

3/3/60  
Burt Alvord

Terence & Tess Mitchell  
written by

STANLEY KRAMER  
PRESENTS

# ON THE BEACH

7500 words

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May M.B.

"ON THE BEACH"

Screenplay by

John Paxton

From the Novel by

Nevil Shute

LOMITAS PRODUCTIONS, INC.  
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ON THE BEACH

FADE IN:

A1 INT. - SUBMARINE ATTACK CENTER - ON DWIGHT

A1

Everyone is at their stations. There is the air of something important ~~is~~ going on.

DWIGHT  
Prepare to surface...Depth  
five-eight feet.

Chryaler and the Talker are on the platform.

TALKER  
(into IMC)

Prepare to surface.

A2 ON PLANESMAN-McGUINNESS

A2

At Number 1 Station.

McGUINNESS  
Depth fiva-eight faet, Sir.

A3 ON DWIGHT

A3

As he speaka into the mike.

DWIGHT  
Sonar. Any contacts topside?

FOGARTY'S VOICE  
(from speaker)  
No contacts, Sir.

A4 AUXILLIARY MAN

A4

The Auxilliary Man opens Inboard Induction Valve and the Inboard Exhaust Ventilation Valve. These are controlled by two long lavers ovarhead on starboard side of Attack Center.

AUXILLIARY MAN  
Attack Centar ready to surface.

A5 ANOTHER ANGLE - CHIEF OF THE WATCH

A5

The Chief of the Watch at the Vent Manifold, port side forward, sees that all main ballast vents are shut and notes on his Christmas Tree panel that the Inboard Induction and Inboard Exhaust Valves are open. He then reports.

CHIEF OF THE WATCH  
Vents shut, Sir. Ready to surface.

A6 ON DWIGHT

A6

As he gives a hurried look around.

DWIGHT  
Up periscope.

Chrysler, who is on the platform, pushes up the lever. The periscope rises. Dwight steps in, takes handle and makes a full swing around the horizon. He then centers on a bearing slightly on the port bow and says:

DWIGHT  
Port Lonsdale bearing, mark.

A7 ON FARREL - AT CHART TABLE

A7

FARREL  
Zero one three, Sir.

A8 ON DWIGHT

A8

As he swings scope to starboard bow.

DWIGHT  
Cape Schenck bearing, mark.

FARREL (o.s.)  
One two five, Sir.

A9 SHOT

A9

Number One Station takes control of stern planes.

A10 SHOT

A10

Number Two Station takes control of helm and bow planes.

All SHOT - QUARTERMASTER

All

The Quartermaster checks access trunk drains to ascertain whether trunk is dry. He opens the lower bridge trunk hatch and proceeds up ladder.

1 CLOSE SHOT - DWIGHT

1

As he gives command.

DWIGHT

Surface.

Surface alarm gives three blasts.

TELEPHONE TALKER

Surface...Surface ..Surface.

2 SHOT

2

CHIEF OF WATCH

Blow main ballasts.

The Air Manifold man opens 1100 pounds air to Forward Group, then to After Group.

AIR MANIFOLD MAN

All main ballasts blowing...

3 ON PLANESMAN

3

As they bring her up smartly, showing ten to fifteen degree bubble.

4 SHOT - DEPTH GAUGE

4

At 45 feet on the gauge, the Chief of Watch orders:

CHIEF OF WATCH

Secure the air.

DWIGHT

Open main induction.

The Chief of Watch opens Main Induction and reports:

CHIEF OF WATCH

Main Induction open, Sir.

The Chief turns to his right and opens Head Valve of Induction Trunk and starts Low Pressure blower. We hear it humming and a rushing through lines.

4.

5 SHOT 5

Auxilliary Man at overhead valves forward of periscope platform opens three valves and handles list control lever.

6 EXT. OPEN WATER - ON PERISCOPE 6

The Periscope is breaking water and as we watch the Submarine rises ominously out of the deep like some black monster. The water swirls over it as it rises.

7 INT. SUBMARINE ATTACK CENTER - ON DWIGHT 7

As he goes to the bottom of the lower hatch, followed by the two lookouts. Chrysler takes the periscope.

DWIGHT  
Crack the hetch.

QUARtermaster  
Hetch is cracked. Sir.

We hear the rush of air out of the boat as the QM cracks the hatch. A spray of water comes down on Dwight who dashes up the ladder. He is followed by lookouts as Chrysler orders:

CHRYSLER  
Lookouts to the bridge.

8 EXT PAST SUBMARINE - MORNING 8

Dwight, BACK TO CAMERA, steps onto the bridge. CAMERA PANS as he looks off right to the rolling headlands southeast of Melbourne. Simultaneously, a sailor with "U.S.S. SAWFISH" printed across the beck of his jacket, raises the American fleg into position.

MAIN TITLE AND CREDITS SUPERIMPOSED OVER SUBMARINE

As it heads into Melbourne harbor on the surfece. It is a big, black etomic vessel.

9 INT. LIGHTHOUSE - DAY - MED. SHOT 9

The man on duty pours himself a cup of coffee or tea, puts out the Sterno cen under the trivet, looks at his watch and switches on the radio. The voice of the announcer is dry end impersonal:

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

## ANNOUNCER

The weather for today, April 10. Melbourne and immediate coastal region, continued warm and cloudless, with temperatures ranging in the high eighties.

Glancing off, the man squints, picks up a powerful pair of binoculars.

10 EXT. TO SEA - DAY - BINOCULAR SHOT

10

The submarine as it proceeds into the harbour.

## ANNOUNCER

(continuing)

In the highlands of New South Wales some local showers of short duration. Otherwise fair generally throughout the southeastern area...

As the submarine comes closer, we are able to read something of its designation, including the number.

11 INT. LIGHTHOUSE - DAY - MED SHOT

11

The man lowers the binoculars and checks a sheet.

## ANNOUNCER

(continuing)

...The Ministry of Information has announced that since yesterday noon there has been no further communications with Cooktown or Port Douglas.. Rail service between Brisbane and Cape York peninsula has been sus...

The man cuts the Announcer off in the middle of a word as he reaches for his phone.

## LIGHTHOUSE MAN

Navy Department....

DISSOLVE TO:

12 INT. HOLMES BEDROOM - MORNING - CLOSE SHOT - CRYING BABY - CAMERA PULLS BACK TO INCLUDE A TEAPOT WHISTLING ON A TABLE.

12

Carefully and almost surgically arranged, all the usual English paraphernalia for early morning tea, as well as equipment for preparing an infant's formula, sterilizing nipples, etc.

## 13 CROSS ANGLE

13

as Holmes moves into the shot. This is LIEUTENANT PETER HOLMES, a healthy, good-looking young man, sunburned. Not fully awake, he is dressed only in pajama trousers. Beyond, we see more of the pleasant spacious bedroom, the large bed itself draped with a voluminous scrim of fine mosquito netting hung from a frame above, creating a regal, misty effect...near the foot of the bed, Holmes's immaculate white naval uniform is laid out on a silent valet.

## 14 FEATURING HOLMES

14

as he sets to work, automatically, efficiently. He scalds the tea-pot, pours the water out, adds tea and boiling water. Then he puts this aside to brew, turns his attention to the hot plate on which the baby's formula is warming. He fishes a rubber nipple out of a sterile solution with forceps, finally tests the formula in the usual way on the back of his hand. Starting off with it, he stops, glances toward the bed. He puts the bottle down and steps to a sink to wash his hands before he picks it up again.

## 15 ANGLE UP - PAST THE CRIB

15

We do not see the child. Rather, we hear it BURBLING, an early morning soliloquy that modulates and ceases as Holmes comes up and hands down the bottle. He stands there an instant, regarding the child o.s. in a serious, uncertain way before he turns back to deal with the tea.

## 16 ANOTHER ANGLE

16

He pours out two cups, adding milk and sugar, goes to his wife's side of the bed with one of the cups. He rattles the cup in the saucer gently.

HOLMES

Tea, dear...

There is only a vague response from behind the scrim. MARY HOLMES is a feminine, pretty young woman. She is not yet fully awake. Peter bends down to give her the usual morning peck on the forehead.

HOLMES

(continuing)

Tea, dear.

(CONTINUED)



16 CONTINUED:

16

She grabs him suddenly and gives him a great full-blown kiss. The teacup balances precariously and almost goes over.

HOLMES  
(continuing; right-  
ing himself)  
I said TEA, dear.

She pouts a little as she takes her tea and he rounds the bed, picking up his own cup, CAMERA PANNING him past the uniform.

17 MED. SHOT

17

He throws back the netting from his side of the bed, arranging himself comfortably with his tea for some early morning speculation. He drowsily calculates the sun just coming in the window, scratches himself again.

HOLMES  
(continuing; more or  
less to himself;  
rather pleased)  
Got a bit of a burn at the beach  
yesterday, after all...

18 ANGLE FEATURING MARY HOLMES

18

softened by the scrim, as she half sits up, straightens her hair.

MARY  
Put some calomine stuff on it.

She sips her tea, glancing off toward crib.

MARY  
(continuing)  
You did give Jennifer her bottle?

19 FEATURING HOLMES AGAIN

19

as he reaches for a cigarette on the night-stand.

HOLMES  
Hmmm.

Turning back, his glance falls casually across the uniform. He reacts, looks back sharply.

20 HOLMES'S ANGLE 20

through the netting to the uniform on the silent valet.

21 BACK TO HOLMES 21

Suddenly fully awake, he spills his tea putting it down on the night-stand to consult his watch, leaps out of bed and starts charging rather purposelessly about the room.

22 MARY 22

She looks up mildly, sipping her tea.

MARY  
I laid out your whites. That was right?

HOLMES  
I almost forgot. Have to dash.

He disappears quickly. We hear him sloshing water on his face and banging drawers. Thoughtfully, Mary sips her tea.

MARY  
(to Peter, o.s.)  
Peter...

HOLMES  
Humm?

MARY  
They must be giving you a ship of your own.

HOLMES  
They don't give ships to Lieutenants.

MARY  
Then why would it be Admiral Bridie himself?...I mean, if you were just to replace someone who's ill or something, it wouldn't mean seeing Admiral Bridie himself, would it?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

HOLMES  
I haven't the vaguest idea. You  
don't quite know what to expect  
these days --

He leaves this thought unfinished as he enters the room  
in his shorts, slipping a T-shirt over his head.

HOLMES  
(continuing)  
I'll pick up Jenny's milk on the  
way home from the station.

Mary looks up at him, a little puzzled.

MARY  
Why do you have to pick it up?

HOLMES  
They won't be delivering anymore,  
I understand.

MARY  
(pause)  
Oh...

The CAMERA HOLDS on Mary as he turns away to finish  
dressing. She goes back to her tea as she glances  
out of the window.

MARY  
It's a beautiful day, Peter. If  
I wheel Jennifer down to the  
Club after lunch, could you meet  
me there for a swim?

23 INT - DRESSING ROOM ALCOVE - MEDIUM SHOT

23

Holmes is getting into his uniform.

HOLMES  
I'll try...if you can make it  
about four...

As he dresses, his glance falls on a large illustrated  
calendar. It's the kind issued by hardware companies  
and sporting goods houses.

MARY  
(o.s.)  
If you're going to be in Melbourne  
by eleven, you'd better stop your  
dawdling.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

Holmes doesn't seem to hear her. He moves closer to the calendar and now lifts the pages one at a time to a date four or five months in advance. CAMERA MOVES IN and HOLDS ON the Date - December, 1962. The page is illustrated by a summer woodland scene.

23A SHOT

23A

As Holmes stares at the calendar, Mary appears behind him in the door of the alcove. She pauses there for a moment and then moves up behind him and stares at the calendar page he has turned up. Becoming aware of her presence, he lets the pages drop and looks around at her. Their eyes meet and hold. As their eyes hold, Mary absently raises one hand and holds her dressing gown to her throat as if she were cold.

DISSOLVE TO:

24  
thru  
26

OMITTED

(OMITTED)

24  
thru  
2626A EXT. COUNTRY ROAD SKIRTING DAVIDSON FARM - MORNING -  
MED. FULL

26A

Holmes pedals into the scene on a small home-made trailer attached to a bicycle. He pedals vigorously but carefully, so as not to soil the white naval uniform. He waves off to a man plowing the adjoining field with a bullock.

26B EXT. DAVIDSON FARM - MORNING - MED. SHOT

26B

MR. DAVIDSON, the man plowing behind the bullock, is a husky, capable-looking man. He looks up, waves back at Peter, then continues his tedious progress, the CAMERA PANNING. He moves off on the opposite side of the farm tractor -- so as to bring the machine into the immediate f.g. The tractor is new rather than old, but obviously abandoned, tilted at an angle in the furrow...the paint is still good. The significant detail is a rank, quick-growing vine, possibly a wild cucumber, that has begun to take possession, growing up over the treads and wrapping itself around the controls.

DISSOLVE TO:

26C EXT. - FRANKSTON ELECTRIC STATION - MORNING - MED SHOT 26C

A saddle horse is tethered to the front of a car. It is munching its morning feed out of a wooden box wired to the radiator grill. The horse lifts its head, curiously.

26D WIDER ANGLE 26D

As Holmes rides into the parking area, parks the push-bike, and hurries toward the station. There are a number of such contraptions here, along with a profusion of ordinary bicycles, and perhaps a few other horses. All of the cars, like the tractor in the previous scene, have an abandoned look. They are dirty and dusty and here and there a bumper or a piece of chrome is hanging loose. A few of them are without wheels.

26E MEDIUM SHOT 26E

Peter hurries onto the quay as an announcer intones the departure of the 9.05 Express for Melbourne. He joins the other commuters moving up to board the waiting electric train with their lunch boxes and brief cases. He just makes it before the door closes and the train moves out.

26F (OMITTED) (OMITTED) 26F

DISSOLVE:

26G (OMITTED) (OMITTED) 26G

27 EXT. - BOURKE STREET - MELBOURNE - DAY - EST. SHOT 27

There is a fairly normal amount of pedestrian traffic, but the individuals lack a certain normal urgency. Some walk unconcernedly down the middle of the road, for although there are automobiles parked here and there, some at odd angles at the curb, none are moving. A man dressed in the timeless uniform of the London City - a briefcase, umbrella, howler, etc. - comes along the pavement. Irritated, he swings closed the door of a car that is standing open across his path. But, the door CREAKS open again behind him. As he goes on out of the shot, a small English car, an Austin or Morris, enters from the opposite direction; the windscreen and the motor have been removed and it is being drawn by a horse. CAMERA PANS with this strange vehicle for a moment, until it is overtaken by a tram car, hurtling down the tracks, unimpeded by other traffic, at an exceptional rate of speed. CAMERA PANS ON with the tram.

28 EXT. - NAVAL DEPARTMENT BUILDING, MELBOURNE - DAY - 28  
FULL SHOT

The tram comes into the scene and stops.

29 MEDIUM SHOT 29

Holmes alights from the tram. The CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he walks by a Naval electric van parked at the curb, and briskly up the steps of the Naval building. Outside the Naval Building an Australian flag flutters in the breeze.

DISSOLVE TO:

30 (OMITTED) (OMITTED) 30

31 INT. - ADMIRAL BRIDIE'S OFFICE - DAY - PAST THE ADMIRAL 31  
AT HIS DESK

He is a big, craggy man, possibly of Scottish ancestry. He has dignity, but at the same time, there is something seedy about him. He is working now in his shirt sleeves, leafing idly through papers on his desk. He is not quite what one would expect an Admiral to look like. Coming to one paper, he scans it, and bursts into a big guffaw.

BRIDIE  
(calling; a big voice)  
Hosgood!

After a short pause, Lt. Hosgood appears in the door with a cup of coffee. She is a trim utterly serious young lady. She is a WRAN or whatever would be appropriate.

BRIDIE  
(continuing)  
HOSGOOD!

HOSGOOD  
Yes, sir?

BRIDIE  
(guffawing; extending  
the paper)  
Did you see this from that idiot  
Attenborough?....that great  
correlator of statistics..?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

Hosgood puts down his coffee at his elbow, gives the paper a glance.

HOSGOOD

Yes, sir.

BRIDIE

It has finally seeped down to him, that most of the oil in the world came from the northern hemisphere. It's now official, Attenborough says so. We will carefully conserve the remaining supplies of petrol in the depot.

She turns and exits. Bridie turns moodily to the coffee, tastes it, makes a face, bellows again.

BRIDIE

Hosgood!

A tiny pause, the door opens again, Hosgood at attention.

HOSGOOD

Lieutenant Holmes, sir.

BRIDIE

(rising)

Ah, yes. Come in.

Hosgood stands aside as Holmes enters, all military now. He comes smartly to attention -- Bridie barely replies to the formality, glancing at the order placed before him.

BRIDIE

(continuing)

You can stand easy, Holmes.  
Sit down.

Holmes relaxes a shade in response, takes a chair, glances at the Admiral, somewhat embarrassed by the informality. His eyes are drawn specifically to a button open on the Admiral's shirt. Bridie follows the look, ignores it, frowns, sits, shuffles among his papers.

BRIDIE

(continuing)

I've got an assignment for you.  
You want some of this miserable  
muck passes for coffee these days?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED :

HOLMES

No thank you, sir.

BRIDIE

It's a reasonably important appointment -- as things go these days... that's getting to be quite a phrase, isn't it? "These days." Find yourself using it?

HOLMES

I'm afraid I do.

BRIDIE

I'm sorry I can't put you on one of our own ships. Seagoing, though. And better than sitting around on your bottom. Liaison officer aboard the American submarine, Sawfish. She just docked. Nuclear powered, of course.

Holmes' reaction is big but contained.

BRIDIE

(continuing)

You know about her.

HOLMES

Yes, sir. I've read the report.

BRIDIE

Well, she's at our disposal for a cruise. Reconnaissance -- or whatever you want to call it. You'll sail soon, but just when, or to where, or for how long, I can't tell you...until the government and a pack of these long-haired scientists sort themselves out.

A pause. Bridie scowls, flips through some papers.

BRIDIE

(continuing)

She's moored across the dock from the carrier Melbourne at Williamstown. You report to the Captain. Towers.  
(handing him an order)

(CONTINUED)



31 CONTINUED:

Holmes hesitates a little uncertainly.

HOLMES

Would it be possible to discuss  
the duration of the posting?

BRIDIE

Hmmm. No. Not actually. But  
I can give you a review in say  
four months.

HOLMES

Thank you, sir. I'd like to be  
at home, if possible, when...  
(leaving this  
unfinished)

Is there any official estimate  
yet of... how much longer?

BRIDIE

(testily)

The beaker-heads, the fingers-in-  
the-wind boys... they say, calcu-  
lating the rate of drift, or whatever,  
about five months, before it gets  
here. That's why I said four for  
review.

HOLMES

I see. Thanks very much.

Bridie rises, glances at the clock on the wall.

BRIDIE

There's transport leaving for  
Williamstown in ten minutes, if  
you want to catch that.

HOLMES

Yes, sir.

He comes to attention. Bridie half-heartedly nods as  
he turns and exits.

BRIDIE

(continuing)

Hoggood!

As she enters, he indicates the coffee on his desk.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

BRIDIE  
(Continuing)  
Where is this coffee coming from?

HOSGOOD  
I'm sorry, Sir. Naval Stores  
says its the best they can do,  
these days...

Bridie winces at the expression.

HOSGOOD  
(Continuing)  
Shall I query them again?

BRIDIE  
No...no...Do you have anything  
important to do, Hosgood?

HOSGOOD  
(eagerly)  
No. What is it, sir?

BRIDIE  
Nothing. I thought you might  
like to take yourself off until  
Monday. Fine weather. Give  
yourself a week-end. Boy-friend,  
or whatever.

HOSGOOD  
(Smiling)  
I'll carry on, Sir.

Bridie just looks at her dismally.

32 - 33  
OMITTED

32 - 33  
OMITTED

34 EXT. NAVAL BUILDING - DAY - MED. SHOT

34

A square electric van -- painted with the letters and  
seal of the Australian Navy -- is standing outside.  
Peter Holmes comes out, gets in, and they take off  
into the busy city traffic.

DISSOLVE:

35 MED. SHOT

35

The van swings off Melbourne Road into a narrower street

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

[REDACTED] the harbour area -- a street of cheap bars, tattooing parlours. The bars are open, bleating juke box MUSIC. Moving in and out of the bars, idling on the sidewalks, are occasional sailors, soldiers, and a sprinkling of civilians. Saturday-Night-At-Noon.

36 (OMITTED) (OMITTED) 36

37 EXT. STREET - DAY - MED. FULL SHOT 37

The van has just missed a sailor, walking across the street. We can read on his cap U.S.S. Sawfish. As the van rolls on out of scene, the CAMERA PANS WITH HIM, on his way toward a bar opposite.

38 INT. BAR - DAY - MED. CLOSE SHOT 38

ON another member of the Sawfish crew at the bar. This is YEOMAN FIRST CLASS RALPH SWAIN, a good-looking, clean-cut boy. As the other sailor enters in the b.g., Ralph looks up and around the bar.

39 PAST RALPH, CAMERA PANNING 39

This is a typical, universal seaman's waterfront joint -- with a difference. There is very little audible talk. One or two couples are dancing to the juke box -- or walking around in each other's arms, at any rate. No one in the bar has had too much to drink. It is solemn -- rather than festive.

40 RALPH 40

as his gaze travels on, focuses.

41 A GIRL - BETTY 41

Plain, but sweet, nicely dressed.

42 MED. SHOT 42

In boneless slow-motion, Ralph detaches himself from his bar stool and makes for her. He comes up to her, brings his face close. She smiles uncertainly.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

RALPH

You ever been in San Francisco?

Betty shakes her head.

RALPH

(continuing)

Well; you know, see, where I live, where you go, is up that hill off Bay Street, past the Safeway... you ask for Ralph Swain.

BETTY

Ralph, I've got a motorcycle. I think it runs all right, if you know anywhere we could get some petrol --

RALPH

(expansively)

San Francisco's got everything. You just say the word --

BETTY

I'd like to go out into the country. A picnic. You know, get out of here --

RALPH

Food, if you want food -- but what I do, mostly, I take my dad's boat... now wait a minute, he's all right. Jerk in a lot of ways. Everything with him's a big deal -- but what I'm going to do when I get back, I'm going to say, look, you know what, you're okay. We see a lot of things differently, but you're okay.

There is a big load off Ralph's chest. He feels better, a little spent. Betty looks at him earnestly.

Batty

A sailor told me he could pinch some petrol down around the docks. He knew where. A couple of gallons, anyway. But I can't find him now.

42 CONTINUED:

42

Ralph looks up at her for a moment, almost tenderly. Then, without warning, he grabs her beer bottle and throws it with all his strength into the back bar. There is a sbattering impact.

43 ANOTHER ANGLE

43

The dancing, necking couples look up, pause. But the violence, the chaos, that such an action would normally set off, just doesn't bappen. Nobody moves except the BARTENDER, who comes stoically around the bar to where Ralph has leaned forward with his head on his arms. The bartender pulls him up, not roughly.

BARTENDER

All right now...

Ralph looks up at him, blank. The bartender motions with his head that he'd better go. Ralph pauses, produces a big wad of bills -- hands the lot to the bartender.

RALPH

You're okay...

The bartender takes one or two bills only, the rest he folds and stuffs back into the pocket of Ralph's jacket. Ralph goes.

44 MED. SHOT

44

Betty watches him go, too, then:

BETTY

(to bartender, as  
he turns back)

Harry... you ever been to  
San Francisco?

The bartender frowns.

BARTENDER

No.

