

"RYAN'S DAUGHTER."

~~MICHAEL'S~~ DAY

A filmscript

by

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An empty, windy sky. Something - bird or kite - is swooping towards us. With a whistle and thump it lands.  
An Edwardian ladies' parasol. MUSIC.

#### CREDITS OVER

**CLOSE SHOT.** Its slender ebony handle is hooked round a bit of barbed wire, decorated with tufts of dirty sheep's wool. Its fringed and tasseled canopy is of shantung silk, its lining of black French lace.

**MED SHOT.** The wind slackens, the parasol drops from the wire and:

**LONG SHOT** goes leaping and bumping away from us to disappear over a low bare moorland skyline.

**CLOSE SHOT.** It is caught again, but this time against the headstone of a grave.

**MED SHOT** It bumps and jigs its way through the strange memorials of a rustic Irish calvary, a sort of stone walled sheep pen for the dead, set in barren moorland. The parasol works its way sideways to the open gate and escapes.

**LONG SHOT** It skims across a field of flat granite, low denuded hills in the distance.

**CLOSE SHOT** it bobbles along past the remains of a ruined cottage, standing alone.

**LONG SHOT** it whisks up into the sky again; a cruising seagull screams and banks away.

**CLOSE SHOT** it lands among the spines of a bent and twisted blackthorn, jerking and pulling. It drops and:

It goes in a series of awkward flat leaps across an uneven surface of flat bog-land, yellow-brown tufts of rank grass punctuated by shallow sky-reflecting puddles. The parasol streaked with mud.

Its soiled cream silk surface bounds towards us into **CLOSE SHOT.** It sticks on one of its tasseled ribs, swivels. Against a screenful of black lace:

#### FINAL CREDITS

A boisterous blow of wind sends it leaping away, disclosing:

Flat sour grassland, terminating in the lip of a cliff. Birds soar in the up-draught there. The parasol leaps away, soars up with the birds, and parachutes down:

A dizzying sweep of granite cliff towards a heaving grey sea. We see the parasol dwindling as it spirals erratically away, hear the grumble of the huge waves as they lurch against the rocks, sending up flumes and spires of foam. The parasol lands, a yellow speck in the dark water, a hundred yards from a tiny boat.

CLOSE SHOT the boat is a curragh, of canvas on a frame of sticks. It looks shockingly primitive and fragile. But it rides like a leaf; up into a world of white sky, then down into the shadowed valley between two walls of dark water. The oarsman, back towards us keeps it head to waves with small instinctive movements of the blades. The man in the stern rides the waves standing, hauling something heavy from the bottom of the sea. As we descend he gathers in the slack of the hairy plaited rope, then braces himself as the curragh rises towards the sky. He is making the waves do the work. The object surfaces. The man plucks it from the sea, turns and dumps it in the boat. A wattle lobster pot draped in seaweed. Now we can see that the man is a priest and wears a frayed black cassock kitted up with rope, a grubby clerical collar round his sinewy red neck. He is a big man with impressive features made yet moreso by lines of suffering and thought. His bristle of hair and three days' stubble are quite white. This is FATHER COLLINS, peasant priest; a formidable father to his flock, an unbending disciplinarian but a wise and benevolent man, his flock is fortunate. He is a poor man too and fishes not for fun but for the pot. The big Atlantic lobster they have caught is a matter for real satisfaction. He draws the clattering monster deftly forth and looks cheerfully towards his companion, but:

His companion, back towards us, is staring round at:

His POV the parasol, upside down, its handle pointing jauntily skywards, floating smugly down the surface of a wave towards them.

FATHER COLLINS holding the lobster stares, as at an apparition.

The idiotic thing comes closer. His companion throws a weighted cod-line and captures it. Drags it in, hauls it out and turns towards us.

This is MICHAEL, village freak, a human soul with human rights to none but FATHER COLLINS. He has the wooden features of an animal and a small misshapen body. He is disfigured with an untreated hair-lip; he is dreadfully hairy, and he doesn't wash. He is dressed in cast-offs. Holding the feminine contrivance bolt upright in a blackened paw he looks particularly horrid. He examines the silver band about the slender handle with bovine reverence.

FATHER COLLINS puts down the lobster where it crawls unnoticed between their two pairs of bare feet. He takes from a blood-stained wooden box a fistful of butcher's offal, rebaits the pot and chucks it back into the sea. The little float of cork with its stick and red rag is left in CLOSE SHOT for a second. Now he swills his hand in the sea and holds it out for the parasol. Solemnly, MICHAEL hands it to him. The priest, scowling, registers its extravagant allurements. He gives a rather sour small smile and says:

FATHER COLLINS

No need t'ask who's that is.

And looks up, puckering his eyes, towards the cliff-tops.

MEDIUM SHOT angling up to the cliff-top. Empty sky. But now a girl runs up and stops. She looks down.

In the curragh, both men looking up. MICHAEL exhibits pleasurable excitement, at which the priest growls:

FATHER COLLINS

All right, all right.

(collapses parasol)

Come on.

MICHAEL bends to the oars; one expert nonchalant sweep and they are moving off. He makes no more conscious effort than a fish makes to swim, going by instinct, still looking up at:

The girl as before. Her name is ROSY. She wears an Edwardian college girl's blouse, a long black skirt, neat buttoned boots. The effect is ruined by the addition of a homely woollen cardigan and an incongruous pair of black net gloves. She is about twenty years old, with a thin active body and vital face, but now looks down sullenly at who has rescued her parasol. We see her lips move in a silent curse. She turns and walks, looking down, following:

LONG SHOT her POV the curragh, leaving the cliffs.

CUT

Approaching shore, the waves mount, totter start to break, think better of it, try again. The curragh appears coming straight towards us.

Both men tense, the next must be theirs. MICHAEL is at home here; he laughs and calls to the waves as though they were living things. The priest looks at him, half wistful, half-pleased to see him so. Now a moment of fierce effort as he chooses his wave and rows frantically to keep the curragh balanced just forward of the crest.

It seizes them; his eyes shine as they are swept forward on a travelling wall of water. It collapses booming; the boat is carried forward on the swill; at exactly the same moment both men leap out and run through the water with the boat to where the last wavelet peters out. The priest's feet plunge through the water rhythmically and heavily, MICHAEL's lightly but with a strange skipping motion. He is lame. They rush the boat on and up the beach to beyond the water-line and stop. Their boots are waiting for them in the dry sand.

The girl is waiting for them too.

The old priest sees her, but is silent a space, bent double, getting his breath back. Then, with a nod:

FATHER COLLINS

Rosy ...

ROSY

Father ...

Her soft Irish accent has a slightly clipped edge to it, a deliberate clarity, slightly precocious but attractive, MICHAEL blinks at her shyly; she ignores him, looking at the priest who picks up the parasol.

FATHER COLLINS

Yours?

ROSY

Yee.

FATHER COLLINS

Where d'you get the foolish thing?

He opens it and peers at its black lace lining with a mixture of unease and amusement.

ROSY

My dad got it when they sold up Lady Daweon'e.

He hands it to her with a grim smile.

FATHER COLLINS

Lady Dawson is it?

ROSY

(stiffly)

Thank you.

She goes, examining it for damage, her face anxious. But hears on SOUND:

FATHER COLLINS (SOUND)

Rosy!

She turns.

FATHER COLLINS is seated on the ground with his toe sticking out of a hole in his sock. MICHAEL has the lobster in his hand.

FATHER COLLINS

Would you like a bit of lobster for your tea?

ROSY

Sursly.

FATHER COLLINS

Michael, if we knew a young woman who'd darn up these socks, would we mebbe let her have one of his claws?

MICHAEL gives the proposition his consideration; then nods.

ROSY

Done.

And comes forward for the socks which the priest is holding out, but suddenly stops and, galvanized with horror and rage:

ROSY

Michael - !

FATHER COLLINS leaps up roaring.

FATHER COLLINS

Michael - ! - What in the name of -

He checks. MICHAEL with the lobster's claw in one hand and the frantic creature in the other, looks utterly bewildered and appalled. Gently, urgently:

FATHER COLLINS

I've told you, Michael, they're created creatures ...

MICHAEL can make nothing of this high abstraction. But placatingly, he offers the claw to ROSY, advancing on her. She starts back into an instinctive posture of physical defence, alert as a young street-fighter, all traces of the young lady gone and, dangerously:

ROSY

I've told you Michael Doole - you keep  
away from me -

A beat. His eyes become desolate. Without a sound he turns and  
shambles away on his uneven feet.

The priest says nothing, but looks sad and very disapproving, stuffing  
the socks into the pocket of his cassock, pulling on his boot.

ROSY is ashamed. Hesitant:

ROSY

Will I mend your socks then?

FATHER COLLINS

(short)

My socks is fine.

Then seeing her ashamed, relents so far as:

Poor Mike's no answer to a young maid's  
dreams. But d'you not think he just  
possibly knows that?

ROSY

(apologetic protest)

I can't abide him Father Hugh; he follows  
me about.

FATHER COLLINS

There's no harm in him.

ROSY

I know that.

FATHER COLLINS

Then why can't you abide him?

ROSY

I don't precisely know.

FATHER COLLINS

(mutters)

'Precisely know' ... If long words and  
fine feelin's is all your higher education's  
done for you, you'd best have saved your  
labour.

FATHER COLLINS (Cont)

(grumbles)

And I'm blessed if I see what else it's done.

She smiles and twirls her parasol.

ROSY

You're mad at my umbrella.

FATHER COLLINS

Well look at the thing . . .

(he looks her up and down)

Where are you going, dressed up like that?

ROSY

(shrugs)

Just takin' a walk.

FATHER COLLINS

(seriously)

You take too many walks.

ROSY

(shrugs)

What should I do?

FATHER COLLINS

Help your dad. Meet your friends - like any of the others.

ROSY

I helped my dad this morning.

FATHER COLLINS

And you're not like any of the others.

ROSY

I didn't say that.

FATHER COLLINS

You think it though. What do you do, Rose, mooning down here by yourself?

ROSY

(shrugs)

Read.



She pats the paper-backed novelette in her cardigan pocket. But looks a bit conscious. The priest holds out his hand. She gives it to him, and:

**EXTREME CLOSE** in the priest's hands, the cheaply printed paper cover. It shows an extravagantly distinguished Edwardian gentleman wearing evening dress with orders, his troubled eyes levelled over a glass of champagne at a distraught young woman with well exposed bosoms and blue eyelids, supporting herself on the corner of a grand piano. Its title is **THE KING'S MISTRESS** and its author claims to be **RAOUL DU BARRY**.

The priest looks unsmilingly from it to the girl and gives it back. She says, unconvincingly off-hand:

**ROSY**

I wasn't really readin' it ...

**FATHER COLLINS**

You're down here doin' nothin' then?

**ROSY**

(suddenly flares)

Precisely that!

And goes.

**FATHER COLLINS**

Well Miss Precisely - that's a pity!

Glowers, calls after her retreating back:

Doin' nothin' is a dangerous occupation!

**CUT**

A line of **YOUNG MEN** and **BOYS** doing nothing. A line of **GIRLS** and **YOUNG WOMEN** doing nothing. Furtive glances; no other communication. The males lean against the wall of a row of black brick cottages. The females sit on the low stone wall of a village police station; behind them are a 1916 recruiting poster and a notice: "Defence of the Realm Act (Amended) 1916." Two of the **YOUNG MEN** share a cigarette; two of the **YOUNG WOMEN** whisper and look towards them. One grubby little girl is bouncing a tennis ball. Its "Thumpa thumpa thumpa" measures and emphasises the silence and continues on **SOUND** over:

**LONG SHOTS. SERIES**, pulling back: the street, the village, the surrounding country. A poor place, poor country. On **SOUND** the "Thumpa" rhythm continuous. It checks.

The grubby LITTLE GIRL is looking off at something. All heads turn in that direction, and on SOUND the tramp of booted feet in unison.

Two SOLDIERS are coming towards the Police Station.

The LITTLE GIRL takes her place among the other females. They all look expressionlessly towards the SOLDIERS.

One is a CORPORAL, an elderly man with medal ribbons and a tired mild face. The other is a YOUNG PRIVATE, a poor specimen with spectacles, his thin neck protruding awkwardly from the collar of his ugly British Army Khaki.

CORPORAL

(cheerfully)

Morning!

No reply. He persists:

It's a blowy day.

A dark-haired, bright-eyed, YOUNG WOMAN with a coarsely healthy face replies:

MOUREEN

That's right, Corporal; it's the wind.

CORPORAL

Only want to be friendly, kids.

MOUREEN'S FRIEND

Then go back to London and write us a letter.

CORPORAL

Don't come from London, luv.

YOUNG MAN

Go anyway.

CORPORAL sighs and the two SOLDIERS go into the Police Station where is a rustic POLICEMAN, seated at a table full of papers.

CORPORAL

Mornin', Mr O'Connor.

POLICEMAN

(friendly)

Good morning to you, Corporal.

He shoves across a pencil and some official form which the CORPORAL is to sign. But from outside a clear young voice deliberately raised:

MOUREEN (Sound)

Will you listen to that now? Aren't the police a dirty lot, hobnobbing with the British Soldiers?

POLICEMAN

(calls)

I heard that, Mourcen Cassidy.

The young people are gathered impudently round the doorway looking in.

MOUREEN

You were meant to, Constable O'Connor.

She turns, pleased with herself. And breaks into a sweet smile:

Hey - Michael . . . !

The others take it up: "Hey Michael", and "Michael darlin' show us your fish." Their voices are wheedling and flirtatious; they ogle him and smile. It is established practice that Michael-baiting begins with pseudo-amorous advances from the gentie sex.

And for the hundredth time this pathetic creature fails for it. Pleased at being the centre of feminine attention he advances hesitantly across the street, holding up his lobster. A chorus of admiration from the girls. They do not move; that is the man's part. The Young Men come towards MICHAEL, quite slowly - he must not be alarmed prematurely for he can run. But MICHAEL stops, takes one step back. Too late; they rush him. One snatches the lobster from him; he tries to retrieve it; the lobster is tossed from hand to hand, MICHAEL in frantic pursuit; he is pushed from one to another like a sack; the lobster falls among the scuffing feet; MICHAEL stoops for it; it is kicked away beyond his reach and he going after it is pushed violently about among the little mob, the voices of the GIRLS raised in shrill encouragement.

But FATHER COLLINS comes roaring up the street; they scatter but he has two of the culprits by the hair. They struggle automatically at which he shakes them savagely:

FATHER COLLINS

Now what - what - what - !

Wisely they fall still. The others have drawn off to watch. FATHER COLLINS is a figure of far more authority than any policeman. He is beside himself with rage.

FATHER COLLINS

What am I to do with you? What?

MOUREEN

Ah - It's only a bit of fun, Father ...

FATHER COLLINS

Fun? Are you brainless Moureen Cassidy or what?

(retrieves the lobster)

Fun - ? - Devil take me if the lot of you is not possessed and damned?

CUT

LONG SHOT. An open sweep of beach extends before us for two miles. The hard flat sand is skimmed with water, forming a gigantic mirror to reflect the travelling clouds so that the tiny figure of ROSY seems to be walking through the sky. A circus of seagulls banks and wheels about her head.

CLOSE SHOT.. ROSY is walking forward, going nowhere it would seem - were it not for the dead straight line she follows. But now her incurious gaze alights on the book in her hand. And there is the suggestion of a frown on her face and a check in her step. She glances at the shoddy thing with its foolishly romantic cover print and with a fling of the arm she spins it away out into the breakers; which swallow it up; to ROSY's satisfaction. She clasps her hands behind her back and walks on as before, glad to be freed from a slight unworthiness.

But the sea brings it back. ROSY sees its glaring colours waving softly at her where it floats waterlogged in shallow water. Her footsteps veer to the water's edge. Still with her hands behind her back she inserts her toe beneath it and with a flick of the foot tosses it back into deeper water. Her footsteps veer away to firmer sand, and she walks on.

She looks ahead. With her we see the sweep of beach and the headland, figured with cloud shadows and sunfields. A field of sunlight speeds along the beach towards us, turning the sea from grey to vivid green and white, warming the sand.

Engulfed in sunshine,, ROSY is caught up in the authentic causeless joy of extreme youth - the same which makes young horses gallop for no reason and sets a young retriever chasing leaves. She chuckles, sends her parasol spinning recklessly into the wind, chases and catches it, and is pleased by her own skill.

Now a gliding black shadow on the sand before her. She looks up. A single seagull rides the wind, effortless, at home. With the light behind

it the bird is almost transparently white. MUSIC - "Wings" theme. We see every feather, and the turn of the alert sleek head with its bright black eye. ROSY glides after the drifting shadow, to capture it, unconsciously identifying with the bird. It becomes a chase. She moves away from us swiftly - and is enveloped in the shadow which comes speeding up the beach as another cloud crosses the sun. The shadow-seagull is swallowed up in the colder light and the bird itself gives a single cry and wheels away as though it knew the game were over. MUSIC modulates as ROSY looks at her watch, folds the parasol and stabs it into the sand. She unbuttons her cardigan and peels it from her, revealing a fine white blouse, neat and schoolmarmish but closely fitting; she glances down at herself technically, looks again at her watch, takes the parasol and moves.

A little country bus rattles to a halt in LONG SHOT at a bleak moorland road junction. This is Killin's Cross where the third-class coastroad strikes inland and a fourth-class road leads on to the village. The junction is marked by an ancient, leaning, Celtic Cross. A man gets off the bus carrying a bag and stick. The bus leaves. The man strikes off along a footpath, tiny, the only thing moving. The alternation of cloud shadow and sunfield continues.

ROSY places her cardigan on a dry rock and weights it with a big flat stone. She moves off again, this time purposefully, leaving footprints in the sand, the light changes continuing there.

CUT

FATHER COLLINS

I don't know what's the matter with the youngsters in this place, I don't at all. Their talk is filthy. Their doin's is secret. An' - cruelty for fun!

RYAN

(bombastic, a political statement)

Unemployment is the matter with them, Father Hugh.

FATHER COLLINS

You're right. I just seen your Rosy, loafin' on the beach ...

(a new thought, restive and curious)

How much you give for that - black lace - umbrella?

RYAN

Three and six.

FATHER COLLINS

You'll ruin that girl. It's time she had a feller of her own Tom - a house of her own - floors to scrub.

RYAN

My Princess - ? - isn't interested in  
fellers, Fath -

FATHER COLLINS

(interrupting, glad to have  
a focus for his anger)

- Your "Princess" has fellers enough in here  
(tapping his forehead)

... An fellers running loose in there'll do  
a girl more damage than a barrackful of  
drunk dragoons.

RYAN

Well -

(he is afraid of the priest  
but besotted by his daughter,  
defends her querulously)

If there's one of that lot

(jerk of head towards street)

as is fit for her, mebbe you'll point him  
out, Father Hugh.

FATHER COLLINS shifts irritably. Pours a little whisky into the  
empty glass and slides it to MICHAEL.

CLOSE SHOT, the lobster on the bar stirs his feelers cautiously as  
the gloom in which he lies gives place to sunlight. The priest speaks  
in a different voice. For the moment he has given up as incompre-  
hensible both his parish and the Universe:

FATHER COLLINS

Tom, this lad's had a rough day. Take  
him out and finish him off quick...

CUT

LONG SHOT on the beach, the tiny black and white figure of ROSY  
coming towards us. The squeak and scrunch of footsteps approach  
us from behind; a man walks into CLOSE SHOT passing CAMERA  
and away towards ROSY. He carries a stick and a bag.

LONG SHOT the tiny figure coming towards us along the sand.  
Squeak and scrunch of footsteps approach from behind; ROSY walks  
into CLOSE SHOT passing CAMERA and away towards the man.

CLOSE SHOT ROSY is gripped by sheer excitement - from her reaction  
the approaching dot could be a sail and she a starving castaway.

MUSIC "Wings" more focussed, stronger. She breaks into a half-run,

checks suddenly, a look of caution on her face, and sets herself to walk as before. But staring ahead again, she smiles helplessly.

**LONG SHOT** her POV. The tiny figure, with stick and bag.

**ROSY's** excitement is painful. She makes little adjustments to her hair and blouse. She tightens her belt a notch, straightens her back. She does it furtively, as though the distant figure could see. And she is walking so fast now that she almost trips, at which:

**CLOSE TRACKING**, her feet. The gulls are crying excitedly, **MUSIC** building. Again the shadows swoop away from her in the direction of the stranger.

**CLOSE TRACKING SHOT** his feet exactly as before.

**CLOSE TRACKING**, her feet. We can hear her quick breathing.

**FLASH SHOT**, a score of seagulls rides the wind, looking down; they wheel.

**FAST TRAVELLING** we pursue their shadows close over the sand.

**FLASH SHOT** a single seagull banking.

**LONG SHOT**. The two figures closing, say fifty yards apart, gulls above them.

**QUICK** and **CLOSE**, **ROSY's** face, composed but **RADIANT**. She stops. She is looking with shy expectancy towards the stranger who must be close now; her eyes are shining. Who can be the object of such tender passion and timid hope?

His feet plod to a stop and on the last step:

**CLOSE SHOT**, we see him, **CHARLES SHAUGHNESSY**, rural pedagogue.

He is a tall man in his early forties, strongly built and agreeably featured - his best features being the eyes which are warm and kindly, though hidden now by silver rimmed spectacles. Round the mouth are lines left by humour, on the brow lines left by small anxieties. He is of the same superior peasant stock as the girl who has come to meet him, and he was educated at a Teachers' Training College. This education he much overvalues because it cost him and his parents so much effort; all his eggs are in that basket now; his peasant common sense is mislaid or forgotten. A sophisticated observer would accept or dismiss him as "quaint". A friend would pronounce him earnest, honest, modest, warm. A close friend - if he had one - might tentatively offer the observation that still waters run deep. For

the moment here he is: a very agreeable man whom ROSY has mistaken for a man of distinction. He wears a well-worn suit of grey-green tweed, a watch chain, and a soft felt hat which he now raises. The formal courtesy is nice.

CHARLES

Rose ...!

After what we have seen of her response to his approach we expect her to fling herself into his arms. Instead, quite quietly, and as though just nicely and politely pleased, like him:

ROSY

Mr Shaughnessy ...

CHARLES

(replacing his hat)

Well this is nice, Rose?

His smile is questioning; she quickly and a bit breathless:

ROSY

- You're back then?

CHARLES

I'm back and -

The wind blows his hat off; she runs after it; the parasol no longer held with ladylike poise but flying in her youthful grip at arm's length like a child's balloon. She retrieves his hat; he joins her and takes it, dusting it off against his leg.

CHARLES

Ah thanks.

They set off in earnest, she lengthening her stride to match his.

CHARLES sees: the footprints she left on her outward journey.  
ROSY sees him see them; volunteers:

ROSY

I came to meet you.

CHARLES

Well that was kind ... Oh - A party of us went to a couple of concerts - I've kept the programmes for you - here -



Hands her two poorly printed single sheets which she regards as something precious. She reads, softly:

ROSY

The Royal Harmonic ...

CHARLES

Berlioz and Tchaikovsky.

ROSY

(smiles)

No Beethoven?

CHARLES

(smiles)

No Beethoven -

(serious)

D'you know the British Government has a law now, forbidding German music to be played?

ROSY

No.

CHARLES

Can you imagine such foolishness?

ROSY

Ach, the British ...

CHARLES

All Governments is foolish, more or less. An Irish Government'd be just the same.

ROSY

Well. Mebbe ...

(softly)

Thank you.

She folds the treasured programmes. As not entirely welcoming the idea:

ROSY

You enjoyed yourself in Dublin, then?

CHARLES

Well I did and I didn't. A Conference of Village School teachers you understand is not exactly a ...

ROSY

A Bacchanalla.

She mispronounces it. So does he.

CHARLES

A Bacchanalia.

(he chuckles)

Precisely.

She chuckles too. We understand where "Miss Precisely" got her trick of speech. She gives a little skip step to keep pace with him. CHARLES feels he has been disloyal to his tribe and makes amends:

CHARLES

We had some interestin' lectures though. There's been some very interestin' work done in the field of primary reading.

ROSY is listening earnestly. This dull stuff from him is heavenly music in her ears.

They say now that the spellin' an' the grammar isn't necessary. An' mebbe that's right.

(he smiles reminiscently)

There was a lady teacher from Belfast among us - a stimulatin' woman -

ROSY's happiness is shattered.

She said that the spellin' an' the grammar was instruments of torture!

He turns laughingly, inviting ROSY to share his admiration of the Belfast lady's wit. ROSY perforce must manage an unhappy little laugh of her own.

ROSY

Ha ha ...

(pause)

Did she come to the Concert?

CHARLES

(admiringly)

She had the score.

ROSY picks up a strand of seaweed. His lips still bear the traces of the reminiscient smile. She struggles between pride and anxiety. Pride loses. With an affectation of detached interest:

ROSY

In what way, precisely was she stimulatn'?

CHARLES

(warmly)

She had a fine, fresh mind, Rose. Very modern in her thoughts.

It would have been better to learn that she had long golden hair. She pulls at the strand of seaweed as though it were round the lady's neck. It snaps.

CHARLES

An' she'd been at the teachin' for over fifty years!

Joy, instantaneous and total; she can just control her features, but not her feet. Makes another skip-step and then, a serious frown imposed between her dancing eyes and somewhat breathless:

ROSY

Old Folks with fresh minds are very stimulatn'

CHARLES

There was a Ministry Inspector gave us an address, on classroom discipline ...

On "classroom discipline" the lyrical "Wings", music sweeps over them

LONG SHOT. They walk, small against the waving waves and travelling clouds, he talking, she listening, giving her occasional skip, an occasional nod, earnest.

CLOSE SHOT, the same.

CHARLES

But the best we had was this Professor from the Sorbonne. Now there was a man with a mind if you like.

He shakes his head in rueful admiration.

ROSY

Why, what did he say?

CHARLES

I couldn't tell you, Rose; I couldn't understand him.

He sounds sad and humble. ROSY doesn't like it, offers:

ROSY

Perhaps it was his English -

CHARLES

- 'Twas his thoughts, Rose. His thoughts,  
that flew too high and fast for me to follow.

Unconsciously, he looks up from the sand where the seagulls' shadows speed, to the air where they fly high and fast.

And d'you know, most of them teachers  
hadn't the grace to admire the man?

ROSY

No?

CHARLES

(laughes)

They hated him! ...

(sighs)

Ah, Teachers are a poor lot, surely...

He not only means it, he looks sadly like an illustration of it.  
ROSY, looking at him, would like to take his hand; she looks ahead  
and pronounces quietly but very distinctly and with feeling.

ROSY

If Teachers were the poor lot ... like  
you're makin' out, how would the pupils  
be learnin' such ... riches ... ?

CHARLES is terribly pleased. He looks at her profile with gratitude,  
affection, admiration - with everything just short of love in fact.  
She feels his regard but does not look, while they walk a few paces,  
then, smiling he:

CHARLES

You've a rare refinement, Rose.

Now ROSY is terribly pleased. She looks at him directly.

And a marvellous gift for other people's  
feelin's.

It is too much; she relieves her emotions with a couple of skater's  
whirls, spinning, her dress wrapped about her. It is a physical  
blush.

CHARLES watches her with sober admiration.

She stops for him to rejoin her, looking at him. And he looks back.  
But:

CHARLES

Some young feller's going to be a lucky man.

A beat; then she accelerates walking ahead and he sees:

His POV ROSY walking ahead quickly, hidden by the parasol.

CHARLES, concerned and curious:

CHARLES

Rose?

CLOSE TRACKING ROSY, framed in the black lace interior of the parasol, tears running, calls without turning:

ROSY

I've something in my eye.

He has caught up with her. She, stops, revealing herself, eyes still running but bravely smiling:

ROSY

Ah, the nuisance!

CHARLES

Will I get it out then?

She is tempted; then, almost short:

ROSY

It's nothin'. It's the wind.

And walks on. Dries her eyes with a wipe of the hand. Then glances off towards the cliffs and:

ROSY

Are you away to the schoolhouse, then?

CHARLES

(soberly)

Well no, Rose. I'll take a scramble up the cliffs and pay my respects to my wife.

ROSY

(softly)

Ah so ...

CHARLES

Good-day then, Rose.

ROSY

Good-day, Mr Shaughnessy.

He turns and goes, a little thoughtfully, FROM FRAME.

CLOSE SHOT, ROSY watches:

Her POV CHARLES ascending the cliff path.

CLOSE SHOT ROSY turns away looking sad and hopeless.

CLOSE SHOT. A headstone: "DEBORAH SHAUGHNESSY, DIED JANUARY 20th 1913, AGED 35 YEARS. EVER IN THE LOVING AND RESPECTFUL MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND CHARLES."

MEDIUM SHOT, CHARLES walks between the simple headstones of the little moorland Calvary with its low stone sheep-wall, and coming to his wife's grave takes off his hat and puts it on his bag and begins briskly to tidy up the wind-blown faded flowers there. In kneeling, he discloses to the CAMERA the pattern of hob-nails and tips on the soles of his boots. These humble devices glint dramatically in the dull light.

CLOSE SHOT, ROSY is looking down intently at:

The pattern of hob-nails and tips left by his big boots in the sand. One of ROSY's bare feet is placed in it, carefully. Then another in the next. She pauses.

Her face is serious; she looks cautiously up and about; she does not want to be seen. She takes another step; and pauses. We see that it takes actual courage. Another step. She notes the sensual curl of the extruded sand from beneath her sole. Her eyes darken. On the incoming tide a shallow wave comes skimming up the beach and swirls about her feet. She stays exactly where she is, her feet in his prints - but now she cannot see them, surrounded by the shift and drift of foam and water, and it makes her balance, dizzily with outstretched arms, like a tight-rope walker in danger of falling. The wave recedes, its loud rattle dying to a sigh. Stranded ROSY lets her arms sink; she looks up wonderingly; her own sensations have amazed her.

CUT

CHARLES with his stick and bag, has arrived in the village street, pleased to be home again, approaching the pub, mildly smiling.

MICHAEL comes out of the pub, with the lobster's claw, bright red from boiling, in his hand. CHARLES salutes him agreeably:

CHARLES

Hello, Michael.

MICHAEL stares at him woodenly, slowly raises the red claw. CHARLES passes into the pub, leaving him standing and:

Enters the pub where the red lobster lies on the bar, to cheerful greetings from RYAN, FATHER COLLINS, McCARDLE and FRIEND, creating a stir ad lib.

McCARDLE is a dark, sharp-featured man, the same age as RYAN, in whose shadow he lives. He somewhat resents this, knowing himself to be shrewder and more serious, though less noisy.

With the menfolk the quiet good-humour of CHARLES' manner with ROSY degenerates to something like timidity. Rather foolishly smiles round:

CHARLES

Home is the voyager, safe from the sea ...

RYAN

The usual?

CHARLES

Oh. Thanks.

RYAN

(pouring small beer, lowers voice, significant)

And - What did you see in Dublin?

CHARLES glances round nervously. They are all looking at him.

CHARLES

You mean - the trouble?

McCARDLE

(challenging)

What else?

CHARLES

Well, not much, really.

RYAN

Did you not go an' see Parnell Street?

CHARLES

I passed it.

RYAN

Passsd it?

McCARDLE

(amazed, disgust)

Well I'll be damned . . .

FATHER COLLINS

(quietly, smiling  
slightly)

Well what did you see as you passed it,  
Charles?

CHARLES

(hesitates then firmly)

It did look terrible smashed about.

FATHER COLLINS

It's true then - the Government used guns?

CHARLES

Now I've not said that, Father!

RYAN

All right, you've not said anythin'. What  
did you hear?

CHARLES

Well they say that they used heavy guns,  
like them they're usin' on the Western  
Front against the Germans.

It makes a silence.

McCARDLE

An' our poor lads pursued from house to  
house, with not one rifle between three!

RYAN

Now if the Germans had an ounce of sense,  
they'd send us guns to use against the  
British!

CHARLES

(starts)

That's treason you're talkin' . . .



RYAN

An' friends that are listenin', surely to  
God?

FATHER COLLINS

It's foolish all the same. You'll blather  
yourself into jug some day ... Charles,  
do they eay what they'll do with the lads  
they took alive?

CHARLES

They say they'll hang them, Father.

It makes a silence. Then the Priest:

FATHER COLLINS

Good luck to all Irishmen.

He drinks, McCARDLE and FRIEND also, looking grim; CHARLES  
politely. RYAN vehement:

RYAN

Bad luck to the British! Success to the  
Germans! And - a very good mornin' to  
you Corporal!

The transition from fire-breathing hatred to profesional hospitality  
is carried out unbrokenly. CORPORAL stands in doorway with  
rifle, looking at him. YOUNG PRIVATE follows and CORPORAL  
moves forward.

CORPORAL

Two black stouts, Mr Ryan.  
(and as Ryan gets drinks)  
And one for yourself?

RYAN

Well seein' you're a man of wealth,  
Corporal.

CORPORAL

Father?

FATHER COLLINS

No thanks.

CORPORAL accepts the dignified rebuff with an equally dignified  
inclination of the head. Two good men who could like each other.

CORPORAL

Mr Shaughnessy?

CHARLES loves amity and pleasantness above all things.

CHARLES

Er, well I -

He catches a glance from FATHER COLLINS.

I'm just on my way home, Corporal.  
What with term startin' tomorrow and ...  
(tails off)

The CORPORAL collects his two stouts at the bar and in so doing sees the newspaper. His face changes. With him we see the headline: "HEAVY ALLIED CASUALTIES". His lips go tight. Beneath the headline we see a Press Picture of the Western Front, a static nightmare of mud ploughed and reploughed by bombardment, shattered trees, a skeletal building, freshly arrived troops grinning foriornly for the camera.

RYAN grins siyiy from the CORPORAL where he stands arrested, to McCARDLE and FRIEND.

RYAN

It seems the Jerries are givin' your  
brave lads out there a terrible scrimmage,  
then?

CORPORAL

Aye.

He takes the drinks and moves away to join YOUNG PRIVATE.  
As he goes:

McCARDLE

Unarmed Irish children is more their mark.

CORPORAL

... So far as I know, Mr McCardle, no  
children were killed.

Scoffing and indignant expostulations from McCARDLE and FRIEND.

CORPORAL

All right they were.  
(he sounds tired, too  
weary almost to explain)

## CORPORAL (Cont)

They get you in this uniform; you point  
your gun where you're told to point it;  
and pull the trigger ... And so does Jerry  
... And so would you.

He has given them a glimpse of an experience they have not shared.  
They are uneasy, and RYAN is eager to restore the social tone:

## RYAN

You've seen this place -  
(consults the paper)  
- Passchendale, maybe?

## CORPORAL

No, not Passchendale.

He sits. RYAN congratulatory:

## RYAN

Ah, you're well out of it, Corporal.

## CORPORAL

(short)  
That's right.

The weight of feeling behind his quiet, flat words creates a silence.

## CUT

LONG SHOT, MICHAEL appears on the skyline of a little hill and  
looks all around. Seeing nothing, sits and:

In the lee of a wall, begins to dig the meat out of the red claw with a  
broken clasp knife. He is absorbed. But now looks up, pausing;  
looks round and down again and goes still, seeing:

LONG SHOT his POV, ROSY crossing the open grassland below him;  
she keeps to the shelter of a wall but her parasol makes her easily  
identifiable.

CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL, mournfully fascinated, following with his  
eyes:

CLOSE SHOT ROSY; she looks determined but stealthy. She closes  
the parasol. She hesitates, seeing:

Her POV across the road, the double playground gateway of the little  
schoolhouse, marked "BOYS" and "GIRLS".

She glances up and down the road and:

**CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL** as before, sees:

**LONG SHOT** his POV, **ROSY** crosses the playground and:

**CLOSE SHOT**, take a key from under the sodden mat and let her herself in through the blistered green doors to the schoolroom. She listens. Silence. She crosses the echoing bare boards to the domestic door in the far wall. She hesitates, knocks. No answer. She is relieved. Another hesitation and she cautiously tries the knob. The door opens a little. Her nerve fails and in the silence she looks back and round:

Her POV the schoolroom, little desks, blackboards, cupboards, coke stoves, maps, dead flowers in jam-jar. The light comes and goes in the high gothic windows.

