

The Prisoner



The Final Inch

Kevin O'Donnell

THE FINAL INCH

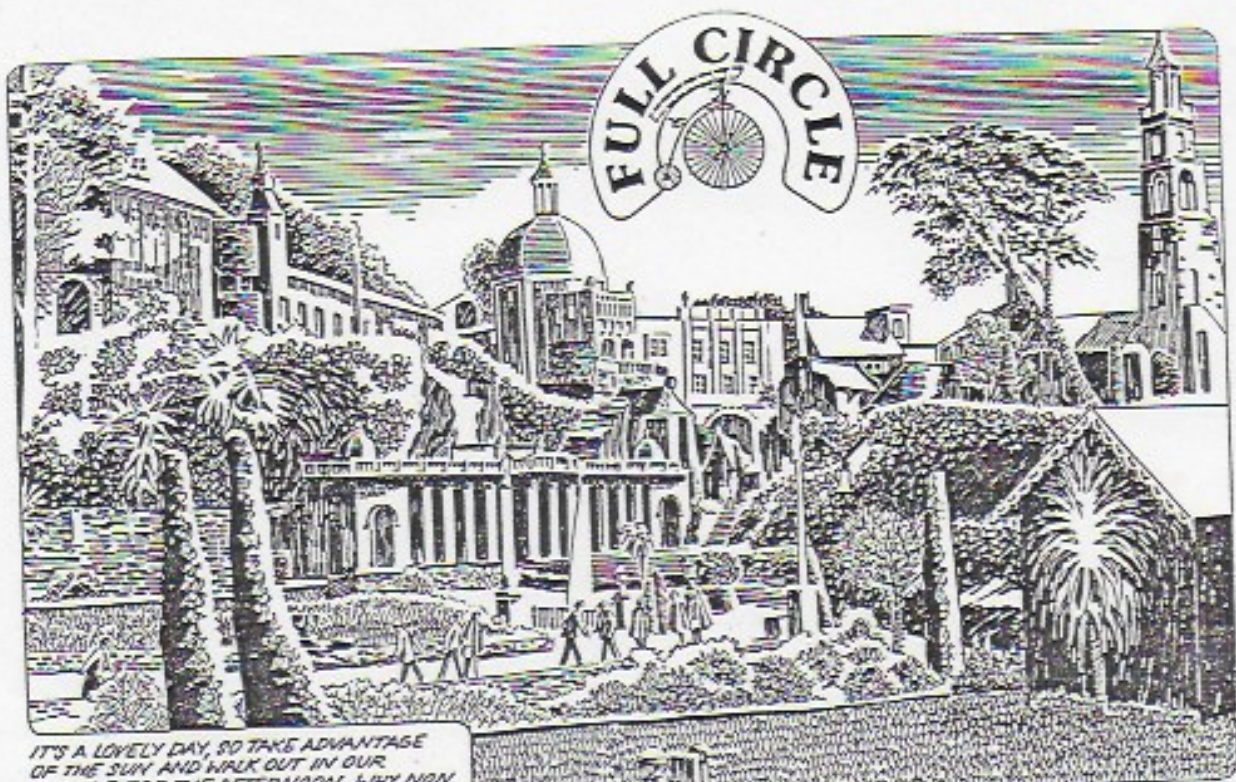


The story began a long time ago in 1985. After watching the Prisoner as a child, it was shown again on TV in 1984. It rekindled my imagination and drew me in. I was perplexed by the final episode as a ten or eleven year old child. Seeing Fallout for the first time as an adult, it was a psychedelic masterpiece. It caught the essence, what drove the whole thing. It had to be symbolic to make its point. We all can act as No 1, selfish, power seeking, corrupt, and so on. The ape mask represented 'the beast within humanity.' Clever, original, way out. I was working with an illustrator, Jim Fortey, on a few comic strips for an educational book for Edward Arnold (later Hodder Educational). He enthused as I walked him around London and showed him various articles and photos about the Prisoner. We started to work on a strip that would have run in Six of One's journal. Unfortunately, life, changes, movements, work, made us lose contact and only the first ten pages were ever completed. As this was in the days before PCs. Word, Smartphones etc, I typed the script manually. While I still have copies of the finished pages, the original script went missing years ago. I knew its basic premise, though, and roughly how it ended. We find 6 back in his Secret Service work, oblivious to where he had been. He is sent on a mission to the Caribbean codenamed 'The Voodoo Cross' where he must face a final test. The brainwashing and hallucinogens of Fallout had not had the desired result. Plan A had to give way to a Plan B. He

ended up back into the Village with a confused, thwarted Village. This was surely it? What more could anyone do? Could they? It was left as an open ending.

Eventually, I dusted things off and revisited the project in 2024, having stumbled across copies of the old comic strip. The story has become more nuanced, a little more Danger Man than the Prisoner in some ways. The ending is more final. He had really thwarted and escaped (?). What to do now that I have no illustrator to work with? In the meantime, I have had some experience at screenplay writing and so I have produced a version of the story as 'The Final Inch'. It was originally called 'Full Circle' but I felt that this, in hindsight, did not quite get the point. He is also described by a protagonist Baron Samedi as 'the Running Man', but running from whom? The Village? Himself?

I recall Alan Moore (of Watchmen fame) looking at a page at a London Comic Con back in the 80s. "But weren't you happy with the ending?" He asked. "Yes, on a symbolic level. But what might have come next?" Why try to write anything after Fallout? It is cheating, in a way. As I indicated earlier, that can be seen as a wrap. It made its point. It would be possible to imagine adventures and escapes in real time, though, seeing how an enlightened 6 adapted to his world. These could be interesting and well told. Still, I cannot get away from the sense that there was a finality about Fallout. Something always had to flick back. The Final Inch imagines one possible story after Fallout. It has its own sense of finality, though. A last-ditch attempt is made to break No 6 after the failure of the psychodrama of Fallout (presumably a form of hallucinogenic experience). And when this failed? Endgame? That is how I have written it. Maybe there could be other adventures after reaching this point in his mind. Maybe. But it is presented as a finality, an extension, as it were, of Fallout. There are many good stories and may there be much more Prisoner fiction. This is my opportunity, and my tale.



IT'S A LOVELY DAY, SO TAKE ADVANTAGE
OF THE SUN AND WALK OUT IN OUR
VILLAGE FOR THE AFTERNOON. WHY NOT
GO TO THE BEACH AND TAKE A SWIM!...

THE WATER IS COOL AND INVITING!



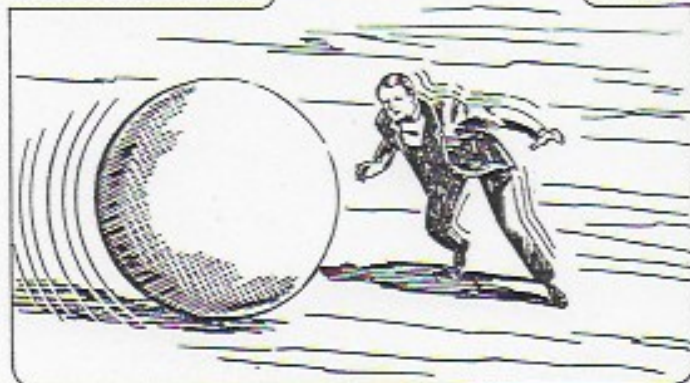
REFRESHING DRINKS ARE AVAILABLE
FROM THE RESTAURANT FOR ONLY
TWO UNITS...

NUMBER TWENTY EIGHT WILL BE
JUDGING THE MUSIC COMPETITION
AT THE BANDSTAND IN HALF AN
HOUR...

AND THE NEW TALLY HO IS ON SALE
WITH ALL OUR LATEST VILLAGE NEWS
AND REVIEWS!



THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!



ROARR!

AGHH! GASP!



AGHHHHHHHHH!



NOOOO!...
HNNN...
PHEW!...



THE DREAM AGAIN, THE SAME
ONE AS THE OTHER NIGHTS!
CAN'T I GET RID OF IT!
WHAT DOES IT MEAN? IT'S
LIKE A NIGHTMARE COME
BACK TO HAUNT ME...



BUT I KNOW THE FACES, THE
PLACE FROM SOMEWHERE... AS
THOUGH IT'S ON THE TIP OF
MY TONGUE BUT I CAN'T
GRASP IT! AND THAT MAN...
WHY DOES HE HAVE
MY FACE?



STILL I SUSPECT IT WILL
COME BACK TO ME.



GOOD MORNING, MY LITTLE FRIEND.
AH! NOTHING LIKE THE SMELL OF
GRILLED KIDNEYS TO WAKE A MAN UP!



MMMM...
GOOD!



LET'S LOOK AT
THE MORNINGS'S
MAIL!

BETTER LOOK AT THIS TELEGRAM FIRST!
YOU NEVER KNOW WHETHER THESE
THINGS ARE BEARERS OF GLAD TIDINGS
OR ILL. ALWAYS BETTER TO GET THEM
OVER WITH BEFORE ONE
ATTEMPTS TO DIGEST
ONE'S FOOD!



THEN A PDG SEEMS TO FALL OVER MY
MIND AGAIN...



... AND IT IS AS THOUGH
THERE'D NEVER BEEN
A LAST WEEK...



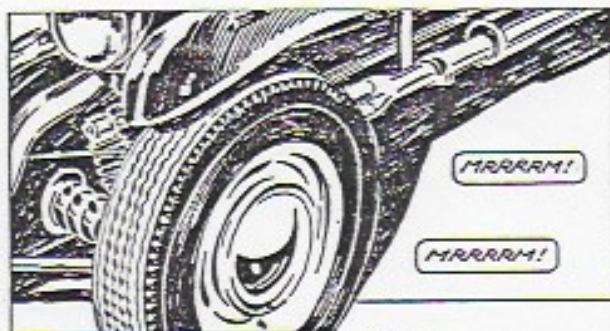
APRIL
17 Monday
Arrived back
Safe and sound.
Awarded the
Voodoo Cross.

APRIL
18 Tuesday

Nothing...
Nothing
before that
for nearly
eighteen
months!
What is going
on?... and
nothing
after it for
two weeks!



PERHAPS A DRIVE
AROUND TOWN!
BEFORE MEETING
JANET WOULD
CLEAR MY HEAD.



MRRRRM!

MRRRRM!

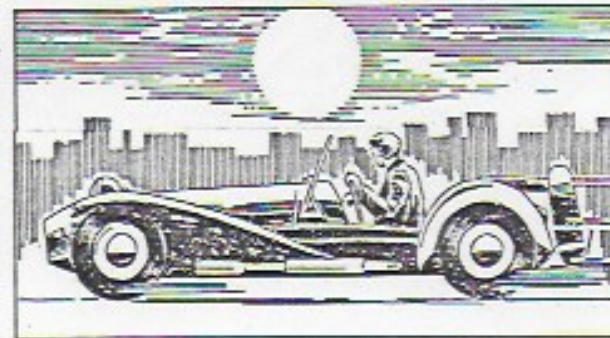


BEEN AWAY...

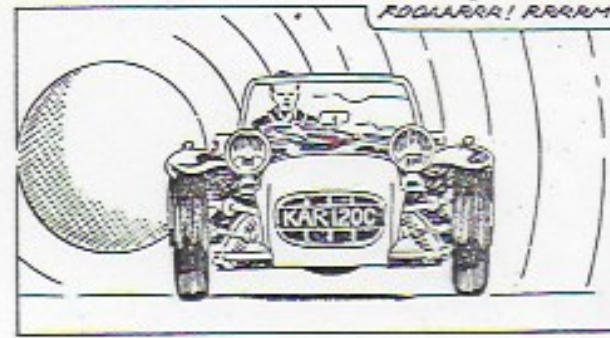
EIGHTEEN MONTHS...



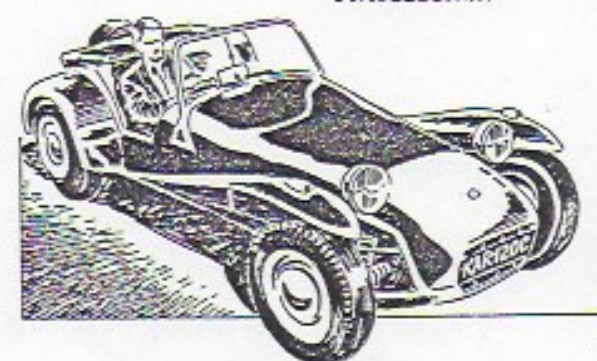
VOOOOO CROSS!



SCREEEEEECH!



ROOARRR! RRRRM!



A VILLAGE...

I WAS IN A VILLAGE!

AND AT THE APOLLO, DEAR, THERE'S
THE MOST BIZARRE PLAY STARTING...



JANET...
YES?...
TELL ME,
WHEN DID I GIVE YOU THE BROOCH?

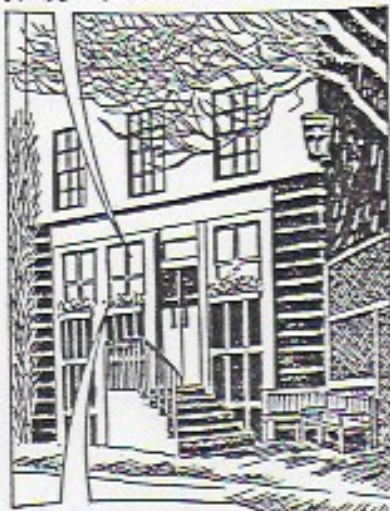
YOU WENT OUT OF MY LIFE FOR OVER A
YEAR, AND THIS BEAUTIFUL THING IS
SENT TO ME AS A TOKEN OF YOUR
UNDYING LOVE... REALLY, THE THINGS I
HAVE TO PUT UP WITH FOR FALLING
FOR MEN IN THE SECRET SERVICE!
NOW DON'T START INTERROGATING ME!



IT'S... IT'S JUST THAT... I... I... DON'T
REMEMBER MUCH...



LAST TUESDAY, WHY DO YOU ASK?
SURELY YOU CAN'T HAVE FORGOTTEN?



JUST WONDERING...
AND WHERE DID I GET IT FROM?

ARE YOU FEELING
ALRIGHT? YOU
DON'T LOOK
WELL!



I'LL DRIVE YOU HOME,
AND YOU BETTER PUT YOUR FEET
UP TILL YOU FEEL BETTER!

WHY, YOU DIDN'T TELL ME THAT, SILLY!
YOU KNOW YOU COULDN'T!



ASK NO QUESTIONS,
GET NO LIES TOLD,
IS THAT IT?

WHAT IS THIS?
YOU SOUND ODD
THIS MORNING!

HERE, YOU BETTER
TAKE TWO OF THESE!



FINE...



NOTHING! JUST NORMAL ASPRIN!
I'M GETTING TOO JUMPY IN MY OLD
AGE!



A LITTLE MORE OF THE FOG LIFTS...



NO, NOT YOURSELF. DON'T FIGHT
YOURSELF, OLD MAN! HE'S YOUR
FRIEND! WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS!



WHAT YOU NEED IS A GOOD HOLIDAY!
GET AWAY FROM IT ALL!
FAR WEST... THE CARIBBEAN!
AH... THE SOUND OF THE WAVES
BREAKING ON THE SHORES,
THE PALMS WAVING
IN THE NIGHT BREEZES!

BUT THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL TELL THEM,
ISN'T IT? THE MISSION IS FAR TOO
SECRET TO TELL THEM ABOUT! GOT
YOUR DETAILS? BRIEFED? RIGHT!
BUT YOU CAN'T JUST HOP OFF LIKE
THAT, CAN YOU?



RESIGN! YES, GO ON! RESIGN! YOU'LL
HAVE TO KNOW, OLD MAN! IT'S
THE DECENT THING YOU CAN'T LEAVE
THEM HANGING IN SUSPENSE;



YOU CAN'T SERVE TWO MASTERS,
CAN YOU?

N-NO! NO!
ONLY SERVE ONE...

GOOD...GOOD!
NOW REMEMBER....
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO
IS LISTEN FOR
THE PHRASE....





PATTERCAKE, PATTERCAKE,
BAKERS' MEN...

....BAKE ME A DOZEN
AS FAST AS YOU CAN!

IT'S ALL ON PAGE SIX... IT HAS TO BE!

THAT WILL BE ALL SIR. THE BOOK
SHOULD BE TO YOUR SATISFACTION!

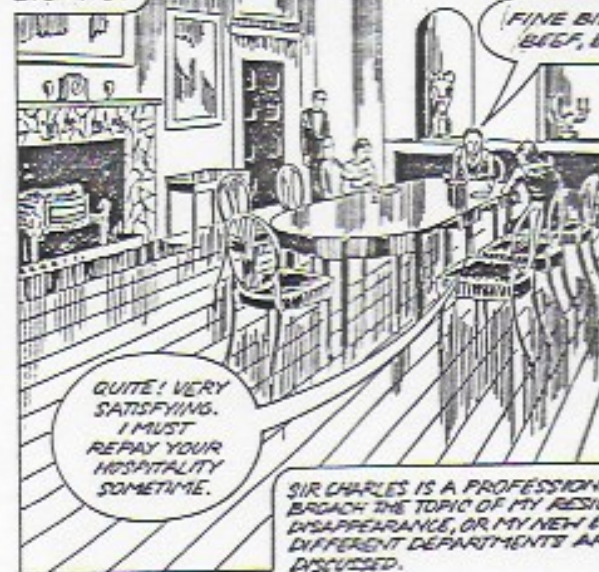


THANK YOU.

....HALF A DOZEN OF THE OTHER!...
SIX OF ONE, HALF A DOZEN OF
THE OTHER!



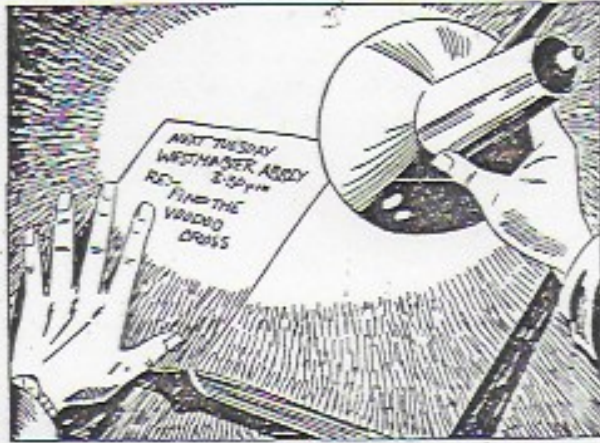
VERY NICE OF JANET'S FATHER, TO
INVITE ME OVER FOR DINNER THIS
EVENING.



FINE BIT OF
BEEF, EH?

QUITE! VERY
SATISFYING.
I MUST
REPAY YOUR
HOSPITALITY
SOMETIME.

SIR CHARLES IS A PROFESSIONAL; HE WON'T
BROACH THE TOPIC OF MY RESIGNATION,
DISAPPEARANCE, OR MY NEW EMPLOYMENT.
DIFFERENT DEPARTMENTS ARE NOT
DISCUSSED.



I THANK YOU FOR THE THOUGHT, DEAR BOY,
BUT IT WOULDN'T DO FOR US
TO BE SEEN HOBNOBBING
TOO MUCH, WOULD IT? BEST
KEEP THIS FORMAL; ASK NO
QUESTIONS GET NO LIES TOLD,
EH?



INDEED... QUESTIONS ARE A BURDEN TO OTHERS. A STILL TONGUE MAKES FOR A HAPPY LIFE.



EH? WHAT'S THAT?

OH, ERM... NOTHING, SIR! JUST A SAYING I ONCE HEARD... SOMEWHERE!

I SAY, DARLING, DID YOU RECEIVE THE BOOK I SENT YOU?



HUH? YOU SENT IT? I DIDN'T REALISE! THERE WAS NO NOTE!



IT WAS A SURPRISE, DEAR! YOU KNOW HOW YOU LIKE SURPRISES.... AND THAT WAS A RARE EDITION OF GOETHE. I COULDN'T RESIST IT WHEN I SAW IT.... IT WAS A LITTLE GIFT IN RETURN FOR THE BROOCH, ONE TAKEN FOR ANOTHER! AFTER ALL I DON'T WANT TO LOSE YOU AGAIN AFTER YOUR LAST MISSION.

DADDY WAS SO UPSET WITH YOU, TOO



HIMMPH! WE DON'T TALK BUSINESS AT THE DINNER TABLE, JANET! WOULD YOU CARE TO RETIRE TO THE LOUNGE, DEAR, AND WE'LL JOIN YOU FOR COFFEE SHORTLY!

IT WAS UNNERVING, YOU KNOW. THOUGHT YOU'D DEFECTED, WE DID. WELL, WHAT COULD WE THINK?

PERHAPS I DIDN'T KNOW WHEN I WANTED TO COME BACK!



THAT I WAS ON HOLIDAY?

THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU PUT IN FOR A SPOT OF LEAVE?



THIS MAN IS TO BE YOUR ENEMY. HE IS NO LONGER YOUR EMPLOYER....

DO NOT CONTACT HIM PROFESSIONALLY.
YOU MAY ONLY SEE HIM THROUGH YOUR
FIANCEE, OR IT WILL ENDANGER
THE MISSION.



MMMMMMMM.....

....DERRRR! SSSSSK!

RIGHT! WHEEL
HIM OUT!

CONGRATULATIONS,
YOU'RE DOING WELL!

REST NOW,
TAKE A SLEEP.



WE'VE DONE ENOUGH
FOR ONE DAY!

SIR CHARLES HAS ACCEPTED ME
BACK TOO EASILY; I HAD TO PROBE
FURTHER

THERE IS ONE THING I'D LIKE TO ASK
YOU SIR... IF YOU DON'T THINK ME
RUDE.



GO ON. WHAT IS IT?



I THINK HE MIGHT BE READY FOR OUR
FIRST PHASE! DON'T YOU THINK?

YES,
INDEED,
SUPERVISOR!

TELL ME.... WHAT DOES THE VOODOO CROSS
MEAN TO YOU?



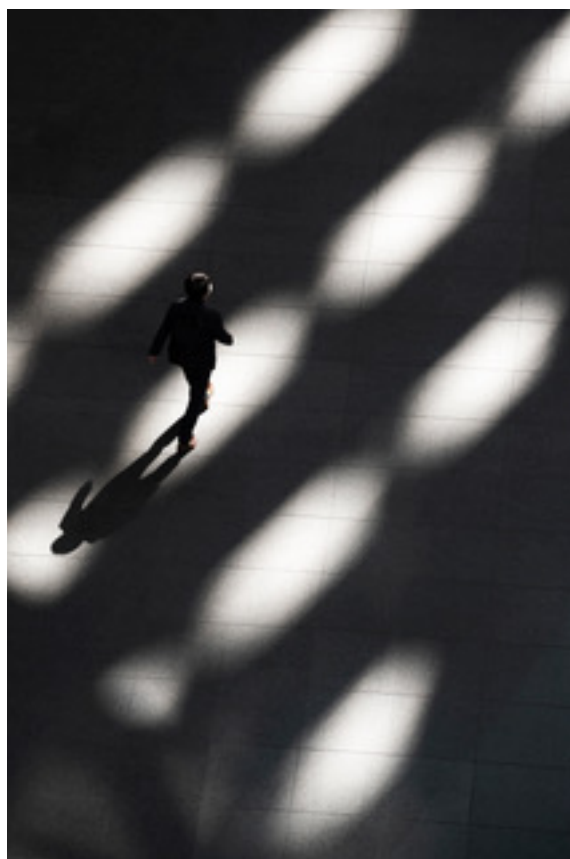
HUWHULP! COUGH! MY GOD,
DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT !!!

