

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS

Screenplay by Oliver Stone

Based on The Autobiography by
Billy Hayes with William Hoffer

REVISED DRAFT
JUNE, 1977

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1. PROLOGUE BLACK SCREEN - SUPERIMPOSE:

THE FOLLOWING IS BASED ON A TRUE STORY.
IT **BEGAN** OCTOBER 6, 1970 **IN** ISTANBUL,
TURKEY -

SOUND UNDER, sharp: **CRACKLE - RIP - SNIP...**

FADE IN:

2. A SET OF CLOTHES ON A **HOTEL** ROOM BED -- trenchcoat, bulky white **turtleneck** sweater, T-shirt, jeans, Western style boots. **SOUNDS continue**, accentuated. **MOVE** across open **TRAVEL BAGS** on the bed. **Clothe Possessions CONTINUE** across **FURNITURE, WASHBASIN, TOILET...a large room**, high old ceilings and **windows** suggesting **ancient Europe& design; a haunting greenish AFTER-NOON** light.

WE **MOVE TO HANDS**, **TIGHT** -- drawing out a strip of adhesive tape,

3. **SCISSORS** move in **TIGHT...SNIP!**

4. **UNDERARM, TIGHT.** **TAPE being** laid over it.

5. **BACK OF SHOULDER, TIGHT.** **TAPE** going on.

6. **BELLYBUTTON, TIGHT.** **TAPE** going **over**. Then: a harsh **RIP!** **SOUND** and the tape comes off the bellybutton.

7. **HANDS** with new strip of tape. Moving to:

3. **HASHISH PLAQUE.** Four of them, thinly pressed. One on top of the other. The **HAND** wrapping a portion of the **TAPE** around them and:

9. **BELLY, TIGHT.** **SOUNDS** of **BREATHING** stop. The belly is sucked in. The **TAPE** is pulled **HARD** across, then **CINCHED.** We hear **F.X.** of **HE-ART BEAT-**

MOVE UP THE CHEST TO:

10. **BILLY HAYES - 21**, babyface, attractive, medium build - an aura of innocence. His eyes moving off his belly to:

11. **MIRROR. FULL SHOT.** Climax. A creature in abondage of his own devise, he is naked in his underpants, his body crisscrossed by a network of **TAPE** and **40** tightly pressed plaques of **HASHISH** in every conceivable crevice of his body. The eyes are hard.

NIX THRU **HEART BEAT, SOUNDS OF AIRPORT.**

CUT:

12. **INTERIOR - ISTANBUL AIR TERMINAL -** dirty, crowded, wooden benches, peddlers. Turkish flight instructions on **LOUDSPEAKER**, followed by mediocre English translations. **NOTE: ALL DIALOGUE IN TURKISH TO FOLLOW WILL BE MARKED OFF BY PARENTHESIS. A CERTAIN PROPORTION WILL BE SUBTITLED, BUT SOME NOT.**

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

(Pan American Flight **Number 1** to Frankfurt, London, and New York has arrived and will be ready for boarding at Gate **7** in **20** minutes.)

REPEAT **IN ENGLISH** over:

13. **BILLY** walking down a long **CORRIDOR**. He moves somewhat stiffly in the clothes we saw laid out on the bed; his face complicated by dark, rather ridiculous aviator sunglasses and an increasing edge of nervousness **to** his actions. With him is:
14. **SUSAN** - 23, healthy outdoor looks, dressed casually colorful like an American student abroad.
15. **APPROACHING P.O.V.** - a group of **TURKISH SECURITY GUARDS**, in rumpled green uniforms, at a security **CHECKPOINT** inspect the carry-on bags of several **PASSENGERS**.
16. **BILLY** tensely contemplating the guards as he walks.
17. **SUSAN** digging in her bag for her **passport** as she walks.
18. **BILLY**, looking **from** guards ahead to **SUSAN**. He suddenly breaks stride, still a fair distance from the checkpoint. **SUSAN** glances at him. He is holding his belly.

BILLY

I think I've been poisoned.

SUSAN

And you ate two baklavas, right? I **told you** not to touch them, mine was awful.

BILLY

(his voice strained)

Look, I think I'm going to have **to go** to the john again. **You go on** through, **I'll** catch up.

With a sense of panic, he turns and goes back down the **corridor** without waiting for a response. **SUSAN**, concerned, moves on.

CUT:

19. **BILLY** in the **WASHROOM MIRROR**, again checks himself out. His glasses are off, and he has just watered himself down. But the **SOUND** of his **HEARTBEAT** is up, and his nerves are visible in **his** eyeballs **and he** knows it. He dabs at the sweat on his sideburns. He closes his eyes, takes a **DEEP BREATH**. A pause. He puts his dark sunglasses back on. Turns away from the mirror. **No** going back now.

CUT :

20. **ADVANCING P.O.V.** - **SECURITY CHECKPOINT**. The **GUARDS** again. Closer, closer, Guns in their **holsters**. **SOUND** of Billy's heartbeat,
21. **CLOSE GUARD** **smoking** a cigarette, bored, in a tattered olive uniform, looks at **BILLY**.

GUARD

Passport!

22. BILLY PASSPORT. The Guard's tobacco-stained FINGERS take it, open it. Basic information on Billy: Birth Date April 17, **1949**. Birth Place: Babylon, Long Island. No wife, no minors. **Signature**
23. GUARD gives it back to BILLY.

GUARD

Bag!

24. **BILLY** opens his shoulder bag, proffers it. The GUARD tosses it, pushing aside books, **grabbing** a white **plastic** dish.

GUARD

(Nebu?)

BILLY

(understand **ing** the Turkish expression, "What's this?")

It's a frisbee.

GUARD

Nebu?

BILLY

A frisbee.

(makes a throwing gesture of the wrist)

You throw, catch it. Game !

Curious, one of the other GUARDS ambles **over** looking at the frisbee.

25. BILLY tightens. Cursing the frisbee. Sweat now runs his side-burns again. **HEARTBEAT** up.

GUARD

(Ball?...Game?)**2ND** GUARD

(American game. Baseball.)

GUARD

Ah!

(puzzled, turns the frisbee around and around)

26. THE **SECOND** GUARD studies **BILLY**, curious about the sweat. Suddenly **reaches** up, indicates the eyes.

GUARD

(Take the glasses off)

27. BILLY understanding the gesture rather than the words, removes his glasses. His eyes. Straight, staring at the GUARD without trying to look away. A **long** moment.
28. FIRST GUARD stuffs the frisbee back into the bag. Scowls. Takes a puff on his **cigarette**, coughs. Phlegm rattles around in his throat.

Aaaah!

He waves BILLY through.

29. SILLY puts his glasses back **on**: the SECOND GUARD turns away. BILLY walks past the checkpoint. His HEARTBEAT drops.

CUT:

30. **SUSAN** reads the International Herald Tribune, seated on a crowded olive-colored **BUS** out on the tarmac. She has saved him a seat and pulls her bag off *as* BILLY sits down.

SUSAN
Are you all right?

He looks at her. Relief. A smile, awkward - he wishes he could tell her.

BILLY
Yeah... Yeah.

Lays his head *back on* the wooden bench. Reaches out:

31. TAKES HER **HAND** in his. She returns the grip.
32. THE **BUSDOOR** slams shut.
33. **THE TURKISH BUSDRIVER** rolls the bus out towards the **PLANES** visible in the far distance?.
34. **SUSAN**, feeling Billy is better, shows him the Herald Tribune.

SUSAN
(saddened)
D'you see this? **Janis Joplin** died
yesterday.

35. BILLY, his *sunglasses* removed, looks at the paper, almost abstractedly.

SUSAN (OFF)
Overdose, **In** a Hollywood motel.

36. **NEWSPAPER**. Picture of **JANIS JOPLIN**. That big, earthy, rugged **smile**.

Billy's P.O.V. moves up page one to the headline: **NIXON OUT-RAGED AT PALESTINIAN HIJACKERS: CALLS FOR CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.**

SUSAN (OFF)
(a faint **voice**)
Never was anybody like **Janis...**

33. BILLY, **thinking** other happier things, reaches over and playful!.: squeezes her tit twice, rapidly.

BILLY
(smiles)
Never was anybody like you...

SUSAN

(annoyed, brushes his hand away,
a clicking sound in her throat)
You can't take anything seriously.

BILLY

(smiles)
You're right.

Bus stops suddenly. BILLY changes expression.

38. THROUGH **FRONT WINDSHIELD** we see **TURKISH SOLDIERS** in several **HALFTRACKS** drawn up in a semicircle blocking the bus. The Pan American **PLANE** is directly behind. Also **JEEPS** and a **POLICEMAN** waving the bus down.

39. BUS BOOR opens and the Turkish Police OFFICER hops aboard briskly:

OFFICER

(Attention please, Ladies and Gentlemen.
For your own safety we're conducting a
security check before you board **your**
airplane, Kindly file out the back.
Women and children in one line. Men in
another.)

40. **PASSENGERS.** A confused hum.

VARIOUS PASSENGERS

What's he saying?
I don't **know...Marian**, hey **Marian**, what
the hell...

The Turkish-speaking PASSENGERS are gathering together their items and beginning to exit as:

41. POLICE OFFICER repeats, in **English**:

POLICE OFFICER

(idem)

42. CLOSE BILLY. The POLICE OFFICER is only beginning the speech in English but already Billy realizes, And it's panic. Silent panic. That horrendous cold feeling all over his back: Oh God what have I done, what can I do **now!** He freezes.

MOVE TO SUSAN rising, fetching her things, irritated.

SUSAN

Jesus, they do everything ass
backwards in Turkey.

Behind her we see the other **AMERICAN** PASSENGERS beginning to disembark with the usual chorus of overlapped conversations, expletives, including:

PASSENGERS

They're checking for hijackers.
Any Palestinians aboard? Hey Harry,
get rid of your grenades...

Laughter is returned from several of the American contingent, but we MOVE BACK to BILLY in foreground; all of a sudden he is on his knees trying to crawl under the seat.

SUSAN (OFF)
Billy, what's the matter?

BILLY
' My passport!

SUSAN
No!

She bends down to look, coming FACE TO FACE **with** him. He grips her arm.

BILLY
(low voice)
Susan - forget it. Go get us a seat on the plane. Now.

SUSAN
(picking up the real fear in his voice)
What is it? . . . Billy?

BILLY
(a fierce whisper, panic)
For Christ's sake, just GET on the plane, okay!

His tone stuns her; never before has he spoken to her like that. A LOOK between them; he has his **glasses** off now. She's not a stupid girl by any means and realizes something is very wrong and for the both of them, she'd best do exactly as he says. And **fast!** She moves OUT **OF** SHOT.

BILLY, crouched low in the aisle starts to work fast, his finger: shaking reaching into his sweater starting to work the TAPE loose from around his chest; looking from under the bench. Still quite a bit of commotion as passengers are exiting. BUT THEN:

43. BILLY P.O.V. - UNIFORMED LEGS coming slowly down **the aisle toward** him. The muzzle of an M-1 RIFLE tapping loosely against the **side** of the kneecap.

PAN WITH and **MOVE** UP as TURKISH MILITARY **LIEUTENANT** comes into view, intersecting outgoing PASSENGERS, eyes casually coming to rest on:

44. BILLY looks up from his kneeling position on floor; his sweater rolled back down; he indicates the passport in his hand. "Just found it" expression.

MOVE to the **LIEUTENANT**, not necessarily suspecting anything, but with a customary insolence reserved for young vagrant-types, he stretches his rifle arms length with one hand and gently prods Billy up with the tip of **the** muzzle placed under his chin. MOVE BACK to the OFFICER, bringing the rifle back to his side, indicating Billy get off the bus with the others. All in silence.

CUT:

45. BILLY among a group of MALE PASSENGERS, funnelling into two lines that pass on either side of a wooden inspection table. Thirty TURKISH SOLDIERS with rifles ring the area. It is open, vast, no place to run or hide. The only apparent hope is to melt into the irregular jostling patterns of the passengers impatiently waiting.
46. TWO PLAINCLOTHESMEN (Police) are on each side of the table, body-searching the male passengers alternately.
47. SUSAN is in a similar set-up twenty yards away, with FEMALE ATTENDANTS doing the searching. She glances at Billy as she undergoes search. She is cleared, passes on, towards the ramp of the plane.
48. BILLY, his sunglasses off, smoothly melts among the male PASSENGERS, pulling some books **from** his shoulder bag. Glides to the head of the line. MOVE TO:
- The FIRST OFFICER patting down a PASSENGER, his back partially turned to Billy. MOVE AROUND bringing him into foreground as:
- BILLY skirts him in the background, camouflaged among two other conversing PASSENGERS waiting for the SECOND OFFICER who now appears in foreground **on** the lateral TRACK; he is busy with another passenger. In passing him, Billy replaces the books in his shoulder bag as though he had already been searched by the first officer,
- Tension. FOLLOW BILLY as he approaches the boarding ramp.
49. BILLY P.O.V. - SUSAN **at** the top of the ramp waiting. Smiling STEWARDESSES. Pan America. Haven.
50. BILLY FOOT rising off Turkish soil onto ramp.
51. TURKISH HAND lightly touching Billy's elbow, then grasping the **arm**
- TURK (OFF)
(Just a minute.)
52. BILLY his eyes flattening.
53. SUSAN in LONG SHOT, reacting.
54. BILLY turns - trying to seem casual; he confronts the SECOND OFFICER face to face and gestures towards the:
55. FIRST OFFICER who happens to glance at them.
- SECOND OFFICER (OFF)
(Nebu? Did you search him?)
- FIRST OFFICER
(frowns)
(No.)
56. SECOND OFFICER tightens his grip on BILLY, angry, and pulls him back to the TABLE. MOVE with them. The officer has been lied to; in addition he is young, inexperienced, about 18.
- SECOND OFFICER
(grunts a command, makes a gesture)

BILLY, comprehending, spreads his **arms**. The OFFICER pats him down carefully, brushing against his armpits. Precisely in the area where we saw the **hashish**. But incredibly he doesn't notice, continuing to work his way down the **hips and legs**.

57. CLOSE BILLY eyes on the sky behind the OFFICER, praying silently for a break.

58. TURKISH FINGERS moving up the inside of his legs, onto his belly, touching the hard bulge below the navel. But again not noticing.

59. BILLY in limbo, SOUND of his heartbeat.

60. SECOND OFFICER pausing, his **fingers around** Billy's chest, about to let it go, then:

61. **PLACES HIS HAND** suddenly flat on Billy's heart.

62. OFFICER, **sensing** the accelerated heartbest, stares at:

63. BILLY whose eyes jump, startled by this technique.

64. **FINGERS** like excited spiders quickly run back up into the armpit **area**. STOP - right on the packets.

65. TURKISH EYES SWIVEL to **BILLY EYES CLOSE**. Frozen moment. Then, sudden blur of movement at the edge of frame.

66. SECOND **OFFICER**, jumping back, grabbing his pistol from his holster, crouching on one knee, **aiming** the gun barrel at BILLY, hand shaking. He is terrified.

SECOND OFFICER

(screaming)

(Bomb! Be's got a bomb!)

67. AMERICAN PASSENGERS scream and **hit** the deck all around.

AMERICAN PASSENGER

Bomb! Bomb!

68. BILLY stands there, arms straight up in the air, eyes **clamped** shut, trying not to breathe. A CHORUS of rifle and revolver **CLICKS OFF** as:

69. PULL BACK to **OVERHEAD SHOT** - BILLY surrounded by thirty **SOLDIERS** with rifles pointed at him from all directions, crouched nervously. The **PASSENGERS** all huddled on the ground.

70. BILLY, eyes closed. Edge of frame shows a shaky muzzle **of** a **REVOLVER** poked into his belly, moving up.

MOVE to THE FIRST OFFICER, **older**, more experienced but scared, poking with the revolver; reaches in with his hand cautiously, starts to pull up the turtleneck sweater. MOVE with the hand, revealing the **HASHISH PLAQUES** around the navel. A pause. His **HAND** draws the sweater higher. **More PLAQUES**.

71. FIRST OFFICER'S FACE relaxes. Starts to smile, finding it **funny**.

FIRST OFFICER

(yells out)

(It's hashish. **He's** just a smuggler.)

SOLDIERS (OFF)

(in chorus echo, relaxing,
chuckling)**(Hashish...smuggler...hippie...)**

72. MASTER ANGLE SOLDIERS REGROUPING. PASSENGERS starting to rise from the ground.
73. **SUSAN**, dumbfounded watching all this from the door of the PLANE, starts back down the ramp. But a flow of upcoming PASSENGERS slows her descent.
74. BILLY is led roughly by TWO SOLDIERS parallel to the plane his hands on his head. He manages a glance at Susan. A slight but strong movement of the head and eyes. 'No. Don't come down those **stairs!**'
75. SUSAN understands it, looks helplessly, hesitates - lost between two worlds. A silent shaping of a puzzled mouth.

SUSAN

(...Billy . ..?)

She is washed back *along* in the flow of passengers.

CUT:

76. VIP **ROOM**, AIRPORT **LOUNGE**. The scene moves very fast, indicating a sense of chaos. **Much** smoke. **Many** phone calls. Half a dozen Turkish police OFFICERS are bizarrely seated in a row of fold up chairs next to a desk. chattering among themselves (**AD LIB**), lighting **their** Turkish cigarettes. They hardly pay attention as:
- MOVE TO BILLY, scared, sweating - backlit by the huge windows overlooking the airstrip. In background, we see the 707 Pan American PLANE beginning to circle towards the runway. GUARDS have stripped him down to his bare chest and now knife through the adhesive tape from two sides at once. Then RIP the tape off. BILLY winces.
77. **ANOTHER** ANGLE the room. Billy's luggage is being tossed. Clothes fly through the air. A sweatshirt; **Marquette** University Rowing Team. A **35mm** camera. A gift package for his mother ripped open. a silver Turkish kettle, clanging to the floor. Another package is ripped open and a set of Turkish tea cups smash and break all **over** the floor. Very fast.
78. BILLY watches, bewildered. He is stripped of the last plaque in his navel. FOLLOW the plaque clattering onto the pile of 40 **plac**

FIRST OFFICER (OFF)

Name?

BILLY (OFF)

William Hayes.

MOVE BACK quickly to the OFFICER with notebook at the desk. Part of the confusion is that each time we see another police officer he has another face.

FIRST OFFICER
vi... Vilyum... Vilyum...

BILLY (OFF)
Hayes.

FIRST OFFICER
Hi-yes...
(writes it down)

79. ANOTHER ANGLE -

FIRST OFFICER
'Merican?

BILLY
(nods)
New York.

The OFFICER is puzzled.

BILLY
New York... New York...

FIRST OFFICER
Ahhhh... **New Yok!**
(writes it down)

A LOUD SOUND OFF.

80. **THE DOOR** flies open and **ANOTHER OFFICER** strides in. Paunchy, moustached. The room is suddenly silent as we **TRACK** him in, followed by a grinning civilian **FLUNKEY** with a big portable photo instrument and bulb.

THE FIRST OFFICER jumps up from the desk, makes an obsequious salute to **the SECOND OFFICER** who arrogantly acknowledges it and takes the vacated chair **behind the desk**. **The FIRST OFFICER** moves to the first fold up chair in the row, pushing the police officer in that chair further down. **THIS OFFICER**. in turn, shoves the next man down. It goes all the way down the **line** like a comedy until the **last** man in the row stands up against the wall. But this is all in the background as:

SECOND OFFICER
Name?

BILLY
William Hayes.

SECOND OFFICER
Vil... Vilyum.. .?

BILLY
Hayes...

Sharp **SOUND OFF** of **FILM BEING RIPPED FROM CAMERA**. He darts a look at

81. **POLICEMAN** stretching the undeveloped film out. Another loud **SOUND OFF**, interrupting **this--**

82. THE DOOR flies open again and a THIRD OFFICER strides in, obviously the most important yet, because the SECOND OFFICER jumps up from the desk, and all the others immediately move down one seat in the hierarchy without a moment's hesitation. But the THIRD OFFICER strides right up to Billy, waves to the SECOND OFFICER. **THE CAMERAMAN** in background bubbles with enthusiasm, sliding into position. Billy is puzzled - what's going on? His arm is grabbed and he is swivelled around.

83. REVERSE ANGLE - OVER **CAMERAMAN**

BILLY in the middle, flanked by SECOND and THIRD OFFICER, **grinning** like big game hunters, their arms on his shoulders. The FIRST OFFICER, sticking a bunch of hashish plaques into Billy's hands, runs OUT OF FRAME. BILLY looks from side to side. The SECOND OFFICER pats him hard on the back of the head, meaning 'look at camera'. BILLY glances at him, sees the grin on both the officers' faces. Thinking this is the necessary expression, he grins at the camera.

84. **CAMERAMAN** disgustedly looks up from his eyepiece.

CAMERAMAN

(No.. **he's** smiling. Make him look miserable.)

85. SECOND OFFICER slugs **BILLY** in the stomach with a quick backhanded fist. BILLY groans, sinks to his knees. The plaques fall on the floor.

FIRST OFFICER

(running up)

(Gel! Gel?)

He growls, grabbing Billy's arm and hauling him up, gathering the hashish plaques and putting them back in his arms. The TWO **OFFICERS** put their arms back on Billy's shoulders. BILLY, in pain, makes the proper expression of misery.

FLASH! The bulb goes.

SHARP CUT:

86. THE 707 PAN AMERICAN PLANE, destination New York, roars up into the sky. PULL BACK all the way to BILLY sitting next to the window, huddled over, feeling **woozey** and near vomiting. He glimpses the plane but it is anti-climatic now; as he stares down at his boots. Then remembers something! Surprised.

87. ANOTHER ANGLE ROOM. The Turkish OFFICERS talk AD LIB among themselves, congratulating, slapping shoulders, pointing to the hashish plaques, **etc.**

In center background, we see BILLY submissively lifting his arm for permission to speak,

88. THIRD OFFICER nods, approaches, followed by OTHERS.

89. BILLY slowly, partly out of pain, pulls off one of his boots, bangs it on the heel - and two more PLAQUES clatter to the floor.

