

**MIDNIGHT EXPRESS**

Screenplay by Oliver Stone

Based on The Autobiography  
by Billy Hayes with William Hoffer

Draft

Revised

June, 1977

**PROLOGUE BLACK SCREEN - SUPERIMPOSE:**

**THE FOLLOWING IS BASED ON A TRUE STORY.**

**IT OCTOBER 6, 1970 ISTANBUL,**

**TURKEY -**

**SOUND UNDER, SHARP: CRACKLE - RIP - SNIP...**

**FADE IN:**

bulky  
style  
CONTINUE  
high  
design,  
adhesive

A SET OF CLOTHES ON A HOTEL ROOM BED -- trenchcoat,  
white turtle-neck sweater, T-shirt, jeans, Western  
boots. SOUNDS continue, Accentuated. MOVE Across open  
TRAVEL BAGS On The bed. Clothes, possessions.  
Across FURNITURE, WASHBASIN, TOILET...A large room,  
old ceilings And windows suggesting Ancient Europe &  
A haunting greenish AFTERNOON light.  
We MOVE to HANDS, TIGHT - drawing out a strip of  
tape,  
SCISSORS move in TIGHT...SNIP!  
UNDERARM, TIGHT. Tape being laid over it.  
BACK OF SHOULDER. TIGHT. Tape going on.

BELLYBUTTON, TIGHT. TAPE going Then: a harsh RIP! SOUND and the tape comes off the bellybutton.

HANDS with new strip of tape. Moving to:

top  
around

HASHISH PLAQUE. Four of them, thinly pressed. One on of the other. The HAND wrapping a portion of the TAPE them and:

sucked

BELLY, TIGHT. SOUNDS of BREATHING stop. The belly is in. The TAPE is pulled HARD across, then CLINCHED. We hear F.X. of HEART BEAT--

**MOVE UP THE CHEST TO:**

an

BILLY HAYES - 21, baby-face, attractive, medium build aura of innocence. His eyes moving off his belly to:

of

MIRROR. FULL SHOT. Climax. A creature in a bondage

pressed

his own devise, he is naked in his underpants, his body criss-crossed by a network of TAPE and 40 tightly

plaques of HASHISH in every conceivable crevice of his body. The eyes are hard.

**NIX THROUGH HEART BEAT, SOUNDS OF AIRPORT.**

**CUT:**

**INTERIOR**

ISTANBUL AIR TERMINAL dirty, crowded, wooden benches, peddlers. Turkish flight instructions on LOUDSPEAKER, followed by mediocre English translations. NOTE: ALL DIALOGUE IN TURKISH TO FOLLOW WILL BE MARKED OFF BY PARENTHESIS. A CERTAIN WILL BE SUBTITLED, BUT SOME NOT.

**LOUDSPEAKER VOICE**

Pan American Flight 1 to Frankfurt, London, and New York has arrived and will be ready for boarding at Gate 7 in 20 minutes.

REPEAT IN ENGLISH over:

stuffyly  
in the clothes we saw laid out on the bed; his face  
complicated by dark, rather ridiculous aviator  
sunglasses  
and an increasing edge of nervousness to his actions.  
With  
him is:  
colorful  
SUSAN 23, healthy outdoor looks, dressed casually  
like an American student abroad.  
GUARDS,  
APPROACHING P.O.V. - a group of TURKISH SECURITY  
in rumpled green uniforms, at a security CHECKPOINT  
inspect  
the carry-on bags of several PASSENGERS.  
BILLY tensely contemplating the guards as he walks.  
SUSAN digging in her bag for her passport as she walks.  
BILLY, looking from guards ahead to SUSAN. He suddenly  
breaks stride, still a fair distance from the  
checkpoint. SUSAN glances at him. He is holding his  
belly.

**BILLY**

I think I've been poisoned.

**SUSAN**

And you ate two baclavas, right? I  
not to touch them, mine was awful.

**BILLY**

(his voice strained)

Look, I think I'm going to have to  
go to the john again. You go on  
through, I'll catch up.

concerned,  
With a sense of panic, he turns and goes back down the  
corridor without waiting for a response. SUSAN  
moves on.

**CUT:**

out.  
BILLY in the WASHROOM MIRROR, again checks himself

down.  
are  
the  
DEEP

His glasses are off, and he has just watered himself  
But the SOUND of his HEARTBEAT is up, and his nerves  
visible in his eyeballs and he knows it. He dabs at  
sweat on his sideburns. He closes his eyes, takes a  
BREATH. A pause. He puts his dark sunglasses back on.  
Turns away from the mirror. No going back now.

again.  
billy's  
looks

ADVANCING P.O.V. - SECURITY CHECKPOINT. The GUARDS  
Closer, closer, Guns in their HOLSTERS. SOUND of  
heartbeat,  
CLOSE - GUARD smoking a cigarette, bored, uniform,  
at BILLY.

**CUT:**

The GUARDS again.SOUND of Billy's in a tattered olive

**GUARD**

Passport!

take  
April  
no

BILLY PASSPORT. The Guard's tobacco-stained FINGERS  
it open it. Basic information on Billy: Birth Date  
17, 1949. Birth Place: Babylon, Long Island. No wife,  
minors. Signature.

GUARD gives it back to BILLY.

**GUARD**

Bag!

tosses

BILLY opens his shoulder bag, proffers it. The GUARD  
it, pushing aside books, grabbing a white plastic dish.

**GUARD**

Nebu?

**BILLY**

(Understand the  
Turkish expression,

"What's this?")  
It's a frisbee.

**GUARD**

Nebu?

**BILLY**

A Frisbee.  
(makes a throwing  
gesture of the  
wrist)  
You throw, catch it. Game!

Curious, one of the other GUARDS ambles over looking at the frisbee.

BILLY tightens. Cursing the frisbee. Sweat now runs his sideburns again. HEARTBEAT up.

**2ND GUARD**

American game. Baseball.

**GUARD**

Ah!  
(puzzled, turns the  
Frisbee around and  
around)

THE SECOND GUARD studies BILLY curious about the sweat. Suddenly reaches up, indicates the eyes.

**GUARD**

Take off the glasses.

BILLY understanding the gesture rather than the words, removes his glasses. His eyes. Straight, staring at the GUARD without trying to look away. A long moment.

FIRST GUARD stuffs the frisbee back into the bag.

Scowls.

Takes a puff on his cigarette, coughs. Phlegm rattles in his throat.

around

Reads the International Herald Tribune, seated on a olive-colored out on the tarmac She has saved him a seat and pulls her bag off as BILLY sits down.

crowded

seat

**FIRST GUARD**

Aaaah!

He waves BILLY through.

GUARD

BILLY puts his glasses walks past the back the SECOND turns away. BILLY walks past the Checkpoint. His drops.

HEARTBEAT

an

SUSAN reads the International Herald Tribune, seated on crowded olive-colored BUS out on the tarmac. She has him a seat and pulls her bag off as BILLY sits down.

save

**SUSAN**

Are you all right?

he

He looks at her. Relief. A smile, awkward - he wishes could tell her.

**BILLY**

Yeah... Yeah.

Lays his head back on the wooden bench. Reaches out: TAKES HER HAND in his. She returns the grip.

THE BUS DOOR slams shut.

PLANES

THE TURKISH BUS DRIVER rolls the bus out towards the visible in the far distance?.

SUSAN, feeling Billy is better, shows him the Herald Tribune.

**SUSAN**

(saddened)

D'you see this? Janis Joplin died yesterday.

almost

BILLY, his sunglasses removed, looks at the paper, abstractedly.

**SUSAN (OFF)**

Overdose, in a Hollywood motel.

rugged

NEWSPAPER Picture of JANIS JOPLIN. That big, earthy,

smile.

BILLY'S P.O.V. - Moves Up page One To The Headline:

NIXON

**OUT-RAGED AT PALESTINIAN HIJACKERS: CALLS FOR CAPITAL PUNISHMENT**

**SUSAN**

(a faint voice)

Never Was anybody like Janis.

BILLY, thinking other happier things, reaches over and playful!.:squeezes her tit twice, rapidly.

**BILLY**

(smiles)

Never was anybody like you...

**SUSAN**

(annoyed, brushes his hand away ,a clicking sound in her throat)

You can't take anything seriously.

**BILLY**

(smiles)

You're right.

Bus stops suddenly. BILLY changes expression.

several

THROUGH FRONT WINDSHIELD we see TURKISH SOLDIERS in HALFTRACKS drawn up in a semicircle blocking the bus.

The

Pan American PLANE is directly behind. Also JEEPS and a POLICEMAN waving the bus down.

aboard

BUS BOOR opens and the Turkish Police OFFICER hops briskly:

**OFFICER**

Attention please, Ladies and Gentlemen. For your own safety we're conducting a security check before you board your airplane, Kindly file out the back. Women and children in one line. Men in another.

PASSENGERS. A confused hum.

**VARIOUS PASSENGERS**

What's he saying? I don't know...  
Marian. Hey Marian, what the  
hell...

The Turkish-speaking PASSENGERS are gathering together  
their items and beginning to exit as:

POLICE OFFICER repeats, in ENGLISH

**POLICE OFFICER**

Idem.

CLOSE BILLY. The POLICE OFFICER is only beginning the  
speech. in English but already Billy realizes, And it's  
panic. Silent panic. That horrendous cold feeling all  
over his back: Oh God what have I done, what can I do

now?

He freezes.

MOVE TO SUSAN rising, fetching her things, irritated.

**SUSAN**

Jesus, they do everything ass  
backwards in Turkey.

beginning

Behind her we see the other AMERICAN PASSENGERS

to disembark with the usual chorus of overlapped  
conversations, expletives, including:

**PASSENGERS**

They're checking for hijackers.  
Any Palestinians aboard? Hey Harry,  
get rid of your grenades...

all

Laughter is returned from several of the American  
contingent, but we MOVE BACK to BILLY in foreground;

the

of a sudden he is on his knees trying to crawl under  
seat.

**SUSAN (OFF)**

Billy, what's the matter?

**BILLY**

My passport!

**SUSAN**

No!



He She bends down to look, coming FACE TO FACE with him.  
grips her arm.

**BILLY**

(low voice)

Susan - forget it. Go get us a  
seat on the plane. Now.

**SUSAN**

(picking up the  
real fear in his  
voice)

What is it? . . . Billy?

**BILLY**

(a fierce whisper,  
panic)

For Christ's sake, just GET on the  
plane, okay!

like His tone stuns her; never before has he spoken to her  
that. A LOOK between them; he has his glasses off now.  
something She's not a stupid girl by any means and realizes  
is very wrong and for the both of them, she'd best do  
exactly as he says. And fast. She moves OUT OF SHOT.

his BILLY, crouched low in the aisle starts to work fast,  
work finger: shaking reaching into his sweater starting to  
under the TAPE loose from around his chest; looking from  
the bench. Still quite a bit of commotion as passengers  
are exiting. BUT THEN:

BILLY P.O.V. - UNIFORMED LEGS coming slowly down Isle  
Towards him. The muzzle of An M-1 RIFLE tapping loosely  
Against the side of the kneecap.

comes PAN WITH and MOVE UP as TURKISH MILITARY LIEUTENANT  
casually into view, intersecting outgoing PASSENGERS, eyes  
coming to rest on:

his BILLY looks up from his kneeling position on floor; his  
sweater rolled back down; he indicates the passport in

hand. "Just found it" expression.

anything,  
vagrant-  
placed  
bus

MOVE to the LIEUTENANT not necessarily suspecting but with a customary insolence reserved for young types, he stretches his rifle arms length with one hand and gently prods Billy up with the tip of the muzzle under his chin. MOVE BACK to the OFFICER, bringing the rifle back to his side, indicating Billy get off the bus with the others. All in silence.

**CUT:**

two  
table.  
is

BILLY among a group of MALE PASSENGERS funnelling into lines that pass on either side of a wooden inspection table. Thirty TURKISH SOLDIERS with rifles ring the area. It is open, vast, no place to run or hide. The only apparent hope is to melt into their regular jostling patterns of the passengers impatiently waiting.

table,  
body-searching the male passengers alternately.

TWO PLAINCLOTHESMEN (Police) are on each side of the

FEMALE  
towards

SUSAN is in a similar set-up twenty yards away, with ATTENDANTS doing the searching. She glances at Billy as she undergoes search. She is cleared, passes on, the ramp of the plane.

male  
Glides

BILLY, his sunglasses off, smoothly melts among the PASSENGERS pulling some books from his shoulder bag. to the head of the line. MOVE TO:

into

The FIRST OFFICER patting down a PASSENGER, his back partially turned to Billy. MOVE AROUND bringing him foreground as:

two

BILLY skirts him in the background, camouflaged among

OFFICER other conversing PASSENGERS waiting for the SECOND  
is who now appears in foreground on the lateral TRACK; he  
replaces busy with another passenger. In passing him, Billy  
the books in his shoulder bag as though he had already  
been searched by the first officer,  
Tension. FOLLOW BILLY as he approaches the boarding  
ramp.

BILLY P.O.V. - SUSAN at the top of the ramp waiting.  
Smiling STEWARDESSES. Pan America. Haven.

BILLY - FOOT rising off Turkish soil onto ramp.

grasping TURKISH HAND lightly touching Billy's elbow, then  
the ARM.

**TURK (OFF)**

Just a minute!

BILLY his eyes flattening.

SUSAN in LONG SHOT, reacting.

SECOND BILLY turns trying to seem casual; he confronts the  
OFFICER face to face and gestures towards the:  
FIRST OFFICER who happens to glance at them.

**SECOND**

Nebu? Did you search him?

**FIRST OFFICER**

(frowns)

No!

pulls SECOND OFFICER tightens his grip on BILLY, angry, and  
about him back to the TABLE. MOVE with them. The officer has  
been lied to; in addition he is young, inexperienced,  
eighteen.

**SECOND OFFICER**

(grunts a command, makes a gesture)

pats  
Precisely  
hips

BILLY, comprehending, spreads his arms. The OFFICER  
him down carefully, brushing against his armpits.  
in the area where we saw the hashish. But incredibly he  
doesn't notice, continuing to work his way down the  
and legs.

CLOSE BILLY eyes on the sky behind the OFFICER, praying  
silently for a break.

his  
again

TURKISH FINGERS moving up the inside of his legs, onto  
belly, touching the hard bulge below the navel. But  
not noticing.

chest,

BILLY in limbo, SOUND of his heartbeat.  
SECOND OFFICER pausing, his fingers around Billy's  
about to let it go, then:

PLACES HIS HAND suddenly flat on Billy's heart.  
OFFICER, sensing the accelerated Heartbeat, stares at:  
BILLY whose eyes jump, startled by this technique.  
FINGERS like excited spiders quickly run back up into  
the  
armpit area. STOP - right on the packets.

his  
at

TURKISH EYES SWIVEL to BILLY EYES CLOSE. Frozen moment.  
Then, sudden blur of movement at the edge of frame.  
SECOND OFFICER jumping back, grabbing his pistol from  
holster, crouching on one knee, aiming the gun barrel  
at  
BILLY, hand shaking. He is terrified.

**SECOND OFFICER**

(screaming)

Bomb! He's got a bomb!

AMERICAN PASSENGERS scream and the deck all around.

**AMERICAN PASSENGER**

Bomb! Bomb!

BILLY stands there, arms straight up in the air, eyes clamped shut, trying not to breathe. CHORUS of rifle and revolver CLICKS OFF as:

PULL BACK to OVERHEAD SHOT BILLY surrounded by thirty SOLDIERS with rifles pointed at him from all directions, crouched nervously. The PASSENGERS all huddled on the ground.

BILLY, eyes closed. Edge of frame shows a shaky muzzle a REVOLVER poked into his belly, moving up.

MOVE to THE FIRST OFFICER, older, more experienced but scared, poking with the revolver; reaches in with his hand cautiously, starts to pull up the turtleneck sweater.

MOVE with the hand, revealing the HASHISH PLAQUES around the navel. A pause. His HAND draws the sweater higher.

More

**PLAQUES.**

FIRST OFFICER'S FACE relaxes. Starts to smile, finding it funny.

**FIRST OFFICER**

(yells out)

It's hashish. just a smuggler.

**SOLDIERS (OFF)**

(in chorus echo,  
relaxing, chuckling)

Hashish...smuggler...hippy...

MASTER ANGLE SOLDIERS REGROUPING. PASSENGERS starting to rise from the ground.

SUSAN dumbfounded watching all this from the door of the PLANE, starts back down the ramp. But a flow of upcoming PASSENGERS slows her descent.

BILLY is led roughly by TWO SOLDIERS parallel to the plane his hands on his head. He manages a glance at Susan. A

Don't slight but strong movement of the head and eyes. 'No.  
come down the stairs'

SUSAN understands it, looks helplessly, hesitates lost  
mouth. between two worlds. A silent shaping of a puzzled

**SUSAN**

...Billy...?

She is washed back along in the flow of passengers.

**CUT:**

VIP ROOM AIRPORT LOUNGE. The scene moves very fast,  
calls. Indicating A sense of chaos. Much smoke. Many phone

seated Half A dozen Turkish police OFFICERS Are bizarrely

among In A row of fold up chairs next to A desk. Chattering

themselves (AD LIB) lighting their Turkish cigarettes.  
They hardly pay attention as:

the MOVE TO BILLY, scared, sweating - backlit by the huge  
chest windows overlooking the airstrip. In background, we see  
at the 707 Pan American PLANE beginning to circle towards

runway. GUARDS have stripped him down to his bare  
and now knife through the adhesive tape from two sides  
once. Then RIP the tape off. BILLY winces.

Tossed. ANOTHER ANGLE the room. Billy's luggage Is being

for Clothes fly through the air. A sweatshirt; Marquette  
University Rowing Team. A 35mm camera. A gift package

clanging his mother ripped open. A silver Turkish kettle,

of To The floor. Another package is ripped open and a set  
Turkish tea cups smash and break all over the floor.

Very fast.

plaque BILLY watches, bewildered. He is stripped of the last

officer

in of the confusion is that each time another police

of

his navel. FOLLOW the plaque clattering onto the pile  
forty plaques.

**FIRSTOFFICER (OFF)**

Name?

**BILLY (OFF)**

William Hayes.

desk.

MOVE BACK QUICKLY to the OFFICER with notebook at the

Part of the confusion is that each time we see another  
police officer we see he has another face.

**FIRST OFFICER**

Vi... Vilyum... Vilyum...

**BILLY (OFF)**

Hayes.

**FIRST OFFICER**

Hi-yes...

(writes it down)

**ANOTHER ANGLE --**

**FIRST OFFICER**

'Merican?

**BILLY**

(nods)

New York.

The OFFICER is puzzled.

**BILLY**

New York... New York...

**FIRST OFFICER**

Ahhhh...Nev Yok!

(writes it down)

**A LOUD SOUND OFF.**

The DOOR flies open and ANOTHER OFFICER strides in.  
Paunchy, moustached. The room is suddenly silent as we  
TRACK him in, followed by a grinning civilian FLUNKY

with

a big portable photo instrument and bulb.

chair  
further  
It  
this

THE FIRST OFFICER jumps up from the desk, makes an obsequious salute to the SECOND OFFICER who arrogantly acknowledges it and takes the vacated chair behind the desk. The FIRST OFFICER moves to the first fold-up in the row, pushing the police officer in that chair down. THIS OFFICER, in turn, shoves the next man down. goes all the way down the line like a comedy until the last man in the row stands up against the wall. But is all in the background as:

**SECOND OFFICER**

Name?

**BILLY**

William Hayes.

**SECOND OFFICER**

Vil... Vilyum...?

**BILLY**

Hayes...

darts

Sharp SOUND OFF of FILM BEING RIPPED FROM CAMERA. He a look at

POLICEMAN stretching the undeveloped film out. Another loud SOUND OFF, interrupting this--

in,  
OFFICER

THE DOOR flies open again and a THIRD OFFICER strides obviously the most important yet, because the SECOND jumps up from the desk, and all the others immediately move down one seat in the hierarchy without a moment's hesitation. But the THIRD OFFICER strides right up to

Billy,  
background  
is  
is

waves to the SECOND OFFICER. THE CAMERAMAN in bubbles with enthusiasm, sliding into position. Billy puzzled - what's going on? His arm is grabbed and he swivelled around.

**REVERSE ANGLE - OVER CAMERAMAN**



OFFICER,  
shoulders.

BILLY in the middle, flanked by SECOND and THIRD  
grinning like big game hunters, their arms on his

back

The FIRST OFFICER, sticking a bunch of hashish plaques  
into Billy's hands, runs OUT OF FRAME. BILLY looks from  
side to side. The SECOND OFFICER pats him hard on the

Thinking

of the head, meaning 'look at camera'. BILLY glances at  
him, sees the grin on both the officers' faces.

camera.

this is the necessary expression, he grins at the

CAMERAMAN disgustedly looks up from his eyepiece.

**CAMERAMAN**

No.. He's smiling. Make him look  
miserable.

SECOND OFFICER slugs BILLY in the stomach with a quick  
back-handed fist. BILLY groans, sinks to his knees. The  
plaques fall on the floor.

**FIRST OFFICER**

(running up)

Gel? Gel??

his

He growls, grabbing Billy's arm and hauling him up,  
gathering the hashish plaques and putting them back in

of

arms. The TWO OFFICERS put their arms back on Billy's  
shoulders. BILLY, in pain, makes the proper expression

misery.

FLASH! The bulb goes.

**CUT:**

up

THE 707 PAN AMERICAN PLANE, destination New York, roars

next

into the sky. PULL BACK all the way to BILLY sitting

climatic

to the window, huddled over, feeling woozy and near  
vomiting. He glimpses the plane but it is anti-

now; as he stares down at his boots. Then remembers  
something! Surprised.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ROOM. The Turkish OFFICERS talk AD LIB among themselves, congratulating, slapping shoulders, pointing to the hashish plaques, etc.

