

MY POLICEMAN

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Based Upon the Book by Bethan Roberts

Directed by

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Berlanti Productions

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6 EXT. BURGESS HOUSE - DAY - 1999

6

Marion steps out as a Nurse and Medical Aide unload Patrick. She starts down the pavement to assist.

MARION
Shall I -- ?

NIGEL (32, Nigerian) wheels Patrick toward the house.

NIGEL
Best if you let us do it.

MARION
Right.

Marion steps out of the way. And SEES -- Tom. Keeping his distance.

NIGEL
One. Two...

7 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER - 1999

7

NIGEL
Three!

Marion observes from the doorway as Nigel and PAMELA (20's, medical aide) transfer Patrick to the bed.

NIGEL (CONT'D)
There you go, Mr. Hazelwood. You've landed in quite a lovely spot, haven't you? And with a view of the sea.
(to Marion)
Are you a nurse?

MARION
Teacher. I mean, I was. I'm retired.

NIGEL
(laughs, to Patrick)
After a week with you, she'll wish she was back in the classroom, won't she?

Patrick's eyes meet Marion's.

8 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - LIVING/DINING AREA - MINUTES LATER - 1999

8

Nigel unloads intimidating medical supplies onto the table: pills, ointments, rubber gloves, special tableware, etc.

NIGEL

Pamela will be here every day, to bathe and exercise him. I'll come round twice a week to check his vitals and adjust his medication. But you'll have charge of his meals and anything that comes up when we're not here.

MARION

I understand.

NIGEL

He can feed himself, though he sometimes makes a mess of it. And you have to watch for choking from the dysphagia. That's --

MARION

Difficulty in swallowing, I know. I'm to cut his food into small pieces, or puree it. And make sure he drinks a sufficient amount of water to prevent dehydration. I've been reading up.

NIGEL

Well you deserve a gold star, don't you?

(reaching for something)

And this --

He places a cardboard box onto the table.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Mr. Hazelwood's personal items. They came to the hospital after you sold the house.

MARION

I didn't.

NIGEL

Your family, I mean.

MARION

No, I'm not --

(dropping the subject)

Is there anything else I should know?

NIGEL

Talk to him. Get him to answer if you can. Speech is the last thing to come back.

MARION

Alright.

NIGEL

You'll be fine. Patients do better in a home setting. He might come along quicker than you expect. I'm off then.

MARION

Thank you.

NIGEL

And no cigarettes! He'll try to get one out of you.

MARION

We don't keep them in the house.

9 EXT. BEACH - DAY - 1999

9

Tom is walking. Hands in pockets, the dog trailing.

10 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER - 1999 10

Patrick takes in the room's decor with a critical eye: second hand dresser, faded art print, etc.

His eyes land on the wedding photo. It irks him.

Marion enters. With forced cheerfulness.

MARION

All settled in? I hope you won't be bored. I can put a telly in here, if you like.

(off his look)

Right. You were never fond of television. I know. I'll go to the library, to fetch you some books.

Patrick raises his bent, disabled hands.

MARION (CONT'D)

Oh. You'd have trouble holding a book, wouldn't you?

He is stone-faced. Not giving her anything.

MARION (CONT'D)

Patrick. I know this must be rather awkward for you. You were always so independent. But I'm going to do my best to make you comfortable. I hope you will, at least, meet me halfway.

His expression softens. A little.

MARION (CONT'D)

I better see to lunch.

11 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - DINING AREA - HALF HOUR LATER - 1999 11

Marion sets the table for three. Examining the modified tableware as she places it at the third setting.

MARION
(looking at spoon or
fork)
Just put both.

Tom enters with Walter (the dog).

TOM
Here you go, boy! Have a treat. Good
boy!

He notices three place settings on the table.

TOM (CONT'D)
What's this about?

MARION
The literature says you should feed
a stroke patient at the family
table, so they don't feel isolated.
You'll have to help me get him into
his wheelchair.

TOM
I thought he was staying in the
spare room.

MARION
He's not a prisoner.

TOM
This is my home, isn't it? For God's
sake, Marion, I can only stand so
much.

He won't take a step towards the table until she takes away the third setting. Stand-off.

Marion removes the plate, etc. Tom takes a seat, helping himself to cold meat.

TOM (CONT'D)
There are places for invalids.

Marion begins making a tray for Patrick's lunch.

MARION
Have you been inside any of those
places? Besides, you agreed.

TOM
You wouldn't give me any rest until
I did.

MARION

It seemed the right thing to do.

TOM

Don't fool yourself. You know why you brought him here.

MARION

Why?

TOM

To punish him.

MARION

That's ridiculous.

Marion returns to arranging Patrick's tray.

TOM

You waiting on him hand and foot. That's ridiculous.

12 EXT. PEACEHAVEN - PUB - NIGHT - 1999 12

Quiet streets. Closed shops. Only signs of life come from a pub.

12A EXT. PEACEHAVEN - STREETS - NIGHT - 1999 12A

12B EXT. BURGESS HOUSE - NIGHT - 1999 12B

13 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1999 13

Marion is awake, alone in bed.

She rises. Puts on slippers and flannel dressing gown.

14 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - LIVING/DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS - 1999 14

Marion finds Tom in the living room, asleep on the sofa. She covers him with a blanket. Reaches to pull off his slippers.

But he struggles against her touch. She steps back.

She moves down the corridor. Pauses outside the spare room.

STUDIES -- Patrick, asleep. Dimly lit by a street lamp. His face retains its elegance. He still has presence.

15 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - 1999 15

Marion returns to the master bedroom. Now, her room. She's not going to be able to sleep.

The cardboard box holding Patrick's possessions rests on the dresser. She can't resist temptation.

She unpacks the box finding paltry treasures from a long life: tortoise shell comb, mirror, shoe horn, cuff links. A dog-eared copy of *Anna Karenina*.

What she finds next: three red, leather-bound journals, embossed with gold letters: *Patrick Hazelwood*.

She opens one of the journals to the first page: "March 14, 1957," and a long entry in Patrick's elegant hand.

She snaps the journal shut. Is it because she's invading his privacy? Or she's afraid of what she will find?

16 EXT. BURGESS HOUSE - MORNING - 1999 16

Tom exits the house, bundled against the cold. Walter the dog trots beside him.

TOM
Come on, boy!

17 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - SPARE ROOM - MORNING - 1999 17

Patrick's possessions have been laid out on the dresser: cuff links, comb, mirror, etc. But *not* the journals.

Marion supervises Patrick's breakfast. He's feeding himself porridge and struggling.

MARION
(reaching)
May I...?

Patrick, resisting assistance, jerks the spoon out of Marion's reach -- splattering porridge over the wall.

He croaks out a laugh.

MARION (CONT'D)
I can I try and help you eat...

He shakes his head and utters a strangled negative --

PATRICK
Ngh.

-- and goes back to digging at the porridge.

MARION
Fine. Suit yourself.

She starts wiping porridge off the wallpaper. They ignore each other until...

Patrick drops his spoon. Not far from Marion's feet. An accident. He waits for Marion to pick it up.

But Marion, *completely aware of the spoon resting on the floor*, continues wiping the wall.

He gestures to the spoon with his disabled hand.

PATRICK

Agh....

She ignores him. Until --

TOM

(outside)

Walter! Catch it, boy!

Patrick twists toward the window and Tom's voice, pulling on the sheet where the breakfast tray is resting...

The tray SLIDES off the bed and CRASHES to the floor.

Marion whips around, startled. Patrick looks sheepish.

18 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK - 1999

18

Marion tosses pieces of the broken bowl into the bin.

MARION

I don't...I don't know what I am...

Tom enters. Notices the mess.

TOM

What happened?

She doesn't answer. Tom observes her for a moment. Then turns to the dog.

TOM (CONT'D)

Here, boy. Treat!

Now -- Marion watches Tom as he offers unrestrained affection to their retriever.

19 EXT. PEACEHAVEN CHALK CLIFFS - ANOTHER DAY - 1999

19

Waves break near the stark cliffs.

PRE-LAP:

MARION (O.S.)

Here's an interesting bit in the Arts Section...

Marion has been reading to Patrick from the local paper. He does not appear much interested.

MARION

A young woman's been short-listed for the Turner Prize with a piece called "My Bed." And that's exactly what it is. Unmade no less.

She holds up the paper, showing a photograph of the controversial art piece. Patrick snorts with contempt.

MARION (CONT'D)

Apparently everyone's talking about it. I'd like to see it. You were the one who taught me to look at art. Do you remember?

He produces half a word.

PATRICK

Ohk.

MARION

Go on.

He brings two trembling fingers to his lips.

PATRICK

Ohk.

MARION

I don't know what you're --

PATRICK

OHK!

MARION

I --

Patrick shakes his two raised fingers in the air.

PATRICK

Sm-ohk!

She gets it.

MARION

Smoke? You want a smoke.

He nods.

MARION (CONT'D)

Nigel said you can't.

PATRICK

AGH!

MARION
You've had a stroke. Smoking raises
the blood pressure --

PATRICK
AGGGGGGGGH!

MARION
-- could cause you to have another --

He shocks Marion by going into a RAGE -- wildly flinging his
arms, shaking his body.

PATRICK
EEEV!

MARION
I'm sorry, Patrick, but I absolutely
cannot allow you to --

He gains control of one arm and POINTS to the DOOR.

PATRICK
EEEV!

MARION
Leave?

He nods.

MARION (CONT'D)
Fine.
(turns at the door, anger
pouring out)
I didn't have to bring you here. I
only knew you were in hospital
because your nephew wrote to me. He
said the rest of your family would
have nothing to do with you. And he
lives in Sheffield, so could I look
in? One of the nurses told me they
were sending you to an awful place.
And I -- I don't know why -- I said
I'd take you in. It was a moment's
impulse but I was too embarrassed to
take it back. Besides, I thought...
I don't know what I thought. Tom was
so angry. He still is. I know this
is hard for you. But at least you
could try to... Appear to... I only
brought you here because no one else
wanted you!

She rushes out --

MARION

Bastard!

Paces.

MARION (CONT'D)

Why did I -- ? Stupid.

She yanks open a drawer, digs into the back and FINDS --

A pack of cigarettes. Hidden treasure. (Obviously she lied to Nigel about keeping cigarettes in the house.)

She lights one and savors the first drag. Then settles at the window. Where she SEES --

Tom. Just his figure in the distance. Heading towards the house from his walk.

She keeps her GAZE fixed on him, as he gets closer, and reveals himself to be --

Tom from 42 years ago. And we CUT TO --

22

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH - DAY - 1957

22

YOUNG TOM (24, dressed very much like his older self in working man's clothes) WALKS toward camera. Smiles at --

MARION (22). In a modest bathing suit and terrycloth beach "coverup," standing next to Tom's sister, SYLVIE (22).

MARION

You said you'd ask.

SYLVIE

It was your idea.

MARION

He's your brother.

Marion gazes admiringly at Tom -- strong build, playful smile, hearty laugh.

SYLVIE

I wouldn't get my hopes up for Tom.

MARION

I'm not --

SYLVIE

He likes the loud, busty type.

Tom and Roy bound over. Marion can't help but notice how Tom's shirt sticks to his frame.

ROY
What do you think, ladies? Are we
getting wet today?

SYLVIE
Marion can't swim.

MARION
I can swim. Just not very well.

SYLVIE
She wants a lesson, Tom, but she's
too shy to ask.

MARION
Sylvie!

ROY
(reaching for Sylvie)
How 'bout I give you a lesson?

Roy chases Sylvie down the beach, their laughter ECHOING back
to Tom and Marion. Awkward now they're alone.

TOM
They're a couple of cards, aren't
they?

Marion does not take her eyes off Tom.

MARION
Yes.

TOM
Almost didn't recognise you. It's
been a while since you came 'round
to the house.

MARION
I've been in Teacher Training
College.

TOM
Sylvie said.

MARION
And you were stationed --

TOM
Portsmouth. Glad to have that behind
me. I'm a policeman now.

MARION
I heard. That must be quite
fulfilling.

The conversation dies. Neither is adept at it. Until --

TOM
You can't go through life afraid of
the water.

23 EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH - IN THE WATER - DAY - 1957 23

Tom leads Marion into the waves, guiding her by the elbow,
until they're waist deep.

TOM
When I give the word, throw your
feet behind.

MARION
It's cold.

TOM
You'll get used to it.

He positions himself at her side.

TOM (CONT'D)
Now!

Marion flattens to the water and throws her feet behind.

TOM (CONT'D)
Ow!

Tom reaches for his just-kicked groin.

MARION
I'm so sorry!

24 EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH - IN THE WATER - LATER - 1957 24

Marion glides through the water, trying a breast stroke,
while Tom walks at her side, holding her up.

MARION'S POV GLANCING BEHIND -- Tom, head and shoulders above
the water. Steady and calm. Taking the lesson seriously.

TOM'S HAND -- On her waist.

MARION -- Closes her eyes as a wave washes over her.

25 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - LIVING/DINING AREA - DAY - 1999 25

Smoke curls around Marion as she remembers.

26 EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH - DAY - 1957 26

Marion and Tom leave the beach in street clothes.

MARION

Thanks for the lesson.

She offers her hand. He shakes it.

TOM

You did quite well. You should stick with it.

MARION

Thanks. I suppose I'll head home.

Although she doesn't want to leave, there's not much else to do. She turns to go...

TOM

I was thinking...

She turns back eagerly.

MARION

Yes?

TOM

You being a teacher, you must be a bit of a bookworm.

MARION

(laughs)

Well, I don't know how to take that. But, I suppose it's true.

TOM

Oh no, I didn't mean... You see, I'm not much of a reader.

MARION

Oh.

TOM

But I believe a man ought to try to improve himself.

MARION

I agree with you there.

TOM

Do you think you could recommend some books to me? In exchange, I could give you more swimming lessons.