BETTY

He thinks he's going back. He  
thinks --

The bartender interrupts displeased.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

BARTENDER  
All right, Betty - -

She gives him a look, considers, gets off her stool and follows Ralph.

DISSOLVE TO:

44A EXT. DOCK - FULL SHOT

44

45 EXT. DECK OF U.S.S. SAWFISH - DAY - SHOOTING FORWARD

45

where a crew is at work hoisting out a torpedo...the head and shoulders of a man appear in the f.g., climbing onto the bridge -- the Captain, COMMANDER TOWERS. Towers is in Khaki shirt and trousers -- a Westerner in his mid-thirties, deliberate, unpretentious. He is followed immediately onto the bridge by Holmes, wearing a boiler suit over his white uniform, then by the Executive Officer, FARREL. Holmes starts zipping out of his suit.

DWIGHT

(to Farrel)

Lieutenant Holmes will be coming aboard Monday, and off and on until we sail...might as well have Benson issue him what clothing he'll need.

Farrel nods, waits for the boiler suit.

FARREL

Okay. See you Monday, Lieutenant.

He takes the soiled suit from Holmes, disappears down the hatch.

46 ANOTHER ANGLE

46

Dwight has stepped to the rail, looking forward to the crew at work, but really past them into space, abstracted. Holmes moves to Dwight's side. He starts to speak, but notices the lapse and doesn't.

DWIGHT

(coming to)

I have a funny feeling we're putting her in moth balls. I'm afraid I'll have to bunk you with this fellow who's coming aboard from C.S.I.R.O.

(smiles)

I'm sorry, but I don't know who he is yet.

HOLMES

I'll manage, sir. Not bunk it, if necessary.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED

46

DWIGHT

Good...Lika a drink before  
lunch?

HOLMES

I would, very much, if it's all  
right.

Dwight nods and turns off toward the brow - to the carrier  
lying across the wharf. The first impression he gives is  
of a direct but humorless man.

DWIGHT

(nodding up)

It's Australian country in the  
flat-top. Do what you like,  
but I'll have to stick to coke.  
...Come on..

46A LONG SHOT - PIER - INCLUDING SAWFISH AND MELBOURNE 46A

We see Dwight and Holmes cross the pier to the Melbourne  
and enter it.

46B MEDIUM SHOT - SAWFISH 46B

The crane lifts a torpedo from the deck of the submarine,  
swings it up in an arc to the pier.

46C MEDIUM SHOT - MELBOURNE ELEVATOR 46C

As Dwight and Holmes ascend to the flight deck.  
Holmes glances uncertainly several times at Dwight he-  
fore he decides to ask the question he has on his mind.

HOLMES

Commander...

DWIGHT

Yes, Lieutenant?

HOLMES

..I'm a little puzzled about  
this cruise...our destination, I  
mean. Admiral Bridie seemed...  
..well, rather indefinite.

(quickly)

But, if there's some reason I  
shouldn't know..

DWIGHT

There's no reason you shouldn't  
know. But, outside of the fact (MORE)

46C CONTINUED

46C

DWIGHT

(continuing)

-that its reconnaissance, I don't know any more about it than you do.

Holmes looks a little surprised.

DWIGHT

(continuing seriously)

According to the crew, we're sailing the end of next week, North. For two months, I'll let you know as soon as I have anything more official.

He grins, becoming suddenly disarming and human. Elevator reaches the flight deck, and they step off heading for the island. Holmes follows him thoughtfully along the catwalk.

47  
and  
48

(OMITTED)

47  
(OMITTED) and  
48

49

INT. - CARRIER MELBOURNE - DAY - TRUCKING SHOT ON FLIGHT DECK.

As Holmes and Dwight step off the elevator, Dwight pauses for an instant to watch the Sawfish's torpedo swing past.

DWIGHT

Do you live in Melbourne?

HOLMES

Just outside. In Frankston, actually. Three quarters of an hour by electric train.

Dwight nods and then adds thoughtfully.

DWIGHT

Do you...make out all right? Any serious shortages yet?

HOLMES

A few, yes. Petrol mainly. But, we seem to manage, you know.

50

MEDIUM SHOT

50

As they come to a station amidships near the central elevators, Dwight stops almost abruptly and studies Holmes for the barest second before speaking.



DWIGHT

I'm about due for some shore food. Steak...Do you know of any place I could get one?

HOLMES  
(smiles)

Why, yes, I suppose so.

DWIGHT

Your Admiral fixed me up with a temporary card for something called the Pestoral Club. Do you know what it's like?

HOLMES

Mahogany and polished brass. Some people used to claim it was the stuffiest club in the Commonwealth. Now, I suppose there's not much argument...

DWIGHT

Would they have any Scotch left?

HOLMES

If anyone does. My wife's uncle lives there -- mostly at the bar these days, I understand..

(smiles)

Yes, I suppose they still have a little Scotch.

DWIGHT

Good. Let's give it a try. Give me five minutes.

DISSOLVE TO:

51  
thru  
54

(OMITTED)

(OMITTED)

51  
thru  
54

55 EXT. - FRANKSTON BEACH CLUB - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

55

A pleasant cove with a few sailboats on the water. People are in the surf and sunbathing on the sand.

55A MEDIUM SHOT

55A

Mary and Holmes are in beach clothing. Holmes has just come out of the water and is drying himself. Mary is just finishing changing Jennifer.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Really -- sometimes I think this child could float a battleship..

HOLMES

I'll tell the Admiral.

Mary leans over to pick up something and Holmes playfully flips his towel at her backside.

HOLMES

(flipping towel)

Ahoy, there!

Mary straightens abruptly and turns, pretending to be a little shocked by this public behavior.

MARY

Peter! How could you!

HOLMES

(shrugs)

Oh, it was nothing, really. I just held the towel like this.

(demonstrates)

..and.

MARY

Vary funny.

She tries to look stern but has a difficult time in keeping from laughing. As she turns back to Jennifer's basket, Peter gives her a quick close inspection with a critical and sexy eye. As he does, he sits down on the sand and continues drying himself.

HOLMES

Hmmm...You're getting your figura back, aren't you, Charlia?

Mary gives him one of those side glance looks, and continues with what she is doing.

PETER

(continuing, nicely)

Well..you know, after Jennifer and all. A little here..

(demonstrates)

..a little there..

Getting no reaction, he shrugs. Ignoring him, she busily picks up things prior to leaving. He throws the towel and puts a T-shirt on. As he slides the T-shirt over his head, we hear him talking inside.

(CONTINUED)

55A CONTINUED:

55A

PETER  
(continuing)

By the way, I invited Captain  
Towers for the weekend..

Mary turns to face him as he pulls the T-shirt on.

MARY

Oh, Peter, you didn't..

PETER

I had to, really. We had lunch  
together, and, well...he was ask-  
ing questions about how we live and  
all..

He notices that she doesn't look at all convinced.

PETER

(continuing)

Mary, I would have looked a  
terrible clod not to invite him.  
(quickly, but not  
too certain)

He'll be all right. Bit lonely  
I think.

MARY

Was he married, do you know?

PETER

Yes. And two children.

MARY

And they're gone?

PETER

Yes, of course.

Mary glances unhappily into the baby's basket.

MARY

Oh dear...how awkward. Nappies  
flying in the breeze. Pabulum  
everywhere...

HOLMES

We'll just have to get them out  
of sight.

MARY

I suppose so.

They get up and start off -- Jennifer's basket between  
them.

56 ANOTHER ANGLE

56

The scene continuing as they mount the wooden stairway of a dune, pausing to make their points. Jennifer in the basket is not visible.

MARY

(tensely)

He'll get sodden and weep. I can't stand that again, Peter.

HOLMES

He doesn't look the type.

MARY

Your RAF chum didn't either...

PETER

(stops her)

Now Mary.

MARY

Well, what on earth will we do with him for two whole days?

57 MED. SHOT - AT TOP OF STAIRS

57

near which is parked the push-bike. Leaning against it is Mary's bicycle, equipped with a rack for carrying the baby's basket and groceries.

HOLMES

(taking the basket from her)

For one thing, I thought a party Saturday night. Wouldn't you like that? We haven't for a while. Ten or twelve people.

Mary considers.

MARY

Well, as long as they all understand how I feel about these morbid discussions... we would have to get someone for him, though, wouldn't we? What about Moira?

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

Why not? If she's sober this week.

MARY

Julian said she'd given it up.

HOLMES

You didn't listen. Julian said she'd given up gin for brandy. She says you can drink more brandy.

(he pauses, putting the basket in the back of the trailer, chuckles)

Moira's a very good notion, in point of fact. She'll keep him occupied, at least --

MARY

(practical)

Oh, but she'd want to stop over. And we can't just put him on a cot --

HOLMES

Put Moira on a cot -- on the verandah. I doubt she's slept in her own bed in the last three months anyway.

MARY

That's not entirely fair. It's all on the surface --

Peter chuckles to himself again as he mounts.

HOLMES

I'll ring her up tonight and give her the drill. I wonder what he's like when he gets a skinfull?

MARY

Peter...

(stopping him)

..You do understand how I feel?

HOLMES

Of course...

MARY

And you do love me?

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

Of course I do.

MARY

Then, why don't you ever say so?

Pause. Peter takes her in his arms and kisses her. A man at one of the nearby picnic tables yells at them.

MAN

Give 'er what for, mate.

Peter just waves, holding the kiss.

DISSOLVE TO:

58 EXT. - FRANKSTON STATION - MORNING - ESTABLISHING SHOT 58  
ON electric suburban train pulling into the station.

59 ON QUAY 59  
There aren't too many people getting on or off. Among them, alighting with an overnight bag, and wearing a distinctly American suit, is Dwight. He moves off down the Quay, looking around.

60 REVERSE SHOT 60  
Striding toward him is Moira Davidson. She is somewhere in her twenties and a dazzling girl in several ways. She is strikingly beautiful, high strung, calculating, dressed in very snug slacks and wearing a man's shirt to good effect. She spots Dwight and decides that this is her man. He stops, puts his overnight bag down and stands twisting a ring on his finger as he looks around the station. She watches him a moment with sardonic amusement and then walks up behind him and taps him on the shoulder.

He turns... to face her.

MOIRA

You're looking for me.

Dwight gives her a quick look up and down, and smiles.

DWIGHT

Am I?

MOIRA

I'm Moira Davidson. M-O-I-R-A.  
It was a very fashionable name  
in bad novels when my mother  
was impressionable. I'm a  
throwback.

(CONTINUED)

All of this in a quick, self-conscious burst. Dwight laughs and looks around them.

DWIGHT  
Where's Holmes?

MOIRA  
Decking the halls with holly.  
He sent me, for better or worse.

DWIGHT  
Better, I would say..

MOIRA  
I'm your date or whatever you  
call it.

DWIGHT  
How did you recognize me?

MOIRA  
Ha! I love Americans. They're  
so naive. This way, Commander.

Moira turns away and Dwight follows her.

DISSOLVE:

60A (OMITTED)

(OMITTED) 60A

61 MEDIUM SHOT - SHOOTING PAST BUGGY

61

In the f.g. is a smart four wheeled trap with a high spirited mare between the shafts. Moira comes striding up, followed by Dwight, who is surveying the rig. She unwraps the tie rope from the radiator ornament of an abandoned car.

MOIRA  
It's a new model. Only one horse-  
power, but she does a good eight  
miles an hour on the flat...And  
you needn't feel superior when you  
look at it. There's no petrol.

DWIGHT  
I haven't said a thing.

She takes his bag.

MOIRA  
Here. Give me your tooth brush.

Throwing the bag inside, she climbs on board and takes the reins

(CONTINUED)

MOIRA

You take Amelia's head while I see if I can get us out of here. She's still a little sticky in reverse.

Taking the mare's head, Dwight helps back her up. Then he comes back around, but before boarding, he pauses, with one foot up.

DWIGHT

Any place around here where I could get some breakfast?

MOIRA

Oh, good heavens! In addition to everything else, you mean I have to watch you eat bacon and eggs?

DWIGHT

(pause)

No...You could look the other way.

MOIRA

Well, come on...but you'll have to buy me a drink.

Dwight frowns and looks at his watch.

DWIGHT

At this hour?

MOIRA

You can look the other way.

They look at each other for a moment and then both laugh at the same time. Dwight climbs up next to her.

MOIRA

Incidentally...they forgot to tell me what to call you. What's the protocol?

DWIGHT

Towers. Dwight Lionel Towers.

MOIRA

Really!

DWIGHT

Really!

MOIRA

Well, all right, if you insist. Hang on, Dwight Lionel.



61 CONTINUED

61

She snaps the reins and the mare bolts forward, throwing Dwight back off balance.

62  
and  
63 (OMITTED)

(OMITTED)

62  
and  
63

64 FULL SHOT

64

The buggy careening off in a cloud of dust. It goes around the station and out of the scene.

DISSOLVE TO:

65 EXT. - HOLMES HOUSE - NIGHT - TOWARD HOUSE

65

A modest suburban cottage - neat lawn and garden - the drive decorated now with a curious assembly of vehicles. Most of them are pedal propelled bicycles and pushbikes, and one or perhaps two saddle horses. There is also one miniature three wheeled car. One ancient electric. The house is ablaze and issuing GAY PARTY SOUNDS. A GRAMAPHONE is playing. A glass SHATTERS. A BURST of laughter, etc. We can see figures moving about on the verandah.

66 SHOT - ON VERANDAH - FEATURING DWIGHT

66

among the guests here. One of the WOMEN in the group has him button-holed. She is obviously somewhat loaded. He pushes her glass up straight as it almost spills.

WOMAN

My second husband was an American.  
We travelled all over the world,  
and everywhere we went, he would  
say to people, "I am an American.  
I am an American."

(sadly)

They finally shot him in one of  
those Eastern countries.

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT

I...I'm sorry.

WOMAN

I waa, too. He...He waa such  
a nice man -- while he lasted.

Moira moves up beside Dwight. The Woman looks at her.

WOMAN

(continuing)

Is he yours, Moira?

MOIRA

On loan.

WOMAN

Oh. Well...Toodle.

DWIGHT

Toodle...

The Woman moves off and is lost in the crowd.

MOIRA

How's your drink?

DWIGHT

Not aa good as hers, I'm afraid.

MOIRA

Oh, she can drink water and  
get that way.

She looks off -- sees Mary with a tray of drinks.

MOIRA

(continuing)

Mary...

MARY

(coming over to  
them, as they take drinks  
from the tray)

How are you doing?

MOIRA

Depends upon how you mean that?

MARY

(looks at Dwight  
and smiles)

Are you enjoying yourself,  
Commander?

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT

Very much, thank you.

Ribbing Dwight, Mary speaks to Moira.

MARY

Isn't he formal, though. Does he ever thaw out?

MOIRA

(eyebrow up)

Oh, I expect he can be taught how.

DWIGHT

Say...now wait a minute...

They both look at Dwight and all three of them laugh.

MARY

Moira, do you think you could tear yourself away long enough to give me a hand in the kitchen?

MOIRA

Right.

(she turns to Dwight)

...Do nothing I wouldn't do, Dwight Lionel....

Dwight grins and the two walk off, weaving back through the crowd. CAMERA FOLLOWS Moira and Mary.

67 INT. HOLMES HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - FEATURING PETER 67

Flushed and happy, he is working his way through the guests with drinks. He puts one down in front of a morosely contented individual who is feeding records to the gramophone, goes on, CAMERA PANNING. Moira and Mary cross on their way to the kitchen. Mary kisses Peter on the cheek as she passes, and goes on. Moira lingers a moment.

MOIRA

He drinks and just nothing happens. Hasn't hurt into tears yet, anyway.

HOLMES

Good girl. Keep it up.

(CONTINUED)

Moire goes on. The CAMERA FOLLOWS PETER distributing drinks, HOLDS FINALLY on a group of men in serious but slightly alcoholic discussion... The center of this group is an Englishman, JULIAN OSBORN. Julian is rangy, slightly stooped but boyish in a scholarly way, rumpled, with an untidy Etonian shock of hair. Among the others is MORGAN, a heavy, humorless type. A record is being changed o.s. and in one of those sudden silences, Morgan's voice booms forth to Julian:

MORGAN

You don't mean to tell me the whole damn war was just an accident?

68 SHOT - FEATURING PETER

68

Among the others, on the opposite side of the room, he reacts, turns apprehensively, looks quickly around.

JULIAN (o.s.)

No. It wasn't an accident --

69 BACK TO GROUP - FEATURING JULIAN

69

He swigs his drink, shrugs cheerfully. He has the fine, modulated reasonable voice of a university lecturer -- a shade flowery now with drink.

JULIAN

(continuing)

It was carefully planned, down to the tiniest mechanical and emotional detail. But it was a mistake. A Gargantuan mistake. In the end --

(with a slight bow all round)

-- somehow granted the time for examination -- I've no doubt we shall find that our so-called civilization was ultimately destroyed by a handful of vacuum tubes and transistors. Probably faulty.

70 EXT. VERANDAH - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

70

Dwight, with the others here, moving a bit closer to the door to listen.

71 INT. - HOLMES LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - ANOTHER ANGLE

71

Holmes is working his way unesaily toward Julian. He is trying to get his attention, to stop him.

(CONTINUED)

## MORGAN

There you are, Julian. There you are!! Now we know where the blame lies, don't we?

Julian responds quickly, with gathering feeling. He has become a little more sardonic but still with good humor.

## JULIAN

Oh, no you don't! Maybe we were the blind mechanics of disaster, but you don't pin the guilt on the scientists that easily. You might just as well pin it on motherhood.

## MORGAN

(heating, just a little)

Well, it should be pinned on somebody...and you scientists are the likely ones as far as I'm concerned.

Julian starts to interrupt, but Morgan continues quickly and a bit louder.

## MORGAN

(continuing)

You built the bomb, experimented with it, tested it, and exploded it...

## JULIAN

(strongly)

Just a moment, Morgan...

## MORGAN

Thanks to you chaps, a moment is about all we have..

Irritated, the morose individual at the phonograph looks up.

## PHONOGRAPH MAN

Why don't you blokes pipe down? We can't hear the music.

## JULIAN

(ignoring him)

Every man who ever worked on this thing told you what would happen..

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

I say, Julian...

JULIAN

The scientists signed petition  
after petition...

Even Morgan is quiet now. Julian pauses for a second to look around at them all. Holmes shakes his head, but Julian looks right at him and doesn't see him.

JULIAN

(continuing)

But, nobody listened. We had a choice. It was build the bombs and risk using them in a war - or risk that somehow the Soviet Union and the United States and the people associated with them... could live in the world at the same time.

MORGAN

That's wishful thinking if ever I heard it.

JULIAN

I'm not against wishful thinking. Not now.

MORGAN

They pushed us too far. They didn't think we'd fight no matter what they did...

Mary has come to the door where she stands with a tray in her hands, staring at Julian.

JULIAN

And they were wrong! We fought. We expunged them... and we didn't do such a bad job on ourselves..

As Julian lowers his voice and continues, Mary looks around the room, her eyes asking someone to stop him. Nobody sees her.

JULIAN

(continuing)

..With the interesting result that the background level of radiation in this very room is nine times what it was a year ago. Don't you know that?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

Nobody is going to stop him and we see this thing building up inside of Mary. She is shaking a little now, and her lip twitches. Julian shouts angrily.

JULIAN

(continuing)

We're all doomed. The whole silly, drunken, pathetic lot of us. Doomed by the air we're about to breathe!

Screaming, Mary throws the tray to the floor with a loud crash of crockery.

MARY

(shouting)

Stop it!!

Everyone turns to look at her. Moira, beside her, feels and looks helpless to do anything. Everyone is shocked, too surprised to move or speak. Dwight is at the door.

MARY

(continuing)

I..I won't have it, Julian. I won't..

Mary unsuccessfully tries to pull herself together. Her voice is shaky, her nerves at the breaking point.

MARY

(continuing)

..There is hope....there has to be. There's always..hope..we just can't go on this way...we can't..

Mary turns abruptly and hurries out of the room, almost running. Holmes is stunned like everyone else. After Mary leaves, there is a long silence, and before Holmes can leave the room to follow Mary, Julian crosses on his way out and pauses for a moment in front of Holmes.

JULIAN

(awkwardly)

I..uh...I shouldn't drink you know. Not more than a few to toast the ancient mystery of nightfall..

(pause as he glances at the others and then back to Holmes)

Once or twice a year, I take more than I should - and it's a mistake. I inevitably say something brilliant.

(pause)

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED

71

Julian glances around at them all, and then moves on past Holmes, and out of the room. The room remains silent for a moment and nobody moves.

HOLMES

I..I guess the party was about over, anyhow...

72 - 74 - 74A & B  
OMITTED

72 - 74 - 74A & B  
OMITTED

75 INT. HOLMES BEDROOM - NIGHT - MARY

75

She stands staring at Jennifer's crib. Peter enters, turns her around, and she eobs into his arms.

MARY

I can't help it, Peter. I can't.  
I just can't!

HOLMES

It's all right, Mary, It's all right.

DISSOLVE TO:

76  
thru (OMITTED)  
82A

(OMITTED)

76  
thru  
82A

83 EXT. HOLMES VERANDAH - NIGHT - PAST RAILING - OFF TO VIEW OF COVE BELOW

83

The scene is empty at first, then Dwight moves into the f.g., a big glass of milk in his hand.

84 SHOT - DWIGHT

84

ee he stands looking off (the thoughtful, abstracted drem again), sipping his milk. Moire appears from somewhere behind him. She is barefoot, wearing e light silk robe and, for ell I know, nothing else. She comes forward, carrying e drink, until she is standing at Dwight's shoulder. Lost in his reverie, he doeen't see or hear her until:

MOIRA  
(softly)

Everybody's gone to bed...

Ho turns. She steres at the gless in his hand.

(CONTINUED)



MOIRA  
(continuing)  
You like that?

DWIGHT  
Settles the stomach. I had  
quite a lot to drink.

She laughs ironically. Now, if not before, she is  
noticeably high.

DWIGHT  
(continuing;  
indicating  
her drink)  
What are you trying to forget?

MOIRA  
(flinching)  
That's a damned silly question  
if ever I heard one.

DWIGHT  
I'm sorry. You're right. Just  
an expression.  
(a pause)  
You know, somebody should have  
given me a copy of the local  
ground rules. I might easily  
have opened my big mouth.

She looks at him speculatively, a little hazily, lean-  
ing on the rail, close, intimate. She chortles.

MOIRA  
(as if reciting)  
Danger struck from an unex-  
pected quarter. The people of  
the city watched the wrong  
mouse-hole...

DWIGHT  
Come again?

MOIRA  
But then who knew you were so  
tough and drank straight milk.  
Where are you from, anyway?  
Whet state?

DWIGHT  
Idaho.

MOIRA  
(scornful)  
Ha. I know better than that.  
There's no Navy in Ideho. It's  
too hilly.

Dwight laughs.

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT

I was born in Idaho. My home's in Connecticut now. Near New London, where I'm based.

MOIRA

Where were you during all the whatchamacallit?

(quickly)

No, I didn't mean to ask you that. Peter said not to. Don't tell me. I can't decide whether I'm more objectionable drunk or sober.

DWIGHT

(easily; naturally)

I was at sea, between Kiska and Midway, when it began. When we stuck our nose up north of Iwo Jima there was a lot of some kind of dust. Radioactive, we found out, and ducked. Later, we looked at Manila through the periscope. It was still too hot to surface... The rest isn't even that interesting. We ended up here. There wasn't much of any place else to go...

He has delivered this in a kind of bland monotone and whether Moira heard it all or not is doubtful. A pausa before she studies him again.

