JOHNNY YESNO

FULL CAMERA SCRIPT

FIRST DRAFT

BY

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JOHNNY YESNO - A man in his early thirties, with rugged good looks, leaving a trail of broken hearts across the industrial North of England. Living from hotel to hotel, he is fastidious about his personal appearance while keeping his possessions to a minimum. He is scornful of most people he encounters but retains a soft spot for unattached blondes.

LORRAINE - A teenager working as a cocktail waitress in the Pyjama Tops Club. Thrown into a world of degeneration and vice at an early age, she reveals her vulnerability only when she has experienced True Love with Johnny. Impoverished, she lives in a seedy bedsitting room.

THE BLONDE - A beautiful, mysterious Society Girl in her early twenties, living in a large hotel and kept in luxury by her Sugardaddy. She appears only in white, and the image of her is that of Johnny's Ideal Woman. (The Blonde and Lorraine are to be played by the same actress.)

THE BRUNETTE - A glamorous, seemingly good-natured beauty in her early thirties, living in her Sugardaddy's mansion. Bored with the easy life, she sees Johnny as a means of escape - or is she laying a trap for him?

THE DRIVER - Professional thug, neat appearance. Gets knocked out by Johnny.

THE MAID - Appears only in darkness or out of focus, she knocks Johnny out and drugs him.

SUGARDADDY - Appears only in photograph in a Sunday paper, captioned "Casanova Councillor."
JOHNNY YESNO - STORY SYNOPSIS.

The film starts with an introduction to the main character - JOHNNY YESNO. As he walks along city streets at night he tells us, through his narration, about himself and his views about women.

He returns to his hotel to pack, hires a taxi to take him to the next town, and during this journey he tells us about his most recent affaire (which appears as a flashback) with LORRAINE, a young cocktail waitress working at the Pyjama Tops Club. We see him walking her home and kissing her under a street lamp, then leaving her asleep in her bedsit the following morning.

Johnny arrives at a large hotel in a new town, still at night. While making bigoted remarks to us about the locals, a beautiful blonde young woman gets out of an American car and walks into the hotel. Johnny falls in love with her and follows her into the hotel where he takes a room.

While 'phoning the BLONDE, he is interrupted by the sudden appearance of Lorraine, who staggers into his room, wounded and bleeding. Before he can help her, Johnny is knocked out by an unseen assailant.

He wakes up a few hours later to find that Lorraine has disappeared but after only a few minutes of consciousness he is knocked out again by a woman dressed as a MAID.

We then experience Johnny's hallucinations - fragmented memories of Lorraine, fantasies of the Blonde and a vague realisation that he is being drugged over a long period of time.

He regains consciousness at dusk in a disused quarry. He can hardly walk because of his long "imprisonment" but he manages to stumble out of the quarry, onto a road and into a service station, by which time night has fallen.
Before he has the chance to rest the Blonde appears again, in the same car, and exercises her lap-dog around the service forecourt. Johnny's infatuation with her is strengthened but he chooses not to speak to her because of his dreadful appearance and physical weakness.

We see him refreshed and returned to his hotel. Then he tries to find Lorraine by visiting the Pyjama Tops Club but is told that she has disappeared and that her past as a teenage prostitute has caught up with her. Unable to trace the Blonde as well, Johnny spends a troubled night at the hotel - puzzled, despondent and almost despairing.

However, the next morning he sees in his copy of "News Of The World" a photograph of the Blonde, posed with her SUGARDADDY who is nicknamed "Casanova Councillor" by the press.

Johnny visits the Councillor's mansion home and is received by a glamorous BRUNETTE who offers to take him to the Blonde if he will take her away from the rich life she has become bored with. While pretending to pack upstairs, she makes a crafty 'phone call in which we learn that she is in fact laying a trap for Johnny. Downstairs, Johnny sees the American car arrive. Its DRIVER gets out and roughly drags the Blonde out of her seat.

Johnny knocks the man out as he enters, sees the Blonde in close-up for the first time and realises that she is Lorraine in disguise. They embrace but are interrupted by the Brunette, who shoots Johnny in the arm as he and Lorraine run out of the main door to the car. Together, they manage to get away before the Brunette can stop them.

Over a long tracking shot of the couple's affectionate reunion in the car, Johnny explains to us the mystery of Lorraine's double life and the film ends with them driving off into the sunset.
JOHNNY YESNO - GLOSSARY.

BEAT - Scruffy inebriate, short for 'beatnik'.
BENNY - Benzedrine.
CAT - A man.
CHICK - A woman.
COLLAR - Strip of paper wrapped around a dropper to make a tight fit with a needle.
COME ON - The way someone approaches others.
COOL - Untouched, not attracting attention, hip.
COP OUT - To give in.
DOPE - Soft drugs.
DRAG - Depressing, the opposite of high.
HIGH - Feeling good, usually but not necessarily due to drug abuse.
HIP - To be with it or on the ball.
HOT - Liable to attract attention, usually the wrong kind.
JUNK - Hard drugs.
JUNKIE - Junk addict.
PIECE - Gun.
PLUG - To shoot someone.
RACKET - Organised crime.
RUNAWAY - Child who has run away from home.
SINGLE-O - A prostitute who works alone and not for a syndicate.
SLUG - To hit someone on the head and render them unconscious.
SQUARE - The opposite of hip.
SUCKER - Victim of a con, or racket or worse.
SUGAR DADDY - Older man who supports a young woman, usually for immoral purposes.
TEAHEAD - User of soft drugs. (This term is now believed already outdated.)
PRE-CREDIT SEQUENCE

FADE-IN TO SERIES OF SHOTS OF EXTERIORS OF NIGHTCLUBS, INDUSTRIAL SKYLINES AND CLOSE-UPS OF NEON SIGNS, CUT TO 'JAZZY' MUSIC AND THE VOICE-OVER.

V/O The towns around here are all the same. You don't have to remember any of their names or which one you're in because they're all the same.

Big city or small town - it doesn't matter where you are - you can always find some action.

If you're hip you'll know that action means one thing - women.

Find a flashy nightspot or a dirty little dive - it doesn't make any difference - and once you're in buy the best-looking chick you see a drink. Don't worry about the money. Make sure the collar of your shirt isn't greasy, make all the right moves and you can't go wrong. Give her a chance to talk about herself and you'll have her eating out of your hand.

I've been in every club in every town in this area and believe me - they're all the same - more or less. You go in and it's always dark, and some chick is on stage peeling off her clothes to dirty music and she's shaking it all about in front of all these jerks with raincoats on their laps. And when your eyes adjust and you look around you see the barflies hanging
around the bar - the squares, the tea-heads and the loose women.

Anyway the girl on stage will always be called Sandi with an 'i' or Jaqui, with a small 'i' and she'll have a shaved belly. You go and see her after her number and she'll have the hair between her legs shaved off and it always smells of hand cream. And she'll be ready for some fun.


V/O I needed to cool off. It was a warm night so I decided to walk back to the hotel.

L/S JOHNNY WALKING DOWN STREET AT NIGHT. GAS-WORKS OR CANAL DOCK IN BACKGROUND.

V/O I don't wear a raincoat. I prefer the stylish silhouette a good suit gives you. If you get wet you just walk into the nearest club and dry off.
LONG-LENS SHOT JOHNNY WALKING TOWARDS CAM. ALONG COBBLED STREET.

V/O I don't mind the rain. As long as I can dry off afterwards I think it's O.K. People keep their heads down so you can't see their faces. Which suits me. I get fed-up being looked at or eyed-up by creeps. I don't like it in the summer when the days get longer.

L/S JOHNNY WALKS FAST SHUNTING-YARD OR SIMILAR.

V/O I like to dress casually because I don't like to stick out too much. Someone like me tends to attract a lot of attention as it is, so you'll never see me in anything flashy. That's up to the chicks, if you know what I mean. There's no better feeling than walking into a club or a hotel with a good-looking girl on your arm. I'm not that bothered but I have a preference just like anybody else.

LONG-LENS JOHNNY WALKS AROUND CORNER, EXITING FRAME.

V/O Depends on how old she is. If she's younger than seventeen or older than ... I dunno ... its personality that counts. Mostly. That kind of thing. Its one of those things you can't put into words.
L/S CITY STREET, OLD SHOPS WITH WINDOWS LIT-UP, JOHNNY WALKS ACROSS FRAME.

V/O I'm not a swinger. I don't like arrangements. I don't plan ahead. I keep to myself, unless ... she's worth it, if you know what I mean. If a girl is something special, somebody ... different from usual ... well ... that's what it's all about.

C/U MANHOLE COVER LIT BY STREET LIGHT. WE SEE JOHNNY'S FEET AS HE WALKS OVER IT.

V/O Life's too short to get uptight about women.

LOW-ANGLE SHOT LOOKING UP AT SKY. JOHNNY ENTERS FRAME AND STOPS, CAM. PULLING FOCUS TO HIM, WE SEE HIS FACE ILLUMINATED BY A RED LIGHT WHICH HE TURNS TO LOOK AT. CAM. CRANES ROUND TO A RED NEON SIGN - "BOOKING OFFICE".

V/O I like cruises. I went on one once. You get easy women on cruises. They get all frisky and work themselves up. They're always shimmying around in small bikinis and they just walk up and down or lie around getting suntans.

C/U JOHNNY WITH CYNICAL GRIN.

V/O You can really shoot these types a line. Give them a load of hooey and they really lap it up. They jump at any chance you give them. I've never seen anything like it. Must be the movement of the boat.
GENERAL SHOT OF OLD-FASHIONED LADIES-WEAR SHOP WITH MANNEQUINS DISPLAYING COCKTAIL DRESSES. JOHNNY CROSSES FRAME.

V/O I dig girls who are hip, look good and have their own cars. I like a girl with guts, who doesn't ask for any favours and keeps her independence. I like them when they wear flashy clothes, get drunk and get out of their heads. And shake it about. I don't like it when I'm saddled with one of them and they tell me they're in love with me, or stuff like that.

C/U NEON SIGN - "PERSONAL FINANCE".

V/O They say the best things in life are free - well they're not for me. But my personal finances are worked out pretty well. I don't have to worry about money. I won't go into any details because it's personal. But it's all worked out, so that I can carry a lot of ready cash and I will always have a clean shirt to change into before I go out on a date.

JOHNNY'S SILHOUETTE WIPES FRAME.

L/S EXTERIOR HOTEL (STILL AT NIGHT). JOHNNY ENTERS HOTEL.

B/C/U HOTEL KEY GOING INTO KEYHOLE. DOOR OPENS.

M/S JOHNNY. HE ENTERS HOTEL ROOM, PICKS UP SUITCASE PUTS IT ON BED AND OPENS IT. CAM. PANS
WITH HIM AS HE TAKES SHIRT OFF BACK OF DOOR AND CAREFULLY PUTS IT INTO THE SUITCASE. HE PAUSES AND SLOWLY WALKS OVER TO THE WINDOW, AND LOOKS OUT, DOWN AT THE STREET.

V/O Life can be a cherry you know. You can look out of your window and look down and ... it's great you know ... because you're above it all ... you're not part of it at all ... all the crap doesn't touch you. It doesn't mean a thing ...

CAM. CRANES WITH HIM AS HE MOVES BACK TO RESUME PACKING - SPARE SHOES, ELECTRIC RAZOR, TOILETRIES ETC.

V/O I like it when you get up and your laundry has been done and your shoes are cleaned and the maid comes in with your breakfast. Then you have lunch and freshen up and ring up a chick that you know and she'll come round and give you a good time and she'll leave before you have to get too involved.

I don't like clammy scenes when she says - "When shall I see you again, Johnny?" - and I don't know what to say ... because ... I never want to be unkind ... but I never know where I'll be at a given point in time so I can never say anything definite even if I wanted to ... and what's the point of stringing the girl along? So I try
to get them out of the room before that kind of scene can develop. They soon get used to it. Women tend to catch on very quickly and they're good at adapting themselves.

Anyway, I was hip to this town and it was time to go.

HE PICKS UP CASE AND CAM. PANS OR CRANES WITH HIM AS HE EXITS. WE REMAIN ON CLOSED DOOR FOR SEVERAL SECONDS.

V/O I never carry a lot around with me. There's no need. When women dig you, you only need basics.

M/S JOHNNY SETTLING INTO BACK SEAT OF TAXI. WE CAN SEE STREET LIGHTS ETC. THROUGH WINDOW.

POV TAXI-DRIVER'S HEAD, CLOCK AND NOTICES, QUICK PAN TO VIEW OUT OF WINDOW. THE TAXI IS ALREADY MOVING.

C/U JOHNNY. HE IS ILLUMINATED PERIODICALLY FROM DIFFERENT SIDES AS THE TAXI DRIVES PAST STREET LIGHTS.

V/O Anyway as I was saying ... I was hip to it ... to this particular town ... and it was time to get out. To move on. I'd had a few good times in this hell on earth but there was only one thing that came to mind, that was worth thinking about, only one person who was worth remembering ...
MIX TO BACK ROOM OF A NIGHTCLUB. TEENAGE GIRL IN A SHORT COSTUME PUTTING DIRTY BEER GLASSES INTO A SINK. AS SHE WALKS BACK AND FORTH COLLECTING GLASSES AND CLEANING THEM CAM. PANS WITH HER.

V/O I met her in a dirty little dive serving drinks at tables. She was kind of cute looking and I shall name her Lorraine. She was wearing fishnet stockings and the top of a pair of men's pyjamas because the place was called "Pyjama Tops". And she was a redhead. I tipped her a couple of notes and asked her to see me afterwards.

M/S JOHNNY STANDING BESIDE EXIT WATCHING THE GIRL, WITH A SERIOUS EXPRESSION.

V/O I watched her serving drinks and then I waited for her to finish work.

M/C/U LORRAINE. SHE IS CLEANING GLASSES AT SINK WITH HER BACK TO CAM. SHE TURNS AND SMILES.

C/U JOHNNY. HE IGNORES THE SMILE, LOOKS AWAY THEN COOLLY BACK TO HER.

M/C/U LORRIANE HURRYING TO FINISH WORK, DRYING HANDS, TURNING TO FACE JOHNNY,LEANING BACK AGAINST SINK.

V/O I didn't think she'd have to stay behind and clean the glasses but she was a nice looking kid for a teenager so I didn't mind waiting too long. On the lapel of
her jacket she had a badge - which read "Sandi", with an 'i' - but I knew it wasn't her real name. She just wasn't a Sandi.

**M/C/U JOHNNY LOOKING AROUND AND LETTING HIS EYES REST FOR A MOMENT ON LORRAINE.**

**M/C/U LORRAINE PUTTING ON SHORTISH RAINCOAT OVER HER COSTUME AND PUTTING TIPS INTO HER PURSE. SHE SMILES TO JOHNNY AND WALKS TOWARDS HIM.**

**M/C/U JOHNNY OPENING EXIT DOOR AS LORRAINE ENTERS FRAME. HE HOLDS THE DOOR OPEN AND SHE STEPS OUT IN FRONT OF HIM.**

**EXTERIOR TWO-SHOT. THEY WALK OUT OF EXIT. A NEON SIGN - "PYJAMA TOPS - ENTRANCE " - FLASHES A FEW TIMES BEFORE SWITCHING OFF. JOHNNY AND LORRAINE WALK DOWN STEPS WITH CAM. TILTING WITH THEM. WHEN THEY REACH GROUND LEVEL JOHNNY PUTS A HAND AROUND HER AND THEY EXIT FRAME.**

**V/O** I walked her home. It was dawn and the weather was fine. She didn't bother to button up her coat.

**EXTREME L/S INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPE WITH SUNRISE REFLECTED IN RIVER. JOHNNY AND LORRAINE WALK ALONGSIDE BANK.**

**V/O** She lived in one room in what they call Investment Properties - which are usually
old town houses that are split up into single rooms and you put in an oven, a sink, a water-heater and a bed into each room and you rent these rooms out to young single people and you get a really good return on your investment.

L/S BEND IN RIVER WITH AN ALLEYWAY CANTILEVERED OVER BANK. JOHNNY AND LORRAINE APPEAR IN ALLEYWAY, ARM-IN-ARM.

LONG LENS PAN OF SAME.

V/O Anyway, we went back to her room and we had a good time. We even slept together on the single bed ... which was ... kind of cosy, if you know what I mean. I woke up with a sore neck, but what the hell, she was worth it.

M/L/S. THEY ARE WALKING TOWARDS CAM. AND PAST A STREET LAMP. UNDER THE LAMP JOHNNY STOPS AND PULLS LORRAINE TO HIM. THEY KISS, THEN EMBRACE.

B/C/U LORRAINE, WITH EYES CLOSED, BLISSFULLY AND DELICATELY KISSING JOHNNY.

V/O I guess she fell in love with me, I dunno, she never said she did exactly, but she didn't say much at all anyhow.

C/U JOHNNY'S ARMS GOING INSIDE LORRAINE'S RAINCOAT AND AROUND HER WAIST.
C/U JOHNNY'S AND LORRAINE'S LEGS FROM KNEES DOWN.
LORRAINE MOVES HER FEET CLOSER TO HIS AND RAISES ONE FOOT.

CLOSE TWO-SHOT FAVOURING LORRAINE. SHE STOPS KISSING,
OPENS HER EYES SLIGHTLY, LOOKS UP AT JOHNNY, THEN KISSES HIM AGAIN.

V/O The two days we spent together were pretty good, I guess. She didn't bother
to go to work. She stayed in just to be with me. We didn't go out except to buy
a couple of sandwiches. And she must've been around because she was a good kisser.

SLOW FADE OUT TO BLACK.

SLOW FADE IN TO:

M/S JOHNNY STANDING WITH BACK TO CAM. IN FRONT OF
OVEN, SINK, WATER-HEATER IN CORNER OF
DINGY ROOM. A NARROW BEAM OF MORNING
LIGHT FILTERS THROUGH A GAP IN THE
CURTAIN. HE IS PUTTING ON JACKET AND
MAKING LAST ADJUSTMENTS TO HIS TIE.

V/O But I had a lot of things to get on
with so I left her on the third day.

HE GLANCES OVER HIS SHOULDER.

M/C/U LORRAINE ASLEEP, LYING NEAR EDGE OF SINGLE
BED. THE CAM. IS POSITIONED SO THAT
THE SHOT WILL RESEMBLE A ROMANTICISED
PORTRAIT.

V/O The last I saw of her she was asleep.
C/U JOHNNY LOOKING SLIGHTLY REGRETFULLY AT LORRAINE.

V/O She must have been dreaming because she was talking to herself ...

C/U LORRAINE GETTING A LITTLE AGITATED AND WHISPERING:

Lorraine: Johnny don't go, don't leave me Johnny.

M/C/U JOHNNY AS IF LORRAINE'S POV. HE TURNS AWAY, PICKS UP SUITCASE AND CAM. PANS WITH HIM AS HE EXITS.

V/O But I had to leave her. She was young and I couldn't afford any complications. She would've got too attached. She didn't say much to me but I could sense it.

B/C/U LORRAINE STILL ASLEEP. SHE STIRS AND TURNS HER FACE, AS IF UNCONSCIOUSLY FOLLOWING JOHNNY'S MOVEMENTS FROM SINK TO DOOR. TAKING A DEEP BREATH AND RAISING HER FACE ( WITH HER EYES STILL SHUT ) SHE SIGHS:

Lorraine: I love you Johnny.

LONG MIX TO:

C/U JOHNNY IN TAXI ( AS BEFORE ).

V/O That was over two weeks ago. She was a nice kid. I told her I would go back to see her again, maybe I will.

HIS EXPRESSION HARDENS AND HE LOOKS OUT OF WINDOW.
POV THROUGH TAXI WINDOW. OUTSKIRTS OF CITY AT NIGHT.

V/O It only took half an hour to get to the next town. It still must've been warm because despite the late hour teenagers - runaways or single-o's - were still hanging around outside the dives and nightspots.

LONGER-LENS TRACK PASSING A GROUP OF GIRLS WEARING MINI-SKIRTS AND CARRYING SUITCASES STANDING OUTSIDE CLUB OR CAFE.

V/O Some of these girls are quite attractive but I wouldn't go near them if I was you. Too much responsibility. They tend to be on the lookout for some sucker to run their lives for them ... 

C/U JOHNNY LOOKING BACK AT GROUP OF GIRLS THEN TURNING TO LOOK OUT OTHER SIDE OF TAXI.

V/O ... and the police tend to keep checking up on them. Or else they're just after your money. Either way, I don't give them the time of day.

Then you get all the local jerks cruising the bars. I don't like local people very much. I like people who keep on the move like me. You can't talk about anything to these local people because they've got nothing to say. To spend your whole life in one of these nowhere places you'd have to be high on dope, of one sort or another. And that's what they are - a load of jerks on dope.
L/S STREET AT NIGHT. ON OUR LEFT IS A LARGE FLOODLIT HOTEL. WE SEE THE TAXI DRIVE UP AND STOP SO THAT IT IS LIT BY THE FLOODLIGHTS. WE SEE JOHNNY LEANING FORWARD AND PAYING THE TAXI-DRIVER, THEN GETTING OUT OF TAXI. AS THE TAXI DRIVES OFF HE PUTS THE SUITCASE DOWN, ADJUSTS HIS TIE AND CUFFS AND LOOKS AROUND.

M/S REVERSE ON JOHNNY, WITH HOTEL IN BACKGROUND. HE LOOKS AROUND CASUALLY THEN STOOPS TO PICK UP HIS SUITCASE BUT SOMETHING CATCHES HIS EYE.

POV 1960'S CONVERTIBLE ( OR SIMILAR ) BRIGHTLY COLOURED AMERICAN CAR DRIVES UP, BRAKES, ITS NEARSIDE DOOR OPENS AND A PLATINUM BLONDE DRESSED ALL IN WHITE STEPS OUT.

V/O Then I saw her. I was standing in front of an expensive-looking hotel. An open-topped roadster drove up and she got out - this really classy piece.

LONGER-LENS SHOT OF BLONDE TO EMPHASISE HER CLOTHING AS SHE GETS OUT OF THE CAR. WE DO NOT SEE HER FACE. SHE IS WEARING A WHITE COCKTAIL DRESS THAT IS TIGHT-FITTING ROUND HER HIPS AND KNEES ( AND SO MAKING HER MOVEMENTS DIFFICULT ) WITH VERY HIGH-HEELED SHOES. SHE REACHES INTO THE CAR AND PULLS OUT A WHITE FUR COAT.

V/O Her coat and dress were white and her hair and skin were white. She was all the same shade - like an angel.

THE BLONDE WALKS OUT OF FRAME TOWARDS HOTEL.
C/U JOHNNY. HIS EYES FOLLOW THE BLONDE'S MOVEMENTS.
( THIS SHOT MAY BE A FULL REVERSE AND WE SEE THE BLONDE CROSS FRAME OUT OF FOCUS
IN FRONT OF JOHNNY. )

V/O She walked right past me. I caught the sparkle of her jewellery.

SAME POV AS EARLIER ON CAR AS IT DRIVES OFF.

V/O The car drove off and she didn't look back or wave goodbye.

C/U JOHNNY LOOKING FROM CAR AROUND TO BLONDE.

POV. THE BLONDE WALKS INTO HOTEL.

V/O She walked into the hotel. I thought "This is it. She's the one".

HE ENTERS HOTEL. WE STAY ON HOTEL ENTRANCE.

V/O So I got myself a room inside to freshen up and change my shirt.

M/S JOHNNY IN HOTEL ROOM. HE TAKES OFF ONE SHIRT AND UNPACKS A BRAND NEW ONE FROM A SHIRT-BOX AND PUTS IT ON.

V/O I asked the clerk who the blonde was and he said she was a regular guest, a friend of some local Big Noise ... I forget the name but the clerk acted like he'd be a V.I.P. I asked him if she ever hung around the bar or any other place I'd get a chance to speak to her. He said "No," she tended to stay in her room.
E/C/U JOHNNY'S HANDS FITTING CUFF-LINKS.

V/O How long had she been staying here? "Oh, about two weeks." And this Big Noise was looking after her? "Oh yes." But she stays here every night? "Usually." And what's her room number?

C/U JOHNNY FROM LOW ANGLE.

V/O So, it was going to be a tough nut to crack. But what the hell, I'd had it tougher. I knew someone who looked that good was bound to be hitched somehow.

C/U JOHNNY'S HAND DIALLING PHONE (STILL IN HOTEL ROOM).

V/O I rang her room.

C/U JOHNNY FROM LOW ANGLE LISTENING TO RINGING-OUT TONE.

C/U PHONE FROM HIGH ANGLE.

V/O She answered. I said "Hello. This is Johnny Yesno and I think you're beautiful. Do you think you'd - (WE HEAR CLICK)."

C/U JOHNNY LOOKING TAKEN ABACK.

V/O She hung up before I had a chance to say anything. That had never happened to me before -- HE LOOKS WORRIED, RUBS HIS HAND THROUGH HIS HAIR AND LOOKS AROUND AS IF DAZED.
M/S JOHNNY PACING UP AND DOWN WITH CAM. PANING BACK AND FORTH WITH HIM. HIS AGITATION BUILDS UP AS THE SHOT GOES ON.

V/0 I decided to wait awhile and try again. I wondered whether to go see her in her room.

HE IS ON OPPOSITE SIDE OF ROOM FROM DOOR WHEN HE HEARS A KNOCK ON DOOR. CAM. PANS QUICKLY OVER TO DOOR, JOHNNY RE-ENTERS FRAME AND OPENS DOOR.

V/0 Then there was a knock on my door and I thought it was her. But it wasn't the blonde - it was Lorraine.

CLOSE TWO-SHOT AS DOOR OPENS. WE SEE LORRAINELEANING AGAINST DOOR-JAMB SHE STUMBELES INTO THE ROOM AND GASPS:

Lorraine: Johnny!

V/0 I opened the door and there she was. She fell into the room and I managed to catch her.

CAM. TILTS DOWN AS LORRAINE FAINTS INTO JOHNNY'S ARMS. SHE IS WEARING A PLAIN UNDERSLIP WHICH IS STAINED WITH BLOOD.

V/0 She was hurt. And bleeding.

CLOSE TWO-SHOT REVERSE JOHNNY PICKS UP LORRAINE AND PLACES HER IN BED.
C/U LORRAINE FROM HIGH ANGLE. HER EYES ARE ALMOST CLOSED AND SHE WHISPERS:

Lorraine: Johnny, they shot me. But it's not bad. Don't get a doctor and don't call the cops.

TWO-SHOT FROM HIGH ANGLE. LORRAINE FAINTS AGAIN. JOHNNY HOLDS HER ARM AND FEELS HER PULSE, WHILE GLANCING AROUND AT THE FLOOR BEHIND HIM.

V/O Then she lost consciousness. The blood was running all over the bed and there was blood on the carpet.

C/U JOHNNY LOOKING DOWN AT LORRAINE.

TWO-SHOT FROM HIGH ANGLE. HE GENTLY MOVES LORRAINE TO LOOK AT HER WOUND.

V/O I didn't want to move her too much. She was still breathing thank God.

C/U LORRAINE AS IF FROM JOHNNY'S POV.

C/U JOHNNY AS IF FROM LORRAINE'S POV.

V/O Then I heard someone come into the room. But I was too slow.

WE SEE A DARK SHAPE, A HAND HOLDING A SHINY OBJECT ABOVE JOHNNY'S HEAD, THE OBJECT IS BROUGHT DOWN ONTO HIS NECK. ( THIS ACTION MAY BE COVERED ON THE TWO-SHOT. )
V/O I was slugged, by an expert.

HE IS HIT AGAIN ON THE NECK AND COLLAPSES, EYES BULGING.

V/O I opened my mouth but I'd lost my voice. My eyes stayed open but I couldn't see. My whole body buckled and I faded out.

CAM. HAS CRANED DOWN WITH HIS FACE SO THAT THE FLOOR APPEARS TO MOVE UP AND HIT HIM. FADE OUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN TO:

JOHNNY'S POV. CAM. STARTS ON DUTCH TILT, THEN CRANES AROUND IN SICKENING WAY AND THE IMAGE OF WALLPAPER, CEILING, FURNITURE ETC COMES IN AND OUT OF FOCUS.

C/U JOHNNY LYING ON FLOOR, SLOWLY TRYING TO GET UP, VOMIT STICKING TO HIS CHIN, HIS NOSE BRUISED. CAM. CRANES WITH HIS FACE SO THAT THE ROOM APPEARS TO BE SPINNING AROUND HIM. HE GETS ONTO HIS ANKLES HIS FACE PRESSED HARD AGAINST THE WALL.

L/S FROM HIGH ANGLE JOHNNY KNEELING WITH FACE PRESSED HARD AGAINST THE WALL TRYING TO SUMMON UP THE STRENGTH TO STAND.

E/C/U DETAIL OF WALLPAPER. CAM. CRANES AROUND BUT MAINTAINS E/C/U OF PLUG-SOCKET, SKIRTING-BOARD, CARPET.
V/O When I woke up, I felt the sting of vomit in my throat and nose. I couldn't see straight but I could make out the room I was in, which was mine.

M/C/U JOHNNY GETTING UP AND STUMBLING AROUND ROOM TRYING TO FOCUS ON OBJECTS. CAM. CRANES AND PANS WITH HIM.

V/O Lorraine had gone. Lorraine was gone. There were traces of blood on the bed and on the floor.

POV. CAM. CRANES FROM BED TO FLOOR.

M/C/U JOHNNY. AS HE SWAYS ON THE SPOT CAM. CRANES AROUND AND IN FRONT OF HIM AND WE SEE THE DOOR BEHIND HIM OUT OF FOCUS. WE SEE A FIGURE ENTER CARRYING A SHINY OBJECT ( A VACUUM-CLEANER OR DOMESTIC CARPET-ShAMPOOER ). JOHNNY IS STILL FACING TOWARDS CAM. AND LOOKS AS IF HE IS ABOUT TO BLACK OUT AGAIN WHILE THE FIGURE APPROACHES FROM BEHIND HIM COMING MORE INTO FOCUS AND WE SEE THAT IT IS A RATHER TALL WOMAN DRESSED AS A MAID. JOHNNY GRIMACES AND COUGHS.

V/O Something was hammering in my head. I felt terrible. My shirt collar was dirty. I decided to freshen up and get a clean shirt.

WE SEE THE MAID BEND DOWN OUT OF FRAME AS SHE PUTS DOWN HER MACHINE, THEN SHE COMES BACK INTO FRAME HOLDING UP AN EXTENSION TUBE FROM THE HOOVER ( OR PART OF THE SHAMPOOER ) AND BRINGS IT DOWN ONTO THE BACK OF JOHNNY'S HEAD. HE
STUMBLING OUT OF FRAME AND CAM. PULLS FOCUS TO THE MAID FOR A SPLIT-SECOND.

C/U JOHNNY UNCONSCIOUS ON FLOOR. THE MAID’S FEET APPEAR BESIDE HIS FACE, THEN EXIT FRAME AND WE HEAR THE SHAMPOOER BEING SWITCHED ON. THE CLEANING HEAD IS PUSHED IN AND OUT OF FRAME VERY CLOSE TO AND IN FRONT OF JOHNNY’S FACE.

B/C/U SHAMPOO HEAD BEING PUSHED UP TOWARDS CAM., INTO FOCUS, THEN BACK AWAY. THIS IS REPEATED SEVERAL TIMES. ITS NOISE IS VERY LOUD AND DISTORTED. FOAM BUILDS UP IN FRONT OF CAM.

V/O I must have been going crazy. It felt like I'd been hit on the head again. Someone was trying to drill into my skull and shampoo my brain. Everything smelled of chemicals and I was losing my grip....

FADE OUT TO BLACK. NOISE AND CACOPHONOUS MUSIC BUILD UP. THE MUSIC DOES NOT FLOW BECAUSE BITS ARE CUT OUT.

V/O My mind was like ... like a needle skipping over a dirty record ... I was dreaming, or going crazy, or both.

FADE IN TO MONTAGE SEQUENCE IN WHICH THE SHOTS THAT FOLLOW ARE SUPERIMPOSED WITH CLOSE-UPS OF JOHNNY LYING ON A BED AND SUFFERING EFFECTS OF HEAVY DOSAGE OF DRUGS, AND ALSO HIS POV’S OF THE ROOM HE IS IN (WHICH IS LORRAINE’S).
MONTAGE SEQUENCE BEGINS WITH SHOTS OF LORRAINE IN HER PYJAMA-TOp COSTUME, GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS OF HER WAITRESSING WORK BACKLIT AGAINST A BLACK BACKGROUND OR IN FRONT OF THE SINK IN HER BED-SITTING ROOM. HER MOVEMENTS MAY BE STYLISED AND TIMED TO GO WITH THE MUSIC (IN A SIMILAR STYLE TO A DREAM-SEQUENCE FROM A 1950'S HOLLYWOOD MUSICAL).

V/O I could see Lorraine walking around in her pyjama-top and dancing to crazy music. They called her "Sandi" but that wasn't her name.

IN THE LAST SHOT OF LORRAINE WE SEE HER IN HER ROOM WEARING HER RAINCOAT OVER HER COSTUME. THE CAM. TRACKS IN AND SHE OPENS THE RAINCOAT REVEALING BLOODY STAINS ON HER JACKET UNDERNEATH.

MIX TO:

B/C/U JOHNNY'S ANGUISHED FACE, SWEAT POURING OFF HIS FOREHEAD. HE IS SHIVERING AND VISIBLY SUFFERING BADLY. HIS EYES BLINK, BULGE AND LOOK RAPIDLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS. CAM. CRANES OR PANS DOWN TO HIS NAKED SHOULDER AND DOWN HIS ARM WHERE WE SEE THAT HE IS STRAPPED TO THE BED. CAM. CRANES DOWN SO THAT WE SEE JOHNNY'S FACE IN BACKGROUND. A HYDERDERMIC SYRINGE APPEARS FROM TOP OF FRAME IN BIG CLOSE-UP AND IS BROUGHT DOWN ONTO HIS ARM. CAM. PULLS FOCUS TO JOHNNY'S FACE AS WE SEE THE SYRINGE PLUNGER PULLED DOWN. AFTER A FEW
SECONDS OF FRENZIED SHAKING HE GRADUALLY RELAXES AND BECOMES PEACEFUL, CLOSING HIS EYES.

MIX TO REST OF MONTAGE SEQUENCE. WE SEE A REPEAT OF THE SCENE WHERE THE BLONDE GETS OUT OF THE CAR, BUT FROM JOHNNY'S POV. THIS IS FOLLOWED BY SHOTS OF THE BLONDE, BACKLIT IN FRONT OF A BLACK BACKGROUND. THE LIGHTING IS IN THE MANNER OF HOLLYWOOD PUBLICITY PHOTOGRAPHS AND ACCENTUATES HER HAIR AND JEWELLERY. IN THE LAST OF THESE SHE IS SPEAKING INTO THE RECEIVER OF A WHITE TELEPHONE.

C/U JOHNNY, EYES STILL CLOSED, TALKING TO HIMSELF AS THOUGH CONVERSING WITH THE BLONDE. SUDDENLY HE GRIMACES.

B/C/U OF THE BLONDE STILL TALKING INTO THE 'PHONE. CAM. TILTS DOWN TO SHOW THAT SHE HAS PINNED TO HER GOWN A BADGE READING "SANDI". MUSIC AND NOISES BUILD UP TO CRESCENDO AND THEN DIE OVER A FADE OR MIX TO:

M/S JOHNNY LYING ON A PILE OF BLACK SHALE IN A DISUSED QUARRY. IT IS DUSK. HIS SHIRT AND TROUSERS ARE MUDDY AND TORN AND HIS FACE IS BADLY BRUISED AND CUT. HE IS VERY STILL.

M/C/U JOHNNY GAINING CONSCIOUSNESS, CAM. CRANING ROUND WITH HIM AS HE SLOWLY TRIES TO GET TO HIS FEET. ALMOST UPRIGHT, HE FEELS A SHARP PAIN IN HIS LEGS AND THEY COLLAPSE BENEATH HIM. THE SHALE IS UNSTABLE AND SO HE SLIDES DOWN
THE STEEP QUARRY FACE. (THE CAM. MAY BE STRAPPED TO HIM SO THAT WHAT WE SEE WILL BE SHAKY AND DISORIENTATING AND SIMILAR TO THE SHOTS IN THE HOTEL ROOM WHEN HE WAS KNOCKED OUT.)

EXTREME L/S OR LONG LENS TILT. JOHNNY SLIDING DOWN SHALE AND ROLLING INTO MUD AT BOTTOM. HE STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET BUT HIS LEGS BUCKLE UNDER HIM.

C/U JOHNNY GRIMACING AND SWEARING.

L/S JOHNNY TRIES TO STAND BUT HE COLLAPSES AGAIN.

POV (ON DUTCH TILT?) OF GROUND. CAM. CRANES ROUND TO SHOW WALLS OF QUARRY.

V/O (Humble) I can't walk ... I must've been off my feet for weeks ... where is Lorraine? ... that poor kid ... I've got to get ... up. What day is this ?? ... 

M/S JOHNNY GETS UP FOR THE FOURTH TIME OF ASKING, CAM. CRANING UP WITH HIM, HE WALKS WOODENLY AND PAINFULLY FORWARD.

POV. SHAKY TRACK FORWARD OUT OF QUARRY.

V/O (Dazed and confused, much grunting coughing and gasping for breath) I hate this town ... it's getting me down ... there was only one thing worth thinking about ... she was a great kid ... I wouldn't give them the time of day ... she never did no-one no harm ... they're all the same to me ...
C/U JOHNNY. HE STOPS, GASping FOR BREATH, LOOKING DOWN AT HIS LEGS AS IF THEY DON'T BELONG TO HIM.

M/C/U. HIS LEGS. HE STARTS WALKING AGAIN WITH LIMP.

POV SHAKY TRACK OVER GROUND.

V/O (Still gasping for breath) That blonde ... a real classy piece ... who was she? I don't know, don't ask me ... Lorraine ... who was she? ... what sort of mess is she mixed up in? ... she was too young, she could've got too attached ... she said it wasn't too bad ... don't get a doctor ... I hope someone's patched her up ...

CAM. IS STILL TRACKING SHAKILY OVER GROUND. WE SEE THAT IT REACHES THE SIDE OF A B-ROAD, IT TILTS UP STILL TRACKING AND WE SEE A ROAD SIGN LIT UP AGAINST THE DARKENING SKY, AND BECAUSE THE CAM. IS SHAKING IT IS A BLUR FILLING THE FRAME.

V/O Red lights, blue lights, white lights - they're all the same to me ... red green blue red green blue ... I hope someone's patched her up ... she was great ...

POV GROUND, CAM. STILL TRACKING, IT TILTS UP TO GIVE A WIDE-SHOT OF A SERVICE STATION LIT UP. THE SKY IS NOW BLACK.

V/O ... she wouldn't do anybody any harm ... why does it happen only to the best? ... what's happening in this ... mean old world? Can you tell me that? I've got to see her again. She's worth it. What's up ahead?
THE WIDE-SHOT OF SERVICE STATION BECOMES STEADY, FOR A FEW SECONDS THE IMAGE IS SHARP BUT THEN IT STARTS GOING IN AND OUT OF FOCUS.

M/C/U JOHNNY SQUINTING, RUBBING HIS EYES, FALLING TO HIS KNEES WITH EXHAUSTION.

M/S REVERSE. JOHNNY IN FOREGROUND, SERVICE STATION IN BACKGROUND. HE GETS UP AND WALKS AWAY FROM CAM. HIS LIMP IS NOW ONLY SLIGHT.

V/O (Back to normal delivery) I shook off the temptation to lie down and go to sleep. I had to keep moving.

CAM. PULLS FOCUS TO SERVICE STATION.

M/C/U JOHNNY ARRIVING AT OUTHOUSE OF SERVICE STATION, HE IS ILLUMINATED BY LIGHT COMING THROUGH A WOODEN SLAT FENCE.

V/O I hate the country, especially at night. You never know what you’re stepping into. It felt great to be back in civilisation.

Things were still just a blur to me but I knew I was at a garage and it was night ... and it felt great to be standing up ...

POV CAM. PANS AROUND SERVICE STATION BUILDINGS AND FORECOURT GOING IN AND OUT OF FOCUS. EVERYTHING IS LIT UP BUT THE BUILDINGS ARE OLD AND LOOK NEGLECTED.
V/O No-one was around. I wanted to freshen up ... I could feel earth in my throat. Things were getting more in focus.

IN THE SAME POV THE AMERICAN CAR WE HAVE SEEN PREVIOUSLY DRIVES INTO SHOT AND STOPS BESIDE THE PUMPS. A TALL MAN IN A BLACK SUIT GETS OUT, OPENS BONNET AS IF TO INSPECT THE ENGINE. THEN THE BLONDE WHO HAS BEEN SITTING IN THE PASSENGER SEAT GETS OUT, CARRYING A LAP-DOG, SETS IT DOWN AND WALKS IT OVER TO A GRASS VERGE, THE CAM. PANNING WITH HER, STILL GOING IN AND OUT OF FOCUS.

V/O Then a car drove up and a man got out. Then a woman dressed in white got out, with a little white dog. My eyes were still acting up.

C/U JOHNNY SQUINTING, TRYING TO FOCUS EYES. THEN HE RECOGNISES THE WOMAN AS THE BLONDE.

V/O Then I recognised her. It was the really classy piece ... LONG LENS PAN OF THE BLONDE WALKING SLOWLY WITH DOG.

V/O ... I couldn't beleive it. I must've gone crazy ... it was like a dream ... I just couldn't believe it.

C/U JOHNNY LOOKING LONGINGLY AT THE BLONDE.

C/U BLONDE LOOKING BACK AT CAR.
V/O She was a white silhouette against the night sky. I was right - she did look like an angel.

It was great to see her again but I couldn't do anything about it ... not in the shape I was in. So I stayed out of sight.

B/C/U JOHNNY FROWNING, THEN FEELING PAIN, SCREWING UP HIS EYES.

V/O Besides, I'd probably get a slamming again and get doped up to the eyeballs.

My head started pounding again and there was a whining in my ear ... 

B/C/U PROFILE OF JOHNNY PANNING TO CONCENTRATE ON EAR. WE HEAR A HIGH-PITCHED WHINE AS JOHNNY SHAKE HIS HEAD IN PAIN. AFTER A FEW SECONDS THE WHINE FADES AWAY AND THE CAM. PANS TO SHOW JOHNNY OPENING HIS EYES.

POV GRASS VERGE. NO-ONE IS THERE.

B/C/U JOHNNY LOOKING SHOCKED, THEN LOOKING OVER TO THE CAR.

POV. THE BLONDE IS JUST RETURNING TO THE CAR, GENTLY DROPPING THE DOG INTO THE CAR AS THE MAN GETS IN TOO.

V/O She was just my type but more than that ... there was something familiar about her ... like a half-remembered song that comes to mind and then fades away ...
C/U JOHNNY WITH A PAINT TRACE OF A SMILE.

V/O    I promised myself that we’d meet again, under different circumstances.

POV     THE CAR DRIVES OFF, ITS REAR LIGHTS DISAPPEAR INTO THE NIGHT.

FADE OUT TO BLACK.
FADE IN TO:

W/S HOTEL ROOM INTERIOR. JOHNNY WASHING AND SHAVING WITH SLIGHT DIFFICULTY.

V/O    I went back to the hotel where I’d seen the blonde and Lorraine. I knew there must have been a connection ... so I decided to hang around the same hotel ... but nothing happened ...

I’d lost a whole month out of my head. I was still finding it difficult to do simple things.

I was beginning to get worried. Life was getting on top of me and I don’t like it that way. I don’t like to see old flames shot through the ribs and bleeding all over the carpet. And I don’t like missing a chance of meeting a good-looking blonde.

L/S JOHNNY STANDING OUTSIDE CLUB OR ALL-NIGHT CAFE, WATCHING TRAFFIC (WHICH IS OUT OF FOCUS).

V/O    I hung around the same town hoping for a break. Hoping Lorraine would somehow show up. I tried to trace the car but that got nowhere.
L/S EXTERIOR PYJAMA TOPS. JOHNNY IS STANDING NEAR EDGE OF FRAME LOOKING UP AT SIGN.

V/O I went back to Lorraine's room but it had been re-let. So I went to the Pyjama Club. But all they knew there was that Lorraine had disappeared. Another waitress told me that Lorraine had been seeing old clients from the time when she was working on the streets. They'd come to the club to pick her up. Apparently Lorraine had run from a foster-home, tried to make it to London, but had got involved with a pimp who brought her to Yorkshire. She'd managed to give up the game, changing her name and getting the waitressing job at the club.

C/U JOHNNY, WITH LIGHT FROM SIGN FLASHING ON AND OFF HIS FACE, LOOKING TROUBLED.

V/O But, just before her disappearance, this pimp had caught up with her and had started a fight with her in front of everybody ...

Things were getting complicated. I still thought about going to the police, but I knew it would be risky. Lorraine must be mixed up with pretty dangerous characters with enough pull to be able to hide a missing person. Like I said, I haven't had dealings with girls on the streets and I don't talk to pimps ... so ... I was worried.

L/S EXTERIOR AS ABOVE. JOHNNY LOOKS DOWN AS IF A LITTLE DEFEATED. HE TURNS AND EXITS FRAME, WE STAY ON THE SIGN FLASHING ON AND OFF.
M/C/U JOHNNY IN HOTEL ROOM, SITTING FORWARD ON BED, WORRIED. OVER THE FIRST SENTENCE OF V/O THE BACKGROUND ( THAT IS, WALL AND WARDROBE ) FADES DOWN, LEAVING JOHNNY LIT IN ISOLATION.

V/O Sometimes I feel loneliness closing in on me. At night it always comes to me - "Johnny, you haven't got one friend. What are you doing? You're driving yourself crazy."

I must be getting sentimental. What am I doing, at this point in time, on my own at night, thinking about two women ... and getting worried ... I must be getting sentimental.

I'm not used to it and it's getting to be a drag. I mustn't flip.

Lorraine was a nice kid. She loved me. And I was getting very fond of her. Let's face it, she was growing on me ... and she still is. How can that be ... ? Why did I leave her behind and let those creeps get to her?

She had a lot of soul, that kid. She had something about her ... deep inside ... something which I really dug, you know. That type of thing. Maybe she was kind of ... mixed up ... but deep down inside she was all there ... she was all heart. I dunno ... but you know what I mean.

You don't just find it walking down the street - it finds you. That's what I think - it finds you.
No! Hang on! — That's not right! You've got to know what to look for! In this life you have to be selective. A girl has to be something really special before I let her get that close to me.

So, how do I help her out?

And the blonde? How does she fit in? The girl of my dreams, the best-looking chick I've seen for years. I can't help it — it may sound crazy — but I feel that I know her already. It's no good — I've lived this life waiting for someone like her to come along and now that it's happened I can't ignore it. I can't turn a blind eye and spend the rest of my life trying to forget. This hasn't happened to me before — where did I go wrong? Maybe the dope has made me go crazy. One month under the influence — who wouldn't turn into a teahed?

But I can sort that out later. What really matters now is — I've got to find Lorraine and the blonde and sort it out from there. If I ran off with the blonde I'm sure Lorraine would understand ...

C/U JOHNNY, HEAD ON PILLOW. VERY SOFT LOW-KEY LIGHTING HIGHLIGHTING BEADS OF SWEAT ON HIS FOREHEAD. HE IS FROWNING, STARING UP AT CEILING. HE THEN SETTLES MORE INTO THE BED AND FALLS ASLEEP.

FADE OUT TO BLACK.
M/S JOHNNY WALKING INTO HOTEL ROOM CARRYING NEWSPAPERS, SHUTS DOOR, THROWS PAPER ONTO BED, STARTS TO READ ONE – THE "NEWS OF THE WORLD".

V/O Then I got a break. It was so obvious I should have thought of it before. The Big Noise – the Big Noise who had set up the blonde in this hotel – he was the connection I needed. Why didn’t I think of it before? It was so obvious.

POV PAGE OF "NEWS OF THE WORLD" WITH HEADLINE READING – "CASANOVA COUNCILLOR" – AND A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BLONDE AND A BUSINESSMAN-TYPE CAUGHT IN A CANDID SHOT TOGETHER.

V/O Here they were – photographed together – as large as life.

C/U JOHNNY.

B/C/U PHOTOGRAPH.

V/O I got hold of his home address, a mansion just out of town. I thought I’d just go and ask him a few questions but I soon found out it wouldn’t be that simple ...

M/C/U BRUNETTE (IN EARLY THIRTIES) SMILING IN DOORWAY OF MANSION, HAVING OPENED THE DOOR. (SHE BREATHES HER WORDS RATHER THAN SPEAKING, AND HER MANNER EXUDES SEXUALITY).

Brunette: Yes, come in Mr. Yesno. (SHE STEPS BACK.)
REVERSE TWO-SHOT. BRUNETTE, WITH BACK TO CAM. WE SEE THAT SHE IS WEARING A BRIGHTLY COLOURED PAIR OF TIGHT FITTING SLACKS, A GARISH TOP AND A PAIR OF HIGH-HEELED MULES THAT CLASH VIOLENTLY WITH THE SOMBRE AIR OF THE MANSION'S INTERIOR. JOHNNY STEPSindoors, LOOKS DISINTERESTEDLY AROUND THE HALLWAY AS THE BRUNETTE CLOSES THE DOOR. WE HAVE A GLIMPSE OF THE LATE AFTERNOON LIGHT OUTSIDE. THE BRUNETTE WALKS THROUGH TO LIVING ROOM, JOHNNY FOLLOWING HER, CAM. PANNING WITH THEM, ENDING ON W/S DOORWAY.

REVERSE W/S. WE SEE THEM ENTER LIVING ROOM, WHICH IS FURNISHED WITH ANTIQUES AND LIT WITH A MIXTURE OF SHADED PRACTICALS AND A SHAFT OF LIGHT COMING THROUGH THE PARTIALLY DRAWN DRAPES. THE CAM. PANS WITH THE BRUNETTE AS SHE CROSSES THE ROOM, WALKING THROUGH THE SHAFT OF LIGHT AND SITTING GRACEFULLY INTO AN ARMCHAIR OR SOFA IN SHADOW.

Brunette: I'm afraid my uncle isn't in, Mr. Yesno, but I'll only be too glad to help you, if I can. Actually, I'm glad to have someone to talk to, it's been such a dull day ... 

M/S JOHNNY, LOOKING AROUND ROOM.

M/S BRUNETTE. SHE SHIFTS IN HER SEAT, TWISTING HER BODY INTO A WELL-REHEARSED LANGOROUS POSE.

Brunette: Why don't you sit down ...
M/S JOHNNY WALKS FORWARD AND SITS ON THE ARM OF AN ARMCHAIR. FOR THE FIRST TIME HIS EYES REST ON THE BRUNETTE. HE HOLDS A BLANK EXPRESSION FOR A FEW SECONDS THEN SWITCHES ON A CHARming SMILE.

Johnny: Thanks ...

M/S BRUNETTE. SHE LEANS OVER AND PICKS UP A DRINK STANDING ON THE FLOOR BESIDE HER LEGS. CAM. TILTS DOWN WITH HER SO THAT WE SEE HER SHAPELy LEGS AND A PILE OF MAGAZINES WHICH SHE HAS BEEN FLIPPING THROUGH; THEN BACK UP AGAIN AS SHE TAKES A LARGE Slug OF DRINK.

Brunette: Would you like a drink Mr. Yesno?

M/C/U JOHNNY. HE WATCHES HER FOR A SECOND THEN SPEAKS:

Johnny: Ohh ... no thanks ... I don't drink ...

M/C/U BRUNETTE LOOKING AT JOHNNY AS IF ASSESSING HIM AND DECIdING WHETHER TO BE SERIOUS OR OTHERWISE.

M/C/U JOHNNY.

Johnny: It doesn't matter about your uncle ... not being here ... I'm more interested in ... that is ... I'm trying to get in touch with a friend of his ... a blonde friend of his ...
M/C/U BRUNETTE AT FIRST LOOKING AWAY AS IF UNINTERESTED.

Brunette: (Coolly) Yes?
Johnny: You know who I mean?
Brunette: Yes. You've seen the papers ... (smiles ironically)

M/C/U JOHNNY LEANING FORWARD SLIGHTLY.

Johnny: She may have some information I need ...
Brunette: What kind of information?
Johnny: (Tersely) That's between her and me.

M/C/U BRUNETTE.

Brunette: So how come you know her?

M/C/U JOHNNY, SLIGHTLY TAKEN ABACK.

Johnny: Ugh ... that's between her and me too.

M/S BRUNETTE. SHE GETS UP AND POURS HERSELF ANOTHER DRINK, CAM. PANNING WITH HER.

Brunette: Look ... Johnny ... you don't mind if I call you 'Johnny' do you?

M/C/U JOHNNY. HE SHRUGS AND SMILES. HIS EYES FOLLOW HER MOVEMENTS.

M/S BRUNETTE SITTING BACK DOWN.

Brunette: ... Well, Johnny I'm afraid I cannot help you.
This is a private matter concerning my uncle. I don't know how much you know about it ... but it's highly confidential and I advise you to ...

M/S JOHNNY INTERRUPTING AND GESTICULATING.

Johnny: I just want to talk to her. To the blonde.

M/C/U BRUNETTE.

Brunette: (Innocently) What about, Johnny?

M/C/U JOHNNY, GETTING A LITTLE IMPATIENT.

Johnny: Where is she?
Brunette: (No answer)
Johnny: Is she here?

C/U BRUNETTE.

Brunette: No.
Johnny: Then where is she?
Brunette: I can't tell you. I'm sorry.

C/U JOHNNY STIFLING HIS ANGER.

WIDE TWO-SHOT WITH BRUNETTE SLIGHTLY BACK TO CAM. JOHNNY GETS UP AND MOVES OVER TO LEAN OVER THE BRUNETTE.

Johnny: (Aggressively, but calmly) You've got to tell me. It's very important. All I want to know is where she is ...
THE BRUNETTE IS UNRUFFLED, JOHNNY STARES AT HER WAITING FOR A REACTION.

C/U BRUNETTE. SHE AVOIDS HIS GAZE, THEN LOOKS HIM IN THE EYE.

REVERSE TWO-SHOT ( WITH JOHNNY'S BACK SLIGHTLY TO CAM. )

Brunette: How much is that worth to you?
Johnny: What do you mean?
Brunette: Oh ... I think we can come to some arrangement. (She smiles)
Johnny: I don't have a lot of cash.
Brunette: I don't need money, Johnny. But you could do me a favour. I don't like this ... the kind of life I'm living ... surrounded by all this ... (she looks around and to ceiling) ... shit. I don't belong here any more, Johnny. Do you know what I mean?
Johnny: (Easing up, stepping back) I know what you mean.
Brunette: (Standing up) I'm cooped up here all on my own in this place ... (she is walking away from Johnny and cam.) ... day after day ... I need someone ... (she turns and walks up to Johnny) ... someone like you Johnny ... someone who will take me away from all this ... (she is standing very close to him and almost kisses him).

C/U JOHNNY.

Johnny: (Not taken in) Ugh-huh.
CLOSE TWO-SHOT, FAVOURING BRUNETTE.

Brunette: I mean it Johnny.
Johnny: What about your uncle?
Brunette: He doesn't mind what I do. He'd hardly notice.

CLOSE TWO-SHOT REVERSE (THAT IS, FAVOURING JOHNNY).

Johnny: I don't want to get into any complications.
I just want to meet the blonde.

CLOSE TWO-SHOT, FAVOURING BRUNETTE.

Brunette: (Putting on seductive act) You will, Johnny, don't worry. Take me away from here, stay with me till I've got back on my feet again ... and I'll tell you where the girl is. All I need is a ticket out of here.

Johnny: (Dryly) You're easily pleased.
Brunette: Yes, that's true. How about you?

CLOSE TWO-SHOT REVERSE.

Johnny: You'll find out.
Brunette: (Joyfully) Will I Johnny? Does that mean you'll take me away with you? (She moves closer).
Johnny: Yes. I'll phone for a mini-cab.
Brunette: (Kissing him on cheek) You're a splendid man Johnny, simply splendid. (She kisses him on mouth).
Johnny: (Keeping cool, pushing her back gently) Where's your telephone?

Brunette: (Cooling off) Through there in the hall ... I'll go upstairs and pack a few things ...

SHE EXITS. SHOT ENDS ON C/U JOHNNY WATCHING THE BRUNETTE'S MOVEMENTS OUT OF THE ROOM.

POV BRUNETTE WALKING OUT OF ROOM, THROUGH SAME DOOR AS THEY ENTERED, THEN JOHNNY WALKS OUT.

M/S REVERSE JOHNNY WALKS INTO HALLWAY OVER TO 'PHONE AND DIALS. ( CAM. PROBABLY TRACKING WITH HIM ).

W/S BEDROOM INTERIOR, DOOR IN BACKGROUND, BEDSIDE TABLE WITH 'PHONE IN FOREGROUND. BRUNETTE ENTERS, SWITCHING ON A LIGHT, PICKS UP 'PHONE, LISTENS UNTIL JOHNNY HAS FINISHED HIS CALL, THEN SHE DIALS.

Brunette: (Into 'phone) Hello ... yes it's me ... I know you're busy ... I've got some trouble here I'm afraid ... he's still alive ... he's here ... yes! ... I don't think he knows much but you better get round here ... ten minutes? O.K. ... yes I can hold him here ... yes, I'll be careful darling. (She hangs up)

C/U BRUNETTE. SHE PUTS RECEIVER DOWN, OPENS DRAWER UNDER 'PHONE, CAM. TILTS DOWN, AND SHE TAKES OUT A SMALL REVOLVER.
M/S JOHNNY IN HALL, HOLDING A DRAPE ASIDE, LOOKING OUT OF WINDOW.

POV OR OVER-THE-SHOULDER. THE AMERICAN CAR WE HAVE SEEN PREVIOUSLY DRIVES UP AND STOPS A FEW YARDS FROM WINDOW. WE SEE THAT THE BLONDE IS ASLEEP IN THE PASSENGER SEAT. THE DRIVER WE HAVE ALSO SEEN PREVIOUSLY GETS OUT, WALKS ROUND TO THE BLONDE, SLAPS HER TO WAKE HER UP, PULLS HER ROUGHLY OUT OF THE CAR AND TOWARDS MAIN DOOR.

M/C/U JOHNNY WINCING AND MOVING AWAY FROM WINDOW.

CLOSE-SHOT OF FIRE-POKER OR SIMILAR OBJECT. JOHNNY'S HAND ENTERS FRAME AND HE PICKS IT UP. CAM. TILTS UP TO HIS FACE AND HE EXITS FRAME.

L/S JOHNNY WALKS TO AND STANDS BEHIND MAIN DOOR, HOLDING HIS WEAPON UP AND FLEXING.

POV. MAN ENTERS, STILL PULLING BLONDE BY THE HAND, AND IS IMMEDIATELY HIT ON HEAD OR STOMACH BY JOHNNY. THE MAN COLLAPSES ON FLOOR, CAM. TILTS DOWN WITH HIM, WE SEE THE BLONDE'S FEET STEP INTO FRAME, CAM. TILTS UP, SHE LOOKS CONFUSED ( PERHAPS SHE IS DRUGGED ) THEN LOOKS AROUND AT JOHNNY ( THAT IS, JUST PAST CAM. ).

M/S REVERSE ON JOHNNY. HIS FACE LIGHTS UP.

V/O Then I recognised her. It was Lorraine.
THE BLONDE RUSHES INTO FRAME FROM BEHIND CAM.,
THROWING HER ARMS AROUND JOHNNY.

Lorraine: Johnny! Oh Johnny!

HE SMILES BROADLY AND HUGS HER PATERNALLY.

BIG C/U REVERSE ON LORRAINE. SHE RUBS HER CHEEK AGAINST
HIS, CLOSING HER EYES.

M/S TWO-SHOT, WITH LORRAINE BACK TO CAM., JOHNNY'S
ARMS AROUND HER. THEY KISS.

VERY CLOSE TWO-SHOT. A LONG KISS.

V/O I couldn't believe it. The girl of my
dreams ... and the nice kid who loved
me ... they were the same girl ...

Time stood still as we kissed. She
pressed her body into mine ... and
warmed me ... more than I could ever
have imagined ... warming me right
through to my soul. It felt so good,
I wanted it to last for ever - that
moment - that weird and wonderful
moment, when I realised how lucky I
was, how gloriously happy I was. For
the first time in my life - my mind
ringing with a pure, long, clear note
and my heart skipping a beat...

JOHNNY STOPS KISSING AND SMILES AT
LORRAINE BUT SOMETHING CATCHES HIS
EYE AND HE IMMEDIATELY STOPS SMILING.
POV THE BRUNETTE AT TOP OF STAIRS POINTING
GUN AT HIM.

Brunette: Well I'm glad to see that you two have
got acquainted. (Her tone becomes even more
mocking) You've broken my heart, Johnny. I
thought we were going on holiday together.
It could have been interesting. So ... what are we going to do now? I'll tell you
what we're going to do, Johnny. We're going
to take our hands off someone else's
property and we're going to be very
careful not to start any trouble and we're
going to go and sit down in there. (She
points to living room with gun.)

C/U JOHNNY, OR CLOSE TWO-SHOT.

Johnny: No one orders me around. We're leaving.

TWO-SHOT. JOHNNY AND LORRAINE WALK SLOWLY OVER TO DOOR,
WHICH IS STILL OPEN.

C/U REVOLVER "PANNING" WITH THEIR MOVEMENTS.

C/U BRUNETTE.

Brunette: Don't do it Johnny.

TWO-SHOT JOHNNY AND LORRAINE IN DOORWAY LOOKING AT
BRUNETTE. JOHNNY GENTLY PUSHES LORRAINE
OUT AND MUTTERS:

Johnny: Get in the car, baby. Go on.

SHE EXITS FRAME.
C/U BRUNETTE, WITH DETERMINED EXPRESSION, BRINGING GUN UP IN FRONT OF HER FACE, TAKING CAREFUL AIM.

C/U JOHNNY LOOKING INTENTLY AT BRUNETTE SIZING UP THE CHANCES OF MAKING AN ESCAPE.

M/S BRUNETTE OR WIDE TWO-SHOT OF BRUNETTE AND JOHNNY, WITH BRUNETTE CLOSE AND BACK TO CAM. THE GUN GOES OFF, JOHNNY IS GRAZED ON THE SHOULDER AS HE TURNS TO RUN OUT OF DOOR.

W/S EXTERIOR. HE RUNS OUT OF DOORWAY, CLUTCHING HIS SHOULDER WHICH IS BLOODSTAINED.

REVERSE SHOT. LORRAINE IS IN CAR REVVING ENGINE. JOHNNY RUNS TO CAR, LORRAINE MOVES OVER AS HE GETS IN DRIVING SEAT, REVERSING CAR AWAY FROM DOORWAY.

ZIP-PAN OR CUT TO W/S BRUNETTE AT DOOR, SHOOTING.

TWO-SHOT JOHNNY AND LORRAINE, CAM. FIXED TO CAR, JOHNNY GRITTING HIS TEETH, TURNING CAR AND ACCELERATING DOWN DRIVEWAY.

BRUNETTE'S POV. THE CAR GOING OFF INTO THE DISTANCE.

M/S BRUNETTE. SHE CURSES AND TURNS AWAY.

TWO-SHOT THROUGH WINDSCREEN. LORRAINE CUDDLING UP TO JOHNNY, TAKES OFF WIG AND THROWS IT AWAY AND THEN KISSES HIM ON EAR.
V/O Later, Lorraine told me what this had been all about...

Her story began years ago when she was no more than a child, when she ran away from foster home and started working on the streets for one of the syndicates.

One of her clients took her under his wing and got her the legitimate job at the Pyjama Club. And that was where she met me. After I left her, her old pimp turned up and forced her back on the game — only instead of working the streets she was set up as the girlfriend of our Casanova Councillor — who had a big thing about old-fashioned blondes in flashy cars — and, it turns out, was running the syndicate as well.

REVERSE TWO-SHOT LOOKING OUT AHEAD SO THAT WE SEE OPEN ROAD AND COUNTRYSIDE. THE SUN IS BEGINNING TO SET. LORRAINE IS STILL MAKING A BIG FUSS OF JOHNNY.

V/O She was given a room to herself in the hotel and treated not too badly, she told me, but when she found out that I was there she wanted to see me. So when she had the chance, she ran out of her room and down the corridor to mine. But one of the Councillor’s gunmen panicked and shot her.