She turns back and peers through the door opening; the pressure of her shoulder opens it wide. She enters:

The living room of the teacher's dwelling, both poky and underfurnished, the worst of both worlds. **ROSY** looks about at the familiar objects: Schoolgroup photographs above the mantel between two dull sepia prints of exciting Hellenic sculptures (Venus and Athlete); Plaster Reproductions of Busts of Great Men on the bookshelves, between them the evidence of **CHARLES'** humble occupation - a wire-framed pair of spectacles, a ruler, saucer of paper-clips, chalk, elastic bands, ink-stained textbooks.

**ROSY** moves away, uncertain in the silence, seeing the two worn easy chairs, the two dining chairs at the carpet-covered table with a pile of grubby exercise books, then a silver framed photograph of a severe looking woman of about forty under whose sharp regard **ROSY'**s own gaze wavers. But now she smiles fondly seeing:

The massive horn of the **EHM** gramophone. **ROSY** moves and takes up one of the pile of heavy wax records, looks at the label. Glances with a fond smile up at Plaster bust of **BEETHOVEN**, seen life-size among his impressive plaster peers, bearded, significant creatures with grand features. She replaces record and goes into:

The primitive kitchen-bathroom, cement floor, stone sink, pump, tin bath hanging on the whitewashed brick wall, paraffin stove. She lights this, pumps water into kettle and puts it on.

CUT

**CLOSE SHOT CHARLES** in the pub puts down his half-finished drink.

**CHARLES**

Well! Duty calls.

(lifts his bag and stick)

Well. Good-day.

**FATHER COLLINS**

Good-day, Charles.

**CHARLES** makes an awkward exit, bag bumping against door.

**RYAN**

(to McCardle)

Will you imagine the feller - ? - Fortnight  
in Dublin, sees nothin' an' does nothin'.

**CUT**

**CLOSE SHOT ROSY.** She is lounging in the doorway of the living room; we glimpse the Venus and Athlete behind her. Her eyes are dark and vacant though unwavering. She is staring at:

The double-bed with one pillow, two bed-side tables with one lamp, in the bedroom of the teacher's living quarters.

She comes to, startled by her thoughts, flushes; she feels guilty; her nerve goes.

**CHARLES** comes along the village street with his bag and stick softly "pom-pom-pomming" to himself a few bars of Beethoven.

In the kitchen, **ROSY** snatches kettle from stove and replaces it, blows out flame, remembers to retrieve the spent match, covering her traces, hurried, like a thief.

The sun behind **MICHAEL** on his hilltop is covered by a mass of thundercloud. **MICHAEL** sees:

His **POV CHARLES** with bag and stick enters the "Boys" doorway, crosses playground towards dwelling quarters.

**ROSY** in the schoolroom hears him, crosses to the window and peers carefully out, then leaves the window hearing his key in the outer door, the door open and shut. Breathing hard again she looks at:

The dividing wall. Her glance **PANS** across it as **SOUNDS** mark his movements on the further side: The tin bath bumped by his bag, footsteps, the kitchen door opened, footsteps (passing the fireplace

in the living-room, marked for ROSY by the discoloured plaster of the chimney breast) a pause in the bedroom. Two or three more footsteps. Silence. Then gramophone MUSIC. The piece is soft and bitter-sweet and:

ROSY is moved by it. But now she braces upright, fearful as:

Her POV the domestic door opens and CHARLES enters in waistcoat and shirt-sleeves, carrying a box of chalks and a text book. He checks and stares at:

ROSY staring back; she looks both vulnerable and reckless; she cannot speak.

CHARLES  
(uncertainly)

Rose?

Still she cannot speak.

Did you come to give me a hand then?

ROSY opens her lips, but courage fails; she nods.

Well now, let's see ...

(he looks about)

You could put the kettle on for a start.

She moves towards the door. He watches her; his expression now that she cannot see him is intent. But at the door she finds her courage and turns.

ROSY

I didn't come for that at all. I come to say somethin' ...

(tries, fails and angrily)

I feel like a child in this place - An' I'm not a child, d'you know that?

CHARLES puts down the chalk and book, keeping his back to her while he composes himself.

CHARLES

I know that.

He looks at her; sees that she needs time; approaching door:

Will I make some tea then?

ROSY

No!

CHARLES

(glances at her, then slowly)

Rose, I've mebbe an idea what you came to say.

ROSY

Ah, you've no idea at all!

CHARLES

Well, I'm just sayin', in case it helps a bit; I mebbe have.

She looks and sees that he does know. And at once is frightened.

ROSY

Wh-what d'you mean?

CHARLES

(small, kind, embarrassed  
laugh)

Well now, one of us must say it.

ROSY

(like a shot from a gun)

I love you.

CHARLES is hit in the guts. Steadies himself with an effort, almost gasps:

CHARLES

Will you not come inside?

ROSY

(shakes her head)

No.

CHARLES

Well, will you sit down then?

ROSY

Why?

CHARLES

I want to talk to you, Rose.

ROSY

Oh ...

(deflated)

I know what that means.

Obediently she sits. CHARLES keeps well away from her and does not look at her but at the little bits and pieces on the teacher's desk with which he fiddles. His speech when it comes is jerky and it is about here that the sharper members of the audience will see that he is more distressed than embarrassed and will suspect the truth: that he reciprocates her feeling.

CHARLES

Rose I think you've made a mistake. I  
am not what you think. I -

(breaks off)

CHARLES (Cont)

You know about two years ago, when you  
was thinkin' of tryin' for the University.  
An' I - I was givin' you the extra lessons ...  
(he gestures jerkily  
towards the living-room)

ROSY

Yes.

She breathes it so softly and lovingly that he must turn and stare at  
her. She goes on:

That's when it happened.

CHARLES

(quietly, staring at her)

I know.

ROSY

You've known since then?

(deep reproach - she  
has suffered in these  
past two years)

Ah, you might have - !

CHARLES

Might have what?

He says it on an angry groan and she looks at him quickly; quickly  
too he turns away, but she has seen his emotion.

CHARLES

(ultra-reasonable)

Rose, this is somethin' that can - come  
about you know; a girl takin' a fancy to  
a teacher -

ROSY

Oh thanks!

CHARLES

(wildly)

Well fancy's all it is, Rose - it's all it  
can be!

(reasonable)

... Rose, you have mistaken a penny  
mirror for the sun. D'you not see?



ROSY

(reproachful but also  
angry)

I see you always diggin' a low pit for  
yourself - when you should be standin'  
on a heap of pride.

CHARLES

Well Rose, you comin' here to-day an' sayin'  
what you have's the only cause I ever had for  
pride.

Her eyes fill. It sets him on the move, she watching his back  
intently, he almost desperately:

Rose I just taught you about Byron, and  
- Beethoven an' - an' - Captain Blood, but -

Some instinct tells her he is going to turn; she turns herself away so  
that now it is he who is looking at her back. He draws towards her  
and now there is no mistaking the longing sadness in his eyes.

ROSY hears his approach; she is like a bow-string.

CHARLES looking down at the nape of her neck can almost feel her  
warmth. Urgently, gently, as breaking bad news:

CHARLES

I am not one of them fellers, myself.

ROSY

I'm not daft you know.

CHARLES

(smiles)

You're terrible young.

ROSY

Ah. An' that's a hangin' matter isn't it?

CHARLES

(smiling frown)

- No no -

And puts a quick hand on her shoulder. It is fatal. Both freeze.  
His fingers tighten as the current passes. Stealthily, cautiously,  
ROSY's eyes glide sideways. They remain so, he fascinated, she  
suspended in a perfect frenzy of female concentration. When he  
withdraws his hand her eyes flick with alarm. But when she hears

his croaking and fragmented words she knows the prize is not lost.

CHARLES

Er - no, no, it's not, - not a ha-hang ...

He half approaches his hand again, but desists. Very circumspectly she just slightly straightens her back. The wretched CHARLES has a marginally better view of her bosom.

CHARLES

- a hangin' - a hangin' matt ...  
(falters to a stop)

ROSY

(affected by subdued reproach)  
Then why bring it up?

CHARLES

(gladly)  
Ah, well you see Rose it's - when you're young you're -

A tiny undulation of her shoulders and head. Again it stops him.

ROSY

Yes?

CHARLES

(desperately)  
It wouldn't do, Rose ...

But he is at the end of his resources. She rises, looks at him, sees helpless worship on his face and says, demure and forlorn:

ROSY

Well ... You don't want me then?

She turns her head slowly and looks at him. He looks back and is lost. They kiss. It is not very expert on either hand, but it becomes a real kiss. When they part she is breathless and looks down now with modesty that is genuine - this was her first real kiss. It is with an effort and real fear that she raises her face to read her future in his. CHARLES stares back as through the opened gates of Paradise.

CHARLES

Don't want you?

She is ready to weep with sheer relief, must bite her lip before smiling, incredulously happy:

ROSY

Yes ... ?

CHARLES

Oh ... Rose!

CUT

**CLOSE SHOT** MICHAEL on the hilltop, the thunder cloud swirling behind him. A distant rumble. He is looking down at:

The schoolhouse; ROSY running across playground, out into the street, where she slows.

CHARLES, his face ecstatic, gestures violent, conducts, with a school ruler, Beethoven's "Pastoral" - hurled from the gaping horn of his gramophone. He knows the piece well. He points dramatically heavenwards. The room suddenly rocks in blinding light and:

To a crash of cymbals the gathered clouds over the village emit forked lightning.

MUSIC continues over **LONG SHOT** the street in the ominous light. ROSY is approaching distantly, no one else about. To a roll of drums comes the following thunder.

**CLOSE SHOT** ROSY, walking slowly, transfigured and calm, savouring her first experience of requited love. Rain follows the thunder, faster and faster, pell-mell. She is drenched; hair, face, clothes. And seems literally not to notice, her parasol still closed, walking as though the pelting water were so much gentle sun, the MUSIC modulating for her mood and for:

MICHAEL on the hilltop as before, drenched but oblivious. We come **CLOSE** enough to read the expression in his eyes. It is desolation.

**LONG SHOT** his POV, the schoolhouse and the curtains of grey rain drifting in from the grey ocean.

CUT

**VERY LONG SHOT**, from a height, down into a wooded valley, quite different from the bare country so far seen. And it is winter. On a piece of white road there, a tiny red object moving towards us.

**CLOSE SHOT**. It is a piled-up bright red tinkers cart trotting towards us between jolly little hills where beechwoods stand bare; the day is fine though everything sparkles with the white frost and the two jolly **TINKERS**, puff out their cheeks ruefully.

Coming into **CLOSE SHOT** as they trot through a shallow ford of sliding green water:

DRIVER

(cheerful)

It's a hardy old morning, Constable!

A rustic POLICEMAN, pedalling his bicycle slowly in the opposite direction just glances at them and nods.

We leave the TINKERS and follow him. We note the "Royal Irish Constabulary" on his machine. A big man, placid. But his expression changes; he is trying to remember something. Applies his inefficient brakes; circles in the road, going back.

The DRIVER looks blank as the POLICEMAN draws alongside. The POLICEMAN is looking not at him but at his MATE.

MATE looks with seeming indifference over the fields, hiding his face. It is a remarkable face for a tinker - strong and more experienced than his thirty odd years.

DRIVER, an older, less considerable man, winks ingratiatingly at POLICEMAN.

DRIVER

Hey - would you like a fat pheasant,  
Constable?

POLICEMAN looks at him, shakes his head, wheels about again.

DRIVER

(calling after)

It'll cost you nothing!

POLICEMAN bends to his pedals, urgently.

DRIVER and MATE have stopped, DRIVER looking back.

DRIVER

(alarmed and turning again)

He recognised you.

MATE

(tense and immobile)

Yes ...

DRIVER

(looking back - and back again)

You'll have to be quick if you're -

MATE

Shut up.

MATE jumps down, pulls from the miscellaneous scrap on the cart an army service rifle and, deliberately, takes up a comfortable firing position, supported on the cart. He concentrates ...

DRIVER

(frantic)

For the love of -

MATE

Shut up!

His authority is total. DRIVER's mouth shuts. One second more of cold concentration and the rifle roars.

The POLICEMAN is hurled from his machine.

MATE

Bring the cart -

He runs off up the road after the POLICEMAN.

REVERSE TRACKING SHOT, MATE running, face tense, breath smoking in the frosty air. As he runs he works the bolt of the rifle. Stops and swiftly gathers up the ejected cartridge case, runs on.

The POLICEMAN's feet and legs as he crawls over the road we hear his guttering breath; his whimpered protest.

POLICEMAN

Jesus, Mary and Joseph ...

The MATE towers over him and stops. He holds his breath and aims the rifle downwards at his victim. His face, the face of a hanging judge rather than a murderer. The rifle speaks again.

DRIVER comes up in the trap and looks down, horrified.

His iron leader is vomiting into the ditch, racked and helpless as a sea-sick child. Wiping saliva from his lips and chin he turns a white, disgusted face to DRIVER and says, low but impatient:

MATE

Come on then!

CUT

The bicycle is on the red cart half-hidden with bits of old carpet. Completely hidden is a more sinister shape. The cart is galloping.

**CLOSE SHOT, DRIVER** looks frightened. **MATE** looks preternaturally alert, searching the lonely countryside around the cart-track which they follow. Now he nudges **DRIVER** and points.

Against the low sun, the derelict gear of a small-scale copper mine.

**MEDIUM SHOT**, the pit-head gear. **PAN DOWN**, the gaping black shaft, half disclosed where the rotting planks are torn away.

The cart stands near the shaft, without the pony.

**DRIVER** is bundling together some bits of food, matches, a shirt. He looks towards:

**MATE**, at the tailboard of the cart, is transferring some rather different objects from an ex-army haversack to a cloth. These are: road map, a prismatic compass, electric torch, binoculars, and finally a coastal chart. A pistol goes into his pocket. Reverently he ties the corners of the cloth together, puts the bundle on the ground.

**DRIVER** watches curiously.

**MATE** throws back a piece of carpet, disclosing the **POLICEMAN**'s arms. He ignores them studiously and pulls out the rifle. He hesitates.

Approaches the shaft. Hesitates again. It costs an effort. Throws it down the shaft with a grimace of irritation.

**DRIVER**

(shakily)

Fine pair of gun-runners we are - !

**MATE**

(short)

Come on.

They pull the cart towards the shaft. **MATE** is hauling on the wheel but **DRIVER** pushing behind is horribly conscious of the **POLICEMAN**'s arms. Their feet slip in the frosty slush, the cart dancing sideways. The **POLICEMAN**'s hands seem to be reaching out to him as the corpse is displaced by the jiggle and slither of the cart.

Suddenly it is on the planks; they dip, give way, the red cart is gone, decanting its contents.

The DRIVER hears horrified the dreadful racket as it falls, banging and clattering against the walls to silence. Then a pause and a plunging echo, soft. DRIVER half falls against the pit-gear, his hands over his face. Softly, horrified:

DRIVER

Holy Mother of God . . .

MATE, not unaffected himself, looks for the first time with some sympathy at his younger more squeamish companion. Reminds him:

MATE

(heavily)

You volunteered for this duty.

DRIVER

I didn't know then -

MATE

- Well you know now.

He looks off, takes pistol from pocket, leaves screen.

DRIVER, emotionally exhausted watches dully as:

MATE approaches the little pony. At the last moment hesitates, stoops, picks up a stick and whacks the animal quite viciously across the rump - relieving his feelings perhaps. The pony tucks up his hindquarters and is gone.

LONG SHOT it disappears over the skyline.

MATE picks up his precious bundle. Says to DRIVER as one who now embarks on the really trying part of the enterprise, almost sighing:

MATE

Right.

DRIVER follows him obediently over to a ditch of black water fringed with ice which runs by the mine cart-track. MATE steps into it without expression, DRIVER wincing. MATE gives him a gentle push - in the opposite direction to what the angle of their footprints would lead a tracker to expect - and says:

MATE

Walk.

They set off. DRIVER turns to indicate MATE's bundle and expostulate:

DRIVER

We'll never walk to the coast, Commander;  
it's two hundred miles!

MATE

We'll walk to Limerick.

DRIVER

Limerick?

MATE

The lads there are waitin' for us.

DRIVER

Oh ...

As they recede from us, admirable (not likable) figures, the MATE's sardonic voice comes back on the clear cold air:

MATE

An' cheer up, Pat - They're waitin' with  
a lorry!

CUT

CLOSE SHOT, a lorry small and battered, loaded with scrap as the cart was, chugs along an upland road. No frost now, a dullish day. CAMERA ZOOMS BACK revealing:

The lorry going away from us into a seemingly endless terrain of mountains and valleys.

CLOSE SHOT, a different kind of day, the lorry pants towards CAMERA at the crest of a high pass. CAMERA PANS, ZOOMS BACK, revealing:

The lorry leaving us into another boundless landscape.

CUT

The lorry chugs along a moorland road, sour upland on the left, the open sea on the right.

DRIVER and MATE in the cab, looking out, MATE with map on knee.

MATE

Right; here's the camp.



They watch out of the corner of their eyes the little hutment of nissens they are passing, the tiny wooden guard house, a rather lackadaisical sentry on duty.

MATE

Mm. 'Bout thirty fellers ...

In LONG SHOT we see the little vehicle pass the calvary where the late Mrs Shaugnessy lies buried.

The lorry enters the village, in LONG SHOT; we note many WOMEN old and young, the old in their black shawls like crows, at their cottage doorways. Otherwise all is as before. They turn to watch the approaching lorry.

CLOSE TRACKING IN the cab. The DRIVER pulls up. MATE looks out.

MATE

That must be it.

He is looking at RYAN's pub from which comes the noise of masculine voices raised in strident jocularity. Children are gathered round the door, looking at the lorry now.

MATE

His name's Ryan. Fat man with a face like porridge.

DRIVER makes to get out.

MATE

(quickly)

Don't tell him anything. Just size up what you can.

DRIVER nods, alights, makes off towards the pub.

An OLD WOMAN with a life-worn face, a few wisps of thin greying hair protruding from her shawl approaches the cab.

OLD WOMAN

D'you want to buy any old clothes, Tinker?

MATE

I'm not buyin', Mother. I'm sellin'.

The OLD WOMAN nods, disappointed. Then wry:

OLD WOMAN

You've come to the wrong place then.

MATE looks ahead. He wishes she would go away. But she doesn't. Other WOMEN, MOUREEN CASSIDY among them, drift up to stare at the welcome new phenomenon. They stare at the lorry and the MATE in silence. A pause.

MATE

(indicating the pub)

What's all the haroosh?

OLD WOMAN

There's a weddin' to-morrow.

(bitterly)

The men is in there gettin' drunk on the head of it.

MATE nods, looks ahead. Still they linger, like cows in a field; they have all eternity to wait in. A crescendo of noise from the pub.

MATE

Big weddin'.

MOUREEN CASSIDY, for the benefit of her fellow-villagers, sneers:

MOUREEN CASSIDY

It'd need to be, Tinker. It's the lady of the village gettin' wed.

CUT

ROSY and FATHER COLLINS. They are seated, both quite still, in the shelter of the rocks on the beach. A still day. The waves uncurl and flop behind them, timelessly. A trail of footsteps ends at the sea's edge. Someone is floating out there in one of the currachs. The Priest is talking with a little black-bound book open in his hand. The girl is listening seriously, her knees drawn up.

FATHER COLLINS

- then I shall take the ring from Charles an' put in on your finger, an' I'll say: "Whom God has joined let no man pull apart . . ."

(a note of finality, a professionally benevolent smile)

An' you'll be man and wife.

MEDIUM SHOT, the curragh, MICHAEL at the oars, rides in on the crest of one of the low waves, is carried in on the travelling foam, and offered up to the beach on the slow exhausted swish of swill as the wave finally dies. MICHAEL looks vacantly towards: LONG SHOT his POV the distant seated pair.

**CLOSE SHOT**, the Priest looking rather glumly over the sea.

**ROSY**

What's the matter, Father Hugh?

He turns, startled, to encounter her intent eyes, looks for a second as though he will deny the imputation, then honestly and with some irritation:

**FATHER COLLINS**

There's somethin' gritty in my mind, you're right ... Let's have another look in here ...  
(the book; flipping the pages)  
everythin' 's in here if you know where to find it ...

(finds it)

Now: "Marriage is a Sacrament ordained by God..." That means, Rosy, that once it's done, it isn't up to me; nor you; nor Charles; it's done; till one or other of you's dead.

**ROSY**

I understand that, Father.

**FATHER COLLINS**

(satisfied)

Mp.

(consults book again)

Now God ordained it for three reasons:  
First, that you and Charles should be a comfort to each other --

(warningly)

in the long, dull days, an' the weary evenin's.  
You understand that?

**ROSY**

Yes.

**FATHER COLLINS**

Mp. Well second for the procreation of children an' to bring 'em up good Catholics.  
D'you understand that?

**ROSY**

Yes.

**FATHER COLLINS**

An' thirdly: For the satisfaction of the flesh -

**ROSY**

- Yes.

(she has come in too quickly)

FATHER COLLINS

(gently).

Are you scared of that?

ROSY

Yes.

FATHER COLLINS

(kindly)

It's nothin' to be scared of, Rosy. A function of the body.

ROSY

I suppose all girls is a bit' scared, before.

FATHER COLLINS

All fellers too.

ROSY

Yes?

FATHER COLLINS

Oh yes.

Both smile from their different viewpoints at this charming circumstance. ROSY throws a pebble in the air and catches it.

MEDIUM SHOT, MICHAEL at the oars drives the curragh out to sea again, butting cheerfully through the low waves.

ROSY has gone quiet. MUSIC, softly, "Wings". The Priest regards her. Feeling his regard:

ROSY

(rather fearfully)

It'll make me . . . a different person, won't it?

FATHER COLLINS

Marriage?

ROSY

The satisfaction of the flesh.

FATHER COLLINS

. . . Well it's a gate I've not been through, myself but . . .

(reassuring, amused)

No it won't make you a different person.

ROSY

I want it to.

FATHER COLLINS

Child, what are you expectin'?

The quiet question hits her. MUSIC climbs. She struggles for the answer. She searches the sea for it. It is not there. She searches the sky. MUSIC still ascending.

FATHER COLLIN's gaze follows hers. He sees:

The gull against the sky.

FATHER COLLINS lowers his gaze, looks at her again and, kindly but shrewd and a shade mocking:

FATHER COLLINS

Wings, is it?

ROSY looks from the bird to the man; she takes the point but looks back at him a beat, then suddenly nods, definite.

MEDIUM SHOT the curragh as before is wafted in on a gently breaking wave, but this time MICHAEL does not check it. He is looking off at something and with a flick of the oars drives the curragh right in on the shallow whispering swill, his face looming up into EXTREME CLOSE SHOT, staring at:

LONG SHOT his POV: The little lorry backing cautiously down the hardway.

CLOSE SHOT in the cab DRIVER and MATE looking out of either window at:

The wheels of the lorry approach the sand.

MATE

Try it.

The wheels meet the sand, spin, grip; the lorry, engine screaming drives swiftly away in a big joyous arc over the sand to the curraghs.

Inside, MATE carrying his bundle scrambles over seat into the covered rear among the scrap, looking very pleased. Unwrapping his things:

MATE

Have a look at the boats, Pat.

DRIVER jumps out of the cab onto the sand, face changes to alarm as he sees something; then with a cheery grin and violent warning thump with his fist on the cab door sings out loudly:

DRIVER

The top of the mornin', Father!

FATHER COLLINS, approaching with ROSY some forty yards off, raises a hearty hand - the local Father, hospitable by vocation.

Inside the lorry MATE hides his things and turns to watch cautiously through a slit in the canvas covering as FATHER COLLINS shakes hands with the DRIVER. He turns back and freezes.

MICHAEL is staring in at him.

A moment's confrontation. MICHAEL backs away instinctively frightened of the impassive man.

THREE SHOT FATHER COLLINS, ROSY, DRIVER. The Priest indicates the tide-wrack of bleached wood, cans, ships' flotsam, rotten fruit.

FATHER COLLINS

You'll find no treasures here, Tinker,  
it all gets carried round the Head to  
Killin.

DRIVER

Ah.

(simulated disappointment)

But FATHER COLLINS is looking curiously at MICHAEL backing towards them from the lorry. His colleague is discovered then; DRIVER raises voice.

DRIVER

The Father says it all gets carried round  
the Head, Tim!

MATE hesitates, leans reluctantly round rear of lorry.

MATE

Ah so.

(nods)

Father.

(withdraws)

DRIVER deflects their curious attention. Simulates respectful curiosity, a towny in the wilds.

DRIVER

These "currags". Are they safe?

FATHER COLLINS

(with local's pride)

Well now, that depends who's in 'em.

DRIVER

(nodding, solemn)

Ah, it's a great skill doubtless, Father.  
Do you have it yourself?

FATHER COLLINS

(modestly)

I wouldn't say I was without it. But Michael  
now, he'll make a curragh play a tune for you.

DRIVER

D'you tell me so?

He looks at MICHAEL with keen interest. PRIEST curious again.

DRIVER

(explains)

I used to do a bit of lobster-catchin'  
when I was a lad. In Dublin bay.

FATHER COLLINS

Ah well in Dublin Bay they catch the lobsters  
we throw back.

DRIVER laughs heartily and PRIEST, delighted with his own humour,  
going:

Try your hand in Killins Bay.

DRIVER

We'll do that, Father, thanks!

MATE lets fall the flap through which he watches the three locals go.  
Turns. Exchanges a smile with DRIVER, his rather wry, DRIVER's  
contemptuous. MATE, unwrapping his bundle again, gives a short,  
patronising laugh. The simple old priest. But:

On the hardway FATHER COLLINS glances back and says to ROSY,  
with mild interest:

FATHER COLLINS

An' if them two's tinkers, I'm the bishop  
of Cork.

Watched by DRIVER, MATE scans the bay through binoculars:  
the two sheltered reefs, the rusted iron beacon. Lowers binoculars

DRIVER

Will it do?

MATE

'Twas made by God for it. We'll have one light on the beacon and another on the cliff.

DRIVER

What now then? Back to Dublin?

MATE

To-morrow.

(occupied with chart murmurs)

I want to see what Ryan's like.

CUT

A governess-cart, shiny with new paint and rustling and fluttering with white ribbons and white flowers, a white linen sheet over the seat and floorboards, pulled by a small white pony whose mane and tail and harness are similarly alive with white favours. The pony's head is held by RYAN, sweating in a heavy black suit, a huge bunch of lily-of-the-valley nodding in his buttonhole. Now he raises an anxious face towards an upper window of the pub. We see a glimpse there of white dresses in movement and:

RYAN

Are you not done, Mrs McCardle?

An adjacent window rises and MRS McCARDLE in Sunday black but also with a sprig of lillies on her armoured bosom and flushed with female triumph and delight. She holds a length of white ribbons in her hand and must remove some pins from her mouth to say:

MRS McCARDLE

Be easy, Mr Ryan, dear - They'll not start without her!

And disappears.

RYAN

Women ...

He consults his watch, then addressing McCARDLE and FRIEND who stand holding two similar, less sumptuously decorated pony carts:



RYAN

Well what about it, lads? -

Inside the pub, DRIVER is at the bar, MATE looking out, hearing:

"-Could you stand another?"

DRIVER

(slowly)

Tim - did you review the Volunteers in  
Phoenix Park before the War?

MATE

(still looking out  
at Ryan absently)

Yes, why?

DRIVER

Will you come here?

His tone of quiet alarm brings MATE to his side. Together they stare at a blurred photograph among the bits and bottles behind the bar. It shows a line of amateur soldiers, mostly in uniform, some with rifles. Before them stands a portly figure shaking hands with a Senior Officer.

RYAN

(entering noisily)

Aha! - You're lookin' at my picture, boys.  
Here -

He comes behind the bar, takes the picture from its place and offers it to their closer scrutiny while he busies himself with bottles and glasses and:

RYAN

D'you recognise someone?

They do indeed; we see with them that the Senior Officer and MATE are the same. They are frozen for a second not daring to look up, then DRIVER with mock admiration:

DRIVER

It's yourself, Landlord.

RYAN

It is. An' him that has me by the hand  
is Commander Tim O'Leary.

He plucks the picture from under MATE's nose and puts it in its place again.

DRIVER

Never.

RYAN

Big Tim himself. That a thousand secret policeman has been huntin' for these last five years. An' himself no doubt this very moment walking the broad streets of Dublin.

DRIVER

He's a brave man, surely.

RYAN

Nerves of steel.

The man with nerves of steel does not flinch but blinks once slowly into his glass. DRIVER indulges himself.

DRIVER

D'you know him well then?

RYAN

("discreet")

I - I get my orders from time to time.

DRIVER

Well landlord, you're a desperate man.

RYAN leans towards them. As one about to communicate a state secret, narrow-eyed:

RYAN

I'll tell you somethin' ...

But he is interrupted by a rush of footsteps and excited feminine murmurs from behind the communicating door, and MRS McCARDLE puts her head in to say, as if she, not he, had been waiting:

MRS McCARDLE

Come on then, Mr Ryan.

RYAN

Right ma'am!

Bangs down glass and is following McARDLE and FRIEND out when he takes in the immobile MATE and his unguarded premises. Checks, corks up the bottle, stoops over the bar and tucks it away. turns at the door:

RYAN

Now lads, I know what's here, down to the last dram.

DRIVER

Be easy, landlord - An' good luck to the young lady.

The door swings to. MATE looks quietly, seeing in the dim mirror behind the bar the reflection of the three little carts go past the window in a flutter of white, their hoofbeats receding. DRIVER turns from looking out and whistles softly.

MATE

Talk ...

(suddenly angry)

This whole cursed country will capsize with talk ! ...

(then)

Well, the locals is no good. We'll have to bring some hard lads in from Dublin.

(drinks)

When the time comes.

(broods)

DRIVER

(timidly, and keeping voice down)

When will that be, Commander ?

MATE

Don't know. Depends on our clever lads in Germany. An' they're great talkers too.

CUT

The village congregation is kneeling, the responses coming from them in toneless automatic waves. The worshippers have their backs to us and to MICHAEL, who is seated in foreground in the rearmost pew.

**CLOSE SHOT** he wears a white narcissus in his waistcoat, and is watching the behaviour of the village with deep uncomprehending interest. Now he hears on **SOUND** the Tinker's lorry approach. Are they coming too? He rises and goes to the porch to welcome them, the responses continuing. But is in time to see:

His **POV** from the porch, a litter of parked carts and traps, the bridal conveyance prominent. The Tinkers' lorry passes and goes away, receding to silence. Now **MICHAEL** hears a shuffling and clumping from behind him, turns back to see:

His **POV** the villagers rising and sitting in a sinking wave of Sunday finery.

**MICHAEL, CLOSE SHOT**, comes forward, riveted now, seeing:

His **POV**, the bridal pair rising from where they have been kneeling before **FATHER COLLINS**. **CHARLES** rises quickly, but **ROSY** in her long white gown cannot easily manage it. **FATHER COLLINS** stoops and takes her by one hand, **CHARLES** by the other elbow and between them they get her to her feet. Now they must back down the altar steps. A **BRIDESMAID** moves in officiously and manages the bride's train.

**FATHER COLLINS**

If any person here present knoweth any just  
impediment why these two may not be joined  
in matrimony, let him now speak -

**CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL**, breathless.

**CLOSE SHOT, ROSY** turns and we see her face for the first time; she looks composed and very happy.

**FATHER COLLINS**

- or else for ever hold his peace.

**CUT**

Night. In the courtyard at the rear of the pub, a big fire is burning and in its lurid light the sweating dancers - **YOUNG MEN** and **WOMEN** - caper and display themselves to one another, their eyes too bright, their faces set with effort.

**MICHAEL**, who cannot dance, stands apart, watching dazedly:

His **POV**, the lurid glow and leaping shadows, an impression of heat and movement everywhere, comings and goings in foreground and

background. But an area of stillness where the bridal couple sits, black and white in a pool of cool light.

**CLOSE SHOT**, CHARLES his hair and shoulders still sprinkled with confetti, ROSY is talking quietly to her father. CHARLES is watching:

Two pairs of dancers break off exhausted, their lungs working like bellows and hand in hand, laughing, pass the three FIDDLERS and enter the barn. The two GIRLS get beer from the barrel for their partners but one of the two young men glances towards the isolated groom at the head of the table, deserted now except for those too old to dance. He nudges his friend, both look covertly towards CHARLES, the first half turns his back to whisper something and both laugh.

CHARLES has seen the incident. He looks quickly towards ROSY and finds:

ROSY happily beating time with her hands. CHARLES joins in and has some difficulty in finding the rapid rhythm of:

**CLOSE SHOT** the FIDDLERS, gnome-like persons, professional revellers. Their flying bows and fingers. FIRST FIDDLER expertly eyeing the festivity.

In the barn MRS McCARDLE is dispensing drinks from a vast jug to those still seated.

CHARLES hesitates then takes it like medicine.

ROSY drinks joyously; she is in high spirits, perhaps too high. But:

McCARDLE takes a discreet glance at his watch and grins a covert question at CHARLES, makes a barely perceptible motion of the head towards the house.

ROSY has seen it. High spirits are replaced by a much more serious vein of feeling, not unmixed with fear. She puts down her glass and keeps her eyes on the table cloth before her. CHARLES cautiously pushes back his chair. He would like to be invisible, but:

FIRST FIDDLER's practised eye discerns a movement in the barn. Instantly he breaks off and rattles his bow against his fiddle. His assistants follow suit. At the signal:

DANCERS come to rest, at first wondering and irritated, then gleefully seeing:

CHARLES and RYAN risen, ROSY rising. She looks up, first surprised and then amused as FIRST FIDDLER commences a sweet slow melody on his single instrument, to a murmur of laughter and a flutter of applause from the DANCERS.

Now ROSY approaches them. They part for her. She sees:

Their sweating faces, heaving chests, hearing their deep breaths.

Her gaze becomes a little uncertain as she registers:

The fixed predatory stares of the males.

She looks about for:

Her POV, FATHER COLLINS at the table. His back is towards her; he is looking at his glass, turning it in his fingers; the good man is presumably lost in serious thought.

She goes to him gladly, and softly, respectfully:

ROSY

Good night, Father Hugh.

He glances round and rises, supports himself on the table and staring at her with conscious effort from a reddened face, raises an unsteady hand and heartily:

FATHER COLLINS

Good night, Rosy ...!

ROSY has a moment of pure shock; then gives him a quick smile and goes on again between the DANCERS, but:

FIRST FIDDLER, without ceasing his melody:

1ST FIDDLER

Well is no-body goin' to kiss the Bride?

A YOUNG MAN laughs, hastily wipes his sweating mouth with his sleeve and plants himself in front of her. She smiles and offers her cheek. He kisses it. And at once there is a rush of men, jostling round her as she laughs and tries to satisfy all comers.

CLOSE SHOT, MICHAEL cannot understand why everyone is kissing ROSY - surely the ultimate privilege. Then it dawns on him that for some reason on this occasion it is permitted. At first hesitatingly but then with fierce frantic eagerness he thrusts his way among the bolsterous YOUNG MEN. But when his mindlessly excited face appears among them:

CLOSE SHOT ROSY checks appalled.

MICHAEL stares back, his frenetic grin fading, and:

RYAN is already a little worried that the thing is getting out of hand: half-laughing:

RYAN

Now steady boys, steady -  
(and when he sees  
Michael)  
Get off out of it - !

And shoves him violently so that MICHAEL staggers back and:

Crashes to the ground at CHARLES' feet.

CHARLES

Are you all right, Michael?

BRIDESMAID

Sure he's all right - I'll give him a kiss -

She suits the action to the word, stooping down to him. She puts her crown of white daisies on his head. "Kindiy" amidst hilarity:

There, Michael.

CHARLES smiles a bit uncertainly, finding the rough humour hard to take. Then looking off his face changes, seeing:

The struggle for ROSY has become quite ugly. Through the heaving pack of YOUNG MEN he catches one glimpse of her face, breathless still laughing but a bit scared.

CHARLES presses through, realizes he must use force and does. Gaining ROSY he supports her: then swiftly and effortlessly picks

her up and thrusting clear of the scrum with his back carries her to the rear door of the pub, RYAN following. Half-jeering half-admiring laughter. She looks at him glowingly, then goes in, her father after.

CHARLES turns, to find FATHER COLLINS, not quite steady on his feet. But full of goodwill.

FATHER COLLINS

Well lucky man - an' how are you feeling?

CHARLES

Lucky.

The priest looks at him, puts a hand inaccurately on his shoulder.

FATHER COLLINS

Now, now, now - Lucky be damned - she's yours!

