

# **Xposure**

A Film Script  
By  
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FADE UP ON

EXT/INT. CAR -DAY

CATHY- parked in her car on a narrow single-track road- overlooking Loch Ness. The view encompasses the scenic beauty of the area. Behind her- a tall security fence stretches across a hill. She sits- writing notes on a pad- makes a call on a mobile.

CATHY

Adam!  
 -(Beat)-  
 Yes- I'm here. Just outside the plant.  
 -(Beat)-  
 No. Point blank refused to comment.  
 Wouldn't let me speak to anyone.  
 -(Beat)-  
 Of course not! I've got enough here to run the story. See how they act then.  
 -(Beat)-  
 No- they were perfectly nice- but- evasive. I didn't expect anyone here to speak-up.  
 -(Beat)-  
 No- I'll get back and write it up. Should make tonights' deadline. You could invite the minister- not that he'll appear.  
 -(Beat)-  
 Okay. I'll send it in an hour or two. Bye.

While Cathy speaks- a small white van flashes by- a logo on the side- Am-Co-Co.  
 Cathy puts her note-pad and phone away- plays some music and heads off in the direction following the white van.

EXT. HILL/ROAD -DAY

Cathy's car- driving thru' spectacular scenery- on single-track road. Approaches a lorry loaded with logs- waiting at a 'passing-place'- allowing Cathy to go by. As Cathy's car slows and is passing the lorry- a chain is released and a pile of logs crash onto Cathy's car- pushing it over a deep gorge- where it smashes/explodes.

TITLES- over montage. JACK/TRACY at funeral- traveling home- at Edinburgh Festival- re-run home video showing Cathy(Jack's wife)- Jack/Cathy dropping Tracy at school, laughing- Xmas-time- Jack on film-set working- Jack- home alone- teary-eyes(photo of Cathy)- picking-up Tracy from school at end of term- hill-walking/picnic- Tracy boarding train- Jack returning home- Tracy at Uni.

INT. A BEDROOM -NIGHT

Romantic music introduces a couple standing by a bed. They kiss- passionately- the male- BEN- begins to remove the top blouse from his partner- unhooks the brassiere and cups the breasts and kissing them. They fall backwards onto the bed- Ben- his head buried in breasts slides his hand up his partner's skirt. They take on a frenzied passion- Ben- slips his hand under her panties- jumps back in shock.

BEN

What the fuck!

Ben's partner removes a wig.

PARTNER-(laughing)

Hey! I thought you knew.

BEN

A guy! Jesus! How the-

A voice off-set calling 'CUT' stops the action.  
*PULL BACK* to reveal a film set- the actors on the bed getting to their feet as the crew crowd round the set.

INT. FILM SET -DAY

Behind the main camera on the action- Jack looking at a monitor and smiling to GARY(D.o.P).

JACK

That looked better. Hold on Ben's face-

GARY

Lot of focus pulls- the dolly, panning.

JACK

It'll be fine- Gary. Believe me.

GARY

Well- you're the guy.

JACK

We can move on- if the gate's clear.

LATER

Sitting together on flight cases- Jack and Ben.  
Jack has a script in one hand- a coffee in the other.

BEN-(laughing)

Still find this pretty weird, Jack.  
Where'd you get him- her or whatever?

JACK

Oooh- it wasn't easy. But- he's okay-  
good actor, eh? No cock-ups.-(laughs)

BEN

He's okay. But- if he puts his tongue  
in my mouth again- I'm smacking him one!

Jack cracks-up in a laugh- as Ben heads back to the set.  
Jack continues looking at the script- we hear a voice shout  
'places' and 'going for a rehearsal'.

INT. A BISTRO -NIGHT

Around a table are- Jack/ADRIAN/HAZEL.

ADRIAN

Why do you bother, Jack. A couple of  
years- nobody's going to be interested  
in cinema. All be wired-up- dv access  
any movie before the thing's released.

JACK

I'm not so sure. Too much money involved.

ADRIAN

Peanuts- compared to networking media.

HAZEL

Look at television- the film  
industry nearly went bust- only-

ADRIAN

It's a revolution- Jack. Telephones'll go- postal services will be obsolete-

JACK

Yeah- but will it be better?

HAZEL

That's not the point. Good or bad. It's like anything. It's how you use it.

JACK

Well- I want out before virtual people take over. Virtual governments- God! As if real politicians aren't bad enough.

ADRIAN

It's the future- there's no point fighting it. Chill-out- let it happen.

HAZEL

I think Jack spent the seventies fully chilled. I've heard. All those drugs- tut,tut, Jack.

JACK

Oh that- it was the done thing.

HAZEL

Wasn't it all a bit hippy? India and that?

JACK

Of course it was! Goa was wonderful then. Not hotels and kids theme parks. A good community. People- from all over the world.

HAZEL

I still can't imagine Cath. Selling trinkets on a market-stall.

ADRIAN

No- I think you're right, Jack. I could get into that kind of-

HAZEL

Oh nonsense! *You!*- *trekking in the Himmal*- not without with your lap-top!

JACK

You could carry-on your marriage-  
virtually.- (laughs)

HAZEL

Jack- I think we do that already.

ADRIAN

Oh! Who declined a romantic matinee  
for what? *Shopping?*

INT. JACK'S DINING-ROOM -DAY

*CL.UP-* of news footage depicting BSE- a cow staggering  
around- the sound barely audible as a reporter discusses  
some wider implications of interfering in the 'food-chain'.

*PULL BACK-* see Jack- watching television at a table- with  
toast and tea- a newspaper spread before him.  
Through-out- the television remains low in b/ground.

JACK

C'mon! She'll be on any minute now.

Tracy enters- a shower-cap covering her head and a large  
towel wrapped around her body. She stares a moment at the  
television- then to Jack- takes a cup of tea.

JACK (Sniffing)

You smell like a fruitshop.

TRACY

Better than a sweat-shop. No?  
Oh- I've not told you- yet- but  
I've moved off the campus.

Jack suddenly holds a hand-up- 'shushing' Tracy.

JACK (Excited)

Here she is- (Points to portable t.v.)  
Turn it up Tracy.

Tracy gives him a 'snotty' look- and turns the t.v. louder.

T.V. NEWSCAST; - the newsreader is Hazel. BBC 'posh' voice.

HAZEL-(Pre- video.T.V.NEWS)  
 ..long-running dispute concerning  
 sponsorship and athletics.  
 The new rules will prohibit the wearing of  
 slogans in this country- though this will  
 not affect the athletes when taking part in  
 international competitions.

Tracy returns to the table- sits next to Jack. The newscast  
 continues- Hazel/OFF- the volume diluted as Tracy speaks.

TRACY  
 You're like a big kid, Dad.

JACK (Laughing)  
 Oh c'mon, Tracy. It's just a game.

TRACY  
 Oh- for you! What about Hazel?  
*It's her job!*

Jack looks seriously at Tracy.

JACK  
 C'mon! She won't get sacked because  
 she gives a little wave- Christ's sake!

TRACY  
 I don't think it's right to ask her.  
 May make her nervous- she could break-  
 up- lose her concentration and-

JACK  
 Hazel'll have the bloody producer  
 eating out of her hand. You know that.

TRACY  
 You may be right, Dad- but I remember you  
 saying no-one's bigger than the company.

JACK  
 Agreed- but in a different context. I meant-

Jack holds a hand up.

JACK

Here it is!

Jack/Tracy sitting at the table- watching the t.v. in the b/ground- as Hazel continues- the volume raised again.

HAZEL-(pre- video. T.V. NEWS)  
..and that's the news for now. Callum will be back for the lunchtime report. Goodbye from me- here's Gordon with the weather.

As Hazel signs-off- shuffles some papers together- smiles to the camera and with her right hand- rubs the lobe of her right ear and gives the slightest of waves to camera.

JACK(Excited)

There! You see it? Haa- that's my girl.

Tracy gives Jack a 'look'. Switches the t.v. off.

TRACY

I don't know whose daftest- you or her.

JACK

Oh- c'mon- Tracy. It's just a joke. Brighten the day a-

TRACY

Well- I still say she's foolish.

JACK (Laughing)

I just had a thought-

TRACY

*Again!* You're head should be licensed.

JACK (Still smiling)

I wonder- just how far we could take it?

TRACY

I'm sure you're ready for a designer straight-jacket-Dad.

JACK (Mock eerie voice)

Little does she know- my sweetie- this- is only the start.

-(Cracks-up into a whiny witch laugh.)



Tracy looks oddly at him a moment- then pours herself a cup of tea. Jack begins rubbing his palms together- chuckling.

JACK

We start with a little thing- like she did with her ear- nothing really- just a simple gesture. Then- a week later- something else- something- more- daring. Pouting her lips- a wink- just- y'know.

TRACY

*Dad!*

JACK

No- listen! Then- after a while- another subtle touch- like- a bit more of her top exposed- another button undone.

Jack continues- gets up- walks around.

JACK

And that goes on- a week or two- people are used to it- see a little more cleavage- then- gradually- she wears one of those eh- uplift bra things- really shows them.

TRACY

Dad! I think you've lost it- again!

Tracy takes her tea and- smiling- shaking her head- exits.

INT. FILM SET -DAY

*CL-UP-* a black/white monitor t.v.(Pre.video taped). A tight shot of a girl's lips- she runs a finger slowly over them- and suggestively slips the finger into her mouth.

MAC-(V.O.)

Fuck'n hell! That's a bit iffy.

*PULL BACK-* Mac and GARY viewing the monitor- smiling.

GARY (Laughing)

Can you remember- Mac- when ads had a bit of subtlety about them. Worries about subliminal messages. Christ!

*PULL BACK*- further- see Mac/Gary turn away from the monitor. They are surrounded by a host of film technicians busying themselves on a set. Mac/Gary move over to Jack- sitting studying a page of story-boards.

MAC

When I worked with John- he was really into this idea of not mentioning the product. You know- do the ad- run it- keep the public guessing what it was all about. Then- in with the product- zap!

GARY

I couldn't get on with him. Always shouting the fuck'n odds.

Jack looks at them and smiles.

JACK

He says nice things about you- Gary.

GARY

Hmm. I'll bet.

Jack places his arms around their shoulders.

JACK

Let's do it then, guys. Get this bloody thing over- think about real work.

The trio head to the set and assume positions. Jack/Mac look through the camera lens- Mac calls for positions.

MAC (Shouting)

*Quiet everyone!* Going for a take.  
Everybody ready?

-(Beat)-

Sound!

SOUND-(V.O.)

Rolling.

MAC

Camera!

GARY-(V.O.)

Speed.

Jack stands at the edge of the camera- raises a hand and..

JACK

Action!

As he calls- a bleeping is heard.

*PAN TO-* the SOUND RECORDIST- cans on ears shaking his head and waving his hands frantically. The bleeping continues.  
*PULL BACK-* see Mac looking angry. Jack shaking his head.

JACK

Cut!

Jack looks to Mac- both with puzzled expressions. Mac shrugs. They both cock their ears- as the bleeping continues.

MAC

*I told you- keep those  
fucking phones off!*

*PAN TO-* the crew- all shrugging their shoulders- shaking their heads. The bleeping continues.

MAC(Holding a hand up)

Quiet!

*TRACK-* as Mac heads the rear of the set- his head cocked to one side. The bleeping continues. Mac searches among a collection of coats- finally locating the phone in a side pocket. He holds it aloft.

MAC (Wry smile)

It's yours- Jack.

Jack murmurs a curse and holds a clenched fist to his head. He meets Mac coming towards him and takes the phone.

JACK

God- I completely forgot.

Jack holds the phone to his ear- but before he speaks he turns and calls to the crew. The phone is still bleeping.

JACK

I'm really sorry about this, guys.  
Take five- eh?

Jack answers the phone in an angry voice.

TRACK- to Mac and Gary behind Jack.

GARY (In a low voice)  
What's it remind you of Mac?

MAC  
Dunno. What?

GARY (Smiling)  
Living in Oblivion- yeah?

Mac shakes his head again- shrugs his shoulders.

GARY(Surprised)  
You've never seen-

All attention turns to Jack as his voice registers anxiety. Jack speaking into the phone- his back to the crew- who look on anxiously- occasional murmurs among them.

JACK(Into phone)  
*Oh Christ!* How is she?  
-(Beat)-  
Damn!- Yes! Yes- right away.  
-(Beat)-  
Okay. Yes- I'll find it.  
-(Beat)-  
No! Leave now- be there- sometime this afternoon.  
-(Beat)-  
Right! Okay- thanks- yes. I do- I do.  
Thanks again.

Jack switches the phone off- stands a moment collecting his thoughts. Mac alongside- a concerned look on his face.

MAC  
Jack! You alright?

JACK  
Fuck!

MAC  
What is it- Jack?

Jack takes a breath- looks around at the crew all waiting- looking towards him. He shakes his head.

JACK

I've got to go- Mac. Tracy's been hurt. She's in Inverness hospital- hit by a van. Christ!-(Rubs his brow.)

MAC

Jesus Christ!

JACK

Anyway- I'd better go. Just went back yesterday too.

MAC

Go Jack. Don't worry here. We'll be fine. You go.

JACK (Deep in thought)

I'll call you- when I'm there- let you-

MAC

Sure. Jack. Don't worry.

JACK

That was the police- said Tracy's okay- injured. I need to be there.

MAC

*Jack!- Go!*

JACK

Look- eh- explain things to people- okay?

MAC

I'll see to it Jack. Go!

Mac hands Jack his coat.

JACK (Nodding)

Yeah- okay. Right.

Jack heads off the set- Mac returns to the waiting crew.

MAC

Okay folks- let's get some film in the can.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT/INT. FORTH ROAD BRIDGE -DAY

Jack in his car approaching the bridge- the old rail bridge also in shot- (reflecting another conspiracy movie(39Steps). As he heads down the slip to the bridge- a JAPANESE MAN frantically waves him down- his car parked just before the entrance to the tolls.

Jack pulls in behind the car and gets out. On seeing Jack stop- the Japanese Man gets excited- leans into his car and emerges with a camera.

A JAPANESE WOMAN emerges from the passenger side.

The man rushes to Jack- talking ten-to-the-dozen and smiling- always.

The J/Man hands Jack the camera and beckons the woman closer- and they pose- moving- ensuring the bridge in the b/ground. Jack nods- prepares to take the snap. J/Man forever smiles- points to his wife calls out 'honeymoon'.

Jack smiles- moves them into frame- takes the photo.

The couple go into even bigger smiles and bow and thank Jack. Jack hands back the camera and shakes their hands- smiling.

JAPANESE MAN (in broken English)

Your name- mister, so?

JACK (smiling)

Jack!

JAPANESE MAN

Zank yo- Jack-san. Okay?

Jack smiles- returns to his car- the man is calling to him 'Jack-san...okay.'

Montage;- (Musical Interlude \*1)

The drive north provides an opportunity to capture the open feel of the landscape- contrasting the previous interiors and highlighting Jack as a small feature of a wider world.

As Jack journeys on- we drift to F/BACK-(Super 8- vhs?) showing the family warmth of Jack/Cathy and Tracy- on holiday; at a school presentation; Tracy ages by degrees.

EXT./INT. JACK'S CAR -DAY

Heading into Inverness- following a sign for the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION -DAY

Jack approaching the RECEPTIONIST.

JACK

My daughter was admitted this morning.  
Tracy Cairns. She had an accident.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh yes. I remember. That was about ten  
o'clock. Nice wee lassie- red hair?

JACK

Yes. How is she? Can I-

RECEPTIONIST

Oh! I'm sure she left. Wait.  
-(turns to a computer)-  
Yes- I thought so- Tracy Cairns,,  
from Edinburgh. Left after surgery.  
Maybe earlier- this afternoon.

JACK

Where? Is there- an address?

RECEPTIONIST

Where- oh- aye. Here. Kilbreck Farm,  
Drumnadrochit- that's by the loch- miles  
away. Here- she had a fractured ulna-  
a broken arm- fractured phallanges-  
that's fingers- on her left hand.

Jack is heading away- when she calls him back.

RECEPTIONIST

You'd be better seeing the police.  
They brought her in.

JACK

Where will I find them?

RECEPTIONIST

Well- you go out here- turn to the left  
and carry-on for a couple of blocks- but  
there's a sign- so yi canny go wrong.

Jack leaves- giving the woman a look!

EXT. POLICE OFFICE -DAY

Jack exiting from car and heading into the police office.