In center background, we see BILLY submissively lifting his arm for permission to speak,

THIRD OFFICER nods, approaches, followed by OTHERS.

BILLY slowly, partly out of pain, pulls off one of his boots, bangs it on the heel and two more PLAQUES

clatter

to the floor.

TURKISH MOUTHS drop open.

awkward

BILLY finishes the process with the other boot. An silence OFF.

**BILLY**

(trying to explain,  
innocent)

I forgot... I really did.

(makes ineffective  
gestures)

ANOTHER ANGLE. The room explodes with screams and commotion.

**AD LIB:**

**THIRD OFFICER**

(screaming at SECOND  
OFFICER)

You idiot, you fool. You told me the American was searched... and he's pulling hashish out of his boots! You're all dogshit!

**SECOND OFFICER**

(turning on First  
Officer, screaming)

You worthless piece of garbage, where did you learn to search a prisoner? He's been in our custody for an hour, etc.

**FIRST OFFICER**

(screaming at the  
others)

Who searched him? Who?

Amid all the screaming TWO POLICEMEN rush over and yank BILLY upwards, and start to strip all his clothes.

**BILLY**

(protesting)

That's it! That's all I have!

**CUT:**

BILLY spread-eagled STARK NAKED against the wall. He is afraid to move. A strange silence.

ANOTHER ANGLE. BILLY naked in center B.G. against the wall. The OFFICERS and SOLDIERS quietly leering at his

trim,

muscular buttocks. Hungry stares. Bisexuality is

prevalent

in Turkey. But there is also embarrassment among the officers; none would do anything openly in front of the others; instead they just stare and smoke their

cigarettes.

Low murmurs. Continued telephone calls. Much thick

smoke

all over the room.

Another DOOR opens OFF. Obsequious GREETINGS in

Turkish.

BILLY is afraid to look over his shoulder, feeling enormously humiliated.

**VOICE (OFF)**

Howdy, Billy. Howya doing, Ok?

A perfect Texas drawl. BILLY glances over his shoulder. Sees:

TEX a tall, lanky blonde-haired American in a business suit with boots. Clean cut, very handsome, with a

strong

flavour of danger in his blue eyes.

**TEX**

(smiling, extends

Billy's clothes)

I think these gentlemen have finished for the time being if you'd like to put your clothes on.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BILLY, so grateful at last to see a

fellow

never American, reaches quietly for the clothes, his eyes  
leaving Tex. Release?

**CUT:**

Unlike TURKISH DETECTIVE sits at the main desk in the room.  
up the others, he has no moustache; a skeletal face,  
intelligent looking. TEX is behind, leaning casually  
against the wall. Angled to Billy's side is the entire  
array of seated OFFICERS looking on like a tribunal.

**DETECTIVE**

(thickly accented  
English, sympathetic)  
Are you afraid, Vilyum?

BILLY, standing to the side of the desk, clothed now,  
buckling his belt - afraid.

**BILLY**

No, I'm not afraid.

**DETECTIVE**

Good. There's nothing to be afraid  
of. If you co-operate with us, you  
will be on the plane for New York  
tomorrow... yes?

**BILLY**

(softly, hoping)  
Yes...?

**DETECTIVE**

Good. Now, where did you get the  
hashish?

**BILLY**

A cabdriver. He picked me up in  
the Pudding Shoppe in the bazaar.

**DETECTIVE**

Would you recognize him again?

**BILLY**

Yes. I think so.

**DETECTIVE**

Good. Would you go back to the

Pudding Shoppe now and point him  
out to my men if you see him?

**BILLY'S EYES MOVE TO:**

Billy.                   TEX who makes a cool affirmative nod of the eyes to

**BILLY (OFF)**

Yes.

CAR;  
STREETS, ISTANBUL, AFTERNOON. TEX drives his American  
BILLY in the passenger seat; TWO TURKISH  
PLAINCLOTHESMEN  
in the rear seats . Various BACKGROUND SHOTS of the  
city.

**TEX**

(casual tone)

You decided to fly at a bad time  
Billy Palestinian Guerrillas all  
over the place blowing up planes  
and all.

**BILLY**

(shakes his head)

Stupid.

**TEX**

Four planes in four days...but I  
guess you kids don't read the  
newspapers...and what with our  
people kicking up a shit storm  
'bout the flow of heroin from Turkey  
you got...

**BILLY**

But didn't have heroin.

**TURK**

(grins)

Well I'm not up on all that. A  
drug's a drug seems to me Billy  
and...

**BILLY**

(sweating)

But it was my first time. I'm not  
really a smuggler, was just two  
kilos.

**TEX**

Well, you see Billy, it don't really matter right now if it's 2 kilos or 200 kilos. The Turks love to catch any foreigner smuggling - it shows the world they're fighting the drug trade.

**BILLY**

But just...

**TEX**

Just what?

**BILLY**

I just needed some extra money. I was broke, the guy offered me the hash and...

It sounds bad. Tex looks at him without expression. Pause. Billy tries to sense a sympathy in this ambiguous man, a liking towards himself. But feels nothing yet, someone who can speak English.

except

**BILLY**

...are you with the Consulate?

**TEX**

(not looking at him)

Something like that. Cigarette?

matches.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BILLY nervously takes the pack and

**TEX**

How much you pay this joker... this cab driver?

**BILLY**

Two hundred dollars. It was my last two hundred.

**TEX**

How much did you figure to make?

BILLY fumbles to light up his cigarette. He is nervous, grateful to volunteer any information...anything.

**BILLY**

Three, four thousand...I don't know. The guy offered me the hash--

(shakes his head)  
...it just seemed like easy money.

**TEX**

Beats working.

**BILLY**

I was just going to sell it to  
friends. I'm not a pusher, honest.

TEX grins, sceptical of his naivete, changing the  
subject.

**TEX**

Got a family back there?

**BILLY**

(inhales deeply)  
Yeah. Parents, brother, sister.  
Babylon, Long Island.

**TEX**

What's your father do?

**BILLY**

He sells insurance for Metropolitan  
Life.

**TEX**

(a pause, not looking  
at Billy)  
Be tough on 'em.

BILLY nods, takes a deep drag on his cigarette.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

**TEX**

Girlfriend?

**BILLY**

...She was on the plane.

Tex glances at him, questioningly.

**BILLY**

She didn't know anything about...I  
wouldn't have wanted her to.

**TEX**

Lucky girl.

Billy leans back in seat, blowing out the cigarette  
smoke.

**BILLY**

Jeez, she used to say I was the  
lucky one.

**TEX**

Let's hope so, Billy. Let's sure  
hope so.

A narrow cobblestone STREET. TEX pulls the car to a  
halt.

**CUT:**

THE PUDDING SHOPPE TWILIGHT Internationally-known cafe,  
adjacent BAZAAR. Crowded, noisy. WOMEN dressed in black  
hold crying CHILDREN by the hands. FOREIGNERS, mostly  
students and hippies, move about laughing, joking.

Hawkers,

street peddlers, vendors cooking shishkebab. small

GYPSY

BOY leads a huge MUZZLED BEAR on a leash.

BILLY sits at a small outdoor TABLE alone sipping tea  
and

eating baclava - nervous, very nervous, still trying to  
sort it all out in his head. If he doesn't find the

seller,

what will happen next?

MOVE across the TABLES, past a middle-aged AMERICAN

COUPLE,

to TWO TURKISH PLAINCLOTHESMEN watching him closely.

They

look evident. TWO HIPPIES make a wide berth around

them.

**HIPPIES (OFF)**

(in passing, low)

Hey Janet, why don't you go sell  
'em some dope.

MOVE ON to another TABLE where TWO MORE PLAINCLOTHESMEN  
sit, equally evident, watching BILLY.

TEX sits in his car, in the distance, casually glancing  
at  
a newspaper.



BILLY's eyes rove.

back INTERIOR PUDDING SHOPPE Large. Many tables. Stairs. A exit.

Turkish. ANOTHER GYPSY BOY leads a huge PINK PIG leashed with a wooden sign around its neck proclaiming "Pig" in

Various TURKS point the pig out, laughing at it, some disgusted by it, making faces and gestures: "Go way, go way! "Ayip!" The PIG moves past BILLY, who shifts his gaze to:

CABDRIVER POV - CABDRIVER #1 lingering at the curb. PAN to

#2 PAN to CABDRIVER #3. PAN BACK to #1 and again to #2 indicating no real fix on identity.

take, BILLY tense now, knowing this is the chance he must nods with his head, pointing at CABDRIVER #2, off.

THE PLAINCLOTHESMEN move out towards CABDRIVER #2.

BILLY tentatively rises, as if to join them, but moves slyly towards the interior of the cafe.

CABDRIVER PLAINCLOTHESMEN move in roughly on a surprised

#2 who begins to protest LOUDLY (AD LIB).

the BILLY moves through the INTERIOR of the PUDDING SHOPPE, past the tables, past the stairs, towards the back of

shop, at a normal.to attract attention.

the A PLAINCLOTHESMAN looks around, sees he is gone. Tells

others (AD LIB) They spread out looking, abandoning the CABDRIVER #2 who spits and curses them (AD LIB).

BILLY, with one backward glance, now eases out the BACK DOOR, into a bilious sunlight, onto a STREET. Pause.

barrel A HAND with GUN moves into FRAME pointing a six-inch

eyes right at his temple. BILLY freezes, moving just his

to:

TEX looking down at him calm, merciless.

**TEX**

You seem like a nice enough kid to me Billy, but try it and I'll blow your fucking brains out.

BILLY - the sense of betrayal in his eyes.

Byzantine  
Janissary  
inside  
endless  
some  
Istanbul.

ESTABLISH PRISON - OVERHEAD ANGLE. A large and structure suggesting the 15th Century Sultan's Barracks. Irregular crescent various wings; a MOSQUE the prison. The possibly a shapes to the sense of an a decorative an equally in a city, labyrinth built by mad Arab architect to suit purpose and now, in the 20th Century, transformed by mad Turkish bureaucracy into a prison. It should be preferably made to look like

Muslim  
suggesting

Faint background atonal Turkish CHANTING. Evening prayer."Allah wakbah, Allah wakbah..." on and on, to us fear rather than praise.

**BILLY VOICE**

Dear Mom and Dad. This is the hardest letter I've ever had to write. know the confusion and the pain it will cause you. And the disappointment...

in

BILLY - his scalp being shaved off by a prison BARBER an un-specified ANTI-CHAMBER, His eyes are staring dead ahead.

**BILLY VOICE**

(continuous)

I really thought knew what I was doing with my life. I'd hoped somehow to get out of this quickly so that you'd never know about it. But that just isn't possible now. I don't know what's going to happen. But what can I say to you? Will 'I'm sorry' make a difference? Will it ease the pain, the shame

you must be feeling? Forgive  
me...Please...

BILLY is now completely BALD, SOUND SHARP OVER:

**CUT:**

A CELL DOOR SLIDING OPEN. BILLY steps in, bewildered.

**ZIAT VOICE (OFF)**

Git!

The cell is dark, almost black, an overpowering stench;  
a  
small grey metal bunk is bolted to the floor with a  
lumpy  
mattress. BILLY turns, looking back at the man staring  
at  
him from the door.

ZIAT is quickly summing up Billy's character. This is  
his  
craft. He is a prisoner and trustee. sinister man whose  
one  
motivation in life is the accumulation of money, in the  
pursuit of which he has acquired an ugly purplish SCAR  
running the width of his throat, various other facial  
SCARS;  
-  
and one blind milky white EYE. He's stocky and strong -  
teeth,  
about five ten, with bushy eyebrows, brown cigarette  
big dirty nails, repulsively in need of a bath. What's  
surprising is that he is no more than thirty years old  
looks and behaves like sixty. The personification of  
the  
denaturalization of a man. Time, body, mind - all of  
them  
warped.

BILLY, not yet attuned to his nature, only repulsed, is  
gesture,  
still wearing his own clothes and makes a shivering  
enunciating very clearly, hoping he will understand.

**BILLY**

Cold. Very cold. Can I get blanket?

Blanket?

(makes a gesture of  
a blanket wrapped  
around him)

slide  
ZIAT smiles, showing his stained teeth, and starts to  
shut the cell door on its ROLLER.

**ZIAT**

(in English)

Mo sell...Too late. Tomorrow...

A cobra smile flashes, as the cell door bangs shut.

**ZIAT**

(through the bars)

You be here tomorrow. "Ayi  
Gedjaler"("good night")

Goes.

warmth.  
BILLY walks around the cell, hugging himself for

**VOICE (OFF)**

Pssst!

BILLY stops, goes to the edge of the cell.

to  
ACCENT,  
A BONY BARE ARM motions from the bars of the cell next  
his. We never see the face but hear a thick ITALIAN  
hoarse and cracked.

**VOICE (OFF)**

(Whispering)

Your cell, no key. Open...!  
Blanket. Three cell down. You get  
me one. Take...

Extends a stick with a big nail pounded into the end,  
twisted over to form a hook.

BILLY takes it. Hesitates.

**VOICE (OFF)**

Ziat go for night. Go!

BILLY cautiously slides the cell door open, amazed that  
it's been left open. Nothing makes any sense to him in  
this labyrinth

ANOTHER ANGLE - BILLY steps out into a WALKWAY. A bare

bulb overhead casts light. He glides past the three  
cells,  
seemingly empty. Finds the cell with blankets, sheets,  
towels and various supplies stacked inside. But it's  
locked. He slips the stick in between the bars and  
stretching, hooks the first blanket.

BILLY asleep with the blankets pulled up to his chin.  
Suddenly DIRTY HANDS reach into frame and rip the  
blanket  
off. WIDEN TO:

**ZIAT**

(tugging the sheet,  
growls)

Brack!...Brack!

Then SLAPS at BILLY. BILLY ducks away. Encouraged, ZIAT  
steps up closer to him, sticks his fingers in his chest  
screaming.

**ZIAT**

You, goddamn you, give me sheet.  
Give me!

And feints as if to hit BILLY again. BILLY reacts to  
defend  
himself, pushing ZIAT off and jumping out of the bunk.  
ZIAT, Enraged by the shove, comes back at BILLY,  
screaming,  
arms flailing like a bear to pummel him, but BILLY, not  
understanding the Turkish bluster in his mannerisms,  
meets  
him with a sharp right FIST into the front of his face.  
ZIAT staggers back, startled into silence; he has  
misjudged  
this kid.  
BILLY waits, ready for the fight in the defensive  
position.  
The guy is bigger than himself. ZIAT, however, now  
feels  
the blood from his mouth and nose and freaks out,  
running  
out of the cell SCREAMING at the top of his lungs as if  
he's dying.

**CUT:**

by  
PUNISHMENT

BILLY is blindfolded, stumbling down stone steps pushed  
a GUARD, into a dungeon-like basement room. THE  
**CELLS.**

**CUT:**

the  
series  
the

THE GUARD removes the blindfold. BILLY, adjusting to  
light, stares around. The cell is spartan, with a  
of pulleys and primitive bondage devices hanging from  
cobwebbed ceiling. A DOOR opens and:

stripes.  
frightening

HAMIDOU STEPS in, lowering his head to get through the  
door. Chief of the guards. A clean uniform. Four

Enhancing  
ancestry)

The only guard to carry a holstered gun. very  
man. He is about six two, two forty, and muscular, and  
moves lightly like a fighter on his feet. His skull is  
bullet-shaped and completely shaven like Billy's,

giving  
broad,

this effect, he has no eyebrows, and his pale blue eyes  
(suggesting a trace of Indo-European stock in his

himself,

are set deep in his skull somewhat like turtle eyes,  
nothing away. His nose is a beak of skin his neck

is  
fascinated

his mouth a small crescent that moves as lightly as his  
feet between anger and amusement. He approaches BILLY,  
looks into his eyes, drawing out the moment for

of

enjoying the tension and the fear he instils in others.

charm.

BILLY meets his eyes respectfully, then realizing this  
perhaps not the thing do to, looks away. But,

by the man's features beyond his self-control, he looks  
back.

HAMIDOU, amused by eye actions, smiles thinly. The sort  
smile that could imply friendship such is its hint of

**HAMIDOU**

(to one of the guards)  
Name?

**GUARD**

(checking a clipboard)  
Vilyum Hi-yes

**HAMIDOU**

(looking at BILLY,  
repeating it)  
Vilyum Hi-yes...

And slowly his hand moves up to caress the edge of his hairless upper lip. An erotic gesture in Turkey.

**HAMIDOU**

Vilyum Hi-yes

"Its in my memory locked." He slowly extends his right arm stiff out to his side.

BILLY watches, fascinated.

HAMIDOU lets the arm linger; then:

SMASHES BILLY across the face with an open palm. BILLY shoots back: and smashes against the wall just from the force of one blow. Stunned.

about  
himself  
HAMIDOU advances, taking a wooden CLUB (FALUKA STICK) feet three long and three inches wide from a GUARD. BILLY scared, emphasizing the words, trying to make understood.

**BILLY**

It was cold. Cold! I get blanket.  
Blanket! Cold!

**THWACK!**

smashed  
BILLY'S LEG BUCKLES, where the faluka stick has just him behind the kneecap. He SCREAMS going down.

BILLY looks up from the floor:

HAMIDOU with his club in hand.

**HAMIDOU**

(In some sort of  
English, smiles)  
No do. No do.

Raises the club.

smashes BILLY tries to block it with his hand, and the CLUB  
his thumb. SCREAM.

**SHARP**

**CUT:**

with BILLY is hoisted upside-down in his UNDERPANTS ONLY  
onto a thick rope tied about his ankles, the legs spread -  
upwards, PULLEY suspended from the ceiling. He is yanked  
then lowered slightly, his head and backs of shoulders  
banging against the stone floor.

through THE PULLEY is LOCKED into place. (LOUD SOUND)

BILLY has this surprised look on his face still,  
the tears. What's happening?

Turns Hamidou motions the GUARDS out of the room (AD LIB).  
back to BILLY, raises his club.

BRINGS IT DOWN FORCE on the soles of BILLY'S BARE FEET.  
SCREAM. He cocks the club again.

BILLY twists To avoid The blow

CLUB catches him On The ANKLEBONE

BILLY SCREAMs louder than ever as we hear The SOUND of  
wood On bone. Whimpering SOUNDS follow.

going BILLY looking through teary eyes, sure now that he is  
the to be killed. The CLUB - OFF - smacks sole skin with  
same force as the first blow. No let up.

**CUT:**



himself.

BILLY still in the same position, vomits all over

HAMIDOU SPINS the PULLEY to a new position bringing:

BILLY into a steeper, more vertical position. He is on the verge of fainting, bleary-eyed, looking as:

something  
dropping  
on  
But,

HAMIDOU moves around in between his legs. Doing indistinct with the stick between his legs, then the stick. Then, with this bizarrely excited expression his hairless face, he begins to undo his own pants.

for Billy, it all BLURS OUT TO:

monk,  
carvings  
blaring

JAPANESE SILK SCREEN depicting a fat jovial Buddhist fishing placidly by a stream. Then moves to soap of chess pieces Then a bed-sheet hung as a curtain with astrological symbols paint; on it. SOUND OFF, of a radio. Atonal TURKISH MUSIC.

**VOICE**

(close, intense)

Hey man, he's gotta walk, or his feet gonna swell up worse.

**2ND VOICE**

(softer, sonorous,  
Swedish accent)

We take him down to courtyard...

blond-  
fiery

Then: ERICH - a gentle long bird's face. Long whitish-hair, Swedish, well above six feet, 25.

Another FACE moves into view JIMMY BELL, American, 23 eyes, black hair and moustache, intense, strong.

**BELL**

Smoke this rocket, it'll cool the pain.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BELL puts a huge cone-shaped JOINT with aluminium foil filter into BILLY'S LIPS. He hardly knows

face

what it is, Puffing weakly. Though dehydrated and his  
white without color, he has no facial markings.

**BELL**

You gotta walk around some man, or  
your feet gonna swell up something  
bad...

BILLY looks down at

points

HIS FEET Bloated black and blue with inflamed red  
in various spots. A vicious bruise on his anklebone.

ERICH

his

is running a cold rag from a basin of water over them,  
fingers tender.

**BELL (OVER)**

You've been out for days man,  
talking all kinds of shit. Come  
on, we'll walk you down to the  
courtyard.

of

BELL eases BILLY up from the bed, as ERICH puts a pair  
clip-clops on his feet.

**ERICH**

Okay?

BILLY nods. They rise together, bracing his shoulder.  
BILLY adjusting to the sensation of standing.

**ERICH**

How's it feel?

**BILLY**

(dizzy)  
About as good as it looks.

**BELL**

Getchmis olsun

**BILLY**

Getchmis...?

**BELL**

Olsun - "May it pass quickly." I'm  
Bell, Jimmy Bell. This is Erich  
something Swedish.

**ERICH**

(smiling)  
Just Erich.

**BILLY**

I'm Billy Hayes... At least I used  
to be.

Looks around.

head  
privacy. A  
STAIRCASE.  
A DORMITORY TYPE ROOM with 24 bunk beds set head to  
in horizontal fashion, cramped and with minimal  
narrow WALKWAY leading towards a TOILET AREA and

**BILLY**

Looks like a cheap hotel.

**BELL**

Yeah... Only the room service is  
lousy. Come on, let me show you  
the tennis courts.

Helps him with ERICH to take the first steps.

AFTERNOON  
power.  
THE COURTYARD. The THREE of them emerge in a thin  
sun, Billy now disengaging and hobbling on his own

**ERICH**

(watching Billy  
limp)  
Feeling all right?