Inside the pub ROSY is half way up the stairs. RYAN looking up:

RYAN

Are you all right, Princess?

ROSY

Ah - it's only their bit of fun . . .

She registers the stupid anxious upturned face, descends a step or two:

Good night, Father.

She kisses him and goes on up. He looks after her.

RYAN

Good night, Rosy.

The priest propels CHARLES toward the pub door with heavy-handed benevolence:

FATHER COLLINS

Away in with you -!

RYAN emerges looking gloomy. An awkward confrontation. Then prosaic as though checking the arrangements for a social function:



RYAN

You'll be away early, in the mornin',  
I suppose.

CHARLES

We will, yes, Mr Ryan.

LONG SHOT the bedroom, the double bed. The light virginal save for the red glow at the curtained window. ROSY by the door. On SOUND she hears CHARLES enter below and close the outer door. She cocks her head. No further sound. She moves to turn up the oil lamp by the window.

MICHAEL in his crown of daisies looks up; with him we see the curtains fill with the light, as FIDDLERS strike into a reckless jig.

ROSY undresses, the fiddles on SOUND, the leaping feet on the cobbles.

CHARLES contemplates his face dubiously in the mirror of the hail hat stand.

The DANCERS in the yard more abandoned than before, partners eyeing each other with open sexuality.

ROSY is one instant naked, then enveloped in a nightdress. It was got for the occasion, of translucent Irish lawn. She looks at herself in the mirror and is pleased. Now CHARLES' footsteps mount the stairs. Shall he see her thus? No, as by magic she is in bed with the sheets drawn up to her chin. CHARLES enters.

He closes the door gently. His quiet movements are in grateful contrast to the hectic festive din which reaches the room from outside. He looks towards the bed almost as towards an altar. Then smiles very gently and happily as he crosses.

Her upturned face on the pillow is full of love and trust as he approaches. Gently he stoops and kisses her. Suddenly her arms are tight about his neck and she is kissing him in good earnest. He draws back involuntarily, then lets her kiss him, but still stooped awkwardly from the waist. When she lets him go he smiles at her. She smiles back, taking her cue from him, confident that she has only to follow him in everything. She watches him:

Begin to undress. But then, thinking not to embarrass her, he goes quietly and naturally behind the screen where her own bridal garments hang.

ROSY looks up, timid but joyous at:

The ceiling above her head; its little unremarkable features.

CHARLES in shirt-sleeves sits on the little stool behind the screen and takes off his shoes; thump . . . thump. His fingers tremble a little.

ROSY looks at the screen again; she has heard that double thump a thousand times in her father's house, but never under these circumstances; her sense of approaching her life's crisis deepens; a moment of thoughtfulness.

The MUSIC and festivities outside, on SOUND, are more abandoned than ever now, the locally accepted nuptial mode.

CHARLES gets into his night-shirt, emerges from the screen and sees:

ROSY has thrown back the covers and lies still, revealed in her insubstantial night-dress.

CHARLES is fractionally checked but deftly moves on in the same split-instant so that we may have imagined it. Carefully he turns down the oil-lamp.

ROSY watching has a moment of uncertainty; has she done the wrong thing?

As the pale flame in the white glass bell goes down and the room sinks into darkness, the glow at the window accentuated, the fiddle music is overlain by a raucous cheer from:

A group of drunks stands in the courtyard looking up:

CHARLES turns from the window. Pauses; laughs, a little breathlessly:

CHARLES

Them lads has an elegant sense of humour.

ROSY looks, then responds with an uncertain smile which quickly fades; why doesn't he come to her, exposed as she is?

The wedding dress slithers from its hanger, the silk sighing.

ROSY looks quickly at CHARLES. Let him not go for it, let him come to her now.

But he goes and rescues the dress.

ROSY feels that she has been absurd and may be thrusting; shamedly she pulls the covers back again while CHARLES is busy with the dress.

CHARLES comes and gets into bed by her. Her eyes follow his every movement. He looks down at her upturned face with wonderment, hesitates, and kisses her. She responds but this time cautiously; the proper pace is evidently slower than she had thought. Now both are startled by a swish and crash against the window.

Through the glass we see small missiles in a flock sail up out of the night to clatter against the glass.

In the firelit yard among the shadows, is a bin of maize corn. Hands grab the big gold pellets. The DRUNKS hurl handfuls up against the window. MICHAEL still wearing his white coronet looks on bewildered, trying to puzzle out the place of this activity in the proceedings; drunken laughter; he catches on - it is a joke. He moves towards the bin and seizes an enormous handful.

It arrives with a splendid crash. CHARLES is lying on his back with ROSY on her side against him, face half hidden. They hear the voice of RYAN:

RYAN (off)

Come away lads - Easy does it -

CHARLES and ROSY hear one last crash and RYAN angry: "Now come away!" then mumbled protests at his lack of sportsmanship and silence. The fiddles sound suddenly louder. CHARLES relaxes, turns his face to hers. She looks at him; a beat; he kisses her; she closes her eyes.

MOUREEN and her PARTNER dancing frenziedly. PARTNER glances upwards towards the window. MOUREEN's eyes burn into him.

FIRST FIDDLER playing like a demon, looking like a demon, glances up over his flying bow towards the window, and:

ROSY and CHARLES profile to profile. She kisses him. And in a single accelerating rush passion overwhelms the too-long isolated, introverted man. He draws her towards him, there is a movement beneath the covers, he mounts her. ROSY is startled by his suddenness and strength and weight but composes herself. And then a moment of pure shock. And now she is

merely suffering it bravely while the expression of CHARLES' opposed profile is of helpless, sexual possession, his face caught by the hot glow from the window.

The DANCERS sweat at their exertions in the restless firelight; the screen taken over by movement everywhere, nothing without life.

From passively suffering ROSY is roused. Her arms appear and wind about his neck, her eyes glow, close, open, begin to approach ecstasy - And suddenly CHARLES is still, even as she is kissing him. He pulls away his head, rolls softly sideways, she still clinging to him, kissing him again before she registers that he has finished. She draws away slowly, her body distraught, herself humiliated.

LONG SHOT between the spinning DANCERS affords a glimpse of FATHER COLLINS with a hand on RYAN's shoulder, affectionately and vigorously encouraging him. RYAN downcast. The Priest inaccurately fills their glasses from a bottle.

CHARLES rouses from his exhaustion, turns quickly to her, concernsd, and gives her a kiss of love without passion. She touches his cheek quickly and turns right away on the pillow.

CLOSE SHOT ROSY thus, her eyes staring, dreadfully awake, hearing on SOUND the DANCERS only now accelerating towards their climax. A rustle and movement and CHARLES' face appears, peering at her anxiously. She closes her eyes. He must reassure himself with this. He turns away, lays down his head and closes his eyes too. But they open. He is worried and unhappy. But what can he do?

ROSY, open-eyed again. TWO SHOT shows them both, turned away from each other like faces on a coin.

CUT

CLOSE SHOT, grey morning, a drift of yesterday's confetti circles in the gutter of the village street, a strong wind blowing. On SOUND the distant church bell chimes.

CLOSE SHOT. In the belfry the distant chime is a sudden shattering boom, and FATHER COLLINS, pulling on the rope, has a bad hangover.

He closes his eyes, heroically pulls again; again the bell roars; he murmurs a short blessing on himself against the pain - and pulls again.

The priest's martyrdom continues distantly on SOUND as McCARDLE stumbles to the door of the pub. He needs a shave, his lilies-of-the-valley are crushed and wilted, he looks terrible. He sees the circling confetti. His bloodshot eyes follow the motion for a spell. Then he pulls them away, on the brink of nausea and looks off wincing at the SOUND of iron tyres on cobbles. It is;

CHARLES, driving up to the pub door in a little pony cart, the bridegroom, morning-fresh and confident. Hopping down he calls:

CHARLES

'Morning, Mrs Casey!

OLD WOMAN nods, non-committal, sidles along the wall to knock with the back of her hand on the next cottage door, still watching:

CHARLES going into the pub gives McCARDLE a little easy laugh and a pat.

ANOTHER WOMAN comes to the cottage door. OLD WOMAN folds her arms and nods towards the pub, her expression sly. MICHAEL sidles into shot; they ignore him; all watching:

CHARLES emerging with two cases; he plumps them in the cart and straightens the worn rug on the seat.

OLD WOMAN suddenly tense, nudges her companion. They are watching:

ROSY coming out after CHARLES. She looks perfectly composed. Climbs onto the seat with her husband's assistance.

OLD WOMAN, peering with naked curiosity, in a voice full of wheedling good-will and secret impudence:

OLD WOMAN

Good morning, Mrs Shaughnessy ... ?

ROSY

Good morning!

She sings it out gaily as the cart rattles off. The two WOMEN look after her doubtfully, reserving judgement.

MICHAEL looks after them too. Then bends to his task. He is carefully and conscientiously scraping together the dirty confetti from the gutter and putting it into a paper bag.

CUT

**LONG SHOT** ROSY and CHARLES crossing the school playground, where a scrap of paper and flying grit circle in the wind which is really violent here.

ROSY comes ON FRAME, followed by CHARLES with the two cases. The wind seems to blow them about, crossing the playground. ROSY has CHARLES' key-ring and opens the door.

Inside the kitchen CHARLES shuts the door. We see a small pile of bags and cases, the bride's belongings.

ROSY is standing in the living-room. She looks about quickly as though she had never seen it before, her eyes cautious in her pale face. And when CHARLES enters she looks at him in the same way, as though he were a stranger who had somehow abducted her and whose nature was yet to be revealed.

CHARLES comes from the kitchen and stops. A confrontation. Home. The cold wind whistles outside.

CHARLES

I - I got these for you -

He picks up and shows her something which we cannot see, gently drawing a damp muslin cloth from it, revealing it to her. When she sees it her face shows surprise, then soft delight.

It is a forest of snowdrops embedded in moss in a shallow earthenware oven bowl; the delicate bells tremble. She lifts a flap of moss disclosing earth and:

CHARLES

They're all growin' see ...

ROSY

Charles - when did you do it?

CHARLES

Last thing yesterday - Before I come to Church.

She takes it from him, kisses him, turns and puts it on the table.

ROSY

You're a rare man.

He blinks with happiness. She, briskly, little housewife:

ROSY

Well now -

She bustles into kitchen and emerges with one of the cases.

CHARLES

Here -

ROSY

- It's not heavy -

And passes through to the bedroom. It is all pleasant and cheerful between them. After all, we feel, a bad first night can be overcome. And CHARLES, looking at her from the bedroom doorway, is certainly a happy man.

CHARLES

I - I can't believe you're here, you know.

ROSY

(by the bed looks at him)

Well I am:

It is the sweetest possible invitation, but an invitation without doubt. She holds out her hand. He goes and takes it. Kisses her, but then cheerfully:

CHARLES

Well now!

And bustles briskly from the room, leaving ROSY staring after him, first sadly, then thoughtfully, then back to a deeper sadness. On SOUND from living-room a click and a whirr and amplified scraping. ROSY sees through the bedroom door, as the gravely lyrical MUSIC comes over her:

CHARLES stooping to make up a fire in the grate, working with dett masculine efficiency, MUSIC over.

ROSY sits on the bed by her case, the sensuous MUSIC pouring over her. She raises her head to look at CHARLES again.

He looks back, smiles, and says as though he had given her something:

CHARLES

Beethoven ...!

She smiles faintly, then blinking and thoughtful, looks about:

The spartan furnishings and drab wallpaper of the room. In one place, she sees, the paper is curling away from the wall.

DISSOLVE

MUSIC continuous over: The paper replaced with one of brighter pattern, fresh lace mats on the furnishings, a new bed-spread, woodwork painted. A similar transformation in the living room - the same items of furniture, but all repaired and cared for, ceiling whitewashed, walls re-papered, oil lamp shining on bright new curtains. ROSY is differently dressed and seated in one of the easy chairs, head bent, sewing. CHARLES in waistcoat and shirt sleeves, has before him on the table a large book bearing the words, very neatly lettered: "Flora of the Parish of Killybegs. Collected by Charles Shaughnessy, Dip. Ed." Now he takes a folded sheet of blotting paper, takes a small wild flower from a glass of water and places it between the folds. His movements are finicking - necessarily, but still, finicking - and more so by contrast with the now thundering symphonic MUSIC.

ROSY pauses at her work and looks across at him, thoughtfully.

CHARLES has the blotting paper between the pages of an enormous dictionary. He closes it and adds another volume with a thump.

ROSY twitches faintly, bends quickly to her work, but:

CHARLES has registered the movement. He looks towards her, a bit thoughtfully clears away his scissors, etc. Then sits in the other easy chair. Pause. Then he smiles.

CHARLES

I - I don't think you much care for me flowers, do you?

ROSY

I like 'em better growing, surely.

CHARLES

Aye well they're better growin' of course.

Another pause. The record comes to its end. The needle scratches loud and repetitive in the groove, over which:

DISSOLVE

A spade cuts into the tough earth of the wasteland outside the school-house. Hard work, but the turf has been loosened by the heavy pick-



axe which lies there, and the hands on the haft of the spade are strong; so too the bare arms which drive it, and the chest and shoulders above, and altogether CHARLES, face sweating, the muscles of his bare and hairy torso tensed, a red kerchief round his neck, and belted corduroys and heavy boots on legs and feet, looks splendid.

ROSY thinks so too, watching him from the window. She looks curious. And now knocks on the window gladiy, and pulls out one of the dining chairs before a pot and tea-cup nicely laid, and generally fusses. And turns quite demure and faintly exoited at the clump of his boots in the kitchen. He enters blowing ruefully, a big man in the little place.

CHARLES

(apologeticaliy)

You'll not be in time for snap-dragons.

ROSY

(smiling, holding his  
chair for him)

I'll put in some lillies. I like them.  
(and as he makes to pass)

What is it?

CHARLES

I want my shirt.

It hangs just beyond her.

ROSY

Ah - You're fine as you are.

She says it off-hand but her accompanying smile of pride and admiration makes it a clear compliment and CHARLES iaughing a bit awkwardly:

CHARLES

All right -

And sits. But is uncomfotable. One hand on chest and glancing towards door, pleading:

CHARLES

No, Rosy, what if someone came -

ROSY

Oh, Charles - You're always on about  
if someone comes.

CHARLES

(a bit indignant)

Well it's not decent.

ROSY

Ah - decent!

CHARLES

Well it's not!

ROSY

All right then!

Picks up the shirt and throws it to - almost at - him. He catches it but stares at her shocked and hurt. Remorse engulfs her for the ugly action. In a low voice:

ROSY

I - I'm sorry dear. Go on, put it on.

And he instantly, as chiding himself for making a fuss over a point of no importance:

CHARLES

No, what does it matter?

ROSY

No you're right; put it on.

CHARLES

Well, I'll be out again in a minute ...

And puts it over the back of his chair. ROSY joins him at the table. Mutual apology and good-will will take them no further. In utter silence she pours tea for the bare-chested man, neither looking at the other. In the silence a mindless rhythmical chant is heard over:

DISSOLVE

The schoolroom. CHARLES conducting his small charges with a ruler, listening intently for any faltering or inaccuracy.

And the CHILDREN look back at him with the same intensity, anxious for his approval. In the front row, the grubby LITTLE GIRL who bounced the ball begins to look uneasy as the numbers get more difficult. CHARLES goes to her, bends closely so that he can hear her faltering voice beneath the choral chant and gently prompts her through the final stages.

## CHILDREN

... six sevens are forty-two, six eights  
are forty-eight, six nines are fifty-four  
(they falter somewhat  
at this difficult number,  
then triumphantly:  
six tens are sixty, six elevens are sixty-  
six, six twelves are ...

The chorus dies away raggedly and CHARLES straightening:

## CHARLES

Seventy-two.

## CHILDREN

Seventy-two.

## CHARLES

Six twelves are seventy-two.

CHARLES, performing this simple work of instruction mechanically,  
looks off towards:

The communicating door with its brass knob.

The LITTLE GIRL looks up at him. The lesson proceeding on  
SOUND over.

## CHILDREN

(sound)

Six twelves are seventy-two.

## CHARLES

(sound)

Again.

## CHILDREN

(sound)

Six twelves are seventy-two.

## CHARLES

Right; Now you've all sharpened your  
pencils, you all know your exercise;  
get on.

CHARLES has a little struggle. His needs as a husband ought not to interfere with his duties as a teacher. But he goes to the door, opens it and looks in, opens his mouth to speak, becomes aware of the attentive CHILDREN behind him, steps in and shuts the door softly. His hand still on the knob he calls softly, hopefully:

CHARLES

Rose?

Silence. His face falls; unease confirmed. Wistfully, not expecting a reply:

Rose?

CUT

MUSIC ("Wings," but now uneasy, pricking, uncomfortable.) CLOSE SHOT. ROSY is seated almost motionless by the gaunt remains of a ruined boat drawn into a dark and glistening gulley of the cliff. Her back is to the sunlit beach. She wears a high-necked blouse of hot red; her hair is piled. She breathes like someone sleeping. She pulls gently at a coil of seaweed like wet yellow satin round her wrist. As it slithers off she colls it again; the movement is mindless and sensual. Her vacant eyes regard:

The trickling water which wets the shadowy surfaces of her hiding place.

She raises her head slightly. Her eyes have darkened, her mouth slackened, her expression corrupt. But MUSIC cuts on a sort of gasp as natural sounds crash back with a heavy tread on pebbles and a harsh voice:

FATHER COLLINS

Dreamin' Rosy?

She whips round, looking unpleasantly like a cornered criminal. He regards her seriously from the sunlight, holding an awkward paper parcel underneath one arm. She turns away again, defiant.

ROSY

An' if I am?

He crosses the shadow line and looks around.

FATHER COLLINS

If you are, you've chosen a dark place for it.  
Dressed fine for it, too.

ROSY  
You'd rather I dressed foul?

FATHER COLLINS  
I'd rather you dressed sensible. An' did something useful. Like lookin' after your house an' your man.

ROSY  
(indignant)  
My house is fine!

FATHER COLLINS  
Aye 't'is. How's your man?

ROSY  
Father Hugh I - I don't want to talk to you.

FATHER COLLINS  
I've noticed. Keep yourself to yourself these days, don't you?

ROSY  
When I can.

His eyes snap at the pert reply, but he senses more serious matters afoot. It is quite gently that he comes forward and unwraps the seaweed from her wrist.

FATHER COLLINS  
Now -

He breaks off as he registers the slimy texture, warmed by her flesh. He looks at the voluptuous stuff and casts it from him angrily, roughly wiping his palm on his cassock. And when he sees that she is wiping her wrist with a movement unconsciously fond he reddens with anger and disgust and:

FATHER COLLINS  
Come out into the light.

And as she shows fight:

Come on now - out of it!

She obeys; in the sunlight:

That's better isn't it?

ROSY

(quietly)

Yes of course it is.

FATHER COLLINS

(walking her)

How long have you an' Charles been married?

ROSY

You know how long.

FATHER COLLINS

(sharp)

I'm askin' you.

ROSY

Eight months!

FATHER COLLINS

An' what's the trouble?

ROSY

No "trouble".

FATHER COLLINS

Are you askin' me to believe you're happy?

ROSY

I'm not askin' you anythin'.

FATHER COLLINS

(exasperated)

Are you happy?

ROSY

No!

FATHER COLLINS

(hectoring)

An' why not?

ROSY

... I don't know.

FATHER COLLINS

(impatient)

Ah come on Rosy, give me a try.

ROSY

I don't.

FATHER COLLINS  
(contemptuous impatience:)

Ach.

ROSY

All right because I'm stupid, and conceited and self-centred and ungrateful - like you've always told me - for I've everythin' I wanted have I not?

FATHER COLLINS

You have. What more are you wantin' now?

He has stopped and faced her. She pauses and more desolate than angry:

ROSY

... I don't know that either.

FATHER COLLINS  
(after due consideration:)

That's a lie.

ROSY

(surprised)

I don't know.

(then:)

I don't know - How can I know - ? -

(desperate:)

I don't even know what more there is!

He gives her one sharp glance, sees her emotion is sincere and that the situation is the more serious for that. He walks her back.

FATHER COLLINS

Now listen to me. You've got a good man. Haven't you?

ROSY

The best.

This too is sincere - and the tone is of admission not pride. It is even worse than he feared; he begins to feel helpless, therefore angry. We hear the anger rising in his exasperated catechism:

FATHER COLLINS

Well - ? - An' you've got enough money - Not much, but enough?

ROSY

Yes.

FATHER COLLINS

And you've got your health - you're not sick?

ROSY

No.

FATHER COLLINS

Well there is nothin' more' - you graceless  
girl!

ROSY

(quiet determination,  
serving notice on her-  
self and Life)

There is.

FATHER COLLINS

(with desperate vehemence)

There is not!

ROSY

I know there is! There must be, Father Hugh!

There are sudden tears in her eyes; it has come from the depths and what is worse she is appealing to him; he is appalled - and furious:

FATHER COLLINS

Why - ? - Glory be to God - Why must there  
be? Because Rosy Ryan 'wants' it?

ROSY

(stares, then passionately)

Yes!

He stares. She stares back. An ancient confrontation - imperative need and "Thou shalt not". A pause and then he hits her, dropping his parcel.

It bursts, disgorging a pathetic collection of old woollen garments, cast off underclothes, a pair of broken shoes. One beat in which they confront each other, then first ROSY and then the PRIEST go slowly down and get the parcel more or less together and back into his arms.

FATHER COLLINS

Have you any warm old clothes, Rosy? Poor  
Patsy Wheelan's in a bad way.

ROSY

I'll find somethin', Father.



They rise. The PRIEST looks tired - one of the moments in which he shows his age.

FATHER COLLINS

Thanks . . . Rosy, don't nurse your wishes.  
You can't help havin' 'em but don't nurse 'em -  
or sure to God you'll get what you're wishin'  
for.

CUT

EXTREME LONG SHOT. The insignificant bus crossing the moor to Killins Cross. On SOUND Wind. PANNING with the slowing bus we come upon MICHAEL, grubbing in the sour bog land with his hands.

CLOSE SHOT, he is gathering marsh marigolds. One blackened paw already holds a bunch of the delicate golden flowers. On SOUND the bus has stopped. He looks curiously at:

His POV, the stationary bus. Activity on its further side. It draws away, leaving behind a solitary figure, quite motionless on the raised road, some luggage a few yards distant.

MICHAEL is consumed with bovine curiosity. He moves. We see his boots, like lumps of earth, go clump and slither through the puddled grasses. Approaching he sees:

The figure wears a British warm overcoat, stained and dry cleaned to the colour of stone but beautifully cut, perfect breeches and glittering boots with spurs. Registering MICHAEL's approach he turns to watch.

MICHAEL comes to a halt, staring up with the unselfconscious curiosity of an animal or infant.

The face that looks back at him is fine but very pale and tired, and too composed; such composure does not go with such striking eyes, and the stillness of the athletic figure feels imposed. He too looks steadily and openly at MICHAEL, but with the steadiness of the detached.

MICHAEL is almost open-mouthed; his gaze travels carefully down the figure; as though the man were some absolutely unidentifiable object. And suddenly he is riveted. MUSIC ("Michael's day" - a sort of jerky honky-tonk.)

RANDOLPH has moved towards his luggage. And his feet in their immaculate boots have exactly the crippled rhythm of MICHAEL's own. He stoops and takes a silver cigarette case from a pocket of his valise. He lights one carefully and puts away the case in the pocket of his uniform jacket, looking back at MICHAEL who:

Watches every movement as though storing it in memory.

Now RANDOLPH looks away up the road. MICHAEL looks in the same direction.

An Army lorry is approaching from the direction of the village.

MICHAEL looks to see what he will do; he does nothing, standing stock-still as on SOUND the lorry draws up and:

CORPORAL gets out, flustered, even frightened. He salutes.

CORPORAL

Major Doryan, sir?

RANDOLPH nods; CORPORAL a bit unnerved by the steady inexpressive regard:

CORPORAL

Sorry sir; had to change a wheel.

He indicates the guilty wheel with one stiff arm, still to attention expecting reprimand but RANDOLPH looks at the wheel seriously, then towards his bags at which:

CORPORAL

Sir!

Snaps into life and begins to load cases. As he works he steals little curious glances at the officer who is looking now over the landscape but hasn't moved. MICHAEL watches with deep interest. Lifting the last case CORPORAL checks, seeing:

RANDOLPH limps quickly towards the cab.

CORPORAL slings last case aboard and goes and opens cab door for him. RANDOLPH calculates the movement one split second and then is up and seated even as the CORPORAL is offering him a hand. CORPORAL runs round and mounts driver's seat. Slips the gear. MICHAEL mouths indignantly from roadside. CORPORAL hesitates, glancing at RANDOLPH, then ventures:

CORPORAL

He wants a lift into the village, sir.

RANDOLPH looks towards MICHAEL, then forward again. CORPORAL takes this for refusal, lets in clutch, reverses round MICHAEL and drives off, MICHAEL watching. He gets to the cab, RANDOLPH:

Stop.

RANDOLPH

CORPORAL  
(obeying)

Sir?

MICHAEL sees the lorry stop and goes clump and drag up the road after it.

CORPORAL, twisted round in seat, looks back and then to RANDOLPH who has not moved, hearing the clump and drag and then the thump as MICHAEL grasps the tailboard; his heavy breathing. RANDOLPH turns his head. Unsmiling but gently:

Get in.

RANDOLPH

MICHAEL stares back uncomprehending.

In!

CORPORAL

MICHAEL shins in with the agility of a monkey and seats himself behind them, staring cautiously at the back of RANDOLPH's head as the lorry moves off again.

CORPORAL  
Does np 'arm sir, does it? An' it's a  
'ell of a walk for a cr-

He breaks off appalled. But RANDOLPH is looking pleasantly out of the window, as not having heard. They progress in awkward silence. Then RANDOLPH's head turns, as though drawn, and he looks idly at:

The bright flowere in the gloom of the lorry, bobbing in MICHAEL's paw. MICHAEL looks down at them too.

CORPORAL  
Village coming up, sir.

At the door of the pub, McCARDLE and others. McCARDLE calls in excitedly:

McCARDLE  
Tom! Tom! 'E's comin' -

But breaks off surprised, even scared, as the lorry pulls up exactly outside the pub door. RYAN, rushing out in a flurry of vulgar curiosity:

RYAN

Let's have a look at 'im th-

Stops, finding himself a few feet from RANDOLPH's impressive profile. The group looks embarrassed and resentful, like sullen schoolboys.

In the lorry, CORPORAL:

CORPORAL

(Come on lad, off you get!

But MICHAEL mouths and waves ahead.

RYAN and his companions turn their heads to watch the lorry draw away with MICHAEL in the back. RANDOLPH's aristocratic aloofness has rattled them. McCARDLE and FRIEND are first to recover.

MCCARDLE

Well - what does he think he is?

FRIEND

God Almighty by the look of 'im.

He looks for approval to RYAN, but he is still staring after:

The lorry recedes down the street, loiterers turning to look after it, and disappears.

RYAN

(turning, grumpy and deflated)

Ah, they're all the same.

(and goes in)

CHILDREN in the playground crowd the gates as the lorry draws up. They peer gravely at RANDOLPH, a genuine ogre. He looks at them but makes no attempt to placate or win them.

MICHAEL shins out of the back of the lorry holding his flowers. He mouths some kind of gratitude and:

CORPORAL

You're welcome lad!

He lets in clutch again and the lorry moves away. RANDOLPH looking out and back sees:

Travelling, his POV, MICHAEL enters the playground among the children, holding his flowers high from their grasp. Then the school

is lost behind the shoulder of hillock where a line of ROSY's washing flies. RANDOLPH sits back and sees on the left:

The limitless glittering expanse of ocean.

As RANDOLPH's head turns slowly, taking in this tranquil infinity he relaxes for the first time - just a little, taking off his cap and placing it neatly on his knee. CORPORAL registers this. Then:

CORPORAL

Camp coming up sir.

And as RANDOLPH straightens up, jettisons cigarette and replaces cap:

CORPORAL

'Ang on sir,

Changes down, swings lorry sideways up a short steep track between whitewashed posts where SENTRY presents arms and SERGEANT salutes. Lorry lurches to a halt among the few desolate huts. Engine cuts.

SHORT CLOSE SHOTS, SERIES. A private with a brush and pail of whitewash looks towards the lorry. So too the SERGEANT at the gate. And a MECHANIC, bent round from the open bonnet of another lorry. Their faces impassive, and ready to judge.

Their POV, CORPORAL opens cab door.

CLOSE SHOT, RANDOLPH alights with the same calculated economy of movement, looks round and sees:

The little camp; his men looking back at him.

He turns hearing hasty footsteps, a stamping halt, to face:

A fleshy CAPTAIN with a coarsely amiable face, wearing a rather-rumpled trouser uniform, who tucks his swagger stick beneath one arm and salutes clumsily.

CAPTAIN

(north-country)

Captain Smith, sir. Welcome to a fate worse than death.

Inside the cheerless ablutions LANKY SOLDIER and COMPANION in coarse Army undervests can just see out of the lifted window. LANKY SOLDIER nudges companion excitedly:

## LANKY SOLDIER

Eh -!

LONG SHOT their POV through the window slit. RANDOLPH following CAPTAIN towards a nissen hut with three chimneys. Even at this distance we see that he regards the crippled leg as not properly his, a bad joke played upon him which he will do his best to disregard. The CORPORAL is lifting Army Roll and suitcase from the lorry.

## COMPANION

(turning from window, to  
clean his teeth, thoughtful,  
delivers judgement)

Cripes, that's all we're short of, that is.  
Crippled bloody 'ero.

VERY CLOSE SHOT, the British warm thrown off reveals a row of ribbons. One, the first, of solid purple-brown. The noise of typewriter on SOUND stops abruptly.

CLERK, his fingers poised on the keys of the machine, looks with interest at the decoration.

So does CAPTAIN.

RANDOLPH has grown used to his reaction and elects not to notice. Takes from overcoat pocket the silver cigarette-case and offers one to CAPTAIN with a smile, distant but unexpectedly winning.

## CAPTAIN

Oh, well, thanks!

And rummages for matches.

RANDOLPH just turns one mild look in direction of CLERK and SOUND of typewriter hastily recommences.

CAPTAIN drawing on his cigarette is agreeably impressed by its quality. Looks at it and grunts.

## CAPTAIN

Mm ...

(then brisk)

Well - This is our communication with the  
outside world -

He moves a heap of papers to disclose on the table a field-telephone with a hand crank.

Field-telephone to the police-station down  
in the village.

He gives the crank a twirl and turns away to the wooden box files piled one on another.

CAPTAIN

Now, records personnel, records, armoury.  
records stores -

The telephone gives a metallic mutter. He looks round and picks it up. Listens a second then reassuring:

CAPTAIN

No no Constable, just testing.

(pause)

No no ... Aye that's right ... Aye, aye ...

Replaces it.

CUT

The sound of typewriter and the CAPTAIN's too-loud, lively voice comes through partition to CORPORAL, who is unpacking RANDOLPH's things on little bed in Officers' quarters - a single bed-sit, basic furniture by Army, additional accretions by past occupants, magazines, pictures of Royalty and High Command. RANDOLPH's case reveals a satin-lined interior from which CORPORAL, smoking a short pipe has taken with respect a beautiful ivory and silver pair of brushes, an ivory comb. Hanging up a Norfolk Jacket he feels the cloth approvingly. He looks closely at a silver framed picture of a country house, horses and hounds in front of it. Then a silver dyptich of a refined looking woman and two boys on ponies. (The CAPTAIN's voice (ad lib): "Records personnel, Records Stores, Records Armoury." Etc.)

CAPTAIN

(shutting door and  
repeating the word)

Duties is light. Oh, good lad, Jimmy - Jimmy'll  
look after you right nicely, Major Doryan.

RANDOLPH sits, looking at neither, exhausted. CAPTAIN sympathetic.

Tired?

RANDOLPH

(smiles)

Yes.

CAPTAIN

That leg gives you gyp, doesn't it?

CORPORAL looks at CAPTAIN a bit startled, goes.

RANDOLPH

Yes.

CAPTAIN

Sent you here for a rest, did they?

RANDOLPH

Yes I think they did.

CAPTAIN

Well you'll get that if naught else. Duties is light. Well it's police-work really isn't it?

RANDOLPH

I don't know.

CAPTAIN

Oh aye, we're here in case the local rise up in bloody rebellion.

RANDOLPH

Is it likely?

CAPTAIN

What? Here? No. Bit of measly talk in the pub now and then. And you can't blame them for that can you? It is their bloody country isn't it?

RANDOLPH

Yes. Yes of course.

CAPTAIN

Course. And bloody welcome to it, I tell you. Oh -  
(lowers voice: confidential information)  
- the publican's a "source of information". Name of Ryan.

RANDOLPH

An informer?

CAPTAIN

Well, he's nothing to inform has he? But - aye, the police slip him a fiver now and then you know.

His tone is indulgent and apologetic but he doesn't like the subject. Neither does RANDOLPH; he makes a slight grimace. CAPTAIN at once:

CAPTAIN

Oh he's all right. Big mouth, open hand, empty pocket. You know. He's all right really ...



But it makes a little silence, in which CAPTAIN's eyes travel again to the decorations on the other man's tunic. RANDOLPH notices the direction of his gaze. CAPTAIN laughs embarrassed:

CAPTAIN

Can't keep my eyes off that ribbon can I?  
You must get fed-up with it,  
(calls)

Jimmy!

CORPORAL

(sound, through partition)

Sir!

CAPTAIN

By bags on the lorry?

CORPORAL

(sound, through partition)

Sir!

CAPTAIN

I'll be straight off if it's all the same sir.  
I've given myself leave.

RANDOLPH

(faint smile)

Oh.

CAPTAIN

Embarkation leave.

RANDOLPH

Yes?

CAPTAIN

France.

RANDOLPH's white and ravaged face has stiffened. He passes one finger lightly and rather shakily over his cheek bone, the first superfluous movement we have seen. On SOUND very faintly a military march, jaunty and lyrical. CAPTAIN on SOUND, OVER:

CAPTAIN

Second Battalion, South East Lancashires.  
They're in Front Line.

"Front Line" is said with real dread. MUSIC to full volume - which is still faint, a mere tinkling silvery accompaniment as CAPTAIN asks, small voiced:

CAPTAIN

Will you tell me somethin' -? Man to man?  
What's it like, really, Front Line?

RANDOLPH

(shifts, breathes hard, is still)

I, er ...

(silence)

CAPTAIN

Aye well, I'll find out soon enough ...

He attempts a little laugh, unsuccessfully. This has been hanging over him for weeks and he has had no one to talk to.

CAPTAIN

I'm a coward, you see - no really, always  
have been, from bein' a lad. Can't master it.  
Well p'rhaps I haven't tried really.

(suddenly almost resentful)

But I'd give my left arm to 'ave a bit of what  
you've got. I 'ate it! Just the bloody thought  
of it gives me the shakes.

RANDOLPH is ashen, but regards the man with real sympathy.  
CAPTAIN turns away.

CAPTAIN

That's my nightmare as a matter of fact ...  
the Shakes ...

RANDOLPH shoots a startled, almost furtive glance at the turned back.  
We stay on his frozen face as CAPTAIN says, more steadily now:

CAPTAIN

Don't mind dyin' - not if it's quick - Life's  
not that much is it? Wouldn't mind a gammy leg  
like you've got, though I don't suppose it's funny,  
but, the Shakes; shell-shock; shakin' an' shambling'  
like ... epileptic baby. Nay I'd rather be dead -  
(burst out)

I can see what's comin' - I'm goin' to disgrace  
myself!

RANDOLPH runs a finger over his cheek. He wants to help. By an act  
of will forces control on himself and silences the jaunty military MUSIC  
on SOUND.

RANDOLPH

You don't know what you'll do. No one does.  
You don't know what you're doing.

CAPTAIN  
(pleased by this fellow-  
feeling)

Really?

(then gravity)

Well, I read what you did in the newspapers. An' that were no flash in the pan. You'd do the same again, I dare say.

RANDOLPH  
(looks away)

You'd be wrong.

He looks near to death. CAPTAIN belatedly understands that he is not the only person meriting sympathy and decent soul.

CAPTAIN  
Well, you've done your bit. Someone else's turn now, eh?