MOIRA

You look married.

DWIGHT

(a grin)

I am...I've got two children. Richard, eight. Helen, five. Dick's always been for Annapolis.

Moira looks at him with a kind of fuzzy astonishment. She loses hold of herself for a moment and turns away.

Dwight is uncertain. Moving to her, he puts his hand gently on her shoulder. She jerks away at the touch, erupts in anger and frustration.

MOIRA

Why is it taking so long? Explain it to me. Nobody will explain it to me.

She continues hurriedly, without giving him a chance to speak

(CONTINUED)

MOIRA

(continuing)

No, don't tell me about those damn winds. The northern hemisphere and the southern hemisphere and how they go in different directions and overlap and get mixed up. I don't want to hear anymore about that. All I want to know is, why, if everybody was so smart, they didn't know what would happen.

DWIGHT

They did, but...

Before he can say more, she has broken into fresh sobbing. In its turn, it is choked off by another irrational outburst.

MOIRA

I can't take it.....Yes, I can. I can take it. But, it's unfair, because I didn't do anything. Nobody I know did anything... Maybe I'm stupid. I had to take Algebra twice. All I could understand was geography. I like geography.

She laughs now, a little crazily.

MOIRA

(continuing)

You know where I always wanted to go? I wanted to walk down the Rue de Rivoli. You ever been in the Rue de Rivoli?

DWIGHT

(quietly)

Yes.

MOIRA

(now writing)

I was going to walk down the Rue de Rivoli, in Paris, and buy gloves. I know the French word. Gants. I...I....

She smiles. Tears stream down her face. Dwight takes her simply in his arms and holds her. She is quiet for a moment, then:

MOIRA

(continuing)

You've got it backwards...

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT

What?

MOIRA

You're trying to comfort me.  
I was supposed to comfort you.  
I'm crying. Everybody was  
afraid you would.

DWIGHT

They were?

MOIRA

Yes. Isn't that funny?

DWIGHT

No. Sometimes I do.  
(after a pause)  
You better go to bed.

MOIRA

All right... But you're in my  
bedroom.

She looks up, the old flippant wickedness again for a moment, nods off. Dwight, surprised, looks off.

to include an army cot made up against the wall of the verandah.

DWIGHT

Oh. Sorry. I'll beat it.

He releases her and she manages to stand alone, but swaying slightly.

DWIGHT

(continuing)

Goodnight.

He starts past her, giving her a companionable pat on the rear (the wholesome gesture of the coach sending a tired player to the showers). He is only one step past her, however, when:

MOIRA

Dwight...  
(she clutches at  
him desperately)  
Even if you don't like me, hold  
onto me just a minute more...

He takes her dispassionately in his arms.

(CONTINUED)

87 TWO SHOT 43.  
87  
as he holds her for a moment, then:

DWIGHT

I take it Julian's English and  
came down on some sort of  
scientific job. What's he do,  
exactly?

No answer. He waits a moment, looks down at her.

88 CLOSE SHOT - MOIRA 88  
She is out cold.

89 SHOT - FEATURING DWIGHT 89  
He considers an instant, then, nothing for it, gathers her up easily in his arms. He carries her to the cot. At the cot, he stops, reconsiders, turns with her toward the door. He kicks open the screen and carries her on in, through the dark living room.

90 INT. A HALLWAY - NIGHT - DWIGHT 90  
as he bears her down the hall, pushes open a bedroom door at the end, enters.

91 INT. DWIGHT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - MED. SHOT 91  
as he brings her in. His bed is turned neatly down, a lamp burning on the night table, his pajamas laid out. He brings her to the bed and, supporting her with one arm, turns the covers back the rest of the way, lowers her, covers her up, and turns away. He goes to the dresser, collects his shaving kit, a towel, picks up his pajamas. His hand on the bedside light to turn it out, he pauses to look down at Moira who is whimpering softly.

92 CLOSE SHOT - MOIRA IN BED 92  
Her makeup is running. Turning over, she has smeared the pillow with mascara.

93 SHOT - DWIGHT 93  
He considers, hesitates. Then he puts down his kit and pajamas, takes the towel to the wash basin, moistens one end under the faucet, and returns to sit beside the girl on the edge of the bed.

(CONTINUED)

With straightforward paternal skill, he sets about cleaning her up. She whimpers during the process, but gradually relaxes, and doesn't awaken. Finished, he looks down.

95 CLOSE SHOT - MOIRA

95

She looks much better this way... younger, less sophisticated, in a way more beautiful.

96 BACK TO DWIGHT

96

He looks an instant longer, with something approaching compassion. As a final touch, he reaches down and smooths out her hair. Then he gathers up his things once more, turns out the light. As he quietly leaves the room:

FADE OUT.

97  
THRU  
107

(OMITTED)

97  
THRU  
107

FADE IN:

108 INT. ADMIRAL BRIDIE'S OFFICE - DAY

108

The CAMERA PANS WITH HIM to disclose a fairly formal staff meeting in progress around a large table. There are perhaps twelve men present: Dwight, Peter Holmes, members of Bridie's staff, and some civilians.

It is one of the civilians speaking -- PROFESSOR JORGENSEN, intensely earnest and a little defensive.

JORGENSEN

Simply stated, our view, our strong opinion is this: That during the last winter in the northern hemisphere, rain and snow may have washed the air, so to speak...

Over CUTS to Dwight, Hosgood, Bridie, and the others, he continues, with zeal...

(CONTINUED)

JORGENSON  
(continuing)

...causing the radioactive elements to fall to the ground more quickly than anyone anticipated. If we are right, - and I think we are - the terrestrial masses of the northern hemisphere could continue uninhabitable for several centuries.

But, the transfer of radioactivity to us would be progressively decreased. And human life could go on here -- or at least in Antarctica --

During this, Bridie has prowled to his place at the head of the table.

BRIDIE

That's clear enough, Professor Jorgenson. It's a hope, We agree - the government has agreed - that it's worth trying to find out, anyway. How far north would a vessel have to go?

Jorgenson is still composing a reply when an ASSOCIATE at his side answers for him, pedantically:

ASSOCIATE

Proceeding north from the equator, the atmospheric radioactivity should be steady for a time and then begin to decrease. We don't say at once. But at some point -- perhaps around latitude fifty or sixty -- a drop should be evident --

A civilian on the opposite side of the table, a government OFFICIAL, interrupts:

OFFICIAL

Is there any experimental support for this yet?

BRIDIE

(impatiently)

No. No. We made two aerial reconnaissances. Victor bombers. Just about finished off our petrol and didn't prove anything.

(CONTINUED)

JORGENSON

(firmly)

Our recommendstion is tbat the submarine go as far north in the Pacific as possible. To Point Barrow -- and make the necessary radioactivity readings.

Peter starts, glances at Dwight, but there is no visible reaction from the Captain. His expression throughout is bland and professional. Bridie moves into the pause:

BRIDIE

The Prime Ministr's instruction, incidentally, is tbat the Sawfish be exposed to as few dangers as possible.

(to Dwight)

What about ice that far north, Commander?

Dwight hesitates a second.

DWIGHT

We'd have to feel our way...  
Sbe's no ice-breaker.

WARREN, of Bridie's staff, looks up from bis cbart of ths Pacific, dividers in hand.

WARREN

I make it over 13,000 miles round trip. Enough power in your reactor for that, Commander?

DWIGHT

(glancing at Bridis)

I undrstood there was s considerabls stockpile of uranium here.

Bridis defers to an officer down the table, WILLIAMS, who smilss smugly.

(CONTINUED)



WILLIAMS

Enough for ten trips like this.  
Wish we could find some-  
thing to use it in. --

A SENIOR OFFICER, drowsing peacefully up to this point,  
addresses no one in particular:

SENIOR OFFICER

You might try meking it work in  
my car...

BRIDIE

(gloomily)

All right. Decide who's the  
best men to assign from C.S.I.R.O.  
to check radietion, find out what's  
involved by way of modification  
and equipment. After you've had  
your tee we'll get down to the other  
details... Hoagood!

Almost on cue, Hoagood bangs through the door followed by  
an ORDERLY, who moves in with e tea wagon. The varieoue  
men relax, shift, stand. Holmes glences curiously at  
Dwight again. The Captain is lost in his thoughts.

DISSOLVE TO:

109

EXT. - DECK OF SUBMARINE IN DOCK - DAY - A CREW

109

The Seamen ere at work on top of the seil eres - install-  
ing e redietion detection device on top of the recognition  
signsl mast. There is also a small bullhorn on one of the  
other retrractable maets. The O. D. stands watching the  
progress of the work, when it occurs to him that all work  
has suddenly cessed. It isn't immedietely obvious because  
tbe men hve eaemingly frozen in their working positions.  
If a men wes leaning over, that's the position ha remeine  
in, etc. However, every fece is turned toward the pier.  
The O.D. turns to see what they ere stsring et.

109A

SHOT

109A

A pair of beautiful legs moving rythmicslly under a  
full skirt.

(CONTINUED)

109B FULL SHOT

109B

Moira is walking down the pier between the two ships. The Seamen of both ships have stopped whatever they were doing and are watching her. She is very much aware of the attentions, although she gives no sign.

109B1 EXT. CLOSE SHOT - AUSSIE SAILORS ABOARD MELBOURNE

109B1

SAILOR  
Blimey, Charlie Wheeler's  
back in town...

109C ANOTHER ANGLE

109C

As Moira approaches the brow of the submarine, the O.D. (Benaon) moves forward to meet her. Behind Benson, as he moves forward, some 20 sailors stare almost spellbound without moving a muscle.

BENSON  
May I be of assistance...?

MOIRA  
I'm looking for Ceptain Towers.

BENSON  
I'll try to locate him for you.

He turns and signals one of the Seamen forward.

BENSON  
(continuing)  
Show the lady to Mister Towers  
cabin on the Melbourne.

MOIRA  
(smiles)  
Thsnk you.

BENSON  
It's a pleasure.

Moira follows the Seaman off. Benaon stands watching, as do the Seamen behind him. Then he turns to go down the hatch, but pauses to look at the Seamen who are seemingly in s trance.

BENSON  
Relax...

He goes down the hatch as the men go back to work.

(CONTINUED)

109D INT. - SUBMARINE

109D

Dwight is wiping his hands on a rag when Benson comes down the hatch.

BENSON

There's somebody to see you. I asked her to wait in your stateroom....

Dwight gives Benson a quick look on 'her', and then pushes past, pocketing the rag.

110 OMITTED

OMITTED 110

111 INT. - DWIGHT'S CABIN ABOARD MELBOURNE - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - PHOTOGRAPH

Dwight's two children, posing, grinning on a sailboat.

112 SHOT - MOIRA.

112

Studying the photograph thoughtfully. The most noticeable thing about her is a new restraint in her make-up, a tremendous improvement. The restraint is evident, too in her manner. Her skirt almost fills the small cabin, as she turns to examine another photograph.

113 CLOSE ON PHOTO

113

The photo is signed: "Wherever you are...all my love, Sharon." In some way - perhaps just the impudent smile - Sharon is not unlike Moira.

114 MEDIUM SHOT

114

Soberly studying the photograph, Moira starts at the CLICK of the latch behind her, and swirls to face Dwight.

DWIGHT

Hello.

MOIRA

(quickly, self-conscious)

I...a very nice man said to wait in here. I don't think he knew what else to do with me...

DWIGHT

(smiles)

That's a debatable...

(CONTINUED)

MOIRA

(a quick frown and a thoughtful expression)

Did you invite me to visit your submarine some day?

DWIGHT

No.

MOIRA

Oh. I couldn't remember.  
(indicates the photos)  
I've been snooping meanwhile...

DWIGHT

(fondly)

Regular fish, those kida....I'll have to buy them a boat one of these days...

Aware of what he has said, he looks at her. She gives him a quick curious look. He doesn't miss it. He indicates the bunk.

DWIGHT

(continuing)

Sit down..

She manages, not without difficulty in the full skirt, to arrange herself on the bunk, the only spot available. Dwight takes a cigarette from the small desk and extends the pack, knocking one up as he does.

DWIGHT

(continuing)

Cigarette?

She takes it.

MOIRA

Thanks...

He proceeds to light it.

MOIRA

(continuing)

Thanks.

DWIGHT

I'm glad you came.

As she holds the cigarette for the light, she looks up at him. With the cigarette lighted, she sits up straight and exhales.

(CONTINUED)

MOIRA

I'll just bet you are.

DWIGHT

I am. Really.

(smiles)

I don't imagine my crew minded,  
either.

MOIRA

No. I have a sneaking suspicion  
they didn't mind at all.

Dwight laughs. There is a KNOCK on the door.

DWIGHT

Come in.

LIEUTENANT CHRYSLER, one of the men established at the  
staff meeting, pokes his head in, sees Dwight.

CHRYSLER

I see they found you...

He starts to retreat but Dwight stops him.

DWIGHT

Chrysler... See if you can find  
Miss Davidson something she can  
wear to go down in Sawfish, will  
you?

Chrysler glances dubiously at Moira, drops his eyes to the  
full skirt.

CHRYSLER

Uh...yes, sir.

He backs out, closing the door. A little pause. Moira  
speaks first.

MOIRA

I take it you put me to bed.

(quickly, as

Dwight nods)

I arrived at that by deduction.

I asked Mary and Peter. They  
didn't. I'm afraid I was a bit  
of a mess.

DWIGHT

(not denying it;  
straight)

You passed out. You drank too  
much brandy.

(CONTINUED)

MOIRA

I've been boozing an awful lot lately. There's no big secret about that...But -- you don't have to believe me -- but I've never had that happen before, quita like that --

(rising nervously)

My obvious job was to seduce you, of course. My pride's hurt and I suppose I ought to feel ashamed. Why did you bother about me?

Dwight considers, picks up a manual from the desk beside him and riffls through it.

DWIGHT

There's a regulation here under shore duty. I'll read it to you.

MOIRA

Just tell me what it is.

DWIGHT

(straight)

It says that when a woman has had so much to drink that she doesn't know what she's doing, put her to bed and go back to the ship.

MOIRA

(dubious)

That's what it says.

DWIGHT

(straight)

That's what it says.

Moire raises an eyebrow, thoughtfully.

MOIRA

I think the man who wrote that had no imagination.

Chrysler knocks and extends the euit without coming in. Dwight movee over, tekes the suit -

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

DWIGHT  
(Taking the suit)  
Thankyou, Mister Chrysler.

Moira takes the suit from Dwight, holds it up for size, and frowns:

MOIRA  
This involves a pretty comprehensive change, you know. You're sure ---

DWIGHT  
You can't go down in a submarine in that ballet costume..

smiling, he moves to the door.

DWIGHT  
(continuing)  
I'll give you five minutes.

Dwight exits and closes the door as Moira begins to unbutton her blouse.

DISSOLVE TO:

114A EXT. - SAWFISH - DAY

114A

Moira is coming out of the submarine escorted by Dwight, Holmes, and Lieutenant Chrysler who brings up the rear.

MOIRA  
Well...it's all right, if you like this sort of thing. Personally, I need more room to move round.

Chrysler, who is behind them and admiring Moira's figure in the boiler suit, nods to himself when she says this.

DWIGHT  
I'll bet you do.

MOIRA  
Touche.

As they move along with Chrysler behind, Chrysler has a slight smile on his face as he watches Moira's figure. Moira glances around and Chrysler quickly looks another way, the smile disappearing immediately.

114B SHOT

114B

Julian Osborn and an assistant are on the pier with some electronic equipment. Both are in soiled work suits, and

(CONTINUED)

114B CONTINUED:

114B

Julian is all business, intent and annoyed. The group ascertaining Moira approaches and Dwight spots Julian.

DWIGHT

Everything under control, Mr. Osborn?

Preoccupied as he is, Julian glances at Moira without recognition, and addresses Dwight:

JULIAN

Blithering idiots sent me around two wrong components. I'll have to get them replaced this afternoon --

DWIGHT

(nods)

As long as they're right when we sail...

MOIRA

What on earth is he doing here?

Julian does a take, hesitates, and looks from Moira to Dwight, confused between military and social aspects of the position.

DWIGHT

Osborn's been assigned by C.S.I.R.O. to keep us healthy on the trip.

MOIRA

Healthy..?

(pause)

Well, it's your submarine.

Farrel, the Executive Officer, has appeared. He steps up to Dwight and indicates he wants a word with him.

DWIGHT

Half a second --

As he turns away, Moira surveys Julian.

MOIRA

(flippantly stern)

You know they don't allow drinking on American ships, don't you? I can't imagine what else you know how to do.

JULIAN

(smiles for her)

Now - is that nice?

(CONTINUED)



MOIRA

Well, whet are you going to do?

Growing more serious, Julien glancee down at the equipment.

JULIAN

Keep an eye on the weather...

..check on radiation..

(looks up at her)

I'm sort of a...scientific  
cruise director.

MOIRA

(frowning)

Then it's dangerous to go at all?

JULIAN

(off-hand)

Wouldn't know, really. Reletive  
question at beet, isn't it?

Peuse. Moira glances at Holmes end Chrysler and then  
back to Julien.

MOIRA

Everybody I know seeme to be  
going. I feel left out.

(lighter)

I can sing and dence --

The CAMERA hes kept Dwight end Ferrel in the b.g. Whet-  
ever Ferrel hes reported, it has taken Dwight off guard.  
Looking a little startled, he steps back to the group.  
Before Julien can reply to Moira's last remerk, Dwight  
addresses Holmes.

DWIGHT

You'll have to excuse me. The  
Admirel's up top.

(to Moire)

But, don't go away. I'll take  
you to lunch.

He exits quickly.

DISSOLVE TO:

115  
thru  
118

(OMITTED)

(OMITTED)

115  
thru  
118

119

INT. - MELBOURNE RADIO ROOM - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

119

(CONTINUED)

A RADIO OFFICER is fiddling with the dials on the receiver panel. Bridie and Dwight listen to the irregular BURSTS of Morse Code from the speaker. Dwight is confused but excited.

BRIDIE

Damndest thing. Started day before yesterday --

OPERATOR

Went off again ten minutea ago.

BRIDIE

Starts and stops. We've monitored about sixty hours so far --

DWIGHT

Weird. You're sure it'a from San Diego?

OPERATOR

Within a hundred-mile radius. That'a as close as we can pinpoint it -- without triangulation.

DWIGHT

Could it be a kid -- somebody who doesn't know Morse?

OPERATOR

(shrugs)

I make two words up to now. Water. And Connect.

BRIDIE

You know the old story. About an infinite number of monkeys and an infinite number of typewriters -- one of them has to end up writing King Lear...

(intently)

Look. I may be cracking a little under the strain like everybody else, but this interests me. It's more than Jorgenson's theory. This is a fact. It's impossible, but it's a fact. Radio signals are coming from around San Diego. And they shouldn't be. There shouldn't even be any power for transmission.

DWIGHT

Hydroelectric?

(CONTINUED)

BRIDIE

Possibly. There has to be an explanation for it. I'd like to know what it is. Not that I think I'll live any longer for knowing. How'd you like to track it down?

DWIGHT

I've got a radio officer who trained around there somewhere.

BRIDIE

Ah. All right now. I've been onto our electronic wizards. They tell me you have radio direction equipment that can be used from periscope depth. Correct?

DWIGHT

It doesn't get much use. We'll have to run some tests.

Bridie nods, turns. As they leave:

BRIDIE

We want it to be in the pink. Perhaps you can manage to amuse yourself around here a bit longer...until you're ready.

As they exit:

DISSOLVE TO:

120 EXT. FRANKSTON BEACH CLUB - DAY - SEVERAL SHOTS

120

ESTABLISHING a sailboat race in progress. A dozen or so craft of mixed classes competing around a triangular course in a bright sun with a good wind.

121	ON SAILBOAT		121
	Dwight, in slacks and T-shirt, is intent - busy with the sheet and tiller. The boat is sailing gunwale under. Moira, in a shorts and bra combination, is crewing for him, - braced on her back, spread-eagled on the deck for balance.		
122	(OMITTED)	(OMITTED)	122
123	SAILBOAT		123
	With the wind, heading into a buoy.		
124	MOIRA		124
	She is hanging on. Bored, she glances back and carefully shifts her weight.		
125	CLOSE SHOT		125
	Moira's foot kicks a coil of mainsheet round the cleat, and lays a tangle of jibsheet down on top of it.		
126	DWIGHT		126
	Intent, he doesn't notice the sabotage.		
127	SAILBOAT		127
	As it comes around the buoy. Dwight bears away smartly, putting up the tiller and letting out the sheet - which runs two feet and fouls..The boat lays over. Moira, playing dumb, pulls the jib sheet in; the boat gives up, laying her sails down on the water. Both Dwight and Moira go over the side.		
128	(OMITTED)	(OMITTED)	128
129	DWIGHT AND MOIRA - IN THE WATER		129
	Dwight comes up spluttering.		
		DWIGHT	
		Why'd you do that? We could have won the race.	
129A thru			129A thru
130	(OMITTED)	(OMITTED)	130
131	CLOSEUP - MOIRA		131
	She gives him one of those wise little smiles.		

132 GROUP ON BEACH - INCLUDING PETER, MARY, JULIAN 132

They are standing, watching. Julian has field glasses.  
Mary stops for a moment to change the baby.

MARY  
Are they all right?

PETER  
They're all right, but they're  
out of the race.

JULIAN  
(looking through  
glasses)  
It's like looking at a French  
movie.

He passes the field glasses to Peter.

133 BINOCULAR SHOT 133

Dwight is shoving Moira's backside onto the boat. Moira  
climbs to the centerboard, sticking out horizontally from  
the hull at water level. She grabs the gunwale. Dwight,  
in the water, bears down on the plate with her and the  
boat lifts its sodden sails out of the water.

DISSOLVE:

134  
thru  
137

(OMITTED)

(OMITTED)

134  
thru  
137

138

SAILBOAT

138

Dwight is mooring the boat at the slipway as Moira  
studies him.

(CONTINUED)

MOIRA

You're about ready to leave,  
arn't you?

DWIGHT

About

MOIRA

How long will you be gone?

DWIGHT

(Shrugs)

Depends. Two months or something  
like that.

MOIRA

Do you want to go?

DWIGHT

I don't know. Its a job.  
Something to do.

MOIRA

I wish I had something to do -  
-- besides spreading fertilizer.

Amused, Dwight looks at her.

MOIRA

(Contiuing)

My father's a grazier. He's a  
dedicated man - like you.

DWIGHT

Now, what do you mean by that?

MOIRA

He's just like you. His job  
comes first - his beasts. He  
worries mostly about their future.  
And we sproud fertilizar all the time.  
We spread fertilizer for poaterity.  
It makes the grass grow. Why don't  
you come up and help sometime? It's  
very relaxing.

DWIGHT

Thanks, I'd like to -- if  
there's time.

Moirra makes a face.

DWIGHT

(Continuing)

Okay. Off your duff. Let's  
get going.

They start up the beach.

MOIRA

I'm starting to twitch when I hear the word - Time.

(beat)

If for some reason - I'm not talking about now. I'm just talking - if there was only one thing you could do...No, I know what I mean. I mean, when the dentist is drilling a tooth, what do you think about? The nicest thing? Sex, or what?

Dwight laughs shortly.

DWIGHT

Fishing. Trout fishing in a clean mountain stream.

MOIRA

You would!

(as he nods)

Why not then? Go. When you come back.

DWIGHT

The season doesn't open here until September. I asked.

MOIRA

Ha !! You think I can't fix that? You think I don't know any important people? That I spend all my time with this mouldy surburban set?