**BILLY**

(still groggy)  
Yeah. That guy who beat me?  
(stops, slightly  
puzzled)  
I feel stoned.

**BELL**

(grins, interjects)  
'Figgers.

**BILLY**

(vague, going on)  
...He had a bald skull and...

**BELL**

Hamidou. Chief of the Guards.  
Don't fuck with him. He almost  
killed an Italian dude couple months  
ago. Bad news. He try anything  
with you?

BILLY glances at him, understanding. Pause.

**BILLY**

No... I don't remember.

Glances at ERICH.

**BELL**

With these fucking Turks, soon as  
the light goes out... I keep one  
hand on their feet and their feet  
better not grow. You'll meet Max.  
He got raped something bad down in  
Section 13. That's the pits.

**THE COURTYARD**

20 VARIOUS ANGLES The yard is 30 by 50 paces with a wall  
feet high. Cigarette butts, orange peels crumpled news-  
papers, rocks, sticks, broken glass litter the place.  
No guards are on the walls; the only GUARDS are unarmed  
inanimate lumps of boredom who look as helpless as the  
prisoners with whom they intermingle; they have raggedy  
olive green uniforms and worn boots (they make \$1 a  
month, augmented by bribes). On one side of the yard is a 2-  
story KOGUS (cellblock) with barred windows from which Billy  
and his two companions have just emerged. On the other  
side of the yard is another 2-story KOGUS (the children's  
kogus).  
80 The COURTYARD is colorful, almost like a bazaar, about  
people in it - groups of exotically dressed AFRICANS,  
AFGHANS, ARABS, MALAYSIANS, EUROPEANS, and  
predominantly TURKS pacing back and forth talking in little circles,  
hawking wares, trading illegal currencies.

surprising  
cursing. A

Screaming Turkish STREET URCHINS 10-14 years old, share the space playing soccer and volleyball with a viciousness, continually hitting each other and bunch of them vehemently lay bets on the soccer game.

evident:

Other aspects of the prison which should become

1) NOISE - continuous, Loud. Radios, Turkish music, screaming, shouting. 2) CATS - all kinds, some of them pets, some stray, tolerated because they kill the rats.

3)

foreigners

THE PRISONERS all wear their own clothing; the

preferring jeans, clip-clops, sneakers, Sweat suits. 4) THE HEADS of only the new prisoners are shaved, then

allowed

disabilities.

to grow back. 5) MANY PRISONERS have physical

the

Carbuncles on the back from wet mattresses. Boils on

in

lymph glands around the neck, buttocks, under-arms, sometimes SO painful the victim walks with his arms up

on

the air. Arthritic in the knees, hips, ankles. Fungus

the feet. Many limp.

walks,

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE PRISONERS glance at BILLY as he

noting the beating he has taken and sizing him up, then going on with their business.

**BILLY**

The kids? Why are they...

**BELL**

(snorts)

Little fuckers are thieves, rapists, pickpockets, murderers, you name it - they do it. Don't trust any of 'em...

BELL's eyes follow a knot of KIDS to:

where

ZIAT has a window open on the FIRST FLOOR KOGUS and is selling little cups of tea to the kids from inside

other

he works a GAS STOVE. The kids push and punch each

to get the tea faster.

**BELL (OVER)**

...They tell Ziat everything. He's the squeal round here. Goes all over the prison. Sells watered-down tea, blankets, hash, black money, nambutols --anything for a buck...

missing.  
turban,  
of

ZIAT leaves the stove in the hands of an ASSISTANT and moves down the window to a particularly gaudy AFGHANI a fierce hawk-faced old man with a chunk of his ear

He wears a colorful flowing robe, various scarves, trinkets, rings, baggy pants, and pointed curved shoes, and makes emphatic violent gestures at ZIAT with his mutilated THREE FINGERS. ZIAT Seems to speak something his language and bargains back.

**BELL**

(continuous)

He was an informer on the outside but he tried to screw the cops out of 60 kilos of opium. Watch him, he's a fox.

sizing

BILLY says nothing to them about the Ziat incident, him up for himself.

his

THE AFGHANI having concluded the deal with ZIAT reaches deep into his layers of clothing around his crotch and pulls out several scrofulous \$10 bills which discreetly takes in exchange for a thick wad of Turkish currency, eyes moving around, stopping on BILLY. A hooded look.

**BELL (OVER)**

Whatcha' in for, smuggling? Rash?

BILLY turning his eyes away from ZIAT

**BILLY**

Yeah.

**BELL**

(shaking his head)  
History, man, history. How much?

**BILLY**

Two kilos.

**BELL**

Where?

**BILLY**

The airport. Trying to get on the plane for the States.

**BELL**

(whistling a kind  
of punctuation)

Could be ten or fifteen. Maybe even twenty.

**BILLY**

(tensing)

Twenty months?

**BELL**

Twenty fucking YEARS, man - YEARS!  
I figger ten at the least.

BILLY stunned.

**BILLY**

(soft)

Years?

**BELL**

Yeah, what do you think this is,  
the good USA? This is Turkey, man...

(laughs bitterly)

It's a fucking accident here if  
you're innocent. And anyway...  
...ain't nobody who's innocent.

ANOTHER ANGLE - all the color and breath seems to have gone from BILLY.

**ERICH**

(his English is  
halting but has a  
calming effect)

Don't pay too much attention,  
anything is possible in Turkey.  
You might get bail.

BELL snorts, amused, kicking the SOCCER BALL away hard  
as  
it dribbles towards them.

**ERICH**

...If you make bail, you're free.  
You can get a fake passport or  
sneak across the border to Greece.  
The Greeks hate the Turks so much  
they never send you back. The Turks  
know it. They just keep the bail.  
money.

**BELL**

Sure, keep dreaming and see where  
that gets you... like Max, up in  
the head, you know...

(makes a crazy signal  
towards the head)

You gonna eat a lot more fasoulia  
beans, Billy baby, 'fore you taste  
a hamburger 'gain cause you broke  
the law man, and you got caught...

(grins)

And that... is history.

**ERICH**

The law is sometimes wrong.

**BELL**

(eyes feverish)

The Law is never wrong, asshole.  
The Law is!

And stalks away, disgusted. A deep anger inside him.

ERICH

looks at BILLY who is quiet; by way of apology.

**ERICH**

New people sometimes get on his  
nerves.

**BILLY**

(lifeless)

What did he do?

**ERIC**

He was caught stealing from a  
Mosque. That's heavy here. He  
got 30 years.

**BILLY**

Thirty years?

**ERICH**



Jimmy has more balls than brains.  
He didn't tell his parents he was  
in jail for a year and a half. He  
says he got himself in and now  
he's going to get himself out.

He shakes his head, looking at:

cigarette,  
cigarette,  
BELL him across the courtyard huddling with a  
bartering angrily. a raggedy GUARD giving him a  
bartering angrily.

BILLY and ERICH.

**BILLY**

And you?

**ERICH**

Hashish. Ninety percent of the  
foreigners are in for hashish.

They walk.

**BILLY**

What they give you?

**ERICH**

(passive)  
Twelve years.

Billy stops.

**BILLY**

How much did you have?

**ERICH**

A hundred grams.

**BILLY**

(appalled)  
It's not fair!

Even ERICH has to smile now.

**ERICH**

There is no fair in Turkey, Billy.  
It's all "sula-bula" like this,  
like that. An Italian hippie had a  
car accident and a Turk was killed.  
SO, they threw him in here for six

months...

**BILLY**

That doesn't seem so bad.

**ERICH**

But he was eating lunch a mile away when the Turk smashed into killed himself.

**BILLY**

He wasn't even in the car?

**ERICH**

(shakes his head)

Aslan, there...

(points)

wearing a  
cuff-  
of  
in

ASLAN - a young big fat heavily moustached Turk, black silk double-breasted business suit, grotesque links, heavily pomaded hair, is huddling in a section the YARD with FIVE other grinning GANGSTER TYPES, all suits.

**ERICH (OVER)**

Killed a guy. But his father's a big gangster on the docks. A "Kapidiye." He'll stay in... twelve months no more, and get parole. In Turkey, murder is manly - "erkek".

ERICH Glances back at BILLY

**ERICH**

You just got to get yourself a good lawyer. And some money... Talk to Max. He's been in the longest.

**BILLY**

How long?

**ERICH**

Seven years...

**CUT:**

long  
An  
international  
Tough  
far

MAX - "Eskilet" (skeleton). British, tall, straggly hair with wire spectacles set crookedly over his nose. earring in one ear. The far away eyes of an junkie, preoccupied and uninterested in small talk. in his skinny way, like a piece of old dried leather. He occupies with his YOUNG STRIPED CAT a bunk in the corner of the SECOND FLOOR KOGUS - in the process of shooting himself up with "Gastro" a smelly brown liquid stomach medicine. No one is in the vicinity except

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

with a  
gunk.

ERICH and BILLY who watches repelled as MAX fumbles piece of twine tied around his arm in a tourniquet, searching for an unused spot amid dirty infected track marks. PLUNGES the needle in, pumping in the black  
Glances at BILLY.

**MAX**

(smiles)

Gastro. Stomach medicine. Has codeine in it... Best can do

Pulls out the needle, loosens the tourniquet. His eyes take on a far away stare.

**ERICH**

Lawyers?

**MAX**

Yeah... there's no straight lawyers in Turkey... They're all bent bent as hairpins...

Gives a spoon with a taste of the black residue to:

HIS CAT who is full of spunk, and tries to catch Max's **HAND**.

He looks at BILLY, not remembering him.

**ERICH**

His name?

**MAX**

Who?

**ERICH**

The lawyer?

MAX is beginning to go. He sits on his bunk.

**MAX**

What lawyer?

**ERICH**

Who got the Frenchman out?

**MAX**

Oh Yesil... Yesil's his name but  
I...don't know anything...  
'bout...Yesil...

ANOTHER ANGLE - MAX'S head begins to bob back and forth. Focuses on BILLY.

**MAX**

Best way is get your ass out...  
any... way... you can...

**BILLY**

What do you mean?

**MAX**

Get the... midnight... express.

**BILLY**

What's that?

MAX smiles from faraway like a Cheshire cat and his  
head drops forward onto his knees, nodding off.

**CUT:**

HAMIDOU, swinging his falaka stick rhythmically against  
his leg and that calm killer look on his face, leads an  
uneasy BILLY down a MAIN WALKWAY with a roof overhead;  
we gather that the prison contains several separate wings.

ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING - HAMIDOU glances back at  
BILLY,  
office indicates with his stick "come here" and opens an

door.

to BILLY, still bewildered, his bruised feet almost back normal, limps in warily eyeing HAMIDOU who follows.

Standing NECDIT YESIL, the lawyer, fleshy, grinning, thin black hair heavily greased, sits at a conference table.

eyeglasses, adjacent is STANLEY DAVIS, the U.S. Consul - striped tie, neat summer suit with stripes, trimmed

hair, ivy league look, his eyes moving from Billy to:

OLDER MAN, late 50's white hair, blue-eyed New York Irishman. A suburban insurance agent, rumpled suit, an anxious look on his face. Moving towards BILLY fast:

**FATHER**

Billy!

FATHER AND SON embrace; the father's left hand grabbing Billy's arm tightly as if never to let go.

**BILLY**

Dad!

leaves HAMIDOU looks on, intrigued by the Father and Son; silently, closing the door.

moistening. FATHER looks into his son's eyes, his own eyes He looks tired, pain all over his face.

BILLY looks down.

**BILLY**

Dad...I'm...

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

**FATHER**

(voice quivering)

...Don't worry about it.

(managing a smile)

I can punch you in the nose later. Right now we've got to get you out of here. You all right?

**BILLY**

(eyes moistening)  
Yeah. How's Mom?

**FATHER**

Bad. She couldn't make the trip.  
You know Her boy...  
(breaks off)  
Susan told us before we got your  
letter. She's fine; she's trying  
to get the money to come back and  
see you, but...

**BILLY**

No, don't let her! I'll... How  
about Peg? Robbie?

**FATHER**

Same. None of the neighbors know.  
We told them you were in a hospital  
in Europe. Oh... this is Stanley  
Davis. He's the American Consul  
here... And Necdit Yesil, the lawyer  
you wanted...

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

**DAVIS**

(shaking hands)  
Hello, Billy.

**BILLY**

Hello.

handshake  
question:

The professional smile from the Consul, but in the  
and the eye contact, BILLY is cool. The unanswered  
Where were you before my father arrived?

**DAVIS**

I want you to know we're going to  
do everything, in our power to get  
you out as soon as possible. Believe  
me.

**BILLY**

Thank you.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

spirits,

YESIL moves forward. unctuous. bubbling with high

profusely shaking BILLY's hand, exuding confidence in fractured English,

**YESIL**

Vilyum, I am Necdit Yesil.

**BILLY**

Mr. Yesil.

**YESIL**

I know exactly what you feel but you must not worry, we are acting immediately, we get the right court, the right judge, I arrange everything - just right. And I think we get you bail. If very bad, maybe twenty month sentence... But I think we get you bail...

Pause, BILLY looks at him wondering how to take him in.

**YESIL**

(reassuringly)

You know I have lectured at the University of Maryland in your country? Also University Michigan Very nice country. We both go back.  
(smiles)

**BILLY**

(trying to concentrate)

If I get bail, Mister Yesil, they say it's easy to cross the border into Greece?

**FATHER**

(pacing up, hungry)

Right! That's what we're shooting for. Mister Davis and have been in contact with the State Department, but right now relations with the Turks aren't too good, Nixon's upset the hell out of them. Our best bet's... right here.

**BILLY**

Dad...

(pauses, glances at Davis and Yesil, embarrassed)

I'll pay you back for all this, I

Promise.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

**FATHER**

Don't worry about it. Right now  
money doesn't count. Okay?

to  
the  
A pause. YESIL Shifts, Throats are cleared. BILLY moves  
sit down, limping faintly; he is wearing sneakers and  
bruises don't show.

**FATHER**

Where'd you get that limp?

**BILLY**

(not wanting to  
alarm him)  
Nothing. Just twisted my ankle.

Sits down at the conference TABLE.

**BILLY**

Where you staying, Dad?

**FATHER**

(pulls up a seat  
next to Billy)  
The Hilton.

**BILLY**

How do you like it? Istanbul?

**FATHER**

Well, it's an interesting place...  
(lowers his voice,  
a hint of a smile)  
Tell you the truth, I think the  
food is lousy. The crap they sell  
in these little restaurants. I  
went out to eat in one of them  
last night, and I had to run to  
the damn toilet... You shoulda'  
seen the toilet.

BILLY laughs.

**BILLY**

You mean you got toilets?



FATHER is happy to see his son laugh.

**FATHER**

Yeah, with real toilet paper - and  
you don't have to use both sides.

BILLY laughs again.

**FATHER**

So now I'm eating at the Hilton  
every night.

BILLY smiles. A pause. A worried look returns to the  
Father's face

**FATHER**

Why'd you do it, Billy?

**BILLY**

For the money...  
(Looks away)

**FATHER**

(sighs)  
I know you kids smoke that stuff,  
and we drink booze, but taking it  
across a border - it was stupid,  
Billy. Stupid.

**BILLY**

I know.

Glances at DAVIS, YESIL back to his father, his voice  
beginning to tremble, ashamed of himself for letting it  
show.

**BILLY**

Dad get me out of here.

in ANOTHER ANGLE. The FATHER understands the desperation  
his voice, puts his hand on his son's.

FATHER I promise you, Billy. Just sit tight and don't..  
DON'T do anything stupid. Let me work with Mr. Yesil

and Mr. Davis. We'll get you out... Okay? Billy, okay?

kindly All the assurance of the world is written in this  
Irishman's face.

BILLY feels it.

CORRIDOR  
BILLY being led by TWO GUARDS down a huge arched  
in the COURTROOM BUILDING.

**BILLY**

Okay.

**CUT:**

**PROSECUTOR VOICE (OVER)**

THE world is now looking at Turkey.  
We are called the Heroin Supplier  
of the world. Stories about us  
are in newspapers and on television  
every day all around the world.  
The time has come, your Honor, to  
alter this image before we find  
ourselves isolated and morally  
ostracized by the rest of the human  
race...

cross-  
THE COURTROOM - monolithic, frightening, immense with  
currents of greenish light from the enormous windows.  
People seem insignificant.

THE PROSECUTOR, wearing dark green glasses, continues,  
scowling, gesturing profusely at:

pin-  
BILLY in the PRISONERS DOCK, baroque design, isolated.  
Doesn't understand a thing, Erich's extra-large blue  
striped suit makes him look rather absurd.

about.  
HIS FATHER, CONSUL DAVIS, YESIL and ANOTHER LAWYER are  
seated together at the defence table conferring in low  
tones with each other. YESIL looks over at BILLY with a  
big reassuring grin, nods his head - nothing to worry

makes  
a  
TURKISH GIRL from the Press with a yellow legal pad,  
notes in the Spectator Gallery. Her legs flare out from  
short skirt.

BILLY pries his eyes away to:

on  
other  
in  
at

PROSECUTOR continuing in front of the THREE JUDGES high  
an Alice in Wonderland podium wearing long black robes  
with scarlet collars. One of the Judges is bald, the  
has his eyes closed, could be asleep. The CHIEF JUDGE  
the middle has a sagging somewhat kindly face and short  
grey hair. A YOUNG MAN below the podium, is clacking  
an ancient typewriter on a small table.

**PROSECUTOR VOICE (OVER)**

(continuous)

...We must alter this image by  
punishing only our own drug  
smugglers-but by handing out  
foreigners who infest our culture  
with their depravity ungodly and  
behavior. We must start now - by  
sentencing this American, Vilyum  
Hi-yes, to the maximum sentence  
for smuggling, to be held up to  
the light of the world as an example  
of Turkish justice and its intention  
to halt the drug trade once and  
for all.. .I ask the Court therefore  
to sentence Vilyum Hi-yes to Life  
Imprisonment.

He sits, staring malignantly at BILLY.

THE JUDGES rise.

**JUDGE**

Thank you, Prosecutor. The Court  
will now recess to consider its  
verdict.

The JUDGES exit.

people

ANOTHER ANGLE, General commotion in the courtroom as  
move about. The FATHER and DAVIS and the OTHER LAWYER  
consult among themselves, the FATHER vigorously nodding  
his head. YESIL approaches BILLY.

BILLY leans forward anxiously in the dock.

**BILLY**

What'd the Prosecutor say?

**YESIL**

(hurried)

It's not important, just technical things. We make our case. You were very good, you spoke well. The Judge like you. It look good. Don't worry.

**BILLY**

(pressing)

Did you ask for bail?

hurries

But YESIL is called over by the other LAWYER and off. A SOLDIER comes over and sits BILLY down.

**CUT:**

THE CHIEF JUDGE puts on his glasses, stands to read the verdict.

YESIL, standing with the OTHERS, motions BILLY to rise.

BILLY rises, tense.

FATHER looks over at him, manages a reassuring smile.

JUDGE continuing, after preliminaries:

**JUDGE**

The Defendant has been found guilty by the Court of the illegal possession of Hashish...

PROSECUTOR, his expression souring, makes a gesture of defeat. We wanted a conviction for smuggling, not possession.

BILLY, not understanding sees the Prosecutor's gesture, and a hint of hope crosses his expression.

JUDGE puts the paper away, looks at BILLY directly.

**JUDGE**

...Therefore. this court sentences you, Vilyum Hi-yes to be imprisoned at Sagamilcar Prison for a term of four years and two months. This Case is now closed.

he  
looking  
concerned  
Billy.

BILLY looking at the JUDGE doesn't understand. Thinks  
might be free. But suddenly TWO SOLDIERS move in, and  
start chaining his hands together. He is bewildered,  
at:  
YESIL hastily conferring with Billy's FATHER, more  
about making a good impression with him than with  
Billy.

**YESILF**

Four years, two months. It's good.

**FATHER**

(stunned)

Four years!

**YESIL**

(quickly)

We appeal it.

BILLY watching this, a lost look.

who  
continues on:

FATHER is too shocked to do anything but look at YESIL

**YESIL**

You will see, he will have maybe  
one year taken off this sentence  
for good behaviour. Remember, it  
is only for possession; the  
prosecutor wanted life sentence  
for smuggling...

(a smile)

To be honest Mr. Hayes, it is a  
great victory!

BILLY is forcibly removed from the DOCK - in chains.

**CUT:**

THE FATHER, in the same CONFERENCE ROOM,

**FATHER**

(embarrassed)

...With good time Billy it works  
out to about 3 years... then there's  
the appeal. Yesil, Davis, they're

all working for you We're going to  
try to make a deal to get you  
transferred to a Stateside prison.  
And Davis thinks there might be a  
political amnesty any month...

Stops. Knows it sounds bad.

BILLY looks down.

**FATHER**

Look - I know it sounds tough,  
Billy, but we're gonna get you  
out...

FATHER grips BILLY by the arm hard.

**FATHER**

...I promise you, but I don't want  
you to get stupid again. Pull  
anything. They can play with your  
sentence.

BILLY nods, acquiescent.

**FATHER**

(his voice starting  
to crack)  
I'm putting \$500 in the bank for  
you. Anything you need you write...

the BILLY nods. His FATHER points to a stack of ITEMS on  
conference table, picks up a cigarette carton.

**FATHER**

There's food, candy, writing paper,  
soap, books...

(his eyes start to  
water)  
...cigarettes, soap, tooth-brush,  
there's... Jesus!

(cracks, throws  
down the cigarette  
carton)  
I been writing insurance policies  
on people for thirty goddamn  
years...

