

PEEPING TOM

by

Leo Marks

Shooting Draft, 1959

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Leo Marks

The screen remains dark for a moment.

In the darkness WE HEAR the film's THEME MUSIC - a gentle whirring purring noise. Nothing to be alarmed about. It might be a small contented motor.

FADE IN:

EXT. A DESERTED STREET - NIGHT

LONG SHOT of the solitary figure of a WOMAN standing professionally alone at the end of the street.

It is a bright, still night. We can HEAR the Woman whistling 'Stardust' merrily to herself.

CAMERA TRACKS around her. A Man's footsteps are overlaid.

We HEAR the Man start to whistle 'Stardust' under his breath - haltingly at first, then in time with the Woman.

As we approach, she glances at us over her shoulder - then turns round for a better look.

Her whistling stops. So, at the same moment, does the man's.

CLOSE SHOT of DORA - a plump, attractive brunette - still young enough to need two glances at the customers.

She smiles at us - and is pleased with the reception. She hesitates for a long moment, weighing us up carefully... and then - half defiantly, half expecting to be laughed at.

DORA

It'll be two quid...

Evidently we have two quid.

She beams with relief - throws her fur over her shoulders, jerks her head towards the right - and sets off.

CAMERA TRACKS after her. Overlaid is the sound of the man's footsteps.

Dora resumes her whistling. So, under his breath, does the man who is following her.

EXT. A DESERTED STREET - NIGHT

A wider street than the last - but just as empty.

Dora sways her way towards a small house. CAMERA FOLLOWS at a respectful distance.

CAMERA PANS from Dora's hips to an overflowing dustbin.

CLOSE SHOT of a man's hand throwing something into the dustbin. It is an empty packet marked Kodak Film.

CAMERA PANS to Dora's house. It stands next to a chemist shop.

Dora climbs the few steps which lead to her front door - glances round at us encouragingly - then unlocks the door.

INT. HALLWAY OF DORA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

She switches on a light - and hurries up a flight of stairs.

CAMERA TRACKS after her.

She changes her tune to 'Goodnight Sweetheart'... and so - under his breath - does the Man who is following her.

A woman with hair like a two-toned car comes down the stairs, winks at Dora - looks at us for a moment with great curiosity... winks... then passes out of camera.

Dora reaches the landing - we are close behind her.

INT. LANDING OF DORA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dora unlocks the door of her room - and goes inside.

INT. DORA'S ROOM - NIGHT

She switches on the light, throws her fur onto a chair, lights the gas fire then turns round.

CLOSE SHOT of Dora. She holds out her hand-smiling.

And suddenly. There is a gentle whirring purring sound.

CAMERA HOLDS ON Dora - she is staring at something with great curiosity.

It turns quickly to bewilderment - and the bewilderment to fear. She steps back from CAMERA - but CAMERA won't have it.

Dora is now staring at something in horror - she opens her mouth to scream - a shadow falls across her face.

The sound purrs on.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

BLACK AND WHITE FILM SEQUENCE

The solitary figure of Dora standing professionally alone at the end of a street. WE SEE her turn towards CAMERA - and smile at us.

We are watching her on a 16mm screen - projected in BLACK AND WHITE.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show the surround in natural colour.

INT. MARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

A darkened room in natural COLOUR. The movie screen images are in BLACK AND WHITE.

We can SEE the back of a Man's head as he bends intently over a projector. He is watching Dora on the screen. He is breathing quickly.

We see Dora's hips wagging their way home.

The Man raises his head, so that we cannot see the screen.

When he lowers it again, we see the Woman with the two-toned hair winking at Dora... then we see Dora throwing her fur onto a chair - and turning towards us.

WE SEE her staring at something in bewilderment... then backing away from CAMERA in fear.

WE HEAR the Man breathing as if at the end of a very long race.

As Dora opens her mouth to scream, and a shadow falls across her face - the title:

PEEPING TOM

Blots out what is happening to her.

OTHER CREDITS FOLLOW... behind them we can see Dora's hands pushing something away.

Before the DIRECTOR'S CREDIT:

CUT TO:

EXT. A PARK - NIGHT

It is very dark.

CLOSE SHOT of a stack of deck chairs.

Two forms behind it - a MAN'S and a WOMAN'S.

They are intertwined and motionless... suddenly a brilliant shaft of light is trained onto them.

Overlaid is a gentle, whirring sound.

CAMERA PANS quickly to a nearby tree.

CLOSE SHOT of the lens of a cine-camera - the motor purring... a blinding spotlight.

CAMERA PANS to the couple - the whirring of the camera is overlaid.

The Man leaps up - shielding his eyes against the light.

He advances towards the tree.

MAN
Hey, you peeping...

The spotlight goes out. There is the sound of footsteps running away - and the night is at peace again.

And now WE SEE who DIRECTED the picture.

DISSOLVE TO:

LONG SHOT. AMBULANCE - DAY

It is standing in the roadway outside Dora's house.

WE SEE it through the finder of a small cine-camera.

EXT. STREETS BY DORA'S HOUSE - DAY

A crowd has gathered outside the house - and we are watching them from a corner of the street (ALWAYS THROUGH THE FINDER-MATTE).

WE SEE several Policemen holding back the crowd as two Ambulance Men hurry into the house, carrying an empty stretcher.

Gentle, whirring sound is overlaid.

WE SEE children staring curiously into the empty ambulance - and a group of Women talking excitedly to a Reporter.

CLOSE SHOT of a SMALL MAN looking at us curiously as he approaches (FILLING THE SCREEN WITHIN THE MATTE).

SMALL MAN

What paper are you from?

The finder is lowered.

CLOSE SHOT of a Young Man (MARK) sighting a cine-camera.

He lowers the camera - and turns politely to his interrogator.

He seems to have slight difficulty informing his words.

MARK

I beg your pardon?

SMALL MAN

What paper are you from?

Mark smiles at him pleasantly.

MARK

The Observer.

The Ambulance Men come out of the house carrying the stretcher... there is a body on it covered by a sheet. Mark raises his cine-camera and photographs them. He photographs the ambulance as it drives off. He photographs the Policemen dispersing the crowd. He photographs his Interrogator, who gladly poses for him.

Then he slings his camera over his shoulder, and strolls away.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT of Dora, smiling happily.

Her photograph is on the front page of a newspaper.

Above it is a caption: BRUTALLY MURDERED.

CAMERA PULLS BACK - to show sexy magazines alongside the newspaper.

EXT. A NEWSAGENT'S SHOP - DAY

Mark is staring at a newspaper in the window of a small newsagent's shop.

He glances distastefully at an array of film magazines - showing actresses showing everything - then hurries into the shop.

INT. NEWSAGENT'S SHOP - DAY

A plump, bald-headed Man stares at Mark.

MR. PETERS
You're late!

MARK
Sorry, sir.

He turns towards a small door at the end of the shop.

MR. PETERS
(quietly)
Hold on, Mark.

Mark turns round.

Mr. Peters hesitates, drumming his fingers on the counter.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark. He starts to drum his fingers on a shelf.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)
Mark... I've a question for you.

He stops drumming his fingers. So, at that moment, does Mark.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)
Which magazines sell the most copies?

MARK
Those with girls on the front covers - and no front covers on the girls.

MR. PETERS
Exactly!... And it's just the same with the work you do for me.

Overlaid is the sound of the door opening.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)
Look busy.

Mark busies himself sorting some newspapers.

A whole row of Doras smile up at him.

CAMERA PANS to doorway of the shop.

An ELDERLY GENTLEMAN is standing there.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
The Times, please.

MR. PETERS
Certainly, sir.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
And The Telegraph.

MR. PETERS
Certainly, sir - anything else?

The Elderly Gentleman hesitates - glancing at Mark's back.
Then:

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
I... er... have been told by a
friend that you... er... have some
views for sale?

MR. PETERS
What sort of views, sir?

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
Well, er...

MR. PETERS
This sort, sir?

From under the counter he produces a thick book. Mark turns
round.

From his POV WE SEE the Elderly Gentleman open the book. He
- er- seems - er - more than a little interested.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
I, er... how much each?

MR. PETERS
Five shillings, sir.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
I'll take this one... and, er...
this one... and, er... how much
would the lot be?

MR. PETERS
To you - five pounds, sir...

The Elderly Gentleman hesitates. Mr. Peters turns over a page... and the Elderly Gentleman almost turns over with it.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)
Tell you what, sir. Four pounds ten - and I'll throw in The Times and Telegraph... how's that?

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
Well, er... thank you very much.

MR. PETERS
Let me wrap it for you, sir.

He puts it in a wrapper which says 'Educational Books'.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)
Shall I put you on our mailing list?

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
Oh no! But I'll look in again...

MR. PETERS
By all means, sir.

He holds open the door for the Elderly Gentleman, and watches him leave.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)
He won't be doing the crossword tonight!

He turns triumphantly to Mark.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)
(counting out money from wallet)
Those pictures he chose... were all yours!
(handing notes)
This is yours!

Mark pockets them without counting them.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)
(in a very different tone) And this is yours too...

He picks up a postcard - holds it towards Mark.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)

And that's what I want to talk to you about. It's a clever picture - because you're a clever lad... but, Mark...

(pathetically)

It's all face.

Mark looks at the postcard in silence.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)

I don't want to hurt your feelings, son - but if people want the Mona Lisa they go to the National Gallery.

MARK

The Louvre.

MR. PETERS

Well, wherever they go, they don't come here... so no more of this fancy stuff...

He pats Mark's arm.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)

... now get upstairs - the girls are waiting... and so is a bonus if you give me what I want.

MARK

Thank you, sir.

MR. PETERS

(amused)

What do you do with all your money?

MARK

Buy cameras.

He opens a door at the far end of the room. We catch a glimpse of a winding staircase. He starts to climb it.

INT. REAR OF NEWSAGENT'S SHOP - DAY

At the top of the staircase is a door. Mark and his camera trudge towards it. The door opens suddenly. A vivacious young redhead - Milly - pokes her head round. She has a towel round her shoulders.

MILLY
Well look who's here! Cecil
Beaton!

From REVERSE ANGLE WE SEE Mark venture a shy smile at Milly. Milly opens the door impatiently.

MILLY (CONT'D)
Come on, sonny... make us famous.

Through the half-open door we catch a glimpse of a second Girl (LORRAINE). She is staring out of a window, her back to camera. She is naked except for a shawl draped round her shoulders.

Mark enters the room... the door begins to close. CAMERA TRACKS towards the door. On the threshold of the room, a hood is thrown over our faces. THE SCREEN BLACKS OUT.

In the darkness WE HEAR Milly's voice.

MILLY (O.S.)
Did you read about that girl who
was murdered last night?

INT. STUDIO ABOVE NEWSAGENT'S - DAY

We are with Mark under the hood of an antiquated camera. Through the ground-glass of the camera WE SEE a SMALL INVERTED IMAGE of Milly.

MILLY (O.S.)
The same thing nearly happened to
me!

We hear Lorraine's voice - muffled, and very far away.

LORRAINE (O.S.)
When?

MILLY (O.S.)
Last night! I went out with my
boyfriend... We're getting married
next month... trouble was my
fiance saw us.

The SMALL INVERTED IMAGE of Milly peers anxiously into the camera.

MILLY
can you fix it so the bruises
don't show?

The ground-glass camera begins travelling slowly down Milly's back.

CLOSE SHOT of Milly. She is on a couch, lying on her stomach at a slightly oblique angle. All that WE CAN SEE are her face and naked shoulders.

From Milly's POV WE SEE Mark under the hood of an antiquated camera.

MILLY (CONT'D)
Well, can you?

Mark's voice is MUFFLED under the hood.

MARK
...think so, Milly.

MILLY
Then be quick about it, sonny! I'm freezing.

CLOSE SHOT of her naked toes. They start to wriggle.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark's toes - in sandals, next to the tripod of the camera. They start to wriggle.

CLOSE SHOT of Lorraine. We watch her in profile as she stares out of the window - clutching her shawl. She has outstandingly beautiful features.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark. He is standing by the side of the camera, studying us thoughtfully. He is holding a remote-control switch panel in his hand. He clicks off several lights and then switches several others on... then he ducks back under the hood.

MILLY (CONT'D)
There he goes again! What have you got under there? A girlfriend?

We join Mark under the hood.

WE SEE a small INVERTED IMAGE of Milly on the ground-glass. Her shoulders are now white and glistening, her spine caressed by shadows. She is staring into the camera.

MILLY (CONT'D)
I suppose you have a girlfriend?

He adjusts the focus. We can see more clearly the contempt on Milly's face.

MARK
No, Milly.

MILLY
Hear that, Lorraine? He's
available.

From Milly's POV WE SEE Mark come round to the front of the camera, and insert a dark slide.

MARK
Raise your head, please - and look
at the sea.

MILLY (O.S.)
What sea?

Mark presses a rubber bulb - the shutter clicks.

MILLY
What sea?

Mark inserts another dark slide.

MARK
I just wanted that puzzled look.

MILLY (O.S.)
Oh, did you? Well if you want it
again, I'll think of you!

CAMERA PULLS BACK

from Milly's viewpoint, WE SEE Mark holding the rubber bulb. cine-camera is on a ledge behind him.

MILLY
You're a puzzle and a half.

Mark presses the rubber bulb - the shutters click.

MILLY (CONT'D)
This is a spare time job for you,
isn't it?

MARK
Yes, Milly.

He inserts another slide.

MILLY
Well, what do you do for a living?

MARK
Take pictures.

He presses the bulb - the shutters click.

MILLY
This sort?

MARK
No, Milly.

He inserts another slide.

MILLY
Don't you like this sort?

MARK
No, Milly.

He presses the bulb - the shutters click.

MILLY
Well what sort do you like?

Mark looks at her thoughtfully for a long moment.

MARK
I may show you - one day.

MILLY
That'll be a treat, I'm sure.

Mark smiles at her shyly.

MARK
That's all, Milly.

MILLY
Oh no, sonny! Now take one I can
show my mother.

Mark inserts another slide.

MARK
Think of her then.

There is a gentle KNOCK at the door, and Mr. Peters enters.
He carries a tray of coffee. He keeps his eyes modestly
lowered.

MR. PETERS
On the house.

He lays the tray on a table, still keeping his eyes
lowered, and goes out.

MILLY
Some house! Hope it falls on his
ruddy earhole!

She glances over her shoulder.

MILLY (CONT'D)
It's your turn now, love...

CLOSE SHOT of Lorraine staring out of the window. She stiffens. Milly's voice is overlaid.

MILLY (O.S.)
(in a whisper)
... it's her first time.

Lorraine clutches her shawl tightly.

MILLY
Come on, love. Don't be shy.

Lorraine turns round.

The left side of her face is classical in its beauty. She has a hare lip, which twists and distorts the whole of the right side. Her eyes are large - and beautiful - and defiant.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark looking at her.

CLOSE SHOT of Lorraine.

LORRAINE
He said... you needn't photograph
my face!

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

MARK
I want to.

CLOSE SHOT of Lorraine. Beautiful in profile.

LORRAINE
I suppose you'll fix my bruises
too?

MARK
I want to...

MILLY
What about the customers?

CLOSE SHOT of the shawl round Lorraine's shoulders.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

MARK

You needn't be shy... of me...
it's my first time too.

CLOSE SHOT of Lorraine's eyes - puzzled.

LORRAINE

Yours?

MARK

In front of eyes... like...

He tries to go on - but words are a foreign language to him.

MARK (CONT'D)

...eyes... as full of...

In a sudden rush:

MARK (CONT'D)

Lorraine - let my camera tell you.

CLOSE SHOT of Lorraine standing very still - looking at him in silence.

Milly shrugs and reaches for the coffee pot.

Overlaid is the gentle purring of a cine-camera.

CAMERA LINGERS on the dark liquid being poured into a cup.

DISSOLVE TO:

Whisky being poured into a glass.

CAMERA PULLS BACK

INT. HELEN'S SITTING ROOM - EVENING - TOWARDS SUNSET

The hand filling the glass is a woman's (MRS. STEPHENS). She is sitting in a high-backed chair, and we cannot see her face. Over her shoulder we watch a party in progress. A group of Young people have surrounded someone to whom they are singing:

YOUNG PEOPLE

(singing)

Happy birthday to you, Happy
birthday to you,

CAMERA TRACKS towards them.

CLOSE SHOT of TONY HUNTER, a well-built youngster in his middle twenties.

TONY
Happy birthday... dear Helen

He obviously means it.

TONY (CONT'D)
happy birthday to you.

CLOSE SHOT of 'dear HELEN'. A sensitive, intelligent, and extremely attractive girl, who - as the encircling youngsters now inform us in song - is:

YOUNG PEOPLE
Twenty-one today, She's twenty-one
today, She's got the key of the
door, She's never been twenty-one
before.

CLOSE SHOT of the glass by Mrs. Stephens' side. It is half empty. An elderly lady leans across to her. She is Mrs. Partridge, slightly high on a glass of sherry.

MRS. PARTRIDGE
You must be very proud of your
daughter, Mrs. Stephens.

Mrs. Stephens grunts. Someone switches on a gramophone and the young couples start dancing at once. Tony hurries up to Helen.

TONY
May I?

Helen goes towards him. A YOUNG MAN calls out sharply:

YOUNG MAN
Look!

He is pointing at something out of camera. All heads - except Mrs. Stephens' - follow the direction of his gaze. Mrs. Stephens continues to sit motionless in the high-backed chair.

CAMERA PANS to the window. Mark is standing there.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen looking at Mark. We watch him over her shoulder - Tony's arm encircling it.

TONY (O.S.)
It's that chap from upstairs.

EXT. MARK'S HOUSE - EVENING - LOW SUN

The chap from upstairs presses his face to the window. From his POV WE SEE Helen's eyes looking at him - the key of the door in them - looking at him, not staring. Suddenly the rest comes into focus - Tony's arm around Helen's shoulder... the high-backed chair in the foreground with the back of that motionless head... a young couple giggling as they stare at him. Mark steps away, and the CAMERA PULLS BACK with him.

We catch a glimpse of the house - large, sprawling, but with a touch of quality about it, in a quiet, unpretentious street.

Mark hurries towards a side entrance.

INT. HELEN'S SITTING ROOM - EVENING

CLOSE SHOT of Helen looking at the empty window.

HELEN
I'll ask him in...

CLOSE SHOT of Tony - frowning.

CAMERA PANS to Mrs. Stephens' glass... the hand which refills it has begun to tremble.

INT. REAR OF HOUSE - NIGHT

The lights are on.

WE FOLLOW Mark (and his camera) along a small passage which leads to the hall. The sound of a dance record can be heard. Mark starts to whistle it under his breath.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

Over his shoulder we see a staircase, and beyond it the door of Helen's sitting room. The sound of Helen's party fills the hall.

Mark reaches the staircase. There is the sound of a door opening. Helen's voice is overlaid:

HELEN (O.S.)
Excuse me!

Mark hesitates, then turns round.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen - smiling at him.

HELEN
I don't know how many times we've
passed each other on the stairs?

