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For the TROUBLE WITH BATH Project:

## F to E

(Or *EISENSTEIN TAKES BATH*)

NOTE: This will be accompanied in the book by photo's and texts referred to in the screenplay. Some are indicated in **BOLD** here, but there will others.

EXT. BATH SPA STATION - DAY

A trolley with high wire-mesh sides stands on the platform, and propped inside is a crate - it's big enough to contain an adult but doesn't look like a coffin. A large consignment note is pasted on to it. It's in Russian: and the word RAZNOCHINET is scrawled on it. Below that is a bar code.

A WOMAN's hand holds an electronic reader against the bar code - a narrow beam of red light appears across it.

EXT. BATH SPA STATION - DAY

A MAN lies on his side on the platform. He is rigid, arms by his sides, and is thickly covered in white dust. He looks like a statue which has been removed from its plinth.

Dust blows in the wind; a ring bound sketchbook lies on the platform near him. Pages blow - they are covered with scribbled writing and sketches.

The first sign of life: the MAN's face suddenly screws up and he sneezes. It's like a moment from the Wizard of Oz.

Suddenly, a PROTESTER is bending down, his face leaning close. He's holding a clipboard with sheets of a petition attached to it.

PROTESTER

Excuse me, will my sign my petition?

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

The MAN is standing just inside the entrance. We see now he's about 50, small, and wearing a suit in heavy fabric, late 1940's style, with a shirt and tie.

Patting the last of the dust from his suit, he stares at an electronic clock / calender which clicks away the time on the wall.

Then he is sitting down in front of one of a row of computers. Either side of him LIBRARY USERS are tapping away, searching the internet, library databases, etc.

He looks in puzzlement at the empty screen in front of him. Then he starts to watch his neighbour. He leans close - she appears to be unaware of him. He starts to copy what she's doing, trying out keys.

It's a little later and by now he's got going - and has a new blank document on the screen. He taps in "SERGEI MIKHAILOVITCH EISENSTEIN". Then a question mark. He holds down the key and hundreds of question marks fill the screen in rows.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

EISENSTEIN threads his way among people and he sits at a vacant table. As in the library, no one appears to see him: it is as if he's in another dimension.

There's a leaflet on the table. We read "SAVE THE ..." He glances at it, then pushes it aside - not much interested - and setting his sketchbook down, he starts to write in it. This functions as his diary, and he draws in it as well.

He opens it at the first page. Strangely, though we saw it filled when it lay on the station platform, now it looks empty, unused.

He starts to write in a rapid scrawl. When we hear his "voice over", he's talking to himself, using the abbreviated style often used for a diary.

EISENSTEIN (V.O.)

*Could be - (MUTTERED CALCULATIONS) - one hundred and eleven years old. I don't feel it. Last date remembered... m'mm... (THINKING A MOMENT) February 10 1948. New calendar. In bed at home in Moscow. But checked the date on Wikipedia - says I died the following day. That explains it - can't remember anything since.*

While he's busy with his sketchbook, the WOMAN's hand - the same one seen with the barcode reader - places a mobile phone on the table.

EISENSTEIN doesn't notice this happen so when it now suddenly beeps, he's startled, taking a moment to work out where it's coming from. Then, picking up the phone, he puzzles over the buttons before working out it's sent him a message. "Hello. F."

Sometimes he's still talking to himself but rather than a mutter while entering notes in his diary, he's talking out loud.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

F? F for what?

Then he shrugs and shoves it back in his pocket. He returns to his sketchbook.

EISENSTEIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Or am I really 111 and gaga? Deluded? And why am I in a place named after something in a washroom?*

EXT. STREETS : MONTAGE - DAY

He is walking slowly along a line of neo-classical pillars.

EISENSTEIN (V.O.)

*Was I really shouting ALEXANDER BLOODY NEVSKY while lying on a station platform? Maybe just a voice inside my head?? Seem to have an English voice. Odd.*

Another street. He looks around. Out loud again - to himself.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Every building looks the same as every other building. Bombed and all rebuilt to a single plan?

He goes close and examines the wall of a building. He picks at a window frame.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

No, all built at different times. Like a cathedral built over many generations? Or is it false? Or is it... (EXCITEMENT COMING INTO HIS VOICE)... a film set?