RANDOLPH looks at him again and:

RANDOLPH

I -

CAPTAIN  
(quite concerned now)  
Dear, oh dear - you look about finished, sir.  
- 'Ere -

(carries drink to him saying)  
Good stuff this, cheap too -

As RANDOLPH takes the drink with a murmur of thanks there is a bang outside - the first stroke of an ancient generating engine - and his hand jerks, but checks immediately.

CAPTAIN  
That's the generator - bloody thing stays on all night, but you'll get used to it.

He demonstrates by flicking the light switch on and off rapidly, so that RANDOLPH's face leaps in and out of shadow, and leaves it on. CAPTAIN quite nervous and concerned now looks at him uneasily and wanders in search of a suitable topic. In the silence the thumping generator settles down to its night's work. CAPTAIN fights gladly on the photographs. A bit over-cheerful and admiring:

CAPTAIN  
Is this your 'ouse?

RANDOLPH  
Yes.

CAPTAIN

Well I never.

(he is using the indulgent  
tone of a nurse)

Oh. Wife?

RANDOLPH

Yes.

(he is stiffening again)

CAPTAIN

May I?

RANDOLPH

Please.

CAPTAIN

(scrutinizing)

Bonny woman . . . Bonny pair of lads  
too.

(takes Randolph his drink)

RANDOLPH

Thank you.

CAPTAIN

Will she be comin' out then?

RANDOLPH

No, I don't think so.

CAPTAIN

(hesitantly salacious, not  
sure how the gentry regard  
these matters)

There's no local crumpet. It's married or  
virgin here you know. And the priest down  
there's got eyes in the back of his head.

RANDOLPH CLOSE again. CAPTAIN's voice seriously warning now  
begins to echo strangely.

Gete bloody lonely 'ere.

He loome, monetrously benevolent.

Why not 'ave 'er out?

RANDOLPH's white face moves as he rolls his head restlessly against the chair back.

CAPTAIN

Sorry ... Fools rush in, eh?

RANDOLPH just runs his finger lightly down his nose, but is trembling.

You're probably better on your own a bit.

RANDOLPH is motionless and silent, perhaps even unhearing, clenched like a fist inside himself. CAPTAIN, looking at him is unnerved.

CAPTAIN

Er, well. Excuse me -

Goes quickly to the door and opens it. Deeply cheery:

I'll pop back to say good-bye.

But going out casts looks of bewildered concern at:

RANDOLPH who, his benevolent persecutor having gone, does absolutely nothing, remains absolutely as he was, hearing the door close.

CUT

LONG SHOT the village street; a quiet day; the YOUNGSTERS idling at their usual place, an Army lorry approaching.

CLOSE SHOT. MOUREEN and COMPANION. On SOUND we hear the lorry stop. Now MOUREEN gets an excited shove from her companion.

COMPANION

It's him ...!

Their POV RANDOLPH gets out, gives order to CORPORAL, Lorry goes.

Excitement spreads through the whole group. He is an object of curiosity to the YOUNG MEN, and from the reactions of the YOUNG WOMEN, ranging from confusion to MOUREEN's bright-eyed stare, we gather that he is an object of sexual speculation too. Their whistlings die on:

RANDOLPH's approach. He limps past the impudently curious faces of the YOUNG MEN, his own face impassive. But ahead of him:

A GIRL curtseys mockingly and in a sarcastically humble tone:

GIRL

Morning sir. Welcome to Kirrarry.

RANDOLPH shoots a startled glance at her. He is hurt by the gratuitous hostility. But addresses himself to the station steps and goes up steadily, click and thump.

Inside he walks a short corridor into an office, hearing the YOUNGSTERS' uneasy giggles from the street. The office is empty and he stands a moment listening to the unpleasant sound. Now CONSTABLE O'CONNOR comes in from his living room, in shirt and braces, wiping his mouth. But seeing who his visitor is, stands nervously and awkwardly to attention.

CONSTABLE

Oh. Morning, sir.

RANDOLPH

Good morning. I'm Major Doryan.

CONSTABLE

Yes sir.

His eye is on the ribbon, his tone respectful.

RANDOLPH

Er ...

He doesn't know what he has come for, really, but CONSTABLE eagerly:

CONSTABLE

Sir?

RANDOLPH

I thought I'd introduce myself.

CONSTABLE

Yes sir.

Silence. The CONSTABLE looks at the stranded man, nervous as the silence swells.

We'll carry on like before sir?

RANDOLPH

Yes.

Conversation lapses again. CONSTABLE would like to help.

CONSTABLE

We have the field telephone to the camp  
of course ...

He opens the little cupboard containing the instrument and RANDOLPH looks at it. It is all perfectly unreal to him.

RANDOLPH

Yes. Well. Good-day.

He accompanies the parting word with a friendly smile but in the same instant turns and goes. The CONSTABLE is caught napping; then anxious to do the honours, negotiates his desk and chair and hurries to the door just in time to see:

His POV the outer door at the end of the short corridor closing behind RANDOLPH.

RANDOLPH braces himself for the descent of the station steps. The YOUNGSTERS watch it. Click and thump. When he stops among them they surprise him by drawing back as though he were some dangerous animal. He is only wondering which way to walk, having nowhere to go. He decides on the camp and limps away in that direction. But hears on SOUND, softly, sing-song:

MOUREEN

(sound)

Peg - leg ...

The phrass hits him. He turns on his uneven fset and looks at:

MOUREEN and her COMPANION. She brazens it out. COMPANION givss her a half-hearted shrug. Then draws away, her face changing, leaving MOUREEN exposed to:

RANDOLPH's vivid syes. As a matter of fact he could wesp, but their horrified incredulous blaze could be taken for furious contempt.

MOUREEN flushes; her eyes cannot support his look. She tosses her head, turns and goes.

RANDOLPH watches:

The YOUNGSTERS drift after their defeated leader.

LONG SHOT RANDOLPH standing isolated and uncertain in the street looking slowly about as if for help.

RANDOLPH looks off; we see him pulled, resist, decide in his own favour, move closely with him across the street, through a swinging door and into the gloom of the pub where we find: ROSY. In a white lace blouse now, but still "dressed up". She looks up from the book she has been reading at one of the marble topped tables and sees:

RANDOLPH. He takes off his cap, hears a guttural sound and looks to the side, seeing:

MICHAEL, mopping and mowing from his niche, claiming friendship from the previous meeting.

But RANDOLPH's need is urgent, he click-thumps quickly to the bar and looks about. No one. He bangs the bell impatiently.

ROSY rises and goes behind the bar to face him.

ROSY

Sir?

RANDOLPH

(indicating the bell)

Excuse me. I didn't realise you were serving.

ROSY

I'm minding. What did you want?

RANDOLPH

Er -

(he doesn't really care what)

Whisky.

He waits for it. She puts glass on bar, pours from bottle, we see her wedding ring.

MICHAEL watches with deep interest:

ROSY and RANDOLPH; she very conscious of him, he very still.

ROSY

Water?



RANDOLPH

Mm?

ROSY

Did you want water?

RANDOLPH

Please.

She adds it from a jug.

RANDOLPH

Thank you.

She returns to her place, and sits. She looks at her book. Half raises her head to look at the stranger. But checks the movement - perhaps he is looking at her. Looks back at the book but desperately attracted, stealthily looks again.

Her POV the motionless ram-rod back at the bar. We examine him with her. He shifts and:

She looks down quickly, blushing hard.

She need not have bothered; he is only lighting another cigarette. MICHAEL, watching his every movement takes the opportunity to clinch their friendship, nods cheerfully, swinging his feet. His bad foot thumps against the wall and:

MICHAEL's swinging boot.

RANDOLPH restlessly shifts his weight from one foot to the other.

The bumping foot, closer, louder. On SOUND the jaunty military MUSIC begins again, softly.

RANDOLPH commences a movement towards MICHAEL but checks it.

The bumping foot, closer and louder yet.

RANDOLPH takes a grip on himself; a look of fear in his eyes.

The bumping foot very close crashes against the wall. The MUSIC fully established now, not merely jaunty but ferociously cheerful, gay, conjuring up bright uniforms along Horse Guards Parade, as though sending men off to be crippled and shattered were a matter for joyful celebration.

RANDOLPH carefully grips the edge of the bar.

MICHAEL looks at him curiously.

RANDOLPH is sweating, the bumping foot on SOUND OVER, echoing above the MUSIC.

ROSY looks up aware of something wrong.

Her POV there is nothing very odd about the motionless figure but:

RANDOLPH breathing hard begins to tremble. Checks it. It comes again.

MICHAEL very interested, stops swinging his foot. Too late; RANDOLPH has passed the point of no return. He shakes violently.

MICHAEL straightforwardly frightened, gets down and sidles away from the weird and possibly dangerous stranger.

ROSY rises quickly and approaches puzzled, checks appalled at:

RANDOLPH's private hell. His eyes stare wildly and his face is desperate with effort. Another moment of enforced rigidity. Then it comes again and shakes him vengefully. The MUSIC has a surge to it. MICHAEL, backing, growls.

At the sound, RANDOLPH's head flies round. He is horrified at being seen thus. He looks the other way and sees still worse - the young woman is hanging off, shocked.

RANDOLPH

(wildly sane from the  
physical chaos)

It's all right. It won't last long.

And at once is seized by another spasm. He looks round over his shoulder at:

A little bentwood chair, safe and solid as Van Gogh's.

He flings his body round, his back crashing against the bar.

MICHAEL cries out inarticulately, backed hard against the door.

ROSY shoves him through into the street and bolts it, turns to see:

RANDOLPH launches himself from the bar. But his legs will not obey him, the chair goes over.

His crippled foot comes down among the spindles and:

RANDOLPH falls, the drums of the MUSIC cannonading, into

Grey mud and blackness. The drums now unmistakably the pulverizing roar of a heavy bombardment. Desperately he drags himself into a trench shelter, one hand gripping a dimly-seen pit-prop. His eyes glow with horror, he fights against dry sobs, emitting sounds like the braying of a donkey, his human status gone, a crouched and crippled animal. Uncomprehendingly he sees a hand stretched out from the darkness and close upon his own. But as he stares, the guns recede, dying to silence. He looks from the hand to its owner.

His POV, ROSY's face looks back at him from a background still totally dark.

He looks at her as a long-blinded man might look at the first thing revealed to his sight by the removal of the bandages, with an intensity of tender interest.

In profile, against darkness, they regard each other like once happy lovers suddenly and unexpectedly re-met. They move together and gently kiss. At which the pit-prop reveals itself for the leg of the table under which he has dragged himself, as natural light and sounds reassert themselves.

A noise from the street half-recalls ROSY to time and place. She rises. But RANDOLPH rises into frame; they are facing and close; swept by an urgent need kiss passionately, exploring it, kissing again. The light through the window changes again, filling the room with sunlight as they kiss till ROSY pulling gently away but still helplessly looking at him and speaking as from a dream.

ROSY

I must open the door ...

He lets her go. She looks at him still, then goes hurriedly to the door - as two women pass chattering along the street - and whispers:

Sit, sit ...

He obeys but his eyes do not leave her.

She unbolts the door and opens it and:

MICHAEL looks in at her.

She draws back and:

**MICHAEL** enters warily, peers still warily at **RANDOLPH** seeming to test the atmosphere in some way, like a sharp-nosed animal.

**ROSY** goes behind the bar where she seizes a glass and a cloth; but her attention is still riveted on **RANDOLPH**'s half-turned back. With a pale attempt at normality they exchange such information as they can under the brooding eye of **MICHAEL** who now stands hesitantly by his accustomed seat.

**RANDOLPH**  
Is this where you live?

**ROSY**  
I live at the schoolhouse.

**RANDOLPH**  
Schoolhouse?

**ROSY**  
I'm married to the teacher.

**RANDOLPH**  
(gently)  
Oh.

**ROSY**  
(with sudden irritation)  
Well are you stayin' or not, Michael?

Hastily **MICHAEL** ascends to his seat, as two horsemen gallop past in the street, in Sunday best on shaggy ponies. Rather fearful and quick, as an approaching clatter is heard on **SOUND**.

**ROSY**  
They're back from the Fair -

Through the window we glimpse **RYAN**, **McCARDLE** and **FRIEND** and **OTHERS** pull up on two flat carts.

**RANDOLPH**  
(quick and quiet)  
I don't know your name.

**ROSY**  
Shaughnessy. Rose Shaughnessy. That's my dad.

Which?  
 RANDOLPH

ROSY  
 The big one. He owns this place.

RANDOLPH says slowly, after a pause:

RANDOLPH  
 Your father is the publican?

ROSY  
 Yes; why not?

RANDOLPH registers her evident ignorance of her father's spare time occupation and turns to face the man himself, leading the noisy fair-goers into his domain, the worse for drink. He is dressed in a dreadful dashing outfit of check tweed, McCARDLE and FRIEND in sooty suits and carrying crates of panic-stricken hens. YOUNGSTERS and OTHERS crowd in after them, boisterous. But RYAN checks, seeing RANDOLPH. Silence falls, unease communicating backwards so that those still pressing in crane curiously to see.

RYAN has a moment of acute awkwardness then, remembering his audience, sternly:

RYAN  
 Now I can't just say you're very welcome, sir. Not in your official function. Ah - but in yourself you're welcome.

RANDOLPH, sitting in dead silence winces hearing:

RYAN  
 (announces)  
 A brave man is a brave man! In any uniform - English Khaki, Irish Grreen - Aye - or German Grey.

RANDOLPH looks at him and nods once in agreement,

RYAN  
 Ah - you've a large mind, sir! Put it there.  
 (he lurches forward, slopping Randolph's drink)

Oh.

RYAN (Cont)  
(then holding out a  
meaty hand)

Put it there.

There is no help for it. RANDOLPH gives his hand.

McCARDLE watches sourly.

ROSY watches shamedly, hearing:

RYAN  
You've met my daughter, then?

RANDOLPH  
Yes.

A silences; the VILLAGERS watching in bovine curiosity. RYAN uneasy.

RYAN  
Well come on everyone - the Major's not  
a peep-show!

It has no effect; ROSY makes an attempt at business behind the bar.  
Seeing this movement:

RYAN  
Ah! Now, Princess, guess what your old  
Dad's got you this time - from the Fair?  
Hmp. Guess.

ROSY  
I don't know, father.

RYAN  
Well come an' look.

Drags her from behind the bar and as RANDOLPH makes to go:

RYAN  
No, no, don't go, sir, you'll appreciate this -  
you've daughters of your own, I dare say.

He is holding ROSY by the arm so that she is willy-nilly confronting  
RANDOLPH closely as he sits again saying:

RANDOLPH  
Not daughters, no.

RYAN

That, sir, is your misfortune.  
Come an' look, Princess ...

He tows her away to the window, FRIEND leaning down to tell RANDOLPH confidentially:

FRIEND

He's a great giver, sir, is Tom.

ROSY is held by RYAN before the farther window. With her we see:

A free moving mare tethered behind his cart.

ROSY

Oh ... Father, you can't afford it.

Outside as though she had heard, the mare raises her sensitive head, restless.

RYAN

I want you to have her ... I seen my  
Princess these days lookin' sad ...

(he pats her cheek,  
peering at her)

... lookin' sad ...

CLOSE SHOT. RANDOLPH looks towards them.

ROSY

(smiles awkwardly and)

Don't, Father.

RYAN's eyes switch quickly towards RANDOLPH, watching intently.

RYAN

(boisterous)

It's a little Arab mare sir.

A MAN

(looking through window)

She's Connemara.

RYAN

(tells Randolph with a  
jerk of the head)

Wouldn't know an Arab from an elephant.

THE MAN

I know a Connemara.

Some amusement at RYAN's expense.

RYAN

All right! All right then - You look  
as though you'd be a judge, sir.  
Perhaps you'll favour us with...

RANDOLPH walke to the window by ROSY. Both look out.

RANDOLPH

Oh yes, there's Arab blood in her!?  
Fine horse, Mr Ryan. Good day.

RYAN

Oh, you're off then?

RANDOLPH

Yee. Good-day, Mrs Shaughnessy.

ROSY

Good-day, etr.

Their glances meet for one moment and then he is gone, click-thump,  
in the silence, the length of the pub, people drawing back for him  
needlessly but by instinct. He leaves the silence behind him.  
McCARDLE with an uncertain little laugh.

McCARDLE

Well then?

CLOSE SHOT. MOUREEN.

MOUREEN

Snob.

CLOSE SHOT. ROSY. RANDOLPH paeeee the window looking  
etraight ahsad ae she hears the word taken up and agreed to, the  
villags happy to hays found a pigeon hole for the imprsssivs overlord.  
"Snob..." RYAN looking thoughtfully after RANDOLPH's exit, turne  
from the door to retake command:

RYAN

Well o' coursse he's a snob - Ien't  
that what the Engleeh le famous for?

CUT



RANDOLPH's refined and composed features seem to confirm the diagnosis as he walks along the street. Hears footsteps, looks up and sees:

CHARLES approaching. Looks with frank curiosity at the stranger.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT across the street. They meet, pass. Four or five more paces and each turns. Awkwardly and swiftly CHARLES raises his hat, with a little deferential duck. RANDOLPH salutes, turning away. Both continue on their opposite ways.

CLOSE SHOT ROSY behind the bar again - and busy now, the normal festive, fair-day racket on SOUND, bargains discussed, jokes and argument, confused and loud. She looks up at:

Her POV CHARLES has entered from the street, looks round, sees her, and comes, smiling. He leans over the bar and she, after a barely perceptible pause, offers her cheek to his marital kiss. We stay on CLOSE SHOT ROSY, hearing on SOUND, over:

RYAN

(sound)

D'you see our lord and master then?

CHARLES

(sound)

Yes. Fine lookin' man.

RYAN

(sound)

Blather -

CUT

ROSY's mare is restless in the moonlit paddock by the schoolhouse. She shifts about gracefully, tossing her head. On SOUND the distant "thump-thump-thump" of the camp dynamo is borne through the warm night. The mare stands, tenses, whinnies loudly.

RANDOLPH hears the distant whinnie above the loud "thump-thump-thump" of the dynamo. He lies in bed quite still, a silhouette in the darkness. We see the swimming moon through the opened window above his head. A movement. A cigarette glows red. Then the exhaled smoke passes across the face of the moon which:

Shines down through the opened schoolhouse window too, where sleepless ROSY lies by sleeping CHARLES. She shifts restlessly as the distant "thump-thump-thump" is pierced by the nearby whinnying of the mare.

**CLOSE SHOT** a big black gelding grumbles uneasily and moves in his stall, thumping the stable door, ruffling his bedding. The "thump-thump-thump" is close and the horse looks out at:

The sleeping camp, only the guardhouse windows alight, and a naked bulb illuminating the comolent SENTRY.

CUT

**CLOSE SHOT**, ROSY in her garden spreads a wet tea-cloth on a bush to dry in the hot sunshine. Other cloths are similarly spread. This is the last. Her movements are dreamlike. On SOUND an ill-tuned piano and a class of little children in a sleepy rendering of "Now Thank We All Our God". ROSY picks up the empty enamel bowl from the paddock wall and drifts back towards the dwelling; her eyes are unseeing, her expression preoccupied, almost drugged. Tall, budded lily plants brush against her skirt waist-high, seem almost to impede her - she stops.

CUT

**CLOSE SHOT**. With a violent bang SOLDIER cranks the dynamo into violent life, its corrugated iron hutch vibrating as it settles to its night's work.

**LONG SHOT**. RANDOLPH sits motionless in the exact centre of his room at the remains of the meal laid there for him. "Thump-thump-thump" on SOUND. And now a noise from CORPORAL moving beyond the partition - a few whistled bars of "Goodbye Tipperrary", broken off, footsteps, door and CORPORAL's voice calling cheerfully:

CORPORAL (Sound)

(receding)

Eh, Nobby - 'Ave you got a bit of -

Door slams. Silence. RANDOLPH stirs, takes cigarette from case and begins to tap it. But the action becomes mechanical, his gaze abstracted. MUSIC "Wings" creeping in. He is looking at nothing. But suddenly his head moves back an inch and the motion ceases. He is staring fascinated and incredulous at:

**CLOSE UP ROSY** as he saw her in the pub just before they kissed; it lasts a flash and:

**CLOSE UP RANDOLPH** at the same moment; it lasts a flash and:

CUT

**MUSIC** continues over: **CLOSE SHOT ROSY** stares at this second image with the same expression. But is roused by a sound and looks off at:

**CHARLES** plumps a corrected exercise book on a pile and takes another. Elementary sums; his practised eye and red pencil need only seconds for their work. **MUSIC** fades to silence on this.

**ROSY** watches. "Thump-thump-thump" from the distance.

This is **CHARLES** at his best, conscientious, uncondemning, kind. For one book he has a fond little smile at some infantile error. For another a little worried frown and a just audible "tut-tutting."

**ROSY** watches. The flutter and plump of the marked books goes on. She looks about her, but there is no answer to her dilemma in the too familiar little room. She gets up unobtrusively and goes out.

**CHARLES** smiles, registering her going unconcernedly and goes back to his work.

**ROSY** comes from the house to the garden as driven by demons; night moths flutter from the plants as she passes, swiftly, her lips parted, frowning with pain, her eyes wide and full of desperation. She leans herself against the house end in the moonlight gasping, seeing:

The white trumpets of tiger-lily, luminous in the dark, the low stone wall behind.

Her head moves away from them restlessly. On **SOUND** the mare snorts, uneasily. She looks off. And goes rigid.

**RANDOLPH** stands twenty yards from her, ghostlike in the swimming light and looking at her. From his stance and half concealed position, we feel that he has been there a long time. They confront each other thus, frozen for a space, like two night-prowling animals, suddenly met.

**RANDOLPH** moves towards her, coming on steadily, looking straight at her. Both for this moment absolved from human doubt.

**ROSY** looking straight at **RANDOLPH** moves a few unconscious steps towards him. It takes her into the midst of the lilies, the white flowers closing round her as she stops. The distant thudding of the dynamo.

**RANDOLPH** has stopped, a few paces beyond the wall. He speaks low and clear. She answers in a whisper but at once.

RANDOLPH  
Will you meet me tomorrow?

ROSY  
How?

The mare snorts again. Together they look off at her and quickly back in perfect understanding.

RANDOLPH  
Where?

ROSY  
The tower.

RANDOLPH  
What tower?

ROSY  
Ask. When?

RANDOLPH  
Three?

ROSY  
Yes,

One beat and he turns and goes like a ghost, as he came.

ROSY pushes back through the lilies, enters and shuts the kitchen door, the "thud-thud-thud" diminished as she does so, and then in the doorway to the living room she stops, seeing:

Her husband, still busy at his innocent and necessary work. He looks up with a pleasant half-smile, looks down but up again and:

CHARLES  
Whatever's that, darlin'?

She comes in brushing briskly at her skirt, stained by clouds of yellow pollen. With a little laugh, but a bit breathless:

ROSY  
Oh, it must be the lilies.

She fetches up at the mantel and fiddles with something there. CHARLES looks up at her; with friendly senior concern and taking off his spectacles, smiling.

CHARLES

You're restless, Roey.

Now that she must lie she does it with a poise that takes our breath away, turning to him with a little half-surprised laugh as revealed to herself by his acumen.

ROSY

I think I am a bit.

And indifferently, as prescribing her own medicine for a not very important ailment.

I'll maybe take the Princess out, tomorrow.

CHARLES nods, approving her good sense before returning to his task.

CHARLES

Aye, do that, Roey.

(and adds as a happy  
afterthought)

It'll please your dad.

ROSY steals a look at him. It is the first time she has deceived him.

CUT

The roar of water, falling steadily in tons. A weir. Pulverized foam makes a faint bright haze over its hurtling surface. A salmon leaps, its slastic body hooped with effort; the heavy streamlined shape hangs a second, and falls back into the turbulences.

The roar is close on ROSY, peering between leaves west from recent rain. The mare is motionless beneath her.

LONG SHOT through the leaves, her POV. The ruined Celtic tower. The small figure of RANDOLPH on the Army gelding ascending towards it. Behind him an uncertain sky of grey with gaps of blue.

LONG SHOT, her POV, RANDOLPH reaches the tower, reins in and looks round.

CLOSE SHOT, ROSY does not move from hiding, staring intently.

CLOSE SHOT RANDOLPH, the roar of the waterfall distant, his head turning, searching for her.

**CLOSE SHOT ROSY.** She stares another second, then gently urges her mount forward, the wet leaves parting, to reveal herself.

**CLOSE SHOT, RANDOLPH** searching does not see immediately. But when he does -

Another salmon leaps, galvanic, soars to the head of the fall, and succeeds.

**CUT**

**ROSY** watches, a little frightened now, as:

He rides up, at an easy trot, and stops.

**TWO SHOT.** They look at one another, the waterfall roaring on **SOUND.**

**CLOSE SHOT RANDOLPH,** his eyes vivid with life, but steadily focussed.

**ROSY** returns his look, turns her horse and goes. He follows her.

A salmon flings itself at the fall of water, arcing cleanly through the air to the sliding water above. A second of the giant fish goes up just behind it, succeeding too.

The roar of water continues on **SOUND** over **SKYSCAPE**; two grey-white clouds rolling asunder, disclosing blue. The roar **CUTS** to **SILENCE** on:

**EXTREME LONG SHOT,** the two tiny riders entering a great bay of open country, cut into a thick wood, sharply delineated by a broken paling fence which we can just make out. The arms of the wood enclose them on either side.

**CLOSE SHOT.** They have reined in. Both looking ahead into:

Their **POV** the silent interior of the wood, debarred to them by the derelict paling fence, the fringe of clove-grown brambles. As they look, sunlight comes, revealing magically tree-trunks, bushes, fallen branches, weeds, all overgrown and tangled, receding in planes. It looks half inviting, half sinister, utterly secluded.

**ROSY** turns her head, full-face towards **RANDOLPH,** openly. Their steady glances meet. **RANDOLPH** turns his horse and leads off, **ROSY** following.

They round a corner of the wood, at the walk, RANDOLPH leading.

CLOSE TRACKING ROSY looks from RANDOLPH's back to:

The glimmering interior of the wood slides past.

RANDOLPH looks ahead at something.

ROSY sees whatever he has seen. She rides up to where he has pulled aside a little and rides without pause past him, entering; the wood.

LONG SHOT DOWN, from high up among the tree-tops, through branches, the two riders making their way up a woodland ride.

CLOSE SHOT it curves away into the green interior. We glide along it, the only SOUND the creak and jingle of tack and then the sudden frantic piping of a blackbird's alarm call, receding.

The mare's hooves placed delicately on the soft green of the ride, moving forwards.

POV ROSY over the mare's head and ears, the ride forks; the mare is guided to the right, the ride now only half its former width.

CLOSE TRACKING RANDOLPH looks at:

His POV ROSY riding ahead, the young trees closing on her.

ROSY is caressed and plucked at by sprays of leaf. She looks into:

Her POV the thick undergrowth.

Now a seemingly impassable barrier glides toward us. A big tree has fallen, supported on its branches as a man by his arms, the trunk above us and the ride obscured by a mass of dying leaves. But:

ROSY gently thrusts through, the leaves rustling and comes out into:

The end of the ride, the heart of the wood. Big trees here not an air stirring. The light falls green through the high vault of leaves,

upon trunks of dim silver. The ground is soft with centuries of leaf-mould. Here where the big trees have conquered there is no scrub, but areas of bracken, flowering weeds and grass grow wherever they can find sufficient light.

ROSY lets go the reins, leaving the decision to the horse which walks forward an uncertain pace or two and stops. She hears behind her on SOUND the approach of RANDOLPH's horse and his dismounting. ROSY dismounts and turns, standing against her horse as RANDOLPH comes up to her. Gently he kisses her. She sways towards him. On SOUND again the frantic trill of a blackbird's alarm. We follow the horse as it moves away to:

A still, dark woodland pond, fringed with the rotting rags of last year's reeds and the fresh green blades of this year's growth. The two horses move forward heavily to drink and:

A pattering disturbance of the surface as scores of tiny frogs leap from the marshy fringes into the safety of the amber water. Then stillness again and on SOUND the sleepy summer croon of doves, continuing over:

RANDOLPH and ROSY stand face to face where the horses left them. They are in an area of bracken - last year's big fronds a brown bed pierced by hundreds of curled green shoots. Behind them is a long dead tree trunk; but a nursery of young saplings grows close. RANDOLPH unties the silk handkerchief which closes the throat of ROSY's blouse. For one moment it surprises her - but then she studies his face calmly, looks down like him at his fingers drawing out the knot, and up again at his face, her expression trusting as he draws away and drops the handkerchief and the throat of her blouse opens. He raises his eyes and looks into hers. She sways towards him expecting a kiss; deliberately, he bends his head to kiss her throat.

A flight of gossamer undulates dreamlike in a shaft of falling light, high up, the silver filaments glinting as they float yards long through the green and gold. On SOUND the plaintive mechanical "clink-clink-clink" of the settling blackbird.

One by one RANDOLPH undoes the buttons of her blouse. She is motionless but her eyes are just a little frightened and her breath just a little rapid. When he parts the blouse and sees that she wears no undergarment he looks up at her and she looks back. He gives her the faintest of warmly serious smiles with the eyes only. He kisses her again and she presses herself against him, her arms about his neck. His hands draw the blouse from her skirt.

The horses quietly crop the short grass, indifferent.



**LONG SHOT:** high up between the motionless trees a small grey bird darts from one tree to another, momentarily illuminated against the cavernous shadows, a mere speck to us. It disappears. Then on **SOUND**, the drilling of a woodpecker.

**RANDOLPH** has his Sam Browne belt in one hand; he undoes the last button of his jacket and takes it off and tosses it down by **ROSY's** scarf. One beat and they go down together in the bracken. **ROSY** turns to him and begins to loosen his tie.

The head of the black horse, cropping steadily. He blows. A squacron of dandelion parachutes takes off, hovers, drifts away on its mission. We **TRACK**, watching the casualties, the slow-motion near misses, follow the last survivor in a perilous dam-busting sweep across the surface of the pond to find its doom there at the eleventh hour. **EXTREME CLOSE**, it water-logs and sinks.

**RANDOLPH**, his shirt opened now, draws the blouse from **ROSY's** breast. She covers it quickly with her hand. He puts his hand on hers. She takes away her own leaving his. He kisses her, caressing her breast, a long, slow kiss; her eyes close; she abandons herself to it.

The sun, at a high angle, blazes down through a gap in the feathered branches, the leaves rendered transparent.

**UNDERCRANKED:** the sunlight creeps up onto the end of the dead log, discovering unexpected veins of colour in the darkrotted wood.

**ROSY** is excited now. Her nervous fingers knead among his hair. But **RANDOLPH** lays his head against her other breast and smiles softly as he hears on **SOUND** her heartbeat, remembering the very similar "thump-thump-thump" of the camp dynamo. His hand closes tightly on her other breast and **ROSY** makes a little **SOUND** and shifts. **RANDOLPH** kisses the soft flesh beneath his face and we sense his reaching down and drawing up her skirt. On **SOUND** the "thump-thump-thump" accelerates fractionally, but:

**LONG SHOT** the empty glade is as we first saw it, still and quiet. Some whisp of cloud creates a change from light to dark to light again, slowly, unheeding the continuing "thump-thump" on **SOUND**, and:

**LONG SHOT**, angling down from high up in the trees, the bare legged girl and the man look tiny - certainly no more significant than the two horses and the shining pool, "thump-thump" notwithstanding.

**CLOSE SHOT.** **ROSY** has her head thrown back and **RANDOLPH** is on top of her, and she is smiling, the smile modulates to utter peace and confidence and the throbbing on the **SOUND** settles to a fractionally slower beat, leisurely, but louder, more insistent,

The sunlight on the log has moved along to where a tiny star-like flower with frail leaves had found in the creased skin of the giant's corpse a nick of dirt and there lives out its own short life. In the shadowy underside of the rotten log, fungus glimmers. The whirr of the woodpecker counterpoints the steady heartbeat on SOUND.

CLOSE SHOT ROSE; she is lying on her side now; she is looking at her own fingers in the bracken by her face; her hair is dishevelled but she wears a look of rapturous tranquility. But a slight tilt of camera discloses that RANDOLPH's face is pressed to her nape, his chest against her back; the act of love is continuing.

Above the pond a cloud of golden midges dances, each one in a frenzy rising and falling, the collective cloud in dreamlike rotation. "Thud-thud" on SOUND.

FLASH SHOT, shooting upwards CLOSE ON ROSY from below, treetops behind her torso, hair all fallen, on her face a look of ecstasy. RANDOLPH's arms come upwards into frame and pull her down towards camera, leaving a screenful of tree-tops and sky.

Now she is on her back again and he above her; her eyes are closed, her opened mouth is wet. The thudding heart-beat roars and accelerates sharply and her eyes flash open staring upwards sightlessly.

SHOOTING straight upwards at the tree tops. On SOUND the now almost frantic drumming. In maddening contrast a yellow leaf from last Autumn descends towards us, turning slowly in the heavy air, descending and turning ... The heart-beat suddenly ceases. The leaf lands on the water. Two beats of silence and it beats again slowly, pulsing to quiescence over:

ROSY is crying. RANDOLPH lies tired in her arms. He slowly looks up at her. He makes no response to her tears other than to press his head into the softness beneath his cheek. His eyes close.

FLASH SHOT. Barbed wire and picket posts, close, in monochrome light, grey like the mud in which lie still figures, some on their faces, some on their backs, all half submerged. They are dead; some have been dead for some time.

RANDOLPH's eyes flash open. He presses into her, hard. He is seeking, and finds, comfort in her actuality. ROSY looks down, sensing that he is getting something terribly important from her, though she does not know what. There is something she had to know. How long will this terrible happiness last. Hesitates, then:

ROSY

... How long will you be here?

RANDOLPH

They said they'd leave me till I asked  
to be sent back.

ROSY

(horrified)

You'd not do that - ? -

RANDOLPH

Not now ... Not now ...

He hugs her, desperate with gratitude, and she:

ROSY

Oh darl-

His kiss comes down upon the word. She clings to him, her arms  
flying round him and:

CUT

CLOSE. With a flash of flying silver and a fling of water,  
MICHAEL hauls a good sized trout from a fast running stream. He  
is under the arch of a small stone bridge, crouched on a flat rock,  
his right arm soaking to the shoulder. He is excited as when he  
caught the lobster, kills the flapping fish with efficient brutality  
and throws it to the bank, crooning merrily to himself. In the clear  
brown water, the panicked fish recover, drift to their accustomed  
feeding places, camouflaged. Then he steps to another stone and  
looking into the water with a bright and expert eye goes still as  
a stone or a fishing heron. The water is tinged rose pink by the  
sunset. With incredible delicacy, muttering to himself, the  
misshapen man slides first his hand and then his whole arm down  
into the stream, feeling cautiously beneath a submerged rock.  
It brings his wooden face six inches from the sliding surface. His  
whole being is concentrated on it. But now his head turns. He  
has heard, before it is audible to us:

The jingle and thud of the two horses approaching at the trot, then  
stopping on the bridge above him. Remaining as he is he just turns  
his head to stare vacantly at the shadows of ROSY and RANDOLPH  
cast by the low sun onto a length of stone retaining wall in the  
river bank, hearing:

(O.S.) RANDOLPH  
 Tomorrow.

(O.S.) ROSY  
 If I can.

(O.S.) RANDOLPH  
 Please.

(O.S.) ROSY  
 Yes.

**EXTREME CLOSE SHOT, MICHAEL's face.** He has not moved; the sliding water is under his nose.

(O.S.) ROSY  
 Good-night, darling.

(O.S.) RANDOLPH  
 Good-night.

**MICHAEL** hears them part on the bridge above his head. Hears them away to silence. Rises cautiously and looks after:

**LONG SHOT.** **RANDOLPH's** black gelding under the red sky, cantering away over open country.

**CLOSE SHOT.** **MICHAEL** looking after him, transfixed.

CUT

Dusk. The rear door of the schoolhouse opens, spilling domestic light onto the garden. **CHARLES** peers out anxious and relieved.

**CHARLES**  
 Rosy?

His POV **ROSY** arrested in the light spill, coming through the garden from the paddock with the saddle and tack in her arms. A: bit breathless, as she moves on and in:

**ROSY**  
 Hello-

CHARLES

Rosy - where've you be-  
 (breaks off as she passes  
 him into the light and he  
 sees her untidy state)

Rose - what's happened?

She dumps the saddle and tack and moves on into the living room, finding it easier to lie on the move, speaking quickly, lightly:

ROSY

Princess took a fall.

