

PEEPING TOM

Screenplay by
Leo Marks

Shooting Draft,

1959

Copyright, 1959,
Michael Powell (Theatres Ltd.)

Copyright, 1959 1988 & 1998
Leo Marks

The screen remains dark for a moment.

gentle

In the darkness WE HEAR the film's THEME MUSIC - a
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.

whistling

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

overlaid.

CAMERA TRACKS around her. A Man's footsteps are

breath -

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

then

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

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

still
CLOSE SHOT of DORA - a plump, attractive brunette -
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.

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

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

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

EXT. A DESERTED STREET - NIGHT

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

FOLLOWS
Dora sways her way towards a small house. CAMERA
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

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

CAMERA TRACKS after her.

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

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

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

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

The sound purrs on.

FADE

OUT:

FADE IN:

BLACK AND WHITE FILM SEQUENCE

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

-

and smile at us.

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

colour.
CAMERA PULLS BACK to show the surround in natural

INT. MARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

We see Dora's hips wagging their way home.

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

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.

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

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

PEEPING TOM

Blots out what is happening to her.

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

brilliant

They are intertwined and motionless... suddenly a 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.

is

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

light.

The Man leaps up - shielding his eyes against the

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

watching

A crowd has gathered outside the house - and we are

FINDER-

them from a corner of the street (ALWAYS THROUGH THE
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.

ambulance -

WE SEE children staring curiously into the empty
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.

camera.

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

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.

photographs

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

the Policemen dispersing the crowd. He photographs his
Interrogator, who gladly poses for him.

strolls

Then he slings his camera over his shoulder, and
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.

the
CAMERA PULLS BACK - to show sexy magazines alongside
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
into
showing actresses showing everything - then hurries
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.

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

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

MR. PETERS

Mark... I've a question for you.

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

MR. PETERS

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

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?

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

book.
From his POV WE SEE the Elderly Gentleman open the
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...

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

MR. PETERS

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

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

He won't be doing the crossword tonight!

He turns triumphantly to Mark.

MR. PETERS

(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

(in a very different
tone)
And this is yours too...

He picks up a postcard - holds it towards Mark.

MR. PETERS

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

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

... 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

camera
At the top of the staircase is a door. Mark and his
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!

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

MILLY

Come on, sonny... make us famous.

second
back
Through the half-open door we catch a glimpse of a
Girl (LORRAINE). She is staring out of a window, her
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,
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.

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

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

MILLY

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.

tripod

CLOSE SHOT of Mark's toes - in sandals, next to the
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.

remote-

CLOSE SHOT of Mark. He is standing by the side of the
camera, studying us thoughtfully. He is holding a

ducks

control switch panel in his hand. He clicks off several
lights and then switches several others on... then he
back under the hood.

MILLY

There he goes again! What have you
got under there? A girlfriend?

We join Mark under the hood.

glass.

WE SEE a small INVERTED IMAGE of Milly on the ground-

Her shoulders are now white and glistening, her spine
caressed by shadows. She is staring into the camera.

MILLY

I suppose you have a girlfriend?

contempt

He adjusts the focus. We can see more clearly the
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

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.

lowered,

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

MILLY

Some house! Hope it falls on his
ruddy earhole!

She glances over her shoulder.

MILLY

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.

She
the

The left side of her face is classical in its beauty.
has a hare lip, which twists and distorts the whole of
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

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

In a sudden rush:

MARK

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

STEPHENS).
see
progress.

The hand filling the glass is a woman's (MRS.
She is sitting in a high-backed chair, and we cannot
her face. Over her shoulder we watch a party in
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.

his
middle twenties.

TONY

Happy birthday... dear Helen

He obviously means it.

TONY

happy birthday to you.

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.

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.

and
Mrs. Stephens grunts. Someone switches on a gramophone

up
the young couples start dancing at once. Tony hurries
to Helen.

TONY

May I?

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

YOUNG MAN

Look!

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

CAMERA PANS to the window. Mark is standing there.

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

TONY (O.S.)

It's that chap from upstairs.

EXT. MARK'S HOUSE - EVENING - LOW SUN

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

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

... 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

I'm Helen Stephens.

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

HELEN

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

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

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

...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

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.

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

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

MARK (O.S.)

...minute...

He closes the cupboard door.

INT. MARK'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

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

hurries
He wipes his handkerchief across his forehead - then
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

I knew you wouldn't come down...
so I've brought you this.

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

MARK

Thank you...

He takes the plate.

MARK

... 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

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...

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

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.

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

HELEN

Thank you, Mark...

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

HELEN

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

I was born in this house Oh?

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

MARK

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

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

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

... 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

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.

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

INT. THE INNER ROOM - NIGHT

downstairs. We can HEAR - faintly - the dance music from

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.

