

BRAZIL

Screenplay by

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Final Draft
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EXT. CITYSCAPE - SUNSET

A beautiful golden sun is setting. The sky is on fire. The CAMERA starts to move downwards. A large neon sign rises into shot. It rests on top of a skyscraper and fills the frame. The building is neither past nor future in design but a bit of both.

Slowly we pan downwards revealing the city that spreads below... A glittering conglomeration of elevated transport tubes, smaller square buildings which are merely huge, with, here and there, the comparatively minuscule relics of previous ages of architecture, pavement level awnings

suggesting restaurants and shops... Transparent tubes carry whizzing transport cages past us... an elevated highway carrying traffic composed primarily of large transport lorries passes through frame. As we descend, the sunlight is blocked out and street lights & neon signs take over as illumination. Eventually we reach the upper levels of a plush shopping precinct.

INT. SHOPPING PRECINCT - NIGHT

Xmas decorations are everywhere. PEOPLE are busy buying, ogling, discussing, choosing wisely from the goodies on display. SHOPPERS are going by laden with superbly packaged goods... the shop windows are full of elaborately boxed and be-ribboned who-knows-what. In one window is a bank of TV sets on the great majority of the screens is the face of Mr. Helpmann the Deputy Minister of Information. He is being interviewed. No-one bothers to listen to Helpmann.

INTERVIEWER

Deputy minister, what do you believe is behind this recent increase in terrorist bombings?

HELPMANN

Bad sportsmanship. A ruthless minority of people seems to have forgotten certain good old fashioned virtues. They just can't stand seeing the other fellow win. If these people would just play the game, instead of standing on the touch line heckling

INTERVIEWER

In fact, killing people

HELPMANN

In fact, killing people they'd get a lot more out of life.

We PULL AWAY from the shop to concentrate on the shoppers. Helpmann's voice carries over the rest of the scene.

INTERVIEWER

Mr. Helpmann, what would you say to those critics who maintain that the Ministry Of Information has become too large and unwieldy... ?

HELPMANN

David... in a free society information is the name of the game. You can't win the game if you're a man short.

Fur bedecked shoppers pass in front of what appears to be

banks of snow but as we pan along with them the "snow" turns out to be fire-fighting foam. It oozes out of a shop front that is a charred twisted mass of metal frames. WORKMEN are busily sealing the opening with plywood sheets, SHOPPERS pay no attention to this. Xmas carols are being played by a Salvation Army style band calling themselves Consumers For Christ. Santa Claus's grotto is busy, all is well with the world.

INTERVIEWER

And the cost of it all, Deputy Minister? Seven percent of the gross national produce...

HELPMANN

I understand this concern on behalf of the tax-payers. People want value for money and a cost-effective service.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

CUT TO TV screen with Helpmann still talking.

HELPMANN

That is why we always insist on the principle of Information Retrieval Charges. These terrorists are not pulling their weight, and it's absolutely right and fair that those found guilty should pay for their periods of detention and the Information Retrieval Procedures used in their interrogation.

PULL BACK to reveal a rather clinical office. The TV rests on a desk. A WHITE COATED TECHNICIAN is sorting out his in-tray. Several Christmas cards are amongst the paperwork. He comes upon a Christmassy package which he rips open, to discover a shiny, metal "executive toy".

CUT TO:

THE BEETLE

Droning up near the ceiling.

The Technician is disturbed by the buzz of the BEETLE as it whirrs around the fluorescent light. He rolls up some paper and forms and gets up to swat the insect.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The Technician gets up and balances a chair on top of his desk. He climbs up onto it attempting to swat the Beetle still buzzing about the room just out of reach. Beneath him an automatic type-writing machine rattles away compiling

a typed list of names under the heading "Information Retrieval, Subjects For Detention & Interview". The machine is being fed from a spool of paper which is being rhythmically chopped by an automatic guillotine which neatly leaves each name on a separate sheet, with the title above each name, each sheet following its predecessor into a holding basket. In CLOSEUP we see the names on the sheets of paper building up in the holding basket: "TONSTED, Simon... TOPPER, Martin F... TROLLOPE, Benjamin G... TURB, William K... TURNER, John D..." Every name begins with T.

INTERVIEWER

Do you think that the government is winning the battle against terrorists?

HELPMANN

On yes. Our morale is much higher than theirs, we're fielding all their strokes, running a lot of them out, and pretty consistently knocking them for six. I'd say they're nearly out of the game.

The Technician is tottering on one leg on the chair on the desk as he strains to swat the Beetle. Swish, swash, oops, WHAP! Gottcha!!

INTERVIEWER

But the bombing campaign is now in its thirteenth year...

HELPMANN

Beginner's luck.

The Beetle's career comes to a halt... squashed flat on the brilliantly clean ceiling... or has it? As the Technician clammers down from the rickety heights, the Beetle's carcass comes unstuck from the ceiling and drops silently into the typewriting machine which hiccoughs, hesitates and then types the letter "B" and hesitates and then continues so that the next name is Buttle, Archibald. The Technician fails to notice this and the machine continues smoothly "TUTWOOD, Thomas T... TUZCZLOW, Peter..."

INTERVIEWER

Thank you very much, Deputy Minister.

HELPMANN

Thank you, David... and a very merry Christmas to you all.

EXT. HOUSING TOWERS - NIGHT

ZOOMING past foreground outdoor Xmas decorations we TIGHTEN in on one of several massive residential tower blocks that

loom over what appears to be a poorer part of the city

INT. BUTTLE FLAT - NIGHT

Helpmann and Interviewer are on the TV, the end credits rolling over them to the beat of a Mozart theme tune. PULLING BACK we reveal that the TV is in a conventional sitting room, conventionally decorated for Christmas; out the room is oddly encumbered by huge metal conduits that snake unpleasantly across and through the walls. Smaller conduits radiate from the main one connecting the various services that Central Services (the name emblazoned on the metal) supply to this household. A conventionally poor but proud family occupies the room. MRS. BUTTLE is reading Dickens' Christmas Carol to GIRL BUTTLE who is about six. BOY BUTTLE plays quietly with a toy machine gun and some action men dressed in security gear. MR. BUTTLE is putting the final touches to a neatly wrapped Christmas present which looks identical to the "executive toy" we have just seen in he Technician's office.

Faintly from outside comes a burst of laughter. A tilt of the CAMERA indicates that the laughter is coming from the floor above.

INT. JILL'S FLAT - NIGHT

The flat is very bare and basic. The laughter is coming from a cheap portable television showing "Sgt. Bilko. From BILKO'S POV we look through an open door of a bathroom straight at a mirror propped up by the bath, to enable the person in the bath to watch the TV. The person in the bath is JILL LAYTON, washing the grime off herself while she watches Bilko in the mirror. From her POV in the mirror, the TV screen is suddenly obscured by part of the body of a MAN in uniform.

JILL

(scared)

Who's there?

INT. BUTTLE'S FLAT - NIGHT

The Buttle Family as before. Mrs. Buttle is closing the book.

MRS. BUTTLE

There, that's enough for tonight.
He won't come Xmas Eve if you don't
get plenty of sleep.

GIRL BUTTLE

Father Christmas can't come if we
haven't got a chimney.

MRS. BUTTLE

You'll see.

The Girl exchanges goodnight kisses with her parents and leaves the room.

GIRL BUTTLE

How will he get down from upstairs?

BOY BUTTLE

It's a secret.

We follow Girl Buttle out of the sitting room into...

INT. HALLWAY AND CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Girl Buttle enters her bedroom. There is little or no light there, and she sees a bulky figure apparently lowering himself into the room from the direction of the ceiling.

GIRL BUTTLE

(unalarmed)

You've come...

As she moves, the light from the hallway shows us the figure of what looks like a commando on a night raid, slowly sliding down a pole in the middle of the room. The pole at the top end disappears through a hole in the ceiling. Things become immediately clearer

INT. BUTTLE SITTING-ROOM - NIGHT

Crash! It's a raid! Battle-dressed SECURITY TROOPS smash through the door. Another one, swings from a rope, kicks in the window from the outside and enters that way. Most alarmingly of all, a shower of plaster comes down from the ceiling in which a fairly neat round hole appears and through the hole comes a fireman's pole down which slide TWO MORE SECURITY TROOPS. The whole thing is short, brutal and violent.

Buttle is grabbed violently and stuffed into a baglike canvas device that covers him from head to waist. A metal clamp goes round his neck, a metal bar slides up the back of the bag. His hands are handcuffed to the metal bar. In seconds he has become a canvas parcel. Meanwhile, Girl Buttle has been carried out of her bedroom and dumped into the lap of her screaming mother. Boy Buttle has his toy machine gun knocked out of his hands by a Trooper who we see is identical in dress to the action men Boy Buttle has been playing with. He rushes to his mother as guns are viciously trained on them. Troops are kicking open the doors of other rooms and generally doing a good job. An OFFICIAL, wearing plain clothes, now enters from the front door and during the turmoil is reading aloud from an official document. It goes something like this:

OFFICIAL

I hereby inform you under powers

entrusted to me under Section 47,
Paragraph 7 of Council Order Number
438476, that Mr. Buttle, Archibald,
residing at 412 North Tower, Shangri
La Towers, has been invited to
assist the Ministry of Information
with certain enquiries, the nature
of which may be ascertained on
completion of application form
BZ/ST/486/C fourteen days within
this date, and that he is liable
to certain obligations as specified
in Council Order 173497, including
financial restitutions which may
or may not be incurred if
Information Retrieval procedures
beyond those incorporated in Article
7 subsections 8, 10 & 32 are
required to elicit information
leading to permanent arrest
notification of which will be served
with the time period of 5 working
days as stipulated by law. In that
instance the detainee will be
debited without further notice
through central banking procedures
without prejudice until and unless
at such a time when re-imburement
procedures may be instituted by
you or third parties on completion
of a re-imburement form
RB/CZ/907/X...

... and more of the same, most of which is part of the
audible wall paper while the chaos reigns. As the front
door slams behind the captive relative peace returns, broken
by Mrs. Buttle's anguished sobbing.

OFFICIAL

(proffering a pen
and a thick book
of pink receipts
to Mrs. Buttle)

Sign here please.

MRS. BUTTLE

(dazed; she signs
weakly)

What? Where have you taken him?

OFFICIAL

(taking the book)

Thank you.

(he hands her another
book, this one of
blue receipts)
(indicating place

to sign)
Same again please. Just there.
(checking first
book of receipts)
Press harder his time. Good.

MRS. BUTTLE
(signing again)
What is this all about?

OFFICIAL
(tearing out sheet
from pink book)
That's your receipt for your
husband.
(taking blue book
from her)
Thank you. And this is my receipt
for your receipt.
(he turns to leave
along with troopers)

Jill's shocked face appears looking down through the hole
in the ceiling. The faces of the workmen BILL and CHARLIE
also appear, above and behind her.

JILL
Mrs. Buttle, are you alright?

The helmeted Security Troops in Buttle's flat drop to
defensive positions and swing their machine guns up towards
the hole in the ceiling. All three faces retreat.

INT. JILL'S FLAT - NIGHT

CHARLIE
(starting back from
the hole with Bill
and Jill)
Eh! Eh! Eh! We're Department of
Works! Department of Works up here!
Careful with those bloody things!

Jill, Charlie and Bill are hustled aside by a SECURITY MAN
who clears the fireman's pole from the hole. We can see
the Troops in the room below leaving. A SECOND SECURITY
MAN has untied a rope hanging out of the open window. He
coils the rope up neatly and the two Security Men leave
the flat.

BILL
(to Jill as they
watch this highly
efficient operation)
Don't take any notice, love, it's
their training makes them like
animals. Best in the world, though.

JILL

Who are you?

CHARLIE

Don't you worry love, we'll have everything shipshape in a jiffy.

BILL

That's it. Nothing to worry about.

CHARLIE

It's Buttlet downstairs who can worry, eh?

JILL

There must be some mistake... Mr. Buttlet's harmless...

BILL

We don't make mistakes.

So saying, he drops the manhole cover, which is faced with same material as the floor, over the hole in the floor. To his surprise it drops neatly through the floor into the flat below.

CHARLIE

Bloody typical, they've gone back to metric without telling us

INT. BUTTLES' FLAT - NIGHT

Mrs. Buttlet stands stunned in the middle of her decimated flat. The kids wail. Slowly Mrs. Buttlet collapses slumping to the floor with the receipt in her hand: we tighten into CLOSEUP of "Receipt".

JILL (O.S.)

Mrs. Buttlet? Mrs. Buttlet?

INT. RECORD CLERK'S POOL - DAY

We come in on a CLOSE-UP of a pink version of the RECEIPT being stamped and impaled on desk spike as we PULL OUT to reveal an infinite expanse of regularly arranged metal desks, each desk with a built-in TV console, and each (except one) occupied by a CLERK. Every desk is snowed under with pieces of paper much like the receipts seen in the previous scene. More pacers are delivered to each desk intermittently by way of pneumatic tube. OFFICE BOYS bustle about with even more paperwork. From the back of the room we get a view of the screens which show graphs, tabulations, figures... All of this activity is supervised from an elevated walkway by MR. KURTZMAN. Satisfied that all is well with his clerks he turns and walks towards his glass enclosed private office at the top of the room, his name

lettered on the opaque glass door. Mr. Kurtzman goes through this door and as he closes it behind him, all activity in the Clerks pool ceases. each Clerk adjusts his TV screen with the flick of a switch, and all the screens change to something which looks very like "The Good, The Bad And The Ugly".

INT. MR. KURTZMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Kurtzman also has a TV console. He sits behind his desk, reaches for his In-tray, and without looking at the console he turns his screen on. He looks through a number of files in his In-tray. He is surprised to hear a VOICE say, "Turn around real slow, amigo". Mr. Kurtzman turns around real slow, his expression relaxes, he thumps his TV console with a large fist, and the screen obediently flicks to a display of figures. He picks up a file which we see as marked "Buttle, Archibald". He opens the file and starts punching the keyboard of the console. The TV starts beeping in an alarmed way. Mr. Kurtzman is puzzled. He punches more figures. The screen starts to flash "Error, error, error". Mr. Kurtzman sighs with frustration. He presses an intercom.

MR. KURTZMAN

(into intercom)

Mr. Lowry, will you step in here please?

He returns his attention, puzzled to the file. Nobody comes into the office. Mr. Kurtzman gets up and walks over to his door and opens it. Beyond the door the room full of CLERKS is obediently concentrating on the beeping and whirring consoles. From Mr. Kurtzman's POV we see that in the centre of the room is an unoccupied desk.

MR. KURTZMAN

Does anyone know where Lowry is?

Nobody knows. Mr. Kurtzman closes his door again. A moment later it seems to him, and to us, that he has heard the crash of six guns blazing away at each other. He re-opens the door. The only sound again. He goes back to his desk. He punches a few keys. The machine starts emitting even more alarming beeps, then horse whinnies, then "Admit you're whapped, you drygulching scum". Kurtzman explodes with anger, and presses the intercom again.

MR. KURTZMAN

(shouting into intercom)

Where the hell is Sam Lowry?!

EXT. SKY - DAY

CUT TO brilliantly clear sky. From on high an odd bird-like figure swoops down on the CAMERA. As it comes closer

we can see that it is, in fact, a MAN wearing strange wood and metal bird wings. In the bright sunshine their flapping movements create a brilliant, flashing effect. Along with the wings, SAM LOWRY (for this is he) wears an outfit that combines the best of Flash Gordon and a WWI fighter pilot. He sweeps past the CAMERA and then, banking, rises BACK INTO SHOT IN MEDIUM CLOSEUP. An ethereal voice can be heard calling "Sam... Sam... Sam". He hovers, looking beyond the CAMERA to something wonderful. CUT TO face of stunningly beautiful GIRL, she is the idealised twin of Jill Layton... Her long hair swirls across her face partially obscuring it and making her appear slightly mysterious. The CAMERA PULLS AWAY from her as soft billowing material sinuously undulates about her. It rises and falls like waves carried on the wind. As the CAMERA GLIDES BACK through this sea of gossamer we can see that the Girl is being held aloft by and in it. A vast landscape stretches below her. The sun frames her in the sky. She and Sam are engaged in a beautiful sensual aerial ballet.

Romantic music fills the soundtrack.

Sam swoops up and away. The Girl floats in the distance as Sam. rises in the foreground. She beckons to him. Sam begins to flap back towards her. But then the dreamy quality of this scene is interrupted by threatening rumble. Sam looks down.

The ground far below him suddenly erupts as a massive, monolithic stone skyscraper bursts through the surface and soars upwards with a mighty rush.

CUT TO THE GIRL IN LONG SHOT. The monolith rises up into FRAME partially cutting her off from view.

Before Sam can do anything, another stone skyscraper breaks through the ground and rushes upwards. Then another and another. There is nothing Sam can do. The Girl is being cut off from him by these gigantic faceless structures. And then she is finally lost from view somewhere in the depths of this strange stone metropolis. Sam lies closer. The stone skyscrapers appear to be solid. No windows. No doors. Nothing whatsoever to interfere with their clean, harsh, rectilinear design. As he flies among these towering blocks he sees no sign of the Girl, only sheer walls rising high above him. Below him the walls plummet vertiginously into the darkish streets. No sound but the creaking flapping of his wings can he heard in this dead place. Coming round a corner he sees something in the distance. far below him a dark procession is wending its way through the narrow passages... away from him.

CUT TO:

LOW ANGLE SHOT

Of the procession making its way past the CAMERA. Black-

robed and cowled, the sinister figures look like heavily armed monks. These are the FORCES OF DARKNESS. Together they are straining at several heavy hawsers that rise in long arcs up to a huge metal cage floating above and behind the procession. Binding the cage are metal straps to which ropes are attached. Inside is the Girl still enveloped in gossamer which billows as if there were a breeze in constant attendance.

CUT TO:

SAM

As he dives out of shot.

CUT TO:

THE FORCES OF DARKNESS

Suddenly stopping in their tracks. They've seen something.

CUT TO:

THEIR POV

There at the end of the passage between two stone skyscrapers stands Sam... barring the way.

CUT TO:

SWORDS BEING UNSHEATHED

Cowls being thrown back. Underneath are rotting, broken dolls' faces. All the faces are the same except for the manner in which they have decayed. They smile slobbering, sickeningly. Suddenly the robed bodies change shape some rising up to become long, others expanding sideways to become bulbous, others shrinking. From the folds of cloth come evil weapons. The Forces are massed ready to charge. CUT TO LONG SHOT of Sam. He removes his arms from his wings and folds the wings behind him. He is ready.

CUT TO:

THE FORCES

Nothing moves... except for the constant dribble from their cracked mouths.

CUT BACK TO SAM

Stillness. The tension is unbearable. Suddenly Sam unleashes a terrifying scream and charges the fearsome horde. Unarmed!

CUT TO:

THE FORCES

Thundering down to Sam. Weapons
flailing madly.

Sam skillfully dodges the swordthrust of the leading field, and karate chops him senseless at the same time catching his sword as he falls. Spinning around he parries a spearthrust and skewers a third attacker. Slash! Hack! Stab! He lays waste to the Forces. Nothing can stop this boy. The pile of black-robed bodies grows with each swing of Sam's sword. Wham! Bam! Smash! Sam carves his way through the mob with nary a scratch. And then, suddenly, they are all dead, but a heap of blackness to commemorate Sam's prowess. The Girl is beaming as Sam makes his way toward the hawsers holding the cage. But then a noise behind him makes him turn. There, behind him the pile of black shapes begin to rise. The ropes become a mass of flapping black cloth. This evil churning cloud coalesces and lifts off the ground. The horrible flapping apparition emits a terrifying maniacal laughter as it flies away. Sam is about to rush after it to halt its escape but is stopped by the sound of a telephone ringing. He looks around confused.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

TIGHT SHOT of telephone. The ringing continues. A hand grapples with the receiver. Sam is in bed in a darkened room. Sleepily he drags receiver to his ear.

SAM

Hello... What... what? Oh... Mr.
Kurtzman!... You're up late. Oh,
is it?

There is an electronic box of tricks by his bed, incorporating an alarm. Sam thumps it. The alarm goes off. This sets off a series of other things... The window shutters roll up letting in the morning light. Both taps turn on in the bathroom...

SAM

(into phone)

The electronics here are up the
spout. Yours too, sir? Don't worry
sir I'll be there.

Sam puts down the phone and gets into his suit which is moving towards him. Noticing one of his film posters is loose he pushes the pin in firmly.

In the kitchen a coffee maker starts up. In the sitting room the television switches on. Back in the bedroom a cupboard door springs open and a rack slides out with Sam's clothes neatly hanging ready to be put on. Sam comes out of the bathroom, having turned off the bath taps, and starts to get dressed. In the kitchen the coffee-maker has finished making a small pot of coffee. Sam pours a quick cup and is gone at the door. Throughout all this we have

had a chance to get a glimpse of Sam's flat. It is functional, soulless and, though neat, has not been assembled with a loving hand. Most of the furnishings are built in. The walls are divided into two-foot square metal panels painted a non-committal colour. Certain of the wall panels have Central Services logos on them with the admonition "Do not obstruct or remove" below. Sam has livened his bedroom up with large and colorful film posters. The sitting room sports several framed pictures of wide beautiful vistas.

INT. MINISTRY OF INFORMATION LOBBY - DAY

This is a gigantic, vaguely 30's monumental-style building. The lobby is a vast impressive space containing reception desks, fountains, statues etc. Prominent are the security measures, which include automatic mobile cameras, video screens and groups of SECURITY MEN who search all who enter. Sam is finishing going through Security when he meets JACK who is on his way out of the building.

JACK

Sam!

SAM

Jack!

JACK

Long time no see!

SAM

Well, since you disappeared up the ladder of Information Retrieval... I don't expect to see you slumming in Records what's the problem?

JACK

Problem? No problem. Yes, everything's going fantastically well, wonderful, marvelous, great career prospects, Alison in great shape, kids fine, beautiful home, I'm on Security Level Five now, and Mr. Helpmann relies on me more and more, yes, couldn't be better, I feel terrifically motivated and job- rewarded

SAM

You sound worried.

JACK

Me? if I'm worried about anyone, it's you. What happened to you, Sam? You were the brightest of us.