INT. POLICE OFFICE -DAY

As Jack enters the police station- the SERGEANT behind the desk fails to hear him- and is trying on a baseball cap and looking at himself in a mirror. When Jack speaks- the Sergeant appears slightly embarrassed and approaches the desk- unaware for a moment he still has the baseball cap on. He notices Jack looking at it- and quickly whips it off and places it under the desk- an embarrassed smile on his face.

SERGEANT

Aye. Whit kin ah dae fur yi?

JACK

My name's Cairns. My daughter was in an accident earlier today. Tracy.

SERGEANT

Oh aye. It wuz me thut phoned yi mistur Kerns. The lassie said ah shouldny- but ah thoat yi'd like to ken.

JACK

Sure. Thanks.

SERGEANT

Ach- wuz nuthin'- ah ken how ah'd be if it wuz ma wee lassie.

JACK

What exactly happened?

SERGEANT

Ach- it wuz silly really. She wuz wi some o' thae ither agit-aturrs- demonstratin' an' tryin' tae stoap ve-hickuls gittin' intae the coalij. Wan o' thum swerved an' banged intae ur. Ah ken't right away she hud brokun that erm. Took ur tae the hoaspitul masell.

JACK

Demonstrating! What about?



SERGEANT

Fur the life o' me- a dinny ken.  
Sumthin' about coalij- expurrimints  
or sumthin. Ah think thae coalij wans  
dinnae ken whit tae dae wi thur time.  
Loats o' ithur wans tae- thae straggly-  
herred yins. New age- thur ca'wed. Them.

JACK (Bemused)

Did she give an address? I know she  
left the campus- told me last week-  
said she would send her new address-  
the hospital said a farm- Kilbreck-

SERGEANT

Aye- that's it. Kilbreck ferm. She's  
up the commune place- oot by Drummie.

JACK

How do I get there?

SERGEANT

Aw- yi canny miss it. Take the road  
o'er the brig- then gang left- keepin'  
oan tae yi pass through Drumnadrochit.  
Thur's a wee durt track oan yur left-  
that leads right up tae the ferm.

JACK

I'll find it. And, thanks for the call.

SERGEANT

Ach- nae trouble at aw.

As Jack nears the door- the Sergeant calls to him.

SERGEANT

Mistur Kerns! Could ah huv a wee  
wurd wi yi? As a freend like?

Jack heads back to the desk.

JACK

Yeah- sure.

SERGEANT

Nuthin tae dae wi lawful bizniz- yi ken?

Jack nods- looking puzzled.

SERGEANT

Ah ken it's nane o' mah bizniz really-  
but yi seem a good soart. Anywei- it's  
about they wans- up utt the ferm. Noo  
ah'm no sayin' thur trouble-makurs or  
anythin'- but- ah jist thoat- it's no  
a place fur a nice wee lassie like yon.

JACK

What- sort of place is it?

SERGEANT

Well- it's away oot the back o' beyond-  
an' no really a ferm eithur- noo. Some  
o' thae new age wans wur therr fur a while-  
ah ken't they didnae live in the hoose-  
but in thur wee howfs- bendurs they caw  
thum. But- it wuz a guid ferm wance.  
Yu'll ken whit ah mean whin yi get there.

Jack leaves with a concerned look on his face. As he exits we see the Sergeant lean under the desk and emerge with the baseball-cap again. He smiles and places it on his head.

EXT./INT. LOCH NESS ROAD -DUSK

Jack passes a billboard sign 'Loch Ness Monster Boat Trips'. He takes a road into the hills above the loch- stops- exits from the car- looks down to the glassy surface of the loch. He spots a small dirt track with a sign- Kilbreck Farm.

EXT./INT. APPROACHING FARM -DUSK

The road(dirt-track)is without restrictive hedges or borders. Nearing the farm the road is screened by a small wood- trees on both sides. A bend opens into a clearing and the farm and outbuildings are just ahead. Even in the dim dusk light- it's noticeable that this is different from most farms. The outbuildings are painted in multi-coloured murals. As Jack's drives to the front of the main house- the door is opened- a young man looks out- calls into the house.

EXT. FARMHOUSE -DAY

Jack gets out of his car- a number of people emerge from the house. A girl wanders out- her left arm in plaster and sling. She immediately rushes forward.

TRACY

Dad! Dad!

She hugs Jack- one arm wrapped around him. Jack is hesitant- wary of hurting her arm. Others gradually gather round them.

TRACY

Oh!- it's great- you're here. But- why?  
I was going to call you tonight. Tell you what's happened.

JACK (Looking her over)

Looks like- you've got a lot to tell.

TRACY

Oh- you won't believe the half of it.

Tracy introduces Jack to the others milled around them.  
JAN- COLIN- HELEN.

TRACY (Smiling)

Daddy. These are my friends here.  
This is Jan- from Holland.

JAN(Extends hand, grinning)

Hallo mistar- ah- I'm just remembering-  
I don't know Tracy's other name.

JACK

Just call me Jack.

Colin breaks into a giggle.

COLIN

Jack- ha,ha- jack-in-the-box.

TRACY(Ruffling Colin's hair)

This is Colin. The family pest.- (laughs)

JACK

Thought I heard someone calling.- (laughs)

Jan cracks-up laughing.

TRACY

Ooh Dad! You're worse than him. -  
 (Turns to Helen)  
 And this is Helen- Mother inferior.  
 It's her place- and-

HELEN (Extending hand)

Hi Jack- you going to take us to Cuba?

Jack shakes Helen's hand- holds it a moment- puzzled.

JACK

Oh- right. Hi-jack. I'm slow. Must be the  
 air up here.

TRACY

Hmm. Maybe more than the air!  
 -(Leads JACK to the house)  
 C'mon- there's more to meet.

The small group head into the farmhouse- Colin at the rear  
 still sniggering and mumbling 'Jack-in-the-box'.

INT. FARMHOUSE -NIGHT

The house is converted- walls removed and allowing a large  
 area to be all kitchen, dining and lounge area.  
 Working in the kitchen area beside a huge stove- Jack is  
 introduced to GERDA, (German- speaks good broken English) and  
 ROBIN- his hands white with flour as he kneads dough.  
 GRAHAM is chopping-up salad- he warmly shakes Jack's hand.  
 A corner of the room contains a study area with desks, two  
 computers, and relevant hardware. Jack is introduced to  
 MARIE- then Tracy wraps her good arm around- DAVID- smiles.

TRACY

This is David. I'm sure you'll like  
 him- I do. Dad- David. David- Dad!

DAVID

Good to meet you.

TRACY

(Smiling- and blushing)  
David and I are- well,..what do they  
say now? An item.

JACK

Sounds like part of a shopping list.  
I hope David knows what he's in for?

TRACY

Huh!

DAVID

I think I can cope.- (Smiles)

EXT. FARMHOUSE -DAY

Jack and Tracy sit on a bench in front of the house. They look over a stretch of hills rolling down to meet the loch in the distance. A table beside them has glasses with cold drinks. They occasionally sip. Helen works away nearby- on her knees- tending a part of the garden.

TRACY

What'd you think- the view? Beautiful.

JACK

Very,..Scottish.

TRACY

And next month- when the heather's rusty,  
like scorched earth- it looks wonderful.

JACK

C'mon then. Tell me- about your arm.

TRACY (Angry look.)

Ooh! They tried to run us over. We were  
just standing there! At the gate to the  
college. Police never did anything...ooh!

JACK

Shouldn't you be resting-up?

TRACY

Oh- I'm fine. There's so much to tell you.

JACK  
Let's hear it then.

INT. FARMHOUSE            -DAY

Everyone sits around the long table- finishing the last of a meal. Helen fills empty glasses from a demi-john.

JACK  
The wine too! All- home made?

HELEN-(Smiling)  
Oh yes! My speciality- preparing anything that helps to rid the mind of reality.

TRACY-(Looks at Jack)-  
I think- I'll need to watch you, Dad.  
Helen enjoys anything that's 'off-limits'.  
If it's taboo- she'll do it- to provoke.

HELEN  
(Pretend haughtiness)  
Uch- away with you, Tracy. Life always needs a kick-up-the-arse. Keeps you'se young ones from thinking the worlds' made just for you!

DAVID  
Hey! You leave auld Mother inferior alone.  
She's sound as a pound.

TRACY  
Huh! Wicked witch of the west- more like.

HELEN  
You see what I have to put-up with? I remember a time when youth had respect for their elders- especially landlords.

ROBIN  
Here we go again- (Laughs)

DAVID  
Never you mind them, Helen. You're okay.

TRACY

Ooooh! Praise indeed. Must be doing something right.

HELEN

I always said David was the most sensible one of you'se.

GERDA

David is right. You are good. Like Mamma.

HELEN

Aye- well- I know you mean that as a compliment Gerda- but I'm not to happy about being anyone's mother. No offence.

GRAHAM

You couldn't- Helen. You're such a big kid yourself- always into your bag of dope- like a kid in a sweetie-jar.

HELEN

Hmm. And that's how I can cope with all your tantrums.

TRACY

Oh c'mon. This is getting into serious territory now.

HELEN

Doesn't it always- when Graham adds his little barbs?

JACK (To Helen)

What made you settle here? Your accent's ..Glasgow. Eh?

TRACY

Nice deflection, Dad. Always there when a damsel's in distress.

HELEN

He's sweet. Leave him alone. I like him.

TRACY (Laughing)

God- Helen. I don't believe you!  
Making a pass at my Dad!

JACK

I simply asked-

HELEN

Yes- you're right- about the general area- Glasgow. Paisley actually- but it's only a kick-in-the-shirt away from the city. It was John- my husband- he bought this place. Came up here to write the great Scottish novel, huh! Loved it here- away from the city. Or so he said!-(Laughs) Yet- soon as his book was published- he was on the first train to London. A walking contradiction.

TRACY (To Jack)

You remember that film? The Time of Love. We saw it some years back?

JACK

Striking shipyard workers- that it?

TRACY

Yeah! That one. Well- that was it- taken from her husband's novel- The Steel Rain. Over there- on the shelf.

JACK

Is that right? I loved that film. A damn good script too.

HELEN (Smiling)

Aye! Pity John hadn't an ounce of the personality his characters had. Nothing but a drunkard- which seems to be the pre-requisite for a good author.

GERDA

Did you love him, Helen?

HELEN (Laughs)

I don't think we knew what love was. Huh. John was romantically involved with his typewriter and his bottle. I was here to satisfy his bodily needs- food, sex- which he tended to abstain from- preferring the warm caress of a whisky bottle.



JACK

What a waste- eh?

HELEN

Was there a compliment there?

TRACY

I think my Dad's making verbal eyes at you. I thought he was past all that stuff.

HELEN

Huh! If romance was left to young ones we'd be in a sorry state.

MARIE

Helen! You're shameless- so you are!

HELEN

Oh- away with you. I'm sure Jack's not embarrassed at all.

JACK(Laughing)

Actually- If anything- I'm flattered.

DAVID

Right! Whose on the dishes tonight? Me and Marie did them earlier.

GRAHAM

Are we swimming?

GERDA

O course! We are? Yah?

DAVID

Aye- why not?

GRAHAM

Oh- I just thought- Tracy's Dad - maybe-

HELEN(Smiling)

Maybe Jack- would like a swim, too?

TRACY

Yeah! Why not?

A chorus of approval goes round the table- and giggles.

JACK

Okay. I'd like a swim- this heat, .wow!

DAVID

Good on you!

HELEN (Smiling)

Good! And tell you what? I'll wash-up- maybe Jack could help.

-(Looks round the others.)-

You could all get down to the river.

JAN(Smiling- knowingly)

Yees! Goot idea- Helen.

TRACY

Yeah- c'mon!

The younger ones move from the table- excitedly- some sniggering and winking to each other. Jack remains seated- facing Helen. She produces a small tobacco tin- smiles in a wickedly way. *CLOSE-UP* on the tobacco tin- and Helen's hands slowly opening it- selecting some cigarette-papers and preparing a joint.

HELEN

I think it'd be prudent- to have a wee smoke first. Mostly for you!

I think you'll need it- more than me!

JACK

Me! Why?

HELEN

Oh- not why questions, Jack!

I don't like 'why's.

JACK

What's wrong with 'why's'?

HELEN

Oh- they're intrusives- needles. Yuk!

JACK

Still doesn't help me know- why you think *I'll* need it.

HELEN

Anyway- this is ready.- (Holds the joint out)

*CLOSE-UP* on the joint- twirling slowly in Helen's fingers.

EXT. RIVERSIDE -DAY

A clearing from a small wood. Helen/Jack emerge.

HELEN

Now you see why a smoke would help?

*(Jack's POV)*- looking ahead to the river. The others are splashing around with a ball- jumping in and out the water- yelling, laughing- and all completely naked.

JACK (Shaking his head)

No way!- (Laughs)

I thought it all seemed a bit sneaky.

HELEN

But- you told them.

JACK

Yeah- well- maybe a little hasty there.

HELEN

Oh- c'mon! You'll disappoint them now.

JACK

And you! You do it? Swim there?

HELEN

Almost every day in summer.

HELEN points to towels hanging from tree branches.

HELEN

Here! Get two towels.

Jack selects two towels- hands one to Helen. They are still quite a way from the river-bank. Helen places her towel on the grass and sits on it. Jack looks at the spot Helen's chosen- and spreads his towel beside hers- starts to disrobe.

JACK  
Aren't you getting undressed?

HELEN  
Me? Goodness no!

Jack looks at himself a moment- then to the group in the water- then to Helen.

JACK  
You said- you were going to swim.

HELEN  
No- Jack. I said I swim- most days.

JACK  
And. Why not- now?

HELEN  
With them- (Pointing to river). *Never!*  
Bad enough I know my body's past-it,-  
but next to them,..God I'd feel terrible.

JACK  
So you were lying- when you said you swam  
most da-

HELEN (Smile)  
I do!- usually early in the morning-  
before the others get down here.

Jack stands a moment considering the situation.  
He looks again at himself- partly dressed.

JACK  
I really must get out of this suit-  
and- a swim would be good.

HELEN  
Go for it then.

Jack slips his trousers off- smiles and makes a dash to the water- screaming like a banshee as he dives into the river. As Jack surfaces- they all cheer. Gerda picks something out of the water- holds it up- Jack's shorts. They all laugh.

EXT. RIVERBANK            -DAY

Helen sits on a towel- Jack beside her- a towel around his waist. Helen passes a half-smoked joint to him. Jack gives the joint a 'look'.

JACK  
You're a bad influence, Helen.

HELEN  
Don't shoot the messenger!

Jack takes a few quick drags at the joint- returns it.

HELEN  
My only two vices now. A wee smoke-  
'specially nice grass- and African music.  
Talking-drums and African bush. There  
can't be any better pleasures, surely.

JACK  
How come- you have to be sneaky- about  
having a smoke.

HELEN(Smiles)  
Ah! David's doing really- but- he's  
probably right.

JACK  
Why?

HELEN  
God- you love those 'why' questions.

JACK (Laughing)  
I wasn't aware of it. Anyway- how come?

Helen leans back- lying flat and staring at the sky.

HELEN  
Oh- for a while this place was like  
some- drop-in centre for freaks and  
misfits. Drop-out more like.

She accepts the half-smoked joint from Jack- raises herself a little and takes a draw- then slowly lets the smoke drift away.

HELEN

People came from all over- Holland,  
France- even some Yanks. All hippies  
and wasters. The place was really shabby.  
At the time- I thought it was- cool-  
very- laid back.- (Laughs)  
Nothing but ganja smoke- all day. Pink  
Floyd blaring into the hills- and- nothing  
getting done. Pretty boring- really.

JACK

Was your husband here then?

HELEN

(Shaking her head- emphatic.)  
God no! John would've thrown them out.  
Hated hippies. Middle-class wasters.  
No- it was after he departed to Hollywood-  
to be a professional alcoholic. Asked me  
to go- but I knew he didn't really want me.

Helen stubs the joint out- and smiles at Jack.

HELEN

He was almost crying with relief when  
I refused to go. So! Left me this place-  
and all his worldly possessions.- (Laughs)  
I started inviting friends- who invited  
friends- the next thing I knew I was over-  
run with strangers. Place like a doss-house.

They sit a moment- watching the others splash around in the  
river. Jack turns and stares at Helen a moment- then laughs.

JACK

What were we talking about?

HELEN (Smiling)

About David. How he changed things here.

JACK

Oh yeah. How come?

Helen gives Jack a warm smile and slowly shakes her head.

HELEN

Jack! I think you're just a tidge stoned.

Helen reaches a hand out and caresses Jack's chin.

HELEN

I see where Tracy gets her good looks.

Jack smiles- holds Helen's hand- gently kisses her palm.

