

Emeritus-Teacher of The Taught

By

Glen Eric Huysamer

The greatest most contraversial, non political story to
emanate from Africa during the twentieth century.

Based on the true events and life of Emeritus Doctor
Christiaan Neethling Barnard
and the worlds first heart transplant.

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1

EXT. SPACE

1

FADE IN

In space the 'soul' of Emeritus Chris Barnard is in ascension.

The Emeritus soul racing through the stars stops the Universe with the loud sound of a heart beat.

All movement slows with the sound of that heart beat, a deep inhalation of breath, a distant whisper.

EMERITUS SOUL (ENTITY)

One minute please!

The Universe rotates bringing Earth into view as the Emeritus soul turns to look back from whence it came.

EMERITUS SOUL (ENTITY)

One moment please!

An explosive sound of a heart beat, the Emeritus soul races back through time and space

Smashing through Earth's atmosphere with a massive inhalation of breath, it swoops down to Cape Town, South Africa, settling in the year 1967 in the suburb of Tamboerskloof.

Here the Emeritus soul drifts as witness.

CUT TO

2

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK TAMBOERSKLOOF - DAY (SAT 2ND DEC 1967)

2

(Excited voices of the family Darvall, a young teenage boy rushes out of an apartment block, stopping next to a shiny Anglia parked in the street.)

His older sister appears, followed by their parents, and the boy hugs her, in excitement. Everyone is bubbling with delight as they gather, joyfully, around a brightly polished car.

KEITH

Wow. Sis, it is perfect it's, wow, a Ford Anglia, fantastic, wonderful.

(CONTINUED)

DENISE

I wanted to surprise you, the girls at work helped me arrange everything. Look I even managed to get my driver's license.

MRS DARVALL(MOTHER)

Denise! Oh darling look at your new car, what can I say, I'm so proud.

MR DARVALL(FATHER)

You are full of surprises, Denise but, this takes the cake. We really had no idea. Are you sure you can afford it?

DENISE

All paid for, Dad, nothing on credit.

MRS DARVALL

How did you do it?

He steps forward and grabs his daughter by her shoulders and with furrowed brow, looks deeply into her eyes, then draws her close, gives her a hug, and kisses her on the forehead, saying;

MR DARVALL(FATHER)

You are such a good girl, always full of surprises.

DENISE

Come on Dad don't be so soppy. Everybody, lets go. Mum, Dad you sit in the back seat, like royalty. Keith, you can be the page and open the doors, so sit up front. I am the chauffeur.

The excited family climb into the car. Denise goes through the drill and starts the car, much to the family's delight.

CUT TO

3

INT. CAR (FORD ANGLIA) - DAY

3

The family drive through Cape Town, along Adderley Street, past the bank where Denise works. They turn left at Darling Street, past City Hall, the Castle and along Woodstock Main Road.

Followed by the 'Entity Emeritus Soul' drifting along with the car it flies along with the jolly family.

(CONTINUED)

Keith is pottering with the radio, changing stations. Denise is running commentary as she drives, showing Keith how the gears work, where the indicators are and so on. They make their way through busy traffic. Mother and father in the back seat are extremely proud of their daughter. The family are thoroughly enjoying themselves.

MRS DARVALL (MOTHER)

I can't wait to see Aunt Maggie's face when we arrive in a car, Denise. She will be so surprised! One thing you will have to do, is offer to fetch them so that they can visit us.

DENISE

I am definitely going to do that. I was even thinking that tomorrow will be a good day. The old people hardly get out and it will make their day.

Everybody agrees with the plans. This is a happy family. A song pops up on the radio.

MR DARVALL(FATHER)

That's your mum's favourite song Keith, hold that station.

DENISE

It's also one of my favourites.

The radio is turned slightly louder. We hear the music (Put a Little Love In Your Heart??) Keith and Denise are rocking, mum is singing and father is smiling.

MRS MYRTLE ANN DARVALL (MOTHER)

Denise darling we have to stop to buy some Cake to take along, we can't arrive at your cousins unexpectedly and empty handed. It would be just too rude!

MR DARVALL (FATHER)

Darling stop over there on the corner, the bakery opposite is fantastic.

Denise pulls to the side and parks. She and the mother exit the vehicle while Keith and the Father remain seated

Keith changes the radio station settling for Springbok radio. Esme Everaad on the program 'Hospitaal-tyd is sending out a request - Four Jacks and a Jill - the song - Master Jack

father and son sit and enjoy the music

(CONTINUED)

mother and daughter cross the road to the bakery

The music plays.

CUT TO

4

INT. BAKERY - DAY (15H30)

4

Denise and her mother come rushing into the bakery. They look back from inside the bakery at the two in the car.

DENISE

I am so happy Mum, look at dad he is looking so much better.

MRS DARVALL (MOTHER)

Denise you could not have done a better thing. Dad has been so ill, that lately he has been quite depressed. At last he is looking good, it can only get better.

Cars passing this way and that.

The bakery is busy and there is a good crowd gathering all around the counter, but Denise attracts the attention of a good looking young man on the opposite side of the counter who ignores everybody else and offers his undivided attention.

(The P.O.V.-entity has followed them across the road and is now drifting around the inside of the Bakery)

Nobody seems to mind that young Denise is getting preferential treatment as she is bursting with magnetic energy, her yellow dress blown ever so slightly by a fan propped on a stand in the corner. She looks like a star and lights up the surrounding space.

BAKER ASSISTANT (PAUL)

Hello my pretty Ladies, what can I do for you two sisters?

MRS DARVALL (MOTHER)

Ooh. Denise what a charmer..

DENISE

Well what do you think sister, should we invite this fine young gentleman around for tea?

BAKER ASSISTANT(PAUL)

Any time, my lady, you will make me truly happy.

(CONTINUED)

DENISE

Well, we will have to first see how good the cake is. What do you think, sister, which one shall we buy?

MRS DARVALL(MOTHER)

Well, Caramel is Keiths' favourite.

BAKER ASSISTANT(PAUL)

It's my favourite too, and today we have Caramel Cake on special just for you.

He scoops one up from behind the glass under the counter and places it in a cake box, all the while making eyes at Denise. He writes his name and telephone number on the side of the cake box, making sure that Denise sees him doing it.

He hands the cake over the Counter and exchanges money with a wink.

DENISE

Thank you...

BAKERY ASSISTANT(PAUL)

Paul; my name is Paul.

Paul lifts his eyebrow and directs his stare at the cake box where he wrote his details.

Denise giggles as she and her mother turn and walk, swaying their hips, to the door of the bakery.

Mother leads the way out of the door, turning to take Denise's elbow as they exit. Denise carries the cake.

Paul is watching them through the shop window. His younger brother walks over to him.

MARCUS

Paul, you are always giving the girls your name and number, but they never contact you.

PAUL

One day, little brother, is one day when a lovely lady will call me up; and that one, will be the one for me.

CUT TO

Mother and daughter cross the pavement, pausing at the edge of the busy street. Denise lifts the cake box up, so that they can see what the shop assistant has written. Denise steps forward, oblivious of her surroundings for just one split second! As she realises her mistake, her mother senses the movement of the speeding car! She moves forward, instinctively, trying to protect her daughter.

The mother instinctively moves forward to protect her daughter.

Bang

A Valiant Regal slams into the mother and daughter, before the driver manages to bring it to a screeching stop!

It is as though everything is momentarily frozen into a bubble of time, as life continues as though all is as normal, before stark reality intrudes!

An eerie silence slowly settles over the scene as people and vehicles come to a standstill.

In the Anglia the father stares blankly out through the window to where his wife and daughter were. Keith, drumming away on the dash, listening to the music is unaware.

The song playing on the radio, "It is a strange, strange world we live in Master Jack"

Emeritus soul entity takes us back in time again. The mother and daughter are standing at the side of the road. Slowly Denise steps out into the road, distracted by the Name and telephone number which she is reading on the cake box. As Denise realizes her mistake, her mother reacts to the danger, moving forward to protect her from the speeding car. Her body is smashed down onto the bonnet of the car. Slamming forward, it cushions Denise from the full impact of the car. Her heightened consciousness enables her to have one last glimpse of her husband sitting watching her from the back window of the Anglia, on the opposite side of the road.

The car stops yards further throwing the bodies meters down the road, the caramel cake hits the tar and is spread along the road, Denise's head slams into a hub cap of a parked car, denting it.

Black

Sound of accident, heart beat, deep sigh of breath.

From inside the bakery.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Dear Lord, dear lord. Phone an ambulance!

Paul is the first to react, he rushes out from behind the counter shouting

PAUL

Call a fucking ambulance! Now!

Mr Darvall stares out through the window to where his wife and daughter were, then turns to his son who is unaware of what's happened, still rocking to the music.

CUT TO

6

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

6

Professor Chris Barnard walks into the ward to find Mrs Blaiberg sitting next to Dr Blaiberg, her husband. She is holding his hand and when she sees Dr. Barnard entering, she stands but continues to hold onto her husband's hand who looks as though he is piped into his bed with various tubes.(Tent)

DR.PHILIP BLAIBERG

Hello Chris. How are you?

PROF.CHRIS BARNARD

Dr Blaiberg, I am the one who should be asking that question.

DR.PHILIP BLAIBERG

Eileen, this is the famous doctor Barnard I was telling you about, Chris meet my wife and love of my life; Eileen.

Barnard moves quick to acknowledge the spouse and interrupts a slower response from Eileen.

PROF. CHRIS BARNARD

The pleasure is all mine. I am glad you are here.

MRS EILEEN BLAIBERG

We finally meet, Philip has told me so much about you. I was expecting your visit Doctor; so I will leave you two to talk.

Eileen starts to move away from her husband but is held back as he grasps her hand tighter.

(CONTINUED)

DR.PHILIP BLAIBERG

Where are you going to?

MRS EILEEN BLAIBERG

I will wait outside till you two are done.

DR.PHILIP BLAIBERG

Don't go.

Dr Chris Barnard moves into her intended path and gestures her to stay.

DR CHRIS BARNARD

There is no need to go Mrs Blaiberg, I would prefer to talk to both of you together.

MRS EILEEN BLAIBERG

Okay, all right I will stay.

Eileen is aware of what is to come and her fear becomes apparent as she moves back to her husband. She averts her eyes so her husband cannot see the concern.

Dr Barnard, wasting no time, focuses and makes clear eye contact from wife to patient.

DR CHRIS BARNARD

Dr Blaiberg, did you know that Mr Washkansky passed away this morning?

Dr Blaiberg moves uncomfortably and is visibly shaken, but maintains his composure, his grip on his wife's hands becomes a two handed reassurance. He begins to cough, shuddering all over. His wife gets hold of him and together they bring calm.

Eileen offers a sip from a glass of water, which he slowly and deliberately drinks.

DR.BLAIBERG

I am sorry to hear that doctor. I never knew.

Eileen turns from placing glass and makes eye contact with Doctor Barnard.

MRS EILEEN BLAIBERG

I did not tell him Doctor.I was afraid to tell him.

DR.PHILIP BLAIBERG

I did suspect that things were not so good. I knew he wasn't doing so well through the radio

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR.PHILIP BLAIBERG (cont'd)
reports. I never knew he was
gone. I'm really sorry Chris.

Dr Barnard moves around the bed opposite to Eileen, closer
to both but remains a meter away.his demeanour is formal.

DR CHRIS BARNARD
I am here to tell you how he
died. I've just come from the
autopsy, and it is clear that he
died of pneumonia. There is no
evidence of any failure of the
newly transplanted heart. Even
though we kept Mr Washkansky
alive for eighteen days, we have,
however, failed in being
completely successful.

DR.BLAIBERG
Professor?

DR CHRIS BARNARD
Let me finish. So, if you would
rather not have your operation,
you don't have to go through with
it. You have to decide.

DR.PHILIP BLAIBERG
Dr Barnard. Professor if I cannot
be well I might as well be dead.
When can we do the transplant?

DR CHRIS BARNARD
I need to go overseas for about
two weeks. So we will do it as
soon as possible after my return.
In the meantime I will have you
transferred to my ward
immediately.

DR.BLAIBERG
It all sounds good doctor.

There is a momentary sway of Chris's body and a slight dip
before turning back.

DR CHRIS BARNARD
One more thing Philip.

DR.PHILIP BLAIBERG
What is that Chris?

DR CHRIS BARNARD
I need you to stay alive until I
return.

MRS EILEEN BLAIBERG
Philip is going nowhere, Doctor.
We will both be here, waiting
together.

Eileen grips her husband's hand tighter. The strain on all their faces, changes to respective smiles and all their spirits lift as the decision is made to go on.

Dr Barnard leaves the ward.

CUT TO

7 INT. DR CHRIS BARNARD' S OFFICE - DAY 7

Chris Barnard rushes into his office looking worn after having been awake all night and having to face Dr Blaiberg for confirmation of a second attempt at a heart transplant. It is business as usual.

Marius Barnard is there waiting for him, fresh and clean, and it appears that he has arrived at the office just a few moments before Chris.

DR MARIUS BARNARD
Morning Chris. You don't look
good at all.

DR CHRIS BARNARD
I was almost finished. nearly done
but lucky for me, Blaiberg is
eager to go on.

DR MARIUS BARNARD
Chris you need to take time off,
you're not looking good and you
don't want to make mistakes
especially now, we can't afford
any mistakes, considering.

DR CHRIS BARNARD
I hear you Marius, that is why I
am leaving for America. Louwtjie
is packing our bags as we speak.
You are going to have to hold the
fort until I return.

DR MARIUS BARNARD
Chris, is this not a bit drastic?
Is it wise to leave the country
right now?

DR CHRIS BARNARD
The fact is that there are people
who would like to see my head
roll and now that Waskansky is

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR CHRIS BARNARD (cont'd)
dead the whole thing is out of my
control.

DR MARIUS BARNARD
I understand but...

DR CHRIS BARNARD
If you understand then you must
know that there is a possibility
that I might be arrested come
Monday, for murder. Some people
would love to see me stand trial.
It is safer that I take the
opportunity, go to America while
the judiciary and the politicians
decide what they are going to do.

DR MARIUS BARNARD
I am one hundred percent behind
you. It is best that you get
yourself out of here. You will be
safe in America.

DR CHRIS BARNARD
You can have Blaiberg transferred
to our ward. Do it today. He has
agreed to go ahead - hell these
Jews are brave! The Americans are
picking me up in about two hours
for the Airport. While I'm away I
want you to stick one hundred
percent to our plan.

DR MARIUS BARNARD
Get yourself out of here and
don't return until you get the
all clear from me.

DR MARIUS BARNARD
Thank you Marius.

CUT TO

8 EXT. BANKS OF ZEEKOEVLEI - DAY

8

Chris arrives home.

Louwtjie is waiting, suitcases are packed and ready
outside on the porch.

The two family hounds(Ringo and Sixpence) are present

As Chris climbs out of his daughter's car, we see a long
black stretch limousine appearing in the driveway.

(CONTINUED)

DR CHRIS BARNARD
Louwtjie, I must hurry, they are
here already.

He dashes over, pecking his wife on the cheek, the dogs
are all over him

DR CHRIS BARNARD(CONT)
Is everything ready? I have
to shower, I stink.

MRS LOUWTJIE BARNARD
That's the truth. I have
everything ready. I put out clean
clothes on the bed. Just remember
to pack your toiletry bag when
you're done and please wear
underpants.

(She studies his crotch)

The enormous black limousine rolls slowly to a halt. From
within, Frank Manitzas emerges. He strides over to Chris
and shakes his hand vigorously, his demeanour injecting a
sense of urgency into the proceedings.

FRANK
Chris, you don't know how happy I
am that you have accepted our
invitation. Securing you for the
show is a huge coup for me.

Frank semi-bows in gratitude (Chris smiles). As Frank
speaks, he glances at Louwtjie, and remembering his
manners, he launches himself at her, arms spread wide.

FRANK
You must be Louwtjie, we have not
had the pleasure. It seems that
Chris has been hiding you.

He lurches forward and clasping her shoulders he gives
Louwtjie a kiss on each cheek, in the Frech manner, much
to her astonishment, and she pulls away, embarrassed.

CHRIS
It's all right Frank. Louwtjie
was just taken by surprise. We
don't usually do that kind of
thing in our part of the world.

Louwtjie settles back, smiling shyly. She looks at Chris
but as they make eye contact she sees indifference.

LOUWTJIE
Chris I will go put the kettle on
for tea. Why don't you invite our
guests in.

She scurries off, excusing herself from the company with a glance and a slight nod.

CHRIS

You must excuse my wife. Our South African girls aren't used to such greetings.

Chris follows his wife's path with his gaze and frowns at her sudden departure from company. Frank is by now looking out at the vlei and taking in deep breaths. The chauffeur is settling on the front fender of the limousine.

FRANK

Wow, Chris, you have a beautiful place here.

He is steadily surveying the surroundings as he walks towards the water's edge. Chris follows proudly.

CHRIS

Yes it is rather nice. I regard it as one of the trophy's I have managed to earn due to my daughter's love of water skiing. It was the main reason for moving here, so she could practice.

FRANK

Yes they told me she was a champion skier.

CHRIS

Yes, she was on the brink of being world champion, but then I realised that she just didn't have that killer instinct. I mean she is just too nice a girl to have been able to grab top spot.

FRANK

There is only so much space at the top, huh, Chris?

CHRIS

The reality is that there can only be one. At the top that is.

FRANK

I can't argue the truth.

CHRIS

I am unfortunately not quite ready, but if you have a cup of tea, by the time you are finished drinking it I will be. I can also offer you something stronger, a beer maybe?

FRANK
Tea is just fine.

CHRIS
Invite the driver for tea as well.

FRANK
No he can wait.

CHRIS
Louwtjie will be making for him anyway.

They turn and begin to move toward the house, when Frank stops mid-stride and turns to Chris.

FRANK
I need to tell you something Chris. I want you to be aware that your life is about to change, it will never be the same again.

The two make eye contact, highlighted by a ray of afternoon sunlight which shines down through the tall Eucalyptus trees, Frank serious, Chris smiling intently.

CHRIS
You might be right Frank, however there are times our dreams begin to create their own visions, when dreams becomes bigger than the man himself: and when this begins to happen, I suppose the most important thing for that man, is to be courageous enough to enjoy it.

They move closer to the house.

FRANK
Well lets get on then. I am not a tea man, but right now I can't think of anything better.

CHRIS
I need to get cleaned up and changed.

Chris starts to move with more intent.

FRANK
Are those bags over there ready to be loaded, Chris.

CHRIS

You will have to talk to Louwtjie about that. She has prepared them for the trip.

Chris shoots off as he sees his wife exiting onto the stoep with a tray.

Frank begins to immediately pay attention to her and moving closer he attempts to take the tray from her, but she maintains control and lays it down on the garden table.

FRANK

This looks delightful ma'am, I can't say that I have seen these before.

He gestures down towards the tray where we see a plate of Hertzog cookies.

LOUWTJIE

These are what we call Hertzog cookies. They are traditional Afrikaans cookies. Please help yourself and won't you ask your man there to join us? Chris will not be long.

FRANK

Jack, we have some tea and cake here come join us.

FRANK.

Are these bags ready ma'am? If they are, we can load them.

LOUWTJIE

Yes these are ready.

Louwtjie moves over to start carrying the cases, but is stopped by Jack who steps into her path and takes the bags from her.

JACK (CHAUFFEUR)

No ma'am, you go relax, we will take care of everything from here.

FRANK

These cookies are delicious, I can't say that I've ever tasted anything like this.

Louwtjie smiles and heads back to the table where she settles in to serve the tea. Frank is halfway on a cookie and is expressing his pleasure. Louwtjie is pleased.

(CONTINUED)

Jack the chauffeur loads the bags into the limo as another car arrives. It is the Barnard children. The dogs are excited as sister and brother (Deirdre and André) 'exit from a neat Triumph sports car. Deirdre rushes up to the table on the porch, hand on hip, while brother follows behind with the dogs playing around his feet.

DEIRDRE

Good day, good day.

She nods as she greets everyone present. André follows her lead and they are both eventually standing at the end of the table.

DEIRDRE

Are you and Dad on your way?

She looks over to her mother, receiving a nod as confirmation and turns to greet Frank, who is sitting at the opposite end of the table.

FRANK

You are Deirdre, champion water skier? My name is Frank. I'm with C.B.S. And you are André?

Frank moves quick and extends a hand to both teenagers who respectfully acknowledge.

FRANK

I hope you two don't mind us lending your parents for a while. Here is my card if there is anything you need, anything at all while your parents are in the USA. Please don't hesitate to call our office.

Chris comes rushing out of the house, still tying his tie. He rushes forward, greeting his children with a kiss. (Hand luggage in hand)

CHRIS

Oh, you don't have to worry Frank, everything is organised. Deirdre and André are good children and they are skilled and responsible enough so that their mother and I don't need to concern ourselves while we are away.

He looks reassuringly from one member of his family to another, ending with eye contact with his wife, holding her gaze as if forever, until her eyes drift off to her son who has drawn closer to his mother. She nods, barely moving her head and the family respond in kind, imperceptibly reaching an agreement.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
 Besides my brother will be
 checking up to make sure
 everything is fine.

Chris finishes off his tie, pats himself down and triumphantly stretches out his hands.

CHRIS
 Louwtjie, if you have the
 passports, we are set.

Louwtjie removes the Passports from her hand bag, shows that that she has them.

The children are saying goodbye as Jack opens the door to the Limo.

The Limo cruises away leaving dogs tails wagging, children waving.

CUT TO

9 EXT. D.F. MALAN AIRPORT - DAY (DECEMBER 1967) 9

The Limousine thunders majestically along the runway coming to a smooth stop next to a Boeing 707 (South African Airways,) meters from the stairs.

Ground staff are on hand to load the luggage.

Captain and crew greet the Barnard's.

The Barnard's receive V.I.P.treatment. Passengers on board have been waiting. Some want to know what is going on, but they are simply ignored.

Frank is out of the Limo first and is in charge, clicking his fingers, orchestrating the moment.

Jack our F.B.I.type chauffeur is at hand to open the limo door.

Texas hat in his hand, Frank aids Louwtjie as she climbs from the Limo.

FRANK
 They have kept the plane just for
 you.

LOUWTJIE
 I don't believe it. Wow.

Chris hops out just behind her and taking Louwtjie by the shoulders, for a moment they stand surprised at all the fuss.

(CONTINUED)

Frank draws closer to Chris.

FRANK

Like I said before Chris, your life won't be the same. Enjoy it while it lasts.

CHRIS

I certainly intend to, Frank.

Louwtjie looks around, not sure she is pleased by what she hears, but smiles anyway.

The trio are ushered on board.

In the distance we see reporters being kept at bay.

The Captain comes forward.

CAPTAIN(JOHN CUNNINGHAM)

Hello Doctor. It is my pleasure, on behalf of the airline and myself, to welcome you aboard

(while shaking hands)

CHRIS

Thank you Captain. It is our pleasure. My wife Louwtjie (he scoops her closer with his free arm)

CAPTAIN

Good day Mrs Barnard, welcome.

LOUWTJIE

Please Captain, call me Louwtjie

CHRIS

This is our friend Frank from C.B.S. Television in America

Chris turns around to create an avenue for Frank to move through

FRANK

Hello Captain Cunningham. Shall we get the show on the road, or should I say in the air?

CAPTAIN

Yes, of course. Customs are here to stamp the passports but we can do that on board, follow me.

The captain leads the way followed by Frank and then the Barnard's. They board the plane.

CUT TO

10 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

10

Captain takes the Barnard's to their seats.

The plane taking off.

Seat belts off.

The Barnard's in their seats.

Air-hostess approaches.

AIR-HOSTESS

Good day Doctor, Madam. My name is Roseline, and I will be your hostess on this flight. Our wine list and menu. Please don't hesitate to order anything you desire.

Flirting with Chris

CHRIS

Thank you very much, Roseline. I should have brought a rose for you.

Using his natural ability to charm a lady, he does so openly, with fun intended.

CHRIS CONT.

Louwtjie what would you like?

LOUWTJIE

I need a tomato juice.

(meaning she needed it so that she could toss it over him)

CHRIS

Tomato juice for my wife, and for me Roseline, I wonder... Do you have champagne?

AIR-HOSTESS

Of course, sir. For you we have the best French champagne.

(she says it with delight and with a naughty glance)

CHRIS

That's fantastic, bring us a bottle. To tell you the truth Roseline I have never had French champagne before, have you?

(CONTINUED)

AIR HOSTESS

You never had French champagne?
No! I drink it regularly. Well,
let me get you on the right path
Doctor. Immediately!

The air-hostess looks over to Louwtjie who is as sour as a lemon and changes her demeanour to accommodate Louwtjies lack of enthusiasm

AIR HOSTESS

Should I bring a glass for
you madam?

LOUWTJIE

Tomato Juice is fine.

Air hostess is off down the isle. Chris is looking at the menu and leans over to Louwtjie.

CHRIS

Louwtjie what on earth is 'foie
grass'?

LOUWTJIE

No Idea.

CHRIS

And canapés?

She shrugs and looks sullen, but Chris ignores this. The champagne arrives, already opened, in an ice bucket.

AIR-HOSTESS

Shall I pour for you Doctor?

CHRIS

And why not?

She pours, he tastes, portrays his pleasure, and then drinks, she fills the glass again, he drinks.

Louwtjie shifts in her seat.

AIR-HOSTESS

Oops. I forgot the tomato juice,
I won't be a minute.

Louwtjie looks on side ways as Chris is enjoying his first taste of French champagne, he puts his glass down and says to himself and surrounds.

CHRIS

What a life.

(CONTINUED)

He tilts his chair back and suddenly we see his tiredness engulf him as he takes another long taste of the French champagne and then hands the glass to Louwtjie. Louwtjie still waiting for her tomato juice to arrive, looks on, totally peeved.

Chris falls asleep, and we head off to his childhood dreams.(flashing back)

CUT TO

11 EXT. STATION PLATFORM, BEAUFORT WEST (1934) 11

Chris under a water tower shower.

The whistle blast of the train cuts through the rush of the water shower.

Chris (The Boy) is standing inside the 'waterfall'.

Two boys let go of the chain holding the pipe funnelling the water down and without weight, it swings upwards cutting the water supply.

There is a loud blast from a horn.

Chris is on the tracks, stunned.

MARIUS BARNARD

Chris, the train. Get out the way.

An older boy grabs Chris and lifts him wildly off the tracks.

We see Chris being hauled off the track in front of the on-coming train. Steam billowing over, creating shadow silhouettes.

Horrified, standing at the side, he stares over at his brother ignoring the rest of the gang.

CHRIS BARNARD

Are you mad in the head? You are supposed to watch out for me.

The train rumbles, Chris stares accusingly at his brothers.

Other boys laughing, they are all wet. It is obvious that they were all taking turns under the water funnel.

MARIUS BARNARD

You should see your face.

As he struggles to hold his laughter back.

(CONTINUED)

Chris stands there drenched and shaken.

The gang of boys start laugh and eventually Chris gives in and bursts into laughter, chasing the group as they go scampering down along the railway line towards Beaufort West station where the train is slowing, pulling in along the platform.

The group begins to run together and Chris pulls up along side his brothers

CHRIS BARNARD (BOY)
I owe you guys payback. I hope
you know this. So all of you
better be on your guard.

CUT TO

12 EXT. STATION PLATFORM, BEAUFORT WEST (1934) 12

Mounting The Station Platform

The boys arrive at the station and right at the back the Barnard brothers are congregating as they bring up the rear.

As the leading boys begin to mount the end of the station platform, the Barnards' are a few steps behind. Here the Barnard brothers suddenly come to a halt. We can see Chris's lips moving.

CHRIS BARNARD
You are my brothers and we are
supposed to look out for each
other.

DODSLEY BARNARD
Come on Chris. The train was
miles away, and it was a joke.

CHRIS BARNARD
We are brothers, and we play
jokes on our friends, not on each
other, Dodsley. Joke or no joke,
if we can't trust each other to
look after our backs, who can we
trust?

MARIUS BARNARD
Yes Dodsley, that is what Mum
made us promise each other. Blood
first. We don't let each other
down in public.

(CONTINUED)

DODSLEY BARNARD

Okay, okay, let's renew our pact
and try never to cross each other
again, in any way from now on,
even if it is a joke.

The brothers put their hands together and in an instant they establish their brotherly bond. They break up and set out to board the edge of the platform, their friends waiting to help them up. We notice that during the short run to the station their Khaki clothes have all but dried, due to the heat.

CHRIS BARNARD (BOY)

You two must know though, that
you are not going to get off scot
free. When we're not in public,
you two will be game.

Chris is being helped up by Dodsley and looks over to Marius with his eyebrow cocked and lips down, at which Marius giggles and shakes his hand up and down to indicate that they're still in trouble.

CUT TO

13 EXT. STATION PLATFORM, BEAUFORT WEST (1934) 13

The gang of boys jump up onto the station platform, recovering a small pile of loot from behind an enormous red scale, located meters from the end of the platform. The youngsters quickly share out their bounty, separating wire art, sling shots ('ketties') and baskets of fruit. They disperse down the platform, each selling their wares to the passengers who are just beginning to disembark from the train.

A couple of the passengers are off-loading their luggage and it is Dodsley, the biggest and strongest in the youthful gang who steps forward to assist as many of the passengers loading their goods onto railway trolleys, as he can. As he scuffles along, he pounces onto the tips that come his way.

Chris has a basket of fruit and is approaching both the passengers looking out of the train windows and those out stretching their legs. He is making good sales and quickly sells out.

He catches up with younger brother Marius, who is punting the home made sling shots to the passengers at the windows, especially where they see a younger crowd.

CHRIS BARNARD

Hello people, proper Karoo
slingshots made of the best hard
wood.

(CONTINUED)

MARIUS BARNARD

Thornbush, with a bag of the roundest, smoothest pebbles.

CHRIS BARNARD

Take shots while you are on the train. Practice your shot with genuine Goodyear rubber. Each one providing perfect shots to the trained eye. Only 25 pence each.

A young passenger embarking from the train with a group of fellow travellers, wearing the Stellenbosch University blazers and apparel are climbing out of one of the doorways as Chris and Marius pass. The young passenger, happily tipsy, calls to the boys and in front of his jovial friends looks down at Chris, swaying.

ANTON RUPERT

Yes, young man. Tell me, is this the real thing?

Pointing at the slings.

CHRIS BARNARD (BOY)

As real as you will ever get them, sir.

ANTON RUPERT

I tell you what young man, prove it. If you can shoot that tin can over there, I will buy all three.

Chris turns to see a tin can way back in the distance, an impossible shot. There are people moving to and fro across the platform in the path of view. Anton Rupert's friends all cheer at the challenge. As we focus on the tin can in the distance, a medium sized rat makes its appearance close by.

CHRIS BARNARD

Sir, do you see the rat. What will you say if I took it out?

ANTON RUPERT

My young man I will pay you double your asking price.

The rest of the group spotting the rat, start to cheer louder, hushing as they see Chris loading a stone. Shushing each other, the group gets behind the aim. With people moving through his aim, Chris shuts one eye, drawing the sling back. Chris shuts the world out. There is just Chris, the sling, the Rat and then, Wham.

(CONTINUED)

ANTON RUPERT

Bulls eye! Whoa! I would not have believed it if I had not seen it.

The group cheers, Anton Rupert draws from his pocket a shilling and flips it at Chris, who without hesitation, catches it in mid flight.

CHRIS BARNARD

Thank you Sir.

ANTON RUPERT

You are a charmed one, young man. It will teach me never to underestimate a farmer boy.

CHRIS BARNARD

I'm not a farmer boy sir, I am the son of a missionary man.

ANTON RUPERT

So. Then there is an even greater lesson to be learnt here.

The group of student friends all looking down at Chris, grab Anton Rupert and begin to usher him away.

STUDENT

Come Rupert, let's find that bar so we can forget this loss.

Anton Rupert nods his head at Chris, spins and starts to move off with all three slings, and three Hessian pouches stuffed with fine Karoo pebbles.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

Do you realise chaps, that what we just saw was a shot in a million, worth a million.

A striking young gentleman with a charming lady at his side, addresses the crew of young university students over the heads of Chris and Marius.

Young Anton Rupert turns back to face Harry Oppenheimer.

ANTON RUPERT

Yes, Mr Oppenheimer. That I am fully aware of. It is remarkable to discover such a fine talent here, in the middle of the Karoo.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

Would it not be even more remarkable to confirm that this was not merely a moment of chance?

(CONTINUED)

The two groups of passengers, although travelling separately, are familiar with each other. Their demeanour towards each other reflects this.

ANTON RUPERT

You are right Harry, such chance should be put to the test, just in case it isn't.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

I am glad we are in agreement. What if such a moment were not luck, but showed true skill? It would be wise to explore such matters with much more care.

ANTON RUPERT

You have convinced me.

The two men appear to be doing mental calculations as they talk and skilfully come to an understanding. (Similar to when adults talk in front of kids without wanting them to know what is been spoken about)

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

What's your name son?

CHRIS BARNARD

Christiaan Neethling Barnard, Sir. And this is my younger brother Marius.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

Well, my young Christiaan Neetling Barnard, I have to say that I doubt that any one of our lads here have not ourselves taken shots with a "Kettie" in our younger days, but I doubt any have shown such skill. I would like to wager you on another shot at the tin. Half a shilling that you wont be able to do it twice in a row.

BRIGETTE

No Harry.

The young lady(Brigette) begins to protest against the men's attempt to draw Chris into a inappropriate gamble.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

Don't concern yourself Darling, be entertained.

All eyes begin to focus on Chris.

CHRIS BARNARD (BOY)

I am sorry sir, but I am not permitted to gamble.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

Why not my young man, is not all of life a gamble?

CHRIS BARNARD

Not really sir, my mother is no gambler and when she finds out, chances are that I would not be able to sit down for a week.

There is an immediate respectful chorus of cheer from the students.

ANTON RUPERT

You are right, my boy, we would not want that. Heaven only knows how mothers get to find out everything. Would you permit Harry and myself to take a wager on another one of your skilled shots?

CHRIS BARNARD

There can be no problem with that, sir.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

Good idea Anton, I will wager the miss. How about one pound and winner buys the next round at the bar.

ANTON RUPERT

Very thoughtful of you Harry. If young Chris agrees, it's on.

Chris now imitates the high English spoken by Harry Oppenheimer.

CHRIS BARNARD

It will be my pleasure sirs, but such chance against practice and skill needs to be motivated by some promise. Would you agree that twenty percent commission on the wager would be a fair price?

The group falls silent, everybody takes a moment to reflect on what the deal is. Harry and Anton look each other in the eye and both show a realization with complimentary smiles. The young group of students look at each other and begin to cheer in approval. Harry looks to the young lady by his side with a knowing smile.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

What do you think 'Brigs'?

BRIGETTE

It is fair, Harry.

ANTON RUPERT

Fair enough young Chris, but to receive your commission you must prove without doubt that chance comes second to skill.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

It might be stretching the experiment beyond the child's understanding Anton.

Brigette tries to intervene on the added challenge.

BRIGETTE

That is hardly fair.

CHRIS BARNARD

No my Lady, I fully understand and I will prove that chance is second to skill, but that the more skill you have the better the chance.

Everybody has become more focused, the two brothers drop down to the ground and start preparing. Chris and Marius drop stones out of a pouch.

CHRIS BARNARD

Marius, go get rid of the rat and place the tin closed bottom, facing us.

Marius gets up and runs towards the end of the platform, kicking the dead rat out of the way. He then places the tin on its side, closed bottom side of the tin facing towards Chris.

Chris has chosen two stones, both similar in shape and smoothness, but one is larger than the other. He stands up, tossing the two stones up and catching them again. The smaller stone travels higher than the bigger stone. Chris's eyes follow the stones as the larger falls back into his hand first.

From his back pocket he draws out his personnel "Kettie".

Marius is back by his side. Chris places the stones into the sling carefully, placing the larger stone behind the smaller and, drawing back carefully, he gets ready to shoot. Holding the "Kettie" at half tautness, he turns to address the two punters.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD (BOY)

The bet is to hit the tin and to
test if luck had anything to do
with my skill.

Chris draws back on the sling, stretching it far past what one would expect, aiming along the inside of the rubber bands, his fingers delicately shuffle the two stones in twitching adjustments.

The Station is still busy and he is aware of all that is in his path left and right. He waits, his breathing slows and in his eyes they see deliberation, calculation, determination. They draw back as he lets rip, their eyes following the flight path of the stones.

The smaller, sleeker stone travels faster through the air, followed by the larger stone which begins to drop below the flight path of the smaller stone which is out front. The small stone reaches the tin first, slicing the tin towards one side, causing the tin to start spinning. The bigger stone follows up, hitting the ground just before the spinning tin and skipping off the ground, slams into the open side of the tin which has now spun into the flight path of the bigger stone. It collects the bigger stone. The tin goes bouncing violently across the station platform.

MARIUS BARNARD

Yes! Chris! Double bulls-eye.

The small audience is clearly astonished. For a moment there is silence, then there is a loud cheer from the students.

CHRIS BARNARD

There it is Sirs, proof that luck
is second to skill, but where
there is skill, luck is destined
to follow.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

Touché! My young man, you
deserve your commission and we
are all humbled by your
precision.

ANTON RUPERT

Yes my friend, you seem to be a
real Rembrandt. What we just
witnessed was magical. Let me
cover your commission, seeing
that Harry here is buying the
first round.

Anton Rupert takes out some coins from his striped student jacket and flips it over to Chris.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

Well done, my young man, here is an extra shilling. You deserve it.

CHRIS BARNARD

Thank you sirs.

The two travelling groups stir towards the bar, both Harry and Anton shake Chris's hand as they move off with the group.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

We would be wise never to forget the name of this young man.

ANTON RUPERT

There can be no argument about that.

Chris and his brother turn to go and join the rest of their gang.

CHRIS BARNARD

Marius, skill or no skill, today has been a lucky day and one day we will travel first class just like them.

MARIUS BARNARD

Come, the rest of the guys are waiting.

CUT TO

14 EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

14

Over the surface of a dirt road, following a sack being carried by rapidly moving feet. Skimming along, crossing little sluices filled with running water. We hear the babbling of the boys, there is the bustle of town around.

A circle of bare feet, a sack is dropped into the centre.

The boys faces staring down at the bag.

DODSLEY BARNARD

Right guys we must move fast, it's Friday and the health department closes in less than half an hour from now. That leaves us less than one hour to exchange the tokens at City Hall. We need speed.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Okay, Fanie you and Michel go first and make sure Tom can't see.

MICHEL RASSOUW

Right, lets see how many we got.

The bag gets emptied out and out tumble a pile of dead rats and mice. The boys kneel down, counting fifteen.

Michel and Fanie grab two rodents each and skedaddle around the corner, the rest look on.

DODSLEY BARNARD

Right Marius, quickly go round the other way and do your thing.

Dodsley, Chris, Steven Theron, JP Daniels stand around the bounty of Rodents. JP Daniels is keeping watch around the corner and is giving a running commentary.

JP DANIELS

They are coming back, all is well.

We see the two boys arriving back amongst the group, each sporting a pink receipt. The next moment we see Marius arriving back with four rodents, which he dumps to the side of the original rodent pile.

DODSLEY BARNARD

Right Chris, you and JP go do your turn. Chris you take three and JP carry two.

The two boys pick up their allotted Rodents and disappear around the corner. They approach a counter door, a modified stable door with a shelf protruding out from the closed bottom half. Chris rings a bell. Tom an elderly gentleman appears over the top of the half open stable door, smoking a tobacco pipe, sending huge puffs of smoke into the air; causing some of the smoke to get stuck in his enormous beard, which for a second, seems to be on fire. At the side of the the stable door is the sign for the Health Departments Utility Unit.

TOM

How are you boys doing today?

CHRIS BARNARD

No well no fine, Uncle Tom.

JP DANIELS

Yes sir, everything is good, and with you sir how are you doing today?

(CONTINUED)

TOM

With me it is well, but for the department we are doing slow today, not many vermin have been handed in so far today.

CHRIS BARNARD

Well Tom, maybe the rodent bounty is working and the numbers are getting fewer.

TOM

Well my young Chris, I hope not, because if their aren't any more rats that means the town council won't need me to man this post any more.

CHRIS BARNARD

Don't worry Tom, I will tell all our friends to keep on hunting.

TOM

Fantastic, so how many have you got for me?

JP DENIALS

I have two and Chris has three, Sir.

TOM

Fantastic, right go dump them in the acid drum and come back for your slips. I will stamp them so long. Boys, you must make a move. Don't forget it is Friday today and City Hall closes early on Fridays.

At a drum, a few meters from the door, Chris drops his bounty to the ground and lifts the lid strategically holding it up above the middle of the drum. Inside the drum a fuming acid liquid broils.

Tom looking on, stamps and signs a receipt book and it appears that J.P. is dropping the rats into the acid, but they in fact, fall to the ground behind the drum.

As the rodents disappear from view, Tom acknowledges with a huge puff on his pipe and a elaborate wave of an official stamp and a loud bang on the receipt.

TOM

Fantastic!

Chris drops the lid loudly when to Tom it seems that all five rodents have been totally dispensed of. The two boys rush towards Tom and collect the receipts, while hidden behind them, young Marius Barnard sneaks up behind the drum, collecting the rodents.

TOM

A penny a piece guys. Just make sure you present it at City Hall for payment before they close.

CHRIS BARNARD

We will Uncle Tom, but first we must go check some more traps, how long is Sir going to still be here?

Dodsley arrives distracting Tom even more.

TOM

Fantastic! Dodsley my number one catcher, how is it going?

DODSLEY BARNARD

Hello sir, all is well and I hope it is well with you too. Chris you must hurry and go check the last of the traps, time is running short. Marius is already busy and should have some more so go quickly, JP you as well, go help bring in the rest.

TOM

Faaannntassstic! You youngsters are keeping me employed, you know that?

CUT TO

15 EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

15

We pick up as the small gang of friends are leaving City Hall. They stop and face each other, pouring their collective finance into Dodsley's hand. Chris is counting.

CHRIS BARNARD

thirty five, thirty six, thirty seven ...Forty.

MARIUS BARNARD

Our best so far.

FANIE BEKKER

Fifteen rats equal forty pennies. Faaannntassstic!

(CONTINUED)

Fanies fantastic imitates Tom and all the boys start laughing.

DODSLEY BARNARD

Guys we actually have more than enough cash for the 'movies' tomorrow. We have over a pound and we still haven't done the sacks.

JP DANIELS

If we have enough, why do we need to do the sacks?

CHRIS BARNARD

Consistency, we do it every Friday, that way nobody asks questions. Today we just do less.

FANIE BEKKER

Right guys, lets do it.

The gang rush off down Beaufortwest main road.

CUT TO

16 EXT. BACKYARD ISAAC'S AND SONS GENERAL DEALER - DAY 16

The gang storm over Donkin Road towards a general dealer building, Isaac's and Sons General Dealers.

The back yard is filled with crates, empty bottles, and an assortment of various things. In the furthest corner, a pile of Hessian sacks are stacked almost to the height of the perimeter wall, which is made of corrugated iron and wood. Just outside the yard, on the street side of the fence, the troop of boys arrive. They form a tight circle.

CHRIS BARNARD

Right Michael, it's your turn today.

DODSLEY BARNARD

Wait, lets check first. Marius on my shoulders.

Marius who is the smallest of the group is lifted onto Dodley's shoulders, which allows them enough height to look over the corrugated wall.

MARIUS BARNARD

All clear.

(CONTINUED)

Without hesitation, JP and Fanie grab hold of a sheet of corrugated iron and shift it slightly to the side, opening a space for Michael to slip through. Chris is surveying the street up and down. Hessian bags start to fly over the fence. Chris and JP start collecting them with nervous haste.

DODSLEY BARNARD

Right Michael, that's enough, get out of there.

After Marius slides off his shoulders, Dodsley helps Michael squeeze through the fence by sliding the panel to one side. Fanie helps JP to shift the corrugated fence back into place and with that, the boys scamper off.

CUT TO

17 INT. ISAAC'S AND SONS GENERAL DEALER - DAY 17

Chris and Fanie arrive with the bags neatly rolled up. Entering through the shop door, a bell announces their arrival. Amongst all sorts of goods, we see an old gentleman shopkeeper behind a grand counter looking up over the top of delicate reading glasses.

UNCLE HYMIE

Hello boys, what can I do for you fine young gentlemen today?

CHRIS BARNARD

Hello Uncle Hymie. We've just come to hand in some feeding sacks if that is okay?

UNCLE HYMIE

Well of course, what problem could there be? You boys are my best suppliers. Penny a bag as always.

Chris lays the rolled up bags on the counter, which Uncle Hymie rolls out and begins to count.

FANIE BEKKER

There is ten in all, Uncle Hymie.

UNCLE HYMIE

Yes, ten exactly. Here's your cash boys.

He goes over to a classic old cash register, swinging down on the arm. It opens with a jingle and he removes ten pennies and hands it over the counter. At the same time, he stretches over the counter, removing some candy from a huge jar and shares a few sweets between the two boys.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD AND FANIE.

Thank you Uncle Hymie.

UNCLE HYMIE

Keep up the good work, boys and
keep bringing me more feed bags.
We need all we can get.

FANIE BEKKER

No problem Uncle Hymie.