As they have been talking, a nearby bank of closed circuit

TV screens has been displaying shots of people entering the lobby. As each one enters the CAMERA ZOOMS IN TIGHT on their faces for a frozen CLOSEUP. Jill has just entered and the CAMERA ZOOMS IN and freezes on her face. Sam happens to glance up at this moment. He is startled the over-exposed TV image is the face of the GIRL FROM THE DREAM. The face is only there a few seconds before being replaced by another picture. Sam looks about to see where the Girl is, but Jill, in overalls, has her back to him as she stands in the queue for the Information desk and so there is no-one even vaguely reminiscent of the Dream Girl. Sam decides he must have imagined it. Over this Jack has been talking.

JACK

What's the matter?

SAM

Sorry. Nothing.

(snapping out of it)

See you I'm going to be late.

JACK

(looking at his
watch)

You are late.

SAM

Even later.

JACK

Sam, your life is going wrong let
your friends tell you Records is
a dead end department, no Security
Level worth a damn, it's impossible
to get noticed

SAM

Yes, I know, fantastic, marvellous,
wonderful remember me to Alison
and the er.. Twins.

JACK

Triplets.

SAM

Really? God, how time flies!

As Sam heads off to the lift, he passes a group of MEN standing around a temporary TV monitor. Several of them are dressed in white lab coats. They are being explained the benefits of a new surveillance system by a salesman type. His assistant is operating the controls. On the monitor we can see Jill standing in the queue for the Information desk. The CAMERA appears to be tracking in on her.

CUT TO:

JILL

At top of queue with several forms in her hand. A strange prototype radio controlled camera on a wheeled base is whirring and clicking as it approaches her. Throughout the next sequence it pokes around Jill in an annoying manner thrusting itself at her face, trying to see what is written on the forms, peering over her shoulder. Jill hands a form to the Information Porter.

JILL

I want to report a wrongful arrest.

PORTER

(looking at form)

You want Information Adjustments.
Different department.

JILL

(exasperated but
controlled)

I've been to Information
Adjustments. They sent me here.
They told me you had a form I had
to fill in.

PORTER

Have you got an Arrest Receipt?

JILL

Yes.

PORTER

Is it stamped?

JILL

(producing Buttle
receipt)

Stamped?

PORTER

(examining receipt)

No, there's no stamp on it. You
see! I can't give you the form
until it's stamped.

JILL

Where do I get it stamped?

PORTER

Information Adjustments.

The radio-controlled camera noses right up to Jill's face as she turns. She swats the annoying thing with her stack of forms as she storms off. The camera overbalances and crashes into the desk sparking and spluttering.

CUTTING BACK TO THE GROUP AROUND THE MONITOR

We see a deeply hurt SALESMAN and several sceptical white-coated TECHNICIANS.

INT. MR. KURTZMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sam is busily working at the console, unraveling a problem while Kurtzman looks on anxiously and ineffectually.

KURTZMAN

Perhaps the machine's on the blink!
It keeps picking up old films.
That can't be right, can it?

SAM

It's not the machine. There's a mismatch on the personnel code numbers... Ah there we go! That's a B58/732 when it should be a T47/215... Tuttle... he should have £31.06, debited against his account for electrical procedures, not Buttle.

KURTZMAN

Oh my God, a mistake!

SAM

It's not our mistake!

KURTZMAN

(eagerly)
Isn't it? Whose is it?

SAM

Information Retrieval.

KURTZMAN

Oh, good!

SAM

Expediting has put in for electrical procedures in respect of Buttle, Archibald, shoe repair operative, but Security has invoiced Admin for Tuttle, Archibald, heating engineer.

Sam is still punching keys.

KURTZMAN

What a relief! I don't know what I'd do if you ever got promoted.

SAM

Don't worry.

KURTZMAN

But if they did promote you

SAM

I've told you before. I'd turn it
down.

KURTZMAN

Would you really, Sam?

SAM

Really.

KURTZMAN

(churned up)

You've been promoted.

Kurtzman hands Sam a sheet of printed paper. Sam takes the
paper, not pleased, and glances at it.

CLOSE-UP OF PAPER:

"LOWRY, S. (RECORDS. MIN OF INF.) TRANSFER TO INFORMATION
RETRIEVAL (Expediting, Security Level 3)."

KURTZMAN

It's your mother isn't it? Pulling
strings again.

SAM

(explodes)

What a BITCH!

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE DAY

CUT TO AN OLD WOMAN'S FACE

Reflected in triplicate in a three-panelled mirror. A pair
of MAN's hands have a grip on her flabby cheeks, pulling
them out several inches on either side of her face. When I
say several inches that's just what I mean. Not only are
her jowls being stretched like silly putty but they are
also being wrapped around to the back of her neck to
demonstrate how tight and smooth her face can be made by
DOCTOR who is prattling on over this freak show.

DOCTOR

Now, when you come in tomorrow,
Mrs. Lowry, we'll make a little
tuck here... and there...

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT OF DOCTOR'S SURGERY

It looks a bit like a cross between an operating theatre and a boudoir. The cold steel, glass and plastic surfaces are badly disguised with pastel coloured chintz and satin. At the dressing table sits the old woman, SAM'S MOTHER. Behind her stands the Doctor. He is much like his surgery. He has tailored his surgical garments like a gigolo's dressing gown. It seems that he has done a bit of tuck-taking on himself. There is a certain plastic smoothness to his skin, but all in all he has been fairly successful. Sam is pacing around, raving.

SAM

(angrily)

I just wish you would stop interfering, mother! I don't want promotion. I'm happy where I am.

MOTHER

No you're not. Jack Lint is a lesson to you he never had your brains but he's got the ambition. You haven't got the ambition but luckily you've got me. And Mr. Helpmann. Mr. Helpmann was very close

DOCTOR

Now, Mrs. Lowry, don't get upset
(so Sam)
Please wait in reception, Mr. Lowry, you're giving her wrinkles.

MOTHER

You see!

Sam groans.

DOCTOR

Now Mrs. Lowry, try to relax. You must trust me. I'll make you twenty years younger...

SAM

Huh!

DOCTOR

(giving Sam a dirty
look)
... twenty-five if we just drain the excess fluid from the pouches...

MOTHER

Dr. Jaffe, you're a genius. Would you like to be Surgeon General? Four Star. I know everybody.

DOCTOR

Well they won't know you when I've

finished with you.

The Doctor reaches into his smock pocket for a coloured marker. He starts colouring up her face with strokes of different coloured markers.

DOCTOR

First we must eliminate the excess derma... so!... Then the flaccid tissues under the eyes... And now the forehead... Zip! I lift the wrinkles and worry lines right up into the wi into the hairline, comme ca...

Sam looks disgusted.

DOCTOR

And now the template... There... there... there... Now a bit of sticky... There we go!
(triumphantly)
Already she is twice as beautiful as she was before voila!

The Doctor moves his body aside, revealing Mrs. Lowry's face, covered with coloured lines and wrapped in cellophane held in shape by cellotape. Sam stares at her.

SAM

My God, it works.

INT. POSH RESTAURANT (ENTRANCE) - DAY

The conversation between Sam and his Mother takes place while they are going through the sort of security checks familiar at airports. They are, however, just outside the velvet rope of the posh restaurant.

MOTHER

(in full flow)

Mr. Helpmann was very close to your poor father. He was very close to me. Still is. He'll take you under his wing at Information Retrieval. You'll like it when you get there.

SAM

You're not listening, mother.

A warning buzzer goes off as Mother's handbag goes thru security check. It turns out to have been activated by a gaily wrapped package. A SECURITY GUARD relieves her of it and unwraps the package which contains the same kind of executive toy which we have seen twice before.

MOTHER

It's a present for my son.

She takes the toy back and hands it to Sam.

MOTHER

I hope you like it. It's very exclusive.

SAM

What is it?

MOTHER

It's something for executives.

At this point the MAITRE'D arrives on the scene.

MAITRE'D

Madam Lowry, how exquisite to see you again. Merry Christmas.

He pulls aside the velvet rope with a grand flourish. He looks disdainfully at Sam's unfashionable clerk's suite

MOTHER

Hello, Spiro. Merry Christmas.

SPIRO

(blocking Sam's way)

I'm sorry but...

MOTHER

You remember Samuel, my son.

SPIRO

(suddenly unctious)

Oh, but of course...

MOTHER

We're meeting Mrs. Terrain.

SAM

Are we?

SPIRO

Ah yes, the lady is waiting.

Spiro leads the way. Sam and his Mother follow, across the restaurant which is much like the Palm Court at the Plaza New York. Trellises, marble columns, antique mirroring, potted palms combine to impress us with their sophistication and taste. A string quartet can just be made out against the far wall. Except for the unfortunate intrusion of metal tubing and ducting brutally thrusting across areas of the ceiling, occasionally penetrating right through the middle of a particularly valuable-looking mirror, the general effect is one of confident wealth and breeding. Sam, Mother

and Maitre'd make their way across the room. The waltzing strains of the string quartet accompanying them.

CUT TO:

GROUP OF TABLES WITH DINERS

At one of them sits a wealthy-looking OLDER WOMAN with a rather plain-looking DAUGHTER in her 20s. The Older Woman is easily distinguished from the other clientele by a large bandage that covers a goodish part of her head. The two of them (the Mother and Daughter, not the Mother and bandage) are perusing the menus. Sam notes the Daughter, unpleased.

SAM

Mother, I thought we were going to be able to talk... Oh God, she's got what's he name with her.

Sam and his Mother arrive at the table.

MRS. TERRAIN

Ida! Sam!

MOTHER

Alma, how are you? You're looking wonderful! Hello, Shirley.

SHIRLEY

(shy to Sam)

Salt?

MRS. TERRAIN

(to Shirley)

Not yet.

(to Sam and Mother)

Happy Christmas, Sam.

She hands Sam a gaily wrapped package which obviously contains the same executive toy.

MOTHER

Sorry we're late. Shall we order?
Get it out of the way. What are you going to have Alma?

She starts to hunt through the huge menu the Maitre'd has just handed her with full colour photos of the splendid dishes available.

MRS. TERRAIN

I can't make up my mind whether to have a number one or a number two. What do you recommend, Spiro?

SPIRO

(conspiratorially)

Between you and me, Madam, today
the number two.

MRS. TERRAIN
Thank you, Spiro. Shirley, what
are you going to have?

SHIRLEY
(panics quietly)

SPIRO
(conspiratorially)
Between you and me, Mademoiselle,
today the number one. Madam Lowry?

MOTHER
Oh, to hell with the diet, a number
eight, please.

SPIRO
A most perceptive choice, Madam,
if I may say so.
(to Sam)
Monsieur?

SAM
(brusquely)
A steak, please. Rare.
(to his mother)
Mother, I need to...

SPIRO
(piqued)
Monsieur. Quel numero.

SAM
(handing back menu)
I don't know which numero.

SPIRO
(writing on pad)
Numero, trois.

Everyone is a bit embarrassed here. Mother gives Sam a
withering look. Spiro stalks away.

MOTHER
(trying to restart
things)
Alma, you wicked thing...
(indicating bandages)
you've started your treatment.

MRS. TERRAIN
You noticed.
(enthusiastically)
I must tell you all about it.

SAM

(to his mother)

Mother, will you listen to At this moment the food arrives. Spiro elaborately lifts off the silver covers and with a flourish distributes the plates of food. Each order looks identical a big splodge of brown lumpy stuff. The only differences between the lumps are the Identifying photographs on sticks stuck in each. The beautiful colour photos match the photos which were on the menus.

SPIRO

(showing off that
he remembers who's
ordered what)

Numero huit, braised veal in wine sauce.

(he sets it in front
of Sam's Mother)

MRS. TERRAIN

It's too exciting. I've left Dr Jaffe and gone to Dr. Chapman.

SPIRO

Numero deux, duck a l'orange.

(he sets it in front
of Mrs. Terrain)

MOTHER

The acid man?

MRS. TERRAIN

Really, Ida, just because his techniques are revolutionary... I don't go around calling Dr. Jaffe the knife man.

SPIRO

Numero une, crevettes à la mayonnaise.

(he sets it in front
of Shirley)

MOTHER

I'm sorry Alma, I didn't mean to sound so...

MRS. TERRAIN

That's all right Ida... it's just that he's such an artist. To him, cutting is so crude... so primitive.

SPIRO
Numero trois, steak.
(he sets this in
front of Sam)
Monsieur, Mesdames, Bon appetit.

ALL BUT SAM
Merci.

MRS. TERRAIN
Acid on the other hand, can be
used for such wonderfully subtle
shading, such delicate nuances
just like a Rembrant etching...
and it's so much quicker. Why, if
it weren't for a teensy-weensy
complication the doctor said it
could have happened to anyone I
would have had these bandages off
yesterday.

SHIRLEY
(to Sam, after
attracting her
mother's attention
and receiving a
nod)
Salt?

They are just about to dip into their respective splodges
when there is a terrific explosion a huge hole is blasted
out of the wall to the kitchen. Chaos erupts around the
carnage as WAITERS try putting out the flames with
extinguishers. PEOPLE, bloody and dying, are moaning. The
DINERS not actually affected by the blast look up for a
moment and then, with a few raised eyebrows, go back to
their meals.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE EXPLOSION

MOTHER
What were we saying?

SAM
(picking bomb debris
out of his brown
lump)
This isn't rare!

MOTHER
By the way, I saw a wonderful idea
for Christmas presents at the
chemists. Gift tokens. Medical
gift tokens.

MRS. TERRAIN

Oh, that sounds marvellous.

MOTHER

Yes, they're good at any doctor's
and at many of the major hospitals
and they're accepted for
gynecological complications
including Caesarian section.

Sam, in the act of taking in another forkful of his
unappetising meal, drops his form in disgust

SAM

Look please I'm sorry but
honestly, mother, this is MOTHER.

I quite agree! It's impossible!

Mother raises her arm to gain the attention of the Maitre'd
who is frantically trying to deal with the emergency. The
activity in the background has increased throughout the
conversation. The fire-brigade has arrived with sirens
blaring. Ministry TROOPS have charged in and are arresting
WAITERS. Stretchers have been bought in for the injured
and these are being rushed past our little group's table.
The Maitre'd comes to the table, his DJ now blood-spattered.

MAITRE'D

I am sorry, Madam... I don't know
what to say... this very rarely
happens to us I'll do what I can
straight away He hurries away.

MRS. TERRAIN

Really, Sam when are you going to
do something about these terrorists?

SAM

What? Now? It's my lunch hour.

MOTHER

Actually, Alma, that's one of the
little things I was dying to tell
you... Sam's been promoted to
Information Retrieval.

SAM

(angry and surprised)
Mother!

MRS. TERRAIN

Oh that's wonderful! Congratulations
Sam...

SHIRLEY

You can show those fucking murderous
bastards a thing or two.

MRS. TERRAIN
(shocked and
embarrassed)
Shirley!

SAM
Stop this!
(leaping to his
feet)
I'm not being promoted. I'm not
going to Information Retrieval!
(he scrumples
promotion
notification which
he has been holding
and throws it on
the floor)
If I want you to stick your oar
in, mother, I'll tell you where to
stick it!

Everybody is shocked. He recovers his composure slightly.
Embarrassed, he bends, and picks up the ball of paper which
he starts smoothing back into its flat state.

SHIRLEY
(back to her
uncertain form)
Pepper...?

SAM
Look I've got to get back As Sam
goes, Maitre'd reappears with a
group of WAITERS those remaining
unarrested whom he has organised
to gut up a folding screen around
the table. This cuts off the sight
if not the noise of the victims of
the explosion.

MOTHER
Sam... you haven't had dessert.

SAM
I'm sorry. I don't want dessert.
I don't want promotion. I don't
want anything.

MOTHER
Don't be childish, Samuel. Of course
you want something. You must have
hopes, wishes, dreams.

Their voices have been rising towards a shout in order to
rise above the volume of the growing chaos around them.

SAM
(shouts loud)
NO, NOTHING. NOT EVEN DREAMS!

EXT. BRILLIANT SKY - DAY

Sam as his dream-self rises INTO SHOT, his wings straining as he tows the floating cage imprisoning the girl. They are rising up and away from the monolithic stone skyscrapers that stretch away below them.

SAM
I'm taking you to a safe place. A
place where they will never be
able to get at us... ever.

An eyeball is scanning the sky. PULLING BACK we see it is but one of thousands, tightly packed side by side forming a landscape that extends as far as we can see. As Sam and the girl in her cage come into view it becomes apparent just how big these eyeballs are they are gigantic about 10 feet in diameter. All of them follow Sam as he comes to rest on a platform high atop a column that rises from the centre of this bizarre place.

SAM
There's no way they can approach
us without being seen. You're safe
here.

He anchors the hawser holding the cage and takes off his wings. Just as he starts climbing up to the cage a terrific cracking noise is heard. Sam freezes.

A dead straight crack is bisecting the sky from somewhere beyond the horizon running right up the sky and over the camera. Sam follows it as it continues over the Girl and down to the opposite horizon. Another crackling noise is heard. Another crack appears. Then another. And another. All these cracks are emanating from a vanishing point over the horizon. Soon the sky is covered with these cracks from horizon to foreground. Then cracks begin appearing at right angles to them. Very quickly the sky is covered with a mammoth grid. Once it is complete, another noise is heard. Something like massive blocks of stone sliding against one another. One of the squares formed by the grid pattern begins to slide upwards as if being pulled out from the back side of the sky. A square hole is left in its place. We can see the sides of the hole as it extends upwards into blackness. As soon as this first block of sky is withdrawn, another begins to slide up and away. Sam is frozen in position as this terrifying spectacle goes on above him. The eyeballs are madly looking this way and that. The grinding noises are deafening as block after block of sky is removed. With each successive loss the light decreases. The Girl is crying out for Sam to save her. Frantically Sam tries to haul the cage down to the

platform but it's too late. Where the sky was is now pitch black. Only one block of sky remains. Slowly that final bit of sky is pulled up and out of shot. Total blackness. A maniacal laughter can be heard. A beam of light is switched on. Sam has a searchlight in his hand and is searching the darkness. The laughter continues. Suddenly the beam catches something black and moving. it's the same black, flapping cloth that appeared at the end of the previous dream. The horrible flapping thing comes thundering down on Sam. He is engulfed in the black awfulness.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam is in bed, grappling with the bedclothes. He is dripping with sweat and screaming. The room is oppressively hot. He gets up and looks at the thermostat. It reads 99. He fumbles with it, but to no avail. It's stuck.

CUT TO:

SAM

Coming into the sitting room. He rushes over to the window and tries to open it. But it wasn't designed to be opened. Screws hold it firmly shut. Sam heads to the kitchen He finds a knife which he uses to unscrew the window. He swings the window open and takes a deep breath. GAG! COUGH! HACK! A terrible greeny-brown smog pours in through the window. Desperately Sam shuts the window and madly tightens up the screws. Swinging a newspaper, he tries clearing a path through the clouded atmosphere. He makes it to the front door and staggers out into the hall gasping for air. CUT TO telephone being lifted from its cradle. Pull back as Sam with opened telephone directory in front of him dials. He is seated in his kitchen. In front of his open refrigerator. The phone rings at the other end.

SAM

(into phone)

Hello Central Services I'm at
579B Block 19, Northwestern Section
D that's exit 1 on Green Pastures
Highway at the Orange Blossom
Flyover and I've got trouble with
the air- conditioning

PHONE VOICE

Thank you or calling Central
Services. am sorry, due to temporary
staff shortage, Central Services
cannot take service calls centrally
between 2300 and 0900 hours have
a nice day this has not been a
recording, incident-

SAM

This is an emergency!

PHONE VOICE

Thank you for calling Central
Services. I am sorry, due

SAM

Yes, but. I've got to have a heating
engineer

PHONE VOICE

Thank you for calling Cen..

Sam slams the phone down.

CUT TO:

SAM

Sitting in front of the refrigerator. The door is open and he has wedged a chair into the gap in a desperate bid to keep cool. He is nodding off. As his head slumps against one of the shelves, a jar of pickled onions falls to the floor. The onions scattering everywhere.

EXT. DARKNESS - NIGHT

The milky white spheres tumble everywhere. But they are not onions, they are the giant eyeballs burtling through space. Sam is clinging desperately to one. He grabs the pupil for a better handhold and it opens like a hatch cover. Sam manages to pull himself inside. Once out of the intergalactic maelstrom, Sam turns to survey the cramped and dark space inside the eyeball. It seems to be bisected by a dividing wall, from which a thin sliver of light is escaping. Pushing on the wall in the area of the slit, Sam is able to move a section. More light shaftes into the tiny space from around the edges of what appears to be a small hatch. Sam scrunches down and really puts his shoulder to the hatch. with a metallic rasp it gives way and Sam crashes through.

CUT TO:

OTHER SIDE OF OPENING

As Sam topples through. He catches himself in the nick of time as the camera zooms back revealing his close call with disaster. He is high on a vast wall of what looks like filing cabinets. The hatch he came through was the front of one of the millions of files-drawers composing this wall. As he scrambles back into the opening we can see that the wall drops away for hundreds of feet, disappear into a steaming mist. Other walls of files enclose this vast space. From where Sam is it looks like the view from the 50th storey of the Time Life building in NYC. These millions of files are being tended by MEN arising themselves up and down, as well as sideways, on modern skyscraper

window-cleaners' platforms. The attendants are seen putting PEOPLE in different period costumes into drawers. Sam's attention is distracted by a sound overhead. Looking up he sees a window washer platform being lowered in his direction. Leaning over the side is a JOLLY GENT, who happens to look like Mr. Helpmann (as seen on TV).

GENT

Ah ha... there you are, Sam.

SAM

What? How do you know my name?

GENT

We know everything here. This is the Storeroom of Knowledge.

SAM

(climbing onto the platform)

Then perhaps you can help me. I've lost someone who...

GENT

(interrupting)

We know that too. You've come to the right place.

The platform carries them along the files.

GENT

Oh, yes. We've got everything here. Every bit of knowledge, wisdom, learning... every experience, every thought neatly filed away.

SAM

(incredulous)

What? You mean you've got...

GENT

Well not exactly. But, if you help us we'll help you. The Forces Of Darkness have won the day... but, tomorrow is another one

SAM

What do I have to do.

GENT

You must save the day.

The platform has stopped. The Gent pulls out a drawer. He reaches inside.