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

a 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

processing, laboratory). One half of the room is used for
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.

There In the processing half two benches (a 'dry' bench and a
of 'wet' bench) face each other against opposite walls.

are three sinks above the 'wet' bench and an outburst
equipment above the 'dry'.

frowning

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

of

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

spots

Mark's projector rests on a small table in front of the
16mm screen. Two banks of floods and a variety of

panel

light this part of the room. There is a small control
on the wall.

old.

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

paid

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

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

eyes

From his POV WE SEE her brushing the hair out of her
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.

a

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

HELEN

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

She takes a final look round.

HELEN

...completely unexpected!

She looks at him searchingly.

HELEN

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

Sold his to buy it...

HELEN

But it seems to be so... technical.

She looks at him with renewed interest.

HELEN

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.

for

CLOSE SHOT of the cupboard. WE SEE Mark's hand reach 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

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

HELEN

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

and,

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

sits

moment -

CLOSE SHOT of Mark. He looks at her intently for a

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

handsome

print is old, we can see that he is a remarkably
boy.

HELEN

Mark, what a beautiful child.

pillows

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

HELEN

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...

right.

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

HELEN

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

You must have had a bad dream...

CLOSE SHOT of Mark watching her in silence.

HELEN

...but what was that light? ...The
camera, I suppose?

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

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

but
WE NOW SEE the little boy standing in front of a garden
wall. He tries hard to climb to the top of the wall,

wall...
falls over. Helen laughs. Mark watches her in silence.
Small Mark tries again - and again - to scale the

At last he succeeds.

HELEN

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.

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

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

HELEN

Naughty boy I hope you were spanked!

CLOSE SHOT of Helen. It suddenly occurs to her.

HELEN

... but, Mark... what a strange
thing for your father to photograph.

MARK

Switch off?

HELEN

No.

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

HELEN

No.

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

DISSOLVE

TO:

INT. HELEN'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

MRS. STEPHENS

I want a word with you.

DISSOLVE

TO:

projector

CLOSE SHOT of Helen's eyes. The light from the 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.

he

CLOSE SHOT of Mark. His face is cupped in his hand as 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.

onto

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

HELEN

(in a whisper)
Again?

Mark looks at her in silence.

face,

limp

hand,

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

HELEN

Mark, this isn't some kind of jo...

Her attention is suddenly riveted on the screen.

MARK

(in a whisper)
No, Helen.

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

HELEN

Mark, whatever is that?

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

WE SEE Mark reach for his cine-camera.

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

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

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

HELEN

What are you...

MARK

wanted to photograph you...
watching...

HELEN

No, Mark!

The camera purrs on.

HELEN

No!

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

HELEN

help me to understand this... this
nightmare...

terror...

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

continues

A handkerchief is thrown onto the boy's bed. He
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.

dissolve.

The small screen trembles with them into a clumsy

Helen turns to Mark.

HELEN

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

He looks at her helplessly.

HELEN

... 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

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

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

...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

...her funeral!

It speeds by.

MARK

...and this!

A confused picture of earth and flowers.

MARK

...her burial!

The briefest glimpse of a little boy with a spade.

MARK

...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.

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

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

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

MARK

She filmed... what comes now.

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

walking
From Helen's POV WE SEE a tall man in a black coat
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.

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

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

HELEN

What is he doing?

MARK

Giving me a present...

HELEN

What was it?

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

MARK

Can't you guess?

our
The small screen comes back into focus - and suddenly

camera rushes towards it.

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

MARK (O.S.)

A camera...

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

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

boy
CLOSE SHOT of the shelf which encircles Mark's room.
We are looking at the very same camera which the small
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

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.

keeps

The light goes on. Mark is standing by the exit - he
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

almost

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

HELEN

So he was a scientist?

He keeps his face averted.

HELEN

What kind of scientist, Mark?

MARK

Biologist.

HELEN

What was he trying to do to you?

He doesn't answer.

HELEN

Mark!...

willingness

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

HELEN

What was he trying to do to you?

MARK

Watch me... grow up...

his

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

MARK

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

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

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

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

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

Oh, there you are, Helen.

She turns towards him.

TONY

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

HELEN

I'm coming.

She turns to Mark.

HELEN

I wish you'd join us.

Mark shakes his head.

MARK

Thanks... work.

HELEN

I hope that you...

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

HELEN

... have a sweet tooth!

She smiles at him.

HELEN

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

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

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

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

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

BADEN

OK. Print that one!

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

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

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

then

CLOSE SHOT of Baden looking at his watch. He sighs,
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.

camera

Mark turns to a shelf behind him - picks up his cine-
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

exterior

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

player.