JACK

I think I am quite being stoned. It's a long time since I smoked- even tobacco.

HELEN

Sometimes- Jack. You just have to do it. Because it's there. Doesn't mean anything- just it- the moment! That's all.

Jack nods- then slowly turns to face Helen.

JACK

I'm still wondering. About David?

HELEN

(Blowing out her cheeks)

Oh- I hated him at first. Everyone did. Came here with some Australians first- came back a month later. Caused a rammy- no kidding. People ready to kill him!

Helen lets her hand creep along onto Jack's.

HELEN

Remember I said you could sleep in Jan's studio? It stinks of paint- oils.

Helen's smiles and gently steers his hand onto her thigh.

HELEN

There's somewhere better I thought of.

Jack looks at the river- then gives Helen a smile.

JACK

Did that sentence end- with a proposition?

HELEN

I've a dictionary in my room- we could check it out. When the rest are asleep.

JACK(Smile)

Hhmm. I worry- about Tracy.

HELEN

She's not a wee girl now- Jack.  
Anyway- only we would know.

JACK

I still want to know about David.

Helen lies back- letting out a sigh.

HELEN

David! Yes well- he really made this  
place work. Took over the barn- him  
and Robin- made it into a music studio.  
He helped Marie set-up a magazine- now  
it's on the net. She writes a diary of  
life here- on the farm.-(Laughs)  
Persuaded me to return to college- get  
rid of all the wasters. Breathed new life  
in here- made it work- pay for itself.

Helen eases herself up from the ground and stands up.

HELEN

C'mon. I'll tell you as we walk. My  
old bones are feeling the cold now.

Jack gets up and keeps the towel around him as he gathers  
his clothes. *TRACK-* as they walk to the farm.

HELEN

David encouraged us to take a political  
stand too- rather than being passive-  
signing petitions and waving placards.

JACK

How?

HELEN

(Looking askance at Jack)  
Ooh! *How?* What happened to why?

They laugh- Jack's towel slips- causing more mirth.



EXT. FARMYARD -DAY

Helen/Jack approaching the house- Jack still holding the towel round his waist and carrying his clothes.

JACK  
What about Colin?

HELEN  
Guess what? David again. Arrived with him one time- persuaded us to take him in. Either that or Colin was going back into care. In fact- our very first meeting- which David initiated- he told us straight-off. If we didn't buck our ideas up- he was out of here. Insisted we take responsibility for the place- take our turn with the tasks.

They head into the house.

INT. FARMHOUSE -DAY

Helen heads over to the table- sets her tobacco tin down on it. Jack sits down- his clothes bundled in his arms.

HELEN  
Here! Give me those.

*MED.SHOT*- as both near each other. Jack holds out the bundle of clothes to her with both arms- Helen makes to take them- then suddenly whips his towel from his waist.  
*CL.UP*- the towel dropping at Jack's feet.

*MED.CL-UP*- of both smiling at each other- as Helen's arm moves below the bundle of clothes.

HELEN  
I feel something- big- between us.

Jack slowly lets the bundle of clothes drop- and clasps his hands behind her head. Slowly they come together.

INT. FARMHOUSE -NIGHT

Jack/Helen/Jan/Colin/Robin/Graham seated around the table.

GRAHAM

(Calling out- to David/Gerda/Marie)  
Well! Are we having this meeting- or what?

David gathers some sheets of paper and heads over to the table.  
Gerda/Marie follow.

DAVID(Looks at Jack)

I didn't know if we should. Maybe  
leave it till tomorrow.

TRACY

You don't need to worry about my Dad.  
He won't run and tell the authorities.

DAVID

That's no the point- Tracy. He's not  
involved.

JACK

Oh- absolutely. I don't want to impose.  
I could take a walk.

HELEN(Adamant)

Nonsense!-(To David and the others.)  
You're beginning to act like *them!* Secret  
meetings- passwords in the computer. Jeez!

JAN

Helen is right. We must be very- open.

JACK

Look! I could go for a walk.  
Let you'se get on with-

TRACY

Dad! You can't.

HELEN

Nonsense. Anyway- a new voice would be  
good for a change. I vote Jack to chair.

TRACY

I second it.

JACK

Hey- wait. Do I get a say.-(Smiles)

GRAHAM

Yeah- I agree. Could be a good thing.

DAVID

I know you'se mean well- but maybe Jack'd rather no get involved. Know what I mean?

HELEN

Oh I know- but- he's a big boy and- I'm sure Jack will let us know if he's feeling compromised- won't you?

JACK(Nods- smiling)

I will. But- I don't want to upset things.

HELEN

Right! It's settled. Let's get it over with.

HELEN

We should tell Jack what it's all about.

DAVID

Yeah. Okay. You want to do that?

HELEN

Yes- well- this is different Jack. Usually the regular weekly meeting is all about assigning chores and such- complaints- stuff like that.-(Smiles) But this- well- lots of things have been happening recently- to do with the college and a chemical plant a few miles away.

TRACY

Remember I told you. I found some of Mum's notes on her disk. It's the same chemical plant she was doing a story on.

HELEN

David and Jan found some strange stuff about this American chemical company. It was their van we were trying to stop at the college- when it rammed into me.

JACK

The police said it was an accident-

TRACY-(Laughs from others)  
God no! They deliberately ran into me.  
The police just stood by- did nothing!

HELEN  
She's right Jack. That driver meant to  
hit her. And! What did the police do?  
Give the van an escort to speed away-  
*from the scene of a crime!*

DAVID  
Okay. Can we get down to the meeting?

GRAHAM  
Right! C'mon! Any news?

DAVID  
There's an e-mail from our friends in  
the U.S.. Says the plant over there got  
shut by the Food and Drug Administration  
in 1995- but they don't say why.

JAN  
I spoke to Wessel today. He's writing  
a report- the college don't know about  
it yet, so we have to keep tight.

HELEN(To Jack)  
Wessel's a professor at the college.  
He's concerned about it.

JACK  
Hang-on! I'm a little lost here. What's  
the problem with the chemical company?

DAVID  
Professor Wessel told us some things about  
Amcoco- the company. They've put research  
money into the college but he said they were  
dodgy- knew about their work in the States.  
Working with grass- wheat- altering the cell  
structure- the DNA. Wessel says they can  
alert it to attack proteins in animals- or  
humans- destroying the male 'Y' chromosome-  
make any animal, or people- less aggressive.

TRACY

A good idea- you'd think- but it means people would be easy manipulated, passive. No protests- no strikes- no riots- no challenge to governments.

JACK

Oh c'mon! He's reading too much Orwell.

GRAHAM

I told them!. It's a crazy idea... and anyway- it would be a good thing- getting rid of all the macho shit.

ROBIN

Sound daft- but so does feeding sheep's brains to cows! Also! The fact that they're so secret- makes you wonder.

DAVID

See- people would ingest it through the food- meat, or bread- any wheat product.

HELEN

Be totally absorbed into the food chain. Everyone eats wheat or grain,- in some way.

TRACY

I know what you think, Dad. We did too. But Mum knew about it back then. And yes- we thought Wessel was paranoid- but David's been trying to find out more- and it's all so secret.

ROBIN

Yesterday I broke into the lab Amcoco use- they have it all locked. Anyway- there was all seed trays with grass and stuff. I brought some back here. Today- Amcoco moved all their stuff from the college- that's when Tracy got hurt- trying to stop a van.

JAN

Police come here- take plants back- seed trays -also two of Helen's plants- - (Smiles- motions smoking)-you know- ganja? To get up- hah- take those too- and no why!

HELEN

Best two cannabis plants I've grown.  
*Yet they didn't charge me!*

ROBIN

We asked the police about the plants- if we were getting charged- said the matter was finished- no charges. *Don't you see?* If it went to court- it would all come out.

JACK

It does seem odd. But- it's easy to get carried away.

DAVID

That's why we're having this meeting. See what we do next.

JACK

Surely there'd be questions in Parliament about experiments like that? They wouldn't just get automatic approval.

ROBIN

You don't think politicians get to know exactly what goes on in these places? They debate budgets and that's it. The fact it's an American company- it's okay.

MARIE

Not that it would make any difference. Projects like that would get welcomed by many M.P.'s- a good argument for stability.

GERDA

Look at Porton Down- Jah? Weapons research- chemicals- viruses. No-one knows about it.

JACK

But newspapers- they'd get wind of it. The local people employed- they'd-

DAVID

There's the rub! No locals employed! Workforce moved here- don't use locals.

HELEN

Think about it too. The people who own the newspapers- the same industrialists that wouldn't want strikes or social unrest- they'd be all for it.

DAVID

While keeping the myth alive about the freedom of the press.

COLIN

I like this story,..eh?- (Laughs)

MARIE

As David said- a likely story.

JACK

It is easy to get carried away- seeing conspiracy everywhere.  
What's the professor said?

HELEN

That's the other thing that's strange. We can't get in touch with him- tell him what's happened. Robin said his lectures were cancelled- can't get him on the phone.

ROBIN

It's not right- not for Wessel. Third years doing their finals. It's unusual for him not to be available.

Jack shakes his head and shows disbelief.

JAN

Tomorrow- we find it out! We go to plant- find out- for certainty- yah?

DAVID

Aye- we'll do a bit of scouting about- see what we find.

HELEN

Ohh! I'd promised to take Tracy to the Clearances museum at Strathnaver. Mind you- with Jack- her Dad here-

DAVID

Anyway- she wouldn't be able to come-  
her arm and that.

HELEN-(To Jack)

You could come too. It's a lovely place-  
sad,...but beautiful.

TRACY

Yeah! A great idea- You'll love it.

JACK(Hands up- smiling)

Hey- hold on. I'm not sure what I'm doing.

HELEN(Smiles)

It would be nice though- if you came.

TRACY

Ooh! Dad. I think Helen's got her eye you.

DAVID

Look! Can we get this over with?  
Who'se all going to the plant?

MARIE

There's Gerda- Robin- you- and- me!

COLIN

You said I could go. You said- you did!

DAVID

Aye- that's right. Okay- you can- okay?

Colin beams a happy smile.

HELEN

No David. Colin'd be better with us.

JAN

Colin is to be our look-see.

ROBIN

The look-out, Jan. He watches for the enemy.  
Whoever that is?

Colin looks through his cupped hands as if imaginary binoculars  
and scans the group. Everyone smiles- Colin stops at Graham.



EXT. FARMHOUSE           -NIGHT

A view- lit by a moon in a cloudless sky- surrounding hills- outlined against the mirror of Loch Ness in the distance. Helen speaks- her voice over the scene- we *PAN-TO* some of the group on a bench outside the house; Helen/Jack/Tracy/Colin.

HELEN-(Off)

I don't think there can be any better place,..than,..right here- right now.

JACK

Almost too good, eh? Think any moment someone's going to come- take it away.

TRACY

It's a we bit- austere- you know? As if hung-out. In a gallery.

HELEN

Tracy! If David hears you talking like that- think you've been into my stash.

They all laugh.

COLIN

You want to see Blackpool- it's magic! I was there on a bus- all the lights. Trains all lighted-up too.

TRACY

Look at these lights, Colin.- (Points up.) There's the big-dipper. C'mon! Let's get on it.- (Laughs)

COLIN

Ah- it's no the real big-dipper. At Blackpool they had one with a big puddle- you could splash the people watching you.

Tracy grabs Colin by the arm- raising him from the bench.

TRACY

C'mon- you! Find out what David's up to- and leave these oldies alone for a while.

Helen gives a sour look.

HELEN

Middle-aged- or mature would've done.  
Thank you very much!

Tracy/Colin head into the house. Helen shakes her head.

HELEN

I don't know where she gets her  
manners from- that girl.

JACK

Oh- all the fault of her parents.

*ZOOM IN ON-* Helen's hand closing over Jack's on the bench.

INT. HELEN'S ROOM -NIGHT

Jack- standing awkwardly just inside the door- Helen moves clothes bundled on a chair into a wardrobe then sits on the bed- bouncing up-and-down a little- smiling. She reaches out a hand and draws him close- patting the bed beside her. Jack sits next her- Helen clasping his hand. She smiles.

HELEN

You could still sleep in Jan's  
studio if you like? It's awfy cold.

Jack shakes his head- smiles.

HELEN

I just thought- here- it's warmer.  
Cosy. And- it's a long time since  
I've had someone- beside me.

JACK

Oh- I'm grateful- believe me.  
I find it hard- sleeping alone.

Helen slips her other hand around his head- kisses him. Jack responds- the kiss becomes many and they fall back onto the bed. Helen begins un-doing Jack's shirt- kissing his chest while Jack slowly pulls her top over her head.

They gradually become one- the scene is less bump and grind and more caressing tenderness that ends in a long, gasping sigh- as Jack/Helen come together.

LATER

Jack/Helen- propped-up on pillows- both looking breathless. Helen produces a neatly-rolled joint. She smiles to Jack- who looks at the joint- shakes his head and smiles.

JACK

I don't know how you do it- Helen.  
It's a shot of oxygen I need.

HELEN

Uch stop havoring. You were going away like a young thing. I thought I'd lost the knack. Must be like riding a bike- eh?

JACK

I could think of other associations.

HELEN

Smoking a spliff?-(Laughs)

Jack is silent a moment.

HELEN

Are you all guilt-ridden now- Jack?

JACK

Yeah- I suppose. But-

HELEN

Oh God! I never want to hear what comes after 'but'. Why can't people just accept things as they are? Without the 'buts'- and the 'why's'? They just- complicate things.

Helen lights the joint and slowly drags on it.

HELEN

It was David- made me see how useless all these 'buts' and 'why's' are. All social snares- make you stop doing what you know your instinct tells you.

JACK

Pheeew. The more I hear about David- the more I worry.

HELEN

Oh- no Jack. He's a great guy- maybe a bit too committed to his ideals.

Helen passes the joint to JACK- who declines. Helen shrugs.

HELEN

He's got good imagination too- our David. Remember that stuff last year- about Douneray. A leak- yet nothing happened about it? We were organising a public protest- banners- petitions- all that stuff. David laughed- called us pathetic! He then told us how to really get the people aware of the danger. We got some old oil-drums- painted them up with radiation signs on them- yellow and black- and one night- in the wee hours- we drove round most of the villages and left a drum here- there- in the middle of the villages.

Jack ponders a moment on what she said- and nods.

HELEN

The locals take an interest now! Believe me!

JACK

It's using scare tactics- maybe frighten some people.

HELEN

And too right! They should be frightened.- (Smiles)- Are you- Jack?

JACK (Perplexed)

What? Frightened?

Helen nods and- kisses his chest.

JACK

Frightened of what? Douneray?

HELEN(Shaking her head)

Yourself- Jack. Your feelings.

(Her hand slips down.)

Your body tells me your ready.

Can you take more- guilt!

EXT. OUTSIDE FARMHOUSE -DAY

The door of the house open- David emerges- bleary-eyed and hair ruffled. He squints at the sun. *PULL BACK* to reveal Jack/Tracy /Helen placing boxes in the boot of the car.

TRACY(Laughing)

To think- I have to wake-up to that sight!

HELEN

Reminds me of a scarecrow.

DAVID

Ach- away you go. At least I'll look better when I'm washed. What can you do?

Tracy saunters over to him- gives him a hug and kiss. Helen/Jack- looking at the lovers. They smile- and get in the car. Tracy gets in- leans out- kissing David.

TRACY

Don't do anything daft now! We'll find out about them- soon enough.

DAVID

Don't worry. We'll sort that place out.

HELEN(To David)

What's Graham doing? Is he going with you?

DAVID

Are you kidding? You know him! Staying here- do the food.

HELEN(To Tracy)

Did you get the wine? The sandwiches?

TRACY

Yes!

DAVID

Oh- all the business, eh?  
Maybe I'll just go with you'se.

TRACY

C'mon then. You should.

DAVID(Laughing)

Nah! *Strathnaver!* Been there. History of losers. Just makes me angry. Anyway- see you'se later.-(To Jack)- Bring her back safe, Jack, eh? She's a wee bit precious.

JACK

Don't I know it, David. But you! Give it more thought today. Do that for me- will you? Talk it all out again- the group.

DAVID

Okay. I promise.

The car moves off- David watching it disappear. He enters the farmhouse.

A dual montage sequence- segued together- as stated.