Mark looks at her as if he does.

HELEN (CONT'D)
... but tonight I'm determined at
least to say hello to you! So
hello!

Her directness is natural, consistent and very hard to
resist.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark - smiling.

HELEN (CONT'D)
I'm Helen Stephens.

She glances with unconcealed interest at the camera over
his shoulder.

HELEN (CONT'D)
I'm having a party - and the other
tenants are there... And a few
friends. We'd like you to join us.

MARK
Mark...

HELEN
Pardon?

MARK
I'm Mark...

HELEN
Hallo, Mark.

She holds out her hand... he takes it gently.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Please come in... you'll meet the
others who live here, and...

MARK
Thank you, but... work.

HELEN
Oh...

She glances again at his camera.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Well, I hope to keep it going for
hours yet... so when you've
finished why not look in?

She realizes that this is not the happiest of phrases.

HELEN (CONT'D)
...Mark?

He hesitates.

CAMERA PANS to Helen's door. Tony stands there.

TONY
Darling, your cake - everyone's
waiting.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark - looking at her.

MARK
Thank you.

He turns away.

MARK (CONT'D)
Happy Birthday.

He hurries up the stairs.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen. She stares after him for a moment.
Then returns thoughtfully to her party.

FADE OUT:

The screen remains dark for a moment. We are with Mark in a
darkened room. He is giving a film show - and we are the
screen.

INT. MARK'S DARK-ROOM - NIGHT

His cine-projector points straight at us. A flickering
light shines in our eyes. We can see him crouching behind
the projector.

Mark leans forward, watching the screen intently...
Perspiration trickles down his forehead. He is breathing
very quickly. The sounds of the party seep up from
downstairs - music, laughter, and a Girl's yelp.

There is a knock on the door. Mark does not hear it.

CAMERA PANS to the door of the room. It is blacked-out like
a photographic dark-room. The knock is repeated.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark. He switches off the projector instantly.

CAMERA PANS to an open cupboard in the corner.

CLOSE SHOT of the shelves. They are stacked with spools of film.

CAMERA travels slowly over these spools. WE SEE Mark's hand add two more to the collection; his Voice is overlaid.

MARK (O.S.)
...minute...

He closes the cupboard door.

INT. MARK'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Mark comes out of the dark-room behind him - the light is kept out by a baffle and a curtain. He has a pleasant, normally untidy bedsitting room.

He wipes his handkerchief across his forehead - then hurries to the door. He opens it - Helen is standing there.

HELEN
I hope I'm not disturbing you?

CLOSE SHOT of Mark - shaking his head, smiling shyly.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen.

HELEN (CONT'D)
I knew you wouldn't come down...
so I've brought you this.

She holds out a plate on which is a piece of birthday cake.

MARK
Thank you...

He takes the plate.

MARK (CONT'D)
... very much...

HELEN
I mustn't keep you from your work

She turns to go.

MARK
I'd like to offer you a drink.

She turns round.

HELEN
Thank you, Mark.

MARK
I haven't one.

HELEN
I'd adore some water.

She smiles.

HELEN (CONT'D)
a hostess can't drink water at her
own party, it looks like a hint to
the guests.

MARK
Will you... would you... like to
come in?

HELEN
Yes, Mark...

She steps over the threshold. The door closes behind her.

INT. MARK'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT of Helen looking round the room.

Mark's voice is overlaid.

MARK (O.S.)
There's milk... if you'd like
some?

HELEN
Very much... if you can spare it?

MARK (O.S.)
Yes.

Helen glances towards the inner room. He holds out a glass
of milk to her.

HELEN
Thank you, Mark...

She drinks it with relish. He watches her in silence.

HELEN (CONT'D)
This is a pleasant room... and
you've another inside?

MARK

Yes.

HELEN

How long have you lived here?

MARK

All my life.

She looks at him in surprise.

MARK (CONT'D)

I was born in this house Oh?

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

MARK (CONT'D)

It's my father's.

HELEN

Do you mean I've at last found out
who our landlord is? Your father?

MARK

Well - no... he's dead!

He hesitates.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'm the landlord.

She looks at him in astonishment.

HELEN

YOU?

MARK

Yes.

HELEN

But you walk about as if you
haven't paid the rent.

MARK

I haven't.

HELEN

I meant...

MARK

I know.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

MARK (CONT'D)
 It's his house - and I'll never
 sell it... but I can't afford the
 upkeep, so I let rooms.

He looks at her anxiously.

MARK (CONT'D)
 ... if I charge too much, tell me
 and I'll tell the agents.

HELEN
 The rent's very reasonable, but
 don't say anything to the others
 or you'll have no peace.

MARK
 Peace...?

CLOSE SHOT of Helen.

HELEN
 Mark, what do you do?

MARK
 (slowly)
 Most of the time, I work in a film
 studio.

HELEN
 On the photographic side, I'll
 bet.

MARK
 I hope to be a film director...
 very soon.

HELEN
 How exciting.

MARK
 I have some spare time jobs... as
 well.

HELEN
 To do with photography?

MARK
 More milk?

HELEN
 No thank you... to do with
 photography?

MARK
Yes... to do with photography...

HELEN
When I came in were you looking at
some films?

MARK
Yes.

HELEN
Of yours?

MARK
Yes.

HELEN
I'd like to see them...

He looks at her in silence.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Know I'm being rude... but I
really would like to see them...
(she smiles.)
...it would be a birthday
present... from you to me.

MARK
Would it?

HELEN
Yes, Mark.

MARK
Oh...

HELEN
But I suppose you're too busy?

She puts down the glass, turns to the door.

MARK
Will you... would you... like to
see them now?

She turns round. He is standing by the entrance to the
inner room.

HELEN
Thank you...

MARK
I'll... go first.

He leads the way - she follows. For a moment the screen is in darkness. A dark-room darkness.

INT. THE INNER ROOM - NIGHT

We can HEAR - faintly - the dance music from downstairs. There is a click - and the walls are suddenly bathed in diffused light, throwing the room into delicate shadow.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen looking round in amazement.

As certain events of possible interest are to take place in this room, here, in detail, is what amazes Helen.

The room is the product of three rooms which have been knocked into one. It is very large and extremely well constructed (as we are soon to learn, it was originally a laboratory). One half of the room is used for processing, and the other half for filming - and for trade shows. The two halves are lined by long shelves upon which are perched all shapes and sizes of cameras, their spectacles glinting in the light.

In the processing half two benches (a 'dry' bench and a 'wet' bench) face each other against opposite walls. There are three sinks above the 'wet' bench and an outburst of equipment above the 'dry'.

This part of the room is lit by two dark-room lamps frowning in the ceiling above the benches.

The other part of the room has a window at the far end of it. Heavy drapes are putted across it.

Mark's projector rests on a small table in front of the 16mm screen. Two banks of floods and a variety of spots light this part of the room. There is a small control panel on the wall.

Some of the equipment is ancient - but none of it is old. All of it glistens with the affection of its owner.

There is absolutely nothing in the room to alarm anyone except an adult... the kind who starts to wonder who paid for it all.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark. He stands by the lighting panel, watching Helen.

From his POV WE SEE her brushing the hair out of her eyes as she looks slowly round. He brushes the hair out of his. For a moment she turns her back to him. He presses a switch on the wall. A gentle light ripples through the back of Helen's hair.

SHOT of Helen. She turns to him. She is very nearly at a loss for words.

HELEN

This is so... well - so many things... but above all - it's so...

She takes a final look round.

HELEN (CONT'D)

...completely unexpected!

She looks at him searchingly.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Is all of it yours?

MARK

Yes.

HELEN

I mean... is it designed by you? Furnished by you? Tell me about this room.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

MARK

It belonged to my father

HELEN

What was he?

MARK

Scientist...

HELEN

Then this equipment was his?

MARK

No...

He hesitates.

MARK (CONT'D)

Sold his to buy it...

HELEN

But it seems to be so... technical.

She looks at him with renewed interest.

HELEN (CONT'D)

If this is where you work, I can't wait to see what you work at.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark - in difficulties.

MARK

Don't know what to show you?

HELEN

Well... what were you looking at when I interrupted you?

He looks at her thoughtfully.

MARK

All right!

He crosses to the corner cupboard - opens the door.

CLOSE SHOT of the cupboard. WE SEE Mark's hand reach for a spool of film... then hesitate, poised above another spool.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen - watching with interest.

REVERSE ANGLE SHOT of Mark. He closes the cupboard, and turns round... there is a spool of film in his hand.

He walks slowly towards his projector... he seems - for the moment - to have forgotten she is there.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen - watching him thread the film into the projector.

MARK (CONT'D)

This is the first... twenty-first birthday present... I'll ever have given.

HELEN

It's the first I've ever asked for...

He places a chair a few feet away from the screen - and, with an oddly courteous bow, beckons her into it. She sits down.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark. He looks at her intently for a moment - then turns off the lights. Over Helen's shoulder We can just make out the empty screen. Mark switches on the projector.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen - the light flickering on her face.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark staring at Helen's face.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen. WE SEE her expression of surprise. Over Mark's shoulder WE SEE the surprise growing. Over Helen's shoulder we see the screen. We are looking at a small boy. He is lying in his bed asleep. Although the print is old, we can see that he is a remarkably handsome boy.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Mark, what a beautiful child.

The boy turns restlessly in his sleep... one of his pillows falls to the floor.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Who is he?

MARK
Me

HELEN
Of course it is! Then who took this film?

MARK
(quietly)
My Father.

A light - as if from a small torch - starts to shine on the child's eyes. He moves restlessly.

HELEN
What a wonderful idea...

The light plays on the child's left eye, then on his right. It is growing brighter.

HELEN (CONT'D)
You'll be able to show it to your own chi...

The child wakes up suddenly. He stares at something... then starts to scream.

HELEN (CONT'D)
You must have had a bad dream...

CLOSE SHOT of Mark watching her in silence.

HELEN (CONT'D)
...but what was that light? ...The camera, I suppose?

Mark does not answer. The small screen is filled with the face of the screaming, terrified child.

(Mark's father now tries a not altogether successful dissolve:)

WE NOW SEE the little boy standing in front of a garden wall. He tries hard to climb to the top of the wall, but falls over. Helen laughs. Mark watches her in silence. Small Mark tries again - and again - to scale the wall... At last he succeeds.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Whatever are you after?

WE SEE the little boy lying flat on the wall staring at something... rapt, motionless.

The cine-camera which is taking this picture now tracks rather clumsily towards the wall.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT over the wall of what is fascinating young Mark - A man and woman are lying on the ground, kissing.

The CINE-CAMERA PANS - again rather clumsily - to young Mark... staring intently.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Naughty boy I hope you were spanked!

CLOSE SHOT of Helen. It suddenly occurs to her.

HELEN (CONT'D)
... but, Mark... what a strange thing for your father to photograph.

MARK
Switch off?

HELEN
No.

She stares again at that lonely figure perched on the wall.

HELEN (CONT'D)
No.

The small screen begins to dissolve ...so does the large one.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HELEN'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Over Mrs. Stephens' shoulder WE SEE the party in progress. The glass by her side is full again. Tony is dancing with an attractive blonde.

MRS. STEPHENS

Tony!

He turns round.

TONY

Me, Mrs. Stephens?

The head nods.

Tony advances reluctantly towards her.

REVERSE ANGLE SHOT of Mrs. Stephens.

Over Tony's shoulder WE SEE a powerfully built and once lovely woman.

She is so perpetually drunk as almost to be sober. The few movements she makes are slow - deliberate - and give nothing away. The voice articulates so carefully that the slur scarcely shows.

The fact that she is blind almost helps to conceal the fact that she is drunk. Her sightless eyes stare out the camera as Tony reaches her.

MRS. STEPHENS

I want a word with you.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT of Helen's eyes. The light from the projector flickering into them.

HELEN

I hate people who chatter in films
- but there's so much I want to
ask.

CAMERA PULLS BACK

INT. THE INNER ROOM - NIGHT

She is leaning forward, her face cupped in her hand, watching the small screen intently.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark. His face is cupped in his hand as he watches her intently.

Over Helen's shoulder WE SEE Mark in the making.

The child is again asleep... this time he is being photographed from the head of the bed - the CAMERA POINTING STRAIGHT DOWN AT HIS FACE.

A beam of light starts to shine onto his eyes, first onto the left, then onto the right.

HELEN
(in a whisper)
Again?

Mark looks at her in silence.

The boy moves restlessly, then turns over onto his face, pulling the bedclothes round him. His right hand is limp on the pillow. The light shines for a moment on this hand, then goes out. Helen half turns towards Mark.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Mark, this isn't some kind of
jo...

Her attention is suddenly riveted on the screen.

MARK
(in a whisper)
No, Helen.

Over Helen's shoulder WE SEE something drop onto the child's bed... something which stays quite still for a moment, then starts crawling towards the counterpane. It is a small lizard.

HELEN
Mark, whatever is that?

Her voice trails away. She stares - repelled and fascinated - at the screen.

WE SEE Mark reach for his cine-camera.

Over Helen's shoulder WE SEE the lizard reach the counterpane. It stretches itself out on the floral design - its body is pointed towards the child's hand.

WE HEAR a click - and suddenly a spotlight falls onto Helen's face.

OVERLAID is the GENTLE PURRING of Mark's cine-camera. She wheels towards him - blotting out the small screen.

HELEN (CONT'D)
What are you...

MARK
wanted to photograph you...
watching...

HELEN
No, Mark!

The camera purrs on.

HELEN (CONT'D)
No!

He switches off the spot... the purring of the camera dies away. She turns towards the small screen.

HELEN (CONT'D)
help me to understand this... this
nightmare...

The small boy is sitting upright... screaming with terror... there is no sign of the lizard.

A handkerchief is thrown onto the boy's bed. He continues crying - looking up into someone's face.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark watching the screen.

We hear a man's deep voice overlaid.

MAN'S DEEP VOICE (O.S.)
That'll do Mark... dry your eyes
and stop being silly.

Small Mark reaches for the handkerchief and wipes his eyes... his hands are trembling.

The small screen trembles with them into a clumsy dissolve.

Helen turns to Mark.

HELEN
All right... now look... Mark -
what was all that about?

He looks at her helplessly.

HELEN (CONT'D)
... that was a lizard, wasn't it?
Or a...

MARK
Liz...

HELEN

Well how did it get there?... How did it get there Mark?... Was it a pet?

MARK

Not mine...

HELEN

Won't you try to explain?

CLOSE SHOT of Mark staring at the screen.

MARK

You'd better go!

HELEN

I like to understand what I'm shown!

She turns to the screen.

HELEN (CONT'D)

What was your father trying to do?... Photographing you at night...

Her voice trails away.

MARK

better go...

From Helen's POV WE SEE the screen.

Small Mark is wearing a dark suit and a black tie.

He is standing at the foot of a four-poster bed, staring at something in horror and disbelief... his hands clasp the bedrail tightly.

Slowly - very slowly - he walks towards the head of the bed, staring.

His lips begin to quiver. He bends forward over the bed. WE CAN SEE the back of his bowed head.

HELEN

Mark... what is this?

MARK

I am saying... goodbye... my mother...

We catch a glimpse of a woman's hands folded in front of her.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen.

HELEN
 (in a whisper)
 He... photographed... that...?

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

MARK
 Yes.

Suddenly - and healthily - his temper snaps.

MARK (CONT'D)
 ...and this!

He pushes a lever on his projector as far forward as it will go.

The film is now shown at tremendous speed - We catch a glimpse of a long line of cars.

MARK (CONT'D)
 ...her funeral!

It speeds by.

MARK (CONT'D)
 ...and this!

A confused picture of earth and flowers.

MARK (CONT'D)
 ...her burial!

The briefest glimpse of a little boy with a spade.

MARK (CONT'D)
 ...and this!

WE SEE a girl in a bikini by sand-dunes. Mark offers no comment.

HELEN
 Mark, who is that?

MARK
 Her successor.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen.

HELEN
 Suc-?

MARK

He married her... six weeks
after... the previous sequence.

He pulls back the lever of his projector... the film
returns to its normal speed.

WE SEE the same attractive young woman standing in a
garden. She is holding a bewildered and defiant Mark by the
hand.

Suddenly the girl runs towards camera - leaving Mark
standing alone.

MARK (CONT'D)

She filmed... what comes now.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen watching intently. It's out of focus!

From Helen's POV WE SEE a tall man in a black coat walking
away from camera. He hurries towards small Mark - who
watches him anxiously.

HELEN

Is that your father?

MARK

The morning that he left for his
honeymoon.

The back of Mark's father suddenly obscures our view of
small Mark... all we can see is that tall figure looking
downwards standing very still.

Camera wobbles - as if the person holding it is laughing.

HELEN

What is he doing?

MARK

Giving me a present...

HELEN

What was it?

Mark stares at the blurred screen, perspiration trickling
down his forehead.

MARK

Can't you guess?

The small screen comes back into focus - and suddenly our
camera rushes towards it.

WE SEE a CLOSE SHOT of a CLOSE SHOT - and at the moment we see it, Mark's Voice is overlaid... A whisper which echoes round the room.

MARK (O.S.)

A camera...

We are looking at a close shot of a camera in a small boy's hands.

There is a single shrill chord of music on the sound track.

CLOSE SHOT of the shelf which encircles Mark's room.

We are looking at the very same camera which the small boy is holding.

CLOSE SHOT of the camera in small Mark's hands.

His father's finger points to the view-finder.

Small Mark stares into it. Small Mark begins to smile.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark watching himself being born.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen watching Mark.

HELEN

Switch it off!

He continues to stare at the screen.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Switch it off, Mark!

She turns to the projector - touches the wrong switch.

Small Mark and his father go rapidly backwards.

Mark turns off the projector abruptly.

The room is in darkness.

WE CAN HEAR both of them breathing quickly.

The light goes on. Mark is standing by the exit - he keeps his face averted.

Helen walks slowly towards the exit. She glances round once, over her shoulder, then goes into the other room.

Mark stares after her.

INT. MARK'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

She walks towards the door... turns round suddenly - almost in anger.

HELEN
So he was a scientist?

He keeps his face averted.

HELEN (CONT'D)
What kind of scientist, Mark?

MARK
Biologist.

HELEN
What was he trying to do to you?

He doesn't answer.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Mark!...

He turns round slowly. From his POV WE SEE the willingness to understand on her face.

HELEN (CONT'D)
What was he trying to do to you?

MARK
Watch me... grow up...

She walks towards him... takes his handkerchief from his jacket pocket and wipes his forehead.

MARK (CONT'D)
He wanted a record of a growing child... complete in every detail - if such a thing were possible - and he tried to make it possible by training a camera on me... at all times...

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

MARK (CONT'D)
I never knew... the whole of my childhood... one moment's privacy...

HELEN
And those lights in your eyes?... and that - thing?

MARK

He was interested ... in the
reactions of the nervous system...
to fear... Fear?

HELEN

Fear?

MARK

Fear.

CLOSE SHOT of the word 'fear'.

