Exegesis – Visualising the Internal – the transference of emotion and theme through cinematic language in the adaptation of novel to screen

Screenplay – Love Without Hope

A thesis submitted for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy of The Australian National University

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STATEMENT OF AUTHORSHIP

This thesis is entirely my own work. Any ideas or theories not my own have been properly referenced.

Susan Thwaites, 3rd August 2017
Acknowledgements

I would like to thank my supervisors, Rosanne Kennedy and Lucy Neave, for their support and advice during my candidature; it was invaluable to my completion. I would also like to thank Merlinda Bobis for reading the ‘faithful’ draft of my screenplay and encouraging me to make the story more my own.


My mother, Mary Thwaites, thank you for a lifetime of encouragement, for being a reader and thinker, and seeing the world in such a unique way.

My sisters and brothers for reminding me there was life outside of this research, and for not always asking after its progress.

My friends, thanks for the meals, wine, and company, it was a great support. To Jennifer, thank you for helping me get here.

To Tim Thomas, for your patience, thoughtfulness and help, thank you. To our children, Morgan and Laurence, thanks for coping with two PhD students as parents for far too many years.

Thanks to Felicity Packard, John Seale, Steve E. Andrews, and thank you Anthony Minghella.
Abstract

Exegesis

The exegesis investigates how the interiority of emotion and overarching premise in a novel is visualised in the novel to film adaptation process. It specifically looks at the varied collaborative stages of filmmaking – from development, scriptwriting, pre production and principal photography, as a way of acknowledging the process and contribution of the film crew as novel is turned into film. By investigating the interpretive choices and decisions of three specific roles – the screenwriter, cinematographer and director – I break down the contributions and collaborations of these key creative practitioners at distinctive moments of the production process, to gain a greater understanding of how the translation of emotion and premise interiority from novel to screen occurs. As a case study, I investigate the collaboration between the late screenwriter/director/adaptor, Anthony Minghella CBE, and his Australian director of photography, John Seale ACS ASC, to explore what occurs between the cinematographer and director, as they work towards turning the screenplay into images and performance. My practice-led research, a feature length screenplay of the Rodney Hall novel *Love Without Hope* (1997), informed my research, not only into the role of the screenwriter as interpreter, and how she writes for a technically skilled crew, but also as a way of understanding the nature of the reader’s individual sensibilities when it comes to adapting a source that is not their own.

Screenplay

Lorna Shoddy was once a strong young woman who bred horses, ran her farm and loved a man, Martin, that many in her small town did not approve of. Now she is old, alone and finds herself in an asylum for the insane. It is 1983 in Australia, and the Master in Lunacy has the power to take a woman who he deems unfit to look after herself and put her away against her will. To keep herself sane, Lorna retreats into memory, summoning her past to make sense of her present, until she is able to remember a moment long ago, a decision she made that changed everything; and the grief and guilt that caused her to end up where she is. It is only through re living this moment, truly accepting and acknowledging it, that she can forgive herself, find the strength to escape, and head home.
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Introduction

How does a screenwriter condense and translate a novel, in both its length and interiority, into the sparse-ness of a screenplay format, and who are the readers of this screenplay text? What is it that a cinematographer and director do when they first read that screenplay? How do they transfer and translate the words on the page into images on a screen so that the meaning is shown to an audience? How do they visualise the interiority of the screenplay's words? When does one part of the adaptation process of novel to film begin and another take over? And how is one stage in the production process interpreted by the other? It is this transference of interiority from novel to screen that I am investigating in this thesis, looking at the production phase of filmmaking, and three key creative crew roles – the screenwriter, cinematographer and director – as a way of illuminating this creative practice. In the screen adaptation of a novel, there exists an industrial model of film production that includes the screenwriter and film crew, months of development, preparation and planning, followed by filming, and then editing to allow a novel’s story to become another medium altogether, a film. To say there is a novel, and then there is a film, is to ignore the months, and sometimes years of production that occurs in the middle. This includes some of the most interesting creative practice processes such as interpretation, translation, and adaptation that reveal a novel’s journey to the screen.

‘Interiority’ as is discussed in this thesis is not limited to the inner consciousness, psychic life and emotions of a character. It includes overarching ideas or themes that the film is exploring, such that the contribution of the cinematographer, for example, through visual motifs, choice of lenses, colour palette and other cinematic tools, can evoke an atmosphere or ‘feel’ that contributes to something more than is seem, a
visual metaphor that can represent a film's premise. The interior aspects of a novel in terms of characters' emotions and broad themes in a novel, can be interpreted and pervade facets of a film's production, from the screenplay to colour scheme, from the lighting style to decisions behind the framing of a character's face, from location and film stock choices to the juxtaposition of images on an edit's timeline. Frequently, decisions are based on ways to visualise emotion, theme and premise, so as to externalise what in the novel and screenplay were words, but in the film must be visuals and sound.

My thesis investigates how the interiority of a character, including thoughts, mood, psychic states and emotions, as well as the interiority of an overarching theme or premise of the story, manages to travel through the collaborative stages of film making – from development, scriptwriting, pre-production, principal photography and postproduction – to the final screened film, when so many key creative crew are involved in these different stages. I shall look at the interpretive choices and decisions of members of the crew in order to break down their contributions at distinct moments of the production process, to gain a greater understanding of how the translation of emotion and premise from novel to the screen occurs. My research does not focus only on the novelist, screenwriter and director; it also acknowledges and analyses the contribution of the cinematographer, to show how writing for the cinematographer is key in translating and interpreting the text of the screenplay to become the film.

\footnote{Throughout this thesis I use the term ‘theme’ and ‘premise’ interchangeably to allow the reader to consider the idea of theme generally before I define the term premise, and moral premise in particular, later in the thesis. For more on the terms and their similar usage, see Williams, 2006:6-8}  
\footnote{To illustrate the point of my research, and for the sake of brevity, I have limited my analysis to the key creative crew roles of screenwriter, director and cinematographer only. I shall be looking specifically at the visuals created by the cinematographer,}
Outline of chapters and contribution to knowledge

In Chapter One I discuss four fields of research my thesis is influenced by – screen adaptation, translation studies, screenwriting research, and screen production research. It is within these fields that my contribution to knowledge occurs. Each field investigates the novel to screen adaptation, be it regarding fidelity, intertextuality, the role of interpretation in translation, the screenplay as text, or screen production broadly. The practice of screenwriting, and the screenplay as text has received attention in the field of screenwriting research, drawing on the work of Claudia Sternberg who identifies three distinct readers and stages of a screenplay that include the technical readers of the crew, yet how and why the screenwriter writes for a specific crew is not fully explored. The director as auteur is cited as having a role in interpreting and contributing to the adaptation of a novel to screen in the fields of screen adaptation, and translation studies, yet those he speaks and collaborates with to bring those words on a page to the screen are mostly ignored. There is a gap in knowledge of what actually occurs in filmmaking when a novel is being adapted to a film. Without a comparative study into the different stages of film production – from novel to screenplay, screenplay to film shoot via pre-production and production, and then rushes to edited film, these fields of research are

working closely with the director, however I would like to acknowledge that the cinematographer can only film what is in front of them, and thus the work of the production designer and costume designer are not to be ignored, nor is the work the sound department puts into the soundscape, or the editing team in post-production through finding the rhythm to reveal the story. All these key creative crew members are part of the collaborative team that complete the overall ‘look’ and ‘feel’ of the film.


4 ‘Rushes’ is the term used for the daily footage of film or digital data that has been ‘shot’ that day, it includes everything filmed, including the mistakes and outdates. In America it is called ‘dailies’.
not yet fully answering questions about the novel to screen adaptation process. The field of screenwriting research could gain from an analysis of how screenwriters write for more than a director or funding body, to include the plethora of creative practitioners that make up a film crew, as well as actors. Understanding the processes involved – as these practitioners interpret and translate the screenplay into images (and sound) – allows for a greater investigation into the screenplay as text and ‘in-between’ media, and the screenwriter as creative practitioner. My research into how a novel’s interiority of emotion and premise stays intact throughout the screen production process sits at the core of screen production research, which investigates the practice of filmmaking and the individual and collaborative contributions of the crew. Whilst these four fields touch on the nature of collaboration and interpretation, and have even singled out the role of screenwriter and director, none have fully considered the cinematographer’s contribution to visualising the interiority of a novel’s emotion and premise as words become images, and novel becomes cinema. By shedding light on what it is a cinematographer does as she reads a screenplay and prepares to collaborate with the director and key creative crew, my research opens up the above fields to explore the contributions of other key creative crew, such as editor, sound designer, production and costume designer, as well as actor, at different stages of production, as novel heads toward the screen. In Chapter One I will expand on these ideas further.

In Chapter Two I look at the film adaptation Cold Mountain (2003). I chose to explore the work of screenwriter and director Anthony Minghella, mostly because his films are beautiful, thoughtful and cinematic, but also because his film Cold Mountain visualises interior aspects of the novel by Charles Frazier⁵ in ways that, through analysis of

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⁵ Charles Frazier, Cold Mountain (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1997).
the production process, reveal evidence of the collaborative nature of filmmaking, whereby a director listens and encourages the interpretation and opinion of his key crew. Minghella’s background as an academic, playwright, writer for radio and then TV, eventually led him to write and direct feature films, and when I saw *Truly, Madly, Deeply* (1990) from his original screenplay, I was a devoted fan and follower. His untimely death at 54 in 2008 from complications of surgery to remove cancer of the tonsils and neck also drove my decision to explore Minghella’s adaptation work for my thesis, for with his death, his trilogy of feature film adaptations suddenly became more important, for the simple fact that there were to be no more. I have also had the pleasure of conducting two interviews with the Australian cinematographer John Seale, who shot all three of Minghella’s feature film adaptations, *The English Patient* (1996), *The Talented Mr Ripley* (1999) and *Cold Mountain* (2003). My first interview with Seale was in 1999, just a few years after his Oscar for the cinematography of *The English Patient*, but before he had shot *Cold Mountain*. The second interview was in 2015, seven years after Minghella’s death, and thirteen years after Seale shot *Cold Mountain*. Seale is a generous raconteur, who worked closely with Minghella on each of the adaptations, and he was able to shed light on the collaborative nature and working relationship between director and cinematographer, including the analysis of the screenplay Minghella wrote from the respective novels. Minghella was also a very articulate and generous interviewee who thought a great deal about his practice, such as the differences between being the screenwriter of an adaptation and switching hats to then direct that screenplay. I use my own interviews with Seale and the plethora of interviews Minghella left behind, as well as my own analysis of the novel, two drafts of the screenplay, and the film of *Cold Mountain* as a case study. Specifically, I explore how the premise of a story can influence and guide the translation of a novel as it travels towards the screen, first through the
screenplay, then through pre-production and principal photography, to completed film.

In Chapter Three I discuss the creative practice process of my artefact, the feature length screenplay I adapted of Rodney Hall’s novel, *Love Without Hope* (2007). I used this practice to find my way into my research of how a novel’s interiority is translated and visualised into a film. I was interested in exploring and identifying the choices I made as screenwriter, of what to include from the novel, what to exclude, what to create and also how to translate and interpret the interiority of emotion and premise in the novel into my screenplay, knowing that in constructing the screenplay I was writing specifically for the technical readership of film crew and actors. I was fortunate that author Rodney Hall gave me permission to adapt his novel for my research, with the offer to option the novel when I had completed the screenplay. In Chapter Three I will explain the process of writing three drafts of the screenplay of Hall’s novel, the first religiously faithful, the latter two making it my own, and what Hall thought of the final draft.

**Locating myself as creative practitioner**

My training is in cinematography. As a result, I am familiar with the language of cinema and the tools a cinematographer has access to – the camera, moving or static, lens size, the frame, filters, depth of field, film stock, grading, to name a few. Cinematography is a way of ‘writing with light’ and assists in the translation of key emotional moments within a film. My current creative practice research is screenwriting and the screenplay as text. Some years ago, whilst researching a documentary I wanted to make on the practice of cinematography, I interviewed ten

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6 Vittorio Storaro, *Writing with Light (Book 1)* (Aperture, 2002).
Australian cinematographers about their process of working. Each cinematographer described the collaboration of key crewmembers as they discussed and analysed the screenplay in the weeks and months before principal photography began. These discussions involved more than the cinematographer’s interpretations of the story and characters; they included their ideas on the film’s premise and theme, and how this influenced all aspects of their lighting and film stock decisions, as well as framing and coverage – what to film, how to film, including shot size and camera movement. Each decision based on the ideas of how to visualise the internal – that is, the emotion of a character, or the overarching premise of the film’s story. I noted that on all the films, regardless of the size of the budget, the Australian cinematographers I spoke to mentioned that the screenwriter was rarely involved in the pre-production meetings. The screenwriter had completed his or her contribution to the film by writing the screenplay, and had handed it over to the creative film crew who swapped ideas, images, notes, thoughts and interpretations of the screenplay, in order to translate its written language into the language of cinema: words into images. It was only later in my career as an academic, writing and researching screenplays that I fully understood the role the screenwriter had in writing for a film crew. I realised that their skillset frequently involved whispering ideas and images to their technical readers, ensuring that through the screenplay, words could be visualised externally on the screen. My creative practice as a cinematographer and as a screenwriter allows me to interrogate the film production process in order to break down three stages of production – development (where

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7 The interviews I conducted over the period of 1998 and 1999 was research for a documentary on Australian cinematographers working in Hollywood and winning international awards for their work. The documentary, with the working title of *Shedding a Different Light*, had development funding from the then Australian Film Commission, however it was never made into a film. The interview transcripts are of use for my thesis as the data is about the process of cinematographers and how they collaborate with their director, how they read screenplays, and how they work to visualise the material in the screenplays into images.
the screenplay is written), pre-production (where the screenplay is analysed), and production or principal production (where the film is ‘shot’) – and to see how each stage, and the crew involved, contributes to the next stage, to explore how or what changes, or is invented, as the translation of novel to screen occurs.

Methodology

My research investigates the work of screen practitioners through the lens of my own practice background through qualitative interview material I conducted with ten Australian cinematographers in the late 1990s, as well as the published material of interviews with Anthony Minghella. As a case study I use the adaptation of Charles Frazier’s novel Cold Mountain by the filmmaker Anthony Minghella, looking closely at specific scenes in the film and working back through pre-production decisions, and screenplay drafts to find evidence of inspiration in the original novel. As a creative practitioner investigating the work of other creative practitioners, my research uses the methodology of reflexivity, and close textual analysis. Reflexivity as a methodological framework is relevant to my approach to screenwriting through the screen adaptation of Rodney Hall’s novel for the creative practice component of this thesis. My experience as a cinematographer, both as practitioner on the set, but also as a reader of screenplays in pre-production and my collaboration with directors, also lends itself to the methodological framework of reflexivity.

Reflexivity as a methodological framework

Desmond Bell looks at a study on reflexivity within the art practice of a group of textile artists, done by artist and teacher, Kathryne Grushta, to
highlight the benefits of practitioners reflecting and reporting to allow a ‘specific form of “communicative knowledge” generated from a pedagogic impulse to share critical understandings of one’s work with others’, in a “hermeneutical cycle” of affective involvement and detachment, of making and criticism, with reflective arts practice’. The benefit of this framework of practitioner analysing and critiquing practitioner is that it allows for the film, documentary, ‘new media’, screenplay or creative practice project to have a level of reflexivity with regard to practice with the aim of disseminating knowledge of what ‘makers’ do. It separates the field of film production from the work of film critics and cultural theorists, who have likely never set foot on a film set, nor had dialogue with key creative crew on the ‘look of a film’, yet have been critiquing and analysing the finished film for decades. While film analysis is a worthy field of study, the scope of the practitioner’s contribution to the field of screen production research is endless, as every practitioner-academic comes to the analysis of the work of their own and other screen production ‘art works’ in a unique and distinctive way. This informed analysis by practitioners has the capacity to generate new insights into areas of research such as film adaptation, translation studies, screenwriting research and screen production research, with its stress on the collaborative nature of creative practice and the role of interpretation and stages of production.

Bell contends that the natural science model of a hypothesis and an experiment is not always an easy fit with filmmakers or creative practitioners, whose practice prior to beginning their artwork involves considerations around materials, tools, and ‘creative strategy’, making it difficult for artists to ‘articulate’ and formulate ‘key research questions’.

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9 Ibid., 89.
The obligation is for artists to articulate their research questions as distinct hypotheses capable of being tested against specifically gathered data. Bell notes:

...the research activities of artists and media makers undertaken prior to a creative project and integral to its successful realization, has as its specific focus the development of that project.\textsuperscript{10}

Thomas & Thwaites have aimed to use the hypothesis and experiment model to ponder the question of whether film production process is similar to experimentation, and the finished film is the experiment. Their research considers the completed film as the results, and the making of the film as testing a proposition, whereby ‘every stage of the film making process would have to be informed by that proposition as part of the reflective practice that includes evaluation’. \textsuperscript{11} Their analysis contributes to the field by suggesting that rather than coming to an observation of a production practice by a particular film maker through a screen theory methodological analysis, more experimentation by film practitioner-academics in their own creative practice research could open the field of screen production, so that practice-based analyses and scholarly endeavours are sought and explored.

**Practitioner-academic as ‘auto-ethnographer’**

It is not just screen production research that benefits from a study of the process and stages of filmmaking and key creative crewmembers. As I

\textsuperscript{10} Ibid.

stated earlier, the fields of screen adaptation, translation studies, and screenwriting research all gain from a discipline that separates the process of making a film and shedding light on the who, how and why aspects of not just a novel’s trajectory to the screen, but film making generally. As Bell observes:

Indeed the weakness of most discussions of screen adaptation from literary source remains the almost complete ignorance of the materiality of filmic process and its relation to adaptation aesthetics.12

Bell suggests that if artists, including filmmakers, look at their work from conception, development, pre production and throughout the production process, from a position of writing about it, interpreting their own process and creative practice, it could allow the ‘artists themselves’ to ‘take the lead in this knowledge gathering’, allowing them to be both ‘the subject and the object of this investigative process’, which becomes, Bell proposes, a ‘form of auto-ethnography’.13

For the filmmaker, the two aspects of the research – the doing and the writing about the doing – can become one in terms of the practice, informing the practice as it goes from one stage of filmmaking to the next, whilst also informing the research outcomes of the practice, especially when the filmmaker reflects on their own work as they do it, not just when it is complete. Bell contends that if the ‘artist/researcher’ commits ‘themselves to the task of documentation and critical contextualisation and reflection on their work, they can, in collaboration with like-minded others, produce an inter-subjective framework for understanding the work they produce’.14 Jean-Pierre Geuens argues that what has been

12 Bell, 94.
13 Ibid., 99.
14 Ibid., 98-99.
missing over the last few decades in film analysis is the production side.\textsuperscript{15} Gwendolyn Foster praises Geuens's book, observing that it ‘reevaluates what cinema could be, to revive its full powers and attend to the mystery of the creative practice’ to reveal the ‘artistry, passion, and engagement’ of the practitioner.\textsuperscript{16} It is the\textit{ mystery} of this practice that I am interested in exploring, uncovering and acknowledging, and becomes part of my case study research, which uses the methodology of close textual analysis.

\textbf{Close textual analysis as a methodological framework}

French structuralists in the 1960s, such as Roland Barthes, developed new approaches to textual analysis, investigating processes through which meaning is constructed and communicated.\textsuperscript{17} The idea behind this methodological framework is that ‘any kind of popular culture could be “decoded” by reading the “sign” within the text’.\textsuperscript{18} As a research tool in literature and film studies, textual analysis is of use to my thesis as I investigate the texts of novel, screenplay, and completed film in a screen adaptation process. Barthes makes the point that a textual analysis of a narrative text involves reading the material ‘as slowly as is necessary, stopping as often as we have to’, as we try and ‘locate and classify without rigor, not all the meanings of the text’ – which he acknowledges is impossible, as ‘no reader, no subject, no science can arrest the text’ – but instead to look at the ‘forms and codes according to which meanings


\textsuperscript{18}Ibid.
are possible’. It is the idea of finding the possible meanings in a text that is of interest to my research and allows me to use this methodology, for as a practitioner, both screenwriter and cinematographer, I have the knowledge and understanding around cinematic language in both the screenplay and film medium text to know how to read the forms and codes of these texts – the form that is the industry standard layout of a screenplay, the code in the use of visual metaphor and shot size, and in the choices of how to shoot the film, for example.

Reflexivity and close textual analysis work well together as a methodological framework for this thesis, as it allows me to be both practitioner and practitioner-researcher. I investigate the process of the way my own practice is done (as former cinematographer and current adaptation screenwriter). I also do a close reading of the work of other practitioners (Minghella and Seale) to investigate the what, who, and how of the novel to screen adaptation production process, to explore ways that the interiority of the novel is visualised as the film. In the following chapter I look at the four fields of research where my thesis sits, and contributes to.

Chapter One – placing my research

Four fields of research

In this chapter I look at four fields of research my thesis is influenced by, and contributes to: translation studies, adaptation studies (specifically film adaptation), screenwriting research, and screen production research. These interdisciplinary fields rely on and augment each other when it comes to identifying the contribution and role of the individual practitioner in the novel-to-screen adaptation. For the purposes of this thesis, texts include more than just novel and film: they are the ‘in between’ moments of a novel to film adaptation, including the screenplay, key creative crew notes, dialogue between director and key crew, drawings, decisions on set, performance and so on. My research into the role of individuals in a group of filmmakers who work together to bring a novel to the screen requires a form of collaboration between a number of academic fields. The International Institute for Hermeneutics (IIH), an autonomous, international, and interdisciplinary research institute founded in 2001, observes that: ‘Hermeneutics cannot happen without a level of inter-disciplinary collaboration that does not yet exist on university campuses. The theologian needs the philosopher as much as the philosopher needs the theologian; both need the literary critic.’20 For my own research I argue that screen adaptation needs translation studies, both need screenwriting research, and all need screen

production research. What follows is a look at each field and who is writing about the area to which my research contributes.\textsuperscript{21}

\textbf{Translation studies – specifically its connection to adaptation studies}

Adapting a novel to the screen is a form of translation. Just as translation from one language to another within literature can modify or preserve the original meaning depending on the cultural and political perspective of the translator, so too the adaptation of a novel to the screen has the ability to modify or preserve, be faithful or unfaithful, to the original material, depending on the individual perspective and sensibilities of the screenwriter and film maker.\textsuperscript{22} The translation of the original source in screen adaptation goes through not just one set of modifying hands, but two. The screenwriter extracts from the novel what she needs in order to preserve or modify the narrative of the novel, to fit the new medium of cinema with its constraints and freedoms. The second part of the adaptation process occurs when the director and key creative crew begin pre production, production (and later post production).\textsuperscript{23} It is not common for screenwriters to be on the set of a film, unless the director is also the writer. The stand-alone screenwriter sits in the middle of the

\textsuperscript{21} NB, a large section of what follows is given to adaptation studies, for inside it sits a number of other related fields such as intertextuality and intermediality, which are relevant to my research.

\textsuperscript{22} There is a long debate around faithfulness in the novel to screen adaptation field of study. Later in my thesis I will quote Rodney Hall’s comments on this topic in regards to his novel and my screenplay, however my thesis is not investigating the specifics of faithful adaptations, as I am interested in the process of the practice. For more on notions of fidelity in adaptation and translation studies, see: Stam, R., 2000, Leitch, T., 2009, Cartmell, D. and Whelehan, I., 2013, Elliot, K., 2004, Cattrysse, P., 1992, Hutcheon, L., 2012

\textsuperscript{23} It could be argued that in fact it is more like three or four ‘hands’ if we include the edit and post production stage and the audience’s own ‘modification’ of meaning via translation when finally viewing the finished film, however, for the purposes of this thesis I will concentrate on the screenwriting, and the pre and production stage, where the last two stages are dealt with by the same ‘hands’, that of the cinematographer and director. I go into this further later in this chapter.
transformation from one medium – the novel, to another – the film. Their translation, however, is the place where the preservation or modification of the source material occurs. It is the screenplay that becomes the selling document that determines if the film version of the novel goes ahead, and it is the screenwriter who decides whether to enrich the original source, or generate new meaning and new context in the form of the film it will become. Later in this chapter I look in more depth at the role of the screenwriter in the adaptation of novel to film, and the field of screenwriting research within the academy.

A number of scholars are interested in the connection between adaptation and translation studies. Mark O’Thomas provides a succinct summary of critics and others who have sought ‘to promote the role of the translator and adapter beyond its service provider/copier/second-hand understudy reputation to the elevated status of a creative artist in its own right’. In *Translation, Adaptation and Transformation*, three chapters are dedicated to linking translation studies with adaptation studies. Bernard F. Dick acknowledges the verb *translate* in connection with the act of words becoming images. He explains that ‘...the script recedes into the background as it changes from a verbal to a visual text, so that by the time the film has been completed, the words have been translated into images’. Lawrence Venuti’s work in the fields of translation, and adaptation is of specific relevance to my research. Venuti acknowledges the ‘mechanism of interpretation’ that is at work when texts are translated, and that the ‘multidimensional medium’ of film making in terms of crew, sensibilities of those crew, cast, production company, the political climate the film is made in and so on, are part of a

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category Venuti terms *interpretants.*\(^{27}\) He divides the category into formal and thematic. Formal interpretants ‘may include a relations of equivalence’,\(^ {28}\) which for film might include a particular style that characterises a studio or director, e.g. a Disney film versus a Coen Brothers film. Thematic interpretants ‘are codes, values, ideologies. They may include… a morality or cultural taste shared by the filmmakers and used to appeal to a particular audience’,\(^ {29}\) for example Dogma or Mumblecore films. Venuti believes that,

Interpretants enable the film to inscribe an interpretation by mediating between its prior materials, on the one hand, and the medium and its conditions of production, on the other – by providing, in other words, a method of selecting those materials and transforming them into the adaptation through the multimedial choices made by the filmmakers.\(^ {30}\)

Whist the term ‘interpretants’ sounds as if it could be alluding to an individual person, such as screenwriter as interpretant, it is important to clarify that the term is a category that allows specific stages of adaptation and translation to be defined. An example Venuti offers up, when referring to the process of analysing the interpretants, suggests that the critic needs to ‘focus on shifts, on the additions, deletions and substitutions that come to light in the adaptation when it is compared to its prior materials’.\(^ {31}\) Here he is referring to the changes that may occur in the screenplay and film, versus the source text of novel. For example, a particular moment in a novel may have had the character in a boat on the


\(^{28}\) Ibid., 33.

\(^{29}\) Ibid.

\(^{30}\) Ibid.

\(^{31}\) Ibid.
sea, yet in the screenplay the screenwriter has changed it to a beach (for reasons as banal as production costs, or creative as visual metaphor), and then in the film it may end up being a café near the seaside (again, for reasons either to do with budget or creative choices). For Venuti, this general focus on the changes and additions avoids the ‘unwitting or automatic introduction of an interpretation of the materials themselves’, and instead limits the investigation by just looking at what the filmmakers have ‘omitted or replaced’.32 I would argue that it is the ‘prior materials’ themselves, and the decisions around them, that should be investigated. That a deep analysis into the specific decisions around, for example, whether to use a zoom lens or a tracking shot because of the different affect these two cinematic tools have on the audience, will open up the field of film adaptation, as well as translation studies, to some very interesting research into the film production moments in the novel to screen adaptation. In Chapter Two, my case study of Cold Mountain will look at this idea in more detail.

Venuti believes it is the ‘translator’s application of interpretants that guides the process of decontextualizing and recontextualizing the source text’.33 Taking this idea further, I argue that the breaking down of a text and reconstructing it in a new text occurs in all stages of film production, whereby ‘text’, as previously mentioned, is not simply the screenplay and finished film, but includes pre-production notes, drawings by the costume and production designers, colour palette, lighting plans and storyboards of cinematographer, to the dialogue between actor and director.34

32 Ibid.
33 Ibid.
34 The term interpretant has also been used by Mikhail Iampolski to look at intertextuality in film, whereby the ‘interpretant is a “third text” that the viewer introduces in order to understand the relation between a film and its “intertext”, such as re-makes of films, or poems that are referenced inside a film, Samuel Taylor
As a translation researcher, Venuti sees the crossover between the two fields – translation and adaptation – as beneficial for the latter field. He calls adaptations 'second-order creations' that consist of 'numerous intertextual and inter-semiotic relations to prior materials, not just the literary text it adapts'. He proposes that the 'interpretant' is a 'third term' in what he sees as the 'competing discourses of fidelity and intertextuality' in adaptation theory, and finds that interpretants are active in both fields of translation and adaptation. Citing McFarlane (1996), Venuti notes that the 'communicative model' in adaptation theory pays 'closer and more sophisticated attention to aspects of film form' and that adapting a novel into a film is a 'complicated act of communication'. He pushes this idea by specifically referring to the filmic process and to what actually occurs when the filmmakers work on preparing and making the film: ‘Given the multiple dimensions of film, at once verbal, visual and aural, filmmakers must make numerous choices that are never entirely specified in or capable of being inferred from the text’. Venuti acknowledges the different stages of film production and the choices of interpretation by key creative crew at each juncture in the filmmaking process.

The element of interpretants in film adaptation involve a process of selecting particular aspects or key images, themes, even a ‘feeling’ that arises from the source text at moments throughout the production stages, and ensuring they are kept intact as, like a relay, the baton of ideas and images, themes and interiority of emotion and premise are passed from

Coleridge’s poem “Kubla Khan” in Orson Welles’s 1941 film Citizen Kane, for example. Ibid., 31.

35 Ibid., 27.
36 Ibid., 31.
37 Ibid., 29.
38 Ibid., 26.
39 Ibid.
filmmaker to filmmaker within the crew of the film. I believe that it is in the interpretive choices of screenwriter, director and cinematographer that I will find evidence of the act of translation and notions of interpretants that occurs in screen adaptation, as novel becomes film. Robert Stam also acknowledges 'the very process of filming – the fact that the shots have to be composed, lit, and edited in a certain way – generates an “automatic difference”’ from literary texts. Whilst Stam refers here to film production broadly, I go a step further by breaking down each stage of filmmaking as separate moments in the production, as well as identifying the role and collaborative contribution of specific crewmembers at these different stages. The screenwriter who translates the novel into the screenplay, the cinematographer who composes and lights each shot, and the director who brings all the elements together via premise or theme; each alludes to the notion of interpretation that I see as being part of the category of interpretant. Later in this chapter I look at intermediality, which encompasses this idea of the separate or in-between moments.

The role of the individual in the industrial film crew model

Filmmaking is contingent: a screenwriter alone does not make a film, an editor is rarely the one who photographs the film, a director often doesn’t have the technical know-how to create a sound scape. Each stage of filmmaking, each department, relies on another to make the films we watch, and it is not just their technical skill set that they contribute. Just as artists bring their personal experiences and sensibilities to their art, the key creative crew of different mediums within a film’s long

production, draw on life experience, beliefs and even memory as they make interpretive choices. Alice Healy uses the term 'cinematic translation' when referring to the adaptation of a novel to the screen. Like Venuti, Healy sees the contribution of the filmmaker as a vital part in the adaptation process. She notes the difference in history and politics in Australia between the publication of the novel, Lilian’s Story, and the screen adaptation by Jerzy Domaradzki, released in 1996. Healy believes the contribution of the director, Domaradzki (a Polish immigrant) and his cinematographer Slawomir Idziak, (also Polish) are significant in terms of their personal journeys as immigrants and how this ‘Polish aesthetic’ and the ‘consciously poetic’ background of these two key creative filmmakers allowed Sydney to be ‘seen through fresh eyes’.

Domaradzki’s cinematographer, fellow Pole Slawomir Idziak, presents us with an unconventional series of images of the city, far removed from the harsh sunlight depicted in classical Australian cinema or the major icons presented in tourist films and advertising... Thus, in the opening sequence, Sydney is shown through Lilian’s eyes as she peers out of the moving taxi... It could be any city, yet the visual language of the film-makers is unmistakably European.

Healy believes the Polish duo, as director and cinematographer, have taken the novel and concentrated more on the madness of the lead character, who was a famous eccentric, whereas Grenville’s novel looks

42 Kate Grenville, Lilian’s Story (Sydney: Allen & Unwin, 1984).
43 Jerzy Domaradzki, ”Lilian’s Story,” (Beyond Distribution, 1996).
44 Healy, 166.
45 Ibid.
at Lillian’s life in terms of the vast changes socially and politically in Australia from Federation to the 1960s.\textsuperscript{46} Healy’s paper touches on the contribution of the director and cinematographer, but mostly looks at the ideas of translation generally. I am interested in exploring the decisions made by a director and cinematographer to investigate \textit{why}, for example, this Polish team chose to shoot a version of Sydney in such a ‘European’ way; with un-characteristic grey skies, framing out the vastness of the horizon over the sea, replacing it with buildings, city streets, urban landscapes, a hue of sombre grey rather than the usual Paul Hogan ‘put-another-shrimp-on-the-barbie’ big blue skies and Bondi beach backdrops. I believe how they saw and experienced the world influenced their cinematic translation. In my own cinematic translation of Hall’s novel, \textit{Love Without Hope}, once I allowed myself to fully own the story, there are similar aspects of my own essential ways of seeing and interpreting the world that were the driving creative force behind how I wrote the final draft. It is this level of translation that I am interested in pursuing, for it contributes to the idea of how to translate and visualise the premise and emotion in the source text.

\textbf{The translation of emotion}

The translation of emotion through the language of cinema is one of the most difficult jobs a director has when working with actors on a scene. It is not enough to simply tell an actor to \textit{look sad}, for sadness is relative, just ask Kuleshov.\textsuperscript{47} The contribution of the setting, where the actor sits,

\textsuperscript{46} Ibid., 163.

\textsuperscript{47} Lev Kuleshov was a Soviet filmmaker of the 1910s and 1920s who experimented and researched the effect of juxtaposing images together during the editing stage of making a film. He cut the same image of an actor with three different images – a hot plate of food, a girl in a coffin, and a pretty woman lying on a couch. Audiences were amazed at the performance of the actor stating how he looked ‘hungry, then sad, then lustful’. 22
what she is wearing, the colour, texture, design of her costume, the lighting and how she is framed, the lines of dialogue written and the placement of the scene in the overall structure of the film, assists in helping an actor’s performance reveal emotion that sparks empathy in an audience. In *The Hours: Weaving a Fabric of Empathy*, Joseph Daniele proposes that in the ‘best novel-to-film adaptations, a powerful translation of emotion occurs’. He calls it ‘an emotional mimesis’, the idea being that a *good* adaptation to film is one that has the ability to imitate the emotions a character feels in a scene. Daniele believes that it is something that literature has long been able to do, yet he was surprised to find that he was in denial that a film had the ability to ‘make me think like Woolf can’, when he viewed Stephen Daldry’s 2002 film, *The Hours*. Daniele attributes the success of the screen adaptation, based on Michael Cunningham’s novel of the same name, to the actors in the film. He believes the emotions that are so well translated from the novel to the screen are not from the ‘mere images, but from the performance of its actors’. He sees the emotions ‘fashioned by the prose onto the screen’ are provided by the actors who are ‘the medium through which these emotions travel’. So impressed is Daniele by the performances of the three main actors in this film – Nicole Kidman, Julianne Moore and Meryl Streep – that his entire attitude to the medium of film has changed from one of disdain and vacuous entertainment, to one of great praise. He says that films like *The Hours* show a ‘...medium
that has the potential to convey, by way of its actors, emotions to a degree of efficacy that even the finest prose can only hope to accomplish'.54

Daniele touches on the translation of emotion via an actor's performance. By contrast, I argue that this performance comes from lengthy discussions between actor and director after each has done his or her own analysis and interpretation of the screenplay; the actor does not work alone on a film. I also argue that emotion is translated through the language of cinema, the frame, depth of field, lighting, choice of film stock and filters, which are all in the toolbox of the cinematographer. Further, the input of the director on performance, the pacing and rhythm of the edit and sound design, costume and setting, cannot be ignored when acknowledging the transference of emotion in cinema to the audience.

Nicole Kidman, in her Oscar winning speech for her role as Virginia Woolf in The Hours, thanks the screenwriter/adaptor David Hare for his words, stating, "David Hare you gave me the most magnificent words to say".55 The dialogue written for an actor can hold the subtext of emotion that is then enhanced by a performance.

It is interesting to note that the real Virginia Woolf's take on cinema in 1926 was, like Daniele, initially one of disdain. In her essay 'The Cinema', first published in the journal The Nation and Athenaeum, Woolf was scathing of cinema in general and screen adaptations in particular, noting that the alliance of the two produced a work that was parasitic and representations too simplistic – ‘A kiss is love. A broken cup is jealousy. A grin is happiness. Death is a hearse.'56 Woolf believed that it was only

54 Ibid.
when cinema stopped trying to ‘connect the pictures with the book’\textsuperscript{57} that it had any hope of finding itself worthy as an art form. Despite this disdain, Woolf acknowledged that within cinema there was potential for emotion and thought to ‘be conveyed by shape more effectively than by words’.\textsuperscript{58} In reference to a ‘shadow shaped like a tadpole’ that appeared in the ’corner of the screen’ for only a moment in the 1920 German silent horror film \textit{The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari}, Woolf admits the image of the shadow ‘seemed to be fear itself, and not the statement “I am afraid”’.\textsuperscript{59} She goes on to suggest that cinema has the power to ‘grasp innumerable symbols for emotions that have so far failed to find expression’.\textsuperscript{60} As cinema and filmmaking advanced, what Woolf glimpsed in 1926 is now a cinematic language that has the ability, through visual metaphor, performance, juxtaposition of sound, music and pacing to translate internal emotion to an audience without the need for words. Later in my thesis I will look further into this notion of the translation of emotion, via premise, in the case study and textual analysis of Minghella’s \textit{Cold Mountain}. For now, I will look at who is writing about the role of film production in the field of adaptation studies.

\textbf{Adaptation Studies – Specifically Film Adaptation}

Adaptation studies is an established scholarly field. Up until the mid 1990s, however, the majority of scholars writing in this field drew on the fundamental difference between novel and film inaugurated by George Bluestone’s approach, which ‘placed novels in the word camp and films

\begin{itemize}
\item \textsuperscript{57} Ibid.
\item \textsuperscript{58} Ibid., 3.
\item \textsuperscript{59} Ibid.
\item \textsuperscript{60} Ibid.
\end{itemize}
in the image camp'.\textsuperscript{61} It is only relatively recently that novel to screen adaptation studies have gone beyond the fidelity mode of analysis. Cinema is a visual medium. The intention of the filmmaker is to show, rather than tell an audience a story through the use of cinematic tools. The task of the director, as Bluestone points out in his seminal work, \textit{Novels into Film}, is the same as that of the novelist, to ‘make you see’.\textsuperscript{62} If we agree that making \textit{you see} relates to enabling the reader/viewer to find meaning and understanding of the narrative through seeing ‘visually through the eye or imaginatively through the mind’\textsuperscript{63} then we can understand why Bluestone points out that ‘...between the percept of the visual image and the concept of the mental image lies the root difference between the two media’.\textsuperscript{64} Yet his idea of the ‘mental image’, which he associates with the novel only, is a significant part of how the two mediums \textit{are} joined, and that it is the interiority of emotion and overarching premise which the screenwriter, and later director and cinematographer, keeps as a ‘mental image’ in their individual psyche, in the way they each \textit{feel} about the original source of the novel, that I believe influences what gets translated into the ‘visual image’. Even when vast changes take place in the adaptation process, there can be a lasting mental image that could be called \textit{feeling} or \textit{mood}, that I argue contributes to, and are aspects of, the overarching premise of a film. In Chapter Two I explore the notion of premise further, defining the term and its use in my research.