CHARLES

Oh Rose! No ...!

He follows her.

ROSY

I'm fine - I'll just change -

She passes quickly into the bedroom, stopping him from following by half closing the door. We stay on him and hear her bustle and:

ROSY (O.S.)

(from bedroom)

'Twas me own fault. I put her at a ditch  
 she wasn't up to, and she lay on me isg  
 an' wouldn't get off.

CHARLES

Your leg - Darlin', you'd better  
 let me look.

He goes to the bedroom door. She has taken off the soiled blouse and has taken another from an open drawer. She holds it instinctively over her breasts at his appearance but smiles reassuringly:

ROSY

It's nothing at all.

CHARLES leaves her, politely half shutting the door again saying:

CHARLES

Well, if you're sure.

ROSY looks at the half opened door behind which he has disappeared and says, comforting his obviously sincere concern:

ROSY

Certain sure, It's nothin'.

She doesn't like herself, blinks unhappily before struggling into the new blouse, but then as she begins to button it she tenses herself and:

ROSY

But she wouldn't get up you see ...

(gally)

An' d'you know who came an' got me out of it? - That new English Officer -

CHARLES (O.S.)

(from the living room)

Major Doryan?

ROSY

(swallows)

Aye, him ...

She is hurrying out of her riding-skirt now, folding it roughly and stuffing it away, destroying the evidence.

He came an' got her up!

CHARLES in the living-room experiences a vague disquiet.

CHARLES

Oh, well. That was lucky.

She is stuggling into a fresh skirt now, can see him in the gap of the half-open door. A silence. It establishes itself. Swells with awful, vague, possibilites. She is into her skirt now. And still he says nothing.

ROSY

What have you been doing?

CHARLES in the living room smiles.

CHARLES

Oh. Waitin' for you.

A pause before:

ROSY

(O.S. bedroom)

Ah you mustn't worry about me  
darlin' - I can ride.

CHARLES

You can ride champion eureka. But  
the mare's not properly broke.

ROSY, arrested in the act of combing her hair. He has given  
her the opening she needed. But it will take courage. Dare  
she? His voice comes again:

CHARLES

(O.S. living  
room)

Rosy -? She's not properly broke.

ROSY plunges.

ROSY

Well -

(pulls comb through her  
hair and picks a bit of  
bracken from it: with  
nervous fingers)

Major whatever did say he'd help me.

She waits breathless. A pause from living-room which seems  
to her an hour. Then:

CHARLES

(O.S. living-  
room)

With the horse?

ROSY

(quick)

Aye.

Pulls comb through thair and then waits again. Silence.  
Wrenches comb through hair again, then, nerve almost gone:

ROSY

Ah - I don't suppose he meant it.

CHARLES in the living-room experiences the same disquiet but will not examine it, and fairness compels:

CHARLES

Oh he - looks like a man of his word to me.

ROSY in the bedroom hears this typical remark sadly. She has won but only by his generosity. Looking at the door, gently, with soft, regretful admiration:

ROSY

Does he Charles?

CHARLES

(O. S. living-room  
sad, speculative)

Looks a fine feller all round.

ROSY

(looking at the door)

You always think the best of people,  
don't you?

CHARLES in the living-room deprecates what he takes to be an outright compliment:

CHARLES

(laughingly)

Aye. Why not?

Smiling she comes to the doorway.

ROSY

Well we'll see. Could you eat some  
supper?

CHARLES

(smiling back)

I could have a go at it.



She passes into kitchen. We stay with him, hearing her domestic bustle there. We watch his smile fade. He struggles with a thought, dismisses it, half-turns restlessly towards the pictures on the mantel, looks towards kitchen unhappy with himself.

ROSY, busy in the kitchen, is aware of the silence from the living room. Pulls out a drawer of cutlery and is arrested by:

CHARLES

Rose ...

That hesitant, shamefaced voice is the dangerous one. She slides the drawer shut.

ROSY

Yes?

CHARLES

You'd never be unfaithful to me, would you?

ROSY

... Oh Charles - !

She says it chiding, affectionately amused, concerned - the kiss of Judas. But she says it going to him in a rush and:

CLOSE SHOT. ROSY, over his back. She stares through tears horrified at a future full of such treachery. They are closer at this moment than they have ever been before. CHARLES is remorseful, and against himself he can turn all the strength of his upright character. She hears him, formidable and unforgiving.

CHARLES

I shouldn't have asked you that.

ROSY

Sh-shh ...

CHARLES

(short and hard)

No.

(contemptuous)

That's a rotten question for a man to ask his wife.

ROSY's arms press his broad back like a mother and she bites her lip. But there is no wavering in her intention.

CUT

**LONG SHOT.** Killins Bay. It would be a forlorn place on a grey day, but now the air is full of light and bright with the voices of **CHILDREN.** They are scattered before us in constant darting motion, as they scavenge in the heavy tied-wrack for shells, strange bits of rubbish thrown from ships, sea-bright bits of glass and other valuable articles. The waves are high and curling, dumping their load.

**CHARLES,** walking with a straggling group of his small charges, a privileged **SMALL GIRL** possessively holding his hand. He enjoys these Nature Walks at least as much as the **CHILDREN.** He is full of interest; for them it is mainly escape from the schoolroom. **SMALL BOY** coming up with something in his hand asks rather lackadaisically:

**SMALL BOY**

What's that, sir?

**CHARLES**

Well it's not the cuttle-fish what I told you to look for, that's for a start.

(taking it)

Well now, that's an insulator. Aye an insulator, that is.

(rounding his eyes, teasing their imaginations, mock-thrilling)

Off a German battleship maybe.

**SMALL BOY**

(scornful - he would like to believe it but can't)

Ah there's no German battleships come here, sir.

**SMALL GIRL**

(fierce)

You don't know - there might be.

**CHARLES**

(chuckles and wags the hands of his protectress)

No, no. Tim's right.

(addressed the impromptu study group)

Now why is there so much stuff in Killins Bay?

**SMALL BOY**

It's a tidal

(struggles)

- tidal eddy round the Head.

CHARLES  
A tidal eddy! Good, Tim.

SMALL BOY looks about at the others, pleased. SMALL GIRL glowers at him and puts out her tongue.

CHARLES  
Coms on, then - look about.

His glances off and down and sees:

His POV two pairs of footprints nearby in the sand. A woman's and a man's; the man's right footprint has a scurr to it.

CHARLES hasn't registered. Finding SMALL GIRL still attached to him, shakes her off.

CHARLES  
No no, go on now.

Reluctantly she follows the other CHILDREN. Watching her disconsolate small back, CHARLES walking on along the footprints, calls:

You nsvsr know, you might find a diamond tiara!

She flashss him a grateful smile over her shoulder and goes happily.

CHARLES looks down at the sand. The footprints slide towards him. He looks at them, at first idly, but with dawning apprehension. He stops. Looks at:

The woman's prints - a small foot, stepping quickly.

The man's - a man who drags one foot and wears neat boots.

SMALL BOY (on sound)  
Sir -

CHARLES stops and focuses on him. The CHILD offers him something.

CHARLES  
Aye, that's a cuttle-fish. Good lad.

SMALL BOY  
(going, turns to say)  
I'll try and find a bigger one.

CHARLES

(nods)

You do that, Tim ...

(he looks down again at)

The footprints. CHARLES raises his head. There is no further doubt. It is them. He looks ahead at:

The two sets of footsteps wandering away over the smooth sand.

He hesitates, not liking the role of sleuth, but is helplessly drawn. He sets off to follow. Now he finds:

The woman's shoeprints are replaced by bare footprints, the place where she changed marked by irregular little disturbances. On SOUND CHILDREN approaching: "Sir, sir ..."

CHARLES stops again, looks down at the indignant little group. Their SPOKESMAN:

SPOKESMAN

Sir, Timmy Wheelan says that aluminium floats.

CHARLES

Well tell him he's wrong.

They run off triumphantly, calling for the misinformed savant. CHARLES experiences the same reluctance as before, but as before must follow. And now:

Both pairs of prints veer off to the sand-and-boulder brink of a rock pool. A disturbance in the sand there where something has been pulled up.

CHARLES standing by the pool looks ahead, frightened now. He sees:

His POV. Their footprints lead away and disappear behind an angle in the rock face.

CLOSE SHOT. CHARLES looks back and sees:

The churned-up sand where he and his pupils have passed. ROSY and RANDOLPH's footprints half obscured.

CLOSE SHOT. CHARLES exactly as before but staring now:

The churned-up sand is pristine, unnaturally white, the sky unnaturally bright, the surroundings simplified. On SOUND CHILDREN'S VOICES

continued but now with MUSIC, soft and tender, the Beethoven: ROSY and RANDOLPH coming slowly. Their movements too are simplified and sure. They have an arm about each other, talking. ROSY laughs up into her lover's face, but they make no sound. Their feet leave in the smooth sand the footprints seen already. Now they stop, ROSY leaning on RANDOLPH for familiar support while she takes her shoes off, hopping awkwardly. Then they come, she bare-footed now.

CLOSE SHOT CHARLES. MUSIC continuous. Behind him, distantly, the tiny figures of the CHILDREN, the background actual. He is absorbing what he has just reconstructed.

REVERSE SHOT. CHARLES full figured, his back towards us, contemplates the churned-up sand, the actual natural features. His head turns, looking down at:

CLOSE SHOT the disturbance in the trodden sand by the pool's brim. CHARLES sinks into frame and examines this thoughtfully. He looks off quickly:

MUSIC and CHILDREN'S VOICES continuing on SOUND. ROSY and RANDOLPH coming on across the pristine sand through their rarified surroundings. RANDOLPH veers towards the pool, where he has seen something, coming almost straight towards:

QUICK CLOSE SHOT, CHARLES staring - he too now inhabits their rarified world:

THREE SHOT: MUSIC and CHILDREN'S VOICES continuing over, CHARLES CLOSE in foreground looking at RANDOLPH, ROSY following as he comes to the pool's brink and pulls something from the pristine sand. They ignore him; he is not there for them. He watches helplessly, riveted, noting every moment, as:

CLOSE SHOT, RANDOLPH's hand draws from the sand a clot of something. CHARLES watches him swirl it in the pool, revealing a lovely sea-shell, rose-coloured, with frills and lutes of pearl. And again:

THREE SHOT. CHARLES must watch as ROSY receives it lovingly, the MUSIC lyrical.

CLOSE SHOT CHARLES, MUSIC over.

FULL SHOT he stands by the pool alone with the footprints, the world natural again. He looks off in the direction of the angle in the rock face. Along his life too, and the last year of it. And at his own inadequacies in the face of this god-like rival. And remembers ROSY's great expectations, now justly met, himself discarded. Justly. Yet it is insupportable. And bitterly sad. The MUSIC flies in the face of this,

Olympian, the triumphant strings and brasses telling him "This is what we meant - this love of these two. We are not for you." Haggard, he regards:

The double line of footprints where it disappears behind the angle of the rock.

CHARLES knows this landscape well. He knows what lies in the further bay beyond the jutting angle of rock, towards which their footsteps lead and behind which they disappear. He starts to follow, torn between his need to know and his fear of knowing. He is drawn to a run, slows, runs again. And checks, at the angle of the rock, MUSIC cutting to shocking silence as he stares into the further bay and sees:

The black mouth of a cave. The footsteps lead straight to it. We cannot see if they lead out again, but:

CLOSER SHOT of the same. No footprints lead out.

He almost reels against the rock-face for support. On SOUND he hears:

SMALL BOY

(on sound, small-voiced, anxious)

What is it, sir?

CHARLES stares down white-faced at:

A little group of children staring up at him. SMALL GIRL scared.

CHARLES focuses on them slowly and with difficulty. Others running up cheerfully interested. They may see the footprints, enter the cave after the lovers. A desperate effort; he takes control.

CHARLES

It's nothin'. 'T's all right, Cath.

(he offers his hand)

Come on, it's time we had lunch. We'll eat at the dunes.

He leads off determinedly, going back the way they came. Groans from the children and:

A CHILD

(reproachful)

It's a long way to the dunes, sir.

CHARLES

Never mind. That's where we're eatin'.

CUT

REPEAT SHOT, the black mouth of the cave, as he saw it. But now the sea covers half of the sand, advances to within twenty feet of the cave's entrance.

Shooting out from inside the cave. The lovers' footprints leading out and away. They have gone. But another set of footprints, not theirs, leads in. MUSIC "MICHAEL'S DAY" a mournful honky-tonk.

MICHAEL. He is crouched in the dark against the wall of the cave, his expression hopeless. His head is averted. But now he looks, slowly, almost unwillingly at:

The place where the lovers lay in the sand of the cave. There are no signs of frenzy; it is simply where two people lay in one another's arms. MUSIC, twangles on.

MICHAEL. His hopeless gaze wanders from their place; he searches as for a clue:

PANNING his POV, the rock walls of the cave, the waves endlessly unfolding and flopping without. Closer now on the rising tide. MUSIC.

MICHAEL is looking at their place again. Pain comes into his eyes. His head drops. He sees his own crippled foot, in the misshapen boot. He pulls it under him, out of sight. But now he sees, under his nose:

RANDOLPH's footprint with its scurr.

MICHAEL looks up. He crawls towards their resting place. Gingerly, delicately, trying not to disturb it, he places his hand there where they lay. He waits for some communication from them, like a wireless operator with a broken set tensely tuning for some vital message. None comes. His MUSIC sinks a little. His powers of concentration are exhausted for the moment. He gazes mindlessly towards:

The waves as before.

MICHAEL. The MUSIC sinks to something like a tinny cradle song, as he hesitates, then very carefully lies down on his side, with his knees drawn up, his hairy face pressed gently against the sand. He seems to be listening, with timid hope, for some message. None

comes. He stands shamedly, like a dog with its tail between its legs. But is arrested by:

RANDOLPH's scurred footprint.

MICHAEL compares it with his own. The MUSIC rises hopefully.

But the moment of genius passes. He blinks painfully, and prepares to sit again. His sharp eye focusses:

Some small brilliant object in the sand is winking at him.

MICHAEL stares at it cautiously.

It glitters at him; a definite invitation.

Swiftly he scuffles forward and picks it up. He summons every brain cell to grapple with the opportunity it must surely represent. It is:

One of RANDOLPH's brass buttons, in MICHAEL's hand.

MICHAEL stares at it, breathing hard, beginning to mutter. Then with one last glance walks out of the cave, walking as we have not seen him walk before: with purpose. The beginnings of a brilliant idea are already shaping in his mind.

### CUT

In a cup-shaped dell at the top of the cliff, ROSY is plucking heather. The horses are beyond her, nibbling at the short dry grass. Her search for good spriggs takes her to the cliff edge. She glances down at the beach below and freezes. She has seen:

LONG SHOT down, her POV, MICHAEL on the beach below coming from the direction of the cave.

ROSY horrified, turns quickly to tell:

RANDOLPH. But he is lying in the sunshine on his back, with his mouth full, a half-eaten sandwich in his hand. He turns his head and smiles at her, peacefully. He looks carefree and young.

ROSY cannot impose on him a danger which after all threatens only her. But again she glances down at:

LONG SHOT. MICHAEL is looking straight up at her. In the instant he turns and goes, but even from here his gait is purposeful and:



**CLOSE SHOT.** ROSY looks puzzled - and apprehensive. What has he seen? And where is he going, with such uncharacteristic determination?

**CUT**

Muttering feverishly to the accompaniment of honky-tonk, gay and certain, MICHAEL in his undervest is at work on something, bent over it and eated. Sewing. He is in the dim interior of the squalid and half-derelict cottage where he lives. One area of beauty shines on the deep sill of the unglazed window - coloured pebbles, feathers, softly glowing sea-shells. Beside him on the packing case which serves him for a table is an upturned jar from which has poured a worthless collection of discarded baubles - broken brooches, bits of ribbon, beads, a watch face, buttons. On SOUND outside, youthful shouts, the thwack and thud of wood on leather ball, footsteps running up and down. MICHAEL jumps up and puts on his waistcoat. He has sewn an uneven row of brass buttons, brass brooches, a brass cogwheel, down the front. Now he carefully lifts from the litter of shining rubbish on the table a decoration made from a discarded red suspender from a woman's corset and a cross-shaped brooch of glass and filigree tin. Standing before a piece of flawed looking-glass he pins this carefully to his breast. He goes quite still, rapt and serious as some newly knighted squire at Camelot. But he must not miss his tryet. Hastily he completes the ceremonial preparations. He takes a handful of soiled confetti from the tin where he has kept it and sprinkles it carefully on his head and shoulders. Quickly he goes and:

SOUNDS outside leap as we join the YOUNG MEN at their hurley game, the ball struck hard, struck back, caught one-handed, jostled over. YOUNG WOMEN watch and applaud or jeer, not interested in the game but in the players. MOUREEN looks off across the street from whispered conversation with her friend and, almost awed:

**MOUREEN**

He-ey-ey ... Look at Michael.

Her POV MICHAEL. He has taken up his stance at the end of the alley where he lives, the lowest of the low. Here he commands all three roadway. The alley behind him degenerates quickly to a track across over grassland.

**MICHAEL** stares back sternly at:

A group of YOUNG MEN grinning, leaning on their hurley-sticks.

**MOUREEN**  
Michael, is it a wedding then?

**MICHAEL** steps forward a pace or two and throws her a curt salute.

**MOUREEN**  
It's the Major!

They come towards him, laughing delightedly, gathering round.

**MICHAEL** frowns at this behaviour. However, officer and gentleman; that he is, throw them another salute. They roar.

**McCARDLE** calls back into the pub (laughter on SOUND over).

**McCARDLE**  
Hey Tom - Will you look at this?

**MICHAEL** limps about the circle of his gathering audience, distributing salutes. Some of the **YOUNG MEN** return them, egging him on. But:

**CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL's** face. This is not funny. It is set hard. His eyes stare blankly like those of a man in a trance. His breathing is rapid and loud.

**RYAN**, by **McCARDLE** at the pub door, shakes his head, smiling, and with hypocritical regret:

**RYAN**  
He's gettin' worse you know.

**MOUREEN** steps forward.

**MOUREEN**  
Michael - Michael -

**MICHAEL**. Her voice penetrates. He comes to a jerky halt before her, puzzled. He does not seem to be getting the respect to which his new status entitles him. Expectant silence has fallen.

**MOUREEN**  
Let's have a look at your VC -

Laughter starts but checks. She has reached out for the decoration and **MICHAEL** has knocked her hand away. This is an unusual reaction. But as he turns and flings away down the street through the circle, they follow, laughing and calling ad lib: "Show us your VC, **MICHAEL**!"

"Are they going to make you a General, Michael?" , "Tell us how you won your ribbons", "How many Germans did you kill, Michael?" " Someone gives him a half-playful shove.

FATHER COLLINS is coming up the street in the opposite direction. To the pack, which falls silent:

FATHER COLLINS

All right, all right - very entertainin'.

He comes to a standstill in front of MICHAEL. Takes him in. Quietly:

FATHER COLLINS

Ah Michael, you're a perfect fool. You ask for trouble.

(coaxing but firm)

Come on now, take the foolish things off.

He suits the action to the word, taking the decoration between fingers and thumb, to pull it off. But MICHAEL leaps back with a roar of anger, red lights dancing in his little eyes. And from his distance threatens the astonished priest.

McCARDLE staring in the door of the pub says in soft astonishment:

McCARDLE

Well Glory be ...

RYAN

They'll have to lock him up ...

FATHER COLLINS is hurt, uncomprehending.

FATHER COLLINS

Michael ...!

Two YOUNG MEN make as though to seize the culprit. He leaps away and snatches from the gutter a bit of bent iron pipe. Crouching, he looks ready to kill. A murmur of astonishment and disapproval rises and dies. We watch as MICHAEL's focussed rage dissipates and he falls into a trance, with hanging mouth and vacant eyes, immobile. FATHER COLLINS, to YOUNGSTERS at large:

FATHER COLLINS

What's eatin' him? -

(more sharply)

What've you bin doin'?

MOUREEN

(sincerely sharing his  
confusion)

Don't know Father - We've not done  
anythin' ...

He sees that they are as puzzled as he, turns again to MICHAEL. Kind but firm, as one who will brook no further nonsense:

FATHER COLLINS

All right now, Michael, what're you up to?

MICHAEL is still tranced. But now he cocks his head like an alert dog which hears before anyone its master's step. The anger dies away.

All look in the same direction, seeing:

They alley where MICHAEL lives. It hides whoever is coming but now we hear the rhythmical thudding of hooves, and ROSY appears on her mare, its hooves clattering as she pulls it to a trot on the cobbles of the street. She reins in, and looks straight at:

MICHAEL steps forward, his eyes radiant; he draws himself up as never before; his arm sweeps up to a salute into which he tries to put all the inarticulate passions of his addled heart. He holds it.

ROSY stares down at MICHAEL. She flushes. Looks sideways at:

The YOUNGSTERS watch, intently and silent. They sense that MICHAEL's performance has taken a different turn. And it has had a disproportionate effect on ROSY, which promises mischief of some kind.

MICHAEL's hand falls slowly, as though exhausted. There, he has told her. He waits calmly for his rewards.

ROSY glances instinctively at:

The priest, looking hard from MICHAEL to herself: On SOUND one voice, a scandalized excited whispering, sounding unnaturally loud to:

ROSY. She feels her guilt emanating from her like heat. Clicks softly to her horse as though confiding a secret. It walks on. But MICHAEL seizes the bridle staring up at her, eager for the reward. On SOUND a sussuration of excited whispering from many.

ROSY

(quistly)

Let go Michael.

He doesn't. She kicks the horse and it goes forward, but only at a walk. MICHAEL still hanging on and looking up at her, anxious now and mumbling. Fresh whisperings and now some suppressed mirth on SOUND. The crowd is behind a pace or two now but ROSY can feel their eyes, can see the villagers at their doorways in the street before her. She is ready to weep. Fiercely and low:

ROSY

Let go . . . ! Michael, let go or I'll whip you!

Still he hangs on. Absolute silence on SOUND. RYAN stares from the pub doorway. His mouth is open, but a dreadful apprehension gathers darkly, knitting his heavy brows. MICHAEL is staring up at ROSY, stricken. It is clear to him that something has misfired. What can it be? He had covered every possible contingency. ROSY for the first time in her life has fellow-feeling for him. Or is she merely clever? At any rate she stops the horse, leans forward, puts her hand on his which hold the bridle and gently pleads:

ROSY

Michael darlin'! Let go?

MICHAEL looks at her hand on his. He is quite happy. She had asked him for something. He can give it. He takes away his hand, and ROSY is off at a swift trot. He runs after her a pace or two then isolated, back towards us, draws into another salute after her fast receding figure. On SOUND whispering and giggling rises again. A YOUNG MAN puts his fingers in his mouth and emits a piercing whistle after her. Suddenly they are all whistling, the street possessed by the inhuman sound. It carries over:

MCCARDLE, dark-faced. He glances at RYAN who looks after his daughter and her outlandish suitor, at a neighbour in an upper window, the policeman and the priest. Looks back at MCCARDLE who looks at the ground. RYAN slinks back into the pub like a beaten dog.

Whistling OVER. FATHER COLLINS looks across at the pub with pity, then gloom and anger; darts a heavy look at the excited YOUNGSTERS - they are beyond control; he strides off down the street, purposeful.

The YOUNGSTERS at his going can give free vent to their malignant excitement. MOUREEN swaggers up to MICHAEL, her friends following anticipatory. She piles up her hair, in caricature of ROSY, and in

the wheedling tones of a besotted sweetheart eyelids lowered, a salacious whisper:

MOUREEN

Oh Major darlin', let me touch your VC ...

(they wait for the tag-line)

You see -

(confidential)

my husband hasn't got one.

It is too much. Her audience rocks, helpless.

LONG SHOT, the village street, agog, hilarious, malignant.

CUT

FATHER COLLINS strides like a whirlwind through the playground, throws open the schoolroom door, registers gratefully the absence of CHARLES and his class, and tramps over the echoing floorboards towards the communicating door.

ROSY enters her home, carrying saddle and tack, in time to confront him as he throws open the door and stands looking at her with a face of stone.

FATHER COLLINS

Well?

ROSY

"Well"?

FATHER COLLINS

What was the meanin' of that pantomime?

ROSY

I don't know.

FATHER COLLINS

Where've you been?

ROSY

Riding. With Major Doryan.

FATHER COLLINS

You're bold as brass. You think that's quite a suitable connection do you, for a decent Irish wife?

ROSY

I think that'e for my husband to eay,  
Father Hugh.

FATHER COLLINS

Ah you've told him have you - ?

ROSY

Yee.

FATHER COLLINS

Yes you would ... Your husband'd eay  
anythin' you wanted pretty well. Because he  
lovee you. Sorely, doeen't he ?

The hectoring note has gone from his voice. ROSY can' juet utter:

ROSY

Yee he does.

She cannot look at him. He saye to the back of her head, gently,  
almost with pity:

FATHER COLLINS

Have you nothin' to eay to me ?

ROSY

(head still averted,  
hard)

What ehould I have to eay to you ?

FATHER COLLINS

(angered)

You could eay: Father Hugh there's nothin'  
between me an' Major Doryan!

ROSY

... There ten't.

FATHER COLLINS

Say it then.

ROSY

(exasperated, voice  
shaking)

There'e nothing between me and Major  
Doryan!

FATHER COLLINS

Look at me, Rosy.

She whips round and glares at him, her expression like her voice, hard and glittering with desperate deceit. The priest sucks in his breath and:

FATHER COLLINS

Oh child, what a face ...

They hear on SOUND the voices of the children returning across the playground. ROSY looks scared; the priest alert. Urgently, quickly:

FATHER COLLINS

Rose - tell me now - !

ROSY

What?

FATHER COLLINS

You'll have to tell in the Confessional, you little fool -

ROSY

I don't "have to" come -  
(It takes her own  
breath away)  
- to the Confessional!

FATHER COLLINS

(appalled)

... Child ... !

ROSY looks at him in a different way, wistful and proud.

ROSY

Child?

She seems to consider it, then looks back at him and shakes her head. They remain looking at one another as on SOUND we hear the CHILDREN clattering into the classroom.

CHARLES opens the communicating door. His anxious eyes in which the shock still has not died, fall straight on ROSY. He can read nothing in her face but now senses the atmosphere, looks to FATHER COLLINS and quietly:

CHARLES

Father? ...

The priest must clear his throat before, awkwardly hearty:



FATHER COLLINS

Ah! Hello then...!

CHARLES looks back to his wife and:

CHARLES

Rosy?

She turns and smiles at him, palely. He scrutinizes her; surely she must bear a mark of some kind? But there is nothing. Baffled, he turns again to the priest.

CHARLES

Was there somethin'?

FATHER COLLINS

No - No - I just ...

(waves his hand and  
smiles vaguely)

CHARLES

Will you take the prayer then Father?

FATHER COLLINS

Ah -!

Gladly escapes into the schoolroom where we hear the CHILDREN greet him and fall to silence. CHARLES moves from the doorway to let him pass and still looks at ROSY. Could it be that he is wrong? He gives her a half-smile curiously compounded of anxiety and reassurance, before following the priest.

But ROSY is alerted. She looks at the communicating door hard and thoughtfully. Then her head jerks fractionally as she hears from the schoolroom a short Latin prayer, the CHILDREN whisking through it with expert mechanical reverence, eager to be off, the priest's deep voice attempting unsuccessfully to hold them back. ROSY's gaze wanders; childhood and Church... But when her gaze alights on the heavy tangle of tabk her eyes flash suddenly with fear and she moves swiftly to take something from among it.

In the schoolroom, FATHER COLLINS murmurs a brief Latin Blessing and says:

FATHER COLLINS

All right, off home with you.

He turns immediately and looks at CHARLES. (We hear the CHILDREN clatter out in silence, breaking into yells as they gain the playground). But CHARLES looks back at him quite blandly and says, dismissive.

CHARLES  
Thanks. Good-day, Father.

FATHER COLLINS  
(cheerful)  
Glad to help, Charles. - Is there, er,  
anythin' else I can help you with?

A beat, then CHARLES, looking blank:

CHARLES  
No, I don't think so.

The PRIEST looks uncertain.

FATHER COLLINS  
Ah, well; I'll be off home too then.

He tramps off after the CHILDREN with a face of foreboding.  
CHARLES just makes sure he is really going then turns and makes  
urgently for the communicating door.

As he enters, ROSY is coming quickly from the bedroom; too quickly  
- she has the air of someone who has been up to something. But she  
smiles pleasantly enough at CHARLES and says pleasantly enough,  
albeit a bit breathlessly:

ROSY  
You're late.

CHARLES  
I took 'em for a Nature Walk.

He is looking at her; uncertainly but unwaveringly. She turns away  
on some invented domestic business. Carefully indifferent:

ROSY  
Up Howarth?

CHARLES  
No; along the shore.

A beat; then collects herself and, hair-raisingly, produces a pleased  
reminiscent smile:

ROSY  
For cuttle-fish?

CHARLES

Aye.

ROSY

If you'd come up Howarth we might have seen you.

Hope takes root in CHARLES' too-ready heart.

CHARLES

Why - ! ... Did you go to Howarth?

ROSY

(as mildly surprised by his questioning such an ordinary circumstance)

Yes, got some heather.

She indicates this irrefutable evidence with a nod of the head. CHARLES looks at the mop of wiry little flowers on the table, and is overwhelmed with relief. Helplessly smiling he caresses them as though they were the head of a lost child. Blinking:

CHARLES

So you did ...

(he raises his face, he could almost giggle)

You - you've not been to the beach then?

ROSY

No ... ?

Her tone is "puzzled" again. Now it is he who feels in danger - of revealing his unworthy fears. Cheerful, and still helplessly smiling:

CHARLES

Aye well, it's nice up Howarth.

ROSY

Oh it's grand.

And lifting the tack goes outside through the kitchen into the garden where the lilies are dying, loathing herself.

In the corrugated iron outhouse she heaves the tack onto a wooden trestle and remains as she is; motionless, her gaze miserable, fixed on nothing ...

**CHARLES** takes his fond gaze from the heather to the table cloth before him. His expression changes. He has seen:

**EXTREME CLOSE SHOT.** Sand on the table-cloth. **CHARLES'** hand comes into frame and brushes it into a tiny drift.

He rises, looking stricken. Looks towards bedroom, hesitates, and goes. In the bedroom, with frantic speed, like a burglar, he flips open a wooden box of cheap beads on the dressing-table. Nothing. Shuts it. A round raffia basket with a lid. Nothing. Opens and rifles through a drawer of the dressing-table. Pauses. His hand has felt what he is looking for among the female garments there. He draws it out.

**CLOSE SHOT.** The sea-shell in his hands. It is not so fine as the one he imagined, but fine enough. A few grains of sand in its softly shining, flesh-tinted interior.

**CLOSE SHOT.** **CHARLES** is gripped in the deadly sadness of the over-gentle. Slowly he replaces the shell, almost tenderly he covers it again with the garments, gently reshuts the drawer, covering the traces of the crime against himself. He looks round. "Of course," he feels. "Of course ..." He walks slowly and sadly through the living-room, hardly knowing where he is, but drawn mechanically to his familiar place of safety, enters:

**LONG SHOT** the silent empty schoolroom. He wanders to the centre of it and stands ...

**CLOSE SHOT.** His absent downwards gaze is set in hopeless sadness. Now he raises eyes in which resignation clouds sharp pain.

His POV the blackboard. A blackboard map of India. Written in his own best copperplate: "The River Ganges Rises in the Himalayas and Meets the Sea Near Calcutta". Over this, on **SOUND:**

ROSY

(sound)

Charles ... ?

**CHARLES** registers with an effort that she has come through the house and is standing now in the doorway, regarding him, anxious and a little fearful. He looks back at the wife, young woman, erstwhile pupil. He speaks from the cloud of his own sad thoughts, gently as of a third person - some friend in whom he is mildly interested:

**CHARLES**

I took over this school ... in the year you was born ...

Still he looks at her, directly but preoccupied. **ROSY**, puzzled:

**ROSY**

Well ... ?

He takes a deep breath, he looks her up and down with detached concern.

**CHARLES**

You'd better get them things off, darlin'.

He turns away and begins to gather up the exercise books from the line of little desks. Still she can't get away from the sight of his patient back. He pauses, half-turns and:

**CHARLES**

What are you waitin' for?

She goes, troubled and uncertain.

**CLOSE SHOT**, **CHARLES** stares after her.

**CUT**

The mine-shaft. A **POLICEMAN** in shirt and braces wrenches back one of the shattered planks of the decking; it comes with the screaming groan of nails in wet wood and a crash. A comrade, similarly dressed hangs on to the **POLICEMAN**'s belt to prevent his falling. The other planking has already been wrenched back, the planks lying petalwise away from the black aperture. A **SERGEANT** stands by, holding in one hand a big triple grapnel, attached to a coil of cod-line in the other. On **SOUND** a continuous rhythmic squeaking and grunting is provided by:

A hand-windlass worked by two more **POLICEMEN** also in shirts and braces. The wire rope coils round its wooden spool, foot by foot and:

Foot by foot passes through a metal pulley slung above the shaft; it turns, groaning under the stress and:

Foot by foot by foot the taut rope emerges, vibrating under the weight of what is coming.

Two uniformed and two plain clothes POLICE-OFFICERS watch and wait with patient faces: a local INSPECTOR and DETECTIVE, another DETECTIVE, better-dressed, standing by. Two local uniformed POLICEMEN have been posted at a distance on the cart-track to keep away the curious. An operation of some importance evidently. On SOUND a sudden grating noise. The squeaking and groaning of winch and pulley cease.

POLICEMAN at shaft head leans out and joggles the taut wire rope; a twang, it swings free; squeak and groan and the object emerges. The tinker's cart, caught by the spokes on a big grapnel. It is black with mud now and one of its shafts was snapped off in its fall. The two POLICEMEN drag it aside and dump it.

INSPECTOR and senior DETECTIVE approach, INSPECTOR pulling off one glove, finger by finger. He rubs some of the mud from the cart; it reveals red paint. The two men exchange grimly satisfied glances. The INSPECTOR looks off, nods and:

INSPECTOR

Continue.

The SERGEANT casts his grapnel down the shaft, the coil of cord flying free. We hear the soft plunge as it lands.

CUT

LONG SHOT the village street, a bleak morning. The distant figure of ROSY coming towards us from the direction of the school. She is on the far side of the street; and we PAN with her, entering the pub.

FOUR MEN look up from playing cards as she enters, glance at one another then all stare at ROSY, openly amused. The FIRST turns in his seat and leans an arm on his chairback, the better to relish her. ROSY looks back at them, from one to another in silence, then asks the first.

ROSY

Is me dad here?

FIRST MAN

No darlin'. He's at Loothe, seein' after a pig.

His eyes flash messages of licensed amusement during the harmless speech. ROSY looks at him resentfully.

ROSY  
Will you tell him I was here?

FIRST MAN  
I'll do that -  
(she is going)  
- How's your husband?

ROSY  
(stops at the door)  
He's fine.

SECOND MAN  
(to third)  
He's a strong stomach then.

ROSY  
What was that, Mr Keane?

SECOND MAN  
(innocently)  
I was just sayin' to Joe here that your  
husband's a fine lusty feller.

ROSY looks at them all contemptuously; but it has no effect on their sly, insulting complicit grins; she is fair game now. She goes hearing their laughter.

Thoughtful and a bit a afraid ROSY crosses the street and enters the dim and dingy little village shop, with its elementary staple wares and few fly-blow luxuries. Three WOMEN are seated for gossip on chairs provided for that purpose. WOMAN STOREKEEPER is totting up an account for a frail YOUNG MOTHER, already careworn, carrying a vast, unclean baby.

STOREKEEPER  
That's the flour, the jam, the -

She breaks off as ROSY enters. The WOMEN regard her openly as the men did, but with faces of stone and no amusement. YOUNG MOTHER stares at her almost scared. ROSY takes in the atmosphere, smiles palely at YOUNG MOTHER:

ROSY  
Maggie -

But her erstwhile schoolmate dare not respond, darts a scared look at STOREKEEPER and draws away a little.

STOREKEEPER

The jam and the soap.  
(pencilled calculation)  
Eighteen pence.

YOUNG MOTHER

(whispering, ashamed)  
Can it wait to the end of the week, Missus?

STOREKEEPER

Aye, to the end of the week. Not to the crack  
of doom.