The boys turn and head out of the store into the main road. Filtering in from various vantage points, they head off in the same direction. Above, a pair of black spotted eagles circle.

CUT TO

18

EXT. ORCHARD - DAY

18

The boys are racing through an orchard plump with fruit bearing trees, each one grabbing whatever they can get and stuffing every pocket, filling up their upturned khaki shirts at speed and in a line stretching from one side to the other of the orchard. In the distance, shouting, a fat policeman on a bicycle starts to chase the boys.

CONRADIE

Hey you kids, what are you up to?
That is private property. Stop!
In the name of the Law!

Conradie sets out to chase them, but by the time he enters the one end of the orchard, the boys are exiting the other, laden with fruit.

They race through a blue gum plantation at the edge of town, gathering together on the banks of a dry river bed out of sight. They sit down on a fallen tree log. From under the log, the boys pull out a few wooden fruit crates and they start to sort the fruit. Conradie, the fat policeman, appears at the top of the river bank, pushing his bicycle along. Making a scene, he ducks over the bank and joins the group of boys sitting down on the trunk.

CONRADIE

Naughty boys you lot, always
stealing the fruit and running
away from the long arm of the
law!

He reaches out as JP tosses him a fat juicy apple and begins to laugh. (joined by the group in laughter) He looks about, all the boys are scoffing their favourite fruit. At their feet are a further three crates, full of fruit.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Here Conradie, here is your cut.

He hands over a reasonable string bag full of fruit.

CONRADIE

Thank you, this looks good. I see you have enough for the train tomorrow morning.

DODSLEY BARNARD

For sure. Will you be joining us tomorrow afternoon at the matinee as per usual Conradie?

CONRADIE

Looking forward, looking forward. I better be off, before we raise any suspicions, see you guys tomorrow.

He picks up his cycle and heads to the top of the river bank, where he stops and looks back at the group.

CONRADIE

You lot better stay out of trouble. The next time I catch you, you will all be in big trouble.

He performs for those town's people who might be watching, but nobody is, and the routine is obviously rehearsed. As he waves his string sack full of fresh fruit, the boys wave back and smile.

DODSLEY BARNARD

Right guys, it is getting late. If my brothers and I want to have any chance of making the movies tomorrow, we better get home and start our chores. You guys know the drill. Hide the fruit well and do a good job selling it tomorrow at the station.

MICHAEL ROSSOUW

We will be around tomorrow about twelve to pick you guys up.

The Barnard three break away from the group and start to head up the embankment.

As Chris reaches the top of the embankment, he spots the two circling Eagles, he stares up at them.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

There is always an eye watching everything.

CUT TO

19 EXT. BARNARD HOME - DAY

19

The three brothers reach the front gate of their home which opens onto Donkin Road, the main street of Beaufort West. The three are quite chuffed with their afternoon's achievement, confident and proud, as they enter the front gate.

MARIA BARNARD

Where have you three been? How dare you leave here without asking me first? I want no excuses, did you do your homework? I am your mother, not your servant, so you better tell me that you have done your chores.

The brothers standing tall to short, look up at their irate mother, towering over them, dressed in a full length black dress and holding a yard broom in one hand, the other hand on her hip.

CHRIS BARNARD

But Mommm!

The broom swings, whacking Chris on his hip. All three dodge a second blow, scattering into a wider circle.

MARIA BARNARD

I told you no excuses.

DODSLEY BARNARD

Mom, school ended this morning. It is holiday, we have no homework.

Maria Barnard takes up her former position, but this time her free hand is poking a finger towards the boys.

MARIA BARNARD

I don't care if the sky is falling down, you boys will study every day unless I say otherwise.

She takes another swing with her broom, but this time misses comfortably.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA BARNARD

Your eldest brother Johannes has just let your father and I know that he has failed a subject at university and in this family we cannot afford this kind of failure. So study every day you shall, until you all have a degree.

CHRIS BARNARD

But Ma, school holidays started today.

MARIA BARNARD

Chris Neethling Barnard come here, stand here where I can reach you.

She is indicating with extreme intent with her finger. As if Chris is tied by a string, he is automatically drawn closer until he is standing directly in front of her, at attention, looking up at his mother. His two brothers are also gathered in with an invisible force. She flips over the broom at lightning speed and starts to rhythmically bounce the broom side up and down on Chris's head who is standing in the middle of his two brothers, directly in the path of his mother's reach.

MARIA BARNARD

Now you and your brothers will have to understand. I am your mother and I don't care if it is the end of the world, you shall study every day till the cows come home.

At every word, she whacks Chris over the head, not hard, but enough to start making him buckle due to the repetitive speed which gains momentum as she emphasises her words; putting in one last whack for good measure as she exclaims.

MARIA BARNARD

Do you understand?!

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes Ma.

She moves the broom over at Marius, takes a swing, but misses, however, she skips over Chris's head and gets a good shot in on Dodsley.

MARIA BARNARD

Now get on with your chores and come call me when you are all done. I want to inspect.

(CONTINUED)

She hands over the broom to Dodsley, turns around on the hoof, lifts her long dress and heads back towards the house.

Dodsley begins to rub his head in unison with Chris while Marius lets go of a nervous giggle behind his mothers back. She does not look back. Dodsley, who has got the broom, reaches over and whacks Marius over the head, causing him to giggle even more. As their mother enters through the front door, she calls out again without looking back.

MARIA BARNARD

Marius, you come inside and help me in the kitchen. I have lots of work for you. Dodsley, you finish the yard and Chris, I want you to polish the passage.

The boys all shrug and set about doing what they are told, they have no choice.

CUT TO

20

INT. BARNARD HOME - DAY

20

The linoleum covered floor is sparkling, shining with a bright green and yellow pattern. The passage way is long with closed doors leading off in all directions. The passage exudes a suppressive atmosphere, with its silent eerie wood finishing, shafts of light spilling in from the outside through the coloured fanlights situated above all the doors.

There is a clear reflection of Chris kneeling, with a tin of Cobra wax polish, cloth and brush, on the floor.

Chris is completely absorbed in what he is doing, methodically shining the floor backward and forward with a brush. At the same time he is reading from a book placed neatly near his knee.

He reads a bit and then, under his breath, recites what he has just read. He continues to polish.

CHRIS BARNARD

Set a watch, O lord, before my mouth; Keep the door of my lips. Incline not my heart to any Evil thing, to practice wicked words with men That work Iniquity: and let me not eat deities.

As he recites, he polishes away at the floor, tilting his head to see if his work is providing the required gloss.

(CONTINUED)

He looks up again and bends toward the book (a Bible) and continues to read the next line.

CHRIS BARNARD
Let the righteous smite me; it
shall be a kindness.

Polishing, he repeats what he has read.

CHRIS BARNARD
Let the righteous smite me; it
shall be a kindness.

He keeps reading.

CHRIS BARNARD
When their judges are overthrown
in stony places, They shall hear
my words; for they are sweet

As he is about to recite again, his mother appears in the hall.

MARIA BARNARD
Chris how many chapters have you
done?

CHRIS BARNARD
I have done thirty Psalms.

MARIA BARNARD
And which one are you doing now?

CHRIS BARNARD
Psalm 141:3-5

MARIA BARNARD
Well let me hear it while I
inspect your work.

She moves closer to Chris. Bending over, she picks up the bible laying next to him and as she stands up with book in hand, the whole room spins around as Chris starts to recite Psalm 141 from memory.

CHRIS BARNARD
Set a watch O Lord, before my
mouth; keep the door of my lips.
Incline not my heart to any evil
thing, To practice wicked words
with men That work Iniquity: And
let me not eat of their deities
Let the righteous smite me; it
shall be a kindness.

His mother is walking up and down the hall, keeping tabs on his recital and at the same time checking every section

of the floor. In the pristine reflection in the floor, Chris looks up at himself.

CHRIS BARNARD

When their judges are overthrown
in stony places, They shall hear
my words: for they are sweet, Our
bones are scattered at the graves
mouth, As when one cutteth and
cleaveth wood upon the earth.
Keep me from the snares which
they have laid for me.

MARIA BARNARD

Right Chris, and on what page of
the Bible do we find Psalm 141?

CHRIS BARN

Page 465.

MARIA BARNARD

Hmm, young man I am not
impressed.

Chris looks at his mother via the perfect reflection in the floor.

CHRIS BARNARD

Did I make a mistake?

MARIA BARNARD

Look here. You have missed a
spot.

She slams the Bible closed and points down at a spot close to her feet.

MARIA BARNARD

When you finished here remember
the stove needs some wood.

Maria Barnard floats away down the hall, leaving Chris staring at the spot. He slides over and polishes the spot.

CHRIS BARNARD

Keep me from the snares which
they have laid for me.

He finishes, rising from the floor picks up the wax, cloths and brushes, puts them into a small pale and ambles down the hall. He turns and exits through the same door used by his mother. He looks back and straightens his hair in the reflection of the floor.

CUT TO

21

EXT. BEAUFORT WEST DAM - DAY (DAWN)

21

A perfect reflection, so perfect, up is down. Chris is looking in at the edge of the dam, straightening his hair. The sun is breaking the horizon.

He lifts his "Kettie", takes aim, and lets rip. The pebble leaves the sling and shoots out across the water. It slithers downward, slapping the water, but continues on as it skips onward. It leaves behind a ripple and as it does, the world spins over. What was up is now down and the stone continues on skipping along the water forming another ripple, again the world spins, the pebble skips across the dam and smacks into a rabbit with a whipping crack as its skull is crushed.

The rabbit is flung head over heels from where it was taking a drink of water. The ripple upon the water gently fades, returning the surface once again to glass.

ADAM BARNARD

Chris, if I did not see it, I
would not have believed it, what
a shot.

The voice breaks across the reflecting landscape. Chris looks to his side to where his father is.

Dressed in black, carrying a hunter's bag over his shoulder with a double barrel, two trigger shotgun rifle flexed over his forearm, open and facing downward.

CHRIS BARNARD

A bit of luck, Father. I thought
that the rabbit might see a stone
coming at him directly, because
he would see it in the
reflection, so I thought if I
skipped it, it would confuse him
long enough to make the hit. All
that would be needed was a bit of
luck.

Adam Barnard moves closer to Chris.

ADAM BARNARD

My son, you had faith in yourself
and your ability. You believed it
could be done, hoped for the
best, took action and there you
have it! Something for the pot.

CHRIS BARNARD

I will go fetch it, maybe Ma can
make it into pie.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM BARNARD

Mom will definitely make something delicious. For that we need not use any faith, son, because that is merely fact. My mouth waters already.

Chris is running round the dam while his father is lighting his pipe.

Chris picks up the dead rabbit, lifting it up high, showing it to his father watching from the opposite side of the dam. The perfect reflection of the dam is broken by the falling splatter of blood dripping from the rabbit, falling onto the glassy water, the blood mixing with the water shapes itself into the head of a Springbok.

CUT TO

22

EXT. BEAUFORT WEST DAM - DAY (LATER)

22

The springbok turns but for him it is too late, the twelve bore shot gun's pellets rip through its head, obliterating its beautiful fine lines. We see the skull being ripped open and the eye ball disintegrating and its ears trimmed by an invisible carving knife.

The springbok falls with a thud to the ground and in the breathtaking expanse of the Karoo, the ringing reverberation of the shotgun. Walking across the gravelly plain, father and son approach the fallen Springbok.

CHRIS BARNARD

Perfect shot Father, it did not know what hit it.

ADAM BARNARD

Yes, Son, now we have more than enough for our Sunday guests. They will be spoilt by fine Karoo Springbok venison.

They look down towards the ground, Adam Barnard again lights his pipe. Chris looks down inspecting the buck, the remains of the bucks head lies looking upwards towards father and son, Adam Barnard takes a thoughtful puff of his pipe.

ADAM BARNARD

I AM that I AM' my fallen prey. As you were you will be. I AM has sent you to me, so I can be.

CHRIS BARNARD

Father you always say this prayer when you bag an animal. Everytime

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD (cont'd)
I hear you pray this, my
understanding of what it means
changes.

ADAM BARNARD
'Chaim' my son, not as in shame,
but 'Chaim' another name for God.
When Moses asked God his name,
God replied "I AM That I AM .Thus
shalt thou say unto the children
of Israel, I Am hath sent me unto
you."

CHRIS BARNARD
My reasoning lacks understanding.

ADAM BARNARD
You must first think before you
can understand my son. The answer
is not obvious to you? Neither is
it to me. I learnt it from my
father when we were lumberjacks
living in the forests of Knysna.

CHRIS BARNARD
I have given the phrase much
thought and I cannot understand
it even though I know it is
important. I don't know why.

ADAM BARNARD
If we look at all of nature we
see that it lives, all of Mother
Earth has a heart beat pulsating,
energy that sustains the heart
within each of us, our soul.

The Springbok jerks upwards startling Chris who jumps
backward, his father maintains his composure, lifts his
foot over the springbok, holding it down.

ADAM BARNARD
Shh, shh, shh there you are my
animal friend. I am here with
you, rest your body now, shh,
shh, shh.

The springbok stretches its body outwards in all
directions and then finally comes to rest again as it
slumps under foot.

CHRIS BARNARD
It is still alive?

ADAM BARNARD

No my son, it lives but it is not
alive any more.

CHRIS BARNARD

It moves and the heart beats, it
must still die.

ADAM BARNARD

No Chris think, even though the
body still functions, the life
has left the body.

CHRIS BARNARD

You say the soul has left Father,
but how do we know if it has a
soul, how do we know Father?

ADAM BARNARD

All of nature has a soul. We are
all connected to each other, each
and every soul, my son. We cannot
see this outright so how would I
explain this to you out here on
top of the hill side?

As he looks up, so does Chris, and in the distance they
see the puffing smoke of the steam train with its whistle
steam blowing.

ADAM BARNARD

Can you see the whistle steam on
the train?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes I see it.

ADAM BARNARD

Do you see the train?

CHRIS BARNARD

No it is hidden by the hill.

As he finishes answering, the sound of the train's whistle
echoes across the plain.

ADAM BARNARD

Did you hear the sound arrive
Son, it came after you saw the
whistle blow?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes.

ADAM BARNARD

Have you seen the train yet?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

No.

ADAM BARNARD

But you know it is there?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes.

ADAM BARNARD

Well son, think how you saw the train even though you still don't see it, this is how the soul is. We hear it, we can see glimpses of it's energy. We never really see it, but we know it is there.

In the distance a steam train transverses the foot of a hill, revealing itself and its carriages.

CHRIS BARNARD

I understand Father, but how do animals have souls?

ADAM BARNARD

What do you think son, what do you believe?

CHRIS BARNARD

We cannot know Father, I must still think about it.

ADAM BARNARD

Well that is good, let me know what you decide, but right now if we hurry, we can get home before the heat gets us.

CHRIS BARNARD

And we could make it for breakfast.

Adam Barnard takes out a rolled up leather hunter's shoulder apron from the pack. He skilfully rolls it out into the air, tossing the soft leather cloth over his shoulder, strapping it under his right arm. He bends over and lifts the Springbok without effort over his shoulder.

Chris is carrying the shot gun, barrel open exactly the way his father carries it, over the forearm.

ADAM BARNARD

Right son, let's make a move.

Chris picks up the pack.

CUT TO

The kitchen inside is inviting with an AGAR stove burning, and coffee perculating. W see a typical kitchen of its time. Mother is at the back window from where light is drifting in, looking outward. Little Marius still in pyjamas is snacking away at the table, feet swinging under the kitchen chair.

MARIA BARNARD

Here comes your father and brother now. Go fetch Dodsley, tell him he must come eat and make himself ready to gut and skin.

Marius runs out the kitchen as Chris and Father walk in through the back stable type door.

Adam Barnard is carrying his shot gun and after doing a safety check, slides it into a holder above the door.

ADAM BARNARD

Morning Maria, the coffee smells terrific and the bacon delicious.

MARIA BARNARD

You could not expect better from here to China. I see you have had early success with the hunt.

ADAM BARNARD

Young Chris here beat me to the kill and successfully bagged a rabbit for some pie.

MARIA BARNARD

You let him fire the rifle, Adam, how could you? What good is a Rabbit full of pellets? Are you okay Chris, how is your shoulder?

CHRIS BARNARD

It is fine Mom.

ADAM BARNARD

No. He did not need a shotgun, he used his 'kettie' and a shot that will never be seen again, most definitely not by the rabbit lying outside on the yard table.

MARIA BARNARD

No well no fine. My boy is becoming a young man. Both of you go wash up and come tell me everything over breakfast. I will pour the coffee so long.

(CONTINUED)

The father and son drift out through the kitchen as Dodsley enters the kitchen, the trio of men slide past one another.

DODSLEY BARNARD

Morning Dad, morning Mom! You guys are back early. Marius tells me you have a Springbok?

Dodsley is still shaking off the sleep.

CHRIS BARNARD

A Springbok and a rabbit.

MARIA BARNARD

Now, now, Chris, no need to brag. Get done and then you can tell us all how it went over breakfast.

Dodsley, followed by an excited Marius, infiltrate further into the comfortable kitchen and slide onto a long bench backed by a corrugated wall and some cushions, which runs down the length of one side of the kitchen, fronted by an equally long table on which we see breakfast laid out, freshly baked bread, boiled eggs, jam, and porridge, as the boys slide in over the bench.

MARIA BARNARD

Dodsley, I don't want you to delay. The Springbok needs to be hung and cleaned up. I want you to coach Chris, seeing that he has made his first kill, so while you do the Springbok, Chris can do the rabbit.

DODSLEY BARNARD

Chris got to shoot the shotgun?

MARIA BARNARD

No, somehow he nailed it with his "Kettie".

Marius and Dodsley look at each other, lifting their eyebrows and curving their lips knowingly.

MARIA BARNARD

Dodsley I don't want you to dawdle, when your father and brother get in here, I want you to get done and drag Chris with you and get the animals clean as quickly as you can. I need that meat to hang a while so I can prepare some of it for lunch tomorrow. Fresh meat is always more difficult to prepare, and I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARIA BARNARD (cont'd)
want lunch to be perfect
tomorrow.

DODSLEY BARNARD
No problem Mom, it will be done
quick sticks and in a hurry. I
will move quickly anyway to bleed
as much as possible, if Mom is
making blood pudding?

MARIA BARNARD
You should know by now Dodsley,
there is no waste and the warmer
the carcass, the better the
letting.

Chris and his farther enter the kitchen together and take
up positions. Father to the head of the table, closest to
the rear door. They all shuffle into their seats and
together they bow their heads as Adam Barnard begins to
give thanks.

ADAM BARNARD
Our Father who art in Heaven.

CUT TO

24 EXT. BARNARD HOME, BACKYARD

24

Chris and Dodsley are stringing up the Springbok carcass
using a small wooden block and tackle, strung from a cross
beam a little way away from the kitchen entrance.

(This section of the yard is the butchering area
reminiscent of most South African homes during the early
1900's, where the skinning and cleaning of livestock took
place.)

As we hear the Lords Prayer, been said, transitioning from
previous breakfast scene, we begin to reveal the Springbok
being butchered.

ADAM BARNARD (V.O.)
(continuing)
Our Father who art in heaven.

DODSLEY BARNARD
Chris tell me when it reaches the
right height.

The springbok is raised hanging up side down.

CHRIS BARNARD
Done, Dodsley that is perfect.

Chris moves fast, with his usual nervous demeanour and he

(CONTINUED)

slides a large white enamel basin in under the upside down damaged Springbok head, which is now hanging from the gallows.

ADAM BARNARD (V.O.)
(continuing)
hallowed is Thy name...

Dodsley moves in on the neck of the Springbok with a large blade and slices through the hard bristle hair, slicing into the flesh of the neck effortlessly. Chris grabs the head by the horns and lifts upwards, aiding the cut, widening it at the slit allowing the guttural arteries to gush out thick blue maroon blood into the enamel basin.

DODSLEY BARNARD
It is good the buck is still
fresh and warm, we will get at
least two pints. If we could have
bled him straight away, we would
have even more.

We see the blood pouring and soon we see it slowing with huge clots falling from the buck.

DODSLEY BARNARD
Quick Chris, get that to Mom
before it starts to clot any
more.

Chris grabs the basin and swings out, rushing towards the back-door, he shouts as he gets closer.

CHRIS BARNARD
Maaa! Open!

The top half of the stable door opens and Maria Barnard grabs the basin from Chris, and then rushes over to pour the blood through a cheese cloth into a white enamel bucket, watched by little Marius who is helping with the stabilisation of the cheese cloth.

ADAM BARNARD (V.O.)
(continuing)
Thy kingdom come.

DODSLEY BARNARD
Sorry Springbok.

An axe breaks through the neck vertebra and the head of the Springbok falls. Chris swoops up the head placing it onto the table next to the gallows. He covers it with cloth and returns the few steps to where Dodsley is busy.

The skin is coming off, the ripping tears of flesh being pulled apart. Slit from neck to groin the buck is being peeled expertly. Dodsley working his way from top to

bottom. Halfway down the carcass, he hands the knife to Chris.

ADAM BARNARD (V.O.)
(continuing)
Thy will be done...

DODSLEY BARNARD
Let's see what you can do.

Chris takes the knife and continues to skin the buck as if he is an old hand at it. He shows skill with the knife and Dodsley steps back agreeing to every move Chris is making.

DODSLEY BARNARD
Just like that Chris, yes that is good, good.

As Chris continues, the skin flops off into the basin. He hands the knife back to his brother, picking the skin up out of the basin and runs to peg it into a waiting frame. With a bit of difficulty, Chris stretches the skin.

Dodsley is vigorously sharpening the boning knife, putting on a fresh edge on the sand stone block.

ADAM BARNARD (V.O.)
(continuing)
On Earth as it is in Heaven.

The slit travels fast downwards towards the ribs, and as it does, the guts begin to spill. The entrails slide over the now skinned carcass into the basin. As it falls, we see Dodsley's hands go into the cavity, widening it. Knife in hand he scoops out the remaining stomach and enters even deeper into the bowel, picking left then right with the knife, widening the cavity with every flick of the blade.

ADAM BARNARD (V.O.)
(continuing)
give us this day our daily bread.

DODSLEY BARNARD
Chris.

Dodsley begins to hand over internal organs, the kidney first and then shortly afterwards the liver. Chris rushes them to the table, puts them down, covering with cloth to keep the flies away. Both are becoming ever more smeared with blood and bits of flesh.

The bowel is done.

ADAM BARNARD (V.O.)
(continuing)
and forgive us our trespasses.

(CONTINUED)

Dodsley hands over the knife to Chris.

DODSLEY BARNARD

Right, you take it further, let's see what you know.

Chris quickly continues to cut into the flesh, extending the slit further down to the chest area, following the sternum with the point of the boning knife, opening the flesh as far as the bone.

He hands the knife back to his brother and collects a small axe and a pound hammer. He braces the axe at the top part of the cavity bracing it against the sternum.

His brother steps in.

DODSLEY BARNARD (BOY)

Chris this is good, okay let me help with the axe.

ADAM BARNARD (V.O.)

(continuing)

as we forgive those that trespass against us.

Dodsley takes the end of the axe handle, holding it in place while Chris aims the pounder to the back end. He drives the hammer, the sternum splits, he brings the hammer down again and the bone cracks, splitting the sternum, opening the carcass.

ADAM BARNARD (V.O.)

(continuing)

Lead us not into temptation.

Chris withdraws the heart of the Springbok connected by arteries, he now slices away with the knife, freeing it from the carcass. He holds it out in front of him showing his brother.

Chris's eyes sparkle beneath his bloodied face.

ADAM BARNARD (V.O.)

(continuing)

but deliver us from evil.

CHRIS BARNARD

deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory. Forever and ever.

Chris holds the heart up, studying it intently.

DODSLEY BARNARD

Chris what the hell are you doing!?

(CONTINUED)

Dodsley peering over the upheld heart. Suddenly the heart beats, squirting blood into both of their faces.

CHRIS BARNARD

Amen.

the two brothers stare at each other as the heart gives off two more pumps.

ADAM BARNARD (V.O.)

(continuing)

Thank you Father. Good. Now let us eat.

Chris's face is smeared with blood.

CUT TO

25

INT. CINEMA - DAY

25

Face of Dracula in the 1930 black and white motion picture.

Dracula is bending over his victim, holding the heart of the victim up high.

Chris, Marius and Dodsley with the rest of the gang, JP and Fanie, are all sitting engrossed at the spectacle on the screen.

Dodsley looks to Chris.

DODSLEY BARNARD

That's you.

CHRIS BARNARD

So what.

Chris turns towards Dodsley.

CHRIS BARNARD

If I was Dracula I would be famous too.

DODSLEY BARNARD

Dracula gets killed.

CHRIS BARNARD

We all die. At least he dies famously.

A few rows back an enormous mother sitting with her kids eats her popcorn, she chokes. Struggling, she stands up and staggers into the isle stumbling. Children start to screech and the house lights illuminate the house.

Chris and the gang are first to react, Dodsley struggles

(CONTINUED)

to pick her up. Everybody is stretching over their seats to see what is going on.

DODSLEY BARNARD
Help me get her upright!

Fanie and JP tug at the arms while Dodsley gets behind her. They get the woman into a sitting position as she starts to turn blue. Dodsley whacks her back but nothing changes. Numerous kids looking on become more distraught. They start to run out of the theatre. The Cinema manager arrives with a small entourage, following.

CINEMA MANAGER
What in blazes is going on here?!

He looks down over the circle of boys who are trying to revive the woman. He slides himself into the centre of the circle, kneeling in front of the woman.

CINEMA MANAGER
She looks like she is choking,
slap her back.

DODSLEY BARNARD
I am trying!

CINEMA EMPLOYEE
Harder damnit!

Dodsley bangs her violently in the arch of her back.

The cinema employee climbs over her and whacks her even more brutally.

DODSLEY BARNARD
It is not helping.

He hits her even harder, but to no avail.

Chris steps up, pushing two onlookers sideways, kicking the woman straight into the midriff with his bare foot; so hard we hear the thud. Everybody gives off a moan. The kick causes the woman to explode bits of popcorn all over the cinema manager who has shifted position to have a better look at her face. With a gasp, the woman collapses onto her side, coughing and spluttering, she is breathing in wild gasps.

CINEMA MANAGER
Fuck me Jesus, check this shit.

He starts to pick at the popcorn and bits of soggy food stuck to his face.

CINEMA MANAGER

Jesus, kid, how the hell could you kick the old girl like that?

CHRIS BARNARD

She was choking, she was dead. I reckoned a kick would either help, or send her further on her way. It couldn't hurt either way!

DODSLEY BARNARD

You're mad in the head Chris, you know that, you are nuts.

CHRIS BARNARD

So what! At least it worked, look she is not dying any more.

The woman is starting to sit up. Breathing heavily, she looks up coughing and holding onto her chest where Chris had given her a kick.

CINEMA MANAGER

Are you all right Aunty Sannie?
Can you stand?

She begins to stagger to her feet, but is unable, so remains seated in the isle.

An usher arrives carrying some water, which she drinks coughing and spluttering while the cinema manager restores order to the house.

CINEMA MANAGER

OK! OK! Everybody back to your seats, give Aunty Sannie space to breath.

AUNTY SANNIE

My hat on a pedestal. I am sure somebody kicked me?

CINEMA MANAGER

It was Chris, Tannie Sannie. He just kicked the hell out of you just like that, we all thought you were a gonner!

CHRIS BARNARD

Sorry Aunty Sannie for kicking you, but nobody knew what to do.

AUNTY SANNIE

(Coughing)

My darling Chris. Klein Chrissie you little pumpkin, come here. Let me give you a great big fat kiss.

(CONTINUED)

She is leaning over and grabs Chris, drawing him to her bosoms, squashing him tightly and kissing him on his head.

AUNTY SANNIE

You little hero. Today Chrissie you are my hero, you saved my life, I was already drifting in the clouds.

Tant Sannie has another drink of water, she coughs looking up at faded outlines on the screen as a wooden stake is driven into the heart of Dracula.

AUNTY SANNIE

Yep, that's what it felt like.

Dracula is in the last throws of existence, the crazed look of a hero, sporting a wild mop of hair who, as the stake is driven in, looks upwards with a crazed stare; hands held up high like a preacher, he looks out towards the cinema audience.

CUT TO

26

INT. CHURCH - DAY

26

A preacher, hands up high, dressed in black staring crazily over a huge bible on a pulpit with the word "truth" emblazoned on the front, has captured his congregation.

'Domini' (Preacher) is punching his lines into the air.

DOMINI (PREACHER)

Yes brethren, this past week I was down in Cape Town at our Church Senate. I would like to pass on to you what transpired, as it is in actual fact an extension of my sermon to you today, and I refer you to the Book of Genesis, Chapter 9 verses 19 to 28.

Amongst the congregation is Aunt Sannie and her two children, all transfixed by the preacher. The children are sitting in the pew directly in front of their mother. She is unwrapping a XXX-mint as she starts to cough. The family of three stand out from the rest of the congregation, the mother is coloured and the children a darker shade of pale.

Aunt Sannie coughing...

(CONTINUED)

DOMINEE (PREACHER)
(continuing)
We talk here of the separation of
peoples, of societies as it is
written in the word of God. The
first separation came between
brothers.

Aunt Sannie coughing louder...

DOMINEE (PREACHER)
(continuing)
Genesis 9 onwards, we have Noah
and his family embarked from the
Ark, all is well with him and his
family. Due to Noah's love and
fear of God, his family has been
saved and after this devastating
flood all of earth is given to
Noah and his descendants, by God!
In this covenant that God
undertakes with Noah.

The preacher (Dominee) is charismatic, his lines are delivered with power and evangelical zeal.

Aunt Sannie coughing again...

This time the preacher peers over the pulpit in her direction, annoyed, but he continues with his sermon unabated.

DOMINEE (PREACHER)
(continuing)
Now after this traumatic ordeal
things begin to turn back to
normal for Noah and one of the
things he does is to plant vines,
and it is not long after this,
that he gets to drink wine which
he created. Unfortunately he
drinks so much he passes out
naked in his tent from
drunkenness.

He looks over at the church organ, Maria Barnard on the organ gives off a dramatic low key. Standing in the organ enclave, is Chris who pumps the organ with a hand ballast maintaining the air pressure. Chris looks over concerned by Aunt Sannie.

Aunt Sannie coughing...

DOMINEE (PREACHER)
(continuing)
Now some of us may shout,
scandal, getting drunk passing
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOMINEE (PREACHER) (cont'd)
 out what kind of holy man is this
 Noah? Which is precisely what his
 youngest son does!

The preacher punches his finger into the air, pointing it
 out over the congregation.

DOMINEE (PREACHER)
 (continuing)
 Noah's son makes fun of his
 father's nakedness, performing to
 all who could hear and eventually
 he calls his older two brothers
 to come and witness the great
 fall of their divine father. Ham,
 Noah's youngest son, mocks his
 father, disrespecting the most
 holy man on earth chosen by God
 to survive the obliteration of
 the entire world by flood.

The Pastor is fired up and pauses for effect, staring out
 at the congregation. His eyes move along, stopping with a
 direct stare at Aunty Sannie who cannot stop coughing.

Chris has become aware of the large lady's (Aunty Sannie)
 dilemma and has manoeuvred from behind the organ,
 concerned for Aunty Sannie.

DOMINEE (PREACHER)
 (continuing)
 The two older sons of Noah, Shem
 and Japeth arrive on this scene,
 prompted by Ham to look and see
 the great demise of their father,
 but Ham is then taken aback by
 his older brothers' behaviour,
 who with due respect to their
 father, cover their naked
 father's body by walking
 backwards into the tent and by
 not looking at their father. They
 do not partake in any form of
 mockery.

Aunty Sannie coughs...

Some of the congregation, annoyed, turn to look while
 Chris stands watching, concerned for her.

DOMINEE (PREACHER)
 (continuing)
 Here brothers and sisters is the
 moment which will become the
 first division and separation of
 man. For when Noah awakes, he

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOMINEE (PREACHER) (cont'd)
 finds out what Ham his youngest
 son had done and he curses Ham
 and all of Ham's descendants to
 servitude, to become servants of
 his brothers and their
 descendants.

Aunty Sannie is now more than visibly uncomfortable, trying to control her coughing, she is short of breath. The preacher(Dominee) is staring over his pulpit, visibly annoyed. Chris is edging forward in order to aid Aunty Sannie who has now begun to repeat her performance in the Cinema.

DOMINEE (PREACHER)
 (continuing)
 Today my brothers and sisters it
 is my duty to inform you of the
 future vision for the church as
 discussed at the church senate
 and over the next few weeks we
 will be laying out the Biblical
 instructions, introducing the
 modern doctrine.

Aunt Sannie is coughing and breathing heavily. She stands up and is clearly in distress.

Chris wants to go help, but as he is about to move, he looks over at the Preacher who has signalled for Chris.

It is the signal to play music and Chris must pump the bellows that pushes air into the organ. He starts to pump, tapping his mother, she starts to play.

The Preacher(dominnee,) using the music for dramatic effect, continues.

DOMINEE (PREACHER)
 (continuing)
 This doctrine is the future of
 our Afrikaner society, it is our
 only way forward, it is the
 fulfilment of the covenant
 between God and our forefathers
 written in blood, shed over
 centuries of battles.

The preacher waves a signal towards the deacons of the church so that they can help Aunty Sannie who has staggered out into the isle, virtually unnoticed by the congregation, holding her chest.

The Preacher(dominnee) does not stop his sermon.

DOMINEE (PREACHER)

(continuing)

I am honoured to inform the brethren of the chosen path and the official policy of separation for our Afrikaner society, as a chosen people of God, that from this day forward this policy of separate development and self determination under the modern doctrine of our reformed Church!

The dominee is now staring wildly at the congregation, his hands in the air, his eyes meet with Aunty Sannie who is still standing in the isle looking back at him.

Her one hand goes out towards the pulpit as the deacons come rushing up from the back of the isle.

DOMINEE (PREACHER)

(continuing)

Hence forth, may this new policy be known to all as, Apartheid!

Aunty Sannie falls over backward as the sound of the organ is in full swing and the congregation rises up singing the hymn

How Great Thou Art.

Nobody has noticed that Aunty Sannie has dropped dead. The deacons signal for some help and Aunty Sannie is half carried, half dragged out of the Church and out of view with only the congregation closest to the isle now beginning to notice. The service does not stop as the song continues to play, Chris is pumping hard on the bellows and is now also unaware of what has happened as he cannot see out from where he is pumping.

Auntie Sannie's two children, who clearly do not fit in with the rest of the congregation, are singing, unaware of what has occurred behind them and innocently unaware of the meaning of the sermon.

CUT TO

27

INT. CHURCH - DAY

27

The faces of Marius and Dodsley singing the hymn, 'How Great Thou Art' accompanied by a small ensemble of coloured musicians, playing, guitar, banjo, fiddle and an accordion in a much happier upbeat fashion.

The two white children in a congregation of 'coloured' people in a much more crowded church, which is smaller and less ornate.

(CONTINUED)

The pulpit fronted three times with the words, Love, Love, Love.

There is nobody behind the pulpit.

As the music is ending, Dominee Adam Barnard, is standing out amongst the congregation.

ADAM BARNARD

My people listen to the wonderful tone that this piece of music provides us, is it not good to be able to proclaim the Lord God Great?

CONGREGATION

Amen!

ADAM BARNARD

Do we not all feel better when we praise our Lord God the Father.

CONGREGATION

Amen!

The church is happier, livelier and more involved. Every line the preacher says, is followed by the strum of the guitar for emphasis.

ADAM BARNARD

Well my people I have to come to the end of my sermon now, and I see my beautiful wife and son are here, which is my signal to let you go. Enjoy those Sunday lunches which I know all the mothers are slow roasting in the ovens. Remember to invite those that might need your company, on this day, our Lord's day.

All the congregation looks to the back of the Church, welcoming the arrival of the two missing members of the Barnard family with nods and smiles and waves of acknowledgement. Some small kids pounce down the isle towards Maria Barnard. It is a happy congregation and for a moment all proceedings are stopped.

After nodding to his wife and blowing a kiss, Adam Barnard continues.

ADAM BARNARD

I will end off, reminding us all of our duties towards our fellow man, and that is To Love thy Neighbour as you Love Yourself! This is the most important

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ADAM BARNARD (cont'd)
instruction from our Lord God!
This is the first law and the
last!

CONGREGATION

Amen!

ADAM BARNARD
Therefore I pray that you all
have Love for Yourselves and for
one another! Amen.

CONGREGATION

Amen

The music starts to play, the hymn Onward Christian Soldiers. The congregation burst into song as Adam Barnard shuts his Bible and while clapping his hands together and blowing kisses to the congregation, he moves down the aisle to where his wife and son are standing.

As he comes closer, he sees that they are distraught. He quickly moves over to her, taking her in his arms and hugging her, he draws her and Chris closer as he turns to face the congregation who have started to exit the pews in line, filing out of the church.

While holding his Wife to his side, he hands the Bible to Chris and begins to shake the hands of every member of the congregation. They in turn grab the hands of Maria and of young Chris as they continue to file out through the door.

Tears develop in the eyes of Maria Barnard who grabs her handkerchief. Chris looks on.

CUT TO

28 INT. BARNARD HOME, KITCHEN - DAY

28

The tearful eyes of Maria Barnard sitting at the end of the table consoled by Adam Barnard.

MARIA BARNARD
I could hardly hear the sermon
with my deaf ear, but I could
feel the evilness creep in slowly
devouring minds and hearts.

ADAM BARNARD
Maria, Maria.

MARIA BARNARD
No, Adam, you still don't
understand, Tant Sannie could not
take it, without her husband. God
rest his Soul.

(CONTINUED)

she crosses her heart.

MARIA BARNARD

Without him to reassure her she could not stand hearing the sermon, how could she cope being of mixed marriage, her children mixed and the church officially announcing this Devil's doctrine?

ADAM BARNARD

I understand now, Maria.

MARIA BARNARD

Yes, you must! She understood before anybody else even realised, and she wanted to protest. A heart attack? Nobody can say, but the worst was the lack of compassion by everybody. Nobody noticed and those that did, did not care to go and help her, or stop the service. They just continued, without any care, without any Love.

ADAM BARNARD

Maria. Maria how dare they, I am so terribly sorry about what you are telling me, I can hardly believe.

MARIA BARNARD

It is all the truth, it is all the sad truth, the Church has cursed itself my husband, they are talking about a new word nobody has even heard of, Apart,. something or other.

CHRIS BARNARD

Apartheid Pa, that is what they preached, they said it was the future of the Afrikaner.

ADAM BARNARD

Apartheid, yes I know about this. They must have voted it in at the last senate meeting and now it is clear why the missions were not invited.

MARIA BARNARD

Why Adam, what have the missions got to do with this?

(CONTINUED)

ADAM BARNARD

Nothing, this has been coming a few years now, the missions blocked the implementation, they tried to vote it in at the last year's senate meeting but they lost against the combined mission vote. But this year the missions were excluded from attending the Senate, only the Mother churches were invited.

MARIA BARNARD

You have to protest, Adam, you have to do something.

ADAM BARNARD

I helped lead the Missions Maria, but we have been outmanouverd. They will prevent any protest from me or any other minister inside the church. They will throw us out and then where will we be? Us, our children, our congregation? We will do everything we can, but with caution, let us not react.

MARIA BARNARD

Adam, Adam, Adam?

ADAM BARNARD

They have divided the Church in order to implement this doctrine. CHAIM, to poor, Tant Sanni. May she rest in peace with the Father.

MARIA BARNARD

Amen

ADAM BARNARD

Darling, we are having the church band for lunch. Please dry your tears, let us be great hosts to our brethren and not show our distress. Let us not put them in distress either, while they are our guests, this news will travel without us fanning the flames.

She begins to pull herself together, straightening herself out she takes a deep breath.

MARIA BARNARD

You are right, my husband, let us overcome, excuse me while I go wash my face.

(CONTINUED)

Maria leaves the kitchen. There is a knock at the door. The members of the band and their families. First in is the guitar player. Hat in hand he reaches out to Adam Barnard.

GUITAR PLAYER

Afternoon Reverend, how are you?

ADAM BARNARD

Right now right here I can only say I am happy to see you. Come in, come in.

He reaches out and hugs him with joy. Chris smiles as he sees JP coming through the door.

ADAM BARNARD

Come in, come in. The adults can go through to the dining room and the children can take their seats here in the kitchen, come in people. Today we will feast and make merry.

People pour in through the stable type door, those carrying instruments carefully packing them in behind the door in the corner. The kitchen table is set and there is a banquet of food spread out down the sideboards and on the centre of the table. Into the separate dining room, the adult guests take up their seats, commenting on all the dishes as they go along. Roasts and pies, vegetables, salads. Some guests are taken aback as they pass the puddings, milk pudding, vinegar pudding and most of all 'blood pudding.' Everyone is courteous, dressed in Sunday best. It is clear that this is not an unfamiliar event.

MARIA BARNARD

Hello everybody welcome, I am so glad we are all here. So we, Dominee Adam, myself, and the children welcome you once again to our home.

Everybody claps.

MARIA BARNARD

Ok, so the food is waiting and like before I invite all the mothers to come serve. Let us make haste as we all know that if the food stands any longer, it will be cold. Adam will say short grace, so that when you get your food, please don't wait.

ADAM BARNARD

We are all truly grateful for
Gods bounty we are about to
receive, thank-you Lord, Father,
God. Amen.

EVERYBODY

Amen!

MARIA BARNARD

Let's serve and enjoy!

Serving and eating, enjoying Sunday lunch, kids running
around and hearing snippets of talk.

Later the members of the band are in the living room
playing tunes, everybody is singing along, the violinist
begins to emphasize and the rest of the band slowly fades
away as the violinist begins to solo.

The bow gently drifts over the strings, as the violinist
breaks into the ancient holy Jewish 'Konidre.'

CUT TO

29

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY (DUSK)

29

The dusky branches of a thorn tree vibrating to the
effects of a whirlwind. A dry dusty Karoo graveyard. In it
a woman dressed in long swaying black and a boy sitting
down on the side of a child's grave.

MARIA BARNARD

My first born, my first loss,
Abraham what would you say? Today
of all days.

CHRIS BARNARD

Don't cry Mother, please Mother
don't cry.

MARIA BARNARD

How can I my son, how can I stop
crying? What would the dead say
here today, what would they say
about the death of Aunt Sannie
and would they not turn in their
graves for the hearts of the
living that have failed us today?

Chris puts his hand up on the meter high white marble
cross. Maria wipes away her tears with a white
handkerchief. Chris looks at the grave of the brother he
never knew and looks up at his mother.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Don't worry Mother, I will fix
it, I promise.

The dusty whirlwind breezes over the graveside,
dissipating suddenly, leaving an eerie glow of light as
the sun touches the horizon.

MARIA BARNARD

What shall you do my son?

She talks to the grave, to herself, but it is Chris who
answers.

CHRIS BARNARD

I will rip out the heart of man
and I will fix it. I will change
the heart of man!

The wind blows Maria's long dress wildly, Chris's fringe
is blown straight up and in the distance, lightning
strikes and thunder rumbles over them as the sun sinks
below the Horizon.

CUT TO

30

INT. SAA AIRCRAFT - DAY

30

A plane crossing high above the Karoo.

AIR HOSTESS

Wake up sir. Goodness gracious
you have slept all the way! We
are approaching London, sir and
we will be landing any minute.
You need to sit up and buckle up.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes, yes thank-you nurse.

He wakes up, dazed. Sitting up straight, he looks up and
towards the air hostess's curvaceous hips, his eyebrows
lift. Louwtjie looks on, peeved. He turns to her, shaking
his head briskly side to side, eyes stretched wide open.

CHRIS BARNARD

What a life!

CUT TO

31 EXT. INTERLUDE HEATHROW - DAY (1967) 31

The SAA plane taxis to a halt next to a waiting TWA Boeing 747, ground staff rapidly manoeuvre and install the stairs. The Airport is abuzz with crowds of people, photographers and news reporters behind a barricade. The pace on the tarmac is frantic.

CUT TO

32 INT. SAA AIRCRAFT - DAY 32

Passengers are starting to move out of their seats. There is a hustled jostling on board to exit the craft, the voice of the Captain over the PA.

CAPTAIN

(over PA)

Ladies and gentleman, we ask everybody to remain seated until further notice please. We will be exiting the aircraft in due time. We apologise for the delay.

The passengers stare questionally towards each other, some shrugging, others moaning, but all the passengers return to their seats.

The aircraft door opens and British customs officials in uniform enter the plane, greeted by the Captain. The entourage head straight to where Dr. Chris Barnard and Louwtjie are sitting.

The rest of the passengers are curious.

BRITISH INSPECTOR

Thank you Captain.

CAPTAIN

My pleasure sir. Dr Barnard you are being escorted off the aircraft by these gentlemen, straight to your next flight.

CHRIS BARNARD

What do you mean Captain?

CAPTAIN

Well apparently you will be transferred to a TWA flight with out delay, destined for America. Your luggage is being transferred as we speak.

(CONTINUED)

BRITISH INSPECTOR

Yes Sir, the powers that be have kept a flight waiting for you for over seven hours and I must say in all my years of service I have never seen this happen. Please Sir and Ma'am, if we may?

The Barnard couple are scooped up and they begin to exit.