MARION

Well, I would --

TOM

You must be busy. It's not long before school starts.

MARION

No! I mean. Yes. I'd be happy to.
Recommend books. And more lessons,
if you're willing.

TOM

Smashing.

27

INT. BRIGHTON LIBRARY - DAY - 1957

27

Marion leads Tom through tall shelves. He looks around, as if he's never been there. Because he hasn't.

MARION

Do you have any particular subject
in mind? Literature, history, or...?

TOM

Anything you suggest.

MARION

Let's try it this way. What made you
decide to take up reading?

TOM

Well... My work. I meet a great many
people. And it's my responsibility
to converse with them intelligently.

MARION

That doesn't really narrow it down.

TOM

Why do you like to read?

MARION

Well. When I read a good book, I
lose myself in whatever world I'm
reading about. I forget who I am and
all my little insecurities. I'm sure
you don't have that problem.

TOM

What problem?

MARION

Insecurity. About anything.

TOM

Don't judge a book by its cover.

She laughs. He's proud of his witty response. They are
shushed by a MALE LIBRARIAN.

TOM (CONT'D)

(lowers his voice)

What about art?

MARION

You mean, books about art?

TOM

I never really looked at art before.
But now, I think I could get
something out of it.

MARION

That's a start. Do you have a
particular artist in mind?

TOM

Is there a painter named Turner?

MARION

(hiding a smile)

That would be J.M.W. Turner. I think
the art section's this way.

Marion heads down an aisle. Tom, about to follow, finds the
Male Librarian ogling him.

28 INT. LIBRARY - PRIVATE STALL - DAY - 1957 28

Tom and Marion share a quiet corner, pouring over books.

Tom studies "Art Through the Ages" with intensity.

Marion peers over the top of her book -- to study Tom.

29 EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH - IN THE WATER - DAY - 1957 29

Tom swims next to Marion. Her skills have improved. But she
can't resist taking sideways glances at Tom as his strong
arms cut through the surf. He thoroughly enjoys himself in
the water, free of self-consciousness.

She's in shallow water and so she stands, while Tom keeps
swimming, his back catching the sun. And she watches.

30 EXT. BRIGHTON BOARDWALK - DAY - 1957 30

Marion and Tom walk past the food stalls and tattoo parlours
fronting the beach. They have been swimming.

MARION

My first week at school may not have
been a brilliant success, but I
think I'm going to be a good
teacher.

TOM

There's no doubt. I read two entire
books this week. On duty, when it
was slow.

Marion puts her arm through his. He notices.

MARION
I'm proud of you.

TOM
And I can say the same. You've
become an excellent swimmer.

MARION
We are not finished with the
lessons, are we?

TOM
The water was freezing today. Didn't
you notice?

MARION
No.

TOM
Well, you hardly need any more
lessons, you've got so much better.
I should give you a certificate,
like they do in the swimming club.
Or a trophy.

MARION
You still can.

Tom's puzzled. Until he follows Marion's look to -- the
Shooting Gallery arcade stall.

31 INT. BRIGHTON PIER - ARCADE - MINUTES LATER - 1957 31

DING! DING! FLASHING LIGHTS!

Tom fires off one, two shots (getting closer to the bullseye)
then HITTING IT with his final shot. He raises one arm like a
champion and throws the other around Marion. Plants a quick
kiss on her cheek. The Arcade Barker hands over a prize. Tom
accepts congratulations from Bystanders. This simple triumph
gives him great pleasure.

MARION'S CLOSE POV OF TOM'S FACE -- So happy, as he turns
into the sun. As he turns back TOWARD CAMERA WE SEE --

32 EXT. BURGESS HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY - DUSK - 1999 32

Tom (in his 60's) as he steps outside, facing the sun. Going
for a walk. Walter bounds out with him.

But Tom orders the dog back inside.

TOM
Go on, boy. Get in there. You're
staying home.

33 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK - 1999

33

Marion finds Walter near the door, looking dejected.

MARION
What's wrong, Walter? Did Tom leave
you behind today?

34 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DUSK - 1999 34

Marion enters, with Patrick's tray.

MARION
Here's a cup of tea.

She sets down the tray. And the pack of cigarettes. Patrick looks up surprised.

MARION (CONT'D)
Shall I light one for you?

PATRICK
(almost normal sounding)
Pu-please.

MARION
Good.

She places a cigarette into his mouth.

MARION (CONT'D)
Tom stopped two years ago and
there's nothing worse than a
reformed smoker.

She lights the cigarette for him.

MARION (CONT'D)
I keep these hidden in the back of
the drawer.

Patrick holds the cigarette with shaking fingers. Inhales deeply. With immense satisfaction.

MARION (CONT'D)
Mind if I join you?

He shrugs. She lights one for herself.

MARION (CONT'D)
Tom's out for one of his walks. I
don't mind being alone. Not too
much. You get used to it.
Although...
(should she confess
this?)
It's embarrassing.
(MORE)

MARION (CONT'D)

But sometimes I talk to myself.
Little things. On and off through
the day. I catch myself and wonder
if I'm going batty.

Patrick nods, commiserating.

MARION (CONT'D)

They say if you *think* you might be
going crazy, you aren't. So, we can
hold onto that.

PATRICK

Ye-yes.

MARION

I better get on with your supper.

As she collects the tray, her LOOK drifts to the WEDDING
PHOTO on the wall, hers and Tom's youthful, happy faces.

35 EXT. BRIGHTON - WORKING CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - 1957 35

A car -- decorated with paper flowers and a "Just Married"
sign -- is parked in the street.

36 INT. TOM'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY - 1957 36

An at-home wedding party for Sylvie (Tom's sister) and Roy
(Tom's pal). Roy is half-drunk, necktie askew.

Mother of the bride, MRS. BURGESS (50's, weary), entertains
neighbours and relatives.

GORDON BURGESS (50's), Tom and Sylvie's dad, a belligerent
alcoholic, scowls at everyone.

Marion delivers a plate of sausage rolls to Tom.

TOM

Thank you. You look nice, by the
way. Did I tell you?

MARION

Not yet. But thank you just the
same.

ACROSS THE ROOM -- Sylvie attempts to pry a pint of whiskey
from Roy's hand.

ROY

Leave me be, will ya?

SYLVIE

You've had enough.

MARION

Looks as if Sylvie and Roy are about to have their first row as a married couple.

TOM

Won't be their last.

Tom's father -- drunk -- addresses the party.

MR. BURGESS

As the father of the bride, I just want to say -- Today, I didn't lose a daughter, I got another mouth to feed.

SYLVIE

Dad!

ROY

Not my fault I can't find a job. I'm trying.

MR. BURGESS

Trying to sponge off your betters you mean.

TOM

Lay off him, Dad.

MR. BURGESS

Lay off him, says my son, the copper. You'd been better staying in the kitchen. That's what the navy trained you for, ain't it? Didn't even learn how to fire a rifle.

TOM

I can shoot just fine.

MARION

I can attest to that.

MR. BURGESS

And now he's a bobby. Dishing out traffic tickets and the like.

TOM

I'm a police constable. And a promotion to Sergeant could well be on the cards at some point.

MR. BURGESS

I got no time for bloody coppers. Always sticking their nose in.

Mr. Burgess stumbles over an ottoman and crashes to the floor. Sylvie runs up the stairs, crying.

MARION
I better go see to her.

Tom crosses to help his Dad.

TOM
Get up, Dad.

MR. BURGESS
Take your hands off me, bloody
copper!

37

EXT. TOM'S PARENTS' HOUSE - LATER - 1957

37

Tom smokes. Watching boys playing football in the street.

Marion finds him.

MARION
There you are.

TOM
How's Sylvie?

MARION
Marriage isn't exactly what she
thought it would be. How's your Dad?

TOM
Out cold in his bed. He managed to
ruin Sylvie's wedding.

MARION
It's not the wedding that matters.
It's whether two people care about
each other. If they make good
companions.

TOM
That's not the way most girls talk.

MARION
How do they talk?

TOM
You know. Romantic. And that's what
most of 'em want to hear. Only I've
never been good at it.

MARION
Maybe it's possible to be romantic
and good friends.

Tom studies Marion.

TOM
You're quite an unusual girl.

MARION

Thanks. That was a compliment,
wasn't it?

TOM

Course it was.

He throws his cigarette into the street.

TOM (CONT'D)

Are you free Saturday?

MARION

I'll have to check my diary.

TOM

Oh.

MARION

I'm joking. Yes, I'm free. What do
you have in mind?

She's hoping: Dinner? Dancing? A movie?

TOM

I'd like to surprise you.

38

EXT. BRIGHTON ART MUSEUM - DAY - 1957

38

Marion (in skirt and heels) and Tom (in jacket and tie)
approach the museum. Her hand tucked through his arm.

She *is* surprised by the venue for their date.

MARION

The museum.

TOM

I'm sure you've been before.

MARION

Well, yes.

TOM

But have you ever had a personal
tour from the Director of the
Western Art Galleries?

MARION

No. How did you...?

TOM

He was the witness to an accident on
my watch. Nothing serious. But we
got to talking. And he invited me
for a private tour and I thought,
Marion would enjoy that sort of
thing more than me --

MARION

More than I.

They sweep through the entrance doors --

39 INT./EXT. BRIGHTON ART MUSEUM - ENTRANCE HALL - CONT. - 1957

TOM

And he invited you to join.

PATRICK

There you are.

APPROACHING -- PATRICK HAZELWOOD -- In his 30's. Elegant. Tailored suit. Extends his hand to Tom.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

So glad you've come.

TOM

Patrick Hazelwood. This is Marion Taylor.

Patrick warmly grasps Marion's hand.

PATRICK

Delighted. Tom says you've turned him into a scholar.

MARION

He's an eager student.

PATRICK

With a teacher as attractive as you, who wouldn't be? Shall we have a tour?

40 INT. ART MUSEUM - PAINTING GALLERY - DAY - 1957

40

Patrick analyses a Turner seascape. Flanked by Tom and Marion.

PATRICK

Notice the light striking the crest of the crashing waves. You feel they could crush you or take you under.

41 INT. ART MUSEUM - PAINTING GALLERY - DAY - 1957

41

Patrick traces a line in the air, above the dancers in William Blake's *Oberon, Titania, and Puck*.

PATRICK

Blake's trying to startle the senses as well as the spirit. There's so much passion in his work.

Marion finds herself inspired by Patrick's enthusiasm. Or is it his handsome profile and manicured hand?

PATRICK (CONT'D)
You have to let it take hold of you.

42 INT. ART MUSEUM - PAINTING GALLERY - DAY - 1957 42

Patrick, Marion, and Tom stand in silence in front of the stunning *Raising of Lazarus* by Jan Lievens.

Patrick doesn't move. Mesmerised. This is his favourite painting. He slowly exhales at its power.

Tom fidgets, unsure what they're meant to be doing.

But Marion tries to "dive" into the painting.

AS MARION GAZES AT THE PAINTING -- She imagines she hears the startled cries of Lazarus's relatives as he reaches out of the grave at the command of an illumined Christ.

MARION
Astonishing.

Patrick smiles at her.

PATRICK
Exactly.

43 INT. BRIGHTON ART MUSEUM - DAY - 1957 43

Patrick escorts them to the door.

PATRICK
Your students are quite lucky to have a beautiful young teacher like you. I hope you'll bring them for a visit.

MARION
I'll try to arrange it. I've been to the museum before, but I never really appreciated what we have here.

PATRICK
Wonderful!

Tom thrusts his hand into Patrick's, clearly proud of having arranged a successful outing.

TOM
Thanks ever so much. It's been splendid.

PATRICK

I don't know if you're free Friday,
but I've got tickets to a recital.
Why don't the two of you join me?

TOM

Friday's the night we usually go to
the library.

Marion puts her arm through Tom's.

MARION

He meets me after class.

TOM

Funny, though, I've never been to a
recital. But it's up to Marion.

She's on the spot.

MARION

Of course.

PATRICK

See you then! Seven o'clock.

43A

EXT. PAVILLION GARDENS - MINUTES LATER - 1957

43A

Tom and Marion walk through the gardens. Marion feels uneasy
but isn't quite sure why.

MARION

That's so kind of him to invite us.
But I'll be sorry to miss our
library visit.

TOM

Don't you want to go? I could tell
him --

MARION

No. It would hurt his feelings. He
must not have many friends his own
age, if he's asked us.

TOM

He has plenty. I think he's taken
with you, that's all.

MARION

Don't be silly!

TOM

You started all this.

MARION

What?

TOM

My self-improvement. And now
Patrick's helping me too.

MARION

Helping you?

TOM

To improve my mind.
(seriously)
I want to be a better man than my
father. I want to prove something to
him. To everyone. But if you don't
like Patrick, it means nothing to
me. I'll tell him we can't go.

MARION

But I *do* like him, Tom. I do.

44 INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT - 1957

44

Patrick, Marion, and Tom occupy three seats in the opulent,
old hall, listening to a recital.

Marion catches Tom trying to keep his eyes open.

She glances at Patrick, caught up in the music. Their eyes
meet, making a connection over their shared pleasure.

45 INT. BRIGHTON CAFE - NIGHT - 1957

45

Marion, Tom, and Patrick, in a cafe, on their second bottle
of wine, with Patrick refilling their glasses.

PATRICK

I love this wine. It reminds me of
Rome.

MARION

Have you traveled a great deal?

PATRICK

The museum sends me to Italy now and
then, to collect new pieces. And I
always take a few days for myself,
to have an adventure. How about you?

MARION

I've never had the opportunity to
travel. And I don't know when I
will.

PATRICK

But you must dream, Marion! Nothing
happens if you don't dream of it
first. Isn't that right, Tom?

TOM
(buzzed from the wine)
Dream, Marion! Go on.

PATRICK
What's your fantasy destination?
Paris? Milan? The Greek Isles?

MARION
I suppose it would be... Venice.

PATRICK
You're a romantic!

MARION
I imagine Venice is like something,
I don't know, from another world.

PATRICK
That it is. And I can see you
strolling across the Piazza San
Marco, all the Venetian *ragazzi*
admiring your beautiful legs. And
you, Tom?

TOM
I'm happy at home. There can't be
any place nicer than Brighton.

PATRICK
That kind of contentment is a noble
trait.

MARION
But, Tom, you must want to travel
somewhere.

TOM
Why should I?

MARION
Because spending your entire life in
one place is just dull.

Tom is offended.

TOM
Then I suppose I'm dull. My
apologies.

MARION
I didn't --

TOM
I like Brighton and I'll not
apologise for it.

Patrick intervenes.

PATRICK

Personally, I'd love to see Mother
Russia, the setting of Anna
Karenina, my favourite novel.

MARION

I haven't read it.

PATRICK

You must! It's literature's most
tragic love story. And the most
true, because all love stories are
tragic, aren't they?

MARION

I hope not.

He gives her a meaningful smile.

PATRICK

I hope for you, they're not.
(raising his glass)
Let's have a toast. To Marion.

MARION

No. To all of us.

Tom gets over his hurt feelings and lifts his glass.

TOM

To all of us.

They clink glasses. A happy trio.

46 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - 1999 46

STEAM rises as Marion fills a bowl with hot water.

47 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - DAY - 1999 47

Marion sets down the steaming bowl.

PATRICK

Aghh?

MARION

Pamela can't make it. I'm giving you
your bath.

He clasps the top sheet tight around him.

PATRICK

No!

MARION

She doesn't come again before
Friday. You need a bath. Believe me.
(MORE)

MARION (CONT'D)

I'm not any happier about it than
you are.

Marion holds up the pack of cigarettes.

MARION (CONT'D)

You'll get one after. If you behave.

He GLARES at her. Hates her at this moment.

She pulls back the sheet to his waist. Dips the cloth into
the steaming water. Applies the cloth to Patrick's chest.

He flinches from the heat.

MARION (CONT'D)

You'll get used to it.

Marion lifts Patrick's HAND to wash it and WE CUT TO --

48 EXT. BRIGHTON DOWNS - MONUMENT - DAY - 1957 48

-- Young Patrick's HAND -- Pointing out details of the marble
Chattri War Monument to Tom and Marion.

49 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - 1999 49

CLOSE ON -- Marion's HAND wiping the cloth over Patrick's
fingers.

50 EXT. BRIGHTON DOWNS - MONUMENT - DAY - 1957 50

Marion runs her HAND over the monument's smooth marble as
Patrick offers instruction. She's absorbed in the lesson. But
looks over her shoulder and SEES --

Tom. Alone. Staring into the distance.

She crosses to Tom. Puts her arm through his.

Now, Patrick is alone.

51 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - DAY - 1999 51

MARION'S HAND -- Presses the cloth over Patrick's rib cage. A
little too forcefully. He grunts.

52 INT. LONDON CAFE - NIGHT - 1957 52

Patrick treats Marion and Tom to drinks in an "artistic"
cafe, furnished with antiques, featuring a PIANO PLAYER.

53 INTERCUT: INT. BURGESS HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - DAY - 1999 53

Marion RAISING Patrick's ARM to wash it.

53A INTERCUT: INT. CAFE - 1957 53A

Patrick RAISING his glass in a toast to the Piano Player, and singing along.

PATRICK
I love this wine!
(stands up and starts
singing)
"I'm gonna get lit up, when the
lights go up in London...
I'm gonna get lit up as I've never
been before..."

53 RETURN TO - SPARE BEDROOM - 1999 -- 53

Marion's fingers intertwine with Patrick's gnarled fingers as warm water runs over.

53A RETURN TO - CAFE - 1957 -- 53A

Patrick stands, letting his voice ring out.

PATRICK AND TOM
"You will find me on the tiles. You
will find me wreathed in smiles..."

53 RETURN TO - SPARE BEDROOM - 1999 -- 53

Marion washes Patrick's upper legs, still strong looking. There's some question as to how far up his leg she'll let her hand venture.

53A RETURN TO - CAFE - 1957 -- 53A

Tom rises, drapes an arm around Patrick's shoulder, as they belt the song.

PATRICK, TOM, MARION
"I'm gonna get so lit up I'll be
visible for miiiiiiiles!
The city will sit up when the lights
go up in London."

53 RETURN TO - SPARE BEDROOM - 1999 -- 53

Patrick closes his eyes. Is he enjoying the warm cloth on his skin? Or resenting it?

53A CAFE - 1957

53A

Marion squeezes between the two men, joining with them singing:

PATRICK, TOM, MARION
 "We will all be lit up as the Strand
 was, only more, much more. And
 before the party's played out. They
 will fetch the fire brigade out. To
 the lit-est, up-est, scene you ever
 saw."

54 EXT. BRIGHTON PRIMARY SCHOOL - DAY - 1957

54

Establishing.

55 INT. BRIGHTON PRIMARY SCHOOL - STAFF ROOM - DAY - 1957

55

A stuffy room where Teachers sit in groups, smoking, drinking tea, and chatting about the day.

Marion is correcting papers when she's joined by a colleague, JULIA HARCOURT (26, vibrant, modern).

JULIA
 Well, there's our cultured girl.

MARION
 Hello, Julia. How was your weekend?

JULIA
 (sarcastic)
 Delightful. Marking maths exams and
 tending to a sick cat. Now, why
 don't you make me feel even worse --
 Tell me about *your* weekend. What
 fabulous adventure did you have?

MARION
 We went to London for the opera.

JULIA
 Not Wagner, I hope.

MARION
 Verdi. It was beautiful. Not just
 the music. The hall, the people, the
 gowns.

JULIA
 And you were Patrick's guests again?

MARION
 He heard me say it's always been a
 dream of mine. So he insisted.

Julia looks perplexed.

MARION (CONT'D)

What? If you have something to say,
I'd like to hear it.

(lower)

You're the only friend I've made
since the term started. And the only
one I care to make among these
stodgy old bags.

JULIA

Sh... Alright, then. How long have
you and Tom known each other?

MARION

Since the summer.

JULIA

Has he made advances?

MARION

Tom's a gentleman. What are you
getting at?

JULIA

It's just... The three of you
spending so much time together.
Tom's not jealous?

MARION

Why should he be?

JULIA

You and Patrick seem better suited
to each other. So many similar
interests. Are you sure it's *Tom* you
want to be with?

Marion is forced to admit something.

MARION

I won't deny it. Patrick is, what's
the word? Dashing. But...

JULIA

But?

Marion leans forward, sharing a delicious confidence.

MARION

With Tom, I don't care about his
education, his grammar, his manners.
If he burps when he drinks beer. Or
falls asleep at the opera. Which he
did and it annoyed Patrick to no
end. With all that... He's still
perfect. He's Tom. Does that answer
your question?

JULIA
I think you're saying you're in
love.

Marion smiles, in agreement.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Is Tom?

Marion stiffens. Julia's touched a nerve.

MARION
You'll be happy to know Tom and I
are seeing each other this weekend.
Just the two of us.

A SCHOOL BELL RINGS -- Marion gathers her things to go.

JULIA
Your idea?

MARION
His.

56 INT. BRIGHTON PUB - NIGHT - 1957

56

Tom and Marion share a table in a working-class pub in Tom's neighbourhood. A half-drunk couple sway to music from the jukebox.

Tom gulps his pint. He seems a bit nervous, distracted.

MARION
How was your week?

TOM
Fine. The usual.
(her drink)
Do you want another?

MARION
I've barely touched this one.

TOM
Right.

A pause. Is it possible that -- in Patrick's absence -- they have nothing to say to each other?

MARION
How's Sylvie?

TOM
The same.

He takes a big gulp of his pint. On edge for some reason.

MARION
Are you alright?

TOM
Absolutely. Don't you like this
place?

MARION
No, it's fine.

TOM
It's not elegant. Not what you've
become used to.

MARION
Tom. It's *fine*. Why don't we dance?

TOM
I'm not much for dancing.

MARION
Well, we might try.

TOM
Shall we go somewhere else?

MARION
I haven't finished my drink.

A loud argument at the bar further grates Tom's nerves.

TOM
Let's go. We can't talk in here.

He stands abruptly and exits the place.

57 EXT. BRIGHTON PUB - CONTINUOUS - 1957

57

Marion finds Tom in the street.

MARION
What the bloody hell is wrong with
you?

He's shocked by her outburst.

TOM
What -- ?

MARION
Can't we have a drink like a normal
couple? Or dance?

TOM
Marion --

MARION

All I want is to be alone with you!
And to relax and enjoy ourselves. Is
that so much to ask?

A moment. Then -- Tom takes her by the arms and kisses her
passionately. *In the street.*

When he pulls away:

TOM

I want to take you somewhere. All
right?

She nods. Breathless.

57A INT. COMMUNAL STAIRS TOWARDS ELEGANT FLAT - NIGHT - 1957 57A

58 INT. ELEGANT FLAT - NIGHT - 1957 58

Moonlight illuminates a darkened and empty flat. While
someone tries to unlock the front door.

The door opens. Tom leads Marion inside.

MARION

Where are -- ?

TOM

Sh!

He ushers her in, locks the door. Switches on lights.

TOM (CONT'D)

Had to keep our voices down on the
stairs. But we can talk normally
now. Can I get you a drink? What
would you like?

Marion finds herself in a well-appointed flat, with expensive
furniture and fine art.

TOM (CONT'D)

Whiskey? Cognac? Brandy?

Tom stands before a sleek bar cabinet: liquor in crystal
decanters, beautiful glassware.

MARION

Is this Patrick's flat?

TOM

Yeah.

MARION

Is he *here*?

TOM

He's in London. He gave me a set of keys. So I can use it when he's out of town. Isn't it incredible? You said you wanted...

MARION

Uh. Brandy.

Marion takes in Patrick's belongings. Art in gilt frames. A 19th century writing desk. A red, leather-bound journal.

TOM

(hands her a drink)
Cheers.

Tom gulps his whiskey.

TOM (CONT'D)

Fine place, isn't it? He's got some lovely paintings.

Marion comes upon a group of framed, pencil portraits on the wall: newsboy, bus driver, old woman...

And a policeman who looks just like Tom.

MARION

Is this you?

TOM

It's good, isn't it? Patrick says ordinary people have the best faces.

MARION

You posed for this?

TOM

That's how Patrick and I met. I told you.

MARION

No, you said he reported an accident.

TOM

I haven't finished the tour. Come.

He takes Marion by the hand and leads her up the stairs.

59

INT. CORRIDOR/PATRICK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - 1957

59

Tom walks Marion down corridor into the bedroom. A satin bedcover shimmers in dim light.

MARION

Well.

They both drop their voices in this fraught situation.

TOM
Would you like another drink?

MARION
No. Thank you.

TOM
It's late. If you want to go...

MARION
I don't want to go.

Tom is frozen.

MARION (CONT'D)
You know, when you kissed me, in the street...

TOM
Yeah?

MARION
It was lovely.

Tom steps closer.

TOM
Shall I...?

Marion tilts her head toward his. Tom presses his face into her hair. Then his lips against hers.

Marion responds with a hint of passion, trying to remain within the bounds of what's "ladylike."

Tom breaks off the kiss.

MARION
What's the matter?

TOM
I've never done this before.

MARION
It's alright. We don't have to do anything, do we?

TOM
I'm sorry!

MARION
It's fine. Really it is. I just like being close to you. Come. Sit.

Marion takes him by the hand until they're sitting beside each other on the bed.

TOM

I wanted it to be nice for you.

MARION

This *is* nice.

TOM

And I wanted to tell you... Ask you a question, really. Something that's hard to say...

MARION

Just try.

TOM

I want you to be my wife.

She's stunned.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'm not good at this sort of thing.

MARION

I wasn't sure you even...

TOM

I never tried anything before, because... I think I was afraid.

MARION

Of me?

TOM

Of growing up. A man gets married, it's a big step. And you seemed so taken with Patrick. I started to think, maybe I'm not the man for you. That you'd prefer someone more, you know...

MARION

That's not true, Tom! Not true at all. I think you're perfectly kind, and wonderful. But I didn't think you were interested in me.

He manages a smile.

TOM

We're just two confused people, aren't we?

MARION

Looks that way.

TOM

And even though I put it so badly, and made a mess of the whole night... Will you think about, you know... What I asked?

She takes his face -- his beautiful face -- in her hands.

MARION

I don't have to think about it.

And kisses him. Passionately. Ladylike or not.

60 EXT. PEACEHAVEN BEACH - DAY - 1999 60

The sun has broken through fog.

61 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - DAY - 1999 61

Patrick has been placed in a wheelchair, facing a window. He appears alert. Stronger. Making some recovery.

HIS POV OUT THE WINDOW -- Marion chatting with a neighbour.

62 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS - 1999 62

WE HEAR a creaking SOUND and a couple of THUDS then --

Patrick APPEARS, wheeling himself into the corridor. Empty but for the dozing DOG outside the kitchen.

Exerting himself, he manages a few more feet. To LOOK INTO the living room.

63 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - LIVING/DINING AREA - CONT. - 1999 63

He SEES Marion's cigarettes. He grabs the pack. Dumps the cigarettes into his lap and manages to grasp one with rattling fingers.

Now for the matches. He holds the box down with his near-dead left hand and tries to STRIKE one. Another try --

MARION

What the devil are you doing?

Marion scowls from the doorway. At the same time, Patrick manages to LIGHT the match. A miracle! He laughs.

MARION (CONT'D)

(reaching)

Give me -- !

He backs away. Holding the LIT MATCH. Laughing.

MARION (CONT'D)

Patrick!

She GRABS the match and burns her hand.

MARION (CONT'D)

Ouch!

He laughs *more*. Which infuriates her.

MARION (CONT'D)

You could start a fire! --

She grabs the arms of his wheelchair and SHAKES it.

MARION (CONT'D)

Don't you understand?!

Patrick flails an arm in reaction to Marion's outburst -- knocking a potted plant off a table to the floor: SMASH!

And in the silence that follows:

PATRICK

-ere's -om?

She takes a step back.

MARION

What?

PATRICK

-ere's -om?!

MARION

Where's Tom?

He nods vigorously.

MARION (CONT'D)

He's walking Walter.

Patrick shakes his head. Does NOT accept that answer.

MARION (CONT'D)

Or he's swimming. He's very busy...

More defiant head shaking.

MARION (CONT'D)

There's the Resident's
Association...

His whole BODY is shaking -- "No!"

MARION (CONT'D)

He doesn't want to see you!

Patrick sinks into his wheelchair.

MARION (CONT'D)

He won't even come near your room. I
don't think he'll ever forgive me
for bringing you here.

(MORE)

MARION (CONT'D)

We haven't had much of a marriage.
Not after... But at least we had
some kind of... treaty, I suppose it
was. But now I think I've broken it.
He's so angry. Does that make you
happy?

Patrick doesn't try to speak or move.

MARION (CONT'D)

Stay there while I get something to
clean this bloody mess.

She exits. Patrick is alone. His HAND comes to his face to
catch an annoying tear in one of his eyes. And WE CUT TO --

64

INT. BURGESS HOUSE - LIVING/DINING AREA - NIGHT - 1999

64

-- Tom's HAND. Moving two brown disks on a backgammon board,
starting to win the game.

WIDER -- Tom and Marion at the dining table, playing the
game. As they have done for years.

MARION

Very lucky.

TOM

I'm on a roll.

Her hand drops tenderly onto his.

MARION

(glances at her watch)
Oh. Time for his pills.

She rises to get his pills and a glass of water. She steals a
glance at Tom, adding up the backgammon score. Then:

MARION (CONT'D)

He spoke today. He asked a question.

TOM

That's impossible.

MARION

We've been working at it. Do you
want to know what he said?

TOM

Not particularly.

MARION

Where's Tom?

Tom says nothing.

MARION (CONT'D)

That's what he asked.

TOM

Christ Almighty, Marion. What do you want from me?

MARION

All the time he's been here, you haven't been into see him once.

TOM

I don't plan to. And --

65 INTERCUT - INT. SPARE BEDROOM - 1999 --

65

Patrick can HEAR their conversation.

TOM

-- if he upsets you so much, you should send him away.

MARION

You don't mean that.

64 RETURN TO - MARION AND TOM - 1999 --

64

TOM

I do! I've said it from the beginning.

MARION

We owe him something after what happened.

TOM

Leave it alone. We settled it a long time ago.

MARION

We didn't settle it. We just stopped talking about it. Tom --

OLDER TOM BECOMES YOUNG TOM (in the same position, at the table with the backgammon board) --

YOUNG TOM

I don't want to hear another word. Are we playing or not?

MARION

(an outburst)

How did this happen?!

OLDER TOM IS BACK AT THE TABLE --

TOM

Bloody hell.

MARION

I was supposed to be married, with all the good things that come with that. Now look at me. Over sixty, my career's finished, no passion --

65 RETURN TO - SPARE BEDROOM - ON PATRICK --

65

Learning about the marriage he's upended.

MARION (O.S.) (CONT'D)

-- Are the only options a game of backgammon or an evening of silence in front of the tele? --

64 RETURN TO - TOM AND MARION --

64

MARION (CONT'D)

-- I'm bored and sick of it!

TOM

Oh now you're bored with me?

MARION

Not with you. With this. With whatever this is.

TOM

Everything was fine until you brought him here.

MARION

No, it wasn't! It hasn't been "fine" for quite a while. And if we don't try to fix it, at least talk --

Tom rises abruptly. Goes into hallway and reaches for his jacket on a hook.

MARION (CONT'D)

(following)

Where are you going?

TOM

The pub. For some peace.

MARION

And what do I do, Tom? How do I find some peace?

TOM

Send him away.

MARION

No. You want him gone? You do it. You find one of those awful homes.

(MORE)

MARION (CONT'D)

You take him to it. You sign the papers.

TOM

(not convincing)

Alright. I will.

MARION

No you won't. You'll leave it to me to arrange. Like you left it to me before. Like you leave everything for me to do.

TOM

You should have left it alone. Just left it alone!

He storms out. Slams the door behind.

66 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER - 1999 66

Marion enters with Patrick's pill and some water. She's shaken. Tries not to show it.

ON PATRICK -- As he opens his mouth for the pill. THEN --

PATRICK'S POV ON MARION -- Only it's YOUNG MARION -- holding the water glass as Patrick sips from it.

67 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER - 1999 67

Marion paces. Nowhere to go with her feelings.

Her EYES land on Patrick's JOURNALS. She reaches for one. Sits on the bed and opens it.

She flips through pages, scanning entries in Patrick's precise penmanship. She pauses on a page when something catches her attention.

Someone POUNDING on a door CROSSES THE CUT TO --

68 EXT. BRIGHTON STREET - POLICE BOX - DAY - 1957 68

A MAN (seen from behind) RAPS on a door. The DOOR OPENS, and YOUNG TOM appears. In uniform.

TOM

Yes?

It's Patrick who's been knocking.

PATRICK

There's been an accident! An old lady on her bicycle. She was knocked down. Can you come quickly, please?

Patrick leads Tom to the scene of the accident. But the Bicyclist is already peddling away.

PATRICK

What the devil?

A PEDESTRIAN explains.

PEDESTRIAN

She didn't want to wait for you.
Says she hates bloody coppers.

TOM

(laughs)
Not the first time I've heard that!

PATRICK

Not much of an accident, was it?
I'm sorry to have bothered you.

TOM

No bother at all, sir. You did the
right thing. Besides, you never know
how these things'll turn out. Thank
you. Mr. --

PATRICK

Hazelwood. Let me give you my card.

We WATCH as the conversation between Patrick and Tom continues, but WE HEAR:

PATRICK (V.O.)

*I've never had much patience with
our boys in blue...*

ON SCREEN: The conversation is clearly friendly.

PATRICK (V.O.)

*Have always despised their brutish
little ways. The evaluating glance
up and down. The distaste they
cannot hide. But this boy was
different. His eyes lit up when he
saw my card...*

TOM

(in the scene)
You work in the museum?

PATRICK (V.O.)

*He said he'd never been to
Brighton's most noble institution,
even on a school trip!*

TOM

(in the scene)
I had the measles.

They share a LAUGH over Tom's childhood misfortune.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*I invited him to visit the museum as
my guest. He seemed interested...*

They shake hands and Tom starts on his way.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*I haven't been able to stop thinking
about him...*

69A INT. BURGESS HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - 1999 69A

Marion continues to read the journal, sitting on the bed.

70 INT. PATRICK'S FLAT - NIGHT - 1957 70

Patrick writes in one of his journals. A ritual. Drinking
Scotch from a crystal glass.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*He's handsome, yes. But there's
something else. Innocence, combined
with a curiosity...*

Patrick looks up at his portraits of "ordinary people."
(Tom's portrait isn't there yet.)

PATRICK (V.O.)
*I'd like to draw him. But I wonder
if he'd misunderstand...*

Patrick takes a drink. Looks at one of the portraits: a
YOUNG MAN, slight of build, with a blazing smile.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*I'd almost forgotten that some
people are still innocent.*

71 INT. BRIGHTON ART MUSEUM - ARMOURY SECTION - DAY - 1957 71

Patrick is busy rearranging artefacts in a glass cabinet when
his secretary, JACKIE STEWART (22, a busybody), comes up to
him.

JACKIE
Mr. Hazelwood? An officer's here,
asking for you.

Patrick (delighted) guesses who is there. But plays it cool.

PATRICK
Tell him he'll have to wait.

JACKIE
He's rather handsome for a copper.

PATRICK (V.O.)
There he was...

CLOSE ON PATRICK'S JOURNAL in SOMEONE'S HANDS --

72 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1999 72

But it's MARION who's holding the journal. She's now sitting up in her bed. Absorbed with what she's reading.

PATRICK (V.O.)
I recognised him, even from behind...

Marion's expression has the quality of someone horrified by a car accident but can't look away.

PATRICK (V.O.)
That fine head...

73 INT. BRIGHTON ART MUSEUM - PAINTING GALLERY - DAY - 1957 73

Patrick finds Tom in his uniform. Gazing at a painting.

PATRICK (V.O.)
The unmistakable line of his shoulder...

74 INT. BRIGHTON ART MUSEUM - PAINTING GALLERY - LATER - 1957 74

Patrick and Tom stand next to each other examining the (familiar) Turner seascape.

TOM
Now that's a good painting.

PATRICK
In fact, it's a masterpiece.

TOM
See? I must have some taste for art after all.

PATRICK
Taste is just knowing how something makes you feel. How does it make you feel?

Tom studies the painting.

TOM
You can sense the waves, how strong they are.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

They could crush you or take you under. Like swimming in rough surf.

PATRICK

Exciting. And frightening.

TOM

Right! Don't tell the boys down the station I'm afraid of a painting.

At this moment, Patrick's secretary, Jackie, walks though the gallery, eyeing Patrick and Tom suspiciously.

When she's gone:

PATRICK

You know, I'm an amateur artist.

TOM

You paint?

PATRICK

Pencil drawings, mostly. Studies of ordinary Brighton people. A tram conductor, a barman. You'd make a perfect subject.

TOM

Me? I've never been asked to model before.

PATRICK

There's nothing to it.

TOM

But I wouldn't mind learning more about paintings. Art, I mean.

PATRICK

That's admirable.

TOM

Is it? Why?

PATRICK

Because a man should always try to improve himself.

The Brighton Pier with its flashing lights: "Helter Skelter." "Palmist." "Merry Go Round." "Shell Shop." in the background.

FIND TOM -- In street clothes, sitting on the beach, looking at the turgid sea. Struggling with a decision.

He lights a cigarette, hoists his duffel bag over his shoulder and starts walking towards...

76 EXT. PATRICK'S FLAT BUILDING - NIGHT - 1957 76

Tom comes to a residential building in an expensive and quiet part of the city. Extinguishes his cigarette. Hesitates before ringing the bell.

Rings it. Waits nervously.

77 INT. COMMUNAL STAIRS/PATRICK'S FLAT - NIGHT - 1957 77

Tom climbs the stairs, carrying his bag.

ON THE SECOND FLOOR -- A door opens slightly, Patrick on the other side. With a smile (trying not to look too eager).

TOM

I made it.

Patrick's neighbour, RUDY (50's, bookish), opens his door.

RUDY

Evening, Patrick.

Patrick is caught off guard but recovers.

PATRICK

Rudy. This is Tom. My cousin.

RUDY

How do you do?

TOM

Fine, thank you.

78 INT. PATRICK'S FLAT - HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM - CONT. - 1957 78

Tom enters. Patrick closes the door behind him.

TOM

Cousin?

PATRICK

I assumed you didn't want me to say you're a police officer coming to have your portrait drawn.

TOM

Nothing wrong with that, is there? Nice place.

PATRICK

Thank you.

TOM

I brought my uniform. In case you want me in it. For the portrait.

PATRICK
Oh, yes. That'll do nicely.

Awkward silence.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Well, then. Why don't you change?

79

INT. PATRICK'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - 1957

79

FIND -- Tom in uniform. On the posing stool.
While Patrick draws on his pad.

PATRICK
Do you like being a policeman?

TOM
(turning toward him)
Yes, I--

PATRICK
Try to keep the pose.

TOM
Sorry. Yeah. I think so.

PATRICK
What do you like about it?

TOM
Is this part of the procedure?

PATRICK
I can't draw you if I don't know who you are.

TOM
I like knowing I'm doing something for the public. Protecting people.

PATRICK
If that's your ambition, I give you more credit than most of your colleagues.

TOM
How so?

PATRICK
You seem more open-minded than the police I've run across.

TOM
Do I?

PATRICK

Oh, yes. I tend to keep my distance from police, in general.

TOM

There's no reason to fear a police officer if you keep on the right side of the law.

PATRICK

Of course. I didn't mean --

TOM

It's the criminal element that causes the trouble. And we have to deal with it.

Tom has broken the pose.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'm not sure this is a good --

PATRICK

I didn't offer you a drink. Would you like something?

TOM

Please, beer if you've got it.

PATRICK

I'm afraid I don't have any beer. How about something stronger? I'm going to have a Scotch. What about you, Officer Burgess?

Tom has never tasted Scotch in his life.

TOM

I'll have a Scotch, thank you. And it's "Tom."

PATRICK

Alright, Tom.

PRE-LAP: Tom's LAUGHTER crosses the cut to --

80

INT. PATRICK'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - LATER - 1957

80

Patrick stomps around in Tom's policeman's jacket.

PATRICK

(imitating a bobby)

Stop where you are, you hooligan!

Tom, on the sofa, shakes with laughter.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Am I that ridiculous?

TOM
I'm sorry but, "hooligan?"

PATRICK
(taking off the jacket)
Alright, I'm no bobby. This looks
better on you anyway. And the
material's coarse.

TOM
Like me.

PATRICK
Not at all like you.

Patrick joins Tom (high on Scotch) on the sofa.

TOM
Do I make a good subject, then?

PATRICK
Despite your nervousness, yes.

TOM
The Scotch helped. Didn't need three
of 'em, though. You must think I'm a
drunkard.

PATRICK
Why shouldn't a policeman enjoy
himself when he's off duty?

TOM
Absolutely right.

Tom stretches, and his arm drops, casually, along the back of
the sofa, leaving his fingers close to Patrick's neck.

Patrick is keenly aware of this proximity.

TOM (CONT'D)
Are you really going to hang my
portrait in the museum?

PATRICK
Someday I hope to mount a show.

TOM
Imagine my mug in a museum. You sure
it'll be good enough?

PATRICK
I think it will be --

Tom's fingers graze Patrick's neck.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
-- lovely.

Tom pulls his hand away as if the touch was accidental.

TOM

Sorry.

PATRICK

There's no need to be.

Patrick places a hand on Tom's strong thigh.

TOM

I'm not sure what's happening.

PATRICK

Then let it happen.

TOM

Patrick. I'm not --

PATRICK

Don't say anything.

Patrick flicks off the table lamp.

TOM

Maybe we shouldn't.

PATRICK

Sh.

Patrick unbuttons Tom's shirt and reaches inside to stroke Tom's chest. Tom sighs.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Let me do this for you.

He presses his hand onto Tom's crotch. Tom moans.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Alright?

Patrick kneels between Tom's legs.

TOM

(eyes closed)

Yes.

81 INT. PATRICK'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY - LATER - 1957 81

IN THE DIM LIGHT -- Patrick rises from the sofa. Turns on a light and FINDS --

Tom. Stuffing his police jacket into his duffel dug.

PATRICK

Tom?

Tom is stone sober. Anxious to exit.

TOM

Look out the door. See if anyone's there.

Patrick cracks the door open, peers out.

PATRICK

No one there. You don't have to --

TOM

How do you do it?

PATRICK

What?

TOM

Live this life.

PATRICK

One learns to live as one can.

TOM

I *can't*.

Tom rushes out. Patrick closes the door, hearing Tom's footsteps down the stairs.

It's over. Patrick's shattered.

82

INT. BURGESS HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY - 1999

82

Tom puts the dog into the living room and closes the door. Tom is putting his coat on, Marion appears in doorway.

MARION

Where are you going?

TOM

Is this how it's going to be now? You questioning me.

MARION

It's a normal thing to ask. You're going out. *Where* are you going?

TOM

I go out everyday.

MARION

And today, I'm asking where?

TOM

You know.

MARION

I want to hear it from you.

Tom feels pushed to the limit. So he strikes back.

TOM

Alright. There are places. Where I meet people.

MARION

Men.

TOM

Of course, men.

MARION

Strangers.

TOM

Some are. Some I know. Is this what you want to hear?

MARION

What do you do with them?

TOM

For God's sake, what do you think we do? What else would you like to know? If I care for any of them...?

(before she can answer)

I don't. I don't allow myself to feel anything for them. I just use them. To satisfy something I've tried to kill but can't. Are you pleased now?

He starts for the door.

MARION

Tom!

TOM

Why are you torturing me? And why are you torturing yourself?

MARION

Do you hate me?

TOM

Hate *you*?

He exits.

Marion is struck through the heart. She starts to weep.

83 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - 1999 83

Patrick in his wheelchair hears Marion is upset.

83A EXT. BURGESS HOUSE - DAY - 1999 83A

Tom walks away from the house.

83B INT./EXT. BURGESS HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONT. - 1999 83B

Marion looks out of her window at Tom walking away.

84 EXT. PEACEHAVEN - CHALK CLIFFS - DAY - 1999 84

SEEN FROM A DISTANCE -- A male figure (Tom - we recognise his physique and hunched shoulders) strolls the lonely concrete path at the base of the stark cliffs.

Two MEN (not together) approach from the opposite direction. The first passes Tom without a glance.

The second MAN slows his step. He and Tom make eye contact. But pass by each other.

The Man pauses, looks back to Tom, who also glances backward.

This Man turns and follows Tom.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*There are times when one can't bear
being alone...*

85 INT. PATRICK'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - 1957 85

OPEN ON -- The unfinished pencil PORTRAIT of Tom. But CAMERA FINDS Patrick, at his desk, writing in his journal.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*I don't know whether I'll ever see
my policeman again...*

86 EXT. ARGYLE HOTEL BAR - BRIGHTON - NIGHT - 1957 86

A dark wet night.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*And that's why places like the
Argyle exist.*

Patrick approaches a hotel bar on one of Brighton's seedier streets. Looks around quickly, ducks inside.

87 INT. ARGYLE HOTEL BAR - NIGHT - 1957 87

Candles, leather armchairs, fireplace. An Asian boy playing "Stormy Weather" on a battered piano.

The customers: five or six respectable, middle-aged men, and two skinny boys, looking to be hired.

MISS BROWN (60s, owner and bartender) greets Patrick.

MISS BROWN
How are we this evening?

PATRICK
Oh, tolerable, Miss Brown.

MISS BROWN
Like myself. Scotch, as usual?

Patrick notices a young man sitting at the bar: LEONARD (20), rangy build, leather jacket. Hint of danger.

PATRICK
What are you having?

LEONARD
A dry martini.

PATRICK
(to Miss Brown)
Dry martini, please. For each of us.

88 EXT. BRIGHTON - NARROW ALLEY - HALF AN HOUR LATER - 1957 88

Leonard leans against the stone wall, cigarette dangling from his mouth, while Patrick services him, kneeling on a newspaper laid down to protect his trousers.

89 INT. PATRICK'S BUILDING - ENTRANCE HALL/STAIRS - LATER - 1957

Patrick lets himself into the foyer. Moving with a sluggish, defeated step.

Looks up and SEES -- Tom. At his door.

TOM
I --

PATRICK
Sh.

Patrick hurries up the stairs.

90 INT. PATRICK'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS - 1957 90

Tom enters. Patrick shuts the door behind them.

TOM
Do you still want to draw me?

PATRICK
If you like.

Tom wavers on his feet, drunk.

TOM

If I *like*? I thought that was what you wanted. To draw my portrait. An *ordinary* person. But that's not what you really wanted, is it?

PATRICK

You're drunk.

TOM

You got me here under false pretences. You knew what you wanted, the whole time. That's why you asked me here, isn't it?

(raises his fist)

Answer me!

PATRICK

Hit me, go on!

Patrick stares Tom down. Tom goes limp.

TOM

You shouldn't've dragged me into it.

PATRICK

You touched me first.

TOM

I don't know why I did that. It was wrong.

Patrick gently reaches for Tom, touches his hair.

PATRICK

Did it feel wrong?

TOM

Please, don't.

Patrick tilts Tom's face toward his. Kisses him. Tom responds passionately. He can't deny his true self.

91 INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM - LATER - 1957 91

Tom covers Patrick's body with his, taking him passionately.

92 INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM - POST-COITAL - 1957 92

Patrick and Tom tangled in bed.

TOM

Did you ever think of getting married?

PATRICK
I had a lover. Michael. We were
together five years.

TOM
You mean, a man?

PATRICK
Of course a man.

TOM
What happened?

PATRICK
A gang of thugs beat him to death.

TOM
Bloody hell.

They lie together. Quiet. Then:

TOM (CONT'D)
How do you stand being alone?

Patrick strokes Tom's arm.

PATRICK
I'm not alone, am I?

Tom breath quickens.

TOM
We have to be careful.

93 EXT. BRIGHTON STREET - DAY - 1957 93

Patrick is walking toward the museum. He passes Tom, on his
beat. They don't acknowledge each other.

93A EXT. BREAKWATER WALL - ANOTHER DAY - 1957 93A

Patrick and Tom share a kiss under a sign marked "KEEP OFF:
PRIVATE PROPERTY"

94 INT. PATRICK'S FLAT - HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM - DAY - 1957 94

FOLLOW TOM'S UNIFORM -- Strewn over the floor, leading from
the front door of the flat...

FIND Tom and Patrick making love on the sofa.

95 EXT. BLUFFS LEADING TO THE SEA - DAY - 1957 95

Tom and Patrick scramble over rocks, to a lonely patch of
beach.

Patrick reaches for Tom's hand. Tom pulls away.

PATRICK
There's no one for miles.

TOM
You can afford to break the rules.
I can't.

A moment. Patrick is patient. Tom looks in both directions.
Sees no one. Gathers courage.

Kisses Patrick on the lips.

PATRICK
For a policeman, you're very
romantic.

Tom shifts, uncomfortable.

TOM
I better tell you... I'm planning on
getting married.

Patrick knows he must not overreact.

PATRICK
I see.

TOM
A man ought to be married.

PATRICK
Not all men.

TOM
The other day I was called in to see
the sergeant. He told me I was doing
well. Then he says, "I have to warn
you. Some bachelors have found it
hard to rise through this division."

PATRICK
Do you think it's fair? To the girl,
I mean.

TOM
What?

PATRICK
Marrying her, for, what should I
call it? Protection.

TOM
That's not the only reason. I'm fond
of her. And someday, I hope to have
children.

Patrick takes Tom by the hand, leads him towards a rocky alcove.

He pushes Tom against the wall. Unzips his trousers.

TOM (CONT'D)

What, no -- !

Patrick starts working his hand, exciting Tom.

PATRICK

Are you saying goodbye to me?

TOM

I don't -- Oh God --

PATRICK

Do you want me to stop?

Tom's feeling the breeze, Patrick's hand, the danger.

TOM

No.

PATRICK

Then what shall we do?

TOM

Can you share me?

PATRICK

If that's what it takes.

Patrick sinks to his knees and Tom moans.

96 INT. BRIGHTON ART MUSEUM - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY - 1957 96

WE SEE the first meeting between Marion and Patrick from PATRICK'S POV -- As he's striding toward Marion and Tom, waiting for him in the entrance hall.

97 EXT. BRIGHTON ART MUSEUM - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY - 1957 97

FROM PATRICK'S POV - Marion and Tom agree to join him at the recital and -- as they walk away -- Marion puts her arm through Tom's.

98 INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT - 1957 98

Patrick, Tom, and Marion at the recital. With Patrick exchanging a smile with Marion (the moment when they connected because of their shared love of the music).

WHAT WE DIDN'T SEE THE FIRST TIME WE VIEWED THIS SCENE -- Patrick slyly drops his hand so the back of it grazes seductively against Tom's thigh.

A small group has gathered to celebrate Marion's and Tom's wedding: Sylvie (pregnant), Roy, Marion's and Tom's parents.

FIND -- Marion (in a simple white dress, no veil) as she's hugged by her fellow schoolteacher, Julia.

JULIA

It was a sweet ceremony. Just perfect. And the two of you are the handsomest couple I've ever seen.

MARION

Patrick helped Tom find that lovely suit.

(not a complaint - just one more thing she loves about Tom)

I don't think we'll ever get him into it again. He says it doesn't feel natural.

Julia glances past Marion to Patrick and Tom, engaged in conversation. Patrick looking directly into Tom's eyes.

JULIA

I couldn't be happier for you.

Patrick addresses the crowd.

PATRICK

Apparently, I've been drafted to make a toast. Where's our lovely bride?

JULIA

(to Marion)

Go on.

Marion crosses to Tom, takes his hand.

PATRICK

Here's to Tom and Marion, the perfect, civilised couple. We can all rest easy in our beds knowing Tom's pounding the streets, keeping us safe. And Marion's attending to the education of our children. So let's raise our glasses in a toast to the new couple -- Mr. and Mrs. Burgess!

Everyone toasts: "Here, here!"

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Tom. I think you're meant to kiss the bride.

Tom pulls Marion close for a kiss. Patrick stands back and watches with a frozen smile. The crowd throw confetti as a photograph is taken.

100 OMITTED 100

101 EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - DUSK - 1958 101

A rustic cottage hidden among trees.

Marion and Tom pull up in a borrowed car.

 TOM
Do you like it?

 MARION
It's perfect!

 TOM
What did you expect? Only the best
for Patrick.

They rush to the door. Tom searches for a hidden key.

 MARION
How long has he owned this?

 TOM
I think it's been in the family a
while. So good of him to loan it to
us. Here it is!

He unlocks the door. And, in his eagerness to see the interior, hurries inside. Leaving Marion on the doorstep.

 TOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You should see it in here!

She waits. He returns.

 TOM (CONT'D)
Aren't you coming in?

 MARION
Did you forget something?

 TOM
I'll grab the bags in a minute.

 MARION
Not the *bags*.

He looks puzzled. Until a smile turns up the corners of his mouth. He was playing a joke all along.

He swoops her into his arms and carries her inside.

102 EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - NIGHT - 1957 102

In moonlight.

103 INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - BATHROOM - NIGHT - 1957 103

Marion wears a brand new nightgown. She's looking at herself in the mirror. Not quite sure about what's coming.

104 INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1957 104

She steps out of the bathroom. Tom sits on the edge of the bed, in pyjamas. Polishing off a glass of champagne.

TOM

You look nice.

MARION

Thank you.

Marion positions herself on the bed. Next to Tom.

TOM

Do you want more champagne?

MARION

No thanks.

TOM

You know it's good quality. Patrick wouldn't give us anything but the best.

MARION

Do you want to turn off the light?

TOM

Suppose I'd better. It's late, isn't it?

He turns off the light. Lies next to Marion in the bed, turns toward her. Gives her a kiss. It's brief. And, as he pulls away, Marion pulls him back to her, to extend the kiss.

Tom places a hand on Marion's breast (outside her nightgown) and buries his face in her neck and hair. Reaching beneath the covers, he pushes down his pyjamas, then struggles to lift up her nightgown. She helps him.

He heaves himself on top of her, pressing his face to her shoulder, makes a couple of thrusts...

TOM (CONT'D)

Can you open your legs a bit?

Marion complies. Tom repositions himself and enters her. She gasps in pain.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

But he keeps moving in her. Marion pulls him close. And after a few more of his thrusts... He groans and goes still.

It's over. She's disappointed. Won't let him see it.

TOM (CONT'D)

Was it all right?

MARION

Yes, Tom.

TOM

I'll be better next time.

She strokes his cheek.

MARION

Sh, darling. It was lovely.

105 EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - GARDEN - TWO DAYS LATER - 1958 105

Marion wanders through the garden. She's in a blissful state.

She spots Tom, several yards away, also walking through the garden. Hands behind his back.

The dappled sunlight, the black shadows -- It's like a dream, with Tom, her perfect policeman, walking toward her.

TOM

I've got a present for you.

He approaches, and offers: a FROG. She jumps.

MARION

Tom!

TOM

You should've seen your face!

He gives her a sweet kiss. She holds him tight. Wants the moment to go on forever...

They hear the RUMBLE of a car's engine. Then:

PATRICK

Hello?

106 EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS - 1958 106

Marion and Tom find a cheerful Patrick unloading bags of groceries from his Fiat.

PATRICK

Here I am, just as promised. Tom,
help me with all this.

Marion is stunned/confused. Tom bounds over to grab parcels.

MARION

Patrick?

PATRICK

I promised to cook you a fabulous
wedding feast. Didn't Tom tell you?

MARION

No.

TOM

I'm sure I did.

PATRICK

Just tonight, then I'll be out of
your hair.

Patrick approaches, with a peace offering of a smile.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You look so happy, my dear.

MARION

I am.

107 INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - 1958

107

Patrick prepares the meal, glass of wine in hand, singing
along to an opera aria on the radio. He's turned Marion into
his sous chef, cutting up vegetables. She's now relaxed,
enjoying herself. Tom's hitting the wine pretty hard and
keeps it flowing for everyone else.

108 INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - NIGHT - 1958

108

They've come to the end of the feast. Everyone's a little
drunk. Tom more than a little.

TOM

Patrick's a terrific cook, isn't he?

MARION

I'm quite impressed. Beef
bourguignon.

PATRICK

I'll give you the recipe. You can
have it waiting on the table for Tom
when he gets home from a hard day of
putting the cuffs on criminals.

TOM
I'll drink to that!

MARION
I don't think I'll ever manage
anything so fancy.

TOM
Rubbish. You're a good cook. And
with Patrick's help, you'll become a
gourmet, I'm sure of it.

MARION
But, with lesson plans, and staff
meetings, I'll barely be home before
you get there.

TOM
I don't like the sound of that.

PATRICK
You plan to keep teaching, then?

MARION
I hope to.

PATRICK
Good for you! If you enjoy your
career, why should you give it up?

Loosened by alcohol, Tom's personality shifts toward his
working class, conservative side.

TOM
I'll tell you why. A mother ought to
stay at home with her children.

PATRICK
Tom, it's 1958. Educated women like
Marion have careers. I'm surprised
you're being so suburban about --

Tom turns on Patrick, vicious.

TOM
What would you know about it?

PATRICK
I --

TOM
You know nothing about children. Or
being a parent. Or being married. So
stop telling me what I should think
about it! Stop being such a --

Tom cuts himself off --

TOM (CONT'D)

Sorry.

And rises abruptly and exits. After a beat:

PATRICK

I've really gone and blown it,
haven't I?

MARION

We ganged up on him.

PATRICK

I was on your side.

MARION

Tom and I are married now. We have
to sort these things out on our own.

She exits. Patrick's alone. Finally, he goes in search of his
companions. WE FOLLOW HIM OUT OF THE ROOM --

Through the cottage and UP THE NARROW STAIRS --

To the CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE MASTER BEDROOM where Tom is
sprawled face down on the bed.

Patrick watches as Marion pulls off Tom's shoes. One by one.
Tenderly. When she realises Patrick is in the corridor...

She shuts the door.

109 INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - THE NEXT DAY - 1958 109

Marion comes down the stairs. The place is a mess. Wine
stained glasses and plates crusted with gravy.

But the cottage is dead quiet. Empty.

110 EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS - 1958 110

Marion steps out. Sees Patrick's car still in the drive.

Listens. Hears... Male voices. Whispering.

She ventures down a path into the garden. Hears male voices.

Keeps walking, a few more steps. Then STOPS.

MARION'S POV ON THE GARDEN SHED -- Patrick and Tom, speaking
quietly. She catches half-phrases.

PATRICK

...never seen you so angry.

TOM

Sorry... too much to drink.

Patrick steps closer, planting his face inches from Tom's.

Marion is frozen to her spot. WATCHING.

Patrick BRUSHES Tom's cheek with the back of his hand. A lover's gesture if ever there was one.

Marion SPINS around. Runs away.

111 INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - DAY - 1958 111

Marion storms into the cottage. Paces in circles. Starts up the stairs, comes back down. In a panic.

Then she SEES, OUT THE KITCHEN WINDOW --

112 INT./EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - CONT. (MARION'S POV) - 1958 112

Tom and Patrick emerge from the garden, walking to Patrick's Fiat in the drive.

TOM

You have your things?

PATRICK

In the car.

They shake hands. Regular chums now.

TOM

Thanks again for everything.

PATRICK

You're welcome, my boy. Give Marion my love.

TOM

Will do.

Patrick climbs into the Fiat, backs down the drive.

Tom starts walking towards the cottage.

STAY WITH MARION as she moves to the messy dining table, picking up a couple of plates, as if clearing them.

Tom enters. Marion freezes, her back to him.

TOM (CONT'D)

Patrick's off. He said to tell you goodbye.

She doesn't respond.

TOM (CONT'D)

Do you know what I think, love? I'm going to make you breakfast for a change. Would you like that?

She doesn't move. Tom approaches. Turns her gently toward him and notes tears in her eyes.

TOM (CONT'D)

Marion? What's wrong? I know the place is a mess. I'll clean it up. You won't have to do a thing.

That makes Marion *laugh*. Laughing and crying and shaking her head. It's so ridiculous.

TOM (CONT'D)

What...?

She makes a decision. Puts down the plates. Faces Tom. And places both hands on either side of Tom's face...

Pulling him close, kissing him passionately. Then:

MARION

I want to go upstairs with you.

TOM

Alright.

MARION

I want us to have a baby.

113 INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE - BEDROOM - DAY - 1958 113

With the curtains closed, Marion is under Tom, in the bed, arms wrapped tight over his back while he thrusts into her. She's holding onto him for dear life. Tom's eyes are closed, his face contorted with passion. Or is he just working hard?

114 EXT. THE SEA - BRIGHTON - DAY - 1958/1999 114

IN THE WATER -- Young Tom. Steady. Content. The place where he is most at peace.

He goes UNDER the water and EMERGES as Older Tom. (This exchange may be repeated.)

115 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - DAY - 1999 115

CLOSE ON PATRICK'S LUNCH TRAY -- As Marion reaches for it. Food untouched. Patrick stares at the wall.

Marion notes a "change" in Patrick: a lack of animation, as if he's fallen into a depressed state.

MARION

Would you like a smoke?

He doesn't answer.

116

EXT. PEACEHAVEN - BEACH WALK - DAY - 1999

116

Marion pushes Patrick in his wheelchair along a walkway that borders the beach.

MARION

I don't come down here often enough.
It's beautiful, don't you think?

Patrick shows moderate interest in the scenery.

MARION (CONT'D)

Patrick. You haven't been eating.
I'm worried. I spoke to Nigel about
it. He said we might have to
consider a feeding tube.

Patrick stiffens: his worst fear.

MARION (CONT'D)

Is there something I can do for you?
Would you rather be in a home?
They're awful, but if you're unhappy
here...

In her emotional state, she steers the wheelchair down the ramp. The wheel sinks in the sand and the chair tilts seriously to one side.

MARION (CONT'D)

Oh, wait.

She struggles to hoist the chair back onto the ramp. But her frantic jiggling throws the chair off balance --

And it TIPS over, dumping Patrick onto the beach.

MARION (CONT'D)

For heaven's sake!

She steps into the sand, trying to lift Patrick back into the chair. He's dead weight. And finally...

Marion falls onto the sand herself. And this makes Patrick -- finally -- smile. Marion gives into the situation, falling backwards to the sand, lying beside him.

MARION (CONT'D)

I think I've proven to be the
world's most inept private nurse.

Patrick nods.

MARION (CONT'D)

What if we just lie here and let the tide sweep us out to sea?

Patrick scoops some sand in his clawed hand. Savours the feel of it running through misshapen fingers.

MARION (CONT'D)

Do you want to die?

No response.

MARION (CONT'D)

You've had misfortune. But all of us have suffered in our own way. Tom lost his career. And after that, well... We didn't have children. Tom no longer wanted them. I think he was so ashamed. I've always had my students. But children of our own... I think it might've saved us. Helped us forget...

(now, angry)

Have you thought of that? What I lost? You knew what he was. What you both were. You might've warned me.

Patrick lifts his hands to covers his ears. She interprets:

MARION (CONT'D)

I wouldn't have listened.

He nods. *Exactly.*

MARION (CONT'D)

Perhaps.

(beat)

He was so beautiful.

They stare at the sky. In agreement. A seagull cries out.

A LOCAL BOBBY

Hello! Do you need assistance?

Marion and Patrick lift their heads to SEE a uniformed Young Tom WALKING TOWARDS THEM. When they turn over we SEE it's a YOUNG BOBBY in 1999 (who looks exactly like the younger version of Tom) AND WE CUT TO --

117 INT. YOUNG MARION AND TOM'S BRIGHTON HOUSE - DUSK - 1958 117

Marion and Tom have settled into a modest home of their own. With only a few items of furniture purchased so far.

The married couple sit at a table drinking beer and cider and playing backgammon. Happy.

When Marion is momentarily distracted (refilling her glass), Tom surreptitiously slides two of his discs to a more advantageous place on the board.

Marion turns back. Notes Tom's stifled smile. Examines the board. Spots the change.

MARION
You cheated!

Tom laughs. Marion pulls his face to hers for a kiss.

118 INT. PATRICK'S FLAT/COMMUNAL STAIRS - DAY - 1958 118

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS -- Patrick opens his apartment door. Waiting for someone who's climbing the stairs.

REVERSE -- It's Tom. In civilian clothes. Collar turned up, obscuring his face. Taking the stairs as softly as possible.

He slips inside the apartment and Patrick closes the door.

119 INT. PATRICK'S FLAT - BEDROOM - LATER - 1958 119

Tom and Patrick lie in bed, after making love. The curtains are closed to block afternoon sunlight.

PATRICK
Tom...

TOM
Don't ruin it.

PATRICK
How would I do that?

TOM
Asking about the next time.

PATRICK
Do you know how long it's been since we saw each other last? How many days?

TOM
I haven't been counting.

PATRICK
I have.

Tom reaches for his trousers.

TOM
I better go.

PATRICK
Please. Just a few more minutes.

Patrick holds tight to him.

TOM
Marion expects me home after my
shift. She said something the other
day...

PATRICK
One more minute.

TOM
She wants to have a baby.

A beat.

PATRICK
You'll make a wonderful father.

Patrick sits up and puts on a dressing gown.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I have something for you. A present.

Patrick retrieves something from a drawer and puts it into
Tom's hand: a small BOOK bound in soft leather.

TOM
"A Guide to Italy?"

PATRICK
I'm going next month. On museum
business.
(beat)
Why don't you come with me?

TOM
To *Italy*?

PATRICK
Florence and Venice. Just you and I.
No checking the time and rushing
off. No hiding, no lies. Wouldn't
you enjoy that?

TOM
Patrick. I'm married.

PATRICK
Even a married man has the right to
travel, doesn't he? Some men take
fishing trips with their friends.

TOM
A man should take his wife on a
holiday before going off with a
mate.

PATRICK

But this *isn't* a holiday. The museum's paying for an assistant. I'm offering the position to you.

TOM

A real position?

PATRICK

It pays thirty-five pounds.

TOM

That's nearly what I make in a month! I do have some time off coming to me...

PATRICK

Good! I'll book a suite at one of my favourite hotels.

TOM

But what will I tell Marion? No, Patrick, I can't --

PATRICK

She'll be happy for you.

TOM

I doubt that. No, I don't know what I'd say...

PATRICK

Then I'll tell her. She's coming to the museum next week. With her class. Let me take care of it.

(BEAT)

Tom. Once you have a child, you won't be able to get away. If we don't go now, we never will.

Tom is coming around.

TOM

Thirty-five pounds?

PATRICK

Yes.

TOM

That would go a long way with all the expenses we've got now. I think she'd really appreciate that.

(beat)

But you mustn't hurt her. She really is a wonderful person.

120 INT. BRIGHTON ART MUSEUM - ARMOURY SECTION - DAY - 1958 120

Patrick gives Marion's class the royal tour. (During the tour, Marion keeps her distance from Patrick. Polite, of course. But she can't forget what she saw pass between Patrick and Tom in the garden shed.)

Patrick leads Marion's CLASS through to...

121 OMITTED 121

120A INT. BRIGHTON ART MUSEUM - PAINTING GALLERY - DAY - 1958 120A

Marian spots *The Raising of Lazarus* (the painting she and Patrick connected over at their first meeting). Now, she turns away from it.

122 OMITTED 122

123 INT. BRIGHTON ART MUSEUM/CORRIDOR - DAY - 1958 123

End of the tour - Children gather around Patrick. Jackie is close by, helping the children on with their coats.

PATRICK

Did you enjoy yourselves?

CHILDREN

Yes!

PATRICK

Miss Stewart will give each of you a lollipop. Goodbye now.

Marion waits for the children near the exit. She's managed to get through the tour without a private moment with Patrick.

Until... She sees Patrick approach, hand outstretched.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

It's been such a delightful day.

MARION

The children thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Now I better get them back to school.

She turns to go (can't get away fast enough).

PATRICK

I plan to put Tom to work, you know.

Marion turns back. Not understanding.

MARION

What?

PATRICK

The Assistant Curator couldn't go. I nearly had to cancel before Tom stepped in at the last minute. Saved my neck.

MARION

I'm sorry, I don't --

PATRICK

Our trip. To Venice.

Marion is blind-sided.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Tom's going to be my assistant while I pick up some new pieces. There's so much to pack up and cart to the station. He'll do a splendid job. And I've seen to it that he'll be handsomely compensated.

(off her mystified expression)

Hasn't he mentioned it?

Marion decides to lie.

MARION

I... Of course.

PATRICK

Thanks for being a sport about it.

She's moving in a fog now.

MARION

Yes, certainly. Children, let's start moving outside, where our bus is waiting.

PATRICK TURNS AWAY -- Relieved *that's* over. But FINDS his secretary, Jackie, GLARING at him. (She's overheard.)

124 INT. YOUNG MARION AND TOM'S BRIGHTON HOUSE - DAY - 1958 124

Marion flies through the door in a rage.

125 INT. YOUNG MARION AND TOM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY - 1958 125

Marion tears the place apart. She's in a fury, ripping Tom's trousers off hangers, searching pockets, tossing them to the floor. Digs through his jackets, finds nothing incriminating. Empties drawers, pulls books from shelves.

Finally, she discovers, tucked behind some shoes -- the guidebook to Venice. She starts ripping out its pages.

126 INT. YOUNG MARION AND TOM'S HOUSE - DUSK - 1958 126

Tom enters. The place is dim, with daylight fading. No one's turned on the lights. No dinner on the table.

TOM

Marion?

127 INT. YOUNG MARION AND TOM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DUSK - 1958 127

Tom is shocked by the mess she's made. His belongings and clothes on the floor. Drawers open. Books thrown about.

Marion sits on the bed, surrounded by the shredded guidebook.

TOM

Marion?

She doesn't answer. Tom sits beside her.

TOM (CONT'D)

What in the world...?

MARION

You're going to Venice with Patrick.

TOM

I hadn't decided. But why shouldn't I go?

MARION

Patrick is a sexual pervert.

Tom freezes. What to do? Deny? No. He *laughs*.

TOM

That's ridiculous! What makes you think -- ?

MARION

It's obvious, Tom. To everyone but you.

TOM

You're *wrong*. You want to see perverts? Come down to the station and I'll show you some. They wear stuff, rouge and that, on their faces. And jewellery. It's pathetic. And they have this walk. You can tell them a mile off.

MARION

Alright. I get the picture.

TOM

He's got business in Venice. I'm being paid.

MARION

He's trying to destroy our marriage.

TOM

You know what, Marion? I'm beginning to think you have a dirty mind.

MARION

I don't know what to do. I have to do *something*.

TOM

I'll tell you what we're going to do. We'll say no more about it. I'm going downstairs. I want you to clean yourself up. We'll have our tea and forget this. Marion?

She won't look at him.

TOM (CONT'D)

Get a grip on yourself.

He exits. Marion is still. Defeated.

MONTEVERDI'S Possente Spirto (L'Orfeo) TAKES US TO --

128 EXT. VENICE - CANAL WALKWAY - DAY - 1958 128

Tom and Patrick stroll together, side by side. Tom is dazzled by the city. Patrick is dazzled by Tom.

129 EXT. VENICE - WINDING PASSAGEWAY - DAY - 1958 129

Tom and Patrick walk in a dimly lit, narrow passageway between buildings. Tom, in a playful mood, suddenly takes Patrick by the arms, presses him against a building, and kisses him. A NUN enters the passageway and Tom and Patrick pull apart -- but not before the Nun has seen them. She crosses herself and scurries by. Tom and Patrick laugh.

130 INT. HOTEL ROOM - VENICE - DAY - 1958 130

Tom and Patrick are naked, on a bed, smoking, gazing at a view of Venetian rooftops.

PATRICK

What do you think of that view?

TOM

Can't find a word for it.

PATRICK
Glorious. Like you.

TOM
Ha. You're sweet.

PATRICK
We could live here, you know.

TOM
Yeah. And we could live on the moon.

PATRICK
Really, Tom. I could sell my
cottage. That would set us up for a
year or two. The Accademia might
offer me a position.

TOM
And what would I do?

PATRICK
Anything you desire. Study art.
Learn Italian. Swim every day.

Tom is pulled along by the fantasy.

TOM
No. I'd *teach* swimming. At one of
those fancy hotels.

PATRICK
At the Excelsior on the Lido. You'll
make a fortune in tips.

TOM
And every weekend, we'll take a road
trip, up and down the coast.

PATRICK
Yes! We'll stop in the villages, and
get to know the fishermen and
carpenters, and the police...

The word "police" destroys the fantasy for Tom.

TOM
Is this why you brought me here?

PATRICK
Why...?

TOM
To break up my marriage.

PATRICK
You're afraid.

TOM

I thought all this was settled.

PATRICK

We could be together, it's not impossible.

TOM

For me, it is. I like the life I have. I know, in your eyes, it's small and middle class. But that's who I am.

PATRICK

No you're not.

TOM

Yes, I am! And I like it. And I like Marion... I love her. And I love you. We have an arrangement, don't we? Don't ruin this beautiful week.

PATRICK

What am I supposed to do? Be content with seeing you, when you manage to slip away? I've tried, I really have. But it's killing me!

Tom wraps his arms around Patrick.

TOM

I'll see you more often.

PATRICK

I have to break it off.

TOM

No.

Patrick struggles to throw off Tom's strong arms.

PATRICK

Let me go.

TOM

Can't.

PATRICK

You have your life. Live it and forget about me.

TOM

I can't do that. Please, Patrick...

Tom roughly kisses Patrick's neck.

PATRICK

Don't --

Kisses his face. Patrick tries to break out of Tom's hold.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Stop.

But Tom won't let go.

TOM

Let me take care of you for a change.

-- And starts kissing Patrick's shoulders, his chest, moving his head lower until Patrick moans.

END OF THE DAY SCHOOL BELL RINGING CROSSES THE CUT TO --

131

INT. BRIGHTON PRIMARY SCHOOL - STAFF ROOM - DAY - 1958 131

Marion and Julia cleaning up cups at a counter and finishing their own tea, as Teachers head home.

JULIA

(to exiting Teachers)

See you tomorrow. Chin up, we've almost reached the finish line.

(raising a teacup)

Here's to the last fortnight of term. Thank God it's here at last.

Marion ignores her tea. Lost in thought and misery.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Did you have a bad day?

MARION

Huh? Oh, no. Nothing.

JULIA

You've been distracted all week. Something's wrong. You ought to talk about it.

Marion has to tell someone. She waits until a group of Teachers exit, then speaks in a low voice.

MARION

Tom's away.

JULIA

Away?

MARION

On a trip. With Patrick. They're in Venice. Collecting pieces for the museum.

Julia says nothing.

MARION (CONT'D)

Tom took off work to go. He's being paid. But...

(a glance about, then)

Patrick is a homosexual.

JULIA

You have to be careful saying such things.

MARION

He's in Venice with my husband!

JULIA

And Tom?

MARION

I think he has... tendencies. That Patrick encourages. What am I going to do?

JULIA

Do?

The last pair of Teachers brushes past, leaving. When they're gone, Marion continues:

MARION

I have to help Tom. I'm his wife.

JULIA

Help him...?

MARION

Change.

JULIA

If what you're saying is true, he'll never change.

MARION

He *has* to!

JULIA

Marion. Listen to me. I'm really sorry to tell you this, but it's the kindest thing I can do. He *won't* change. And it'll be better for both of you if you accept that.

MARION

It's destroying our marriage.

JULIA

Oh, yes. He shouldn't have married you.

MARION

I'm glad he married me! It's what we both wanted. But he has to... To give that up.

JULIA

He can't.

MARION

Stop saying that! He *can* change, with my help.

JULIA

It's just not true.

MARION

When I think of them together, my stomach turns. It's disgusting. Wrong!

JULIA

If that's the case, then I'm wrong too.

MARION

What do you have to do with it?

JULIA

Good grief. Didn't you know?

For Marion, the light begins to dawn...

JULIA (CONT'D)

If you could see your face.

MARION

You're...?

JULIA

I have someone in my life. That I love, as much as you love Tom.

Marion is stunned.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Five seconds ago, I was one person to you. And now I'm something altogether different. What's changed?

MARION

It's unnatural.

JULIA

And what about you and your marriage is natural?

Julia gathers her things and exits. Marion is alone.

132 INT. YOUNG MARION AND TOM'S BRIGHTON HOUSE - EVE - 1958 132

Marion enters. At the door, she finds the post that's been dropped through the door. Including the postcard of the Rialto Bridge, from Tom, in Venice.

On the back: "Dearest Marion. Journey long but OK. Great place but missing you. Tom."

Marion carries the card over to the oven, lights a burner, and dips the card into the flame.

133 EXT./INT. SHOP - PEACEHAVEN - DAY - 1999 133

Tom and Marion are picking fruit and veg outside the shop.

Tom looks into the shop and SEES -- Nigel (Patrick's nurse) and Jonathan (Nigel's partner, 30's). They don't see Tom.

Tom STARES, mesmerised, as Nigel makes a joke and Jonathan laughs, placing a hand on Nigel's arm. Then, Nigel kisses his cheek. *In public and completely comfortable.*

Marion goes inside the shop to pay for the groceries. Tom BOLTS away.

NIGEL
Mrs. Burgess?

134 EXT./INT. SHOP - TOM AND MARION'S CAR - CONT. - 1999 134

Tom walks quickly to their car. He climbs into the driver's seat --

INSIDE THE CAR -- Tom breaks down. Shaking. Tears come to his eyes. He tries to stop them with his fists. He starts weeping. Breathes deep to stop. *Has to stop.* Wipes his face dry. Covering up.

Marion climbs into the passenger seat. Tom quickly pulls himself together.

MARION
Did you see Nigel? With his friend.
They live a few streets over --
(beat)
What's wrong?

Tom starts the car.

TOM
Nothing I'm fine.

Marion glances over her shoulder, to Nigel and Jonathan exiting the store...

And understands the source of Tom's misery. She wants to touch his hands on the wheel, his face. But can't.

135 EXT. BRIGHTON STREET - DAY - 1958

135

Young Tom. In uniform. Moving quickly down the street. And glancing about. Avoiding eye contact with any passerby.

Face contorted with panic. And shame.

136 INT. YOUNG MARION AND TOM'S BRIGHTON HOUSE - CONT. - 1958 136

Tom charges inside. Locks the door. Runs up the stairs...

TOM
(shouting)
Marion?

Marion, marking homework, comes out of the living room...

MARION
Did you forget your -- ?

Tom, strides past her, glances out of the windows. Like a criminal on the run. Starts pacing in circles.

TOM
Patrick's been arrested!

MARION
What?

TOM
I was at the station when they brought him in. They had him in handcuffs. For a minute, I thought he'd give me away, speak to me, ask for help. In front of everybody. But he just looked past me, like he didn't know me. I ran out, fast as I could.

MARION
Tom. Slow down. Tell me --

TOM
Someone reported him! Probably someone from the museum.

MARION
Oh my God.

TOM

They started an investigation. And dug up some wretch who claimed Patrick had him, in the alleyway, behind the Argyle. What am I going to do?!

MARION

It'll be alright.

TOM

Alright?!

MARION

Listen to me. We can put all this behind us. Start our marriage again.

TOM

Jesus! This isn't about our marriage! Patrick's going to prison. And I'm bloody ruined.

MARION

Why you?

TOM

If they know about Patrick, they might know about --

MARION

Then it's true? You and Patrick.

TOM

Yes, it's true! I'm sorry, I know I've let you down. I lied. But now... Someone will tell. They'll find out everything and that'll be it. Everyone will know what I... Oh God!

He collapses at the table.

TOM (CONT'D)

What am I going to do?

Marion takes charge.

MARION

They'll never know about the two of you.

TOM

How can they not?

MARION

Because Patrick will never tell them.

TOM

You don't know how police work. They bully, threaten. To get things out of a man.

MARION

Patrick wouldn't do that to you.

Tom begins to calm a bit.

TOM

You're right. He'd never do that to me, would he?

(panic turning to sorrow,
for Patrick)

If you'd seen him, when they brought him in. He was so miserable. And I pretended I didn't know him. I left him there, to face that by himself!

(now weeping)

He needed me, and I walked out on him!

Marion takes him in her arms, smooths his hair.

MARION

Sh. It's alright, love. I'm here. We'll sort this out.

TOM

How?

MARION

We'll find a lawyer for Patrick. Someone good. And, if I have to, I'll stand up for him, as a character witness.

TOM

I can't have anything to do with it. It'll ruin me.

MARION

Don't worry. We'll keep you out of it.

TOM

I don't know how you can forgive me. I don't deserve it.

She rocks him gently. He belongs to her now.

MARION

Sh. I'll take care of everything.

PRE-LAP --

MARION (V.O.)

Mr. Hazelwood gave my class --

Marion in the witness chair. She avoids looking at Patrick. His accuser, Leonard (the young man from Argyle Club) waits in the witness dock. In the public gallery, Jackie (from the museum) witnesses the proceedings.

MARION

-- a tour of the museum.

She's being questioned by Patrick's DEFENSE COUNSEL.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

And during that visit, did you have any reason to believe that Mr. Hazelwood was a danger to your pupils, or in any way a negative influence on them?

MARION

On the contrary, the children loved him.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Do you believe that Mr. Hazelwood is capable of performing the acts with which he stands accused? Namely, gross indecency in a public convenience and endangering public morals?

MARION

No, I do not.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Thank you.

The Defence Counsel returns to his seat. The PROSECUTOR (60's, intimidating) rises.

PROSECUTOR

Mrs. Burgess. Do you know Mr. Hazelwood in another capacity, other than professional?

MARION

Yes. He's a friend.

PROSECUTOR

A close friend of your husband's, is he not?

MARION

My husband and I both consider him a friend.

PROSECUTOR

But he and your husband are particularly close, isn't that true?

(MORE)

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

So close they recently traveled to Italy together.

MARION

Patrick had business there.

PROSECUTOR

Did your husband have business there?

MARION

He was assisting Patrick.

PROSECUTOR

"Assisting."

MARION

Yes.