141 ANOTHER ANGLE

141

Peter comes out to meet them.

HOLMES

That's the first time she's bottled like that. What happened out there?

Dwight grins and indicates Moira.

DWIGHT

She bottled us. I was trying to win. Taking the race too seriously and not paying enough attention to her.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

MOIRA

(indignantly)

The truth is, he made a pass at me. I had to go overboard in self defense.

Dwight grabs up a paddle from a beached boat, and holding it out by the slender handle, he moves toward her threateningly. She runs. He chases her and gives her a terrific running swat on the posterior. She turns and punches back, hard. He feints and grabs for her. She dodges and runs.

142 MEDIUM SHOT - DWIGHT AND MOIRA

142

They go down together, rolling in the sand. They wreatle, the sort of wholesome, slightly adolescent roughhouse that has been known to end in one sort of compromise or another.

143 FEATURING JULIAN

143

With the others, he is watching with sardonic interest.

JULIAN

(to Holmes)

I do so much like to see the young folks enjoying themselves..

143A SHOT - MARY AND PETER

143A

Peter is leughing at Dwight and Moira when he happens to notice Mary looking at him intently.

HOLMES

What is it?

MARY

(half kidding and half serious)

You never wrestle with me anymore.

HOLMES

Now, what do you mean by that?

MARY

I mean exactly whet I say. You never wreatle with me anymore.

Peter studies her for a bare moment and then makes a grab for her.

(CONTINUED)



143A CONTINUED:

143A

HOLMES

All right --

He grabs for her and she ducks his grasp and holds him back.

MARY

Now, really, Peter!

HOLMES

But, you said I never...

MARY

Never mind...  
(under her breath)  
...for now...

144 BACK TO DWIGHT AND MOIRA

144

as he gets her somewhat under control, picks her up struggling and brings her back.

MOIRA

See what I mean?

MARY

It does look as if he's thawed out.

DWIGHT

Now, tell them the truth.

MOIRA

I told them the truth.

She struggles to get down but she hasn't a chance. Dwight is laughing.

DWIGHT

Sharon's a terrible liar...

Realizing what he has said, he breaks off, freezes, stares at Moira, goes limp. She stares at him as he lowers her quickly to her feet.

145 GROUP SHOT

145

The others, particularly Julian, looking a bit puzzled. Did he hear right? Silence.

(CONTINUED)

MARY  
(breaking it)  
I'll go ahead, Peter, and give  
Jennifer her bath before dinner.  
I think we've all had enough sun  
for one day.

Peter nods absently. Mary gathers up a few things and starts for the stairway up the dunes in the b.g.

MOIRA  
Yes, and its time for the six  
o'clock swill.

Moira throws a towel about her and starts abruptly for the clubhouse. CAMERA HOLDS on Dwight. He watches her walk away and then lowers himself to the sand and finds a cigarette. He puts it in his mouth, and staring out to sea, forgets to light it. Julian leans over with a match.

DWIGHT  
Oh. Thanks.

DISSOLVE TO:

146 EXT. - PASTORAL CLUB - MELBOURNE - DAY - BRONZE PLAQUE 146

by the massive Edwardian entrance. The ANGLE WIDENS as Holmes appears, steps aside for a couple of men coming out, and then goes inside.

147 INT. - PASTORAL CLUB - FOYER - DAY 147

In every way, this is more or less a reproduction of a London gentleman's club. The HEAD PORTER appears to meet Peter.

HOLMES  
My wife's uncle is expecting  
me....Douglas Froude..

PORTER  
Right you are. . . Would you mind  
signing. Sir?

Holmes quickly executes the formality and heads for the grand staircase in the b.g.

A large paneled room, the walls covered with portraits. There are men at the bar, at tables, and in various scattered groups. The Stewards name is STEVENS, and he is an ageless man in the old tradition. CAMERA PICKS HIM UP as he crosses the room with a tray containing two glasses and a bottle of port. He moves up to serve two men seated not far from the door. When the bottle is put down, one of the men examines it with a critical eye, before allowing Stevens to pour.

PORT MAN

How much of this Gould-Campbell do we have left now, Stevens?

STEVENS

Oh, better than four hundred bottles, Sir.

PORT MAN

(to the second port man)

And in its prime. Shocking! Four hundred bottles of vintage port in the cellars and barely five months to go. Five months, if these chaps are right.

SECOND PORT MAN

(sips)

The Fonesca needs another year, actually.

PORT MAN

I blame the wine committee very much. Very much indeed. Should have had more foresight. How can the members be expected to finish off four hundred bottles of port in five months time...? Bad planning, I say. Ridiculous!

(quickly)

I'll take another bottle home with me today, Stevens.

STEVENS

Yes, sir.

As Stevens turns away and walks toward the door, we see Holmes enter in the b.g.

149

TOWARD DOOR

149

Holmes pauses and looks around. He closes the heavy mahogany door solidly behind him and moves off. The closing of the door tilts a portrait of the Australian explorer John Wills. In passing on his way back to the bar, Stevens automatically sets it square.

150

AT BAR

150

In the press at one end, featuring Mary's great uncle, DOUGLAS FROUDE. He is past his prime but erect and quick, wry, with the remnants of a parliamentary manner. He considers his glass -- not the first of the day -- discoursing to an audience that is only half-attending.

FROUDE

Badly educated, all of us.  
Pack of eternal schoolboys.  
Getting a fresh injection of  
childish pride every day from  
the newspapers... An uproar  
every time some English filly  
fell down at Longchamps. Or  
a Japanese golfer missed a  
putt, wounding somebody's  
national prestige. Got much  
too expensive, national pres-  
tige. Oh, hello there, Peter,  
what'll you have? Amontillado?

HOLMES

(moving in)

That's fine, thanks.

The other men shift their attention politely elsewhere.

FROUDE

Two Amontillado over there in  
the corner, will you, Stevens?

THE CAMERA PANS as the old gentleman takes Peter's elbow and steers him firmly away from the bar.

FROUDE

(continuing;  
barely taking  
a breath)

Well, what's it like, serving  
on an American ship? Gloomy  
lot, I'd imagine. Widowers.

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES

Not really. Young crew on the whole. Most of them have girls in Australia now.

FROUDE

Good for them. You know, I feel ever so much better since I started drinking again, Peter. Much rather die from that than this... this cholera sort of thing.

As they move through the crowd toward their table, they pass two men in conversation. SYKES and CADOGAN.

SYKES

(to Cadogan; slightly overlapping Froude's speech above)

Bill Davidson's a friend of yours, isn't he?

CADOGAN

In a way, yes.

SYKES

His daughter, Moira, is giving me trouble --

Holmes catches some of this and glances back curiously as Froude leads him on. CAMERA HOLDS on Sykes and Cadogan.

SYKES

(continuing)

She's been onto somebody who's been onto the Minister, and now he's onto me.

(as if its absurd)

Wants the trout season moved up to the tenth of August this year.

CADOGAN

My word! You don't say!

SYKES

Yes. .

CADOGAN

She drinks, you know. Must be a lark of some sort.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

SYKES

Irresponsible, at any rate. Fish  
won't have finished spawning.  
You could ruin fishing for years -  
-- tenth of August!

152  
thru  
153A

(OMITTED)

(OMITTED)

152  
thru  
153A

154

HOLMES AND FROUDE

154

At a table in the far corner.

FROUDE

Hmm, yes, I've heard about those  
pills. Deadly things.

HOLMES

This cruise is developing into  
something a little bigger than I  
thought. I may not be here when the  
time comes...

FROUDE

Yes, I..I understand. But, if Dr.  
Fletcher can't get them for you,  
I'm not certain I can.

HOLMES

I..I'd like to explain to Mary.  
What to do..

froude studies Holmes for a moment.

FROUDE

You're convinced you want Mary to  
have them now?

HOLMES

(nodding)

I've tried every other possible  
way to get them.

FROUDE

Yes, I see. Well, I'm not certain  
you're right, but...considering  
Mary...

Froude looks thoughtfully off into space for e moment end  
then takes a notebook and e pen from his pocket and  
proceeds to write.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

154

FROUDE

Well, take this around, anyway.  
I don't know how much weight I  
carry with the government in my  
old age...but see what happens.  
Theres a lot of bureaucracy still  
you know -- even in death.

Froude smiles wryly as he looks up and hands the note  
to Holmes.

FROUDE

(continuing)

I don't imagine I'll be able to  
die until I check with some  
department or other to see if its  
all right..

As he hands the note to Holmes, he rises.

HOLMES

Thank you, sir.

They shake and Froude holds the shake for a moment  
longer than necessary.

FROUDE

(warmly)

Good luck.

155 TABLE NEAR THE DOOR - ALONGSIDE BILLIARD TABLE

155

The connoisseurs of port are still at it as an old gentle-  
man leans in to make his shot.

PORT MAN

The wine committed is absolutely  
bad. Four hundred bottles of vintage  
port.

(sadly)

It's too late...too late!  
....We'll never finish it off...

The old player freezes, disturbed by the loud conversation.  
Still leaning over the table and about to make his shot, he  
turns his head to look up at the Port Man.

PORT MAN

(continuing)

These people have been lax.  
Guilty of...

He breaks off as he notices the billiard player frozen into  
a position of rage. (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

155. CONTINUED:

155

PORT MAN  
(continuing)

Oh! Sorry, Dykers. Good show!  
Carry on.

Holmes passes on his way out. The old gentleman muffs the shot. CAMERA FOLLOWS Holmes as he exits, going through the door. The portrait of Wille tilts as before and stays that way.

DISSOLVE:

156 EXT. - HOLMES HOUSE - SIDE GARDEN AND POTTING SHED - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT 156

In the potting shed. Neat shelves upon which sit pots of azaleas and so forth. Mary moves into the shot with a plant. Cheerful, she hums to herself. Wearing gloves and apron, she is prettily costumed for the job - looks a scene out of House and Garden.

157 ANOTHER ANGLE 157

Past Mary, we see Peter coming from the house, bearing a bottle of gin and a couple of tall gin drinks on a tray. There is also something else on the tray, and as he comes nearer, we see two small boxes. Mary is busy, and when Peter puts the tray down, Mary glances around and sees the drinks. Not yet seeing the boxes.

MARY  
(pleased)

Oh. How nice.

She turns momentarily back to her work to finish something she was doing, and when she turns back, Peter glances at her for the first time. He obviously has something to say and feels uneasy about it. Mary stands, for a moment studying what she was doing, and removes her gloves. As she turns to him, he hands her a drink.

MARY  
(continuing)

Have you noticed Moira isn't  
drinking nearly so much? I  
wonder why.

HOLMES  
I hadn't noticed.

Mary continues, quickly, a sudden thought coming to her.

(CONTINUED)



MARY

(continuing)

Peter, couldn't we afford an electric mower for the lawn? A little one I could use while you're away..

HOLMES

Mary..

MARY

Doris Haymes has one. She says its no trouble..

HOLMES

She's cut the cord three times and nearly electrocuted herself. Besides, I doubt that there are any left..

He takes her by the shoulder and turns her to face him.

HOLMES

Mary, I..

As she turns to face him, she notices the two boxes on the tray.

MARY

Oh, what's that?

HOLMES

Something I want you to know about before I go.

She studies his face for a moment. She knows this tone very well.

MARY

You're going to be serious

HOLMES

Yes.

She turns away from him and stands staring out across the garden.

MARY

I wish you wouldn't.

HOLMES

I only wish I didn't have to. Sit down a minute..

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

He waits a moment for her to sit, but she doesn't move and doesn't turn to face him. She tries to fight a delaying action.

MARY

And I would so like a proper garden seat...

He moves up behind her as she talks.

158 SHOT

158

MARY

(continuing)

..We could put it over in that sheltered corner by the poplar..

...

HOLMES

Please, Mary....Sit down..

She hesitates for a bare moment, and then turns and takes her seat in an arm chair. As she sits, her glance falls again on the two boxes. She has a difficult time taking her eyes from them. Peter sits in a chair opposite her, and leans forward to begin.

HOLMES

(continuing)

Now, this is a big cruise. North. Mines and ice...

MARY

(interrupting)

Peter, darling, I knew when I..

As she interrupts him, he looks down, closes his eyes for a moment to brace himself. He doesn't want to yell at her.

MARY

(continuing)

..married you that you were going to be a Naval officer. My father died at sea, you know that. We just don't have to discuss it, do we?

Trying to keep his voice under control.

HOLMES

We have to discuss this, Mery. There isn't any kind of tradition for this.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

HOLMES

(continuing)

And you're going to listen  
whether you like it or not.

(quickly)

Now, this is a special kind of  
a...well, sleeping pill. I had  
a devil of a time getting them,  
but I wanted you to have them  
on hand and be sure you know  
the drill..

Mary turns her attention to some imaginary thing in the  
garden.

HOLMES

(continuing)

What happens with the radiation  
is that you get ill. You start  
feeling sick, and then you are  
sick..and you go on being sick.  
You can't keep anything down.  
It gets worse. One may get  
better for a while, but it comes  
back. You get weaker..

She looks directly at him now.

MARY

And this cures it?

HOLMES

No. Nothing cures it. This ends  
it.

Mary stares at him for a moment, thinking, looking for a  
way out. She finds it - and smiles.

MARY

But, Peter. However ill I was, I  
couldn't do that. Who'd look  
after Jennifer?

He looks directly into her eyes, as he says:

HOLMES

It'll get Jennie, too..

The smile remains on Mary's lips for a moment. She hasn't  
fully comprehended, but as comprehension seeps in, the  
smile slowly leaves her face. She stands abruptly, knock-  
ing the glass over, and almost shouts in deadly sarcastic  
fury:

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

MARY

You're not trying to tell me  
you want me to kill Jennifer.

His control snaps, and he rises and grips her by  
both arms.

HOLMES

Listen to me! You've got to  
face up. Supposing you get  
it first? - What are you  
going to do then? Battle on  
by youreelf until you drop?  
Jennie might live for days.  
Don't you see that? And then  
be sick in her crib and helpless,  
with you dead on the floor beside her.

Mary stares at him in horror. Totally unable to under-  
stand how this man she loves can tell her she has to  
kill their child.

HOLMES

(continuing)

Mary, I know how you feel. I ..  
...I don't believe it myself  
half the time, but..

159 ANOTHER ANGLE

159

MARY

I don't think we should discuss  
this anymore right now, Peter.  
We're both a bit too emotional..

Peter makes a gesture of resignation.

MARY

(continuing)

Mrs. Hildreth's husband was talk-  
ing to someone who says it isn't  
coming here after all. He says  
its slowing down or something.

HOLMES

(its too much)

Hildreth's a damn fool...

Mary gives him a final tight look, turns and heads  
quickly for the house. Peter's hand is shaking very  
badly as he lifts the bottle of gin and pours a big  
slug into his glass.

DISSOLVE TO:

## DISSOLVE TO:

- 160 INT. - A SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT - THE SMALL BAND 160  
Featuring the trumpet player - leader, attacking a solo.
- 161 DANCE FLOOR  
An assortment of couples are dancing. Among them are Dwight and Moira. They dance, Moira's head on Dwight's shoulder. Her eyes are closed and she looks happy. He whispers something in her ear and she smiles. With an insolent discord, the trumpet solo is cut short in the middle of a phrase. The dancers stumble, look off.
- 162 DWIGHT AND MOIRA - DANCING 162  
They look off, too.

163 MEDIUM SHOT

163

The cornetist has stopped playing. He picks up his instrument case and steps off the platform, plowing off through the dancers. The band has stopped playing, and the MANAGER hurries after the cornetist, CAMERA PANNING. Near Dwight and Moira, the Manager reaches the cornetist's side and takes his arm.

MANAGER

Whats the matter, Harry? Where you going?

MUSICIAN

I.. I've had it, Al. Thats all. I can't go through the motions anymore. I've just had it.

The cornetist pulls free of the Manager's arm and hurries up the stairs and out of the restaurant. The Manager stands for a moment like everyone else and watches the cornetist walk away. Then, he turns, shaking his head.

163A ANOTHER ANGLE

163A

DWTIGHT

Whats all that about?

MANAGER

(shrugs)

He quit. Last week, two waiters quit. One came back.

The waiter moves on past the bandstand and as he does, he gives the nod to the musicians. The trumpet player gets up, gives the band the downbeat, and they resume playing.

164 DWIGHT AND MOIRA

164

Suddenly restless, Moira stops dancing.

MOIRA

Lets get out of here.

DWIGHT

I thought you wanted to dance.

MOIRA

So did I, but it suddenly strikee me as pointless and a little vulgar...

(glances around)

.. A lot of people shuffling around a public room in each others arms.

CONTINUED:

164. CONTINUED:

164A

Moira turns, moving toward the hatcheck room.  
He follows.

MOIRA

(continuing)

Come on. Lets go for a walk.

Walking toward the hatcheck room, they pass under  
the Trumpet player. Taking a solo, he has his eyes  
closed and sways slightly to his own music.

DISSOLVE:

165. EXT. - MELBOURNE STREET - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

165.

There is a background of vague MUTED SOUNDS, snatches  
of MUSIC, a GIRLS LAUGH somewhere in the night. A  
few wandering aimless servicemen with no more ware to  
fight. A drunk sprawled across the sidewalk. A  
policeman comes by, looks down at him for a moment,  
and then moves him over a little so that nobody  
stumbles over him. CAMERA HOLDS as Dwight and Moira  
come drifting along. Dwight is distant and remote.  
Moira has her arm linked through his. Both glance  
at the drunk as they pass, but neither of them comment.

CONTINUED:

165A SHOT

165A

They are walking along now next to a brick wall. There is a dim street light nearby which casts enough light on the wall to bring out some crudely lettered words. The words were originally lettered in white paint which is now faded gray by age and weather. "STOP H-BOMB TESTS" Moira and Dwight walk on.

MOIRA

You know...I think I've decided why you fascinate me. Shall I tell you?

DWIGHT

(vaguely)

Mmm .

MOIRA

You take me for granted. Oh, I know women aren't supposed to like that, but somehow I do...I've been treated every other way. Like a child, and like...like some other things I probably deserved. But, I've never been pushed around in such a nice way, and treated something like a wife.

Dwight tightens and stops. Moira doesn't notice his reaction.

MOIRA

(continuing)

I suppose what I mean is...like an American wife.

Dwight's normal placid control deserts him. This throws him off base -- something he'd rather not talk about.

DWIGHT

Moira...I don't want you to think that the reason...

She turns to him -- still not completely aware of what she has done. She smiles, sadly.

MOIRA

Don't be so proper. Just for a minute...hear me out.

(pruse)

It hurt my feelings a little at first when I realised you were mixing me up with Sharon...Then, when I thought about it, I decided it was one of the nicest things that could happen to me.

(CONTINUED)



165A CONTINUED

165A

Watching his distress mount, she fades a little. She continues uncertainly:

MOIRA

(continuing)

I wouldn't mind....if you could forget entirely who I am. I don't like myself very well, anyway. Wouldn't you like to try?

Dwight takes her shoulders and looks at her solemnly for a moment.

DWIGHT

No....

She sags, covers her unhappiness with an attempt at flippancy.

MOIRA

Oh, all right. It just seemed like a good idea. Maybe it wasn't at all.

(twisting away)

There's a train back to the country at ten-fifty. I might as well take that. I'm boring you.

She turns, starts off diagonally across the street.

DWIGHT

Moira. Wait a minute.

166 ANOTHER ANGLE

166

Moira hurrying across the street with Dwight behind her.

166A SHOT

166A

On the other side of the street, Dwight catches her arm and stops her.

DWIGHT

Look, I'm a bad break for you. I know that. Above all, I don't want to hurt you..

(CONTINUED)

MOIRA  
Extremely noble....

DWIGHT  
Let me try to tell you how I  
feel...

MOIRA  
You don't have to. It's none of  
my business.

She twists away again. He stands for a bare moment watching her walk away, and then, determined, he follows her.

DISSOLVE:

167 EXT. - STATION - MELBOURNE - NIGHT - FROM HIGH ANGLE 167

Two figures, Dwight and Moira, pass under a light, walking slowly into the station.

168 INT. - STATION - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT - TRUCKING 168

Moira is walking at Dwight's side again. Expressionless, she is holding herself in.

DWIGHT  
..In the Navy, during the war, I  
got used to the idea that something  
might happen to me...and I wouldn't  
get back. And I got used to the idea  
of my wife and children at home. They'd  
be all right...no matter what. I  
counted on it...What I..What I didn't  
count on was the kind of....monstrous  
...war...where something might happen  
to them..not to me. And it did.  
They...they're gone. I know it, but  
I...I can't accept it. I..the kids  
since they were born...all..all of  
the planning...Sharon and I..we..we..  
I..I just can't cope with it..I..I..

He gestures helplessly, unable to find further words.

(CONTINUED)

169 ANOTHER ANGLE

169

They have come now to the barrier. The electric train rolls onto the quay in the b.g., Moira's eyes follow it emptily. Gently, Dwight takes her shoulders and she turns to him.

DWIGHT  
(continuing)

Do you understand? Does that make any sense?

MOIRA

I understand...And I feel sorry for you. Just don't feel sorry for me. I don't like it. Goodnight.

She ducks quickly through the barrier and almost runs onto the quay. CAMERA HOLDS on Dwight. He stands there, disturbed and unsatisfied. He starts to go through the barrier after her, but pulls himself up and turns away. CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he exits through the nearly deserted station.

170 ON QUAY

170

The train in motion, picking up speed. As it recedes, the CAMERA PULLS BACK SLIGHTLY -- including Moira, still standing on the platform. She turns a bit INTO CAMERA, staring off dully. Then she rouses herself and heads off in the direction of the station.

DISSOLVE:

171  
thru  
173 (OMITTED)

(OMITTED) 171  
thru  
173

174 EXT. A MEWS - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

174

The mews is empty, shadowy, forbidding. A figure appears, a woman moving along erratically.

175 MED. SHOT

175

As she pauses in a patch of light, we see that it's Moira. She is a little drunk now. She moves on, consulting the numbers on the doors of the garages. She stops finally at one from under which a patch of light is showing. A RADIO is playing inside. Julian's three-wheeler is parked next to the door. Leaning against

(CONTINUED)

175

CONTINUED:

175

the building, she removes a shoe and KNOCKS with it. After a moment, a small door cut into a larger one opens beside her and Julian appears framed there, a wrench in his hand. He sees her a moment before she sees him.

JULIAN

Oh, I am sorry to see this.  
And you were doing so much  
better, too.

She turns and looks at him. He smiles and shakes his head.

MOIRA

I'd like to come in -- what-  
ever this is. An opium den  
more than likely.

Julian steps aside for her.

176

(OMITTED)

(OMITTED)

176

176A

INT. NEWS GARAGE - NIGHT - MED SHOT

176A

The RADIO o s. is playing sentimental MUSIC as Moira limps through the door. Having stepped aside to let her in, Julian watches her. She moves forward into a pool of light thrown by an overhead lamp. CAMERA PULLS BACK just enough to bring the fender of another car into frame, and while Julian closes the door, Moira supports herself by leaning on the fender, and puts the shoe on again.

JULIAN

How on earth did you find me?

For an answer, she makes a vague gesture with her hand. He crosses behind her to turn down the radio. CAMERA PULLS BACK with his mov. so that the whole car comes into frame. It's a long low one-seat racer. It's on blocks and the hood is off and to one side.

177

(OMITTED)

(OMITTED)

177

177A

MED. SHOT

177A

Julian comes to the workbench where the radio is and turns it down -- leaving only very soft strains of dance MUSIC. Moira is looking at the car. She steps back for a better look. Julian comes back from the work bench, watching her and smiling proudly.

