



.....BUSTER....."FISHBOY, DENIZEN OF THE DEEP".....PART 71.....M.S. GOODALL.....

INTRO PANEL: Stranded on a desert island as a child, Fishboy developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe underwater as easily as a fish. Now in Scotland, Fishboy had been met by a group of reporters...who were about to introduce him at last, to his long-lost parents!

1. Fairly wide opening shot, carrying on from the last frame in part 70. Fishboy is clutching at one reporter, yelling excitedly at him. The man grins, gestures towards a row of cars parked near the fishing jetty. The other reporters cluster round, and photographers are taking pictures of the boy from the sea.

F/BOY: Beloved mother and father! When do I see them, land-man? Where are they?

REPORTER: Take it easy, son! They're waiting in the hills five miles away! We'll drive you there in fifteen minutes!

2. Now zoom into a close-up of Fishboy's excited face as he sits in the front seat of a big saloon car crammed with reporters and a photographer. Fishboy stares right out at the readers, biting his lips, looking almost sad as he thinks back to how long his quest has been...and how that in fifteen minutes, it will all be over.

F/BOY(thinks): Can it really be true? For almost eight years I have dreamed of this moment...and longed for my weary quest to end!

3, & 4. Now a really big pictures, John, occupying the space of two normal pics. I'd like five vignette shots if possible, showing Fishboy in different predicaments and dangers in different oceans. Just 'snapshots' of his past, interlinked pics to illustrate how he is thinking of the past years at sea, and the things that happened to him while he was searching for his parents. I'll leave the choice to you - just pick five sequences from your own memory that will fit neatly into the space you provide!

BOX: Fishboy's memories came flooding back...of hardships and adventures in every ocean spanning the globe...

5. Now back to the present. Make it an exterior shot of the car as it speeds up a narrow, winding road through a high-sided Scottish glen. Clouds hang low, perhaps a deer bounds up a nearby hillside. Fishboy stares out of the window towards us, suddenly racked with doubts.

BOX: But now his days of loneliness were over...and a sudden, terrible doubt sprang into his mind!

F/BOY(thinks): Perhaps after all this time, beloved parents will not love Fishboy any more! No land-people want a son who stinks of the sea and wears only seaweed suits!

6. Dramatic shot on a bend, looking towards the approaching car, looking through the windscreen. The driver gasps in dismay as Fishboy, yelling in anxiety, reaches across and grabs the wheel, twisting it. The car is skidding off the road on to a level patch of heather and stones.

F/BOY: Land-man, stop the four-wheeled roarer! Fishboy wants to get out - to return to the ocean where he belongs!

7. Medium shot. The car has ended up, slightly tilted, in the patch of heather. Everyone has got out, looking shaken. The driver mops his brow, frowning at poor Fishboy, who shuffles his feet miserably, hangs his head in misery and uncertainty.

F/BOY: It...It no good! Fishboy speak funny, look funny and smell funny! Beloved parents will not want him any more!

DRIVER: Don't be silly, son, run away now, and you'll regret it for the rest of your life! Besides, it's too late!

8. Now a very dramatic shot. The reporter whirls, pointing up a narrow woodland track across the road, which we haven't seen earlier. Fishboy whirls too, gasping. Thus, this is backview of Fishboy and the reporter. Running down the track towards the road, is Mr and Mrs Lawrence, Fishboy's parents. They wear casual clothes, are laughing and smiling, Mrs Lawrence holding a scarf in one hand, waving it madly. They are still about a hundred yards away up the track.

DRIVER: Your parents are coming now!

F/BOY: Mother...? Father...?

9. Gloriously happy shot! Mrs Lawrence has run up and thrown her arms round Fishboy, hugging him close, tears streaming down her face. Dad is there too, leaning close, a hand on Fishboy's shoulder. Fishboy looks a bit dazed by the reception. Make the parents youthful, energetic and very fit. A photographer can be in the bgd, taking a picture.

BOX: For Professor John and Helen Lawrence, it was a moment of deep and wonderful joy...

MRS L: Oh, my son! When we heard the news, we simply didn't believe it! We thought you'd been lost forever, Marcus...in that tropical storm so many years ago!

F/BOY: Marcus? Why you call me Marcus?

10. Close, happy shot, as Dad steps forward, grips Fishboy by the shoulders and smiles happily down into his face. Fishboy smiles back as he hears his full name! Make this a profile shot...and call it a slight reward, John, for all the con-like years of effort!

PROF L: You don't even know your real name, do you? It's Marcus Scott Goodall John Stokes Lawrence!

F/BOY: By the cough of the Chinese carp, that a long and funny name! Me much prefer Fishboy!

11. Switch the angles now, as the three of them turn towards the track, start to walk up it. The reporters follow, notebooks out. Make this a longshot. Mrs Lawrence holds Fishboy's hand. Away up at the top of the hill, we see a tiny crofter's cottage, where the path leads to.

MRS L: Then Fishboy ~~it~~ shall always be! Oh, we have so much to talk about... so much to learn ^{about} _{from} each other!

PROF L: Yes, but we won't do it in the glare of publicity, Fishboy! I've got a job in the South Seas again...on a tiny island called Waapipi!

12. Very high shot now, looking down from a curlew which is ~~21~~ flying over a solitary pine tree growing near the cottage. Fishboy and his parents are nearing the cottage door, Fishboy waving a fist in the air in joy.

PROF L: There the three of us will live alone...in a house beside the sea!
And there the three of us will become a family again!

F/BOY: Back to the South Seas...where it all began! Beloved father, I cannot ask for more!

13. Now a month later. We are on a small, idyllic tropical island in the South Seas. This is a backview shot of Fishboy and his parents strolling along between waving coconut palms. An avenue of palms, in fact, leading to a beautiful white villa perched on a high headland overlooking the rolling Pacific Ocean. Fishboy is in the middle, his arms round his parents waists. His parents have their respective arms round his shoulders, are whispering in a close and loving way. Really cosy and loving family.

BOX: So Fishboy found happiness at last...and a home with the parents he had always loved, but never known!

14. Now a more distant shot, angled from halfway up a high, rugged cliff, looking along it. Fishboy, wearing his suit, is diving off the highcliff towards the calm, sunlit ocean far below. He is diving from the terrace of his house towards the sea. His parents are in the bgd, looking on, smiling. Fishboy is on his way to revisit his pals in the sea, in fact.

BOX: Yet, to this day, when the sun is hot and the sea is calm, a lithe brown figure dives from a high cliff on the island of Waapipi...

F/BOY: WAAA-HOORGLE-OOOGLE-BOOGLE!
(bubble
lettering)

15. Now as wide a shot as you can get to finish the whole thing off. Fishboy is whirling about deep under the sea, in a trail of foaming bubbles. He is literally surrounded with lots of different fish, all playing with him and chasing him. Dozens of different species, really cram this last and final frame, John. Every kind of sea-creature you can manage to get in.

BOX: It is Fishboy...paying a visit to the thousands of sea-creatures who will always be his friends!

FOOTLINE: Fishboy...denizen of the deep! A name that will never be forgotten!

THE VERY, VERY END!

BLOOGLE-OOOGLE to you too, John! One dark and stormy night, you should float your brush gently away on an ebb tide...and then join with me in a sad, ceremonial burning of the thumbed and greasy fish books.