\textsuperscript{61} George Bluestone, \textit{Novels into Film} (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1957/2003), 1.
\textsuperscript{62} Ibid.
\textsuperscript{63} Ibid.
\textsuperscript{64} Ibid.
Film words

Kamilla Elliott ponders the consideration of ‘film words’\textsuperscript{65} in the novel to film debate that exists within adaptation studies broadly, and film adaptation studies specifically. She takes Keith Cohen to task over his reference to literary film adaptations as ‘seeing words change into images’\textsuperscript{66} for in only acknowledging the literature of the novel in a film adaptation, it does not acknowledge the words that abound in films, which for Elliot includes ‘sound dialogue, intertitles, subtitles, voice-over narration, credits and words on sets and props’.\textsuperscript{67} When I first read the ‘words on sets’ of this last quote, I was excited that a film adaptation scholar was acknowledging the words of dialogue, debate and collaboration that occur on a film set by a plethora of crew and cast, however I soon realised she was referring to the words on the set, such as signage, street names, coffee brands of props and so forth. Elliot does, however, note that the screenplay is stripped of its ‘verbal identity’ when it is referred to as ‘a technical blue-print for putting together bits of sight and sound’.\textsuperscript{68} I argue that the term ‘film words’ could be used to investigate words that include dialogue between a director and cinematographer around the analysis of a screenplay, or the written notes that each key creative crewmember brings to the conversation with a director around the film they will soon be making, notes on theme and structure, and interpretations of character. These written and spoken words surround the process of the adaptation of a novel as it heads towards the screen, and as such are linguistic artefacts that need to be included in any analysis of screen adaptation. The notion of an

\textsuperscript{66} Ibid., 2.
\textsuperscript{67} Ibid.
\textsuperscript{68} Ibid., 3.
anterior text, one that comes earlier in time to the completed text, is dealt with in the study of hypertextuality and intermediality.

**Hypertextuality – the relation between one text and an anterior text**

Robert Stam has edited a three-book series – two co edited with Alessandra Raengo 69 – that concentrate on literature and film, with a particular focus on the history of the novel and its ‘rewritten’ form in ‘cinematic adaptations’, and the ‘relation between filmic and literary writing’.70 A significant body of work, it aims to go beyond the notion of fidelity in a screen adaptation and the traditional idea of the comparison of novel to film mode of analysis, instead investigating ‘broader questions of transtextuality and intermediality’.71 Transtextuality refers to ‘all that which puts one text in relation, whether manifest or secret, with other texts’.72 It is Stam’s fifth type of transtextuality that is of interest to my research. He calls it hypertextuality: ‘a relation between one text (called hypertext) to an anterior text (or hypotext) which the former text transforms, modifies, elaborates or extends.’73 This level of modification and change, and the process of selecting, writing and re-writing, is precisely what a screenwriter does when she selects and condenses a novel to bring it into the screenplay. This screenplay is at once the hypertext (the modified text) from the novel, but then becomes the hypotext (the original text) as the source used by the director and


71 Ibid.

72 Stam & Raengo, (2005),27. For more on the five types of transtextuality, see Stam & Raengo., (2005),9-27

73 Ibid. (my italic emphasis)
cinematographer as they prepare, and then film, the shots and necessary coverage to create a set of rushes for the editor. Again, it could be argued, the rushes, or dailies, are the next level of hypotext, or earlier text, that is a source for the final structured and edited version of the story (hypertext), the screened film.

Remembering Stam's definition of transtextuality as texts in relation to other texts, there are many unknown, and therefore 'secret' parts of a film production that have not been investigated in terms of screen adaptation. By breaking down each stage of production around the novel to screen into hypotexts (ones that come before) and altered hypertexts, or 'texts' within their own right – screenplay, pre-production, rushes from production, the edit, and finally the screened film – Stam's notion of hypertextuality could allow each stage of a novel's adaptation to the screen to be acknowledged as a point of expertise, a point of modification and change by distinct technical and creative crew, before handing on their work to the next stage in the industrial film-making model. As another way of explaining the work by individuals and acknowledging their contributions as 'texts' or 'media', it is of interest to look at the study of intermediality.

**Intermediality**

According to Agnes Petho, intermediality as a study in its own right 'has emerged as one of the most challenging concepts in media theory', mostly because of the 'highly controversial... assumptions regarding the nature of mediality itself'. Intermediality looks at what sits between media, both in terms of the literal and the conceptual, it relates to the

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‘interconnectedness of modern media... both explicitly and implicitly’.\textsuperscript{75} It is the conceptual and implicit that I believe is the most interesting aspect of this study, for it speaks of the individual’s interpretive choices, their ideas and thoughts, as valid contributions to all forms of media. The term ‘intermedia’ comes from a 1966 essay by Dick Higgins in which he comments that ‘much of the best work being produced today seems to fall between media’.\textsuperscript{76} Whilst the term ‘intermediality’ has been around since the 1990s, it seems to still be seeking a definition or clarification such that each use of the term is defined by the author for the purposes of the research, be it intermediality in film studies, art history, sociology, communications and so on.\textsuperscript{77} Perhaps part of the debate and complications of definitions around intermediality is the seemingly close relationship intermediality has to intertextuality.

\textbf{Intermediality and Intertextuality}

Irena Rajewsky sees intertextuality as a way of theorising intermedial references, but that it is important to define the term ‘text’ and how the idea of intertextuality is being used.\textsuperscript{78} Intertextuality acknowledges that a text ‘cannot exist as a hermetic or self-sufficient whole, and so does not function as a closed system’.\textsuperscript{79} In literature, intertextuality, in a broad sense, is about the referencing of other literary texts within the original text, be it through a character’s name or description, a line from a poem,

\begin{itemize}
\item \textsuperscript{75} Klaus Bruhn Jensen, "Intermediality" the International Encyclopedia of Communication Theory and Philosophy, (2016). 1.
\item \textsuperscript{76} Worton & Still (as cited in P Prayer Elmo Raj, "Text/Texts: Interrogating Julia Kristeva’s Concept of Intertextuality," Ars Artium (2015): 77.)
\item \textsuperscript{78} Ibid., 54.
\item \textsuperscript{79} Worton & Still (in Raj)
\end{itemize}
a place, or a reference to a style. It entails bringing that other text into the new text and assisting in creating an understanding of the newer text. Intermediality acknowledges that the same kind of referencing or remediation can occur within media, be it art, digital displays, cinema, television or sound scapes, but it goes a step further by pointing to the media that occurs in the in-between moments that contribute to a media product, the conceptual and implicit moments. The difference, as I see it, is that in intertextuality the reference is something that is known or expected to be known by the reader, such as a social movement, or a famous poem or reference to an author, character or novel, and whilst this is also the case in many forms of intermediality, it is the media in-between that may never be noticed or acknowledged by the viewer that I see as interesting, such as the notes and drawings of a cinematographer, or even the collection of images, photos and paintings that inspire the look a cinematographer creates when they read the screenplay. That media is inside, is part of, has become the media.

Australian cinematographer Geoff Simpson, when working on the adaptation of Oscar and Lucinda (1997), notes the collaborative and creative period of pre production where he worked with the production designer, Luciana Arrighi and costume designer Janet Patterson, along with director Gillian Armstrong. In an interview, Simpson told me that they met together for hours at a time looking at photo books and paintings, flicking through the images that each of them had brought to the meeting, talking about how these images related to the film, what the light of the early Sydney docks might look like with smoke.

All these references ended up on Luci’s designing area out in Glebe, where we had this giant kind of panorama of the whole

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film, from scene one to the end. Where there is everything from Janet’s strips of colour swatches from material, there would be various photographs that would give a feeling of the Australian landscape, photographs of early Australian paintings to stills. So you’d end up with, like, colour, photographs, prints of paintings, then set drawings underneath.  

Agnes Petho acknowledges that the ‘inter’ is allowing the field of intermediality to ‘focus on relationships, rather than structures’, and it is this focus on relationships, specifically the relationship between a cinematographer and director, working from the ‘media’ of a screenwriter’s screenplay, that I see as an area of growth and exploration for the field of intermediality.

The work of Petho is of interest to my research as she specifically looks at intermediality in relation to cinema (as opposed to video, television and digital displays, what she calls ‘post-cinema’). Petho’s book, *Cinema and Intermediality: The Passion for the In-Between* analyses the works of Goddard, Hitchcock and Agnes Varda, finding in these filmmakers’ oeuvre work that explores ‘the poetics of intermediality in cinema (Hitchcock at the juncture of classical cinema and modernism, and Godard at the juncture of modernism and post-modernism)’. The use of paintings in Hitchcock’s psychological dramas that challenge the sanity of both character and viewer is an example of the remediation Petho is

82 Petho, 1.
83 Ibid., 2.
84 Ibid., 3.(parentheses in original quote)
investigating; painting re-framed by the cinematic frame in a metaleptic fashion, creating a new context and meaning.\textsuperscript{85}

Intermediality is not, however, simply the repurposing of media in cinema, it can also be found in the self-reflexive way in which the filmmaker’s own narrative is embedded in the narrative of the film, as can be seen in the work of Agnes Varda. Petho believes most of Varda’s work can be ‘defined as an “artifice” between two layers of the “real”’. One is the reality of her personal world as the author and narrator of the film, the other is the ‘reality captured by cinema verite style cinematography’.\textsuperscript{86} Anthony Minghella also gives an example of the self-reflexive contribution to his work when he talks about his film \textit{The Talented Mr Ripley} (1999), a story of a man, Ripley (Matt Damon), so desperate to join the rich and beautiful class that he commits murder. Coming from a working class background strongly influenced Minghella’s filming of \textit{Ripley}.\textsuperscript{87} In the scene where Ripley and Dickie (Jude Law) are on a boat, where Dickie is killed, Minghella says that when filming it he was thinking, ‘That’s San Remo 1959, I was there on that beach. I could be on that beach right now’. He explains that his parents had taken him to the beach when he was five, and that when filming the scene he began ‘looking around this beach hoping to find myself’, that he was thinking of ‘my own feelings about being in Italy, my own relationship to Fellini and Italian Cinema. What I was delivering in that film was something almost solipsistic. That’s the fact of it, and the rest of it is just blubber. It’s just stuff’.\textsuperscript{88} These personal emotions, memories and triggers of the subconscious inform the aesthetic of an artwork, not always in the tangible, but in the implicit and conceptual dimensions.

\textsuperscript{85} Ibid., 7.
\textsuperscript{86} Ibid., 12.
\textsuperscript{87} Mario Falsetto, \textit{Anthony Minghella: Interviews} (Univ. Press of Mississippi, 2013), Introduction xv.
\textsuperscript{88} Ibid.
It is in Petho’s ideas of the ‘in-between’ \(^9\) that I see my contribution to the field of intermediality studies, for the in-between acknowledges that the creation of media is not a two-stage production that consists of a moment when there is no media, and then another moment when there is finished media. Petho sees the ‘inter’ in ‘intermediality’, when it specifically relates to cinema, as indicating that something ‘happens’ in between media. \(^9\) Rajewsky also points to the individual contribution of creative practitioners and the ‘materiality and mediality of artistic practices and of cultural practices in general’, as she explains the broader ideas that sit under the ‘umbrella-term’ of intermediality. \(^9\) An example of a cinematographer’s contribution to the in-between moments can be found in Jane Castle’s observations about the influences that contributed to the look of some of the music clips she filmed in the 1990s.

I try to imbibe a sort of style or attitude towards it (the music clip) and then push that through, try to get a different feel, not wanting to shoot everything the same. I might see something like the door and it could subconsciously remind me of something else that I might have seen and I will try and bring that feel back into that image. It might be other movies... On the clip for a band called Material Issue, called Valerie, we looked at Godard, sort of ’60s black and white films, lots of horizontals and verticals, those ’60s New Wave films, that sort of look. It was pretty successful.\(^9\)

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\(^9\) Petho, 1.
\(^9\) Ibid.
\(^9\) Rajewsky, 44.
Music clips have long had a narrative aspect, with a visual story being told alongside the song's lyrics. Castle's remediation of the New Wave look of Godard's films into her 1991 music clip is an example of the kind of research and pre-production planning that goes into the visual style of a film-based media project, and an example of intermediality as a conceptual influence on the overall look and feel of the music clip. Her reference to the subconscious feel of a memory of a door also alludes to the self-reflexive aspect of intermediality within the work of a cinematographer. Another subsection of the field of screen adaptation that is of use to my research can be found in the idea of the 'makers'.

Makers

James Naremore's praise of the 1948 essay by French film theorist Andre Bazin – "Adaptation, or the Cinema as Digest", acknowledges the ideas of making and recycling. Naremore believes that it was time (in 2000) that scholars and writers of adaptation 'recognize what Bazin saw in 1948'. He contends that

the study of adaptation needs to be joined with the study of recycling, remaking, and every other form of retelling in the age of mechanical reproduction -


94 My use of the term 'Makers' comes at a time when there is a resurgence of the concept and praise for The Maker, part of the Makers' Movement, that started in the mid 2000s, as both an environmental stand point of not throwing things away (recycling), but also just to praise the tinker, the maker. My use of the term relates to the act of making art, for this is how I see the work done 'behind the scenes' (literally) of a film crew as they prepare, write, re write, shoot, make, contemplate, have dialogue and re shoot, the footage that becomes a film. For more on Makers, see http://p2pfoundation.net/Maker_Movement & http://www.techshop.ws/images/0071821139%20Maker%20Movement%20Manifesto%20Sample%20Chapter.pdf (retrieved 10/9/15).

and electronic communication. By this means, adaptation will become part of a general theory of repetition, and adaptation study will move from the margins to the center of contemporary media studies.\textsuperscript{96}

For me, this work links back to the idea of the maker, and his or her role in recycling, re-making and re-telling. This occurs in a plethora of moments in filmmaking and between filmmakers, whether it is recycling ideas from previous versions or drafts of a screenplay, or re making (re-filming) a sequence because it either didn’t work, or ’fit’ the scene the filmmakers were working on. There are many of these kinds of creative moments that hide inside the production process of making a film, yet have the capacity to reveal much about visualising the ‘internal’ emotion and premise as novel becomes film.

**An example of a ‘moment’ in film production**

It may be of use to give the reader a ‘taste’ of what I mean by moments in film production. Below is an example of something that occurs in filmmaking that is not often considered important or in need of analysis, that is in fact unknown to those outside of the film making, or film fan world, yet may give an example of what I believe Naremore is hinting at when he speaks of the ‘recycling, remaking, and every other form of retelling’\textsuperscript{97} in screen adaptation.

When an editor receives all of the rushes from the film’s shoot, he or she does what is called an assembly, putting the different clips onto the

\textsuperscript{96} Ibid.

\textsuperscript{97} Ibid.
‘timeline’\textsuperscript{98} to make a scene. A clip, for example, could be the establishing shot of the location, such as the apartment block where the main protagonist lives. Next to this clip, the editor ‘cuts’ to inside the apartment, where the young woman sits perhaps painting her toenails. A variety of different ‘shot sizes’, a close up, mid shot, wide shot, tracking or moving shot, have been filmed to obtain coverage of this scene, so that we are not just looking at the room in a wide shot; so that we go beyond the fourth wall of a proscenium arch view of the world. After the shots are put together on the timeline, a second or ‘tighter’ edit is done to allow for the timing of the scene to be correct. This could include moving time along more quickly, or for time to be extended to allow for a more pensive ‘feel’ of the scene. Sometimes at this point, the editor, with or without the director, realises that something is missing in the scene, a moment when he needs the character to be expressing a certain \textit{emotion} that is absent from the footage supplied to the editor, but that no one was aware would be needed until this moment of the process, when the shots filmed for this scene are put together in the edit. That something is missing may only be recognised days or weeks after the film has ‘wrapped’.\textsuperscript{99} It is at this moment that an editor (or usually his or her assistant under instruction) will look at the ‘outtakes’ from the rushes for a particular shot of, let’s say the actress ‘looking sad’. Drawing on the knowledge of Kuleshov’s work in montage, the editor could instruct his assistant to ‘find me all of the close ups of Sarah, anything you can find’. Outtakes can be the bits and pieces of a shot that have been cut out and ‘discarded’ at an earlier phase of editing, the tops and tails of a shot, that are found again and put back into another section of the scene. They could also be a piece of footage that was never intended for a particular

\textsuperscript{98}This allows an editor to lay their filmed material out in a linear fashion horizontally across a monitor \url{http://www.webopedia.com/TERM/T/timeline.html} retrieved 11/9/15

\textsuperscript{99}‘Wrapped’ is the end of filming when the crew is off the payroll, sets taken down, and the actor has moved on to another film and cannot easily be asked to return.
scene, yet is found in the footage after the director has called ‘cut’ and the actor stops performing. At this point on a film set, after the director calls ‘cut’, the face of the actor often relaxes and they stay in that moment just long enough to allow the section, or ‘clip’, to be used by the editor. Often the actor is just pausing after his or her performance and hasn’t yet moved; she could be thinking about anything but her performance, which is often why her face is so relaxed and natural.

The juxtaposition of this moment of the actor sitting, staring at the ground, not moving, alongside the existing edit of the scene, has often solved the missing emotion of a scene. Cinematographers, including myself, purposely keep filming for a few beats after the director says cut, in order to capture the ‘real’ of the actor’s face, without the actor being aware. To an untrained eye, or even just someone watching the actor at this moment, the change may not be significant, yet in a close up where the actor’s face fills the frame, this miniscule change of mood or attitude can be profound, and extremely useful later when the film is put together by the editing team.

If we think about the way those few seconds of footage end up in a scene of a screen adaptation, and ponder the many moments that we, as an audience, have watched a film and ‘felt’ the emotion of a scene we remember so well from the novel, then it may be worth considering the process of identifying when this moment was ‘captured’ during filming, how the actor came to reveal this emotion so well, or even who it was that contributed or even ‘found’ this moment during the process of film production. The important thing to point out is that by knowing the story intimately, having analysed the screenplay and discussed it with the director, the editor knew what was missing in the scene, and what was needed in order for the emotion of that scene to be translated to the audience. These moments of filmmaking are examples of how a more
scholarly focus could be given to the different stages of film production and *how* a screen adaptation is formed and informed.

**Beyond the two-text comparison mode: who is adapting?**

Two journals, *Adaptation: The Journal of Literature on Screen Studies*, launched in 2008, and *The Journal of Adaptation in Film and Performance*, launched in 2007, look at the field from the perspective of researchers predominately in literature and film.\(^{100}\) Leo Chan notes that a more specific field of adaptation needs its own distinction, Film Adaptation Studies\(^{101}\) (or Screen Adaptation). The benefit of this, for my own research, is that it allows for a concentrated look at the film production stages that occur in the adaptation of a novel to the screen. There are also a few scholars who ask the pertinent question of *who is adapting?*

Brett Westbrook observes that ‘comparison’ is still the mainstay of adaptation studies: no one is writing about just the film or just the novel.\(^{102}\) Westbrook highlights the limitations of this comparison-only theory by drawing on the Derridean notion of text, where ‘there is nothing in the world that is not ‘textual’, but rather a ‘complex weave of elements’ that ‘means that nothing stands gloriously alone’.\(^{103}\) Westbrook’s work supports my own in that it asks the question, *Who is adapting?*\(^{104}\) It goes beyond the auteur notion that it is only the director who makes a film to acknowledge the work of others. Westbrook observes


\(^{101}\) Ibid.


\(^{103}\) Ibid., 26.

\(^{104}\) Ibid., 34.
that: ‘Directors have their scripts; actors and cinematographers have theirs. Scripts are revised, sometimes over and over, while the film is being shot, as the dailies105 reveal issues with acting, the set etc.’106 Films fit a commercial and industrial model that has, from its beginnings, been separated from the high art of literature and theatre, painting and sculpture. As screen studies and film theory established themselves in universities, film as text gained a place in the world of art. It took longer for screen adaptation to rid itself of the fidelity of comparison that left film in second place against the novel it was derived from. Yet as film and screen adaptation studies shifted and changed to include computer games, social media, graphic novels and all aspects of the emerging new media world in which we live, there is space, finally, to focus on the film production process. Time to allow it to step out from the shadow of craft and commercial industry practice and see it as the art form it is, one that contributes to, collaborates on, and produces the films and screen adaptations writers and scholars have been praising and analysing for decades.

The newer fields of study – screenwriting, and screen production research

Andrea D. Fitzpatrick’s work on the visual metaphor and its place in screen adaptation acknowledges the contingent nature of the metaphor ‘upon cultural and historical contexts’ making them ‘unstable and open to a range of interpretations.107 Fitzpatrick uses the discipline of art history in her analysis of the visual metaphors in Ang Lee’s screen adaptation of

105 A reminder that the term ‘dailies’ is an American term used for the footage ‘shot’ on a film set each day of production; the film or digital media ‘captured’ by the camera. The Australian term is ‘rushes’.
106 Westbrook, 26
Brokeback Mountain (2005), as she sees art history as ‘a discipline that has been sensitive to metaphor, allegory, narratives, formal qualities, and visuality’. She argues that art history’s methodology of interdisciplinarity and intertextuality is useful as a methodology in adaptation studies, as it involves a ‘concern for the processes of transformation between ideas and ‘text’ (artistic and theoretical) from one medium to another’. The same could be said for the newer fields of screenwriting research, and screen production research, for both are concerned with metaphor, narratives, formal qualities and visuality. The former’s obvious connection to intertextuality when it comes to a novel to screenplay adaptation, the second’s connection to both intertextuality (text as any of the literary artefacts that surround the interpretive choices and contributions of key crew), and interdisciplinarity, with its connection the other fields interested in the novel to screen adaptation and translation. Fitzpatrick acknowledges ‘three of the Brokeback Mountain texts (the story, the screenplay, and the film), and it is the screenplay as a standalone text that sits at the core of the relatively new field of screenwriting research.

Screenwriting research

Leo Tolstoy predicted the power that cinema would one day have when, on his 80th birthday in 1908, he proclaimed that the ‘little clinking contraption’ would revolutionise the ‘life of writers’, and that to survive, writers needed to ‘adapt’ to the ‘shadowy screen and... the cold

108 Ibid., 99.
109 Ibid.
110 Ibid., 101.
machine’. It would take another century before that kind of writing – the screenplay – was valued as a literary art worthy of academic attention, now known as screenwriting research.

Ann Ingelstrom divides the field into two different strands, one focusing on the process of writing, the other interested in the screenplay as a ‘text-type’, whereby each draft of a screenplay can be ‘examined in its own right as an ‘enabling document’, that is ‘necessary for the production’ of the film. My interests fall in the ‘text-type’ category, specifically in relation to identifying the differences in drafts of the same screenplay, and what factors and/or individuals in pre-production contribute to the alteration of these screenplay drafts. Later in Chapter Two, through a close textual analysis of two drafts of Anthony Minghella’s screenplay adaptation Cold Mountain (2002, 2003), I discuss how stages of production and individuals involved in the making of the film may have influenced and contributed to the changes Minghella, as screenwriter, made to these two screenplay drafts. As Kamilla Elliot observes, the director as auteur has had his place in the sun since the Cahiers du Cinema movement ‘usurped the language of authorship from the screenwriter for the director, who subsequently became the auteur of the film’. Yet the focus has finally turned back to the screenwriter as having his/her own, and well-deserved, place in the authorship of a film.

111 Leo Tolstoy, 1908, as cited in Cecile Starr, Discovering the Movies: An Ill. Introd. To the Motion Picture (Van Nostrand Reinhold, 1972).


113 Technically I am also using another draft screenplay of Cold Mountain, done in June 2002 in my comparative study, however it is an unpublished screenplay and I only have access to the screenwriting via the small sections published in a paper by Sarah Jane Dickenson (2013). Later in my thesis I will explain more of how I am using Dickenson’s paper.

114 Elliott, 6.
The screenplay in the novel to film adaptation

The screenplay is the first stage where a novel is altered, adapted and translated by the screenwriter. My interest in the screenplay and screenwriter’s contribution to the adaptation of the novel to film lies in the collaborative nature of filmmaking. I am interested in how the screenwriter writes for a director and cinematographer, and how the latter duo interprets the words on a page and ‘listen’ to the screenwriter. In the field of screenwriting research, much has been written on the value of the screenplay as a stand-alone text separating the screenplay from the film it aims to be. Corley and Megel observe that screenplays ‘are not simply read, but, as with poetry, are received on many levels’. One level is the interpretive analysis that occurs in pre-production when a director and his cinematographer break down the screenplay in preparation to film it. Kerrigan and Batty observe that screenwriting is ‘a practice that relies on other practices and practitioners to enact its intentions’. As director/screenwriter Anthony Minghella points out, ‘The screenplay is the notes, and then you play them’. And just as a musician may write a symphony for many instruments – the trumpet, piano and violin for example – so too the screenwriter writes for a small, but technically varied reader, such as the cinematographer, director and actor. Investigating the screenplay for evidence of these different readers, exploring how the screenwriter communicates to them individually whilst also collectively, makes the screenplay text useful for analysis, and

will assist in the understanding of film production in a novel-to-screen adaptation.

The ‘bilingual’ screenwriter

It is only in the past decade that the screenplay has received the scholarly attention it deserves. The current field of research acknowledges that the different skillset and creative expertise of the readers of the screenplay requires a different kind of writing. The screenplay must be a stand-alone satisfying read, just as any well-written novel, poem or play. Like a play it also requires writing for the director and actor about emotion, alluding to important sound effects such as a phone ringing, an alarm clock going off, or noting that a room is ‘bright’ to give a clue to the production and lighting designer of how the set may be painted, decorated, and lit without blatantly saying as much. It is to the cinematographer, however, that the screenplay comes into its own by its ability to suggest details of coverage or framing without ever using technical terms. Writing action for a character that has them clutch at rosary beads, or press a fatal switch, for example, whispers visual ideas to the director and cinematographer without ever referring to the filmic process, nor mentioning words like camera, frame or close up. Ann Ingelstrom refers to this writing as a the ‘Fictional Voice’ of the screenwriter, directing ‘the reader’s visualisations’, indicating the camera directions, such as a close up or wide shot, without breaking the fictional world by referring to direct film production techniques. Unlike the ‘Extrafictional Voice’ often found in screenplays, such as close on Bob,


120 Ingelstrom, 39.
and includes the scene headings (EXT., INT.), the fictional voice 'only gives information about and through the fictional world of the story'.

As Corley and Megel observe,

> We do not need to hear about dolly moves if we can create a rhythm on the page that makes the film unspool in the mind of the reader as it does in the mind of the screenwriter.\(^{122}\)

The screenwriter's succinct visuals are poetry that include subtext and visual metaphor, and their ability to write for a specific, yet creatively varied reader, lead some to describe the screenwriter as bilingual.

Olha Dovbush, writing on the semiotics of literature and cinematography, quotes Нечай who observes the 'bilingual screenwriter creates a screenplay, a so-called cinematograph in literature or literature on its way to the screen'.\(^{123}\) Dovbush calls screenwriters, 'practitioners of screen script art',\(^ {124}\) and also uses the verb *translating* rather than *adapting*, in relation to the book's conversion to the screen, referring to 'translating a book into the language of cinema'.\(^ {125}\) She notes that the screenplay is 'like a rough copy of the future screen version, some sort of verbal montage', and that it is the 'first step of intersemiotic interpreting'.\(^ {126}\) The screenplay is a medium that 'still belongs to the

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121 Ibid., 38-39.
122 Megel, 12.
123 Olha Dovbush, "The Screenplay of 'Oliver's Story' (E. Segal): On the Edge of Literature and Cinematography: (a Semiotic View)," *International English Studies Journal* 7 (2010): 117. Dovbush cites Нечай as a secondary source in her citations. Whilst the paper and majority of citations are in English, the secondary sources are not. Нечай, О. Ф. 1985. 'Основы киноискусства' [in:] Учеб. пособие для некинематографических вузов. Под ред. И. В. Вайсельда. Минск: Вышэйшая школа. I have been unable to find an English translation of this text.
124 Ibid., 118.
125 Ibid.
126 Ibid., 117
realm of literature, but at the same time it appertains to the cinema’. This idea fits well with my argument that the screenplay is but the first stage of the adaptation of novel to film, as it translates the interiority of a novel into the language of cinema. Yet a screenplay is still composed of words that need further interpretation to become images. Dovbush goes on to explain that the screenplay serves as a ‘starting tone to the whole screen talk’, and becomes a ‘uniting element for… operator, artists, composer, soundman, and of course, actors’, all of whom as ‘interpreters… can have their own vision of the movie’. The ‘screen talk’ here acknowledges the interpretive nature of the crew and cast, and refers to the distinctive stages of the collaborative film production process. Her term ‘starting tone’ may also allude to the notion of a premise, an overarching idea of a film, found inside the tone of the screenwriter’s words.

Whilst I acknowledge that the screenwriter is a poet and film whisperer, and that the screenplay is worthy of scholarly interest, it cannot be ignored that the screenplay has been, and still functions as, a starting point for a plethora of other creative practitioners to interpret, adapt, translate, contribute to, perform and make another medium out of. This is why the final field of study where my work sits, and I see as contributing to, is screen production research.

**Screen production research**

With its own field of study, screen production research enables the work of key creative filmmakers such as the director, cinematographer, sound designer, editor and production designer, to be studied, analysed and...

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127 Ibid.
128 Ibid., 117-118
investigated through the lens of the scholarly field of the research/creative practitioner. Before I consider where my work fits within this field, it may be necessary to explain the debate around the term, screen production research, and how it is positioned within the broader field of practice-based screen and media fields.

**It's all in a name: media practice, screen practice, film production...**

The Australian Screen Production Education and Research Association (ASPERA) was established in 2004 and uses the term, screen production research, in their title and publications. For my own purposes and interests, the term suits my research as I am investigating the production of screen (film) making. Like any new field of study, it can take time to establish itself, but the concept of researching the production process of any screen-based medium has long been the focus of the field, as is evidenced by Leo Berkeley's observation four years after ASPERA was established, that a 'focus on the production process may be the best chance for screen production research to define itself as a distinct field of study'. In 2015 Craig Batty observed that the issue of definition may stem from the various fields that contribute to screen production research, such as the publications of the ‘*Journal of Media Practice, Screenworks*, the *Journal of Film and Video* and the *Journal of Screenwriting*’. Batty proposes that these journals ‘...contain works relevant to screen production research, though are often fragmented – screen production in the context of general media production – and are not always brave enough to embrace the term ‘screen production

research'. He believes the term may have 'dirty connotations to an industry some see far removed from the academy', and that it may take time for the field to come into its own, just as the discipline of creative writing has. For Batty, a definition of screen production research that allows for the distinct stages of film production to be acknowledged and studied is as follows:

...the conceptualisation, development, production and reception of a screen work.

This definition allows the practice of screen production to incorporate its various stages of activity and its various stakeholders, from the screenwriter and the script development stage, to the director and the production stage, to the producer and the distribution stage.

My own research into the role of screenwriter/adaptor, and director and cinematographer when a novel heads towards the screen, contributes to the 'various stages of activity' Batty alludes to.

Separating film production practice from film and cultural studies

The term screen practice and media practice are used more widely in international research fields as is evident in the papers published in the Journal of Media Practice. By contrast, the term screen production is more often used in Australia. Yet all these terms allude to the same

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131 Ibid.
132 Ibid., 3. (Batty's italics) See also Susan Kerrigan and Craig Batty, "Looking Back in Order to Look Forward: Re-Scripting and Re-Framing Screen Production Research," (Taylor & Francis, 2015).
production practice. It is this research into practice that is the unique characteristic separating it from the more established fields of film theory, cultural theory and film studies. As Desmond Bell, writing in 2006, notes:

Most critical work on film and media texts is concerned with the discursive features of those texts and with their reception by an audience. Film studies has of late paid little critical attention to the generative or producerly activity by which a film as an art work comes into existence despite the fact that an in-depth knowledge of that generative process seems central to the proper appreciation of a work by an audience.\textsuperscript{134}

In a footnote, Bell points out that classical film theorists such as Bazin, Kraceuer and Arnheim seemed to have a deeper understanding of the ‘messy business of production’ than the later and ‘more contemporary academic specialists’.\textsuperscript{135} Leo Berkeley also cites theorists of practice such as Bourdieu, de Certeau, Bakhtin and Schon as having a ‘perspective that resonates with the circumstances of the filmmaker, faced with the pressures, uncertainties and myriad contingencies of making a creative work that does not yet exist’.\textsuperscript{136} Each acknowledges that investigation and research around practice, and research through practice, hold the key to the success of screen production research. My next chapter uses the film \textit{Cold Mountain} (2003) and the collaboration of John Seale and Anthony Minghella, as cinematographer and screenwriter/director respectively, to explore how this is done.

\textsuperscript{134} Bell, 86.
\textsuperscript{135} Ibid., Footnote.
\textsuperscript{136} Berkeley, 1.
Chapter Two: The screen adaptation of *Cold Mountain* as case study

In this chapter I examine the adaptation of Charles Frazier's novel, *Cold Mountain* (1997) into the film (2003) by the late screenwriter/director Anthony Minghella. I conduct a comparative study of the use of dialogue and big print in a selected scene in the screenplay in contrast to the language used in the original novel. I then analyse the corresponding scene in the film, to highlight the way a screenplay's use of subtext and visual metaphor assist in conveying the interiority of a character's thoughts and/or emotions to become visible in a film, without the prop of voice over. I also investigate how an overall premise can be found in a six-word sentence in the final draft of the screenplay for this film. Using these six words to conduct a close textual analysis, I examine earlier drafts of the screenplay as well as the novel, to find evidence of the process of how this six-word sentence found its way so succinctly and intact into the final draft, and what it may stand for. Lastly, using published interview material with Minghella and my own interviews with the Australian cinematographer John Seale, who shot the film, I explore the collaboration of director and cinematographer working together to visualise the interiority of the words in the screenplay. I also discuss how the cinematographer's toolkit of lens, framing, lighting and film stock enabled Seale to interpret an overall premise, I believe, that exists within the six-word sentence on page one of the 2003 screenplay. The short sentence I investigate does not stand on its own, it has come through a long journey of interpretation and adaptation, of varied drafts, discussions, changes, and decisions on set, and into post production. As Minghella observes:
...cinema can manage its own poetry. Often this is achieved by manipulating the grammar of film, where shot size, camera angle and movement, the length of a shot, the amount of light on a subject, the palate of colours and, most significantly, the edit replace the syntax of noun, verb and adjective.137

The cinematic poetry that Minghella refers to is a replacement for the words of the novel, but neither stands alone; the former informs the latter and is an act of translation and interpretation by key creative practitioners. Before I begin this analysis, it will be useful to briefly explain the differences between screenplay texts the better to understand how the changes occur between drafts of the same screenplay.

**Screenplay as a technical document and industry standard**

Screenplays are technical documents with an industry standard that equates one page of screenplay to one minute of screen time for feature films. There are many drafts of a screenplay, and the drafts used by the crew and cast can be different from the published screenplay, which is often tied in with the release of the film. For the purposes of my analysis I am using three versions of Minghella’s screenplay, two of which are published screenplays, the third of which is an unpublished section of the screenplay cited in a paper by Sarah Jane Dickenson, a academic from the University of Hull where Minghella studied and later taught. Dickenson's paper cites a few passages from two drafts of *Cold Mountain* that she may have received from Minghella in the numerous interviews she conducted

137 Bricknell, 30.
with him between 2003 and 2006. The one that is of interest to my research is dated 1st June, 2002, which was written four months after the screenplay that can be found on a number of Internet script cites, titled 'February 2002 Revised Draft'. The other screenplay I use is the Miramax Books publication of Minghella’s screenplay, which is published to coincide with the Miramax Films release starring Nicole Kidman, Jude Law, Renee Zellweger, Natalie Portman, and Philip Seymour Hoffman. It was released the same year as the film, in 2003. As my research looks at the contribution of the screenwriter, director and cinematographer, as well as acknowledging the key creative crew and main cast in the adaptation of the novel to the film, it is important to identify at what stage of pre-production or production the screenplay drafts I am using were completed, as this will shed light on what may have influenced the writing. To fully understand why this is important, we need to look at Claudia Sternberg’s research into the different readers of screenplay texts.

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139 NB When I first began this thesis, seven years ago, the full screenplay dated February 2002, Revised Draft was available on a number of sites for free. Finalising my footnotes, in mid 2017, I am unable to get access to this screenplay without agreeing to download a converter, which I am reluctant to do, in case it is a virus in disguise. http://www.simplyscripts.com/cgi-bin/search.pl?search=Cold+Mountain&method=exact - shows the February 2002 revised draft exists, as does http://www.dailyscript.com/movie.html (scroll down to Cold Mountain), however both request a converter to be added.

There is an earlier draft of Cold Mountain free to download from the Internet Movie Script Database http://www.imsdb.com/scripts/Cold-Mountain.html (Retrieved a number of times between 2013 - 2017) that is exactly the same as the one I am analysing, however without the front page that shows the February, 2002 Revised Draft title. It is an HTML file, not a PDF, as such the page numbers I reference are no longer relevant, however I will keep them in to indicate where the scene occurs in the screenplay, using the 1 page = 1 minute rule.


Readers of screenplays – Property, Blueprint and Reading Material

Claudia Sternberg breaks down the readership of screenplays into three types; ‘Property’, ‘Blueprint’ and ‘Reading Material’. During the Property stage, Sternberg defines the readers as those looking at the screenplay for ‘its qualities as a property or commodity and its saleability’. It is the next stage, however, that I believe is ripe for analysis, and Sternberg agrees it is the one that is ‘the most varied and artistically creative phase of reading’. She calls it the Blueprint Stage. The metaphor of the blueprint status of the screenplay has been used as early as 1939, and Sternberg cites a number of sources that reveal how the term blueprint has been used. Many refer to the blueprint stage screenplay as a set of technical instructions, such as an architect’s drawings for a building; others see it as a ‘structure that wants to be another structure’, or as a ‘linear construct, susceptible to considerable transformation at each given point’. It is the latter idea that is of interest to my research, for it acknowledges that at each given point of production, the screenplay is open to interpretation, translation and change by the key creative crew and main actors. Sternberg acknowledges that even the industry standard format of a screenplay lends itself to the contribution of others.

142 Sternberg, 48-59.
143 Ibid., 48 (Sternberg’s italics).
144 Ibid., 54.
145 Ibid. Another term for the blueprint screenplay is the shooting script – referring to the screenplay that is used to shoot the film. There are many drafts of a shooting script, changing sometimes month-by-month during the pre-production period as key crew and cast contribute their ideas. Once again, finding these different drafts is not easy as they are rarely published. In June 2017, I discovered that the Irvin Department of Rare Books and Special Collections’ Ernest F. Hollings Special Collections Library, at the University of South Carolina (where Charles Frazier got his PhD), holds four shooting scripts of Cold Mountain in a special small collection of scripts and film production memos relating to the adaptation production. I emailed asking for access but have not (to date) got a reply. tclrare@mailbox.sc.edu
146 Ibid., 50.
147 Ibid., 51-52.
The screenplay form separates dialogue from description and is divided into scenes in a way that allows space for notations so that every department head can focus on specific needs for each scene.\textsuperscript{148}

It is in the white space that surrounds the words of the screenplay that the individual collaborator, such as the cinematographer, jots down notes, draws frames of potential shots, or sticks photos and images they have collected; adding their technical and creative interests and sensibilities as they interpret and translate words into images. The first draft of \textit{Cold Mountain} was finished in March of 2001, and the script was ‘approved in May of 2001’.\textsuperscript{149} Pre production for the film occurred for almost a year, from May 2001 to May 2002,\textsuperscript{150} which places the February and June 2002 draft versions I use in my analysis as being written during the pre-production months. These two screenplays fit into the blueprint stage, and are documents that changed as the months of pre-production took place and the readers – cinematographer, actor and so on – interpreted and possibly contributed to, or influenced, its content.

The third set of readers identified by Sternberg is the Reading Material Stage. They are made up of film critics, ‘scholars and the public who see and read the (published) screenplay as written literature’,\textsuperscript{151} Sternberg observes these readers are not ones who interpret the screenplay in terms of the film it will make, because they are reading a published version of the screenplay that is a tie-in with the film’s release.\textsuperscript{152} She also suggests that some of these readers contribute to the belief that the

\textsuperscript{148} Bridges (as cited in Sternberg, 50).

\textsuperscript{149} Charles Frazier et al., \textit{Cold Mountain: The Journey from Book to Film} (Newmarket Pr, 2003), 28-29.

\textsuperscript{150} Ibid., 31.

\textsuperscript{151} Ibid., 57.

\textsuperscript{152} Ibid.
text of the screenplay does not deserve literary merit, and that it is the ‘reading competence of this third group of readers that needs to be strengthened’. As the screenplay is a text written for a skilled readership of film studio executives, producers, crew and cast, it may be that the layperson, and even the scholar who is not a filmmaker, is reading the text without the skillset needed to appreciate the writing. It is my hope that as a scholar, I am reading Minghella’s screenplays as literature on one level, but also through the eyes of my production background as a cinematographer, and therefore I can give each text the literary attention it deserves.

Anthony Minghella

Anthony Minghella was the screenwriter and director of three feature film adaptations, The English Patient (1996), The Talented Mr Ripley (1999), and Cold Mountain (2003). Minghella was an academic before moving into a career as a playwright (Made in Bangkok; Cigarettes and Chocolates) and television writer (Inspector Morse; Jim Henson’s The Storyteller). The success of his first feature film, directed from his original screenplay, Truly, Madly, Deeply (1990), gave him entry into the bigger budget Hollywood films where his adaptation trilogy sits. Shortly before he died in 2008, Minghella adapted and directed the TV pilot episode of The No. 1 Ladies’ Detective Agency (2008). Looking back at this body of work, Minghella’s trilogy of feature film adaptations stand out for their cinematic quality. The English Patient and Cold Mountain in particular were awarded and nominated for Academy Awards, Golden Globe and BAFTA Awards, as well as American and British Society of

153 Ibid., 58.
154 Falsetto, x.
Cinematographers, Directors Guild of America and many more.\(^{155}\) Minghella worked with the same cinematographer, John Seale, the same editor, Walter Murch, the same costume designer, Ann Roth, and the same first assistant director, Australian Steve E. Andrews, on all three films. This continuity of a key creative team of a film’s crew suggests a strong sense of like-minded collaborators, all of whom contributed their individual skill set to the collective interpretation throughout pre-production, production and post-production stages of the translation of novels into films.

Using *Cold Mountain* as a case study, I explore the relationship and contribution of three distinctive roles, the screenwriter, director and cinematographer. I separate the screenwriter from the director, despite the fact that both were Minghella, because these two positions on a film are vastly different; one is done mostly in isolation, the other done in conjunction with a crew and many heads of departments, all of whom contribute, collaborate, interpret and add to the story through their areas of expertise. Minghella acknowledges the distinction:

> I never try to censor myself when I’m writing. The madman should be writing and the sane person should be trying to work out how to do it.\(^{156}\)

The first task Minghella as screenwriter had when he began to translate Frazier’s Novel *Cold Mountain* into a screenplay, was to find ways to structure the novel’s story and key thematic elements to suit the conventions of a mainstream film and its audience’s expectations.

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\(^{155}\) For a full list of nomination and awards, see [http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0159365/awards](http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0159365/awards) for Cold Mountain, and [http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0116209/awards](http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0116209/awards) for The English Patient, which won nine Academy Awards including; Best Director and Best Cinematography, as well as Best Picture.

\(^{156}\) Bricknell, 13.
The central dramatic question

Minghella made central to his version of the story the theme of a ‘returning soldier and waiting woman’.\textsuperscript{157} This decision required the filmmaker to ‘define this central relationship before it was severed by the war’, and Minghella adds that ‘the screenplay struggled with trying to establish this relationship without overwhelming the story’.\textsuperscript{158} In Minghella’s screenplay, Ada and Inman meet in the first few pages, hence the first few minutes of the film. It is the hook that audiences of conventional three-act structure films expect; that is, a beginning that involves the love interest of these two main protagonists (played in the film by Nicole Kidman and Jude Law). The dramatic question posed in any story, prose, play, or film is ‘simply the biggest question raised in the reader’s mind, and the desire to know the answer to that question is a large part of what keeps (them) reading’.\textsuperscript{159} In screenwriting this is often called the Central or Major Dramatic Question, and in mainstream, three-act structured films it is often raised with the ‘inciting incident’, the ‘first major event of the telling... putting into motion the other four elements – Progressive Complications, Crisis, Climax, Resolution’.\textsuperscript{160} For Minghella’s version of the \textit{Cold Mountain}, the question raised is: \textit{Will Inman return from the war to Ada?}

The central dramatic question is a device used by screenwriters and makers of mainstream, contemporary cinema. It sets up, usually in the first 15-20 minutes of a standard 100-120 minute screenplay, the main protagonist(s), what they want and who is trying to stop them. \textit{Cold Mountain} is a 148-minute film. In the first few minutes the audience

\textsuperscript{157} Frazier \textit{et al}, 29.
\textsuperscript{158} Ibid.
\textsuperscript{159} Tracy Culleton, "Fiction Writer’s Mentor - Dramatic Question."
\textsuperscript{160} Robert McKee, \textit{Story: Substance, Structure, Style and the Principles of Screenwriting} (London: Methuen, 1999), 181.(McKee’s italics)
meets Inman and Ada as the protagonists; by the 31-minute mark Inman has kissed Ada just moments before he marches out of town with the rest of the Confederate army, giving us the information that we need to continue watching the film – that is, the goal of these two characters is to love each other, and the war and then the home guard is what is trying to stop them. In that half an hour we have cut ahead in narrative time and seen Inman four years into the war. The intercutting back and forth, with sparingly used voice overs of Ada reading letters she has written to Inman, connects the two and sets up the journey Inman wants to make, to return to Ada and Cold Mountain. For the audience, that first kiss 31-minutes into the film, seals the question of whether he returns to her, as Ada is heard saying, ‘I’ll be waiting for you.’ Minghella acknowledges that the novel *Cold Mountain*, ‘Boiled down to its bones... makes an irresistible case for adaptation to the screen: an honourable man, a journey, a purpose, a series of obstacles, someone waiting with forbearance, and Cold Mountain itself’. 

**Structural differences between novel and film**

The placement of this central dramatic question in the film version of *Cold Mountain* highlights the differences of the two mediums, novel and film. Minghella was aware that the structure of his film was going to be vastly different from the structure of Frazier’s novel. The novel reader is not required to take the story in one sitting, and can immerse themselves in the beauty of the prose and the experience of the characters unfolding. By contrast, in film, ‘...most audiences tire after a couple of hours...They cannot stop the film to check some information

162 Minghella, 32.07 mins.
162 Bricknell, 32.
163 Frazier et al., 28.
from a previous scene; they have to form opinions about characters and events without the novelist's ability to guide them'.

Minghella needed to set up the love interest of Inman and Ada in the first section of the film, yet also show the audience Inman in the war, and his reasons for abandoning it and walking home. It was an enormous amount of information to truncate, and a big ask for the audience to follow. Minghella achieves it by telling the story out of sequence, in a complex narrative that intercuts Inman in the Civil War with Inman and Ada before the war falling in love, weaving the narrative together in the first part of the film, so that by the time Inman has decided to walk home, the 'film moves forward in a straight narrative'.

In contrast to this cinematic structure, *Cold Mountain* author Charles Frazier makes the point that what books have to offer,

...in place of the vivid cinematic experience are the simple and slow delights of language, the increasingly archaic pleasure of following a path of words, line by line, on a journey extending across days or perhaps weeks until the experience can come to define a time in your life.

Frazier's observation highlights one of the key challenges a screenwriter faces when adapting a novel to a screenplay: how to translate these words, line by line, into images written for the screen. Frazier believes the screenwriter may not owe anything to the novelist, but that the novel itself is owed something that involves a 'degree of commitment not to violate its essence, its heart'. It is this idea of essence and heart, these

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164 Bricknell, 30.
165 Frazier et al., 29.
166 Minghella, xiv.
167 Ibid.
seemingly invisible concepts in a novel's pages, that a screenwriter such as Minghella is so brilliant at locating and visualising, and later in this chapter I use two examples as a case study to show how this was done.

**Cinematic devices in screen adaptation – a unique use of voice over**

It is Minghella's rare reliance of voice over that makes his trilogy of feature adaptations so cinematic and beautiful. In the film *Cold Mountain*, the simplest way to find out what Inman is thinking would have been to write a voice over of him telling us his motivations for walking home, or have another character in the film who has an insight into all that these characters have experienced and felt. Yet Minghella relies mostly on the cinematic tools of his key creative crew, the framing and juxtaposition of images, the use of sound, and the performance of his actors. That being said, there are a few voice-overs in the film, each of them from Ada, however what we hear is not Ada talking to us as audience, telling us how to interpret what we see on the screen. Instead we hear the letters she writes to Inman explaining her situation back home during the war, wondering where he is, and if he is alive. Just as they are used in Frazier's novel, these letters seem to float in the narrative unattached to a particular, identifiable time in the story; in the novel the intended recipient is not always clear; in the film the letters are heard as voice over in sections of the narrative that wouldn't traditionally warrant a disembodied voice, such as the opening scene of the film where Ada's voice is heard as voice over, as we see Inman in a trench not long before the Battle of Petersburg. He takes out a photo of Ada, and we hear Ada

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168 There is also evidence of a voice over written in a blueprint stage screenplay, however it does not appear in the final film. I shall consider the value, for Minghella, in writing this blueprint screenplay the way he did, including the voice over, further on in this chapter.

169 Frazier, 21 & 24, for example.
'speak' to him directly, but do not see a letter with the words, or know if it is a memory of a conversation, or who this woman in the photo is. And again, later in the film, but still in the first act, there is a 3.43 minute sequence that uses one of Ada's letters as voice over, whilst cutting back and forth between an injured Inman hearing the letter being read to him in hospital (but in Ada's voice), and seeing Ada in her world, ostensibly as flashback. The sequence includes dialogue from characters in the flashback, as well as the present moment of Ada's voice reading her letter to Inman in hospital. It is perhaps the intimacy of the letters read as voice over that separates them from other voice overs; Ada talks directly to Inman, explaining her world to him, not to us as viewer. It is as close as Minghella gets to rely on non-cinematic tools of his crew to reveal the interior thoughts of a character, to assist the audience's understanding of the connection of Ada and Inman in the film.

**Dialogue that reveals character**

Another device screenwriters use to assist an audience's understanding of what is happening is the dialogue they write for the characters. A less cinematic film could easily reveal plot, character interiority and motivation through what characters say. However Minghella believed that his job as a writer was 'not about putting words into people’s mouths, it was about creating action, creating mise-en-scene'; his interest in writing 'has not been to write dialogue but to write circumstance'. The dialogue of the character Ruby, played by Renee Zellweger, is an example of this.

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170 [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=t7OQIn7Yuvc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=t7OQIn7Yuvc) “The Siege of Petersburg” retrieved May 2017.
172 Falsetto, introduction x.
In the novel, Charles Frazier's Ruby serves as a useful narrative tool, in that she is outside the norms of any of the societies set up in the world of the story. Ruby is not educated and middle class like Ada. She is not loved and cared for by family, as is the family of Sally and Esco. She is not mournful and poetic and crazed by love as is Inman. Frazier’s Ruby has wandered through the scrub around the humpy in which her reckless father has them living, in search of food from as young as eight years old, as he goes off for weeks, and later months at a time. This is a child who has never known familial love or the sort of kindness every human deserves. Yet when she turns up at Ada’s doorstep in the middle of the war, when Ada is starving and unable to feed herself or see that there is plenty of food on the farm her father left her, Ruby seems to be the only person in the entire world of this story who is not disturbed by the war, perhaps because she has been living in a similar deprivation and despair since she was born. Ruby sees what others can’t see, and says what others who are too polite, educated or misguided are unable to say. And it is perhaps this aspect of Ruby’s character that Minghella has taken from Frazier’s novel that he wants to convey to the audience in the screenplay/film.

In the novel, the backstory of Ruby is told in lengthy detail when Ruby tells Ada about it one afternoon on the farm. None of this backstory is in the screenplay or the completed film. There is no time to show or give us the full story of Ruby’s youth in the adaptation version. Minghella, like all screenwriters who need to get the novel down to its ‘bare bones’,173 had to find a way to quickly show the audience the Ruby he had found in Frazier’s novel. He does this in a scene where Stobrod, Ruby’s father, suddenly appears on Ada’s farm. The account of Ruby’s father’s neglect and abuse of his young daughter is truncated into barely three lines of

173 Bricknell, 32.
dialogue in the screenplay and film. On finding her father trying to steal chickens on Ada's farm, Ruby refuses to believe Stobrod's claim that he is a changed man who has been writing music and songs for Ruby. To replace pages of backstory and allow us a glimpse of her past, Minghella wrote the following lines of dialogue for Ruby:

Hey! Let's agree: you beat me, you abandoned me, you ignored me, you beat me some more – all of that is better than Ruby with the eyes that sparkle!!174

The scene plays out with Ada watching, seeing a different version of a father and daughter relationship, one that is the opposite to her own. As the viewer, we watch Ada watch Ruby. For most of the film the audience watches Ruby from Ada's point of view. We too are confused by Ruby's reaction to her father when he appears on the farm, knowing as we do how much Ada respected and grieves the loss of her own father. These few lines of dialogue by Ruby are all that we are given to understand the relationship of this father and daughter. Yet through the extraordinary performance of Renee Zellweger,175 we trust that she is making the right decision about her father, just as she's made the right decision about what to plant, what to kill and eat, and how to get the farm working so she and Ada will not die of starvation. The scene is placed perfectly in the film because we know Ruby is not interested in waste. She does not waste time, food or love, so she is unlikely to waste words. What follows is a close textual analysis of the novel, screenplay and completed film of a scene where Ruby finds out her father has been killed by the Home Guard, and she and Ada prepare to ride out and retrieve the body. I shall

174 Minghella, 116.(2003)
175 Renee Zellweger won the Academy Award, BAFTA Award, Golden Globe Award, and Screen Actors Guild Award for this role.
http://www.imdb.com/name/nm0000250/awards
(Retrieved 15/6/17)
investigate how the interiority of emotion of both Ruby and Ada have been visualised from novel to film.

Case study one – How emotion is transferred from novel to film, via screenplay, cinematography, direction and performance

As a way of investigating how the interiority of a character's emotion in a novel is visualised externally in a film, I shall look at a particular scene where Ruby has heard that the Homeguard has killed her father and another young man, Pangle, and is preparing, with Ada, to head up into the mountains to retrieve the bodies. First I shall look at the novel to see how Frazier wrote the original material, then progress to how the scene was written in the screenplay, and then analyse the final scene from the film in terms of its framing and camera movement. I shall also draw on interview material with Minghella about writing the dialogue for this scene, and the discussions he had with the actress, Zellweger, about the role of Ruby.

Novel

In Frazier's novel, these events appear in the first six pages of a chapter entitled, black bark in winter. The reader has learnt of the killing of the men, Stobrod and Pangle, in the previous chapter, so these first six pages begin with Ruby's grilling of the 'boy' who survived the killing and came to tell the women about it, her minimal reaction to the news of the death of her father, and her decision to go up and get the bodies; the remainder of the chapter is their journey up the mountain. In the screenplay these

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176 Frazier, 357.
six pages are truncated into one page, which for cinema is equivalent to a minute of screen time, which gives an idea of how the brevity of words, both dialogue and big print, was needed to capture the emotion of this scene. In the novel, Frazier doesn't give Ruby dialogue around her feelings of her father's death; he reveals the interiority of her thoughts through action and visual metaphor.

Ruby stayed at the gate. She reached up and rested a hand on a bare twisted bough of the crabapple tree and stood looking out into the road.177

The image of the twisted bough of the crabapple tree is a perfect metaphor for the complexity of hate and love that Ruby feels for her father and their past; the tree is alive but dormant in its winter state, the colour and flesh of its fruit hidden beneath outward twisted boughs. This moment in the novel is observed from Ada's point of view. We read the interiority of Ada's thoughts as she observes that most women who find out such news would 'weep and embrace each other and speak words of comfort and faith',178 but Ada has toughened in the last few years of the war and lived with Ruby long enough to know this reaction isn't the right one for Ada to offer. When Ruby does speak, in the novel, it is about the practicalities of their journey to the dead men. Will they bury them there or bring them back? Ada is momentarily shocked by this but is quickly convinced that practicality is more useful than grief. When Ada hugs Ruby, in the novel, she does so for herself, and Ruby 'stood with her arms to her sides and was just a hard knot of a person in Ada's arms'.179 Again, Frazier's beautiful use of metaphor allows the reader to understand the hardness of Ruby, the hurt she is feeling but refuses to express. There are

177 Ibid., 359.
178 Ibid.
179 Ibid., 360.
two elements that require externalising in this original material in the novel. The thoughts Ada has watching Ruby’s reaction to her father’s death, and Ruby’s reaction. How, as a screenwriter and filmmaker, do you show a hard knot of a person?

**Screenplay drafts**

In both full versions of the screenplay I have access to, 2002 and 2003, the scene is word for word the same; however it takes place in a storeroom in the screenplay and in an outdoor stable in the film. There are only three lines of big print[^100] in the entire scene; most of it is dialogue, of which I will analyse later in this section. The big print starts by showing the reader of the screenplay who is in the scene, and what they are doing.

> Ruby sorting out a kit of shovels, blankets. Ada comes in, doesn’t know how to help her friend, who shows no emotion.[^101]

The words *who shows no emotion* tells Zellweger of Ruby’s interior state, and how the actor might consider performing this scene, however showing no emotion is not an easily noticeable physical appearance, so more is needed once the film goes into production and decisions of coverage are decided, to assist this idea, which I look at later in terms of John Seale’s framing and camera movement. The second line of big print is,

[^100]: Big print is the scene directions in the screenplay.

[^101]: Anthony Minghella, “Cold Mountain Screenplay,” http://www.imsdb.com/scripts/Cold-Mountain.html A reminder that this link is an HTML file. The page numbers (70-71) are from a PDF hard copy version I printed out over four years ago, no longer available for free online, and not saved by me. Minghella, 146-147 (2003).
Ada moves toward her, puts her arms around her. Ruby is rigid. Ada stops embracing her.\textsuperscript{182}

Minghella has perhaps found a way replace the idea of *hard knot of a person* with his line 'Ruby is rigid'. What is important here is that in the novel, the metaphor of a person as a hard as a knot is not something that can easily be visualised on the screen; it is not something an actor can translate and perform, but 'Ruby is rigid' gives Zellweger a way of performing her lines, and a motivation for why she does it. The action of Ada putting her arms around Ruby and then stopping the embrace also visualises the thought Ada has in Frazier's novel of how other women hug each other in this moment of grief. The giving and taking away of the arms allows Kidman to physicalise an interior thought that started in the novel, weaved its way through drafts of the screenplay and offered itself up to interpretation in the rehearsal or on set during production. The third and last line of big print in this scene occurs just before Ruby finally says something about how she feels about her father's death.

Ruby's tying up the kit. She doesn't know how to grieve.\textsuperscript{183}

Again Minghella replaces the visual metaphor in the novel of the twisted crab apple tree and hard knot of a person, and supplies the actress not only with something to do, but how to do it – she ties the kit because work is what she knows how to do; she doesn't know how to grieve the death of her father. The scene is set, via the big print, for some dialogue from Ruby to find out what she is thinking, but in Minghella's hands, it is not as simple as a line saying 'what it should say'.\textsuperscript{184}

\textsuperscript{182} Minghella, 147 (2003); Minghella, 91 (February 2002)
\textsuperscript{183} Ibid.
\textsuperscript{184} Bricknell, 23.
Dialogue that ‘sits carefully’ in a scene

Minghella's resistance to write dialogue in the screenplay that tells the audience exactly what the character is thinking, continued even when he was working with Mark Levinson on ADR – additional dialogue recording.\(^\text{185}\) Levinson, Minghella tells us, is someone who gravitated ‘towards the epigram or the line saying what the line should say, while I am working to find ways of degrading the line... until the meaning sits carefully’.\(^\text{186}\) By 'carefully', Minghella is referring to the subtext of dialogue and goes on to explain the dialogue he wrote for Ruby in the sequence we are looking at.

If the idea of the line is to say, *The Home Guard are out and about*, and maybe that's the line that you need, I'll do everything I can not to say that. Instead I'll write, *This war is a cloud over the land and they just stand in the rain and say, ‘Shit it's raining!*\(^\text{187}\)

The power of cinema is its ability to bring an audience towards a character quickly and with great intimacy. In this scene, the camera’s lens singles Ruby out from her surroundings. It brings the viewer right up to her face in a medium-close up so that we see her face, her lips moving, her eyes angry at these men and the war. We are being guided by the filmmakers – *look at this*, they are saying, *this is important*. So that when Ruby, packing for the journey to retrieve the body of the only family she has ever had says:

\(^{185}\) ADR (additional dialogue recording) is where actors are brought in after principal photography of the film has finished and much of the editing done, to record lines of dialogue that are vital for the understanding of a particular scene, or that may not have been recorded correctly or not written at all.

\(^{186}\) Bricknell, 23.

\(^{187}\) Ibid.
Every piece of this is man's bullshit. They call this war a cloud over the land, but they made the weather. Then they stand in the rain and say: shit! it's raining.\textsuperscript{188}

The important part of Minghella’s contribution as screenwriter to the adaptation of \textit{Cold Mountain} is not just the power of the dialogue of Ruby and the subtext it conveys. It is that he has successfully translated that \textit{hard knot of a person} he found in Frazier’s novel and given the actress who plays her something to work with, something to interpret and translate herself.

\textbf{Performance}

Actors inhabit a character through a variety of means including their own interpretation of the novel (for an adaptation) and screenplay, the notes they write about who they believe the character is, and their discussions with the director. Minghella had a strong understanding of the character of Ruby as:

\ldots somebody who so refuses to own their emotion, which is what my discussions with Renee were always about. This is somebody who will not concede that they feel. She shields her emotions. Ada, who is incapable of hiding, is like jellyfish that changes color with emotion all the time.\textsuperscript{189}

Minghella goes on to explain that Ruby is not the kind of person who says what she is thinking, she doesn’t shout out her thoughts or tell people

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\item[\textsuperscript{188}] Minghella, 147 (2003); Minghella, 91 (Feb 2002)
\item[\textsuperscript{189}] Falsetto, 113.
\end{itemize}
\end{footnotesize}
how she feels; that as an abandoned child she is ‘paralyzed with emotion and paralyzed with hurt, and very damaged’. \(^{190}\) He believed that Ruby would never start a sentence with “I”, as ‘she doesn’t want to have an “I”’. \(^{191}\) Zellweger adds that emotion, for Ruby, doesn’t ‘have much of a place in her life. She’s taught herself how not to feel, how not to express herself’. \(^{192}\) Minghella’s practice involved ‘striving for brevity of form’. \(^{193}\) What has to be a few lines of poetry that contain so much in a screenplay, are then unpacked, discussed, challenged, changed, contributed to in the pre production and rehearsal stage, so that the meaning of these few words are understood. This device by the screenwriter is not just to guide the actors, but all the key creative crew, particularly the cinematographer, in how a moment in a film should be visualised.

**Cinematography**

The three sections of big print in the scene we have been looking at seemingly give little information for the cinematographer on how best to frame and cover the scene of Ruby and Ada, whether to use a long lens and shallow depth of field, whether to move the camera or have it static, whether to use a single close up or a two shot. Yet there are elements within the words of big print that inform the cinematographer as to how this scene should be framed. The simple sentence *Ruby's tying up the kit* in the screenplay indicates a close up of Ruby, or a shot of Ruby that is at least a single shot, with nothing else in the frame to distract us from her. This type of screenwriting is a short cut communication to a cinematographer; there is nothing else to see, just Ruby and the kit. It

\(^{190}\) Ibid.

\(^{191}\) Ibid.

\(^{192}\) Frazier et al., 45.

\(^{193}\) Dickenson, 319.
forces us to watch Ruby and hear what she says and seek meaning in the subtext of her dialogue. In the finished, edited film Ruby is tying tackle and busy. Ada comes over and they both prepare to ride off and retrieve the bodies of the dead men. Ada walks into the stable and puts a saddle on a horse, an act that, without voice over or dialogue, nonetheless shows her improved skill set under Ruby's tutoring. Ruby is seen in a frame where the lines behind her are horizontal, they are of a wooden barn and are contrasted against a vertical line that is a saw on the right of frame, and some rope hanging like a noose on the left of frame, both menacing metaphors of death.

Ada, in contrast, is framed in a medium close up by two vertical wooden poles that hold up a divide for the horses. These beams have separated Ada from Ruby physically and, as a metaphor, emotionally. The close frame makes Ada appear as if she is behind bars; her face sharply in focus as the horizontal posts of the stable are soft and out of focus in the foreground. She remains there and tries to get Ruby to stop, to

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194 Inc Tumblr, "Cold Mountain Gif (Therichandmighty)," https://www.google.com.au/search?q=images+of+Ruby+every+piece+of+this+is+man+s+bullshit&source=lnms&tbm=isch&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwj1u6mf0IXVAhWD2LwHY0DBEQQ_AUICigB&biw=1439&bih=790#tbm=isch&q=Images+of+Ruby+in+Cold+Mountain+film&imgrc=IvJOBhZzhuJ99aM. Retrieved 13/7/17

195 https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y1c1bulFxlc (apologies for quality) from 27 seconds in. Retrieved 13/7/17
acknowledge the death of her father. She says, ‘Ruby, I’m so sorry’. We then cut to Ruby, and her shot is a little wider, and she’s not behind the ‘bars’, there is nothing obstructing her face, as if the bars symbolise that Ada can’t really get to Ruby, she cannot connect with her. When Ruby says her lines of dialogue - *Every piece of this is man’s bullshit*, we cut back to Ada and the top of the beam cuts off the top of Ada’s head in the frame, so that her eyes are the main focus, and in them we see her reaction to what Ruby is saying, the grief that she knows is behind Ruby’s lines of dialogue. The choice of lens size and framing of Ruby and Ada in single shots in this scene also serves to place the women separately, as isolated from each other in this moment as they were before Ruby came onto the farm. For most of the film, multiple two-shots of the women together in the same frame works to show the women as equals, and in the same emotional space – that of survival and friendship.

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196 Minghella, "Cold Mountain," 78 mins. Minghella, 147 (2003); Minghella, 71 (February 2002);

197 https://www.google.com.au/search?q=images+of+Ruby+and+Ada+in+cold+mountain+film &source=lnms&tbm=isch&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwiI7fnG39_UAhVKmpQKHS1QAywQ_AUICigB &biw=1773&bih=784#imgrc=CYlu55d2alKZmM:

Retrieved 28/6/17
In the finished film Ada continues behind the fence of the stable, never approaching or hugging Ruby, even though in both screenplays Ada moves towards Ruby and hugs her, only to quickly let go again. It could be that instead of the literal visualising of Ada's thoughts from the novel, about what normal women do in these situations of grief, the framing of Ada with the stable fence barricading her from Ruby shows everything that needs to be shown. I can only speculate who decided, or how the decision was made not to follow the big print directions in the screenplay that Minghella wrote. It could be that Kidman felt it was too literal and wanted to stick to the idea of it being an internal thought to hug Ruby, or that Minghella and Seale saw the location with the actors in it and realised the value of framing the stable fence as a visual metaphor to show the distance Ada is from Ruby at this moment. What is clear, however, is that even during the production stage of making the film decisions were made, interpretations were discussed and the words of the screenplay were translated by the key creative crew (and actors) as to how this moment in the story needed to be shown to the audience, so that what we get, I believe, is a scene that is more subtle and cinematically interesting. And here John Seale's skillset as cinematographer and camera operator come to the fore, and we can isolate his contribution to this scene. Minghella knows the value of the choices made by cinematographers and their toolkit.

...the appalling intimacy conjured from the lens's ability to suggest a point of view or focus on the particular; the power of a smile enlarged a hundred times; its selection of images; what in The English Patient allowed me to shift effortlessly
from a tiny pulse on a woman’s throat to the yearning emptiness of the Sahara.\textsuperscript{199}

It is for this reason that Minghella sees film as the most powerful art form of the century, yet, he observes, the most frequently trivialized.\textsuperscript{200} To comprehend the intricacies around this art form, it may be of use to look at the different effect a tracking shot (also called dolly) and a zoom has on an audience, and which one Seale chose for this scene.

\textbf{To track or to zoom – that is the question}

When Ruby finally delivers her dialogue - \textit{Every piece of this is man’s bullshit} – surrounded by farm gear, the shot slightly zooms in, which is something John Seale does often.\textsuperscript{201} His choice to zoom, rather than track the camera into the actor is because there is a subtle difference to the feel or effect a cinematographer wants to create for the audience.\textsuperscript{202} Many of the cinematographers I interviewed in 1998/99 spoke of the difference between these two techniques, and it is an example of how a cinematographer contributes to the interpretation of the screenplay when it comes to filming. Peter James and Dean Semler, both award winning Australian cinematographers, explain the difference, for them, of

\begin{footnotesize}
\textsuperscript{199} Bricknell, 28.
\textsuperscript{200} Ibid.
\textsuperscript{201} ‘I use zoom lenses all the time, I don’t like fixed lenses and I zoom all the time. Every time an actor moves, the zoom could be just easing out or easing in to reframe by the time they stop (moving). I’m from the older school that feels the movement of the camera, up or down, vertically or horizontally, should be hidden in the movement of the actors. The less intrusive the camera is to me, the better the movie. I try desperately to make the camera just not be there, and I always hide the zoom’ (in the movement of the actor). – John Seale interview. (My words in parentheses). Thwaites (1998/1999).
\textsuperscript{202} A tracking shot, also known as a ‘dolly’, is where the camera is on a set of tracks and the lens stays the same size, example a 50mm lens, but the camera moves towards the actors. A zoom is where the camera stays in the same spot, but the lens size changes, zooms in (or out), for example from 18mm to 85mm, so that the actor’s face becomes bigger in the shot.
\end{footnotesize}
a zoom and a track. For James, 'When you dolly you are relocating the audience, but when you’re zooming, it’s like they are just coming at you (the camera, and hence the character the lens is capturing)\(^{203}\), whereas with a dolly you go to them. It has more of an internal spiritual quality'.\(^{204}\) Semler believes the difference allows the audience greater access to the emotion of the character.

The difference for the audience between a zoom and a dolly is that with a dolly you are being drawn closer to the artists (character), to the emotion of that artist, you can almost smell and breathe that artist, but with a zoom the image is being brought to you, rather than you go to it. There is a powerful difference. A cinematographer is there to manipulate the audience. The way a camera moves from one thing to another makes a difference.\(^{205}\)

\(^{203}\)Thwaites. (My words in parentheses and italics)

\(^{204}\)Ibid. (My parenthesis and italics)

\(^{205}\)Ibid. (My parentheses and italics)

NB It may be of interest to the reader to find out more about the difference of the zoom and the track (dolly), by the cinematographers I interviewed. Below are two specific examples from films shot by Peter James and Dean Semler.

In Black Robe (1991) there is a scene where the (white) boy leaves with the Indians because he is madly in love with the (Indian) girl. It’s a very bleak scene. The priest says, ‘how can you! These people believe in dreams and their spirits are out in the woods!’ There was a light snow all day, and we had a smoke machine, so it looked like a fog was there as well. And in the shot the priest watches them go, and we use a zoom, rather than a dolly movement, because zooms are more spiritual. A slow zoom into his eyes, magnifying the image. It as a very powerful image. When someone is thinking and it’s a full face in the frame, and the camera zooms slowly in, it’s a private moment between you and them; it’s a drawing in of the audience. – Peter James, in interview with Thwaites.

In The Bone Collector (1999), there is a shot of a taxi driver in the car, he’s the baddie, and a taxi inspector comes up and talks to him through the window, the taxi driver gets out a gun and shoots him through the head. At the moment he gets shot we (the camera) are on the long end of a zoom, right up on a bridge. As he gets shot and falls back on the road, we do like a crash, rocket zoom back, takes no time, like a quarter of a second, into Denzel Washington’s apartment, which has those windows looking out to a view of the city. So the zoom continues in this room from another tight shot to a crash zoom,
The choice to zoom or dolly comes from having an understanding of the scene that is being filmed, and how the filmmaker wants the audience to feel watching the scene. That a zoom brings the character to the audience, and the dolly (tracking shot) brings the audience to the character is a simple way of explaining the difference. However, when we understand that one of these camera moves (dolly) relocates the audience, forcing them to ‘move’ towards the emotion of the character, whilst the other (zoom) has the audience ‘stationary’ as the character, and their emotion, comes towards them; that one (zoom) has an ‘internal spiritual quality’, it sheds light on the intricacies of interpretation a cinematographer goes through when they collaborate with a director to bring the words of a screenplay to visual life. For Seale, deciding to slowly zoom into the face of Ruby is a way to force the audience to connect with her at this moment in the scene. Not only is the framing a medium-close up, but we get even closer, via his zoom, and in that movement we can’t escape the emotion of the character, as she is, literally, being brought to us. Unless we look away, we are engaging, I would argue, with the emotion of that character by the pure framing and reframing of the image (via the very slight and slow zoom movement) till we are intimately close to her.

At the end of this one-minute, emotionally heavy scene, the soundscape of violins begin and we cut back to Ruby who grabs a battered man’s felt hat and plonks it on her head, saying, ‘If I cry one tear for my daddy I stole it off a crocodile’,\(^\text{206}\) allowing the scene to end with a lighter note, as we know that no matter what happens Ruby has the capacity to survive, and in that is the hope that someone will get through this war. In the next revealing the room and the people in it. And the sound track is this high-pitched screaming. I’ve seen it a couple of times at screenings and people just scream. And it’s simply the camera move and the sound. You couldn’t do that with a dolly. Zooms are great, I love zooms. – Dean Semler in interview with Thwaites.

\(^{206}\) Minghella, 147 (2003); Minghella, 71 (February 2002); Minghella, 79 mins.
section I will use a similar close textual analysis in search of the origins of a six-worded sentence that I believe holds the premise for the entire film.

Case study two – Searching for Premise - *An angel in a wild place.*

In the final draft of Minghella’s screenplay for *Cold Mountain* (2003), the sentence, ‘An angel in a wild place’ caught my attention, as it was Inman’s interior thought as he sees Ada for the first time. I was intrigued to find such a telling, not showing, piece of big print writing in the published Reading Material stage version of the screenplay, and wondered if there was a trail of ideas, images, and/or sections of the novel’s prose that inspired this sentence, and how the interiority of it was visualised in the film. This led me to do a close textual analysis of the scene in three drafts of Minghella’s screenplay (two from 2002, and one from 2003), Frazier’s original novel (1997), as well as interview material on the production to see what, if anything, these words meant and how they made their way not just into the screenplay, but into the finished film.

The job of converting the poetry of the screenplay into the poetry of cinema falls largely to the key creative crew of a film, but the particular relationship of director and cinematographer is one that offers up an understanding of the contribution and collaboration that occurs when a film is made. Cinematographer John Seale gives insight into his working relationship with Minghella when he tells of the pre production period of the film *The English Patient* (1996). He explains:

As many meetings (as it took), any spare minute he (Minghella) had, we’d be talking, we’d just go through the script. Once you come to the last page, you start again. All the notes you’ve made days, weeks before, you go through those. He might of rewritten something, he was the writer too. It’s not just cinematography
that you talk about, it's not the look of the film you talk about, it's the film. He says, 'What do you think there, why would she do that?'

And I can question in the most abrupt manner in some ways, and I can disagree, like vehemently. He loves that, because he's a writer, he loves to bounce it hard, and he wants you to come back hard, because if you've got an idea that you feel is an advantage to the film, then he wants to hear it. He doesn't want you to back down because he's the director or the writer, he wants to know every reason why you think that scene should stay there and not be transposed down to there. Or he or she should say this and not say that. It's very exciting.\(^\text{207}\)

I have conducted two lengthy interviews with John Seale, the first was in 1998 before he shot *Cold Mountain*, and the second was in 2015, twelve years after the film's release. Even in the most recent interview there was nothing specific Seale could tell me about the reference in the screenplay to the 'angel in a wild place' or where it came from.\(^\text{208}\) Likewise, amongst the multiple interviews with Minghella there are no substantial clues as to why Inman sees Ada as an angel. My search has relied on the process around that line, the process of filming and planning to film, found in the interview material, and a close textual analysis of the original text itself. Seale reveals, above, the extent of dialogue Minghella expected from his collaborators, and confirms for me that a line such as 'an angel in a wild place' did not randomly end up in the screenplay, that it signalled

\(^{207}\) Thwaites. (My words in parenthesis and italics).

\(^{208}\) In fact the interview in 2015 revealed nothing more on the process of working with Minghella. In Seale's defense it had been twelve years since he filmed *Cold Mountain*, and he had filmed many, many films since then. It was a nice chat about his friendship with Minghella and how sad it was that he died so young. As such, none of that interview appears in this thesis as data, beyond mentioning that I conducted it in search of answers.
something greater than a frame in a film. To find out more I will examine how Frazier’s Inman first sees Ada in the novel.

The introduction of Ada in the novel

In Frazier’s novel Cold Mountain (1997) the reader does not see the character of Ada through Inman’s eyes until page 72. Up until this point both Ada and Inman are separate characters living their lives in separate chapter headings, dealing with the Civil War that has dragged on for four long years. There is little to connect them but the romantic hope that they will meet. In the novel we learn that Inman has heard of Ada through others in the town, most of who see her and her preacher father, Monroe, as a ‘subject of ridicule’.209 We are told of Ada’s behaviour of staring ‘... at a thing - bird or bush, weed, sunset, mountain - and then scratch at paper awhile as if she were addled enough in her thinking that she might forget what was important to her if she did not mark it down’.210 Inman ‘dressed himself carefully’ one Sunday morning to attend church ‘expressly for the purpose of viewing her’.211 Inman’s interest in Ada comes at a place in the novel where the reader has already seen him four years into the war, allowing us to understand that he too is a person who explores and notices the world. On page one of the novel we read how he lies in an army hospital bed and looks out the window at ‘the first smear of foggy dawn and waited for the world to begin shaping up outside’.212 Like Ada, Inman understands the value of staring at the things around him, appreciating their worth. After watching the window of the hospital for many weeks, ‘Inman suspected

209 Frazier, 73.
210 Ibid.
211 Ibid.
212 Ibid., 1.
that after such long examination, the grey window had finally said about all it had to say’.\textsuperscript{213} There are some obvious references in the novel that allude to Minghella’s use of the words \textit{angel} and \textit{wild place}. In the novel Inman goes to church to see Ada for the first time, and in the film he is building a church when he first sees her. The town’s view of Ada and her father as ‘subject of ridicule’, is, for Inman, the thing that interests him most; that she may be as ‘other’ as him. Perhaps the ‘wild place’ is the town’s ignorant way of looking at the world that they could mock anyone who has the capacity to think, ponder, look, write or draw. But there is more.

\textbf{Ada as angel}

In the novel when Inman first lays eyes on Ada, it is the back of her head and neck that he can see, as he sits behind her in the church. The description is filled with the interiority of Inman’s thoughts.

\begin{quote}
Inman had but the back of her head to find Ada by… Below where her hair was twisted up, two faint cords of muscle ran up under the skin on either side of her white neck to hold her head on. Between them a scoop, a shaded hollow of skin. Curls too fine to be worked up into a plait. All through the hymn, Inman’s eyes rested there, so that after awhile, even before he saw her face, all he wanted was to press two fingers against that mystery place.\textsuperscript{214}
\end{quote}

For me this description of Ada evokes that of a sculpture, the hair ‘twisted up, two faint cords of muscle ... on either side of her white neck’, the way pale marble statues in churches are able to show veins and

\textsuperscript{213} Ibid., 2.
\textsuperscript{214} Ibid., 74.
muscles in such a delicate, detailed way. 'All through the hymn, Inman’s eyes rested there’, the connection of Inman watching Ada’s pale skin as a hymn is being sung, again suggesting a link between Ada and something spiritual or other, perhaps like an angel, as well as a place of rest for Inman. ‘All he wanted was to press two fingers against that mystery place’, the word mystery here links to the etheric, the place where angels come from, and two fingers are the number of fingers saints and disciples and Jesus himself are often depicted in paintings and statues, holding their hands up to bless their followers. I would also argue that the All he wanted part of this sentence hints at the idea that for Inman, Ada is safety, she is home, she is a ‘place’ not to be left, a place to return to. As Inman keeps his gaze upon the back of her neck, he listens to Ada’s father, the minister Monroe, give the same sermon he has given since he first arrived in the town, that of the ‘prime riddle of creation: why man was born to die?’ On one level it foreshadows what comes for Inman, and for that matter Monroe – death, although neither men, nor the reader know this yet – but on another level it continues to link the association of Inman first seeing Ada with a sense of a world beyond the one they are in, a greater concept of the riddle of creation, that where there is life there is death, where there is physical there is spiritual.

For me, this section of the novel holds the idea that Ada is linked to something spiritual, something saviour-like, something that Inman has found peace in, even before speaking to her, or seeing her face. I argue that in adapting the novel to screenplay Minghella was influenced by this idea and found use of one simple poetic word, a word that through intertextuality and intermediality has associations with centuries of art, photography, sculpture and film, a word to sum up this entire section of the novel, and a way for the key creative team of director and

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215 Frazier, 1997:74
cinematographer (and here the costume designer Ann Roth must be acknowledged) and the actress herself to be influenced by – *angel.*

...*in a wild place*

The term *angel,* we could argue, has been relatively simple to explain how it may have found its place in the screenplay, however why was this angel *in a wild place?* This next section undertakes to find the reason for this, and to go further in linking the two concepts of an angel and a wild place together and how it may represent an overarching premise for the film. Besides her father Monroe, it appears that Inman is the only one who can see Ada for what she is, unique, clever and separate to the likes of those 'wild' heathens who believe writing, drawing and watching the world is for those that are ‘addled’. Yet there is evidence that another

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216 Frazier et al., 74-75.
217 Frazier, 73.
type of ‘wild’ exists in the novel, which Minghella may have been referring to.

The Screenplays

Earlier, I established that the February and June 2002 drafts of the screenplay, the Blueprint stage version, were written during the pre-production stage of the film, at a time when Minghella and Seale were discussing and debating the screenplay and how to film it. In the earlier drafts, Inman sees Ada emerge from the cabriolet for the first time on page one of the screenplay; both have a slightly different big print description of what we see. The earliest draft I have available, February 2002, says:

Inman, using his shirt to staunch his battered nose, looks at Ada, astonished by her. An angel in this wild place.218

A few months later, on the 1st June 2002, Dickenson quotes directly from an unpublished draft, that when Ada steps out of the Cabriolet, Inman, sees this woman he is obsessed with, an angel in a wild place.219

The same scene in the Reading Material Stage is written:

Inman looks down as the cabriolet halts and Ada steps out, an angel in a wild place.220

218 Minghella, 1. (February 2002)
219 Minghella, 1. (June 2002) as cited in Dickenson, 326.
There is the slight difference of *this wild place*, versus *in a wild place*, but all three drafts tell the reader how to see and interpret Inman's view of Ada. The Blueprint (2002) versions begin the story in the town of Cold Mountain, whereas the Reading Material (2003) – the one closest to the released film – begins with the Battle of Petersburg. The full Blueprint screenplay I have access to, February 2002, merges a number of scenarios from the novel that involve the character of Swimmer, a Cherokee boy who in the book Inman meets when they are both sixteen. Whist he is a very small part in the final film, it is important for my analysis to point out aspects of his role in the original narrative, the novel, and an early screenplay draft, to show where the *wild place* may have come from.

**The role of the character Swimmer in novel and early screenplay draft**

In the novel Inman, at sixteen, meets a group of Cherokee boys and some young white men up in the mountains whilst on a job taking heifers to graze there. Together the young men eat, drink, gamble and play a 'vicious ball game... with racquets as if with clubs', Cherokee versus the whites, with the Cherokees winning the game. Swimmer and Inman remain friends and we later see them together at war. In the Blueprint (2002) version of the screenplay this game played with the Cherokee has been brought forward in narrative time and occurs on the same day that Inman sees Ada for the first time. In this earlier version of the screenplay the adjectives such as *vicious, stripped, muscular, steaming pack*, verbs such as *charging* and *collides*, and sentences like, *blood pouring from his nose*, indicate a level of wild violence that must have been included for a reason.

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221 Frazier, 15-16.
YOUNG MEN, armed with vicious sticks and stripped to the waist, come charging in a muscular, steaming pack. ’... INMAN ’collides with a stick swung by SWIMMER, a young and lithe American Indian. Inman falls, clutching his nose... blood pouring from his nose.222

Moments after this scene, still on the first page of the Blueprint screenplay, Inman sees Ada and we read that he is astonished by her. An angel in this wild place. Then Swimmer, in voice over, begins to chant a Cherokee curse in English;

SWIMMER’S VOICE (V.O)

You will be lonely. You will howl like a dog as you walk alone. You will carry dog shit cupped in your hands. You will be smeared with dog shit. Your spirit will wane and dwindle to blue, the colour of despair...223

Amidst the violence of the game between the young men, and the horror of the curse that hovers in voice over, Inman lays eyes on Ada. None of this scene makes it into the final film, so the voice over is never heard or used. The friendship between Swimmer and Inman has no backstory or explanation in the finished film. Yet the combination of Cherokee versus the white men in a violent game that ends with Inman’s face bloodied, and the curse by Swimmer that he later tells Inman he can ‘use on the Yankee before battle’,224 are likely to have been kept in the Blueprint stage for two reasons.

222 Minghella, I. (February 2002)
223 Ibid.
224 Ibid.
Firstly, the friendship with Swimmer reveals a part of Inman that was no doubt important for Minghella, showing a man capable of befriending a Cherokee while others in his community would not. This man is perhaps worthy of someone like Ada. Secondly, and possibly more importantly in my ongoing analysis, I ponder if this Blueprint screenplay was setting up a visual metaphor that Minghella and his crew could use throughout the entire completed film, a visual metaphor of the ‘good’ amongst ‘bad’. The game and the curse show the ‘wildness’ of Inman’s world, the world of Cold Mountain, whilst also foreshadowing the brutal war that is to come. All of it exists in stark contrast with the world Ada and her father have come from, the seemingly civilised and good Charleston. I argue that when Minghella as the ‘madman’ wrote the screenplay and the line an angel in a wild place, he left it as a message to himself as director and his crew, making sure he remembered all that he had taken from the novel, and from what he wrote in earlier drafts of the screenplay, so that when collaborating with his key creative crew they could collectively find a way to bring the metaphor of goodness and light, of the angel and her place in Inman’s wild, dark world into the film, and show the audience through visuals what words had so easily described. It wasn’t until I found an article by John Calhoun in the American Cinematographer magazine (2004), that my search was able to go deeper, and it led me to the importance and role of the premise.

225 Bricknell, 13.
Premise

Lajos Egri’s observations on premise are specifically related to the theatre, yet are universal in terms of story. Egri tells writers: ‘You must have a premise – a premise which will lead you unmistakably to the goal your play hopes to reach’. What is notable in Egri’s moral premise examples are the balance of opposites, ‘love & death, ambition & destruction, faith & pride’ for the plays Romeo & Juliet, Macbeth and Shadow and Substance respectively. For Stanley D. Williams, premise is the ‘explicit or denotative story line of a film’. In my search for the meaning of Minghella’s words via a close textual analysis of the original novel, I believed the six-word sentence served as a visual metaphor of good versus evil for just that moment in the film’s story, that it captured all that was in the original chapter in the novel, and that perhaps that was all. However, when I looked more closely at what John Seale as cinematographer did with the frame, the lens, lighting and, most importantly, film stock, I believe there is evidence that an angel in a wild place represents, and sets up, the premise for the entire film.

More cinematographer’s tools – aspect ratio and film stock

The cinematographer's technical and artistic skills assist the director to visualise the interiority of a screenplay. John Seale prefers to operate the camera as well as light. As the operator he becomes the first to ‘witness’ the visuals of the film. As Minghella points out:

228 Ibid., 3-5.
229 Stanley D. Williams, The Moral Premise - Harnessing Virtue & Vice for Box Office Success (Studio City, CA: Michael Wiese Productions, 2006), 3.(Williams’ italics)
Obviously my visual style has been mediated by John Seale. As well as the lighting cameraman, he also operates the camera, so a lot of the framing is a strange marriage of the director’s and cinematographer’s taste... He is the witness of it much more physically than I am. How he moves the camera, adjusts the zoom or lens size is not something generally, that I try and control.\textsuperscript{230}

The choice to frame \textit{Cold Mountain} (2003) in Super 35mm at an aspect ratio of 2.35:1\textsuperscript{231} was done to ‘emphasize the characters’ relationships to their environment’.\textsuperscript{232} The wideness of this frame is another example of the tools a cinematographer brings to a film. It serves as a visual metaphor for the immense journey Inman must make to walk home to Ada, and the longing emptiness that sits just beyond the wide empty frame for Ada as she waits for him.\textsuperscript{233} It is in the choice of film stock that I

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\textsuperscript{230} Bricknell, 95.

\textsuperscript{231} Aspect ratio is the proportion between the width and the height of a film. It is often expressed in the W:H format, where W is the width and H the height. An aspect ratio of 2.35:1 (also known as 21:9) means that for a width of 21 units, the height must be 9 units. \url{http://www.rtings.com/tv/learn/what-is-the-aspect-ratio-4-3-16-9-21-9} (retrieved 27/8/15)

\textsuperscript{232} Calhoun, 69.

\textsuperscript{233} Another example of John Seale’s framing decisions comes from an interview with cinematographer Peter James, who worked on a film called \textit{The Irishman} (1978), with a young John Seale as camera operator– the two also worked together on \textit{Caddie} (1976). On \textit{The Irishman}, James told me that Seale suggested they ‘keep the horizon in the same place, in the bottom third of the frame. When we went to the forest what was just blue sky above in the earlier part of the film is now full of trees, so the horizon is still in the same place’. When the film had been edited and screened, James saw it and realised what they had done. ‘The landscape had become the constant... All these people had changed against the landscape. It was sort of this spiritual thread throughout the whole story. I thought it was really effective and someone said, “Oh, it's just like a John Ford movie.” And I thought, Who’s bloody John Ford? I'd never seen a John Ford movie, so I was really pissed off that they thought I'd copied this guy. You couldn’t get videos in those days, so I couldn’t just go and have a look at Stagecoach or anything. It wasn’t until a couple of years later that I saw one and thought, Hey this John Ford guy’s pretty good. I really like this work. I’d wished I’d seen that before I'd done 'The Irishman, would have got some ideas’. – Peter James interview. Thwaites.

Like Ford, James, working with John Seale, used the frame as a visual metaphor to aid in visualising the overall theme, via visual metaphor of a film.
see the real evidence of the way a cinematographer can use his/her skillset to interpret a screenplay's overarching tone, feel, theme and premise. In an article for *The American Cinematographer* John Seale explains to John Calhoun the reasons behind his choice of film stock for *Cold Mountain*:

The film deals with two journeys, and Anthony (Minghella) always said Inman's journey was 300 miles, whereas Ada's was 30 yards”, says Seale. “They are two quite harsh journeys...” To contrast the darker moments with the lighter ones, Seale adds, “I opted for the first time in 18 years to use two stocks on a production instead of one. I normally use a high speed negative and nothing else”. For *Cold Mountain*, Seale chose two different 500T stocks, Kodak Vision 5279 and Vision Expression 5284. “When I compared the two, I found that the 84 is the slighter softer and less contrasty negative”, he says. “I used 84 for the good times in the characters’ lives, and 79 for the hard times.”

Through the use of two different film stocks Seale enabled viewers to see a photographic *physical* difference between the balance of opposites that exist in Minghella’s *Cold Mountain*. Calhoun and Seale’s use of the terms *good* and *hard, lighter* and *darker* allude to Seale’s contribution to what could be seen as the premise of the film. In Minghella’s version of *Cold Mountain* there is evidence of Egri’s balance of opposites relating to good and evil. The premise, if summarised, would read as any of the following: *Where there is dark, there is light; Where there is bad, there is good; Where there is death, there is life*. My close textual analysis has revealed how and why Minghella as screenwriter/director may have come to write the line

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234 Ibid., 69-70
an angel in a wild place. I believe that the line influenced Seale as a cinematographer in terms of a shooting style, aspect ratio, framing and lens size, not just for this one scene, but for the entire visual style of the film, as evidenced in Seale’s choice of film stock. I argue that the premise about the coexistence of good and evil, life and death, begins with a few sentences found in all drafts of the screenplay, ‘First Light. Peace and beauty. A rabbit surfaces from its hole’,\textsuperscript{235} moments before the inferno of the Siege of Petersburg that starts the film, is consolidated in the scene of Ada as an angel in a wild place, and continues throughout the film until the final moments where Inman is dead, but Ada and their daughter are alive.

In searching for the derivation of the words an angel in a wild place, we find an example of how a theme or idea can be kept intact through the many stages of the novel’s journey to the screen, and that these words may also hold the premise for the entire film. Film adaptation involves many stages of interpretation beyond the limited novel and completed film analysis. Each stage of film production – from concept, development, pre-production, the shoot and postproduction – is led by individuals and creative teams that influence the next stage. In my next chapter I will look at my own creative practice of adapting Rodney Hall’s novel, Love Without Hope (2007) into a feature length screen play, and what my process revealed in terms of visualising the interiority of emotion and premise.

\textsuperscript{235} Minghella, 1 (2003); Minghella, 6 (February, 2002); Minghella, 6 (June 2002) as cited in Dickenson, 326.
Chapter Three
Writing the feature length screenplay of the novel Love Without Hope

When the twice Miles Franklin award winning author, Rodney Hall, agreed to let me use his novel, *Love Without Hope* (2007), to write a feature length screenplay for my thesis, it did not take long for pleasure to turn into panic. Who was I to touch his words, let alone translate, adapt, and change them? *Love Without Hope* is a novel set in a time in Australia, the early 1980s, when the Department in Lunacy still existed, and an old woman suffering a bout of depression with a messy house could be diagnosed with senile squalor syndrome, and be carted off to an insane asylum to be ‘looked after’. It is a story about memory, aging and what it means for a woman to age without a husband or children. It is set against the small-minded politics and claustrophobia of a tiny coastal town.

I had written two feature length screenplays prior to beginning this adaptation, and a couple of short film screenplays that had been made into films. I had completed a research Masters in creative writing and had written a novel, and even though I was also teaching screenwriting to undergraduates, allowing me to delve into how-to books on the writing of screenplays, I still saw the world through the lens of a cinematographer, not a screenwriter. I had never undertaken a screen adaptation before and was unsure how to begin to turn a novel into the written medium of the screenplay. What I did know, however, was how

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236 NB The title was Master in Lunacy, not, as expected, Master of Lunacy.
to read screenplays and translate the words into images. That training has never left me. As such, it is where I began. I read the novel as a cinematographer. I read the visuals, saw the images in my mind, saw locations and thought about camera movements, about tracking a camera through a landscape, about positioning a horse in the foreground of a frame, the lead character Lorna (also referred to as Mrs Shoddy in both the novel and screenplay) in the background. I absorbed the narrative through the images Hall had supplied; it was the only way I knew how to begin.

How a cinematographer reads

My research into the screen adaptation process and contribution of three key crewmembers – screenwriter, director and cinematographer – largely sits around the concept of visualising internal aspects of one medium and translating them into another: the medium of the novel to screenplay, and then the medium of screenplay to film production. As my practice meant I understood the role of the cinematographer, and my creative interests and research had shifted to screenwriting, I chose to tackle the newer practice of screenwriter, so as to explore the role that sits in between the novel and filmmaker. Beginning in familiar territory, I chose to read the novel from the perspective of a cinematographer. To give an example of what I mean by reading as a cinematographer, I shall begin with two sentences taken directly from Hall’s novel.

The electric light snaps on, drowning her in a surveillance of dazzling atoms. She winces behind bird-lids. 237

This scene reveals the lead character, Mrs Shoddy, strapped to a pallet in a straitjacket in an insane asylum. While Hall isn’t writing for a film crew, there are words in these sentences that nudge me. The word *surveillance* is like an instruction to a cinematographer. By this I mean cinematographers know that different shot sizes – a wide shot, a close up, an extreme close up and so on – are a way of communicating to an audience a tone, mood or subtext, and also act as a visual metaphor. The size of the shot and the juxtaposition of it to another shot, via the edit, guides the viewer to ‘read’ the scene and understand, through the visuals, what is important and what needs to be interpreted so that, depending on the visual style and decisions of the filmmakers, the audience will know what the character is thinking, feeling, or how they may see the world, including how they see other characters. From this visual language, I knew that the line above, and particularly the word *surveillance*, would need a camera angle that evoked the sense of watching for the audience, a wide angle lens, the position of the camera up high looking down on Mrs Shoddy, the room fully lit by that *electric light*. Even the verb *snaps* adds to the feel of how this scene from the novel needs to be filmed; the abruptness of the light turning on, and how it drowns Mrs Shoddy, blinds her with watching eyes she can’t see. That high angle camera, with the widest lens in the cinematographer’s toolkit, allows the entire room to be seen, the four corners exposed with light, nowhere to hide. And in the centre, perhaps, the slab of a white sheeted bed – the white sheets supplied by the production designer to assist in the blinding surveillance light, for white bounces light around, whereas darker shades of material absorb light – is Mrs Shoddy, tiny and restrained in her straitjacket.

The next sentence in Hall’s prose, *She winces behind bird-lids*, if it was written by a screenwriter, would give clues to the cinematographer that there is nothing to see but Mrs Shoddy’s face, perhaps even to go so far as an extreme close-up that shows just her eyes (although that may be too
severe). What a close-up image of Mrs Shoddy’s face achieves is intimacy. The audience is jarred from seeing a vastly wide shot of the room and all that it reveals, to suddenly having the next cut in the edit take them straight to Mrs Shoddy’s face in close up, where the confines of the frame mean they have no option but to look at her, really look at her. The lines on her face, the dribble perhaps on her chin, the reaction she has to the bright light, all contributing to a physical reaction by the audience to experience, ideally, an empathetic moment with Mrs. Shoddy; for them to consider the idea of *that could be me.* As a cinematographer, I saw these images when I first read the lines in the novel, but as a screenwriter needing to adapt the novel to a screenplay, I found that after I saw the images I had to work back to make meaning of them, to link them to the premise of the film, or at the very least to ensure that they contributed to the spine of the story and kept it moving.

**How a screenwriter reads**

In 2016 I conducted an interview with screenwriter Felicity Packard. Packard is a multi award winning screenwriter with a list of credits as writer and producer, including *Wolf Creek TV Mini-Series* (2016), *Janet King* (2016), and *Anzac Girls* (2014); she is also one of the feature screenwriters of the TV series *Underbelly* (2008-2013) writing eighteen episodes of the series. Both *Anzac Girls* and *Underbelly* were adaptations in that they were based on original source material. I interviewed Packard to get an insight into how screenwriters read the source material when they are adapting, be it a book or real life events via testimonies or interviews. Packard said the first read of the source

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material is to read for a story, to make sure there is one there, she asks herself the question, can this story ‘be told in pictures’.\textsuperscript{239}

**Key Emotions**

Once Packard gets a yes to the ‘told in pictures’ question, she decides what key emotions the characters triggered, for her. This is the interesting part of the reading she does, for she acknowledges it is her reading of the story, her response to it that drives the way she will adapt and translate the story into a screenplay. ‘Screenwriting is an exercise in doing more with less’,\textsuperscript{240} she says. For Packard, there might be a dozen emotions felt or experienced by the character in the story, and also by her as a reader when she reads the source material, but she wants to identify the key one, the one that shows the ‘emotional heart’ of the character, as it allows her to ‘define the dramatic centre which will be explored, inverted, expanded’.\textsuperscript{241} The emotion triggered by the read could include shame, fright or compassion, each with its own distinct nuance that would involve a different translation of the material into screenwriting words. By narrowing down these varied emotions of a story, the screenwriter finds the little that goes a long way, for much less of the source text is required and the culling, for Packard, begins with identify the key emotion. If, for example, the emotion that stands out the most for the screenwriter reader is shame, this then becomes the driving emotion of the character, and allows the screenwriter to eliminate the excess, trim the fat of too much plot or theme or emotion, and instead investigate the entire film, or TV series, or character, with this one

\textsuperscript{239} Susan Thwaites, "Interview with Felicity Packard - Screenwriter/Adaptation," (Unpublished2016).

\textsuperscript{240} Ibid.

\textsuperscript{241} Ibid.
emotion. It allows the screenwriter to dig deep into that emotion and explore the world of this character, her landscape, the way she sees the world and those people in it, cinematically; it allows for the beginning of the idea of visualising that which is internal in the character.

As an example of how this works, Packard says that when she was researching seasons one and two of the series, Underbelly and Underbelly – A Tale of Two Cities she not only used the source book, Leadbelly: Inside Australia's Underworld, by journalists John Silverster and Andrew Rule, she also conducted interviews with police from that time, and met with the wives of the men involved in the gangland wars in Melbourne. Packard makes the observation that on reading the material and listening to the police, it gave her the idea that this was a suburban story, not an urban one. It was a story about aspirational working class people who happen to live in the 'burbs'. It wasn’t about a sophisticated crime world, it was backyards and swimming pools, big TV screens, and cheap exercise bikes that no one used. Packard says that reading of the material and the realisation that it was a suburban story informed the aesthetics of the entire season. Such that when one of the characters is packing a bag full of ecstasy tablets in her house, in the background we see the big TV screen, the stuffed toys and the exercise bike, these visuals show us more about that character than any line of dialogue could. Juxtaposing the gangland mobster murderers against suburbia is perhaps one of the reasons the series was so successful, as it allowed us to view the world of gangsters through a more domestic lens.

244 Andrew Silverster and John Rule, Leadbelly: Inside Australia’s Underworld Wars (Floradale/Sly Ink, 2004).
245 Thwaites, "Interview with Felicity Packard - Screenwriter/Adaptation."
Judi Kane, the wife of gangster Leslie Kane, agreed to meet with Packard over lunch to tell her about the day Kane was murdered in their home. Packard explains that from that interview she narrowed down the story of the episode to be about a mother wanting to protect her children. Judi Kane said that as the bullets were being shot (over 60 casings here found in the house), she held on to her two children so they wouldn’t see what was happening. Her aim, after the men left with the body of Kane (the body was never found), was to go and clean the bathroom. She didn’t want her children to see the blood, which was everywhere. She kept them away from it and she cleaned the bathroom, and later had to replace the shower curtain that had been ripped off to move the body of her husband. A simple domestic act on one level, by a mother and wife, but in the context of this story, Packard explains, allowed her to write the scene of this killing, in Season Two, Underbelly – A Tale of Two Cities, episode 4, titled, Business as Usual, solely from the point of view of the character Judi Kane (played by Kate Ritchie). Packard said that ‘we have all seen men shoot other men’246 gangster style, but that giving this scene the point of view of the wife, the mother caring for her children, allowed it to have a unique take on suburban gangland wars. The series Underbelly, which ran from February 2008 to September 2013, won a number of industry awards, including best Television Mini-Series – Adaptation.247 Packard’s practice does not separate her own aesthetics and emotional reaction to the source material, and it confirmed that my own practice of adapting Hall’s novel involved a similar process.

246 Ibid.
247 http://www.imdb.com/title/tt1119176/awards retrieved 14/7/17
Searching for the spine in a novel

Searching for the spine and seeking the premise are the first acts of translation and adaptation that the screenwriter needs to achieve. Finding the spine works as a guide for what to eliminate and what to include, what to adapt and translate, and what is non-existent and needs to be created. In the process of defining the premise and spine of the novel, the interpreter can, of course, realise that it is not the same when they come to write the screenplay, which is what happened to me. As I read the novel I found that I began my search for the spine, the essence of Hall's novel, by identifying key moments worth keeping, that were vital to drive the plot along. Inside these moments, I went even further to find the line written by Hall that held, for me, the true purpose of that moment in the story, which would later become a scene in the screenplay. For the section of the novel I have quoted above, I found what to keep and translate in the following sentence by Hall.

She struggles against the straps. But the only freedom to move is in the memory.\textsuperscript{248}

This sentence allowed me to move beyond imagining the shot sizes I saw as a cinematographer-reader, and allowed for a deeper understanding of the subtext of my imagined coverage – the juxtaposed camera angles became more than just a jarring experience for the audience. The use of the close-up of Mrs Shoddy became a reminder to the viewer that everything they had seen in a prior scene, or moments after this scene – of perhaps Martin, Lorna's lover/husband as a youth, Lorna with her father, or on her farm with her horses when she was young and healthy – has stemmed from the mind and memory of this old woman. The interiority of her world would be represented by the limitations of the

\textsuperscript{248} Hall, 25.
frame’s confines, and the wide shot ‘snaps’ her back, exposes her and refuses, or aims to refuse her any intimate moments. Yet within her memories there is ‘freedom to move’, which on film allows for flashback narratives that play out in a chronological order. I will be looking at this further later in this chapter. For now, the point I am making is that the images I had created in particular shot sizes, as I read Hall’s novel as a cinematographer, led me to see how as a screenwriter I could write for a film crew, trusting that their training and ability to analyse screenplays would be enough to hear what I was whispering to them in my screenplay. My practice as a cinematographer informed my practice as a screenwriter.

**Visualising the internal – My process of translating Hall’s prose into screenwriting**

To take my translation and adaptation of this section of the novel further, I was interested in how the images, and then the meaning of these images in the film, could also enable the viewer to visualise the internal thoughts, feelings and motivations of a character, all without the aid of a voice over telling the audience what the character is thinking. The images I saw when I first read this section of the novel needed to have, ideally, an emotional, but also a physical response from the audience. I found a note to myself in the margins of this page of the novel – *Contrast the constraint of the straitjacket to her life with her horses. Make the audience feel that comparison, make them shift in their seats uncomfortably, make them feel her constraint.* This note was the inspiration for the opening of the film in the second draft, the one I refer to as the ‘Unfaithful Draft’, and stays in the final third draft. The claustrophobia of the close-up frame, I believed, could contrast against one of Lorna’s memories, seen by the audience in flashback of a tracking shot of Lorna riding her horses free on the
beaches near her farm. This latter image is not in the novel. It is an image I decided the audience needed to see early in the film, to fully embrace the younger, fitter, freer Lorna and her skills as a horsewoman. In the novel we are only told that she has a natural way with horses; I wanted that telling to become showing. The note to myself led me, eventually, to find the opening sequence where I begin the film with horses cantering along the sand of a beach, a young Lorna smiling as she rides with experience and confidence. I wanted to start the film with a strong, youthful, and most importantly, free Lorna, and was influenced by Hall's words,

The electric light snaps on, drowning her in a surveillance of dazzling atoms. She winces behind bird-lids

to ‘snap’ the audience into the reality of the present day. To do this, cinematically, without the aid of a voice over, I used sound to pull the audience from that past into the brutal present with the

thud, thud, thud

of what seems to be horses’ hooves on the hard wet sand, but soon becomes the stomping tread of someone coming towards Mrs Shoddy in her imprisoned state. Using the visual language of cinema – the close tight static shot versus the wide moving shot – the aim was to guide the audience to see the contrast of the past versus the present, to feel the constraint of Lorna’s straitjacket versus her riding free and young with the horses. Filmmakers never know if they get it right, but the language of cinema and the understanding of film language allow us to know what a particular coverage of a scene or sequence has, historically, had the potential to do.

249 Ibid.
Setting a tone

A film audience is willing to be guided at the beginning of a film, and the filmmaker’s role is to set a tone and style, as well as introduce key characters and thematic elements. Below is the opening scene of the final draft that came out of the ideas and thoughts and margin notes about the passage I began this section with, and how it influenced the screenwriting. I see it as setting a tone in the first opening moments of the film, of the conflict that is Lorna’s situation – showing the audience what is happening to her without explaining it in voice over or dialogue. The sequence was written to guide the audience to understand the structure the film would take, that of flashbacks and present day, cutting back and forth, whilst also introducing them to the two versions of the main protagonist, Young Lorna, and (Older) Lorna.251

EXT DESERTED BEACH (THE PAST)
MORNING

YOUNG LORNA, 23, her hair long and flowing, rides her MARE along a deserted beach. The thud, thud, thud of its hooves on the wet sand.

YOUNG LORNA smiles. Bliss.

A card reads: AUSTRALIA 1947

Six HORSES follow behind her.

Together they canter through the shallow water’s edge. The sun bright and warm.

...

251 Please note that the scene is truncated from its original in the screenplay for the sake of brevity, with the use of ellipsis to indicate the scene has jumped in screen time. The full scene is supplied in my creative practice artefact, the screenplay.
She begins to unsaddle it with skill and tenderness. The sounds of the girth being loosened loud.

A grunt of pain.

INT CALM DOWN ROOM  DAY

LORNA, 59, wild long hair, her frame thin, shouts a high pitched, out of control cry.

A card reads AUSTRALIA, 1983.

The room is small, no windows, a closed door. LORNA's arms are wrapped in a stained canvas straitjacket.

Her body strapped to a pallet in the middle of the room.

LORNA's face is filthy, streaks of old tears smear her cheeks. She is worn out from trying to free herself.

LORNA

Help! Please, somebody help me!

Heavy footsteps on the other side of the door, coming closer.

Deep sounds, thud, thud, thud.

LORNA looks towards the door.252

How to be unfaithful

To be faithful or not to be faithful, that is the question of every screen adaptor/translator. As I mentioned earlier, Hall's novel is set against the small-minded politics and claustrophobia of a tiny coast town. Rodney Hall lived for many years on a headland just out of the small town of Bermagui on the NSW south coast. I know this area well, as a family member owns a house on the same beach that Hall lived for many decades with his family. As such I have walked the beach looking up at Hall's house pondering his writing life, with that view, with that small isolated beach all to himself most of the year. So as I read Love Without Hope I had images already in my head, and the novel's story, particularly Lorna's farm, for me was easily set in that location; a wild blue sea, sloping green paddocks, a small wooden house. All I needed to add were horses and a vast horizon. Perhaps being near the place where a renowned, award-winning author whose novel I had been given permission to adapt had once lived had an effect on me such that the first draft of my screen adaptation was so faithful it was almost religious. As all writing is re-writing, it would take me many months of full time writing to give myself permission to find my own version of this story, which meant finding a different premise.

Searching for the Premise

In my chapter on Cold Mountain, I spoke of how the premise can assist the screenwriter to know what and how they approach the screen adaptation of a novel. The sparseness of the screenplay format lends itself to the bare basics of narrative, 'boiled down to its bones'\textsuperscript{253}, and as such, the adaptor is required to find those bare bones and lay out a

\textsuperscript{253} Bricknell, 32.
narrative that suits cinema. Jan Sardi, the screenwriter of many adaptations, including *The Secret River* (2015) and *Mao’s Last Dancer* (2009), observes the process he and his co-writer, Mac Gudgeon, undertook in order to arrive at a ‘faithful’ adaptation of Kate Grenville’s *The Secret River* (2005).

... we had to disassemble it in order to re-imagine it in a cinematic way. This means discarding some bits, reinventing others, and sometimes coming up with entirely new material in order to give the audience an understanding and a handle on the story and what the characters are going through.254

My first draft of the screenplay for *Love Without Hope* involved diligently going through the novel and finding the core of the story – Mrs Shoddy’s imprisonment in the asylum, her memories of her life before the fire that killed all of her horses and led to her depression, of her husband Martin Shoddy, a man who may or may not be real. The other story involved the characters working away at selling Mrs Shoddy’s prime land, her farm overlooking the ocean. This equated to three key storylines at play – present in the asylum with Mrs Shoddy, past of Mrs Shoddy (known as Lorna in both novel and screenplay), and present in the small town as the characters lie and swindle each other to get the land. I took a pencil to the novel, crossed out pages that were never going to be of use in a film, either by the sheer nature of too much telling and exposition, or pages that revealed a lot about character, but little about plot. With these exclusions and the spine of the plot as bare-boned as possible, I wrote a screenplay draft that stuck to Hall’s narrative as closely as possible, sat back and thought, ‘Well, that was easy. What’s all the fuss about?’

When my supervisor read this first draft, my ‘faithful’ screenplay, she wrote kind words of encouragement, acknowledging that it was a good first draft and that So far, you’ve written a fairly faithful adaptation of Hall’s novel. One of the observations she made about this draft was that there were a number of places in the scene description where I tell the reader things that are unnecessary, or which the reader should be able to determine from dialogue. The unnecessary scene descriptions come from two driving forces: the first was my love and respect for Rodney Hall’s prose; the second from the images the cinematographer in me could not let go of, images I saw so clearly I kept in the screenplay without consideration as to whether they added anything to the plot or premise.

**The over-worded ‘faithful’ screenplay – first draft**

Below is an example of a scene from my original ‘faithful’ first draft, when Olga, the district nurse, trespasses on Mrs. Shoddy’s land after the latter’s incarceration. It gives an example of the changes between the first and final draft.

EXT. FARM HOUSE DAY

OLGA approaches the house knowing she is trespassing. She turns to see if anyone is watching.

Magpies squabble noisily over dead hydrangea heads. The cackle of unseen kookaburras is deafening.

This scene comes directly from the novel, where Hall writes:

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255 Email feedback from Lucy Neave, 2010
256 Susan Thwaites, "Love without Hope (First Draft)," (Unpublished 2010), 19.
Olga falters. The house itself waits alert, windows attentive, a hushed receptacle of listening. Normal noises, unnaturally augmented by the hush, strike her as grotesque: the flitter of squabbling magpies noisily rustling dead hydrangea heads. An aeon later the remote cackle of unseen kookaburras grates on the ear. Shadows map the land with permanent blotches. The lull catches her off guard. The stillness is alive.

This section of the novel contributes to a theme set up by Hall that the farm is ‘alive’ and watching, but as a plot device its purpose is to show that Olga – who has been responsible for setting the wheels in motion to have Mrs Shoddy removed from her farm and taken to the asylum on the basis of not being able to look after herself – is unnerved by the way this seemingly empty house and farm continues to be aware and almost breathing. The image of the magpies and the dead hydrangea heads was very strong when I first read the novel, like a visual metaphor of scavengers pecking over the dead to get the best bits, just as Olga was doing as she walked on Lorna’s land. These were difficult images to leave behind. Along with the cackle of unseen kookaburras, they were elements I felt added to the scene, as they did so well in the novel. What I didn’t factor in, however, was that besides the director, main actors and key creative heads of department, more often than not the readers of the screenplay were unlikely to have read the novel, and more to the point, were not interested in a nod to literary fiction. They were reading for the screen and needed to be supplied with the pure essence of the scene. Out of context of the original paragraph in the novel, these scene descriptions in my first draft, just as my supervisor observed, were unnecessary. They added very little, if nothing to the scene. I realised that as a novice screen adaptation writer, I first had to get the ‘faithful’ out of my system and

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257 Hall, 35.
leave behind the literary fiction, in order to find the new, and write for the poetics of the screenplay.

Visual and Sonic Poetry

One of the other creative writing supervisors who read my ‘faithful’ first draft screenplay, Merlinda Bobis, advised that the best way for me to ‘translate the lyrical prose of the novel’, which she felt I was too attached to, was to do a translation that ‘is probably not so much in your language style, but through visual and sonic poetry, which means filmic strategies for creative atmosphere (landscape and psychology)’.\textsuperscript{258} As a former cinematographer who thought little of sound, to be guided to consider the use of sound poetry in my screenplay, as well as landscape and psychology to create atmosphere, allowed me to push through my attachment to Hall’s beautiful literary prose and find my own way of creating the atmosphere I felt was needed in the screenplay. Before I could find the poetry, however, I first had to find brevity in my writing for the screen.

Re-writing with brevity

Letting go of Hall’s language and writing only for the screen required giving up on large sections of writing, cutting out the unnecessary, the flowery writing, the descriptions and adjectives and cutting it down to the essential only. By the time I wrote my third and final draft, not only had the dead hydrangeas and kookaburras gone, so too had Olga. She became a casualty of concision when I realised that all I needed from her

\textsuperscript{258} Feedback via email from visiting ANU creative writing supervisor, Merlinda Bobis, March 2011.
was her district nurse role, and so gave Rita, the town busybody and driving force behind gossip and the worst aspects of a small town, a new career as a district nurse. I also withdrew the magic realism of the farm being alive and watching, in this scene at least, and instead let the scene exist purely and simply as a way to show the audience the real estate plot, and how Rita drives it. This meant creating two new characters, two real estate agents who can, through dialogue, tell the audience all that needs to be told. Screenwriters are advised that dialogue is a last resort, and that at all times we must aim to show, not tell. In the scene below, I believe the dialogue of the two real estate agents delivers vital plot information, but also adds a tone of disrespect of a modern generation, to remind the audience of the difference in the town from the days when Martin and Lorna were young and falling in love in the 1940s. It also, more importantly, shows us that it is Rita who is behind this deception and is responsible for betraying Lorna to get her land. Below is the scene as it ends up in my final draft of the screenplay.

EXT FARMHOUSE/LORNA'S LAND
(PRESENT) DAY

Two Real Estate Agents, PHILLIP and TOM, both in shiny, cheap suits, pause at the top of the driveway near Lorna's farmhouse, looking out at the view to the sea.

PHILLIP

Bloody beautiful, eh?

TOM

Reckon.

They continue walking up towards the farmhouse.
TOM looks back at the gate by the road, where two cars are parked outside. Leaning against the gate, looking up and down the road, and then over to the men, is RITA.

TOM CONT.

Why’s she not coming in again?

PHILLIP glances over at RITA, who waves enthusiastically at the two of them.

PHILLIP

(waving back with a fake smile)

Says as the district nurse she doesn’t want to compromise her professional something-a-rather.

TOM also waves, and laughs.

TOM

Right. As long as she gets her finder’s fee ey?

The men reach the garden gate of Lorna’s farmhouse and turn to look down the valley and pastures.

TOM CONT.

If the old girl’s really gone, it’ll go to the state yeah?

PHILLIP nods, writing down some notes with his pen.
PHILLIP

Yep. House isn’t worth shit, but the land, (gestures at it with his chin) we could sell it on for a mozza.

EXT FARM GATE (PRESENT) DAY

RITA squints up impatiently at PHILLIP and TOM as they chat by the farmhouse gate. She looks at her watch, then down the road, keen to move on.

The change in the two versions of this scene reveals the often-heartbreaking aspect of screen adaptation, especially if the novel is literary fiction. I had to sacrifice the squabbling magpies and dead hydrangeas, the cackle of kookaburras, and replace them with two young real estate agents in shiny, cheap suits. Not only is brevity a factor when considering what to adapt, a film’s budget is always there to constrain. And whilst I have created two new characters, their scene is minimal, and could be shot in a few hours, versus the entire plot of Olga, which would take up far too much screen time for no added value. As I said, the main reason she exists, her district nurse role, was easily handed over to Rita. A note of thanks to Rodney Hall for this scene, for it was he who suggested adding it, and offered up to me, free of charge, the great word, mozza.

The screenplay format – spacing words on a page

The spacing of screenplay words, with the sometimes-vast white space around those words is, as I have mentioned before, like poetry. Yet the spacing of the words also serves as a way for the screenwriter to

communicate to the key creative crew how the scene could be filmed.

From the same chapter in the novel, when Olga trespasses on Mrs Shoddy's land, Olga mentions the 'neglected orchard'. In my first 'faithful' draft, I kept this orchard and chose to use it as a visual metaphor of renewal, life and colour at the end of the screenplay, as Martin rescues Lorna. It is the last scene in the film, the great romantic rescue of frail Lorna by her returned husband/lover, Martin. Lorna is inside her old house too ill to realise a bulldozer is knocking it down around her.

**EXT LORNA'S FARM/ORCHARD DAY**

Dust fills the air hiding everything. The noise of bricks, tiles and beams collapsing soon subsides.

The hiss of rubble as it settles.

The dust clears to reveal the orchard. It has burst into pink bloom. Each tree neatly in a row alive with fairy-floss softness on black branches.

The hiss is replaced by whip birds, they crack the air with their cries. Cows from a distant farm moo. The wings and screech of cockatoos.

From not far away, the wash of waves from the sea.

Tree branches creak.

Wind blows.

**MARTIN, carrying LORNA in his arms, emerges from the fallen house. He walks through the blossoming orchard.**

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260 Hall, 35.
Reading it now, many years after it was written, all I see is a wordy scene, however it serves as an example of how formatting works in screenplays. Note the poetic style of sentences on their own, such as *Tree branches creak*, and *Wind blows*. In screenwriting this gap and minimalism serves two purposes. The first may be to extend the length of the scene on the page without adding unnecessary words. For remembering that a page of screenplay equates to a minute of screen time, the screenwriter can influence how long they envisage a scene should take, and a line that says *Tree branches creak* – on its own – allows for the trained film maker to analyse this as an extended moment on the screen, silence except for the creak of a tree branch, a single shot of the branches of a tree, nothing more, all leaving time for the audience to ponder, to wait. Breaking up sentences is one of the simplest ways for a screenwriter to extend the length of a scene without having to find other words that may lessen the strength of the scene. For every word written needs to have a purpose, to the sound recordist, the cinematographer, the actor, director etc., who are looking for the subtext and metaphors in the screenplay.

Breaking up the writing of a screenplay page also suggests a rhythm to a scene. For example, the scene above is the calm after the storm, the house has collapsed, the climactic moment of the film has occurred, and the audience waits to see if Martin and Lorna survive. To separate sentences, *Tree branches creak* from *Wind blows*, advises the filmmakers not to rush the scene, suggesting when the scene is filmed they allow the branches on the trees to be heard and seen, to pause as the peaceful aspects of the farm replace the deafening sounds of the house collapsing.

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261 Thwaites, "Love without Hope (First Draft)," 116.
The separate sentences can also, but not always, be a clue to the director and cinematographer that another camera angle is needed. By separating the tree branches from the wind blowing, the screenwriter is whispering to the key creative team to see these as two separate shots, which assists in creating a longer scene, as the more shots in a scene, usually, the longer it will run.  Despite keeping the majority of this end scene the same from first to final draft, much of Hall’s literary prose had to go. And it was in the writing and re-writing, and the time between the drafts that I also searched for and decided what for me was the premise.

My search for the premise continues – and how the spirit of the land offered itself up to me

The original moral premise I devised for my version of Love Without Hope was as follows:

Opening yourself to love, trusting those who love you, allows you to be free. When you close off love, condition it with rules and regulations, you are imprisoned (you imprison yourself).

With this statement of opposites, I was able to explore the relationship Lorna had with Martin, with her horses and land, and how it clashed with that of her community. This was the conflict at the centre of my cinematic version of this story, how to reconcile being an individual who thinks and

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262 NB I note that in my final draft these two sentences, Tree branches creak and Wind blows, are on the same line. They are still broken into two, but not separated by a line space. This was done as 116 minutes was slightly too long for a feature film in Australia at the time of printing (still probably is), and that films under 100 minutes were better received, in terms of budget. So I truncated the scene to decrease the length – it now appears on pg. 98 (and example of how this can be done without taking away too much of the feel of the scene). The sentences are still broken into two, rather than with a comma, allowing for the hint that these two elements of sound and image within the film are to be filmed separately. The rest of the scene has stayed the same.
behaves so differently from the norm, how to love Martin when the community did not. It allowed me to bring Martin's indigenous heritage to the foreground and have it as the major dilemma for Lorna, knowing that to have to stayed with Martin, to have his child out of traditional wedlock in a 1940s Australian coastal town, would be to see her ostracised and isolated. For me, it was a far more interesting angle to take the story of an old woman forced into an asylum who remembers her way back to a saner, stronger self by allowing her to remember who Martin was, and why he left. It was more interesting than the real estate plot, not only perhaps because I am a woman of a certain age and self-interests, but also because as a former cinematographer it offered more opportunities to explore the ideas of visualising the internal of characters through the cinematic language of film. I was able to use sound and images, cutting and linking the past and present through repetitive shot sizes, sounds that came from the past into the present, as I did with the opening sequence of the thud, thud, thud of horses' hooves that became someone walking down a hall in the asylum. I began working with my initial premise and began to write my 'unfaithful' version of the screenplay, and it was during this second draft writing process, finding ways to set the tone of the screenplay through subtext in dialogue and visual metaphor in screen language, that I realised my initial premise needed tweaking.

It is not uncommon that the writer of a screen adaptation may find something in a novel that becomes, for them, far more important than the novelist intended. What follows is an explanation of how I came to let go of my need to be faithful to a living literary legend, and find my own version and premise of this story, and how I came to rest with a premise that showed itself to me through my interpretation of Hall's novel, one that he wasn't as pleased about as I was. I will explain my creative practice process first, and end this next section with what became my final premise of the screenplay for Love Without Hope.
Creative practice process – interpretive choices and intermediality

Some could consider my reading of Hall’s novel as a feminist reading, and there is no doubt that I am a woman of that generation, but it is not just the feminist in me that read through and into, and possibly even invented meaning where none was intended, in a novel written by a male writer then in his sixties. There is also the non-indigenous Australian side of me that couldn’t avoid the power of Hall’s writing. Those two sides of me influenced my interpretive choices, such that in the two-page chapter I will be discussing in a moment there was something that triggered my interest and I couldn’t shake its power over me. I would also argue that my reading of the chapter and how I interpreted it is an example of intermediality, in that I was influenced by the plethora of media, from photographs, documentaries, paintings and other films that represented the injustice and incarceration of both indigenous people, and women in general, for doing nothing wrong except being themselves. As an

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263 For example, the photography and films of Tracy Moffitt, particularly Night Cries (1990) – the story of a white mother and her aboriginal daughter, [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TvI1N-i1t5Q](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TvI1N-i1t5Q) retrieved 14/2/17, simply for the mixed race complications of the relationship and the aging woman in the film.

A scene in Bruce Beresford’s Fringe Dwellers (1986), a powerful scene where the young Aboriginal girl Trilby (Kristina Nehm) has given birth to an unwanted baby, and in a bathroom in the hospital the day of the birth, she just drops the baby on the tiled floor and it is killed. She doesn’t get into trouble, as it is seen as an accident, however her intent to rid herself of this burden and all that it brings is clear. The scene preceding it is in the link supplied. I haven’t seen this film since it came out in 1986, but that scene of Trilby dropping the baby surfaced when I was writing my version of the screenplay for Love Without Hope, and young Lorna’s decision to rid herself of her unborn child was influenced by this 1980s film. [http://aso.gov.au/titles/features/ fringe-dwellers/clip3/](http://aso.gov.au/titles/features/fringe-dwellers/clip3/) retrieved 14/2/17

Even the multiple personalities of the character Sybil in the film version I somehow saw of an American TV two-part episode of the same name (1976), it was released in Australia at some point in about 1979 as a feature film when I was 16. It was the first film I saw as a teenager about mental health issues and the awful domestic abuse against a young woman by her mother, and how as an adult Sybil retreats into other personalities to hide from her past. [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sybil_(1976_film)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sybil_(1976_film))
educated film scholar and woman in my early fifties, the media material around these two subjects, the treatment of women and indigenous people in Australian history, cannot be separated from my interpretation of Hall’s novel. What follows is the ‘in-between’ process of how I came to find the premise and wrote my version of *Love Without Hope*.

**The Female Ancient**

There is a beautiful chapter in Hall’s novel, just two-pages long, that for me held the absolute essence of the novel, and led me, eventually, on a path of finding all that I needed to drive the premise of my version of the story. This chapter introduces the idea of *The Female Ancient*. I write this in italics as these are the words I wrote in my pencil margin notes to sum up this tiny chapter, perhaps alluding to the importance of the idea that it deserved to be a proper noun. In order to explain more of why this particular chapter resonated with me, and to go further to show how it influenced the screenwriting, I shall allow the reader the chance to see Hall’s words for themselves. The use of ellipsis is not from the original chapter, I have truncated the chapter for brevity’s sake. This section of the novel comes directly after we have read about Olga trespassing on the land and feeling it ‘alive’.\(^\text{264}\)

> The land breathes with contentment, weeds flowering along fence-lines where rusted relics of machinery sink into the soil… The nurse has gone… She has driven off in a fury of dust.

\(^{264}\) The reader will note some familiar words I have remediated in the final scene of the screenplay – *dust settles, whipbird’s cry.*
The dust settles.

... Cliffs with their caves and mossy rocks echo a whipbird's cry.

The sky fills with spirits gathering to view the farm below, agitating the domesticated scene with speculations and swirling in their myriad inquisitiveness, elevated and murmurous, in the observance of a simple closure ritual – long awaited... This gigantic female holds them, fluttering numerous as leaves in the forest, as a clan, crowded together and in no hurry: other intruders have not survived, but she has. They look down at her grass-clad form, half a kilometer long, and at the tiny squared irrelevance of house and yards set ceremonially on her head, at the horse trough held like a dish in her hand. They know with the knowing of two thousand generations – a vast and ever-tumbling avalanche of grief and laughter too cataclysmic to be confined – there is a heart here and the heart has not stopped beating, only half-buried by the soil and masquerading as bare peaceful folds of hillside.

Perhaps they sense, also, with the insight of belonging, an old woman who does not lie quiet under the exhaustion of age. Her spirit is among them. She is tomorrow's havoc.

The idea of the spirit of the land being an ancient female, a woman who, from above, can be seen lying in and on the land that Lorna's farm sits insignificantly on, the tiny squared irrelevance of house and yards set ceremonially on her head, at the horse trough held like a dish in her hand, was more than just a strikingly beautiful image. For me what resides in

265 Hall, 42-43.
this two-page chapter is a reverence for both the female, and indigenous ancestry, that other intruders have not survived, but she has, giving hope to the idea that no matter what occurs on this land, whether a bulldozer comes and destroys Lorna's old farm, the yards and horse trough, the ancient female in no hurry emerges in an awakening to perform a simple closure ritual – long awaited, that uneartths a heart that has not stopped beating, only half-buried by the soil masquerading as bare peaceful folds of hillside. The use of the word masquerading in particular alluding to the lie that is the colonial’s stamp, but also, I felt, to what is occurring with Lorna, how betrayed she has been by the town, but also how she has betrayed herself and Martin’s love. This passage inspired the idea that Lorna must acknowledge her fault, her part in the blame that led to Martin leaving. It became an important part of the premise I eventually settled on.

Linking this ancient female spirit who is in no hurry and can emerge at any time from underneath the soil, to an old woman who does not lie quiet under the exhaustion of age, says to the reader that both ancient females will not be buried, and in fact are tomorrow’s havoc. What I read in this chapter was the overwhelming power of love that can never be buried, and that has sustaining healing powers that are invisible to others. By acknowledging the indigenous history of the region, and linking it to Mrs Shoddy, Hall gave me the idea of pursuing this link further. And later, in Hall’s novel, when it is revealed to the reader that Martin’s grandmother was indigenous (and so therefore is he) it was more fuel for me to follow this narrative thread as a possible alternative ‘essence’ of the novel. I began to read the novel with the aim of linking the references Hall had made to indigenous history or characters, and what these smaller sections of the novel were trying to say, beyond perhaps the politically correct nod to the theme of this country’s past and both land and persons being taken away against their will.
Permission to tell my own story

In her feedback of my faithful first draft, Merlinda Bobis also suggested to ‘Give yourself permission to break away and tell you own story’. In my conversation with Bobis, we spoke of the need to be wary of following this indigenous thread to avoid it being tokenistic. After this meeting I went home and wrote the heading, *Who is Martin?*, for both of us agreed that we were intrigued by this man and his role in Lorna’s life, and also to find out more of who Lorna was as a younger woman, before age, loneliness and depression led her to be incarcerated. In one writing session I wrote four thousand words of backstory for Martin and Lorna, as well as notes on structure and premise. Hall offered up very little about Martin, no doubt for the purpose of making the reader ponder if he is real, or an imagined lover of an old (mad) woman. Still, I began with what he supplied (below), snippets of conversation; fragments of memory that Mrs Shoddy in the asylum clings to in order to survive, for they still revealed much.

Martin neither denied his Aboriginal grandmother nor claimed her. The same with the law of the Koorie people. Without understanding it or living under it he left room for respect; room created by his extremely wary endorsement of the penal code brought by the British. The translucent grey shadows modeling his white skin were the only visible inheritance Martin had from that side of his ancestry.

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266 Email feedback on my first ‘faithful’ draft from creative writing supervisor at ANU, Merlinda Bobis, March, 2011.

NB - Both Lucy Neave and Merlinda Bobis have to be thanked for giving me ‘permission’ to write my own version of this story, to make something of the screenplay that was not in the novel, for I wouldn’t have been brave enough to consider this was possible seven years ago when I first began the adaptation.

267 Hall, 35.
Not long after this section in the novel, another character is introduced. Julie is an epileptic patient and Lorna's only friend in the asylum. Juxtaposed alongside the revelation of Martin's heritage, the description of Julie made me feel she also was indigenous, '...liquid black eyes set in a kindly round face, a woman whose cheeks have known laughter and whose skin is so brown as to be almost black'\footnote{268} Later in the novel Julie's heritage is confirmed when she says to Lorna, 'A month seems a long time to us fellows', and Lorna's internal thought ponders Julie's idea of time as 'An Aboriginal thing'.\footnote{269} The Indigeneity of these two characters in Hall's novel were minor elements that sat at a distance from his main plot of the real estate deal to grab Lorna's farm. Yet for me, Martin's Aboriginal heritage and how Lorna attached no great significance to it, became something I could not leave behind. I was fascinated by what it meant for Martin to have this heritage, and what it meant for a young man who could pass as European in a small town in Australia in the mid to late 1940s but who was in fact Aboriginal, to be loved by a white woman; a woman who was not, initially, affected by it one way or the other.

Blood is blood, necessary for life, that's all... I don't give a fig for my forebears ... so why should I bother about yours?\footnote{270}

It was this idea, and the theme of the female ancient spirit in the land, which influenced and inspired me, and completely overtook my reading of the novel, at the cost of the real estate plot. Whilst the stealing of Lorna's farm and the town's involvement in putting her away is dramatic in its injustice, (and still exists in the final draft) it did not hold as much intrigue in terms of making a cinematic version of Hall's novel, and as

\footnote{268} Ibid. \footnote{269} Ibid. \footnote{270} Ibid, 71. (My ellipsis)
such sits in the background of the story. The idea of people finding out about their Aboriginal ancestry late in life in this country is not new, especially with the Stolen Generation’s displacement of their ancestry. Yet I had not seen a film that explored a character finding out, as an adult, he had Aboriginal heritage, never having lived culturally, familiarly, or spiritually with an indigenous upbringing. This shift of focus from the original spine of Hall’s novel meant creating new scenes, a new structure, new characters and a different premise.

White guilt and the character of Lorna

As I began writing my second ‘unfaithful draft’, another of Hall’s fragments of memory through Mrs Shoddy in the asylum worked its way into my thinking. Below is a line in the novel presenting Lorna’s interior dialogue with an imagined Martin in the Punishment Room:

I knew you would have to leave one day.
What I have not been able to say to you is that I was going to suggest it anyway. You need your freedom.

It was from this line that I took a distinctly different path than Hall’s original material. I decided that Lorna comes to the realisation that in fact it was she who asked Martin to leave, she who was not brave enough to pursue a life with what was then considered a ‘half-caste’ man. My version of Lorna took on the white guilt that sits at the core of my version of this story; that was answering the non-indigenous Australian side of me that read so much into the two-page chapter on the Female Ancient. A

271 Sally Morgan’s novel, My Place (1987), is of course a significant contrition to literature and memoir that deals with this theme, but it has not been adapted for the screen, to date.
272 Hall, 35.
guilt that Lorna, serving perhaps as a metaphor for non-Indigenous Australians, suppressed till the point of illness, all that she had done (all that we as a nation had done). It takes Lorna to be incarcerated and alone, her horses lost to her, her land almost gone, for her to fully remember, acknowledge and grieve her decision and participation in hers and Martin’s history. She remembers, and we the reader of the screenplay are given, the crisis moment in the film’s backstory, when Lorna makes the decision to ride one of her horses at the very early, dangerous stage of her pregnancy with Martin, in order to miscarry. None of this happens in the novel. There is no pregnancy, no sense of a marriage or how the town may or may not have dealt with this ‘half-caste’ man, no decision to miscarry and set in motion the rift between the lovers so that one of them leaves forever.

I made the decision that Lorna must be imprisoned, in a literal and psychological sense, for her to process and fully accept what she did in the past. I do not mean as some moral punishment for abortion – I see the self-induced miscarriage as a metaphor for the genocide that we as a nation have in our history. Lorna’s acceptance is that she, unlike Martin, was not brave enough to embrace their relationship, and that the mores of the small town won over her love for him. It is only once she acknowledges her past, and most importantly, forgives herself of it, that she can accept that it is only the self that can determine what is suitable behaviour, not society, and that she was wrong. With this acceptance comes peace, and the strength to escape and head home.

The premise for my version of Hall’s story is as follows.

*To lie to yourself, to be afraid to accept your true self, leads to destruction and imprisonment (of self). But to be fully truthful and not afraid to show the world who you really are, leads to freedom.*
When I first began writing up this chapter on my process of turning Hall’s novel into a screenplay, I truly believed it was my own version and interpretation of the Ancient Female chapter that had driven the premise I created; however, this may not be true. Although I thought I was being wholly original in my interpretation, there is one line in Hall’s novel that on reading it again, after four years, I believe influenced me. It is in the same section where Lorna admits to her imagined Martin that she was going to ask him to leave. My copy of the novel is filled with coloured tabs marking important pages, underlined words, phrases circled, and notes in the margins, yet the line I found today, as I write in early 2017, is as pure as the printed novel first presented itself to me. I had not identified it as anything important, and it was only a fluke that I found it now, four years after I wrote the screenplay whilst checking the citation page for Lorna’s dialogue above. The sentence reads,

Had I taken myself captive already?273

I ponder that even though I did not make any notes on this idea of imprisoning herself, the essence of the idea sat with me during the two years I wrote three drafts of the screenplay. Working its way through the reading and re-reading of the novel, and the writing and rewriting of the screenplay, I suspect that it did, in fact, influence my interpretation of Hall’s story. As it turns out, my version is not at all what Rodney Hall had intended me to do with his novel.

273 Hall, 116.
What Rodney Hall thought

Late in 2011, I emailed my second draft (my ‘unfaithful’ version) to Rodney Hall. Below is the feedback he sent to me in an email a month or so later.²⁷⁴

Well, to start with I do think you have achieved a script that will film very well. And your solution for how to end the film—emerging from the pool—is brilliant….

Having cut out the plot to defraud Mrs Shoddy of her property, however, does give rise to a number of problems, as I see it . . . significantly affecting the audience’s insight into the motives of the new doctor and, more basic even than this, maintaining clear awareness that Mrs. Shoddy is not mad (but that she cannot get out of the asylum without the intervention of a relative or a doctor).

I do understand film and the imperatives of film structure, so I can see what it is you are doing. I hope I am not one of those writers who think a novel can be exactly transposed to the screen. Still, as I’m sure you will agree, the essence of the novel can. In this case the essence is Mrs Shoddy’s heroic courage in clinging on to her sanity—this is what gives her stature. This is my sticking point. If she doesn’t clearly show this courage then it is no longer my book that is being adapted. So, her sanity needs to be clearly there.²⁷⁵

²⁷⁴ NB All punctuation, including ellipsis, dashes, brackets and underline, are Halls.
²⁷⁵ Email from Rodney Hall, 2011
The email then consists of a dot point list of suggestions, including the useful one about the two real estate agents and the word 'mozza'. Hall was not a fan of the new character and plot I created in Mrs Parker, the old doc's wife. 'In my view the least convincing part of your script, Susan, is the Parker backstory (Beatrice etc.)'. He felt it did not advance anything and that the 'screen time could be more efficiently used to set up the swindle that Mrs Shoddy is to be put away so her property can be seized by the state and managed by an estate agent'. Hall did not mention my take on Martin and Lorna's relationship, and when I directly emailed and asked him what he thought of my version of Martin, I got no reply. I took on some of his comments about Lorna needing to be stronger, and less confused, to clarify to the audience her sanity and need to cling to it, as well as introduced a scene that indicates shock therapy without going too far visually. But my interests in the story had shifted from the plot of real estate fraud to the relationship and race issues of that time, including the notion of what it meant to be a woman who cannot have children (Beatrice) and a woman who chooses not to have children (Lorna). As such, I parted ways with Hall, whom I did not communicate with for another three years, when we conversed via email in mid 2015 to confirm the publication of my screenplay in my thesis. By this point, a film company had bought the option to make a film of Love Without Hope and it was agreed that my screenplay was only to be used for the academic purposes of this thesis.

Making it cinematic

Previously I discussed some of the major changes I have made to the story, theme and premise of the novel as I wrote and re-wrote three

276 Ibid.
drafts of the screenplay adaptation. What follows are a few examples that show my process of turning the interiority of the original novel into screenplay words that allude to the cinematic. In the novel the conversations Lorna has with Martin in the Punishment Room are done with Martin’s voice, which Lorna believes she can hear; he is never seen in the room. The dialogue between them is real and honest, clearly showing a connection and old relationship, the banter and things left unsaid, yet the prose reader never gets a sense of where he might be in the room, for of course in the novel Martin exists only in Lorna’s mind and memories, and as such is a disembodied voice. Hall gives us the idea that for Lorna, Martin is real.

“Are you dead?” she cries whilst he stands invisibly before her.\(^{277}\)

Yet later the omniscient narrator confirms that even Lorna knows she is making up the dialogue of a non-existent Martin. My dilemma was how to translate these conversations between the two main characters to the screen, without using the voice over of a disembodied voice that floats in the room, for this was not cinema. The essence of whether Martin is real or not in the novel needed to be kept in the film, for this drives the drama of will he rescue her or not, is he real or is she mad? However cinema is sound and image, and it was an easy decision for me to have Martin appear in the room.

When Martin first appears in my screenplay he is a shadowy figure in the corner, to introduce the idea to the audience, and also to Lorna, that Martin is ‘there’, that he is a presence in the room, to let both the audience and Lorna anticipate that later in the film’s story he could step forward and let us, and her, see him. Until that point we get to know him through his voice and the exchange of dialogue he has with Lorna. The

\(^{277}\) Hall, 61.
scene occurs when she finds herself back in the Punishment Room after a few brief moments of freedom in the garden working with Julie. The latter’s bucket of dried horse manure for the roses has triggered Lorna’s memory and grief for her horses. When Vernon’s aggressive and racist remark, calling Julie the Abo, 278, cause Lorna to smear the dried horse poo over Vernon, we cut straight back to her in the Punishment Room and into a conversation with Martin. The scene truncates many sections of the novel, and its main purpose is firstly to allow us to see Martin in this room, to make him real for the audience and for Lorna, enough to give her the courage and strength to plan her escape, but at the same time to confuse the audience about Lorna’s sanity. For at the end of the scene, Martin is whisked back into the corner shadows and is replaced by the Master in Lunacy, and a confused Lorna finds herself in his office. We have seen Martin tell Lorna about his adventures, only to suddenly have the Master in Lunacy referring to these adventures as made up fantasies by Lorna. Having the scene needing to serve both these very important plot points – Martin is real to Lorna, Lorna may be mad – involved precise word choice, but it is interesting to see that I could not find that precision until I had written the emotional version first, that is, my own emotional reaction to this scene and how it influenced how I translated it.

Martin appears and talks at great length about his adventures, of being a spy and going to jail, finally ending up in the UK writing travel books. It is a long section of the novel, and as it is manic in its delivery it would never work as a voice alone. I initially believed it needed more visuals, and that I had to step Martin out of the darkness into the light. It was thinking of Lorna strapped again to the pallet that made me decide this was the moment to reveal Martin to the audience and to Lorna. I imagined not just the cinematic side of this scene, that is, making it visually interesting

278 Thwaites, "Love without Hope," 45.
and engaging to the audience, but of the character as well. I had connected enough with Lorna by this stage that I cared for her and put myself in her position. I thought if I was Lorna experiencing this, or imagining Martin, I would want to see his handsome face. And that led me to have her ask him to step forward, to say the words out loud. *Come closer, I can’t see you,* or some such line, and then having her see that he is as young as he was when he left her. Whereas we, the audience, have seen her age on the screen, he hasn’t aged. This is because he is in her memory; she has no idea of how the present day Martin, if he exists, would look. I then added a line of dialogue, *You haven’t aged,* and then changed it to, *You’re still young.* Neither of which I liked, and so instead had her *gasp* at the look at him. I didn’t want any dialogue from Lorna at this point. There is nothing she could have said that would be, in my opinion, as powerful as what she does. I also didn’t believe that in that position she or I, or any aged woman strapped to a pallet in an asylum having experienced our adult nappy cleaned of the shit we no longer have control over, would be capable of forming words, let alone a sentence, as we truly believed we saw the man we loved in our youth come out of the corner of the room we were imprisoned in, un-aged.

In prose, I could have given the reader the thoughts Lorna was thinking, could have delivered the interiority of her fears, exhaustion and humiliation, but in cinema, without voice over to prop up meaning, I had to find the right verb, the perfect action to allow the actress playing Lorna, and the director guiding the actress, and even the sound recordist and cinematographer, to understand the importance of that one word in this scene – *gasp.* This is the word I used in an earlier draft, for I loved the sound of it, the onomatopoeic element of the word. Remembering that most screenwriters are not privy to rehearsals with actors, or on the set of a film during the shoot, these words, these directions I had written to the cast and key crew would eventually be interpreted in a number of ways, either it is a gasp at seeing his face again, that he is real and out of
the shadows, or that he is young and she is stunned by his beauty. To make sure the actor and reader got the right idea of what I wanted them to think, I added a line of action. *She turns away from his youth and looks at the ceiling.* This action gives a motivation for turning away and doing something, but it also gives a clue to the reader of my intentions. That I want that gasp to be seen as meaning she is stunned by his youth, and embarrassed by her own aging and dishevelment, not just from age, but from being unwashed and uncared for in a mental asylum; that it wasn’t just a gasp of shock that he suddenly appeared.

Once I had freed Martin from his shadowy corner, I was free to see him on the screen in any way I wished. And that is when I decided to break up this long scene by going even further with the visuals and having him actually riding in the back of the truck hiding behind the sacks of rice, surrounded by four Japanese sisters in Yokohama. These are the visuals that keep Lorna sane, but they are also the visuals that keep the cinema audience engaged. I thought that without them it was just words, telling, telling, telling. When Martin lights up a cigarette in the Punishment room – a scene that is obviously not in the book, as he is pure voice over in the book – I wanted the audience to be both drawn into this charming, handsome young man, as well as begin to think, this is getting a bit weird, so that by the time they’ve been to Japan with us (cinematically) and find themselves suddenly with Lorna in the office of the Master in Lunacy, and he is reciting the story we have just witnessed ourselves, they will *get* that Lorna is making all of this up, is having to invent a narrative for Martin because, in reality, she hasn’t seen or heard from him since the day he walked out many decades before. In the novel Hall tells us that Mrs. Shoddy is ‘all too painfully aware’ that she ‘is talking to herself’, and that she ‘knows nothing of Martin’s life’,279 Once I wrote this scene in its

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279 Hall, 35.
entirety I paused, and then read it again. And just as Olga and the cackle of kookaburras were left behind in draft one, so too my final draft lost many of the things I thought were vital in a cinematic version of this sequence in the novel. Not only did the budget constraints of a film need to be taken into account, such that the extra cost and time to film the Japanese women, the escaping spy and so on, I also realised that some of the emotions and directions I wanted to translate to the cast and crew reading my screenplay needed to be reined in. When writing the original scene I was passionate about this moment when an old woman sees her young lover again. I put myself into that moment far too much and wanted to express and convey the emotions I was feeling as a woman approaching her 50th year, contemplating the idea of an older age. I had to write it, to let it out of myself, and then in re-writes I could step back from the emotion of writing and see that other elements needed attention, and that this scene had to be simplified and the plot just had to keep going. Below is the scene as it appears in my final draft.

MARTIN steps out of the shadows in the corner. He is still young, 29 years old, still handsome with black eyes.

LORNA takes a quick intake of breath at the sight of him.

(And moments later in the scene)

LORNA screws her eyes to get a better look, to really see him.280

In this truncated version Martin appears from the shadows and begins his manic talk about all that he has done, seen, achieved, run from, but we hear it and watch him, as Lorna does, casually smoking, walking around

280 Thwaites, "Love without Hope," 46.
the pallet gesticulating with his hands and arms, till he is *whisked back into the corner shadows.* The verb *whisked* to give the sense that he is cartoon-like and can suddenly be shifted, and the word *back,* to remind the reader that it is really in the corner shadows that this man-as-memory lives; that he is not real. I miss the word *gasp* and all that I placed on its meaning and subtext, but the scene had to be very clear. We needed to see Martin as Lorna sees him, and we needed to whisk him away, to imply Lorna may be mad. Once done, the plot had to move on.

### A note on the decision of aging Lorna and my regret

When I completed the final draft of my screenplay in 2012, there had not been many films made in Australia whose lead character was an old woman. Fred Schepisi’s adaptation of Patrick White’s novel *The Eye of The Storm* (2011), shows us the ravages of age in the character played by Charlotte Rampling; it also cuts back to an earlier time when Rampling’s character was a younger woman filled with passion. This structure is very similar to *Iris* (2001), about the author Iris Murdoch, the old dementia-riddled Iris played by Judy Dench; the young beautiful Iris played by Kate Winslet. Both films rely on a flashback storyline to give a perspective on the present by looking at the past, just as Minghella’s *The English Patient* (1996) does; the latter two films were a strong influence on the structure of my screenplay. When I was writing my drafts I felt the Australian film industry was not ready to put funding into a film whose lead protagonist was in her 70s. Even my supervisors agreed it was not a strong selling point for the screenplay and made it less likely to get funding. I wrote Lorna as a 56-year-old woman, which involved changing dates and decades of the story. I had always imagined the older Lorna

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281 Ibid, 47.
being played by Judy Davis, the younger one by some beauty like Sarah Snook. I would argue that Davis is by far the bravest and most intriguing part of the film *The Dressmaker* (2015), but note that she is not the lead. In the 1990s there were only a few Australian films that showed an older face, such as Ruth Cracknell in *Spider and Rose* (1994), the story of a young ambulance driver (Simon Bossell) and the elderly lady (Cracknell) he transports on a six-hour trip to her home, and *Lillian's Story* (1996), also starring Cracknell, who plays an old lady who has just been released from a mental institution after decades, cutting back to the young Lillian (Toni Collette) as we see her life before her freedom was taken away.282 Writing up my thesis now, I regret not writing Lorna as a woman in her 70s, not simply because this is what age she is in the novel, but more importantly, this age is more realistic and challenging. A woman in her 70s passionately remembering a love affair from decades before, conjuring a man who supposedly left her, a woman who until a few months prior to this moment in the film's story was strong, capable of running a farm and owning horses, is a far more believable character to be in the state she is in, diagnosed with senior squalor syndrome and put away against her will, than if she was in her 50s.

**Finding what was ‘inside myself’**

When it comes to the screen adaptation of Rodney Hall’s novel, *Love Without Hope*, my role cannot be separated from my position as a middle aged woman of my time; an educated, independent feminist, who has juggled children and a career. I had the freedom, in adapting Hall’s novel,  

282 I did not see either of these Australian films before I wrote my screenplay adaptation. I knew of them but it was only in my research that I discovered there might be similarities in structure and plot, especially in *Lillian’s Story* (1996). To date I still have not seen them, as I did not want to risk being influenced by them. They are on my ‘list’ of films to see post PhD.
to write what interested me in terms of how I chose to adapt and translate the novel, and how I wanted to make it cinematic. I had the added advantage of having three supervisory readers at the Australian National University, who happened to be educated, independent feminists of our time, and encouraged and enjoyed my take on the story. If I were writing this screenplay in the ‘normal’ confines of the film industry, I would not have had that freedom, for whoever was paying my fee and decided to adapt the novel into a film, would have a huge influence on what and how I translated the story. It will be interesting to see the optioned version of Hall's *Love Without Hope*, if it makes it all the way into production and distribution, and could lead to further analysis into the creative process of the novel to screen adaptation. Regardless of my version versus someone else’s version, or even Hall's opinion of my version, it was Rodney Hall's beautiful prose that inspired me to see visually, and to interpret the magic realism aspects of his writing, especially his Ancient Female, allowing me to create the screenplay I have written. Hall wrote of a world that exists where characters feel and see other characters that are not there. Julie knows more than she should, Lorna can see and be on her farm and know Olga is trespassing even though Lorna is strapped to a pallet in an asylum. Even Olga knows she is in Mrs Shoddy's dreams. Sitting underneath it all is the concept of the land and the ancestral female spirits that reside there, watching, along with the horses, who are also ancient spiritual beasts who know and feel more than many think possible. Hall set up a narrative that allows the reader to believe, it we choose, that miracles can happen, and that, despite the title of the novel, there is hope. Robert Bresson observes that when making an adaptation one must 'find in the book what could be inside yourself, what corresponds with your own observations'.

reading of the novel is based on my personal interpretation of Hall's original story, and it drove my translation of this screen adaptation.
Conclusion

The production process that sits in between a novel becoming a film has not yet been fully acknowledged by the fields of research that explore this creative practice. I believe my research into visualising the internal – the transference of emotion and premise through cinematic language in the adaptation of novel to screen – contributes new knowledge to a number of established and emerging fields.

Whilst contemporary studies in novel to film adaptation have moved on from notions of fidelity and intertextuality, the industrial model of film production, which has at its core a number of key creative individuals who work at once alone, but also collectively, is ripe for exploration. Adaptation studies, and translations studies have found a meeting ground in how each contributes to the other when it comes to film adaptation, and the work of Lawrence Venuti’s category of interpretant is one of the key elements that allows the film production process, and the individuals as interpreters and translators in that process, to be identified and researched. Screen adaptation researches are taking a broader look at the field such that transtextuality and hypertextuality acknowledges the relationship between ‘hidden’ texts within other texts, allowing the contribution of individual key crew such as the cinematographer, as well as the actor – through their notes, inspiration, interpretations of a text – to be unpacked and explored, revealing a great deal about process. Intermediality also allows the ‘in between’ moments of media to be identified, such that a collection of images made up of photos, paintings and colour swatches on a pin board in a pre production office of a film crew can now be used as a way into analysing the how of the practice of novel to film adaptation. My contribution to knowledge uses the structure that exists within these above fields of study to go further into the film production process of development, pre production,
production, and post production, as I investigate the practice of how a novel makes it way to become a film.

The director is no longer the sole auteur responsible for a film adaptation’s success or failure; the field of screenwriting research having given scope and space for the screenwriter as practitioner, and the screenplay as stand alone text, to be considered in the interpretive choices as prose words are translated into screenplay words. The field rightly praises the screenplay and screenwriter for their contribution to a novel to film adaptation, and begins to explore the way a screenwriter writes for her small readership of technically proficient crew, cast and funding bodies. Each of these readers identified by Claudia Sternberg to include the non-technically minded fan who may not have the skills to fully know the poetry they are reading. The field touches on the idea that the reader of the screenplay differs – from camera operator, sound person, to actor – yet has not fully explored the way a key creative crew or cast reads. The different drafts of a screenplay are offered up as a way of seeing the process of the adaptation process, but the field has not yet explored what occurs in the collaborative, and highly creative period of production that occurs in between the film being funded, and the film being shot – known as pre production. It is here that my contribution to knowledge exists. Using my own interview material with cinematographer John Seale, and the plethora of interviews done with Anthony Minghella, I explore a number of drafts of the screenplay Cold Mountain to consider the use of the words of the screenplay, pondering the purpose of them. This highlights the collaboration and contribution that a key crew member, like Seale, can have with a director like Minghella, who encouraged and sought insight into his screenplays from his key creative crew. As a former cinematographer I also discuss the ideas of how a cinematographer reads a screenplay, to highlight the process of the practice of preparing to film words on a page. My interview with Felicity Packard contributes to the notion of how a
screenwriter reads the source material to find the key emotion of a character in that source, to bring focus and an overarching idea or theme to a screenplay.

It is the relatively new field of screen production research that brings together all of the above elements of translation, adaptation, intermediality, transtextuality and screenwriting research, by exploring the practice of screen production. The field acknowledges that it is in the study of the practice of production that a separation can occur from the established fields of film studies and cultural theory. My research into how the transference of emotion and premise through cinematic language in the adaptation of novel to film sits at the core of this field, and my contribution to knowledge is two-fold. Firstly, in my case study of the working relationship of John Seale, as cinematographer, and Anthony Minghella as screenwriter/director, I shed light on the close collaboration of these two crew roles, specifically noting the process of the cinematographer in terms of their personal and creative interpretation of screenplay drafts, and the dialogue had around those drafts with the director. I go a step further by highlighting how the cinematographer’s tool kit of light, frame, lens, aspect ratio and film stock allows them to visualise the internal of emotion and premise found in the screenplay. Using the interview material I have access to, as well as different screenplay drafts, the film of Cold Mountain, and the novel itself, my close textual analysis shows how the field of screen production might open itself to more investigation of the process of film making broadly, and the novel to screen adaptation specifically, to all key creative crew, such as production designer, costume designer, sound designer and editor. It is not just the individual’s relationship with the director, or their personal take on the screenplay this is ripe for exploration and research, it is their relationship to each other. As a former cinematographer, my practice of framing and filming a scene means little if the production and costume designer have not given me the right
palette of colours to light; the way my images are used on the timeline of the edit, and the way the soundscape contributes to my images, reveals that the skills of these individual key creative crew are intertwined, one not surviving without the other. The how and why of this creative practice collaboration has only just started to be explored. I would argue that an analysis of each of the interpretive choices of the key creative team of the crew would contribute to a greater understanding of how the translation of emotion and premise interiority from novel to screen occurs.

The second part of my contribution to knowledge can be found in the investigation into my own creative practice as screenwriter, writing specifically for a crew – most consciously the cinematographer – in my screenplay adaptation of Rodney Hall’s novel, Love Without Hope. The methodology of reflexivity allows me, as auto-ethnographer, to explore the process around adapting a novel into a screenplay, to be made into a film. Writing three drafts of the feature length screenplay allowed me to write the dutifully faithful version first, to get that out of the way, freeing me to take ownership of the source text and read it solely from my own personal, emotional reactions. It was only when I gave myself permission to own the work, and stop reading as a cinematographer, and instead write as a screenwriter knowing I could trust the cinematographer to ‘hear’ what I was whispering in my screenplay words, that I could completely immerse in the screenwriting, a process that reveals practice.

As a former cinematographer, and current creative practice researcher in screenwriting and the screenplay as text, my practice has informed my research. The methodologies I have used, close textual analysis and reflexivity, open the fields of creative practice-based research to allow the practitioner-researcher to use their practice to investigate not just their own practice, in an auto-ethnographic way. It also allows them to turn their skills in practice-based research onto other practitioners’
works, be they individual creative crew roles or teams of collaborators, as a way of exploring the film production process. It may also be a way of contributing to the analysis of films beyond the more traditional film critique or cultural theorist, shedding new light on the canon of film genres from a practiced based lens. My research reveals how more can be done to include creative practice based research in all fields that deal with the novel to film adaptation. I believe screen production research is leading the way by its focus on the production side of film making, however see that there is scope for more research into the contribution of individual key creative crew, and their collaborative process with each other, in the novel to film adaptation specifically, and film production broadly.
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LOVE WITHOUT HOPE
Third Draft

By
SUSAN THWAITES

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY RODNEY HALL

(c) July 2012
Susan Thwaites
EXT DESERTED BEACH (THE PAST) MORNING

YOUNG LORNA, 23, her hair long and flowing, rides her MARE along a deserted beach. The thud, thud, thud of its hooves on the wet sand. YOUNG LORNA smiles. Bliss.

A card reads: AUSTRALIA 1947

Six HORSES follow behind her.

Together they canter through the shallow water’s edge. The sun bright and warm.

EXT FARM/HORSE PADDOCKS (THE PAST) MORNING

A modest farmhouse sits on a hill. Away on the horizon the ocean shimmers.

YOUNG LORNA opens the gate of the horse paddock and lets the HORSES through. In faded riding pants and an oversized man’s shirt, she touches each horse as it passes.

Inside the enclosure YOUNG LORNA leans in to the powerful neck of her MARE, loses herself in its smell.

She begins to unsaddle it with skill and tenderness. The sounds of the girth being loosened loud.

A grunt of pain.

INT CALM DOWN ROOM DAY

LORNA, 59, wild long hair, her frame thin, shouts a high pitched, out of control cry.

A card reads AUSTRALIA, 1983.

The room is small, no windows, a closed door. LORNA’s arms are wrapped in a stained canvas strait-jacket. Her body strapped to a pallet in the middle of the room.

LORNA’s face is filthy, streaks of old tears smear her cheeks. She is worn out from trying to free herself.

LORNA
Help! Please, somebody help me!

Heavy footsteps on the other side of the door, coming closer. Deep sounds, thud, thud, thud. LORNA looks towards the door.
EXT PADDOCK (THE PAST) MORNING

HORSES’ hooves thump the earth as they canter across the paddock. Thud, thud, thud.

Snorting breaths, short and sharp.

INT CALM DOWN ROOM DAY

LORNA’S restraint is unbuckled by large hands. A grunt of pain as she is roughly lifted off the pallet by an attendant, VERNON 35, a large meat of a man.

Plonked on to her feet, LORNA sways a moment. Confused. The strait-jacket confines her arms. VERNON’s snorting breath, short and sharp, loudly beside her.

INT MASTER IN LUNACY’S OFFICE DAY

LORNA, still in her canvas strait-jacket, stands in front of a polished, tidy desk. She is frail and looks much older than she is. A brass plaque on the desk reads: MR BEVIS RADCLIFFE. MASTER IN LUNACY. LORNA studies it.

RADCLIFFE, late 40s, bald and slim, doesn’t look up from his reading. He sits, she stands.

RADCLIFFE
You never had children, Mrs Shoddy?

LORNA searches for the relevance of the question. RADCLIFFE looks up when she doesn’t answer. He smiles at her, the smile of a man trying to do his best, believing he is helping.

LORNA
(lucid, angry)
What have you done to me!

RADCLIFFE looks again at the papers on his desk. He picks up a pen.

RADCLIFFE
According to your file, you have nobody.

He glances at LORNA, kindly. Horses hooves on the ground, thud, thud, thud. LORNA searches the room for the sound, unsure.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RADCLIFFE pulls a piece of a paper out of a folder and places it carefully on the desk in front of LORNA. She peers at it.

RADCLIFFE CONT.
You asked to see your admission papers, Lorna.

LORNA nods, concentrates. RADCLIFFE continues, slowly, to help her understand.

RADCLIFFE CONT.
Now, this committal can be contested, upon application by a close relat -

The phone rings. Annoyed, RADCLIFFE picks up the receiver.

RADCLIFFE CONT.
Yes!

LORNA looks around the room, sees the garden beyond the window, the sunlight on the grass and flowers. The snort of her horses close by.

RADCLIFFE CONT.
Well tell them there is no more and they'll have to make do...

RADCLIFFE riffs through papers on his desk, looking for something he can’t find.

RADCLIFFE CONT.
(flustered)
Yes, yes... all right. Goodbye.

He hangs up the phone, finds the admission paper again, reads it quickly to find his place.

RADCLIFFE CONT.
...upon application by a close relative... and referred to our own psychiatric review process.

LORNA listens, baffled. RADCLIFFE looks up, cheerful.

RADCLIFFE CONT.
Then of course, there is the final court of appeal, the Administrative Decisions Tribunal.

He sits back in his chair. LORNA sways slightly. The sound of an old gate opening. LORNA hears it.
EXT FARMHOUSE VERANDAH/GARDEN (THE PAST) AFTERNOON

MARTIN, 29, olive skin, black eyes, lean and strong with a swag over his shoulder, heads away from the farmhouse. He doesn’t look back as he opens and shuts the garden gate. The old gate creaks.

A card reads: 1954

YOUNG LORNA, now 28, leans against the verandah post. Her expression resigned.

LORNA V/O
Things got too expensive...

YOUNG LORNA watches MARTIN leave the farm.

YOUNG LORNA
(confused)
No, no, that’s not right.

INT MASTER IN LUNACY’S OFFICE DAY

RADCLIFFE waits, patiently.

LORNA keeps her gaze out the window at the garden, the green lawn and flowers.

Suddenly she snaps back to reality, her anger controlled, focused.

LORNA
That woman started coming round!

EXT FARMHOUSE (RECENT PAST) DAY

LORNA, 59, hair wild, clothes grubby and shabby, runs out of the kitchen door chasing RITA, 68, plump, a hand made cardigan covering her nurse’s uniform, carrying a basket of food.

RADCLIFFE V/O
You mean the district nurse bringing you meals?

LORNA shouts at the terrified woman.

LORNA
Get off my land, Rita Gibbons. Leave me...
INT MASTER IN LUNACY’S OFFICE DAY

LORNA finishes the sentence with the same venom.

LORNA
...alone!

RADCLIFFE withdraws the document he has shown LORNA.

RADCLIFFE
You need to be in care, Lorna. That’s the long and the short of it.

LORNA
My husband...

The creaking of an old gate.

EXT FARMHOUSE VERANDAH/GARDEN (THE PAST) AFTERNOON

MARTIN, a swag over his shoulder, heads away from the farmhouse. He doesn’t look back as he opens and shuts the garden gate.

YOUNG LORNA watches him go, sad.

RADCLIFFE V/O
Ah, yes, the husband, Mrs Shoddy.

INT MASTER IN LUNACY’S OFFICE DAY

RADCLIFFE puts the document back into the file.

RADCLIFFE
You tell us there is a husband. A Mr Shoddy, perhaps. But we can do no more than consult the births, deaths and marriage records.

He lowers his voice and leans closer to LORNA.

RADCLIFFE CONT.
And I’m afraid the records show nothing to support such a claim.

LORNA glares at RADCLIFFE. Her expression full of indignation and rage, she tries to get her arms free.

(CONTINUED)
LORNA (defiant)
I have his ring!

EXT BUSH (THE PAST) DAY
A small opal ring is placed gently on YOUNG LORNA’s left hand.

MARTIN, 25 kisses YOUNG LORNA softly on the cheek. He whispers in her ear.

YOUNG LORNA smiles.

INT MASTER IN LUNACY’S OFFICE DAY
Out of the shadows in the corner, VERNON steps forward and seizes LORNA by the shoulders, pulling her back from ramming Radcliffe’s desk. She struggles wildly against him, spitting her rage.

RADCLIFFE, protected behind his desk.

       RADCLIFFE
       (rapidly)
We have little alternative, my dear woman, but to conclude that there is no one to whom we may refer the issue of your ongoing care.

EXT FARMHOUSE VERANDAH/GARDEN (THE PAST) AFTERNOON
MARTIN shuts the garden gate behind him. Walks away towards the road.

INT MASTER IN LUNACY’S OFFICE DAY
The sound of the old gate creaks shut. Final. LORNA stops struggling against VERNON. She stares at RADCLIFFE.

       LORNA
My house. My horses.

RADCLIFFE pats his bald head and nods in approval.

       RADCLIFFE
Horses do figure somewhat prominently in your file.
CONTINUED:

VERNON holds LORNA’s thin shoulders, stopping her as she tries to take a step closer to RADCLIFFE.

LORNA takes a breath, calms herself, stands taller. She glances at the nameplate, then up to RADCLIFFE

LORNA  
(articulate)  
Since when did a Master in Lunacy have the right to take away everything? Or give anything for that matter.

RADCLIFFE makes a note in her file.

RADCLIFFE  
By coming here, you mean? To this psychiatric hospital?

LORNA  
There’s obviously been some terrible mistake. I demand to be released. I wish to go home!

RADCLIFFE observes LORNA closely. He smiles at her, softens his voice.

RADCLIFFE  
This is your home now, dear. And I can assure you that no one will take it away from you.

LORNA, stunned, sways on her feet.

RADCLIFFE CONT.  
And when you can show us you’re calm, we can get you out of that camisole and in with the other ladies.

VERNON steers LORNA roughly out of the room before she can say any more.

RADCLIFFE CONT.  
We don’t want you hurting yourself.

EXT ORCHID FARMHOUSE (THE PAST) DAY

A card reads: 1947

YOUNG LORNA 23, suntanned, hair in a messy bun, in faded, worn riding pants and a man’s shirt, stands in a newly planted apple orchid. She waits for an answer.

(CONTINUED)
MARTIN 24, in working man’s clothes and an old felt hat, ties one of the apple trees with string to a post, finally looks up.

MARTIN
Well... don’t go hurting yourself.

YOUNG LORNA
(annoyed)
We’ve only had him a week and he’s been favouring that leg the whole time.

MARTIN gets up and walks slowly to the next small apple tree, checking the post in the ground.

MARTIN
Give us a tick, and I’ll help you.

YOUNG LORNA, her mind already made up, heads off.

YOUNG LORNA
I don’t need your help.

MARTIN laughs, shakes his head. He stands and watches YOUNG LORNA stride off.

MARTIN
It’s what your father pays me for, remember?

EXT HORSE PADDOCK (THE PAST) DAY CONTINUOUS

YOUNG LORNA is inside a small horse paddock. Old wooden stables close by with stalls and equipment. In the distance other HORSES graze.

A large, old STALLION is in the corner of the enclosed paddock. YOUNG LORNA closes the wooden gate and begins to walk over to the horse.

The STALLION glares at her, snorts its disapproval. She’s not wanted here.

YOUNG LORNA stops, adjusts her attitude. She thinks she knows horses, but this one’s different. She takes smaller steps towards it.

YOUNG LORNA
Come on, fella. Give us a look at that leg. I won’t hurt you.

(CONTINUED)
She moves closer to the STALLION, soothing it with her words. It’s in a corner, a huge, strong creature that could snap YOUNG LORNA in two.

MARTIN appears outside the paddock fence.

MARTIN
He’s a mean old bugger, Lorna. You got no place in there with him.

YOUNG LORNA turns to MARTIN and smiles at the challenge.

MARTIN laughs, enjoys watching YOUNG LORNA move with skill towards the stallion.

YOUNG LORNA is only a few feet away. The STALLION’s breath snorts rapidly.

She puts her arm slowly out to settle the horse. The minute she touches it, the STALLION bolts right past her, knocking YOUNG LORNA over into the dirt.

The STALLION heads to the other side of the small paddock. MARTIN ignores YOUNG LORNA on the ground. Adds, with a wry smile.

MARTIN
Leg looks alright to me.

YOUNG LORNA, annoyed at herself and the horse, limps over to the gate, dusting herself off.

YOUNG LORNA
Stupid, bloody horse.

MARTIN opens the gate for YOUNG LORNA who takes it from him and slams it shut.

MARTIN
It’s not a gelding, Lorna. You can’t expect him to play by the same rules.

YOUNG LORNA hates that he’s right. She glares at him.

YOUNG LORNA
Who told you to plant an orchid behind the house anyway!

MARTIN, his eyes on the old STALLION, now happily alone in its paddock.

(CONTINUED)
MARTIN
You’d be crazy not to plant apples here. Perfect conditions.

He turns to face YOUNG LORNA

MARTIN CONT.
And they have the most spectacular blossoms.

YOUNG LORNA holds the extended gaze of MARTIN, his black eyes strong. She is unsure, but intrigued, and puts her hand over her eyes to shade them from the bright sunlight.

INT ASYLUM CORRIDOR DAY

The bright lights of a corridor ceiling blare down on LORNA’s face. She is strapped to a trolley being wheeled down the brightly lit corridor by VERNON.

LORNA squints at the harshness of the light, watching VERNON’s face above hers. The anger and disgust in his face as he pushes her towards a swinging door that opens as they reach it.

INT TREATMENT ROOM

LORNA’s frail body is easily lifted off the trolley and strapped anew on a slab by UNSEEN HANDS.

VERNON hovers in the background. LORNA sees his face, a slight grin forms.

Suddenly HANDS prod and prepare LORNA. An injection in her arm. Wires attached to her head. A rubber block placed in her mouth.

LORNA’s eyes are wide with fear. Then she hears the gentle sound of a water fall and laughter. She closes her eyes to the sound.

EXT RIVER FALLS (THE PAST) DAY

YOUNG LORNA and MARTIN, in their early 20s, stand on the top of a rock face, both fully dressed except for bare feet.

A narrow river flows over the rocks and down a smoothed rock slide to a pool of deep fresh water below. A drop of six metres.

(CONTINUED)
MARTIN
Ready?

YOUNG LORNA looks at the small deep pool below them. The water rushes over the smoothed rock slide in to the water. She laughs at the thrill of it.

MARTIN sits down at the head of the water slide and pats the spot in front of him.

YOUNG LORNA, excited and nervous, sits in front of him and lets his arms wrap around her waist. A first touch moment.

MARTIN pushes them off and together they slide down the ancient smooth rock, flying through the air in to the water.

Squeals of laughter and delight.

They hit the water and are underneath it for an extended moment. The river quietens. Only the gentle wind in the bush is heard.

A beat.

The two break the surface of the water. Their faces full of the thrill and bliss of the experience.

EXT RIVER FALLS ROCKS (THE PAST) LATER

YOUNG LORNA and MARTIN lie on the black rocks surrounding the rock pool, drying themselves in the sun. Their shoes and socks to one side. Both look up at the sky.

MARTIN CONT.
...they’d slide down that rock face and in to the water. When they came up again, the red ochre had been washed away, and they were men.

YOUNG LORNA sits up and looks at the pool.

YOUNG LORNA
Who told you that story?

MARTIN turns to watch YOUNG LORNA’s face.

MARTIN
An old man who knew my grandmother.

YOUNG LORNA listens, considers.

(CONTINUED)
YOUNG LORNA
The grandmother you came looking for?

MARTIN
Yes.

YOUNG LORNA watches the water slide down the rock face and in to the water.

YOUNG LORNA
Both our mothers died too young, taking their secrets with them.

She gets up, brushes her trousers down and shakes her shirt to dry.

YOUNG LORNA CONT.
Blood is blood and necessary for life. Where it comes from is neither here nor there.

She picks up her riding boots and woollen socks.

YOUNG LORNA CONT.
I don’t give a fig for my forebears...so why should I bother about yours?

MARTIN, intrigued.

MARTIN
You might at least find it interesting, as a connection.

He nods again to the natural water slide and deep rock pool.

YOUNG LORNA scoffs.

YOUNG LORNA
Oh, connections! Six months ago you hadn’t the faintest idea of any of this.

She stuffs her socks deep into her boots.

YOUNG LORNA CONT.
If my father lied to me about something as big as that, I’d... well, I’d say why bother with any of it.
She looks at MARTIN, his hair drying in the sun, his wet shirt stuck to his chest. The blackness of his eyes staring up at her, amused.

YOUNG LORNA softens.

    YOUNG LORNA CONT.
    You are you, and I am me.

She shrugs.

    YOUNG LORNA CONT.
    We’re here now. That’s all that’s important.

MARTIN grins at her, begins to recite a poem as he stands up.

    MARTIN
    ... as when the young bird-catcher
    swept off his tall hat to the
    squire’s own daughter...

Barefoot, they make their way back to the dirt path.

INT CALM DOWN ROOM DAY

LORNA lies alone on her pallet, her arms still confined by the canvas strait jacket, staring up at the ceiling. Black rings circle her eyes.

    MARTIN V/O
    So let the imprisoned larks escape
    and fly.

    LORNA
    (weak)
    ...singing about her head, as she
    rode by.

A car’s horn beeps loudly.

EXT MAIN STREET/GENERAL STORE VILLAGE (THE PAST) MORNING

YOUNG LORNA, 23, wearing men’s work clothes, hair messy, skin tanned, runs across the road. COLIN, 50 a farmer in his old truck, beeps his car’s horn and gives YOUNG LORNA a friendly wave. She waves back.

The main street is busy with LOCALS. YOUNG LORNA familiar with each of them as she passes. A YOUNG MOTHER, 28 and her TODDLER pass YOUNG LORNA and nod hello.

(CONTINUED)
An ELDERLY WOMAN, 70 sits on a bench in the sun.

YOUNG LORNA
Morning, Mrs Birch.

MRS BIRCH looks up pleasantly at YOUNG LORNA.

MRS BIRCH
Hello, dear.

HARRY, 24, lifts his hat at YOUNG LORNA. Not yet demobbed, HARRY wears his army uniform, he is wiry with a gaunt face.

HARRY
Hey, Lorna, come and have a cuppa with me?

YOUNG LORNA keeps walking, amused as HARRY follows her down the street.

YOUNG LORNA
Not if you were the last man alive, Harry.

HARRY pretends to be wounded.

HARRY
But I am! Look around you, I’m it!

YOUNG LORNA raises an eyebrow.

HARRY CONT.
Well at least have a beer with me.

The two stop outside the general store.

YOUNG LORNA
It’s not even opening time! Go home, Harry, have a bath.

HARRY sniffs his clothes. Looks a little lost. YOUNG LORNA sees his confusion, smiles. She gives him a kiss on the cheek.

YOUNG LORNA
Say hi to your mum for me.

She heads in to the general store.

YOUNG RITA GIBBONS, 34, round figure, hair immaculate, dressed in her nurse’s uniform, neat and tidy, with an air of authority, comes out of the general store.

Unable to avoid her, YOUNG LORNA reluctantly stops.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

YOUNG RITA
How’s your father, Lorna?

YOUNG LORNA
He’s very well, thank you, Rita.

YOUNG RITA, not convinced, wants more.

YOUNG RITA
Really? Oh I’m so pleased. I heard that his (softens her voice) condition, was worse.

YOUNG LORNA, annoyed, looks beyond YOUNG RITA to a distant point. YOUNG RITA continues.

YOUNG RITA CONT.
Dr Parker is a wonderful physician, though. I’ve known the family all my life.

YOUNG LORNA nods politely and is about to move on.

YOUNG RITA CONT.
Have you been introduced to his wife?

YOUNG LORNA, struggling to keep civil.

YOUNG LORNA
No, I haven’t.

YOUNG RITA
Oh well, she’s your age. (softens her voice) At least twenty years younger than him!

YOUNG LORNA
I’m afraid I have to get these things for my fath-

YOUNG RITA
The ladies and I are making some meals to take over to Mrs Parker –

YOUNG LORNA
(indignant, interrupts)
Why!

YOUNG RITA, enthusiastic.

(CONTINUED)
YOUNG RITA
Well, my goodness, you don’t know?
Poor thing, first pregnancy,
(whispers) still born. Terribly complicated birth. She’s very weak.

YOUNG LORNA, not expecting this, nods at the sad news.

YOUNG RITA is pleased with the effect her gossip has had in silencing YOUNG LORNA.

YOUNG RITA CONT.
Well, better keep going. I’ve a week of night duty ahead and the CWA won’t run itself.

YOUNG LORNA nods, glad to be set free. Both nod a civil goodbye. YOUNG RITA can’t help but add as she heads off.

YOUNG RITA CONT.
You shouldn’t wait too long to have children yourself, dear. Once you’ve found the right man.

EXT FARMHOUSE GARDEN (THE PAST) AFTERNOON

DR PARKER, 46, a big country man with a gentle face, sits next to Lorna’s father, MR BOSWELL, 68, a once fierce man reduced to a thin figure in a wicker chair.

Both watch YOUNG LORNA and MARTIN walk up from the stables, clearly a connection between them, the two laugh and talk.

DR PARKER smiles at the sight, turns to MR BOSWELL and sees the look of disgust, the frustration at not being able to speak it.

DR PARKER
She’s got her own mind, Mr Boswell.

MR BOSWELL tries to spit, unsuccessfully.

DR PARKER CONT.
She certainly knows horses. A credit to you.

YOUNG LORNA stops a little away from the older men and says a few words to MARTIN. MR BOSWELL glares at them.

DR PARKER CONT.
Lorna can’t do all of this on her own now. She needs help.

(CONTINUED)
MARTIN heads off to the orchid as YOUNG LORNA approaches the men.

YOUNG LORNA
Did you want some tea, Dr Parker?

DR PARKER stands up.

DR PARKER
No thank you, Lorna. Need to be going.

DR PARKER puts his head in front of MR BOSWELL.

DR PARKER CONT.
Good afternoon, Mr Boswell. Good to see you out in the fresh air. I’ll drop by next week, alright?

MR BOSWELL is suddenly confused, unsure who anyone is. He slumps in his chair. DR PARKER turns to YOUNG LORNA

DR PARKER CONT.
Would you like me to help you take him in?

YOUNG LORNA
Martin will help me.

DR PARKER is about to say something, but decides against it. YOUNG LORNA bobs down in front of her father. Speaks to him clearly, as if he is deaf.

YOUNG LORNA CONT.
I’ll just get the gate for the Doctor.

MR BOSWELL looks at his daughter like a stranger.

EXT FARM GATE  (THE PAST) AFTERNOON CONTINUOUS

DR PARKER and YOUNG LORNA walk together to DR PARKER’s car just inside the farm gate.

YOUNG LORNA
He refuses to eat anything I make him. Rita Gibbon’s food, on the other hand...

DR PARKER laughs.
DR PARKER
Well, at least he’s eating.

At his car DR PARKER turns and looks over the paddocks to the ocean in the distance. The farm is beautiful, green and lush, horses back lit by the low sun. DR PARKER stares beyond the scenery.

YOUNG LORNA sees his loss.

YOUNG LORNA
(gently)
I was very sorry to hear about your wife...

DR PARKER
Very kind, very kind of you.

He remains still, unable to get in his car.

YOUNG LORNA
Let me know if I can be of help.

DR PARKER turns to YOUNG LORNA, smiles.

DR PARKER
She’s not like you, Lorna. Not strong.

He looks again at the distant blue sea.

DR PARKER CONT.
Though she’s stronger than me.

YOUNG LORNA gently touches his arm.

YOUNG LORNA
I’ll get the gate.

DR PARKER nods, shakes off his meloncholy and gets in to his car.

Driving out the gate, he waves a cheerful goodbye to YOUNG LORNA.

The long, slow squeak of the hinges grates on YOUNG LORNA as she closes the gate. She frowns.
INT CALM DOWN ROOM MORNING

LORNA, strapped on her pallet, wakes suddenly and frowns. Old bed springs squeak. LORNA turns to the sound and sees the door of her room open. A small dormitory of six single beds. Grey walls.

An old Aboriginal lady, JULIE, mid 60s, leans on a bed to collect the chamber pot beneath it. The bed’s springs squeak.

JULIE gets up slowly and turns to look at LORNA. On her head, JULIE wears a roped helmet.

LORNA is about to speak to JULIE when FELICITY, a female attendant, late 30s, cropped hair and a man’s face, enters the Calm Down Room.

FELICITY
   Good morning, Lorna.

LORNA, unsure, says nothing. Her eyes following this large attendant around the small room.

FELICITY goes and undoes the straps on the pallet, sitting LORNA up.

FELICITY CONT.
   How did you sleep?

LORNA glances out to the dormitory, JULIE has gone.

FELICITY, with ease, lifts LORNA up and on to a nearby chair. LORNA feels the cold floor with her bare feet, wriggles her toes at the touch. Her arms still confined by the strait jacket.

A spoon full of porridge is shoved in to her mouth. She almost chokes on it.

FELICITY CONT.
   Easy does it. Don’t gulp it down.

LORNA, wide eyed, inspects FELICITY’s face, so close to her own. Whilst masculine, it is a gentle face. There is kindness there.

LORNA attempts a little old lady smile.

FELICITY CONT.
   Look at that! A smile. Everyone’s always a bit happier after some Treatment.

(CONTINUED)
The sound of electricity snapping is heard. LORNA remembers, shudders, but tries to maintain the smile. FELICITY feeds her more cold porridge.

LORNA looks over FELICITY’S shoulder and sees JULIE return. JULIE tilts her head to one side in a gesture of compassion. Her roped helmet falling sideways down her head.

LORNA
Who’s that?

FELICITY, without looking behind her.

FELICITY
That’s Julie. Say hello to Lorna, Julie.

JULIE keeps her gaze on LORNA, who smiles, grateful.

JULIE
Hello, Julie.

JULIE
There’s angels here... and demons.

FELICITY
That’s enough, Julie.

JULIE moves on. LORNA turns her attention to FELICITY, wriggles slightly in her strait jacket.

LORNA
Pins and needles.

FELICITY
You’ve been put in that to prevent you doing yourself an injury.

LORNA
I won’t hurt myself.

FELICITY sees the little sweet face of LORNA, innocent, fragile.

FELICITY
I don’t see why we shouldn’t give it a go.

FELICITY begins to untie the tapes of canvas.

LORNA
You are so kind.
LORNA’S arms are stiff. She moves them slowly in front of her. FELICITY watches, then passes her the bowl and spoon.

FELICITY
Here, you have a go yourself.

LORNA holds the spoon. Her arms numb, she smears a bit of congealed porridge onto her cheeks, and gets a little in her mouth.

FELICITY CONT.
Well done!

FELICITY sits back, pleased.

FELICITY CONT.
My name is Felicity.

LORNA
Happiness.

FELICITY, surprised.

FELICITY
How did you know?

LORNA smiles.

LORNA
I guessed.

FELICITY is intrigued by this seemingly sane older lady in front of her.

FELICITY
You’re something of a surprise package aren’t you? Now, you finish that up and I’ll check how Julie’s going with the rest of those pans.

She moves to the open doorway.

FELICITY CONT.
She’s slower than a wet week.

LORNA, the spoon in her hand, half way to her mouth, watches FELICITY head out to the dormitory. The sound of cutlery on china plates. LORNA listens.

DR PARKER V/O
Have you finished with that?
CONTINUED:

YOUNG LORNA V/O
(laughing)
No, no, not yet, it’s yummy.

INT DR PARKER’S HOUSE/DINING ROOM (THE PAST) NIGHT

Around a formal dining table, YOUNG LORNA greedily eats cake and cream. DR PARKER and his wife BEATRICE, 23, pale skinned, red hair, laugh as YOUNG LORNA serves herself another piece of cake.

MARTIN sits opposite her, enjoying YOUNG LORNA’S behaviour and the amusement of the others.

YOUNG LORNA
Where did learn to cook like this?

BEATRICE pours tea from a beautiful hand painted tea pot into a matching tea cup.

BEATRICE
My grandmother.

YOUNG LORNA spoons in another mouthful.

YOUNG LORNA
(mouth full of cake)
I LOVE your grandmother!

BEATRICE laughs, joyful. DR PARKER watches her, full of love and gratitude that she is smiling again.

MARTIN
(playful)
You’ll get fat.

YOUNG LORNA
Don’t care. More. Give me more!

MARTIN picks up his spoon and leaning closer to her, offers her more cake. Thrilled, YOUNG LORNA leans in to him, holds MARTIN’s hand with hers as she puts the spoon in her mouth.

DR PARKER and BEATRICE smile at the intimacy of the young lovers, quietly collect some plates from the table and leave the room. YOUNG LORNA leans back.

YOUNG LORNA CONT.
And to think Rita Gibbons thought her meals were needed!

MARTIN grins, then stands and walks out the open French doors to the dark garden.

(CONTINUED)
YOUNG LORNA watches him go, smiling. Then unsure.

Suddenly she is alone in the dining room, the empty spoon in her hand.

INT CALM DOWN ROOM MORNING

LORNA places the porridge spoon back in to the bowl, staring into the empty space before her.

LORNA
After you left me, I used to pin notes to the trees for you to read, just in case you might come lurking around again.

EXT FARMHOUSE/LORNA’S LAND (PRESENT) DAY

Two Real Estate Agents, PHILLIP and TOM, both in shiny, cheap suits, pause at the top of the driveway near Lorna’s farmhouse, looking out at the view to the sea.

PHILLIP
Bloody beautiful, eh?

TOM
Reckon.

They continue walking up towards the farmhouse. TOM looks back at the gate by the road, where two cars are parked outside. Leaning against the gate, looking up and down the road, and then over to the men, is RITA.

TOM CONT.
Why’s she not coming in again?

PHILLIP glances over at RITA, who waves enthusiastically at the two of them.

PHILLIP
(waving back with a fake smile)
Says as the district nurse she doesn’t want to compromise her professional something-a-rather.

TOM also waves, and laughs.

TOM
Right. As long as she gets her finder’s fee ey?
The men reach the garden gate of Lorna’s farmhouse and turn to look down the valley and pastures.

TOM CONT.
If the old girl’s really gone, it’ll go to the state yeah?

PHILLIP nods, writing down some notes with his pen.

PHILLIP
Yep. House isn’t worth shit, but the land, (gestures at it with his chin) we could sell it on for a mozza.

EXT FARM GATE (PRESENT) DAY CONTINUOUS

RITA squints up impatiently at PHILLIP and TOM as they chat by the farmhouse gate. She looks at her watch, then down the road, keen to move on.

INT CALM DOWN ROOM MORNING

LORNA holds the bowl of congealed porridge in her lap. She looks down at her aged, dirty hands.

She hears the sound of the gate creak as it opens and shuts.

FELICITY comes back in to the room, takes the bowl from LORNA.

FELICITY
I don’t have the authority to let you sleep out there with the good girls...

LORNA looks out at the dormitory, now filling with FEMALE INMATES, all dressed in matching, grey tunics. Their shuffle on the floor a scraping sound, their gazes distant, quiet, lost.

FELICITY picks up the strait jacket and is about to put it back on LORNA, who is passive in the shock of seeing the FEMALE INMATES, her age, younger, and older. The good girls she must aspire to be to get out of this room.

FELICITY CONT.
(holding the strait jacket)
Lets see how you go without this. Shall we?

LORNA looks up at FELICITY, unable to speak or respond.

(CONTINUED)
FELICITY CONT.
You seem calm enough.

She goes to shut the door.

FELICITY CONT.
I shall speak to Mr Radcliffe about letting you out.

LORNA sits quietly on the chair, scared.

FELICITY CONT.
I have to turn the light off, dear.
Don’t be frightened.

LORNA manages a nod. FELICITY smiles.

FELICITY CONT.
I’m very pleased with you.

She switches off the light and shuts the door.

EXT CEMETERY (THE PAST) AFTERNOON

YOUNG LORNA, 24 stands beside a recently filled grave. In a black dress that is too large for her, wearing an old black hat of her mothers from another time, she looks down at the mound of dirt.

Three OLDER MOURNERS walk away from the site.

YOUNG RITA GIBBONS, 36 black gloves, dress, stockings and hat, comes over to YOUNG LORNA and places a hand on her arm.

YOUNG RITA
He’s at peace now, dear. No more confusion.

YOUNG LORNA looks beyond YOUNG RITA.

YOUNG RITA CONT.
I imagine it might be time to sell that old farm, move into town with the rest of us. Hmmm?

YOUNG LORNA turns to YOUNG RITA, the woman’s smile genuine, she thinks she’s doing the job no one else is willing to do.

YOUNG LORNA
I’m going to continue breeding horses.

YOUNG RITA is taken aback.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

YOUNG RITA
Not on your own!

YOUNG LORNA
It’s what I know how to do. And it’s what I do best.

YOUNG LORNA sees something over YOUNG RITA’s shoulder. It makes her smile.

YOUNG LORNA CONT.
And anyway, I have Martin.

YOUNG RITA is startled as MARTIN appears at her shoulder. He moves beside YOUNG LORNA and takes her hand in his.

YOUNG RITA is horrified, looks around for someone else to assist her in talking reason to this girl.

YOUNG RITA
But Lorna, you can’t, you can’t possibly (do that).

She looks at MARTIN, who smiles back politely. YOUNG LORNA, smug, waits for what YOUNG RITA is trying not to say.

YOUNG RITA CONT.
I am sure you are a very good man, Martin, but you’re... you’re...

MARTIN and YOUNG LORNA wait, letting YOUNG RITA squirm with discomfort.

YOUNG RITA CONT.
...you’re not married!

YOUNG RITA breathes a satisfied sigh.

YOUNG LORNA smiles. She lifts her left hand to show YOUNG RITA her opal ring.

YOUNG LORNA
Yes we are.

YOUNG RITA, confused, looks at the ring.

EXT BUSH (THE PAST) DAY

A small opal ring is placed gently onto YOUNG LORNA’s left hand.

MARTIN kisses YOUNG LORNA softly on the cheek. He whispers in her ear.
YOUNG LORNA smiles.

EXT DESERTED BEACH (THE PAST) DAY

YOUNG LORNA and MARTIN canter their HORSES through the shallows.

They ride with skill and ease, free along the empty beach.

INT HORSE STABLES (THE PAST) DAY CONTINUOUS

YOUNG LORNA and MARTIN unsaddle and brush down their HORSES.

MARTIN animated with excitement, holds the brush in his hand.

MARTIN
Imagine it, Egypt, Peru, or just here, this country. It’s huge and we’ve both seen only this much.

He holds his finger and thumb two inches apart.

YOUNG LORNA, playful, goes over to his hand and gently presses them closer together.

YOUNG LORNA
You may have traveled that far, but me... I’m about this much.

She continues holding his hand, looking with delight into his face.

MARTIN smiles down at her, leans forward to kiss her on the lips.

A moment later he steps back and holds her at arms length. YOUNG LORNA allows herself to be held, amused, as if they may start to dance.

MARTIN
Alright, we’ll start here.

He lets go of her hand and moves around the small stables, touching bridles, saddles hanging on fences, posts with ropes and farm tools.

MARTIN CONT.
Five years. I reckon if we give it five years, we can build on this...

(CONTINUED)
He gestures to the HORSES, the stable, the FOAL beside its mother.

YOUNG LORNA’s smile wavers. She looks around her stables, her horses, unsure.

MARTIN CONT.
Get more stock, double what we’ve been used to. And travel, we’ll go further afield, bigger places to get more of a name-

YOUNG LORNA
What in five years?

MARTIN turns to her, still full of the future he sees for them.

MARTIN
What?

YOUNG LORNA, careful.

YOUNG LORNA
What happens in five years, Martin?

He gives her a cheeky grin.

MARTIN
We sell up. Sell the business, the farm.

He sees the fear enter her face. Tries to ignore it, keeps up his cheerful guise.

MARTIN CONT.
Then you and me, old girl. We get out of here. Have ourselves an adventure.

YOUNG LORNA gently places the brush back on the shelf. She checks the MARE’s feed, gives it a long, steady pat, and turns to leave the stables.

YOUNG LORNA
I’m going to make a pot of tea.
LORNA wakes stiff from sleeping on the floor. She immediately feels for the ring on her left hand that isn’t there. Sitting up she rubs her hands together.

The door to the Calm Down room is open again. LORNA gets herself up and goes to the opening of the room.

She watches a JUNIOR WARD, 17, blotched skin, thin, fetch folded nighties from a large wardrobe and distribute them on the foot of each bed.

Beyond the JUNIOR WARD, through the long windows, LORNA sees the garden, bright and welcoming.

She takes a step out of the room and in to the dormitory. Her balance is poor and she stumbles, catching herself on the door handle.

The JUNIOR WARD turns at the noise and LORNA stiffens in fear. But the JUNIOR WARD, on seeing LORNA, only turns back to her work.

LORNA, pleased that she is seemingly freer than she has been, stands a little taller and walks carefully from the Calm Down Room to the nearest window.

Exhausted from the effort of walking, LORNA sits on a chair. She studies the JUNIOR WARD, who walks right past her, placing the creased but clean nightie on the end of the nearest bed.

LORNA
Would I be able to have a cup of tea?

The JUNIOR WARD looks up, surprised to hear LORNA speak. LORNA waits, a polite smile on her face. The JUNIOR WARD laughs.

JUNIOR WARD
(mocking)
Sure. Want scones with that?

She shakes her head and continues on to the next bed.

LORNA’s mouth is dry.

LORNA
Where’s Felicity?

The JUNIOR WARD doesn’t look up.

(CONTINUED)
JUNIOR WARD
Not on duty today.

LORNA looks around the empty dormitory.

LORNA
Is Julie here?

The JUNIOR WARD is at the end of the room. She picks up a pile of soiled clothes.

JUNIOR WARD
(shrugs, offhand)
Doesn’t look like it.

She leaves the dormitory. LORNA sits alone. The sound of a gentle waterfall begins. LORNA hears it clearly.

LORNA
I am not mad.

EXT RIVER FALLS (THE PAST) DAY

YOUNG LORNA and MARTIN sit apart on black rocks drying their clothes from a swim. The natural water slide behind them.

MARTIN
Both our mothers died too young, taking their secrets with them.

MARTIN gets up, brushes his trousers down and shakes his shirt to dry.

YOUNG LORNA turns her head away.

YOUNG LORNA
Blood is blood and necessary for life. Where it comes from is neither here nor there.

MARTIN picks up his boots and woollen socks, annoyed.

MARTIN
You don’t give a damn for my forebears. You might at least find it interesting, as a connection.

He nods at the natural water slide and deep rock pool.

YOUNG LORNA scoffs, turns to him.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: 31.

YOUNG LORNA
Oh, connections! Six months ago you hadn’t the faintest idea of any of this.

She continues sitting on the warm black rock, sunning herself, aloof. MARTIN’s frustration and anger grow.

MARTIN
My father lied to me about something huge! I can’t just say why bother with any of it.

She looks at MARTIN standing above her, his hair drying in the sun, his wet shirt stuck to his chest. The blackness of his eyes staring down at her, angry.

YOUNG LORNA softens, tries to bring him back.

YOUNG LORNA
(flirtatious)
You are you, and I am me.

She shrugs.

YOUNG LORNA CONT.
We’re here now. That’s all that’s important.

MARTIN shakes his head.

MARTIN
It’s not the only thing that’s important to me.

YOUNG LORNA, nervous, watches MARTIN, barefoot, make his way back to the dirt path.

INT DORMITORY AFTERNOON

LORNA sits on the chair by the window, listening, remembering.

JULIE comes in through an open door from the garden.

LORNA
(relieved)
Julie!

JULIE
You been asleep a long time.

(CONTINUED)
LORNA
(surprised)
Have I?

JULIE sits on the bed close to LORNA. Her rope helmet sits on top of her head.

LORNA
What’s the helmet for?

JULIE
We got epilepsy. It’s to protect us. We got grand mal and we fall a lot.

JULIE raises her head to the ceiling.

JULIE CONT.
Them upstairs don’t have to worry. They don’t fall much.

LORNA nods, trying to understand, still vague and thoughtful.

LORNA
Do you know Martin?

JULIE
Knew a Martin once. We was kids. He was the Baptist minister’s son, way back.

LORNA leans back in her chair, suddenly tired.

LORNA
I married him.

JULIE
Well, there you go, then.

LORNA has a thought.

LORNA
What about a telephone? You see, I’ve got some horses that need water. Can you telephone outside? If I give you a number?

JULIE
I can’t do things for you.

LORNA nods, of course.
LORNA
He’s talking to me, you know...
Martin.

JULIE
Then let him talk.

LORNA
He loves me.

JULIE
And you’re trying to hang on to ’im, ay?

LORNA looks at the tempting open door to the garden.

LORNA
He disappeared.

JULIE nods. Her helmet slips further to one side, but she doesn’t bother straightening it.

LORNA smacks her lips together. Thirst.

LORNA CONT.
I think when I get home the first thing I’ll do is make a pot of tea.

JULIE looks at her. LORNA continues to stare at the open door.

LORNA CONT.
I have a beautiful tea set with hand painted flowers on it.

JULIE listens, happy to sit and be.

LORNA CONT.
It belonged to a dear friend’s wife... she died too young.

LORNA wrings her hands together, looks down at them, tries to feel the tips of her fingers. They are numb.

INT DR PARKER’S SURGERY (RECENT PAST) DAY

LORNA, 59, her hair disheveled, her clothes grubby, too big and worn, sits in a chair wringing her hands in her lap.

DR PARKER, now in his early 70s, a ruddy complexion and overweight, sits behind his desk looking at LORNA with genuine concern.

(CONTINUED)
DR PARKER
You are not mad. Your mind is as sound as mine. What you are suffering from, my dear, is profound clinical depression.

LORNA sits small in her seat, listening to her old friend.

DR PARKER CONT.
The shock has triggered this.

Tears fall down her cheek.

DR PARKER CONT.
Now, Lorna dear, what's all this? Tears from the most competent farm woman within forty kilometers?

LORNA lets the tears fall. DR PARKER hands her his handkerchief. LORNA accepts it and scrunches it in her hands.

DR PARKER CONT.
I've phoned a colleague in Melbourne. It's what's known as Diogenes Syndrome.

DR PARKER circles his notes: Senile Squalor Syndrome under the more medical term Diogenes Syndrome.

DR PARKER CONT.
And it is treatable.

He writes a script. LORNA watches him, childlike, unsure.

DR PARKER CONT.
There's a good drug, a tricyclic antidepressant. It's new. Despite the drawbacks, I'm recommending it.

He hands her the prescription. LORNA takes it, letting her fingers test the texture of the paper. DR PARKER watches her, sees the distress her fingertips are causing.

DR PARKER CONT.
The numbness may never repair itself.

LORNA, scared, looks at him.

DR PARKER CONT.
Meanwhile, we should build you up with nourishing food. Steak,
DR PARKER CONT. (cont’d)
butter, spinach, that sort of thing...

He glances at a photo on his desk. It is of he and Beatrice together outside their house, back in the 1950s. Beatrice with an apron on holding a birthday cake.

Looking back at LORNA, he smiles gently.

DR PARKER CONT.
This probably began years ago when Martin left.

LORNA stands up to leave.

LORNA
Don’t, Archie.

DR PARKER
Does he know?

LORNA drops the handkerchief on the desk and leaves the room.

DR PARKER sighs. He looks again at the photo on his desk. Takes a bottle of gin from his top drawer, pours himself a large glass and drinks it fast.

EXT NEW DOCTOR’S SURGERY/MAIN STREET VILLAGE (RECENT PAST)
MORNING

RITA 68, dressed in her district nurse’s uniform, emerges with a smile on her face from the new doctor’s surgery. A large, freshly painted sign reads Dr Davies Surgery. The word NEW painted large and red diagonally across the signage.

On the street a few locals gather, MR SMITH 72, MRS BARLOW 65 and a young mother, MRS SAMSON 30 with her BABY in a pram. All are intrigued by the new sign and Doctor. They see RITA come out and rush her with questions.

MRS BARLOW
Have you met him, Rita?

MRS SAMSON
What’s he like, is he young?

MR SMITH
Does the old doc know this bloke’s here?

(CONTINUED)
RITA stops them all with her authoritative hand. They are silenced.

RITA
Of course I’ve met him! I am required to be in consultation with all of the doctors in town.

She gives MR SMITH a quick, sharp look. He grumbles and looks at his shoes.

MRS SAMSON
Is he nice?

RITA
(with satisfaction)
My word he is, Mrs Samson. Officially, now, I’m not saying anything, but personally... Mr Gibbons and myself feel greatly relieved to have the skills of such a fine young doctor in our community.

MRS SAMSON and MRS BARLOW are thrilled by the sound of this and grin at each other and at RITA.

MR SMITH grumbles something inaudible and walks slowly, with a limp, away from the women.

EXT MAIN STREET/GENERAL STORE VILLAGE (THE PAST) MORNING

A YOUNG MAN walks down the street fast and with ease. He raises his hat as he passes YOUNG RITA. She is dressed in her crisp white nurse’s uniform, her shopping basket in her hands. She is a young woman of great self importance and smiles at the LOCALS she passes.

YOUNG MEN tip their hats in respect, a YOUNG WOMAN smiles shyly, a SMALL BOY stops throwing sticks at a DOG, nervous he’s in for a lecture.

Across the road, YOUNG RITA sees MARTIN talking with a small group of ABORIGINAL MEN. The ABORIGINAL MEN sit on the grass near the road.

They are older men, in frayed suit jackets and weathered hats. They sit happily in the sun talking to MARTIN who chats comfortably with them.

YOUNG RITA stops. She can’t believe what she is seeing. She looks around to see if anyone else has seen this exchange. A moment later, determined, she heads off down the street.
EXT FARMHOUSE/VERANDAH (THE PAST) DAY

YOUNG RITA, in a summer dress, stockings, high heels, gloves and hat, holding a Tupperware container of food, stands at the top step of the verandah.

YOUNG LORNA, her arms folded, leans against the open front door, annoyed.

YOUNG RITA
(offering the food)
A Shephard’s pie...

YOUNG RITA takes a step up towards YOUNG LORNA, who doesn’t take the food.

YOUNG LORNA
I can cook for myself, Rita.

YOUNG RITA, a little flustered, stops.

YOUNG RITA
Yes, of course, dear. I just thought...

She looks around the farm, stretching her neck to see down to the stables.

YOUNG LORNA
Is there something else?

YOUNG RITA lifts her breast a little, takes a breath.

YOUNG RITA
Does Martin know?

YOUNG LORNA
Know what?

YOUNG RITA
Does he know it’s not helping matters, his, or yours, to be seen...

YOUNG LORNA raises her eyebrows, waits.

YOUNG RITA CONT.
Your family has lived in this area for generations. That affords you some... leeway.

YOUNG RITA nods at the male attire YOUNG LORNA wears, her hair in a messy bun, her nails dirty.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

YOUNG RITA CONT.
But we can’t be expected to accept this!

YOUNG RITA looks around her again before turning back to YOUNG LORNA.

YOUNG RITA CONT.
You say he is your husband, Lorna. Tell him what to do! Tell him it is not going to help your life... together, to be seen talking to the local blacks.

YOUNG LORNA begins to close the door.

YOUNG RITA CONT.
He’s been raised a white man. He’s pale enough, why does he pursue this other-

The door closes in her face.

YOUNG RITA is not used to this sort of treatment. She gives the door a cold stare.

A decision has been made. She storms away from the house.

The snap of a volt of electricity is heard. Sharp.

INT DORMITORY NIGHT

It is late. The FEMALE INMATES sleep restlessly in their beds, side by side. Another snap of electricity, sharp and severe is heard.

VERNON wheels LORNA in to the dormitory and lifts her limp body onto a bed alongside the others. Without covering her, he wheels the trolley away.

LORNA lies on her back, her eyes closed, her skin grey. When the sound of the trolley has gone, she forces her eyes open, the black rings of post Treatment clearly visible around her eyes.

LORNA watches the shadows and shapes from the outside light dance on the ceiling.

The trees begin to move. The wind picks up.

(CONTINUED)
INT HORSE STABLES (THE PAST) AFTERNOON

YOUNG LORNA and MARTIN unsaddle and brush down their MARES.

The clouds in the distance are grey. The gum trees around the farm begin to move. The wind picks up.

YOUNG LORNA
Rain’s coming.

MARTIN, animated with excitement, holds the brush in his hand.

MARTIN
Imagine it, Egypt, Peru, or just here, this country. It’s huge and we’ve both seen only this much.

He holds his finger and thumb two inches apart.

YOUNG LORNA looks at the fingers, the distance between thumb and forefinger.

One of the HORSES gets frisky with the wind. YOUNG LORNA turns and strokes it, soothes it with whispers.

MARTIN kisses her on the cheek.

MARTIN CONT.
Alright, we’ll start here.

He moves around the small stables, touching bridles, saddles hanging on fences, posts with ropes and farm tools.

MARTIN CONT.
Five years. I reckon if we give it five years, we can build on this -

YOUNG LORNA
What in five years?

MARTIN, a cheeky grin on his face.

MARTIN
Anything we want.

He gestures at the stables, the FOAL that stands beside its mother.
CONTINUED: This is your father’s dream, Lorna. He raised you like a boy to be sure you’d continue it.

YOUNG LORNA keeps her arm around the MARE’s neck. She glares at MARTIN.

He sees the rising temper and laughs.

MARTIN CONT. He’s even left you his blind fury.

MARTIN takes a step closer to YOUNG LORNA, who isn’t ready to give in.

MARTIN CONT. We don’t have to live the lives our fathers determined for us.

YOUNG LORNA places the brush back on the shelf. She checks the MARE’s feed, turns to leave the stables.

YOUNG LORNA I’m going to make some tea.

INT DORMITORY NIGHT

LORNA watches the ceiling of dancing light and shadows, the limbs of trees scraping the side of the outside walls.

LORNA (whispers) Are you dead?

MARTIN V/O I found something you wouldn’t believe.

LORNA is not surprised to hear Martin’s voice.

LORNA So you are a success. I hear it in your voice. You’re a success without me.

MARTIN V/O I am a failure. Huge. You would despise me.

The door at the end of the dormitory opens. Light fills the room. LORNA, squinting, shuts her eyes, feigns sleep.

(CONTINUED)
FELICITY enters the room. Her large bulk a silhouette in the doorway. She makes her way down the dormitory, checking each of the beds.

She stops at LORNA’S bed, smiles as she watches LORNA sleep peacefully.

FELICITY finishes checking the dormitory and heads out of the room.

When the door closes, LORNA opens her eyes again. Turning her head, she looks out the barred windows at the dark garden.

LORNA
I want you to tell me why you went.

The shrubs and trees sway wildly in the coming storm.

LORNA CONT.
Why you just walked away, without a word.

EXT MAIN STREET/VILLAGE (THE PAST) MORNING

YOUNG LORNA and MARTIN walk down the main street of the village. YOUNG LORNA holds an empty cotton shopping bag.

COLIN, the farmer, 50, walks past and tips his hat at YOUNG LORNA, before glaring at MARTIN.

YOUNG LORNA turns to see if MARTIN noticed, but he is distracted by something else.

Ahead of them a MIDDLE AGE WHITE WOMAN takes the hand of a SMALL DARK GIRL, 7. The little girl is dressed in a frilly coloured dress, her copper coloured thin legs contrasting the white socks and sandals on her feet.

As they walk past MARTIN and YOUNG LORNA, the MIDDLE AGE WHITE WOMAN pulls the SMALL DARK GIRL closer to her side.

INT OLD UTE (THE PAST) AFTERNOON CONTINUOUS

YOUNG LORNA, 28, drives the old Ute out of town. MARTIN, 29, sits in the passenger seat.

MARTIN
I’ll have to fix that trailer before we deliver next week.

YOUNG LORNA keeps her eyes on the road.

(CONTINUED)
MARTIN CONT.
It won’t make the trip with one horse, let alone two.

MARTIN turns to look at YOUNG LORNA when she doesn’t respond.

MARTIN CONT.
What is it?

YOUNG LORNA grips the steering wheel tighter.

MARTIN CONT.
You haven’t said a word since town.

MARTIN stares at her profile. He folds a loose piece of YOUNG LORNA’S hair behind her ear.

MARTIN CONT.
( softer )
How do you manage to look so pretty even in the middle of one of your rages?

YOUNG LORNA moves her head away from MARTIN’s hand.

YOUNG LORNA
How can you make our lives more difficult than it has to be?

MARTIN
What are you talking about?

YOUNG LORNA
All of this would have been so simple, so...

She looks around the country side, the low sun casting large shadows from gum trees on the green pastures of surrounding farms.

YOUNG LORNA CONT.
... beautiful.

MARTIN looks at the same view, still not sure what she is talking about. He turns back to YOUNG LORNA, waits for her to speak again.

YOUNG LORNA CONT.
I’m pregnant.

MARTIN says nothing. He turns from YOUNG LORNA to look again out at the passing farms and grazing land.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

YOUNG LORNA, nervous, glances at him and then back at the road.

MARTIN’s face remains serious.

A beat.

MARTIN’s face breaks in to a wide, joyful grin. Moving over the bench seat he gives YOUNG LORNA a kiss on the cheek.

YOUNG LORNA, relieved, softens.

MARTIN places his hand on YOUNG LORNA’s belly. With one hand still on the wheel, YOUNG LORNA places her other hand over MARTIN’s.

EXT FARM GATE (PRESENT) DAY

A large four wheel drive Land Cruiser is parked outside Lorna’s farm.

A YOUNG MAN in jeans and a flannelet shirt drills a For Sale sign to a post outside the gate of the farm.

The sign reads: By Order of Public Trustees Property for Sale.

EXT GARDEN ASYLUM DAY

LORNA, wearing the same grey tunics as the other FEMALE INMATES, is on gardening duty. Her skin is pale, her body weak.

She is on her knees bending over a bed of roses, attempting to clear the bed of weeds.

VERNON keeps an eye on the FEMALE INMATES.

LORNA is slow at her work. She picks weeds from the dirt and holds them in her hands, not knowing what to do with them next.

JULIE, a little up from LORNA, carries a heavy bucket of dried horse poo and a trowel. She begins to dispense the poo around the roses.

The smell of the horse’s poo reaches LORNA and it snaps her out of her vagueness. She cries out.
LORNA

My horses!

VERNON hears the cry and turns to find who made it.

LORNA sees his stare and immediately turns back to the weeds in the ground, picking them out, looking busy.

VERNON sees that all is quiet and goes back to walking around the garden.

LORNA gets up and shuffles down to JULIE and the poo. Without a word she drops beside the bucket and puts her bare hands in. Lifting the dried poo to her nose, she inhales.

JULIE keeps spreading the poo around the rose bushes.

VERNON V/O
That’s not your job, it’s hers.

VERNON stands over LORNA nodding at JULIE, who ignores him.

LORNA looks up at VERNON, towering above her, the dried horse poo still in her hands.

LORNA
My horses. They need water, and food. That paddock won’t keep them for ever. I need to-

VERNON
You need to put that shit down and get back to your part of the garden.

JULIE slows down her work, looks at VERNON hovering over LORNA.

LORNA feels the horse poo in her hands, studies it and lets her numb fingers feel the texture.

LORNA remembers her former self, her role, her knowledge, her life.

LORNA
It is both an honour and a joy to work with any aspect of horses. I -

VERNON
If you ever had horses, Mrs Shoddy, you don’t have ’em anymore.

LORNA, terrified, turns to JULIE, who tilts her head in sympathy.

(CONTINUED)
VERNON CONT.  
(menacing)  
Now move back to your part of the garden and let the Abo shift the shit.

LORNA stands very slowly, the horse poo still in her hands. VERNON is smug at the power he has over these women.

Suddenly LORNA rams VERNON and smears the horse poo over his clothes and face, screaming wildly.

INT CALM DOWN ROOM DAY

LORNA wakes, startled, on her pallet. Black rings beneath her eyes.

She attempts to move but there are straps around her chest and legs, though she is not in her strait jacket. Lifting her head, she winces in pain.

Groggy she flops her head back down and glares at the ceiling.

LORNA  
I’ve betrayed my horses.

MARTIN V/O  
You know there’s plenty of feed in that paddock.

LORNA continues to glare at the ceiling.

MARTIN V/O CONT.  
What use are you to yourself in here? You’ve only been out there a week.

Tears fall down her cheek.

MARTIN V/O CONT.  
Come on now, old girl, buck up. I’ve been in worse spots than this.

LORNA can’t help but laugh.

LORNA  
I’m sure you have.

MARTIN V/O  
I made a lot of money.
LORNA
I thought you said you were a failure.

MARTIN V/O
Same thing.

MARTIN steps out of the shadows in the corner. He is still young, 29 years old, still handsome with black eyes.

LORNA takes a quick intake of breath at the sight of him.

MARTIN
I found myself arrested and accused of being an American spy.

LORNA screws her eyes to get a better look, to really see him.

MARTIN CONT.
I told them I’m Australian. Same thing they said. And that’s when it hit me. This was serious.

MARTIN leans over LORNA, looking in to her eyes.

MARTIN CONT.
And I thought of you, Lorna. It struck me for the very first time how much I’ve missed you all these years.

LORNA
(smiles)
So you traveled?

MARTIN
(grins)
All over. Egypt, Peru, even here, there’s so much of this place and I’d only seen this much.

He holds his thumb and forefinger an inch apart.

LORNA looks at the gap, uncertain.

MARTIN walks around the pallet gesticulating with his hands and arms.

MARTIN CONT.
I escaped that flea-ridden prison easily enough. And once out of danger I stowed away on a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
MARTIN CONT. (cont’d)
freighter. Ended up in Yokohama, befriended by a family of sisters.

He leans against a wall and lights a cigarette, the smoke rising up in to the air. LORNA watches, mesmerized.

MARTIN CONT.
Eventually the UK took me in and I began the task of writing it all down.

MARTIN takes another drag of his cigarette.

MARTIN CONT.
And that was that. The rest of my life lay ahead of me, writing travel books.

LORNA
I’ve been waiting for you.

MARTIN looks over at her on the pallet.

MARTIN
All this time?

LORNA
All this time.

MARTIN considers her for a moment.

Suddenly he is whisked back into the corner shadows.

LORNA sits up from her pallet and looks into the darkness, her restraint suddenly not around her body.

INT MASTER IN LUNACY’S OFFICE DAY

RADCLIFFE talks down at LORNA who sits on a wooden chair in his office.

RADCLIFFE
It’s a fascinating story we’ve pieced together.

LORNA, panicked and confused.

RADCLIFFE walks around the room gesticulating with his hands and arms.

(CONTINUED)
From what you say, your husband survives out there on the fringe as a successful person.

He picks up his note pad to check facts.

The handyman turned travel writer. A racially complex man, can we agree to that?

He pauses for LORNA to comment, but she is still trying to work out how she got here.

And perhaps culturally confused into the bargain, what with his university studies on top of everything else.

He places the notepad back on his desk and sits on the edge.

Still, the beneficiary of your infatuation with him. All leading to a glamorous contract with MGM and an all-star cast.

LORNA has no idea what is happening. She is small and frail in her chair. RADCLIFFE smiles down at her.

The operations of the brain and the behaviour of memory are understood here. And we have specialists who assure me they find your case uniquely coherent.

He looks out at the garden in the afternoon light, considering.

All absorbing stuff, Mrs Shoddy, however, none of it lessens your need for care.

RADCLIFFE turns back to her. A benevolent smile on his face.

And what am I to do about your rage, Lorna?
LORNA knows she is at risk of being put back in restraints. She sits up a little in the chair, tries to look sane, innocent.

RADCLIFFE sees none of it, he looks at the neat piles of paper work on his desk.

RADCLIFFE CONT.
Vernon thinks you need to stay in the Calm Down Room, whilst Felicity tells me you are an angel.

He glances at LORNA, then picks up a folder of notes and forms.

RADCLIFFE CONT.
I think... we’ll give you another go.

He turns to her, a stern, fatherly look on his face.

RADCLIFFE CONT.
One last chance. Alright?

LORNA nods, childlike.

RADCLIFFE, happy, moves from the desk.

RADCLIFFE CONT.
Jolly good, then.

LORNA sees beyond him to the open garden.

EXT MAIN STREET VILLAGE AFTERNOON

DR PARKER 70, crams his hat on his head and storms down the street with his walking stick in his hand.

INT NEW DOCTOR’S SURGERY/RECEPTION AFTERNOON CONTINUOUS

A RECEPTIONIST, 18, sits behind a small desk, lipstick and makeup too loud for daytime.

DR PARKER strides past her to the inner surgery as she attempts to open her mouth and protest.
INT NEW DOCTOR’S SURGERY AFTERNOON CONTINUOUS

An ELDERLY MAN, 62, sits up on the examination table. One trouser leg is rolled up to reveal a large ulcer, yellow with puss, on his shin.

The NEW DOCTOR, 30, tall and thin with large spectacles, sits on a chair inspecting the ulcer.

DR PARKER bursts into the room waving his walking stick before him. He sees the ELDERLY MAN on the table.

    DR PARKER  
    (out of breath)  
    I told you to see me about that leg months ago.

The NEW DOCTOR springs to his feet. DR PARKER glares at him. THE ELDERLY MAN remains on the examination table between them.

    DR PARKER CONT.  
    That bitch of a woman, that busy body gossip... she knows, she knows.

The NEW DOCTOR waits for DR PARKER to make more sense.

    DR PARKER CONT.  
    She had no right contacting you about this case.

    NEW DOCTOR  
    (calm)  
    Rita is the district nurse, Dr Parker.

DR PARKER thumps his chest.

    DR PARKER CONT.  
    Mrs Shoddy is my patient. My patient. Indisputably mine and has been since before you were born!

He picks up his stick and the ELDERLY MAN ducks his head.

    DR PARKER CONT.  
    Did she ever consult you? Ever?

The NEW DOCTOR remains perfectly still. The ELDERLY MAN lifts his head to look at the NEW DOCTOR.

(CONTINUED)
DR PARKER CONT.
No! And you know it.

DR PARKER moves around the table to stand a few feet from
the NEW DOCTOR, who tries to hide his unease.

DR PARKER CONT.
Well might you stand there like...
like... like the gormless spineless
conniving cold hearted cynic you’ve
proved yourself to be by signing
that document.

The ELDERLY MAN is amused by DR PARKER’S choice of words.
The NEW DOCTOR stands his ground as DR PARKER continues.

DR PARKER CONT.
What harm has she done anyone?
Least of all you?

The ELDERLY MAN knows Lorna, he waits for the NEW DOCTOR to
answer.

DR PARKER CONT.
By what possible perversion could a
woman like that be committed?

The ELDERLY MAN, shocked, turns from the NEW DOCTOR to DR
PARKER and back again.

DR PARKER CONT.
A woman who fends for herself and
raises horses.

The ELDERLY MAN nods in agreement.

DR PARKER CONT.
A woman who has lived here all her
life.

The NEW DOCTOR takes the long way round to reach his desk.

DR PARKER CONT.
No decent human being could help
feeling inexpressible contempt for
what you’ve done.

The ELDERLY MAN gets off the table and pulls his trouser leg
down.

The NEW DOCTOR picks up the phone.

(CONTINUED)
NEW DOCTOR
Call the police, Miss O’Hare.

DR PARKER raises his walking stick again.

DR PARKER
He’s in it too. Has to be.

NEW DOCTOR
Tell him to hurry before I lose my temper.

He looks at DR PARKER with disgust.

NEW DOCTOR CONT.
Tell him to come now, or he’ll have to carry this drunk out of my surgery.

The ELDERLY MAN limps out of the surgery. Neither of the doctors notice.

EXT. HORSE PADDOCKS (RECENT PAST) AFTERNOON

From the bush at the bottom of the farm, a tumbleweed of flame rolls through a heat haze towards the HORSES.

LORNA, 59, is in the paddocks trying to free them. Their teeth are bared as they back away and huddle against the opposite wire fence.

LORNA stumbles in the smoke and flames of the fire, her old shirt fluttering and hampering her. She screams commands to her HORSES.

LORNA
(dry and harsh)
This way! Come! You stupid animals!

Her face is flushed by the fire. The HORSES shy away from her. She looks at them, trapped and terrified.

LORNA CONT.
(gentle)
You have to run. Please... Run away!

The HORSES, in their panic, huddle against the wire.

LORNA slaps the HORSES and throws herself against their bodies.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LORNA CONT.
Ya! Ya! Move on.

The HORSES can’t be moved.

The smoke gets thicker.

Suddenly the fire is upon them.

Four of the HORSES’ coats smoulder. They snort in pain.
LORNA is desperate, she looks around her for a way out.
There is none.

She sinks against a fence post, defeated.

Sobbing, she punches the earth with her fists.

LORNA CONT.
No. No, no.

In the dirt, near her, LORNA finds some pliers.

She grabs them and turns to feel for the wire fence with her hands. She quickly cuts the wire.

Her HORSES, their manes and coats smoking, leap to freedom, cantering away to the other side of the farm and the valley beyond.

LORNA loses no time. She stumbles over to the large horse trough, takes a deep breath and plunges in till she is fully immersed below the water.

The smoke turns black around her.

EXT. HORSE PADDOCKS (LATER) AFTERNOON

Ash falls from the sky. The smoke has cleared, the fire ball moved on. LORNA breaks the surface of water, full of horse-saliva and burnt leaf-oil. She takes in a lung-full of air, coughing and spluttering.

When she can breathe again she looks around her. The trees and ground are black. The paddocks are empty, the farm silent. No bird, insect or horse.

LORNA, shaken, looks up to her house. It stands unharmed. She heaves herself out of the water-trough, steps over the wire-cut fence and staggers towards the house.
INT. BEDROOM/FARMHOUSE (RECENT PAST) LATE AFTERNOON

LORNA climbs fully dressed and filthy into her bed. Her eyes close as soon as she covers herself with the blankets.

The silence of the farm lingers.

It is broken a moment later by the sound of three rifle shots somewhere down in the valley.

LORNA opens her eyes at the sound, at each shot she flinches.

Silence returns.

LORNA stares out the window in shock.

A fourth gun shot rings out.

Devastated, LORNA begins to cry.

EXT FARMHOUSE EARLY (RECENT PAST) MORNING

Cockatoos screech in the morning sun and circle the tops of burnt trees.

The low morning sun is bright and the blackness of the earth and stables glistens under it.

EXT. HORSE PADDOCKS (RECENT PAST) MORNING

LORNA, still in her burnt, blackened clothes, walks over to her horse paddock.

In it are three of her HORSES. She gently approaches them, scared that they might run away through the broken wire fence.

LORNA

Shh. There you are, shhh, it’s alright now. You’re home.

LORNA searches for something to fix the fence.

She tries to pick up the cut wire, but her fingers find it hard to grip.

LORNA looks at them. They are blackened and she tests the nerves, worried she can’t feel anything.

CUT TO

(CONTINUED)
LORNA struggles with a large piece of corrugated sheeting and places it against the broken wire fence.

She searches the ground for rocks and places them against the sheeting. The effort exhausts her.

With her hand resting on the corrugated sheeting, LORNA watches her HORSES drink from the trough.

She looks from the three remaining HORSES to the valley on the other side of the farm.

Her face blank, her expression vacant in the shock of what has happened. She glances once more to her HORSES, and then heads back up to the house.

INT DORMITORY (PRESENT) NIGHT

LORNA lies on her narrow bed in the dormitory.

She stares at the ceiling remembering, tears run freely down her face. She doesn’t wipe them away.

EXT LORNA’S FARM/STABLE (RECENT PAST) EARLY MORNING

Early morning sun lights up bright green shoots growing on black branches of trees near the stable.

Whip birds crack the air with their songs. Cicadas and insects fill the silence. The three surviving HORSES chomp on the new grass shooting up from the ground.

INT. KITCHEN/FARM (RECENT PAST) HOUSE DAY

LORNA, wearing grubby, ill fitting clothes, looks unkempt, unwashed and older. She shuffles around the kitchen.

Used dishes are piled in the sink, dirty dishcloths and tea towels are on the floor and benches. Crusted pots and pans on the stove, food and used tea bags on the table. Horse equipment on the back of the kitchen chairs. The walls are stained with mud and dirt.

LORNA glances out the window and sees her three HORSES watching the farmhouse from their paddock.

She settles herself at the small kitchen table, pours tea into a filthy hand painted tea cup, her hand shaking.

(CONTINUED)
RITA O/S
You hooo. Lorna dear, are you in there?

LORN turns her head slightly at the sound, but does not get up. She holds the dirty cup in her blackened hands.

The kitchen door opens and RITA steps tentatively in. In her arms is a basket of food, a crisp tea towel covering the contents. RITA wears her uniform underneath a beige cardigan.

LORNA stays sitting at the kitchen table, her hands around her cup.

RITA
Ah, there you are.

LORNA (not looking up)
What do you want, Rita?

RITA, unsure, looks around the room and gasps at the filth and chaos.

RITA
Oh dear.

Rubbish spills over the kitchen bin and on to the floor. The fridge door is open, the light long gone out. The shelves almost empty. Old cheese and a dish of grey meat, a milk bottle green with mould.

RITA CONT.
Oh, I had no idea...

LORNA puts her cup down, pushes her chair back and uses both hands to heave herself up to standing.

RITA CONT.
You poor thing. I should have come sooner, your father would have wanted me to-

LORNA (steady)
You have no right to be here, Rita. This is my house, not my father’s.

RITA ignores her. She lifts the tea towel off the basket.
RITA
Some food, dear. To get your
strength back. Such a tragedy.

RITA indicates with her head the farm, the paddocks.

LORNA looks at the food and laughs. She takes the crisp tea
towel from RITA’s hand.

LORNA
I don’t want your food.

She wipes her filthy face, slowly circling the cloth around
her eyes, her cheeks, her chin.

LORNA CONT.
I don’t want anything from you or
anybody.

The towel is smeared with dirt and soot.

RITA watches, horrified.

LORNA CONT.
I just want to be left alone.

LORNA hands the soiled tea towel back to RITA, who has to
shift the basket in to one hand in order to take the tea
towel, reluctantly, with the other.

LORNA sits down again and picks up her chipped tea cup.

For a moment RITA doesn’t know what to do. She again looks
at the mess, at LORNA, seemingly mad before her.

RITA makes a decision.

She speaks slowly, softly, as if to a sick child.

RITA
Lorna, dear. I’m going to leave
this here with you.

She places the basket gently on the table, having to move
bowls, paperback novels, mouldy cups to make room. She takes
a bridle off the back of a chair, looks for somewhere to put
it and, finding nowhere, holds it loosely in her hands.

RITA CONT.
And I’m going to get you some help,
 alright?

LORNA looks from the massive basket to the bridle in RITA’s
hands. She jumps up with ease and snatches the bridle back.

(CONTINUED)
LORNA
Get out!

RITA is startled, but stands her ground.

RITA
You can’t stay here any longer, Lorna. Enough is enough!

LORNA picks up the basket of food and shoves it at RITA who grabs it before it falls on the floor.

LORNA moves forward, causing RITA to take little steps backwards.

LORNA
(calm)
Get out.

RITA backs her way to the open kitchen door, banging in to the side of it. LORNA continues her slow but steady walk to get rid of her.

RITA
You need help!

LORNA lunges at RITA who escapes the house in fear.

RITA CONT.
Ahhhhhhhhhh.

EXT FARMHOUSE/VERANDAH (RECENT PAST) DAY CONTINOUS

LORNA runs out of the kitchen door chasing RITA, clutching her basket of food.

LORNA shouts at the terrified woman.

LORNA
Get off my land, Rita Gibbons. Leave me alone!

She watches the woman run back to her car by the gate.

INT KITCHEN/FARMHOUSE (RECENT PAST) DAY CONTINOUS

LORNA re enters the kitchen and drops the bridle on the kitchen table before heading down the hall.

The bridle sits on top of an unfilled prescription for tricyclic antidepressants. Dr Parker’s name is printed on the script.
EXT FARM GATE (RECENT PAST) DAY CONTINUOUS

RITA arrives at her car, flushed and out of breath. She quickly turns to look behind her.

She sees the run down house, the burnt stables and old horses. Calming her breath, now that she is safe, she sees the property’s demise and shakes her head in wonder.

Then she looks beyond the stables to the green pastures, the trees and in the distance, the blue of the ocean. Her expression shifts. She ponders an idea.

Looking back up at the house, its doors shut to her, RITA’s anger surfaces. Lifting her head with renewed authority, she gets in to her car.

INT NEW DOCTOR’S SURGERY AFTERNOON

RITA is warmly greeted by the NEW DOCTOR who pulls a chair out for her to sit on.

NEW DOCTOR...
...of course, you’re always welcome, Rita.

RITA sits with ease and comfort as the NEW DOCTOR returns to his chair behind his desk.

NEW DOCTOR CONT.
How can I be of help?

RITA’s smile fades. She puts on her best concerned citizen expression.

RITA
I’ve just paid a visit out to poor Mrs Shoddy...

INT DORMITORY (PRESENT) LATE AFTERNOON

LORNA sits on her bed in the small dormitory. The light outside the room bright with a setting late winter sun.

Opposite LORNA a comatose OLD LADY, 83, is curled up on her bed. LORNA stares at her.

FEMALE INMATES dress themselves in the folded nighties they find at the end of their beds.

A YOUNG NURSE sits at her station writing a letter. The scrape of the pen on paper causes LORNA to shift her gaze.

(CONTINUED)
LORNA watches the YOUNG NURSE scribble the pen across the page.

LORNA V/O
One thing I always understood was that we never meant the same thing by home.

EXT FARMHOUSE VERANDAH/GARDEN (THE PAST) AFTERNOON

MARTIN, a swag over his shoulder, heads away from the farmhouse.

YOUNG LORNA watches him go from the verandah.

LORNA V/O
But that was in the days when I thought I could do without you.

YOUNG LORNA takes a step towards the end of the verandah.

YOUNG LORNA
Martin?

MARTIN, one hand on the gate, turns to look back at YOUNG LORNA. He smiles warmly.

INT POST OFFICE (PRESENT) LATE AFTERNOON

DR PARKER, 70, quickly scribbles on a postal form.

LORNA V/O
You’ll find me in an asylum for the insane and you’ll have to get me out.

He heads to the counter and hands the form to the FEMALE POSTAL WORKER.

DR PARKER
I need to send a telegram.

The FEMALE POSTAL WORKER takes the form, slowly.

DR PARKER CONT.
(fed up)
It’s urgent.

The FEMALE POSTAL WORKER picks up a pen.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DR PARKER CONT.
   To this address.

He pushes a yellowed, aged piece of paper across the counter.

INT DORMITORY NIGHT

The dormitory is dimly lit. The sound of muffled, nervous moans. FEMALE INMATES asleep in their beds.

LORNA lies in bed, her eyes closed.

VERNON does a round of the room with his torch. He comes across LORNA, stops. His snorting breath loud.

When he moves on LORNA opens her eyes. She is alert and fully awake.

   LORNA V/O
      The head man, Mr Bevis Radcliffe, can, I think, be talked to. But don’t have anything to do with a nurse called Vernon.

VERNON heads out of the dormitory. LORNA, the rage of her youth surfacing, sits up and speaks out loud.

   LORNA
      He will tell you I am mad... Do not believe him.

EXT FARMHOUSE VERANDAH/GARDEN (THE PAST) AFTERNOON

MARTIN, a swag over his shoulder, shuts the gate. He gives YOUNG LORNA a wink.

She leans against the verandah post watching him go. A smile on her face, calm, thoughtful.

   LORNA V/O
      The next adventure I’m asking you to make, Martin, is to consider a new life with me.
EXT RIVER FALLS (THE PAST) DAY

YOUNG LORNA and MARTIN slide together down the natural water slide into the deep pool of water. Each takes in a big gulp of air before the plunge.

They don’t come up again, the water remains still.

EXT FARMHOUSE VERANDAH/GARDEN (THE PAST) AFTERNOON

YOUNG LORNA watches MARTIN walk towards the farm gate and the road.

YOUNG LORNA
I won’t pry into your secrets. I’ll embrace you...

INT DORMITORY (PRESENT) NIGHT

LORNA lies in her narrow bed. Her eyes wide open, her hands folded on her chest.

LORNA
And then I’ll sleep.

EXT MAIN STREET VILLAGE (THE PAST) AFTERNOON

YOUNG LORNA, 28, walks down the main street, her shopping bag full of groceries.

She wears a large pair of faded corduroy trousers and a shirt that billows a little around the middle.

The farmer, COLIN, 50, walks towards YOUNG LORNA. She smiles a friendly hello, but COLIN walks straight past her.

YOUNG LORNA stops and turns as he passes, unbelieving that he hasn’t seen her.

When COLIN lifts his hat at a YOUNG MOTHER and her TODDLER, YOUNG LORNA realises the snub was on purpose.

She slowly turns to continue walking back to her old truck, parked by the side of the main street.

As she puts her groceries on the bench seat, she glances across the street where two YOUNG BOYS, 12, are collecting small rocks from the ground. A DOG is nearby. YOUNG LORNA keeps an eye on them.

(CONTINUED)
When the BOYS begin to throw the rocks at YOUNG LORNA she quickly gets in to her truck and starts the engine.

The BOYS laugh as YOUNG LORNA drives past them.

INT LORNA’S TRUCK (THE PAST) AFTERNOON CONTINUOUS

YOUNG LORNA, still confused by the boys’ attack, sees YOUNG RITA a short distance from the BOYS.

It is clear that YOUNG RITA has seen what the BOYS have just done and not stopped them. Her expression smug, RITA stares directly at YOUNG LORNA.

YOUNG LORNA glares at her as she drives past.

Rain begins to fall on the windscreen. YOUNG LORNA doesn’t bother to put the wipers on, allows the rain to blur her vision of the town.

INT DORMITORY (PRESENT) MORNING

It is raining. A GROUP OF FEMALE INMATES crowd the doorways to the garden. LORNA joins them to watch raindrops hit the ground.

The storm has hit and the trees bend in the wind.

LORNA enjoys watching the water pour down the broken gutters on to the earth.

She puts her hands out of the open doorway and lets the water hit her numb fingers. Smiles at the feeling.

Beyond the garden and up the road LORNA can see a group of FREE CITIZENS gathered to watch a rising creek. A woman in the crowd, UMBRELLA LADY, holds a red umbrella.

There are no gates or fences, just a driveway beyond the garden and the Administrative building across the yard.

LORNA hears the sound of horses on wet mud. Thud, thud, thud.

JULIE appears beside her carrying two buckets of water. She steps outside to pour them on the ground.

LORNA

My horses are dead.

JULIE smiles at LORNA. Nods as she walks back inside the dormitory.

(CONTINUED)
LORNA looks back up to the FREE CITIZENS by the creek. The red umbrella a beacon.

   LORNA CONT.
   When this is all over and I am back home, I’ll come and get you out.

JULIE doesn’t respond to LORNA’s promise.

   LORNA CONT.
   You can come and live with me and I’ll look after you.

LORNA watches the UMBRELLA LADY’s red umbrella. She turns to JULIE.

   LORNA CONT.
   Maybe I’ll make a cake to have with some tea.

JULIE smiles at LORNA

   JULIE
   I like to make scones.

They nod an agreement.

LORNA looks back out to the garden, as JULIE goes to put the buckets inside.

A moment later.

   VERNON 0/S
   Alright. Move away, move AWAY I said.

LORNA turns to see JULIE on the floor in the middle of the dormitory. Her rope-helmet is at a strange angle to her body. Her floppy limbs whip about, her fingers snapping on nothing.

The FEMALE INMATES have formed a circle around JULIE and VERNON is trying to get past them to her.

   VERNON
   Get out of the way!

JULIE’s body jolts against the floor. It is both rigid and fluid. Each time it hits the ground it is yanked back up, twisted and warped.

VERNON kneels beside JULIE and tries to thrust a wad of material between her teeth, using his strong arms to wrestle her body into normality. He can’t control her.

(CONTINUED)
LORNA goes to take a step closer to JULIE but is stopped by JULIE’s eyes. They look straight at LORNA, insistent.

With another jolt JULIE looks beyond LORNA to the garden. To the open door and path that no one is watching.

LORNA sees the open door, the garden empty, the rain forming a curtain of mist across it.

LORNA quickly turns back to JULIE, who maintains a forceful gaze.

LORNA nods, shuts her eyes and steps out on to the porch.

EXT GARDEN ASYLUM MORNING CONTINUOUS

LORNA waits for a moment to see if she is stopped.

When she isn’t she opens her eyes and walks across the lawn, immediately soaked by the pouring rain.

Her grey tunic camouflaging her in the rain.

She walks across the garden to the driveway and road beyond.

INT LORNA’S TRUCK/COUNTRY ROAD (THE PAST) AFTERNOON

The rain falls hard on the windscreen. YOUNG LORNA, still in a rage over the town’s treatment of her, drives without the wipers on.

She drives fast, the sound of the old engine struggling with the speed.

The curves of the country road are blurred, the storm of grey skies darken the afternoon.

On a corner YOUNG LORNA loses control of the truck. She slams on the brake and tries to steady the vehicle. It skids and slides along the dirt road.

YOUNG LORNA uses her strong arms to steady the truck and manages to guide it off the road and in to a ditch.

It comes to rest, the engine cuts out. YOUNG LORNA, both hands clenched tight on the wheel, stares wide eyed at the road ahead of her, still blurred by the heavy rain.

Her breathing hard, she sits for a moment. The rain heavy on the roof of the cabin.

(CONTINUED)
YOUNG LORNA loosens her grip of the wheel, pushes the hair off her face and sits herself up in the seat. She turns the keys to start the engine again. The engine whines but does not start.

    YOUNG LORNA
    No, no, no, not now.

She tries the engine again, the whine lessens and then dies completely.

    YOUNG LORNA CONT.
    Bugger!

She looks behind her, the road empty, grey, the rain pelting down. YOUNG LORNA shakes her head and lets herself laugh at the situation she’s got herself in.

    YOUNG LORNA CONT.
    Alright then.

She gathers her shopping, finds Martin’s old felt hat on the floor and puts it on, takes the keys out of the ignition and steps into the rain.

EXT COUNTRY ROAD AFTERNOON CONTINUOUS

Pulling the large felt hat down over her head, YOUNG LORNA swings the bag of groceries over her shoulder and heads home down the country road in the rain.

EXT BRIDGE (PRESENT) MORNING

LORNA walks in the rain and crosses a bridge. Looking over the bridge into the rising creek are the group of FREE CITIZENS, LORNA joins them.

The UMBRELLA LADY steps closer to LORNA and lets her share her red shelter. LORNA giggles and peers over the bridge at the creek wild with running water.

She looks beyond the bridge at the road, and then steps away from the FREE CITIZENS.

EXT BITUMEN ROAD NEAR ASYLUM CONTINUOUS

LORNA’s canvas shoes step over twigs and storm debris on the road.

She lets her arms stretch out either side of her, lifts her head to the rain and smiles at the freedom.
She walks into the grey morning until she dissapears.

INT. MASTER IN LUNACY’S OFFICE DAY

RADCLIFFE watches a WORKMAN remove the signage from his office door. Rain falls on the roof of the office, the wind can be heard from outside.

The word Lunacy is slid out of its wooden slot and for a moment there is nothing on the door.

Radcliffe’s SECRETARY, early 20s, plain, with sensible shoes and pony-tailed hair, comes through from her reception area with some paper work. She stands in front of RADCLIFFE, but he continues to stare at the sign-less door.

The WORKMAN installs a new shingle, Superintendent and RADCLIFFE sighs.

SECRETARY
Excuse me, Mr Radcliffe?

She is still ignored.

SECRETARY (CONT.)
Sir?

RADCLIFFE drags his eyes from the door to his SECRETARY and smiles sadly at her.

RADCLIFFE
Change, Miss Thomas...

He takes the papers from her without looking at them.

RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
We are no longer autonomous.

He flicks through the papers absently, then walks over to the window. The grey rain hides the garden and buildings.

RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
How poetic. On the day I lose my Court of Lunacy, now to become known as the Administration Office, I can’t even see the building.

RADCLIFFE laughs at his wit. The SECRETARY, confused, takes a step forward.
SECRETARY
Ah, Sir, there’s a Doctor outside to see you.

RADCLIFFE nods, uninterested.

SECRETARY (CONT.)
Here is his card.

She hands a small business card to RADCLIFFE. He sighs at the burden of his job as he reads it.

The card is engraved, no address or telephone. It reads: Archibald Parker B.Sc., M.D.

RADCLIFFE comes out of his melancholy.

RADCLIFFE
Let the gentleman in.

The SECRETARY nods and heads out of the room.

A moment later DR PARKER walks meaningfully in to the room. His walking stick raps the floor with each step.

RADCLIFFE takes in the elderly man, the baggy suit and bow tie, the good quality shoes and the silver-capped walking stick.

DR PARKER
I am here -

RADCLIFFE
You must forgive the mess, Dr...

He looks at the card again, as DR PARKER, confused at being interrupted, falters.

RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
...Dr Parker. The Ministry of Health, you see.

RADCLIFFE nods in the direction of the door and the WORKMAN kneeling on the floor finishing his job.

RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
They seem to think they know more about our job than we do.

He laughs scornfully.

(CONTINUED)
RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
What next? The leather handcuffs and bed straps abandoned?

DR PARKER is alarmed, which RADCLIFFE takes as an agreement at the outrage of the situation.

RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
Yes! And even the Calm Down rooms may have to be closed for good.

DR PARKER
I am here to see my patient, Mrs Lorna Shoddy.

RADCLIFFE, confused.

RADCLIFFE
Lorna?

DR PARKER
Mrs Shoddy.

RADCLIFFE quickly shuffles through papers on his desk to get to his diary.

RADCLIFFE
Were we expecting you?

DR PARKER leans a little more on his walking stick.

DR PARKER
I set out at short notice.

RADCLIFFE watches the Doctor.

RADCLIFFE
You have come a long way?

DR PARKER
Too long.

RADCLIFFE regains his composure and slows down the conversation.

RADCLIFFE
May I offer you a cup of tea?

DR PARKER
Thank you, no. This is, I take it, the institution to which my patient has been admitted?

RADCLIFFE gestures to DR PARKER to take a seat.

(CONTINUED)
Indeed.

DR PARKER almost collapses once he accepts the seat. RADCLIFFE sees this and is intrigued.

RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
I can show you her last report sheet.

Sitting down himself, he reaches for the in-tray and is pleased to find it so quickly and efficiently. He passes it to DR PARKER.

DR PARKER takes it and begins to pat his suit and trouser pockets for his glasses. RADCLIFFE, amused.

RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
Here, let me.

DR PARKER, flustered and annoyed, shoves the report back across the desk. RADCLIFFE reads the report with a clear, deep voice.

RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
*Patient lies in bed in a semi-stuporous condition and resists passively when made to stand up.*

DR PARKER, alarmed, clutches his walking stick.

RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
*Not epileptic. Questioned about obsessional horse talk, patient claims she has bred hundreds, with the help of a make believe half caste husband that we can find no record of.*

RADCLIFFE is totally unaware of the look of horror on DR PARKER’s face.

RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
*Developed delusions regarding a male nurse, Vernon Ross, claiming he-*

RADCLIFFE looks up from the file.

RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
- and I quote.

He returns to reading.

(CONTINUED)
‘detains me when I am well enough
to be discharged’ and then saying,
‘I would kill him if I had a gun.’

RADCLIFFE puts the report down satisfied that it explains everything.

DR PARKER glares at him. Choosing his next words carefully.

DR PARKER
I shall not insist on seeing her
where she is kept, nor doing what
she is made to do.

RADCLiffe, momentarily unsettled by this request.

DR. PARKER (CONT.)
She can be brought here to me, if
you like.

RADCLIFFE regains himself and his position.

RADCLIFFE
I fear you are under some
misapprehension, Dr Parker.

He leans back in his chair.

RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
Lorna may have been your patient
prior to being admitted. In this
place, however, she is my inmate.

DR PARKER goes to protest but is stopped.

RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
As Master in Lun... as
Superintendent!

RADCLIFFE enjoys the way the new title sounds.

RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
...I have charge of her
care. Whether you, or anybody
else, may see her is for me to
decide. No sooner had you put your
signature to the committal than you
passed her over to me.

DR PARKER’s fingers begin to tap the top of his walking stick.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
There’s no going back on that, I fear. She has ceased to be a mere medical case.

RADCLIFFE gives DR PARKER a noble smile.

DR PARKER
Mr ...

Reading the name from the desk plate.

DR. PARKER (CONT.)
Radcliffe. I believe you might be interested to know that I signed no such document.

RADCLIFFE’s confidence disappears. He says nothing.

DR. PARKER (CONT.)
She was fetched behind my back. And without my knowledge.

RADCLIFFE
She had been consulting you?

DR PARKER
Indeed. She was about to begin treatment for chronic depression, a condition which, as you may or may not know, can be treated.

RADCLIFFE stares at DR PARKER, baffled.

RADCLIFFE
But she’s been here for nearly two months.

DR PARKER nods, knowing he has failed Lorna as a friend and doctor.

DR PARKER
She lives out of town... I hadn’t thought it was as bad as...

He regains his professional demeanor.

DR PARKER CONT.
Regardless, I demand to see my patient. Now.

The ramifications of the situation sinks in for MR RADCLIFFE.
CONTINUED: 73.

RADCLIFFE
Will you excuse me a moment?

RADCLIFFE picks up the phone. DR PARKER takes in a large breath and shuts his eyes for a moment in relief.

RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
Vernon? Have Mrs Shoddy brought to my office. Immediately... Well, in that case, as soon as possible.

He replaces the handset and turns to DR PARKER who opens his eyes.

RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
They need to check which work party she is on. Everything has been thrown into chaos with the storm.

Both sit in silence, waiting.

The rain outside gets louder, the wind thrashing branches against the window.

From somewhere deep within the building a door bangs.

Moments later voices shouting float up the stairwell.

VERNON O/S
Check the garden!

MALE VOICE O/S
It’s pissing down out there!

VERNON O/S
Just check it!

More doors open and slam shut.

RADCLIFFE and DR PARKER watch each other over the desk as the noise mounts one sound upon another.

Electric alarm bells jangle out in the yard.

A motor is heard faintly starting up.

The office door flies open. The SECRETARY mimes urgency and waves a folded piece of paper at RADCLIFFE, panic rising on his face.
EXT COUNTRY ROAD (THE PAST) AFTERNOON

YOUNG LORNA, 29, continues along the country road walking home. The rain has stopped.

She hears the sound of a car approaching behind her.

INT FAMILY CAR AFTERNOON CONTINUOUS

A young couple, ANNE, mid 20s and heavily pregnant, and HARRY, now 29 years old, out of uniform, his hair cleaned and brushed, drive carefully along the wet dirt road.

Ahead of them they see YOUNG LORNA, who looks to them like an old man in trousers and loose shirt, a felt hat on his head, walking along the road.

They slow down to check he is alright.

EXT COUNTRY ROAD AFTERNOON CONTINUOUS

The family car pulls up opposite YOUNG LORNA. Grateful, she crosses the road and approaches the driver’s side of the car.

HARRY winds down his window.

    HARRY
    You right, mate?

As she steps up to the window, HARRY’s expression changes. He realises it is YOUNG LORNA.

He’s not sure what to do. He looks at ANNE, who also realises who they have stopped.

ANNE puts both her hands protectively around her large belly.

    YOUNG LORNA
    (out of breath)
    My truck came off the road...

YOUNG LORNA points back down the country road.

    YOUNG LORNA CONT.
    (laughs)
    I was going a bit fast I suppose—

    (CONTINUED)
ANNE

Drive on.

HARRY looks at his wife. She sits up straight in her seat, her hands still surrounding her belly, and stares ahead at the road.

YOUNG LORNA can’t believe what she’s heard.

ANNE CONT.

Harry, I said drive on!

HARRY is torn. He sees the angry profile of his young wife. He turns to YOUNG LORNA, her wild, bedraggled look. He glances at her shirt clinging to her slightly swollen belly.

He puts the car into gear.

HARRY

I’m sorry, Lorna.

He drives off, leaving YOUNG LORNA standing in the middle of the road.

EXT FARM/GATE (THE PAST) AFTERNOON

YOUNG LORNA arrives home, wet and exhausted.

She opens the farm gate with effort. Leaning on the gate for support YOUNG LORNA looks at her farm.

A weak sun has come out and everything shines in the light.

Some of the HORSES are in their paddock. The green pastures bright.

Her farmhouse up on the hill overlooking the paddocks.

YOUNG LORNA feels her belly, rubs it with her hand. Her other hand holds the full grocery bag over her shoulder.

She looks down the long road she has just walked up. The injustice of what has happened to her strong in her mind, she pulls the felt hat off her head and runs her hand through her wet hair, upset and exhausted.

She feels the wet felt hat in her hand, looks again at her HORSES and at the farmhouse. Smoke comes out of the chimney.

YOUNG LORNA shuts the gate and leans against it, unable to walk up to the house.

(CONTINUED)
One of her HORSES neighs. It draws her attention to the stables. Another glance at the house and then back to the stables.

Dropping the groceries and felt hat on the ground near the gate, YOUNG LORNA heads to the stables.

INT STABLES (THE PAST) AFTERNOON

YOUNG LORNA saddles a large MARE and puts a bridle on it.

Her clothes are still wet, making YOUNG LORNA shiver.

The MARE is frisky, unsettled by YOUNG LORNA.

    YOUNG LORNA
    I know, I know, it’s been a while.
    Shhh.

She whispers in the MARE’s ears, calms it with her voice, gently stroking its mane with her hand.

YOUNG LORNA pauses, unsure. She leans her head against the horse’s neck, breathes in its smell. Tears fall down her cheek.

She grabs the saddle and pulls herself up.

EXT BRIDGE (THE PRESENT) AFTERNOON

DR PARKER stops his BMW beside a group of FREE CITIZENS walking away from the creek.

The rain has stopped but visibility is poor.

DR PARKER winds down his window and anxiously says something to a women holding the red umbrella.

The UMBRELLA LADY points down the road to the bush and DR PARKER quickly drives off.

INT DR PARKER’S BMW/ SUBURBAN FRINGE AFTERNOON

DR PARKER leaves the last street of houses and bitumen road. Before him is a dirt road surrounded by paddocks and bush.

He looks behind him, but visibility is still minimal.
EXT JUNCTION/DIRT ROAD AFTERNOON

The BMW stops at a junction, the headlights shine through the low cloud.

INT DR PARKER’S BMW/JUNCTION DIRT ROAD AFTERNOON CONTINUOUS

DR PARKER peers out of the front windscreen and the side windows, trying to see.

DR PARKER
(whispers)
Which way, Lorna... which way?

He makes a choice and drives the car slowly down one of the dirt roads.

EXT ASYLUM AFTERNOON

RADCLIFFE, under a large black umbrella, barks orders at his STAFF, who run in and out of the Asylum’s main building.

RADCLIFFE
She can’t have gone far. Check the creek first.

VERNON and FELICITY drive up in a white van. VERNON slams the breaks on and spreads mud over RADCLIFFE’s trousers.

RADCLIFFE CONT.
(annoyed)
Get her back.

They drive off. RADCLIFFE clutches the umbrella with both hands.

EXT Paddock/Gate AFTERNOON

The BMW comes to a stop near a cattle trough and gate. DR PARKER gets out of the car. The mist has lessened.

He looks out at the paddocks.

DR PARKER
Lorna! Lorna!

He listens. Nothing.

Leaving the car door open, lights and engine on, DR PARKER grabs his walking stick and hat and opens the gate. On the other side he shuts the gate after him.
EXT PADDock AFTERNOON

DR PARKER walks down the slope of a paddock, exhausted and cold. He rubs his chest.

He stops and listens, looks out before him. The mist suddenly lifts and in seconds he sees LORNA, a tiny figure at the far rim of the fence-line.

DR PARKER
Lorna!

DR PARKER’s face is flushed with excitement, red and bright. He goes to step forward but his shoes have sunk into the mud.

He struggles to free them and moves with difficulty down the hill. Every step an effort.

He raises his walking stick in the air to get LORNA’s attention.

DR. PARKER CONT.
Lor-na!

The pain in his chest gets stronger, he thumps it again, finding it difficult to breathe.

He watches LORNA stop by the fence and look up at him. He forces a smile onto his pained face, his walking stick still raised.

LORNA, seeing him, tries to run the other way.

DR PARKER, confused, stops, feebly clutching his chest.

DR. PARKER CONT.
(whispers)
But Lorna. It’s me. Archie.

EXT PADDock/FENCE AFTERNOON

LORNA grabs hold of the fence for support. Terror on her face she looks up and down the fence line, deciding which way to go.

She looks up at the figure on the rise. She sees VERNON holding a stick, raising it up in the air, his face red with anger.

He slowly makes his way to her.

(CONTINUED)
LORNA, too exhausted to try and run, collapses onto her knees. She gropes around her searching for a weapon, but only finds a liquefied pat of dung.

The VERNON-Figure is soon upon her. LORNA’s face is down, she raises her shit-covered palm before her, her only weapon.

DR PARKER
Uhhhh.

DR PARKER falls to his knees beside LORNA.

LORNA lifts her head to see DR PARKER’s face buried between his knees, his walking stick dropped by his side.

She notices the silver knob. Wiping the shit off her hand she picks it up.

DR PARKER turns his face upward to LORNA and she sees it is him.

LORNA
(whispers in awe)
Archie.

DR PARKER expels his last breath and holds his eyes on hers.

His head nods forward and his whole body rolls slowly onto his side into the squelch of cow manure.

LORNA traces the bridge of his nose with her index finger to collect the drop at the tip. She draws a shining mark across his lifeless cheek.

LORNA CONT.
(whispers)
Archie, dear Archie. Thank you for coming.

INT BEDROOM/FARMHOUSE (THE PAST) AFTERNOON

YOUNG LORNA, 28, lies in bed, her hair limp around her pale face.

DR PARKER, mid 40s, sits on the side of her bed holding her hand.

YOUNG LORNA
Thanks for coming, Archie.

(CONTINUED)
DR PARKER
Lorna, we agreed, no riding. What were you thinking?

YOUNG LORNA looks away from DR PARKER and out the window. The bare limbs of the young apple orchid are visible.

YOUNG LORNA
Martin was right about apples, they do like it here.

DR PARKER glances at the bare trees then back at YOUNG LORNA’s pale, sad face.

DR PARKER
It’ll be alright. You can have other children.

YOUNG LORNA keeps looking out at the bare black limbs.

YOUNG LORNA
No, I don’t think so.

She turns to say something more to DR PARKER but stops as she sees MARTIN, 29, standing at the door of the bedroom. The two stare at each other for a moment, neither able to say anything to the other, before MARTIN heads back down the hall.

INT INSTITUTION VAN/ DIRT ROAD (PRESENT) AFTERNOON

VERNON and FELICITY see the BMW parked by the side of the road with its headlights and blinker still on.

VERNON screeches to a halt.

VERNON jumps out of the car.

FELICITY gets out and looks around, worried.

VERNON goes over to the BMW. It is empty. The engine is still on.

VERNON quickly turns the engine off, leaving the keys in the ignition.

He places a hand on the driver’s seat, turns to FELICITY.

(CONTINUED)
VERNON
Still warm.

VERNON, thrilled by the chase and detective work, strides off in the direction of the gate. FELICITY follows.

He unlatches the gate. Both of them head across the paddock, leaving the gate open.

EXT Paddock AFTERNOON CONTINUOUS
The mist gets thicker as they head down the paddock. A noise stops them.

A repetitive tearing, then snuffling snorts. Not human.

FELICITY looks at VERNON, nervous.

VERNON pushes on down the slope into the mist, FELICITY close behind him.

Suddenly, out of the mist, a huge black BULL appears. It chews grass as it ambles up the hill towards them.

VERNON and FELICITY stand perfectly still.

The BULL keeps eating and progresses up the hill, passing the nurses without stopping.

At the bottom, near the fence line, FELICITY sees two figures form a Pieta. LORNA holds the prostrate DR PARKER in her arms.

FELICITY
(an intake of air)
Huh...

VERNON follows her gaze, sees LORNA and sets off down the slope.

When he reaches them he sees that DR PARKER is cradled in LORNA’s arms and he stops, unsure what to do.

The BULL bellows up the slope and LORNA looks up to see VERNON standing over her. She shivers uncontrollably in the cold.

LORNA
I got lost in the rain.

LORNA looks beyond VERNON to FELICITY.

(CONTINUED)
LORNA CONT.
I can’t find my way.

FELICITY goes to step forward but VERNON stops her with his thick arm. He watches LORNA’s face, disbelieving.

LORNA looks beyond both of them into the grey skies.

LORNA CONT.
I’m so tired.

Her lips are blue, her wet tunic thin around her frail body.

FELICITY pushes past VERNON and goes to help LORNA up.

The weight of DR PARKER a momentary obstacle before LORNA gently lets his body fall off her lap.

LORNA leans into FELICITY’s strong body, ignoring VERNON.

LORNA CONT.
Could you show me somewhere warm?

FELICITY glares across at VERNON who still doesn’t speak.

He gestures with his head to grab DR PARKER’s feet, as he goes around to the Doctor’s shoulders.

FELICITY picks up the walking stick and gives it to LORNA, who takes it gratefully and begins to walk slowly up the hill.

The corpse of DR PARKER is heavy and cumbersome. FELICITY places his hat on his chest before picking up his feet.

His body is too heavy to lift off the ground, VERNON and FELICITY drag and drop him.

The hat on his chest falls off and rolls away. FELICITY drops DR PARKER’s feet to pick it up.

VERNON
Just leave it!

VERNON loses his footing and stumbles. He drops DR PARKER’s shoulders and falls onto his chest, smeared with black bull shit.

FELICITY tries to hide a smile. VERNON, full of rage, grabs hold of the shoulders again and nods for FELICITY to keep moving up the slope.

LORNA walks up the hill aided by Dr Parker’s walking stick. The distance between her and VERNON and FELICITY grows.

(CONTINUED)
She hears VERNON grunt but does not look around.

VERNON, fed up, drops the shoulders of DR PARKER and stomps to the other end. Wordless he shoves FELICITY over and takes one of the Doctor’s feet from her.

Together they begin dragging the body up the slope. Their backs now to LORNA, who is closer to the gate.

LORNA comes across the huge BULL, still slowly walking up the hill eating. She runs her hand over its withers as she passes him.

The bull keeps eating and lets some dung go with a *plop plop plop*.

Further down the slope DR PARKER’s arms spread out, slowing down VERNON and FELICITY’s efforts to get him to the van.

**EXT Paddock/Gate Afternoon**

LORNA sees Archie’s BMW parked near the white van. She stops for a moment and turns around.

The BULL faces VERNON and FELICITY, who drag DR PARKER’s dead body between them.

LORNA turns back to the gate, raises her eyes that it has been left open.

She walks through the it and closes it at her leisure, latching the chain on to the peg.

**INT BMW/ Paddock/Gate Afternoon**

LORNA climbs into the BMW. She is just tall enough to see over the windscreen. She sees the keys in the ignition and smiles.

As she turns the key she hears the bull’s roar. LORNA drives away from the white van.

**EXT Paddock Afternoon**

The BULL stands in front of VERNON and FELICITY, each frozen in fear, holding a leg of DR PARKER’s body.
INT DR PARKER’S BMW/DIRT ROAD DUSK

LORNA drives with ease, taking it in turns to warm a hand in the heat blasting out of the heater.

The setting sun comes out of the clouds on the horizon. LORNA sees it.

    LORNA
    West.

She looks in the opposite direction and turns the steering wheel that way.

    LORNA CONT.
    East.

Moments later the sun has gone and the light fades.

LORNA turns the headlights on high beam and catches her breath at the beauty before her. The trees like lace work in the focused light.

She continues driving with confidence.

Turning the radio on, a bass voice sings deep notes in another language.

LORNA lets the music sink in. She smiles at the delight, the beauty of the sound.

    LORNA CONT.
    Those words are Russian.

She nods to herself.

    LORNA CONT.
    You see. I can’t be mad.

In the glove box she finds a packet of cashew nuts and eats them happily, concentrating on the road ahead.

INT. MASTER IN LUNACY’S OFFICE DUSK

RADCLIFFE is at his desk. Open in front of him is Lorna’s file. Her name clearly written in capital letters at the top.

Underneath, in untidy print it reads, First Interview and the date, 12th July, 1983.

The rain continues outside. RADCLIFFE holds a pen in his hand.

(CONTINUED)
He looks at his own handwritten notes on the form: *Issue of possible husband further investigated – result negative.*

He tests the pen to see if it is the same colour as that on the report. Satisfied, he begins to write.

**RADCLIFFE**

Asked her to confirm her local doctor’s name...

Radcliffe speaks as he writes.

**RADCLIFFE CONT.**

...and whether he put her on medication.

He pauses to look out the window for thought before continuing to write.

**RADCLIFFE CONT.**

Incoherent reply.

He holds his pen just above the paper then adds more.

**RADCLIFFE CONT.**

Our clinical tests confirm local doctor’s diagnosis, as per committal papers.

Satisfied, he returns the record of the interview to the file.

Next he takes a sheet of paper that reads *Calm Down Room Report.* He reads it to himself. The writing is another person’s, neat cursive. Single phrases are seen, they read *Shock Treatments continued... and Patient hysterical, tied to pallet for 28 hours...*

Unhappy with what he’s read, RADCLIFFE looks at the closed door. He takes the content from this folder and deposits them in an unmarked, empty folder in his filing cabinet.

He hears a car arrive outside and looks out the window.

**EXT DRIVEWAY ADMINISTRATION BUILDING DUSK CONTINUOUS**

The white Institution van comes to a stop outside the building.
INT DR PARKER’S BMW/GROUP OF TREES NIGHT

LORNA, exhausted, stops the car among some trees off a dirt road. She turns the headlights off and the music. With effort she gets out of the car.

EXT GROUP OF TREES NIGHT

LORNA opens the boot. Inside are several treasures. A medical case, a folded blanket, a little car fridge containing a bottle of gin and three bottles of tonic water, a half finished packet of biscuits, and a banana.

LORNA takes as much as she can carry back in to the car.

INT DR PARKER’S BMW/GROUP OF TREES NIGHT

LORNA swallows some Panadol with the gin and wraps herself in the blanket.

She holds the banana and looks at it, confused. The sound of water running into a bath is heard.

INT BATHROOM/LORNA’S FARM (THE PAST) NIGHT

YOUNG LORNA lies naked in the bath. She turns the tap off and leans back in the warm water, relaxed, calm.

MARTIN comes in with a small bowl of fruit, peaches, grapes and bananas.

He kneels beside the tub.

MARTIN
What will it be, peach, grape?

YOUNG LORNA opens her eyes and sees the bowl before her. She smiles.

YOUNG LORNA
Hmmm, banana.

MARTIN puts the bowl on the floor and peels the banana for YOUNG LORNA. He hands it to her and she begins eating, fast.

MARTIN
I thought women craved pickles or sweets, not fruit.

YOUNG LORNA, her mouth full, smiles and shrugs.

(CONTINUED)
MARTIN settles himself on the floor, close to YOUNG LORNA. He watches her with pleasure take another bite of the banana. A moment later she stops eating. Her complexion pale, she looks at the tiles on the wall.

MARTIN takes the unfinished banana from her.

MARTIN CONT.
You feel unwell again?

YOUNG LORNA
No, I’m alright...

She sits up in the bath, wraps her arms around her knees, her hair wet and limp around her face.

YOUNG LORNA CONT.
We haven’t made life easy for ourselves, have we?

MARTIN wipes a strand of hair from YOUNG LORNA’s face and puts it behind her ear.

MARTIN
That makes it all the more adventurous.

YOUNG LORNA tries to smile.

YOUNG LORNA
You and your adventures.

MARTIN grins, but then also considers their situation.

MARTIN
We don’t have to live here...

YOUNG LORNA has heard this argument before, she looks away from him.

MARTIN CONT.
In Sydney or Melbourne, you and I wouldn’t be such a... cause for talk.

YOUNG LORNA shakes her head, still looking at the tiles on the wall.

MARTIN tries to reason.

MARTIN CONT.
You’d learn to like the city. There are artists, writers, and Sydney’s got some very pretty beaches that -

(CONTINUED)
YOUNG LORNA turns to him.

YOUNG LORNA
What am I without horses?

MARTIN sees the fear on YOUNG LORNA’s face.

Wanting to reassure her he nods and smiles.

MARTIN
Love without hope, as when the
young bird-catcher, swept off his
hat to the squire’s own daughter...

He offers her the unfinished banana.

YOUNG LORNA, amused, takes a bite.

INT DR PARKER’S BMW/GROUP OF TREES NIGHT

LORNA holds the banana in her hand, unpeeled. She puts it on the dashboard.

The rain falls softly on the car. LORNA wraps the blanket around her.

INT ASYLUM MORGUE NIGHT

MARK, the morgue attendant, pale, thin and young, opens the door to assist VERNON and FELICITY clumsily manage a wicker pallet with DR PARKER’S body on it.

As VERNON passes, the smell of shit coming off him causes MARK to gag.

They deposit DR PARKER’s body on to a slab. All three taking a moment to look at the Doctor’s three-piece suit, one shoe, cuff links and done up buttons. A handkerchief comes out of his top suit pocket, and around his neck is a wet, slightly crooked bow tie.

FELICITY heads out of the room leaving VERNON looking at the Doctor’s body with hatred.

DR PARKER’s face appears to be grinning.

MARK is uncertain why such a well dressed man is in his asylum morgue.
MARK
What happened to him?

VERNON
He died.

MARK processes the meaning of this.

MARK
We’ll have to call a doctor.

VERNON laughs bitterly and turns to leave.

INT MASTER IN LUNACY OFFICE NIGHT

RADCLIFFE stands behind his desk with authority. VERNON, still wet and muddy, is by the door. FELICITY, a blanket around her shoulders, sits on a chair.

Another TWO WARDS MEN enter the room and shut the door.

RADCLIFFE
I have notified the police.

FELICITY looks at VERNON who ignores her.

RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
Patrols are closing all the main routes in the area.

He looks at each of them sternly.

RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
It is now clear that Lorna Shoddy is an escapee.

The sound of a ceramic cup smashing on the floor loudly.

INT KITCHEN/FARMHOUSE (THE PAST) DAY

YOUNG LORNA, pale, her hair limp around her face, storms through the kitchen smashing a ceramic cup on the floor loudly.

YOUNG LORNA
Go then! Escape while you can!

MARTIN follows her, calm, waiting for the rage to end.

YOUNG LORNA goes to the sink shoving dirty knives and forks out of the way of the bench.

(CONTINUED)
YOUNG LORNA (CONT.)
I can’t stand the way you keep looking out at that road. I know you don’t want to be here anymore (with me).

MARTIN shakes his head. YOUNG LORNA leans against the sink with both arms.

YOUNG LORNA (CONT.)
(exhausted)
I know you must hate me for what I (did).

MARTIN
You know that’s not true.

MARTIN takes a step closer to YOUNG LORNA, who lets herself be hugged.

MARTIN (CONT.)
Archie said you’d be a bit out of sorts for a while-

YOUNG LORNA pulls away from him, desperate.

YOUNG LORNA
You don’t understand! I want you to leave. I need you to leave.

She calms herself. MARTIN, unsure, waits.

YOUNG LORNA (CONT)
I’ve been waiting for you to go. Knowing how much you need to see the world that was stolen from you.

MARTIN, knowing this is true, can’t look at YOUNG LORNA.

YOUNG LORNA (CONT)
If you don’t go it means I have to ask you to leave.

MARTIN turns back to her.

MARTIN
Is that what you want?

YOUNG LORNA shakes her head, almost laughs at how ridiculous their situation is.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

YOUNG LORNA
This, us together, would only work
if we ignore the one thing that
means so much to you.

MARTIN knows she is right.

YOUNG LORNA (CONT)
And neither of us could do that.
I’d hate you if you tried, and
you’d hate me if I made you.

Neither say anything for a moment. Both lost in the reality
of where they have come.

YOUNG LORNA (CONT)
I can’t leave this place, Martin...
and you can’t stay here any longer.

In the distance, sirens begin to sound.

INT DR PARKER’S BMW (PRESENT) NIGHT
LORNA wakes with a start to the sound of distant sirens.
She sees two patrol cars cruise along a road on the other
side of the valley.
Red and blue lights twinkle as they pass.
LORNA looks at the clock on the dash – 1.00am.

LORNA
It’s time we went home, Martin.
She snaps on the headlights, looks around her and sets off.

LORNA CONT.
Let’s take the back roads.

INT MASTER IN LUNACY OFFICE NIGHT
RADCLIFFE is slumped on his desk asleep. He wakes with a
start and looks at his digital clock on his desk. 1.02am.
The lights of police cars flashing makes him look out the
window. A patrol car slowly drives through the streets.
RADCLIFFE gets up and stretches. He puts the electric jug on
for tea.
EXT DESERTED BEACH EARLY MORNING

Waves fall gently onto wet, mustard coloured sand. The wind swept beach is deserted.

The sky is clear and blue. The morning sun bright on the horizon.

EXT FARM GATE MORNING

The *For Sale* sign has a large *SOLD* signage on it. It has fallen down in the wind and lies on the ground outside the gate of Lorna’s farm.

EXT HORSE PADDOCK/STABLES MORNING

The horse paddock is empty.

The stables still burnt and only half standing. The grass longer on the ground.

INT BEDROOM/FARMHOUSE MORNING

LORNA is asleep in bed, the sleep of the dead.

Peaceful. Quiet.

EXT FARMHOUSE EARLY EVENING

Night comes.

The farmhouse sits on the hill. Cicadas noisy.

INT BEDROOM/FARMHOUSE NIGHT

LORNA is curled up on her side.

She shivers with rigors. Her hair is wet with sweat. The blankets thrown off her revealing her grey thin asylum tunic.

Crickets and night insects blare outside.
EXT ROAD BESIDE LORNA’S FARM MID MORNING

Morning birds, a slight wind.

A car drives past. It slows down as it nears Lorna’s farm. RITA is visible in the driver’s seat.

She looks at the farm, trying to see something. A moment later, alarmed, she speeds off towards town.

EXT FARM SHED MID MORNING

The wind opens and shuts one of the barn doors. When open Dr Parker’s BMW is easily seen from the road. A moment later the wind pushes the door closed.

INT MASTER IN LUNACY OFFICE DAY

RADCLIFFE is behind his desk. His eyes red with lack of sleep.

VERNON and FELICITY, also tired, but in clean clothes, washed and prepared for more searching, stand before him.

    RADCLIFFE
    A stolen car, as you will recall, was the patient’s means of escaping. I am in a position to report that this vehicle has now been located, hidden in a farm shed...

He checks the note before him to be sure.

    RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
    ...on Lorna’s former property.

He glances at VERNON reproachfully.

    RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
    Frankly, no one had thought of looking there.

RADCLIFFE softens his tone and speaks to his nurses.

    RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
    Lorna Shoddy is one of ours. Who knows what state she may be in? Now we know where to look for her we shall bring her straight back here to be cared for.

(CONTINUED)
VERNON nods, pleased. FELICITY sees the malice within him and is apprehensive. Both get up to leave.

RADCLIFFE (CONT.)
(to Vernon)
Take the ambulance.

VERNON agrees and heads out of the room, followed by FELICITY.

RADCLIFFE sits back in his chair. A job well done. A long few days.

INT UTE/FARM GATE DAY

MARTIN, 60, his grey hair short, still handsome and rugged, drives through the open gate of Lorna’s farm.

Next to him on the seat a telegram, the message short and simple:

Come back, Lorna needs you. Archie.

With familiarity MARTIN drives the Ute through the gate.

A huge Wide Load is parked across the track. MARTIN slams on the brakes, just in time to see a bulldozer crash against the house.

MARTIN
Jesus Christ!

From his Ute MARTIN sees the whole front wall cave and collapse as the bulldozer breaks off.

He throws open the door and bounds out.

EXT LORNA’S FARMHOUSE DAY

MARTIN crosses in front of the bulldozer and puts his hand on the machine.

MARTIN
Oi!

The DRIVER, high in his cabin, opens the window flap. Both men have to shout above the engine.

DRIVER
Keep clear.

(CONTINUED)
MARTIN
What the fuck are you doing?

The DRIVER yanks off his ear-muffs.

DRIVER
Come again?

MARTIN
There’s been some colossal cock-up!

The DRIVER glances at MARTIN, dressed in old worn jeans, dirty boots and a rolled-up sleeved shirt. The Ute behind him dusty and full of dings.

DRIVER
Clear out. I’ve got my orders.

MARTIN stands his ground.

MARTIN
So whose orders would those be?

The DRIVER puts his ear-muffs on.

DRIVER
Estate agent. Property’s been repossessed.

MARTIN
Repossessed, my arse! My wife would never let this place go.

The DRIVER shrugs, drops the flap and revs the great motor. The bulldozer lurches forward.

MARTIN, stunned, watches the blade nudge the corner chimney, thrusting at it till the brickworks break and tumble into rubble.

MARTIN turns to the open bedroom window and sees LORNA’s tiny grey head, just visible over the sill.

EXT LORNA’S FARM BEDROOM WINDOW DAY

In a flash MARTIN is at the window and sees LORNA propped up in bed, frail, older, thin. She’s so changed he’s not sure it’s her and hesitates for a moment.

MARTIN
Lorna?

LORNA simply stares at him.

(CONTINUED)
The building groans. MARTIN looks up at it and quickly back at LORNA.

MARTIN CONT.
Can you move?

He vaults in through the window.

INT LORNA’S FARM/BEDROOM DAY

LORNA, in shock, stares up at MARTIN standing above her.

The roar of the bulldozer cuts out. MARTIN glances outside.

MARTIN
Thank Christ.

LORNA and MARTIN stare at each other. Each trying to find something familiar in the other’s face.

In a steady, normal voice, LORNA speaks.

LORNA
Martin?

Chocking with grief, MARTIN bends over LORNA.

MARTIN
Is it you?

He plants a kiss on her forehead.

LORNA reaches up. She clasps him, to be certain.

LORNA
I knew you’d save me.

MARTIN
There’s not much left of you to save.

LORNA
There’s enough.

MARTIN smiles, as does LORNA, and both see something familiar in the other.

MARTIN
What the hell’s going on?

(CONTINUED)
LORNA
Your hair’s short.

The wreckage of the house groans.

MARTIN bends down to lift her out of the bed. LORNA puts her arm around MARTIN’s shoulders.

   LORNA CONT.
   (child-like)
   I want the poetry.

MARTIN laughs as he easily picks LORNA up in his arms.

MARTIN
The poetry’ll have to wait.

They reach the bedroom door. The hall fills with bouncing chunks of mortar and a cloud of brick dust.

   MARTIN CONT.
   The whole thing’s going!

LORNA, close to MARTIN’s face, can’t stop looking at him.

   LORNA
   Lord, how grey you’ve grown.

The way is blocked. MARTIN turns back into the bedroom to find another way out.

The ceiling above them buckles and timbers splinter, loud as gunshots.

LORNA rests her ear against MARTIN’s chest, smiling.

   LORNA CONT.
   (whispers)
   Martin.

MARTIN makes his way over to the window.

   MARTIN
   I know, old girl. It’s been twenty odd years.

With one arm he hugs her close to protect her from flying debris. With the other he pushes the window up as far as possible.

LORNA throws her head back, almost unbalancing them both.
LORNA
(tenderly)
Thirty-one.

The house opens up to the sun, a patch of blue widens above their heads as sheets of roof iron lift and sail aside.

MARTIN
Hold tight!

The whole wall shudders letting in the sun.

LORNA
Watch out, Martin.

Her voice is clear and steady.

LORNA CONT.
Something’s going to fall.

EXT LORNA’S FARM/ORCHARD DAY

Dust fills the air hiding everything. The noise of bricks, tiles and beams collapsing soon subsides.

The hiss of rubble as it settles.

The dust clears to reveal the orchard. Its pink blossom blooms. Each tree neatly in a row alive with fairy-floss softness on black branches.

The hiss is replaced by whip birds, they crack the air with their cries. Cows from a distant farm moo. The wings and screech of cockatoos.

From not far away, the wash of waves from the sea.

Tree branches creak. Wind blows.

EXT RIVERFALLS (THE PAST) DAY

The surface of the deep rock pool is still.

MARTIN and YOUNG LORNA, in their mid 20s, break the surface tension of the water. Each takes in a gulp of fresh air.

Their faces full of the thrill and bliss of the experience. END.