The passengers on board begin to realize who it is and excitedly begin to clap hands and cheer.

PASSENGER #1

Can you believe it, here he was on the plane with us and we didn't even realize it?

PASSENGER #2

Can you believe I was reading the front page with his face splashed all over and here he was sitting, just over there?

The Passenger points to a newspaper. Chris's photo is splashed over the front page.

CUT TO

33

EXT. LONDON AIRPORT HEATHROW, RUNWAY - DAY

33

(two aircraft side by side)

They walk down the stairs, Chris in front, followed by Louwtjie. There is a light precipitation. Chris turns to assist Louwtjie. Cameras are flashing from all directions.

She retreats from his grasp, halts and looks out over the tarmac. The pack of reporters and photographers have broken through the barricade and are rushing forward with 'Bobby's trying to stop them. An umbrella is raised over Louwtjie's head, as Chris, ushered forward, is separated from her. Chris looks back for Louwtjie but he loses sight of her.

She begins to follow with her own mini entourage.

Chris looks back again, realising that there is no way Louwtjie will get to his side. He turns to focus on those in front of him. He ignores comments, instructions, and information thrown at him and homes in on a comment made by an American who has slipped in next to him.

THE AMERICAN

Don't worry sir, your wife is being looked after.

(CONTINUED)

Taking an umbrella from the person holding it, he clears a space around Chris as they walk forward.

The presence of the 'suit' next to him ensures that the circle of space around Chris is enlarged, as more men move in.

As the two make their way across the Tarmac to the waiting TWA Boeing, the American directs Chris to a stretch limo parked halfway between the planes. They enter the limousine. Louwtjie looks on, confused, while she is led straight on to the waiting TWA flight.

British police form a wide arc around the Limousine, keeping everybody at bay.

cut

to

34 INT. TEN DOWNING STREET, PRIME MINISTERS OFFICE - DAY 34

In the city of London not far from Heathrow airport.

10 Downing Street

Harold Wilson, the British Prime minister, slams down the telephone receiver.

HAROLD WILSON (BRITISH PRIME MINISTER)
 Tell me Gentleman, can anyone tell me? How is it possible that this unknown, what's his name, is able to slip through British territory without so much as producing his passport? James, this is your department isn't it, please tell me!

James Callahan the British Home Secretary fidgets. Wide eyed, he shrugs.

JAMES CALLAHAN (HOME SECRETARY)
 Tell you what sir?

HAROLD WILSON (BRITISH PRIME MINISTER)
 Here sir!

Pointing venomously at the front page of a British newspaper with Chris Barnard's photo, full blown, on the front page.

HAROLD WILSON (BRITISH PRIME MINISTER)
 This South African is at present, as we speak, on British soil, being escorted by what can only be explained as American secret

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HAROLD WILSON (BRITISH PRIME MINISTER) (cont'd)
service, and my source says,
certain members of our own
service, onto a TWA plane.

JAMES CALLAHAN (HOME SECRETARY)
Dr. Chris Barnard?

HAROLD WILSON (BRITISH PRIME MINISTER)
James what is going on here? All
manner of irregularities are
taking place at Heathrow. It is
suspected that Howard Hughes is
talking with Barnard right now,
but nobody can even be certain of
that!

JAMES CALLAHAN (HOME SECRETARY)
Howard Hughes? I cannot comment
Harold, Mr Prime Minister, I was
not briefed at all.

SUIT #1
Sir we think he might have
arrived about an hour ago, Sir,
by private plane. We're not sure,
nobody on board has exited
international space, Sir. A limo
fetched someone from the plane.

HAROLD WILSON (BRITISH PRIME MINISTER)
Hughes!
How is it that at the bottom end
of the world it is possible that
a person has managed to
transplant a human heart without
us even knowing of this
possibility?

SUIT #2
Well Sir, we have some
information.

HAROLD WILSON (BRITISH PRIME MINISTER)
I am sure you might have some
information 20 days after the
fact! I don't care, what I do
care about is the fact that the
entire Heathrow Airport is in a
jumble right now accommodating
the safe passage of an individual
who might or might not be wanted
for murder within his own
country, which I may add, still
has an extradition treaty with
us.

(CONTINUED)

SUIT #1

Well, he has not, as yet, been charged and as far as we know the judiciary and clergy in South Africa are having a closed emergency meeting as we speak, about the death of the Greengrocer.

HAROLD WILSON (BRITISH PRIME MINISTER)

I know this, so why has the doctor not being arrested?

SUIT #1

The autopsy could not find fault with the actual heart transplant, sir. The grocer died of lung congestion. Pneumonia.

SUIT #2

And Sir, there is no statute in South African Law that covers this type of scenario, Sir. Even our own law books don't cover this possibility Sir.

SUIT #1

Yes, the moment of death is defined differently from country to country Sir. In most cases the law can be interpreted by argumentative perceptions. Whilst the questions were being asked Sir, nobody laid any charges and Dr Barnard slipped out of his country, but we can hardly say that he has gone into hiding.

HAROLD WILSON (BRITISH PRIME MINISTER)

Spare the details, has anybody contacted the South African Government about this man?

SUIT #1

We are in contact Sir. The government there is on holiday, Sir. Even though a meeting is taking place right now, it is an unofficial meeting and our source informs us that they are divided as to the legal, ethical and every other debatable ramification, including theological beliefs. Our sources say the debate is heated. The doctor has created what can only be described as a human intellectual dilemma.

(CONTINUED)

SUIT #2

Needless to say even if we wanted to arrest him, he is on international ground. He has not entered Britain. He might appear to be on the run, but he is not in hiding. He is fully exposed to the media. He cannot hide.

SUIT #1

We have been told that he is bound for Washington where he is to appear on National Television with Face The Nation, live on CBS. He is also scheduled to meet the US president.

JAMES CALLAHAN (HOME SECRETARY)

It is clear that this Doctor has got some pretty impressive backers besides turning the medical world on its head. We could have a person who has orchestrated the perfect murder in the most bizarre way.

HAROLD WILSON (BRITISH PRIME MINISTER)

Well, let us not dwell any further on this issue. Let the man pass through, if he is not wanted by the South African authorities. He has technically done nothing wrong on British soil, so we shall have to let him go for now, but James, you shall stay on top of this.

JAMES CALLAHAN (HOME SECRETARY)

I can't help but applaud whoever master minded his extraction.

SUIT #2

We are looking into the matter, Sir. Thus far we know he has been funded in his research by a few private individuals.

HAROLD WILSON (BRITISH PRIME MINISTER)

You mean that he was not funded by the South African Government?

SUIT #1

No Sir, as far as we know Sir, most of his research was done without the South African governments' knowledge. Little was known of him until 19 days

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SUIT #1 (cont'd)
ago even though he has worked tirelessly for more than a decade on this. We are told that not even the Administrators were aware of the actual operation until after the fact; and that after he informed them, he was immediately fired.

JAMES CALLAHAN (HOME SECRETARY)
What are you telling us, that he is not a Doctor any more?

SUIT #2
Well, the American press pounced on the story within an hour of it happening. It is safe to say they were expecting it and by the time the Dean of the hospital arrived, the press was there. He had to let Barnard back. Who else could explain everything? Up until then the Administrators were still hoping that they were dealing with an animal lab experiment.

HAROLD WILSON (BRITISH PRIME MINISTER)
Who were his benefactors? As I understand it, South African Doctors work for the state for very little remuneration.

SUIT #1
We believe that his study and research was funded by two South African businessmen and by the Howard Hughes Medical Institute.

SUIT #2
We believe the two South Africans are Harry Oppenheimer and Anton Rupert, who funded him anonymously. For some reason they took an interest in him when he entered the University of Cape Town and they ensured he received a bursary.

HAROLD WILSON (BRITISH PRIME MINISTER)
Any British funding?

SUIT #2
No Sir, we can also conclude that a Dr Wangenstein under who Dr. Barnard studied for three years in Minneapolis, was also

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SUIT #2 (cont'd)
instrumental in setting up the
American funding. Dr Wangenstein
is the leading expert in the
world on heart disease. Well,
until now, that is.

On the desk in front of the Prime Minister, a Red
Telephone rings.

HAROLD WILSON (BRITISH PRIME MINISTER)
It's Her Royal Highness. You can
rest assured that her call is
relevant to this discussion.

The three get up to leave.

HAROLD WILSON (BRITISH PRIME MINISTER)
(continuing)
No, no, no gentleman, please stay
seated.

He picks up the phone after taking a deep breath.

HAROLD WILSON (BRITISH PRIME MINISTER)
(continuing)
Good morning your Majesty. How
are you today?

He listens while looking at James Callahan and passing his
eye over the suits.

HAROLD WILSON (BRITISH PRIME MINISTER)
(continuing)
Yes ma'am, we were just
discussing his arrival, ma'am,
and I do believe he is going
straight on to Washington. Yes,
Ma'am. I will see what I can do.

He replaces the telephone gingerly, looking perplexed. He
looks over at the suits and James.

HAROLD WILSON (BRITISH PRIME MINISTER)
(continuing)
The Queen wants to meet with him.
Please tell me we still have him.

CUT TO

35 INT. TWA AIRCRAFT - DAY

35

The TWA Boeing is airborne above London.

(CONTINUED)

Sitting in first class is Louwtjie and Chris. The flight levels out and sounding over the PA we hear the Captain's voice reassuring passengers and thanking them for their patience during the delay in take off.

Chris unbuckles himself, takes off his jacket, flips his seat back and stretches out loosening his tie. He scoops his shoes off and before he can figure out what to do with the jacket, there is a sexy, vivacious air hostess to take it away.

Before he settles in there is another, almost identical air hostess at his side, the curve of her Marilyn Monroe type figure is in his face.

Louwtjies face turns sour.

TWA FLIGHT ATTENDANT 1 (JULIE)

Good Day Sir, madam. My name is Julie and I will be your flight attendant for your trip to Washington. I have here our drinks menu or would you want to start with a bottle of Champagne?

CHRIS BARNARD

Goodness, no, we have been drinking champagne on the previous flight. Have you any wine?

Looking over at Louwtjie.

CHRIS BARNARD

Are you also going to have wine my Darling?

He picks up on her disgusted look, and her sour expression! In surprise he looks back, straight into the shapely figure of the flight attendant, who is joined by the attendant who took his jacket. She has arrived with a platter of snacks and is placing it in front of the Barnards.

(The TWA first class section, in its day, was regarded as the best service and comfort ever found in the airline industry)

Chris looks up past the two sets of breasts and eventually makes eye contact with Julie.

CHRIS BARNARD

Uhhmm. Julie. I err, uhh. How about you decide on a wine for us?

(CONTINUED)

TWA FLIGHT ATTENDANT 1 (JULIE)

That is not a problem Sir. My first choice for you, and it is the best there is, is a Mouton's Rothschild 1959 vintage Sir. It is the wine hailed as the vintage of the century and it is from South Africa.

Chris lifts his eyebrow, tilting his head back at Louwtjie who is now looking on in absolute disgust. He glances back at the two flight attendants standing side by side looking directly at him, fluttering their long false eyelashes. He lifts his finger, smiles, and in a jolly tone, says;

CHRIS BARNARD

Julie, my Darling, we would love a bottle and Darling, can you keep it coming?

Julie does a small curtsy, smiling back. She takes back the wine list.

TWA FLIGHT ATTENDANT 1 (JULIE)

I knew you would. Anne you owe me a fiver. Sir I will be back in a second.

As she turns to go, Chris reaches out, grabs her hand and holds on. Julie turns back.

CHRIS BARNARD

Before you go Julie. You and Anne here, please call me Chris. I don't like this Sir and my wife's name is Louwtjie. I am sure she won't mind you calling her Louwtjie.

TWA FLIGHT ATTENDANT 1 (JULIE)

Oh! That will be our pleasure, Sir, I mean Chris.

TWA FLIGHT ATTENDANT (ANNE)

Yes Chris, no problem.

Louwtjie leans back in her chair. Feeling uncomfortable, she withdraws from the conversation, and reaches into her bag for a magazine.

Julie is off to fetch the wine. Anne remains standing.

TWA FLIGHT ATTENDANT (ANNE)

Is there anything else I can get you, Chris?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Besides the wine that is on the
way there is nothing I need right
now, thank you Anne, but we shall
talk again.

They smile at each other as Julie arrives with the wine. Chris pours for him and Louwtjie and after clinking glasses, takes a slow long, satisfying sip of the wine. A sparkle emanates from his eye as he smiles openly

CUT TO

36

INT. TWA AIRCRAFT, BATHROOM - DAY

36

Chris and Anne banging the hell out of each other in the tiny bathroom.

With hardly any space to manoeuvre, the amount of movement is explosive. Anne's hairdo is awry, her lipstick and mascara hopelessly smudged. She has her long legs wrapped around his waist, and is trying to brace them both against the side of the cubicle with her arms and hands in an attempt to keep upright.

Outside the cubicle, muffled thuds are heard. Julie attempts to distract nearby passengers attention.

A screech is heard and outside Julie has no option but to drop a plate!

After which there is a querying silence from the rest of the passengers.

Inside the cubicle the two are frozen stiff.

There is an intercom call as Julie sweeps what's left of the broken plate into the refuse bin. She grabs the receiver.

Inside the Cubicle, Chris and Anne are giggling as they try to organize themselves.

There is a knock on the door.

Chris opens up.

TWA FLIGHT ATTENDANT 1 (JULIE)

The Captain has invited you to
the flight deck. Chris

CHRIS BARNARD

Give me a moment.

He looks back at a dishevelled Anne,

(CONTINUED)

shaking his hand up and down, indicating that they are in trouble.

They burst out laughing and he puts his finger over his lips to indicate that they must be quiet, which just sets Anne off again.

Chris has no choice but to get out as fast as he can. Still ruffled, belt not quite fastened, shirt hanging out, he steps out, a naughty grin on his face.

CUT TO

37 INT. TWA AIRCRAFT, GALLEY - DAY

37

Slipping into the galley which is a step away, he organizes himself while Julie cleans the lipstick marks off his face.

He follows on behind Julie to the flight deck, giving her a few strides head start in order to savour her voluptuous, swinging hips.

As he follows, Anne comes out of the bathroom cubicle looking as professional and tidy as though nothing has happened, make-up perfectly applied.

Chris looks, she smiles, he carries on, following Julie to the flight deck. Ignoring stares from some passengers, Chris's eye remains focused on Julia's figure.

They walk past Louwtjie who is reading a gospel magazine (Path of Truth). She looks up blankly at Chris who continues along the aisle behind Julie. As if he is doing the rumba.

CUT TO

38 INT. TWA AIRCRAFT, FLIGHT DECK - DAY

38

As he enters the flight deck, the Captain (TWA Capt. John Cunningham) immediately shifts out of his seat, allowing the co-pilot to take control.

Coming forward towards Chris who is now directly behind the navigator who has turned his seat to see Chris, the Captain stretches out his hand to shake Chris's.

TWA CAPTAIN JOHN CUNNINGHAM

Doctor welcome aboard, I hope you are enjoying your flight. I am John, and my co-pilot here is Phillips and navigator Jack, I am John Cunningham. It is an honour to have you aboard.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Call me Chris, Captain and the honour is all mine, believe me.

TWA CAPTAIN JOHN CUNNINGHAM

Sorry I could not bring you upfront earlier, but due to the delay we were pushed for time.

CHRIS BARNARD

Well I never expected to be invited, so it is an honour for me. I know this is not usually allowed.

TWA CAPTAIN JOHN CUNNINGHAM

We have been instructed by the man himself to make you feel at home.

CHRIS BARNARD

The Man?

TWA CAPTAIN JOHN CUNNINGHAM

Yes I believe you got to meet him on the runway?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes.

TWA CAPTAIN JOHN CUNNINGHAM

Well I would like to ask you if it's possible that you could sign some autographs for myself and the crew?

CHRIS BARNARD

It will be a pleasure, but why anybody would want my autograph is beyond me!

TWA NAVIGATOR (JACK)

Please sir, take a seat on the jump seat. It is nice and high so you can see everything. We have a few covers we would like you to sign.

Chris climbs up into the seat.

CHRIS BARNARD

Covers?

Julie who is still just inside the cabin door, is indicating to Jack.

(CONTINUED)

TWA FLIGHT ATTENDANT 1 (JULIE)
They are in the bag.

Pointing to below the mapping table.

TWA CAPTAIN JOHN CUNNINGHAM
You are obviously not aware that
you are on the cover of Time
Magazine, Chris.

CHRIS BARNARD
Time Magazine?

The navigator passes on a small pile of magazines to the
Captain who turns them over to show Chris the cover.

He reacts with surprise.

CHRIS BARNARD
I don't believe this, can you
believe this?

TWA CAPTAIN JOHN CUNNINGHAM
You never knew?

CHRIS BARNARD
To tell you the truth, Captain,
I've never been able to afford
one.

TWA CAPTAIN JOHN CUNNINGHAM
Well, when I heard you were on
the cover I sent out for a few
copies while we were being
delayed, there is a extra one for
you.

CHRIS BARNARD
Thank you! My wife won't believe
this. I left my pen in my jacket.

TWA FLIGHT ATTENDANT 1 (JULIE)
Here is a pen.

Chris takes the pen from Julie, smiling.

TWA CAPTAIN JOHN CUNNINGHAM
Er-hum! Thank you Julia, would
you be kind enough to bring
through some tea and coffee,
please?

TWA FLIGHT ATTENDANT 1 (JULIE)
Right away Captain.

Julia leaves the flight deck

TWA CAPTAIN JOHN CUNNINGHAM
I have it under good authority
that you are also a pilot, is
this correct?

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes. I learnt to fly while
studying in the USA, during some
of my weekends off. I keep a
small plane, a gift from one of
my benefactors, and regularly get
myself airborne.

TWA CAPTAIN JOHN CUNNINGHAM
That is interesting.

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes, my friend introduced me to
flying. He maintains that the
best way to relax and think is to
fly.

TWA CAPTAIN JOHN CUNNINGHAM
Would you mind me asking your
advice about some health related
issues?

CHRIS BARNARD
No, not at all.

TWA CAPTAIN JOHN CUNNINGHAM
Well, all crew members have to
pass yearly physicals in order to
remain with the airline, and I
was wondering..

Chris, engrossed with his face on the covers and busily
signing his autograph, does not listen.

CUT TO

39 INT. TWA AIRCRAFT, 1ST CLASS - DAY

39

Chris returns to his seat with a Time Magazine in his
hand, folded, so that Louwtjie can't see the cover.

He sits down, smiling, keen to surprise Louwtjie.

Louwtjie looks at him, visibly upset that she has been
left out of all the excitement.

LOUWTJIE
The hostess came to tell me you
were with the Captain. How long
do you think this charade is
going to last, Chris?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

I have no idea, maybe until tomorrow, what do you think?

LOUWTJIE

What do you mean, what do I think, you are the one prancing around the plane in socks, and carrying on as if you are on the cover of a magazine.

Chris leans over and whispers in her ear.

CHRIS BARNARD

Darling. Let's make it clear right now, I am not going to argue. I am telling you that if this is life in the fast lane, I am all for it. I have worked my backside off and this little bit of attention, WE, are receiving, I intend to enjoy while it lasts, with or without you! So pull yourself together, put a smile on your perpetually sour damn face and be prepared to enjoy it with me.

LOUWTJIE

Chris!

CHRIS BARNARD

Don't Chris me. I started this journey without you, don't make me leave you behind You chose to be my wife, not my ball and chain, and as for the cover of a magazine, here, read this while I go and find myself a cigarette.

Chris gently puts the Time Magazine in her lap and slips away down the isle.

CUT TO

40 INT. TWA AIRCRAFT, GALLEY - DAY

40

Chris finds Julie and Anne in the galley.

CHRIS BARNARD

Hello ladies, please tell me one of you have a smoke for me.

(CONTINUED)

TWA FLIGHT ATTENDANT 2 (ANNE)
 Don't worry doctor, the airline provides complimentary packs to all its passengers. Help yourself.

CHRIS BARNARD
 No, no, no. One is enough otherwise I will smoke unabated, I already smoke too much.

TWA FLIGHT ATTENDANT 1 (JULIE)
 Doctor Barnard I would never have suspected that such a famous doctor as yourself would be a smoker.

CHRIS BARNARD
 I was not always famous you know, and cigarettes are my worst vice and so unhealthy it's nobodies business. I regret the day I chose to accept a cigarette, and that from a stranger, and only because in the moment I felt it was important.

He lights up a cigarette.

CHRIS BARNARD
 I was on the train, heading to Cape Town from my home town Beaufort West in the Karoo, straight out of school. My family could only afford second class tickets, but I was off to the University of Cape Town! I fell asleep, and when I woke up my travelling companions were playing cards.

Drawing deeply on his cigarette, he inhales the smoke, with relief.

CUT TO

41 EXT. TRANS-KAROO TRAIN - NIGHT

41

Trans-Karoo Train Steaming across the Karoo 19 Second Class sleeping compartment extending into Corridor Trans Karoo

Smoke billowing out of the funnel of the Trans-Karoo steam train. Some of the smoke makes its way into a slightly open carriage window and into the nose of Chris Barnard, who is awakened on the top bunk of a four sleeper compartment.

(CONTINUED)

Chris is on the top forward bunk of the compartment, below him are four older men smoking up a storm, drinking brandy(Klipdrift) neat out of shot glasses. They slam the shot glasses down on a small fold down table in the centre between the bunks, just below the window sill.

Chris tries to look out the window at the passing scenery but due to the height of the bunk the view is limited, so he looks over the bunk down at the card game happening on a make shift table in the centre of the floor below. The poker game is happening on trunks and suitcases stacked on the cabin floor between the bunks.

The cabin door is open and there is a spectator standing in the doorway, two men sitting on the bunk below Chris and two on the opposite bottom bunk, the top bunk opposite is lifted.

As Chris looks over the top, all he sees is the hats of the men below him, but his focus falls on the baldness of one of the men opposite who is puffing away on a pipe.

He cannot help it but cough.

Giellie Standing in the Doorway.

GIELLIE (TRANS-KAROO PASSENGER 1)
Whoa! Gentleman our young friend
has woken up.

The bald headed, pipe smoking Jacob, looks up, grabs a book from the bunk next to him and hands it up to Chris.

JACOBUS (TRANS-KAROO PASSENGER 2)
How are you my young friend, you
started reading this book just
after leaving Beaufort West, and
soon afterwards it landed on my
head. What nationality are you,
young man?

CHRIS BARNARD
South African sir, I am from
Beaufort West.

JACOBUS (TRANS-KAROO PASSENGER 2)
Well what language is this then?

CHRIS BARNARD
It's Latin Sir, I am reading
Latin.

PIETER (TRANS-KAROO PASSENGER 3)
Latin, good grief(goeie genugtig)
Latin? What are you telling us
son, why is a Karoo boy like you
reading Latin?

CHRIS BARNARD

My English teacher gave me the book to read, while I was on the train, he has been teaching me Latin since I started high school.

JACOBUS (TRANS-KAROO PASSENGER 2)

Well what is the book about?

CHRIS BARNARD

Its called the Golden Ass, it is about the journey of a man who travels in search of magic and the power it can provide.

GIELLIE (TRANS-KAROO PASSENGER 1)

Your English teacher has been teaching you Latin? Why?

CHRIS BARNARD

My Mother.

TRANS-KAROO PASSENGER 2 (JACOBUS)

Your mother, she likes Latin?

CHRIS BARNARD

No Sir, she organised the extra learning so that when I got to university I would not struggle as much as my older brother did.

JACOBUS (TRANS-KAROO PASSENGER 2)

University? so you are on the way to Stellenbosch then?

CHRIS BARNARD

No Sir I am going to Cape Town.

TRANS-KAROO PASSENGER 4 (SELBY)

UCT, Good Lord Young Man, what is an Afrikaner boy like you going to do at UCT, that is for English speakers.

CHRIS BARNARD

I have been learning to speak English and Latin for more than five years now so therefore I will manage.

GIELLIE (TRANS-KAROO PASSENGER)

Why, is Stellenbosch and your mother tongue not good enough for you?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

No Sir! Not at all, my older brother started his studies at Stellenbosch but he could not find any part time work that paid enough to help with the fees. He managed to find better work opportunities to help pay for his studies in Cape Town, so eventually he changed to U.C.T. as it was more practical. In the beginning it was very difficult for him as his English was very bad.

He failed certain subjects first time round because he could not speak English too well, so my Mother made sure that by the time I and the rest of my brothers entered UCT, we would be better prepared.

JACOBUS (TRANS-KAROO PASSENGER 2)

And please tell us what it is you are going to study.

CHRIS BARNARD

I am going to be a Doctor.

PIETER (TRANS-KAROO PASSENGER 3)

A Doctor?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes, I will be a Doctor, and my goal is to become rich and famous.

SELBY (TRANS-KAROO PASSENGER 4)

I always wanted to be a Doctor.

CHRIS BARNARD

So why don't you study to be one?

SELBY (TRANS-KAROO PASSENGER 4)

No it is too late, you have to study for seven years. I am twenty eight years old. The soonest I could finish studying will be when I am thirty six, I will be too old.

CHRIS BARNARD

You are going to be thirty six anyway, doctor or not.

(CONTINUED)

JACOBUS (TRANS-KAROO PASSENGER 2)
That's true!

PIETER (TRANS-KAROO PASSENGER 3)
Who is going to pay for all this
study?

CHRIS BARNARD
My Parents have planned for this
all through our lives. My Father
who is a missionary preacher
believes, that regardless of
whatever obstacle may arise, if
you put your foot forward; all
things are possible through the
strength received in
faith.

PIETER (TRANS-KAROO PASSENGER 3)
So what you actually telling us
is that you are trusting in the
Lord God, as He is going to
provide you magically(sommer net
so). I have to tell you son, I
have heard this one before.

CHRIS BARNARD
I grant you your doubt, Sir, but
for me God has given us all life,
for us to do with what we will. I
trust myself to follow my heart
and I trust my father, as he has
shown me time and again that once
you set out on a journey, the
destination always arrives,
provided you keep movng forward.

There is a moment of contemplation from the small crowd, a
couple of puffs on the pipe.

JACOBUS (TRANS-KAROO PASSENGER 2)
So let's get the picture
straight. Here you're doing
University, an Afrikaner boy to
an English University, on a shoe
string and you intend studying to
be a doctor. You are a
missionary's son from the middle
of Great Karoo. Your goal is to
be rich and famous.

Jacobus pours out some more brandy shots.

GIELLIE (TRANS-KAROO PASSENGER 1)
That is one hell of a story.

JACOBUS (TRANS-KAROO PASSENGER 2)
What makes you think you have
what it takes?

CHRIS BARNARD
It is what I desire, and I
believe I can.

JACOBUS (TRANS-KAROO PASSENGER 2)
You know young Chris, I don't
know about the rest of us here,
but I will say this, I believe
you and I will say another thing,
my hope is that you do.

Handing out the tot glasses, he raises his glass and
proposes a toast to Chris's future. The rest join in.

THE CABIN
Here, here!

They all Cheer.

They throw their brandy shots back.

GIELLIE (TRANS-KAROO PASSENGER 1)
Wait a moment, wait just one
minute. How can we toast to the
future of this young man without
him having a taste of the good
life? As we were gentleman, slap
a dash there my friend, throw him
a tot.

They all cheer in Chorus, while a glass is found and a tot
of Brandy is poured followed by topping up all the
glasses. Chris, who is by now sitting up, accepts the
glass.

SELBY (TRANS-KAROO PASSENGER4)
And before we toast, let's light
up a cigar as a tribute to our
young friend's future successes.

A small box of Cigars(Rembrandt's) is handed around and
Chris takes one, cheers all round again.

He takes a puff as a (Lion) match is brought forward. He
sucks the Cigar as if he is an old pro.

Everybody lifts their glasses and Chris acknowledges with
his glass from his high perch on the bunk and knocks away
the shot of brandy, followed by a manly puff on the cigar.
He does not cough but with a surprised look on his face,
he stumbles off the top bunk falling out past Giellie into
the corridor, to the laughter and cheers of all those in
the cabin. Coughing and choking, he finds his footing.

(CONTINUED)

Bending over, he tries to clear his burning throat. As he stands up he looks straight at Harry Oppenheimer.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER
Well hello my friend, my young
Rembrandt, how are you doing?

CHRIS BARNARD
Well Sir,
(coughing)
very well!

Grasping at some sort of composure he looks up straining to remember who it is.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER
You don't remember, but we have
met a few years back on Beaufort
West Station.

CHRIS BARNARD
Now I remember, you were with
that lady and the younger guy.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER
Anton Rupert. Yes, he has become
quite successful you know. He
will be happy to know you are
smoking his brand.

CHRIS BARNARD
I don't really.

It was offered as a token to my
successful future by my fellow
travellers here, on top of a tot
of brandy. 'Eish!'

HARRY OPPENHEIMER
I could not help but overhear
some of the conversation in
there, so is it true then my
young friend that you are going
to be a doctor?

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes sir.

Harry Oppenheimer looks at Chris with a calculating stare.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER
It is dinner time. I was trying
to beat the gong, if you get
there first you get the best.

A 'camp' train steward announcing dinner by playing a rhythmic gong comes up behind Chris, popping his head into every open door down the narrow corridor.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

Are you having dinner?

CHRIS BARNARD

My mother packed in food. I can't afford it.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

Don't concern yourself, I am covering the bill.

CHRIS BARNARD

Fantastic! Then I can't refuse.

The gong is now next to them. Chris and Harry start to head down towards the dining room carriage. In the corridor are a number of soldiers in uniform, standing, looking out the corridor windows at the great moving expanse of the Great Karoo as the sun reaches down to touch the horizon.

One of the soldiers, peering out, has focused on some 'volk' riding a donkey cart. The weathered Karoo face of the donkey cart driver stares back at the charging Trans-Karoo dining carriage. He waves.

CUT TO

42

INT. TRANS-KAROO, DINING CART - NIGHT

42

At a window in the DINING cart a passenger waves at somebody outside. Stewards and waiters are rushing up and down the centre isle with hot plates of food, bottles of wine and trays of poured spirits.

Chris Barnard and Harry Oppenheimer have just finished their meal and Harry is placing his knife and fork on his plate. Immediately a steward removes the plate. Chris leans backwards to allow his plate to be removed at the same time. Seconds later another steward appears, this time with a tray of poured drinks, two glasses of Whiskey with ice and water.

Within a moment a third steward is at their side carrying a cigar tray with a strap around his neck. Harry chooses a cigar and indicates an offer to Young Chris, who without hesitation, chooses a thinner cigar than Harry.

The Steward places a saucer with cigar paraphernalia down on the table, a cutter, matches and an ashtray.

Harry performs a cigar ritual. Chris and Harry seated.

CHRIS BARNARD

I would like to thank you for inviting me to lunch. It is a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD (cont'd)
first for me, something I never
expected. The food was, what can
I say. Fantastic!

Chris is watching Harry intently as to the methodology of
the cigar routine.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER
I am glad to give you a slight
taste into your future my young
man. I am certain, that if you
continue on the path that you
have chosen, this meal will only
be the first of many and many
will be far better than this, I
would have to say.

CHRIS BARNARD
I will have to make a small toast
to that sir.

He lifts his glass and the toast is made.

Inwardly amused at the young Chris's abundance in
enthusiasm and confidence, he lights up his cigar.

Chris immediately picks up the cutter and imitates Harry
as to the process and ritual in lighting his Cigar.

Harry looks on as Chris begins the ritual. Picking up the
guillotine cutter, he cuts precisely the same way and
place as Harry did.

CHRIS BARNARD
You have to excuse my ignorance
Sir, but my skill with a Cigar is
non existent and the only
knowledge, close knowledge I have
of it is by watching you, just
now.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER
Well, you have made a perfect cut
there my young man. Now what you
do is warm up your cigar.

Chris holds the cigar at a 90 degree angle, heating up the
cigar as Harry had just done.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER
Yes, that is correct, take your
time and slowly roll the cigar
without getting too close to the
flame. You will actually feel the
warmth penetrating into the cigar
with your fingers, be patient.

(CONTINUED)

Chris smiles up at Harry as this becomes evident.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes I can feel it getting warmer.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

Good, that is what we call priming and the cutting is done so that the smoke can flow through easier, when you cut it as you did. We call it the American way. There are other techniques but in my experience the American way is the best because you don't need to puff too hard, which you should never do when enjoying a cigar.

Chris rotates the cigar into his mouth with the flame still burning from the lighter, he puffs, just lightly with controlled intent. As he rolls the cigar smoothly with his fingers, a series of flames ignite, one after the next.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

Yes, yes that is correct. Now you should gently blow on the base evenly as you keep rotating.

Chris rushes to turn the Cigar, but Harry cautions.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

Take your time, don't rush it. You should be thinking about why you are lighting it.

Chris slows down, carefully blowing the base to even out the coal. He looks over to Harry.

CHRIS BARNARD

You are right. My father always says it is not what you do in life, but how you do it.

Puzzled he continues to take a puff, turning the cigar around, looking at the coal.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes, why would I be lighting this cigar?

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

I have only always lit a cigar when celebration of some sort is in order. It allows me to savour the moment, be it success, happiness or good times. It has

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARRY OPPENHEIMER (cont'd)
been a family tradition of sorts.
My father was in the tobacco
business in Germany before the
War.

CHRIS BARNARD
Well in that case, I light this
cigar to your father and once
again in celebration of the start
to a new chapter in my life as I
set out today to the City of Cape
Town, where I will study and
where I will qualify as a doctor.
I light it in celebration of
future success and thanks to you,
of course, for making this toast
possible.

They lift their glasses and toast.

CHRIS BARNARD
I must say that even though I am
excited and happy at the same
time I will miss my parents and
the people at home.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER
Well young man, that is the price
of success. Some bitter, some
sweet.

They puff at their cigars. Chris does not cough this time.

Harry beckons to one of the stewards.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER
Put everything on my tab and will
you please bring me a writing
tray?

The Steward nods and goes off.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER
Chris, what do you think of the
war?

CHRIS BARNARD
I try not to think about it,
although that is impossible as my
brother, Dodsley, is a prisoner
of war. He was captured at
Tobruk.

The Steward returns with a writing tray.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

The one that was on the station
when we last met?

Harry, as he continues to converse, begins to write using
the letter paper from the writing tray.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes the older one, the younger
one is still at home.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

It must be a great worry for your
parents.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes, it has been a heavy burden
for the family, but we know he is
alive and we believe he will
return.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

The world is in a dilemma at
present. I find it admirable that
your parents are focused on your
future, regardless of what is
happening in the world.

CHRIS BARNARD

My father always says that life
happens with or without you,
don't wait for any excuse.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

So how then is it possible that
you have not been conscripted?

CHRIS BARNARD

I am still too young.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

How old are you?

CHRIS BARNARD

I will turn seventeen in two
months time, my Mother said that
being young has blessed me with
the opportunity to enter
University.

Harry stops writing. He folds the letter into one of the
envelopes neatly and deliberately.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

Chris, when you get to UCT I want
you to take this letter to the
Dean of Admissions. Give it to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARRY OPPENHEIMER (cont'd)
his secretary. I have written the lady's name here on the front of the envelope. Don't lose it. She will call me. The company I work with provides partial scholarships. I believe that there is opportunity in coincidence, one of my fathers pet sayings. I hope that this will help you achieve your goal.

CHRIS BARNARD
Thank you sir, I really appreciate this.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER
Make sure you never fail, that is one of the stipulations of the scholarship.

CHRIS BARNARD
I was never going to fail Sir, I can't afford to.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER
Well this scholarship will help, it will at least make sure that you can focus entirely on the job of studying, provided of cause that you don't waste money on unnecessary luxury goods.

Chris looks up from the envelope he now has in his hand.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER
Yes, like smoking cigarettes and partying too much.

CHRIS BARNARD
Well, I have never bought a cigarette and this is the second cigar I have ever smoked. I like what it symbolises, a celebration of a milestone and that is how I will always see it. For you Sir, today I will say that I will never buy a cigarette. I can't say though that I will never smoke them. My father always says, never say never, but remain true to choice.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER
Well we should vacate the table, I think they need it for the next sitting. Shall we be off then?

CHRIS BARNARD

Thank you very much for inviting me, it was fantastic! I will always remember it and thank you so much for your gift.

Chris holds up the envelope.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

No bother, we do this quite a bit. You can thank me by ensuring that you qualify as a doctor. Rest assured, the world is in need of doctors.

CHRIS BARNARD

I will.

Chris and Harry leave the DINING room.

CUT TO

43

INT. TRANS-KAROO, CORRIDOR

43

Sliding past various people down the narrow corridor puffing their cigars Chris and Harry stop a few steps away from Chris's compartment. There are still soldiers looking out of the windows and loud cheers from the gamblers inside the compartment.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

Don't waste a minute while you're studying, there is no point in it.

CHRIS BARNARD

I assure you, Sir, I won't. Thank you once again for the lunch experience and most of all for this.

Chris holds up the envelope.

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

It is my pleasure. One more thing, I would keep this to yourself.

Harry turns and continues down the corridor. Chris watches as he squeezes past a blonde bombshell. As he passes, he looks back at the girl and then at Chris, lifting his index finger to his temple in an informal salute.

Chris inserts the envelope deep inside his jacket. As he does so, the blonde arrives and they begin to shuffle past each other. The young busty lady stops face to face, squeezing up against Chris.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG BLONDE (A FAMOUS GIRL)
That cigar smells delicious, how
about a puff?

Smiling at each other up close, he holds the cigar for her. Taking a puff, she gently blows smoke into his face. He smiles and shyly tilts his head to one side.

YOUNG BLONDE (A FAMOUS GIRL)
Don't be shy!

She blows out the cigar smoke, kissing him on his cheek. She grabs his hand and drags him down the corridor. They enter the Bathroom cubicle.

CUT TO

44 INT. TWA AIRCRAFT, BATHROOM - DAY

44

Humping and thrusting, Chris and Julie reach their peak. Anne is trying not to moan, without much success. She has a cigarette dangling from her mouth. The smoke is filling the small cubicle.

There is a frantic knock at the door.

Chris looks questionally into Julie's eyes. She grabs the cigarette out of her mouth, looks at him, blows smoke into his face, they pause to listen.

TWA FLIGHT ATTENDANT 2 (ANNE)
It's lunch time.

Chris looks a little frantic, and continues pounding away. Julie's moans rise to a crescendo. Chris groans.

They finish

Julie struggles to get her feet to the ground.

TWA FLIGHT ATTENDANT 1 (JULIE)
Fuck me! Fuck me.

CHRIS BARNARD
Again?

TWA FLIGHT ATTENDANT 1 (JULIE)
No, not now, I mean fuck me, it's
time to serve Lunch. I must
hurry. That was Anne's knock.

CHRIS BARNARD
Really, you girls have knocks?

(CONTINUED)

TWA FLIGHT ATTENDANT 1 (JULIE)
Yeah! Now come on.

CHRIS BARNARD
Again?

TWA FLIGHT ATTENDANT 1 (JULIE)
(Starting to laugh) No, not as in
come again I mean come on we need
to get out of here. Anne can't
cover any longer.

Chris has taken the cigarette he is puffing and slowly,
deliberately blows smoke down the side of Julie's neck. He
puts the cigarette back between her lips.

He slides down between her breast.

TWA FLIGHT ATTENDANT 1 (JULIE)
Chris, no, we have to stop.

After a moment he is back face to face.

CHRIS BARNARD
Only pulling my pants up Darling.

She cracks up with laughter, and in the tight squeeze she
turns around at the mirror and starts to organise herself.

Chris grabs hold of her hips, they are tight up against
each other.

CHRIS BARNARD
Darling maybe it is better if I
go now.

TWA FLIGHT ATTENDANT 1 (JULIE)
Maybe, you're right.

Chris slips to the door and opens a slither, looks out
straight into the face of Anne who spooks the hell out of
him. He falls backwards onto Julie, shutting the door.
Julie starts to giggle.

CHRIS BARNARD
Shit!

They both burst into hysterical laughter.

Chris opens the door and crosses the aisle into the galley
where Anne is also laughing.

CUT TO

Chris slides into his seat next to Louwtjie.
She puts down the Time Magazine.

CHRIS BARNARD
Lunch is going to be served.

LOUWTJIE
Good I am quite hungry, let me go
powder my nose.

Louwtjie gets up, crossing over in front of Chris. She
peers down at him.

LOUWTJIE
Chris if I am not back in time,
will you order for me and make
sure there is enough wine?

CHRIS BARNARD
You're going to have some wine
with me? Fantastic, I can't
remember when last you had a
glass with me.

LOUWTJIE
Strangely enough, I do.

Louwtjie looks down at Chris and they smile at each other
as she enters the aisle.

CHRIS BARNARD
You will have to hurry back and
remind me.

Chris picks up the time magazine and opens to his article,
but before he can read, Julie (the attendant) is there.

TWA FLIGHT ATTENDANT 1 (JULIE)
What are you two going to have
for lunch, Chris?

CHRIS BARNARD
Julie, I feel famished, I can't
understand why.

She smiles, they both smile naughtily.

CHRIS BARNARD
You decide for us Julie. Really,
half the stuff on the menu I have
never even heard of, so won't you
decide for us and I am certain we
will enjoy the surprise. As long
as there is no liver, kidneys or
the like, I am happy.

(CONTINUED)

TWA FLIGHT ATTENDANT 1 (JULIE)
It will be a pleasure, Doctor.

CHRIS BARNARD
Oh yes, and bring us a bottle of
the best wine, and make sure my
wife's glass is always topped
will you? She is a bit uptight
with all the travelling and so
on.

TWA FLIGHT ATTENDANT 1 (JULIE)
Anything else for you Doctor?

CHRIS BARNARD
Not right now, Julie.

Chris begins to read the article in the Time magazine but
is interrupted by a passenger asking Chris to sign a copy.
Chris signs.

He tries to settle in to read again, but Louwtjie is back,
crossing over to the window seat. He puts the Magazine
down and steps aside to allow Louwtjie through.

As they sit, the wine arrives and is served.

CHRIS BARNARD
Pour Julie, pour. Don't worry
about me tasting. Is it the
Rothschild?

TWA FLIGHT ATTENDANT 1 (JULIE)
Yes Doctor. You did ask for the
best.

Chris receives a glass and hands it to Louwtjie, she
accepts gracefully.

CHRIS BARNARD
This my Darling, as far as my
knowledge of wine goes, is
apparently voted the wine of the
century. Quite a feat seeing that
we are not even two thirds of the
way there yet.

LOUWTJIE
Ahead of its time then.(she
smiles).

CHRIS BARNARD
Fantastic, thanks Julie.

LOUWTJIE
It is good, Chris.

CHRIS BARNARD

To think that this bottle is probably worth more than a week of my pay.

LOUWTJIE

Well you deserve it and I, maybe I just need it.

Louwtjie laughs, easing the tension.

LOUWTJIE

You know, whoever was in the loo last smoked it out. They should really ban smoking in the toilet, you know. Smell my clothes, phooey. I can't wait to get to Washington, I need to shower.

Chris smells himself to.

CHRIS BARNARD

You are right, I need a shower as well. Don't you have some anti odour stuff with you?

LOUWTJIE

I have some perfume in my bag.

They are both laughing now.

The food arrives. The Captain comes out from the flight deck while the food is being served.

CAPTAIN

Everything to your satisfaction Doctor(showing a thumbs up sign)? Please come to the flight deck later, I have received quite a few instructions about your arrival. I am going to have to brief you.

CHRIS BARNARD

It will once again be my pleasure.

The Captain continues down the aisle, greeting other passengers. Chris and Louwtjie enjoy their meal.

CHRIS BARNARD

Louwtjie I am sorry. I have not had a moment to think about the impact all this has had on you and the children.

(CONTINUED)

LOUWTJIE

I know, I realize that now. I am the one who should ask for forgiveness, I never realised how big this is. I was never prepared Chris and I worry about you, the kids and everything. This is out of any conceivable proportion. We are on the front of every newspaper, in every magazine, I feel smothered.

CHRIS BARNARD

You are right Louwtjie. It has become bigger than us.

LOUWTJIE

Yes. Everywhere, you, me, even the children are followed by reporters and photographers.

CHRIS BARNARD

But don't concern yourself too much. We have come through so much, we must not allow this thing to stress us. You never know, tomorrow it might all be old news and back to normal.

LOUWTJIE

I have just decided to cope and enjoy ,(she takes a sip of wine)as best I can.

After sipping, she raises her glass to meet Chris's.

LOUWTJIE

Congratulations.

CHRIS BARNARD

Thanks Darling. I personally can't see what all the media fuss is about. even though 'Washy' lived, it was borderline failure. If I survive the inquest, the question still remains to be answered. Will they allow me to go ahead with Blaiberg?

LOUWTJIE

You will have to do what you must do Chris, but you were right earlier, I was being a prune forgive me. Let's just enjoy this period and savour every moment.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Now that's my kind of Girl.

They clink.

LOUWTJIE

Chris, you have not read any of the articles. I know you have been working non stop. Have you looked at this article?(looking across at Time Magazine)

CHRIS BARNARD

I tried, I only read the first paragraph.

LOUWTJIE

Well, its not all good, nothing bad but it is not all good. They question a lot, and stop short of accusing you of murder.