The Gent pulls out a wonderful sword and helmet.

GENT

This is the Sword Of Truth... and
this the Helmet Of Justice.

As Sam begins to strap on the weapon the Gent brings out a
cape.

GENT

And this completes the outfit.

He puts the cape around Sam's shoulders and helps him step
into the drawer. A moment's hesitation and then Sam puts
the helmet on and lies down in the drawer. It fits just
like a coffin.. As he lies back the Gent pushes the drawer
in.

GENT

It won't be pleasant but, trust
me.

As the drawer is pushed in Sam suffers a sudden bout of
claustrophobia. Looking up at the diminishing opening he
is surprised to see not the face of the Jolly Gent but a
terrifying SAMURAI WARRIOR'S MASKED HELMET. Sam struggles
to prevent the drawer being closed.

INT. SAM'S FLAT - NIGHT

Sam is grabbing the walls of the fridge. Water from the
defrosted freezer compartment drips on his head. He wakes
up. Before he can really take in where he is the phone
rings. He staggers over to it.

SAM

Hello... hello...

PHONE VOICE

Hello. Mr. Lowry?

SAM

Who's that?

(pause)

A sound at the kitchen door turns
Sam's head and ours just in time
to half see a quick blurred
movement, but then a rapid voice
in his ear-piece brings his head
back.

PHONE VOICE

Put the phone down and your hands
up.

SAM

(into the phone)

What? Who is this?

Sam realises that the voice is also in the room behind him. He turns round and sees TUTTLE. Tuttle is middle-aged, a short tough figure dressed in dark clothes suggesting a cross between a cat burglar and a night-raid commando. In one hand he holds a gun pointed at Sam. The other hand is holding a telephone receiver which Tuttle is in the act of placing in the large capacious bag at his feet. Sam puts down his phone, and his hands up.

TUTTLE

Nice and easy now. Keep your hands where I can see them.

SAM

What is this?
(indignantly)
Who the hell are you?

Tuttle, keeping the gun on Sam, goes to different doors, leaning backwards into bedroom, bathroom and closet.

Tuttle suddenly relaxes and pockets his gun.

TUTTLE

Harry Tuttle. Heating engineer. At your service.

SAM

Tuttle! Are you from Central Services?

TUTTLE

Ha!!

SAM

But... I called Central Services.

TUTTLE

They're a bit overworked these days. Luckily I intercepted your call.

SAM

What?

By now, both are pouring with sweat. Tuttle heads across the room and swiftly begins to undo a wall panel.

SAM

Wait a minute, what was that business with the gun?

Tuttle hands Sam the panel and plunges his arm into the space behind it.

TUTTLE

A little precaution, sir. I've had

traps set for me before now. There are people in Central Services who'd love to get their hands on Harry Tuttle.

SAM

Are you saying this is illegal?

By now Tuttle has managed to pull out some sections of flexible ducting from the welter of mechanical offal behind the removed panel. It is all very complicated and greasy and it looks as though there is a lot more where that came from. Tuttle is amazingly neat and deft as he works. A real pro. As he works he hums a wee tune... yes... "BRAZIL"!!

TUTTLE

Well, yes... and no. Officially, only Central Service operatives are supposed to touch this stuff... Could you hold these.

(he hands Sam a bunch of wires that he has detached)

... but, with all the new rules and regulations... unncgh, c'mon, c'mon... they can't get decent staff any more... so... they tend to turn a blind eye... as long as I'm careful.

(he hands Sam a torch)

... Mind you, if ever they could prove I'd been working on their equipment... well, that's a different matter... up a bit with the torch, sir.

SAM

Sorry. wouldn't it be easier just to work for Central Services?

TUTTLE

Couldn't stand the pa.. Ah, we're getting warm

SAM

The pace?

TUTTLE

The paperwork, couldn't stand the paperwork.

(indicating the torch)

Over to the left please, if you don't mind sir. Hold it there. Yes, there's more bits of paper in

Central Services than bits of pipe
read this, fill in that, hand in
the other listen, this old system
of yours could be on fire and I
couldn't even turn on the kitchen
tap without filling in a 27B/6...
Bloody paperwork.

SAM

(mildly)

Well I suppose one has to expect a
certain amount

TUTTLE

Why? I came into this game for
adventure go anywhere, travel light,
get in, get out, wherever there's
trouble, a man alone. Now they've
got the whole country sectioned of
and you can't move without a form.
I'm the last of a breed. Ah ha!
Found it!

(he holds up a small
charred gadget)

There's your problem.

SAM

Can you fix it?

TUTTLE

No. But I can bypass it with one
of these.

He pulls another gadget from his bag.

SAM

Fine.

The door bell. Tuttle grabs for his gun.

TUTTLE

Are you expecting anyone?

SAM

No. Wait here.

He goes out closing the immediate door and goes to the
front door which he opens. He is confronted by two officious
little men in boiler suits who are standing outside his
door. Their names are SPOOR and DOWSER. Dowser is Spoor's
echo.

SAM

Yes?

SPOOR

Central Services.

DOWSER

... ervices.

SAM

Uh what? I...

SPOOR

You telephone, sir.

DOWSER

... elephoned sir.

SPOOR

Trouble with your air-conditioning.

DOWSER

... ditioning.

SAM

(gulps)

No, not at all. I mean, it's all right. It's fixed.

SPOOR

Fixed?

DOWSER

Fixed?

They don't like that.

SAM

I mean it fixed itself.

SPOOR

Fixed itself.

DOWSER

... ixed itself.

SPOOR

Machines don't fix themselves.

DOWSER

... fix themselves.

SPOOR

He's tampered with it, Dowser.

DOWSER

... ampered. with it, Spoor.

SAM

Look, I'm sorry about your wasted journey.

Sam tries to close the door but Spoor prevents this.

SPOOR

(to Dowser)

I think we'd better have a look.

DOWSER

... have a look.

SAM

No you can't.

He is pushed aside. Spoor followed by Dowser, heads for the door behind which is Mr. Tuttle. Sam is paralysed. Spoor approaches the door as if it is dangerous. He turns the handle quietly and gives the door a little nudge. The door begins to swing slowly open. Sam suddenly finds inspiration.

SAM

Just a minute!

Spoor and Dowser turn round as the door continues to swing open. When the door is open, behind their backs Tuttle is seen holding his pistol in a two-handed grip, his knees slightly bent. Tuttle freezes like that, pointing his pistol through the open door.

SAM

Have you got a 27B/6?

Dowser looks very angry. Veins stand out on his forehead and he goes into what looks like some sort of fit. Spoor knocks him to the ground.

SPOOR

(to Sam)

Now look what you've done to him.

SAM

Have you got one or haven't you?

SPOOR

Not... as such...

Dowser moans and begins to get back on his feet.

SPOOR

But we can get one.

(worried about Dowser)

It's all right, Terry, it's all right, everything's all right.

SAM

(ushering them to
the door)

I'm sorry, but I'm a bit of a

stickler for paper work. Where would we be if we didn't follow the correct procedures?

SPOOR

We'll be back.

DOWSER

... Be back.

SAM

(closing the door
on them)

Thank you.

Sam turns back to Tuttle who is coming forward pocketing his gun.

TUTTLE

Thanks, Lowry, you're a good man in a tight corner.

Tuttle returns to work, fitting in the new by-pass gadget and tightening the nuts, and happily humming "BRAZIL".

SAM

Listen... um... I don't want to get involved in any of this. But I work at the Ministry of Information, and I happen to know that Information Retrieval have been looking for an Archibald Tuttle, Heating Engineer. You wouldn't by any chance be..

TUTTLE

(pleased)

My friends call me Harry. Information Retrieval, eh? Interesting!

SAM

What do they want you or?

TUTTLE

Time to go.

Tuttle finishes the job and throws his tools into the bag.

SAM

Thank you very much. How much will it...?

TUTTLE

On the house. You did me a favor. Check the corridor.

Sam goes to the front door, opens it and looks out.

SAM

All clear.

Tuttle slips out and heads off down the balcony corridor.

SAM

Hey that's a dead end.

But Tuttle merely undoes a pre-arranged rope and swings Tarzan-like off the end of the balcony and across a multi-story void to a neighboring block. Sam is amazed not to say stunned.

INT. RECORDS POOL - DAY

Sam is at his desk among all the desks. Documents are being delivered right, left and centre through the vacuum tubes. All the CLERKS are busy. The screens are devoted to their proper use. All this activity is explained by the fact the Mr. Kurtzman's door is wide open. At the next desk is another Clerk much like Sam, his Neighbour.

NEIGHBOUR

I think Kurtzman getting is suspicious.

SAM

What have we got on today?

NEIGHBOUR

Casablanca.

Kurtzman appears in his doorway.

KURTZMAN

(calls out)

Mr. Lowry! Would you step in here a moment please.

We go with Kurtzman as he closes the office door behind him, we are now in...

INT. KURTZMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Kurtzman is pacing anxiously. Sam walks into the office. During the brief opening and closing of the door we just manage to hear the piano player in "Casablanca" singing, "... a kiss is just a kiss..." Kurtzman is too worried to notice. He is holding a piece of paper gingerly as if it were contagious. He waves it frantically as Sam enters.

KURTZMAN

(hysterically)

Thank God you're here! We're in terrible trouble! Look at this!

Look at this!

He thrusts the piece of paper at Sam.

SAM

(taking the paper)

A cheque.

KURTZMAN

The refund for Tuttle!

SAM

(startled)

Tuttle?

KURTZMAN

I mean, Buttle! It's been confusion from the word go! He's been wrongly charged for Electromemorytherapy and someone somewhere is trying to make us carry the can!

SAM

I've never seen a Ministry cheque before.

KURTZMAN

We've got to get rid of it! There's been a balls-up somewhere, and when the music stops they'll jump on whoever's holding the cheque!

SAM

Send it to somebody else. Send it to Buttle. It's his cheque.

KURTZMAN

I've tried that! Population Census have got him down as dormant, the Central Collective Storehouse computer has got him down as deleted, and the Information Retrieval have got him down as inoperative... Security has him down as excised., Admin have him down as completed

SAM

Hang on.

Sam sits down at the console and punches keys. He does this very efficiently, muttering to himself and generally demonstrating an expertise which obviously leaves Kurtzman way out of his depth, until

SAM

He is dead.

KURTZMAN

Dead! Oh no! That's terrible! We'll never get rid of the damned thing! What are we going to do?

SAM

Try next of kin.

KURTZMAN

(a revelation)

Next of kin!

Sam punches more keys.

SAM

There we go. Mrs. Veronica Buttle. What's the number on the cheque?

KURTZMAN

(reading it)

27156789/074328/K.

Sam has been efficiently punching this in.

SAM

Into memory. Now... Central Banking... Buttle, Veronica... Deposit Sam rips off a print out, rapidly stuffs it and the cheque into a cannister and then into a vacuum tube. A job well done.

KURTZMAN

(fervently)

Please don't come back! Please don't come back!

Unfortunately Kurtzman's prayers are not answered and the vacuum tube returns almost immediately. Sam opens it up. From the computer screen comes a voice "Play it again, Sam" Sam and Kurtzman look at the screen. We get a quick glimpse of Humphrey Bogart before the screen reverts to numbers.

SAM

Problem. She doesn't have a bank account.

KURTZMAN

(hysterically)

Well, that's it! I may as well go and hang myself! This sort of thing couldn't have happened before the stupid seventh tier reorganization! That was Simmons doing! And he and Jeffries always sit together at

lunch! The bastards!
(he thumps his hand
hard on the desk
top)

Ow!
(he picks up the
offending cheque)
Perhaps we can lose it... behind
the filing cabinet... or destroy
it... burn it... eat it...

Under this tirade Sam has begun to hum "BRAZIL" not
entirely sure what inspired him.

SAM
You'd never get away with it.
Besides, you can't do that to
somebody's refund. It's Christmas.
There is one more option.

KURTZMAN
(depressed, not
really believing
it)
What?

SAM
Drive out to Mrs. Buttle, give her
the cheque, tell her to sign her
name on the back, cash it at the
corner sweet shop.

Kurtzman is dumbfounded by the audacity of this.

KURTZMAN
That's brilliant!

Sam takes over. In no time at all he has battered away at
the keyboard, slammed a cannister into a vacuum tube and
received almost immediately a cannister containing a sheaf
of different coloured papers.

SAM
I'll do it for you. Authorise the
cheque. What's the address?

Kurtzman scribbles it down for him.

KURTZMAN
Here. What do I do next?

SAM
Call the motor pool and authorise
personal transport.

KURTZMAN
Of course, of course. Leave it to

me. How do I authorize a cheque?

SAM

(separating the and
blue sheets)

Here we are. Pink and blue receipts.
All you've got to do is sign these
and the back of the cheque.

Kurtzman takes out his pen and tries to sign the papers
but his hand is giving him trouble.

KURTZMAN

(exhausted after
all the emotion)

Oh God! I think I've broken a bone.
What a pathetic thing I am.

SAM

(taking the pen
from him)

Here.

Sam signs the cheque and receipts. A big CLOSEUP shows
that he is scribbling Kurtzman's signature. Sam pockets
the papers and the pen.

SAM

That's it.

KURTZMAN

You are good to me Sam.

SAM

(leaving)

Don't mention it. See you later.

EXT. MOTORWAY TUNNEL - DAY

CUT TO Sam at the wheel of the little car, beetling along
in a seemingly endless, tube-like tunnel, menaced fore and
aft by huge buses, lorries and other carriers which
literally lift the little three-wheeler from the road
surface and shake it by the scruff of its tiny neck.

CUT TO Sam in interior of the Messerschmidt. He is singing
along to an obscure arrangement of "BRAZIL".

RADIO

(plays music for a
moment which then
fades out)

... We interrupt this programme to
bring you news of a terrorist
bombing at the...

(Sam switches off)

EXT. MOTORWAY TUNNEL - DAY

CUT TO EXTERIOR VIEW OF MESSERSCHMIDT still merrily progressing in arterial tunnel. CUT TO very tiny exit sign: "Exit 49"

CUT TO:

SAM

Peering at sign.

CUT TO:

MESSERSCHMIDT

Taking the exit just as a huge lorry roars by.

EXT. BUTTLE FLATS - DAY

Beautiful utopian block of high-rise flats gleam in the sunlight. Pulling back we reveal it to be an architect's model in a protective perspex case standing in the centre of a decorative fountain that has long ceased to work graffiti and junk are now the only decorations. In the background is the grim reality of the massive housing tower. Sam's Messerschmidt is just puling up in the shadow of the building which is grey, decrepid, vandalised. Huge conduits, pipes, and tubing frame the scene. Sam gets out of the car under the cool and none-too-friendly gaze of a few LOCALS. Self-consciously, Sam looks around him, then at the paper in his hand. A little group of KIDS sit pitching pennies against a wall. Sam goes over to them.

SAM

(super polite)

Excuse me. Can you tell me...

But before he can finish, the smallest, tiny KID looks up.

KID

Eff off.

Sam, uncomfortably, effs off.

He is watched, at some distance, impassively by the little Girl Butttle. As Sam enters the buildings one of the kids gets out a can of something and approaches the car. Another is fiddling, with a box of matches.

INT. BUTTLE FLATS - DAY

CUT TO Sam hesitantly walking into the semi-dereelict lobby of the big block of flats. Graffiti, vandalism are in evidence everywhere. He walks up to the lift. Pushes the button. Nothing happens. He pushes again. This time the lift door shudders and sparks. Sam tries to pull the doors

apart. They jam open with a three-inch gap between them still shuddering and grinding. In the sparking light, Sam can make out an interior crammed with garbage, junk, old furniture, dead cats. Yechhhh. Resignedly, he turns towards the stairs.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

CUT TO Sam coming breathlessly out of the stairwell. On the wall next to it is the number 37. Walking down the corridor he looks at the number and starts to knock, but then notices that the door is cracked open. Sam tries to knock on the door, but it keeps edging open and he settles for knocking on the door frame a bit feebly.

SAM

Mrs. Buttle

(silence)

Uh, Mrs. Buttle?

(silence)

Sam stands not knowing what to do.
Sam pushes the door a bit more open gingerly and puts about 65 per cent of his body into the hall of the flat. CUT TO SAM'S POV of darkish hall. Mrs. Buttle...

INT. BUTTLE SITTING ROOM - DAY

CUT TO Sam entering extremely tacky sitting-room shrouded in half-darkness. This is the same flat from which the FATHER was taken at the beginning of the film: the hole is still in the ceiling. Sam becomes aware of a woman sitting absolutely still at a small table by the only (still broken) window in the room.

SAM

Are you Mrs. Buttle?

The woman nods very slightly without looking at him.

SAM

My name is Lowry Sam Lowry. I'm from the Ministry of Information.

(no response)

I've come to give you a cheque.

Sam takes the cheque out of his pocket and puts it on the table to tempt Mrs. Buttle into a flicker of interest but she fails to notice it or him for that matter. Sam pushes the cheque a little way towards Mrs. Buttle but she does not respond.

SAM

(indicating cheque)

It's a refund... I'm afraid there was a mistake.

MRS. BUTTLE

Mistake?

SAM

(encouraged)

Yes. Not my department... I'm only records. It seems that Mr. Buttle was overcharged by Information Retrieval. I don't think they usually make mistakes... but, er... I suppose we're all human.

Sam looks around and sees the hole in the ceiling.

SAM

Oh... what happened to the...?

He gets nothing back.

Actually, my bringing this here is rather unorthodox... Usually any payments are made through the central computer... but, er... there were certain difficulties, and rather than cause delay, we thought you might appreciate this now... it being Christmas.

MRS. BUTTLE

My husband's dead, isn't he?

SAM

Er... I assure you Mrs. Buttle, the Ministry is always very scrupulous about following up and eradicating error. If you have any complaints which you'd like to make, I'd be more than happy to send you the appropriate forms.

MRS. BUTTLE

What have you done with his body?

SAM

Um...

Mrs. Buttle starts to cry.

SAM

Look, I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid I don't know anything about it... I'm really just delivering the cheque. Er... If you wouldn't mind signing these receipts
(producing blue and
pink receipts)
I'll go and leave you in peace.

Sam picks up the cheque and gives it to Mrs. Buttle together

with the receipts. Mrs. Buttle tears them up and throws them in his face.

SAM

Uh...

MRS. BUTTLE

He hadn't done anything... He was good... What have you done with his body?

Sam looks around for an escape and sees a Young Buttle standing in the doorway. The Boy is looking at him with a blank tearful face. Suddenly the Boy launches himself at Sam with terrible ferocity. Sam is knocked against the wall. A mirror falls off the wall and smashes on the floor. The Boy is all over Sam kicking and pulling his hair. Mrs. Buttle's reaction, however, is to try and pull the Boy away from Sam. By the time she succeeds, Sam is on his hands and knees, in pain. The Boy is crying and shouting, and Mrs. Buttle is loudly trying to quieten the Boy. From SAM'S POV, a piece of broken mirror lying on the floor reflects the hole in the ceiling... with Jill's head and shoulders framed in the hole. The moment is unreal for Sam in his dazed condition. The vision seems unreal too. Jill is staring at Sam out of the piece of mirror and she's very much the Girl from his dream now.

JILL

Are you alright?

SAM

(mumbles)

It's you... it's you...

JILL

Mrs. Buttle, are you alright?

Sam grabs at the image, i.e. at the mirror, shifting the angle so that the vision disappears. He looks for the vision on the floor but can't find it. Then he begins to realise the reality of what he has seen. He stands up, dazed and battered. Mrs. Buttle has been looking up at the ceiling. Sam looks up at the ceiling but there is now only the empty space of the hole.

SAM

Wait! Stop! Come back!!

Mrs. Buttle is shouting. Sam rushes out of the flat.

INT. BUTTLE'S CORRIDOR - DAY

Sam looks both ways and heads for the stairs.

INT. BUTTLE'S STAIRCASE - DAY

Sam runs up the stairs to the floor above and finds himself in

EXT. SIMILAR CORRIDOR - DAY

He runs along the corridor but has omitted to count the doors downstairs and now doesn't know which door to knock at. He hesitates. He rings the bell on what he hopes is the right door. The bell doesn't work. He bangs on the door. The door opens a crack. A malevolent eye looks at him.

SAM
Girl... fair hair...

The door shuts firmly. Sam rushes to the next door.

INT. JILL'S FLAT - DAY

Sam bursts into Jill's flat. He sees the hole in the floor. The place looks derelict. He hears an explosion and looks out of a window to see his car in flames. Jill is apparently retreating from it across the forecourt. She is carrying a suitcase and bundles.

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

Sam rushes down the stairs.

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS - DAY

Sam charges out into the open air. Jill has disappeared. The Messerschmidt, however, is in flames. Sam doesn't know which way to turn. Spotting an old mattress lying by the building he grabs it and throws it over the car in an attempt to smother the flames. The group of CHILDREN watch him silently. Suddenly with a great roar, Jill's lorry comes round the corner at speed. Sam sees that Jill is at the wheel. Sam runs after the lorry.

SAM
(shouting)
Wait! It was nothing to do with
me!

The lorry roars away. Sam dashes back to his smoldering three-wheeler. He flings himself into it and starts it up. He also roars away, except that he doesn't move... all three wheels have been removed. He turns round in despair and sees the group of children regarding him expressionlessly.

They include the little Girl Buttle.

Defeated, he slumps down against his charred vehicle. A shadow passes across his face. Looking up he sees Girl Buttle standing over him.

SAM

Go away.

GIRL BUTTLE

Her name is Jill.

SAM

What?... Jill? Jill who? Jill who?

GIRL BUTTLE

Layton.

SAM

Jill Layton...

(getting up)

You're a very good little girl.

What are you doing here?

GIRL BUTTLE

I'm waiting for my daddy.

SAM

(uncomprehending)

He will be pleased when he comes home.

Girl Buttle doesn't answer and Sam starts to walk away. After a few yards, the thought strikes him: he turns back to look at the little Girl Buttle who stands alone patiently in the vandalised wilderness.

INT. RECORD CLERKS POOL - DAY

It is the end of the work day. The Clerks are busily getting their coats and leaving the office. As the last one goes Mr. Kurtzman comes out of his private office with his hat and coat on. He turns out the office light. He sees Sam isolated in the empty room, still working at his computer console. Totally absorbed in what he is doing.

KURTZMAN

Oh... Sam. I've had the transport pool onto me... You don't know anything about a personnel transporter gone missing do you?

Sam doesn't seem to hear him. On the computer screen is a front and side view picture of Jill. Her name and code number is at the top of the screen. Sam is punching up personal dossier information like "age", "height", "weight", "colour of hair", "colour of eyes", "distinguishing marks" etc.

SAM

(preoccupied)

A "personnel" transporter? They've

got it wrong. I had a personal transporter. I'll do the paperwork tomorrow Sam punches up a few more categories for Jill's dossier.

KURTZMAN

Is it all right about Mrs. Buttle's cheque?

SAM

I delivered it.

KURTZMAN

Can I forget it?

SAM

Yes.

Sam punches a few more buttons on the computer.

KURTZMAN

What a relief!

(on reflection)

I shall probably have nightmares.

At this point the word "Classified" superimposes itself over most of the screen and "IRQ/3" starts agitating at the bottom

SAM

Damn! Blast!

KURTZMAN

What's the matter?

SAM

You don't happen to know how I can get around an IRQ/3 do you?

KURTZMAN

All information on 3rd Level Suspects is classified.

SAM

I know that.

KURTZMAN

All enquiries to Information Retrieval. Which is hopeless, of course. They never tell you anything. But come the time they want something from us...

Throughout this verbal wallpaper Sam has been punching keys cancelling the CLASSIFIED overprint. He then punches in the code for a hard-copy print-out. Jill's two-view computer portrait rolls out as Sam ponders his options.

SAM

(cutting off Kurtzman)
I've got to accept that promotion
to get behind this, haven't I?

KURTZMAN

Yes.
(realising what
he's suggesting)
NO! You can't! You've only just
turned it down!
(thinking Sam is
joking)

SAM

I never signed the form.

KURTZMAN

I did it for you.

SAM

What! Shit!

KURTZMAN

It's what you wanted isn't it?

SAM

Yes... No... I don't, know.

Kurtzman picks up Jill's print-out and glances at it. He grimaces and drops it back on the desk with a shudder.

KURTZMAN

Come on, before they turn the lights
out.

Sam nods. He turns off the machine. He stands up and follows Kurtzman towards the door. The door is some distance away, and before they get there all the lights go out. Kurtzman bumps into a desk and curses.

INT. TRANSPORT CAGE - EVENING

Packed tightly between other passengers Sam is busy drawing long flowing hair with a pencil on the computer print-out of Jill turning her into the Dream Girl. The transport cage rattles through its elevated tube towards a tower block.

INT. SAM'S CORRIDOR - EVENING

The transport cage arrives at the platform forming the end of Sam's corridor. Passengers disembark and head for various doors along the corridor. Sam almost fails to get off in time so concentrated on Jill's picture is he. Looking as if he's trying to make up his mind about something he heads

for his own front door.

INT. SAM'S FLAT - EVENING

Sam enters. The place is in a state of turmoil. Servicing panels are off the walls. Conduit, ducting, pipes, unknown mechanical horrors spew from the wall as if the place was disemboweled. Spoor stands in the middle of it all trying to direct two other WORKMEN who are poring over wiring plans which seem to make little sense to them. Dowser is not visible but there is a great deal of clunking and banging going on somewhere behind the wall.

SAM

What the ? How did you ?

SPOOR

Emergency procedures.

DOWSER (O.S.)

(muffled)

... emergency procedures.

SAM

(angrily)

I haven't got an emergency. Get out of here.

For reply Spoor whips a small tape-recorder out of his bag and plays back Sam's original phone call to Central Services, claiming "an emergency". Spoor shuts off his machine, puts back into his bag and comes out with what looks like a quite thin phone hook with carbon paper between each page. Spoor indicates the bottom of page 1.

SPOOR

Sign here please.

SAM

What is it?

SPOOR

(surprised)

It's a 27B/6, what did you think it was?

Sam takes out Kurtzman's old-fashioned fountain pen from his pocket, signs where indicated. Spoor registers that Sam's signature has hardly penetrated through he first carbon let alone the other 43.

SPOOR

(sourly)

Haven't you got a ballpoint?

Sam resignedly starts signing all the other pages one by one. Spoor realises that Dowser's echo has gone missing.

SPOOR

Now where's he got to?

(shouts)

Dowser!

Dowser bursts through a panel in the wall. This is the panel which Tuttle had removed and replaced. A few of the flat's intestines have come out with Dowser. Dowser has made a find Tuttle's spare part.

SPOOR

What have you got there?

DOWSER

(highly excited)

Got there!

Dowser points to Tuttle's spare part which is hanging out of the wall attached to rubber tube. Spoor examines this closely. Sam watches alarmed. The two men go into a mumbling huddle.

SPOOR

Mumble... mumble... mumble... Tuttle

DOWSER

Mumble... Tuttle...

SPOOR

Tuttle!... mumble!

(to Sam)

You've had that scab Tuttle here, haven't you?

DOWSER

... aren't you?

SAM

What?

SPOOR

Who fixed your ducts?

DOWSER

... your ducts?

SAM

I fixed it myself.

SPOOR

Oh yeh? Where'd you get this from eh...

(he holds up Tuttle's spare part)

... out yer nostril?

DOWSER

... Yer nostril?

SPOOR

Central Services don't take kindly
to sabotage!

DOWSER

... sabotage!

Spoor and Dowser and the other workmen gather up their tools put them in the bag, grab everything else that belongs to them and are leaving. Spoor grabs the form-book out of Sam's hands, rips out the last page, thrusts that page at Sam, shoves the book into his bag. The workmen begin leaving the flat.

SAM

Hang on! Wait a minute! You can't
just go and leave it like this!

SPOOR

(mock innocent)

Why not? All you've got to do is
blow yer nose and fix it, haven't
you?

DOWSER

... ven't you?

SPOOR

(leaving)

You're putting your talents to
very odd use Mr. Lowry yes, odd
use to pit wits against Central
Services

DOWSER

... sod you, stupid twit.

They go, slamming the door behind hem, leaving Sam in the ruins of his flat.

Sam stands in the maimed sitting-room. Wall panels are off. Tubes, ducting wires etc. spill out into the room like greasy intestines. Sam more or less collapses onto a couch. He stares at the ceiling. The room is gently hiccoughing and belching around him. He stares at the print-out of Jill's face. Slowly it dissolves into the Dream Girl.

EXT. CONDUIT FOREST - NIGHT

Dream Girl's face fills screen. The camera pulls back to reveal that she is separated from us by a tangled forest of conduit/ducting-like vines. Sam is struggling through the vines, which grab at him, entwine and entangle him.

Finally bursting free he reaches out for the Girl hovering before him, But as he embraces her she dissolves in smoke and he plummet into a void beneath his feet.

EXT. CLOUDS - NIGHT

CUT TO Sam plummeting down through dense clouds, his cape twisting around him. Somehow he manages to wrestle it clear of his body. Gripping the corners he whips the cape up and over his head. The wind catches it and fills it out until it acts as a parachute slowing Sam's descent. Suddenly the clouds thin out and Sam can see below him.

EXT. STRANGE LANDSCAPE ANTI - DAY

Sam is heading down towards a barren landscape. Strange mounds dot the barrenness they ooze smoke and the occasional flame. Near one of the mounds are two long lines of shrouded FIGURES being forced into two giant cages, suspended beneath two great misshapen balloons. The black-robed Forces of Darkness (FOD) surround the PRISONERS, relentlessly herding them towards the cages. The entire scene is strangely coloured by unearthly light. The sky is blood red and where the sun should be is a black disc. Sam descends on his cape-parachute.

CUT TO PRISONERS in their grey shrouds, shuffling towards the jaws of the brutal cages. They are defeated, destroyed, without hope. The FOD prod and whip them forward. One of the FOD raises his spear to force a stumbling PRISONER to his feet but stops with the spear raised above his head. He has seen something. Other FODS turn to see what it is.
CUT TO

Sam landing on the beach a short distance away. The prisoners stop and look up. We see their faces clearly for the first time. One of them is Mrs. Buttle. Others are people Sam saw in the flats, and the kids. Sam recognises them. He is slightly taken aback. A look of determination crosses his face. He draws the sword. Everyone is frozen in place. Sam starts forward. But he is stopped by a violent tremor as the earth begins to tremble and shake. Everyone looks terrified. With a mighty roar a crack opens up in the ground between Sam and the others. Brilliant rays of light shaft upwards from the opening. And then, with a maniacal shriek, the large black flapping thing shoots out of the crevasse and streaks high into the sky. Sam hesitates and turns to look down into the light. There, under several meters of the earth's crust are fluffy white clouds darting about in a beautiful blue sky. Sam is delighted but as he looks up he is frozen in his tracks by an enormous FIGURE that straddles the crevasse. This terrifying Creature stands over 12 feet high. He is encased in a frightening concoction of ancient Japanese armour which seems on closer examination to be made of computer parts. His face is hidden behind a horrific steel mask. It is the Giant Samurai Warrior that was pushing the drawer closed in the Storeroom of Knowledge.

In his hand is an evil-looking spear. Sam is unsure which way to turn. The grey Prisoners are being loaded into the cages with more speed. He turns to face the Giant Warrior. As Sam steps forward the Giant stands ominously still. Then very slowly he raises his spear in an almost religious gesture. POOF! He vanishes. As he does the light from the day is cut off. Looking down, Sam sees that the crevasse has vanished as well. Maniacal laughter from the flapping black thing makes Sam look up to see the ballooned cage packed with grey Prisoners rise up from the ground and begin to float away escorted by the Black flapping Thing. Sam rushes after it grabbing one of the trailing ropes. But as he is hoisted into the air it is severed by the FODS. He tumbles to the ground. Looking around he sees that, for some reason, the second ballooned cage is still tethered nearby. Sam rushes over to it and begins chopping the tethers away. The cage bobbles ungainly as Sam cuts the last restraining rope. Grabbing hold he is pulled upwards, but before he can reach the cage something clutches his leg halting his progress. As he struggles his other leg is caught. He is being pulled back by two giant hands. Looking down he can see that from the top of one of the smoking mounds a head an

d two giant arms protrude. The face looks like Mr. Kurtzman. Sam desperately clings on to the rope as he struggles with the restraining hands.

MR. KURTZMAN OF THE MOUND

Don't go! It's a trap! She's not what she seems.

Sam kicks and strains but the hands hold firm.

INT. SAM'S FLAT - NIGHT

Sam wakes up. His feet are entangled in some wiring and ducting. He is still in his devastated sitting room. As he untangles himself the door bell rings. It takes a moment for Sam to recognise it as the door bell. Annoyed and still disturbed by the dream he gets up and goes to the door. He opens it. In bursts a GIRL dressed in a silly bell-boy costume with lots of glitter, net stockings and big-bowed tap dancing shoes. She launches into a terrible song and dance routine.

GIRL

(singing)

Mrs. Ida Lowry requests the pleasure of your companyyyy at her apartment tonight, from eight thirtyyyy midnight to celebrate the completion of her recent cosmetic surgeryyyy The guest of honour will be Mr. Conrad Helpmann, Dep. Under Minister of State for Public Information, R.S.V.P. by singing telegram.

Sam and the Girl stand looking at each other uneasily for a moment.

SAM

Er... Thanks...

GIRL

It's reply paid.

SAM

Oh...

(he sings uncertainly)
Thank you very much, mother, but
actually

GIRL

You don't have to sing it.

SAM

Oh, right...

The Girl begins to dance again but this time in a rather strange strangled fashion.

SAM

(he looks at his
watch)

Aren't you a bit late? the party
started half an hour ago.

GIRL

Yes, I know. It's the backlog,
everybody complains. Was it all
right otherwise?

SAM

Yes, it was... very nice... thank
you.

GIRL

Do you mind if I use your bathroom?

INT. MOTHER' S CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sam rings the doorbell to his mother's flat. He is wearing an unstylish tuxedo and bow tie obviously his only dress outfit. The door is opened by a LIVERIED FLUNKY who's about to speak when an attractive 40-year old woman's face appears over his shoulder and addresses Sam over the threshold.

WOMAN

Sam, I'm so glad you came. Do come
in.

INT. MOTHER'S FLAT - NIGHT

Sam steps inside, where the flunky proceeds to search him. The place is full of sleek people smartly but less formally dresses than Sam. It is an elegant baroque room lavishly appointed but still violated by the ubiquitous Central Service ducts that thrust through antique tapestries and gilt mirrors with little regard for aesthetics or the interior decorator's feelings.

SAM
(bewildered)
Mother? Is that you?

MOTHER
(taking his arm
looking slightly
askance at his
clothes)
Of course. Isn't it wonderful? The
bandages came of this afternoon.
Come and join the fun. Everybody's
here.

SAM
Is Mr. Helpmann here?

MOTHER
Yes he is he wants to talk to
you.

SAM
I want to talk to him.

Sam pushes away the Flunky who is by now passing a metal detector over him.

MOTHER
It seems you're the first person
ever to turn down a promotion. He
thinks you should see a doctor.

SAM
Actually, I've decided...

DR. JAFFE hoves into view.

MOTHER
Oh, Louis! You know Sam.

Dr. Jaffe is no longer suave. He has been transformed by drink and success. Mostly by drink.

DR. JAFFE
(as high as a kite)
Can you believe it?! Just me and
my little knife! Snip snip slice
slice Can you believe it?

SAM
(repelled)
Congratulations...

DR. JAFFE
And this is just the beginning!!

SAM
Really?

DR. JAFFE
Chirst yes, you've seen her with
her clothes off. Faces are a doddle
compared to tits and arse.
(explains)
No hairline.

MOTHER
(primly)
Really, Louis.

A handsome young piece of BEEFCAKE delivers a drink to
Mother.

BEEFCAKE
I've been looking everywhere for
you, Ida.

The beefcake takes Mother away.

DR. JAFFE
Ah, dear boy... And what do you
think of your mother now?

VOICE
(off camera)
It will never last.

Sam and Dr. Jaffe turn to see who is speaking. It is DR.
CHAPMAN a tall, pipe-smoking, professional-looking gent.

DR. JAFFE
(a trifle haughtily)
Excuse me, Dr Chapman, did you say
something?

DR. CHAPMAN
That technique... I've tried it. A
nice effect. But highly unstable.
In six months she'll look like
Grandma Moses.

Sam wishing to escape from this bitchery turns away but
suddenly freezes the reflection in the large wall mirror
next to him is not that of the party guests but of the
grey Prisoners in his dream they are massed in the room
looking pleadingly towards him.

DR. JAFFE
(unsuave again)
Now see here, Chapman. At least
mine don't look like they've been
mugged.

Through the grey Prisoners pushes Mrs. Terrain.

MRS. TERRAIN
(calls)
Sam!

Sam turns around to see her pushing through the party
guests.

Mrs. Terrain is limping and is even more heavily swathed
in bandages than the last time.

Dr. Chapman hastily moves away as Mrs. Terrain comes up.
She claims Sam, taking his arm.

SAM
(looking at her
worriedly)
Whatever happened to you?

MRS. TERRAIN
There was a slight complication.
Dr. Chapman says it often happens
with a delicate skin like mine.
Nothing to worry about. He's
promised me I'll have these bandages
off in a...

SAM
(trying to disengage)
Actually, there's someone I want
to meet...

MRS. TERRAIN
(roguishly)
I know, I know...!

She drags Sam through the party and we arrive at her
daughter, SHIRLEY, who is, of course, a wallflower.

MRS. TERRAIN
Here we are! I'm going to leave
you two lovebirds in peace.

SAM
I... uh...

But he is alone with Shirley, standing at the entrance to
his Mother's embarrassingly rampant boudoir style bedroom.
In amongst the diaphanous curtains enclosing the bed Mother

is playing hide and seek with a YOUNG STUD.

SAM

Can I get you a drink, Shirley?

Shirley looks at him terrified.

SAM

Look... Shirley... your mother...
and my mother... they seem to have
got the idea... I mean, I'm terribly
flattered, of course, but, um, the
thing is, I don't want you to be
under any false...

SHIRLEY

(struggling into
speech shyly)

It's... it's... all right... I
don't like you either...

This isn't what Sam expected. He smiles weakly at her.

VOICE

(off camera)

Sam!

Sam turns round, to see Jack Lint a few paces away.

SAM

Hello, Jack!

JACK

You remember Alison?

He indicates his cute blonde perfect junior executive's
WIFE

SAM

Hello, Alison. You look different.

ALISON

Well, I'm two years older.

JACK

And she's been to Dr. Jaffe!

Alison looks displeased.

JACK

(winking at Sam)

She doesn't like me telling anyone
but she's pleased as anything
really.

SAM

Er, I knew you looked different.

JACK

Remember how they used to stick out?

SAM

What? Oh, yes vividly. I used to wonder if they were real.

ALISON

What, my ears?

SAM

Your ears?

JACK

Dr. Jaffe has pinned her ears back.

SAM

(covering up
hopelessly)

Quite, absolutely I always thought they were false.

JACK

(looking past Sam)

Mr. Helpmann!

Sam spins round and sees a very pleasant-looking distinguished OLD MAN moving in their direction. He is in a wheelchair.

HELPMANN

Hello, Jack.

JACK

You remember my wife... Alis

HELPMANN

Of course. Barbara isn't it? How are you?

ALISON

Um...

JACK

(instantly. Conveying
to Alison that she
mustn't object)

Barbara's very well, thank you, sir. How are you?

HELPMANN

Fine, thank you. Hello, Sam. Ida said you might be here. Have you got a minute?

(to Jack)

Would you excuse us?

Jack is taken aback, envious and eager to please.

JACK

Of course... of course... Come on
Alison Barbara Jack propels his
wife away.

HELPMANN

I need your help, Sam.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

It's the sort of bathroom you would expect of Mother, an adjunct to her boudoir. The pink or purple lavatory is in the process of flushing, while Sam holds Mr. Helpmann vertical, grasping him under the armpits, while Mr. Helpmann is zipping his fly.

HELPMANN

Thanks very much Sam.

SAM

That's all right Mr. Helpmann.
Glad to help.

He is lowering Helpmann into the wheelchair.

HELPMANN

If I can help you...

SAM

(broaching the
subject)

Well, I...

In maneuvering Helpmann Sam clumsily knocks over one of the pretty pots which fussily decorate Mother's bathroom shelf. A thin layer of powder is spread over the wash-stand.

SAM

Sorry...

HELPMANN

Your father and I were very close.
Of course Jeremiah was senior to
me but we were close friends...
especially after the bombing...

(he indicates his
legs)

... and I...

(chuckles)

... keep his name alive at the
office every day.

With his finger Helpmann is tracing letters in the powdered

surface.

HELPMANN

It's as though he's there speaking
to me "'ere I am, J.H.!" The ghost
in the machine.

We see that Helpmann has traced the letters "EREIAMJH" in
the powder.

HELPMANN

I know he would have wanted me to
help you... And I promised your
mother I'd take you onto the team
at information Retrieval. But I
gather that...

SAM

Mr. Helpmann. I've changed my mind.
I'd like to accept the transfer
am I too late?

HELPMANN

Too late? That's for me to say.

SAM

Well... well, I...

Helpmann puts out his hand. Sam takes it.

HELPMANN

Welcome to Information Retrieval!

Helpmann blows away the spilled powder and "EREIAMJH" with
it.

INT. INFORMATION RETRIEVAL LOBBY - DAY

CUT TO WIDE SHOT of massive imposing lobby much like the
Records lobby but this one is very austere. No crowds. No
statues. No decoration. Not even the ever-present security
checks. Impressive. And a bit unnerving. Framed in the
doorway is a lone TINY FIGURE. CUT TO CLOSEUP. It's Sam.
He hesitates and then enters.

CUT TO:

VIDEO SCREEN

The video camera follows Sam across the lobby til he stops
in tight profile at Reception Desk. We tilt up revealing
Sam standing facing us just beyond the monitor which is on
the desk.

SAM

(diffidently to the
porter)

My name is Sam Lowry. I have to
report to Mr. Warren.

PORTER
(looking down his
nose at Sam's
unsleek clerk's
suit and then
handing him an
I.D. badge)
Thirtieth floor, sir. You're
expected.

SAM
Er, don't you want to search me?

PORTER
No, sir.

SAM
(taken aback.
Reaching into his
pocket)
My I.D. cards.

PORTER
No need, sir

SAM
(nonplussed)
But I could be anybody.

PORTER
No you couldn't, sir. This is
Information Retrieval.
(indicating to the
right)
the lift's arrived, sir.

INT. 30TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

Sam steps out of the lift. The lift doors close. Sam looks up and down the corridor hearing nothing. Silence. Then he, and we, begin to hear a sound. It is a curious whirring murmuring tumbling sound, and it seems to be growing closer. Suddenly a scrum of PEOPLE swings into view around a corner at the far end of the rather long corridor. At the centre of the scrum is a TALL MAN with a magisterial expression and an air of eternal bustle. This is MR. WARREN. He is surrounded by the EXPEDITERS who are competing for his attention with bits of paper and bits of sentences. Mr. Warren is snapping out decisions. Satisfied Expediters drop out of the scrum at intervals, disappearing one at a time through one of the many doors which line both sides of the corridor. The scrum doesn't get any smaller because new Expediters dart out of other doors and join the milling MOB. The whole circus is coming by Sam at the rate of knots.

The sound it makes breaks down into something like this.

EXPEDITER #1
(waving pager)
Mr. Warren, this order...

EXPEDITER #2
(waving same)
Mr. Warren...

EXPEDITER #3
(ditto)
About this invoice... Victim's
list...

WARREN
(dealing on all
sides)
Yes... No... send that back...
wrong department... of course...
of course not... yes... no... maybe.

CUT TO Sam watching this caravanserai with awe as it starts
pass him.

EXPEDITER #4
... about these requisitions...

EXPEDITER #5
Mr. Warren... EX/27 has 15 suspects
still outstanding.

EXPEDITER #6
... a decision, Mr. Warren...

WARREN
... cancel that... okay... put
half as terrorists, the rest as
victims... yes... yes... no...
definitely no...

Sam doesn't have the nerve to jump into this. The scrum
sweeps by and fades away along the corridor, and finally
disappearing around the corner at the other end. Sam
follows. Silence has descended again.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Sam gets to the corner of the corridor and finds a similar
corridor at right angles. He hesitates and continues. Then
he starts to hear the sound again. It is coming up from
behind. Mr. Warren has circumnavigated the building. The
same sort of business is being enacted at the same pace.
As the scrum reaches Sam he gathers his nerve and jumps
right in beside Warren, and keeps going.

SAM

(in a hurry)
I'm Lowry, Mr. Warren... Sam Lowry.

WARREN
(putting arm around
Sam)
Ah. Lowry... yes.
(still dealing with
Expediteurs)
... no, cancel that... glad to
have you aboard... yes... no...
don't be ridiculous Jenkins...
Yes, yes, yes... you'll like it up
here... send that back... we've
got a crack team of... are they
kidding?... decision makers... No,
in triplicate... I'm expecting big
things... two copies to Finance...
of you... send that to Security...
uh, uh, uh.
(poring over forms)
Uh, don't let Progress see this...
between you and me, Lowry, this...
no, no... department... tell Records
to get stuffed... is about to be
upgraded and...

Warren suddenly pivots around, swinging Sam 240 degrees in
the direction they came from plus a bit.

WARREN
Ah, here we are!
(they are standing
facing a door one
of the hundreds of
identical doors
lining these
corridors)
What do you think?

The door says: "OFFICER DZ/015"

Sam has no idea what he ought to say.

WARREN
(solemnly)
Your very own number... on your
very own door... and behind that
door
(he turns the knob
and opens the door)
... your very own office.
Congratulations, DZ/015, welcome
to the team.

Warren whirls off in a flurry of paperwork and Expediteurs
leaving Sam standing dumfounded at the entrance to his

office.

CUT TO:

SAM'S POV OF THE OFFICE

It is about four feet wide. A small blacked-out window high on the far wall is bisected by what looks like a recently constructed side wall. The room is bare except for a chair and a desk which is also bisected by the new wall. Pneumatic tubes hang from the ceiling. Sam slowly enters the room.

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Sam looks lost... disoriented. He doesn't know where to begin because there's nothing to begin with. He squeezes in behind his desk and for want of anything else to do starts arranging his "in" and "out" baskets. There in his "in" basket is one of the ubiquitous executive toys gaily wrapped with a card from Helpmann Merry Xmas & Welcome. Sam can't quite believe. He returns to lining up his pencils, placing a couple of books (phone books) against the wall on the left extreme of his desk. Sam turns his attention away from the books when suddenly they both fall over with a "plop". Puzzled, he stands the books up again, turns his eyes away and "plop". Same result. Intrigued, a bit exasperated, Sam carefully, and before his very eyes, the desk begins to disappear into the wall, and "plop", the books topple over. Puzzled, Sam grabs hold of the desk and begins to try to pull it back through the wall. The desk moves back an inch or so, but then stops, somehow held stubbornly. Sam grits his teeth, reallllly pulls, grimacing a bit, but the desk won't budge. Intrigued, Sam gets up, goes around his desk and heads for the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

CUT TO Sam coming out of his office, turning right and walking to the next door, the nameplate of which reads:

"OFFICER DV/048."

As is his custom, Sam opens the door without knocking.

INT. LIME'S OFFICE - DAY

CUT TO SAM'S POV. Here is an office much like his. It's the other half of his room bisected by the partition wall. The other half of his desk is occupied by a slimy looking, round-headed little JUNIOR EXECUTIVE wholly occupied with trying to drag a bit more of the desk into his office. He is unaware of Sam.

SAM

Hello.

Lime startled, lets go of his desk and vents his irritation on Sam whom he mistakes for someone else.

LIME

No, you can't have any more chairs!
There's only one left in here now,
and I need that to sit on!

(realizing his
mistake)

Oh... er, sorry. Who are you?

SAM

Sam Lowry.

LIME

(becoming unctuous)

Ah, yes, you're the new boy from
next door, ha ha!

(he advances toward
Sam with hand out
to shake; shaking
hands)

My name's Lime. Harvey Lime. Welcome
to Expediting.

SAM

Ah.

(he pauses looking
around)

Would you mind if I borrowed your
computer console?

LIME

What?

SAM

I'll bring it back in ten minutes.

LIME

You want to take my console into
your office?

SAM

Yes.

LIME

(after a moment's
consideration)

I'll tell you what... You tell me
what and I'll do it for. I'm a bit
of a whizz on this thing.

(indicates computer
console)

Sam hesitates, but sees that there's
no other way.

SAM

(taking print-out
on Jill from his
pocket)

Alright. There's someone I want to
check out. A woman called Gillian
Layton.

LIME

(leering)

A woman eh? I see.

SAM

(trying to ignore
this)

I know her age and distinguishing
marks. But I need an address or a
place of work or something

LIME

(continuing to leer)

This is your dream girl, is it?

SAM

(taken aback)

What?

(recovering)

Look, let me use the console for a
few minutes.

LIME

(trying to be jocular)

You must be joking

(entirely
unconvincing)

When there's a woman involved
there's no stopping me. Now, let
me have that sheet.

He takes Jill's print-out sheet from Sam and begins to
punch the keys laboriously with one finger. Nothing happens.

LIME

Sod it, it's broken!

SAM

You haven't switched it on.

LIME

Oh yes. Look you're putting me
off, standing there! Go back to
your office and I'll give you a
knock when I've finished.

Sam hesitates, but goes.

LIME

Go on. I'm not going to elope with

her.

Sam exits.

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Sam is sitting in his office listening to the protracted one finger exercise which is going on next door. He stares dumbly at the shining, absolutely useless, executive toy.

EXT. ICY SEA ANTI - DAY

The CAMERA skims along over an icy sea. This is SAM'S POV as he wings his way over the water with his new gleaming wings. In the distance rises a strange massive ship.

As he gets closer we can see that the snip is listing heavily to one side. In fact it is barely afloat. Closer still, it becomes apparent that the ship is made of stone. Dark, evil, grey blocks of granite form not only the hull, but the super-structures and smokestacks. It looks like a massive medieval fortress gone to sea. The screen is engulfed in stone. The CAMERA heads up the side of the ship. Higher and higher we climb past course after course of mammoth stones. Reaching the first deck, we continue upwards. There appears to be no entrance. Sam is looking frustrated and angry. But then he spots an opening. A few stones have come loose one of them juts out forming a ledge. As the cage passes, Sam jumps and managed to gain a foothold on the outcropping. Squeezing thru the gap in the rocks, he makes his way thru a dark passage. Emerging from the opening he finds himself teetering over an enormous abyss formed by the outer hull and the inner stone core of the ship. Great stone ribs curve downwards thru the darkness broken only by narrow shafts of brilliant light streaming from occasional cracks and fissures in the stone core. For a brief moment Sam gets a glimpse of blue sky thru one of the openings but his attention is distracted by a distant moan. Huddled far below him at the bottom of the dark abyss are hundreds of grey shrouded Prisoners. Their moan blends with the creaks and groans of the stones as the ship slowly wallows back and forth. Suddenly a great boom resounds throughout the ship. Sam is unsure where it comes from. And then another boom reverberates about him. He has to steady himself as the ship quivers from the noise. Another boom. He clutches at the wall.

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Sam's head is leaning against the wall of his office. The boom repeats. LIME is knocking on the other side. Sam leaps up. As he leaves his office he looks back to see the desk creep through to Lime's office a little bit more.

INT. LIME'S OFFICE - DAY

Sam enters. Lime is standing, proudly holding out a sheet

of paper.

LIME

Computers are my forte.

SAM

(reading)

Gillian Layton, age twenty three,
eyes, blue, hair, black, weight,
one hundred and twenty-one pounds,
distinguishing marks, blemish on
right shoulder, scar on left elbow
He stops, having come to the end.
He looks at the other side of the
paper but there's nothing there.
Is this all you got?

LIME

It's a start isn't it.

SAM

(disbelieving)

But I already knew this!

LIME

Best to take it slowly where some
women are concerned.

Sam sits on Lime's chair and deftly punches the computer
keys.

LIME

Hey that's my desk!

SAM

(working quickly)

Gillian Layton Suspect S/5173.
Truck driver! All enquiries,
reference officer 412/L Room 5001.

(switching off the
machine and getting
up)

That's what I wanted to know. Thank
you very much.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Sam heads off down corridor. WARREN & CO. appear.

WARREN

Ah, Lowry, glad I caught you...

(he continues to
deal with expeditors
in between dealing
with Sam)

No, send it back for... Are you
settling down?... I want this order

rescinded... There's a query on a personnel transporter you took out from the pool... Tell them no, tell them yes,... or was it a personnel carrier you took out from transportation... Send that up to Security... Some kind of eight-wheel- half-track, was it?... Tell him I want to see him... Send round the paperwork, Lowry... Arrange a conference on that one... Anyway, tidy it up, Lowry, there's a good chap get a new suit. Did you want the lift?

The cavalcade is passing the lifts. Sam backs away into the open lift. The cavalcade passes on out of sight. The lift contains a CHARLADY with a bucket and mop. She remains in the lift as Sam joins her.

INT. THE LIFT - DAY

Sam presses the button for the 50th floor. The lift doors close on him and the Charlady. From somewhere far away there is the groaning shriek of a man in pain. Sam glances around the lift. There appears to be an air conditioning vent in the ceiling.

Sam glances enquiringly at the Charlady who merely smiles at him. Another scream is heard.

SAM

What's that?

The Charlady smiles again.

SAM

Doesn't that disturb you?

The Charlady fiddles with something in her ears and pulls out a pair of wax earplugs.

CHARLADY

Beg your pardon?

The lift arrives.

INT. 50TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

The lift arrives. Sam steps out. The Charlady remains in the lift. The doors close. Sam heads down surgically clean white-tiled corridor.

Passing a white-coated TECHNICIAN monitoring what appears to be electric meters, Sam comes to a door with 5001. Above the door a red light is glowing. Sam knocks. The red light goes out and a green light comes on. Sam enters.

INT. ROOM 500L - DAY

Inside there is a connecting door to the next door room but the only person in the immediate room is a pleasant-looking FEMALE TYPIST, wearing headphones, chewing gum and typing with great facility. Sam approaches the Typist who, busily typing, twinkles a greeting (mimed) and silently mouths the words...

TYPIST

It won't be long now.

(she carries on
typing)

Sam nods, and stands quietly by her. He can hear tiny sounds coming through her headphones. He looks down at the piece of paper in the typewriter. He reacts a bit strangely, perhaps even winces. We see he close up of the words being struck crisply on paper.

ON TYPEWRITER

AHHHH, Oh God... No, don't... UHH,
please... I... STOP!! I can't
stand... AIIIEEEE.

TYPIST

(quietly, still
typing)

Can I help you?

She is looking at Sam helpfully, holding one of the earphones away from her ear. From this earphone we can just hear quietly...

EARPHONE

Oooooooh... aaaaaahhh... please...
arrrrrrghhhh no... please... Oh
God, No... No, stop, I don't know...

SAM

I'm looking for Officer 412/L.

The Typist nods smiling. She puts back the earphone and carries on typing.

TYPIST

I'm sure he won't be long now.

She types a little more but suddenly stops.

TYPIST

I thought so!

She takes off the earphones and takes the paper and

carbonums out of her typewriter and starts collating all the different copies.

Through the frosted glass door leading into the next area, Sam can see a FIGURE come through a double door and turn left, making a silly 'hi' sign to the Typist as he exits from sight. She is charmed. Almost immediately after them, a white-coated TECHNICIAN exits, but to the left.

TYPIST

You can go in now.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Sam goes through the glass door and is about to push open the double doors in front of him. He is halted by a noise from the Typist she indicates that he is to go to the left. He does so and enters an office. An antique desk with a large collection of executive toys and other tastefully reassuring furniture fill the room which is a rather oddly shaped... distorted as it by the curved wall of the much larger room that Sam was stopped from entering. Nevertheless the feel of the room is confidently successful. A buzzing noise draws Sam's attention to the wash basin in the far corner. The Information Retrieval Technician is standing by a sink massing his temples with old-fashioned scalp vibrators. His back to us.

SAM

Excuse me. Are you office 412/L?

The Technician makes no sign of having heard this. He continues vibrating his temples.

SAM

(a bit louder)

Er, excuse me!

Getting no response Sam walks over to the Technician. As he passes the desk he notices a strange mask lying face down on the desk top. It seems strangely familiar but as it is a negative concave image Sam isn't sure. He continues over to the Technician.

SAM

(louder)

Excuse me.

He touches the Technician on the shoulder, who jumps with a start. He spins around and turns out to be none other than Jack Lint. He is amazed to see Sam.

SAM

(surprised)

Jack!!

JACK

(recovering slightly)
SAM! What a surprise!

SAM
(even more surprised)
Are you officer 412/L?

Jack looks confused. He pauses, and then removes ear plugs.

JACK
(shaking Sam's hand)
Sorry about that... Mr. Helpmann
told me you were coming aboard
congratulations!

SAM
Thanks. Are you officer 412/L?

JACK
For my sins. Are you settling in
alright?

SAM
Yes, thanks.

JACK
Terrific. I'm really glad you
dropped by. Unfortunately, I don't
have any time right now I've got a
queue of customers to deal with
er, why don't we have a drink
tonight?

SAM
(diffidently)
Ah...

JACK
What?

SAM
I don't want to take up your time
now, but I was hoping you could
give me some information on
somebody. It's a security level
three matter and Information
Retrieval records says to refer to
you.

JACK
OK. Come back this afternoon, about
four o'clock. If you give me the
number of the case, I'll have the
dossier here waiting.
(he pulls card from
his pocket pushes
it towards Sam)

My tailor,... well worth the investment.

SAM

(taking print-out sheets from his pocket)

I've got numbers all over these I'm not sure which is the one you want.

JACK

(looking at the print-out picture of Jill over Sam's shoulder)

Layton! Oh shit!

SAM

What is it?

JACK

You clever bastard! I might have guessed. You only moved in today and you're already hot on the bloody trail.

SAM

Am I?

JACK

Please, Sam, we're going to have to be open to each other on this one. If you make a reputation with this case, it'll be at my expense.

SAM

How do you mean?

JACK

How much do you know?

SAM

Not much.

JACK

Enough though, eh?

SAM

(getting sucked into this exchange)

Not really, no.

Jack goes over to the sink and turns on the taps full blast, splashing the water noisily into the basin.

JACK

OK. OK. Let's not fence around...
This is the situation. Some idiot
somewhere in the building, some
insect, confused two of our clients,
B58/732 and T47/215.

SAM

B58/732, that's A. Buttle isn't
it?

JACK

Christ! You do know it all!

SAM

No, no, I don't. I'm just beginning
Honestly. Sorry, carry on.

JACK

Well, your A. Buttle has been
confused with T47/215, an A. Tuttle.
I mean, it's a joke! Somebody should
be shot for that. So B58/732 was
pulled in by mistake.

SAM

You got the wrong man.

JACK

(a little heated)

I did not get the wrong man. I got
the right man. The wrong man was
delivered to me as the right man!
I accepted him, on trust, as the
right man. Was I wrong? Anyway, to
add to the confusion, he died on
us. Which, had he been the right
man, he wouldn't have done.

SAM

You killed him?

JACK

(annoyed)

Sam, there are very rigid parameters
laid down to avoid that event but
Buttle's heart condition did not
appear on Tuttle's file. Don't
think I'm dismissing this business,
Sam. I've lost a week's sleep over
it already.

SAM

I'm sure you have

JACK

There are some real bastards in
this department who don't mind

breaking a few eggs to make an omelette, but thank God there are the new boys like me who want to maintain decent civilized standards of terrorist eradication. We've got the upper hand for the moment, but they're waiting for us to slip up, and a little slip- up like this is just the chance they're looking for.

SAM

So how...?

JACK

What I've got to do now is pick up Tuttle, interrogate him at the same voltage as Buttle, to the same meter reading to the last penny, and juggle the books in electrical banking.

SAM

What has Tuttle done?

JACK

We suspect him of freelance subversion.

SAM

(dumbly)

He's a freelance subversive?

JACK

He's a compulsive heating engineer. A maverick ex-Central Service repair man with a grudge against society. Now, fortunately, we're nearly out of the wood, I think. At least we will be when I get this Layton woman under arrest.

Jack turns off taps and goes behind screen.

SAM

(agitated)

What's she done?

JACK

You didn't know as much about this business as you pretended to, did you?

SAM

Er... no.

JACK

Very smart.

SAM

Er... but I would've found out anyway.

JACK

Yes. I'm impressed.

SAM

(playing the game)

Tell me about Layton.

JACK

She witnessed the Tuttle arrest the Buttle arrest and since then she's been making wild allegations, obviously trying to exploit the situation she's working for somebody, and she's not working for us.

SAM

A terrorist?

Jack comes from behind the screen with a look confirming just what Sam fears, and hands him a suit.

SAM

Ah... thanks.

Sam begins to put the suit on.

SAM

(hesitantly)

But surely, I mean, perhaps she just happened to live above the Buttles, and...

JACK

(picking up photograph of wife and kids from his desk)

Look after that suit, eh. Barbara chose it for me.

SAM

Right. Er, you're not going to keep calling her Barbara, are you?

JACK

Barbara's a perfectly good name, isn't it?

SAM

(preferring to let

his drop)
Look, about the Layton woman maybe
she's just trying to help the Buttle
family.

JACK
Why?

SAM
Why? Hell, not for any reason...

JACK
(baffled)
I don't follow you.

SAM
Out of kindness.

JACK
(utterly baffled)
Kindness? What's the purpose behind
this line of enquiry?

SAM
(deciding to abandon
this line of country)
So what are you going to do about
her?

JACK
Get her out of circulation I've
put her on the detention list.

SAM
(thinking fast)
You mean you're going to invite
her in so that she can spill the
beans inside the department?

JACK
(taken aback)
Well, I... Good point. What do you
suggest?

SAM
Let me try to get to her. I'll
deactivate her.

JACK
What does that mean? I don't want
to be involved in anything
unsavoury.

SAM
Trust me. You do trust me, don't
you?

JACK

Of course. We went to school together. You're my oldest friend.

SAM

And you're mine.

JACK

You're the only person I can trust.

SAM

Then we'd better keep this business just between the two of us.

JACK

Right! Just between us and the Security Forces.

SAM

They weren't at school with us.

JACK

But, I've already put her on the search and detain list.

SAM

Take her off the list.

JACK

There's no procedure for that until she's been arrested.

SAM

Say it was a mistake.

JACK

We don't make mistakes.

SAM

Well, I'd better get out there and try to get to her before security does. Let me borrow her dossier for a while.

JACK

Er... alright. For Christ's sake don't lose it. Here, you'd better sign for it.

Jack presents Sam with something to sign. He then gives him the dossier.

SAM

Thanks, Jack. I'll be in touch.

JACK

Do you know what you're doing.

SAM
(about to say no,
then pauses)
Trust me.

JACK
(admiring Sam's new
look)
Sam... we're proud to have you at
Information Retrieval. Merry Xmas.
(he hands Sam another
executive package)

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Sam steps out of Room 5001, newly suited with old suit over arm. TWO GUARDS are guiding a BAGGEE down the corridor ahead of him. Suddenly, the Baggee breaks away from his Guards and begins to cannonball down the corridor directly at Sam. Sam is flattened against the wall as the Baggee rockets by.

CUT TO GUARDS strolling past Sam.

CUT TO BAGGEE running full tilt to the end of the corridor, smashing into the wall, bouncing back, getting up (now cross-ways in the corridor), bouncing off that wall, then the wall behind him, then...

INT. LIFT - DAY

Slightly unnerved, Sam gets in the lift, pushes the button for his floor the 30th and immediately begins perusing Jill's dossier. The lift descends. But unnoticed by Sam continued past his floor without stopping. It stops at the Lobby Mezzanine. Sam looks up and realizes he is on the wrong floor. Angrily he pushes the correct floor number but before the doors close he hears an angry woman's voice echoing through the massive lobby. He looks in the direction of the porters desk. There stands Jill arguing with the PORTER.

JILL
But you've stamped this form before!
Why won't you stamp it now?

PORTER
You've just said yourself, Miss,
we've already stamped it. Why should
we stamp it twice?

Sam is frozen. He can't believe what he sees. The lift doors close. Sam is too slow to stop them. Madly he pushes the buttons to no effect. The lift descends. (At this point we had better describe the lift. It is a cross between the old metal grille lifts with accordion grille doors and

the super-sleek modern lifts that rise and fall in glass tubes so that one can have panoramic views of dramatic architectural spaces such as the lobbies of the Ministry.)

Sam can see Jill and if Jill were to look up she could see Sam descending. He is shouting and rattling the bars of the lift cage but no sound escapes to catch her attention. Sam sinks below the floor of the lobby desperately trying to stop the demon lift. From his POV we see Jill disappearing from view still arguing with the Porter.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The lift comes to rest. Sam is still trying to get it to respond and return him to the lobby. TWO TECHNICIANS are waiting as the doors open. From Sam's POV he sees them hang a sign on the door and walk away. He bangs the buttons for another moment with no result. He looks out of the lift and is able to read the sign "LIFT OUT OF ORDER". Frantically he looks around for another lift. All the others are on distant floors then he spots one off to one side, its doors standing open. Rushing over to it he leaps inside and reaches to push the floor number but there are no numbers on the buttons, only letters. Before he can sort this out a voice shouts at him.

VOICE

Hey, you get out of there.

A GUARD approaches looking tough and mean.

GUARD

What do you think you're doing...
that's the Deputy Minister's lift.

SAM

Sorry, I'm in a hurry.

GUARD

Hold on, sonny... let's see your
I.D.

Sam fumbles through his pockets desperate to get back to the lobby before Jill leaves. He has forgotten he is wearing his new I.D. badge. The Guard can't see it because Jill's dossier is covering it.

SAM

Shit... it's here somewhere. My
name's Lowry, Sam Lowry
Expediting... can't this wait?

GUARD

No, sir...
(getting out book
of forms)
I'm going to have to file a report

on this. Now... what date is it
today?...

Sam gives up trying to find his I.D. card.

SAM
(frantic)
Sorry, it'll have to wait.

He runs off dropping suit towards some stairs he has
spotted.

GUARD
Stop!! Come back!

He starts to run after Sam. TWO OTHER GUARDS also give
chase.

INT. STAIRS - DAY

Sam scrambles up the stairs. GUARDS in pursuit.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The original Guard rushes over to a guard desk and inserts
key into cover of what is clearly an alarm button.

INT. STAIRS - DAY

Sam still running.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Jill is still arguing with Porter.

JILL
(sweetly)
You're a stupid, fat arsed,
obstructive, fascist moron aren't
you?

PORTER
If you say so.

JILL
You think these are tits don't
you?

PORTER
Ah.

JILL
I bet you'd like to touch them?

PORTER
Oh.

JILL

Well don't. You're looking at twenty pounds of high explosive! And if you don't stamp this form I'm going to blow the place up!

Jill thumps the desk with her fist.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The Guard throws the alarm switch.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Alarm bells start ringing and from secret doors heavily armed GUARDS leap out, their guns trained on Jill as she appears to be the only person around.

GUARD

(shouting)

DROP IT!!

Jill has only the form in her hand which she dutifully drops. She is terrified by the suddenness and size of the response to her hitting the desk. The Guards close in.

Sam rushes out of the door leading to the stairs. He can't believe the sight that greets him. He responds instinctively,

SAM

STOP! Let her go!

He rushes over to the Porter's desk just as the Guards behind him come through the door. He doesn't have a clue what he is going to do but, as he reaches the group of Guards they snap attention. Confused he looks around and then realizes his I.D. badge, is on his lapel and the Guards are responding as trained. The Guards chasing him screech to a halt when they see the others snapping to attention. Everyone looks confused, embarrassed, hesitant to make the next move. Sam breaks the silence.

SAM

Well done... uh... excellent work... quick thinking. I'll take charge of her now...

Realising he has Jill's dossier, he shows it to everyone her print-out pictures are on the front page. It's a classified matter... I'll include your fine handling of the situation in my report

Sam is suddenly aware he is still holding the executive toy present he hands it to the Porter.

SAM

(grabbing Jill)
Come with me, please.

He hustles her towards the door.

EXT. INFORMATION RETRIEVAL BUILDING - DAY

Sam marches Jill out of the main door and down the front steps of the Information Retrieval building. As he struggles with her some of the papers in the dossier slip out unbeknownst to Sam and leave a trail of litter behind them.

JILL
Who are you? Let go!

SAM
Don't look back! Act naturally!

JILL
How can I act naturally, when you've trying to break my arm?

CUT TO THE POV of the Ministry of Information front door Guards. They are looking down the steps at the retreating backs of Sam and Jill who are jostling each other. The Guards see Jill elbow Sam in the ribs.

SAM
(wincing)
Ow! That hurt!

JILL
Good!

VOICE FROM BEHIND
STOP! Come back here!

SAM
Oh, God... no!

He turns around, knowing that the game is up. But instead of one of the Guards shouting it's an OLD LADY angrily glaring at him and pointing to a "Keep your city tidy" sign above a litter bin.

OLD LADY
(screaming)
Can't you read english? You illiterate foreign pig! You come here from your own filthy country and think you can mess our streets up! You should be fried alive, you dirty verminous... etc. etc.

Sam sees the trail of dossier litter blowing about the pavement. He lets go of Jill for a moment to grab at the papers. The Lady continues screaming at him, her little

Pekinese dog (who incidentally wears a plaster over his bum hole) yaps at his ankles, ripping Sam's new trousers. Sam is torn between trying to regain the pages of the dossier and following Jill who has disappeared round the corner. He gives up retrieving the paper and rushes after Jill.

CUTTING BACK to the two Guards, who have been observing all this bizarre activity, we see one of them reading one of the pieces of paper.

OTHER GUARD

Hey, you shouldn't be reading that
it's classified.

EXT. JUST AROUND THE CORNER - DAY

Jill is behind the steering wheel of her lorry which is just starting to move off. Sam frantically runs towards the lorry, leaps on the running board and pulls himself up into the cab.

INT. LORRY CAB - DAY

SAM

(climbing in)

Well done, that's it... Let's go!
Vrmmm. Vrmmm.

Sam looks up and down his side of the street anxiously before realizing that Jill has switched off the engine and is sitting glaring at him. They are stopped, right in front of the Ministry building.

SAM

(frantic)

What are you doing? For Christ's
sake! Get moving!

JILL

Who are you?

Desperately Sam pulls roller blind down over window.

SAM

(hurriedly)

Sam Lowry. Hello. This sounds
insane, I know, but I've been
dreaming about you. Even before I
saw you you were in my dreams.
Weird isn't it. I mean... I don't
know what it means... but it might
mean something... mightn't it? I
hope so. Anyway you're in danger
and I think we should get out of
here, now, quick! Come on!

Still Jill does nothing. Sam pulls down roller blind over window.

SAM
(desperate)
Bloody hell! Do as I say!

JILL
(hard, icy cool)
No.

SAM
(beginning to lose
his bottle)
Please!

Jill continues to sit, glaring.

Sam delves into his pockets and drags out a handful of I.D. cards and papers, most of which fall onto the floor. He then remembers that the badge he's looking for is pinned to his jacket. He thrusts it forward at Jill.

SAM
(beside himself
with panic)
Alright! Alright! Alright! I'm
Information Retrieval Officer
(he checks the number
somewhere. On the
badge?)
DZ/015, and I'm arresting you for
your own good! Now start up and
get moving before I hand you back
to them!
(indicating M.I.
building)

JILL
Them?

SAM
Us. Them. I don't know... just get
going.

Jill starts up and moves off, very cool, in her own time. By now Sam has got the shakes.

JILL
(indicting the papers
that Sam has dropped)
Don't litter my cab!

SAM
(picking them up)
Oh, sorry.

EXT. CITY FREEWAY - DAY

A high shot of the lorry, moving through the city among traffic.

INT. TRAVELLING LORRY - DAY

Jill is preoccupied with driving. She is smoking a cigarette. Sam occasionally glances at her.

SAM

... This is amazing... for me...
being here with you. I mean, in my
dreams you...

JILL

I don't want to hear about your
fucking dreams!

SAM

Oh. But... Look, I'm sorry I shouted
at you.

JILL

(mainly to herself)
Why are they all pigs at Information
Retrieval?

SAM

I don't know.
(realizing that
this includes him)
Hey, that's not a very nice thing
to say.

Jill blows smoke in Sam's direction.

SAM

(waving the smoke
away)
You know, smoking's bad for you.

JILL

It's my fucking life.

SAM

(winding down the
window)
Yes, of course. Sorry.

JILL

(lighting up another
cigarette)
I know you. I saw you through the
floor, didn't I?

SAM

Yes. Ceiling. Why did you run away?

JILL

I didn't run away. I left the flat.

SAM

Why?

JILL

I didn't like it.

SAM

Why not?

JILL

It had a hole in the floor. Where are we going? Where are you taking me?

SAM

What?

JILL

Where are you taking me?

SAM

Ah... Er... It looks as if you're taking me.

JILL

It does doesn't it?

SAM

(slightly worried)

Where are you taking me?

EXT. TRAVELLING LORRY - DAY

WE PULL BACK and lift off to see that the beautiful countryside through which we've been travelling is in fact a solid wall of giant bill-boards, advertising all sorts of wonders like pine scented lavatory paper, sea spray flavored cigarettes you name it. These advertisements form an unbroken corridor down which the road travels. From a bird's eye POV we see that the land behind the hoardings is blasted and blighted with garbage etc.

EXT. POWER PLANT - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

The power plant is an extensive, brutal, Dante's Inferno of a landscape made mainly of steel... towers, chimneys, huge pipes, buildings which look like bomb shelters... It is still daylight but the whole scene is murky and forbidding because of the swirling steam and smoke. In the murk can be seen sinister-looking FIGURES in protective clothing and hard hats.

This is the world which is now entered by Jill's lorry... The lorry halts at a despatching hut near the crane and Jill jumps down from the cab. Sam stays inside, looking around. Something catches his eye.

CUT TO:

FACADE OF HOUSE

Window boxes with flowers and shrubbery surrounded by a white picket fence provide domestic charm, however, in the doorway stands a MAN with protective clothing and something like a gas-mask over his face. He is waving to someone. Slowly the house rises out of frame.

In a WIDER SHOT we can see the house is suspended from and a giant crane that swings it through the air air filled with steam, smoke, evil-smelling fumes. It is lowered onto the back of a lorry and we can see that the house is one of many prefabricated houses used in the construction of the power plant.

INT. LORRY CAB - DAY

Sam watches Jill walk away from the lorry and enter the despatcher's hut. He looks around uneasily and then he starts examining the inside of the lorry and opens a compartment which seems to be full of maps, rags, etc. He gets grease on sleeve of his suit. In the space behind the seats he finds the pieces of luggage which Jill had carried away from the flat. He starts to examine this cautiously and is startled by the sudden opening of the cab door.

JILL

Don't act guilty. Act like me. I'm just getting on with my job. Or, are you just getting on with yours?

Jill gets into the cab and closes the door and drives to a forward looking position.

SAM

What's going on here?

JILL

What does it look like... I'm collecting empties.

The lorry stops and Jill gets out. From Sam's POV, the house suspended from the crane starts moving through the sky towards the lorry. He glances back to see Jill slip a package out from behind the seat. She glances surreptitiously over her shoulder and slipping the parcel inside her jacket she walks away.

EXT. LORRY - LATE AFTERNOON

Sam climbs down from the cab trying to keep an eye on Jill. He ends up standing next to a rusty Kodak Photospot standard. The picture on it though faded by pollution is of the beautiful valley that has now been replaced by the murk and mess of the power plant. Jill has made her way over to a rather SHADOWY FIGURE lurking around the corner of one of the metal structures. They appear to be exchanging parcels. Sam is worried by this suspicious behaviour reinforced as it is by a Ministry poster on the side of the building that illustrates, almost identically, the action we have just seen along with the warning: "MIND THAT PARCEL. EAGLE EYES CAN SAVE A LIFE".

CUT TO the house being lowered and secured onto the lorry.

INT. LORRY CAB - LATE AFTERNOON

Jill is starting up the lorry. Sam is glancing over her shoulder at the suspicious parcel which is tucked behind her. They move off. The last view of the power plant is of a group of MEN all in protective clothing and masks happily playing a game of volleyball.

INT. TRAVELLING LORRY - LATER AFTERNOON

SAM

OK. What's in the parcel?

JILL

What parcel?

Sam nods knowingly in the direction of the parcel.

JILL

I don't know. Christmas present.

Sam picks it up.

SAM

It's heavy.

JILL

A heavy Christmas present.

He glances at her suspiciously.

JILL

Open it if you don't trust me.

Sam hesitates and puts the parcel down.

SAM

I'd rather trust you.

Jill gives him a quizzical look and smiles slightly, in spite of herself. She turns away so that he won't notice.

INT. TRAVELLING LORRY IN CITY TRAFFIC - DUSK

JILL

What are you doing in Information Retrieval?

SAM

Looking for you.

JILL

No, really.

SAM

Really.

JILL

I mean, it doesn't suit you.

SAM

(looking at his
jacket)
Suit me?

JILL

Don't you know the sort of thing that Information Retrieval does?

SAM

What do you mean? Would you rather have terrorists?

JILL

We've got both.

SAM

Things would be worse without Information Retrieval.

JILL

They couldn't be worse for the Buttles.

Sam is at a loss.

JILL

Why don't you say, no system is perfect.

SAM

Well, no system is.

JILL

Say, all wars have innocent victims.

SAM

Well, all wars do

JILL

Who is this war against, Sam?

SAM

Well, terrorists of course.

JILL

How many terrorists have you met?
Actual terrorists?

SAM

Actual. terrorists? Well... it's
only my first day.

Jill bursts out laughing. Sam joins in. They are both laughing hysterically as they approach the Central Supplies depot.

EXT. CENTRAL SUPPLIES - DUSK

The impression is that the place could be an abandoned airfield out to the use of a vast open air warehouse whose contents is arranged in a grid pattern of "streets", all the streets being lined by stacks, piles, ranks, jumbles of goods and objects which seem at first to be arbitrarily grouped, some of them (like the stacks of prefabricated houses) standing in the open others protected under simple areas of roofing. Each group of Assorted Supplies lies inside the squares of the grid of streets. The streets are eerily lit by lights just being switched on, and each square is also lit by harsh localized lighting. The effect is a nightmarish gigantic Aladdin's cave of black shadows and garishly lit mountains of stuff.

INT. LORRY - DUSK

Jill's lorry starts down one of the "streets".

JILL

(as they pass a
clock in "C"s)
Look at that right on time.

SAM

What? I thought you were free to
come and go as you please.

JILL

Well, almost... unfortunately I do
have to punch in by 5.00 every
day.

SAM

(slightly surprised)
Every day? Turn around!

JILL

What?

SAM
They'll be there waiting.

JILL
Who will?

SAM
Security.

JILL
You're joking.

SAM
No. Please. They're going to arrest
you.

JILL
I thought you arrested me.

SAM
Yes... but, this is real. Now,
stop!
(he grabs for the
emergency brake)

JILL
(pushing his hand
away)
Cut it out, Sam.

SAM
(grabbing at the
steering wheel)
Will you please turn back.

JILL
(shoving him back)
Get away!

SAM
(lunging for the
steering wheel)
Turn!

JILL
(unable to control
him)
Stop it... damn you!

Sam throws the lorry into a gut-sucking skid.

EXT. CENTRAL SUPPLIES - DUSK

The lorry skids around a corner and roars down a side street
of containers.

INT. LORRY - DUSK

Sam and Jill are fighting for control of the lorry.

JILL
You're mad! You're out of your
mind!

At that moment the air is split apart by the wail of sirens.
Sam and Jill look back.

EXT. CENTRAL SUPPLIES - DUSK

From inside two strategically placed wooden containers
stacked amongst the piles of containers marked "AUTOMOBILES"
burst forth two Security vehicles. Wood flying, lights
flashing, wheels smoking they squeal away in pursuit.

INT. LORRY - DUSK

SAM
I was right! Step on it!

JILL
Let go! We've got to stop!

SAM
Now you're the one that's out of
your mind.

JILL
Sam... we can't outrace them. You'll
kill us!

They struggle for control of the lorry.

EXT. CENTRAL SUPPLIES - DUSK

The lorry rumbles down the street of containers lurching
from side to side as the battle in the cab wages back and
forth. Containers are smashed open and their contents spill
out only to be further damaged as the pursuing Security
vehicles crash through them. The lorry escapes from the
streets of containers and cannons through the main gate
and out on to the streets of the city.

INT. LORRY CAB - DUSK

Sam and Jill are still struggling violently for control of
the lorry. Sam is terribly inexperienced as a driver but he
behaves like someone possessed. Through the rear view
mirrors he can see the Security vehicles catching up with
them. He starts fumbling with his multiple gear levers.

JILL
Don't touch those!

EXT. DOMESTIC STREETS - DUSK

The lorry roars down a street of terraced houses and then screeches around a corner.

INT. LORRY - DUSK

Sam pushes Jill's hand back and grabs for the lever that he thinks is overdrive. But rather than gaining speed there is a terrible lurch as the house and trailer disconnect from the cab.

EXT. DOMESTIC STREET - DUSK

The house slides off the trailer which is skidding sideways and crunches to the ground just as the Security vehicles round the corner.

INT. SECURITY VEHICLE - DUSK

From behind the DRIVER we can see that the house has settled across the roadway at right-angle to the other houses, making it appear to be a normal dead end street. So shocked is the Driver that he fails to stop in time and KABLOW!! the car smashes into the house.

EXT. DOMESTIC STREET - DUSK

Hot on the heels of the 1st car, the 2nd vehicle skids and then smashes into the house which collapses and then explodes in flames.

INT. JILL'S LORRY - DUSK

Sam sits paralysed with shock. The lorry has come to a halt. Jill is desperately trying to get him to move.

JILL

Come on, let's go! Let's get out of here!

SAM

Oh God! What have we done?

JILL

We? Don't blame me!

SAM

It wasn't supposed to happen like this.

JILL

(looking behind)

Shit! The house is on fire!

SAM

"And your children all gone."

JILL

What?

SAM

"Lady bird, lady bird, fly away home, your house is on fire and your children all gone"... Do you think anyone's hurt?

JILL

Yes.

(tapping him on the forehead)

Come out, I know you're in there

EXT. DOMESTIC STREET - DUSK

A Security vehicle in full banshee howl roars through the streets. We roar along with it as it rounds a corner and skids to a halt at a safe but striking distance from Jill's lorry. Heavily armed SECURITY POLICE pour out and take up firing positions behind parked cars or whatever other cover is available. Searchlights are played on the lorry. The OFFICER IN CHARGE appears with a loud-hailer.

OFFICER IN CHARGE

Come out, we know you're in there!
You cannot possibly escape. Throw your weapons from your vehicle and come out slowly with your hands on your heads. Obey my instructions and no harm will come to you. But if you force us to shoot we'll shoot to kill.

During the above speech a SMALL BOY on a tricycle "roars" around a corner behind the Security Police. He rides into a gap between them, rolls his tricycle over and "takes cover" behind it. He points his toy rifle at Jill's lorry and takes shot. In reaction to the noise made by the kid's rifle the Officer In Charge dives for cover and the Security Troops open fire and pepper Jill's lorry cab with holes. A few of the Security Troops then rush forward and fling open the cab door. The cab is empty. The Officer In Charge gets to his feet and looks about. His uniform is covered with dust, oil and shit from the street. He just misses seeing the back of the Boy as he disappears round the corner on his tricycle.

INT. LINGERIE DEPARTMENT / SHOPPING CENTER - DAY

To the lush sound of musak we glide through the glittering sensuous, supportive world of ladies undergarments. As we slip past girdles, bras, panti-hose for a variety of exotic occasions we come upon Sam and Jill pushing a shopping

trolley. In the trolley is the "suspicious" parcel which Jill was given at the power plant.

SAM

This is a hell of a time to buy a nightie.

JILL

Are you still following me?

SAM

Please, Jill... I love you.

JILL

Go away.

SAM

There are plenty of other safe places. Why don't we go back to my flat?

JILL

Leave me alone!

SAM

You've got to trust me. It sounds silly but I know we were meant to meet.

JILL

You mean you were meant to hijack my truck, make me crash it, and have every security man in town looking for me?

SAM

I was just trying to help. I decided to trust you. Maybe I was wrong. Whose side are you on really? Who are your friends? Who was the man who gave you the parcel? What's in it? It's the only thing you saved from the lorry... It must be something very special.

JILL

I saved you from the lorry and you're not very special.

SAM

... It's a bomb isn't it?

JILL

(exasperated)

Oh... Jesus!

Sam grabs the parcel from the trolley and tries to start

tearing it open.

SAM

I'm going to open it!

JILL

(grabbing parcel
and trying to take
it from him)

No you're not!

They start an ugly little struggle for the parcel. Sam's suit gets slightly ripped. Their tug-of-war is interrupted by a voice off camera.

VOICE

SAM!!

Sam turns to see Mrs. Terrain and Shirley a short distance away. Mrs. Terrain is heavily bandaged and sitting in a wheelchair which Shirley is pushing.

MRS. TERRAIN

It's me and Shirley!

From the Terrains' POV Sam looks as if he is wrestling with a dummy, or with himself if he is beside a full length mirror. The mirror or something obscures Jill. Mrs. Terrain and Shirley exchange puzzled looks and proceed toward Sam.

SAM

Ah... hello, Mrs. Terrain. Sam
lets go of the parcel and pushes
Jill away. She moves off.

(after Jill for
Mrs. Terrain's
benefit)

I think that'll hold it.

(to Shirley)

Hello Shirley. Just helping someone
tie up a Christmas present. How
are you?

MRS. TERRAIN

My complication had a complication,
but Dr. Chapman says I'll soon be
up and bouncing about like a young
gazelle. Are you buying a Christmas
present for your mother?

SAM

(trying to keep an
eye on Jill who is
disappearing from
sight)

Er, yes...

MRS. TERRAIN

Shirley and I come here regularly.
I love romantic lingerie.

She unwraps a set of red and black, fur trimmed things
with strategic holes in them.

MRS. TERRAIN

(coyly)
Picture me in these.

At this moment there is an almighty explosion from the far
corner of the store. It is the corner that we last saw
Jill moving towards. Sam races towards the smoke, dust
covering his suit. He finds bras, knickers, broken shop
dummies, bleeding CUSTOMERS and SHOP ASSISTANTS all over
the place. On the edge of this devastated area he sees
Jill struggling out from under a pile of negligees and
plaster dust. He rushes over to her.

SAM

(frantic)
Are you alright?

JILL

Yes.

SAM

(anxiety giving way
to anger)
You don't deserve to be! You should
be dead, or maimed like them...
How could you... ?
(indicating the
wounded)
What a bloody stupid thing... I
should. have made you open it in
the lorry.

She has dug the parcel out of the debris and has ripped it
open. Under the brown paper are a dozen brightly coloured.
Christmas packages yes you guessed it executive toys.
She throws the parcel and its contents hard into Sam's
chest. He topples back-wards tangling himself up with the
severed limbs of a shop dummy.

JILL

There's your bomb! Our annual bribes
for official ass-holes like you!

Sam sits in the debris ashamed and relieved. Liquor oozes
from the broken bottle all over Sam's suit. He is at a
loss for words.

Jill's attention is attracted by moans coming from the
badly hurt BOMB VICTIMS. She goes to help them.

JILL

(to Sam)

Come on, make yourself useful,
there are people hurt!

Jill goes around trying to make the injured comfortable. Sam follows her. He takes off his jacket with his Information Retrieval badge on the lapel and uses it to make a pillow for one of these victims. By now sirens are wailing, water sprinklers are functioning, and there is general pandemonium. SECURITY GUARDS run into the area and begin arresting everyone, including the dead and injured. ONE OF THE GUARDS tries to drag off the WOMAN whom Jill is attending.

JILL

Hey stop... she's hurt!

The Guard gives Jill a thump in the side of the face with his gloved hand. Sam sees red.

SAM

DON'T TOUCH HER!!

The Guard looks up and as he does so he is transformed into the Giant Warrior from Sam's dream. He towers over the wounded, the dying and the debris of the blasted lingerie department. Sam grabs for a weapon and comes up with one of the arms (now detached) of the shop dummy. It makes a passable club.

JILL

SAM... don't!!

The two combatants square off... looking for an opening... a chink in the other's defences at which point Sam is flattened from behind by a TROOPER'S gun butt.

INT. STONE SHIPANTI - DAY

Sam is falling down the inner wall of the stone ship. He tumbles end over end unable to stop his crashing descent. With a thud he hits the bottom. Stunned, bruised and battered he tries to get up. Standing over him are the grey Prisoners. They press forward.

SAM

(feebly)

Where is she? Is she here?

The grey Prisoners dissolve into what looks like several BAGGEES.

INT. BLACK MARIA - EVENING

The Baggees hang from a track on the ceiling of the Black Maria. Sam is lying on the floor, covered by his jacket,

with his badge prominently displayed. He is dazed and mumbling... the only Baggee in the wagon apart from TWO GUARDS who have removed their helmets and are relaxing while travelling back to base.

GUARD A

(scratching his head)

These helmets don't half make your scalp itch.

GUARD B

Ooh, don't mention it.

(beginning to scratch his head)

And they make you sweat. Half the time I can't see where I'm going there's a great Niagara of perspiration coming down.

GUARD A

I'm lucky, I've got thick eyebrows. That keeps it up and channels it out to my ears.

SAM STIRS AND GROANS

GUARD B

Who's he?

GUARD A

Someone from Information Retrieval they're always hanging about in lingerie.

Sam is coming to his senses. He takes in the situation, sees all the BAGGEES and staggers to his knees.

SAM

Jill! Jill! Are you there?!

He begins rummaging through the Baggees. One of which is dressed as FATHER CHRISTMAS. Sam opens the "face vent" of the Baggee's' hoods. A pair of strange eyes look out.

GUARD A

Excuse me, sir that's government property.

SAM

Is here a girl here? Tall, fair hair, blue eyes?

GUARD A

Dunno sir. They check all that at the depot.

Sam continues fumbling about the Baggees.

GUARD #3

(pulling Sam back)

We can't allow you to do that sir,
it's more than our job's worth.

SAM

(shaking Guard off)

I've got to find her! Jill! Jill!

GUARD A

You can always fill in an
application form, if you're a
relative, sir. Please stop, sir.

Sam takes no notice.

SAM

Jill! Jill!

Guard A hits Sam, knocking him out again.

GUARD A

Sorry about that sir. Regulations.
We'll have you safely back in your
office in no time.

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - EVENING

Sam recovers consciousness to find himself sitting at his desk in his office. He is bruised and battered and has a black eye. His suit is torn and bloody. Mr. Warren is gripping him by the throat and giving him a lecture. Behind Warren, crowding the doorway, are the PEOPLE who circulate around him and are the cast of the Warren high energy circus. Lime is with them.

WARREN

This is a black eye for the
department, Lowry!... And I don't
care how you behaved when you were
at Records! Information Retrieval
is an executive branch! We're proud
of our reputation and we protect
it!

One of his Accolytes thrusts a paper into his hand he glances at it.

He slams the form down onto the desk which is covered with other forms.

And what the hell is this mess? An empty desk is an efficient desk.

He has picked up some of the forms.

WARREN

Good God!... queries from Security,
searches from Central Banking about
a cheque, clarification notices
from Accounting concerning
unreturned receipts, another demand
from the Motor Pool.

SAM

Mr. Warren... I have to find out
about...

WARREN

Shut up! I don't know what's going
on here, Lowry, but don't think
you can intimidate us with your
friends and relatives in high
places! Now shape up!

He dumps the papers and folders onto Sam's desk and storms
off with his ENTOURAGE, leaving a gleeful Lime in the
doorway.

SAM

(grabbing Lime as
he starts to slip
away)

Lime, I need to use your computer

LIME

Sorry, a bit busy at the moment.

(he indicates Sam's
smothered desk)

You seem to have quite a lot to do
yourself.

(he disappears into
his office)

INT.30TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

Sam rushes out of his office after Lime. But, Lime has
locked his door. Sam bangs on the door.

SAM

Shit!

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Sam storms back into his office. Reaching a peak of
frustration, he stuffs all his paperwork into the pneumatic
tube and sends it off into oblivion. Within seconds it
returns. Sam sends it off a second time. It doesn't return
a second time, periodically something passes through the
tubes causing them to move. Sam's pneumatic tubes continue
to pulsate, pressure building up. At this point Sam's desk
begins, as before, to creep through the wall. He grabs it

violently. He pulls it. There is a scream from the other side of the wall. Sam smiles. The pneumatic tubes give a final convulsion and then there appears to be a muffled explosion outside Sam's office door. It shakes the whole building. Sam goes to his door and opens it.

INT. SAM'S CORRIDOR - CONTINUATION

Every door in the corridor has been opened by the occupants of the room. All the occupants stick their heads into the corridor, all gazing with Sam at the variously coloured blizzard of paper which has erupted through the whole length of the corridor ceiling, from which protrudes the intestines of the pneumatic system.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE CORRIDOR & INFORMATION - EVENING

RETRIEVAL CORRIDORS

It is the end of the working day. Jack is leaving for home. He is putting on his executive-styled bullet-proof vest and packing his "Secret Connection" briefcase. As the scene progresses Sam and JACK proceed out of the door and down the corridor, passing other I.R. OFFICIALS. Sam is dishevelled and causing acute sartorial embarrassment to Jack to is trying to distance himself from him.

SAM

Come off it, Jack! Of course you can check to see if she's been arrested.

JACK

I'm sorry, Sam, I'm afraid this whole case has become much more complicated since last we talked.

SAM

(exasperated)

She's innocent, Jack she's done nothing wrong.

JACK

Tell that to the wives of the Security men she blew up this afternoon. Listen, we've also had a report just in from Central Services that Tuttle has wrecked an entire flat and sabotaged adjacent Central Services systems as a matter of fact, in your block. I'd keep my eyes open if I were you, Sam. Bye.

SAM

(catching up with Jack)

You don't really think Tuttle and the girl are in league?

JACK

I do. Goodbye.
(steps into lift)

INT. LIFT - EVENING

SAM

It could all be coincidental.

JACK

There are no coincidences, Sam. Everything's connected, all along the line. Cause and effect. That's the beauty of it. Our job is to trace the connections and reveal them.

(whispers)

This whole Buttle/Tuttle confusion was obviously planned from the inside. Bye bye.

INT. INFORMATION RETRIEVAL LOBBY - EVENING

Jack and Sam have just emerged from the lift. The lift doors close. Sam agitatedly speaks.

SAM

Jack, she's innocent!

JACK

Sam we've always been close, haven't we?

SAM

(eagerly)

Yes we have, Jack!

JACK

Well, could you stay away from me until this thing blows over.

EXT. MINISTRY OF INFORMATION RETRIEVAL - NIGHT

Sam is leaving the Ministry of Information Retrieval. The lights in the foyer are blazing behind him, the street lamps are lit. He is exhausted and depressed and anxious about the safety and whereabouts of Jill. He begins to retrace their first journey together, down the Ministry front steps and around the corner to where Jill's truck was parked.

EXT. JUST AROUND THE CORNER - NIGHT

Sam stands in the passageway where Jill's lorry was first

parked. The only hint of its once-upon-a-time presence is a small splodge of oil by the kerb. Sam stands lost and beaten under a street light. He slumps down to the pavement unsure his next move. The street light is reflected in the pool of oil. As he stares at the reflected light it expands and becomes a patch of blue cloud-filled sky. Sam turns to look at the actual street light. It has become a crack of blazing light coming thru the inner wall of the great stone ship.

INT. STONE SHIPANTI - DAY

DREAM GIRL'S VOICE

I'm here Sam. Don't give up.

Sam is pushing through the grey Prisoners. The light from the crack shafts across the space in which they find themselves imprisoned, striking the opposite wall. There in the bright pool of light are Sam's wings beautiful, shimmering silver... But, nailed to a large stone cruciform like a crucified eagle. Sam rushes towards them and begins to pull them loose, But before he can, a great cracking noise reverberates through the ship and a black shadow falls across Sam and the wings. Looking round he sees the inner wall has split open to the level of the floor but, blocking the opening is the Giant Samurai Warrior. Sam draws his sword and rushes toward the Giant. The Giant stands ominously still. Then very slowly he raises his spear in front of himself in an almost religious gesture. Poof! He vanishes! Sam is confused. Suddenly a Prisoner shouts a warning and Sam spins round just in time to avoid a slash of the spear by the gigantic Warrior who is now standing directly behind him. Sam parries a couple more thrusts of the spear and then strikes with his sword. At thin air! The Giant has vanished again. Sam can't figure it out. But he hears something whoosh and instinctively dodges as the Giant who is once again behind him brings the spear crashing down. Again Sam manages a few parries as he is forced backwards. He trips and falls to the ground. The spear goes into the ground.

Before the Giant can wrench the spear loose, Sam slashes at him with his sword. But again the Giant disappears. Sam spins around. The Giant is a short distance from him. Sam rushes him. Again he vanishes. This time he reappears next to the spear and tries to free it. But Sam attacks again and the Giant is forced to do his vanishing act before he can recover the spear. Sam is becoming exasperated with his behaviour, and as the Giant reappears he shouts at him to hold still, at the same time throwing his sword at the big fellow. The sword pins the Giant's foot to the ground before he can disappear. Instead of blood pouring from the wound, fire issues forth. Sam takes advantage of the situation and manages to wrench the spear from the ground. The Giant is unable to escape as Sam charges, but manages to dodge a bit. However the spear catches his arm and opens a gash. Again fire pours out. As the big guy tries to stop

the fire, Sam charges again. This time he succeeds in striking dead centre. The Giant gasps as fire gushes from his chest. He staggers and crashes to the ground. The wounds continue to bleed fire.

Sam gets his breath back and approaches the fallen Warrior. Reaching down he removed the Giant's mask. Fire rushes forth from all the facial orifices. But the thing that makes him catch his breath is the face itself. It's his... Sam's! While he stares in amazement the fire begins to melt the face. In a moment it is unrecognizable. Sam stands there stunned. Somewhere in the distance a bell tolls.

EXT. JUST AROUND THE CORNER - NIGHT

Sam's face is reflected in the puddle of oil. He is staring wide-eyed. A church bell tolls in the distance. Sam is definitely spooked. He scrambles to his feet. He's got to get out of here. He heads off down the passageway but is brought quickly to a halt. There, in the shadows, is SOMEONE smoking a cigarette. He hesitates and reverses direction but, before he manages 2 paces a familiar voice comes from behind him.

JILL

You're late.

Sam spins around. Stepping out from the shadows is Jill cigarette in her mouth.

SAM

(stunned)

Jill! What are you do... I mean...
how did you... Are you alright?

JILL

Yes.

SAM

What happened to you after...

JILL

Your face... are you hurt?

SAM

No. No. I'm fine. I was worried
sick about you... I thought...

A patrol car approaches. Quickly Sam grabs Jill and goes into a kiss to explain their presence. The car hesitates for a moment and drives on.

JILL

(through kiss)

They're gone.

SAM

(through kiss)
Are you sure?

JILL
(through kiss)
Yes.

They resume passionate kiss. After a moment...

SAM
(urgently)
C'mon, we've got to get you off
the streets.

They head off clutching one another.

INT. SAM'S CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The Elysian Fields train arrives clattering. Sam and Jill are the only passengers to emerge. They can't keep their hands off one another. This is young love at its freshest and most exciting. Sam looks up and down the platform cautiously but there is no-one in sight as the train clatters off again into the darkness. Sam and Jill approach Sam's front door. He puts a key in the door and tries to open the door but has some difficulty. Something creaks. He gives the door a heavy shove and the door opens and a shower of white powdery ice falls on his head...

INT. SAM'S FLAT - NIGHT

Sam enters, followed by Jill. His breath immediately starts come out of his mouth like clouds of steam. The flat looks as though it has been disembowelled and then deep frozen. Icicles are hanging down from everywhere. The flat looks like a scrap dump. Every wall has spilled out its disgusting steel and rubber entrails, filling most of the available space and making progress through the flat difficult. Half a dozen MEN are at work. They are impossible to identify because they wear arctic clothing and look more like spacemen. Their voices however belong to Spoor and Dowser.

SAM
For God's sake, what's happened?

SPOOR
Thermostat's gone. And then some.

DOWSER
... And then some.

SAM
What have you done to my flat?

SPOOR
Sign here, please.

DOWSER
... ere please.

Spoor offers a clipboard and pencil. He bangs the clipboard against the furniture to knock the ice off it.

SAM
What is it?

SPOOR
It's a 27B/6 of course.

DOWSER
... B/6 of course.

JILL
(to Dowser)
Do you repeat everying?

DOWSER
(nods)
... Everything.

SPOOR
(indicating the
mess)
This is what you get when you have
cowboys round yer ducts.

DOWSER
... yer ducts.

SPOOR
I think you've got your T41 crystal
inductor wired up to a reverse
bobbin- threaded-solenoid-control.
It's either that or a new washer.

DOWSER
... new washer.

SPOOR
Sign the form so we can get to it.

DOWSER
... get to it.

Sam grabs the clipboard and smashes it over Spoor's head. The board is so cold that it snaps in two. The paper on it also snaps in two.

INT. SAM'S CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sam pulls Jill out into the corridor.

JILL
Don't you like parties?

SAM

C'mon. We've got to get out of here.

As Sam and Jill begin to move down the corridor they see a cigarette glow brightly in a dark recess.

JILL

(seeing cigarette light)

TOO LATE!

They ere about to run when Tuttle steps out of the shadows.

TUTTLE

I'll fix the damage when they've gone. I'll be ready for you tomorrow.

INT. MOTHER'S CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A venerable Porter carrying a single key on a large ring is preceding Sam and Jill along the corridor which we have seen before. The Porter's name is MATTHEWS.

SAM

My mother said it would be all right.

MATTHEWS

She didn't say anything about it to me.

SAM

Well, she's my mother, not yours.

MATTHEWS

I won't be held responsible.

SAM

How long will she be away?

MATTHEWS

(darkly)

There are some who go to Dr. Jaffe's clinic who never come back at all.

Matthews unlocks Mother's door.

MATTHEWS

(to Jill)

You're not a professional, are you?

JILL

No, amateur.

SAM
(firmly)
Thank you, Matthews.

With which he ushers Jill through the door and closes the door in Matthews' face.

INT. MOTHER'S FLAT - NIGHT

SAM
Make yourself at home. Don't answer
the phone or open the door to anyone.
I won't be long.

JILL
Where are you going?

SAM
I'm going to pull some strings.
It's our only hope.

JILL
Don't do anything silly.

SAM
Thanks for the vote of confidence.

JILL
Take care.

Sam goes.

INT. INFORMATION RETRIEVAL FOYER - NIGHT

Sam arrives at the Ministry of Information Retrieval reception. It's late. GROUPS OF CLEANERS are operating cleaning machinery. Sam approaches the Desk Porter who is playing with the executive toy Sam gave him.

SAM
Excuse me, Dawson, can you put me
through to Mr. Helpmann's office?

PORTER
I'm afraid I can't, sir. You have
to go through the proper channels.

SAM
And you can't tell me what the
proper channels are, because that's
classified information?

PORTER
I'm glad to see the Ministry's
continuing its tradition of
recruiting the brightest and best,

sir.

SAM

Thank you, Dawson.

Sam crosses the foyer, checks to see that Dawson is no longer watching him engrossed as he is with the executive toy, and slips past the lift which, at that moment, disgorges a leg-bandaged, be-crutched Lime who hobbles across the lobby without seeing Sam, who slips down the stairs which he knows lead to Helpmann's private lift.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Sam creeps along the corridor to the lift door avoiding a GROUP OF SECURITY MEN who are singing carols in close harmony. ONE GUARD is conducting and giving instruction. They are all incredibly big and brutal looking.

CHOIR MASTER

(stopping them)

No, no, no, Arthur, you're going flat on that G. It's your breathing. Take a breath on the end. of the previous line, after Noel. Right, one, two, three.

The CHOIR begins singing again. Sam reaches the lift and looks at the small panel of letters set into the wall.

CLOSEUP of Sam's face concentrating. He hears, we hear, a reprise of Mr. Helpmann talking to Sam in Mother's bathroom.

HELPMANN (V.O.)

Of course, Jeremiah was senior to me, but we were close friends, and I keep his name alive at the office every day. It's as though he's there speaking to me. "Here I am, J.H."

Sam is already typing the letters "EREIAMJH" into the keyboard. The lift judders and starts to ascend.

INT. MR. HELPMANN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sam steps out of lift into an ante-room. No-one is there. Tentatively he knocks on the connecting door into the office. No reply. He slowly opens door.

SAM

Mr. Helpmann? Are you there? Hello?

The office is empty. Sam looks around not sure what he wants to do. He notices his Mother's picture on Helpmann's desk. He is just about to leave when his eye is caught by an elaborate computer console in a side room. It

occasionally chatters away. Paper print-outs fill a large bin. Hesitantly Sam approaches it. Looking around to make sure the room is still empty he punches the On key and the machine lights up.

He cautiously pushes a couple more keys. The teleprinter machines have paused but one starts chattering now. He looks at the one which is busy. A CLOSEUP shows us the message coming through: "TOTAL TOTAL TOTAL CAR 15 REQUEST FEEDBACK STATUS ON SUBJECT BENJAMIN GEORGE TROLLOPE VAGRANT DETAINED TERRORIST/SUSPECT/ASSOCIATE". This is followed by a code number. The teleprinter falls silent.

Sam returns to the keyboard and switches it off. He turns to leave. The teleprinter starts chattering again. Sam stops and goes back to it and looks at the page again. A CLOSEUP shows us: "UPDATE SUBJECT TROLLOPE DECEASED CAUSE OF DEATH GUNSHOT RESISTING ARREST. PLEASE DELETE FROM SPECIAL CATEGORY". The computer spool revolves back and forth for two or three seconds and then stops. Sam ponders this for a moment and then heads back to the keyboard and switches on the machine. He has the answer.

INT. MOTHER'S FLAT - NIGHT

Sam enters the flat. Jill is nowhere to be seen. The lights are out but, from the partially opened bedroom door beams a shaft of bright light. Music pours forth... it is...

"BRAZIL".

SAM
(cautiously)
Jill?

Getting no answer he goes to the door and peers through. There is Jill but, transformed. She is wearing one of Sam's Mother's wigs which billows in the air blown by a fan. She is also wearing a diaphanous nightdress borrowed from the extensive wardrobe and is dancing slowly. She looks like the Dream Girl. Sam stands open-mouthed. Jill notices him and smiles.

JILL
What do you think?... is it me?

SAM
(still stunned)
You don't exist any more. I've
killed you. Jill Layton is dead.

He holds out a print-out. She reads it and slowly looks up.

JILL
Care for a bit of necrophilia?

They rush together.

INT. STONE SHIPANTI - DAY

The screen is filled with brilliant white clouds rushing about a beautiful blue sky. They course this way and that. Pulling back we reveal that this patch of sky is inside a mammoth glass-like cube held aloft by four stone columns. The absolutely amazing scale of this cube is revealed as Sam sweeps up into shot his wings gleaming in the light. He is a tiny speck but, overjoyed he has found the day. far below him the grey Prisoners gather beaming with happiness. Diving back to the ground Sam unsheaths his sword and holding it aloft rushes to the base of one of the great columns. The Forces of Darkness who have been lurking in the shadows slink back. Sam, with one mighty swing, strikes the column the noise reverberates as cracks begin to race up and through the column. It is disintegrating. As it crumbles the mammoth cube begins to topple. Everyone steps back. Down it plummets. And smashes into a million pieces. The bright blue sky escapes in all directions. The grey Prisoners' iron collars and chains fall from their necks as they stand, surrounded by a beautiful blue sky. They look up to the sun. Sam is exultant.

INT. MOTHER'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Pull back from the sun through a window. The light falls on Sam's smiling sleeping face. Showly he wakes. He little by little remembers where he is and reaches over for Jill. She isn't there. Sam panics.

JILL

Merry Xmas.

She is sitting at the foot of the bed grinning at him. She crawls over to him they start to embrace.

SAM

Everything is going to be all right.

But crash!!! It's a raid! Like a giant drill a whirling cylinder has plunged through the ornate moulded ceiling of Mother's bedroom, and we now see what made the neat hole in the Buttle ceiling... CUTS show doors being burst open by SECURITY TROOPS. Jill and Sam are frozen in panic. Security Troops are sliding down a fireman's pole" from the hole in the ceiling.

SAM

(shouts)

She's dead. Check the list!

But it is Sam they have come for. He is being dragged out of the bed.

GUARDS
(as they struggle
with him)
You Turncoat Bastard! JUDAS!!
TRAITOR!!

A canvas bag is plunged over his head. All goes black.

SAM
(muffled)
JILL!!!

A shot rings out. Jill screams. It echoes through the blackness.

INT. PROCESSING AREA - DAY

In absolute inky darkness, Sam and the CAMERA move through space and time marked only by voices and sounds encountered on the way. This sound-sequence fades in and out a few times, indicating that the journey is longer than the real-time period of the blacked-out sequence. We hear:

Footsteps of Sam and GUARDS.

Distant howl of pain.

Muzak.

Iron gate.

Footsteps again.

Lift doors opening and closing.

Muzak.

Typing pool.

FEMALE VOICE
a wonderful gift, I changed it at
the chemist for some antibiotics
and bathroom scales and there's
enough left on the voucher for a
tonsilectomy if I want to treat
myself...

Office door opens and closes.

GUARD'S VOICE
Christmas Parcel for you, sir...
sign here please...

What looks like a rectangular hatch in the blackness opens. It is the eyeslit on the front of Sam's bag being opened by a SECURITY GUARD.

The Security Guard peers in for a moment and then steps back to reveal two SMART OFFICIALS sitting at a desk. They are looking up at Sam/us.

OFFICIAL A

93/HKS/608, you are charged with the following: Passing confidential documents to unauthorized personnel viz IR dossier/Gillian Layton. Destroying Government property viz an indeterminate number of personnel carriers. Taking possession under false pretences of said personnel carriers. Forging the signature of the Head of Records, Third Department. Attempting to misdirect Ministry funds, in the form of a cheque to A. Buttle, through unauthorized channels. Tampering with Central Services supply ducts. Employing unqualified suspected persons for this purpose. Attempting to conceal a fugitive from justice. Obstructing the forces of law and order in the exercise of their duty. Giving aid and comfort to the enemies of society. Bringing into disrepute the good name of the Government, and the standing within the community of the Department of Information Retrieval. Attempting to disrupt the Ministry of Information Retrieval's internal communicating systems. Wasting Ministry time and paper.

OFFICIAL B

We would advise you that a plea of guilty will save you and the tax payer money, and will always be looked upon more favourably than a plea of not guilty. All you are requested to do at this stage is to sign this form.

Official B waves a sheet of paper. We hear Sam's voice.

SAM

Where's Jill?

OFFICIAL A

Not interested?

SAM

What have you done with Jill?

OFFICIAL A

Right. Next!

The Security Guard appears briefly and zips up the hood again plunging us back into darkness. We get more muffled shouts, heavy breathing and subterranean son et lumiere.

Another Security Guard opens the flap on Sam's hood. We see another TWO OFFICIALS.

SAM

(more hysterical)

Where's Jill? What's happened to Jill?

OFFICIAL C

93/HKS/608, you've got quite a list of misdemeanours here, haven't you? All this is going to take time and money, and I'm afraid, according to your bank statement and credit rating here, you're likely to be in deep financial trouble by the end of it. Now, either you plead guilty to say, seven or eight of these charges, which'll bring the costs down to within your reach, or you can borrow a sum to be negotiated, from us, at very competitive rates. We can offer you something at say, eleven and a half per cent, over thirty years. But you will have to buy insurance to qualify for his scheme.

OFFICIAL D

All you have to do is to agree to sign the appropriate boxes on these forms. Yes or no?

SAM

I'm not guilty! Not guilty you stupid bastar...

The Guard closes the flap. Once again darkness and confusion, until another SECURITY GUARD opens the flap again to reveal another TWO OFFICIALS.

OFFICIAL E

(examining forms)

Now, since you've elected to plead not guilty on all these charges, you'd be well advised to take some sort of insurance cover. Preferably comprehensive, or if you'd prefer, something more specific say, against electrical charges over

f70.00. And for food and accommodation costs of say, £800.00. Detention can be a very expensive business.

OFFICIAL F

Now, before we bore you with the small print perhaps you'd like to tell us whether you'd like to sign this insurance acceptance form or not. Think carefully before you decide. Thinking ahead in financial matters is always the wise course.

The flap is closed and opened again very quickly NEW OFFICIALS are revealed. This process repeats again and again getting faster and faster. The Officials' faces seem to become a changing blur. Their voices overlap in a growing cacophony. The desk and the other items in the room remain static. To add to this disturbing effect the Forces of Darkness begin to gather in the room behind the Officials. As they increase in number they begin to press forward unseen by the Officials. Soon they fill the view through the flap.

OFFICIAL

We're here to save you and the tax payer money. Would you like to pay the premium for a single room with a shower and a soft bed? For a small charge we can keep visits from friends and relatives down to to a minimum. Plead guilty, it's easier, quicker, and cheaper for everyone. We're doing a survey... Aimed at providing a better service. Do you think the present system is A. efficient, B. inefficient? As a taxpayer are you A. impressed, B. unimpressed

INT. STONE SHIP - TIMELESS

CUT TO Sam struggling with the Forces of Darkness. He is overwhelmed by the black hordes. They fill the screen. Sam disappears under their onslaught. A pause. Then Sam is raised, spread-eagled, above the black sea of the Forces. Strong hands hold him. The maniacal laughter starts up. Sam is turned in its direction.

CUT TO a shot over the top of the mass of robed FIGURES. Rising from the ruins of the stone columns, the black cloth thing flaps menacingly towards camera. We can see the towering filing cabinet skyscrapers of the Storeroom of Knowledge in the background.

Sam looks terrified. As the thing hovers above Sam in all

its huge twisting awfulness, it slowly begins to unfold like some deadly flower blooming in stop motion.

Sam freezes as the interior becomes invisible. There in the billowing blackness is the Girl. She is beckoning.

GIRL

Sam.

But the VOICE is no longer the mysterious feminine voice of before it is the voice of the maniacal laughter.

Sam struggles with the restraining hands. He twists and turns, but to no avail. From the darkness above him descends the Jolly Gent (looking just like Mr. Helpmann) on his window washer's platform. However he is now dressed as Father Christmas.

GENT

Sam, what are we going to do with you?

GIRL

Ha ha ha ha ha.

INT. CELL DAY / NIGHT

The filing cabinets of the Storeroom of Knowledge dissolve squares of padding that form the walls of a cell. The laughter echoes round the cell. Sam sees that Mr. Helpmann, in his wheelchair is watching him. He is dressed as Father Christmas. They are alone in the cell. Sam scrunches up into the corner.

HELPMANN

Sam, what are we going to do with you? Can you hear me, Sam?

SAM

(in a hoarse urgent whisper)
Where's Jill? What have you done to her? Where is she?!

HELPMANN

Gillian Layton?

SAM

Yes, you've got to get me out of here. I've got to find her.

HELPMANN

I understand, Sam, I know exactly how you feel. So I brought you a bottle of barley water.

Helpmann holds up a bottle of barley water.

SAM
(desperately)
Help me!

HELPMANN
I assure you, Sam, I'm doing everything within my power. But the rules of the game are laid down, and we all have to play by them even me.

SAM
This is all a mistake! Don't you understand?!

HELPMANN
Yes, well, from the Department's point of view you're certainly a bit of an own goal, but...

SAM
I'm not a terrorist! You must know that! I'm not guilty! Get me out of here!

HELPMANN
Sam, if you've been going out there and playing a straight bat, all the way down the line, you've got absolutely nothing to worry about.

SAM
Please, I've got to find Jill.

HELPMANN
Sam, I think I ought to tell you... I'm afraid she's upped stumps and retired to the pavilion.

Sam looks blank.

Thrown in the towel.

SAM
(takes a moment to
work this out)
Dead?

Helpmann nods.

HELPMANN
Yes, it's all a bit confusing but, it seems she was killed resisting arrest.

SAM

(relieved)
No, no... I did that...

Helpmann looks surprised. Sam shuts up.

HELPMANN
The odd thing is it appears to
have happened twice... a bit of a
disputed call, I'm afraid.

Sam has gone catatonic.

HELPMANN
(starting to go)
So, there you are. All I can say
is, don't fall at the last fence.
The finishing post's in sight. See
you in the paddock. Good luck.
Keep your eye on the ball. Got to
go... Can't keep the orphans
waiting.

Helpmann goes. A GUARD helps him out and then returns with
ANOTHER to help put the restraining bag over Sam.

GUARD
Don't fight it, son... confess
quickly... Before they get into
the expensive procedures. If you
hold out too long you could
jeopardise your credit rating.

The bag blacks everything out.

INT. INFORMATION RETRIEVAL ROOM - NIGHT

The bag comes off. Sam finds himself strapped into an
Information Retrieval chair. The CAMERA tracks back
frighteningly fast revealing that the chair stands in an
unbelievably vast room. The walls curve up and out of sight.

The floor doesn't seem to be a floor at all strange light
undulates beneath. The whole effect is one of total
disorientation and overwhelming size. Sam is desperately
trying to take it in. Next to the chair is a porcelain
tray of evil and frighteningly ambiguous instruments.
Worrisome electrical connections and meters are near at
hand. As the Guards leave Sam to take up their positions
near the distant door they hand over documents to the white-
coated INFORMATION RETRIEVAL OFFICER.

GUARD
11/AFT/607, sir.

They all sign the document which the I.R. Officer retains
after giving carbon copies to the Guards. The Guards then
proceed to the door and take up positions on either side

of it. The I.R. Officer heads toward Sam. We can now see he wears a mask. It is the face of the Forces of Darkness. A smiling baby doll face. Sam sits, mesmerized, watching him approach. Within fifteen or twenty yards of Sam the I.R. Officer comes to an abrupt halt. He seems to sway. After a moment he turns slightly, hesitantly, giving the impression that he may return to the door. He looks at the Guards, pauses, straightens himself up, takes a deep breath and continues again towards Sam, rather more briskly than before. Sam watches, terrified and fascinated. The I.R. Officer goes to the table which is covered with evil-looking surgical-type instruments he blunders clumsily into it, knocking a couple of them onto the floor. He picks them up quickly and replaces them.

SAM

Jack?

The I.R. Officer reacts to this as if he's been hit in the solar plexus, and he tries to disguise it by simulating a coughing fit. He then picks up a nasty looking implement and advances on Sam.

SAM

Jack?... Jack?

JACK

(hysterically from
behind mask)

Shut up!

SAM

Jack, I'm innocent! Help me.

JACK

Bastard!!!

SAM

This is all a mistake. Jack, please
take that mask off.

Jack is very close to Sam, he is shaking. He lifts up his mask to reveal sweaty face, contorted with fear and anger.

JACK

You stupid bastard!

SAM

What?

JACK

How could you do this to me?

SAM

Help me, Jack! I'm frightened!

JACK

How do you think I feel? You shit!

SAM

Jack...

JACK

(pulling down mask)

Shut up! This is a professional relationship!

Jack comes at Sam with the horrifying implement.

SAM

JACK!!... You can't... No, don't!

Sam's eyes widen in terror. From his POV we look up at Jack approaching. The ceiling above and behind Jack is suddenly and loudly penetrated by the Ceiling Hole Machine, and in an instant without benefit of "fireman's pole", the commando-like figure of Mr. Tuttle gun in hand, leaps through the hole. Tuttle is immediately followed by similar looking MEN with balaclavas, guerilla-type clothing, and very efficient guns. Jack is cut down. So are the TWO GUARDS who have opened the door from the corridor and are shooting into the room.

Tuttle raps out into a walkie-talkie

TUTTLE

Detonate!

From somewhere near at hand there is a large explosion which rocks the room. Tuttle is already unstrapping Sam.

TUTTLE

Let's go!

INT. CORRIDORS - NIGHT

CUT TO RESCUERS, with Sam in the middle, fighting their way in the terrific battle with GUARDS, until they get to a door leading to the stairs.

INT. ENDLESS STAIRWAYS - NIGHT

CUT TO RESCUERS, their members thinning, and Sam, fighting down flight after flight of stairs with lots of neat-oh violence and blood and, gunshots and... falling and bleeding and

INT. INFORMATION RETRIEVAL LOBBY - NIGHT

CUT TO THE RESCUERS fighting their way to the entrance. Another group of RESCUERS at the door are providing cover fire The Porter sits behind his desk watching the battle on his bank of monitors.

2ND GROUP

Quick! We've only got thirty seconds
to get clear!

Tuttle tosses Sam a dark overcoat to cover his light grey detainee outfit. Together, the TWO GROUPS burst out through the door into the large empty forecourt.

EXT. FORECOURT - NIGHT

The forecourt is suddenly illuminated by huge arc lights. Machine gun installations open fire. The rescuers are totally exposed.

They are cut down left and right. Desperately they battle their way across the open space. Time running out. Sam, knowing the way, leads Tuttle towards a shielded spot. Will they make it? As the last rescuer is cut down Sam and Tuttle dive for cover. KOWBLAMMPOW! A massive explosion. Then another. And another. SECURITY TROOPS caught unprotected are decimated. Sam looks up. Christ! The building is being blown to bits. Certain windows are lit. They spell out "MERRY XMAS". With a final massive haemorrhage the building erupts in a geyser of masonry, steel, paper and dozens of TV consoles and visual aid apparatus including, in large chunks, Mr. Helpmann's masterpiece. But also tons and tons of paper.

Every file in the building has burst its seams and ejected its load skywards. The night sky is full of white rectangular wisps. Ashlike they flutter down over the city. Sam looks around and can't see Tuttle anywhere. He shouts for him. But the remaining Troops have spotted Sam and Sam runs.

EXT. CITY PASSAGES - NIGHT

Sam runs madly through paper-littered passages

EXT. SHOPPING PRECINCT - NIGHT

Eluding his pursuers, Sam dives into a crowded, garishly lit, shopping centre. Once among the protective company of the mindlessly shopping MOB, Sam slows down and proceeds casually. The SHOPPERS go about their programmed business paying no attention to the paperwork swirling about them. Searching the crowd, Sam spots Tuttle making his way towards him. Tuttle is having a bit of trouble walking against the steadily increasing wind. As he proceeds across an open area a blown piece of paper catches on his foot. He tries shaking it off.

It remains firmly stuck. While he is struggling with the piece of paper another, larger piece catches his other leg. He begins to lose his temper trying to dislodge the flying debris. Another hits him and twists around his arm. Still more paper blows against him. He is having difficulty

staying upright. Twisting this way and that he tries to free himself, but more and more paper covers him. He is practically obscured from view. Sam can't believe what he is seeing. Shoppers continue about their business, apparently unaware of Tuttle's terrible plight. Apart from ONE SHOPPER who loses control of her shopping trolley and watches it career down the steps of the shopping precinct. By now Tuttle is totally encased in this cocoon of litter. He is now just a ball of paper writhing about on the ground. Sam has to do something. He rushes out from his hiding place and tries to pull the litter off Tuttle. The pieces come loose with surprising ease. The wind carries them away as Sam frantically tears at the pile. But there is no sign of Tuttle. Nothing. The last few pieces of paper flutter away leaving Sam standing there with a couple of posters in his hands. He realises that he is suddenly very visible. All the shopping bustle has stopped. They are all staring at him. Sam spots TROOPS shouldering their way towards him. He turns tail and dashes off.

INT. MOTHER'S FLAT - NIGHT

The drawing room door burst open as Sam dashes in. Sam goes straight through and into the bedroom. The room is empty of all terrestrial human life forms. A hollow wind blows the curtains.

INT. MOTHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is in chaos (and there is a hole in the ceiling). Sam turns and sees a silhouette in the doorway. He rushes forwards.

INT. MOTHER'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

But it's Matthews the porter who is at the door watching Sam running towards him.

MATTHEWS

(piously)

A sad loss. Your mother was with her at the end. The doctor said there was no pain.

Sam grabs Matthews round the neck and shakes him.

SAM

Where is she?

EXT. A CORNER - NIGHT

Sam comes running around corner. He is suddenly bathed in a strange blue light. He halts and looks up. There opposite him is a large blue neon cross above the entrance to a chapel of dully modernistic design. Holy music from an electric organ can be heard. Sam rushes up the steps and through the door.

INT. CHAPEL OF OUR LADY OF THE CHECK-OUT COUNTER - NIGHT

CUT TO Sam slipping into the chapel (in tight spot) and suddenly being confronted by Spiro the Maitre'D.

SPIRO

Ah, yes, Mr. Lowry. It's so good
you could make it. Right this way.

Sam, dumbfounded, follows.

CUT TO Sam being lead into the middle of the cold, modern chapel which, possibly for the occasion, has been tarted up with some red velvet curtains that help make it a bit theatrical. A large flower-smothered coffin rests on some sort of raised stand in front of the altar, a VICAR stands in the pulpit, and a fair sprinkling of PEOPLE sit in stepped seats on three sides of the room.

The coffin is closed, but a length of bandage has escaped the lid. Standing amidst the floral tributes is a large, rather idealized, colour portrait of Mrs. Terrain looking not so much young as beautiful. Among the mourners are Drs. Jaffe and Chapman and others in their operating gowns.

To enlarge on the scene, we see Shirley T snuffling in her hanky and a few others chatting amongst themselves, the Vicar standing in his pulpit waiting to get on with it, etc. CUT TO Sam trying to take all this in, stopping in the middle of the room. Don't forget Dr. Chapman sobbing.

SPIRO

(stopping and looking
back at Sam)

Mrs. Lowry? Mrs. Lowry is...

In the background the Vicar begins speaking, and we hear his voice throughout the following action. CUT TO SAM'S POV...

VICAR

(in background)

At these times of giving and receiving let's remember the greatest gift of all: not a gift to be spurned, not a gift to be opened and carelessly set on one side, not a gift to be taken back and changed, but the gift of eternal life. Mrs. Terrain has just received that most wonderful of all gifts. She came to us physically new, she goes hence from us not so physically new. But the spirit never grows old. And in the domain of the Eternal Giver, Mrs. Terrain shall

dwell in bountiful joy forever.

CUT TO:

SAM'S POV

... past Spiro to a section in the bleachers directly across from the coffin and the Vicar where a WOMAN (her back to Sam) is surrounded by a buzzing flock of very handsome and well-dressed YOUNG MEN.

SAM

(trying to take in scene)

What?... Oh...

(starts to follow Spiro)

SPIRO

(coming up to back of woman)

Madam...

CUT TO WOMAN turning, half in flirtatious conversation. It is Sam's Mother, but miraculously another twenty years younger and... a parody of Sam's Dream Girl.

MOTHER

Sam!!!

(uncertainty in her expression)

SAM

(staring dumbly, not knowing what to say)

Mother?... What... what's... you've got to help me...

MOTHER

(embarrassed, unsure)

NOT NOW... PLEASE

YOUNG GALLANT

(belligerently)

Ida, is this fellow bothering you?

(getting up)

I'LL

But before we can find out what he'll:

SFX: TERRIFIC CRASH.

CUT TO entrance to Chapel as a squad of TROOPS come crashing in. PEOPLE begin to scatter, screaming. The Troops spot Sam who dashes away from his Mother and heads for a door

behind the altar. In his panic he crashes against the coffin which topples over spilling its contents... a hundredweight of offal. Sam covers his mouth and dashes through the door.

EXT. MAZE-LIKE DARK PASSAGES - NIGHT

CUT TO Sam, really dashing madly, tripping over things, hurting himself, getting up running. He is in a maze of machinery. Every way he turns his path seems blocked by either Troops or Figures from his dreams. The walls of the maze become more simplified as he goes deeper into it. More rectangular, higher. We see a top shot of the maze with Sam separate from the pursuing Forces but they are closing in on him from all sides. The maze extends as far as we can see. Sam turns left and right through it, always there is a chance of turnings. Until... he rounds a corner and for the first time there is nowhere to go. The maze leads straight ahead to a dead end. At the end of the maze is a great pile of detritus from the consumer society. Televisions, washing machines, hair dryers, junk. Sam can do nothing but try to dig through this pile.

Maybe he can defend himself with something here. He scrabbles away. Looking back he sees the massed Agents, Troops, Forces of Darkness heading toward him. No escape. He digs, harder, faster. Junk flies everywhere. He actually reaches the end wall. Back to it, he turns to face the foe. But as he moves against the wall his hand touches something. A door knob. He turns. It's a door. The knob turns easily. The door swings open. Sam dives through it.

INT. HABITATION UNIT - NIGHT

Sam finds himself in a strange little house empty of furniture except a few fitted cupboards and a fitted bed frame. He tries to lock the door behind him but there is no key. He puts his weight against the door to keep it shut. From outside there is the general noise of pursuit but this fades and resolves itself into a fairly quiet uniform engine-sound. Sam lets go of the door carefully. He looks around but there is only one window and it is shuttered. He carefully opens the door a crack and he sees-

SAM'S POV

A rapidly receding street.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Jill's truck, with the house on its back, is driving dangerously through the streets. It lurches round the corner.

INT. HABITATION UNIT - NIGHT

The lurch throws Sam to one side. He picks himself up, and, fighting the centrifugal force, works his way to the shuttered window which is at the front end of the house,

in the wall opposite the door. Sam undoes the shutters and finds himself looking at the rear window of Jill's cab. He sees the back of the DRIVER's head. The Driver is wearing Jill's cap. He sees the back of the Driver's cab. He bangs on the glass of the cab. The Driver raises her head so that the face is visible to Sam in the driving mirror. He sees that it is Jill, in a flat cap. She smiles at him. Sam sobs with relief and love.

EXT. THE ROAD - NIGHT

The lorry, travelling slowly now, approaches then breasts the rise beyond which lies... looking more than ever... JILL'S VALLEY. We ZOOM towards it through a MIX...

INT. TRAVELLING LORRY - NIGHT

Through the windscreen we see the dawn coming up ahead. The reverse shot shows us Jill driving and Sam next to her. They glance at each other.

EXT. SMALL ROAD - EARLY MORNING

The lorry, travelling slowly now, approaches and then breasts the rise beyond which lies... A STUNNINGLY BEAUTIFUL UNTOUCHED VALLEY. We ZOOM towards it through a MIX...

EXT. BEAUTIFUL VALLEY - DAY

Half hidden in the heart of the valley is the truck with the house on its back. Creepers and wild roses have grown up over the truck and some of the house. A curl of smoke rises from a makeshift chimney which has been attached to one of the walls. A small piece of ground around the truck has been cleared and made into a pretty garden with a vegetable plat. There is also a pretty cow, and some chickens. Jill appears looking like Crusoe carrying a basket of eggs.

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

Sam is in the bed, just waking up. He opens his eyes, looking calm. Off screen we hear the door opening.

JILL
(off screen)
Morning. Sleep well?

Sam nods his head slightly, on the pillow.

SAM
(quietly)
I don't dream anymore.
(he embraces her)

EXT. HOUSE AND GARDEN - MORNING

A high shot. Everything in the garden is definitely lovely. The music tells us. The music swells and the camera slowly pulls back, and back. It's a happy ending. And then, in the foreground, TWO HUGE HEADS appear looking straight at the camera. It is Mr. Helpmann and Jack. They both shake their heads.

MR. HELPMANN

He's got away from us, Jack.

CUT TO:

INT. INFORMATION RETRIEVAL ROOM - DAY

Sam is sitting in the I.R. chair. He is strapped in. His eyes are open but miles away. His face is wreathed in a benign and very happy smile.

JACK

I'm afraid you're right, Mr. Helpmann. He's gone.

A WIDE SHOT Of the room shows us Helpmann and Lint turn away and leave. Sam is left alone. He is humming... The CAMERA PULLS BACK AND BACK. The Information Retrieval room with Sam in it floats away into the most beautiful glorious sky ever.

Sam's humming into a full orchestra, and we hear...

"Brazil, where hearts were entertained in June, We stood beneath an amber moon, And softly murmured 'Some day soon' We kissed and clung together, Then, tomorrow was another day. The morning found me miles away, With still a million things to say, Now, when twilight beams the sky above, Recalling thrills of our love, There's one thing I'm certain of, Return, I will, To old Brazil."

THE END: