal running through the bushes. The underbrush between tree2 and tree4 rustles in a direct line of approach pushed aside by an unseen creature that's running towards the clearing.

THE CREATURE enters the clearing running, and comes to a halt in its centre. It's a man, with bright yellow rooster legs and a bright orange rooster crest on his head. He's got wings on his back, made of violet peacock feathers, and he swings them up and down in

the manner of a peacock's mating ritual. As he moves into the middle of the clearing he stops for a second, pulls his wings open as much as he can and starts screaming again in a more plaintive tone, at the same time rhythmically jumping around in a mating dance.

38

INT.SOAS BAR.AFTERNOON

JUKEBOX MUSIC "DREAMS ARE MY REALITY": INTRODUCTION

DAVID starts to roll up a cigarette which could also be a joint. While still in the process of rolling up he says:

DAVID- Still there must be something spiritual in love

JO takes her beer and sips it with an ironic smile.

39

EXT.PARK.DAY

(AS FOR SCENE 37)

JUKE BOX MUSIC GROWS AS CHORUS STARTS

THE CREATURE is sitting cross-legged in the centre of the clearing, with his arms and head up to wail at the sky. He is calling his mate.

40

INT.OFFICE.DAY

JUKE BOX MUSIC STILL ON

CLOSE UP OF CLERK (FEMALE) SITTING ON HER DESK CENTER FRAME.

SHE is wearing sober office clothes and ugly glasses with black framework. SHE's got straight black hair to the shoulder, tidily combed behind her ears. It's time for a break so SHE stops her work on the computer and grabs a coffee mug on her left without actually raising it to her mouth. SHE is bored and unhappy. Her eyes express no interest in life and are half closed apathetically. Her head almost dangles above the coffee mug. With an automatic gesture of her right arm SHE switches on the small radio that lies on the table but what comes out of its little speaker is not the usual pop song but the CREATURE'S wailing. Suddenly SHE withdraws her hand from the mug, lifts her head up, opens her dark brown eyes wide and stands up straight as if pulled up by an invisible rope. SHE immediately turns up the radio's volume and stands immobile with her arms lying rigid at her sides and a trance-like expression in her eyes, while the wailing is building up to a climax.

Suddenly, SHE runs out of shot as the climax is being reached.

41

EXT.STREETS. DAY

JUKE BOX MUSIC STILL ON

A montage of the CLERK running down the middle of three different streets, performing female peacock-like mating rituals in an excited manner. SHE has electric blue chicken legs, an electric light blue chicken crest on her head and red peacock feathered wings on her

back. At intervals SHE utters a guttural high-pitched scream while raising her arms to the sky.

42

EXT.PARK DAY

(AS FOR SCENE 37)

JUKE BOX MUSIC STILL ON

THE CLERK enters the clearing, running from behind tree 1. The CREATURE is sitting motionless on the ground in the middle of the clearing with his forehead resting on his knees and his hands reaching down to his feet. His wings are closed. The CLERK, seeing his position stops running and advances cautiously towards the CREATURE, now uttering much lower and less frequent calls. Her wings are lowered as well.

As she nears him she starts circling him first on the left then on the right, finally breaking into a dance while continuing to circle him again and again. Her wings are now open. While this is happening the CREATURE does not change his position until the JUKEBOX SONG is approaching its end. At this point the CLERK starts dancing more slowly and gradually shifts her position so that SHE faces him more and more. The CREATURE, for his part, starts moving his arms up to resemble the blossom of an opening flower, at the same time slowly opening his wings. Just before the song finishes the CLERK is sitting on her knees in front of him with her arms raised to the level of his shoulders, but without touching them, while the CREATURE has his arms raised to her shoulders in the same way. The JUKEBOX SONG ends. They both open their eyes and stare at each other's eyes. At the same time they touch each other's shoulders, they lower their heads and rest them against each other.

43

INT.SOAS BAR. LATE AFTERNOON

As the afternoon proceeds, a performance is about to start. A small stage, bare except for a microphone, is set up in a corner of the bar. There is a lot of smoke and few people. A POET, slightly fat, unshaven, in dirty clothes, steps up the stage and starts adjusting the microphone.

CUT TO

DAVID and JO are now smoking the cigarette\joint.

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF SMOKE BEING BLOWN THROUGH THE AIR FROM A MOUTH TOWARDS THE CAMERA. CENTER FRAME.

CAMERA ZOOMS OUT to make it clear it's David who has exhaled the smoke.

P.O.V POOL TABLE facing JO and DAVID smoking CENTER FRAME

Just after exhaling, DAVID passes the cigarette to JO.

DAVID- So people have fucked up ideas about love uh?

JO nods while she's taking a drag and manages to say:

JO- And big time about sex .

SHE immediately blows the smoke out of her mouth into the CAMERA which in turn ZOOMS IN to achieve the same view it began the scene with.

The smoke functions as a GREY FADE OUT.

JO (V.O)- Take a small boy...

44

EXT. WOODLAND CLEARING. DAY

FADE IN

A FATHER and his SON, dressed in heavy flannel with hunting caps, are standing in a woodland clearing over the carcass of a dead STAG. The FATHER is holding a shotgun like he means it, and the SON a hacksaw like he doesn't.

FATHER- Son, the alternatives to vaginal intercourse are pleasurable unto themselves, and in fact in many cases even more so. At least, that's what your mother and I have found. In all forms of sexual relations, however, it is extremely important for the pleasure of those concerned to maintain a steadily escalating rhythm. A standard common time rock beat is a good place to start. Imagine this song is being played on a turntable; you should begin on 33 and a third RPM, but by the point of climax you should be doing 45. Never go past that point though, as it's quite likely you'll end up hurting yourself, or your partner.

SON- Yes dad.

FATHER- Now, do you want to cut this thing's head off, or should I?

SON- I don't think I can do it, dad.

FATHER- Okay, but this is the last time. A boy your age should stop getting squeamish about things like this. It's dead, son. It's just a piece of meat now. The hardest part is killing it, even with a gun. Pass me that hacksaw.

CLOSE UP OF THE STAG'S NECK.

Its dead eyes turn to watch as the FATHER presses the hacksaw against it. As HE drags it across the hide for the first time, the eyes snap back to staring straight ahead, like those of a patient who is afraid of injections.

FATHER (V.O)- Killing and being killed is not the natural order of things, not quite. It's close though, and has become more and more necessary over the past hundred million years. Some time I'll have to tell you about the Third Law of Thermodynamics, I think then you'll begin to understand.

The STAG's tongue sticks out abruptly as the saw begins to cut through the bone.

MUSIC "AVA" - DAVID BYRNE starts to play, warm mellow strings playing a gradually mounting canon.

CAMERA PANS UP TO THE SHINING WHITE SKY, PAST THE SON'S QUEASY FACE.

A CROW flies past, flitting below the tops of the trees. The CROW descends on a CRICKET, killing it and eating it in one easy motion.

CUT TO

The STAG's head comes off.

CUT TO

A track leading into a dense forest.

CUT TO

SPARROWS, perched on a branch.

CUT TO

Pine needles.

CUT TO

Three trees whose trunks have grown together.

CUT TO

The track, with a TOP HAT MAN, standing near the edge of vision. Slowly, it turns to face us.

CUT TO

A stream, carrying debris down with its current.

CUT TO

The edge of the forest, beyond which there is a small town with a water tower in the foreground.

CUT TO

The STAG's body, without its head.

FATHER (V.O)- Nature has been interpreted as being a number of things. Beautiful. Static. Good. Non-human. Clean. Violent. Unpredictable. Dying. These interpretations are incorrect, yet nature does exist. It is not an abstract concept. It is physical and you can touch it and at the same time it is entirely a product of our minds. These two concepts are not contradictions.

The SON notices the TOP HAT MAN'S tricycle leaning against a tree, with the top hat abandoned beside it.

MUSIC FADES

45

INT.SOAS BAR.EVE

JO- It's all about social conditioning and shit like that

JO takes another drag while the POET picks up some papers from the floor and shuffles them together before speaking.

JO (V.O)- a mess of nature and nurture fucked up all together-

POET- Nature.. my mother...I watched them rape you...they shaved your green forests from your body and then they penetrated you with mineshafts...your scream was the call of dying dodo...(DROWNED OUT BY V.O)

FATHER- Masturbation is not nature, but it's fun, educational and-

46

EXT.WOODS.AFT

FATHER and SON are walking home through a path in the forest.

P.O.V OVER THEIR SHOULDERS FROM A LONG DISTANCE

FATHER- Necessary for a healthy mind, particularly for men. It's a double-edged sword, however. If you don't do it often enough, it may result in what it's called sexual repression. This is a state wherein one refuses to think or act in a sexual manner, and therefore by paradox does so all of the time. You're not properly adjusted when this is the case. If you masturbate too often, you're thinking and acting sexually all of the time by your own free

will, so it's basically the same. With masturbation, as with all things, balance is the most judicious option.

47

INT.SOAS BAR.EVE

POET bows, accepts a scattered applause, then steps down from stage.

48

INT.COUNTRY HOUSE. EVE

CLOSE UP OF A POT OF BOILING CORN.

CAMERA ZOOMS OUT TO SHOW THE FATHER, WHO'S STIRRING IT.

The SON is sitting on the floor beside him, with a collection of toy robots. The MOTHER, instead, is sitting at the kitchen table, playing solitaire.

FATHER (to SON)- Female masturbation is much less common than that of the male, in all species which practice it. It is hypothesised that so called "natural selection" has developed the male libido to be more intense than that of the female, to promote reproduction at a faster rate. In actual fact, however, the female libido can be much more intense than the male's, but it is more difficult to stimulate. When you fantasise about sex, son, do the women seem to be enjoying themselves?

SON- (thinking about it) I guess so. Yeah.

FATHER- Do they vocalise their pleasure?

SON- Sometimes.

FATHER- You'll find that in reality this can be difficult to achieve.

MOTHER- It's wrong to consider this an achievement. Many men are very egoistical when it comes to sex. They regard the female orgasm as a statement of their value. Sometimes your father falls in to this category.

The FATHER dries his spoon by hitting it against the rim of the pot, then pours the corn through a colander. The SON looks from his MOTHER to his FATHER, then changes one of his robots into an areoplane. The MOTHER frowns at the cards, then gathers them up and begins to reshuffle them.

FATHER (to MOTHER)- Well, you never complained.

The MOTHER ignores him and deals a new tableau.

The SON puts his toys down and moves to sit in front of the TV. HE switches it on and starts watching it intently.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN THE TV SCREEN

FILM SEQUENCE 3

INT. WHITE ROOM.

MUSIC "LOVE RESCUE ME", U2

The room is white and without furniture. There are no windows. The room is square and small. There is only a naked bulb hanging from the ceiling, which throws bright light around. There is a crack in the wall.

CLOSE UP OF THE BULB.

SHARON, a white 25ish woman dressed with a sober but nice brown miniskirt and a cream blouse, (stylish but ordinary clothes), has hands and feet chained to the floor. Her arms and legs are spread apart. GREG, his male counterpart, is standing in the space between her legs. In his hand he is holding a white mug, from which he takes small centipedes one by one, and drops them onto SHARON, who is terrified and tries, unsuccessfully, to set herself free. GREG drops the centipedes with an air of fierce and affected indifference. Her screams cannot be heard although her lips move, along with her head and the whole body.

CUT TO

The BOY changes channel

CUT TO

FILM SEQUENCE 4

EXT. PARK. DAY

12 year old LITTLE GIRL, dressed in typical gym clothes, is performing in front of two middle aged LADIES she knows. The two, probably her aunts or friends, are sitting on a bench, looking at her, while she exercises behind the bench at some distance. The LITTLE GIRL is pretending to be an aerobic gymnast, greatly exaggerating the postures she imitates. She runs and dances with irregular but very expressive movements, in a completely uninhibited way.

CAMERA PANS ACCROSS the park in a 360° circle and comes back to exactly the same spot.

the LITTLE GIRL is pretending to be an aerobic gymnast as before but this time the LADIES beckon her to sit down. She does, and looks very unhappy about it. At the same time the MOTHER is talking to her son.

MOTHER (V.O)- Could you please change to channel one dear.

CUT TO

FILM SEQUENCE 5

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO. DAY

JO and DAVID are celebrity guests at a book launch talk show. The show is presented by a slim AMERICAN blond woman who wears glasses to seem more intellectual. who is sitting cross legged between JO and DAVID in CENTER FRAME.

AMERICAN: So, Jo, tell us about the way in which the near-death moment that you experienced in that tragic, but in a way lucky, day one year ago has enlightened you in matters of sexuality and self-expression.

JO- Well, first of all thank you for having me here today. For what concerns that tragic night in which I almost drowned and I saw my whole life scroll in front of me as if on a screen, I think that it is the book really that can best speak of what I found out about myself and the state that the world is in with regards to sexual matters. In particular, I feel that it is the main character's struggles, that's Danielle, that carry most of the message that I wanted to get across.

AMERICAN (nodding)- Right. And I what exactly would you say this message is about?
JO- Well, I wouldn't want to give too much of the book away of course... anyway I'd say that mostly it all revolves around the idea of Nature and Nurture; the correlation of the two if you will, and the way that this correlation influences our perceptions of what is sexually desirable behaviour.

DAVID at this point joins in the conversation

DAVID- Ehmm.. if I could add something at this point...

AMERICAN- Sure, go ahead

DAVID- Well, I'd just like to say that I think what my wife is trying to say, put into simple words for the average American, is that... well, that a distorted sexual education through films and social conditioning can be damaging to the way a boy or a girl understands sex and as a consequence has sex.... it becomes the opposite of a natural act into something quite artificial...

AMERICAN- uhm... interesting (to JO) And... do you agree with how your husband has described the book's content?

JO- Yes. But I would also like to specify that in my book I also describe how in Danielle's life Nurture seems to be attempting to imitate Nature by becoming self aware and trying to operate in a self-correcting manner. This is reflected in our present day effort at remedying our mistakes by bringing the sexual experience back to its natural state. In the book, as in life, this has been attempted by establishing rules that the sexually active adult should abide to. But as it becomes clear later on in the plot, such measures can become counterproductive, especially with regards to the suggestible adolescent mind.

AMERICAN (to DAVID)- What rules exactly do you think she's referring to?

DAVID- Well... basically how I understand it is that... well, in different times and in different cultures there has always been some kind of teaching about sex that in a way or another was at least partially distorting... in our society it's got to do with some religious teachings but also and mostly with what we see on TV, on ads, on magazines... and sometimes even sexual education that tries to describe what is "normal" in sex can make young people who don't know much about it quite confused and insecure and with a lot of sexual "problems"...

CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS OUT to reveal the television screen back into the room

AMERICAN- Right.. they tell me from the studio that the film is ready to be shown now...so we'll be able to have a glimpse of your book's remake shortly after the commercial brake...

In the background the MOTHER leaves the table where she's been sitting and walks to the stove. The boy does not notice and asks her

BOY (to MOTHER)- Can I please change channel mum?

As she does not answer the BOY looks at the table and does not find her there, so changes channel back to

FILM SEQUENCE 3

(INT. WHITE ROOM.

MUSIC "LOVE RESCUE ME", U2)

CLOSE UP OF THE BULB

Now it's GREG lying on the floor, with his hands and feet chained. SHARON is standing with him between her legs just below his and holding the same coffee mug in her hand; she drops centipedes on GREG, like he has done before to her. While GREG is trying to stop her by appealing to her sense of pity and by making promises (his lips move but we hear no sound, while his expression talks by itself), SHARON drops the centipedes while looking at him with a falsely pitying, sarcastic smile. Ads appear.

CUT TO

Just as the ads appear the MOTHER comes back to try and find the talk show again, but without success..

MOTHER- Is the talk show over?

SHE switches on to other channels but finds only adverts. At the end she just leaves it at random to the BOY'S discretion

MOTHER- Oh well, it wasn't that interesting anyway.

As she moves to the stove she says to the BOY

MOTHER- The corn will be ready in a minute.

The BOY continues to watch TV

On the TV screen:

FILM SEQUENCE 6

JUMP CUTS of FILM SEQUENCES

(Any Disaster Movie)

Scenes of city evacuation: crowds of people running frantically inside buildings and streets trying to get out of the city, people cracking, people being run over other people, people shouting to go in one direction than in the opposite one.

A submarine earthquake is threatening to submerge the whole city. The waves travel high, and are coming fast towards the shore.

The BOY changes channel back to

FILM SEQUENCE 3

(INT. WHITE ROOM.

MUSIC: "LOVE RESCUE ME", U2)

P.O.V CEILING.

The bulb is swinging. The white mug is on the floor in the middle of the room just above the bulb. The room is empty but for the mug.

P.O.V THE FLOOR FROM ONE OF THE WALLS.

SHOT OF THE MUG CENTER FRAME.

CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS IN TO REVEAL SOME MOVEMENTS INSIDE THE MUG. Small unidentifiable black bodies are emerging at intervals from the mug's edge, then disappearing again inside. As the CAMERA gets nearer, the two bodies become more visible. One of them is a miniature of GREG, the other a miniature of SHARON. They are

as small as centipedes and are trying, in vain, and with immense effort, to get out of the coffee mug.

The BOY switches channels back to
FILM SEQUENCE 6
(EXT.DEVASTATED CITY.DAY
JUMP CUTS OF FILM SEQUENCES)
(Any Disaster Movie)

Scenes of ocean waves completely destroying the city: waves destroying buildings and streets, people drowning, people running inanely and getting swept away.

The city is destroyed. In one of its corners, as the last wave recedes from the heaps of rubble, the white mug, on the floor among the rest of debris, falls on its side.

P.O.V THE GROUND.

CLOSE UP of the mug lying on one side.

From its inside a very big centipede slowly crawls out.

SOUND EFFECT: THE BUZZING OF THE SEA FAR AWAY.

Credits appear. The program is finished.

CUT TO

The MOTHER comes to the BOY with a plate of corn in her hands. As she hands it over to the SON she says

MOTHER- Here you are.

Then SHE takes a TV guide paper from the floor and at the same time takes the remote control in her hands

MOTHER- See, on the paper it said there'd be an excerpt from the film showing...

SHE changes channels until she finds something that seems fitting

FILM SEQUENCE 7
INT.SOAS BAR.AFT

JO and DAVID are sitting in the same place, but dressed as Greek gods. They suddenly understand they are «on air» so they face the CAMERA correctly.

CLOSE UP OF JO AND DAVID FACING THE CAMERA CENTER FRAME

JO\DAVID Good evening everybody. We are here tonight with you for the first time in about 3 thousand years, (thanks to the kindness of Channel One) to establish a link between the sky and the earth and try to infuse you with all the perfect wisdom we have accumulated in this long time we have spent observing, understanding and knowing all there is to know about human life on earth.

DAVID- I am King David. I am an ex-man and presently a god.

JO- I am queen Jo. I am an ex-woman and presently a goddess.

DAVID\JO- Together we are one huge indestructible hermaphrodite.

JO- Tonight we will talk about gender and its related problems, because we think that, after 3 thousand years or more you have managed to (and sorry to all involved) make a real mess out of it, and that it's time to give you a little help.

JO and DAVID look down to the ground.

JO\DAVID- Let us now look down on earth and try to save those suffering human beings that are struggling right now with their ignorance and the consequences of other people's ignorance in this field.

They both scrutinise the floor, which suddenly opens

CUT TO

FILM SEQUENCE 8

INT. WHITE ROOM

DANIELLE, a fourteen year-old girl, with straight blond hair ending just below her shoulders, dressed in jeans (but not too fashionably so) is sitting on a chair in the middle of the room. On her right there is a small round table on which sits a telephone. In front of her on the left there is a switched on TV. There is no other furniture in the room. DANIELLE has a resigned expression on her face. She leans with her elbow on the small table at the same time watching the TV screen with the same unhappy resigned face.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN TV SCREEN

FILM SEQUENCE 9

INT. APARTMENT. DAY

FRONTAL SHOT OF THE WHITE APARTMENT DOOR WITH INTERCOM AT ITS SIDE CENTER FRAME.

The wall made of white plaster and the floor is also white and made of linoleum. The air is still.

SOUND EFFECT: FROM THE INTERCOM A SUBTLE BUZZING, LIKE THAT OF SEA WAVES FROM FAR AWAY .

The light's off, and the sunlight is sliced into ribbons by a set of metallic venetian blinds that are almost completely closed and which filter the light, projecting it onto the door from the left. The door bursts open. SELLER and CLOVIS together with DAUGHTER enter. CLOVIS is a middle-aged man, a bit fat and not too tall. He is a bit bald .He wears a pair of brown shorts with a white T-shirt on top. He wears white short socks and a pair of brown sandals. He is basically a weak, not too bright, simple man who is not able to deal with what he cannot understand and who cannot understand much. The DAUGHTER, is a fourteen year old girl, actually DANIELLE, but now with her blond hair held up in a ponytail. She wears black trousers with a red and black Canadian shirt tied to her waist like a half skirt, and a military green shirt on top. SHE is good-looking in the way a brightly intelligent, combative rebellious and strong teenager can be. The SELLER is a self-confident, money-oriented young man in a suit and a yellow tie who thinks he knows all there is to know in life.

The door opens directly onto the living room. The apartment is empty and new. There is only a small table, identical to the one of the WHITE ROOM in which DANIELLE was watching tv, near one of the walls. There is a telephone on this table. On the wall there is a crack. The living room has access to two other rooms and a balcony.

CLOVIS (V.O)-How much does this get you?

SELLER- We usually ask about four-fifty

They all proceed to inspect the apartment, starting from the lounge.

CLOVIS- A month?

SELLER- A fortnight.

CLOVIS goes toward the crack, but does not really see it, although HE is standing half a meter from it.

CLOVIS- Mmm (said only as a circumstantial utterance)

The SELLER stands still between CLOVIS and the door, while the DAUGHTER goes towards the living room balcony.

As CLOVIS proceeds to the other rooms, he says, turning his back to the SELLER.

CLOVIS- Is there a TV?

SELLER- Yes, but it's in the other room.

The SELLER follows CLOVIS while he quickly passes from one to the other.

CUT TO

P.O.V FRONT DOOR LOOKING OUTSIDE TOWARDS THE BALCONY.

The DAUGHTER is on the balcony watching over, with her back to the CAMERA.

OFF SCREEN SOUND EFFECTS: A TV SWITCHED ON AND CHANGING CHANNELS

CLOSE UP OF DAUGHTER (PROFILE).

SHE looks like a decadent spleen addict and a war soldier at the same time, watching beyond the rail to the neighbouring apartment block.

Muffled conversation between SELLER and CLOVIS

SELLER (V.O)- So how long do you intend to stay for?

CLOVIS (V.O)- Oh, we don't know yet, the apartment is for my daughter..

SELLER (V.O)- All we require is one's month's notice prior to your decision to leave the apartment.

CLOVIS (V.O)- Oh, ok, that should be ok.

The TV is switched off.

They go towards the kitchen, sound of fridge being open, etc.

CLOVIS (V.O)- Do you accept cheques?

SELLER (V.O)- Yes, and of course we accept Visas, MasterCard, Eurocard ...

CLOVIS (V.O)- As long as I don't forge them with false signatures eh ?!!

SELLER (V.O)- Sorry..? Ah, yes of course! Ah ah ah ah!!

CLOVIS and the SELLER come into the lounge again.

CLOVIS (to the SELLER)- Ok then, we'll take it. (To the DAUGHTER) Is it ok for you Danny?

P.O.V THE FRONT DOOR LOOKING TOWARDS THE BALCONY

CLOVIS and SELLER look towards the balcony. DAUGHTER stands still giving them her back and does not respond in any way.

CLOVIS looks at the SELLER showing off a false smile of self- confidence.

CLOVIS- Well, yes, I'll take it anyway.

SELLER_ Ok. Let's go to the other room, there's a couple of things for you to sign.

As the SELLER crosses the room to get to the other one looking towards the balcony, the

DAUGHTER quickly turns to him and gives him a look of accusation that the SELLER does not understand and which he dismisses with a superior air after becoming a bit irritated by it. CLOVIS, who's already there, calls the SELLER.

CLOVIS- You coming?

CLOVIS smiles to the SELLER.

CLOVIS- I guess she likes it where she is.

CUT TO

The SELLER and CLOVIS walk back into the lounge. The DAUGHTER has just come back in the lounge as well. The SELLER is at the door, followed by CLOVIS, turning and stretching his arm to shake hands with CLOVIS, satisfied because the contract is signed.

SELLER- Well Mr Clovis..

THE TELEPHONE RINGS.

The DAUGHTER goes to answer it. Without saying anything she hands over the phone to the SELLER with a gesture that allows no refusal.

The SELLER is slightly disconcerted because he didn't expect any telephone call. Anyway he walks to pick the phone up making every effort to look professional

SELLER- What? [...] (Then slightly annoyed like one who is having an important meeting and has been interrupted to be asked to solve a stupid problem) What?

He puts the phone down with a sigh and goes towards the door again.

THE RINGING RESUMES ALMOST IMMEDIATELY.

CLOVIS is confused and is unsuccessfully trying to get the grip of the situation. The DAUGHTER stares at the phone intensely, as if trying to get all her strength together to carry out a long meditated project. The phone continues to ring. Seeing that nobody is going to answer it, the SELLER says:

SELLER- So?

CLOVIS'S eyebrows lift quizzically, and he finally reaches out to answer the phone.

CLOVIS- yes? WHAT?.. Who are you?!? Who-

The person on the other side has hung up. CLOVIS holds the receiver in mid air.

The SELLER holds up the papers, fresh with CLOVIS'S signature, pretending everything is perfectly normal.

SELLER- Well sir, if that's everything, I'll..

CLOVIS puts down the phone. He is speechless and looks at the SELLER with the look of a shocked man who requires some sort of understandable explanation. The DAUGHTER looks at the SELLER with a freezing look, as if she knows exactly what's going on and she holds the SELLER responsible. The SELLER tries to ignore both looks, and says:

SELLER- Well, it was a pleasure to meet you. Hope you enjoy your stay.

The SELLER tries to profit from CLOVIS'S moment of confusion to open the door and slip out of it under the DAUGHTER'S glacial look when a telephone rings.

CUT TO

FILM SEQUENCE 8

(INT. WHITE ROOM)

THE TELEPHONE IS RINGING.

DANIELLE gives it an anguished look but puts off the time of answering it by quickly looking back at the TV screen

CUT BACK TO FILM SEQUENCE 9

Suddenly the DAUGHTER takes a gun out of her T-shirt.

THE TELEPHONE IS STILL RINGING (even though it is ringing in the white room only)

The DAUGHTER points the gun to the SELLER.

DAUGHTER (to the SELLER)- Stay right there where you are.

The SELLER, who has just opened the door and is turning to exit, turns back, and as he notices the gun he raises his arms astonished and drops all his papers on the floor

STOP MOTION ANIMATION OF SELLER TURNING

SLOW MOTION SHOT OF THE SELLER RAISING HIS ARMS

CLOSE UP OF THE PAPERS FALLING DOWN IN SLOW MOTION

CLOVIS is shocked and surprised.

CLOVIS (to DAUGHTER)- Danny, what-

The DAUGHTER interrupts him. Without looking at him, still pointing her gun to the SELLER

DAUGHTER- Shut up father. Stay out of it.

CLOVIS- But...but Danny, he..-

The DAUGHTER interrupts him again, and this time, still with her hands firmly pointing the gun towards the SELLER , she quickly turns to look at him.

DAUGHTER- Please! You cannot understand. (turning back to face the SELLER, slowly and decisively) He has to pay.

The SELLER is terrified, thinking the DAUGHTER must be psychopathic.

The DAUGHTER moving her gun towards the door says to CLOVIS

DAUGHTER- You, I want you out of here.

CLOVIS hesitates.

DAUGHTER- C'mon! Go!

CLOVIS leaves.

THE TELEPHONE IS STILL RINGING.

CUT TO

FILM SEQUENCE 8

(INT. WHITE ROOM)

THE TELEPHONE IS RINGING ON THE TABLE.

On the TV the DAUGHTER is pointing the gun to the SELLER. DANIELLE shifts her head to the telephone. She bites her nails while she continues to shift back to the TV and back again to the telephone.

AFTER A WHILE THE RINGING STOPS.

SHE decides on the TV

CUT BACK to FILM SEQUENCE 9

DAUGHTER- It's your entire fault if I'm miserable, you bastard. You think I'm nothing don't you! Well now look who's the winner and look who's the loser. You are nothing!

The DAUGHTER is preparing herself to shoot, beginning to pull the trigger.

The SELLER understands she's gonna do it and completely cracks down. He starts shaking.

SELLER- Oh please! Please! I'll do whatever you want but don't kill me! Please!

The DAUGHTER looks at him with hate and disgust.

DAUGHTER- Umph, you little fuck. Get on your knees!