YOUNG MOTHER

(whispers)  
Thanks.

The mouse-like pauper makes her escape, ROSY watching; at the door she throws a glance of half sympathy to ROSY, before disappearing.

STOREKEEPER

What was it then?

ROSY

I want a dish-cloth, please.

STOREKEEPER

I have none.

ROSY

Then I'll just take some potatoes. Five pounds.

STOREKEEPER

I've no potatoes, either.

ROSY

What's them, then?

She indicates a barrel of potatoes. STOREKEEPER turns with insolent leisure and regards it.

STOREKEEPER

Oh, aye, them.  
(turns back to Rosy)  
Them's gone. I've no potatoes.

ROSY

(quietly)  
Oh, I see.



And goes, but in the doorway with her back towards us is arrested by STOREKEEPER's voice, addressing WOMEN deliberately loud and clear for ROSY's benefit:

STOREKEEPER (sound)

The way I see it, Mrs Kenyon, there's loose women and there's whores. An' then there's British Soldier's whores.

On ROSY's frozen back the heart-beat commences on SOUND. The tempo increases over:

The faces of the WOMEN and STOREKEEPER, fixed in malignant condemnation, looking at:

CUT

Heart-beat rises to its climax over CLOSE SHOT ROSY on her back, her arms about RANDOLPH's neck in the climax of love. They are in the woodland clearing and:

Shooting straight up we see that the motionless trees are Autumnal now, red and gold with the sun behind them. Heart-beat checks, subsides, thumps once; again; then silence, save for the murmur of insects.

The sunlight falls on the giant log. Undercranked, it creeps over the figured surface, from detail to detail.

The lovers lie in tired contentment. Now they see:

Their POV, a butterfly wavers through the still air above them.

They crane back their heads, looking up at:

The butterfly, their POV looking magical, alighted on the ponderous curve of the log.

They smile. Cautiously RANDOLPH rises to his knees. ROSY sits up and watches with sleepy pleasure as:

RANDOLPH smiling slightly, stalks the butterfly. His lips still smile but he does it as he does everything with total concentration.

ROSY looks at his face with interest; strange man, her lover.

RANDOLPH's hand is stretched out, ready for the pounce. His expression is intent.

ROSY looks from him to the butterfly, back to him, a shade fearful.

RANDOLPH's hand approaches, half-cupped, his dark eyes sharply focussed.

FLASH SHOT ROSY, lips half open, alarmed.

FLASH SHOT RANDOLPH's fine hard face, the moment of striking.

FLASH SHOT ROSY. She says quickly:

ROSY

Don't hurt it -!

RANDOLPH freezes. His hand sinks and he turns to look at her. His expression is shocked and resentful. He stares at her a beat and then quietly but with passionate indignation:

RANDOLPH

Why - should you think I was going to hurt it?

The trivial incident has opened a chasm between them. ROSY stares at him, appalled. But:

RANDOLPH stares back unforgiving.

The butterfly takes off and wavers up and away.

TWO SHOT RANDOLPH and ROSY stare at one another across a widening gulf. Urgently she blurts:

ROSY

I love you!

RANDOLPH makes a sound between a sigh of relief and a groan, goes and gathers her into a kiss; and they go down, ROSY wailing softly:

ROSY

I lo-

His mouth comes down on hers. They are lying as before, she with her face upturned, eyes closed. But on sound - breathing and creaking.

Shooting straight up; the redgold trees against the perfect blue. A disturbance up there; they move, resist, give in and lean, creaking, to the passing wind.

CUT

LONG SHOT down on the cove. Three currachs are being borne upside down on the heads of six men, away from the sparkling sea.

The first is dumped above the highest tide-line by MICHAEL and FATHER COLLINS. They tilt back their heads and look up at:

A front of mare's tail clouds. High up, angelically white against the blue, they stream miles long from the horizon, cosmic portents made of ice by unseen winds of unguessable force.

The second curragh dumped. VILLAGER looking up:

VILLAGER

Coming up fast, Father.

FATHER COLLINS

(half smiles)

Aye. Will you look at them things -

UNDERCRANKED and TELESCOPIC. The miles high white processions advancing. On SOUND rueful, whimsically amused at God's odd sense of humour:

FATHER COLLINS

You'd think they was announcin' the coming of Christ.

VILLAGERS look at him; a deep one, their priest. A catspaw of wind.

FATHER COLLINS

(brisk)

Well. Come on, Mike.

They shoulder the crude, sun-bleached oars and go, wind sighing on SOUND.

CUT

Black night, the wind bellows like a beast, the big waves swing like hills of liquid coal. Something bears down upon us from the darkness - the bow wave, prow and high tarred sides of an off-shore fishing vessel, its heavy engine thudding slowly. Slung outboard from the gantry something roughly like a huge church bell. A sharp phrase in German comes down the wind, the object drops, almost on top of us, plunges into the water and instantly disappears, a rope snaking after it. Voice cries again; the heavy engine accelerates and:

The propeller churns under the vessel's stern, driving her away from us so that we can see her name across the rounded transom: "The Rose of Erin". Another command is called in German and we hear the tempo of her engine rise again over:

A life-raft swimming down a wave. Lashed onto it, coffin-like cases and boxes. The raft checks; moored. Riding the waves beyond it we see others. We hear the beat of the boat, receding, leaving them behind...

Shooting over the upturned currachs towards the sea, we can see nothing of this, but hear through the wind and waves the trawler beating hastily away to safety. She has gone. Nothing happens. Then we hear the nearby growl of an engine in low gear and:

The MATE looks out and down from the cab of a big lorry; satisfied to see:

Its rear wheels leave the hardway and grip the sand of the cove:

DRIVER backs it to the lee of the cliff and stops.

MATE jumps quickly from the cab, his face stiff with suppressed anxiety. He runs towards the sea, stops by the currachs and looks at as one who fears the worst and:

The faces of the MEN who join him tell us that his fears are confirmed. Tough-looking characters in seamen's jerseys, they glance at one another and say nothing; DRIVER looks towards the MATE. He turns to the ACTIVIST at his side and shouts into the wind:

MATE

Well?

ACTIVIST

(shrugs his heavy shoulders  
then:)

We can try, Tim!

MATE nods and goes.

ACTIVIST and MEN turn to the currachs. They turn one over.

Tucked in the shelter of the lorry's covered rear sits an elderly man with a scholar's face, wearing city clothes; an incongruous figure among the ropes and rifles, a POLITICAL. He watches, troubled as MATE jumps in and begins dragging oars from under the coils of rope. He hesitates, then a lull in the eddies which blow round the cliff affords an opportunity to speak. Primly, reprovingly:

POLITICAL

It's a contingency which might have been foreseen, I think.

MATE

(pauses and looks round)

Thanks. Very useful observation.

POLITICAL

I'm merely observing -

MATE

- I know exactly what you're doing, Mr O'Keefe. You're putting yourself right with the Committee, in case we can't do it.

He goes to the back of the lorry with an armful of oars.

Well, we're goin' to do it!

CUT

Two MEN, thigh-deep in the black water, rush the curragh out towards the advancing waves. Arm deep they can do no more; it is up to the four ROWERS.

The two MEN stare after them, desperately anxious to know how they will fare.

The curragh negotiates one foam-capped wave, disappears into its black trough and appears again, climbing the concave surface of a giant Atlantic roller. Its crest curls, grips the curragh, turns it over and hurls boat and ROWERS in through a boil of water, past the two MEN.

They flounder to where boat and ROWERS lie in shallow seething water. All soaked, breathless, shocked with the realization of defeat.

MATE

(shouting)

Where's Sian? ... Where the hell is Sian?

(his voice cracks;  
he shouts)

Sian ...!

ACTIVIST

Here, Tim!

The ACTIVIST is standing thigh-deep, his arm awkwardly twisted, face white.

They flounder to him.

MATE

Are you all right, boy?

ACTIVIST

Never mind that, Commander. What in hell are we going to do?

CUT

In the pub, McCARDLE and OTHERS, some with eyes closed, all with great feeling, sing. The storm booms outside, a loose sheet of iron clanking somewhere. The pub windows shake and thump in their loose frames.

CHORUS

"... Oh, no t'was the tre-ewth from her eyes  
ever shining -"

RYAN stands by the door which shudders to the impact of the wind, the latch rattling. He is impatient to get to bed.

CHORUS

"- that made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee."

RYAN

All right now, that's it.

He wrenches open the door and the gale rushes in, making curtains fly, fire belch smoke, the room suddenly uncomfortable. Hurriedly they duck out into the storm, RYAN fighting the door shut after them.

Outside in the black street, they disappear, leaning into the wind, holding their caps on.

Inside, RYAN bolts the door top and bottom, turns down the oil lamp so that the only illumination comes from the open door to the living quarters behind the bar and, yawning and scratching luxuriously, makes his way towards bed.

RYAN

(through his yawn)

Oh no t'was the truth from her -

He stops dead, frozen, mouth agape, hands clutched to his shirt, seeing:

The drenched and dripping figure of the MATE regarding him from the corridor leading from the bar to bedrooms and backdoor. The MATE has decided exactly what line to take with the vainglorious publican. He smiles, friendly:

MATE  
Hello, Tom.

RYAN  
Who ... ?  
(recognizes the Tinker)  
You!

(blusters, the indignant  
householder)  
What are you doin' here?

MATE  
Come on, Tom. Phoenix Park? 1913?

RYAN looks towards his photograph back to his visitor, speechless, incredulous of the realization.

MATE  
(with a friendly nod)  
Tim Leary.

He holds out his hand. RYAN steps into the corridor as in a dream, staring at him and takes it. Whereupon with his other hand MATE reaches behind RYAN and shuts the bar door. Before he knows what is happening, MATE is making down corridor to rear door. RYAN gapes afresh as MATE throws it open, the wind dashes in, setting the oil-lamp swinging and:

MATE'S MEN and POLITICAL enter, unfamiliar, soaking wet; worst of all, with rifles. MATE has come straight back.

MATE  
Now what d'you usually do at this time,  
Tom?

RYAN  
(faintly indignant, nodding  
upstairs)  
I go to bed.

MATE  
Right lads, we'll go up.

And as each of the variously impressive MEN push past the horrified RYAN to mount the stairs, the MATE introduces:

MATE  
Bernard, Paddy, Sian, Joseph, Peter,  
Mr O'Keefe ...

A deep voice dsmands softly from the top of the stairs:

VOICE  
Which door?

MATE  
At ths back.

RYAN's appalled glare falls from the strange procession mounting his stairs, to the MATE.

RYAN  
(desperate effort to  
rise to the occasion)  
But - Commandsr, sir - what's happening?

CUT

Night. One of the rafts with the sinister long boxes on it, slides down the surface of a coal-black wave and then ascends. The climb is dizzying. At its height, the raft is checked by its mooring rope with a jarring thud like a drum-stroke. We glimpse a chaos of water and another raft before descending again. The wind has the steady note of an organ.

CUT

In the wedding-night bedroom a fire is lit, clothes steam, a blanket covers the juddering window, stirring in the draught. The rifles are heaped on the bed. RYAN, recovering poise now:

RYAN  
Guns is it?

MATE  
That's right, Tom. Guns, dynamite, all the stuff the Movement needs.

An explosion of wind. A slate slides down the roof above them, RYAN's abstracted gaze follows its progress. We hear it smash in the yard below.

RYAN  
Well . . .  
(bravely)  
You must get to 'em somehow then!

MATE  
We can't get to 'em. But Sian here says it looks as if -  
(jerks his head towards  
the window)



MATE (Cont)

- there's a good chance some of it'll bust away - and come to us.

RYAN

Float in?

MATE

You're on to it. But if they do we don't know where, and you can't see the nose on your face out now.

(gently)

So we shall wait till daylight.

POLITICAL

Madness. Absolute madness.

MATE

(blazes briefly)

Will you shut up? . . . Tom, if it's to be done in daylight it's to be done quick. So we shall need some fellers. Say a dozen. Good strong fellers. And that's where you come in.

RYAN is appalled; he is not only to harbour the criminals but share in the crime. A glimmer of hope:

RYAN

- But what if it doesn't bust away?

POLITICAL

Exactly.

MATE's lips tighten at the further interjection, but earnestly to RYAN:

MATE

Then we'll wait one hour and go without it. One hour, Tom and twelve strong fellers. That's all I'm asking. Can you do it?

Everyone is looking at RYAN, waiting.

RYAN

I could rout out a dozen, yes.

MATE relaxes.

D'you want them now?

MATE

(quickly)

No. The later they know we're here the better. Let them lie till nearer morning.

He rises, suddenly tired. Like all experienced men of action he knows that when there is nothing to be done it is best to enjoy doing nothing.

MATE

Have you a bit of bread and cheese maybe?  
It's going to be a long night.

CUT

The raft ascends to the top of a wave and jerks. Descends, ascends and jerks again. Somewhere below the mooring parts. The raft glides away, but is checked in a different way - by the rope which we now see linking it to the second raft. This second raft ascends a wave and jerks. But now it is subjected to the additional sideways pull of the first, which is adrift and straining at the linking rope. The jerk is louder and more jarring.

CUT

CLOSE UP. RYAN paralyzed surveys his best bedroom.

Three MEN sleep on the bed, head to tail.

Two MEN sleep in chairs. Glasses, bottles, cigarette ends, plates with the remains of food.

POLITICAL watches RYAN.

MATE rouses, rubs his face, smiles at him, consults his watch; then moving softly so as not to wake the others, goes and peeps through the blanket curtain.

One of the MEN in chairs has opened his eyes and is watching his leader, MATE, coming from window, purposefully:

MATE

Right, Paddy, we're moving. Go with Tom and take the Constable his breakfast.

RYAN manages a glassy smile, watching MATE quietly put a huge revolver into the man's hand.

CUT

In the rushing darkness of the street RYAN pulls the handle of the police-station's jangling door bell. Stands back and looks up towards the upper windows, then at:

PADDY flattened against the wall, a shadow against shadow save for the glint of the gun. Somewhere down the street a chimney pot falls with a clatter and a crash.

RYAN steps forward to ring again but hears a window drawn up above.

CONSTABLE in pyjamas looks down between the flying curtains, face screwed irritably against the wind.

RYAN shows himself, looking up.

RYAN

It's me, Constable! Ryan!

CONSTABLE

(irritable)

All right.

He gestures brusquely towards the back of the station and hurriedly shuts window.

PADDY motions RYAN with his head to lead the way.

CONSTABLE approaches his back door.

CONSTABLE

Jesus and Mary, what a life . . .

He opens the back door. PADDY confronts him with the revolver and says in a voice full of hatred:

PADDY

Now do not make one sound - Constable.

CONSTABLE enters office, roughly propelled by PADDY. RYAN following.

PADDY

Right. You, fat-guts. Handcuffs.

RYAN reaches them down from where they hang. PADDY winks at him behind the CONSTABLE.

RYAN

(stammering)

I'm actin' under duress, Constable, you can see th -

**PADDY**  
Shut up. Put them on him.

He keeps the gun in **CONSTABLE**'s back while **RYAN** puts on the cuffs. **CONSTABLE** stares hard at **RYAN**, then moves his eyes to:

The box containing the field telephone to the camp.

**CONSTABLE** looks back at **RYAN**, compslingly. Outside a blast of wind, a bang and clatter. **RYAN** sees the **CONSTABLE**'s glars, but can only fumble on with the cuffs. **PADDY** puts down the gun and gags **CONSTABLE** with a rag from his pocket. He does it with deliberate savagery. In **PADDY**'s book, human beings and the Royal Irish Constabulary are two separate species.

**CUT**

They emerge from the police-station rear door again, closing it behind them.

**CONSTABLE** and **PADDY** walk into a hanging wire, just blown down. **RYAN** looks at him tensely, but **PADDY** with his mind on his captive merely brushes it away and forces **CONSTABLE** on towards the yard entrance. But:

Pausing to cross the black street back to the pub, **PADDY** has a moment of realization. Rams gun into **CONSTABLE** hard.

**PADDY**  
Was that a telephone wire?

**CONSTABLE** turns and nods dumbly. **PADDY** turns him about again. Behind his back he gives **RYAN** a big clasp-knife, jerks his head towards the station rear. Then giving **CONSTABLE** a shove:

**PADDY**  
Move.

They cross the street, quickly.

**RYAN** stands by the opened cupboard in which is the field telephone.

**RYAN**  
Oh God, oh God, why have you done this to me?

He lifts the receiver as though it were of lead. He cranks the handle, lifts the receiver to his ear and listens.

**CUT**

The second raft breaks free. The boxes tied to it are beginning to work loose in their lashings from the violence of the motion and the water swilling over them.

CUT

RYAN re-enters the bedroom and silently hands back the knife to PADDY MATE smiles and pats his shoulder.

MATE  
You're doin' well, Tom.

RYAN  
Where's the constable?

MATE  
He's in the cellar. We can put a bullet in him if you like?

RYAN  
Constable O'Conn - Glory be - no!

MATE  
Then get your men. And bring them to the beach.

RYAN  
Aye. Right, Commander.

He goes. MATE eays after him, ringingly:

MATE  
Clann na Gael!

MUSIC "Wearing of the Green" starts softly on SOUND and MATE turns, cheerfully and eays:

This country's full of good men.

POLITICAL  
No country is full of good men.

MATE  
Mr O'Keefe -

At his tone the others, getting into their still steaming coats, slinging rifles, look towards him.

MATE

You're glad we can't get at those guns. You'd like to leave without them. Because you'd like to drive the English out with words. Well, you can't. And I am going to get those guns; despite your intellectual pessimism.

He has finished. But as if in answer, a blast of wind shakes the house. He reveals the tension of his nerves:

Yes. And despite this bloody storm!

CUT

LONG SHOT. MUSIC continuing. The waves rear up house high and smash themselves down on the rocks and sand of the cove in explosions of foam. The tiny figure of one of the MATE'S MEN is running along their front.

CLOSE SHOT. MATE in the lee of the cliff, with RYAN, McCARDLE, ten other VILLAGERS, mostly young and active. The running MAN arrives breathless. Gasps and points, shouting into the wind, sheets and showers of spray descending on them.

MAN

Tim - !

MATE

(alight)

Yes?

The MAN can only nod, pointing again and shouts triumphantly:

MAN

Yes!

CUT

MUSIC up. In the next bay (the Long Beach) one of the giant rafts has been tossed like an empty carton up onto the rocks, upside down, its cargo sagging in the network of ropes, draped with seaweed, still washed by solid water at each wave.

CUT

LONG SHOT five of the villagers run back across a backdrop of towering waves.

MATE looks after them, anxiety replaced by hope now. Looks up. The others automatically look up too:

MATE  
(cupping hands to mouth)

Sian!

The ACTIVIST, twenty feet up the cliff side, looking down at the sea, the spray reaching up at him from below, does not hear, staring into the sea.

His POV. The rafts, a hundred or so yards away, rising and falling.

MATE looking down again is anxious again, smiles, briefly at his volunteer followers, keeping up morale, but looking off is staggered, seeing:

MUSIC up. FATHER COLLINS leads a grim-looking phalanx of village WOMEN and OLDER MEN down the hardway, CHILDREN running onto sand as for a picnic.

MATE stares appalled. Moves to meet them, throwing away his cigarette, furious.

CLOSE SHOT ACTIVIST up the cliff side, sees:

The last raft, under tension from the others, cannot ride. A wave submerges it. It swarms to the surface trailing a torn plank still attached to the moorings, rips free.

MATE glares at:

His POV FATHER COLLINS approaching with his bodyguard of black-shawled WOMEN.

ACTIVIST yells down:

ACTIVIST

Tim -! Tim -!

MATE tears his eyes from the approaching village and looks up.

ACTIVIST trembling with excitement:

ACTIVIST

It's free! Free!

MATE has a moment of almost unbearable joy. Kisses the palm of his hand and throws it up to his favourite follower, laughing. Suddenly he is surrounded by CHILDREN who hang onto his coat, looking up in awe at the legendary figure. One little BOY is saying something. MATE bends down:

BOY

Are you Tim Leary?

MATE

Yes, son, yes.

And plucks himself free to meet the priest. The WOMEN behind look keenly at the MATE as he spreads his hands and half-laughing.

MATE

Father - what in Hell have you done this for?

FATHER COLLINS

I didn't! They did!

ACTIVIST, beside himself, shouts:

ACTIVIST

Tim!

MUSIC up. The freed raft swings up to the top of a wave.

MATE, MEN, VILLAGERS, pell mell, run towards the sea's edge.

The raft appears again, nearer.

The MEN dash into shallow water, seething with foam, back off as:

The raft slews down the face of a wave, cannons off the rocks, splintering, is plucked up by another wave and dumped on the sand in a roar of water. A dozen men rush and grab the handropes and struggle, feet dragging, to stop it going out on the undertow. A second wave picks up men and raft together and hurls them onto the sand. A swarm of VILLAGERS rushes and drags it out. MUSIC up. McCARDLE who led the first rush, quite heroically, his usually silly, rather vicious face set in grim determination, saws at the ropes with a knife.

The ACTIVIST, laughing now, pointing:

ACTIVIST

Tim -!

The second raft mounts high on a wave, surging shorewards.



**MICHAEL**, frantic with excitement leaps up and down on a flat outcrop of black rock. Suddenly alarmed runs back as:

The second raft comes in at him, its two or three tons surfing like a canoe. It towers up for a moment and then is hurled down on the rock where **MICHAEL** was standing. **MICHAEL** and **VILLAGERS** wade out towards it, run back again as another enormous wave arrives. It picks up the tangled mess of wood and rope and smashes it down again. Boxes come adrift.

**MICHAEL** frantic, almost foaming with excitement.

The boxes appear individually in the curving face of the subsequent wave. We see one hammered on the rocks. It flies apart. Rifles.

The last raft, rotating as it surfs in.

Thirty or forty **WOMEN** gather for it. Run into the sea, **MOUREEN** leading.

The raft arrives like the first. The **WOMEN** and **MOUREEN** - at her best here, strong and reckless - overwhelm it in a struggling black-clad swarm.

Two **CHILDREN** wade after a receding rifle box, the water becomes deep, a wave advances, they turn and run. The box is carried past, they seize it.

In the back of the lorry, **POLITICAL** consults his watch, his face pinched with anxiety.

CUT

CUT MUSIC.

**LITTLE GIRL** runs into the empty playground, knocks at the school-house door. **CHARLES** appears, half-shaven with a cut-throat razor in his hand. Looks at her astonished.

**LITTLE GIRL**

Aren't you coming to the beach, sir?

**CHARLES**

The beach?

**LITTLE GIRL**

Everyone's there, sir.

**CHARLES**

(smiles)

And why is everybody at the beach, Cathy?

LITTLE GIRL

I don't know, sir. I think it's a wreck.

CHARLES

(face changes)

A wreck!

A wreck to him connotes people in danger. He goes in quickly, leaving her peering at the open door.

CUT

The lorry backs rapidly into CLOSE SHOT. Tall board slams down, five loose rifles, two or three boxes are hurled into it. Two of the Mate's MEN jump up to receive the things arriving pell-mell now.

MATE

Quick now, quick now, keep it movin' - that's it, darlin'!

He relieves MOUREEN of the rifles she clutches, and kisses her. Shrieks of laughter. The mood holiday. They go, and MATE looking after them says, meaning it:

MATE

The golden, golden people!

MUSIC starts again. His POV the beach, swarming, some coming towards him with the boxes between them, others busy round the plundered rafts. Many on long ropes held by friends, venturing out to fish for the floating boxes.

RYAN on a long rope held by McCARDLE and FRIEND, wading out after a box, waist-deep. McCARDLE and FRIEND admiring.

CLOSE SHOT RYAN wading forward, up to his arms. He is in tears and as he goes repeats:

RYAN

Oh God, oh God, oh God . . .

A wave overwhelms him.

McCARDLE and FRIEND have a moment of anxiety, but!

RYAN staggers on.

McCARDLE

Old Tom's still game!

CHARLES and ROSY with LITTLE GIRL, newly arrived, stand amazed on the hardway. The child lets go of his hand and runs.

CHARLES stares aghast as CHILDREN chase hand-grenades over the sand in the swilling shallow water. Another wave comes. The sinister shapes have gone.

A TODDLER with a rifle staggers towards the lorry.

CHARLES takes off his spectacles and rubs them - a sure sign of emotion - and looks grimly round at:

His POV the beach is a bedlam of people, coming and going with the lorry as the focus, people struggling in the water, OLD MEN and WOMEN carrying the heavy boxes between them.

Three OLD WOMEN, crouched like black monkeys, gravely gathering up bullets and putting them back in their broken box.

MATE in lorry receives from SMALL BOY a smaller red-painted box, taking it carefully with a laugh and an exclamation:

MATE

Ayyye!

He puts it carefully in the front of the lorry, telling POLITICAL smilingly:

MATE

Dynamite!

POLITICAL raises his eyebrows and moves away a little, instinctively.

MICHAEL emerges from a wall of water, clutching one of the red boxes. Gabbling delightedly he adds it to a pile of three others he has accumulated. DRIVER comes and reaches for the three boxes.

Indignantly MICHAEL pushes his hand away, like a child.

Impatiently DRIVER shoves him aside, puts the three boxes under his arm and holds out his hand for the one still in MICHAEL's keeping.

MICHAEL backs and when DRIVER comes after him, turns furiously and flings it far out into the water.

CLOSE SHOT CHARLES and ROSY, in the lee of the cliff now, CHARLES looking serious. ROSY wishing to take part but restrained by him. They are watching:

MOUREEN handing up another rifle.

MATE

My favourite girl.

MOUREEN glows, then looks off towards CHARLES and ROSY,

CHARLES and ROSY. MOUREEN saunters up. Stoops, picks up a stone idly, then to ROSY:

MOUREEN

What are you doin' here?

ROSY

Why shouldn't I?

MOUREEN looks from the "British soddler's whore" to her cuckold husband who looks back stonily.

MOUREEN

"Why"?!!

She makes a sound between an infants ggle and an adult's sneer, turns clumsily and runs back towards the activity, laughing unpleasantly for them to hear.

ROSY looks at CHARLES. He doesn't look at her but after MOUREEN.

RYAN staggers to shore with one of the boxes. He is white and exhausted. McCARDLE and FRIEND worried, hold him.

McCARDLE

Now that's enough, Tom. You're not as young as you -

But desperately, RYAN flings them off and reels back into the water.

McCARDLE and FRIEND look after him, worried. But then McCARDLE:

McCARDLE

They don't make 'em like that any more, Joe.

In the lorry, POLITICAL glances at his watch and smilingly admits:

POLITICAL

I think you've done it, Tim.

MATE nods, watching an approaching horde of WOMEN carrying boxes of ammunition. Seriously; OVER:

MATE (Sound, over)

You know, we make speeches about these people, but by God . . .

Helpless, adrift like a dummy, RYAN is rolled in on a wave. He ends on all fours, vomiting water.

McCARDLE and FRIEND run to him, half drag, half carry him to the sand where he collapses.

ROSY runs down the beach.

RYAN lies and vomits water, the rope still round him. His two comrades are stooping anxiously over him. But when ROSY arrives:

ROSY

Dad!

McCARDLE and FRIEND look coldly from the village hero to his renegade daughter. They go without a word. ROSY crouches by her father, looks anxiously into his flabby green face; his eyes are shut.

ROSY

Dad?

His eyes open; he stares at her in horror.

RYAN

Rosy - ?

(galvanized)

Get away, Rosy - Get away - They'll hang 'em!

ROSY

(puzzled, then concludes this sudden change of attitude comes from shock and exhaustion. Kindly:)

They'll not father. It's done. Look.

RYAN

Oh. Aye. Well then. Get this thing off me will you?

He rises to his knees, to his feet. As she works on the knotted rope about his waist he glances up at:

The surrounding cliffs. Nothing there.

REVERSE SHOT down. The lorry, the four stream of VILLAGERS converging on it, gathering there now, the work done.

CLOSE SHOT. No attempt to stack the stuff properly in the lorry now as it pours in. It is simply a heap of lethal machinery. MATE jumps down, pushes through the back-slapping crowd to the cab. Engine already throbbing.

MATE

Where's Tom Ryan?

Voices: "Here, Tim, here", and RYAN, white-faced, is pushed through, leaving ROSY. CHARLES appears quietly at her side. MATE says to RYAN:

MATE

Thanks. You're a man.

Murmurs of agreement. RYAN nods, coughing sea-water.

MATE gets into cab, DRIVER lets in clutch, cheer from VILLAGERS, dying as:

Wheels of loaded lorry spin in the sand.

FATHER COLLINS

Come on, then!

He shoves on the back of the lorry with a heavy hand. VILLAGERS rush to follow suit. Anyone who can find a handhold does.

FATHER COLLINS

One, two, threeee.

The lorry moves, MUSIC up, the VILLAGERS keep it moving, the wheels grip firmly. Their help is no longer necessary but they won't part from their moment of glory, propel it groaning up the hardway.

The lorry and VILLAGERS disappearing up the hardway, gathering speed.

In the lorry's cab, MATE and DRIVER grin at one another, hardly daring to believe they have done it, rounding a corner, changing up.

VILLAGERS pour after it, unable to keep up now, the last having to let go.

LORRY lurches towards us round a bend in the sunken road, MUSIC going up and up but:

CLOSE SHOT RYAN's face. VILLAGERS running past him; he looks dead.

CLOSE SHOT lorry's wheels stop dead. MUSIC cuts.

MATE and DRIVER stare aghast through the windscreen at:

Two Army trucks, the nearer drawn across the road. RIFLEMEN and LEWIS-GUNNERS, well placed. The position hopeless at a glance. Standing before the nearer truck, alone, RANDOLPH in his steel coloured overcoat, unarmed.

VILLAGERS pour round the bend and stop too, falling to silence as:

MATE sighs, grim and stoical. Quietly reaches forward and switches off the engine. Looking all the while at:

RANDOLPH approaching. His uneven feet scrunch in the sandy road.

ROSY and CHARLES watch, riveted like everybody else but with additional reasons of their own as:

RANDOLPH reaches the cab, opens the door and quietly:

RANDOLPH

Get down, please.

He looks at:

The big revolver in MATE's hand, the MATE looking at him, calm and speculative as himself.

RANDOLPH

If you use that . . .

(a faint jerk of the  
head towards his men)

- we shall both be killed.

MATE looks towards the RIFLEMEN and GUNNERS. Nods. But is in no hurry to move. He has been in corners tight as this before and knows the value of these last moments in which to think. His eye falls on:

The wing mirror. In it a section of the villagers. Priest. Women.

He looks at RANDOLPH assessing his man. He gives him the pistol, and descends.

RANDOLPH

(quietly and gratefully)

Thank you.

MATE nods, looking at him closely, then leans into the cab and in tones of resignation, hopeless to DRIVER:

MATE

Come on then, Joe . . .

Steps back from cab with a weary sigh and wanders a few paces, brooding on defeat. But then a swift transition - his dragging footsteps becomes swift - he is walking straight towards the crowd.

RANDOLPH

Leary - !

He aims the big revolver, but:

His POV the MATE, halfway towards the front of MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN and still moving, turns to point at the clumsy weapon and say:

MATE

That thing shoots wild.

SERGEANT standing hesitant with rifle half-poised, shouts:

SERGEANT

Sir - ?

RANDOLPH

- No !

CLOSE SHOT ROSY looks at him, understanding the dilemma and his decision.

MATE approaches the paralyzed crowd, blocking his path. Urgently:

MATE

Come on, come on -!

They understand. McCARDLE pushes back; they part and swallow him. A swirl as they pass him through and then a shout: "Run, Tim!"

RANDOLPH clammers from footboard to bonnet to cabroof of lorry.

CLOSE SHOT, MATE, alone, comes haring down the sunken road, and there is MICHAEL limping disconsolately from the hardway. But MATE, breathing hard, eyes intent, ignores him, strikes off and up to the side, below, RANDOLPH's level now, and disappears.

RANDOLPH, turning slowly, scanning, sees:

A glimpse of MATE, bent low and running fast.

RANDOLPH

(desperately)

Leary!

SERGEANT looking up at him.



## SERGEANT

Sir!

The SERGEANT's rifle floats up through the air (slightly OVERCRANKED) to RANDOLPH, whose hands catch it of their own accord. He stares from it to:

His POV MATE disappearing, a good way away now.

CLOSE SHOT MATE. He is crouching, getting breath. Before him a length of exposed country he must cross to gain the safety of a drystone wall which runs to broken moorland. He tenses, runs, and:

RANDOLPH, white-faced, at the aim; the rifle crashes.

MATE goes over like a rabbit, to a groan from the VILLAGERS. But gets to his feet and limps very slowly on towards safety. A sitting target.

RANDOLPH, a blank-faced automation, works the rifle bolt. The spent cartridge lands at the feet of FATHER COLLINS, ROSY by him. The Priest looks up at:

RANDOLPH, sweating now, again in the firing position.

FATHER COLLINS looks up, shouts, a horrified protest:

FATHER COLLINS

No!

The VILLAGERS take it up, all staring up: "No! No!"

RANDOLPH aiming, the shouts all round him.

His POV, through GUNSIGHTS, shouts cut off from a silent world with one blurred figure limping across it, slow as a nightmare. The jaunty military MUSIC, quiet, the merest hint, starts on SOUND and continues OVER:

EXTREME CLOSE, RANDOLPH's aiming eye glows along the barrel which is welded to his cheek, his finger on the trigger.

MEDIUM SHOT the blurred figure in RANDOLPH's private world is another RANDOLPH limping across grey mud; he has a pistol in his hand and wears the shallow tin-hat of the trenches.

EXTREME CLOSE, the MUSIC still delicately inviting him to it, his finger takes up the first pressure of the trigger but:

GUNSIGHT SHOT as BEFORE his POV, the sights waver, begin to tremble violently and:

RANDOLPH unsteadily lowers the rifle, trembling and the dying shouts of the VILLAGERS seep back to him, echoing strangely.

But the jaunty military MUSIC strengthens, taking possession now, over ROSY, stepped forward, staring up at him.

RANDOLPH looks at the rifle, throws it clumsily and hastily from him as something unclean. The bewildered SERGEANT looking up at him just manages to catch it. RANDOLPH's white face and haunted eyes stare round and down at:

PRIEST, McCARDLE, MICHAEL, VILLAGERS, all staring up in horrified puzzlement. Lastly BIG CLOSE UP ROSY, standing by the bonnet of the lorry.

OVER CLOSE SHOT RANDOLPH, hanging on to himself desperately, a VOICE on SOUND, between disgust and curiosity:

VOICE

(sound)

What's wrong with the bastard?

CLOSE SHOT ROSY moves helplessly from CHARLES to RANDOLPH. She knows what is wrong.

MUSIC still going. RANDOLPH looks exactly as he did on the terrible occasion of their first meeting. His legs are going to give way. He reels from the cab roof to the bonnet. Clutches it.

ROSY, CLOSE, looking up at him, so intensely concerned that she is only just aware of her surroundings. A clatter and he tumbles to the ground. He leans against the lorry. They are not three feet apart, and stare at one another. As they stare, the curious VILLAGERS standing round become insubstantial as faded photographs, almost not there, while he and she are lit almost harshly, abnormally present for one another. But this is a private world and:

A sharp high laugh from MOUREEN restores actuality. The two are unaware of it, but VILLAGERS are beginning to mutter, scowling at the flagrant demonstration. CHARLES pushes through, takes his wife by the arm and pulls her unresistingly away. And suddenly the VILLAGERS are cat-calling and jeering after them. SERGEANT pushes roughly through to RANDOLPH who has turned now and is leaning against the cab with both hands.

SERGEANT

All right, sir?

**RANDOLPH**  
(nods. Says through  
trembling lips)

Got a cigarette?

**SERGEANT**

Yes sir.

He takes a battered tin cigarette case from pocket and offers it. **RANDOLPH** takes one hand from cab, but can't support himself. Without expression **SERGEANT** places the cigarette in his mouth and lights it.

**CUT**

**MEDIUM LONG SHOT.** The deserted village street. The storm has left the shattered chimney-pot. **ROSY** and **CHARLES** approaching. A few paces and he takes her arm and places it within his own, affording her support. **ROSY** accepts it, looks up at him, away, then up again, wondrously.

**CUT**

**MATE**, ghostly on a stretcher is being loaded into Army Truck, **VILLAGERS** in background watching silently. **RANDOLPH**, ghostly, asks quietly:

**RANDOLPH**

Anything you want?