(laughs and cries  
at the same time)  
And now I gotta see my own  
son...Jesus! Jesus! If I could be

where you are Billy, I'd be there...  
Goddamn Jesus! These bastards.

HUGS HIS SON BILLY is on the verge of tears.

**BILLY**

**DAD!**

**FATHER**

Oh Jesus!  
(sobbing)

HAMIDOU enters the room. A morbid curiosity in his expression about this show of grief. Watches a few moments, then indicating the visit is over, he taps his falaka stick lightly a few times on the hollow door. THWACK!  
THWACK!

FATHER breaks the embrace with BILLY, tears streaking his cheeks. Silently indicates for him to "Go, go Fast."

BILLY goes, past HAMIDOU

FATHER shaking his finger at HAMIDOU

**FATHER**

You take good care of my boy, you hear, or I'll have your fucking head, you Turkish bastard!

It sputters out of his mouth, senseless to:

HAMIDOU who closes the door. He has an angry glint in his eye.

**CUT:**

BILLY lies on his bunk at night deeply depressed, paler.  
Candlelight flutters softly against the stone walls. A PHOTO of SUSAN taken outdoors with a mountain range in the background, is on his wall with various SOAP CARVINGS of little chess piece she has designed.

sound  
on  
Express.

In the distance, very faintly coming upwards into our consciousness we hear a TRAIN WHISTLING in the night, an old railroad track bypassing the prison walls. Two whistles. Chugging. Then passing off. The Midnight

**BILLY'S VOICE**

Dear Susan. 1970 has now passed into 1971. You can drift in here and never know you're gone. You can fade so far out and you don't know where you are anymore or where anything else is...

revealing

The CAMERA DRIFTS around the SECOND STORY KOGUS the sleepers: ERICH, BELL, MAX...

**BILLY'S VOICE**

(continuous)

I find loneliness is a physical pain which hurts all over; you can't isolate it in one part of your body. I so much need your softness, your strength. I have your letters. They charge me, give me courage. News about amnesty and getting out - tangled, complicated...

Kogus,

The CAMERA LINGERS on ZIAT in a far corner of the top bunk, against a wall. Never secure, he shuffles in his sleep.

**VOICE**

...I feel myself drifting more heavily into smoking hashish. The haze helps the time pass. Also I do soap carvings. Erich taught me. And I have been learning Turkish because it helps me to deal with the guards and the prisoners. I'm trying hard to maintain some sort of schedule to my life, but sometimes it seems like I'm just trying in order to try...

the

ZIAT is evidently awake he pulls his RADIO over into



watching, bed, and peering around to make sure no one is  
the here moves the screws from the back of it, pulls off  
colored cover and puts in a sheaf of large denomination GERMAN  
MARKS: inside we briefly glimpse a wad of different-  
CURRENCIES stacked with rubber bands.

**CUT:**

and COURTYARD. Volleyball game in progress. ERICH is tall  
is plays with dexterous grace. BILLY is fast, agile. BELL  
muscular, intense, his hits power-packed.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

(continuous)

... In the daytimes we sometimes  
play volleyball against the big  
Turkish gangsters...

this THE THREE they play against are hilarious looking in  
arms context, moving like big clumsy bears, waving their  
conscious and screaming at each other, disorganized. Ever  
play of fashion, they have their jackets and vests off but  
in their Elvis Presley shirts rolled up at the sleeves,  
shiny slacks, black pointed pumps. The boys wear shorts  
and sneakers. On the sidelines we see a group of  
PRISONERS laying bets and shouting encouragement.

over BILLY leaps up for a ball close to the net and as the  
TURKISH OPPONENT backs off, he dinks the ball in just  
the net; the Turk SCREAMS his teammates scream at him.

**CUT:**

really BELL goes up for another ball close to the net and  
SMASHES it with all his might, and:

BALL bangs right into the eye of a TURK who flails his  
arms and SCREAMS with pain, very theatrical.

**CUT:**

wearing THE SAME TURK now swaggers around the COURTYARD,  
sunglasses so no one will see his black eye.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

...To the Turks all foreigners are  
"ayip" - unclean, dirty. We don't  
shave our under-arms or around our  
crotch...

out BELL across the pointyard grins at him and points him  
to BILLY, and ERICH.

**BILLY VOICE**

(continuous)

Even the yoga I sometimes do is  
"ayip" - too suggestive...

THE TURK scowls back at BELL, huddles menacingly with  
another TURK.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

(continuous)

And you're never supposed to eat  
with your left hand. You know why?  
Because that's what they use to  
wipe their asses with instead of  
toilet paper. And yet they hate  
pigs. There are no pigs in Turkey.  
They're considered dirty...

BELL, smirking at the Turk, turns and walks away.

**BILLY VOICE**

(continuous)

So is homosexuality. That's a big  
crime here but most of them do it  
every chance they get. There are  
about a thousand things that are  
"ayip". But they're really so  
hypocritical, like children breaking  
the rules. For instance...

Suddenly a CRY OFF and:

and THE TURK runs up, pulling a sharp SHIV from his pants,  
using the cloth as a handle he repeatedly STABS BELL in  
of the ass and backs of his thighs. One, two, three, four,  
five QUICK STABS, like a cook hammering veal. In spite  
its violence, the action seems like slapstick.  
BELL tumbles to the ground, crying out.  
FRIENDS, THE TURK stashes the shiv and disappears among his  
his honor restored.  
BILLY and ERICH run over to help BELL who is obviously  
more in pain than in danger.

**BILLY VOICE**

(continuous)

...You can stab or shoot some body  
the but not above the waist because  
that's intent to kill. So everybody  
runs around stabbing everyone else  
in the ass. That's what they call  
'Turkish revenge'. There's also a  
lot of "Baksheesh" that's a favorite  
Turkish word for bribery...

gangster LONG SHOT - HAMIDOU and ASLAN the young fat Turkish  
together pointed out previously by Erich, are taking tea  
in the FIRST STORY KOGUS alone except for ZIATR and  
Hamidou's two FAT SONS, 7 and 8 years old, both dressed  
in little suits listening politely as Hamidou gestures to  
after them, in couched terms. The voices are distant and,  
a few beats, UNDER BILLY'S VOICE:

**HAMIDOU**

Unfortunately my youngest son Arief  
is having problems with his teeth;  
he needs braces, but dentists are  
so expensive these days

**ASLAN**

(patting Arief on  
the head)

Poor kid... You know I have a  
friend, a very good friend; he's a  
dentist; maybe he could get you

some braces at a... reasonable price.

**HAMIDOU**

(protesting with his hands, shaking his head)

Oh, no...it's out of the question...wouldn't want to ask your friend...

**ASLAN**

Yes. Please! As a favour... I insist

They go on, each protesting.

**BILLY VOICE**

(continuous)

Hamidou hints that he needs new braces for one of his sons. Aslan of course has a friend who's a dentist. They bullshit for half an hour and Hamidou finally accepts the "Baksheesh" in return...

COURTYARD  
yard.

A BURLAP BAG comes flying over the WALL of the late at NIGHT. Then another comes over, lands in the one is around.

**BILLY VOICE**

(continuous)

Dope and all kinds of shipments get delivered to Aslan, who resells it through his runners. People like Ziat. But one night, it backfired...

rips

A THIRD BAG comes over, gets caught on a hooknail and right open. HUNDREDS of yellow PILLS spill out.

**CUT:**

PRAYER

COURTYARD. The SUN is just coming up in the East. can be heard in the distance. Thousands of bombers are scattered all over the courtyard.

**BILLY VOICE**

(continuous)

There were thousands of yellow nambutols. Aslan as usual had the privilege of going into the courtyard before anybody else to pick up his stuff but...

ASLAN arguing vehemently with a GUARD, in his ragged uniform, who won't open the cell of the FIRST FLOOR

KOGUS

into the courtyard.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

(continuous)

...it happened to be a new guard that day and he didn't understand the system.

**GUARD**

No. It's too early.

**ASLAN**

Open the fucking Gate, you asshole! Do you know who I am? You want to get in trouble!

**GUARD**

(angry)

Hey, I your mother! Get back to your bunk.

ASLAN, red in the face, steps back, suddenly pulling out a little REVOLVER. He promptly shoots the GUARD in both legs and stalks back towards his bunk.

**CUT:**

PRISONERS rushing out into the COURTYARD, scrambling for the windfall of free nambutols.

THE PRISON DIRECTOR, A balding unimpressive looking man in a western suit, is calling up the circular stone STAIRS to the second story Kogus from the first story. With him are several GUARDS, equally reluctant to move forward.

Hamidou

is absent.

**PRISON DIRECTOR**

Aslan...be reasonable. Come down  
and talk.

**ASLAN (OFF)**

(from second story)  
You come up here and talk!

**PRISON DIRECTOR**

(not moving)  
Aslan... if you give up the gun,  
you can keep the bullets

**BILLY'S VOICE**

(continuous)  
A week later Aslan had a new gun...

fashioned  
A PHOTOGRAPHER, seedy looking, readies a big old  
box of a CAMERA. He snaps the shutter on:

**BILLY'S VOICE**

...I know all this must sound crazy  
to you, but this place is crazy...

**CUT:**

ASLAN and a group of FELLOW GANGSTERS, all impeccably  
dressed and grinning for camera, fresh from their  
victory.

CAT  
BILLY, ERICH, MAX, form their own group; in contrast to  
the Turks, none of them are smiling, MAX has his YOUNG  
in hand. The PHOTOGRAPHER is lining up his shot,  
posing  
them like actors.

**BILLY**

(continuous)  
Everything is "sula-bula" which  
means "like this, like that" - you  
never know what will happen. One  
day one of the new kids was raped  
in the children's kogos, so they  
picked out six of the worst kids...

COURTYARD. GUARDS pull out SIX KIDS by the ears from a  
line-up.

**CUT:**

CLOSE KID being pinned onto his back on the floor in  
CHILDREN'S KOGUS: then he is bent over double by a  
wooden bench; and TWO GUARDS sit on each end of the bench,  
holding him down. A silence,

HAMIDOU appears in a hat and mohair suit with narrow  
lapels, accompanied by his two little fat SONS, also in their  
Sunday best. With a ceremonious solemnity, HAMIDOU takes off  
his jacket, hat, vest, hands them to his sons.

BILLY watches through the WINDOW with OTHER PRISONERS.

HAMIDOU is passed a falaka stick. He raises it high in  
the air and begins to whack at the buttocks, legs, and  
feet of the SCREAMING KID.

other ANOTHER ANGLE - On this cue, the five GUARDS on the  
benches begin whacking away; the KIDS squirm, scream,  
brace struggle but the GUARDS sitting on the of the benches  
immediate their legs farther apart to keep their balance, In  
background, the other KIDS watch, scared.

stare THE TWO SONS with wide-eyed but passive expressions,  
at their father at work.

HAMIDOU beating his VICTIM, screams out:

**HAMIDOU**

**PIS! PIS!**  
("Obscene, filthy")

Then stops.

**BILLY WATCHES AS:**

HAMIDOU is handed back his vest, jacket and hat by his  
if SONS: Puts them on ever so neatly and leads them off as  
on a Sunday stroll leaving the CRYING behind. On their

backs, we hear, placidly:

**HAMIDOU**

You see Mamur, Mamet - what happens  
when you're not a good boy.

**BILLY VOICE**

(continuos)

Then there's Ziat. The more I  
know of him...

**CUT:**

ZIAT  
TEN DOLLAR BILL exchanging HANDS. The dirty nails of  
it clutch the bill, waving it to the candlelight to see if  
is authentic his milky white EYE across the BILL. He  
is next to his bunk at night.

**BILLY VOICE**

...the more hate him.

MAX and BILLY are next to him, MAX eagerly gouging with  
his knife into a small bar of SOAP:

Brings  
PULLS out a ball of HASHISH inside, neatly concealed.  
it up to his NOSE, sniffing.

stoned.  
ANOTHER ANGLE - BILLY is watching with glazed eyes -  
looking Approving of the \$10, tucks it into his belly cloth  
over and scowling at:

of  
MAX'S YOUNG CAT on his bunk scratching playfully at one  
his wool sweaters.

ANOTHER ANGLE MAX holding the ball of hash:

**MAX**

Ten dollars for this shit? You  
greedy one-eyed git.

**ZIAT**

NO! Is good!  
(gets his English  
wrong)



Me good shit.  
(Meaning my shit is  
good)

**MAX**

No! You big shit!

ZIAT thinking MAX is correcting his English, nods and repeats:

**ZIAT**

Yeah! Efe big shit.

BILLY and MAX snigger and ZIAT realizes they are making fun of him. He hates that and suddenly reaches over

and:

**ZIAT**

**JAAAASH!**

SHAKES THE CAT hard off his bunk. A SQUEAL from the

cat.

MAX surprised, glares at Ziat.

**MAX**

You asshole!

Then hurries after it, calling its name...

**MAX**

Hikmet come here boy. Hikmet

ZIAT shrugs. So what?

**BILLY**

(irritated)

What is it with you man, what the hell is it?

**ZIAT**

Cat, ah! Ayip!

**BILLY**

You're ayip!

**ZIAT**

(glares at him,  
then lets it go)

Look, you don't fuck with me, I don't fuck with you, right?

**BILLY**

But you fuck with me. You fuck with me all the time. You make crummy tea. You rip us off on the hash.

**ZIAT**

(amused)

I make special tea for you, Hiyes, okay? We've to live like brothers. We have to be in here together.

**BILLY**

(tired of it)

Oh shove it, Ziat for all the money you have, you have nothing!

and ZIAT grins, shrugs, squats and fiddles with his keys footlocker.

**ZIAT**

You 'Merican. You don't know.

BILLY watches, repulsed and fascinated.

**BILLY**

Know what?

**ZIAT**

Was..

(makes gesture with his fingers)

...seven years old. I was on street in Suk. Buy. Sell. No family to take care. I learn.

**BILLY**

Learn what?

ZIAT shrugs. He thinks BILLY is an idiot.

**ZIAT**

Dog eat dog, Hi-yes. You fuck other man before he fuck you.

(grins)

And you must fuck last.

**BILLY**

That's a great philosophy.

**ZIAT**

(shakes his head)  
You 'Merican. You don't know.

but  
calls  
MAX has followed his cat down to the end of the floor  
it has run up into a rafter which he cannot reach. He  
up.

**MAX**  
Here Hikmet! Come down here boy!  
Hikmet...

RAFTER Nothing.

Max gives up.

**MAX**  
Sodding cat!

He shuffles off back to his bunk.

his  
THE CAT is back on ZIAT'S BUNK - NIGHT scratching with  
paw around the radio. of the neck, hard. Suddenly he is  
GRABBED by the scruff of the neck, hard.

**CUT:**

BILLY jerks up from his bunk as he the hears a loud,  
piercing SCREECH, OFF, echoing through the Kogus. Then  
silence.

**CUT:**

the  
large  
Kitchen  
It  
followed  
ZIAT, industrious as always, is preparing his tea on  
three burners of the small bottled gas' stove in THE  
KITCHEN, FIRST FLOOR Kogus; needless to say the area is  
filthy with scraps all over the floor, cats and two  
wooden eating tables occupied by some PRISONERS. The  
opens up in background into a WASHING ROOM with SINK.  
is EARLY MORNING - Muslim CHANTING OFF,  
THREE TURKISH PRISONERS walk in, talking (AD LIB),  
by MAX stoned, who shuffles over to the table, about to

sit, sees something.

HIS CAT, dead stabbed, and lying there neglected in the corner, just another scrap ready to be swept out.

however,  
ZIAT calmly pours the tea for the table, paying MAX no attention, an excellent actor. Prominently seated,  
is a GUARD.

nothing;  
MAX quietly glares at ZIAT and the Guard but says  
it he has been in prison long enough to know how to hold  
in.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

corpse  
MAX - silently walks over and gently picks up the  
in his arms, starts to walk out.

**CUT:**

BILLY listening impassively to:

YESIL the lawyer. They are in a booth in the VISITING CAMBER. Bars separate prisoner and visitor.

**YESIL**

(smiling)

The new American Ambassador here is following your case very closely. He says there is progress. But there is another route that is quite possible...

(lowers his voice  
and leans close)

...For the proper amount of money it is possible I can convince certain officials to lose track of your papers before the High Court in Ankara confirms the sentence of the Lower Court in Istanbul... You would not exist; and you could be in Greece by the time the Turkish courts discovered a stupid clerical mistake...But I have to act before the official sentence is handed down, and for that I must pay certain officials in advance...

explaining  
OUT

BILLY closes his eyes as YESIL'S VOICE drones on,  
the details, the cast, the simplicity Of it, FADING

**UNDER:**

50

BILLY walking the COURTYARD counting his paces 48, 49,  
Turns, goes back.

**SUSAN'S VOICE**

...My dearest Billy. I know it is long and it is hard for you, but your family and I are thinking about you all the time. I am trying hard to make enough money nights to come and see you. Your father says that lawyer Yesil wants another \$2000. I know you distrust him more and more, but your father wants to do everything he can, and he is borrowing all he can on the mortgage of the house. Money seems to be the only way out of there. Except of course the other way...

candle

BILLY, MAX and BELL (bandaged around the ass from the stabbing) are huddled around BELL's BUNK late NIGHT  
burning, a sheet sealing off some of the kogus. Bell furtively looks around, pulling out and elaborately unfolding a set of DRAWINGS from a pack of letters.

**SUSAN'S VOICE**

(continuous)

...But I cannot say I am for it. Nor are your parents. They consulted the priest, and he said to send you money for that reason would be like sealing your death.

**BELL**

(excited)

The blueprints!

**MAX**

To what?

**BELL**

The prison, man. There was this German cat an architect in the

hospital. He was helping the Turks  
build some shit round the place.  
I laid some bread on him and he  
let me copy them.

sideways.  
BILLY, puzzled, turns the drawings upside-down,

dots,  
THE DRAWINGS are a lunatic mess of scrambled lines,  
crosses.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

other  
MAX and BILLY, trying to follow the map, look at each  
dubiously.

**MAX**

Too bad you didn't have a machine.

**BELL**

(intent)

There's two ways out I figger -  
over the roof, but that's only one  
person, maybe two. The other way  
is Under.

**BILLY**

Tunnel?

**BELL**

(grins)

It's already built! There's a  
basement substructure where they  
used to keep weapons and stuff,  
but beneath that there's these old  
catacombs that the Christians built  
'bout a thousand fucking years ago  
to bury their dead. We're sitting  
right on top of it -- here.

the  
INSERT DRAWING, illustrating roughly the structure of  
prison. His FINGER tracing, bubbling with nervous  
enthusiasm.

**BELL (OVER)**

The Kraut said there's a whole  
bunch of hollow sealed shafts sort  
of like dumbwaiters running along  
this wall; one of them is right in

there, right next to our shower.  
We get in there, he says, we can  
get down into the catacombs. With  
three of us working....

(stops)

funny

MAX is standing, tapping on the wall, listening, a  
look on his face.

**MAX**

Gotta be here someplace. Thought  
I heard a couple of dead Christians  
singing down there.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

**BELL**

(irritated)

Stop shitting me, man!

**BILLY**

(trying to be serious)

But how would you get into the  
shaft, Jimmy?

**MAX**

I suppose you knock three times  
and ask for St. Peter.

**BELL**

(turning on Max)

Hey! I'm getting this together  
man and I don't need no fucking  
Gastro-head along on this trip!

(a fierce look at

Max then back to

Billy)

We go through the wall.

**BILLY**

(a resigned look on  
his face)

We go through the wall?

**MAX**

(quite sure Bell is  
out of his skull)

We go through the wall.

BELL between BILLY and MAX walking in the COURTYARD  
continuing intently:

**BELL**

...The Kraut was right! I checked it out - there's no reinforced steel in those bath walls. They're real soft from underground seepage--

Lowers  
them.

BELL reaches the wall, turns around and continues his voice occasionally as other PRISONERS intersect

**BELL**

(gesturing profusely)  
--the water like "'weeps" through the cement, see. Twenty, thirty years, you can almost push it over. All we do is use Gastrohead's screwdriver here and scrape the mortar out. Pull out 2, 3 stones, squeeze through, put 'em back, and get our ass down the shaft, It's a two night operation, maybe three.

**MAX**

And what do you do when you in the catacombs?

**BELL**

The catacombs? Whaddya want, a door? There's miles of em like a sewer system but they got to come up someplace in Istanbul.

Max is fed up with it now, no longer joking.

**MAX**

You gotta be fucking crazy! You got stabbed in the ass once too much, sweetheart, cause you're gonna end up in Section 13, that's what - not the 'catacombs.

**BILLY**

Section 13?

**MAX**

(looking at Bell)  
Yeah, for the criminally insane.  
(looks at Billy)  
I was there once for two weeks and



it ain't an illusion. It's awful.  
Namidou runs it like a death camp,  
that's where he spends most of his  
time...

**BILLY**

Where is it?

**MAX**

I don' t know. It's someplace down  
in there....

(points at the ground)

..deep.. A big door...a wheel....

His eyes go back in time, haunted, vague breaks off.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

**BELL**

(low-keyed)

Hey, you know what's gonna get us  
out of here? It's not a map, Max.  
It's our balls. You know what I  
mean...

(straight at Max,  
Billy, very sincere,  
his eyes almost  
watering)

...I gotta get laid man, I don't  
know 'bout you guys, but if I don't  
get it on soon, I'm... I'm not  
gonna make it.

**MAX**

(under his breath)

Shit.

**BELL**

Billy?

**BILLY**

...The roof sounds better to me  
than digging through a wall. Ziat's  
round there all the time. But the  
roof....

(looks up)

P.O.V. - THE ROOF, its edges visible over the  
courtyard.

BILLY shakes his head.

**BILLY**

The bullet percentage is awful high.