Beside her she has a small tape-recorder, or record-

We hear music - modern rhythms.

in

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

together).

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

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.

it

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

VIVIAN

Mark... I want to be quite clear about this...

CLOSE SHOT of Mark staring at his cake.

VIVIAN

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

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.

EXTRA

Mark lies motionless behind the wall. A young male 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

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

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

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

Back on the set - shall I go first?

MARK

Please.

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

... may I remind you that you're a
girl with an irresistible impulse!

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

BADEN

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

How are you?

VIVIAN

Hallo, Diane...

1ST ASSISTANT

Positions, everyone!

the
CLOSE SHOT of Vivian taking her position in front of 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!

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

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.

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

receiver

At the same time Mr. Jarvis is holding a telephone
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!

on

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

JARVIS

Are those budgets ready? Well bring
'em in.

wonderful

He replaces this receiver and picks up the original.
The voice is still talking - something about 'a
part for Kenny or Alec'...

VOICE (O.S. FILTERED)

Send me a memo - we'll discuss it
next week.

hands

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

CLOSE SHOT of Mr. Jarvis opening a folder.

row

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

tailor

The great man's finger skims along the figures like a
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

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...

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

BADEN

... 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:

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

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
bag.

lunch

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.

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

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

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.

Fireman's

WE HEAR the sound of the door closing - and the 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.

studio

She carries her case Over her shoulder WE SEE the 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.

the
One of the white-clad figures lounging indolently in 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.

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

The light is out.

Vivian looks round - there is no one in sight.

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

INT. STUDIO - EARLY EVENING

The set is in darkness.

CLOSE SHOT of Vivian looking round.

VIVIAN

(in a whisper)

Mark...?

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

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

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

CLOSE SHOT of Vivian edging forward.

VIVIAN

Mark...?

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

the
at

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

under

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

under

Very faintly overlaid is the sound of Mark whistling his.

Vivian stops whistling - and so does Mark.

watch.

She listens intently for a moment - then peers at her

CLOSE SHOT of the watch on Mark's wrist.

looks

CLOSE SHOT of Vivian. She shivers suddenly... then

cable

at her watch again. She hesitates... then turns towards the exit, and starts to edge back. She trips over a and almost falls.

Suddenly she is bathed in light.

on

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

VIVIAN

Mark...?

Where

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

VIVIAN

Mark!

The sound of his steps is overlaid.

VIVIAN

Listen... we must...

His footsteps stop... she looks round.

VIVIAN

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

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

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

shakes
She glances round at the brazenly burning lights;
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

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

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

MARK

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

VIVIAN

Who Don Jarvis!?

He looks at her, then nods.

VIVIAN

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.

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

VIVIAN

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

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

of
WATCH
We watch him from the top of the studio, from the door
the studio, from the Director's chair. And finally WE
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.)

it

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

dancing

The miniature smiles shyly at him. She has stopped 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

... 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)

keeping

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

VIVIAN

Being frightened to death?

MARK

You remembered?

VIVIAN

Yes - and I'll have a go!

We hear his quick breathing.

VIVIAN

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)

and

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

he

Music continues - piano.

reduced

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

eyed.

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

VIVIAN

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.

lays

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

Music continues.

—

changes.

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

VIVIAN

If only Don Jarvis could see me
now!

She jumps onto the trunk and taps.

VIVIAN

If only I could see Don Jarvis
now!

She giggles again.

VIVIAN

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.

echoes

He opens the trunk. she jumps into it. Her laughter
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
apiece

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.

of She goes around the camera out of sight - and he is out 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)

up Mark hurries to the side of the studio camera and picks 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!

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

VIVIAN

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

Lost you again!

MARK (O.S.)

Never mind.

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

camera

MARK

I'm ready now, Viv...

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

all

MARK

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.

the

drum-

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - EARLY EVENING

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

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

his He hands her a box of matches... and walks away. Over
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...

Vivian He peers into the viewfinder. In the finder we see
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

But what... would... frighten me
to death?

(looking appealingly
into camera)

Set the mood for me, Mark...

MARK

Well...

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

MARK

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

staring

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

puzzling

What he is staring at is out of camera - and it is 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

locks
her.

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

is

HIGH ANGLE SHOT of Mark walking towards Vivian.

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

MARK (O.S.)

Suppose this... were one of his weapons...

CLOSE SHOT of Don Jarvis.

INT. CORRIDOR - EARLY EVENING

forward
The great man is poised for the kill. He is moving
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

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.

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

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

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

inches

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

VIVIAN

Yes... that would be frightening!

MARK

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

and

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

VIVIAN

Well? What is it?

he

-

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

VIVIAN

(in a whisper)

That...?

ignores

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

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

VIVIAN

(in a whisper)

Mark... take it...