(CONTINUED)

177A CONTINUED:

177A

MOIRA  
What is it?

JULIAN  
A Ferrari.

MOIRA  
Does it run?

JULIAN  
Does it run? Won the Grand Prix  
last year. Bought it from Simonelli's  
widow. Gave her a hundred quid for it.

178  
thru  
179 (OMITTED)

(OMITTED) 178  
thru  
179

179A TWO SHOT - FEATURING MOIRA

179A

MOIRA  
But, what are you going to  
do with it?

JULIAN  
Race her, of course.

MOIRA  
You?

JULIAN  
Me. And you needn't sound so  
pessimistic.

180 (OMITTED)

(OMITTED) 180

180A MED. SHOT

180A

Julian turns and moves to the front of the car where  
he stands looking down into the motor. CAMERA MOVES  
IN for a CLOSE SIDE VIEW of JULIAN and HOLDS.

JULIAN  
(Continuing)  
I've always wanted to. Just  
never been able to afford it.  
(looking up at her)  
Sixth of August if the Commander  
gets us back in time.

MOIRA  
You'll kill yourself.

JULIAN  
That's possible.  
(a little grin)

181 OMITTED

181A MED. SHOT.

Julian is looking down into the motor and Moira watches him thoughtfully for a moment...

MOIRA

Julian...?

JULIAN

Hmmmm?

MOIRA

How long ago was it that you were so in love with me, and... and...

JULIAN

(smiles)

And you were so stupid about it?

Moira hesitates, looks down.

MOIRA

And I was so stupid about it.

JULIAN

And should have grabbed me, you know. I'm about to be extinct.

MOIRA

I ... I came here tonight, Julian, because I... I want to know.

(looks up at him)

Are you still?

(pause)

I'm serious.

Not knowing quite what to say, Julian glances down at the motor again.

182 OMITTED

183 ANOTHER ANGLE

He is thoughtful for a moment and then he looks up.

JULIAN

In a normal continuing world, I do think I would still be in love with you...

(CONTINUED)

Rev. 3/5/59

182A DONTINUED:

MOIRA

Yes or no, Julian.

JULIAN

I've always adored you ...  
you know that. But lately..with  
so little time left, my whole way  
of thinking seems to have..changed...

183 OMITTED

183A ON MOIRA

MOIRA

No, than?

184

184A OMITTED

185

185A Med. SHOT - FEATURING MOIRA

Tears in hereyes, she turns away. Julian watches her for  
a moment. He understands, feels for her, but he is helpless.

MOIRA

I...I'm such a fake. Such a  
lot of meaningless talk...

JULIAN

Now - now - don't say that.

MOIRA

No, it's true. There've been  
men. A lot of men. And when one  
fell out, there...there was  
always a replacement...

(CONTINUED)

Rev. 3/5/59

185A CONTINUED

Tears are on her cheeks now and her voice quivers. It almost breaks several times.

MOIRA

(continuing)

...but..there was never one that mattered..and I can't pretend any longer, Julian. I'm afraid. I've got nobody, and..I'm afraid!!

Touched and confused, Julian moves to her and embraces her.

186  
thru OMITTED  
186C

186A1 CLOSEUP - MOIRA AND JULIAN

As Julian puts his arms around her, she closes her eyes.

JULIAN

What about Dwight? I'm certain he likes you a lot and I did believe that you.,.

MOIRA

No. He...he's still married to somebody named Sharon. They have two children and...

JULIAN

Hmmm. I know.

186A2 TWO SHOT - FEATURING MOIRA

We see Julian over her shoulder. He listens.

MOIRA

If things were different.. I mean, if she were alive, I'd do everything I could think of to get him..every mean thing I could think of...even if I could make him forget, there isn't time...

(CONTINUED)



Rev. 3/5/59

186A2 CONTINUED:

She looks up, wipes tears off her cheek with the back of her hand. Her lip is trembling.

MOIRA

(continuing)

No time to love. No time to live, really...nothing to remember.. with me..

(pause)

...that's worth remembering..

Pause. Julian moves close and puts his arms around her.

MOIRA

(continuing)

Julian...?

JULIAN

Hmmm?

She turns now to face him.

MOIRA

I don't want to go home tonight, ..can't I...Can't I stay here with you?

JULIAN

It's late and I have to pick up some things before we leave.

(CONTINUED)

186A2 CONTINUED:

186A2

Moira's expression changes as she stares at him.

MOIRA

Leaving?...You're leaving?

JULIAN

At six this morning.  
(he pauses, realizing)  
Didn't he tell you?

From Moira's expression, its fairly obvious that Dwight did not tell her. Pause. Julian reaches and flicks off the overhead light, leaving them in darkness.

JULIAN

(softly)

Come on. I'll take you home.

FADE OUT:

186A3  
thru (OMITTED)  
186A6

(OMITTED)

186A3  
thru  
186A6

187A7  
THRU  
197

(OMITTED)

(OMITTED)

187A7  
THRU  
197

FADE IN:

197A

STOCK SHOT

197A

A vast panorama of icy wastes as far as the eye can see.

197B

EXT. - UNDERWATER EFFECT - SUBMARINE IN ICE

197B

The Sawfish slips through the water under the ice which looms ominously above it.

197B-1

INT. SUBMARINE ATTACK CENTER - GROUP

197B-1

Dwight and Farrel studying a chart on a board built over a gyro compass. The sonar man and fathometer operator are at their gear.

FARREL

Recommend course zero four five, Captain.

DWIGHT

(to helmsman)

Right rudder new course zero four five.

HELMSMAN

Right rudder new course zero four five, sir.

DWIGHT

Nothing but ice upstairs...

197C INT. - SUBMARINE - ENLISTED MEN'S GROUP

197C

Some of the men are watching a television screen which shows the passage of ice overhead. There is a tense feeling broken by MUSIC from a jukebox, and an occasional SOUND EFFECT from a coke machine which operates when one of the men drops a nickel into the slot. One group is playing cards in f.g.

ENLISTED MAN (1)

Nothing but this jazz for three days...

ENLISTED MAN (2)

(looking at the screen)

Make an awful lot of ice cubes..

ENLISTED MAN (3)

Personally, if I'm lookin' at television, I like Westerns.

198  
THRU (OMITTED)  
203A4

198  
(OMITTED) THRU  
203A4

203A5 (OMITTED)

(OMITTED) 203A5

203A6 INT. - SUBMARINE ATTACK CENTER - GROUP

203A6

DWIGHT

All stop.

(CONTINUED)

PLANESMAN

All stop.

DWIGHT

(pause)

Okay. I get Point Barrow bearing  
three-one-five, relative;  
distance about seven miles.

Farrel checks bearing and notes the position on chart.

DWIGHT

(continuing to Julian)

All right, Dr. Osborn. Let's  
get some radiation data.

(to Snyder)

Snyder, raise the ECM.

Snyder, a Chief Torpedoman, and Chief of the boat,  
complies. Peter walks over to watch Julian taking his  
readings. After watching for a moment, he says:

HOLMES

High, isn't it?

JULIAN

(after a moment)

It's higher than in mid-Pacific...  
at least 30 points in the red. That  
takes care of Jorgenson's theory.

Dwight glances around at the faces of the men. They  
show mixed emotions of skepticism and doubt.

DWIGHT

Well..we've got another job to do.  
Let's get the hell out of here.  
What's the course, Bob? (Farrel)

FARREL

Two-two-five, Sir.

DWIGHT

(to Helmsman)

Course two-two-five. All ahead  
standard. Down scope. Take her  
to one hundred feet.

HELMSMAN

Course two-two-five. All ahead  
standard. Take her to 100 feet.

Chrysler downs the scope.

(CONTINUED)

203A6 CONTINUED:

203A6

DWIGHT  
 (continuing, to Sonar-  
 man)  
 Fogerty, get us out of this  
 deep freeze.  
 (to Farrel)  
 When clear of Bering Strait,  
 set a course for San Francisco.

FARREL  
 Aye, aye, Sir.

203B EXT. - UNDERWATER EFFECT - FULL SHOT

203B

As the Sawfish passes close to an ice flow on her  
 port side.

FADE OUT:

204  
THRU  
204D

(OMITTED)

(OMITTED)

204  
THRU  
204D

FADE IN:

204D1 HIGH SHOT OF GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

204D1

As the outline of the Sawfish goes under the bridge  
 and CAMERA PANS to reveal abandoned vehicles on the  
 bridge

204E  
THRU  
205A  
B,C

(OMITTED)

(OMITTED)

204E  
THRU  
205A  
B,C

205D EXT. - UNDERWATER EFFECT - SERIES OF SHOTS

205D

As the Sawfish moves past the pylons of the bridge.

205E INT. - SUBMARINE - DAY - CONTROL ROOM

205E

Dwight is at the periscope, intent. Depth gauge reads  
 42 feet. The sonar and radar operators are intent on  
 their gear, checking off ranges and bearings and also  
 underwater obstructions.

RADARMAN  
 Alcatraz Island on port beam.  
 Range 800 yards, Sir.

(CONTINUED)

205E CONTINUED:

205E

Dwight confirms this as he looks through the periscope.

DWIGHT

Let her come right ten degrees.

HELMSMAN

Right ten degrees, Sir. New course is one-sixty.

DWIGHT

All stop.

HELMSMAN

(repeating)

All stop.

Dwight peers through the periscope as the other men stand silently waiting. Quite abruptly, he steps back from the periscope, and indicates that they should look. After a pause the other officers and men take turns looking through the scope, registering reactions of sorrow, horror, bewilderment, etc.

205F EXT. - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY - SERIES OF PERISCOPE SHOTS

205F

Various views, Fisherman's Wharf, Embarcadero Street, or whatever, as from maximum periscope height, with the submarine lying close to the docks. The city looks normal in every way - except there is no movement at all. Everything is dead, lifeless, completely deserted.

205G INT. SUBMARINE - DAY - CONTROL ROOM

205G

As Dwight quietly leaves the periscope, he motions to the others who take their turn. Davis leaves the periscope to make way for another officer.

DAVIS

(the only comment)

Creepy. Just nothing. Nobody ... Captain, San Francisco is Yeoman Swain's home town. He wants to have a look.

Dwight looks up from studying the chart

DWIGHT

Okay -- let him look.

He exits to radio room as Swain goes to the periscope.

206 INT. SUBMARINE - RADIO COMPARTMENT

206

Sundstrom and Jones are at the controls. Peter and

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED:

206

(Continued)

Dwight are crowded into the small compartment with them, looking over their shoulders. Coming over spasmodically, from the speaker, is the same sort of jibberish we HEARD aboard the Melbourne. It blares and fades as Jones operates the scanner. Sundstrom is plotting on a chart, excited. Dwight enters.

SUNDSTROM

Down San Diego way, all right...

DWIGHT

Where's the hydroelectric plant?

SUNDSTROM

Probably in one of the refineries along the coast... They've got the transmitters and lots of juice...

DWIGHT

Well, that answers the power question. But you'd think the turbines and the generators would have gone out by now -- Unless somebody's screwing them.

(after a pause)

You think you could find your way around and not get lost, if I put you ashore in a suit?

Unprepared for this, Sundstrom nearly drops his teeth.

SUNDSTROM

Yes, sir... I was there three months in fifty-eight. Unless it's changed a lot --

DWIGHT

(undecided)

For two cents I wouldn't send anybody, but I promised Bridie I'd track it down...

207 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - PERISCOPE SHOT

207

The CAMERA PANNING VERY SLOWLY across the waterfront. It PAUSES, COMES BACK to take another look at something, PANS ON.

208 INT. SUBMARINE - RALPH SWAIN AT PERISCOPE

208

This is the boy we saw in the bar in Melbourne of course.

(CONTINUED)



208 CONTINUED:

208

Chrysler, Farrel and the other officers on duty in the attack center, watch him silently until he steps back. His expression is dull. Nothing.

CHRYSLER  
See your house, Ralph?

RALPH  
No, sir. You couldn't see it from here, anyway. It's up behind the hills.

CHRYSLER  
Enough?

RALPH  
(hesitates)  
Yes sir. Thank you.

He exits from the attack center.

FARREL  
Somehow I keep expecting to see more damage... Just no people.... I wonder where they are?

BENSON  
Dogs go somewhere to die. They don't want anybody to look at them. Maybe people do the same thing. Go to bed...

He moves the periscope for another look. Dwight and Peter enter the attack center. A second later Davis plunges in from the opposite direction -- the way Ralph went out.

DAVIS  
(white with shock)  
Swain's out through the escape trunk, sir --

DWIGHT  
Out?

A beat. The whole group frozen for a second, stunned. Dwight swears under his breath, grabs up the microphone, steps to the periscope.

DWIGHT -  
(to Chrysler;  
crisp)  
Secure the outer hatch.  
Drain the escape trunk....  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Chrystor is out of the attack center before the order is completed. There is an audible SPLASH beside the hull. Dwight reacts, running the periscope down to maximum depression, kneeling.

DWIGHT  
(continuing)  
Why didn't somebody stop him?

DAVIS  
Nobody realised what he was doing  
until it was too late - -

DWIGHT  
(into mike)  
Swain! This is the Captain!  
Hear this --

Other officers come hurrying into the attack center. Among them, Julian. He looks in command of himself again, steps quickly to his instruments.

209

EXT. SEA AND SHORE - PERISCOPE SHOT

209

The scope PANNING, but too high at first to include anyone in the water near the submarine. Then it FINDS Swain, swimming toward shore

SPEAKER  
(Dwight's voice)  
Don't be a damn fool, Swain!

We see Swain pause slightly, look back.

SPEAKER  
(continuing)  
Come back right now and I'll  
take you aboard. But I mean,  
right now! Swim two more  
strokes and that's it! You  
hear that? This is the Cap-  
tain, Swain --

RALPH  
Got a date on Market Street,  
Captain!

He swims on.

(CONTINUED)

210 INT. SUBMARINE - GROUP SHOT

210

Dwight glued to periscope. Ralph's VOICE issues, distorted, from the speaker above:

RALPH'S VOICE  
I'm going home!

Dwight looks across at Julian.

DWIGHT  
How long can he last out there?

JULIAN  
(shrugs; glances  
at the instruments)  
Three or four days. A week.  
Depends on the individual, I  
understand --

DWIGHT  
We'd be safe to take him back  
up to when?

JULIAN  
Up to not more than a few hours.  
Certainly not after he has eaten  
or drunk something ashore. Then  
you might as well take a time-  
bomb aboard --

Dwight frowns, glances back into the periscope.

211 EXT. TOWARD PIER - PERISCOPE SHOT

211

FOLLOWING Swain, swimming strongly, half way ashore.

212 INT. SUBMARINE - CONTROL ROOM

212

Dwight considers, glances at his watch.

DWIGHT  
It'll be dark in about an hour.  
We'll sit on the bottom for the  
night. Secure diving stations.  
Underway at seven thirty...

He turns, depressed, exits. One or two of the other officers move toward the periscope to see what they can see.

DISSOLVE:

212A INT. - SUBMARINE - ON DWIGHT COMING UP LADDER FROM  
BELOW DECK

Moody, thoughtful, Dwight comes up the ladder. Most of the men are asleep and only those who must be on duty are up.

212B SHOT

212B

As Dwight walks from aft - forward through the submarine. He is in no hurry. He passes the various men on duty. Two enlisted men are writing letters and a Blues is playing on the phonograph. The only noise is that made by the instruments. We are very much aware of the loneliness. Dwight walks past the Sonor room, pauses for a moment, and then proceeds down the steps and into the corridor leading to the Officer's Wardroom.

212C OFFICER'S WARDROOM

212C

Julian, looking very much the way Dwight does, is alone in the Wardroom - reading an old magazine. As Dwight walks through, Julian glances up and nods, and goes back to the magazine. Dwight goes on out the other end past the Galley.

213 (OMITTED)

(OMITTED) 213

214 WIDER ANGLE

214

Holmes crowds into the wardroom looking tense, tired, upset over Swain's going out. As he comes in, he glances up at Julian and then turns to something in the wardroom, his back to Julian. Julian lowers the magazine a bit to look at him over the top of it. Then, he goes on reading.

HOLMES

Julian...?

JULIAN

(not looking up  
from magazine)

Hmm?

HOLMES

Have you ever been to San  
Francisco?

JULIAN

Odd question at this point,  
don't you think?

Wanting him to be serious, Holmes glances around at him. Julian closes the magazine and places it to one side.

JULIAN

(continuing)

Yes, as a matter of fact. A  
week on the way down. Met a  
lovely girl. The longest  
loveliest legs I've ever seen.  
Both of them full of martinia.

(beat)

The lega I mean.

Holmes turns his back to Julian and Julian realizes he is in no mood for his humor. He stops talking and thoughtfully studies Holmes for a moment.

JULIAN

(continuing)

It got to you, didn't it?  
Swain's going out like he did.

(CONTINUED)

214A CLOSEUP - HOLMES

214A

as he turns and nods.

HOLMES

Yes... I mean, I realized every-  
thing before, but... but out  
there... on shore... to think  
of all those... those millions  
of people...

214B WIDER ANGLE

214B

as Holmes moves closer to Julian.

HOLMES

(continuing)

You know... I've tried to make  
Mary face up to it. I... I  
tried to make her see what has  
to be done when the time comes  
... but... but she just won't  
see it. She won't, Julian...  
and I don't know what I'm going  
to do.

JULIAN

I don't think you have to worry  
about Mary.

HOLMES

Oh, you just don't know, Julian.  
You don't know.

Holmes half turns, running his hand through his hair.

HOLMES

(continuing)

You weren't there to see her  
face when I told her she'd have  
to give Jennifer one of those  
pills if... if it happened be-  
fore I got back.

(pause)

You... you would have thought  
I was a murderer or something  
... when... when all I was doing  
was what I felt I had to do.

Holmes sits on the edge of a bunk and puts his head in  
his hands.

HOLMES

(continuing)

And now... now I don't know  
what to do. (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

214B CONTINUED:

214B

HOLMES (Continued)

How do you tell a woman you love... a woman who loves you ... that she's got to kill herself and her baby?

214C CLOSEUP - JULIAN

214C

He studies Holmes for a second before speaking.

JULIAN

I envy you.

214D CLOSEUP - HOLMES

214D

his head still in his hands. There is a pause like this while what Julian says seems to linger in the air. Nothing for a moment and then slowly, Holmes raises his face from his hands and looks up at Julian, cynically. He looks as if he is about to scream at Julian for his morbid sense of humour.

214E TWO SHOT

214E

There is nothing on Julian's face to mean that he is anything but serious. Holmes continues to stare. Pause.

HOLMES

You-envy-me?

JULIAN

You have someone to worry about. First time I ever envied anyone. Never believed in it, actually. But, you? Yes, I envy you. You have a wife... a child... diapers to change... a lot to remember. You're fortunate to have someone to worry about.

(pause)

There are people who don't, you know. Have anyone to worry about, I mean. Moira for one. Myself for another.

Julian picks up the magazine without really thinking about it.

JULIAN

(continuing)

We let it all go by the boards. Now, it's too late.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JULIAN (cont'd)  
"There's always another to-  
morrow". Now, it appears  
that there isn't.

(pause)

But, you? You've had it all.

Julian is thoughtful for a moment. And then, as if  
dismissing it, he opens the magazine and settles back.

JULIAN  
(continuing)

And I'll thank you not to  
bother me with any more of your  
blubbering. I don't know why I  
like you so much. You can be  
such an intolerable ass.

Holmes sits there for a long time after Julian goes  
back to reading the magazine. Everything Julian said  
is going over and over in his mind. Can it be true?  
Finally, Holmes stands -- glances guardedly at Julian,  
glances at his hat as he turns it over in his hands,  
glances again at Julian. Julian probably isn't reading  
at all, but he pretends that he is.

HOLMES

Julian?

Holmes grins sheepishly. Inside, he suddenly feels so  
good, he can't help it. The grin is all over his face.  
He tries to stop grinning but it always comes back.

HOLMES  
(continuing)

Julian...?

Julian ignores him and Holmes steps over, grabs the  
magazine from his hands, and throws it against the  
bulkhead. It falls to the floor, pages scattered.

JULIAN  
Now, what the devil?

HOLMES  
(pause)

Thanks...

JULIAN  
(half smile)  
Well, why are you standing  
there looking so silly?

(CONTINUED)



214E CONTINUED

214E

HOLMES

I..I don't know. I just...

Holmes looks down, shakes his head.

HOLMES

(continuing)

..I just don't know.

Julian pretends concern.

JULIAN

You're not losing your mind,  
are you?

HOLMES

No, I..I don't think so..

Holmes glances guiltily once more at Julian, and moves toward the door. Julian watches him. At the door, he pauses. He turns and grins at Julian.

HOLMES

(continuing)

You know, if...if I can just  
get back in time, I..I don't  
think I'll complain about any-  
thing. I could even change  
nappies twenty-four hours a day  
and never complain.

Holmes tries to stop grinning, but can't. As Holmes turns to leave, Julian smiles thoughtfully to himself. But, left alone with his thoughts, his smile slowly leaves his face. He looks very, very lonely.

214F SHOT

214F

Dwight comes into the Wardroom from the corridor, pauses to pour a cup of coffee, moves toward opposite corridor, stops, picks up magazine, hands it to Julian, and goes out.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

215 EXT. SEA - MORNING - LOW ANGLE 215

The low, morning sun is shining on the sea. The wind is down a little. Faintly at first, then gradually louder, we HEAR the pot-pot of an outboard. The CAMERA HOLDS until a boat comes into frame with Ralph aboard. We see Bonita Point in the b.g. Salmon fishing is good near the lightship.

216 RALPH IN BOAT 216

He cuts the motor, throws out a sea-anchor, starts rigging his tackle. He looks fine and very happy. He casts, produces a big sausage, and sits back, starting to slice it.

SPEAKER  
(Dwight's voice;  
booming out of  
nowhere)  
Good morning, Swain...

Ralph starts, looks around.

217 PAST RALPH 217

The Sawfish is lying some fifteen yards off, nothing showing but the periscope and speaker unit.

218 FEATURING RALPH 218

He grins, runs his hand across his mouth.

RALPH  
Hiya, Captain. Thought you'd  
gone.

The CAMERA HOLDS Ralph in the f.g. for the following exchange. Dwight's voice, filtered through the speaker, has a hollow, theatrical quality; the gods on Olympus are speaking to man.

DWIGHT'S VOICE  
Catch anything?

RALPH  
Just started. Always do,  
though, out here, if you  
don't spoil it.

DWIGHT'S VOICE  
How are you feeling?

(CONTINUED)

Rev. 12/19/58.

218 CONTINUED:

218

RALPH

Okay. My stomach was a little upset last night, but I got some Alka Seltzer from the drug-store. I must have swallowed some salt water --

DWIGHT'S VOICE

What's it like in town?

RALPH

(simply)

Everybody's dead, I guess. My folks are. (pause) I..I didn't look much after I saw a few..

(pause)

I got a case of good beer here if you want any --

He reaches down into the boat and lifts a bottle up.

DWIGHT'S VOICE

No, thanks.

RALPH

Captain...How long is it before I feel anything?

DWIGHT'S VOICE

A few days. A week. There's no rule.

Ralph nods, satisfied, considers the clear sky.

RALPH

Weather's okay, anyway, if the wind'd die down a little.....  
..Look, Captain, I didn't mean any disrespect or anything like that yesterday...I hope you understand..but...I'd rather be home here than in Australia to have it..  
...if you know what I mean..

DWIGHT'S VOICE

I know what you mean. Anything you want before we go? We won't be coming back.

