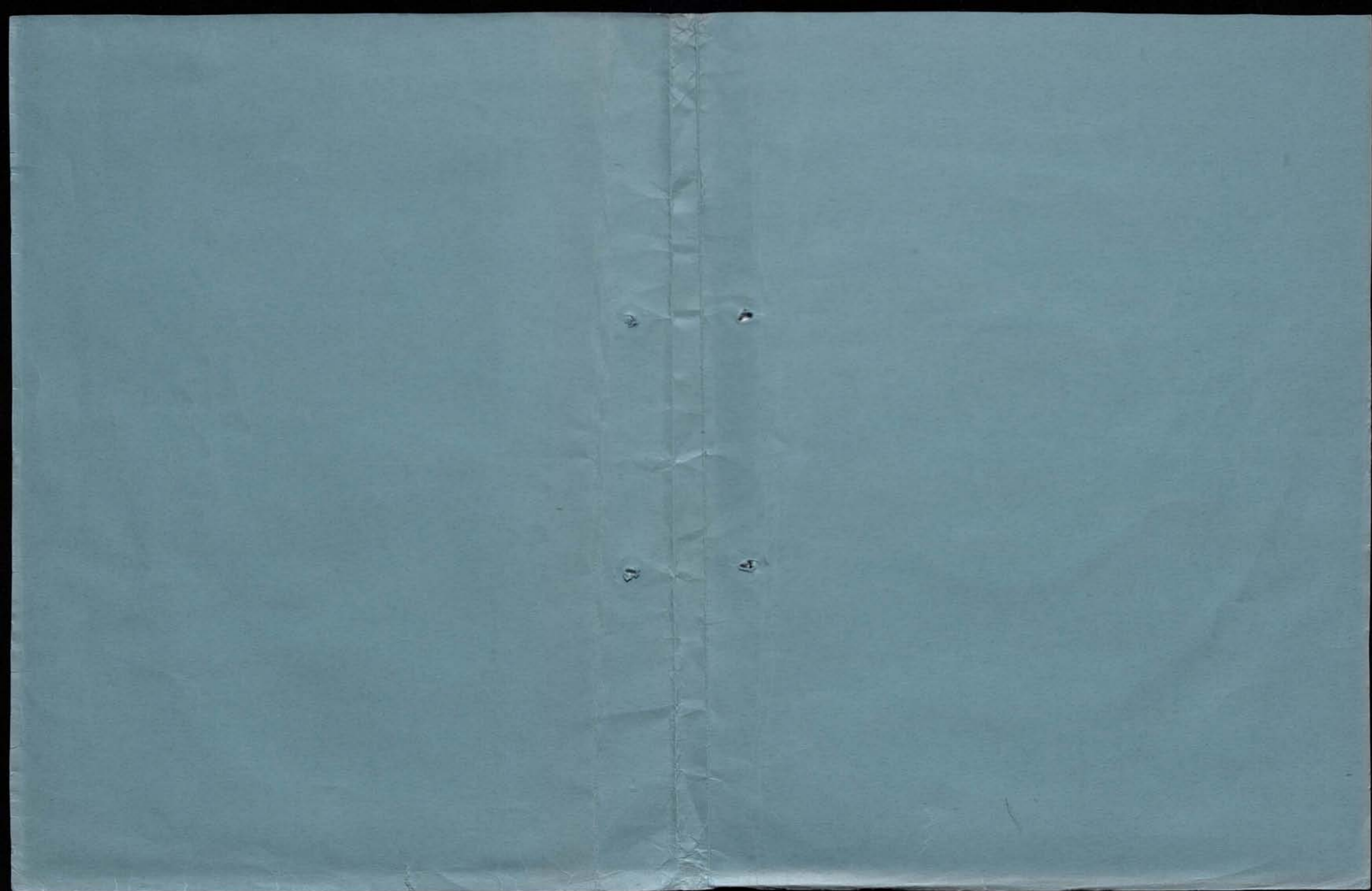


Johnny Got His Gun



JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN

Bunuel - Trumbo

FADE IN:

CREDIT TITLES are seen against a montage background of World War I stock shots, still photographs, recruiting posters, etc. Sound track gives us band music; the skirl of bagpipes; voices singing various national anthems, including the German; the roar of cheering crowds; the tramp of marching feet; the beat of snare drums; and the stuttered, incomprehensible bellowings of statesmen. Montage consists in:

1. A kilted Scots Guard Company on parade in full dress uniforms, led by a company of bagpipers.
2. The Kaiser inspecting his troops.
3. King George V inspecting his troops.
4. Clemenceau inspecting his troops.
5. Victor Immanuel II inspecting his troops.
6. The Kaiser making a public address.
7. Lloyd George of England making a public address.
8. Clemenceau of France making a public address.
9. President Woodrow Wilson of the United States, probably addressing Congress.
10. The American flag flying above the Capitol building in Washington.
11. Newsreel film in which the first American draft number is taken by the Secretary of War from a glass bowl.
12. Stock shots of American draftees assembling.
13. Stock shot of a train load of soldiers leaving an American railway station, relatives waving.

14. Stock shot of Doug Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin, and Mary Pickford standing - on a platform on Broadway selling war bonds.
15. Stock shot of the wildly cheering - crowds which jammed Broadway to hera them.

Title cards now come to an end.

STOCK SHOT - SAMLL-TOWN AMERICAN RAILROAD STATION - DAY

There must be tens of thousands of feet of such material. This should simply be footage of a troop train in the background, draftees or uniformed men on the station platform bidding farewell to wives, parents, children and friends. Sound track - is filled with band music, garbled conversations, and fragmen tary phrases from the speeches of local patriots and bureau-- crats.

ORATOR'S VOICE - o.s.

This is not a war for conquest, for pro-- fit, or for vengeance.

HEAD AND SHOULDERS - JOE BONHAM

If the stock shots with which these secenes are constantly in tercut shows the young men in uniform, Joe will also be uni-- formed. If, as would be preferable, the stock shots show the young men as draftees, Joe will war civilian clothes. He is - embracing and kissing his mother, a tired-looking, middle-aged, lower middle-class woman with tears in his eyes. Joe is nine- teen years old, undistinguished in height or stature, much li ke any other American boy of his time and class.

ORATOR'S VOICE - o.s.
(continuing)

It is a war to make the world save for de mocracy'

JOE

Goodbye, mogher.

He releases her and turns to:

HEAD AND SHOULDERS- JOE AND HIS OLDER SISTER

She is a girl of fourteen who clings to him fiercely.

JOE

Goodbye, Catherine.

ORATOR'S VOICE - o.s.

Beyond that, my friends and fellow countrymen, it is a war against war itself.

HEAD AND SHOULDERS - JOE AND HIS YOUNGER SISTER

Joe sinks down on his haunches in order to embrace the little girl, who is only seven years old.

JOE

Goodbye, Elizabeth

ORATOR'S VOICE - o.s.

... it is a war that is being fought for - peace...

HEAD AND SHOULDERS - JOE AND KAREEN

Joe rises from his younger sister to face Kareen, a seventeen year old girl who, though fragile in stature, gives the impression of great strength, of great capacity to love and be loved. In terms of physical appearance, she, like Joe himself, does not vary too far from the national average, although when they are together, as now, they infuse each other with a beauty - that is almost breathtaking. They hold each other tightly, - their lips sealed together, tears coursing down Kareen's cheeks.

ORATOR'S VOICE - o.s.

... peace not only in our time but for all time...

CLOSE UP - JOE AND KAREEN

Their kiss continues.

ORATOR'S VOICE - o.s.

... it is, God willing, the first war in - all history that is waged to banish war - from the face of the earth... to end war - for all time and all generations!

Their lips separate, and they cling for a moment, cheek to - cheek.

JOE:

(as if it were a prayer)

Kareen... Kareen... Kareen...!

KAREN

Don't go, Joe. Don't go.

VOICE OF THE SHELL
(eerily o.s.)

She's right, Joe. Don't go.
I'm waiting for you.

From the background of our CLOSE-UP on Joe and Kareen, an - image emerges, moves forward, fills the screen:

CLOSE-UP - THE SHELL

Amidst the clatter and noise of a munitions factory, we see - a stamp-press crash down against the base of a cannon shell . As the press rises, we see a number stamped on the shell.

VOICE OF THE SHELL
(continuing)

I'm just receiving your number.

GHOSTLY AMERICAN VOICES
(faintly singing)

Over there;
Over there;
Send the word,
Send the word,
To beware.

The stamped shell moves on its conveyor belt to:

CLOSE SHOT - HEAD AND SHOULDERS - GERMAN GIRL AND SHELL

The shell, thirty-six inches long, stands on its carrier-base, a dull-gleaming phallus, marvelously smooth and symmetrical. Using both hands, the German girl screws the gleaming metal - point of the shell into place. Above the clatter and noise of the munitions factory, we hear:

GHOSTLY AMERICAN VOICES
(continuing)

We're coming over,
We're coming over,
And we won't be back
Till it's over over there!

The girl and her shell recede into the background as Joe and Kareen swim forward into clarity.

JOE AND KAREEN - HEAD AND SHOULDERS

Kareen is talking to him earnestly despite the uproar of singing, shouts, and train and station SOUNDS. Joe has his left -

arm around her, but not his right.

ORATOR'S VOICE - o.s.

In the words of that great patriot, Patrick Henry...

KAREEN

Don't go. Run away.

JOE
(wryly)

Where can I run?

KAREEN

They'll kill you, Joe. I know they will.

VOICE OF THE SHELL
(softly)

Not 'they', Joe. I will kill you...

A new SUPERIMPOSITION now rushes forward to blot out Joe and Kareen.

TAILGATE - GERMAN CONVOY TRUCK - NIGHT

The air is filled with the roaring of motors and the departure of other vehicles. Joe's particular shell is now being placed aboard the truck.

SONG FRAGMENT
(very faintly, o.s.)

Keep the home fires burning,
Though your hearts are yearning...

SUPERIMPOSITION recedes as we go to:

HEAD AND SHOULDERS - JOE AND KAREEN

Kareen is weeping softly.

ORATOR'S VOICE - o.s.

In the words of that great patriot, Theodore Roosevelt...

KAREEN

Love me. Love me. Hold me
closer. Closer, Joe. Put both
of your arms around me and hold
me close. Both of your arms,
Joe... both of them.

With both of his arms he holds her tightly to him.

ORATOR'S VOICE - o.s.

Make God bless you. Make God give you victory. Let us pray.

(slight pause)

Our father which art in Heaven...

VOICE OF THE SHELL

(softly)

Praying will do no good. I have a time set, and you have a time set, and not even the hand of God can stop our meeting.

A new SUPERIMPOSITION now emerges to fill the screen.

FULL SHOT - GERMAN HIGHWAY - DAY

A supply convoy of trucks, one of them the truck on which Joe's shell was loaded, moves steadily toward the east.

ORATOR'S VOICE - o.s.

(very faintly)

Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven...

HEAD AND SHOULDERS - JOE AND KAREEN

They still cling to each other tightly as the prayer comes to an end.

ORATOR'S VOICE - o.s.

For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever.

The terminal word of the prayer comes forth not reverently as would be expected, but angrily and wildly---a massed YELL of blind hatred.

OMNES - o.s.

(in powerful unison)

A - M - E - N ...!

As the last growl of the "Amen" rumbles into silence, the air is shattered with the CRY OF SCREAMING BUGLES proclaiming separation.

STOCK SHOT - OF THE PERIOD

A World War I railroad station crowd disintegrating as the troops, or draftees, move toward the waiting coaches. The sound track is filled with farewells.

MASS HYMN

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.

HEAD AND SHOULDERS - KAREEN

Tears streaming down her eyes, yet trying bravely to smile, -
even to laugh, she waves toward the CAMERA and a Joe we cannot
see.

KAREEN

Goodbye! Goodbye! Goodbye!

MASS HYMN

Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride...

STOCK SHOT - OF THE PERIOD

Showing draftes as they clamber aboard the steps of a transport
coach.

MASS HYMS

From every mountain side...

HEAD AND SHOULDERS - JOE

He pauses on the steps of the railroad coach to turn back and -
wave toward his girl.

MAS HYMN
(concluding)

Let freedom ring!

JOE

Goodbye, Kareen! Goodbye!

ORATOR'S VOICE - o.s.

And their lives if necessary that demo-
cracy may not perish from the face of
this earth!

FLASH INTER-CUTS - JOE AND KAREEN

Each waving to the other, each shouting farewells that cannot -
be heard above the deafening uproar of the crowd, which has - -
burst into the most spirited and lively of World War I battle -
hymns:

CROWD SINGING

Goodbye Maw, Goodbye Paw,
 Goodbye mule with your old hee-haw
 I may not know what the war's about,
 But you bet by gosh I'll soon find out.

In the midst of these FLASH INTER-CUTS Between Joe and Kareen, the great pistons of the engine send our clouds of steam, the smokestack begins its rythmical eruption, and cheers may be heard above the singing of the crowd as the coaches slowly begin to draw out of the station.

STOCK SHOT - OF THE PERIOD

Troops, or draftees, leaning from the windows of a transport train, waving final farewell.

FLASH CLOSE SHOT - KAREEN.

Waving, weeping, soundlessly saying, "Goodbye".

FLASH SHOT - JOE LEANING OUT OF TRANSPORT WINDOW

Waving, his farewells likewise unheard amidst the uproar.

CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - THROUGH STATION CROWD - A FARM WOMAN

Gaunt, ill dressed, and almost whimpering with dismay, she wanders aimlessly through the crowd, searching, addressing people who pay no heed to her at all.

FARM WOMAN

Where's my boy, where's my little boy?
 He's under age, can't you see?. He just
 came up from Tuscon... he's too little
 for the army!

Over this scene, and the three which immediately preceed it, we hear:

CROWD SINGING

And oh my sweetheart, don't you fear,
 I'll send you a king for a souvenir,
 I'll send you a Turk and a kaiser too...

MEDIUM SHOT - TOWARD COACHES FLASHING BY

They are moving so fast now that all details are blurred.

CROWD SINGING

And that's about all one fella can do!

Over the scene we hear the blood-curdling wail of the engine whistle, which carries us to:

FULL LONG SHOT - A TRAIN

It moves at high speed down a geometrically straight track, - across an absolutely level plain which is as wide and as long as eternity itself. The whistle, loud in our preceeding SHOT, now comes only faintly to our ears as the tiny train vanishes in the far distance.

GERMAN CONVOY TRUCK - DAWN

Joe's shell is being unloaded from the convoy truck, and, with others, stacked on a pneumatic-tired hand truck for conveyance to the guns. The work proceeds swiftly, with deadly efficiency, and in utter silence.

FAINT SINGING

Oh say can you see,
By the dawn's early light...

AMERICAN TRANSPORT TRUCK - FRONT LINES - DAWN

Perhaps a dozen young American soldiers leap out of the truck - and, under the silent guidance of an officer, move off into the dripping dawn. Among them we see Joe.

SINGING VOICES

What so proudly we hailed,
At the twilight's last gleaming...

The singing is drowned out by the crashing thunder of a sunrise artillery barrage.

CLOSE SHOT - CANNON-BREECH - DRAWN

Scene is filled with smoke; sounds of the barrage continue on - all sides. A shell is ejected by the gun crew from the cannon's breech. Joe's shell is then rammed into the breech, and the - - breech-lock slammed shut. Scene fills with smoke as the cannon recoils to the shell's discharge. A looping WHINE, its volume - seeming to increase and diminish with the trajectory of the - shell just fired.

CLOSE SHOT - JOE IN SHELL CRATER - DAWN

Cowering against the side of the crater, he stares wildly up - into the sky... up to the source of the swift-approaching, ever-louder SHRIEK as the shell approaches the end of its trajectory. As he covers his face with his hands, the screen explodes, turns instantly into:

FULL BLACK SCREEN

There is no light anywhere. There is no sound. There is no movement of any kind. Then, from somewhere in the darkness, the voice of a young girl is heard singing very sweetly, very faintly.

YOUNG GIRL SINGING

Tuck up your troubles in your old
kit bag,
And smile... smile... smile....

The voice fades, and the terrible silence resumes once again. Through the blackness we hear a faint click, as if one delicate metallic instrument had been knocked against another. Then the faint, far away, feminine SOUND of retching.

MAN'S VOICE

(in soft reprood)

Not in the waste can, nurse.
You're vomiting on his leg.