The SELLER gets on his knees with his arms still raised.

DAUGHTER- Slowly!

The SELLER does it slowly.

DAUGHTER- And now you die.

The SELLER starts crying like a child

The DAUGHTER stands still for a few seconds aiming at him.

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF TELEPHONE RINGING ON THE TABLE

CUT TO

FILM SEQUENCE 8

(INT. WHITE ROOM.)

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF THE TELEPHONE RINGING ON THE WHITE ROOM TABLE

CUT BACK to FILM SEQUENCE 9

P.O.V THE SELLER

The DAUGHTER fires 5 times with extreme cool blood.

THERE IS NOW JUST ONE VERY LONG RING

during which the SELLER'S legs go, then his groin then his chest and finally his head.

As she finishes, the ringing stops.

CUT TO

FILM SEQUENCE 8

(INT. WHITE ROOM)

DANIELLE slowly shifts her head from the TV to the telephone, changing her expression from one of satisfaction and pleasure to one of worry. SHE stares at the telephone, as if she knows it is going to ring very soon, and her expression slowly goes back to being extremely resigned. Suddenly SHE picks the receiver up and doesn't say a word. A voice from the receiver can be heard at intervals. It is not very clear what it is saying but it is obviously seedy and creepy. It is that of a man panting and whispering.

P.O.V ONE OF THE WALLS.

CLOSE UP OF DANIELLE'S back, shoulders, and head, with the telephone to her ear.

MANIAC- Why weren't you answering the phone my silly dirty bitch? You exist just for me don't you remember? You are nothing. I know you like me. I know you dream of my hands cutting you up and tearing you apart with blood-stained razor blades and sharp

knives while... I'm fucking you like a beast...

CAMERA ZOOMS OUT as the voice's words get more muffled together and FADES to WHITE.

The MOTHER takes the finished plate of corn from the BOY'S hands

MOTHER- What did the voice just say?

The BOY'S eyes are transfixed on the screen and the FATHER wasn't paying attention so the MOTHER goes back to the stove with the plate to clean up the kitchen.

MOTHER(V.O)- After this you go right to bed little boy.

CLOSE UP OF BOYS FACE .

In HIS eyes the TV screen's reflection can be seen.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN the eye to reveal what's happening on TV.

FILM SEQUENCE 7

(INT.SOAS BAR. AFT)

JO and DAVID raise their heads, looking at each other (still dressed as Greek gods).

DAVID- It happens every day.. doesn't it?

JO nods.

DAVID- Do you know what I would have said as a man after seeing this?

JO- Well.. If you were part of a certain group of men you'd probably say that Danielle is a woman destined to be a defenceless victim of a society where there are horrible men. Of course, to make sure you are not included in this category you would have to say that the same society is also populated by a minority of perfect gentlemen among which there is you. Otherwise you could say that the girl has been asked to play a role by society, (that of the defenceless victim), and that she cannot really see it, as a fish swimming in water can't see the water itself.

DAVID- Now, would I be right in saying something like that?

JO- Well, I am not sure there is only one right way of looking at it. Perhaps we should ask ourselves a different kind of question; that is, how does this all come about?

DAVID- If I was a man I would feel the need to say that injustices are done to women and to men equally but in different ways.

JO- And as a woman I would say: That's not true!

DAVID- And as a man I would say: you 're just being a feminist.

JO\DAVID- But as gods we know men and women are both right and both wrong at the same time!!

JO- How is this possible?

DAVID- Well, let's tell it with a story. And so imagine if you will a time when it all began. Many, but many a year ago, when all of you didn't exist yet and the world was still beautiful and unspoilt there was a man and a woman that lived in a small village and they were friends. (We gods know it, because we were there). Everything was perfect and all ran smoothly until the day that the day the man and the woman fell in love...

JO- Ehm... sorry to interrupt David, but maybe you can spare us the romantic bits and make it more nineties...

DAVID- Oh. All right. Sorry. So... well, one day, love or not, a man and a woman decided they wanted to... have sex. Just like that, they thought why not, we must be here to do something after all...

JO nods.

DAVID- Because they really felt they wanted to, (there was no TV back then, no propaganda, no subliminal messages and no peer pressure, in fact they were alone in a field), they did it. Ah, I was forgetting, strangely enough their names were just like ours, Jo, and David. Now, there is something in the way that a man "takes" a woman that makes him feel (like I just said) like he's taking possession of her body, and through her body, of her. It is a natural way to feel for a man because of the way his body is made and of how he makes love. So David, like any other man who intensely wants a woman, expressed his desire while in the heat of passion by saying something like "You're mine." Or "I want to own you" to Jo. It's easy to see how this sentence, if taken literally, could be interpreted to mean that the woman must be an object, and so did Jo interpret it. After making love David felt for the first time a rather nice and special feeling inside, resulting from the intense intimacy involved and the emotional significance of what he had done with Jo. Believe me, if you were a man you wouldn't want anybody else to have that same feeling with the woman you just ...had; and so it happened that he started becoming uneasy, thinking that if somebody else were to take her he would get really hurt and would feel somehow humiliated. It was the first time he had made love and so naturally he felt a little insecure about his sexual "power" and "competence". He wanted to make sure that Jo wouldn't fly off to someone else and so he told her that now she was only his. It is again easy to see how Jo took this, since the idea of her being owned made her assume she must be an object. To complicate everything, it happened that some men in the village started to argue about issues of leadership while at the same time it was unclear who was responsible for some of the children the women they loved had begotten. Since the opinion they had one of the other had to do with how much power everyone had, it became more and more important how many women every man was "possessing" and who was who's. This is how sex became a part of an essentially important power game where the men were the actors and the women were the measure of success. Of course as a consequence women became seen as objects through which power and self-esteem could be gained. On the other hand, the way women felt, and in this case especially Jo, didn't help what was happening either.

JO- Because of the way a woman's body is made, she will experience lovemaking in a way that is entirely different and complementary to that of men. The feeling a woman has when making love to a man resembles that of having a dream where you float on top of a sheet of warm water and you are carried places by the powerful ocean waves. So Jo, during that mythical first night of sex, expressed her desire to make love to David by saying something like: "I'm yours", "Take me" or something along those lines. Again there is something about this sentence that lends itself to misunderstanding, were someone to take it literally. So David, as it would be easy to do, inferred that Jo, and all women with her, were objects to be taken possession of. The problem nevertheless did not end here for Jo. Just because the sexual act for a woman is about letting go, trusting and receiving it

doesn't follow that there aren't pleasant as well as hideous ways of being taken. Like there are waves and waves (those who are powerful but gentle, and those who sweep you away and kill you) so there are ways and ways to be taken. And so the problem arose when Jo found herself to be yielding not to a gentle power, but to a rather brutal one. Unfortunately she couldn't really do much, except hope that David would change to being gentle. So she yielded for the love of David and he easily interpreted it as a weakness and a willingness to submit to his superior power. After this there were no doubts in his mind that women were objects for the taking.

DAVID- It's here that the big misunderstandings began. Jo and David, although being equally human beings, were made differently and so experienced making love in a different way. They misunderstood each other's words and behaviour because they couldn't see what it was like to have the other's body.

JO- One day Jo got very sick of what was happening to her and felt deeply humiliated by the treatment that the village men and David in particular were giving her. So she figured that since all men seemed to consider women as desirable objects, the best thing she could do would be to exploit men's desires to humiliate them in turn, and thus have revenge. So one day she tricked David into believing he would have sex with her and then completely rejected him in front of his friends. Such behaviour later developed in what today we call teasing, or... ehm... being a "bitch". Of course David felt really frustrated and angry at this and started judging Jo as an inferior creature even more.

DAVID- And after learning of this in the village assembly all men started to feel quite disturbed and even threatened by the way they felt about women. They felt threatened, you could say, most of all by the power women seemed to indirectly have by being able to refuse them at any time and therefore make them suffer and possibly humiliate them.

JO- Jo, on the other side, with all women first got convinced that men were right, (maybe they were objects after all) while something inside her would scream out they must be wrong. The problem was that she loved David, despite all, and so she needed his love. This fact made it really difficult for her to decide what to do because on the one hand she wanted to prove him wrong but on the other she still wanted to demonstrate to him that she loved him. (Oh, well yes, David and Jo loved each other after all).

DAVID- Now, after centuries and centuries of this sad state of affairs, a few years ago the descendants of Jo started getting really tired of the situation, and thought that time had come to do something about it. Unfortunately the centuries had made them forget why the whole thing had come about in the first place. So they only considered what the descendants of David always scolded them for and they decided to demonstrate to them that they were wrong.

JO - They did it for anger but also for love..

DAVID- Most of them started trying to act like men. Of course, after years of being told that they were inferior they got convinced, deep down inside, that they actually were. They wanted to be recognised by men as being as good as them, also to be loved more (and understood as people not as incarnations of men's fears and desires) The result was that the descendants of David first got angry with them, then got scared and then felt displaced. They were told by the descendants of Jo that they had conspired against them, to try and

submit them, in a evil cunning plan that had been finally discovered and rebelled against.
JO- And so we have arrived to the present day. The descendants of David have done what they could: some are destroyed by a huge sense of guilt and they can't make love to any woman, some think that all the descendants of Jo have said is bullshit and try to carry on avoiding all those that dangerously call themselves feminists.

DAVID- The descendants of Jo in the meantime find complimentary solutions: some hate men and cannot have any sort of relationship with them; some are sick of listening to those that hate men because they are worried that they might loose men, so they decide that all the misunderstanding is something dead and gone and that everything is perfect. Some others, finally, are not satisfied with either solution. They think that to be a woman doesn't mean either to be like a man or to be what men misunderstand women to be. They are trying to find an identity that has been lost since that first day Jo and David made love. And they want men to do the same with themselves.

JO/DAVID- The moral is always the same: stop having the Jo and David syndrome and try to understand each other!

MEEK VOICE (OFFSCREEN)- Otherwise?

JO/DAVID- Otherwise stay fucked up and enjoy it if you can!

END OF FILM SEQUENCE 7

The MOTHER stands up now. Switches TV to another channel and turns the volume down. Then SHE Goes to the BOY

MOTHER- Well it is time for bed now. Take your clothes off.

The BOY starts taking his clothes off until he is wearing only his underpants. In the background the TV is still broadcasting.

On the TV screen:

FILM SEQUENCE 10

JUMP CUTS of FILM SEQUENCES

1- (Nightmare on Elm Street)

Girl hysterically screaming in terror.

2- (Sleepwalkers)

Woman bitten by cats all over her body

3- (Dario Argento: Three flies of grey velvet)

Girl running in a labyrinth to escape from killer

4- (Dario Argento: Deep Red)

Puppet running towards a terrified man in a basement and crumbling into pieces on the floor at his feet

5- (Dario Argento: Phenomena)

Girl running from a killer who is wielding a pair of scissors as a weapon (first victim)

6- (Dario Argento: Suspiria)

A killer's hand, coming from outside a window, breaking the windowpane in the apartment, to drag the girl out.

7- (Dario Argento: Tenebre)

The killer's hand, coming from behind a lesbian girl who he is about to kill, grabbing her in her apartment.

8- (Dario Argento: Deep Red)

Knife repetitively driven into the victim's neck, immediately after the puppet's scattering on the floor.

END OF FILM SEQUENCE 10

The MOTHER switches the TV off and accompanies the BOY to his room.

49

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE BEDROOM. NIGHT

The MOTHER sits by the SON' bed, reading him a story from a large book of fairytales. FATHER (V.O)- Children form stronger bonds, for the most part, with their opposite-sex parent. Several theories have been advanced to explain this, but none are grounded on definite facts.

CUT TO

One of the book's illustrations

A Man and a very large dog stare at each other. The dog's eyes are the size of saucers, and he sits atop an oaken chest.

50

INT.INSIDE OLD LOG CABIN. DAY

STATIC SHOT OF THE FRONT OF THE SAME OAKEN CHEST LAYING ON THE FLOOR, CENTER FRAME, with padlocked chains attached to it.

SOUND EFFECTS: (NO VISUAL MOTION)

A door opening, footsteps, rattle of chains and of key in lock, the sound of the chest being opened.

CUT TO

P.O.V ceiling

The chest is open. Its top cover is perpendicular to the base and it's held open by the chest's hinges. The chest is filled with a huge variety of diverse things. Sound effects do not match any of the visual objects.

VISUALS:

1- a music box doll dancing in circles (in stop-motion animation)

2- a wall clock

3- small yellow maggots

4- a music box doll dancing in circles (in stop-motion animation)

5- one large playing card

6- a plastic flying bird

7- a gun

8- a music box doll dancing in circles (in stop-motion animation)

9- the dead stag's head

10- the fairytale book

CORRESPONDENT SOUND EFFECTS:

1- ticking of a clock

2- music box melody

3- wall clock bell striking the hour 3 times

4- ticking of a clock

5- a man and a woman making love

6- an hacksaw sawing

7- birds chirping

8- ticking of a clock

9- music box melody

10- gun shot

The oaken chest's top cover suddenly falls down, closing the chest.

51

EXT.OUTSIDE OLD LOG CABIN.FOREST.DAY

The log cabin is white.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT OF LOG CABIN CENTER FRAME

LONG SHOT OF SAME LOG CABIN CENTER FRAME

A far HUMMING can be heard coming from the left, growing progressively nearer. It's a humming of the same melody of SCENE 13. As the humming continues to get louder, a fine mist starts to appear from left and right of screen.

Then the TOP HAT MAN appears on the left. HE is wearing a black mantel, he has long red dreadlocks, white magician gloves, and he is pedalling a kid's small bicycle that has been modified to allow him to use it. HE has a smile on his face. HE has blue eyes, but his face can be seen only «en passant». HE circles around for a while, then, still humming, leaves shot on the right, going into the mist in the same way as he has come and carrying with him the SOUND OF THE HUMMING, WHICH SLOWLY FADES OUT.

52

INT.SOAS.EVE

SOUND EFFECT: SOUND OF BLANK TV SCREEN

CAMERA ON blank TV screen. CAMERA ZOOMS OUT as POOL PLAYER 1 switches it off. CAMERA ZOOMS OUT to P.O.V JO.

JO- Madness.

DAVID- Maybe it came from a legitimate desire to keep things under control... but if you mess with nature you will naturally end up all messed up...

JO- To be mad is to be sane in a land of madmen

CROSS FADE TO 53

53

JUMP CUTS OF FILM\DOCUMENTARY SEQUENCES

AERIAL SHOTS

- DOGS herding SHEEP on a hill, keeping them in line barking and making sure none of them leave the main current of the herd.
- COWBOYS herding wild HORSES in an American steppe shouting, with the technique the dogs were using in the previous shot.
- BAD MEN (from a western movie) shooting wild BUFFALOES from a train for sport.
- SHEEP being divided into different groups by means of a canalising device made of switching wood gates.