CAMERA PULLS BACK

We are looking at the spine of a book on Mark's shelf. The full title reads: The Physiology of Fear by Professor A. N. Lewis.

MARK'S VOICE IS OVERLAID:

MARK (O.S.)

Especially fear in children - and
how they react to it.

CLOSE SHOT of the word 'fear' on the next book.

CAMERA PULLS BACK

The full title reads: FEAR AND THE NERVOUS SYSTEM, PART I. PROFESSOR A. N. LEWIS. There is a row of such books all by Professor Lewis.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

MARK

I think he learned a lot... from
me... I'd wake up... screaming...
sometimes... and he'd be there...
taking notes... and pictures...
and I'm sure good came of it...
for some people... He was
brilliant.

HELEN

A scientist drops a lizard onto a
child's bed - and good comes of
it?

MARK

I don't know... if he did... but
if he did... he'll have learned
something of value...

HELEN

If only about lizards! Mark - it sounds to me as if your father was...

MARK

He founded clinics.

HELEN

He sounds completely...

MARK

He was famous! Professor A. N. Lewis... three clinics.

HELEN

Why do you still live in his house... and watch his films?

MARK

They helped make me... what I am.

HELEN

A photographer? It's no wonder, is it? But you still haven't shown me anything you've photographed!

He looks at her in silence.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Will you?

There is a knock on the door.

MARK

One day...

He hurries to the door, and opens it.

Tony is standing there.

TONY

Excuse me, but...

From Tony's POV WE SEE Helen looking at the door of the dark room.

TONY (CONT'D)

Oh, there you are, Helen.

She turns towards him.

TONY (CONT'D)

The party looks like breaking up, and we were wondering if...

HELEN
I'm coming.

She turns to Mark.

HELEN (CONT'D)
I wish you'd join us.

Mark shakes his head.

MARK
Thanks... work.

HELEN
I hope that you...

She is suddenly aware of Tony watching her. She glances at the birthday cake on the table.

HELEN (CONT'D)
... have a sweet tooth!

She smiles at him.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Thank you... for my present.

She goes into the passage.

TONY
Good night, old boy.

He puts his arm round Helen, and closes the door.

Mark stares after them, motionless.

The CAMERA LINGERS on the birthday cake.

As the light fades, a voice yells: Cut!

CUT TO:

INT. FILM STUDIO - DAY

HIGH ANGLE SHOT of a set showing part of a large West End store.

A blonde is lying unconscious in front of a lift - and a crowd of extras surround her.

As the word 'cut' dies away, the extras relax - and the blonde (DIANE ASHLEY) props herself onto her elbow, looking towards the Director.

CLOSE SHOT of the Director (ARTHUR BADEN) standing beside the camera.

BADEN

OK. Print that one!

He glances at the CHIEF CAMERAMAN (PHILIP TALE), who nods his head in agreement.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark standing at the back of the camera crew. He shakes his head in disagreement.

The Chief Cameraman spots Mark's small mutiny and wags his finger at him. As the Chief Cameraman turns away, Mark's finger automatically wags back.

CLOSE SHOT of Baden looking at his watch. He sighs, then nods to the Assistant Director who stands beside him.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

All right, everyone! Back at two!

Baden walks out without a word to anyone. A hubbub of chatter breaks out. The unit downs tools and begins to disperse.

CLOSE SHOT of one of the extras (VIVIAN) - a small, vivacious, brunette with delicate, attractive features.

She edges towards the camera crew.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark watching her.

Over his shoulder WE SEE Vivian glance towards him. He nods almost imperceptibly.

Vivian hurries towards the exit.

Mark turns to a shelf behind him - picks up his cine-camera and a little full string bag containing his lunch.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STUDIO GROUNDS - DAY

CLOSE SHOT of Vivian munching a sandwich.

CAMERA PULLS BACK

She is leaning against a wall in a corner of an exterior set - a Chinese temple or a medieval castle (or a combination of each like a Pinewood drawing-room).

Beside her she has a small tape-recorder, or record-player.
We hear music - modern rhythms.

There are several people strolling about - but no one in
the immediate vicinity. No one... except Mark.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark - settling down on the other side of the
wall (where they can talk without being seen together).

VIVIAN
Mark?

MARK
Hallo...

VIVIAN
Were you spotted?

MARK
Don't think so.

VIVIAN
(switches off music)
Is it tonight?

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

MARK
Yes.

CLOSE SHOT of Vivian.

VIVIAN
Mark...

MARK
Yes?

VIVIAN
You're sure we won't be caught?

MARK
Not if you do as I tell you.

VIVIAN
I will, I promise.

MARK
You haven't... said anything... to
anyone?

VIVIAN
Of course not.

MARK
Good... like some cake?

VIVIAN
Thank you.

We see him break off a piece of birthday cake, and pass it over to her.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Mark... I want to be quite clear
about this...

CLOSE SHOT of Mark staring at his cake.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Tonight, when the studio's
empty... I'm to come back-and
you're going to give me a film
test... right?

MARK
Right.

VIVIAN
You'll then print the film - so I
can show it to my agent and anyone
else who matters - right?

MARK
Right.

VIVIAN
Mark...

She hesitates.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
I've been offered film tests
before... but I haven't liked the
terms.

MARK
There aren't any.

VIVIAN
Then why are you doing this?
Risking your job and...

MARK
Not just for you... Viv... I have
an agent too - and I want to show
him what I can do... I want to
direct...

VIVIAN
 (switching on music again) There's
 someone coming.

Mark lies motionless behind the wall. A young male EXTRA
 comes towards Vivian.

EXTRA
 Hallo - lousy morning's work,
 wasn't it?

VIVIAN
 Yes.

EXTRA
 Thought I saw you talking to
 somebody...

VIVIAN
 I was learning my lines.

EXTRA
 Didn't know you had any...

He glances at his watch.

EXTRA (CONT'D)
 Want a drink? Dutch?

VIVIAN
 Later... perhaps.

EXTRA
 Be seeing you

He wanders off.

VIVIAN
 Mark...

MARK
 Yes?

VIVIAN
 (switching off music again) You
 didn't mind me asking?

MARK
 No, more cake?

VIVIAN
 No... you want to direct... more
 badly than anything don't you?

Mark is silent, staring at the sky.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Don't you, Mark?

MARK
I want... to photograph... the
impossible...

VIVIAN
What is impossible?

MARK
Something... that has never been
photographed before.

VIVIAN
What?

MARK
You really want to know...?

VIVIAN
Very much, especially if there's a
part for me.

MARK
I want... to photograph a
murder... while it's being
committed.

VIVIAN
No part for me then.

MARK
But that... isn't enough.

VIVIAN
Is this a new script?

MARK
I want... to frighten...
someone... to death... and
photograph... their expression of
fear...

VIVIAN
Mark! What's this story called?

MARK
That is something... he never
photographed...

VIVIAN
Who?

Mark is silent.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Who is he, Mark?

MARK
Anyone.

VIVIAN
No one could... they'd be caught!

MARK
I wouldn't care... if I had my picture.

VIVIAN
Besides, how would you frighten anyone to death?

MARK
There's a way.

VIVIAN
Well, what?

MARK
There's a way.

VIVIAN
You'd better not tell me! I'll be scared to death tonight as it is!

A hooter.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Back on the set - shall I go first?

MARK
Please.

She rises to her feet. From behind the wall comes a gentle whirring purring sound.

VIVIAN
What are you doing?

MARK
Getting into practice.

She smiles down at him.

VIVIAN
See you tonight!

MARK
See you tonight!

She walks away. And the gentle purring continues. CAMERA PANS to the sun beating down on the lot.

DISSOLVE TO:

An arc lamp beating down on the set.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Baden bears down on the Assistant Director.

BADEN

Would you enquire if our leading lady is ready to start leading.

A cry goes up,

ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Miss Diane Ashley, please!... Miss Diane Ashley, please!...

CLOSE SHOT of Baden turning towards the entrance.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark turning towards the entrance.

CLOSE SHOT of entrance.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Miss. DIANE ASHLEY appears... among the many qualities she radiates is goodwill - especially towards Miss Diane Ashley.

DIANE

How are you, Sparks? Chippy? Bob?

VOICES

Hallo, Diane...

DIANE

How are you, Tom? Roger?

VOICES

Hallo, Diane...

And so on, until:

DIANE

How are you, Phil?... Mark?

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

MARK
Hallo, Miss Ashley.

DIANE
(to a figure high in the
scaffolding) How are you, Pete...?

VOICE
Hi, Di!

She reaches Baden - and completely ignores him.

BADEN
Darling, you've only been playing
this part for three weeks, so in
case you haven't yet had a chance
to read the script...

She ignores this.

BADEN (CONT'D)
... may I remind you that you're a
girl with an irresistible impulse!

She looks at him - then at her hand - and nods.

BADEN (CONT'D)
a kleptomaniac! Who cannot help
stealing... Get inside her,
Diane!... What - in all the world
- do you most want to steal?

DIANE
The limelight!

Baden sighs.

BADEN
We'll run the scene where you
catch sight of the store detective
and faint... Where's the girl who
plays the bystander?

Vivian steps forward.

BADEN (CONT'D)
How are you?

VIVIAN
Hallo, Diane...

1ST ASSISTANT
Positions, everyone!

CLOSE SHOT of Vivian taking her position in front of the lift. She glances at her watch.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark standing by the side of the studio camera. He glances at his watch.

CAMERA TRACKS towards the lift.

From Mark's POV WE SEE Diane catch sight of the Store Detective - and crumple in a faint.

BADEN

Hit that floor with a thud!

CLOSE SHOT of door marked: DON JARVIS - MANAGING DIRECTOR.

BADEN (O.S.)

D.J. insists on realism!

A timid knock is overlaid before we dare enter.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

CLOSE SHOT of a pile of scripts on a great man's desk.

CAMERA PULLS BACK

MR. JARVIS is immersed in reading a script... his eyes race across the page.

Over his shoulder WE SEE what he is reading... a sheet of figures attached to the script.

At the same time Mr. Jarvis is holding a telephone receiver to his ear - and we hear an enthusiastic VOICE FILTERED THROUGH IT: VOICE (OFF-SCREEN)

VOICE (O.S. FILTERED)

...it's a wonderful subject,
D.J.... Paramount wants it, M.G.M.
wants it, Columbia wants it.

JARVIS

But is it commercial?

VOICE (O.S. FILTERED)

Danny Angel wants it!

Still reading the script, Mr. Jarvis lays the receiver on his desk and picks up another.

JARVIS

Are those budgets ready? Well
bring 'em in.

He replaces this receiver and picks up the original.

The voice is still talking - something about 'a wonderful part for Kenny or Alec'...

VOICE (O.S. FILTERED)
Send me a memo - we'll discuss it
next week.

He replaces the receiver. MISS SIMPSON enters. She hands him some folders... her smile curtsies.

CLOSE SHOT of Mr. Jarvis opening a folder.

Over his shoulder WE SEE a page covered with row upon row of figures.

The great man's finger skims along the figures like a tailor feeling cloth.

JARVIS
There's an error! The total should be a hundred and fifty thousand pounds fourteen shillings and sixpence - not thirteen and ninepence... That could mean the difference between profit and loss on a first feature!

MISS SIMPSON
Sorry, D.J.

He glowers at her - but his day is made.

JARVIS
Any units working late tonight?

MISS SIMPSON
Only one, sir. Night exteriors on the lot. The Elephant with two...

JARVIS
That animal needs a stick of dynamite!

CLOSE SHOT of Jarvis.

JARVIS (CONT'D)
Remind me to pay them a visit tonight.

MISS SIMPSON
Yes, D.J.

She makes a note in her little book.

JARVIS
Now, Miss Simpson... take a memo
to all department heads...

Over his shoulder WE SEE an open window. CAMERA TRACKS
towards it.

JARVIS (O.S.)
In light of the new economy
drive...

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT of Clapper Boy's board. It reads: Take 49.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK

INT. STUDIO - LATE AFTERNOON

BADEN
Again, please... and, darling...

He turns to Diane, who is wearily picking herself up off
the floor.

BADEN (CONT'D)
... just this once... will you
please make an effort to forget
that you're stunning, and try to
look as if you're stunned...?

DIANE
Say one kind word - and I would
be!

ASSISTANT
(hastily)
Positions, everyone!

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE SEQUENCE:

Camera crew on a tracking shot. Mark is operating the
Selsen motor.

Baden - shaking his head.

Diane - picking herself up off the floor.

Clapper Boy's board - reading: Take 57.

Vivian - glancing at her watch.

Mark - glancing at his.

Diane - picking herself up off the floor.

DIANE

If I have to faint once more I
shall faint!

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT of Baden - triumphant at last.

BADEN

Cut! How was that?... (thumbs up
all round - with one exception)
Mark?

Mark nods perfunctorily.

BADEN (CONT'D)

Print it!

He glances at his watch - then nods to the Assistant
Director.

ASSISTANT

That's it, boys and girls . . .
wrap it up! Night-night everyone!
Baden puts his arm round Diane's
shoulder.

BADEN

How are you, darling?

She makes a hobbling exit.

CLOSE SHOT of Vivian hurrying towards the exit carrying her
little recorder.

In a burst of chatter, the unit starts to disperse.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark picking up his cine-camera and his lunch
bag.

The CLAPPER BOY comes up to him.

CLAPPER BOY

Catching the bus?

MARK

Not tonight... meeting someone...
for a drink.

CLAPPER BOY
Wanted to discuss the film at the
Everyman... Tomorrow then?

MARK
I hope so.

CLAPPER BOY
Good night, Mark.

MARK
Good night.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT of Vivian. She is sitting at a dressing-room
table... making-up with care.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Three other girls share the dressing room with her.

There is a knock at the door - and the Young Extra who
spoke to Vivian in the grounds pokes his head round.

EXTRA
Greetings... lousy afternoon's
work, wasn't it? Who wants a lift
to town?

1ST GIRL
In what?

EXTRA
colleague's car... there's room
for two on my lap - three at a
pinch.

1ST GIRL
Which is what we'd get.

2ND GIRL
You, Viv?

VIVIAN
No, thanks... I've a date... at
the Local.

1ST GIRL
Us two then?

2ND GIRL

I'm game... might as well get
pinched in a car as squeezed in a
tube.

EXT. THE CAR PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

The cars are streaming towards the gate.

CLOSE SHOT of Baden driving a small new car.

CLOSE SHOT of the Chief Cameraman driving a large old one.

INT. DON JARVIS' OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

He is still immersed in his figures.

Miss Simpson is walking to the door. She glances at her
little book.

MISS SIMPSON

I'm to remind you to pay a
surprise visit tonight to The
Elephant with...

He grunts.

MISS SIMPSON (CONT'D)

Good night, D.J.

Jarvis goes on reading...

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT of Vivian.

INT. DRESSING ROOM

Music playing. Vivian moves about nervously in front of a
mirror in the deserted dressing room. She wears slacks and
a shirt. She glances at her watch - her hands are trembling
- looks at watch, hears the fireman coming, then switches
off the music and hides in the big cupboard -

INT. CORRIDOR

Fireman making his rounds, turning off lights.

EXT. THE CAR PARK - EARLY EVENING

Only a few cars now remain. It is beginning to grow dark.

INT. STUDIO CORRIDORS - EARLY EVENING

The long corridors are dim and deserted.

INT. PASSAGE - EARLY EVENING

The fireman is making his rounds.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Vivian is standing in the cupboard - the lights are on.

INT. CORRIDOR - EARLY EVENING

Fireman opening the dressing-room doors - and glancing inside.

INT. POWER HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Two electricians are smoking.

INT. CORRIDOR - EARLY EVENING

Fireman opens the door of Vivian's dressing room.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

From Vivian's POV WE SEE the lights go out.

WE HEAR the sound of the door closing - and the Fireman's footsteps disappearing down the corridor.

INT. DON JARVIS' OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

The great man closing up his folder... glancing at his watch... turning out the light.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - EARLY EVENING

Vivian is hurrying along a deserted corridor... and the little recorder.

She pauses - and glances out of a door.

She carries her case Over her shoulder WE SEE the studio lot - in a blaze of light we can see a crowd of people hanging about in solar topees and tropical kit.

REVERSE SHOT of Vivian watching anxiously.

She turns away - and hurries down the corridor.

EXT. THE COURTYARD. EARLY EVENING

Don Jarvis strides across the courtyard. We can almost hear - and perhaps we do - a cash register ringing up.

One of the white-clad figures lounging indolently in the doorway glances round, sees the Inquisition approaching and freezes. His degree of terror might satisfy Mark.

The great man strides on.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ENTRANCE TO STAGE E. - EARLY EVENING

Vivian pauses in front of the entrance to the set.

Above the note is a notice: 'NO ADMITTANCE WHILE RED LIGHT IS ON'.

The light is out.

Vivian looks round - there is no one in sight.

Vivian slips in quietly, and closes the door behind her.

INT. STUDIO - EARLY EVENING

The set is in darkness.

CLOSE SHOT of Vivian looking round.

VIVIAN
(in a whisper)
Mark...?

No reply. Vivian hesitates... then edges slowly forward.

Ahead of her are shadowy counters full of merchandise. Beyond them is the door of the lift.

CLOSE SHOT of the studio camera and the Director's empty chair beside it.

CLOSE SHOT of Vivian edging forward.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Mark...?

She reaches one of the counters - and leans against it, looking around.

REVERSE ANGLE shot of Vivian. She is leaning against the counter of the trunk department. Trunks and suitcases at 'greatly reduced prices' are piled behind her.

CLOSE SHOT of Vivian. She starts whistling nervously under her breath.

Very faintly overlaid is the sound of Mark whistling under his.

Vivian stops whistling - and so does Mark.

She listens intently for a moment - then peers at her watch.

CLOSE SHOT of the watch on Mark's wrist.

CLOSE SHOT of Vivian. She shivers suddenly... then looks at her watch again. She hesitates... then turns towards the exit, and starts to edge back. She trips over a cable and almost falls.

Suddenly she is bathed in light.

She wheels round. One of the big spots is beating down on her.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Mark...?

No sign of him. Overlaid is a gentle purring sound. Where another light comes on, shining through her hair.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Mark!

The sound of his steps is overlaid.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Listen... we must...

His footsteps stop... she looks round.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Where are you?

His voice is quietly overlaid.

MARK (O.S.)
Here, Viv...

She wheels round.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark sitting in the Director's chair. He is holding in his lap his cine-camera, and a black bag.

CLOSE SHOT of Vivian breathing quickly.

VIVIAN
You frightened me!

He looks at her in silence.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Now listen... they're working late
on the lot.

MARK
I know. They're branched off this
stage - I'm using their juice.

He nods, staring at her intently.

VIVIAN
We must call it off... someone's
bound to see us.

MARK
They might...
(rising slowly)
... but they won't interrupt us
while we're filming... I've put
the red light on.

INT. ENTRANCE TO SET - EARLY EVENING

CLOSE SHOT of the red light - burning.

CLOSE SHOT of Vivian.

INT. STUDIO - EARLY EVENING

VIVIAN
You've what?...

