

THE TRUMAN SHOW

by

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Shooting Script

A FOGGED MIRROR

Behind the fog we hear the sounds of a bathroom. After a long moment, a hand wipes the condensation from the glass to reveal the face of TRUMAN BURBANK. He wears a sleeveless Hanes undershirt and blue-stripes pajama bottoms, behind him a white glazed tiled bathroom wall. It is immediately apparent that we are viewing him through a two-way mirror.

Truman, expressionless, studies his reflection in the mirror. For a long moment, he does nothing. He continues to look impassively into the mirror for what becomes an uncomfortably long time. Still nothing. Finally he speaks, talking to himself in the mirror as if participating in a TV interview.

TRUMAN

... personally I think the
unconquered south face is the only
one worth scaling... of course it's
a 20,000 foot sheer wall of ice but
then when did that ever stop me
before? Naturally, I intend to make
the ascent without the benefit of
oxygen but also without crampons or
even an ice pick... risks?

(smug, TV smiles)

... sure I'm aware of the risks --
why else do you think I would spend
seven years as an adjuster in a life
insurance company?

MERYL (O.S.)

Truman, you're gonna be late!

Truman resignedly opens the door of the cabinet and replaces his shaving tackle. It partially obscures the lens of the hidden camera. He closes the door and exits.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

MERYL, wearing a stylish robe, sits at the kitchen table sipping coffee. On the table in front of her lies a parcel. TRUMAN enters and glances at the gift.

TRUMAN

What's that?

MERYL

It's a surprise.

TRUMAN unwraps the parcel -- an expensive-looking set of exercise sweats.

MERYL

(eager for his response)
Well, what do you think?

TRUMAN
They're...
(the merest hesitation)
perfect. Thank you.

Truman returns Meryl's kiss.

MERYL
(handing him the sweat top)
Try it on.

Truman pulls the top over his head. As he does so, a closer shot focuses on the manufacturer's name.

MERYL
I thought you could wear them when
you do your exercises.
(afterthought)
Pre-shrunk. And they breathe.

EXT. TRUMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Wearing a business suit, briefcase in hand, TRUMAN emerges from his pleasant, Victorian-inspired, picket-fenced house into an idyllic suburban street of similarly picturesque homes. A neighbor, SPENCER, is taking in trashcans, whistling a tune. Spencer breaks off abruptly as Truman approaches his car. His license plate reads, "Seahaven -- A Nice Place To Live."

SPENCER
Morning, Truman.

TRUMAN
Morning, Spencer. And in case I
don't see you, good afternoon, good
evening and good night.

Spencer's dog, PLUTO, bounds happily over to Truman.

TRUMAN
(petting the dog)
Hey, Pluto.

Truman exchanges a polite nod with the WASHINGTON's, an African-American family across the street. MR. WASHINGTON is farewelled by his WIFE and CHILD.

Truman is about to climb into his car when he is distracted by a high-pitched whistling sound. Suddenly, a large spherical glass object falls from the sky and lands with a deafening crash on the street, several yards from his car.

The startled Truman looks to Spencer but he has abruptly disappeared inside his house with Pluto. Mrs. Washington and Washington Junior has also made themselves scarce.

Truman investigates. Amidst a sea of shattered glass are the remains of a light mechanism.

He looks around him but the street is deserted. He checks that all the surrounding street lights are accounted for, even though the fallen fixture is far larger. He looks up into the sky but there is no plane in sight. With some effort, Truman picks up what's left of the crumpled light and loads it into the trunk. A label on the light fixture reads, "SIRIUS (9 Canis Major)." As he drives away, we hear the sound of his car radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Another glorious morning in Seahaven,
folks.

INT/ EXT. TRUMAN'S CAR - SEAHAVEN - DAY

TRUMAN makes his way along the streets of Seahaven past a series of quaint, pastel-shaded cottages.

EXT. SEAHAVEN ISLAND TOWNSHIP - DAY

A high-angle reveals an anonymous mid-sized town built around a small, pretty bay. A cluster of high-rise buildings stand at the water's edge overlooking a marina. Surrounding the commercial center lie neatly arranged suburbs.

EXT. OCEANSIDE STREET - DAY

Pausing at a traffic light along a seaside road, TRUMAN looks through a curious wooden arch to the beach and ocean beyond. The sight triggers a memory in his head.

PLAYBACK - EXT. LONG, WIDE BEACH - DAY

Unlike a conventional flashback, the scene in his memory appears to be playing on a television screen.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD TRUMAN runs towards a bluff on the beach.

The boy's father, KIRK, late-thirties, beer bottle in hand, flirts with TWO TEENAGE GIRLS at the shoreline. Suddenly, the father remembers his son. He looks anxiously around. The sight of the boy at the far end of the beach causes him to drop his bottle in the sand and run to Truman.

The boy is near the top of the cliff before his agitated father comes within earshot.

FATHER
(out of breath,
clutching his side)
Truman! Truman! Stop!

Truman turns from his perch and waves happily down to his father. But the smile quickly vanishes when he registers the anger and distress on his father's face.

FATHER
Come down now!

His father's unnatural anxiety makes the next bay even more tantalizing. The boy considers defying his father. He puts his hand on the rock above him to stretch up and sneak a peek at the other side. One good stretch would do it.

FATHER
(reading Truman's
mind, enraged)
No!

TRUMAN
Why? What's there?

FATHER
(unconvincing)
Nothing. It's... it's dangerous.
(trace of desperation)
Come down, now! Please!

Truman is suddenly aware that the hundreds of other BEACHGOERS have stopped their activities to stare at him. Reluctantly, he starts to retrace his steps down the rocks. When he finally jumps to the sand, his father embraces him and leads him away.

FATHER
I told you to stay close. Don't ever
leave my sight again.
(pause)
You've got to know your limitations.
You could've fallen.

INT. TRUMAN'S CAR - DOWNTOWN SEAHAVEN - MORNING - PRESENT

Through his car window, TRUMAN buys a cup of coffee from a streetside VENDOR.

VENDOR
How are ya, Truman?

TRUMAN
(placing his fingers
to his pulse)

Vital signs are good.

He pulls into a parking space and sips on the coffee. And he drinks, he becomes aware of a school bell summoning children to class in the adjacent Elementary School. The image prompts another childhood memory.

PLAYBACK - INT. SEAHAVEN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Once again, the flashback appears to be playing on a television screen.

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD TRUMAN sits in the middle row of an Elementary School classroom surrounded by twenty-or-so otheqr well-scrubbed, uniformed YOUNGSTERS. MARLON, the boy next to Truman, is on his feet under the scrutiny of a kindly Norman Rockwell-style SCHOOL MISTRESS.

MISTRESS

What do you want to do when you grow up, Marlon?

MARLON

I want to be an entrepreneur like my dad.

SCHOOL MISTRESS

(impressed)

Tell the class what an "entrepreneur" does, Marlon.

MARLON

He makes a lot of money, Ma'am.

SCHOOL MISTRESS

A good one does, Marlon.

(looking in her purse,
hamming it up)

Perhaps I'll be coming to you for a loan one of these days.

The Class titters. Marlon sits down and winks to Truman.

SCHOOL MISTRESS

What about you, Truman?

Truman rises to his feet, gathering his nerve.

TRUMAN

I want to be an explorer...
(with reverence)
... like Magellan.

The School Mistress smiles benevolently.

SCHOOL MISTRESS

(slightly condescending)

I'm afraid no one's going to pay you to do that, Truman. You might have to find something a little more practical.

(glancing to a pull-down wall map behind her head)

Besides, you're too late. There's really nothing left to explore.

The class roars with laughter as the crestfallen Truman takes his seat.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY - PRESENT

TRUMAN, briefcase in hand, crosses from the parking lot to the town square, surrounded by similarly suited, briefcase-toting OFFICE WORKERS.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SEAHAVEN - DAY

TRUMAN walks briskly down the bustling city street. A snarl of taxis, buses and COMMUTER traffic. A STREET VENDOR thrusts a pretzel under Truman's nose, a CAREER WOMAN tries to catch his eye.

Truman stops at a kiosk and buys a newspaper -- "THE ISLAND TIMES."

VENDOR

Is that all for you, Truman?

TRUMAN

That's all. Thanks, Errol.

Other CUSTOMERS also purchase the morning paper. Tucking his copy under his arm, Truman selects a glossy magazine from a rack, quickly flicking through the pages.

Glancing in the direction of the NEWSPAPER VENDOR and finding him busy with another CUSTOMER, Truman deftly tears a portion of the open page and pockets the cutting. He hastily replaces the magazine and departs.

As Truman hurries away, the vendor exits the kiosk and picks up the magazine, instantly turning to the torn page. It is a cosmetics advertisement with the MODEL'S NOSE missing. However, the vendor makes no effort to confront Truman, almost as if he were expecting it.

EXT. SEAHAVEN LIFE AND ACCIDENT. INC - DAY

Truman passes along a row of shops and offices, finally

entering a building that proudly proclaims, "Seahaven Life & Accident Inc." above the entrance. He has evidently taken his teacher's advice.

INT. INSURANCE COMPANY - SEAHAVEN LIFE AND ACCIDENT, INC. - DAY

In a cramped, cluttered cubicle, TRUMAN talks on the telephone.

TRUMAN

(into receiver)

...okay, okay, let's call it what it is...I'm not going to lie to you... life insurance is death insurance... you've just got to ask yourself two questions...one, in the event of your death, will anyone experience financial loss?... and two, do you care?

A CLERK drops a large reference book on Truman's desk. Truman checks the spine -- "MARITIME ACCIDENTS."

TRUMAN

(into receiver)

Hold on, will you?

(to clerk, referring to the book)

This is no good. Lumps all maritime accidents together. I need drownings as a separate category.

The clerk shrugs, returns the book to his cart and continues his rounds.

TRUMAN

(returning to his call)

... just think about what I've been saying and let me... hello?

The person on the other end has hung up. With an apathetic shrug, Truman replaces the receiver. He looks over his shoulder and places another call.

TRUMAN

(lowering his voice)

Can you connect me with directory inquiries in Fiji?

A CO-WORKER pokes his head over the neighboring cubicle.

CO-WORKER

What do you know, Truman?

TRUMAN

(embarrassed, mouthing

the word)
Can't talk.
(waving off his neighbor,
pretending to be on a
business call)
I'm sorry, ma'am. If he's in a coma,
he's probably uninsurable.

The Co-Worker disappears back into his own cubicle.

TRUMAN
(lowering his voice again)
Hello, operator... yes, Fiji... Do
you have a listing for a Lauren
Garland?
(pause)
... nothing listed? ... what about a
Sylvia Garland, "S" for Sylvia...
nothing? Okay, thanks...

The disconsolate Truman replaces the receiver. Other
INSURANCE AGENTS are heading to lunch. Truman puts on his
jacket and follows them to the elevators.

INT. LOCAL ITALIAN DELI. - LUNCHTIME

Behind a deli counter, TYRONE, fifties, is having his hair
brushed by a YOUNG MAN. The man fusses one final time, then
swiftly departs through a rear door just as TRUMAN enters the
store. Tyrone has anticipated Truman's order and has already
begun preparing a meatball and mozzarella sandwich on an
Italian roll. Truman gazes at the sandwich skillfully under
construction, pained by his own predictability.

TYRONE
(nauseatingly cheerful)
How's it going, Truman?

TRUMAN
(deadpan)
Not bad. I just won the State
Lottery.

TYRON
(not listening to Truman's
reply)
Good. Good.

TRUMAN
Tyron, what if I said I didn't want
meatball today?

TYRON
(not missing a beat,
passing Truman his

wrapped sandwich)
I'd ask for identification.

Truman forces a half-smile and exits.

TYRONE
See you tomorrow, Truman.

TRUMAN
You can count on it.

EXT. SECLUDED PARK - DAY

TRUMAN eats lunch alone at a small, out-of-the-way park dominated by a gazebo. From his briefcase he pulls out an old, hardcovered book, "To The Ends Of The Earth -- The Age Of Exploration." He reads to himself, his sandwich uneaten besides him. Struck by a particular passage, he reads aloud.

TRUMAN
"With a mutiny but half-repressed and starvation imminent, he pressed southward till he found the long-hoped-for straits..."

Truman is interrupted by a TRANSIENT in a wheelchair. It is the man's sneakers Truman notices first, over the top of his book -- they are distinctively initialed, "T. S." Still under the spell of the account of Magellan, he hands the grateful man his sandwich.

INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM SOMEWHERE - DAY

A group of a dozen MEN and WOMEN of varying ages sit around a circular conference table in a sterile, windowless meeting room. All stare at a single telephone placed in the center of the table, anticipating a call. On cue, the phone rings and one of the men, after waiting for the second ring, picks up.

MAN
Hello?... I'm sorry, I've got more than enough life insurance.

He hangs up. After a moment the phone rings again.

INT. INSURANCE COMPANY - DAY

TRUMAN sits at his desk, making a cold call.

TRUMAN
(into receiver)
... this isn't about insurance, this is about the great variable -- when will death occur? Could be a week, a

month, a year. Could happen today...
A sunbather, minding his own business,
gets stabbed in the heart by the tip
of a runaway beach umbrella... No way
you can guard against that kind of
thing, no way at all...

The prospect on the other end, unimpressed with Truman's
pitch, hangs up. Truman's supervisor, LAWRENCE, younger than
Truman by several years, sharper suit, sharper haircut,
appears around the corner of the cubicle.

LAWRENCE

(handing Truman some
documentation)

Hey, Burbank, I've got a prospect in
Welles Park I need you to close.

Truman's face falls. He stares out of his third floor window
at the hazy skyline of a nearby island across the bay.

TRUMAN

(referring to the island)

Welles Park on Harbor Island?

LAWRENCE

(sarcastic)

You know another one?

TRUMAN

I can't do it.

(searching for a plausible
excuse)

-- I've got an appointment, er,
dentist.

LAWRENCE

(insistent)

You'll lose a lot more than your
teeth if you don't meet your quota,
Burbank.

(the threat in his voice
is unmistakable)

They're making cutbacks at the end of
the month. You need this.

(as he exits the cubicle)

Besides, a half hour across the bay.
Sea air. Do you good.

Truman sinks back into his seat and stares out at the distant
skyline. The buildings appear very still. Truman picks up a
photo of his wife, Meryl, deposits it in his briefcase and
exits.

EXT. SEAHAVEN - DAY

Truman's car heads out of the city on its way to the ferry.

INT. SEAHAVEN FERRY TERMINAL - DAY

TRUMAN exits his car. Mustering all his nerve, he marches into the Seahaven terminal and buys a token for the ferry.

Out of his hearing, TWO FERRY WORKERS observe Truman's agitated behavior.

FERRY WORKER 1

I got a feeling this is the day.

FERRY WORKER 2

No way. I say he makes it through the turnstiles but he never gets on.

The two men shake on the wager. Unaware of the scrutiny, Truman passes through the turnstiles with a herd of TOURISTS and COMMUTERS. He makes his way across the terminal, but abruptly pulls up at the gangway.

As the other PASSENGERS impatiently brush past him onto the boat, Truman remains frozen to the spot, mesmerized by the scummy water rising and falling beneath the dock. It triggers a memory in his head.

PLAYBACK - EXT. SEAHAVEN HARBOR - DAY

As always, the flashback appears to play on a television screen.

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD TRUMAN, wearing a lifejacket, sits alongside his father, KIRK, in a small sailing dinghy, sailing into a stiff breeze.

A second sail boat circles them. We observe the father and son from an angle atop the mast of the neighboring vessel.

TRUMAN

(shouting above the wind)

Let's go further, daddy! Let's go further!

KIRK

(shouting back)

It's getting rough, Truman.

TRUMAN

(entreating his father)

Please!

Kirk shakes his head ruefully and indulges his son by heading towards the gathering storm clouds on the horizon.

INT. SEAHAVEN FERRY TERMINAL - DAY - PRESENT

Truman turns and begins to fight his way back against the tide of PASSENGERS boarding the ferry, emerging back onto the street, gasping for air. The FERRY WORKERS settle their wager.

EXT. ROADWAY ADJACENT TO THE FERRY TERMINAL - DAY

TRUMAN stands at a payphone. By stretching the payphone's receiver cord as far as it will go, he is able to reach his arm and leg into the driver's door of his car. He punctuates his conversation with blasts on the car's horn while revving the car's engine with his outstretched foot. The few passing MOTORISTS and PEDESTRIANS regard Truman curiously.

TRUMAN
(shouting into phone)
I tell you the traffic's insane.
(blasting his horn
several times to
imitate the sound
of gridlock)
... I'll never make the ferry in
time. What can I do? What?...
Lawrence, I can't hear you!

Truman hangs up the phone.

INT. TRUMAN'S CAR - DAY

On his way home, a large "DETOUR" sign forces him onto a secondary road.

INT. TRUMAN'S CAR - PARKLAND, SEAHAVEN - DAY

TRUMAN drives along a winding road through parkland. He pulls up at a red light -- no other traffic around. His attention is caught by an attractive YOUNG WOMAN, sitting on a park bench not far from the intersection. She is being taunted by TWO THUGS. She attempts to ignore the youths by concentrating on the book on her lap.

YOUTH 1
(to woman)
You wanna read to me?

His companion smirks.

YOUTH 1
(more insistent)
You wanna read to me?

The boy reaches over and snatches the novel from that grasp.

YOUTH 2

(menacing)

My friend asked you a question.

The woman picks up her bag in a reflex and holds it to her. She looks about for assistance, briefly catching Truman's eye. The youths also look in Truman's direction, staring him down.

WOMAN

(reaching for the book)

Please...

The boy returns the book to the woman, but before doing so rips out the last page from the novel and stuffs it in his shirt pocket.

YOUTH 2

Now you're gonna have to ask me how it ends.

One of the youths grabs the woman, dragging her toward the surrounding woods.

YOUTH 1

We're gonna tell you how it ends, baby.

WOMAN

Help! Please help!

As they drag towards the undergrowth, Truman, horrified, half gets out of the car -- fearful of his own safety as much as the woman's. Truman shouts to the youths, his voice cracking with fear.

TRUMAN

Hey! Let her go!

A huge truck suddenly appears behind Truman's car, its horn blasting, the DRIVER hurling abuse. Truman hesitates as the youths drag the woman into the bushes, conflicted over whether or not to help. The truck driver keeps his hand on the horn. Truman retreats back into his car and reluctantly drives on.

EXT. PARKLAND - WOODS - DAY

Truman's car safely out of sight, the YOUTHS promptly release the YOUNG WOMAN. She calmly brushes herself off, no longer afraid. The young men, no longer angry, retrieve her bag.

WOMAN

Thanks.

The threesome walks back towards the roadway as if life-long

friends.

WOMAN
(pointing the incident)
He did nothing.

YOUTH 1
(shrugs, suddenly
more cough)
Physical violence paralyzes him.
Always has.

EXT. TRUMAN'S HOUSE - DUSK

Beyond the pretty picket fence at the end of the property
flows a busy highway.

TRUMAN is mowing the lawn. From his expression it would seem
that he's still reflecting on his inaction in the park. He
switches off the mower and leans on the handle.

He is distracted by the arrival of his wife, MERYL, exiting
the house. She wears a nurse's uniform and carries a curious
metal device attached to a card board backing. She kisses
Truman affectionately on the cheek.

MERYL
Hi, honey. Look at this.
(proudly referring to
the device)
It's a "Chef's-Mate." Dicer, slicer
and peeler in one. Never needs
sharpening. Dishwasher safe.

TRUMAN
Gee, that's great.

Looking over Truman's shoulder, Meryl notices a small, uncut
patch of grass missed by Truman in one of his passes.

MERYL
(referring to the uncut
grass)
You missed a section.

Meryl enters the house. Truman restarts the lawnmower and
obediently pushes it towards the offending patch of lawn. As
the mower brushes up against the unconforming blades of grass,
Truman pulls back abruptly. He checks the kitchen window for
Meryl and wheels the mower away, leaving the patch uncut.

INT. TRUMAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MERYL is removing the cap of her nurse's uniform when TRUMAN
enters.

TRUMAN

How did it go today?

MERYL

(matter-of-fact)

A man tripped and fell on a chainsaw.

(shrugs)

We got three of his fingers back on.

Truman retrieves a bucket of golf balls and a golf club from behind the door.

MERYL

(disappointed at the sight
of the golf equipment)

I was hoping we could have a special evening.

TRUMAN

I won't be late.

MERYL

(sensing something odd
in his demeanor)

Did something happen today?

Truman turns to her too sharply, his guilt showing.

TRUMAN

What could happen?

Truman exits.

EXT. UNFINISHED BRIDGE - NIGHT

A half-constructed bridge, paved but unmarked, ends abruptly in mid-air -- reinforcing steel protruding from the concrete. TRUMAN stands at the end of the unfinished bridge with MARLON, thirties, a well-filled physique. Marlon drinks beer from a can while Truman addresses a teed-up golf ball with a number three wood. The headlights of their two parked cars far end of the bridge proclaiming, "THE SEAHAVEN CAUSEWAY -- Linking Seahaven Island With The Rest Of The World -- Your Tax Dollars At Work" -- an upturned plastic cone at the foot of the sign is the "hole."

Truman winds up and swings, making a healthy contact with the ball. The ball arches away into the night sky. From a new angle we see the ball take a huge hop on the outside lane of the abandoned freeway and continue down the asphalt beyond the sign.

Marlon tosses Truman another off-white ball from a bucket of badly scarred golf balls. Truman sets the ball up on the

makeshift tee area and launches himself into his second shot. With a slight fade, the second ball carries even further than the first.

MARLON

Whose nuts were those?

Truman hands Marlon their sole golf club without comment. Marlon tees up a ball of his own. He uses orange golf balls.

TRUMAN

I'm thinking of getting out, Marlon.

MARLON

(mild interest only)

Yeah? Outta what?

TRUMAN

Outta my job, outta Seahaven, off this island... out!

Marlon takes a practice swing.

MARLON

Outta your job? What the hell's wrong with your job? You gotta great job. You gotta desk job. I'd kill for a desk job.

Marlon addresses the ball and swings -- a sweeping hook shot that bounces off the freeway and into the water hazard.

MARLON

(annoyed by the errant tee shot)

Sonofabitch.

(still looking in the direction of his ball)

Try stocking vending machines for a living. My biggest decision of the day is whether the Almond Joys look better next to the Snickers or the Baby Ruths.

Truman selects another "M" ball from the bucket and tosses it to Marlon.

TRUMAN

(adamant)

Haven't you ever gotten itchy feet?

Overcompensating with his second shot, Marlon slices the ball in the other direction. A lucky bounce keeps it on the "green." The ball rolls in the direction of the upturned cone.

MARLON
(skeptical, picking
up his beer)
Where is there to go?

Truman gulps his beer as he prepares his answer.

TRUMAN
(unable to disguise
his reverence)
Fiji.

Marlon considers Truman's suggestion as he sips his beer.

MARLON
(impressed)
Fiji? Where the hell is Fiji
exactly? Near Florida? You can't
drive there, can you?

Truman picks up a golf ball to demonstrate. He points to a
dimple on his make-shift globe.

TRUMAN
See here, this is us.
(sliding his finger
around the other
side of the ball)
All the way round here, Fiji. You
can't get any further away before
you start coming back.
(tossing the world in
his hand, warming to
his subject)
Y'know, there are still islands in
Fiji where no human has ever set
foot.

MARLON
(still dubious)
So when are you leaving?

TRUMAN
It's not that simple. Takes money,
planning. You can't just up and go.
(heading off Marlon's
skepticism)
Oh, I'm going to do it, don't worry
about that. I've just got to move
slow. Pick my movement. Bonus
time's just around the corner.
Soon as I finish the...

MARLON
Nursery?

TRUMAN

Spare room -- I can start thinking about selling up... and I'll be gone. Up and away on that big steel bird.

(as if to convince himself)

I'm going, don't you worry about that.

Marlon nods even though the concept of taking flight is beyond his imagination.

MARLON

I never knew anybody who wanted to leave Seahaven.

An awkward moment. Truman, once again, not so sure of himself.

INT. A DIMLY-LIT ROOM SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

A MAN looks up sharply. He stares into camera. CHRISTOF, late fifties -- a vitality in his eyes that belies his years. A news anchor-style earpiece disappears down the neck of his suit.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

TRUMAN and MARLON wander along the empty bridge, retrieving the golf balls.

Marlon goes to say something to the disconsolate Truman, but is momentarily distracted. He raises his hand to his ear. Truman places another of the balls in the bucket.

MARLON

Truman, you know, I did think about moving away one time.

TRUMAN

(interest piqued)

Yeah, what happened?

MARLON

I figured, what's the point? I knew I'd just be taking my problems with me. Once the kids came along, it made me look at Seahaven with new eyes.

(gazing out at the lights of Seahaven)

I realized, what the hell could be better than this?

(putting a hand on Truman's shoulder)

I'm telling you. What you really need is someone to carry on the "Burbank" name.

TRUMAN

You think so?

MARLON

Trust me.

Marlon picks up the last ball at the mouth of the upturned cone. The ball is white.

MARLON

(checking the ball)

You win.

They approach Truman's car. Truman opens the trunk to deposit their humble golfing equipment. Inside are the remains of the fallen light fixture.

TRUMAN

(referring to the light)

You really think it could've dropped off an airliner?

MARLON

(unimpressed)

Sure. It's halogen. Shame it didn't hit you -- you could've sued.

(quickly changing the subject)

You coming for a drink?

TRUMAN

I can't tonight.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

From the POV of the lighthouse's lantern room, we observe TRUMAN sitting on the beach staring out to sea.

Closer on Truman. He has a portable tape recorder slung over his shoulder and points a corded microphone at the surf. We watch Truman's impassive face as he makes the recording of the lapping waves. The lamp from the lighthouse occasionally falls upon Truman.

PLAYBACK - EXT. OCEAN - DAY

As always, the flashback appears to play on a television screen.

The sky is black with storm clouds. Gale force winds lash rain into the faces of SEVEN-YEAR-OLD TRUMAN and his father,

KIRK. As Kirk stands up to get his hearings, a freak gust of wind catches the sail. The boom whips across the stern and strikes Kirk flush in the head, knocking his overboard.

Truman, wearing the sole lifejacket, desperately reaches for his father. He momentarily has hold of his hold of his father's hand when Kirk is abruptly dragged beneath the surface.

TRUMAN

(crying out)

Daddy!! Daddy!!

His cries go unanswered. Seven-year-old Truman finds himself alone -- the storm abruptly passed, the wind suddenly dropped, the water stilled.

The frightened Truman examines the ring he holds in his open hand -- his father's ring -- wrenched from his finger in Truman's fight to keep him afloat.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT - PRESENT

A close up of TRUMAN from KIRK'S RING that Truman now wears.

Then, from the lighthouse POV, we observe Truman get to his feet and walk towards the dark water. He stands at the water's edge.

TRUMAN

(shouting at the surf)

I'm sorry, Dad! I'm sorry!

As if in reply, a tongue of lightning flashes across the distant skyline, followed by a growl of thunder.

INT. A LIVING ROOM SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

TWO OLD WOMEN, seventies, sit beside each other on a sofa looking directly into camera as they talk.

OLD WOMAN 1

(playing amateur psychiatrist)

It left him with more than his obvious fear of the water.

OLD WOMAN 2

He was never the same curious little boy again.

OLD WOMAN 1

Half the women I know named their children after him.

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

TRUMAN is forced to leg it through a sudden rain shower to his car.

From Truman's point-of-view, the shower appears quite normal. However, viewed from a distance, we see that the shower is extremely localized, encircling only him, as if a small cloud is directly above his head, tracking his progress.

As Truman crosses the parking lot, the shower crosses with him. Sensing something amiss, Truman dances back and force across the street, intrigued by the curious phenomenon. He hums a few bars of "Singin' In The Rain."

The rain becomes heavier, covering a wider area. Truman runs the remaining distance to his car.

INT. TRUMAN'S HOUSE - NURSERY - NIGHT

The drenched TRUMAN enters to find MERYL, in the unfinished nursery, comparing wallpaper samples. Meryl wears a robe, a glimpse of black negligee beneath.

MERYL

Where have you been?

TRUMAN

(wringing out his jacket)

I've been thinking--

MERYL

(rolling her eyes)

Oh, God.

TRUMAN

(ignoring the reception)

-- I figure we could scrape together eight thousand.

MERYL

(exasperated)

Every time you and Marlon --

TRUMAN

-- we could bum around the world for a year on that.

MERYL

And then what, Truman? We'd be back to where we were five years ago. You're talking like a teenager.

TRUMAN

Maybe I feel like a teenager.

MERYL

We're mortgaged to the eyeballs,
Truman. There's the car payments.
After we just going to walk away
from our financial obligations?

Truman, still dripping on the floor, holds Meryl by the arms.
He talks excitedly to her the way we imagine he did when they
were courting.

TRUMAN

It'd be an adventure.

MERYL

I thought we were going to try for
a baby. Isn't that enough of an
adventure?

TRUMAN

That can wait. I want to get away.
See some of the world. Explore.

Meryl gives a derisive laugh.

MERYL

You want to be an explorer? You
don't even have a passport,
Truman. I bet you don't even know
how to get one.

The words sting. Truman turns away. Seeing the pain she's
caused, she changes tack.

MERYL

This'll pass. Everybody thinks
like this now and then.

(making an attempt at
seduction)

Come to bed.

TRUMAN

I think I'm going to stay up for a
while.

INT. AN OFFICE BUILDING SOMEWHERE - RECEPTION - NIGHT

In the reception area of an office building, TWO UNINFORMED
GUARDS drink coffee.

GUARD 1

How can they have a child?

GUARD 2

It's not gonna be his, you idiot.

GUARD 1

Why not?

GUARD 2

You think she'd go through with it?

GUARD 1

Sure she would.

GUARD 2

(reassessing his own opinion)

Guess I always thought they'd
adopt.

EXT. TRUMAN'S STREET - DAWN

There is something peculiar about the way the sun rises over Seahaven Island -- the light appears in an arc that's slightly too perfect and well-defined.

INT. TRUMAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

In front of his bedroom window, TRUMAN, wearing his new sweats, performs an exercise routine of his own invention. He counts off the exercises to himself -- cheating as he does so. He counts five leg-lifts for every two he completes.

TRUMAN

-- Five...

(two leg-lifting later)

Then... fifteen... two more makes
twenty.

INT. A BEDROOM SOMEWHERE -- MORNING

A middle-aged MARRIED COUPLE in identical matching sweats repeat the same eccentric exercises in perfect sync, as if they were in a class led by Truman.

EXT. CAR -- DAY

TRUMAN climbs into the car and switches on the radio. He drives down the street.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Another glorious morning in
Seahaven, folks. Don't forget to
buckle up--

Truman mutters to himself as is his custom.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SEAHAVEN -- DAY

TRUMAN emerges from the parking lot and as usual stops at the

newspaper stand. He picks up a glossy magazine and flips through the cosmetic ads, surreptitiously tearing a pair of EYES from one of the pages. He returns the magazine to the rack. As usual, the NEWSPAPER VENDOR fails to intervene. Truman begins his daily pilgrimage to work through the rush hour pedestrian traffic.

As he enters the street leading to his office, he glimpses a HOMELESS MAN reflected in the window of a parked car. Truman, spellbound by the man, suddenly wheels around to face him. The Homeless Man, late-fifties, more well-groomed and well-fed than the average vagrant, has a serene smile on his face.

The Homeless Man places his hand ever so gently on Truman's cheek. Truman makes no effort to withdraw. He is transfixed by the man's eyes. He appears to recognize him.

TRUMAN
(almost to himself,
mouthing the word)

Dad...

Suddenly an ELEGANT WOMAN SHOPPER walking a small WIENER DOG and A BUSINESS EXECUTIVE carrying a briefcase, walking in opposite directions along the sidewalk, grab the Homeless Man. One under each arm, lifting the Homeless Man off the ground, they start to whisk the bewildered derelict down the street.

TRUMAN
(calling out)
Stop! Stop!!

Truman begins to give chase. However, the shopper and the businessman are surprisingly fleet-footed. Even more surprising as Truman embarks on the pursuit is the behavior of the PEDESTRIANS and COMMUTERS. They appear to part for the fleeing trio, then close ranks in front of him. Is it accidental, or are the pedestrians working together, running interference?

TRUMAN
(shouting at the pedestrians)
Outta way! Outta way!

They are escaping.

Truman finally breaks through the pack, bowling over several of the pedestrians in the process. Just as he gets within reach of the shopper and the businessman, a bus suddenly screeches to a halt beside the abductors, doors already open. The Woman Shopper and the Executive bundle the Homeless Man onto the bus. Truman lurches after them, but he is met by the bus doors, closing sharply in his face.

TRUMAN

(to BUS DRIVER)
Hey, stop! Stop the bus!!

Truman thumps against the doors, but the BUS DRIVER ignores his cries and the bus roars away. The other PASSENGERS in the bus, apparently oblivious to the incident, keeps staring straight ahead.

Truman continues to give chase when a taxi appears out of nowhere and cuts in front of him, blocking his path. When he recovers, the bus has disappeared. The mysterious crowd of pedestrians has also dissolved as if it never existed.

Retracing his steps, head reeling, wondering if he could have imagined the whole incident, Truman discovers that the Woman Shopper has left her WIENER DOG behind. The dog wanders aimlessly on the pavement, its leash trailing behind it.

INT. MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

TRUMAN paces impatiently in the living room of his Mother's cramped, fussy, doilyed little house full of Burbank family memorabilia -- a cluster of framed photographs is dominated by one of his FATHER trimmed with a black ribbon. A toilet flushes and Truman's MOTHER finally emerges from the next room.

She presents something of a contradiction. Although she walks with the aid of a "walker," she is actually a well-preserved sixty. She wears a glamorous nightgown and a full head of bleached-blond hair.

TRUMAN
(kissing Mother on the cheek)
How are you, Mother?

MOTHER
Well, I made it through another night.

TRUMAN
How's your hip?

MOTHER
Oh, just so.

Truman supports Mother.

MOTHER
You know surprises aren't good for me. You should really call before you come over, dear.

TRUMAN
I've got something to tell you.
You'd better sit down.

Truman helps her into an overstuffed armchair.

MOTHER

You look very pale, Truman. Are you taking your vitamin D's?

TRUMAN

(exasperated)

I spend half my life out in the sun, Mother, why would I need vitamin D?

MOTHER

I feel certain my condition runs in the family.

(putting the back of her hand dramatically for her forehead)

Can't this wait, dear?

He kneels beside her.

TRUMAN

No, I'm afraid it can't.

Truman takes a deep breath as he prepares to give her the news.

TRUMAN

I know this is going to sound insane, Mother, but... I saw Dad today on Lancaster Circle. He's alive.

Mother smiles condescendingly.

MOTHER

It doesn't sound insane, Truman. I swear I see him ten times a week -- in a hundred faces. I almost hugged a perfect stranger in the salon last Thursday.

TRUMAN

It was Dad, I swear, dressed like a homeless man. And you know what else was really strange? A businessman and a woman with a little dog appeared from nowhere and forced him onto a bus.

MOTHER

About time they started cleaning up the trash Downtown. We don't want to end up like the rest of

the country.

TRUMAN

They never found Dad's body --
maybe somehow --

MOTHER

-- Darling --

TRUMAN

(already doubting himself)

I'm telling you, if it wasn't him,
it was his twin. Did Dad have a
brother?

MOTHER

You know he was an only child, like
you.

(placing a comforting
arm around him)

I know how bad you feel about what
happened -- sailing into that
storm. But I don't blame you,
Truman. I never have.

Mother kisses Truman on the cheek.

MOTHER

(referring to her platinum
blonde hair)

I was thinking about going lighter.
What do you think?

Truman regards his Mother. Her hair is already impossibly
blonde.

INT. TRUMAN'S BASEMENT - DUSK

The basement is cluttered with junk -- ships in bottles, a
train track without trains, an oxygen mask, a stringless
guitar, many abandoned projects. The basement is dimly lit
by a single, naked bulb. TRUMAN looks over his shoulder
before opening a large walk-in cupboard. On the cupboard door
is a wall map of the Pacific Ocean -- the Fiji Islands are
carefully circled. Amongst the many tools and household
implements inside the cupboard is a trunk under a dusty
canvas sheet. He pulls the trunk into the room, unfastens
the lock and opens the lid.

Inside, mementoes from his youth. A "HOW TO SAIL" book, a
stack of "GREAT EXPLORERS" magazines, and beneath it all, a
garment in a drycleaning bag. Truman carefully lifts up the
plastic to reveal a young woman's cardigan sweater. He puts
the cardigan to his nose and takes in its scent.

Footsteps. Truman hastily drops the cardigan in the trunk and shuts the lid. MERYL's legs appear on the stairs.

MERYL

What're you doing down here?

TRUMAN

(turning attention to an
upturned mower on the
basement floor)

Fixing the mower.

(matter-of-fact)

I saw my father today.

MERYL

I know.

TRUMAN

(suspicious)

How do you know?

MERYL

Your mother called. You shouldn't
upset her like that.

Meryl's response takes the wind out of Truman's sails.

TRUMAN

What did you want?

MERYL

I made macaroni.

TRUMAN

I'm not hungry.

Meryl nods, not at all convinced.

MERYL

We really ought to toss that mower
out. Get one of those new Elk
Rotaries.

Truman does not reply. After an uncomfortable pause, she
turns back up the stairs.

Truman waits a moment before re-opening the trunk. He removes
the cardigan and holds it up, reminiscing.

INT. A KITCHEN SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

A MOTHER, DAUGHTER about 12, and a BABY in a highchair stare
into camera.

DAUGHTER

What's he doing?

MOTHER

They removed all physical trace of her
but they couldn't erase the memory.

DAUGHTER

The memory of who?

MOTHER

(finger to lips)

Shhh!

PLAYBACK MONTAGE - EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - STEPS - DAY

Once again the images appear to be playing on a television
screen.

On the steps of a typical college campus, TRUMAN, 21, in a
college band uniform, participates in a football pep rally.
MARLON, 21, a member of the football team, and MERYL, 21, a
cheerleader, are nearby. Truman observes an ethereal-looking
young woman walk by -- LAUREN.

PLAYBACK - INT. DANCEHALL - NIGHT

At a college dance, TRUMAN dances with MERYL. LAUREN dances
by with a PARTNER of her own. However, Truman only has eyes
for Lauren. Suddenly, she is escorted from the dance floor.

PLAYBACK - EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - STREET - DAY

TRUMAN almost trips off the curb as he waves to LAUREN, riding
towards him on a bicycle. However, she rides right by with
her nose in the air, not even acknowledging his presence --
Truman puzzled by her change of heart.

The montage ends at a scene in a college library.</PRE>

<PRE> PLAYBACK - INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY - NIGHT

In the school library, TRUMAN, 21, sits with MARLON, 21, and
wife-to-be, MERYL, 21, doing a final cram for a test. The
STUDENTS begin to pack up their books. Meryl gives Truman a
peck on the cheek.

MERYL

Come on, Truman. Haven't you
studied enough?

TRUMAN

I still want to look over a couple
of things.

MARLON

(punching Truman in a chummy
way on the arm, referring
to Truman's book)
Take the "C" average. That's what
I do.

Truman looks up from his books. The library is almost
deserted. He spies a GIRL's hand around the table divider.

Truman musters the nerve to poke his head over the divider.
He find LAUREN on the other side, buried in a book.

TRUMAN
Konichi-wa.

Lauren looks blank.

TRUMAN
(referring to the Japanese
text in front of her)
You take Japanese.

LAUREN
(quickly closing the book)
Oh, yes.

TRUMAN
(glancing to the name
carefully written on
the front of the book)
Lauren, right?

LAUREN
(as if unaware of her own name)
That's right. Lauren.

TRUMAN
(extending his hand)
I'm Truman, Truman Burbank--

LAUREN
-- I'm not allowed to talk to you.

Truman is not surprised.

TRUMAN
(resigned)
It's okay. I probably wouldn't
talk to me either.

LAUREN
(softening)
I'm sorry. It's not up to me.

TRUMAN

(crestfallen)
You have a boyfriend? Of course
you do.

Lauren looks about her, unsure.

LAUREN
No... I, er...

TRUMAN
(hopeful once again)
No? Really? Good, I mean, I
thought possibly a pizza. How
about Friday?

LAUREN
No.

TRUMAN
Saturday?

Lauren looks around the almost-deserted library.

TRUMAN
Actually, I'm free Sunday.

LAUREN
Now.

TRUMAN
Right now? We've got finals
tomorrow.

LAUREN
If we don't go now, it won't happen.

Truman hesitates.

LAUREN
(impatient, looking
anxiously around)
Well, what do you want to do?

TRUMAN
(closing his books, still a
little uncertain)
I think I've studied enough.

PLAYBACK - EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS NEAR SEAHAVEN COLLEGE - NIGHT

LAUREN, taking TRUMAN by the hand, runs down various streets
and paths through the campus. She occasionally pauses and
looks about her, often changing direction or looking up at
streetlights and the towers of houses along their route, as if
trying to elude an unseen pursuer.

The excited and apprehensive Truman runs with her although he is unsure exactly who, or what, they are running from.

The further they get from the campus, the higher, wider and less effective the coverage of the scene -- some camera angles are even partially obscured.

PLAYBACK - EXT. HIGHWAY - WESTERN END OF TOWN - NIGHT

TRUMAN and LAUREN eventually cross an empty highway on the edge of town.

They run over the dunes onto a strangely deserted beach and down to the water's edge under a hyper-real full moon. Lauren throws off her cardigan and hitches up her skirt, wading out into the inviting water without another thought. Truman stares down, transfixed by the shimmering water.

LAUREN

(splashing)

It's beautiful! What are you waiting for?

TRUMAN

(nervous)

I... I can't.

Lauren suddenly stops splashing.

LAUREN

That's right. Oh, God, I'm sorry.

She wades out of the water.

TRUMAN

(confused)

Why, Lauren? You've got nothing to be sorry about?

Lauren, dripping wet, stands besides Truman at the shoreline. She meets his gaze.

LAUREN

My name's not Lauren. It's a Sylvia.

Truman looks into her eyes and believes her. Truman wipes the water from her face, then leans forward and gently kisses her lips. She kisses him back.

INT. A BAR SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

In a quiet bar room, a WAITRESS explains her viewpoint to the BARMAN. A PATRON on a barstool eavesdrops.

WAITRESS

Don't you get it? She was willing
to lose him, lose everything, if
it meant he could find himself.

(registering the barman's
blank look)

Never mind. You wouldn't understand.

PLAYBACK - EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

As we return to Truman's reminiscence, TRUMAN and SYLVIA (as she is now called throughout the remainder of the movie) sit on the sand at the water's edge. With great delicacy, Truman traces the outline of her nose with his finger, at the same time inhaling her scent. Sylvia looks nervously around her. Truman goes to say something, but Sylvia hushes him.

SYLVIA

They're coming. Any minute.

TRUMAN

(looking around the
deserted beach)

Who?

SYLVIA

They're going to stop me talking
to you.

TRUMAN

(confused)

There's no one here.

SYLVIA

(looking over her shoulder
nervously)

Just listen. You remember when
you were a little boy, you stood
up in class and said you wanted to
be an explorer like Magellan--

TRUMAN

(incredulous)

-- How do you know about that?

SYLVIA

-- And your teacher said, "You're
too late, Truman. There's nothing
left to explore."

TRUMAN

Were you there -- how do you know?

SYLVIA

-- It doesn't matter. Everybody knows about it. They know everything you do. The point is, you got scared.

TRUMAN
I don't understand.

SYLVIA
(looking over her shoulder,
increasingly nervous)
You must listen. Everybody's pretending, Truman.

She points to the sky and scoops up the sea at their feet.

SYLVIA
You think this is real? It's all for you. A show.
(frustrated, raving)
The eyes are everywhere. They're watching you -- right now.

Suddenly a car's headlights come bouncing over the dunes. The car roars across the beach towards the couple.

SYLVIA
(scared)
I told you, Truman!

The car skids to a stop and a large MAN, 40ish, with a shock of red hair, jumps from the car. The man yanks the frightened Sylvia to her feet, causing her cardigan to fall to the ground.

MAN
(to Sylvia, oddly sympathetic)
Lauren, sweetheart, not again.
Get in the car!

Truman jumps in.

TRUMAN
Hey, who the hell are you?!

MAN
I'm her father!

TRUMAN
We weren't doing anything.

SYLVIA
He's not my father! He's just saying that! Does he look anything like me?!

MAN

Come on, Sweetheart.

The Man gently, but firmly, pushes Sylvia towards his car. Sylvia resists. Truman crosses to them.

TRUMAN

I'll take care of her!

The Man takes Truman aside and whispers in his ear.

MAN

(whispered, out of

Sylvia's earshot)

Schizophrenia. She has episodes.

Doubts start crowding into Truman's head.

SYLVIA

(calling out from the car)

Don't listen to him, Truman. I'm telling you the truth!

MAN

(getting into the car)

Don't bother! We're moving to...
Fiji -- the Fiji Island! This place has done something to her head.

INT. A DIMLY-LIT ROOM SOMEWHERE - NIGHT - PRESENT

CHRISTOF stares intently into camera. Beside him is his assistant, CHLOE, an androgynous-looking young woman. She too stares into camera.

CHRISTOF

At least he didn't say "New York City."

PLAYBACK - EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

TRUMAN stares after the car as it roars away. He turns back toward the ocean where his attention is caught by an object lying on the sand -- Sylvia's cardigan.

INT. TRUMAN'S BASEMENT - NIGHT - PRESENT

TRUMAN carefully places the cardigan back into the trunk.

INT. A KITCHEN SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

MOTHER, DAUGHTER and BABY stare into camera.

DAUGHTER

But why didn't he just follow her
to Fiji?

MOTHER

Because his mother got sick -- very
sick. He couldn't leave her. He's
a kind boy, maybe too kind.

DAUGHTER

I can't believe he married Meryl on
the rebound.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

TRUMAN turns his attention to the framed photograph of Meryl that he carries everywhere. Hidden behind her photo is a composite picture of Sylvia which Truman has constructed by pasting together individual facial features -- nose, mouth, ears, chin, hair -- gathered, presumably, from women's magazines. He attempts to put the jigsaw puzzle together -- although he has particular difficulty finding a pair of eyes that match.

From his pocket he takes a recent collection of eyes which, like a detective working on an identikit picture, he tries to match. They are still not quite right.

INT. AN APARTMENT SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

The eyes of a YOUNG WOMAN -- blue-green eyes. She turns slightly, looking directly into camera. We pull back to reveal her face -- SYLVIA.

EXT. TRUMAN'S STREET - EARLY MORNING

Dawn breaks over Truman's street. On cue, the sound of birds.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE TRUMAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

TRUMAN leaves the house, lost in thought. SPENCER is taking out the trash.

SPENCER

How's it going, Truman?

Truman hardly acknowledges Spencer. PLUTO the dog fails to receive his usual pat. The wave from the WASHINGTON's across the street is also not returned.

INT/EXT. CAR/STREET OUTSIDE TRUMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

TRUMAN motors down the street, switching on the car radio as usual.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

-- Don't forget to buckle up out there in radioland. It's another glorious... morning... innn... Seaaa... haaaa... vennn... f... o... o... k... k...

The Announcer's voice slows down -- now revealing itself to be a tape that has worn out. Truman, perplexed, looks at the radio and pushes buttons in an attempt to find another station. He finds one.

FEMALE VOICE

(from radio)

... west on Stewart... he's making a right on Holden...

Truman glances up at the street signs along his route and finds that they correspond exactly with the streets quoted on the radio. Distracted, he almost bowls over an OLD LADY on a crosswalk.

MALE VOICE

(from radio)

... God, he almost hit Marilyn! He's on the move again, passing the library...

Truman, readjusts the radio as it starts to fade out. Suddenly, there is a piercing blast of feedback. He looks up and, as far as the eye can see, every PEDESTRIAN, MOTORIST and SHOPKEEPER along the street suddenly winces in pain and holds their right ear at exactly the same moment.

MALE VOICE

(from radio, in distress himself)

... Something's wrong. Change frequencies...

Truman tries to pick up the channel once again but without success.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

TRUMAN sits in his car, drinking his coffee, taking in the recent incident. From inside the adjacent school, he hears the familiar, excited squeals and chatter of SCHOOL CHILDREN. Truman suddenly throws aside his coffee and sprints across the parking lot and into the school.

INT. SEAHAVEN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MORNING

TRUMAN slams through the front doors into the reception area. It is deserted, no one stationed at the administration desk, the corridors empty. He runs down a vacant corridor, finally

standing outside a classroom. The children's' voice can still be heard from inside. Truman bursts through the door.

The room is empty save for a large reel-to-reel tape recorder on the teacher's desk playing a continuous tape of children's' voices. The recorder is attached to speakers on tall stands facing the ventilation ducts. Truman stares at the machine in disbelief.

EXT. STREET - DOWNTOWN - DAY

TRUMAN, still lost in thought, exits the school. He stops at the newsstand and picks up a magazine to resume his ritual search, but his heart is not in it. He replaces the magazine without taking a cutting -- much to the surprise of the NEWS VENDOR.

Truman starts his trek to work, pausing to stare at his reflection in the mirrored building, hoping that the Homeless Man will appear once again at his side. No one joins him.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Entering his own building with fellow OFFICE WORKERS, TRUMAN remains in the revolving door and re-emerges on the street.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

TRUMAN wanders aimlessly through a city park, observing. We sense, truly observing for the first time.

A YOUNG WOMAN walks a pair of AFGHAN HOUNDS. An OLD MAN answers the incessant questions of his GRANDCHILD. Nothing appears amiss, Truman takes a seat at a small, outdoor cafe. He fidgets with his father's ring on his finger that contains one large stone, still looking for a false move.

A DELIVERY MAN unloads boxes from the back of his truck and carries them into a store. Further down the street CONSTRUCTION WORKERS take their time tending to an electrical repair in an exposed manhole. A POSTAL WORKER does his rounds. An OLD WOMAN struggles with two heavy shopping bags. Everybody appears natural, places to go.

INT. A DIMLY-LIT ROOM SOMEWHERE - DAY

CHRISTOF and CHOLE stare into camera. Christof leans forward and speaks.

CHRISTOF

... Everybody stay focussed.
Remember who you are.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

TRUMAN turns his attention to a group of CUBAN-LOOKING MEN at the only other occupied table at the cafe. We see extreme close-ups as Truman scans the men's faces for any sign of phoniness. They are talking loudly, making suggestive comments to the WAITRESS. Their behavior passes the test -- all seems genuine.

Then, Truman notices TWO JOGGERS out for a morning run, making their way down the street towards him. Truman happens to glance at the sneakers of one of the joggers. He suddenly springs to his feet. Truman blocks the joggers.

TRUMAN

It's you... isn't it?

The Joggers attempt to sidestep Truman.

JOGGER 1

Excuse me.

TRUMAN

Remember? Two days ago I gave you my meatball sandwich in the park. You were in a wheelchair. Same sneakers.

The jogger looks down at his distinctive sneakers bearing the initials, "T.S.", and visibly blanches.

JOGGER 2

(coming to his companion's aid)

Get the hell out of here.

The second jogger roughly shoves Truman aside. Truman calls out after the two men.

TRUMAN

(ironically referring to the jogger's new-found mobility)

It's a miracle!

Truman picks himself up, dusting dirt from his suit. He retrieves his briefcase and continues down the street with renewed purpose.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Wandering down the bustling street, TRUMAN suddenly bolts into a building at random.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

An imposing office building clad in the kind of reflective

glass that shields its occupants from the world -- a building Truman passes every day. A steady stream of EMPLOYEES and VISITORS enters and exit the building's high-ceilinged lobby past an intimidating security desk manned by TWO UNIFORMED GUARDS. Beyond security are banks of elevators, ferrying executives, clerical staff and delivery personnel to and from their floors of business.

Truman abruptly enters reception and strides confidently past the security desk trying to look as if he belongs.

SECURITY GUARD 1

(to Truman)

Can I help?

TRUMAN

(sneaking a glance at the building directory)

I have an appointment at, er, Gable Enterprises.

SECURITY GUARD 1

They went bust.

The second Security Guard is rising from his seat to block Truman's path to the elevators, but Truman reads his mind and makes a dash for it -- into one of the elevators.

A YOUNG WOMAN in the elevator looks in horror at Truman -- the cause of her concern all too apparent. Looking beyond the Woman, Truman discovers that there is no back to the elevator car. The PEOPLE Truman has just witnessed entering other elevators are milling around a refreshment table, primping or sitting on folding chairs. Gradually, they all turn to gape at Truman, who in turn stares back, appalled. Truman's view is abruptly blocked as a rear panel is hastily attached to the elevator. A Security Guard pulls Truman from the car.

TRUMAN

What's going on?

SECURITY GUARD 1

(glancing to the lights above the elevator, trying to appear innocent)

Nothing.

Truman observes the upward progress of the elevator via the light display above the doorway. Before he has time to make sense of it, the guards drag him away.

SECURITY GUARD 2

You've got to leave.

The guards frog-march Truman out of the facade towards an

Emergency Exit.

TRUMAN

Just tell me what's going on?

SECURITY GUARD 2

We're re-modeling.

TRUMAN

No, you're not!! What were those people doing in there?

SECURITY GUARD 1

(shrugs)

It's none of my business.

(ushering Truman off the property)

None of yours, either.

TRUMAN

(not going quietly)

You don't tell me what's really going on, I'll report you.

TRUMAN continues to struggle as he GUARDS usher him to the street.

SECURITY GUARD 2

For what? You're trespassing!

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

TRUMAN continues to struggle as the GUARDS unceremoniously dump him on the pavement. He picks himself up, head reeling, and starts to run along the street. He suddenly enters another building at random. An office block with a bank on the ground floor.

Truman rushes to the elevators. The lights above the doors show all the elevator on upper floors. Frantic pressing of the elevator button gets no response. A RECEPTIONIST rises from her desk. Truman heads for the stairs, but is intercepted by a BANK OFFICIAL barring his way.

TRUMAN

I want to...

The Bank Official, the Receptionist, and a BANK TELLER back Truman towards the door.

BANK OFFICIAL

... Open an account?

TRUMAN

Yes. Er, why not?

RECEPTIONIST

Savings or checking?

BANK OFFICIAL

Let's go up to my office.

Truman hurriedly exits the bank.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Back on the street, TRUMAN feels the eyes of the PEDESTRIANS. Is he simply drawing attention to himself by his behavior? Truman wheels around, trying to make eye contact with passersby. They shy away. He continues to run down the street.

Finally, Truman finds himself standing in front of the window of an electronics store staring at his own face on a TV set. It is taking a feed from a camcorder aimed out the store window.

INT. A BATHROOM SOMEWHERE - DAY

A MAN stares into camera from a bath of stale water -- a layer of soap scum on the top.

MAN

Don't look at me, pal.

EXT. STREET - ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY

TRUMAN shudders at his video reflection. Further down the street, he notices Marlon's van parked outside a supermarket.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

The door of a vending machine is open. MARLON, half inside the machine, loads a stack of Baby Ruth candy bars into one of the dispensing slots. The paranoid TRUMAN appears at his shoulder.

TRUMAN

Marlon--

MARLON

(startled)

-- Truman, what are you doing here?

Truman looks nervously around him. Even the STORE OWNER's friendly nod from behind the counter is cause for suspicion in Truman's mind.

TRUMAN

(whisper)

I've got to talk to you.

MARLON

Sorry, I'm way behind.

TRUMAN

I'm onto something, Marlon --
something big.

MARLON

Are you okay? You look like shit.

TRUMAN

I think I'm mixed up in something.

MARLON

Mixed up? Mixed up in what?

TRUMAN

There's no point in trying to
explain it, but a lot of strange
things have been happening --
elevators that don't go anywhere,
people talking about me on the
radio, you know what I mean?

MARLON

(bemused)

No. Truman, if this is another
one of your fantasies...

TRUMAN

I think it's got something to do
with my dad.

MARLON

Your Dad?!

TRUMAN

(looking around nervously)

I think he's alive. I'll tell you
about it later. I'm definitely
being followed.

MARLON

(looking around, instantly
protective)

Who?

TRUMAN

It's hard to tell. They look just
like regular people.

MARLON

(referring to an OLD

COUPLE entering the deli)
How about them?

TRUMAN
(seriously considering
the possibility)
Could be. Beard looks phony.
(leaning closer to Marlon)
It's when I'm unpredictable. They
can't stand that. That's why we've
got to get out of here. Can you
come with me?

MARLON
(closing up the vending
machine)
I told you I can't.

TRUMAN
I've got to show you something.

Truman fixes Marlon with a look of deadly seriousness.

MARLON
(weakening)
Christ, Truman. You're gonna get
both our asses fired.

EXT. SEAHAVEN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

TRUMAN hurries MARLON up the school steps. The sound of children's voices continues to drift out from inside the building. Truman and Marlon storm into the school reception area -- still empty.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

TRUMAN and MARLON stand outside the classroom, the source of the children's voices. Truman throws his friend an "I-told-you-so" look and swings open the door with a flourish.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The once-empty classroom is now full of SCHOOL CHILDREN in an art class. A hush falls over the students and all eyes turn to TRUMAN and MARLON.

TEACHER
(gesturing to two unoccupied
easels)
Would you care to join us?

EXT. CLIFFTOP - DUSK

Hand-over-hand, TRUMAN climbs the cliff he once scaled as a

seven-year-old. Finally, he sits on the clifftop, staring out at the view his father had been so desperate for him not to see twenty-six years earlier. However, the deserted bay beyond is identical to its neighbor. MARLON, laboring, crests the rise and joins his friend on the clifftop.

MARLON

What're we doing here, Truman?

TRUMAN

This is where it started.

MARLON

What exactly?

TRUMAN

Things. Things that doesn't fit.
(another thought occurs)
Maybe I'm being set up for something. You ever feel like that, Marlon? Like your whole life has been building to something?

MARLON

(blank)

No.

TRUMAN

(ignoring the remark)

When you were hauling chickens for Kaiser Poultry, what was the furthest you ever went off the island?

MARLON

I went all over but I never found a place like this.
(nodding to the setting sun)
Look at that sunset, Truman. It's perfect.

TRUMAN

(in a daze)

Yeah...

MARLON

(glancing heavenwards)

That's the "Big Guy." Quite a paintbrush he's got.

TRUMAN

Just between you and me, Marlon, I'm going away for a while.

MARLON

Really?

INT. LIVING ROOM - TRUMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Truman sits cramped on his sofa. Pulling wider, we discover the cause of his discomfort. He is sandwiched between MERYL on one side and MOTHER on the other. Mother, the family historian, a stack of photograph albums at her feet, turns the pages of the album on Truman's lap.

TRUMAN

We ought to be getting you back,
Mother.

MOTHER

Hold on a minute, dear.
(pointing out a photo
in the album)
Here's us at Mount Rushmore. You
remember, Truman -- when Dad was
still with us -- that was quite a
drive. You slept all the way
there.

TRUMAN

(taking an interest in
the monument)
It looks so small.

MOTHER

(quickly turning the page)
Things always do -- when you look
back.

Mother skips several pages in the album, finally stopping at a spread of wedding photos.

MERYL

Look, Truman, there's my cousin
Errol putting the bouquet down his
pants -- it was the happiest day
of our lives.

MOTHER

(referring to Meryl)
Didn't she look beautiful, Truman?
She still does.

Mother turns to a blank page in the album.

MOTHER

And there's plenty of room for baby
photos. I'd like to hold a
grandchild in my arms--
(dabbing her eye with

a handkerchief)
-- before I go.

Meryl rises from the sofa and helps Mother to her walker.

MERYL
I'll take you home, Angela.
(referring to the album)
Why don't you leave those with us
for a while?

TRUMAN
(kissing his emotional
mother)
Good night, Mother.

MERYL
(a wink to Truman)
See you in a minute, sweetheart.

Meryl departs with Mother. Left alone in the living room, Truman slumps back down onto the sofa and switches on the television set -- an old-fashioned model with rabbit-ears. He idly studies the photograph album as an over-earnest television HOST announces the upcoming program.

TV HOST
-- Tonight's golden-oldies is the
enduring, much-loved classic,
"Show Me The Way To Go Home." A
hymn of praise to small-town life
where we learn that you don't have
to leave home to discover what the
world is all about and that no one
is poor who has friends...

However, when we turn our attention away from the television, we find that Truman is peering intently at a wedding photograph of Meryl and himself taking their vows in a civil ceremony in a beachside gazebo. Under the scrutiny of a magnifying glass, he discovers that Meryl has her fingers crossed.

INT. A LIVING ROOM SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

The TWO LADIES sit on their sofa, a rug across their knees, sipping a night cap of hot chocolate. They stare into camera.

OLD LADY 1
Remember at the wedding -- that
dog?

OLD LADY 2
Started howling when they took
their vows.

OLD LADY 1

And the plastic horseshoe fell off
when they cut the cake.

OLD LADY 2

(shaking her head ruefully)
They never had a chance.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

TRUMAN, dressed casually in weekend attire, is at the stove preparing an omelette. MERYL hurries into the kitchen in her nurse's uniform. She gulps down a cup of coffee and reaches for her nurse's cap.

However, she still has time to adjust the position of a pack of "FibreCon Cereal" -- squaring it a little more to camera.

TRUMAN

I have to talk with you.
(looking about, suspicious)
But not here. Let's go for a
walk.

MERYL

(kissing him on the cheek)
I'm sorry, I'm late.

TRUMAN

What's the hurry?

MERYL

Surgery. The elevator disaster
downtown on the new last night.
Cable snapped, a car dropped ten
floors. Non-union contractors.
Monsters. We're starting with an
amputation.

Truman's eyes widen. Meryl adjusts her hat in the mirror.

MERYL

That building's near yours.
Imagine it you'd been in there for
some reason. It doesn't bear
thinking about.

Truman, lost in thought, picks up the scalding frying pan with his bare hand. Letting out a howl of pain, he drops the pan.

TRUMAN

Arrah!

MERYL

Oh, my God!

TRUMAN

What do I do?

MERYL

I don't know--

TRUMAN

-- you're a nurse, aren't you?

MERYL

Put some butter on it -- or once?

She looks up the kitchen clock.

MERYL

(hurrying out the door)

Oh, look at the time.

Truman stares after her, the pain of his hand forgotten for the moment. He watched Meryl ride her bicycle down the driveway. Truman exits the house.

EXT. SEAHAVEN STREET/HOSPITAL/PARKING LOT - DAY

Riding a bicycle of his own, TRUMAN follows MERYL to work, staying a safe distance back. He watches her enter the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

TRUMAN makes his way along various corridors. All seems as it should -- DOCTORS confer with NURSING STAFF and PATIENTS, gurneys are wheeled about with their PASSENGERS looking suitably traumatized. Truman approaches a NURSING SISTER.

TRUMAN

I'm looking for my wife -- Nurse
Burbank. It's important.

NURSE

(checking her clipboard)

I'm afraid that's impossible --
she's in pre-op.

TRUMAN

Sure. Okay. Fine. Can you pass
on a message?

NURSE

I'll try.

TRUMAN

Tell her, tell her... I had to go

to Fiji. I'll call her when I
get there.

NURSE
When you get to Fiji?

TRUMAN
You got it.

NURSE
Fine. I'll tell her.

The nurse walks off, disappearing through a set of doors.
Truman hesitates before following her.

INT. VARIOUS HOSPITAL CORRIDORS - DAY

The NURSE walks briskly -- fewer people about, TRUMAN
discreetly following behind. The nurse breaks into a jog.
Truman hurries to keep up with her -- dodging around gurneys,
JANITORS mopping floors.

INT. OUTSIDE OPERATING THEATRE - DAY

The NURSE, hastily scrubbed and gowned, enters the theatre.
TRUMAN hesitates but dares not enter. He grabs a mask of his
own.

Looking through the glass window in the operating theatre
door, he sees the YOUNG WOMAN (seen in the hastily fixed
elevator car the day before) lying on the operating table, a
blood-soaked bandage covering her left leg. MERYL, wearing a
surgical gown and mask, assists the SURGEON. The SISTER
hovers nervously in the background.

SURGEON
Scalpel.

Meryl very slowly selects a scalpel from a tray of instruments
and awkwardly hands it to the surgeon.

SURGEON
I'm now making my primary incision
just above the left knee.

The patient's eyes blink open in horror. The ANESTHETIST
steps in Truman's view before he can get a good look.
Suddenly, a SECURITY GUARD appears beside Truman and takes
him by the arm.

SECURITY GUARD
(referring to the operation)
This isn't gonna be pretty. Unless
you're family of the patient, I'll
have to ask you to leave.

TRUMAN

No problem. I don't want to cause any trouble.

INT. AGENCY - DAY

TRUMAN takes a seat at the only desk in an empty travel agency. The travel brochures and posters that adorn the walls all feature destinations that bear a striking similarity to picturesque Seahaven. Another poster spells out the dangers of travel -- "TRAVELLERS BEWARE -- Terrorists, Disease, Wild Animals, Street Gangs." A female TRAVEL AGENT enters from a rear door.

AGENT

I'm sorry to keep you. How can I help?

TRUMAN

I want to book a flight to Fiji.

AGENT

Where exactly?

TRUMAN

(believing she is being deliberately obtuse)

Fiji.

AGENT

(a grace of condescension)

Where in Fiji? What island?

TRUMAN

I'm sorry, er... the biggest one.

AGENT

(entering the destination in her computer)

Viti Levu. For how many?

TRUMAN

(finding the question suspicious)

One.

AGENT

When do you want to leave, remembering, of course, you do lose a day on the way there?

TRUMAN

Today.

AGENT

(reading off her computer screen)

I'm sorry. I don't have anything for at least a month.

TRUMAN

(suspicious)

A month.

AGENT

(patently explaining)

It's the busy season.

TRUMAN

(paranoia showing)

You are a travel agent, aren't you?

(reading her nametag)

"Doris"? Your job is to help people travel.

AGENT

(showing amazing restraint)

I do have a fabulous rate on a cruise ship departing for Fiji tomorrow. But you wouldn't want to do that.

TRUMAN

Why wouldn't I?

AGENT

I thought you were in a hurry.

TRUMAN

(calming down)

That's right.

AGENT

You want to book the flight?

TRUMAN

It doesn't matter. I'll make other arrangements.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Emerging onto the street, TRUMAN looks across to the building which he entered the previous day. It is now cordoned off with police tape after the elevator disaster. Flowers have been laid at the doorway.

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS STATION - DAY

A Greyhound Bus, bound for "CHICAGO" according to its destination sign, sits idling at the stop. Just as a burly

SUPERVISOR is about to wave the bus on its way, TRUMAN dashes into the station.

BUS DRIVER

Last call for Chicago.

Truman jumps onto the bus behind the last boarding passenger -- a YOUNG SOLDIER.

TRUMAN

(to the Bus Driver, as he boards the bus)

Windy City, here we come.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

TRUMAN takes a seat by a window. An awkward silence descends over the bus. The other passengers -- a MOTHER with a restless CHILD, several TOURISTS, an OLD COUPLE and the YOUNG SOLDIER -- all stare stiffly straight ahead, averting their eyes from Truman.

No one is more uncomfortable than the BUS DRIVER. Beads of perspiration on his head, he fumbles for the gear shift, apparently unsure how to operate it. The gears grind.

The OTHER PASSENGERS try not to notice. The CHILD, tugging her MOTHER's sleeve, points to Truman. Her mother makes her face the front of the bus. Finally the SUPERVISOR enters the bus.

SUPERVISOR

Everybody off. We've got a problem.

The relieved passengers hurriedly exit until Truman is the only one remaining on the bus. The Bus Driver looks almost sorry for Truman who sits resolutely in his seat -- the hint of a tear of frustration in his eyes.

BUS DRIVER

(softly)

I'm sorry, son.

INT. A BAR SOMEWHERE - DAY

The bar seen earlier. A small group of PATRONS discuss developments. The WAITRESS seems upset, occasionally glancing to camera as she pours a beer.

PATRON 1

Why would he want to go to Chicago?
Who does he know from there?

PATRON 2

His doctor came from Chicago, didn't

he?

PATRON 1

Wasn't his father from Chicago?

WAITRESS

(upset)

He's not going to Chicago. He's not going anywhere. He has to have it out with Meryl.

EXT. STREET - TRUMAN'S BICYCLE - DAY

As TRUMAN rides home with his bicycle, he stares wildly about him -- the rearview mirror on his bicycle is suddenly cause for concern, so are the trees and streetlamps lining the roadway.

EXT. TRUMAN'S BACKYARD - DAY

TRUMAN, staring at the highway from the bottom of the garden, doesn't bother to look up as MERYL, still wearing her nurse's uniform, approaches.

TRUMAN

(referring to a distant car on the expressway)

See that car way down there? I bet it's a Suburu station wagon.

Meryl looks idly over the fence at the approaching car. Finally, a Suburu station wagon motors by. Meryl is unimpressed. Truman turns his back on the highway to continue his game.

TRUMAN

I predict the next four cars will be a white Honda Civic, a blue and white Dodge Dart with the front hubcap missing, a Volkswagen Beetle with a dented fender and a motorcycle.

Meryl doesn't wish to participate in the game and makes for the house. Truman holds her arm, forcing her to watch. He turns to check his prediction. A convoy of cars approaches.

TRUMAN

There's the Honda... the Dodge... here comes that dented Beetle...

Meryl's attention wavers. Truman tightens his grip.

TRUMAN

Look!

Following the VW is a school bus.

MERYL
(mocking)
Where's the motorcycle?

Truman is momentarily disappointed.

TRUMAN
Don't you want to know how I did
that?

A motorcycle putters by. Meryl turns and walks back to the house. He hurries after her.

MERYL
I invited Marlon and Rita for a
barbecue Sunday. I thought I'd
make my potato salad. Remind me--

TRUMAN
I won't be here Sunday.

MERYL
-- we need more charcoal.

TRUMAN
Are you listening to a word I'm
saying?

MERYL
You're upset because you want to go
to Fiji. Is that it?

Truman is puzzled by her conciliatory tone.

MERYL
Okay, do it. Get it out of your
system. Save for a few months and
go. There. Happy now? I'm going
to take a shower.

She turns away.

TRUMAN
(catching her wrist)
Let's go now.

MERYL
What?!

Despite her protests, Truman drags Meryl towards his car.

TRUMAN

(as he shoves her
into the car)
I'm ready to go now. Why wait?

INT. TRUMAN'S CAR - DAY

TRUMAN holds MERYL's wrist to stop her exiting the car and accelerates out of the driveway in reverse without looking -- almost running over PLUTO the dog and SPENCER with his garbage can.

Truman starts circling a gazebo at the center of a roundabout, faster and faster.

TRUMAN
Where shall we go? Where shall we
go? Spontaneity is what it's all
about. Forget Fiji. We can't very
well drive to Fiji, can we? What
about Atlantic City?

MERYL
(trying to mask her
anxiety)
You hate gambling.

TRUMAN
That's right. I do, don't I?

MERYL
So why do you want to go?

TRUMAN
Because I never have. That's why
you go places, isn't it?

MERYL
Truman, I think I'm going to throw
up.

Truman roars off down the street.

TRUMAN
Me too.

Almost immediately, Truman encounters a traffic snarl.

TRUMAN
(a magic edge to his voice)
So much traffic, this time of day.
Does that strike you as peculiar?

Without warning, Truman suddenly drives down a sidestreet. But his move is anticipated. At the end of the street, a pack of cars suddenly appears. Other vehicles fill the gap

behind.

TRUMAN
(to Meryl, marveling)
Blocked at every turn. Beautifully
synchronized, don't you agree?

MERYL
(incredulous)
You blaming me for the traffic?

TRUMAN
Should I?

Truman reverses suddenly and makes a U-turn.

TRUMAN
You're right. We could be stuck
here for hours. Could be like this
all the way to Atlantic City. Let's
go back. I'm sorry. I don't know
what got into me.

Truman starts heading back the way they came, the roadway now
relatively free of traffic.

MERYL
Would you please slow down, Truman?

Truman floors the car. The car flies past their house.

MERYL
Truman, that was our house!

TRUMAN
I've changed my mind again. What's
New Orleans like this time of year?
Mardi Gras. Or let's just see where
the road takes us.

MERYL
(pleading)
Let me out, Truman. You're not
right in the head. You want to
destroy yourself, you do it on your
own!

TRUMAN
(eerily calm)
I think I'd like a little company.

As he speeds erratically, Truman glances at the streets on
either side of the main road where he discovers a distinct
lack of moving traffic.

TRUMAN

(to the anxious Meryl
at his side)

Look, Meryl. No cars! I don't run
into traffic. The traffic follows
me around.

(excited by his discovery)

We're in a moving pack, don't you
see?

INT/EXT. TRUMAN'S CAR - BRIDGE - DAY

But TRUMAN's clear path is short-lived. He is forced to
slow once again behind a line of other cars at a bridge.

TRUMAN

(to Meryl)

It's hard to go places, isn't it?

MERYL

(looking up ahead at
an overturned car)

There's been an accident, Truman.

TRUMAN

Uh-huh. There's no accident. It's
just more stalling.

Truman floors the car again and swerves into the oncoming
lane. He roars along the bridge on the wrong side of the
road. Near the end of the bridge, a distraught MOTORIST
dashes into the middle of the road, waving his arms. Truman
slams on the brakes.

MOTORIST

(pointing to a small BOY
lying very still on the
ground beside a wrecked
car)

-- is there a doctor, a nurse?

MERYL

Truman, it's a child. I've got to
help--

TRUMAN

(hardly glancing to the boy)

He'll be fine.

Truman roars on, almost bowling over the concerned motorist.

MERYL

Truman, I took the "hypocrite" oath!

TRUMAN

I bet you did.

Truman roars past a sign that reads, "YOU ARE NOW LEAVING SEAHAVEN -- Are you sure that's a good idea?"

Back at the accident scene, the little boy, apparently uninjured, sits up.

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

They roar pass an illuminated sign -- "FOREST FIRE WARNING -- Extreme Danger"

MERYL

Truman, what about that sign?

TRUMAN

I'm sure they're just exaggerating.

Suddenly, a 20-foot high wall of flame shoots across the roadway in front of them -- as if someone flicked on a gas switch.

MERYL

What about that -- do you believe that?!

TRUMAN experiences his first moment of doubt. He looks to the terrified MERYL, then closes his eyes tightly and accelerates through the fire wall. He is startled to find that they have emerged on the other side, singed but unscathed.

However, the open road in front of them now disturbs Truman for a different reason -- its sheer lack of anything unusual. Signs along the road advertise motels and give directions to other destinations -- "I-6211 -- 2 miles," "Notel Motel -- Pool, Color TV."

Meryl also now appears to be resigned to the journey.

MERYL

So what do we do for money when we get to New Orleans?

TRUMAN

(not so confident now)

I've got my Seahaven Bankcard.

MERYL

So we just eat into our savings, is that the idea? I'd better call your mother when we get there. She'll be worried sick -- I don't know how she's going to take this.

Truman appears very unsure of himself.

EXT. ROADWAY - DAY

However, there is still a barrier between TRUMAN and Bourbon Street. The highway, leading to a cloverleaf freeway junction in the distance, is completely blocked off by Seahaven police cars. No way past. Nuclear silos in the distance spew out an ominous puff of smoke. A sign reads, "SEAHAVEN ISLAND NUCLEAR POWER STATION -- Clean, Safe, Economical -- More Power To You!"

Truman is forced to slow at the police barricade.

TRUMAN

Now what?

OFFICER

(grim-faced, indicating
the nearby power plant)

Leak at the plant. They had to shut
her down.

TRUMAN

Is there any way around?

OFFICER

The whole area's being evacuated.

TRUMAN

Well, thank you for your help.

OFFICER

You're welcome, Truman.

Truman's eyes widen at the mention of his name from an apparent stranger. As the officer turns, Truman bolts from the car, leaving MERYL in the passenger seat.

MERYL

Truman!! Come back!!

Truman flees into the forest.

INT. A LIVING ROOM SOMEWHERE - DAY

The TWO OLD LADIES we have observed before are almost overcome with tension. One lady reaches out for her companion's hand.

EXT. FOREST NEAR SEAHAVEN NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - DAY

TRUMAN bursts past the alien-looking HAZARDOUS WATER WORKERS in their protective suits carrying detection instruments.

The workers give chase in their cumbersome suits, trying to cut off his path.

Nearing the edge of the forest, Truman hears the sound of hammers and saws. But before he has time to see the source of the sound, he is tackled to the ground.

As SEAHAVEN POLICE OFFICERS drag him away, one of the WASTE WORKERS walks the remaining few yards, pushing aside a wall of tropical foliage. We now see what Truman was prevented from seeing.

A Polynesian island is under construction by dozens of RIGGERS, PAINTERS and SET DECORATORS. Large cranes are lifting palm trees into place, a fake volcano is being tested in the distance and rehearsals for a firewalking ceremony are underway complete with hot coals, DRUMMERS and FIREWALKERS in native dress.

The wings and fuselage of an airliner are being constructed on a hydraulic gimbal. Leading into one side of the airliner is a covered walkway, emblazoned with a sign, "Seahaven Island -- Departures." Emerging from the opposite side of the airliner is an old-fashioned airline stairway with the sign, "Welcome to Fiji."

At the foot of the steps, TWO WOMEN in Fijian dress are being shown the correct way to present a floral lei.

FIJI WOMAN

Did he see us?

WASTE WORKER

(into microphone)

Negative.

INT. TRUMAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

MERYL sows TWO SEAHAVEN POLICEMEN out the back door.

MERYL

Thank you.

POLICEMAN 1

You're lucky he's no glowing, Ma'am.

Next time we'll have to file charges.

Meryl joins TRUMAN at the kitchen table. Truman applauds ironically.

MERYL

Let me get you some help, Truman.

You're not well.

TRUMAN

(ignoring her
medical advice)
Why do you want to have a child with
me? You can't stand me.

MERYL
That's not true.

Meryl picks up a package and holds it to camera.

MERYL
Why don't I make you some of this
new Mococoa Drink? All natural.
Cocoa beans from the upper slopes
of Mount Nicaragua. No artificial
sweeteners--

TRUMAN
(incredulous)
-- What the hell are you talking
about?!

MERYL
I've tasted other cocoas. This is
the best.

Truman rises from the table and backs her around the room.

TRUMAN
What the hell has that got to do with
anything? Tell me what's happening?!

MERYL
(frightened but
remaining poised)
You're having a nervous breakdown,
that's what's happening.

TRUMAN
(backing her up against
the kitchen bench)
You're part of this, aren't you?!

Meryl grabs the "Chef's-Mate" from the counter to protect
herself. She points the potato peeler at him.

MERYL
Truman, you're scaring me!

Truman looks into her eyes and, with surprising swiftness,
grabs her wrist and disarms her.

TRUMAN
No, you're scaring me, Meryl!

Truman grabs Meryl and turns the Chef's Mate on her. He stares wildly about him.

TRUMAN

Stop this now. I'll do it. I swear.

MERYL

Do something...

Upon hearing her remark, Truman's eyes widen. Sensing that she too is addressing a third person, he jerks her head around to read her face.

TRUMAN

(wild-eyed)

Who were you talking to?!

MERYL

(incredulous)

You're the one talking to the walls!

TRUMAN

No. You said, "Do something." Who were you talking to? Tell me!

MERYL

Truman, stop it!

Suddenly, the front door chimes.

TRUMAN

Right on time. Cops must be telephatic.

Truman grabs his peeler and marches Meryl down the hallway to the front door. The doorbell chimes a second and third time, more insistently.

TRUMAN

(shouting through
the closed door)

Stay where you are!

MARLON (O.C.)

Truman? It's me, Marlon. I need to talk to you.

Truman flinches. He was so convinced it would be the police. He takes a step back against the hallway wall. Before he can decide what to do, MARLON has opened the unlocked front door to be confronted with the sight of Truman holding the peeler to Meryl's throat.

Marlon locks eyes with Truman. Sizing up the situation, he slowly but decisively removes the peeler from Truman's hand.

Meryl wrenches herself free from Truman's now limp grasp and collapses into Marlon's arm, sobbing.

MERYL

(distraught)

How can anyone expect me to carry on under these conditions? This is... unprofessional.

EXT. UNFINISHED BRIDGE - NIGHT

MARLON and TRUMAN, both nursing bottles of beer, sit on the end of the unfinished bridge.

TRUMAN

I don't know what to think, Marlon. Maybe I'm going out of my mind, but I get the feeling that the world revolves around me somehow.

MARLON

It's a lot of world for one man. You sure that's not wishful thinking, you wishing you'd made something more of yourself? Christ, Truman, we hasn't sat on the Jon and had an imaginary interview on "Seahaven Tonight"? Who hasn't wanted to be somebody?

TRUMAN

This is different. Everybody seems to be in on it.

Marlon looks around as if drawing inspiration from somewhere in the night.

MARLON

Tru, we've known each other since before we were in long pants. The only way we ever made it through high school was cheating off each other's test papers. Jesus, they were identical. I always liked that, because whatever the answer was--

Truman chimes in, nodding fondly at the memory.

TRUMAN & MARLON

-- we were right together and we were wrong together.

MARLON

The only night either of us ever spent in jail, we spent together

and I wet myself but you never told anyone. I was best man at your wedding and my brother was best man at my wedding and you didn't talk to me for a month over that and I didn't blame you because you've been more of a brother to me than he's ever been.

Truman is slowly coming around -- Marlon's speech from the heart soothing away his pain.

MARLON

I know things haven't worked out for either of us like we used to sit up on Monroe Avenue all night and dream they would. We all let opportunities pass us by. None of us asks for the dance as often as we should. I know that feeling when it's like everything's slipping away look for answers someplace else. But, well, the point is, I would gladly step in front of traffic for you.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

CHRISTOF stares intently into camera, holding his distinctive earpiece to his head. Beside him, his ever-present assistant, CHLOE.

CHRISTOF

(hushed tones)

And the last thing I'd ever do is lie to you.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

MARLON

(staring into Truman's eyes)

And the last thing I'd ever do is lie to you.

(pause)

Think about it, Truman, if everybody's in on it, I'd have to be in on it too. I'm not in on it, because there is no it.

TRUMAN

So what are you saying, Marlon, the whole thing has been in my head--?

MARLON

(meeting his gaze)

Not the whole thing, Truman. You were right about one thing.

TRUMAN

What's that?

MARLON

The thing that started all of this.

TRUMAN looks up in the direction of MARLON's gaze. A FIGURE stands at the end of the freeway -- a homeless man. It is his father, KIRK.

MARLON

Yes, he survived somehow. He's got quite a story to tell.

Marlon helps Truman to his feet -- Truman still transfixed by the figure.

MARLON

Go to him.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

CHRISTOF continues to direct the action from what is now revealed to be the control room of a television studio.

CHRISTOF

Go wide, LightCam Eight...

In a wide shot, from one of the streetlights lining the empty freeway, we see TRUMAN walking towards his long-lost FATHER.

CHRISTOF

... CurCam Twelve... and ... cue music... Beethoven, Third Symphony, Second Movement.

Music swells. Kirk and Truman embrace in the middle of the freeway. Truman takes his father's ring from his own finger.

CHRISTOF

... RingCam...

We see a close up of Kirk from the ring's POV. Truman places the ring in the palm of his father's hand.

CHRISTOF

... ButtonCam Three...

We see a close up of Truman from a camera on Kirk's coat.

TRUMAN

I never stopped believing.

KIRK

(gazing the ring, then
up to Truman's face)

Thank you... my son.

CHRISTOF

And wide...

SIMEON looks to his director.

SIMON

Close up?

CHRISTOF

(staring intently
at his monitor)

No, hold back...

The CREW watches Kirk and Truman embrace.

KIRK

All those years, wasted.

TRUMAN

We have a lot of years ahead.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

CHRISTOF allows himself a smile of satisfaction.

CHRISTOF

And fade up music... now go in close

...

As a tight two-shot of father and son fills the screen, the orchestra swells with triumphant music.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

FATHER and SON remain in the embrace. Over Truman's shoulder, we see a flash of guilt flicker across MARLON's face.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

CHRISTOF, emotionally drained by the events, slumps in his chair. CHOLE rests a supportive hand on his shoulder. The head of the network, MOSES, a man in his seventies, enters with his young assistant, ROMAN -- their faces full of admiration.

MOSES

Well done. Well done, everyone.

INT. A BEDROOM SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

A YOUNG WOMAN reclines on a bed, her back against the wall. Propped up on her knees is a book. However, she's not reading but staring straight into camera -- a look of profound sadness on her face. It is SYLVIA.

From her point-of-view, we see a portable television set on a table at the foot of the bed.

On the television is a live picture of TRUMAN -- the first time we have seen him on a television screen. He is sitting at his kitchen table, unaware of the camera recording him.

The shot is static. He just sits there in silence, a steaming cup of cocoa in front of him and a plate of untouched cookies.

At one point, a sponsor's border, appears on the screen, tastefully framing the "action," with the message, "MOCOCOA -- Cocoa beans from the upper slopes of Mount Nicaragua." After several seconds the border disappears.

Suddenly, the live picture of Truman shrinks into a window on the screen to accommodate a title sequence that begins to play around the edge of the image. "The Truman Show" theme music begins.

The camera cranes up and over the Hollywood sign, the flatlands of Burbank stretching into the distance.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

From the network that ever sleeps --
broadcasting live and unedited 24
hours a day, 7 days a week, around
the globe...

During this continuous aerial shot, overlapping scenes from Truman's life appear in chronological order, from infancy to adolescence and finally adulthood. Photographs of leading CAST MEMBERS also appear in individual frames.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...with Hannah Gill as Meryl Burbank,
Louis Coltrane as Marlon, Alanis
Montclair as Mother, re-introducing
Walter Moore as her husband, Kirk...

The music swells as the camera approaches a mammoth structure at the base of the mountains -- a dome so vast it dwarfs everything around it. At the top of the dome is a huge painting of Truman's face encircled by satellite dishes -- inside each dish is a single letter spelling out, T-H-E T-R-U-M-A-N S-H-O-W -- a banner proclaims, "30th Great Year."

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...and Truman Burbank as Himself,
taped in the world's largest studio,
one of only two man-made structures
visible from space, comes the
longest running documentary soap
opera in story, now in its 30th
great year -- "The Truman Show"!

The camera rushes towards the outside wall of the gigantic dome bathed in sunlight. When we emerge on the other side, it is night. The camera cranes up from a calm, moonlit ocean to the night sky above. As we near the crescent-shaped moon, we discover that it is actually a window overlooking Seahaven. Standing in the "crater" window is the suited CHRISTOF.

INT. LUNAR STUDIO - NIGHT

Pulling back from the window we reveal an INTERVIEWER, mid-forties, conservative suit and hair. A large television shows a live picture of Truman. Immersed in his book.

INTERVIEWER

I'm your host, Mike Michaelson,
coming to you live from the Lunar
Room on the 121st story of the
OmniCam Ecosphere, 2800 feet above
Seahaven Island. Tonight, a
special edition of "Tru Talk," the
forum where we discuss and analyze
recent events on the show. We are
honored to bring you a rare and
exclusive interview with the show's
conceiver, creator, visionary,
the Man-In-The-Moon himself --
Christof.

(referring to the
image of Truman
between them)

I remind viewers that as "The
Truman Show" is a living history,
it is our practice to keep the
image of Truman on screen at all
times.

A TITLE APPEARS: Due to the Live and Unedited nature of the program, viewer discretion is advised.

The Interviewer turns to Christof.

INTERVIEWER

Welcome.

CHRISTOF

Thank you.

INTERVIEWER

The catalyst for the recent dramatic events was, of course, Truman's father, Kirk, and his infiltration onto the show. Before we discuss that, it's worth reminding viewers that this isn't the first time someone from the outside world has tried to reach Truman.

CHRISTOF

We have had our close calls in the past.

Behind the two men, the constantly playing image of Truman engrossed in his book is relegated to a window of the screen.

PLAYBACK - INT. TRUMAN'S HOME - CHRISTMAS MORNING

TRUMAN, 7, is opening present under the tree -- KIRK and MOTHER proudly looking on.

INTERVIEWER

Who can forget the infamous "Christmas Present" incident in the seventh season?

Suddenly, a small MAN bursts from a large, Christmas parcel. Kirk and the man grapple on the floor in front of the stunned seven-year-old. Kirk drags him away.

PLAYBACK - EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

As the adult TRUMAN makes his way to work, a PARACHUTIST drops from the sky into the main street, only yards behind him.

INTERVIEWER

And only last summer "Billie Blackbird" made his third attempt, leaping from a lighting gantry.

The parachutist is dressed entirely in black with a message emblazoned on his chest, "TRUMAN, YOU'RE ON TV." COMMUTERS grab the man and drag him away -- Truman blissfully unaware of the incident.

CHRISTOF

(dismissive)

These people have their own agendas. Many just want to be on television themselves.

PLAYBACK - EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The encounter between TRUMAN and the homeless KIRK is replayed up to the point where Kirk is bundled onto the bus.

INTERVIEWER

Of course, there has been anything to compare with this -- the first time an intruder has been a former cast member--

CHRISTOF

-- a dead one at that.

INTERVIEWER

-- and certainly the first time that an intruder has been rewarded with a starring role.

(gushing)

I really must congratulate you on writing Kirk back in. A master stroke.

CHRISTOF

Since Kirk started this whole crisis in Truman's life, I came to the conclusion that he was the only one who could end it.

INTERVIEWER

I understand he's hardly had a life of his own since he left the show. How did you convince him -- was it the opportunity to be close to Truman again?

CHRISTOF

That and a fat, new contract.

INTERVIEWER

How do you intend to explain his twenty-two year absence?

CHRISTOF

Amnesia.

INTERVIEWER

(impressed, nodding
in agreement)

Of course.

The Interviewer consults his note.

INTERVIEWER

Let's talk ratings. "Truman" has always enjoyed top ten status but

the huge surge over the last few days -- how do you hope to sustain that audience now that Truman appears to have reconciled himself?

CHRISTOF

As you know ratings have never been our primary goal. I imagine we'll lose those voyeurs only interested in witnessing Truman's latest torment. However, I'm certain that our core audience will remain loyal.

INTERVIEWER

But recent events have been so dramatic, it does raise the perennial question. What keeps us watching this one man twenty-four hours a day -- eating, sleeping, working, sitting for hours in contemplation?

CHRISTOF

It has to be the reality.

During this segment, we cut to a cross-section of VIEWERS -- the WAITRESS and BARMAN in the bar, the TWO OLD WOMEN on their sofa, the TWO SECURITY GUARDS, and the MAN in the bath -- listening to Christof's theories on their viewing habits.

CHRISTOF

We've become tired of watching actors give us phony emotions, bored with pyrotechnics and special effects. While the world he inhabits is counterfeit, there's nothing fake about Truman himself. No scripts, no cue cards. It's not always Shakespeare but it's genuine. That's how he can support an entire channel.

INTERVIEWER

A window onto the human condition?

CHRISTOF

I prefer to think of it as a mirror.

At that moment, Truman -- still live on the screen -- unwittingly punctuates the pretentious remark with a belch. Christof and the Interviewer try not to notice.

CHRISTOF

Not only does he give us a glimpse of the truth, he gives us a glimpse

of ourselves.

INTERVIEWER

But how do you account for the popularity of those eight hours a day when Truman sleeps?

CHRISTOF

We find many viewers leave him on all night for comfort. Haven't you ever watched your child or your lover sleep?

INTERVIEWER

Let's go to some of those viewers' calls.

The Interviewer presses a blinking, illuminated button on his desk's high-tech phone terminal. During this segment, various windows open on the screen advertising products from the "Truman" catalogue.

INTERVIEWER

Charlotte, North Carolina, for Christof.

MALE CALLER 1 (O.S.)

Hello?

INTERVIEWER

You're on, Caller. Go ahead.

MALE CALLER 1

Christof, it's a great honor to speak with you.

CHRISTOF

Thank you.

MALE CALLER 1

How much of a strain has the last few days placed on the actors?

CHRISTOF

Working on "Truman" has always been a huge commitment for an actor, not just in terms of separation from friends and family, but since Truman essentially drives the plot, it is a never-ending improvisation -- witness Marlon's extraordinary performance in the recent "Father And Son Reunion" episode.

INTERVIEWER

(cutting off the call)
Are we talking Emmies?

CHRISTOF
Certainly a nomination.

INTERVIEWER
Of course, Truman has always been very much in on casting.

CHRISTOF
As with our own lives, the only people he can't cast are his family. Otherwise he has final approval, able to elevate an extra into a lead role as was the case with his only real friend, Marlon, or alternatively relegate a star to a bit player.

INTERVIEWER
(presenting another line)
Istanbul, Turkey, you're on with master videographer, Christof.

FEMALE CALLER 1 (O.S.)
Christof, I've admired your work my whole life, although I can't say I've seen it all.

CHRISTOF
Who can?

FEMALE CALLER 1
Can you settle an argument for me? What's the longest time Truman has been off-camera?

CHRISTOF
(trace of pride)
In his entire life, forty-two minutes. A technical fault in the twelfth season accounts for most of that time. The remainder generally results from blindspots, in the early days, when Truman would stray out of range of our cameras.

INTERVIEWER
We should remind viewers that Truman, especially as a child, presented a challenge for the production.

CHRISTOF
(turning to the screen)

Let me demonstrate some examples.

Footage of TRUMAN as a baby appears on the screen -- as a newborn INFANT, held in a pair of anonymous latex-gloved hands, and as a TODDLER, dressed in various baby outfits -- on one occasion looking through the bars of his crib.

CHRISTOF

He was curious from birth --
premature by two weeks, as if he
couldn't wait to get started.

INTERVIEWER

Of course, his eagerness to leave
his mother's womb also meant he was
the one selected.

CHRISTOF

(enthusing)

In competition with five other
unwanted pregnancies -- the casting
of a show determined by an air date
-- he was the one who arrived on cue.

INTERVIEWER

Who knew that a show originally
meant to last one year -- "Bringing
Up Baby." -- would turn into a
"cradle to grave" concept. He is
in fact the first child in the world
to be legally adopted by a
corporation.

CHRISTOF

That's correct.

INTERVIEWER

And the show now generates a yearly
income equivalent to the gross
national product of a small country.

CHRISTOF

People forget it takes the
population of an entire country to
keep the show running.

INTERVIEWER

No, of course not.

(quickly changing
the subject)

And since the show runs 24 hours a
day with no commercial breaks the
staggering profits are all
generated from product placement.

CHRISTOF

Yes, everything you see on the show is for sale -- from the actors' wardrobe, food products, to the very homes they live in--

INTERVIEWER

All products carefully chosen and tested by you for quality and aesthetic value.

CHRISTOF

There's nothing on the show I don't use myself.

INTERVIEWER

And it's all available in the "Truman Show" catalogue. Operators are standing by.

Christof nods.

INTERVIEWER

Why do you feel that Truman's never come close to discovering the true nature of his world?

CHRISTOF

We accept the reality of the world with which we're presented. As the show expanded, naturally we were forced to manufacture ways to keep Truman in Seahaven -- demonstrating that every venture is accompanied by a risk.

The SEVEN-YEAR-OLD TRUMAN have seen in other flashbacks appears on the screen. Wearing a cowboy outfit, he goes to cross the walkway of a bridge when he is suddenly confronted by a savage DOG wearing a spiked collar.

CHRISTOF

Later, Kirk's drowning made much of this kind of intervention unnecessary.

We freeze on seven-year-old Truman's terrified face.

INTERVIEWER

You've never actually met Truman, yourself. Never thought about doing a cameo -- playing a veterinarian, or a priest, something like that?

CHRISTOF

I've been tempted. But I think it's

important to retain objectivity. I wouldn't want to get emotionally caught up.

INTERVIEWER

The Hague for Christof... The Hague?
... Lost them.

(pressing another line)

Hollywood, California, you're on
"Tru Talk."

FEMALE CALLER 2 (O.S.)

How can you say he lives a life like
any other?

CHRISTOF

(sensing the thinly disguised
resentment in the Caller's
voice)

As the Bard says, "All the world's
a stage, and all the men and women
merely players." The only
difference between Truman and
ourselves is that his life is more
thoroughly documented. He is
confronted with the same obstacles
and influences that confront us all.
He plays his allotted roles as we
all do --

FEMALE CALLER 2

-- He's not a performer. He's a
prisoner.

The Interviewer goes to cut off the call, but Christof stops
him.

CHRISTOF

(rising to the challenge)

And can you tell me, caller, that
you're not a player on the stage of
life -- playing out your allotted
role? He can leave at any time.
If his was more than just a vague
ambition, if he were absolutely
determined to discover the truth,
there's no way we could prevent him.
I think what really distresses you,
caller, is that ultimately Truman
prefers the comfort of his "cell"
as you call it.

FEMALE CALLER 2

(as if trying to convince
herself, giving herself

away)
-- No, you're wrong! He'll prove
you wrong! He can still do it!

The Interviewer hangs up on the caller.

INT. A BEDROOM SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

In a darkly lit room, we see SYLVIA. It is she who is the confrontational Caller -- phone still in her hand.

CHRISTOF

We've learnt about life as Truman
has and, despite the complaints of
a minority, it's been an
overwhelmingly positive experience,
for Truman and for the viewing
public.

INTERVIEWER

Let's take another call.
(pressing a line)
London, England, you're on "Tru
Talk."

MALE CALLER 2 (O.S.)

Christof? Congratulations on the
way you've always handled Truman's
"sex" life -- the classical music,
soft lighting and so on. But has
the recent violence caused a
problem for the show's sponsors?

CHRISTOF

The sponsors know the risks going
in, although we do try to maintain
standards -- a level of decorum.
For instance, I've never put a
camera in the toilet.

Still in silhouette, SYLVIA turns down the volume on the television. Focusing on the window on the screen that displays TRUMAN, she comes close to the screen, catching is melancholy, saddened by his regression.

INT. TRUMAN'S BASEMENT - MORNING

TRUMAN breathes in the scent of Sylvia's sweater one last time before reluctantly replacing it in the trunk, together with his book, "To The Ends OF The Earth -- The Age Of Exploration" For a final time, he regards his unfinished picture of SYLVIA inside -- two holes where the eyes should be. As he does so, he finds two lost paper cuttings -- a pair of eyes on the basement floor. He tries them. Ironically they fit -- the picture completed. He closes the

trunk anyway. With a sense of finality, he fastens the lock.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The giant ON-AIR monitor in the control room plays a close-up shot of Truman sleeping.

CHRISTOF comes close to the monitor and almost touches the screen. As he does so, Truman twitches in his sleep.

INT. BATHROOM -- MORNING

TRUMAN wipes the mist from the mirror of the bathroom cabinet and stares into it in a way he has never done before.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- MORNING

Close up on the giant ON-AIR monitor in the control room. It displays a wide shot of Truman staring into the bathroom mirror.

We slowly pull back to reveal SIMEON and the other VIDEO OPERATORS sitting at the mixing desks arranged in tiers reminiscent of an auditorium or NASA's Mission Control. Each mixing desk contains dozen-or-so built-in monitors and is designed with a location such as "Truman's House -- Interior," "Truman's Office -- Cubicle," "Tyrone's Deli." The operator at each desk, sitting in a swivel chair and wearing the slimmest of headsets, is responsible for monitoring a particular location.

The monitors cover virtually every facet of Truman's life. Camera angles from the interior of Truman's house, his backyard, car, office, the deli he frequents, the seashore to which he is drawn, the unfinished bridge where he golfs with Marlon -- many of the locations strangely devoid of people.

Simeon, seated in the front row of mixing desks, stares back at Truman's image on the monitor, slightly unnerved.

SIMEON

(to a nearby COLLEAGUE)

Is he looking at us?

As if to reassure the technician, Truman begins one of his familiar monologues. He talks to the mirror as if being interviewed.

TRUMAN

-- What are my plans now? Well, next I'm thinking of tackling the Yuba River in a authentic canoe from the Algonquin tribe. I'm talking about the north fork, a

class five rapid -- only I'm not going down the Yuba, I'm going up. Do you honestly think for one minute I'd go back to some dreary office to rubber stamp meaningless documents... do you?

MERYL (O.C.)

-- Truman, you're gonna be late!

Truman sighs as he exits the bathroom.

EXT. STREET -- MORNING

TRUMAN exchanges a cheery greeting with SPENCER.

SPENCER

How are ya, Truman?

TRUMAN

Inhale... exhale... same old thing.

He waves to WASHINGTONS across the street. He pets PLUTO the dog.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Back at work at the insurance company, TRUMAN sits in his cubicle making another of his cold calls.

TRUMAN

-- a forty-five-year-old woman sitting in the second row at an amateur production of Hamlet, Hamlet's dagger slips from his hand and flies into the audience...

A YOUNG WOMAN, carrying a stack of files, catches Truman's eye as she passes. VIVIEN. She is faintly reminiscent of SYLVIA at the same age -- even wearing a similar sweater.

TRUMAN

(returning to his call)

-- what I'm saying is, life is a fragile thing... hullo?

EXT. TRUMAN'S BACKYARD - DUSK

TRUMAN wheels his lawnmower, deliberately averting his eyes from the back of the house. Staring out of the kitchen window, a tall glass of iced tea in her hand, MERYL has been anticipating her husband's appearance. She wears a neckbrace, we sense more as a reminder to Truman than for any medical benefit she might derive.

Feeling Meryl's eyes burning into his back, Truman fires up the mower and heads directly towards the symbolically uncut section of grass. We focus on the errant blades of grass as they are severed by the mower -- a new Elk Rotary. The lawn is now uniformly trimmed -- Truman's final act of defiance laid to rest.

INT. STUDIO - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

CHRISTOF stands at a large, specially screened window, silhouetted against the twinkling stars and full moon of a hyper-real nightsky.

Members of the cast enter the room -- principal characters in Truman's life -- MERYL, MOTHER, KIRK, TYRONE, LAWRENCE and the new actress, VIVIEN. They take their places around a long, oval table for a story conference -- Vivien sitting slightly apart from the rest of the cast.

We glimpse over Christof's shoulder at what he sees -- the town of Seahaven far below, bathed in moonlight. He comes out of his reverie and joins his cast, sitting at the head of the table. In front of him, a TV "tablet" plays silently -- showing Truman drinking a glass of milk in hi kitchen.

CHRISTOF

(to the assembled cast)

First of all, I'd like to welcome
Walter back onto the show.

(nods in Kirk's direction)

You may have done us more of a
favor than you ever imagined.

(turning to Meryl,
using her real name)

Regrettably, I also have to inform
you that Hannah has chosen not to
renew her contract.

All eyes turn to Meryl. She looks at the floor.

CHRISTOF

I'm sure we can all respect her
reasons.

Meryl receives a sympathetic squeeze of the hand from her co-star Marlon, now out of wardrobe, wearing an Armani suit.

CHRISTOF

As you all know, we have already
begun to orchestrate her break-up
from Truman.

(more up-beat)

However, on a more optimistic note,
I'm pleased to announce that
television's first on-air conception

will still take place. You witnessed the initial contact this morning.

(glancing to Vivien, once again using her real name)

You all know Claudia from her work in theatre.

MOTHER

I loved your Ophelia.

CLAUDIA

Why thank you.

The rest of the cast nod politely in Claudia's direction. CHLOE passes out a bound document to each cast member.

CHRISTOF

(referring to the documents)

This is a copy of Claudia's back story. Her character's name is "Vivien."

The cast idly flips through the documents, prominently stamped on the cover, "NOT TO BE TAKEN ON SET."

CHRISTOF

We intend to entice Truman into the affair as soon as possible. Claudia will make a pass at the insurance seminar Truman's attending. Details are in your schedules.

(pause for effect)

I don't have to tell you how critical the next few weeks will be. This takes us into the next generation. When Truman's child is born, the network will be switching to a two-channel format to chronicle both lives.

CLAUDIA

What happens when Truman and the baby are both on camera together?

CHRISTOF

This will simply be duplicate coverage.

CLAUDIA

(mischievous)

Let's just hope we don't have twins.

MARLON

(uncharacteristically
flippant)
When Truman dies do we go back to
the single channel?

The cast returns in his direction. Christof shoots him a disapproving look.

INT. TRUMAN'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

TRUMAN sleeps on a cot bed in his basement -- more cluttered than usual. A virtual bombsite -- dozens of cardboard boxes stacked everywhere. Although he is covered in bedding, his sock-clad feet stick out of the bed covers. The outline of his body is still clearly visible. He snores quietly.

INT. VARIOUS VIEWER LOCATIONS - NIGHT

The TWO OLD LADIES have nodded off on their sofa in front of the television, their breathing and occasional snores echo those of Truman.

In the BAR, the WAITRESS -- normally an avid viewer -- only idly glances to the screen as she passes with a tray of drinks.

The MAN in the bath resignedly lets the water out of the tub and goes to get out.

The MOTHER only occasionally glances to the screen as she feeds her BABY. Her DAUGHTER has her eyes closed, bopping to her Walkman.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

SIMEON sits at his control desk, directing the "night-shift." He pays scant attention to the big screen, giving his instruction in a lethargic, metronomic manner.

SIMEON
...Ready two. Go to two.

An OPERATOR, eating a slice of pizza, presses one of the illuminated buttons on the panel and the camera angle changes to a close shot of Truman's covered head. The camera stays on the blanketed head for a long moment.

SIMEON
And back to the medium...

Another button is pressed and the angle changed. A trace of frustration is evident in the control room. Recording a sleeping subject is unrewarding enough without also having to contend with Truman's recently acquired camera-shyness.

SIMEON

... and wide...

OPERATOR

(aside to Simeon)

What a loser.

SIMEON

Who cares? Makes life easier for us.

He is what he is.

At the far end of the control room, one of the largest double doors opens and CHRISTOF enters, dressed in a smoking jacket. Simeon and the Operators subtly straighten in their chairs. Christof pretends not to notice. He is staring intently at the ON-AIR monitor.

CHRISTOF

Why is he in the basement?

SIMEON

He moved down there after Meryl packed up and left.

CHRISTOF

Why wasn't I told? Any unpredictable behavior has to be reported.

(returning to the screen)

Is that the best shot we can get?

SIMEON

What's to see?

CHRISTOF

What's on the ClockCam?

The operator punches up the camera hidden inside a broken cuckoo clock. A box obscures the view.

OPERATOR

There's an obstruction.

Christof watches Truman, a trace of concern in his eyes. CHLOE enters.

CHRISTOF

(referring to the debris
in Truman's basement)

What happened down there?

SIMEON

He was tidying up his garbage.
(sensing Christof's
concern)

I was going to call you. But half-way through, he gave up and fell asleep.

Apparently satisfied, Christof turns to an Operator.

CHRISTOF

I want to check the set-ups for tomorrow's insurance convention.

Reading off the notes in Chloe's folder, the Operator punches up a batch of camera angles on smaller preview monitors. They show a generic-looking hotel, devoid of actors. A banner in reception reads, "Welcome Seahaven Life and Accident."

The Operator looks to Christof for approval and realizes his producer's attention has wandered. Christof has wandered down to the front of the room to stand beside the giant ON-AIR monitor still displaying the sleeping figure of Truman.

CHRISTOF

Give me a shot from Truman's ring.

SIMEON

He gave it back to his father.

Christof nods.

CHRISTOF

(a trace of concern)

Why is he so still?

Christof picks up a spare headset from the panel and puts it to his ear.

CHRISTOF

Isolate the audio.

An Operator pushes up an audio fader on the panel. Christof and his colleagues listen to Truman's steady breathing in their headphones.

SIMEON

(shrugs)

He's still breathing.

Simeon and the Operator nod, reassured that nothing is amiss. Christof is not so easily convinced.

CHRISTOF

Give me a preview. An ECU on his torso.

A camera in the room's lamp zooms in to Truman's prone

outline. While the breathing remains steady, the body does not rise and fall. Christof, still listening to his headphones, detects a faint scratching sound followed by a strange thud.

CHRISTOF
(anxious, barking a
command to Chloe)

Phone him.

Chloe picks up a phone connected to the desk and dials.

CHRISTOF
(anticipating Chloe's
question)

Tell him it's a wrong number.

The upstairs phone begins to ring. Truman doesn't flinch.

INT. AN OFFICE BUILDING SOMEWHERE - RECEPTION - NIGHT

The TWO SECURITY GUARDS are intrigued by Truman's unanswered phone on their television set.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

CHRISTOF and SIMEON concentrate on another, separate monitor playing in fast-rewind, time code in the bottom right-hand corner. It is a recording of the night's transmission. Simeon pauses on the last on-camera appearance by Truman.

They watch Truman, on-screen, switch off the basement light and climb into the cot bed fully clothed, immediately pulling the covers over his head. As the light is switched off, the recording camera automatically switches to night vision. Simeon continues to play at normal speed, now and then scrolling forward in fast-forward mode. Christof suddenly points to screen.

CHRISTOF
There. Freeze... Zoom into the
chair...

Simeon types the appropriate command.

CHRISTOF
Enhance... there!

On the blown-up screen, between a cardboard box and a chair leg, it is barely possible to make out Truman's hand as he crawls commando-style from beneath the covers and behind a cardboard box near the large tool cupboard.

Simeon points out an angle of the empty staircase.

SIMEON

He hasn't gone up the stairs. He's still in the room.

EXT. TRUMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MARLON's car squeals to a halt outside Truman's house. Hurriedly dressed in jeans and coat over a bare chest, he dashes barefoot up the porch to the front door. He tries the doorhandle, pounds on the door and rings the doorbell simultaneously, shouting Truman's name all the while.

MARLON

Tru! Tru! ... Earthquake alert... flood! We've gotta get outside onto the street! Tru?!

Frustrated, Marlon picks up one of Meryl's carefully nurtured flower pots from beneath the porch window.

MARLON

(shouting a warning)
I'm coming in, Tru!

Marlon hurls the flower pot through the window.

INT. TRUMAN'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

MARLON switches on the light and clambers down the wooden stairs to the basement.

He pushed away the clutter and finally stands at his co-star's bedside. He gingerly lifts the covers. Beneath the bedding, clothes have been carefully piled to resemble a sleeping figure -- socks placed on the end of two tree branches.

Buried amongst the clothes is Truman's portable tape recorder. Marlon places the recorder next to his ear. The cassette plays the sound of TRUMAN BREATHING.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

CHRISTOF stares, wide-eyed, at the image on the On-Air monitor of MARLON.

CHRISTOF

Find him, Marlon!

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

MARLON starts frantically pushing aside the clutter, sending Truman's model ships and other hobbies crashing to the floor. Eliminating all over possible hiding places, he confronts Truman's tool closet, the wall map of the Fiji Islands still

hanging on the door. Marlon rips open the door and is hit with a shaft of light -- moonlight.

The top of the closet has been removed and a crude tunnel containing a ladder heads almost directly upwards to the outside of the house. The bottom of the closet is ankle deep with dirt. Embedded in the tunnel wall is Meryl's Chef's Mate -- Truman's digging implement.

EXT. TRUMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MARLON's head pops up outside the house. Unable to help himself, Marlon looks directly into a wide shot camera concealed in a streetlight.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

CHRISTOF

Marlon, don't look at the camera!
Say something!

MARLON

(to streetlight, stunned,
breaking the fourth wall)
What? He's gone!

CHRISTOF

(to Simeon, quiet but firm)
Cut transmission.

Simeon hesitates, unsure if he has heard correctly. He looks to Christof for confirmation, his finger poised over an "EMERGENCY" button.

CHRISTOF

(enraged)
I said, "Cut!"

Christof lunges forward and presses the button himself. The scene in Truman's bedroom playing on the on-air monitor is abruptly replaced by the "TRUMAN" logo and the message, "TECHNICAL FAULT. PLEASE STAND BY."

INT. A LIVING ROOM SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

The TWO OLD WOMEN on the sofa are stunned to see their TV screen go black.

INT. A BAR SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

HEADS also turn in the bar permanently tuned to the "Truman" channel.

INT. AN APARTMENT SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

The other loyal viewer transfixed by the test card is SYLVIA, alone in her darkened apartment.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Reminiscent of a military headquarters in wartime, the control room is a scene of barely controlled panic. SECURITY GUARDS come and go, phones ring, lights flash, every available VIDEO MIXER is working. The monitors -- the "eyes" of the searchers -- are systematically scrutinized for any sign of Truman. CHRISTOF orchestrates operations from his position at the center of the control panel.

SIMEON

(nervous)

We've declared a curfew. Everyone else is at first positions.

CHRISTOF

All prop cars accounted for?

SIMEON

He has to be on foot. He has the world's most recognizable face. He can't disappear.

EXT. SEAHAVEN - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

We pan down one empty street after another. The town center is totally, eerily deserted. Suddenly, a line of PEOPLE comes around the corner, fanned out cross the street -- man-hunt.

PEOPLE of every description, shoulder to shoulder, marching down the otherwise empty streets the way a search is conducted at a crime scene. The lines includes PRINCIPALS and EXTRAS lined arm and arm, wardrobe for their usual roles as EXECUTIVES and SECRETARIES, STORE CLERKS, TELEPHONISTS, MAINTENANCE and CONSTRUCTION WORKERS, WAITERS and WAITRESSES, COOKS, SHOPPERS, HEALTH WORKERS, SECURITY GUARDS, POSTAL WORKERS, POLICE OFFICERS, FIRE FIGHTERS and HOMELESS PEOPLE.