We begin to detect a faint movement... a vague impression of gray-black objects in occasional movement. As gray light seeps in from the four corners of our screen, the moving objects become lighter, although still indistinguishable.

CLOSE-UP - A DOCTOR'S HEAD - IN THE GLOOM

The light is so dim that we receive the impression of a doctor's head rather than the actual image of it. He presses the side of his face against a light horizontal object, and listens. Then a look of satisfaction comes to his face. He nods to himself, and rises out of the scene.

CLOSE-UP - SECOND DOCTOR

His face, as indistinct as the first, is pressed against a glass jar through which little bubbles drift upward. He smiles with triumph at the bubbles, nods his head, and steps back out of the scene.

CLOSE SHOT - HEAD AND SHOULDERS - THIRD DOCTOR

As indistinct in the dark as his colleagues were. His hand stretches forth to touch something which is immediately below the level of our screen. His eyes light up with satisfaction. He nods. As he turns, we go to:

TIGHT SHOT - SHOULDERS UP - THE THREE DOCTORS

Their white jackets, the bushy hair of one, the beard of another, the spectacles of a third, are caught in the faint light and distorted into the images of misshapen freaks. Bowing, nodding, smiling, each shakes hands with his two colleagues. Then they turn to the door. As it opens, enough light is admitted to allow us to identify the interior of a small hospital room. The doctors pass through the door, it closes silently, and we go to:

CLOSE SHOT - THE HOSPITAL BED

Joe lies on this bed, but the gloom is so deep and the highlights so deceptive that we actually see no more than a lump. Then, from some enormous distance, we hear the sound of a telephone bell - RINGING. It rings again and again through the silence, sometimes

scarcely audible, sometimes plainly heard. The faint movement we imagine that we see on the bed could as easily be caused - by a change in the light as by movement of the patient. The telephone bell continues to RING. Then, from the bed, we hear a suffocated GASP, a strangled exclamation which is half grunt, half sob.

MAN'S VOICE

(calling from a distance)

Telephone, Joe. Hey, Joe... it's for you.

HEAD AND SHOULDERS - JOE AT WALL TELEPHONE - NIGHT

While he speaks, we hear the o.s.s. sounds of a large bakery in full operation: the rattle of conveyor belts, the screech of travelling ovens, the roar of machinery, the rumble of dollies and racks.

JOE

(into telephone)

All right, mother, I'll be right there.

He hangs up the phone and turns to confront Mr. Simmons, the - bald, pot-bellied night manager, who features a pencil behind one ear, a sharp pair of suspicious blue eyes, and a constant frown.

JOE

My father just died, Mr. Simmons.
I've got to go home.

MR. SIMMONS

(peering at him sharply)

Died?. Gosh, kid, that's too bad. Sure, kid, you run along.

(call off)

Rudy. Hey Rudy.

Rudy a young man of twenty-five enters the scene.

MR. SIMMONS

(continuing)

Grab a truck and drive Joe Home.
His old man... I mean, his father
just died.

(pats Joe on the back)

I'll have one of the boys punch
you out at the time clock. It's
tough, kid. Go home.

BAKERY TRUCK - DOWN NARROW RAIN-SWEPT STREET - NIGHT

The only sounds are the roar of the Model T engine and the hiss of rain water beneath the tires.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - DRIVER'S SEAT - TRUCK - NIGHT

Rudy drives, Joe sits beside him, swaying with the movement of the truck, staring ahead, white-faced, bemused. The truck halts.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TOWARD TRUCK - RAIN - NIGHT

Joe climbs out of the truck, turns back to it.

JOE

Thanks, Rudy. I'll let you know when everything's finished. I'll be back to work in a couple of days.

RUDY

Sure, Joe, that's all right. It's tough. I'm sorry. Good night.

Joe turns down a narrow alley, and the truck starts to turn around in the rainy street.

ANOTHER SHOT - DOOR OF JOE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - RAIN

Joe appears, opens the door, revealing a narrow flight of steps beyond it. He closes the door.

INTERIOR STAIRWAY OF JOE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Joe moves up the steps two at a time, quiet as a cat.

INTERIOR LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As Joe enters from the head of the steps. It is a small room, - half of it occupied with a double bed, on which lies the body of a man, a sheet drawn over his face. Joe's mother stands - against a window, staring numbly out at the rain. His thirteen year old sister lies crouched in a corner, quietly sobbing.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FROM JOE TO HIS SISTER

She is clad in nightgown, over which a worn bathrobe has loosely thrown. Her position is such that the first rise of her young breasts is visible. Joe stares at her numbly, his whole attention absorbed with the incomprehensible fact of his father's death, yet his mind automatically recording other impressions.

JOE'S VOICE

(But not his lips)

You have breasts. I never noticed before.

He teases his eyes from his sister, and turns toward the bed.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING JOE

He stares at the bed, crosses to it, gently lifts the sheet to expose what is beneath it, and stares for a long moment at the tired face of his father there revealed.

JOE'S VOICE

(faintly, wonderingly)

So you're dead, aren't you?. My poor little father...

There is a KNOCK on the downstairs door. Joe looks questioningly to his mother.

JOE'S MOTHER

It's them. I called. They were awfully nice. They're going to let us... pay for it by the month.

Joe goes to the door, looks down the stairs.

JOE

(quietly)

Come in.

JOE'S MOTHER

(crossing to Catherine)

I'll take Catherine in the kitchen.
It'll be better.

She goes to her weeping daughter, lifts the girl up, and the two of them pass through another doorway into a small kitchen beyond. Sound of footsteps coming up the stairs. Then two men enter, dressed in black and carrying a long, covered wicker basket. Joe stands, fascinated and horrified, as they throw the covers back from his father's body, lift him not too gently from the bed, place him in the basket, and clap the lid back onto it. Then they start out of the room and down the stairs again, one man at the head of the basket, the other at its foot, the basket creaking as they descend the stairs.

CLOSE SHOT - JOE

He looks off through the open kitchen door to his sister, huddled there in a chair, weeping. He hears the distant RINGING of a telephone bell. Startled, he looks across to his mother,

who has just entered the living room from the kitchen. Again - the faint RINGING of the telephone bell. Perplexed, and somehow strangely excited, Joe looks down the stairway.

LONG SHOT - DOWN STAIRWAY - NIGHT

The door is open, and the custodians of the wicker basket are just passing through it with their burden. Then, as if from the basket itself, Joe hears again the faint RINGING of the - distant telephone bell. CAMERA goes to a series of:

ANGLE SHOTS - THROUGHOUT STAIRWAY, KITCHEN, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As Joe's attention leaps from point to point, each point characterized by the remote RING of a telephone bell. During the se angle cuts the scene rapidly darkens until we have returned at last to.

INTERIOR DARKENED HOSPITAL ROOM - TOWARD THE BED

The person in the bed is still indiscernable, although we have a sense of something stirring. The RINGING of the telephone - bell continues, although ever more faintly, ever more distant. A sound of GRUNTING comes from the bed. Then:

JOE'S MIND
(faingly)

The telephone. Where is the telephone?

The telephone dies away completely. There is a long silence. - Then:

JOE'S MIND

Where am I?

MED. SHOT TOWARD A DARKENED CORNER OF THE ROOM

The light is somewhat better here than in the area surrounding the bed. Something stirs on the floor. As we INTERCUT back and forth between this corner area and the bed area we realize - - that JOE'S IMAGE (i.e., Joe as he was before his accident) has been lying unconscious in the corner on the floor, waiting for the WOUNDED JOE on the bed to regain consciousness, thus permitting Joe's Image also to awaken.

(NOTE ON THE METHOD: Joe actually has four identities in this film. They are: (1) Wounded Joe on the bed in the hospital; - (2) Joe's Image, unwounded but trapped in the hospital room - with Wounded Joe; (3) Flashback Joe, which is to say, Joe as - he was in those incidents from his past which he thinks about and which we dramatize on the screen; and (4) Fantasy Joe, or the Joe of his dreams, of fantasies, nightmares and hallucinations. All but Wounded Joe are physically identical, although it may be found desirable to costume them differently. In certain instances, as the script will indicate, Joe's Image and -

Fantasy Joe will merge into the same personality.

(When they speak, Flashback Joe and Fantasy Joe and Joe's Image will speak in Joe's natural voice. Wounded Joe, however, cannot speak... he can only think. Since it is necessary for us to - - know what he is thinking, we must vocalize his thoughts in the film. In order to achieve audience clarity, we must differentiate the voice of JOE'S MIND from the normal voice used by the other three Joes. The voice of JOE'S MIND will therefore be subtly altered by delicate use of an echo chamber. Thus whenever the audience hears this slightly different voice, it will instantly know it is listening to the mind of the wounded man who lies on the bed.

(When Wounded Joe is awake on his bed, Joe's Image is also awake in the room. When Joe on the bed loses consciousness, or - - goes to sleep, or is given sedatives, Joe's Image reacts, and his consciousness departs. It follows that whenever the audience sees that Joe's Image is awake and active in the room, it knows that Joe on the bed is also awake. In certain instances, however, when we dramatize on the screen Joe's dreams or drug-induced hallucinations, the sight of Joe's Image, restlessly busy profoundly asleep, informs the audience that Wounded Joe on the bed is also asleep, and that the images or incidents shown on the screen reflect the dreams and hallucinations of his unconscious mind. END OF NOTE.)

JOE'S MIND

(throughout the INTERCUTS)

How did I get here?... What has happened?
(fainting voice)
Oh Jesus Christ, the pain...

As voice of Joe's Mind fades away into semi-consciousness, Joe's Image in the corner, on the point of rising to his feet, sinks back to the floor again. There is a period of utter silence, utter stillness. Then Joe's Mind returns, and his Image stirs again.

JOE'S MIND

(very faintly at first)

I can feel the sweat pouring
out of my skin. Hot, wet, skin
all over me. And the wetness
soaked in... soaked in...

(Joe's Image is beginning to rise again)

... in bandages. Wet bandages. All
over me. Even over my head...

The voice fades into a silence, which is broken only by a rhythmic sequence of muffled GRUNTS which seem to emanate from the -

belly rather than from the throat. They are scarcely audible. Joe's Image, on its feet now, moves cautiously and on tip-toe out of the corner toward the bed.

JOE'S MIND

Then I'm hurt. Maybe . . .
pretty bad.

Joe's Image arrives beside the bed, gazes down at whatever - lies there, puzzled, curious, faintly repelled.

JOE'S MIND

I'm scared. I'm so scared I
can feel my own heart smashing
against my ribs. Can't you hear
it?. Why don't you help me? Can't
you hear my heart, the way it's
pounding?

(pause; then, wonderingly)

No. You don't. I can't even
hear it myself. I can feel my
heart smashing away in my chest...
I can feel the blood pumping ...
and then a swelling once more...
but I can't hear the pulse of
my blood in my ears.

(pause)

When you can't hear your own
pulse, you're deaf. Deaf.

(savoring it)

I'm deaf. You're deaf, Joe.

From this point forward his thoughts wander as consciousness begins to give way to unconsciousness. As this process occurs, Joe's Image grows correspondingly languorous, and begins a - slow retreat from the bed to its darkened corner.

JOE'S MIND

(with relief)

Then you're not really hurt...
you're only deaf. There was
that shell, and it blew up,
and it smashed your eardrums,
but it didn't hit you...

(pause)

That was a close one. Oh well
. . . lots of people can't
hear . . . and there are lots
of things that nobody wants to
hear anyhow . . .

The telephone begins to ring once more, monotonously and from

an immense distance.

JOE'S MIND

Hello... Hello... I can't
hear you... Hello...
Hello... Stop ringing, because
it doesn't do any good, I can't
hear you... I'd rather be dead
anyhow... than to hear a telephone
ringing... to tell me that my
father... is dead...

The voice of Joe's Mind whispers away into silence. Joe's -
Image in the corner sinks into reluctant slumber. The SCENE
darkens, turns pure black, approaches total silence. Then:

YOUNG GIRL SINGING
(very faintly)

Pack up your troubles in your
old kit bag,
And smile... smile... smile...

There are soft LIQUID SOUNDS as the screen fills with black
water in gentle movement, from the depths of which Joe's pa-
le, distorted face may be seen rising eerily toward the sur-
face. As it fills the screen, scarcely an inch below the wa-
ter's surface, we go to:

INT. JOE'S ROOM - DOCTORS, NURSES, ETC. - DAY

Two doctors and three nurses completely obscure Joe's figure
on the bed. Joe's Image hovers anxiously about the head of -
the bed, more concerned than they with the purpose of their
work. The doctors and nurses chat amiably among themselves,
but their conversation is not recorded.

JOE'S MIND

My arm. Yes. My left arm,
Bandages coming off. I wonder
what's wrong with it?. I wish
they'd get this stuff off my
face so I could know what they're
doing.

CLOSE-UP - A LARGE BANDAGE

It is disposed of in the same way as the first, and by the sa-
me hand.

UPWARD INTO PACES OF DOCTORS, NURSES, JOE'S IMAGE

All of whom gaze down intently at the second unbandaged area.
What they see here causes the two doctors to shake hands in -
mutual congratulation, while Joe's Image sinks to his knees -
in utter despair.

JOE'S MIND

Well?. What's going to happen now?

A nurse hands a tray to the Chief Doctor, who takes from it a pair of tweezer-clippers, and bends low over Joe.

INSERT - TWEEZER-CLIPPERS AGAINST STITCHED SKIN

The clippers snip the thread in two places. Then the tweezers clamp down on the less than half-inch stitch that has been freed, and swiftly jerk it free.

JOE'S MIND

Ouch!

ANOTHER ANGLE - GROUP AROUND JOE'S BED

The doctor works swiftly, steadily, his progress visible to us each time he rises from his position above Joe and disposes of a stitch in the tray which the nurse holds for him.

JOE'S MIND

(continuing)

They're pinching.

(pause)

No. It's more like... it's sharp and hot. Like a... a little stab of heat.

CLOSE-UP - A RAT IN THE SHADOWS

Tugging at something with sharp little claws; chewing at it with swift-clicking yellow little teeth.

JOE'S MIND

(continuing)

Or...or like a little animal that's nibbling. Like a rat.

(pause; he considers)

Oh no. No. They wouldn't let any rats in here.

CLOSE ON 6-YEAR OLD BOY AND DOCTOR

The period would be about the turn of the century. The doctor is removing stitches from a healed scar on one of the boy's cheeks.

JOE'S MIND

(Continuing)

Oh, now I know!. It's just like
(more)

when I ran into the barbed-wire fence. They sew you up, and then

He begins to sink into the water, camera following him.

JOE'S MIND
(continued)

it heals, and then they take the stitches out.

(dubiously)

Only....

(panic mounting)

... Only...

INSERT - TRAY HELD BY NURSE

The doctor's hand enters and leaves the SCENE rhythmically, depositing each time with the tweezers a severed stitch. There are eight or ten stitches already on the tray.

JOE'S MIND
(continuing)

... only this is different.

I can feel what they're doing to my arm, but I can't rightly feel my arm at all. It's like

(more)

I had to feel through the end of my arm.

ANOTHER ANGLE - GROUP AROUND BED

Joe's Image is crouched beside the bed on hands and knees, weeping. The removal of the stitches continues briskly.

JOE'S MIND

The nearest thing to the end of my arm I can think of is the heel of my hand. But the heel of my hand... the end of my arm... oh Jesus Christ, it's high... high... high as my shoulder!. And the stitches go in a circle...!

FULL SCREEN - JOE'S FACE UNDER WATER

Pale, wide-eyed, filled with horror, covered by perhaps an inch of water, and beginning to sink back into the darker depths once more.

JOE'S MIND

You've cut my arm off! Oh my God, why would you do a thing like that?

He begins to SINK deeper and deeper into the water, CAMERA following him.

JOE'S MIND

You can't cut a man's arm off without his consent. He's got to sign a paper or something. Oh Jesus, I have to work with that arm! Why did you cut it off? Why did you, why did you, why did you?

He reaches the bottom of his descent, in deep, dark waters, when a second thought strikes.

JOE'S MIND

There was a ring on my hand! Where did you put it? What did you do with it?

He now begins his swift ascent to the surface, CAMERA following

JOE'S MIND

If you've stolen my ring, then you're grave-robbers, because my arm that is gone is dead, and if you've taken the ring from it, you've robbed the dead. Where is my ring? Kareen gave it to me and I want it back! Where is my ring, Kareen's ring, before I go under again...?