MARK

Put the...

VIVIAN

Then they'll know someone's here.

MARK

They won't come in.

VIVIAN

They'll wait outside... what's the difference?

MARK

The difference is... a perfect film...

Over his shoulder WE SEE the studio camera.

MARK (CONT'D)

... have waited... a long time... for this... and so have you ... no one... must interrupt it.

She glances round at the brazenly burning lights; shakes her head despairingly.

VIVIAN

We'll be caught.

MARK

What does that matter?

VIVIAN

Matter!

MARK

You stand to lose... a job as an extra... I stand to lose... nothing.

She looks at him in silence.

MARK (CONT'D)

...the results must be so perfect... that the risks don't count...

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

MARK (CONT'D)

So perfect... that even he ...
(he hesitates)
... even he... would say...

VIVIAN
Who Don Jarvis!?

He looks at her, then nods.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
Oh! He'd say: (imitating the great man's voice) Sign on the dotted line, kiddies! You can use my pen, but bring your own ink! (her excitement is growing) Mark... if you're sure it's worth it?

MARK
It's time to find out, Viv...

He walks slowly towards the studio camera.

She prepares for the test by switching on music and warming up with dance movements.

VIVIAN
Come on! Get hot! (she accents the rhythm)

Mark puts the cine-camera and the black cloth bag on the dolly, slowly mounts the platform, closes the blimp - and swings the camera.

We watch him from the top of the studio, from the door of the studio, from the Director's chair. And finally WE WATCH HIM from Vivian's POV. She stops dancing but the music continues.

MARK
You belong there...

He stares ahead of him, his mind far, far away... then bends and looks into the finder.

There is a single harsh chord of music - and the screen goes dark. It remains dark for a moment.

Suddenly the darkness parts like curtains - and in the centre WE SEE Vivian's face in the finder of the studio camera. (Unlike the ground-glass of the newsagent's camera, we see everything the right way up and in perfect perspective.)

Mark hooks a filler-light below the camera and switches it on. He adjusts the finder until he has made of Vivian's delicate features a radiant miniature.

The miniature smiles shyly at him. She has stopped dancing and is looking directly at the camera. Music continues.

VIVIAN
 I do feel alone in front of it...
 (she hesitates)
 I suppose stars never do?

MARK
 They feel alone without it... (he
 looks in the eyepiece)

Through the film, we can see only her eyes - large and wistful.

MARK (CONT'D)
 ... and the great ones... feel
 alone... all the time...

She becomes the uninhibited Vivian again.

VIVIAN
 Then I'm great, boy! What is it
 you want me to act? (she strikes
 an attitude a, la Rabbins)

He looks up from the camera; she smiles and starts keeping time to the rhythm again.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
 Being frightened to death?

MARK
 You remembered?

VIVIAN
 Yes - and I'll have a go!

We hear his quick breathing.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
 I've been wondering all the
 afternoon how you'd do it! I'll
 bet you've thought of a wonderful
 twist! (she does a wonderful
 twist)

CLOSE SHOT of Mark. He looks down - a little sadly - and peers into the finder. (The camera dolly is on tracks - he tracks forward.)

Music continues - piano.

In the finder WE SEE a large trunk - 'at greatly reduced prices' - on the shelf behind Vivian.

From Vivian's POV WE SEE Mark leave the studio camera - and hurry towards the trunks. She watches him wide-eyed.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

MARK
Building us a set.

He reaches for the largest trunk.

VIVIAN
Why not pull the studio down while
you're about it? They can only
hang you once.

MARK
Exactly.

He carries the trunk towards the studio camera, and lays it
carefully on the floor.

Music continues.

Vivian peers into the front-glass of the studio camera – as
if it were a mirror. The rhythm of the music changes.

VIVIAN
If only Don Jarvis could see me
now!

She jumps onto the trunk and taps.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
If only I could see Don Jarvis
now!

She giggles again.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
I warn you, Mark – I'm
hysterical... I'd rather act dying
of laughter, if it's all the same
to you...

She jumps off the trunk onto the floor.

He opens the trunk. she jumps into it. Her laughter echoes
round the deserted studio.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POWER HOUSE – EARLY EVENING

The two electricians are roaring with laughter. One of them
is making tea.

1ST ELECTRICIAN
So he did it again! Now you tell
one.

CAMERA PANS to a dial on the wall... one of the needles
flickers slightly.

2ND ELECTRICIAN
Half a mo...

1ST ELECTRICIAN (O.S.)
One lump or two?

2ND ELECTRICIAN
As the starlet said to the casting
director...

He turns away from the dials, and grasps at the
outstretched mug.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT of Vivian recording - her little recorder is
twittering back at great speed.

VIVIAN
(to Mark, over her shoulder) What
are you doing?

She restarts music.

INT. STUDIO - EARLY EVENING

She is watching Mark curiously as he arranges the lighting.

MARK
Be patient, Viv... it's going to
be worth it.

CLOSE SHOT of the studio camera. In front of it - fixed on
a small hook - is a tape measure.

Mark reaches for it... then carefully measures the distance
between the trunk and the camera... then he takes a piece of
chalk from his pocket and makes a small cross on the floor.

The music continues.

VIVIAN
Oh well! I've stood alone in front
of a studio camera! That's more
than most have.

MARK
Ever stood... behind one?

He glances at a nearby dial - only a few feet away from the one which is flickering.

VIVIAN
No.

MARK
Help yourself.

She goes around the camera out of sight - and he is out of hers. He glances into the trunk - it is deep, and very empty.

VIVIAN
(accenting the rhythm)
I can see you, Mark... perfectly!

MARK
Good...

VIVIAN
Yes, sir! I'll bet I'm the best camerawoman in the business! . . .
(beating time with her feet)

Mark hurries to the side of the studio camera and picks up his cine-camera.

VIVIAN (O.S.)
I've lost you!

MARK
I'll be back.

Suddenly Mark's face appears in the finder.

VIVIAN
Welcome, stranger!

We see Mark raise his cine-camera. He seems to be pointing it straight at us. We hear a gentle purring.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

MARK
Photographing you photographing me...

High angle shot of Mark standing in front of the studio camera - photographing her photographing him.

VIVIAN
 (in mock awe)
 Mark, you're brilliant...

He walks slowly towards her, holding his cine-camera to his eyes. In the finder of Mark's cine-camera WE SEE Vivian at the studio camera. She comes closer and closer.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
 Lost you again!

MARK (O.S.)
 Never mind.

We see him standing almost on top of her - his cine-camera trained on her.

MARK
 I'm ready now, Viv...

She looks up slowly - and a little hesitantly. Music, all drums.

MARK (CONT'D)
 Go and stand on that cross, will you?

VIVIAN
 (solemnly)
 Yes, sir, Mr. Director, sir.

He watches her in silence as she walks to the front of the studio camera and takes up her position. while the drum-beat continues.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - EARLY EVENING

Don Jarvis is leaving the unit working on the lot. It is now bustling with activity.

A girl comes up to him... She raises her cigarette for a light - and looks into his eyes.

He hands her a box of matches... and walks away. Over his shoulder we see the other stages - apparently empty. Don Jarvis hesitates, then strides towards one.

INT. POWER HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

CLOSE SHOT of a dial - the needle flickering slightly. Overlaid is the voice of the 1st Electrician.

1ST ELECTRICIAN (O.S.)
 ...and here's one of the wife and
 nipper...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STUDIO - EARLY EVENING

CLOSE SHOT of Vivian staring at the trunk on the floor
 behind her. The recorded rhythm continues.

VIVIAN
 Am I supposed to imagine someone
 is going to put me in there?

Mark is watching her over the top of the studio camera.

MARK
 Yes, Viv...

He peers into the viewfinder. In the finder we see Vivian
 looking rather pathetically into camera.

VIVIAN
 Mark - I hope I won't let you
 down... I know you're trying to
 create atmosphere for me - but...
 I just don't feel frightened!
 Wouldn't it be better if I just
 did my number?

MARK
 (shaking head)
 Later.

VIVIAN
 Oh all right! I could do anything
 - I feel so relaxed - and that's
 due to you... You're so at home
 with that camera you make me feel
 at home too... you have it in you,
 boy!

From her POV WE SEE see him raise his head slightly.

MARK
 Ready, Viv?

MARK VIVIAN
 (great effort)
 Well-I'll try -

In the finder we see her wrinkling her brow.

MARK VIVIAN (CONT'D)
 But what... would... frighten me
 to death? (looking appealingly
 into camera) Set the mood for me,
 Mark...

MARK
 Well...

He goes and switches off the recorder. The sudden silence
 is startling.

MARK (CONT'D)
 Imagine someone... coming towards
 you... who's going to kill you -
 regardless of consequences...

VIVIAN
 A madman?

MARK
 Yes - but he knows it... and you
 don't... and just to kill you...
 isn't enough for him.

VIVIAN
 But how would he frighten me to?

She stares into focusing screen - intrigued, but not
 frightened, not even by the silence and shadowy vastness
 around her.

MARK
 Stay there, Viv... you're... just
 right.

She stands motionless - staring into camera.

INT. CORRIDOR IN STUDIO - EARLY EVENING

CLOSE SHOT of Don Jarvis. He is standing motionless,
 staring down a corridor.

What he is staring at is out of camera - and it is puzzling
 the great man.

He walks quietly along the corridor.

CLOSE SHOT of Vivian.

VIVIAN
 I can't imagine what you've
 thought of!

INT. STUDIO - EARLY EVENING

CLOSE SHOT of Mark. He raises his head slowly - and locks the studio camera off. Then he walks slowly towards her.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT of Mark walking towards Vivian.

CAMERA ZOOMS DOWN to the trunk behind her. Mark's voice is overlaid:

MARK (O.S.)
Suppose this... were one of his
weapons...

CLOSE SHOT of Don Jarvis.

INT. CORRIDOR - EARLY EVENING

The great man is poised for the kill. He is moving forward stealthily... and suddenly breaks into a run.

CAMERA PANS - and WE SEE the object of his attentions. A wisp of smoke is coming from behind an alcove.

CLOSE SHOT of a Fireman - smoking a cigarette.

CLOSE SHOT of Don Jarvis - smoking!

CLOSE SHOT of the Fireman's terror as he sees Don Jarvis.

JARVIS
Smoking on duty!

The Fireman opens his mouth to explain - and smoke exudes.

JARVIS (CONT'D)
Come with me!

The Fireman follows him meekly.

CAMERA PANS.

So near - yet a lifetime away - a red light is burning above a closed door.

CLOSE SHOT of Vivian - puzzled.

VIVIAN
That..?

INT. STUDIO E. - EARLY EVENING

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

He is holding his cine-camera; fixed to it is a collapsible tripod.

Suddenly he pulls one leg of the tripod out. WE SEE that a very sharp spike protrudes from the end of it.

From Mark's POV WE SEE Vivian looking at the spike.

He raises it towards her - until the spike is only inches from her throat.

VIVIAN
Yes... that would be frightening!

MARK
But... there's something else...

We can hear his heart pounding as if it will burst - and gradually Vivian, too, becomes aware of it.

VIVIAN
Well? What is it?

Just for a moment Mark's arm moves. His back hides what he is doing. Suddenly WE SEE Vivian turn her head sharply - she is looking at something out of camera.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
(in a whisper)
That...?

The spike is very close to her throat - but Vivian ignores it, staring out of camera.

Over Mark's shoulder we concentrate on Vivian's face.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
(in a whisper)
Mark... take it...

The fear on her face is rapidly growing...

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
... away!

She tries to move back - but the trunk prevents her.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
MARK - YOU!

It is almost a scream.

We can hear Mark breathing quickly.

Vivian raises her hands to push something away from her.

Suddenly the screen is filled with her eyes. WE SEE them dilating with terror. There is a sudden crash as the big power switches go out in the roof.

The lights go out.

There is a scream in the darkness.

Then silence.

The darkness acquires a grey, opaque quality as if one is seeing the world through a curtain - it is the world of Mrs. Stephens.

A bright light is felt, rather than seen, beating against our eyelids. It looms closer and stronger.

HELEN'S VOICE (O.S.)
And that, darling, is the end of
the news! Unless you want the
football results?

CLOSE SHOT of Mrs. Stephens, a large glass of whisky - and the bottle - beside her. It is night.

MRS. STEPHENS
No thank you.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen. 'She's Got the Key of the Door' is overlaid.

HELEN
What else can I read you?

MRS. STEPHENS
The label on this whisky bottle!
Are you sure it says seventy per
cent proof?

HELEN
Certain.

MRS. STEPHENS
They're bigger liars than the
press!

From Helen's POV WE SEE her reach for her glass with a steady hand.

HELEN
Is that your last tonight?

MRS. STEPHENS
I doubt it.

HELEN
Your last but one?

MRS. STEPHENS
Don't haggle.

HELEN
(producing a coin)
Toss me double or nothing?

MRS. STEPHENS
Done!

Helen spins the coin on the table Mrs. Stephens listens intently... the coin stops spinning.

MRS. STEPHENS (CONT'D)
Heads.

Her fingers shoot out and feel the surface of the coin.

HELEN
Bad luck, darling.

MRS. STEPHENS
Huh.

She turns the coin over and carefully feels the other side. Helen watches her with a smile - then looks thoughtfully at the ceiling.

MRS. STEPHENS (CONT'D)
What are you looking at?

HELEN
The ceiling!

MRS. STEPHENS
Wondering if that young man is home?

HELEN
Yes.

MRS. STEPHENS
Well he is... I heard him come in... four paragraphs ago.

From Helen's POV WE SEE the sightless eyes staring at her.

MRS. STEPHENS (CONT'D)
Do you like him?

CLOSE SHOT of Helen.

HELEN
Yes, darling.

MRS. STEPHENS
Why?

HELEN
He has a quality...

MRS. STEPHENS
(sipping her glass)
Wish this had.

HELEN
... and I think he could help me.

MRS. STEPHENS
With your photographs?

HELEN
Yes...

CLOSE SHOT of Mrs. Stephens.

MRS. STEPHENS
Helen...

HELEN
Yes?

Mrs. Stephens hesitates - which is rare.

MRS. STEPHENS
(abruptly)
It doesn't matter.

HELEN
(quickly)
Mummy, what's worrying you?

MRS. STEPHENS
The price of whisky.

HELEN
What else?

MRS. STEPHENS
What else matters?

HELEN
Don't you like Mark?

MRS. STEPHENS
Haven't met him.

HELEN

You don't like him! Now why not?

CLOSE SHOT of Mrs. Stephens. Again she hesitates.

MRS. STEPHENS

I distrust a man who walks quietly.

HELEN

He's shy!

MRS. STEPHENS

His footsteps aren't! They're stealthy...

HELEN

Now darling.

MRS. STEPHENS

Are you going up to him?

HELEN

May I?

MRS. STEPHENS

We both have the key of the door... Mine needs oiling - and yours needs exercise... Off you go.

HELEN

Thank you.

She kisses her - and glances at the whisky glass.

HELEN (CONT'D)

remember that you lost the toss.

She walks to the door.

MRS. STEPHENS

Helen...

HELEN

Yes, darling?

MRS. STEPHENS

If you're back in five minutes... I won't even finish this.

HELEN

Done!

She hurries out. Mrs. Stephens instantly refills her glass.
CLOSE SHOT of her hand. It has begun to tremble.

MARK'S DARK-ROOM

CLOSE SHOT of Mark's hands, in the green light of the dark-room. He is busy unloading and winding film onto a developing rack.

He puts the rack of exposed film into the tank and starts the time clock.

CLOSE SHOT of the time clock ticking.

A knock is heard off.

Mark looks up.

MARK
Who is it?

HELEN (O.S.)
Helen...

CLOSE SHOT of Mark. Faintly overlaid is 'She's Got the Key of the Door'. He looks down at the clock.

MARK
(calling)
Come in, Helen!

INT. PASSAGE - EVENING

Helen opens the door of Mark's sitting room. We hear Mark call out from the inner room:

MARK (O.S.)
Would you... please... wait in
there?... Developing.

Helen goes in, closing the door behind her.

INT. MARK'S SITTING ROOM - EVENING

Helen enters. She speaks loudly to be heard in the dark-room.

HELEN
Mother heard you come in - so I
guessed you wouldn't be in bed ...

No reply from the inner room.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Are you sure this is conven...

MARK (O.S.)
Won't be long!

Helen glances at her watch... then looks curiously round the room.

CLOSE SHOT of Vivian's recorder, placed on a chair.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen. She picks it up and looks at it, curiously, fingering the stops.

MARK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hallo.

Helen turns round. Mark is standing on the threshold of the dark-room.

HELEN
Hallo, Mark...

He walks towards her... he stops suddenly. He is staring at the recorder in her hand.

HELEN (CONT'D)
I hope you don't mind - is it a
tape-recorder?

MARK
Yes.

Gently he takes it from her - as if it is a cup with which she has finished - and replaces it on the shelf.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen.

HELEN
I'm sure I'm being a nuisance...
but, Mark, I very much want to...

Her voice trails away.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark. He is holding out a small package.

MARK
Happy birthday.

HELEN
Mark! That's very sweet of you -
but really.

MARK

It isn't much... I don't know anything about... presents for twenty-one... but I saw it this morning... so... please.

HELEN

(gently)

Thank you...

She takes the package, and unwraps it. Inside is a slender brooch

HELEN (CONT'D)

It's beautiful...

MARK

I like the design... More milk?

HELEN

More?... No, thank you, Mark... and I really appreciate this... I'm going to put it on now.

He watches her hold it against her dress.

HELEN (CONT'D)

There?... Or there?...

MARK

The first place...

HELEN

I think so too!...

CLOSE SHOT of Helen pinning it on.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark touching his lapel.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen glancing at her watch.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark glancing at his. He thinks of the ticking clock in the dark-room.

Helen looks up, and sees him.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I am keeping you.

MARK

No... I promise.

HELEN

Mark, I'm here for some advice.

MARK
From me? Please...

He looks as if he has just been voted the best cameraman of the year (unanimously) - and the two films he directed have both won Oscars (though Don Jarvis understood them).

His delighted astonishment is such that she has to smile.

HELEN
... I work in a public library -
in the children's section... I'm
telling you that to postpone
admitting what always embarrasses
me...

She takes a deep breath.

HELEN (CONT'D)
In my spare time... I write.

MARK
What's embar...

HELEN
I write stories for children...
but so did Grimm... Hans
Andersen... Lewis Carroll...

MARK
Had any published?

HELEN
Some short stories.

MARK
I'd like to read...

HELEN
I learned today... that my first
book... has been accepted! ... For
publication in the spring...

MARK
But that's wonderful... what's it
about?

HELEN
A magic camera - and what it
photographs...

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

MARK

Whatever made you... think of that?

HELEN

I'll tell you one day - I promise...

MARK

Well what does it photograph?

HELEN

I'll tell you that too - but, Mark... this is the problem... The children who read the book will want to see the pictures the camera takes - but the publishers say they're impossible to photograph, and suggest drawings... but I don't agree.