A plaque catches his eye. He goes close and reads that it is in memory of WILLIAM FREISE-GREEN, credited with the invention of film.

**(IN BOOK: PLAQUE REPRO'D)**

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

William Freise-Green. Inventor of...  
Really? Never heard of him. But the film  
theme again! Good.

He stares at a surveillance camera and sketches it.

EISENSTEIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Cameras everywhere. Reduced to the size  
of cigar boxes. Remotely controlled.  
Beautiful. For me to use? Somehow? Am I  
in the most astonishing studio ever  
devised? Am I in heaven?*

He stops to look in the window of a TV shop. He watches a commercial break on several different screens. He beams with pleasure then turns to address PEOPLE passing. He raises his voice, looking rather smug.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

I'm delighted to see that my methods of  
rapid cutting and montage have been  
widely adopted!

There's no reaction at all and so he realises that no one can hear him. Or see him.

EXT. ROMAN BATHS - DAY

EISENSTEIN stands looking down at TOURISTS on the level below him, who are looking down at the water. He scribbles and sketches busily.

EISENSTEIN (V.O.)

*Get it now. Why called Bath - hot water  
spurting out of the ground rather than  
out of taps. Been holy place for  
millennia. The sacred washroom. Like  
Lourdes, a place of pilgrimage? Crawl  
here on their hands and knees?*

EXT. WORLD HERITAGE PLAQUE - DAY

He stands on this, set in the ground. He looks down at it, puzzled.

EISENSTEIN  
Heritage? What's that?

Looking around - PEOPLE seem to be suddenly speeded up. Stepping off the plaque, they slow down to normal speed again. He repeats this - first puzzled, then amused.

A church clock starts to chime the hour. EISENSTEIN takes out a pocket watch and stares at it, puzzled again.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
This watch is NEVER wrong!

He winds it thoughtfully, then shrugs and puts it away.

EXT. THE CIRCUS - DAY

Then he is standing on the grass in the middle. He stares up at the strange motifs on the buildings.

EISENSTEIN (V.O.)  
*Circle. Circus. Royal? Amphitheatre. A  
place of ritual? Slaughter to appease the  
gods?*

Then he turns and sees a GENTLEMAN and LADY (in their 40's) strolling across the grass arm in arm. They're dressed like rich people from the late 18th century.

Now he's talking softly to himself.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
Clowns? The cruelty of sacrifice from  
ancient times evolves to that in our era -  
a bucket of water down the trousers.  
History repeats self... first tragedy,  
then farce. Marx. M'mm... Schadenfreude.

Then he goes close to the couple.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
(whispering to the LADY)  
Is that the bucket?

He means the bag she carries. But she is unaware of him and instead bids a coquettish farewell to the GENTLEMAN and walks away.

The GENTLEMAN heads in a different direction. EISENSTEIN follows him.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
 Circuses... That's me - the ginger clown.  
 The fall guy. The white clown always  
 wins.

He sighs at the thought.

EXT. JANE AUSTEN CENTRE - DAY

EISENSTEIN stops and watches as the GENTLEMAN takes up his position outside the Centre. He smiles and simpers, and raises his hat at passing TOURISTS, hoping to lure them in.

INT. JANE AUSTEN CENTRE - DAY

EISENSTEIN stares at exhibits, mystified. A long case clock is ticking, slow and sonorous. He sits and starts to write in his sketchbook.

EISENSTEIN (V.O.)  
*Odd. Jane Austen lived from 1775 to 1817.  
 See no mention of the French Revolution,  
 no reference to wars, or Napoleon...  
 Europe was on FIRE for most of her life.  
 Do people love this writer because she  
 ignores all that?*

He draws a guillotine. Then another - rapid sketches, caricatured, blackly comic - a severed head flying from the blade.

EISENSTEIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Loved drawing guillotines! Papa did not  
 approve.*

Suddenly a WOMAN is speaking furiously in his ear.

WOOLSTONECROFT  
 Who cares about Jane Austen! All her  
 heroines want to do is get married! I  
 lived in Bath, you silly little man -  
 Mary Woolstonecroft!

He looks around but she's gone. A book is balanced on his head as if he's in a deportment class. He lifts it down carefully, stares at it and then, as if unable to stop himself, he clambers on to a chair to address the TOURISTS.