90. TURKISH MOUTHS drop open.

91. BILLY finishes the process with the other boot. An awkward silence OFF.

91. CONTINUED:

BILLY
 (trying to explain, innocent)
 I forgot... I really did.
 (makes ineffective gestures)

92. ANOTHER ANGLE. The room explodes with screams and commotion.
AD LIB:

THIRD OFFICER
 (screaming at SECOND OFFICER)
 (You idiot, you fool. You told me the
 American was searched... and he's
 pulling hashish out of his boots! You're
 all dogshit!)

SECOND OFFICER
 (turning on First Officer,
 screaming)
 (You worthless piece of garbage, where
 did you learn to search a prisoner?
 He's been in our custody for an hour, etc.)

FIRST OFFICER
 (screaming at the **OTHERS**)
 (Who searched him? Who?)

Amid all the screaming **TWO POLICEMEN** rush over and yank BILLY upwards, and start to strip all his clothes.

BILLY
 (protesting)
 That's it! That's all I have!

CUT:

93. BILLY spread eagled STARR NAKED against the wall. He is afraid to move. A strange silence.

94. ANOTHER ANGLE. BILLY naked in center B.G. against the wall. The OFFICERS and SOLDIERS quietly leering at his trim, muscular buttocks. Hungry stares. Bi-sexuality is prevalent in Turkey. But there is also embarrassment among the officers; none would do anything openly in front of the others; instead they just stare and smoke their cigarettes. Low murmurs. Continued telephor calls. Much thick smoke all over the room.

Another DOOR opens OFF. Obsequious GREETINGS in Turkish.

95. BILLY is afraid to look over his shoulder, feeling enormously humiliated.

VOICE (OFF)
 Rowdy, **Billy...howya** doing, Ok?

A perfect Texas drawl. BILLY glances over his shoulder. Sees:

961. **"TEX"** - a tall, lanky blonde haired American in a business suit with boots. Clean cut, very handsome, with a strong flavour of danger in his blue eyes.

96. CONTINUED:

TEX

(*smiling*, extends
Billy's clothes)

I think these gentlemen have finished for
the time being - if you'd like to put your
clothes on.

97. ANOTHER ANGLE

BILLY, so **grateful** at last to see a fellow American, reaches
quietly for the clothes, his eyes never leaving Tex. Release?

CUT:

98. TURKISH DETECTIVE sits at the main desk in the **room**. Unlike the
others, he has no moustache; a skeletal face, intelligent looking.
TEX is behind, leaning casually up against the wall. Angled to
Billy's side is the entire array of seated OFFICERS looking on
like a tribunal.

DETECTIVE

(thickly accented English,
sympathetic)

Are you afraid, **Vilyum**?

99. BILLY, standing to the side of the desk, clothed now, buckling
his belt - afraid.

BILLY

No, I'm not afraid.

DETECTIVE

Good. There's nothing to be afraid
of. If you co-operate with us, **YOU**
will be on the plane for New York
tomorrow... yes?

BILLY

(softly, hoping)

Yes...?

DETECTIVE

Good. Now, where did you **get** the hashish?

BILLY

A cabdriver. He picked me up in the
Pudding Shoppe in the bazaar.

DETECTIVE

Would you recognize him again?

BILLY

Yes. I think so.

DETECTIVE

Good. **Would** you go back to the Pudding
Shoppe now and point him out to my men
if you see him?

99. CONTINUED:

Billy's eyes move to:

100. "TEX" who makes a cool affirmative nod of the eyes to Billy.

BILLY (OFF)

Yes.

101. **STREETS, ISTANBUL - AFTERNOON.** TEX drives his American CAR; BILLY in the passenger seat; **TWO** TURKISH PLAINCLOTHESMEN in **the rear seats**. Various **BACKGROUND SHOTS** of the city.

TEX

(casual tone)

You decided to fly at a bad time Billy -
Palestinian Cuerillas all over the
place blowing up planes and all.

BILLY

(shakes his head)

Stupid.

TEX

Four planes in four days...but I guess
you kids don't read the newspapers...
and what with our people kicking up a
shit **storm** 'bout the flow of heroin
from Turkey you got...

BILLY

But **I** didn't have heroin.

TEX

(grins)

Well I'm not up on all that. A drug's
a drug seems to me Billy and...

BILLY

(sweating)

But it was my first time. I'm not really
a **smuggler, it was just** two kilos.

TEX

Well, you see Billy, it don't really
matter right now if it's 2 kilos or
200 kilos. The Turks love to catch any
foreigner smuggling it - show the world
they're fighting the drug trade.

BILLY

But **I** just...

TEX

Just what?

BILLY

I just needed some extra money. I was
broke, the guy offered me the hash and...

101. CONTINUED:

It sounds bad. Tex looks at him without expression. Pause. Billy tries to sense a sympathy in this ambiguous man, a liking towards himself. But feels nothing yet, except someone who can speak English.

BILLY
...are you with the Consulate?

TEX
(not looking at him)
Something like that. Cigarette?

102. ANOTHER ANGLE - BILLY nervously takes the pack and **matches**.

TEX
How much you pay this joker... this cabdriver?

BILLY
Two hundred dollars. It was my last two hundred.

TEX
How much did you figure to make?

BILLY fumbles to light up his cigarette. He is nervous, grateful to volunteer **information...anything**.

BILLY
Three, four thousand...I don't know.
The guy offered me the hash -
(shakes his head)
...it just seemed like easy money.

TEX
Beats working.

BILLY
I was just going to sell it to friends.
I'm not a pusher, honest.

TEX grins, skeptical of his naivete, changing the subject.

TEX
Got a family back there?

BILLY
(inhales deeply)
Yeah. Parents, brother, sister.
Babylon, Long Island.

TEX
What's your father do?

BILLY
He sells insurance for **Metropolitan** Life.

102. CONTINUED:

TEX

(a pause, not looking at
Billy)

Be tough on 'em.

103. ANOTHER ANGLE • BILLY nods, takes a deep drag on his cigarette.

TEX

Girlfriend?

BILLY

...She was on the plane.

Tex glances at him, questioningly.

BILLY

She didn't know anything about...
I wouldn't have wanted her to.

TEX

Lucky girl.

Billy leans back in seat, blowing out the cigarette smoke.

BILLY

Jeez, she used to say I was the lucky
one.

TEX

Let's hope so, Billy. **Let's** sure
hope so.

A narrow cobblestone STREET. **Tex** pulls the car to a halt.

CUT :

104. THE PUDDING SHOPPE - TWILIGHT. Internationally-known cafe, adjacent a BAZAAR. Crowded, noisy. WOMEN dressed in black hold crying CHILDREN by the hands. FOREIGNERS, mostly students and hippies, move about laughing, joking. Hawkers, street peddlers, vendors cooking shishkebab. A small GYPSY BOY leads a huge MUZZLED BEAR on a leash.

105. BILLY sits at a small outdoor TABLE alone sipping tea and eating a **baclava**, nervous - very nervous, still trying to sort it all out in his head. If he doesn't find the seller, what will happen next?

MOVE across the TABLES, past a middle-aged AMERICAN COUPLE, to TWO TURKISH PLAINCLOTHESMEN watching him closely. They look evident. TWO HIPPIES make a wide berth around them.

HIPPIES

(in passing, low, OFF)

Hey - Janet, why don't you go sell
'em some dope.

(giggling)

MOVE ON to another TABLE where TWO MORE PLAINCLOTHESMEN sit, equally evident, watching BILLY.

106. TEX sits in his car, in the distance, casually glancing at a newspaper.
107. BILLY's eyes rove.
108. INTERIOR **PUDDING SHOPPE**. Large. Many tables. Stairs. A back exit.
109. ANOTHER GYPSY BOY leads a huge **PINK PIG leashed with** a wooden sign around its neck proclaiming "**Pig!**" in Turkish. Various TURKS point the pig out, laughing at it, some disgusted by it, making faces and gestures: "Go way, go way! **Ayip!**" The PIG moves past BILLY, who shifts his gaze to:
110. **P.O.V.** - CABDRIVER 1 lingering at the curb. PAM to CARDRIVER 2. PAM to CABDRIVER 3. PAN BACK to 1 and again to 2 - indicating no real fix on identity.
111. BILLY tense now, knowing this is the chance he must take, nods with his head, pointing at CABDRIVER 2, off.
112. THE PLAINCLOTHESMEN move out towards CABDRIVER 2.
113. BILLY tentatively rises, as if to join them, but moves slyly towards the interior of the cafe.
114. **PLAINCLOTHESMEN** move in roughly on a surprised CABDRIVER 2 who begins to protest LOUDLY (AD LIB).
115. BILLY moves through the INTERIOR of the **PUDDING SHOPPE**, past the tables, past the stairs, towards the back of the shop, at a normal pace not trying to attract attention.
116. A **PLAINCLOTHESMAN** looks around, sees he is gone. Tells the others (AD LIB). They spread out looking, abandoning the CABDRIVER who spits and curses them (AD LIB).
117. **BILLY**, with one backward glance, now eases out the BACK DOOR, into a bilious sunlight, onto a STREET. Pause.
- A HAND with GUM moves into frame, pointing a six inch barrel right at his temple. BILLY freezes, moving just the eyes to:
118. TEX looking down at him - calm, merciless.

TEX

You seem like a nice enough kid to me Billy, but try it and I'll blow your **fucking** brains out.

119. BILLY - the sense of betrayal in his eyes.

CUT:

120. ESTABLISH PRISON - OVERHEAD ANGLE. A large and eerie, ancient Byzantine structure suggesting the 15th Century - possibly a Sultan's Janissary Barracks. Irregular crescent shapes to the various wings; a MOSQUE inside the prison. The sense of an endless labyrinth built by some mad Arab architect to suit a decorative purpose and now, in the 20th Century, transformed by an equally mad Turkish bureaucracy into a prison. It should be in a city, preferably made to look like Istanbul.

120. CONTINUED :

Faint background atonal Turkish CHANTING. Evening Muslim prayer. "Allah wakbah, Allah wakbah..." on and on, suggesting to Us fear rather than praise.

BILLY VOICE

Dear Mom and Dad. This is the hardest letter I've ever had to write. I know the confusion and the pain it will cause you. And the disappointment...

121. BILLY - his scalp being shaved off by a prison BARBER in an unspecified ANTE-CHAMBER. His eyes are staring dead ahead.

BILLY VOICE

(continuous)

...I really thought I knew what I was doing with my life. I'd hoped somehow to get out of this quickly so that you'd never know about it. But that just isn't possible now. I don't know what's going to happen. But what can I say to you? Will 'I'm sorry' make a difference? Will it ease the pain, the shame you must be feeling? Forgive me...please...

BILLY is now completely BALD, SOUND SHARP OVER:

CUT :

122. A CELL DOOR SLIDING OPEN. BILLY steps in, bewildered.

ZIAT VOICE (OFF)

Git !

The cell is dark, almost black, an overpowering stench; a small grey metal bunk is bolted to the floor with a lumpy mattress. BILLY turns, looking back at the man staring at him from the door.

123. ZIAT is quickly summing up Billy's character. This is his craft. He is a prisoner and trustee. A sinister man whose one motivation in life is the accumulation of money, in the pursuit of which he has acquired an ugly purplish SCAR running the width of his throat various other facial SCARS; and one blind milky white EYE. He's stocky and strong -- about five ten, with bushy eyebrows, brown cigarette teeth, big dirty nails, repulsively in need of a bath. What's surprising is that he is no more than thirty years old but looks and behaves like sixty. The personification of the denaturation of a man. Time, body, mind - all of them warped.

124. BILLY, not yet attuned to his nature, only repulsed, is still wearing his own clothes and makes a shivering gesture, enunciating very clearly, hoping he will understand.

BILLY

Cold. Very cold. Can I get blanket? Blanket?

(makes a gesture of a blanket wrapped around him)

125. ZIAT smiles, showing his stained teeth, and starts to slide shut the cell door on its ROLLER.

ZIAT
(in English)
Mo **sell**. Too late. Tomorrow...

A cobra smile flashes, as the cell door bangs shut.

ZIAT
(through the bars)
You be here **tomorrow**... "Iyi Gedjaler"
("good night")

Goes.

126. BILLY walks around the cell, hugging himself for warmth.

VOICE (OFF)
Pssstl

BILLY stops, goes to the edge of the cell.

127. A BONY BARE ARM motions from the bars of the cell next to his. We never see the face but hear a thick ITALIAN ACCENT, hoarse and cracked.

VOICE (whispering OFF)
Your cell, no key. Open! ...**Blanket**.
Three cell down. You get me one. Take...

Extends a stick with a big nail pounded into the end, twisted over to form a hook.

128. BILLY takes it. Hesitates.

VOICE (OFF)
Go! Ziat go for night. **Go!**

BILLY cautiously slides the cell door open, amazed that it's been left open. **Nothing** makes any sense to him in this labyrinth

129. **ANOTHER ANGLE - BILLY** steps out into a WALKWAY. A bare bulb overhead casts **light**. He glides past the three cells, seemingly **empty**. Finds the **cell** with blankets, sheets, towels and various **supplies** stacked inside. **But** it's locked. He slips the stick in between the bars and stretching, hooks the first blanket.

CUT:

130. BILLY asleep with the blankets pulled up to his chin. Suddenly DIRTY HANDS reach into frame and rip **the** blanket off. WIDEN TO:

ZIAT
(tugging the sheet, growls)
(Brack! . . . Brack!)

Then SLAPS at BILLY. BILLY ducks away. Encouraged, **ZIAT** steps up closer to him, sticks his fingers in his chest screaming.

130. CONTINUED:

ziat
You, goddamn you, give me sheet.
Give **me!**

And feints as if to hit **BILLY** again. **BILLY** reacts to defend himself, pushing **ZIAT** off and jumping out of the bunk.

131. **ZIAT**, enraged by the shove, comes back at **BILLY**, screaming, arms flailing like a bear to pummel him, but **BILLY**, not understanding the Turkish bluster in his mannerisms, meets him with a sharp right **FIST** into the front of his face.

132. **ZIAT** staggers back, startled into silence; he has misjudged this kid.

133. **BILLY** waits, ready for the fight in the defensive position. The guy is bigger **than** himself.

134. **ZIAT**, however, now feels the blood **trickling** from his mouth and nose and freaks out, running out of the **cell** SCREAMING at the top of his lungs as if he's dying.

CUT :

135. **BILLY** is blindfolded, stumbling down stone steps pushed by a **GUARD**, into a dungeon-like basement room. THE **PUNISHMENT** CELLS.

CUT:

136. THE **GUARD** removes the blindfold. **BILLY**, adjusting to the light, stares around. The cell is spartan, with a series of pulleys and primitive bondage devices hanging from the cobwebbed ceiling. A **DOOR** opens and:

137. **HAMIDOU** STEPS in, lowering his head to get through the door. Chief of the guards. A clean uniform. **Four** stripes. The only guard to carry a holstered gun. A very frightening man. He is about six two, two forty, and muscular, and moves lightly like a fighter on his feet. **His** skull is bullet-shaped and completely shaven like **Billy's**, Enhancing this effect, he has no eyebrows, and his pale blue eyes (suggesting a trace of **Indo-European** stock in his ancestry) are set deep in his skull, somewhat like turtle eyes, giving nothing away. His nose is a **big** beak of ~~skin~~ his neck broad, his mouth a small crescent that moves as **lightly** as his feet between anger and amusement. He approaches **BILLY**, looks into his eyes, drawing out the moment for himself, enjoying the tension and the fear he instills in others.

138. **BILLY** meets his eyes respectfully, then realizing this is perhaps not the thing do to, looks away. But, fascinated by the man's features beyond his self-control, he looks back.

139. **HAMIDOU**, amused by **Billy's** eye actions, smiles thinly. The sort of smile that could imply friendship such is its hint of charm.

HAMIDOU

(to one of the guards)

(Name?)

139. CONTINUED :

GUARD (OFF)
(checking a clipboard)
(Vilyum Hi-yes)

HAMIDOU
(looking at BILLY, repeating it)
(Vilyum Hi-yes...)

And slowly his hand moves up to caress the edge of his hairless upper lip. An erotic gesture in Turkey.

HAMIDOU
(Vilyum Hi-yes)

"Tis in my memory locked." He slowly extends his right arm stiff out to his side.

140. BILLY watches, fascinated.

141. **HAMIDOU** lets the arm linger; then:

142. **SMASHES** BILLY across the face with an open palm. BILLY shoots bat: and smashes against the wall just from the force of one blow. Stunned.

143. **HAMIDOU** advances, taking a wooden CLUB (**FALAKA** STICK) about **three** feet long and three inches wide from a GUARD.

144. BILLY scared, emphasizing the words, trying to make himself understood.

BILLY
It was cold. Cold! I get blanket.
Blanket! Cold!

THWACK!

145. BILLY'S LEG BUCKLES, where the **falaka** stick has **just** smashed him behind the kneecap. He **SCREAMS** going down.

146. BILLY looks up from the floor:

347. **HAMIDOU** with his club in hand.

HAMIDOU
(in some sort of English, smiles)
No do. No do.

Raises the club.

148. BILLY tries to block it with his hand, and the CLUB smashes his thumb. **SCREAM**.

SHARP CUT:

149. BILLY is hoisted upside down in his **UNDERPANTS** ONLY with thick rope tied about his ankles, the legs spread - onto a PULLEY suspended from the ceiling. He is yanked upwards, then lowered slightly, his head and backs of shoulders banging against the stone floor.

150. THE PULLEY is **LOCKED** into place. (**LOUD SOUND**)
151. BILLY has this **surprised look** on his face **still**, through the tears. **What's happening?**
152. **HAMIDOU** motions the **GUARDS** out of the room (**AD LIE**). Turns back to BILLY, raises his club.
153. **BRINGS IT DOWN FULL FORCE** on the soles of BILLY'S **BARE FEET**. **SCREAM**. He cocks the club again.
154. BILLY twists to avoid the **blow**.
155. CLUB catches him on the **ANKLEBONE**.
156. BILLY **SCREAM** louder than ever as we hear the **SOUND** of wood on bone. **Whimpering SOUNDS** follow.
157. BILLY looking **through** teary eyes, sure now that he is **going** to be killed. The CLUB - **OFF** - smacks sole skin **again...and again** with the same force as the first **blow**. **No let up**.

CUT :

153. **BILLY** still in the same position, vomits **all** over himself.
159. **HAMIDOU SPINS** the **PULLEY** to a new position **bringing**:
160. BILLY into a steeper, more vertical position. He is on the verge of **fainting**, blearg, **looking** as:
161. **HAMIDOU** moves around in between his legs. Doing something indistinct with the stick between his **legs**, then **dropping** the stick. Then, with this bizarrely excited **expression** on his hairless face, he begins to undo his own pants. But, for Billy, it all **BLURS OUT TO**:
162. **JAPANESE SILK SCREEN** depicting a fat jovial Buddhist monk, **fishing** placidly by a stream. Then **MOVES** to soap carvings of chess pieces. Then a **bedsheet** hung as a curtain with **astrological** symbols painted on it. **SOUND, OFF**, of a blaring radio. Atonal **TURKISH MUSIC**.

VOICE

(close, intense)
Hey man, he's **gotta walk**, or his feet **gonna** swell up worse.

2ND VOICE

(softer, sonorous, Swedish accent)
Maybe we take him down to courtyard...

Then: **ERICH** - a **gentle** long bird's face. Long whitish-blond hair, Swedish, **well** above six feet, 25.

Another **FACE** moves into view - **JIMMY ELL**, American, 23 fiery eyes, black hair and mustache, intense, **strong**.

BELL

Smoke this rocket, it'll cool the pain.

163. **ANOTHER ANGLE** - BELL puts a huge cone-shaped JOINT with aluminum foil filter into BILLY'S LIPS. He hardly knows what it is, puffing weakly. Though dehydrated and his face white without color, he has no facial markings.

BELL

You gotta walk around some man, or your feet gonna swell up something bad...

BILLY looks down at

164. **HIS FEET** - bloated black and blue with inflamed red points in various spots. A vicious bruise on his anklebone. ERICH is **running** a cold rag from a basin of water over them, his fingers tender.

BELL (OVER)

...You been out for days man, talking **all** kinds of shit. Come on, we'll walk you down to the courtyard.

165. BELL eases BILLY up from the bed, as ERICH puts a pair of clipclops on his feet.

ERICH

Okay?

BILLY nods. They rise together, bracing his shoulder. BILLY adjusting to the sensation of standing.

ERICH

How's it feel?

BILLY

(dizzy)

About as good as it looks.

BELL

(Getchmis olsun)

BILLY

Getchmis...?

BELL

Olsun - "May it pass quickly." I'm Bell, Jimmy Bell. This is Erich something Swedish.

ERICH

(smiling)

Just Erich.

BILLY

I'm Billy Hayes... At least I used to be.

Looks around.

166. A **DORMITORY TYPE ROOM** with 24 bunk beds set head to head in horizontal **fashion**, cramped and with minimal privacy. A narrow WALKWAY leading **towards a TOILET AREA and STAIRCASE.**

166 CONTINUED:

BILLY
Looks like a cheap hotel.

BELL
Yeah...**only** the room service is lousy.
Come on, let me show you the tennis courts.

Helps him with ERICH to take the first steps.

167 THE COURTYARD. The THREE of them emerge in a thin **AFTERNOON** sun, Billy **now disengaging** and hobbling on **his** own power.

ERICH
(watching Billy limp)
Feeling all right?

BILLY
(still groggy)
Yeah. That guy who beat me?
(stops, slightly puzzled)
I feel stoned.

BELL
(grins, interjects)
'Figgers.

BILLY
(vague, going on)
. . .**He** had a bald skull and...

BELL
Hamidou. Chief of the Guards. Don't
fuck with him. He almost killed an
Italian dude couple months ago. Bad
news. He try anything with you?

BILLY glances at him, understanding. Pause.

BILLY
No. . . I don't remember.

BELL glances at ERICH.

BELL
With these **fucking** Turks, soon as the
light goes out I keep one hand on their
feet and their feet better not grow.
You'll meet Max. He got raped something
bad down in Section 13. That's the pits.