THAT'S CLASSIFIED!
TOP SECRET! GOOD GRIEF,
MAN, ARE YOU THAT HIGH
UP NOW?



NEXT- MORE ABOUT THE
VOODOO CROSS, AND DID
THE VILLAGE REALLY EXIST!

THE RUNNING MAN



THE PRISONER:

THE FINAL INCH

Written by

Kevin O'Donnell

Based on the TV Series 'The Prisoner'©ITV

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INT.VILLA -NIGHT

An AGENT is pouring himself a drink, listening to Caribbean music on the radio looking through some papers on his desk. Two MEN push open the veranda door and enter uninvited. He drops his glass.

1ST MAN
That was clumsy of you.

AGENT
Why have you come here?

1ST MAN
The night is young. We thought we would take you out, somewhere pleasant. Somewhere that never closes.

The Agent is scared, trying to push the papers out of sight.

1ST MAN (CONT'D)
But first we'd like those papers.
Don't put them away just yet.

AGENT
Look here, you can't burst in uninvited. I have an appointment for tomorrow.

The 2nd Man aims a gun and shoots. The Agent falls, scattering the papers.

1ST MAN
The only appointment you have, my friend, is with this.

A second shot is fired.

1ST MAN
As I told you, somewhere that never closes. Where it's always dark.

He signals for the other man to put the gun away as he picks up the papers and puts them in a brief case.

INT. P'S APARTMENT - DAY

P is packing an attaché case, placing photos of the Caribbean, his passport, travelers cheques etc. A lava lamp is lit in the background.

There is a knock at the door.

P shuts the case and opens the door. A dark suited man is standing there waiting.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE P'S HOUSE - DAY

P gets into a black limousine and it drives off.

INT. AIRPORT CHECK-IN -DAY

P hands over his passport and papers. He is waved through.

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

A passenger plane takes off.

EXT. AIRPORT IN CARIBBEAN

P carries the case, looking at a notebook. He wipes his brow a little feeling the heat. He glances up at the sun and he stops as it seems to spin a little, becoming increasingly white, and then it is normal in the blink of an eye. He shrugs, and then puts on shades and enters the Terminal.

TITLE

THE FINAL INCH

INT. OFFICE - DAY

P sits down as his SUPERIOR officer offers him a light for his cigarette.

TEXT

Earlier that day

P

It's good not to smoke Turkish, for once!

SUPERIOR

(laughs slightly)

Now, what next? How about this?

P takes a file from him marked 'The Voodoo Cross'.

SUPERIOR (CONT'D)

I'd like you to have a look.

P looks through it.

P

Not much to look at. A few photos
of Jamaica. Nice beaches.

SUPERIOR

Not that you haven't seen plenty of
those recently!

He passes P a couple of photos from another file. These are
of Cannes.

P

Still in interested in me, then?
So, what else have we in here?
A press card...and a poster for a
Baron Samedi show.

SUPERIOR

That's the hook. He's become quite
a celebrity.

P

Voodoo?

SUPERIOR

Looks as though he's leading
something of a revival. The
authorities are certainly worried.

P

What's that got to do with us?

SUPERIOR

It's what he might be fronting.
There's a huge uptake in narcotics
trafficking crossing via Cuba.

P

So hence 'The Voodoo Cross'? Not
good, but hardly our department?

SUPERIOR

Intel suggests that that's a front,
too, for something much bigger.

P

Dangerous - to us?

SUPERIOR

If so, yes.

P
Can you give me a line on this?

SUPERIOR
No. Not yet. Just hearsay. Less you
know the better. Clean slate, and
all that. See what you can find
out.

P takes the Press Card out of the folder and looks at it.

P
Press. Patrick Ness. Hmmm...

SUPERIOR
Just do the job, if you're up for
it. Have you been getting bored
since you came back?

P SNUBS OUT CIGARETTE.

P
Maybe.

SUPERIOR
Just to let you know that the
Sûreté are getting involved, too.

P
The French? Why? It's not one of
their islands.

SUPERIOR
That's just what we'd like to know.

P picks up the file and shakes his hand.

P
Okay, I'll take it. But on my usual
terms.

SUPERIOR
Of course. You'll find reservation
tickets in the back there.

P looks in the file.

P
This afternoon! I see...

SUPERIOR
Go and get ready. We'll send a car
round toute suite.

P takes up his coat and starts to walk out.

SUPERIOR (CONT'D)

Well done. I didn't think you'd be wanting to smoke Russian in the future!

P exits. The Superior picks up one of a number of phones on his desk.

SUPERIOR (CONT'D)

Hello, yes. He's taken it alright. That's a relief. I'll contact HQ straight away.

EXT. HOTEL POOL - DAY

P is finishing a swim and pulls himself out. As he is towelling himself, a young woman, JULIA, offers him a drink that she takes from a waiter's tray.

JULIA

I thought you might like this. Helps to cool you down, too.

P takes a sip.

P

Thank you. May I have the pleasure?

Julia takes a card from her purse.

JULIA

Julia Delacourt. I'm with the Press, too.

P

The Times, I see... I'm afraid that I am not so exalted.

JULIA

The Daily Mail, I know. Never mind. They just took me on when I was between jobs, shall we say. Let's enjoy the sun - while it lasts.

P

Well, I hardly think it's going away, unless its the rainy season?

JULIA

(laughs)

No. But we won't be here for very long.

P

Really?

JULIA

If you are covering the concert tomorrow night, then we'll be all back on Friday.

P

So soon? Oh dear. How did you know who I was, by the way?

JULIA

Oh, Patrick, you really don't remember me, do you?

P thinks for a moment.

P

I'm so sorry....I meet so many...

JULIA

Beautiful women? And I'm just one more?

P scratches his head.

P

I am sorry, but...

JULIA

Morocco, two years ago. Has it been so long?

P takes her hand and kisses it.

P

Forgive me. I must make it up to you. Now I've cooled down a bit, how about tennis? At least that is indoors and air-conditioned.

JULIA

I'd say it's game set and matched!

INT. TENNIS COURT - DUSK

P and Julia playing tennis. She is playing well. He struggles to keep up. Suddenly he takes the ball and she misses. They touch rackets and game over.

P

Commiserations. Can I take you to dinner as a consolation?

JULIA

Are you my consolation? What would I have got if I had won?

The two wander off to the hotel. They are watched by the 2nd Man who shot the agent earlier.

INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

P and Julia are at the table. P hands the menus back to the waiter.

P

Writing features about pop concerts is not my usual scene.

JULIA

Oh, you can be so dull!

P

Hip?... Hip, hip hooray! No, not usually what Mail readers are interested in.

JULIA

It's not that kind of concert, anyway. More of a rally.

P

Religious? Political?

Julia shrugs her shoulders.

JULIA

Both, probably, in its own way.

P

Tell me more about this Baron Samedi. I've been given such a rushed briefing. I think their usual man pulled out at the last minute.

JULIA
A woman, actually. It was me!

P
Oh, but...

JULIA
Let's just say that I got a better offer.

P
Congratulations.

JULIA
There are rumours that this is the start of a rebellion spreading through the Caribbean.

P
Rebelling against what exactly?

JULIA
Oh, you can be so sweetly naive! Have you been out of touch that long? Against the Crown, the Commonwealth, and the French, naturally.

P
Naturally. The French?

JULIA
There are other islands that never raised our flag, don't forget.

P
But it's just noisy youth singing awful music, for goodness sake!

Julia rolls her eyes.

JULIA
Possibly not, and that, I bet you, is why the Mail want you to cover it. Anything that insults the Queen will set their blood boiling.

P
As well as The Times, surely?

JULIA
Touché! I'll take you somewhere after. Then it may become clearer.

P

Perhaps I am a very lucky man.

She smiles. They dine.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Julia hails a taxi. Two youths, BENJAMIN and CURTIS, are handing out flyers for the concert. Julia takes some. She takes one by the arm.

JULIA

Here... come with us. I want you to show my friend what this Baron Samedi music is all about.

She hands them some money and they smile and get in the taxi as it drives off.

P

OK, tell me all about Baron Samedi.

JULIA

My friend here really knows next to nothing. You see, he was sent out here at the last minute to report on the music.

CURTIS

It's gonna be big, man. The Baron is ripping across the island.

BENJAMIN

You don't know about the Baron? How can you not know about the Baron?

P

Only that he is some kind of folk hero, a magician, a witch doctor, or something.

The youths laugh hysterically. Julia smirks.

DRIVER

Let me tell you about the Baron. See that picture?

P looks at the flyer. The Baron is dressed in black with skeleton painted on his body. He has a black cape, a top hat and a cane with a snake wrapped round it.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

He's like a good Devil, you see.
Rules the night. Stops you dying.
Makes you die. Cures the sick.
Prevents you becoming a zombie.
He's a powerful dude.

P

Sounds like Dracula.

BENJAMIN

Dracula kills you. The Baron brings
you back.

P

At what price?

DRIVER

He names the price.

P

Oh, for goodness sake! He's just an
actor, a showman. Baron Samedi is
not real!

DRIVER

Watch your tongue, Mister. He might
hear you. That man has the spirit
of the Baron in him, don't you
know?

The car pulls off the main road along a track. Sounds of
music start to be heard. The car stops beside a stone cross
garlanded with flowers and with a top hat resting on it.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

You see that cross? That's the
Baron's cross. Tells you where his
border lies. That's his gig over
yonder. That cross tells the bad
spirits to keep out.

P

A voodoo cross.

He looks across at Julia to see if she responds but she is
looking the other way.

DRIVER

This is where we stop. You stay
here. Watch and listen. You can't
go up there. You folk ain't
allowed.

P

And what will he do to us? Haunt us?

CURTIS

Please, Mister. You don't want to mess with that Dude.

DRIVER

Just stay there. I'll go in and tell them you're doing no harm down here. Curtis, Benjamin, you comin'?

Benjamin and Curtis back away.

BENJAMIN

Like, no way! No way!

JULIA

Get back in the car, boys. You're scaring them.

The Driver runs up and joins the dancing and singing crowd. P and Julia watch. P has a small pair of binoculars. He and Julia take it in turns to watch through them.

The singing gets louder and more hysterical. It stops suddenly and everyone is silent.

The Baron stands up in the middle and points at people with his cane. A mother brings two boys in front of him. They are as though in a trance. He taps the cane on their heads and they fall down as dead. Then he lifts them up, one by one. They smile and dance. Their mother hugs the Baron.

P

Hypnotic trickery. How much did he pay the mother I wonder?

Everything has gone quiet again. The Baron looks out into their direction and points his cane. The Driver comes running back. He looks scared.

DRIVER

He wants you to come to him!

P

Why? Why should I?

DRIVER

You don't ask him questions. Just do it, man!

Julia takes P by the arm as he strides forward. The Driver pulls her away.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
That ain't no place for you, lady.
Best get in the car with the boys.
I'm going back to see he's OK.

Julia looks worried but gets in the car.

P pushes through the silent gathering. He stands before the Baron, the Driver just behind.

BARON
You're different. You are full of secrets.

He points the cane and touches P gently on the forehead.

BARON (CONT'D)
Shadows all the way down to the brain and out the other side! I see you running. The Running Man. What you running from? I test if you are telling me the truth or not.

P
You don't know me. You don't know anything about me.

The Baron is passed a small sack. He undoes the cord and rips out the contents. They are several small bones of an animal.

BARON
Let's see what the bones have to say. The bones never lie, sir.

The Baron arranges them in a pattern.

BARON (CONT'D)
You know why? The bones are yours. They came from you!

P
(whispers) "my Daddy"!

P looks dazed. What made him say that?

P (CONT'D)
They are the bones of a rodent, or a bird of some kind. They are hardly mine. Look, I still have them all. He waves and skips up and down.

DREAM SEQUENCE

P hears the Baron and the crowd laughing. He can't stop jigging and dancing. They all join in singing 'Dem bones, dem bones, dem dry bones'.

He sees Julia standing silently, arms folded in the middle of the crowd. He feels the Driver's hands grab him and rush him into a long corridor.

The Baron's voice is the only one singing now. This changes into the roar of Rover and P sees several white balloons chasing him down the corridor.

The Driver has become the Baron who takes off his hat, bows low, and places the hat on P's head.

P is all alone, chased by the Rovers. He finds a door with WELL COME, bursts inside slamming it shut as the roar of the Rovers fades. They are turning away.

He walks through what looks like an amusement arcade with slot machines and laughing policemen, puppets on strings and a merry-go-round.

A laughing policeman offers him candy floss which he gives to a dancing puppet.

The laughing policeman is chasing Mr Punch, who chases P with a puppet crocodile snapping at his feet.

P jumps on the Merry-go-Round to escape the crocodile and it spins faster and faster. Everything spins round in his vision.

Then it stops and he enters the Hall of Mirrors.

He walks around, seeing his own reflection in each one, distorted. These begin to laugh at him maniacally, one at a time until he is surrounded by his laughing faces.

He collapses and folds himself into a fetal position, covering his eyes.

P (CONT'D)
Stop! Stop! Stop!

He screams along with every image in the mirrors.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

P wakes to find himself in bed as Julia mops his brow. A DOCTOR is putting things back into his bag at the foot of the bed.

JULIA

Don't try to talk. Just drink some water.

He gasps and drinks.

JULIA (CONT'D)

The doctor has given you a sedative and calmed you down.

P fights her off to sit up.

P

Was it the drugs?

JULIA

What drugs?

P

The ones he's trafficking.

JULIA

We think he put you in a trance.

DOCTOR

You've been having a horrid nightmare. He is a crook, no doubt, but it looks as though he gave you a bad case of hypnosis. Rest awhile. You should be back to normal in a day or two. Any problems, contact me.

P

He saw right through me, into me, no secrets. State secrets. Where did he take me? I think I've been there before?

JULIA

It was all a bad dream.

P

He knows. He knows...But what? I don't know.

JULIA

Sssh! Get some sleep.

(a beat)

P

I don't remember Morocco...I'm
sorry.

Julia places a finger to her lips.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Julia goes to make a call in the phone booth.

JULIA

It's not good. This wasn't supposed
to happen. I'm afraid that his
little psychedelic trip, or
whatever happened to him, will set
him back. We could lose him.

SUPERIOR (V.O.)

Just keep an eye on him. We don't
want to call this off just yet.

JULIA

Yes. OK. But I fear we may have to.

INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - MORNING

The sun is rising and shining through the windows. P looks
and turns away, covering his eyes briefly. Julia is drinking
coffee.

P

Beautiful, but it's going to be a
hot day.

JULIA

Scorching. You seem brighter this
morning.

P holds his head and flips some aspirin into a glass of
orange juice.

P

My head hurts! At least it wasn't
drugs. Felt like it, though.

JULIA
Stay inside then as much as possible. You need to be well for tonight.

P
You haven't got your invitation?

JULIA
To the concert? Of course!

P
No, to interview the Baron this afternoon.

Julia looks shocked.

JULIA
He never gives interviews. He is completely private, off limits.

P produces the invite. Julia takes it and is lost for words, passing it back.

P
By the way. Morocco... you were selling exquisite pottery and I was an Art Dealer.

He smiles, knowingly. Julia nearly spits out her coffee.

JULIA
Yes...

P
He really did get to me last night, didn't he? Sun or no sun, I shall have to get some air until this head blows away.

INT. P'S ROOM - DAY

The 1st Man and the 2nd Man are searching through P's room. The 1st Man looks at two sheets of paper beside a bottle of ink and a fountain pen on top of the chest of drawers. Blank. The 2nd Man looks through the window.

2ND MAN
He's on his way back.

P stops and watches the sea.

1ST MAN

He'll be a few minutes yet. He
always stares at the sea.

They continue searching. The 1st Man shuffles through the papers in the Voodoo Cross file. He grunts. Nothing unexpected.

1ST MAN (CONT'D)

Damn!

They exit quickly but as they open the door, P arrives.

P

Who are you? What are you doing in
my room?

They charge into him trying to knock him off his feet.

P (CONT'D)

Obviously not trying to clean it.

A fight ensues, punching and throwing people this way and that. P is floored but lunges up and knocks the 2nd Man into the drawers. He knocks over some sheets of paper, a pen and the bottle of ink. The ink splashes over him. He curses.

P (CONT'D)

That'll teach me to remember to put
the lid back on properly.

The 1st Man begins to draw his pistol but then thinks better of it, pulling the 2nd Man with him and they run out. P picks up the paper, now blotted.

P (CONT'D)

And all because I was going to
leave a note for the cleaners!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

P drives a hire car alongside Julia.

JULIA

I wish you'd let me drive.

P

I am perfectly alright. Quite back
to myself.

The car pulls to a halt along a track by a gated villa. Julia takes something out of her jacket. The gates swing open. A GUARD beckons them to stop.

GUARD

I'm sorry, Madam. Only Mr Ness can enter.

P

Stay here. I'll leave you the car, and the keys. If I am not out of there within the hour, drive back. Any Sign of trouble, leave.

She slips a revolver across her lap into his hand.

P (CONT'D)

You know I don't carry a gun.

JULIA

Just in case. Please. For me? I'm scared for you, Patrick. He's done things to your head.

P places a finger to her lips gently and then pockets the gun.

P

Just for you, then. But you know I'll never use it.

INT. BARON'S APPARTMENT - DAY

The Baron is standing with his back to P, looking out of his bay window at the thrashing sea.

BARON

Getting windy out there. I Do hope that we don't have a storm for tonight.

P

Will you cancel the concert?

The Baron turns and laughs.

BARON

You have no idea, do you, Mr Ness? I have so many youth eating out of the palm of my hand. They hang on my every word.

P

Thank you for giving me your time, sir. Can we begin the interview?

The Baron pours a drink.

BARON
Some whiskey?

P
Thank you.

BARON
Ice?

P
No thank you. As it comes.

The Baron and P sit down.

BARON
Mr Ness, let's not waste each other's time.

P
Oh, this is not time wasting. It will be most useful, I assure you.

BARON
You are not a journalist.

P looks surprised.

BARON (CONT'D)
I know. I see you.

P
And just what do you see?

BARON
The Running Man.

P
But running from what?

BARON
That I cannot see.

P
So your powers are limited. Mesmerist, a trickster, a performer... A clown?

BARON
I know that you do not believe in our traditions, but I can only see what I can see. You think I decide what that will be?

(he laughs)

BARON (CONT'D)

Too many shadows. You are lost in shadows. But you are not a journalist. Have you come to arrest me?

P

You know I haven't.

BARON

Oh, and you must know about all the good business I do, all the contacts I play, all the way from here to Cuba and back again?

P

That is not my concern, though I do not approve.

The Baron gets up and takes some papers out of a desk drawer.

BARON

In fact, I don't think that you do know why you are here, do you?

P

Perhaps I'm trying to find out.

The Baron hands over two pages with diagrams and numbers on.

P (CONT'D)

These are specifications.
Mathematical positions. A missile?

BARON

Observant. Your people are trying to send plans for missile defenses to Cuba.

P

My people?

BARON

My men shot one of you only last week. Where do you think those came from?

P

I know nothing about these. I need to contact my superiors with this information straight away. He must have been a rogue.

BARON

Perhaps. But Probably working with the French.

P

What have they got to do with it.

BARON

That is what my men are trying to find out.They Probably want to set me up, frame me for all this military espionage so that they can continue their little enterprise.

P

An excellent cover, if you don't mind me saying. Why are you telling me this?

BARON

Because I want you to stop them, the French.

P

How?

BARON

They are sending someone from their Ministry of Education to the concert. It will have an international broadcast, you know.

P

Very educational. Who And when?

The Baron shakes his head.

BARON

You think I know everything? Just listen. Report anything back.

P

I think the interview is at and end.

BARON

My men will drive you back.

P

I have a car waiting.

BARON

She has left you. A little altercation with one of my guards.

(MORE)

BARON (CONT'D)

Oh, you have met my men, by the way.

(laughs)

BARON (CONT'D)

Do not cross me, Mr Ness. The curse of Baron Samedi will pursue you and you can't run forever.

P

Good day, sir. Thank you for your time. I am sure my editor will be delighted.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

P gets out of the car as the 2nd Man opens the door.

1ST MAN

We will be watching you.

P

Be seeing you!

As he makes the sign with his fingers, he trembles a little, looking confused. Then he shrugs his shoulders and walks inside.

EXT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - DAY

P sits drinking with Julia, as he gives her the papers.

P

I knew you should not have come. You could have been killed.

JULIA

Well, I wasn't, and neither were you.

P

OK, what do you know about these?

She folds them up and slips them into her bag.

JULIA

I was told not to tell you. They wanted you to discover this for yourself. Keeping secrets so that if you were challenged you wouldn't have anything to divulge.

(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)

To keep an open mind. Test the waters. See if you find the same intel.

P

I see. Well, I have.

JULIA

Someone is slipping military secrets to the Cubans to build a network of missiles.

P

And I thought the Cuban Missile crisis was over?

JULIA

This is different. Smaller scale. Dotted all over the island. They intend to form a shield, a protective umbrella in case the US attacks.

P

And what do the traffickers want out of it?

JULIA

Not sure. The Soviets must be involved.

P

Ideology or bank balance?

JULIA

Or both!

P

So the French Minister is a suspect?

JULIA

Possibly. Watch him.

Julia gets up.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Come on, get some rest. We have a long night ahead of us.

EXT. HOTEL VERANDA - DAY

P stands smoking a small cigar leaning over and watching the waves. They seem to be calming. The Ist Man stops beside him, asking for a light.

IST MAN

Have you discovered anything yet?

P

About the French?

He nods.

P (CONT'D)

Msr Matthieu Dubois, their Minister of Education. Quite a celebrity, in a manner of speaking. Your boss has landed quite a catch.

IST MAN

You will know what to do?

P

Will I?

IST MAN

The Baron believes so.

P

Then it must be true.

1ST MAN

BeWhen you stop running.

P

I'll bear that in mind.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DUSK

P is straightening his tie and brushing his jacket,. He checks his pocket for the notebook, and pens. In the other pocket He finds the revolver. He looks at this and then places it back. He brushes his hair a last time as he looks at himself in a full length mirror.

INT. STADIUM - NIGHT

Curtis is selling hot dogs. P buys one and passes it to Julia. She takes it and he shakes his head at Curtis, giving him the money.

JULIA
You not having one?

P
Not my thing.

JULIA
Just what is your thing?

There is a brief affectionate glance between them.

P
Whatever you are going to tell me
now, I suspect.

JULIA
Dubois will be entering over there.
The Press are just behind him.
There will be security.

P
So?

JULIA
Our orders are to take him out.

P
Kill him?

JULIA
Yes.

P
Whose orders? Why?

JULIA
You know who.

P
Perhaps I don't. There is so much
they are not telling me, don't
forget.

JULIA
Intel puts him as the main contact
in the trade. Knock him out of the
game, and their little enterprise
will fall apart.

P
For awhile, but a Jack in a box
always bounces back.

JULIA

What are you on about?

P starts to whisper the nursery rhyme, Jack and Gill, into her ear.

P

Jack and Jill went up the hill to
fetch a pail of water. Jack fell
down and broke his crown, and Jill
came tumbling after.

She looks bemused.

P (CONT'D)

Atishoo! Atishoo! We all fall down!

JULIA

What's got into you? Nursery rhymes
At a time like this?

P

He falls. They fall. And no doubt
we fall!

JULIA

Who's side are you on?

P

That would be telling.

Julia looks very worried.

JULIA

His? The Baron? What has he done to
you?