MARK

No - nothing's impossible.

HELEN

was hoping you'd say that! There must be photographs - however difficult to take - and I was wondering, Mark - if you'd...

MARK

Oh yes.

HELEN

discuss it with me.

MARK

take them.

HELEN

Mark - I can't ask you to do that...

They have cancelled his Oscar.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I mean... the publisher's mightn't agree.

MARK

I'd take them... for you.

HELEN

Yes but... the money.

MARK
There are some things... which I
photograph... for nothing.

HELEN
I didn't mean to offend you.

MARK
Offend?

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

MARK (CONT'D)
Helen... if you knew what it
meant... for something to happen
to me... that I don't have to make
happen... it's like... you've
given me a twenty-first
birthday...

CLOSE SHOT of Helen looking at him...

MARK (CONT'D)
What does your camera photograph?

HELEN
Mark - I must go... I just wanted
to know... if you'd talk it over
with me.

MARK
When please?

HELEN
That's up to you.

MARK
Helen ... I don't know much
about... dinner out... but would
you come with me?

HELEN
Thank you.

MARK
Thank you.

HELEN
When?

MARK
Oh...

HELEN
What's the matter?

MARK
It had better be soon...

HELEN
Are you going away?

MARK
Almost for certain! ...

HELEN
Oh... well you suggest when.

MARK
Are you free... tomorrow night?

HELEN
Yes.

MARK
I hope I am!

HELEN
I'll understand if you're not.

MARK
I'll try to be - I'll try my
hardest to be.

HELEN
Thank you for listening... and for
my present.

MARK
and for mine.

They look at each other in silence.

HELEN
Good night, Mark... (turning to
the door)

MARK
Good night... Helen...

He watches her leave, standing very still.

Offstage, the time clock explodes.

CLOSE SHOT - the excited clock. Mark's hand silences it.

INT. DARK-ROOM - GREEN LIGHT

Mark opens the developing tank, lifts out the rack of film,
drops it into the fixing bath.

He switches light from green to red.

CLOSE SHOT - green to red dark-room lamp.

Mark lifts the rack of glistening film out of the fixing bath and scans the image.

CLOSE SHOT - Mark's face and the tell-tale black and white images.

CLOSE SHOT - the film. A pile of trunks.

In the darkness we hear a man enquire softly:

MAN'S VOICE
Looking for a trunk?

CLOSE SHOT of a Tall Man with a severe face. He is standing in front of a familiar pile of trunks marked at 'Specially Reduced Prices'.

CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY - and WE SEE whom he is addressing. It is Diane.

CAMERA PULLS FURTHER BACK and WE SEE that we are in a small theatre watching rushes...

INT. THEATRE IN STUDIO - DAY

CAMERA PANS across Baden's disgruntled face... the Chief Cameraman's bored face... the Script Girl's puzzled face... to Diane's expression of rapture as she watches herself on the screen.

DIANE (O.S.)
I'd like to see that one.

From Diane's POV WE WATCH the screen. We see the Tall Man (SHOP ASSISTANT) reaching for a trunk and laying it on the counter. He opens it with a flourish. Vivian passes across the screen - glances casually at the trunk - and wanders off.

BADEN
No - no - no - we must get some comedy into this...!

The Assistant Director nods.

BADEN (CONT'D)
We'll retake it this morning...

CAMERA LINGERS for a moment on the screen as Diane (on-screen) smiles at the Assistant.

DIANE
 (she pockets a small item) I'll
 take it.

The Assistant bows and closes the trunk. We dissolve to the
 set itself -

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STUDIO - DAY

The Assistant is leaning over the counter, listening
 intently. Diane stands in front of the counter, receiving
 the attentions of the Make-up Man.

Baden's voice is overlaid:

BADEN
 I want some comedy in this
 scene...

CAMERA PULLS BACK

The unit is busy preparing for a retake. The studio camera
 (and its crew) are off camera, and we concentrate on Baden
 briefing his artistes.

He is clutching a script as if afraid that opening it might
 be indecent exposure.

BADEN (CONT'D)
 Instead of taking the first trunk
 you see, I want you, darling... to
 ask for a blue trunk - and when he
 brings it to you, to ask for a red
 one - and when he brings that, to
 ask for a white one... (turns to
 the Assistant) And you, Michael...
 get the trunks one by one -
 growing more and more fed up - and
 we'll end on a gag which I'll
 think of in a minute - all right?

DIANE
 I don't feel it!

BADEN
 Don't feel it! Do it!

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
 (hastily)
 Positions, everyone!

Over Mark's shoulder - behind the camera - WE WATCH the Unit taking up positions.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Anyone seen Vivian?

BADEN
Who?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
The red-headed bystander - Viv.

BADEN
(impatiently)
Never mind - I'm cutting her out of this scene... Let's run it.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
(shouting)
Quiet, everyone!

From Mark's POV WE WATCH the scene being rehearsed. Diane approaches the trunk counter and the Assistant smiles at her.

ASSISTANT
Can I interest you in a trunk?

DIANE
Thank you...
(pointing)
I'd like to see that one...

ASSISTANT
Certainly, madam...

He turns away. She pockets a small item from the counter. He heaves a trunk forward.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
It's beautifully fitted -
(he opens it)

She takes a perfunctory glance -

DIANE
I'd like to see one in red.

ASSISTANT
Certainly, madam.

She pockets another item. He turns and wrestles with another trunk... brings it forward and opens it

DIANE
... do you have one in white?

ASSISTANT
Certainly, madam.

Mark walks away quietly from the back of the Camera Crew. He hurries to the shelf where he keeps his cine-camera and a lunch basket. He reaches for his camera.

Diane's voice is overlaid.

DIANE (O.S.)
Do you have one in blue?

ASSISTANT (O.S.)
Certainly, madam...

Mark turns towards the rehearsal and raises his cine-camera. WE SEE the Assistant try to lift a blue trunk - and half collapse with the weight of it.

CLOSE SHOT of Baden - beaming.

The Assistant manages to drag the trunk forward. He leans over it - exhausted - then starts to open it.

Mark moves round until Diane's face is in the finder.

As the lid of the trunk is opened we can see only her eyes above the rim of the lid... WE HEAR her scream.

CLOSE SHOT of Baden - freezing.

There is the sound of a body falling to the ground.

BADEN
The silly bitch! She's fainted in
the wrong scene...

FADE OUT:

In the darkness WE HEAR a telephone ringing... and then another... and then another... then they all merge into one big blast.

FADE IN:

CAMERA TRACKS quickly towards a door marked PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT.

INT. PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT - DAY

The Head of publicity has a receiver to his ear.

HEAD OF PUBLICITY
 is this a gag?... A girl in a
 trunk!... Who is she?... Well,
 which unit?... The walls are
 closing in?... What a break for
 them!... I mean what a heartbreak!
 (he is already speaking into
 another telephone) call a press
 conference. (he turns to the
 original telephone) I'm on my way
 down!

EXT. LONDON - DAY

A police car. There are two men seated at the back.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

CHIEF INSPECTOR GREGG is reading a file. A plain-clothes
 SERGEANT (MILLER) is seated next to him. The Sergeant
 glances at his Chief apprehensively.

SERGEANT MILLER
 Excuse me, Chief.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
 Mm?

SERGEANT MILLER
 We pass my house when we reach the
 bypass. Would you mind if I drop
 off for a minute?

CHIEF INSPECTOR
 (without raising his eyes) To
 collect your kid's autograph book?

SERGEANT MILLER
 Yes, Chief!... If the nipper hears
 where I've been...

CHIEF INSPECTOR
 (turns to the driver)
 All right, Dawson - anything to
 help the Sergeant... (stares down
 at the folder) ... and it's about
 time the Sergeant helped me -
 we're getting nowhere with this.

Over his shoulder WE SEE what he is looking at - it is a
 photograph of Dora in her furs and finery.

SERGEANT

What about that man the landlady passed?

CHIEF INSPECTOR

She couldn't describe him - except to say that he was carrying something that she couldn't see.

SERGEANT

That's a help.

CLOSE SHOT of the Inspector staring at the folder.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

Sergeant, I've been on the force thirty odd years... and I have never seen such fear on anyone's face as on this girl's...

(almost to himself)

What was it she saw?

SERGEANT

Surely, Chief... a man coming at her - with a sharp weapon.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

I'm familiar with that kind of terror. This is something new to me... but what?

The Sergeant glances at Dora's photograph.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (CONT'D)

...now take a look at how we found her.

He starts to turn the page

DISSOLVE TO:

A door with a sign on it: CANTEEN CLOSED TODAY.

CAMERA TRACKS TOWARDS it.

INT. CANTEEN - DAY

Mark is sitting by an open window at the far end of the canteen. His cine-camera and lunch basket are by his side.

From Mark's POV WE SEE that the unit (with the exception of Diane and Baden) is crowded into the canteen.

They have formed themselves into small groups and are talking in whispers. The Assistant Director is standing with his back to the door. A GIRL calls out:

GIRL (O.S.)
How much longer must we wait in here?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Till the police arrive... D.J.'s orders.

Mark glances at a group in the corner. The Trunk Assistant is encircled by eager listeners.

ASSISTANT
and when she opened that trunk... and I saw what was inside... my dears - I nearly fainted with her - (he runs a delicate hand across a delicate forehead) and do you know what horrified me most?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
D.J. says not to discuss it.

ASSISTANT
Any more sauce from D.J. and I shall refuse to sign for seven years! My dears... that poor girl's expression.

Mark glances out of the window.

From his POV WE SEE a police car driving across the courtyard. Mark watches with great interest - then reaches for his cine-camera.

He photographs the police, then puts his cine-camera on to the table and sits back... waiting. CAMERA LINGERS for a moment on the folded tripod.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SET - DAY

The set is completely deserted. It is lit by a single lamp. A solitary trunk stands on the counter, its lid closed.

WE SEE Don Jarvis enter, followed by the two Policemen. Baden and the Publicity man bring up the rear.

Don Jarvis points towards the trunks department. The Chief Inspector nods, then he and the Sergeant approach the counter.

Carefully the Inspector raises the lid of the trunk - he looks inside.

CLOSE SHOT of the Inspector - over the top of the lid. His expression is mainly one of surprise.

CLOSE SHOT of the Sergeant staring into the trunk. He is also surprised - but there is nausea in his face.

They look up at almost the same moment... their eyes meet.

SERGEANT
(in a whisper)
Chief, it's exactly the...

INSPECTOR
I know... (he closes the trunk quickly. Quietly) ... don't say anything.
(he faces Don Jarvis)
Well, sir... we shall probably have to interview everyone at the studio, so we'd better plan a campaign that won't interfere too much with your productions.

JARVIS
(warming to him at once) Thank you, Chief Inspector... if you knew what even a single day's delay could cost.

INSPECTOR
Oh, we do sir. (his eyes are on the trunk)

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

INT. CANTEEN - DAY

He is looking out of the window - his camera at the ready. Overlaid is the sound of a door opening... the buzz of conversation dies away. We hear Don Jarvis' voice.

JARVIS (O.S.)
If I may have your attention, please.

A hand tugs at Mark's elbow. He turns round. The Clapper Boy looks at him warily.

From Mark's POV WE SEE Don Jarvis standing in the doorway - facing a suddenly hushed room. The great man's hands are folded in front of him -

JARVIS

The police wish to interview each of you individually... after which you will be at liberty to leave.

From D.J.'s POV WE SEE the upturned faces - the light from the window falls upon Mark, listening to him with rapt attention. Mark's hands are folded in front of him.

JARVIS (CONT'D)

There will, of course, be no shooting today... but work will be resumed, as usual, tomorrow... with, I hope, all of you present.

CLOSE SHOT of Don Jarvis.

JARVIS (CONT'D)

I look to you to give the police your fullest cooperation. (he turns abruptly and leaves')

Sergeant Miller enters with a smile.

SERGEANT MILLER

Well now... let's get ourselves organized... (taking a piece of paper from his pocket) We don't want to keep you cooped up in here, so we've worked out a timetable... We'll talk to the artists first, then the technicians in this order...

Mark reaches for his cine-camera...

DISSOLVE TO:

A SERIES OF BRIEF SHOTS of the unit being interviewed by the police.

EXT. STUDIO GROUNDS - DAY

The Young Extra who spoke to Vivian in the exterior set points excitedly to the wall where Vivian and Mark lay.

The Inspector and Sergeant carefully examine both sides of the wall. The Inspector stoops, picks up something with a pair of tweezers and puts it in an envelope.

CAMERA PANS.

A few passers-by look on from a distance. One of them is watching through his cine-camera.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SMALL OFFICE - DAY

The Young Extra who shared Vivian's dressing room is talking to the Chief Inspector and Sergeant.

EXTRA

...she said she didn't want a lift
- because she had a call to make
locally.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

Did she say where?

EXTRA

No, sir... and when I left, she
was still in the dressing room.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

I see... let's have a look at this
dressing room, shall we?

EXTRA

Yes, sir ...

INT. PASSAGE IN STUDIO - DAY

The Policemen and the Extra are walking away from camera down a passage. A few members of other units pass them by without a glance. One of these (A GIRL) smiles into camera.

GIRL

Hallo, Mark...

MARK (O.S.)

Hallo.

The girl walks out of picture. THE CAMERA (and Mark) TRACK after the Policemen.

INT. ENTRANCE TO DRESSING ROOM - DAY

As the Inspector opens the door of the dressing room, Mark hurries past. He raises his cine-camera and photographs the Sergeant. The Sergeant turns to close the door. He sees Mark. straightens his tie and looks as severe as he can.

SERGEANT

Hey, I don't think you ought to do that!

MARK

Sorry, sir.

He hurries down the passage.

INSPECTOR

(turning round)
Do what?

SERGEANT

Make me famous. Some chap was giving me a screen test

The Extra's voice is overlaid - a hint of hysteria in it.

EXTRA (O.S.)

That's where she sat. Inspector.

The Inspector turns away, and the Sergeant closes the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SMALL OFFICE - DAY

The door of the small office opens - and the Chief Cameraman comes out.

CAMERA PANS -

On a bench at the end of the passage Mark, the Clapper Boy, and a member of the camera-crew are waiting.

VOICE

And whoever did it must be...

CHIEF CAMERAMAN

You're next.

The Crew-member hurries into the office, and closes the door. The Chief Cameraman wanders off thoughtfully.

Mark and the Clapper Boy are left sitting side by side.

CLAPPER BOY
I've been watching you...

MARK
Oh?

CLAPPER BOY
Have you been filming those
policemen?

MARK
Yes, I've a few quite interesting
shots of them - it's a chance I
never expected!

CLAPPER BOY
A chance for what?

MARK
To photograph... an
investigation... or as much of it
as I can.

CLAPPER BOY
What on earth for?

MARK
It will complete a documentary I'm
making.

CLAPPER BOY
documentary?

Mark nods.

CLAPPER BOY (CONT'D)
What's it about?

MARK
I'd rather not tell you till it's
finished. And it soon will be ...

CLAPPER BOY
But suppose they catch you?

MARK
Oh they will - they look very
efficient.

CLAPPER BOY
Don't you mind?

MARK
No.

CLAPPER BOY
But they might confiscate your
camera.

MARK
I'm afraid they will! But by
then... I'll have finished with
it.

CLAPPER BOY
I don't...

The door of the small room opens, and the Crew-member comes
out.

CREW-MEMBER
You, Mark?

MARK
Thanks...

He rises slowly... the cine-camera is over his shoulder.

CLAPPER BOY
Mark, hadn't you better leave that
with me?

MARK
No, John.

CLAPPER BOY
I'd look after it.

MARK
I'm sure of that - but I'd like to
photograph them while they're
questioning me.

The Clapper Boy looks at him in amazement.

MARK (CONT'D)
I don't suppose they'll let me.

CLAPPER BOY
Mark, are you potty?

MARK
Yes, do you think they'll notice?

The Clapper Boy laughs.

CLAPPER BOY
Don't get into any trouble for
heaven's sake - I want to discuss
that film at the Everyman...

MARK

Yes... I'd like that...

He walks slowly towards the door.

The Clapper Boy takes out a copy of Sight and Sound and starts to read it.

INT. SMALL OFFICE - DAY

The Inspector is seated at a desk, reading some notes. The Sergeant is seated by the side of the desk, a pile of papers in front of him.

There is a gentle knock on the door. The Sergeant glances at a list.

SERGEANT

Mark Lewis - focus-puller...
Whatever that may be?

The Inspector nods.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Come in.

He puts a tick on the list. There is the sound of a door opening. The Inspector looks up...

From his POV WE SEE a young man with a camera over his shoulder advancing shyly towards him.

INSPECTOR

Mr. Lewis?

MARK

Yes, sir...

INSPECTOR

I'm Chief Inspector Gregg and this
is Sergeant Miller. Grab a chair.

The Sergeant glances up.

SERGEANT

Ah! My photographer.

MARK

I've brought the camera in case
you want to take the film away.

He holds out his camera. The Sergeant glances enquiringly at the Inspector.

INSPECTOR
That's all right, Mr. Lewis - as long as we don't appear at the Odeon next week in place of the cartoon.

Mark smiles.

MARK
Thank you, sir.

INSPECTOR
Well now; have you anything to tell us?

MARK
Don't think so, sir.

INSPECTOR
Did you know the girl?

MARK
Yes, sir...

INSPECTOR
How well?

MARK
Mainly by sight.

INSPECTOR
When did you see her last?

He picks up a pencil - taps it idly on the desk.

MARK
Yesterday afternoon - when we broke...

INSPECTOR
Speak to her?

MARK
Called out good night - don't know if she heard?

CLOSE SHOT of Mark's fingers... tapping on his knee in time to the pencil.

INSPECTOR
What did you do then?

MARK
Took sqme shots, sir - for a film I'm making.

INSPECTOR
Oh... where?

MARK
All over the place, sir... it's a documentary.

INSPECTOR
Anyone with you?

MARK
No, sir. Just my camera.

INSPECTOR
What time did you arrive home, Mr. Lewis?

MARK
About ten... ten-thirty...

INSPECTOR
Anyone see you?

MARK
Yes... the people downstairs.

INSPECTOR
I see.

The telephone rings. The Sergeant promptly answers it.

SERGEANT
Sergeant Miller - Right, I'll tell him...

He replaces the receiver, turns to the Inspector.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
The doctor's finished his examin...

The Inspector rises at once.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
...wants to see you -

INSPECTOR
Right.
(he glances at Mark)
That'll be all for the moment, Mr. Lewis - thank you.

MARK
(he turns to the door) Thank you, sir ...

INSPECTOR
Wait a minute.

Mark stands very still.

INSPECTOR (CONT'D)
direct me to that set of yours,
will you? I'd probably end on
location.

MARK
I'll take you there, sir.
(he opens the door)

INSPECTOR
Thanks. (he glances at the
Sergeant) Carry on with the
interviews, Sergeant.

SERGEANT
Yes, sir.

From the Sergeant's POV WE SEE Mark turn to go into the passage.

The Sergeant stares at the camera on his shoulder... then the door closes.

