

JANE EYRE BARE

Not filmed

Written in late 1966 and early 1967

JANE EYRE BARE is my final screenplay for Andy Warhol Films, Inc. Appropriately, it is the fullest, the longest of them, the most commercial, the most sustained in comic effect and linear in fidelity to its narrative. But it was written in an atmosphere that was defined for me by desolation and violence.

My sense of the Factory when I returned from the coast is caught in that filtered heat of the late summer, late afternoon sun falling through its streetside windows, and on Danny Williams at his desk, increasingly bizarre in appearance, his hair matted, his glasses broken, encounter by encounter progressively lost to amphetamine. We have poets who've said that that close-to-setting-slant of afternoon sun is their favorite amongst dwindling moments, but it was always the still and most silent part of the day that I liked least, a sickly yellow dotted by the peculiar disappearance of aimlessly drifting gnats. I would sit next to Danny at his massive desk and watch him scoop out the grime from its chisel-work with a penny. How many speed-freaks have I stared at in wonder doing that! But the others, like Ondine, chatted non-stop in accompaniment to their housekeeping. His nose always running, Danny sniffled a bit, but was otherwise very quiet.

At times we were alone, sometimes Andy was there, air-brushing at a distance, or fussing with stretching frames, crouching, his back to us.

And then one day Danny was gone. On September 5th, I took a call at the Factory from his mother, asking anxiously if we had seen her son or knew of his whereabouts. "Andy," I relayed, "she wants to talk to you. She's very worried."

Oh," he groaned, "what a pain. He's a pain, now she is. Tell her I'm not here."

"She knows you're here: I just said I'll get you."

He didn't respond. He knit his brows and turned away from me, and kept working. After I hung up on Mrs. Williams, by way of admonishing me, he concluded dismissively, "I don't care where he is. He's just an amphetamine addict."

Three days later, Gerard told me that he'd learned they found his car by the water, he wasn't sure where, a river in Connecticut or the ocean off Cape Cod, with all his clothes piled neatly beside it. Danny had drowned himself.

I felt too uncomfortable now to pace my off days at the Factory, flipping through the papers and fashion zeens, or listening to the new crowd, looking like they should not have been let off the pages of Gentlemen's Quarterly, spin their wheels, the Factory being but one hopeful pit stop on their rounds of the city in search of a fame and fortune that had no strings (like work) attached to it. When Andy was there alone it was worse. He returned to drawing, but almost precise duplicates of his floating, little girl and boy cut-outs: which he still on uneasy occasion cashed in on as an illustrator for I. Miller Shoes. Sometimes the childish figures seemed to dangle from a clothesline or a rope necklace. He did that when he was tense and it made me tense.

I busied myself writing a new stage play, a romantic, large cast, fantasy tragedy called ATLANTIS. It is a three-act epic that almost no one knows about because I considered it a failure. I've completed other plays since that I feel do not work, but none was ever so long, so lyrical, so detailed or elaborately brocaded.

Then early one autumn morning Andy called me: "Oh Ronnie, come up, there's lots of fairies here!" he enticed facetiously. He was in unusually fine fettle when I got there, he'd been negotiating with Huntington Hartford III to produce a commercial feature. It was to be lensed exotically, out on Bimini where Huntington had an estate.

He told me he'd like a screenplay based on Charlotte Brontë's oft-recycled JANE EYRE and, oddly, as a vehicle for Edie. Oddly, because though she'd pop up at the Factory from time to generously spaced time, she was long past her days as a Warhol "star" so to speak, as well as the health needed to undertake so much work. But the producers judged her press bankable and so the opening spirals make clear that the script is constructed around leotarded Edie. Of course, while I was at work on the project it became evident to Andy beyond dispute that Edie would not pan out, and

while Andy debated over whether or not Baby Jane Holzer should play the female lead, it is interesting to note that the text begins to veer steadily away from the middle lane in which it held the Jane Eyre character and build up Bertha in the basement and several other hitherto background figures. For although I switched my working title to BABY JANE EYRE - which, frankly, I disliked - Baby Jane herself wavered back and forth over this deal when it was proposed to her and, in the end, I had no mental image of Jane Eyre posing before me while I punished the typewriter with my heavy touch because I'd no idea whatsoever of who would play her.

The same obtains for the male lead Rochester, since despite, or rather because of, its Jack-Benny's-butler political incorrectness, I had in mind that an African-American should undertake the role, and couldn't be sure the producers would bite. Rufus Jones was the only black male that Andy previously had starred (in or on the notorious COUCH), but he wandered greener pastures by then. (Andy had had a black lover some years before I met him. He turned up one night as the drink dispenser at a party we attended: Andy, recognizing him, went beet red and the Drella Dellas were abuzz for days. But is it any wonder, making the Benny and cocktail party connection, that I just had to have at Andy in an adaptation of his [girlishly] favorite novel?)

Writing without specific leads was not my biggest problem, though, for my liasion on the project was Fu Fu Smith with whom I'd progress-confer at breakfast time. Hating American breakfasts, he'd order chicken-in-the-basket at 7AM and sometimes wasn't sober then. On one such occasion, when we returned to Andy awaiting us at the Factory, he removed a revolver hidden about his person and took some pop-shots at the ceiling. Fu Fu liked me a lot, finding me "different from the others on 47th St.," and I, well, certainly found him different, and we got along quite well; but, somehow, I'd felt safer when I traveled alone in Western Sahara.

And in November the nerve-shattering, Sammy the Italian incident occurred, in which a spaced-out friend of Ondine's took a gun to Andy's head and began to play Russian Roulette. If equally

melodramatic, it seemed to me one could live longer on the theatre scene: and I as well was enjoying my longest run there at the time, a double bill of a composite of my (by then) four different Screen Test scripts, called simply, SCREEN TEST, plus INDIRA GANDHI'S DARING DEVICE.

Though I was fêted by the Hartford people and received small advances from them for JANE EYRE BARE, due to their unresolved struggle over entitlements with Andy, it was evident by March or April of 1967 that the project had fallen through.

That JANE EYRE BARE was to have been realized on Bimini explains the inflation of the West Indian locale, merely recalled in the novel. But the script seizes on the majority of its opportunities in that setting, from scoring the perhaps wishful thinking behind a black Rochester and a colonial tension that reflects on the Indochina war, to diluting the threat of, and harnessing the violence I perceived in, working at the Factory. Typically, Mutt and Jeff (from the well-loved comic strip of my childhood) are drafted for the Big and Little Savage routines, which cloak and deepen the anger awaken by western Christian expansionism. And a wistful and effete distanced decay is obliquely referenced by incorporating Andy's floating silver pillows (first exhibited at the Castelli Gallery in April, 1966). The piece as a whole appears to talk up our having to come to survival terms with ambiguity and, fittingly, sums up the ethical ambiguity of the Warhol world - of people like Edie and Ondine, Philip, Gerard, and Roger and Tosh, and, most of all, Andy himself. But, equally fitting, its general gesture is my evolved decision that it must not in itself "say" the film. So its themes of repression, punishment, and wasted lives in a catchall of ambiguous morality are "literary" themes, as, again, those of HORSE, while this screenplay like a decorated vessel waits for the film to fill it up.

JANE EYRE BARE

a screenplay by Ronald Tavel

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Spiral 1

(Open with close-up on the huge, wild dark eyes of BERTHA MASON. Heavy witch-eyebrows; exaggerated bags under the eyes. Eyes stare insanely into the camera, as if casting a spell.

Slow pan out to full witch-like face.)

BERTHA: Eyre is evil, Eyre got spice;
Eyre is evil, Eyre ain't nice!

(BERTHA chants this over and over, quicker and quicker, camera zooms out from above in counter-clockwise spinning circle, rotating the black gown'd BERTHA, to a maddening blur.

Cut to BERTHA running over the moors. Long shot.)

BERTHA: Eyre is the vilest one of all:
Eyre just has herself a ball!

(Cut to JANE EYRE swimming nude in the ocean. Zoom in on her suddenly. She is surprised in her splashing, perks her face up into the lens, arches eyebrows.)

JANE: I'm Jane Eyre!

BERTHA: (heard off camera) Evil Eyre! - if you ask me.

JANE: (frowning) No one asked you.

(Long shot of JANE swimming. She plays about, exercises in the water. Camera imitates her movements, plays with her. She giggles.

Cut to very long shot of JANE exercising nude at water's edge. Split second then same shot with picture's bottom on left edge of frame.

Double exposure: above frame with BERTHA superimposed. BERTHA moving slowly toward camera with wind taking back her black gown. Sound of JANE giggling deliciously.)

BERTHA: Oh, evil Eyre. No good shall come of her.
Evil evil brings - to her and hers, to me and mine.

(Cut to close-up of JANE exercising, but she is very blurred because focus is on background: far in the distance we can make out a horse and rider. Very slow approach. It is ROCHESTER in riding habit. His head should be hidden at this worms-eye angle by the horse's head so that we imagine all the

interest drawing him near, rather than see it. Horse gets very near but JANE notices nothing.

Worms-eye angle on horse's behind: horse rears and throws ROCHESTER.

ROCHESTER only jumps from horse, but clockwise spinning camera gives the effect of his being thrown. This should be an obvious effect - no attempt at realism. Audience should not be fooled by the upholstery.

Worms-eye angle on JANE's behind; she is bending over the prostrate ROCHESTER.)

JANE: Did I unhorse you, Sir?

(Middle shot of ROCHESTER and JANE sitting together on the dunes. JANE wrapped in a towel, shivering. ROCHESTER has his arm around her shoulder.)

ROCHESTER: There, there, my child. What an unhappy childhood you must have had to make you shiver so. Why don't you tell me all about it so we can have a nice long flashback?

JANE: It's really very painful for me to reminisce about, Sir.

ROCHESTER: Oh, go on - try.

(Close-up of JANE's face. Double exposure: superimposed is JANE as little girl - exactly the same, but with pigtail wig on and glasses, etc. JANE*AS*A*CHILD is thumbing her nose at the camera.)

JANE: (giggling) It's really too painful for me to speak of, Sir. Please don't make me talk about that now, Sir. Let's do something else.

(Middle shot of both.)

ROCHESTER: What did you have in mind?

JANE: Well, what the situation suggests.

(Long shot. The horse moves slowly toward the camera, lazily brushing its tail. In the background we see ROCHESTER and JANE making it in the dunes. Director's discretion. The horse moves toward camera until he finally blocks out everything. Fade out.....)

End of Special 1

Spiral 2

(A gathering at Thornfield Hall, ROCHESTER's estate. There are various groups clustered together, segregated by social station. LORD and LADY INGRAM and their daughter, BLANCHE, are seated with ROCHESTER. REVEREND WOOD, the clerk, MR. GREEN, and the lawyer, MR. BRIGGS occupy another area of the room. GRACE POOLE, a wretched looking maid is seated at the piano, playing an elegant cliché Chopin piece. She is a totally dishevelled mess, but plays professionally.)

LADY INGRAM: Rochester, how marvelous! Wherever did you find her? So difficult to get talented mop-maids these days.

ROCHESTER: Yes, she mops up and plays the piano for the same salary.

LADY INGRAM: Incredible!

BLANCHE: Rochester is very resourceful.

(Meaningful exchange of glances between ROCHESTER and BLANCHE.)
MRS. FAIRFAX, matronly maid, enters with the hors d'oeuvres. She brings them to each guest in order of their rank.

Camera panning about the fingers gingerly lifting the hors d'oeuvres, circles down toward the floor, boors through it.

We see the cellar below the gathering. BERTHA is lying in a straw heap. She is in shackles. She snores peacefully through the Chopin piece.

Cut back to the INGRAMS who are noisily munching the celery. The chewing sounds drown out the music.)

LADY INGRAM: Marvelous celery.

(She removes a stringy lump from her mouth.)

LADY INGRAM: Bit chewy, isn't it?

(Everyone soon discovers something wrong with the hors d'oeuvres. They begin removing them from their mouths and trying to discard them while no one else is watching. Most morsels end up behind the various chaises. FAIRFAX goes about behind each, collecting the discarded delicacies as if that were the most natural thing in the world, thoroughly expected. REVEREND WOOD is the only person to consume his share; he appears faint after forcing down the food. GREEN does not watch him, automatically hands him a wine glass with which to wash down his good intentions.)

WOOD: God bless you, my son.

GREEN: (attentive to the music) Por nada.

LADY INGRAM: Blanche is quite adept at the keyboard, too, aren't you dear?

BLANCHE: (the height of modesty) Oh, mother!

ROCHESTER: Do you want to be coaxed, Miss Blanche?

LORD INGRAM: (sternly) Coaxed, nothing! That was your damn cue to play. Hey, mop-maid, get the hell off that stool!

(GRACE stops playing abruptly, gets up and curtsys, hurries off. BLANCHE rises, the essence of good breeding, goes to the piano and curtsys deeply, sits on the stool and composes herself. Then she raises her hands and slams down on the keyboard, wild rock 'n roll. Full rock 'n roll band accompaniment.

Everyone rises at once and breaks into mad frugging, twisting, etc.

Cut to GRACE being fed the discarded hors d'oeuvres by FAIRFAX. GRACE swallows the chewed tidbits greedily.

Cut back to dancing crowd, panning, excelerated motion, etc.)

Cut to BERTHA in the cellar startled out of her slumber.)

BERTHA: Them damn trouble-makers upstairs again! Can't get a minute's shuteye in this joint! Hey, cut that racket out, will you!!

(Cut back and forth, various angles between dancing floor and cellar.)

BERTHA: Bobbies! Bobbies! They's disturbing the peace, they is! I should have had them evicted long ago.

(BERTHA bangs on the cellar pipes with her shackles, but the resounding echo is just part of the beat.

Cut to FAIRFAX entering the dancing room by its central door. Dead-pan business face. A sudden flourish of trumpets. The rock 'n roll music stops. Everyone stops dead in his tracks.)

FAIRFAX: Announcing Miss Jane Eyre, orphan, come to apply for the position of governess to Adele Varens, ward of Lord Rochester!

(Flourish again and JANE enters. She is dressed from waist to neck in a severe Victorian blouse, Victorian hair-do.

Camera explores downward below her waist, finds her wearing skin tight black leotards.)

BLANCHE: The hussy!

ROCHESTER: Ah, the orphan Eyre. Come in, my dear, come.

LORD INGRAM: (eyes popping) What does she teach - liberal arts?

WOOD: God bless all such orphans of the English moor.

GREEN: (too delighted) Amen!

BRIGGS: Gal legal and tender.

GRACE: Looks like she's putting on airs. Just lower class if you ask me!

BERTHA: (cut to cellar) Eyre the evil! The husband-hussler! Summon the bobby and what do you get?!

FAIRFAX: (manly, ambiguous) A welcome addition to the manor.

LORD INGRAM: (to ROCHESTER) Did you look her up in the classified?

ROCHESTER: Up and down.

LORD INGRAM: I wouldn't hire her without a thorough investigation, if I were you.

ROCHESTER: (lecherous) My intentions precisely.

BLANCHE: She a governess? - I don't believe it. What could she teach anyone?

JANE: You, nothing, frankly. I'd appreciate being interviewed at once, if you don't mind.

ROCHESTER: Certainly, my child, certainly.

(They all arrange themselves in a circle around JANE. It looks more like Joan of Arc's inquisition than a job interview. Camera will pan from questioner to questioner, sometimes leap from one to another, cut back and forth and so on. Stern looks on everyone's face, like they were judges at a heaven-shaking trial. JANE crosses her legs like traditional glamour girl on the witness stand - but switches from that to utter innocence and martyrdom, etc. as indicated below.)

ROCHESTER: Where were you educated, Jane?

JANE: Radcliff and Brynmor.

LORD INGRAM: (dissatisfied) That all?

JANE: Oh, no - Harvard and Yale, too.

LORD INGRAM: And?

JANE: And Columbia and Berkeley.

LADY INGRAM: That all, young lady?

JANE: Well, I studied movie-making at U.C.L.A.

ROCHESTER: Any Hollywood agents interested in your work out there?

JANE: Several Hollywood agents were interested.

BLANCHE: In your work?

JANE: You think you're very clever, don't you?

ROCHESTER: Can you add and subtract?

JANE: I can put two and two together.

BLANCHE: That's multiplying, sweetie.

JANE: I wouldn't know.

LADY INGRAM: Can you draw, Jane?

JANE: On my bank account.

LADY INGRAM: I asked, can you draw!

JANE: What do you think I am, a pencil queen or something?

BLANCHE: Have you any draw-backs?

JANE: Yes - with Latins. There's too much to draw back with them.

WOOD: This is a holy inquisition, my child: you must answer respectfully.

JANE: I reply in the spirit in which I am questioned.

WOOD: My child, are you in a state of grace?

JANE: If I'm not, God will put me in one.

GREEN: Sounds familiar - the girl is obviously adept at the classics.

BRIGGS: Jane, can you swim?

JANE: I used to be a street-walker in Venice.

WOOD: Fascinating. While in Venice, did you look up Byron?

JANE: Up and down.

GREEN: Extraordinary!

WOOD: And so?

JANE: Yes, and sew, too. Sewing is an expected accomplishment of governesses, is it not?

(BERTHA is heard shrieking from the cellar, rattling her chains, banging the pipes, etc.)

JANE: Lively place you have here.

ROCHESTER: Concern yourself only with what concerns yourself.

JANE: Well, I always felt we were all one, all part of a single cosmic consciousness. Therefore what concerns you concerns me, the space between us being only an illusion.

GRACE: She sounds spaced-out if ya ask me.

ROCHESTER: I don't ~~amnt~~ recall asking you.

JANE: (to GRACE) Smarty!

(BERTHA is heard screaming again; superimposition of her mouth.)

JANE: Never a dull moment.

ROCHESTER: I didn't hear a thing.

JANE: Have you considered a hearing aide?

BLANCHE: What unambiguous temerity!

JANE: Polysyllabic, aren't you, honey?

BLANCHE: Cross your fingers when you say that!

JANE: Cross your legs.

ROCHESTER: Girls! That will be quite sufficient!

JANE: You mean I'm through? The third degree is over? I get the job?

ROCHESTER: No, not yet. Can you play - I mean, the piano?

JANE: Just calypso music.

WOOD: Oh?

GREEN: For which religious service is that?

JANE: Voodoo, I presume. What ~~sthrx~~ denomination did you have in mind?

(BERTHA is heard again, sounding Voodooish.)

GREEN: Just Voodoo.

ROCHESTER: I didn't hear a thing.

JANE: He never does, does he?

ROCHESTER: Well, panel, what is your decision?

BLANCHE: Throw her to the lions.

LORD INGRAM: Throw her to the loins.

WOOD: Burn her at the stake.

GREEN: Stone her as you would any Babylonian lady of the evening.

LADY INGRAM: Thirty days hard labor.

BRIGGS: And a 5,000 dollar fine and/or both.

GRACE: Ah, go on, give the kid a break. Let her have the job.

FAIRFAX: At half pay.

BERTHA: (screaming) Burn the evil one!

ROCHESTER: I see we are all in agreement: Jane Eyre, the job is yours!

JANE: Thanks, boss, you'll never regret it.

ROCHESTER: And now, ladies and gentlemen, if you will all withdraw to the drawing room, you'll find a pleasant surprise awaiting you.

GRACE: (aside) Poison gas.

(The entire company stands and begins to make for the other room. ROCHESTER takes JANE by the hand.)

ROCHESTER: My dear: will you wait a moment? I have something personal to ask you.

JANE: (all charm) It is a governess' duty to obey her master. -And if the matter be personal, so much the better!

(The others have left. Quiet. Close up on JANE and ROCHESTER's faces. Anticipation.

Then middle shot.)

ROCHESTER: Jane, my child, are you really a miserable starving orphan?

JANE: No, not really. Actually, I'm a wealthy heiress.

ROCHESTER: Then how did you ever get into a business like this?

JANE: Just lucky, I guess.

ROCHESTER: How do you mean?

JANE: Well, you see, being born an heiress, I've always had everything. Therefore I've had nothing. But governesses are born with nothing, therefore they have everything. So that's why I became a governess:- in order to have everything.

ROCHESTER: You are as logical and systematic as you are beautiful. I believe we two should get along famously.

(He comes on to her a bit familiarly. She dodges him.)

JANE: Shall we join the others? We have tarried here alone for two, perhaps three minutes. To venture a fourth would be to risk exposing ourselves to the truth.

ROCHESTER: That is the truth. Let us join the others.

(Cut to the drawing room, which is quite small so that everyone is squashed together there, as if in a subway during rush-hour. Several are hanging onto chandeliers, as if to subway straps. A swaying and pushing movement.)

LADY INGRAM: I wonder what surprise Rochester has in store for us.

LORD INGRAM: (lecherous) Hardly enough room to work in here!

BLANCHE: (screams - someone has goosed her) Oh!! - The types you get during rush hour.

(Suddenly there is a deafening blood-curdling cry: A group of Voodoo savages headed by the drug-crazed BERTHA breaks into the sophisticated squash.)

BERTHA: Love-slaves for the Zombie God! Seize them all! Women and children first!

WITCHDOCTOR: Shall we take the men, too?

BERTHA: Of course, the men, especially the men!!!

(There is much confusion and screaming, cries for help, etc. Insane camera work in keeping with the chaos. Everything is projected upside down so that the chandeliers, etc., become embarrassing phallic symbols. The household and guests are made prisoners and carried off.

Cut to the beautiful gardens outside the manor. JANE and ROCHESTER emerge from an ornate doorway and enter the garden. It is night. Silence.)

JANE: Oh, Rochester, this isn't the way to the drawing room.

ROCHESTER: How do you know? - You've never been here before.

JANE: But I know the layout.

ROCHESTER: (smiling a bit wickedly) Do you, my child?

(The two step down into the garden. At this moment, the 1930 recording of John McCormack singing "The Rose of Tralee" begins to play. ((Camden, RCA, CAL-407)) While this most tired of cliches is heard, we see the lovers straying under the poetic arbour, through its lanes, to a view of the sea, etc. All is in silhouette. Leaves fall; birds take off from branches, etc., the works. -But this recording is real because McCormack believed it and made of the most-heard tripe a thing of startling and never before heard beauty. The camera should do the same: using all the angles and shots most associated with the cliché silhouette arbour love scene, an unexpected taking of it all seriously should make it real - and if the audience begins by laughing, it should finish with silent awe. This scene lasts the length of the recording, 3 minutes, 10 seconds, and is in marked contrast to the next which is cut to immediately:

A jungle orgy scene with each of the manor party members locked in a mad embrace with a Voodoo savage. Hectic love-making in accelerated motion, over-exposed to the point of whiteness off and on so that the intimate details are not censorable. Voodoo music blasting away.

BERTHA is the only one without partner: she is running about nearly tripping over the prostrate figures, wildly ecstatic, delirious, happy as only a manic depressive can be:)

BERTHA: Ride on, ride on, oh my happy children! Oh, marvelous adherents of the Zombie cult, oh blessed above all bacchantes! Oh, religion with a beat! Oh, praise, praise to the Zombie God for squirming things, for humpty-dumpty, for humpty, humpty-dumpty!! How happy I to see my children, my many children, thus disposed!!!

(Cut to BLANCHE and her SAVAGE lover.)

BLANCHE: How you ever gonna keep 'em down on the moor
 after they seen Paree?

SAVAGE: More! More!

(Cut to GREEN and his SAVAGE lady lover.)

GREEN: If this weren't a religious rites, I don't know
 that it would be at all proper!

SAVAGE LADY: It's right, all right.

(Cut to BRIGGS and his partner; BRIGGS' face is somewhere
near the dark ankles.)

BRIGGS: I like to keep a toe in every pie!

SAVAGE PART: Then what's your finger doing where it is?

(Cut to LADY INGRAM and her PARAMOUR.)

LADY INGRAM: I don't believe it for a minute:- What a rich
 fantasy life I have!

(Cut to the arbour idyllic scene with JANE and ROCHESTER for
a split second; its attendant music.

Cut to BERTHA stumbling deliriously among the revelers.)

BERTHA: Eyre is evil: the undoing of us all!!

(BERTHA trips over REVEREND WOOD. They fall together, into
each other's arms. WOOD blinks stupidly at her.)

BERTHA: How do you dig the midnight service, Wood? Why
 don't you loosen your collar?

(Cut to LORD INGRAM who has somehow gotten the ragged GRACE
for partner.)

GRACE: You've got the pick of exotica and you're still
 after the kitchen-maid! aren't you, me Lord? Oh,
 you Lords is all the same!!! If ya ask me.

(Cut to close-up of FAIRFAX, just her tussled hair, sweating
face. Her head gets pushed up and down. She sings:)

FAIRFAX: My bonny lies over the ocean, my moon o'er
 Miami Beach.....

(Slow pan-out from orgy scene constantly intercut with the
idyllic arbour scene. Music from both scenes playing over
each other. Pan-out of orgy continues, figures growing
smaller and smaller; idyllic arbour scene is panned into as
it is intercut giving a coming and going indecisive conclusion
to this statement on love.

Fade into the sun breaking over the horizon line of the ocean. Cliché music like Rossini's "Dawn" from the "William Tell Overture." Birds blinking into wakefulness.

Cut to long shot of a line of surreys on the beach. The manor party members, LORD and LADY INGRAM, BLANCHE, WOOD, GREEN and BRIGGS are being helped into the surreys by several of the SAVAGES. Farewell embraces, last minute kisses. GRACE and FAIRFAX standing to the side.

The surreys take off down the beach and the SAVAGES retire into the jungle.

SHOT of GRACE and FAIRFAX from behind, watching the surreys growing smaller in the distance.)

GRACE: Nice folks, ain't they, Mrs. Fairfax? Perfect guests, if ya asks me. They goes along with all the kidding.

FAIRFAX: Wonder if Lord Rochester and Jane Eyre have been up to a bit of the nonsense while we were away.

GRACE: Wouldn't doubt it one bit. You knows them governess-types.

FAIRFAX: Yes, and Jane Eyre is very typical.

GRACE: Quite typical.

FAIRFAX: Come, Grace Poole, we better get back to the manor before they enjoy getting on without us.

(The two servants lift their skirts simultaneously and trot on up the beach.

Two SAVAGES watching them from behind trees. They wink at each other knowingly.)

End of Spiral Two.

SPIRAL # 3

(JANE seated at the desk in the study of the manor. Victorian outfit from waist to hair-do, leotards below. She has reading glasses on. She turns, camera follows her view, and viewpoint to discover ROCHESTER in the door with 10 year old ADELE VARENS. But ADELE is not discernable because she is carrying a stack of books piled some 3 feet high. We see the book pile and ADELE from the waist down.)

ROCHESTER: Miss Eyre, may I present your student, Adele Varens, my ward.

JANE: How do you do, Adele?

ADELE: Pleased to meet you, I'm sure.

ROCHESTER: There are many barriers between a student and her teacher --

JANE: Books, for one thing.

ROCHESTER: But I'm certain you can overcome them, Miss Eyre.

JANE: I shall attempt my best as soon as I can survey the problem.

ROCHESTER: It is only necessary that the problem survey you. A true teacher teaches by her presence, by her being, by her person which person, properly, should be in love with learning.

JANE: Well, lecturing is a time honored form of communication between---

ROCHESTER: There is no such thing as communication. And certainly not by lecturing.

JANE: Stop trying to sound so contemporary. This is only the 19th Century. It hasn't even been appraised yet.

ROCHESTER: I find you very precocious, Miss Eyre.

JANE: You wouldn't if you didn't try to tell a person how to do her job. I don't tell you how to manage the servants, do I?

ROCHESTER: Is that what you imagine the sum total of my activity to be?

JANE: No..... I suppose you devote some time to meditation. And now, may I be left alone with my charge, Mr. Rochester?

ROCHESTER: As you wish, Miss Eyre. In case of emergency, ring the buzzer and Mrs. Fairfax will bring the needle. It's a large one, and Adele goes under in a second.

JANE: I don't anticipate needing the needle, but thank you anyhow, Mr. Rochester.

ROCHESTER: (winking) Then you might try it yourself, Miss Eyre. Until later, then.

(ROCHESTER leaves, locking the door behind him.)

JANE: Approach.

ADELE: In which direction?

JANE: Follow the sound of my voice..... here, here now..... a little to the left.... a little to the right.... that's it.... careful.... forward a little to the right..... don't you know right from left?

(ADELE struggling behind the pile of books to approach JANE and take a seat beside her.)

ADELE: West is right and East is left.

JANE: Smart alack.

ADELE: Not at all: Geography is my specialty.

JANE: Then you've heard of a South-Pole paddling?

ADELE: Yes, and so does the rest of the manor when it's administered.

(ADELE manages to get into her seat, still holding the pile of books now in her lap. Both can not see each other.)

JANE: What's your major, Adele Varens?

ADELE: You may call me Adele.

JANE: You may call me Miss Eyre.

ADELE: To err is human.

JANE: I find you very precocious, Adele.

ADELE: My benefactor finds you very precocious, Miss Eyre.