The fear on her face is rapidly growing...

VIVIAN

... away!

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

VIVIAN

MARK - YOU!

It is almost a scream.

We can hear Mark breathing quickly.

her. Vivian raises her hands to push something away from

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

The lights go out.

There is a scream in the darkness.

Then silence.

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

against A bright light is felt, rather than seen, beating
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?

and CLOSE SHOT of Mrs. Stephens, a large glass of whisky -
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

Heads.

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

HELEN

Bad luck, darling.

MRS. STEPHENS

Huh.

side.

thoughtfully
Helen watches her with a smile - then looks
at the ceiling.

MRS. STEPHENS

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

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

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

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

starts
He puts the rack of exposed film into the tank and
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

Mark
Helen opens the door of Mark's sitting room. We hear
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

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

HELEN

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

No reply from the inner room.

HELEN

Are you sure this is conven...

MARK (O.S.)

Won't be long!

round
Helen glances at her watch... then looks curiously
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.)

Hallo.

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

HELEN

Hallo, Mark...

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

HELEN

I hope you don't mind - is it a
tape-recorder?

MARK

Yes.

which

Gently he takes it from her - as if it is a cup with
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...

slender

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

HELEN

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

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.

ticking

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

Helen looks up, and sees him.

HELEN

I am keeping you.

MARK

No... I promise.

HELEN

Mark, I'm here for some advice.

MARK

From me? Please...

cameraman

directed

them).

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

smile.

His delighted astonishment is such that she has to

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

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

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

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

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.

fixing

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

white

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?

standing

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

'Specially

addressing.

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

small

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

INT. THEATRE IN STUDIO - DAY

Chief

face...

on

CAMERA PANS across Baden's disgruntled face... the 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.

Man

the

across

wanders

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

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
Baden
(and its crew) are off camera, and we concentrate on
briefing his artistes.

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

BADEN

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

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!

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

Crew. Mark walks away quietly from the back of the Camera

and He hurries to the shelf where he keeps his cine-camera
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...

camera. Mark turns towards the rehearsal and raises his cine-

half WE SEE the Assistant try to lift a blue trunk - and
collapse with the weight of it.

CLOSE SHOT of Baden - beaming.

leans
The Assistant manages to drag the trunk forward. He
over it - exhausted - then starts to open it.
Mark moves round until Diane's face is in the finder.
eyes
As the lid of the trunk is opened we can see only her
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

clothes

CHIEF INSPECTOR GREGG is reading a file. A plain-

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

...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.

Assistant

Mark glances at a group in the comer. The Trunk 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.

reaches

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

to

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

a

DISSOLVE

TO:

INT. SET - DAY

lamp.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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:

by

A SERIES OF BRIEF SHOTS of the unit being interviewed 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.

of
a

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

CAMERA PANS.

is

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

DISSOLVE

TO:

talking

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

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

GIRL

Hallo, Mark...

MARK (O.S.)

Hallo.

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

INT. ENTRANCE TO DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Mark
he
can.
As the Inspector opens the door of the dressing room,
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

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

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...

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

CREW-MEMBER

You, Mark?

MARK

Thanks...

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

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

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
papers
glances

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

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

SERGEANT

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

The Inspector nods.

SERGEANT

Come in.

door

He puts a tick on the list. There is the sound of a 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.

enquiringly

He holds out his camera. The Sergeant glances
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

The doctor's finished his examin...

The Inspector rises at once.

SERGEANT

...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

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.

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

The Sergeant makes a note on a piece of paper.

INT. PASSAGE - DAY

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

set.
The
Constable

A Constable is standing outside the entrance to the set. From his POV WE SEE the Inspector and Mark approach. 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

...thanks for the escort

it.

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

anyone
of

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

Beyond
this
the
to
climb
above
into
Mark
echo

Facing Mark is the darkened set of an hotel bedroom.
this is another set - also in darkness - and beyond
yet another. Only in the far comer of the studio - in
the furthestmost 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...

lens).
the

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

DOCTOR (O.S.)

... both women... subjected to the
most violent shock...

INSPECTOR (O.S.)

What sort of shock?

DOCTOR

...still cannot determine - but
look!

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

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

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

CLOSE SHOT of the Inspector. Looking up.

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

INSPECTOR

Quiet, everyone. Please...

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

breathing...
Complete, except for the Doctor's asthmatic

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

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

Why don't we make him a present of the window? He practically lives there!

eagerly - Helen beckons to Mark to come in. We see him nod 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.

open - From his POV WE SEE the door of Helen's sitting room 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...

Stephens'

She holds open the door. He goes inside. The screen suddenly greys out into the veiled images of Mrs.

world. We hear Helen's voice.