- |          |          |  |
|----------|----------|--|
| <u>1</u> | EXT/INT. | Jack/TracyHelen driving- scenery.  |
| <u>2</u> | INT.     | David with the others around the table.<br>Graham/Gerda/Jan/Marie/Robin/Colin  |
| <u>3</u> | EXT.     | Jack's car party on small country road.  |
| <u>4</u> | EXT.     | David/Gerda/Jan/Marie/Robin/Colin<br>walking from the farmhouse- carrying<br>rucksacks. Graham watches them go from<br>the farmhouse door. |
| <u>5</u> | EXT.     | Jack/Helen/Tracy exiting car at museum.  |
| <u>6</u> | EXT.     | David/Gerda/Jan/Marie/Robin/Colin<br>from a hill overlooking the chemical-<br>plant enclosed by a mesh fence.                              |

7 EXT.

Jack/Helen/Tracy at the Strathnaver museum and cemetery. Helen reads some inscriptions relating atrocities of the clearances.

8 EXT.

David/Gerda/Jan/Marie/Colin sitting on the hill overlooking the chemical plant. David points to a corner of the fence.

END OF SEQUENCE

EXT. STRATHNAVER -DAY

*SLOW PAN* sweeping the valley; the area devoid of any fenced farmland; the river Naver winding through the beauty. The car- at the roadside- doors open- Jack/Helen/Tracy stand at the gate of the small church/graveyard.

JACK

Y'know what really bugged me? I never found out about the Clearances until long after I'd left school- yet we did all the Scots history- Bruce, The Stuarts, Culloden. Not a mention of this! When I found out- I felt cheated. Annoyed me. Still does.

HELEN

Same. I found out doing sociology- researching living habits of crofters. A major part of Scots history- yet totally ignored for years.

TRACY

Whole communities destroyed for what? To appease the growing wool trade in the mills down south. Huh! People up-rooted from homes- generations of families turfed-out and sent abroad- like slaves- and all done with the help of the law!

HELEN

Aye. The Duke of Sutherland gaining control of most of the north of Scotland by marrying the Countess. No a bad wedding present, eh?

TRACY

Bliadbna an Losgaidh- the locals say.  
The Year of the Burning. Sutherland's  
factor- Patrick Sellars- hounded crofters  
out of their houses- pregnant women,  
kids, old ones- then burnt the houses down.  
All the king's men there to help too.

HELEN

Oh- just the usual routine- a culture  
decimated to sustain capitalism. We now  
have a word for it- eh? Ethnic cleansing.  
American Indians, Scots, Aborigines, South  
American Indians and rain-forests. Recently-  
Bosnians. Got to keep feeding the beast.

JACK

Must've been heartbreaking too.  
- (Points to surrounding hills)  
The land they lived-on for generations-  
bleak, hard,...but also beautiful.

TRACY

Many never made it to the ships.  
Died in the hills. Exposure.

HELEN

The biggest crime is that bloody monument  
there.- (Points across to hill with a statue  
of the Duke of Sutherland.)  
Still lording-it over the land, and people.

EXT. MONUMENT -DAY

*M/LONG SHOT* of the monument on the hill.

EXT. CHEMICAL PLANT -DAY

David and group approaching the edge of the trees that border  
the perimeter fence of the plant. They crouch in the bushes- a  
few yards from the corner of the wire fence. Beyond the fence- a  
building with a flat roof. David points to the roof- indicating  
skylight windows that are partially open.  
Robin/ Jan/Gerda/Colin/Marie sit attentively.



DAVID

Those sky-lights seem the best way in.

ROBIN

How'll we get up there?

COLIN

It's like commandoes, int'it?

DAVID

Aye- Colin, commandoes. So don't make  
a sound or the Germans'll get us.  
- (Turns to Gerda and smiles)  
No offence, Gerda- makes it real for Colin.

GERDA

Why not Chinese? Or Yankees, .yah?

COLIN

Could be men from Mars. I saw a film  
once and the men from Mars were making  
people- in a factory like this.

MARIE

Okay then, Colin. It's men from Mars.  
If they catch us- they'll turn us  
into robots- so- not a peep. Okay?

JAN

But- how will we get up- to roof?  
We have no ladders- no?

DAVID(Smug- taps his head.)

Good Scot's know-how. Where would we  
be without the ingenuity of the Scots?  
Still looking at comics and shouting to  
each other across the world- if we hadn't  
invented the telephone and television.

MARIE

Oh yes! What're we going to do- strap  
on wings and fly up to the roof?

DAVID

Ah- funny you should mention that- a  
Scotsman came-up with that idea too.

ROBIN

Who?

DAVID

J.M.Barrie,..remember? The guy that wrote Peter Pan.

COLIN

Great! I saw that film. Are we going to sprinkle dust on us- then we'll fly?

DAVID

No exactly, Colin.  
-(Smiles at the others- undoes rucksack.)  
But- I came prepared. In the,..magic bag.

MARIE

Oh- let us guess, David. Is it- a bird?  
A plane? Oh- I know. A fold-away ladder.

DAVID

Wow- you're really funny, Marie.  
You could be a politician.

ROBIN(Exasperated)

Alright! Alright! How are we going to-

David extracts a nylon rope- a grappling-hook at one end.

JAN(Looking worried)

We have to climb? This?

DAVID

Uch- no bother. These hooks'll grip on the roof. It's only felted-tar.

MARIE

Hmm. You- Robin maybe. But- no way could I climb up that- piece of- string.

DAVID

Listen sunshine. This rope'll hold ten of you. Anyway- you won't need to climb- just hold on. Once Robin's up there with me- we'll pull you up.

ROBIN(Surprised look)

Oh- thanks- but- I don't remember volunteering.

DAVID

Oh- I knew you'd hate to miss-out on a bit of adventure.

JAN

I don't like- the high-ups.  
But- I come with you.

DAVID

Good man, Jan. Ah- don't worry about the height. Nobody ever got hurt from falling off a roof.

MARIE

What? How can you say such rubbish?

DAVID

It's true! Falling doesn't hurt.  
Hitting the ground does.

JAN

That's what I mean. It's not too good, yah?

DAVID

Right enough- wouldn't be a lot of fun. Probably sort out those migraine attacks, though. See- always an upside.

JAN-(He smiles)

You- all the time- making the fun when you speak all the Scottish way.

DAVID

It's Glaswegian, Jimmy- if you don't mind.

GERDA

What if- someone comes?

DAVID

Well- try and let us know- if you can. Otherwise- just hide and watch for us coming out. Hold the fence open.

David extracts a pair of wire-cutters from his rucksack.

DAVID  
Right- let's do it.

EXT. STRATHNAVER CEMETERY -DAY

Dual montage sequence of concurrent scenes-(Echo of prev.)-  
showing both parties reaching their respective goals.  
(Jack/Helen/Tracy wandering around- looking at headstones.  
The others breaking into the chemical plant.)

- |           |      |  |
|-----------|------|--|
| <u>1</u>  | EXT. | -David/Robin/Marie/Jan going through a cut in the fence.                         |
| <u>2</u>  | EXT. | -Gerda/Colin heading back from the fence to the trees.                           |
| <u>3</u>  | EXT. | -Jack/Helen studying a headstone.  |
| <u>4</u>  | EXT. | -Tracy looking at a board on the church depicting the history of the clearances. |
| <u>5</u>  | EXT. | -David/Robin/Marie/Jan running from the fence to the chemical plant building.    |
| <u>6</u>  | EXT. | -David tossing the rope/hook - and it falling back down.                         |
| <u>7</u>  | EXT. | -Helen beckoning Jack over to look at a headstone,                               |
| <u>8</u>  | EXT. | -Jack heading towards Helen.   |
| <u>9</u>  | EXT. | -The rope/hook- again failing to catch and dropping.                             |
| <u>10</u> | EXT. | -Jack close to Helen- looking at an inscription.                                 |
| <u>11</u> | EXT. | -Helen turning to Jack- both close to a kiss- Tracy's voice(OFF)calls them.      |
| <u>12</u> | EXT. | -The rope/hook- catching on the roof.  |
| <u>13</u> | EXT. | -David testing the rope- then climbing up and onto the roof.                     |
| <u>14</u> | EXT. | -Jack/Helen wandering over to Tracy - She points a grave.                        |
| <u>15</u> | EXT. | -The headstone detailing the death of a 3 year old girl- after eviction.         |
| <u>16</u> | EXT. | -David/Robin pulling MARIE onto the the roof- Jan already there- helping.        |

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. CEMETERY -DAY

Jack/Helen sitting together with Tracy in the b/ground.  
Helen rolls a joint- Tracy- wandering around the cemetery.

JACK

There's so much you never get told.  
And why? Why hide it?

HELEN

People might be outraged.

JACK

But- it's all so- conspiratorial.

HELEN

Well- it was, wasn't it?  
Still going on today.

JACK

Yes- but- Tracy- David- you. You're  
prone to finding conspiracies- where  
maybe logical explanations exist.

HELEN(Laughing- lighting joint)

Don't be coy, Jack.  
You mean we're all paranoid.

JACK

I'm saying it's easy to lose your  
objectivity. Like filming. You see  
images falling into patterns- but it  
may just be you- nobody else sees it.

HELEN

Jack! This is real life- not the movies.

JACK

But- it's the same. Look! Ask anyone to  
name a famous Hitchcock scene- what'll  
they say? Psycho- the shower scene?

Helen nods- smiling.

JACK

Wrong! Old Hitch wasn't there at all-  
the second unit man directed that scene.

HELEN

(Passing joint to him)  
 For God's sake- take this. It'll help.  
 How can you extrapolate from government  
 secrecy to frivolous film trivia. I'm  
 sure you're a secret hash smoker, Jack.

Jack takes a couple of tokes on the joint- and coughs.

JACK

But- you know what I'm saying- right?  
 It's about awareness.

HELEN

Whether Hitchcock did it- or not-  
 isn't going to change things is it?  
 That's the difference!-(Laughs)  
 In the end- it might not amount to a  
 hill of beans- but there's things  
 people feel important. Principles.

Tracy approaches.

TRACY

Oh! Have I interrupted an argument?

HELEN

(Smiling at Tracy- then Jack)  
 Only a difference of opinion- about  
 principles. Nothing that matters-  
 nothing to do with film!

JACK

C'mon Helen. I was just suggesting-

TRACY

Oh! Another one for the little black  
 book. Dad being suggestive to Helen.

Tracy suddenly stares at Jack- pretends to be shocked.

TRACY

Smoking too! And- if I'm not mistaken-  
*cannabis!* Whatever next? Group sex?

Jack looks seriously worried for a moment- then Tracy flops down  
 beside him and smiles.

TRACY

Only teasing- Pops. Your secrets  
are safe with me.

Tracy gives Jack a small kiss on his cheek.

TRACY

As long as you don't inhale- and  
use a condom- but not both together.

They laugh- Jack wraps an arm around Tracy and hugs her.

EXT. CHEMICAL PLANT -DAY

Gerda/Colin sitting at the edge of the wood looking on.

COLIN

You see them?

GERDA

No- they're out of sight- behind the  
building.

*ZOOM-IN* on Jan- leans his head into next an open skylight.

INT. LABORATORY -DAY

*JAN'S POV(OVERHEAD)* of the laboratory.

Workbenches run round the internal perimeter of the room-  
with specimen jars and many rows of seed-trays with grass  
at varying lengths. Marie stands on a workbench- looking up  
to Jan- Robin sifts through a selection of files and papers  
strewn about on a work- bench. Two filing-cabinets stand  
nearby- drawers pulled open. David- working furiously on  
two computers- trying disc after disc. A spreadsheet of  
figures/graphs appear on screen- David whoops with delight.

DAVID

Alle-kazam-kazam! We've cracked it.  
Test reports on the grass. Analysis of  
the protein- and- get this- excitation  
decrease results from rat experiments.

ROBIN  
(holding a file of papers)  
Same here- testosterone reduction results.

Marie smiling up to Jan.

MARIE  
They've done it. S'goot.

David slides some discs along the bench to Marie.

DAVID  
Pass them up. There's more.

Robin passes a folder packed with papers to Marie.

ROBIN  
Here! Those too.

Marie gathers the discs and folder- passes them up to Jan.

INT. LABORATORY        -DAY

MONTAGE:

- 1     Marie passing material up to Jan.  
      A noise is heard-(OFF)- Marie looks across room.
- 2     A door at the end of the room with a stool wedged  
      against it.
- 3     The door handle turning and pressure on the door.
- 4     Robin/David in b/ground- stare at the door.
- 5     The door holding- as pressure bears on it- with  
      raised voices(OFF).
- 6     David extracting a disc from the computer and  
      following Robin onto the bench and towards Marie.
- 7     The door inching open as the stool scrapes on the  
      floor.
- 8     Robin/David aiding Marie up through the skylight.



- 9 The door forcing open- two white-coated men barging-in.
- 10 One of the men shouts along the corridor- the other rushes towards the workbench with David now helping Robin up through the skylight.
- 11 Robin/Jan reaching down for David-
- 12 David- facing the man coming to him and kicking a test-tube clamp onto the man's face- grabbing the outstretched hands of Jan/Robin- hauled onto the roof- as a siren sounds-(OFF).

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -DAY

Open to the sound of a wailing saxophone- continuing the piercing siren sound of the previous scene. Jack's car is parked off the one-track road on the grass verge- doors open as the sound of the radio plays. *TRACK* from the car across the grass to Jack/Helen/Tracy sitting on a blanket by the river. An empty wine bottle lies beside them and the remains a picnic.

HELEN

Everyone loves it here- because of the open-ness. The highlands are regarded as the last wilderness of Europe.

TRACY

Hmm. And most of it owned by absent landlords- or the army. But- time will come- things will change.

JACK

Huh! Not in my lifetime- I think.

TRACY

Oh!- don't you believe it. When people realise that positive action can make the difference.

JACK(smiling)

Yes- maybe getting hurt in the process!  
-(points to her arm.)

HELEN

Uch- away you go, Jack. That's not fair.  
That driver was downright dangerous-  
bloody police should've stopped him.  
They even encouraged him to speed-off.

TRACY

Then trying to blame it on me!  
As if I wanted my arm broken!

JACK

They must've thought you provoked them.

TRACY

You should've heard them. Arresting  
me while I'm screaming in pain.  
Wish I could've filmed it.

EXT. CHEMICAL PLANT            -DAY

MONTAGE

- 1     Gerda/Colin looking anxiously to the roof of the building.
- 2     Jan/Marie/Robin- nearing the edge of the roof- David further behind them.
- 3     David- collecting fallen papers- then continuing.
- 4     Jan helping Marie to the ground from the rope- and running to the fence.
- 5     Gerda/Colin holding the cut fence open for them.
- 6     A shot along the side of the building as a security guard and menacing dog run towards camera.
- 7     Robin clambering down the rope.
- 8     David slipping over the edge of the roof by the rope- followed by a security guard emerging from the skylight.

- 9 Robin running to the fence- looking back for David.
- 10 David half-way down the rope.
- 11 Security guard on roof- kicking the grappling-hook- sending it over
- 12 David crashing to the ground.
- 13 Robin running back for David- only to be intercepted by the guard with the dog- and apprehended. Robin struggling with the guard- attempting to help David- the guard solidly punching Robin. As Robin yells -

EXT/INT. CAR/COUNTRY ROAD -DAY

Inside Jack's car- as he brakes suddenly to avoid a wandering sheep- causing Helen/Tracy to brace themselves. Throughout- the radio is heard in the b/background.

JACK(letting out a sigh)  
Christ! Nearly lamb chops there.  
Are you'se alright.

TRACY  
Only just. I was almost into Helen's lap.

A car approaches- the Japanese honeymooners- both waving.

TRACY  
They seemed as if they knew you, Dad.

JACK(smiling)  
They do. I met them yesterday. They're on their honeymoon.

HELEN  
Oh- that's sweet.

Jack prepares to move-off- but Helen holds up a hand. She turns the radio up- catching part of a news report.

HELEN  
Hold-it! They mentioned professor Wessel.

The three sit intently listening to the rest of the report as we *TRACK* outside the car- *PANNING* the desolate scenery - with the news report continuing-(OFF)

NEWS REPORT

..and was the head of the department of science and technology  
 The alarm was raised after two fishermen reported an over-turned dinghy on the loch. It's believed the professor had been fishing and his boat capsized.  
 Professor Wessel lived alone outside Inverness and had been teaching at the college for the last eight years. He was in the news two years ago after publishing a controversial report on the State and Personal freedom. He was forty-eight years old.  
 The three-week old teacher's strike is soon-

Helen snaps the radio 'off'. Nobody speaks- looking ahead

EXT. CHEMICAL PLANT -DAY

David lying on the ground; a pool of blood around his head. A guard with a dog pulls Robin to his feet, drags him away. *PAN TO* the corner of the fence with two guards looking at the opening. *ZOOM IN* beyond the guards to the overlooking hill- Gerda/Marie/Jan/Colin in the distance- running.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -DAY

A sweeping shot of the valley- with Jack's car parked on the narrow road. Three of the car doors are open. Jack leans against the car- Tracy/Helen sitting nearby on the grass verge- looking at the empty land. Jack approaches the others.