DAVID (V.O)- and this thing called nurture becomes a massive cage from which nobody dares to escape

54

INT.PRISON.DAY

P.O.V outside the cell

The cell CENTER FRAME

There is a chair in the middle of the room. The prisoner is dressed in a prison uniform, has a shaved head, and looks like he/she could be either a man or a woman, indistinguishably.

JUMP CUTS of

- PRISONER behind bars sitting on the chair looking apathetic towards CAMERA
- PRISONER behind bars standing in front of the bars, grabbing them with the hands and trying to force them open looking aggressive like a dog before attacking
- PRISONER behind bars looking devastated walking up and down the room parallel to the bars, in front of the chair.
- PRISONER behind bars shouting with both hands grabbing the bars, thrusting his/her body against them and pulling them towards himself.
- PRISONER behind bars sitting on the chair, looking ill and crying with his/her head hung slightly.

JO (V.O)- So what happens if you rebel?

55

INT.OXFORD ST-LIKE CAFE.DAY

SOFT MUSIC. HUMMING OF FEW CONVERSATIONS.

P.O.V BACK OF THE CAFE.

BOURGEOISIE, middle class people, are sitting sipping their drinks at their tables, in a perfectly calm and serene atmosphere. Outside, PASSERS-BY pass by.

Suddenly a GUY, long black hair, white face, blue eyes, looking like a fallen angel, runs from the back of the cafe towards the shop window, smashing it into pieces, and landing on the pavement outside. The BOURGEOIS inside the shop are under shock; none of them have had time to realise fully what has just happened. None of them are injured at all. The MANAGER is called, and the BOURGEOIS watch what's going on outside, some

standing up from their tables, some just looking around.

P.O.V THE BOURGEOISIE

The GUY, outside, has fully recovered from the impact and is now standing up in front of the broken shop window with his head hung slightly, swaying it slowly to the left and to the right. On the opposite side of the street a few PASSERS-BY are gathered, to see what's happened.

The GUY, on his part, has now started staring at all the PASSERS-BY who come in his direction. As they pass him he looks at in the eyes and his head travels to follow theirs. Some of the PASSERS-BY who are standing on the opposite side of the road decide to go call the police.

In the Cafe the BOUGEOISIE are puzzled.

BOURGEOIS1 (fat middle aged female)- What's he doing?

BOURGEOIS2 (young male)- He must be crazy.

BOURGEOIS3- (slender middle aged male) I..I don't understand..

BOURGEOIS1- Someone call the police..!

Outside the PASSERS-BY continue to pass by the GUY even though they are a bit intimidated by him, considering him basically a harmless weirdo.

GUY (to one of the PASSERS-BY, as HE\SHE passes him by, whispering)- Craazy...

He repeats this with two other people.

CUT TO

POLICEMAN and POLICEWOMAN walking down the same street a few yards distant, unaware of the situation. They wear walkman's headphones on their heads. The walkmans are inside their pockets, and are shaped like guns.

CUT BACK

The GUY is getting more audacious, PASSERS-BY are getting scared.

GUY- Craazy..

He repeats this more and more.

Inside the cafe,

BOURGEOIS1- (impatient) Why aren't the police coming?? Has someone called the police?

BOUGEOIS2- They'll be here soon. They were called some minutes ago.

CUT TO

POLICEMAN and POLICEWOMAN see a crowd gathered in the distance and understand something's wrong. They switch off their walkmens, thus revealing their shape and put the headphones away. They start running towards where the crowd has gathered and the PASSERS-BY guide them to the GUY on the opposite side of the street.

P.O.V THE CAFE SIDE OF THE STREET

The POLICEMAN and POLICEWOMAN throw each other a look of understanding and start slowly crossing the street directly towards the GUY. The GUY does not notice them. The POLICEWOMAN and POLICEMAN display a self-satisfied expression on their faces. As they're stepping in front of him, the POLICEMAN takes a pair of handcuffs from his pocket while the POLICEWOMAN takes a spray can out of hers. They advance towards the GUY , who is waiting for another PASSER-BY to come. The POLICEMAN

indicates to a PASSER-BY on the GUY's left, to go and pass. With some hesitation the PASSER-BY (man) passes and as the GUY turns to whisper "Craazy.."to him, the POLICEMAN handcuffs him behind his back. Then HE turns the GUY to face him and as the GUY looks completely flabbergasted, the POLICEWOMAN sprays a huge red X on his chest. Then, they take him by the arms, one on each of his sides and force him to follow them. The GUY looks around like an animal trapped in a cage. The POLICEWOMAN and POLICEMAN walk towards a traffic light to the right of the cafe, with the crowd making space for them. As they get to the end of the street and prepare to cross the road to get to the traffic island in the middle, they turn their heads towards the GUY, who's now becoming more and more terrified, and together whisper, in the same manner he used with the PASSERS-BY.

POLICEMAN/POLICEWOMAN- Craazy..craazy..craazy...craazy..

Then look at each other and laugh a little

As THEY reach the traffic light with the GUY, they take off one of the handcuffs and handcuff it to the traffic light pole. Then, as the light becomes green, THEY cross the road and leave the GUY there. As they reach the other side of the road they turn for the last time to look at the terrified GUY and wave him goodbye with a triumphant, ironic smiles.

CUT TO

The PASSERS-BY in the street and THE BOURGEOISE inside the cafe clapping and cheering.

56

INT.SOAS BAR.AFTERNOON

Somebody puts a coin in the JUKEBOX.

"Smiley, joyful" MUSIC

CLOSE UP OF STUDENT1 who is standing behind the narrower side of the pool table, opposite JO and DAVID, with his hands resting on the edge, smiling at the CAMERA, CENTER FRAME

CUT TO

CLOSE UP OF STUDENT2 smiling at the CAMERA (in the same position as STUDENT1)

CUT TO

CLOSE UP OF STUDENT3 smiling at the CAMERA (in the same position as STUDENT1)

CUT TO

P.O.V EDGE OF THE POOL TABLE ON JO AND DAVID'S SIDE. There are no balls or players on the pool table.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT of STUDENT 1,2,3 standing together behind the narrower side of the pool table with their hands resting on the edge, smiling at the CAMERA, swaying their shoulders to the music, CENTER FRAME .

CUT TO

CLOSE UP OF STUDENT4, who is standing behind the narrower side of the pool table, waving one of his hands at the CAMERA, and smiling, CENTER FRAME

CUT TO

CLOSE UP OF STUDENT5 waving at the CAMERA and smiling (in the same position as STUDENT4)

CUT TO

CLOSE UP OF STUDENT6 waving at the CAMERA and smiling (in the same position as STUDENT4)

CUT TO

P.O.V EDGE OF THE POOL TABLE ON JO AND DAVID'S SIDE. There are no balls or players: the pool table stands empty.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT OF STUDENT 4,5,6 standing together behind the narrower side of the pool table waving with one hand at the CAMERA and smiling.

White pool balls appear on the table, STUDENT 1,2,3 appear behind and around STUDENT 4,5,6, and they all simultaneously lower their heads to look at the pool table. One PLAYER, out of shot, hits the balls with the cue ball. As the cue ball hits one other ball, which in turn hits other balls, all balls get normally coloured. ALL STUDENTS simultaneously lift their heads and look ahead towards JO and DAVID, who are still sitting at their corner.

COUNTERSHOT OF JO AND DAVID

MUSIC GENTLY FADES

CAMERA ZOOMS IN TOWARDS JO AND DAVID, who are laughing heartily. JO is bent in two and as she gets up again, while still laughing, she and DAVID exchange a look of understanding. Still half laughing:

JO- You.. think.. I'm crazy..??

DAVID- (laughing) I ..wish you were..

JO becomes slightly more serious.

JO- R-really..?

DAVID shrugs his left shoulder with a half smile. JO is a bit confused but doesn't lose her sense of humour.

JO- Why?

DAVID shrugs his shoulder again.

JO- Oh c'mon, why then?

DAVID gazes at her for a few seconds.

DAVID- You're one of us Jo. You're too afraid.

JO gazes back at him but does not understand what he means, so turns her head towards the pool table.

Silence falls.

DAVID- We're not children anymore. We can't be mad.

JO- (after a pause, disappointed) Why?

DAVID- Children are easily forgiven. Adults have to comply. If you wanted you could be mad, but you would have to pay a price..

JO- If everybody was mad there would be no price..

DAVID- If everybody was free there would be no prisons..

JO- (After thinking a little) What do you think I'm afraid of?

DAVID- Do you want to have a family and children and a house and a nice job and a dog?

JO- (incredulous) You think I'm afraid of that?

DAVID- I think you're afraid of not having that

At first JO instinctively reacts thinking DAVID is off track, then, becoming honest with herself, she's not so sure.

JO- But I mean.. if I wanted that, why should I be worrying about freedom?

DAVID- People want to kill the hen and still get the eggs. That's not possible. You, instead, sit here and try to see what's more convenient. You're trying to find a compromise, but there's none of that shit around..

JO- Children don't care about hens and eggs.

DAVID- Children have got parents looking after that.

(silence)

CUT TO

CLOSE UP OF A WALL CLOCK STOPPED AT 12

CUT BACK

JO AND DAVID, FULL FIGURE CENTER FRAME, (PROFILES) are sitting one opposite the other, with knees touching but with erect backs. They are gazing at each other like two friends who are trying to find a solution to a problem, but not like two lovers.

JO- We have to do something about it.

DAVID- We can't.

JO- you are afraid.

DAVID- I hate solitude.

JO- We're two! (meaning: we can do it together)

DAVID- We're alone.

They simultaneously turn back to their original positions.

After a while:

JO- But we MUST try.

DAVID- We must choose.

57

EXT. TRAIN STATION. DAY

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF ONE CIGARETTE BURNING

CAMERA ZOOMS OUT TO REVEAL THE SMOKER, ANDREJ, AND HIS SURROUNDINGS.

It's raining hard. It's a grey morning. ANDREJ and VIVIAN are standing on one of the platforms facing each other. ANDREJ is a man, 23 years old, dressed classically and clean shaven. Slightly square but not too much, a PhD student type. VIVIAN IS 21, he wears a black heavy coat and looks halfway between an actor and a thief. Beneath his coat though he wears a pale, studious face.

The train is slowly entering the station from behind ANDREJ. When it's almost come to a halt:

VIVIAN (V.O)- Mediocrity is life's essential quality. That's why I'm going up the country. Fields are green, people are grey, like the rain. I guess I'm just a transparent raindrop. When the sunlight strikes me I shine like a rainbow.-

The train stops.

ANDREJ- Well, have a good journey then. (smiling with half condescension, half love)
Wherever the hell you're going.

VIVIAN- Goodbye.

ANDREJ hesitates for a few seconds watching VIVIAN boarding the train as hundreds of SOLDIERS OF THE MORNING, men and women dressed in grey 1940's-era suits with briefcases, get off the same train.

The SOLDIERS OF THE MORNING ARE FILMED IN BLACK AND WHITE while all the rest is in colour.

The scene seems normal to ANDREJ , who, after a few seconds turns and leaves.

58

INT.TRAIN.DAY

VIVIAN is sitting on one of the carriage seats near the window, at the back of the car, just behind the car's entrance door. In front of him there is an empty seat. A corridor separates him from the other seats on his left and in front of him on his left. The train is travelling fast. Outside it's raining hard.

P.O.V LOOKING OVER VIVIAN'S LEFT SHOULDER FROM SOME DISTANCE BEHIND.

His face's profile, part of the seat and the windowpane can be seen.

VIVIAN (V.O)- "Reality" is the biggest illusion you can dwell in. But I'd rather isolate my mind than prostitute my soul. I play puppet games. People see puppets for reality. But if you play with puppets you find out who really pulls the strings.

CAMERA PANS LEFT TO SHOW REST OF THE CAR

P.O.V VIVIAN

RED-WOMEN , Swedish blond-haired women, really just one woman replicated, dressed with a red very elegant suit, and a red large brim hat, are sitting in the rest of the car seats.

WHITE FLASH LIGHT

Blond-haired CHILDREN, really just one child replicated, one for each of the RED-WOMEN, are sitting on their lap, staring at VIVIAN.

WHITE FLASH LIGHT

The CHILDREN are now moving, one is sitting on one of the women's lap, another one is standing by her knees, one is getting down from the woman's lap, another two are going towards VIVIAN.

WHITE FLASH LIGHT

CLOSE UP OF VIVIAN

VIVIAN is touching his face between the eyes with the thumb and the index finger of his right hand, knitting his brows in the process.

CUT TO

P.O.V THE RED-WOMEN, SITTING OPPOSITE VIVIAN ON HIS LEFT.

VIVIAN is sleeping. After a while the CONDUCTOR enters and stamps the tickets of the people who are sitting on VIVIAN's right. Then he turns to VIVIAN.

CONDUCTOR- Tickets please.

VIVIAN doesn't reply.

The CONDUCTOR taps VIVIAN's shoulder.

CONDUCTOR- Tickets please.

VIVIAN- (raising his head) I have none.

CONDUCTOR- Where are you going sir?

VIVIAN- (naturally) I don't know.

The CONDUCTOR looks confused. He stops for a second to decide if he has heard rightly or if VIVIAN is joking, then tries again.

CONDUCTOR- Where is it that you're going?

VIVIAN- I don't have the slightest idea.

CONDUCTOR (with an expression of concern)- Well, you'd better decide soon, sir, or else you might face some trouble

VIVIAN- Ok.

The CONDUCTOR waits but VIVIAN is going back to sleep as if the CONDUCTOR didn't exist.

CONDUCTOR- (On the verge of losing his patience) Now, sir...do you realise tha..-

He is interrupted by one RED-WOMAN who has suddenly come up and, smiling, with a soothing voice, says to the CONDUCTOR.

RED WOMAN- Excuse me, I am terribly sorry. This man is with me. I'll pay for his fare. As SHE is saying this VIVIAN immediately raises his head with a fully alert expression, and when SHE's finished he stands up.

VIVIAN- No, really. It's not a question of money.

The two look at him.

VIVIAN- I'm quite happy to PAY for a ticket, I just don't know where to. I don't even know where the train is going.

The CONDUCTOR seems puzzled. VIVIAN talks seriously, not with the ironic tone of someone taking pleasure from the situation.