HELEN (O.S.)

Darling, this is Mark... Mark, my mother.

-

magnified.

WE HEAR the sound of footsteps shuffling shyly forward and then Mark's voice, every intake of breath

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

towards
of

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 his. Mrs. Stephens' other hand gently feels the surface 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

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:

she
only
Mrs. Stephens and Mark are staring at each other as if
has sight and he hasn't. From Helen's POV WE CAN SEE
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)

into
CLOSE SHOT of Helen kissing her mother and whispering
her ear.

HELEN

Darling, we forgot to toss.

Mrs. Stephens grunts.

HELEN

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...

the
Mark holds the door open for Helen and she goes into

Stephens. passage. Mark turns and takes a long look at Mrs.
closing She is in the middle of raising her glass. She stops
suddenly, the glass poised mid-air. He goes out -
the door. She finishes her drink as if it is her last.

INT. PASSAGE - DAY

his Helen is waiting by the door.
From her POV WE SEE Mark coming eagerly towards her,
camera over his shoulder.

HELEN

Mark...

MARK

Yes, Helen?

HELEN

I want to ask you something rather
personal...

He looks at her anxiously.

HELEN

How long is it since you've gone
out without that?

MARK

Without what?

HELEN

Your camera...

MARK

Oh...

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

MARK

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

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

...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...

light. She opens the door of her bedroom - and turns on the

HELEN

...let's put it in here.

INT. HELEN'S BEDROOM

round. She crosses to a cupboard and unlocks it, then turns
He is standing hesitantly on the threshold.

HELEN

Come in - and see for yourself.

the He looks slowly round the room, stares for a moment at
bed in the comer, but he won't cross the threshold. He
stays outside.

HELEN

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

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

Thank you...

locks

She takes it from him, puts it into the cupboard, and 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.

of CLOSE SHOT of Mark and Helen walking along by the side
the house.

HELEN

I adore new restaurants...

something Suddenly Mark stands motionless. He is staring at
off camera.

Especially when -

at Her voice trails away... she is staring at Mark staring
something.

couple

In the shadows, at the mouth of an alley, a young
are kissing.

his

Mark stands motionless, staring at them. Automatically
hand reaches for his camera. Helen starts to speak -
looks at him in silence. The man glances round. Mark
away and Helen stares after him.

then

hurries

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

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.

the
She lifts her glass, and sits, waiting as he crosses
room.

DISSOLVE

TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Helen

middle

A small and very pleasant restaurant, almost full. and Mark have a corner table. They are dining by candlelight, and there is a bottle of wine in the 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

...thank you, Mark...

MARK

Are you ready to talk about your book?

HELEN

I'm ready to talk about you...

His face falls.

HELEN

It won't take a second - and it's best to have it said.

Mark looks.

HELEN

Carrying a camera is only one of your habits, isn't it, Mark?

He looks at her in silence.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen.

HELEN

... 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

... 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

... 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

... 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

... 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...

his
A moment's pause. She drinks her wine - shy, awaiting reaction.

MARK

What made you think of this story?

HELEN

You did!

CLOSE SHOT of Mark.

HELEN

... 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!

looks

He slams the table so violently that a lady nearby around... then reaches for his camera.

MARK

Oh!

Helen smiles.

MARK

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

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

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!

watch.

He laughs excitedly... She looks regretfully at her

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...

bill
He signals to the head waiter... and pays his first
for two.

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

blind
They walk along the street very close together, but not
quite touching. Above them a light is shining on a
revealing a shadow of a woman undressing.

Mark glances at the blind - then looks away quickly.

of
He stares ahead of him... and continues to stare ahead
him.

at
Suddenly Helen tucks her arm through his, and smiles up
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

(gently)
I'll get it for you.

He stands motionless as she goes into her room...

in
From his POV WE SEE the half-opened door - and the bed
the comer.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark forcing himself to look away.

hand.
Helen reappears on the threshold - the camera in her
hand.
He looks down at it - then slowly stretches out his

HELEN

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.

emerges
looking
the

The door at the end of the passage opens and Tony in his dressing-gown, carrying a towel. He avoids at them - goes into the bathroom opposite, and slams door.

HELEN

He'll wake Mother!

There is the sound of running water.

HELEN

... 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... and think of how to find faces for you...

himself.

He looks down at the face which he has found for

She raises her head slowly.

MARK

...faces which - are faces which...

begins

She kisses him very gently on the mouth. The bathroom 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.

camera

He stands very still for a moment... then turns the 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

into

The big drying drum is turning, feeding the dry print 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.

the

Mark stops the motor and the drum, loosens the end of film, spools up with a snap, slides the spool off and hurries out with it.

starts

gramophone,

Mark hurries to his projector, threads the film and the projector. He flicks it on, as if it were a then looks eagerly at the 16mm screen.