A pause. BILLY looks away from BELL'S stare.

**BILLY**

If I get caught, Jimmy, I'm facing another months. I'd be back up to 3 years, maybe more...

Looks down.

BELL understands, deeply disappointed.

**BELL**

Well fuck it! Choose your own death, babe, I'm taking the roof out of here!

Bell leaves:

**CUT:**

A LONG DUNGEON CORRIDOR at the end of it, the frame of a small; DOOR, cracks of light at its edges. TRACK IN - of a siren, capture and now BEATING - heavy beating behind that door. CLOSER we reach it. The door FLIES OPEN and HAMIDOU is glimpsed lighting a cigarette. Like a surreal dream, his hand holding the match has a thick LEATHER THONG bound around its knuckles and blood speckled on his fingers.

A BLUR of foreground movement a GUARD coming out the door - dragging:

BELL by the hair across the floor. His face contorting in agony.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

Dear Susan. Poor Jimmy was caught and beaten so badly he got a severe hernia and lost a testicle. He's

been in the hospital for months  
having operations..

**CUT:**

**CLOSE BILLY'S TOOTH BEING PULLED**

**BILLY VOICE**

(continuous)

...In comparison my problems seem  
very small. But two and a half  
years have now gone by, and in  
their own fashion, the Turks are  
slowly draining my life away...

WIDEN to a STONE CHAMBER and a crazy looking DENTIST in  
a  
filthy long white smock, puffing on a cigarette holder,  
his ashes falling over Billy as he works his mouth. A  
motorized drill is plugged into the wall, adjacent a  
filthy  
spittoon covered with blood; dried blood is spattered  
liberally around the chamber.

BILLY spits out the blood and looks in the mirror.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

...I have problems with my stomach  
and my leg muscles feel very weak.  
My gums seem to be shrinking and  
they sometimes bleed when I massage  
them... They've pulled five of my  
teeth...

Suddenly he starts SHOUTING angrily in TURKISH. The  
DENTIST  
screams back at him. AD LIB.

THE DENTIST still screaming, leans BILLY back in the  
chair  
and looks in his mouth.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

(continuous)

...sometimes they null the wrong  
one...

**CUT:**

BILLY is washing himself in his undershorts at the SINK

of  
a  
lingering

with ERICH; the hot water is on full blast and billows  
vapor fill the small stone room, like a sauna. He pours  
pitcher full of hot water over his head; his eyes  
on:

some

THE STONES of the wall with their cracked moldings;  
areas are noticeably darker than others - Bell's "wet  
spots", the alternate escape route.

**BILLY VOICE**

(continuous)

...even my dreams don't seem to  
work any more. Because the outside  
doesn't seem real any more. It's  
not even a fantasy...because there  
is no fantasy.

ERICH uses a coarse washing sponge on BILLY's back.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

(continuous)

Even masturbation has become boring.  
It teaches you, like the rest of  
prison life, to seal up your  
emotions, and this is the greatest  
danger, this is what makes so many  
of the men change into something  
monstrous...

Billy  
for

EYES of the ARABS peer through the musky vapors at  
and Erich; they loll about the door curious, lecherous  
their bodies.

**CUT:**

KOGUS.

ERICH massaging BILLY on his bunk in the SECOND STORY

**BILLY VOICE**

(continuous)

It is Erich who has taught me how  
it is to be conscious, to channel  
and direct my energy. He has  
convinced me to stop smoking  
hashish, he is the calmest man I

have ever known. If you don't control your energy in here it can blow you apart like with Bell. And you can't waste it either. You have to weigh up every one of your actions - for and against. Too little sex, too much sex either will throw you off balance...

ERICH leans forward and kisses a tentative BILLY on the lips. A gentle kiss. They are standing inside the

TOILET

STALL; lower themselves down onto the seat. ERICH looks back over his shoulder, guarding their privacy. It is

late

**NIGHT.**

**BILLY VOICE**

(continuously)

...he has taught me about feelings, and the need to express them. And he has taught me about love...

BILLY closes his eyes, softly - and with hesitation - returns ERICH's caress. Their hands probe each other's bodies.

**BILLY VOICE**

(continuous)

...and what love really is, beyond its physical forms... I think up to now I have only considered my own self, never really another...

**CUT:**

ERICH and BILLY do yoga positions together EARLY

MORNING

fully clothed, in the FIRST FLOOR KOGUS empty space.

ERICH

lies on his belly, his back stiffly arched, feet

raised.

BILLY stands silent, balanced lightly on his feet, his palms pressed together beneath his chin, centering,

eyes

closed.

**BILLY VOICE**

...and now strange as it seems, Susan, without having seen you in

so long I feel myself more inside  
of you than ever before. I feel  
your female mind. I sense you,  
touch you; ...know you; and find  
myself falling more and more...  
in love with you.

arms  
body  
BILLY rises gracefully onto his toes, stretching his  
out above his head. It is the beginning posture, his  
greeting the day.

facing  
looking  
BILLY and ERICH sit silently now in lotus position,  
each other, breathing slowly, relaxing minds still,  
into each other's eyes. Billy closes eyes.

**BILLY**

(chant-like,  
gathering momentum)

A prison a monastery a cloister a  
cave,  
Prison monastery cloister cave,  
Prison monastery cloister cave,  
Prison monastery cloister cave,  
Prison monastery cloister...

SOUND OFF, interrupting the clomp of FOOTSTEPS on the  
**STAIRS.**

ZIAT comes down, staring at the two of them as he goes  
into the KITCHEN to prepare early morning tea.

BILLY's expression changes.

**BILLY**

Prison.

Rises from his position.

**CUT:**

THE SUN flowering up over ISTANBUL.

"Allah  
an  
BILLY rises from his BUNK to the chanting drone of  
Wakbah" OFF, and moving to the closest wall, takes out  
old wet rag.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

Dear Susan. Erich has been transferred to a prison back in Sweden. He has profoundly affected my life and though I am lonely without him I am calmer than ever...

the

BILLY erases out a scraped numeral (54) on the wall and with a chalky piece of rock, inscribes in bold strokes

numeral: 53

**BILLY'S VOICE**

(continuous)

Though I only have 53 days left, I feel I have never been so well adjusted to prison and to living as now....

**BELL (OFF)**

Allah fuck Off!

JIMMY BELL wakes, hearing the perpetual "Allah Wakbah" **CHANT**.

**BELL**

Asina Covaciml.  
(I stick it in his mouth)

He is noticeably pale and weaker than before.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

(continuous)

...Poor Jimmy...

disturbed

BILLY cuts hair in the FIRST FLOOR there with a tight look on his face, work with a pocket mirror. BELL sits inspecting the

**BILLY VOICE**

(continuous)

...Though his health is bad he still won't give up...

GUARD approaching with a slip in hand.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

(continuous)

...He still talks of escape.

THE GUARD hands the slip to BILLY who is pleasantly surprised. A visitor.

BILLY, walking down and turning a CORRIDOR into: in the PRISON, following a GUARD and turning into:

separate

THE VISITING ROOM where the little booths with BARS prisoner and visitor. Behind the grill is the Consul, STANLEY DAVIS. His face is grim and grey. BILLY senses

it

immediately.

**BILLY**

What's wrong?

**DAVIS**

Sit down a moment, Billy. I'm afraid I have some bad news for you.

BILLY sits, tense.

**BILLY**

Something happen to Dad?... Mom?

DAVIS swallows hard, not to say it

**DAVIS**

No... It looks like your going to have a new court.

**BILLY**

What do you mean?

**DAVIS**

The Prosecutor objected to your sentence for possession; he wanted a smuggling conviction and the High Court in Ankara reviewed it.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

**BILLY**

And?

**DAVIS**

We've been notified that they rejected the sentence...

Billy's face drains of all expression.



**DAVIS**

(continuing)

There were 35 judges on the High Court. Twenty eight of them voted for a life sentence.

BILLY'S EYES. Numb, dazed, surreal.

**DAVIS (OFF)**

The Lower Court in Istanbul will have to go along with the decision. The Judge likes you and he'll do the only thing he can do under the law.... . He'll reduce the sentence to thirty years... We're notified... Billy.

and Suddenly he is GRABBED by his ivy-league striped tie his face is yanked up to the bars, his glasses falling off.

BILLY is berserk, his face right up against the bars, GRIPPING Davis tight.

**BILLY**

What do you mean LIFE FOR FOR WHAT!  
**FOR WHAT!**

**DAVIS**

(choking)

Billy! Please!

Commotion OFF as GUARDS run in, HAMIDOU in the lead.

**BILLY**

**FOR WHAT! FOR WHAT!**

The GUARDS try to pry loose BILLY'S strangling grip ON DAVIS' tie.

**BILLY**

**I HAVE FIFTY THREE DAYS LEFT!**

HAMIDOU takes out a KNIFE and cuts the consul's tie in half. DAVIS falls backwards.

BILLY is hauled now. back, still gripping half the tie. He is trembling now.

**BILLY**

**I HAVE FIFTY THREE DAYS LEFT!**

and  
looks

DAVIS is shaken. He has red bar marks across his face  
is absent-mindedly trying to adjust half a tie as he  
at:

BILLY being hauled out by HAMIDOU, SCREAMING something  
indistinct.

**CUT:**

COURTROOM. Same as before.

he  
voice  
speaks, a Turkish TRANSLATOR. drones underneath his  
level:

**BILLY**

...What is the crime? And what is  
the punishment? The answer seems  
to vary from place to place, and  
from time to time. What's legal  
today is suddenly illegal tomorrow  
cause some society says it's so;  
and what's illegal yesterday all  
of a sudden gets legal today because  
everybody's doing it and you can't  
throw everybody in jail. Well I'm  
not saying this is right or wrong.  
It's just the way things are....

YESIL the lawyer; DAVIS the consul.

skirt.  
THE PRESS GIRL from the previous trial in the short

**BILLY**

**BILLY**

(continuous)

But I spent the last three and a  
half years of my life in your prison  
and I think I paid for my error  
and if it's your decision today to  
sentence me to more years, I...  
**I...**

(a break)

You know my lawyers told me 'be

cool  
Billy don't get upset, don't get  
angry, if you're good I can maybe  
get a pardon, an amnesty, an appeal,  
this that and the other thing.'  
Well that's been going down now  
for 35 years...

Looks

YESIL looks over, surprised he is talking like this.  
at DAVIS.

**BILLY.**

**BILLY**

(continuous)

And I've been playing it cool and  
I've been good and now I'm damn  
tired of being good cause you people  
gave me the belief that I had 53  
days left. You hung 53 days in  
front of my eyes and then you took  
those 53 days away, and Mister  
Prosecutor! I just wish you  
could...

PROSECUTOR looks over, through his dark green glasses.

**BILLY (OVER)**

... stand right here where I'm  
standing and feel what that...  
...feels like, cause then you'd  
know something you don't know you'd  
know what means, Mister Prosecutor  
and you'd know the concept of a  
society is based on the quality of  
its mercy means, of its sense of  
fair play, its sense of justice...  
but

(shrugs and scoffs  
at himself)

I guess that's just like asking a  
bear to shit in a toilet...

TRANSLATOR stops, looks puzzled.

**BILLY**

**BILLY**

(same self-mocking  
tone)

For a nation of pigs, it's funny

you don't eat them. Fuck it, give me the sentence. Jesus forgave the bastards, but I can't. I hate you. Nation. I hate your I hate your people. And I fuck your sons and daughters!

Sits down, disgusted; under his breath:

**BILLY**

...cause you're all pigs.

looking

SILENCE in the uncomfortably. courtroom. PEOPLE

at each other DAVIS looks down.

YESIL flips some pages abstractedly.

**TRANSLATOR SCARED:**

**TRANSLATOR**

Would Your honor like me to translate?

THE OLD CHIEF JUDGE, the same one as before Shakes his head.

**JUDGE**

That won't be necessary

foreground  
of

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE JUDGE turns to BILLY in the rises, and unexpectedly crosses his wrists out in front him.

**JUDGE**

(emotionally)

My hands are tied by Ankara!

Makes the gesture of the hands forcefully, with anger.

**TRANSLATOR (OFF)**

My hands are tied by Ankara!

**BILLY WATCHING,**

**JUDGE (OFF)**

I must sentence you, Vilyum Hiyes...

**JUDGE**

**JUDGE**

... to be imprisoned at Sagamilcar  
for a term no less than thirty  
years...Getchmis olsun

**TRANSLATOR (OFF)**

"I must sentence you, Vilyum Hiyes,  
to be imprisoned at Sagamilcar for  
a term no less than years...  
"Getchmis Olsun"

emotion  
TWO  
As he translates, the JUDGE unable to control his  
exits rapidly, not looking at Billy, followed by the

**OTHER JUDGES.**

**TRANSLATOR (OFF)**

"May it pass quickly."

**CUT:**

fates  
through  
THREE OLD GLEANING WOMEN swathed in black like three  
turn from their sweeping as BILLY is led out COURTROOM  
NUMBER SIX down a long stone corridor. Dust floats  
long slanting shafts of yellowish light, like a striped  
leotard dream. BILLY walks, his eyes straight ahead -  
determined.

**SONG OVER (BELL)**

(old Southern blues  
beat, improvised)

"Mmmmm... got the blues babe,  
Got those old Istanbul blues,  
Said Yeah, I got the blues babe  
Got those old Istanbul blues...  
Thirty years in Turkey, babe,  
Ain't got nothing left to lose..."

**CUT:**

his  
BELL sings it, strumming sloppily but with feeling on  
guitar. BILLY lies, his back up, on his BUNK nearby.  
MAX, stoned, sits at the base of the bunk. It is NIGHT.  
The song falters, but MAX now joins in, improvising:

**SONG OVER (MAX AND BELL)**

"Busted at the border  
Two keys in my shoes  
Said I was busted at the border  
with two keys in my shoes  
An they gave me thirty years, babe  
To learn the old Istanbul blues..."

of  
SEVERAL TURKS are partying it up down at the other end  
the SECOND FLOOR KOGUS, playing a "sas" - Turkish type  
guitar, counterpointed by a little drum; the music is  
stridently Turkish, and one of the men does a belly-  
dance  
in underpants with two lemons masquerading as breasts  
under  
his shirt. The LOUD TWANGING of Bell's GUITAR can be  
heard  
OFF, interrupting them. They are annoyed.

BELL leading MAX into the next stanza:

**SONG OVER (MAX AND BELL)**

"I said Lord now save me  
Please save me from this pain"

BILLY, touched - listening, thinking.

**SONG OVER (OVER)**

"I said Lord come and save me,  
Come save me from this pain  
Come set me free sweet Jesus..."

**TURK (OFF)**

Hey knock off that shit music...

guitar,  
TWO TURKS from the party walk up, waving at BELL's  
annoyed.

**TURK**

...We're playing the sas.

**BELL**

(understanding their  
Turkish)  
Omina koyden your sas!  
(Put your sas in your cunt!)

THE TWO TURKS tense, the mood changing.

BELL gets even angrier, puts the guitar aside, ready to  
spring.

**BELL**

...And besides that I fuck Allah  
and I fuck your Muslim mother too...

his

They don't understand but one of them is reaching into  
pants for his shiv.

**BELL**

You got that, shit face? Asina...

**BILLY (OFF)**

**KNOCK IT OFF!**

TURKS

ANOTHER ANGLE BILLY is moving fast between the TWO  
and BELL. A new authority in his voice, and controlled  
anger in his face.

**BILLY**

(to Bell)

Cut it! No more fights.

BELL looks.

**BILLY**

We're getting out of here.

BELL astonished.

**CUT:**

the

BILLY, with Max's little screwdriver and a metal spoon,  
digs hard at the cracks around a dark stone in the SINK  
ROOM, FIRST FLOOR KOGUS. With him is MAX working on

same stone. They are sweating, shirtless, looking back  
over their shoulders at:

BELL guarding the STAIRS.

(about

BILLY works the stucco out, jiggling with the stone  
a nine inch circumference) using his fingers and  
screwdriver. Painful work.

**BILLY'S VOICE**

Dear Susan. It's taken me a long  
time to find out that it's got to  
stop somewhere. I've learned

painfully not to trust the Turks,  
the courts, the lawyers, the Consul,  
the United States Government, and  
not even my loving parents. There  
is only one way out of here.. The  
Midnight Express.

as BILLY kicks with his sneakers at the stone, as silently  
possible. A LOUD NOISE - crumbling dust, stucco.

BELL at the stairs freezes, fearful. Then SILENCE. He  
Runs over.

**MAX, BELL, BILLY.**

**MAX**

(in a whisper)

We're undermining the other stones!

one BELL studies it, pointing to the stone above left the  
that has been loosened.

**BELL**

We gotta take a chance and do that  
one next -

(pointing)

Then pull out this one -

(pointing to the  
one directly left  
of the loosened  
stone, excited)

Just jiggle it, scratch it out,  
loose nit up, it's soft real soft!

BILLY has his head pressed close to the loosened stone.  
Suddenly:

**BILLY**

It's there!

**BELL**

What?

**BILLY**

Listen!

stone. ANOTHER ANGLE - all THREE press their ears to the

A silence. The faintest whisper of WIND and dripping  
'WATER -



BILLY. indicating a shaft of some nature. BELL looks back at

**BELL**

I told you, I told you you cock-suckers! You didn't believe me.

BILLY smiles. MAX reaches over and grabs Bell's face between his hands, kisses him violently.

**MAX**

Fuck me! You beautiful mother, you!

**CUT:**

MAX now on guard at the STAIRS, looks over at:

BELL AND BILLY - with fresh paste putting the finishing touches on the edges of the stone which has been replaced in its original position. Bell's half naked torso reveals a pair of dice with lucky sevens tattooed on his shoulder.

**CUT:**

THE REPLACED STONE. On close inspection, it is apparent that the stucco around it doesn't match the other stones one bit, but as we PULL BACK to see ZIAT washing his tea cups in the SINK during the DAY, this irregularity is lost in the greater mosaic of the wall structure. At least ZIAT doesn't notice as:

BILLY nervously comes into the SINK area, watching him, and calls to him.

**BILLY**

(using Turkish)  
Hey, Ziat, hurry up with the tea will ay!

**ZIAT**

(mutters to himself)

Work, work, work, that's all do

**BILLY**

I don't hear you bitch about the  
money.

BILLY followed by ZIAT into the KITCHEN casts a look of  
relief at:

BELL and MAX who wait at a table with empty tea cups.

**CUT:**

stone  
Both  
A HORDE OF COCKROACHES stream out from a crack in the  
as BILLY and MAX dig, scrape, jiggle the third stone.  
covered with sweat, working with confidence now.

Two  
A DARK EMPTY SHAFT on the other side. Dripping water.  
stones removed.

BELL runs over:

**BELL**

Want me to take over?

**BILLY**

You want to split your hernia again?

**MAX**

Get off our tits!

Bell turns to go. Suddenly a LOUD CRUMBLING NOISE and:

A FOURTH STONE starts to go - but brakes itself.

BILLY, MAX, BELL all framed in a posture of fear -- not  
daring to move.

SECOND STORY KOGUS remains silent.

BELL looks up the STAIRS, tiptoes back, indicating they  
are clear.

MAX AND BILLY. All THREE of them look:

them  
THE THREE A HALF STONE SPACE. Easily big enough for

to squeeze through. BILLY shines a candle in the shaft,  
**OFF.**

eyes.  
THE THREE look at each other. The same thought. Eager  
The TRAIN WHISTLES by in the night, **OFF.**

**BELL**

(sudden)  
Let's go!

head.  
BILLY looks at his watch, hates to do it. Shakes his

**BILLY**

No. No time. Put 'em back.

MAX groans to himself.

**CUT:**

RADIO  
BILLY tense and restless at his BUNK TWILIGHT. A loud  
**OFF - Turkish News.**

**BILLY**

We go early. Any fuck-ups we should  
be back here and have the stones  
in by dawn.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MAX, BELL, AND BILLY. A pause.

**BILLY**

You got your stuff?

**MAX**

Yeah.

**BELL**

(persistent)  
Haps, railroad, bus timetables?

**MAX**

(business-like)  
Everything.

**BILLY**

Okay.  
(looks around the  
group)  
Let's do it.

handed He extends his hands and the other two cross in a six-  
shake.

**CUT:**

MAX signals down the STAIRS - "all clear".

into: BILLY going through the HOLE in the STONES that NIGHT

thick A DARK SHAFT spookily leading downwards. He lights a  
give CANDLE tied horizontally across his sneakers so as to  
P.V.O: him his light source where his footholds are. His

PART DUMBWAITER SHAFT, PART WATER WELL from a previous  
century A series of corrugated mossy old footholds and  
iron spikes lead down at irregular intervals.

**CUT:**

are BILLY, MAX AND BELL, each with their own foot candle,  
at spaced along the shaft easing downwards. BILLY looks up  
MAX about ten feet above.

**BILLY**

Okay?

**MAX**

Yeah!

**BILLY**

Jimmy?

**BELL**

(struggling.)

What?

**BILLY**

How's your hernia?

**BELL**

Don't make me laugh.

BILLY in a sweat, slips. A tense moment - then he catches himself. OFF - the TRAIN WHISTLE can be heard, echoing into the shaft. Mixed suddenly with LOUD TALKING OFF. Arguing in Turkish. BILLY freezes, signals upwards with a sharp hiss of breath.

**VOICE #1 (OFF)**

What do you mean, you forgot, he'll have my ass!

**VOICE #2 (OFF)**

Well I can't do two things at once, you were supposed to be here at nine o'clock!

BILLY identifying the relative location of the voices, eases downwards, coming to a GRILL, looks in at:

A BASEMENT ROOM with FURNACE. TWO TURKISH GUARDS throw the prison rubbish in the furnace, still arguing, AD LIB.