As his white face surfaces barely an inch below the waters, - filling the screen with its anguished appeal, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

DARK CORNER OR A SMALL LIVING ROOM - JOE AND KAREEN - NIGHT

They sit very closely together, Joe's arm around her, both of them intent on the ring which Kareen is putting on Joe's finger.

KAREEN

My mother gave it to me. It's real moonstone.

JOE

(pleased little laugh)

It won't fit.

KAREEN

The little finger, silly, try
the little finger.

JOE

Oh.

KAREEN

(with triumph)

See? I said it would fit

Joe holds the hand up to look at it with the ring on then pulls
her tight to him.

JOE

(softly)

Little mick.

He kisses her. She responds passionately. When they break.

KAREEN

Oh Joe, I'm so scared, Kiss me
again.

JOE

(glancing around the darkened room)

We shouldn't have turned the lights
out. Your old man'll be sore.

KAREEN

Kiss me. Mike won't care. He understands.

They kiss again. At the end of the caress, Kareen finds her
voice in a choked sigh.

KAREEN

Don't go, Joe, please don't go.

JOE

When you're drafted you've got to
go

KAREEN

They'll kill you

JOE

Maybe. I don't think so

KAREEN

Lots of people get killed who don't think so. Don't go Joe

JOE

Lots of people come back

KAREEN

I love you, Joe

JOE

(fondly)

You're a little mick

KAREEN

I'm not mick, I'm bohunk

JOE

You're half and half, but you look mick. You've got eyes and hair like a little mick

KAREEN

(beginning to weep)

Oh Joe. . .

Joe takes her in his arms, drawing his torso somewhat over hers as he engulfs her in his arms.

JOE

(softly)

Don't cry, Kareen. Please don't cry

Suddenly a darker shadow than that which covers the room falls upon them, and a harsh male voice intrudes.

MIKE'S VOICE

Stop that, stop it, goddam you

Old Mike Burkeman enters the scene, stops before the sofa, and glares down on them. He looks like a fierce, over-grown dwarf because his back is crooked from 28 years in the Wyoming coal mines. He stands and glares at them, and they make no move.+

MIKE

I'll have none of this business going on in my house. You think this is the back seat of a flivver?

MIKE
(continued)

Now get up, both of you. Get up
like decent people.
(gesture)
Come on. Get up from there, Kareen.

Kareen gets up, a girl scarcely more than five feet tall, and confronts her father.

KAREEN
(quietly)

He's going away in the morning

MIKE
(grumblingly)

I know. I know, girl.
Get into the bedroom.
(another gesture)
Both of you. Maybe you'll
never get another chance.
Go on Kareen.

Kareen takes one look at him, then turns and exits through an open door into an adjoining bedroom, from which a soft light presently emerges. Joe has now risen to his feet. The two men face each other uncertainly. Finally Mike makes a little gesture of futility.

MIKE

Go on in there boy. She's
scared. Go in and put your arm
around her.

Joe nods, turns, and starts slowly toward the open bedroom door. As he is about to enter.

MIKE

You know how to treat her, don't
you? She's no whore. You know
that, don't you?

Joe turns from the doorway and nods.

JOE

Yws, sir

MIKE

(with a snort)
Go to bed, boy.

Joe enters the bedroom and closes the door gently behind him.

INTERIOR KAREEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Joe pauses just inside the door, gazing across to Kareen. She stands in the room's far corner, her blouse already off, her head and shoulders twisted around as she tries to undo the fastening of her skirt just behind the right hip. She looks up, sees Joe, gazes at him blankly for a moment.

She makes no further move with the skirt. He walks over, puts his arms around her very gently. She leans to him with her forehead against his chest. Then suddenly, with a little smile, she turns away, crosses to the bed, pulls the covers down, and climbs in, clothes and all. She keeps her eyes directly on Joe's face, although her own features have a look of absorption as she concentrates on the task of undressing herself - beneath the bed covers, dropping her clothes over the side of the bed from between the covers, where they make a little pile on the floor beside the bed. This task completed, she indulges herself in a faintly triumphant smile. Joe smiles in return, slowly begins to take off his shirt. Kareen looks around the room and frowns.

KAREEN

Joe . . .

JOE

Yes?

KAREEN

Turn your back

JOE

Why?

KAREEN

I want to get out of bed

JOE

Why?

KAREEN

There's something I forgot.
Turn your back.

JOE

(grinning)

No.

KAREEN

Please

JOE

No. Whatever it is, I'll get it for you.

KAREEN

(mock exasperation)

I want to get it myself. Turn your back.

JOE

No. I want to see you

KAREEN

(an indignant sigh)

I won't let you. Will you get my robe for me?

JOE

Sure.

KAREEN

(indicating)

In the closet. It's red

Joe goes to the closet, emerges with a thin little cotton bathrobe which he takes over to the bed, holding it a certain distance from Kareen.

KAREEN

Bring it closer

JOE

Reach for it

She laughs, and makes a snatch for it. Quickly he flips it out of her reach. The second time she rises higher in bed and stretches her arm farther. She gets the robe, but not before exposing the upper curve of her breasts. She laughs softly while she struggles under the bed clothing to get the robe on. Then she jumps out of bed, runs to the door, opens it and exits into the living room. Joe takes his shirt off, hangs it on a chair, and begins to pull his undershirt off over his head and shoulders. Kareen re-enters the room carrying a bowl which is filled with red geraniums. She closes the living room door carefully behind her, walks over to a little table which stands

in front of a window, opens the window, and places the flowers on the table. Then she turns around to face him, her back leaning slightly against the table, her hands behind her clamped to the table's edge.

KAREEN:
(challengingly)

Well

Joe, sitting on a chair and starting to unlace his shoes, looks up at her in puzzlement.

JOE

Well... what?

KAREEN

If you really want to see me...

Joe slowly rises, staring at her.

JOE

But if you don't want me to...
I don't want to...

She turns away from him, walks over to the closet, slips off her bathrobe, and hangs it on its peg just inside the closet door. Then she turns around, watching her feet all the time, and walks deliberately across to the bed. She slips in between the covers, and closes her eyes. Joe watches her in hushed, awed silence. He flicks the light off. In the sudden blackness that encompasses the room we hear the rustle of clothing as he shucks his trousers off. Then as the light clears, his indistinct figure enters the bed beside Kareen.

HEAD AND SHOULDERS - JOE AND KAREEN IN BED

She lies flat on her back, her eyes closed, her face trembling. Joe, also, lies flat on his back. It is as if each were afraid to touch the other. Suddenly Kareen whirls, and throws both of her arms around him.

KAREEN

Oh Joe, Joe, I don't want you to go!

JOE
(kissing her)

You think I want to go?

KAREEN

I'm afraid!

JOE

(caressing her back and shoulders)

Of me?

KAREEN

(shocked)

Oh no-o-o...!

JOE

(squeezing her close)

You're a little mick

KAREEN

(kissing him)

It's nice like this, isn't it?

JOE

(dreamily)

Um-hmmm.

KAREEN

Were you ever like this with anyone before?

JOE

(after a moment)

Not with anyone I loved.

KAREEN

I'm glad.

JOE

Were you?

KAREEN

You shouldn't ask that

JOE

Why not?

KAREEN

Because I'm a lady

JOE

You're a little mick

KAREEN

I never was like this with anyone before.

JOE

I know

KAREEN

But you couldn't've known really.

(holds him close)

Oh Joe... I wish you'd run away
and not go.

The light begins to dim.

JOE

There. My left arm under you.
Like a cushion.

The room is almost totally black now.

KAREEN'S VOICE

Kiss me.

JOE'S VOICE

Sweet little mick...

KAREEN'S VOICE

(dies away in a sigh)

Oh Joe...! Oh...

TRUCKING SHOT WITH MIKE - THROUGH LIVING ROOM - MORNING SUNSHINE

The fierce blood-shot, hunch-backed ex-miner carries a tray containing breakfast for two... eggs, bacon, coffee pot, etc. He is not adept at this sort of thing, so his walk-through to the bed room requires a good deal of concentration. He knocks on the door which gives into the bedroom, then turns the knob and enters.

INTERIOR BEDROOM - MORNING SUNSHINE

The knock has awakened Joe and Kareen. Kareen, startled, sits up straight in bed. Joe, perhaps with instinctive caution and good sense, remains under the covers. Mike advances to the bed with the tray.

MIKE
(gruffly)

Here, you kids. Hurry up and eat

He puts the tray on the foot of the bed, glances for an instant at the two young people in it, then directs an amused smile at Joe.

MIKE

It's alright, son
(He turns away)
You ain't got much time

He exits, closing the door behind him.

KAREEN
(to Joe)

You get up first

JOE

No, you get up first

Kareen throws herself on him.

KAREEN

Oh Joe, kiss me, don't go!

MIKE'S VOICE
(from living-room)

Hurry up, you damn kids.

Kareen breaks the caress.

JOE
(a smile)

Well... get up.

KAREEN
(shaking her head)

You.

JOE

I'll count... one, two, three!

They jump out of bed.

JOE AND KAREEN - HEAD AND SHOULDERS

But instead of getting dressed, they melt into each other's arms in a kiss.

MIKE'S VOICE

(from the living-room)

You'd better hurry up. You'll miss the train, and then Joe will be shot by Americans instead of Germans. That would be a goddam shame.

HEAD AND SHOULDERS - JOE AND KAREEN

This is a reprise of our earlier farewell scene between them at the station. Kareen is weeping softly. Joe has his left arm around her, but not his right.

ORATOR'S VOICE (o.s.)

In the words of that great patriot, Theodore Roosevelt...

KAREEN

Closer, Joe. Hold me closer. Put both of your arms around me and hold me close.

The scene BLURS over slightly.

KAREEN

(continuing)

Both of your arms, Joe...

The screen now rapidly begins to darken. As the screen blackens completely.

JOE'S MIND

My arms?

KAREEN'S VOICE

Both of them.

At this moment we realize that we have returned to:

JOE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - IN THE DARKNESS

Joe's Image stands above the bed, staring down at Joe, wide-eyed, unbelieving.

JOE'S MIND

Arms... arms... arms....
arms. I'm fainting in an out all
the time, Kareen, and I'm not catch-
ing on very quick. Your are in my
arms...

KAREEN'S VOICE
(very softly)

Both of your arm, Joe... both of
them.

JOE'S MIND

Both of my arms. Both of them.
Both of...

There is an instant of pure silence, broken at last by a SHRIEK
so loud, so brutal, so anguished as to shatter the living air.
When its echoes die away, we hear, in choked sobs:

JOE'S MIND
(weeping)

I haven't got any arms, Kareen.
My arms are gone.

Joe's Image covers his face with his hands in a gesture of unutterable agony.+

JOE'S MIND
(continuing)

Both of my arms are gone, Kareen,
both of them. They're gone.
Kareen... Kareen... Kareen... they've
cut my arms off, both of my arms.

Joe's Image, hands still covering his face, turns away from the
bed. From the distance we hear the sound of a telephone RINGING
monotonously.

JOE'S MIND

Oh Jesus, Mother, God, Kareen...
they've cut off both of them. Oh
Jesus, mother, God, Kareen... Kareen...
Kareen... my arms....!

The voice grows fainter; the darkness deepens; Joe's Image sinks to the floor in slumber as Joe's mind surrenders to unconsciousness. Through the total darkness and silence which ensues, we hear the sweet soprano voice of a young girl singing the final phrases of one of the most mawkish American songs produced by World War I:

A GIRL SINGING
(softly, sweetly)

Just a baby's prayer at twilight,
For her daddy over there...

DISSOLVE TO:

BLACK WATERS - JOE'S DISTORTED FACE

Slowly receding from the CAMERA as he sinks once more into the dark, liquid depths of the unconscious.

JOE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The only sound that may be heard in this stygian gloom is the bubbling and whispering of the various tanks and instruments which keep Joe alive.

KAREEN'S VOICE
(whisper)

Joe. Where are your legs, Joe?

ANOTHER ANGLE - JOE'S IMAGE ASLEEP

He lies full length on the floor against the wall opposite to the bed. The fact that he sleeping soundly informs us that our Wounded Joe on the bed is also asleep. Kareen appears, looking intently off toward the bed.

KAREEN
(softly)

Joe. Wake up.

She moves past the sleeping figure of Joe's Image without seeing it, as camera PANS with her to:

CLOSE SHOT - KAREEN BESIDE JOE'S BED

Joe himself is not in the SEENE.

KAREEN
(sweetly)

Where are your legs, Joe?

ANOTHER ANGLE - JOE'S MOTHER

She appears at the side of the bed opposite to Kareen, and stares intently down at her son.

JOE'S MOTHER
(gently chiding)

What happened to your legs, son?
Did you forget to put them on
this morning?

ANGLE WIDENS to include Kareen on the other side of the bed.

KAREEN

He probably left them in the hall.

She turns from the bed, goes to the hall door, opens it, and peers in both directions down the corridor, shakes her head, and returns, having closed the door behind her.

KAREEN

Not a sign of them.

JOE'S MOTHER
(sharply)

What have you done with them,
Joe? I will not have you run-
ning around without any legs!

KAREEN
(preevishly)

Just because you don't care
anything about legs is no reason
I don't! If you don't tell me
where your legs are, I'll never
speak to you again!

JOE'S MOTHER

Where are your legs?

KAREEN

Where are your legs?

BLACK WATERS - JOE'S FACE AS IT RUSHES UP FROM THE DEPTHS TO A
FULL-SCREEN CLOSE-UP FLOATING JUST BENEATH THE WATER'S SURFACE

JOE'S MOTHER'S VOICE - o.s.

Where are your legs?

KAREEN'S VOICE - o.s.

Where are your legs?

JOE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MED. CLOSE SHOT - JOE'S IMAGE

Joe's Image still slumbers full length against the floor.

JOE'S MOTHER'S VOICE - o.s.

Where are your legs?

KAREEN'S VOICE - o.s.

Where are your legs?

Joe's Image stirs. His eyes fly open. As he starts to rise, we go to:

MED. SHOT - WOUNDED JOE

In his bed. Kareen and Joe's Mother have disappeared. Joe's Image enters the SCENE as we hear:

JOE'S MIND
(with perfect serenity)

I haven't got any legs.

JOE'S MOTHER'S VOICE - o.s.

Where are your eyes?

JOE'S MIND
(calmly)

I haven't got any eyes

KAREEN'S VOICE - o.s.

Where is your nose?

JOE'S MIND
(placidly)

I haven't got any nose

JOE'S MOTHER'S VOICE - o.s.

Where is your mouth?

JOE'S MIND
(quietly)

I haven't got any mouth, and

JOE'S MIND
(continued)

I haven't got any teeth in it either, and I haven't got any tongue, and I haven't got any palate, and I haven't got any voice to talk with. They have a cloth hanging over my face so they won't have to look at what they've scooped out

Joe's Image stands beside the bed, staring at Joe, rigid with horror.

KAREEN'S VOICE - o.s.

How could you lose all those things and still be alive?

JOE'S MIND

I didn't lose them. It's only a dream.

KAREEN'S VOICE - o.s.

Goodbye, Joe

JOE'S MIND

Goodbye, Kareen

JOE'S MOTHER'S VOICE - o.s.

Goodbye, Joe

JOE'S MIND

Goodbye, Mother

JOE'S MOTHER'S VOICE - o.s.
(lovingly)

It isn't a dream, my son.
It's

FULL-SCREEN CLOSE-UP - JOE'S OPEN MOUTH - BARELY BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE WATERS

From it there issues a SCREAM wilder and more terrible than the engine-whistle of the death-train with Christ at the controls.

JOE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - JOE IN BED, THE IMAGE BESIDE HIM

Joe's torso heaves and writhes feebly; strangled GRUNTS emerge like gasps from somewhere in the depths of his belly. The eloquent, anguished movements of Joe's Image as he tries to deny the reality of Wounded Joe on the bed, portrays the terror, - the incredibility, the ghastly fear and finally the madness - that rages in Joe's mind: for Joe's Image, perfect in its youth and health, is forever enslaved to the maimed creature on the bed, and must share its fate until death liberates them both.

YOUNG GIRL SINGING
(very faintly)

Pack up your troubles in your Kit bag,
And smile ... smile... smile...

JOE'S MIND

Oh God no... it can't ... please,
God, I...

The voice of his mind breaks off with a moan. There is a moment of writhing, of GRUNTING. Joe's Image shakes his head, ready to weep.

JOE'S MIND
(with the increasing tempo of pining)

I can't see. I can't hear. I
can't smell. I can't taste.
I can't talk. I can't swallow
I can't breathe. I can't eat
I can't walk. I can't love
I can't... no, no, no, no...