Behind him something moves in the shadows

REVERSE SHOT of Mark.

the

watching

Over the shoulder of someone who is standing deep in shadows WE SEE Mark. His head obscures what he is on the screen.

HE TURNS ROUND SUDDENLY -

shadow. From Mark's POV WE SEE the processing sinks deep in

He starts to move towards them, then suddenly stares at the shadows at the back of the room.

projector. Silence - except for the whirring of the 16mm

Mark CLOSE SHOT of Mark's hand - switching on the light.
he turns round... he is as astonished at what he sees as
can be.

room. CAMERA PANS in its own good time to the back of the

hand Mrs. Stephens is standing in the shadows... a heavy
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...

motionless. He stands motionless, staring at her standing
stares Above her head an ancient, half-blind camera also
at her. The only movement in the room is her smile.

MRS. STEPHENS

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

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

Every night you pace for hours above my head! Why?

MARK

I've no one to talk to... in the rooms I live over...

loading Mrs. Stephens nods. Her hand touches the black cloth 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.

towards At once she raises the heavy stick - pointing it him.

a

CLOSE SHOT of the stick. It is a shooting stick - with sharp spike on the end of it, similar to the tripod on Mark's camera.

Mark stares at the stick, fascinated.

the

CLOSE SHOT of Mrs. Stephens - exploring the inside of black cloth bag with her free hand.

MRS. STEPHENS

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.

Mark's
very

In Mrs. Stephens' own dark-room we hear the hum of projector - and the pounding of Mark's heart - and, faintly, the sounds of Tony bathing himself.

MRS. STEPHENS

Every night you switch on that film machine.

We hear his tiny intake of breath.

MRS. STEPHENS

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.

stick
Over Mark's shoulder WE SEE Mrs. Stephens holding her
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.

forward -
the
Both of them stare at the 16mm screen... She leans
her face only inches from the screen - the light from
projector flickering on to her.

stretches
REVERSE ANGLE SHOT of Mrs. Stephens. Slowly she
out her hands and touches the screen.

MRS. STEPHENS

What am I seeing, Mark?

but
girl's
Her head and shoulders blot out most of the screen -
between her outspread fingers WE CATCH A GLIMPSE of a
terrified eyes.

MRS. STEPHENS

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

What do you think you've spoiled?

MARK

An opportunity... now I must find
another.

switch. He looks at her thoughtfully, then presses a light

her A spotlight falls blindingly on to her eyes. He presses
another switch, and then another, until the whole of

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.

world. Black out into the grey darkness of Mrs. Stephens'

than WE HEAR the purring of Mark's camera - more clearly

approaching... we have yet heard it. (There is the faint rasp of a cog which needs oiling.) The sound of footsteps

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:

dropped Mrs. Stephens is leaning against the wall... she has
from her heavy stick. It lies on the floor a few feet away
firmly her. Mark is kneeling in front of her - the tripod
her on the floor. The cine-camera is pointing upwards into
face. He peers excitedly into the viewfinder.

MARK

Please let me finish! It's for Helen!

picks She edges towards her stick. He hurries forward and
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...

Her
On Mark's focusing screen WE SEE the fear on her face.
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

So put that camera away...

On the focusing screen we see her moisten her lips
nervously.

MARK

Yes!

hurries
He switches off the camera abruptly, and folds up the
tripod. He turns away without looking at her - and
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.

at
From his POV WE SEE the fear in her eyes. He looks away
once, staring into the darkened room.

MARK

It's late.

CLOSE
in
From her POV (shooting over her shoulder with a large
SHOT of her ear in the foreground) WE SEE Mark standing
the doorway - and hear, very clearly, his quick, uneasy
breathing.

MARK

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

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

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

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
... 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.

understands
He turns towards her - a small boy who suddenly
what contagious means...

MRS. STEPHENS
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

shoulders
He guides her gently down the stairs. Over their

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.

her HIGH ANGLE SHOT of Mrs. Stephens opening the door of 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
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
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

conversations lunch bag on a shelf. Snatches of whispered
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!

people Mark turns round and walks towards the small group of
assembled round the studio camera -

DISSOLVE

TO:

CLOSE SHOT of a book entitled The Art of Fly Fishing.

INT. CAR - DAY

studio. Through the windscreen WE SEE the entrance to the

shock The driver glances round at his passenger whose face is
completely obscured by the book. All WE CAN SEE is a
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

set The (studio) camera is ready for a tracking shot. The
interest. is redressed as the Hat Department of the store. The
Inspector stands on the dolly, looking round with

like
himself

The Doctor is sitting in a chair watching everything
an excited schoolboy. The Sergeant has positioned
near the sound crew.

shoulder.

Baden walks on to the set, his arm round Diane's
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.

to

He pats her arm reassuringly. The Chief Cameraman nods
Mark.

measure

From the Inspector's POV WE SEE Mark pull a tape
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.

the

From the Inspector's POV WE SEE Mark replace the tape
measure and take up his position on a small stool by
side of the camera.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

(shouting)

Quiet, everyone. Let's run it!

towards

The Doctor sneezes violently - and all heads turn
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.

- a

CLOSE SHOT of Mark turning round to look at the Doctor
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,
approaches
turning the handle of the focus-puller. Diane
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

... 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

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

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

... 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.

card,
edges
From the Sergeant's POV WE SEE the Doctor hand Mark a
and pat him jovially on the shoulder. The Sergeant
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... Someone ate homemade cakes and sandwiches by the side of those bushes - and we may get a lead.

SERGEANT

Right, sir.

stands
CAMERA PANS to a shelf in the comer. A lunch basket
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.

picks
urgent
Overlaid is the noise of the unit dispersing. Mark
up his camera - then reaches for the lunch basket. An
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.

naked

CLOSE SHOT of the postcard. We see Milly's face and 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

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...

photograph.

CLOSE SHOT of the Clapper Boy staring at his

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!

has While Mark is talking he is scribbling on a form. He 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

(Four form Mark rings off. He is smiling. He puts in another 4d Pence) and dials a number. His pen is poised over the 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.

Ste-

We see the form is a last will and testament. I, Mark
Lewis, etc., etc., leave, etc., etc., to Miss Helen
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

where

The Inspector and Doctor are standing by the bushes
Mark and Vivian met.

INSPECTOR

Is that all he wanted?

DOCTOR

think so... we had a little chat
about scopophilia - 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

whispers
CLOSE SHOT of Baden glancing at his watch... He
to the Assistant Director.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

All right, everyone. This is the
last shot... Make it a good one!

and
CAMERA PANS to a comer of the studio. The Inspector
Sergeant stand in the shadows.

INSPECTOR

(quietly)
Got your list, Sergeant?

SERGEANT

(he produces if)

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

looking

Mark watches her. Beyond him stands an insignificant-
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

camera
Mark hurries towards the shop... ahead of him a street
clock stands at just on six. Mark unslings his cine-
and photographs this clock... then he hurries into the
shop.

the
He
The man in the raincoat walks into camera. He looks at
clock, puzzled, then glances at the newsagent's window.
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

What's the matter? Haven't you
ever seen a key before?

Mark takes the key. He starts to smile.

MR. PETERS

The till will be empty - if that's
what you're smiling about.

Mark turns to the door.

MR. PETERS

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?

Over He starts to draw the curtains - and stops suddenly.

his shoulder WE SEE the man in the raincoat standing on the opposite side of the street.

MARK

I thought so!

the

Mark raises his cine-camera and carefully photographs
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

... 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

between
comes
at
through

From the Detective's POV, WE SEE the chink of light
the curtains of a window above the newsagent's shop go
out. CAMERA TRACKS TOWARDS the door of the shop. Mark
out, his cine-camera over his shoulder. He has a key in
his hand. He closes the door of the shop... then looks
the key. He fits it into the lock - then slips it
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

Darling.

She shakes her again - but it is hopeless. Helen pulls
the
up
door.
bedclothes round her mother, then turns away. She picks
a large envelope and her handbag, and hurries to the

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.

after He goes into his room, closing the door. She stares him for a moment, then hurries up the stairs.

INT. PASSAGE BY MARK'S ROOM - DAY

Helen knocks on the door.

HELEN

Mark...?

goes No answer. She knocks again, then opens the door and inside.

INT. MARK'S SITTING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

room. Helen enters and glances towards the door of the dark-

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

and 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,

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

out
The
projector

She smiles suddenly and opens her envelope. She takes a bound manuscript. We see a label on the manuscript:

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

keeps
nightmare,
towards

stand up. She cannot manage it the first time - and
on watching, then, like a child waking from a
she jerks herself away from the table, and stumbles
the door.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark standing there - watching her.

that
her

CLOSE SHOT of Helen staring at him... again we hear
sound from the back of her throat. He looks away from
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!

see

She stands with her back to him. From REVERSE ANGLE we
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

That film...

The sound of him switching it off.

HELEN

... is ... just a film...

She wheels round towards him.

HELEN

... isn't it?

From REVERSE ANGLE we see her looking at him.

HELEN

... 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.

hardly
CLOSE SHOT of Helen - not enough breath to scream...
enough to breathe.

MARK

You'll be safe - as long as I can't
see you frightened - so stand in
the shadows, Helen... please...

She stands motionless.

MARK

... please...

shadows
From her POV WE SEE him standing in front of the door,
looking ahead of him. She backs slowly away into the

at the back of the room.

HELEN

She's right... your mother... must
tell someone everything... sorry...
has to be you!

mother
CLOSE SHOT of Helen standing in the shadows where her
stood.

HELEN

This was his laboratory... and you
know some of what he did... but
not all.

screaming
to
one
The room is suddenly filled with the terrified
of a small boy. Helen wheels round. The screaming seems
be coming from the walls. Mark's hand is on a switch -
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

... aged seven...

He presses another switch. There is a moment's silence.

MARK

All the rooms were wired for
sound... and... still are.

WE SUDDENLY HEAR the ticking of a clock.

MARK

Your room.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen - listening.

MARK

Your mother's .

The click of a switch - and we hear a loud snoring.

MARK

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!

away
He does so - at once. She walks towards him. He turns
from her.

HELEN

Look at me, Mark!

MARK

Not if you're frightened...

HELEN

Look at me!

Slowly he faces her.

HELEN

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

If you want to torment me... for
the rest of my life... then make

me imagine!

CLOSE SHOT of Mark - his eyes closed.

HELEN

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!

releases He turns to his cine-camera, and picks it up. He
the tripod.

the CAMERA HOLDS on Helen. She stands very still against
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

So I did something... very simple...

WE SEE a look of fear spring into her eyes.

MARK

Very simple.

WE SEE the spike approaching her throat... but she is
looking at something else.

MARK

When they felt the spike... touching
their throats... and knew I was
going to kill them...

The spike is touching her throat.

MARK

... I made them - watch their own
deaths!

size.
magnifying
The
There
distorted
middle

CLOSE SHOT of Helen's face several times its natural
She is looking at herself in a large circular
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
face this small hole gives her an extra eye in the
middle
of her forehead.

MARK

Made them see their own terror as
the spike went in... and if death
has a face, they saw that too!

of

CLOSE SHOT of Mark - crouching behind the mirror, sweat
pouring down his forehead... his finger on the trigger
the camera.

MARK

Not you! Not you! I'll never
photograph you! I promised - I
promised - Not you!

her

Helen's eyes are closed. The spike is still touching
throat.

CLOSE SHOT of Mark - his face turned away from the
viewfinder.

HELEN

... frightened ... for you...

the
There's the sound of a car pulling up. He hurries to
other room.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

upstairs
The Police arrive: three cars. Mark appears at an
window with his camera.

SERGEANT

Look out!

his
charge
He thinks Mark has a gun. They all duck. Mark raises
camera and photographs them. The Police recover and
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...

Then
towards
Rapidly he fixes his camera on to a hook on the wall.
he adjusts the tripod so that the spikes protrude
him...

HELEN

What are you...

MARK

It'll be all right.

camera,
He makes chalk marks on the floor in front of the
then switches on all the floodlights. WE CAN HEAR the
Policemen pounding on the door.

MARK

I can beat that!

filled

He crosses to a switch - presses it. The room is
with a small boy's screaming.

HELEN

Give yourself up... Mark!

with
of

He stands next to her, and looks at his long array of
cameras. WE SEE that each one of them has been fitted
a small metal disc (a delayed release), and that some
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...

metallic
eye
of
of

Slowly he walks past his cameras. As he does, the
disc on each one explodes with a little plop - and the
of each camera winks once as if in salute. Some go off
with flashlights on either side of the room. The sound
footsteps hurrying up the stairs.

Ahead of Mark - coming steadily closer - are the spikes
the tripod. The mirror on the cine-camera reflects the
approach - and Helen's terrified face.

HELEN

No - No!

approaches
his

The child's screaming reaches its peak as Mark
the spikes... Ahead of him, on the small table where
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

Helen - I'm afraid!

The We see his face, terrified, in the magnifying mirror.
spikes are against his throat. The eye of the camera is winking rapidly.

MARK

I'm glad I'm afraid!

door... Heavy shoulders are pressing against the dark-room
spikes. as it breaks in, Mark lunges forward against the
falls The cine-camera is wrenched away from the wall as he
over. back. He crashes against the small table, which falls
by He is not parted from his camera - it is fixed to him
of 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

The Magic Camera.

motionless The Policemen hurry into the room. They stare
at what they see.

CLOSE SHOT of Helen - her face buried in her hands.

absolute The child's screaming stops suddenly... and in the
father: silence which follows WE HEAR the voice of Mark's

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 The spotlights begin to dim... The dazzling white of
16mm screen fades slowly into greyness...

The room is filled with the gentle breathing of a small child.

OUT :

FADE

THE END