168. THE COURTYARD - VARIOUS **ANGLES**. **The** yard is **30** by **50** paces with
a wall 20 feet high. Cigarette butts, orange peels, crumpled news-
papers, rocks, sticks, broken glass litter **the place**. No **guards**
are on the walls; the only GUARDS are unarmed inanimate **lumps** of
boredom who look as helpless **as** the **PRISONERS** with whom **they** inter-
mingle; they have **raggedy** olive green uniforms and worn boots
(they make \$1 a month, augmented by bribes). **On** one side **of the**
yard is a 2-story **ROGUS** (cellblock) with barred windows, **from**
which Billy and his two companions have just emerged. **On** the

168. CONTINUED :

other side of the yard is another **2-story** KOGUS (the children's **kogus**).

The COURTYARD is colorful, almost like a bazaar, about 80 people in it - groups of exotically dressed AFRICANS, AFGHANS, ARABS, **MALAYSIANS**, EUROPEANS, and predominantly TURKS pacing back and forth or talking in little circles, hawking wares, trading illegal currencies.

Screaming **Turkish STREET URCHINS**, 10-14 years old, share the space playing soccer and volleyball with a surprising viciousness, continually hitting each other and cursing. A bunch of them vehemently lay bets on the soccer game.

Other aspects of the prison which should become evident: 1) **NOISE - continuous**, loud. Radios, Turkish music, screaming, shouting. 2) **CATS** - all kinds, some of them pets, some stray, tolerated because they kill the rats. 3) **THE PRISONERS** all wear their own clothing; the foreigners preferring jeans, clip **clops**, sneakers. sweat suits. 4) **THE HEADS** of only the new prisoners are shaved, then allowed to grow back. 5) **MANY PRISONERS** have physical disabilities. Carbuncles on the back from wet mattresses. Boils on the lymph glands around the neck, buttocks, underarms, sometimes so painful the victim walks with his arms up in the air. Arthritis in the knees, hips, ankles. Fungus on the feet. **Many** limp.

169. **ANOTHER ANGLE** - THE PRISONERS glance at BILLY as he walks, noting the beating he has taken and sizing him up, then going on with their business.

BILLY

The kids? Why are they...

BELL

(snorts)

Little **fuckers** are thieves, rapists, pickpockets, murderers, you name it - they do it. Don't trust any of 'em...

BELL's eyes follow a knot of KIDS to:

170. **ZIAT** who has a window open on the **FIRST FLOOR KOGUS** and is selling little sups of tea to the kids from inside where he works a GAS STOVE. The kids push and punch each other to get the tea faster.

BELL (OVER)

...They tell Ziat everything. He's the squeal round here. Goes all **over** the prison. Sells watered-down tea, blankets, hash, black money, nembutols -- anything for a buck...

ZIAT leaves the stove in the hands of an **ASSISTANT** and moves down the window to a particularly gaudy **AFGHANI**, a fierce hawk-faced old man with a chunk of his ear missing. He wears a colorful flowing robe, various scarves, turban, trinkets, rings, baggy pants, and pointed curved shoes, and makes emphatic violent gestures at **ZIAT** with his mutilated **THREE FINGERS**. **ZIAT** seems to speak something of his language and **bargains** back.

170. CONTINUED :

BELL (OVER)
(continuous)

.He was an informer on the outside
but he tried to screw the cops out of
60 kilos of opium. Watch hi&, he's a fox.

171. BILLY says nothing to them about the Ziat incident, sizing him up for himself.

172. THE AFGHANI, having concluded the deal with ZIAT, reaches deep into his layers of clothing around his crotch and pulls out several scrofulous \$10 bills which ZIAT discreetly takes in exchange for a thick wad of Turkish currency, his eyes moving around, stopping on BILLY. A hooded look.

BELL (OVER)
Whatcha in for, smuggling? Rash?

173. BILLY turning his eyes away from ZIAT.

BILLY
Yeah.

BELL
(shaking his head)
History, man, history. How much?

BILLY
Two kilos.

BELL
Where?

BILLY
The airport. Trying to get on the plane for the States.

BELL
(whistling a Harpo Marx
kind of punctuation)
Whew, heavy! Could be ten or fifteen.
Maybe even twenty.

BILLY
(tensing)
Twenty months?

BELL
Twenty **fucking** YEARS, man - YEARS!
I figger ten at the least.

174. BILLY stunned.

BILLY
(soft)
Years?

BELL
Yeah, what do you think this is, the good ol' USA? This is Turkey, man...
(laughs bitterly)

174. CONTINUED:

BELL (CONT.)

It's a fucking accident here if you're innocent. And anyway...ain't nobody who's innocent.

175. ANOTHER ANGLE - all the color and breath seems to have gone from BILLY.

ERICH

(his English is halting but has a calming effect)

Don't pay too much attention, anything is possible in Turkey. You might get bail.

BELL snorts, amused, kicking the SOCCER BALL away hard as it dribbles towards them.

ERICH

...If you make bail, you're free. You can get a fake passport or sneak across the border to Greece. The Greeks hate the Turks so much they never send you back. The Turks know it. They just keep the bail. money.

176. ANOTHER ANGLE

BELL

Sure, keep dreaming and see where that gets you... like Max, up in the head, you know...

(makes a crazy signal towards the head)

You gonna eat a lot more fasoulia beans, Billy baby, fore you taste a hamburger 'gain cause you broke the law man, and you got caught...

(grins)

and that...is history.

ERICH

The law is sometimes wrong.

BELL

(eyes feverish)

The Law is never wrong, asshole.

The law is!

And stalks away, disgusted. A deep anger inside him. ERICH looks at BILLY who is quiet; by way of apology.

ERICH

Mew people sometimes get on his nerves.

BILLY

(lifeless)

What did he do?

176. CONTINUED:

ERICH

He was caught stealing from a mosque.
That's heavy here. He got 30 years.

BILLY

Thirty years?

ERICH

Jimmy has more balls than brains. He
didn't tell his parents he was in jail
for a year and a half. **He** says he got
himself in and now he's going to get
himself out.

He shakes his head, looking at:

177. BELL across the courtyard huddling with a raggedy **GUARD**, giving
him a cigarette, bartering angrily.

178. BILLY **AND** ERICH.

BILLY

And you?

ERICH

Hashish. **Ninety** percent of the
foreigners are in for hashish.

They walk.

BILLY

What'd they give you?

ERICH

(passive)

Twelve years.

BILLY stops.

BILLY

How much did you have?

ERICH

A hundred grams.

BILLY

(appalled)

It's not fair.

Even ERICH has to smile now.

ERICH

There is no "**fair**" in Turkey, Billy.
It's all "**sula bula**" - like this, like
that. An Italian **hippie** had a car
accident and a Turk was killed. **so**,
they threw him in here for six months...

BILLY

That doesn't seem so bad.

178. CONTINUED.

ERICH

No, but he was eating lunch a mile away when the Turk smashed into his car and killed himself.

BILLY

He wasn't even in the car?

ERICH

(shakes his head)

Aslan there...

(points)

179. **ASLAN** - a young big fat heavily mustached Turk, wearing a black silk double-breasted business suit, grotesque cufflinks, heavily pomaded hair, is huddling in a section of the YARD with FIVE other grinning GANGSTER TYPES, all in suits.

ERICH (OVER)

.killed a guy. But his father's a big gangster on the docks. A "**kapidiye**." He'll stay in...**twelve** months no &ore, and get parole. In Turkey, murder is manly - "erkek".

180. ERICH glances back at BILLY.

ERICH

You just got to get yourself a good lawyer. And some **money**...**Talk** to **Max**. He's been in the longest.

BILLY

How long?

ERICH

Seven years...

CUT:

181. **MAX** - "**eskilet**" (skeleton). British, tall, straggly long hair with wire spectacles set crookedly over his nose. An earring in one ear. The far away eyes of an international junkie, preoccupied and uninterested in small talk. Tough in his skinnyway, like a piece of old dried leather.

He occupies with his **YOUNG STRIPED CAT** a bunk in the far corner of the **SECOND FLOOR KOGUS** - in the process of shooting himself up with "**Gastro**," a smelly brown liquid stomach medicine. No one is in the vicinity except

182. **ANOTHER ANGLE** - ERICH and BILLY who watches repelled as **MAX** fumbles with a piece of twine tied around his arm in a tourniquet, searching for an unused spot amid dirty infected track marks. PLUNGES the needle in, pumping in the black gunk. Glances at BILLY.

MAX

(smiles)

Gastro. Stomach medicine. Has codeine in it... Best I can do **here**.

182. CONTINUED:

Pulls out **the** needle, loosens the tourniquet. His eyes take on a far away stare.

ERICH

Max? Lawyers?

MAX

Yeah... there's no straight lawyers in Turkey... They're all bent - bent as hairpins...

Gives a spoon with a taste of the black residue to:

183. HIS CAT who is full of spunk, and tries to catch Max's HAND.

154. ANOTHER ANGLE

MAX

...**A** guy - got the Frenchman **LaRoche** off...
200 ~~kilos~~...**stuffed enough money in enough**
pockets... Got bail... Vanished... poof!
(makes a gesture of vanishing)

He looks at BILLY, not remembering him.

ERICH

His name?

MAX

Who?

ERICH

The lawyer?

MAX is beginning to go. He **sits on his bunk.**

MAX

What lawyer?

ERICH

Who got the Frenchman out?

MAX

Oh **Yesil**... **Yesil's** his name but I...
dan't **know...anything...bout...Yesil**...

185. ANOTHER ANGLE - MAX'S head begins to bob back and forth.
Focuses on BILLY.

MAX

Best way is get your ass **out...any...**
way...**you** can...

BILLY

What do you mean?

MAX

Get the...midnight...express.

BILLY

What's that?

185. CONTINUED:

MAX smiles from faraway like a Cheshire cat and his head drops forward onto his knees, nodding off.

CUT:

186. HAMIDOU, **swinging** his falaka stick **rythmically** against his leg and that calm killer look on his face, leads an uneasy BILLY down a MAIN WALKWAY with a roof overhead; we gather that the prison contains several separate wings.
187. ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING - HAMIDOU glances back at BILLY, indicates with his stick "come here" and opens an office door.
188. BILLY, still bewildered, his bruised feet almost back to normal, limps in warily eyeing HAMIDOU who follows.
189. **NECDIT** YESIL, the lawyer, fleshy, grinning, thin black hair heavily greased, sits at a conference table. Standing adjacent is STANLEY DAVIS, the U.S. Consul - eyeglasses, striped tie, neat summer suit with stripes, trimmed hair, ivy league look, his eyes moving from Billy to:
190. OLDER MAN, late **50's**, white hair, blue-eyed New York Irishman. A suburban insurance agent, rumped suit, an anxious look on his face. Moving towards BILLY fast:

FATHER

Billy!

191. FATHER AND SON embrace; the father's left hand grabbing Billy's arm tightly as if never to let go.

BILLY

Dad!

192. HAMIDOU looks on, intrigued by the Father and Son; leaves silently, closing the door.
193. FATHER looks into his son's eyes, his own eyes moistening. He looks tired, pain all over his face.
194. BILLY looks down.

BILLY

Dad...I'm...

195. ANOTHER ANGLE

FATHER

(voice quivering)

...Don't worry about it.

(managing a smile)

I can punch you in the nose later. Right now we've got to get you out of here.

You all right?

BILLY

(eyes moistening)

Yeah. How's Mom?

195. CONTINUED:

FATHER

Bad. She couldn't make the trip. You know Mom. Her boy...

(breaks off)

Susan told us before we got your letter. She's fine; she's trying to get the money to come back and see you, but...

BILLY

No, don't let her...I'll... How about Peg? Robbie?

FATHER

Same. None of the neighbours know. We told them you were in a hospital in Europe. Oh...this is Stanley Davis. He's the American Consul here... And Necdit Yesil, the lawyer you wanted...

196. ANOTHER ANGLE

DAVIS

(shaking hands)

Hello, Billy.

BILLY

Hello.

The professional smile from the Consul, but in the handshake and the eye contact, BILLY is cool. The unanswered question: Where were you before my father arrived?

DAVIS

I want you to know we're going to do everything in our power to get you out as soon as possible. Believe me.

BILLY

Thank you.

197. ANOTHER ANGLE - YESIL moves forward. unctuous. bubbling with high spirits, profusely shaking BILLY's hand, exuding confidence in fractured English,

YESIL

Vilyum, I am Necdit Yesil.

BILLY

Mr. Yesil.

YESIL

I know exactly what you feel but you must not worry, we are acting immediately, we get the right court, the -right judge, I arrange everything - just right. And - % think we get you bail. If very bad, maybe **20** month **sentence**...**But** I think we get you bail...

197. CONTINUED:

Pause, BILLY looks at him, wondering how to take him.

YESIL

(reassuringly)

...You know I have lectured at **the University** of Maryland in your country? Also **University** of **Michigan**. Very nice country. We both **go** back.

(smiles)

BILLY

(trying to concentrate)

If **I** get bail, Mister Yesil, they say it's easy to cross the border into Greece?

FATHER

(pacing up, hungry)

Right! That's what we're shooting for. Mister Davis and **I** have been in contact with the State Department, but right now relations with the Turks aren't too good, Nixon's upset the hell out of them. Our best bet's . . . right here.

BILLY

Dad...

(pause, glances at Davis and Yesil, embarrassed)

I'll pay you **back** for all this, I promise.

198. **ANOTHER ANGLE**

FATHER

Don't worry about it. Right now money doesn't count. Okay?

A pause. **YESIL** shifts. Throats are cleared. BILLY moves to sit down, limping faintly; he is wearing sneakers and the bruises don't show.

FATHER

Where'd you get that limp?

BILLY

(not wanting to alarm him)

Nothing. Just twisted my ankle.

Sits down at the conference TABLE.

BILLY

Where you staying, Dad?

FATHER

(pulls up a seat next to Billy)

The Hilton.

BILLY

How do you like it? Istanbul?

198. CONTINUED:

FATHER

Well, it's an interesting place...

(lowers his voice, a
hint of a smile)

Tell you the truth, I think the food is lousy, The erap they sell in these little restaurants. I went out to eat in one of them last night, and I had to run to the damn toilet... **You shoulda** seen the toilet.

199. BILLY laughs.

BILLY

You mean you got toilets?

FATHER is happy to see his son laugh.

FATHER

Yeah, with real toilet paper - and you don't have to use both sides.

BILLY laughs again.

FATHER

So now I'm eating at the Hilton every night.

BILLY smiles. A pause. A worried look returns to the Father's face

FATHER

Why'd you do it, Billy?

BILLY

For the money...
(looks away)

FATHER

(sighs)

I know you kids smoke that stuff, and we drink booze, but taking it across a border - it was stupid, Billy. Stupid.

BILLY

I know.

Glances at DAVIS, YESIL back to his father, his voice beginning to tremble, ashamed of himself for letting it show.

BILLY

Dad - **get** me **out of** here.

200. **ANOTHER** ANGLE. The FATHER understands **the** desperation in his voice, puts his hand on his **son's**.

FATHER

I promise you, Billy. Just sit tight and don't... **don't** do anything stupid. Let me work with **Mr.** Yesil and **Mr.** Davis. We'll get you out. **OK? ...Dilly, UK?**

All the assurance of the world is written in this kindly Irishman's face.

201. BILLY feels it.

BILLY

OK.

CUT :

202. BILLY being led by TWO GUARDS down a huge arched CORRIDOR in the **COURTROOM** BUILDING.

PROSECUTOR VOICE (OVER)

(...**The** World is now looking at **Turkey**.
We are called the Heroin Supplier of the
World. Stories about us are in newspapers
and on television every day all around the
world. The time has come, your Honor, to
alter this image before we find ourselves
isolated and morally ostracized by the
rest of the human race...)

203. THE COURTROOM - monolithic, frightening, immense with cross-currents of greenish light from the enormous windows. People seem insignificant.

204. THE PROSECUTOR, wearing dark green glasses, continues, scowling, gesturing profusely at

205. BILLY in the **PRISONER'S** DOCK, baroque design, isolated. **He** doesn't understand a thing, Erich's extra-large blue pin-striped suit makes him look rather absurd.

206. HIS FATHER, CONSUL DAVIS, YESIL and ANOTHER **LAWYER** are seated together at the defense table conferring in low tones with each other. YESIL looks over at EILLY with a big reassuring grin, nods his head - nothing to worry about.

207. TURKISH GIRL from the Press with a yellow legal pad, makes notes in the Spectator Gallery. Her legs flare out from a short skirt.

208. **BILLY** pries his eyes away to:

209. PROSECUTOR continuing in front of the THREE JUDGES high on an Alice in Wonderland podium - wearing long black robes with scarlet collars. One of the Judges is bald, the other has his eyes closed, could be asleep. The CHIEF JUDGE in the middle has a sagging somewhat kindly face and short **grey** hair. A **YOUNG MAN**, below the podium, is clacking at an ancient typewriter on a small table.

PROSECUTOR (OVER)

(continuous)

...**We must** alter this image by punishing
not only our own drug smugglers-but by
handing out **equal** justice to all the
foreigners w **ho in**ifest our culture with
their depravity and **ungodly** behavior. We
must start now - by sentencing this American,
Vilyum Hi-yes, to the maximum sentence for
smuggling, to be held up to the light of
the world as an example of Turkish justice
and its intention to halt the drug trade
once and for all.. .I ask the Court therefore
to sentence Vilyum Hi-yes to Life Imprisonment)

209. **CONTINUED:**

We sits, staring malignantly at BILLY.

210. THE JUDGES rise.

CHIEF JUDGE

(Thank you, **Mr.** Prosecutor. The Court
will now recess to consider its verdict)

The JUDGES exit.

211. **ANOTHER ANGLE**, General commotion in the courtroom as people move about. The **FATHER** and DAVIS and the **OTHER LAWYER** consult among themselves, the **FATHER** vigorously nodding his head. **YESIL** approaches **BILLY**.

212. **BILLY** leans forward anxiously in the dock.

BILLY

What'd the Prosecutor say?

YESIL

(hurried)

It's not important, just technical things. We make our case. You were very good, you spoke well. The Judge like you. It **look** good. Don't worry.

BILLY

(pressing)

Did you ask for bail?

But **YESIL** is called over by the **OTHER LAWYER** and hurries **off**.
A **SOLDIER** comes over and sits **BILLY** down.

CUT:

213. THE **CHIEF JUDGE** puts on his glasses, stands to read the verdict.

214. **YESIL**, standing with the **OTHERS**, motions **BILLY** to rise.

215. **BILLY** rises, tense.

216. **FATHER** looks over at him, manages a reassuring smile.

217. **JUDGE** continuing, after preliminaries:

JUDGE

(The Defendant has been found guilty
by the Court of the illegal possession
of Hashish.. .)

218. **PROSECUTOR**, his expression souring, makes a gesture of defeat. We wanted a conviction for smuggling, not possession.

219. **BILLY**, not understanding, sees the Prosecutor's gesture, and a hint of hope crosses **his** expression.

220. **JUDGE** puts the paper away, looks at **BILLY** directly.

220. CONTINUED:

JUDGE

(. ..Therefore. this court sentences you, Vilyum Hi-yes to be imprisoned at Sagamilcar Prison for a term of four years and two months. This Case is now closed)

221. BILLY looking at the JUDGE, doesn't understand. Thinks **he might** be free. **But** suddenly TWO **SOLDIERS** move in, and start **chaining** his hands together. He is bewildered, looking at:

222. YESIL hastily conferring with Billy's FATHER, more concerned about making a good impression with him than with Dilly.

YESIL

Four years, two months. It's good.

FATHER

(stunned)

Four years!

YESIL

(quickly)

We appeal it.

223. BILLY watching this, a lost look.

224. **FATHER** is too shocked to do anything but look at YESIL who continues on:

YESIL

You will see, he will have maybe one year taken off this sentence for good behaviour. Remember, it is only for possession; the prosecutor wanted life sentence for smuggling...

(a smile)

To be honest Mr. Hayes, it is a great victory!

225. BILLY is forcibly removed from the DOCK - in chains.

CUT :

226. THE FATHER, in the same CONFERENCE ROOM, **PRISON**.

FATHER

(embarrassed)

...With good time Billy it works out to about 3 **years...then** there's the appeal. Yesil, Davis, they're all working for you. We're going to **try** to make a deal to get you transferred to a Stateside prison. And Davis thinks there might be a political amnesty any month...

Stops. Knows it **sounds** bad.

227. BILLY looks down.

FATHER

Look - I know it sounds tough, Billy,
but we're gonna get you out...

228. FATHER grips BILLY by the arm hard.

FATHER

...I promise you, but I don't want
you to get stupid again. Pull anything.
They can play with your sentence.

BILLY nods, acquiescent.

FATHER

(his voice starting
to crack)

I'm putting \$500 in the bank for you.
Anything you need you write...

BILLY nods. **His** FATHER points to a stack of ITEMS on the
conference table, picks up a cigarette carton.

FATHER

There's food, candy, writing paper,
soap, books...

(his eyes start to water)

...cigarettes, soap, toothbrush, there's

... **JESUS!**

(cracks, throws down the
cigarette carton)

I been writing insurance policies on
people for 30 goddamn years...

(laughs and cries at
the same time)

and now I gotta see my own son...

Jesus! Jesus! if I could **be where**

you are Billy, I'd be there...

goddam Jesus! These bastards.

229. RUGS HIS **SON**. BILLY is on the **verge** of tears.

Dad! BILLY

Oh **Jesus!** FATHER

(sobbing)

230. **HAMIDOU** enters the room. A morbid curiosity in his expression
about this show of grief. Watches a few moments, then indicating
the visit is over, he taps his falaka stick lightly a few times
on the hollow door. **THACK! THACK!**

231. FATHER breaks the embrace with BILLY, tears streaking his cheeks.
Silently indicates for **him** to "go...go fast."

232. BILLY goes, past **HAMIDOU**.

233. FATHER shaking his finger at **HAMIDOU**.

FATHER

You take good care of **my** boy, you hear,
or I'll have your **fucking** head, you
Turkish bastard!

It sputters out of his mouth, senseless to:

234. **HAMIDOU** who closes the door. He has an angry glint in his eye.

CUT :

235. **BILLY** lies on his **BUNK** at **NIGHT**, deeply depressed, paler.
CANDLELIGHT flutters softly against the stone walls. A **PHOTO**
of **SUSAN**, taken outdoors with a mountain range in the background,
is on his wall with various **SOAP CARVINGS** of little chess pieces
he has designed.

In the distance, very faintly coming upwards into our sound
consciousness we hear a **TRAIN WHISTLING** in the night, on an
old railroad track bypassing the prison walls. Two whistles.
Chugging. Then passing off. The Midnight Express.

BILLY VOICE

Dear Susan. **1970** has now passed into 1971.
You can drift in here and never know you're
gone. You can fade so far out and you
don't know where you are anymore or where
anything else is...

The **CAMERA** DRIFTS around the **SECOND STORY KOGUS** revealing the
sleepers: **ERICH, BELL, MAX...**

BILLY VOICE

(continuous)

I find loneliness is a physical pain which
hurts all over; you can't isolate it in
one part of your body. I so much need
your softness, your strength. I have your
letters. They charge me, give me courage.
News about amnesty and getting out -
tangled, complicated.

The **CAMERA LINGERS** on **ZIAT** in a far corner of the Kogus, top
bunk, against a wall. **Never** secure, he shuffles in his sleep.

BILLY VOICE

(continuous)

...I feel myself drifting more heavily
into smoking hashish. The haze helps
the time pass. Also I do soap carvings.
Erich taught me. And I have been learning
Turkish because it **helps** me to deal with
the guards and the prisoners. I'm trying
hard to maintain some sort of schedule to
my life, but sometimes it seems like I'm
just trying in order to try...

235. CONTINUED:

ZIAT is evidently **awake** as he pulls his RADIO over into the bed, and peering around to make sure no one is watching, he removes the screws from the back of it, pulls off the cover and puts in a sheaf of large denomination **GERMAN MARKS**: inside we briefly glimpse a wad of different-colored **CURRENCIES** stacked with rubber bands.

CUT:

236. COURTYARD. Volleyball game in progress. ERICH is tall and plays with dexterous grace. BILLY is fast, agile. BELL is muscular, intense, his hits power-packed.

BILLY VOICE

(continuous)

...In the daytimes we sometimes play volleyball against the big Turkish gangsters...

237. THE THREE **TURKS** they play against are hilarious **looking** in this context, moving like big clumsy bears, waving their arms and screaming at each other, disorganized. Ever conscious of fashion, they **have** their jackets and vests off but play in their Elvis Presley shirts rolled up at the sleeves, shiny slacks, black pointed pumps. The boys wear shorts and sneakers. On the side-lines we see a group of PRISONERS laying bets and shouting encouragement.

238. BILLY leaps up for a ball close to the net and as the **TURKISH OPPONENT** backs off, he dinks the ball in just over the net; the Turk **SCREAMS**: his teammates scream at him.

CUT:

239. BELL goes up for another ball close to the net and really **SMASHES** it with all his might, and:

240. BALL bangs right into the eye of a **TURK** who flails his arms and **SCREAMS** with pain, very theatrical.

CUT:

241. THE **SAME TURK** now swaggers around the COURTYARD, wearing sunglasses so no one will see his black eye.

BILLY VOICE

...To the "Turks all foreigners are "ayip" - unclean, dirty. We don't shave our underarms or around our crotch...

242. BELL across the pointyard grins at him and points him out to BILLY, and **ERICH**.

BILLY VOICE

(continuous)

Even the yoga I sometimes do is "ayip" - too suggestive...

243. THE TURK scowls back at BELL, huddles menacingly with another TURK.

BILLY VOICE

(continuous)

...And **you're** never supposed to eat with your left hand. You know why? Because that's what they **use** to **wipe** their asses with instead of **toilet** paper. And yet they hate **pigs**. There are no pigs in Turkey. They're considered dirty...

244. BELL, smirking at the Turk, turns and walks away.

BILLY VOICE

(continuous)

So is homosexuality. That's a big crime here but most of them do it every chance they **get**. There are about a thousand things that are '**ayip**'. But they're really so hypocritical, like children breaking the rules. For instance...

Suddenly a CRY OFF and:

245. THE TURK runs up, pulling a sharp SHIV from his pants, and using the cloth as a handle he repeatedly STABS BELL in the ass and backs of his thighs. One, two, three, four, five **QUICK** STABS, like a cook hammering veal. In spite of its violence, the action seems like slapstick.

246. BELL tumbles to the ground, crying out.

247. THE TURK stashes the shiv and disappears among his FRIENDS, his honor restored.

248. BILLY and ERICH run over to help BELL who is obviously more in pain than in danger.

BILLY VOICE

(continuous)

...**You** can stab or shoot somebody **below** the **waist** but not above because that's intent to kill. So everybody runs around stabbing everyone else in the ass. That's what they call 'Turkish revenge'. There's also a lot of "Baksheesh" - that's a favorite Turkish word for bribery...

249. **LONG SHOT** - **HAMIDOU** and **ASLAN**, the **young** fat Turkish gangster pointed out previously by Erich, are taking tea together in the **FIRST STORY KOGUS**, alone except for **ZIAT** and Hamidou's **TWO FAT SONS**, 7 and 8 years old, both dressed in little suits listening politely as Hamidou gestures to them, in couched terms. The voices are distant and, after a **few** beats, **UNDER BILLY'S VOICE**:

249. CONTINUED:

HAMIDOU

(Unfortunately my youngest son Arief is having problems with his teeth; he needs braces, but dentists are so expensive these days)

ASLAN

(patting Arief on the head)
(Poor kid... You know **I** have a friend, a very good friend; he's a dentist; maybe he could get you some braces at a...reasonable price)

HAMIDOU

(protesting with his hands, shaking his head)
(Oh, no... it's out of the question... **I** wouldn't want to ask your friend...)

ASLAN

(Yes. Please! As a **favor...I** insist)

They go on, each protesting.

BILLY VOICE

(continuous)

.Hamidou hints that he needs new braces for one of his sons. **Aslan** of course has a friend who's a dentist. They bullshit for half an hour and Hamidou finally accepts the "**baksheesh.**" In return...

250. A BURLAP BAG comes flying over the WALL of the COURTYARD late at NIGHT. Then another **BAG** comes over, lands in the yard. **No** one is around.

BILLY VOICE

(continuous)

.**Dope** and all kinds of shipments get delivered to Aslan, who re-sells it through his runners. People like **Ziat**. But one night, it backfired...

A THIRD **BAG** comes over, gets caught on a **hooknail** and rips right open. HUNDREDS of yellow PILLS spill out.

CUT:

251. **COURTYARD**. The SUN is just coming up in the East. **MUSLIM PRAYER** can be heard in the distance. Thousands of bombers are scattered all over the courtyard.

BILLY VOICE

(continuous)

There were thousands of yellow nambutols **everywhere...Aslan** as usual had the privilege of going into the courtyard before anybody else to pick up his stuff but...

252. **ASLAN** arguing vehemently with the **GUARD**, in his ragged uniform, who won't open the cell of the **FIRST FLOOR KOGUS** into the courtyard.

BILLY VOICE

(continuous)

...it happened to be a new guard that **day** and he didn't understand the system.

GUARD

(No. It's too early)

ASLAN

(Open the **fucking** Pate, you asshole!
Do you know who I am? You want to get in trouble!)

GUARD

(angry)

(Hey, I **fuck** your mother! Get back to your bunk)

253. **ASLAN**, red in the face, steps back, suddenly pulling out a little **REVOLVER**. He promptly shoots the **GUARD** in both legs and stalks back towards his bunk.

CUT:

254. **PRISONERS** rushing out into the **COURTYARD**, scrambling for the windfall of free nambutols.

255. **THE PRISON DIRECTOR**, a balding unimpressive looking man in Western suit, is calling up the circular stone **STAIRS** to the second story **Kogus** from the first story. **With** him are several **GUARDS**, equally reluctant to move forward. **Hamidou** is absent.

PRISON DIRECTOR

(Aslan...be reasonable. Come down and talk)

ASLAN (OFF)

(from second story)

(You come up here and talk!)

PRISON DIRECTOR

(not moving)

(Aslan...if you give up the gun, you can keep the bullets)

BILLY VOICE

(continuous)

A week later Aslan had a new gun...

CUT :

256. A **PHOTOGRAPHER**, seedy looking, readies a big old fashioned box of a **CAMERA**. He snaps the shutter on:

BILLY VOICE

(continuous)

...I know it must all sound crazy to **you**, but this place is crazy...

257. ASLAN and a group of FELLOW GANGSTERS, all impeccably dressed and grinning for camera, fresh **from** their victory.
258. BILLY, ERICH, MAX form their own group; in contrast to the Turks, none of them are smiling, MAX has his YOUNG CAT in hand. The PHOTOGRAPHER is lining up his shot, posing them like actors.

BILLY VOICE

(continuous)

...Everything is "sula bula" which means "like this, like that" - you never know what **will** happen. One day one of the new kids was raped in the children's kogus, so they picked out six of the worst kids...

259. COURTYARD. GUARDS pull out SIX KIDS by the ears from a line-up.

CUT:

260. CLOSE KID being pinned onto his back on the floor in the CHILDREN KOGUS: then he is bent over double by a wooden bench; and TWO GUARDS sit on each end of the bench, holding him **down**. A silence,
261. HAMIDOU appears in a hat and mohair suit with narrow lapels, accompanied by his two little fat SONS, **also** in their Sunday best. With a ceremonious solemnity, HAMIDOU takes off his jacket, hat, vest, hands them to his sons.
262. BILLY watches through the WINDOW with OTHER PRISONERS.
263. HAMIDOU is passed a falaka stick. He raises it high in the air and begins to whack at the buttocks, legs, and feet of the SCREAMING KID.
264. ANOTHER ANGLE - On this cue, the five GUARDS on the other benches begin whacking away; the KIDS squirm, **scream**, struggle but the GUARDS sitting on the **edges** of the benches brace their legs farther apart to keep their balance, In immediate back-ground, the other KIDS watch, scared.
265. THE TWO SONS, with wide-eyed but passive expressions, stare at their father at work.
266. HAMIDOU, beating his VICTIM, screams out:

HAMIDOU

(PIS! PIS!)

(-"cbscene, filthy" -)

Then stops.

267. BILLY watches as:
268. HAMIDOU is handed back his vest, jacket, and hat by his SONS; puts them on ever so neatly and leads them off as **if** on a Sunday stroll - leaving the CRYING behind. On their backs, we hear, placidly:

268. CONTINUED:

HAMIDOU

(You see - Mamur, Memet - what happens when you're not a good boy)

BILLY VOICE

(continuous)

...Then there's **Ziat**. The more I know of him...

CUT :

269. TEN DOLLAR BILL exchanging HANDS. The dirty nails of **ZIAT** clutch the bill, waving it to the candlelight to see if it is authentic. His milky white EYE across the EILL. He is next to his **BUNK, NIGL**.

BILLY VOICE

(continuous)

...the more I hate him.

270. **MAX** AND **BILLY** are next to him, **MAX** eagerly gouging with his knife into a small bar of SOAP:

271. **PULLS** out a ball of **HASHISH** inside, neatly concealed. Brings it up to his **HOSE**, sniffing.

272. **ANOTHER ANGLE** - **BILLY** is watching with glazed eyes - stoned. **ZIAT**, approving of the \$10, tucks it into his belly cloth looking over and scowling at:

273. **MAX'S YOUNG CAT** on his **BUNK** scratching playfully at one of his wool sweaters.

274. **ANOTHER ANGLE** - **MAX** holding the ball of hash:

MAX

Ten dollars for this shit? You greedy one-eyed git.

ZIAT

NO! Is good!
(gets his English wrong)

Me good shit.
(meaning my shit is good)

MAX

No, you big shit.

ZIAT, thinking **MAX** is correcting his English, nods as he repeats:

ZIAT

Yeah! Efe big shit.

BILLY AND MAX snigger and **ZIAT** realizes they are making fun of him. He hates that and suddenly reaches over and:

ZIAT

JAAAASH!

275. SHACKS THE CAT hard off his bunk. A SQUEAL from the cat.

276. MAX, surprised, glares at ZIAT.

MAX

You asshole!

Then hurries after it, calling its name.

MAX

...Wikmet come here boy. Hikmetf

ZIAT shrugs. So what?

BILLY

(irritated)

What is **it** with **you**, man, what the hell is it?

ZIAT

Cat - ah. **Ayip!**

BILLY

You're **ayip**.

ZIAT

(glares at him, then lets it go)

Look, you don't **fuck** with me, I don't **fuck** with you, right?

BILLY

But you **fuck** with me. You **fuck** with me all the time. You make crummy tea. You rip us off on the hash.

ZIAT

(amused)

I make special tea for you, Hi-yes, okay? We ve to live like brothers. **We** have **to** be in here together.

BILLY

(tired of it)

Oh shove it, Ziat - for all the money you have, you have nothing!

ZIAT grins, shrugs, squats and fiddles with his keys and foot locker.

ZIAT

You '**Merican**. You don't know.

BILLY watches, repulsed and fascinated.

BILLY

Know what?

276. CONTINUED:

ZIAT

Know... I was
 (makes gesture with
 his fingers)
 ... seven years old. I was on street
 in suk. **Buy**. Sell. **No** family to
 take care. I learn.

BILLY

Learn what?

277. ZIAT shrugs. He thinks BILLY is an idiot.

ZIAT

Dog eat dog, Hi-yes. You **fuck** other
 man before he **fuck** you.

(grins)

And you must **fuck** last.

BILLY

That's a great philosophy.

ZIAT

(shakes his head)
 You **'Merican**. You don't know.

278. MAX has followed his cat down to the end of the floor but it has run up into a rafter which he cannot reach. He calls up.

MAX

Here Hikmet! Come down here boy!
Hikmet...

279. THE RAFTER - Nothing.

280. MAX gives up.

MAX

Sodding cat.

He shuffles off back to his bunk.

CUT:

281. THE CAT is back on ZIAT'S BUNK - NIGHT, scratching with his paw around the radio. Suddenly he is GRABBED by the scruff of the neck, hard.

CUT:

282. BILLY jerks up from his BUNK as he hears a loud, piercing SCREECH, OFF, echoing through the kogus. Then silence.

CUT:

283. **ZIAT**, industrious as always, is preparing his tea on the three burners of the small bottled gas stove in THE KITCHEN, FIRST FLOOR **KOGUS**; needless to say the area is **filthy** with scraps all over the floor, cats, and two large wooden eating tables occupied by some **PRISONERS**. The Kitchen opens up in background onto a WASHING ROOM with **SINK**. It is **EARLY MORNING - Muslim CHANTING OFF**,
284. THREE **TURKISH PRISONERS** walk in, talking (AD LIB), followed by **MAX**, stoned, who shuffles over to the table, about to sit, sees something.
285. HIS CAT, dead stabbed, and lying there neglected **in** the corner, just another scrap ready to be swept out.
286. **ZIAT** calmly pours the tea for the table, paying **MAX** no attention. an excellent actor. Prominently seated, however, is a **GUARD**.
287. **MAX** quietly glares *at Ziat* and the Guard but *says nothing*; he **has** been in prison long enough to know how to hold it in.
288. **ANOTHER ANGLE - MAX** silently walks over and **gently** picks up the corpse in his arms, starts to walk out.

CUT :

289. BILLY listening impassively to:
290. YESIL the lawyer. They are in a booth in the VISITING **CHAMBER**. Bars separate prisoner and visitor.

YESIL

(smiling)

.The new American Ambassador here is following your case Very closely. e says there is progress. But there is another route that is quite possible...

(lowers his voice and leans close)

For the proper amount of money it is possible I can convince certain officials to lose track of your papers before the High Court in Ankara confirms the sentence of the Lower Court in Istanbul... You would not exist; and you could be in Greece by the time the Turkish courts **discovered** a stupid clerical mistake... But I have to act before the official sentence is handed down, and for that I must pap certain officials in advance...

- 291 BILLY closes **his eyes as Yesil's** VOICE drones on, explaining **the details**, the cast, the simplicity or it, **enthusiastic**; FADING OUT **UNDER**:
292. BILLY walking the COURTYARD **counting** his **paces**, 48 - 49 - SO. Turns, goes back.

292. CONTIUED:

SUSAN VOICE

...My dearest Billy. I know it is long and it is hard for you, but your family and I are thinking about you all the time. I am trying hard to make enough money nights to come and see **you**. Your father says that lawyer Yesil wants another **\$2000**. I know you distrust him more and more, but your father wants to do everything he can, and he is borrowing all he can on the mortgage of the house. **Money** seems to be the only way out of there. Except of course the other way...

293. BILLY, **MAX** and **BELL** (bandaged around the ass from the stabbing) are huddled around **BELL**'s **BUNK** late **NIGHT**, candle burning, a sheet sealing off some of the kogus. Bell furtively looks around, pulling out and elaborately unfolding a set of **DRAWINGS** from **a** pack of letters.

SUSAN VOICE

(continuous)

...But I cannot say I am for it. **Nor** are your parents. They consulted the priest, and he said to send you money for that reason would be like sealing your death.

BELL

(excited)

The blueprints!

MAX

To what?

BELL

The prison, man. There was this German caf - an architect - in the hospital. He was helping the Turks build some shit round the place. I laid some bread on him and he let me copy them.

294. BILLY, puzzled, turns the drawings upside down, sideways.

295. THE **DRAWINGS** are a lunatic mess of scrambled lines, dots, crosses.

296. ANOTHER **ANGLE** - **MAX** and **BILLY**, trying to follow the map, look at each other dubiously.

MAX

Too bad you didn't have a **xerox** machine.

BELL

(intent)

There's two **ways out** I **figger** - over the roof, but that's only one person, maybe two. The other way is Under.

296. CONTINUED:

BILLY

Tunnel?

BELL

(grins)

It's already built! There's a basement substructure where they used to keep weapons and stuff, but beneath that there's these old **catacombs** that the Christians built bout a thousand fucking years ago to bury their dead. We're sitting right on top of it -- here.

297. **INSERT** DRAWING, illustrating roughly the structure of the prison. His **FINGER** tracing, bubbling with nervous enthusiasm.

BELL (OVER)

The **Kraut** said there's a whole bunch of hollow sealed shafts sort of like dumbwaiters running along this wall; one of them is right in there, right next to our shower. We get in there, he says, we can get down into the catacombs. With three of us working....

(stops)

298. MAX is standing, tapping on the wall, listening, a funny look on his face.

MAX

Gotta be here someplace. Thought I heard a couple of dead Christians singing down there.

299. ANOTHER ANGLE

BELL

(irritated)

Stop shitting me **man!**

BILLY

(trying to be serious)

But how would you get into the shaft, Jimmy?

MAX

I suppose you knock three times and ask for St. Peter.

BELL

(turning on Max)

Hey! I'm getting this together man and I don't need no fucking Gastrohead along on this trip!

(a fierce look at **Max**, then back to Billy)

We go through the wall.

299. **CONTINUED:**

BILLY
 (a resigned look on his
 face)
 We go through the wall?

MAX
 (quite sure Bell is
 out of his skull)
 We go through the wall.

300. **BELL** between **BILLY** and **MAX** walking in the **COURTYARD - DAY**,
 continuing intently:

BELL
 ...The Kraut was **right!** I checked it
 out - there's no reinforced steel in
 those bath walls. They're real soft
 from underground seepage -

301. **BELL** reaches the wall, turns around and continues back, talking.
 Lowers his voice occasionally as other **PRISONERS** intersect them.

BELL
 (gesturing profusely)
 - the water like "weeps" through the
 cement, see. Twenty, thirty years, you
 can almost push it over. All we do is
 use Gastrohead's screwdriver here and
 scrape the mortar out. Pull out 2, 3
 stones, squeeze through, put 'em back,
 and get our ass down the shaft, It's
 a two night operation, maybe three.

MAX
 And what do you do when you **get** in
 the catacombs?

BELL
 The catacombs? **Whaddaya** want, a
 door? There's miles of em like a
 sewer system but they got to come up
 someplace in Istanbul.

Max is fed up with it now, no longer joking.

MAX
 You gotta be **fucking** crazy! You got
 stabbed in the ass once too much,
 sweetheart, cause you're gonna end up
 in Section 13, that's what - not the
 'catacombs'.

BILLY
 Section **13?**

301. CONTINUED:

MAX

(looking at Bell)

Yeah - for the **criminally** insane.

(pause, looks at Billy)

I was there once for two weeks and it ain't an illusion. It's awful. Namidou runs it like a death camp, that's where he spends most of his time...

BILLY

Where is it?

MAX

I don't know. It's someplace down in there....

(points at the ground)

deep... **a big door.** a wheel....

His eyes go back in time, haunted, vague - breaks off.

302. **ANOTHER ANGLE -**

BELL

(low-keyed)

Hey, you know what's gonna get us out of here? It's not a map, **Max.** It's **our** balls. You know what I mean...

(looks straight at Max, Billy, very sincere, his eyes almost watering)

...I gotta get laid man, I don't know bout you guys, but if I don't get it on soon, I'm... I'm not gonna make it.

MAX

(under his breath)

Shit.

BELL

Billy?

BILLY

.The roof sounds better to me than digging through a wall. **Ziat's** round there all the time. But the roof....
(looks up)

303. **POV - THE ROOF,** its edges visible **over** the courtyard.

304. BILLY shakes his head.

BILLY

...**The** bullet percentage is awful high.

A pause. BILLY looks away from **BELL's** stare.

304. CONTINUED:

BILLY

If I get caught, Jimmy, I'm facing another 20 months. I'd be back up to 3 years, maybe more...

Looks down.

305. BELL understands, deeply disappointed.

BELL

Well, fuck it! Choose your own death, babe, taking the roof out of here!

Goes.

SHARP CUT:

306. A LONG DUNGEON CORRIDOR - at the end of it, the frame of a small; DOOR, cracks of light at its edges. TRACK IN - FX of a siren, capture - and now BEATING - heavy beating from behind that door. CLOSER - we reach it. The door FLIES OPEN and HAMIDOU is glimpsed lighting a cigarette. Like a surreal dream, his hand holding the match has a thick LEATHER THONG bound around its knuckles and blood speckled on his fingers.

A BLUR of foreground movement - a GUARD coming out the door - dragging:

307. BELL - by the hair - across the floor. His face contorting in agony.

BILLY VOICE

Dear Susan. Poor Jimmy was caught and beaten so badly he got a severe hernia and lost a testicle. He's been in the hospital for months having operations..

CUT :

308. CLOSE BILLY'S TOOTH BEING PULLED

BILLY VOICE

(continuous)

...In comparison my problems seem very small. But two and a half years have now gone by, and in their own fashion, the Turks are slowly draining my life away...

309. WIDEN to a STONE CHAMBER and a crazy looking DENTIST in a filthy long white smock, puffing on a cigarette holder, his ashes falling over Billy as he works his mouth. A motorized drill is plugged into the wall, adjacent a filthy spittoon covered with blood; dried blood is spattered liberally around the chamber.

310. BILLY spits out the blood and looks in the mirror.

BILLY VOICE
(continuous)
...I have problems with my stomach and my leg muscles feel very weak. My gums seem **to** be shrinking and they sometimes bleed when I massage them... They've pulled five of my **teeth**...

Suddenly he starts **SHOUTING angrily** in TURKISH. The **DENTIST** screams back at him. AD LIB.

311. THE **DENTIST**, still screaming, **leans** BILLY back in the chair and looks in his mouth.

BILLY VOICE
(continuous)
...**sometimes** they null the wrong one...

CUT :

312. **BILLY** is washing himself in his undershorts at the SINK with ERICH; the hot water is on full blast and billows of vapor fill the small stone room, like a sauna. He pours a pitcher full of hot water over his head; his eyes lingering on:

313. THE **STONES** of the wall with their cracked moldings; some areas are noticeably darker than others • Bell's "wet spots"*, the alternate escape route.

BILLY VOICE
(continuous)
...Even my dreams don't seem to work any more. Because the outside doesn't **seem** real any more. It's not even a fantasy... because there is no fantasy.

314. ERICH uses a coarse washing sponge on BILLY's back.

BILLY VOICE
(continuous)
...**Even** masturbation has become boring. **It teaches** you, like the rest of prison life, to seal up your emotions, and this is the greatest danger, this is what makes so many of the men change into something monstrous...

315. EYES of the **ARABS** peer through the musky vapors at Billy and Erich; they loll about the **door**, curious, lecherous for their bodies.

CUT:

316. ERICH massaging BILLY on his bunk in the **SECOND STORY KOGUS**.

316. CONTINUED:

BILLY VOICE

(continuous)

.. It is **Erich** who has taught me how **important** it is to be **conscious**, to channel and direct my energy. **He** has convinced me to stop smoking hashish, he is the calmest man I **have** ever known. If you don't control your energy in here it can blow you apart - like with Bell. And you can't waste it either. You have to weigh up every one of **your** actions - for and against. Too little sex, too much sex - either will throw you off balance...

317. ERICH leans forward and kisses a tentative BILLY on the **lips**. A gentle kiss. They are **standing** inside the TOILET STALL; **lower** themselves down onto the seat. ERICH looks back over his shoulder, guarding their privacy. It is late NIGHT.

BILLY VOICE

(continuous)

...He has taught me about feelings, and the need to express them. And he has taught me about love...

318. BILLY closes his eyes, softly - and with hesitation - returns ERICH's caress. Their hands probe *each* other's bodies.

BILLY VOICE

(continuous)

and what love really is, beyond its physical forms...I think up to now I have only considered my own self, never really another...

CUT:

319. ERICH and BILLY do yoga positions together **EARLY MORNING**, fully clothed, in the FIRST FLOOR **KOGUS** empty space. ERICH lies on his belly, his back stiffly arched, feet raised.

320. BILLY stands silent, balanced lightly on his feet, his palms pressed together beneath his chin, centering, eyes closed.

BILLY VOICE

(continuous)

...and now strange as it seems, Susan, without having seen you in so long I feel myself more inside of you than ever before. I feel your **female** mind. I sense you, touch **you...know** you; and find myself falling more and **more...in** love with you.

321. BILLY rises gracefully onto his toes, stretching his arms out above his head. It is the beginning posture, his body greeting the day.

322. BILLY and ERICH sit silently now in lotus position, facing each other, breathing slowly, relaxing, minds still, looking into each other's eyes. Billy closes **his** eyes.

BILLY
 (chant-like, gathering
 momentum)
 A prison - a monastery - a cloister - a cave
 Prison - monastery - cloister - cave
 prison monastery cloister cave
 prison monastery cloister cave
 prison monastery cloister...

SOUND OFF, interrupting - the clomp of FOOTSTEPS on the STAIRS.

323. **ZIAT** comes down, staring at the two of them as he goes into the **KITCHEN** to prepare early morning tea.

324. BILLY's expression changes.

BILLY
 Prison.
 Rises from his position.

CUT:

325. **THE SUN** flowering up over ISTANBUL.

325. BILLY rises from his BUNK to the chanting drone of "Allah Wakbah ", **OFF**, and moving to the closest wall, takes out an old wet rag.

BILLY VOICE
 Dear Susan. Erich has been transferred
 to a prison back in Sweden. He has
 profoundly affected **my** life and though
I am lonely without **him**, **I** am calmer
 than ever...

327. BILLY erases out a scraped numeral (54) on the wall and with a chalky piece of rock, inscribes in bold strokes the numeral: 53

BILLY VOICE
 (continuous)
 Though I only have 53 days left, I
 feel I have never been so well adjusted
 to prison and **to** living as now....

BELL (OFF)
 Allah **Fuck** Off!

328. **JIMMY BELL** wakes, hearing the perpetual "Allah **Wakbah**" CHANT.

BELL
 Asina Covaciml
 ("I stick it in his **Mouth!**")

He is noticeably pale and weaker than before.

BILLY VOICE
 (continuous)
 ... Poor Jimmy...

329. BILLY cuts **BELL's** hair in the FIRST FLOOR **KOGUS**: BELL sits there with a disturbed tight look on his face, inspecting the work with a pocket mirror.

BILLY VOICE
(continuous)
... Though his health is bad, he still
won't give up...

330. GUARD approaching with a slip in hand.

BILLY VOICE
(continuous)
... **He** still talks of escape.

331. THE GUARD hands the slip to BILLY who is pleasantly surprised. A visitor.

332. BILLY walking down a CORRIDOR in the PRISON, following a GUARD, and turning into:

333. THE VISITING **ROOM**, where the little booths with BARS separate prisoner **and** visitor. Behind the grill is the Consul, STANLEY DAVIS. His face is grim and grey. BILLY senses it immediately.

BILLY
What's **wrong**?

DAVIS
Sit down a moment, Billy. I'm afraid...
I have **some** bad news for you.

334. BILLY sits, tense.

BILLY
Something happen to Dad? . . . Mom?

335. DAVIS swallows hard, not **wanting** to say it.

DAVIS
No. . . It looks like you're going to
have a new court.

BILLY
What do you mean?

DAVIS
The Prosecutor objected to your sentence
for possession; he wanted a smuggling
conviction and the High Court in Ankara
reviewed it.

336. **ANOTHER ANGLE:**

BILLY
And?

DAVIS
We've been notified that they rejected
the sentence...

336. **CONTINUED:**

Billy's face drains of all expression.

DAVIS
(continuing)

There were 35 judges on the High Court. Twenty eight of them voted for a life sentence.

337. BILLY'S EYES. Numb, dazed, **surreal**.

DAVIS (OFF)

... The Lower Court in Istanbul will **have** to go along with the decision. The Judge likes you and he'll do the only thing he can do under the law...
... He'll reduce the sentence to thirty years... **We've** notified... **BILLY!**

Suddenly he is GRABBED by his ivy-league striped tie and his face is yanked up to the bars, his glasses falling off.

339. BILLY is beserk, his face right up against the bars, **gripping** Davis tight.

BILLY
What do you mean **LIFE!** LIFE FOR
WHAT! FOR WHAT!

DAVIS
(choking)
Billy! Please!

Commotion OFF as GUARDS run in, HAMIDOU in the lead.

BILLY
FOR **WHAT!** FOR WHAT!

340. **THE** GUARDS try to pry loose BILLY's srrangling grip on DAVIS' tie.

BILLY
I HAVE FIFTY THREE DAYS LEFT!

HAMIDOU takes out a **KNIFE** and cuts the consul's tie in half. DAVIS falls backwards.

341. BILLY is hauled back, still gripping half the tie. He is **trembling** now.

BILLY
I HAVE FIFTY THREE DAYS LEFT!

342. DAVIS is shaken. He has red bar marks across his face and is absentmindedly trying to adjust half a tie as he looks at:

343. BILLY being hauled out by HAMIDOU, **SCREAMING** something indistinct.

CUT:

344. COURTROOM. Same **as** before.

345. BILLY, in the prisoner's dock, addresses the Court; as he speaks, a Turkish TRANSLATOR. drones underneath his voice level:

BILLY
 ...What is the crime? And what is the punishment? The answer seems to vary from place to place, and from time to time. What's legal today is suddenly illegal tomorrow cause some society says it's so; and what's illegal yesterday all of a sudden gets legal today because everybody's doing it and you **can't** throw everybody in jail. Well I'm not saying this is right or wrong. It's just the way things are....

346. **YESIL** the lawyer; DAVIS the consul.

347. THE PRESS GIRL from the previous trial in the short skirt.

348. BILLY

BILLY
 (continuous)
 But I spent **the last 3½** years of my life in your prison and I think I paid for my error and if it's your decision today to sentence me to more years, I... I...
 (a break)
 You know my lawyers told me 'be cool Billy - don't get upset, don't get angry, if you're good I can maybe get a pardon, an amnesty, an appeal, this that and the other thing.' Well that's been going down now for 35 years...

349. YESIL looks over, surprised he is talking like this. Looks at **DAV**

350. BILLY. '

BILLY
 (continuous)
 and I been playing it cool and I been good and now I'm damn tired of being good cause you people gave me the belief that I had 53 days left. You hung 53 days in front of my eyes and then you took those 53 days away, and Mister Prosecutor! I just wish you could...

351. PROSECUTOR looks over, through his dark green glasses.

BILLY (OVER)
 ... stand right here where I'm standing and feel what that...

352. BILLY

BILLY

(continuous)

... feels like, cause then you'd know something you don't know - you'd know what **Mercy** means, Mister Prosecutor - and you'd know the concept of a society is based on the quality of its mercy, of its sense of fair play, its sense of justice... but

(shrugs and scoffs at himself)

I guess that's just like asking a bear to shit in a toilet...

353. TRANSLATOR stops, looks puzzled.

354. BILLY

BILLY

(same self-mocking tone)

For a nation of pigs, it's funny you don't eat them. **Fuck** it, give me the sentence. Jesus forgave the bastards, but I can't. I hate you. I hate your nation. I hate your people. And I **fuck your** sons and daughters -

Sits down, disgusted; under his breath:

BILLY

... cause you're all pigs.

355. **SILENCE** in the courtroom. People looking at each other uncomfortably.

356. DAVIS looks down. YESIL flips some pages abstractedly.

357. **TRANSLATOR**, scared:

TRANSLATOR

(**Would** your honor like me to translate?)

358. THE OLD CHIEF JUDGE, the same one as before, shakes his head.

JUDGE

(That won't be necessary)

359. **ANOTHER ANGLE** - THE JUDGE turns to BILLY in foreground, rises, and unexpectedly crosses his wrists out in front of him.

JUDGE

(emotionally)

(**My** hands are tied by Ankara!)

Makes the gesture of the hands forcefully, with anger.

TRANSLATOR (OFF)

"**My** hands are tied by Ankara."

360. BILLY watching,

JUDGE (OFF)
(I must sentence you, Vilyum Hi-yes...)

361. JUDGE

JUDGE
(...to be imprisoned at Sagamilcar for a term no less than thirty years...
Getchmis olsun)

TRANSLATOR (OFF)
"I must sentence you, Vilyum Hi-yes,
to be imprisoned at Sagamilcar for a
term no less than **thirty** years...
Getchmis **olsun.**"

As he translates, the JUDGE unable to control his emotion exits rapidly, not looking at Billy, followed by the TWO OTHER JUDGES.

TRANSLATOR (OFF)
"May it pass quickly."

CUT:

362. THREE OLD GLEANING **WOMEN**, swathed in black like three ~~litas~~, turn from their sweeping as BILLY is led out COURTROOM **NUMBER 6** down a long stone corridor. Dust floats through long slanting shafts of yellowish light, like a striped leotard dream. BILLY walks, his eyes straight ahead - determined.

SONG OVER (BELL)
(old Southern blues beat,
improvised)
"Mmmmm... got the blues babe,
Got those 01 Istanbul blues,
Said Yeah, I got the blues babe
Got those 01 Istanbul blues...
Thirty years in Turkey, babe,
Ain't got nothing left to lose..."
(continue)

CUT:

363. BELL sings it, strumming sloppily but with feeling on his **guitar**. BILLY lies, his back up, on his **BUNK** nearby. **MAX, stoned**, sits at the base of the bunk. It is NIGHT. The song **falters**, but **MAX** now joins in, improvising:

SOMG (**MAX AND BELL**)
"Busted at the border
Two keys in my shoes
Said I was busted at the border
with two keys in my shoes
An they gave me thirty years, babe
To learn the 01 Istanbul blues..."

364. SEVERAL TURKS are partying it up down at the other end of the SECOND FLOOR KOGUS, playing a "sas" - Turkish type guitar, counterpointed by a little drum; the music is stridently Turkish, and one of the men does a bellydance in underpants with two lemons masquerading as breasts under his shirt. The LOUD TWANGING of Bell's GUITAR can be heard OFF, interrupting them. They are annoyed.

365. BELL leading MAX into the next stanza:

SONG (BELL AND MAX)

"I said Lord now save me
please save me from this pain"

366. BILLY, touched - listening, thinking.

SONG (OVER)

"I said Lord come and save me,
Come save me from this pain
Come set me free sweet Jesus..."

TURK (OFF)

(Hey knock off that shit music...)

367. TWO TURKS from the party walk up, waving at BELL's guitar, annoyed.

TURK

(...we're playing the sas)

BELL

(understanding their Turkish)
Omina koyden your **sas!**
("put your sas in your cunt")

365. THE TWO TURKS tense, the mood changing.

369. BELL gets even angrier, puts the guitar aside, ready to spring.

BELL

...And besides that I **fuck** Allah and
I **fuck** your Muslim mother too...

They don't understand but one of them is reaching into his pants for his shiv.

BELL

You got that, shitface? Asina...

BILLY (OFF)

KNOCK IT OFF!

370. ANOTHER ANGLE. BILLY is moving fast between the TWO TURKS and BELL. A new authority in his voice, and controlled anger in his face.

BILLY

(to Bell)

Cut it! No more fights.

BELL looks.

371. BILLY

BILLY
We're getting out of here.

372. BELL astonished.

CUT:

373. BILLY, with Max's little screwdriver and a metal spoon, digs hard at the cracks around a dark stone in the **SINK ROOM, FIRST FLOOR KOCUS**. With him is **MAX** working on the same stone. They are sweating, shirtless, looking back over their shoulders at:

374. BELL guarding the STAIRS.

375. BILLY works the stucco out, jiggling with the stone (about a nine inch circumference) using his fingers and screwdriver. Painful work.

BILLY VOICE
Dear Susan. It's taken me a long time to find out that it's got to stop somewhere. I've learned painfully not to trust the Turks, the courts, the lawyers, the Consul, the United States Government, and not even my loving parents. There is only one way out of here... **The** Midnight Express.

376. BILLY kicks with his sneakers at the stone, as silently as possible. A **LOUD NOISE** - crumbling dust, stucco.

377. BELL at the stairs freezes, fearful. Then **SILENCE**. **He** runs over.

378. MAX, BELL, BILLY.

MAX
(in a whisper)
We're undermining the other stones!

BELL studies it, pointing to the stone above left the one that has been loosened.

BELL
We gotta take a chance and do that one next -
(pointing)
Then pull out this one -
(pointing to the one directly left of the loosened stone, excited)
Just jiggle it, scratch it out, loosen it up, it's soft - real soft!

BILLY has his head pressed close to the loosened stone. Suddenly:

BILLY
It's there!

378. **CONTINUED:**

BELL

What?

BILLY

Listen!

379. **ANOTHER ANGLE** - all **THREE** press their ears to the stone. A silence. The faintest whisper of **WIND** and dripping **'WATER** - indicating a shaft of some nature. **BELL** looks back at **BILLY**.

BELL

I told you, **I** told you - you cocksuckers!
You didn't believe me.

BILLY smiles. **MAX** reaches over and grabs Bell's face between his hands, kisses him violently.

MAX

Fuck me! You beautiful mother, you!

CUT:

380. **MAX**, now on guard at the **STAIRS**, looks over at:

381. **BELL AND SILLY** - with fresh paste putting the finishing touches on the edges of the stone which has been replaced in its original position. Bell's half naked torso reveals a pair of dice with lucky sevens tattooed on his shoulder.

CUT:

382. **THE REPLACED STONE**. On **close** inspection, it is apparent that the stucco around it doesn't match the other stones one bit, but as we **PULL BACK** to see **ZIAT** washing his tea cups in the **SINK** during the **DAY**, this irregularity is lost in the greater mosaic of the wall structure. At least **ZIAT** doesn't notice as:

383. **BILLY** nervously comes into the **SINK** area, watching him, and calls to him.

BILLY

(using Turkish)
(Hey, Ziat, hurry up with the tea will
ya!)

ZIAT

(mutters to himself)
(Work, work, work, that's all **I** do)

BILLY

(**I** don't hear you bitch about the money)

384. **BILLY** followed by **ZIAT** into the **KITCHEN**, casts a look of relief at:

385. BELL and MAX who wait at a table with empty tea cups.

CUT:

386. A HORDE OF COCKROACHES stream out from a crack in the stone as BILLY and MAX dig, scrape, jiggle the third stone. Both covered with sweat, working with confidence now.

387. A DARK **EMPTY** SHAFT on the other side. Dripping water. **Two** stones removed.

388. BELL runs over:

BELL
Want me to take over?

BILLY
 You want to split your hernia again?

MAX
 Get off our tits!

Bell turns to go. Suddenly a LOUD **CRUMBLING** NOISE and:

389. A FOURTH STONE starts to go - but brakes itself.

390. BILLY, MAX, BELL all framed in a posture of fear -- not daring to move.

391. **SECOND** STORY **KOGUS** remains silent.

392. BELL looks up the **STAIRS**, tiptoes back, indicating they are clear.

393. MAX **AND** BILLY. All THREE of them look:

394. THE THREE **AND** A HALF STONE SPACE. Easily big enough for them to squeeze through. BILLY shines a candle in the shaft, OFF.

395. THE THREE look at each other. The same thought. Eager eyes. The **TRAIN** WHISTLES by in the night, OFF.

BELL
 (sudden)
 Let's got

BILLY looks at his watch, hates to do it. Shakes his **head**.

BILLY
 No . No time. Put em back.

MAX groans to himself.

CUT:

396. BILLY tense and restless at his BUNK - TWILIGHT. A loud **RADIO, OFF** - Turkish News.

396. CONTINUED:

BILLY
We go early. Any **fuck-ups** we should
 be back here and have the stones in
 by dawn.

397. **ANOTHER ANGLE** • **MAX**, BELL, AND BILLY. A pause.

BILLY
 You got your stuff?

MAX
 Yeah.

BELL
 (persistent)
 Haps, railroad, bus timetables?

MAX
(businesslike)
 Everything.

BILLY
 Okay.
 (looks around the group)
 Let's do it.

He extends his hands and the other two cross in a six-handed
 shake.

GUT:

398. **MAX** signals down the STAIRS • "all clear".

399. BILLY going through the **HOLE** in the STONES that **NIGHT** into:

400. A DARK SHAFT spookily leading downwards. He lights a thick
CANDLE, tied horizontally across his sneakers so as to **give**
 him his light source where his footholds are. His **P.O.V.:**

401. PART **DUMBWAITER** SHAFT, PART WATER WELL from a previous century.
 A series of corrugated mossy old footholds and iron spikes **lead**
 down at irregular intervals.

CUT:

402. BILLY, **MAX** AND BELL, each with their own footcandle, are spaced
 along the shaft easing downwards. BILLY looks up at **MAX** about
 ten feet above.

BILLY
 Okay?

MAX
 Yeah.

BILLY
Jimmy?

403. BELL struggling.

403. CONTINUED:

BELL

What?

BILLY (OFF)
How's your hernia?

BELL
Don't make me laugh.

404. **BILLY** in a sweat, slips. A tense moment • then he catches himself. **OFF** • the **TRAIN WHISTLE** can be heard, echoing into the shaft. Mixed suddenly with **LOUD TALKING OFF**. Arguing in Turkish. **BILLY** freezes, signals upwards with a sharp hiss of breath.

VOICES (OFF)
(What do you mean, you forgot - he'll have my **ass!**)

(Well I can't do two things at once, you were supposed to be here at nine **o'clock!**)

405. **BILLY** identifying the relative location of the voices, eases downwards, coming to a **GRILL**, looks in at:

406. A **BASEMENT ROOM** with **FURNACE**. **TWO TURKISH GUARDS** throw the prison rubbish in the furnace, still arguing, **AD LIB**.

407. **BILLY** signals upwards.

40c. **REVERSE ANGLE**, from inside the basement, of **BILLY** slipping past the grill, his face sharply illuminated by the flame of the furnace.

Off the walls around the grill we can see the **GIANT SILHOUETTES** of the two guards still arguing.

409. **BILLY** comes to the base of the shaft. A puddle of **scummy** water. Unstraps the candle. A current of **WIND**. He peers around.

410. **POV - A WINDING NARROW CATACOMB**, with beehive burial places on both sides.

411. **BILLY**, sniffing the stench, unrolls a ball of **THREAD**, ties it to a marker and heads in.

CUT:

412. **BILLY**, **BELL** and **MAX** are in the catacomb. A scratchy hideous sound and:

413. **BATS** fly out squealing from the ceiling.

414. **THE BOYS** hit the ground as **BATWINGS** flap over them, colliding against each other, knocking off walls, **SCREECHING**, then diminishing in sound. Fewer and fewer. Then gone.

MAX
(looking up, scared)
Jesus!

415. **BILLY** looking up.

BILLY
Anybody bitten?

416. ANOTHER ANGLE

BELL
Nah, just covered with **batshit**.

BILLY
(getting to his knees)
They went out over there: must be some
kind of exit.

Heads in that direction.

CUT :

417. A HUGE SPIDER scatters off, as **BILLY's** CANDLE illuminates:

418. ANOTHER ENDLESS WALKWAY. **BILLY** comes to a stop - frustrated.

BILLY
Let's go back the other way.

419. INTERSECTION. Two **walkways**. **BELL** leads in, unwinding the thread, stops.

BELL
(desperate)
Where the Suck are we?

BILLY comes into view, equally frustrated.

BILLY
What time is it?

MAX
Two thirty.

420. ANOTHER MAZE of walkways. The THREE stop, exhausted, faces blackened. **BILLY**, in utter rage and frustration starts kicking the wall.

BILLY
Shit! Shit! **Shit!**

MAX
(slumping to the ground)
It's a dead end. The Turks **musta** sealed
it up.

BELL
What the **fuck** we gonna do?

SILENCE as the three pathetic escapees ponder their fate.

421. BILLY, getting a grip on himself, thinking.

BILLY

We go back.

422. ANOTHER AXLE.

MAX

What? You gotta be joking.

BILLY

(resolute)

We go back, seal it up again, and come in tomorrow night - **every night** till we get out of here, **There's** gotta be a way. Those bats got out someplace.

(rises)

Now let's go. **Doubletime!**

Takes the THREAD and starts to follow it back.

CUT:

423. THE SHAFT. BILLY leads the climbers UP.

424. MAX reaches a new foothold, stops, getting his breath. Looks down at BELL, heavy breathing OFF. Urging him on.

MAX

You gotta have a lot of balls for this -

425. BELL, suffering, can't help but grin.

BELL

(murmurs)

Count me out.

(to himself, shaking his head)

Who ever heard of anybody sneaking back into a **fucking** jail?

426. MAX overhearing it.

MAX

Yeah, what if we got caught?

427. BELL starts to giggle.

BILLY (OFF)

(up the shaft)

Hey Max, don't make the dummy laugh.

428. MAX laughing, shaking his head.

MAX

(between giggles)

Who's laughing? I mean I find this terribly depressing.. Can you see old Wamidou's face when he tries to figure this one out?

429. BILLY can't go on, starts to giggle at the **thought**.

BILLY

(between giggles)

We'll tell him we were checking out our escape route. **We** wanted to be completely sure before we tried it.

430. **ANOTHER ANGLE** - the **THREE** of them, spaced along the shaft, are all giggling hysterically. Echoing. Hold on them.

CUT:

431. BILLY comes through the **HOLE** in the stones in the **SINK AREA**. It is still **MIGHT**. He looks around - silence. **MAX** follows through the hole.

CUT :

432. BILLY AND **MAX** work frantically to seal up the **STONES**.

434. BELL, exhausted, is at the **STAIRS** guarding. Distant early morning **SOUNDS** of prison waking up. **We** feel they will be spotted this time, but:

CUT:

435. BILLY slumps into his **BUNK** as the first rays of **LIGHT** come up in the sky and the **CHANT** from the Mosque commences. He immediately sinks into sleep.

436. CLOSE on **OLD TEA LEAVES** being washed **in** the **SINK**. A **MILKY WHITE EYE** follows into view. **ZIAT** is preparing his early morning tea, his good eye now moving to something beyond the tea leaves. Curious, he straightens, throwing the withered bunch of leaves into the sink.

437. **ZIAT** approaches the irregular stucco paste around the **REPLACED STONES**; runs his fingers along the ridges, noticing the paste is fresh.

438. BILLY snoring from fatigue. BELL wakes him quickly.

BELL

Billy, wake **up!** They found it!

OFF - there is a lot of **SHOUTING** downstairs.

BILLY

Who?

BELL

Ziat.

CUT:

439. BILLY standing in a group of **PRISONERS** with BELL and **MAX**. He has a look of total despair on his face, as he watches

440. THE **SINK**. **PRISONERS** are everywhere jabbering excitedly among themselves. **ZIAT** is conferring with **HAMIDOU**, as **GUARDS** rip out the last stone, revealing the **HOLE** leading to the **SHAFT**.

441. BILLY's gaze shifts **to Ziat**, fixing all his hatred on him.

442. **ZIAT**, grinning, moves away, and **HAMIDOU** - his falaka stick cocked like a sergeant major - moves among the prisoners.

HAMIDOU

(SHUT UP !)

They all fall immediately silent. **HAMIDOU** continues his walk among them, bypassing:

443. **MAX** who shifts his gaze onto:

444. BILLY. **HAMIDOU** approaches, his eyes moving over BILLY with contempt, and shifting him aside with the stick. To him Billy is the same passive prisoner as before. He moves on, shifting **OTHERS** aside and then stops at:

445. BELL. **HAMIDOU** swings his stick up slowly and taps him lightly on the **chest**. **BELL** realizes and is afraid.

HAMIDOU

(**Noldu? Noldu?** I tell you I see you again...**finish!**)

He punctuates this last with a theatrical tap on the chest and he gestures to the **GUARDS**.

HAMIDOU

(Take **him!**)

446. BELL, already broken by bad beatings, shivers.

BELL

No. Oh no! No...

GUARDS grab him, hurry him out the **kogus** behind **HAMIDOU**.

447. BILLY holds himself rigid, trying not to break. Bell's **PROTESTS** continue **OFF**.

44%. **MAX** unable to contain his anger, strides right up to **ZIAT**, collars him, livid.

MAX

You bastard! This time I'm **gonna** kick your **fucking** brains all over this kitchen!

ZIAT

(**calm**)

Fine. Good. Man to man. **We fight** now and when **finish** I bring Mamidou and he kick you **fucking** ass.

MAX

You! ...

MAX is about to swing when BILLY grabs him.

448. CONTINUED:

BILLY
 Max! Cool it!
 (looking at **Ziat**,
 calmly)
 Ziat's just doing his job.

449. **ZIAT** glances from **BILLY** back to **MAX**, fixing on him as **BILLY** walk3 him away.

CUT:

450. **MAX** is at his **BUNK** that NIGHT; puts away the hypodermic **needle** stoned and speeding at the same time, smoking a cigarette. **BILLY** inwardly tense, sits with **his** head in his hands.

MAX
 Bell's gonna talk. They got to find
 out. Man, we gotta **get** out.

Tears have formed in his eyes.

MAX
 Goddamn **Gastro's** killing me. **Making**
 me blind. Hey Billy -

BILLY
 (sympathetic)
 Yeah.

MAX
 I got some acid man. **Maybe** we can drop
 some on the guards huh? In their tea
 or something.

BILLY looks away, not even considering. But **MAX** is caught up in the notion.

MAX
 Yeah **I** got it all worked out. Billy,
 listen to me.
 (looks at Billy, hi3
 eyes glazed)
 That old guard likes you, **Billy**. You
 drop **some** acid on him. **He's** seeing
rainbows, y'know. **We** walk out - tonight.

BILLY
 Then we're outside the **kogus**. Then what?

MAX
What?

BILLY
 After we're outside the kogus?

MAX
 Oh we... we...

450. **CONTINUED:**

BILLY
Max... Your shirt's on fire...

451. **MAX** clumsily brushes the burning ash off his shirt where it's made a hole.

MAX
Oh shit. Oh Christ!

His **eyes** cloud with tears. He sits down, head between his hands.

MAX
*There just comes a time you know...
you know you're never going to git
it on.*

Suddenly shifts mood again, stands, pulling out a SHIV, resolute, eyes brightening.

MAX
That's what I'm gonna do.
(giggles)

SILLY looks up wondering.

BILLY
What?

MAX
(crazily)
Cut his fucking throat.

BILLY
Whose?

MAX
Ziat... What do I got to lose huh!
What do I got to lose. And I'd
really enjoy it.
(giggles)

Lurches against the bunk.

BILLY
Max, sit down. You're in no shape
to kill anybody.

MAX
I want to cut his **fucking** throat.

BILLY
It's already been cut.

MAX
Then **I'll** cut his balls off.

451. CONTINUED:

BILLY smiles, shakes his head, then:

BILLY
If you really wanted to hurt **Ziat...**
(pause)

MAX slumps back down on the bunk, suddenly tired of killing.

BILLY
(reflective)
..His money • steal that, you steal
his blood... Could you see his face
when everything he worked so hard
to get got snatched?
(plays with the thought
idly, then shrugs)
If we knew where he hid it.
(waves it away)
Anyway, steal from him they'd pick
up the whole prison and shake it
sideways. **We** couldn't hide it anywhere.

MAX
(head bobbing now, murmurs)
You know where it **is**?

BILLY
What?

MAX
(a vague grin)
I know where it is,

BILLY glances at him, not sure whether he heard.

BILLY
His money?

452. **MAX** gives him a goofy nod • and a grin. Imitating Robert Newton as Long John Silver.

MAX
'Dem dat hides can finds says I'...
I seen him, the clever tit, sneaking
looks at it late at night, talking
to it.

BILLY
(beginning to believe him)
Yeah? Where?

Max, distracted, lets his attention wander back. Inaudible, his head bobbing now.

MAX
Hishradyo.

452. CONTINUED:

BILLY

Max - where?

MAX

(his mouth hanging open,
eyes closed)
Hish radio. Back of his radio...

He lurches over gently on the **bunk**.

MAX

...That's why he never plays it...

Sleeps.

453. **BILLY** surprised, then reflective.

CUT:

454. THE BACK OF THE RADIO is unscrewed; the cover pulled off. **EMPTY!**

MOVE TO **ZIAT**. The look is as Billy expected. Horror, shock, anger, fear. **ZIAT SCREAMS** hysterically like an old Greek widow and:

455. BEATING HIS CHEST and tearing at his hair, **ZIAT** runs out of the **KOGUS** wailing, moaning.

CUT:

456. THE SECOND STORY **KOGUS** is being "controlled" by the **GUARDS**. **WIDE ANGLE** reveals a circus of clockwork destruction as the **GUARDS**, making abundant **NOISE**, systematically rip up each bunk, locker, mattress, picture, book, etc., their faces flushed with this opportunity for orgy.

457. THE **PRISONERS** are lined up in the **COURTYARD**, each one being body searched. Prominent are **MAX** and **BILLY**, looking up amused at the

455. SECOND STORY **WINDOWS** - feathers from a mattress fly around. **ZIAT** briefly appears, his face at the window, looking at the prisoners in the **yard**, frustrated.

459. **HAMIDOU** breaks apart a **BUNK** with his bare hands.

460. **ZIAT** is stripping **MAX**'s possessions, sure he will find it here.

VOICE (OFF)

(Down here!)

Ziat springs up.

461. **GUARD** calling out from the **STAIRS**.

GUARD

(We found it!)

CUT:

462. **ZIAT** leaning in CLOSE, OVER THE STOVE in the KITCHEN, framed by GUARDS. It is the same crouched posture he always uses to work the stove but now his eyes show complete despair as he sees:
463. A THOUSAND SHREDS OF PAPER **MONEY** floating in his pots amid his withered tea bags. From ashes to ashes and dust to dust.
464. ZIAT folds his head into his hands, sobbing then wailing - **very** human, very sad.

CUT:

465. **KITCHEN - NEGDIR**, an Arab, is now running the tea concession. A jolly ebullient man. Pours a cup for MAX. Several OTHERS are at the table.

NEGDIR

(heavily accented English)
 ...**He** sell me tea business - everything.
No the same. Ziat lose all...
 (makes the gesture towards
 the heart and the gut,
 using the Arabic word)
 (Heart! **Soul!**)

MAX

He never had one.

NEGDIR

Soon he go back streets Istanbul.
 Thousand enemy. **No** money.
 (makes throat cutting
 gesture)

MAX

I'll drink to that.
 (toasting with the tea)

Just as:

466. ZIAT enters the kitchen; he eyes Max with hatred, sits at the other TABLE and orders tea. Surprisingly, he is wearing a suit and clean shirt-unlike his usual grimy appearance.
467. BILLY, looking shaken, enters the kitchen, glances at **ZIAT**, sits with MAX.

BILLY

Just got some news on Bell.

MAX

What?

BILLY

Bad. Sent to the City Hospital. They ruptured his hernia again.

MAX

(grim)
 Oh shit.

467. CONTINUED:

BILLY

I guess he didn't talk...
Poor bastard.

BILLY glances over at:

468. **ZIAT** drinking tea.

469. **BILLY AND MAX**

BILLY

Why the suit?

MAX

Maybe he's changing jobs.

VOICE (OFF)

SAYIM! SAYIM!

BILLY looks over to see:

470. **HAMIDOU** and a DOZEN GUARDS spreading through the KOGUS, assembling everybody with shouts of "**Sayim!**"

CUT:

471. **THE PRISONERS** are lined up in ranks in the FIRST FLOOR KOGUS.

472. BILLY glancing at **MAX** next to him, wondering why.

473. **HAMIDOU** goes down the line, his **FLUNKIES** searching *each man*.

474. A GUARD reaches into **ZIAT's** pocket and comes out with a matchbox. Yells to **HAMIDOU**, who comes over.

HAMIDOU

(opening the matchbox)

Nebu!

475. **MATCHBOX** containing a small amount of HASHISH.

476. **HAMIDOU** reaches over and pulls **ZIAT** out of the 'line roughly.

HAMIDOU

Nebu?

Starts to slap him around.

477. BILLY glancing at **MAX**.

MAX

(worried)

What's going on?

477. **CONTINUED:**

MAX

Maybe Ziat can't pay off; **Hamidou's**
taking it out in trade.

478. **HAMIDOU** smashes **ZIAT** again, but pulls the punch.

HAMIDOU

(Where did you get this hash?)

Raises his arm again.

ZIAT

(cowering, pretending fear)
(From Max)

Points at:

479. **MAX** who stiffens, eyes like cracked **eggs**.

MAX

(under his breath)
You got to be kidding.

480. **HAMIDOU** peers at **MAX**, advances.

HAMIDOU

What's happening with this hash?)

Indicates the matchbox in his hand.

MAX

I didn't sell it to him. I don't
have anything to do with this, I...

HAMIDOU

(leans closer)
(I know your face. Where did you
get the hash?)

BILLY

(interrupting in Turkish)
(He knows nothing about it. Ziat's
lying.)

HAMIDOU

(turns on Billy, in
English)
You, goddamn you, shut up!
(back to **MAX**)
(Take him to the cellar)

GUARDS drag **MAX** off.

MAX

Get out of here! He's lying! That
cocksucker...Billy?

CUT:

481. BILLY sits on his BUNK, his anger building, his imagination running wild.

CUT:

482. MAX being dragged down a CORRIDOR by his feet. A SCREAM.

483. BILLY

CUT :

484. BELL, his features distorted, being carried into an AMBULANCE.

CUT:

485. MAX, BELL, AND BILLY at the wall, digging together - MAX hugging BELL the time they found the shaft.

CUT:

486. MAX twisting out of the grip of a GUARD and, grabbing the glass from his smashed spectacles, he cuts deep into his wrist. GUARDS grab him. A LOUD LAUGH OFF carrying over.

487. BILLY turning on his bunk to see:

488. ZIAT joking with TWO GUARDS as he enters the SECOND STORY KOGUS. The guards go back down the stairs.

489. BILLY already in movement.

490. ZIAT, in his suit, collecting his suitcase from his bunk, preparing to leave.

VOICE (OFF)

ZIAT!

Turns and catches a FIST in the side of the face. Staggeres into a bunk.

491. BILLY, fists clenched, yells a string of Turkish cursewords at him:

BILLY

(Asina covacim, ipnave pesankek...
yosakt)

Lunges.

492. ZIAT is bulky, throws the smaller BILLY off and scrambles past a bunk.

493. BILLY is up and after him. Jumps back as a SHIV cuts the air in front of him. His side is cut.

494. ZIAT holding the shiv, feints, cursing BILLY in Turkish.

495. BILLY skips back, takes a MATTRESS off the bed and runs it right into ZIAT, KNOCKING HIM AND THE WHOLE BUNK OVER.

496. THE TWO scramble around, BILLY tackling him into another BUNK which also goes over. Chairs break.
497. ZIAT butts his head into **BILLY'S** jaw.
498. BILLY staggers back from the blow and **ZIAT** jumps him, BITING **into** his ear.
- ZIAT, getting a better hold, now BITES into BILLY'S NOSE.
500. BILLY slams **ZIAT** in the nose hard **with** the palm of his hand. **Ziat** relinquishes his hold, grabbing at his broken bleeding nose.
501. BILLY beats him around the head but though the blood now flows and teeth are broken, **ZIAT** is like a clumsy bear, hard to kill.
502. ZIAT scrambles away on his knees under another **BUNK**, now screaming as loud as he can.

ZIAT

(HELP **ME!** GUARDS! HELP **ME!**)

503. SEVERAL **PRISONERS** watching from further down the SECOND STORY **KOGUS** now move *in sync*, turning on their RADIOS loud as possible, drowning out **the** cries for help, others watching the stairs.
504. BILLY takes the BUNK and throws it over, revealing ZIAT cowering in pure terror. He grabs **ZIAT** by the hair, hauls him up and
505. LAUNCHES HIS KNEE into HIS FACE.
506. **ZIAT** thuds onto the floor.
507. BILLY stomps him in the gut hard.
508. **ZIAT** screams unnaturally shrill.
509. BILLY, **driven** by supernatural anger, now jumps on him and CLAMPS HIS **MOUTH** right on **ZIAT's** open SCREAM.
510. A STRUGGLING KISS ensues.
511. BILLY pulls back, his mouth filled with blood, spitting out.
512. AN UNIDENTIFIED PIECE OF FLESH which Bits the ground with an odd slow motion grace.
513. ZIAT - CLOSE - in terror; throat cords rippling; eyes bulging with disbelief, body quivering, mouth open and screaming, but it is a SILENT SCREAM and the mouth is a dark hole filled **with** blood and without a TONGUE.
514. BILLY, **without** a moment's mercy, crashes his fist into **ZIAT'S** face
515. **ZIAT**, his strength now broken, collapses on his back.
516. BILLY crashes his fist again into the hated face. He is GRABBED now by a GUARD, but:

517. **ANOTHER** ANGLE • BILLY shakes the GUARD OFF, then as **ANOTHER** GUARD runs up, BILLY **SLAMS** him aside and, obsessed, lunges back down on **ZIAT** and
518. BOTH **HAND** CLAMPED TOGETHER high in the air delivers a final blow to **ZIAT'S** face. **CRACK!** The bones shatter. Pause. His ogre unconscious beneath him, BILLY, now in SLOW MOTION, **EXTENDS HIS ARMS IN THE AIR** • in the fighter's victory gesture, and his eyes glow with the fever in them, and with his mouth and face bloodied, he looks like a savage. No longer Billy Hayes.

SHARP CUT:

519. BILLY bound in a thick leather belt (a **kiyis**) which screws tightly around the waist and cinches the hands together, is being **HAULED** in continuing SLOW **MOTION** through a huge DOOR somewhere in one of the cavernous corridors of the prison. The door is approximately 9' by 6', strong and wooden with a circular iron handle which one of the GUARDS now pulls open; a **GLIMPSE** of darkness within.

The DOOR closes. SUPERIMPOSE:

SECTION 13 • ASYLUM FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE.
A YEAR LATER.

520. MAX, barely recognizable in a torn sheet and with a blackened face, comes rushing into a crowded ROOM, screaming louder than any other inmate. He is enraged, blood dripping from scratch marks on his face, **ATTENDANTS** in white smocks chase him over the beds. Max is yelling in Turkish.

MAX

(Please, **will you** listen to me? Will someone please listen to me. **JUST LISTEN TO ME!**)

ATTENDANTS

(Hamidou! Get Hamidou! Get the Kiyisl)

The **ATTENDANTS** wrestle with him, but he throws them off, tearing around the room mindlessly. In the process we see that not much attention is paid him because everybody else is **crazy!** There are 50 other **LUNATICS** yelling at each other in fights over sheets, blankets, beds, cigarettes, jumping: screaming, pushing, shoving; some babbling to themselves, rocking, crying, chanting **singing!** Several of them (the craziest) are stark naked. some, wrapped in torn blackened sheets, patrol the room like quick ferrets, sharp eyes open for anything they can steal. Others move in meaningless, blank-eyed silence. The walls are filthy black and join the ceilings in arches rather than angles, giving the look of an old dungeon. Fifty beds are lined up right next to each other so that you walk right into your bed. A constant nerve-wracking **NOISE.**

521. **HAMIDOU** bursts into the ROOM, the angry look in his eyes spelling real trouble for Max. **MOVE** with him as he sweeps in on MAX and picks him up with one move and **SMASHES HIM** against the wall. Max hardly notices.

522. ANOTHER **ANGLE** - HAMIDOU takes the leather kiyis from an ATTENDANT, moves in on MAX and starts clamping it around him.
523. AN ATTENDANT walks through the room with an apron containing several large pockets bulging with red, green, blue, white PILLS, which he distributes by the handful.

ATTENDANT

(crying out)
(Hop! Hop! **Hop!** Full moon. Hop?
Hop! Hop!)

524. THE LUNATICS gobble them up **as** if they were candy. In some of the clustered areas, nine lunatics occupy as little as three beds.
525. **MAX** is tightly bound now by HAMIDOU, but his body arches **against** the bindings, his neck straining, his teeth snapping at the air. HAMIDOU grabs him with one hand by the leather waist, hauls **him** high up in the air and
526. THROWS **MAX** **halfways** across the room, **Max** smashing heavily against some beds, continuing to SCREAM OFF as:
527. THE **ATTENDANT** with the pills-now bypasses BILLY on one of the beds.

ATTENDANT

(Hop! Hopi Full Moon - take your pills!)

BILLY gobbles them up. He has changed. Lines in his face. No smile, no sense of humor; a brooding silence about him, a straight ahead look. He pays no attention to **Max** off; he is in grubby white pyjamas and shower sandals. Rolls back onto his bed with its filthy torn sheet, totally ignoring the surrounding commotion, and

528. ANOTHER **ANGLE** - turning onto his shoulder, BILLY suddenly finds himself face to face with a dark saddened visage. The **MAN** is very young and stark naked but for an old black rag wrapped around his head and clutched under his chin. His eyes are yellow, the voice pleading.

YOUNG **MAN**

Cigare?
(pause, same tone, holds
out his palm)
Cigare? Cigare?

529. BILLY shakes his head sharply -- too sharply -- and barks, irritable.

BILLY

(Go way!)

Turns on his other shoulder, trying to sleep.

YOUNG **MAN** (OFF)

Cigare? Cigare?

530. YOUNG MAN, in a surprisingly meek tone.

YOUNG MAN

S'il vous plait, Monsieur? S'il vous plait?

531. BILLY, really aggravated now, springs up from the bed, and in the quirky way the mad and the eccentric adopt - walks determinedly away from the young man, looking back to shake his head **bizarrely** at him one more time.

532. ANOTHER ANGLE - BILLY walking down the aisle bypasses MAX in the kiyis, rolling on the floor, still screaming in Turkish.

MAX

(Will you **listen** to me? PLEASE LISTEN TO ME!)

Several LUNATICS are gathered around tormenting him, one of them yanking on his penis as if it were made of rubber; another is playing with his ass. A third one, also in a leather kiyis, is leaning over Max, jabbering and drooling into his face.

533. MAX, more enraged by this than the other bodily offenses, lunges up sharply and bites the man's FACE. Screams, etc.

534. BILLY, paying no attention except for a brief disinterested glance, keeps going into:

535. A SECOND ROOM. More LUNATICS. A screaming OLD MAN is chasing after another OLD MAN who has stolen his tespe beads, waving them back at the first old man who howls with rage, frantic to have his beads back. The second old man throws the beads to a THIRD OLD MAN who hops across the beds with the FIRST OLD MAN chasing him. BILLY intersects.

OLD MAN

(pleading)

Allah Allah! Yok Yok **Yok! Brack!**

536. A LITTLE NERVOUS MAN stares into a broken pocket mirror **fingering** the large round carbuncle under his eye, trying to rub it away with little grimaces and flurries of nervous motion.

537. TWO ATTENDANTS in smocks indifferently finish eating on a newspaper spread across one of the beds; they shake out the paper.

538. CHICKEN BONES, ORANGE PEELS hitting the floor. A flurry of movement, as the LUNATICS scuffle like rats over the leftovers. AD LIB curses, yells.

539. AN OLD MAN obscenely gestures to BILLY from his bed.

OLD MAN

Hey American. Fik **fik**. Come. Fik **Fik!**

His blackened teeth leer.

540. BILLY, seemingly immune to all of this in some private island of his **own** madness, walks in his determined way **past a PARTITION T**

541. A **CIRCULAR STONE STAIRCASE** leading downwards, the stones damp, dark, slippery. **BILLY** continues with the same straight-ahead determination to:
542. A **LONER LEVEL**. Where at last **BILLY**'s expression changes to almost childish relief, for here at last is the refuge he seeks the relative comfort and silence of **THE WHEEL**.

It is a grim, squat **PILLAR** dominating the room and bearing the weight of the ceiling. And around it some **SIXTY LUNATICS** trudge slowly, near silently, in counter-clockwise flow. It is a hypnotic shuffle and **BILLY** blends right in, sliding easily into the sluggish, mindless river, his eyes hanging loosely on the floor, watching:

543. **THE SOOTHING RHYTHM OF FEET** shuffling at a comforting pace. These are the spokes of the wheel.

CUT:

544. **TWO TINY BARE LIGHTBULBS** give faint, eerie illumination to the chamber. One on one side, a pot-bellied stove flickers, etching the shadows of the walkers in a strange orange glow.
545. **SOME LUNATICS**, not walking, hover around the stove. **OTHERS** are jammed onto a low L-shaped wooden platform that runs the length of two walls. Many of these men are naked, covered with open running sores over their knees, elbows, buttocks. But they are much quieter than the upstairs crowd. They are the lowest order of madmen. They have no minds left. They are the damned.
546. **BILLY** walks among them, expressionless. A tall, thin cadaverous **TURK** with a grizzled beard now shuffles up alongside **BILLY**, looks at him, walks with him. He is about fifty, his pyjamas relatively clean, looking more sane than the average but his eyes are bright and scary and his wet hair is matted down on his head, and big clumps of it have been pulled out. He speaks with a cultured English accent.

AHMET

You're an American?

BILLY is interrupted but keeps his eyes on the ground. **AHMET** doesn't wait for an answer.

AHMET

Ah yes, America! My name is Ahmet.
I studied philosophy at Harvard for
many many years. But actually Oxford
is my real Alma Mater - I've also
studied in Vienna. Now I study here.

BILLY doesn't notice, shuffles along.

AHMET

...They put me here. They say I raped
a little boy. I have been here very
very long time. They will never let
me go.

546. CONTINUED:

BILLY pays no attention, keeps shuffling on. **AHMET** glances at him, smiles.

AHMET

They won't let YOU go either.

The smug certainty of his manner reaches some chord deep inside Billy, because Billy glances briefly at this lunatic who is smiling. Billy looks back at his feet.

AHMET

No, they'll never let you go. They tell you they let you go but you stay. You never go from here.

BILLY plods on. **AHMET** grins and tries to explain the situation like a father lecturing a child.

AHMET

You see we all come from a factory. Sometimes the factory makes bad machines that don't work. They put them here. The bad machines don't know they're bad machines, but the people at the factory know. They know **you're** one of the machines that doesn't work...

They walk on. **Ahmet's** expression changes.

AHMET

(polite)

I think we have spoken enough for today. **I** say good night to you.

He wraps his rags around himself quite carefully and we FOLLOW him out of the circle. He drops to his hands and knees and with a sense of dignity, **crawls** into the filthy blackness under the L-shaped wooden platform, disappearing like a cockroach.

547. BILLY plods on.

CUT :

548. AN OLD WHITE-BEARDED **MADMAN**, the **Hoja**, grandiose in his rags, leads **MUSLIM PRAYER** in the first ROOM. Some of his followers have prayer mats, others a scrap of sheet or newspaper; their tones discordant, still pushing and shoving at each other during the prayer.

549. TWO SPASTICS can't follow the routine of kneeling and bending; they tangle up absurdly and fall to the floor in a ball of arms and legs.

550. A **FALAKA STICK** pokes **BILLY** awake. **SOUND** of the **CHANTING** fills the room. It is evidently impossible to distinguish night from day because there are no windows.

551. **ATTENDANTS** poke the **LUNATICS** awake with their "clubs.

ATTENDANTS
(Head **Count!** Head Count!)

CUT:

552. A **MASS** OF **LUNATICS** in the **ROOM** all at once. **ATTENDANTS** take a redundant and comic head count. The place sounds like a "yadi yadi room" - the noise fearsome.

553. **ANOTHER ANGLE**

ATTENDANT
(Sixty two, sixty three, sixty four....)

ATTENDANT NO. 2
(Seventy four, seventy five, seventy six.. .get back there, you! . . . seventy five, seventy six....)

554. **ATTENDANTS** poke around underneath a bed and pull out a very old trembling **VEGETABLE**.

555. **OTHER ATTENDANTS** wrap an old **DEAD LUNATIC** with no teeth and foam on his open lips into a dirty sheet and haul him away.

556. **BILLY** amid the **LUNATICS**. **We** **MOVE** closer and closer to him, the head **COUNT** regressing. The room has become a torture cell - the **NOISE louder, LOUDER** closing in on Billy.

CUT:

557. **BILLY** is led down a **CORRIDOR** by **HAMIDOU** into:

558. A **VISITING ROOM** - Cabins are lined up like narrow wooden phone booths.

HAMIDOU
(Kabin on-yedi)

559. **BILLY** plods without interest to the specified cabin, closes the door, sits in the chair. No one is there. He waits - indifferent to any sense of time. Dirty **2-glass** panes separate visitor and prisoner booths; bars are between the panes. An erratic microphone is the method of communication, giving a weird and distant aspect to the voice.

560. **HAMIDOU** opens a small peephole in the cabin door, looks in unseen as:

561. **TEE VISITOR DOOR** opens and **SUSAN** tentatively walks in holding a large photo album; it takes several moments for her **to** react, and then her face shows the shock.

562. **BILLY** stares at her, his face rabid, decaying; if he remembers her even, he doesn't register it because she is a shock to him as well. Reality, the outside world all at once. His mind is spinning, unbalanced, unable to grasp it.

562. **CONTINUED:**

SUSAN (OFF)
Oh my God...!

563. SUSAN

SUSAN
Billy, what have they done to you...
my **God!**

The **MICROPHONE** makes her voice jarring, gagged. She looks silently. **No** sobbing, no big sad looks. Just shock. Shock of recognition, shock of time gone by.

564. BILLY looking at her, his eyes moving down to:

565. BILLY **POV** - SUSAN, her neck, her breasts straining against the thin shirt.

566. **SUSAN** fingers the photo album nervously, speaking slow and distinct; not sure she is communicating.

SUSAN
...**Billy**, your family is fine. Senator Buckley just made a special plea on your behalf in the Senate. **Newsday** has written several big articles about you. They've called you a pawn in the poppy game between Nixon and the Turks. The letters are coming in, Billy. People care....

stops, shakes her head. It sounds all wrong in this context.

567. BILLY is still staring at her breasts. He hasn't seen a woman for five years and now a hungry animal look comes into his eyes. He moves suddenly, pressing up **against** the glass, rabid. And in **Turkish**:

BILLY
(Take it off. Take it **off!**)
(then remembering the English)
Take it off. Take it off!

His voice is savage, demanding.

568. SUSAN understands, startled. Looks around.

SUSAN
Billy - you'll just make yourself crazy.

569. BILLY

BILLY
Take it off! Take it off!
(suddenly in a very soft voice)
...S'il vous plait?...

A **strange** look in his eye..

570. SUSAN slowly, scared, begins to unbutton her shirt.
571. **HAMIDOU** looks on silently, does nothing.
572. BILLY follows every movement with wild-eyed lust.
573. SUSAN leans up close to the window. **With** both hands on the front of her blouse, she slowly draws it apart.
574. BILLY going **wild!** Against the window. His hand down in his pyjama.
575. HER BREASTS spring free, quivering, full and ripe with a deep cleavage and hard dark nipples. They hang full and loose.
FULL **SCREEN.**
576. BILLY'S EYES - FULL SCREEN.
577. BILLY beats on the window, working his mouth soundlessly.
578. SUSAN is shattered, scared of Billy's sanity.

SUSAN

Oh Billy, Billy, I wish I could make
it better for you. Please don't...
don't...

Tears. Fear.

- 579 . BILLY tightens dramatically and comes right in his pants, slumps against the window.
580. SUSAN realizes he has come, surprised.
581. BILLY looks at her. Furtive, animal shame. And suddenly he starts to cry. A flood of feelings locked up too long **come** pouring out. He murmurs some words, Turkish SOUNDS sputtering out in his throat, then:

BILLY

S... Susan?

Softly, working his mouth finding it hard to speak.

582. SUSAN yearning. Tears sprinkling her eyes.

SUSAN

Yes, Billy?

583. BILLY straining, not out of physical weakness but an emotional one. Sputters, eyes closed.

BILLY

... 'love you....

It sounds pathetic, lost.

584. **SUSAN** is worked up to **the** limit, tries to hug him through the window.

SUSAN
Oh **Billy...Billy!** Don't give up.
Please don't give up. You'll get
out. I know you will!

Remembers something. Grabs the PHOTO **ALBUM** with all her strength, holding it up for him to see through the glass. Then remembering herself, looks around the room to make sure they're alone and in a contained voice:

SUSAN
Billy, your father gave me this for
you...**there's** pictures of your Mom
and **Dad...Rob...Peg...**

585. **BILLY** looks at it listlessly.

586. HIS POV - **SUSAN** holding the album open to PICTURES of his MOTHER and FATHER in front of the house, **ROB** on a bicycle, **PEG** in her cheerleading outfit.

SUSAN
And there's pictures in the back of
your old **friend...Mr.** Franklin.
Remember him...**from** the bank?

A certain tone slips into her voice.

SUSAN
.He's over in Greece now. He
bought a ticket.

587. **BILLY** looks from the album to Susan. Possibly there is a gleam of understanding in his eyes but it is very faint. An Attendant **BANGS** on Susan's door, **OFF**.

VOICE
(Visiting is over)

588. **SUSAN** quickly puts the album away as if **it** were a hidden weapon.

SUSAN
I'll give it to them for you.

She buttons her blouse but her eyes are worried, on Billy.

SUSAN
You were right Billy - don't count on
them, you hear, don't **count** on anybody
but yourself!

The **ATTENDANT** now swings open her door, annoyed.

ATTENDANT
(Let's go!)

588. **CONTINUED:**

Susan stands, about to go, then suddenly leans up close to the bars, hard and practical.

SUSAN

(quickly)

If you stay you'll die **Billy!** Get out of here. Get to Greece, you hear me?... **Billy?**

Pause. Silence. She closes her eyes, in pain; she doesn't think she has reached him. She turns to go, resigned.

589. BILLY looking at her. Behind him **HAMIDOU** opens the door. A calm and cunning look on his face, glancing with Billy towards
590. A BRIEF **GLIMPSE** of **SUSAN** looking back, the album under her arm. The door closes.

CUT :

591. BILLY, with the same deadened expression as before, comes down the STAIRS towards THE WHEEL. It is early morning and the walkers haven't started yet. Billy looks at the Pillar - a dir look of reflection passing over his eyes. Then he starts walking - but in a clockwise motion, opposite the normal pattern; in the same methodical manner as before.
592. ANOTHER ANGLE - BILLY, on the inner track, passes **TWO** LUNATICS who are walking counter-clockwise. They glare at him, motion for him to turn around. Billy just keeps walking.
593. BILLY intersects several more LUNATICS going counter-clockwise. They motion for him to turn.

LUNATIC

(grunting)

(Gower!)

Tries to block Billy's way, but **BILLY** shakes his head, brushes by him - determined.

AHMET slides up next to BILLY in his rags.

AHMET

Good morning, my American friend!
There will be trouble if you go this way. A good Turk always walks to the right. Left is communist. Right is good. You must go the other way... **It's** good.

More LUNATICS join the flow, gesturing or grunting at BILLY.

594. BILLY STOPS, turns, looks at the rest of them slogging in the usual direction, looks as if he 'sees' them; and he walks out of the wheel, towards the stairs.

595. **AHMET**, curious about his unusual behavior, follows **BILLY**.

AHMET

Why you go? Why don't you walk the wheel with us?

(suspiciously leaning forward,
suddenly realizing the answer)

Aht The **bad machine doesn't** know he's a bad machine. You still don't believe it? You still don't believe you're a bad machine?

596. **ANOTHER ANGLE** - **AHMET** stops at the base of the **STAIRS**. **BILLY** carries on up the stairs.

AHMET

(shakes his head)

To know oneself is to know God, my friend. The factory knows. That's why they put you here. You'll see. You'll find out. Later on • you'll know.

597. **BILLY** stops and turns to look at **AHMET**. His eyes glint with special knowledge and he takes **AHMET** into his confidence using the latter's tone of voice:

BILLY

I already know. I know that you're a bad **machine**. That's why the factory keeps you here.

(lowers his voice)

You know how I know? I know because I'm from the factory. I make the machines.. **I'm** here to spy on you.

598. **AHMET's** eyes narrow. Surprise. Fear. He shuffles away.

599. **BILLY** looks at him and turns up the **STAIRS**.

CUT:

600. **BILLY** in his **BED**. The usual **UPROAR**. **THE ATTENDANT** comes by with the pills, offers a handful to **BILLY**.

ATTENDANT

(Hop! Hop! Take!)

He takes them, puts a few into his mouth, swallows. Reflective, unsure. A **RADIO** playing **OFF** blares suddenly with the U.S. Armed Forces Station - **Janis Joplin** singing "Take another piece of my heat now, **baby!**" - then it's switched back to a **TURKISH STATION**, loud. **Billy** rises.

601. **BILLY** enters the **TOILET** with the **PHOTO** ALBUM tightly clutched under his arm. A dark stone room, very shadowy. Piles of waste on the floor. A vacant-eyed barefoot **LUNATIC** shuffles past **BILLY** who goes to one of the four partitioned **HOLE**S cut into the floor.

602. ANOTHER **ANGLE** - BILLY squats over it and with his filthy long nails he starts to slit open the back binder of the album Susan gave him. Flickering shadows. He looks up absently.
603. THREE LUNATIC FACES stare in at him through wooden slats, tongues hanging out and drooling - playing with themselves **OFF**.
604. BILLY makes a lunatic face and **SCREAMS** kicking at the partition.

BILLY

Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!

605. **THE LUNATICS**, petrified, scatter off but **ONE** LUNATIC skids in a puddle of urine and crashes onto the tile howling.
606. BILLY slits open the binder to reveal TEN **HUNDRED** DOLLAR BILLS with Pictures of 'Mr. Franklin' neatly inserted.
607. ANOTHER **ANGLE** - BILLY has no particular expression on his face. Reflective, staring at the money; he looks up.
608. A **LARGE** SILHOUETTE is moving towards him.
609. BILLY just watches, transfixed, not trying to hide the money.
610. **HAMIDOU** comes into a faint light, looking down at him; glances at the money. Shakes his head gently.

HAMIDOU

(Noldu. Noldu)

Reaches for and:

611. ANOTHER **ANGLE** - **HAMIDOU** takes the money from BILLY like candy from a baby, then takes him by the ear and slowly lifts him up. Billy is like a vegetable in his hands.

HAMIDOU

(in his broken English)

I tell you I see *gain...

(into Turkish)

(I take you down to bath - and your feet be big **like....breasts**)

(a gesture)

612. **HAMIDOU** leads BILLY roughly out of the lunatic room, pulling him by the ear.
613. **HAMIDOU** still Pulling BILLY by the ear, guides him through the **GUARD QUARTERS**.
614. **HAMIDOU** leads him up a narrow winding flight of **STAIRS**.

HAMIDOU

(First you make mistake with **Ziat**, now you make mistake with money. You're not a new Prisoner, Vilyum Hi-yes.)

The tone of his voice indicates a severe reckoning this time.

- 615.** **HAMIDOU** pulls **BILLY** by the ear into a large echoing **BATH**.
- 616.** **BILLY** looking, **bent over** by the ear - a hint of awareness of **the** new surroundings.
- 617.** **ANOTHER ANGLE** - the **BATH** is deserted, spooky **with greenish** Yellow fish light fluttering down from holes in **the ceiling**, around damp mossy arches. Steam rises off a bath. **Benches**, buckets of water. **HAMIDOU** swings **BILLY** around until he is **facing him**.
618. **HAMIDOU** **makes** an elaborate gesture of putting aside his falaka stick and holstered gun; he will use his hands.

HAMIDOU

(shakes his head)
(You've been in prison too long,
Vilyum Hi-yes)

He takes that: stiff arm all the way back to its full arc and **WHACKS BILLY** up against the wall.

- 619.** **BILLY** bounces back off the wall. The print of Hamidou's fingers is imbedded like a flaring white rainbow in the redness of his left cheek. **SLAM** - a backhanded whack.
- 620.** **BILLY** bounces right back from the wall. **HAMIDOU** steadies him.

HAMIDOU

(You go crazy here Vilyum Hi-yes. Many
people go crazy here. Best thing for
crazy people is this...)

- 621.** **THE BLOW**, in **SLOW MOTION**, comes sailing into:
- 622.** **BILLY**, and we see the brief boxer's distortion of all his face as he flies upwards and back into:
- 623.** **THE BENCH**, smashing it. Echo like jarring **FX**.
- 624.** **BILLY** is held up by the **pyjama**, steadied. The Turkish words seem far away, incomprehensible.

HAMIDOU (OFF)

(Vilyum Hi-yes. You die here, **Vilyum**
Hi-yes)

- 625.** **WHACK** - **ANOTHER BLOW**, but:
626. **HAMIDOU** this time holds onto the **pyjama** using **BILLY** like a punching bag.
627. **WHACK** - A **REVERSE BLOW**.
628. **HAMIDOU** increasingly excited.

HAMIDOU

(Babba sikijam! **I fuck** your mother,
I fuck your sister...)

629. WHACK - ANOTHER BLOW in **SLOW MOTION**

HAMIDOU

(. ..I **fuck** your father, I **fuck** your brother...)

630. RIP! - a loud SOUND as **HAMIDOU** moves with a blur of speed, and shreds BILLY's pyjama with his hands.

631. BILLY naked, totally passive, semi-conscious. **HAMIDOU** suddenly shifts position and **snaps** Billy into a strenuous wrestling hold across his knee on the steamy floor. He loosens him up by cracking his bones along his back.

632. **HAMIDOU** - sweat pouring off his face, excited.

HAMIDOU

(...And I **fuck** your grandmother and I **fuck** your pretty **girlfriend**...and I **fuck** you Hi-yes!)

A bizarre other-wordly scene. This man is dredging Billy through a sadistic imagination sparked by the steam, the sweat, and an ethnic identification with a Turkish steam bath as a bedroom. He loosens his hold abruptly, rises, moves off as:

633. BILLY holds himself on his knees, head sunk on his chest, gasping for breath, about to vomit. Pause; he looks up **horrified at:**

634. **HAMIDOU** pouring fresh buckets of water on the floor. **SISSSSSSSS!** The awakened STEAM coils like a snake into every cranny of the little room.

635. BLURRED VISUALS - **HAMIDOU** stripping his shirt off. A huge muscular flash of chest.

636. A BELT being snapped open.

637. SILLY waiting.

638. A **FIGURE** moving through the steam, closer.

639. BILLY backing away from it.

640. STEAM - a glint of a FACE coming through. **HAMIDOU** - his eyes so intense they seem to burn off the steam like sun cutting haze. Then disappear again.

641. BILLY pulls back. A pause. Silence. Cat and mouse. Then very suddenly:

642. A **HAND** reaches out of the **STEAM** and GRABS BILLY by the hair. A GRUNT, OFF.

643. **BILLY**, his eyes moving fast.

644. A FLASH of a huge darkened penis, fully erect, ~~uncircumcised~~ cutting forward into the steam like a **drill, detached** from the rest of the body.
645. A SOUND - grotesque and so sudden after the silence it jars the senses. A BLURRED **VISUAL**. **Then:**
646. BILLY launching forward in **SLOW** MOTION, desperation distorting **his** features and:
647. **STEAM** - then BILLY'S HEAD **SLAMS** through it in **SLOW MOTION** and
648. **SMASHES** the penis with its skull. A horrifying GASP.
649. BLURRED VISUALS - **STEAM** - **HAMIDOU** staggering CLOSE - surprise, pain...
650. BILLY MOVING
651. A FOOT coming up fast through the steam, connecting again with the genitals. Another SCREAM.
652. A BODY hitting the tiles.
653. BILLY groping **for** the falaka stick. Raises it.
654. A STRUGGLE - two bodies thrashing, one of them screaming now in pain. A definitive sound then a THWACK! Another **THWACK!** The steam seems to clear and
655. BILLY is on top of the gigantic **HAMIDOU** smashing him with the falaka stick with all his might.
656. **HAMIDOU** is in contortions, his nose busted and bleeding.
657. **HIS** HAND gripping BILLY by the neck, forcing him back and strangling him at the same time. Billy is red in the face, such is the force of this creature but continues to beat him, harder, harder. His expression filled with a life **energy, seeded** in hatred, that **he** thought he had lost. Again, again -

BILLY

(Babba sikijam, **Hamidou! I fuck your** mother, **I fuck your** daughter, **I fuck your** sons, **I fuck your** wife!)

The BAND slips from his throat, then springs up desperately again and clenches Billy's whole face with one gigantic palm, clawing to get in, then just as quickly slips away. BILLY beats on - again, again.

658. BLOOD flows fast in agitated swirls into the little pool.

CUT :

659. BILLY opens a door gently, moves across an empty CORRIDOR, dressed in Hamidou's large uniform with his falaka stick and gun in holster. He looks shaken, weak, dizzy -- but intense.

VOICE (OFF)
(How about a shoeshine, friend?)

Billy starts, clenches the falaka stick ready to spring, spins.

660. A LITTLE SHOESHINE **BOY** is **carrying** his case down the corridor.

661. BILLY has not seen a child in a long time. Surprised. Can't get words out, then manages:

BILLY
(No)

662. THE KID shrugs, moves on, looking at Billy strangely.

663. BILLY goes up a flight of STAIRS. Ahead, VOICES passing. He stops. Goes on.

664. BILLY goes through an empty GUARD QUARTERS.

665. BILLY is in another CORRIDOR, approaches

666. A SMALL PORTAL, daylight at its edges. Locked?

667. BILLY, tense, tries it. It swings open on:

668. DAYLIGHT!

669. BILLY squints. Adjusting to the harsh sensation.

670. AN ISTANBUL STREET - TRAFFIC, **SOUNDS!** TWO GUARDS approaching the portal in the distance, drinking soda pop.

671. BILLY steps back, straightens his clothes, steps out briskly and at such an angle that

672. THE **TWO** GUARDS don't notice him in the traffic as they enter the open portal.

673. LONG SHOT - **BILLY** walking down the STREET, looking back, almost bewildered, not **quite** believing this.

CUT:

674. TIGHT - RAILROAD TICKET being stamped. **SOUND - SNAP!** **MOVE** UP to TICKET CLERK behind a grill.

VOICE (OFF)
(Edirne to Uzun Kopru?)

The CLERK looks puzzled.

675. BILLY is on the other side of the grill. A new ill-fitting Western style suit, a hat over his dyed black hair; totally paranoid. He hasn't slept in three days and the bruises from the Hamidou beating now show clearly black and blue on his face. His eyes are alert, darting around, his speech clipped and to the point.

BILLY
(What's the matter?)

676. THE CLEF!! shrugs.

CLERK
(What are you *crazy*? There's no train anymore to Uzun Kopru, it'd have to go through Greece. The border's closed.)

677. BILLY taken by surprise.

BILLY
(No train?)

CLERK (OFF)
(No more train.)

678. BILLY moves off - a small provincial RAILROAD DEPOT - DAY. He looks at the:

679. EMPTY TRACKS - no 'midnight express'.

CUT:

680. BILLY, tenser than *ever*, uses the occasion of buying a newspaper at an OUTDOOR **STAND** to study:

681. THE **MAIN SQUARE** of the VILLAGE (**Edirne**) - DAY. SOLDIERS and POLICE are abundant, chattering bustling around amid tanks and halftracks. **Mountains** can be seen in the far distance.

682. BILLY camouflages his face as best he can in the Newspaper - "**Hurriyet**" studying:

483. CABDRIVERS in the **Main Square**. **Most** of them are older, grizzled looking standing next to their old battered dusty cabs talking with stray SOLDIERS. Billy's eyes settle on a **YOUNGER DRIVER** with **longish** hair, possibly an ally.

684. **BILLY** glances down at his newspaper as a SOLDIER intersects and his expression goes stony as he sees:

685. FULL COLOR **DRAWING** (first page) of a ridiculously fierce heavy-muscled barechested **MAN** beating a facsimile of Hamidou into the ground. **Next** to it - a blurry badly reproduced **photograph** of BILLY with a superimposed **GUN** in his hand. You can't really tell it's him.

686. BILLY, controlling himself, **crum** ples up the newspaper into a baton, his eyes darting everywhere. Be crosses the square.
687. **ANOTHER ANGLE** - BILLY, intersecting a **POLICEMAN** who glances at him, joins the **YOUNG CABDRIVER**..

BILLY

(crisp)

(Listen, I have Swedish friends **camping** south of the town. I was supposed to meet them here this morning but I was late. Can you take me there?)

DRIVER looks at him neutral.

DRIVER

(You know where they are?)

BILLY

(anxious to get in the cab)

(Sure.)

DRIVER

(How far?)

BILLY

(impatient)

(About ten kilometers.)

DRIVER

(Sixty **lira**)

BILLY

(surprised)

(Sixty?)

Billy eyes:

688. **APPROACHING SOLDIERS.**

BILLY (OFF)

(Okay.)

689. THE DRIVER, noticing Billy's look at the soldiers, gets in the cab.
690. BILLY climbs into the back seat, feeling already he has made a mistake. There is something too alert, too hard in this young driver.

CUT:

691. **BILLY POV - THE MOUNTAINS**, as they roll in the taxi. **FORESTS - FIELDS.**

692. INTERIOR TAXI

BILLY
(Those mountains? **Where** are they?)

DRIVER
(Greece)
(shakes his head)
(Very bad now. Maybe war. Those
Greek pigs try to steal Cyprus again)
(pause)
(How'd you lose your friends?)

693. BILLY leaning back in his seat, casual.

BILLY
(Oh, I drank a lot of raka last night
in Istanbul. Got into a fight.)

Indicates the bruises on his face.

694. DRIVER looking at him in the rear view mirror. His curiosity
narrowing.

DRIVER
(How come you speak Turkish so good?)

695. BILLY casually glances out the window.

BILLY
(Did twenty months in prison in
Istanbul. Hash)

696. THE DRIVER studies BILLY in the rear-view mirror. Then:

DRIVER
(You want to score some? Cheap?)

697. BILLY looks at him hard. Something's wrong with this man.

BILLY
(curt)
(HO)

Cutting off further conversation, he looks out at:

698. THE **MOUNTAINS** of Greece - with longing.

699. BILLY stares back at:

700. THE DRIVER whose eyes now move away from the rear-view mirror
under the pressure of the stare. **SOUND OFF** - loud machinery.

701. BILLY turning - in rear window, we see a **TURKISH HALFTRACK** pulling alongside the cab, SOLDIERS waving their arms for the cabdriver to get out of the way.
702. ANOTHER ANGLE - the **HALFTRACK** pulls level. The CABDRIVER slows down, with a curse.
703. BILLY - beads of sweat trickle his brow
704. THE PERSONNEL CARRIER, disinterested, pulls past.
705. BILLY breathes heavily with nervous relief.

CUT:

706. **THE CAB** pulls up to the end of a dirt road.
707. BILLY has his MAP out, studying it.
- BILLY
(The Maritas River? Where is it?)
708. ANOTHER ANGLE - the DRIVER, exasperated, waves southwest.

DRIVER
(Two miles! Minefields over there.
Do you know where this campground
is or not?)

BILLY
(Not far. Just a little way.)

DRIVER
(NO ! I'm not going any further!
It'll wreck my car.)

BILLY
(I'll pay extra.)

DRIVER
(How much?)

709. ANOTHER ANGLE - BILLY slips him fifty lira. The DRIVER takes it, muttering under his breath, jams the cab into gear.
710. THE CAB follows rutted tracks into low HILLS.
711. **INTERIOR CAB** - very bumpy.

BILLY
(Where are the minefields?)

711. CONTINUED:

DRIVER

(Al 1 over. Turkish Army up there.
It's against the law. They shoot us.)
(looks up in the mirror)
(You sure you looking for your friends,
man?)

BILLY

(very sharp now)
(Okay! Let me out right here. I'm
getting tired of all this bullshit
from you. I'll walk it.)

DRIVER

(looks back, then ahead,
suddenly brightening)
(Ah, look! • they probably know where
the campers are)

712. BILLY's entire expression changes. It is all over.

713. A **TANK AND HALFTRACK** are sitting there by the rutted track,
with **SOLDIERS**. And a little **LEAN-TO** with several **POLICE**.
Also a couple of attack **DOGS** on leashes. The Driver honks
his horn on the approach.

714. **ANOTHER ANGLE**

DRIVER

(Hey officer, we're looking for the
campground. Do you know where it is?)

715. **ANOTHER ANGLE • TWO POLICEMEN** and A **SOLDIER** come sauntering
over, their collars open, beer bottles in hand, slightly
drunk.

POLICEMAN

(curt)
(You're not supposed to be here)

DRIVER

(indicates Billy)
(He's a turist, what do you want, he
says he's looking for friends at the
campground)

FIRST **POLICEMAN** glances at BILLY.

POLICEMAN

(Campground?)
(shrugs)
(Never heard of one)

715. **CONTINUED:**

DRIVER
(Seen any Swedish foreigners in a
camper-bus?)

716. SECOND POLICEMAN meanwhile eases his arm down on the OPEN WINDOW, bringing BILLY into foreground. The COP's mouth is open and exhaling a wave of beer breath over-BILLY.

717. BILLY **POV** - BEER FACE - FOCUS PAST him to SOLDIER at tank reading "Hurriyet" - the picture of BILLY on page one, spread for all to see.

BEER FACE
(Noldu?)

718. DRIVER turning around to address him.

DRIVER
(Seen any foreigners in a camper bus?)

719. **THE** SOLDIER circles the cab from the other side.

720. BILLY motions to the DRIVER.

BILLY
(Okay, they haven't seen him, let's
go back to town, it's getting late.)

721. **THE** DRIVER ignores it. Calls out again, louder to BEER FACE.

DRIVER
(Foreigners! **KAMPER. VOLKSWAGEN!**)

722. **BILLY** rigid. This asshole of a driver!

723. BEER FACE glances at BILLY, pulls his head out the window. Looks down the road. Takes a sip of beer.

724. SOLDIER, disinterested, moves back towards the tank.

725. BEER FACE looks in the other direction down the road, burps. Very conscious of his authority, shakes his head without looking at the driver. **Moves** away.

726. BILLY nudges the DRIVER.

BILLY
(Okay, let's go)

727. **THE** DRIVER impatiently turns and looks straight at BILLY, aware of his anxiety.

727. CONTINUED:

DRIVER
(Is no Volkswagen, man! Something
wrong with you)

728. RILLY hardening.

729. DRIVER calling out.

DRIVER
(Hey!)

730. BEER FACE turns.

731. DRIVER leans out the window.

DRIVER
(This guy's **fishy**...I think he might
be trying to get to Greece)

732. BILLY looks **around** - fast.

733. BEER FACE starts back lazily, half drunk, with the **OTHER**
POLICEMAN.

BEER FACE
(Hunh?)

734. DRIVER

DRIVER
(I don't know, there's.....)

His eyes grow big suddenly as he sees the barrel of Hamidou's
REVOLVER sticking right in his cheek.

735. BILLY all business, very quiet.

BILLY
(Get out -- right now, **move!**)

736. **BEERFACE** advancing looks puzzled, thinks he sees something,
then crouches as:

737. **THE** DRIVER gets out the door crouching, yells.

DRIVER
(He's got a gun!)

738. BILLY firing **SHOTS** off to distract them, has climbed over the
front seat, jams the cab into gear. It **stalls!** Again he tries,
and now shoots off.

739. **THE CAB** roars past the roadblock.
740. **THE COPS AND SOLDIER**, scattered by the shots, now scream at each other. They **run**. **SHOTS** are fired.
741. **BILLY** guns the cab down the road, flying.
742. **CLOUDS OF DUST** trail the cab.
743. **THE TANK** starts to roll after it. Full speed. The **HALFTRACK** follows, the **MEN** riding it shouting.
744. **BILLY** looks back, then looking ahead sees something.
745. **POV** - a speck in the far distance. Another **ROADBLOCK**.
746. **BILLY** decides, then -
747. **THE CAB** swerves right off the road and jumps into the gently rolling **FIELD** on the border of the road, pockmarked with **HILLS**
748. **THE TURKS** come roaring down the road, pointing to **the** cab.
749. **LOW ANGLE** - the **TANK** makes a flat out stop, gears grinding.
750. **THE GUN TURRET** swings left.
751. **THE CAB** in the far distance, at an angle to the tank, starts running up an incline.
752. **THE TANK FIRES**.
753. **POV** - **SHELL** blasts wide of the **CAB**.
754. **BILLY**, startled, looks back, guns for the top of the incline.
755. **HIS POV** - **ANOTHER SHELL** now blasts to his front right, closer. Something heavy (shrapnel) thuds into the roof of the cab.
756. **BILLY** drives all out.
757. **POV** - the **INCLINE** closer, closer, about to make it, then:
A **BLAST**.
- 75%. **TANK POV** - the **CAB** spinning in the blast of an adjacent shellburst.
759. **BILLY**, shaken but unhurt, staggers out of the cab, looks:
760. **POV** - a wheel blasted away, fuel pissing out from shrapnel holes, smashed windshield and fender.

761. THE TURKS are coming up the incline now, like the Cavalry -- some on foot running, others on the **Halftrack**. BULLETS whistle and pop nearby.
762. BILLY running. He tears off his jacket.
763. SOLDIERS **pass** the wrecked car, at the top of the incline shouting, pointing and firing at
764. BILLY in the distance.
765. ONE SOLDIER seems lighter than the others and takes off in a sprint as the OTHERS follow
766. THE **HALFTRACK** now crests the incline and gathering full gear and momentum, roars off down the slope after Billy.
767. CLOSE BILLY running - sweat all over him. In background, the **HALFTRACK** and running FIGURES.
768. BILLY runs into a high dry cornfield with the sun starting to set ahead of him in the Greek mountains.
769. **MOUNTAINS** - must make those mountains.
770. BILLY running all out - eyes fixed on them. **FX** - breathing, skipping heartbeats.
771. THE **PERSONNEL** CARRIER bypasses the FAST SOLDIER who slows down, panting. Billy has outrun him.
772. OTHER SOLDIERS run up in the distance.
773. BILLY, tireless, obsessed, runs right into a POPPY FIELD. It is a splendid beautiful scarlet red, set off by the dipping rays of the sun.
774. HIS FEET smashing down the poppy plants. Fast - **THUCK!**
THUCK! THUCK! THUCK! THUCK! THUCK!
775. **CROSSCUT** the metal TREADS of the Halftrack into the poppy, mowing down entire rows.
776. TWO SOLDIERS on the **PERSONNEL** CARRIER are waving encouragement to the driver inside. They have him.
777. ANOTHER ANGLE - the **HALFTRACK** closing the distance on BILLY - now thirty yards apart.
778. BILLY looking back, starting to fade. Huge wheezing gasps of breath.

779. SOLDIERS running up looking at

780. THE HALFTRACK in the distance.

781. SOLDIERS yell.

SOLDIERS

**(Minefield! Minefield! Come back!
Stop!)**

(no subtitle)

782. BILLY runs out of the POPPY FIELD into a THIN FOREST.

783. THE SOLDIERS screaming in the distance, jumping up and down waving for the halftrack to come back.

784. LOW ANGLE • the **HALFTRACK** with the **waving** SOLDIERS on board now blasts out of the poppy field at full speed.

785. BILLY -- he has no chance, " In immediate **background is the fast** closing **HALFTRACK**.

786. ONE SOLDIER on the HALFTRACK now looking back to the SHOUTS of his comrades. Confused. Turns back about to yell **something** and:

787. **ENORMOUS EXPLOSION!** The **HALFTRACK** disintegrates in a tank landmine.

788. BILLY thrown to the ground by the force of the blast, looks back, **GASPS!**

789. A **BURNING WRECKAGE**. Black spirals of smoke. Secondary explosions.

790. BILLY stumbles up. A gash of blood is on his temple but he doesn't know it or feel it such is his *stress*. He runs on, SHOTS whistling towards him from the poppy field.

791. TURKISH OFFICER screaming angrily at Billy, cursing, shaking his fist at the sky.

792. BILLY, in the forest, is totally out of breath and out of eyesight of the pursuers. He stops against a tree. FROG SOUNDS. The gurgle of water. Muddy ground. He looks:

793. THE **MARITAS** RIVER rushing ahead. A strong current.

794. BILLY peels off all his clothing except his pants, not delaying one more moment. He feels he must keep going. And he's right. DOGS are barking OFF.

795. A **SNARLING** ATTACK DOG is tearing through the minefield, fast, ahead of the others.
796. BILLY looks, sees it.
797. THIRTY YARDS - the huge **DOG** coming right at him!
798. BILLY runs for the edge of the bank and plunges in.
799. THE ATTACK **DOG** sprints up to the edge of the river bank and without a moment's hesitation, plunges right in after him.
800. BILLY lashing into the current with a fierce breast stroke, is swept downstream kicking futilely.
801. THE **DOG**, its jaws open and clacking, is also swept **down** river.
802. BILLY going under, coming back up - fighting, still fighting.
803. THE DOG struggling sails past **as**
804. BILLY hauls himself out of the river, going in a circle, dizzy. Falls. Struggles up again. Looks back. Must keep going. Must.
805. THE BASE OF' A **MOUNTAIN** - hilly, rugged.
806. BILLY runs, drags, runs again. Be is a lamentable sight - naked except for **ripped** wet pants, barefoot, bleeding, muddied. Dimly he makes out:
- 807.** A **FARMHOUSE** - TWILIGHT. Some cows, goats, chickens. **no** sign of people.
808. BILLY staggers towards it. Wears something. A rooting **SOUND**. stops. Something familiar about it.
809. A **FAMILY** OF PIGS snort and root in the mud, little piglets running around.
810. BILLY staggers **towards** them, muttering to himself.

BILLY

Figs....pigs....

Then yells in the recognition of **it**.

BILLY

PIGS! You...beautiful...

811. BILLY falls to his knees in the confined pen; the pigs run around squealing. Trying to reach out for one of them, he falls face first into the mud and lies there. Pause. A wooden DOOR squeaks open OFF. BILLY slowly turns his muddy eyes over his shoulder.

812. BILLY POV - TWO SOLDIERS, khaki-colored uniforms, helmets, olive faces, mustaches, approach cautiously from the farmhouse, **rifles** ready. Following them is an OLD FARMER, Further behind in the doorway is his WIFE and CHILDREN.

813. BILLY **muttering** to himself, in Turkish.

BILLY
(Greek?....Greece?....)

814. THE SOLDIERS approach close, stand above this strange figure, look at each other.

SOLDIER
Ti Leei
(What's he saying?)

2ND SOLDIER
Mou fainetai san Toupkika
(It sounded like Turkish)

815. BILLY with dimming **strength**.

BILLY
Greece?....Greece?....

816. THE FARMER understands, makes a vigorous nod of his head.

FARMER
Malista...ELLADA!
(Ah! Yes... GREECE!)

817. BILLY

CUT:

815. A CAR DOOR SLAMS SHUT - and BILLY, his movements still weak, **moves a few steps from the car and stops**. SUBTITLE:

OCTOBER 24, 1975 - BABYLON, LONG ISLAND

Framing Billy are SUSAN and his FATHER, both silent. They look with him at

819. HIS MOTHER, SISTER, BROTHER, UNCLE, AUNT, SISTER-IN-LAW, FAMILY FRIEND - AND GRANDMOTHER, all on the porch of the ordinary house in BABYLON, LONG ISLAND - DAY; all of them **returning** his gaze in that first SILENT moment. Curiosity. Recognition. Shock. Love.

819. CONTINUED:

And then they move. But we don't hear their movements. It is SOUNDLESS reunion; the SISTER running out first in SLOW MOTION, the MOTHER following last, crying; the GRANDMOTHER, too infirm to move, shaking her head from side to side in SLOW MOTION, her tears lost somewhere in the wrinkles of her face.

820. BILLY surrounded by FAMILY - SLOW MOTION - SOUNDLESS. His eyes flooding. All the feelings in him. And deep inside a solitary question.

821. EPILOGUE BLACK SCREEN • SUPERIMPOSE:

THE CHARACTER NAMED BELL IS STILL INSIDE. AS
ARE:

(ROLL THE LIST OF NAMES)

And OVER this, the SOUND of a PASSING TRAIN rushing by in the night - UP, PAST, AND AWAY.

(Getchmis **Olsun**)

THE END