RALPH

(pause)

..I'm okay..

DWIGHT'S VOICE

We won't be coming back...

RALPH

I know

DWIGHT'S VOICE  
You'll get pretty sick. Have  
you got anything to take?

RALPH  
I got two hundred drug stores.  
....Say hello to everybody.

DWIGHT'S VOICE  
Okay..Take it easy. Watch the  
suck of the props now...

219 PAST RALPH IN BOAT

219

As the periscope and sound unit retract. The water boils,  
swells, and the submarine is gone. Ralph's boat rides up  
high on the swell, and settles back down in the trough. He  
reaches for a bottle of beer and knocks off the top.

FADE OUT:

219A  
219B  
thru  
228

(OMITTED)

(OMITTED)

219A  
219B  
thru  
228

FADE IN:

229

MINIATURE - SAWFISH - UNDERWAY - UNDER WATER

229

(NOTE: The Morae Code from San Diego is constant from  
here to end of sequence.)

230

INT. - SUBMARINE - DAY - RADIO COMPARTMENT

230

The men operating the remote control scanning device.  
Wearing a headset is Lt. Sundstrom. His relief, Chief  
Radioman Jones, crowds in behind him.

JONES  
No soap?

SUNDSTROM  
(shaking his head)  
Gibberish. Can't make out a  
single word now.

He slips off the headset and Jones takes his place.

(CONTINUED)

230 CONTINUED:

230

SUNDSTROM

Stay with it. Got to be somebody.

He exits.

231  
and  
232

(OMITTED)

(OMITTED)

231  
and  
232

233

OFFICER'S WARDROOM

233

As the Stewards mate enters with the coffee, puts it on the table around which a bull session is in progress. Dwight, Peter, Julian, Farrel, Benson, Chrysler, and Lundgren are seated around. The following speeches overlap naturally, CAMERA CUTTING as appropriate.

CHRYSLER

One of us was the last man to see San Francisco..

BENSON

(interrupting)

Got a cigarette?

Chrysler gives him a cigarette.

CHRYSLER

(continuing)

..last man alive next to Swain..

BENSON

(interrupting)

Got a match?

Chrysler gives him a look and hands him a lighter.

CHRYSLER

(continuing)

...and we didn't see much.

Benson tries the lighter, no soap. Chrysler watches him as he tries several more times.

LUNDGREN

Somebody ought to write a history of the war.

Sundstrom has entered during the above as the Stewards mate leaves.

(CONTINUED)

SUNDSTROM

What are you bucking for - a whole chapter to yourself?

Benson still can't get the lighter to work.

BENSON

Oh, the hell with it.

He dumps the cigarette and gives the lighter back to Chrysler.

Dwight is back in a corner, a cup of coffee cupped in his hands. He glances at Julian, who shows some sign of strain - little sardonic smiles flickering nervously over his face now and then, saying nothing.

HOLMES

I doubt anyone could put it all together.

DWIGHT

I'd like to read it if they do. I was in it for a while - and I don't know anything about it.

(looks at Julian)

When we went down, everything was fine. When we came up, there was nothing left.

BENSON

I don't even know who started it.

CHRYSLER

I just wish somebody had stopped it.

FARREL

Somebody on Mars probably saw what happened. When things cool off, they'll show up and take over.

Chrysler smiles, glances at Julian.

CHRYSLER

What about it, Professor? Any chance?

They all look at Julian. He is drawn and under obvious tension from the long run underwater.

JULIAN

They might have the means of paying our corpse a visit... ..but I shouldn't advise it for a long time.

(CONTINUED)

233 CONTINUED:

233

A slight pause. Julian smiles tensely.

DAVIS

Who do you think started it?  
The war?

JULIAN

Albert Einstein.

DAVIS

You're kidding.

JULIAN

You'd really like to know who I  
think started the war?

DAVIS

Yeah..

JULIAN

Why?

DAVIS

You're an egghead, aren't you?

234 ANOTHER ANGLE

234

They all laugh, but Julian remains oblivious to the  
laughter. Watching Julian, they all become suddenly very  
quiet. There is a long pause.

JULIAN

Who'd ever have believed that  
human beings would be stupid  
enough to blow themselves off  
the face of the earth?

Pause. Nobody says anything until Peter says:

HOLMES

I don't believe it - even now.

BENSON

We didn't want a war. We didn't  
start it.

Julian just looks at him, saying nothing.

BENSON

(continuing)

Come on now, how did it start?

(CONTINUED)

JULIAN

The trouble with you is, you want a simple answer, and there isn't any.

(pause)

My..my opinion is...the war started when people accepted the idiotic principle that peace could be maintained by arranging to defend themselves with elaborate weapons they couldn't possibly use.....without committing suicide.....  
Everybody had an Atomic bomb...  
...and counter bombs.....and counter-counter bombs. The devices outgrew us. We couldn't control them. I know...

(pause)

I helped build them.

(pause)

Somewhere...some poor bloke probably looked at a radar screen and thought he saw something - knew if he hesitated a thousandth of a second, his own country would be wiped off the map. So, he...he pushed a button...then someone else pushed a button...everywhere they were pushing buttons...and.....and the world went crazy...and..and

Julian rises abruptly, knocking over his coffee cup.

(CONTINUED)



235 CONTINUED:

235

JULIAN

Excuse me...

He crowds past the men and out of the wardroom as quickly as possible.

236 GROUP SHOT

236

Dwight is looking thoughtfully into his coffee. The others look at each other. Davis retrieves Julian's cup from the deck.

DAVIS

What's with him?

BENSON

(quietly)

Maybe we shouldn't ask him any more questions...

A little pause. The TURBINES of the submarine start up.

DWIGHT

Nothing more from San Diego, Sundstrom?

SUNDSTROM

Still can't make it out, sir.

DWIGHT

Well, we'll be there soon enough.

Dwight uncoils himself and leaves the room.

237 COMPANIONWAY

237

As Dwight moves forward in the companionway, he meets Lundgren, the ship's surgeon.

DWIGHT  
(stopping)  
Lundgren --

LUNDGREN  
Sir?

DWIGHT  
Look, Mr. Osborn is doing a good job for us, but he isn't used to this kind of duty. He isn't feeling well. I think it's just a little claustrophobia --

LUNDGREN  
(puzzled)  
I beg your pardon, Sir?

DWIGHT  
The Professor needs a drink.

LUNDGREN  
(getting it)

Oh.

DWIGHT  
He's a civilian. He's used to a shot or two before supper. Look across the medical locker. The closer you can come to Scotch, the better.

LUNDGREN  
Yes, sir.

As Dwight crowds on past, leaving Lundgren looking after him incredulously:

DISSOLVE:

238 EXT - IMPERIAL BEACH NEAR SAN DIEGO - FROM SEA TO PIER

238

This is obviously a Naval installation with huge transmission towers visible. A door BANGS o.s. It BANGS and BANGS again. PULLING BACK GRADUALLY, THE CAMERA INCLUDES the Pier Cafe in the corner of the screen. There is a neon sign inside the window of the Cafe. It reads "Hot Lunches" but only the word "HOT" is on. The Sawfish comes to surface level in f.g.

238A)  
239 ) (OMITTED)

(OMITTED)

(238A  
(239

240 INT. SUBMARINE - GROUP BY ESCAPE CHAMBER

240

Sundstrom is ready to go, encased in protective clothing and helmet and oxygen tank strapped to his back.

DWIGHT

I want you back in an hour.  
Stow the boat, ditch the suit  
and the tank. Everything.  
Take a shower in the trunk.  
Ten minutes. And no souvenirs.  
All I want to see come through  
this hatch is you -- naked as  
a baby. Understand?

Sundstrom blinks and nods behind the glass of the helmet.

DWIGHT

(continuing)

There's no point in your taking  
a watch -- you'd just have to  
ditch that, too. We'll give you  
a blast every quarter hour. When  
you hear the third-quarter --  
git. I don't care if you've  
found a tribe of beautiful girls  
with four legs apiece -- drop it,  
and fan your tail for home.

He bats Sundstrom on the rear; the other men around boost him into the trunk, screw it down.

241 IN TRUNK

241

About big enough for two men to stand upright. Sundstrom pulls the handle of the shower to test it, gets a squirt of water. Then he floods trunk, opens loading hatch etc.

242 EXT. DECK OF SUBMARINE - MED. SHOT

242

She lies awash -- deck barely out of water. Sundstrom appears, closes the hatch, braces himself against a stiffish wind, and sets to work. He breaks a rubber boat out of a deck locker in the conning tower, inflates it, tosses it over, scambles down to it -- an awkward, grotesque figure in the bulky protective clothing.

112.

243 INT. SUBMARINE - ATTACK CENTER 243  
 Dwight comes into the attack center, steps to the periscope, looks.

244 EXT. HARBOR - PERISCOPE SHOT 244  
 Sundstrom in the little rubber boat is flagging it for shore as fast as he can with a paddle.

245 INT. SUBMARINE - ATTACK CENTER 245  
 Dwight still watching.

DWIGHT  
 Check Jones.

Chrysler picks up the intercom phone, rings.

CHRYSLER  
 Sundstrom's away. Still getting a signal?

246 RADIO COMPARTMENT 246  
 Jones nods

JONES  
 (into phone)  
 Off and on. They never went to radio school, those spooks. that's for sure --

He shakes his head at a burst of erratic SIGNALS issuing from the speaker.

247 EXT. HARBOR TOWARD IMPERIAL BEACH - LOW ANGLE 247  
 Sundstrom pulling for a jetty beyond. In the b.g. on the shore are two huge transmission towers.

DISSOLVE:

248 EXT. IMPERIAL BEACH - ON JETTY 248  
 Sundstrom appears, hauling up the rubber boat by a rope. He secures it, turns -- stopped by a BLAST from the Sawfish's electric horn.

249 EXT. SUBMARINE - SHIP'S AIRHORN ON SUPERSTRUCTURE 249  
 A pause, then it BLASTS again.

113.

250 EXT. IMPERIAL BEACH - ON JETTY 250

Sundstrom waves, turns and lumbers off, disappearing behind some buildings past the "HOT LUNCH" sign.

251 STREET 251

This is a naval installation, of course. All the structures are uniform, uniformly, severely painted. The sort of area, obviously, in which one could easily get lost... The only apparent damage is from blast -- glass missing from the windows; we HEAR the crunching of glass underfoot a moment before we see Sundstrom again, reappearing around the corner of a building. He comes forward to an intersection and pauses there, studying a directory board.

252 DIRECTORY BOARD 252

Tilted and peeling, it indicates the way to a variety of units and offices: PX, COMMUNICATIONS SCHOOL, MAINTENANCE, POWER STATION, CODING OFFICE, and what not.

253 FEATURING SUNDSTROM 253

as he hesitates uncertainly, chooses his direction and hurries off, disappearing once more.

254 INT. BLDG. IMPERIAL BEACH - FROM INTERIOR TO STREET 254

Sundstrom appears, seen through shattered windows as he makes his way up the street. He pauses, looks in the open door. He steps inside, looking around. He looks down, the CAMERA PULLING BACK SLIGHTLY. Sundstrom reacts with horror -- pulls away.

255 EXT. IMPERIAL BEACH - STREET - MED. SHOT 255

Sundstrom comes to a weatherproof electric switch on the side of a building. He throws it -- and a light goes on. He turns it off and hurries on.

DISSOLVE:

256 INT. POWER STATION - IMPERIAL BEACH - SHOOTING PAST 256

a row of condensers, converters, buses, and what not. In the background is the HUM of electric machines, running a bit unsteadily with a grating undertone. Sundstrom appears, making his way among the machines, looking.

## 257 INSTRUMENT PANEL

257

The needles waver, quiver. One indicating temperature has risen into the zone marked "Danger".

## 258 SUNDSTROM

258

He studies the panel fascinated. From the distance -- TWO BLASTS from the submarine's horn. Sundstrom pulls himself up. As he hurries off and out of the building, the TWO BLASTS are repeated.

259 INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - IMPERIAL BEACH -  
MED. SHOT

259

These were executive offices. The typewriters are still on the desks with the in-and-out baskets, all the paraphernalia of navy paper work. The windows have been blown into the room, scattering paper all over. Sundstrom appears, moving between the rows of desks, wading ankle-deep through paper. He pauses, picks up a sheet of paper, glances at it curiously, throws it away, looking off, hurries out of scene.

## 260 FOOT OF STAIRWAY

260

INCLUDING a sign that indicates the main transmitting room is upstairs. Sundstrom hurries up the stairs.

261 INT. TRANSMISSION ROOM - SHOOTING PAST A TRANSMITTING  
DESK

261

It is backed by a high, complex panel. Sundstrom appears around the panel, steps to the desk, looks over the instruments on the board. He fingers the key.

## 262 INSTRUMENT PANEL

262

No response. The needles all lying at zero.

## 263 BACK TO SUNDSTROM

263

He fingers the dead key an instant longer, looks off. The CAMERA TRACKS BACK as he moves on quickly to the adjoining transmission desk, near an open window. The metal window casement has been blown inwards, lying across the transmission desk. Sundstrom's eyes run quickly along the casement frame toward the window.

		115.
264	WINDOW AND CASEMENT	264
	The portion lying outside the window teeters slightly in the wind, unstable.	
265	SUNDSTROM	265
	He looks quickly back the other wsy.	
266	SHOT - DESK	266
	The opposite corner of the casement lies over the key. A few inches away on its side under the casement, acting as fulcrum is a coke bottle. Sundstrom's hand reaches in; very carefully he touches the casement; the key starts to depress.	
267	INSTRUMENT PANEL	267
	A needle just starts to move.	
268	SUNDSTROM	268
	Excited, we see him wet his lips behind the mask, step to the window.	
269	EXT. TO HARBOR - IMPERIAL BEACH - LONG SHOT FRAMED BY WINDOW	269
	The Sawfish lying on the surface in the distance	
270	INT. TRANSMITTING ROOM - IMPERIAL BEACH - REVERSE TO SUNDSTROM	270
	He smiles, reaches down and plays on the frame of the casement with his fingers.	
271	CLOSE ON KEY	271
	The casement operating the key. The SOUND we hear, unlike the scramble we have heard previously, is sharp -- even to the average ear. Morse Code.	
271A	INT. TRANSMITTING ROOM	271A
	Sundstrom lifts the casement away - pulls up a chair and then starts sending in earnest - professionally.	

272 INT. SUBMARINE - CLOSE SHOT - DWIGHT 272

A cigarette half way to his lips, his head lifted, listening to the transmission.

273 RADIO COMPARTMENT - GROUP SHOT 273

Dwight looks from Jones to Farrel to Peter Suddenly, he lets out his breath and laughs.

DWIGHT  
No wonder it went dead in good weather.

HOLMES  
(reverently)  
Amazing machinery -- to carry on like that...

Julian, crowded back in the companionway, looks very puzzled. Dwight sees his expression, smiles.

DWIGHT  
Wind.  
(gesturing to explain)  
Window frame rocking on a coke bottle.  
(soberly)  
The lever. Oldest mechanical principle known to man...  
(to Jones)  
What time is it in Melbourne?

JONES  
Five p.m....

DWIGHT  
I hope old Bridie's listening...

274 (OMITTED) (OMITTED) 274

275 INT. SUBMARINE ATTACK CENTER 275

Chrysler is standing ready, watching the ship's clock, ready to blast the horn Dwight paces in the b.g., glances at his. A beat, then Chrysler punches the button three times. The SOUND from here is dull, but loud.

276 EXT. STREET - IMPERIAL BEACH - MED. SHOT 276

In the f.g. is the directory board. Sundstrom comes lumbering past in the direction of the jetty just as



- 276 CONTINUED: (continued) 276  
 the THREE BLASTS are repeated. He listens, comes on a few steps, and then stops dead CLOSE IN THE F.G. He hesitates, torn about something for a moment. Then surprisingly, he turns and reverses his direction, going as fast as he can back the other way -- away from the ship.
- 277 INT. SUBMARINE ATTACK CENTER 277  
 Dwight takes the periscope, trains it on the shore.
- 278 INT. POWER HOUSE - IMPERIAL BEACH - TOWARD SWITCHBOARD 278  
 As before, the HUM of the machinery, laboring. Sundstrom comes running up to the board.
- 279 CLOSE SHOT 279  
 as he reaches up for the main switch and starts to pull.
- 280 EXT. PIER - THE PIER CAFE  
 The "HOT LUNCHES" sign in the window goes out.  
 FADE OUT.
- FADE IN:
- 281 (OMITTED) 281
- 281A EXT DAVIDSON FARM - DAY - HIGH ANGLE SHOT 281A  
 The farm is beautiful with clean buildings, white-washed fences, rolling pastures, From this HIGH ANGLE, it's like a picture on a calendar. Davidson is standing next to the pasture fence. He is watching his horse run around the pasture after having just been let out. Moira comes from around the corner of the barn and stands watching. Then she moves toward Davidson.
- 282 (OMITTED) 282
- 282A MED. SHOT 282A  
 Moira moves up next to Davidson at the fence. She

(CONTINUED)

282A CONTINUED:

282A

(continued)  
looks at her father's face as he watches the horse  
run, and she smiles at the love she sees there.

MOIRA

Beautiful, isn't she?

DAVIDSON

... so full of life...

282B ANOTHER ANGLE

282B

as the horse finishes its run and trots up to the  
fence. Davidson takes a few lumps of sugar from his  
pocket and holds them out. The horse eats them from  
his hand.

MOIRA

(rubbing horse's  
neck)And she always comes back for  
the sugar...

Davidson chuckles.

DAVIDSON

She knows she won't get it if  
she doesn't...

MOIRA

I'll bet she would. I'll bet  
if she sat down and refused to  
run, she'd still get the sugar.

Davidson laughs. Moira grins. As Moira watches the  
horse, Davidson happens to glance off in the direction  
of the road. It's a casual glance at first -- and then  
he sees something and holds on it.

282C DAVIDSON'S ANGLE

282C

A man is coming slowly up the hill toward the farm.  
From this distance, he could be a farmer with a sack  
on his shoulder.

282D BACK TO DAVIDSON

282D

He looks down at Moira. She hasn't noticed.

(CONTINUED)

282D CONTINUED:

282D

DAVIDSON

He should be coming back any day now...

MOIRA

I'm not sure..

DAVIDSON

Have you missed him?

MOIRA

Terribly.

DAVIDSON

Then why don't you tell him?

Not quite comprehending, Moira looks up at her father. His eyes are twinkling. Slowly, she comes to understand:

MOIRA

Dwight...?

He nods, gives a quick glance toward the road. Turning, Moira quickly rises. Seeing him, she just as quickly streaks away.

282E DAVIDSON'S ANGLE

282E

Moira streaking off down the slope toward the man.

282F MED. SHOT

282F

It's Dwight. -- in suntans, shouldering a dufflebag and mounting slowly. He looks tired but his expression brightens as he looks off. He drops the dufflebag to the ground just in time to receive Moira as she comes flying into his arms. They kiss, hold, and then half-laughing, half-crying, Moira pulls back to speak. He grabs her again and kisses her.

MOIRA

(breathless)

Well! What - what's come over you?

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT

Never mind. I'm here.

MOIRA

What a thing to do to me!...  
I'd given you up. I... I  
thought the polar bears had  
you...

(the old flash)

And listen, what do you  
mean by leaving without telling  
me? Don't you ever dare  
do that again --

DWIGHT

(simply)

I don't think I will.

She looks at him, her expression changing to concern.

MOIRA

You're thinner. Are... are  
you ill?

DWIGHT

No. I'm tired, but I'm all  
right.

MOIRA

(uncertain)

You're certain about that...

Dwight shoulders his dufflebag again.

DWIGHT

Positive, Miss Davidson.  
Absolutely positive.

He takes her hand and together they start up the slope.

MOIRA

Why didn't you telephone for  
me to come and get you at the  
station?

DWIGHT

I thought I'd walk. I wanted  
the air...

He pauses and looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT

(continuing)

Is your invitation to spread  
a little fertilizer still open?

They both laugh and continue on up the slope. Moira  
is so happy, she is beside herself.

MOIRA

Can you stay a few days?

DWIGHT

Sure. If you've got room for  
me.

MOIRA

I'd build a house if I didn't.

She pulls at his hand.

MOIRA

(continuing)

Come on. You can phone and tell  
the general or whoever it is  
where you'll be --

DWIGHT

I did. That's taken care of.

DISSOLVE TO:

283  
thru  
287

(OMITTED)

(OMITTED)

283  
thru  
287

287A INT. - HOLMES BEDROOM - DAY

287A

Mary is just finishing pinning a diaper on the baby. She  
picks the child up, looks at it, and turns to the window.  
There is something strange about her now - the first indi-  
cation of the trauma. Holmes has appeared in the doorway  
and he stands watching her for a long time. Sensing him,  
she turns and looks at him. As she looks at him there is  
something strange, far away, in her eyes, and she holds the  
baby even closer to her, almost protectively. Holmes  
moves toward her from the doorway. He holds her arms and  
they look into each others eyes for a moment. As Mary  
looks into his face, its as if she is seeing him, yet not  
seeing him, and there is a barely perceptible shaking of  
her head. Suddenly, she throws herself into his arms.

(CONTINUED)

287A CONTINUED:

287A

MARY

Peter...Peter...I'm so glad  
you're back...

Holding her, Peter closes his eyes and leans his cheek on  
her head.

HOLMES

I'll... never go away...  
again...

DISSOLVE TO:

288 INT. DAVIDSON CATTLE BARN - DAY

288

Moira is receiving hay being thrown down through a hole  
in the loft by someone unseen above. She forks it into  
the stalls.

289 LOFT

289

Dwight is throwing the hay down. He looks fit. He's  
enjoying himself.

MOIRA (o.s.)

Anybody would think you grew  
up on a farm.

DWIGHT

I did.

He pauses, glances off.

290 ANOTHER ANGLE

290

Forking away the hay, he has uncovered a wall where a  
variety of un-used odds and ends are hanging on nails.  
Skis, an old tennis racket, harness, etc. Prominent  
among them is a rusty pogo stick. He takes it down  
and looks at it. He is thoughtful.

290A SHOT - MOIRA

290A

waiting for more hay to be thrown down. Curious.

MOIRA

Say, up there...

Dwight comes down from the loft with the pogo stick.

(CONTINUED)

290A CONTINUED:

290A

DWIGHT  
Look what I found...

MOIRA  
It's mine and you can't play  
with it.

DWIGHT  
(laughs)  
Yours?...When?

MOIRA  
Oh, after the scooter and be-  
fore the bicycle. I must have  
been all of seven years old.  
I never let mother throw any of  
my toys away. I've saved them  
for my children...

Moira bites her lip. He looks at the pogo stick  
and there is a moment of awkwardness for both of them.

291 (OMITTED)

291

291A DWIGHT AND MOIRA

291A

She turns away, probably muttering under her breath  
"damn! damn! damn!" Dwight brings them out of it.

DWIGHT  
Hey...

She ignores him.

DWIGHT  
(continuing)  
HEY...

She turns around.

DWIGHT  
(continuing)  
I used to be pretty good on  
one of these... Watch...

Dwight tries to ride it and falls sprawling into a  
pile of hay. They laugh together. There is an  
explosive RACKET o.s. that startles them both.

291B EXT. DAVIDSON FARM - DAY - FULL SHOT

291B

The Ferrari comes hurtling up the road, corners wickedly

(CONTINUED)

291B CONTINUED:

291B

into the farmyard, BACKFIRES, breaks, and spins to a stop, raising a big cloud of dust. Davidson comes around the corner of the barn.