The Sergeant makes a note on a piece of paper.

INT. PASSAGE - DAY

The Inspector and Mark walk side by side along the passage. The Clapper Boy comes into view - still reading Sight and Sound.

The Clapper Boy glances up - just in time to see the Inspector and Mark walk side by side to the end of the corridor.

CLAPPER BOY
(staring after them)
I warned him to be careful!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ENTRANCE TO SET - DAY

A Constable is standing outside the entrance to the set. From his POV WE SEE the Inspector and Mark approach. The Constable stiffens... From Mark's POV WE SEE the Constable barring the entrance.

INSPECTOR

I think I can find my way now...

Mark smiles.

INSPECTOR (CONT'D)

...thanks for the escort

The Inspector hurries towards the door of the set.

The Constable opens it - and the Inspector goes inside.

The Constable closes the door - and stands in front of it.

Mark turns away quickly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

The carpark is jammed with cars - but there is hardly anyone in sight. Mark hurries towards the large sliding doors of Stage E - they are a few feet apart. He looks round carefully, then slips inside.

INT. STAGE E. - DAY

Facing Mark is the darkened set of an hotel bedroom. Beyond this is another set - also in darkness - and beyond this yet another. Only in the far corner of the studio - in the furthest set - is there a light burning. Voices can faintly be heard coming from this set.

Mark walks quietly towards a long ladder which leads up to the gantry. Carefully - rung by rung - he starts to climb the ladder. At the top of the ladder is a gallery. Mark

moves along the maze of bridges until he is nearly above the Policemen.

Mark raises his head cautiously - and looks down.

Far below WE CAN SEE the Inspector standing next to the Doctor - a tall, silver haired man - who is peering into an open trunk. Detectives are photographing the set. Mark raises his cine-camera... its gentle purring seems to echo round the studio.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark's jacket pocket. A row of pencils is sticking out. As he leans forward the pencils tilt.

Through the finder-matte of Mark's camera WE SEE the Inspector - very far away - peering into the trunk and nodding.

A faint echo of conversation is overlaid.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
No doubt at all... wounds were
caused by the same instrument...

Mark changes lens (and alters the finder to a 75mm lens). The Doctor's face - thin and impersonal - appears in the finder over the lid of the trunk.

DOCTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
... both women... subjected to the
most violent shock...

INSPECTOR (O.S.)
What sort of shock?

DOCTOR
...still cannot determine - but
look!

He points to something in the trunk - out of the camera's eye-line.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

He balances carefully - then raises the camera above his head. As he leans forward, the pencils fall. WE SEE them shooting like small torpedoes into the darkness below. They make three separate landings.

CLOSE SHOT of the Inspector. Looking up.

From his POV WE SEE tiers of scaffolding deep in shadow...

INSPECTOR
Quiet, everyone. Please...

The Detectives make as much noise to become quiet as the normal occupants of the studio - and then there is complete silence.

Complete, except for the Doctor's asthmatic breathing... And then - so gently that it might almost be in our own minds - WE HEAR a purring sound from the shadows above. The Inspector listens intently.

DETECTIVE
I thought I heard a putty cat!

There is a burst of laughter - the Inspector frowns.

INSPECTOR

I don't want to spoil anyone's fun, but we do have a maniac on our hands, and if we don't get him quickly there'll be a third unsolved murder to report to the Commissioner. So let's hurry things up, shall we?

DETECTIVE

Sorry, Chief!

The 'putty cat' Detective raises his flashlamp towards the trunk counter. In the brilliant flash of light that ensues, we glimpse a shadowy figure moving towards a ladder high in the scaffolding... But then we are looking for it - no one else is. The flashlight dies away.

The scene fades with it.

CLOSE SHOT of a knitting-needle held upwards.

Another knitting-needle scales down it like a fireman descending a ladder.

CAMERA PULLS BACK

INT. HELEN S SITTING ROOM - DAY

Mrs. Stephens is doing her knitting. The inevitable glass stands on the table beside her. Helen is seated opposite, reading from a newspaper.

HELEN

she was appearing in Arthur Baden's new film The Walls Are Closing In, starring Diane Ashley.

CLOSE SHOT of Mrs. Stephens listening intently.

HELEN (CONT'D)

a spokesman at the studio said that her performance in the film showed such promise, that her role was to have been built up... All work at the studio ceased today as a tribute to her memory!

Mrs. Stephens sips from her glass. The Prime Minister to visit Athens.

MRS. STEPHENS

Mark is in films, isn't he?

HELEN
Yes, darling... It is reliably...

MRS. STEPHENS
I wonder if he knew her?

CLOSE SHOT of Helen looking up.

HELEN
I'll ask him tonight...

MRS. STEPHENS
Is he taking you out?

HELEN
If he's free.

MRS. STEPHENS
That's very chivalrous of him.
Where's he taking you?

HELEN
I've no idea - and I don't suppose
he has...

MRS. STEPHENS
Which studio does he work at?

HELEN
I'll ask him.

MRS. STEPHENS
If he's free.

Behind her back we see that her fingers are crossed.

HELEN
I'll bring him in and introduce
you if...

MRS. STEPHENS
I feel I know him.

HELEN
Now how can you?

Mrs. Stephens stiffens suddenly.

MRS. STEPHENS
He's here.

CLOSE SHOT of the window.

Mark is standing outside - looking in.

MRS. STEPHENS (CONT'D)
 Why don't we make him a present of
 the window? He practically lives
 there!

Helen beckons to Mark to come in. We see him nod eagerly -
 and leave the window.

HELEN
 How did you know where he was
 standing?

MRS. STEPHENS
 The back of my neck told me... the
 part that I talk out of!

Helen hurries to the door of the sitting room.

INT. HALL - DAY

Mark closes the front door behind him.

From his POV WE SEE the door of Helen's sitting room open -
 and she stands on the threshold.

HELEN
 Hallo...

MARK
 Free?

HELEN
 Yes.

MARK
 Good! So am I...

HELEN
 I'd like you to come in for a
 moment - and meet my mother.

MARK
 Yes, please...

She holds open the door. He goes inside. The screen
 suddenly greys out into the veiled images of Mrs. Stephens'
 world. We hear Helen's voice.

HELEN (O.S.)
 Darling, this is Mark... Mark, my
 mother.

WE HEAR the sound of footsteps shuffling shyly forward -
 and then Mark's voice, every intake of breath magnified.

MARK (O.S.)
How do you do... Mrs. Stephens...

WE HEAR the pounding of someone's heart - and then Mrs. Stephens' voice.

MRS. STEPHENS (O.S.)
Hallo, Mark.

As her voice dies away.

FADE IN:

INT. HELEN'S SITTING ROOM

CLOSE SHOT of Mark's hand clasping Mrs. Stephens'.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark looking at her, fascinated.

From Mark's POV WE SEE the sightless eyes turned towards his. Mrs. Stephens' other hand gently feels the surface of his.

MRS. STEPHENS
Have you been running, young man?

MARK
Yes...
(he hesitates)
... didn't want to be late for Helen.

HELEN
Thank you, Mark - You deserve a drink for that! What would you like?

MARK
Nothing - thank you... very much...

Mrs. Stephens grunts, and reaches for her glass.

HELEN
Darling, I've left your supper in the...

MRS. STEPHENS
Tell me young man... Which studio do you work at?

The screen greys out. WE HEAR Mark's tiny intake of breath.

MARK (O.S.)
Chipperfield Studio . . .

MRS. STEPHENS
And that poor girl... where did
she work?

Someone's heart is pounding fast.

HELEN (O.S.)
At Brookwood.

MRS. STEPHENS
We were wondering if you knew her?

MARK
No - No, I didn't...

MRS. STEPHENS
A pity. I do like first-hand
information.

We hear Mark's small attempt at a laugh.

MRS. STEPHENS (CONT'D)
Oh, well - I mustn't keep you
gossiping after you've run all the
way from - Where?

Again that little intake of breath.

MARK
The station.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

Mrs. Stephens and Mark are staring at each other as if she has sight and he hasn't. From Helen's POV WE CAN SEE only Mark's back and her mother's upturned face.

HELEN
Darling, may I tell you about your
supper?

MRS. STEPHENS
No... go and be told about yours!
(she takes Mark's hand) Goodbye,
Mark... I expect we shall meet
again.

MARK
I hope so - Goodbye... (He turns
to the door)

CLOSE SHOT of Helen kissing her mother and whispering into her ear.

HELEN
Darling, we forgot to toss.

Mrs. Stephens grunts.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Supper's laid out in the kitchen.

MRS. STEPHENS
If you're not back early, you'll find me laid out with it!

HELEN
We'll be early! Good night, darling.

MRS. STEPHENS
Good night...

Mark holds the door open for Helen and she goes into the passage. Mark turns and takes a long look at Mrs. Stephens. She is in the middle of raising her glass. She stops suddenly, the glass poised mid-air. He goes out - closing the door. She finishes her drink as if it is her last.

INT. PASSAGE - DAY

Helen is waiting by the door.

From her POV WE SEE Mark coming eagerly towards her, his camera over his shoulder.

HELEN
Mark...

MARK
Yes, Helen?

HELEN
I want to ask you something rather personal...

He looks at her anxiously.

HELEN (CONT'D)
How long is it since you've gone out without that?

MARK
Without what?

HELEN
Your camera...

MARK
Oh...

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

MARK (CONT'D)
I... don't think I know?

HELEN
Exactly. I've never seen you
without it... but are you going to
need it tonight?

He looks at her in silence.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Well are you? And if so... shall I
bring some work with me too?

MARK
I'm not going to need it tonight!

HELEN
Good - then give it to me!

She holds out her hand. He looks at her, appalled.

HELEN (CONT'D)
...It'll be quite safe - I'll put
it away for you.

MARK
(in a whisper)
No!

HELEN
Then take it upstairs - if you
can't trust me with it...

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

MARK
I trust you.

HELEN
Then look...

She opens the door of her bedroom - and turns on the light.

HELEN (CONT'D)
...let's put it in here.

INT. HELEN'S BEDROOM

She crosses to a cupboard and unlocks it, then turns round. He is standing hesitantly on the threshold.

HELEN
Come in - and see for yourself.

He looks slowly round the room, stares for a moment at the bed in the corner, but he won't cross the threshold. He stays outside.

HELEN (CONT'D)
We'll put it in here - and lock it.

MARK
This... was my mother's room.

HELEN
Was it, Mark?...

Again he stares at the bed.

HELEN (CONT'D)
I am being tactless, aren't I? ...
It's just that... I thought it was
growing into an extra limb, and -
but you bring it with you if you
want to.

He takes off his camera - and holds it out to her.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Thank you...

She takes it from him, puts it into the cupboard, and locks it. Then offers him the key.

MARK
You...

HELEN
Thank you.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

MARK
I feel...

HELEN
Yes?

MARK
 Can't describe it! Could only
 photograph it -

She laughs.

HELEN
 Shall I tell you what I feel?

MARK
 Yes.

HELEN
 Famished!

MARK
 Good!

They hurry towards the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARK'S HOUSE - DAY

They walk down the steps of the house.

MARK
 There's a small place round the
 corner... It's awfully good on
 Christmas Day.

HELEN
 Is it?

MARK
 Yes... there aren't too many open
 then.

HELEN
 No - it sounds fun.

MARK
 This way.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark and Helen walking along by the side of
 the house.

HELEN
 I adore new restaurants...

Suddenly Mark stands motionless. He is staring at something
 off camera.

Especially when -

Her voice trails away... she is staring at Mark staring at something.

In the shadows, at the mouth of an alley, a young couple are kissing.

Mark stands motionless, staring at them. Automatically his hand reaches for his camera. Helen starts to speak - then looks at him in silence. The man glances round. Mark hurries away and Helen stares after him.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

He turns back - waiting for Helen.

From his POV WE SEE Helen come slowly towards him. She looks at him searchingly for a long moment.

He manages - but only just - to meet her eyes.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Where is this restaurant?

MARK
Round the corner...

MRS. STEPHENS
Know much about films?

HELEN
Come on then...

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

MARK
Thank you.

They walk slowly down the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT of Mrs. Stephens.

MRS. STEPHENS
Sorry, young man, Helen's out.

CAMERA PULLS BACK

INT. SITTING ROOM - EVENING

Tony is standing unhappily opposite Mrs. Stephens.

TONY
Oh!

MRS. STEPHENS
With Mark - from upstairs.

TONY
Oh!

MRS. STEPHENS
You can stay and talk to me - if
you like?

TONY
Well I...

MRS. STEPHENS
Know much about films?

TONY
Well...

MRS. STEPHENS
Or film studios?

TONY
No, I...

MRS. STEPHENS
Where's Chipperfield Studios?

TONY
Chipperfield, I suppose...

MRS. STEPHENS
There's a phone book outside...
Look up the number, will you? And
see if you can get it.

TONY
Certainly... and then I must go to
my room.

MRS. STEPHENS
Granted.

She lifts her glass, and sits, waiting as he crosses the
room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A small and very pleasant restaurant, almost full. Helen
and Mark have a corner table. They are dining by
candlelight, and there is a bottle of wine in the middle of
the table.

As CAMERA TRACKS TOWARDS them, Helen is laughing.

HELEN
I like this place! And this
dinner!

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

He has again won the Academy Award.

HELEN (CONT'D)
...thank you, Mark...

MARK
Are you ready to talk about your
book?

HELEN
I'm ready to talk about you...

His face falls.

HELEN (CONT'D)
It won't take a second - and it's
best to have it said.

Mark looks.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Carrying a camera is only one of
your habits, isn't it, Mark?

He looks at her in silence.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen.

HELEN (CONT'D)
... when you stared at that
couple, you were like the little
boy on that film you showed me...
looking over the wall at something
he shouldn't see. But Mark -
you're strong enough now to lift
that child off the wall... aren't
you?

He hesitates.

HELEN (CONT'D)
... aren't you?

MARK
I'll try to be.

HELEN
Will you, Mark?... Will you
really?

MARK
Yes...

HELEN
Lecture finished...

A pause.

MARK
When your book's published - will
you go on working in a library?

HELEN
Yes, Mark... in case, one day, a
child comes in and asks for it!

MARK
I'll come in.

HELEN
I'm not popular with my customers!
They ask me for horror comics -
and I take their sticky hands and
drag them to where there are
books!

CLOSE SHOT of Helen.

HELEN (CONT'D)
... and do you know, Mark, waiting
for them to come in next time and
ask for books... is as exciting...
as a horror comic...

MARK
What does your magic camera
photograph?

HELEN
People...

MARK
Yes?...

HELEN
It's owned by a little boy who is
terrified of grown-ups... but when
he looks in his magic camera he
sees grown-ups as they were when
they were children... and he isn't
frightened any longer.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark listening, engrossed.

HELEN (CONT'D)
 ... and one day he gives his
 camera away to a little boy who is
 even more frightened of grown-ups
 than he was - and do you know what
 he finds?

The little boy opposite her shakes his head.

HELEN (CONT'D)
 ... that when he looks at
 grown-ups without his camera he
 can still see them as they were
 when they were children! And that
 means that he's grown up
 himself...

A moment's pause. She drinks her wine - shy, awaiting his
 reaction.

MARK
 What made you think of this story?

HELEN
 You did!

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

HELEN (CONT'D)
 ... I looked out of my window -
 and saw you going off to work
 carrying that camera like a little
 boy with a satchel... and an idea
 came... so thank you...

MARK
 I'd like to think... I was
 responsible... in some way...

HELEN
 Now what do I do about the
 photographs?

MARK
 Take 'em!

He slams the table so violently that a lady nearby looks
 around... then reaches for his camera.

MARK (CONT'D)
 Oh!

Helen smiles.

MARK (CONT'D)

There isn't a single face that doesn't look like a child's - not a single one - if you catch it at the right moment.

He turns around excitedly and sees her watching him.

MARK (CONT'D)

It would be a challenge!... Unlike anything I've photographed!

HELEN

What have you photographed, Mark?

MARK

Everything. But nothing I'd want children to see.

She looks at him curiously.

MARK (CONT'D)

But this would belong to them - and they'd know if it wasn't right... Oh, Helen... I would like to find those faces for you... with you...

HELEN

Very well! Let's try!

He laughs excitedly... She looks regretfully at her watch. At once he looks at his.

MARK

You made a promise to your mother
-

HELEN

(gently)
Yes, Mark...

MARK

You'd better keep it.

HELEN

Thank you...

He signals to the head waiter... and pays his first bill for two.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT.STREET - NIGHT

They walk along the street very close together, but not quite touching. Above them a light is shining on a blind revealing a shadow of a woman undressing.

Mark glances at the blind - then looks away quickly.

He stares ahead of him... and continues to stare ahead of him.

Suddenly Helen tucks her arm through his, and smiles up at him... they walk on in silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALL OF MARK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Helen and Mark come in quietly, and close the door.

She glances round the dimly lit hall. There is no light under any of the doors, except one at the end of the passage.

HELEN

Mother must have gone to bed. (she turns to find him looking at her)
Mark, it was a wonderful evening...

MARK

That's what I was going to say...
a wonderful evening...

HELEN

(gently)
And you made it wonderful...
without your camera.

A shadow passes over his face.

HELEN (CONT'D)

(gently)
I'll get it for you.

He stands motionless as she goes into her room...

From his POV WE SEE the half-opened door - and the bed in the comer.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark forcing himself to look away.

Helen reappears on the threshold - the camera in her hand. He looks down at it - then slowly stretches out his hand.

HELEN (CONT'D)
wonder how this sees grown-ups?
(she turns the camera round)
...me, for instance... now that I
am one. (she looks at herself in
the lens)

MARK
Not you! (he takes the camera from
her)

HELEN
Mark.

MARK
It never will... see you!

HELEN
Why not?

He hesitates.

MARK
Whatever I photograph -

HELEN
Yes?

MARK
I always - lose...

HELEN
I don't understand.

The door at the end of the passage opens and Tony emerges in his dressing-gown, carrying a towel. He avoids looking at them - goes into the bathroom opposite, and slams the door.

HELEN (CONT'D)
He'll wake Mother!

There is the sound of running water.

HELEN (CONT'D)
... thank you, again, for my
evening. (she is standing very
close to him, smiling up into his
face) Will you go to bed now - and
not stop up watching those films?

MARK
Well... I've a little work to
do... then I'll go to bed...

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)
and think of how to find faces for
you...

He looks down at the face which he has found for himself.
She raises her head slowly.

MARK (CONT'D)
...faces which - are faces
which...

She kisses him very gently on the mouth. The bathroom
begins to sound like a small waterfall.

HELEN
Good night, Mark...

He watches her as she goes into the room, and doses the
door. A light goes on beneath the door.

He stands very still for a moment... then turns the camera
round and points the lens towards his lips.

Then he turns abruptly, and hurries up the stairs.

The waterfall cascades on. The screen grows dark - and the
dark-room grows out of it.

INT. DARK-ROOM - NIGHT

The big drying drum is turning, feeding the dry print into
a box. A small motor drives it. CLOSE SHOT of the box. Mark
is spooling up the film as it comes off the drier. Once or
twice he can't help glancing at an image.