CHRIS BARNARD

Do not concern yourself about these matters, your husband's here. Look at me, don't fear. Do you think that I have not considered all the implications? It was all risk but it was purely mine, there is no avenue for any legal ramifications. What is left is professional jealousies and religious dogma and maybe some political fall out, but for all this I ensured that there would be a plan, including this trip to the USA.

LOUWTJIE

You scare me Chris.

CHRIS BARNARD

Why, you married me because you knew I was brilliant, is this not true?

LOUWTJIE

That I did, but not like this.

CHRIS BARNARD

Do you still love me?

LOUWTJIE

I will always love you Chris, but I can not say the same about all this stardom, its not natural.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Don't worry too much baby, it should blow over before we know it, and then you will miss not having enjoyed all this.

LOUWTJIE

You are right, and I have to say that even though it might not seem so, deep down I think I am actually enjoying this.

CHRIS BARNARD

This lunch is really good, don't you think?

LOUWTJIE

Yes, it certainly is.

Chris takes a bite of succulent steak.

He looks over at Louwtjie and she looks at him.

CHRIS BARNARD

Hmm. This taste reminds me of a time before we met.

LOUWTJIE

Oh really?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes, my first real meal in Cape Town. My brother had fetched me from the station. He had just moved into his house in Pinelands.

Savouring the taste, he closes his eyes while a little juice seeps through his lips. Immersing himself in the moment, chewing and tasting, he sighs, satisfied.

CUT TO

46 INT. PINELANDS, JOHANNES BARNARD'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 46

Sitting around a small table. In a modest kitchen, enjoying a meal of steak and chips and a bottle of Chateau Libertas. Chris, his eldest brother Johannes (Barney), and sister in-law Joyce.

Through the Kitchen window, Chris looks at the red roof tops of the University of Cape Town up on the foothills of the eastern side of Table Mountain. Further to the right, Groote Schuur Hospital.

(CONTINUED)

JOHANNES BARNARD (BARNEY)
Your first day in Cape Town, how
do you like it so far?

CHRIS BARNARD
The food is great, thank you,
it's all fantastic, I am feeling
excited.

JOYCE BARNARD
I can see that.

Joyce is up and down, serving and washing dishes and then
joining the table intermittently.

JOHANNES BARNARD (BARNEY)
Hey is that not my pants?

CHRIS BARNARD
No it is not. Mum fixed it for
me, it came from Dodsley.

JOHANNES BARNARD (BARNEY)
Yes, he got it from me.

JOYCE BARNARD
Barney! So what if it was your
pants, you certainly can't fit
into them now can you?

JOHANNES BARNARD (BARNEY)
No I can't, but it was my
favourite.

CHRIS BARNARD
Well they're mine now and I like
them.

JOHANNES BARNARD (BARNEY)
I am glad you're here. I would
appreciate it if you can help
with the unpacking and
organisation around the house. I
leave early every morning for
work, and with the war on, they
need extra man hours so there
will be times you won't see me.

CHRIS BARNARD
No problem Johannes, I will help
get everything organised.

JOHANNES BARNARD (BARNEY)
It will be your home for as long
as you require it. Between Dad
and myself we managed to scrape
enough together so that we

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHANNES BARNARD (BARNEY) (cont'd)
Barnards can have a place in Cape Town, so all of you, Marius and Dodsley, when he gets back from the war, can come down here to study. I don't know how the old folks do it, but this is Mum and Pops gift to us. It will be a sin to let them down by failing.

CHRIS BARNARD
How far is the university?

Looking out of the window at U.C.T.

JOHANNES BARNARD (BARNEY)
Quite far, about five kilometres. Even though you can see it from here, there to the left of Devil's Peak(pointing), that is where you will do your first year; then you will be going to the medical faculty over there (Pointing). There is a train you can take, the station is about half a kilometre down that way. You take a train first to Salt River, where you change platforms, and then to Rondebosch.

CHRIS BARNARD
No, I will walk.

JOHANNES BARNARD (BARNEY)
This is not Beaufort West, here in the winter it rains like hell, you will have to think it over.

CHRIS BARNARD
The money saved on transport can be used elsewhere.

JOHANNES BARNARD (BARNEY)
Suit yourself, I just want to warn you not to make the mistakes I made. I failed two years running, not only did I struggle with English, I fooled around, but in the end I got through and only then realized that the work is not that difficult provided you remain focused. Here you must not fool yourself, you will have to study hard from day one, day and nights. The work is not easy and if you think you can mess around, think again.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

I won't fail Johannes.

JOHANNES BARNARD (BARNEY)

I am sure you won't fail Chris, as your eldest brother, I know that you can be a top student here at UCT, as long as you get stuck in. There are a lot of distractions here, in the City. I know, when I arrived here I allowed myself to be distracted and I had to do two whole years over. It disappointed the old folks dearly and believe me you don't want to experience that type of failure. Trust your older brother with this one.

CHRIS BARNARD

I won't be distracted, Johannes.

JOHANNES BARNARD (BARNEY)

Good, now remember you will have to register and prepare yourself over the next three days. Mum and Pops and I have decided that you will get some pocket money, so you will get ten shillings a month, that includes Train fare. Use it as you will, but don't ask for more, there is none.

JOYCE BARNARD

I will pack you lunch every day. The food up there is unaffordable and only the rich kids can afford it, so don't forget to take lunch with everyday.

JOHANNES BARNARD (BARNEY)

If you feel you have any days off, let me know so that I can organise work at the workshop. There is a real need for hands there, so I hope you will fall in whenever.

CHRIS BARNARD

I might have a sponsor. Someone I met on the train said I must take this letter to this lady.

Chris points to the name on the envelope.

(CONTINUED)

JOHANNES BARNARD (BARNEY)

Let me see, ah yes, I know this dean. He is a real battle axe. Well let's wait and see, you can't lose anything by trying. Every penny will help. If you manage to get this sponsor then maybe we can start setting aside money for Marius.

JOYCE BARNARD

Chris, do you have a yellow tie?

CHRIS BARNARD

A yellow tie?

JOHANNES BARNARD (BARNEY)

Here, you can have my old one. As a freshman you have to wear it for the first year, if you don't, the older students will make it rough on you.

CUT TO

47 INT. UCT, JAMESON HALL - DAY (1941)

47

University Admissions

Chris is sitting opposite a woman, a real battle-ax with the body of a wrestler. He hands her the letter. She reads it, and turns away to make a phone call.

ADMISSIONS LADY

Hello sir, I have got a letter here from you brought in by a young man from Beaufort West.

She listens and nods.

ADMISSIONS LADY

(continuing)

There is hardly any budget left, Sir, most of it has been awarded already. I will channel what is left sir.

She turns back round in her chair, she looks down for a moment, thinking and then looks up.

ADMISSIONS LADY

(continuing)

This is very unusual. Here, fill in your details, you will have a sponsor for the first year, after that you will have to apply for a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ADMISSIONS LADY (cont'd)
 bursary and that will only be granted on condition that you achieve an A pass. Do you understand this? We will sponsor you directly by reducing your fees, you will however have to maintain an A-level and you may not fail any test or exam, is that understood? If you do, you forfeit the sponsor. Are we clear on all this?

Chris looks on.

CHRIS BARNARD
 Thank you ma'am, I don't believe what I am hearing. Thank you.

ADMISSIONS LADY
 Don't thank me, young man, I am only following instructions and believe me, one slip up from you and it's over, you understand?

She gives him the sign of the finger over the neck.

CUT TO

48 INT. PINELANDS, JOHANNES BARNARD'S HOUSE, (ENTRANCE HALL LIVING ROOM) - DAY 48

(Entrance Hall Living Room)

Chris is returning home after walking from UCT. He enters through the front door. Just to the left is the living room.

JOHANNES BARNARD (BARNEY)
 Thanks for helping to get the house sorted. I did not expect you to get it all done in one go.

CHRIS BARNARD
 No time like the present.

JOHANNES BARNARD (BARNEY)
 Did you walk there?

CHRIS BARNARD
 Yes I found the way and it is not that far.

JOHANNES BARNARD (BARNEY)
 So you are all registered and ready to go?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes, and a bit of good news is that the sponsor came through with a possibility of a bursary next year, as long as I prove myself.

JOHANNES BARNARD (BARNEY)

That is wonderful, how much?

CHRIS BARNARD

Not much, but every bit will help.

JOHANNES BARNARD (BARNEY)

That is great, you will have to celebrate with Joyce as I have to get back to work. I will call Dad from work and let him know about this. It will be good news. With Dodsley in a prison camp, this will give the old folks a bit of relief. It is a good start, ensure that you don't waste it.

CUT TO

49 EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS - WALKING TO UNIVERSITY 49

Chris walks to University every day of the first year, five kilometres there, five kilometres back; all times of day. Going in at Dawn and returning at dusk. The time flies. He walks through fields, along river banks, leafy lanes over bridges and highways, through rain and heat carrying his books wearing the same sets of clothes with the yellow tie. We see the tie he inherited from Barney wearing away as it becomes tattered; the four seasons pass. Eventually we see him walking without the yellow tie.

CUT TO

50 INT. UCT, ANATOMY BUILDING - DAY 50

Chris walks into a lecture room. A lecturer's assistant ushering the students in, clip board in his hand, asks Chris his name and sends him to a table. There are about twenty tables. On each table rests a cadaver, covered by a white sheet. Each table has a group of students around it.

Chris pulls up his nose at the smell.

(CONTINUED)

LECTURER (ARCHIE)

Right, is everybody next to their prescribed tables?

There is a murmur from everybody, most of the students are covering their noses.

LECTURER (ARCHIE)

(continuing)

Right students, here only the dead murmur. Let us start again without any hesitations please. Are we all at our tables?

Everybody eases up.

THE CLASS

Yes Sir!

LECTURER (ARCHIE)

Great, I am Professor Drennen's assistant, he will be joining us shortly. In the meantime, the odour you are all smelling and which most, if not all of you, are thinking is going to cause your death, is in actual fact the formalin that you are breathing in. For those not familiar with it, it is the pickle in which all our bodies have been preserved and believe me when I say that it is far better than having a rotten corpse.

There is some laughter and gagging.

LECTURER (ARCHIE)

(continuing)

Rule no1. There shall be no laughing in this lecture hall at any time. During your second year we will invade the dead. This is a serious business and Prof Drennen will not take kindly to any show of disrespect. At the end of each table you will find a jar, dip your finger, smear the lotion below your nose; it will help with the odour.

There are eight students at each table and there is a rush and scramble for the jars.

(CONTINUED)

LECTURER (ARCHIE)

(continuing)

Now it is normal that round about now, some of you will be feeling a bit nauseas. If you all look at the other end of the table, there is a bag for each of you. Please pick it up and keep it with you. I don't think I need to explain.

There is a scramble from the far side, followed by a deep wrenching vomit, immediately followed by one and then two others.

LECTURER (ARCHIE)

(continuing)

Right, let it all out, don't be shy. As I said, I don't need to explain why the bags are there.

Two more students give up their breakfast.

LECTURER (ARCHIE)

(continuing)

Right, will that be all then? Ok, all contaminants will be disposed of in the white bins below the tables. Throughout the year each group is solely responsible for their own table, do not be caught at any time at another group's table. That will mean immediate expulsion! Right, before the professor arrives, get to know your group. These will be your fellow students during this year's study and no changes are allowed. Are we all clear on this?

THE CLASS

Yes Sir!

Chris shakes hands with everyone at his table.

PROF. DRENNEN

I dare say, are we here having a party or are we here to study anatomy?

everybody goes silent.

PROF. DRENNEN

(continuing)

Archie are we ready?

(CONTINUED)

LECTURER(ARCHIE)

Yes sir!

Archie takes the professor's coat and satchel.

The Professor turns and goes directly to the blackboard and starts to draw with chalk in both hands, using different colours at the same time on a sketch. Chris looks on in amazement.

PROF. DRENNEN

Right you may uncover your cadaver, and prepare yourselves.

While there is a shuffle and folding of linen, everybody is watching Archie at the front slab, how and what to do with the cover sheets.

As everybody is done and ready, so the drawing on the blackboard is getting its final touches, revealing a near perfect text book drawing.

PROF. DRENNEN

(continuing)

Open your text book to page six. We will start our learning process here. Each table choose their bravest, as we are about to make our first incision.

Chris is closest to the scalpel, but nobody at the table moves forward to pick it up, leaving him to reach out.

PROF. DRENNEN

(continuing)

We will follow the drawings in the text book. Make an incision here in the skin in the pectoral region. Watch carefully as I indicate on the board. Don't go too deep, you do not want to damage the muscle tissues. Each table, go. Archie, watch to see that there are no mistakes.

At Chris's table, the students around him are watching intently, one holding his hand over his mouth. Chris hesitant, tries but can't do it. He looks over at another table where the incision is well on its way, he tries again but stops. One of his fellow students takes the scalpel and cuts. As the cut is made, Chris keels over fainting.

Prof Drennen facing the black board.

(CONTINUED)

PROF. DRENNEN
(continuing)
Ah! Archie we seem to have one
down.

While Archie and one of his fellow students help Chris
up, another student hits the deck. Chris vaguely notices
this while he is recovering and breaks into uncontrollable
laughter which infects the whole class.

After a while.

A loud banging.

PROF. DRENNEN
(continuing)
Right, thank you class. Thank
you. Thank you! Well done, young
man, may I ask your name?

CHRIS BARNARD
Barnard Sir, Chris Barnard.

PROF. DRENNEN
Thank you Mr Chris Barnard, you
have succeeded to ease your
tension as well as everybody
else's. Now if we all don't mind,
we have an enormous amount of
work to get through this year, so
let's get on with it!

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes Professor.

The Professor turns to the black board.

As the bodies get dissected, everyday, morning till night;
the class is dissecting and inspecting. At the end of the
year the corpses are all dissipated and then there is
nothing left on the slabs.

Chris walking out the class a year later.

PROF. DRENNEN
Mr Barnard, may I have a moment
please?

CHRIS BARNARD
Professor?

PROF. DRENNEN
I have been told by my friend, Dr
van der Merwe, in Beaufort West
that you are quite a good shot on
the hunt and that you have
assisted him numerous times
during minor surgery.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes Sir, when it was certain that I was to come and study to be a doctor, my mother insisted that I fall in with Doctor van der Merwe as often as I could to become familiar with the profession.

PROF. DRENNEN

That is interesting, I am aware of this and that is why you have had me quite puzzled this entire year. I can not fathom why you were amongst those that fainted on your first day here. Have you asked yourself this?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes professor, I have thought about this and the reason is quite simple. To be honest I was expecting blood.

PROF. DRENNEN

Blood?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes Professor. Blood. There was none.

PROF. DRENNEN

Well! How strange is that? Chris enjoy your break, you have passed your second year and I have no doubt that if you keep up your good work, you will have no problem with the next three years. Congratulations.

CHRIS BARNARD

Thank-you Professor.

CUT TO

51 INT. TWA AIRCRAFT, 1ST CLASS - DAY

51

First Class TWA Flight

Chris is finishing the last bite of his rare steak.

CHRIS BARNARD

That was just great.

Chris looks over to Louwtjie.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Man I don't know about you, but I have not had such a good steak in quite a while, and this on a plane? How are you enjoying yours, Louwtjie?

LOUWTJIE

Oh, it is delicious. And the wine! Well, it's all good.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes, it's all good.

The Captain appears

CAPTAIN

Dr Barnard, Ma'am I have been asked via the radio to explain what will be happening when you arrive at the Airport. We will be landing within the next few hours.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes?

TWA CAPTAIN JOHN CUNNINGHAM

Yes, I have been asked to prepare you as best as I can, which is difficult because I can only imagine what ground control is trying to communicate. The flight is only due to land in another four hours and I have been told that the airport is already overrun with people waiting to welcome you to the USA. I was told to let you know that there are people standing by to escort you and that there will be a car waiting for you at the bottom of the stairs. You must please follow the instructions of the aides. They will come on board first, and give you a short debriefing, and then ensure that you get safely to the car.

The plane lands.

It taxis to a halt,

On the ground hoards of vehicles and media, and thousands of people jostling to get a glimpse.

CUT TO

52 EXT. WASHINGTON, TWA AIRCRAFT - NIGHT

52

Top of Stair Case

Chris and Louwtjie coming out the entrance, stop and wave. There are banks of camera flashes, reporters and the people begin to cheer. Pausing for a moment, they pose at the top of the stairs so photographers can take a few shots.

It is early evening, dark, miserable and cold, mid winter and threatening rain, everything is illuminated by flood lights, as they are escorted straight into a waiting Limousine.

We see the Limousine drifting through the crowds and away.

CUT TO

53 INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

53

Washington

In the limousine, facing Chris and Louwtjie, looking back from the forward seats, is Jack CBS(Face The Nation) Producer and Bob Helious, head of a VIP private security company.

Leaning over, Jack shakes Chris's hands.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

It is an honour, doctor. Glad you've made it. We were concerned that somewhere along the way our rivals would be able to get their hands on you. I am the producer assigned to your interview tomorrow night.

CHRIS BARNARD

Pleased to meet you. This is Louwtjie, my wife.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

Pleased to meet you ma'am.

He leans over and shakes her hand briefly. Slipping back into his seat, he introduces.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

This is Bob Helios. He is in charge of your personal needs and security.

Bob leans over and greets.

(CONTINUED)

BOB HELIOS
Pleased to meet you.

LOUWTJIE
Security?

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Yes, Do not be too alarmed, it is normal procedure that all our guests get a security detail. A chaperone so to speak. In this case you have got Bob here in charge. Under the circumstances and with this huge public interest, it is best that you follow Bobs' lead at all times.

BOB HELIOS
I would appreciate this as it would make my job easier, but before we go on, what would you like to drink? We have quite an extensive bar here, Beer, Whiskey, soft drinks what would you like? I know coming off the plane causes that foul thirst, so don't hold back, I will feel offended if you do.

CHRIS BARNARD
I will have a Whiskey, how about you Darling?

LOUWTJIE
The same, please.

Bob Helios pours the drinks, including one for himself and Jack.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
I am in charge of briefing you and your wonderful wife as to what your schedule is going to be, and I will also prepare you as best I can for the television broadcast, which you know is done live to the Nation. So I hope you don't mind if at times I intercede as we go along.

CHRIS BARNARD
No not at all,(laughing). In our country we don't have television so my experience of television is minimal.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

Well, don't worry, by the time I am done preparing you, it will seem that you are a seasoned professional presenter.

BOB HELIOS

And my job while you are in the USA is to ensure that all your personal needs are met, and to make sure that you get to all your appointments on time and safely. I am not per se with CBS, as I was assigned to you via a government outfit. I would say this is due to the scheduled meet with President Johnson.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

So please Doctor, Mrs Barnard, let Bob or his assistants know if there is anything you want, no matter what it is. He will ensure your needs are met.

CHRIS BARNARD

Please call me Chris. If we are going to be spending a lot of time together, let's, amongst ourselves, lose the formal stuff!

You don't by any chance have a cigarette on you?

BOB HELIOS

Yeah, sure.

Bob offers and leans over to light Chris's cigarette. He offers one to Louwtjie, who declines, and then to Jack who takes one.

BOB HELIOS

What brand do you smoke? I will ensure that one of my assistants goes out and gets you a supply.

CHRIS BARNARD

No don't worry Bob, I never buy or carry cigarettes on my person. I have always only smoked other people's, a bad habit of mine.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

Gentleman and Lady, a quick toast to celebrate your visit to the USA and it is my sincere hope that it will be as pleasant as

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACK (CBS PRODUCER) (cont'd)
can be. And as far as Bob and myself are concerned, let us know if there is anything you need. Do not hesitate. If you have any questions, we are here to ensure you feel at home (putting his glass forward, they clink), 'prost'.

BOB HELIOS
Firstly, we will take you straight to your Hotel, where we will get you settled. It is late so we have arranged a buffet in your Suite. We have people on call 24/7. That is, besides the normal hotel staff. You just need to pick up the receiver.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
You have the next couple of hours to yourself, but we will invade your space first thing in the morning to start preparing you for the show.

BOB HELIOS
Yeah, we start at around six in the morning. Breakfast will be in your suite as well. I know it all sounds a bit hectic, but we have no choice. We have a lot of work to get through to ensure a good show.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Yes, unfortunately we have a hectic deadline and much to go through, but don't worry, I will be coaching you step by step, on the dos and dont's of live television.

BOB HELIOS
If you don't mind, may we start immediately? There is a whole list of questions I have been given to ask. It's so that the studio can have all its research in order.

CHRIS BARNARD
No, not at all, go ahead.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
OK, we know you studied at the University of Cape Town and that you graduated in 1944. What did you do after leaving University? You don't mind if I record this, do you, plus I will be making notes?

CHRIS BARNARD
Well, after leaving university, I still had to fulfill certain criteria to be fully qualified in South Africa.

Chris explains hands in the air, his one hand comes to rest on his forehead as he plucks at his memory.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
No, no don't do that Doctor, excuse me (he moves slightly forward). I want you to answer as if you are being filmed. I am where the camera is and through the next very short hours I need to prepare you for tomorrow night and one of the things we don't do is touch our faces during a live interview and it is best that if you are going to do hand gestures, to do it directly in front of you and never move in jerky motions, be smooth.

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes, Okay, thanks for letting me know. I am beginning to understand what your job entails, so please explain everything to me, about all this stuff.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Ooh trust me I intend to. Please continue Doctor, you were assigned after graduation?

Louwtjie's glass is filled by Bob as Chris continues.

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes, I had a further six months of study, at the medical school, as an intern, focusing on gynaecology. After this, I was offered another six months training in general surgery. It was only after this that I accepted my first residency at a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD (cont'd)
nursing home, in District six.
Actually, a maternity home. I
remember arriving there on my
first day, it was quite a day and
I will never forget it.

CUT TO

54 EXT. MATERNITY HOME, DISTRICT SIX - DAY - TRACKING 54

Entrance to maternity home

Young Chris is walking through the streets of a 1940's District Six. Down alley ways and cobbled streets. He is carrying a doctor's bag, and a small group of youngsters are helping him with a larger case and showing him the way. He reaches the door of the Maternity Hospital, climbs the two steps onto the small front porch and pulls the bell cord.

One side of the double door opens and a nurse steps out to greet him.

SISTER NAUDÉ

Yes?

CHRIS BARNARD

Hello Sister I am...

SISTER NAUDÉ

You must be the new doctor then,
I can't believe it, we finally
get the post filled, and that by
a child! Are you sure you are a
doctor?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes Sister(indicating his doctors
bag).

SISTER NAUDÉ

A bag does not make a
doctor, young man, I am Sister
Naudé. I am Matron here, have
been for more than a decade.

CHRIS BARNARD

Chris Barnard (putting out his
hand).

SISTER NAUDÉ

Doctor Barnard welcome, excuse my
crustiness, we have been waiting
for one of you to arrive for more
than a month now and nobody let
us know you were coming.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

They only offered me the
residency yesterday Sister.

SISTER NAUDÉ

You are not from Cape Town are
you?

CHRIS BARNARD

No the Karoo, Beaufort West, but
I have been in Cape Town for a
few years now studying.

SISTER NAUDÉ

Yes I see but, you don't know
Cape Town do you, I mean have you
ever been here, in District Six
before?

CHRIS BARNARD

No Sister.

SISTER NAUDÉ

That explains a lot. I am on my
way to a call, let's get your bag
inside. Nurse Jodie!

She calls through the open door of the nursing house.

SISTER NAUDÉ

(continuing)

Nurse Jodie, where are you?

They hear the sound of running footsteps from within, and
Nurse Jodie appears.

NURSE JODIE

Yes Madam!

She stumbles over Chris's suitcase. She is carrying a
doctor's satchel, which she holds up with both hands
towards Sister Jodie, as she regains her footing.

SISTER NAUDÉ

NURSE JODIE, HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU TO CALL ME
SISTER, NOT MADAM!

NURSE JODIE

Yes Madam, I mean Sister.

SISTER NAUDÉ

Give me the bag, this is our new
Doctor, Doctor Barnard. I want
you to see that his bag gets up
to his quarters. As soon as you
do that, catch up with us, we are
going on ahead.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE JODIE

Yes Sister.

SISTER NAUDÉ

Doctor Barnard, you will come with me! No time like the present to get your feet wet, hey, Doctor? And Nurse Jodie, please don't dawdle.

Chris follows Sister Naudé who moves with lightning speed down the short cobbled roads, turning into this and then that alley, into the maze of District Six.

We see them winding their way through people sitting, talking, children playing, dogs, cats chickens and goats.

The place is a slum bucket.

CUT TO

55 INT. FELICIA'S HOME, DISTRICT SIX

55

They eventually turn into a doorless doorway, down a dark passageway, into a small room where in the corner, we see Mary in the throes of giving birth. On one side of the room, there are a few people sitting on the edge of a single bed, looking on (staring). Behind them, a man is sleeping, facing the wall. The sheer number of people in the room, make it claustrophobic.

SISTER NAUDÉ

Right, come on everybody, out!

Only half the people leave, the rest stay and keep on staring. There is a midwife positioned between the girl's legs.

SISTER NAUDÉ

(continuing)

Hello Felicia, has Mary's water broken yet?

FELICIA

Yes Sister, everything has happened already, you're just in time to see the baby arriving.

The room is dark, the birth is happening on the bare floor. Sister Naudé goes down to her knees, next to Felicia, to help with the last few seconds.

SISTER NAUDÉ

Okay let me see. Oh, my word, we have arrived already, have we?

(CONTINUED)

The Baby is already half way out. Sister Naudé catches it, and without any drama the baby is born.

The baby cries.

In the room and outside, through the dark corridor we hear cries to Allah, Jesus, while others shout out Elohim. Every facet of District Six society is represented as the word spreads through the community.

SISTER NAUDÉ
(continuing)
Will you cut the umbilical,
Doctor?

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes Sister.

Chris reaches into his satchel, he removes a surgical scissor. With it a bottle of surgical disinfectant, sprays the scissor, gives it a wipe, sprays again and bends forward and snips.

SISTER NAUDÉ
Perfect Doctor.

FELICIA
Mary, it's a boy, hallelujah.

SISTER NAUDÉ
Mary, how are you feeling, any
problems?

MARY
Besides birth pains, everything
is normal Sister, nothing to
worry about. Thanks for coming.

SISTER NAUDÉ
Felicia, let Mary hold her boy.

MARY
(smiling)
A boy, let me see.

She looks up at Chris and then at Sister Naudé.

SISTER NAUDÉ
Oh yes, this is our new Doctor,
arrived a few minutes ago. Doctor
Barnard, your first patient,
Mary, and her newborn son.

MARY
Doctor, what is your first name?

CHRIS BARNARD

Chris.

MARY

Heavenly Father, can you believe?
Well. Doctor, meet Baby Chris.

CUT TO

56 EXT. DISTRICT SIX, ALLEY WAYS - DAY

56

Chris Barnard, Sister Naudé and Nurse Jodie making their way back to the Nursing home.

CHRIS BARNARD

I have never been here before,
this place is a bit on the wild
side.

SISTER NAUDÉ

Don't fool yourself Doctor, this
is the wild side and the first
thing you need to remember, is
that people here love to be here,
as rotten as this place is. Here
life is lived to the very edge of
prayer all the time.

CHRIS BARNARD

What do you mean Sister?

SISTER NAUDÉ

Well it is squalor, just look
around. Many of the people here
can earn their way, and yet, they
choose to spend their lives
controlled by circumstance they
design themselves. Here we have
drinking, drugs, gambling, you
name it! In this burrough you
will find it.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes?

SISTER NAUDÉ

Well the District only spans
about 80 hectares. That is its
border, not far to aim in order
for a person to live a somewhat
better life. To understand my
point, ten years ago there was an
outbreak of cholera here.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

There was?

NURSE JODIE

Yes ,I was a teenager back then,
many people died.

SISTER NAUDÉ

Let's face it, the place is a
cesspool. The City Council gave
convicts special pardons if they
volunteered to help clean and
disinfect the place. The City
Council provided new housing
elsewhere for those who wanted
it, but did the residents leave?
No, even though people were dying
in the streets?

NURSE JODIE

And it was not the first time.

SISTER NAUDÉ

As it is, the place is a ticking
time bomb for infectious disease.
There are rats, fleas, bed bugs,
lice you name it. Whatever you
do, ensure that you check
yourself thoroughly when
returning to the nursing home,
best take a shower, and soak your
clothes, each time you return
from a call out.

CHRIS BARNARD

I will take your advice Sister
NAUDÉ.

SISTER NAUDÉ

You will have to make sure you
keep up some form of routine. I
want to warn you now, we will be
called out at any moment, any
time of day, sometimes we go from
one birth straight to another.
Whatever happens, make sure that
when we return to the home, you
wash up.

They are walking through a narrow alleyway. Suddenly they hear shouting, which quickly turn to blood-curdling screams. Chris stretches to look and in front of them at the next narrow intersection, not even ten metres away, they see three young men surrounding a young woman who is clutching her handbag to her chest. The three young muggers tug at the bag repeatedly, arguing with the woman to let it go.

(CONTINUED)

MUGGER #1

Leave the bag, sister!

MUGGER #2

Yes leave the bag and nothing
will happen!

MUGGING VICTIM (SCREAMING)

No, no, no please won't somebody
help me? Leave me, leave me
please, my mother is sick, my
family needs this.

Within split seconds she is stabbed repeatedly by all
three men who wrestle her bag free as she drops to her
knees onto the filthy street.

CHRIS BARNARD

Hey, you, stop, what are you
doing!

He wants to run, but Sister Naudé and nurse Jodie,
anticipating his reaction, grab hold of him

SISTER NAUDÉ

No you don't!

CHRIS BARNARD

What do you mean, they are
attacking the girl!

NURSE JODIE

Please Doctor wait, let them
finish. We don't get involved
now!

The trio are frozen in their tracks. Sister Naudé steps
forward as one of the attackers have come a few steps
closer, knife pointing towards them, in response to
Chris's challenge.

Sister Naudé steps forward and waves him on.

The other two attackers come up and join the first
attacker. They stare at Chris intently, and then turn away
going back from whence they came, walking past the young
woman, who is kneeling as if praying.

The young woman is still in a kneeling position, one hand
propping herself up. As the three men rush past, she
collapses to the ground.

Chris, the sister and the Nurse, rush to to her aid.

Chris is there first, Nurse Jodie second, and Sister Naudé
third.

(CONTINUED)

Chris is feeling her pulse and trying to stop the flow of blood at the same time, instructing Nurse Jodie to put a finger into one of the stab wounds.

He also puts a finger into another one of the wounds where blood is streaming out.

Sister NAUDÉ takes over, feeling her pulse at the girl's neck artery.

CHRIS BARNARD

Somebody get the Police, get an ambulance!

SISTER NAUDÉ

Doctor please calm yourself, it is too late. She was dead the second she went to ground.

CHRIS BARNARD

What do you mean stay calm, she has just been murdered by those hoodlums and nobody did anything!

The street stopped for a few brief moments, but everybody is going about their business as they were before the incident, except there is now a small group of people gathering at the scene.

SISTER NAUDÉ

Doctor, pull yourself together. We are guests in this neighbourhood, (Under her breath so that the onlookers can not hear) we function here because the people allow us to, and only for maternity purposes. We must go now, the police will come here, but we must go.

NURSE JODIE

Come Doctor, let's go.

Nurse Jodie is up and has taken his arm. Pulling and helping him to his feet, she puts his bag in his hand.

Sister NAUDÉ is up and they leave the scene.

NURSE JODIE

Shame man, that was Mrs. Barsby's daughter.

SISTER NAUDÉ

That's enough, Nurse!

Putting her finger over her lips, indicating with her eyebrow in Chris's direction, she attempts to silence Nurse Jodie without Chris noticing, but he does.

SISTER NAUDÉ

You must excuse me Doctor, but we don't want to lose you on the first day. Let me explain, we will not be accosted or touched by any person here as long we stick to our own business. We don't involve ourselves with police business.

CHRIS BARNARD

But aren't we on the same side as the police?

SISTER NAUDÉ

Of cause we are, but, our function here is to be at the side of the babies, therefore, we cannot afford to jeopardies our lives here, or our purpose, as this will in turn jeopardies the lives of the new born and the mothers. At present we are allowed to travel freely without any concern of such attacks.

CHRIS BARNARD

What are you telling me Sister?

NURSE JODIE

What Sister is saying is that if we don't stick our nose into anybody else's business, it wont be cut off.

SISTER NAUDÉ

Precisely Doctor. I am going to be blunt. It is your first day here. You will have to shape up and become street smart very quickly or otherwise you won't survive this neighbourhood.

NURSE JODIE

Yes, like the Doctor before you.

SISTER NAUDÉ

That is definitely enough nurse.

As they continue on, they pass the mugged girl's bag lying abandoned on the ground.

SISTER NAUDÉ

(continuing)

Today's Friday, it's pay day. She won't be the only one to be mugged today.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Shit. Damnit!

Chris has stopped, he is looking down. We see Nurse Jodie and Sister NAUDÉ looking downwards.

Chris has stepped into human excrement, faeces, laying in a shallow street gutter that runs down the centre of the alley. He looks down the angled alley and sees a woman tossing out a bucket and realises that the gutter is actually an open sewer.

CHRIS BARNARD

(continuing)

God Damnit! Fuck man!

SISTER NAUDÉ

Sorry Chris, I forgot to tell you to stay away from the side walls and stay away from the centre of the alleys as far as possible.

NURSE JODIE

Yes there is very little in the way of proper disposal of sewerage here, so you always look where you're going.

SISTER NAUDÉ

Nurse when we get back to the home, make sure that we get Doctor Barnard two pairs of Wellington's from the store.

CHRIS BARNARD

You ladies must be kidding me, I mean is this for real?

SISTER NAUDÉ

Welcome to Kanaldorp, Doctor. This is District Six, otherwise known by the locals as Paradise.

They carry on walking, passing the three attackers sitting on some steps outside an entrance. They look up as the three pass on by.

Chris looks at them as they pass, the nurses look straight ahead.

SISTER NAUDÉ

(continuing)

Don't be tempted to look back Doctor. That would be very unlucky. Just put the next foot forward and keep on going.

CUT TO

Chris knocks on the door.

SISTER NAUDÉ

Ah! Doctor Barnard come in. I hope you have have found your quarters adequate?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes Sister, it is more than I expected.

SISTER NAUDÉ

Good, I am glad to see you cleaned up. Many doctors have come through here, some have been swallowed up by the District, others have left very disillusioned, none have stayed so I don't expect you to stay either.

CHRIS BARNARD

I have no plans as yet to move on.

SISTER NAUDÉ

Yes but there will be, and the choice will be yours to make at the time. I would suggest right now, that when an opportunity presents itself, you be open and honest with me so that we can facilitate such a loss. The last Doctor we had, just upped and left, a great disappointment. The one before him is now living in the brothels and opium dens, here, in the district.

CHRIS BARNARD

Don't worry about me Sister NAUDÉ, I have not come this far to suddenly lose my way, and when the time comes for me to move on, I promise you will be the first to know.

SISTER NAUDÉ

I am pleased to know that. Good. I would like to let you know that I take personal responsibility for my doctors that come through here. I have just been on the phone with Prof Creighton at Groote Schuur, I believe he was

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SISTER NAUDÉ (cont'd)
the one who suggested you come here.

CHRIS BARNARD
He arranged it, yes.

SISTER NAUDÉ
Yes. He has told me that you are a learner of note, so I will let you know why he sent you here. He sent you here so that you can gain experience. This District is Cape Town's war zone, as you have already experienced. I have no doubt that if you can manage to survive three months here, you will go out of here with the knowledge and experience other doctors take a lifetime to achieve.

CHRIS BARNARD
That is what Professor Creighton told me as well.

SISTER NAUDÉ
Well I don't know what you have imagined this post was going to be like for you, but I will not hesitate to tell you upfront that whatever you thought, it is irrelevant here. It is Friday today, the weekend is about to begin. Nurse Jodie, whom you have met, will show you around the home. We have a small surgery here and we have about eighteen young girls here in late stage of pregnancy. We only admit the under-age girls here.

CHRIS BARNARD
Under age girls?

SISTER NAUDÉ
Yes, we do this to prevent the girls from being raped any further during their pregnancy. Yes, it's bad, space is limited so our policy on this is a fixed one. If we don't protect these girls during this period, believe me, you don't want to experience the end result.

CHRIS BARNARD

This is a policy?

SISTER NAUDÉ

Yes Doctor it is my policy. This is why we are here in the middle of the community. Here the gangs rule and the hoodlums rule the gangs, but as I said before, we stick to our business, and we leave everything else to the proper authorities. What happens within the confines of this home stays here, I hope you will understand this.

CHRIS BARNARD

I do sister, but I am a bit shocked.

SISTER NAUDÉ

Don't be Doctor, it is only the start of your first day here and even though it is late afternoon, the day is still very young.

There is a knock on the door, Nurse Jodie pops her head in and then enters.

SISTER NAUDÉ

Ah! Nurse Jodie. Doctor, Nurse Jodie is going to give you the tour, there is not much time, I want you to acquaint yourself with the surgery and befriend the rest of the staff on duty tonight and prepare yourself for action.

CHRIS BARNARD

Action?

CUT TO

58

INT. NURSING HOME SURGERY - DAY

58

The small surgery resembles a war zone. People sitting along a bench holding blobs of bandages over various areas of their body; Stabbed, shot and injured. Moans and gurgling groans! There are injured patients lying on the floor, amongst them, a body covered with a sheet. In an enclave, Sister Naudé is delivering a baby, while two other nurses are stitching knife wounds. Stumbling in at the door, another pregnant woman is staggering, blood seeping through her clothes from her crotch.

(CONTINUED)

Friends or family of the injured are accepting orders from the staff, as they move up and down, quickly, through the injured maze.

In the centre of the desperate band of people is Chris, bending over a table where a man lies, holding his stomach. Chris's white coat is smeared with blood which is dripping down the side of the table onto the floor, causing Chris's new Wellingtons to stick to the floor as he steps over strewn swabs and discarded bandages.

CHRIS BARNARD

Tell me, my friend, what happened to you?

Chris looks over the man and realises it is one of the men who stabbed the woman to death earlier on.

Chris is shocked and steps back out of the focused bedlam around him. He looks at the young hoodlum on the table. Slowing down time itself, Chris hears the beat of his heart.

CUT TO

59 INT. WASHINGTON, LIMOUSINE - DAY

59

Jack swallows, his adams-apple bulging, as he listens intently to Chris. Wide-eyed incredulity on the faces of Jack, Bob and Louwtjie. Chris takes the last swig of whiskey.

CHRIS BARNARD

I managed to stay just over six months with Sister Naudé and the crew. This was way past Sister Naudés' expectations.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

Wow! Okay. Next question. Let me see.

Jack looks over at Bob who lifts his eyebrows.

Looking back at Chris.

BOB HELIOS

Can I fill your glass?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes, thank you.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

Right, next question, before we get to the hotel.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Go for it.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

They want to know from you, and this is a strange one. They want to know if you can remember when it was, that you can say without a doubt, was the first time that you ever managed to save a life?

CHRIS BARNARD

Well, let me think. Okay, I can say that I have managed as a Doctor to prolong the life of many people through the years. As a doctor I cannot say I was alone in this. I have mostly worked with some sort of team around me. Ah yes, I remember now... there was a time. I can truly say that there was a time that I did manage to save a life, one that I am truly sure of.

BOB HELIOS

Tell us Doctor

Leaning forward, all ears.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

Yes, please.

Checking if the tape recorder is still operating.

CHRIS BARNARD

My opportunity arrived to leave District Six when I received a call from a friend and fellow graduate of mine, Pikkie Joubert, who had taken over the private practice of an established general practitioner from Scotland who was on a sabbatical back in his home country.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

Ceres?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes, you know?

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

Yes we have mention of your time there in our notes.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

It is a small town about two hundred Kilometres from Cape Town. At first I was not interested in going, but Nurse Naudé encouraged me to take a break from the District, at least for a while. Needless to say I never returned. As rough as the District was, the exact opposite was true for Ceres.

LOUWTJIE

Ceres is beautiful.

CHRIS BARNARD

Ceres is in a valley town and getting there was quite something as you had to drive through Baines Kloof, which has the most magnificent scenery. I had bought a second hand Zephyr Station Wagon with money saved and a small loan from the bank. It drove like a bomb. Ceres is a small town, so when I arrived it wasn't difficult to find the surgery. Pikkie, my friend, was waiting for me when I got there.

CUT TO

60

EXT. DOCTOR O'MALONY'S SURGERY - DAY

60

Posted out on the gate is a sign, Doctor O'Malony's Surgery. Chris spots the sign as he drives up slowly in a packed Zephyr Station Wagon.

Dr Pikkie Joubert and Pietie (coloured house boy) come out through the gate to meet Chris.

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

Hello Chris, welcome. Man, am I glad to see you!

CHRIS BARNARD

Man, it's great to be here. I had no idea how beautifull it was out here.

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

Yes, it's like another world here. This is Pietie, he is the caretaker here, without whom I can tell you, I would not be able to cope.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Hello Pietie.

They shake hands and Chris opens up the back of the car and starts unloading his bags.

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

Chris, leave that. Pietie will unload your stuff for you. I need to go out on a call so let's talk quickly inside.

Chris and Pikkie pick up part of the luggage and move down the path to the surgery.

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

Pietie, will you organise the rest so that Dr. Chris and I can talk some business?

PIETIE

Yes Doctor, no problem!

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

Don't worry about the rest of the stuff Chris, Pietie here will sort you out. Come with me.

The telephone starts to ring as they are walking down the shady path towards the small house surgery.

CUT TO

61 INT. OFFICE, O'MALONY'S SURGERY - DAY

61

Pikkie rushes into the office, dropping the luggage he is carrying in the doorway, and picks up the telephone as he falls back into the chair behind a grand mahogany desk.

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

Hello, Doctor O'Molony's surgery,
Dr. Joubert Speaking. How can I
help you?

As Pikkie is talking on the phone, he indicates to Chris to grab a seat.

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

No, I am afraid Doctor O'Malony has gone on an extended holiday to his home country. He will only be back in about a year's time. I am sorry if you can't wait so long. Hello, hello. Can you believe it, she put the phone down.

(CONTINUED)

They both laugh.

CHRIS BARNARD

That can't be too good for business.

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

Well I have been here a month already and I can tell you people here are set in their ways. We can't expect to keep all Doctor Tim's patients while he is away, but what I can say is that I have gained others. The town has three doctors, so the people will rather go to somebody they know before trusting young ones like ourselves. But not to bother, I have found a way to grow the practice and eventually, as the word gets around, the town's people will begin to show some trust.

The telephone rings. Pikkie picks up the phone.

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

Yes Doctor O'Maloney's surgery, how can I help? Ah, hmm, let me just write the address down. Yes, yes, I will be there shortly, have some hot water on the stove. A birth (he informs Chris). I will have to go, but before I go let us sort out the business.

CHRIS BARNARD

Okay, tell me.

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

I feel that after expenses we split everything straight down the middle 50/50?

The phone rings.

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

Dr. O'Malhony's practise, good day, Dr. Joubert speaking. How can I help?

CHRIS BARNARD

Sounds all good to me.

They nod at each other in agreement. Pikkie puts his figure into the air to hold the thought as he continues with the telephone conversation.

(CONTINUED)

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

Yes, hello Mrs. Lloyd, what is wrong? That is no problem. I tell you what, I have to go out and help with a delivery and as soon as I finish there I will make a turn and check up on Little Jaco. Yes, Yes, in the mean time keep him in bed and draw the curtains. Okay. See you as soon as I can.

Puts the phone down.

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

Thinks one of her kids has measles. So where were we?

CHRIS BARNARD

50/50.

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

Yes. Here are last month's books. Check them out when you have a moment, they are not terrific, but not bad either. I have been running my ass off from the minute I got here and you will see that the profit is not too good. Hardly enough to get by, never mind saving for the future, but, but, but, like I told you over the phone, I have found a way to make a good addition financially besides the private practice.

CHRIS BARNARD

Explain?

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

Well, it came to my attention that in this town there are two types of patients, the rich folk on which all the doctors in town have built their practice around.

CHRIS BARNARD

And obviously the poor, mostly coloured folk. I know what you are saying.

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

Yes, you are quite correct, all the doctors here have ignored the population, concentrating on the rich and have absolutely

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT (cont'd)
neglected the government health
programme.

CHRIS BARNARD
Really?

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT
Yes, can you believe it.

CHRIS BARNARD
I am not surprised.

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT
Anyway, I did some research and
there is an enormous backlog of
cases here, enough to give us a
minimum of three surgeries a day,
plus, and then some. It will keep
us busy right until O'Maloney's
return; and at five pounds a
surgery, which does not sound
like much, but if we get stuck
in, we will be able to coin it.

CHRIS BARNARD
You were always the business man
Pikkie. You have my undivided
attention!

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT
See, I told you, you won't be
sorry that you came. Putting in
time here will give you a good
insight into private practice and
I can tell you, we will be busy.
I mean it's twenty-four-seven
here, but in a good way!

CHRIS BARNARD
I feel I have made the right
move, besides it was the only
option that has come my way since
I started in District Six. I
thought I was going to be
swallowed up over there.