JACK

It must be a coincidence. Hundreds of people die in boating accidents.

TRACY

Dad! I told you! Wessel was a vegetarian!  
He wouldn't go fishing. He was involved  
with animal rights. No way!

JACK

Maybe just- out on a boat- messing about.

HELEN(shaking her head)

You try so hard- Jack- to dismiss the  
obvious.

JACK

I know. But- it's just too easy to-

HELEN

No Jack! It's bloody anything but easy!  
Thinking someone you know- care for-  
has been- killed- for no reason.

JACK

No- I didn't mean that. But-

HELEN

I find it hard to believe. He was such  
a good man. A good laugh too. And why?  
Yet- we're talking about people who are  
prepared to inflict some unforsaken virus  
into the food-chain- who knows what'll  
happen. Why should they sweat over a mere  
single murder- even if he is a professor?

TRACY

C'mon. There's no use arguing- we  
don't really know. Get back- find out  
if they've found anything at the plant.  
Hmm. Wait till they hear about Wessel!

The trio return to the car.

EXT. HILLSIDE -DAY

Jan/Marie/Colin/Gerda- making their way down a hill to the  
farmhouse. PAN TO the farmhouse in the distance- Graham  
looking to the hill.

EXT/INT. CAR/COUNTRY ROAD -DAY

Jack's car- all eyes on the road- no-one speaking.  
Jack driving fast- Tracy/Helen looking worried.

EXT. FARMHOUSE -DAY

Graham welcoming the break-in group as they arrive.

EXT/INT. CAR/FARMHOUSE ROAD -DAY

Jack's car as it approaches the farmhouse. As it stops-  
Gerda/Jan rush out to meet them. Gerda is streaming tears.  
As Tracy gets out of the car- Gerda hugs her tightly- tears  
still flowing and words unable to come.  
Jan takes both Helen's hands in his- words attempting to  
come but first a few sniffles. Jack looks on- stunned.

JAN(croaky voice)  
There is accident.- (Turns to Jack)  
David. He fell from roof- we don't know-

Tracy pulls away from Gerda.

TRACY  
Please- Gerda. Don't tell me David's hurt.

Gerda nods- sobbing. Helen hugs both of them in her arms.

JACK  
What happened? Is he hurt bad?

JAN(shrugging shoulders)  
We can't know. We had to leave.

Gerda/Helen lead Tracy to the house. Jan turns to Jack.

JAN  
Robin was there too. He is caught.

INT. FARMHOUSE -DUSK

The group are seated about- all sad faces.

JACK(to Jan)  
Tell me again- how he fell.

JAN  
He- just come down- like a rock. I was getting through fence- Robin shouts- I hear the noise- you know- I hear the fall-like.- (Slaps his palms together)

COLIN(teary-eyed)  
I saw the man- the man with the dog.  
He was standing next David.

JACK  
Did David get up at all?

JAN(Shaking his head)  
While we run- I look back- and still David on the ground. And Robin- I saw guard hit him-(indicates a punch to the gut) He too is hurt. He yelled- fell down. We looked back- wanted to go- to help- also wanted to run- to get away. But- never saw David get up.

JACK  
They must have took Robin away.

Tracy- sobbing- sitting beside Helen/Gerda.

TRACY  
Do you think.....is he-(sobs)

JAN(to Jack)  
I have the papers- look!-  
(points to a pile of papers and discs)  
True proof. David said. Those....look.

Marie gathers up the discs and papers- hands them to Jack.

MARIE  
They checked them- all reports- the drugs- protein. David said-

JACK  
Christ! This is ridiculous. David- we don't know.

JAN(Whispery- to Jack)  
I think- David is bad hurt. Very bad.

JACK  
Okay- look! I'm going to Inverness-  
they must have taken David to hospital-  
or the police- see if Robin's been charged.

COLIN  
Can I go? I know the road.

Jack hesitates a moment- looking round the group.

JACK  
Hmm. Should be alright. Nobody saw you  
there- did they?

COLIN  
(smiling- still tear-stained)  
Naw! We hid in the trees like commandos.

Tracy gets up- sniffing.

TRACY  
I'll go. I need to know what-

Behind Tracy's back- Helen shakes her head to Jack.

HELEN  
Be better if you're here, Tracy.  
In case he comes here while we're away.

Tracy gives Helen a curious look- then nods, sniffing.  
Jack gives her a hug- being careful of her plastered arm.

HELEN  
I'll go with your Dad. I want to  
find out more about Wessel.

The others-Graham/Gerda/Marie/Jan- give a curious look.

GRAHAM  
What's he got to do with it?

JACK  
Oh- something we heard on the radio.  
Tracy'll tell you. C'mon. Colin.



Jack gives Tracy a comforting hug and kisses her forehead. He hands her his mobile.

JACK

You take this. I can get you.  
Don't worry. He's a survivor. He'll  
be fine. Bet when we come back- he'll  
be here laughing about it all.

Tracy tries a smile through sniffles. Jack/Helen head to the door with Colin. The open door allows a look at dusk descending- the beginning of a period of imminent darkness.

EXT/INT. CAR/HOSPITAL -DUSK

Jack parking- turning to Helen/Colin.

JACK

Don't want to crowd the place, Colin.  
If David's here- we'll come and get you.

COLIN(smiling now)

That's cool.

Colin watches them enter the hospital- then cautiously slips from the rear seat to the front- the driver's seat- pretends driving. He plays with some controls- presses the horn- immediately scrambles into the rear seat again- as Jack/Helen emerge from the hospital and return to the car.

JACK

No joy- Colin. I can't understand it.  
Unless- they have facilities at the plant.

HELEN

Well- they've got everything else!

COLIN

I never papped the horn. Must've been  
another car.

JACK

Okay. Let's see what the police say.

EXT. POLICE STATION -DUSK

Jack/Helen exiting the car and entering the police station.

INT. POLICE STATION -DUSK

The front office- this time a CONSTABLE is behind the desk.

JACK

Hello!

CONSTABLE

Hi there. Whit kin ah dae fur yi?

JACK

I'm trying to find out about the two lads that were caught earlier- breaking into the chemical plant- near Drumnadrochit.

CONSTABLE(look of surprise)

When aboots ur yi talkin' aboot?

JACK

This afternoon. Couple of hours ago.

CONSTABLE

The day? Naw!- thur's no been ony brek-ins report it the day. Ah've bin here since yin o'cloak- an' thur's nothin' afore that- it'd be in the book- yi ken?

Jack looks to Helen- then back to the Constable.

JACK

Are you sure?

CONSTABLE

Oh aye! Only thing happened the day-  
-(opens a page in book)-  
big Dougal McManus's dug gut run o'er  
jist outside e's ferm- aboot a mile  
frae the plant. But- nuthin' else.

JACK

There must be some mistake, constable.  
I know for a fact that-

CONSTABLE

Oh- ah'm sure awright. Ah've been here  
ma'sell aw' efturnin. Thur's been nae  
menshun o' anythin' ut the plant.

Helen tugs at Jack's arm- gives him a 'look'.

HELEN

C'mon, Jack. We've made a mistake.  
(Smiles at the Constable)  
Somebody playing a practical joke I think.

CONSTABLE

Well- as ah say- thur's nuthin' here  
about it. Y'ed bettur tell yur freends  
tae get thur facts right.

Helen eases Jack out the door- tugging him along- Jack  
looking puzzled at her and reluctant to go.  
As they are about to leave- Helen turns back.

HELEN

Oh- there's something else. We heard  
about Professor Wessel on the radio.  
Terrible. Did he fall overboard?

CONSTABLE(looking irritated)

Aye- he did. Yi canny mess about oan  
yon loch. Thur's parts o' that these  
scientist fella's dinnae ken about.

HELEN

Oh- I know. How else could the monster  
manage to hide all this time, eh?

The Constable gives her a curious look.

HELEN(smiling)

Anyway- sorry for bothering you about  
all that. False alarm I suppose.  
Thanks for your time.

EXT. POLICE STATION           -NIGHT

Jack- outside the station waiting on Helen.

JACK

What was all that about? He must have thought us stupid.

HELEN(wry smile)

Hmm. Maybe that's the best way, Jack. C'mon- we'll talk in the car.

EXT/INT. CAR -NIGHT

Jack/Helen enter the car- Colin immediately leans over from the rear seat- excited.

COLIN

Are they there? Is David alright?

JACK

We don't know yet, Colin. They've not heard about it.

HELEN

Or!- that's what he say's!

Jack gives Helen a puzzled look- and ponders a moment.

JACK

I can't fathom it. Surely the plant would've called the police by now?

Helen leans round in her seat- staring sidelong at Jack.

HELEN

Unless- they're holding them there. At the plant!

JACK

Could be. Maybe they've a nurse- patch him up. Then- who knows- get the police. Arrest them both.

HELEN(shaking her head)

I wasn't thinking of that. I thought they might have them to question them. Find out what-

JACK

No! The police would do that.

COLIN

Could've turned them into robots.  
I saw this film..

HELEN

Okay, Colin. We'll find out about them.

JACK

I think we'd better get to that plant.

EXT/INT. CAR/ROAD -NIGHT

Jack/Helen/Colin- driving on their way to the plant. Soon- the lights of the plant can be seen through the trees. There is no indication- signs or such- but a simple dirt-road- as if another farm road. Helen directs Jack to it. Along the dirt-road a sign appears, American Chemical Company. They are blinded by headlights coming towards them- forcing Jack to veer the car onto the verge and stop.

*JACK'S POV* - the blinding headlights dazzle- then as they pass- we see two white vans heading towards the main road. Jack continues along the road- coming to an imposing gate; part of the perimeter fence- topped with razor-wire and all lit by floodlights. A security office stands next the gate. Jack stops short of the gate- switching-off his lights. The place seems reminiscent of prisoner-of-war camps. A guard emerges from the security office dressed in quasi-military uniform- accompanied by a dog- straining a leash.

HELEN

I'll let you do the talking, Jack. I'm a veggie- I think that dog prefers meat.

COLIN(cowering behind the seat)

Jeesus! That's the one's that caught Robin.

EXT. PLANT -NIGHT

Jack slowly gets out of the car and approaches the guard.

JACK

Hello! I'm trying to find out-

The guard stands a few yards from Jack- the dog straining.  
The guard raises an arm and a flashlight blinds Jack.

GUARD(aggressively)

D'you realise this a private road!

Jack holds his hand up- shielding the blinding flashlight.

JACK

Yes- I know- but- I'm trying to find  
out about the two lads who broke into  
the plant today. One of them was hurt.

GUARD

I don't know anything about two lads!  
Anyway- there's not been any break-in  
here. You'd better leave.

JACK

Hang-on! You're mistaken. Can you  
put the flashlight down- it's bloody  
annoying- talking to a beam of light.

The light goes off- leaving a moment of darkness.

JACK

There's something wrong here. I know  
for a fact that two lads broke-in  
here today- sometime this afternoon.

GUARD(threatening)

There was no break-in. If you've any  
questions- see mister Kemp tomorrow.  
But right now- you'd better go! I've  
already warned you- this is private!

Helen leans out the window.

HELEN

Jack! C'mon- there's no point.

JACK

But they must know! Somebody- must know!

HELEN

Jack! I know that- you know that!  
*But he's not telling us anything!*

Jack has a long look at the guard- turns back to the car.  
 The guard stands immobile- they head back down the road.

EXT/INT. CAR/ROAD -NIGHT

Jack- visibly annoyed- his hands tight on the wheel.

JACK-(angry)-

There's something going-on here. I- I  
 don't know what they're playing-at- what  
 the carry-on is. But it's bloody weird.

HELEN

We tried to tell you- Jack. It's all so-

JACK

I know! But- it's something more than  
 that! Christ! David- Robin- vanished!  
 Don't even know how bad David is!

COLIN

He's not dead- is he?

HELEN

No- Colin. We don't know anything.

COLIN

That man said nobody broke-in.  
 Ah wus there. He saw us.

JACK

Are you sure it was him, Colin?

Colin hesitates- then a scared look comes over him.

COLIN

Looked like it was the same dug!

HELEN

Why haven't they contacted the police?

JACK

I can't fathom it at all. The police-  
the hospital. Nobody knows anything.

HELEN

We'll get back- never know- they  
might be there. Maybe they let them  
go- don't want the publicity.

JACK

Could be right.- (Beat)- That's the  
only thing that sounds sensible.

EXT. FARM ROAD -NIGHT

Jack's car approaching the turning into the farm road- but  
having to wait as two sets of headlights emerge from the  
road and head out towards Drumnadrochit. We see it is the  
same two white vans that passed outside the chemical plant.

EXT/INT. CAR/FARM ROAD -NIGHT

Jack/Helen/Colin- watch the two vans head into the night.

JACK

Where have they been? That was them,  
eh? Came from the plant- wasn't it?

Helen thinks a moment- then a smile crosses her face.

HELEN

I think they're playing wee games.  
Having us running about daft while  
they dropped David and Robin off.

COLIN

It was one of they vans that hit Tracy.  
David say's they're spy vans- got  
helicopters and everything in them.

JACK

(not listening to Colin)  
Or- maybe they took a wrong turning.



HELEN

Never! They vans whizz about all the time. Know everywhere in this area.

As they approach further up the farm road- we see the sky ahead- glowing red. Helen points to it.

HELEN(shrieking)

Jack! The sky- look!

JACK

What the-

COLIN(excited)

Is that them? David said ah'd see thum. The roly-boly Alice- he said it was. North lights- like Blackpoo-

JACK(angry- to Colin)

Shut-up, Colin. Will you?

As the car comes out from the cover of the tree-lined road- we see the farm-house and barn ablaze- uncontrollably.

HELEN(screaming)

Oh God!-(Her hands cover her face.)

JACK

No! Please! No!

The car screeches to a stop- Helen/Jack rush out- head to the blaze. The buildings are completely engulfed in flames and each time Jack tries to get close- he is thwarted by searing heat and flames. He tries again only for Helen to grab him back- both falling to the ground in tears. Helen is crying- on her knees- her hands gripping Jack's coat. He tries again to get near the building- making to get to the rear- just as a side wall collapses- raining the area with flaming debris- forcing him to the ground. Colin rushes forward- tears also running down his face. Jack sees Colin and raises himself and grabs Colin- hugging him- turning away from the blaze. A loud roar erupts as the roof falls in- sending more debris flying around- Jack and Colin back off further. They both drop beside Helen- Jack on his knees- clutching Colin/Helen- his face streaming with tears.

EXT. FARM -NIGHT

The dying embers of the house remain- parts still smoking- with small flames. The house/barn are completely destroyed. PAN TO an area some yards from the house- Helen/Colin and Jack are huddled on the ground- their faces tear-stained. Jack rises and slowly wanders near to the burning debris of the house. He stares long at the smoldering remains- slowly shaking his head- and tears falling freely from his eyes. He wipes his eyes with the heel of his hands and wanders back to the others.

JACK(his voice shaky)  
 I-I can't- believe this. Oh God!  
 I don't know. Tracy- Everyone!  
 -(breaks into a sob)-  
 No police! No fire engines. It's- wrong!  
 Those people- the vans. How can-  
 (breaks down)

Jack wanders to the car- resting his outstretched palms on the roof- his head hanging down- sobs racking his body. Helen helps Colin to his feet. Colin appears like a zombie- Helen almost dragging him over to Jack. At the car- Helen ushers Colin into the rear seat then tries to comfort Jack. They huddle in a hug of sobbing.

EXT/INT. CAR/ROAD -NIGHT

The car- at end of the farm road- the junction onto the main road. Jack leans his head on the steering-wheel- trying to control sobs. Helen encompasses him with an arm. Colin lies asleep in the rear.

JACK  
 What?-(shaking his head)-  
 What's- real now? Eh?-(sobs)-  
 This isn't real- all this!

Jack sits back- inhales a deep breath attempting to clear himself- but still his voice cracks-up.

HELEN(comforting him)  
 We have to go Jack. The police.

JACK

(turning to HELEN- angry)  
What can they do now? Eh?

HELEN

I know, Jack. They'll get these people.

JACK

Hmph! Will they listen? Now!

Jack attempts to get the car into the main road- stops again- his hands tight on the steering-wheel.

JACK

I-I can't think. Any- of it.  
Look!-(holds his hands out)  
I'm shaking- all over- I just-

Helen grips both his hands in hers- holds them to her- tears falling from her eyes.

HELEN

Jack- I'm so sorry. If I hadn't let them stay. If-

JACK

Sshh- Helen. No-one's fault.  
If I hadn't came here- maybe not.  
It's too- unreal to accept.  
No fucking sense to it. Nothing!

Jack finally eases the car onto the main road.

JACK(sniffling)

You never believe things- like this.  
You know. Tracy told me how happy she was- said-(beaks-up a bit)- you wouldn't like it Pops- but- I'm.....happy.-(sobs)

Helen attempts to comfort him- placing her hand on his.

JACK

These people- the vans- what kind of people- would do this? And what? They'll spend years in jail- all this- murders- Tracy- God- everyone. David and Robin. Are they dead too?

Jack sits back upright- his outstretched arms stiff as he holds the wheel - his voice ready to break.

HELEN

Don't Jack. Don't- say anymore.

Jack shakes his head and wipes tears from his eyes.

HELEN

If the police had listened- before.  
We told them- that place.

JACK

Helen- I'm sorry. I wouldn't believe her.  
The accident- her arm- I kept thinking.  
She shouldn't have been there.

HELEN

I never trusted the police. The way they came- about the plants. Treating us with contempt- as if we're foolish, daft.  
Stood watching- as the van hit Tracy.

The car arrives in Inverness and approaches the police station. As Jack is set to pull into the car-park- he stops.  
*JACK'S POV* from the car- seeing the entrance to the police station with the two white vans parked at angles. Two men are standing at the front door and talking to an officer. Jack continues along- neglecting to turn into the station.

JACK

Did you see?

HELEN(looking alarmed)

The vans! That's- *the same ones!*

Jack brings the car to a halt along from the entrance to the police station. He shakes his head- turns the engine off- sitting silent a moment.- (A Beat)

JACK

What are they doing? Those vans?

HELEN

It must be them!

Jack looks behind- notices Colin- asleep on the back seat. He looks out the rear window. *JACK'S POV* at the wall surrounding the car-park of the police station. His gaze follows the wall; patterned breeze-block with individually placed blocks affording a view into the yard. One wall separates the yard from a large garden of a bungalow.

EXT/INT. CAR -NIGHT

Jack looks a moment at Helen then holds a hand up- indicating silence. He quietly opens the door of the car- and wanders to the corner of the wall.

EXT. GARDEN/WALL -NIGHT

Jack glances along the street and towards the bungalow- then skirts into the garden- crouched next the wall. He slowly makes his way- keeping his body tight to the wall- stopping and listening at some points. He squeezes between large bushes and settles on his knees- his eyes level with a patterned block- allowing a view of the yard.

JACK'S POV-(VIA GARDEN WALL) -NIGHT

The two white vans are parked at the steps to the station. DRIVER#1 sits on a couple of the bottom steps - DRIVER#2 stands beside the police SERGEANT Jack- watching and listening- fails to notice Helen until she is next to him- both shielded by the large bush. Jack turns- indicates silence(finger to his lips)- then points through the gap in the patterned block. Both their heads press together- watching the gap- and listening.

SERGEANT

Ah'll gie it anuthur five minutes- then ah'll alert the fire brigade. Say a goat a call frae a fermur o'er ut Drummie. Whit about the uthur wans- in the car?

DRIVER#1

Uch- they'll no be faur away. Chinny here thinks thu'll be back ut the ferm- (points to the van) He's in shit fur letting thum piss off.

SERGEANT

Ah've goat the moaturs oot- looking fur them. Wus there any hassle?

DRIVER#2

Don't be daft- Davie. Nae hassle.  
-(Nods in the direction of the van)-  
Chinny hud it aw set-up. The loat o' thum in the wan room. Dead easy.

DRIVER#1

Davie! There's nae messing wi they incendiary grenades, man. Don't gie any chances they things. Wance thur aff- fffooosshh! Fried chicken, eh?-(laughs)

DRIVER#2

(Points over to a van)  
Whit about Chinny? You look eftur um?  
He's goat tae get a plane the night.

SERGEANT

Nothing was said. I'd rather wait-

DRIVER#1

The cunt's shitting his-self noo- so e' is. We canny hing about.

DRIVER#2

Aye- e' done well- though- e's no got the boattul fur it.

Headlights suddenly sweep the place- as a large car pulls into the yard and stops immediately in front of the steps. The driver on the step stands up and the SERGEANT assumes a straighter position. A window electronically descends and a head appears- wearing a BASEBALL CAP.

BASEBALL CAP

(Directed atDriver#1)  
Why the fuck are you still here?  
Having a party?

B/cap exits from the car and ambles over to the trio. Sergeant speaks- his voice conciliatory.

SERGEANT

Ah wus telling thum- ah've-

B/cap ignores the Sergeant- closes on the drivers.

BASEBALL CAP

(To Driver #1)

The others still loose! Riding around  
while you all run your mouths off?

DRIVER#1

(stuttery- hesitant)

Ah hud tae wait, .fur you- like. Tae pick  
him up.- (indicates passenger in his van)-  
Ah, .ah know where the uthurs'll be.  
Back utt the ferm. We'll get theum.

BASEBALL CAP

(To Sergeant)

Why didn't you hold them? They were here.

The Sergeant attempts to speak- B/cap dismisses him.

BASEBALL CAP

(To Driver#1- pointing)

I want them found. *Tonight!*

B/cap looks at the passenger in Driver#1's van.

BASEBALL CAP

You! Get your things and get in the car.

Graham emerges from the van- carrying a hold-all. He gets  
into the rear of the American car and closes the door.

EXT. GARDEN/WALL -NIGHT

Jack/Helen- register surprise as they see Graham pass from  
the van to the car. Helen silently mouths-'bastard!'

EXT. POLICE CAR-PARK -NIGHT

Both van Drivers head to their vans.  
B/cap stands with his back to the Sergeant.

BASEBALL CAP (To both Drivers)  
 I want this finished! You read me?  
 Go- fuck'n do it!

Both Drivers quickly get into their vans and head-off.

BASEBALL CAP (To Sergeant)  
 I want that car stopped! Can you do it?

The Sergeant nods- attempts to speak- but is ignored.

BASEBALL CAP  
 I don't care how you do it. Tell your  
 men they must be stopped- dangerous-  
 and get them in. I'll take care of it.

SERGEANT  
 Ah've already goat the wurd oot.  
 Thu'll no git far. Aw the roads south  
 ur blocked. They'll no get away.

B/cap gives the Sergeant a moment's look- then heads to his  
 car. He turns and faces the Sergeant again.

BASEBALL CAP  
 For your sake- friend. For your sake!

B/cap heads off- the Sergeant stands watching them go.

EXT. GARDEN/WALL -NIGHT

Jack/Helen gingerly creep back to the car.

EXT/INT. CAR -NIGHT

Colin- still asleep in the rear seat as Jack/Helen get back  
 in the car. Helen- boiling with rage.

HELEN  
 That bastard- Graham! I never felt  
 right about him.



JACK

(Staring ahead a moment)  
The police! It's madness. And- now-  
it's us they're looking for- *us!*  
*Kill us, .for what?* This is all crazy.  
C'mon- need to get to a phone.

Jack attempts to drive away- Helen stops him.

HELEN

But Jack! They're out there- *NOW!*

Jack holds back a moment- taking-in Helen's words.

HELEN

We've got to get out of sight. Off the  
road. Christ! Those vans- police cars  
too- can't sit outside a call-box.

JACK

(Running his hand through his hair)  
You're right. You're right. God! Need  
to hide- then phone. *Fuck!*-(Bangs on wheel)-  
My mobile! Left it with Tracy- *Fuck!*

HELEN

Get off this road- Jack. Into the scheme.

Jack gives her a 'look'.

HELEN

I know a place. A friend- not far.  
Nobody'll think of us being there.  
Lots of houses- out of the way.

Jack hesitates a moment.

JACK

A friend? I- I don't know. Is it safe?

HELEN

God- Jack- just go! It's not safe here-  
is it? Go there- (points along street)-  
Into the scheme.

JACK

If I can just get to a phone-

HELEN

Jack! We can't wait- here. Christ!  
Up this street- off the main road.

Jack- prepared to argue further- until *JACK'S POV FROM CAR-*  
A police car comes towards them- on the opposite side of  
the road- slows -heads into the police station car park.

EXT/INT. CAR -NIGHT

Jack/Helen watch the police car go by- slinking down-  
looking sideways as it slows- then passes- into the yard.

JACK

Okay! Got to get the car out of sight.

Helen gives directions into a housing scheme.

HELEN

There's a lane along the back of  
her house. It'll be okay there.  
Out of view- off the street.

JACK

Who lives there? This time of  
night- maybe neighbours-

HELEN

There's nowhere else! Jessie's a  
good friend. I know her- neighbours  
will be used to odd coming and going.

Jack drives where Helen indicates- shaking his head.

JACK

Maybe we should think about it- Helen.  
Putting other people in danger then.

HELEN

I know, Jack. It's the only safe place  
I can think of. They'll never find us.  
She'll be okay. I'm sure of it.

JACK

I just hope you're right!

Helen directs Jack into a lane behind some houses.  
Jack stops the car under bushes.

HELEN  
(Pointing behind them)  
This house- in the back- the garden.

JACK  
Are you sure? About what we're doing?

HELEN  
I'm sure- Jack. It's all- we can do.

Jack nods.

JACK  
And Colin?

HELEN  
He'll be okay. We can carry him. He'll  
not waken. He falls asleep a lot.  
We carry him upstairs- hardly wakens.

EXT. BEHIND HOUSE- CAR -NIGHT

Jack carries Colin- Helen leads, through a gate and down a  
garden path to a back door. She knocks and enters.

HELEN  
Jessie! It's me! Helen!

Jack follows behind.

INT. JESSIE'S HOUSE -NIGHT

JESSIE- a woman in her fifties- opens the door- sees Helen-  
smiles and gives her a hug.

JESSIE  
Goodness- Helen. You look terrible.

Helen- sniffing- lays her head on Jessie's shoulder.  
Jessie motions them to a sitting-room. Jack lays Colin  
along a couch- looks towards the kitchen.  
Helen and Jessie- talking- shaking her head- crying.

INT. JESSIE'S HOUSE           -NIGHT

Jessie/Helen sit on a settee- a small coffee-table in front of them. Jessie pours tea from a pot- the table laden with sandwiches and biscuits. Jack enters from a side room- and leaves the door ajar- sits on a chair facing the women.

HELEN(To Jack)

Is he okay?

JACK

Fast asleep.

HELEN

I know it's all so mysterious, Jessie.

JESSIE(Smiling)

Uch- what's life for- if there's no mysteries, eh?

HELEN(concerned)

Jack didn't want to involve anyone else.  
He was against us-

JESSIE

Oh- nonsense! What are friends for?  
Anyway- I knew you'd get in trouble  
one day- smoking that wacky-backy.

JACK

This-(takes a long breath)- is a  
lot more serious than that, Jessie.

JESSIE

Aye- I thought so.-(Looks at Helen)  
When you said about road-blocks and  
that- I thought it must be more than  
having a wee smoke of yon stuff.

JACK

It's a dangerous situation, Jessie-  
and- better if we don't tell you.  
You'll find out soon enough. But- soon  
as it's all over- we'll make a point  
of coming back and- filling you in.

JESSIE

Oh- now that is mysterious! Feel like I'm in James Bond film.-(Laughs)

HELEN

Jack needs to make a call- is that-

JACK(Shaking his head)

No! Not from here.

JESSIE

Go on! Call who you want- the social work pay it anyway.

JACK

No- no thanks, Jessie. It'll wait. If we can get past the road-blocks- Head south- we'll be safe then. Maybe they'll be away- in the morning.

JESSIE

What about the boy? Colin- is it? He could stay here.

Helen looks at Jack a moment- both considering the idea.

HELEN

It would be better- but-

JESSIE

Oh- no buts. If what you're saying's right- he'll be a burden to you. Anyway- be much safer where he is.

JACK

It would be a great help.

HELEN

I was going to ask- if he could stay- you beat me to it.

JESSIE

Oh- don't worry about him. Sounds like you two better look after each other. Knowing you Helen- it must be something political- right? These demonstrations you're always on- well- I'm all for it.

JACK

Jessie- you're really marvelous.  
I wish we could tell you more.  
I want to thank you.

JESSIE

Uch- away wi you. You'd do the same.

Jack hesitates- then nods.

HELEN

Of course he would, Jessie. And he's  
right. We'll make it up to you-(Smiles)  
Maybe- you and I- out again like that  
time at the Cally.

JESSIE

Oh God! What a carry-on. And you!  
Pulling that guy's wig off- I was  
in stitches.

HELEN(Smiling- to Jack)

This was us out for a night on the town.  
A quiet drink-(Laughs)- well- relatively  
quiet- in a big hotel. We gate-crashed a  
party going-on in the function room.  
It was the local Tory party shindig- what  
a scream we had. The police came- ordered  
us out- threatened to charge us with- oh I  
don't know- everything. But- what a night.

JESSIE

(Laughing)

And you! Getting that old guy worked-up.  
His thing sticking out like a branch-  
going about with his kilt sticking-out  
in front of him. Then his wife- cheek!  
*Calling you the hussy!* Oh it was funny.

HELEN

And you! Taking the microphone- singing  
the Red Flag. *Ooh- they loved that!*

All three are laughing- Jessie gets up and pokes her head  
into the room -returning with a sweet smile on her face.

JESSIE

He's snoring like a wee pig- poor thing. All this laughing's no good for me- I need my beauty sleep. I know you'll want some sleep. You'll be able to make yourself comfy here- the sofa- that big chair.

HELEN

Yes- we'll be fine, Jessie. You're a gem.

JACK

I want to thank you again, Jessie. Not only- caring for us- and- well- Just being able to laugh again.

JESSIE

Oh- away wi you. Anyway- I'll leave you to it. And don't worry about the wee lad. He'll be fine with me.

JACK

Soon as it's light- we'll head off- see how things are.

HELEN

I'll get in touch soon as I can.

JESSIE

Aye- then- I'm away. G'night to you'se- and- good luck.

Jessie exits. Helen has a smile- Jack seems pensive.

HELEN

I told you, Jack. She's an angel. When she's had a drink- what a scream.

JACK

I hope she'll be okay.

HELEN

She's tough as nails too! I saw her nearly strangle a policeman who was arresting a protester. Jumped on his back- got him round the throat- and she wouldn't let go!

Jack nods- a smile on his face- which becomes serious.

JACK

I was- laughing there. Happy- for a while- yet what's happened. Tracy- the others.- (Voice going sad.)

HELEN

I know. As if- everything's too terrible- we shouldn't feel-

JACK

Guilty- eh? But- it's as if it's not Sunk-in yet. Too much to take.

HELEN

I keep thinking of Graham. The bastard! You know- we accepted him- because Robin fell for him- being gay. We all thought it'd be good for Robin. And it was! Well- seemed that way at the time. But I used to wonder- you know- just some things. The way he looked at you- and with Marie. Lots of times I'd see him look at her- and Tracy- as if fancying them- and yet- making out he's gay.

JACK

I just find it all too hard to accept. He- seemed a nice bloke- but- maybe that's how he was supposed to be?

Jack covers his face with his hands.

JACK

I can't understand any of it. - (Tears begin to fall)

Helen leans over and clasps her hands over Jack's.

JACK

Is it bad karma, Helen? You and I. One night- just- just letting-go?

HELEN

Oh Jack! It's not your fault. Don't punish yourself.



JACK

When we leave- I'll call the newsroom-  
then Special Branch. They'll-

HELEN

Jack! We can't trust them.

JACK

Oh c'mon, Helen.

HELEN

No Jack. Think about it. You thought  
the police were safe. We were all paranoid.

JACK

Okay- the local police- I accept  
that- but we're talking about-

HELEN(Agitated)

We don't know! The people involved here-  
they might have connections- *anywhere!*

Jack pauses a moment thinking- shaking his head- unsure.

HELEN

I know- it is paranoid. Yes!  
*We've got to think like this!*  
Not only for us- Colin- and Jessie too.

Jack nods in agreement- looking tired- beat.

HELEN

Leave it, Jack- 'till morning.  
Get away from here. Then you can feel safe.

JACK

You're right! I don't listen enough.  
If I had-

EXT. JESSIE'S HOUSE            -DAWN

Jack/Helen quietly emerging from the house- squinting at  
the sun and cautiously looking along both sides of the  
street before heading-off. *TRACK-* as they quietly walk to  
the car- parked in a lane behind the house.

EXT/INT. CAR -DAWN

Jack holds the car keys out- showing his hand shaking.  
Helen grips his hand in hers a moment.

HELEN

We'll be okay- now. I can't believe  
I fell asleep.

JACK

I know. Guilt- but- it tires you too.  
I was thinking- trying to know what  
to do. It just doesn't make sense.  
Killing- because people break-into a  
factory! A chemical plant.

HELEN

No- it's what they found out. What  
Wessel knew. Experiments. The protein-  
into the food chain. David was  
very clued-up on it.

JACK

Why are the police involved?

HELEN

I don't know- never trusted them anyway.  
Jack! We'd better go. Get away from here.

Slowly they venture onto the street and drive through the  
scheme- watchful at every junction. As they near the  
junction to the main road- Helen crouches down next the  
dashboard. She looks at Jack and smiles.

HELEN

They're looking for two people- remember?

Jack halts at the junction- looking carefully in both  
directions- then heads onto the road south- indicated by a  
sign facing them. As he makes to turn- the car stalls- both  
faces showing panic and fear. Jack rams the car  
into gear- and they zoom-off- the engine roaring.  
As they are well onto the road- Jack releases his hands  
from the wheel - both shaking vigourously.

JACK

I don't know when I've been so scared.

HELEN

(Reaches a hand onto his knee)  
Don't worry, Jack. We'll be fine- now.

EXT. THE ROAD -DAWN

*WIDE PAN*- following the car as it heads along the road- no other cars in sight- the surrounding scenery splayed before them in the new morning.

EXT/INT. CAR -DAWN

Helen sits thoughtful- as Jack concentrates ahead.

JACK

There's people I know- friends.  
A newsreader. I'll call her- when  
we're safe. She'll know who to contact.

HELEN

Those people- van-drivers- don't seem  
like- well- killers, murderers. Like-  
ordinary people- neighbours. The police-  
Graham. Y'know what I mean? The American-  
yes! Now- he was a nasty piece of work.

JACK

Like the movies. Can't tell the bad guys.

Jack suddenly hits the brakes and slews the car to the edge of the road. He rams the car into reverse- looks over his shoulder as they reverse at speed- over the brow of the hill they had just climbed. Jack's eyes- wide with fear- steers the car to a halt on the grass verge.

JACK(Agitated)

Did you see it?

Helen looks shaken. She shakes her head- concerned.

JACK

Way down the road- a police car!  
-(Beat-  
Wonder if they saw us?  
Could we try another road?

HELEN

It would mean going back through  
Inverness- the main road south.  
They'll surely cover that too.

JACK

(Bangs on the wheel)  
Fuck!- Fuck- fuck fuck fuck FUCK!

HELEN

Could go north- to Sutherland- then-

JACK

Where? Nowhere. Further away. Christ!

Jack double checks in his rear-view mirror- we hear the  
sound of a motor,-(OFF)  
He looks at Helen- her eyes reflecting his own fears- and  
both turn their heads and look out the rear window.  
*LONG SHOT* looking through the rear window of the car-  
watching the approaching vehicle.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE;

- 1)- INT/EXT. CAR -DAWN;- Jack/Helen looking out  
rear window - eyes of fear.
- 2)- EXT. ROAD -DAWN; - *LONG SHOT*- lorry closing.
- 3) - INT/EXT. CAR -DAWN ;- Jack/Helen - staring.
- 4)- EXT. ROAD -DAWN; - Lorry coming closer.
- 5)- EXT. ROAD -DAWN; - Helen exits the car-
- 6)- EXT. ROAD -DAWN; - Jack tries to stop Helen.
- 7)- EXT. ROAD -DAWN; - *CL/UP* of L/DRIVER in lorry
- 8)- EXT. ROAD -DAWN; - Lorry wheels braking.
- 9)- EXT. ROAD -DAWN; - Helen running to lorry.
- 10)- EXT. ROAD -DAWN; - Cab door opening

EXT. ROAD -DAWN

Helen standing holding the open cab-door. She is breathless. L/driver looks at her- a smile on his face.

HELEN

Thank God! We've been here since daylight- the damned car's died on us.

Jack closes on Helen- also breathless. He pulls her aside.

JACK

We can't involve anyone else.

The driver leans further over- smiling at them both.

L/DRIVER

Is it petrol? Huv ye'se run oot?-(Laughs)  
Wurse place in the wurld- up here.

HELEN

Yes. Petrol- or- something.  
But- we need to get to Edinburgh.

JACK

(Forced smile)

It's no *that* important.  
Don't want to trouble you.

L/DRIVER

Uch- it's nae bother at aw'. Ah kin take yi tae Fort William. Yi'd be able tae git a train frae there- ur get someb'dy tae look ut yur moatur.

Helen smiles at Jack- her hand slips into his, squeezing.

HELEN(Softly- to Jack)

We *must*- Jack. It's the only way.

HELEN

Fort William'd be great.

L/DRIVER

C'moan then. Ah've goat frozen fish in here- thu'll aw start melting.-(Laughs)

Helen gets into the cab. The L/driver -leaning on his steering-wheel- points to Jack's car- both doors open.

L/DRIVER

Yi gonny lee yur car like that- ur yi?

PAN TO- Jack shaking his head- returning to the car.

EXT/INT. LORRY -DAWN

L/driver gives Helen a 'look' as Jack heads to the car.

L/DRIVER

Ah dinnae want tae seem funny, hen-  
but is he awright?

HELEN(Smiling- nodding)

Aye- just- had a wee bit of a shock.  
Phone call early this morning- his Mum.  
Going through an operation.

L/DRIVER(Nodding)

Ah- wull- nae wunner e's hawf-daft.  
Hope the poor soul's awright.

EXT. ROAD -DAWN

Jack locks the doors of the car after removing the keys.

EXT/INT. LORRY -DAWN

Jack gets into the cab beside Helen.

L/DRIVER

Ah'm sorry tae hear aboot yur mithur.  
The lassie wus telling me. I hope she's  
awright, 'cause- eftur aw- yur Maw's  
yur Maw- n'that right. Naeb'dy bettur.

Jack gives Helen a 'look'.

HELEN

I said aboot the call- this morning.

JACK

Yeah- right. I- I think she'll- be fine.  
Still- can't help worrying- can you?

As the lorry approaches the brow of the hill- Helen undoes her seat-belt- bends forward- slips a shoe off and rubs her foot- her head bent below the dash-board and windscreen

HELEN

I don't know why I wear these shoes.  
Like my feet's in a vice.

POV- from the lorry- as we pass a police-car, parked at the start of a dirt-track road. Jack keeps his head turned towards the L/driver- who is glaring at the police-car.

EXT/INT. POLICE-CAR -DAWN

A single constable sits in the car- eyes half-closed, watching the lorry pass. His head pans round- following the lorry and watching it head into the distance. He pans back-scans the empty road where the lorry came from- looks ahead- then eases down into his seat and nods off.

EXT/INT. LORRY -DAWN

Helen- sitting upright again- re-fastening her seat-belt.

L/DRIVER

(Pointing his thumb backwards)  
They're buggurs- they urr- y'know?

HELEN

Who? The police.

L/DRIVER

Aye! Ah mean- ah know thae dae a gid joab- bit maist o' the time aw thae dae is sit oan thur erse- waiting fur some poor soul who'se in a bit o' a hurry.

Jack looks in the wing-mirror on the door of the lorry. The road behind clear and the police-car not moving.

JACK

Hmm. I know what you mean.

L/DRIVER(Smiling)

Ah eiwis find this bit o' road funny-  
y'know? Ah mean- wur coming tae Fort  
Augustus- an Fort Willium's only a few  
miles away. Aw foarts- know whit ah mean?  
Ah expect tae see the cavulry an indians.

HELEN

I never thought about it like that.

L/DRIVER

An it's the same wi the loch- y'know?  
Five times a week ah go alang that  
loch road- never ony sign o' any monster.  
Ah think it's a load o' crap- doan't you?

JACK

Of course- but! It's what people want  
to believe- isn't it?

POV- the lorry cab- seeing the shiny water of Loch Ness.

EXT. ROAD -DAY

A red blur- slowly *FOCUS UP*- to view Jack's car.  
*PULL BACK*- to view the two white vans with the AmCoCo logo-  
parked at the rear of the car- Driver#1/Driver#2 wandering  
round the car. Driver#1 produces a tool and smashes a  
window. Driver#2 looks up and down the road- not a car in  
sight. Driver#1 opens the door- leans across and searches  
the glove-compartment- glancing at papers- throwing them  
On the floor. Driver#2 knocks on the window- motioning for  
his mate to open the door. Driver#1 waves dismissively.

DRIVER#1(Shouting)

Fuck all here. Check the engine-  
see if it's warrum.

Driver#2- hand on the car bonnet- pulls it away again.

DRIVER#2

It's hoat as anything. Must've  
jist left a wee while ago.



EXT/INT. LORRY -DAY

Jack/Helen seem less worried- L/driver smokes and talks.

L/DRIVER

Ah'n it's the same wi these bloody fags-  
know whit ah mean? The guv'rmint takes  
millions aff us in tax fur thum- then  
tells us thur dangerous! A load o'nonsense!

Jack's hand is covering Helen's- on her lap. They smile.

L/DRIVER

Ah'n maist o' the money they take  
aff yi goes tae the health service  
ony' wei- so if we aw stoap't smoking-  
the hale thing wid bloody collapse.

The Driver smiles at Jack/Helen- their hands clasped.

L/DRIVER

Hey look- ah'm sorry aboot aw the  
swerrin' an' at. Ah git kerried away  
when ah'm talking. Know whit ah mean?

HELEN

Oh! Don't worry about that. In fact-  
we've been saying a few things worse  
than that ourselves recently.

POV- from inside the lorry-cab, looking at the road ahead  
and a sign indicating Fort William.

EXT. LAY-BY -DAY

The police-car- which the lorry had passed earlier- the two  
white vans parked alongside. The Constable is outside the  
car- speaking into a phone. Driver#1/Driver#2 beside him.

EXT. FORT WILLIAM -DAY

Jack aids Helen down from the cab of the lorry.  
The L/driver leans across and points further down the road.

L/DRIVER

The staishun's jist doon there.

HELEN

Thanks- John. You've been a saviour.

L/DRIVER

Uch- stoap blethering.

JACK-(Shaking Driver's hand)

You've really helped us no end.

Many thanks, John.

L/DRIVER

Ach- nae bothur. Whit kind o' peepul  
wid we be if we canny gie a freend a  
hawn when he's in a wee bit o' bothur?

Jack/Helen stand waving as the lorry heads off. Helen turns to Jack- takes his face in her hands and gently kisses him.

INT. CAFÉ -DAY

Helen sitting alone at a table- two steaming cups on the table. She looks out the window- seeing traffic filter through the town. *PAN TO-* Jack speaking into a pay-phone across the room. He hangs-up and searches through his pockets- then hurries over to where Helen sits.

JACK(Excitedly)

Glasgow train's in ten minutes.

Have you any more change? I need  
to call my friend in the newsroom.

Helen rummages through her purse- hands some coins to Jack.

JACK

Don't worry- we'll catch it.  
Station's just next door.

Jack- back to the phone- stops a moment- smiles at her.

JACK

We'll be alright, now. It's all over.

Jack heads to the phone- a smile crosses Helen's face.

EXT. ROAD-SIDE -DAY

The two white vans parked next the American car.  
 Driver#1 talking to B/cap- sitting in the car.  
 Driver#2 waits in his van with the window open- listening.

DRIVER#1

Ah'm telling yi- the polis ur a  
 waste o' time. That eejit sat there  
 an' watched a lorry go by- thur wuz  
 nothing else oan the road ut that  
 time o' day. They could be in it.

BASEBALL CAP

Listen! It's is in your hands now.  
 There's good money for you- if you get  
 them. Before they get to anyone- right?  
 Anyway you can- *and do it!* Okay?

DRIVER#1

Don't worry- ah'll get the basturds!

The American car speeds off. Driver#1 heads over to the  
 vans and leans on the open window.

DRIVER#2

Whit's happening?

DRIVER#1(Thumb- indicating south)

Fort William- an' fuck'n keep  
 up wi me- right!

Both vans head off at speed towards Fort William.

INT. CAFÉ -DAY

Jack heads to the pay-phone as Helen takes a sip of tea and  
 slowly lets her eyes wander around the cafe.

*MED.CL/UP-* Helen look around- her eyes dreamy. *FOCUS SHIFT-*  
 seeing Helen drift to a blur as the traffic outside comes  
 clear- and the two white vans pass- unnoticed.

The quiet of the scene is abruptly broken- as Jack slaps  
 his palms on the table. He stands a moment- his weight on  
 the table. When he speaks, his voice is hushed, but angry.

JACK

*A gas explosion! Can you believe that?*

Helen gives a puzzled look.

JACK

*Fucking gas explosion! A report came in a few hours ago- a farm- up here. They're saying- a gas explosion. Christ! She wouldn't believe me! They'll check the report- Ooh!*

EXT. STREET -DAY

They exit the cafe and head towards the station.

HELEN

Who- Jack? Who did you phone?

JACK

Hazel. A friend. She reads the local news.

HELEN

She didn't believe you?  
You sure it was her?

JACK

Yes! It was her alright. I told her what happened- she told me about the gas explosion- and people killed.

HELEN

C'mon. We'll get there- then sort it out.

JACK

The early news- said the locals didn't like the place- full of druggies- *God!*

HELEN

Oh- I knew that. The locals all thought we were trouble- makers. Hippies!  
Who'll believe us now?

Jack suddenly pulls Helen into a shop doorway.

*CL/UP-* look of surprise on Helen's face.

He points across the road.

EXT. STREET -DAY

POV- across the street- an AmCoCo white van is parking.  
Driver#2 exits the van- looks about- heads up the street.

INT. SHOP -DAY

Jack steers Helen into the shop- next a postcard display.

JACK(Anxious)  
Shit! He's going to the train station.

Jack/Helen look deflated. An ASSISTANT appears next them.

ASSISTANT  
Hi! Can I be of help?

Jack glances to the Assistant- and shakes his head. The Assistant smiles and backs-off- giving a strange look. Jack turns to Helen. His face serious.

JACK  
Stay here- right?

Helen starts to object- Jack holds his hand-up.

JACK  
No! No- I'm just going across-  
see if there's a chance-

A voice- loud, and from behind- startles them. They turn- to see the Japanese Man and his Bride.

JAPANESE MAN  
Hi!-(Big smile)- Jack-san! My friend.

Jack is surprised- then takes hold of the J/Man's hand- and smiles- but keeps looking out to the street.

JACK(Smiling)  
Hello again. We- meet many times.

The J/Man nods- smiling. Jack realises he's still holding his hand and lets go- showing awkwardness. The orientals' are still nodding and smiling- but staring at Helen.

JACK

Oh- sorry. This- eh- my- er,...er-

JAPANESE MAN

Nice- Miso Jack-san.

-(Points to his wife- then himself)

We- Jack's friends. We meet- many times- ha.

HELEN

Nice to meet you. Jack told me  
about you. On honeymoon?

JAPANESE MAN

Yes- yes. Scotland good for honeymoon.

Jack nods- points to Helen.

JACK

Very nice woman- she is. She'll  
tell you more about Scotland.

*TRACK-* as Jack leaves Helen with the honeymooners- and he  
cautiously slips out of the shop.

EXT. STREET -DAY

Emerging from the shop- Jack edges to the street- warily-  
then quickly rushes across the street to the white van.

EXT. STREET -DAY

Jack next the white van- nervously glancing across towards  
the station. He opens the door.

EXT/INT. VAN -DAY

*CL/UP-* of the dashboard- with the keys in the ignition.

*MED SHOT-* Jack waving frantically across the street.

Helen emerges from the shop- followed by the Japanese  
couple- who stand waving across to JACK.

Helen crosses and gets in the passenger-side of the van-  
Jack in the driving-seat- they head away at speed.

*PAN TO-* the Japanese couple outside the shop- waving- as  
the van heads into the distance.

EXT/INT. VAN -DAY

Jack/Helen laughing as they head south- towards Glencoe.

HELEN

They were really sweet- so they were.

JACK

I tell you- when he came-up behind me-  
I nearly died.

JACK

It's incredible- isn't it. How bad  
you feel- just being able to laugh  
at something- at a time like this.

HELEN

That was so funny. Misses Jack-san.