EISENSTEIN

Edmund Burke opposed the French Revolution - 1790. Mary Woolstonecroft, living here, wrote a pamphlet opposing Burke for opposing the Revolution and Thomas Paine wrote The Rights of Man in 1791 supporting her for opposing Burke.

Seeing he's ignored, he bends and passes his hand through the chair.

EISENSTEIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Damn. I'm only superimposed.*

EXT. JANE AUSTEN CENTRE - DAY

EISENSTEIN emerges at speed into the street. He shouts out to the world.

EISENSTEIN

Victory to the Proletariat!

Again, no one appears to hear him. He bellows in the ear of the simpering GENTLEMAN.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

TOM PAINE!

Another MAN walks by, talking into a mobile phone. He has a BATH CHRONICLE tucked under his arm. EISENSTEIN extracts the paper without the MAN noticing.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Ah, progress. Now connecting with the inanimate.

EISENSTEIN starts to leaf through the newspaper. He comes to the letters pages. He starts to read.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Excellent! Opinions... Proposals...  
Objections... Protests. I must join in!

INT. WALL / THE BOX - NIGHT

The crate in which EISENSTEIN arrived is now set on end, so that the top of the crate, i.e. the lid, has become a door.

EISENSTEIN arrives here, clutching the CHRONICLE.



A piece of paper has been pinned to the door. It says "E! THERE IS A FEAR OF THE FUTURE HERE CAN YOU HELP. F" This is followed by a mobile phone number.

INT. THE BOX - NIGHT

He pulls the door shut behind him, the note now in his hand.

EISENSTEIN

F again.

He sits in a swivel chair by a desk. He pulls over a bottle of vodka, pours some into a small glass and downs it in one.

He looks again the message that was pinned to the door.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Fear of the future? Absurd. F for fear? F for Future? F for what?

He screws it up and throws it away - but it stops in mid air. He stares at it: he is motionless himself too for a moment.

Then he laughs and jumps up from the chair.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

F for Freezeframe. If I am in an F for Film, I am happy.

He does a little dance of joy.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

No fear! My future has arrived! I'm in it!

He starts to wander around, examining his surroundings.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

(more thoughtful)

It's not how I expected it to be, however. Neo-classical...

The Box is like Dr Who's Tardis - but it's a dusty and cluttered study, lit by anglepoise lamps, and lined with books from floor to ceiling. Also crammed with archive devices: document boxes, microfiche readers, microfilm spools, computers, reel to reel sound tapes, films in cans, videotapes in boxes, disks in slotted storage towers. A whole history of recording sound and vision.

He pulls out a book here, a disk there, reading, blowing dust off things, intrigued - but mystified. He switches on a DVD player and makes the disk tray come out and go in again.

He switches on a microfiche machine and stares at old Russian newspapers.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Ah. Pravda. Own obituary.

He sits to read it.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Bastards! Slandering bastards!

He gets up in annoyance. He passes another screen where a film adaptation of Jane Austen is running. He stares at it. The women characters giggle and whisper behind fluttering fans.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Yes. A film set.

A leaflet is pushed under the door. He goes to see, picking it up. It's advertising one of the town's museums.

Then there's another leaflet pushed under. And another. He is soon gathering handfuls. He stares at each, looking at the buildings pictured on them.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Neo-classical. Neo-neo-classical. Neo-neo-neo...

He goes back to the desk, absentmindedly stuffing leaflets into his pockets. He starts up the computer on the table. We see him start to type - he touch-types rapidly, saying the words as he goes.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

*Dear Sir ... forward slash... Madam. As a first time visitor I am struck by the enormous number of museums in Bath... (HE THINKS A MOMENT)... m'm... I would like to ask your readers why they think this might be?*

**(IN BOOK: his complete letter is shown, included in the Letters Section)**

JUMP CUT TO:

Now he is finishing the letter.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

*... so I urge the readers of the Bath Chronicle to... (LAUGHING) Ha! Yes!... break and enter as many museums as possible in the dead of night and... m'm... do please contact me and recount your experiences. (PAUSE) False name? No, damn it. S Eisenstein, The Box, Bath.*

Someone starts pounding on the door. When EISENSTEIN opens it, FILIPPO MARINETTI is standing there, bellowing at him through a megaphone.

MARINETTI

Join us Futurists! BLOW UP ALL MUSEUMS NOW!

EISENSTEIN grabs the megaphone from him, shoves him out and slams the door.

He turns and sees that behind him, a large white roll of paper drops down, unfurled as if a proclamation. It also reminds us of a song appearing in large letters on a pantomime stage - for everyone to sing along.

It is headed MANIFESTO AGAINST ALL LOVING OF THE PAST.

**(IN BOOK: TEXT OF MANIFESTO)**

EISENSTEIN's phone is ringing again. A muffled voice announces itself as F. EISENSTEIN shouts into the phone.

EISENSTEIN

If F stands for Futurism - or - or -  
Fillipo Marinetti then it also stands for  
Fascist and you can F OFF!

He throws the phone down and heads for the door. The phone starts to ring again. He can't resist it.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

What?... (HE LISTENS FOR A MOMENT) Well if you're not speaking for Marinetti then can you tell me why is he here?... (MORE LISTENING - F'S WORDS INAUDIBLE) Eh? Resurrections are meant to happen to one person at a time! As in the Bible!

He rings off. The phone rings again.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
 (shouting into phone)  
 Chekist, eh? EH! Are you? OGPU! Dogpoo!  
 Watcher, torturer, assassin... You don't  
 frighten me, you know! First film  
 finished aged 23 and the world at my  
 feet! Well, I'm coming round the running  
 track again, LET ME TELL YOU, and I'll be  
 free again the way I was once! Make the  
 films I want to make!

He rings off again. He mutters, huffing and puffing to ease his temper.

EISENSTEIN (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
*Life lived at a gallop, that's Sergei  
 Mickailovitch Eisenstein! Off one train  
 and rush for another. Born in one  
 calendar, died in another. Even if  
 October got shoved into November - I made  
 up for those thirteen days lost.*

**(IN BOOK: EXPLANATION OF RUSSIA ADOPTING A NEW CALENDAR)**

Somewhere, a church clock begins to strike the hour again. He gets out his watch again and looks at it.

EISENSTEIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Church time. Bah. Russian Church kept to  
 the old calender - absurd. Church and  
 state running at different times, quite  
 mad...

He stares at his own watch, puzzled, while the church clock continues to strike. Something very strange has struck him at this moment.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
 I don't believe it.

Hunting around, he finds another computer and carries it to the desk. With a frantic urgency, he hurries to set it up, plugging in a power lead, tripping over wires...

JUMP CUT TO:

He has now set up two computers. There is a close up of a clock face on both. He is crouched intently, leaning very close to the screens, his breath rasping with concentration.

He moves the mouse slowly and the clock face on one screen moves towards the edge and then appears to jump to the other screen. It is now superimposed on the other clock face. He "zooms" in and we can see that one second hand is slightly behind the other.

He grabs his sketchbook and scribbles, using weird mathematical calculations.

Then he grabs the phone, enters a number and waits impatiently for an answer. Then waits some more while a barely audible voice tells him to "please leave a message."

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

F. E here. Sorry re yelling. Have idea re future, fear of, etc. Very important.  
Ring.

He sits back, shaken by his discovery.

Then he pulls handfuls of leaflets from pockets, searching through them, dropping them - until he finds one advertising the Herschel Museum. He checks opening hours and hurries out of the door.

INT. HERSCHEL MUSEUM - DAY

EISENSTEIN is studying various precision instruments involved in 18th century astronomy.

Then he is looking at a contemporary clock above the ticket desk. He pulls out his own watch and looks at that.

There is ticking and clicking of clocks seemingly coming from everywhere.

EXT. ANTIQUES SHOP - DAY

EISENSTEIN is standing looking in at a display of old watches. He goes in.

JUMP CUT TO:

He is coming out, but now holding two pocket watches, one in each hand.

EXT. PARK - DAY

EISENSTEIN is walking slowly on a big expanse of grass, with trees behind him. He is talking intently into his phone.

EISENSTEIN

F of the F! Fear of the Future... Yes!  
Listen. I'm sure Bath is moving slightly  
slower than the rest of the world...  
There's Greenwich Mean Time but also BATH  
TIME. INCREDIBLE!...

He falls over a small dog. He keeps hold of the phone, talking excitedly into it while still on the ground. The dog is snuffling his other ear.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

F! I've progressed from inanimate objects  
to animals!

EXT. PARK : TREE - DAY

He is propped against the tree, writing, calm now.

EISENSTEIN (V.O.)

*She claims to be F for Friend. Hope not F  
for Fake. But is she really THE PRODUCER?  
Devious lot. How - much - does - she -  
know?*

He underlines this and then sucks his pencil. Then looks at the pencil.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Acting! The cliché detective. Drama. Is  
that the direction to go?

He's now wearing a small sleeveless jacket à la Joseph Beuys, with two watches attached to it.

EISENSTEIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Always two of everything. Nature's way.  
Is Marinetti my mad twin?*

**(IN BOOK: His DRAWING OF TWINS - as if JEKYLL and HYDE.)**

INT. THE BOX - EVENING

EISENSTEIN is sitting on the floor with his back against the closed door.

He is writing slowly and thoughtfully in his sketchbook.

EISENSTEIN (V.O.)

*But I'm in my own future. Aren't I? Or am I just a film? A hypothetical future? Nothing seems right. What happened to modernism? Where are the buildings we dreamed of? The chaos of endless renewal...*

Dust begins to blow in under the door. It flies open and EISENSTEIN is sucked out.

We see a BATH CHRONICLE lying near the door. Pages blow and we reach the LETTERS pages.

**(IN BOOK: Letter by EISENSTEIN. "Dear Sir/Madam, I'm impressed the quantity and ingenuity and tirelessness of PROTESTS in this city...")**

EXT. BATH SPA STATION - DAY

EISENSTEIN is standing on the platform. His own sketchbook skids along the platform towards him. He grabs at it, chases it, but it eludes him.

A train moves at speed backwards into the station and continues out of sight.

Pages of the sketchbook blow. It is yellowing with age, cracked and stained.

EISENSTEIN (V.O.)

*Has time become unstable? Is it looping? Marinetti bloody spaghetti? Like film - speed of film through the camera, speed of film through a projector - all are variables. Film is dream made visible.*

Suddenly MARINETTI is leaning close and shouting in EISENSTEIN's face.

MARINETTI

ALEXANDER BLOODY NESKY! You spent your life kissing Stalin's arse!

He throws the sketchbook up in the air and it spins slowly against the sky. Then slower, then stops.

INT. THE BOX - NIGHT

EISENSTEIN lands in a heap, blown back into the box again. The door slams shut behind him.

He realises he's sitting on a pile of letters.

EISENSTEIN  
Wonderful! Protesters!

He starts to open them, putting in a tidy pile ready to read and enjoy. He checks his emails.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
In-box full!

He stops and looks around.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
Music to read by...

He searches around and comes upon an old record player. He searches through a pile of 78 rpm records, selects one and sets it going on the player.

MUSIC: PAUL ROBESON singing OL' MAN RIVER.

Dere's an ol' man called de Mississippi  
Dat's de ol' man dat I'd like to be!  
What does he care if de world's got  
troubles?  
What does he care if de land ain't free?

Ol' man river,  
Dat ol' man river He mus'know sumpin'  
But don't say nuthin',  
He jes'keeps rollin'  
He keeps on rollin' along.

**(IN BOOK: COMPLETE TEXT OF SONG)**

EISENSTEIN moves towards the letters on his desk but is then too enchanted. He begins to sway to the music.

EISENSTEIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Paul Robeson. Same age as me but lived 20  
years longer. Shamefully treated by his  
own nation. Also same as me. Died on my  
birthday - if I'd have been alive then.*



He sings along for a minute, then talks to himself.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

When I think of Paul, I think of Hamlet -  
 "What a piece of work is a man, how noble  
 in reason, how infinite in faculties ..."  
 That film we planned together ... Ah, my  
 dear Paul, I salute you. Such a fighter!  
 The patron saint of protest!

A tall imposing black MAN is suddenly beside EISENSTEIN  
 and cuffs him gently round the head.

ROBESON

I played Othello, Sergei, not Hamlet.

EISENSTEIN

I know that, Paul. You weren't listening  
 to me. Oh that song from "Showboat" -  
 such a great musical. I LOVE musicals.  
 But Paul, never mind that - something  
 very strange is happening here. I must  
 tell you... Hamlet again: "The time is  
 out of joint: O cursed spite, that ever I  
 was born to set it right!"

ROBESON

Sergei. Relax. All will be well.

The gentle force of his optimism calms EISENSTEIN. He is  
 moved.

EISENSTEIN

Paul. Dear Paul.

They embrace and begin to dance, to the slow sad rhythm:  
 EISENSTEIN, small and a bit tubby; ROBESON tall and  
 imposing - he leads.

The room is softly lit - pink spots play over them as  
 they dance.

As the record ends, they part and ROBESON wanders to a  
 small round table with several chairs set round it.

EISENSTEIN returns to the desk. Business-like again, he  
 takes up a dictaphone and starts to dictate replies to  
 letters.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

(into dictaphone)

Dear Mr Simmonds, Thanks so much for your letter and I'm fascinated to hear about your battle to prevent the siting of wheelie bins on such a ---

Then a book is brought down hard on EISENSTEIN's head and knocks him unconscious. It's A VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN by Mary Woolstonecroft.

She has appeared as if from nowhere. She stands over him.

WOOLSTONECROFT

Wheelie bins! There's more at stake than wheelie bins! If you don't save the future we'll all be back in corsets!

No answer. He's out cold.

The door opens. A morose Englishman in his 60's comes in. He is twisting and turning EISENSTEIN's sketchbook in his long thin hands. This is FREISE-GREEN. He goes and sits at the round table, joining ROBESON, who smiles kindly at the new arrival.

FREISE-GREEN

I invented cinematography. In Bath. I see no point in being resurrected - all I hear are people saying I didn't and it makes me so sad I'd rather die all over again.

MARINETTI now arrives and sits at the table. He starts cleaning a revolver.

MARINETTI

No one give a damn, fart-face.

MARY WOOLSTONECROFT is applying smelling salts to the unconscious EISENSTEIN.

DREAM SEQUENCE

A boy is cycling slowly around in a huge empty space (ASSEMBLY ROOMS). This is EISENSTEIN as a boy: a Russian child of the upper classes around 1905, he's dressed in a sailor suit.

Then EISENSTEIN is a young adult in a dirty soldier's greatcoat. A red armband denotes he is in the Red Army.

He is lying on a mattress which is on top of a wardrobe lying its side. His breath steams the glass as he whispers to his reflection.

EISENSTEIN

When we're children the future is a huge and empty space.

Now he is writing, the words flowing fast but rather jagged across a page of his sketchbook.

EISENSTEIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Children draw without hesitation. They throw their dreams and all the things they love down on the page. They hurl their desires into the future. Like a Pharaoh choosing what to take to the afterlife. As children, we think of the future as somewhere to escape to. We climb into our boats and sail away.*

Suddenly a projector stabs through darkness.

EISENSTEIN is now sitting in a cinema (LITTLE CINEMA) - it's empty but for him.

He cranes round to look back at the projection booth. A figure is hardly visible, hidden by the glare of light.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

F? (NO ANSWER) What can I do to save the situation?

He raises his arms in a desperate appeal. Still no answer. He slumps back in his seat.

One of his own films is being projected: the storming of the Winter Palace from OCTOBER: TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Oh, the beauty of people collaborating purposefully... Individual submerged in the strength of numbers. Harnessing energy! Squabbles forgotten! We united to defend the revolution!

EISENSTEIN stares at the huge black and white images. Recalling his own glory, he weeps.

INT. THE BOX - NIGHT

MARY WOOLSTONECROFT throws some water from a glass on to his face. EISENSTEIN wakes.

EISENSTEIN  
(querously)  
Down the trousers! It should be down the trousers!

WOOLSTONECROFT  
I do not wish to hear about your trousers, Mr Eisenstein.

She helps him to his feet.

EISENSTEIN  
I'm the ginger clown. The fall guy...

She moves away while EISENSTEIN sits and bends close to the desk, seemingly lost in some kind of psychotic episode. His focus is on two little models - crudely shaped from clay - which he holds in his hands.

One is holding a flag saying FUTURISMO and the other a flag saying RIGHTS OF WOMAN. Like a child, EISENSTEIN "does the voices"

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
(AS MARINETTI) Eet eeze the natural role for a man to be a warrior and for a woman to raise zee bambini!(AS WOOLSTONECROFT) You fear women, you beastly little man. Perhaps you hate them!

Now he lifts the male figure and speaks to it.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
You are my father. Yes. Papa. You put a fear into me that I never lost. Tyrant. I hate you. (THEN TO THE FEMALE FIGURE) Mother. With your lovers so much more important than me. You took the furniture rather than me!

Then he squashes both figures, squeezing the clay together until it is just a single shapeless lump.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
Me.

Now his attention is caught by the screens of his two computers. He looks at them closely - then springs to his feet.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Good God. It's not just behind. It's falling further behind. Bath Time isn't just behind GMT, it's falling further. Slowing down. It's regressive. A millisecond a day. We'll never arrive. I mean... the future will never arrive!

He starts searching around among the equipment and archived materials. He switches equipment on. Things start to click and hum.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

We must find a source of... I don't know. Energy? Yes, energy.

He stops and stands. He becomes a statue. Then, suddenly, there comes realisation.

He spreads his arms to encompass the stored film and sound and records and all that has been around him.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

It is THE GREAT ARCHIVE OF PROTEST! This is the energy!

He hurries over to the round table. The other THREE are all sitting there bolt upright, immobile, hands resting on the table.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

My friends! Help me!

No response. He stares at them, circling the table.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)

We need a séance!

WOOLSTONECROFT

We most certainly don't. We are rational human beings.

FREISE-GREEN

And dead.

MARINETTI

The dead can't summon the living, you marxist madman.

EISENSTEIN's mobile beeps. A message. We see it on the phone screen: "F to E. Only connect."

EISENSTEIN  
(shouting to the OTHERS)  
I have to connect!

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

He's walking through Bath in the dead of night.

He sees a car parked at the roadside. There's a chauffeur at the wheel and someone sitting motionless in the back.

EISENSTEIN  
(talking to himself)  
I must be properly in time. Bath Time.  
Then I can attack it from within. The  
enemy within - brilliant. That's me.  
That's revolution, that's change, that's  
the business... I can hold things like  
newspapers... I fell over a dog... I'm  
nearly there...

He gets out his phone and calls F.

In the car, the shadowy person in the car takes a phone from a cradle and holds it to their ear.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Get me dubbed! Put me in the frame!  
Synchro me, F!

The car starts up and moves smoothly away.

EISENSTEIN is suddenly moving vertically upwards, still holding his phone.

ANIMATED SEQUENCE

He apparently flying over Bath as the dawn comes up. He's fiddling with his phone.

EISENSTEIN  
Damn. Lost the signal.

EXT. STREET - EARLY MORNING

PROTESTERS are sitting in the road in a circle.

They all wear heavy dayglo jackets and there's a chain which has been threaded up one person's sleeve, across their shoulders, back down the other sleeve, and then on to the next person - and so on. The ends of the chain are padlocked together.

They are singing "We Shall Overcome."

A RIOT POLICEMAN is standing in the middle of the circle.

POLICEMAN  
(menacing the protesters)  
You want it the HARD WAY?

EISENSTEIN "drops" into the image, and lands almost on top of the POLICEMAN.

EISENSTEIN  
Ah. A séance!

Then he grabs at the POLICEMAN.

EISENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
I can touch you. I can feel you! I am connected!

The POLICEMAN, appalled, promptly hits him with a cosh and knocks him out.

INT. THE BOX - DAY

On one of the computer screens, an email:

Dear Sir/Madam, It is fascinating to speculate as to what the total coefficient of energy might be of all this protest. Of course, some protests are against what other protests are for, and in this great Babel Tower of campaigning and opposing and resisting and demanding, it might SEEM to result in a self-cancelling polarity but NO! We can harness it. IN MUSIC!

S Eisenstein  
The Box, Bath

**(IN BOOK: Text is repro'd)**

EISENSTEIN is lying on the floor with a bandage round his head.

He raises one arm, finger pointing heavenwards. He babbles.

## EISENSTEIN

Fusion as a source of energy. All protests to be piled together. Sloika principle - layer cake. The ultimate bomb.

The Box seems to have expanded. It is flooded with light, we see it's in fact a large drama studio - previously only a small part of it was lit. The light bleaches out everything.

END

(NOTE: the proposal is that Janet's film will start at the point where the script in the book ends. HS)