P

Just that I don't believe he is
involved in secret plans. He's just
a rich mesmerist who is as high as
a kite!

JULIA

Have you taken any?

P

His stash?

Julia turns away.

P (CONT'D)

No. Perhaps I just listen.

JULIA
And hear what you want to hear?

P
Don't you?

JULIA
Enough. At the interval he will go
to the bathroom.

P
How do we know that?

JULIA
He drinks like a fish. He always
does. We know.

P
So we kill him while he is on the
toilet?

JULIA
No, you do.

P
Just me?

JULIA
Yes! I can't go in the male toilets,
can I?

P
I could disguise you?

JULIA
Stop fooling. This is serious.

P
No. Wouldn't work. You are far too
beautiful.

She blushes slightly and gives him a push.

JULIA
His security will wait outside.
Silencer, two shots, leave. By the
time they look to see what is
taking him so long, you will be
gone.

P looks concerned, thoughtful.

P
But they'll frisk me.

JULIA
Pass me the gun, slowly.

P
I don't have it. Left it at the hotel.

JULIA
Good. There is a gun placed in there already.

P
They'll find it. Security will check everything before he goes in.

JULIA
The second mirror pulls out if you touch each corner and press down.

P
That's a new rick.

JULIA
Quite. Things have advanced while you were gone. They will let only press and officials in while he is in there. They'll search you. You'll be clean.

P
And how do you stop anyone coming in after me?

JULIA
That will be taken care of.

The concert starts. Dancing as the music gets louder and louder. A Rock song fades out into Jamaican music. This fades and the Baron invites audience members on stage and plays his mind tricks, makes some walk around like a zombie, taps their heads with his cane and they come to.

He announces the Interval as the crowd chants and roars applause.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

P walks towards the toilets. He watches the Minister enter after the security men exit, having checked the interior. P shows his Press pass and they let him in. As he enters he is aware of some kind of agitation outside.

He pauses, listens and then carries on. The Minister is in a cubicle. P checks the others to see if they are empty.

He looks at himself in the mirror, presses the corners, opens it and takes out the gun. He closes it again, fixes the silencer and looks at himself again, checking it is loaded.

He pauses and as he hears sounds from the cubicle, he takes off the security catch. He is shaking by now, perspiring. The chain flushes. He must act now.

He stares fixedly at his reflection, raises the gun and sees the monkey masked figure screeching at him. The image fades and he shoots straight ahead.

The mirror shatters into tiny fragments. The Minister sighs in fear, shuts the door again just as he was opening it, and bolts it hard.

P throws the gun over another cubicle door and runs outside in a panic.

P

The mirror smashed. Check he's OK.

There are still men arguing, holding up the queue. He recognises one as the 2nd Man. The security push P aside and rush in. A hand reaches out and grabs P, pulling him away. It is the 1st Man.

1ST MAN

This way!

They push through people and P is led towards a door. The 1st Man takes a key and swings it open. P heads for the stairs as the other man closes and locks the door again. They run down and out of an exit.

INT. STADIUM - NIGHT

P and the man walk into the bustling throng of fans singing, clapping and buying beer.

P

You are working for us?

1ST MAN

Not now; talk later. Just get in the car outside.

EXT. STADIUM - NIGHT

P gets in the car as police sirens are starting to sound. Julia is waiting for him. The 1st Man has been explaining to her.

JULIA

You idiot! All this and you
couldn't go through with it!

P is out of breath.

P

I told you that I never carry a
gun!

1ST MAN

The Baron knew that he wouldn't.

JULIA

Then why.... He's messed with his
head, hasn't he?

1ST MAN

He says he just stopped him
running.

JULIA

He speaks in riddles. What's that
supposed to mean?

1ST MAN

Lady, it still throws them into
panic and confusion. If the Baron
was in with the French, then his
men would never have done this. I
say that the finger of suspicion
points to your government.

He smiles and lights a cigarette. P is sitting in a
delirium.

JULIA

We're pulling you out. You've got
ten minutes to freshen up at the
Hotel and then we take a private
jet. File closed.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

P has pulled off his tie and is splashing his face with
water. He wipes himself with a towel and starts to zip up the
attache case.

He stops, goes over to the drawer, pulls out his pen and ink bottle, and pad of paper. He lifts the pen and kisses it.

The room starts to spin and he props himself up on the drawers. He hears hysterical laughter.

It is as though he is standing in a room and it is spinning around him. He faces a door. As he opens this he sees scenes from FALLOUT - the laughing No 2, the Judge, the White robed people saying 'Aye'- No.48 ringing his little bell.

NO.48

The bones are yours, Dad. They came
from you, my Daddy.

Then there is the Eye, followed by the entry into the control room of No.1. The masked figure hands the crystal ball to P but he raises this in one hand without looking at it. He pulls the mask off to reveal the monkey, and then his own crazed face. At once, he gives the crystal ball back and pulls the monkey mask on No.1 again. The monkey starts to calm down. P puts his hand in his pocket and pulls out some grapes. He feeds the monkey one after the other as it goes silent, slowly chewing. Then he is on the bell tower looking out at the Village below.

P comes back to reality, shaking his head but smiling happily.

P goes to close the drawer but he sees the revolver. He hesitates, but picks it up and slips it into the case.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

P takes Julia's arm.

P

Take me home.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

The jet takes off.

INT. VILLAGE SECURITY OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

The SUPERVISOR is checking the screen.

SUPERVISOR

Tracing them now.

OBSERVER

we have a signal.

2ND OPERATOR

Confirmed. Coming into view on the eastern horizon.

EXT.OVER VILLAGE - DAY

P.O.V. from the helicopter as it circles above the Village getting ready to land.

The red phone sounds. The Supervisor looks nervous. Julia steps forward wearing the No.2 Badge.

JULIA/NO.2

Yes, sir. Naturally. We don't want to risk the effects wearing off too soon. Of course. He will need time to rest before any further treatment is possible.

She puts the phone down and watches the screen.

NO.2

Send a welcome party out there. But they are not to do anything unless he struggles.

SUPERVISOR

At once.

EXT.VILLAGE LAWNS - DAY

As the helicopter lands several men line up in striped shirts or blazers. The door swings open and P descends, looking around, smiling and taking a gulp of fresh air. He looks around at the men, nods and smiles. He walks through them as they clap. He is carrying the attaché case.

INT. SECURITY OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

They watch P on the screen walking through the men.

SUPERVISOR

So far so good.

NO.2

But for how long?

They watch as P walks down to the Village Square, alongside the pool. People nod and salute him. He smiles and salutes with the 'Be Seeing You' sign. He enters the shop and the cameras show him wanting a new bottle of ink. He takes this, and exits. He begins to take the path down to his house. He looks at the front door which swings open. He hesitates and then swings round.

NO.2 (CONT'D)

Why? He should have gone home. He's be told to rest. He's heading for the Green Dome.

SUPERVISOR

Well, you did want to see him.

NO.2

Not until I phoned. I don't like this.

SUPERVISOR

He always was...individual.

Cameras show P entering, greeted by the Butler. The Butler goes to open the inner doors and then the metal doors slide open. P sees it is empty, walks around, tapping the chair, tapping the desk, running fingers over its surface. Deftly, he presses a button, hopefully without being seen. Then they lose sight of him.

NO.2

The nerve of him! I better go and greet him.

No.2 Begins to climb the steps to the exit. Suddenly the metal doors swing open. P stands looking at No.2

P

Well, well....

NO.2

You can't be in here. How did you find it ?

THE BUTLER BOWS AND OPERATES THE DOORS, CLOSING THEM.

NO.2 (CONT'D)

Was it him?

P STANDS AT THE RAIL LOOKING DOWN AT THEM.

P

He was just being polite, as always.

NO.2

But he had the audacity to show you
the way.

P

Not at all. I remembered it well.

The Supervisor looks at No.2, Confused.

P (CONT'D)

You forget that you all showed me a
lot of this place before I left,
didn't you?