VIVIAN- I got on it because it felt like the right train and I'll get off it when it feels like the right station. If you've got any suggestions..

The CONDUCTOR is now half bemused half annoyed.

VIVIAN- Make a suggestion. Then I'll pay for it. Or if you can't think of one particular place-tell me where I could go for £7 or less.

The CONDUCTOR looks at the RED WOMAN. He wants to know whether she has planned the joke with VIVIAN on purpose to make him waste his time. The RED WOMAN answers him with a meaningful look, grinning slightly with the corner of her mouth.

VIVIAN (V.O)- It's impossible to converse when you don't speak the same language.

RED WOMAN- Glynnehead.

CONDUCTOR- Glynnehead. £4.

VIVIAN gives him the money and the CONDUCTOR goes. VIVIAN turns his face to the

RED WOMAN, and says, a bit ironically:

VIVIAN- Thank you very much for your interest.

The RED WOMAN doesn't answer but, instead of going back to her place, sits on the previously empty seat in front of VIVIAN. VIVIAN sits down as well, a little bemused but not overly. Silence falls. The RED WOMAN looks at the window and so does VIVIAN. The expression on his face, however, changes as time passes. He checks whether the RED WOMAN is concentrating on looking outside, then HE turns away from the windowpane

P.O.V VIVIAN (looking at the RED WOMAN) VIVIAN (V.O)- Have I met this woman before..? What does she want..?

CLOSE UP OF VIVIAN, touching his face in the same manner as earlier in this scene.

P.O.V VIVIAN (looking at the RED WOMAN).

VIVIAN (V.O)- No. I have never met her. No.

VIVIAN- (without turning to the right) How far is it to Glynnehead?

The RED WOMAN doesn't seem to have heard.

VIVIAN thinks she is not going to answer when the RED WOMAN turning to him, shrugging her shoulders and standing up says.

RED WOMAN- I dont know.

SHE looks behind her back for a moment, as if with the intention of going back to her place, but then instead she sits back in the same place, opposite VIVIAN. HE thinks she's going to start a conversation, but she doesn't. The RED WOMAN instead starts fixing her eyes on an unidentified part of VIVIAN's coat. When HE 's just going to ask her if there's something wrong with it SHE suddenly falls asleep. VIVIAN is a bit puzzled but doesn't really care.

The rain outside is getting worse. A silvery sheet in constant motion is descending on all sides of the train, rattling on the metal louder than the clatter of the tracks. VIVIAN heaves a deep sigh of damp air and looks as if HE is getting a bit melancholic. There is condensation on the windows and general humidity. VIVIAN observes the rain on the windowpane with a melancholic expression for a while then yawns. After he finishes:
VIVIAN (V.O)- Maybe I am driving myself down the road to destruction.. I am going to drown in this rain or else freeze to death.. Deep down we are all just as arrogant as each other..

The rain outside has become hail.

VIVIAN (V.O)- I could go back home once I arrive at this.. destination.. but how sad.. how sad it would be. Has my masochistic desire to be alone and forgotten just turned into prosaic boredom?

VIVIAN'S train of thought is interrupted by the train suddenly shuddering to a halt. The RED WOMAN wakes up.

When the train has stopped an unnatural silence falls. The PASSENGERS in the car (there are no other RED WOMEN apart from the one sitting opposite VIVIAN) start to murmur, throw furtive glances to the windows, but it's useless, because nothing can be seen through them. Mist and condensation mix in a vertical puddle, while even in the lines drawn by the children on the pane a second layer has formed. Hail is falling like a wall outside.

Then a crackle is heard.

The loudspeaker flicks and a thin voice drawls from the front of the car a few seats opposite VIVIAN.

DISTORTED VOICE- Sorry for the delay ladies and gentlemen, but part of the line ahead is flooded. An alternative has been found at the junction ahead, but sheep have wandered onto the line and we won't be able to move until they're cleared.

It's as if someone has given VIVIAN new life. He bursts into a loud laugh at the end of which he says:

VIVIAN- Wonderful! The time has come for a new game!

During this outburst the RED WOMAN deliberately stares at VIVIAN.

But VIVIAN is too carried away to care about her. HE stands up, buttons his coat, and boldly and triumphantly proclaims:

VIVIAN- Chasing you, hunting you, riding you in the rain, dear sheep, is my boldest fantasy!

VIVIAN runs towards the carriage door to get out of the train.

59

EXT.OUTSIDE THE TRAIN, COUNTRYSIDE.DAY

VIVIAN opens the carriage door and slips down the embankment. HE stands again and takes some steps towards the front of the train, but when HE's almost reached it he falls on his knees because of the mud. He swears incomprehensibly but continues. HE gets past the locomotive: Now the tracks are the only visible thing in front of him, ending a few metres ahead in the fine mist. Wet and worn out but conserving some enthusiasm, VIVIAN looks ahead, with an arm resting on his leg, almost bent in two, trying to find his breath.

P.O.V VIVIAN

Slowly something can be distinguished in the mist standing in the middle of the tracks. As VIVIAN lets the mist unveil the figure's form, HE begins to stand up properly again, only to discover after a few instants that the mysterious figure is a sheep. VIVIAN, paralysed in the rain recognises it and raising his arms to the sky HE prays, gradually raising his voice:

VIVIAN- Let my glorious game go on, dear sheep! Let the rain swallow me and you and all the train, until it digests us in a unique imperious burp! I want you to tell me you will live for this, to block forever the tracks of this hideous line!

The sheep breaks her silence, and looking at VIVIAN compassionately she whines:

SHEEP- Bheee

60

INT.SOAS.AFTERNOON

THE CALL OF THE SHEEP FADES INTO AFRICAN TRIBAL MUSIC

WHITE LIGHT OVEREXPOSURE

FLOU (dream effect)

JO, DAVID, and STUDENTS1, 2,3,4,5,6, plus STUDENTS7, 8,9,10,11,12,13,14,15,16 dance around the tables, in a "primitive" manner.

STUDENT7 is the student version of HUMAN1

STUDENT8 of HUMAN2
STUDENT9 of JOHN
STUDENT10 of WAITING WOMAN
STUDENT11 of ANDREJ
STUDENT12 of SHARON
STUDENT13 of HILLTOP BOY
STUDENT14 of JULIA
STUDENT15 of GREG
STUDENT16 of ANNA

They are dressed in normal clothes but they act as if they were part of a common tribe and they were invoking spirits. They do it absolutely seriously, like real tribesmen. The only thing that makes these STUDENTS different is a sparkling light in their eyes and a bird feather that they all possess, arranged in different ways depending on personal preference. Some STUDENTS have it hanging from a necklace, others use it as an earring, others wear it in their hair, others carry it in the mouth as a cigarette or a blade of grass.

The call of the HAWK is mixed with the MUSIC. At the climax of the dance, one person for each group that is dancing around a table, dances on top of it, as if he\she was possessed by a spirit. They're back in contact with their primordial instincts and they feel close to the earth and its secret knowledge.

STUDENT6, looking much more beautiful than in scene 42 because of this inspiration, is dancing on one of the tables, a bigger one, completely taken by the music. STUDENT4, transformed in the same manner, comes to her and starts dancing on the same table with her, taken completely by the music as well.

As the CAMERA TRAVELS TOWARDS STUDENT4 and 6, their movements become slower and slower, even though

THE MUSIC KEEPS THE SAME FAST RHYTHM;

OFF SCENE SOUND EFFECT: THE CALL OF THE HAWK IS HEARD VERY CLEARLY AND PROLONGED.

STUDENTS 4 AND 6'S movements become SLOW MOTION.

As the CAMERA travels nearer, they stand near each other and look looks straight into it, with a magnetic look of invitation, until the CAMERA QUICKLY ZOOMS IN TO REACH THEIR EYES, giving the idea that the next scene is contained inside them.

61

EXT. TROPICAL FOREST. LATE AFTERNOON

TRIBAL MUSIC SUBSIDES BUT STILL GOES ON

MONKEYS are dangling from trees, walking around, eating an animal carcass, breast-feeding their young, fighting with one another etc., each of them absorbed in its own business.

CUT TO

Over a cliff at the edge of the forest the sun is preparing to set.

CUT BACK

Suddenly the MONKEYS stop what they were doing. They all leave their business

unfinished, and without a noise they slowly walk towards the edge of the forest. As they reach it, they surpass it and keep moving towards the setting sun.

SHOT OF the sun, a bit lower over the horizon.

The MONKEYS approach the edge of the cliff, and as they reach it the sun is at level with its outline.

Now the MONKEYS stop, and together they stand motionless watching the sun as sets.

TRIBAL MUSIC ENDS

62

INT.SOAS BAR.AFTERNOON

" IS LIFE LIKE THE SIMPSONS?», black letters on white background CENTER FRAME.

CAMERA ZOOMS OUT TO SHOW JO AND DAVID, sitting on their stools each holding up one side of a very big sign board, on which the words " Is life like the Simpsons?" are printed.

CUT TO

P.O.V THE BAR COUNTER

There are STUDENTS1, 2,3,4,5,6, and STUDENTS7, 8,9,10,11,12,13,14,15,16, and enough others to fill the room in the bar, sitting at their tables.

They are talking one with the other, doing their business etc. Suddenly they all stop doing what they were doing and they turn their head towards the CAMERA, as if to read something that has been projected in front of them.

SILENCE FALLS

They all look in the same direction.

CUT TO

JO and DAVID holding up their sign board.

CUT BACK

The STUDENTS have finished reading the words. STUDENT1, 2,3,4,5,6, plus STUDENT9, 10,11,12,13,14,15,16, one for each table grabs an individual sign board from somewhere around and holds it up, each one coloured differently from the other, aiming it towards the CAMERA. The other students support their group leaders. The STUDENTS facial expressions are all the same, no matter what kind of sentences are printed on the signboards. Their expression is that of people which react automatically to stimuli, and now their collective feeling is suspicion .The following sentences are printed on the signboards:

- Why do you ask so many questions?
- You think too much.
- I don't understand you.
- I hate intellectuals!
- I hate you!
- Are you trying to be intelligent?
- We love the Simpsons!
- We love life!

- There's something wrong with you.
- What are hinting at!?!
- Do we care?
- I don't understand the question.
- Are you stupid?
- Are you anarchic?!!

CUT TO

JO and DAVID put their sign board down on the floor in front of them, looking at each other as if saying " well I told you they would behave like that" , and they pick up another one.

The new signboard says:

" LIFE IS NOT LIKE THE SIMPSONS! "

The STUDENTS hold up signs, which show the typical comic book symbols that signify obscenities and irritation (a skull and crossbones, a spiral, two crossed swords etc). They sway the boards up and down, while still seated, their collective facial expression being one of irritation. They hoot JO and DAVID off, sending them raspberries and boooooos.

CUT TO

JO and DAVID look at each other as if to say "This is getting heavy. Should we go on? ...Yeah, let's do it."

They put down this signboard as well and pick up the last one, which says:

" STOP PRETENDING LIFE IS LIKE THE SIMPSONS! "

At this point the STUDENTS stand up, and put their signs down with loud thumps like robots obeying unseen commands.

JO and DAVID understand that a fight is going to erupt in a few instants, look at each other and take a deep breath.

STUDENTS\JO\DAVID- Banzai!!!!!!!!!!

The STUDENTS all together fling themselves against JO and DAVID, vice versa.

CUT TO

The brawl is finished. Everybody is lying on the floor together with pieces of furniture and broken glasses etc.

JO and DAVID are laying on the floor as well, among the messy rubbish, and gradually they start moving slightly. They groan, trying to find some strength to at least disentangle each other. They discover they are lying quite near to each other, so near that they can actually talk, once they both feel strong enough to.

JO- Ohh... We are alive..David.

DAVID- Oh god..

JO- (after a while) Dave..?

DAVID- ..yeah?

JO- Do you think they'll come back?

DAVID- ..if.. we try again..

JO- Next time they'll kill us, David.

DAVID- I know.

(after a while)

DAVID- We'll never succeed. You know that.

JO- But we have to try. Maybe one or two will stop pretending.. sooner or later..

DAVID- Umm..yeah.

JO- Try or choose..

DAVID- Maybe it's better to choose.

JO- ...before it's too late....

DAVID nods

They collapse back onto the floor.

63

INT.LIVING ROOM.UNDERGROUND APARTMENT.DAY

The apartment (no windows) has a big, comfortable living room, which has been furnished on purpose to please and satisfy the personal tastes of everybody in it. In the living room there are STUDENT1, 2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10,11,12,13,14,15,16 . STUDENT1 is changing cds on an expensive stereo, choosing from a large collection of cds and records. STUDENT2 and STUDENT3 are eating nice food from an elegant dinner service on a table, drinking red wine in crystal glasses. STUDENT4 and STUDENT7 are lying on the floor reading comics, in front of a huge comic collection. STUDENT5 and STUDENT6 are chatting, sitting on armchairs, and drinking espresso. STUDENT9 and STUDENT8 are playing dice on the blue carpet, flirting. STUDENT11 is lying on a yellow oriental cushion reading porno magazines, in front of a Playboy pinup, which is tacked to the wall behind him. STUDENT13 is sitting on a chair reading a soft novel in front of a poster of a Playgirl boy. STUDENT10 and STUDENT12 are drinking cocktails choosing from a tray full of alcoholic drinks, smoking, sitting on red cushions, STUDENT10 looking a little depressed, STUDENT12 having a malicious smile on her face. STUDENT14, STUDENT16 and STUDENT15, are sitting on the sofa, STUDENT14 bored, STUDENT16 sleeping, STUDENT15 empty-headed. In the place of windows are there are posters of painted blue skies with huge suns shining. The living room door is shut.

64

INT. KITCHEN. APARTMENT.DAY

The kitchen is very small. There is only one chair, on which JO is sitting. The tap drips water in small drops. JO is smoking staring at the wall above the sink. There is kitchen stuff everywhere. DAVID is coming from the corridor.

DAVID (V.O)- I'm afraid the respite...

(DAVID enters the kitchen)

DAVID- ...is over.

JO sighs, then turns to him.

JO- What happened this time?

DAVID- Well, as we predicted, the patch I put on the drainpipe last week hasn't lasted long and now the toilet is flooding.

JO- Oh fuck! Not the toilet again!

DAVID- I'm afraid you'll have to come and have a look at it darling.

JO gets up from her chair and they go into the corridor towards the bathroom.

DAVID- Jimmy and I have tried to hold the shit down, but it's like it's got a life of its own, the bastard..

They enter the bathroom.