Joe's Image, arms crossed over his chest, hands clutching his forearms, shaking his bowed head in denial, sways slowly back and forth in the rhythm of anguish unspeakable. In the background a door opens and the nurse looks in. She frowns at the sight of Joe's heaving torso and the SOUND of his rhythmic gasps; then she closes the door.

JOE'S MIND

Wake me up, somebody. I... I'm
having a nightmare. Hurry,
mother. I'm down here. I'm
here mother... here in the dark-
ness. Wake me up. I'm dreaming
this dream you see, and I... I...

His voice fades away, and his body grows still for an instant. Then he resumes.

JOE'S MIND

(in almost inaudible despair)

No. It isn't a dream. I'm
alive . . .

(his voice gradually rises to a scream)

I'm alive! Oh Mother Jesus
Christ Kareen Almighty God...
I'M ALIVE!...

(a sound of sobbing)

I can't. I can't. Please, no,
I can't. Somebody help.

At this point the door opens again, and the nurse enters carrying a small porcelain tray. She crosses to the bed, where Joe's torso is still in feeble movement.

JOE'S MIND

No, no, it isn't pos... it can't
be... Oh please, please no! No,
no. It isn't me. Wake me up.
Oh please, no no. Please. Not
me...

His voice dies away as his attention is distracted by the nurse's action in swabbing the skin of his shoulder and plunging the needle home.

JOE'S MIND

Don't do that. Don't just put
me to sleep for a while... put
me to sleep forever. Kill me,
nurse... kill me!

During the following entreaty, Joe's Image supplicates the nurse, prays to her, kneels before her, begging her by gesture to acquiesce.

JOE'S MIND

(continuing)

Tear these tubes out of my body
so I can't eat, so I can't breathe,
so I'll starve to death, so I'll
strangle. Do something, nurse...
I've got to get well... don't you
see? I've got to get well, and
the only way I can get well is
to die! Please kill me, nurse!
Dear darling beautiful nurse

JOE'S MIND (cont'd)

kill me... kill me...! Cut my
throat... stab the needle into
my heart... pour tea-kettles full
of boiling water on me... anything
... only please kill me...

The nurse stands watching him. The movements of his torso diminish somewhat as the drug takes effect. The despairing, supplicating gestures of Joe's Image also come more slowly.

JOE'S MIND

(tempo slowing; volume fading)

Don't make me live... like
this. You'd kill a horse...
you wouldn't make a dog live
without... without...

Satisfied that he is lapsing into unconsciousness, the nurse - arranges the cover at his throat and silently exits from the - room, closing the door behind her. Joe's Image watches her departure with terrible despair, then begins reluctantly to withdraw from the bed.

JOE'S MIND

(ever fainter)

No... No...

(almost a whimper)

Don't make me live. Please
let me die. What good am I ...?

Joe's Image reaches its corner, sags slowly to its knees in the posture of prayer.

JOE'S MIND

Let me die... Why do you want...
to keep me alive? I'm nothing
but meat. Why do you make me
live when I want to die? Why do
you want to keep me here? What
do you need me for? What good am
I to you?

(almost a whisper)

What can you do with me...?

All movement ceases. Joe's torso lies silent on the bed. Joe's Image lapses into profound slumber. The room darkens.

Then, from a great distance, but growing ever louder and closer,

we hear the MUSIC of an ACCORDIAN playing Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag in the gayest, liveliest tempo possible. As the screen begins to lighten, we see:

COUNTRY ROAD - A SMALL CARNIVAL PROCESSION - DAY

Our CAMERA is placed so that it shoots directly from one side of the road across to the other, allowing various members of the little procession to enter at the left of our screen and exit at the right. The procession is led off by a gaily dressed clown, who plays the accordeon, and dances along the highway to its happy rythm. The leader is followed by half a dozen dancing freaks, twisting and leaping and mincing to the music, all of them idiotically happy. The freaks consist of: (1) a giant who carries in his arms, and incessantly fondles, (2) a beautiful, exquisitely dressed, weeping female midgit; (3) an enormously fat woman whose face is covered with hair which she has woven into thick, waist-length braids; (4) a hunch-backed dwarf who carries Joe's father's fishing rod over his right shoulder, and has enormous difficulty to keep one end or the other of it from dragging in the dust; (5) a hydrocephalic boy whose head is so huge that it occasionally throws him off balance as he cavorts through the dance, causing him to fall; (6) a pair of male Siamese twins, joined together from shoulder to thigh, dancing along the road on three legs, keeping time to the music with two undulating arms, graciously nodding two heads right and left as if acknowledging applause. The Siamese twins are followed by a garishly painted mule-drawn cart. The cart has an open wagon bed on which stands a bunting-draped platform. Atop the platform, flashing in the sun, we see a glass case perhaps three feet long and two feet wide. Suspended on poles at the head of the case are glass jars, and soforth, which are connected to the case by rubber tubes. A sign on the cart reads:

JOE BONHAM

THE SELF-SUPPORTING BASKET CASE!

The cart is driven by Joe's father, who wears a shabby, old-fashioned black tail-coat, striped trousers, pointed patent leather shoes, a dirty wing collar, a derby hat, and a large cigar on which he chews incessantly but does not smoke. Sitting beside him in the driver's seat is Kareen, red-lipped, berouged and heavily mascaraed. She wears nipple-covers, a bejewelled G-string, and a delicate chain around her neck from which a large gold, gemencrust pectoral cross is suspended. The SCENE BLURS over and clears to reveal:

CARNIVAL PITDHED IN A VILLAGE STREET - DAY

Farmers, townsmen, their wives and children gather wide-eyed around Joe Bonaham's cart. The clown, standing beside the cart and backed by the freaks, plays his accordeon, while the freaks dance. The crowd's attention however goes to the wagon bed of the cart, on which Joe's glass case is centered. Joe's father, carrying a pointer, keeps time to the music, while Kareen capers back and forth in front of the glass casket, doing the belly dance,

the bumps, the shimmy, the hula, the grinds. Streams of sweat run down her naked body. The crowd yells its enthusiasm. The music comes to an end. Joe's father steps forward, takes a - sweeping bow for the applause, then motions for silence, receives it, and harrangues the crowd in the high, nasal, con-man's patter of an old-time carney barker.

JOE'S FATHER

My good friends and fellow Americans. You have thrilled to the music of our gifted chorus...

(indicates the freaks)

... your hearts have been up-lifted by the...

(he indicates Kareen's belly)

... talented navel and...

(he indicates her posterior)

... the marvelously educated rumplets of this little lady who will shortly pass among you to receive your love-donations. But now...

(beckons them)

... come closer, come closer all of you... don't be afraid...

They crowd close around the cart. Joe's father takes up his position beside the crystal casket.

JOE'S FATHER

(in a sing-song spiel)

What we're going to show you here, ladies and gentlemen, is the dead man who is alive... the live man who is dead. He can't walk, he can't talk, he can't hear, he can't see, he can't scratch a bug off his own backside. He can't breathe, he can't eat like the rest of us, he can't even move his own bowels... and yet, by God, he's just as much alive as you and me!

He bends toward a girl in the crowd, beckons her forward.

JOE'S FATHER

(encouragingly)

Come forward, little lady. Don't be frightened. With all this depression and unemployment around us I'm just as worried as you are about where my next pair of shoes is coming from. That's why I'm making this grand tour of the country, to show you good people the only man in the whole United States of America who has got this depression licked.

(taps the case)

This fellow right here. He doesn't worry about shoes, because he doesn't need any shoes. No shoes, no socks, no underwear, no shirt, no gloves, no hat, no necktie, no collar buttons, no vest, no coat, no movies, no vaudeville, no football. He doesn't even have to shave, and he doesn't even need a girl.

(beckoning)

All right you people there in the back, step forward... step forward.

(to the clown)

Strike up the music Rollo boy.

The clown begins to play the accordion. Joe's Father nods to Kareen, who descends the two steps from the wagon bed and starts through the crowd, holding a hat for collections.

JOE'S FATHER

Now all you have to do is drop a love-offering of more than fifteen cents into the little lady's hat, and then step right up here on the platform.

Two farmers are already ascending to the platform.

JOE'S FATHER

(continuing)

Because here's what I'm gonna do: I'm gonna lift up this glass lid...

(illustrates by lifting it)

... and then I'm going to let you stare right down at the face of the only man in the world who don't give a damn about the depression... and there's a ten to one pay-off if the man stares back.

(to the farmers)

Step right up, friends. Here we go...

As he starts to lift the crystal lid for the two farmers, the SCENE BLURS into darkness. Out of the darkness comes the shrill, falsetto little voice of a six year old child reciting a verse.

LITTLE CHILD'S VOICE

Hickory dickory dock,
My daddy went nuts from shellshok.
Humpty dumpty thought
he was wise,
Till gas came along and burned out
his eyes.

Through the recitation of verses, the light has returned sufficiently for us to see:

GROUP AROUND THE CRYSTAL CASKET - IN THE OPERATING THEATRE OF A HOSPITAL.

The chief surgeon is explaining the crystal casket with a pointer, surrounded by intently serious young interns. All are clad in professional hospital whites. The chief surgeon has the long, drooping white mustaches of Geroges Clemenceau; in fact he is Georges Clemenceau.

CHIEF SURGEON

In the last war a major wound invariably called for immediate medical discharge, and the loss to the army of a trained fighter. In the next war we'll have that same man repaired and back in the front line trenches with a

CHIEF SURGEON
(continued)

gun in his hand in less than
three month's time.

(taps the glass case significantly)

All because of the radical new
techniques in surgery and sur-
vival which this young man has
taught us. What now remains of
his body can be compared, in a
certain sense, to the human tis-
sue which we keep almost eter-
nally alive in our laboratory.
But this is a different kind of
tissue because it contains a
brain. That brain, we have
every right to assume, is think-
ing. The question is: about
question is important enough,
I believe, to justify experi-
mental surgery.

(soothingly)

Remember, gentlemen, it is
impossible for brain tissue to
feel pain.

(to a nurse)

Scalpel.

On of the nurses hands him a scalpel. He turns, opens the lid
of the crystal casket, and lifts the scalpel high as the screen
rapidly dims to blackness. Over the blackness we hear the young
child's voice:

YOUNG CHILD'S VOICE

A diller, a dollar, a ten
o'clock scholar;
Blow off his legs, and then
watch him holler.

SPEAKER'S PODIUM - U.S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES - DAY

Our screen encompasses only the podium with Joe's crystal cas-
ket on it, the speaker behind the podium who addresses the Con-
gress (out of the SCENE altogether) and the two officials who
sit side by side behind the podium and the speaker. The speaker
has long white hair, and wears a silk bow tie. He not only looks
like Lloyd George, he is Lloyd George. From time to time he
thumps the crystal casket violently to emphasize his various
points.

SPEAKER

Most young men serve their country by dying. This one serves his by living. His mere existence reminds us of the cause for which he sacrifices so much. Just as he fought to make the world safe for democracy... we now must fight to make the world unsafe for everything except democracy!

(thumping the casket)

Democracy must no longer be defended, it must be waged, just as war is waged... and the more righteous the war, the more terrible the weapon!

(reverently)

I beg you, my fellow countrymen, do not break faith with the young martyr who lies today upon this podium. I swear before God that if he had the power of speech in this terrible moment of crisis, his voice would join mine in saying to you...

(wildly)

... give us navies! Air fleets! All types of bombers! Supersonic fighters! Give us gas! Napalm! Phosphorous! And beyond everything else, give us bombs! Little bombs! Middle bombs! Big bombs! Atomic bombs! Supermegaldmaniac bombs!

His voice has faded as the screen has dimmed. When we come to total blackness, we hear again the VOICE of a little child.

LITTLE CHILD'S VOICE

Rock-a-bye baby in the tree top,
Don't stop a bomb or you'll probably flop.

The darkness diminishes; the screen LIGHTENS; the child's voice fades away as we come to:

INTERIOR - CATHEDRAL ALTAR - DAY

Joe's crystal casket is on the high altar. We hear ORGAN MUSIC. The bishop in full vestments stands at the altar, behind Joe's casket. The bishop wears steel-rimmed spectacles and looks remarkably like Woodrow Wilson... in fact, he is Woodrow Wilson.

BISHOP

(reverently)

Let us make his sacrifices worth
while and all his dreams come true.
In the great conflict which now
looms between good and evil for
the survival of the Christian ethic,
let us pray that our soldier-sons
will have the spiritual strength
to accept their deaths as bravely
as this young man has accepted his
life.

He pauses, looks out over the off-scene audience, and slowly makes the sign of the cross.

BISHOP

To all who offer up their
young lives in the cause of
righteousness I grant absolution.

(chanting it solemnly)

Pater noster, qui es in
coelis, sanctificetur nomen
tuum. Adveniat regnum tuum.
Fiat voluntas tua, sicut in
coelo et in terra. Panem nostrum
quotidianum da nobis hodie.
Et dimitte nobis debita nostra
sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris. Et ne nos inducas
in tentationem; sed libera nos
a malo. Amen...

As his voice fades away and the screen blackens we hear once more the VOICE of a little child.

LITTLE CHILD'S VOICE

Now I lay me down to sleep,
My bomb-proof shelter's good
and deep,
But if I'm killed before I wake,
Remember God, it's for your sake.
Amen.

The screen goes black. As it begins to lighten somewhat we find ourselves back in:

JOE'S ROOM - MED. SHOT JOE'S IMAGE - DAY

Although the room is filled with dazzling sunlight, Joe's image lies stretched out on the floor against the wall in slumber. The object of this shot is to remind the audience that - Wounded Joe and his Image drift in and out of slumber regardless of time, regardless of whether it is day or night. The reason is, of course, that Wounded Joe controls the actions of Joe's Image, and Wounded Joe has no way of differentiating between light and dark. In fact, as the present sequence hopes to illustrate, he has great difficulty differentiating between dream and reality.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - JOE IN HIS BED

Since we have already seen his Image asleep, we know that Joe is also sleeping. His equipment whispers and bubbles efficiently, and the rasping sound of the air sucked into his lungs - through a pipe inserted in his throat just above the breastbone is deep and regular.

CLOSE-UP - ONE SIDE OF JOE'S HEAD

One of the several tubes which pump food and drink and air in to his body hangs from its frame above his head in such a way that a sharp, protuberant piece of metal attached to the tube touches his forehead. Involuntarily he shakes his head from time to time, trying to rid himself of the annoyance, but his movement merely elongates the track of the metal across his forehead.

ANOTHER ANGLE - JOE'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS

The metal piece has suddenly turned into a rat which nibbles away at his forehead in exactly the same area touched by the metal.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

CLOSE-UP - TRENCH RAT

Nibbling at the swollen face of a dead German soldier lying in the mud at the bottom of a trench.

voices - o.s.

Hey, look at that rat! Look
at the son-of-bitch!

The rat whirls, still maintaining his position on the German's head, to face:

ANOTHER ANGLE - IN THE TRENCH

As Joe and two or three others leap into it and start for the rat. Too late, the rat tries to beat a retreat. Yelling and screaming, the whole pack of them are on him. One of them rips off his helmet which hits the rat in his hind quarters crippling him. The rat reverses directions and tries to drag his crippled rear into a dugout. One of the soldiers, armed with a trench-spade scores a direct hit on the rat, and then they are all there pounding the dead animal into red jelly.

QUICK CUT TO:

JOE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - JOE IN BED - BRIGHT SUNLIGHT

The dream-rat still nibbles at his forehead. Joe flings his head from side to side, trying to dislodge it, but the creature hangs on tenaciously. When temporarily shaken off, it leaps savagely back, sinks its teeth in even deeper. Joe GRUNTS his anguish and fear. His Image slumbers on, confirming once more that we witness a dream. Suddenly Joe rises straight up in bed with a YELL, throws back the bed-covers with phantom arms, leaps out of the bed on phantom legs, and rushes to the door, the rat still clinging to the flesh of his forehead. He opens the door with a phantom hand, and thunders into the corridor beyond on phantom feet.

DOWN HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - TRUCKING WITH JOE

Only his masked head and his gown-covered torso and the clinging rat are flesh and blood; the rest of him is as insubstantial and transparent as mist. He rushes down the hall in great jerks and lurches, mad with fear, and BELLOWING. But the hall is utterly deserted, and without end and rapidly becoming dark.