PROSECUTOR

Mrs. Burgess, I would like to read an extract from one of Patrick Hazelwood's diaries. These were collected in his apartment when he was arrested.

An Assistant hands a journal to the Prosecutor.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

(turning to a marked spot in the journal)

Some of it is rather purple, I'm afraid. It's from a page dated, September 9, 1957.

(reads:)

"I recognised him --

138 INTERCUT - MARION'S BEDROOM AT NIGHT - 1999 --

138

Marion sits up in bed, reading the same page in Patrick's journal.

PROSECUTOR (V.O.)

Even from behind...

137 RETURN TO - COURTROOM - 1958 --

137

PROSECUTOR

...That fine head. The unmistakable line of his shoulder. My policeman was magnificently alive in front of me."

Marion tries to control her breathing.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

Mrs. Burgess? Who is "my policeman?"

MARION

I have no idea.

PROSECUTOR

Perhaps another extract will help you remember. This is from a later date.

(reading)

"We've been meeting in the afternoons, if he can get away, or in the evenings. But he hasn't forgotten the schoolteacher. Yesterday, he brought her to the museum. She's instinctively possessive..."

138 RETURN TO - MARION'S BEDROOM - 1999 --

138

She reads the passage.

PROSECUTOR (V.O.)

She touched his shoulders at every opportunity. If only she knew that my hands had been on those same shoulders, the night before --

137 RETURN TO - COURTROOM - 1958 --

137

PROSECUTOR

-- As my policeman and I..."

(stops reading)

I'll stop here, as the next passage borders on obscenity. Mrs. Burgess? You're a schoolteacher, aren't you?

MARION

Yes.

PROSECUTOR

And what is your husband's occupation?

She doesn't answer.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

Mrs. Burgess?

MARION

A policeman.

PROSECUTOR

Speak up, please.

MARION

He's a policeman.

Shocked murmuring from the Spectators. Marion braves it through (barely).

But she SEES Patrick crumble, dropping his head onto his folded arms on the table.

139 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - DAY - 1999 139

Nigel checks Patrick's vitals. Patrick lies there, distant.

140 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER - 1999 140

Marion washes medical equipment. The entire counter is covered with tubes, bottles, etc.

Nigel enters. Observes Marion for a moment.

NIGEL

How are you holding up?

MARION

Me?

NIGEL

What you're doing isn't easy. It can be an enormous strain.

MARION

I won't argue with that. How's Patrick?

NIGEL

There's no sign of an infection or pneumonia. Is he eating?

MARION

A little. I think the threat of a feeding tube scared him. But still. I don't think he's well.

NIGEL

He's not. He's going downhill. It may not be physical.

MARION

What do you mean?

NIGEL

I've see it often enough. Someone gets to the point they have nothing to live for. They decide it's time to die. And they do. There's very little any of us can do about it.

Marion freezes, her hands in soapy water.

CLANGING OF PRISON DOORS takes us to --

FIND MARION at a scuffed metal table, surrounded by Prisoners and working-class Visitors.

PATRICK

I see a psychiatrist who has generously offered to help me change...

REVEAL PATRICK - Sitting opposite Marion. His hair unkempt. Face nicked by the dull prison razor. Bruised eye.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Isn't that kind of him?

MARION

What happened to your face?

PATRICK

I moved too slowly in the queue for the bathroom.

(off her reaction)

This is a prison, Marion. My cellmate has kindly offered his protection. In exchange, I tell him stories to pass the time. I'm educating him to the classics. We've just started Anna Karenina. Imagine how long that will take. But we have plenty of time. Two years in fact.

MARION

How's the food?

PATRICK

For God's sake, I don't want to talk about the food! Tell me about Tom. How is he?

MARION

He's found a job as a security guard for a department store. I've kept my teaching position. So we'll manage. We're looking to leave the neighbourhood. Go somewhere where we're not so well known. I think that will help.

PATRICK

I tried to protect him. I never said a word. It was those damn journals. Can you ask him to come? I need to see him.

MARION

He can't --

PATRICK
(grabs her arm)
I have to see him! Please.

PRISON GUARD
No touching!

Patrick releases her wrist.

MARION
I'll ask him. But surely you realise
he can't come. I'm sorry.

Patrick is crushed.

PATRICK
You must be pleased about all this.

MARION
Why on earth would I be pleased?

PATRICK
You've won.

MARION
Oh Patrick. Nobody's won.

142 INT. WALPOLE PRISON - CELL - LATER - 1957

142

Patrick is curled on his bunk. His cellmate, BERT (50's, prison tattoos), makes a demand.

BERT
I need a story, Patrick.

PATRICK
I'm not in the mood.

BERT
Tell me a bloody story before I
smash your face into the wall.

Patrick sighs. Has no choice.

PATRICK
Where did we leave off? Anna was
desperate to see Count Vronksy --

BERT
No more of that Russian rubbish.
Something English.

Patrick closes his eyes. He wants to die.

PATRICK
Alright, Bert. Here's an English
story for you.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

It's about a policeman. A good
policeman. From Brighton.

BERT

Been there once.

PATRICK

This policeman did his job to the
best of his abilities. But he was
different from the other policemen.
He was interested in the arts, in
books, and music. And he was
handsome, like one of the Greek
statues in the British Museum.

BERT

Sounds like a bloody queer.

PATRICK

That's what he was. He was a bloody
queer.

BERT

What are you about?

PATRICK

But it was a secret. Until he met an
older man. This older man took the
policeman to the theatre, to the
galleries, the opera, and suddenly a
whole new world opened up --

BERT

I don't want to hear this fucking
filth.

PATRICK

The policeman had a wife. But he
continued to see the older man.
Because he and the man loved each
other very much.

Bert leaps to his feet, fists clenched.

BERT

Why don't we change the subject,
mate?

Curious Prisoners gather outside the cell.

PATRICK

Like I said, they loved each other.
But the man was sent to prison for
the simple crime of loving another
man --

WHOMP. Bert's fist slams into Patrick's face, splitting his
lip. Patrick keeps speaking through the blood.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

And no matter what they do to him,
the older man will never stop loving
the policeman --

WHOMP. Bert lays into Patrick, fists raining down, blow after blow. Patrick collapses to the floor and Bert starts kicking him, viciously, in the stomach, his back. Prisoners are CHEERING him on. Guards come running blowing WHISTLES.

143 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1999 143

Patrick is asleep with moonlight glinting off his white hair and metal rails of his bed. HE'S BEING OBSERVED BY --

TOM. IN THE CORRIDOR. We follow Tom's POV to -- Patrick's closed EYES. His HANDS relaxed for a change and still elegant. The hands that once touched Tom.

NOW WE SEE TOM FROM ANOTHER POV -- Marion's. As she steps quietly to the doorway of her bedroom. Tom doesn't see her.

Marion watching Tom watching Patrick.

End on Marion. She knows what she must do.

144 EXT. BURGESS HOUSE - DAY - 1999 144

The sun is shining.

145 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - DAY - 1999 145

Everything in its place. A still life.

146 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - DAY - 1999 146

Patrick faces the window, sunlight warming his face.

On the floor beside Patrick: Walter, the dog, surrounded by the crumbs of Patrick's breakfast.

147 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY - 1999 147

Marion sits on the edge of the bed. Smoking. Wearing a good skirt, jacket, and shoes.

She puts out the cigarette. Places the half-filled pack on top of Patrick's journals. A gift.

And places some gloves into a suitcase. Snaps it shut.

FROM DOWN THE HALL -- She hears Tom enter the house, talking to Walter and offering him a treat.

Marion tenses up. Suddenly unsure. Takes a deep breath. Finds her resolve. Picks up her suitcase.

148 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS - 1999 148

Marion moves past the spare bedroom. Sees Patrick in his chair, looking out the window. Moves on.

149 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - LIVING/DINING AREA - CONT. - 1999 149

Marion approaches. SEES Tom at the table, reading the paper. She leaves her suitcase just outside the dining area.

Tom looks up. Notices Marion dressed in good clothes.

TOM

What's this?

MARION

I need to talk to you.

TOM

You're going out?

MARION

Tom, please.

She closes her eyes for a moment. She *must not back down*.

MARION (CONT'D)

I've tried to help Patrick. But he fights me at every turn. And you're angry all the time...

TOM

What the devil are you -- ?

MARION

Let me speak!

MARION (CONT'D)

I think I brought Patrick here because I've been so lonely.

TOM

What do you mean? I'm always here.

MARION

No, you're *never* here. I've never had you. Not for myself. He was always in your life. In *our* lives. I have to find something for myself, don't you see?

TOM

Marion. Stop this foolishness. Sit down. I'll make us some tea. You say we never talk. Alright. We'll talk.

MARION

I'm leaving.

TOM

What...Have you lost your mind?

MARION

I can't stay here! It will kill me!

TOM

For God's sake! You brought him back into our lives. You stirred everything up. And now you think you're going to leave? And what do I do?

MARION

For once, Tom, you might take care of yourself.

TOM

Now back to this. How I ruined your life.

MARION

No. You didn't. But you *did* lie to me. From the day we met. And kept lying. You loved Patrick --

TOM

Stop!

MARION

-- And you still love him. All these years, I've blamed myself for keeping the two of you apart. And I've never once thought -- What have I missed?

TOM

I won't hear this!

He rises to leave.

MARION

I reported Patrick to the museum. It was me.

That stops him cold.

MARION (CONT'D)

When the two of you were in Venice. I felt so betrayed. And then your postcard came. It felt like you were taunting me. I burned it...

150 INTERCUT - INT. YOUNG MARION AND TOM'S HOME - DAY - 1958 150

Marion carries Tom's postcard to the top of the cooker, lights it. And watches it burn.

MARION (V.O.)
And, while I stood there... It occurred to me, there was something I could do. To win you back. And save our marriage...

149 RETURN TO - MARION AND TOM - 1999 -- 149

MARION
I wrote an anonymous letter to Patrick's supervisor...

150 INTERCUT - INT. YOUNG MARION AND TOM'S HOME - DAY - 1958 150

Young Marion types the letter.

MARION (V.O.)
I told him I had personal knowledge that Patrick was a homosexual. And I imagined he wouldn't want the museum's patrons exposed to that kind of person, especially children...

151 INTERCUT - EXT. BRIGHTON - POSTAL BOX - 1958 151

Marion drops the letter into a post box.

MARION (V.O.)
The next day, I regretted it.

149 RETURN TO - MARION AND TOM - 1999 -- 149

MARION
I hoped they'd think the letter was from some crank. Then Patrick was arrested. I tried to make up for what I'd done by standing up for him at the trial. But that, well, you know what happened... So I decided the only thing left for me to do, was to get you through the mess we'd made. And I thought, "Now I'll have him. I'll have him for myself." But I never did.

Tom sinks back into his chair.

TOM
You destroyed him.

MARION
We destroyed each other.

TOM

I shouldn't have deceived you. It wasn't right. But I couldn't tell you. You would've left me. And I *did* want you! But I wanted him too!

She moves to the counter, pointing out things.

MARION

Nigel's number is here, on the counter. And the chemist.

TOM

You can't be serious.

MARION

We don't make each other happy.

TOM

Of course we do!

MARION

No, Tom. You have the sea. Your swimming. Your strangers. I don't even like Peacehaven! When I pictured my retirement, I saw museums, the theatre, weekends in London. I don't know. *Something!*

TOM

What do you want from me? To beg you to stay? Alright, I'm begging you.

MARION

(glances out a window)
The car's here. I left some cigarettes for Patrick in the bedroom. We're not supposed to give them to him, but it makes him happy.

TOM

I can't face him. I can't.

MARION

Tom. Patrick's failing. I think he can turn around. But I have to wash my hands of it, don't you see? You can send him to a home. But I hope you won't. I hope you'll keep him here. And love him. That's what he needs. It's what you need. And I need to go.

He reaches for her, but she steps back. Out of his reach. She can't afford to let him touch her. It might change her mind.

MARION (CONT'D)

I'll be at my sister's for a while, then...

TOM
Please don't go.

MARION
I have to, my love. I'm sorry.

TOM
I can't live alone.

MARION
But, Tom. You're not alone.

She picks up her suitcase. Steps out the door quickly.

152 EXT. BURGESS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - 1999 152

Before Marion shuts the door, she glances back -- And sees YOUNG TOM slumped at the table.

She walks to the mini cab. Hands over her bag. And climbs inside. The car drives off.

152A INT./EXT. - MINI CAB/BRAMBER AVENUE - CONTINUOUS - 1999 152A

Marion looks out the window as she is driven along the streets lined with bungalows.

153 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - LIVING/DINING AREA - CONT. - 1999 153

HOLD ON TOM. She's gone. What to do? He rises. Starts walking through the house.

DOWN THE CORRIDOR -- Sunlight from the spare bedroom makes a rectangle of light on the floor and opposite wall.

Tom walks toward it.

153A INT./EXT. MINI CAB/PEACEHAVEN HIGH STREET - CONT. - 1999 153A

Marion looks out at the shops (Joe's Pizza etc.) as she's driven out of Peacehaven.

154 INT. BURGESS HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - 1999 154

Patrick in his chair. Taking in what he can see of the sea view from the sun-blasted window.

A shadow falls over his knees. He looks up. SEES TOM.

Who stands awkwardly in the doorway. Eyes meet. Tom waits there. Feeling awkward, ashamed. Frightened.

But... Patrick offers a crooked smile.

Tom enters. Sits on the bed. Hand resting on his knee.

Patrick reaches for Tom's hand. Holds it in a grip stronger than Tom expects.

155 INT. MINI CAB/COASTAL ROAD - DAY - 1999 155

Marion rides in the back.

The grey sky has broken. Sunlight cuts through the window.

156 INT./EXT. MINI CAB/COASTAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS - 1999 156

Finally the car leaves the town behind, offering a clear view of landscape and sea.

The mini cab winds along bluffs toward the train station.

The sun warms Marion's face and gives her courage.

END