

THE ENGLISH PATIENT

Screenplay by
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Based on the Novel by
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**1 EXT. LATE 1942. THE SAHARA
DESERT. DAY.**

SILENCE. THE DESERT seen from the air. An ocean of dunes for mile after mile. The late sun turns the sand every color from crimson to black.

An old AEROPLANE is flying over the Sahara. Its shadow swims over the contours of sand.

A woman's voice begins to sing unaccompanied on the track. Szerelem, szerelem, she cries, in a haunting lament for her loved one.

INSIDE the aeroplane are two figures. One, A WOMAN, seems to be asleep. Her pale head rests against the side of the cockpit. THE PILOT, a man, wears goggles and a leather helmet. He is singing, too, but we can't hear him or the plane or anything

save the singer's
plaintive voice.

The plane shudders over a ridge. Beneath it A
SUDDEN CLUSTER OF MEN
AND MACHINES, camouflage nets draped over the
sprawl of gasoline tanks
and armored vehicles. An OFFICER, GERMAN,
focuses his field glasses.
The glasses pick out the MARKINGS on the
plane. They are English. An
ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN swivels furiously.

Shocking bursts of GUNFIRE. Explosions rock
the plane, which lurches
violently. THE WOMAN SLUMPS FORWARD, slamming
her head against the
instruments. The pilot grabs her, pulls her
back, but she's not
conscious. The fuel tank above their heads is
punctured. It sprays
them both, then EXPLODES.

THE MAN FALLS OUT OF THE SKY, clinging to his
dead lover. They are both
ON FIRE. She is wrapped in a parachute silk
and it burns fiercely. He
looks up to see the flames licking at his own
parachute as it carries
them slowly to earth. Even his helmet is on
fire, but the man makes no
sound as the flames erase all that matters -
his name, his past, his
face, his lover...

2 EXT. THE DESERT. 1942. DAY.

THE PILOT HAS BEEN RESCUED BY BEDOUIN
TRIBESMEN. Behind them the
wreckage of the plane, still smoking, the
Arabs picking over it. A
SILVER THIMBLE glints in the sun, is
retrieved. Another man comes
across A LARGE LEATHER-BOUND BOOK and takes it
over to the Pilot. The
Pilot is charred. His helmet has melted into
his head. He's oblivious
to this, cares only about the woman who
crashed with him. He twists
frantically to find her. Two men pick him up
and carry him across to a
litter where they carefully wrap him in
blankets.

3 EXT. THE DESERT. DUSK.

The Pilot is being carried across the desert.
A mask covers his face.
His view of the world is through the slats of
reed. He glimpses
camels, fierce low sun, the men who carry him.

4 EXT. AN OASIS. DUSK.

The Pilot sees a man squat down beside him,
takes a date from a sack
and begin to chew it. Carefully, the Bedouin
eases the mask from the
Pilot's face, leaving bandages of cloth and
oil, but revealing a mouth.
He stops chewing and passes the pulped date
into the Pilot's mouth.
Mouth to mouth.

4a*. EXT. DESERT. DAWN.

THE CARAVANSERAI CROSSES THE DESERT,
silhouetted against the dunes.

5 EXT. AN OASIS. NIGHT.

The SOUND OF GLASS, of tiny chimes. A music
of glass.

AN ARAB HEAD APPEARS ON A MOVING TABLE IN THE
DESERT. It floats in
darkness, shimmering from the light of a fire.
The image develops to
reveal a man carrying a giant wooden yoke from
which hang DOZENS OF
SMALL GLASS BOTTLES, on different lengths of
string and wire. He could
be an angel.

The man approaches the litter which carries
the Pilot. He's still in
the protective reed mask, wrapped in blankets.
The MERCHANT DOCTOR
stands over the burned body and sinks sticks
either side of him deep
into the sand, then moves away, free of the
yoke, which balances in the
support of the two crutches. He puts some
liquid in the Pilot's
tongue, whose eyes almost instantly begin to
roll. Then he slowly sets
about peeling away the layers of oiled cloth
which protect the Pilot's
flesh.

The Merchant Doctor crouches in front of the
curtain of bottles and

MAKES A SKIN CUP with the soles of his feet,
then leans back to pluck,
hardly looking, certain bottles, which he
uncorks and mixes in the bowl
he'd made with his feet. This mixture he uses
to anoint the burned
skin. Next he finds green-black PASTE -
ground Peacock Bone - and
BEGINS TO RUB IT on to the Pilot's rib cage.
All the while he us
humming and chanting. The bottles continue to
jingle.

**6*. EXT. ITALIAN HILL ROAD. EARLY
1945. DAY.**

The sand gives way to trees, the jingling
bottles to distant church
bells, as A CONVOY OF TWENTY TRUCKS - Red
Cross vehicles and some
supply vehicles - snakes along a bumpy hill
road. The war in Italy is
largely over and the Allies are moving up the
country, the wounded and
supply lines slowly following.

7*. INT. RED CROSS TRUCK. DAY.

A young CANADIAN NURSE, HANA, sits in a truck
full of patients. Hana
pays special care to the PATIENT lying in the
stretcher alongside her.
This is the PILOT - now known as THE ENGLISH
PATIENT. A web of scars
covers the Patient's face and body. They have
the quality of a livid
tattoo, magenta and green-black. The hair has
largely gone and the
effect is curious, lassoing his features, the
strong nose, the eyes
liquid. It's a warrior's face. But he has no
physical strength. He
coughs violently as the trucks shudders along
the road.

8*. EXT. ITALIAN HILL ROAD. DAY.

A JEEP pulls out of the line and approaches
the Red Cross truck
containing Hana and the Patient. The horn
blows and Hana looks out to
see it contains her best friend, JAN. TWO
YOUNG SOLDIERS sit up front,
one driving, both grinning. Jan signals for
Hana's attention.

JAN

There's meant to be lace in the
next village - the boys are taking
me.

HANA

I'm not sewing anything else.

JAN

(mischievously)

You don't have any money, do
you?
Just in case there's silk.

HANA

No!

JAN

Hana, I know you do!

Hana leans under the tarpaulin, holding some
DOLLARS. The two hands -
hers and Jan's - reach for each other as the
vehicles bump along side
by side. They laugh at the effort. Jan's
GOLD BRACELET catches the
sun and glints.

HANA

I'm not sewing anything else
for you!

JAN

(getting the

money)

I love you.

The Jeep accelerates away. Hana sighs to the
patient.

Suddenly AN EXPLOSION shatters the calm as the
jeep runs over a MINE.
The jeep is THROWN into the air. The convoy
halts and there's chaos as
soldiers run back pulling people out of the
vehicles. Hana runs the
other way, towards the accident, until she is
prevented from passing by
a soldier.

9*. EXT. ITALIAN HILL ROAD. LATER.

-- and there's still chaos as two SAPPERS
arrive on motorcycles. One
of them, a SIKH, wears a turban.

The motorcycles arrive at the front of the
convoy. A nurse, MARY, is
helping a doctor, OLIVER, attend to the

injured driver. The other two bodies are covered with blankets. There's blood everywhere. The Sikh and his colleague pull out the paraphernalia of their bomb disposal equipment.

10 EXT. ITALIAN HILL ROAD. DAY.

KIP, the Sikh Lieutenant, and HARDY, his sergeant, explore the road ahead of the becalmed convoy, using saucer-like METAL DETECTORS and HEADSETS. Kip is young, lithe, contained, utterly focused as they inch along the debris-strewn road. He stiffens as he registers metal. With a bayonet he carefully scrapes at the mud-caked surface. Something GLEAMS. Suddenly, A PAIR OF FEET walks across his vision as HANA HURRIES PAST, walking carelessly up the road. It's so surreal that neither man registers at first, and then Kip is shouting.

KIP

Hey! Hey! Stop! Hey!

HARDY

Don't move! Stand ABSOLUTELY STILL!

Hana stops. Hardy gingerly follows her footsteps.

HARDY

(as he approaches)
Good, that's good, just stay still for me and then we're going to be fine.

He arrives at Hana. Then grabs her. He'd like to slap her face.

HARDY

bloody
What are you doing?! What the hell do you think you're doing?

By way of an answer she looks at the ground ahead of her feet. Jan's BRACELET lies in the mud. Hardy bends down and collects the mangled bracelet, presses it into Hana's hands.

11 **EXT. VILLAGE. DUSK.**

The CONVOY is threading through A RUINED VILLAGE, passing the souvenirs of war. An overturned vehicle now used as a game by some children, dejected refugees tramping along the side of the road. From the end of one of the buildings are hanging HALF A DOZEN CORPSES, strung upside down with crude placards denouncing, in Italian, their collaboration with the Nazis.

12 **INT. RED CROSS TRUCK. CONTINUOUS.**

Hana sees all this as she sits blankly inside the truck, the Patient swaying alongside her. She puts out her hand to steady him.

13*. **EXT. CONVOY SITE, ITALY. DUSK.**

THE CONVOY is making a PITSTOP. The trucks are silhouetted in a line. Hana helps lift the Patient's stretcher onto the ground. She bends to him.

HANA

Do you need something?

The Patient nods. Hana gets up to prepare MORPHINE INJECTION from a small kit. Mary arrives. Touches Hana gently, conscious of her grief for Jan's death.

MARY

Are you okay? Oh God, Hana,
you were
like sisters.

HANA

(sighs angrily)
We keep moving him - in and out
of the
truck. Why? He's dying.
What's the point?

MARY

Well, we can't hardly leave
him. Do
you mean leave him? We can't.

Hana has settled down beside the Patient's stretcher. She draws herself up against the night. On the hill

above, she can see the
outline of A SMALL MONASTERY in the moonlight.
She's crying, her face
a frozen mask.

HANA

I must be a curse. Anybody who
loves me,
anybody who gets close to me -
or I must be cursed. Which is
it?

The Patient laces her fingers into his crabbed
hand.

14 EXT. THE MONASTERY. DAY.

Hana is investigating the MONASTERY OF ST.
ANNA, wandering through its
overgrown gardens, past a pond. What
sanctuary it seems to offer.

15*. INT. THE MONASTERY LIBRARY. DAY.

Hana explores via a gaping hole in a LIBRARY
where the walls have
collapsed from shelling. The garden intrudes,
ivy curls around the
shelves. Bloated books lie abandoned, and
there's a PIANO tiled up on
one side. Hana presses the keys through the
filthy tarpaulin which
covers it. Everywhere there are signs of a
brief German occupation.

15a*. INT. MONASTERY CLOISTERS. DAY.

Past the Library is a CLOISTERS, drenched with
silver light.

15b*. INT. THE MONASTERY STAIRS. DAY.

Hana goes upstairs, negotiating a huge VOID in
the stone treads two
thirds of the way up.

15c*. INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY.

She comes across a small CHAPEL, with the
remains of murals and an
altar pressed into service by the Germans as a
table. Hana finds an
old bed, and a mattress.

16 EXT. THE MONASTERY GARDEN. DAY.

Hana comes out, passes a DRY WATER TROUGH.
She hears a rustling on the
gravel and turns to see A TORTOISE ambling
towards the trough. On cue
there's A GURGLING SOUND. THE HANDLELESS PUMP
IS SUDDENLY GUSHING,
splashing water everywhere. The Tortoise,
clearly arriving for this,
enjoys a welcome shower. Hana goes to the
trough, dips her hands into
the water. Looks around her, and makes a
decision.

17 EXT. CONVOY SITE. ITALY. DAY.

The Convoy is in the final stages of loading
up. Oliver passes the
vehicles, deep in dispute with a determined
Hana, who is carrying some
sacks of rice.

HANA

The war's over - you told me
yourself.

How can it be desertion?

OLIVER

It's not over everywhere. I
didn't mean
literally.

HANA

When he dies I'll catch up.

Oliver hovers as Hana adds the rice to a small
cache of provisions,
then lays another blanket over the Patient.

OLIVER

It's not safe here. The whole
country's
crawling with Bandits and
Germans and God
knows what. It's madness. I
can't allow it.
You're not, this is natural -
it's shock.

For all of us. Hana -

HANA

I need morphine. A lot. And a
pistol.

OLIVER

(clutching at
straws)
And what if he really is a spy?

HANA

(impatiently)
He can't even move.

OLIVER

If anything happened to you I'd
never
forgive myself.

Hana nods. A tiny smile. Oliver shrugs helplessly.

OLIVER

We're heading for Leghorn.
Livorno the
Italians call it. We'll expect
you.

18*. INT. THE MONASTERY. DAY.

TWO SOLDIERS are helping Mary and Hana carry the Patient into the monastery. Hana indicates the stairs.

HANA

Up there.

They struggle up the stairs, one of the Soldiers gasping as he narrowly avoids falling into the void in the stairs. The cot almost tips up, at which the Patient SUDDENLY SPEAKS, his voice cracked and rasping, but still clearly aristocratic.

THE PATIENT

There was a Prince, who was
dying, and
he was carried up the tower at
Pisa so he
could die with a view of the
Tuscan Hills.
Am I that Prince?

Hana laughs.

HANA

Because you're leaning? No,
you're
just on an angle. You're too
heavy!

Mary laughs. They reach the landing. Hana kicks open the door to the

CHAPEL.

HANA

In here.

18a*. INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY.

Hana lets Mary take the weight while she goes to the bed and pulls away the drapes, sending up a cloud of dust. They lower the Patient onto the bed. She turns to the SOLDIERS.

HANA

Thank you.

She shuts the door on them, leaving Mary staring aghast at the room, its faded frescoes, its mold, its chaos. Hana smiles, opens a shutter to let a fierce envelope of light into the room.

HANA

Good.

She goes to Mary and hugs her.

19*. INT. HANA'S ROOM. THE MONASTERY. DAY.

A smaller upstairs room completely bare. As Hana tugs off her uniform, she looks out of the window to see the departing Convoy. A cotton dress goes on over her head and she emerges looking suddenly younger and rather fragile. **THROUGH THE DAMAGED FLOOR OF HER ROOM SHE HAS A VIEW OF THE PATIENT BELOW HER. SHE LOOKS AT HIM. NOW SHE HAS SCISSORS AND STARTS TO CUT OFF HER HAIR, NOT AGGRESSIVELY, BUT IN A GESTURE OF A NEW BEGINNING.**

19a*. INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY.

HANA walks down to the Patient's Room and stands in the doorway. The Patient turns his head to her. He's grinning. He puts up a thumb. On the track a song begins: Some Other Time.

20*. EXT. BASECAMP AT POTTERY HILL. 1938. LATE DAY.

THE SONG CONTINUED IN THE DESERT where we find the singer - PETER MADOX, a weather-beaten man who is working on the guts of an BATTERED

TIGER MOTH AEROPLANE. His face is blackened with oil. A second European, ALMÁSY, stands beside him, holding tools and a section of the camshaft. Madox yanks out a perished rubber hose and holds it up for Almasy to inspect. Behind them is an ENCAMPMENT - some camels foraging in the meager scrub, half a dozen black tents of the BEDOUIN: guides and servants to the Almásy/Madox Expedition. It's 1938 and the whole continent is full of such expeditions, competing with each other, pursuing lost treasures, sources of rivers, hidden cities.

D'AGOSTINO, the team's Italian ARCHEOLOGIST, drives towards the plane in one of the expedition's adapted FORD MOTORCARS. He gets out carrying a large earthenware WATER JAR. He looks very pleased with himself as he shows the jar to Almásy and then passes it to Madox.

D'AGOSTINO

Thirsty?

MADOX

(sniffing

inside)

What's this?

D'AGOSTINO

Don't drink it!

He reaches for the jug, then pours out a little sludge - it's a brackish and stinks. Madox makes a face.

D'AGOSTINO

I can't guarantee the vintage, my friends. I just dug it out of the hill.

Madox and Almásy have seen many such jugs.

MADOX

Excellent. That's terrific, D'Ag.

(to Almásy, of a

tool)

Toss that up, would you.

D'AGOSTINO

(mischievously)

There are some others.

21 EXT. POTTERY HILL. DAY.

THE BASE OF A HILL SEEMS COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF POTTERY JARS.

D'Agostino emerges over the brow of a dune, leading Madox and Almásy. The other members of the team are already there - BERMANN, a German PHOTOGRAPHER and FOUAD, EGYPTOLOGIST from Cairo.

MADOX

(to Almásy,
astonished)
My God, look at this!

They bend to touch the jars, literally hundreds of them, mostly broken, piled on top of each other. Bermann approaches them, carrying his tripod.

BERMANN

Incredible, Hmm? Quite
incredible.

D'AGOSTINO

I've never seen anything like
it. There
here to
would have been enough water
serve an army.

ALMÁSY

(gloomily)
Which means we're in the wrong
place.

Almásy speaks with a slight but unmistakable European accent.

D'AGOSTINO

Why?

ALMÁSY

Would you stockpile water near
to an
natural spring
Oasis? There can't be a
within fifty miles of here.

FOUAD

Or they didn't know of one.

BERMANN

So, it may not be Zerzura,
still
incredible.

D'AGOSTINO

(nodding,

delighted)

A pottery hill!

ALMÁSY

A wild goose chase.

MADOX

(firmly)

No.

Almásy gives him a look. But Madox will have none of it.

MADOX

No. Now we look in the other places.

We're eliminating.

The unmistakable buzz of AN AEROPLANE distracts them.

MADOX

Good, and here comes reinforcements.

21a*. EXT. BASE CAMP AT POTTERY HILL.
DAY.

LATER and a smart new aeroplane, a STEERMAN, makes a smooth landing on the flat desert. The expedition team drives over to meet the arrivals. Almásy is not with them. He's walking, apparently not so enthusiastic.

A young, kissed and newly-married couple emerge from the plane. They are GEOFFREY AND KATHARINE CLIFTON.

And it's immediately clear that Katharine is the woman in the plane-crash at the beginning of the film.

Madox makes all the introductions. Hands are shaken, hellos all round, as the couple disembark in their leather flying gear. Geoffrey removes his helmet and, in what we will come to know as an ubiquitous gesture, produces a bottle of CHAMPAGNE and sets off the cork with a flourish.

CLIFTON

I hereby Christen us the
International
Sand Club!

22 EXT. BASECAMP AT POTTERY HILL.
LATE DAY.

The party is in the shade of the tents.
Almásy joins the group. Madox
nods over to the Clifton plane.

MADOX

Marvelous plane. Did you look?

CLIFTON

(beaming at

Almásy)

Isn't it? Wedding present from
Katharine's parents. I'm

calling it

Rupert Bear. Hello. Geoffrey

Clifton.

MADOX

We can finally consign my old

bird

to the scrapheap.

Almásy smiles and walks on towards the
others.

D'AGOSTINO

Mrs. Clifton - Count Almasy.

KATHARINE

(smiling,

offering her hand)

Geoffrey gave me your monograph

when

I was reading up on the desert.
Very impressive.

ALMÁSY

(stiff)

Thank you.

KATHARINE

I wanted to meet a man who

could write

such a long paper with so few

adjectives.

ALMÁSY

A thing is still a thing no

matter what

you place in front of it. Big

car, slow

car, chauffeur-driven car,

still a car.

CLIFTON

(joining them

and joining in)

A broken car?

ALMÁSY

Still a car.

CLIFFTON

(hands them

champagne)

Not much use, though.

KATHARINE

Love? Romantic love, platonic

love,

filial love - ? Quite

different things,

surely?

CLIFFTON

(hugging

Katharine)

Uxoriousness - that's my

favorite kind

of love. Excessive love of

one's wife.

ALMÁSY

(a dry smile)

There you have me.

23 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. THE MONASTERY. MORNING.

The morning floods into the room. The Patient lies, lost in the desert. Then a sudden CLATTERING NOISE disturbs him.

24 INT. STAIRS, THE MONASTERY. DAY.

Hana is dropping armfuls of books into the cavities of the damaged stairs, and with others, she is improvising new steps. The heavy volumes are perfect for treading on.

25 INT. LIBRARY. DAY.

Hana comes in, gathers up another armful of books and carries them out to continue her stair repairs.

26*. INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY.

Hana enters.

THE PATIENT

What was all the banging? Were
you
fighting rats or the entire
German army?

HANA

I was repairing the stairs. I
found a
library and the books were very
useful.

Hana shrugs. She's attending to him, pulling
back the sheets, plumping
up the pillows. He's short of breath.

THE PATIENT

Before you find too many uses
for these
books would you read some to
me?

HANA

I think they're all in Italian,
but I'll
look, yes. What about your own
book?

THE PATIENT

(reluctant)
My book? The Herodotus? Yes,
we
can read him.

Hana picks up the book and hands it to him.
Then she starts rummaging
in her pockets.

HANA

Oh - I've found plums. We have
plums
in the orchard. We have an
orchard!

She has peeled a plum and now slips it into
his mouth.

THE PATIENT

Thank you.

His mouth works with the pleasure of the
taste, a little juice escaping
from the mouth. Hana mops it up.

THE PATIENT

The plumness of this plum.

A noise, GURGLING sound, disturbs them.

THE PATIENT

What's that?

27 INT/EXT. THE MONASTERY. DAY.

Hana comes through the Cloisters into the garden as the gurgling increases. She's in time to catch the TORTOISE arriving once again in the WATER TROUGH just as it starts to gush with water. She shouts up to The Patient's open window.

HANA

Water!

(bends to the

Tortoises)

You hear it, too, don't you!

28 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY.

Close on the HERODOTUS. The Patient opens its cover, held together by leather ties. Loose PAPERS, PHOTOGRAPHS, HAND-DRAWN MAPS AND SKETCHES are all collected between the pages. He claws at some water-colors which appear to be based on CAVE PAINTINGS - figures, dark-skinned warriors of the stone age, some with bows in their hands, others with plumes in their hair - arranged in abstract patterns uncannily like those of Matisse. Some appear to be swimming, another is diving. Then the Patient loses control of the papers and the whole parcel SPILLS to the floor with a crack.

29 INT. BASECAMP AT POTTERY HILL. DUSK.

A SHOT RINGS OUT, disturbing the evening meal. Almásy and others go outside. Silhouetted on a ridge, a group of men sit astride camels. One of them holds his rifle aloft, clearly pointing towards the sky - means friend. Fouad peers at the horizon.

FOUAD

European, I think, with guides.

CLIFTON

(can only see

shapes)

How do you know?

MADOX

(frowns)

Yes, and I think I know who
this is.

**30 EXT. BASECAMP AT POTTERY HILL.
DUSK.**

ALMÁSY AND MADOX WALK OUT TO INTERCEPT THE ARRIVALS as the first Arab dismounts, the procession of camels splaying out as if in collapse. Almásy speaks in Arabic, exchanging the ritual greetings.

DURING THIS, FENELON-BARNES, sole European in this expedition, has finally persuaded his camel to sit, and dismounts irritably, slapping the animal in disgust.

FENELON-BARNES

Ugly brute. Shits and roars
and
complains all day.
(bypassing

Almásy and
approaching Madox)

Of course, you have your
aeroplane.
Two now! Do you still call
yourselves
explorers? I assume not.

MADOX

(stiffly)

Fenelon-Barnes.

ALMÁSY

Yes, I think a sailor can call
himself an
explorer, can't he? Or should
Columbus
have swum to America?

**31 INT. BASECAMP AT POTTERY HILL.
DUSK.**

The arrivals come inside. Madox handles the introductions.

MADOX

I think you know all of us,
except for
Geoffrey and Katharine Clifton,
who've
recently come out from England.

CLIFTON

Apprentices.

MADOX

This is Clive Fenelon-Barnes.

FENELON-BARNES

(to Katharine)

I know your mother, of course.

KATHARINE

Hello.

FENELON-BARNES

Oasis,
I'm also searching for the lost
but by more authentic means.

MADOX

(of Almásy)

new theory -
we may all
some food.
Anyway, my friend here has a
that Zerzura doesn't exist. So
be chasing windmills. Have

FENELON-BARNES

Well, it's certainly not
between here and
but sand
found an
Dakhla. Nine days of nothing
and sandstorms. An egg. I
ostrich egg and some fossils.

KATHARINE

Isn't Zerzura supposed to be
protected by
of sandstorms?
spirits who take on the shape

ALMÁSY

What kind of fossils?

FENELON-BARNES

the
I'll invite you to my paper at
Royal Geographical Society.
Are you still a member?

He takes a long drink from a bowl of frothing
camel milk.

ALMÁSY

I think you know I am.

FENELON-BARNES

Almásy)
(ignoring

Quite impossible, Madox. You must know that. If you attempt to cross the Sand Sea due east of Kufra by car you'll leave your bones in the sand for me to collect.

ALMÁSY

(leaving the tent)
If you come across my bones - I hope you'll do me the honor of leaving them in peace.
(to Katharine)
Excuse me.

FENELON-BARNES

You have my word as a gentleman.
(watching him leave)
I've discovered a unique type of sand-dune. I've applied to the King for permission to call it The Fenelon-Barnes Formation.

32 EXT. BASECAMP AT POTTERY HILL. NIGHT.

LATER, supper over, the company is entertaining itself.

Almásy, standing outside his tent, watches the merriment from a distance.

D'Ag is nearing the end of a passionate rendition of Puccini's E Lucevan Le Stelle. He sits down to much applause from the others and SPINS AN EMPTY CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE on the sand. It comes to rest pointing at Clifton who gets up, grinning, and plunges into Yes! We Have No Bananas with great gusto. His version involves CHANGING LANGUAGE during each line of the chorus - prompted by Oui! or Ja! or Si! from the others. Song finished, much bowing and guying, he spins the bottle and it arrives equidistant between Fenelon-Barnes and Katharine - until with a little NUDGE from the husband it

settles on his wife. Katharine gets up, awkward.

KATHARINE

I can't sing. (the audience groans)
but I can tell a story. (to Almásy, who has arrived)
I might need a prompt. Do you have your Herodotus? I've noticed you carry it...

ALMÁS

I'm sorry - what have you noticed?

MADOX

Your book. Your Herodotus!
Almásy looks uncomfortable.

KATHARINE

(reacting quickly)
It doesn't matter. Really. I think I can muddle through. Okay - The Story of Candaules and Gyges. King Candaules was passionately in love with his wife - (Geoffrey whistles proudly)
One day he said to Gyges, the son of somebody, anyway - his favorite warrior -

ALMÁS

(quietly prompting her)
Daskylus...

KATHARINE

(smiles)
Yes, thank you, Gyges, son of Candaules said to him I don't think you believe me when I tell you how beautiful my wife is. And although Gyges replied he did find the Queen magnificent the King insisted he would find some way

to prove
beyond dispute that she was
fairest of
all women. Do you all know
this story?

The men all encourage her to continue her
story.

33*. INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. NIGHT.

- and Hana's voice CONTINUES THE STORY as she
reads to the Patient who
listens, eyes closed, still in the desert.

HANA
(reading from
the Herodotus)
I will hide you in the room
where
we sleep, said Candaules.

She stumbles over the word.

THE PATIENT
Candaules

HANA
(not neurotic)
Candaules...you're laughing at
me.

THE PATIENT
I'm not laughing at you. Go
on, please.

HANA
When my wife comes to lie down
she always
lays her garments one by one on
a seat
near the entrance of the room,
and from
where you stand you will be
able to gaze
on her at your leisure...

34*. EXT. BASECAMP AT POTTERY HILL. NIGHT.

KATHARINE
(her story
continuing)
And that evening, it's exactly
as the
King had told him, she goes to
the chair
and removes her clothes, one by

one,
view of
lovely
until she stand naked in full
Gyges. And indeed she was more
than he could have imagined.

Almásy stares at her, framed by the velvet
black sky. Katharine turns
to looks at him.

KATHARINE

and saw
And
shuddered.
and
his story,
But then the Queen looked up
Gyges concealed in the shadows.
though she said nothing, she
The next day she sent for Gyges
challenged him. And hearing
she said this -

CLIFTON

Off with his head!

KATHERINE

#NAME?

you
husband who
his place.
death for gazing on that which
should not, or else kill my
shamed me and become King in

Clifton makes a face of outrage. For
Katherine the story has
collapsed. She wants it to be finished.

KATHERINE

married
Lydia
End.
So Gyges killed the King and
the Queen and became ruler of
for twenty eight years. The

(an
uncomfortable moment)
Do I spin the bottle?

Almásy shrinks away from the fire, disappears
into black.

MADOX

you!
(to Clifton)
And let that be a lesson to

35 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Hana looks up from the Herodotus, sees the Patient's eyes closed.
Gently touches his face and whispers.

HANA

Are you asleep?

THE PATIENT

(lying)

Yes. Dropping off.

And Hana closes the book, gets up, and blows out the lamp.

36 INT. FENELON-BARNES TENT. POTTERY HILL. NIGHT.

PITCH BLACK and then A TORCH flickers on as Almásy enters Fenelon-Barnes' tent. He pulls apart his luggage, quickly and methodically. He finds what he is looking for inside a trunk: A LARGE FOSSILIZED BRANCH; a collection of stone leaves, wrapped in a piece of tarpaulin. Then he's distracted by a noise from Fenelon-Barnes' bed. Almásy stiffens, turns to investigate. There's A LUMP in the cot. A dog? Almásy eases back the blanket to reveal a YOUNG GIRL, no more than fourteen, bound hand and foot. He holds the torch to her face.

37 EXT. BASECAMP AT POTTERY HILL. MORNING.

The next morning. Almásy and Madox prepare to take off. As they talk Clifton's Rupert Bear taxis past them, a wave from Clifton and Katharine. Madox is very disturbed by what Almásy is telling him.

MADOX

What did you think you were doing in his tent?

ALMÁS

Looking for the fossils. Why should we wait until we're in London? This girl was probably twelve years old.

MADOX

(getting into
the plane)
You shouldn't go into another
man's tent.
It's inexcusable.

ALMÁSY

Her hands and feet were tied.

MADOX

What did you do?

ALMÁSY

I looked at them. They're
shrubs,
small trees. Exquisite. And
fossilized, rock hard.

He walks away to the nose of the plane.

MADOX

I was talking about the girl.

ALMÁSY

Cut the ropes. I left a note,
on his blanket.

(gleefully)

At the next Geographical
Society I
shall await with great interest
the
announcement of the Fenelon-
Barnes
Slave Knot. The Girl wouldn't
leave,
of course. Her father had sold
her
for a camel.

He turns over the propeller, the engine cranks
up.

38 EXT. GILF KEBIR PLATEAU. MORNING.

Both planes are scouting the Gilf Kebir
region. Geoffrey flies up
alongside Madox and wiggles his wings. Madox
waves.

They're flying over a distinctive group of
GRANITE MASSIFS, Crater-
shaped hills. The broken towers of the Gilf
Kebir. Almasy is
distracted by them. He turns to Madox and
points down, indicating they
should explore them.

Madox gestures to the Cliftons to PHOTOGRAPH
the Massifs. A THUMBS UP

from Geoffrey.

39*. INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. MORNING.

Hana gives the Patient his injection, now she begins to change the sheet. The light streams in from the open window. She looks up at the green hills rolling away from the Monastery, the village in the distance.

HANA

I should try and move your bed.
I want you to be able to see the view.
It's good, it's a view from a
monastery.

THE PATIENT

I can already see.

HANA

(bending down to
his level)
How? How can you see anything?

THE PATIENT

Not the window - I can't bear
the light anyway - no, I can see all the
way to the desert. I've found the
lost fossils.

HANA

I'm turning you.

An awkward moment as she rolls him on to his back. He grunts with the pain. She washes him very tenderly.

THE PATIENT

Zerzura, the White City of
Acacias, the Oasis of Little Birds. As me
about the scent of acacia - it's in this
room. I can smell it. The taste of tea so
black it falls into your mouth. I can
taste it. I'm chewing the mint. Is there
sand in my eyes? Are you cleaning sand
from my ears?

HANA
No sand. That's your drugs
speaking.

THE PATIENT
I can see my wife in that view.

HANA
Are you remembering more?

THE PATIENT
Could I have a cigarette?

HANA
Are you crazy?

THE PATIENT
Why are you so determined to
keep me alive?

HANA
Because I'm a nurse.

40 EXT. THE MONASTERY GARDENS. NOON.

The TORTOISE heads towards the trough, to the gurgling accompaniment. It reaches the shade only to be greeted by the obstacle of some tennis shoes, a frock. It clammers over as the water begins to belch out. Hana, naked, kneeling in the trough, receives the shower with a great YELP of shivering joy.

41*. EXT. THE MONASTERY CLOISTERS. NIGHT.

It's dark, but something is going on here. Hana is caught by the stray shafts of moonlight. She is SCRATCHING something on the flagstones. Her skirt is bunched up around her thighs. She throws something in the air. It's a SPILE, used to tap into the maple tree for syrup. It lands with a crack. Suddenly she is flying across the space, a hop, a skip, a jump. Then turns at the other end, dips for the stone, then back again, in this blindman's version of HOPSCOTCH.

42*. INT. TRAIN. ITALY 1944. BEFORE DAWN.

AS HANA HOPS AND JUMPS IN THE SHADOWS SHE IS

SUDDENLY ON A TRAIN IN

1944. A HOSPITAL TRAIN ploughs through the night carrying the wounded back to Naples.

Hana walks through a long carriage. HER HAIR IS LONG. She could be ten years younger than the Hana at the Monastery. And easy. She stops at the bunk of A NEW PATIENT. Hana bends to the boy. He's had shrapnel in his legs and cheek. She speaks softly to him.

HANA

How are you?

BOY

Okay.

HANA

Your leg will be fine. A lot of shrapnel came out - I saved you the pieces.

BOY

You're the prettiest girl I ever saw.

HANNA

(she hears this every day)

I don't think so.

BOY

Would you kiss me?

HANA

No, I'll get you some tea. Wait till you're in Naples. You'll find a girl there.

BOY

(innocent)
Just kiss me. It would mean such a lot to me.

HANA

(tender,
believing him)

Would it?

She kisses him, very softly, on the lips.

BOY

Thank you.

He closes his eyes. Is almost instantly asleep. Hana smiles, continues along the compartment. VOICES CALL OUT.

#1 INJURED MAN

Nurse - I can't sleep.

#2 INJURED MAN

Nurse? Would you kiss me?

#3 INJURED MAN

You're so pretty!

#4 INJURED MAN

Hinky-dinky parlez-vous!

HANA

(good-naturedly waving away their joke)

Very funny. Go to sleep.

She gets into a corridor. Mary is coming the other way. She carries a blood-soaked bundle. Hana questions her appalled expression.

MARY

Don't ask.

43 INT. RAILWAY STATION. DAY.

The train is arriving. Hana hangs out of a window, scouring the crowds to find her sweetheart, STUART MCGANN, a young Canadian Captain, who seeing her runs up to her window.

HANA

Where are we going? I don't want to be kissing in a crowd. I have six hours.

She jumps out of the moving door and into his arms.

STUART

(laughing at her ferocity)

Whoa - give me a chance!

HANA

Sorry. I took a Benzedrine.

The Station is full of desperate people trying to make do. the couple hurry through, oblivious to anyone except each

other.

STUART

I've got a surprise. A boat!
We can go to Capri. It's got a cabin,
it's private.

HANA

I'd like to spend a night with
you in a bed.

STUART

We can do that when we're very
very old.

**44 INT. THE MONASTERY. HANA'S ROOM.
NIGHT.**

Hana lies alone in her bed covered by a
curtain. There's a sharp
NOISE. She's very frightened. She has her
pistol under her pillow and
pulls it out, listens, holding her breath.
Another BANG. She listens.

**45 EXT. THE MONASTERY. HANA'S
GARDEN. DAY.**

Hana has been reviving a vegetable patch. She
comes to garden. CROWS
are feasting. She's furious, shouts, runs at
them. Nature, wildness,
insisting on invading her peace.

**46*. EXT. THE MONASTERY. GRAVEYARD.
MORNING.**

Hana appears from the Cemetery, dragging A
METAL CRUCIFIX. It's bigger
than she is, and she drags it, as if
approaching Calvary. A MAN
WATCHER HER FROM A BICYCLE. He's approaching
fifty, grizzled and
attractive, and could be Italian. His hands
are bandaged. Hana aims
the cross at the soil, but is not quite bit or
strong enough. The man,
CARAVAGGIO, chooses this moment to introduce
himself. He drops the
bicycle on the ground with a clatter.

CARAVAGGIO

(very cheerful)
Buon' Giorno!

Hana turns, startled and suspicious.

CARAVAGGIO

Are you Hana?

HANA

What do you want?

CARAVAGGIO

I met your friend Mary. She
said I should stop and see if you were
okay. Apparently we're neighbors - my
house is two blocks from yours in
Montreal. Cabot, north of Laurier.
Bonjour.

HANA

(unraveling this
information)
Bonjour.

He goes to her and - putting a bandaged hand
behind her ear - PRODUCES
AN EGG. He beams, as does Hana.

CARAVAGGIO

I'd like to take credit, but
it's from Mary. My name's David
Caravaggio, but nobody ever called me
David. Caravaggio they find to absurd
to miss out on.

During this he attempts the same thing with
his other hand to Hana's
other ear. THE EGG DROPS TO THE GROUND.
Cursing, he gets on his knees
and starts to scoop it up, preserving it.

**47*. INT. THE MONASTERY. KITCHEN.
DAY.**

Hana has taken his eggs and put them into a
bowl. She beats them with
a knife picking out the bits of shell.
Caravaggio watches, takes in
how little food there is otherwise. The table
seems useful more as a
sewing area than for cooking - it's STREWN
WITH ALTAR CLOTHS being sewn
into drapes. On a tray on the table are TWO
PHIALS OF MORPHINE from

the Patient's room. As Hana turns to the stove, he's moved and covered them with his bandaged hands, a second later and he's juggled them into his pockets with the slightest clink. Hana looks at him. He shrugs, nods at the eggs.

CARAVAGGIO

an egg
chickens?
no eggs.
eggs, but
them?

They're fresh. I haven't eaten in...have you noticed there are You get chickens in Italy but In Africa there were always never chickens. Who separates

HANA

You were in Africa?

CARAVAGGIO

Yeah, for a while.

HANA

So was my Patient.

CARAVAGGIO

long and
blah-blah
room
some
language.
paraphrase)

I'd like to stay. That's the short of it. I mean, you know if it's convenient, if there's blah-blah-blah. I have to do work here -I speak the There are Partisans to be -
(trying to

#NAME?

you
thief, so

relieve them of their weapons, know - while we hug. I was a they think I'd be good at that.

HANA

So you can shoot a pistol?

CARAVAGGIO

hands)

(showing his
No.

HANA

If you said yes I would have

had a
redress

reason. You should let me
those bandages. Before you go.

CARAVAGGIO

house. We
can shoot
stables. I
don't sleep.

I'm okay. Look, it's a big
needn't disturb each other. I
a pistol! I'll sleep in the
don't care where I sleep. I

HANA

don't know
but I
need

Because we're fine here. I
what Mary told you about me,
don't need company, I don't
to be looked at.

CARAVAGGIO

Fine. I'm not looking.

48 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY.

Hana carries in a tray. There's OMELETTE on
the plate.

HANA

omelette)

There's a man downstairs. He
brought us eggs.
(shows him the
He might stay.

THE PATIENT

Why? Can he lay eggs?

HANA

He's Canadian.

THE PATIENT

when
the same
Montreal when
- did you

(brittle)
Why are people always so happy
they collide with someone from
place? What happened in
you passed a man in the street
invite him to live with you?

HANA

He needn't disturb you.

THE PATIENT

Me? He can't. I'm already
disturbed.

HANA

He won't disturb us then. I
think
he's after morphine.
(she's cut the
omelette
into tiny pieces)
There's a war. Where you come
from
becomes important. And besides
-
we're vulnerable here. I keep
hearing
noises in the night. Voices.

The Patient says nothing. She puts a spoonful
of the omelette into his
mouth. He grunts.

**49 INT. THE MONASTERY. STAIRS.
DAY.**

Caravaggio is in the shadows on the
stairs. HE LISTENS.

50 EXT. CAIRO MARKET. 1938. DAY.

A STREET MARKET in full sway, a locals-only
affair, blazing with noise
and bustle and barter. Emerging from a
thicket of women and begging
children, KATHARINE CLIFTON carries her
purchase of an exotic-looking
RUG. From nowhere she is joined by Almásy.

ALMÁSY

How much did you pay?

KATHARINE

(delighted)

Hello! Good morning.

ALMÁSY

They don't see foreign women in
this
market. How much did you pay?

KATHARINE

Seven pounds, eight, I suppose.
Why?

ALMÁSY

Which stall?

KATHARINE

Excuse me?

ALMÁSY

worry,
You've been cheated, don't
we'll take it back.

KATHARINE

(bristling)

I don't want to go back.

ALMÁSY

This is not worth eight pounds,
Mrs. Clifton.

KATHARINE

I don't care to bargain.

ALMÁSY

That insults them.

KATHARINE

(turning to face

him)

you are

You're a

here,

I don't believe that. I think
insulted by me, somehow.
foreigner too, aren't you,
in this market?

ALMÁSY

(of the carpet)

obtain

apologize

at

I should be very happy to
the correct price for this. I
if I appear abrupt. I am rusty
social graces.

(tart)

How do you find Cairo? Did you
visit the Pyramids?

KATHARINE

Excuse me.

He stands as she continues, pushing past him,
shrugging off the
children, boiling.

**51 INT. SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL. CAIRO.
EVENING.**

THE LONG BAR. The Exploration Team are
drinking at a table. They are

not entirely off-duty - Almásy and Madox as ever ponder the maps.
Geoffrey Clifton appears, arms waving.

CLIFTON

Gentlemen, good evening!

He sits down. Madox hails the waiter.

D'AGOSTINO

How is your charming wife?

CLIFTON

Uh, marvelous. She's in love with the hotel plumbing. She's either in the swimming pool - she swims for hours, she's a fish, quite incredible - or she's in the bath. Actually, she's just outside.

(responding to

their bewildered expressions)

Chaps Only in the Long Bar.

MADOX

(standing, embarrassed)

Of course. Well, we should all go out onto the terrace.

CLIFTON

Oh no, really. She has her book.

MADOX

I won't hear of it. None of us will.

52 EXT. SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL TERRACE. NIGHT.

Katharine appears with Geoffrey to join the arriving Explorers. She looks exquisite in her evening clothes. Madox brings her to her seat. There is dancing inside, and couples walk to and from their tables. Katharine manages to produce a dazzling smile which includes everyone except Almásy.

MADOX

Mrs. Clifton, you'll have to

forgive
the

us. We're not accustomed to
company of women.

KATHARINE

Not at all. I was thoroughly
enjoying by book.

(indicating they

should all sit
and then nodding at Almásy
before greeting the others)

Please. Signor D'Agostino,
Herr Bermann.

CLIFTON

The team is in mourning,
darling.

KATHARINE

Oh really?

MADOX

I'm afraid we're not having
much luck
obtaining funds for the
expedition.

KATHARINE

How awful. What will you do?

MADOX

A more modest expedition, or
even wait a
year. Remind our families we
still exist.

CLIFTON

(astonished)

Good heavens, are you married,
Madox?

MADOX

Very much so. We are all, save
my
friend here.

He nods at Almásy. Clifton appears
tremendously relieved.

CLIFTON

I feel much better, don't you
darling?
We were feeling rather self-
conscious.
Let's toast, then. To absent
wives.

D'AGOSTINO

(toasting)

Katharine)

And present ones.

KATHARINE

(toasting

Almásy)

And future ones.

53 INT. SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL. NIGHT.

THE BALLROOM. A dance finishes. Almásy takes over from D'Agostino to partner Katharine. They dance beautifully. The others remain on the terrace in deep conversation.

KATHARINE

Why did you follow me yesterday?

ALMÁSÝ

Excuse me?

KATHARINE

After the market, you followed me to the hotel.

ALMÁSÝ

I was concerned. As I said, women in that part of Cairo, a European women, I felt obliged to.

KATHARINE

You felt obliged to.

ALMÁSÝ

As the wife of one of our party.

KATHARINE

(sardonic)

So why follow me? Escort me, by all means. Following me is predatory, isn't it?

The dance finishes. They walk back to their table, where Almásy leads Katharine back to her seat next to Clifton.

CLIFTON

I was just saying, I'm going to cable Downing Street, see if I can't stir up a few shillings - Katharine's

mother

and the PM's wife are best -

KATHARINE

(interrupting)

Darling, for goodness' sake!

CLIFTON

Well, she is!

54*. INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY.

Hana, having already replaced the bedlinen, is standing on a stepladder trying to hang home-made drapes around the bed as Caravaggio knocks tentatively, then comes in.

CARAVAGGIO

Hello.

THE PATIENT

Finally! So you're our Canadian pickpocket?

He goes to help Hana, they work as he talks.

CARAVAGGIO

Thief, I think, is more

accurate.

THE PATIENT

I understand you were in

Africa.

Whereabouts?

CARAVAGGIO

Oh, all over.

THE PATIENT

All over? I kept trying to

cover

a very modest portion and still

failed.

(to Hana)

Are you leaving us? Now's our opportunity to swap war wounds.

HANA

Then I'm definitely going.

And she exits. The men consider her.

CARAVAGGIO

Does she have war wounds?

55*. INT. THE MONASTERY. HANA'S ROOM.

DAY.

As Hana walks up her stairs she finds herself overhearing their conversation as it threads up through the hole in the ceiling. She strips her own bed of the curtain she uses for a sheet.

THE PATIENT

I think anybody she ever loves tends to die on her.

CARAVAGGIO

Are you planning to be the exception?

THE PATIENT

Me? You've got the wrong end of the stick, old boy.
(a pause)
So - Caravaggio - Hana thinks you invented your name.

CARAVAGGIO

And you've forgotten yours.

THE PATIENT

I told her you would never invent such a preposterous name.

CARAVAGGIO

I told her you can forget everything but you never forget your name.

56*. EXT. BEACH CABIN. ITALY. DAY. 1944.

HANA IS STILL LISTENING BUT NOW SHE'S OUTSIDE A CABIN. She's in her uniform, clearing things away. The Cabin door is ajar. An OFFICER moves around, then sits to make notes.

OFFICER (O/S)

What about your rank or serial number?

THE PATIENT (O/S)

No. I think I was a pilot. I was found near the wreckage of a plane by the Bedouin. I was with them for some time.

**THIS CONVALESCENCE HOSPITAL HAS BEEN FASHIONED
FROM A LONG ROW OF**

BATHING CABINS ON THE COAST, complete with
Campari Umbrellas and metal
tables, at which are seated the bandaged and
the dying and the
comatose, staring out to sea or in slow, muted
conversation. Hana
walks up to the Patient's cabin. He is
propped up with a view of the
sea, which is interrupted by the pacing
Officer. Hana has a blanket
and a chart for the Patient's bed. She busies
herself.

OFFICER

Do you remember where you were
born?

THE PATIENT

Am I being interrogated? You
should be
trying to trick me. Ask me
about
Tottenham Hotspur. Or
Buckingham Palace.
Or make
me speak German, which I can,
by the way.

OFFICER

Why? Are you German?

THE PATIENT

No.

OFFICER

How do you know you're not
German if
you don't remember anything?

THE PATIENT

You tell me. I remember a lot
of things.
I remember a garden, plunging
down to
the sea - the Devil's Chimney
we called
it - and there was a cottage at
the
bottom, right on the shore,
nothing
between you and France.

OFFICER

This was your garden?

THE PATIENT

Or my wife's.

OFFICER

Then you were married?

THE PATIENT

I think so. Although I believe
that
to be true of a number of
Germans.
Might I have a glass of water?

Hana pours him a glass of water. He notices her.

THE PATIENT

Thank you.

(he sips)

Look - my lungs are useless -
(makes a small

gap with
his fingers)

I've got this much lung...the

rest

of my organs are packing up -
what could it possibly matter

if I

were Tutankhamun? I'm a bit of
toast, my friend - butter me

and

slip a poached egg on top.

Hana leaves, smiling at the Patient's
irascibility, sharing this with
the Officer, who frowns. The interview
continues.

57 EXT. BEACH CABIN. DAY.

Hana walks between the cabins. STUART steps
out of the shade. He is
drawn, older than last seen.

STUART

My leave is canceled. I can't
meet you later.

Hana frowns, helpless. As if to emphasize
this, a Staff Nurse comes
by, carrying a bowl and a withering look.

58*. INT. BEACH CABIN. DAY.

Hana enters, approaches the Patient. She's
circumspect.

HANA

Excuse me -

THE PATIENT

Yes?

HANA

come in?
Can I ask - my friend, can he
Just for a few minutes?

THE PATIENT

Your friend?

HANA

this
otherwise.
He's going back to the front
evening. I can't see him

THE PATIENT

right.
Just go off. I'll be quite all

HANA

you weren't
of you
is crammed.
get.
No, I can't go, but if it, if
offended, it would be very good
to allow us - every other cabin
This is as private as we'll

THE PATIENT

Well then - yes. Of course.

HANA

Thank you. Thank you.

She hurries out, returns with Stuart. They
stand awkwardly.

HANA

This is Captain McGann.

THE PATIENT

on
Please, don't waste your time
pleasantries -

STUART

Thanks.

THE PATIENT

shan't
hear anything.
I'm going to sing. If I sing I

And with that he bursts into a raucous,
coughing version of Yes! We
Have No Bananas. He changes language each

verse. The couple stand,
formal, then edge round to the back of the
bed.

HANA

(touching his
lip)

You've got a mustache.

STUART

A bit of one.

HANA

I was looking forward to this
evening.

STUART

(whispers)
I had a hotel room.

HANA

(whispers)
I thought that was for when we
were very very old?

STUART

I'm feeling old.

They EMBRACE, fiercely, hardly making a sound,
or moving. THE PATIENT
ROARS THE SONG.

**59*. EXT. THE MONASTERY. HANA'S GARDEN.
MORNING.**

A battered open backed TRUCK comes into the
Monastery. An ITALIAN
PARTISAN sits in the back, a SHOTGUN resting
on his knees. The truck
stops, and Caravaggio emerges from the
passenger door. He collects
some packages from the PARTISAN, including a
dead RABBIT, and then
exchanges a few words with the driver. Hana,
who's watching all of
this from her garden, sees that the driver is
a WOMAN. The woman's
name is GIOIA, and Caravaggio leans into the
window to make his goodbye
to her.

Caravaggio approaches the Vegetable Garden as
Hana comes to greet him.
He throws her the rabbit, and hurries up the
stairs without pausing,
clutching the other boxes.

CARAVAGGIO

Supper.

Hana calls after him.

HANA

Where've you been?

CARAVAGGIO

(not stopping)

Rabbit hunting.

Hana looks at the rabbit. She's angry.
Caravaggio hasn't been around
for a week.

**60*. INT. THE MONASTERY. DOWNSTAIRS
CORRIDOR. DAY.**

Hana heads up for the kitchen, then stops as
there's a faint CRASH from
upstairs.

**61*. INT. THE MONASTERY. UPSTAIRS
CORRIDOR. DAY.**

Hana, the rabbit still in her hands, comes
along the corridor to find
Caravaggio SLUMPED on the floor, retching.
The discarded NEEDLE lies
beside him, the new package of MORPHINE
CAPSULES ripped open. He looks
up at Hanna, glazed.

HANA

I could help you. I could
get you off that.

CARAVAGGIO

Can you cook the rabbit or will
you
try and bring that back to
life?

She bends, starts clearing up, putting the
morphine phials back into
the box.

HANA

It's a week. We didn't know
where you
were - or if you coming back,
or -

CARAVAGGIO

(of the drugs)

You should be happy. What were
you
going to do for him when it ran
out?

He pulls out more phials from his jacket.

HANA

What do you do? What are you
doing here?

CARAVAGGIO

Some gave me a dress.
(starts to tear
at a parcel)

You know what's great? What
I'm learning?

You win a war and you not only
gain the
miles you get the moral ground.
Everywhere I go, we're in the
right.

I like that.

62*. INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY.

Hana comes in, carrying a batch of the new
morphine. She's wearing a
different FROCK. It's not new, and it's
faded, but the change of color
is startling.

THE PATIENT

Something smells so rich. My
stomach is heaving -

HANA

He came back, he says he caught
a
rabbit. I'm cooking it.

THE PATIENT

That's a different dress.

HANA

He keeps asking me questions
about you.

Do you know him? Do you
recognize him?

THE PATIENT

Do I recognize him? I
recognize what he is.
I like him. He's Canadian. He
can read
Italian. He can catch rabbits.

**63*. EXT. BASECAMP AT POTTERY HILL.
DUSK.**

Almásy squats with an ANCIENT ARAB outside his
rudimentary house, while

he draws on the sand, talking in some arcane dialect, scratching out a possible location for the lost oasis. The man stops speaking and scours the sky a beat or two before we or Almasy hear the faint noise of a PLANE. It's Clifton's Steerman, Rupert Bear, coming in to land. Almasy doesn't look up.

The Arab continues to talk. The newly-arrived Katharine has scrambled up the hill to speak to Almásy.

KATHARINE

(diffident)

Hello. Not to interrupt but we're celebrating.

She makes to leave but Almásy puts up a hand to keep Katharine there, but quiet.

ALMÁSÝ

This is an incredible story - about a man hunting an Ostrich, he's been telling me about Zerzura, he thinks he's been there, but his map, the route he's describing, he couldn't survive the journey now, but he's a poet, so his map is poetry - and now we're onto an Ostrich.

(to the Arab in

ARABIC)

I'm telling her your map is poetry.

The Arab shrugs.

KATHARINE

What do you mean, poetry?

ALMÁSÝ

A mountain curved like a woman's back, a plateau the shape of an ear.

KATHARINE

Sounds perfectly clear. Where does the Ostrich come in?

ALMÁSÝ

The Ostrich is a detour. A poor man hunts

Nothing to do with Zerzura. To catch an ostrich you must appear not to move. The man finds a place where the ostrich feeds, a wadi, and stands where the ostrich can see him, on the horizon, and doesn't move, doesn't eat - otherwise the ostrich will run. At nightfall, he moves, fifty, sixty yards. When the ostrich comes the next day, the man is there, but he's nearer.
(to the guide)
Haunting the ostrich.

The Guide speaks, amplifying something, picking at his robe.

ALMÁSY

a family, Yes, the ostrich, it will feed
selling the not just the meat, but by
year from feathers, beak, the skin, a
the this one animal. So, each day
ostrich is man gets closer. And the
changed? - not sure - has something
few now the standing man is only a
then yards from where it feeds. And
wadi, in one day, the man is in the
comes, as the water. And the Ostrich
the always, dips into the water and
man JUMPS UP - and captures it.

He shrugs. The Arab has more to say. Almásy doesn't respond, quieting him with a dismissive gesture.

KATHARINE

What is he saying?
(Almasy,
awkward, shakes his head)
Come on, what did he say?

ALMÁSY

He said - be careful.

KATHARINE

Be careful? You mean you - or
me? Who?

ALMÁSY

(to the Arab)
Her or me?

The Arab speaks again. Almásy speaks without
looking at her.

ALMÁSY

The one who appears not to be
moving.

**64*. INT. TENT. BASECAMP AT POTTERY
HILL. NIGHT.**

Katharine comes in. Then, a beat, and Almásy.
Clifton is holding up
the champagne.

CLIFTON

Gentlemen, to Zerzura.

ALL

Zerzura.

MADOX

And a special thank you to
Geoffrey
and Katharine, without whose
fund-raising heroics we should
still be kicking our heels.

They toast the Cliftons.

CLIFTON

To arm-twisting.

MADOX

(to Almásy)
Did Katharine say? -
Geoffrey has to fly back to
Cairo.

CLIFTON

Have to return the favor - take
a few
photographs for the army.

KATHARINE

Darling, Peter says I could
stay...

MADOX

Almásy) (checking with
Why not?

ALMÁSY

What kind of photographs?

CLIFTON

Brigadier's
Brigadier
breathing.
Portraits. The Brigadier, the
wife, the Brigadier's dogs, the
at the Pyramids, the Brigadier

KATHARINE

(to Clifton)

staying?
Why do you think? About my

CLIFTON

truly, then
be bereft...
Well look, if nobody minds,
I suppose - I shall, of course,

KATHARINE

(playfully

poking his ribs)
Oh.

CLIFTON

Cairo
Bars
I in
But finally able to explore the
night-life. I shall produce an
authoritative guide to the Zinc
and - I want to say Harems - am
the right country for Harems?

**65*. EXT. BASECAMP AT POTTERY HILL.
MORNING.**

As Clifton prepares to leave in the Steerman,
Almásy approaches.

ALMÁSY

Safe journey.

CLIFTON

You too. Good luck!

ALMÁSY

think
Clifton - your wife - do you
it's appropriate to leave her?

CLIFTON

Appropriate?

ALMÁSY

for a
wonder
I think the desert is, it's -
woman - it's very tough, I
if it's not too much for her.

CLIFTON

it
Are you mad? Katharine loves
here. She told me yesterday.

ALMÁSY

would
All the same, I, were I you I
be concerned -

CLIFTON

was
were
before
I'd
much
herself.
I've known Katharine since she
three, my aunt is her aunt, we
practically brother and sister
we were man and wife. I think
know what is and what isn't too
for her. I think she's know

ALMÁSY

Very well.

CLIFTON

off)
threatened
(laughing it
Why are you people so
by a woman?!

He settles into the controls. Almásy watches
the plane taxi away.
Doesn't move at all. Katharine waves from the
tent as the Steerman
takes off.

65a*. EXT. BASECAMP AT POTTERY HILL.

The THREE FORD CARS leave the campsite, loaded
for a scouting
expedition. The rest of the party, Bedouin,
tents, camels and Tiger
Moth is left behind. Madox shouts last-minute
instructions from the
window of his car.

castle, whatever you're doing - in your
 or wherever it is you live, and
one day, you say, I have to go to the
desert - or what?

Almásy doesn't answer. Katharine, who has
looked at him for an answer,
looks away. There's another long silence.

ALMÁSY
I once traveled with a terrific
guide, who was taking me to Faya. He
didn't speak for nine hours. At the
end of it he pointed at the horizon
and said - Faya! That was a good
day!

Point made, they lapse again into silence.
Katharine boils.

KATHARINE
Actually, you sing.

ALMÁSY
Pardon?

KATHARINE
You sing. All the time.

ALMÁSY
I do not.

KATHARINE
Ask Al Auf.

Almásy asks Al Auf in Arabic. He laughs,
nods.

KATHARINE
 (sings wickedly)
I'll be down to get you in the
taxi, honey, you'd better be ready
about half-past eight...!

Al Auf nods and grins furiously, joins in,
impersonating Almásy.
Almásy grunts in irritation.

**68*. EXT. NEAR THE BASECAMP AT THE CAVE OF
SWIMMERS. DUSK.**

The group is investigating a cleft in the rocky massif. They climb slowly. Below them, A NEW AND TEMPORARY BASE CAMP.

The group winds around the rock. Almásy turns to offer a hand to Katharine behind him, pulling her up to the next rock slab. She smiles at him. He smiles back curtly, continues.

The group stops at a level plateau. The Arabs stand apart and SING THEIR PRAYERS AT DUSK. Al Auf leads the incantations.

AL AUF

Allahu Akbar, Allahu Akbar...

The westerners wait respectfully. As the sun sets in glory, Almásy looks over at the range of rocks. One particular range seems to look exactly like A WOMAN'S BACK. He squints at the rock. Almásy discreetly pulls out his COMPASS.

69*. EXT. CAVE OF SWIMMERS. DUSK.

Almásy clambers up the rocks, coming through a narrow crevice to find A NATURAL SHELF. He scrambles up this path, reaching up, only to notice that his hand almost perfectly covers A PAINTED HAND on the rock, and as he digests this he realizes he has climbed past what is THE MOUTH OF A CAVE. He disappears inside.

70 INT. CAVE OF SWIMMERS. FLASHLIGHT.

A FLASHLIGHT squirts into the cave. Almásy treads cautiously along the narrow winding passage. He comes to an open cavern and takes his flashlight up to a wall. PAINTINGS EMERGE, figures, animals, ancient pictures. A giraffe. Cattle. Fish. Men with bows and arrows. Almásy is astonished by what he sees.

71*. EXT. NEAR THE CAVE OF SWIMMERS. EVENING.

The others watch as a flashlight bobs and jerks among the rocks as

Almásy comes scrambling down, transformed into an excited teenager.

ALMÁSY

Madox! Madox!

He slithers in a heap in front of the astonished expedition party.
Doesn't care.

**72 INT. CAVE OF SWIMMERS.
FLASHLIGHT.**

Almásy has led the whole party into the heart of the cave. Now Madox comes alongside him at the wall, his flashlight joining Almásy's and increasing the visibility of the paintings. A dark-skinned figure, apparently in the process of DIVING into water, comes clearly into view. Then others supine, arms outstretched.

MADOX

(with audible excitement)

My God, they're swimming!

The others crowd round. FIVE EXCITED FACES IN THE GREEN GLOOM OF THE CAVE.

73*. EXT. CAVE OF SWIMMERS. DAY.

A hive of activity. The team has set up TRESTLES to catalogue the finds as the Bedouin come out with baskets of detritus, which they empty onto a growing heap as the Cave is cleared out. Entering the cave, Almásy passes with camera equipment, just as D'Ag emerges carrying the corpse of a perfectly preserved DESERT FOX. D'Ag gestures to Almásy with his customary enthusiasm, holding up the body of the fox.

D'AGOSTINO

Have you seen this?

Astonishing.

Perfectly preserved.

74 INT. CAVE OF SWIMMERS. DAY.

Inside, Bermann is setting up LAMPS, running wires from a car BATTERY.

Kamal is helping him. And as Almásy arrives he catches a tiny moment of tenderness between them. Bermann, seeing him, quickly disengages and busies himself with the lights. At another wall, Katharine is catching.

75 EXT. THE DESERT. DAY.

The CARS are heading back to Basecamp. They bounce over the sand.

76*. INT. BERMANN'S CAR. DAY.

Bermann is driving the lead CAR along some STEEP DUNES. Almásy beside him. Bermann is peeling AN ORANGE, a segment of which he holds out of the window. Kamal, riding shotgun, leans down and collects it, his head dipping in to grin at Bermann. Bermann looks uneasily at Almásy. He wants to tell him of his passion, of his absolute love for Kamal, but he daren't.

BERMANN

I love the desert, you see.
That's my, that's my - I can't think of
the word. (Almásy nods)
How do you explain? To someone
who's never been here? Feelings
which seem quite normal.

ALMÁS

(compassionate)
I don't know, my friend. I
don't know.

Bermann holds out another segment of the orange, and watches the slim brown hand collect it. A MOMENTARY DISTRACTION IS ALL IT TAKES FOR HIM
TO MISJUDGE THE LINE AND SUDDENLY THE DUNE COLLAPSES UNDER THE TIRE AND THE CAR LURCHES SIDEWAYS AND TOPPLES OVER THE EDGE. D'Ag - following, Fouad beside him - brakes sharply, but can't stop his own car from being caught in the avalanche of sand, and IT PLUNGES DOWN THE DUNE AND INTO BERMANN'S UPTURNED CAR WITH AN OMINOUS CRUNCH, the radiator

exploding. Only Madox, Katharine beside him, and a little way behind, manages to stay clear of the trouble. He jumps out of the vehicle and slides down the dune to find pandemonium as the passengers stumble out of the cars, sand flying, smoke pouring from the upright vehicle, the wheels of the overturned car spinning wildly in the air, a puddle of oil spreading ominously.

77*. EXT. THE DESERT. DAY.

LATER and the group have cleaned up as best as possible. D'Ag, Bermann, and Fouad are a little worse for wear. Fouad's arm is in a sling, and D'Ag is sporting a bloody head-bandage. Bermann has broken a finger and is being attended to by Madox. The luggage, water and petrol have been stacked up and the men are loading up the remaining car. Almásy is working at the crumpled end of the vehicle. He's having no success.

78*. EXT. THE DESERT. DAY.

Almásy, Kamal and two of the other young Bedouin stand around the mess of the two broken vehicles. The ONE WORKING CAR is loaded with men and provisions. Katharine sits inside, next to Madox, Almásy comes over to her window, to speak past her to Madox.

MADOX

I'll be back as quick as I can.
Thirty-six hours at the
outside.

ALMÁSY

Try to get a second radiator,
we'll bury
it between here and the Pottery
Hill.
And a better jack. We planned
badly.

MADOX

(nods at Almásy,
then shouts over
to the wrecked vehicles)
Bermann!

This is Bermann's cue to take leave of Kamal

who is staying behind.
Kamal makes a little bow.

KAMAL

May God make safety your
companion.

Bermann nods and hurries away, squeezing into
the car which jolts off,
bouncing over the track.

**THE VEHICLE GETS ABOUT TWENTY YARDS, ALMASY
WATCHING, BEFORE IT SINKS
FORLORNLY INTO THE SOFT SAND. IT'S HOPELESSLY
OVERLOADED WITH PEOPLE.
THEY ALL GET OUT.**

KATHARINE

I shall stay behind, of course

MADOX

Certainly not.

KATHARINE

I insist. There clearly isn't
room for
us all, I'm the least able to
dig, and
I'm not one of the walking
wounded.
Those are facts. Besides, if I
remain
it's the most effective method
of
persuading my husband to
abandon
whatever he's doing and rescue
us.

It's hard to argue with this logic. Almásy
shrugs.

LATER - THE MADOX CAR makes a more effective
departure. And Almasy and
Katharine are left alone. THEY LOOK AT EACH
OTHER as if realizing this
for the first time. Almasy immediately
returns to the two damaged
vehicles and helps the men stretch the cut
canvas which was once a tent
TO FASHION A MAKESHIFT SHELTER BETWEEN THE TWO
CARS. Katharine goes to
join them. There is no obstacle to the
remorseless horizon, just miles
of undulating dunes.

79 INT. SHELTER. DAY.

Almásy sits alone, writing into HIS HERODOTUS,

a map folded in front of
him, from which he makes notes. Katherine
comes across with a clutch
of her SKETCHES from the Cave wall. Hands
them to him. They're
beautiful.

ALMÁSY

What's this?

KATHARINE

I thought you might paste them
into your book.

ALMÁSY

We took several photographs,
there's no need.

KATHARINE

I'd like you to have them.

ALMÁSY

(handing them

back)

There's really no need. This

is

just a scrapbook. I should

feel

obliged. Thank you.

KATHARINE

(exasperated)

And that would be

unconscionable,

I suppose, to feel any

obligation?

Yes. Of course it would.

She's already turning, walking as far from him
as the cramped shelter
permits. He continues with his maps.

80 EXT. THE DESERT. NIGHT.

Katharine sits alone on top of the Dune,
smoking, surveying the
landscape. Below her the makeshift camp - a
fresh wind flicking at the
tarpaulin, THE DEEP TRACKS OF MADOX'S CAR
STRETCHING OFF TOWARDS
CIVILIZATION. Almásy emerges from the tent
and, locating Katharine,
heads towards her.

ALMÁSY

You should come into the
shelter.

KATHARINE

I'm quite all right, thank you.

ALMÁSY

Look over there.

Katharine turns, scans the horizon.

KATHARINE

What am I looking at?

ALMÁSY

See what's happening to them -
the stars.

KATHARINE

They're so untidy. I'm just
trying
to rearrange them.

ALMÁSY

In an hour there will be no
stars.
The air is filling with sand.

He offers a hand. A little reluctantly she
takes it.

81 EXT. SHELTER. NIGHT.

The team hurries around the improvised tent,
weighing it down with
packing cases, gasoline drums, water cans,
bringing anything loose or
light inside the tarpaulin. THE WIND is
whipping up, the air busy with
sand. Almásy pushes everyone under cover.

82 INT. SHELTER. NIGHT.

THE SAND SEEMS TO BE SCOURING THE TARPAULIN.
Kamal and Almásy try to
secure one vulnerable area, but suddenly there
are leaks everywhere and
the sand swarms inside.

It's noisy, too, and Almásy has to shout to
make himself understood,
indicating to the Bedouin to grab water and
blankets and food, all the
valuables, and get out. He himself finds
blankets and water and shouts
at Katharine to do the same. One side of the
canvas suddenly RIPS
apart like paper. Chaos as figures struggle in
ever-worsening
conditions, sand blizzarding the air.

83 EXT. SHELTER. NIGHT.

THE SHELTER FLIES INTO THE AIR, stranding the figures, their heads wrapped in blankets, flashlights useless. They seek safety in two groups, the tribesmen to the cabin of the overturned car, Katharine and Almásy to the upright one.

84 INT. CAR. NIGHT.

Inside the cabin, the sand swirling around them, Katharine and Almásy sit without speaking. Dawn is trying to break through. He pours a little water into a mug so that they can wash out their eyes and noses and mouths. She takes her silk scarf and first dries her eyes with it, then dries his.

KATHARINE

This is not very good, is it?

ALMÁS Y

No.

KATHARINE

Shall we be all right?

ALMÁS Y

Yes. Absolutely.

KATHARINE

Yes is a comfort. Absolutely is not.

85 EXT. THE DESERT. DAWN.

The sand is piling up against the two cars, the tent is swept from its moorings, the water cans are hurled up too, and then plunge ominously into sand drifts as if going under an ocean.

ALMÁS Y (O/S)

There ...let me tell you about winds. is a whirlwind in Southern Morocco, the Aajej, against which the fellahin defend themselves with knives. The Ghibli from Tunis rolls and rolls and produces a rather strange nervous

condition...

And we hear Katharine's laugh.

86 INT. CAR. DAWN.

Almasy sits alongside Katharine, whose head is against his shoulder.
He continues his story of winds.

ALMÁSY

#NAME?

of Which Mariners called the sea
wind darkness. Red sand from this
coast has flown as far as the south
so of England, producing showers
blood. dense they were mistaken for

Almasy checks to see if Katharine is still awake.

KATHARINE

that coast Fiction. We had a house on
on. More. and it never rained blood. Go

ALMÁSY

friend, tells All true. Herodotus, your
evil that a of a wind - the Simoon - so
marched nation declared war on it and
dress, out to fight it in full battle
their swords raised.

87*. EXT. THE DESERT. DAY.

MORNING. The sand has almost COMPLETELY
ENGULFED the car on the
exposed side, covering the windshield like
snow, and encroaching onto
the door of the protected flank.

88*. INT. CAR. DAY.

Almasy is woken by sound of A DISTANT ENGINE.
He jerks up, waking
Katharine in the process, and heaves against
the door. He can't open

it, and has to lean his feet against the passenger door, lying across Katharine, kicking it open.

89*. EXT. THE DESERT. DAY.

By the time Almásy emerges from the car, the sand pouring into the cabin, MADOX'S CAR IS ROARING ALONG THE HORIZON. Almásy waves, shouts, and then runs back into the car, finds his flare-gun, and SENDS A FLARE high into the sky. Katharine is with him now, and they watch, helplessly, as the car bounces away from them, Madox a man on a mission. Katharine panics, THE SAND HAS ERASED ALL TRACES OF THEM. She speaks quietly, shocked.

KATHARINE

Our tracks, where are they?

Almásy is preoccupied. He's gone back to their vehicle and returns with a shovel, STARTS TO DIG FRANTICALLY.

ALMÁS

Madox will have calculated how many miles, they'll soon turn around.

KATHARINE

(realizing what he's doing)

Oh my God, the others!

She kneels with him and helps to shovel away the sand WHICH HAS COMPLETELY ENGULFED THE OTHER VEHICLE containing the three Bedouin.

ALMÁS

(during this)
Could I ask you, please, to paste you paintings into my book? I should like to have them. I should be honored.

KATHARINE

Of course. Is it, am I a terrible coward to ask how much water we have?

ALMÁS

(shoveling hard)
Water? Yes, we have water, we
have
a little in our can, we have
water in
the radiator which can be
drunk. Not
at all cowardly, extremely
practical.
(anxious at not
uncovering
the boys, egging himself on)
Come on, come on!
(then back to
Katharine)
There's also a plant - I've
never seen
it but I'm told you can cut a
piece the
size of a heart from this plant
and
the next day it will be filled
with a
delicious liquid.

KATHARINE

Find that plant. Cut out its
heart.

They hear NOISES, scrabbling, faint thumps.
Almásy scrapes at the sand
and they find the glass of the car. The angle
of the cab, tilted up to
the sky, has made it impossible for the
trapped boys to lever it open.
Their oxygen is rapidly deteriorating. Almásy
pulls the door and it
cranks open.

90*. EXT. THE DESERT. DAY.

Katharine sits in the car, putting her
pictures into the Herodotus.
It's full of ALMÁSY'S HANDWRITING,
PHOTOGRAPHS, SOME PRESSED FLOWERS.
She deciphers a page of his words and
drawings. It's almost
exclusively about her, the lines studded with
K.s. She reads,
astonished, then looks at him as he and two of
the three Bedouin circle
the area of the cars in ever-widening circles,
like water-diviners,
like Kip searches for mines. Kamal is slumped
against the front of the
car. He's sick. Almásy suddenly drops to his
knees and begins to
shovel into the sand. He pulls out A CAN OF
WATER. Turns to Katharine

KATHARINE

Thank God. Oh, thank God.

There's excited shouting from the two fit boys. They leap up and run towards the couple, who meanwhile have realized that the flare has not come from Madox, but from an approaching CAMEL CARAVAN. Almásy shouts to the boys for some identification.

KATHARINE

Do they know them?

ALMÁS

(squinting at the horizon)

No, but I think I do.

The Caravan slowly comes into focus. IT'S FENELON-BARNES. Katharine touches Almásy's arm - an almost imperceptible gesture.

KATHARINE

Am I K. in your book?
I think I must be.

Almásy turns to her. He runs the blade of his arm across her neck - the sweat leaving a clear stripe.

Fenelon-Barnes approaches, dismounts from his camel, and addresses Almásy.

FENELON-BARNES

I recollect your saying to ignore your bones but I assume you have no objection to my rescuing your companion?
(to Katharine)
Good evening, Mrs. Clifton.

KATHARINE

(accepting his handshake)
Hello.

FENELON-BARNES

I'd like to introduce you to my camel - the most notable beast on earth.
(to Almásy)
I understand you found some

remarkable caves.

A goatskin bag of water is offered to Katharine. She drinks and hands it to Almásy.

FENELON-BARNES

Paintings of swimmers?

Remarkable.

92 EXT. CAIRO. DAY.

ANOTHER WORLD as a honking TAXI containing Almásy and Katharine negotiates the incredible bustle of Cairo.

93 EXT. SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL. DAY.

Almásy, still in the same clothes, and evidently weary, emerges from the cab, and pulls Katharine's belongings from the trunk, then holds open the door for her. As she walks towards the hotel, he hands her bag to a porter. Katharine is stung.

KATHARINE

Will you not come in?

ALMÁS Y

No.

KATHARINE

Will you please come in?

ALMÁS Y

(a beat)

Mrs. Clifton -

Katharine turns, disgusted.

KATHARINE

Don't.

ALMÁS Y

I believe you still have my book.

Katharine fishes the book from her knapsack, shoves it at him, then disappears.

94 INT. ALMÁS Y'S ROOM. DAY.

Almásy lying on a camp bed, face down. The walls are covered with maps, enlargements of photographs. A fan

whirs over his kit which is
spread, unraveled but ordered, on the stone
floor. An ineffably male
room, the shutters closed, just the thinnest
shaft of light piercing
the gloom. Almásy hasn't even removed his
clothes, his boots kicked
off below his jutting feet.

There's A KNOCK at the door. Almásy sleeps.
Another. A third. He's
roused from the dead. Stumbles to his feet,
opens the door as the
knocking continues.

It's Katharine. She's bathed, luminous,
stands back-lit by the
afternoon sun - an angel in a cotton dress.
She walks past him into
the room. He closes the door. She turns. He
KNEELS before her, head
at her thighs. She's crying, her face
expressionless as her hands go
to his head.

KATHARINE

You still have sand in your
hair.

She starts to BEAT on his head and shoulders,
violently. He pulls
back, to look at her, the tears streaming down
her face. She kneels
and covers his face with kisses. He pulls
blindly at her dress and it
RIPS across her breasts.

95*. INT. BATHROOM. DAY.

Almásy is in the bath. Katharine, wearing his
dressing gown, pours in
a jug of steaming water. Almásy leans over
the rim of the bath. He's
sewing, carefully repairing the torn dress.

KATHARINE

I'm impressed you can sew.

ALMÁS

Good.

KATHARINE

You sew very badly.

ALMÁS

You don't sew at all!

KATHARINE

A woman should never learn to

sew,

and if she can she should never
admit to it. Close your eyes.

ALMÁSY

(laughs)

That makes it harder still.

She pushes the sewing from his hands, then
pours water over his head,
then begins to shampoo his hair.

Almásy is in heaven. The biggest smile we
have seen from him. She
continues to massage his scalp.

ALMÁSY

When were you most happy?

KATHARINE

Now.

ALMÁSY

When were you least happy?

KATHARINE

(a beat)

Now.

ALMÁSY

Okay. And what do you love?
Say everything.

KATHARINE

pudding,
hedgehogs!
Freshwater -
What do I love? I love rice
and water, the fish in it,
The gardens at our house in
all my secret paths.

She rinses his scalp, then slips off the robe
and CLIMBS IN BESIDE HIM,
covering his neck and shoulders in kisses.

ALMÁSY

What else?

KATHARINE

not
Your
day.
Marmite - addicted! Baths -
with other people! Islands.
handwriting. I could go on all

(a beat)

My husband.

Almásy nods.

ALMÁSY

What do you hate most?

KATHARINE

A lie. What do you hate most?

ALMÁSY

Ownership. Being owned. When you leave, you should forget me.

She freezes, pulls herself away, out of the bath, looks at him, then SLAPS HIM VERY HARD across the face.

She picks up her dress, the thread and needle dangling from it, and walks, dripping, out of the room.

96*. INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. NIGHT.

To the Patient it's as if Katharine is walking out of his wall. He sighs with pain, then looks away to where Hana has fallen asleep on the bed, almost on top of him. He touches her. He speaks as if each word burns him.

THE PATIENT

Could I ask you to move? I'm sorry - but when you turn, the sheets, I can't really bear the sheets moving over me. Sorry.

HANA

(mortified, moving quickly)
Yes, of course, I'm so sorry. Stupid of me.

Hana gets up, upset to have hurt him.

HANA

I'm so sorry.

97*. INT. THE MONASTERY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Hana comes to the table, carrying a jug of water and a bowl. She's still sad. She unbuttons her dress, pulling it off her shoulder, begins to pour the water to cool herself

against the night's pressing
heat.

**98*. EXT. EMERGENCY FIELD HOSPITAL.
1944. LATE DAY.**

The EMERGENCY FIELD HOSPITAL is a cluster of
tents practically ahead of
the Front Line SPORADIC GUN FIRE, LIGHT AND
HEAVY, SOUNDS THROUGHOUT.
Mary walks by on her way to the Nurse's tent.
It's 1944 and the war in
Italy is still intense.

**99 INT. EMERGENCY FIELD HOSPITAL TENT.
LATE DAY.**

JAN is washing out of her HELMET, and stands
naked in her socks. Hana
is using a flannel to wash Jan's back. A
couple of other girls like,
exhausted, on their cots. The mud is
everywhere. Another nurse is
making tea out of an adapted plasma can on
their tiny primus.

MARY comes in and flops down. She's GIVEN
BLOOD and is pale and
enervated.

MARY
Okay, Type Os, the vampires
wait.
Everybody's giving a pint.

JAN
Ugh! If they were sucking it
out
I wouldn't mind. It's the
needle
I can't stand.

HANA
(laughing)
You're a nurse - how ca you be
frightened of needles!

**100 INT. TRIAGE TENT, EMERGENCY FIELD
HOSPITAL. NIGHT.**

Hana walks through the main TRIAGE TENT. It's
packed with the ruined
bodies of the injured, swaddled in bloody
bandages. Hana stops at a
couple of beds, shares a word or two with the
patients. She stops at
another bed, leans over its occupant. His

bandaged face is bloated and yellow. He's not breathing. She bends over him, his open eyes fixed in a glassy stare. No pulse. She snaps the triangular cardboard ID from his bed to indicate HE'S DIED. Then tenderly closes his eyes.

THEY SUDDENLY SNAP OPEN. HE REARS UP, GRABBING HER.

WOUNDED SOLDIER

Can't wait to have me dead?

You bitch!

He slaps her hand away. Slaps at the tubes going into his arm. Hana is absolutely shocked. But just as suddenly he's sunk back into semi-consciousness.

Shaken, she sits by him and takes his hand, he pulls it away, she takes it again. He is in terrible pain. His face creased with anger. Now his hand is clutching at hers. She tries to soothe him.

HANA

Try to be calm. Sssshhh. Come on.

Be calm now. Ssshhhh. Be peaceful.

It's okay. It's okay.

HIS FACE STILLS. HIS HAND LOOSENS. Now he has gone. As Hana inspects him, a shell seems to land close by. THE LIGHTS FLICKER. She ducks, along with everyone else.

Below the bed, on slatboards, above the mud, are the now dead soldier's possessions. They include A PAIR OF TENNIS SHOES.

101 INT. TRIAGE TENT, EMERGENCY FIELD HOSPITAL. EVENING.

HANA, WEARING THE TENNIS SHOES, IS GIVING BLOOD. She lies in a cot, next to JAN. The shelling sounds closer.

OLIVER, the Doctor, is working on the most recent patient, a young CANADIAN Boy who is critically ill - the tubes hanging above him, of plasma and of blood. The curtain drawn around him is pulled back, to reveal the two nurses in the background. The

Soldier can just see
them. He's going to die any minute.

CANADIAN SOLDIER

(whispering to

Oliver)

Is there anybody here from

Picton?

OLIVER

Picton? I don't know.

CANADIAN SOLDIER

I'd like to see somebody from

home

before I go.

Hana can only really hear Oliver's end of this
conversation, but the
mention of Canada chills her, and she knows,
now, not later, that
Stuart is dead.

HANA

(to Oliver)

Why Picton?

OLIVER

He's from there - edge of Lake
Ontario right, Soldier?

The boy nods.

JAN

(innocent)

Where's your Stuart from?
Somewhere near there, isn't it?

HANA

(to Oliver)

As him what company he's with?

Oliver leans over, then turns to Hana.

OLIVER

Third Canadian Fusiliers.

HANA

Does he know a Captain McGann?

The boy hears this, whispers to Oliver.

CANADIAN SOLDIER

He bought it. Yesterday. Shot
to bits.

The shells are getting closer.

HANA

What did he say?

OLIVER

(can't look at
her)

Doesn't know him.

**A SHELL SUDDENLY LANDS ON TOP OF THE SITE,
PERHAPS FIFTY YARDS FROM THE
TENT. THE LIGHTS GO OUT. THEN ANOTHER LANDS.**

Everybody is on the floor, struggling to get
on a helmet.

Hana lies down, the blood still leaving her,
her helmet on. Oliver is
next to her in the mud. Her heart is
breaking.

HANA

He's gone, hasn't he?

OLIVER

No. He's - no.

HANA

Oh God. Oh God.

The shells pound them, incredibly loud,
drowning out her grief, but
each explosion illuminates it for a moment.

**102 INT. THE MONASTERY KITCHEN.
NIGHT.**

Caravaggio comes into the kitchen. Hana is
slumped at the table, her
back naked. The jug of water in front of her.
She's sobbing, her
shoulders heaving. Caravaggio approaches
tentatively.

CARAVAGGIO

Hana?
(he touches her
shoulder)

Hana? Are you alright?

HANA

(without raising
her head)
Don't touch me if you're going
to
try and fuck me.

CARAVAGGIO

(soothing)
I'll have some of your water.
It's hot.

She reaches for her blouse, wraps it around herself. Her face is read with weeping.

CARAVAGGIO

(gently)
You have to protect yourself from sadness. This is the thing I've learned. (drinking the water)
You're in love with him, aren't you?
Your patient. Do you think he's a saint or something? Because of the way he looks? I don't think he is.

HANA

I'm not in love with him. I'm in love with ghosts. And so is he. He's in love with ghosts.

CARAVAGGIO

Who are his ghosts?

HANA

Ask him.

CARAVAGGIO

(he holds up his hands)
What if I told you he did this to me?

HANA

(stung)
What? How could he have? When?

CARAVAGGIO

I'm one of his ghosts and he wouldn't even know. It's like he slammed a door in Cairo and it trapped my fucking hands in Tobruk.

HANA

I don't know what that means.

CARAVAGGIO

(shrugs)
Ask him. Ask your saint who he is. Ask him who he's killed.

HANA

(furious)

Please don't creep around this house.

103*. INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY.

Hana sits reading from the Herodotus. She shows the Patient the page where a CHRISTMAS CRACKER WRAPPER covered in handwriting has been glued in.

HANA

Tell me about this, this is in your handwriting - December 22nd - Betrayals in war are childlike compared with our betrayals during peace. New lovers are nervous and tender, but smash everything - for the heart is an organ of fire...

(she looks up)

I love that, I believe that.

(to him)

Who is K?

THE PATIENT

K is for Katharine.

104 EXT. AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE, DECEMBER 1938. DAY.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY FOR THE TROOPS. The incongruous attempts to create a traditional Christmas in the dusty heat of Cairo.

The Party is in the courtyard of the Moorish Palace which serves as the private residence of the British Ambassador, SIR RONNIE HAMPTON. Lots of Wives, including LADY HAMPTON and Katharine help serve tea and cake to the SOLDIERS who sit at rudimentary tables with paper plates and paper hats. A man dressed as SANTA CLAUS is giving out presents - PENGUIN PAPERBACKS, CHOCOLATE. Music blares out from a loudspeaker. Officers and Civilians walk the parameter. One of these, arriving, is Almsy. He sits in the shade, catches

Katharine's attention.
Katharine brings him over a cup of tea and a
plate with Christmas cake
on it.

ALMÁSY

Say you're sick.

KATHARINE

What? No!

ALMÁSY

Say you're feeling faint - the
sun.

KATHARINE

(but a frisson)

No.

ALMÁSY

I can't work. I can't sleep.

Lady Hampton calls impatiently.

LADY HAMPTON

Katharine!

KATHARINE

Coming.

(to Almásy)

shouting
Geoffrey
desert,

I can't sleep. I woke up
in the middle of the night.
thinks it's the thing in the
the trauma.

ALMÁSY

I can still taste you.

KATHARINE

(waving at

another woman who
pushes a trolley with teapots)

This is empty, just coming!

ALMÁSY

taste

I'm trying to write with your
in my mouth.

(as she leaves)

Swoon. I'll catch you.

Almásy sits watching the party. The Santa
Claus is dragged outside by
some excited Children. Almásy picks at his
cake removing the thick
marzipan icing. He's writing on A CHRISTMAS
CRACKER WRAPPER, smoothing

it out - December 22nd. Betrayals in war are childlike compared with out betrayals du...

Katharine, attending to a raucous table, suddenly sags at the knees, and SWOONS. People rush to her.

KATHARINE

I'm fine. How silly.

OFFICER'S WIFE

(helping her to her feet)

It's the heat.

LADY HAMPTON

You should sit down, darling.
(to the others)
She's quite all right.
(escorts

Katharine away)

Are you pregnant?

KATHARINE

I don't think so.

LADY HAMPTON

(squeezing her arm)
How romantic. With Fiona I fell over every five minutes. Ronnie Christened me Lady Downfall.

KATHARINE

I think I might go inside and sit down for a few minutes.

LADY HAMPTON

I'll come with you.

KATHARINE

No, please. I shall be absolutely fine.

They pass Almásy, who doesn't look up from his book.

105 INT. STORE ROOM. AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE. DAY.

A small STOREROOM inside the Palace - Brooms, Mops, Cleaning Equipment. Outside, the party is visible as opaque shadows through the beveled glass of the ornate window. The sound of

carols sung by the enlisted
men gives way to a version of SILENT NIGHT
played on a solitary
bagpipe. Inside, ALMÁSY AND KATHARINE MAKE
LOVE IN THE DARKNESS.
Everything is too fast, desperate, standing
up, grabbing, hoisting
clothes.

**106 INT. CORRIDORS. AMBASSADOR'S
RESIDENCE. DAY.**

A CORRIDOR. Almásy appears and almost
immediately collides with the
man dressed as SANTA CLAUS. He moves to one
side.

CLIFTON

Have you seen Katharine?

ALMÁSY

(taken aback)

What?

CLIFTON

It's Geoffrey under this.

ALMÁSY

I haven't, no. Sorry.

**106a*. INT. SIDE ROOM IN AMBASSADOR'S
RESIDENCE. DAY.**

Geoffrey continues scouting the warren of tiny
rooms that run off the
central courtyard. He finds Katharine sitting
in one, smoking,
surrounded by oppressive and elaborate tiling.
Clifton wonders briefly
how Almásy had missed Katharine.

CLIFTON

poor Darling, I just heard. You
sausage, are you all right?

KATHARINE

I'm fine. I got hot.

CLIFTON

might be - Lady H said she thought you

KATHARINE

I'm too hot. I'm not pregnant. I'm hot.

CLIFTON

Right.

KATHARINE

Aren't you?

CLIFTON

Sweltering.

(taking off his

hat and beard)

Come on, I'll take you home.

KATHARINE

Can't we really go home? I
can't breathe.
Aren't you dying for green,
anything
green, or rain, wouldn't you
die to feel
rain on your face? It's
Christmas and
you asked me
wanted.
I'd go home tomorrow. If you

CLIFTON

Sweetheart, you know we can't
go
home, there might be a war.

KATHARINE

(poking at his

costume)

putting

Geoffrey, you do so love
on a disguise.

CLIFTON

I do so love you.
(he kisses her
head)
What do you smell of?

KATHARINE

What?

CLIFTON

Marzipan! I think you've got
marzipan
in your hair. No wonder you're
homesick.

107*. INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. EVENING.

The Patient lies alone in his room. CLIFTON'S
FACE stares back at him
from among the frescoes. Then something
distracts him.

THE PATIENT

Are you outside?

A beat and then Caravaggio shuffles in. Like an old boxer.

CARAVAGGIO

I can't hide anymore.
(jerks up his

hands)

my
I breathe like a dog. I lose
balance. Stealing's got
harder.

Caravaggio stares at the Herodotus.

CARAVAGGIO

book I
Why do I feel if I had your
would know everything?

THE PATIENT

book.
I don't even know if it is my
plane,
The Bedouin found it in the
now.
in the wreckage. It's mine
thought
I heard your breathing and
for rain -
it might be rain. I'm dying
but I
of course I'm dying anyway -
long to feel rain on my face.

Caravaggio comes close, scrutinizing the face, trying to repair the features. Exasperated.

CARAVAGGIO

I look
Is it you? If I said Moose...
you?
different, fuck, why shouldn't

THE PATIENT

(impassive)
Moose.

CARAVAGGIO

tack)
(a different
what
First wedding anniversary -
do you call it?

THE PATIENT

I don't know. Paper. Is it?

Paper?

(sharp, not
wanting to think)
I don't remember.

108 INT. MONASTERY LIBRARY. DAY.

Hana stands at the PIANO. It's still lop-sided, propped against the wall. She tries but can't move it. So she pulls off the dust-sheet and, with the instrument still on a tilt, begins to play the Aria from Bach's Goldberg Variations.

109 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY.

HANA'S PIANO CONTINUES. Upstairs, Caravaggio chats with the Patient while working his arms to RAISE A VEIN, a boot-lace tied around it, preparing an injection for himself, tapping the syringe. During this:

THE PATIENT

I have come to love that little
tap of
the fingernail against the
syringe. Tap.

110*. INT. MONASTERY LIBRARY. DAY.

Hana plays. GUN SHOTS punctuates the music. She's totally engrossed and only hears the second or third shot. Her hands falter, she looks up to see A SIKH SOLDIER RUNNING ACROSS THE FIELD WAVING HIS ARMS, his REVOLVER held aloft. He approaches the door, his face creased with anxiety, and raps on the shattered frame. It's KIP.

She gets up and walks past Kip standing at the door, and continues the seven or eight feet to the right and out into the garden VIA THE HOLE
RIPPED OUT OF THE WALL.

HANA

Excuse me. Yes?
(of the doors)
I don't have the key to that
door.

KIP

The Germans were here. The

Germans
left mines
favorite
were all over this area. They
everywhere. Pianos were their
hiding places.

HANA

I see.
(then
mischievous)
Then may be you're safe as long
as
you only play Bach. He's
German.

Kip is looking around the piano. Hana
giggles.

KIP

Is something funny?

HANA

No, but, no, not at all. I'm
sorry.
You came to the doors, that's
all and -
(a little laugh)

#NAME?

worried about mines. That's
all.

KIP

I've met you before.

HANA

I don't think so.

Hana bends to see what Kip's looking at under
the piano. Wires run
from the wall to the instrument onto which is
taped an EXPLOSIVE
CHARGE. If Hana had succeeded in moving the
piano she would have
triggered the charge. Kip looks at Hana who
conceals her dismay with a
shrug.

110a*. EXT. THE MONASTERY GARDEN. DUSK.

Across from the terrace, HARDY AND KIP ARE
PUTTING UP THEIR TENTS.
Caravaggio stands, chatting amiably to them,
holding a haversack,
smoking a cigarette.

111*. INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. DUSK.

Hana looks down from the Patient's room,
watching the tents go up.

HANA

He wants us to move out, says
there
could be fifty more mines in
the building.
He thinks I'm mad because I
laughed at
him. He's Indian, he wears a
turban.

THE PATIENT

Sikh. If he wears a turban,
he's a Sikh.

Kip glances up at the window. Hana, suddenly
shy, backs away.

HANA

I'll probably marry him.

THE PATIENT

Really? That's sudden.

HANA

My mother always told me I
would
summon my husband by playing
the piano.

She goes over to the Patient's bed.

HANA

I liked it better when there
were
just the two of us.

THE PATIENT

Why? Is he staying?

HANA

With his Sergeant. A Mr.
Hardy.

THE PATIENT

We should charge! Doesn't
anyone
have a job to do?

HANA

They have to clear all the
local roads
of mines. That's a big job.
They won't
stay in the house. They're
putting up
their tent in the garden.

THE PATIENT

In that case, I suppose we
can't charge.

**112*. INT. OFFICE, BRITISH HQ. CAIRO.
DAY.**

A SMALL OFFICE, shared by two men, and a
mountain of filing cabinets
and paper. There are AERIAL MAPS all over the
walls. Clifton is on
the telephone, while his colleague, RUPERT
DOUGLAS, works at the desk.

CLIFTON

(into the phone)

Darling, it's me, I'm sorry,
something's come up.

(Katharine

responds)

Don't sulk - I'll be back

tomorrow

evening. I promise.

(Katharine

responds)

Okay my precious, I love you.

Rupert makes a face at his friend's
sentimentality. Clifton beams.

RUPERT

I didn't know you were going
anywhere?

CLIFTON

I'm not. I'm going to surprise
her.

It's our anniversary. She's
forgotten,
of course. What's the symbol
for your
first anniversary? I should
get something.

Is it paper?

(he knocks

sharply on the wall)

Moose! Moose, you there?

First

Anniversary - is it cotton?

CARAVAGGIO

Is what cotton?

CLIFTON

First Wedding Anniversary.

RUPERT

(of Clifton)

He's hopeless!

CLIFTON

Your day will come, my sausage.

CARAVAGGIO

Your first anniversary is

Paper.

**113 EXT. CAIRO STREET. O/S
SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL. DAY.**

The approach to the Shepheard's Hotel.
Geoffrey Clifton in a TAXI,
champagne between his knees.

The car ahead of them SCREECHES TO A HALT as a
WOMAN hurries across the
street. The driver honks his horn angrily.
The woman puts up a hand
in apology as she skips across the street to
another taxi. IT'S
KATHARINE - she's dressed for a date, carries
flowers, an overnight
bag.

Geoffrey, at first excited, is troubled by the
accouterments. Then he
sees Katharine skip and his whole being
punctures.

Katharine's cab roars off. His own car jerks
forward.

CLIFTON

Stop!

CABBIE

Please?

CLIFTON

Stop here.

CABBIE

Yessir.

Geoffrey sits in the cab. Fifty yards short
of the hotel. The world
rushes by. He finds a cigarette.

114 INT. ALMÁSY'S ROOMS. LATE DAY.

Katharine is in bed. Almásy has just put A
RECORD on. It's the folk
song heard at the beginning of the film. He
slips back under the
covers. Their clothes are scattered around
the room. He lies over a
happy Katharine. She listens.

KATHARINE

This is - what is this?

ALMÁSY

It's a folk song.

KATHARINE

Arabic?

ALMÁSY

No, no, it's Hungarian. My

daijka

sang it to me.

KATHARINE

(as they listen)

It's beautiful. What's it

about?

ALMÁSY

(as if

interpreting)

It's a long song - Szerelem

means

love...and the story - there's

a

Hungarian Count, he's a

wanderer,

a fool. For years he's on some

kind

of quest, who knows what? And

then

one day he falls under the

spell of a

mysterious English woman - a
harpy - who beats him and hits

him

and he becomes her slave. He

sews

her clothes, he worships the

hem of -

Katharine had thought for a few seconds he was
serious, then she
catches on and starts to beat him.

ALMÁSY

(laughing)

Ouch! See - you're always

beating me..!

KATHARINE

You bastard, I was believing

you!

They embrace, he lies over her, considering
her naked back.

ALMÁSY

oh no, I claim this shoulder blade -
wait - I want this!

He turns her over, kisses her throat, then
traces the hollow
indentation.

ALMÁSY

This - what's it called? - this
place,
I love it - this is mine!
(Katharine
doesn't know)
I'm asking the King permission
to
call it the Almasy Bosphorous.

KATHARINE

(teasing)
I thought we were against
ownership?
(kissing him)
I can stay tonight.

The luxury of this makes them both sad. The
duplicity. Almásy rolls
away on to his back.

ALMÁSY

Madox knows, I think. He's
tried to
warn me. He keeps talking
about
Anna Karenina. I think it's
his idea
of a man-to-man chat. Its my
idea
of a man-to-man chat.

KATHARINE

This is a different world - is
what
I tell myself. A different
life.
And here I am a different wife.

ALMÁSY

Yes. A different wife.

**115 INT. CAB. CAIRO STREET. O/S
SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL. NIGHT.**

The CAB DRIVER is asleep. A loud POP! jerks
him awake. In the back of
the car Geoffrey has opened the champagne. He
lets it overflow, then
takes a swig. He notices the startled driver
and puts up an apologetic

arm.

CLIFTON

Sorry.

Two or three CHILDREN knock on the window, begging. Geoffrey knocks back, violently. They disappear.

CABBIE

Hotel now, sir?

GEOFFREY

No.

And he throws a silencing wad of money onto the seat by the Cabbie.

116 EXT. ALMASY'S HOUSE. OLD CAIRO. DAWN.

Almásy and Katharine wander out of his building and into the early morning streets, hand in hand.

117 EXT. SPICE MARKET. CAIRO. DAWN.

The MORNING PRAYERS rise out from the city's three Minarets. Almásy stops at a stall, which is just preparing to open for the day. He picks up a SILVER THIMBLE, points at it to the merchant who gives him a price. Without comment, Almásy produces the money and, beaming, hands the thimble to Katharine.

ALMÁS Y

I don't care to bargain.

(she smiles)

It's full of saffron, just in

case

you think I'm giving it to you

to

encourage your sewing.

KATHARINE

That day, had you followed me to the market?

ALMÁS Y

Of course. You didn't need to

slap

my face to make me feel as if

you'd

slapped my face.

KATHARINE
(loving him, but
frightened)
Shall we be all right?

ALMÁSY
Yes. Yes.
(shrugs)
Absolutely.

118 EXT. CAIRO STREET. DAWN.

Katharine takes leave of Almásy on the street corner away from the hotel entrance. They don't kiss, there's no demonstration of feeling. He turns immediately away and disappears.

119 INT. CAB. CAIRO STREET. O/S SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL. DAY.

Geoffrey, unshaven, watches as Katharine crosses the street and heads towards the hotel. His expression is terrible, trying to smile, his face collapsed.

120 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. MORNING.

Cheek to Cheek leaks into the room from a GRAMOPHONE that Caravaggio stands over proudly. The Patient opens his eyes - is confused, dislocated - stares blankly at Caravaggio.

CARAVAGGIO
(grinning)
Thought you'd never wake up!

THE PATIENT
What?

Hana comes in, sleepily, frowns at the gramophone.

HANA
Where did you find that?

CARAVAGGIO
I liberated it.

HANA
I think that's called looting.

CARAVAGGIO
(relaxed)
No-one should own music. The

real

question is who wrote the song?

THE PATIENT

Irving Berlin.

CARAVAGGIO

For?

THE PATIENT

Top Hat.

CARAVAGGIO

Is there a song you don't know?

HANA

(speaking for

him)

No. He sings all the time.

She goes over to the Patient and kisses him gently.

HANA

Good morning.

(of his singing)

Did you know that? You're always singing?

THE PATIENT

I've been told that before.

HANA

Kip's another one.

She goes to the window, looks over to where the tents are pitched, sees Hardy shaving, Kip IN THE PROCESS OF WASHING HIS HAIR, his turban HANGING LIKE A RIBBON between two trees to dry. He's perched a bowl on the sundial and is dipping his long coal-black hair into it. As Hana watches Kip, Caravaggio changes the record. The Patient identifies it immediately.

121*. EXT. MONASTERY GARDEN. MORNING.

Hana walks past the tent, and passes Hardy. She's carrying a small cup, which she's a little furtive about. He's carrying a whole armada of OIL LIGHTS. He nods upstairs.

HANA

Hello.

HARDY

Hello miss.

HANA

want to
Lieutenant

I was going to say - if you
eat with us, ever... you and
Singh...

HARDY

eat in

Very kind of you, we can always
the town with the others -

HANA

food

Since Caravaggio turned up -
seems to appear, so please.

HARDY

thank you.

I'll ask the Lieutenant. But

HANA

forgotten.

You saved my life. I haven't

(Hardy waves

that away)

tall. You
felt
balance.

I thought you were very very
seemed to big - a Giant - and I
like a child who can't keep her

HARDY

mime)

(does a little

A toddler

She goes on, and tentatively approaches Kip,
who's still working at his
hair. Kip hears her and puts out an inquiring
arm, moving towards her
like a blink man through the curtain of hair.
He touches her.

HANA

seeing this?

Sorry, is it all right I'm

Kip shrugs.

HANA

point.

My hair was long. At some
I've forgotten what a nuisance
to wash. You know - if you

it is

were ever

around - we get water from the
pump
at noon.

He continues to wash. She holds up the cup of
oil.

HANA
Try this. I found a great jar
of it.
Olive oil. In Naples this was
so
precious it would have bought
you a wife.

KIP
Thank you.

She stands for a second, then walks away. Kip
examines the oil, calls
after her.

KIP
For my hair?

HANA
(turning,
smiling)
Yes, for your hair.

**122 EXT. THE MONASTERY. HANA'S
GARDEN. DAY.**

HANA IS GARDENING, close to the crucifix,
which is now a full-fledged
Scarecrow. Broken bottles, fragments of
stained glass and shards from
a mirror are hung from the crossbar, syringes
too, all jangling and
tinkling and catching the sunlight.

Kip and Hardy drive off to work on their
motorcycles. She watches
them, catching Kip's careless wave to her.
She looks briefly at
herself in A PIECE OF MIRROR dangling from the
Scarecrow.

**123 INT. THE MONASTERY. UPSTAIRS
LANDING. DAY.**

Hana walks along the landing with a tray.
There's a message on several
doors in the corridor from Kip: SAFE, then a
couple with the warning:
DANGER. She hears noise from the Patient's
room. Listens for a second
before going in.

THE PATIENT (O/S)
Because you're reading it too
fast!

THE PATIENT (O/S)
Not at all.

THE PATIENT (O/S)
You have to read Kipling
slowly!
Your eye is too impatient -
think
about the speed of his pen.
(quoting Kipling
to demonstrate)
defiance
What is it - He sat comma in
astride the
of municipal orders comma
gun Zamzammah on her brick...
What is it?

124 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY.

During this, Hana comes through with the tray,
finds Kip perched on the
window, relishing his skirmish with the
Patient, who has condensed milk
dribbling down his neck.

KIP
Brick platform opposite the old
Ajaib-Gher -

THE PATIENT
#NAME?
natives called the Lahore
Museum.

KIP
It's still there, the cannon,
outside the
museum. It was made of metal
cups
and bowls taken from every
household
in the city as tax, then melted
down.
Then later they fired the
cannon at my
people - comma - The natives.

THE PATIENT
So what do you really object to
- the
writer or what he's writing
about?

KIP
What I really object to, Uncle,
is your finishing all my condensed
milk. (snatching up
the empty can)
And the message everywhere in
your book - however slowly I read it
- that the best destiny for India is
to be ruled by the British.

THE PATIENT
Hana, we have discovered a
shared please - the boy and I.

HANA
Arguing about books.

THE PATIENT
Condensed milk - one of the
truly great inventions.

KIP (grinning,
leaving)
I'll get another tin.

Hana and the Patient are alone.

HANA
I didn't like that book either.
It's all about men. Too many men.
Just like this house.

THE PATIENT
You like him, don't you? Your
voice changes.

HANA
I don't think it does.
(a beat)
Anyway, he's indifferent to me.

THE PATIENT
I don't think it's
indifference.

Kip comes bounding in with a fresh can.

THE PATIENT
Hana was just telling me that
you were indifferent -

HANA

(appalled)

Hey! -

THE PATIENT

#NAME?

KIP

Well, I'm indifferent to
cooking, not

Hana's cooking in particular.
(stabbing at the

tin with a bayonet)

Have either of you ever tried
condensed milk sandwiches?

125 DELETED.

**126. INT. THE
PATIENT'S ROOM. MORNING.**

Caravaggio and the Patient are singing - an Arab song which they both know from Cairo days. THUNDER accompanies them. It's pouring. Suddenly the door is flung open and HANA, KIP and HARDY appear. They have the stretcher with them.

**127*. EXT. THE MONASTERY CLOISTERS.
MORNING.**

A whoop precedes THE HEADLONG RUSH OF KIP, HARDLY and CARAVAGGIO as they cart the Patient across the Cloisters like manic stretcher-bearers. Hana is with them, holding an umbrella over the Patient who bounces uncomfortably. He is nervous, a little giddy. The rain buckets down.

THE PATIENT

(no irony)

Careful - careful!

**127a*. EXT. THE MONASTERY GARDEN.
MORNING.**

The storm tour includes a trip around the pond. The Patient pushes away the umbrella, lets the rain drench him. He grins at Hana.

THE PATIENT

This is wonderful!

KIP

(to Hana)

What's he saying?

HANA

He's saying it's wonderful!

**128*. INT. LIBRARY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF
EGYPTOLOGY. DAY.**

Madox and Almásy are camped in one corner of THE LIBRARY, hunched over their maps and papers and journals and clashing furiously over the site of the next part of the expedition.

MADOX

(pushing away

his charts)

And I'm telling you there's

nothing

there to explore.

ALMÁSY

No, because you can't see from

the air!

If you could explore from the

air life

would be very simple!

(he yanks up a

map)

Look! What is that? Is that a

wadi?

That whole spur is a real

possibility...

MADOX

Which we've overflown twice.

ALMÁSY

Which we couldn't explore

because

of rocks, because of cross-

winds,

it's sloppy.

(stabbing

another location)

And here - and here - we could

be

staring at Zerzura.

Other readers look over at this unseemly skirmish.

MADOX

So - on Thursday you don't

trust

Bell's map - Bell was a fool,
Bell
couldn't draw a map, but on
Friday
he's suddenly infallible?
Almásy is surprised by Madox' anger.

MADOX

And where are the Expedition
Maps?

ALMÁSY

In my room.

MADOX

Those maps belong to His
Majesty's
Government. They're
confidential.
They shouldn't be left lying
around
for any Tom, Dick or Mary to
have
sight of.

ALMÁSY

What's the matter with you?

MADOX

Don't be so bloody naïve. You
know
there's a war breaking out.
(he tosses a
slip of paper onto
the map, recites its message)
This arrived this morning. By
order
of the British Government - all
International Expeditions to be
aborted by May 1939.

129 INT. CAIRO STREET. DAY.

Almásy and Madox walk down this busy and
rather narrow street without
pavements. Both of them somber.

ALMÁSY

Why do they care about our
maps?

MADOX

What do we find in the desert?
Arrow
heads, spears. In a war, if
you own the
desert, you own North Africa.

ALMÁSY

(contemptuous)
Own the desert.

Almásy hesitates at a junction, clearly about to take leave of Madox.

ALMÁSY

That place at the base of a
woman's
throat? You know - the hollow
- here -
does that have an official
name?

Madox looks at him.

MADOX

For God's sake, man - pull
yourself together.

**130 INT. OPEN-AIR CINEMA. CAIRO.
EVENING.**

The OPEN-AIR CINEMA is just beginning its evening programme.

PATHE NEWS BEGINS and we date the event to April 1939. Stories of imminent war jostle with images of Merrie England. Village greens, sporting victories, Cruft's Dog Show. Alone among the necking couples - mostly soldiers with their Egyptian girlfriends - in an otherwise empty block, is Katharine. She's waiting for Almásy. A SOLDIER comes over to Katharine's row and settles a couple of seats away from her.

SOLDIER

Beggin your pardon, miss, but
have
you got a lighter?

Katharine lights his cigarette and returns to the screen. An item about Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers and TOP HAT. The stars do their stuff. The soldier moves a seat nearer.

SOLDIER

(leering)
I love Ginger, she's a foxy
girl, ain't she?

KATHARINE

Fuck off.

SOLDIER

What?

KATHARINE

You heard me.

The Soldier slinks off, muttering. Katharine is wretched. She sits head down, not watching the screen, marooned in her despair about duplicity, sordid assignations.

Almásy arrives, slides in beside Katharine, his shadow momentarily large across the screen.

ALMÁSY

Sorry.

They watch the screen. Katharine is weeping. Almásy doesn't understand. He puts his arm around her.

KATHARINE

I can't do this, I can't do this any more.

131*. EXT. GROPPY PARK. CAIRO. EVENING.

A man walks round with A HAND BELL - announcing that the Park is closing. He turns off the gaslights which illuminate the animal cages. Almásy and Katharine sit stiffly on a bench. They don't speak. Almásy puts his hands to his head, he rubs his shoulders. The lights are gradually being extinguished around them.

Finally, Katharine gets up.

KATHARINE

I'd better get back.

(she keeps him

away with a hand)

Say goodbye here.

ALMÁSY

I'm not agreeing. Don't think

I'm

agreeing, because I'm not.

They stand, awkward. Katharine rehearses her position. The bell clangs.

KATHARINE

I just know - any minute he'll

find out,
- and it
we'll barge into somebody we'll
will ill him.

ALMÁSY

Don't go over it again, please.

He takes her hands, lays his cheeks into them,
then releases them, gets
up, walks away. She walks towards the gate.
He calls after her.

ALMÁSY

Katharine -

He walks towards her, his smile awful.

ALMÁSY

I just wanted you to know.
I'm not missing you yet.

She nods, can't find this funny.

KATHARINE

You will. You will.

Then she turns sharply from him and catches
her head against the
gatepost, staggers at the shock of it, then
hurries away.

132*. INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. MORNING.

Hana sits with the English Patient - the room
shuttered against the
morning light. His breathing is noticeably
worsening, a shudder of a
breath, the shallow rise and fall of his chest
perceptible. Hana
frets, touches his wrist, feeling for the
pulse.

THE PATIENT

I'm still here.

HANA

You'd better be.

THE PATIENT

Don't depend on it. Will you?
That little bit of air, each
day
right,
there's less of it, which is al
which is quite all right.

She squeezes his hand, suddenly overwhelmed.

THE PATIENT

(brightly)

I've been talking to Caravaggio
- my research assistant - there's
meant to be a ghost in the Cloisters. I
can join him!

There's some kind of noise from the garden.
Muffled shouts.

THE PATIENT

It's the boy.

Hana goes to the window, opens the shutters.
The day pours in.

132A*. EXT. MONASTERY OLIVE GROVES. DAY.

Hana sees Kip - barely visible - standing at
the far perimeter of the
garden in the olive groves, HIS HANDS RAISED
ABOVE HIM, HIS LEG HELD
OUT STRANGELY. WIRES run from his foot in all
directions as if he'd
trodden in some elaborate steel cobweb.

133 EXT. MONASTERY OLIVE GROVES. DAY.

Hana appears at the edge of the Olive groves
and hurries towards Kip,
who hasn't moved. He shouts warning her.

KIP

Go to the left! Keep to the
left! There are mines and trip wires
everywhere!

Hana stops, hoists up her skirt and circles
left, tentative in the long
grass. He shouts, doesn't want her close.

KIP

Get Hardy. He's on the other
side of town. In the hills. Get him
to hurry.

She keeps coming, can see that he needs her.

HANA

It's okay - I'll help. Please.

KIP

The mines, the wires, there's a
trick.

wires, Some explode if you stretch the
 some if you cut them.

HANA

What do I do?

KIP

others are There's a mine here, but the
 far enough away, I think at
least to give me a chance. I have to
work out which one to cut before I fall
over.

HANA

So I follow the wires?

KIP

You get Hardy.

HANA

I follow the wires.

She kneels at his feet and tries to trace the tangled route of the web.

KIP

Don't touch them.

She follows one wire back to the closest mine, and traces another back to Kip's foot. Then she finds another one leading off to a second mine some thirty metres away.

HANA

Why would anyone do this?

KIP

I've done this. I've had to do this.

Then Hana's suddenly tense.

HANA

Give me a second.

She turns and tiptoes RIGHT THROUGH THE DANGER AREA, straight to what had seized her attention. Kip is appalled.

KIP

What are you doing?! Hana!

Heedless, she dodges another mine and its web of wires just as THE TORTOISE clambers onto a clump of rock, which

is, in fact, ANOTHER
CONCRETE-COVERED MINE.

Hana snatches him up as he ambles towards the metal. She turns, holding the protesting animal in triumph. HER FOOT SNAGS ON A WIRE. She has to ease it off, in arabesque, still clutching the tortoise. She goes sideways to the safe zone - setting down the animal. Then she's back with Kip. He's seething. She is strangely elated.

KIP

What is this business with you
and
explosives? Do you think
you're immune?

HANA

I promise you that was the
right thing
to do. He's my good luck.
(she gets the
pliers from his belt,
and hands them to him)
Now cut. This one.
(she indicates
the wire)
I hope we don't die.

KIP

Okay. Get away from here.
Quick.

HANA

I'm not scared. So many people
have
died around me. But I would be
a
shame for us.
(shrugs)
I don't feel like being shy.

KIP

You must get away. Before I
cut. I'm
not cutting if you're here.

He's struggling. He's going to topple over if
he cuts.

HANA

Actually, you can't cut, can
you?
You'll fall over. Give me the
pliers.

KIP

No.

But he hands them over.

HANA

Kiss me. Before I cut. Just
in case.

KIP

Don't talk. Check again. Lie
flat and
then cut.

Hana checks, lies down. He bends as close to
the ground as he dares

AND KISSES HER, THEN SHE IMMEDIATELY CUTS.

**134 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM.
CONTINUOUS.**

The Patient lies in bed. He's agitated by the
silence. SUDDENLY
THERE'S AN EXPLOSION. He tries to shout, a
croak which quickly reduces
him to coughing and breathlessness.

THE PATIENT

Hana! Hana! Kip! Hana!

He tries to move. He can't. He's frantic.

FOOTSTEPS, as someone hurtles up the stairs.
It's Hana. She's ashamed
to have forgotten him. She rushes to him.

HANA

I'm sorry. I forgot you'd be
worrying.
We're all safe. It was a mine,
but not
the mine. Nobody's hurt. I'm
sorry.

She calms him. He's exhausted. His eyes
shine.

**135 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD. ITALY.
LATE DAY.**

Hana clings onto Kip as the TRIUMPH MOTORCYCLE
hares along the circling
road. She has her arms around his waist. His
head turns to her for a
second and she smiles.

**136 EXT. ROAD BLOCK. TUSCANY.
DUSK.**

Kip and Hana have been detained at a ROAD BLOCK. Kip is being questioned at a sentry post, his papers over-thoroughly inspected and accompanied by several meaningful glances at Hana, who waits, standing by the motorcycle. One of the SOLDIERS saunters over and returns her papers.

SOLDIER

And you're definitely traveling
with him of your own free will?

HANA

Yes.

SOLDIER

(clearly
disapproving)
Just wanting to be sure. And
he's taking you to church?

HANA

(deadpan)
Yes. We're going to a funeral.
A cow has died. And in his religion
they're sacred.

The Soldier isn't sure what to make of this.
He signals to his
companion who returns Kip's papers. Kip walks
back to the motorcycles.
He says nothing. He kicks the starter. Hana
gets on, slides her arms
lovingly around him.

137 EXT. BRIDGE. ITALY. DUSK.

IT'S GETTING DARK. The bike, headlights on,
crosses a bridge. Kip has
strapped on his crimson emergency light as
they sail along the winding
crest of mountain ridge that is a spine down
Italy.

138 EXT. AREZZO. DUSK.

Kip steers the motorbike into the
deserted PIAZZA.

They dismount and Kip starts to unbuckle his
bulging satchel and unload
the panniers. Hana still doesn't know what's

in store and looks
questioningly at Kip as he walks up to the
door of the CHURCH.

139 INT. CHURCH. DUSK.

They enter the Church. It's in almost total
darkness. THEN A FLARE
SUDDENLY ILLUMINATES THE INTERIOR. It's
magnificent. Kip holds the
flare, crimson on one arm, green pouring up
from the other. Hana walks
behind him, still perplexed. There is
PROTECTIVE SCAFFOLDING
**EVERYWHERE, AND SANDBAGS PILED UP HIGH AROUND
THE ALTARS, AND THE
STATUES.**

A SECOND FLARE. Kip has appeared through A
SECRET DOOR high in the
church, literally emerging from one of the
frescoes which are
momentarily visible. He flings a rope over
the rafters.

Now Kip circles Hana with the rope, MAKING A
SLING across her waist and
shoulder. He lights a smaller flare and hands
it to her before
disappearing.

Hana stands holding the flare. She can't see
Kip, can only hear him
scrambling.

HANA

Kip?

He runs up the sandbags, right up into the
rafters. He collects the
other end of the rope which is attached to
Hana. Holding onto it, he
just STEPS OFF INTO THE DARKNESS.

SIMULTANEOUSLY HANA IS SWUNG UP INTO THE AIR,
her startled yelp echoing
around the Church. Kip touches ground, while
Hana swings through
space, coming to rest about three feet from
the FRESCOED WALLS, painted
by Piero Della Francesca. Hana's flare makes
a halo around her head.

Now Kip, on the ground, still holding the
rope, walks forward and
causes Hana to SWING to the right. She lets
out a giddy laugh,
exhilarated and nervous, and she flies,
illuminating - en passant -

faces, bodies, angels. Kip guides the rope as if they were making love, which in a way they are.

Hana arrives, hovering, in front of THE QUEEN OF SHEBA TALKING TO SOLOMON. She's overwhelmed. She reaches out to touch the giant neck of the sad Queen.

Kip slowly lets her down, paying out the length of the rope. Hana's face is full of tears. He smiles, holds her.

140 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. EVENING.

Caravaggio is with the Patient. He sits in the window. Fiddles with the bandages of his hands.

THE PATIENT

There was a general who wore a patch over a perfectly good eye. The men fought harder for him. Sometimes I think I could get up and dance. What's under your bandages?

Caravaggio goes to him, holding out his hands, the bandage ends trailing.

CARAVAGGIO

Hold the ends.

The Patient holds them. Caravaggio walks backwards, the bandages unraveling and unraveling.

141*. INT. TOBRUK. BRITISH HEADQUARTERS. JUNE 1942. DAY.

Caravaggio, thumbs intact and wearing a crumpled linen suit, walks through the mangled corridors of British HQ. Smoke is rising from buildings, the ominous scream of Stuka dive-bombers in the distance as the harbor is pounded, the steady thud of explosions. TOBRUK IS UNDER SIEGE. BHQ is a place in the throws of dismantling itself. SECRETARIES are visiting braziers manned by ARAB BOYS who stoke the fires as boxes of papers are fed into them. ASHES hover in the air.

142*. INT. BHQ. TOBRUK. DAY.

Caravaggio walks through a large room crowded with desks. From one of them, a young woman, AICHA, kisses him, frowning at the chaos and the shelling.

AICHA

He's waiting for you.

Some doors are open, revealing men and women in uniform urgently SHREDDING DOCUMENTS. Caravaggio knocks at an office whose door is ajar and where the incumbent, FENELON-BARNES, is stripping the room of his personal possessions- photographs, stone branches, a cricket bat.

142a*. INT. FENELON-BARNES OFFICE. BHQ. TOBRUK. DAY.

Caravaggio enters.

FENELON-BARNES

(barely looking

up)

What a bloody flap, eh? I

heard from

Alexandria this morning -

apparently

no-one there is accepting

British pounds.

And if you pick up a telephone everybody's practicing their

German.

(holds up some

gramophone records)

What do you do - do you take

these

things?

(then, awkward)

Look, Moose, we need you to

stay in

Tobruk. A bit of a short straw

but

the thinking is we'll be back -

I mean,

we will be back - but...and in

the

interim we need eyes and ears

on

the ground.

A BIG BOMB lands nearby. The building shudders and plaster dust drops

from the ceiling. Almost oblivious, the two men head out of the office. Fenelon-Barnes lugs the TRUNK last glimpsed in his tent by Almásy, until Caravaggio takes over.

143*. INT. CORRIDOR OF BRITISH HEADQUARTERS. TOBRUK. DAY.

Fenelon-Barnes and Caravaggio make their way down the stairs and to the entrance.

CARAVAGGIO

Tobruk. We have 30, 000 troops in
What are they going to be
doing?

FENELON-BARNES

(continuing to
pack)
That's Giving Rommel a bloody nose.
hear my suggestion. But did you
of no the BBC last night? Tobruk is
you wonder. strategic importance - makes

AICHA is at the bottom of the stairs. She falls into step.

FENELON-BARNES

Swines. Jerry's got our maps you know.
run about Before the war we helped them
now they the desert making maps - and
maps, they'll get spies into Cairo using our
maps. get Rommel into Cairo using our
bus route The whole of the desert like a
foreigner who and we gave it to them. Any
Royal Geographic, turned up - welcome to the
you know - take our maps. Madox went mad,
he found you knew Peter Madox? - after
friend. out he'd been betrayed by his
sod. Shot Absolutely destroyed the poor

himself in a church in Dorset.

Caravaggio opens the door, Fenelon-Barnes goes through.

**144*. EXT. BRITISH HEADQUARTERS.
TOBRUK. DAY.**

The Fenelon-Barnes trunk is taken from Caravaggio and joins the pile of luggage and artifacts, which wait to be shipped out.

FENELON-BARNES

Almásy - I'd like to get that bastard
my settle the score, eh? That's
out. fantasy - said he, clearing
Must have been a spy all along.

145 DELETED.

146*. EXT. TOBRUK DOCKSIDE. DAY.

A GERMAN TROOP CARRIER rumbles forward passing a line of BEDRAGGLED BRITISH POWS as they're marched along the side of harbor.

146a*. EXT. TOBRUK RUINED QUARTER. DAY.

A HILL OF SALVAGED ARMY BOOTS is being explored by a couple of GERMAN SOLDIERS in search of better footwear. Below them the POWS trudge by, one of them barefoot. ONE OF THE GERMANS tosses down a pair of boots then continues his own perusal.

146b*. EXT. TOBRUK SQUARE. DAY.

A crowd of Tobruk CIVILIANS - French and Italians among the MOSTLY ARAB FACES. Their papers are being thoroughly checked by officers sitting at open desks. IN A LINE, WEARING HIS SHABBY SUIT, IS CARAVAGGIO. AN ARAB WOMAN in front of him is arguing over the identity of her ominously CAUCASIAN-LOOKING CHILD. An INTERPRETER mediates. The OFFICER doesn't believe the woman. She's getting frantic at the

possibility of losing her child.

Suddenly there's a disturbance as a WOMAN is dragged along the line by her hair. She's bloodied, and has been tortured, and it's hard to recognize her as the pretty AICHA. She touches a couple of people in the line. They're horrified. Soldiers pull them away. Caravaggio doesn't look, stares straight ahead. An officer watches him AS HE **URNS BRIEFLY AND HELPLESSLY OUT OF CONCERN FOR HER. THEIR EYES CATCH FOR AN INSTANT AND THE OFFICER SEES IT.**

CARAVAGGIO RUNS, bolts for cover, vaulting the rubble which blocks one corner of the square. The CONGREGATION throws itself to the ground until the square has only standing soldiers and a running man.

146c*. EXT. TOBRUK. INTERIOR OF RUINED BUILDING. DAY.

Shots pursue Caravaggio as he disappears behind the rubble, then bobs up again as he darts inside a blasted building. He clambers up some ruined stairs, heaves over the wall.

146d*. EXT. TOBRUK. FACADE OF RUINED BUILDING. DAY.

CARAVAGGIO grabs a metal bar on the facade of the building, from which he hangs, looking for the next foothold. Soldiers appear along the top of the building, shouting, rifles ready. AN OFFICER arrives and stops the soldiers firing, and the others begin to laugh as Caravaggio hangs from the bar fifteen feet above a balcony, slowly losing his strength. Another SOLDIER waits for him in the balcony below. Now he starts to laugh. Caravaggio hangs.

147*. INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. TOBRUK. NOVEMBER 13,1942. DAY.

Caravaggio is slumped at a table, HIS HANDS MANACLED TO ITS THICK WOODEN LEGS. There's A TELEPHONE at another table in the corner of the room attended by a CLERK with A STENOGRAPHER

working next to him. The room has stone walls which appear damp, and no windows. SOLDIERS stand guard at the door. It's a horrible room. Caravaggio is trying to sleep, he's unshaven, and pasty-looking. His interrogator, Müller, seems incredibly tired and aggravated. He's on the phone.

MÜLLER

(in German)

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.

He slams down the phone and comes back to the table.

MÜLLER

David Caravaggio.

CARAVAGGIO

No.

MÜLLER

Petty thief, six months

imprisonment

Kingston Penitentiary, 1937.

CARAVAGGIO

(barely with

humor)

I keep explaining. You've got

the wrong

man. My name is Bellini -

Antonio

Bellini. Bellini, Caravaggio,

both

painters, I think that is

confusing you.

Müller doesn't even pay attention, he's going through a file. Pulls out some photographs, starts spreading them out.

MÜLLER

Is this you?

CARAVAGGIO

I don't know.

MÜLLER

It is you. This was taken in

Cairo at

British Headquarters - July 41.

And so was

this - August 41. And this -

February 42.

CARAVAGGIO

or selling
many times.

It's impossible. I was buying something. I've been to Cairo

MÜLLER

for
the Allies. Code-name Moose.

You are a Canadian spy working

THE PHONE rings again, is answered. The Clerk calls to Müller who gets up, irritably. Caravaggio addresses the room.

CARAVAGGIO

passing
internally.

Could I have a doctor? I am blood. I must be bleeding

(to the clerk)
Can you get a doctor? Look -
(he spits onto
the table,
there's blood in his mouth)

I'm leaking blood.
(he indicates a
Guard)
He kicks me. He kicks me all
the time.

Nobody responds. Müller is irascible on the phone, checking his watch, negotiating time. The call finishes.

CLERK

(in German)
He's asking for a doctor.

MÜLLER

(to Caravaggio)
You want a doctor?

CARAVAGGIO

weeks, a
leg was -

Yes, I've been asking for
month, I don't know, also my

MÜLLER

We don't have a doctor, but we do have a nurse.

CARAVAGGIO

is great.

A nurse? Well, sure, a nurse
A nurse? Great.

Müller nods at the Clerk, who instantly gets up. Just then the telephone rings again. He hesitates.

MÜLLER

(in German)

Leave it and get the nurse!

The Clerk exits. The phone rings. The Stenographer is plagued by flies. Suddenly he slaps at one.

MÜLLER

(snapping)

Why is there so much nose? I

can't

hear myself think!

(turns to

Caravaggio)

Look - give me something. So

we can

all get out of this room. A

name. A code.

(wiping his

face)

It's too hot.

CARAVAGGIO

I slept with the girl. I've

got a wife

in Tripoli. A girl comes up

and points

at you, you only see trouble.

The NURSE comes in. She is Arab and her head is covered.

MÜLLER

I'll tell you what I'm going to

do. This

is your nurse, by the way.

She's Moslem,

so she'll understand all of

this. What's

the punishment for adultery?

Let's

leave it at that. You're

married and

you were fucking another woman,

so

that's - is it the hands that

are cut off?

Or is that for stealing? Does

anyone know?

There's silence. Müller turns to Caravaggio.

MÜLLER

Well, you must know. You were brought up Libya, yes?

CARAVAGGIO

Don't cut me.

MÜLLER

Or was it Toronto?

CARAVAGGIO

(ashen)

Don't cut me. Come on.

Now the phone starts again. The CLERK picks it up, there's a terse exchange, he puts the receiver on the desk, waits for the moment to interrupt Müller.

MÜLLER

Ten fingers. How about this?

You

give me a name for every finger

-

doesn't matter who. I get

something,

you keep something. I'm trying

to be

reasonable. Fenelon-Barnes, we

could

call that two names.

(pauses,

suddenly puzzled)

Are thumbs fingers?

(in GERMAN to

the others)

Is a thumb a finger?

No response. Müller opens his palms to Caravaggio.

MÜLLER

I get no help from these

people.

CLERK

(in German)

The telephone -

Müller walks over, takes the receiver and slams it down. an AIR RAID SIREN is going off somewhere, and now the faint sound of explosions is also discernible, but all muffled in this room with the steady clack-clack of the STENOGRAPHER. At that moment, Müller suddenly becomes aware of what is happening. He turns on the Stenographer.

MÜLLER

(in German)

What are you doing?

STENOGRAPHER

(awkward, in
German)

That Geneva Convention. I'm -

Müller peremptorily rips out the paper,
throws it on the floor.

CARAVAGGIO

You can't do that! Hey - come
on!

DURING THIS Müller's gone to the table, pulled
out a drawer and
produced A CUT-THROAT RAZOR. He hands it to
the nurse, makes a line
across his own left thumb and jerks his head
towards Caravaggio. The
nurse is extremely reluctant. Müller claps
his hands, pushes her
towards Caravaggio.

MÜLLER

Go! Hey! Go!

Caravaggio is in terror.

CARAVAGGIO

Oh Jesus. Oh Jesus Christ.

The guards come away from the door and press
down on Caravaggio's
shoulders to prevent him from moving. The
nurse, grim-faced,
approaches, kneels at the table.

CARAVAGGIO

(as she prepares
to cut)

Listen, I'll give you a name.
What
name did you say? I knew them!
I promise. Please - please!

And then he SCREAMS AND SCREAMS and jerks up,
carrying the guards and
the table with him, all heaving off the
ground, the nurse thrown off
balance. He falls to the floor, ROARING WITH
PAIN, blood everywhere,
the table on top of him. The AIR RAID is
continuing outside, the PHONE
IS RINGING, the nurse stands, pale, blood all
over her uniform.

MÜLLER

Cut the other thumb.

He stabs at his own right thumb.

MÜLLER

This one! Come on!

The nurse, horrified, shakes her head. Müller snatches the razor from her and heads towards the prostate Caravaggio.

One Guard has got to his feet and grips Caravaggio around the neck in half-nelson, others holding his legs, while Müller approaches. Caravaggio can't move. He's gurgling as the Guard almost strangles him. His eyes are streaming with tears.

Now Müller is at his other hand, and the ROAR of pain again lifts Caravaggio to his feet, THE WHOLE TABLE RISING IN THE AIR, his mutilated hands slipping from the handcuffs lie Houdini, the drawers of the table SPILLING their contents everywhere, before he sinks to his knees like a gored bull and BLACKS OUT.

148 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. TOBRUK. DAY.

LATER, and Caravaggio comes round. His eyes open and then his face spasms with pain. He looks down at his ruined hands, then realizes he's alone on the floor of the room, the papers still scattered, the table on its side. He gets up and staggers out of the open door and up the stairs.

149*. INT. STAIRS FROM INTERROGATION ROOM. TOBRUK. DAY.

The corridor is deserted, but the body of a GERMAN SOLDIER sprawls on the stairs leading up to daylight. Outside Caravaggio can hear fighting.

150*. EXT. ROOF. INTERROGATION BUILDING. DAY.

Caravaggio walks unsteadily along the roof of the building. Grey and yellow gusts of smoke and the rat-ta-tat-tat of machine gun fire accompany him, and there's the sound of vehicles screeching and people shouting nearby, but no visual clues as to what's happening.

SUDDENLY A PARACHUTE FLOATS DOWN BY HIM. THEN ANOTHER. THEN ANOTHER. HE'S SURROUNDED BY PARACHUTES. THE BRITISH ARE RECLAIMING TOBRUK. A PARATROOPER LANDS ON THE ROOF, AND GESTURES TO CARAVAGGIO TO RAISE HIS HANDS. HE SLOWLY DOES SO.

151*. INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Caravaggio stands in front of the bed, holding up his NAKED HANDS to the Patient, like a man surrendering - two flaps like gills where his thumbs were. The Patient reaches out to take his hands and gently lowers them. Caravaggio finds his bandages, start to wrap them back round his fists.

CARAVAGGIO

found The man who took my thumbs, I
him eventually - he's dead.
The man who took my photograph, I found him
too - that took me a year. He's
dead. Another man took that man across the
desert to Cairo. Now I intend to find
him.

The LIGHTS FROM THE MOTORBIKE approaching the Monastery, its growl.
Caravaggio goes to the window and watches as Kip and Hana arrive.

152 INT. AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE. CAIRO, 1939. NIGHT.

Last seen at the Troops Christmas party, the INNER COURTYARD has been transformed into an elegant outdoor banquet, with band. The Almásy/Madox team is assembled for A FAREWELL DINNER. They are waiting for Almásy to arrive, his seat conspicuously empty. He is very late. And then he's there, dangerous drunk, terribly dashing. He practically dances to his chair, which he drags violently away from its position opposite Katharine. He bows to Lady Hampton.

ALMÁSY

I believe I'm rather late.

MADOX

(ignoring the
drama of this entrance)
Good, we're all here? A toast,
to the International Sand club
-
may it soon resurface.

THE OTHERS

The International Sand Club!

ALMÁSY

(raising his
glass)
Misfits, buggers, fascists, and
paedophiles. God bless us
every one.

The others drink, trying to ignore his mood.

ALMÁSY

Oops! Mustn't say
International.
Majesty!
Dirty word. Filthy word. His
Die Führer! Il Duce.

CLIFTON

Sorry, what's your point?

ALMÁSY

(ignoring the
remark)
us.
are
Colonials...
embarrassed Fouad)
people
knighthood.
Sir Hampton)
Isn't that right?

And the people here don't want
Are you kidding? The Egyptians
desperate to get rid of the
(to an
- isn't that right? Their best
get down on hands and knees
begging to be spared a
(to his host,

Ronnie Hampton shrugs. They're all very
uncomfortable. Almásy glares
at Clifton.

ALMÁSY

What's my point?
(standing up)
Oh! I've invented a new dance

- the
it? Bosphorus Hug. Anybody up to
D'Aggers. Madox? D'Ag? Come on

D'AGOSTINO

Let's eat first. Sit down.

The Band is now playing Manhattan - Almásy,
without missing a beat,
begins to sing, replacing the words with
alternatives he knows. He
lurches around. Katharine can't look at him.

ALMÁS

fish ...We'll bathe at Brighton, the
your we'll frighten when we're in.
the bathing suit so thin will make
Those shellfish grin, fin to fin. --
before were the words - actually -
a they were cleaned up. Could be
English accent) song for you, Mrs. Clifton -
(a perfect

#NAME?

Madox gets up and pulls Almásy into his chair,
taking charge.

MADOX

home. Look, either shut up, or go

ALMÁS

Lashings of (darkly)
absolutely right, shut up.
apologies all round.

**153*. EXT. AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE.
NIGHT.**

Later, now MOST OF THE GROUP ARE DANCING. We
see Katharine dancing
with Rupert Douglas, enjoying herself.
Bermann is there and even Madox
jogging and grinning foolishly. Clifton looks
at Katharine who, as the
dance ends, excuses herself to go to the
cloakroom. Almásy hovers in
the shadows, unseen.

154*. INT. AMBASSADOR'S RESIDENCE.
NIGHT.

Katharine comes along the familiar warren of rooms and corridors and is suddenly confronted by Almásy, tortured and out of control.

ALMÁS

Why did you hold his collar?

KATHARINE

What?

ALMÁS

(mimicking her

inflection)

little boy,
gripping

What? What? That boy, that
you were holding his collar,
his collar, what for?

KATHARINE

Would you let me pass?

ALMÁS

into your
this it?

Is he next? Do you drag him
little room? Where is it? Is

KATHARINE

Don't do this.

ALMÁS

verandahs, at
how
you
hadn't capsized?

I've watched you - on
Garden Parties, at the Races -
can you stand there? How can
ever smile? As if your life

KATHARINE

You know why?

He tries to hold her. She resists

ALMÁS

Dance with me.

KATHARINE

No.

ALMÁS

you.
Dance with me. I want to touch

mine. I want the things which are
Which belong to me.

KATHARINE

Do you think you're the only
one who
feels anything? Is that what
you think?

Some women, flushed with dancing, turn the
corner on the way to the
Ladies Room. They collect Katharine in their
train and leave Almásy to
fall back into the shadows.

155 INT. THE PATIENTS' ROOM. NIGHT.

Hana sits with the Patient. His eyes are full
of tears. He opens
them, sees her, watching over him. He's
embarrassed.

THE PATIENT

Why don't you go?
(wiping his
eyes)
You should sleep.

HANA

Would you like me to?

He nods. She gets up, touches his hand, then
leaves.

156*. INT. THE MONASTERY, LANDING AND STAIRS. NIGHT.

Hana leaves the room, then turns and sees A
TINY LAMP on the floor,
it's made from a SNAIL SHELL and oil. She
bends to it curiously, then
sees a second lamp half-way down the stairs,
then a third further down.
She smiles in the light, then follows the
trail.

157 EXT. THE MONASTERY CLOISTERS. NIGHT.

In the Cloisters THE TRAIL OF SHELL LAMPS
CONTINUES, like tiny cat's
eyes. As they reach the hopscotch chalk
marks, they outline the
squares. Hana HOPSCOTCHES and then follows
the light, disappearing

round a corner.

**158 INT. THE MONASTERY STABLES.
NIGHT.**

Hana comes through into the stables. The lamps lead her, then they stop. She peers into the shadows.

KIP (O/S)

Hana.

She turns to the voice. He steps out of the darkness.

HANA

(happy)

Kip.

And he goes to her.

**159 EXT. THE MONASTERY STABLES. EARLY
MORNING.**

Hardy knocks cautiously on the door of the stables. Eventually Hana opens the door.

HARDY

I was looking for the Lieutenant Singh.

HANA

He's sleeping.

HARDY

Only we have to go to work.

HANA

I'll tell him. What is it? Is it a mine?

HARDY

A bomb. At the Viaduct.

She closes the door, then reappears.

HANA

Does he have to go?

HARDY

Pardon me?

HANA

What if you couldn't find him...?

(Hardy's

bewildered)

Sergeant, not today, please.
Not this morning.

Kip comes to the door, winding his turban.

KIP

What's happening? Am I needed?

HARDY

I'm afraid so, sir.

Kip hurries to his tent. Hana follows him.

HANA

Don't go. I'm frightened. I
can love
a coward, I can't love another
dead man.

KIP

This is what I do. I do this
every day.

And he's ready, Hardy having wheeled out their
motorcycles. He gets on
his, and they're away, Hana hardly able to
look.

**160 EXT. A VIADUCT NORTH OF THE
MONASTERY. DAY.**

**KIP IS LOWERED BY A PULLEY INTO THE SHAFT THE
SAPPERS HAVE MADE AROUND
THE BOMB.** Hardy supervises. The bomb huge -
2,000 lbs, and
protrudes ostrich-like from the pit, its nose
sunk into a pool of
sludge at the base of the viaduct.

Kip steps off and sinks knee deep in mud,
grunting in disgust.
Warily, he touches his huge opponent, feeling
the condition of the
case. He wipes the metal. Reveals a serial
number, calls it out to
Hardy, who's perched on the bank.

KIP

Serial number - KK-1P2600.

He's hypnotized by the number: KK-1P: a bomb
with his name on it.

**161 EXT. ROAD APPROACHING VIADUCT.
DAY.**

Hana cycles along on Caravaggio's bicycle. A

TANK comes roaring up
behind her, then a second and a third, loaded
up with people, citizens
and soldiers, and children, waving flags and
gesticulating. She lets
the metal circus go by.

162 INT. BOMB SHAFT. DAY.

Back in the shaft, Kip works away, his fingers
shaking with the cold
from the oxygen he's using to freeze the fuse.
Suddenly there's a
VIOLENT TREMOR. The ground is SHUDDERING, and
the bomb slips horribly.
Kip GRABS AT IT helplessly as if trying to
stop a man from falling,
instead it falls on him pushing him into the
sludge.

KIP

Hardy! Hardy! What's
happening?!

163 EXT. VIADUCT. DAY.

The TANKS are rumbling towards the Viaduct.
HORNS start sounding.
HARDY, below, bellows at his men above for
explanation.

HARDY

Corporal!? Dade!!

DADE

Tanks, sir. Don't know what
it's about.
God only knows.

HARDY

(incredulous)
What is this - a bloody
carnival?
Stop them!

Three Sappers run across the bridge towards
the oncoming procession.
They wave their orange flags, the tanks wave
back with their flags -
Stars and Stripes, Union Jacks. Now SHOTS are
ringing out. In the
shaft, oblivious, Kip slides out from under
the bomb, the oxygen
spurting everywhere, all over his clothes,
hissing on the surface of
the water. Hardy bends into the shaft,
heedless of his own safety.

HARDY
You've got to cut, sir, that
frost
won't last.

KIP
Go away.

HARDY
Yessir.

KIP
This is making me incredibly
angry.

He rubs his hands to warm them up, locates his
needle pliers and slips
them through the tiny gap. His hand touches
the casing and the freeze
BURNS his hand. He jerks back, DROPPING THE
PLIERS into the sludge,
cursing.

Now he's on his hands and knees in the sludge,
trying frantically to
find the pliers. Hardy looks at his watch, he
can't help. The seconds
run out as Kip grovels in the mud. Totally
submerged, he suddenly
comes out with the pliers, goes straight to
the fuse, no finesse, and
cuts. There's a snip. Then nothing. Then
Kip laughs at Hardy.

KIP
Kiss me.

Hardy is already at the winch, hauling it up.
Kip can hardly clip on
the halter - his hands numb and burned. As
the pulley jerks he just
clings on, rising from the grip of the mud
like an ancient corpse out
of a bog.

The other sappers have gathered around the
edge of the site. Great
elation on their faces.

HARDY
Get a blanket!
(not getting
attention)
Dade! Get the Lieutenant a
blanket.

DADE
It's over, Sarge. It's over.
Jerry's surrendered.
(to Kip)

Sir, congratulations!

Kip shakes his hand. Kip shakes Hardy's hand.

KIP

Congratulations.

And now they're all shaking hands, and slapping backs and the SOLDIERS FROM THE TANKS are there and the victory celebrations begin. Kip's blank, drained, not taking anything in, as Dade wraps a blanket around his shoulders.

HANA'S ON TOP OF THE VIADUCT, watching as Kip is wrapped in his blanket, the men celebrating. She shouts with relief from the top of the bridge.

HANA

Kip!

164 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. NIGHT.

A VICTORY CELEBRATION PARTY.

The gramophone plays Frank Sinatra. Kip sits in the window, the shutters open, the village lit up behind his head, nodding to the music, sucking out of his condensed milk. Elsewhere there is an open bottle of cognac, some wine. The Patient has a beaker of wine. Caravaggio is dancing with Hana.

HANA

Kip - come and dance with me

KIP

(a sly wobble of the head)

Yes. Later.

Caravaggio swirls past the Patient - nodding at the cognac.

CARAVAGGIO

Have a drink.

THE PATIENT

I've had a drink. Fatal.

CARAVAGGIO

Well, anything you do is likely to be fatal, so you know -

THE PATIENT

Very true!

165 EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE. NIGHT.

A tiny PIAZZA where the Sappers and the Villagers are having their own, more raucous, Victory Feste. There are accordions, there's dancing, and there's HARDY, stripped to some exotic underpants, a large tattoo: DORIS inside a heart, clambering up the EQUESTRIAN STATUE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FOUNTAIN. He's astride the horse and now straining to get up to the tip of the outstretched sword, so that he can hang the UNION JACK FLAG he has in his mouth.

BLACKLER, one of the Sappers, is Hardy's assistant. He's drunk and slips from his ladder, falling flat on his back into the fountain with a great splash, to much hilarity.

166 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Hana and Caravaggio are still dancing. The music has stopped. Caravaggio changes the record. Hana goes to Kip for a second, beaming, before Caravaggio has snatched her away again. The Patient taps along to the music.

THE PATIENT

Who knows the Bosphorus Hug?

HANA

Never heard of it.

THE PATIENT

That was a dance we invented at the International Sand Club.

CARAVAGGIO

(cryptic)

What? You and Madox? Or you and Katharine Clifton?

THE PATIENT

(a small laugh)

What?

There's a muddled thud in the distance, Kip's ears prick up. He glances for an instant out of the window.

HANA

(anxious, of the
noise)

What was that?

She is spinning with Caravaggio. When she comes round again, Kip has gone.

167 EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE. ITALY 1945. NIGHT.

Kip's motorbike skids into the tiny PIAZZA.

A MILITARY AMBULANCE IS ALREADY THERE. Dade and SPALDING are presiding as the paramedics take two bodies into the rear of the truck. The shattered fountain, the sluiced flagstones, shining wet and slick, give some clues as to what's happened, as do the elderly standing in the shadows, the distressed girls, arm in arm. ONE GIRL, young and quite striking, is particularly inconsolable, her grief sobbed out at the doors of the ambulance.

SPALDING salutes Kip, who waves his salute away, just wanting to know what happened.

SPALDING

Booby trap. They was running
up the
statue -
Union Jack, sir, up off that
It just went off.

DADE

Should have been me. It was my
idea
but Sergeant Hardy climbed up,
sir,
him and Blackler.

Kip goes to the ambulance. Spalding tries to stop him.

SPALDING

Sir - you don't want to look.

Kip steps into the back of the ambulance, bends over both bodies, does look, then comes out, past the weeping girl.

KIP

Who's that girl?

DADE

His fiancée, sir.

KIP

(astonished)

Hardy's?

DADE

Kept it a bit dark.

168 EXT. THE MONASTERY. APPROACHING DAWN.

Kip has pulled out all of Hardy's gear. Now he starts on the tent. Hana comes out into the step. Kip turns, his eyes brimming, sees her, sighs, then turns back and kicks at the pegs, collapsing the tent.

Now he's trying to fold a shirt. Hana takes it from him. She folds it. Then together they start to fold the tent, Kip orchestrating, not wanting to talk. Finally, Kip looks at Hana, stiff with emotion.

KIP

I was thinking yesterday -
yesterday! -
the Patient, Hardy: they're
England. everything that's good about
was. I couldn't even say what that
words, We didn't exchange two personal
some and we've been together through
village! - terrible things, some -
(incredulous)
he was engaged to a girl in the
I mean -
(looks at Hana)
didn't and us - he never once... He
at ask me if I could spin the ball
cricket or the kamasutra or -
I don't even know what I'm
talking about.

HANA

You loved him.

169*. INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. EVENING.

Caravaggio, reading Dante aloud in Italian,
smoking, walks over to the
window, looks out.

169*. EXT. KIP'S TENT. EVENING.

Hana is approaching Kip's tent, carrying a
light. She ducks inside the
tent and the light disappears.

169b*. INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. EVENING.

Caravaggio turns back into the room, towards
the Patient, still
reading.

170 INT. KIP'S TENT. NIGHT.

Hana lies over Kip, unraveling his turban,
slowly, sensual.

HANA

If one night I didn't come to
the tent,
what would you do?

KIP

I try not to expect you.

HANA

But if it got late and I hadn't
shown up?

KIP

Then I'd think there must be a
reason.

HANA

You wouldn't come to find me?
(Kip shrugs)
That makes me never want to
come here.

But she continues unraveling the turban.

HANA

Then I tell myself he spends
all
day searching, in the night he
wants to be found.

**171*. EXT. BASECAMP AT THE CAVE OF
SWIMMERS. 1939. DAY.**

The Expedition Team is packing up the
Basecamp. Madox and Almásy are

loading things into the plane. FOUAD, AL AUF
and others work at the
cars.

MADOX

wisteria
forward
with

Had a letter from my wife. The
is still out, which I'm looking
to. She says Dorset is gripped
Invasion Fever. Wrong coast I
should have thought, still...

ALMÁSY

Right.

MADOX

interned,
what
out
Mussolini.
so.

Bermann thinks he'll be
poor fellow. I'm going to do
I can, but... And D'Ag turns
to be a great admirer of
So now you can say I told you

ALMÁSY

I told you so.

MADOX

Hungarians,
mattered,
than that.

We didn't care about countries.
Did we? Brits, Arabs,
Germans. None of that
did it? It was something finer

ALMÁSY

compass.

Yes. It was. Thanks for the
I'll look after it for you.

MADOX

off)

(shrugging this
When's Clifton picking you up?

ALMÁSY

worry.

Tomorrow afternoon. Don't
I'll be ready.

MADOX

hangar at

I'll leave the plane in the
Kufra Oasis. So if you need

it...hard to know how long one's talking
about. We might all be back in a month or
two.

Madox kneels and takes A HANDFUL OF SAND, puts
it into his pocket. He
throws his haversack into the plane then
turns. Almásy puts out a
hand. This is a moment of great emotional
weight for them both,
conducted as if nothing were happening.

MADOX

I have to teach myself not to
read too much into everything.
Comes of too long having to read so much
into hardly anything at all.

ALMÁSÝ

Goodbye, my friend.

They shake hands.

MADOX

May God make safety your
companion.

ALMÁSÝ

(a tradition)
There is no God.
(smiles)
But I hope someone looks after
you.

Madox clambers into his plane, then remembers
something, jabs at his
throat.

MADOX

In case you're still wondering
- this is called the supasternal
notch.

Almásy nods, goes to the propeller.

MADOX

Come and visit us in Dorset.
When all this nonsense is over.
(then shrugs)
You'll never come to Dorset.

The plane roars into life. Almásy watches it
taxi away - then heads

back to continue with his packing up.

172*. INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. NIGHT.

MADDOX SHOOTS HIMSELF BEHIND THE ALTAR IN THE ROOM. The Patient's stertorous breathing, each intake accompanied by a small noise, a note, suddenly stops. Then steadies again. He appears to be alone.

173 EXT. GARDEN. NIGHT.

Kip is in the tent, looking out of the flap, waiting for Hana.

174*. INT. THE MONASTERY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Kip walks in looking for Hana.

174a*. INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Kip enters, sees Hana is not with the Patient, hears his uneven breathing, then goes out. From the shadows of the room, CARAVAGGIO shifts position. He's slumped on the floor, staring at the man prone in the bed.

174b*. INT. HANA'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Into her bedroom, Kip can't find her there either. He turns to go, walking down the wooden stairs, until her voice stops him in his tracks. She's in the shadows of the eaves.

HANA

Sometimes I need you to find me.

175*. INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. NIGHT.

The Patient's eyes open to see Caravaggio at the morphine.

THE PATIENT

Hana tells me you're leaving.

CARAVAGGIO

(preparing the injection)

Germans,
across the
headquarters.
photographs -
in
impression.

before you got Rommel's spy
desert and inside British
He took some pretty good
I saw mine in that torture room
Tobruk, so they made an

THE PATIENT

And you thought you'd come and
settle the score?

CARAVAGGIO

only

You were the only man who knew
the desert well enough, the
man who would cross seventeen
hundred miles of nothing.

THE PATIENT

desert. I made a
nothing to me.

I had to get back to the
promise. The rest meant

CARAVAGGIO

What did you say?

THE PATIENT

The rest meant nothing to me.

CARAVAGGIO

did.
expedition.
hadn't
photographer
could

There was a result to what you
It wasn't just another
(holds up hands)
It did this. If the British
unearthed your nose
in Cairo thousands of people
have died.

THE PATIENT

just

Thousands of people did die,
different people.

CARAVAGGIO

they
them?

But you were among the British,
were your friends - why betray

THE PATIENT

(a bitter laugh)

Is that what you thought? That
I
betrayed the British? The
British
betrayed me. The British
betrayed me.

**176*. EXT. BASECAMP AT CAVE OF SWIMMERS.
1939. DAY.**

Almásy sits on a ridge transferring map of
information from his
Herodotus onto a sheet of paper. He looks up
at the sound of Clifton's
approaching Steerman. He folds up the map and
sticks it inside one of
Clifton's CHAMPAGNE BOTTLES and lodges it
between the rocks.

176a*. INT. STEERMAN. DAY.

Clifton is flying the STEERMAN up to Gilf
Kebir. From the air it's
possible to make out Almásy scrambling down
from the ridge towards
where the stones indicate a landing area,
carrying the last of the
materials from the Cave of Swimmers. Almásy
waves in recognition and
welcome.

**177 EXT. BASECAMP AT THE CAVE OF
SWIMMERS. DAY.**

Almásy watches as the plane drops towards him,
shielding his eyes
against the sun. the plane bounces along the
runway, not quite
landing. Almásy continues packing the
equipment.

Almásy looks up to see the plane swerve, now
suddenly HEADING STRAIGHT
TOWARDS HIM. He's completely vulnerable,
nowhere to run. He dives at
the ground. THE PLANE SMASHES AGAINST AN
INVISIBLE RIDGE AND TURNS
OVER AND OVER, the wings snapping off like
twigs as it hurtles past the
prostrate Almásy. He gets to his feet and
starts to run towards the
wreckage.

A blue line of smoke is uncoiling from the
plane, but no fire. Almásy

pulls away the debris to find GEOFFREY -
SLUMPED, NECK BROKEN, BLOODY.
He tries to move him, and in the process
reveals, to his ABSOLUTE
horror, KATHARINE, STARING GRIMLY AHEAD,
UNABLE TO MOVE. He's frantic.

ALMÁSY

Katharine! Oh dear God,
Katharine -
what are you doing here?

KATHARINE

(eyes rolling,
an incredible weariness)
I can't move. I can't get out.

Almásy starts to pull at the wreck around her.
DURING THIS -

ALMÁSY

Why did he bring you?

KATHARINE

A surprise, he said.

Almásy inspects Clifton, tries to find a
pulse. The smoke circles
around them. Katharine looks at her husband.

KATHARINE

Poor Geoffrey. He knew. He
must
have known all the time. He
was
shouting - I love you,
Katharine,
I love you so much. Is he
badly hurt?
His neck is odd.

Almásy puts his arm around Katharine to try
and pull her clear. She
can't stand the pain.

KATHARINE

Please don't move me. It hurts
too much.

ALMÁSY

We've got to get you out of
here.

KATHARINE

It hurts too much.

ALMÁSY

(can't bear to
hurt her)
I know, darling, I'm sorry.

The smoke thickens. He pulls - hard - the pain from which causes Katharine to gasp, then pass out. They slip haphazardly to the ground, cushioned a little by the sand. He lifts her gently into his arms and carries her from the danger of the place, then turns and runs back. THE PLANE SUDDENLY ERUPTS IN FLAMES. Almásy dashes into the fire, disappearing into the smoke before emerging with Clifton over his shoulder, fireman's-lift style.

178 **EXT. THE CAVE OF SWIMMERS. DAY.**

He has WRAPPED KATHARINE IN THE SILK FOLDS OF HER PARACHUTE and emerges from the near the familiar cleft in the rock, struggling with the exertion of the climb as they approach the Cave of Swimmers. He has a large water bottle slung around his neck and a haversack, and is loaded like a pack horse. Katharine opens her eyes.

KATHARINE

(whispering)

Why did you hate me?

ALMÁS Y

What?

KATHARINE

Don't you know you drove everybody mad?

ALMÁS Y

Don't talk.

KATHARINE

(gasping)

You speak so many bloody languages and you never want to talk.

They stagger on. He suddenly notices a stain of gold at her neck. It's saffron, leaking from a silver THIMBLE which hangs from a black ribbon.

ALMÁS Y

(overwhelmed)

You're wearing the thimble.

KATHARINE

Of course. You idiot. I

always wear it.

I've always worn it. I've
always loved you.

Almásy CRIES as he walks - huge sobs, no words
- convulsed with the
pain of it. They approach the Cave.

179*. INT. CAVE OF SWIMMERS. DAY.

Almásy comes through in shadows, carrying
Katharine, blocking out the
light that pours into the entrance of the
cave. Once inside, he sets
her down incredibly gently, makes a bed of
blankets and the parachute.
He turns on his flashlight.

KATHARINE

It's so cold.

ALMÁS Y

I know. I'm sorry. I'll make
a fire.

I'll be back.

KATHARINE

(panicking

suddenly)

Don't leave me!

ALMÁS Y

I'm just going to find things
for the fire.

**179a*. INT. CAVE OF SWIMMERS.
TORCHLIGHT.**

Almásy returns with the stocks of ACACIA TWIGS
the Expedition had
cached. As he makes the fire, the light sends
his shadow flitting
across the walls.

KATHARINE

Shall we be all right?

ALMÁS Y

Yes. Absolutely.

KATHARINE

(with a laugh)

Oh dear.

ALMÁS Y

(as he works)

Listen to me, Katharine.

You've broken

your ankle and I'm going to
have to try and bind it. I think your
wrist might be broken, too - and some ribs,
which is why it's hurting you to
breathe. I'm going to have to walk to El
Taj. Given all the traffic in the desert
these days I should bump into one army or
another before I reach there - or
Fenelon-Barnes and his camel. And then I'll
be back and we'll be fine, and I'll
never leave you.

The fire is lit and he comes over to her,
kneels beside her.

KATHARINE

Do you promise? I wouldn't
want to die here. I wouldn't want to die
in the desert. I've always had a rather
elaborate funeral in mind, with particular hymns.
Very English. And I know exactly
where I want to be buried. In our
garden. Where I grew up. With a view of the
sea. So promise me you'll come back for
you.

ALMÁSY

I promise I'll come back. I
promise I'll never leave you. And
there's plenty of water and food. You
can have a party.

He kisses her tenderly. Pulls out his
HERODOTUS and lays it beside
her. Then he puts down the FLASHLIGHT.

ALMÁSY

And a good read.
(of the
flashlight battery)
Don't waste it.

KATHARINE

Thank you.

(clouds over)

Will you bury Geoffrey? I know
he's dead.

ALMÁSY

I'm sorry, Katharine.

KATHARINE

I know.

ALMÁSY

Every night I cut out my heart

but

in the morning it was full

again.

He's tearing strips from the parachute with
his knife. As he starts to
bind her wrist he gets her to talk, trying to
distract her from the
pain.

ALMÁSY

Tell me about your garden.

KATHARINE

(tries to focus)

Our Garden, our garden - not so

much

the garden, but the copse

alongside it,

wild, a secret way plunging

down to the

shore and then nothing but

water

between you and France. The

Devil's

Chimney it was called -

(he pulls tight

on the binding)

The Devil's Chimney, I don't

know why.

(he kisses her)

Darling. My darling.

180 EXT. THE DESERT. DUSK.

ALMÁSY BURYING CLIFTON. He's dug a narrow
trench, and now he goes to
the body. Clifton's face is oil stained,
bloody. Almásy takes his
handkerchief and, pouring his precious water
into it, CLEANS GEOFFREY'S
FACE.

THE PATIENT'S (O/S)

Seventy miles, north - north

west.
I had Madox's compass. A man
can
walk in the desert as fast as a
camel.
That's about two and a half
miles an hour.

181 EXT. THE DESERT. NIGHT.

Alamos's walking. He slides and collapses as
he misjudges a dune, gets
up, stumbles on.

THE PATIENT (O/S)

I stopped at noon and at
twilight.
Three days there, I told her,
then
three hours back by jeep.
Don't go
anywhere. I'll be back.

182 EXT. THE DESERT. DAWN.

He trudges on, his eyes opening and closing.
He's singing to keep
awake. Darktown Strutter's Ball. - I'll be
down to get you in the
taxi, honey... He does a little shuffle.
Looks behind at the crazy
trail of his footprints.

182a*. EXT. THE CHOTT. DAWN.

A vast flat expanse of dried salt lake. A
remorseless horizon. Almasý
walks, checking the compass, squinting at the
sun. then he sees a
cloud of dust traveling across the horizon.
It comes closer moving at
great speed, reveals itself. An OSTRICH.

183 EXT. WELL. DAY.

Almáý lowers himself by an old rope down into
a gully. He approaches
a pile of stones and removes them to reveal a
brackish pool of filthy
water. He drinks, pouring water over his
head, grimacing at the taste,
but parched too.

184*. EXT. APPROACHING EL TAJ. DAY.

Almásy gets his first sight of the fortress town of EL TAJ and sinks to his knees, in relief and exhaustion. Then he gets up and trudges towards the town. A CORPORAL with a rifle in his hands appears.

184a*. INT. EL TAJ. DAY.

The Corporal brings Almásy into a square. A young OFFICER appears from the shadows of his office. His JEEP is parked in the shade.

OFFICER

Good morning!

ALMÁSÝ

Could I trouble you for some water?

OFFICER

(registering the accented English)

Yes, of course.

(the Corporal

has a water bottle, hands it to Almásy)

So, golly, where have you come from?

ALMÁSÝ

(gulping the water)

I desperately need a jeep.

There's

been an accident.

OFFICER

I see.

ALMÁSÝ

(brain racing)
No, I'm not thinking clearly -

I need

a doctor too, to come with me,

can I

take this vehicle? I'll pay,

of course -

and some morphine and...

(calculating)

Seventy miles - I can be back here by dusk.

OFFICER

Do you have your papers, sir?

ALMÁSÝ

What?

OFFICER

If I could just see some identification.

ALMÁSY

Am I not talking sense? -
forgive me,
there's a
Kebir,
a
Geographical
Society.

OFFICER

Right. And what's your name, sir?

ALMÁSY

Count Laszlo de Almásy.

The Officer is writing this down. A glance at his Corporal.

OFFICER

Almásy - would you mind just spelling that for me? What nationality would that be?

ALMÁSY

Look, listen to me. A woman is
dying -
miles from
three
name,
jeep!

my wife! - is dying seventy
here. I have been walking for
days! I don't want to spell my
I want you to give me this

OFFICER

(writing)
I understand you are agitated -
perhaps you would like to sit
down
while I radio back to HQ -

ALMÁSY

(snapping)
No! NO! Don't radio anybody,
just give me the fucking jeep!

Almásy sets on the Officer, hauling him by the lapels, but then immediately loses his balance. As he stumbles

up he gets the stock of
the Corporal's RIFLE across his head, KNOCKING
HIM TO THE GROUND.

185*. EXT. EL TAJ STREET. DAY.

Almásy, head pounding, is in the back of the
jeep, chained to the
tailgate. He's desperate. The Corporal is
driving.

ALMÁSY

(shouting

hoarse)

Let me

dying,

- Hey!

Hey! Hey! Stop this jeep!

out of here - there's a woman

there's a woman dying while I'm

CORPORAL

Shut-up!

ALMÁSY

I beg you,

terrible

and

dying.

Please - I beg you, I beg you,

please listen to me, this is a

mistake. Just stop, please,

listen to me. My wife is

CORPORAL

listen

Listen, Fritz, if I have to

to another word from you I'll
give you a fucking good hiding.

ALMÁSY

about?

Fritz? What are you talking

Who's Fritz?

CORPORAL

then, Irish?

That's your name innit? Count

Fucking Arsehole Von Bismarck?

What's that supposed to be

Almásy, berserk, starts to yank at his chains,
screaming.

ALMÁSY

out -

Let me out, let me out, let me

Katharine! Katharine!

186 INT. CAVE OF SWIMMERS.
TORCHLIGHT.

Katharine has been writing in the Herodotus.
The torchlight FLICKERS.
She shakes the torch. It FLICKERS again.
Then goes out. Absolute
BLACKNESS. The sound of her trembling breath.

187*. EXT. A TRAIN. THE DESERT.
DUSK.

A TRAIN scuttles through the desert.

187a*. INT. THE TRAIN. THE DESERT.
DUSK.

Almásy is HANDCUFFED to the metal grille of
the goods compartment.
He's lying down amongst a bunch of other
prisoners and their little
bundles of possessions in this makeshift cell
- some Arabs, some
Italians.

A SERGEANT pushes a lavatory-bound prisoner
along the corridor, leaving
behind A YOUNG PRIVATE who sits on a packing
case, with a rifle across
his lap, reading a Penguin edition of
Gulliver's Travels. Almásy is in
complete despair to be on the train. He tries
to move, but he's locked
tight to the grille. He rattles the cuffs
against the metal.

ALMÁSY

Excuse me.

(the Soldier

looks up)

I also need to use the

lavatory.

SOLDIER

You'll have to wait.

(calls up the

corridor)

Sarge! Jerry wants to use the

lav -

says it's urgent.

ALMÁSY

Where are we going, please?

SOLDIER

To the coast. Benghazi. Soon

be there.

Get a boat home. You'll be all right.

ALMÁSY CAN'T BEAR THIS NEWS. The SERGEANT returns.

SERGEANT

What's up?

ALMÁSY

Cramps. It's urgent.

SERGEANT

Go on then - you take him.

188 INT. THE TRAIN CORRIDOR. THE DESERT. DAY.

The Soldier pushes Almásy along the corridor. They arrive outside the lavatory. The Soldier is distracted for a split second. Enough for Almásy to ELBOW HIM savagely in the stomach, winding him, then he KICKS HIM REPEATEDLY in the head. He wraps his cuffs around the Soldier's neck and - yanking them together and twisting - produces a tiny, efficient and sickening snap.

He finds the KEY to the handcuffs, unlocks them, grabs the soldier and drags him into the empty lavatory.

189 INT. TRAIN. THE DESERT. EVENING.

Almásy arrives at the rear of the train, passes the Kitchen carriage, where Arabs sweat over the boiler. He pulls open the back door only to surprise a GUARD, who's lolling casually, enjoying the sunset. Almásy SHOOTS HIM with his stole rifle. He clammers over the guard rail and leaps off the train - tumbling into the desert sunset.

190 EXT. RAILWAY TRACK. THE DESERT. EVENING.

Almásy, silhouetted against the evening sky, walks back down the track, THREE HUNDRED MILES AWAY from the dying Katharine Clifton, no way now of saving her. He is a tiny speck in the vast desert. His heart

broken. He sinks to his knees in despair.

191*. INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. NIGHT.

The Patient is exhausted. He has said aloud what has tortured him. His failure to save Katharine. He looks at Caravaggio.

THE PATIENT

me. So yes. She died because of me. Because I loved her. Because I had the wrong name.

192 INT. THE MONASTERY STABLES. DAY.

Kip is working at a BLACKSMITH'S FORGE in the Stables. He is heating pieces of metal. He has arranged his material on a bench - a bayonet, a rifle, a piece of bomb casting.

Hana enters, goes up, hugs him from behind.

HANA

What are you up to?

KIP

cannon - That gun at Lahor, Kipling's Zamzammah - remember? That was made out of the metal of ordinary things. I want to make an ordinary thing out of guns.

His bayonet is thrust into the forge. It's red hot.

KIP

amazed at When I went to England I was what went on, the waste - I'd been taught to re-use everything, the dung from a cow to cool a radiator, a fork to fix a typewriter - India could live for a hundred years on what I saw thrown away.

HANA

I should go to the house, get

breakfast.

KIP

The lamp was burning all night
in his room. Caravaggio was there
with him.

She goes to kiss him. He is over the fire
and protests.

KIP

This is hot!

HANA

(teasing him)
Nya-nya-nya!

193*. INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY.

Caravaggio is injecting the Patient with
morphine.

CARAVAGGIO

And did you never see
Katharine? You never got back to the Cave?

THE PATIENT

Yes, I got back there finally
to keep my promise. To come back for
her. And then of course I
couldn't... I couldn't even do that properly.

194 INT. THE MONASTERY STABLES. DAY.

Kip hammers the metal into its new shape. He
stops, distracted by
something he's listening to on his crystal
set. It's new he seems not
to fully understand, about a bomb dropping on
Japan. A NEW KIND OF
BOMB.

THE METAL GLOWS A VIVID RED ON THE ANVIL.

Suddenly Kip slops it into the trough of
water, sending a great hissing
column of steam.

195*. INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY.

Caravaggio sits by the Patient.

CARAVAGGIO

nights,
dog.
You
my

You get to the morning and the
poison leaks away, doesn't it?
Black nights, fucking black
when you want to howl like a
I thought I would kill you.
killed my friends, you ruined
hands. But the girl was always
here, like some Guardian Angel.

THE PATIENT

years ago.
You can't kill me. I died

CARAVAGGIO

No, now I can't kill you.

Kip storms into the room, walks straight up to
the Patient and POINTS A
GUN AT HIM. Caravaggio is taken by surprise.

CARAVAGGIO

Kip - what are - ?

KIP

Stay out of this.

THE PATIENT

Kip?

KIP

brother
Never trust the
makers, the
with them.

I looked up to you, Uncle. My
always said I was a fool.
British, he said: the deal-
map-makers; never shake hands

THE PATIENT

What are you talking about?

KIP

time?
seen? -
soldiers, more -
ground
dropped

What have I been doing all this
Do you know how many mines I've
more mines than there are
how many mines we've put in the
ourselves, stuffed in corpses,
out of the sky. And now this.

He approaches the bed. Caravaggio tries to

intervene.

CARAVAGGIO

Kip, listen -

Kip sings the rifle at him, KNOCKING HIM to the floor.

KIP

I said keep out of this!

He pulls off his earphones and rams them around the Patient's head, dropping the set onto the bed. The Patient listens, coughing.

KIP

Can you hear? Can you hear what they're celebrating? I listened to you, Uncle. Sitting at your feet - always sitting at somebody's feet - trying to learn. The right way to hold a teacup, otherwise you're out, the pukkah knot in your tie - as if everything can be explained in terms of a cricket bat and an accent.

CARAVAGGIO

Kip -

KIP

because Kip! - it's not even my name Bhuller you can't say it. Kirpal Singh is my name.

Hana runs in, alerted by the commotion, stunned by what she sees.

CARAVAGGIO

Well, then ask him his name!

HANA

(getting in between Kip and the Patient)
What's happened? Kip! What's happening?
Don't shoot, please, don't shoot anybody.

KIP

They're excited! They're happy

about
they
Never!

destroying a whole city. Would
do that to a White Man's City?

THE PATIENT

(pulling off the
earphones)
hear any more.

Go on, do it. I don't need to

CARAVAGGIO

because
shoot me,

Kip, listen, he lost everything
he wasn't English - Jesus! -
I'm more English than he is!

Kip levels the gun at the Patient. Then
breaks it open, throws it down
on the bed, next to the earphones, from which
the news continues to
leak, some words audible - Eunola Gay...
Hiroshima... and from
different voices - It was beautiful! just
beautiful! Bang! the
biggest bang you ever saw!

196 EXT. KIP'S TENT. LATE DAY.

Hana approaches. Kip is inside the tent, the
flap zipped. She sees
his shadow move, then freeze as she calls his
name. It's like a
confessional. The flap between them, the man
in shadows, Hana
crouched, forlorn.

HANA

Kip. Kip. It's me.
(no response)
Why? It's another bomb.
However
big, what's the difference?
There've
been so many bombs. What about
Coventry? What about Dresden?
Where were those cities?
(no response)
I don't understand. Let me
come in.

The shadow doesn't move. Hana is at a loss.

197 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. EVENING.

The Patient becomes aware of something in the

room, opens his eyes,
squints into the darkness and sees A FIGURE
hovering against the wall.
He's in the Cave, he thinks, he's seeing the
painted figures moving,
he's seeing the Swimmer.

KIP - bare chested, no turban, hair loose -
stands in the shadows at
the foot of the Patient's bed.

198 INT. HANA'S ROOM. EVENING.

Kip comes into the room. Hana sits in the
corner. She is nervous of
him, his look, his intensity.

KIP

Will you come with me?

HANA

Of course. When?

KIP

I mean home. India.

HANA

Kip... I -

KIP

(interrupting

this)

brown man,

white woman.

I know - here I am always a
there you would be always a

HANA

that what

Is that what you think? Is
you think I think?

KIP

It's what I've learned.

HANA

not

it. And

bomb

bomb

I'm thinking about your heart,
your skin. And how to reach
that I don't think I can. A
has ruined us, just not the
I thought would ruin us.

She stands, goes to him.

HANA

I've clung to you. I've clung
to you.

Kip. Life a raft.

KIP

(clinging to

her)

Then come with me.

199 EXT. THE MONASTERY. DAY.

Next morning and Kip has attached what he was making in the forge - A NEW HANDLE - to the pump. Now he works it, producing a steady stream of water. His motorbike is against the wall. He goes to it. Caravaggio is watching. He hugs Kip, wrapping his arms around the boy like a bear.

199a*. EXT. HANA'S VEGETABLE GARDEN.
DAY.

HANA stands by her Vegetable Garden. Kip stops the motorbike. She goes to him, stands, FASTENS THE TOP BUTTON of his coat. You feel she might jump on the seat behind him. But she doesn't.

HANA

I'll always go back to that church.

Look at my painting.

KIP

I'll always go back to that church.

HANA

So one day we'll meet.

He nods, winds up the throttle, and is gone.

200 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY.

Hana comes in carrying FLOWERS and sets them down on the table next to a clutch of MORPHINE AMPOULES. She picks up the hypodermic to prepare his injection. She takes a phial. THE PATIENT REACHES OUT AND PUSHES TWO MORE TOWARDS HER. THEIR EYES MEET, THEN HE SHOVELS ANOTHER, THEN ALL OF THEM. She looks at him. IT'S A MASSIVE, LETHAL DOSE.

Hana starts to prepare the injection, her eyes filling with tears. The Patient nods, smiles, whispers.

THE PATIENT

Thank you. Thank you.

She kisses him, gently on the mouth. He closes his eyes.

THE PATIENT

Read to me, will you? Read me to sleep.

201*. EXT. (NEAR THE) BASECAMP. CAVE OF SWIMMERS. 1942. DAY.

The familiar cleft in the rocks. A PLANE is coming in to land.

202 INT. CAVE OF SWIMMERS. TORCHLIGHT.

A flashlight flickers in the cave. ALMÁSY APPEARS.

KATHARINE'S CORPSE lies where he left her - a ghost on a bed of silk and blankets. The chill of the cave has preserved her. She could be asleep. She clutches the Herodotus.

ALMÁSY

Katharine, my darling.

He sobs, whispering to her. He's terribly cold, exhausted. He slips underneath the covers to be next to her, and closes his eyes.

ALMÁSY

I'm so tired.

203*. INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY.

The Patient is slipping away. Hana is reading from the last pages of the Herodotus where KATHARINE HAS WRITTEN IN THE MARGINS.

HANA

- how My darling, I'm waiting for you long is a day in the dark, or a week?

The Patient looks across AND WHAT HE SEES IS
KATHARINE BESIDE HIM IN
**THE BED, SMILING, STROKING HIS HEAD, SPEAKING
TO HIM.**

**204 INT. CAVE OF SWIMMERS.
FLASHLIGHT.**

Katharine is writing. The FLASHLIGHT is
faint. She shivers.

KATHARINE (O/S)
...the fire is gone now, and
I'm
horribly cold. I really ought
to
drag myself outside but then
there would be the sun...

She passes the flashlight across the wall, the
painted figures dancing
in the pale light.

KATHARINE (O/S)
I'm afraid I waste the light on
the
paintings and on writing these
words...

205 INT. THE PATIENT'S ROOM. DAY.

THE BED IS EMPTY, THE MATTRESS STRIPPED. Hana
stands in the doorway,
then sees THE HERODOTUS on the bedside table.

She picks it up, goes to the page of
Katharine's letter, continues to
read.

KATHARINE (O/S)
We die, we die rich with lovers
and
tribes, tastes we have
swallowed...

**206*. EXT. LANE OUTSIDE THE MONASTERY
GARDEN. DAY.**

Caravaggio is at the gate to the Monastery.
The TRUCK we saw before is
waiting with him. The PARTISAN with his head
bandana and shotgun
remains the same, but now there are CHILDREN
in the back and a WOMAN
sits behind the man, nursing a two-year-old.

CARAVAGGIO

Hana! Come on!

He gets up into the BALUSTRADE, tentatively finds his balance, then starts to walk, heel to toe - slowly, and then with more confidence - along the long thin line of stone. The children watch intently. He turns and bows.

KATHARINE (O/S)

...bodies we have entered and
swum up
like rivers, fears we have
hidden in
like this wretched cave...

**207*. EXT. THE MONASTERY CLOISTERS.
DAY.**

Hana walks across the cloisters, passing the chalked hopscotch squares, leaving it all behind. Then she stops, bends, retrieves A SNAIL SHELL, keeps going. KATHARINE'S VOICE CONTINUES.

**208 INT. THE CAVE OF SWIMMERS.
TORCHLIGHT.**

ALMÁSY SMUDGES KATHARINE'S PALE FACE WITH COLOR. OCHRE across her brow, BLUE on her eyelids, RED on her lips. He presses his cheek to hers, smoothes her hair.

KATHARINE (O/S)

...I want all this marked on my
body.
We are the real countries, not
the
boundaries drawn on maps with
the
names of powerful men...

**209*. EXT. THE LANE OUTSIDE MONASTERY
GARDEN. DAY.**

KATHARINE'S VOICE CONTINUES. Hana comes out to the truck, carrying her small bundle. Caravaggio effects some introduction, beginning with the woman driver, Gioia. She and Caravaggio smile like lovers.

CARAVAGGIO

Hana - this is Gioia.

Gioia smiles, shakes her hand. Then Hana meets the others - Gioia's brother and wife, their children. She smiles at them.

HANA

Buon' giorno.

CARAVAGGIO

She can take you as far as Florence.

HANA

I can get in the back.

And she clambers up, sits down between the children. They exchange some small stiff, shy smiles, and then the truck bounces away. Hana takes one final look at the Monastery as it disappears around the bend and then turns and confronts the life insisting noisily in the truck.

210 EXT. CAVE OF SWIMMERS. DAY.

Almásy comes out of the cave, carrying the bundle of Katharine in his arms, wrapped in the silks of her parachute.

KATHARINE (O/S)

...I know you will come and carry me out into the palace of winds, the rumors of water... That's all I've wanted - to walk in such a place with you, with friends, on earth without maps.

211 EXT. TIGER MOTH. DAY.

THE PLANE growls and complains into the air.

212 INT. TIGER MOTH. DAY.

INSIDE THE COCKPIT: THE COUPLE AS AT THE FRONT OF THE FILM. Almásy obliterated by goggles and helmet. Katharine behind him, slumped forwards as if sleeping.

Almásy banks across the plateau of the Gilf Kebir and glances down. In a ravine is a sudden OASIS OF WHITE ACACIAS. He is mesmerized.

And then it's gone and he passes into the earth without maps - the desert - as it stretches out for mile after mile.

KATHARINE (O/S)

The lamp's gone out and I'm writing
in the darkness...

Almásy, the English Patient, begins to sing - Szerelem, Szerelem - until that also fades and is replaced by the woman's tender lament heard at the beginning of the film, singing for all that has been lost.

The sound of gun fire...

THE END.

CAST:

Count László Almásy	Ralph
Feinnes	
Hana	
Juliette Binoche	
Katharine Clifton	
Kristin Scott Thomas	
Caravaggio	
Willem Dafoe	
Kip	
Naveen Andrews	
Geoffrey Clifton	
Colin Firth	
Peter Madox	
Julian Wadham	
Major Müller	Jürgen
Prochnow	
Sergeant Hardy	Kevin
Whately	
Fenelon-Barnes	Clive
Merrison	
D'Agostino	
Nino Castelnuovo	
Fouad	
Hichem Rostom	
Bermann	Peter
Rühring	
Mary	
Torri Higginson	
Oliver	Geordie

Johnson
 Jan
 Liisa Repo-Martell
 Kamal
 Samy Azaiez
 Rupert Douglas
 Coulthard
 Corporal Dade
 Whitchurch
 Al Auf
 Chetoui
 Officer, El Taj
 Mafham
 Corporal, El Taj
 Gregor Truter
 Sergeant, Desert Train
 Morlidge
 Private, Desert Train
 Sherlock
 Beach Interrogation Officer
 Smee
 Kiss Me Soldier
 Done
 Lady Hampton
 Kant
 Sir Ronnie Hampton
 Walker
 Ancient Arab
 Abdellatif Hamrouni
 Aicha
 Rim Turki
 Arab Nurse
 Sonia Mankai
 Injured Canadian Soldier
 Ferguson

Raymond
 Philip
 Habib
 Dominic
 Roger
 Simon
 Anthony
 Jason
 Paul
 Amanda
 Matthew

Screenplay Adapted and Film Directed by
 Anthony Minghella
 Produced by Saul Zaentz
 Executive-Produced by Bob Weinstein, Harvey
 Weinstein,
 and Scott Greenstein
 Line-Produced by Alessandro von Norman
 Cinematography by John Seale
 Production Design by Stuart Craig
 Costume Design by Anne Roth
 Make-up by Fabrizio Sforza
 Original Music by Gabriel Yared
 Film Edited by Walter Murch
 Casting by Michelle Guish
 Cinematography (Second Unit) by Remi
 Adefarasin
 Directed (Second Unit) by Peter Markham
 Music Performed by The Academy of St Martin-
 In-The-Fields
 Conducted by Harry Rabinowitz