We occasionally glimpse Truman's friends and colleagues amongst the searchers -- MARLON, LAWRENCE, MOTHER & KIRK, VIVIEN and TYRONE. Even the WASHINGTON's and SPENCER and PLUTO have joined the search -- a snarling Pluto straining at the leash has now assumed the role of tracker dog -- Truman's pajamas waved in front of his nose (clearly miscast as the friendly, neighborhood pooch).

Searchlights from Seahaven's many towers sweep the town. Once, the light falls on a blackened face cowering in the bushes beside a picket fence -- the fence now faintly reminiscent of prison bars. Even the beam of the full moon appears to be sweeping the town like a searchlight.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Barriers have been erected at the bridge leading out of Seahaven, guarded by several Seahaven police cars.

An extra dressed as a DERELICT wheels his shopping cart toward the bridge.

The derelict takes a look along the walkway alongside the bridge as if participating in the search. He finds a POLICE OFFICER standing on the walkway.

POLICE OFFICER

Any sign of him?

DERELICT

(gravelly voice)

Not yet.

POLICE OFFICER

Take it easy.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

A VIDEO OPERATOR in the sixth row watches the scene on one of his monitors -- the derelict standing with his back to camera. Just as the derelict turns toward camera the Operator turns away to take a sip of coffee. He misses what we see on his monitor -- the derelict's blackened face belongs to TRUMAN.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The disguised TRUMAN heads back to town.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

CHRISTOF turns to a LIGHTING TECHNICIAN.

CHRISTOF

We need more light.

EXT. SEAHAVEN STREETS - NIGHT

A building-to-building, floor-to-floor, office-to-office search is also being conducted, each structure secured as they go -- the SEARCHERS paying special attention to potential blind spots such as closets, dumpsters, manholes, sewers, car trunks, trees and shrubbery.

We focus on one of the waves of searchers. TRUMAN has linked arms in the middle of a row, his disguise still holding up.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

CHRISTOF glances impatiently at his watch.

CHRISTOF

We'll never find him like this.
What time is it?

CHLOE

(anticipating the request)
It's too early.

CHRISTOF

It doesn't matter. Cue the sun.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT/DAY

The sun instantly rises over Seahaven. CAST and EXTRAS shade their eyes from the sudden glare.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

While his COLLEAGUES monitor the bank of screens, CHRISTOF has been joined by the two anxious studio executives, MOSES and ROMAN.

MOSES

(to Christof who is
still studying the
faces in a row of
SEARCHERS)

Rumors are circulating he's dead.
The media is in a feeding frenzy.
The phone lines are jammed. Every
network has a pirated shot of
Marlon in the closet.

ROMAN

(pacing nervously)

The sponsors are threatening to rip
up their contracts.

CHRISTOF

(unconcerned, referring
to the static "STAND BY"
graphic, now accompanied
by soothing classical
music)

Why? We're getting higher ratings
for that graphic than any time in
the show's history.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The television above the bar carries the test card. PATRONS animatedly discuss Truman's fate over their drinks. Some place bets with each other on Truman's fate.

EXT. ELECTRONICS STORE - NIGHT

A CROWD of passersby hover around a display of televisions in the window of an electronics store, awaiting developments.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

THE fan of EXTRAS reaches the harbor and automatically turns to make another sweep.

CHLOE

(referring to the
empty streets)

When we flush him out how do we
explain this?

CHRISTOF

(deadpan)

We tell him the truth.

CHLOE looks askance at CHRISTOF.

CHRISTOF

(joking darkly)

We're making a movie.

EXT. HARBORSIDE - DAY

However, as he bypasses the entrance to a ticket box, he hasn't bargained on coming face to face with another straggler from the search.

MARLON. Truman freezes in front of his childhood companion -- Marlon instantly seeing through Truman's homeless disguise.

Truman glances nervously in the direction of the searchers. Their backs to the two men, they are beginning their next sweep. One shout from Marlon will give Truman away -- he is at Marlon's mercy.

Without a word, Marlon walks past Truman and rejoins the search.

Truman glances back to Marlon's retreating figure but Marlon never looks back.

EXT. DOCKSIDE -- DAY

TRUMAN reaches the edge of the dock. He looks out over the bay. There, riding at anchor some two hundred yards out, is a sail boat -- the same boat that circled Kirk and Truman's sail boat many years earlier.

We see a close-up of Truman's terrified eyes in his blackened

face, staring down at the lapping water. He steels himself, shuts out the doubts and dives into the water.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

SIMEON

(hopeful)

I'm sure we'll get him on this next sweep.

CHRISTOF

(distracted)

What have we missed?

SIMEON

It's just a matter of time.

CHRISTOF concentrates on a monitor displaying a view of the harbor.

CHRISTOF

(to Simeon)

We're not watching the sea.

SIMEON

(confused)

Why would we--

CHRISTOF

Sweep the harbor.

His COLLEAGUES begin to flick through dozens of waterborne hidden camera shots -- in moored craft, lighthouses and buoys -- trying to locate Truman.

Suddenly on one of the monitors there appears a single sail etched against the horizon.

SIMEON

That's got to be him!

ROMAN

How can he sail?! He's in insurance!

CHRISTOF

Resume transmission.

Simeon punches a button and the image of the sail boat is instantly transferred to the large ON-AIR monitor.

INT. OLD WOMEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The TWO OLD WOMEN doze against each other on the sofa in front of the TV.

The classical music on the television is abruptly replaced by the sound of the wind and the sea. One Old Lady blinks her eyes open, her breath taken away by the sight of Truman at the wheel of the sail boat. She rouses her companion.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

CHRISTOF
(staring intently at
the ON-AIR monitor)

What do we have on that boat?

SIMEON scans a computer shot list. He types in a code.

A camera from the mast of Truman's sail boat activates. Truman, unaware of the camera, is concentrating on his sailing.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

By now the ocean spray has washed most of the dirt from TRUMAN's face -- only a residue remains. The rags he wears are soaked.

As he steers, he occasionally refers to a "HOW TO SAIL" book from his coat pocket.

INT. A BATHROOM SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

The MAN in the bath we have seen earlier continues to watch from his tub.

MAN
(to himself)
I knew he wasn't dead.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

TRUMAN is at the wheel of the sail boat, wind filling her sails.

Seahaven left far behind, his is the only craft afloat in the harbor. He sets a course for the open sea as he and his father did long ago.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

CHRISTOF and the other PRODUCTION STAFF watch TRUMAN from a buoy's POV as he sails by.

CHRISTOF
Get another boat.

CHLOE

The ferry.

EXT. FERRY TERMINAL - DAY

A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT runs down the dock towards the FERRY CAPTAIN and his CREW.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Get that boat out there!

FERRY CAPTAIN

(who also played
the bus driver)

I don't know how. We were just
told to put on these clothes.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

The sea choppy now, rising and falling steeply beneath his boat, TRUMAN nears a large buoy bobbing clumsily in the strong swell. An official-looking sign on the buoy reads -- "DANGEROUS WATERS. DO NOT ENTER." We see an extreme close-up of the nautical signpost where a disguised miniature camera tracks Truman's progress.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

ROMAN

(anxious)

How do we stop him?

CHRISTOF

(glancing to Simeon)

How else?

Christof nods to controls on the mixing desk marked, "WIND" and "RAIN."

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

Storm clouds roll towards TRUMAN's boat at an alarming speed. He looks back towards the Seahaven skyline, rapidly receding behind him. Doubts invade Truman's head but he shuts them out and steers into the teeth of the storm -- a look of resolve in his eyes we have never witnessed before.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

MOSES and ROMAN pace at the back of the control room. CHRISTOF is focused on his monitor. Like Truman, he steels himself for a fight.

CHRISTOF

Cue music...

SIMEON

(hesitant)

What music?

CHRISTOF

(irritated)

Storm music... Wagner...

CHLOE

(watching the monitor)

There's no rescue boat in the area.

He won't know what to do.

MOSES

(trying to appeal to
Christof's sense of
reason)

For God's sake, Chris. The whole
world is watching. We can't let
him die in front of a live audience.

CHRISTOF

He was born in front of a live
audience.

(never taking his eyes
from the screen)

Don't worry, he's not willing to
risk his life. His doubts will
turn him back.

Simeon reluctantly winds the controls for "WAVE," "WIND" and
"RAIN" towards their maximum settings.

CHRISTOF

Kill the lights.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

Darkened suddenly descends. High winds and horizontal
driving rain buffet the boat. TRUMAN fights the tiller.
Hurricane force winds shake the mast and keel, ripping the
sails to shreds.

Suddenly, the mast of Truman's boat is struck by a bolt of
lightning -- snapping the rigging and knocking Truman
overboard. Flailing in the tempest, Truman manages to grab
hold of a trailing rope from the mast and hand-over-hand
drags himself back on board. Truman takes the rope and
lashes himself to the wheel.

Monstrous waves continually submerge the boat. With what
little is left of his rigging, Truman continues to head into
the gale.

TRUMAN

(shouting above the
storm, screaming
up to the sky)
Come on, is what the best you can
do? You're gonna have to kill me!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

In contrast to his panic-stricken COLLEAGUES, CHRISTOF gives an outward appearance of calm. Only we witness the minute bead of sweat appearing at his temple that betrays him.

SIMEON
(shocked at the sight of
Truman binding himself
to the boat)
Is he out of his mind?

MOSES
(to Christof)
On behalf of the studio, I demand
that you cease transmission.

CHRISTOF
(defiant, to Operators)
Keep running!

MOSES
-- That's not for you to say.

CHRISTOF
I take full responsibility--

MOSES
-- I'm telling you for the last time.

CHRISTOF
(to OPERATOR in front of
radar-style-screen)
How close is he?

OPERATOR
Very close.

CHRISTOF
Capsize him! Tip him over!

MOSES
(overlapping)
For God's sake, Christof!

CHLOE
(unable to contain herself
any longer, entreating
Christof)

You can't! He's tied himself to the boat. He'll drown!

SIMEON

(staring at Truman on the monitor, becoming affected his display of courage)

He doesn't care.

CHRISTOF

(enraged, to the Operator)

Do it!

All eyes turn in Christof's direction. None of the Operators is willing to touch the controls.

Christof reaches to the panel and does it himself, turning the "WAVE" controls to their maximum settings.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

A series of giant breakers march in formation across the sea -- arising from an unseen source.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The waves break across Truman's vessel. TRUMAN appears to be losing his fight against the storm, each successive wave taking its toll on his body, sapping his strength, his bindings the only thing keeping him upright. His head slumps, the tiller goes loose in his grasp, rocking out of control. Truman's will is draining away.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The control room CREW watch the heroic image of Truman on the ON-AIR monitor, awestruck, as if they too are now spectators watching a movie.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

As he is about to be overcome by the next wave, TRUMAN clamps the wheel with his whole body and braces for one last wave.

But the wave does not come. A strange phenomenon is occurring in the ocean. A distinct division has appeared in the ocean swell. Between the large rolling waves lies a corridor of calmer water, several hundred yards wide, a curious escape lane. The wind and the rain are also subsiding, the darkness lifting. A mist clings to the surface of the water. Truman steers his sail boat down the eerie corridor.

Several large, dark shapes emerge on the horizon. Land?

Islands? The shapes, containing some enormous mechanism including a huge wheel, only half exposed above water level, appear to be the source of the peculiar wave formations.

Truman continues to steer his wrecked sailboat towards the infinitely receding horizon. All is calm until we see the bow of the boat suddenly strike a huge, blue wall, knocking Truman off his feet. Truman recovers and clammers across the deck to the bow of the boat. Looming above him out of the sea is a cyclorama of colossal dimensions. The sky he has been sailing towards is nothing but a painted backdrop. Truman looks upward, straining his eyes to see the top of the sky, but it curves away at a steep angle beyond his sight.

Clinging to the boat with one hand, he tentatively reaches out towards the painted cyclorama. He touches the sky.

He looks about him and simply laughs.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

CHRISTOF and his PRODUCTION STAFF take in Truman's reaction in stunned silence.

INT/EXT. BARROOM/LAUNDROMAT/STOREFRONT/APARTMENT - NIGHT

Truman's laugh echoes around bars, offices, shops, homes and streets -- wherever a television is to be found -- no VIEWER speaks. They too are stunned into a hushed expectancy. The collective audience holds its breath.

EXT. OCEAN/CYCLORAMA - DAY

As the boat drifts alongside the seemingly never-ending curve of the cyclorama, TRUMAN's attention is drawn to an outline in the otherwise flawless backdrop. He retrieves the identikit picture of Sylvia from his coat pocket and clammers to the prow of the boat.

There, camouflaged in the painted skyscape just above the water line, is a door. Truman grabs hold of the recessed doorhandle and halts the drifting boat. He stands in front of the door and closes his eyes in a silent prayer.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The control room CREW stare in silence at the monitor -- their very livelihood on the brink of vanishing. CHRISTOF opens a small panel on his desk, breaks a seal, and speaks into the emergency P.A. system that is linked to the entire studio.

CHRISTOF

Truman!

INT/EXT. OCEAN/CYCLORAMA - DAY

CHRISTOF's voice booms over the now calm ocean.

CHRISTOF

Truman!

TRUMAN drops the handle as if his hand has been burned. He looks all about him.

CHRISTOF (O.C.)

You can speak. I can hear you.

Truman takes a moment to overcome his fear and astonishment.

TRUMAN

Who are you?

CHRISTOF

I'm the creator.

Truman looks up to the "heavens."

TRUMAN

The creator of what?

CHRISTOF (O.C.)

A show -- that gives hope and joy
and inspiration to millions.

TRUMAN

(incredulous)

A show. Then who am I?

CHRISTOF (O.C.)

You're the star.

Truman struggles to take it all in.

TRUMAN

Nothing was real.

CHRISTOF

Nothing was real. That's what made
you so good to watch.

Truman takes out the drenched picture of Sylvia, recalling her words at the beach.

TRUMAN

(to himself)

"The eyes are everywhere."

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

CHRISTOF picks up a slim, flat monitor. He swivels in his chair and gazes intently at the image of Truman he now holds in his hands.

CHRISTOF

Listen to me, Truman--

On the screen, Truman again reaches for the door handle.

EXT. CYCLORAMA - DAY

We focus on TRUMAN's hand. CHRISTOF's voice echoes across the water.

CHRISTOF

You can leave if you want. I won't try to stop you. But you won't survive out there. You don't know what to do, where to go.

A wave of doubt washes over Truman's face.

TRUMAN

(referring to the photo)

I have a map.

CHRISTOF

Truman, I've watched you your whole life. I saw you take your first step, your first word, your first kiss. I know you better than you know yourself. You're not going to walk out that door--

TRUMAN

-- You never had a camera in my head.

INT/EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT

The VIEWERS stare into camera in fascination.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

TRUMAN turns back to the sky, looking up towards CHRISTOF.

CHRISTOF

Truman, there's no more truth out there than in the world I created for you -- the same lies and deceit. But in my world you have nothing to fear.

Truman seems to be considering the possibilities. He looks to the identikit picture of Sylvia in his hand.

CHRISTOF
(suddenly angry)
Say something, damn it! You're
still on camera, live to the world!

INT. A ROOM SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

SYLVIA gazes at the picture of herself on her television screen as if it is her reflection in the mirror.

EXT. CYCLORAMA - DAY

TRUMAN hesitates. Perhaps he cannot go through with it after all. The camera slowly zooms into Truman's face.

TRUMAN
In case I don't see you -- good
afternoon, good evening and good
night.

He steps through the door and is gone. Silence. Then--

INT/EXT. VIEWERS - NIGHT

Spontaneous jubilation from VIEWERS in their various locations -- bars, homes and offices. We follow the figure of SYLVIA, running through the streets. Some of the viewers outside an electronics store glimpse her as she runs by.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Even the cynical SIMEON jumps out of his seat -- for the first time in the film -- and lets out a joyous whoop, forgetting himself for a moment, caught up in the drama.

SIMEON
Yes!

Self-conscious, he takes his seat again almost immediately. His COLLEAGUES are transfixed by the live ON-AIR monitor continuing to play its only available shot, the open door in the sky.

Gradually, the attention of those in the control room shifts from the monitor to CHRISTOF. He sits slumped, staring at the open door in the sky.

Eventually MOSES looks to Simeon. Moses nods to the "ON AIR" button. Simeon presses the button and the screen -- the movie screen -- goes to static.

MONTAGE/END TITLES

FADE OUT