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT
Good, I am glad you chose to
come. I have to go. We split the
work. One night you're on, next
night me, and during the days we
take turns with house calls and
so on. We will work it out as we
go along. In the meantime Pietie
will help you get organised and
settled.

CHRIS BARNARD
Sounds good to me.

Dr Pikkie Joubert heads out the door, collecting his bag and coat.

The telephone rings.

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT
You're on Chris. Grab the phone.
I'm on the way, if they ask.
Cheers!

Chris stands slightly bemused as the door shuts, and answers the phone.

CHRIS BARNARD
Hello. Good day, Doctor
O'Maloney's Surgery. How can I
help you?

Chris listens.

CHRIS BARNARD
You say you will be here in how
many minutes? Okay!

He puts the phone down.

CHRIS BARNARD
Shit, Shit,
Shit! Pietie!

He runs out the door calling.

CUT TO

62 EXT. O'MALONY'S SURGER, FRONT GARDEN - DAY

62

On pathway. Chris rushes out and finds Pietie still busy carrying some boxes in.

CHRIS BARNARD
Pietie, has Doctor Joubert gone
already?

PIETIE
Yes, there he goes, around the
corner on his motorbike.

CHRIS BARNARD
Shit! Piet we have an emergency
coming in, a woman who was mauled
by a Leopard! Where is the
operating theatre? I need you to
help me get ready.

(CONTINUED)

PIETIE

Don't worry Doctor, everything is ready, that is part of my job. The theatre is right next door to the office. We are always ready here doctor. Doctor O'Malony has been training me a long time and I will phone for the sister straight away. She will be here quick, she is also the anaesthetist.

CHRIS BARNARD

Really? Thank Heavens.

Chris sighs with relief.

PIETIE

Only one not ready is you, Doctor. We better get you changed quickly.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes. Shit quick, let me help you get the rest of the stuff in. Where can I wash?

Chris grabs a box and they head for the front door.

CUT TO

63 INT. O'MALONEY'S SURGERY - DAY

63

Pietie leads the way into the surgery, followed by a huge farmer carrying the tall, slender, limp body of a woman. Bringing up the rear is a young man, the farmer's son.

Chris is scrubbed, ready, dressed in a white coat and Wellingtons. The Boer (Farmer) sees him.

FARMER

Who are you?

CHRIS BARNARD

I am Doctor Barnard, put her down here on the table!

The farmer does not hesitate as he gently places his beautiful tall wife down on the table. Her dress is torn and shredded and blood is seeping through. She is semi-conscious, moaning and groaning deliriously.

Chris looks over her.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Your wife?

FARMER

Yes!

Chris looks over at the younger boy.

FARMER

My son.

CHRIS BARNARD

Somebody phoned and let us know you were on your way. Your wife was attacked by a Leopard?

FARMER

Oh God, Yes!

CHRIS BARNARD

Okay! I need you and your son to go and clean up. Pietie will show you where. We need to make sure the area remains sterile to prevent infection. When you are done washing up, you can come back in.

FARMER

I don't want to leave her Doctor.

CHRIS BARNARD

You're not, you are only going to give yourself and your son a chance to gather your strength. When you are cleaned up, your wife will want you by her side.

FARMER SON

Come Pa, listen to the Doctor.

The father and son leave the surgery. As Pietie is closing the door behind them, he turns around and looks at Chris.

Chris looking at the injured patient, stares into infinity, frozen.

PIETIE

Dr Barnard!

Chris gathers composure and focuses.

CHRIS BARNARD

Shit, here goes. Pietie we need an anaesthetist now.

PIETIE

I have phoned Sister Dories, she
is here.

He steps aside and a Catholic Sister walks through the
door.

SISTER DORIES

Hello, my name is Sister Dories.
Pietie phoned, you must be doctor
Barnard. A leopard attack?

She moves fast, looking over the patient.

CHRIS BARNARD

I need you to anaesthetise as
fast as possible sister, but
first we need to ensure that we
insert a tube, and we need to
administer some plasma before
anaesthetising otherwise we might
not find her vein if she begins
to relax.

PIETIE

I will set up the plasma.

SISTER DORIES

I will get the ether ready.

CHRIS BARNARD

Thanks.

Chris turns his attention to the victim. He gently starts
to cut what's left of her torn clothing, lifting it away
from her damaged body. As he gently cuts the clothing
away, he studies every wound, making notes as he goes
along. The intravenous is handed to him. He finds an
undamaged part of her arm, ties it off, finds a vein and
inserts the intravenous. He opens up the tap.

The sister is ready to apply the ether.

CHRIS BARNARD

A few moments, Sister. We need
the plasma to bring lessen the
shock. Pietie can you pass on the
syringes?

Chris injects her and the patient starts to calm down as
her husband returns to the surgery. Sister Dories
anaesthetises her by placing a cup, tainted with ether,
over her nose and mouth. The husband, distraught, finds
his wife's hand and holds on.

Chris is busy disinfecting along her upper body, down
towards her abdomen, helped by Pietie.

(CONTINUED)

Chris talks to the farmer.

CHRIS BARNARD

I don't want you to fear too much, although there are a lot of tears to your wife's body, it seems that they are all flesh related. I will do the best stitching as I possibly can, but my greatest fear is infection, therefore I am going to need your help.

FARMER

Anything doctor.

CHRIS BARNARD

I want you to follow Pietie's lead and help cleanse the wounds. I will start from the top and work my way down, with the stitches, one wound at a time.

Pietie has already started and is working his way through the wounds. He is a seasoned professional and knows what he is doing. Some pieces of the patient's skin is very floppy as he lifts and cleans with watered down Betadine swabs.

The Sister takes the farmer over to the basin and shows him an overall and whispers to him to wash his hands. He returns to the table with mask and gloves. By the time he returns, Pietie is already working his way down the left thigh.

Silence has fallen over the surgery, and the farmer follows Pietie's lead and starts with the right thigh, washing and cleaning.

Chris has started to suture the wounds, and we can see that he is completely focused, one stitch at a time.

Pietie is also focused and the Sister is at the head of the table carefully listening to the patient's breathing. She starts to wash the patient's face, gently cleaning away the smeared caked blood, revealing a stunningly beautiful face, without a single scratch.

The Farmer has calmed down and has become completely absorbed with the task of cleaning and disinfecting the patient's wounds. He follows Pietie's lead, carefully observing, as he proceeds.

Within a few minutes the team has entered into a rhythm and slowly but surely, progress is made. Chris's stitching is phenomenal, small and accurate. Pietie and the Husband's job is done, and watching, the farmer begins to break down, sobbing out loud.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

You will have to tell me what happened. It is important so that I have a complete picture. Will you tell me?

FARMER

Yes doctor!

CHRIS BARNARD

Bring the chair closer, and sit, you have done well. Pietie, I need you to check if there is enough thread for sutures.

PIETIE

I think there will be, but I will phone the other doctors in town and get them to send over what they can spare.

SISTER DORIES

How many stitches so far doctor?

CHRIS BARNARD

We are on seven hundred and eighty one so far. Twenty lacerations have been completed and we are just over halfway through.

SISTER DORIES

We cannot go too much longer with the ether, doctor. We have had her under for more than two hours now.

CHRIS BARNARD

Do your best Sister, I cannot tell you what to do, but if you feel we are reaching a critical point, perhaps it will best if we switch to local anaesthetic.

SISTER DORIES

I will give you another hour at half doses, so be aware that she will be closer to consciousness, as you go along.

CHRIS BARNARD

I will speed up my effort as much as I can. Pietie, can you get the syringes and local anaesthetic ready so long, in case we need them.

(CONTINUED)

PIETIE
Will do, Doctor.

CHRIS BARNARD
Now tell me Mr...

PIETIE
It's Groeneweld, Doctor.

CHRIS BARNARD
Tell me Mr. Groeneweld, what
happened?

Methodically, Chris continues stitching while Pietie and Sister Dories hand him sutures already threaded.

FARMER
The leopard has been taking down
our sheep for a few weeks now,
killing up to ten at a time.

CHRIS BARNARD
I am from the Karoo myself so I
know this problem, and so?

FARMER
My son and I brought all the
livestock closer to the homestead
in order to better protect them.
We knew that the Leopard would
come closer, so we waited.
Eventually our plan worked, the
bastard tried to strike again,
but my son was waiting and he got
a shot at him, however the cat
was only wounded and went and
sheltered in a cave half way up
the hill, close to the house.

CHRIS BARNARD
So you went after a trapped,
wounded leopard?

FARMER
My son did before I could stop
him. All I could do was follow up
behind in case he needed help.
Yes, the cat was cornered, and as
my son closed in on the entrance
of the cave, the beast, even
though wounded, came storming out
straight at him. We both got
another shot in him, but he
continued going straight past my
son. I took another shot as it
passed, meters from me, but it
carried on down the hill.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes?

FARMER

Straight for the kitchen door of the house where Marietta was. The bugger broke right through the screen door.

CHRIS BARNARD

It was only going for the next available shelter.

FARMER

By the time my son and I got there, the cat was on top of Marietta. She had stabbed the cat with one of the kitchen knives. She fought.

CHRIS BARNARD

Your wife is a strong woman, Mr Groenweld. We all know the reputation Leopards have. Your wife battled one to the death and has survived, I have not heard of anybody who has. So it is important for you to be as strong as she was.

FARMER

Okay Doctor, yes you are right.

CHRIS BARNARD

We are Afrikaaners you and I, we can.

FARMER

Yes Doctor.

CHRIS BARNARD

You have done all you can here for now. I think that maybe you should go out and tell your son that his mother is a strong lady and the chances are, that she will pull through.

FARMER

Yes Doctor, thank you Doctor.

He leaves the surgery.

CHRIS BARNARD

How are we doing for sutures, Pietie?

(CONTINUED)

PIETIE

At your present rate Doctor, we will last another 15 minutes.

CHRIS BARNARD

We are going to need more, at least another half an hour's supply.

PIETIE

I will phone the other doctors again.

SISTER DORIES

Things are looking good on my side, doctor. The patient is half under, but seems to be coping with the discomfort.

CHRIS BARNARD

Good sister, I will soon be done.

SISTER DORIES

Don't you think it a bit premature to tell the relatives that things are going to be okay?

CHRIS BARNARD

She will pull through sister, but things will never be the same. The patient will have to deal with the scars and so will the husband and the rest of the family.

SISTER DORIES

But what about the chances of infection?

CHRIS BARNARD

There will always be that chance over the next couple of days sister, but not right now. She has been lucky. There has been a lot of damage done, but if there was any infection at this point, she would already show signs of a fever; and we would be in trouble. But so far so good. And she will wake up on this table, I am certain of it.

SISTER DORIES

How can you be so sure?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

This is one hell of a lady. She put up one hell of a fight and was thinking all the way through it. You can see she never gave the cat a chance to attack her head. No, I am certain this patient will pull through. The critical stage is going to be determined by what kind of care she receives in the next few days.

PIETIE

That is not a problem Doctor.

CHRIS BARNARD

I need something to drink.

Chris steps back removing his mask so that Sister Dories can hold a glass of water for him.

CUT TO

64 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY (LATER)

64

Chris takes a good swig from his whiskey glass.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

So this was the first time you saved a life?

CHRIS BARNARD

No, not at all, you must remember that up until then I always had a team of some sought around me, I can without a doubt say that the very first life I saved, which I can positively say that I solely was responsible for, happened a few hours after the Leopard Lady

Chris takes another swig of whiskey.

CHRIS BARNARD

(continuing)

A few hours later I was called out. It was late and I arrived as the sun was setting on a farm about twenty kilometres from the town, high up in the 'Koue-bokke-veld'

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

This was later, on the same day?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes, that is why I remember it. A lot happened that day. When I got to the farm, the wife came out to greet me. She immediately took me into the house where I found the husband, suffering from a tremendous fever.

CUT TO

65 INT. CEDERBERG, FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

65

Chris stops his Zephyr Station Wagon right outside the door of a lime washed, thatch roofed farm house. A woman charges out the open door and unceremoniously directs Chris into the house.

Chris goes about opening his bag, taking out his stethoscope and thermometer.

CHRIS BARNARD

How long ago did the fever start?

MAGGIE (FARMERS WIFE)

Well from this morning when he woke up.

CHRIS BARNARD

Is he the only one in the house who is ill?

MAGGIE (FARMERS WIFE)

Yes.

CHRIS BARNARD

Did he visit anywhere yesterday?

FARMER #2

No Doctor, I was working on the farm all day.

CHRIS BARNARD

Oh so you are conscious! Good. Well did you eat something that the rest of the family did not?

MAGGIE (FARMERS WIFE)

No Doctor.

CHRIS BARNARD

So it's not food.

Chris is inspecting the patient.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Let me see, what happened here to your finger?

FARMER #2

Cut it yesterday, pulling fences.

CHRIS BARNARD

Hmm. This could be the source let, me check your pulse.

Chris fills a syringe.

CHRIS BARNARD

Well I am going to give you some penicillin, I think you have got yourself an infection through the cut.

MAGGIE (FARMERS WIFE)

Will he be alright Doctor?

CHRIS BARNARD

I think so, I will wait until I see an improvement before going back to town.

MAGGIE (FARMERS WIFE)

I will put some coffee on.

CUT TO

66 EXT. FARM HOUSE STOOP - DAY (DAWN)

66

The next morning as the sun is coming up, lying in a huge chair covered by a thick 'Karros' outside on the 'stoep', is Chris. His head stirs as a cock crows a few feet away from the roof of his car, and as he does so, Maggie comes out of the kitchen door with hot coffee and breakfast on a tray.

MAGGIE (FARMERS WIFE)

Morning Doctor. Coffee?

We see Chris pop his head out, looking around in bewilderment.

CHRIS BARNARD

How is your husband doing?

MAGGIE (FARMERS WIFE)

Perfect, he was already out on the farm before first light. I don't know what you did doctor but he's as good as new.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD
Penicillin!

As he says Penicillin, he focuses on a goat right next to him, tied to one of the roof pillars.

MAGGIE (FARMERS WIFE)
I don't know what that is Doctor,
but what I do know is that you
saved this goats life. I was
about to slaughter it so I could
use his hide to wrap my husband
in.

CHRIS BARNARD
What?

MAGGIE (FARMERS WIFE)
Yes, it's the old boereraad
(remedy) to draw out fever. The
warm hide of a goat, works all
the time. Old farm cure.

CHRIS BARNARD
I doubt it would have helped in
this case.

MAGGIE (FARMERS WIFE)
Well as it is, we did not need to
put it to the test. It's the
goats' lucky day, I can tell you
I was just about to slit its
throat when my husband walked out
of the room, fit as a fiddle.

Chris turns to have a closer look at the goat who is stretching forward, trying to have a go at Chris's breakfast, prevented from reaching by the rope around its neck. Chris offers it a slice of toast.

CUT TO

67 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY (LATER)

67

CHRIS BARNARD
And that is when, I can truly say
t my actions, and my actions
alone, were solely responsible
for saving a life.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
You're funny Chris.

Everybody in the limousine, including the driver, is laughing.

(CONTINUED)

BOB HELIOS

Well folks we are here, at the hotel.

The Limo pulls up at the Hotel Entrance.

CUT TO

68

INT. HOTEL SUITE, WASHINGTON HILTON - NIGHT

68

Bob Helios leads CBS Producer Jack, followed by Chris and Louwtjie, into a magnificent hotel suite of enormous proportions. The centre of the main living room is laid out with a circular buffet, flower arrangements are everywhere providing a fresh and colourful touch to the grandeur of the room. Flanking each side is a contingent of staff, waiting.

Chris and Louwtjie are flabbergasted as they enter. Jack is pleased at the spread and Bob, in command, is also pleased that everything is just the way it is, as his eyes pick up on every detail.

BOB HELIOS

Well here we are, this is where you will be while you are with us. I have been told that you will also be shooting down to Dallas and a few other places, but I will give you a full brief first thing in the morning.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

Yes, first thing in the morning. I presume that I don't need to remind you that if you need anything, pick up the telephone. Bob's assistant here, Mike, is on duty for you tonight. Speak to him if you have any 'special' requirements.

Jack signals the team of people inside the suite, as the luggage arrives. Bursting through the door, the hotel manager with an entourage of two bell hops.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

Right everybody, make a move, our guests here have made a long trip. We will all make our introductions in the morning. Everybody out.

After the hustle it is only Bob, Jack and his assistant, Mike that are left standing.

(CONTINUED)

BOB HELIOS

This is Mike, he will be on call through the night.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

Okay, let's go. You guys enjoy yourselves, see you in the morning. Remember it will be early, you will receive a wake up call in good time. Cheers.

The last three leave, closing the enormous double doors behind them.

Chris and Louwtjie stand staring at each other, then they turn and look around. They are both amazed.

LOUWTJIE

This place is enormous! Our whole house can fit into here more than twice.

CHRIS BARNARD

Five times.

LOUWTJIE

Wow.

Louwtjie rushes forward and enters through a doorway into the bedroom, which then leads through to an ensuite bathroom. she screeches.

Chris comes running through.

CHRIS BARNARD

What?

LOUWTJIE

Good grief, the bathroom is bigger than our entire house, it is magnificent!

CHRIS BARNARD

Jeez, what is this thing?

Louwtjie comes over to investigate, they both stare down at a bidet.

Chris looks closer, and Louwtjie presses a button. A fountain of water hits Chris in the face.

CHRIS BARNARD

Bloody hell!

LOUWTJIE

(Laughing) It must be an American thing.

(CONTINUED)

She grabs him and hugs him as they both start laughing at the fountain.

CHRIS BARNARD

Well, it ain't a toilet.

LOUWTJIE

Let's see what else is here.

They move through the suite and find another bedroom ensuite. As they pass by the buffet, they each grab a snack. They discover that their clothes and luggage have already been packed out.

They return to the main part of the suite and pour themselves some Champagne

Chris starts to undress.

CHRIS BARNARD

I don't know about you, but I need to have a shower, I feel phewy!

LOUWTJIE

Me too!

She takes a sip and looks over to a television set, goes over and finds the switch. The TV comes on to the music of The Doors and we hear the song, Light my Fire.

Chris by now is naked, his clothes leave a trail into one of the bathrooms. Louwtjie stands staring at the screen, drinking champagne and slowly she starts to undo her clothes, swaying to the music.

She enters the shower with Chris, two glasses of Champagne in her hand. The enormous walk-in shower sees Chris coming out from under the stream of water. He accepts the glass of champagne, kissing Louwtjie on the neck. They clink glasses.

LOUWTJIE

Chris, let's make Love.

We enter a love session. It is supreme, driven into the realm of art, slithering out of the shower along the parquet flooring, through the buffet and into the opposite bedroom, over the bed and into the bath in the ensuite.

Resting upon each other.

LOUWTJIE

Chris I love you, more than anything.

CHRIS BARNARD
And I, you, always.

CUT TO

69

INT. HOTEL SUITE, WASHINGTON HILTON - DAY (DAWN)

69

The city of Washington, seen from the enormous arched window of one of the VIP guest suites at the Washington Hilton. Even though it is winter, the morning sun is breaking over an expansive park, covered with snow, outside the hotel.

The sunlight bursts through the arched loft type windows, the rays smashing into a large crystal chandelier, breaking up the light into various smaller rays in the living area.

There is a serene calmness disturbed by the muffled rhythm of marching feet. Suddenly the huge double doors swing open. Enter a troupe of people with all types of gear. We have wardrobe, make-up artist, hair-stylist, a photographer, and a few other Personal Assistants, resembling a mini circus.

Bob Helios and Jack enter, followed by hotel staff pushing breakfast trolleys. The cavalcade comes to an abrupt halt. Bob Helios throws up a hand command, everybody shuts up and stands frozen.

Bob Helios and Jack CBS Producer turn to each other.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Bob, your job, where are they?

BOB HELIOS
I checked, they did get a wake up call at seven.

They look over to the one bedroom. The door is open and the huge double bed is stripped of bed clothes, some of which are now lying along the floor through the main living room.

They follow the trail into the next room.

Everybody remains still, except Bob and Jack who go through the remaining bedroom door. Inside, the other bed is also stripped.

Bob and Jack enter cautiously.

Once in, they move toward the bathroom, where they find Louwtjie naked, lying on top of Chris in the bath with most of the bed linen in the bath with them. There is a trail of wine glasses and food snacks on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

Chris and Louwtjie are still out for the count.

Bob and Jack back out quietly. Silently they look at each other. Smiling like naughty children, they cover their lips with their fingers, almost bursting with laughter. They pink panther their way out into the Living room area, shutting the bedroom door behind them, ignoring the inquiring looks from the still frozen entourage within.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
This is your job, Bob.

BOB HELIOS
Okay, okay.

Bob moves back closer to the bathroom door. He knocks on the door. Half stepping inside, half waiting out.

BOB HELIOS
Good morning folks, hello!

Louwtjie pops her head up.

She immediately shakes Chris who pops one eye open, looks at her, she moves her eyebrows at him flickering her eyelashes. They realise the situation.

LOUWTJIE
Shit.

CHRIS BARNARD
Gosh. I think we better get up.

They both try, and laugh, their heads are sore.

BOB HELIOS
Sorry folks, but we have a whole team waiting and we are already behind schedule.

CHRIS BARNARD
Give us a moment, we will be there in a minute.

BOB HELIOS
No need to rush, we will give you five minutes.

CUT TO

70

INT. WASHINGTON HILTON, HOTEL SUITE - DAY

70

The whole crew is waiting, the place has been tidied up, breakfast is laid out buffet style, flower arrangements have been changed.

Wardrobe rack with a few suits, make-up and hair table is up and everybody is waiting.

Jack CBS Producer is pacing up and down with Bob standing waiting at the bedroom door.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

You were supposed to ensure that this type of delay doesn't happen. Damnit Bob, these guys are from Africa, what can they understand about television?

BOB HELIOS

Relax Jack, we are only half an hour off, we will be fine.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

You might not think so, but it is my butt on the line, if this guy is not ready for the show tonight.

Chris comes out the bedroom completely showered, shaved and dressed, hair neatly combed.

BOB HELIOS

See, what did I tell you?

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

Ooh, Good morning Chris, thank heavens. I thought we had lost you.

CHRIS BARNARD

Sorry about that, normally I am awake very early.

BOB HELIOS

It's the travel, it happens.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

Is your wife not joining us?

CHRIS BARNARD

Err, She has got a bit of a headache, is it important for her to be with?

(CONTINUED)

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
No, not at all, not at all, we have a few meetings this afternoon and then the show. We need to be at the studio two hours before the time. Basically, what we need to know is if she is going to join you at any stage, so that we can ensure she looks her best and so on, if you know what I mean?

Pointing to make-up and hair.

CHRIS BARNARD
If it is okay with you, she would be happy to stay here.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
No problem! Chris to get started, we have here certain people, over there is our preliminary make-up team, they will sort you out and make you as photogenic as they can. Stephen and Tracy. Wardrobe is Alex and Jesse. They will ensure your clothes remain spot on all through the day, and over there are our hair guys, Sue and Philip. All these guys will look after you all through the day and make sure you are in top shape for the photographers and also the television cameras.

Chris, still standing at the door, puts up his hand.

CHRIS BARNARD
Hello everybody.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
There is breakfast, so please help yourself.

Behind Chris, we see Louwtjie poking her head out the bedroom door behind him.

LOUWTJIE
Chris did you manage to find some Aspirin?

CHRIS BARNARD
Not yet Darling. I wouldn't come out yet if I were you.

Louwtjie steps out wearing a Hilton gown. Hands on her head, she stops next to Chris. She looks out through slitted eyes.

(CONTINUED)

LOUWTJIE

And now? What on earth, Chris,
here are people in the room.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes Darling, meet the crew.

Tracy the make-up lady rescues the moment, stepping forward, she is fiddling in her bag.

TRACY (CBS MAKE UP LADY)

Morning Darling, come don't fret yourself, I have a potent headache powder for you. Come let me sort you out, my name is Tracy and I do make-up.

Tracy steers her back into the bedroom, opening up the door wide and indicating to Stephen her assistant to join her.

TRACY (CBS MAKE UP LADY)

(continuing)

My Goodness, I can see that the two of you were busy! Don't worry, doll, if myself and my husband were in a pad like this, we would also have had a blast. Stephen, get the Lady some water.

LOUWTJIE

Thank you.

In the main room the pace suddenly steps up as Chris is shown to the hair guys.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

Sorry Chris, but we need to rush now.

CHRIS BARNARD

No problem.

Chris takes a seat as Philip, a screaming queen, looks on; bent in the hip, a comb in the hand.

PHILIP (CBS HAIR STYLIST)

My name is Philip and this here is my assistant, Sue. Let us have a look at you. My, my you sure look far too young to be a surgeon. Hey, Sue?

SUE (CBS HAIR ASSISTANT)

Are we sure this is the guy?

(CONTINUED)

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Don't worry about these two
Chris, they both probably want to
climb into your pants.

CHRIS BARNARD
Really?

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Now don't go having any ideas, we
have a lot to get through.

Philip has started pruning Chris's hair, combing this way
and that.

JACK CBS PRODUCER
(continuing)
Can we continue with the list of
questions the Studio has given
me? I have to turn it in by lunch
time.

CHRIS BARNARD
Go ahead, after all that is why
we are here.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Okay, thanks Chris, so tell me
when did your interest in heart
surgery start?

Chris flashes privately to the Springbok heart and to
the grave side with his mother.

CHRIS BARNARD
I cannot really answer that one?
I can only say that the desire to
perform surgery has always been
in me. What I can tell you is
when I realised with absolute
certainty that it would be a
possibility.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Well that is good, please
continue, try and hold nothing
back.

Philip continues to groom Chris as Chris continues with
his story.

CHRIS BARNARD
Well, after being a country
doctor for a few months, I got
married and I actually settled
down, bought our first home with
a bank loan and started a family.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD (cont'd)
 O'Maloney returned to claim his practice, which my friend and I had grown enough to accommodate all three of us. I stayed on in the partnership for quite a while, over two years in fact, until a sequence of events forced me to reconsider.

Philip, the hair stylist, starts to ooh and aah as he listens to the story while he accurately snips a bit here and a bit there.

CUT TO

71 INT. O'MALONEY'S SURGERY - DAY

71

Chris cuts the umbilical cord of a baby boy.

CHRIS BARNARD
 There we are Mrs Swartz, a beautiful baby boy. He has all his fingers and toes and is looking good.

LEX SWARTZ
 Thank you Doctor.

CHRIS BARNARD
 Okay Sister, it's all yours, my job is done. I am going home to give my wife a kiss and take her out to dinner.

SISTER DORIES
 Everything will be fine here Doctor.

LEX SWARTZ
 Thank you Doctor, once again.

CHRIS BARNARD
 Sister you can allow the father and family to sneak a peak once everything is washed up and so on, but not too long, you know the drill.

SISTER DORIES
 Yes Doctor.

CUT TO

72 INT. RESTAURANT, CERES - NIGHT

72

A young waiter rushes to the table where Chris and Louwtjie are sitting. They are halfway through their dinner.

The waiter bends over and whispers into Chris's ear. Louwtjie looks on resignedly.

Chris gets up and walks over to the telephone and without returning to the Table, runs out, leaving Louwtjie sitting by herself at the table.

CUT TO

73 INT. O'MALONEY'S SURGERY - NIGHT (LATER)

73

Chris comes rushing in, he is met by Sister Dories.

SISTER DORIES

Something is wrong doctor, the baby is not doing too well.

CHRIS BARNARD

My Lord, the Child is blue. Sister start mouth to mouth resuscitation.

Chris feels the heart, he listens to the chest for a moment

CHRIS BARNARD

The child's heart is failing.

He rushes over to a cabinet and rambles through the vials of medicines, eventually picking out one.

CHRIS BARNARD

For heaven's sakes, Sister, whatever you do, do not stop mouth to mouth. I am coming with a heart stimulus.

Chris plunges across the room, feels for a spot along the side of the baby's chest and inserts the syringe through the chest into the heart. The Baby starts to breathe more normally. Chris and the sister are silent and listening, Chris moves the stethoscope.

The colour returns, they both step back staring at each other, the father is standing in the doorway.

Chris moves the stethoscope into another position on the baby's chest. He looks over at the sister, moving his eyes, he signals her to remove the father.

(CONTINUED)

He continues to listen to the faint beat of the heart while sister shows the father out, closing the surgery door. She returns to the opposite side of the table.

Chris is looking down at the baby, distraught.

The baby is dead.

CHRIS BARNARD

Hmm!

Chris drops his head, raising it again, he looks up over the dead baby, he stares.

SISTER DORIES

Dr Barnard?

CUT TO

74

INT. OFFICE, O'MALONEY'S SURGERY - DAY

74

Chris is furious.

CHRIS BARNARD

What do you mean you want me out?

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

Well Chris, we have tried, but you have gone over the top. Dr. O'Maloney here cannot handle your brashness.

CHRIS BARNARD

What do you mean, I have only done my best, the practice is booming. Pikkie, you brought me here and since then the practice has expanded. I have brought my family here to settle for God's sakes.

DR O'MALONEY

You are driving me mad Chris, and at my age I cannot deal with it. You question my judgement in front of patients and you are grabbing every patient for yourself, it is making us look ridiculous.

CHRIS BARNARD

I don't grab patients, they choose to come to me, I cannot help that. What does it matter anyway, we share the income, what does it matter who services what patient?

(CONTINUED)

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

That's just it, Chris, we have caught up the back log. In case you have not noticed, the patient traffic is lower and it has become clear that the practice can only sustain two doctors.

DR O'MALONEY

I am sorry Chris, but you were the last to arrive. Pikkie and myself agreed, last in, first out. I wish it could be different, but quite frankly I cannot deal with you any more, I find you far too arrogant, and much too full of yourself.

CHRIS BARNARD

You cannot kick me out, I will stay as long as I want.

DR O'MALONEY

It is just this type of attitude that has progressively turned my absolute respect of your brilliant work and ethics over the last two years into total distaste of your presence. You are forever competing against us and I personally do not, at my stage of life, feel it is apt for me to feel hard done by; especially in my own practice. Do you understand Dr. Barnard?

CHRIS BARNARD

I will stay here as long as I like!

DR O'MALONEY

Not legally, this is my practice and every patient here belongs to my practice.

CHRIS BARNARD

Pikkie, you stand there, you are supposed to be my friend. You brought me here, why did you not warn me about this?

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

We are discussing it now, Chris.

CHRIS BARNARD

Discussing it, what do you mean we are discussing this? You two

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD (cont'd)
have already decided. I see how it works, you brought me here and used me to help you build up this practice using my skill. You used me, both of you. I God damn bought a house here, I brought my family here because the two of you agreed to a partnership. How dare the two of you turn tail and claim it's due to my personality?

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT
Chris, it's not like that at all, I am your friend, and we are not saying that you need to go straight away.

CHRIS BARNARD
I have a second child on the way. Where the hell must I go now, where must I get the money? Pikkie, you should never have allowed this to happen.

DR O'MALONEY
That is enough, Dr. Barnard, it's not Pikkie's decision, it is mine. You will please make other plans.

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT
Chris, you wanted to return to study anyway. You have been talking about it ever since that baby died a month ago, so now is your chance. Return to Groote Schuur and carry on with what you really want to do.

CHRIS BARNARD
Don't patronise me Dr. Joubert, you know that a doctor cannot just walk back into Groote Schuur. You know it! It could be years before an opening comes available there, and I only said maybe I should return,

DR. PIKKIE JOUBERT
I think you should, Chris, it is where you will excel the most. Chris, you cannot continue as a GP. It will drive you mad. It is surely driving us mad, you are out of control here.

CHRIS BARNARD

Tell me Dr. Joubert, what it is I have done wrong, damnit, what?

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

Listen to yourself Chris. Ask yourself why we are where we are right now Chris.

CHRIS BARNARD

I am asking?

DR O'MALONEY

Your behaviour is lacking composure here, Chris, and over the last couple of months it is precisely this, this weird energy you carry around you. I can't describe it, but you need to look at it right now.

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

You have been drilling us on our procedures and second guessing us without due process or any kind of debate, it is not a partnership any more Chris, you have slowly become obsessive. I am sorry Chris, you might not think I am your friend any more, but I am and you can dismiss this fact, but I am telling you straight to your face, right now, that you are not meant for general practice and certainly not this one; so before it gets more out of hand, please do not make it more unpleasant.

CHRIS BARNARD

What, unpleasant? My arse!

DR O'MALONEY

Yes it is already unpleasant! As it is and Pikkie is right Dr Barnard. From my point of view you can, if you want to, continue head butting yourself, but not in my practice. I was open to facilitate your moving on over a period of time, but I would prefer you not to come back, forthwith. Please take your stuff out of here as quickly as possible. Right now would be good.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Go fuck yourself, old man!

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

Chris, it does not need to be this way.

CHRIS BARNARD

It's Dr. Barnard to you, Dr. Joubert, and you know what, you can go fuck yourself too. Why don't you just fuck each other.

Chris storms out, slamming the door so hard, one of the window panes fall out.

Dr Joubert and Dr O'Maloney look at each other.

DR O'MALONEY

That did not go too well, did it?

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

No doctor, it did not. This is actually my fault, I should never have brought him here.

DR O'MALONEY

You are right about that, I am glad you can admit your mistake, Pikkie, unlike your friend who sees no fault in himself. I am glad we have finally dealt with this matter, I really could not stand the man any more. He really is not true Doctor quality is he? I can't imagine how he ever qualified.

DR PIKKIE JOUBERT

Dr O'Maloney, please don't kid yourself, Dr. Barnard graduated at the top. I am in debt to him and as young as he is, he is a better doctor than both of us put together. Without hurting our relationship, I need to tell you that I only agreed to this, because I know deep down in my heart that Chris is destined for greater things than us, here, in general practice.

DR O'MALONEY

Well we can only wait and see. For his sake, I hope you are right, but I personally do not share your sentiment. Make sure

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR O'MALONEY (cont'd)
he receives a bill for the window
pane.

Chris returns to the door, opening it wide, he slams it
even harder, breaking the rest of the glass panes.

CUT TO

75

INT. HOTEL SUITE, WASHINGTON HILTON - DAY

75

Chris's looks into a hand held mirror as Philip, our
hairstylist, is holding it up to show Chris his handiwork.
There is hardly any change at all.

PHILIP (CBS HAIR STYLIST)
Well! You certainly showed them.

Chris is looking at himself in the mirror.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Philip, do you mind, Dr. Barnard
is answering questions here.

PHILIP (CBS HAIR STYLIST)
I know that Jack, but I am also
done with the hair. Time for the
facial.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Tracy, are you finished with
breakfast? We need you over here.

Jack picks up the phone and begins to dial as Tracy comes
closer.

TRACY (CBS MAKE-UP LADY)
Yip, all ready and waiting. Tell
me, honey bunch, I could not help
but listen, why did the baby die?

CHRIS BARNARD
It was a heart defect, the same
type of defect that caused my
oldest brother to die. The death
of this baby reawakened my desire
to continue studying. In those
days many babies were lost with
this same defect and it was
apparent to me that new research
was necessary into this type of
birth defect.

TRACY (CBS MAKE UP LADY)
So now, are you still enemies
with your doctor friends?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

It was a long time ago, I eventually treated O'Maloney years later for a heart problem and Dr Joubert, I still call him Pikkie. I have unfortunately never really come to terms with the way they treated me back then, even though I have to be honest that I had already made enquiries for a post at Groote Schuur.

TRACY (CBS MAKE-UP LADY)

Groote what?

CHRIS BARNARD

Groote Schuur, it means big barn in English and it is Cape Town's academic hospital, where I first qualified as a doctor.

TRACY (CBS MAKE UP LADY)

Oh, I see. So you and your wife left after the fall out?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yip, I left there, tail between my legs after I tried to rally my patients in an attempt to open a new practice. I lost the battle and eventually I had no choice but to put the house on the market. I had to sell the car for a cheaper one. It was a tough time. We moved to a sea side bungalow in the Strand, about fifty kilometres from Cape Town. Lucky for us it belonged to my wife's parents, so we did not have to pay for it, but even so, it was not long before there was no money; and to top it all off, our boy Andre' was born during this period.

TRACY (CBS MAKE UP LADY)

Andre', nice name, very French, exotic sounding.

CHRIS BARNARD

I tell you the whole scenario started to close down on me. I have to admit I began to feel a lot of pressure.

(CONTINUED)

TRACY (CBS MAKE UP LADY)
Tell you what doll, I know exactly what you're talking about, been there done that.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Hey Tracy, how far are you? We need to speed things up here. They want to send some photographers up in less than a hour.

TRACY (CBS MAKE UP LADY)
Don't worry honey bunch, it won't take that long.

Tracy is powdering away at Chris's face as they converse.

TRACY (CBS MAKE UP LADY)
Did you find work?

CHRIS BARNARD
At first I did not seek work as I thought that the house we left behind would sell and that there would be enough cash after debts to tide us over till I could complete my plan to obtain a degree by becoming a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons; a tall order that was doomed to fail.

TRACY (CBS MAKE UP LADY)
You failed?

CHRIS BARNARD
I did not succeed would be a better way of saying it. I studied like a trojan, I intended to do it in less than six months, but no matter how fast I studied, even though I was ready after three months to do the two exams, the house in Ceres did not sell as I had hoped; and with no income we were soon on the bones of our arse.

TRACY (CBS MAKE UP LADY)
Oh have I been there, I can tell you.

CHRIS BARNARD
The time spent studying in Cape Town came to an end when I was forced to find a paying position

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD (cont'd)
and I had not accepted this until
I was nothing more than a beggar.
We were living on handouts. I had
no choice and the day came when I
had to find a job and find it
fast.

TRACY (CBS MAKE UP LADY)
You obviously got one?

CHRIS BARNARD
I went for an interview that same
day. I saw the ad in the paper.
It was the only ad for a
qualified doctor on that
particular day at a hospital
specialising in infectious
diseases.

JACK CBS PRODUCER
Infectious diseases?

Jack is still on the phone. Pacing up and down, he has
twined the telephone cord around his ankles. He says
goodbye to the person on the line, unravelling himself. He
puts the phone down on a grand old bureau. Picking up a
note he comes over to Chris.

Tracy is expertly applying a base coat to Chris face.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Yeah, this I need to jot down.
They have a question here about a
thesis you wrote, apparently
early in your career. Yeah, here
it is, Tuberculosis Meningitis.
Wait, let me get the recorder
going.

BOB HELIOS
It has been on all the time,
recording everything so far.
Might as well continue, there is
still plenty of reel left.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Thanks for covering Bob.

Indicating to the phone.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
(continuing)
That was the Boss. So tell me,
Chris, you get a job at a state
facility and use it to write a
thesis, which you later hand in

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACK (CBS PRODUCER) (cont'd)
as part of your Masters degree in
Medicine. It's all here.

Indicating to his notes

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
(continuing)
Last night I stayed awake
reading, and hell what a brief.
Chris, I had very little
knowledge about what doctors have
to go through to become
qualified.

CHRIS BARNARD
What do you mean?

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Well, it seems you spent your
entire life studying.

CHRIS BARNARD
That is because I chose to and I
don't think I will ever stop, but
that does not mean every doctor
does the same thing. I could have
just decided to be a general
practitioner.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
But! You didn't and hell what a
body of work you have done.

CHRIS BARNARD
Jack, when I left general
practice, forced in a way, I
decided to go into surgery and
research. It is somewhat
different from being a G.P. but
let me tell you, that the work I
did during this period, my thesis
for Terburculosis Meningitus, as
far as I am concerned, was where
my success as a surgeon began. I
only qualified as a surgeon many
years later, but the experience
and knowledge I gained during my
work at City Hospital gave me
enormous insight into how the
body's immune system worked and
it was here that I first became
acquainted with the microbial
nature of the body.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Immune system?

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes, without this knowledge I doubt I could have been successful with the transplantation of the heart. It gave me an edge over other researchers, because very few doctors will even consider putting themselves into such a position, because the treatment of infectious diseases, mostly incurable, ranks as one of the Hells on Earth. Believe me.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Tell me.

TRACY (CBS MAKE UP LADY)
Tell us!

CHRIS BARNARD
The City hospital provided housing on site and three days after my interview, we moved in. From our new home I only needed to walk 500 meters, a beautiful walk under trees, birds singing all the time, before stepping into Hell.

CUT TO

76 INT WARD, CITY HOSPITAL FOR INFECTIOUS DISEASES - DAY 76

TB meningitis Ward Cape City Hospital for infectious Diseases.(AnaMO)

Chris steps through the doorway of Anamo ward, which resembles an army barracks. There is an open double door on the other side through which the early morning sunrise is visible.

The long barrack type ward is spotlessly shiny, with dustless floors reflecting a lack of sophistication and sparseness. There are forty iron-railed cot beds, twenty beds on either side of the ward.

Chris, carrying his surgical bag over his shoulder and a satchel in hand, steps into the ward and cringes at the smell and the horrific groaning, gurgling noises. He strains to look through the sharp light to see where the singing of "Yankee Doodle went to Town", sung by a young girl, is coming from.

(CONTINUED)

Becoming more accustomed to the sharp sunlight, Chris moves down the centre of the ward and sees the silhouettes of two nurses working over one of the beds.

One, a tall, shapely blonde, marches over to him.

His eyes are drawn to the slight sway of her hips.

NURSE JULIAN
You must be the new doctor,
welcome to ward thirteen.

She extends her hand in greeting.

CHRIS BARNARD
Good morning! I am Dr. Chris
Barnard. I see you are busy. May
I observe? I might as well get
right into it.

NURSE JULIAN
Yes sure, Doctor, I am Nurse
Julian and over there is Nurse
Gladdis. We were about to do a
lumber punch. We try to get the
worst things out of the way first
thing in the morning.

Slowly they move down the centre of the ward.

CHRIS BARNARD
The smell is terrible, nurse.

NURSE JULIAN
I am afraid it does not get any
better, I call it the smell of
death.

Stopping in shock.

CHRIS BARNARD
Jesus Christ nurse, what the
hell is going on here?

A small boy, contorting and twisting, is taking handfuls of his excrement, slapping it against the side of his head, shoving it into his ears, groaning in pain.

Gladdis, the other nurse, rushes over with a bucket and expertly starts to clean up.

NURSE GLADDIS
Morning Doctor, my name is
Gladdis, welcome. This here
is Joey. I am afraid to say
that he has moved into his
final stages, him and old
Patrick over there.

Indicating to the other side of the ward.

NURSE GLADDIS

They unfortunately won't be with us for much longer.

CHRIS BARNARD

How can you say that Nurse?

NURSE GLADDIS

I have been here ten years already doctor, in all that time I still have to see a patient walk out that door. I know the stages of this illness, and one of the stages in this ward, Doctor, is death.

NURSE JULIAN

Now Gladdis we don't want to scare the Doctor away this soon do we? I have not been here as long as Gladdis here Doctor. Gladdis is one of the dedicated ones here, on this ward. Us young one's, we cope, but barely. Gladdis is right, once a patient comes through this door, it is too late. I have been here three years and I too can say that no patient ever leaves.

CHRIS BARNARD

Shit, shit, shit.

NURSE GLADDIS

Yes, you will see a lot of it here. The kids here, they get to a certain point. I think the pain gets too bad or something. I believe they attempt to smother themselves or block up all their holes to stop their pain.

CHRIS BARNARD

Shit.

NURSE JULIAN

Come. Your office is in the far corner. The first day I arrived here I ran out. I could not take it! I stood outside crying until Gladdis here managed to calm me down. I can see you want to, but I know you won't.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

I feel I should.

NURSE JULIAN

You won't.

NURSE GLADDIS

If you were, you would have run out already. We know, we have had other doctors try out for the position and the last two never got further than you before running out of here.

Nurse Gladdis is speedily finishing up with most of little Joey's mess. Nurse Julian grabs hold of Chris's satchel.

NURSE GLADDIS

OK Joey! That will have to do for now. We will be back to clean you up completely now-now. Doctor, let Nurse Julian show you through to your office over there. I will be with you in a minute. Once you're over your shock, we can start afresh.

CHRIS BARNARD

Shock!?

NURSE GLADDIS

Yes Doctor, if you weren't, I would be concerned. Any normal person would be in shock coming through that door. Very few remain as long as you have done so far, so I predict that you will be with us for a while longer, at least.

At the far end of the ward is a raised cubicle type office with a window from through which one can see the entire ward. Chris and Julian make their way to the office, passing the string of beds, each hosting a patient, each contorted to deformity.

Chris, looking down at the ward from inside the office, drops his doctors bag down onto the desk. He flops down into a captains chair and buries his head in his hands.

CHRIS BARNARD

What am I supposed to do here?

Nurse Julian drops his satchel down on the desk next to his doctors bag, putting her hand on her hip. She studies her finger nails.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE JULIAN

We do what we do Doctor, and I am sure you will know what to do soon.

Chris angrily swings the captain's chair towards her, staring straight into the voluptuous hips of Nurse Julian. His eyes follow her curved line upward. Nurse Julian, topped up with a perfect set of mammary glands, looks down at Chris over the top of her ample bossoms, her stunning model like face smiling down at Chris. Chris lifts his eyebrow, surprised.

CUT TO

77

INT. DORMITORY HOUSE, CITY PARK HOSPITAL - DAY

77

LOUWTJIE

How dare you Chris! How dare you!

Chris is sitting at a desk, inside a bay window adjoined to the living room area.

LOUWTJIE

Chris, how dare you take us to this place? This is not a hospital, it is a death camp. People are sent here to die of infectious diseases. There is an asylum, a mad house, just around the corner. Chris tell me, what will happen if one of the kids pick up one of these diseases, what then?

CHRIS BARNARD

We will be careful.

LOUWTJIE

How Chris, how, tell me how. Do we keep the children in the house? Chris, this afternoon they had patients from the asylum cleaning up the garden outside.

CHRIS BARNARD

So?

LOUWTJIE

What do you mean, Soooo! How do we know if they are safe? I cannot understand you Chris! From one extreme to another.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Just last week you were going crazy because we ran out of money, because you were stuck miles away from the City, because I was out of work and God knows what else. Louwtjie, listen to me, and listen well.

LOUWTJIE

Listen to what, tell me Chris what? What? What are you going to tell me?!

CHRIS BARNARD

We are here, we are going to stay. I have realised that no matter what I do or decide, you for some reason will never be happy. So hold yourself in, and be a good mother.

LOUWTJIE

Be a good mother! How dare you Chris. I am a good mother, but what kind of father takes this kind of risk with his children? No wonder you did not tell me about this place, because you knew I would not have come.

CHRIS BARNARD

I did not say you were a bad mother. I was saying, be a good mother and deal with the situation, is that understood? Nothing is going to happen to the kids! The diseases start out there, is that understood?

LOUWTJIE

Don't tell me to understand! Why did you not tell me what this place was before we came? Have you seen some of these wards? It's hell, it is madness; how do you expect me to live here and be happy?

CHRIS BARNARD

It is a hospital, I am a Doctor, this is what we do and if I remember correctly, you are a nurse, or have you forgotten? Has life become too easy since you married a doctor?

(CONTINUED)

LOUWTJIE

A doctor? Maybe a doctor, but not a husband or a father!

CHRIS BARNARD

Okay, that is enough Louwtjie, you are out of control, fuck it! The house here is far away from the wards, you don't need to come anywhere close to the patients. Just stay here, do what mothers do, be my wife be whatever you want to be, but we are here now and we don't have the money to leave or a place to go to.

LOUWTJIE

We can go live in South-West Africa closer to my parent's house. You can be a GP there, we can have a happy life!

CHRIS BARNARD

Are you out of your fucking mind?

Chris, angered, rushes out from behind the desk, violence flashing through his eyes, Louwtjie cowers backwards.

LOUWTJIE

Don't you dare! Don't you dare!

Chris gnashing his teeth, brings his face up close to Louwtjie and in a strained whisper, says;

CHRIS BARNARD

Listen here, listen carefully. You married me, I am Chris, not your country doctor, come GP. I am here to further my qualifications and do something great in the medical field, take it or leave it, and if you want to live, hanging onto your mother's apron strings, you can file for divorce, understood? You are either by my side all the way or you can fuck off. There is the door.

LOUWTJIE

Okay, Chris! I am sorry, you are right. I was not thinking, I think I am just a bit tired. The move, it has not been a good day.

CHRIS BARNARD

It has not been a good day for you? Darling you have no idea.

He pins her to the wall, slides his hand under her skirt and lifts. She responds, kissing him. Through the frosted glass panes, she sees somebody approaching the front door. She is startled. Chris looks around. Before the person can knock, they briskly straighten themselves out. Chris answers the door while Louwtjie looks on, leaning up against the wall.

DR. RAY RABKIN

Hello I am Ray, Dr Ray Rabkin, we are neighbours. I live in the residence next to you. Hi, I came round wondering if you guys would like to share a bottle of good old KWV?

She holds up a bottle of the famous brandy.

CHRIS BARNARD

Err?

DR. RAY RABKIN

And to go with it, kudu biltong all the way from South West Africa.Huh.huh.?

Dr Ray Rabkin does not wait for an answer and invites herself in.

LOUWTJIE

Err.Yep! Biltong, Brandy and Biltong.

DR. RAY RABKIN

Come on, it's not as if you guys are having a glorious time of it and the children are sound asleep. If they were not, they would surely have been crying by now. Sorry to let you know, but things are not so sound proof here.

CHRIS BARNARD

Hi, I am...

Putting his hand forward.

DR. RAY RABKIN

Dr Barnard I presume, and this is your lovely wife Louwtjie. Yes Doctor, the whole facility here knows who you are. We have all

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. RAY RABKIN (cont'd)
been awaiting your arrival for
the last three days, ever since
your interview. Call me Ray, I
can tell you news travels in a
flash around here.

CHRIS BARNARD
Well come in, call me Chris and
this is Louwtjie.

DR. RAY RABKIN
Yes, so that is what I will call
you guys, Chris and Louwtjie.
Here is a bottle, Chris. KWV
10year old, a special drink for a
special occasion. God knows and
so do I and the rest of us here,
that you, the two of you, need a
drink. Anyway welcome to City
Park.

Louwtjie looks at Chris, shocked and ashamed.

DR. RAY RABKIN
Don't feel that way. You should
have seen my first day here. I
lost a boyfriend on my first day.
I was so stressed, and everybody
here goes through an initial
shock stage.

LOUWTJIE
Chris, pour us a large one.

CHRIS BARNARD
Thanks Ray, very kind of you. KWV
10, where did you get hold of
this?

DR. RAY RABKIN
No problem, my ex boyfriend works
for the company and keeps me
supplied, he thinks it is the
only thing that keeps me sane in
this place. Here Louwtjie, some
biltong to help with that
home-sickness.

LOUWTJIE
Gee thanks Ray, come in, come on
sit down, your timing is, well it
just is.

Chris fetches ice from the kitchen and returns to the
sideboard to pour the brandy.

(CONTINUED)

DR. RAY RABKIN

Wow. You are all settled already, you must have worked yourself to a standstill today.

LOUWTJIE

Yes it comes with practise, we have moved quite a bit lately.

DR. RAY RABKIN

It took me weeks to unpack and even longer to settle in here, I first had Chris's ward. It was a hell of a struggle. I could not decide whether to stay or go.

CHRIS BARNARD

Man I know what you mean, today was hell for me. I have never seen such human suffering as what I have seen today.

LOUWTJIE

What do you mean?

DR. RAY RABKIN

Chris has ward 13, TB Meningitis. Not good! Don't worry Chris, it will get easier, soon you will go through the steps, as we all did. I am glad you are staying though, the hospital is really short of hands and it seems to be the committee's policy that all new hands must pass through ward 13. It's like an orientation.

LOUWTJIE

What are you telling us?

DR. RAY RABKIN

I reckon the committee believes, that if you can survive ward 13, you are qualified to work in any other part of the facility. I can tell you very few doctors stick around.

Chris serves the brandy in the living room where Louwtjie and Ray have seated themselves.

CHRIS BARNARD

I can see why, but what I can't seem to fathom is why a doctor is needed in the ward, except for signing death certificates?

(CONTINUED)

LOUWTJIE

Chris?

DR. RAY RABKIN

No Louwtjie, Chris is right, the patients who arrive in ward thirteen, leave in body bags. The only thing I can say Chris, is try and find ways to make them as comfortable as possible. The treatments in the hand books have not been updated since the last century and there is very little new research happening in the search for a cure.

LOUWTJIE

There is no cure?

DR. RAY RABKIN

None. I believe the only cure for this monster is prevention, but tell that to somebody who cares, there is nobody out there that does.

CHRIS BARNARD

I have to agree with you, I know little of this disease, but from what I saw today, prevention is the only cure.

DR. RAY RABKIN

No Chris, even though it would be best to prevent this disease, I believe that the lack of research is what prevents a cure for the disease once the patient has contracted it.

LOUWTJIE

What do you mean?

DR. RAY RABKIN

It boils down to ethics.

CHRIS BARNARD

Ethics?

DR. RAY RABKIN

Well to do research you need to experiment, cut open and test various possibilities and meningitis is a human borne disease. How can one do research on living humans? Ethics do not allow it, and therefore finding

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. RAY RABKIN (cont'd)
any kind of cure is virtually
impossible.

CHRIS BARNARD
I see what you mean. What doctor
will research a disease that, in
its very nature, prevents
researchers from studying it?

DR. RAY RABKIN
Exactly, it only allows us to
be in charge of watching a
steady stream of humans live
through unspeakable suffering.

CHRIS BARNARD
Thanks Ray, I was trying to spare
Louwtjie the details. Louwtjie
Darling, thanks for doing the
house. I mean it's so perfect, I
was so stressed, I never even
thought to notice.

DR. RAY RABKIN
Come, come, drink up, serve
another glass. It's happy days.

LOUWTJIE
Chris I think you should do a
thesis on this, maybe you can
help. Besides you needed a
subject, here it is.

DR. RAY RABKIN
You know Louwtjie, you cannot be
more right. It will at least
change your focus away from the
suffering, Chris.

CHRIS BARNARD
I will start tomorrow.

DR. RAY RABKIN
Why did I not think of it? Might
have prevented my depression
setting in (she lifts her glass
to Louwtjie). You will have to
speak to Superintendent Wicht
first.

CHRIS BARNARD
I will.

LOUWTJIE
I have some snacks in the kitchen

DR. RAY RABKIN
Snacks. Hectic girl, you have
been a busy woman today.

LOUWTJIE
I am a doctor's wife, what can I
say.

Chris has brought the bottle of brandy and ice over to the
coffee table and is topping up their glasses.

CUT TO

78 INT. SUPERINTENDENTS OFFICE, CAPE CITY HOSPITAL - DAY 78

The Superintendent, Dr. Wicht, pouring KWV10 into two
tumblers with ice.

SUPERINTENDANT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT
I got this as a gift from Dr
Rabkin, lord only knows where she
gets the stuff from. A rarity if
ever there was. I always have a
bottle.

CHRIS BARNARD
Good stuff, without a doubt the
best.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT
So you want to start on a thesis
right away?

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes, immediately if I may?

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT
I was told that you were not one
to sit around twiddling your
thumbs.

He hands Chris a brandy.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT
Go ahead, I know it's early, but
it must be ten o'clock somewhere
in the world, besides I keep it
here specially for respectable
moments like this.

CHRIS BARNARD
Respectable?

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT
Yes, moments that are worth the
endeavour of pouring a golden

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT (cont'd)
liquid. I have always kept a
bottle here since I took up my
post here, even though this one
is a gift from Dr Rabkin, I like
to keep a supply here for moments
of special significance.

The bottle is still three quarters full.

CHRIS BARNARD
This is such a moment?

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT
Well, yes.

He takes to his seat behind his desk.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT
I started at this hospital in the
same ward you have, I expect all
our doctors to experience it. I
have filtered through all the
wards here and have dealt with
TB, diphtheria, the worst cases
of measles, scarlet fever, you
name it, we have it here; not to
mention the sorry cases amongst
the asylum section, but amongst
it all the worst is the ward
assigned to you.

CHRIS BARNARD
I realise that, Dr Wight.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT
Call me Frikkie, please, I want
you to be able to come to me at
any time, whenever the need
arises.

CHRIS BARNARD
Thank you. I will.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT
Remember, I have been where you
are now and I will be concernd if
you do not require any
assistance. That includes the
emotional category, Dr. Barnard.
Chris if I may, you might think
you know, but let me tell you,
you don't, not yet anyway. Ward
13, the patients either die or
they become vegetables and then
die.

CHRIS BARNARD

I know, that is what I have been told by Dr. Ray and the nurses.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT

Yes, there is only a slim chance of combatting the results of the disease if there is intervention in the early stages, but that does not happen here as all the patients arrive here too late.

CHRIS BARNARD

I understand what you are saying Doctor, so I will base my dissertation, my thesis, on the Treatment of TB Meningitis. That way I can circumnavigate the ethics and do as much research into the disease as possible.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT

Call me Frikkie. I see your point Chris, and that is exactly the type of thinking I needed out of you, you will have to obviously have signed consent from the parents or legal guardians before anything else.

CHRIS BARNARD

Thank you Frikkie, Dr Wicht.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT

I will make sure you get the proper consent forms by the end of the day. Go ahead, do what you want to do, I wish you every success in this endeavour. You are the first Doctor to arrive here and make this request with regards to Ward 13, and lord only knows that very little research, if any, has gone into this disease. It cannot continue the way it is.

CHRIS BARNARD

I will give it my best, Doctor.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT

I know you will and I am hopeful of this. A bit of advice Chris, the ward will get to you, make sure you take up a good stress releasing hobby. I would suggest golf, there is a fantastic course

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT (cont'd)
right next to the hospital. You
should give it a go.

CHRIS BARNARD
I have never played before.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT
Never played golf, what are you
telling me?

CHRIS BARNARD
I played cricket and rugby.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT
You're joking aren't you? Tell
you what, meet me tomorrow at
10am, after your rounds, I will
introduce you.

CHRIS BARNARD
That won't be necessary, Frikkie.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT
No, no I insist, listen to the
advice of an old dog like me.
There is a reason I have stayed
sane in this institute for so
long, it's all in the coping
mechanisms.

He puts his tumbler down next to a small South African
flag on his desk, his glass is half full.

CUT TO

79 EXT. MOUILLE POINT GOLF COURSE - DAY

79

Fluttering on a golf course, Table Mountain in the
background, is the South African flag. Chris Barnard, Dr
Horowitz and Superintendent Frikkie Wicht are getting
ready to T-off.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT
I hope you don't mind Mark, but I
invited Chris along, he is a
virgin. I have been trying to get
him down here for almost a month
now.

DR MARK HOROWITZ
Are'nt those Ray's clubs?

He points to a rather simple set of clubs, in a golf bag
half the size of theirs with half the amount of clubs.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes it was, she gave them to me,
said it did not help her much.

DR MARK HOROWITZ

Oh, so you are the Dr. Barnard in
charge of ward 13. I
understand why Frikkie here has
dragged you down.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT

Yes he has been avoiding his
initiation to the wonders of
golf.

DR MARK HOROWITZ

Frikkie here will have you
believe that the only real
meditation is the golf course,
and being in charge of ward 13,
makes it par for the course that
you take time off to play. I on
the other hand, believe that
Frikkie here is just trying to
secure new playing partners he
can beat.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT

Oh come on now Mark, don't give
the game away.

CHRIS BARNARD

Well I am always up for a
challenge, but I have to admit
that I have never taken a swing
at golf, so any advice will be
appreciated.

DR MARK HOROWITZ

Well you have a good set of
Dunlop clubs there.

CHRIS BARNARD

Dr Rabkin said it did not help
her much.

DR MARK HOROWITZ

That is probably why she gave
them to you.

Frikkie T's off.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT

Straight down the middle. Yes!
Your go Mark.

Mark settles in for the drive.

(CONTINUED)

DR MARK HOROWITZ

Take note Chris, you hold your hands like so, feet apart, and you get ready to chop wood.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT

Chris here has started researching, and writing a thesis.

DR MARK HOROWITZ

Really? (he stops preparation for his drive) What do you hope to achieve Chris, you're dealing with City Park Hospital here, a cradle of suffering and sorrow, a realm of unconquered disease. No offence Frikkie.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT

None taken.

CHRIS BARNARD

Well I feel that if I don't try something out of the ordinary, I will eventually land up in ward 11 myself.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT

No you won't, there is a reason I do not allow my doctors to go for too long a stretch.

CHRIS BARNARD

No. I don't mind the work. I have seen the opportunity to further my studies and aim for a Masters in Medicine. I have my eye on surgery, so it is a very two fold situation. Succumb to the onslaught of the emotional effects of the disease, I aim to treat or tackle it head on, and get something out of it.

DR MARK HOROWITZ

A real warrior(getting ready to swing).

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT

Yes, Chris has been on the ball over the last three weeks since he arrived. He has moved quite quickly to secure ten patients to start off with.

(CONTINUED)

DR MARK HOROWITZ

Ten patients, what do you mean?

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT

Well he has obtained indemnities from the families. Permission to set up an autopsy room and lab in the old coal shed.

DR MARK HOROWITZ

Are you going to attempt new medications?

CHRIS BARNARD

Eventually, I will, this is inevitable. I can see where you are going to, and I understand the ethics, but since I arrived I have already lost six patients. I am sorry, my goal is to try and find some kind of break through or maybe even find a more comfortable way of treatment.

DR MARK HOROWITZ

You're treading a very fine line here Chris. Frikkie, are you allowing it?

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT

Yes, the patients are dying anyway. When I was in Chris's position, I struggled with the ethical dilemma and my hands were bound, but after all these years I am glad to support Dr Barnard here. I have been waiting for someone to come along, brave enough to give it a shot. Fuck it, anything is better than what we have.

DR MARK HOROWITZ

Well in that case Chris, you have my support. Let me know what you need and if there is anything I can help you with. I will make sure that facilities at Groote Schuur are open to you.

CHRIS BARNARD

Thank you.

Mark takes his swing and it is straight down the centre of the green.

(CONTINUED)

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT
Good shot Mark, looks like an
even lay over there, your turn
Chris.

Chris goes through the motions, sets up his ball, drags
out the wood.

CHRIS BARNARD
There is something else I will
need which City Park Hospital has
not got.

DR MARK HOROWITZ
What is that?

CHRIS BARNARD
Certain drugs. I have done some
research and have made up a list.

Chris reaches into his pocket and hands a copy to each of
the doctors.

DR MARK HOROWITZ
Cortisone? Streptomycin. My, my,
quite an impressive list.
Cortisone is very scarce, I mean
this is hormonal, steroidal and
highly experimental.

CHRIS BARNARD
I know.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT
Cocaine? Shit Chris, are you
opening a pharmacy?

CHRIS BARNARD
I knew you would find the list
controversial so I have made up a
few notes of why and how I plan
to combine the various drugs.

He takes out some more notes from the side pouch of his
golf bag and hands it to them.

CHRIS BARNARD
I need your support in the
endeavour. Anything and
everything I am going to do will
be accurately recorded, Doctors.
Unless, Dr. Wicht, you expected
me to just continue to oversee
the constant administering of
Lumbar Punches on these patients
every day until they die?

DR MARK HOROWITZ

Okay, okay, (looking at the notes). I like what I have seen. I will go through your notes in detail, but I will say right now that you have my support. I will see what I can do.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT

I don't know what Mark has seen so quickly on your notes, but Dr. Barnard you have successfully hijacked this game without even taking your first swing. I gave you my support in all of this, but let me tell you now straight out, in front of Mark. Mark you're my witness. Chris don't fuck up in any of this.

CHRIS BARNARD

How can I Doctor? The patients are dying anyway.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT

It does not give us Carte'blanch to do as we please, some of these drugs are nothing more than drain cleaning chemicals. Mark, what did you spot in the notes?

DR MARK HOROWITZ

The cortisone Chris wants to use is to combat the inflammation inside the spine. I have read about this. They have had some success in treating arthritis, rheumatoid and the such, so I can see Dr. Barnard here has given some due thought. I just hope it will work, like you said, the patients have no hope as such; so let us see if Chris here can change that.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT

Okay, enough of this business. Chris, you have learnt the real game of golf far too quickly. I will have to watch you. I would not be surprised if you are packing a perfect drive.

Chris prepares.

Chris swings a hell of a drive.

(CONTINUED)

The ball ricochets off the club, missing the two doctors by a hair and slamming straight into one of the caddy's, knocking him straight to the ground, lights out!

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT
Whoa! Shit!

They run to the side of the caddy.

DR MARK HOROWITZ
Out cold! Ouch, look at that bump.

The Caddy starts to wake.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT
Shit Chris, it seems your swing is not as good as your game.

CHRIS BARNARD
Bloody hell, I think I better stop before I kill somebody, if you gentleman don't mind. I do not think this is for me. Sorry young man. Here, you better take these clubs. In my hands, they seem to be lethal weapons.

Chris gives his clubs to the caddy who is still sitting on the ground rubbing his head.

CHRIS BARNARD
Sorry Doctors, if you don't mind, I need to get back to work.

Chris speeds off back to the club house.

DR MARK HOROWITZ
Well, well, what do you make of that?

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WICHT
Looks like he got what he came for.

DR MARK HOROWITZ
Yes, looks like you were right, I owe you ten bucks.

The Caddy sits holding his head as an enormous bruising bump develops.

CUT TO

A child hopelessly deformed by the ravages of Meningitis. Nurse Julian and Nurse Gladdis have just shaved the head and are wiping the last of the soap from the child's cranium.

Chris and Professor H.L. De Villiers walk through a gap in the thin curtain. Professor De Villiers is carrying his satchel and puts it down on the cupboard next to the bed.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

Dr Barnard, I only came here on request from Dr. Horowitz. I will tell you upfront that your work here has not gone unnoticed. The Groote Schuur faculty is rife with all kinds of rumours and one of the reasons I have accepted Dr. Horowitz's request, is to satisfy my own curiosity. Please explain what it is you want me to do? Dr. Horowitz has given me some insight, but I will tell you quite frankly, Dr. Barnard, I am not convinced and I find the procedure highly irregular.

CHRIS BARNARD

Please Professor, let me explain.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

Let me assure you Doctor, before you carry on, that you had better explain well. When Doctor Horowitz approached me and explained some of the work you are doing here and what you require me to do, I was not happy with the whole modus operandi. This, if anything, is the reason I have come down here to have a look for myself. I cannot believe that they have allowed you to experiment in this way, and unless you convince me otherwise, believe me, I will have you brought before the board.

CHRIS BARNARD

Well Professor, what would you like to know?

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

Everything!

CHRIS BARNARD

That won't be a problem, come let me show you around. Nurses Gladdis and Julian please keep the patients prepared and ready until Professor De Villiers and myself are ready. Well Professor, let us start at the one end of the ward. We are at present about three quarters full, we seldom find ourselves with less than this number of patients, and if we do, it is only for a few hours.

They move back towards the entrance, starting at one side. They move up and down the spacious middle isle, stopping at every bed.

CHRIS BARNARD

Let me start from this side (he indicates towards the one end of the ward). I call this part of the ward the front door, because all our new arrivals are kept here. You are going to have to excuse me if I begin to sound a bit crass, but I have been here eight months already and every day I have one or more patients dying. Anyway, the patients on this side of the ward are new arrivals. I have ten who arrived over the last three days. After I do an analysis, they get placed in the ward, relevant to the stage in which the patient is in.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

By stage you mean?

CHRIS BARNARD

Well, with the help of my nurses we have identified and categorised the various stages of the disease. We mostly receive patients in the second stage of the disease, which does not allow for any rehabilitation.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

Tell me Doctor, do you think that the treatment you want to attempt will make any difference to the end result?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

The treatment is part of an on-going attempt to actually make some kind of difference Professor. I am battling, not only the disease, but also the lack of information. There is very little or should I say no research into the disease and what there is, is inconclusive. It leads one in circles and there is little hope or indication of a breakthrough.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

So you are hoping for a breakthrough?

CHRIS BARNARD

I am, I have decided to apply myself to finding a breakthrough, or, at the very least, expanding on the understanding of the disease. Maybe it will lead to new interest amongst our peers into finding a cure.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

It is a tall order Doctor Barnard, most doctors steer clear of this area precisely because it is understood as a no hope situation.

CHRIS BARNARD

I never came looking for this avenue Professor, I applied for work here and was assigned this ward when I arrived. Now I am running four other wards due to the lack of Doctors. At first I was taken aback, but I have decided to see what good can come out of it. I am now dealing with typhoid, diphtheria, measles and pulmonary meningitis. When I started here I decided to do a thesis on this ward in order to obtain my Master in Medicine. My goal, eventually, is to return to Groote Schuur to enter surgery.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

Yes, Dr Horowitz has informed me of this, and I assure you certain of the faculty are keeping a beady eye on your findings here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS (cont'd)
Professor Erasmus at Groote Schuur has also told me that your records are outstanding and that your work is precise and methodical. He also tells me that you are using the facilities we have there to do post mortem photography.

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes sir, I have been doing post mortems, and taking cross sections of brain tissues and various other findings.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS
How many patients do you have in your study program?

CHRIS BARNARD
I keep ten at a time, and replace as soon as there is a death.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS
In the time you have been here, have you had any signs of recovery, or even some regression?

CHRIS BARNARD
We may have had some extension in time and definite results in pain management, but at this stage we need more cases to confirm these improvements.

As they talk, Professor de Villiers stops to eye a patient.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS
This patient here, Doctor Barnard (indicating the bed closest to them), is a bit older than those I have noticed so far. In what stage is he?

CHRIS BARNARD
I am glad you have noticed him. This is Richard, he is at present the oldest here, there are only another three older than twelve.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS
Hmm. What stage is he in?

CHRIS BARNARD

He has entered stage three. He has gone deaf. You can see that he has gone taut; he is prone to spasms and is extremely sensitive to light. He is bordering coma, but that could still take up to two weeks.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

He looks as if he is comatose already.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes he does, but my studies show that Richard here is still sensitive to touch, he awakes and is still fed soft food by the nurses, even though we are supplementing diet intravenously. We are trying to keep his weight up.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

I see, he is one of those chosen for the experiment you want me to aid you in?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes professor, all the older ones are included.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

Where do you do your post-mortems? I was not aware that we had post mortem facilities at our satellite hospitals.

CHRIS BARNARD

I will show you Professor, if we exit through that door over there, it will take us to the lab.

As they walk towards the door, the Professor looks side to side carefully surveying the patients.

CHRIS BARNARD

Nurses, please ensure that the ten patients chosen are kept prepared for when we return.

CHRIS BARNARD

Straight ahead Professor.

CUT TO

81 EXT. CITY PARK HOSPITAL GROUNDS - DAY

81

Shady tree Lined lane, with old coal bunker with chimney
(boiler room)

Chris and Professor De Villiers walk down a tree lined
lane towards an old boiler room.

CHRIS BARNARD

The hospital had no lab
facilities when I first arrived.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

I am aware of this Doctor, I have
also spent some time in my career
here so I know that there never
used to be any lab facilities.

CHRIS BARNARD

I was unaware that you also spent
some time here. Yes well, after I
got permission to do a thesis, I
found the old boiler house
abandoned, so I cleaned it up and
converted it into a post mortem
laboratory, so to speak.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

Labs are for animals Doctor, but,
let me see.

They approach the old boiler house, with it's chimney
stack, along a neat smooth, freshly laid cement path, at
the edge of the hospital property.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

I see you have had the pathway
repaired. I was here when the
boiler room was still in use,
there was only a narrow gravel
footpath.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes I had to have it widened and
repaired to allow for the trolley
beds to come through.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

You seem to have got yourself
pretty organised.

CHRIS BARNARD

I have had a lot of help from all
the staff here, the maintenance
crew, nurses, everybody really.
Even some of the patients from
the asylum put a hand in.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS
Quite something. I believe you
and your family stay on the
grounds.

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes we do, at first when we
arrived it was financial
necessity, but now it has turned
out to be somewhat of a blessing.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS
In what way?

CHRIS BARNARD
Well I am here most of the time,
close at hand, so that when one
of the patients die, I get to do
a post mortem immediately, which
need I say, allows for fresh
insight.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS
Good Lord!(he stops in his
tracks)

CHRIS BARNARD
Don't take me up the wrong way
Professor please, there is no
other actual way of expressing
the truth. I get the bodies and I
do the necessary.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS
I must say I am shocked, but I do
understand. What happens to the
corpses afterwards? (Looking at
the chimney stack)

CHRIS BARNARD
Well the hospital morgue takes
care of that Doctor. We have a
mixed bunch of patients here,
across all social boundaries.
However most of the patients are
abandoned by their families. Most
of the corpses, I believe, are
incinerated. Under the
circumstances it is probably for
the best.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS
Yes. We do not know how long some
of the bacterium survives in the
corpses, or exactly how long some
of the contagion lasts. I don't
think we have any research into
this.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

I hear what you are saying doctor, but for me to find an answer to your question will need a more extensive research facility. I am unfortunately limited here, but I will see if any light can be shed on your question while I am at work here.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

Please do.

They are at their final approach to the entrance of the old boiler room.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

The place looks neat and tidy.

CHRIS BARNARD

Thank you.

CUT TO

82 INT. OLD BOILER ROOM , CITY HOSPITAL - DAY

82

Makeshift Post Mortem Lab, City Hospital.

Chris hands the professor scrubs and a mask, and leads him into the lab through a second set of doors.

The professor looks around, walks past a steel drainage table past two corpses and past the instrument table to the back of the room. The room measures thirteen steps and has high ceilings. Along the far back wall are shelves. The Professor stops, concerned. He takes a long closer look at the jars lining the numerous shelves. Each jar has a name and a case number.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

This is?

CHRIS BARNARD

This is some of the brain tissue and organs that I have kept and pickled doctor. In some cases I have checked further, and as you can see, I do look into other organs to see what other type of damage occurred during the illness. I also check up on some of the other challenging cases from the other wards from time to time.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS
There must be over a hundred.

CHRIS BARNARD
One hundred and thirty six cases
here in total, not counting the
two that are waiting.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS
This is most unusual Doctor, I
don't know what to say.

CHRIS BARNARD
Then don't say anything right now
Doctor, but let me show you why I
have asked for you to come down
here.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS
Please do.

Chris goes over to one of the jars. On it we see a label.
Case number 063 in brackets with the name of the patient
neatly printed in bold, Flavia.

Chris brings the bottle over to a granite sink slab on top
of a heavy stainless steel basin. He puts on gloves and
empties the jar over a strainer, catching the liquid in a
flask, exposing the brain.

Chris gently parts the brain into pre cut slithers, laying
them out onto wax paper that he has rolled out on the
granite slab.

CHRIS BARNARD
This patient was a two year old
baby, her name was Flavia. She
was part of the first lot of
patients that I administered
cortisone and trypsin directly to
the base of the skull. I did that
by going through the fontanelle
which is still as you know soft
and open in the case of young
babies.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS
You injected trypsin and
cortisone through the skull? Dr
Barnard, in all my years!

CHRIS BARNARD
Please Professor let me continue.
I know it sounds shocking, but so
far I have only used this
procedure once the patient has
reached comatose stage and let me
show you the results.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

I am a bit uneasy about all of this. I actually need to know if you are mad.

CHRIS BARNARD

Professor, at first I was attempting to deliver the drugs via the spinal canal, which is the usual sort of manner and treatment, using the lumbar punch as entry with no effect at all. In post mortem I found that at the base of the skull this abnormal sack of exudate existed. This builds up, increasing the pressure inside the skull causing the enormous suffering we see due to pressure building up on the brain. The pain and suffering can only be described as brutal, but with Flavia, and a few other trials, I can show you that this PAS has been broken down. Have a look at the cross sections.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

Broken down. What do you mean? Where did it go to?

CHRIS BARNARD

That is the thing Professor, it not only broke down, it has dissipated. Have a look, here is the cavity which was filled with the exude.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

How many post mortems have you got showing this result?

CHRIS BARNARD

I have twelve so far, and hopefully the two here will render the same results. I have also started administering crystalline trypsin made from animal pancreas. I am hoping to remove dead tissue cells with it.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

Whoa, hold on, I don't need to know any further. Let me have a closer look at your result.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

By all means Professor, here is a magnifying glass.

The professor scrutinises the brain tissue.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

I would like to see two more with the same result and please lay out one with the normal result.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes Professor.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

Tell me Doctor, was there any change in the patients' patterns before death?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes, Professor, we found a lowering of temperatures, less spinal protein fluid which brought down the rate of convulsions. I am of the conclusion that we need to start treatment at an earlier stage, but at this time I am still researching numerous drug combinations .

Chris is laying out more brain tissue and Professor De Villiers inspects every detail.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

Okay. I will do what you ask, you have my support Doctor Barnard, only because the chance you have taken here has given us a slight bit of hope.

CHRIS BARNARD

Thank you Professor.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

I am not finished. Let me first say that your whole operation here is way off the ethical chart. How you have managed to do what you have done here, I cannot even think or fathom, but you have come this far and there is a result, therefore I will not stand in your way.

CHRIS BARNARD

I am glad for your support
Professor.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

Well Doctor, besides the results
I have noticed that you have the
name of every patient on the jar.
If it were just case numbers, I
probably would have second
guessed you and called you before
the board. You are treading a
fine line doctor. Lets go get on
with it.

The professor lifts the sheet off one of the corpses as
they are about to leave.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

So young?

CUT TO

83

INT. WARD THIRTEEN, CITY HOSPITAL - DAY

83

Richard, a handsome youth, surrounded by Professor De
Villiers, Chris Barnard and the two nurses Julian and
Magdalene.

On a mobile cabinet to the side of the bed, are various
instruments, a set of scalpels, an assortment of scissors,
swabs and dishes and next to this, a large hand drill with
various drill bits submerged in spirits.

Fifteen year old Richard is staring upward, the bed is
raised and the railings are all down.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

This is the last of the bunch?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes Professor, nine in total.
This here is Richard, he is our
oldest patient. Fifteen years
old, and he is entering into the
comatose stage.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

He is only entering?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes Professor, we cannot say how
far or how fast. I can say that
he has lost feeling and that his
eye sight and hearing are gone.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS
Sad, really sad. Are we ready?

CHRIS BARNARD
Almost Professor, Nurses are just
strapping him in.

Professor tests the hand drill.

CHRIS BARNARD
What make of drill is this
Professor?

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS
This is an Allen and Hanbury from
London, engineering at its best,
but it's not the drill that
counts, it's the bits.

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes I noticed they have six
sheaths in an optical spiral.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS
Yes with diamond tips, the
optical spiral ensures you don't
lose any bone fragments into the
cavity when you break through.

CHRIS BARNARD
I believe they have developed an
electrical cranial drill.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS
Yes, but I would still use the
hand drill because you can feel
ones progress and you need that
hands on feel; that intuition, so
to speak, to find the edge of the
bone. It is critical as you break
through. This is most important
as you've only got a millimetre
or so play when you reach the
cranial fluid, which I doubt one
will feel with an electrical
drill.

CHRIS BARNARD
I understand what you are saying.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS
Here, you take it, this one is
yours.

CHRIS BARNARD
Thank you Professor.

Chris steps into the centre position at the top of the bed, immediately taking charge as the professor stands aside. Chris indicates to the Nurses to take their positions. Nurse Julian hands him some soaked Betadene swabs and he does a final wipe of the boy's cranium and freshens two lines with a blue marker pen. He receives a scalpel and without the slightest tremor, slices through the thin cranium skin, creating a skin flap. Folding it back over on itself, he allows nurse Julian to tape it down. Chris picks up the drill, places the drill bit up against the bone which has been exposed by the creation of the flaps.

Professor De Villiers moves closer

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

Right Doctor, I want you to listen to what I say. Once you start, you must not stop. Do not try and change direction, keep the bit steady and straight, turning smoothly and consistantly without applying pressure. Allow the drill bit to do the work.

Chris attacks the job as the Professor's instructions flow. The drill bit enters into the bone which has been exposed by the flap cut into the top of the boys' cranium.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

Right, that is the way, now you should almost be breaking through. Slow down fractionally and feel the break through, and as soon as you do, start to pull back while you continue to turn, and keep turning, until you are free of the skull.

As Chris withdraws the drill, he immediately releases the drill bit from the drill, handing it to nurse Gladdis. Receiving a clean drill bit, he replaces it into the the front of the drill, tightening it. Lining up, he continues to drill a second hole

The professor moves nearer and watches.

The drill breaks through the bone and as Chris withdraws the drill bit, there is a sharp sound of rushing air as it is sucked in through the first opening, as cranial fluid escapes, squirting out of the second opening. The pressure on the brain is released. Nurse Gladdis is waiting with a swab to absorb the flow.

Chris takes some fluid on his white scrubs.

(CONTINUED)

Nurse Julian wants to close the hole, but Chris grabs her, still holding the drill. As the strength of flow begins to slow, he allows her closer, but only to contain the spray.

CHRIS BARNARD

Don't close it nurse, let the pressure blow out.

Richards groans as his eyes open widely. Tears begin to slide out of the corner of his eyes. He can't move, he is strapped.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

My God! He's awake.

NURSE GLADDIS

Doctor Barnard.

CHRIS BARNARD

I know Nurse, I have seen.

The boy goes into convulsions, strapped down he is restricted, Chris snaps his fingers at the Nurses.

CHRIS BARNARD

(continuing)

Nurse Julian open up the morphine tap full.

The Nurse lifts a small bottle which is below level, up high, opening a tap, allowing fluid to flow into the intravenous. Within seconds the boy starts to calm down.

The drill is removed from Chris's hand by Nurse Gladdis as he moves to the boy's side.

CHRIS BARNARD

(continuing)

Hello Richard, there we are. I am Dr. Barnard and I know it is hurting right now, but you are fine. We are right here, and in a minute you will feel very fine, no problem.

The boy, clenching his jaw, starts to calm down, relaxing as the morphine takes effect.

NURSE GLADDIS

Should I switch off the morphine Doctor?

We see the concern on the faces of the Nurses and the Professor.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD
Richard, if you can hear me,
blink twice.

Tears rolling out the sides of his eyes, we can see pain in his eyes as he blinks twice, but as he does so the tension around his eyes ceases.

CHRIS BARNARD
Close the tap three quarters,
Nurse. Tell me Richard if you can
see me, just blink your eyes.

Chris draws up close to him and so does the professor.

CHRIS BARNARD
(continuing)
My boy Blink your eyes again if
you can see and hear me, I know
it is painful and I know it
hurts, but if you can hear me,
blink your eyes. Don't be afraid,
my young man, we are here and we
want to make sure you can see.

The boy's pupils move in the direction of Chris, and he winks. Chris is ecstatic, the nurses can't believe it. They both begin to shed tears and the old Professor stands in awe.

CHRIS BARNARD
(continuing)
Hello Richard. My name is Doctor
Barnard and you are in hospital.
You are a very brave boy, and we
have done a little operation on
you and it is a bit sore, but you
will be feeling a lot better in
just a short while. Your body is
going to react to the changes,
but do not worry, you are doing
fine. We are here by your side,
so try not to be afraid, relax.
Blink one more time if you
understand what I am saying.

The boy looks up at Chris, he winks again and with a quiver, he begins to show a glimmer of a smile.

CHRIS BARNARD
(continuing)
There we are, my boy, there we
are and there you are. I am going
to let your mum know she must
come and visit. Nurse Gladdis and
Nurse Julian here are going to
look after you, and I will be
back in just a short while, okay?

(CONTINUED)

The boy winks and Chris winks back. Heading for the door, he turns to the nurses.

CHRIS BARNARD
(continuing)
Does anyone have a cigarette for me?

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS
I have some in my pocket, mind if I join you?

CHRIS BARNARD
By all means, Professor. Nurses I will be back now.

The Professor and Chris leave the ward together.

CUT TO

84 EXT. GARDEN, OUTSIDE WARD THIRTEEN - DAY

84

Chris and Professor light up a cigarette.

CHRIS BARNARD
Sorry to bum the cigarette Professor, I unfortunately only smoke one brand and that is other peoples' cigarettes.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS
I feel that in some way I have been duped.

CHRIS BARNARD
Out of a cigarette?

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS
No Doctor, er.Chris. You know what I mean. You were prepared in there for what happened. You knew this was a possibility with that boy and you were prepared, I could see.

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes Professor, I had a thought that for some reason the boy had lost his hearing and eyesight due to the pressure on the brain caused by the build up of cranial fluid inside his skull.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS
That is why you had the morphine ready. The question now, doctor,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS (cont'd)
is how much brain damage has the
boy sustained?

CHRIS BARNARD

It might be okay, he began to
understand me almost immediately.
My greatest question now is can I
help him to recover completely or
have I just prolonged his misery?

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

Chris I am going to leave you
with the equipment I brought down
here. You can have the drill.
Please keep me informed as to
what happens to the boy,
regardless of the outcome. You
can do the ops and let me know
and I will sign it off. Chris,
Doctor Barnard, you have
impressed me some what. Your
handling and your quick reactions
were, if I might say, quite
remarkable and as far as your
work goes, I cannot fault any of
it. I hope your work here
continues to show these kind of
results. With regards to
Richard's outcome, I would
recommend that you remain focused
on the results at hand. The truth
is that you have made a
significant breakthrough today.

CHRIS BARNARD

Thank You Professor.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

If you don't mind, Chris. I hope
you don't mind me calling you
Chris?

CHRIS BARNARD

No by all means Professor. I
prefer it.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

Well if you will excuse me, I
need to get back to Groote
Schoor, I will be putting in my
motion to the board that the next
opening is given to you.

CHRIS BARNARD

Thank you Professor. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

No need to thank me, you have another 'ally' so to speak, but I must tell you that competition to get in, is fierce. There are a lot more affluent young men with very rich parents who have begun to jostle for positions there, especially now with government plans to continue conscription. It is funny, when I arrived here I was a bit sceptical, but now that I have seen for myself, I can see why it is that you have gained some notoriety Doctor. Your reputation begins to precede you.

CHRIS BARNARD

Really? I was not aware of this.

The Professor puts out his cigarette on the outside of a metal grill type bin and tosses the dead butt into the bin. Chris is still smoking and, after a last puff, does the same.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

Well I bid you goodbye for now.

CHRIS BARNARD

If you don't mind Professor, would you mind sparing another cigarette? I think I am going to sit over here a little longer.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

Yes sure, but why don't you buy some of your own, surely you can afford them by now.

CHRIS BARNARD

Nothing to do with finances. I once made a promise never to buy cigarettes, so now I cant.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

To who? Your Mother or Father.

CHRIS BARNARD

No. To a stranger who helped me get through university.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

Really? That was a long time ago.

CHRIS BARNARD

Not so long.

PROFESSOR H.L. DE VILLIERS

You are something else, Doctor
Barnard. Here, take two.

CHRIS BARNARD

One will do, Professor, thank
you.

The Professor walks down the path back to the ward. Chris stays seated on the bench, watching as he lights up the cigarette with a box of Lion matches, he is smiling. Blowing out smoke he leans back, stretching over the back of the bench.

CUT TO

85

INT. WARD THIRTEEN, CITY HOSPITAL - DAY

85

Chris comes waltzing back into Ward 13 with a spring in his step.

CHRIS BARNARD

Nurses are we ready?

NURSE GLADDIS

Yes Doctor?

CHRIS BARNARD

Right, bring over the trolley,
let's start with Richard
immediately.

NURSE JULIAN

Should we not wait Doctor?

CHRIS BARNARD

Wait? One second Nurse Julian?
One second!

Looking playfully sarcastic, he runs up and slaps her on the buttocks.

CHRIS BARNARD

Is that long enough for you?
Let's go get the stuff. Bring
that trolley, we have work to do.

Nurse Gladdis fetches a linen covered trolley from the corner of the ward.

CHRIS BARNARD

Good, has our good Professor left
already?

(CONTINUED)

NURSE JULIAN

Yes, and he forgot his stuff here.

CHRIS BARNARD

Mine now. Okay let's get on with the work as we discussed.

The nurses move to each side of Richard.

NURSE JULIAN

Hello Richard. Doctor Barnard is back and he is going to give you an injection. This is to help make you better.

CHRIS BARNARD

Hello little Richard, you still with us? That is fantastic! Are you feeling better?

The boy winks.

CHRIS BARNARD

(continuing)

Great, I told you you would. Listen Richard, we are going to see if we can make you completely better, but to do this might hurt a little bit. But to get better, we need you to be brave again, okay?

Tears start to role down the side of the boys face.

CHRIS BARNARD

(continuing)

That is fine my boy, if you want to cry that is fine, brave men are never afraid to cry. Okay, I will be working at the top of your head, Nurse Julian will hold your hand all the time. I will be done in no time.

The boy winks.

CHRIS BARNARD

(continuing)

That's my man.

Chris moves to the top of the bed. Nurse Gladdis hands him a syringe, Chris pulls up a high chair and gets ready to inject through the holes which are still exposed.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

(continuing)

Okay nurses prepare yourselves, I will be injecting the cortisone first. This is to attack any inflammation, so stand ready.

We follow the needle as Chris sends it through the hole, it is an extremely long needle and the entire needle disappears through one of the openings in the skull.

CHRIS BARNARD

(continuing)

Right I am there. Nurses do your thing and make sure there is no movement at all, the last thing we want is the needle breaking inside.

Nurse Gladdis and Julian, upping their game, check the straps and move in on the boy, gripping him gently but firmly. Chris compresses the syringe, pushing the cortisone. Chris whips out the needle and stands back. The nurses are still holding, but the Boy does not move.

CHRIS BARNARD

(continuing)

Okay girls, the needle is out, relax for a moment. Gladdy get me the Trypsin.

Gladdis takes the syringe out of Chris's hand, moves to the trolley and hands Chris a new syringe filled with trypsin. He lines up the needle once again to the hole, hovering, he looks up at the nurses. Gladdis takes up her position at the side of the boy. Tears are rolling down the boys face, his lips are quivering as he grimaces. Chris looks at nurse Julian, indicating silently towards the boy. Julian looks over into the boy's eyes and nods back at Chris. Chris proceeds to insert the needle through the hole into the boys head. The nurses are holding after injecting the fluid. Chris whips out the needle, and as he clears the hole, the boy erupts into severe convulsions. The straps are pulled, the boys' body arches this way and that. The nurses let go.

CHRIS BARNARD

(continuing)

Don't just stand there. Nurse Julian turn the tap up on the morphine.

She jerks into motion, turns the tap up on the intravenous. Nurse Gladdis takes the syringe out of Chris's hand, placing it back on the trolley. They stand back from the boy who is in a full spasmodic reaction. It seems to go on forever and the nurses are frantic, but

(CONTINUED)

Chris steps forward, staring intently. The convulsions suddenly come to an abrupt halt.

CHRIS BARNARD

(continuing)

Right. We are there. Half a minute shorter than I expected. Nurses, plug the holes and cover with the skin flap, disinfect and cover with bandage. Nurse Julian stop the morphine. He is asleep now.

NURSE JULIAN

Yes Doctor.

CHRIS BARNARD

Who has a cigarette?

NURSE GLADDIS

There are some on the desk, Doctor, help yourself.

CHRIS BARNARD

Okay you guys, finish up here. I will step out for a smoke. When I get back we will get on with little Jenny over there.

The Nurses look at him, bewildered. He lifts his eyebrows at them.

CHRIS BARNARD

(continuing)

We discussed this before girls. Nothing new, just new treatments. Okay? Okay?

NURSE GLADDIS

Yes Doctor.

CHRIS BARNARD

Okay Julian?

NURSE JULIAN

Yes. yes.

CHRIS BARNARD

Don't worry ladies, we are doing the right thing. Okay? So snap out of it and prepare the next patient. We still have nine, with gaping holes in their heads, waiting. You want to wait for infection to set in. Huh? Shake those arses!

(CONTINUED)

He moves off for his smoke, ripping off his gloves and throwing them into a bin close by. Richard is unstrapped and sleeping.

As time goes by, Richard is sitting up in his bed being fed by the Nurses.

CUT TO

86

INT. OLD BOILER ROOM, CITY HOSPITAL - DAY

86

On top of the draining table, Chris is reaching his climax. As he thuds into a wide spread Nurse Julian, her head is hanging over the side, swaying side to side. She is also reaching her climax and stretches out her arms, grabbing hold of a covered trolley bed and begins to yank it to and fro in rythm. Chris's eyes closed, thuds away stretching, and arching backwards as the cover sheet slides off the trolley table. It seems as if Richard is asleep, except for the fact that the top of his skull has been sliced away, and is now rocking with the rythm, his brain cavity empty. Chris and Julian reach their climatic pinnacle as things begin to fall from the trolley bed onto the tiled floor, a few swabs, a cloth, a saw, a scissors, a jar smashes to a thousand pieces. His brain slithers across the floor, pushed on by the splashing formalldehyde, followed by Richard's hollowed cranial cup.

NURSE JULIAN

Oh, my God! Oh my God, Chris.

CHRIS BARNARD

What? I know I am good but not that good.

NURSE JULIAN

You are something else, you know that Chris.

CHRIS BARNARD

Really, is that all? I thought there was a problem?

Sitting up they dangle their legs off the side of the table. They start to pull themselves together and Nurse Julian is the first to see the mess and becomes frantic and jumps off the bed. Her platform shoes slide on the broken glass and she crashes to the floor, cutting herself. Franticly she scoops up Richard's brain and holding it up, she looks for a bowl to place it in.

NURSE JULIAN

Oh my God! Oh my God, what have we done?

(CONTINUED)

Chris has his one shoe on and jumps off the table carefully. Hopping, he finds his other shoe and puts it on. He grabs Nurse Julian and gets her sitting back on the table. She is still holding Richard's brain in a bowl.

CHRIS BARNARD

Fuck, Fuck, Fuck! Jesus Julian,
give it to me!

He grabs the bowl out of her hand and rushes over to the sink where he places it onto a sieve, grabs the hose and nozzle and washes the specimen down.

CHRIS BARNARD

(continuing)
Fuck it! Damn.

He checks and washes until there is no more glass attached to the brain.

CHRIS BARNARD

(continuing)
Can you believe it, not one
scratch!

Turning to Jullian, who he sees is bleeding somewhat, with glass stuck into her knees and hands.

CHRIS BARNARD

(continuing)
Shit, shit shit, let me see.

Grabbing a set of pincers, he begins to extract the pieces of glass. AS he does so, he starts to pull up his underpants. In the same motion, he is still getting his trousers on, which are still hanging around his knees. Nurse Julian is in tears.

NURSE JULIAN

Chris it hurts.

CHRIS BARNARD

Don't worry, I will get it done
fast. Tell me where you feel
glass, we need to get it all out.

The young body of Richard is exposed from the chest up, the top of the head missing, yet his eyes are closed as if he is asleep. Nurse Julian grimaces as Chris is removing the last of the glass. She stares over the numerous jars stacked along the shelves. As she looks, she reads the name and number on the jar, but as her eyes move along the numerous jars, she notices that the jars no longer carry names, only case numbers, Case no 235, Case no 236, Case no 237, Case no 238

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

(continuing)

There you are all patched up.
Lucky I keep everything I need
here in the lab. Are you feeling
okay, can you walk?

NURSE JULIAN

Shit, Chris. We have gone too
far. This is over the line for
me.

CHRIS BARNARD

What are you talking about,
Julian? We had an accident,
that's all.

NURSE JULIAN

That's all, that's all. No. Fuck
it! We are in the twilight zone
here!

CHRIS BARNARD

What do you mean? Come on we have
done this before. So you knocked
over a few things, so what?

NURSE JULIAN

Chris, Chris, Chris for God's
sake, look at us, look at me,
look at yourself. My God, look at
little Richie. Chris, you are not
even putting their names on the
jars any more.

Chris steps back, he looks around, he walks around, grabs his head with his bloodied hands, walks over to the mirror and sees himself half undressed. In the background Nurse Julian, sitting half naked with cuts in her hands and knees, and smeared with specks of blood. He looks into the reflection and running his eyes over the rows of pickling jars.

CHRIS BARNARD

Fuck me, Julian. Fuck, I need a
cigarette. Julian, do you have a
cigarette somewhere?

He turns to Julian, who looks straight into his eyes.

NURSE JULIAN

Chris, I see only darkness in
your eyes.

CUT TO

87 INT. WARD THIRTEEN, RAISED OFFICE - DAY

87

Chris is reading an official letter from the medical board. He jumps up, as if he has just scored a goal.

NURSE GLADDIS
And now Doctor?

CHRIS BARNARD
I have received my Masters in
Medicine and a posting to Groote
Schoor. Surgery here I come. They
want me to start next week!
'Faaantttastic!'

Chris looks out over the ward, he sighs satisfied.

CHRIS BARNARD
Finally.

NURSE GLADDIS
Just like that then, hey?

CUT TO

88 INT. HOTEL SUITE, WASHINGTON HILTON - DAY

88

A bright camera flash blinds Chris as the assistant wardrobe takes a photograph.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Great Chris, I have to stop you
there. We need to go. We have a
direct trip to the Studio, where
we will have a news briefing for
the journalists. You will be in
every paper across the USA, and
just about every other place on
this planet. Are you ready?

CHRIS BARNARD
You tell me Jack, you're the
expert.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Crew, are we ready?

There are thumbs up and a chorus of "yes sir"! From everyone.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Right that's what I like to hear,
final touches once we get to the
studio and listen everyone, the
hotel is letting us out the back,
follow close and don't get lost,
do we all understand?

(CONTINUED)

a chorus. "yes sir."

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
(continuing)
Mrs Barnard, you apparently are going to stay and watch the show on the telly?

LOUWTJIE
I think that will be best.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Okay, just pick up the phone if you need anything. Right guys let's go. Chris you stay next to me so I can continue to brief you on the way. I think you will be just fine. Just be yourself.

The crew march out through the doors, through the hall to the elevators which are all being kept open, down the lift and out through the lobby. On the way Jack continues briefing Chris and giving him tips on how to act in front of the cameras.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Try not to look too much into the camera, and move slowly if you need to move. Smile as much as possible. Don't panic and always answer honestly without implicating anybody. Smile a lot. I know I said that but, smile a lot. Be honest if you get stuck on something, anything, and ask them to repeat the question, that way you buy yourself time. If you don't know an answer, just inform them that you cannot answer the question. If this happens, use an old trick and create your own question and then answer. Chris you will be great.

They walk out the private entrance of the hotel, crossing the pavement to a limo, the rest of the crew climb into a van parked behind.

CUT TO

89 INT. CBS STUDIO, FACE THE NATION - NIGHT

89

The marching crew enter the rambling studio, buzzing like nobody's business. It is chaotic. Chris is ushered into a dressing room suite.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Chris this is where you sit, crew will perform final touches on you, and make sure you are looking good. We have fifteen minutes, people, before the press meeting.

CHRIS BARNARD
How many people?

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Millions, they are anticipating the largest audience in the history of Television, you are bigger than huge.

CHRIS BARNARD
I mean how many reporters?

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
There are about a hundred, give or take, what are you worried about?

CHRIS BARNARD
I never worry.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Tonight you will be in front of millions and you ask how many reporters.

CHRIS BARNARD
The reporters are real, television I don't know much about. We don't have television in our country, not yet anyway. The government refuses to allow it, saying that it is the 'Devil's-Box'

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Until you arrived, I knew very little of South Africa, except that your country produces more gold and diamonds than the USA, Europe and the USSR combined. For a tiny country, you guys must be the richest people in the world and you don't have television. Well blow me, what do you people do with your bucks?

CHRIS BARNARD
I don't know, I never gave it much thought.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
 Well don't think about it too much, stay focused on the moment, here with us. Hey, and enjoy yourself. Now let me explain to you. When you get inside we will first have a press conference. Reporters, photographs, a question and answer session, blah blah, we also have two American Doctors as guests.

CHRIS BARNARD
 Two American Doctors?

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
 Yes. And the New York Times Science writer.

CUT TO

90 INT. CBS STUDIO, FACE THE NATION - NIGHT (LATER)

90

The CBS Face the Nation studio. There are streams of cables flowing all over the floor, lights, the pace is frenetic. Chris is ushered onto stage and there is a large audience of journalists sitting in the gallery. On the floor in front, are a swirl of Photographers. Already seated on the panel, are Doctors Michael De Backey, Dr Kantrowitz.

Jack CBS Producer is introducing the panel to the assembled journalists while Earl Ubell, WCBS-TV science writer, arrives to take up his position on the panel.

In front of the panel is a huge model of a heart.

In the process of taking up his position, Earl Ubell bumps the model, almost knocking it over, but Chris grabs it in a flash, saving it from falling over. A set PA is next to him in an instant, but Chris has it under control and shows a bit of annoyance towards the PA who has also grabbed hold of the plastic heart.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
 Earl Ubell, folks, also here to appear on tonight's show. In a minute, ladies and gentlemen, we will open the floor for you to ask questions. In the meantime the floor is open for you photographers to do your thing.

There is jostling for position as photographers step up, each one trying to get the best shot. The studio seems to be struck by lightning, as flashbulbs pop.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

(continuing)

Photographers! You have ten minutes, once you have your picture's, please leave the floor through the stage, exit on your left, that is my right. No photographic equipment will be allowed during the show so all photographers are asked to leave after your session. And you are requested not to leave the building till after the show.

A photographic session of note takes place with the panel being posed one way then another, with the model heart then without, standing then sitting, some standing and others sitting.

Chris at first is smiling and posing, but as the session continues, his face becomes more serious, more focused which some photographers seem to enjoy more, saying that it would appear more natural.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)

(continuing)

Okay people, that is enough photo's, please leave, thank you.

They start to vacate the studio through the exit. There are a few who take a last shot or two, but as they leave, they all shout their thanks and appreciation.

Chris and the rest of the panel nod in response to the thanks and begin to smile again.

Now they begin to turn to each other during the interlude and shake hands with each other, saying hello to each other, and Earl takes it upon himself to quickly introduce the two doctors to Chris, after himself.

EARL UBELL (WCBS-TV SCIENCE WRITER)

Hello Doctor Barnard, have you been introduced to everyone here yet? It is a bit chaotic. My name is Earl Ubell, science writer, and this is Doctor Kantrowitz and Dr De Bakey.

CHRIS BARNARD

Hello, pleased to meet you. Dr Kantrowitz, I have not had the pleasure(shaking hands)and Dr De Bakey good to see you again(shaking hands).

(CONTINUED)

EARL UBELL (WCBS-TV SCIENCE WRITER)
Really, you two know each other?

DR MICHEL DE BAKEY
Yes. We have met before when Dr
Barnard was training under
Professor Wangenstein in
Minneapolis. He spent some time
with me too, in Huston.

EARL UBELL (WCBS-TV SCIENCE WRITER)
Fascinating. Dr Barnard, if we
may, after this show is over,
have a private sit down with you
some time?

CHRIS BARNARD
Well sure, if it can be arranged.

They are interrupted by Jack who has taken charge of the
entire floor and has now taken charge of the panel as
well.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Great guys. I see you've all
introduced yourselves, but if you
don't mind, we are going to jump
into some questions from the
media. We have just over an hour
before we leave.

The panel nods in agreement and Jack turns to face the
reporters.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
(continuing)
Right guys. Quiet please
everybody. We can start our
questions now. Can I ask all
those who will be asking
questions to try and cover topics
that might not be covered in the
programme? You will all stay
seated until after the live
broadcast. We have approximately
45 minutes before final count
down to broadcast... who wants to
go first?

There is a frantic show of hands.

Jack chooses one sitting in the front row of the audience.

REPORTER #1
Hello Doctor Barnard. If you can
isolate one moment in your life
that steered you to become a
surgeon, what would it be?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD
Well, becoming a surgeon.

91 EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY (FLASHBACK) 91

Chris at graveside with his mother

92 INT. CBS STUDIO, FACE THE NATION - NIGHT (LATER) 92

But we go back to Chris as he answers.

CHRIS BARNARD
I can best answer that one by
saying that I was thrown out of
my general practice and that I
had nowhere else to go.

There is a long pause, everybody looks for a moment, and all of a sudden there is a great burst of laughter from all those present. Soon everybody is quieted down by Jack, who has his arms in the air.

REPORTER #1
Can we have a serious answer
please, Doctor?

CHRIS BARNARD
That was a serious answer.

Everybody bursts out laughing again.

Jack, with hand in the air, while he is enjoying the lightness that has taken hold in the studio.

Even the TV crew who are moving about doing their business while they get ready for the show, are laughing.

Jack indicates to another reporter.

Everybody settles down.

REPORTER #2
Doctor, yes, I believe that you
spent time here in the USA,
training under Professor
Wangensteen in Minneapolis. How
did that come about and how did
you find it?

CHRIS BARNARD
It all came about while, after a
long night of study, I was
assisting a Professor Jamie Louw
with a gastronomy when...

CUT TO

Chris Barnard and Prof. Jamie Louw are working on the stomach area of a patient on the table.

The Professor is busy dissecting pieces of an ulcerated stomach wall, while Chris is assisting by holding back the liver, with a pair of retractors.

They have with them an anaesthetist, a pair of nurses and they are well into the operation.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
Chris, hold it back the other way.

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes Professor.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
For Gods sake Chris. Be careful, I have a scalpel in there, and a slip from you can permanently cut organs that don't need cutting.

CHRIS BARNARD
Sorry, Professor.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
Don't be sorry, be perfect. Now lift the liver out of the way so I can work.

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes, Professor.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
Not that way, damnit, the other way. What the hell is wrong with you?

Chris attempts a different way.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
(exploding)
No, fuck it Chris. If you don't want to be here, get out. Move it! Just get out!

The professor shoves Chris's hands out the way.

Chris steps back, shocked. He starts to leave.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
(continuing)
Sister take his place. Nurse get somebody else in here right away.

(CONTINUED)

Chris and the Nurse leave the theatre.

CUT TO

94

INT. PROFESSOR LOUW'S OFFICE, GROOTE SCHUUR - DAY

94

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
Dr. Barnard, take a seat please.

CHRIS BARNARD
(taking up the seat)
Prof. Louw, please forgive me for leaving the operating theatre and leaving you unassisted. I had no business leaving.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
You're damn right on that one.

CHRIS BARNARD
It was at a critical moment in the operation and totally unethical of me to have left, I am sorry.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
There is no time to be sorry when you are in an operating theatre, Doctor Barnard, and it is even more important to be absolutely sure of what is required to be done. You should have asked which way, and how I wanted you to move the liver. Not suppose, but ensure.

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes Sir, I am sorry.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
There you are doing it again. You have no time to be sorry.

CHRIS BARNARD
Okay, Sir, I had no business walking out on you. If you want, I will resign.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
Resign? What? No, no, Chris. Please, you must forgive me as well, I was totally obnoxious. I cannot have you resign. No, my word. why do you think that? Please, it is also partly my fault. I have enormous respect

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW (cont'd)
for you, Doctor Barnard, you have it all wrong. I was also wrong in there, as I forgot that you do lack experience. I forget that you are my student sometimes.

CHRIS BARNARD
You mean I am not out?

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
No not at all, we all have off days. No, definitely not. You must just remember that I expect just so much more from you. I was also having an off day. While I was doing the surgery, my mind was also focused on having to tell parents that I had lost their son.

CHRIS BARNARD
Oh.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
Yes, we lost their little boy to intestinal atresia. I was very depressed. So let's shake hands right now and move on.

CHRIS BARNARD
What happened to the boy?

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
Chris, we lose nine out of ten in trying to save these babies. We are no closer to a breakthrough than 40 years ago. The issue is a mystery.

CHRIS BARNARD
But don't you have any theory at all?

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
I believe that the problem occurs when there is some kind of vascular interference. Children might be born this way due to the blood supply being cut off to a particular segment of the bowel. This segment then dissipates or does not develop.

CHRIS BARNARD
It sounds absolutely plausible.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
Yes, but there is no way of
proving it. How can it be proved
at all? We can't really go
cutting into the womb and the
unborn just in case there is a
problem.

CHRIS BARNARD
Sir, I can. I can prove your
theory.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
No?

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes, I can.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
No. You can't.

CHRIS BARNARD
I can do it in dogs, Sir.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
I don't see how.

CHRIS BARNARD
If this is caused by a blocked
blood supply before birth, we can
produce this artificially in the
unborn foetus.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
No!

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes Professor, we can, I have
just found a way of increasing
the operating time in bodies,
which will allow me to have a
prolonged period of time in order
to work inside the womb.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
You have what?

CHRIS BARNARD
Since you gave me permission to
open up an animal lab, I have
been researching the
possibilities of cooling down the
body in order to slow down the
blood flow to the brain and the
other vital organs, thereby
allowing surgeons to double
operating time.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
You have had success with this,
and you're only telling me now?

CHRIS BARNARD
Well our success came only an
hour ago. I was also here to tell
you this.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
How long have you been working on
this?

CHRIS BARNARD
Almost a year. Twenty six dogs.
My first intention was to
approach you to apply it to heart
surgery. But thinking about it
now, I can put it to greater
tests and use it to operate
inside the womb. To test this I
will be artificially creating
intestinal atresia.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
Chris that is a brilliant idea. I
want to come down to your animal
lab and see this experiment and
this cooling system you have.

CHRIS BARNARD
We can do it tomorrow night.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
Tomorrow night already?

CHRIS BARNARD
Or we can do it tonight if you
want to sir?

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
Tomorrow is fine. I will be
there.

CUT TO

95 INT. ANIMAL LAB, GROOTE SCHUUR - NIGHT

95

The Animal Lab is two large rooms adjoined to each other.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
I am not going to ask you how you
managed to get this equipment
down here. I don't want to know
where you get the animals from. I
have not been here, and if any of
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW (cont'd)
the senior staff at the hospital
ask, I will deny it.

CHRIS BARNARD
Welcome Professor. This is Apples
and Boots, they have been our lab
assistants here since we got
under way.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
We? There are more involved here?

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes Doctor. Some other doctors,
students and nurses have started
putting their time in here as
well and there are more projects
on the go which include other
university departments who have
started to provide their
expertise as well.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
I do not want to know. Officially
this does not exist, but don't
let me stop you Chris. Let's get
the show on the road. Show me
this cooling machine.

CHRIS BARNARD
Well here it is, sir. Boots,
Apples get the dog ready while I
show Professor the cooling
machine.

Apples and Boots go fetch the dog while Chris takes the
Professor over to a covered apparatus.

At the same time, two Nurses arrive carrying various
surgical instruments in sterilised trays.

CHRIS BARNARD
Evening Girls. Professor Louw is
here to observe and help with the
procedure tonight. Can you guys
set up so long?

NURSE ONE
Okay Doctor. Hello Professor.

CHRIS BARNARD
Well here we are, Professor. The
cooler. We first experimented
with various rubber tubes, even
condoms, placing it in the
stomach and passing ice water

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD (cont'd)
through it, but this only worked
to cool the body down. We could
not bring the animal out of
hypothermia. We needed to have
better control, especially when
we start raising the temperature.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
So how did you build this?

CHRIS BARNARD
Well, the refrigeration unit was
sponsored by Fuchs Refrigeration
Ware, and for the modification,
the UCT engineering faculty.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
You have approached private as
well as other university
departments... how?

CHRIS BARNARD
A lot of people have helped. It
is hard to take in, I know, but I
have found it amazing how people
have been ready to help.
(Indicating the Nurses, Boots
and Apples)

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
You do this at night, you are in
the theatre by day and you are
studying, you have handed in your
thesis. How is it possible Doctor
Barnard? When do you sleep?

CHRIS BARNARD
When I need it, I go home.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
This cooler is ground breaking
Doctor Barnard. Can you get the
plans and details to my office as
soon as possible?

CHRIS BARNARD
I have it for you already,
Doctor. In this file - all the
tests and all the case studies.
You will find the results and
findings more than enough to
start experimentation on human
operations.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

I will look it through immediately. You just see if you can find a breakthrough with the intestinal problem we can't seem to correct.

CHRIS BARNARD

I will Professor.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

If you don't mind, I will be going now. I want to look through your work tonight. Please come to my office before surgery tomorrow. Before lunch. We need to get you covered officially here at the lab.

We see the professor leaving the lab and inside we watch, while Chris, the two lab assistants and the nurses operate through the night.

CUT TO

96 INT. ANIMAL LAB, GROOTE SCHUUR - DAY (DAWN) 96

The sun comes up and we see the rays of sunlight shining through the small windows of the animal lab. Eventually they are finished.

Gloves off

It's a new day.

CHRIS BARNARD

Thank you people. Thank you. We better go catch a nap before we have to go on shift.

He winks at one of the Nurses.

We see a wry smile as he removes his mask.

CUT TO

97 INT. PROFESSOR LOUW'S OFFICE, GROOTE SCHUUR - DAY 97

Chris is smiling

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

Please come in Chris. Sit.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Morning, Sir.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

How did it go last night?

CHRIS BARNARD

The operations went well. I opened up the womb. I managed to get the pup out and it did not die as the cooling system slowed blood flow to the foetus as well, therefore I had enough time to get inside the pup. There I put in some silk sutures to create an artificial blockage, sewed up the pup and placed it back in the womb.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

Yes it seems like your machine has made a big difference. It is a breakthrough. I have been studying your notes. It kept me awake all night. I convened a meeting with all the senior heads of the hospital first thing this morning.

CHRIS BARNARD

Professor, I hope we're not in trouble.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

On the contrary Chris, some good news, I suppose.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes Sir?

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

The hospital has decided that anything you need you can draw from the store. Your lab is now official, please make sure that whatever you have down there is listed and accounted for with the stores.

CHRIS BARNARD

Thank you Professor, but if you please, I would rather keep this to ourselves.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Well people seem to be apt to volunteer their time more if they think they are being naughty.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

I will need to think about that one. Oh, okay, I understand. It's up to you. I am not going to interfere. I have looked at the cooler you have designed and would like to develop it further and take it into the operating theatre. I think it could be a real life saver in open heart surgery.

CHRIS BARNARD

That is what I thought Professor.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

I have asked the engineering department to assist in putting one together and I need you to oversee this, and when it's ready, I will need you to assist me in making it work on our first patients. Will this be okay with you, Doctor?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes Sir, no problem.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

When are the puppies due?

CHRIS BARNARD

Three weeks, maybe less.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

Best of luck. I will be waiting for what will hopefully give us some direction.

CHRIS BARNARD

If it will.

CUT TO

98

INT. CBS STUDIO, FACE THE NATION - NIGHT

98

REPORTER THREE

If we may interrupt, Doctor, when did you get into heart surgery?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

I was just about to get there. It was this initial work, and eventually the success in achieving a turn around of ninety percent in infants born with this abnormality, that caught the attention of the rest of the medical fraternity; and through this I was offered a position at the University of Minneapolis.

REPORTER THREE

How long were you here doctor?

CHRIS BARNARD

Three years or so, and it was here that I first got interested in heart surgery. I came to study under Professor Wangenstein who was doing ground breaking work in the medical field across the board, in all aspects; and although I came here to continue the same kind of research I was doing in Cape Town, Professor Wangenstein put me to task in various other experiments.

REPORTER FOUR

Was this heart?

CHRIS BARNARD

No, not at first. First he had me explore how to replace the bottom end of the oesophagus, below the trachea. That was my first project here in the USA. After a couple of unsuccessful attempts and right after one of my dogs died in the lab, I was consoled by a fellow intern working in the lab next to mine. He invited me to see some of his work and this is where I first saw a heart lung machine.

CUT TO

99

INT. INDIANAPOLIS UNIVERSITY LAB - DAY (FLASHBACK)

99

We flash back as the heart lung machine is switched on.

We see Chris looking on in absolute amazement.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

I don't believe what I am seeing.
Does it work?

DR VINCE GOTT

Yes we are already using it in
open heart surgery. It belongs to
DR. Lillehei. I am part of his
team and in charge of it, so to
speak.

CHRIS BARNARD

Team?(to himself)

How does it work?

DR VINCE GOTT

Well to understand it, you need
to know what it does. It pumps
blood backwards through the veins
of the heart to facilitate
operations on the aortic valve.

CHRIS BARNARD

Wow, this is very interesting. I
want to know more.

DR VINCE GOTT

Well, I tell you what, I need
somebody to assist me and maybe
we can assist each other. If you
assist me, I will get you into
the theatre and you can assist
there. There is a lot to learn,
if you're up to it.

CHRIS BARNARD

Are you asking me a
question? You're on.

We zoom through various days while Chris is assisting and
working in this lab, and his own, eventually...

CUT TO

100 INT. MINNEAPOLIS OPERATING THEATRE J - DAY (FLASHBACK) 100

We pick up as they race through time with a sudden stop
and change of scene.

We are in a theatre.

A man's chest is open, in the oxbow slit, cut shoulder to
shoulder, the ribs forced open and clamped back, revealing
a gaping hole in the chest.

(CONTINUED)

Dr. Lillehei, with a large headlamp on his head, is operating inside the chest cavity.

We see him opening the thin pericardial sac and the heart suddenly explodes into view. In the background we see Chris straining to see.

He is in the theatre, behind Doctor Gott, "assisting" with the heart lung machine.

We see Dr. Lillehei inserting tubes and manoeuvring his headlamp to and fro in order to move the shadows within the cavity. Each time the light settles, he moves on to another procedure.

Suddenly the light explodes out from the cavity, directly onto Chris, pauses, and then searches for Dr. Gott.

DR LILLEHEI

Pump on!

Dr. Gott flicks the switch and the heart lung machine is in operation.

We see blood flow and we follow it through the system and into the body.

DR LILLEHEI

Pressure? How much flow.?

DR VINCENT GOTT

Two Thousand CC's.

We zoom through the op at lightning speed, yet Chris moves and witnesses everything as if time is standing still.

The op is over and he is assisting Dr. Vincent Gott with packing up the machine.

CHRIS BARNARD

It is unbelievable, this machine is a miracle. Do you know what can be achieved with this machine, Vincent?

DR VINCENT GOTT

I have some idea, but it is still in development. We have to go slowly with it, inch our way through. It's like a musical instrument and we still need a lot of practise with it.

CHRIS BARNARD

We can transplant livers, kidneys, prolong life. This is the edge of medical science.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD (cont'd)
Vince, thanks for showing me,
because now I know which
direction I want to go. Enough
gullets and the rest, I need to
get closer to the edge.

DR VINCENT GOTT
Slow down Chris, your excitement
is understandable, but there is
only one of these machines in
existence and we need to get it
safely back to the lab.

They are busy cleaning, winding up tubes and manoeuvring
the machine on its wheels, carefully packing bits and
pieces into safe packaging.

As they do this, the conversation continues.

CHRIS BARNARD
I hear you, but I tell you now,
tomorrow I am seeing Dr
Wangensteen and I am going to ask
him if I can follow my interest.
You have opened my eyes. Do you
realise that this technology is a
gate way to surgery beyond
anything we have ever known? It
needs improvements though.

DR VINCENT GOTT
I am happy for your epiphany
Chris. I don't mind you dreaming,
but right now, don't lose focus
on the task at hand.

CHRIS BARNARD
Not a chance Do you realise that
with this we can even keep people
who have heart death alive, long
enough to make a testament? They
can say goodbye to family, loved
ones even the Nation. It can take
us beyond our wildest dreams.

We pan around Chris, in his eyes we pick up on that glint.
This time a sort of dark madness is prevalent as we float
around his head. The background scene changes.

CUT TO

101 INT. PROFESSOR WANGENSTEEN'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK) 101

The blur of the moving background comes to a quick stop.
We are in Doctor Wangenstein's office.

DR WANGENSTEEN

Good morning Dr Barnard, how is
it going with the work on the
dogs?

CHRIS BARNARD

I have lost two so far, but I am
sure we will have success on the
third attempt.

DR WANGENSTEEN

Good, good, I never expected
results so soon. We all meet here
every two weeks to report on our
progress, you can fill us in
then.

Chris nods, and sighs deeply, which grabs Dr Wangenstein's
attention.

DR WANGENSTEEN

You are not here to report on the
dogs I gather.

CHRIS BARNARD

No, Professor, I would like to
begin work on my PH.D. in
surgery, so I can register in
South Africa and become a
specialist surgeon.

DR WANGENSTEEN

Very good. Very good, you do know
what is required?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes?

DR WANGENSTEEN

Well it takes six years, but
maybe you can do it in five. The
pace will be exhaustive.

CHRIS BARNARD

I don't have so much time
Professor, I have a family, two
children and very little money. I
have to do it in two years.

DR WANGENSTEEN

What! That is not possible! Out
of the question!

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

I can Professor, I have given it a lot of thought.

DR WANGENSTEEN

How can you? Firstly you need to spend a year in pathology or physiology just to get your minor. Then, then you need two years clinical service for your major, add to that two years in laboratory for your thesis, plus you need to master two foreign languages. It cannot be less than five years or six, anyway you look at it. Do you understand?

There is a moment.

CHRIS BARNARD

You see, Professor, I have already done most of it.

DR WANGENSTEEN

What do you mean you have done most of it?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes Professor, I have done hundreds of post-mortems for tuberculous meningitis, so pathology can be my minor. I have already done two years in a laboratory and I am ready to do my thesis on intestinal atresia with, I must add, some important findings that have never been published before. I have spent more than two years in ward service, also doing surgery, so that is done. As for the languages, Dutch is like Afrikaans and I will learn to speak German which I have also spent some time on already; so Languages I will have Dutch Afrikaans, German and English. That I will do within this year and study pathology, next year I will prepare and hand in my thesis and with all this I will be ready for exams. Two years, I can do it.

After a pause.

(CONTINUED)

DR WANGENSTEEN

No. We cannot accept your two years spent in another clinical service or post-mortems done elsewhere, you have to work at least two years in our hospital.

CHRIS BARNARD

All right, then I will do that and at the same time do everything else.

DR WANGENSTEEN

You want to work in the hospital all day, study pathology, do post-mortems, prepare a thesis on atresia, learn two languages and be ready for exams in two years?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes sir.

DR WANGENSTEEN

When will you sleep?

CHRIS BARNARD

I sleep very seldom.

DR WANGENSTEEN

All right. Let's see what happens.

Chris moves forward, shakes Dr Wangenstein's hand.

DR WANGENSTEEN

You will be transferred to my team, immediately.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes Sir.

DR WANGENSTEEN

Stick to it, and you will make it.

The background spins out focused on Dr. Wangenstein.

CUT TO

102

EXT. WANGENSTEENS HOME - DAY (FLASHBACK)

102

Wangenstein's home all covered with Snow

We settle out of the spin as Dr Wangenstein turns on to a short pathway.

(CONTINUED)

Ahead of him on the path is a person digging (shovelling) and clearing the path of snow.

Some snow goes off course and lands on Dr Wangenstein.

DR WANGENSTEEN

Hello, sorry to disturb you, but I need to get past.

CHRIS BARNARD

Sorry, sorry I did not see you there.

DR WANGENSTEEN

Dr Barnard, it's you.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes, hello Dr. Wangenstein how are you, is this your home?

DR WANGENSTEEN

Dr. Barnard what are you doing here? Don't tell me you're shovelling snow? Why?

In the background we hear a tape playing and we hear the German Language being spoken.

CHRIS BARNARD

I need the money, so I do this in winter, gardening in the Summer, two hours a day with the University maintenance department.

DR WANGENSTEEN

You do? Dr Barnard I don't know how you are coping, somehow you are. How I don't know, but please come in for some coffee, we need to discuss this.

Chris reaches into his back pack, fumbling, he brings out a recorder and switches it off.

CHRIS BARNARD

My German.

Sorry Professor, I would love to, but I need to finish these few feet of snow and then make a turn at the lab, before I go on shift at the hospital. If I stop, my schedule will be doomed.

(CONTINUED)

DR WANGENSTEEN

Very well, I will see you next at our bi-weekly then.

CUT TO

103 INT. CBS STUDIO, FACE THE NATION - NIGHT

103

There is a scramble of hands as each reporter tries to attract attention.

Chris homes in on one.

REPORTER #5

Dr Barnard you have been slated by the religious community as having violated the seat of the human soul which to many is sacred. They accuse you of playing God, what do you say about that?

CHRIS BARNARD

Sir, I have cut open literally thousands of people, both dead and alive, I can tell you with absolute certainty that I have never found a soul. I have not found it anywhere in the body.

REPORTER #5

Are you saying that the soul does not exist?

CHRIS BARNARD

No, I am saying that I have yet to find it.

REPORTER #6

Can you tell me, Doctor, why, of all the places on Earth, the first Heart transplant took place in Cape Town South Africa? Could this be because of the Apartheid policies and life is regarded as cheap?

CHRIS BARNARD

On the contrary, we hold life in very high regard, that is why we did the heart transplant. It is a method of saving lives.

REPORTER #6

Doctor Doctor Doctor (the reporter holds his ground amongst a flurry

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER #6 (cont'd)
of other demands), now that Washkansky is dead, will this be an end to the heart transplant experiments?

CHRIS BARNARD
It wasn't an experiment.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Okay, okay, okay people, we have to cut the questions short there, while we do final touches. We will go live in ten five, from now on people, please, we need quiet.

REPORTER #5
Jack, Jack, I need one more thing from the doctor.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Go ahead, one more and then that's it

REPORTER #5
I have just received a report from Cape Town that the patient waiting for your return has had a turn for the worst, have you anything to say?

CHRIS BARNARD
I cannot say at this point, I have not been informed.

JACK (CBS PRODUCER)
Okay everybody, that's a break. No more questions, make-up, wardrobe, final touches, technical crew final checks. Let's get ready people.

Chris is uncomfortable and as the crew start to crowd the panel, Chris steps back, uncouples the sound cord to the screech of the young lady sound technician, who runs up to grab the cord. He hands it to her. He looks around at the people who have begun to crowd around him.

CHRIS BARNARD
You have to excuse me, I need to get to the bathroom (he points), down through that door, right?

He slips past them and we follow him into the passage. He is fiddling in his pocket and half way down the passage, he stops at a public telephone.

(CONTINUED)

He dials. He is sweating and frantic and on the sixth ring, he gets through to Groote Schuur.

CHRIS BARNARD

Hello it is Dr Barnard, put me through to Dr. Marius Barnard immediately.

OPERATOR

Hello Doctor, how are you, how is it going in America?

CHRIS BARNARD

Whoever you are, I don't have time, put me through quickly.

The board switches and we hear a few more rings.

Dr. Shrire answers.

DR SHRIRE

Hello, Dr. Shrire here.

CHRIS BARNARD

Hello Velva, it's Chris. Tell me quickly, is Blaiberg all right? The reporters here told me he's on his way out.

DR SHRIRE

Hello Chris. No, no, no he is fine. I just spoke to him now, everything is good. We are all waiting for your return.

CHRIS BARNARD

Thank God, listen I've got to go. I must go, speak to you tomorrow.

He slams the phone onto the receiver and rushes back into the studio where the countdown is already being called. The entire crew fall head over heels to accommodate Chris and get him into position, and eventually we hear ten, nine, eight. The music intro, lights, camera and five, four, three two one. We are live people.

The music intro continues, we hear CBS Face the Nation presents a one hour long special with South African Heart Surgeon and the first doctor to perform a human heart transplant, and then the intro stops for a moment.

(We pick up on groups and families all around America sitting watching their television sets and Louwtjie watching at the hotel.)

The intro continues after a crescendo and we hear,

Here is CBS News correspondent, Martin Agronsky.

(CONTINUED)

The reporter jerks into action, focuses on to one of the cameras and continues live with his commentary.

MARTIN AGRONSKY (CBS ANCHOR)

To all you folks at home, welcome to Face The Nation. Tonight we have a record audience for any programme held on Television, because tonight we have with us, to face the nation, Dr. Chris Barnard, the South African heart surgeon who has changed the history of mankind by transplanting a human heart.

There is another crescendo.

MARTIN AGRONSKY (CBS ANCHOR)

With us tonight on our panel is Earl Ubell, science editor of WCBS-TV News in New York, next to him are America's own doctors. We have two with us tonight, Dr. Michael de Bakey and Dr. Adrian Kantrowitz.

It is Dr Kantrowitz who, after looking at the other guests, starts off the programme.

DR KANTROWITZ

Welcome Dr Barnard, welcome to America(Chris nods slowly). I would like to ask you when it was or at what stage, you thought the heart transplant would work?

104 INT. ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK) 104

We flash to the first time he was shown the heart lung machine at the university of Minneapolis.

105 INT. CBS STUDIO, FACE THE NATION - NIGHT 105

CHRIS BARNARD

It is very hard to remember the exact moment, but I will say that my team and I have been doing open heart surgery for nine years now, we have performed well over a thousand, maybe two thousand open heart surgeries, so we are well versed caring for heart patients and we have a tremendous amount of experience in the preparation of extremely ill

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD (cont'd)
 patients. You must also remember
 that we perfected our surgical
 technique by doing many surgical
 procedures and heart transplants
 on dogs in the laboratory, so
 please, nobody must think that it
 was the first time we were
 operating on a heart. Like I
 said, we started nine years ago.

Chris stares into the lights and we filter through his
 eyes. We head back to the past, we are at Groote Schuur.

CUT TO

106 INT. PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW'S OFFICE, GROOTE SCHUUR - DAY
 (FLASHBACK) 106

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
 Chris welcome back, I almost
 thought you weren't coming back.
 I was actually convinced when
 Louwtjie returned without you,
 but no matter, I am glad you are
 back.

CHRIS BARNARD
 It has not been such a long time
 even though it feels like
 decades.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
 Chris, tell me, where is this
 heart lung machine you have been
 talking about?

CHRIS BARNARD
 It is catching up, by ship. I
 packed it into a new station
 wagon I bought, which was the
 cheapest and safest way I could
 get it to South Africa.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
 Now tell me Chris, this machine,
 did this American Professor
 Wangenstein just give it to you?
 I mean how did you make such a
 big score?

CHRIS BARNARD
 Well he first offered me a
 permanent position, but I made it
 clear that my destiny lay here in
 South Africa where I was born. I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD (cont'd)
loved America, hell I did, but
heck I was homesick.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
Thank God for that, otherwise we
would have lost you. Now tell me
Chris, how quick can we get it to
work? I tell you why I ask, we
had another Doctor here. He
brought with him a Cooley Pump
and fuck without so much of a
test or anything, the fucker
hooked it up, and needles to say
the thing did not work and the
patient bled out all over the
theatre floor. It was one hell of
a mess.

CHRIS BARNARD
Who the hell was this?

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
That is not important. As it
stands now, we have an opening.
You can take over the surgical
research laboratory. I am putting
my faith in you Chris. After this
screw up we had all open heart
surgery stopped and I told
everybody we will have to wait
for your return.

CHRIS BARNARD
We will do it, professor, we will
do it.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
I know you will. You see all
these merits on the wall behind
me?.

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes?

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
I have staked it all on your
return and this new machine. I
have claimed that you will bring
to our hospital a new era in
pioneering heart surgery
techniques, learnt from our
American pioneers. I have kept
this position open for you and
with great difficulty. A lot of
the other doctors were using
every trick in the book to force

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW (cont'd)
 themselves into that open
 position, so let me tell you we
 are not popular.

CHRIS BARNARD
 I understand Professor.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
 Yes, best you walk in eyes wide
 open. Now tell me, what are you
 going to need?

CHRIS BARNARD
 Well with two weeks to go before
 the machine gets here, there is
 enough time to put my team
 together. We will need to test
 the machine and train up an
 operator.

107 SERIES OF SHOTS

107

We speed up the preparation and the putting together of
 the first dedicated open heart surgical team in South
 Africa, as Chris and Professor Jamie Louw discuss the
 forming and staff (two to three Minutes).

Every voice over here carries the scene, voice over
 scenes.

A) We flash out of office and we see the young Carl
 Goosen shaking hands with Chris, they are in the
 animal lab. In the middle of the floor is a wooden
 crate. We see another being carried in.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW (V.O.)
 I have put a list of names
 together for you. Here it is, if
 you look here you will see my
 recommendation for Carl Goosen.
 He is a young nut-smart
 technician, ideal to run the
 machine.

CHRIS BARNARD (V.O)
 I will need a surgical assistant.

B) We see Chris shaking hands with Malcolm as the second
 crate is being placed next to the first.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW (V.O)
 For this I have a brilliant young
 doctor doing general surgery
 under me, talk to him. If he
 accepts the position, I will have

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW (V.O.) (cont'd)
him transferred to your service.
His name is Malcolm McKenzie.

C) We jump through the various phases of the heart lung machine and all the parts that go with it been unpacked, checked and assembled.

D) We now also begin to see Chris moving into his new office.

E) We move on as he oversees the preparation and configuration of his own special cardiac theatre.

CHRIS BARNARD (V.O.)
I will need the animal lab back.
As I said, it will take approximately two months to train up and organize the crew around the machine. While that is being done, I want to hand pick my surgical team, that means everybody from nurses up. While the boys are getting acquainted with the machine, I want to set up the Cardiac Unit according to my specifications, Professor.

F) We see an enormous coloured guy helping to unpack the crates. There are other lab assistants and we see that Victor is firmly in charge of the lab crew.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW (V.O.)
I will have the maintenance guys sent to you ASAP. You will also need some lab assistants. I have a guy for you, his name is Victor Pick. He was a gardener here at the hospital. Somehow he fell into the wards as a cleaner, now he's a nurse; a coloured guy, huge, you can't miss him. Grab him when you see him.

G) We see the speeded up progress of the animal lab and the cardiac theatre coming along, each time following Chris, who we see pointing and instructing.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW (V.O.)
If I were you, I would put him in charge of your animal lab. You will find him meticulous, dedicated. He could be a great doctor if he had the chance.

H) In his office we see him interviewing anaesthetists, doctors, interns.

(CONTINUED)

I) Fitting into all of this, we pick up on him boning one nurse after the other.

J) We have a time lapse shot, Groote Schuur Hospital.

108 INT. ANIMAL LAB - DAY 108

We see the heart lung machine being tested on dogs and we see Victor Pick bagging a few dead dogs in succession.

109 INT. PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW'S OFFICE - DAY 109

CHRIS BARNARD

While the heart lung machine is being made ready, I will pull the cardiac team together with minor heart surgeries. By the time we are ready to do by-pass surgery, the theatre team will be on the ball and with the new machine we will be ready to add a new dimension to surgery.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

It sounds good Chris, you have my full support.

CHRIS BARNARD

Thank you Professor. From now on, every two weeks, I would like an open meeting with all department heads. I will inform all interested parties of our progress and use this meeting to enlighten all heads of any special needs that might arise.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

Arise for what?

CHRIS BARNARD

My first major project I would like to achieve as an experimental surgical lab, is to do a Kidney transplant.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

That has not been done here before.

CHRIS BARNARD

I know, but with this new machine it can be done, and I want to unite my team behind a very obtainable goal. It will heighten

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD (cont'd)
everybody's skills, and once this
is done, we can then claim to be
the top surgical unit in Africa.
It will be a good start.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
A good start for what?

CHRIS BARNARD
Well, history, what else?

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
I see you still have that sense
of humour, Chris.

CHRIS BARNARD
Well that is because I am a nice
guy.

CUT TO

110 INT. CBS STUDIO, FACE THE NATION - NIGHT

110

In the studio the camera move signal is being indicated.

DR KANTROWITZ
Your brother and family seem to
be involved in your work.

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes, my Father was financially
poor, but he and my mother on
less than 40 pounds a month, put
all their children through
university. My wife helped me
develop a replacement valve used
in heart surgery all over the
world, my oldest brother, a well
known engineer in South Africa,
helped in the development of many
of the instruments and equipment
in heart surgery, and my youngest
brother is by my side in the
operating theatre. So yes, many
of my family are involved.

DR LILLEHEI
Did this not create conflict in
some ways?

CHRIS BARNARD
That is a tough question. It
could have, but we have succeeded
in more ways than one, so if
there were conflicts, the results

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD (cont'd)
of these are not bad. And yes
conflicts I have had, but the
energy was put to good use. It is
like the beat of a heart.

CUT TO

111 SERIES OF SHOTS 111

A) We transition back in time with the sound of a heart beating.

B) As we slip through time with various pick up shots, we see the progress of the surgical team and the animal lab.

C) We race through the corridors of Groote Schuur hospital, spinning out and up.

D) In and around Devils peak, sliding over the top of Table Mountain, down over UCT and back again.

E) Straight through a window and into a lecture hall.

F) Inside, the whole team is gathered, including the Animal lab crew. All together there are about Sixty people.

G) We pick up on the gathered persons. Doctors, nurses, lab assistants, cleaners. All making comments to each other.

112 INT. GROOTE SCHUUR - DAY 112

A nurse comes rushing through the door.

NURSE #1
People, Barnard is just down the
hall, he is almost here.

Everybody goes quiet.

By the time Chris walks through the door, everybody is quite settled and one cannot even hear a pin drop.

Chris is accompanied by Prof. Jamie Louw.

Chris takes off his Jacket, folds it and puts it over the chair behind the desk.

He looks over at the Professor.

The Professor looks back.

Chris says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

He turns to the blackboard, there are fantastic, biological diagrams drawn with chalk. It is clearly part of a lecture. He looks at it, steps back, admires it for a second.

He moves over and grabs a duster and some chalks and then moves to the board, rubs something out and fixes a mistake, changing one of the labels.

All the time the room remains dead quiet.

The professor moves off his spot and joins the team by taking up a seat in the second row.

As soon as the professor has seated himself, Chris, who is still facing the board, turns to face the gallery.

CHRIS BARNARD

Good Morning People. I am glad we are all here. We are all here, aren't we? Good. To start with, I would like to thank everybody here. We have all been together for the best part of five years now, and last week we succeeded in doing the first kidney transplant in Africa. That is a fantastic achievement.

Everybody starts to clap, smiling and looking at each other.

Chris puts his hand up. Everybody goes dead silent again.(respect with a certain fear orientation)

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes, yes, yes, we can applaud ourselves, but we are not actors on a stage, we are life-savers, and not the sweaty type.

He takes a packet out of his pocket, breaks off a sweet and puts it in his mouth.

CHRIS BARNARD

We actually are the real thing. Anybody want one(he pauses more for effect holding, the packet up high, but before anybody answers, he puts the sweets back in his pocket and carries on)? By achieving the first organ transplant in the Southern Hemisphere, we have set ourselves above all other surgical teams. We can safely say we are world class, but I am here to tell you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD (cont'd)
today that this achievement is only a stepping stone for what is still to come...therefore I am here today to warn everybody here that the hundred percent that all of us have put into our team, is not going to be enough into the next few years. I am here to tell you that from today onwards, I am going to expect even more. I am being upfront with everybody here, as we embark on even greater exploration work within our field, so I am here today to say if you think my expectations have been met, think again, because henceforth the work load will increase maybe even triple for everybody here. Every person here must be clear on this point, this is going to be unavoidable. So those that do not see a way forward within the team, please come speak to me so we can have you transferred as soon as possible.

Everybody starts to murmur.

CHRIS BARNARD
Those that are not happy, there is the door, take it now.

Everybody shuts up, nobody goes.

CHRIS BARNARD
I have been hearing rumours that there is some dissatisfaction amongst certain members of the team. Well let me settle this now and make it clear, I don't do politics, if you are not happy with who is running this team, please leave the team or find a way to be happy in the team. I certainly do not need anybody here questioning my motives, and I am not here amongst you to be 'Mister Popular". Right, with that being said, I would like to introduce to you a new member of the team. He has been coming up to speed with us by working night and day with us in the animal lab, and even though most of you have not known of his existence

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD (cont'd)
till now, he has been with us for
quite a while. Marius, please
stand up.

Marius Barnard stands up from his chair and comes to the
front.

CHRIS BARNARD
This is Doctor Marius Barnard, he
is from this point in time,
second in command on my ward.

The senior section of the staff are looking at each other,
there is a murmur.

Even Professor Jamie Louw is shocked.

CHRIS BARNARD
Right, that is all, we need to
get back to work. That will be
all.

He picks up his case, grabs his jacket from the chair,
looks over at Professor Jamie Louw and indicates with a
nod. The two leave.

CUT TO

113 INT. PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUWS OFFICE - DAY

113

We flash into Professor Jamie Louw's face. He is angry.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
Chris you did not inform me or
anybody that you were going to
appoint your brother.

CHRIS BARNARD
It is my ward. When I started you
said you will support me.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
I do, but you know what this
looks like. There were many
standing in line for the chance.

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes I know this, there were
motions afoot to try and replace
me, and the undercurrents of
mutiny is walking the corridors.
Well now they will have to come
through my brother first, and if
they do, I will know from where
it comes and from whom.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

Chris do you know what you sound like?

CHRIS BARNARD

I don't care what it sounds like Professor, I know I am not the popular guy here and I know there are a lot of "connected" doctors who are itching to take over my ward and my work, therefore I will surround myself with those I trust the most. My brother and I are far from friends, but we are brothers, and I am going to need to have somebody I know two hundred percent next to me, as we move forward.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

Move forward on what?

CHRIS BARNARD

You need to come down to the lab. There are a few things I need to show you.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

When?

CHRIS BARNARD

How about now?

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

I will meet you there. Do you mind if I bring somebody with me?

CHRIS BARNARD

You can bring Doctor Schrire, I hear he is very interested.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

Dr Schrire is not your enemy, Chris, he is one of the seniors in the hospital and he is showing an interest.

CHRIS BARNARD

Him and a few others, I have my sources, but bring him along, he will get to meet my Brother at the same time.

CUT TO

114 INT. ANIMAL LAB - NIGHT

114

The animal lab has transformed itself from the time we first saw it; organised, high tech. In other words, what we see is a substantial improvement in the facility, it looks and feels like a real operating theatre with all the equipment of a normal operating theatre.

We follow the two doctors, Professor Jamie Louw and Doctor Shrire into the lab. Chris is clothed in scrubs, his face is covered, next to him is his brother, also dressed in scrubs.

Dr. Shrire holds out his hand to Chris's brother.

DR SHRIRE

Hello Chris, thanks for having me down here. You have everybody curious and there are rumours flying everywhere.

DR MARIUS BARNARD

Erm, pleased to meet you Doctor Shrire, but I am not Chris, I am Marius, Chris's brother.

DR SHRIRE

Good Lord, I had no idea you resembled each other so closely, sorry.

He extends his hand to Chris.

Chris does not delay.

CHRIS BARNARD

Doctors you need to put on scrubs.

There are three tables, each covered by a dome and sterile sheets. Various tubes and IV's can be seen feeding what is hidden under the blankets.

There are six people in the room. Four doctors, gathered around the centre table, and the two lab assistants.

CHRIS BARNARD

You can open up 'Jack and Jill', Alan.

ALAN PICK.

Yes doctor.

Alan lifts up the cover sheets, revealing a two-headed dog.

Drs Schrire and Louw recoil from the sight.

(CONTINUED)

The dogs start to whimper, both heads bark.

The Doctors cannot believe it and quickly move back to see what is going on, surprised that the dogs or dog is still alive.

Professor Jamie Louw and Dr Shrire are visibly shaken. They stare in amazement, speechless. The lab is completely silent, as the shocked doctors take in the extraordinary sight before them.

Chris allows them time to recover, but pre-empt's the inevitable questions and comments, by beginning to explain the situation before them.

CHRIS BARNARD

We did the operation four days ago. We worked out that as long as the two dogs are of the same blood type, the body can support life. Besides the improvement of technical skills and working out the flow of blood, the heart lung machine has been tweaked. I have made improvements, and introduced certain cooling techniques, allowing us a much larger window of opportunity for surgical procedures.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

Chris, I am shocked!

CHRIS BARNARD

I know, but it's not the first operation of its kind, there is a doctor in Russia who has done this before and I am going to meet with him at the end of the month.

DR SHRIRE

Where?

CHRIS BARNARD

In Moscow.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

Are you out of your mind?

CHRIS BARNARD

Arrangements are already made. Marius here, will be brought up to speed. I will be away for three weeks. While I am gone Marius is in charge.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
What is the purpose of this?

Chris moves over to the second table.

CHRIS BARNARD
You can open, Hamilton.

Hamilton carefully lifts the cover, revealing another dog, eyes wide open, looking up at the people surrounding the table. Despite the tubes entering its mouth and body, we see the tail starting to wag.

CHRIS BARNARD
Gentleman, I want you to meet Lucy. Lucy here received a heart transplant four days ago from Gill over there.

DR SHRIRE
Four days ago? So the rumours are true.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
Chris, this is phenomenal.

CHRIS BARNARD
Not quite yet, we are beginning to lose her. Even though I was hoping she would be able to walk out of here. However, we are close!

DR SHRIRE
How close?

CHRIS BARNARD
The problem we are facing is rejection and blood types. Technically we can do more organ transplants. What we need to do, is overcome the lack of knowledge we have with regards to the immune system and tissue types of the body, and the different blood types...in these two cases, I have used a combination of different regimes, which has extended their lives from a few hours to days.

MARIUS BARNARD
The answer lies on the cellular levels.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Sorry brother, let me rather explain. Professor we can do a heart transplant, but we need to improve our knowledge and expertise in the post operative procedures; immune system and blood types.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

What are you asking?

CHRIS BARNARD

I need to increase my staff on the ward, bring in some more specialists, and train up more nurses. It will mean doubling up on staff.

DR SHRIRE

You have my support, Chris.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

The problem is funding, Chris.

CHRIS BARNARD

I have the funding. I need the right people, dedicated, at least for the next three years.

DR SHRIRE

Let me help you with your choices.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

Hand me the files. I will approach the faculty one by one, and work through the politics. As for the two headed dog, please Chris, whatever you do, get rid of it before it gets out. Even I won't be able to protect you against this. This will be regarded by some as stepping over the mark. I personally want to see all the records and motivations around the experiment.

DR SHRIRE

You need to check on your team. Rumours are doing the hallways, and they seem to be true, so you need to plug the leak. As soon as you can, close this file. I can really say I cannot believe what I am seeing, it is hard to swallow.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

It's best that you don't, then.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

Why are you going to Russia?

CHRIS BARNARD

I want to go and meet the Doctor who did this two-headed dog experiment before me. I filmed everything and I want to compare our notes, see if there is anything I missed. On the way back I want to stop in London. There is a South African specialist there, leading the field in blood typing.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

I know whom you are talking about. Martinus Botha.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes, he is leading the world in pathology at the moment, and his research into tissue types is what my ward needs to succeed.

DR SHRIRE

In what Chris?

CHRIS BARNARD

In doing organ transplant more efficiently, therefore I want to poach Dr. Botha back to Cape Town.

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW

How?

CHRIS BARNARD

With a shit load of money and a top position here.

DR SHRIRE

What position?

CHRIS BARNARD

His own blood bank.

DR SHRIRE

Huh?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes, we need somebody to start up Cape Town's own blood bank and there is nobody more qualified in the world at the moment.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR JAMIE LOUW
I think I will be able to sell
the idea within government
circles.

CHRIS BARNARD
If we are going to strive to be
better than world class,
gentleman, we are going to need
every necessary facility. I will
get him back to South Africa. You
guys get him his facility.

Behind his mask Chris's eyes gleam with determination.

115 SERIES OF SHOTS - PICKUP PICTURES 115

A) 1 year photographic fast forward showing experiment
after experiment

B) 2 year meeting after meeting

C) 3 year heart surgery and patient after patient and the
growth of the surgical team.

CUT TO

116 EXT/INT. MOORINGS, ZEEKOEVLEI - DAY (2 DEC 1967) 116
(PAN)

Chris is crouched with his back against the bedroom door.
On the other side of the door is Louwtjie, she is crying
and angry and has locked Chris out.

CHRIS BARNARD
Darling, please open, there is no
way I can go out to watch Deirdre
skiing. The whole team is on
standby.

LOUWTJIE
You promised your daughter that
you will be there to support her,
you promised.

117 EXT. WOODSTOCK - DAY (2 DEC 1967) 117

Flash here Darvall Accident.

118 INT. MOORINGS, ZEEKOEVLEI - DAY (2 DEC 1967)

118

CHRIS BARNARD

No I did not, I never did and you know that I could not. I told Deirdre that I would make it if I could. She knows how critical the situation is.

LOUWTJIE

Critical, critical, critical! Everything is always critical with you and your work. You have left your family, you have left me. I never see you, you don't love us, me, your family. Your daughter is about to become a champion and you, you need to be on standby, for what, for what? Tell me Chris, what?

CHRIS BARNARD

Open the door Louwtjie, I have come home to relax for a few hours. Any minute now the call is going to come, a donor will have been found. I need to prepare for my championship, Darling, it is about to happen.

LOUWTJIE

Don't Darling me. You have been darling around with every single nurse on your floor, don't think I don't know. Go Darling with them, don't come to me.

CHRIS BARNARD

Louwtjie they mean nothing to me, you know that, you are my sweetheart, the mother of my children, my real love.

119 INT. TRAUMA ENTRANCE, GROOTE SCHUUR - NIGHT (2 DEC 1967)
119

Flash (CSI style) here emergency entrance hospital, doctors telephone calls been made.

120 INT. MOORINGS, ZEEKOEVLEI - DAY (2 DEC 1967)

120

LOUWTJIE

Real love, what do you know about real love? Tell me, what?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

You, my Darling, you are my Love,
my only.

121 INT. GROOTE SCHUUR - NIGHT (2 DEC 1967) 121

Flash (CSI style) here Waskansky being made ready for theatre and being rushed in.

122 INT. MOORINGS, ZEEKOEVLEI - DAY (2 DEC 1967) 122

LOUWTJIE

You have changed, Chris. I hardly know you any more. You have embarrassed me. I cannot even show my face at the hospital anymore.

CHRIS BARNARD

I am here now, with you, where I am safe, only with you. Honey please open the door.

We see her standing up, getting ready to open the door. She has gone from distraught to smiling, wiping away tears.

She is about to open the door.

The telephone rings.

They stand one on each side of the door, leaning their heads against it. Tears run, silently, from her eyes.

He steps back, looks up at the ceiling. He changes as a hard, determined expression moves over his face.

CHRIS BARNARD

Darling, please open the door now, please.

LOUWTJIE

Go Chris, go answer the damn phone. Leave me alone, just go.

Chris moves off into the hallway, on the way he grabs his jacket from the hook, he answers the phone.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes, yes that is good. Is the blood type the same...perfect. I am on the way...fifteen minutes I should be there.

Louwtjie is sitting against the door, crying.

(CONTINUED)

Chris makes to turn back but stops, looks hard into nothingness, turns and speeds out the front door.

CUT TO

123 INT. CBS STUDIO, FACE THE NATION - NIGHT

123

DR LILLEHEI

Tell us how you decided the moment that the donor patient was dead? And the factors that led up to the actual moment of truth, so to speak, as we in America have difficulty with when the moment of death may be proclaimed.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes, I understand all this, but in South Africa we do not have these laws laid down. In South Africa, the law is now taking into account the brain death factor. You must remember that this type of operation was never conceived of when the laws were written. We accept that the brain dies, although the body remains functional, and with our advances in intensive care, we doctors today can keep such a body alive; but these are recent developments in the history of medicine.

EARL UBELL (WCBS-TV SCIENCE WRITER)

So how was it that your team was absolutely certain the donor patient was dead?

CHRIS BARNARD

Well look, let me just say that my team and I were very thorough in our analyses. Ms. Darvall had no chance of recovery. There was firstly no brain activity. For those more versed in this, I refer here to the alga rhythm, the electrical impulses created by the brain when it is functioning.

FADE TO

124 EXT. WOODSTOCK - DAY (2 DEC 1967) 124

We hear a tremendous thud of the car crashing into the Darvalls, before Chris has finished speaking.

Fade up. We pick up in a flash back as the young Darvall is flung through the air and we see her head smashing into the hub cap of a parked car, devastating her skull.

FADE TO

125 SERIES OF SHOTS 125

A) As the blood pours out of Denise, we transition to water running over Chris's hands as he scrubs up.

B) He then gloves up.

C) The rest of the heart team are arriving one after another, and going about preparing themselves for surgery.

While this is happening...

CHRIS BARNARD
(Prayer Thought)
Oh Lord, please guide my hands
tonight-

D) We are flashing through the accident scenes, now answering the questions in the previous scenes.

CHRIS BARNARD
(Prayer Thought)
Keep them free from error,

E) The flashes end as we see Denise Darvall's head striking the hub of a parked car, her head crushed with the force of the impact.

CHRIS BARNARD
(Prayer Thought)
as You have freed me from doubt,

F) The staff in the theatre are rushing around as the heart lung machine is being set up. More and more members of the team are arriving through the swing doors, taking up their positions.

CHRIS BARNARD
(Prayer Thought)
and show me the way

(CONTINUED)

G) We see Chris entering and leaving through the swing doors, Mr. Darvall signing the release forms for his daughter, her younger brother looking on while nurses and staff are rushing up and down past them. They stand as if frozen to the spot.

CHRIS BARNARD
(Prayer Thought)
to do this as well as I can,

H) Chris sees the document. He looks closely, he looks over, for a small blink, at the two (father and son) standing in the corridor, through the mask of his scrubs, his hands held high, wet with soap.

CHRIS BARNARD
(Prayer Thought)
to do it for this man

I) As he turns away from the Darvall family, Washkansky is wheeled past him and through the double doors of theatre one.

CHRIS BARNARD
(Prayer Thought)
and he who has placed his life in
my hands and for all other men
like him

J) He returns to the wash up basin area of the double theatre.

CHRIS BARNARD
(Prayer Thought)
And for all others on the team

K) Where members of the team are getting prepared for the first human heart transplant.

CHRIS BARNARD
(Prayer Thought)
that they may also be with us,
every minute of the way.

L) Marius Barnard arrives and starts scrubbing up.

CHRIS BARNARD
Are you alright, Marius?

MARIUS BARNARD
Yes, Chris.

CHRIS BARNARD
Right we all know what to do.

MARIUS BARNARD
We all do, Chris.

CHRIS BARNARD
Then we're all set to go.

CUT TO

126 INT. CBS STUDIO, FACE THE NATION - NIGHT

126

In the studio the questions continue.

EARL UBELL (WCBS-TV SCIENCE WRITER)
To bring you back to the
question, when did you really
know that you were going to
accomplish the first heart
transplant?

CHRIS BARNARD
Let's just first say that it was
never a race to be first, it was
more as if the whole universe
conspired to this truth...I
cannot pin point one moment as I
said before, but it was at the
table in the moment when...

CUT TO

127 SERIES OF SHOTS

127

We jump into the organized frenetic pace of the specially
designed double room, mirrored operating theatre, the only
one of its kind.

After every bark, we flash into moments of his life, in
answer to the question in the previous scene.

- A) As a child we see him cutting open beetles and mice.
- B) We see the rabbit, the hunt.
- C) The heart of the springbok in his hand.
- D) The grave site of his brother, there with his mother.
- F) Fainting after cutting into his first cadaver.
- G) The autopsies and cranial drilling into patients.
- H) We flash photographically through study books.
- I) We hear Latin, German, Dutch and English and
Afrikaans being learnt and spoken by him.

(CONTINUED)

- J) Pages and pages of biological studies and diagrams.
- L) We flash back and forth as the operation is under way.
- M) (This section is, or scene is travelling through the flashes as we watch the progress in the theatre on the wall. We see the clock ticking over as we head into various stages of the operation. This will be written under consultation, as to the correct procedures and actual records of the operation)
- N) Most important content to be picked up in the theatre, is the following.
- O) The opening of Washkansky's Chest.
- P) The removal of his heart and the switch over to the heart lung machine.
- Q) The chest cavity without the heart.(This is the moment that Chris later on in life describes as the loneliest moment of his life, and that nothing could have prepared him for what he felt then).

128

INT. CBS STUDIO, FACE THE NATION - NIGHT

128

CBS STUDIO CHRIS ANSWERS THE MOMENT IN TRANSITIONAL FLASH as he answers

CHRIS BARNARD

Here truly was the moment of Truth. My moment- the moment of enormity, when it all really hit me, was just after I took out Washkansky's heart. I looked down and saw this empty space, the realisation that there was a man lying in front of me without a heart but still alive, was, I think, the most awesome moment of all.

Here we freeze time as the camera rotates around Chris as he stands over the empty chest, we hear the heart beat stop, we hear his breathing and then the breathing and functioning of the heart lung machine. Chris's eyes are wide open. We see him blinking as the rest of the theatre has stopped in its tracks. He has slowed down time and space and now we enter his head as we begin to hear the rhythm of his brain. We hear him thinking, talking to himself and has now become six people.

He is talking to himself in his head.

CHRIS BARNARD IMAGINE 1
Now you have done it Chris, this
is a fuck up.

CHRIS BARNARD IMAGINE 2
You don't know what you're
talking about, I am here.
Everything is under control, it
is all planned.

CHRIS BARNARD IMAGINE 3
Finally I have done it, the
perfect murder, the living dead.
Here it is guys, we have done it.

CHRIS BARNARD IMAGINE 4
Stop praising yourself, you
retard, the heart is out. Where
is the new one, jackass, where is
the donor heart? Have you been
checking on the other side? No!

CHRIS BARNARD IMAGINE 5
My brother is there, he will be
in control, I am sure. He has
backup, I am sure he will be
alright.

CHRIS BARNARD IMAGINE 6
You are taking a chance. Fuck it
Chris, what have you learnt about
chances? There is no place here
for that.

CHRIS BARNARD IMAGINE 4
Washkansky is pumped. Go and
check next door. They should have
told you by now if it was going
okay.

CHRIS BARNARD IMAGINE 3
Stop panicking, we have it under
control. This was thought about
before. We have enough window.

CHRIS BARNARD IMAGINE 2
Better get your ass to the other
side and fix the delay now. I
knew it, they aren't able to cut
the heart out.

CHRIS BARNARD IMAGINE 5
Okay, okay, just as well. I have
a better idea, I need to take out
more heart tissue than what I
planned.

CHRIS BARNARD IMAGINE 3
What? You should not be changing
your mind now. In this minute
stick to what was planned, stick
to what is known.

CHRIS BARNARD IMAGINE 1
Yeah, and what's up with Louwtjie
throwing her hissy fit? A bit of
a downer, she really knows how to
choose the wrong time.

CHRIS BARNARD IMAGINE 3
Time to leave her for sure. That
woman is going to make me mad.

CHRIS BARNARD IMAGINE 4
Back to the moment. Hello, the
point. Nothing past here is
known. We are way past the known
galaxy here.

CHRIS BARNARD IMAGINE 1
So what! So was it with
Christopher Columbus in his day.

CHRIS BARNARD IMAGINE 2
Come on, come on, get a hold.
Pull yourself together. Let's do
what has to be done.

We exit out of Chris's head space.

There is a theatre nurse in front of him.

THEATRE NURSE ONE
You told me to come tell you if
there was a problem.

CHRIS BARNARD
Thank you Sister. Please come
help me change my gloves.

The theatre is abuzz and we have members of the staff at
Groote Schuur, filtering into the gallery.

One person comes in without wearing scrubs, and Chris
flips.

CHRIS BARNARD

For fuck sakes, get your fucking dirty butt out of here now, before you contaminate this theatre. Who the hell do you think you are? Fuck-it, who let that man pass without scrubs? Who is on the door? What are they doing out there? Sleeping? Listen people, we are working here and we need to get it right first time. No fuck ups, no matter how small.

We see Chris changing his gloves, he is whispering to the nurse. They are in the adjoining enclave room between the two theatres.

CHRIS BARNARD

I thought he might freeze up. So the girl's heart has not stopped yet?

THEATRE NURSE ONE

No doctor, they switched the machine off, but the heart continues to beat, and it is not only your brother that has stopped, none of the other doctors can do it.

CHRIS BARNARD

No problem, next time maybe. It won't be as difficult, it is always the first time that scares everyone, always.

He has his new set of gloves on and, with no hesitation at all, he moves in over Denise Darvall, shifting the others out of the way.

CHRIS BARNARD

I see the heart still beating in the donor body. Nurse, paddles please.

He grabs two disc like paddles attached to wire.

CHRIS BARNARD

Right, give us some voltage.

He places the paddles either side of the heart.

CHRIS BARNARD

If we wait, the heart will be damaged and Washkansky will also be dead. God he is dead right now

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD (cont'd)
 damnit. Right, there we are, we
 have the heart stopped. Start
 count down, no never mind, hand
 me a scalpel. Everybody get ready
 to receive the donor heart, thank
 you.

There is a sudden burst of motion as the procedure is back on track. Nurses prepare to take the heart from Chris, as he extracts the donor heart from Denise.

Marius looks at Chris.

The heart comes out and is placed in a bowl and rushed into the adjoining enclave where it is washed, cooled and prepared for Chris to implant into Washkansky.

CHRIS BARNARD
 There is a boy waiting for her
 kidney. Are you guys going to
 manage to continue here without
 me?

There is a chorus of agreement around the table.

130

SERIES OF SHOTS

130

- A) Denise is now a corpse (camera).
- B) Chris heads back through the wash up enclave, followed by the same nurse who warned him. He is aided once again in changing surgical gloves and clean coveralls; all the time the clocks on the wall are visible and we see the changing hours.
- C) We return to the Table of Washkansky, and we see the heart being brought to Chris.
- D) We swirl around the theatre, picking up on the time changing, as the operation is pushed on through by Chris.
- E) The replacement of the donor heart into Washkansky, and the reheating of his body as the heart is fired up.
- F) (Throughout this section, we have fill in of the CBS Face the Nation voice over of the questions asked and the answers given. Here we have voice over with photographic studio shots).
- G) This section will have to be broken down in more detail, and it will require a detailed enactment of the theatre procedures, or sections of it. I set six to ten minutes of time for this and that includes cross footage of Face the Nation, lots of voice over, as we follow the operation with visuals.

(CONTINUED)

H) Breaking away from this into actual happenings in the theatre as set out above

I) and also entering the mind of Chris and his ability to focus to such a degree that can only be described, visually, as slowing down time or bending it.

J) We will also explore the reality of the operation with some, almost fatal, mistakes that were made but corrected by Chris, that was never discussed in the media.

E.g. The explosion of a fountain of blood seen from the gallery, which had everybody in a panic, except for Chris who, as if by a miracle, managed to get it under control without even a blink of an eye, or even a murmur (by putting his finger into the hole).

K) Another incident was the incorrect clamping of one of the arteries, which consequently created air bubbles in the heart lung machine. Here Chris did lose his temper, and after a few verbal obliterations of Dr. Hitchcock and Sister Jordan, he realises it was his own mistake and without offering an apology, he works out how to get rid of the bubbles by pulling out the two lines from Waskansky and joining them together; thereby allowing the machine to de-bubble itself. While doing this, he hand massages the donor heart, waiting for the air bubbles to clear and then replacing the tubes, restoring blood flow.

L) All the time we hear the mechanical noise of the heart lung machine in operation, setting an arrhythmic pace as we delve into the escapism which Chris Barnard experiences during the first human heart transplant.

M) We hear the voice over from Face the Nation - we hear Chris talking and answering questions.

CUT TO

131 INT. CHRIS'S OFFICE - NIGHT (LATER)

131

Chris and his brother are there. They are still clothed in their scrubs. The early morning dawn is filtering into the office through the open Venetian blinds, which Chris stands up to adjust in order to lessen the intensity of the glare against their tired eyes.

He sits down.

A young nurse walks in with some tea for the two of them. She puts it down on the table in-between them.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG NURSE

Wow doctor, I can tell you now everybody in the hospital is talking about the operation. The whole hospital, all the staff on duty, even the patients. It is like a party.

CHRIS BARNARD

Thank you for the tea 'nursey'.
What are you telling us?

YOUNG NURSE

Well Doctor, you are a hero. People are even lining up at the telephone booth to tell people at home that you have done the first heart transplant. Everybody is quite excited.

CHRIS BARNARD

I suppose we better let somebody know what we have done, don't you agree Marius? Say 'nursey', do you possibly have a 'ciggys'?

YOUNG NURSE

Yes Doctor, of course.

MARIUS BARNARD

You better before we land up in the shit.

CHRIS BARNARD

(picking up the phone) Who should we phone? I mean, who should actually know?

MARIUS BARNARD

Maybe you should tell Mother first.

CHRIS BARNARD

No, shit, you want her to have a cadenza? The old girl will have a heart attack, that is for sure.

MARIUS BARNARD

You're right, but maybe we should phone the Superintendent.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes, why not? It's 'lekker' early, so we can wake him from dreamland and provide him with a nightmare. Heh heh, what do you say "Nursy"?

(CONTINUED)

He begins to dial the number, whilst taking a sip of the tea, and we see that out of the corner of his eye, he is taking in the curves of the young 'Nursy' who is still standing there.

On the other side of the phone, the Superintendent is woken up. Lying next to his wife, he roles over to answer. He is not happy.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WIGHT
Yes, Morning, hello?

CHRIS BARNARD
Hello Superintendent, how are you feeling?

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WIGHT
Dr Barnard, what the fuck? You did not phone me to find out how I am feeling. What have you got up to now?

CHRIS BARNARD
Sir, we have just done a heart transplant.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WIGHT
Is the dog all right?

CHRIS BARNARD
No sir.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WIGHT
What, you wake me up to tell me you killed another dog? Is this how you run up the hospital phone bill?

CHRIS BARNARD
No sir, you've got me wrong, we have done the first human transplant, about an hour ago.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WIGHT
You did what?!

CHRIS BARNARD
We did the...

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WIGHT
I heard you, I just can't believe you. How is it possible?

There is a long pause on the phone. The Superintendent, while holding the receiver closed, starts to explain to his waking wife what was said on the phone.

We hear her muffled answer.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WIGHT WIFE
What are you telling me? No man,
your staff is playing pranks on
you again, tell him to
"footsack", the cheek of it.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WIGHT
Hello Chris, are you there?

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes, Boss.

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WIGHT
Listen Chris, are you listening?

CHRIS BARNARD
Yes, sir?

SUPERINTENDENT DR. FRIKKIE WIGHT
You are fired!

The phone is slammed down.

Chris puts the phone down gently, he is smiling.

He looks up at Marius.

CHRIS BARNARD
Marius, I think you better phone
him back and explain. I have been
fired.

MARIUS BARNARD
What?

CHRIS BARNARD
Never wake a moody Boer from his
sleep, and never wake up the
wife, because then you are in
shit.

MARIUS BARNARD
Wrong timing heh? How many times
has he actually fired you?

CHRIS BARNARD
No idea. Listen, you sort out the
crap, I think I should go home
and maybe get some rest.

MARIUS BARNARD
Okay, I will phone him.

Chris gets up to leave.

His eye has been on the young nurse all the time.

As he gets up, he winks at her.

CUT TO

132 INT. STORE ROOM, GROOTE SCHUUR - DAY 132

He and the Young Nurse are all over each other, with wild abandon.

CUT TO

133 EXT. ENTRANCE, GROOTE SCHUUR 133

We see Chris leaving the hospital, the sun is breaking up against the façade of the hospital. He leaves alone. Everything is restful and quiet, the birds singing.

CUT TO

134 INT. MOORINGS ZEEKOEVLEI - DAY 134

We see him arrive, he enters.

He arrives at the bedroom door, where he left Louwtjie the day before.

He wants to go in, the door is unlocked. He half enters to see Louwtjie fast asleep in bed.

He turns and leaves the room.

He goes outside,

lights another cigarette

and goes to lie in a hammock to enjoy the serene surroundings of their small cottage on the Vlei.

His son comes outside (now a young teenager).

ANDRÉ BARNARD

Hello Pa, what are you doing out here so early?

CHRIS BARNARD

Morning Boetie, Pa is just having a rest.

ANDRÉ BARNARD

Did you work through the night again, Pa?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes Son, we did the first heart transplant last night.

(CONTINUED)

ANDRÉ BARNARD

That's good, does Mum know.

CHRIS BARNARD

No, not yet, she is still sleeping.

ANDRÉ BARNARD

Deirdre won in the skiing championship yesterday.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes I saw the new trophy on the cabinet, she must still be quite tired from yesterday.

ANDRÉ BARNARD

Yes she is also still sleeping. She did very well, Dad, she broke her own jump record yesterday, it was great.

Andre picks up a 'kettie' lying on the small table next to the hammock, and walks over to the water's edge, picking up one of the small flat stones along the way. He places it into the sling, takes aim and lets rip. We follow the stone as it hits the water and skips, skips across the water, hitting a buoy floating some distance away.

As he turns, his father is next to him.

CHRIS BARNARD

There are not many people in the world who can skip a stone with a 'Kettie', son, never mind still hitting a target. That was very good, you know.

ANDRÉ BARNARD

I have never seen anybody doing it before Dad.

CHRIS BARNARD

You know what, neither have I, so you must be the only one. I see big things coming your way in the future, Son.

ANDRÉ BARNARD

You think so?

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes.

ANDRÉ BARNARD

Humph. How do you know Dad? You are not a fortune teller, you are a Doctor.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Not just a Doctor, André.
I am Chris, Father(he
pauses)... your father, and I
know that some day you will
probably be a doctor as well.

ANDRÉ BARNARD

How can you tell?

CHRIS BARNARD

I have a hunch.

He has his arm around his son's shoulders and they are
both looking over the Vlei.

CHRIS BARNARD

(continuing)

Do you think you can teach me how
to shoot that buoy the way you
did?

ANDRÉ BARNARD

Yes, its easy.

André runs and gets two stones. Returning, he begins to
show his father how to shoot.

In a whisk his stone is off and it runs true to its
target, skipping across the water first.

Chris takes over the Kettie, he takes aim while Andre'
instructs him how.

Chris powers away and the stone is off, it skips, skips
and skips, hitting true to its target

Chris smiles.

CHRIS BARNARD

What do you know, my best shot.
You are a good teacher, Andre'

ANDRÉ BARNARD

First time lucky Dad.

CHRIS BARNARD

No, you just taught me well.

ANDRÉ BARNARD

Are you going to leave us, Pa?

CHRIS BARNARD

What makes you think that, Andre?

ANDRÉ BARNARD

I did not think it Pa, I felt it.

CHRIS BARNARD

Come here, come close...André.
André, André. I always said you
were far too sensitive, son. You
should not concern yourself with
these thoughts, it will put your
aim off course. Here, let me take
another shot.

He shoots, skipping the stone over the water, it whacks
into its target.

CHRIS BARNARD

(continuing)

Here, take your shot, see if you
can make it three in a row.

ANDRÉ BARNARD

Easy.

He shoots and runs true to the target.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yep, my son, straight to the
point and on target, a real
little Barnard. There you are,
pure as light. When you were
taking aim, did you think or feel
anything?

ANDRÉ BARNARD

In that moment, no sir.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes I know that, Son. I want you
to remember that feeling, the
moment before the after. Whatever
happens, put yourself in that
space. Do you understand?

ANDRÉ BARNARD

Yes Dad, I do understand.

CHRIS BARNARD

Good. I know that from now on you
will, because you are aware of
that space. It is a good space
and you can only get there by
controlling that heart beat.

ANDRÉ DRE BARNARD

I know Dad, that is how I first
managed to able to strike the
target.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

I saw your school report. I am very proud son.

We transition as we float over the sparkling, reflective rays of the Vlei.

CUT TO

135 INT. CBS STUDIO, FACE THE NATION - NIGHT

135

We pick up on Chris saying.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes, it was strange that first day after the operation. When I left the hospital, it was like any other day, there was not one soul, no reporters, nobody. By the time I left most of the team had gone home already. It was like any other day.

The live broadcast ends, and as it does, there is a swarm of reporters surrounding Chris, trying to get another photograph, another answer, as he is steered away.

We see him bundled into a limo. Inside he is met by Bob Helios (the presidents man).

BOB HELIOS

Quite a show hey, Chris.

CHRIS BARNARD

Eish, tell me about it.

BOB HELLIOS

From my perspective, you were sensational. You are now officially the worlds number one celebrity. Overnight, just like this, you are as famous as anybody could be. In the morning we head off to see the President of the United States. What would you like to do between now and then?

CHRIS BARNARD

What shall we do?

BOB HELIOS

That, that remains to be done. The night is still young. Should we go pick up the 'Missus' then?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Who?

BOB HELIOUS

Your 'Missus'. Mrs Barnard.

Chris leans back into the limo seat.

CHRIS BARNARD

Have you got a cigarette there,
Bob?

BOB HELIOS

Yes sure.

CHRIS BARNARD

Are you married?

BOB HELIOS

No.

CHRIS BARNARD

If you were to show me the town,
would you take my wife with?

BOB HELIOS

No.

CHRIS BARNARD

So?

BOB HELIOS

Straight to the club, Jack.

CHRIS BARNARD

Right, what whiskey do we have
here?

There is that spark from the eye and a cynical smile on Chris's face as the limo takes off. We drift into a bottle of the finest whiskey.

CUT TO

136 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY (DUSK) (TRACKING)

136

Follow limo through streets, to ranch.

As the limo pulls off through the streets of Washington, (or New York?) we transition onto the open roads of Texas. We follow as a limo turns into the entrance of a ranch.

The name on the gate reveals that it is the Johnson Ranch, the limo continues down the drive way.

They greet and enter into the homestead.

137 INT. PRESIDENT JOHNSONS RANCH TEXAS - NIGHT (EVENING) 137

Settling on fine whiskey being poured. The wife of president Johnson steers Louwtjie away from the men who are entering the library-anti-room.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

Well we can let the ladies head off to the kitchen to do their thing. My wife is a good cook and even though, as the presidents wife, she has all the help any woman can ever want, she insists on keeping her hand in the kitchen, especially when we are at home. Come, come, let's escape into the anti room. I have a few friends waiting, and while they get on with the food preparation, we can get on with mingling with a few of my chosen friends, all Captains of industry. I believe you are acquainted with a few.

CHRIS BARNARD

Thank you Mr President.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

Drop the president, call me Lyndon. All my close friends call me Lyndon.

They walk into the anti-room and inside are a dozen gentleman.

The room is large, with lots of wood and huge leather couches, and doors opening onto a large veranda.

Chris walks in smoking a cigarette. The president is puffing on a pipe. As they walk in, it is clear that Chris recognises some of those present, and his face lights up with a smile.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

Welcome to the witch doctor.

(they walk in)

Hello gentleman. All to order for the man of the hour.

Everybody in the room raises their glass, with a cheer. Three immediately come forward.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

Well I believe you know your countrymen, Anton Rupert and Harry Oppenheimer.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes, they were my first real benefactors.

Anton passes a glass of whiskey on ice into Chris's hands, who grabs it with the hand holding the cigarette, in order to shake with the other.

ANTON RUPERT

Hello, Boet. Hoe gaan dit?

HARRY OPPENHEIMER

Glad to see you, Chris.

They shake (everybody is smoking cigars).

HOWARD HUGHES

Glad to see you safe, Chris.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

Well, I won't ask how you three know each other, but I am glad you do.

They move on through the group.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

My secretary of state ...and here we have the surgeon general of the United States...I would also like you to meet the head of the Smithsonian institute...Dr. Nixon, surgeon general of Texas, Ambassador to South Africa...Archbishop of the Catholic Church in the United States...

They move through the group, greeting and shaking hands.

Chris and Johnson come to rest on the far side of the room and turn. Everybody is standing and facing the two. President Johnson takes the lead.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

We all welcome Dr. Barnard, Chris, amongst us today. I, who hold office of the leader of the free world, humble myself before you as I am sure all of us here do too. I would first like to tell you, Chris, that all of us here are honoured by your company. I believe that you are even destined to see the Pope. Is that not correct, Archbishop?

The Archbishop raises his glass.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

But, without me making a speech,
I would like to inform you that
we all here have understood the
delicate and precarious situation
around the ethical question
surrounding your achievement, and
I would like to confirm that,
after great deliberation, the
people in this room have secured
your safe return to South Africa,
so that you can continue with
your work. Just before you
arrived, I was on the phone with
your President, and it is quite
clear that the way forward is for
governments to rewrite the laws
to accommodate a new era in
medical science.

Everybody raises their glasses (hear, hear).

PRESIDENT JOHNSON

The floor is yours, Chris...Dr.
Barnard.

CUT TO

138 INT. CENTRE STAGE BLACKOUT - NIGHT 138

Chris moves to centre stage. As he does so, the room and
occupants fade into shadows of blackness.

CHRIS BARNARD

Thank you, it is an honour to
stand here today and face all of
you.

139 SERIES OF SHOTS 139

As he begins to talk, we flash through the coming period
of his life.

A) We see him exiting Groote Schuur after the success of
the Blaiberg heart transplant, with Blaiberg; with
hordes of news media and people, crowding.

B) Newspaper headlines flashing through the coming
successes.

CHRIS BARNARD

I would like to take the
opportunity to thank Louis
Washkansky, who took a chance and
fought for my team as much as the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD (cont'd)
 team fought for him, and to
 Edward Darvall, who in the midst
 of his grief, gave us his
 daughter's heart.

C) We are slowly rolling through time, and as the speech progresses, transcending time, we see his face ageing.

D) His face ages as he goes through the speech and we swing the point of view around. We roll over to his last living moments. In his hotel suite in Cyprus, he is sitting at a dresser, looking into a mirror. He is breathing heavily.

CHRIS BARNARD
 It is by this example that we, as
 mankind, should begin to
 understand that one life lived
 well, is all that is needed to
 serve all of mankind. In the
 sight of death, amidst pain,
 there is always the option to be
 brave. To be true and to make the
 correct choice, which is always
 to be true to oneself, because
 when you are true to yourself,
 you are true to your fellow man.
 I have taken a woman's heart to a
 man's body, a Catholic to a Jew.
 It is as if the universe has
 conspired to teach us all, that
 once upon a time, the world was
 thought to be flat. I say to you
 now, there is more here than just
 the universe. To be part of it,
 Live life True.

140 INT. HOTEL ROOM, GREECE - DAY (SEP 2001)

140

CHRIS BARNARD
 (He looks around.)
 Antonio, Antonio, quickly bring
 me my asthma pump next to my bed.

The Camera roles around. As we follow, a young bus boy, dressed in a hotel uniform, scampers through to the adjoining room. He returns with the pump.

Chris inhales, and his breathing becomes easy.

CHRIS BARNARD
 Thank you Antonio. Tell me, how
 is the weather outside?

(CONTINUED)

ANTONIO
Perfect as usual, Doctor.

CHRIS BARNARD
Good, good. I will come down to
the pool. How about you go down
and get me my usual cocktail and
cigar ready.

ANTONIO
No problem, Doctor.

Chris shoves a few dollar notes into Antonio's hands.

Antonio leaves.

Chris gets up from the dresser. He has a white pool gown
on. He grabs a London Newspaper and reading glasses, that
he shoves into his small leather vanity bag. He heads off
to leave the room. As he is about to reach the door, he
stops, and returns to the dresser.

He picks up the Asthma pump that he has left behind and
turns.

He gets halfway to the door,

he stops,

he thinks.

He returns to the dresser,

puts down the asthma pump,

turns and leaves the room.

CUT TO

141 EXT. HOTEL POOL, CYPRUS - DAY

141

It is a perfect sunny day. We are at a chic Mediterranean
type pool.

There is one deck chair placed neatly on the table. Next
to it, a fresh cocktail,

an ashtray with a thin cigar.

Chris arrives and Antonio walks with him to the deckchair.

Chris is relaxed and happy.

Antonio helps him get settled under the colourful
umbrella,

hands him the cigar and lights it for him.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS BARNARD

What do you say Antonio, is it not a perfect day, hey?

ANTONIO

Of course, Doctor, it is always a perfect day.

CHRIS BARNARD

Yes Antonio, it is always a perfect day.

Relaxed, Chris takes a good puff of the Turkish cigar. Antonio hands him the cocktail, which he takes. Having a big swig, he replaces it on the table.

All of a sudden Chris's eye's widen in shock. He hides it from Antonio, as he struggles to take his next breath.

He reaches over into his leather bag,

grabs a few lose dollars, grabs Antonio's hand, shoves the cash into his hands, and without saying anything, waves Antonio to go.

Antonio goes.

Chris falls back into a relaxed position on the deckchair, as Antonio moves on.

He is struggling to breathe, but bravely he takes another puff of the cigar.

He picks up the cocktail, takes a last swig,

stretches out to replace the glass to the side table.

The glass drops from his hand, smashing onto the ground.

Out of his other hand, the cigar also falls to the ground.

CHRIS BARNARD

Nothing wrong with the good life...

He is dead before Antonio has time to return to see what is happening.

CUT TO

142

EXT. SPACE

142

The Heart Beat.

After subtitles, revealing other achievements by Chris, we hear a heart beat.

(CONTINUED)

In the blackness of space, we hear an exploding breath
being taken.

We have the Spirit of the Emeritus, awakening.

We are back at the beginning

As the earth rolls into view.

CHRIS BARNARD
One minute please.

FADE TO BLACK