BILLY signals upwards.

REVERSE ANGLE, from inside the basement, of BILLY slipping past the grill, his face sharply illuminated by the flame of the furnace.

Off the walls around the grill we can see the GIANT SILHOUETTES of the two guards still arguing.

BILLY comes to the base of the shaft. A puddle of scummy water. Unstraps the candle. A current of WIND He peers around.

**P.O.V. - A WINDING NARROW CATACOMB, WITH BEEHIVE BURIAL PLACES ON BOTH SIDES.**

BILLY, sniffing the stench, unrolls a ball of THREAD ties it to a marker and heads in.

**CUT:**

hideous

BILLY, BELL and MAX are in the catacomb. A scratchy sound and:

BATS fly out squealing from the ceiling.

THE BOYS hit the ground as BATWINGS flap over them, colliding against each other, knocking off walls, SCREECHING, then diminishing in sound. Fewer and fewer. Then gone.

**MAX**

(looking up, scared)  
Jesus!

BILLY looking up.

**BILLY**

Anybody bitten?

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

**BELL**

Nah, just covered with batshit!

**BILLY**

(getting to his knees)  
They went out over there: must be some kind of exit.

Heads in that direction.

**CUT:**

illuminates:

A HUGE SPIDER scatters off, as BILLY's CANDLE

illuminates:  
ANOTHER ENDLESS WALKWAY. BILLY comes to a stop - frustrated.

**BILLY**

Let's go back the other way.

the

INTERSECTION Two walkways. BELL leads in, unwinding thread, stops.

**BELL**

(desperate)  
The fuck are we?

BILLY comes into view, equally frustrated.

**BILLY**

What time is it?

**MAX**

Two thirty.

ANOTHER MAZE of walkways. The three stop exhausted, faces blackened. BILLY, in utter rage and frustration starts kicking the wall.

**BILLY**

Shit! Shit! Shit!

**MAX**

(slumping to the ground)

It's a dead end. The Turks musta' sealed it up.

**BELL**

What the fuck we gonna do?

SILENCE as the three pathetic escapees ponder their fate.

BILLY, getting a grip on himself, thinking.

**BILLY**

We go back.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

**MAX**

What? You gotta be joking.

**BILLY**

(resolute)

We go back, seal it up again, and come in tomorrow night - every night 'till we get out of here. There's gotta be a way. Those bats got out someplace.

(rises)

Now let's go. Doubletime!

Takes the THREAD and starts to follow it back.

**CUT:**

THE SHAFT. BILLY leads the climbers UP.

MAX reaches a new foothold, stops, getting his breath.  
Looks down at BELL heavy breathing OFF. Urging him on.

**MAX**

You gotta have a lot of balls for  
this

BELL, suffering, can't help but grin.

**BELL**

(murmurs)  
Count me out.  
(to himself, shaking  
his head)  
Who ever heard of anybody sneaking  
back into a fucking jail?

MAX overhearing it.

**MAX**

Yeah, what if got caught?

BELL starts to giggle.

**BILLY (OFF)**

(up the shaft)  
Hey Max, don't make the dummy laugh.

MAX laughing, shaking his head.

**MAX**

(between giggles)  
Who's laughing? I mean I find  
this terribly depressing... Can  
you see old Hamidou's face when he  
tries to figure this one out?

BILLY can't go on, starts to giggle at the thought.

**BILLY**

(between giggles)  
We'll tell him we were checking  
out our escape route. We wanted  
to be completely sure before we  
tried it.



shaft,  
ANOTHER ANGLE - the THREE of them, spaced along the  
are all giggling hysterically. Echoing. HOLD ON them.

**CUT:**

BILLY comes through the HOLE in the stones in the SINK  
AREA. It is still NIGHT. He looks around - silence.  
MAX  
follows through the hole.

**CUT:**

BILLY and MAX work frantically to seal up the STONES.  
BELL, exhausted, is at the STAIRS guarding. Distant  
early morning SOUNDS of prison waking up. We feel they will  
be spotted this time, but:

**CUT:**

BILLY slumps into his BUNK as the first rays of LIGHT  
come up in the sky and the CHANT from the Mosque commences.  
He immediately sinks into sleep.

CLOSE on OLD TEA LEAVES being washed in the SINK. A  
MILKY WHITE EYE follows into view. ZIAT is preparing his  
early morning tea, his good eye now moving to something  
beyond the tea leaves. Curious, he straightens, throwing the  
withered bunch of leaves the sink.

ZIAT approaches the irregular stucco paste around the  
noticing REPLACED STONES; runs his fingers along the ridges,  
the paste is fresh.

BILLY snoring from fatigue. BELL wakes him quickly.

**BELL**

Billy, wake up! They found it!

OFF there is a lot of SHOUTING downstairs.

**BILLY**

Who?

**BELL**

Ziat!

**CUT:**

MAX. BILLY standing in a group of PRISONERS with BELL and  
watches. He has a look of total despair on his face, as he

GUARDS THE SINK. PRISONERS are everywhere jabbering excitedly  
among themselves. ZIAT is conferring with HAMIDOU as  
the rip out the last stone, revealing the HOLE leading to  
**SHAFT.**

him. BILLY's gaze shifts to ZIAT fixing all his hatred on

ZIAT grinning, moves away, and his falaka stick cocked  
like a sergeant major - moves among the prisoners.

**HAMIDOU**

Shut up!

his They all fall immediately silent. HAMIDOU continues  
walk among them, bypassing:

MAX who shifts his gaze onto:

To BILLY. HAMIDOU approaches, his eyes moving over BILLY  
with contempt, and shifting him aside with the stick.

moves him Billy is the same passive prisoner as before. He  
on, shifting OTHERS aside and then stops at:

BELL. HAMIDOU swings his stick up slowly and taps him  
lightly on the chest. BELL realizes and is afraid.

**HAMIDOU**

No do! No do! I tell you I see  
you again.. Finish!

chest

He punctuates this last with a theatrical tap on the  
and he gestures to the GUARDS.

**HAMIDOU**

Take him!

BELL, already broken by bad beatings, shivers.

**BELL.**

No! Oh no! No...

GUARDS grab him, hurry him out the Kogus behind HAMIDOU

BILLY holds himself rigid, trying not to break. Bell's  
PROTESTS continue OFF.

ZIAT,

MAX unable to contain his anger, strides right up to  
collars him, livid.

**MAX**

You bastard! This time I'm gonna  
kick your fucking brains all over  
this kitchen!

**ZIAT**

(calm)

Fine. Good. Man to man. We fight  
now. And when finish I bring  
Hamidou and he kick you fucking  
ass.

MAX is about to swing when BILLY grabs him.

**BILLY**

Max! Cool it!  
(looking at Ziat  
calmly)  
Ziat's just doing his job.

BILLY

ZIAT Glances from BILLY back to MAX fixing on him as  
walks him away.

**CUT:**

MAX is at his BUNK that NIGHT; puts away the hypodermic  
needle, stoned and speeding at the same time, smoking a  
cigarette. BILLY inwardly tense, sits with his head in  
his hands.

**MAX**

Bell's gonna talk. They got to find out. Man, we gotta out.

Tears have formed in his eyes.

**MAX**

Goddamn Gastro's killing me. Making me blind. Hey Billy!

**BILLY**

(sympathetic)

Yeah.

**MAX**

I got some acid man. Maybe we can drop some on the guards huh? In their tea or something.

caught

BILLY looks away, not even considering. But MAX is up in the notion.

**MAX**

Yeah I got it all worked out. Billy, listen to me.  
(looks at Billy,  
his eyes glazed)  
That old guard likes you, You drop some acid on him. When he's Seeing rainbows yer know. walk out - tonight.

**BILLY**

Then we're outside the kogus. Then what?

**MAX**

What?

**BILLY**

After we're outside the kogus?

**MAX**

Oh we... we...

**BILLY**

Max... Your BILLY shirt's on fire...

where

MAX clumsily brushes the burning ash off his shirt

it's made a hole.

**MAX**

Oh shit! Oh Christ!

his

His eyes cloud with tears. He sits down, head between hands.

**MAX**

There just comes a time you know...  
you know you're never going to git  
it on.

Suddenly shifts mood again, stands, pulling out a SHIV,  
resolute, eyes brightening.

**MAX**

That's what I'm gonna do.  
(giggles)

BILLY looks up wondering.

**BILLY**

What?

**MAX**

(crazily)  
Cut his fucking throat.

**BILLY**

Whose?

**MAX**

ZIAT... What do I got to lose huh!  
What do I got to lose. And I'd  
really enjoy it.

Lurches against the bunk.

**BILLY**

Max, sit down. You're in no shape  
to kill anybody.

**MAX**

I want to cut his throat.

**BILLY**

It's already been cut.

**MAX**

Then I'll cut his balls off.

BILLY smiles, shakes his head, then:

**BILLY**

If you really wanted to hurt Ziat  
(pause)

MAX slumps back down on the bunk, suddenly tired of  
killing.

**BILLY**

(reflective)

...His money - steal that, you  
steal his blood... Could you see  
his face when everything he worked  
so hard to get got snatched?

(plays with the  
thought idly, then  
shrugs)

If we knew where he hid it.

(waves it away)

Anyway, steal from him they'd pick  
up the whole prison and shake it  
sideways. We couldn't hide it  
anywhere.

**MAX**

(head bobbing now,  
murmurs)

You know where it is?

**BILLY**

What?

**MAX**

(a vague grin)

I know where it is.

BILLY glances at him, not sure whether he heard.

**BILLY**

His money?

MAX gives him a goofy nod - and a grin. Imitating  
Robert  
Newton as Long John Silver.

**MAX**

'Dem dat hides can finds says I'...  
I seen him, the clever tit, sneaking  
looks at it late at night, talking  
to it.

**BILLY**

(beginning to believe  
him)

Yeah? Where?

Inaudible

MAX, distracted, let's his attention wander back.  
his head bobbing now.

**MAX**

Hishradyo.

**BILLY**

Max - where?

**MAX**

(his mouth hanging  
open, eyes closed)

His radio Back of his open, radio...

He lurches over gently on the bunk.

**MAX**

That's why he never plays it...

MAX Sleeps.

BILLY surprised, then reflective.

**CUT:**

THE BACK OF THE RADIO is unscrewed; the cover pulled  
off.

**EMPTY!**

MOVE TO ZIAT. The look is as Billy expected. Horror,  
shock,  
anger, fear. ZIAT SCREAMS hysterically like old Greek  
widow and:

BEATING HIS CHEST and tearing at his hair, ZIAT runs  
out  
of the KOGUS wailing, moaning.

**CUT:**

THE SECOND STORY KOGUS is being" controlled" by the  
GUARDS.

WIDE ANGLE reveals a circus of clockwork destruction as the GUARDS, making abundant NOISE, systematically rip up each bunk, locker, mattress, picture, book, etc., their faces flushed with this opportunity for orgy.

**CUT:**

THE PRISONERS are lined up in the COURTYARD, each one being body searched. Prominent are MAX and BILLY, looking up amused at the

SECOND STORY WINDOWS - feathers from a mattress fly around. ZIAT Briefly appears, his face at the window, looking at the prisoners in the yard, frustrated.

HAMIDOU breaks apart a with his bare hands.

ZIAT is stripping MAX's possessions, sure he will find it here.

**VOICE (OFF)**

Down here!

Ziat springs up.

GUARD calling out from the STAIRS.

**GUARD**

We found it!

**CUT:**

ZIAT leaning in CLOSE, OVER THE STOVE in the KITCHEN, framed by GUARDS. It is the same crouched posture he always uses to work the stove but now his eyes show complete despair as he sees:

A THOUSAND SHREDS OF PAPER MONEY floating in his pots amid his withered tea bags. From ashes to ashes and dust to dust.



wailing  
ZIAT folds his head into his hands, sobbing then  
very human, very sad.

**CUT:**

concession.  
OTHERS  
KITCHEN - NEGDIR an Arab, is now running the tea  
A jolly ebullient man. Pours a cup for MAX. Several  
are at the table.

**NEGDIR**

(heavily accented  
English)  
...He sell me tea business -  
everything. No the same. Ziat  
lose all...  
(makes the gesture  
towards the heart  
and the gut, using  
the Arabic word)  
Heart! Soul!

**MAX**

He never had one.

**NEGDIR**

Soon he go back streets Istanbul.  
Thousand enemy. No money.  
(makes throat cutting  
gesture)

**MAX**

I'll drink to that.  
(toasting with the  
tea)

Just as:

at  
wearing  
appearance.  
ZIAT enters the kitchen; he eyes Max with hatred, sits  
the other TABLE and orders tea. Surprisingly, he is  
a suit and clean shirt-unlike his usual grimy

ZIAT  
BILLY, looking shaken, enters the kitchen, glances at  
sits with MAX.

**BILLY**

Just got some news on Bell.

**MAX**

What?

**BILLY**

Bad. Sent to the City Hospital.  
They ruptured his hernia again.

**MAX**

(grim)  
Oh shit.

**BILLY**

I Guess he didn't talk...Poor  
bastard.

BILLY glances over at:

ZIAT drinking tea.

**BILLY AND MAX**

**BILLY**

Why the suit?

**MAX**

Maybe he's changing jobs.

**VOICE (OFF)**

**SAYIM! SAYIM!**

BILLY looks over to see:

HAMIDOU and a DOZEN GUARDS spreading through the KOGUS,  
assembling everybody with shouts of "SAYIM!"

**CUT:**

THE PRISONERS are lined up in ranks in the FIRST FLOOR  
**KOGUS.**

BILLY glancing at MAX next to him, wondering why.

HAMIDOU goes down the line, his FLUNKIES searching each  
man.

A GUARD reaches into ZIAT'S pocket and comes out with a

matchbox. Yells to HAMIDOU who comes over.

**HAMIDOU**

(opening the matchbox)

Nebu?

MATCHBOX Containing a small amount of HASHISH.

HAMIDOU reaches over and pulls ZIAT out of the 'line roughly.

**HAMIDOU**

Nebu?

Starts to slap him around.

BILLY glancing at MAX.

**MAX**

(worried)

What's going on? Maybe Ziat can't pay off; Hamidou's taking it out in trade.

HAMIDOU smashes ZIAT again, but pulls the punch.

**HAMIDOU**

Where did you get this hash?

Raises his arm again.

**ZIAT**

(cowering, pretending fear)

From Max.

Point at:

MAX who stiffens, eyes like cracked eggs.

**MAX**

(under his breath)

You got to be kidding.

HAMIDOU peers at MAX, advances.

**HAMIDOU**

What's happening with this hash?

Indicates the matchbox in his hand.

**MAX**

I didn't sell it to him. I don't  
have anything to do with this,  
**I...**

**HAMIDOU**

(leans closer)  
I know your face. Where did you  
get the hash?

**BILLY**

(interrupting in  
Turkish)  
(He knows nothing about it. Ziat's  
lying.

**HAMIDOU**

(turns on Billy, in  
English)  
You, goddamn you, shut up!  
(Back to MAX)  
Take him to the cellar)

GUARDS drag off.

**MAX**

Get out of here! He's lying! That  
cock-sucker! Billy...?

**CUT:**

BILLY sits on his his anger building, his imagination  
running wild.

**CUT:**

MAX being dragged down a CORRIDOR by his feet. A  
SCREAM.

**BILLY**

**CUT:**

BELL, his features distorted, being carried into an  
**AMBULANCE.**

**CUT:**

BELL, MAX and BILLY at the wall, digging together, MAX

hugging BELL the time they found the shaft.

**CUT:**

the  
his  
over.  
MAX twisting out of the grip of a GUARD and, grabbing  
glass from his smashed spectacles, he cuts deep into  
wrist. GUARDS grab him. A LOUD LAUGH OFF carrying

STORY.  
BILLY turning on his bunk to see:  
ZIAT joking with TWO GUARDS as he enters the SECOND  
The guards back down the stairs.

BILLY already in movement.

ZIAT, in his suit, collecting suitcase from his bunk,  
preparing to leave.

**VOICE (OFF)**

**ZIAT!**

Staggers  
Turns and catches a FIST in the side of the face.  
into a bunk.

BILLY, fists clenched, yells a string of Turkish curse  
words at him:

**BILLY**

Asina covacim, ipnave  
pesankek...yosakt.

Lunges.

scrambles  
ZIAT is bulky, throws the smaller BILLY off and  
past a bunk.

the  
BILLY is up and after him. Jumps back as a SHIV cuts  
air in front of him. His side is cut.

Turkish.  
ZIAT holding the shiv, feints, cursing BILLY in

it  
BILLY skips back, takes a MATTRESS off the bed and runs  
right into KNOCKING HIM AND THE WHOLE BUNK OVER.  
another  
THE TWO scramble around, BILLY tackling him into  
BUNK which also goes over. Chairs break.  
BITING  
ZIAT butts his head into BILLY'S jaw.  
BILLY staggers back from the blow and ZIAT jumps him,  
into his ear.  
NOSE.  
ZIAT, getting a better hold, now BITES into BILLY'S  
BILLY slams ZIAT in the nose hard with the palm of his  
broken  
hand. ZIAT relinquishes his hold, grabbing at his  
bleeding nose.  
now  
BILLY beats him around the head but though the blood  
flows and teeth are broken, is like a clumsy bear, hard  
to  
kill.  
ZIAT scrambles away on his knees under another BUNK now  
screaming as loud as he can.

**ZIAT**  
**HELP ME! GUARDS! HELP ME!**

loud  
SEVERAL PRISONERS watching from further down the SECOND  
STORY Kogus now move in sync, turning on their RADIOS  
as possible, drowning out the cries for help, others  
watching the stairs.  
hauls  
BILLY takes the BUNK and throws it over, revealing ZIAT  
cowering in pure terror. He grabs ZIAT by the hair,  
him up and  
LAUNCHES HIS KNEE into HIS FACE.  
ZIAT thuds onto the floor.  
BILLY stomps him in the gut hard.  
ZIAT screams unnaturally shrill.

and BILLY, driven by supernatural anger, now jumps on him  
CLAMPS HIS MOUTH right on ZIAT'S open SCREAM.  
A STRUGGLING KISS ensues.  
BILLY pulls back, his mouth filled with blood, spitting  
out.  
with AN UNIDENTIFIED PIECE OF FLESH which Bits the ground  
an odd slow motion grace.  
bulging ZIAT - CLOSE in terror; throat cords rippling; eyes  
screaming, with disbelief, body quivering, mouth open and  
but it is a SILENT SCREAM and the mouth is a dark hole  
filled with blood and without a TONGUE.  
BILLY, without a moment's mercy, crashes his fist into  
ZIAT'S face.  
ZIAT his strength now broken, collapses on his back.  
BILLY crashes his fist again into the hated face. He is  
GRABBED now by a GUARD, but:  
ANOTHER ANGLE - BILLY shakes the GUARD OFF, then as  
lunges GUARD runs up, BILLY SLAMS him aside and, obsessed,  
back down on ZIAT and  
BOTH HANDS CLAMPED TOGETHER high in the air delivers a  
final blow to ZIAT'S face. The bones shatter. Pause.  
His ogre unconscious beneath him, BILLY, now in SLOW  
MOTION, EXTENDS HIS ARMS IN THE AIR - in the fighter's victory  
gesture, and his eyes glow with the fever in them, and  
savage. with his mouth and face bloodied, he looks like a  
No longer Billy Hayes.

**SHARP**

**CUT:**  
BILLY bound in a thick leather belt (a kiyis) which  
screws

together,  
huge  
of  
within.

tightly around the waist and cinches the hands  
is being HAULED in continuing SLOW MOTION through a  
DOOR somewhere in one of the cavernous corridors of the  
prison. The door is approximately NINE FEET by SIX FEET,  
strong and wooden with a circular iron handle which one  
the GUARDS now pulls open; a GLIMPSE of darkness

**THE DOOR CLOSES. SUPERIMPOSE:**

**SECTION 13 - ASYLUM FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE**

**A YEAR LATER**

screaming  
white  
Turkish.

MAX, barely recognizable in a torn sheet and with a  
blackened face, comes rushing into a crowded ROOM,  
louder than any other inmate. marks on his face, He is  
enraged, blood dripping from scratch ATTENDANTS in  
smocks chase him over the beds. Max is yelling in

**MAX**

Please, will you listen to me?  
Will someone please listen to me?  
JUST LISTEN To ME!

**ATTENDANTS**

Hamidou! Get Hamidou! Get the  
Kiyisl!

off,  
see  
else  
cigarettes,  
Several  
in  
ferrets,

The ATTENDANTS wrestle with him, but he throws them  
tearing around the room mindlessly. In the process we  
that not much attention is paid him because everybody  
is crazy! There are 50 other LUNATICS yelling at each  
other in fights over sheets, blankets, beds,  
jumping: screaming, pushing, shoving; some babbling to  
themselves, rocking, crying, chanting, singing.  
of them (the craziest) are stark naked. some, wrapped  
torn blackened sheets, patrol the room like quick



move  
filthy  
angles,  
up  
your  
sharp eyes open for anything they can steal. Others  
in meaningless, blank-eyed silence. The walls are  
black and join the ceilings in arches rather than  
giving the look of an old dungeon. Fifty beds are lined  
right next to each other so that you walk right into  
bed. A constant nerve-racking NOISE.

eyes  
sweep  
HIM  
HAMIDOU bursts into the ROOM, the angry look in his  
spelling real trouble for Max. MOVE with him as he  
sin on MAX and picks him up with one move and SMASHES  
against the wall. Max hardly notices.

around  
ANOTHER ANGLE - HAMIDOU takes the leather kiyis from an  
ATTENDANT, moves in on MAX and starts clamping it  
him.

containing  
white  
AN ATTENDANT walks through the room with an apron  
several large pockets bulging with red, green, blue,  
PILLS, which he distributes by the handful.

