

1. INT

ALBIE'S FLAT

MORNING

ALBIE SACHS' flat in Mozambique capital, Maputo. It is light, airy and attractive; among its many features are some film and political posters, a ten-headed African sculpture, and many tropical plants. The kitchen is to the side of the main living area.

Pictures of Jamba - Samora

To start with, however, all we see is the bookshelf, on which there are indeed potted plants, gramophone records, African ornaments and framed family and other photographs, interspersed with the library of a Jewish South African Socialist lawyer; books of jurisprudence, Penguin classics, books of speeches by contemporary Third World leaders, contemporary thrillers, Marxist classics, some contemporary socialist, feminist and ecological works, art books, some poetry, and a small section devoted to ALBIE's own work, in various editions and languages.

Jazz
George Amado

As we begin our journey along the shelves of ALBIE's past and present life, we hear the gush of water from a tap splashing into a metal can, a telephone ringing, the water turned off and the scuff of ALBIE hurrying from the kitchen to the phone to answer it.

ALBIE (out of vision)

Hallo. Hey, Louie. How are you man? So did you read it?

Deep in the legal department of ALBIE's bookshelf, we have reached the temporary respite of a pot plant. The spout of a small watering can appears and waters the plant.

ALBIE (cont, oov):

Hey, what do you mean, just words. The Bible is just words.

The plant watered, the spout moves along the shelf, we presume to its next port of call, passing Nineteenth Century English Literature and Contemporary Feminism en route.

ALBIE (cont., oov):

All right, OK, Das Capital. I'm watering my plants. Now, look.

The watering can is left on the shelf and we move rapidly back to the Constitutional section.

Clear person one²
note.

South Africa
debate

ALBIE (cont., oov):
No, you listen. So, at last, the US
Congress instructs Ronald Reagan to
stop giving arms to the contras. And he
says, OK, fair cop.

ALBIE's hand appears and takes a volume of American
Constitutional Papers from the bookshelf. We see his hands open
the book and rifle through.

ALBIE (cont., oov):
Sure, grudgingly. But the point is,
that he wouldn't have to, grudgingly or
otherwise, were it not for the Article One
section - uh, whatever, eight of the US
Const -

He's interrupted.

ALBIE (cont., oov):
Well, because it's Thursday.

He lays the American book on the shelf and his finger runs along
to find a volume on Mozambican constitutional law - its title in
Portuguese - which again he removes and opens:

Again he's interrupted.

ALBIE (cont., oov):
Yes, that's right. Thursday morning,
water plants. Then run on beach. For
which -

The Mozambique law book is returned to the shelf. We return to
the abandoned jug. ALBIE removes the jug, exposing the classical
statements of Marxist thought, with a Micky Spillane anthology
incongruously misfiled between Lenin volumes one and two.) (

ALBIE (cont., oov):
Yes, of course, it's different if you're
in a country with no petrol and no paper.
But -

2. EXT

STREET

MORNING

In fact, we "see" this scene from ALBIE's point of view, blinded by the explosion. So it is a black screen, or perhaps the faintest movement of blurred figures through the gloom of ALBIE's injured sight.

Run **Opening Titles**.

We hear the words of the PASSERS-BY who came to ALBIE's aid, and ALBIE'S own whispered responses:

PASSERS-BY (oov, in Portuguese) ?

Lift him!
Careful.
Try not to move the arm.
Is he OK? Can he hear anything?
Hey man, are you OK?

ALBIE (oov)
Leave me alone! Leave me alone!

PASSERS-BY (oov, in Portuguese)
What's he saying?
Did anybody call an ambulance?
No, these people in the van will take him.

ALBIE (oov, Portuguese)
Leave me alone! Am I being kidnapped?

PASSER-BY (in English)
Kidnapped?

PASSERS-BY (oov, in Portuguese)
Is he being kidnapped?
Careful - put him there.
Is there anything that he can lie on?

ALBIE (oov)
Leave me here! I'd rather die!

We are now inside a van. The door slams, the engine revvs.

PASSERS-BY
(oov, calling, in Portuguese)
OK, we take him to the hospital.
You know the way?

ALBIE (oov, Portuguese)
I'd rather die.

TV -
Get - move

He nods to the OTHERS who push ALBIE through the flapping plastic doors into the anaesthetic room.

4. INT MAPUTO HOSPITAL: ANAESTHETIC ROOM MORNING

Now we are back to ALBIE's pov: vague shapes passing around above him as the anaesthetic is prepared. ALBIE's voice is how he hears it from inside: the OTHER VOICES are further away.

ALBIE (oov)
So then it's happened.

IVO
Albie, They are giving you an anaesthetic.

IVO
You'll feel a slight prick. Then you'll fall asleep.

ALBIE
So this is - this is - what ...

Now even the blurred images disappear as ALBIE goes under. Then, suddenly, we see his dreamed memory:

5. FLASHBACK: INT POLICE STATION CORRIDOR DAY

ALBIE SACHS, a SERGEANT and a CONSTABLE walk down a corridor. ALBIE is 29, wearing a business suit. The CONSTABLE carries a roll of rush matting, six blankets and ALBIE's grip.

The SERGEANT unlocks a gate. They pass into another corridor and thence to the door of a cell. The SERGEANT unlocks the door of the cell. He speaks in Afrikaans.

FIRST SERGEANT
Stap-binne.

They go into the cell.

IVO
Are you in great discomfort?

OLDER NURSE
He's crossing himself. Is he a catholic?

ALBIE places his hands on his balls.

ALBIE
Testicles.

IVO
His name is "Albert Louis Sachs".

ALBIE moves his hand up his torso to his face.

ALBIE
Spectacles.

ALBIE moves his hand down his right arm which is of course missing. He looks puzzled.

IVO *we had no choice*
Albie, I'm afraid you've lost an arm.

ALBIE
An arm?

IVO
It was necessary for us to remove it.

ALBIE
You didn't say ...

Face the future with courage. So that's what you meant.

Slight pause.

ALBIE (cont.)
They tried to kill me and I only lost an arm. An arm.

Slight pause. The DOCTOR and OLDER NURSE don't quite know how ALBIE is reacting: or whether he has understood.

ALBIE (cont.)
With an eye for a life. A name like arm. With an arm for an eye.

Slight pause.

ALBIE (cont.)
Can I see?

Me: What did they do, burn it?

They had to boil & re-boil bandages, of London - sterile packs

12. INT MAPUTO HOSPITAL: ALBIE'S WARD DAY

ALBIE's pov: darkness. The voice of a Russian Doctor, DOCTOR OLGA, speaking to ALBIE.

DOCTOR OLGA
This is Doctor Olga speaking to you, Professor Sachs. I'm going to remove the bandages from your eyes.

The sound of cloth being cut.

DOCTOR OLGA (cont.)
First the left side.

As if through gauze ALBIE sees the outlines of the room about him, and DOCTOR OLGA's face.

A patch of gauze is lifted from his left eye by a pair of tweezers.

ALBIE sees DOCTOR OLGA looking at him still holding the tweezers and gauze.

ALBIE
I can see.

DOCTOR OLGA
Now for the right side.

ALBIE's pov: DOCTOR OLGA places her hand over ALBIE's left eye. Darkness.

DOCTOR OLGA
You can't see anything?

ALBIE
No.

DOCTOR OLGA has removed her hand from ALBIE'S left eye. he can see once more.

DOCTOR OLGA
Well, we'll try drops. It may recover.

ALBIE
Will it?

DOCTOR OLGA
To be frank, it's unlikely.

Kiss
Food, Tell Indres
14 look after my flat

CONSTABLE

Well, there's this woman, you see,
whose son swallowed a sixpence ...

14. INT

MAPUTO HOSPITAL: ALBIE'S WARD

DAY

ALBIE in bed. His bedside table is now a profusion of flowers,
cards and fruit. By ALBIE's bedside stands LUCIA, an ex-lover.

LUCIA
Hello, Albie.

ALBIE
Lucia.

LUCIA
How are you?

ALBIE
Recovering.

LUCIA
That's good. Your foot?

ALBIE
Oh, fine.

LUCIA
When do they think you'll -?

ALBIE
Imminently.

LUCIA
And your eye?

ALBIE
It's not - trying as hard as the rest
of me.

Slight pause.

LUCIA
Oh.

ALBIE
60\40 that I get it back.

LUCIA
Aha.

Lucia: Kiss
Where? I love him
but we're not lovers
any more. Lips?
On nose? Heck.

A: I wonder where
she's going to
kiss me

I hate this fake cheerfulness -
I was triumphantly dreaming "My darling, I
survived - v.o. - I'm glad you've come - you
love me even if you love another. All I want is
unconditional love
Love, Albie
taught me to
love beaut.
things -
eat - sleep
food, drink

ALBIE

You know I'm on the way, Lucia. You know, the quacks don't like to take a lunch break in case I'm up and off before they're back. They say, a few more like me, they'd be redundant.

Slight pause. LUCIA, carefully:

LUCIA

And here we were thinking you were dead.

ALBIE

Dead! I'm going to be back in working order in record time. I'm going to London. Sort me out in no time. new arm, everything. I'll be back before you've had a chance to miss me.

LUCIA

That quickly.

ALBIE

Of course. I've got my run on the beach to finish.

Slight pause. LUCIA decides to change the subject.

LUCIA

I've brought you something.

She fetches a plastic box, a food container. She opens the lid and shows ALBIE.

LUCIA (cont.)

A home-cooked delicacy. Marinated fillet steak a la Maputo.

ALBIE

I can't eat it.

LUCIA

No appetite?

ALBIE

For a soft-boiled egg, maybe - and some lemon grass tea.

Slightly corss:

ALBIE (cont.)
After all, I am an invalid!

LUCIA
I'm sorry. Didn't think.

She closes the lid on the box.

ALBIE
Oh, give that here.

LUCIA hands over the box.

ALBIE (cont.)
You know they got Ruth. Killed her while she sat working at her desk. I owe it to the movement, to her, to get back to normal as soon as possible.

Feel nothing god

ALBIE opens it and begins defiantly to chew. We hear an echo of his time in jail:

ALBIE (v/o)
Oh, Sergeant, I heard this joke. Perhaps you'd like to hear it.

Pause.

SERGEANT (v/o)
All right, go ahead.

LUCIA is looking at ALBIE with a mixture of pleasure and concern.

15. FLASHBACK: INT FIRST CELL DAY

ALBIE is telling the joke to the SERGEANT.

ALBIE
Well, there was this woman, whose son swallowed a sixpence. And she was very worried, and she was going to take her son to the doctor, when her husband said don't take him to a doctor. Take him to a lawyer. He'll get the money out of him faster.

Pause. Then the Sergeant laughs.

SERGEANT
Ja, that's good. That's very good. I'll tell my wife that joke.

16. INT MAPUTO HOSPITAL: ALBIE WARD DAY

ALBIE is still chewing, with some difficulty. He hands the plastic box back to LUCIA with the assurance of a child demonstrating a fully emptied plate.

Re - do Lucia Her thoughts
she is brave. Sees her former lover smashed
up. Has chosen another. But comes forward.
unknowingly of where to kiss.

LUCIA glances into the box as she puts the lid on. He's hardly eaten anything. She smiles at him, a little wanly.

ALBIE

You know I grieve more over losing you than my arm.

A moment, then LUCIA kisses ALBIE on the forehead.

LUCIA

Goodbye, Albie. And good luck.

She goes out. Albie alone.

ALBIE

Damn. I forgot ...

ALBIE lies back on his pillow. His face is more troubled, less assured than before.

ALBIE (to himself):

"Eh, Mr Sachs".

THERE ARE NO PAGES 18 OR 19

THERE IS NO SCENE 17

Re-do Lucia

Pages missing?

This would
be blackmail.
Rather, think
this. Say
something else.

high on survival - want to be
acknowledged. want to be active.
[My God, there are such film possibilities here -
embarrassed, a sunny corpse, my North London children?]

ALBIE (cont.)

Here's an old Jewish joke.

ALBIE'S YOUNGER SON

Dad!

ALBIE

My son's embarrassed. But it's OK. I'm Jewish so I'm allowed to tell a Jewish joke. Hymie Cohen falls off a bus. He gets up and makes what appears to be the sign of a cross over his body. A friend was passing by and he said, "Hymie, I didn't know you were a catholic". "What do you mean, Catholic", says Hymie. "I was just checking. Testicles, spectacles, wallet and watch".

The joke falls flat. The LATE JOURNALIST doesn't quite get it, looks uncertain.

ALBIE (cont.)

That's how I knew I'd lost an arm. No watch.

He demonstrates. The GATHERING gets stiller.

LUCIA

Albie.

ALBIE

It's OK. Really, now come on everybody. Are you journalists or what? There are filmic and human aspects here not being taken advantage of! My sons are here! It's no good just standing around in clumps! Ask me things!

Embarrassed, the JOURNALISTS start to leave. The OLDER NURSE helps usher them out, gesturing that ALBIE needs to rest.

ALBIE (cont.)

What's the matter? Haven't you seen a professor in pyjamas before?

LUCIA

Don't shout, Albie. You're not well.

ALBIE points to the departing film crew.

ALBIE
They didn't even get the lights in the
right place!

LUCIA
It doesn't matter about the lights.

ALBIE's SONS follow the film crew out, clearly not wanting to
witness their father's outburst. Pause.

ALBIE
Well, what a mess.

LUCIA smiles and shrugs.

ALBIE (cont.)
It and me.

LUCIA moves closer to ALBIE.

ALBIE (cont.)
You know they got Ruth. Killed her
while she sat working at her desk. I
owe it to the movement, to her, to get
back to normal as soon as possible.

Slight pause.

LUCIA
Sure.

ALBIE
You know I grieve more over losing you
than my arm.

A moment, then LUCIA kisses ALBIE on the forehead.

Bandage!

LUCIA
Goodbye, Albie. And good luck.

She goes out. ALBIE alone.

ALBIE
Damn. I forgot ...

ALBIE lies back on his pillow. His face is more troubled, less
assured than before.

ALBIE (to himself):
"Eh, Mr Sachs".

19. FLASHBACK: INT VAN DAY

ALBIE sits in the back of a police van. A gridded window. With him is WAGENAAR and a PLAINCLOTHESMAN. ALBIE looks disorientated and upset.

20. INT LONDON HOSPITAL: CORRIDOR DAY

ALBIE is being wheeled by an ORDERLY along the corridor of an old London hospital, with the traditional two-toned institutional tiled walls stretching along into the distance. We see the journey from his pov. We hear the tannoy:

TANNOY

Dr Crow. Dr Crow please report to endoscopy. Dr Chatterjee to outpatients reception please.

21. FLASHBACK: INT SECOND PRISON: CORRIDOR DAY

ALBIE is being rushed along a long corridor by a SECOND SERGEANT and a SECOND CONSTABLE. The corridor looks like a hospital corridor. It is very noisy, with lots and shouting and swearing.

PRISON GUARDS

Maak gou, julle vokken donders! Dink julle ons kan die hele blerrie dag rondstaan!
Halt, almal halt!
Wat's jou naam?
Hy ken nie sy vokken naam nie.

22. INT LONDON HOSPITAL: ALBIE'S ROOM DAY

ALBIE is in his bed in his single room in the London hospital. Flowers and fruit and a small brass bell on his bedside table.

A tube runs out of his body (in fact, from his lung through the back of his ribcage) into a bottle on the floor. ALBIE looks neat, clean, well-looked after and numb. On the television, we hear the news:

NEWSCASTER

... following National Front leader Marie le Pen's poor performance in French local elections. In Israel,

*TV on top
loud.*

*Hedgecrow Protection Society!
Falklands victim - TV -*

former Nazi death camp guard John Demjanjuk is to appeal against his conviction for crimes against humanity
 ...

23. FLASHBACK: INT SECOND CELL DAY

ALBIE is in his second cell. It's brown, graffiti-covered and horrible. The NOISE continues. ALBIE covers his ears.

24. INT LONDON HOSPITAL: ALBIE'S ROOM NIGHT

ALBIE lies in the darkness of his room. His eyes are open. He looks frightened. He reaches out for the little brass bell. But he changes his mind. He looks determined.

We hear the voice of an AFRO-CARIBBEAN NURSE:

FIRST NURSE (v\o)
 So do you want to use this thing or what?

25. INT LONDON HOSPITAL: ALBIE'S ROOM DAY

The FIRST NURSE has wheeled a commode into ALBIE's room.

ALBIE
 I'm sorry?

FIRST NURSE
 I thought you wanted the commode.

ALBIE
 Oh. Yes.

The procedure is quite cumbersome: ALBIE has to wriggle his backside across the bed and then, steadying himself with his left arm, heave himself on to the seat of the commode.

ALBIE (cont.)
 About the most inappropriately named object since the National Socialist German Workers' Party.

FIRST NURSE
 I beg your pardon?

Turns down TV

ALBIE having difficulty with the end of the manoeuvre.

ALBIE

It's just - commodious is not the word that leaps to mind.

FIRST NURSE

Now you need a hand here.

She moves in to help.

ALBIE

No. No, no.

He almost pushes the NURSE away. She's slightly offended.

FIRST NURSE

OK, then. Please yourself. *Fiercely independent,*

She turns to go.

FIRST NURSE (cont.)

You ring me when you finish.

ALBIE

I'm sorry. It's just - you see. I've done all this before.

The FIRST NURSE looks at ALBIE, not quite understanding what he means.

26. FLASHBACK: INT

FIRST CELL

DAY

On his higgledy-piggledy blankets, ALBIE lies on the floor, his knees in the air. He is in a sullen reverie. The sound of a clock chime breaks him from it. He stands, bustles around the cell to find his towel and soap.

He stands by the door. He is waiting for his exercise. he is angry and frustrated by the delay. He throws down the towel and hurries to the lavatory. He pulls the chain. He is about to move away, he changes his mind, pulls the chain again.

Then, equally impulsively, he rushes to the door, bangs on it, and shouts:

ALBIE

Ten o'clock! Oefening-tyd!

Nothing. He goes and picks up his Bible. He sits on the lavatory, flips through it, throws it down, goes to the door, bangs again.

ALBIE
Oefening-tyd!

27. INT LONDON HOSPITAL: ALBIE'S ROOM DAY

The FIRST NURSE is looking at ALBIE as he tries to manoeuvre himself on to the commode.

FIRST NURSE
You mean, using the commode?

ALBIE
No, doing it myself.

28. FLASHBACK: INT FIRST CELL DAY

ALBIE is doing press-ups. He doesn't enjoy, but he is disciplined. He hears the sound of someone whistling. He is tempted to stop. But he carries on with his exercise routine.

29. INT LONDON HOSPITAL: ALBIE'S ROOM DAY

As ALBIE plops himself on to his commode, the FIRST NURSE moves to tidy his bed.

FIRST NURSE
Well, there's no-one doesn't need a helping hand.

ALBIE
Of course. But as Samora ^{said} says, the success of the Revolution depends on the tiny daily individual acts of every one of us.

FIRST NURSE
Who's that? Samosa?

ALBIE
No, President Samora Machel, of Mozambique.

The nurses were glowing with the wonderful, I fell in love with them - and the physics & the o.t!

The FIRST NURSE looks at ALBIE balefully, finishing her tidying.

FIRST NURSE
You ring me when you've done.

She goes out. ALBIE is left there. A moment.

30. FLASHBACK: INT FIRST CELL DAY

ALBIE sits waiting. Then he stands, finds a paper bag, goes to the toilet, sits, takes a piece of toilet paper. He rummages in the bag, full of orange peel and peapods and other secreted treasures, and finds a fishbone.

Then he reaches inside the toilet bowl and finds his comb. He looks at it. It's clogged with dirt. He breathes deeply, anticipating with huge pleasure the treat of cleaning it.

He starts to gouge the dirt from between the teeth of the comb, systematically, wiping each gap carefully with toilet paper.

31. INT LONDON HOSPITAL: ALBIE'S ROOM DAY

Sitting on the commode, ALBIE concentrates.

We realise he has defaecated when he leans forward, picks up the roll of toilet paper, puts the roll between his knees, unwinds a short length and pulls. For a moment it doesn't break. Then it does. He has to wipe his behind with his unfamiliar left hand. Gingerly, he starts to adjust his posture on the seat.

ALBIE
Thank you, Comrade President.

I slit the paper I am.

32. FLASHBACK: INT FIRST CELL NIGHT

ALBIE lies on his blankets. Suddenly, the lights go out. We can just see his face in the darkness. We move slowly towards him:

ALBIE (v\o)
And I am through another day, made up of fractions, punctuated by activity. A quarter, then a half, and then three-quarters of another day.

We begin to mix into:

c/f
Official
male comrade.

Make Margit a lover one -
with ²⁶ new name:
Clara.

33. FLASHBACK: EXT YARD OUTSIDE CELL MORNING

ALBIE is running round the small but sunny yard outside his cell.

ALBIE (v\o)

And I am now half-way to being a third of the way through my first period of detention. Which is 90 days. Which will itself in turn be half way to the second, and two-thirds of the way to the third.

34. FLASHBACK: INT FIRST CELL NIGHT

ALBIE's face in the darkness of his night time cell.

ALBIE (v\o)

So is it any wonder that I feel so - wonderful.

35. FLASHBACK: EXT YARD OUTSIDE CELL MORNING

At the end of his run round the yard, ALBIE punches the air with his fist in triumph. A WOMAN's voice over:

MARGIT (v\o, in mock shock)

Albie.

Joke: which paper to take -
fold with one hand

36. INT LONDON HOSPITAL: ALBIE'S ROOM DAY

A bright day. ALBIE is sitting up in bed. The floor is strewn with pages of the Independent newspaper where ALBIE has dropped them.

MARGIT - ALBIE's filmmaking collaborator from Mozambique - stands amid the debris. ALBIE smiles and takes off his glasses.

ALBIE

It's the thing that nurses hate most.

MARGIT

What is?

Margit - trembles -
- weeps -
A comforts her!

Wonderful.
Chance to start all over again.
Naked into world.
Produce me! [Reconstr. images].

ALBIE

Picking up my newspapers.

MARGIT starts picking up the newspapers.

MARGIT

Well, I'm not surprised.

ALBIE

That and shaving me.

MARGIT, thinking shaving is a one hand operation, looks up at ALBIE. ALBIE, ever slightly suggestively:

ALBIE (cont.)

It's amazing the number of things you find are two-hand operations.

MARGIT has finished picking up the newspapers. Popping them on a table:

MARGIT

Well, is it now. And what's the story on the eye?

ALBIE

They think - I've lost the spare.

A moment: then MARGIT goes and embraces ALBIE.

MARGIT

Albie. It's good to see you.

ALBIE

And you, Margit. How's everybody back at home?

MARGIT

Fine. Missing you.

ALBIE

A couple of months and I'll be back.

MARGIT

That fast?

ALBIE

That fast. I have everything under control.

Slight pause.

*M. Wrong tone:
M. very emotional -
ends up geyssus -
will produce me
I laugh, happy -
call for psychiatrist!*

*M. I shouldn't have
come. make him feel
worse.*

ALBIE (cont.)

And speaking of that, I want you to do me a favour, Margit.

MARGIT

Of course.

ALBIE

I want you to tell me how it happened.

MARGIT

What?

ALBIE

The bombing.

Pause.

MARGIT

I can't tell you, Albie.

ALBIE

Come on. You make documentaries. I can trust you to tell me the truth.

They smile at the half-unintended irony of ALBIE's remark. This however is more serious:

ALBIE (cont.)

I mean, everyone else is too bloody polite.

I'm ready.

MARGIT looks at him, still unconvinced.

ALBIE (cont.)

And I need facts for my recovery.

*Albie interrupts:
I thought I was fighting - proud of myself - had physical courage.*

Pause.

MARGIT

All right then. It was about nine a.m. You were getting ready to go to the beach. You went to your car which was parked just outside, walked to the passenger door where you placed a small bag ...

ALBIE

That was the frosty beer.

MARGIT

And then you went to open the door to the driver's seat.

ALBIE

I don't remember that.

MARGIT

At that moment a friend of yours drove past on the other side of the road and you looked up to wave at her. That probably saved your life.

Pause.

MARGIT (cont.)

And then the explosion took place. Your car was thrown to one side and you to the other. Did you see pictures of your car? It was crumpled up like a ball. You were lying some distance away. Your arm was in a dreadful state, all bone and bits of skin. Some people pulled up and rushed you both to hospital. You looked as if you'd been mangled like the car. They were pulling at you - it was like you were something that had just dropped off the back of something and they wanted just to clear the road. You nearly died.

Slight pause.

MARGIT (cont.)

It was on the news. Someone was filming it by chance.

TV team
saved
life.

Slight pause.

MARGIT (cont.)

That's it. That's what I know.

Pause.

ALBIE

Thank you.

Slight pause.

ALBIE (cont.)

You know the other day when the nurse was changing my bandages she was swabbing away at my chest and she hit a tender place. I told her "that was sore". And she said: "There's something

Elsewhere.

in here, I can feel it". And she got a little pair of tweezers, inserted them into the wound, gave a little tug and out it came. She held it towards me, a jagged piece of metal. "That's another piece of rubbish out", she said. I looked. "That's not rubbish" I said. "That's my car".

MARGIT laughs.

ALBIE (cont.)

My lovely Honda.

MARGIT

Albie, you're well rid of that old dinosaur.

ALBIE

Which reminds me. I need new clothes, Margit. And as you say I have bad taste. In cars and clothes. Everybody says so. So I need a producer. Produce me.

*No!
Start all
over.
Naked.*

MARGIT laughs.

MARGIT

Are you serious?

ALBIE

Completely. I want to return to Maputo in style. That's the trouble with the left. It has no sense of style.

MARGIT

And is this a permanent revolution, Albie? Or just temporary?

ALBIE

It is - for life.

MARGIT

OK. You're on.

She is standing and making to go.

ALBIE

Did you say both?

MARGIT

What?

Losses whole emotional movement: appears fine boyant - hears story interrupts: and I thought ... laughs. But that night - terror.

38. FLASHBACK: INT FIRST CELL NIGHT

Repeat: ALBIE lies on his blankets. Suddenly, the lights go out. We can just see his face in the darkness.

39. INT LONDON HOSPITAL: ALBIE'S ROOM NIGHT

ALBIE lies in the darkness of his room. His eyes are still open. We see he is terrified.

ALBIE (v\o)
And sometimes, on the good days, I do
wonder if I'm coping far too well.

40. FLASHBACK: INT FIRST CELL NIGHT

Close-up of ALBIE's face in the darkness of his nighttime cell.

ALBIE (v\o, cont.)
And if I'm suffering enough.

41. INT LONDON HOSPITAL: ALBIE'S ROOM NIGHT

In panic, ALBIE grabs for the the little brass bell. He rings it.

ALBIE
Nurse. Nurse!

He rings the bell again.

ALBIE (cont.)
Nurse! Nurse!

The FIRST NURSE appears.

FIRST NURSE
So what's all this shouting now?

ALBIE
Nurse I need a shrink.

FIRST NURSE
A what?

ALBIE
Headshrinker. A psychiatrist.

Slight pause.

FIRST NURSE
In the morning. About time.

She goes. ALBIE lies there.

ALBIE (v/o)
Hymie Cohen falls of a bus ...

42. INT LONDON HOSPITAL: PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE MORNING

ALBIE sits in a hospital wheelchair. The PSYCHIATRIST sits in a comfortable chair facing him.

ALBIE (cont.)
He gets up and makes what appears to be the sign of a cross over his body. A friend is passing by and he says, "Hymie, I didn't know you were a Catholic". And Hymie replies -

PSYCHIATRIST
"What do you mean, Catholic? I was just checking ... spectacles, testicles, wallet and watch".

Handshake

ALBIE
You knew it.

PSYCHIATRIST
Yes.

*Derogatory
Sam Kaplan*

ALBIE
You're the first person I've met that knew it and the first person who didn't think I was mad for telling it.

PSYCHIATRIST
Which is just as well under the circumstances.

*Howe my
first bomb
victim?*

ALBIE
Yes. Did you think I was mad for staying in Mozambique when I knew I might be a target?

*Howe my
first
psych!*

PSYCHIATRIST
You were living a life you believed in.

ALBIE

Yes. But maybe I had a death wish? Is that what you think?

PSYCHIATRIST

You seem to have a strong desire to live. That's helped you survive.

ALBIE

When I dream I have two arms.

PSYCHIATRIST

Soon your unconscious will catch up. That'll be a good thing. An acceptance.

ALBIE

But when I was in jail I dreamt I was free.

PSYCHIATRIST

You're free now.

ALBIE

Half-blind, lame, armless and free.

Pause. The PSYCHIATRIST notes the bitterness in ALBIE's voice for the first time.

PSYCHIATRIST

You're not armless.

Were you right handed?

ALBIE

Not entirely. I am right-handed.

*Ambidextrous
Oh*

PSYCHIATRIST

You were right-handed.

ALBIE

Which means it isn't just an arm. It's my handshake and my signature. It's the callous on my writing finger. It's my work. You know, it's pretty hard to shrug it off.

*Equally
uses
with both
hands*

Slight pause.

the nearest I got to the w-class

PSYCHIATRIST

Noone's asking you to shrug it off.

ALBIE decides to recover himself. Briskly:

It was a different and
much more interesting
projection. ³⁵ Precaveas
euphoric

ALBIE

So. In summary. I'm not mad and I have nothing to worry about.

PSYCHIATRIST

I didn't say that. In my experience of these things it's when you're physically well that you'll begin to face problems of psychological adjustment. You could become irritable and difficult to live with.

ALBIE

I was never easy to begin with.

PSYCHIATRIST

You may also suffer from depression.

Pause.

PSYCHIATRIST (cont.)

Is there anything you'd like to say about that?

Pause.

PSYCHIATRIST (cont.)

D'you often feel emotions - anger, bitterness - you're fearful that you can't control?

Slight pause. ALBIE decides to jolly himself through.

ALBIE

Nothing that half an hour in a good hot bath wouldn't cure, I can assure you.

The PSYCHIATRIST sees that ALBIE doesn't want to face up to his panic and smiles wryly. ALBIE picks this up.

ALBIE

Look. When I'm physically recovered I'll be happy to have a nervous breakdown. Till then I think I'll concentrate on getting better.

43. INT

LONDON HOSPITAL: RADIOLOGY ROOM

DAY

ALBIE's abdomen as it is smeared with gel in preparation for a scan.

Well see
Looks:
Professionally
musical

The OTOLOGIST crinkles some paper. ALBIE hears.

ALBIE

Yes.

The OTOLOGIST rubs a soft brush against some paper. ALBIE hears this much finer noise too.

ALBIE

Yes!

47. INT LONDON HOSPITAL: ALBIE'S ROOM DAY

ALBIE and the OCCUPATIONAL THERAPIST. ALBIE sits on his bed. He has a shoe on his lap. They both watch as ALBIE tries to tie the lace with one hand.

He perseveres in silence. Finally, he looks up at the OCCUPATIONAL THERAPIST.

ALBIE

Flip-flops? Slip on shoes?

OCCUPATIONAL THERAPIST

Perseverance.

He tries again. This time it works.

ALBIE

Bingo!

single lace

What do you say here? Uwa! Hallelujah! - Bingo!

48. INT LONDON HOSPITAL: ALBIE'S ROOM DAY

ALBIE lies in bed. His PHYSIOTHERAPIST stands next to him. She glances at his notes.

PHYSIOTHERAPIST

We're going to stand today.

ALBIE

We?

PHYSIOTHERAPIST

All right. You're going to stand today.

ALBIE

I've got a broken heel. Shattered to bits. It's not to bear pressure for six weeks.

PHYSIOTHERAPIST

That's all right. You can stand on it.

ALBIE

I want to see the orthopod.

PHYSIOTHERAPIST

I'm afraid that's not possible.

ALBIE

I demand to see the orthopod.

PHYSIOTHERAPIST

He's in New Zealand.

ALBIE

Didn't he leave any written instructions?

PHYSIOTHERAPIST

Yes, here. Have a look.

ALBIE looks at the notes.

ALBIE (indicates)

Not to bear pressure for six weeks.

PHYSIOTHERAPIST

Six weeks are up. Manoeuvre yourself to the side of the bed.

ALBIE

My legs are too feeble. It'll hurt like anything and I'll be feeling it, not you.

PHYSIOTHERAPIST

Just let your feet touch the ground.

ALBIE manoeuvres himself to the side of the bed and lets his feet touch the ground.

PHYSIOTHERAPIST

Go up slowly. Lean forward a little. Tuck your bottom in and slowly stand.

*She was lovely, gave courage -
Minutely & Jesus*

*Albie says: When J. said get
up & walk, he must have had*

ALBIE

And I'll thank you to call it what it is.

LIMB-FITTER

I'm sorry?

ALBIE

It's not a stump. It's a - short - arm.

The LIMB-FITTER looks ALBIE in the eye.

That's the scientific term LIMB-FITTER *stump*
It all depends really why you want it.

ALBIE

And - why do I?

LIMB-FITTER

Well, there are three basic reasons. Functional, cosmetic, balance.

ALBIE

Yes. All three.

Slight pause.

ALBIE (cont.)

And because - it's part of getting back to normal.

The LIMB-FITTER has removed the mould. As he wraps it carefully:

LIMB-FITTER

That's the spirit. Tanned or plain?

50. INT

LONDON HOSPITAL: ALBIE'S ROOM

DAY

A few moments later. ALBIE has not put his top back on. The LIMB-FITTER is finishing packing his wares away.

As he goes so, he glances again at the MAN through the door:

LIMB-FITTER

Um - I don't want to - alarm you, but ... There's a man outside. He's been there half an hour or so.

ALBIE leans over to look. The two MEN leaning at the same angle to look through the door present a comic spectacle.

FIRST NURSE

What moment's this?

ALBIE

The sensation when your body sinks into the silky depths. The feeling of the heat upon your skin. The sense of entering a dreamworld as the water swallows you.

FIRST NURSE

Right turn.

ALBIE

Not usually my favourite direction. But today ...

58. INT

LONDON HOSPITAL: BATHROOM

DAY

ALBIE stands with the NURSE looking at the bath in the somewhat ascetic and empty bathroom. There is a plastic seat in the bath and a small stool to its side.

ALBIE

No sense of occupancy. No toothpaste, flannels, plastic toys. A little antiseptic. But never mind.

This isn't a bathroom

59. FLASHBACK: INT

SECOND CELL

DAY

ALBIE is still scribbling away, but now speaking out loud, as the beatings, the laughing of the GUARDS and the cries of the CHILDREN in the yard become ever more insistent:

ALBIE

So, alphabetically, there's Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, the Cs are Colorado, California and Connecticut, ah, missed out Delaware ...

He adds "Delaware" to his list.

ALBIE (cont.)

.... there's Florida, and Georgia, and Hawaii, Idaho ...

A cane stroke and a scream. ALBIE changes tack.

ALBIE (cont.)

So geography, starting from the north west, going round the coast, there's Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, both the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida ...

Another caning and even louder screams.

ALBIE (cont.)

Oh, no. Missed it.

Cane stroke.

ALBIE (cont.)

Next to Georgia. First in the bloody alphabet. And as in Birmingham.

Cane stroke.

ALBIE (cont.)

Al - Abama.

In despair, ALBIE puts his towel over his head and pulls it tight. He looks like a man about to be hung.

ALBIE

Lock. Look. Loom. Doom. Door.

60. INT

LONDON HOSPITAL: BATHROOM

DAY

ALBIE has had his bath. He sits with a towel round him on the stool. He looks miserably disappointed.

FIRST NURSE

Well, that was some battle. But I think at last we win.

ALBIE nods, unconvincingly.

FIRST NURSE (cont.)

So. Up to expectations?

Slight pause. ALBIE can't admit his disappointment, but his reply is not convincing.

ALBIE

Yes.

*I wish I could cry.
I wish I could ask her to
hold my hand. To make me feel better.*

Cry

63. INT LONDON HOSPITAL: ALBIE'S ROOM DAY

ALBIE still sitting on the bed, with the concerned NURSES and DOCTOR watching him. ALBIE breathes deeply and stands.

ALBIE
Right. Let's go.

He looks more like a man about to be led off to execution than someone about to be released from hospital.

64. INT *Muse entavely,* JOHNNY'S FLAT: LIVING ROOM *John* DAY

The gentle sounds of Wimbledon tennis. We see the play on the television set in ALBIE's brother's London flat. The telephone begins to ring.

Now we pick up the situation: JOHNNY's flat is tidy, tasteful but a little uncomfortable with its modern furniture. ALBIE is sitting on the sofa with his leg up. He can't remember where the phone is: he looks round and sees the white and slimline receiver in its wall cradle.

The telephone is on the wall between two doors: one leading to the hall and the other to the kitchen.

ALBIE reaches for his stick which is propped next to him, heave himself up and head for the phone. He winces as he does so, as the pain stabs across the sole of his bad foot.

He completes his difficult journey and picks up the phone.

ALBIE (down phone)
Hello?

There's a roar from the TV.

ALBIE (cont, down phone)
Hold on a minute.

ALBIE leaves the phone hanging and makes a painful journey back to the television and turns down the volume. As he returns to the telephone we continue to see the silent figures of the tennis players.

ALBIE (cont, oov)
Hallo? No, it's his brother. Johnny is at work. Can I take a mesage?

MELBA (oov)
That make you feel better!

Preoccupied with the newspaper, ALBIE ignores this.

MELBA (oov, calls):
But first I run bath. Okay, Professor?

ALBIE (quietly)
Yes, okay.

MELBA (oov)
Okay?

ALBIE (cont.)
Hey, Melba!

MELBA's head pops into the living room, feigning impatience.

MELBA
Yes?

ALBIE
I've got an omelette joke.

MELBA
Please crack.

ALBIE
The joke?

MELBA
Of course.

ALBIE
You know the phrase, you can't make omelettes without breaking eggs?

MELBA (suspiciously)
Yes ...

ALBIE
Well, somebody once said to Stalin, after all the, you know, all the purges and the famines and destruction, and said comrade, I can see these broken eggs of yours. But where's the bloody omelette?

*- you know who
Stalin was?
M. look
2/22/4*

ALBIE looks at MELBA who glares back.

MELBA
Where is bloody omelette?

ALBIE
Yes.

MELBA
I tell you. After bloody bath.

She goes out. ALBIE smiles. Then his eyes catch the newspaper article and darken.

Back
76. INT

JOHNNY'S FLAT: BATHROOM

DAY

ALBIE is sitting in a bath full of bubbles. MELBA with her sleeves rolled up is finishing soaping him. *sexuality*

ALBIE is finding the whole experience of his bath blissful this time. *- spray on back*

MELBA
The water is good?

ALBIE
The water is good.

"Fecha los ojos"
Like child-

MELBA gets up and as she does so accidentally knocks the shower spray into the bath. ALBIE immediately sits up sharply and gives a cry of pain.

ALBIE
Ah! The spray. It's rubbing against my sore!

MELBA snatches the spray out of the bath. She stands aghast.

MELBA
You are angry with me.

ALBIE recovers himself.

ALBIE
No. No.

MELBA
I hurt you. You are angry.

ALBIE
It was an accident.