P.O.V JO AND DAVID LOOKING DOWN

CLOSE UP OF THE INSIDE OF THE WATER CLOSE CENTER FRAME.

Shit is bubbling up from the drain.

The sight of it is so disgusting that JO and DAVID immediately withdraw their eyes in disgust. JIMMY, dressed with black trousers and a military waistcoat, is on his knees beside the water-close, bustling about with a wrench. DAVID looks down at him.

DAVID- How's it going?

JIMMY- I need a sheet. A..steel sheet.

DAVID- Ok, I'm gonna go see what I can find.

DAVID leaves the bathroom.

JO- Fuck. Um..if you want me I'm in the kitchen.

JO leaves the bathroom as well, and doing this she passes by the living room closed door. She goes back into the kitchen but the CAMERA stops following her at the living room door.

65

INT.LIVING ROOM. APARTMENT

All the STUDENTS are doing what they were doing in scene 63.

S.15 (to S.1)- Hey can you stop with that record player!

S.1- It's not a record player, it's a cd player.

S.15- Oh Shut up!

S.1- What do you want?

S.4 (to S.1)- Don't get into a fight ok?

S.15- I want you to stop listening to that "sort of" music you're playing.

S.1 puts another cd in.

S.15- You bloody fucker, who's the chief in here?

S.1- You might be the chief but you're still an asshole.

S.15 gets angry and stands up from his seat, but S.16, still asleep, stops him with a hand.

S.15- You say that when there's nobody here to stop me and I'm..

S.3 (to S.15)- Let him talk, that's all he's capable of doing..

S.15 calms himself down and sits back on the sofa.

S.1 stops putting cds in.

S.8 (shouts)- I won!!

S.9- No you didn't!

S.8- Yes I did!

S.9- No you didn't!

S.15- Shut up !

S.14 (to S.15)- Can we do something?

S.15 (looks at her, then solemnly)- It's TV hour.

Everybody stops what they were doing and falls silent as S.15 switches the tv on. The first image that appears is a shot of a cuckoo clock striking the hour in CENTER FRAME. All the STUDENTS utter a cry of terror and S.15 immediately changes channel. Then he starts zapping.

66

INT.KITCHEN.APARTMENT.DAY

OFF SCREEN SOUND EFFECT: THE TV IS ON IN THE LIVING ROOM AND THE TAP IS DRIPPING WATER.

MUSIC: "10:15 SATURDAY NIGHT" – THE CURE, GRADUALLY MIXED IN CLOSE UP OF A WALL CLOCK TICKING. It reads 14.00

CUT TO

JO is leaning against the wall beside the sink staring mutely at the cracks.

JO (V.O)- Again listening to that bloody TV..

SHE stubs out the cigarette into an ashtray in the sink.

SHE looks down and sees the tap is dripping water. SHE'S annoyed.

JO (V.O)- And this bloody tap..

SHE tries to close it tighter but the tap instead breaks and the pressurised water spurts out like a fountain.

MUSIC IS REPLACED BY THE SOUND OF HIGH – PRESSURE WATER ERUPTING FROM THE TAP.

JO- Oh Fuck! Fuck! Someone come and help me!!

SHE tries in every way to repair it quickly but she's just getting herself wet.

JO (shouting)- DAVID! DAVID!

DAVID runs down the stairs.

DAVID (alarmed)- What? What's wrong?

JO- DAVID!!!

DAVID runs into the kitchen.

DAVID- Oh fuck!

JO tries to put a plate on the tap, but it doesn't work.

JO- C'mon, give me something!

DAVID tries to think of something but can't. He opens up every low cupboard he can find in panic, taking out pans and saucepans and dropping them on the floor in a noisy mess. In the meantime JO is fighting with all her might.

JO- What are you doing! C'mon!

DAVID- What? What do you want?

JO- The pan! Give me the pan!

DAVID takes a saucepan and goes to the sink, where there's barely enough room for two.

JO- Put it on top!

DAVID is going to put the pan on the tap with its base facing up.

JO- No! The other way!!

DAVID (now drenched as well), puts the pan on the tap with the base facing down. In this way the water is not stopped but at least is directed towards the drain.

They both sigh.

SHE helps DAVID holding down the pan.

DAVID- And now what?

JO- Now .. now we stop it up with a cloth. Hold it down like that.

JO takes a kitchen towel from the counter on her left, and starts trying to force it inside the spout.

JO- I need at least another one..

SAM(ANTHA) enters the kitchen. She's a "Goth", all dressed in black with a white face, black hair and earrings. She wears a long black velvet coat and black long skirt. Quite beautiful really. She enters and talks as if everything's fine.

SAM- Hi.

JO- (Without turning around) Oh it's you, thank god. Please pass me all the tea towels you can find.

SAM starts looking for them, but slowly.

SAM- What for?

JO- We're in the middle of a flood Sam, if you didn't notice.

SAM- Ah.

DAVID looks exhausted at JO.

JO (to DAVID)- I know.

SAM- Why are you two so worried about it?

JO- Do you like drowning Sam?

SAM- Drowning is supposed to be a good way to die..

JO notices that the sink drain is getting blocked as well.

JO- Oh fuck. This is getting blocked as well.

DAVID- We've got to stop the tap first.

JO (to DAVID)- Yeah.

JO (to SAM)- Have you found them?

SAM has three tea towels in her hand. She advances.

JO- (indicating her left) put them there.

SAM prepares herself to get out of the kitchen, as calm as she arrived.

SAM- Well, good luck then.

Quickly JO forces all the tea towels inside the spout, and in this way manages to keep the water flowing inside the sink.

JO- Now you can let it go.

DAVID and JO look at each other and sigh of relief.

CAMERA PANS UP TO SHOW CLOCK WALL TICKING. It reads 14.15.

67

INT.LIVING ROOM.APARTMENT.DAY

S.15 is still zapping when S.7 intervenes.

S.7- C'mon Greg, let's have that one!

S.2- Yes, that one seemed ok.

S.7- Yeah.

S.15 looks at S.16, who's still sleeping.
S.16 nods in her sleep.
S.15 stops zapping.
CUT TO

TV SEQUENCE 11

1- EXT.HOUSING ESTATE.EAST LONDON.NIGHT

An android probe scales the wall of a brick housing estate.

He breaks through a window

2- INT.AIRPORT LOUNGES.NIGHT

The android probe walks through deserted, vast, unlit waiting lounges of airport flight connections.

3- EXT.PERIPHERY.NIGHT

PEOPLE, leaning against dark walls, around corners, in front of doors murmur like ghosts, soft garbled words, dribble oozing down their chins.

4- BACK TO 2, CLOSEUP OF ANDROID: legs click, giros whir.

END OF TV SEQUENCE 11

CUT BACK

S.4- This is cool!

S.11- My magazines are better!!

S.4- Your magazines suck.

S.11 laughs to himself.

S.15 suddenly changes channel.

S.4- No!! Why did you do it??

S.2- leave this one Greg.

CUT TO

TV SEQUENCE 12

INT.HOUSE.DAY

A SON comes home from school, enters the house and goes to the kitchen, where his MOTHER is cooking dinner. The SON stops short: his MOTHER has become a black featureless silhouette in the shape of her usual self. The SON sits down at the table, where everything is ready for dinner. There are four plates as usual, and all looks perfectly normal.

MOTHER- Well, son, don't you say hi to your mother anymore?

SON (shyly)- Hi mum.

The MOTHER is busy preparing dinner so she doesn't notice her SON's terrified face.

MOTHER- How did school go?

Her SON is staring at her and doesn't answer .The MOTHER turns to him a little.

MOTHER- Are you ok?

The SON is shocked but her turning around sort of wakes him up a little.

SON- Oh? Oh.. yeah, of course. Of course I'm ok.

The MOTHER turns back to the cook.

SON- Why?

MOTHER- Why what?

SON- ..why did you ask me if I was ok?

MOTHER- I asked you how school was and you didn't answer.

SON- Oh school. Yeah, school was ok.

The MOTHER moves, and HE follows her with his eyes, as she walks into a darker corner of the kitchen. HE is trying to understand what's going on. The MOTHER notices his look and stops in front of him. He instantly stops looking at her like that and tries to fake a normal expression.

MOTHER- I don't think you look very well though. Is it something to do with girls?

SON- Girls? No. Really, I'm just a bit tired maybe.

The MOTHER continues doing what she was doing before.

MOTHER- Well girls or not girls, you better relax because I am cooking your favourite dinner and your dad is in a very good mood today.

The SON is struggling to stop being terrified now but still looks very confused.

MOTHER- Marianne.. that girl that is in your class, she's quite pretty, don't you find... sometime you ought to ask her out. She's got nice manners, and she only speaks when she's spoken to.

The more the MOTHER talks the more the SON struggles with his confusion, trying to accept the fact that she has suddenly turned into a walking shadow.

MOTHER- I find that attitude is better than the one many girls have nowadays. They are so insolent. They think they know everything. And they are worse than the worst of men.

I don't know why their mothers let them get away with it...

END OF FILM SEQUENCE 12

CUT BACK

S.14- This shit's boring me.

S.2 (while drinking some wine)- Yes, I never understood weird films. They're so.. unentertaining.

S.7- (to S.2) Imagine if your mother turned into a monster..

S.2 My mother IS a monster ah ah ah!

S.14- (to S.15) C'mon, change.

68

INT.APARTMENT.DAY

ROB, a 18-year old boy, shy and a dreamer, is sitting alone on the staircase, head in hands. The stairs are narrow and steep and they are fitted between two walls. He is in desperation, he rocks his body back and forth slightly.

ROB (V.O)- I'm gonna do it. Yes. I'm gonna put this torture to an end. What's the point anyway.. There is no point. We're just all gonna die anyway. I don't wanna live like this. This is hell. Waiting, waiting only for death.. So what's the difference? I'm gonna do it myself. Be courageous..

(after a while)

ROB (V.O)-Sleeping pills. I'm gonna take all of Jo's sleeping pills and die. It's gonna be pleasant. And quick. Yeah. And it'll be the end of it.. simple and easy. I could do it in the bathroom and then go lie in my bed..

SAM comes down the stairs and finds him there. SHE stops beside him without a word.

SAM looks at him even though ROB refuses to turn his face to her.

SAM- Thinking about death..

ROB instantly puts his hands down and faces her.

ROB- How did you know?!?

SAM smiles.

SAM- Death.. she's my sister. I know her very well..

ROB turns again to face forwards.

ROB- I'm so sick of it Sam.. I..

SAM looks ahead as well now, still half smiling.

ROB- I.. I just can't..

SAM- Death is a strange lady Robert, you have to treat her right.

ROB- What.. what do you mean?

SAM- You used to write poems. They were inspired by her. Did you get sick of that?

ROB- Umph, poems. Poems are no consolation. I am starting to hate my poems. They are.. almost evil.. words, scattered, threatening and cruel.

SAM- That's what makes them so fascinating .. You should learn to love and cherish the slow, perverse ticking of the clocks.. Tick.. Tock.. Tick.. Tock.. and She comes nearer and nearer.. inexorable, elegant, pitiless..

ROB- Please stop!

ROB stands up.

ROB- I better go now.

He goes upstairs.

JIMMY (V.O)- Hey! Is there anybody out there who can help me?!?

SAM slowly gets up and goes towards the kitchen, standing at the doorway.

P.O.V SAM'S BACK FROM A DISTANCE

SAM- You two, I think Jimmy wants you.

CUT TO

DAVID runs upstairs while shouting to Jimmy in the bathroom.

DAVID- Sorry Jim, we had an emergency, but I'm coming right down!

CUT TO

BEDROOM, the door is opposite the window

P.O.V THE DOOR

ROB is crouched on the floor with his arms around his knees crying.

DAVID bursts into the room to look for the steel sheet. While he is entering, without even looking:

DAVID- Robert do you know where that steel sheet we used last week is?

ROB tries to hide his tears quickly, he has been taken by surprise.

ROB- What.. what sheet?

DAVID turns to him, and while he does, HE says:

DAVID- That steel sheet we used for last week' s leak in the storeroom.

He notices now that Rob has been crying.

ROB- It should be behind the wardrobe, on the floor.

DAVID -(discretely) Are you ok?

ROB- Yeah, I've just got.. a cold, I think.

DAVID nods, even though he knows ROB is lying.

DAVID- There is a flood downstairs. I hope this is gonna help.

He finds the sheet and while closing the door behind him:

DAVID- Sorry about your cold.

CUT TO

BATHROOM

JO is standing near the door. JIMMY, whose face lurks from the closet says:

JIMMY- Fucking son of a bitch, I'm gonna make you bleed! Bastard! Jo! Pass me the screwdriver on the floor.

JO bends down and gives him the screwdriver. DAVID enters the bathroom with the sheet in his hands.

DAVID- I've got the sheet, finally.

JIMMY- Too late Dave, I've solved the problem another way.

DAVID- How did you manage?

JIMMY- (looking at him) The warrior never reveals his fighting secrets..

JO and DAVID smile.

JIMMY turns back to the closet.

JIMMY- And now I'm gonna kill this bastard.

DAVID beckons JO to get out of the bathroom for a moment, while saying:

DAVID- Well, if I'm not needed I'll go check the kitchen tap situation.

He gets out of the door. JO follows him.

JO- Wait. I'm coming with you.

They go towards the kitchen, then stop in the middle of the corridor and whisper.

JO- What?

DAVID- I think you'd better go and talk to Rob upstairs. He looks worse than usual, and he's been crying. I think you should go and talk to him. I don't know.. you know..?

JO sighs. - Ok.

She heads upstairs.

DAVID watches her go, then, as he's turning towards the kitchen, he sees the wall clock, which is situated on the wall exactly opposite the living room door . The wall clock is ticking, it says it's 11.30. HE stares at it. HE looks at his own watch. It's 14.30. Somewhat puzzled:

DAVID (V.O)- One day I must get it repaired.

CUT TO

BEDROOM

P.O.V THE DOOR

JO and ROB are both crouched on the floor, beside one another. ROB is crying.