ANOTHER ANGLE - DOWN CORRIDOR - STATIONARY CAMERA

Joe, running away from the CAMERA, seems to be vanishing with the hallway into a point on some distant horizon.

FLASH TRUCKING SHOT - WITH JOE

Fleeing now down a passageway so dark that nothing in it is visible except Joe and the rat which still cling to him. He comes to a ten-foot circular opening in the floor or path, and leaps into it.

FREE FALL INTO DEEP CISTERN - WITH JOE

The rat still clinging to his brow. They strike the water's surface with a splashing echo.

CLOSE-UP - JOE'S HORRIFIED FACE - JUST BELLOW THE WATER'S SURFACE

The rat still clings to him. Joe begins to sink deeper into the black waters. The rat disengages. Joe's face sinks deeper, grows smaller, disappears. The rat swims vigorously - for the side of the cistern.

CLOSE-UP - FOLLOWING THE RAT

It begins an endless circling movement around the cistern wall, keeping nose and whiskers high out of the water, scratching desperately at the smooth sides for foothold, almost achieving it, then slipping back and continuing its doleful pilgrimage.

CLOSE-UP - JOE'S FOREHEAD

Sound of his GRUNTS may be heard. His head tosses frantically from right to left, but the movement does not permit it to escape the touch of the metal object which drags against it from the equipment suspended over his head. Nurse's hand enters scene, lifts the metal object beyond the range of Joe's head. Instantly the head stops threshing.

FLASH SHOT - BLACK WATERS

Once again Joe's head shoots upward from the depths until - it is within an inch of the surface, and fills the screen.

JOE'S BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT JOE'S IMAGE

Lying full length in slumber against the wall, Joe's Image suddenly opens both eyes, indicating that Wounded Joe on the bed has awakened.

JOE'S MIND - o.s.

Where am I?

Joe's Image begins to rise to a sitting position.

MED. SHOT TOWARD HEAD OF BED - JOE AND NURSE

The nurse is rubbing his brow and the top of his head, gently kneading the muscles of his shoulders.

JOE'S MIND

Where did the rat go? Where did it go? Did I kill it? Did I drown it?

(pause)

No. I couldn't drown anything, not even a fly. The rat was a dream, it had to be. But how can I tell? How can you tell what's a dream and what's real when you can't even tell when you're asleep and when you're awake? Maybe the rat's real and the nurse here is a dream. How can I ever be able to tell the difference?

SMALL CARPENTER SHOP - JOE AND CHRIST

The equipment in the shop is completely modern: power lathes, power saws, power drills, power sanders, etc. The shop is filled with crosses in various sizes, shapes, and stages of completion. These, apparently, are the shop's only product. As we come in on the SCENE, Christ has just left off working with an electric hand-drill. He now holds its butt-end in his hand as one would a pistol, which he points occasionally to emphasize or illustrate his point. He is answering Joe's question of the previous scene: "How can I ever tell the difference?"

CHRIST

The way I used to tell was by yelling. I'd get these awful nightmares that we were being chased away from where we lived by people who wanted

CHRIST

(continued)

to kill me. The way it would seem was that in order to make sure they killed me, they were killing every boy my age in the whole country. Sometimes it would seem that I could hear them killing these other boys... and my parents running away with me... and the soldiers riding... and I'd know it had to be a nightmare, because nothing like that could possibly happen in real life... so when it got so bad I couldn't stand another minute of it, why, I'd yell. And the yell would wake me up. And the minute I woke up I'd know that this business of being chased was just another nightmare. So if I were you, the next time that rat came around I'd just yell. Then if the yell wakes you up, you know the rat is a dream and the rest is real.

JOE;

But you see, I can't yell. I haven't got any mouth... I... I haven't got any tongue... I haven't got any adam's apple... I can't even whisper.

CHRIST

Whispering wouldn't help anyway. Another way you might do it is when the rat comes, you simply force yourself to wake up. It's harder than waking yourself up by yelling, but if you concentrate real hard you can learn to do it. You just tell yourself, 'Wait a minute, here, this is a nightmare, and I've got to wake up in order to stop it.'

(a gesture with the electric drill)

And then you force yourself

CHRIST (continued)

to open your eyes wide. And the minute they're open, you're awake and the minute you're awake the rat will disappear which proves that the rat was a dream, and the rest is real.

JOE

But I can't open my eyes. I haven't got any eyelids to open, and I haven't got any eyes underneath them. Everything is the same color of black, whether I'm awake or whether I'm asleep.

CHRIST (thoughtfully)

Hmmm. That does complicate matters.

(thinks for a moment)

Maybe the thing to do is to police your mind just before you go to sleep. To say to yourself, I'm going to go to sleep now, and I am not going to have any nightmares.' It could be done, you know, with practice. You feel yourself getting drowsy and you realize you're going to fall asleep. So You...

JOE

(interrupting)

But I never feel drowsy because I haven't got anything to feel drowsy with. I have no way of knowing when I'm about to go to sleep. I can't even be sure that I am asleep... except, maybe, that when the rat's there, that's proof that I'm asleep... or, what I mean is, it's proof that I was asleep when the rat was there,

JOE (continued)

which makes the rat a dream. But while the rat is there, it isn't any dream, it's just as real as being awake, because I have no way of telling the difference between the two.

CHRIST
(thoughtfully)

Maybe we should take a wholly different line of attack on the problem. Let's begin by assuming that we have dreams all the time... one kind of dreams when we're asleep, and another kind of dreams when we're awake. When you're asleep, you have no control at all over dreams. They happen of their own will, and follow their own course. When you're awake, your life is just as much as dream as when you're asleep, but the difference is that you can control your waking dreams, you own and direct them, they come because you summon them, because you want them. If you control the dream, you're awake. If the dream controls you, you're asleep.

JOE

That means the rat dream, when it comes, why it controls me... and that proves I'm asleep and the rat is a dream?

CHRIST

Of course. If you were awake, your mind would never permit so terrifying a dream to happen.

JOE:

But couldn't it be that it's

JOE: (continued)

the rat that's real... and all the rest is a dream?

CHRIST

In real life it's impossible for a man to spend his waking hours with a rat hanging by its teeth to the flesh of his forehead. He'd knock the rat off. He'd kill it. Since you do not, it's obvious the rat is a dream.

JOE

I couldn't knock him off if he were really there. I haven't got any arms to do it with.

CHRIST

No arms?

JOE

No. I haven't got any legs either. I haven't got anything. I'm deaf and dumb and blind and I can't talk. I can't even feed myself. I can't even hold my breath and kill myself because my lungs suck in air through a tube, and there's nothing I can do to stop them. That's why I was hoping maybe the rat was... was real.

(Pause)

And all the rest was just a dream.

CHRIST

(shakes his head)

Since your real life is a greater nightmare than your dreamlife it's ridiculous to pretend that anyone can help you.

CHRIST (continued)

(he puts down the electric drill, picks up a hand-saw)

Perhaps it's better for you to go away now. You're a very unlucky young man, and sometimes it rubs off.

Christ turns, begins to saw a plank as centerpiece for a new cross.

JOE

(in despair)

Even without the dreams, won't you please tell me how I can be sure when I'm awake and when I'm asleep?

CHRIST

(impatiently sawing)

What do you think I am, some kind of wizard?

JOE

Then tell me this, just this: are you and I really here together... or is this a dream, too?

CHRIST

It's a dream.

JOE

How do you know?

CHRIST

(sawing furiously)

Because I'm not real.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. CISTERN - FOLLOWING SHOT WITH THE RAT

As it hopelessly circles the smooth slipperiness of the cistern wall.

SPEAKER - o.s.

JOE'S MIND - o.s.
(almost a scream)

But I am...! I'd sooner the
rat were real, and everything
else were a dream... but it
isn't! I'm real...!

SPEAKER - o.s.

QUICK CUT TO:

JOE'S BEDROOM - MED. SHOT JOE AND JOE'S IMAGE

JOE'S MIND
JOE'S MIND

I'm alive, and I'm here.
Oh God, oh God, oh God, why
couldn't you let me be dead
like the rest?

SEQUENCE OF FLASH CLOSE-UPS - (STOCK SHOTS) - PUBLIC FIGU
RES OF THE DAY

Wilson, Pershing, Clemenceau, Foch, Lloyd George, Haig,
the Kaiser, von Hindenburg, and others. Although we do -
not hear their actual voices, we observe that they are -
speaking with frantic speed and urgency.

SPEAKER - o.s.

FLASH (STOCK) - NATIONAL MONUMENTALS
They gave their lives that
the world might be made safe
for democracy.

JOE'S MIND
Is it?

SPEAKER - o.s.

They died that all nations,
both large and small, might
have the right of self-deter-
mination!

JOE'S MIND

Do they?

SPEAKER - o.s.

SEQUENCE OF THE DEAD, THE
They died to establish an pre-serve forever the sanctity of treaties.

JOE'S MIND

Did they succeed?

SPEAKER - o.s.

They gave up their lives that war might be forever abolished from the face of the earth!

JOE'S MIND

Is it abolished?

SEQUENCE OF FLASH (STOCK) SHOT

Military cemeteries of all nations with their endless acres of small, lonely, white crosses.

SPEAKER - o.s.

They died for God and the fatherland!

They died for the motherland!

They died for freedom!

They died for liberty!

FLASH (STOCK) SHOTS - NATIONAL MEMORIALS

The Cenotaph in London; the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington National Cemetery; The Arc de Triomphe in Paris; the Eternal Fire in Berlin. They are all stock shots, and they all show dignitaries placing flowers before the ugly memorials, each one of which celebrates the death of two - or three million young men.

SPEAKERS - o.s.

This ground sanctified by blood!

These men who died so gloriously!

They shall not have died in vain!

Our noble dead!

JOE'S MIND

Hmmm.

(long pause)

But what do the dead say?

SEQUENCE OF WORLD WAR I STOCK AND NEWSREEL SHOTS OF THE
DEAD, THE DYING, THE INJURED, THE EXECUTED, THE DROWNED.

JOE'S MIND

Did any one of them ever come back from the dead and say, By God, I'm glad I'm dead because death is always better than dishonor?' Did they say, 'I'm glad I died to make the world safe for democracy?' Did they say, 'I like death much better than losing my liberty?' Did any of them ever say, 'Here I am, I've been rotting for two years in a foreign grave, but it was wonderful to die for my native land?' Did any of them say, 'I'm happy that I died to stop the enemy from raping all those women, see now I sing even though my mouth is choked with worms?'

STOCK SHOT - PROCESSION OF BLACK-COWLED PRIESTS

Following a casket.

JOE'S MIND

Nobody but the dead know whether all these things people talk about were worth dying for or not. And the dead can't talk.

BEFORE THE ALTER OF A CHURCH - PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN

An open casket before him, the whole SCENE framed in a vast profusion of floral pieces. Each floral piece features a large, silk, decorative ribbon upon which patriotic sentiments have been spelled out with golden - letters, some in English, some in French, some in German, some in Italian, some in Russian. The clergyman is speaking, but we do not, of course, hear his voice.

JOE'S MIND

So all those words about why they died and what they died for were put into the lips of dead men by grave robbers and fakes and liars who don't know what death is because they've never died.

JOE'S BEDROOM - JOE AND JOE'S IMAGE

Wracked by his tumultuous thoughts, Joe heaves from side to side on his shoulder blades.

JOE'S MIND

I ought to know what I'm talking about, hadn't I? I'm the nearest thing to a dead man on earth. I'm a dead man with a mind. I'm the first dead soldier, maybe since the beginning of time, who still has a brain to think with. Oh God, oh God, how can I tell these liars that there's nothing bigger than life... there's nothing noble in death?

FLASH SHOT - SUNRISEJOE'S MIND

What's noble about never seeing the sunshine again?

FLASH SHOT - (STOCK) - YOUNG ATHLETESJOE'S MIND

What's noble about having your legs blown off?

FLASH CLOSE-UP

A leering idiot, drooling, blank-eyed.

JOE'S MIND

What's noble about being an idiot?

FLASH CLOSE-UP - A FLAT ROCK

A hand comes into the scene, flips the rock over, revealing a coiled mass of angle worms squirming against the light.

JOE'S MIND

What's noble about being blind and deaf and dumb?

FLASH CLOSE SHOT - A DOG

Lying dead in the pavement, its hindquarters smashed where a wheel passed over it.

JOE'S MIND

What's noble about being dead?
Because when you're dead,
mister, it's all over. It's
the end.

MED. SHOT - A SOLDIER'S DEAD BODY

It has swelled from weather and decomposition until the -
tight-fitting pants seem stretched to the point of splitting.
CAMERA begins a slow movement toward the body's right shoulder, from which the uniform has been torn away by the explosion that killed him.

JOE'S MIND

There's nothing uglier
than death...

CAMERA by this time has gone in to a:

CLOSE UP - DEAD MAN'S SHOULDER

What was once a bleeding cavity in the shoulder now is completely filled with a squirming white mass of maggots.

JOE'S MIND
(continuing)

... and nothing more beautiful
than life...

A bird flies to the dead man's shoulder, perches there, plunges its beak deep into the maggot mass. A cat appears, leaps at the bird. The screen becomes completely BLACK. Then, after a moment of silence, Joe's Mind begins to speak:

JOE'S MIND

Mother!

EXT. BACK YARD - JOE AND HIS MOTHER - DAY

Joe's mother is seated on a rope swing, her feet on the - - ground in position to propel her backward for the beginning of her swing. Joe, a boy of ten, stands wistfully beside her. (NOTE: If, in some of these flash backs, we played Joe as - fifteen to seventeen, we would encounter the difficulty of - having the same actor play two different ages in the course of growing up. By making him ten, we can cast a child for - the part who needs have only a vague resemblance to Joe as we know him. We will know he is Joe because we will recognize his mother.)

JOE'S MOTHER

Go away, little boy. I'm not
your mother.

JOE

You are too.

JOE'S MOTHER

No, I'm not, and if you say that
again I'll wash your mouth out
with soap and water. Can't you
see I'm trying to swing?

JOE

What makes you say you're not
my mother when you are?

JOE'S MOTHER

I am not your mother because
I would never have a little boy
like you. If you won't go away,

JOE'S MOTHER
(continued)

the least you can do is help me swing.

JOE

Why do you want to swing?

JOE'S MOTHER

Because I like to. Give me a push.

JOE

No.

JOE'S MOTHER

You nasty little boy! Take that!

(she slaps his face)

Why won't you give me a push?

JOE

Because I can't

Joe's mother gives a little laugh, and kicks the swing into motion. From this point to the end of the scene she continues swinging, ever higher, ever faster.

JOE'S MOTHER
(laughing)

Of course you can, you're just stubborn!

JOE

No I'm not, honest I'm not!

JOE'S MOTHER

Then why didn't you push me?

JOE

I haven't got any hands

His mother laughs, swinging now in great swoops.

JOE'S MOTHER

(with peals of laughter)

Oh you funny boy! You funny little boy!

Joe turns, starts to run out of the scene, his face contorted with horror.

JOE

Father!

INT. SHED - JOE AND HIS FATHER - DAY

His mother's wild laughter still continues over the scene. Joe's father has placed a fishing rod on the bench, which he works on throughout the scene with delicate tools and - silk thread and fine lacquer. Joe, still ten years old, - stands beside, watching wistfully. Joe's father is talking as much to himself as to his son, of whose presence he - seems scarcely aware.

JOE'S FATHER

Nothing I have in this world is really and good, you know. My house is small, my job is small, my salary is quite small. My son is small, and so is my wife, and when you come down to it, I'm no giant myself. Everything around me is small and of inferior quality except this fishing rod. Only this. And I made it so myself through years of care and work. I myself have wound it with the best of silk thread. You see this lacquer? Comes from China. There is no better lacquer. The leaders, as you will observe, are of pure amber. No one in this town has so fine a fishing rod. Not even Mr. Latimer down at the bank. Everything else in my life is poor and shoddy. But for this fishing rod, I would have nothing to set me apart from other men... nothing to give me distinction... nothing at all. That's why I love it so much.

JOE

Do you love it more than you

JOE;

Do you love it more than you
love me?

Joe's father bursts into booming laughter.

JOE'S FATHER

Of course I do, you silly boy.
What is there about you that
would give a man distinction?
You're not unusual at all!

JOE

Yes I am, father. I am too.
More than you know.

Joe's father abruptly stops laughing, turns, and for the
first time really looks at his son.

JOE'S FATHER
(quietly)

What was that you said, son?

JOE

I said... I mean... I may not be
unusual now, but I'm going to be.