JANE: I'm twice your age, Adele.

ADELE: My benefactor is twice your age. Funny if you went for him in a big way. People would talk.

JANE: People talk regardless.

ADELE: Some of them even scream.

JANE: How do you mean?

ADELE: Haven't you ever heard that screaming coming from below?

JANE: I've heard nothing.

ADELE: Stop whistling in the dark. What did you think that screaming was - the naughties getting roasted down there in hel--

JANE: Adele!! Watch your language!

ADELE: I'm just cautioning you, Miss Eyre. A word to the wise professor. If you're thinking of getting serious about Mr. Rochester, just consider those screams.

JANE: I'm not getting serious about Mr. Rochester and I won't consider the screams. Anyhow, it's none of your affair.

ADELE: True. It's your affair.

JANE: I think puns are the lowest form of humor.

ADELE: Oh, how pedantic!

JANE: I'm a hired pedant.

ADELE: I thought you were just hired.

JANE: Really, Adele!

ADELE: Is this the lesson or the recess? Or your regress?

(Cut to ROCHESTER in the yard. He is throwing a stick for a dog, attempting to get the beast to retrieve it. The dog is obstinate, fetches but does not return the stick.)

ROCHESTER: Guess you can't teach an old dog new tricks. Some of the tricks I've had, though, have been old dogs.

(He tries again. The dog is still disobediant.)

ROCHESTER: I wonder if she'd go for a ball instead of the stick..... here, Queeny, here, Queeny, here's a ball.....

(He throws the ball. The dog goes to it and sniffs it gingerly; then growls at it.

Cut back to the study with JANE and ADELE. The books are still piled on ADELE's lap and neither can see the other.)

ADELE: What's the matter, teacher, cat got your tongue?

JANE: Does that worry you, little mouse?

ADELE: How do you know I'm little?

JANE: If you weren't your head would stick up above those books.

ADELE: Stick up? Where?

JANE: Up, up. Now that we've established that geography is your major, what did you say your minor is?

ADELE: Asia minor and acrobatics.

JANE: Acrobatics?

(Shot of the pile of books. Slowly ADELE's little feet begin to rise above the top of the pile, as if she were standing on her hands behind them.

Cut to shock on JANE's face.)

JANE: Adele, what in the world are you doing?

(JANE jumps up and pulls down the book pile. She discovers two doll's legs with shoes stuck on the end of sticks planted on the chair. ADELE is not there.)

JANE: Funny, I could have sworn that child came in for a lesson. She must be some kind of Op Art illusion or something. And, as for her voice, well, this entire manor is haunted with disembodied demogogues. I knew that my first day here.

(Cut to the kitchen. MRS. FAIRFAX and GRACE preparing dinner.)

FAIRFAX: Is the oven hot enough?

GRACE: I don't know. How do you tell?

FAIRFAX: By putting your head in.

(GRACE opens the oven door and makes as if to insert her head. FAIRFAX comes up ominously behind her. At the last moment, GRACE pulls out with quizzical expression on her face and straightens up.)

GRACE: Wait a minute - I ain't so dumb. I got some learnings, too.

FAIRFAX: Do you, Grace? Have you the graces also?

GRACE: Sure, I does. I read "Hansel and Gretal."

FAIRFAX: You should have read the gingerbread man!

(FAIRFAX tests the oven by putting her hand in.)

FAIRFAX: (ecstasy of pain) Ah!! good - burning hot!
Yes, yes the oven's ready.

(FAIRFAX brings a huge baking pan with a 4 foot corpse in it toward the oven. GRACE shrieks in horror.)

GRACE: EEEEEKKKKKKK!!!!!! What's that?

FAIRFAX: Be quiet, will you! It's the gingerbread man.

GRACE: No, it ain't! You can't fool me - I got some learnings. That ain't no gingerbread man -- that's Adele, me master's ward, it is!

FAIRFAX: Doctor's bury their mistakes, Grace, but good cooks are more inventive..... creative.....

(Cut to JANE on her hands and knees looking under the study desk.)

JANE: Come out, come out, wherever you are! Adele, Adele!

(The dog, previously in the yard, is under the desk. It growls at JANE.)

Close-up, JANE's face.)

JANE: The hound of the Baskervilles. Or else Adele's fallen under a Voodoo hex. It's changed her countenance completely.

(Cut to a big and little SAVAGE. The big SAVAGE is instructing the little SAVAGE in the practice of hexing. They have doll-images of ADELE, JANE, and a dog.)

BIG SAVAGE: Like so you put in the pins.

LITTLE SAV: Shut up, Miss Mess.

BIG SAVAGE: Thus changeth a lovely woman into the semblance of an obnoxious child.

LITTLE SAV: Shut up, Miss Mess.

BIG SAVAGE: And an obnoxious child into the semblance of a werewolf - I mean, the semblance of the hound of the Baskervilles.

LITTLE SAV: Shut up, Miss Mess.

BIG SAVAGE: See here, peanut, your contribution is entirely dispensible.

LITTLE SAV: Shut up, Miss Mess.

BIG SAVAGE: Oh, how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!

(Cut to ROCHESTER in the yard. He holds a stick and a ball in his hands.)

ROCHESTER: It's almost dinner time. I have to find Adele for dinner.

(Cut to the dining room. ROCHESTER, JANE, GRACE, THE DOG, and, inexplicably, the Big and Little SAVAGES are sitting around the dining room table, all quite hungry. There is a cannibalistic look in the LITTLE SAVAGE's face that needs not explanation.)

JANE: I expect Adele will show for dinner, even if she felt the lesson did not require her presence.

GRACE: (guiltily) I expect.

ROCHESTER: Why so sullen, Grace?

GRACE: We servants got our moods, too, Mr. Rochester. I don't expect we has to answer for 'em, I expect.

ROCHESTER: At least a man's dog has no fresh comebacks.

(Close-up of the dog, peculiar expression on its face.)

ROCHESTER: Grace, say grace.

GRACE: Give us this day our daily----

LITTLE SAV: Shut up, Miss Mess.

JANE: Really!

ROCHESTER: Well, the guest of honor!

(All eyes turn and discover

ADELE standing in the door, completely blackened with soot, her dress burnt at the edges, etc.)

ROCHESTER: Belzebub and Abednego! Has that pyrex-maniac Bertha been at you again?

ADELE: (maintaining her cool, entering the room) Not exactly, Edward. Bit of trouble in the kitchen, that's all.

BIG SAVAGE: (staring hungrily at ADELE) Mmmmm - but she's only half-prepared. Why be half safe?:- she may have trichinosis.

GRACE: Give us this day - tonight's sermonette will be served up by Rabbi Emman---

(Cut to the oven in the kitchen. MRS. FAIRFAX's feet are sticking out of the oven. Smoke steaming out of the open oven.

Camera pans around to get a view inside and we that it is really just two doll's feet stuck on the ends of sticks that are inserted in the oven.

A sick joke is in the eye of the beholder.

Fade out.)

End of Spiral 3/

SPIRAL 4

(A coffeehouse/ like Figaro's. JANE and ROCHESTER dressed in elegant sportsclothes. Crowded.)

ROCHESTER: This is really our first formal date, isn't it, Jane?

JANE: Well, we needed some excuse to get away from that gloomy manor. What did you say the name of it is?

ROCHESTER: The name of my family home is Thornfield Manor, near Millcote.

JANE: And the name of this place?

ROCHESTER: Sit-Down au Go Go, near Millcote.

(A WAITRESS approaches their table. Beatnik type.)

WAITRESS: Coffee, tea, or milk?

JANE: Waitress, is one allowed to dance here?

WAITRESS: Coffee, tea, or milk?

JANE: Could we see a menu first?

WAITRESS: Coffee, tea, or milk?

ROCHESTER: We'll have two----

WAITRESS: What brands?

ROCHESTER: What brands do you have?

WAITRESS: Instant coffee or minute coffee, Matta Haja tea or Matta Hari tea, Strontium 90 milk or Iodine 131 milk.

ROCHESTER: Two Strontium 90 milks.

WAITRESS: The squish of contented cows, a wise choice, sir.

ROCHESTER: Thank you.

(WAITRESS twists away. JANE looks at ROCHESTER with idolizing eyes.)

JANE: A man who orders for both. How commanding, how in control of the situation you are. I like a man like that.

ROCHESTER: Jane, do you find me handsome?

JANE: No.

ROCHESTER: A round rejoinder which, if not blunt, is at the least brusque.

JANE: Sir, I am too plain.

ROCHESTER: Above or below the neckline?

JANE: I ought to have replied that beauty is in the eye of the far-sighted, or that it is of little consequence. Beauty, after all, is only skin deep. Ugliness, at least, goes to the bone.

ROCHESTER: A reference to my bone, I take it. Jane Eyre, I find you very insulting.

JANE: You're too quick to take offense. It's your ugliness that attracts me. I love you because you are hideous.

ROCHESTER: And I love you because you are so insulting.

JANE: We're both masochistic.

ROCHESTER: You might put it that way.

JANE: If we're both masochistic then we are both the same person, the same thing, or one person.

ROCHESTER: What?

JANE: An ugly object insulting itself.

ROCHESTER: (Hollywood-awe) Makes a person think, doesn't it?

JANE: (dreamy) Yeah.....

ROCHESTER: Where did you say you studied logic?

JANE: The school of hard knocks, the street of cause and effect, the boulevard of broken faith, and the marionette theatre of the world!

ROCHESTER: What an uneviable existence you've had. Tell me about, it, Miss Eyre.

JANE: Well, I was born Potasium Ann Cora Femalley, called Kay for short, on the island of---

(The WAITRESS arrives with the milks, her long beatnik hair dangling into the glasses.)

ROCHESTER: You might have taken the udders out before you brought them.

WAITRESS: You tryin' to make trouble here, sir?

ROCHESTER: No, just a comprehensive commentary on the latest developments.

WAITRESS: We got a bouncer au Go Go here, you know, if you're lookin' for trouble. The check, please, pay now.

(WAITRESS makes up check; close-up on her writing and inaccurate addition: two Strontium 90's at 90¢ a piece is \$2.90. She writes on the back of the check:

"I get out of here at midnight."

ROCHESTER reads it and says:)

ROCHESTER: Hopefully, I will before then.

(The flashback of JANE's childhood begins. She narrates while the scenes illustrate her story. She may improvise.)

JANE: An impoverished curate fell in love with a rich man's daughter, once. He was rich because he invented the lift to take machine girls from one floor of the sweatshop to another. Then he invented other lifts which you take with a sip of water. More money came to him because he invented the smoke stack so that some of the polluted air could leave the factory, and when these were installed the smut level fell to about 69% in that factory which is considered par for the course in England. The smut level, by the way, tells you how many sluts there are per thousand capita in the factory. Then this man invented the Industrial Revolution and that was what really brought him his fortune. But he became wealthy above all others because he came over on the Mayflower and so was the first to invent Sunflower oil and other Texas oils and the transportation to take them to new factories and sweatshops. Then he invented G. Washington which was his smartest move yet and after that he had things pretty much in control. Except for a benevolent parental facade, so he invented the white wig and had it copyrighted on the nickel stamp and after that even the P.O. was happy and everybody was satisfied and complacent.

Then his daughter went ahead and fell for this impoverished curate figuring there was little to be gained from gold-digging at this point, but daddy felt otherwise and made the much quoted remark: "To make money you have to look like money, not like a curate!" Everyone was much impressed by this quote especially after the yellow rag magnet who was quoted as saying "Go west young man, and grow with the country" quoted daddy's remark: "To make money you have to look like money, not like a curate," in all his rags.

So the rich man felt 'twas incumbent upon him to disinherit his daughter since there had been all that unfavorable notice in the rags, and hence he cut her off with a million and about another 2% of a million for traveling expenses, since he said "Go, and never darken my doorstep again," and felt she needed some bread to go. Also, this last quote, "Go, and never darken my doorstep again," got quoted much in the afternoon rags and evening tabloids and that more or less consolidated matters and committed the rich man.

So the rash pair fled under cover of dark and before two years had passed and yet once more the seasons returned but never to them returned sweet spring and verdant sweep of the hill with happiness, I, Jane Eyre, was born to them and they both died.

Mama's brother, Uncle Reed, a severe but kindly man, took me, Jane Eyre, a parentless infant, into his humble estate. It wasn't much, but it was home to him. Uncle Reed made the much quoted remarked, "A man's home is his castle," and perhaps you've seen photos of his castle because it's much reproduced on picture post-cards in Toronto. But there is a destiny that shapes our ends, and Uncle Reed met his come-uppance in the form of death for having defied his father and taken in the offspring of rash sister, albeit she was dead and in her grave.

In his final moments, Uncle Reed enjoined his wife, one Mrs. Reed, to rear me as her own, applying to my rear as often as rearing warranted. But how, in the last analysis, could a woman like Mrs. Reed accept an interloper unconnected with her, namely myself, Jane Eyre, after Mr. Reed's demise, by any tie and/or other dangling participle?

Now, although a million was still coming to me by way of inheritance, Mrs. Reed was a high-minded woman not to be swayed by the fact of money, and so she reared me as if I were Cinderella, forcing me to sleep in the cinders and all that jazz. Plus, she had two snooty daughters which really made the resemblance to the Cinderella story unbearable and before the prince came to rescue me I thought I had better make good my escape.

So I applied to a Mr. Brocklehurst who ran an orphanage by bleeding government funds, and was fortunate enough to secure a bed there and a chair in the mess hall.

My first evening in the mess hall, I perceived I had got in hand a nauseous mess. This became my first lesson in Hindu fasting. The girls slept two in a bed, and this was Mr. Brocklehurst's means of saving on heat. I was very happy at the miserable institution and as I lie abed awake at night being bitten by bedbugs, I thought, "At last, this is really living! This is life in

the outside world. Some girls have all the luck." And I congratulated myself on my good fortune and adventurousness over and again.

(The camera follows all this action like a silent film melodrama. BROCKLEHURST is a Simon Legree type villain.)

JANE: But I had one enemy - Mr. Brocklehurst. He had it in for me.

(Cut to a classroom scene. JANE dressed as a schoolgirl. BROCKLEHURST sitting at the teacher's desk.)

BROCKLEHURST: All girls with elaborate hair-dos, buffonts, page-boys, pyramids, and other immodesties will be shaven bald as a nun. Summon the barber!!!

(Several of the girls have very elaborate contemporary hair-dos, exaggerated, ridiculous, etc., and a murmur of terror spreads throughout the room. JANE drops her slate on the floor, a protest action.)

BROCKLEHURST: Careless and discurtious is she who dropped her slate and caused it to be smashed in two! It is the new pupil, I perceive, Miss Ire! Suffer her to come unto me and forbade her not - for hers is the kingdom of hell! Forever and ever! Approach, I say!

(JANE trembles and is raised to her feet by two sadistic classmates. They push her forward toward the desk.)

JANE: Censure me not in thy wisdom.

BROCKLEHURST: Stand upon this stool, O daughter of the Dark One.

JANE: What do you mean, Dark One? My grandpa came over on the Mayflower.

BROCKLEHURST: When it made the trip from the ivory coast?

JANE: Not at all:- its maiden voyage.

BROCKLEHURST: Did you intend that double intendre? Don't answer! It matters not! You have no control over what you say; you are the instrument of the Devil! Listen to me, all you girls:- Take Jane Eyre as a warning! Who would believe that the Dark One has already found a servant in her? Shield yourselves from her influence! Shun her company! Exclude her from your sports!

(BROCKLEHURST places JANE on the stool and paddles her behind with unconcealed pleasure.)

JANE: A little lower.... no, a little higher.....
that's it, that's it..... yes, good, ahhhhhhhh!!!

BROCKLEHURST: I punish her body to salvage her soul - if it is not already the property of the Dark One. Girls, watch her movements, weigh well her mendacious words! This fiendish shell repays all benevolence with ingratitude! And now, the barber!

(BROCKLEHURST continues to paddle JANE with sexual delight, she enjoys it too, while the barber enters and begins cutting the elaborate coiffures of the pupils. Much screaming and confusion, running around the elevated JANE in vain attempts to flee the barber. Panning and zoom out, chaotic music.

Cut back to the coffeehouse with JANE and ROCHESTER.)

ROCHESTER: What an unhappy childhood you have had, Jane.

JANE: But I needed the experience.

ROCHESTER: What finally happened?

JANE: A pestilence struck the orphanage and wiped out the student population. I was the last survivor, so I applied for the governess' position at your manor.

ROCHESTER: Then you must be still quite young.

JANE: Yes, I'm only thirteen.

ROCHESTER: Isn't that a little young to be going steady?

JANE: Younger than I are mothers made in fair Verona now.

ROCHESTER: True.

JANE: Let's frug!

(They stand and prepare to dance. The WAITRESS appears.)

WAITRESS: No dancing here, this is Sit-down au Go Go.

(Cut to the beach set and enact reel one of "Sun-Tan" ("Kahuna!"), a take-off on surf-board movies. Run through the action only once. Read JANE EYRE for AQUA and ROCHESTER for AQUARIUS. MAN IN SUIT is BROCKLEHURST, MISS LIFEGUARD is matronly MRS. FAIRFAX. BEACH BOY is new character, silver-haired, gentle, resembling and being male-counterpart of JANE. This sequence will add curious ambiguity.)

SPIRAL 5

(The cellar where BERTHA is kept in chains. GRACE is there, sitting in a rocking chair, keeping guard and taking care. But GRACE is drinking heavily (turning on?) and getting a bit frisky. BERTHA moans and groans in her chains.)

BERTHA: If I could have two things in one: the fire o' the grave and the cold o' the sun.....

GRACE: Ah, shut up, you oxymoronic idiot!

BERTHA: Then I think I'd have some fun, I'd rout out Eyre -- put her on the run.

GRACE: So ya want to have some fun, do ya? Try this!

(GRACE prodes BERTHA with a stick. BERTHA cowers and roars like a baited bear.)

GRACE: Ha ha ha! - Bertha, you're a million laughs!

(A knock on the door.)

BERTHA: (sweetly) Come in.

GRACE: I said shut up - who do ya think ya are?

BERTHA: These are my quarters and I have a guest.

GRACE: You ain't got nothing. You are goofy. You ain't even got civil rights.

(GRACE prodes BERTHA again with the stick. The knock is heard once more, louder this time.)

GRACE: Who's there?

(Cut to BLANCHE outside the door.)

BLANCHE: Blanche.

GRACE: DuBois?

BLANCHE: No, DesRues.

GRACE: Just a minute. Hold your horses.

(GRACE unfastens the bolt and opens the door.)

BERTHA: Do come in, Madam.

GRACE: So it's you. And what would the likes of you be wanting here?

BLANCHE: Let me in. I have a proposition.

GRACE: Usually only the men folk comes to me with that.

(BLANCHE enters the cellar room. She hurriedly opens her purse.)

BLANCHE: Here's some money, Gracey. Don't spend it all in one place.

GRACE: Ooooooooooo! I won't even place it all in one place.

(GRACE stuffs some of the bills in her bosom, lifts her skirts and stuffs some more in her stockings, then in both shoes.)

BLANCHE: Endlessly inventive stash-wise, aren't you, Grace?

GRACE: What does me lady desire?

BLANCHE: Leave us two alone.

BERTHA: Yeah, we wanna be alone.

GRACE: I got orders not to leave the looney by herself.

BLANCHE: She won't be - I'll be with her.

GRACE: Me lady tips heavy -
(looking at BLANCHE's heaving bosom)
I hope I ain't making no error.

BLANCHE: Take your bottle with you, please.

GRACE: Oh, excuse me, Mum.

(GRACE picks up her bottle and goes out the door. BLANCHE gives a wad of bills to BERTHA.)

BERTHA: Give us this day our daily news.....

(BERTHA eats the money. BLANCHE is astonished.)

BLANCHE: I thought only nannys did that.

BERTHA: More, more! more!

BLANCHE: How mercenary.

BERTHA: Freedom now!

BLANCHE: My intentions exactly. Listen, Bertha, Jane Eyre means your master harm. She intends Mr. Rochester no good.

BERTHA: Freedom now.

(BLANCHE unshackles BERTHA. BERTHA smiles demoniacally. Like the Frankenstein monster being let loose unwittingly.)

BLANCHE: Go get Jane Eyre, do you hear me? Save your master.

(Cut to GRACE listening outside the door.)

GRACE: Wonder if me lady has the matter in hand.

(Cut to the cellar room. BERTHA roars like a monster. She has BLANCHE's throat in her hand.)

BLANCHE: Bertha, you unconscionable beast!!

(BERTHA chokes BLANCHE and tosses her to the floor. BERTHA pulls open the door and smashes GRACE on the head.)

GRACE: Hell hath no fury like a.....

(GRACE passes out and BERTHA starts up the stairs. Melodrama music. Weird overhead angles of the monstrous BERTHA mounting the steps, candle in hand.)

BERTHA: Heathcliff! Heathcliff! Montgomery Cliff!

(Cut to JANE in bed. She rises with a start. She has sensed danger.

Cut to BERTHA's shoes plodding up the steps.

Cut to the dog. It wakes with a start, paces about in circles nervously. Paws at its door, tries to get out.

Cut to JANE in her see-thru negligee. She slips out of bed and into her high-heel slippers.

Cut back to JANE in bed, waking with a start and screaming.

Cut back to BERTHA strangling BLANCHE.

Cut to BERTHA's shoes on the creaking steps.

Cut back to JANE slipping into her high-heel slippers.

Cut to dog's pacing paws. "New World Symphony" playing, last movement.

Question marks come out of the screen exploding in the audience's face.

Cut to GRACE lying on the floor. She rises on her elbow, sneaks a swig from her bottle, and passes out again.

Cut to JANE in her negligee, posing as if for a glamour shot. Still-shot. It grows grainy. Camera zooming in and out.

Cut to JANE waking with a start and screaming.

Cut to the door of JANE's room opening slowly, creaking.

Cut to close-up of GRACE passed out on floor. Her wet hair pasted to her face. Drool on her lips, oozing. A spider crawls over her forehead.

Cut to dog peacefully chewing a bone.

Cut to BERTHA mounting steps. Wormseye view; camera looks up her dress. Disgusting.

Cut to JANE trembling with terror. She runs across her room, breaks a heel and stumbles.

Cut to door opening, creaking. Wild, terrible laughter of ROCHESTER. Dog howling.

Cut to close-up of BERTHA's insane face. One fang hanging out left side of mouth.

Quick, stilted series of shots showing JANE racing across her room toward the window. Silent film piano music.

Cut to BERTHA lunging toward JANE.

Cut to the fainted BLANCHE. Red finger-marks on her throat.

Cut to camera up BERTHA's dress. Disgusting.

Cut to JANE jumping out the window.

Cut to BERTHA's shrieking, frustrated face.

Cut to JANE, she has landed in a patch of thorns. The fall was only a few feet. Her room is on the ground floor.

Cut to thorns in JANE's behind. "Ouch" sounds. She removes the thorns, one at a time. More "ouch" sounds.

Cut to the romantic, dark moor. JANE fleeing over the moor with BERTHA in hot pursuit. Music playing "Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide" rock 'n roll.

Quick cut of townspeople mobbing after the monster BERTHA with flaming torches, as in Frankenstein flicks. Much noise, shouting, "After her," etc.

Cut to JANE stumbling along on one heel. Still in see-thru negligee. Wind taking the skirts of the negligee.

Cut to camera looking up the negligee wormseye. Nice.

Cut to SAVAGES smacking their lips in the forest. BIG SAVAGE winks at LITTLE SAVAGE knowingly.)

BIG SAVAGE: Have you any qualms?

(A melange and cut-up collage of all the foregoing scenes; they spin about together and fade out.

Fade in on JANE and ROCHESTER sitting together on a front and back love-seat. Both in formal attire. ROCHESTER smoking a pipe. JANE fooling with her necklace.)

JANE: I think there's nothing quite so amusing as an old gay wino. I do love you, Edward.

ROCHESTER: We were told to have pre---

(Quick cut to BLANCHE and ROCHESTER walking through an elegant hall in the manor. BLANCHE is dressed in a long red gown, much jewelry. ROCHESTER is in his underwear. Shot is upside down.)

BLANCHE: No man is an age, no single man is an age - not even Shakespeare. Even so, I do love you, Edward.

ROCHESTER: Science tells us that---

(Quick cut to BERTHA and ROCHESTER sitting in the branches of a huge tree. Very Victorian composition, but its normal bottom is at the right edge of the frame. BERTHA has an island motif in her interesting attire. ROCHESTER is dressed as the British colonialist.)

BERTHA: No man is an island unto himself. A chip off the old English Empire makes you a little less stiff in the upper lip, old chap.

ROCHESTER: Take up the dark woman's burden.

BERTHA: What for? I'm as fair as a star when only one crowns the moon.

(Cut to MALE and FEMALE SAVAGES doing a fertility ritual to bongo drums. A bearded hipster is at the drums. Camera explores down to his naked feet around the big bongo. His toes twitch.

The SAVAGES dance more furiously, come together without ambiguity.)

HIPSTER: (singing) Inadvertant or ritualistic sex
Do not the censors very much vex.
Dance, children, dance.
It's your inheritance!

(The camera weaves in and out of the dancers, wiggles and writhes with their motions. It moves skyward somewhat to discover the savage Queen sitting on an elevated estrade. The Savage Queen is none other than BERTHA in a sarong, with a tiger-tooth necklace.

BERTHA stares out above the dancers with narrowed eyes. Hard stoic look on her face. Preposterous.

The SAVAGES dance closer to the bongo playing HIPSTER.

HIPSTER is oblivious of them. Take shot of HIPSTER on diagonal.

Frame of HIPSTER diagonal upside down, his naked toes going off upper left.

Camera moves along arrow of his diagonal up left to

SAVAGES again now dancing away from each other. They break and all run up to BERTHA, writhing about her mangy throne.

Intercut with photo of upside down sloth - its natural position. Fake out.

Long shot of BERTHA's throne with SAVAGES like a nest of vipers around her. Bongo music is surfaced over simultaneously with "Panis Angelicus".

Close-up of BERTHA's stern face.)

BERTHA: Enough! Halt! Stop the music! Everybody shut up!

(The SAVAGES cease dancing almost instantly; but the HIPSTER in a world of his own, goes right on banging away at the bongos.

BERTHA: Silence him!!

(Middle shot of LITTLE SAVAGE pulling back the cord on his bow. Blood-red arrow quivering nervously.

Close-up of the same LITTLE SAVAGE lifting a blow-dart to his lips.

Closer-up of just his lips. Cheeks expand:- he blows.
Cry all about him: "He blows!!".
Then cry of, "He blew!!" - before the obscenity takes effect.

Full-figure shot of HIPSTER with blow-dart in his forehead. A spider hurries up his side and across his head.

Close-up of the forehead of the HIPSTER with blow-dart. As spider crosses near dart, the blood suddenly spurts out.

MIDDLE shot of ecstatic LITTLE SAVAGE.)

LITTLE SAV: A hole in one!

(Camera drops to LITTLE SAVAGE's hands, which clap in rhythm to the now silent bongo drums.

Full-figure of the HIPSTER at the drums. He slowly keels over dead. Camera bounces about his body. Music heard is "Panis Angelicus".

Cut to BERTHA now rising from her throne, arm outstretched.

BERTHA: Bring the governoress!

(A hole breaks in the crowd of murmuring SAVAGES and JANE is carried in, tied spread-eagle on a bamboo rack. She is in her see-thru negligee.)

Close-up of JANE's annoyed expression.)

JANE: Bertha, stop this nonsense, and come down off that makeshift throne this instant!

BERTHA: Be silent, O grubby governoress! Long have you governed with injustice and malice aforethought over this island of my once happy people. Now you shall pay.
(she screams the rally-call:)
Winds of Freedom Stir a Continent!

SAVAGES: (in unison) Winds of Freedom Stir a Continent!

BERTHA: Louder, please, I can't hear you!

SAVAGES: Winds of Freedom Stir a Continent!
WINDS OF FREEDOM STIR A CONTINENT!!!

(Close-up of JANE with quizzical expression.)

JANE: In the 19th Century????

(Full-figure of BERTHA, now getting herself really worked up.)

BERTHA: Now I'm getting myself really worked up!
O happy people, torture this colonial governoress!
Torture her exquisitely!

JANE: Bertha, your sarong is showing.

BERTHA: So's your mama's negligee! Be silent! You must be tortured. It is protocol.

JANE: But I'm not the governoress. I'm just a governess.

BERTHA: Stop quibbling over words. Do you take me for a bloodless Anglican Logical Positivist?

JANE: You do bear Whitehead some resemblance.

(SAVAGES begin applying tortures. With eyebrow tweezers. They start plucking JANE's eyebrows. She squirms vainly.)

BIG SAVAGE: Dance, Ballerina, dance!

LITTLE SAV: Shut up, Miss Mess.

JANE: It's all like a nightmare in the beauty saloon.

(The SAVAGES fix a drying machine over JANE's head, and

plug in wires.)

JANE: I've heard of a pyramid hair-do, but this is going too far.

(They bring a reducing belt and strap it over her stomach. It begins to vibrate.)

JANE: What are you trying to do?- reduce my pregnancy?

(Cut to BERTHA dancing madly on the throne's estrade.)

BERTHA: She'll be skinnier than a scarecrow when we get done with her. Then we'll see who Rochester prefers!

JANE: Stop this stupidity and let me go! Release me, I say!

BERTHA: Will you renounce your claims on Rochester?

(Dramatic pause. Everyone waiting for the answer. Camera pans expectant faces.

Close-up of JANE in her great dilemma.

Middle shot of JANE in her great dilemma.

Long shot of JANE in her great dilemma. Each focus out makes it look worse and worse since we see more the beauty shop torture instruments each time.

Upside down shot of JANE in her great dilemma.

Cut back to close-up of JANE's anxiety-ridden face.)

JANE: (bravely) I'd rather die than give him up. He needs me.

(LITTLE SAVAGE approaches JANE and menaces her with a haircut scissors.)

LITTLE SAV: You cut quite a figure, Miss Eyre.

BERTHA: Then Jane the Bane of Thornfield Manor, prepare to croak!!!

JANE: Like a common frog.....

(Cut to ROCHESTER, close-up, with a lump in his throat.)

ROCHESTER: I feel like I have a frog in my throat. -That must mean that Jane is in danger! Tarzan to the rescue!

(Quick cut of ROCHESTER swinging thru the trees in underwear.

Cut to little ADELE running along the ground, looking for all the world like Cheetah.

Cut to the torture scene, long shot, panoramic view, everything jumping and writhing, frenetic music. BERTHA is simply out of her mind with ecstasy.

Cut to ROCHESTER swinging. He falls. Flat on his back on the leave-strewn path.

Cut to ADELE scrambling along the path. She pounds on ROCHESTER's chest to arouse him.)

ADELE: Get up blimp! Jane is in trouble.

ROCHESTER: (waking) Ooooooooooooo. How the mighty have fallen. Adele, my ward, what are you doing here?

ADELE: No time to explain. Jane in trouble.

ROCHESTER: Is she? Well, just let me lie here for a moment and recoup my strength.

ADELE: We can't wait. Miss De-Lay is the worst evil in the world.

ROCHESTER: Hit me again?

ADELE: The law's delay, the insolence of office, and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes -- you know the bit -- delay, delay, the deadliest, the most corrosive of evils. Get up before they beautify your intended into nothingness.

ROCHESTER: Let me stay - I'll make a ghost of him that stops me!

ADELE: Some scholar! Stay means go. Go Go means stay. Up!

ROCHESTER: Upstart! Uppity and precocious little monkey!

(Cut to LITTLE SAVAGE bending over JANE, about to snip her hair. He hesitates.

BIG SAVAGE leaning over with anticipation; puzzled at LITTLE SAVAGE's delay.)

BIG SAVAGE: Have you any qualms?

LITTLE SAV: Well, there isn't much to work with.

BIG SAVAGE: A poor hairdresser blames his tools.

LITTLE SAV: Look, Miss Thing, I don't have to put up with you during working hours.

(Cut to BERTHA, getting very impatient.)

BERTHA: Quit quibbling, boys, or you'll miss your beaded moment.

(Cut to close-up of BIG SAVAGE with shocked expression on his face; he admonishes:)

BIG SAVAGE: Really, I don't see that that's at all necessary! Up, up more!

(Long shot of the torture scene. ROCHESTER swinging in over the crowd of SAVAGES.)

Cut back to previous shot of ROCHESTER falling.

Cut to ROCHESTER lying flat on his back amidst the SAVAGE horde. They start back amazed.)

LITTLE SAV: Icarus!

(ADELE hurries up during the confusion and begins to untie JANE. JANE gasps with relief; ADELE very business-like.)

JANE: In the nick of time!

ADELE: (formal) Cheetah always saves the day.

(Cut to BERTHA shouting orders, arms swinging wildly.)

BERTHA: Seize them. Kill all! Kill, kill, kill!

(ADELE and JANE running away; much confusion behind them.)

ADELE: Quick, follow me!

JANE: Where to?

ADELE: The beach.

JANE: What for?

ADELE: The surfing's great this time of night.

(Cut to SAVAGES being demolished by ROCHESTER. This looks like a scene in one of those muscle-man movies. He takes on one after another with little effort, like swatting flies.)

LITTLE SAVAGE urging BIG SAVAGE on.)

LITTLE SAV: Go ahead, it's your turn. Get your licks.

BIG SAVAGE: Are you kidding? That boy can really handle himself. I'm getting out of here while the getting's good.

LITTLE SAV: Run away, will you? Sissy-Mary-Play-With-Dolls!

(Cut to BIG SAVAGE making it off into the forest with BERTHA.

Cut to LITTLE SAVAGE picking up all his beauty parlor equipment and putting it together.)

LITTLE SAV: Well, these women are so fickle about what they want done, anyway. Come in and tell you they want to look like Marilyn Monroe. "Honey," I says to them, "Marilyn Monroe??-- she may not be gone, but she's forgotten. Forgotten, honey, forget it! So I never bother about what they think they want. I just go about making them as near human looking as I can manage, etc., etc.....

(Cut to ROCHESTER while the voice of LITTLE SAVAGE is still heard chattering away, on and on. ROCHESTER standing victorious.

He changes into his "yam" costume before our startled eyes.

He looks up suddenly, realizes the camera has been trained on him all during his clothes-change. He apologizes to the camera:)

ROCHESTER: Oh, -- er --- this time of night is great for surfing.....

QUICK FLASH INTO SPIRAL 6

END OF SPIRAL 5.

SPIRAL 7

(A receiving room in the manor. Out of focus. A watery wash of colors. A fire motif. We hear the voices of BLANCHE and ROCHESTER.)

BLANCHE: Where are we?

ROCHESTER: In the receiving room.

BLANCHE: I'm glad you told me; I like to keep the layout straight.

ROCHESTER: Anytime.

BLANCHE: What are you receiving?

ROCHESTER: A revelation. I hope.

BLANCHE: A what?

(ROCHESTER comes into focus for his line. Flames superimposed on his close-up, curling about his head.)

ROCHESTER: A revelation. A vision of the truth.

(ROCHESTER goes out of focus again.)

BLANCHE: Oh? At what time are you receiving it?

ROCHESTER: Momentarily. Blanche, my dear, has your mother, Lady Ingram, set a date for our wedding?

BLANCHE: Yes. The day after your cargo ship arrives from the West Indies.

ROCHESTER: Oh, really. Well, that deranges matters a bit, I'm afraid.

BLANCHE: Oh?

ROCHESTER: Yes, I received notice yesterday that my ship was lost at sea.

(BLANCHE comes into focus. She looks furious.)

BLANCHE: Did you receive the notice in this receiving room, Edward?

ROCHESTER: A bit chilly in the receiving isn't it, Blanche?

(ROCHESTER throws a log on the fire. Sparks fly. He draws back from the shooting flames, obviously nervous.)

ROCHESTER: With that cargo lost, I shan't be able to pay the tithes this year. They are due tomorrow.

(BLANCHE stands up and stamps her foot angrily.)

BLANCHE: Are you hitting me for a loan, Edward?

ROCHESTER: Not at all, my dear. I've already notified the barrister, Mr. Briggs, that most of my lands shall be confiscated on the morrow morn.

BLANCHE: A sadder and a wiser man you'll wake the morrow morn.

ROCHESTER: Now, about our wedding date-----

(BLANCHE blanches visibly.)

BLANCHE: What wedding date?

ROCHESTER: I thought we could set it and legalize it when I go into Millcote this weekend. I have an appointment with the bank president at that time.

BLANCHE: Re what?

ROCHESTER: It seems the bourse has failed. A crash. My accounts are being closed.

(BLANCHE weakens and appears about to faint. ROCHESTER rushes to her aid. He thrusts smelling salts in her nostril.)

BLANCHE: Please, Edward, don't; it gets me high.

ROCHESTER: My news seems to have brought you low.

BLANCHE: Not at all. I just need a bit of fresh air. The smog in the receiving is choking me up.

(Cut to the garden. ROCHESTER helping BLANCHE along; she has gone quite limp.)

ROCHESTER: Find the fresh air stimulating?

BLANCHE: Really, Edward, there isn't any fresh air for miles around Thornfield Manor. This is smog valley. I can't seem to catch my breath.

ROCHESTER: Try diaphragm respiration.

(She does, her bosom heaving jerkily. ROCHESTER helps it up and down.)

BLANCHE: Please desist, Rochester. 'Tis of no avail. Call my carriage.

(Cut to MRS. FAIRFAX with traditional line:)

FAIRFAX: Mistress Ingram, the carriage is ready!

BLANCHE: So quick? How strange!

(Long shot of BLANCHE's coach taking off. It is actually a motorcycle. ROCHESTER stands to one side brushing his hands of the whole affair. The chauffeur steps on the gas. A loud roar.)

BLANCHE: Later, Baby!

(The motorcycle shoots off. Dust in the road.

Long shot of ROCHESTER in the woods bathed in a shaft of holy light through a break in the leaves above.)

ROCHESTER: Thank you, Lord, for thy revelation of the penurious dame. She had rank but was rank.

(Quick cut to JANE in the TV room watching TV. TV's back to camera, its blue light phosphorescing JANE's entranced eyes. A commercial is in progress.)

COMMERCIAL: "Instantaneous Mullato gets at those places the sun can't reach. Instantaneous Mullato is cross-bones, so store it where your sun can't reach."

(ROCHESTER enters from behind.)

ROCHESTER: Jane, may I speak with you?

JANE: Not now, Edward, not while my program is on.

ROCHESTER: Which program?

JANE: "How the Axis Turns," a serial that could happen any morning to you or some girl on your block.

ROCHESTER: Jane, it is quite important.

JANE: Please, Edward, have some consideration. I don't interrupt your ballgames.

ROCHESTER: But the commercial is on now.

JANE: Oh - yes - so it is. Oh - what is it, Edward?

(ROCHESTER takes a seat facing JANE. TV rattling on.)

ROCHESTER: It's about your salary, Jane. I'm afraid I have to reduce it. I've suffered a loss in the bourse crash. In fact, I may have to cut out your salary altogether. Either that, or let you go.

JANE: Don't worry, Edward. I'll take the salary cut. You can even dispense with my salary, just so's I get a token payment - say, a dollar a month.

ROCHESTER: Yes, that will keep it legal and avoid union pressure.

TV VOICE: And now back to our story: Anna Purna has left the sterile atmosphere of Metropolis Hospital to return to the soothing rhythms of the mambo at her old job at Night Club Chi-Chitaliano where she was formerly employed as a chorus cutie.

JANE: Gee. How anti-climatic for Anna.

TV VOICE: At this point in our story Ral Volpone has come to Night Club Chi-Chitaliano to try to get Anna to change her mind and to try to get Anna.

ROCHESTER: How come you're prepared to make this sacrifice; to take this drastic reduction in pay?

TV VOICE: Ral, I no consider takin' job back at Metropolitan Hospital.

ROCHESTER: Does staying on here at Thornfield mean that much to you that you'd give up the manner in which you are accustomed to living?

TV VOICE: Then mebbe you like-a job at Neopolitan Hospital?

JANE: Not at all, Edward. Staying on here at a buck a month in no wise alters my manner in which I am accustomed.

ROCHESTER: How do you mean?

TV VOICE: You very nice, Ral, you very sexy. But everyone got a problem and you problem is being sexy. But it ain't my problem no more - you understand, Ral, so get lost - get lost quick!!

TV VOICE: You kid you self, Anna, but you no kid me - I'm a understand you and when the fire starts to burn---

JANE: Knock it off, Ral, you just don't excite me anymore.

TV VOICE: You gotta nice big long shoulders, Ral, and a nice big long, but it takes more than that to be a man. You understand, Ral?

TV VOICE: Here, Anna, just let me kiss you once, on your back.

TV VOICE: No, it take more than a kiss on the back to make a man. I know I know a man when he put his arms around me - and I no want you to put you arms around me no more. Ever! You hear? You hear, Ral??

ROCHESTER: I'm here, I'm here, Jane.

JANE: Relax, Rod, don't sweat it.

TV VOICE: I'm a-gonna take that kiss whether you like it or you no like it.

JANE: You see, Rod, I still have my private inheritance, so I don't have to return to Neopolitan Hospital.

ROCHESTER: Finances aren't pressing them? I mean, then?

TV VOICE: Stop pressing, Ral, stop pressing!!

JANE: No, as a matter of fact. As a matter of fact, I could advance you a loan.

TV VOICE: First I press one, then I press the other.

ROCHESTER: Of what amount?

TV VOICE: Boy, this chick's for real!

JANE: Say a thousand, compounded quarterly. At 6% interest. Will that do?

TV VOICE: Oh, (singing) "Do, do, do me, like you used to do!"

ROCHESTER: What quarterly? -Per annum?

JANE: Well, per diem. I think that's fairer, don't you?

TV VOICE: Oh, Ral, you make-a me crazy and warm. But you better stop, stop right now, you hear!

ROCHESTER: Perhaps, but I think I can manage without a loan this quarter. What with saving on you and not having to wine and dine Blanche and her family anymore, I think I should be able to make ends meet this social season.

TV VOICE: I don't want no other woman but you, Anna Purna. No peak so high, but I'd scale it for you.

TV VOICE: You still a fishwife's stud. Stick to that. I heard this peak business before.....

JANE: How do you mean, not having to wine and dine Blanche? Is she dieting?

TV VOICE: Now leave me got back to the mambo, Ral, I was very happy that way before I met you and I'm gonna dance my way back to that peace and calm through the mambo.

ROCHESTER: Not at all; but she'll be surfing on her own beach from now on.

JANE: Oh, Edward, don't tell me you two have had a falling out.

ROCHESTER: I wouldn't put it that obscenely.

TV VOICE: I'm a-gonna take you by force out a this Night Club and its corrupting influence.

TV VOICE: You and who else, Ral?

ROCHESTER: Just how much is your inheritance, Jane?

JANE: A cool million, not counting investments.

ROCHESTER: Is it invested?

JANE: No. And 2% of a million for traveling expenses. But I thought we went over all that before, I thought we were through all that before, Edward.

ROCHESTER: We've hardly begun to go through it, Jane.

JANE: But I ran down my finances with you before, Rochester, didn't I?

ROCHESTER: Yes, but I don't mind hearing it again. Good finances, like good books, never grow old.

TV VOICE: If you gonna mombo, Anna, it's a gonna be with me. I can't stand all those men staring at you in the Night Club. I know the only thing they got on their minds.

TV VOICE: And you no different, Ral. You think you holy or something?

TV VOICE: There are different loves. I love you different.

ROCHESTER: I love you different, indifferent.

JANE: I love you homely.

TV VOICE: I'll marry you, I'll take you away from this chorus cutie life.

ROCHESTER: I'll marry you, Jane.

TV VOICE: Some future, with a bust like you.

TV VOICE: You never gonna do better sticking around here, Anna.

JANE: Wanna bet?

ROCHESTER: How could you, Jane? It is physically impossible. I'm the only man in the vicinity.

JANE: I've been hip to that for some time, Edward.

ROCHESTER: Then will you marry me, Jane?

JANE: Are you in earnest? Do you sincerely wish me to be your wife?

TV VOICE: Oh, you men are all the same. What do you want? At least I know where I stand with other men. But you really keep me guessing.

ROCHESTER: If an oath is necessary to satisfy you, I'll satisfy you.

JANE: Do swear.

TV VOICE: Don't swear!

JANE: Do swear.

TV VOICE: (as if the ghost of Hamlet's father) Swear!

ROCHESTER: I commit an oath.

JANE: In that case, Sir, I shall marry you.

TV VOICE: Nothing will change your mind, Anna?

TV VOICE: My head is made up. Nobody's gonna put horns on it. Now get out and never darken the doorstep stepdown of this Chi-Chitaliano again, Ral!!!

ROCHESTER: Did you say you changed your mind?

JANE: Who, me?

ROCHESTER: Oh, was it she?

JANE: No, she didn't change her mind.

TV VOICE: No, I didn't change my mind.

ROCHESTER: Thank you.

TV VOICE: Por nada.

COMMERCIAL: So closes our episode for today on "As the Axis Turns." As Ral leaves the Night Club, Anna Purna says, "Goodbye forever, Ral Volpone!" and she goes into her number. A-one, a-two, a-three, o.k., kids, let's take it from the top.

(Camera pans around in a circle to get a look at the TV screen. We see JANE EYRE on the screen, dressed Italianish, i.e., as Anna Purna, dancing the mombo. Loud mombo music. Lurid titles across the screen read: "As the Axis Turns", then titles twist about the dancing torso of JANE.

Quick cut on the screen to the sun-tan commercial. JANE,

with wild, scraggy, black Italian wig, is rubbing herself in with the oil. She smiles, showing a huge gold tooth of which she is justly proud. She twiddles her feet at the screen.)

COMMERCIAL: "Instantaneous Mullato for that Riviera tan. Instantaneous Mullato gets places the Riviera can't and is for people who can't get to the Riviera. But if you can get to the Riviera, Fly B.O. - AC or DC -- and, oh, take along Instantaneous Mullato anyway, won't you?"

(JANE in the black wig, flashes coy smile, rubs herself a last rub and carelessly tosses off her tube of oil. There is a cry of "ouch", someone has been hit by the tube, apparently the announcer because he rapidly cuts short commercial and tells us:)

COMMERCIAL: "As the Axis Twists - er - Turns", a Screwed-Up Re-release, brought to you thrice weekly, see newspapers for your local time and sta-----

(Cut to JANE and ROCHESTER in the yard. Middle shot, both in profile, back to back. A still. Brilliant colors.

Cut to middle shot, profile facing each other, a still, very grainy. Victorian.

Cut to close-up. They are kissing. A still.

Come alive from still, mushy kissing, soggy embrace.

Fix back into still. Twist still sideways, putting bottom on right edge of frame.

Superimpose with flames. BERTHA's mad laughter heard.

Close-up of ROCHESTER, looking depressed.)

ROCHESTER: But at my back I always hear Death's soggy mock'ry drawing near. Had we but bed and board enough, I'd lie for this Victorian stuff, but time's quick sands are running out, so let's about our nightly bout.

(Cut to JANE being fitted for her wedding gown by GRACE and MRS. FAIRFAX.

Cut to ROCHESTER tossing and turning in his sleep.

Cut to the dog sniffing hardened turds in the yard.

Cut back to JANE being fitted.)

FAIRFAX: Comfy, Jane?

JANE: Up.

FAIRFAX: What?

JANE: Up-hip: I won't be able to walk.

GRACE: (weeping) Oh, I'm so happy for ya, Miss Ire.

JANE: Dry your tears, good woman, some day your prince will come. Oh, is it time for my serial?

(Cut to ADELE in one of the manor rooms. She has a see-saw rigged up and on one end is a huge bouquet of flowers. She pounces on the other and attempts to catch the bouquet as it flies overhead. She misses.)

ADELE: Whatever goes up, has to come down. And I intend to be under it when it does.

(She pounces on board again after placing bouquet on other end. She misses again. She waxes philosophical.)

ADELE: Well..... After wedding's chance is spent,
Then learning is most excellent.

(ADELE puts on her glasses, returns to her books.

Cut to ROCHESTER twisting and turning in his bed. He falls out of bed, continues to twist and turn on the floor.

Cut to BERTHA in the cellar in chains, twisting and turning on her straw pile. GRACE is rocking away in the rocking chair, drunk as usual, keeping watch.
GRACE watches BERTHA twisting and turning.)

GRACE: Ooooooooooooooooooooo. Mmmmmmmmmmmmm, Oooooooooooooo!!

(Cut to two horses during mating season. Debussy's "The Blessed Damsel" begins to play.

Cut to leaves in the soft morning breeze.

Cut to ripples over the ocean. Nauseating.

Cut to a light rain beginning to fall.

Cut to GRACE putting out the water barrel to catch the rain.

Cut to rivulets starting in the mountains. Singing begins at this point in "The Blessed Damsel."

Camera panning the skies. Dawn. Hope. A new day, a new leaf being turned over. Nauseating.)

SPIRAL 8

(Open with shot of church bells pealing. Traditional and corny.

Camera works in and shoots down the bell steeple, where, from a birdeye view, we see someone closely resembling old Quasimodo pulling the bell-ropes.

Cut to LORD and LADY INGRAM and BLANCHE in a vehicle en route to the wedding.)

LADY INGRAM: I thought her shower was sleezy; we were right to bring only an ashtray.

BLANCHE: Even that was too good for her. It was too ornate.

LORD INGRAM: Which ashtray did you give her?

LADY INGRAM: The one with the Rodin Cupid and Psyche theme - you know, the one Lady Wildebeast gave us for our house-warming.

LORD INGRAM: Sorry about that: that was one of my favorites.

(Cut to MR. BRIGGS making out the marriage license.)

BRIGGS: That will be two dollars for the license, Mr. Rochester.

(Middle shot of ROCHESTER and JANE standing together. ROCHESTER fumbling through his pockets and wallet.)

ROCHESTER: Don't seem to have the change at the moment. Jane, could you take care of it for me?

JANE: I hope you're not going to make a habit of this, Edward.

(JANE gives the money to BRIGGS who carefully counts each of the two dollars.

Cut to GRACE and MRS. FAIRFAX dressing for the wedding. GRACE's outfit is awkward, too big and square for her; she pulls and pinches and squirms.)

GRACE: Mrs. Fairfax. do ya think it's all right and proper?

FAIRFAX: Is what all right and proper, Grace?

GRACE: What Master Rochester is doing?

FAIRFAX: I don't know what you're talking about.

GRACE: Oh, come off it, Fairfax, ya know very well what I'm talking of.

FAIRFAX: I'm sure I don't, Grace Poole.

GRACE: I'm referring to her -- her in the cellar.

FAIRFAX: Really, Grace, what cellar? The manor has no cellar.

GRACE: What 'ave you got?-- bats in the belfry or something?

FAIRFAX: Grace, I believe you drink altogether too much.

GRACE: Not so much as I don't know down from up.

(Cut to GRACE and FAIRFAX putting up wedding decorations in the manor hall. GRACE is hanging jack o' lanterns, etc., things with a distinctly Halloween flavor. FAIRFAX notices and is astonished.)

FAIRFAX: Grace, what are you hanging?

GRACE: Ghosts, Mrs. Fairfax, things in keeping with the occasion.

FAIRFAX: Whatever are you speaking of, woman? This is the master's wedding - a joyous occasion!

GRACE: (ominously) Think so, Mrs. Fairfax, think so?.....

(Camera goes wandering down the halls of the manor, exploring this wall and that corner, a take-off on recent Italian society-castle scenes. There are mumbling sounds, the walls seem to be speaking, the words are indistinct, they sound like French, a pretentious French narration: about "les ombres", "les corridors", etc.

Then the sound of organ music is heard. "The Lost Chord" is playing.

Camera enters the temple. We see REVEREND WOOD in his white surplice standing by the "lowly altar."

MR. GREEN is seated at the organ. He is playing and singing with religious seriousness:)

GREEN: (singing) Seated one day at the organ,
I was high and well at ease,
And my fingers stumbled madly
Over the groovey keys:-

Then I struck one chord on the organ
That I never shall strike again --
The Beatles and Elvis Presley
Never found such a hip "Amen"!

It linked all dexidrene meaning
Into one sober sound,
And o'er the keys still leaning
The perfect high I found!

It may be that Death's near Herald
Shall call in that chord again --
It may be that only in Hell
I shall hear that high "Amen!"

(During the singing, JANE and ROCHESTER come walking solemnly down the aisle. JANE has a white veil over her head and coming over her face to her chin. ROCHESTER is very nervous.

They are followed by GRACE and MRS. FAIRFAX, both in traditional wedding tears.

ADELE brings up the rear, playing with a yo-yo and chewing bubble gum.

LORD and LADY INGRAM and BLANCHE are standing to the left of the procession, scornfully.

MR. BRIGG and other guests are standing to the right. The BIG and LITTLE SAVAGE are in the background.

Camera pans along the company.)

BLANCHE: What's she hiding her mug for?

LADY INGRAM: Looks like she bought that outfit on Grand Street.

LORD INGRAM: Rochester could use a shot.

BRIGGS: Something about weddings that always makes me laugh. Peculiarly, I cry at funerals.....

ADELE: 65, 66, 67, 68, 69.....

FAIRFAX: (to GRACE) Lemme have your hanky, will you?

GRACE: It's used.

FAIRFAX: Better than using my hen.

BIG SAVAGE: When do we get at the free eats?

LITTLE SAV: Really, where are your manners?

(GREEN terminates his song with some wild pounding on the organ. He turns and gives REVEREND WOOD the signal to start.)

WOOD: Dearly Beloved, we are gathered together here at Thornfield Manor near Millcote under the sight of the All-seeing per usual to see two creatures joined in holy matrimony and he-she we here put together let no he-she put asunder. Till death they shall part in sickness and in health, in sobriety and inebriety so help me God.

ROCHESTER: I do.

WOOD: (disconcerted) What's the rush? Hold your horses:- where's the fire?

ROCHESTER: In your eyes, Reverend, in your eyes.

JANE: Fine time to get facetious.

(GREEN starts playing the organ and singing again.)

WOOD: Mr. Green, not yet! I haven't finished.

GREEN: Pardon.

LADY INGRAM: Ever notice how something always goes wrong at these country weddings?

BLANCHE: So sloppily staged.

LORD INGRAM: Like an inept shotgun affair.

WOOD: (the height of solemnity) I require that if any here present know of any impediment why these two may not lawfully be joined together in matrimony, he confess it now.

(Camera finds ROCHESTER's fingers crossed at his sides.)

The door to the altar room bursts open and MR. MASON, a beachcomber-type appears in the threshold, breathless.

Every eye fixes on him. A general confusion.)

MASON: The marriage of Edward Rochester to Jane Eyre can not take place. I declare the existence of an impediment.

WOOD: Let us not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments. What is it?

MASON: Mr. Rochester has a wife still extant.

WOOD: Scandalous. Who are you?

ROCHESTER: He is Mason of the West Indies.

WOOD: You know him, Sir?

ROCHESTER: I do.

WOOD: You may kiss the bride-- I mean,-- Mr. Mason, this is a serious accusation. Do you have proof?

MASON: I do.

WOOD: You may kiss the bride--- I mean, what proof?
Where is this extant wife?

MASON: Very close.

(MASON goes up behind the altar where a huge curtain is hanging. All eyes are fixed on him. He pauses dramatically, then, as in Greek Tragedy, he draws aside the curtain, revealing

BERTHA in all her incredible madness, looking wild as a baboon.)

BERTHA: Ah-ha! Fake-out!! April fool!!!

WOOD: My God! What is that??

MASON: I beg your pardon. That is Bertha Mason, my sister.

LITTLE SAV: Who was your sire? -an ape?

WOOD: Master Rochester, is this - er - woman ---

ROCHESTER: She is my wife.

JANE: Bigamy!

BLANCHE: Congratulations, Rochester!

ADELE: Congratulations.

WOOD: Explain yourself, Sir!

ROCHESTER: Away with your congratulations -- you are fifteen years too late.

GRACE: Better late than never.

ROCHESTER: I married that woman, Bertha Mason, in the West Indies fifteen years ago. She went insane shortly thereafter, and still is, as any fool can plainly satisfy.

(BERTHA leaps onto the altar and shrieks hysterically.)

FAIRFAX: Look out Master, the hyena is after you!!

(BERTHA makes for ROCHESTER's throat. MASON attempts to pull them apart. She bits MASON on the shoulder and stabs him in the arm.

The INGRAMS take to their heels. The SAVAGES cheer BERTHA on. ADELE stamps on BERTHA's foot.

MR. BRIGGS faints.

GREEN resumes playing the organ and singing.)

GREEN: One of my wilder dexidrene fantasies, that's all.

(BERTHA grapples ROCHESTER's throat. They struggle all over the altar, then roll over each other on the floor. She draws blood.

WOOD goes faint at the sight of the blood.

JANE prays madly at one of the crucifixes.

Matronly FAIRFAX, always in command of herself, brings a straight-jacket. She and ROCHESTER subdue BERTHA and place her writhing on the floor at the foot of the altar.

FAIRFAX kicks BERTHA.)

FAIRFAX: Shame on you, you bad hyena!

BERTHA: The French pox on you all!

JANE: My expensive wedding ruined! All the money I poured into this affair -- wasted!!

ROCHESTER: Mrs. Fairfax, help me with Mason.

(They go to the fallen and bleeding MASON, lift his head. He groans, his eyes roll about without coordination.)

MASON: Ooooooooooooo. Is the danger immediate?

ROCHESTER: (examining) No, a mere denture incision and a carving knife wound.

FAIRFAX: Practically naught but abrasions.

MASON: I'll die! Quick - bring a turnikit!

FAIRFAX: Who do you think I am - Florence Nightingale?

ROCHESTER: Get a hold of yourself, man, you won't croak. Is there a doctor in the house?

BIG SAVAGE: Let me through, let me through, I'm a physician.

(BIG SAVAGE pushes through the crowd and kneels by the recumbent MASON. MASON is more frightened than ever by the sight of him.)

ROCHESTER: Are you a practising surgeon?

BIG SAVAGE: I'm well acquainted with human anatomy.

ROCHESTER: What's the verdict?

BIG SAVAGE: I must operate.

ROCHESTER: He'll have to sign for the services - a release.

BIG SAVAGE: No time:- I must proceed at once.

(BIG SAVAGE bends over and begins sucking the blood from MASON's shoulder.)

MASON: Eeeeeeeekkkkk! -What are you doing you hostile and oily savage??

BIG SAVAGE: Quiet - I'm bleeding you.

(Several in the crowd try to move in and prevent the blood-letting. LITTLE SAVAGE, small as he is, blocks their way.)

LITTLE SAV: Stand back, stand back, give him air. Give the physician room to work.

GRACE: Let us pass, runt!

LITTLE SAV: Wait your turn, will you? Everyone will get their chance.

(Camera turns to REVEREND WOOD who is concerned for MR. BRIGGS' welfare. He applies to ROCHESTER.)

WOOD: Help me revive Lawyer Briggs, Mr. Rochester: We need him for legal advice.

ROCHESTER: Went out like a light, didn't he?

(WOOD lifts BRIGGS to his feet and ROCHESTER shoves some smelling salts up BRIGGS' nose/blows in his ear and catches his sneeze in a handkerchief.)

BRIGGS: Happy Halloween!

ROCHESTER: Feel better, Briggs?

BRIGGS: Hey, hit me with that stuff again, will you!

WOOD: That will be enough for now, Rochester, kindly desist. Mr. Briggs, we have some legal advice to solicit of you.

BRIGGS: Trying to cop out on the fee? See me in my office Monday morning.

WOOD: Please, Mr. Briggs, is this marriage of Rochester to Miss Eyre legal?

BRIGGS: Is bigamy legal? Is that what you are asking me?

ROCHESTER: But Bertha is insane; my marriage to her is null and void!

BRIGGS: Who says so? Did you pay a lawyer's fee to substantiate that?

ROCHESTER: No, I never did.

BRIGGS: Why not? I'm afraid your marriage is still-----

ROCHESTER: Why not?? How could I in all holy conscience have Bertha declared insane? She would have been carried off to an asylum, to Bedlam, where they would starve and beat her, torture her and charge admission on Sundays for morbid curiosity seekers to come and gape at her.....

(Cut to a Bedlam, with BERTHA behind bars and a group of MORBID CURIOSITY SEEKERS paying a quarter to gain admittance and gape at her.

BERTHA swings back and forth on a swing within her cage and each time she swings out toward the gapers, she partially opens her gown, disclosing that which normally isn't.

The boys among the gapers stare wide-eyed (getting a liberal education), the men turn their faces away in disgust or shock, the women just look - ambiguous and non-committal.

BERTHA spits out at them.)

BERTHA: (singing) Fly me to the moon
And let me wander in the stars;
O what I might do
If there weren't any bars!!

(Cut back to the wedding scene in turmoil. The group is now gathered about ROCHESTER listening to his confession.)

WOOD: A tale full of sound and fury.

BRIGGS: Nevertheless, inexcusable.

ROCHESTER: God be my judge. I believe I did right.

BRIGGS: By Bertha perhaps, but not yourself: for you, by reason of not committing her, are still married to her. And you may not take Miss Eyre as second spouse.

(ROCHESTER's face drops. All heads turn in the direction of JANE, kneeling before a crucifix and crossing herself as if to ward off the devil.)

JANE: What's the matter with you people? -Have you never seen a lady praying before?

BLANCHE: Lady, is it? You were one step away from being made a tart. Consider myself lucky I would, if I were you.

JANE: I do consider myself lucky - not to be you.

BLANCHE: Still have the tongue of a tart, even if you're beneath her status!

(Cut to MASON slowly dying of the blood-letting while no one is watching - everyone being concerned with the main drama.)

LITTLE SAVAGE trying to cut in on BIG SAVAGE's drinking.)

BIG SAVAGE: Ah! -Good to the last drop!

LITTLE SAV: What?! -Is there no kind drop left for me?

MASON: Groan.....

(Pan to FAIRFAX and GRACE taking BERTHA off in her straight-jacket. Everyone is up tight.)

GRACE: Up tight, Bertha?

BERTHA: Up y--

FAIRFAX: Now, now, hyena! Be good.

BERTHA: The black plague take you all. May you feed on cornmeal for a fortnight and be taken off by the butterfly death!

ROCHESTER: Return her to the cellar. My dear guests---

BLANCHE: You certainly don't spare the entertainment, do you, Rochester?

ROCHESTER: Jane---

JANE: Please, Edward, there is nothing to say.

ROCHESTER: But Jane, you are the best.

JANE: You've spent your life with second-bests. Good bye.

(JANE leaves by the front exit, FAIRFAX and GRACE taking BERTHA out by the back exit. Overhead view catching both exits. This particular angle is purposeless, but pretty and pretty pretentious.)

Cut back to LORD INGRAM getting set to depart with his family. Pulling on gloves.)

LORD INGRAM: Really sorry it had to terminate this way, old fellow, really sorry for you.

ROCHESTER: I'm sure.

LADY INGRAM: Wonder what Jane will do now? A retired governess.

BLANCHE: Take to the streets, doubtless.

WOOD: Bit your tongue.

BLANCHE: Just being realistic, Reverend.

(Cut to close-up of JANE.)

JANE: I'm going to forget all this. I'm turning over a new leaf. I'm going to lose myself in the rhythms of the----..... discotheque!

(Quick cut to the big discotheque scene. Utter chaos, wild frugging, mobbed. Panning, cutting, wormseyes, etc., etc.

JANE dancing with the BEACH BOY. Baroque music plays tho dancers cut it up to rock 'n roll.)

BEACH BOY: How do you feel now, Jane?

JANE: Like I've just come out of a nineteenth century melodrama. I feel one hundred per cent better now.

BEACH BOY: Have you found yourself?

JANE: You have to go to Paris for that.

BEACH BOY: Have you lost yourself?

JANE: Completely, baby! Just keep frugging!

(They do just keep frugging. So does everyone else. We notice a few familiar faces in the twisting mob - like LORD and LADY INGRAM, BLANCHE, GRACE, BRIGGS, WOOD, GREEN, etc., but all are in modern dress and each with a strange partner.

Collage camera work.)

END OF SPIRAL 8.

SPIRAL 9

(Open with dim shot of the cellar. Camera moving around the floor and cobwebbed corners, etc., as in some Dracula movie, to set a mock atmosphere of monster melodrama.

Camera comes to concentrate on an elaborate purple candle glowing at the side of GRACE.

We see GRACE rocking gently back and forth in her rocking chair, very drunk, and attempting to lift her bottle to her open drooling mouth.

Close-up of the chained BERTHA watching GRACE's every movement. BERTHA looks like the daughter of Dracula.

The bottle never makes GRACE's mouth, it falls out of her fingers, camera follows it to the floor where it spills slowly out running over to wet BERTHA's dress.)

BERTHA: Like pee-pee.....

(GRACE slumps over fast asleep. She snores.

BERTHA gets up silently, ominously, and searches through GRACE's pockets. She finally lifts GRACE's skirts and pulls down her stocking and discovers the keys there.

BERTHA unlocks her fetters with the keys, throws them off, and takes up the candle.

She goes to the door and unlocks it, opens it, and is about to go out when she pauses and returns.

She kneels and ignites the hems of GRACE's skirts with the candle.

Then she exits quickly, closing the door.

Cut to ROCHESTER asleep in his bed. Footsteps go past his room.

Cut to MRS. FAIRFAX asleep in her bed. She is having a dream:

Cut to dream, which is of smoke pouring out of the kitchen stove. FAIRFAX rushes into the kitchen, attempts to douse the flames by throwing water into the oven. She coughs and seems faint from the fumes, turns and leaves the kitchen. Her dream is in slow motion, over-exposed, and a minuet plays throughout the course of it.

Cut to ADELE sitting up in bed listening to the footsteps pass. ADELE looks at her mickey mouse watch, notes down the time in her notebook on the end table beside her bed.

ADELE takes a sleeping pill with a sip of water.)

ADELE: Unfamiliar footfalls at 2:32. Inconclusive evidence, but the house seems haunted.

(Long shot of the outside of the whole of Thornfield Manor. The windows of the upper floor are brilliant red.

Cut to JANE's room. BERTHA messes up the empty bed with fury. She pulls away the covers, slams the pillow until its feathers fly loose.)

BERTHA: Jane Eyre is the yellow bird who spread her wings and fly away. Fly to hell, accused interloper!

(BERTHA ignites the curtains canopied over the bed.)

BERTHA: Burn, seat of the courtesan's court!

(Cut to ADELE at the telephone. She is very calm.)

ADELE: Hello, operator? Hello? Hello? Hey, operator, wake up, will you?.....

(Diagonal the frame in half. Operator on the right side of frame, ADELE on the left.)

OPERATOR: Little girls like you should be asleep.

ADELE: Big girls like you should be awake.

OPERATOR: Ah, knock it off, huh?

ADELE: How much is a one-way ticket to Millcote?

OPERATOR: One-way? Ain't cha coming back?

ADELE: No, lady, I expect the place to be in chars momentarily.

OPERATOR: Well, maybe I oughta connect you with the fire department.

ADELE: Could be. But take your time, won't you.

OPERATOR: I will, honey.

(Cut to BERTHA standing on the roof of the manor. Flames sprouting around her. She is holding a fiddle and playing calmly on it. She sings.)

BERTHA: (singing) Burn, Rome, rise in flames!
I could call you filthy names,
But I'll burn you down instead
And everyone who's still in bed!

(Cut to ADELE on phone with FIRE CHIEF. Diagonal sliced frame again, with ADELE on the right side this time.)

ADELE: Hi ya, Chief. got a minute?

FIRE CHIEF: Sure, girly, what is it?

ADELE: A hot foot! - what do you think? And everybody here is gonna have one in a few minutes.

FIRE CHIEF: You been playing with matches?

ADELE: No, with myself.

FIRE CHIEF: You know what happens to little girls who lie?

ADELE: They go to hell?

FIRE CHIEF: I was going to phrase it more delicately.

ADELE: What for? Hell couldn't be hotter than it is here right now.

FIRE CHIEF: We'll be right over.

ADELE: Don't rush yourselves.

FIRE CHIEF: Don't sit on a hot stove while you're waiting for us.

ADELE: Wise guy. What did you say your number was? I'll report you for insubordination. Why, you're less than a cop!

(Cut to BERTHA on the roof, still fiddling and singing.)

BERTHA: (singing) Burn, Rome, inspire my song!
Burn to cinders, don't take long:
The longer you take to burn to the
ground,
The longer my song must still abound!

(Cut to ADELE with her fingers plugged in her ears.)

ADELE: Some prima dona!

(Cut to the FIRE CHIEF and his FIREMEN speeding along in a small Ferrari. They are having trouble with the firehose, which serpents about in the squeezed car, entangling them all.

One of the FIREMEN, unable to bear the confusion any longer, takes out a huge pair of shears and cuts right through the firehose.

Cut to FAIRFAX running along a hallway. Huffing and puffing, very concerned.)

FAIRFAX: The cookies! The cookies are burning! We'll have to scrap them again before eating.

(ADELE opens her door as MRS. FAIRFAX runs by. She calls to her, calmly.)

ADELE: Oh, Mrs. Fairfax, I'd use the other staircase if I were you. And go down, not up.

FAIRFAX: My cookies are burning!

ADELE: Perhaps. But so are a lot of other things.

(Cut to long shot of the manor on flames. Stupid Wagnerian music is heard. The Val Holler bit.

Cut to FIREMEN in the Ferrari. Sirens sounding.)

FIRE CHIEF: Faster, Jarvis, faster!

JARVIS: There's a cow in the road, Chief.

FIRE CHIEF: Run 'er down!

(Cut to FAIRFAX and ADELE in the hallway. Much smoke.)

FAIRFAX: Arose the master!

ADELE: Should we? He hates to be disturbed when he's sleeping.

(Cut to BERTHA on the roof. She is dancing about in the fire. Bongo drums playing.)

BERTHA: The dance of the fire-maidens! Put your knees together, your heels apart, crane your neck, that's just the start!

(This is an opportunity for great visual beauty; bright violet flames are suggested, streaked with yellow. BERTHA edging along the parapets gracefully.)

BERTHA: Put your little toe first, put your other little toe second...

(Quick cut and we see BERTHA waltzing with ROCHESTER amidst the flames.)

BERTHA: And you can have the next and the next and the---

ROCHESTER: Bertha, stop this nonsense! Stop it at once!

BERTHA: Just one more dance, Rochester, please - don't stop me now - I'm hot.

ROCHESTER: Well so am I! Couldn't we continue on the lawn below?

(Cut to long shot: the Ferrari arriving at the burning manor. The FIREMEN pour out like the many clowns from the tiny car in the circus. Last one out is ADELE: how she got in the car is not clear.)

ADELE: This way, boys. Fat Fairfax is still in there, see if you can get her out. And Gracey is down in the cellar if anything is left of her.

GRACE: (only her voice is heard) No, I ain't. I'm here!

(Everyone turns around and sees GRACE, a charred ruin. Black-face et al. She is nearly nude, a few burnt tatters sticking to her body.)

JARVIS: Ugh! What a sight for sore eyes! Someone cover her up, will you!

GRACE: You ain't such a beauty yourself!

JARVIS: Yeah, but for men it ain't so important to be.

(Cut to BERTHA and ROCHESTER still waltzing on the roof. ROCHESTER is desperately trying to free himself from her grasp.

Cut to a small FIREMAN carrying HUGE FAIRFAX out the front door. All we see is her grat body and the FIREMAN's leg coming out from beneath it. A great cheer and applause from the on-lookers.

Camera wandering up the burning building.

Cut to BERTHA and ROCHESTER again.)

ROCHESTER: Bertha, almost every exit of escape is cut off!!

BERTHA: Don't be silly, Rochester, we can always jump:- follow me!

ROCHESTER: Bertha!! Don't---

(BERTHA runs to the edge of the roof and teeters on the parapet. ROCHESTER attempts to reach her. She laughs wildly.

Just as he puts his arms around her, BERTHA struggles free and jumps off the roof.

Shot of BERTHA falling to her death. It is just a stuffed dummy thrown down and should look like one - no attempt at realism.

Cut to the dummy hitting the ground. It bounces up once before settling in the grass.

Cut to ROCHESTER rushing down the flaming staircase.

Cut to a huge wooden bolster coming loose over the staircase.

Cut to close-up of ROCHESTER looking up in terror at the falling bolster and crying out.

Full-figure shot of the bolster falling down on ROCHESTER.

Long shot of the burning manor and the small figures milling around on the lawn below.

Flames, colors, melange effect. Fade out.

Pause, the cliché pause. Then

Fade into the cemetery scene. ADELE, MRS. FAIRFAX, GRACE, MR. BRIGGS, and MR. GREEN in attendance. REVEREND WOOD officiating. ROCHESTER standing to one side with eyes closed and one hand behind him.)

WOOD: Dust to dust and ash to ashes, misery loves company and we commit you O miserable and ugly one to the many company; you have joined the majority.

ROCHESTER: And taken my hand and eyes with you.

ADELE: Oh, stop complaining.

ROCHESTER: I don't mind being blind, but I have use for both hands.

ADELE: But one will do in a pinch.

FAIRFAX: Shhhh!

WOOD: The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away though who would want you O miserable one I do not know.

GREEN: There's always someone worse off who would want her.

GRACE: Can't imagine who, though. But thank goodness I'm rid of her. Will be a bit lonely without the hyena.....maybe.....

FAIRFAX: Shhhhh!

WOOD: Earth, receive a crazy guest:
Bertha Mason's laid to rest.
Let the Thornfield cellar be
Emptied of its old frenzy.

Time that in a month or two
Strips the flesh and leaves just you
Decorates your eyes and nose
Twinning them with wormy rose.

Life you found so hard to live
Unto death yourself now gives;
In its cold embrace we hope
You have more fun - don't be a dope!

(As REVEREND WOOD recites, strange huge silver balloons rise from behind the gravestones and drift up in the air. Some knock against the mourners heads, but everyone does his best to ignore them and be respectful to the ceremony at hand.

ADELE, never one to let a good thing go by unnoticed,
pokes MR. BRIGGS.)

ADELE: Hey, Briggs, what are those things?

BRIGGS: Be quiet, this is a funeral.

ADELE: But don't you see those silver things?

BRIGGS: I see nothing.

ADELE: What are you - as blind as Rochester?

BRIGGS: Shhhhh..... they're ghosts.

(We see the ghost of BERTHA mulling around amidst the floating silver balloons. The whole funeral is one big joke to her and she is making faces at the mourners. But no one sees her because she is a ghost. She is dressed in silver sheets.)

WOOD: O, thou wretch, more fortunate than us you left behind.

BERTHA: I left nobody's behind.

WOOD: Would that we were with you where you are now; would that we were we would, say I, Reverend Wood.

BERTHA: I would you were, Wood.

WOOD: Give our regards to whomever you meet, O buried Bertha Mason!

BERTHA: Give them yourself.

WOOD: But we are not where you are.

BERTHA: Then you can wait till you are.

ADELE: I hear funny noises.

BRIGGS: Shhhhhhh!

FAIRFAX: (to BRIGGS) Shhhhhhh!!

ADELE: Shut up both of you. Can't you see, this is a funeral. Haven't you any respect?

FAIRFAX: Really!

BERTHA: Ain't none of you got any respect at my funeral. I'll get even with you all for this. I'll dance on your graves.

ADELE: I'm gonna get me one of those balloons.

(ADELE runs after a balloon; just as she is about to catch it, BERTHA seizes it and makes off with it.)

BERTHA: Miserable runt:- I'll see you later.

(Long shot of the cemetery and the silver balloons floating; the crowd turns away from the grave and begins to file off.

GREEN throws the first shovelful of soil on the grave and BERTHA screams:)

BERTHA: No, no - don't leave me alone! Please, I don't want to be left here alone. No, no, please.....

(Long shot of the mourners filing away, not hearing the sad pleas of the dead woman.

Fade out.

Fade into a seance scene with ROCHESTER, ADELE, GRACE, and FAIRFAX around the round table in a huge eery hall of Ferndean Manor House, the new establishment. GRACE is officiating.)

GRACE: Oh, miserable Bertha Mason, we call you.
You, you, you.
Come, come, do!
You must be lonely and blue,
Keep us company too.

ADELE: Yoo-hoo, Bertha!

GRACE: Shut your trap, or you'll jinx the session.

ADELE: That's it, blame your failures on me!

ROCHESTER: If you speak up once more, Adele, I'll have to ask you to leave.

GRACE: Present yourself, Bertha Mason:
We love you more than Kathryn Grason.
Tell us where Miss Eyre hides out,
We would know beyond a doubt.

FAIRFAX: This whole thing is giving me the spooks.
Rochester, please, give me your hand.

ROCHESTER: I haven't any.

FAIRFAX: Oh, excuse me, I forgot.

ADELE: How embarrassing!

GRACE: Bertha Mason!
Hasten! hasten!
Do not keep us up too late,
Tomorrow we've a heavy date.

ADELE: Bertha Mason, Full of hate,

Just how long should we wait?

ROCHESTER: Adele, I don't want to have to speak to you again.

ADELE: Sorry. But I thought I'd take a chance, seeing as you're in no condition to paddle me.

FAIRFAX: Ingrate! That's the last straw! Shall I tell her, Mr. Rochester?

ADELE: Tell me what?

(A knock on the door is heard. An ominous knock.)

ADELE: That was an ominous knock.

FAIRFAX: Maybe we won't have to tell her, after all. He will. That must be him.

ADELE: He who? Who him?

(Cut to FAIRFAX at the door, admitting MR. BROCKLEHURST, the old schooling master of JANE's.)

FAIRFAX: Come in, Master Brocklehurst.

BROCKLEHURST: I haven't much time. Is the girl present?

(Cut to ADELE trying to make a quick get-away.)

ADELE: This is where I came in.

GRACE: Seize her.

(BROCKLEHURST grabs ADELE and twists her arms up in back of her. He is severe, terrible to behold, but not a day older than when we saw him a few spirals back.)

BROCKLEHURST: I perceive Adele is going to be troublesome. A creature who is already the instrument of the devil.

ADELE: Of the Dark One, you mean.

FAIRFAX: She is an ingrate.

GRACE: And has a wicked tongue. No respect for her elders.

ROCHESTER: Please don't exaggerate ladies. I am sorry to have to part with her, but in my condition I can't see my way to handling her any more.

BROCKLEHURST: Do not fret yourself, Master Rochester. You have done everything you could for the waif. Now give me a try. I'll put her straight.

ADELE: Bet this bit of bad luck is old dead Bertha's doing.

BROCKLEHURST: Do not speak ill of the departed.

ADELE: Well, this place wasn't such a bargain, anyhow.

FAIRFAX: Farewell, brat!

ADELE: Farewell, lezzy.

GRACE: Good ridance, runt!

ADELE: Ramn it!

ROCHESTER: I'm sorry, Adele, if it could have been any other way-----

ADELE: I'll bet! Real salt of the earth you are, Edward Rochester!

(BROCKLEHURST places his hand over ADELE's mouth and takes her out. FAIRFAX closes the door.

FAIRFAX returns to the seance table and all three sit silently about it.

Camera does not move. Angle from above about three ft.

This shot remains frozen. Note that BERTHA does not appear and that ADELE's being taken off is an apparently illogical switch and ending to the seance scene. But the unmoving camera on this silent trio will underline the unexpected meaning. To the flick, too.

Finally, fade out.....)

END OF SPIRAL 9.

SPIRAL 10

(Open with a corny scanning of the countryside in different seasons to express the passage of a good deal of time. Leaves fall, snow covers the ground, the swallows come back to Capistrano, summer comes over the Stanbergees et al. Accompanied by appropriate season musizak.

Intercut with the faces of ROCHESTER and JANE, in each frame they appear older and older, the point being that time is a-wasting.

Finally we see ROCHESTER standing outside the door of Ferndean Manor House with his faithful old. He stands motionless for a while, the epitome of desolation, and then re-enters the house.

Out of the shadows comes old JANE. She moves between the dark tree trunks. She is in traveling clothes, covered with dust, having proceeded the last mile on foot. She carries a cane to assist her aged way.

JANE reaches the door and hammers feebly on the knocker.

The door opens slowly, eerily, and we see MRS. FAIRFAX looking for all the world like a hundred years old.)

JANE: Mrs. Mary Fairfax, I presume?

FAIRFAX: Yes....

JANE: Thank God I have found you.

FAIRFAX: And I thank God that I am here to greet you.

JANE: Oh, Mary!

FAIRFAX: Miss, is it really you?

JANE: Yes, and still a Miss.

FAIRFAX: Have you come up in the world?

JANE: No, but I've maintained a status quo.

(Cut to FAIRFAX and JANE in the kitchen. FAIRFAX trembling with nervousness.)

FAIRFAX: Here, Jane, let me take your cane for you.

JANE: Thank you, Mrs. Fairfax.

FAIRFAX: Do remove your bonnet and make yourself to home.

(JANE removes her bonnet and takes a seat.

Cut to ROCHESTER in the parlour. He fingers his throat with

his one remaining hand. Eyes are closed in darkness.
He fumbles about the room.)

ROCHESTER: What a thirst!

(He rings the kitchen bell.

Cut to the kitchen where we see the bell ringing.)

FAIRFAX: That's the master. Time for his water.

(FAIRFAX fixes a glass of tap water. She places it on a tray with a neat napkin.)

JANE: Give me the tray, Mrs. Fairfax. I will take it to the master.

(Cut back to the parlour. JANE enters with the water.)

ROCHESTER: Thank you, Mrs. Fairfax. Give me the water.

(JANE approaches and extends the tray to ROCHESTER. He reaches around to the tray and his fingers fall on JANE's.)

ROCHESTER: Mrs. Fairfax, I presume?

JANE: (shocked) Oh! Edward!

ROCHESTER: Wha.....?

JANE: (on the verge of tears) Mrs. Fairfax is in the kitchen.

ROCHESTER: Another hallucination..... Good God, they come more frequently now.

JANE: No, Edward, I am not an hallucination.

ROCHESTER: Who are you?

JANE: The woman you met on the beach, oh so many years ago!

(ROCHESTER reaches out for her body. She starts back.)

ROCHESTER: Proof! Proof! Give us a sign!

JANE: But I'm clothed now!

ROCHESTER: Don't be afraid, you have nothing to lose. I have only one hand now.

JANE: Do with me as you will!

(She submits to his caresses and explorations.)

JANE: Oh, Rochester, how terrible to have to always feel your way around!

ROCHESTER: Oh, it's not always so terrible..... Let me guess who.....

JANE: Have your fingers so little education?

ROCHESTER: It is..... Alas! What sweet madness hath seized me!

JANE: I arrived but a moment ago.

(She clasps his hand in hers. He pauses dramatically. Camera resting on the three hands. There are a glitter of rings on the fifteen fingers - for no apparent purpose.)

ROCHESTER: Her very bejeweled doits-- if so, there must be more of her.

(He gathers her to him with his one muscular arm. She buries her head in his breast.)

ROCHESTER: Is it Jane? Oh, dearly beloved, is it you.... Jane??

JANE: It is I.

ROCHESTER: Oh, governess, are you come back to me?

JANE: Yes, yes, I am!

(He continues to feel all about her.)

ROCHESTER: Oh, poor and wretched outcast in the harsh and cruel world!

JANE: Oh, but I am no longer so! You see--

ROCHESTER: No, I don't.

JANE: I've finally received my inheritance. My uncle in Madeira croaked at last and he left me with five million.

ROCHESTER: A modest income, but one on which one might survive if he is careful; careful, humble.

JANE: Then you'll marry me?

ROCHESTER: I've always wanted a wife. I've managed always to have one of one sort or another. Until the fire, that is. The big fire.

JANE: The London fire?

ROCHESTER: Pas exactement...

JANE: The Chicago fire?

ROCHESTER: Well--

JANE: The Frisco--

ROCHESTER: The San Francisco fiasco. That's it.

(Cut to love doves sitting in a nest. The doves look old and a bit worn. X The voices are heard still while the birds carry on.)

ROCHESTER: We are old now and more than a bit worn. Tarnished.

JANE: Better late than early. We know so much more now. And we are so much more desperate now. It ought to work out better.

(Cut back to JANE and ROCHESTER sitting on rocking chairs on the porch, like the old folks at home.)

JANE: I am an independent woman now, Edward.

ROCHESTER: That have anything to do with Mary Shelley's mom?

JANE: If you won't allow me to cohabit with you, I can build a house of ~~own~~ close up to yours here at Ferndean. my

ROCHESTER: You're really made, aren't you?

JANE: What are you implying?

ROCHESTER: Oh, rich woman, will you stay with me?

JANE: If you have no objections. Edward shall not be left desolate so long as Jane lives.

ROCHESTER: Jane, I'm still quite active. I want a wife badly.

(Close-up of JANE with incredible, strange, ambiguous expression on her face as she says the famous line:)

JANE: Well, Reader, I married him.

(Cut back to the change of seasons frames, but run them backwards. Summer comes over the Stanbergezee, the swallows come back to Capistrano, snow falls backwards and up into the sky, leaves return to their trees. It is plain therefore that the next set of scenes are

ADELE taking the place of little JANE EYRE and going through a series of misadventures with MR. BROCKLEHURST, more or less repeating exactly what happened in Spiral 4 -- only quicker so as to be merciful to the audience.

When this has terminated, cut to ROCHESTER pacing back and forth: the traditional father in waiting.

MRS. FAIRFAX comes out of the bedroom. She says sternly, like a nurse, for she is dressed as a nurse:)

FAIRFAX: You can go in now, Mr. Rochester. Please be brief, she hasn't recovered her full strength yet.

(Cut to the bedroom with JANE, an ancient lady now, lying in bed. ROCHESTER enters with great excitement and anticipation.

JANE: Hallo, Daddy.

ROCHESTER: Jane, Jane, let me see!

JANE: How can you, Edward, you're blind.

(Close-up of ROCHESTER. One of his eyes pops open!)

ROCHESTER: Wow, I have regained my vision in one eye! And just in time to see our offspring. God has tempered judgment with mercy.

JANE: Well, don't come to any conclusions until you dig this: you see, you have only one hand and one eye, so perhaps we might have expected..... a..... a thalidamide baby!!!

(JANE throws aside the covers and brings forth a large, bouncing thalidamide baby. Black out.)

T H E E N D.