ROB- (After a while, still crying) What am I gonna do now?
JO looks at him with an expression of brotherly love.
ROB- What am I gonna do?
JO- You're gonna try like the rest of us, Rob.
ROB shakes his head in denial.
JO- I'm not saying that we are gonna change the world, but we've gotta try..
ROB- .. What's the point of trying if we cannot change it..
JO- Maybe your logic works, but logic doesn't always give you the right answers.
ROB- What does, then? The water is gonna rise, it's never going to stop and finally we're gonna die. All of it is so nonsensical.
JO- Of course it makes no sense to you. There might be a reason and there might be not. We are just a millionth part of this universe. How can we hope to really explain it or even understand it? The world is much more complicated than you or me can conceive and what's your clever logic to it?
ROB- But if I cannot understand it with logic how do I ..do it?
JO- Use your instinct. Your dreams. Your intuition.
ROB is doubtful.
JO- There is a part of you, which always knows how things work. You've got to learn to use it.
ROB (after a while)- Still the water is gonna drown us, and my intuition.. what difference can it make..
JO- Today it could show you how to stop the water in the kitchen, tomorrow it could show you something about the water itself..
ROB- I don't know...
JO- Freeze your logic for an instant.
ROB dries his eyes.
JO- Look at me.
ROB doesn't want to turn because he doesn't want her to see his face after he's cried.
ROB-..What?
JO- Look at me. Please.
ROB reluctantly does so.
JO- Look at my eyes. Look *inside* them.
ROB does it, shyly. JO's eyes shine with beauty.
JO- What do you see?
ROB is almost hypnotised by this sudden intimacy.
ROB- They.. are (lowering his eyes and then lifting them to face Jo again) beautiful.
JO- They are *Alive*.
After a few instants ROB starts shyly smiling. JO looks at him with love and understanding. They hold each other.

69

INT.LIVING ROOM.APARTMENT.DAY

All the students are watching tv.

TV SEQUENCE 13

INT. KITCHEN.DAY

CURTIS is sitting at a table, with a plate of spaghetti bolognese in front of him. Mixed into the meat sauce, pieces of wood covered in peeling white paint and replete with broken pieces of nails are visible. CURTIS is eating the spaghetti with apparent pleasure, gums and tongue and all of his mouth becoming badly cut. Blood pours forth from his mouth while he continues to eat.

S.7 (V.O)- (serious)That looks yummy.

S.6 (V.O)- (serious) Makes me wanna eat something.

S.4 (V.O)- Is there something left to eat?

Suddenly there is a banging on the door. Then a voice. It's JIMMY's voice.

JIMMY (V.O)- Get out of there ! Get out you idiots! There's a flood in the house! Get out!

S.15- Always the same fucker. He's trying everything to get in here. Mph, these crazy hippies!

Muffled voices are heard from behind the door.

DAVID- C'mon Jimmy, it's useless. They don't wanna hear you.

JIMMY- Fuck, I really can't understand them.

DAVID- I know Jim, but that's the way it is. If they wanna drown, let them drown.

Voices stop. S.15 looks at the others with a scornful look-

S.15- Poor bastards.

-and changes channel.

TV SEQUENCE 14

INT.HOSPITAL ROOM.NIGHT

EIREEN (Fiery Irish-looking young woman, red long hair and green eyes) is sitting by the bed of a dying OLD MAN on life support, holding his hand. They are alone. There's a machine making beeping noises to the rhythm of his heart's pulse. Suddenly it stops: beeeeeeeee.... EIREEN looks at the OLD MAN, she is very concerned because this man is her grandfather and she loves him very much. His face suddenly changed into something completely different, alien, horrible, but not evil or threatening, just scary.

OLD MAN- My heart has stopped beating.

Then HE dies.

CUT TO

Advertisements.

S.10- Makes me feel sick..

S.14 (to S.10)- It's just a film.

S.15- Why do they transmit this shit? Never a fucking football match in this bloody country.

S.10- (to herself, still thinking about the film) God..

S.14 (to S.10)- What's your problem? Haven't you ever seen anybody die on tv before??

S.15 (to S.14)- Leave her alone. She's sensitive, the little darling.
S.15 winks at S.10.

70

INT.APARTMENT.DAY

SOUND OF OUTSIDE RAIN

KITCHEN:

CLOSE UP OF WALL CLOCK TICKING. It reads 14.40.

CLOSE UP OF SINK

The cloth is still in the spout but the water has filled the sink, because the drain is blocked.
The water is going to overflow any minute. It does.

CUT TO

THE BATHROOM:

The water closet is clear. All seems normal. Suddenly a brown stain starts appearing on the floor, beside the water closet. The stain gets bigger. Between the wall and the door there is a bump, like a broken pipe. Brown liquid starts forming there as well and slowly everywhere the carpet meets the walls.

CUT TO

THE STAIRS

There is a huge stain of wet wallpaper on the wall of the stairwell, spreading from the ceiling above.

SOUND OF HURRIED STEPS DESCENDING

JO- Heads up people! We have a code red on all floors!!

As SHE's coming down, a pipe situated behind the stairway wall explodes, and water spurts out from the wall.

DAVID (V.O)- (shouting from downstairs) The storeroom floor is flooded! There's water everywhere!

JO runs down, all wet.

ROB (V.O)- (shouting from upstairs) The plumbers! Someone please call the plumbers!

JO runs to the kitchen and as she opens the door, a lot of water gushes out, covering the corridor with 2 cm. of water. SHE enters, the cloth is not on the tap anymore, and the water is spurting up to the ceiling, and raining down like a fountain.

CUT TO

THE BEDROOM

There is water on the floor, rising every minute, from beneath the door. ROB puts the phone down. SAM is sitting on the bed.

ROB- Everybody says they're either busy, or we should call somebody else or it is engaged or nobody answers ..!

ROB looks desperate. SAM looks as if she's pleased with the situation. ROB, seeing that she does not react to his statement, interprets her silence as resignation to the fact that the plumbers will never come.

ROB- They will come, I know. Sooner or later they'll see what's going on and they'll save us.

SAM doesn't respond. She looks into emptiness with a sphinx's smile. ROB starts walking back and forth around the room.

ROB- I know they'll come. They can't leave us here like this. Umph. They might not answer the phone but they know we're in danger. They'll come when we least expect them, it's

logical. Yeah.. Yeah.

CUT TO

UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR

JIMMY is hammering, at a minimum distance from the ceiling, thick plank boards perpendicular to the walls, to fit them perfectly between one wall and the other. The water is at his knee level. His face is full of combative anger.

JIMMY- (shouting) Everybody come upstairs! Hurry!

CUT TO

SHOT OF LIVING ROOM DOOR FROM OUTSIDE

COUNTERSHOT, CLOSE UP OF WALL CLOCK TICKING. It reads 11.45

SOUND OF TV ADS

The water is at thigh level.

(JO, referring to the people inside the living room)

JO- What are we gonna do about.. them

DAVID- They'll never come out.

JO shakes her head, thinking.

DAVID- Wait a minute.. Where is Charlie??

JO- Oh fuck! I completely forgot about him!

DAVID and JO exchange a look and hurry towards the kitchen.

CHARLIE, looking placidly calm is taking cheese out of the fridge, which is inundated with water. He holds a wet sandwich in his hand, with a wet lettuce leaf inside. As he sees the astonished JO and DAVID, he smiles peacefully.

CHARLIE- Hi, my friends, how are you today?

JO (perplexed)- What are you doing here Charlie?

CHARLIE- (kindly) I am eating, of course.

DAVID- That sandwich is wet. Doesn't that disturb you?

CHARLIE- No, my friend, it doesn't. Bread is bread. Wet or not, it remains bread.

JO- Charlie, the house is flooding, we have to go upstairs.

DAVID- In a few minutes everything will be gone.

CHARLIE- Everything goes, sooner or later, that is the momentary nature of things. We have to accept this nature of events for what it is, and go with the current. I do not hate water, water does not hate me.

JO- Look, if we don't immediately go upstairs we're all gonna die.

CHARLIE- I am not afraid of death either, life and death are nothing but the aggregation and disintegration of the same elements.

DAVID (to JO)- I think he wants to stay here. But we'd better go now.

JO sends him a last sad look, then turns back with DAVID to go upstairs.

JO-(to CHARLIE) Ok.

71

INT.LIVING ROOM.APARTMENT.DAY

Advertisements on TV. Everybody is watching them.

SOUND OF WATER RUNNING

CUT TO

SHOT OF LIVING ROOM DOOR FROM OUTSIDE, WATER AT KNEE LEVEL
COUNTERSHOT, CLOSE UP OF WALL CLOCK TICKING. It reads 11.50.

CUT BACK

S.4- Does anyone hear that noise?

Nobody answers.

S.4- Sounds like.. like running water or something

S.15- It's probably the sound of you pissing!

S.4- Very funny, but there is a noise coming from outside.

S.15- We are inside you stupid, and what goes on outside might as well not be going on at all. Why don't you go back playing with your cds and shut up.

On TV the adds have finished

TV SEQUENCE 15

INT.ART GALLERY.DAY

All the STUDENTS (1-16), are walking around in a group looking around. The statues and sculptures are made from old, worm-eaten wood, steel rods and raw meat. The meat has attracted a huge swarm of flies within the exhibit, but the STUDENTS and the BOURGEOISIE walking through it don't seem to notice.

END OF TV SEQUENCE 15

The STUDENTS do not recognise themselves in the TV sequence, nor consider what they've just seen in any way abnormal or horrible, just as the students in the tv sequence do not seem to notice the rotting statues.

S.2-I find exhibitions are quite trendy among a certain sort of people, but I personally do not see what's so interesting in them..

S.14- Everybody would be able to paint a dot on a wall and say that it's art.

S.11 (showing the inside of his magazine)- This is art! Ah Ah Ah!!!

S.15 switches the tv off.

S.15- you're all too stupid to understand this sort of program.

Everybody turns surprised to S.15, staring at him.

THE SOUND OF RUNNING WATER INCREASES

CUT TO

SHOT OF LIVING ROOM DOOR FROM OUTSIDE, WATER AT WAIST LEVEL
COUNTERSHOT OF WALL CLOCK TICKING. It signs 11.55

CUT BACK

S.15- Just as stupid as not to hear the sound of our arsehole here pissing!

Everybody but S.4 explodes in a roaring laugh.

72

INT.UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR.APARTMENT.DAY

JO,DAVID,JIMMY,SAM,ROB are lying down on two sets of plank boards nailed to the walls. The water is some 20-cm from the plank boards.

JO and DAVID look at the water then look at each other.

JO- We've done all we could. That's what counts isn't it?

DAVID nods, and smiles.

DAVID- Yeah.

JIMMY- I refuse to die in such a stupid way dammit!

SAM looks at JIMMY with compassion.

JIMMY- These planks are gonna keep us alive for a few more minutes. But I'm gonna die when I bloody decide to.

JIMMY starts moving around looking at the ceiling looking for something, as if he has a plan and he's going to put it into action.

JO- What do you wanna do?

On the ceiling at the end of the corridor there is a small trapdoor. JIMMY finds it, goes towards it crawling on the boards.

DAVID- This time there's not much he can do..

ROB is swaying his body up and down autistically.

ROB (to himself)- They're gonna come soon, they probably are just outside the building right now.. they'll smash the walls, they'll drill hole through them and save us..

He continues to repeat the same sentences at infinitum but his voice is in the background.

SAM continues to wear her sphinx's smile, smiling as if she has finally reached the moment she's waited for her whole life.

DAVID (to JO)- I don't know if I'm ready to die, but I want to tell you that.. I am glad we were... friends in this life.

JO(smiles)- Well, if we're going anywhere right now, you'd better be my friend there I tell you!

DAVID laughs.

DAVID- You know, I used to think sometimes that life was nothing but just continuous pain and hideousness, and death was... well, the end of it, you know? But, just like they say in films, now that I'm so close to dying I feel like... I really get how amazing living can be ..

JO- ..yeah..

Suddenly a splash is heard. JO and DAVID turn to see SAM has jumped into the water.

DAVID- Oh my god!

HE moves as if wanting to go and save her but JO stops him.

JO-Don't!

They both look at her beautiful black hair dancing in the water, and her body slowly and gracefully going down, and down.

JO- She'd been waiting for this moment all her life..

ROB in the meantime hasn't noticed anything and continues whispering almost autistically.
ROB-They're gonna come through the walls.. they're gonna save us with their hammers..
they're gonna come soon.. they're gonna come through the walls.. they're gonna save us
with their hammers.. they're (etc)

DAVID- Poor Rob, he's gone completely crazy..

JO- wait a second..

SHE turns to the trapdoor. She sees JIMMY hopelessly looking at it, He cannot figure out
a way of pushing its lid up.

JO- The trapdoor!

DAVID- What?

JO looks around her as if looking for something

JO-The trapdoor! Jim! we can use the hammer!

JIMMY looks behind at JO, with the look of a destroyed man, not understanding

JO- (to JIMMY) Where's the hammer ?

JIMMY realises what JO means, and a light comes back into his eyes. He instantly crawls
as fast as he can on the planks to reach the hammer, which lies midway between him and
JO.

DAVID- (to JO) Where does that trapdoor lead to?

JO starts moving quickly towards the trapdoor, followed by a surprised DAVID.

JO- Don't know. There could be a storeroom on the other side, or the air conditioning
ducts.. or maybe just the old electricity panels..

The water has now reached the planks. JIMMY is halfway smashing the trapdoor lid with
his hammer. He manages to put his head into the hole to see what's on the other side.

Blackness is all he can see.

DAVID- What do you see?

JIMMY- I can't see anything!

JIMMY lifts his right arm and pushes it inside the hole. In total blackness he tries to
understand what kind of place he's in. HE feels something wet with his hand.

JIMMY- what the hell....?

HE withdraws his head and hand from the hole to look at what's on his hand. It is mud.

JO and DAVID move closer look at his hand

JO- What is it??

JIMMY- This is.. is this..

DAVID- Mud?!?!

Astonished, they look each other in the eyes for a few moments. Then suddenly JIMMY
grabs the hammer again and starts smashing the trapdoor to make a hole big enough for his
body to fit through. While JIMMY is doing this, JO remembers ROB, who's still,
muttering, holding his knees and swinging.

JO- Oh Fuck ! Rob is still back there !

DAVID- I'll go get him!

JO- No. Stay here. I'll be back in a minute.

JIMMY manages to create a hole big enough for two people. In an instant HE is on the
other side, pushing up something solid and wet with his hand. JO is with ROB now,

leading him to the trap door on her knees. ROB has regressed to acting like a child, and lets himself be dragged, oblivious and without much resistance, still muttering fragmented sentences.

DAVID immediately follows JIMMY and joins him in pushing hard against the barrier. JO manages to climb inside the hole and slowly drags ROB in behind her, while the water has reached their waste level. At the same time JIMMY and DAVID succeed in pushing aside what looks like a square lid of soil from above their heads. JIMMY, DAVID and JO see something they have never seen before. A patch of blue sky. They all push their bodies up through this new opening in the ground. JO drags ROB up to join them, with DAVID's help. On the other side there is a sea of grass - a green field that stretches for miles. They look at it in shock and complete silence.