Joe's father sinks to his haunches in front of his son.

JOE'S FATHER
(gently)

Of course you are. You're going
to make the world safe for demo-
cracy someday, aren't you?

JOE

Isn't it safe now?

JOE'S FATHER

The world is never safe for
democracy. You'll learn that
when you grow up.

JOE

What is democracy?

JOE'S FATHER

I was never very clear on it myself. It has something to do with young men killing each other, I believe.

JOE

Why don't the old men kill each other?

JOE'S FATHER

That would spoil everything. The old men are needed at home to keep the home fires burning.

JOE

Couldn't the young men do that just as well?

JOE'S FATHER

Of course not. Young men don't have homes. That's why they must go out and kill each other.

JOE

When it comes my turn to go, will you want me to?

JOE'S FATHER

I won't be here then.

He takes Joe in his arms, hugs him close to his breast. Joe relaxes against his father's body, but his arms hang limp.

JOE'S FATHER
(gently)

I love you, son. Put your arms around me. I need their warmth to keep the chill of death away.

JOE
(muffled voice)

I... I can't

JOE'S FATHER

Please.

JOE

No!

He breaks loose from his father and runs out of the scene.
His father slowly comes to his feet.

JOE'S FATHER

I'll have to fight death
alone.

(shrugs)

Ah well... wasn't it always so?

He turns and starts back to work again on his fishing rod.
As light begins to fade from the screen, we hear Joe's Mind
begin to speak, very softly, very slowly.

JOE'S MIND

Two times two is four.

The screen has now turned completely BLACK.

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM - FULL SHOT

Joe's bed, from head to foot, lies in a dazzling shaft of -
sunlight.

JOE'S MIND
(continuing)

Four times four is sixteen.
Sixteen times sixteen is...

(a pause for thought)

... two hundred and forty...
no! ... two hundred and fifty-
six. Yes! Two-fifty-six.

(pause)

Two hundred and fifty-six times
two hundred and fifty-six is...

(something close to a groan)

JOE'S MIND
(continued)

Can't do it. I can't see the figures. I'd have to have a pencil. Why didn't I learn how to do figures in my mind? Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Yes, that's right. There are eight planets. They are Earth, Venus, Jupiter, Mars, Mercury. One, two, three, four, five. Three more.

(a pause)

I don't know. I don't know anything. Why didn't they teach me more? How can a man spend so much time with himself if he doesn't know anything?

(nurse enters, crosses to bed)

Ten years here. Maybe twenty years. I've got to do something.

At this moment the nurse begins to wheel Joe's bed to a shady part of the room.

JOE'S MIND
(continuing)

I'll have to teach myself.
I'll have to learn all by...

(sharply)

... what's this? What's happening? I knew she was coming toward me because I could hear her footsteps vibrating through the bedsprings. But why did she...?

The nurse turns and exits.

JOE'S MIND
(continuing)

There she goes. She came in just to move me. But why?

(softly, urgently)

JOE'S MIND

Wait a minute! Wait a minute now, Joe... this is important! You must think! What has been changed since she came? What is different now than it was before she came?

(exultantly)

Yes! Yes, yes, yes, of course! Oh my God, I see it now! I'm cooler now than I was when she came in! Then I was warm... now I'm cool. What makes it possible for a room to be warm in one place, and cool in another? The sun! I was in sunlight when she came in, and now I'm in the shade where it's cooler. That means it's daytime! Day is always warmer than night! Night is always cooler than day! If a man can tell the difference between day and night, he's beginning to tell time! No matter how far you are separated from other people, if you know how to keep track of time, why the you are in the same world with other people, you are part of them. But if you lose time, the others go on ahead of you, and you are left alone, hanging in air and all alone. But if you can only keep track of the days and the nights...

FLASH SHOT - JOE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is pitch black, with a mote of moonlight coming from the window. Joe's Image is pointing out of the window triumphantly.

JOE'S MIND

It is night!

FULL SHOT - JOE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The room is flooded with sunshine, and Joe's Image is excitedly indicating it.

JOE'S MIND

It is daytime! It is morning

The nurse enters, carrying fresh clothing and bandages for Joe, crosses to the bed, throws the covers back, and begins to change him.

JOE'S MIND
(excitedly)

It is morning, and she is changing me. That is another way I could tell, even on a day when the sun isn't shining. When she changes me, that means it's morning!

(pause)

But... does she change me only in the morning? And does she change me every morning...?

FLASH SHOT - JOE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joe's Image is fairly dancing with glee.

JOE'S MIND
(triumphantly)

It is night again!

FULL SHOT - JOE'S BEDROOM - MORNINGJOE'S MIND

It is daytime!

The nurse enters, this time with a basin of water as well - as a change of his bed clothing. As she dips the wash cloth into a basin, and touches it to his body.

JOE'S MIND

It is the second morning now,
and she is bathing me! Yesterday morning she only changed me. Today she will bathe and change me both. That means she changes me every day, and it's always in the morning!

(pause)

But what happens if some morning I'm asleep when she changes me, and I don't wake up? I would lose a day. What happens if I dream sometime at night that she's changing me, when she really isn't? Then I'd be a day ahead, wouldn't I? How can I be sure? I must! I must be sure!

FLASH SHOT - JOE'S ROOM - NIGHTJOE'S MIND

It's night again!

FLASH SHOT - JOE'S ROOM - MORNING

The nurse is changing Joe but not bathing him.

JOE'S MIND

It's morning! She's changing me again, but there's no bath! The bath is another way I can make sure, because I'd never stay asleep while she was bathing me! I must count the days between baths, and that will be another way of telling time!

SEQUENCE OF FLASH SHOTS - JOE'S ROOM - DAY AND NIGHT

The tempo of alternation speeds up, and so does the rhythm of Joe's Mind, and the excitement it expresses.

JOE'S MIND

She's bathing me again! Every other day she bathes me! When she bathes me, two days have passed! Oh God, I've got it, I've got, I've got it!

Joe's Image disports itself madly about the room, wild with triumph.

JOE'S MIND

Two days! Four days! I'm back in the world again! I've caught time! Six days! Eight! Ten! Twelve! Fourteen!

FULL SHOT - JOE'S ROOM - MORNING

The nurse is bathing him.

JOE'S MIND

(continuing swiftly)

Fourteen days!

(pause)

Or is it thirteen? No, no, Thirteen isn't an even number. Is it twelve, or fourteen, or sixteen?

The nurse finishes with him and exits. Joe's Image is filled with nervous despair.

JOE'S MIND

Or maybe it's more! It seems like lots more! Ten, twelve, fourteen, sixteen, eighteen... I don't know! I've lost track! Oh God no, please no! How long has it been?

BLACK WATERS - JOE'S DISTORTED FACE

It is slowly receding from the camera as he sinks once more into the deep waters of the unconscious.

JOE'S MIND

(faint with despair)

How... long...?

As the screen BLACKENS, we hear Kareen's voice calling softly off scene.

KAREEN'S VOICE

Joe. Oh Joe...

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We know that we are entering into one of Joe's dreams, because Joe's Image lies motionless on the floor in sleep.

KAREEN'S VOICE - o.s.
(continuing)

Come out in the garden in the moonlight.

Joe's fantasy of himself as a whole man sits up abruptly in bed, listening sharply.

KAREEN'S VOICE - o.s.
(continuing)

Did you hear me?

JOE
(rising from his bed)

Yes?

(crossing the room)

Where are you?

KAREEN'S VOICE - o.s.

I'm in the garden in the moonlight.

Joe crosses to the window, passing the sleeping form of Joe's Image, and steps through the window into:

SMALL COURTYARD GARDEN - OUTSIDE JOE'S ROOM - NIGHT

As Joe comes through the window, he pauses, staring about. Although the place is dappled with moonlight, the area beneath and surrounding a large tree lies in a pool of darkness.

JOE

I can't see you.

KAREEN'S VOICE - o.s.

I'm over here.

He peers through the darkness beneath the tree, and sees the vague white form of what looks to be a seated girl, her back to him. He approaches her cautiously.

JOE

Is that you?

The figure moves slightly, but the girl does not turn her head. The girl answers in Kareen's voice.

GIRL

I didn't call you. She did.

She points off.

JOE

Where is she?

GIRL

She's in the moonlight where she said she'd be.

Joe turns, spots Kareen at the edge of the moonlight, and crosses to her.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - JOE AND KAREEN

Inches away from her, Joe pauses. For a long moment the two of them gaze intently at each other.

JOE
(softly)

How old are you now, Kareen?

KAREEN

I don't know. But I'm older.

JOE

You were nineteen when I left.
And then there was four months
in training camp. And eleven
months in France until I...

(pause)

You'd have to be over a year
older now than you were then,
maybe two. But the trouble is,
you see, I don't know how long
I've been in this place. Do
you remember how long it's been
since you last saw me?

KAREEN

(shaking her head)

No. I think it may have been
forever, though. I don't pay
much attention to time anymore.

JOE

(urgently)

Oh you must! That's all I
think of is time.

kareen

Time is what makes people old.

JOE

The way I am, Kareen... the way
it is with me... you'll never get
old, because I keep you right up
here in my mind...

(taps his temple)

... just the way you were when
I saw you last. So with me,
you can't get old. I'll keep
you young and nineteen forever.
Your hair will always stay
brown and your skin will always
be fresh like rain. I will not
let one little wrinkle mark
your face. I will keep you be-
side me young and beautiful
forever. Because... only with
me will you be safe from time.

JOE

(takes her in his arms)

I love you, Kareen.

Kareen permits him to kiss her, and then breaks away from him.

KAREEN

That's why I came here. I want you to make love to me Joe. Just once again. I want so badly for you to love me, and we have so little time!

Joe glances toward the shadow beneath the tree.

JOE

There's someone sitting underneath the tree. Where shall we go?

KAREEN

(taking his hand in hers)

Behind here. Hurry.

As they start for the protection of a low stone wall, the white figure moves from under the tree to intercept them. Se is Kareen... only she is Kareen at the age of twenty-three or twenty-four, and she carries a year old infant - in her arms. She seizes young Kareen's arm.

THE OLDER KAREEN

Stop this! Stop it at once, you wicked girl!

Kareen seems almost on the point of bursting into tears.

KAREEN

But I love him.

THE OLDER KAREEN

I will not let you love him. We have a baby to think of, you as much as I.

KAREEN

But I didn't want it!

THE OLDER KAREEN

You have it anyway!

JOE:

(hesitantly)

Is it... my baby?

KAREEN

(fiercely)

No! It's his baby! She made me marry him, and then she made me have his baby!

JOE

(reaching for the infant)

Then let's get rid of it. Let's kill it.

The older Kareen slaps him sharply in the face.

THE OLDER KAREEN

You will not touch this child!

(turns to the young Kareen)

You see what you've done?
You've made a murderer of him
in his heart already! Now
come with me this very minute!

She starts toward the shadow underneath the tree, Kareen compelled to follow her, but drawing back every step of the way.

KAREEN

Goodbye Joe

Joe starts forward.

JOE

Kareen! Kareen!

He passes into the shadows beneath the tree. He looks around.

There is no one there at all. He calls out softly.

JOE;

Before you go, can't you tell
me how long it's been?

KAREEN'S VOICE

(from a vast distance)

No...

JOE

Can't you even tell me where I
am? What country I'm in?

KAREEN'S VOICE

(finally trailing away to a whisper)

No country... No country...

He covers his face with both hands, and, sobbing, crosses -
back to the window and re-enters the room. The pair of male
Siamese twins first introduced on page 41 emerge from beneath
the tree, cross to the window through which Joe disappeared,
and there execute a little dance, two of their three legs -
kicking out in unison, then one leg kicking out. As they dan-
ce, they sing in high falsetto voices.

SIAMESE TWINS

(singing)

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile...

As the song diminishes, and the screen fades off into BLACK
we hear the rising sound of Joe's Mind:

JOE'S MIND - o.s.

Sixty-four days... ninety-six
days...

INT. JOE'S ROOM - FULL SHOT - MORNING

Joe's Image sits dejectedly on a chair before the window, ga-
zing out onto the garden. He is the picture of boredom.

JOE'S MIND

(concluding)

... one hundred and twenty-two

JOE'S MIND
(continued)

days. That's three months, I mean four months. I've kept myself in the world of time for four long months.

(a nurse enters, starts toward the bed)

Is this the nurse? I can hardly feel her vibrations.

The nurse arrives beside his bed. She is new to us, and, as will be made clear, new also to Joe. She is a girl of twenty, slender, delicate, sensitive, luminously beautiful.

JOE'S MIND
(continuing)

Why is she walking so softly?

The nurse deposits the supplies she has brought with her on the table beside Joe's bed. Joe's Image casts a quick glance at her, rises, and moves curiously toward the bed. The nurse turns toward Joe and briskly starts to pull the covers from his torso. What stands revealed to her is so shocking that - she freezes with horror. She covers her face with both hands.

JOE'S MIND
(alertly)

Well? What's wrong?

CLOSE-UP - the young nurse

Slowly, reluctantly, fearfully she draws her hands from her eyes. They brim with tears. The anguish and compassion with which she regards Joe is worthy of a pieta.

CLOSE-UP - JOE - CHEST, SHOULDERS AND HEAD

His face, of course, is concealed beneath the surgical mask - which covers it, and his chest is covered by his white hospital gown.

JOE'S MIND
(curiously)

What's she waiting for?

At this moment a tear fall onto his chest, spotting the gown.

JOE'S MIND
(sharply)

What's this? Something wet.
But it's not my day to be bathed.
Something fell on my chest. What
was it?

ANOTHER ANGLE - JOE, JOE'S IMAGE, AND THE NURSE

Gently, delicately, even lovingly, the nurse begins to stroke that portion of Joe's forehead which is not covered by - the surgical mask, and his hair.

JOE'S MIND
(wonderingly)

Why she... she's stroking me!
She must be new. Nobody ever
touched me like this before.
She is new! Her fingers are so
slender... her hands are so soft.
Soft like a young girl's, soft
like Kareen's. She's a girl...
a young girl... and I don't make
her sick... she isn't afraid of
me. She's found something in
me that... that she can love...
and be kind to.

ANOTHER ANGLE - JOE, JOE'S IMAGE, NURSE

Very gently the nurse now begins to remove Joe's gown.

JOE'S MIND
(continuing)

Hello, new nurse. Hello, new
beautiful, young nurse. Hello
out there... hello...

SISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOE'S ROOM - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

Since Joe's Image lies sound asleep on the floor, we know - that Joe also is sleeping. Through the window may be seen an occasional star-cluster of fire works lacing the midnight sky. The door opens, admitting a small mote of light from the corridor beyond. The new nurse enters, softly closes the door behind her, and tiptoes to Joe's bed. She wears a slender black eye-mask, and there is confetti in her hair.

MED. SHOT - NURSE AT JOE'S BED

She leans forward, regarding him with curious intensity. She appears to be engaged in some inward debate as to whether or not she should waken him. Once her hand moves to stroke his forehead, then hastily withdraws before touching it. Then, her mind apparently made up, she places her hand gently on his brow.

FLASH CLOSE SHOT - JOE'S IMAGE

Recumbent in slumber, his eyes suddenly fly open. He starts to rise to his feet.

JOE'S MIND - o.s.

Hello?

ANOTHER ANGLE - JOE'S BED - THE NURSE

JOE'S MIND

It's you again, isn't it? What are you doing here? Isn't morning yet, it can't be.

The nurse draws the covers down to a point just above his waist. Then she pulls up the hospital gown to a point just below his throat, thereby exposing his bare chest.

JOE'S MIND
(continuing)

She's changing me. Maybe it is morning. How could I have lost track?

With using her forefinger as if it were a pencil, the nurse now begins to trace lines on the skin of his chest.

JOE'S MIND
(alertly)

What's this? What is she doing?

CLOSE-UP - JOE'S CHEST AND THE NURSE'S HAND

She is drawing the letter 'H' on the skin of his chest in strokes that are perhaps ten inches long.

JOE'S MIND
(continuing)

What are you doing that for, new nurse? What does it...

A new thought causes him to break the old one. Once she - has completed drawing the letter 'H' she carefully repeats the process, drawing it again and again.

JOE'S MIND
(continuing)

One down... then another one down... and one across... Oh God! It couldn't be...!

MED. SHOT AT BED - JOE, JOE'S IMAGE, THE NURSE

Joe's Image grows wildly excited, almost imploring the man on the bed to understand what is happening. The nurse continues inscribing the letter on his chest.