**MATE**

(gasping)

Cigarette?

**RANDOLPH** takes one from **SERGEANT** and hands it to him, with matches.

**MATE**

Thanks.

**RANDOLPH**

Anything else?

**MATE**

Yes ...

(gathers all his strength  
and passionately)

Get out of my country!

The stretcher is pushed in. A **WOMAN** calls emotionally:

WOMAN

God bless you, Tim Leary!

RANDOLPH limps to the cab of the Army truck mounts and slams the door. The silent VILLAGERS watching.

MICHAEL stoops and picks up the spent cartridge. It shines. It is pretty. Maybe it is valuable. But McCARDLE snatches it from his hand and:

Hurls it after the truck. The VILLAGERS break into a spontaneous roar of hatred, running after it.

FATHER COLLINS with a face of wood, RYAN behind him, shattered and silent, one OLD WOMAN, look after the two trucks, the pursuing VILLAGERS, all drenched. OLD WOMAN puts a frail paw on the priest's soaking sleeve.

OLD WOMAN

What will they do with them, lads, Father?

FATHER COLLINS

They'll hang them, dear.

(harshly)

They'll hang them.

The roaring VILLAGERS keep up with RANDOLPH's truck, the WOMEN stumbling over the rough grass on either side, faces contorted, wet clothes flapping, hair streaming, snarling undifferentiated insults at:

RANDOLPH, white-faced in the cab, deluged in their hatred.

CUT

CLOSE SHOT ROSY in the silent living-room seems almost from her fixed gaze and haunted concern, to be witnessing her lover's ordeal. A movement behind her. She comes back to her surroundings to see:

Her husband has poured a cup of tea which stands at her elbow. And now is unobtrusively seating himself at the table.

ROSY

You've been very kind to me to-day.

CHARLES

Have I?

ROSY  
(quietly)  
Yes. Why?

CHARLES  
Am I not usually kind to you?

ROSY  
Yes you are, always.

He looks away from her gently searching regard but she:

ROSY  
Charles ... Do you know?  
(desperate, a cri  
de coeur)

Or not?

CHARLES sees it is time for the truth. Truth is his home territory.  
Dignified and steady:

CHARLES  
Yes, Rosy, I know.

She lowers her head. In a voice low and fearful.

ROSY  
Since when?

CHARLES  
The beginning.

Her head sinks further. She is experiencing that awful, sudden realization of the sheer ugliness of bad behaviour. He, gently, strongly:

CHARLES  
Don't lower your head, Rose.

At the words she raises her head and searches his face. Its shrewd understanding and gentle concern confirms his words. But now comes the throb of the camp dynamo through the window on a wave of wind. His head turns to the window involuntarily. She ducks her head quickly. Low, as one who has no right to ask but needs to know:

ROSY  
Why didn't you speak?

CHARLES

( a moment's thought, then)

I should have, shouldn't I?

ROSY

(whisper)

I don't know.

(she feels she knows  
nothing)

CHARLES

(dispassionately at first,  
but ending on suppressed  
emotion)

T'was easier not to, I suppose. I didn't want to know, you know . . . And then - I thought that if I let you burn it out, the pair of you, you'd perhaps come back, to me.

ROSY looks at him. But the dynamo comes again from the window and this time it is her head which turns involuntarily, and CHARLES looks down, seeing her eyes fill and her teeth come down in her lower lip. This dearest of friends whom she has so let down.

CUT

LONG SHOT. Night. The darkened exterior of the schoolhouse. The mare in the paddock, cropping steadily. She blows softly.

ROSY lies awake in bed, tormented by her insoluble problem. CHARLES motionless, eyes closed and breathing regularly. MUSIC softly. Her head turns; she looks towards the curtained window. She rolls her head away again - but yes - the feeling comes on her once more and stronger. Again she looks at the window. She half sits, frowning. She must know.

Very cautiously she gets up from bed and goes to the window, parts the curtains.

Her POV, RANDOLPH stands on the hillside at a distance, beyond the paddock and the garden. He is looking at the schoolhouse. Every line of his body speaks his need. MUSIC up.

She glances at CHARLES; yes, he is asleep. She looks at him; she cannot. At the window, she must. She goes noiselessly to the door; glances again. He sleeps still.

Softly she passes through the living-room, takes a coat from the kitchen door, throws it round herself and goes out.



The exhausted ocean. Far out, a flight of sandpipers goes swerving swiftly across the swell.

A wavelet breaks over his feet; the tide coming in.

CLOSE SHOT CHARLES. He does not notice.

Another wavelet, bigger, plays with his feet, asking attention.

He shifts his feet. Without much interest he sees:

Something floating; it appears; disappears; appears...

CHARLES watches it. Himself and it; two lost objects.

A wavelet propels it onward. It veers to one side. The next one corrects the error, bringing it towards him.

It arrives at his feet and bobs against them gently; its destination. It is one of the red painted boxes of dynamite.

He picks it up, beginning to breath quickly. He grips it hard and looks hard at it, frowning. He holds it hard against his chest and looks at nothing, thinking, wondering; can this be the solution?

CUT

ROSY slowly fastens the last buttons of her dress. Unconsciously she has chosen a working dress of Quaker grey, penitential. Her anxious eyes are on:

CHARLES' clothes, hanging where he left them on a chair.

She goes swiftly through the empty schoolroom to the playground door and sees:

The empty playground, its dividing wall, the two entrances. A MAN on a bicycle coasts past, the crackle of the tyres receding to silence. The village church bell, distant, invites to early morning Mass.

CUT

CHARLES has carried the box up and away from the waves. Still frowning, intently, he is stripping the last of the water-proof sealing from it. He opens it and sees:

EXTREME CLOSE, the sticks of dynamite, packed in shavings. His hand comes on frame and takes one out.



CHARLES looks at it and his expression changes. The alarming intensity goes first. Then he looks round mildly at:

Small brown birds on long slender legs skitter here and there, foraging among the tide-wrack, piping plaintively. He sees quite clearly their fragile bodies and bright eyes, registers their innocent absorption in the task of keeping alive.

He looks again at the thing in his hand, makes a grimace of disgust. He sniffs at it. It has no particular smell. Stupid, destructive stuff. And stupid and destructive he, to have thought even for a moment of solving his problems in such a manner. He puts it back, abruptly shuts the lid, dumps the box on the sand and walks away. But he stops, and turns his head, seeing:

His POV, the box.

He looks up from the sea towards the higher shore.

CUT

Dried tide-wrack above the high-water line. He comes on frame and puts the box in a prominent place. A sea-washed stick lies nearby. He drives it upright into the sand, close by the box. Then he upends a tin can on the top of the stick. There now, he has done what he can for the wretched thing. He returns to his own preoccupations, his face expressing proper thought now. He looks back in the direction from which he has come.

He considers. No, he is not ready to return to her. He must think his thoughts to their conclusion. He turns and walks away from us, slowly, steadily, head bent. CAMERA pulls up and back until he is just a tiny preoccupied figure in a nightshirt, anonymous in the empty landscape.

CUT

In the classroom, the teacherless CHILDREN are in a state of semi riot. One mindlessly bangs his slate against his desk. The official naughty boy is standing on his seat, talking to friends who look up at him. Groups gather round two boys who have a row of shining bullets standing on the desks before them. But there is a sudden scurrying to places as:

The communicating door opens and ROSY enters. She shuts the door and turns a white, strained face to them.

ROSY

Mr Shaughnessy has been called away. I'll be taking class to-day.

The children look at one another, interested. ROSY addresses the biggest boy, the class monitor.

ROSY

What's the first lesson to-day, Danny?

DANNY reddens, looking down, pressing his lips together, doesn't reply.

ROSY

Danny?

DANNY

My dad says I'm not to speak to you, Miss.

And while two ELDER GIRLS look at one another, sideways, and ROSY absorbs it, DANNY stumbles to his feet, red-faced but scowling, collects his things, and goes. The two ELDER GIRLS, taking courage from each other, go too. They are joined at the last minute by another of the bigger boys. Perfect silence.

SMALL

(almost in a whisper)

It's Arithmetic.

ROSY

Very well. Go on where you left off yesterday.

She goes to the window. Specimens of local rock stand there, each with a neat card in CHARLES' fine writing. She shifts her gaze from there to the distant grey horizon.

The CHILDREN, subdued, look at her wonderingly and rather fearfully, the mysteriously wicked adult.

CUT

At nightfall ROSY stands at the playground entrance ("BOYS", "GIRLS") looking up the silent street. The crackle of bicycle tyres approaches, the returning CYCLIST flashes between her and the CAMERA and is gone again.

CUT

She is seated, pale, at the table, laid for two, by lamp-light, her own food untouched before her. On SOUND a man's footsteps at the outer door and the latch lifted. She looks up, ready to burst with relief.

But it is FATHER COLLINS who comes in through the kitchen. He takes in her face, the empty place. He speaks. He is careful throughout to demonstrate that she is a matter of indifference to him, that his concern is with her husband. She responds by answering his questions with a flat bold truthfulness which ends by angering him.

FATHER COLLINS

(after looking round)

It's right then, he's not here.

ROSY

No; I don't know where he is.

FATHER COLLINS

You mean he's gone off?

ROSY

Yes.

FATHER COLLINS

When?

ROSY

Last night.

FATHER COLLINS

You had a row?

ROSY

I wasn't here.

FATHER COLLINS

Where were you - ?

(it dawns on him. His  
face darkens)

... Oh, I see ...

He looks at her poisonously. She looks back hard and steadily. He dismisses her.

FATHER COLLINS

There's nothing I can do to-night, I'll find  
him in the morning -

(going)

If he turns up you'll tell me.

ROSY

Father -

He turns.

ROSY

- You'd better take his clothes.

FATHER COLLINS

His clothes?

He takes the clothes, looking at her.

FATHER COLLINS

(softly)

He was in bed?

ROSY

Yes.

FATHER COLLINS

Rose -

(he looks at her again)

Oh Rose . . .

And goes.

CUT

LONG SHOT village street. Grey half-light. Nothing moving. A distant cock-crow, faint.

LONG SHOT, the camp. The last notes of the bugler's reveille, faintly.

LONG SHOT, the school, the first prick of sunrise in the grey sky and MUSIC (The childish honky-tonk "MICHAEL'S DAY") begins, continuing over:

CUT

MICHAEL. He is knee-deep in water, holding his curragh, looking at:

His POV the sun makes its first appearance, peering over the low skyline of Killins beach.

It warms and yellows MICHAEL's face. He looks cautiously round:

His POV the silent beach, lightening as the sunlight creeps over it.

He has dragged the curragh to ground. He searches among the wreckage. He finds and discards some unidentifiable bit of ship's equipment.

CLOSE SHOT. A bullet. He picks it up with a grunt of satisfaction. Scoured by sand and salt water, it glints pleasingly in the sun. He finds two more, a dozen, in the broken remnants of a box. These he stuffs into his pockets. The honky-tonk chirpy and strong.

Now his sharp eyes see something we cannot see. He moves. A hand-grenade, peeping out from a pile of weed. He picks it up, examines it with curiosity and pleasure, turns and lobs it twenty feet through the air to land in the curragh with a horrifying thud. MICHAEL turns away as though it were a potato he had lobbed into a farm cart, and heaves up the pile of weed. Nothing there but scuttling crabs and bits of wood. - but no - another grenade, rolling away down the sand to the sea, escaping him. He chases it and expertly plonks his foot down on it hard, digs it out of the sand, turns and lobs it like the first. He turns nonchalantly away, rubbing his hands on seat of his trousers, a hard-working man with much to do, and looks over the beach. What next? His wandering gaze is caught by something else. He blinks. It is:

His POV the beach. Two hundred yards away the rising sun reflects a message to him off the surface of something bright and shining.

MICHAEL blinks again; unquestionably it is for him.

CLOSE SHOT, the object flares at us. The changing angle of the rising sun reduces the brightness, revealing the shining surface of the red box, the stick and tin still standing where Charles left them.

MICHAEL crunches up and lifts it. Excitedly he handles the fringe of torn-away sealing, opens the box. The contents he finds disappointing. Cautiously, alertly, he tastes one of the sticks, then savours the taste on his tongue. He has often found this a reliable means of identification. However the taste communicates nothing. He puts the dull stuff back in its splendid container, surprised once again by the topsy-turvy values of normal folk, and quietly takes it back towards the curragh. The morning is still young, there may be better things about.

CUT

The high sun a veil of cloud approaching.

CLOSE SHOT, CHARLES' bare footprints. A shadow falls upon them, a pair of boots comes on frame and wanders across them, cavalry boots, one dragging RANDOLPH. He does not notice the prints.

All about him and beyond, SOLDIERS are searching the beach, throwing up the seaweed like haymakers. But RANDOLPH is gazing quietly towards:

His POV, the curragh motionless three hundred yards out on the motionless sea. We can just make out the shipped oars and a stick thrust over the stern. Evidently MICHAEL is fishing.

CLOSE SHOT RANDOLPH. The idle scene is vaguely soothing, the gently rocking curragh soporific. He hears on SOUND:

SERGEANT

(O.S. chiding)

Keep at it lad; this isn't a picnic.

SOLDIER

There's nothing here, Sarge...

CLOSE SHOT. MICHAEL is reclining luxuriously among a small arsenal in the bottom of the boat. Three MAUSERS. The box open between his knees. It now contains a horrifying mixture of dynamite, grenades, bullets, detonators, one or two sea shells. A small crab scuttles in the bottom of the boat, just big enough to be edible. MICHAEL puts it in the box for safe keeping and shuts the lid. He looks off and waves at his distinguished friend on shore and:

RANDOLPH, half smiles, half raises his arm in response. SERGEANT comes up to him and says:

SERGEANT

(low and discreet)

Sir...

RANDOLPH sees FATHER COLLINS coming on between the SOLDIERS, scowling. He looks at RANDOLPH in no friendly fashion, and stumps straight on past him. RANDOLPH looks down, but SERGEANT, looking after the priest, warningly:

SERGEANT

He's got something there sir,

CLOSE SHOT FATHER COLLINS hears on SOUND:

SERGEANT (O.S.)

Padre!

The priest goes on two paces. Stops abruptly and turns. The SOLDIERS in background look curiously towards him.

So too does MICHAEL, sitting up now, watching as:

His POV across the water, SERGEANT and RANDOLPH approach the priest.

CLOSE SHOT, the three.

RANDOLPH

Good morning, Padre.

FATHER COLLINS doesn't answer. Nods once, curtly, looking RANDOLPH hard in the eyes.

RANDOLPH

I'm sorry, but . . . What have you got there please?

Priest is still for one beat, then suddenly opens his bundle. Boots, dangling braces, gaping buttons, pathetic and shockingly intimate.

FATHER COLLINS

A man's clothes.

RANDOLPH

I see.

(gently, pursuing a duty  
he doesn't much relish)

And where are you taking them, Father?

FATHER COLLINS

To the man.

It begins to dawn on RANDOLPH that something is badly wrong with this conversation, but SERGEANT, as appealing for co-operation:

SERGEANT

Come on, Father. Don't suppose you're up to any harm, but after yesterday we've got to be careful. What man?

FATHER COLLINS' eyes don't shift from RANDOLPH's as he raps out his sentence like blows:

FATHER COLLINS

A man whose wife went off two nights back with her fancy feller. A man that I've been looking for since dawn to-day. A man -

**SERGEANT**, wooden with embarrassment:

**SERGEANT**  
'S'cuse me, sir, I'll er -

He goes. Neither **RANDOLPH** nor **FATHER COLLINS** looks at him.

**FATHER COLLINS**  
A man that must be half out of his mind to  
have gone off - as he did - barefoot.

He nods. **RANDOLPH** turns to see:

**CHARLES'** footprinte.

**CLOSE SHOT**, Priest glaring at **RANDOLPH**. **RANDOLPH** still  
staring at the footprinte.

**FATHER COLLINS**  
That's right.

**RANDOLPH** head turns back to him. Their eyes meet.

**FATHER COLLINS**  
Charles Shaughneesy.

He turns on his heel and goes as he came, fast and clumsy.

**RANDOLPH** looks after him.

**MICHAEL** looks curiously, at:

**LONG SHOT** over the water. The priest tramping away, **RANDOLPH**  
standing looking after him.

**CLOSE SHOT** **RANDOLPH** turns an ashen face in which the eyes are  
already showing the pain of loss, towards the sea. **SERGEANT** comes  
and quietly:

**SERGEANT**  
I think we've finished here, sir.

**RANDOLPH** looks at him, almost startled to hear his thoughts  
expressed then, focussing.

**RANDOLPH**  
Very well.

**MICHAEL** in his curragh sees and hears:



LONG SHOT his POV, SERGEANT blows whistle. SOLDIERS begin to lift the few things they have found and trail back in the direction of the village past the motionless Officer.

CLOSE SHOT RANDOLPH, SOLDIERS passing, chattering cheerfully, before and behind. He is looking towards, but does not see:

CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL looking at:

LONG SHOT his POV RANDOLPH, the SOLDIERS leaving him.

CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL looks after:

LONG SHOT his POV, FATHER COLLINS about to disappear.

CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL will follow his more responsive friend. He seizes the oars, then waves once, cheerfully at:

RANDOLPH, SOLDIERS, their voices receding on SOUND. He sees:

LONG SHOT his POV, MICHAEL's waving arm sinks. The curragh rows away after the priest, the honky-tonk going with it.

CLOSE SHOT RANDOLPH. Quite alone now. He takes off his cap and wipes the sweat band. The soft wind stirs his hair.

The shadows of seagulls criss-cross the sand about him. He looks up.

The birds leave him, downwind. The sky vacant but for the high sun.

He looks after:

LONG SHOT his receding men, a straggle of dots on the long beach.

He is not going to follow them. He can't stay here indefinitely. He may as well move. He moves.

The high noon-day sun, a shining white disc behind veiling clouds.

CUT

FATHER COLLINS, stumbling with fatigue now but still going fast, comes crashing over pebbles round a point of rock and stops, seeing:

CHARLES at a distance across a little cove of low black cliffs where seabirds wheel and settle constantly. He is seated with his back against a rock, sheltered. He looks quite comfortable, but his head is bent and he does not move.

FATHER COLLINS purses his lips, hitches his bundle and moves.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT, he crosses the cove away from us, approaching CHARLES.

LONG SHOT the tiny figure of RANDOLPH, limping aimlessly away from us; his men have gone.

FATHER COLLINS stops a few paces from CHARLES.

FATHER COLLINS

Hello Charles.

He uses a quiet voice, soothing. However CHARLES turns up a face, tired and unshaven certainly, but perfectly composed and says sensibly:

CHARLES

Hello there, Father.

And looks down again. The priest is uneasy. He sits. Still gentle:

FATHER COLLINS

I've brought your clothes.

CHARLES

Thanks. I was wondering how I should get back.

FATHER COLLINS

And something to drink.

CHARLES

Oh. Thanks.

He drinks greedily. Offers bottle politely to priest.

FATHER COLLINS

Aye, I will.

He too drinks, then, wiping his mouth, cheerful, relieved:

FATHER COLLINS

Well! You seem all right man!

But CHARLES responds to his cheer no more than to his sympathy. Calm and detached.

CHARLES

Aye, more or less. I'll get dressed now.

As CHARLES takes clothes from frame and FATHER COLLINS looks after him, not quite liking CHARLES' authoritative, quietly take-it-or-leave-it manner, honky tonk recommences and:

CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL, he ships oars, looking off at:

His POV gliding forward with the curragh, our progress brings into view round an angle of rock the distant figures of the seated priest and the standing schoolmaster, dressing.

BIG CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL, entranced by the strange sight.

CLOSE SHOT FATHER COLLINS looking up at CHARLES who seems gravely absorbed in his dressing. Now he sits, putting on his boots. He looks out to sea and observes:

CHARLES

Michael ...

(then struck by a thought)

Oh - there was some nasty looking stuff back there yesterday.

FATHER COLLINS

The soldiers have shifted it.

CHARLES

(flatly. "Soldiers"  
connote Randolph)

The soldiers.

FATHER COLLINS

(delicately reassuring)

Yes - I think they've gone now.

CHARLES

(brief silence, then a flat  
dismissive grunt)

... Mp ...

He goes on with his laces. The PRIEST, cautiously and amicably:

FATHER COLLINS

So what have you been doin' down here, Charles?

CHARLES considers his answer and says not loosely but specifically:

CHARLES

Oh ... Thinking.

The PRIEST is more and more uneasy. Delicately, almost hopefully:

FATHER COLLINS

'Bout Rosy?

CHARLES' face stiffens fractionally. And there is a pause, in which he continues to work on his laces before, flatly and truthfully:

CHARLES

Myself mostly.. Thanks for my clothes, you're a man in a million Father Hugh.

And rolling up his nightshirt, rises.

CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL watches:

His POV CHARLES and FATHER COLLINS going, CHARLES leading, not too fast, considerate of the older man's fatigue.

The high mid-day sun. The veil of clouds withdrawing from it.

CLOSE SHOT RANDOLPH. He is standing on the cliff-top looking down at something. His gaze is unwavering and deeply interested, but cool, seeing:

LONG SHOT down, his POV, the PRIEST and the HUSBAND going back along the beach towards the village. The shadow of the receding cloud going before them.

LONG SHOT, RANDOLPH in foreground looking down at the distant pair. A beat, and then he slowly turns and walks away in the opposite direction. MICHAEL in his curragh crawls onto the empty frame like a water beetle, following the pair.

CUT

LONG SHOT in the empty schoolroom, ROSY waits. She is seated on one of the desks with her feet on the seat, motionless. But now, as once before, she hears something, goes to the window and as once before sees:

CHARLES, across the playground. He is listening, courteously but unresponsively to FATHER COLLINS. Now he leaves him, and the PRIEST with one glance after him, goes.

Crossing the playground CHARLES hesitates. His thoughts are in order, but it is not going to be easy. He elects for the longer entrance via the schoolroom. When he enters and sees ROSY he stops.

ROSY looks back at him.

CHARLES had not been prepared for her white strained face and hollow eyes, her air of shame. And neither he nor we have seen her thus before: waiting on somebody else. He shuts the door, giving himself time, then looks at her again.

ROSY looks away. Then hearing his footsteps start and stop on SOUND looks up.

He has moved to the side of the room a few paces, stands fiddling with something there, his eyes on it. Then he looks up at her and comes on.

ROSY waits. It is for him to speak.

But CHARLES finds speech not easy. Simply to break the silence:

CHARLES

The children haven't come to-day then?

ROSY

No.

Communication is established. Now he looks at her quite calm and straight. He has touched bed-rock and is at his best, ineradicably kind but strong and truthful.

CHARLES

Rose, I have somethin' to say to you. Come in.

She follows his back into the living room and where he turns and says:

Sit down will you?

She obeys. They sit opposite to one another at the familiar table. The window is open, a bird sings outside. She waits.

CHARLES

I thought I could stand by and let you two burn it out, like I said. But I find that I can't. I'm not sure that I ought to have tried. But anyway I can't. So ... I'm going to leave you.

He keeps his voice quite steady, not showing what it costs him, thinking the announcement of much less concern to her than him. In fact it hits her like a solid object in the face. But she has formed a settled conviction that she has forfeited all rights, even to an opinion.

ROSY

... Very well.

She makes an involuntary movement to escape, but:

CHARLES

Sit still a bit Rose. What about you? You and him?

ROSY

Nothing.

CHARLES

What d'you mean, nothing?

ROSY

It's over.

CHARLES

Oh ...

He is disturbed. His rival had seemed - as rivals do - impregnable. An unpleasant thought strikes him; awkwardly:

CHARLES

Is this because I -  
(indicates his rolled up  
nightshirt)  
- went? And stayed away?

ROSY

(shakes her head)

No. It's ... over.

CHARLES

Have you told him?

ROSY

No ...

CHARLES

He doesn't ~~know~~ then?

ROSY  
Yes, he knows ...

CHARLES  
How?

ROSY  
He must ...

CHARLES looks at her, then half-sad and half-envious:

CHARLES  
... You're close as that, are you?

ROSY  
(after a pause, a search  
for the true answer)  
We were, yes.

CUT

LONG SHOT. RANDOLPH, tiny, approaching the cross at Killin's Cross, over the marigold marsh, the sea behind him.

CLOSE SHOT, he walks, smoking a cigarette, looking down at the tufted and puddled ground. When it gives way to the road surface, he looks up absently and recognises the bus stop at which he was dropped. He looks at it with mild, detached interest, throws away his cigarette, then taking his case from his pocket, limps on across the road and away from us, wandering over the brown landscape, inland.

CUT

In the schoolroom a silence which CHARLES breaks.

CHARLES  
Rose, you must tell me the truth: D'you think you're ever going to forget him?

She looks at him and cannot answer. Which is answer enough. He says:

CHARLES  
No of course not. He'd be like a ghost about the place ... Rose, am I right?

ROSY  
Yes you're right. It's busted Charles. I bust it.

CHARLES pauses. Forward then.

CHARLES

Now ... Have you thought what to do?

ROSY

No.

CHARLES

Well I have. I don't think either of us can stay in this village.

ROSY

No.

CHARLES

Time I move on anyway. And you were never suited here.

She looks at him. He goes on:

CHARLES

I've reckoned up. I've got about two hundred pounds; and this (the furniture) - without the gramophone - should fetch another fifty. We'll split it down the middle.

She stares at him with a kind of horror and gets up quickly, going anywhere, galvanized:

ROSY

Oh, don't ...

CHARLES

We're not enemies, Rose.

ROSY feels it too, passionately, but his continuing concern for her are coals of fire.

CUT

RANDOLPH sits amongst heather. Hill country. An unsmoked cigarette between his fingers. He is motionless, his face as stiff and ashen as on the day of his arrival. He is looking towards:

LONG SHOT his POV, the sea, miles distant. The sun coming over it now, past its zenith.



The cigarette burns to his fingers. He does not start, but looks at them absently as though they belonged to somebody else. Then he flicks away the cigarette, with an easy jerk of the wrist.

CUT

A brick smashes through one of the schoolhouse windows, coming straight at us from the playground where:

A few of the village YOUNGSTERS, excited by what they have done, one with his arm drawn back to hurl another missile. But McCARDLE entering "BOYS" gateway, at the head of half the village, angrily:

McCARDLE

Stop that! There's to be none of that!

The playground filling behind him, he comes on. RYAN is with him in a state of fearful agitation. FRIEND, OLDER MAN, MRS McCARDLE and MOUREEN accompany them. RYAN, clutching him, pleading:

RYAN

Ah for God's sake, Joe -

McCARDLE

(exasperated)

Ah Tom - why don't you keep away?

RYAN

I can't Joe, I can't -

(he holds him back)

Joe - one of the troops - for God's sake -  
Could have seen us - Easy! By chance -  
For God's sake ...

McCARDLE

(disengaging himself)

Tom, he knew his name. He called out "Leary".  
We all heard. He was told!

(he gets to the schoolhouse  
door, where)

RYAN

But why must it be Rosy, for God's sake?

McCARDLE

(shouting)

Because she was fornicating with the feller!

He throws open the schoolroom door and stops short, seeing:

CHARLES, alarmed and indignant, the domestic door behind him open, staring in amazement from the crowded playground to:

McCARDLE and his party.

McCARDLE

Oh, you're back are you?

And comes on, the others following, the door shut against the curious villagers, a man posted to keep them out.

CHARLES

What is this - what d'you want?

ROSY standing, alarmed in the living - room, hears:

McCARDLE

(O.S.)

Not you -

They enter, look at her for a beat, the men grim, the women with satisfaction. CHARLES pushes in and goes to ROSY; he tells them:

CHARLES

Get out! Go on - get out!

McCARDLE

Shut up Shaughnessy.

(to Rosy)

You. You've been tried and found guilty.  
You're the Informer.

It makes a silence. Then ROSY, staggered:

ROSY

... What?

MOUREEN

Bustin' at the seams with innocence.

ROSY

Dad -! - What are they playin' at?

McCARDLE

No-one's playin' - And if you'd any decency  
you'd leave your father out of this.

RYAN

Don't hurt her, Joe; for God's sake ... don't hurt her ...

MRS McCARDLE

If she was a feller, Mr Ryan, she'd be shot.

At which RYAN physically collapses and puts his head in his hands. CHARLES stares, the full seriousness coming home to him.

CHARLES

... What is this?

McCARDLE

Listen numbskull:

(quietly)

Someone that mornin' went up to the Camp.

And

(voice shakes)

betrayed Tim Leary. Now who lives near enough?

Who had time enough? Who would? Who did?

(he points)

That bitch you call your wife!

CUT

The mob in the playground, well worked-up now, banging on the door and windows, shouting ad lib.

CUT

CHARLES, desperately keeping his voice steady, but urgently, passionately:

CHARLES

But anybody could have - If anybody did - the whole village was abroad -

McCARDLE

No. The village was down on the beach -

MRS McCARDLE

- Except you -

MOUREEN

- You came late.

CHARLES

We came together. We spoke to no-one.

MRS McCARDLE

- You'd say so.

CHARLES

- Young Cathy was with us -!

MOUREEN

Young Cathy would say black was white if you told her.

CHARLES

Then anyone - anyone at all - could have gone into the police-station and used the telephone!

CLOSE SHOT RYAN raises his head and looks round, his puffy mouth open, scared.

CLOSE SHOT ROSY looks at him. On SOUND:

McCARDLE

(O.S.)

That's where you're wrong. They couldn't. Could they Tom?

CLOSE SHOT RYAN hesitates, croaks:

RYAN

No ...

CLOSE SHOT ROSY at him while on SOUND:

CHARLES

(O.S.)

Why not?

McCARDLE

(O.S.)

Because Tom went in there himself and cut the wire.

CLOSE SHOT ROSY.

McCARDLE

(O.S.)

Didn't you Tom?

**CLOSE SHOT RYAN.** He opens his mouth. He looks at:

**ROSY** looking back at him.

**RYAN** looks away. Tries to speak again.

**OLDER MAN**, uncomfortable mutters:

**OLDER MAN**

It's a terrible thing is this for Tom, terrible.

**McCARDLE**

I asked him to keep away -

**CLOSE SHOT RYAN**, knuckles in his mouth like a child, while on  
**SOUND:**

**McCARDLE**

(O.S.)

But since he's here he'll have to speak.

**ROSY** stares at her father, hearing:

**McCARDLE**

(O.S.)

You went in there yourself now, didn't you?

**RYAN.** Even the women look at him with sympathy. He whisper:

**RYAN**

Yee.

**ROSY** stares at him, an appalling suspicion flowering behind her eyes,  
hearing:

**McCARDLE**

(O.S. impatient)

Well? ... An you cut the wire! Didn't you?

**RYAN** writhes. He looks at the grim-faced self-appointed judges,  
hears the mob. He cries out:

**RYAN**

Yes ...!

And dashes, choking from the room.

**CLOSE SHOT**, ROSY looks after him quite certain now, hearing his hasty stumbling footsteps, the school door open and close, the mob going silent for the stricken hero.

**McCARDLE**

(harsh)

Well? What d'you say now?

**ROSY**

... Nothing.

**McCARDLE**

(to the women)

Take her out.

**CHARLES** has never been in a fight in his life. He has no idea how to set about what he must do. He says, rather uncertainly, screwing himself up, ending on a slightly pedantic note of determination, very incongruous, but every sinew tensed:

**CHARLES**

Now ... Now ... You are takin' her nowhere.

**ROSY** looks at him.

So does **McCARDLE**. He understands there is going to be trouble from **CHARLES**. He looks, warningly at the other two **MEN**. Then, to the **WOMEN**:

**McCARDLE**

Out.

They go for her. **CHARLES** rushes for the door. One of the **MEN** sticks out a foot and **CHARLES** goes sprawling. Lying on the floor he sees **ROSY** hurried out by the two **WOMEN**.

**MRS McCARDLE** and **MOUREEN** haul her across the schoolroom with unnecessary force; approaching the door she sees:

The crowd, falling to expectant silence.

**CHARLES** comes thundering through the schoolroom. The **MEN** overtake him, hurl themselves upon him.

**ROSY**, being pulled away among a bodyguard of **WOMEN**, twists back her head to see:

**CHARLES.** He comes struggling from the schoolhouse with the three **MEN** hanging into him, like some large mild animal goaded to desperation by dogs. He breaks free of them and lunges after **ROSY**. Someone shouts, "Stop him!" and two **VILLAGERS** rush after and grab him. He turns, flailing, and catches one of them fortuitous backhand swipe in the face. The **MAN** goes mad, his expression vicious, he punches **CHARLES** in the stomach. **CHARLES** gasps but now must fight back as others run up, the cruelty contagious. It is all ugly, scrambling, inept; they are overcome by a frantic anxiety to hurt. **CHARLES** flails like a windmill to no effect. We see his mouth cut, glasses smashed, clothes torn.

**ROSY** is against the far wall of the playground, now, held by **MOUREEN** and **MRS McCARDLE**. She jerks involuntarily towards **CHARLES** and they take the opportunity to lock her arms, wickedly. Thus held she sees:

**CHARLES** hurled violently to the ground. The uproar subsides. Half a dozen men sit on him. **McCARDLE** gaps towards his wife:

**McCARDLE**

Do it then!

In complete silence, **CHARLES** his face to the playground, sees:

His **POV**, the **WOMEN** draw away from **ROSY** in a semi-circle. **MRS McCARDLE** has relinquished her hold to another **WOMAN** and stands before **ROSY** like an executioner. Now a **WOMAN** from the semi-circle comes silently and gives something to **MRS McCARDLE**, then goes back to her place. They are instinctively improvising a ritual punishment. We cannot see what the implement is, but when **ROSY** sees it in **MRS McCARDLE**'s hand she braces herself. She throws one swift glance at:

**CHARLES**, her **POV**, across the playground.

**CLOSE SHOT**, **CHARLES**, as before staring, seeing:

**LONG SHOT** his **POV**. The **WOMEN** gather round **ROSY** in a silent shuffling rush.

**ROSY** twists violently away from **MRS McCARDLE**, dragging **MOUREEN** with her, wrenches her arm free. Hands claw at her. Her dress is torn from collar to waist. Then she goes down under a heap of struggling, black-clad female bodies. A **MAN** laughs, half-awkward, half-excited. It gives the cue; other **MEN** laugh. It is sport, a rough joke. They gather round, spectators, craning over one another's backs to see. But the struggling **WOMEN** snarl and fight in deadly earnest.

**CHARLES** as before, eyes wide with horror.

**ROSY** rears to her feet again. The top of her dress is hanging now, a white undergarment revealed. **MOUREEN** on the ground is wrenching at her skirt, beside herself with rage. The fight is not aimless; they are trying to hold her still. A **WOMAN** pins her from behind but she wrenches free and strikes the **WOMAN** in the eye with her elbow. She gets a tremendous round arm smack in the face for it; she disappears again. Violence begetting violence, the **WOMEN** struggle savagely, mad to get at her; it is not funny and:

**CHARLES** turns away his head, hearing the uproar.

CUT

We **TRACK** back, **CLOSE** on **RYAN** as he comes stumbling up the road, away from the schoolhouse. His rubbery face is twisted with anguish and damp with tears, his mouth is open in a silenced cry of protest. He lurches erratically towards us, driven, seeming almost to be thrown about by the **SOUND** of the uproar from the playground. He almost sobs:

**RYAN**

Princess ... Princess ... Princess ...

Suddenly the uproar stops. It is succeeded by a silence which frightens **RYAN** still more. He stops and listens, fearfully. A sudden shout, triumphant, dying away to silence again, sends him reeling on, clutching his hair. After three beats of silence, uproar again - this time sheer bedlam, an ugly noise comprising equal parts of laughter, hate and triumph. **RYAN** throws himself against the wall, throws his forearm across his face.

**FATHER COLLINS**, hastening down the road towards the noise with a grim and anxious face stops and looks at the Publican amazed.

**FATHER COLLINS**

What - What is that man?

**RYAN** can only indicate the direction of the school, beseechingly, his knuckles in his mouth, looking like a vast corrupted infant.

The **PRIEST** tears off on thundering boots, white hair standing, black skirts flapping. The bedlam continues on **SOUND**.

We arrive with him at the playground gates. He hurls himself through the "BOYS" entrance and:

Is blinded by something which flies through the air and strikes him in the face. He snatches at it, and stares at:



ROSY's gray dress in his hand.