JO holds ROB, who only now stops reciting his sentences.

JO- (whispering) Rob, it's all right. It's all finished.

ROB looks at her with the look of a scared animal.

JO- (whispering even more) It's gone.. (smiling, almost laughing) It's all.. gone!

DAVID- (to her, smiling to her with her same expression) Wouldn't be so sure for the ones downstairs..

CUT TO

THE LIVING ROOM DOOR, UNDER THE PRESSURE OF THE WATER (the water has reached the ceiling)

CLOSE UP of WALL CLOCK, submerged by water, stopped at 12.

73

INT.LIVING ROOM.APARTMENT.DAY

A LOT OF CRACKING NOISES, AND WATER RUNNING.

Everybody is still, not talking or moving. They look disconcerted and terrified except for S. 16 who's still sleeping, S.15 who's trying with all his strength to convince himself that everything is all right, and S.14, who doesn't care.

S.4-I think the door's not gonna stand the test. There's something evil outside.. there's something evil.. and it's gonna devour us all..

A crack appears on the wall. The door, with all its nuts and bolts looks as if it's going to crack as well. Its chains, bars and padlocks are on the verge of giving way to the water.

S.2 (hysterically)- We have to do something!!

Her call falls unheard into a paralysed silence, then:

S.4- It's too late now. We're lost.

S.2 is out of her mind. Gradually increasing the pitch and tone of her voice:

S.2- (to herself)No.no.no.no.No.No! It's not possible! (standing up) It's not possible! (to everybody) It's not possible! (she starts running around banging her fists in desperation to the walls) It's not possible! It's not possible! It's not possible!

Then she runs to the door, and, pulling the chains to herself:

S.2- Open up! Open up! Open up!!!!

At which point the water breaks the door down and inundates the whole room, destroying furniture and all that's inside.

CUT TO

S.15's drowned corpse, under the water.

74

INT.SOAS BAR.EVE

MUSIC: CEASEFIRE ,TRICKSHOT

JO and DAVID are talking, sitting on the stools. The PLAYERS are playing pool. PLAYER1 sticks his ass into DAVID's face, then lines up another shot and does it again, forcing him to move backwards, then PLAYER2 does it to JO. It's becoming more and more of a farce. While they're doing it:

JO-Fuckin' hell, when will they ever stop playing this stupid game??

DAVID-Never, I guess.

JO- You have another cigarette?

DAVID- No. But I have another joint.

JO sighs.

JO- I want to dream a little.

DAVID- (sings) Dreams are my reality.. a different kind of reeality..

JO- (singing) I dream of flying in the night.. and flying seems so right..

DAVID- (sings) I'm going to leave reaaality...

DAVID starts rolling a joint.

JO- You know the zombies?

DAVID- Uhm?

JO- The zombies. Now I know why they have made so many movies about them.

DAVID- Why?

JO- Think about it. The zombies are creatures that are neither alive nor.. properly dead. Like so many people around us.

DAVID- Yeah.. many people look like them as well..

JO- Well, that's the film's resemblance to life rather than the contrary..

DAVID- Yeah.. and people do not understand films because they don't understand this.. they think the zombies were creatures magically invented by a crazy mind, or else real monsters well known by some people and ignored by most, and then when they see someone who acts like that in real life they call him zombie. But really.. the idea was born from wanting to talk about those real people in the first place! And so a story was created to depict them well. .. It's like dream language! A story to describe feelings!!

JO beckons him to finish rolling the joint. HE does, but without looking at it, almost magically.

JO- If people only listened to their dreams, they would live so much better

DAVID is in a world of his own, enthusiastic by his discovery.

JO- And you know why they treat dreams so badly?

DAVID- ..uh?

JO- Do you know why?

DAVID- (comes back partially to JO) Why?

JO- Well, that's simple. Because they want to. (after a while) It's the terror of the

unknown. Dreams, like so many other things, are part of a forgotten world, of an ancient way of seeing and understanding. Much more ancient than any society.

DAVID- (sinking back into himself, smiling) The zombies..

JO- Yes. And the zombies are the result of this. They are told all the time that life is like the Simpsons, but sooner or later they are bound to see that so many things don't fit into that scheme. When that happens they get scared. It's like there's a whole mysterious and difficult world outside, and they do not know how to deal with it.

DAVID- «The most ancient fear of all is the fear of the unknown..» H.P. Lovecraft.

JO- (sad, then bitter) Sad faces, or else just great actors on the scene.. lying all the time, to the world and to themselves.. They choose death. They choose to be zombies.

DAVID has finished rolling the joint and offers it to JO, unlit. He smiles. JO looks at him but soon her expression changes. SHE smiles a little, and takes the joint.

JO- Yeah. Let's dream

DAVID- (theatrically, jovially) A dream in honour of those who choose to Live, with a capital L!

JO- (declaiming) A dream for all that try.

DAVID- (smug, imitating an upper class accent) For all that don't give up.

JO- (triumphantly) For all that are strong enough, so that they know they're not alone

DAVID- (like a telemarketer) A dream for the dreamers.

JO- (same as DAVID) And for the realists.

DAVID- (laughing) For the crazy!

JO- (more triumphant, shouting) And for the mad!

As they shout faster and faster and, becoming extremely high and elated, and laugh happily, over excitedly, JO lights the joint and starts smoking it.

DAVID- For the crazy!

JO- For the insane!

DAVID- For the crazy!

JO- For the lunatic!

DAVID- For the insane!

JO- For the mad!

DAVID- For the insane!

JO delays in answering DAVID because she's taken a drag of the joint. When she finally speaks, her tone of voice has completely changed. She looks at DAVID with an intentionally insane look and whispers accordingly:

JO- For ..the.. insane...

Silence falls. They look at each other in complicity, then burst out laughing.

75

EXT.BEACH.DAY

LIGHT BLUE LIGHT OVEREXPOSURE

FLOU (dream effect)

P.O.V EDGE OF THE BEACH.

In the water, not far away, there is a boat with its broadside aimed at the shore. The paint design on its hull is one of light blue and white horizontal lines. Because its deck is very high, there is a long ladder leading to it; this faces the shore, and ends under the water level.
LONG SHOT OF THE BOAT CENTER FRAME

OFF SCREEN SOUND EFFECT:

Muffled, far-off voices of people playing are heard. They are DANIELLE'S the GUY'S and VIVIAN'S voices. (Throughout the scene all voices are heard as if coming from far away.) THEY all appear on screen, running around, one after the other. They are laughing, happily and carefree. They are dressed in the same way they were dressed in the scenes in which they

previously appear. After a while, feeling the need to take a rest, DANIELLE and VIVIAN sit down - DANIELLE on a log, VIVIAN on the sand, nearby. The GUY walks to the shore, suddenly looking a bit downcast, busying himself by looking for little stones.

DANIELLE looks at the BOAT.

DANIELLE- Is that your boat?

VIVIAN- Yeah.

DANIELLE- Do you live there?

VIVIAN nods.

DANIELLE- Could I go and see it?

VIVIAN- Only if you climb the ladder first.

THEY stand up and go towards the boat. As THEY reach the water they take off their shoes. DANIELLE sees the GUY looking for stones.

DANIELLE- And him?

VIVIAN- He will come when he's ready.

DANIELLE proceeds further, but VIVIAN doesn't. She notices this only after she's reached the base of the ladder.

DANIELLE- Aren't you coming??

VIVIAN- You've got to climb the ladder first!

SHE starts climbing the ladder. Her hair sways a little in the sun and she looks beautiful. SHE disappears alone inside.

CUT TO

DANIELLE is in a room that has 3 walls with the doorway and ladder on the remaining side. The walls are blue, and the room is small but comfortable. There is only a bed, lying on which one can see the room's only decoration: a picture of a stylised white cloud in centre frame and a light blue sky surrounding it. DANIELLE has a look around.

CUT BACK

VIVIAN is looking at the ladder. There is no sign of DANIELLE. VIVIAN goes towards the ladder as well. The GUY now notices from the beach that something is happening. HE sees

VIVIAN climbing the rungs. His incomprehension shows on his face.

CUT TO

VIVIAN is inside the boat as well now, but there's no sign of DANIELLE. Not finding her

anywhere, he decides to lay down on the light blue bedspread. He looks at the picture, and the picture's sky seems to dilate and spread all around him, enveloping his body in a velvet-like deep blue aura. He closes his eyes. DANIELLE cautiously comes out of her hiding place (a cupboard at the foot of the bed), cat-like, and sees VIVIAN's feet over the edge of the bed. He is wearing a deep blue mantel and a cap of the same colour. Still crouched she takes a glance at

VIVIAN's face and see that his eyes are closed. She holds her hand over his feet at a close distance, almost touching them. Then, slowly she moves her hand to the side of his left leg, and slowly continues along the side of his body.

CUT TO

The GUY is on the shore taking his shoes off. He carries them tied to the shoulder. He goes towards the ladder, determined to find out what's happening inside the boat.

CUT BACK

VIVIAN's eyes are still closed but it is not clear whether he is asleep or not. DANIELLE's hand is over his chest, and slowly travelling towards his face.

CUT TO

The GUY is climbing the ladder

CUT BACK

DANIELLE's hand is over his eyes now. She holds it there for a while, then she looks at the picture. The sky starts spreading out of its frame.

CUT TO

The GUY has arrived to the top of the ladder.

P.O.V THE GUY

DANIELLE is lying down beside VIVIAN, next to the wall. Both have their eyes closed and both wear a deep blue velvet mantel with a cap that together cover their entire bodies, except for part of their face. Almost immediately DANIELLE opens her eyes (which are now sparkling blue) and with her fingers she beckons him to lay down as well. The GUY, as if in a trance, drops his shoes on the floor, drops the ladder down in the water and lies beside VIVIAN. He looks up at the picture, closes his eyes and immediately transforms like the others.

CUT TO

CLOSE UP OF THE BOAT FROM THE SHORE CENTER FRAME

CUT BACK

P.O.V THE BOAT'S CEILING

DANIELLE, VIVIAN and the GUY are lying together and motionless, covered with the blue mantels and with eyes closed. Suddenly, they open their eyes simultaneously, and look intently at the camera. Their eyes are all a sparkling deep blue.

CUT TO

P.O.V THE BEACH

The sun is setting.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT OF THE BOAT slowly rising from the water. While gently rocking some metres above the water, the Boat starts to turn, so that its prow faces the open sea. When this position is complete, it begins to sail away, flying, toward the horizon.

INT.SOAS BAR. AFTERNOON

JO and DAVID are sitting on the same stools as ever, but looking very relaxed. Their arms are resting on the mantelpiece, and they look ahead of themselves, speaking softly, slowly, but clearly. After spending a while in deep soft silence, they speak. The pace of the conversation is slow, with many pauses.

JO- Obviousness could have fatal results to the world. (SHE takes a drag from the cigarette and blows out some smoke) "Dad, where does the sky end?" "Dad, what was there before God created the world?" "Why do we have to die, Dad?" Why do children ask such deep questions? Because they see creation in a direct and total way. Their senses are not yet adulterated by Habit. "What do you care" ..! Why do adults stop asking those questions? Because an adult's perception is clouded by Habit. Habit.

DAVID motions for Jo to give him the joint. He takes a drag and blows out the smoke, then passes it back.

DAVID- All you perceive is real. Reality is what results from the interdependence between interior and exterior space.

JO gives DAVID a coin. DAVID stands up and puts it into the JukeBox. Then goes back to sit down.

MUSIC

DAVID- All that exists in the world is matter that transmits electromagnetic waves of different lengths. The eye can only perceive a Lilliputian section of those wavelengths. All that the eye cannot see is not part of reality for us.

JO- All is subjective, all you perceive is real...

DAVID- We can hear sounds. But sounds are electromagnetic waves as well. We can hear only waves that oscillate between 20 and 20.000 times per second. The sound waves that are slower or faster are not part of our reality.

JO- There is no absolute reality that we can know. The only reality that we can know is relative.

DAVID- How would the world appear if the brain was able to catch other types of electromagnetic waves? If it could catch radio waves: We could see other countries. If it could catch ultra short X-rays: most objects would become transparent.

JO- Everything is a combination of matter and energy. That's all we can really know.

DAVID- There are so many realities. But each of us is convinced that the one he can see is the only true one.

JO takes another drag, blows it out, gives it to DAVID.

JO- So now that we know what crazy fools we are all the time, what are we gonna do?

DAVID- Try not to forget it..?

JO- Yes.. of course.. But what about the rest of the people of this wonderful planet?

DAVID- What? Like the players here?

JO- Yeah, like these players here.

DAVID- Try to tell them that they're fools..?

77

EXT.TROPICAL FOREST.DUSK.

THE SCREAM FADES INTO AFRICAN TRIBAL MUSIC

The MONKEYS are standing motionless watching the sun set behind the edge of the cliff.

(SEE scene 61)

After a while the sun disappears over the horizon.

TRIBAL MUSIC ENDS ABRUPTLY

All the MONKEYS jump off the cliff into emptiness.

78

EXT.TREE-LINED AVENUE.ENGLISH WOODS.JUST AFTER DUSK

It's late autumn and the tree-lined avenue is full of yellow leaves. Once in a while a belated leaf falls from the trees.

P.O.V END OF AVENUE. (Maintained through the entire scene)

Avenue in CENTER FRAME, stretching ahead in a direct line. The TOP HAT MAN appears as a shadowy distant figure at the other end of the avenue, riding a circus unicycle and ringing

its bell to warn he's coming. As he gets nearer he is more distinguishable. He is HUMMING the same old tune. His face cannot be seen. He proceeds forward going in the direction of

the CAMERA, although always steering an erratic course. (With unicycles it's almost impossible not to anyway) This time HE is dressed like a CLOWN, he has a striped red and white T-shirt, a red papillon and wears a black curly wig. His eyes are blue, as sparkling as DANIELLE, VIVIAN and the GUY in scene 75. As he gets nearer he continues to ring his bell, until HE reaches the extreme foreground, where the CAMERA is placed. HE

passes it and disappears to the right. His face is peaceful and carefree, but at the same time extremely wise. HE looks ageless, anything between 25 and 45. His life is reflected through his eyes. He is FREE.

The TOP HAT MAN disappears along with his humming,

CUT TO

INT.SOAS BAR.AFT

CLOSE UP of the two pool PLAYERS'S HANDS being shaken. Repeat three times in a row (because the game is over)

CUT BACK

MUSIC STARTS and it slowly begins to snow.

FADE OUT

TITLES

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