EXT. ROAD -DAY

*WIDE SHOT*- the van heads across the Ballachullish Bridge-  
turns south- towards the mountains at the north of Glencoe.

EXT. ROAD(GLENCOE) -DAY

Glencoe- the hills enclosing the area in an eerie setting.

EXT/INT. VAN (GLENCOE) -DAY

Inside the van- Jack/Helen framing the road ahead- as it  
appears to head towards the wall of mountains- with no road  
through. Slowly- the road through the pass appears.

JACK

Supposed to be haunted- this place.

HELEN

Yeah- the voices of the slain  
MacDonald singing in the wind.  
Oh- everybody hears them- (Laughs)

JACK

It's a pretty eerie place, though.

HELEN

Frightens me- the mountains all around. Like there's no escape- no pass to get through- then- you only see it when you're at it. Creepy!

JACK

February the thirteenth the massacre occurred. Unlucky for them, eh?

Helen rummages in the glove-box- pulls out papers- scans them- discards them into the back. She suddenly brings a cone-shaped metal object from the glove-box.

HELEN

What the Dickens is this?

JACK(Astonished look)

*Christ! Put it back!*

Jack almost drives off the road- staring at the object.

JACK

*Incendiary grenades. Jeesus!  
Put it back, Helen. Be gentle- Christ!*

Helen carefully puts the grenade back.

HELEN

God- Jack! *There's more-* another two in here. *Oooh!*

Helen stuffs the grenade back- closes the glove-box.

HELEN

They're- dangerous then?  
I mean- could it go off? Here?

Jack nods eagerly.

JACK

I don't think so- think they need to be primed- but- I don't really-  
-(Blows out his cheeks)-  
*Let them explain those!  
In a company van!*



HELEN

That's what Wessel spoke about. He said work done at the plant had to do with weapons research- national security. He was livid that the college had allowed them access to the labs.

JACK

Who allowed it? Surely the principal-

HELEN

Oh- it was all very business-like. Anglo-American relations- selling it to the students- promise of jobs in the States.

JACK

Got to admire the bastards! Know how to use public relations. I think Uncle Sam could teach the Greeks a thing or two- about bearing gifts!

HELEN

Oh- I know. And we're so gullible. Full of fear of upsetting the Yanks.

EXT. RANNOCH MOOR -DAY

They approach Rannoch Moor- the bleak- desolate moorland contrasting the previous 'closed-in' feel of Glencoe.

JACK

Looking at this place- you understand why it gets called the last great wilderness of western Europe.

EXT/INT. VAN -DAY

*JACK'S POV*- as he brakes suddenly. Ahead- the lorry that brought them to Fort William- is stopped- the other white van angled in front of the lorry- forcing the stoppage. Jack begins reversing- his eyes focused on his mirror- until Helen stops him- her hand gripping the steering-wheel- her other hand pointing ahead to the lorry. *ZOOM IN*- as the L/driver climbs down from his cab.

(cont.)

Driver#1 exiting the white van and approaching L/driver.  
 Driver#1 immediately begins pushing L/driver against the lorry- then swings an iron-bar- catching L/driver on the side of the head- dropping him to his knees.  
 Driver#1 starts kicking L/driver on the ground.

EXT/INT. VAN -DAY

Jack bumps the van into gear and speeds to the scene.

EXT. ROAD -DAY

Driver#1 kicking the prone figure of L/driver- and turning- as he hears the revving van speeding towards him.  
 Driver#1- saunters casually forward- waving for the van to halt-(assuming it's his partner.)  
 The van increases speed approaching Driver#1- who quickly jumps to one side and throws the iron-bar- which smashes the windscreen- shattering it into an array of spider-webs.

EXT. ROAD -DAY

Jack emerges from the van in angry mood- heads towards Driver#1- now standing next his white van. As Jack nears- Driver#1 reaches into the van- produces a shotgun.  
 Jack stops in his tracks- then races back to the van with Helen- jumps into the driver's seat- speeds-off.  
 Driver#1 throw the shotgun into his van- jumps in the driving-seat- then heads off after Jack's van.

EXT/INT. VAN -DAY

Jack/Helen both scared/angry- as they head down the hill.  
 Helen uses her elbow to smash the shattered windscreen.

JACK

I wish I'd hit him. Ran him down.  
 He might've killed that driver.  
 But- it's us he wants.

HELEN-(sobbing)-

When will it stop- Jack?

EXT. ROAD -DAY

Driver#1's van speeds closer to Jack/Helen's van- coming alongside, banging- trying to force them off the road.

EXT/INT. VAN -DAY

Jack struggles to keep on the road as the other van tries to force it off. Helen screams as the two vans collide a second time- then again- with Jack's van finally forced into the ditch by the road- falling onto it's side.

EXT. ROAD -DAY

Driver#1 stops his van a few yards ahead- rushes from it- holding something in his hand- heading to Jack's van.

EXT. ROAD -DAY

Jack's van lying at a tilted angle.  
 Driver#1 approaches the van- yanks the door open.  
 CL/UP- interior of van. Helen- on her side- blood on her face/head- Jack blood from his temple- semi-conscious.  
 Driver#1 drags Jack out the van- drops him by the side of the van. Driver#1- face raging- holds an incendiary grenade- pushes it close to Jack's face.

DRIVER#1

Fly basturd- eh? Trying tae run me  
 o'er. Wu'll soart you oot! See this -  
 -(Holding grenade out)-  
 Fuckin' Roman connul fur yi- okay son?

Jack attempts to grab at Driver#1 and get to his feet.  
 Driver#1 swipes the grenade across Jack's face- knocks him down again- holds the grenade and twists a lever on one end- and drops it into the open door of the van.

DRIVER#1

This'll keep yi fuck'n warrum.-(Laughs)

EXT. ROAD -DAY

Driver#1 runs off laughing as Jack scrambles to his knees- crawling out of the ditch- as the van explodes. The explosion throws Jack across the road- the van erupting into flames. Jack scrambles to his feet- tries to get near the van- shouting Helen's name- but is beaten back by the heat-(an echo of a Farmhouse Scene.)

EXT. ROAD -DAY

L/driver- scrambling to his feet and into his truck.

EXT/INT. TRUCK -DAY

*POV L/driver-* see Driver#1 get to his van and drive away. L/driver- engages gear- chasing.

EXT. ROAD -DAY

The truck- thundering along the road- past Jack.

EXT/INT. TRUCK -DAY

*POV L/driver-* the lorry contacts the rear of the van - nudges it on.

EXT/INT. VAN(DRIVER#1) -DAY

Driver#1- looking worried- trying to control the van- braking furiously- to no effect.

EXT. ROAD -DAY

The lorry bumping the van along- wheels/brakes screeching- Driver#1 fighting hard to steer. The road bends- the lorry pushes the van over the edge and follows it- both crashing- down a steep, rocky gorge.  
*PAN TO-* Jack running/limping, to the spot- stands a moment- looking down the gorge.

EXT. ROAD -DAY

*Jack's POV*- down the gorge- the van lying on it's back and the lorry on it's side among large rocks.

EXT. ROAD -DAY

Jack scrambles down the slope. Nearing the lorry- it bursts into flames- forcing him back-(echoing two earlier scenes.) He scrambles over to the up-turned van and pulls the driver's door open. Driver#1- lying against the smashed windscreen- his face covered in blood.

Jack grabs the lifeless body of Driver#1- drags him out and holds him against the side of the van-(obviously dead). Shouts are heard(Off)- as Jack begins banging Driver#1's head on the side of the van. Suddenly he is pulled away. Jack turns- attempts to punch the intruder- only to collapse- exhausted. The intruder eases Jack to the ground. *PULL BACK SLOWLY*- to see the intruder is the Japanese Man- who waves to his wife- standing at the top of the gorge. He calls-out- in Japanese- as we *PULL BACK FURTHER*- see other cars stop on the road-side- overlooking the scene.

INT. HOSPITAL -DAY

Adrian/Hazel walking along a hospital corridor- Hazel carrying a fruit basket. As they are about to enter a private ward- they step back as three suited men exit- ignore them- and head along the corridor. Both turn- their eyes follow the men for a moment- then look to each other.

ADRIAN

Was that- who I think it was?

Hazel nods- a perplexed look on her face- then turns and heads into the room- followed by Adrian.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD -DAY

Hazel/Adrian enter- greet Jack- in a dressing-gown as he stands at the bedside- testing a walking-stick. He moves a few steps- slightly wincing and returns to the bed- sits down on the edge of the bed- beside an open lap-top.

JACK

I was managing a few steps- just before you came in. Feels not too bad- pulling a wee bit- but okay.

HAZEL

Go easy- Jack. Two broken ribs as well- it's going to take time.

JACK

I know! I'm just fed-up. I can't write- here. I need to get home.

ADRIAN

Was that- Charles Dingle we saw leave? Our right honourable m.p.?

JACK

Hmp! A buffoon and a half- he is! Along with those other two clowns.

HAZEL

What was he wanting? In on the glory?

Jack winces- either from pain or Hazel's idea.

JACK

Glory- huh! Told me I was lucky- not to be in jail! *Me- the victim!*

Hazel and Adrian look to each other- puzzled.

JACK

The other two were Special Branch. On about involvement in a breach of a security establishment- offences under the Official Secrets Act. Said I was lucky- not to be indicted- *for conspiracy. You believe that?*

ADRIAN

*You!* Christ! That's a cracker. *Conspiracy!* Covers everything. Like charging somebody for thinking.

JACK(Smiling)

Oh yes- and theft! Because I stole a van. Incredible- eh? Never wanted to know my story- about the local police- the chemical plant- nothing! *Wanted to know what documents I'd seen.*

Jack eases himself to stand with the aid of the stick.

HAZEL

What about the investigation?

JACK

Investigation! That's a joke. *I'm the one being investigated!*

Hazel/Adrian stare incredulously at Jack.

ADRIAN

*You! Christ!*

JACK(Smiling)

Oh yes- I couldn't believe it!

Jack eases himself to stand with the aid of the stick.

JACK

Better yet! Tried to say I was insane!

Adrian looks to Hazel- then to Jack.

ADRIAN

*You? Crazy?- Of course you are! Everybody knows that.*

Hazel nudges Adrian chastisingly- gives a 'look'.

JACK

Yeah! Really! Even had the doctor admit there was a possibility of delusions- due to the concussion. *The bloody sod agreed!* Had it logged on my accident report- -(Laughs)- well- that's what they put it down as- *an accident!* Hmmph!

Jack slowly takes a couple of steps with the stick.

JACK

I pointed out the inconsistencies-  
the professor drowning- a *gas*  
*explosion!* Huh! Weren't interested.

Jack heads to the door with aid of the stick- motions them  
to follow. They slowly head into the corridor.

JACK

*I've nothing.* Not a thing I could  
prove. Not a scrap of paper- *nothing!*

ADRIAN

The young lad- what about him?

JACK

Colin! There's no way he could help.  
I intentionally forgot to tell  
Special Branch about him.  
That woman- Jessie! She's took him  
on as an adopted son. He loves it.  
Say's he has some bad nights. Screams  
out and talks about the fire.  
But she's so good to him.

Jack leads them slowly out onto the hospital grounds.

Hazel

Are you not doing too much- Jack?

JACK

No- need to keep on it. Get strong.

ADRIAN

What about the media? The press?

JACK

-(Looking askance at Hazel)-  
Oh! The press! Great institution of  
truth and freedom. Huh! Any soap star  
or hint of a sex-scandal- pull out all  
the stops. *But this!* American company-  
shareholders of a major t.v. franchise  
and news-papers- two cabinet ministers  
on the board. *No chance-* right Hazel?

Hazel nods- shrugging. Adrian gives Hazel a 'look'.



HAZEL

Our media group have two directors- also with Amcoco. When I suggested the official story was a cover-up- we got a directive from- *upstairs*- to drop it.- (Smiles forlornly)  
I even got a word in my ear- about personal involvement. I was reminded that I was a newsreader- *not a journalist!*  
Got told- research out-with the editorial agenda is a sacking offence!

ADRIAN-(To Hazel)

You never told me that!

HAZEL

You never asked- dear. You never do- about *my* work!

JACK

They've got an exclusion order on it anyway. A Ministry of Defence gag. The lid's on it- and it's staying tight.

Jack leads them to a nearby bench- they sit.

JACK

If I say a word- I get locked-up.

ADRIAN

Outrageous!

JACK

The M-O-D for you. A law to themselves.

HAZEL

That's it! Nobody brought to justice?

JACK

Cathy's death too- total cover-up. Only now- see the connection. She knew she had a story- died for it.

HAZEL

There must be some way- Jack- to get the truth out there.

JACK

Of course there is! The *only way!*

Adrian/Hazel share a 'look'.

JACK

I've told you for years- I've wanted to do it. Never found a decent story.

ADRIAN

Do what?

JACK

A film. A feature.

HAZEL

And now?- you've got one? A story?

JACK

Right! How else to expose it all. I've got Cathy's money- and now Tracy's insurance. I know they'd both like the idea. I'll cash-in my pension- attract other finance.

Jack gets to his feet with aid of the stick. They join him.

ADRIAN

You were always pissed-off doing other people's projects.

HAZEL

Oh! It sounds smashing.- (Nudges Adrian)  
Don't you think so? An- adventure.

ADRIAN

This? You're acciden- well- I mean- this- *conspiracy?* Make- a *movie?*

JACK- (Nodding)-

Hmm. Why not?

Hazel looks pleased- smiling.

HAZEL

It's a great idea!

ADRIAN

I can see it being a good drama-  
*but that's it!* Nobody's going to  
believe it- *are they?*

HAZEL

Course they would! I'd believe it.  
Jack! You do it!

ADRIAN

But- will it make any difference.  
I mean- it's only a movie, right?  
*It's only a movie!*-(Mock Donald Pleasance)

JACK

Christ! There's not much else to  
believe in- is there? When the truth  
becomes a casualty- maybe it's time  
to believe in something else.

A voice off camera calls -'CUT'- and the actors stall.  
Jack drops the stick at his side- stretches himself.  
Hazel immediately lights-up a cigarette- Adrian begins  
walking towards camera- Jack following.

*PULL BACK-* to see camera/lights/dolly/crew/trailers- a film  
set and dressing- people already moving onto the set.

-(VOICE OFF)-

Check the gate on that one.

*MED.WIDE-* on two people standing near the camera- the  
DIRECTOR and A.D. The Director leans on a stick- has a  
slight limp as he moves.

VOICE OFF

Gate's clear!

The Director nods to the A.D.- slaps him on the back.

A.D.

Good folks- that's a wrap!

*PULL BACK TO WIDE-* as minor cheering ensues while the A.D.  
tries to issue instructions. As the cast slowly move from  
the set- the Director is seen shaking hands with them- as  
the crew begin dis-assembling gear.

DISSOLVE TO

A montage of footage- Forth Bridge/Glencoe/ Strathnaver/  
Loch Ness- all in a misty background as titles roll.

Include a dedication to the friends of Tracy at Kilbreck  
Commune- (conjecturing about the 'realism' of the film.)

An evocative music track for this point would be ANTHEM- by  
Alex Harvey; a haunting Scottish ballad which isn't  
parochial or smaltzy.

FADE TO BLACK

ROLL CREDITS



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Cast of Characters;

JACK - Forty-ish, genial, advertising director, unsuspecting, warm/jokey.

HELEN- Forty-ish, hippie-like, naughty, fun.

HAZEL- Friend of Jack/Cathy- newsreader, sarcastic.

ADRIAN - Jack's colleague/friend, likeable, uncomplicated.

TRACY - Jack/Cathy's daughter. Teenage, chirpy- in love.

COLIN- Teenage, slow-witted yet witty- likes a laugh.

L/DRIVER- Talker, cheery.

POLICE Sgt.-Genial, highlander, naive.

DAVID - Tracy's boyfriend, anarchist, witty, idealistic.

MARIE - Commune member, challenging- yet caring.

JAN - Comm. member, Dutch, likeable, pidgin English.

ROBIN - Comm. member, gay, b/friend of Graham, committed.

GRAHAM- Comm. member, gay, arrogant- traitor.

GERDA - Comm. member, German, butch-like but caring.

CONSTABLE -Naive - likeable - yet- too nice!

DRIVER\*1 -Sadist, cheeky, killer

DRIVER\*2- Less vocal or angry than D.\*1, follower.

B-BALL CAP -Very stereotypic American, brash.

JAP- MAN - Always smiling, chirpy.

JAP- WIFE - Say's nothing- always smiles.

GUARD- Vicious, cheeky.

ALSATIAN - Almost as mean-looking as the Guard!