No.2 shakes her head, confused. The Supervisor backs away
nervously and checks a control panel.

P (CONT'D)

Didn't you?

P bangs his fist on the rail in anger.

P (CONT'D)

It's all connected down here, isn't
it?

NO.2

How can you remember? It shouldn't
be like this.

P opens the briefcase and pulls out the Voodoo Cross file.

P

This is yours, I believe? Oh, it's
not quite finished.

NO.2 takes it and glares. P walks down the steps and begins
to sing a nursery rhyme.

P (CONT'D)

Hickory, dickory, dock. The mouse
went up the clock.

He pauses.

P (CONT'D)

The clock struck one.

He reaches the floor level.

P (CONT'D)

The mouse went down. Hickory,
dickory, dock.

P (CONT'D)

Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock,
tick....

P stares No.2 In the face as he sings the last word.

P (CONT'D)

...Tock!

After a few seconds he steps back and folds his arms. No.2 beckons for him to follow her.

INT. NO.2'S CONTROL ROOM.

NO.2 and P ascend through the floor.

NO.2

We didn't think it would wear off
so soon.

P

So you sent your goons to trap the
monkey, eh? To reel in your prize
trout?

NO.2 is backing away.

P (CONT'D)

Or should that be your prize Pike?
My, what big teeth I've got.

P snaps his mouth open and closed, right in No.2's face. She lowers her head.

P (CONT'D)

And to think I almost kissed you.

Now No. 2 is trying to look away as she steps back.

P (CONT'D)

Or perhaps Little Bo Peep has lost
her sheep?

(laughs gently, and getting louder.)

NO.2

When was it? When you wouldn't use
the gun?

P
That would be telling.

NO.2
But when you came back without a
fight, we thought we had succeeded.

P looks mockingly.

P
Failed! Failed! Failed! Again and
again and again! Drug me, how many
times? Psychedelics and mind
control. Plenty of tapes to enter
my dreams and try to twist them
around your little fingers? How
many times?

No.2 continues to step back as P wags a finger at her.

P (CONT'D)
Failed! Failed! Failed! Try to get
me to join you by leading you? Show
my face as my own worst enemy?
Think that would break me? It
didn't, did it? Then you let me go,
free, free as a bird. But it wasn't
me, was it? More drugs. More
trickery and tom foolery. You never
left me alone!

NO.2
We tried.... We thought that we had
broken you...

P
Like they did to you?

No.2 Wipes a slight tear. P gestures to the Village screen.
Everyone has stopped still, listening to his ranting on the
sound system.

P (CONT'D)
Failed! Failed! Failed!

NO. 2 switches off the sound with a push of her umbrella.

NO.2
What have you done?

P
Atishoo, atishoo! We all fall down!

P squats on the floor.

NO.2

We can all sing silly nursery
rhymes. What is it you want?

P

What do I want? What I already
have.

NO.2

Do enlighten me. What is that?

P jumps up and suddenly pulls the revolver out of his pocket.

P

This!

There is an audible gasp as she grips the desk. He is
pointing the gun at her, moving around from different angles.

NO.2

You wouldn't... not here... not
now... You don't ever use a gun,
don't forget. Do you think we are
stupid?

P

Never?

NO.2

You won't get away with this. Fire
one shot and security will come
rushing in. They're listening, you
know, down there...

P

And out there?

NO.2 checks that the sound is still switched off.

P (CONT'D)

Oh, I don't need to fire a shot,
but you do!

NO.2

What are you on about, man?

P places the gun on the desk.

P

There. All yours. You gave it to
me. As you know, I don't want to
use it.

(a beat)

Shoot me.

NO.2
Have you gone mad?

P
Oh, quite mad, I assure you.

(a beat)

Shoot me.

NO.2'S hand shakes a little and hovers over the revolver.

NO.2
Shoot you? ...Why? WhY?

P
Why? Why? Why? Take it...Take, take
take!

NO.2
You have gone mad.

NO.2 picks up the revolver and points it at P.

P
Shoot me, or let me leave. I have
beaten you. Can't you see that?
Haven't you worked it out yet?

P leans over and quickly presses another button, the
Supervisor's face coming into view on the screen. No.2 Pushes
P back.

NO.2
Oh no you don't!

P
All these machines? All these super
brains? Punch in your data, go on.
Can't they work it out either?

Several print-outs hum and are sent out into the Security
Observation room.

SUPERVISOR
Nothing, No.2. They are all random
nonsense.

NO.2

You can't trick us. We are in charge, here.

P

I think I just have.

NO.2

How, Damn you?

P

I could have run. I woke up, came back to myself earlier than you expected. I could have fought. I came back. You know why? Because I chose to. I chose, get it? I, I... chose to. You did not make me. I am my own man.

He paces up and down.

P (CONT'D)

It is that last inch, the little space between finger and thumb, like this...

P shows his finger almost touching his thumb, leaving a small gap.

P (CONT'D)

Just a little space, but one you can never enter, one you can never take, even if I die.

Silence.

P (CONT'D)

You want to know why I resigned? Isn't that right under your noses? Look here, look there. He is he and she is she, or are they? I am him, and him, and him and him and... never me, am I? I, I, I, mad monster or mixed up man. Man, Homo. Free Man! Running man. Stop running!

NO.2

And yet you want me to shoot you? But you'd be dead. Where will that have got you?

P

Free of you all. You will never get what you want from me because I will be dead, lying here, or as good as dead to you because you will let me go and this time I will have beaten you. There is nothing else you can do.

NO.2

Why?

P

It is that last inch, the little space between finger and thumb, like this...

P shows his finger almost touching his thumb, leaving a small gap.

P (CONT'D)

Just a little space, but one you can never enter, one you can never take, even if I die.

(silence)

P (CONT'D)

I came back. I chose this time. Kill Me, free me. I am dead to you.

NO.2

Then you are a fool.

P

Better than a puppet!

NO.2

We still pull the strings.

P

I cut the strings.

NO.2

We can tie them up again.

P

Oh no you can't.

NO.2

First nursery rhymes and now you want Pantomime?

P
Is it the season already?

NO.2 puts the gun on the console and pushes it away.

NO.2
Mad, mad as a hatter. I'll call for
security. You need the hospital.

P stops her from picking up the phone. He slips the gun back to her.

P
I mean what I say... I ask you to
choose. I, me, you!

NO.2 picks up the gun again. The Supervisor on the screen watches, looking worried. The turning boom stops and the men look.

P (CONT'D)
So, go on, shoot me or let me go.

NO.2 checks that the gun is loaded. It is. She grimaces. She pulls the lever back. The Supervisor phones security.

NO.2's hand is shaking terribly now.

NO.2
I don't know, I..

The red phone sounds. P points to it.

P
Maybe you'd better check with him,
first? Or her? Or it? Or they? Or
me?

The phone sounds again. NO.2 Puts the gun down and picks up the phone.

NO.2
Yes, there is a bit of dilemma,
sir. I really don't know what to
do. No... but, sir!

NO.2 puts the phone down as SECURITY, WHITE TOPPED GUARDS enter, waiting for orders.

NO.2 (CONT'D)
You're free to go.

P
Free?

She picks up the Voodoo Cross file that she placed on the desk and clutches it to her chest.

P starts to walk past the Security Guards who do not stop him.

NO.2

Free to go. Free...

P

And I made up remembering being in Morocco. It never happened.

NO.2

Actually, it did.

(a beat)

P

Come with me then.

NO.2

I can't. It's too late.

The Guards walk down and take her by the arms leading her away.

NO.2 (CONT'D)

I am finished. Finished. Free...
Free...do you hear? Free to go. But
they'll be watching you!
Everywhere. Watching you.

P

And I'll give them a wave.

P takes a piece of paper out of his pocket and hands it to her. In large writing from his fountain pen it reads: BE SEEING YOU! He gives the sign.

P EXITS AS THE DOORS SLIDE SHUT.

END CREDITS.

P's face appears over the screen. The prison bars start to shut but freeze. They do not close over him.

FADE OUT.

(CONT'D)