He looks up from it, incredulous and glares round. He sees:

Two OLD WOMEN whispering over ROSY's white underskirt. They look up and when they encounter his darkening eyes, drop it, turn and pulling up their shawls, shuffle swiftly out by the "GIRLS" exit. Others who see the movement and its cause, follow them.

FATHER COLLINS looks after them, registering them for future attention, then turns at a fresh burst of laughter from the bedlam.

GENERAL SHOT his POV. Garments and shoes fly through the air; the YOUNGSTERS whoop and jump to catch them and:

CLOSE SHOT YOUNG MAN jumps up and catches something, turns breathlessly laughing to show his prize and encounters:

FATHER COLLINS' black browed glare.

The YOUNG MAN drops:

A pair of pale green artificial silk bloomers.

YOUNG MAN and other YOUNGSTERS go. The crowd is thinning and their departures leaves only a few stragglers and the hard crows round the dwelling door. These now turn to see the cause of the dwindling uproar, and as FATHER COLLINS comes in amongst them, the uproar dies to silence.

FATHER COLLINS, his face still but his eyes like a glimpse into a volcano, sees:

In a YOUNG MAN's hands, one of ROSY's black cotton stockings. On the ground, her bodice. Her petticoat.

MOUREEN makes a sudden movement, hiding something behind her back. In the silence and stillness the PRIEST strides at her. She flees. He checks sharply, staring down at something, his face changing. He stoops for it, out of frame and:

CLOSE SHOT. A thick shank of hair. His hand comes down and takes it up:

He looks from the hair in his hand, all round and sees:

Tufts of hair scattered all round.

A pair of sheep shears in the hand of MRS McCARDLE. She is scared, but sets her mouth stubbornly and looks back at:

FATHER COLLINS; he dare not trust himself to speak or move. Behind him McCARDLE, quickly:

McCARDLE

Look here Father -

(the Priest turns)

- the strippin' of her was an accid -

The PRIEST lunges forward and strikes him in the mouth, a real punch. McCARDLE reels back among his friends then jerks forward, white-faced and vicious. But it is only a reflex and FRIEND, says quickly:

FRIEND

- Steady, Joe.

McCARDLE, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, glowers sullenly:

McCARDLE

You're takin' advantage of your cloth,  
Father Hugh.

FATHER COLLINS

(nods. Quiet and flat)

That's what it's for.

And draws back his big bony fist for another blow. It is not a gesture; another second and the blow will land.

FRIEND

(quick and low)

Come on, Joe -

FATHER COLLINS does not even watch them as they go, but hears on SOUND their clattering boots and:

McCARDLE

(SOUND aggrieved, darkly)

It's not right isn't that. A Priest's only a man.

The PRIEST is only too conscious of it, looking from the shank of hair to the little shut door of the teacher's dwelling. Almost fearfully, he raises the latch and opens it, going in.

In the "BOYS" entrance, MICHAEL hovers, looking up the street after:

His POV, McCARDLE and the hard core, going away. OTHERS more distantly ahead of them.

MICHAEL blinks. Evidently he has missed some kind of communal festivity. Honky-tonk MUSIC strange and sad, over:

His POV the empty playground. ROSY's petticoat on the blunt spikes of the dividing wall. The breeze gently stirs the filmy stuff.

MICHAEL goes to it. He stares at the embroidered daisy-patterns round the neck, the threaded blue ribbon. He looks round cautiously. He knows vaguely that what he is about to do is wicked. But the temptation is too great.

He touches the petticoat. It is an act of great courage. His breath comes short, and his eyes stare and move in his head, little tremors shake him as he struggles with the storm of feeling raised in his mind by the touch of the embroidered stuff under his horny fingers. When he hears the dwelling door open he pulls his hand away as though scalded and looks frightened when he sees:

FATHER COLLINS emerging, looking at him. He has seen what MICHAEL is doing, guesses what he is feeling, knows it is nothing to fear but to pity. But he himself is feeling about a hundred years old, and defeated. He goes to MICHAEL, propels him towards the gateway, saying in the absent-mindedly peremptory tones in which one addresses an importunate dog:

FATHER COLLINS

(quietly)

Come on, come on -

He shoves him quite roughly through into the street and drags shut the ill-fitting, a seldom-used gate. MICHAEL watches, uncomprehending, as he does the same for the "GIRLS" gate. Are ROSY and CHARLES imprisoned then? Or in need of protection? Cut off anyway. And now his unaccountably angry friend is standing guard at the shut gates and gesturing at him, dismissive and curt:

FATHER COLLINS

Go on Michael, get off -

MICHAEL backs off and hovers, reproachful. FATHER COLLINS snaps.

FATHER COLLINS

Get off out of it!

MICHAEL turns, the honky-tonk desolate, and leaves the road for the open country and the sea.

The PRIEST looking after him, hears on SOUND the honky-tonk fade and falter to silence. He pauses one beat. There is nothing to be done for the moment. He flings off up the road, leaving on screen "BOYS". "GIRLS".

CUT

ROSY sits bolt upright in one of the easy chairs. She is wearing CHARLES' overcoat, nothing else. Her face is white, her hair has been shorn in places to the scalp, stands elsewhere in grotesque cowcombs. A dreadful blue red graze disfigures her cheek, her forehead is scratched. From time to time she fights to control a spasm of nervous trembling. Her head is slightly cocked; her eyes stare hard, inwardly, searching for some order in the mental chaos.

CHARLES is seated opposite to her. His clothes are torn and dirty. His mouth needs a couple of stitches; one eye is closing, not prettily. His knuckles are raw. He is looking at ROSY, but not well focussed. He too is in a state of shock. Outside, an indifferent bird sings sweetly.

Now he goes into the kitchen. He gets from the back of a cupboard a half-bottle of brandy. A thick glass tumbler. He comes to her and pours the remaining contents of the bottle into the glass. About half an inch. He takes her hand and puts the glass into it. She makes an effort, drinks, the glass knocking against her teeth, and feels better for it. When CHARLES sits again, she offers the glass to him. He shakes his head. She offers insistently. He takes it and drinks what is left in a single swig. It makes him leave.

ROSY's head has turned. She looks out of the window. Then at the fire. Thoughtful...

CUT

MICHAEL. Honky-tonk, lonely. A faint wind flicks at the sword-grass about him and sprinkles white sand into the folds of his clothes. He must have been sitting for a long time thus, motionless, sucking his thumb. He takes it from his mouth now, disturbed by something. His head turns and he looks about him, puzzled; sees nothing; his head turns the other way. He scrambles out of his sandy hollow and stops, seeing:

His POV. RANDOLPH. He is standing at a distance on the crest of one of the sand dunes, his back towards MICHAEL, motionless, hands loosely clasped behind him, looking out to sea. He looks as lonely as MICHAEL.

MICHAEL is deeply interested; hopeful too - this is company of a kind. He rises. But he is more scared than anything and hesitates, regarding:

RANDOLPH's back as before. Quite still. Now his head comes round, drawn by the pull of MICHAEL's regard, or some even less tangible awareness of MICHAEL's presence. He looks at him, his white face aloof and detached as ever; turns his head back again. A second's pause however and he turns right round, his whole body rotating on his uneven feet, and:

CLOSE SHOT shows him looking back at MICHAEL with a kind of puzzled curiosity.

It is enough for MICHAEL. He moves towards RANDOLPH with a pleased little grunt, limping over the soft sand. But he is still wary and wavers to an uncertain stop, looking up almost longingly at:

RANDOLPH, his POV, looking down. His dark-eyed gaze might have stopped anyone we feel. Then very gradually his face changes to a new thought. It softens, becomes attentive and friendly, and finally he smiles, and says - as a lonely man might encourage a well-met mongrel stray:

RANDOLPH

Hello ... ?

MICHAEL grunts again with pleasure and ascends the sand-dune eagerly. Arrived at the crest he looks into RANDOLPH's face. RANDOLPH looks back, equally at a loss to explain the encounter which he has so uncharacteristically encouraged. MICHAEL looks to see what his friend might have been looking out to sea at, but:

His POV, there is nothing there but the shimmering sea.

RANDOLPH regards him seriously, taking out his cigarette case. MICHAEL looks back from the horizon to his friend. RANDOLPH lights his cigarette, still looking at MICHAEL as at some interesting natural phenomena. But in the act of putting back his case it occurs to him to offer him a cigarette. He takes it from the case. It is the last.

MICHAEL does not at first understand. Then reverently he takes it, considers it and puts it in his waistcoat pocket. RANDOLPH watches all this closely. When MICHAEL looks up at him again, the two disparate creatures exchange the same serious regard. Deliberately, with a very faint smile, RANDOLPH offers him the case. MICHAEL looks from the case to its owner, gravely. Then he slowly takes it. The world has become magical; anything is possible. Slowly, courteously, he salutes.

RANDOLPH gives MICHAEL a little half-smile and a nod and descends away from him, going in the direction of the sea.

Sadly MICHAEL looks down at:

RANDOLPH, walking away. But he stops. He seems not to want to go without his companion. He looks back and up.

POV MICHAEL the invitation is unmistakable. He stumbles eagerly down to him. RANDOLPH, half-regretting the impulse, walks on immediately. But MICHAEL falls into step and walks with him. He peers anxiously at RANDOLPH, who gives him a reassuring half-smile, rather quizzical, amused by his own situation, and walks on.

LONG SHOT shows the pair in profile, both with the uneven dragging gait, proceeding through the sand-hills.

Honky-tonk continuing RANDOLPH looks before him. But MICHAEL slightly behind, looks at RANDOLPH. He notes that his friend walks with his hands clasped behind his back. Gravely he does the same with his own. They leave us thus, two pairs of crippled feet, two pairs of clasped hands.

CUT

In the living-room, ROSY is dressed now and her hair is covered by a shawl of pale wool. She is looking into the fire, composed now but more thoughtful than ever. CHARLES, clean shaved and in clean clothes, and with iodine on his face and knuckles, regards her anxiously, beneath bent brows. ROSY makes a little movement, revealing the passage of a painful thought, and CHARLES:

CHARLES

What?

She blinks at him. Her face is chastened; in a quiet, wondering voice:

ROSY

They really thought ... That I was the one ...  
that betrayed that man.

The full depth of her unpopularity revealed to her for the first time, has shaken her. But CHARLES is furiously angry with the village, the full depth of its depravity revealed to him. Contemptuous:

CHARLES

Rose - I don't for a moment suppose anyone  
"betrayed" him.

She looks at him. Then quietly:

ROSY

Maybe not ...

CHARLES

Why ehould they? They juet - juet wanted it so.  
And they wanted it to be you.

(darkly)

For other reacons.

(he scowle to himself)

'Truth was told, they envy you ...

(more mildly)

Alwaye have ...

(and suddenly twisting  
in his chair, the  
reecentment of years)

An they've always had a rars old contempt for me  
too! Eyee like gimlets tongues like eaws - I tell  
you: I'm not for lettin' that lot know we're busted  
up. We'll keep up a front - Till I'm well and  
out of it.

ROSY looks at him and finde hersself laughing. CHARLES is puzzled,  
inclined to be indignant.

CHARLES

What?

ROSY

I don't know ... It seemsd funny.

She picks somsting up from the floor by her chair and, much as one  
gete rid of a used rag, puts it quietly on the fire. It is her hair.  
CHARLES starte and looks at her. But she is watching it burn without  
emotion. The end of a Chapter. CHARLES watchee too:

The burning hair.

CUT

CLOSE TRACKING. MICHAEL lurches slowly ovsr the eoft eand of  
the dunss; his hands are in his pockets now and his serioues eyes are  
fixed on;

HIS POV RANDOLPH'S back, his hands in his pockets, strolling ahead.  
The dsclining eun throwe long shadows from the dunes and spear-grass  
through which they walk. He steps, seeing between two dunes, the  
beach beneath them, the sea at half-tide; MICHAEL'S curragh waiting at  
a distance, throwing a long shadow towards them.

**TWO SHOT.** RANDOLPH considers the strange little vessel. MICHAEL is pleased by his interest. But has better things to offer. He plucks shyly at his friend's sleeve. RANDOLPH turns his head and looks at him enquiringly. Eagerly MICHAEL beckons. RANDOLPH reluctant. MICHAEL beckons more eagerly yet. Obliging, RANDOLPH moves; and MICHAEL plunges down and away from him, back into the white sand valley.

**CLOSE SHOT,** In a shadowed cleft of sand, a thick shrub of the dark spear-grass. MICHAEL dives into it like a dog after a rabbit.

RANDOLPH wanders up as MICHAEL emerges grunting dragging: One of the long rifle-boxes, heavy as a coffin. He looks up, pleased with himself; he has sprung a delightful surprise.

RANDOLPH looks seriously from the box to its owner. Stoops, but MICHAEL anticipates him, throws back the lid, disclosing:

**CLOSE SHOT,** rifles, grenades, bullets, boxes (ammunition and detonator). They glint dully in the low sunlight; the wind hisses softly through the spear-grass. MICHAEL sits in the sand, legs spread; RANDOLPH crouches and: Touches the too familiar objects with his finger-tips, attentively. MICHAEL is gratified by his absorption; offers him a Mauser rifle. Quietly RANDOLPH takes it, works the breech and lays it by; looks again at MICHAEL. MICHAEL offers hand-grenades. RANDOLPH looks at these also, and lays them by. Looks at MICHAEL once again. MICHAEL, anxious to please, gives him the red painted tin we have seen before, its lid open. RANDOLPH'S eyebrows go up, and he gently takes out one of the sticks of explosive. MICHAEL doesn't understand his friend's interest in the dull stuff, but is happy to fall in with it. He too takes out one of the sticks. Each of them has one now. MICHAEL peeps through the neat round hole in the centre of his slab at RANDOLPH, who almost laughs. MICHAEL peers closely at the contents of the red tin, endowed with importance by the interest of his friend. He has noticed only one feature of interest about them. He rummages in the rifle box and comes up with the round primer. RANDOLPH'S face changes as MICHAEL like a five year old child, pleased with a newly acquired skill, fits it into the round hole and peeps again at RANDOLPH through the much smaller hole, drilled in the primer. RANDOLPH goes still. Only one thing is wanting to make the stuff lethal. Very gently he begins to empty the rifle box, item by item, onto the sand, MICHAEL watching. RANDOLPH looks up and freezes as MICHAEL produces from its far end a small square wooden box. Slowly RANDOLPH replaces the hand-grenade he is taking from the rifle box, all his attention on the thing in MICHAEL'S hand. He hesitates and holds out his hand for it.



MICHAEL becomes wary. Evidently this is the jewel of the collection. He opens the little box and when RANDOLPH makes a stealthy move towards him shuffles back a little on his bottom. RANDOLPH would stand no chance in a chase and desists. MICHAEL peers into the box and with him we see:

CLOSE SHOT, packed in rubber and cotton waste, the metal detonators, like shining pencil-stubs. MICHAEL's fingers come in frame and withdraw one.

TWO SHOT, RANDOLPH watching him alertly, MICHAEL frowning at the thing in his fingers. Cautiously RANDOLPH reaches forward and removes the primed explosive slab from MICHAEL's reach. Then:

RANDOLPH

(firmly)

Michael, give that to me.

MICHAEL smiles mischievously; he was right; his friend desires the little box and its carefully packed contents. He pulls the box towards himself, his little red eyes glittering with amusement and pleasure. RANDOLPH simulates an infantile sulk, turning away.

RANDOLPH

All right, keep it. I don't want it ...

(hurt)

I thought we were friends.

And begins to repack the rifle-box. MICHAEL, worried, shuffles back to him, pats his arm, and offers him the box. A beat, and RANDOLPH almost snatches it from him. MICHAEL starts back. He still has the first detonator in his hand.

RANDOLPH

That one too. Give it to me.

MICHAEL is amazed at the importance which his friend gives to the little shining object. Slowly he puts it in his mouth; his teeth closing on it. RANDOLPH alarmed:

RANDOLPH

No ... Look -

He takes one of the detonators from the little box and tosses it through the air to land on an outcrop of rock. It explodes with a flash and a bang.

MICHAEL, horrified, casts his detonator from him. It lands in soft sand at RANDOLPH's feet. RANDOLPH snatches it up. MICHAEL is trembling. RANDOLPH smiles reassuringly, but he backs off holding

up his hands beseechingly, whimpering. RANDOLPH, stricken, takes a placating step towards him. At which MICHAEL gives a sort of tiny scream, backs, turns and runs from him.

RANDOLPH

For Christ's sake man - I'm not going to  
Hurt you.

MICHAEL turns back at the head of the dune, looking down at:

RANDOLPH staring up at him, distant.

POV RANDOLPH, MICHAEL backs over the crest of the dune; still backing; drops gradually from view, turning to run again at the last moment, leaving the empty skyline.

CLOSE SHOT, RANDOLPH looking after MICHAEL, absorbing his own isolation. He sighs quietly and turns his head towards:

LONG SHOT his POV. The curragh on the empty beach, the quiet sea, the sun low over the horizon.

CLOSE SHOT RANDOLPH, attracted by the vacant scene, takes a slow pace or two towards it; stops, seeing:

The sun, a pale white disc, suspended over the horizon.

CLOSE SHOT RANDOLPH. The eventlessness of it all is deeply gratifying to him. He sits quietly, to watch the sun's quiet death.

The sun is almost touching the horizon now.

CLOSE SHOT RANDOLPH watching it. Unconsciously he is tossing the bright detonator gently in his hand. His face is clear of thought or emotion. But now a local light comes on it from below. He looks down at:

His POV, the box of explosive, less than ten feet from him, the sun's rays glow at him invitingly from the opened lid. The explosive visible inside.

CLOSE SHOT. RANDOLPH looks back to the sun and sees:

It is lower yet.

CLOSE SHOT RANDOLPH. The glow of light from the box more insistent still. He looks again at:

The box as before.

**CLOSE SHOT, RANDOLPH.** The little movement of his hand ceases. He looks down at:

**EXTREME CLOSE,** the detonator in his fingers. He rotates it and the highlight of its curved bright surface flashes at him in the sun's light.

**BIG CLOSE RANDOLPH,** he looks from the detonator at nothing for a long moment, then raises a perfectly calm face to:

The sun. It touches the horizon.

**CLOSE SHOT RANDOLPH,** watching it.

The sun. Half hidden below the darkening sea.

**CLOSE SHOT RANDOLPH,** the sunlight on his face dimmer.

The sun, its last ellipse about to disappear. It vanishes and:

A flash of light and a soft roar; it is CHARLES, striking a match and igniting the oil-lamp in the living-room. He turns up the wick and the illumination spreads. When it reaches ROSY and spreads over her listless face they hear a distant boom, not loud but full of power. They look at one another, surprised, curious, faintly alarmed. In the silence the windows faintly rattle, once, and then comes the crying of agitated gulls. ROSY listens, hard, frowning.

**CHARLES**

It'll be the soldiers . . .

**ROSY**

Soldiers . . . ?

**CHARLES**

Aye, the beach is fairly littered with . . . stuff  
They'll be destroying it . . .

But he has caught some of ROSY's palpable unease. She fights it down, trying to accept his sensible explanation.

**ROSY**

Oh yes . . .

But her breath comes more and more rapidly; apprehension seizes her; she moves restlessly, and suddenly rises, going to stare out of the window in the direction of the camp, and almost in the same movement, galvanic, goes quickly to the door.

CHARLES follows.

ROSY emerges into the playground, dusky, the mad crying of the birds suddenly loud. The "Boys" gate creaks open. MICHAEL stands there, speechlessly.

ROSY stares back;

MICHAEL advances a hesitant pace; his mouth opens, but he can only stare at:

ROSY. CHARLES appears in the doorway behind her; his expression is straightforwardly anxious. But on her face is a deepening appalled apprehension. Because:

MICHAEL is looking at her now, not merely with chaotic excitement, but with deep curiosity; and pity. He takes a half step towards her, makes a funny little gesture of comfort. At which:

MUSIC "Wings" over CLOSE SHOT. ROSY slowly pulls her eyes away from MICHAEL, absorbing the news as though he had spoken it; looks sharply back and reads confirmation on his face; her gaze wanders round the playground and slowly up to the crying birds, seeing nothing. We hear on SOUND;

CHARLES

(sounds apprehensive  
but sensible)

What is it, Michael?

But, MUSIC over, ROSY unhearing seems to be staring with shocked comprehension at:

The Celtic Tower where she and RANDOLPH met. Dusk. The salmon river quietened to an evening murmur.

The woodland clearing. Empty. Dusk. No sound. No movement. A heron motionless at the pond.

The empty cave. Shooting from its rear towards the sea. A wave comes heaving up the sloping floor. It wallows softly against the walls. Recedes; leaving the empty sand immaculate, taking the MUSIC with it.

CUT

LONG SHOT. ROSY seems to be staring at all this. But is dressed now for travel, seated on a rope box in the living-room, her hair concealed by her best hat. The light comes and goes through the window, playing on the cold ash in the empty grate, the vacant shelves, the furniture and

remaining ornaments with coloured tags for auction. Behind her, a lidded basket corded up, and a couple of big cheap caees.

Now CHARLES comes; dressed for travel too; he glances at her, saye nothing, takes the two caeee and goes.

ROSY raisee her head, listening to him go through the echoolroom.

In the playground are MICHAEL and a little OLD MAN, indifferent as an animal, holding a emall donkey on the further eide of which stande FATHER COLLINS, who helpe CHARLES tie:the cases on its panniers, the little beaet between them. He looks at CHARLES but CHARLES works in silence, throwing a rope over for him to eecure. Now we hear the rhythmic tramp of feet and a Section of SOLDIERS march past the playground on the way to the Camp. They are whietling "Good-bye Tipperary" and as they paes we hear the NCO: "Pick up the step - pick it up" - a wisecrack from the offender, laughter, and the whietling recedes.

FATHER COLLINS

Well they're not mourning long.

CHARLES

No.

FATHER COLLINS

Does she think he did it deliberate?

CHARLES

... She saye -

He breake off, tightening and tying a rope.

CHARLES

I think he was a man that suffered, Father Hugh.

The PRIEST looks at him with quiet approval.

FATHER COLLINS

You love her sorely, don't you Charles?

CHARLES

(takee refuge in the rcpes again, then)

Yee.

He is moved. But:

When ROSY in the living-room looks up hearing his returning feet and he enters, his face is as dispassionate and severe as before and he says almost curtly:

CHARLES

Ready then?

ROSY

Yes.

But doesn't move, except to look slowly and sadly round:

The forlorn room, about to be abandoned, all CHARLES' little comforts gone.

CHARLES looks too, then back at her. He says quietly:

CHARLES

Not all your doing Rose. I should not have married you.

ROSY

No.

She rises slowly, picking up the box.

CHARLES

You can tell Father Hugh what we're doing if you like.

ROSY

(quickly)

No no ...

(and goes)

He shuts the domestic door with a final thump. They go out through the empty schoolroom, she carrying the roped box, pass three or four large wooden boxes by the outer door, and emerge. He shuts and locks that door.

FATHER COLLINS

Rosy ...

ROSY

Father ...

She smiles. But he purses his lips at her frail appearance. He pats her arm, then cheerfully:

FATHER COLLINS

Well it'll be a fair day for a journey yet, I think.

ROSY

(emiling)

I hope so yee.

CHARLES comee and givee him the school keys, for the last time. PRIEST takes them. Looks at the remaining baggage. Robuetly:

FATHER COLLINS

Well now, how shall we manage?

CUT

LONG SHOT the street. HOUSEHOLDERS, men and women, at their doorways looking towards CAMERA. Now, as at a signal, those nearest to us go in and shut their doors, and the action is repeated away along the cottages until the street is perfectly empty. One WOMAN has to run acroee from her neighbour's house to her own at the last minute, ehutting her door with a bang. But one of the shut doors opens and a LITTLE GIRLæemegges. She walks towards us into CLOSE SHOT. She has a bunch of flowers in her hand and looks off at:

The OLD MAN and the laden donkey, followed by MICHAEL with the gramophone horn FATHER COLLINS, also burdened, followed by ROSY with her box and CHARLES with the base and turntable of the gramophone.

A cottage door opens and from the dark interior a WOMAN'S VOICE, sharp:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Cathy ... Come in.

LITTLE GIRL looke towards her home, back to the approaching procession, doesn't budge. But now her father's voice comes, not vicious, certain of the rights and wrongs of it, the child to be protected from herself:

MAN'S VOICE

Cathy - Am I to take my belt to you?

The child's face puckers; she drops a few of the flowers and goes.

CLOSE TRACKING, FATHER COLLINS sees grimly:

Hie POV the donkey clip-clopping ahead, the LITTLE GIRL going in, door slam.

**CLOSE TRACKING CHARLES AND ROSY** have seen too. He says:

**CHARLES**

Take my arm.

She obeys. They look very formal, coming on, seeing:

Their POV the empty street, the shut doors on either side. Their escort in advance.

**CHARLES'** eyes are on the scattered flowers in the roadway. He looks stolid, but the incident has upset him.

**CLOSE SHOT** the flowers. **CHARLES AND ROSY** stop. He disengages his arm and picks up one of the flowers. He tries to put it in his button-hole. **ROSY** likes him for it. Puts down her box to assist in it, both aware of:

**CLOSE SHOT** the dimly seen face of **LITTLE GIRL** peering through her cottage window seeing:

Her POV, the husband and wife in the middle of the street. Now the little task is done. They go on, arm in arm again, formal but:

**CLOSE TRACKING ROSY and CHARLES.** He looks ahead, set and patriarchal. But she looks sidelong and scared towards:

The blind windows and shut doors tracking by on her left.

Now she looks to the right and has a moment of something like physical fear seeing:

The yellowed lace curtain at one of the windows falling back into place. A baby is crying somewhere.

**LONG SHOT,** the strange little procession moving up the middle of the absolutely empty street.

**CLOSE TRACKING ROSY and CHARLES** as before. She looks back from the house-fronts gliding back in total silence. Licks her lips and manages tremulously:

**ROSY**

Rousin' send-off.

**CHARLES** simply tightens his grip on hers; she yields thankfully.

**CLOSE TRACKING FATHER COLLINS and MICHAEL.** Looking ahead they see:



**Their** POV the pub approaching. Five or six men emerge hurriedly and disperse.

**CLOSE TRACKING ROSY** and **CHARLES** also see:

**Their** POV the pub, the men disappearing into their respective houses. One must pass them. He does so without a word.

**CHARLES** and **ROSY** passing on again, he saying softly:

**CHARLES**

We'll be out of it in five minutes.

At the pub the procession stops. **ROSY** goes towards the door. **CHARLES** going with her, she stops him and hesitantly:

**ROSY**

Give me a minute by myself?

**CHARLES**

(faintly puzzled but  
stopping)

Yes of course ...

She goes quickly in.

In the dark bar **RYAN** is seated at a table with a bottle and a glass, his face resting on his outflung arm. He turns his head as his daughter comes in and looks at her fearfully, dare not speak.

She approaches a little, smiles and says:

**ROSY**

Dad ...

At her quietly affectionate tone, he lifts his head; but still cannot speak. She in the same reassuringly everyday tone:

**ROSY**

Good-bye, Dad.

**RYAN**

... 'bye, Princess.  
(and bites his lip)

**ROSY**

I'm all right.

RYAN

(sitting up, staring  
at her)

'Are you, darlin'?

ROSY

Aye. I'm lookin' forward to ... Dublin and  
that. Really.

RYAN

(nods)

That's your mother speaking.  
(looks away and back)  
D'you remember your mother?

ROSY

A bit.

RYAN

D'you, like, remember the rows?

ROSY

(rueful little laugh)

Aye.

RYAN

(quick)

I never raised a fist to her, Rose.

She understands that her mother is standing in for herself. Her smile  
goes, she says gently and seriously:

ROSY

I know that, Dad. You wouldn't hurt a fly;  
if you could help it.

She goes and gives him a quick kiss, and withdrawing says:

ROSY

I'll write to you.

RYAN

(brightening, reinflating)

And I'll write to you.

ROSY

(smiles, affectionately  
dubious)

Well, mebbe ...

RYAN

(passionate)

I swear to God, Princesse - I will write  
every - every -

ROSY

All right Dad, we'll write regular. Good-bye.

She is going, but RYAN:

RYAN

Oh. Well wait a bit I must say good-bye  
to your husband -

He is at the door ahead of her; she turns and:

RYAN

You know Rose, when you married him - I  
thought you could have done much better -  
Now I'm not so sure they come much better.  
Will you tell him that -? It's not a thing  
a chap can easily tell another.

ROSY stares at him; then with a jerk of the head at the door, quietly.

ROSY

Come on.

In the street RYAN grips CHARLES' hand; emotionally:

RYAN

Good-bys Shaughnessy.

CHARLES

Good-bys Mr Ryan.

His manner is just correctly warm; RYAN means little to him. But  
RYAN retains his hand, peering covertly from his son-in-law to his  
daughter who stands at CHARLES' side. He wants to do more.

RYAN

Are you - all right for money you two? I -  
I have a bit by me.

His voice falters. ROSY is looking coldly. But then she relaxes:

ROSY

We're fine for money, Dad. Good-bye.

RYAN watches.

His POV. The procession leaving, ROSY and CHARLES linked arm in arm. He suddenly calls after them as throwing a parting gift.

RYAN

Good luck.

CLOSE TRACKING, ROSY and CHARLES. He looking ahead, unflinching; but ROSY'S eyes widen fractionally and her lips part at the irony of it. They walk on.

RYAN looking after them, becomes aware of sounds in the street; he turns to see:

People coming out onto their doorsteps to watch the retreating outcasts. They hesitate, seeing RYAN.

He ducks back into his pub.

CLOSE TRACKING. ROSY and CHARLES, hear behind them a shrill inhuman trilling. CHARLES' mouth tightens; he glances sideways at ROSY who looks ahead, affecting not to hear.

The VILLAGERS gathered in the street looking after them, the YOUNGSTERS whistling.

CLOSE TRACKING, ROSY stumbles. CHARLES tightens his grip again.

The VILLAGERS again, the whistling at full volume, shout after the outcasts between the echoing houses. MOUREEN triumphant.

CUT

The sound cuts to silence over LONG SHOT Kitlin's Cross. We can make out ROSY sitting on her box, FATHER COLLINS standing by her among the other baggage, with MICHAEL. CHARLES talking to the OLD MAN with the donkey. Seagulls fly about them. An immense sunfield sweeps towards them over the bare country.

CLOSE SHOT ROSY seated, lost in sad thought, unheeding the gulls' cry about her. But now she is suddenly flooded in sunshine. Gulls' shadows. FATHER COLLINS looks up and says, cheerfully:

FATHER COLLINS

Ah. I thought it'd brighten.

ROSY  
(looks up obligingly;  
cheerfully)

Yes.

CHARLES joins them.

FATHER COLLINS  
It's brightened up for you, Charles.

CHARLES  
Aye, so it has.

They all look after:

The donkey and OLD MAN going back.

None of them has anything to say. MICHAEL looks at the absently cheerful face of the PRIEST, the absently stiff face of CHARLES, the fragile seated figure on the box. He blinks about, and wanders away.

FATHER COLLINS  
You haven't an address in Dublin, yet, I suppose?

ROSY rises and quickly -

ROSY  
Er, No not yet. We, er -

FATHER COLLINS  
Hotels is it? You want to mind that Charles.  
I've heard they'll charge as much as five bob  
the night.

He looks away up.

LONG SHOT the inland road along which the bus must come, stretching away over the empty country from the distance. Nothing stirring. Peevits cry down the wind.

FATHER COLLINS  
Well I wonder how long we shall have to wait ... ?

CHARLES  
(consults his gunmetal  
watch)  
Not long, if he's on time.

FATHER COLLINS

Well he's never that.

A little social laughter, quickly dying. The wind blows over them.

FATHER COLLINS

No. Sometimes late, sometimes early, never on time . . .

This expansion of his previous point elicits only pale smiles.

FATHER COLLINS

He makes up his timetable as he goes along, like.

CHARLES

(chuckles politely and)

Precisely.

ROSY looks at him involuntarily, then away and:

ROSY

His sometimes doesn't come at all.

She looks towards the village, blinking in the wind. We hear on SOUND over this:

FATHER COLLINS

(sound)

Oh he'll come all right . . .

Suddenly, the wind has blown ROSY'S hat off. Her hand flies up instinctively. Too late. Her hand rests among her disfigured hair.

CLOSE FLASH SHOT CHARLES. One second of stillness and he is gone after the hat.

He chases it over the bogland, angrily, lips moving in silent curses.

CLOSE SHOT ROSY has not reacted other than to look downwards, seeing the gulls' shadows gliding on the surface of the road. FATHER COLLINS' eyes are fixed on the tufts of hair blowing in the wind. After a second, not looking at her, he puts an arm about her shoulders, tightly. At which she looks up and away but does not otherwise move. CHARLES comes and gives her the hat. She says unsteadily:

ROSY

Thanks.

CHARLES

Bus is coming.

VERY LONG SHOT. The tiny bus appearing in the distance.

CLOSE SHOT MICHAEL, with a fistful of cow-parsley, looking at the bus. Turns to look across the road at:

The others, backs towards him, looking towards the tiny oncoming vehicle. MICHAEL comes on frame, limping hesitantly towards them. Half way across the road he stops and grunts peremptorily.

They turn and see:

MICHAEL, standing off, thrusting his ungainly bouquet at ROSY. He is weeping helplessly. It is a phenomenon no-one has ever seen before.

ROSY

Michael . . .

MICHAEL ventures a little nearer but still hands off. He dare not come near enough to offer his gift. ROSY goes to him, takes them from him and:

ROSY

Thank-you . . .

He peers at her wonderingly. She steps closer yet and kisses him. Overwhelmed he goes and sits on a stone with his back to them. She goes back to the others, head bent over the flowers. They look at her but when she looks up she is dry eyed and curiously composed. She remarks:

ROSY

That bus is takin' its time.

FATHER COLLINS

No hurry . . . He'll get you to Ennis before the train.

He is looking thoughtfully off at the bus. ROSY and CHARLES exchange a quick unhappy glance behind his back. He turns back.

FATHER COLLINS

Will it be hard to get a job in Dublin, Charles?

CHARLES

Not if it's a teaching job.

FATHER COLLINS

You're never thinking of changing your trade?

CHARLES

Thinking yes. I'd like a change.

FATHER COLLINS

Well why not? You're hoth young enough.

The bus rattles up and stops, its engine banging, loose parts rattling.

FATHER COLLINS

I've got a partin' gift here Rose,

(hands from his pocket  
a cheap gilded frame)

It's supposed to be a fragment of St. Patrick's  
staff. I don't suppose it is though.

She looks at him and cannot speak. He has performed the more important  
of a father's duties towards her all her life. He gives her a rough kiss.

FATHER COLLINS

God bless you child, get up.

And half shoves her into the bus. He turns to CHARLES, brisk and  
cheerful.

FATHER COLLINS

I'll help you load up.

Through the dim scratched window ROSY sees:

The PRIEST and her husband fetching the luggage.

MICHAEL rises, turns and sees:

Through the glass, dimly, ROSY looking straight ahead. She has  
forgotten his existence.

FATHER COLLINS hands the last thing up to CHARLES. CHARLES is  
relieved to be cutting the last awkward knot. The PRIEST is leaning  
one hand on the bus, looking down.

CHARLES

Well Father, thanks. Thanks for a great  
many things.

And holds out his hand. But the PRIEST looks up and grunts at the  
outstretched hand as at a trumpery social form.



FATHER COLLINS

Mr. Charles, I think you have it in your mind that you and Rosy ought to part.

CHARLES stares astonished.

FATHER COLLINS

Yes I thought as much. Well mebbe you're right. Mebbe you ought. But I doubt it. And that's my parting gift to you. That doubt. God bless.

And bangs the rickety door in CHARLES' face.

Over his back we see CHARLES' blank face through the cracked glass born away from us. He turns and walks towards the front of the vehicle. The PRIEST stands and watches as it recedes. MICHAEL creeps on frame and joins him. When it is gone, he turns. He looks not like a happy match-maker but tired, sceptical tired of it all. With a sigh the more bitter for being unconscious.

FATHER COLLINS

I don't know ... I don't know at all ...

He raises his eyes to the distant village where he must return. Quite grumpily, putting his hand on MICHAEL's shoulder, propelling him into motion:

FATHER COLLINS

Come on, then.

We leave them thus, going back.

LONG SHOT. The bus speeding away over the coast road to Dublin.  
MUSIC, CREDITS.

THE END