CLOSE UP of Vivian's face, in the image.

Mark stops the motor and the drum, loosens the end of the
film, spools up with a snap, slides the spool off and
hurries out with it.

Mark hurries to his projector, threads the film and starts
the projector. He flicks it on, as if it were a gramophone,
then looks eagerly at the 16mm screen.

Behind him something moves in the shadows

REVERSE SHOT of Mark.

Over the shoulder of someone who is standing deep in the
shadows WE SEE Mark. His head obscures what he is watching
on the screen.

HE TURNS ROUND SUDDENLY -

From Mark's POV WE SEE the processing sinks deep in shadow. He starts to move towards them, then suddenly stares at the shadows at the back of the room.

Silence - except for the whirring of the 16mm projector.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark's hand - switching on the light. Mark turns round... he is as astonished at what he sees as he can be.

CAMERA PANS in its own good time to the back of the room.

Mrs. Stephens is standing in the shadows... a heavy hand rests on a heavy stick... the sightless eyes stare unerringly towards the light switch.

MRS. STEPHENS
Good evening, Mark...

MARK
...how did you?

MRS. STEPHENS
The young man bathing himself brought me to your door... I managed the rest of the adventure alone...

He stands motionless, staring at her standing motionless. Above her head an ancient, half-blind camera also stares at her. The only movement in the room is her smile.

MRS. STEPHENS (CONT'D)
This is one room I expected to find locked.

MARK
I was never allowed a key..., can't get used to them.

Mrs. Stephens' sightless eyes stare at him.

MARK (CONT'D)
I brought her home early.

CLOSE SHOT of her hand - tightening on the heavy stick.

MRS. STEPHENS
Thank you...

MARK
Is there something you...

MRS. STEPHENS
... a talk.

MARK

Next door would be more...

MRS. STEPHENS

I'm at home here... I visit this room every night.

MARK

Visit?

MRS. STEPHENS

The blind always live in the rooms they live under...

Mark nods.

MRS. STEPHENS (CONT'D)

Every night you pace for hours above my head! Why?

MARK

I've no one to talk to... in the rooms I live over...

Mrs. Stephens nods. Her hand touches the black cloth loading bag, lying on the table.

MRS. STEPHENS

I'm told that you stare too much... so do I.

CLOSE SHOT of her hand - touching the black cloth bag.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark - walking slowly towards her.

At once she raises the heavy stick - pointing it towards him.

CLOSE SHOT of the stick. It is a shooting stick - with a sharp spike on the end of it, similar to the tripod on Mark's camera.

Mark stares at the stick, fascinated.

CLOSE SHOT of Mrs. Stephens - exploring the inside of the black cloth bag with her free hand.

MRS. STEPHENS (CONT'D)

Cloth... with something hard inside it...

MARK

It's a changing bag... we put films in it - so that the light won't spoil them...

MRS. STEPHENS
How odd - that the light can spoil
anything...

The screen greys out.

In Mrs. Stephens' own dark-room we hear the hum of Mark's projector - and the pounding of Mark's heart - and, very faintly, the sounds of Tony bathing himself.

MRS. STEPHENS (CONT'D)
Every night you switch on that
film machine.

We hear his tiny intake of breath.

MRS. STEPHENS (CONT'D)
What are these films you can't
wait to look at?

The sound of his footsteps softly approaching. Like a chair?

MARK (O.S.)
Like a chair?

MRS. STEPHENS (O.S.)
What is the film you're showing
now?

Very faintly we hear Tony singing in his bath.

FADE IN:

The singing dies away, and the sound returns to normal.

Over Mark's shoulder WE SEE Mrs. Stephens holding her stick in front of her.

MRS. STEPHENS
Why don't you lie to me? I'd never
know...

MARK
You'd know at once -

Mrs. Stephens smiles - then turns her head towards the 16mm screen.

MRS. STEPHENS
Take me to your cinema.

MARK
Yes.

He takes her arm gently and guides her towards us.

Both of them stare at the 16mm screen... She leans forward - her face only inches from the screen - the light from the projector flickering on to her.

REVERSE ANGLE SHOT of Mrs. Stephens. Slowly she stretches out her hands and touches the screen.

MRS. STEPHENS
What am I seeing, Mark?

Her head and shoulders blot out most of the screen - but between her outspread fingers WE CATCH A GLIMPSE of a girl's terrified eyes.

MRS. STEPHENS (CONT'D)
Why don't you answer?

CLOSE SHOT of Mark and Mrs. Stephens.

MARK
(staring at the screen) It's no good - I was afraid it wouldn't be.

MRS. STEPHENS
What?

MARK
The lights failed too soon.

MRS. STEPHENS
(pause)
They always do.

MARK
I'll have to try again.

He hurries to his cine-camera.

MRS. STEPHENS
I've yet to meet an artist who could judge his own work...

Mark slips a new spool of film into his cine-camera.

MRS. STEPHENS (CONT'D)
What do you think you've spoiled?

MARK
An opportunity... now I must find another.

He looks at her thoughtfully, then presses a light switch. A spotlight falls blindingly on to her eyes. He presses another switch, and then another, until the whole of her face is shining with light.

MRS. STEPHENS
Why are you putting those lights
on my face?

He walks towards her. She starts to back away.

The shadow of Mark's head appears on the 16mm screen. WE SEE him raise his camera - then pull down the tripod.

Black out into the grey darkness of Mrs. Stephens' world.

WE HEAR the purring of Mark's camera - more clearly than we have yet heard it. (There is the faint rasp of a cog which needs oiling.) The sound of footsteps approaching... the purring changes direction.

MRS. STEPHENS (O.S.)
Mark...

MARK (O.S.)
It's almost over...

The purring is on top of her. There is a sudden thud.

FADE IN:

Mrs. Stephens is leaning against the wall... she has dropped her heavy stick. It lies on the floor a few feet away from her. Mark is kneeling in front of her - the tripod firmly on the floor. The cine-camera is pointing upwards into her face. He peers excitedly into the viewfinder.

MARK
Please let me finish! It's for
Helen!

She edges towards her stick. He hurries forward and picks it up. He looks at the spike on the end of it - then carefully gives it to her by the handle. She grasps it tightly.

MRS. STEPHENS
What do you mean? It's for Helen?

MARK
She wants to see something I've
photographed!

He returns excitedly to his camera.

MRS. STEPHENS
 My daughter sees enough of my face
 without photographs...

On Mark's focusing screen WE SEE the fear on her face. Her hand trembles as she wipes away the perspiration.

MARK (O.S.)
 Please... don't be frightened.

MRS. STEPHENS
 Not frightened! Hot!

But it is fear that we are looking at.

MRS. STEPHENS (CONT'D)
 So put that camera away...

On the focusing screen we see her moisten her lips nervously.

MARK
 Yes!

He switches off the camera abruptly, and folds up the tripod. He turns away without looking at her - and hurries to the door.

CLOSE SHOT of Mrs. Stephens listening to his movements - puzzled.

MRS. STEPHENS
 In rather a hurry, aren't you?

He glances towards her.

From his POV WE SEE the fear in her eyes. He looks away at once, staring into the darkened room.

MARK
 It's late.

From her POV (shooting over her shoulder with a large CLOSE SHOT of her ear in the foreground) WE SEE Mark standing in the doorway - and hear, very clearly, his quick, uneasy breathing.

MARK (CONT'D)
 You must be tired...

MRS. STEPHENS
 You're anxious to get rid of me
 all of a sudden.

We hear his quick intake of breath.

MRS. STEPHENS (CONT'D)
I won't be selfish... You can take
some more pictures - if you want
to...

MARK
No... thank you.

MRS. STEPHENS
(quietly)
Why not, Mark?

MARK
Run out of film.

MRS. STEPHENS
Can't you find some - to please
Helen?

He glances towards her - then hurries into the next room.

MRS. STEPHENS (CONT'D)
You don't trust yourself to take
any more, do you?

INT. MARK'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

The tapping of her stick is overlaid. Mark hurries to the door and opens it - staring into the dimly lit passage. Over his shoulder WE SEE her tapping her way towards him from the dark-room.

MRS. STEPHENS
Instinct's a wonderful thing,
isn't it Mark? A pity it can't be
photographed.

Over her shoulder we follow the stick towards him.

MRS. STEPHENS (CONT'D)
if I'd listened to it years ago, I
might have kept my sight. (she
approaches the door) I wouldn't
have let a man operate I had no
faith in... so I'm listening to it
now... (she puts her face close to
him) It says all this filming
isn't healthy - and that you need
help...

His face is averted... his eyes are closed.

MRS. STEPHENS (CONT'D)
 ... get it, Mark... get it
 quickly... and until you've got
 it... I don't want you and Helen
 to see each...

MARK
 I'll never photograph her... I
 promise you that.

MRS. STEPHENS
 I'd rather you don't have the
 chance.

He turns towards her - a small boy who suddenly understands
 what contagious means...

MRS. STEPHENS (CONT'D)
 I mean it, Mark. And if you don't
 listen to me... one of us will
 move from this house - which would
 be a pity, because we'd never find
 a cheaper...

MARK
 You'll never have to move...
 because of me... I promise you.

MRS. STEPHENS
 Good boy.
 (she takes his hand)
 The stairs are the difficult
 part...

They go into the passage.

INT. PASSAGE - NIGHT

He guides her gently down the stairs. Over their shoulders
 WE CAN SEE the door of Helen's room.

MRS. STEPHENS
 Far enough, Mark...

He stares at Helen's room - then looks quickly away.
 Suddenly she raises her hands - and runs them gently over
 his face...

MARK
 taking my picture?

MRS. STEPHENS
 Yes ...

We can see his eyes through her outstretched fingers.

MARK

It's been a long time... since
anyone did...

MRS. STEPHENS

Mark... what's troubling you?

MARK

Good night, Mrs. Stephens.

He turns away abruptly and hurries up the stairs.

MRS. STEPHENS

...you'll have to!

She looks towards Helen's room - then turns slowly towards
her own.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT of Mrs. Stephens opening the door of her
room - and Mark opening the door of his.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT of a bottle of whisky standing by a bedside.

INT. MRS. STEPHENS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

She is lying in bed, staring at the ceiling. WE HEAR
footsteps moving overhead.

CAMERA PANS to the window. It is dark.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT of the same bottle of whisky - now almost empty.
Mrs. Stephens' heavy breathing is overlaid.

CAMERA PANS to the window. It is daybreak.

The footsteps are still moving about above; things are
being dragged across the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT of Helen in a dressing-gown looking out of a
window.

INT. HELEN'S ROOM - MORNING

From Helen's POV WE SEE Mark hurrying down the street, his
camera over his shoulder.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT of the Inspector looking out of a window.

INT. DON JARVIS' OFFICE. MORNING

From his POV WE SEE Mark hurrying along the studio quadrangle, his camera over his shoulder. He is one of a crowd of people scurrying towards their jobs. Camera pulls back - Don Jarvis is seated at his desk.

Arthur Baden and the Chief Publicity Man are seated in front of him. The Sergeant stands by the door.

JARVIS

Have you any suspicions, Chief Inspector?

INSPECTOR

It could be any of them...

SERGEANT

That's the trouble with film people - they're all peculiar...
(hastily)
... present company excepted.

He catches a glare from the great man.

PUBLICITY MAN

Speaking of peculiar people.

The Inspector turns round.

PUBLICITY MAN (CONT'D)

We've a psychiatrist coming down today. Dr Rosen -

INSPECTOR

I know him.

PUBLICITY MAN

It's pure publicity - and I promise he won't do any work.

INSPECTOR

What will he do?

PUBLICITY MAN

Get himself photographed... We're telling the press he's here to help the case - and to see if he can spot the murderer.

SERGEANT
And the best of luck!

JARVIS
Do you object. Chief Inspector?

INSPECTOR
No...

The Publicity Man sighs with relief.

INSPECTOR (CONT'D)
I'll be frank. I'd welcome
anyone's help... I don't know how
this maniac kills - or why he
kills - or who he'll kill next,
but if he isn't caught quickly...
(he shrugs')

BADEN
Inspector, have you convinced
yourself he's a member of my unit?

INSPECTOR
No, sir ... but a few things seem
to point to it... No one outside
your unit admits to knowing the
girl... There was a trunk all
ready for her... and with the
risks he was running, I think he'd
have to use surroundings he was
familiar with... Where is your
unit now?

BADEN
Waiting for me on the set.

INSPECTOR
I'd like to watch them at their
jobs, sir. It may tell me more
than a hundred interviews.

BADEN
But, Inspector, the strain on them
is already...

JARVIS
Come now, Arthur, if that's what
the Inspector wants.

INSPECTOR
I'm afraid it is, sir... now where
could I get the best view?

BADEN

(sulkily)

On the dolly... the camera... You can watch everyone and everything from there... including me!

INSPECTOR

Very well, sir ... I'll become a member of your camera crew...

BADEN

(to Don Jarvis) ... if the unions don't object!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STAGE

A member of the camera crew places his cine-camera and lunch bag on a shelf. Snatches of whispered conversations are overlaid.

VOICE 1

I hear they're making an arrest today.

VOICE 2

hope it's D.J. It's about time they caught up with him!

Mark turns round and walks towards the small group of people assembled round the studio camera -

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT of a book entitled The Art of Fly Fishing.

INT. CAR - DAY

Through the windscreen WE SEE the entrance to the studio. The driver glances round at his passenger whose face is completely obscured by the book. All WE CAN SEE is a shock of white hair protruding above

DRIVER

We're there, Doctor.

DOCTOR

(to Sergeant on gate) Dr Rosen!
What a pity.

He continues reading. The car enters the studio.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STAGE E. - DAY

The (studio) camera is ready for a tracking shot. The set is redressed as the Hat Department of the store. The Inspector stands on the dolly, looking round with interest.

The Doctor is sitting in a chair watching everything like an excited schoolboy. The Sergeant has positioned himself near the sound crew.

Baden walks on to the set, his arm round Diane's shoulder. He is talking to her softly. She keeps her eyes on the floor; he leads her to the front of the studio camera.

BADEN

Try it, darling... We'll all be
with you.

He pats her arm reassuringly. The Chief Cameraman nods to Mark.

From the Inspector's POV WE SEE Mark pull a tape measure from the front of the camera and hold it to Diane's forehead. From Mark's POV WE SEE the Inspector watching him over the top of the studio camera. A man with a shock of white hair is also watching him... and the Sergeant stares at him from the other side of the set. The tape measure in Mark's hand remains steady.

From the Inspector's POV WE SEE Mark replace the tape measure and take up his position on a small stool by the side of the camera.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

(shouting)

Quiet, everyone. Let's run it!

The Doctor sneezes violently - and all heads turn towards him.

DOCTOR

Terribly sorry.

In the nervous laughter that follows, the Assistant Cameraman whispers to the Chief Cameraman.

ASSISTANT CAMERAMAN

That sneezer geezer's a
psychiatrist!... Heard it on the
grapevine.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark turning round to look at the Doctor - a hint of hope in his face.

CLOSE SHOT of the Inspector following Mark's glance.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
(shouting)
All right, everyone - let's run
it...

Over the Inspector's shoulder WE TRACK towards the rehearsal. WE SEE Mark swing out into space on his stool, turning the handle of the focus-puller. Diane approaches the hat counter. The Assistant smiles at her.

DIANE
I'd like to see... that one...

The Assistant hands her a hat. Diane tries it on.

DIANE (CONT'D)
... have you it... in red...?

ASSISTANT
Certainly, madam.

DIANE
... in... red (suddenly she covers
her face in her hands') I can't! I
can't, Arthur!

She bursts into tears and runs off the set. From the Inspector's POV WE SEE Baden whisper to the Assistant Director - then hurry after Diane.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Ten minutes break, everyone!

The unit dissolves into small, chattering groups. The Assistant Director hurries up to the Doctor.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Can you suggest anything, Doctor?

DOCTOR
No. It looked jolly interesting to
me.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
I mean to help her
psychologically...

DOCTOR
Yes. Give the girl a proper
rest... Ten minutes is useless!

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
(hastily)
Thank you, Doctor.

He bustles off and the Doctor is left alone. He glances round thoughtfully.

From the Doctor's POV WE SEE the small, chattering groups. Then we see Mark standing a few yards away, watching him. The Doctor smiles at him pleasantly.

DOCTOR
What's your job?

MARK
I'm a focus-puller...

DOCTOR
Oh... so am I, in a way.

MARK
I was wondering if you knew my
father - Professor Lewis...

DOCTOR
Professor... but of course I knew
him. He lectured to me.

He looks at Mark with renewed interest. So does the Inspector.

From his POV WE SEE Mark and the Doctor talking. The Doctor is fidgeting with his watch chain. Mark fidgets with his jacket button. The Inspector then glances towards the Hat Salesman, who is holding court in the corner. We return to Mark and the Doctor.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
He was an extraordinary man -
quite brilliant!

MARK
You know what he was interested in
before he died?

DOCTOR
No? Tell me...

Mark puts his hands behind his back.

MARK
I don't remember what he called
it... It was something to do with
what causes people to be...
peeping Toms...

DOCTOR
 Scoptophilia!... That would
 interest him! A most fertile mind.

MARK
 Scopto...?

DOCTOR
 philia... The morbid urge to
 gaze... Coined since his day...
 Have you any manuscripts of his
 which I could...?

MARK
 He thought... it could be cured...

DOCTOR
 Usually. Now about his manuscripts
 -

MARK
 Quickly?

DOCTOR
 The cure? Very quick... A couple
 of years analysis - three times a
 week - an hour a time - and it's
 soon up-rooted...

CLOSE SHOT of Mark - his last hope gone.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 ... if you've any of his papers on
 the subject?

MARK
 Yes, Doctor...

DOCTOR
 I'd like to see them - I'll give
 you my address, young man.

From the Sergeant's POV WE SEE the Doctor hand Mark a card,
 and pat him jovially on the shoulder. The Sergeant edges up
 to the Inspector.

SERGEANT
 Wonder what all that's about?

INSPECTOR
 We'll find out afterwards... Now,
 listen... I want you to watch who
 brings their own lunches...

(MORE)

INSPECTOR (CONT'D)
 Someone ate homemade cakes and
 sandwiches by the side of those
 bushes - and we may get a lead.

SERGEANT
 Right, sir.

CAMERA PANS to a shelf in the comer. A lunch basket stands
 next to a cine-camera.

DISSOLVE TO:

WE HEAR the Assistant Director call out:

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
 We're stopping at four today - so
 have a quick lunch, everyone! Back
 at two sharp!

FADE IN on the lunch basket.

Overlaid is the noise of the unit dispersing. Mark picks up
 his camera - then reaches for the lunch basket. An urgent
 voice whispers behind him.

VOICE
 Hey, Mark!

He turns round. The Clapper Boy is standing there. The
 Clapper Boy glances round carefully. The Inspector and
 Sergeant are wandering casually towards the door.