JOE'S MIND
(continuing; these with excitement)

Are you talking to me out there?
Are you saying something to me?
Are you drawing a letter on my skin? You are, you are, you are!
Yes, you beautiful new nurse, I understand, it's the letter 'H'!
Yes! Oh, God bless you, nurse, I've got it! 'H'!

With grunts and such movements of his head and shoulders as he is able to make, he tries to tell her that he has at last understood. Joe's Image goes into an ecstatic little dance. The nurse, her eyes flushed with tears of happiness, now begins to draw the letter 'A'. Once having understood the method, Joe's recognition of the various letters is almost instantaneous.

JOE'S MIND
(wildly excited)

...A! P! P! Y! Happy!
Yes, of course! Yes, I've got it! Happy! N! E! W! New!
Yes, yes, Happy New... go on, go on! Y! E! A! R! Year!
Happy New Year!

He nods as vigorously as he can to the nurse, who gazes down at him while tears flow down her cheeks. Joe's Image, deligh

ted with the break-through in communications, skips about the room joyously, triumphantly. The SCENE begins rapidly to darken.

JOE'S MIND

Happy New Year, nurse! Happy
New Year to you! Happy New
Year. Happy... Happy....

As the screen turns black we hear the SOUND Of SIRENS, - AUTOMOBILE HORNS, GUNSHOTS, and SINGING which in the United States traditionally accompanies the death of the old year and the birth of the new. As the screen lightens, we see;

CLOSE SHOT - JOE

Clad in the occupational uniform of a baker... unlaced - shoes with holes slit horizontally along their sides, white socks, white trousers, white undershirt, an apron from the waist down made of plundered flour sacks... Joe faces the CAMERA, his hands cupped to his mouth, and yells.

JOE

Happy New Year!

INT. PORTION OF A BAKERY - NIGHT

Here and there may be seen racks loaded with bread, perhaps a wrapping machine, perhaps a conveyor belt moving fresh - baked loaves, a long bench where the girls pack cookies, - pies, cakes, and so forth. The area is thronged with bakers and their girls shouting "Happy New Year" to each other, - laughing, singing, dancing, playing such musical instruments as we may require.

CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - THROUGH BAKERY CROWD - A FARM WOMAN

She is the same woman we saw at the station when Joe left, dressed in the same clothing, engaged in the same search.

FARM WOMAN

Where's my boy, where's my
littly boy? He's under age,
can't you see? He just came
up from Tuscon... he's too
little for the Army!

CLOSE SHOT - A BAKER AND HIS GIRL DANCING

They move with great vigor and grace, their lips managing - to touch with almost every movement of their bodies. A busi

ness man with an American flag conspicuously stuck in his -
lapel enters and taps the baker on the shoulder.

BUSINESS MAN

May I cut in?

BAKER

No.

BUSINESS MAN

I can be of great help to you.

BAKER

(indicating his girl)

But I've already helped myself.

BUSINESS MAN

It's almost time for you to go
out and fight for liberty

BAKER

What kind of liberty?

GIRL

Yes... and how much? And
whose?

BAKER

You go out and fight for
liberty. Me... I don't care
for some.

BUSINESS MAN

But I'm over-age, and some-
body's got to fight for li-
berty.

GIRL

Can't you see? We've already
got liberty.

BAKER

That's right. See these?

BAKER (continued)
(he slaps his arms)

Two arms. See these?

(he slaps his legs)

Two legs. See this?

(puts his arm around the girl)

One girl. How much more
liberty can a man have?

He grabs the girl and as they dance together out of the -
SCENE they miraculously change into.

JOE AND KAREEN - DANCING

JOE

I love you, Kareen.

KAREEN

You shouldn't have gone. You
shouldn't have left me.

JOE

You don't understand these
things. You're just a girl.
I had to make the world safe
for democracy.

KAREEN

Did you?

The scene blurs over and becomes.

CLOSE SHOT - A MAN IN FULL EVENING DRESS - AT COOKIE-PACKING
TABLES

The cookie table is covered with priceless linen, decorated
with silver and chrystal, and filled with champagne coolers.
The gentleman in evening dress is happily pouring champagne
for the bakers and their girls.

GENTLEMEN

(as he pours)

I'm the boss. This is cham-
pagne. Happy New Year. I'm

GENTLEMAN (continued)

the boss. This is champagne.
Happy New Year...

(and over again)

HEAD AND SHOULDERS - JOE AND KAREEN

They have stopped in front of a rack which is filled with unwrapped bread. Joe pulls her close in his arms, kissing her.

JOE'S MIND

You in my arms, Kareen, both
of my arms... Kareen, Kareen,
in my arms...

As they break the caress, their faces draw slightly apart, and Joe is horrified to discover that he has been kissing the gaunt old farm woman, who stares back at him with a - surprise equal to his own.

FARM WOMAN

Having fun?

JOE
(dazed)

Kareen!

(looks around)

Where did she go?

FARM WOMAN

Where's my boy? Where is my
little boy? He's under age
and...

Joe turns away from her and rushes searchingly through the crowd, CAMERA TRUCKING briefly with him.

CLOSE SHOT - GENTLEMAN IN FULL EVENING DRESS

He still pours champagne with elegant obsequy to his employees.

GENTLEMAN

I'm the boss. This is champagne.
Happy New Year. Because of the
war emergency our little holiday
will end in three more minutes.
The ovens are hot and we must keep
the home fires burning. Let us sing.

(he begins to sing)

Keep the home fires burning...

FULL SHOT ' THE CELEBRATING BAKERS AND THEIR GIRLS

The entire group joins the Gentleman in his song:

GROUP SINGING

While your hearts are yearning;
Though the boys are far away,
They dream of home...

TRUCKING SHOT - JOE

He has departed from the group, whose SINGING is now heard from a certain distance, apparently to engage in a forlorn search through the bakery for his lost Kareen. He comes so a door marked:

MIXING ROOM

He pulls the door open, and passes through it.

A DARKENED GARDEN - NIGHT

Oddly, the mixing room door has given onto the same closed garden that we have seen just outside Joe's hospital room window. Joe, still clad in his baker's clothing, pauses for a moment, trying to penetrate the darkness of the garden. As he grows accustomed to the light he moves forward a little, then pauses as he sees.

A TREE TRUNK - IN THE GARDEN - NIGHT

His father's fishing rod leans against the tree, carefully reeled and set aside. Joe enters the SCENE, stares for a moment in perplexity at the rod, then goes to the other side of the tree.

The bakers inside the building are just concluding their song as Joe discovers:

JOE'S FATHER - EMBRACING SOMEONE

Joe enters the SCENE, stands silent, watching his father intently, watching the girl's arms as they undulate around - his father's shoulders, her delicate hands as they gently - dig into the coat which covers his father's back. There is a long sigh, and their two bodies separate. Kareen, still - partly enclosed in the arms of Joe's father, stares up at - Joe... not frightened, not shocked, not penitent, only puzzled, and profoundly curious. Attracted by her stare, Joe's father turns, discovers his son.

JOE'S FATHER
(casually)

Hello, son.

He turns away from Kareen as casually as he would had she - never been present in the first place.

JOE
(quietly)

Hello, father.

Kareen, her face white in the darkness, shakes her head unbelievably and begins to withdraw from them. Neither appears to notice her ultimate disappearance.

JOE'S FATHER
(indicating a garden curb)

Sit down.

They sit down beside the tree, facing each other, the fishing rod propped against the tree between them.

JOE
(quietly)

How... how is it with you, father?

JOE'S FATHER

It's all right. In many ways it... it's better. I don't have to worry so much about money any more.

(pause a smile, a shrug)

In fact... I don't have to worry about it at all.

JOE'S FATHER (continued)

(peers at his son)

Do you?

JOE

No.

JOE'S FATHER

Then you must be the happiest
man on earth.

JOE

(after a moment)

I... maybe not quite.

JOE'S FATHER

(meditatively)

It's a funny thing. I could
always handle a horse. If I
had a cow, she was healthy,
gave plenty of milk.
Raised most of our own food...
you remember?... even to the
honey on our biscuits.
I could hoe a straight row...
lay out a pretty good grade on
an up-hill road... build a house...
but I never did know how to
make any money.

(a puzzled gesture)

It's the goddamnedest thing
I ever ran into.

JOE

We ate well. We were dry.
And warm. And healthy.

JOE'S FATHER

Maybe there's something more,
I don't know. The trouble with
life is, you worry so much you
don't enjoy it. It's much bet-
ter this way except that...
that I do miss your mother.

(quietly)

How is she?

JOE

I haven't seen her lately.

His father nods, as if with complete understanding.

JOE'S FATHER

Ah...

JOE

Who was she... the girl you had
in your arms?

JOE'S FATHER

I really don't know. I was fishing,
and she happened by, and stayed
into my arms, and stayed there.

(Gazes; pauses and perhaps wondering)

So many young women these days
seem to be heading for a place
in the arms of a man.

(Looks sharply at Joe)

Where did all the young men go?

JOE

(Passing it off)

Oh, they... you know... they
drift away.

JOE'S FATHER

(Pauses)

Ah well...

(He rises, picks up his fishing rod)

Let's not too long in another.
I have to go. The trout will
be rising on Willow Lake...

(Indistinct noise)

... and now that I've got my rod,
back, I don't want to miss them.

Joe has taken with him his father. His father offers him hand,
and Joe shakes it.

JOE

Goodbye, father.

JOE'S FATHER

Goodbye, Joe. Give your mother my love when you see her. I'm sorry to have left you in the lurch as I did, but it was the only way, believe me. Death is much better than living, You'll find it out for yourself one day. Goodbye.

Carrying his rod carefully, he turns and trudges off. As his figure is gradually blotted out by the darkness we hear, from an immense distance, the sporadic RINGING of a telephone bell. The telephone bell diminishes altogether, giving sudden way to Kareen's voice which seems very close at hand, which seems to precede now from one direction, now from another; now from above, now from below.

KAREEN'S VOICE

Joe!

(he looks off)

Joe!

(he looks in the other direction)

Here I am, Joe!

(he starts in a third direction)

No, Joe... over here!

(he reverses direction, and starts to run)

Why did you leave me, Joe?

He plunges in still another direction whence the voice seems to come, stumbles over a tree root, and falls belly first to the ground.

KAREEN'S VOICE

Why didn't you write me?

HEAD AND SHOULDERS - JOE ON THE GROUND

Tears burst from his eyes; he beats his clenched fists in to the moist earth.

JOE
(choked voice)

I couldn't! I couldn't! I
couldn't write you! I couldn't

KAREEN'S VOICE

Why couldn't you?

JOE
(sobbing)

I can't tell you! I can't tell
you, tha's all... I can't...!

KAREEN'S VOICE
(mournfully, from a farther distance)

You don't love me...

JOE

I do! I love you, Kareen... I do! I...

KAREEN'S VOICE
(far away now, and moving farther)

You... don't... love... me...

Joe scrambles fantastically to his feet.

JOE

I do love you, Kareen!

He starts running blindly.

JOE

Don't go, Kareen! Where are
you? Please don't go away from
me again... Please don't...!

He collides in a flash of starlight against one of the
four brick walls which inclose the garden, and falls to the
ground a sccond time. His father, still carrying the fish-
ing rod, emerges from the shadows, crosses to Joe, and -
squats down on his hunkers beside him. Joe's face in hid-
den in his arms; his breath comes in harsh, gasping sobs.

JOE'S FATHER
(gently)

You need help, son.

JOE

(his face still hidden)

There is no help.

JOE'S FATHER

Have you asked for it?

JOE

I can't. I can't ask for anything. There's no way I can talk to them.

JOE'S FATHER

Why not send them a telegram?

Joe lifts his head, exposing his face as he stares up - to his father.

JOE

What do you mean?

JOE'S FATHER

Don't you remember when you were a boy? How you and Bill Harper strung a wire between the two houses so you could telegraph to each other?

JOE

(perplexed)

Yes...

JOE'S FATHER

Do you still remember the Morse code?

JOE

Yes.

(rises up onto one elbow)

But what good is that? How can I get out to them?

JOE'S FATHER

(tapping his temple)

You must think, son... you must

JOE'S FATHER (continued)

learn to think. Use your head.

The screen rapidly begins to hacken.

JOE

Yes! My head! My head...!

The screen goes completely black, except for a tiny blur of white at its very center where Joe's face was lifted up to his father. O.S. we hear the rhythmic, muffled - sound of an object thumping against something which could be a pillow. The tempo is three short thumps, two deliberate thumps, and then three short thumps again, repeated endlessly: dot-dot-dot... dot-dot... dot-dot-dot. The - small white blur pulsates to the same rhythm. As light - begins to seep back onto the screen we find ourselves in:

MED. CLOSE SHOT - JOE, JOE'S IMAGE, THE NURSE

We discover that the source of our previous rhythmic - sound was the back of Joe's head thumping solidly, dully against his pillow. The thumping continues remorselessly throughout the following scenes.

JOE'S MIND

SOS. Help! SOS. Help! SOS. Help!
SOS. Help! SOS. Help! SOS. Help!

The young nurse, deeply troubled and quite unable to - find an explanation for her patients conduct, tries in various ways to soothe him, while Joe's Image makes anxious, pleading gestures to her, begging her to understand. With her hands she touches various parts of Joe's body, watching him for reactions that will give her some clue to the seat of his trouble. He grunts, shakes - his head fiercely, continues tapping.

JOE'S MIND

SOS. Help! Can't you see what I'm doing?
SOS. Help! I want help! SOS.

She tries to quiet him by pressing her palm against his forehead, making it impossible for him to tap, but he - responds with savage sideward lunges from shoulder to - shoulder, and when she removes her hand, the tapping - continues. She turns and runs out of the room. Joe's tapping continues without interruption.

JOE'S MIND

SOS. Help me! SOS. Listen to me!
SOS. Let me get through to you!

JOE'S MIND (continued)

SOS. Help! I'm trying
to talk to you! SOS. Help!

The nurse runs back into the room, followed by a doctor. -
After a moment of frowning observation, the doctor, like -
the nurse before him, begins to explore Joe's body with -
his hands. Again Joe's writhings and his choked grunts try
to communicate his negatives.

JOE'S MIND
(repeatedly)

SOS. Help! No, not that. No! SOS.
Help! Not that! SOS. Help!

The perplexed doctor makes a swift inspection of the various
tubes and pieces of equipment which convey air and liquid -
into Joe's body and refuse from it. The tapping continues .
The doctor takes the air tube from Joe's throat, holds it to
the light for examination. While it is out, GARGLING sounds
come, like small strangles, from Joe's throat. His tapping
continues. The doctor, with a sigh, replaces the tube in -
Joe's throat, turns to his tray, takes a needle, and swabs
a portion of Joe's shoulder with alcohol-soaked cotton. Joe
ceases his tapping, begins to shake his head back and forth
in frantic objection. Joe's Image, fairly jumping up and -
down with anxiety, fantastically indicates Joe's head, trying
to divert the doctor's attention from his shoulder.

JOE'S MIND
(despairingly)

Oh no! SOS. Don't give me dope.
Help me... don't knock me out.
SOS. Listen to me. Help me! SOS. SOS.

The needle is driven home. Joe's Image claps his hands to -
his head in a gesture of absolute desolation.

JOE'S MIND

I won't go under. SOS. I won't. SOS.
I won't go under. SOS. SOS ...

The issue having been decided against him, Joe ceases sha-
king his head from side to side, and begins again to tap -
out his SOS signals. The doctor nods to the nurse and -
exits. Joe's tapping grows slower. Joe's Image reluctantly
begins to shrink toward the shadows across the room. The -
nurse adjusts the covers to Joe's throat, picks up her -
tray, and also exits. The tapping grows slower and slower.
Across the room, Joe's Image sinks slowly to his hands and
knees.

JOE'S MIND
(very faintly)

I can't... do it. You've... won again.
But you can't win forever. You can't
forever. Oh no, not for-ever...

His tapping ceases. In the same instant, Joe's Image disposes himself on the floor in sleep. The SOUND of a VAST SIGH shudders through the room as the screen darkens to velvet black. As the SIGH dies away, the SOUND of a STRINGED INSTRUMENT on a faint, high, sustained note is heard - as the screen gradually lightens to:

FULL SCREEN - AN ABSTRACTION OF PURE COLORS

Each color blends into another, diffuses, forms a third color, materializes as design, as squares and circles and -- glowing angles which rise and fall, which recede into the depths of the screen, and then rush madly forward to blot out all else. The faint sound of the STRINGED INSTRUMENT continues over the SCENE, wild and poignant and far away.