**ATTENDANT**

(crying out)

Hop! Hop! Hop! Full moon. Hop!  
Hop! Hop!

some  
as  
THE LUNATICS gobble them up as if they were candy. In  
of the clustered areas, nine lunatics occupy as little  
three beds.

arches  
snapping  
leather  
MAX is tightly bound now by HAMIDOU, but his body  
against the bindings, his neck straining, his teeth  
at the air. HAMIDOU grabs him with one hand by the  
waist, hauls him high up in the air and

heavily  
of  
THROWS MAX half-ways across the room, MAX smashing  
against some beds, continuing to SCREAM OFF as:  
THE ATTENDANT with the pills-now bypasses BILLY on one  
the beds.

**ATTENDANT**

Hop! Hop! Full Moon - take your  
pills!

BILLY gobbles them up. He has changed. Lines in his  
face.

him,  
he  
back  
ignoring  
No smile, no sense of humor; a brooding silence about  
a straight ahead look. He pays no attention to MAX off;  
is in grubby white pyjamas and shower sandals. Rolls  
onto his bed with its filthy torn sheet, totally  
the surrounding commotion, and

suddenly  
black  
chin.  
ANOTHER ANGLE - turning onto his shoulder, BILLY  
finds himself face to face with a dark saddened visage.  
The MAN is very young and stark naked but for an old  
rag wrapped around his head and clutched under his  
His eyes are yellow, the voice pleading.

**YOUNG MAN**

Cigare?  
(pause, same tone,  
holds out his palm)  
Cigare? Cigare?

barks,  
BILLY shakes his head sharply --too sharply --and  
irritable.

**BILLY**

Go away!

Turns on his other shoulder, trying to sleep.

**YOUNG MAN (OFF)**

Cigare? Cigare?

YOUNG MAN in a surprisingly meek tone.

**YOUNG MAN**

S'il Vous plait, Monsieur? S'il  
vous plait?

and  
shake  
BILLY, really aggravated now, springs up from the bed,  
in the quirky way the mad and the eccentric adopt walks  
determinedly away from the young man, looking back to  
his head bizarrely at him one more time.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

BILLY walking down the aisle bypasses MAX int he kiyis,  
rolling on the floor, still screaming in Turkish.

**MAX**

Will you listen to me? PLEASE LISTEN  
**TO ME!**

one  
rubber;  
drooling  
Several LUNATICS are gathered around tormenting him,  
of them yanking on his penis as if it were made of  
another is playing with his ass. A third one, also in a  
leather kiyis, is leaning over MAX jabbering and  
into his face.

offences,  
etc.  
MAX, more enraged by this than the other bodily  
lunges up sharply and bites the man's FACE. SCREAMS,

disinterested  
BILLY, paying no attention except for a brief  
glance, keeps going into:

old  
A SECOND ROOM. MORE LUNATICS. A screaming OLD MAN is  
chasing after another OLD MAN who has stolen his tespe  
beads, waving them back at the first old man who howls  
with rage, frantic to have his beads back. The second  
man throws the beads to a THIRD OLD MAN who hops across  
the beds with the FIRST OLD MAN chasing him. BILLY  
intersects.

**OLD MAN**

(pleading)  
Allah! Allah! Yok! Yok! Yok!

Brack!

trying  
nervous  
A LITTLE NERVOUS MAN stares into a broken pocket mirror fingering the large round carbuncle under his eye, to rub it away with little grimaces and flurries of motion.

a  
TWO ATTENDANTS in smocks indifferently finish eating on newspaper spread across one of the beds; they shake out the paper.

of  
left-  
CHICKEN BONES, ORANGE PEELS hitting the floor. A flurry of movement, as the LUNATICS scuffle like rats over the overs. AD LIB curses, yells.

AN OLD MAN obscenely gestures to BILLY from his bed.

**OLD MAN**

Hey American. Fik! Fick! Come.  
Fik! Fik!

His blackened teeth leer.

BILLY, seemingly immune to all of this in some private island of his own madness, walks in his determined way past a PARTITION to:

stones  
straight-  
A CIRCULAR STONE STAIRCASE leading downwards, the damp, dark, slippery. BILLY continues with the same ahead determination to:

almost  
seeks  
A LONER LEVEL. at last BILLY's expression changes to childish relief, for here at last is the refuge he the relative comfort and silence of THE WHEEL.

bearing  
LUNATICS  
flow.  
It is a grim, squat PILLAR dominating the room and the weight of the ceiling. And around it some SIXTY trudge slowly, near silently, in counter-clockwise

sliding  
hanging  
pace.

It is a hypnotic shuffle and BILLY blends right in,  
easily into the sluggish, mindless river, his eyes  
loosely on the floor, watching:  
THE SOOTHING RHYTHM OF FEET shuffling at a comforting  
These are the spokes of the wheel.

**CUT:**

illumination  
flickers,  
OTHERS  
runs  
covered  
buttocks.  
left.

TWO TINY BARE LIGHT-BULBS give faint, eerie  
to the chamber. One on one side, a pot-bellied stove  
etching the shadows of the walkers in a strange orange  
glow.  
SOME LUNATICS, not walking, hover around the stove.  
are jammed onto a low L-shaped wooden platform that  
the length of two walls. of these men are naked,  
with open running sores over their knees, elbows,  
But they are much quieter than the upstairs crowd. They  
are the lowest order of madmen. They have no minds  
They are the damned.  
BILLY walks among them, expressionless. A tall, thin  
cadaverous TURK with a grizzled beard now shuffles up  
alongside BILLY, looks at him, walks with him. is about  
fifty, his pyjamas relatively clean, looking more sane  
than the average but his eyes are bright and scary and  
his  
it  
wet hair is matted down on his head, and big clumps of  
have been pulled out. He speaks with a cultured English  
accent.

**AHMET**

You're an American?

BILLY is interrupted but keeps his eyes on the ground.  
AHMET doesn't wait for an answer.

**AHMET**

Ah yes, America! My name is Ahmet.

I studied philosophy at Harvard for many many years. But actually Oxford is my real Alma Mata - I've also studied in Vienna. Now I study here.

BILLY doesn't notice, shuffles along.

**AHMET**

...They put me here. They say I raped a little boy. I have been here very long time. They will never let me go.

at  
BILLY pays no attention, keeps shuffling on. Glances  
him, smiles.

**AHMET**

They won't let YOU go either.

deep  
lunatic  
The smug certainty of his manner reaches some chord  
inside Billy, because Billy glances briefly at this  
who is smiling. Billy looks back at his feet.

**AHMET**

No, they'll never let you go.  
They tell you they let you go but  
you stay. You never go from here.

situation  
BILLY plods on. grins and tries to explain the  
like a father lecturing a child.

**AHMET**

You see we all come from a factory. Sometimes the factory makes bad machines that don't work. They put them here. The bad machines don't know they're bad machines, but the people at the factory know. They know one of the machines that doesn't work...

They walk on. Ahmet's expression changes.

**AHMET**

(polite)

I think we have spoken enough for today. I say good night to you.

He wraps his rags around himself quite carefully and we FOLLOW him out of the circle. He drops to his hands and knees and with a sense of dignity, crawls into the filthy blackness under the L-shaped wooden platform, disappearing like a cockroach. BILLY plods on.

**CUT:**

AN OLD WHITE-BEARDED MADMAN the Hoja, grandiose in his his followers have prayer mats, others a scrap of sheet or newspaper; their tones discordant, still pushing and shoving at each other during the prayer.

TWO SPASTICS can't follow the routine of kneeling and bending; they tangle up absurdly and fall to the floor in a ball of arms and legs.

A FALAKA STICK pokes BILLY wake SOUND of the CHANTING fills from room. It is evidently impossible to distinguish night day because there are no windows.

ATTENDANTS poke the LUNATICS awake with their "clubs.

**ATTENDANTS**

Head count! Head count!

**CUT:**

A MASS OF LUNATICS in the ROOM all at once. Attendants take a redundant and comic head count. The place sounds like a "yadi yadi room" the noise fearsome.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

**ATTENDANT #1**

Sixty two, sixty three, sixty four....

**ATTENDANT #2**

Seventy four, seventy five, seventy  
six.. .get back there, you! . . .  
seventy five, seventy six....)

ATTENDANTS poke around underneath a bed and pull out a  
very old trembling VEGETABLE.

OTHER ATTENDANTS wrap an old DEAD LUNATIC with no teeth  
and foam on his open lips into a dirty sheet and haul  
him  
away.

BILLY amid the LUNATICS. We MOVE closer and closer to  
him, the head COUNT regressing. The room has become a  
torture cell - the NOISE LOUDER, LOUDER, closing in on  
Billy.

**CUT:**

BILLY is led down a CORRIDOR by HAMIDOU into:

wooden  
A VISITING room - Cabins are lined up like narrow  
phone booths.

**HAMIDOU**

Kabin on-yedi

BILLY plods without interest to the specified cabin,  
closes  
the door, sits in the chair. No one is there. He waits  
-  
indifferent to any sense of time. Dirty two glass panes  
separate visitor and prisoner booths; bars are between  
the  
panes. An erratic microphone is the method of  
communication, giving a weird and distant aspect to the  
voice.

HAMIDOU opens a small peep-hole in the cabin door,  
looks  
in unseen as:

TEE VISITOR DOOR opens and SUSAN tentatively walks in  
holding a large photo album; it takes several moments  
for  
her to react, and then her face shows the shock.

BILLY stares at her, his face rabid, decaying; if he  
remembers her even, he doesn't register it because she  
is



at

a shock to him as well. Reality, the outside world all once. His mind is spinning, unbalanced, unable to grasp it.

**SUSAN (OFF)**

Oh my God...!

**SUSAN**

**SUSAN**

Billy, what have they done to you...my God!

looks

Shock

The MICROPHONE makes her voice jarring, gagged. She silently. No sobbing, no big sad looks. Just shock. of recognition, shock of time gone by.

BILLY looking at her, his eyes moving down to:

BILLY P.O.V. - SUSAN, her neck, her breasts straining against the thin shirt.

and

SUSAN fingers the photo album nervously, speaking slow distinct; not sure she is communicating.

**SUSAN**

...Billy, your family is fine. Senator Buckley just made a special plea on your behalf in the Senate. Newsday has written several big articles about you. They've called you a pawn in the poppy game between Nixon and the Turks. The letters are coming in, Billy. People care....

context.

Stops, shakes her head. It sounds all wrong in this

BILLY is still staring at her breasts. He hasn't seen a woman for five years and now a hungry animal look comes into his eyes He moves suddenly pressing up against the glass, rabid. And in Turkish:

**BILLY**

(in Turkish)

Take it off. Take it off!  
(then remembering  
the English)  
Take it off. Take it off!

His voice is savage, demanding.

SUSAN understands, startled. Looks around.

**SUSAN**

Billy - you'll just make yourself  
crazy.

**BILLY**

**BILLY**

Take it off! Take it off!  
(suddenly in a very  
soft voice)  
...S'il vous plait?...

A strange look in his eye.

SUSAN slowly, scared, begins to unbutton her shirt.

HAMIDOU looks on silently, does nothing.

BILLY follows every movement with wild-eyed lust.

SUSAN leans up close to the window. With both hands on  
the front of her blouse, she slowly draws it apart.

his  
BILLY going wild! Against the window. His hand down in  
pyjamas.

a  
HER BREASTS spring free, quivering, full and ripe with  
deep cleavage and hard dark nipples. They hang full and  
loose. FULL SCREEN

**BILLY'S EYES - FULL SCREEN.**

soundlessly.  
BILLY beats on the window, working his mouth

SUSAN is shattered, scared of Billy's sanity.

**SUSAN**

Oh Billy, Billy, I wish I could  
make it better for you. Please  
don't... don't...

Tears. Fear.

pants,

BILLY tightens dramatically and comes right in his slumps against the window.

SUSAN realizes he has come, surprised.

he

BILLY looks at her. Furtive, animal shame. And suddenly starts to cry. A flood of feelings locked up too long

come

pouring out. He murmurs some words, Turkish SOUNDS sputtering out in his throat, then:

**BILLY**

S.... Susan?

Softly, working his mouth finding it hard to speak.

SUSAN yearning. Tears sprinkling her eyes.

**SUSAN**

Yes, Billy?

BILLY straining, not out of physical weakness but an emotional one. Sputters, eyes closed.

**BILLY**

...I love you....

It sounds pathetic, lost.

through

SUSAN is worked up to the limit, tries to hug him the window.

**SUSAN**

Oh Billy... Billy! Don't give up.  
Please don't give up. You'll get  
out. I know you will!

to

Remembers something. Grabs the PHOTO ALBUM with all her strength, holding it up for him to see through the glass. Then remembering herself, looks around the room

make sure they're alone and in a contained voice:

**SUSAN**

Billy, your father gave me this  
for you. There's pictures of your

Mom and Dad...Rob...Peg...

BILLY looks at it listlessly.

HIS P.V.O - SUSAN holding the album open to PICTURES of his MOTHER and FATHER in front of the house, ROB on a bicycle, PEG in her cheer-leading outfit.

**SUSAN**

And there's pictures in the back of your old Mr. Franklin. Remember him... From the bank?

A certain tone slips into her voice.

**SUSAN**

He's over in Greece now. He bought a ticket.

BILLY looks from the album to Susan. Possibly there is a gleam of understanding in his eyes but it is very faint.

An Attendant BANGS on Susan's door, OFF.

**VOICE**

Visiting is over.

SUSAN quickly puts the album away as if it were a hidden weapon.

**SUSAN**

I'll give it to them for you.

She buttons her blouse but her eyes are worried, on Billy.

**SUSAN**

You were right Billy don't count on them, you hear, don't count on anybody but yourself!

The ATTENDANT now swings open her door, annoyed.

**ATTENDANT**

Let's go!

Susan stands, about to go, then suddenly leans up close to the bars, hard and practical.

**SUSAN**

(quickly)

If you stay you'll die Billy! Get out of here. Get to Greece, you hear me?...Billy?

Pause. Silence. She closes her eyes, in pain; she doesn't think she has reached him. She turns to go, resigned.

BILLY looking at her. Behind him HAMIDOU opens the door. A calm and cunning look on his face, glancing with Billy towards

A BRIEF GLIMPSE of SUSAN looking back, the album under her arm. The door closes.

**CUT:**

BILLY, with the same deadened expression as before, comes down the STAIRS towards THE WHEEL. It is early morning and the walkers haven't started yet. Billy looks at the Pillar a dire look of reflection passing over his eyes. Then he starts walking but in a clockwise motion, opposite the normal pattern; in the same methodical manner as before.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

BILLY, on the inner track, passes TWO LUNATICS who are walking counter-clockwise. They glare at him, motion for him to turn around. Billy just keeps walking.

BILLY intersects several more LUNATICS going counter-clockwise They motion for him to turn.

**LUNATIC**

(grunting)

Gower!

Tries to block Billy's way, but BILLY shakes his head, brushes by him - determined.

AHMET Slides up next to BILLY in his rags.

**AHMET**

Good morning, my American friend!  
There will be trouble if you go  
this way. A good Turk always walks  
to the right. Left is communist.  
Right is good. You must go the  
other way... It's Good.

BILLY. More LUNATICS join the flow, gesturing or grunting at

in BILLY STOPS, turns, looks at the rest of them slogging  
the usual direction, looks as if he 'sees' them; and he  
walks out of the wheel, towards the stairs.

BILLY. AHMET curious about his unusual behavior, follows

**AHMET**

Why you go? Why don't you walk  
the wheel with us?  
(suspiciously leaning  
forward, suddenly  
realizing the answer)  
The bad machine doesn't know he's  
a bad machine. You still don't  
believe it? You still don't believe  
you're a bad machine?

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

the BILLY stops and turns to look at AHMET at the base of  
STAIRS. BILLY carries on up the stairs.

**AHMET**

(shakes his head)  
To know oneself is to know God, my  
friend. The factory knows. That's  
why they put you here. You'll see.  
You'll find out. Later on you'll  
know.

BILLY stops and turns to look at AHMET. His eyes glint  
with special knowledge and he takes AHMET into his  
confidence using the latter's tone of voice:

**BILLY**

I already know. I know that you're  
a bad machine. That's why the  
factory keeps you here.

(Lowers s voice)

You know how I know? I know because  
I'm from the factory. I make the  
machines.. I'm here to spy on you.

Eyes narrow. Surprise. Fear. He shuffles away.

BILLY looks at him and turns up the STAIRS.

**CUT:**

BILLY in his BED. The usual UPROAR. THE ATTENDANT comes  
by  
with the pills, offers a handful to BILLY.

**ATTENDANT**

Hop! Hop! Take!

He takes them, puts a few into his mouth, swallows.  
Reflective, unsure. A RADIO playing OFF blares  
suddenly  
singing  
switched  
with the U.S. Armed Forces Station - JANIS JOPLIN  
"Take another piece of my heart now, Baby" then it's  
back to a TURKISH STATION, loud. Billy rises.  
BILLY enters the TOILET with the PHOTO ALBUM tightly  
clutched under his arm. A dark stone room, very  
shadowy.  
LUNATIC  
partitioned  
Piles of waste on the floor. A vacant-eyed barefoot  
shuffles past BILLY who goes to one of the four  
HOLES cut into the floor.  
ANOTHER ANGLE - BILLY squats over it and with his  
filthy  
the  
long nails he starts to slit open the back binder of  
album Susan gave him. Flickering shadows. He looks up  
absently.  
THREE LUNATIC FACES stare in at him through wooden  
slats,

themselves -

tongues hanging out and drooling - playing with

**OFF.**

BILLY makes a lunatic face and SCREAM kicking at the partition.

**BILLY**

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!

skids

THE LUNATICS, petrified, scatter off but ONE LUNATIC in a puddle of urine and crashes onto the tile howling.

DOLLAR

BILLY slits open the binder to reveal TEN HUNDRED BILLS with Pictures of Mr. Franklin' neatly inserted.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

Reflective,

BILLY has no particular expression on his face. staring at the money; he looks up.

A LARGE SILHOUETTE is moving towards him.

BILLY just watches, transfixed, not trying to hide the money.

HAMIDOU comes into a faint light, looking down at him; glances at the money. Shakes his head gently.

**HAMIDOU**

No do! No do!

Reaches for and:

ANOTHER ANGLE - HAMIDOU takes the money from BILLY like candy from a baby, then takes him by the ear and slowly lifts him up. Billy is like a vegetable in his hands.

**HAMIDOU**

(in his broken English)

I tell you I see 'gain...

(into Turkish)

I take you down to bath and your feet be big like...Breasts

(a gesture)

pulling

HAMIDOU leads BILLY roughly out of the lunatic room,



him by the ear.

through  
HAMIDOU still Pulling BILLY by the ear, guides him  
the GUARD QUARTERS.

HAMIDOU leads him up a narrow winding flight of STAIRS.

**HAMIDO**

First you make mistake with Ziat,  
now you make mistake with money.  
You're not a new Prisoner, Vilyum  
Hi-yes.

The tone of his voice indicates a severe reckoning this  
time.

BATH.  
HAMIDOU pulls BILLY by the ear into a large echoing

awareness  
BILLY looking, bent over by the ear - a hint of  
of new surroundings.

greenish  
ANOTHER ANGLE - the BATH is deserted, spooky with

Yellow fish light fluttering down from holes in ceiling  
around damp mossy arches. Steam rises off a bath.

Benches,  
is  
buckets of water. HAMIDOU swings BILLY around until he  
facing him.

HAMIDOU makes an elaborate gesture of putting aside his  
falaka stick and holstered gun; he will use his hands.

**HAMIDOU**

(shakes his head)  
You've been in prison too long,  
Vilyum Hi-yes.

arc  
He takes that: stiff arm all the way back to its full  
and WHACKS BILLY up against the wall.

BILLY bounces back off the wall. The print of Hamidou's  
fingers is imbedded like a flaring white rainbow in the  
redness of his left cheek. SLAM - a backhanded whack.

BILLY bounces right back from the wall. steadies him.

**HAMIDOU**

You go crazy here Vilyum Hi-yes.  
Many people go crazy here. Best  
thing for crazy people is this...

THE BLOW, in SLOW MOTION comes sailing into:

his

BILLY, and we see the brief boxer's distortion of all  
face as he flies upwards and back into:

THE BENCH smashing it. Echo like jarring F.X.

BILLY is held up by the PAJAMAS, steadied. The Turkish  
words seem far away, incomprehensible.

**HAMIDOU (OFF)**

Vilyum Hi-yes. You die here, Hi-  
yes.

WHACK - ANOTHER BLOW, but:

like

HAMIDOU this time holds onto the pajamas using Billy  
a punching bag.

**WHACK - A REVERSE BLOW.**

HAMIDOU increasingly excited.

**HAMIDOU**

Babba sikijam! I fuck your mother,  
I fuck your sister...

WHACK - ANOTHER BLOW in SLOW MOTION

**HAMIDOU**

...I fuck your father, I fuck your  
brother...

speed,

RIP! - a loud SOUND as HAMIDOU moves with a blur of  
and shreds BILLY's pajamas with his hands.

strenuous

BILLY naked, totally passive, semiconscious. HAMIDOU  
suddenly shifts position and snaps Billy into a

wrestling hold across his knee on the steamy floor. He  
loosens him up by cracking his bones along his back.

HAMIDOU - sweat pouring off his face, excited.

**HAMIDOU**

...And I fuck your grandmother and  
I fuck your pretty girlfriend...  
And I fuck you Hi-yes!)

Billy  
the  
steam

A bizarre otherworldly scene. This man is dredging through a sadistic imagination sparked by the steam, sweat, and an ethnic identification with a Turkish bath as a bedroom. He loosens his hold abruptly, rises, moves off as:

chest,

BILLY holds himself on his knees, head sunk on his gasping for breath, about to vomit. Pause; he looks up horrified at:

HAMIDOU pouring fresh buckets of water on the floor. SSSSSSSSS! The awakened STEAM coils like a snake into every cranny of the little room.

huge

BLURRED VISUALS - HAMIDOU stripping his shirt off. A muscular flash of chest,  
A BELT being snapped open.

BILLY waiting.

A FIGURE moving through the steam, closer.

BILLY backing away from it.

his  
sun

STEAM - a glint of a FACE coming through. HAMIDOU - eyes so intense they seem to burn off the steam like cutting haze. Then disappear again.

Then

BILLY pulls back. A pause. Silence. Cat and mouse.  
very suddenly:

A HAND reaches out of the STEAM and GRABS BILLY by the hair. A GRUNT, OFF.

BILLY his eyes moving fast.

A FLASH of a huge darkened penis, fully erect cutting forward into the steam like a from drill, detached from the rest of the body.

A SOUND - grotesque and so sudden after the silence it jars the senses. A BLURRED VISUAL then:

BILLY Launching forward in SLOW MOTION, desperation distorting his features and:

MOTION

STEAM - then BILLY'S HEAD SLAMS through it in SLOW and:

SMASHES the penis with its skull. A horrifying GASP.

BLURRED VISUALS - STEAM - HAMIDOU staggering CLOSE - surprise, pain...

**BILLY MOVING.**

again

A FOOT coming up fast through the steam, connecting with the genitals. Another SCREAM.

A BODY hitting the tiles.

BILLY groping for the falaka stick. Raises it.

screaming

A STRUGGLE - Two bodies thrashing, one of them now in pain. A definitive sound then a THWACK! Another thwack! The steam seems to clear and

with

BILLY is on top of the gigantic HAMIDOU smashing him the falaka stick with all his might.

bleeding.

HAMIDOU is in contortions, his nose busted and

and

His HAND gripping BILLY by the neck, forcing him back

face,

strangling him at the same time. Billy is red in the

beat

such is the force of this creature but continues to

him, harder, harder. His expression filled with a life energy, seeded in hatred, that he thought he had lost. Again, Again -

**BILLY**

Babba sikijam, Hamidu! I fuck your  
Mother, I fuck your daughter, I  
fuck your sons, I fuck your wife!

desperately  
away.  
pool.

The BAND slips from his throat, then springs up again and clenches Billy's whole face with one gigantic palm, clawing to get in, then just as quickly slips away.

BILLY beats on - again, again.

BLOOD flows fast in agitated swirls into the little pool.

**CUT:**

CORRIDOR,  
dizzy

BILLY opens a door gently, moves across an empty corridor, dressed in and gun in intense. Hamidou's holster. large uniform with his He looks shaken, weak, falaka stick but

**VOICE (OFF)**

How about a shoe shine, friend?

spring,  
out,

BILLY starts, clenches the falaka stick ready to spins.

A LITTLE SHOESHINE BOY is his case down the corridor.

BILLY has not seen a child in a long time. get words then manages: Surprised. Can't get the words out, then manages:

**BILLY**

No!

passing.

THE KID shrugs, moves on, looking At Billy strangely.

BILLY goes up a flight of STAIRS. Ahead, VOICES

He stops. Goes on.

BILLY goes through an empty GUARD QUARTERS.

BILLY is in another CORRIDOR, approaches

A SMALL PORTAL, daylight at its edges. Locked?

BILLY, tense, tries it. It swings open on:

**DAYLIGHT!**

BILLY squints. Adjusting to the harsh sensation.

**AN ISTANBUL STREET - TRAFFIC, SOUNDS. TWO GUARDS**  
approaching the portal in the distance, drinking soda  
pop.

BILLY steps back, straightens his clothes, steps out  
briskly  
and at such an angle that

THE TWO GUARDS don't notice him in the traffic as they  
enter the open portal.

LONG SHOT - BILLY walking down the street, looking  
back,  
almost bewildered, not quiet believing this.

**CUT:**

TIGHT - RAILROAD TICKET being stamped. SOUND - SNAP.  
MOVE UP to TICKET CLERK behind a grill.

**VOICE (OFF)**

Edirne to Uzun Kopru?

THE CLERK looks puzzled.

BILLY is on the other side of the grill. A ill-fitting  
new Western style suit, a hat over his dyed black hair;  
totally paranoid. He hasn't slept in three days and the  
bruises from the Hamidou beating now show clearly black  
and blue on his face. His eyes are alert, darting  
around,  
his speech clipped and to the point.

**BILLY**

What's the matter?

THE CLERK!! Shrugs.

**CLERK**

'What are you crazy? There's no  
train anymore to Uzun Kopru, it'd  
have to go through Greece. The  
border's closed.

BILLY taken by surprise.

**BILLY**

No train?

**CLERK (OFF)**

No more train.

DAY. BILLY Moves off a small provincial RAILROAD DEPOT -

He looks at the:

EMPTY TRACKS - No 'midnight express'.

**CUT:**

BILLY, tenser than ever, uses the occasion of buying a newspaper at an OUTDOOR STAND to study:

THE MAIN SQUARE of the VILLAGE (EDIRNE) - DAY. SOLDIERS and POLICE are abundant, chattering bustling amid tanks and half-tracks. Mountains can be seen in the far distance.

BILLY camouflages his face as best he can in the Newspaper

"Hurriyet" studying:

CABDRIVERS in the Main Square. Most of them are older, dusty grizzled looking standing next to their old battered cabs talking with stray SOLDIERS. Billy's eyes settle on a YOUNGER DRIVER with longish hair, possibly an ally.

BILLY glances down at his newspaper as a SOLDIER intersects and his expression goes stony as he sees:

FULL COLOR DRAWING (first page) of a ridiculously fierce

heavy-muscled barechested MAN beating a facsimile of

Hamidou into the ground. Next to it a blurry badly reproduced photograph of BILLY with a superimposed GUN in his

hand.

You can't really tell it's him.

BILLY, controlling himself, crumples up the newspaper into

a baton, his eyes everywhere. Be the darting A crosses square.

glances

ANOTHER ANGLE - BILLY, intersecting a POLICEMAN who  
at him, joins the YOUNG CABDRIVER..

**BILLY**

Listen, I have Swedish friends  
camping south of the town. I was  
supposed to meet them here this  
morning but I was late. Can you  
take me there?

DRIVER looks at him neutral.

**DRIVER**

You know where they are?

**BILLY**

(anxious to get in  
the cab)

Sure.

**DRIVER**

How far?

**BILLY**

(impatient)

About ten kilometers.

**DRIVER**

Sixty Lira?

**BILLY**

(surprised)

Sixty?

Billy eyes:

**APPROACHING SOLDIERS.**

**BILLY (OFF)**

Okay.

in

THE DRIVER, noticing Billy's look at the soldiers, gets  
the cab.

in

BILLY climbs into the back seat, feeling already he has  
made a mistake. There is something too alert, too hard  
this young driver.



**CUT:**

BILLY P.O.V. - THE MOUNTAINS as they roll in the taxi.  
**FORESTS - FIELDS.**

**INTERIOR TAXI**

**BILLY**

Those mountains? are they?

**DRIVER**

(Greece

(shakes his head)

Very bad now. Maybe war. Those  
Greek pigs try to steal Cyprus  
again

(pause))

How'd you lose your friends?

BILLY leaning back in his seat, casual.

**BILLY**

Oh, I drank a lot of raka last  
night in Istanbul. Got into a fight.

Indicates the bruises on his face.

curiosity

DRIVER looking at him in the rear view mirror. His  
narrowing.

**DRIVER**

How come you speak Turkish so good?

BILLY casually glances out the window.

**BILLY**

Did twenty months in prison in  
Istanbul. Hash

THE DRIVER studies BILLY in the rear-view mirror. Then:

**DRIVER**

You want to score some? Cheap?

man.

BILLY looks at him hard. Something's wrong with this

**BILLY**

(curt)

No!

Cutting off further conversation, he looks out at:

THE MOUNTAINS of Greece - with longing.

BILLY stares back at:

THE DRIVER whose eyes now move away from the rear-view mirror under the pressure of the stare. SOUND OFF loud machinery.

HALFTRACK

for

BILLY turning - in rear window, we see a TURKISH pulling alongside the cab, SOLDIERS waving their arms the cabdriver to get out of the way.

CABDRIVER

ANOTHER ANGLE - the HALFTRACK pulls level. The slows down, with a curse.

BILLY - beads of sweat trickle his brow

THE PERSONNEL CARRIER, disinterested, pulls past.

BILLY breathes heavily with nervous relief.

**CUT:**

THE CAB pulls up to the end of a dirt road.

BILLY has his MAP out, studying it.

**BILLY**

The Maritas River? Where is it?

ANOTHER ANGLE - the DRIVER, exasperated, waves southwest.

**DRIVER**

Two miles! Minefields over there. Do you know where this campground is or not?

**BILLY**

Not far. Just a little way.

**DRIVER**

No! I'm not going any further! It'll wreck my car.

**BILLY**

I'll pay extra

**DRIVER**

How much?

ANOTHER ANGLE - BILLY slips him fifty lira. The DRIVER takes it, muttering under his breath, jams the cab into gear.

THE CAB follows rutted tracks into low HILLS.

INTERIOR CAB - very bumpy.

**BILLY**

Where are the minefields?

**DRIVER**

All over. Turkish Army up there. It's against the law. They shoot us.

(looks up in the  
mirror)

You sure you looking for your friends, man?

**BILLY (VERY SHARP NOW)**

(very sharp now)

Okay! Ley me out right here. I'm getting tired of all this bullshit from you. I'll walk it.

**DRIVER**

(looks back, then  
ahead, suddenly  
brightening)

Ah, look! they probably know where the campers are

BILLY's entire expression changes. It is all over.

A TANK AND HALFTRACK are sitting there by the rutted track,  
POLICE.  
honks  
with SOLDIERS. And a little LEAN-TO with several  
Also a couple of attack DOGS on leashes. The Driver  
his horn on the approach.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

**DRIVER**

Hey officer, we're looking for the  
campground. Do you know where it  
is?

sauntering  
slightly  
ANOTHER ANGLE - TWO POLICEMEN and A SOLDIER come  
over, their collars open, beer bottles in hand,  
drunk.

**POLICEMAN**

(curt)

You're not supposed to be here

**DRIVER**

(indicated Billy)

He's a tourist, what do you want,  
he says he's looking for friends  
at the campground.

FIRST POLICEMAN glances BILLY

**POLICEMAN**

Campground?

(shrugs)

Never heard of one.

**DRIVER**

Seen any Swedish foreigners in a  
camper-bus?

OPEN  
is  
tank  
SECOND POLICEMAN meanwhile eases his arm down on the  
WINDOW bringing BILLY into foreground. The COP'S mouth  
open and exhaling a wave of beer breath over-BILLY.  
BILLY P.O.V. - BEER FACE FOCUS PAST him to SOLDIER at  
reading "Hurriyet" - the picture of BILLY on page one,  
spread for all to see.

**BEER FACE**

Noldu?

DRIVER turning around to address him.

**DRIVER**

Seen any foreigners in a camper  
bus?

SOLDIER circles the cab from the other side.

BILLY motions to the DRIVER.

**BILLY**

Okay, they haven't seen him, let's  
go back to town, it's getting late.

THE DRIVER ignores it. Calls out again, louder to BEER  
**FACE.**

**DRIVER**

Foreigners! KAMPER. VOLKSWAGEN

BILLY rigid. This asshole of a driver!

BEER FACE glances at BILLY, pulls his head out the  
window.

Looks down the road. Takes a sip of beer.

SOLDIER, disinterested, moves back towards the tank.

BEER FACE looks in the other direction down the road,  
burps. Very conscious of his authority, shakes his head  
without looking at the driver. Moves away.

BILLY nudges the DRIVER.

**BILLY**

Okay, let's go.

THE DRIVER impatiently turns and looks straight at  
BILLY,  
aware of his anxiety.

**DRIVER**

Is no Volkswagen, man! Something  
wrong with you?

BILLY hardening.

DRIVER calling out.

BEER FACE turns.

DRIVER leans out the window.

**DRIVER**

This guy's fishy...I think he might  
be trying to get to Greece.

BILLY looks around fast.

OTHER BEER FACE starts back lazily, half drunk, with the  
POLICEMAN

BEER FACE

Huh?

DRIVER

DRIVER

I don't know, there's

His eyes grow big suddenly As he sees the barrel of  
Hamidou's REVOLVER right in His cheek.

BILLY all business, very quiet.

BILLY

Get out -- right now, move!

something, BEER-FACE advancing looks puzzled, thinks he sees  
then crouches as:

DRIVER gets out the door crouching, yells.

DRIVER

He's got a gun!

over BILLY firing SHOTS off to distract them has climbed  
Again the front seat, jams the cab into gear. It stalls!  
he tries, and now shoots off.

THE CAB Roars past the roadblock.

scream THE COPS AND SOLDIER, scattered by the shots, now  
at each other. They run. SHOTS are fired.

BILLY guns the cab down the road, flying.

CLOUDS OF DUST trail the cab.

HALFTRACK THE TANK starts to roll after it. Full speed. The  
follows, the MEN riding it shouting.

BILLY looks back, then looking ahead sees something.

P.O.V - a speck in the far distance. Another ROADBLOCK.

BILLY decides, then -

gently  
with  
THE CAB swerves right off the road and jumps into the  
rolling FIELD on the border of the road, pock marked  
**HILLS.**

cab.  
THE TURKS come roaring down the road, pointing to the

grinding.  
LOW ANGLE - the TANK makes a flat out stop, gears

THE GUN TURRET swings left.

starts  
THE CAB in the far distance, at an angle to the tank,  
running up an incline.

**THE TANK FIRES.**

**P.O.V. - SHELL BLASTS WIDE OF THE CAB.**

BILLY, startled, looks back, guns for the top of the  
incline.

right,  
of  
HIS P.O.V. - ANOTHER SHELL now blasts to his front  
closer. Something heavy (shrapnel) thuds into the rood  
the cab.

BILLY drives all out.

**P.O.V. - THE INCLINE CLOSER, CLOSER, ABOUT TO MAKE IT,  
THEN: A BLAST**

adjacent  
TANK P.O.V. - the CAB spinning in the blast of the  
shell-burst.

looks:  
BILLY, shaken but unhurt, staggers out of the cab,

**THE  
P.O.V. - A WHEEL BLASTED AWAY, FUEL PISSING OUT FROM  
SHRAPNEL HOLES, SMASHED WINDSHIELD AND FENDER.**

Cavalry -- THE TURKS are coming up the incline now, like the  
some on foot running, others on the HALFTRACK. BULLETS  
whistle and pop nearby.

BILLY running. He tears off his jacket.

incline SOLDIERS pass the wrecked car, at the top of the  
shouting, pointing and firing at  
BILLY in the distance.

in ONE SOLDIER seems lighter than the others and takes off  
a sprint as the OTHERS follow.

Billy. THE HALFTRACK now crests the incline and gathering full  
gear and momentum, roars off down the slope after

the CLOSE BILLY running sweat all over him. In background,  
HALFTRACK and running FIGURES.

starting BILLY runs into a high dry cornfield with the sun  
to set ahead of him in the Greek mountains.

MOUNTAINS - must make those mountains.

BILLY running all out - eyes fixed on them, breathing,  
skipping heartbeats.

slows THE PERSONNEL CARRIER bypasses the FAST SOLDIER who  
down, panting. Billy has outrun him.

OTHER SOLDIERS run up in the distance.

FIELD.It BILLY, tireless, obsessed, runs right into a POPPY  
dipping is a splendid beautiful scarlet red, set off by the  
rays of the sun.

poppy, HIS FEET smashing down the poppy plants. Fast - THUCK!  
**THUCK! THUCK! THUCK! THUCK! THUCK!**

CROSSCUT the metal TREADS of the Halftrack into the  
mowing down entire rows.



TWO SOLDIERS on the PERSONNEL CARRIER are waving encouragement to the driver inside. They have him.

BILLY ANOTHER ANGLE the HALFTRACK closing the distance on now thirty yards apart.

gasps BILLY looking back, starting to fade. Huge wheezing of breath.

SOLDIERS running up looking at THE HALFTRACK in the distance.

SOLDIERS yell.

**SOLDIERS**

Minefield! Minefield! Come back!  
Stop!

**(NO SUBTITLE)**

BILLY runs out of the POPPY FIELD into a THIN FOREST.

THE SOLDIERS screaming in the distance, jumping up and down waving for the halftrack to come back.

board LOW ANGLE - the HALFTRACK with the waving SOLDIERS on now blasts out of the poppy field at full speed.

the BILLY -- he has no chance, In immediate background is fast HALFTRACK.

SHOUTS ONE SOLDIER on the HALFTRACK now looking back to the of his comrades. Confused. Turns bout back to yell something and:

tank ENORMOUS EXPLOSION The HALFTRACK disintegrates in a landmine.

looks BILLY thrown to the ground by the force of the blast, back, GASPS!

A BURNING WRECKAGE. Black spirals of smoke. Secondary explosions.

he  
on,  
shaking  
of  
FROG  
And  
after  
stroke,  
circle,

BILLY stumbles up. A gash of blood is on his temple but doesn't know it or feel it such is his stress. He runs SHOTS whistling towards him from the poppy field. TURKISH OFFICER screaming angrily at Billy, cursing, his fist at the sky.

BILLY, in the forest, is totally out of breath and out eyesight of the pursuers. He stops against a tree. SOUNDS. The gurgle of water. Muddy ground. He looks: THE MARITAS RIVER rushing ahead. A strong current.

BILLY peels off all his clothing except his pants, not delaying one more moment. He feels he must keep going. he's right. DOGS are barking OFF.

A SNARLING ATTACK DOG is tearing through the minefield, fast, ahead of the others.

BILLY looks, sees it.

THIRTY YARDS - the huge DOG coming right at him!

BILLY runs for the edge of the bank and plunges in.

THE ATTACK DOG sprints up to the edge of the river bank and without a moment's hesitation, plunges right in him.

BILLY lashing into the current with a fierce breast is swept downstream kicking futilely.

THE DOG, its jaws open and clacking, is also swept down river.

BILLY going under, coming back up - fighting, still fighting.

THE DOG struggling sails past as

BILLY hauls himself out of the river, going in a

dizzy. Falls. Struggles up again. Looks back. Must keep going. Must.

THE BASE OF' MOUNTAIN - hilly, rugged.

sight -

BILLY runs, drags, runs again. He is a lamentable naked except for ripped wet pants, barefoot, bleeding, muddied. Dimly he makes out:

A FARMHOUSE - TWILIGHT. Some cows, goats, chickens. NO sign of people.

SOUND.

BILLY staggers towards it. Wears something. A rooting Stops. Something familiar about it.

piglets

A FAMILY OF PIGS snort and root in the mud, little running around.

BILLY staggers towards them, muttering to himself.

**BILLY**

Pigs...! Pigs...!

Then yells in the recognition of it

**BILLY**

Pigs... You... Beautiful...

of

BILLY BILLY falls to his knees in the confined pen; the pigs run around squealing. Trying to reach out for one

turns

them, he falls face first into the mud and lies there. Pause. A wooden DOOR squeaks open OFF. BILLY slowly

his muddy eyes over his shoulder.

from

BILLY P.O.V. - TWO SOLDIERS, khaki-colored uniforms, helmets, olive faces, mustaches, approach cautiously

the farmhouse, rifles ready. Following them is an OLD FARMER, Further behind in the doorway is his WIFE and **CHILDREN.**

BILLY muttering to himself, in Turkish.

**BILLY**

Greek?... Greek?...

THE SOLDIERS approach close, stand above this strange

figure, look at each other.

**SOLDIER**

Ti leei?  
(What is he saying?)

**2ND SOLDIER**

Mou fainetai san Toupkika  
(It sounded like Turkish)

BILLY with dimming strength.

**BILLY**

THE FARMER understands, makes a vigorous nod of his head.

**FARMER**

Malisee...Ellada!  
(Ah, yes... Greece!)

**CUT:**

weak, CAR DOOR SLAMS SHUT - and BILLY, his movements still moves a few steps from the car and stops. SUBTITLE:

**OCTOBER 24, 1975 - BABYLON, LONG ISLAND**

They Framing Billy are SUSAN and his FATHER, both silent. look with him at

ordinary HIS SISTER, BROTHER, UNCLE, AUNT, SISTER-IN-LAW FAMILY FRIEND - AND GRANDMOTHER, all on the porch of the returning house in BABYLON, LONG ISLAND - DAY; all of them his gaze in that first SILENT moment. Curiosity. Recognition. Shock. Love.

It And then they move. But we don't hear their movements. is SOUNDLESS reunion; the SISTER running out first in SLOW MOTION, the MOTHER following last, crying; the GRANDMOTHER too infirm to move, the shaking her head from side to side in SLOW MOTION, her tears lost somewhere in the wrinkles

of her face.

His  
inside -  
BILLY surrounded by FAMILY - SLOW MOTION - SOUNDLESS.  
eyes flooding. All the feelings in him. And deep  
a solitary question.

**EPILOGUE BLACK SCREEN - SUPERIMPOSE:**

**THE CHARACTER NAMED BELL IS STILL INSIDE.**

**AS ARE:**

**(ROLL THE LIST OF NAMES)**

in  
And OVER this, the SOUND of a PASSING TRAIN rushing by  
the night - UP, FAST and AWAY.

(Getchmis Olsun)

**THE END**