CLAPPER BOY
 Can't wait to show you this!
 (bringing out a small postcard) I
 ought to charge you!

He winks at Mark, gives him the postcard.

CLOSE SHOT of the postcard. We see Milly's face and naked
 shoulders framed between Mark's hands.

CLAPPER BOY (O.S.)
 You don't get that in Sight and
 Sound - Isn't she terrific? Got
 some more - if you're interested?

Mark hands it back.

MARK
 You've given me... an idea...

CLAPPER BOY
 I'll bet I have!

Mark turns towards the exit.

CLAPPER BOY (CONT'D)
Hey! Where are you going?

MARK
Phone - may be my last chance -
and... thanks.

CLAPPER BOY
But your lunch?

MARK
You have it!

He hurries excitedly towards the exit...

CLOSE SHOT of the Clapper Boy staring at his photograph.

CLAPPER BOY
... some photograph! Well lit too!

He reaches for the lunch basket, then walks towards the exit where the Sergeant is waiting casually.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMERA ROOM

Mark is talking at a coin-box telephone.

MARK
Can't manage Saturday, sir, but
they're letting us off early
today! This afternoon - after work
- may be my last chance!

While Mark is talking he is scribbling on a form. He has some more pennies ready for the coin-box.

CROSS CUT TO:

INT. NEWSAGENT'S SHOP - DAY

MR. PETERS
... be here at six o'clock.
Milly'll be waiting.

MARK
Six o'clock...

MR. PETERS
On the dot, Mark, or she'll go.

MARK
I'll be there, sir.

MR. PETERS
You'd better be!

INT. CAMERA ROOM

Mark rings off. He is smiling. He puts in another 4d (Four Pence) and dials a number. His pen is poised over the form he is filling in.

MARK
Hallo? Is that the Public Library?
... You have a Miss Helen Stephens
employed there? Yes... can you
tell me if her name is spelt with
a V or a PH, I want to send her a
tic-PH? ... Thank you.

We see the form is a last will and testament. I, Mark Lewis, etc., etc., leave, etc., etc., to Miss Helen Ste-ens all my worldly goods, etc. He fills in PH.

INT. CAMERA ROOM

The door bursts open and the Clapper Boy appears.

CLAPPER BOY
They're waiting!

CUT TO:

THE SET - DAY

CLOSE SHOT of Dr. Rosen smiling.

DOCTOR ROSEN
He asked if I knew his father...
which I did... a brilliant man!

EXT. GROUNDS OF STUDIO - DAY

The Inspector and Doctor are standing by the bushes where Mark and Vivian met.

INSPECTOR
Is that all he wanted?

DOCTOR
 think so... we had a little chat
 about scoptophilia - and he's
 going to show me...

INSPECTOR
 About what?

DOCTOR
 Voyeurism.

INSPECTOR
 Eh?

DOCTOR
 What makes people into Peeping
 Toms, one of his father's
 subjects, apparently.

INSPECTOR
 (slowly)
 Peeping Toms...

DOCTOR
 An interesting boy... he has his
 father's eyes... you don't suspect
 him, do you?

INSPECTOR
 I suspect 'em all - what about
 you?

DOCTOR
 I'm interested in that chap with
 the bald head and hatchet face...
 there's something on his mind!

INSPECTOR
 No wonder... he's the director!

He turns away thoughtfully.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT of Mark glancing impatiently at his watch.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

CLOSE SHOT of Baden glancing at his watch... He whispers to
 the Assistant Director.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
 All right, everyone. This is the
 last shot... Make it a good one!

CAMERA PANS to a corner of the studio. The Inspector and Sergeant stand in the shadows.

INSPECTOR
(quietly)
Got your list, Sergeant?

SERGEANT
(he produces it)
YES, SIR.

INSPECTOR
I want to see how some of them
spend their spare time...

SERGEANT
Which ones, sir?

INSPECTOR
Exactly, Sergeant... (he looks
round thoughtfully) ... which
ones?

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT of sign: PUBLIC LIBRARY.

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

LONG SHOT of very modern, glass-walled building. Helen comes out with a manuscript in a parcel under her arm.

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Mark watches her. Beyond him stands an insignificant-looking man in a raincoat.

EXT. LIBRARY

Helen looks at her watch.

EXT. LIBRARY

Mark looks at his.

INSERT: 5.45.

EXT. LIBRARY

Helen hurries homeward.

EXT. LIBRARY

Mark slowly turns his back and walks away, gradually gathering speed. The man in the raincoat follows him.

EXT. NEWSAGENT'S SHOP. LATE AFTERNOON

Mark hurries towards the shop... ahead of him a street clock stands at just on six. Mark unslings his cine-camera and photographs this clock... then he hurries into the shop.

The man in the raincoat walks into camera. He looks at the clock, puzzled, then glances at the newsagent's window. He gazes with interest at Mark's photograph of Milly, then walks thoughtfully down the street.

All the clocks in the kingdom chime the hour of six.

INT. NEWSAGENT'S SHOP - LATE AFTERNOON

Mr. Peters is behind the counter.

MR. PETERS
Don't make a habit of this!

MARK
I won't, sir.

MR. PETERS
Milly's upstairs.

MARK
Right, sir.

He turns to the door.

MR. PETERS
I've got to go out... If you finish before I'm back, lock up and put this through the letter-box...
(he holds out a key)

CLOSE SHOT of Mark staring at the key.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)
What's the matter? Haven't you ever seen a key before?

Mark takes the key. He starts to smile.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)
 The till will be empty - if that's
 what you're smiling about.

Mark turns to the door.

MR. PETERS (CONT'D)
 You know what I want now! No fancy
 stuff...

Mark goes into the inner room; he is still smiling.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEWSAGENT'S SHOP - LATE AFTERNOON

From the opposite side of the street, we see Mr. Peters locking the door of the shop, and hurrying down the road. The man in the raincoat watches him, puzzled.

CLOSE SHOT of Milly - very angry, in a dressing-gown.

MILLY
 You've spoiled my whole evening,
 you have!

INT. NEWSAGENT'S STUDIO - LATE AFTERNOON

Mark closes the door behind him.

MARK
 Sorry, Milly.

MILLY
 What's the idea?

MARK
 I shan't be here tomorrow. (he
 hurries to the window)

MILLY
 Why? Going on manoeuvres with the
 boy scouts?

He starts to draw the curtains - and stops suddenly. Over his shoulder WE SEE the man in the raincoat standing on the opposite side of the street.

MARK
 I thought so!

Mark raises his cine-camera and carefully photographs the Detective through a chink in the curtains.

MILLY

Have you gone absolutely...

MARK

I'm just... completing a documentary.

MILLY

You're a document and a half, you are. Is it safe to be alone with you?

He draws the curtains - and turns round.

MILLY (CONT'D)

... might be more fun if it wasn't...

He turns round and walks slowly - and a little sadly - towards her

BLACK OUT: The screen remains dark for a moment.

FADE TO:

AN HOUR LATER - EARLY EVENING

From the Detective's POV, WE SEE the chink of light between the curtains of a window above the newsagent's shop go out. CAMERA TRACKS TOWARDS the door of the shop. Mark comes out, his cine-camera over his shoulder. He has a key in his hand. He closes the door of the shop... then looks at the key. He fits it into the lock - then slips it through the letter-box. He turns and hails a taxi.

CLOSE SHOT of the Detective. He looks at the shop, hesitates, decides to follow Mark - hails another cab.

EXT. STREET

Mark gets into his taxi. As the driver pulls down the flag...

CUT TO:

Mrs. Stephens' head falling on to her chest.

INT. MRS. STEPHENS' BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

She is lying in bed - completely drunk - snoring lustily. A hand smooths her forehead.

CAMERA PULLS BACK

Helen is leaning over the bed. She has her coat on.

HELEN
Darling...

She shakes her mother's shoulders. Mrs. Stephens snores on.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Darling.

She shakes her again - but it is hopeless. Helen pulls the bedclothes round her mother, then turns away. She picks up a large envelope and her handbag, and hurries to the door.

INT. PASSAGE. MARK'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Helen walks towards the stairs. The door of Tony's room opens, and he pokes his head round.

TONY
Hallo.

HELEN
Hallo, Tony...

TONY
Where are you going?

HELEN
To leave something for Mark...

TONY
You haven't much time for me these days.

HELEN
Tony...

TONY
It's all right - I'll be here - if you want me. (he turns to his room) ... by the way... your mother was yelling out something before you came in... about Mark photographing her.

HELEN
Photographing Mother? You must be mistaken!

TONY
Of course. See you sometime.

He goes into his room, closing the door. She stares after him for a moment, then hurries up the stairs.

INT. PASSAGE BY MARK'S ROOM - DAY

Helen knocks on the door.

HELEN

Mark...?

No answer. She knocks again, then opens the door and goes inside.

INT. MARK'S SITTING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Helen enters and glances towards the door of the dark-room.

HELEN

Mark? No answer. She looks thoughtfully at the envelope in her hand - then goes in to the dark-room.

INT. MARK'S DARK-ROOM

Helen fumbles for a switch... she finds one and presses it. A spotlight falls on Mark's projector, throwing its shadow on to the dazzling white screen. Helen smiles, and walks towards the projector.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Taxi arrives and Mark gets out.

INT. POLICE PHONE BOOTH - EARLY EVENING

DETECTIVE

... don't know what to make of it, sir ... He went to a library, a solicitor's office, and a newsagent's shop - private photography there, if you ask me. Shall I hang around outside the house, sir? Don't think so, either... All right, sir, I'll give you the details when I get back... Bye, sir. (he replaces the receiver)

CLOSE SHOT of Helen. She is standing by the projector, holding her envelope thoughtfully.

INT. MARK'S DARK-ROOM

She smiles suddenly and opens her envelope. She takes out a bound manuscript. We see a label on the manuscript: The Magic Camera by Helen Stephens. She takes a pencil from her pocket, and opens the manuscript. Then she sits at Mark's table and writes a note on the flyleaf. The projector is at her elbow.

DISSOLVE TO:

A telephone by a man's elbow. It rings.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - EVENING

The Chief Inspector snatches up the telephone.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
Chief Inspector Gregg! What? Put
him on the line...

CROSS CUT TO:

Mr. Peters - looking very sick - on the telephone.

MR. PETERS
went up to look around - found
her.

CLOSE SHOT of the Chief Inspector.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
Yes, yes... What's the address?
... Newsagent's shop? ... Did you
say news...?

He slams down the receiver, and jumps to his feet.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD - EVENING

An empty taxi cruising down the street. It passes the Detective in the raincoat walking away from Mark's house.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT of a note on a flyleaf which reads 'From one Magic Camera - which needs the help of Another'.

INT. MARK'S DARK-ROOM - NIGHT

Helen closes the manuscript and lays it carefully by the side of the projector. She turns to leave - then looks curiously at the projector.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen - hesitating. Like a small girl in front of her mother's make-up box, she touches the projector tentatively, hesitates again, then presses a switch. A

beam of light shoots out. We watch Helen's face as she looks at the screen. Nothing seems wrong for a few seconds - then something starts to happen to the comers of her mouth... and then her eyes become locked... and cannot stop watching. Some kind of sound comes from the back of her throat. Her hands dig into the table and she tries to stand up. She cannot manage it the first time - and keeps on watching, then, like a child waking from a nightmare, she jerks herself away from the table, and stumbles towards the door.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark standing there - watching her.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen staring at him... again we hear that sound from the back of her throat. He looks away from her at once.

MARK

Don't let me see you...
frightened... (he pushes the door
wide open...) Leave! (he looks at
her - then looks quickly away)
Hurry, Helen!

HELEN

Not...

MARK

Leave!

HELEN

Not... (she turns away from him
and forces the words out) ... till
I know...

MARK

Now!

She stands with her back to him. From REVERSE ANGLE we see her struggling for breath. Over her shoulder WE SEE him staring at the 16mm screen.

HELEN

That film...

Over her shoulder we see him hurry towards the projector.

HELEN (CONT'D)
That film...

The sound of him switching it off.

HELEN (CONT'D)
... is ... just a film...

She wheels round towards him.

HELEN (CONT'D)
... isn't it?

From REVERSE ANGLE we see her looking at him.

HELEN (CONT'D)
... horrible ... horrible...
but... just a film... isn't it?

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

MARK
No... (he walks towards the door)
I killed them... (he locks the
door with a hint of sadness) And
now that you know... I want you
with me... a while.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen - not enough breath to scream... hardly
enough to breathe.

MARK (CONT'D)
You'll be safe - as long as I
can't see you frightened - so
stand in the shadows, Helen...
please...

She stands motionless.

MARK (CONT'D)
... please...

From her POV WE SEE him standing in front of the door,
looking ahead of him. She backs slowly away into the
shadows at the back of the room.

HELEN
She's right... your mother... must
tell someone everything...
sorry... has to be you!

CLOSE SHOT of Helen standing in the shadows where her
mother stood.

HELEN (CONT'D)
 This was his laboratory... and you
 know some of what he did... but
 not all.

The room is suddenly filled with the terrified screaming of
 a small boy. Helen wheels round. The screaming seems to
 be coming from the walls. Mark's hand is on a switch - one
 of a number on a panel.

MARK
 ... aged five...

He presses another switch. There is a click, and the
 screaming stops, to be replaced by a low sobbing.

MARK (CONT'D)
 ... aged seven...

He presses another switch. There is a moment's silence.

MARK (CONT'D)
 All the rooms were wired for
 sound... and... still are.

WE SUDDENLY HEAR the ticking of a clock.

MARK (CONT'D)
 Your room.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen - listening.

MARK (CONT'D)
 Your mother's .

The click of a switch - and we hear a loud snoring.

MARK (CONT'D)
 Tony's.

The click of a switch - and we hear Tony's voice.

TONY (O.S.)
 No one will come in... honestly,
 darling...

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
 I don't care!

TONY
 But darling...

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Stop it, Tony!

Mark listens with interest.

HELEN
(quietly)
Turn it off!

He does so - at once. She walks towards him. He turns away from her.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Look at me, Mark!

MARK
Not if you're frightened...

HELEN
Look at me!

Slowly he faces her.

HELEN (CONT'D)
What did you do... to those girls?

MARK
No.

HELEN
What did you do, Mark...?

He tries to turn away - but she follows him.

HELEN (CONT'D)
If you want to torment me... for
the rest of my life... then make
me imagine!

CLOSE SHOT of Mark - his eyes closed.

HELEN (CONT'D)
What did you do ... to those
girls?

MARK
Can't...

HELEN
Show me, Mark...

MARK
But if you're frightened...

HELEN
Show me - or I'll remain
frightened... for the rest of my
life. Show me!

He turns to his cine-camera, and picks it up. He releases the tripod.

CAMERA HOLDS on Helen. She stands very still against the wall. Mark's voice is overlaid.

MARK (O.S.)
Do you know... what the most
frightening thing in the world
is?...

She is looking at something, puzzled.

MARK
It's fear.

The sound of his footsteps approaching...

MARK (CONT'D)
So I did something... very
simple...

WE SEE a look of fear spring into her eyes.

MARK (CONT'D)
Very simple.

WE SEE the spike approaching her throat... but she is looking at something else.

MARK (CONT'D)
When they felt the spike...
touching their throats... and knew
I was going to kill them...

The spike is touching her throat.

MARK (CONT'D)
... I made them - watch their own
deaths!

CLOSE SHOT of Helen's face several times its natural size. She is looking at herself in a large circular magnifying mirror which has been fitted over the camera's face. The mirror entirely obscures both Mark and the camera. There is a small hole in the mirror through which the lens of the camera winks. As Helen looks at her terrified distorted face this small hole gives her an extra eye in the middle of her forehead.

MARK (CONT'D)
Made them see their own terror as
the spike went in... and if death
has a face, they saw that too!

CLOSE SHOT of Mark - crouching behind the mirror, sweat pouring down his forehead... his finger on the trigger of the camera.

MARK (CONT'D)
Not you! Not you! I'll never
photograph you! I promised - I
promised - Not you!

Helen's eyes are closed. The spike is still touching her throat.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark - his face turned away from the viewfinder.

HELEN
... frightened ... for you...

There's the sound of a car pulling up. He hurries to the other room.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The Police arrive: three cars. Mark appears at an upstairs window with his camera.

SERGEANT
Look out!

He thinks Mark has a gun. They all duck. Mark raises his camera and photographs them. The Police recover and charge for the house. Mark disappears.

INT. DARK-ROOM - NIGHT

Mark hurries back into the room carrying his camera. He knows exactly what he has to do.

HELEN
Mark! Mark! Give yourself up!

MARK
I've been ready for this... for
such a long time...

Rapidly he fixes his camera on to a hook on the wall. Then he adjusts the tripod so that the spikes protrude towards him...

HELEN
What are you...

MARK

It'll be all right.

He makes chalk marks on the floor in front of the camera, then switches on all the floodlights. WE CAN HEAR the Policemen pounding on the door.

MARK (CONT'D)

I can beat that!

He crosses to a switch - presses it. The room is filled with a small boy's screaming.

HELEN

Give yourself up... Mark!

He stands next to her, and looks at his long array of cameras. WE SEE that each one of them has been fitted with a small metal disc (a delayed release), and that some of the older cameras have flashlights attached.

MARK

Watch them, Helen... Watch them say goodbye - one by one - (he presses a master switch on the wait) I've timed this... so often...

Slowly he walks past his cameras. As he does, the metallic disc on each one explodes with a little plop - and the eye of each camera winks once as if in salute. Some go off with flashlights on either side of the room. The sound of footsteps hurrying up the stairs.

Ahead of Mark - coming steadily closer - are the spikes of the tripod. The mirror on the cine-camera reflects the approach - and Helen's terrified face.

HELEN

No - No!

The child's screaming reaches its peak as Mark approaches the spikes... Ahead of him, on the small table where his projector stands, is Helen's book The Magic Camera.

MARK

I wish... I could have found your faces for you...

The Policemen are now rattling on the dark-room door.

MARK (CONT'D)

Helen - I'm afraid!

We see his face, terrified, in the magnifying mirror. The spikes are against his throat. The eye of the camera is winking rapidly.

MARK (CONT'D)
I'm glad I'm afraid!

Heavy shoulders are pressing against the dark-room door... as it breaks in, Mark lunges forward against the spikes. The cine-camera is wrenched away from the wall as he falls back. He crashes against the small table, which falls over. He is not parted from his camera - it is fixed to him by the tripod, and falls back with him, covering his face like a canopy. WE SEE his face in the lens of the cine-camera. and WE SEE his hand - lying limp on the cover of The Magic Camera.

The Policemen hurry into the room. They stare motionless at what they see.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen - her face buried in her hands.

The child's screaming stops suddenly... and in the absolute silence which follows WE HEAR the voice of Mark's father:

FATHER'S VOICE (O.S.)
Don't be a silly boy... there's
nothing to be afraid of...

And a small voice answers.

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)
Good night, Daddy...

The spotlights begin to dim... The dazzling white of the 16mm screen fades slowly into greyness...

The room is filled with the gentle breathing of a small child.

FADE OUT:

THE END