JOE'S MIND

Color. Color-color-color-color.
Colors are cool. Cool colors, sweet-smelling colors. Colors that make music when they pass. Like pale white ghosts in the sunlight. Colors... Colors...

MAN'S VOICE

Fly the colors men! Rally round the flag!

The color background begins to drift downward out of the frame, a movement which gives the illusion that the CAMERA is moving upward. As the speed of this movement increases, the colors of the background gradually give way to blues, which grow darker and darker as the CAMERA continues ascent until, at its apogee, the screen has turned to a rich blue-black, as if the CAMERA were focused on the void of infinity. At this moment the background turns completely immobile; the sound of the stringed instrument dies away, leaving us suspended in a world that is not only motionless, but completely silent.

From some great distance, a RUSHING SOUND is heard, very faintly at first, yet loud enough to cause the screen to go into a slow whirl. As the RUSHING SOUND increases in volume, so does the whirling speed of our screen increase in speed, until all images blur into blackness as our CAMERA, having previously ascended to the heights, now plunges horrifyingly toward an absolute depth. Above the rushing sound and whistle of driving winds, there may also be heard sounds of weeping, of laughing, cries, shouts, prayers, pleas, alarms and songs in many voices and many lan

guages which merge, at last, into a single voice... that - of our Farm Woman.

FARM WOMAN'S VOICE - o.s.

Where is my boy, where is my little boy? He's under age, can't you see? He just came up from Tuscon... he's too little for the Army! Don't you know who he really is? His name is Jesus Christ.

Throughout her speech, the blackness of the screen begins - imperceptibly to lighten, until we can discern:

INTERIOR RAILROAD STATION ROOM - CLOSE SHOT JESUS CHRIST - DAY

Although at first the screen is too dark and too blurred - for us clearly to discern the figure, it gradually is revealed to us (while the Farm Woman's voice continues) as a white-robed figure, seated at a table.

FARM WOMAN'S VOICE - o.s.
(continuing)

He just came up from Tuscon! His name is Jesus Christ, and they put him in jail for a tramp, and I came all the way here to get him back. They let him out of jail if he'd join the Army, and now I can't find him anywhere. Didn't anybody see him coming up from Tuscon?

By this time, the figure of Jesus is completely visible, and our CAMERA ANGLE has widened to:

FULL SHOT - INTERIOR RAILROAD RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

Five men are playing cards, a sixth watching them. Seated around the battered table are Joe, Red Head, Swede, Little Guy, and Christ. Red Head is dealing a hand of black-jack, one card down, one card up.

SWEDE

Christ, I sure could do with a shot of whiskey!

CHRIST
(smiling)

Then why don't you drink it?

Swede looks at the table. His eyes widen with surprise to discover a glass of whiskey near his right hand. The others,

with the exception of Christ, discover that they have whis key too. They all stare at Christ.

RED HEAD

How did you do that?

CHRIST

I can do anything.

(indicates his exposed card lying on the table before him)

Hit me, only not too hard.

Red Head deals him a queen, face up. Christ throws in his hand and pushes his money across the table toward the dealer.

CHRIST

I never could hit a twelve.
I can't understand it. Twelve
shouldn't be any harder to hit
than thirteen, should it?

RED HEAD

It shouldn't be, only it is.

SWEDE

Twelve is just like any other
number above it, only better,
and don't let anybody tell you
different.

LITTLE GUY

(setting whiskey glass down)

That's the best whiskey I
ever drank.

CHRIST

It ought to be. It's sixteen
years old.

Above the sounds of singing and speech-making which drift
through the open door, we now hear:

CONDUCTOR'S CRY

All aboard! All aboard...!

Red Head, who has finished the deal, slaps his cards onto

the table, rises, stretches, and yawns.

RED HEAD

Well, it's all aboard out there.
I got to go. Got a date to be
killed on the 27th of June, so
I'd better say goodbye to my wife
and kid. The kid, he's only a year
eight months, but smart as hell
already. I'd sure like to see him
when he's five.

EXTERIOR BATTLE FIELD - TOWARD A TRENCH - SUNRISE

Although sounds of battle come loudly over the scene, our -
own small area betrays no sign of life at all.

RED HEAD'S VOICE - o.s.

It's just after daybreak, all
cool and nice with a brand new
sun, and the air's smelling
good. We're going over, and
I'm a sergeant by then...

Red Head pops out of the trench, motioning for others to
follow him. He charges straight toward the camera. Others
now appear behind him.

RED HEAD
(continuing)

... so I go over first. But
I don't hardly get started
before a bullet hits me like
it was a hammer.

Red Head falls to the earth, and is now visible to us only
through a pattern of running legs as his comrades side-step
him and continue their charge.

RED HEAD

I lie there, seeing only their
legs as they run by and disappear.

CLOSER SHOT - RED HEAD ON THE GROUND

His action fits the following dialogue.

RED HEAD'S VOICE - o.s.

I kick and squirm for a minute
like a chicken and then I snuggle
down against the dirt. That
bullet got me in the throat, so
I just cuddle down there peace-
ful-like...

His eyes suddenly open, and gaze with blank surprise and -
wonder at the pool of blood which has gushed from his - -
throat.

RED HEAD'S VOICE - o.s.
(continuing)

... and watch the blood run out
and then I'm dead.

INTERIOR STATION ROOM - DAY

Red Head is now at the door on the point of exiting.

RED HEAD
(concluding)

But my wife out there don't know it,
so I got to tell her goodbye just
like I thought I was coming back.

LITTLE GUY
(rising)

Hell's fire, man, you talk
like you were the only one.
We're all going to be killed,
that's why we're here.

(points to Christ)

Christ, he's already dead...

(points to Swede)

... and the big Swede over
there is going to catch flu
and die in camp...

(points to a man in the corner)

... and you in the corner,

LITTLE GUY
(continued)

you're going to get blown
so dammed high nobody'll
even get a souvenir off you...

(indicates himself)

... and me, I'm going to get
buried in a trench cave-in
and smother... now isn't
that a hell of a way to die?

The instant his words are out, a profound silence falls over the station room, over the crowds outside, over the universe itself. For a moment they stare at each other in bewildered perplexity. Then they strain to attention as the SOUND of - the STRINGED INSTRUMENT of Joe's color fantasies cuts through the stillness. They listen to it in rapt wonder.

CHRIST
(quietly)

It is the music of death.
The high thin music of death...

The Little Guy points an accusing finger at Joe.

LITTLE GUY

Then what's this guy doing
here? He ain't going to die.

The eyes of everyone in the room now focus sternly, accusingly upon Joe.

JOE
defensively)

I'm going to be almost dead.
I'm going to have my arms and
legs blown off, and my face
shot out so I can't see or
hear or talk or breathe. You
can't get much closer to being
dead than that.

RED HEAD
(breaking the silence)

Leave him alone, he's alright.
On your feet, everybody. Let's
make that train.

Red exits, the others following him, with Christ and Joe at the end of the line.

JOE

Are you going with us?

CHRIST

Of course. I've got lots of trains to handle, lots of dead men, so many dead men you wouldn't believe it.

On these lines we cut instantly to:

FULL LONG SHOT - (STOCK) - TRAIN RUSHING THROUGH COUNTRY-SIDE - DAY

The film is speeded up to the point where the train's velocity is almost ludicrous. It's shrill, mournful WHISTLE - shatters the sound track.

INTERIOR ENGINEER'S CAB - CHRIST - DAY

He is bent forward over his controls, his beard and robe - flying behind him in the wind, one hand pushes the speed - lever to its highest point, while the other madly pulls - the whistle cord.

CLOSE SHOT - TRAIN WINDOWS PASSING BEFORE CAMERA - DAY

The ROAR of the train and the SHRIEK of its whistle add to the terror of dead men's faces staring wildly out of the train windows ... an endless blurred sequence of windows rushing past the CAMERA, until finally interrupted by:

FLASH CLOSE-UP - JOE'S FACE

Caught in a moment of frozen horror.

JOE

(a shriek)

Help!

All SOUNDS of the train have now died away. We hear, instead, the back of Joe's head THUMPING softly against his pillow: dot-dot-dot... dot-dot... dot-dot-dot. The screen begins to BLACKEN. Sound of THUMPING continues.

JOE'S MIND - o.s.

(quietly, rhythmically)

SOS. Help. SOS. Help...

As the screen LIGHTENS we discover ourselves in:

TRUCKING SHOT - DOWN ENDLESS HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Moving swiftly, urgently down the corridor are the young - nurse, a Doctor, a Technician, a Priest and an American Co lonel in full uniform. Far in the distance we hear the con tinuing sound of Joe's head THUMPING against his pillow, - and the sound of his mind's voice:

JOE'S MIND
(in the distance)

SOS. Help...

They come to that portion of the corridor which contains - the circular cistern opening. Camera HALTS. The group divi des, part of them passing on one side of the cistern, part on the opposite side. As they continue on down the hallway our CAMERA holds on:

MED. SHOT - TOWARD THE CISTERN - JOE'S FATHER

He sits on the corridor floor, his legs dangling over the edge of the cistern, and fishes intently. We hear the dimi nishing SOUND of the nurse and her party continuing down - the long corridor. The rhythmical THUMPING of Joe's head - also continues. And the sound of his mind's voice:

JOE'S MIND
(monotonously)

SOS. Help. SOS. Help. SOS. Help...

The SOUNDS of the nurse and her party are shut off abruptly by the closing of a door somewhere far down the corridor. At the exact instant the door closes, the tip of Joe's fa- ther's fishing rod dips sharply, the fisherman jerks it - backward, and the rat, screaming and writhing, flies out - of the cistern and lands convulsively on the corridor floor, the fish hook fast in its mouth. We cut instantly to:

INT. JOE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The nurse and her party have just crossed to Joe's bed. The room is filled with shadows, with the exception of a single light near Joe's bed. Joe's head, discernable only as a whi te mass, a strip of forehead, and close cropped skull, wea riäy rises and falls as it taps out against his pillow the terrible monotony of his appeal for help. The Technician - leans forward, intently observing the head's movements. Joe's Image leans imploringly across the other side of the bed, as if begging the Technician to understand what is being - signaled to him.

JOE'S MIND
(continuously)

Help. SOS. Help. SOS
Help. SOS. Help...

TECHNICIAN

S.O.S. He's trying to get
through to us.

COLONEL

Well answer him.

The Technician turns from Joe to the Colonel, his face horrified and incredulous.

TECHNICIAN
(softly)

How do you answer a man like this?
What do you say to him?

Joe's Image on the other side of the bed makes urgent gestures to the Technician.

COLONEL
(after an instant's thought)

Ask him his name.

The Technician turns slowly back to Joe. Gingerly at first, and then with increasing confidence, he begins to tap his forefinger delicately against the narrow margin of Joe's brow. Joe's thumping ceases. When the Technician finishes tapping out his message, Joe's head once more begins to thump against its pillow. This time, however, the rhythm of his SOS is absent. He is thumping out his answer to their question. The silence of the group is almost breathless as they wait for the Technician to translate his reply. The Technician seems visibly to pale as the tapped-out response unfolds. Then he looks up to his companions.

TECHNICIAN

He said... 'kill me'

There is a moment of stunned silence. The nurse's face is filled with anguish. Joe's Image nods violently in agreement with the request.

COLONEL
(at last)

He's obviously unnerved. We
must have his identification.
Ask him again.

Again the question is swiftly tapped out against Joe's forehead, and again Joe thumps out a response.

TECHNICIAN
(shaking his head)

Same thing. 'Kill me!

Joe's Image clasps his hands before him in the position - of prayer and by gesture implores them to do what Joe has asked.

COLONEL

Tell him that's of course impossible. Explain to him that we understand his feelings. Ask him if there's anything else he wants. Tell him he can have anything. Anything.

The Technician bends and swiftly taps the message out on - Joe's brow. Then he straightens, and as Joe begins to tap out his reply, the Technician translates word by word. 'I... can't... live... like... this. Please... let...me...die. Please...kill... me.' Joe's Image is now on his knees, tears flowing down his cheeks, begging them for the mercy of - - death. The Nurse covers her face with her hands.

NURSE
(choked voice)

Why couldn't he have died long ago? It's so unfair!

From this time forward, Joe's Image addresses most of his supplications to the young nurse. Joe's head is still - thumping against the pillow.

COLONEL

What's he saying now?

TECHNICIAN

Just 'kill me'. Over and over.

COLONEL

It's still new to him. I mean... being able to get through to us like this.

(to the Doctor)

If you can give him something that will relax his nerves,

COLONEL (continued)

perhaps we'd do better to question him later.

DOCTOR

It certainly can't do any harm.

As the Doctor prepares his syringe for the shot, Joe's Image tries to dissuade him, shaking his head inconsolably. The young nurse weeps. Joe continues to thump.

COLONEL
(to Technician)

Still the same?

TECHNICIAN
(nodding)

The same.

COLONEL

Explain to him what we're doing.
Tell him we'll do everything in
our power to make him comfortable.

Joe stops thumping as the Technician begins to tap the message against his forehead. The Nurse swabs a place on Joe's shoulder, and the Doctor jams the needle home. The Technician finishes tapping his message, and Joe once more begins to thump against his pillow. All eyes go to the Technician in inquiry. He shrugs and nods, indicating Joe's reply remains what it always has been.

COLONEL

We'd better leave him alone
for the present.

There is a round of nods as all except the young nurse start a general movement toward the door. Midway between door and bed, the Priest touches the Technician's shoulder.

PRIEST

One more message, if you
please. Tell him to trust
in heave's mercy. Tell him
to put his faith in Almighty
God whose goodness knows no end.

The Technician nods, turns back to the bed, and once more - taps a message on Joe's brow. The Doctor, the Priest and the Colonel exit. The Technician finishes his message Joe's head begins to thump again. The Technician perceiving it is still the same answer, shakes his head and quietly exits, closing

the door behind him. Joe, Joe's Image and the young nurse are now alone.

JOE'S MIND

Kill me. Please kill me. I
can't live like this. Kill me.
Please kill me. Why must you
hurt me like this when I've done
nothing to hurt you? Kill me,
please kill me, kill me, kill me,
kill me...

While the voice of Joe's Mind pleads for death, Joe's Image casts himself on his knees in front of the young nurse, hands uplifted to her in despairing supplication. The nurse, her eyes brimming with tears, steals a cautious look toward the closed door that gives on to the corridor. Then her hand steals toward the air tube that passes into Joe's wind pipe. She almost touches it, then withdraws in horror. Once again she steels herself; once again her hand slips toward its deadly goal... and this time shuddering violently, she does not flinch. She takes the tube from his - - throat and stands for a moment, holding it in her hand, looking down at Joe with a mixture of horror and profound compassion as faint GARGLING sounds begin to emerge from the hole in his throat. He is obviously strangling to death. She bends down swiftly and presses her lips to his brow - in a farewell kiss. As she straightens, Joe's Image goes into a wild dance of exultation and Joe's Mind into a paen of joyous gratitude.

JOE'S MIND

Thank you, nurs! Oh thank
you, thak you, thank you!
Thank her, God. Be sweet to
her, God. Make her happy,
make her beautiful, make her
everything she wants to be!
Thank you... pretty young nurse...
thank you forever and ever...

At this moment the door opens to reveal the Doctor.

DOCTOR
(in open doorway)

Nurse, I want to see you for
a moment.

Caught with the air tube so plainly in her hand, the nurse has no choice but to nod.

NURSE
(quietly)

Right away, Doctor.

She re-inserts the tube in Joe's Throat, adjusts the bed covers, and exits from the room, closing the door quietly behind her. Joe's Image sinks to the floor in despair. Joe's head begins once again to thump against his pillow: dot-dot-dot... dot-dot-dot... dot-dot-dot. But - the rhythm is a diminishing one as the slow stupor of the drug steals over his mind and body.

JOE'S MIND
(with diminishing tempo and volume)

Help me. SOS. Help me. SOS
Help me. SOS. Help me. SOS
Help me. SOS. Help me...
Help me... help me...

Sadly Joe's Image crawls to its usual place on the floor against the wall, and reluctantly surrenders to slumber.

As the voice of Joe's Mind fades away into silence, the screen gradually begins to DARKEN. Suddenly a YELL of triumph goes up as if thousands of voices were cheering together. Then, joyously and very loudly:

A LARGE CHORUS

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile...

FADE OUT

T H E E N D