DAVIDSON  
You might as well run a railroad  
train through here...

JULIAN  
(grinning)  
I beg your pardon?

DAVIDSON  
No need to frighten all the  
animals.

291C SHOT

291C

Julian stops grinning.

JULIAN  
(soberly)  
Sorry.

Pause. Davidson nods and goes back into the barn. Julian shrugs to himself, and starts to get out when he sees Dwight and Moira coming toward him.

JULIAN  
(to Dwight)  
The Admiral told me I'd find  
you here...

291D ANOTHER ANGLE

291D

Dwight and Moira walk up and Julian hands Dwight a manila envelope. Dwight takes the envelope and then goes on to inspect the car.

JULIAN  
...I wanted you to look over this  
ridiculous report of mine before  
I have it typed tomorrow...

DWIGHT  
Oh, I'm sure it's all right.

MOIRA  
You don't have to be so noisy  
about it. The cows won't  
give milk for a week.

JULIAN  
He just said that...



DWIGHT  
 (looking the car over)  
 So this is the Ferrari, eh?  
 What'll she do?

JULIAN  
 I won't know until Saturday.  
 You're coming to the race,  
 aren't you?

DWIGHT  
 I'd like to. Will there be  
 much of a crowd?

JULIAN  
 I doubt it. Question of trans-  
 port for most people. No petrol.  
 Besides....nobody cares who wins.

MOIRA  
 And I suppose you think you're  
 going to.

JULIAN  
 I might. I have the fastest car.

292  
thru  
295

(OMITTED)

(OMITTED)

292  
thru  
295

296

EXT. - DAVIDSON HOUSE - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

296

Davidson appears at the kitchen door, calling:

DAVIDSON  
 Telephone for you, Commander.

297

EXT. - DAVIDSON YARD - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

297

Dwight looks off, turns, and hurries toward the house.

MOIRA  
 And you're going to kill yourself,  
 too.

JULIAN  
 (thoughtfully)  
 Maybe so...  
 (looking off, he smiles)  
 ...maybe so..

(CONTINUED)

297 CONTINUED:

297

MOIRA

Do you think it would be funny?

JULIAN

In view of things...don't you?

298 INT. - DAVIDSON HOUSE - DAY - DWIGHT

298

Dwight is on the telephone, and his expression is grave.

DWIGHT

Yes, sir. Thank you. When did it come in?

299 INT. - ADMIRAL BRIDIE'S OFFICE - DAY - ADMIRAL BRIDIE

299

Admiral Bridie is at his desk. He is holding a memorandum in his hand.

BRIDIE

Fourteen-twenty. I'll read you the whole thing..

(CONTINUED)

300 INSERT - THE TYPED MEMORANDUM

300

As Bridie holds it, we read in the upper left hand corner:

"FROM: USNF, Brisbane  
TO: Commander DL Towers, USN. USS Sawfish  
SUBJECT: Additional Duties"

BRIDIE'S VOICE (o.s.)  
(reading the text  
below, partly  
covered by his  
hand)

"One. On the retirement of the  
present Commander U.S. Naval Forces  
at this date...

301 MED. CLOSE SHOT - BRIDIE

301

as he reads:

BRIDIE  
(continuing)  
"...You will immediately and  
henceforth assume the duty of  
Commander U.S. Naval Forces in  
all areas...

302 INT. DAVIDSON HOUSE - DAY - CLOSE ON DWIGHT

302

listening soberly.

BRIDIE'S VOICE  
(continuing;  
filter)  
"...You will use your discretion  
as to the disposition of these  
forces and will terminate or  
continue their employment under  
Australian command as you think  
fit...

303 INT. BRIDIE'S OFFICE - DAY - BRIDIE

303

continuing on the telephone:

BRIDIE  
(continuing)  
"Two. I guess this makes you  
an admiral if you want to be  
one...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

303 CONTINUED:

303

BRIDIE (cont'd)  
 "Goodbye for now and good luck  
 ... Signed, Jerry Shaw...

A pausa as he finishes. Hosgood enters in the b.g.,  
 waits, with a manual open.

BRIDIE  
 (continuing)  
 Congratulations.

Another pause. Dwight says something we are not close  
 enough to understand. Bridie looks up at Hosgood.

BRIDIE-  
 (continuing;  
 slowly)  
 Yes, I could let you dictate  
 something to her. But I tried  
 to get through to Brisbane my-  
 self half an hour ago... There  
 was no reply... They're closed  
 down.

304 INT. DAVIDSON HOUSE - DAY - PAST DWIGHT  
 at the telephone, numb.

304

DWIGHT  
 I see... Thank you, sir...

He replaces the receiver, unaware of Moira and Julian  
 as they enter in the b.g.

305 INT. BRIDIE'S OFFICE - DAY - MED. SHOT

305

Bridie's hand is still on the receiver. He sits there,  
 bemused. Hosgood puts before him the open manual she  
 has brought in.

HOSGOOD  
 Section five, sir. Courtesies  
 and Facilities to be Extended to  
 Commanders in Chief of Allied --

BRIDIE  
 (abruptly; ig-  
 noring manual)  
 ... Never mind the Book of  
 Words, let's have some fun with  
 this -- (rising)  
 Put me through to Rislington in  
 Transport.

(CONTINUED)

HOSGOOD

Yes sir.

Bridie paces the room while Hosgood picks up the phone on his desk and makes the call. He turns back and considers her. She looks about to burst into tears.

BRIDIE

(exploding)

For goodness sake, Hosgood!  
Haven't you any sense of humor?  
Don't you see that this is the  
funniest thing that ever hap-  
pened -- the essence of low  
comedy?...

Hosgood is staring at him.

BRIDIE

(continuing)

It's a music-hall skit! Don't  
you see that? A very old one.  
The world has slipped on a  
banana skin, Hosgood.

(bellowing

at her)

Don't stand there looking at me!  
It breaks my heart!  
Smile!

Hosgood

(thrusting the  
phone at him)

Commander Rislington, sir...

She barely gets the words out before she bursts into a torrent of tears, flees sobbing from the room. Bridie looks after her, frowns at the phone in his hand. A flicker of a smile comes back.

BRIDIE

(more quietly  
into phone)

Rislington, Bridie here...  
Look, whatever happened to that  
old Rolls Royce we used for V.I.P.'s  
years ago? Good, I've got a job  
for it--

DISSOLVE:

306 EXT. - PHILLIP ISLAND RACE TRACK - DAY - CLOSE ON POSTER 306

The banner "Australian Grand Prix" is over the finish line. Over this, the SOUND of the race already in progress; the roar of the cars hurtling by in the b.g.. As the CAMERA PULLS BACK, a grimy competitor comes through the f.g., removing his helmet. He glances off and stares.

307 MED. FULL SHOT 307

Entering the grounds is an ancient Rolls Royce limousine. It is a high and boxy thing and gleams with polish. It has a small American flag flying from each front fender. CAMERA PANS it in to where a few other cars, trailers, and conveyors are parked.

308 THE ROLLS 308

As it stops, a uniformed driver gets out smartly, and comes around to open the doors. This is leading SEAMAN EDGAR, a stiff, conscientious type. Moira and Dwight alight. Edgar salutes Dwight and gets a sour look in response. Moira looks off and winces at the ROAR of the cars.

309 TOWARD TRACK - ESTABLISHING THE GRANDSTAND 309

Pits, etc. Several cars in succession flash down the stretch past the grandstand, WHINING as they gear down, break into a corner beyond and disappear.

310 A GROUP - INCLUDING PETER AND MARY 310

As they move forward.

HOLMES

You missed the start.

MOIRA

It's not the start I'm worried about.

MARY

Julian almost went off the track a moment ago. It was frightening. I never thought we'd see him do anything like this.

HOLMES

He's still in there, though. We're going to watch from the pits. Want to come?

(CONTINUED)

310 CONTINUED:

310

DWIGHT

No, I think we'll stay right here.

Holmes takes Mary's arm and moves toward the track.

HOLMES

All right, see you later.

Holmes and Mary run across the track. Moira and Dwight move back near the fence.

310A EXT. - TRACK - SERIES OF SHOTS

310A

The leading car spins out on a back corner, careening through the low scrub. The driver keeps control, swings around over the rough ground and back onto the track. As he plunges precipitously back onto the track, a car following has to swerve to avoid a collision - spinning broadside into the path of a third car. On the impact, both cars leave the track altogether - one of them virtually disintegrating in the air.

310B MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - JULIAN

310B

Following, he is at the wheel of the Ferrari. He is driving grimly, carefully. O.S. the sound of an ambulance SIREN.

310C CONTROL AREA NEAR GRANDSTAND

310C

The ambulance spins out, heading for the scene of the crash.

310D  
and  
310E  
(OMITTED)

(OMITTED)

310D  
and  
310E

310F SERIES OF SHOTS ON TRACK

310F

The cars fighting for position. INTERCUT to Julian at the wheel of the Ferrari. Playing safe, he gives way.

(CONTINUED)

310G  
thru (OMITTED)  
310I

(OMITTED) 310G  
thru 310I

310J MOIRA AND DWIGHT

310J

Dwight watching, excited.

DWIGHT  
He's moving up...

MOIRA  
I do wish he'd be more careful.  
It doesn't mean that much.

Dwight glances at her.

DWIGHT  
It does to him, and you know it.  
He won't wreck that Ferrari if he can  
help it.

310K  
thru (OMITTED)  
323

(OMITTED) 310K  
thru 323

324 TRACK

324

The race is in progress, a CUT to Julian - Then a  
crash.



325  
THRU  
327

(OMITTED)

(OMITTED)

325  
THRU  
327

328

SERIES OF CUTS

328

A Jaguar, following, hesitates a second too long, in choosing a side on which to pass a flaming wreck. He skids. Another car, bearing into the turn wide open, clips the skidding car and sends it hurtling from track into a grove of gum trees.

329  
THRU  
329B

(OMITTED)

(OMITTED)

329  
THRU  
329B

329C DWIGHT AND MOIRA

329C

She turns away.

MOIRA

Silly race has started me thinking again...and I don't mean about whats going to happen to me. I made friends with that hoary old monster while you were away. I'm still not used to the idea that so much that was going to happen just isn't anymore.

He looks at her, and takes her gently by the arms.

329C-1 TRACK

329C-1

Another car crashes.

329C-2 DWIGHT AND MOIRA

329C-2

MOIRA

(continuing)

I thought there was so much time..

DWIGHT

Moira, I think we ought to stop talking about it..

MOIRA

Yes. Yes, you're right. But, how do we stop thinking about it?

329D TRACK

329D

Another car crashes.

329E  
thru  
329F

(OMITTED)

(OMITTED)

329E  
thru  
329F

(CONTINUED)

329G DWIGHT AND MOIRA

329G

DWIGHT  
It seems that somebody brought  
pressure to bear and got the  
trout season moved up...

329H MOIRA

329H

She smiles secretly to herself.

DWIGHT  
(continuing)  
It opens tomorrow. I realize  
your interest in fish is  
limited, but..if you know a  
good spot, I'd like to go...  
(pause)  
Why don't we?

Moira inwardly catches her breath and just looks at him.

329I WIDER ANGLE

329I

DWIGHT  
(continuing)  
Well, it can be..

(CONTINUED)

329I CONTINUED:

She doesn't let him finish.

MOIRA

When?

DWIGHT

What about now?

329J ANOTHER ANGLE

329J

MOIRA

I know the place, nice....quiet....  
and peaceful, only I'd rather put  
the gas in my car. Edgar makes me  
nervous.

DWIGHT

Edgar just lost his job.

They both look off at the SOUND of a crash.

329K TRACK

329K

There is a crash on the track. Julian swerves  
around it and crosses the finish line to get the  
checkered flag. He keeps on going to complete  
a checkout run around the track.

329K-1 PETER AND MARY

PETER

He did it! He did it!  
JULIAN!

He grabs Mary and they move toward the finish  
line.

329L DWIGHT AND MOIRA

329L

DWIGHT

He won the race!

MOIRA

It doesn't make the slightest bit  
of sense. He's never even been in  
a race before...

(CONTINUED)

329L CONTINUED:

329L

DWIGHT  
He won, didn't he? This will  
really set him up. Come on!

MOIRA  
Where?

They move on toward the pits.

329M TRACK

329M

Julian completing his last run around the track,  
passing wrecks, smoke, etc.

329N MOIRA AND DWIGHT

329N

hurrying toward the finish line.

329O TRACK

329O

People converging on the track and the pit men pushing  
Julian's car up to the finish line. Mary and Peter,  
the mechanics and pit men, officials, etc., and finally  
Dwight and Moira approaching from across the track.

329P ANOTHER ANGLE

329P

Julian as they place a ring of flowers around his neck,  
and bring forward an enormous bottle of champagne.  
CAMERA PANS the faces around, smiling faces of Peter  
and Mary, Dwight and others. Only Moira doesn't seem  
to be smiling as the others are. She watches Julian  
for a moment and then exchanges glances with Dwight.

329Q CLOSEUP - JULIAN

329Q

Julian is smiling like a madman. He has a completely  
gone look in his eyes. He recognises nobody. Nobody.  
He just looks from side to side with that completely  
gone expression.

FADE OUT:

330  
thru. (OMITTED)  
353

(OMITTED) 330  
thru  
353

FADE IN:

353A. MOUNTAIN STREAM - DAY -

For as far as the eye can see along the stream, there are people fishing, or merely sitting on the banks. The exodus has begun. At one place, four men are sitting in a close group drinking beer and singing 'Waltzing Matilda.' ~~Somewhere else, we hear a man talking, and there is the unmistakable Irish in his accent. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include the Irish character, Dwight, and Meira - all three fishing. The Irish character is reeling in a fish as he talks.~~

(CONTINUED)

353L

~~CONTINUED:~~~~IRISH CHARACTER~~~~(continuing)~~~~They'll stand up and shake their  
fists at the devil, they will..~~~~(he pauses)~~~~..Take care you and the missus  
don't get wet...~~~~He lifts his free hand to them, and turning, walks  
off into the trees. Dwight and Moira watch him go.~~~~DWIGHT~~~~(after a moment)~~~~Call it a day?~~~~Moira nods and they start to reel in.~~~~-DISSOLVE-~~

354

EXT. - SMALL MOUNTAIN HOTEL - NIGHT

354

A sign reading simply "Hotel". It is illuminated by a sharp, crackling flash of lightning.

355

MEDIUM SHOT

355

A car pulls in and parks beside the Davidson convertible. Two fishermen get out with their fishing gear and make a dash for the hotel. Lashed by rain, they lean into the wind.

355A

INT. - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE  
BEING LIFTED FROM ICE BUCKET.

CAMERA PULLS BACK. It's Dwight and Moira. Dwight pours champagne into their glasses. They are both quiet, but somewhere in the hotel, we hear people laughing, the shattering of a glass, and somewhere the same four men singing "Waltzing Matilda". Dwight smiles and raises his glass.

DWIGHT

Nice....quiet....peaceful..

Moira raises her glass and as they are about to drink, a pair of wooden casements blow open with a loud BANG. Rain blows into the room with a driving force. Dwight jumps up and hurries to the window. Moira follows him. Together, they struggle against the wind and rain, trying to close the casements. The hinges are sprung and the catch is broken. Moira holds them shut while Dwight takes the belt from his robe and lashes them closed.

(CONTINUED)

355B ANOTHER ANGLE

As they step back, both thoroughly soaked.

MOIRA

The old man was right. How could he know?

Dwight wipes dripping water off his face and glances at Moira. She is soaked to the skin and the light robe clings to her. He grins.

DWIGHT

Looks like me and the missus got wet anyway.

Moira lifts her head sharply. Uncertain, Dwight glances toward the fireplace.

DWIGHT

I think we could use a fire..

Dwight moves toward the fireplace and Moira watches. At the fireplace, he kneels down, but pauses as he is and is thoughtful for a moment. Then he turns his head and glances at Moira. She stands watching him. He slowly rises, hesitates for a moment, and then they go into each other's arms in the middle of the room. CAMERA PANS all the way around them as they hold the kiss, and as the camera pans, we hear "Waltzing Matilda."

FADE OUT:

356  
thru  
372

(OMITTED)

(OMITTED)

356  
thru  
372



FADE IN:

373

EXT. GANGPLANK - MELBOURNE - DAY - FULL SHOT

373

It is emptier than before with less activity. Things are slowing down. En route to his cabin with his fishing gear, Dwight appears in the b.g. Crossing in the f.g. with a handful of papers, Lieutenant Chrysler sees him and hurries to intercept him.

CHRYSLER

You'd better have a look at Ackerman, Captain.

DWIGHT

Ackerman?...What's wrong with him.

CHRYSLER

The doctor says he's in bad shape. You'd better have a look at him.

DWIGHT

Put this stuff in my cabin...

He unloads his fishing gear on Chrysler and hurries into an arriving elevator.

374

(OMITTED)

(OMITTED)

374

375

INT. - SICK BAY, R.A.M.S. MELBOURNE - DAY - MED. CLOSE SHOT - ACKERMAN

375

Surrounded by screens, Ackerman is in bed with a thermometer in his mouth. He is a chunky type, normally indestructable. The ANGLE WIDENS as a male nurse removes

(CONTINUED)

375

CONTINUED:

375

(continued)  
the thermometer and feels his brow. After the male nurse feels his brow, Ackerman says:

ACKERMAN

Do that again, will you, baby?

The male nurse scowls and makes a motion as if to give Ackerman the back of his hand across the face. Dwight and a doctor FORSTER enter the sick bay and approach the bed.

DWIGHT

How are you feeling, Ackerman?

ACKERMAN

Okay, Captain...except I'm a little weak...I can't keep anything on my stomach yet..

(tries to smile)

I guess I lifted too many beers the other night...

A pain hits him and he tries to ignore it.

ACKERMAN

(continuing)

I don't know what these kangaroos are puttin' in the brew nowadays...but I can sure tell you what it tastes like...

The pain hits him again.

DWIGHT

Well, take it easy...let me know if there is anything I can do for you.

Ackermnsn nods. Dwight exits with Forster.

376

INT. - COMPANIONWAY, MELBOURNE - DAY - DWIGHT &  
FORSTER

376

They pause outside the door.

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT

Any chance he's right? That he just had a few too many.

FORSTER

No. He has the full range of symptoms. It's radiation.

DWIGHT

Why just one case suddenly?

FORSTER

(hint of irritability)

Why?...Why not?...Its here. It has to hit somebody first. It hit this boy. We aren't machines... We aren't going to all fall over in a row, you know.

DWIGHT

Anything you can do for him?

FORSTER

No. Except make him as comfortable as possible.

This is with finality. Dwight hesitates, looking for a gap to crawl through.

DWIGHT

There might not be another case for a month or so...

FORSTER

(a bit sharply)

Don't count on it.

DWIGHT

(concerned)

Then this's coming a lot sooner than you thought. I'm a little off-balance.

FORSTER

(flaring openly)

I'm terribly sorry if it's inconvenient, but I'm afraid I can't take the responsibility for that -- I never predicted the precise date --

(he cuts himself off, continues quietly)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

376 CONTINUED:

376

FORSTER

(continuing)

No, I don't think we have a  
freak case here, Commander.  
I'm getting very irritable  
myself, as you see. And so  
is most of my staff. It's  
one of the early signs.

Ho gives Dwight a tight smile and turns abruptly back  
into the sick bay.

377

INT. DWIGHT'S CABIN, MELBOURNE - DAY - MED. SHOT -  
CUMMINGS - CREW MEMBER

377

CUMMINGS

(hesitantly)

I was wondering if you could  
tell me, Captain, if we'll be  
going out on another cruise...  
or staying here. I have  
reasons for asking, sir.

DWIGHT

What are the reasons?

CUMMINGS

If we're going to sea again,  
I'd like to put in for special  
discharge.

(hesitates)

It isn't I want to leave the  
ship, Captain... it's a great  
ship...

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT

But you want to stay in Melbourne?

CUMMINGS

Yes, Sir. I have connections here.

DWIGHT

(a thoughtful pause)

What's her name?

Cummings is startled by this clairvoyancy, then grins.

CUMMINGS

Storborough, sir, Evelyn Storborough.

DWIGHT

Okay. I don't know what we're going to do, but if you want out, see Commander Farrel for the form. He'll put it through.

CUMMINGS -

(starting out;  
very relieved)

Yes, Sir, thank you.

DWIGHT

Cummings --

CUMMINGS

(stopping respectfully)

Sir?

DWIGHT

How many men are there in the crew who... Who have similar connections in town?

(as Cummings  
hesitates)

Make a rough guess.

CUMMINGS

Maybe twenty, twenty-five out of all.... I mean that have some kind of steady deal.

(CONTINUED)

377 CONTINUED:

Lost in thought, Dwight towels his face. Cummings waits.

DWIGHT  
Wall, thanks, Cummings.  
(extends his hand)  
Good luck.

CUMMINGS  
Thank you, sir.

Cummings exits.

378 (OMITTED) (OMITTED) 378

378A EXT. - DECK OF SAWFISH - ASSEMBLED CREW 378A

The entire crew is assembled in formation on the deck. Their eyes are raised to the hatch and each face is sober, thoughtful, contemplative. It's as if we can almost hear a far away drum roll. They are waiting for something. We are aware of the stillness, the silence. The only noise is the lapping of water against the hull. As if to make the silence even more penetrating, there is a GULL'S CRY in the distance.

378A-1 SHOT 378A-1

Into the silence, Dwight comes out of the hatch and steps forward. He finds every man in the crew looking up at him waiting. His eyes search their faces and there is a long moment before he speaks. Strain, and his inner conflicting emotions is obvious.

DWIGHT  
You...you all know the situation.  
(beat)  
I've given leave to many of you  
to stay here for personal reasons.  
It's...it's understandable why some  
of you might prefer this..  
(beat)

(CONTINUED)

378A-1 CONTINUED:

DWIGHT  
(continuing)  
I think..now..that the rest of  
you are entitled to decide what  
you'd like to do.

This being something he will have no control over, he  
takes a deep breath, momentarily averts his eyes, and  
then continues.

DWIGHT  
(continuing)  
(quickly, to get it  
over with)  
I'd like you to think it over -  
- take a vote if you need to, but  
let me have your decision by this  
evening.  
(nods)  
That's all.

Not a man moves, and as Dwight turns away, the Chief  
steps forward.

CHIEF  
Captain?

Dwight is partially turned away from them. He stops  
now and there is a pause before he turns to look at the  
Chief.

CHIEF  
We've already taken a vote.  
(a beat to let us wonder)  
We'd like to head for home.

Dwight's eyes remain on the Chief for a moment after he  
says this. He didn't want it, but here it is. His  
eyes go from the Chief to the Crew. He studies their  
faces for a moment before saying:

(CONTINUED)

378A-1 CONTINUED:

378A-1

DWIGHT  
(accepting the decision)  
That's it, then. Standby for orders for getting underway.

378B EXT. - CHEMIST'S SHOP - DAY - MELBOURNE STREET 378B

A sober line of people waiting to gain entrance, as Dwight's Rolls Royce drives through the scene.

378C INT. CHEMIST'S SHOP - MELBOURNE DAY - MED. SHOT 378C

Successively, men and women reach the counter where a Mr. Hammer, the druggist, is almost mechanically passing out small pill boxes. He seems to know most of the people, because he calls a great many of them by name as they file by.

HAMMER  
(handing out pill boxes)  
Mr. Davis,... Miss Mayfield..  
..Lucus.

LUCUS  
(uncertain)  
Do - do you really think this is the thing to do?

HAMMER  
What can I tell you, friend?  
(pause)  
I'm only a chemist.

379 and 380 (OMITTED) (OMITTED) 379 and 380

381 INT. NEWS GARAGE - DAY - SHOOTING PAST FERRARI 381

Julian, up to his armpits in grease, is working intently on the car. He has the head off, replacing the cam drive. He glances up at Dwight.

DWIGHT  
Give it to me straight. How much longer?

(CONTINUED)



381 CONTINUED:

381

JULIAN  
 (nodding off)  
 We're fifteen points in the  
 red now.

Dwight follows Julian's nod to counter.

382 ANOTHER ANGLE

382

The Geiger equipment we saw aboard the submarine is  
 operating on the work bench. Dwight steps over for  
 a look.

383 CLOSE SHOT - GEIGER COUNTER

383

The needle wavering.

JULIAN (o.s.)  
 Up three and a half since last  
 night...

Dwight is thoughtful.

JULIAN-(o.s.)  
 (continuing;  
 after a pause)  
 I suppose you've heard about  
 Mary.

Dwight turns quickly, concerned.

DWIGHT

No. What?

384 WIDER ANGLE

384

JULIAN  
 Quite irrational. Peter came  
 in Sunday and found her pack-  
 ing for a trip back to England.

Julian glances at Dwight and shakes his head.

JULIAN  
 (continuing)  
 Taking Jennifer...

DWIGHT  
 I'm... sorry to hear that...

(CONTINUED)

JULIAN

Oh, she's calmer now. Doctor  
and all...

Julian tinkers with something on the car.

JULIAN

(continuing)

Dwight....

DWIGHT

Yes?...

JULIAN

About Moira...

DWIGHT

What about Moira?

JULIAN

What about Moira?

It's hard for Dwight to put into words.

DWIGHT

I wanted to stay with her... more  
than I can say...I still do. But I left  
it to the men - whether we go or stay..  
...We're going..

JULIAN

(after a pause)

God bless...

DWIGHT

So long, Julian.

Dwight goes out.

387

EXT. MELBOURNE STREETS - DAY - A SHORT SERIES OF  
SHOTS

387

As the Rolls Royce proceeds through the heart of the  
city. Dwight, in the back seat, looks off. What he  
sees is grim and alarming. Refuse is piling up un-  
collected. Papers blow about. Most shops are  
shuttered and closed. The city is disintegrating, vir-  
tually deserted.

388

SHOT

388

An anonymous man rushes through the f.g., pauses,  
glances over his shoulder, then plunges on. We see at

(CONTINUED)

one side a man propped up against the closed shutters of a store. The Rolls comes through scene. It brakes, the door flies open, and Dwight jumps out. He comes running back, looks at the man carefully. By this time Edgar has made a U-turn and driven back. He gets down and hurries over.

EDGAR

There's a telephone box right here, sir. Shall I ask for an ambulance?

Dwight lifts the body onto the sidewalk, straightens up.

DWIGHT

No. He's dead, Edgar.

He looks around, starts for the indicated telephone box diagonally across the street.

389 INT. TELEPHONE BOX - DAY - MED. CLOSE SHOT

389

Dwight enters, inserts coin.

DWIGHT

(into phone)

I want Frankston two eight oh...  
Thank you.

He waits. After a moment:

OPERATOR

(filter)

The line's engaged --

390 INT. DAVIDSON HOUSE - DAY - MED. SHOT

390

Moira is on the phone. She listens a moment seriously.

MOIRA

(into phone)

Yes, I can. I'll come over right away if you need me, Peter... Poor Mary... No. I've got petrol --

391 INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - DAY - CLOSE ON DWIGHT

391

The operator's voice comes over through a filter.

(CONTINUED)

391 CONTINUED:

OPERATOR'S VOICE  
The line's still engaged, sir...

DWIGHT  
(into 'phone)  
Half a second! While I'm  
waiting, get me Williamstown  
five six three two.  
It's urgent and official.

392 ANOTHER ANGLE ON DWIGHT

392

He waits, impatiently, glances off toward the Rolls  
and Edger. Then:

DWIGHT  
(continuing)  
This is Commander Towers. Let  
me have my executive officer,  
Commander Farrel.

Through the booth we can see Edger who starts the  
car, moves it up near the telephone booth.

DWIGHT  
(continuing)  
Farrell! What's the score?  
What kind of a crew do we have?...  
Well, that's enough.  
(with decision)  
Look... Everything's falling apart.  
Put the ship on a two-hour stand-by  
order for getting underway.

393  
and  
394

(OMITTED)

(OMITTED)

393  
and  
394

395 EXT. BARN - DAY - CLOSEUP OF DAVIDSON

395

Moira runs out of house to Davidson. He is seated on  
an old wicker chair and has a baby lamb in his arms.

MOIRA  
Something's happened to Mary  
Holmes. I'm going over. I  
probably won't be back until  
late or tomorrow. When Dwight  
telephones, have it transferred  
over there, would you?

(CONTINUED)

157.

395 CONTINUED: 395

Davidson barely nods. Moira gives him an uncertain glance, hurries out. He sits there while we HEAR the car starting up outside and driving off. Then Davidson gets up slowly. He puts the calf down, turns slowly and takes a gun from under the cushion of the chair.

396 INT. DAVIDSON BARN - DAY - MED. SHOT 396

Davidson enters, walks slowly and steadily between the stalls where the cattle are penned, past the one or two saddle horses, the harness mare. The animals raise their heads. The saddle mare reaches over the gate and nudges his shoulder as he passes. He ignores it, steeling himself for the thing he has decided to do.

397 ANOTHER ANGLE 397

He pauses at the far stall -- Charlie, the bullock. He does not lift the gun, merely stares at the bullock who stares back.

398 CLOSE SHOT - DAVIDSON 398

He winces. His eyes begin to fill with tears. He just can't do it.

399 WIDER ANGLE 399

He pockets the gun, turns quickly away, throws open the barn doors, comes back and opens Charlie's stall.

DAVIDSON  
All right, Charlie, hup. Hup.

He starts Charlie toward the door, starts unlocking the other stalls.

400 EXT. DAVIDSON BARN - DAY - FULL SHOT 400

as Charlie comes bolting out into the open field, followed in succession by other cattle and then the horses. The CAMERA PANS with the horses as they canter off, whirl.

401 THE SADDLE MARE 401

She slows down and is just starting to graze when there is a muffled GUNSHOT from the barn. Her head comes up sharply, startled.

402 INT. DAVIDSON HOUSE - DAY - MED. CLOSE SHOT - PHONE 402

ringing unanswered. We see the animals through the window.

403 INT. TELEPHONE BOX - DAY - DWIGHT ON PHONE 403

We hear the operator's voice:

OPERATOR'S VOICE

There's definitely no reply now, sir.

DWIGHT

That's funny. Well, thanks.

He hangs up, glances at his watch, exits toward the Rolls.

404 OMITTED 404

405 EXT. A SQUARE IN THE HEART OF MELBOURNE - DAY 405

This is the equivalent of Marble Arch in London, Pershing Square in Los Angeles. CAMERA PANS to HOLD on a Salvation Army stand. The small resolute band is blaring forth with 'Onward Christian Soldiers.' The leader, obviously unwell, lowers his trumpet, keeps time with it. A wan young woman with the collection box mops her brow. Overhead is a large banner reading "THERE IS STILL TIME, BROTHER." The music stops and the Salvation Army officer steps forward to the rostrum and makes a signal to lead the assembled populace in prayer.

OFFICER

Oh, Lord. Give us the strength. Help us to understand the reason for this madness on earth...the reason why we have destroyed ourselves. Give us the courage to bear Thy Will...and when the end is upon us, give us Thy hand, and show us the way...that we may better understand that only You can give, and only You can take away. Forgive those of us who are weak, as we forgive each other...

405A CLOSEUP - TRUMPET PLAYER - IN NIGHTCLUB 405A

This is the same trumpet player who appeared in the club the night Dwight and Moira were there. He is alone now on the bare stage, vamping, drinking, smoking. He plays a mournful blues.

406. INT. HOLMES BEDROOM - DAY - CLOSEUP - CRYING BABY

406

Mary is holding the baby. As we pull back, Moira takes the baby from Mary who stares into space - unmoved Peter stands by - helpless.

HOLMES

I can get Mrs. Andrews to look after her...

MOIRA

(putting Jennifer in crib)

Let me know if you need me.

HOLMES

Thanks.

As she starts out of the room, we HEAR the telephone ring. Peter picks up the phone and then calls off to Moira.

HOLMES

(continuing)

Moira. Telephone for you.

407 INT. HOLMES HOUSE - DAY - MED. CLOSE - MOIRA

407

as Moira picks up the phone.

MOIRA

(into phone)

Hello...Dwight !...No, I haven't been home....You..You mean you're leaving?...When?...Yes...Yes, I'll meet you there, Dwight....right away.

She drops the phone and rushes out.

408 EXT. HOLMES HOUSE - DAY - MED. FULL SHOT

408

Moira comes plunging out of the house, into the convertible, and ROARS off, the CAMERA PANNING. She narrowly misses taking a gatepost with her.

409 INT. BRIDIE'S OFFICE - DAY - ON BRIDIE

409

as he turns in his chair. He does as best he can to muster the old gruffness in calling for:

BRIDIE

Hosgood!

(CONTINUED)

409 CONTINUED:

409

Bridie is not feeling well at all. He is on his last legs, and everything he does and says is with effort.

410 HOSGOOD

410

as she appears at the door and moves to the center of the office before stopping. She isn't feeling well.

HOSGOOD

Yes, sir?

411 ANOTHER ANGLE

411

Bridie stands, leaning on the desk. His voice is much softer now. Touching.

BRIDIE

It... looks as if...we've had it, Hosgood. Would you like... shore leave... or... are you staying aboard...?

HOSGOOD

I'm... remaining aboard, sir.

Bridie nods, understanding. Moving, he takes a bottle of sherry and looks at it. Then he looks up at her.

BRIDIE

Would you... have a glass of sherry... with an old man?

HOSGOOD

No, sir. But...I... I would very much like to have a glass with you... sir.

Hosgood moves up to the desk as Bridie pours two glasses of sherry. He hands one to her and she takes it. They touch glasses and drink.

BRIDIE

(pouring)

Hosgood... there's one thing that's always bothered me. A girl like you! Why no young men...

HOSGOOD

They never asked me... maybe ... it was the uniform...

(CONTINUED)



411 CONTINUED

411

He looks at her for a moment. He shakes his head.  
They clink glasses.

BRIDIE  
(toasting)  
To a blind... blind... world.

They drink.

411A EXT. PIER - PAST DWIGHT AND LAUNCH

411A

At the end of the pier we see Moira's car drive in and she runs to him in f.g. The Sawfish is not at its berth - only the Melbourne.

412  
thru  
418

(OMITTED)

(OMITTED)

412  
thru  
418

419 EXT. - DOCK - DAY - FROM HIGH ANGLE

419

Moira and Dwight hurrying toward each other across the deserted dock. They run into each others arms.

420 TWO SHOT - MOIRA AND DWIGHT

420

Moira pulls away slightly and looks to where the submarine was. Then she looks at Dwight. Believing that he is staying, her voice is full of relief and happiness.

MOIRA  
You're not going. You're  
staying here..

Her enthusiasm weakens as she notices the expression on his face.

DWIGHT  
I.. I'm going..

There is a long pause as the weight of his statement hits home.

MOIRA  
But..hut, the Sewfish...it's.. ..

She looks to where the submarine was.

DWIGHT  
(wishing it were really gone)  
It's across the bay. Fuel depot.

Moira follows Dwight's gaze to the launch. A seaman is waiting there, leaning against the cockpit. He lights a cigarette and looks at his watch.

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT  
(continuing)  
They want to try to get home.  
I can't explain it, but...

MOIRA  
(pause)  
Then, I...I guess this is the..  
..the time to say, "It's been  
nice, Dwight Lionel..."  
(her attempt to be  
light fails)  
It's been...everything..

Suddenly she goes into his arms and he holds her close.

MOIRA  
(continuing)  
Dwight, I'm so frightened.....

DWIGHT  
I know. And I'm sorry for so  
many things.....but mostly  
because...  
(he breaks)  
I don't want to leave you,  
Moira...I love you.

The distant, urgent sound of the BULL HORN on the submarine comes across the water and echoes along the empty dock. Dwight hears it, but gives no indication as he holds her. She lifts her face and looks at Dwight. He wipes a tear from her cheek.

DWIGHT  
Me and the missus are going to  
get wet.

He kisses her, looks into her eyes for just a moment, and then turns and walks hurriedly toward the launch. CAMERA HOLDS on Moira as she stands watching him walk away from her.

- 421 CLOSEUP - TRUMPET PLAYER - PLAYING THE BLUES 421
- 422 EXT. - SQUARE IN MELBOURNE - MED SHOT - SALVATION ARMY BAND 422

Its ranks are now descimated but it plays on. Fewer people are gathered there. The standard sways e little in the wind, but we can clearly see the legend: "THERE IS STILL TIME, BROTHER."

- 423 INT. - HOLMES BEDROOM - DAY - CLOSEUP - TEA AND PILLS 423

CAMERA HOLDS on tea tray containing teapot, cups, and three pills. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Mary. She is sitting on the bed, brushing her hair - a far away look in her eyes. She brushes out of habit and without thinking about it. And there is always the same length of beat between each of the strokes.

(CONTINUED)

424 ANOTHER ANGLE

424

The bedside lamps are out and the room is shadowy. Holmes appears in the doorway and stands in the shadows watching Mary. She isn't aware that he is there.

425 CLOSEUP - HOLMES

425

This is the end, he is thinking, this is all there is.

HOLMES  
(softly)

Mary...

426 CLOSEUP - MARY

426

She doesn't hear him and continues brushing.

427 WIDE ANGLE

427

He repeats himself, but no louder than before.

HOLMES  
(continuing;  
softly)

Mary...

She looks up now and distinguishes him in the shadows, but she continues brushing. Seeing him, she smiles.

MARY  
Did you say something, Pater?  
I didn't hear...

HOLMES  
(softly)  
I love you.

She stops brushing, but continues to hold the brush in position. She's forgotten it. She watches his face as he moves from the doorway to the bed.

428 TWO SHOT

428

He stops next to the bed and they look at each other for a moment. Then, he sits on the side of the bed next to her and gently removes the brush from her hand and places it on the night table. She watches his face, saying nothing, and he places the brush on the table without taking his eyes from her. He studies her lips, her nose, her eyes, her hair, all in one brief moment. And he repeats just as softly as before:

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HOLMES  
(continuing)

I love you.

She goes into his arms and he holds her close. CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM as they lie back on the bed and CAMERA MOVES IN and HOLDS with only their heads and shoulders in the frame.

MARY

Peter... I... I feel so strange.  
I... I feel...

Holmes places a finger on her lips. She closes her eyes, and ever so softly, he kisses each of them.

429

ANOTHER ANGLE

429

HOLMES

Do you remember...the first  
time we met...?

Pause. Her eyes are closed and he watches her face. It's a moment before the corners of her mouth turn up ever so slightly as if she is going to smile -- almost, but it isn't quite a smile. She is remembering.

MARY

It was on the beach.

HOLMES

I thought you were everything  
I'd ever wanted... everything  
I'd ever dreamed about...

Mary smile. now -- a beautiful smile.

MARY

And I thought you were so  
underfed...

HOLMES

Every day after that, I went  
to the beach, but you were  
never there...

MARY

I had the flu.  
Mother made me stay at home...

430 CLOSEUP - HOLMES

430

HOLMES

I looked for you... and looked  
for you...

431 CLOSEUP - MARY

431

MARY

(hoping that he  
did; she smiles)  
Did you suffer horribly, Peter?

432 TWO SHOT

432

HOLMES

Mary... you don't know...

Mary opens her eyes and looks at him.

MARY

Did you, Peter? Really?

HOLMES

I thought I couldn't bear it  
... if I didn't see you again.

As he continues, she places her hand and touches his  
cheek... lovingly.

HOLMES

(continuing)  
And then you came back. I'd  
almost given up hope, and then  
you were there...

433 ANOTHER ANGLE

433

MARY

... And now... it's all over,  
isn't it?

HOLMES

Yes, darling.  
(pause)  
It's all over.

MARY

Yes...

She moves in closer and he holds her tight.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARY  
(continuing)

Yes...

HOLMES

And I want you to know... that  
there is no-one I would rather  
have spent my life with.

434 ANOTHER ANGLE

434

MARY

I've loved you, Peter. I...  
I haven't been very practical  
in some ways... and I've been  
foolish... and childish...but  
I've loved you so much... so  
much...

Peter buries his face in her hair so that she can't see  
the tears come to his eyes.

MARY  
(continuing)

We've been so fortunate... and  
happy...

435 CLOSEUP - MARY

435

MARY  
(continuing)

... but, Jennifer...

Mary thinks about Jennifer for a brief moment. It's  
a nice thought at first and it mirrors in her eyes,  
but as we watch, something else comes into her eyes.  
Fear. Fear which has been sublimated suddenly coming  
to the surface again.

MARY  
(continuing)

...she'll never even have the  
chance.. She... she'll never  
know what love is..

(suddenly)

Peter...

436 ANOTHER ANGLE

436

MARY  
(continuing)

You'll see that she's all  
right, won't you? You'll see

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARY  
(continuing)  
~~that she doesn't...~~

The thought is too much. Mary starts to rise, but Holmes places a restraining hand on her shoulder. He shakes his head and speaks softly.

HOLMES  
I will...

Mary looks at him for assurance. He brushes his hand softly through her hair.

437 BIG HEAD CLOSEUP - HOLMES AND MARY

437

Holmes leans over and kisses her softly on the lips. There is a BURLING SOUND from the crib, and their heads turn toward it. There is a beat. Their eyes fill with tears.

MARY  
Peter darling...

He turns to her and there is a slight pause as she looks into his eyes -- before she says:

MARY  
(continuing)  
God forgive us.  
(beat)  
I... I think I'll have that  
cup of tea now...

Holmes holds her gaze for a moment, nods, kisses her.

CUT TO:

438 EXT. HEADLANDS - DAY - THE DAVIDSON CONVERTIBLE

438

Wide open, ROARING up a narrow road onto the headlands southeast of Melbourne.

439 MOIRA AT THE WHEEL

439

She is driving with complete nonchalance, the car radio blaring MUSIC.

440 FULL SHOT

440

The car skids perilously on a turn.



- 441 (OMITTED) (OMITTED) 441
- 442 INT. BILLIARD ROOM - PASTORAL CLUB - DAY - MED. SHOT TOWARD DOOR  
 Stevens enters, carrying a tray with a single glass of port, the portrait of John Wills tilting as he closes the door behind himself. He comes back automatically, sets it right. He then proceeds to an easy chair, sets down the tray - sits - and leisurely sips the port. Then, quite casually, he removes his coat, goes to the billiard table and breaks the balls in the opening shot of a game.
- 443 INT. MEWS GARAGE - DAY - MED. SHOT - METAL PLAQUE 443  
 being attached to the Ferrari. Inscribed to the winner of the Australian Grand Prix, 1962, Julian Osborn. CAMERA PULLS BACK. Julian, having finished putting the plaque on, stands back for a moment and looks at it. Then he turns, crosses and bolts the garage door. The overhead lights go off. He moves to the Ferrari, gets in, turns the motor on, and guns it up as high as it will go. The powerful ROAR and volume of the motor is terrific.
- 444-445 (OMITTED) (OMITTED) 444-445
- 446 FULL SHOT - AT SEA - THE SAWFISH 446  
 As she comes along the coast we see figures on deck.
- 447 EXT. POINT LONSDALE - DAY - MED. FULL - SHOOTING PAST 447  
 the coast guard hut established in the opening...The convertible is in the b.g., no more than two yards from the precipitous cliff. Through the windshield we see the Sawfish approaching.
- 448 MED. SHOT 448  
 Moira gets out of the car, leaving the RADIO on, walks toward the edge of the cliff, looking to sea.

449 (OMITTED)

(OMITTED) 449

450 EXT. AT SEA - DAY - FULL SHOT

450

as the Sawfish slips along on the surface.

451 BRIDGE OF SAWFISH

451

Dwight is on the bridge with Chrysler. His collar is turned up, but he is bareheaded. They are joined by Farrel. Dwight looks off.

452-453 (OMITTED)

(OMITTED) 452-453

454 EXT. POINT LONSDALE - DAY - FROM DAVIDSON CONVERTIBLE

454

The RADIO is still playing. An announcer takes over.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

... The electrical power failure announced earlier, blacking out certain suburban areas, has now extended to the north and western sections of Melbourne... So far, our transmitter is not affected --

455 INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - CAR RADIO

455

The announcer continuing; the polished tone, the authority, tinged with confusion but going on:

RADIO ANNOUNCER

(continuing)

-- and may not be... unless

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

455 CONTINUED:

455

## RADIO ANNOUNCER

(Continuing)

the difficulty, still undetermined,  
proves more serious than, than now  
believed.

(a firmer attack)

If this should happen --

His voice chops off. The CAMERA PULLS UP AND BACK SLOWLY, SHOOTING THROUGH the wind-shield. The CAMERA PULLS ON BACK -- including Moira's arm and wrist --- motionless. Near the windshield a pill box - open.

456 EXT. AT SEA - DAY - FEATURING DWIGHT ON BRIDGE 456

He glances at his watch.

DWIGHT

Okay.

457 WIDER ANGLE 457

Farrel and then Chrysler disappear down the hatch, and Dwight is left alone on the bridge. He stands there a moment, looking off. He lifts his hand in the barest suggestion of a salute, and turning, follows the other two officers below. He pulls down the hatch and it snaps shut. (We HEAR two blasts of the diving alarm).

458 FULL SHOT - THE SAWFISH 458

It begins to submerge. CAMERA HOLDS until the water is up to the bridge.

459 ON HATCH 459

as sea water rushes over it and it is obscured by foam and brine.

460 FULL SHOT 460

as the last projection of the superstructure disappears and CAMERA HOLDS on the empty rolling expanse of sea. A gull dives for some morsel of refuse, rises SCREECHING in raucous triumph.

- 461 EXT. STREET - MELBOURNE 461  
The street is completely deserted. Nothing is moving; except wind-blown papers which add to the desolation.
- 462 EXT. ANOTHER STREET 462  
Cars stand abandoned. One stands in the street at a crossing, its door hanging open on the driver's side. No people are anywhere. A street car stands deserted in the middle of the street.
- 462A EXT. RAILROAD YARDS 462A  
Deserted.
- 462B EXT. PARK 462B  
Deserted - as the children's swings move gently in the wind.
- 462C EXT. WAR MEMORIAL 462C  
Deserted.
- 462D EXT. BRIDGE 462D  
Deserted.
- 463 INT. NIGHT CLUB - FULL SHOT 463  
Just as lonely as the street, only more so because the sounds of the trumpet are no longer. CAMERA MOVES IN and HOLDS on handstand. The chair is still there, cigarette butts overrun an ashtray onto table and floor. The trumpet player is gone. CAMERA PANS to check room.
- 464 CHECKROOM 464  
The checkroom is completely empty. There are rows of hangers with nothing on them. But, there on the checkroom counter sits the trumpet, lonely, forlorn.
- 465 EXT. SQUARE IN MELBOURNE. 465  
An old piece of newspaper blows across the empty, deserted square. CAMERA PANS WITH IT, CENTERS and HOLDS on the Salvation Army banner, torn by the wind now, which reads:  
"THERE IS STILL TIME, BROTHER"  
CUT OUT TO BLACK: