

A VERY ENGLISH SCANDAL

EPISODE TWO

by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT 28.09
PINK AMENDMENTS 03.10
BLUE AMENDMENTS 04.10
GREEN AMENDMENTS 25.10
YELLOW AMENDMENTS 31.10
SALMON AMENDMENTS 08.11
GOLDEN ROD AMENDMENTS 27.11

Based on the book by John Preston

1 INT. COMMONS CHAMBER - DAY 1

JEREMY on his feet, to a packed House. A firebrand.

JEREMY

I regard it as immoral! This country continues to supply arms to Nigeria, while no food has been able to reach these people since the 10th of June. And who takes advantage of this? Soviet Russia! The Russians have been growing in strength within Nigeria with every passing day - the world should see this! The world should know!

CUT TO:

2 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CENTRAL LOBBY - DAY 2

MINUTES LATER, the session ended, the lobby full, JEREMY striding through, PETER BESSELL trotting after him, alarmed, as Jeremy returns to his greatest passion of the moment:

JEREMY

The real question is, where to dispose of the body? In New York, they drop corpses in the river.

CUT TO:

3 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, STAIRCASE - DAY 3

JEREMY and BESSELL now hurrying upstairs.

JEREMY

I've read, you can seal a body in concrete at the base of a motorway.

CUT TO:

4 INT. JEREMY'S LEADER'S OFFICE - DAY 4

JEREMY striding towards his office, BESSELL following -

JEREMY

Tin mines! That's the solution. David! Ready for you now.

Waiting outside the office, now jumping to his feet, is DAVID HOLMES, 40s, northern, a solid, bluff man, heavy glasses; a good, blunt, down-to-earth contrast to these MPs. He joins Jeremy & Bessell as they enter the Leader's Office -

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Pedro Besselli, David Holmes,
David's in finance, he was Deputy
Treasurer of the party, he got us
those carpets for Liberal
Headquarters, half price.

DAVID HOLMES

Magic Carpet Company, that's me.

JEREMY

We were at Oxford. And we holiday
together.

DAVID HOLMES

We've had some bloody times, him
and me. That beach in Greece.

JEREMY

That waiter!

An old, intense friendship between Jeremy and David; their in-
jokes and ease with each other make Bessell feel excluded.

BESSELL

Anyway, you two must have business,
I'll leave you alone -

JEREMY

No, same business! Lock the door.

Bessell does so, amazed, as David takes part, quite happily.
Like it's some old college game between them.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I was saying, Norman Scott, tin
mines. Hundreds of abandoned tin
mines in Cornwall.

DAVID HOLMES

Brilliant. Drop the body down
there, he'll never be found.

JEREMY

Take him to the pub. Get him
drunk. Shove him in the car, drive
him out to Bodmin Moor. Kill him.

BESSELL

But... that's my constituency.

DAVID HOLMES

Kill him how?

JEREMY

Oh come on. It's quite easy to
break someone's neck.

(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)
(demonstrates on Bessell)
Elbow there. Jerk up. Hah!

DAVID HOLMES
He might wriggle out of it. Men
like him tend to be wrigglers.

JEREMY
You'll just have to shoot him,
David. Can you get a gun?

DAVID HOLMES
I can do whatever you want.

JEREMY
Then shoot the bugger stone dead!

CUT TO:

5 INT. BESSELL'S OFFICE - DAY

5

BESSELL arriving, smoking a cigarette, weighed down by
worries. DIANA STAINTON passes him a slip of paper.

DIANA
Message for you. Norman Scott.

Bessell winces, oh God. But as he reads...

...he GRINS.

CUT TO:

6 INT. JEREMY'S LEADER'S OFFICE - DAY

6

BESSELL bursts in, flushed, delighted. JEREMY at his desk.

BESSELL
It's over. It's finished. It's
done. You don't need to worry
about Norman Scott ever again!

JEREMY
Why, is he dead?

BESSELL
Better than that.

CUT TO:

7 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

7

A BRIDE & GROOM on a WEDDING CAKE.

POP! CHAMPAGNE CORK goes flying.

CHAMPAGNE being poured into GLASSES.

GLASSES being handed out by WAITERS to GUESTS.

The guests are arranged along a LONG TABLE. This is the L'Artiste Affamé restaurant on the Old Brompton Road. Only 25 guests or so, it's not a huge wedding, and now...

Ting-ting-ting, knife on champagne glass, and at one end of the tale, a man stands to make a speech. CAPTAIN MYERS, 50.

CAPTAIN MYERS

Thank you. Everyone. Thank you very much. As father of the bride, it is my duty to toast the happy couple. Mr and Mrs Scott.

And at the OPPOSITE END of the long table: NORMAN and SUE SCOTT, nee Myers. She's 25, proud, stubborn. Both very much determined to be in love with each other, right now.

CAPTAIN MYERS (CONT'D)

It's the second time this task has befallen me. As you'll recall, our firstborn daughter Belinda was lucky enough to marry that fine actor and gentleman, Terry-Thomas.

(a toast)

Those Magnificent Men!

All the guests toast:

GUESTS

In Their Flying Machines!

CAPTAIN MYERS

They can't be here today, Terry has to attend the premiere of Monte Carlo or Bust. Or perhaps they're choosing to stay away while my second daughter, Susan, marries this dreadful homosexual.

Silence.

CAPTAIN MYERS (CONT'D)

That's where my wife is. Sitting at home, weeping. In fury. With her child two months pregnant by this flagrant poofter. Quite how he got her pregnant, I don't know, she must've been caught downwind. He even had the nerve, Norman, to ask for a wedding in Westminster Cathedral, I said have you not flown in the face of God enough? Although now, with hindsight, I'd be glad of a thunderbolt.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN MYERS (CONT'D)

So all I can say, in tribute to
this desolate affair, is this:
leave him, my darling.
(a toast)
Come home!

A muttered toast amongst five or six who agree:

GUESTS

Come home.

Captain Myers sits, bitter, defeated.

Way down the table, Norman mortified, tries to smile. But
Sue GLARES at her father. Holds Norman's hand. Tight.

CUT TO:

8

INT. NORMAN & SUE'S COTTAGE - DAY

8

A cottage in Dorset; ramshackle, with basic furnishings.
NORMAN's in the FRONT ROOM, holding his BABY SON, DIGGORY
BENJAMIN SCOTT, known as Benjamin. Father and son fretful.

NORMAN

There now. Little bit of hush.
Don't you think? Benjamin? Look
at me. Look at daddy. Look at my
face. Why don't you look at me?
Oh now, look, here she comes...

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW: a BLACK CAB pulling up.

CUT TO:

8A

EXT. NORMAN & SUE'S COTTAGE - DAY

8A

SUE disembarking from the taxi, with SHOPPING BAGS. Lots of
bags! NORMAN with BENJAMIN, emerging from the doorway, wary.
Sue's already on edge; life with Norman is difficult.

NORMAN

A taxi. That's nice. How much did
that cost?

SUE

Every last penny.

NORMAN

Did you buy any food?

SUE

You're the provider.

NORMAN

But... did you spend all our money?

SUE

Get some more. You married me.
You promised to look after me.

And she strides into the house.

CUT TO:

8B INT. NORMAN & SUE'S COTTAGE - DAY

8B

SUE now laying out her shopping. To provoke NORMAN.

SUE

Look, you'd think it was Carnaby
Street, I'm amazed, out here in the
Styx, isn't it beautiful?

She's laying out a BLACK DRESS with MIRRORS sewn in. Plus,
PAPERBACK BOOKS and a bag of PEACOCK FEATHERS. Norman agog.

SUE (CONT'D)

Books! Daddy says a house can't
have enough books. And look,
Lynette told me that peacock
feathers are lucky. D'you see?
They're like eyes. Like the eye of
God can see into the house.

NORMAN

Thing is, Sue. We're starving.
There's nothing in the kitchen -
and technically, I think peacock
feathers are unlucky, according to
superstition - but I mean nothing,
not even a slice of bread -

And Sue's fury erupts:

SUE

Well whose fault is that?! No, no,
no, don't tell me, no, it's him,
isn't it? It's HIS fault! Again!

NORMAN

But it is! It genuinely is! If
Jeremy Thorpe did his duty and got
me a National Insurance card -

SUE

He got married, you got married, he
had a baby, you had a baby, is any
of this about me, Norman? Why am I
even here, can you tell me that?

NORMAN

I love you.

SUE

Oh d'you know what you sound like,
when you say that? You sound
queer. Give him to me.

Going up to him, taking Benjamin. So she's close:

SUE (CONT'D)

Who was better in bed? Me or him?
(baby in her arms)
Oh Benjamino. He's so hungry.
Go and get some food.

NORMAN

We haven't got any money -

SUE

Get. My child. Some food.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. ORCHARD - DAY

9

NORMAN heaves himself over a FENCE.

An ORCHARD. He scrabbles on the floor, finding wind-blown
apples. Shoves them in his DUFFEL BAG. Furtive as a thief.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. CHICKEN COOP - DAY

10

CHICKENS flutter and squawk as NORMAN, the fox in the hen-
house, with a DUFFEL BAG, grabs EGGS, makes off with them.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. POTATO FIELD - DAY

11

NORMAN, bedraggled and weary, sneaks into a FIELD.

He digs in the soil. POTATOES. He yanks them out, shoves
them in his DUFFEL BAG, scrabbles some more.

CUT TO:

12 INT. NORMAN & SUE'S COTTAGE

12

NORMAN muddy, ragged, exhausted, walks home with his DUFFEL
BAG. But a good distance from the house, he sees...

A big REMOVAL VAN. SUE at the passenger side, the DRIVER in
the cab leaning over as Sue passes up... a BABY BASKET.

NORMAN

Sue..?

She doesn't even glance at him. Gets into the van, SLAM!
Norman starts to run, calling out:

NORMAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Sue? Wait a
minute. Don't. Don't!

But the van lurches off, as fast as it can. Sue doesn't even
look down, impassive, as Norman bangs on the side.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Sue! Please! I'm sorry, all
right? I said I'm sorry!

But the van roars away, leaving Norman behind.

CUT TO:

13 OMITTED 13

14 OMITTED 14

15 INT. NORMAN & SUE'S COTTAGE - DAY 15

NORMAN walks in. Already knowing what he'll see.
EMPTY. Stripped BARE. All the furniture gone.
Norman stands there. Left with nothing.

CUT TO:

16 OMITTED 16

17 OMITTED 17

18 OMITTED 18

19 OMITTED 19

20 OMITTED 20

21 OMITTED 21

22 OMITTED 22

23 OMITTED 23

24 INT. JEREMY'S LEADER'S OFFICE - DAY 24

JEREMY hard at work at his desk. A knock at the door, he looks up as the door opens.

MIKE STEELE steps in. Looking grim.

JEREMY

The splendid Mike. Can I help you?

MIKE STEELE

I'm sorry. The police are here.
They'd like a word.

Jeremy chilled as Mike steps aside, allows the SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE to walk in. His face grave. And then worse, behind him, a DETECTIVE INSPECTOR. And then TWO POLICEMEN.

JEREMY

What is it? What's happened?

CUT TO:

25 INT. NORMAN & SUE'S COTTAGE - DAY 25

Now just bare sticks of furniture. NORMAN's made himself a cuppa, sits as the news sinks in, a RADIO on the worktop.

RADIO NEWSCASTER

Witnesses say the car was driving along the A303 in Hampshire when the collision occurred. Caroline Thorpe was travelling alone, and the other drivers only sustained minor injuries. The Prime Minister has expressed his condolences...

Norman has a little cry. Surprised that he's so upset.

CUT TO:

25A EXT. JEREMY'S DEVON HOUSE - DAY 25A

JEREMY drives up. Home, at last.

He gets out. Shaken, only just holding on as he goes inside.

CUT TO:

26 INT. JEREMY'S DEVON HOUSE - DAY 26

JEREMY walks in. His mother, URSULA, is waiting. She doesn't go to him, too much in shock, speechless, just standing back as he walks past her.

Goes to the NURSERY.

RUPERT is there (now 1 year 2 months old), the NANNY nearby, looking upset, and as Jeremy enters, she walks out, can't bear to watch. Jeremy goes to RUPERT, picks him up, hugs him tight, and then he's holding his son and crying.

CUT TO:

27 OMITTED 27

28 INT. JEREMY'S DEVON HOUSE - DAY 28

A MAID is giving out tea.

All around the room,, grave and deferential: PETER BESSELL, EMLYN HOOSON, MIKE STEELE, JOHN PARDOE, MP for North Cornwall in chairs, DAVID HOLMES more informal, on a windowsill.

It is many days later. They've come to pay their respects. And JEREMY holds court. Grim. Keeping them spellbound.

JEREMY

We may never know. Whether she looked down, or fell asleep at the wheel. Just for a second. But she swerved. Into the opposite lane. Thirteen-ton lorry. She flipped over, landed on the roof, skidded along. Stopped. Still alive. Spoke to the police while they were cutting her out. I'm told she apologised for the inconvenience.

(a nice smile goes round the room)

Dead by the time she reached the hospital. Ruptured spleen.

DAVID HOLMES

Bloody hell. Just... awful.

MIKE STEELE

Everyone at headquarters sends their condolences.

JEREMY

Thank you. If there was one miracle, Rupert wasn't with her.

DAVID HOLMES

Thank God.

JEREMY

(more upset)

It's all about him, now. My mother said, he's 14 months old, he won't remember her. I said, he will.

Silence, as he recovers.

MIKE STEELE

Obviously... If there's anything we can do to help. With arrangements for the funeral, or talking to your constituents. We thought some kind of public memorial would be a good idea...?

Hooson is a little bit more beady.

HOOSON

And there's the question of when you're returning to work.

MIKE STEELE

Well it's a bit soon for that -

HOOSON

Don't mean to cause offence, Mike, I'm just being practical. I'm sure you appreciate that, Jeremy.

A low look across the room, Jeremy and Hooson; old enemies.

HOOSON (CONT'D)

The affairs of state are relentless. So if you need me. To step in. You only have to say.

CUT TO:

29

EXT. JEREMY'S DEVON HOUSE - DAY

29

THROUGH THE WINDOW: DAVID HOLMES, EMLYN HOOSON, MIKE STEELE, JOHN PARDOE all chatting, the MAID serving tea.

Seen by JEREMY; he's escaped outside with BESSELL. Old friends in the aftermath, though Jeremy's bitter:

JEREMY

Emlyn bloody Hooson. He wants my job. He always did. I thought I'd have you at my side, Besselli, to fight the good fight, but now you're giving me more bad news.

BESSELL

I've got no choice. I'm not just leaving Parliament, I think I might have to get out of the country while I still can. Just between you and me, I'm planning to vanish. That latest venture turned into a disaster, the one with the eggs.

JEREMY

What went wrong?

BESSELL

The egg man. Dropped down dead. Leaving me half a million in debt. And since you're not allowed to be both an MP and a bankrupt... Off I pop. I swear, a man is not allowed to lose his money these days without everybody making a fuss.

Which actually makes Jeremy laugh. He claps Bessell on the back, as they walk towards the lane, and Bessell's car.

JEREMY

So what's the next adventure?

BESSELL

America, I think. A man can start again, out there.

JEREMY

And escape his furious wife. How's the new girl, any good?

BESSELL

The love of my life.

JEREMY

Oh don't be ridiculous.
(holds out his hand)
I will miss you, Besselli. And your nonsense.

A handshake, which turns into a sudden hug. Both men more emotional than they'd like to admit. They separate.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I don't suppose you'll be back.

BESSELL

I doubt it. I've left a bit too much damage behind.

JEREMY

Well, who knows where tide and time will take us. I'll see you again, old friend.

BESSELL

I hope so. And I really am sorry, she was a wonderful girl.

But as Bessell turns to go...

...Jeremy darkens. Damaged by grief.

JEREMY

We still have that unfinished business. The Scottish affair.

BESSELL

Really, though? D'you think?

JEREMY

You told me, he's divorced.

BESSELL

Yes, but I sent him some money and that was that, I can promise, he's gone, he's not going to bother you any more. Just let me give you one last piece of advice, old man. Leave Norman Scott alone.

JEREMY

She had terrible nightmares.

BESSELL

...who did? Caroline?

JEREMY

She'd wake up. Screaming.

CUT TO:

30	OMITTED	30
31	OMITTED	31
32	OMITTED	32
33	OMITTED	33

34 OMITTED 34

35 OMITTED 35

36 OMITTED 36

37 INT. JEREMY'S DEVON HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 37

SILENT images, to paint into Jeremy's speech, sc.38.

CAROLINE in bed, profound terror, flailing, gasping for air.

JEREMY trying to hold her, helpless.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. LANE OUTSIDE JEREMY'S DEVON HOUSE - DAY 38

Images from sc.37 layered over JEREMY.

JEREMY

Every single night. In the end,
she was too scared to go to sleep.

(pause)

It started about a year into the
marriage. Around the time she
spoke to that man on the phone.

BESSELL

You can't think it's his fault..?

JEREMY

I wish you a safe journey, Peter.
I wish you a happy life. And then
I wish Norman Scott to be killed.

CUT TO:

38A INT. BESSELL'S OFFICE - DAY 38A

Norman's 17-page BLUE NOTEPAAPER LETTER, to Jeremy's mother.

Then LETTERS, DIARY NOTES, CHEQUE STUBS are shoved on top,
LID DOWN, CLICK! All shut inside a SMALL LEATHER SUITCASE.

WIDER: the office stripped BARE. BESSELL leaving his old
life, watching a JANITOR wheel away the last FILING CABINET.

And Bessell is left alone. He wonders what to do with the
case. To protect Jeremy. He looks round. Then looks up...

JUMP CUT to Bessell standing on his desk. On tip-toe, he's shoved a large polystyrene CEILING-TILE aside and now slides the small leather suitcase into the roof-space.

Slides the tile back into place. Done.

He clambers back down. Takes his coat, and walks out.

DOOR CLOSING ON THE CAMERA, the office CLOSED, as though Norman Scott and his demands are forgotten, for good.

CUT TO:

39 OMITTED 39

40 EXT. TAL-Y-BONT ROAD & FIELD - DAY 40

North Wales.

Magnificent hillsides.

A country road, with a village sign: TAL-Y-BONT.

A WOMAN crosses the road, heading from one field to another. She's carrying a MUG OF TEA. She's not particularly dressed for a country walk, all shawls and skirts, like she's just strolled out of her house. Which she has. With the tea.

This is GWEN PARRY-JONES. She's 50, spirited, doughty. To get into the field, she has to negotiate a gate and stile, balancing the tea. She spills only a little, oops.

And off she goes. Yomping across the field. Tea aloft.

She's making her way to an ABANDONED CARAVAN. A WHIPPET, EMMA, tied to a post outside. Gwen knocks on the door.

The door's opened by NORMAN SCOTT. Dishevelled, in his vest, not having a clue who she is. Gwen holding the tea, beaming.

GWEN

If this is going to be a regular thing, I will buy myself a thermos.

NORMAN

I'm sorry? Who are you?

GWEN

Gwen Parry-Jones. From the village. I used to be the sub-postmistress. But now I'm as free as a bird.

NORMAN

Right. Well. What d'you want?

GWEN
(of the tea)
It's for you. If you want sugar, I
have brought a little pouch.

CUT TO:

41 INT. NORMAN'S CARAVAN - DAY

41

The interior is damp, rank. NORMAN & GWEN sit side by side. He drinks his tea, trying to be dignified in a tatty caravan, aware that she's sitting a bit too close. She's gap-toothed, all of it brimming over; emotions, bosom, everything.

GWEN
Talk of the village, you are.
Arriving like a visitation.

NORMAN
I'm sure you understand, this isn't
my chosen habitation. I'm owed
some money by... let's say, an
influential gentleman.

GWEN
We've all been talking, John Jones
said he must be a hermit, Buddug
said I bet he's an artist. Like
Toulouse Lautrec. Because you were
wearing a scarf when you arrived.
Mind you, some of the boys had
awful things to say about you, but
I told them, any more of that and
I'll get the carbolic. Dirty
mwchins.

NORMAN
People seem to hound me. Wherever
I go. I think I've been cursed.

GWEN
If you get any trouble, put them on
to me. My husband was in the Welsh
Guards, he taught me how to box.
He said, Gwen, everyone should know
how to box, there could be a war,
any minute. Dead now.

NORMAN
Your husband?

GWEN
Only two months ago. He fell like
a tree.

NORMAN
Oh I'm sorry.

GWEN
It's been hard.

NORMAN
I bet.

GWEN
I loved him.

NORMAN
I'm sure.

GWEN
The nights are long.
(pause)
Norman, the nights are very long.

JUMP CUT TO A ROLL and TUMBLE of BODIES on the FOLD-OUT BED!
A flurry of SHEETS and BLANKETS NORMAN pops up for air -

NORMAN
Oh my God.

- then he's off again, as GWEN rolls him round. Cackling!

CUT TO:

41A EXT. TAL-Y-BONT FIELD - DAY 41A

Norman's CARAVAN rocks and creaks. The WHIPPET stares.

CUT TO:

42 OMITTED 42

43 EXT. TAL-Y-BONT VILLAGE - DAY 43

NORMAN & GWEN walk hand in hand. He's smartened himself up - purple velvet suit, wild shirt, big collars, like an alien has arrived. And GWEN is glowing. Showing him off. She takes his hand in a public display of affection.

A wolf-whistle. They're being watched by an OLD MAN and THREE LADS outside the pub. Nudges, grins, sneers.

For a second, Gwen swells with tears, on the edge; she is a tragedy waiting to happen. But Norman smiles at her, she takes strength from him, and they keep walking, proud.

CUT TO:

44 INT. GWEN'S COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

44

Both wrapped in dressing gowns in FIRELIGHT, with tumblers of WHISKY. NORMAN telling his story, GWEN shocked into silence.

NORMAN

...and that was it. I never saw him again. And I never got my National Insurance Card.

(silence)

I completely understand. If you don't want to see me again.

GWEN

Why would I do that?

NORMAN

Because of the men.

GWEN

Oh no, forgiven! Forgiven outright, don't be silly! My husband was in the army. But Jeremy Thorpe, for God's sake, he's the leader of the party. And now you're telling me this.

(jumps to her feet)

Norman! You've struck lucky!

CUT TO:

45 INT. GWEN'S COTTAGE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

45

MINUTES LATER. GWEN is all sudden bursts of energy and schemes; now she's got PAPER AND PEN, hurrying to sit down at the table to write. NORMAN caught up in her excitement.

GWEN

Cos this friend of mine, his son is the MP for Montgomeryshire - and he's a Liberal MP, he's an actual Liberal. I'm going to tell him!

NORMAN

Good. Yes. Do! Mention the National Insurance card.

GWEN

I will! He's a smashing chap. Emlyn Hooson, his name is.

CUT TO:

46 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, EMLYN HOOSON'S OFFICE - DAY

46

EMLYN HOOSON opens Gwen's LETTER. He reads...

Horrified.

And yet, with a glint in his eye. He can USE this.

CUT TO:

47 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CENTRAL LOBBY - DAY 47

NORMAN and GWEN sit waiting. Two little people, huge space.

For Norman, this is extraordinary. Remembering the last time he was here. And scared, in case he bumps into Jeremy.

He keeps looking round. The men, going to and fro.

And then... the SERJEANT AT ARMS. The same man. After all this time. Passing by, a distance away, not seeing Norman. Norman torn; he wants to hide, but he wants to be recognised.

And he keeps thinking, Jeremy, Jeremy, Jeremy.

His heart pounding as a man approaches. EMLYN HOOSON.

EMLYN HOOSON

Mrs Parry Jones, of course. Thank you for coming all this way.

GWEN

Nice to see you again. Mr Hooson. This is Mr Scott.

Norman now rather grand, given centre stage:

NORMAN

Thank you so much for seeing me. And may I say. It's about time.

CUT TO:

48 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CORRIDOR - DAY 48

NORMAN & GWEN walk along with EMLYN HOOSON. Norman on edge.

NORMAN

Can I ask, is Mr Thorpe here today?

EMLYN HOOSON

He's away, in Zambia, he's not back until Monday. Can I introduce...

DAVID STEEL, MP for Roxburgh, only 33, short, clever, currently the Liberal Chief Whip. He's heading towards them, as Hooson ushers them towards the CHIEF WHIP'S OFFICE.

EMLYN HOOSON (CONT'D)
...my colleague, David Steel. MP
for Roxburgh, Selkirk and Peebles,
he's very kindly given us his
office, and he'd like to attend.

NORMAN
Jeremy used to talk about you.

DAVID STEEL
Did he? All good, I hope.

NORMAN
He called you Baby of the House.

DAVID STEEL
That's a technical term, for the
youngest MP in the Commons. Which
I was, at the time! I'm sure he
meant it in a... jovial fashion.

NORMAN
Not particularly.

And Norman heads in. The news that Jeremy's away is
toughening him up. He's ready for a fight.

CUT TO:

49

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CHIEF WHIP'S OFFICE - NIGHT

49

Abrupt CUT TO NIGHT, after a long day. NORMAN sits with
GWEN. DAVID STEEL behind his desk, formally in charge,
EMLYN HOOSON nearby. Norman's been talking for a long time.

NORMAN
...and in the end, I never did get
my National Insurance card. But
Gwen says I'm an honorary Welshman,
now. She's been wonderful, she's
given me £500 for a pony-trekking
centre. It's a new start.

He holds her hand, and she beams.

HOOSON and STEEL are stunned. Reeling. Exhale. Steel's
been writing notes, 30 pages of them. Flicks through them,
staggered, amazed, horrified.

DAVID STEEL
But if all of this is true... Your
story is quite alarming, Mr Scott.

*
*
*
*
*

Though Hooson, ever the QC, focuses on Norman.

EMLYN HOOSON
You've certainly been detailed.

NORMAN
Thank you.

EMLYN HOOSON

And clearly, you have a gift. For eliciting money out of people. So tell me, when Mr Thorpe gave you money, were you blackmailing him?

NORMAN

I told you, I went to the police.
(looks at David, caustic)
Baby wrote it down.

DAVID STEEL

(rifles through, lost)
That's right... I've got it here somewhere. December 1962.

*
*
*

NORMAN

What sort of blackmailer goes to the police *first*?

Hooson stopped in his tracks; Norman's not so stupid. David embarrassed and out of his depth, tried to close it down.

*
*

DAVID STEEL

I think, perhaps, we've heard enough for one day. These are very serious allegations. And my colleague and I will need time to -

NORMAN

I love him, though.

DAVID STEEL

I beg your pardon?

NORMAN

I love him. Jeremy.

EMLYN HOOSON

All right, I think we can stop now -

But the whole day has built to this; the memories, and the chance to be heard, making Norman realise, out loud:

NORMAN

No, but every time I tell this story, it's all about the card. And the sex. And the letters. But I loved him and I still do, even though that's ridiculous. And he loved me. So you can write this down: I wasn't his prostitute. Or a one night stand. Or a quick little fuck in the dark. I was Jeremy Thorpe's lover.

Silence. The men facing Norman out of their depth.

GWEN's overwhelmed. She covers her face, crying.

CUT TO:

50 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CORRIDOR - NIGHT 50

A CLERK has been summoned, to lead NORMAN and GWEN away. She's upset, Norman puts an arm around her, as they walk off.

GWEN

I had no idea he meant that much.

And that's just the start of Gwen's problems as they exit...

Leaving HOOSON & DAVID STEEL behind. Both men: bloody hell.

CUT TO:

51 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CENTRAL LOBBY - DAY 51

JEREMY crossing the lobby, in fine form. HOOSON appears to be just passing by, though he's waited days for this.

EMLYN HOOSON

Welcome back.

JEREMY

Thank you. Excellent trip.

EMLYN HOOSON

I wonder if I could have a word?
It's about Norman Scott.

Jeremy pivots round on the spot, perfectly.

JEREMY

Who?

CUT TO:

52 INT. JEREMY'S LEADER'S OFFICE - DAY 52

JEREMY facing EMLYN HOOSON. Old enemies. Jeremy rattled. Hooson smelling blood. But both clinging to civility.

JEREMY

Although. I did know a Norman Josiffe. He also called himself Norman Lynch. It's not impossible he changed his name a third time. But I hardly knew him well.

EMLYN HOOSON

And yet, he can describe your mother's house. And your flat in Marsham Court. In great detail.

JEREMY

He did visit me, yes.

EMLYN HOOSON

What for?

JEREMY

I was helping him. He had problems at work. I gave advice.

EMLYN HOOSON

Is that all?

JEREMY

That was all.

EMLYN HOOSON

In that case, you won't mind if I take this further. To the party. And the police. Because if he's lying, it's very important that none of us is fouled with the stench of this filth.

JEREMY

I think that would be a mistake.

EMLYN HOOSON

And why's that?

JEREMY

Because you stood for election, as leader, in 1967, and I won, so this will look like nothing but revenge.

Hooson standing to go, brisk, clipped, furious.

EMLYN HOOSON

We can let the inquiry decide.

JEREMY

Then I'll remind the inquiry. That you're the man who stood up in court and defended Ian Brady.

EMLYN HOOSON

That was my duty. To the crown.

JEREMY

So you sided with the very worst of sexual deviants. What happened, Emlyn? Did you get a taste for it?

At the door:

EMLYN HOOSON
I'll be taking this forward.

JEREMY
You do that.

EMLYN HOOSON
Good day to you.

JEREMY
Good day.

And Hooson goes, smarting, all-but-slamming the door.

Jeremy sits there. Coiled. Tight. But ready to fight back.

CUT TO:

53 INT. THE CARLTON CLUB - DAY

53

The Conservative Members' Club. Oil paintings, books, leather. Air weighted with cigar smoke. A perfect hush.

REGGIE MAUDLING sits reading the Times. He's 53, a heavy drinker; he'll be dead of cirrhosis by the age of 61. But he's wise, a Classics man; he knows how empires rise and fall. He looks up as a WAITER brings JEREMY forward.

WAITER
Home Secretary? Mr Thorpe for you.

REGGIE
Jeremy!

JEREMY
Reggie. Good of you to see me.

REGGIE
(to the waiter)
Gin and sweet vermouth, for both of us. And keep them coming.
(as Jeremy sits)
There's only one reason anyone comes to see me all hugger-mugger. Have you been an idiot?

JUMP CUT TO 15 MINUTES LATER. Both with drinks.

JEREMY
...so you see, it's the same old tale. First lesson of politics. Beware your own colleagues.

REGGIE
So what d'you want me to do?

JEREMY

Thing is, Hooson won't give up.
He's a grammar school boy, he likes
scrapping in the yard. And
apparently, this Scott made a
statement to the police, back in
'62. Pack of lies, but its sheer
existence could be misread.

REGGIE

Would it be that bad? We can all
bear a little scandal. My own
mother disowned me when I married
an actress. I survived.

JEREMY

How is Beryl?

REGGIE

Still dancing.

JEREMY

I think it's different when the
lies are homosexual in nature.
Stories like that can reflect badly
on the whole of Parliament.

(leans in)

I thought you could suggest to the
police that they busy themselves
with more important things.

REGGIE

Is it true? What Scott says?

JEREMY

No.

And Reggie stares at him.

A long, knowing stare.

Then:

REGGIE

Consider it done.

JEREMY

Thank you.

REGGIE

Consider it done. And no more.

The words hang in the air. A warning.

CUT TO:

54 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, EMLYN HOOSON'S OFFICE - DAY 54

EMLYN on the phone, exasperated.

EMLYN HOOSON
We've hit a problem. The
Commissioner of the Metropolitan
Police can't find any substance in
Mr Scott's allegations.

CUT TO:

55 INT. GWEN'S COTTAGE - DAY 55

GWEN on the telephone. But she's changed; the crying which started in sc.49 wasn't only for Norman, but the start of a bipolar swing plummeting from high to low. She's wrapped in diaphanous shawls, joss sticks burning, MUSIC playing on the record player, Middle of the Road's Soley Soley.

She sounds dreamy, spaced out, though she's crying.

GWEN
You're very kind, Emlyn. But it
really doesn't matter any more.

INTERCUT with sc.54, Hooson on the phone.

EMLYN HOOSON
I just thought, if Mr Scott had any
evidence..? Could I speak to him?

GWEN
I've been very silly, haven't I?

EMLYN HOOSON
I'm sorry?

GWEN
I do things. I get these little
passions. They sweep in and they
sweep out, my husband used to say
you're not well, Gwen. He was in
the army. D'you remember him?

EMLYN HOOSON
...are you all right?

GWEN
They laughed at me. Cos I loved
him. Norman. But they were all
laughing.

And she's tormented, keeps seeing:

CUT TO:

56 EXT. TAL-Y-BONT VILLAGE - DAY 56

SILENT IMAGES, painted into GWEN, sc.57. This is as sc.43, but a new version, Gwen's version, how she remembers it now.

The OLD MAN and the THREE LADS outside the pub are LAUGHING. It's EXAGGERATED; in Gwen's breakdown, she sees them leering, yelling, howling, all teeth, spittle, grins, wet mouths.

CUT TO:

57 INT. GWEN'S COTTAGE - DAY 57

GWEN, painted with paranoid images from sc.56.

GWEN

A widow woman. Falling for a boy.
A boy who was in love with someone
else, I was stupid, stupid, stupid,
oh my God, he'd be ashamed of me.
I can't bear it. I cannot bear it.

EMLYN HOOSON

I don't think I understand.

GWEN

The matter is closed, Mr Hooson.
You go back. To your world. And
leave me to mine. Because I will
be perfectly, perfectly fine.

CUT TO:

58 EXT/INT. GWEN'S COTTAGE - DAY 58

BANG!

A POLICEMAN, shouldering the GWEN'S DOOR. It won't give.

NORMAN and two old NEIGHBOURS standing back, worried.

NORMAN

I tried ringing, she won't answer -

BANG! again, then a final BANG! The door FLIES OPEN.

The policeman enters the HALL, Norman following.

POLICEMAN

Hello there? Gwen? Are you in?
(to Norman)
Bloody hell, it's hot.

But Norman pushes past, runs up the STAIRS.

To the BEDROOM. Opens the door.

He's hit by the SMELL.

Then the HORROR.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. GWEN'S COTTAGE - DAY

59

NORMAN sits on a wall. Shaken. The smell still in his nose. An AMBULANCE is already there, PARAMEDICS going to and fro.

The POLICEMAN joins him. He's shaken too, grim.

POLICEMAN

Hard to identify. They think the body's been there for weeks. With the heating on full blast.

NORMAN

I was away. In London.

POLICEMAN

We'll have to wait for the inquest, but there's some pills and some alcohol by the bed. I'm so sorry.

Norman has lost everything, again.

CUT TO:

60 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CORRIDOR - DAY

60

JEREMY, stern and severe in victory, with a defeated EMLYN.

EMLYN HOOSON

...it's a terrible set of circumstances. But given the poor lady's passing, I think we have to consider the matter closed.

JEREMY

Gracious of you. Did you give Mr Scott your sympathies?

EMLYN HOOSON

I passed on my condolences.

JEREMY

No doubt you used the same tone of voice, as when you offered me sympathy for my dead wife. Thank you, Emlyn. You are dismissed.

Emlyn, cowed, walks off. Then Jeremy goes the opposite way.

STAY ON JEREMY. Walking. Bristling. DANGEROUS. Because Norman Scott is very much back in his sights. As he strides down the corridor, there, as arranged, waiting for him...

DAVID HOLMES. They have much to discuss.

CUT TO:

61 EXT. PACIFIC BEACH - DAY 61

Dazzling SUNLIGHT.

Blue sky. The vast ocean. And standing like a free man...

PETER BESSELL. His new life. This is Oceanside, California. Bessell lives in a seafront CLAPBOARD COTTAGE. Practically a HUT. It stands behind him, a single room, plus bathroom, its front open to the beach. Humble but idyllic.

He looks across. Shaded by trees, his partner, DIANE KELLY, 32, American, dark-haired; a mortgage analyst, but right now, she's painting at an easel with watercolours.

But Bessell is just waiting. And here he comes.

Walking along the beach, DAVID HOLMES. An Englishman in black suit & tie, but with his shoes & socks in his hand, his trouser legs rolled up. In his other hand, his BRIEFCASE.

He's a good way off, Bessell waves. David waves back!

And Bessell waits on his approach. Knowing this is trouble.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. BESSELL'S OCEANSIDE HUT - DAY 62

BESSELL and DAVID HOLMES now on a little patio at the front of the hut, with a jug of lemonade, Bessell smoking a cigarette. Not best friends, still a little wary of each other. Bessell avoiding the subject.

BESSELL

You get a funny sort of folk living on the shore. Like they've reached the edge of the world and can't go any further. Artists and drop-outs, and failures like me. Still! I've not given up, I've got plans. I'm writing a children's book.

(of Diane)

That's what Diane's doing, she's illustrating it. It's the story of Moon, a funny little chap from outer space -

DAVID
He still wants him dead.

Bessell deflates.

BESSELL
Yes. I thought so.

JUMP CUT TO five minutes later - David's moved a fold-up
CAMPING TABLE between them, spreading out a MAP OF FLORIDA.

DAVID
Jeremy says, kill him in America.
So I thought Florida, d'you see?
This one. It's called Big Cypress
Swamp. So we lure him there, shoot
him dead, chuck him in a pond,
plop! Sinks to the bottom, gone.

BESSELL
Or gets eaten by alligators.

DAVID
Even better!

BESSELL
And you'd do the actual shooting?

DAVID
I suppose.

BESSELL
Shoot him, how?

DAVID
Through the head.

Pause. And Bessell's always been dying to say:

BESSELL
David, you don't really want to do
this, do you?

DAVID
Oh my God, no!

The relief! And now they become friends.

BESSELL
Oh thank God!

DAVID
Bloody hell.

BESSELL
I'm so glad!

DAVID
It's insane!

BESSELL
It's a bit bonkers, isn't it?

DAVID
It's bloody nuts!

BESSELL
D'you think he means it, though?
Seriously? D'you think Jeremy
really wants him dead?

DAVID
Sometimes I do, yes.

BESSELL
So do I. Shit.

Smiles fading, now.

BESSELL (CONT'D)
And here we are. Plotting. With
alligators. It's astonishing, the
hold he has over us.

DAVID
Strange, isn't it? Cos I've got
that bloke of mine at home, Gerald,
and that's magic, y'know. He's
like you, he writes cartoons.
But then I go to London. There's
Jeremy. And... I love him.

BESSELL
Gosh.

DAVID
Yeah.

BESSELL
It amazes me. That we go to such
lengths to protect his preferences.
When he's so bloody overt. He's
perfected the art of hiding in
plain sight.

DAVID
I think he likes it. The danger of
it. The game.

BESSELL
Could you actually do it, David,
could you kill someone? Really?

DAVID
I'd get someone else to do it.

BESSELL

Would you?

DAVID

I could find people, yeah.

BESSELL

Then... let's make sure you never
do. We'll pretend.

(MORE)

BESSELL (CONT'D)

To Jeremy, we'll tell him we set it all up, the murder, in Florida, and Norman. And then it went wrong, we'll say that Norman just didn't turn up.

DAVID

Bit lame.

Bessell a bit more excited now, with a good idea:

BESSELL

At least he'll think we tried. Cos the good thing is, Jeremy forgets Norman Scott every few years. Let's just keep putting him off... until he forgets for good.

DAVID

Might work. Cos he's got his mind on other things, these days. He's getting married again.

BESSELL

Good God.

DAVID

Marion. Countess of Harewood.

CUT TO:

62A INT. ORME SQUARE - DAY

62A

JEREMY sits with MARION. She's 46, splendid, mature, sitting in Orme Square, Marion's house, now their home; grander, more spacious than Marsham Court. RUPERT, 3 years 11 months old, sits with them. As with the first marriage, this is all for show, the newlyweds facing a WALL OF PHOTOGRAPHERS, at least 20 of them, all packed into the living room, a barrage of CAMERAS, with MIKE STEELE in charge of publicity, alongside JOURNALISTS at the back. Camera click, flash! The couple talks to the cameras, though they have a genuine closeness.

JEREMY

Thank you. We're delighted. It was a relatively modest affair. Paddington Register Office.

MARION

Then Westminster Abbey. For the blessing.

JEREMY

Followed by a luncheon for family and friends. Only 40 guests.

And Marion's lovely with Rupert:

MARION

We wanted to make it special. We shared many happy memories of Rupert's mother. It was lovely.

Throughout it all, click, flash, click. Life on camera.

CUT TO:

63 OMITTED 63

64 OMITTED 64

65 OMITTED 65

66 INT. QUEEN'S HALL, BARNSTAPLE - NIGHT 66

The RETURNING OFFICER, on a microphone.

RETURNING OFFICER

Thorpe, John Jeremy, Liberal party... Thirty four thousand and fifty two.

YES! JEREMY victorious, SUPPORTERS wild! It's a HUGE win! MARION in the crowd, clapping, his greatest supporter.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. QUEEN'S HALL, BARNSTAPLE - NIGHT 67

JEREMY with MARION, marching toward their car, a white convertible STAG TRIUMPH. A staff assistant, DANIEL BADWAH, West Indian, 25, and LIBERAL STAFF hurrying after them. On the hoof, excited:

JEREMY

What about the Tories?

DANIEL

They're down sir, we've tripled the vote, London says we could have 14 seats by the end of the night. It means Heath is going to need the Liberals. He needs you, sir.

CUT TO:

68 INT. NORMAN'S CARAVAN - DAY 68

NORMAN's back in his Welsh caravan. Eating soup from a mug with a spoon, listening to his RADIO. An EXPERT talking:

EXPERT

...a Hung Parliament puts Thorpe and the Unionists in a remarkably powerful position. If Thorpe's been invited to Downing Street, then without a doubt, Heath will offer him a coalition. Jeremy Thorpe could be elevated to the Cabinet by the end of today.

Norman just mutters a 'Wow.' Impressed. Jealous.

CUT TO:

69 INT. ORME SQUARE - DAY

69

JEREMY's formal, starched, ready for government. MARION straightening his tie a fraction; every bit as ambitious.

MARION

Ask for Home Secretary.

JEREMY

I'll ask for more than that.

Jeremy heads off. His date with destiny.

CUT TO:

70 INT. BESSELL'S OCEANSIDE HUT - DAY

70

BESSELL trying to tune in a radio, listening to the static. DIANE is at the table, doing paperwork. Disapproving.

BESSELL

Deputy Prime Minister isn't an official title, it's only given at the P.M.'s discretion.

DIANE KELLY

But he could be Deputy Prime Minister of the United Kingdom? The man who wants his secret homosexual lover murdered?

CUT TO:

71 INT. NORMAN'S CARAVAN - EVENING

71

NORMAN right by the RADIO; he's been listening all day.

RADIO NEWSCASTER

Mr Thorpe left Downing Street some
twenty minutes ago, but there's
been no announcement yet...

CUT TO:

72 INT. ORME SQUARE - EVENING 72

JEREMY steps through the front door.

All quiet and grave. MARION stands there, waiting. Then:

JEREMY

No. The terms were not acceptable.

MARION

Good for you.

Jeremy is not dismayed. Grins. Plans, plots, ticking away.

JEREMY

But Heath's out, he's resigned!
One down. The Queen's inviting
Wilson to form the government, that
can't last more than a couple of
months, two down. We can force
another election. Almost there!

CUT TO:

73 INT. QUEEN'S HALL, BARNSTAPLE - NIGHT 73

The RETURNING OFFICER at the microphone.

RETURNING OFFICER

Thorpe, John Jeremy, Liberal
Party... twenty eight thousand,
two hundred and nine.

JEREMY smiles, triumphant. LIBERAL SUPPORTERS cheer! But
MARION's in the crowd, catches Jeremy's eye. Damn. After
all their hopes, it's a stumble, the vote's down.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. QUEEN'S HALL, BARNSTAPLE - NIGHT 74

JEREMY helping MARION into the STAG TRIUMPH, then walking
round to the driver's seat, smart and fast, chased by DANIEL
BADWAH.

JEREMY

Not quite the result we wanted.

DANIEL

London says Wilson's done it, sir,
he's in. People must be idiots!

Jeremy almost paternal to him.

JEREMY

Danny. It's a game. It's a very
long game. And I'm playing it
well. Now go home, get some sleep.

And Jeremy gets behind the wheel, that glint in his eyes. A
small setback, he's still on the right path.

CUT TO:

74AA OMITTED 74AA

74A OMITTED 74A

74B OMITTED 74B

74C EXT. DEVON LANDSCAPE - DAY 74C

Huge, glorious vista.

CUT TO:

74D EXT. DEVON RAILWAY STATION - DAY 74D

UMBERLEIGH STATION, a quiet little station in North Devon. A
new arrival steps out, with SUITCASE and DUFFEL BAG: it's
NORMAN. A new start for him, he's come to live here.

He walks off, heading for the village.

CUT TO:

74E INT. NORTH DEVON STABLES - DAY 74E

NORMAN hard at work, shoveling horse manure. THE STABLE
OWNER, a big, bluff 50 year old bloke, impressed.

STABLE OWNER

Not scared of hard work, then.

NORMAN

I love it. My first ever job was in a stables, that's why I came here, more stables per square mile than anywhere else in the country! It's like I've come home.

CUT TO:

74F EXT. NORTH DEVON STABLES - DAY

74F

NORMAN now striding along with the STABLE OWNER.

STABLE OWNER

Two of the lads are off training at Lassiter's, so let's start with a month's work, see how it goes.

NORMAN

Can I ask, is there accommodation?

STABLE OWNER

There's a room. Above the stables. It's not even a room, but if you don't mind roughing it.

NORMAN

Oh God no, I'll do anything, that's perfect, thank you! Honestly. Perfect!

CUT TO:

75 OMITTED

75

76 OMITTED

76

77 INT. JEREMY'S DEVON HOUSE - DAY

77

Fingers flex in those YELLOW-LEATHER DRIVING GLOVES.

JEREMY, preparing to drive back to London. A peck on the cheek for MARION, who's at breakfast, and then a little goodbye for SIX-YEAR-OLD RUPERT, ruffling his hair

JEREMY

Stand guard till I return!

He kisses the top of Rupert's head, and off he goes.

CUT TO:

- 78 EXT. NORTH DEVON STABLES - DAY 78
- NORMAN's now happy as can be, back at work with his beloved horses, saddling up for a ride.
- He mounts a WHITE HORSE. In his element. Off he trots.
- CUT TO:
- 79 EXT. JEREMY'S DEVON HOUSE - DAY 79
- JEREMY gets into his STAG TRIUMPH. Roof down, it's a fine day, he'll enjoy the drive.
- Ignition fires. And off he goes.
- CUT TO:
- 80 EXT. NORTH DEVON COUNTRY ROADS - DAY 80
- NORMAN on the WHITE HORSE. Trotting along.
- Genuinely happy.
- Norman is heading LEFT TO RIGHT, and -
- CUT TO:
- 81 EXT. NORTH DEVON COUNTRY ROADS - DAY 81
- JEREMY's driving along, heading RIGHT TO LEFT.
- He's going from Cobbaton through South Molton, heading for the A351, to get to the M5, to Bristol, to London...
- INTERCUT, Jeremy smiling to himself, Norman never happier.
- MUSIC, faster and faster, as they get closer and closer.
- CUT TO:
- 82 EXT. NORTH DEVON VILLAGE - DAY 82
- A quiet, charming village, picked out in soft gold in the sunlight. The CENTRAL SQUARE acts as a CROSSROADS.
- JEREMY'S STAG TRIUMPH approaches from one direction, slows, stops, as a TRACTOR & HAY TRAILER crosses the square.
- On the OPPOSITE SIDE of the square...
- NORMAN'S HORSE trots to a halt, to let the square clear.
- Norman waits.

Jeremy waits.

And as the TRACTOR CLEARS...

Norman sees Jeremy.

And Jeremy sees Norman.

Good God.

Jeremy open-mouthed.

Norman not sure what to do...

But then he SMILES.

He gees up the horse, trots forward, to pass Jeremy's car, as though this is all perfectly normal. Jeremy just staring.

And as the horse reaches the car, without stopping, Norman cannot think of what to say, so he waves, and blurts out -

NORMAN

Thank you!

And he rides off. Down the road.

Jeremy sits there. *Thank you??*

Norman's delighted. No anger. Like he's seen an old friend.

Jeremy turns round in his seat, in disbelief, looks back at the horse. Norman bouncing off down the road.

Jeremy turns round, to face front.

What?!?

CUT TO:

83 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CENTRAL LOBBY - NIGHT

83

MUSIC linking sc.66-83 ends. Everything quiet now, dark, lights low. The House is not in session.

JEREMY crosses the floor. Alone. Darkness gathering.

CUT TO:

84 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

84

Silence, as JEREMY walks down the corridor.

CUT TO:

85 INT. JEREMY'S LEADER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 85

BLINK! JEREMY switches on his DESK LAMP.

Then, he's in turmoil. A sudden intake of breath. Like he could shout, or panic, or rage. But he quells it. Sits.

And now...

It must be done.

He picks up the phone and starts to dial.

CUT TO:

85A EXT. MANCHESTER - NIGHT 85A

The city of MANCHESTER. The sound of a PHONE RINGING...

CUT TO:

86 INT. DAVID HOLMES'S HOUSE, MANCHESTER - NIGHT 86

HALLWAY. PHONE ringing. DAVID HOLMES answers it.

DAVID
Didsbury 4656.

STAY ON HIM. David's got a nice, decent house, not too expensive. In the background, LIVING ROOM, a man, GERALD, sits watching television. A new sitcom called Fawlty Towers.

DAVID (CONT'D)
No no no, not bothering me at all,
is there something wrong?

CUT TO:

87 EXT. DAVID HOLMES'S HOUSE, MANCHESTER - NIGHT 87

SEEN FROM OUTSIDE, through RAIN: DAVID HOLMES in the hall, on the phone. Grim. The most important phonecall of his life.

CUT TO:

88 INT. DAVID HOLMES'S HOUSE, MANCHESTER - NIGHT 88

DAVID HOLMES now putting the phone down. For a moment, he buries his head in his hands. Overwhelmed.

Then sits upright. Snaps out of it. He's made a promise.

He starts to dial.

CUT TO:

88A EXT. WELSH VALLEY - NIGHT

88A

A typical Welsh valley, terraced houses clinging to both sides of the hill. The sound of a PHONE RINGING...

CUT TO:

89 INT. JOHN LE MESURIER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

89

The PHONE RINGING in a nice, ordinary home. JOHN LE MESURIER, 41, a big, genial Welshman, answers the phone.

JOHN LE MESURIER
Hello, Le Mesurier residence?
(big smile)
Bloody hell, the Magic Carpet King!

CUT TO:

90 EXT. JOHN LE MESURIER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

90

SEEN FROM OUTSIDE: JOHN LE MESURIER on the phone. He sits. Sighs. Rubs his forehead. Difficult call.

CUT TO:

90A EXT. PORT TALBOT - NIGHT

90A

STEELWORKS belching out smoke. Sound of a PHONE RINGING...

CUT TO:

91 INT. GEORGE DEAKIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

91

The PHONE is ringing away, inside a house full of SLOT MACHINES and PINBALLS, in various states of repair; GEORGE DEAKIN has to slide past them to get to the phone. He's 31, Welsh, sandy-haired, small, bit flash.

GEORGE DEAKIN
Hello hello, Deakin speakin'!

CUT TO:

92 OMITTED 92

92A EXT. BLACKPOOL - NIGHT 92A

The city, glittering in the night.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. SAVOY HOTEL, BLACKPOOL - NIGHT 93

GEORGE DEAKIN steps out of a TAXI. Feeling sharp and cool in BLACK TIE, the life he thinks he deserves. He heads in.

It's the Savoy Hotel. A glamorous night inside...

CUT TO:

94 INT. SAVOY HOTEL, BALLROOM - NIGHT 94

It's the 1975 Annual Showmen's Dinner, to raise money for fairground workers. BLACK TIE, though it's a boisterous do, a bit rough and ready. Mid-dinner, chicken in the basket, WAITRESSES on duty, the band playing. Pure Blackpool.

GEORGE DEAKIN walks in. Sly. Scans the room, looking for...

ANDREW "GINO" Newton, 29, a pilot with British Island Airways. A London lad, raised in Chiswick. He's got a moustache, looks every inch the spiv or cad. Now, he's already a bit drunk, life and soul, with his MATES:

ANDREW NEWTON

Stuck in bloody Antwerp. I said,
let's go back to the hotel, she
said, I want to see the sights, I
said I want to see the sights, get
'em off -

(to a waitress)

Over here, darling. One more!

DEEP IN BACKGROUND, George asking a passing bloke, 'Is that Andrew Newton?' The bloke nods. Target located.

JUMP CUT to 20 MINUTES LATER. Dinner's over, the band's louder now, COUPLES DANCING. The evening getting livelier, rougher. ANDREW NEWTON at the edge of a CROWDED BAR, BARMAN just handing him a pint, over and above the heads of others. GEORGE DEAKIN steps in, gives the barman a pound note.

GEORGE DEAKIN

Let me get that. Keep the change.

ANDREW NEWTON

Keep the change? You could get five pints for that!

GEORGE DEAKIN

Lots more where that came from. You're Andrew Newton, is that right? The airline pilot?

ANDREW NEWTON

Did I have it off with your wife?

GEORGE DEAKIN

Beg your pardon?

ANDREW NEWTON

Well what else d'you want?

GEORGE DEAKIN

I was told... You could help a friend of mine.

JUMP CUT, 5 MINUTES LATER, Deakin and Newton in a quiet corner. Party livening up in b/g, but they're discussing business:

GEORGE DEAKIN (CONT'D)

Bottom line is, Mr Newton. This deal could be worth up to £10,000.

ANDREW NEWTON

I'm your man.

GEORGE DEAKIN

I haven't told you what it is yet.

ANDREW NEWTON

No. Sorry. I'll do it though.

JUMP CUT TO 30 MINUTES LATER. ANDREW NEWTON is now OFF HIS HEAD, picking up two palm-sized MERINGUES from an abandoned dessert, and clambering up to stand on a LONG TABLE.

ANDREW NEWTON (CONT'D)

Come here, sweetheart.

REVERSE: the ballroom has a stage, and a RAISED CATWALK, for the MOCK-AUCTION of TOPLESS WOMEN. 10 SHOWGIRLS in glittery costumes with open tops, all lined up, with an AUCTIONEER, a big, round Blackpool comedian, at a podium with a gavel.

AUCTIONEER

Sit down, sir, thank you very much
(to the room)

Now what am in bid for Eileen?

(MORE)

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)
It's all for charity. Six quid for
the lovely Eileen! Six fifty?

But Andrew is advancing with his meringues; by standing on
the table, he's on a level with the catwalk.

ANDREW NEWTON
They look cold. Your lovely baps.

He's trying to put the meringues over the breasts of the
nearest SHOWGIRL. A tough cockney hooper, BRIDGET. She's
fixed in a ta-daa pose, under orders not to move.

BRIDGET
Don't you flamin' touch me, mate.

AUCTIONEER
No touching the girls, sir! Not
till you've paid for them!

A HEFTY MAN standing up at his table, a distance away, BARRY.

BARRY
Hey! That's my girlfriend! Get
your hands off her!

ANDREW NEWTON
I'm hiding the boobs, sunshine. I
am on boob patrol.

Squishing the meringues on to Bridget's chest.

BRIDGET
Oh for God's sake, Barry, I'll do
it myself -

And she PUNCHES Andrew Newton!

He falls back off the table, into a BUNCH OF MEN, who catch
him, but Barry's throwing himself across the room, all FISTS -

Chaos! Punches! Broken tables! Andrew roaring! Loves it!

CUT TO:

95 INT. SAVOY HOTEL, RECEPTION - NIGHT

95

Just outside the ballroom. GEORGE DEAKIN on a public phone.

GEORGE DEAKIN
Yes, I've spoken to him. I think
he's just the man we need. I can
guarantee he's professional,
ruthless and utterly discreet.

DURING THIS: George has got his BACK TO THE ROOM, not seeing: ANDREW NEWTON being carried out, literally SIDEWAYS, by 3 HOTEL STAFF, a MERINGUE in one hand, BOTTLE OF BRANDY in the other, happy as can be, singing along to the band, Delilah.

CUT TO:

96 EXT. LAWRENCES' HOUSE, BARNSTAPLE - DAY 96

NORMAN being led around the side of the house by JANET LAWRENCE; she's 30s, hearty, smiley, great animal lover. The house is semi-detached, middle class, near Barnstaple.

NORMAN

...I'm glad to help, I love dogs.

JANET

Oh you're such a good friend, Norman. If you could take her for a walk every day? I warn you, she's a bit of a handful.

NORMAN

Dogs love me. Bigger the better.
(rounding the corner)
Oh my God, she's gorgeous!

It's a lolloping GREAT DANE. Norman goes to her, overjoyed.

JANET

She's called Rinka. It's Japanese.
It means trusting.

NORMAN

Oh isn't she beautiful? Hello Rinka! Hello! Hello girl!

CUT TO:

97 EXT. BARNSTAPLE STREET - DAY 97

NORMAN's walking along with RINKA.

Heading towards them, another GREAT DANE. Being led by MRS EDNA FRIENDSHIP, 70, sly, wry. Norman's delighted.

NORMAN

Damn it. They promised me, this was a one dog town.

EDNA

Lovely big brutes, aren't they?
We've seen this one out and about,
she's Rinka, isn't she?

NORMAN

That's right, and who's this beauty?

EDNA

My name's Edna. Oh, you mean the dog.

(a joke, they laugh!)

No, this is the Princess Eleanor.

NORMAN

And Edna. Nice to meet you.

EDNA

I'm Mrs Edna Friendship.

NORMAN

What a wonderful name.

EDNA

Wonderful life!

CUT TO:

98

INT. MARKET INN, BARNSTAPLE - DAY

98

A traditional pub. Empty, closed in the afternoon. RINKA and PRINCESS ELEANOR bound in, followed by NORMAN and EDNA.

EDNA

It's a nice little place. We've got our regulars. And a little stream of traffic coming off Eastern Avenue, we do all right.

NORMAN

So it's just you..?

EDNA

I've got Barney, he's the Pot Man, but that's what I was saying, he's found some girl in Lyme Regis. So... if you fancied doing some odd jobs. Changing the barrels and a bit of bar work. And there's a nice little room upstairs, you could have that.

NORMAN

I could live here?

EDNA

If you want. Peppercorn rent.

Norman's overcome, always on the edge, fills up with tears.

EDNA (CONT'D)

Oh! Now what's that for?

NORMAN

It's just... everywhere I go.
People are lovely to me. And I
never know why.

Edna deciding that a cuppa is the best solution:

EDNA

I'll put the kettle on.

NORMAN

We could have a proper drink.

EDNA

No. Kettle. I run a pub, I can
spot a man who's had too much. And
don't go thinking you can help
yourself to the stock, consider
this a test of character. I will
be good for you, Norman.

CUT TO:

99 EXT. DUNSTABLE STREET - NIGHT

99

ANDREW NEWTON leaves a pub. He looks shifty; he's on a mission. He believes that looking shifty is part of the mission. Drawing on his cigarette, he goes to a PHONE BOX.

CUT TO:

100 INT. MAGIC CARPET COMPANY, OFFICE - NIGHT

100

DAVID HOLMES working late. Beyond the internal window, WALLS OF CARPETS. He's just answering the PHONE.

INTERCUT WITH SC.99, Andrew Newton in the phone box.

DAVID

Magic Carpet Company, the Magic
Carpet King, how d'you do?

ANDREW NEWTON

It's me. I've been looking.
There's no sign of him. Norman
Scott has completely disappeared.

DAVID

D'you think he knows?

ANDREW NEWTON

Could do. I've searched the whole
of Dunstable. Not a whisper.

DAVID
Dunstable?

ANDREW NEWTON
Yep.

DAVID
You're in Dunstable?

ANDREW NEWTON
Yep.

DAVID
He's in Barnstaple.

ANDREW NEWTON
Eh?

DAVID
Norman Scott lives in Barnstaple.

Pause.

ANDREW NEWTON
I'll go to Barnstaple.

DAVID
You better had.

ANDREW NEWTON
Over and out.

They hang up. David troubled.

He opens a little book, gets a number, dials it. ADR John Le Mesurier, 'Hello, Le Mesurier residence..?'

DAVID
John, it's David. This Newton chap. Are you completely sure about him..?

CUT TO:

101

EXT. STREET NEAR MARKET INN, BARNSTAPLE - DAY

101

NORMAN is walking PRINCESS ELEANOR along. When he sees...

There's a MAN. Staring. At him. A man wearing a red RALLY JACKET, standing next to a YELLOW HONDA.

Norman doesn't know, but it's ANDREW NEWTON.

Norman keeps walking, but now the man's heading towards him. Norman perking up; it's not the first time he's been chased.

ANDREW NEWTON

Excuse me.

NORMAN

Yes, hello, I saw you looking. And
that's fine. No complaints from
me. I'm Norman. Nice jacket.

ANDREW NEWTON

My name's Peter Keene. I'm here to tell you, Mr Scott, you're in very great danger. There is a man, coming from Canada, to kill you.

NORMAN

...Canada?

ANDREW NEWTON

But certain parties have hired me. To protect you.

NORMAN

How d'you know who I am?

ANDREW NEWTON

You need to come with me, right now. To meet the person.

NORMAN

What person?

ANDREW NEWTON

The one who hired me.

NORMAN

What d'you mean, someone wants to kill me, is it him?! Oh my God, it's him, isn't it? Is it him?

ANDREW NEWTON

Really, don't, just... if you could come with me, right now.

NORMAN

Is it him?

ANDREW NEWTON

I don't know. There is no him. But you've got to come with me.

NORMAN

I can't, I've got the dog, she's not mine, this is Princess Eleanor.

ANDREW NEWTON

Oh just get in the fucking car!

NORMAN

Wait there!

And Norman runs off, with the dog galloping, to the pub!

CUT TO:

102 INT. MARKET INN, BARNSTAPLE - DAY 102

NORMAN bursts in with PRINCESS ELEANOR. It's quiet, just a few CUSTOMERS, EDNA behind the bar. Norman scared, excited.

NORMAN

Edna, there's a man outside -
(hands lead to a customer)
Tommy, could you take her? Sorry!
(to Edna)
This man, he's got a yellow Honda,
could you write down the number?

EDNA

What for?

NORMAN

Can't stop!

And he runs upstairs.

Edna grabs her darts-score NOTEBOOK & PENCIL, hurries out -

CUT TO:

103 EXT. MARKET INN, BARNSTAPLE - DAY 103

EDNA with her NOTEBOOK & PENCIL appears in the pub doorway.
ANDREW NEWTON is sitting in his YELLOW HONDA. Sees Edna.

She stares. Writes down the number. Newton wants to hide,
but... what can he do? He sinks down in his seat a little.

CUT TO:

104 INT. MARKET INN, BARNSTAPLE - DAY 104

EDNA hurrying in, as NORMAN runs downstairs, in a new shirt.

EDNA

I got it, who is he?

NORMAN

He says someone wants to kill me.

EDNA

So why've you changed your shirt?

NORMAN

He's very good looking.

And Norman runs out.

CUT TO:

105 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

105

NORMAN and ANDREW NEWTON sit on a bench. Newton's been making notes on SHEETS OF PINK PAPER, balanced on his knee. Norman scared, in awe, and a little turned on.

ANDREW NEWTON

...so have I got it right..? After all that, you still haven't got your National Insurance Card?

NORMAN

I have not. So tell me, what do you do, who are you exactly?

ANDREW NEWTON

I'm a Special Investigator.

NORMAN

What does that mean?

ANDREW NEWTON

It means... what it means. Best if you don't ask too many questions.

NORMAN

Right. Well. Okay. But... you said we were going to meet the man who hired you? Is that right?

ANDREW NEWTON

Yes. I did. No. Not now. All I can say is: you're in mortal danger. And now I've got to go.

NORMAN

But... What? Why?

ANDREW NEWTON

I don't like the way that man's looking at me.

An ORDINARY MAN walking past. Not even looking.

NORMAN

But you can't just walk off. Not after that! What do I do?

ANDREW NEWTON

I will contact you. As soon as the man from Canada arrives.

NORMAN

Is he the man you wanted me to meet or is he the man who's going to kill me?

ANDREW NEWTON
(can't remember)
...it's complicated.

Papers in hand, he walks off to the HONDA, parked nearby.
Norman left behind, stunned.

CUT TO:

106 INT. MARKET INN, BARNSTAPLE - DAY

106

EARLY MORNING, EDNA still in her dressing gown, pokes her head up the stairs, calling for the second time:

EDNA
He said it's important! Hurry up!

She's holding the telephone receiver, stretched out on its curly wire. NORMAN in PYJAMAS hurries down the stairs.

NORMAN
Is it him?!

EDNA
I don't know, I think so.

Norman takes the phone.

NORMAN
Hello..?

CUT TO:

107 EXT. BARNSTAPLE STREET - DAY

107

ANDREW NEWTON in a PHONE BOX.

ANDREW NEWTON
Norman? It's Andy here.

NORMAN
Who's Andy?

ANDREW NEWTON
(bollocks!)
I mean Peter.

Pip-pip-pip, the phone demands money, Newton shoves in 2p.

ANDREW NEWTON (CONT'D)
He's here. The man from Canada.
He's come to kill you, and he's
already in Devon.

NORMAN

Oh my God. What do I do?

ANDREW NEWTON

Don't tell anyone. Not a word.
But meet me. Tonight. The Delves
Hotel, Pin Street. Five o'clock.

And he hangs up.

Norman left scared for his life.

CUT TO:

108 OMITTED 108

109 OMITTED 109

110 INT. JEREMY'S LEADER'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON 110

JEREMY at his desk. Hard at work, going through papers, the
Industry Act, 1975. His SECRETARY appears in the doorway.

SECRETARY

I'll be going home now, Mr Thorpe.
Are you working late?

JEREMY

Needs must. Thank you.

SECRETARY

See you tomorrow.

And he's left alone.

The calm, the silence.

Then, for a moment, thinking of something, he looks up.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. MARKET INN, BARNSTAPLE - LATE AFTERNOON 111

NORMAN, with RINKA, setting off. It's cold. Rain on the
way. For a moment as he stands there, buttoning his coat...

CU Norman, looking up at the darkening sky.

CU Jeremy, INTERCUT sc.110. Staring into space.

Both men connected, for a moment, on the most important night
of their lives. Friday 24 October, 1975.

Then Norman heads off.

Jeremy lowers his head, gets back to work.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. DELVES HOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

112

NORMAN and RINKA approach the hotel, Norman seeing...

ANDREW NEWTON, waiting by his car - not the HONDA, but a battered BLUE FORD CORTINA. He's pissed off to see Rinka.

NORMAN

Hello. Sorry I'm late. That's a different car, look at you!

ANDREW NEWTON

How many Great Danes have you got?!

NORMAN

This is Rinka, isn't she beautiful? My friends can't cope with her, I think she's more or less mine now.

ANDREW NEWTON

I hate dogs.

NORMAN

Well that's a silly thing to say.

ANDREW NEWTON

It's like a bloody donkey. How's it going to fit in the car?

NORMAN

I thought we were going to the hotel?

ANDREW NEWTON

Change of plan. I need to go to Porlock. To see a client.

NORMAN

Okay. I'll wait here.

ANDREW NEWTON

You need to come with me. He could be anywhere. The man from Canada.

NORMAN

Well I'm not going without Rinka.

ANDREW NEWTON

Christ, you make it difficult! Get in then! In, in, in!

CUT TO:

113 EXT. MOORS - LATE AFTERNOON 113

The CORTINA drives along, from left to right, going from Barnstaple to Porlock, across Exmoor.

Beyond them, the sea, and the dying light.

CUT TO:

113A OMITTED 113A

114 EXT. CASTLE HOTEL, PORLOCK - EVENING 114

A smart half-timbered hotel & bar. The car's parked, NORMAN's already on the pavement, RINKA clambering out through the passenger door. ANDREW NEWTON at the wheel.

ANDREW NEWTON

Get inside. Wait in the bar. I'll come back and get you.

NORMAN

So where are you going now?

ANDREW NEWTON

Business.

Andrew Newton leans over, pulls the passenger door shut.

Drives off, fast.

Norman left with Rinka. This is all so strange.

CUT TO:

115 INT. BAR, CASTLE HOTEL, PORLOCK - NIGHT 115

Small bar, old and rural, oak beams. Oppressive. NORMAN sits waiting, with a whisky. RINKA at his side. Norman wondering what he's doing here, what the hell is going on..?

CUT TO:

115A EXT. LAY-BY, MOORS - NIGHT 115A

ANDREW NEWTON has parked the CORTINA in a deserted spot. Trapped in the box of the car, he's smoking furiously. RADIO playing, loud, something Heavy Metal from Europe.

Newton banging his head to the music. Psyching himself up. Because tonight, he's got to do a terrible thing.

CUT TO:

115B INT. BAR, CASTLE HOTEL, PORLOCK - NIGHT 115B

NORMAN looking round. The bar almost empty, but... hostile, somehow. A fire burning and guttering in the grate. A SOUR OLD MAN & WOMAN sit together, in silence. The Sour Old Woman stares at Norman. Like she *knows*.

The BARMAN won't even catch Norman's eye.

Outside, it starts to RAIN. Water pattering at the window. Then it gets heavier, pouring down, the night getting worse.

Norman chilled to the bone.

CUT TO:

115C EXT. LAY-BY, MOORS - NIGHT 115C

RAIN. Drumming against the car. ANDREW NEWTON reaches into the glove compartment. Takes out...

A GUN. A 1910 MAUSER PISTOL.

He holds it. Weighs it. Still psyching himself up.

He imagine shooting. Mimes. Like a kid. 'Pew!' 'Pew!'

Then he covers his face, scared. Can he really do this?

CUT TO:

115D INT. BAR, CASTLE HOTEL, PORLOCK - NIGHT 115D

The RAIN hammers.

The Sour Old Woman keeps looking.

And NORMAN's nerve breaks, he's creeped out by this whole thing, he grabs his coat, and Rinka, heading off.

NORMAN
Come on, girl. Let's go home.

CUT TO:

116 EXT. CASTLE HOTEL, PORLOCK - NIGHT 116

RAIN, hammering down.

NORMAN pauses in the doorway, with RINKA, buttoning up his coat. Where the hell is he? How to get home..?

But then a CAR, opposite, FLASHES ITS LIGHTS.

Norman realises it's the CORTINA, runs across with Rinka. As he opens the passenger door, shoving Rinka in, getting wet:

NORMAN

How long have you been sitting here? I thought you'd gone! Why didn't you come and find me?

ANDREW NEWTON

I can't be seen with anyone.

NORMAN

Why not?!

ANDREW NEWTON

Cos of my job. Obviously. Get in.

NORMAN

Can you take me home?

ANDREW NEWTON

Get in!

NORMAN

I am getting in!

And finally, he's in, slams the door.

EXTERIOR CAR: the Cortina drives away.

INTERIOR CAR: Norman still worried.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

What about the man?

ANDREW NEWTON

What man?

NORMAN

From Canada.

ANDREW NEWTON

Don't worry. You'll be okay.
(genuine, kind smile)
I'll look after you. Honestly.
Everything is going to be... fine
and dandy, that's what my mum
always says. Fine and dandy.

CUT TO:

116A EXT. MOORS - NIGHT

116A

RAIN. The CORTINA drives right to left, across Exmoor.

Headlights slicing through the night.

CUT TO:

117 EXT. MOORS/INT.CAR - NIGHT

117

NORMAN in the passenger seat. RINKA's in the back. ANDREW NEWTON driving, peering through the windscreen wipers, the rain, the dark. And despite all his psyching up, throughout this long and strange evening, he's not a killer. He's never done anything like this before. He's realising how hard it is. How wrong. But still. Ten thousand quid.

ANDREW NEWTON

Are they aggressive? Great Danes.

NORMAN

No, they're soft old things. Isn't that right, Rinka? You and me. Both soft old things, aren't we?

ANDREW NEWTON

But... do they attack? If someone attacked you. What would it do?

NORMAN

She might. I suppose. They used them to hunt boars in the old days.

ANDREW NEWTON

Oh Jesus.

Newton makes a noise. Like the whistle of a boiling kettle.

NORMAN

Are you all right?

ANDREW NEWTON

Yeah.

He makes the noise again.

Tapping the wheel, now. Psyching himself. The moment close. And then, hopeless, he tries to be nice to Norman:

ANDREW NEWTON (CONT'D)

Beautiful part of the world.

NORMAN

Well! Not tonight.

ANDREW NEWTON

It is, though. Magnificent. You're a very lucky man.

NORMAN

Someone's trying to murder me.

ANDREW NEWTON
I know, but... well done.

NORMAN
What for?

ANDREW NEWTON
Dunno. Not bad though, was it?
The things you've done. Amazing.

And for a second, Newton could cry. Wipes his face.

NORMAN
What's wrong?

ANDREW NEWTON
Everything.

NORMAN
Careful.

The car's veering. Newton straightens it.

ANDREW NEWTON
Sorry. I'm tired, Norman. You've
got no idea. I'm bloody worn out.

NORMAN
D'you want me to drive?

ANDREW NEWTON
Um. D'you think?

NORMAN
I don't mind.

ANDREW NEWTON
Okay. Good idea. Yeah. Just wait
till the road levels out.

Silence.

Just the squeak of the wipers. Then:

NORMAN
I've never been to Canada.

ANDREW NEWTON
Okay!

That's enough! Newton can't listen to any more. It's time.

The CAR PULLS UP.

NORMAN
Okey doke, you slide over.

As Norman hops out. It's still raining, he runs round the front of the car. But as he does so:

Newton reaches into the GLOVE COMPARTMENT. Gets out the GUN. Then he gets out of the driver's side.

But Rinka bounds forward, hurtles out of the driver's door.

Norman and Newton meeting by the door, as Rinka gets out. Pitch black beyond, tunnels of rain in the car headlights.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

No, I said slide over, you don't have to get wet - oof!

(as Rinka leaps up)

Oh God, she thinks she's going for a run. No no no, stop it darling, we're getting soaked! Who's a silly thing then? You are!

He's not watching Andrew Newton. Who lifts up the gun.

Aiming AT THE DOG.

ANDREW NEWTON

This is it.

And he shoots.

The sound doesn't immediately register with Norman; all he knows is that Rinka collapses against him, a HUGE WEIGHT. Dead. Norman sinks to his knees with her.

NORMAN

Oh now darling, what are you doing? Come on Rinka, don't be silly.

But he's realising...

Something on his hands. In the dark. Is it blood? The rain is hammering down, but can't wash it off. And the ringing in his ears is taking this long to register as a shot.

He looks up at Newton. Knowing:

This is the man from Canada.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

It's you.

Newton stands behind Norman.

Puts the gun to his head.

ANDREW NEWTON

Your turn.

Norman frozen, absolute terror. This is the end of his life.

Here, in the dark, in the rain.

Right now.

Andrew Newton is terrified too.

But he's got to do it. He's gone too far.

He squeezes the trigger...

Click.

The gun just clicks.

He squeezes again, again, again, click, click, click.

Fuck!

Norman realises. A chance. He hauls himself up, runs!

But it's so dark and rough, he only gets a few yards, stumbles to the ground. On his hands and knees, looks back.

Andrew Newton in the rain-filled headlights, using the headlights so he can see, shaking the gun, frantic.

ANDREW NEWTON (CONT'D)

Fuck it! Fuck it! Fuck it!

Something catches Newton's eye.

A GLINT OF LIGHT, far off. Flickering through the rain. Maybe a mile away. Headlights? A car?

But that's enough. Newton gets into the driver's seat, fast, slams the door, guns the engine, screeches the car round.

He DRIVES OFF, fast, the way he came, back towards Porlock.

And Norman runs to Rinka. Holds her. Sobbing. In shock.

He looks round. The glint of light getting closer. Though he hardly cares, cradling his dead dog.

JUMP CUT, the HEADLIGHTS FIERCE now, the CAR close, coming to a halt. Headlights illuminating Norman, wretched, wild.

A MAN gets out. TED LETHABY, 60, an off-duty AA man. In the car, his WIFE AND TWO FRIENDS. All staring.

Ted shielding his eyes in the rain. So polite.

TED LETHABY

Are you all right..?

NORMAN

He shot my dog. He tried to shoot me.

TED LETHABY

Who did?

NORMAN

Jeremy Thorpe. Jeremy Thorpe did
this. *It was Jeremy Thorpe!*

CUT TO:

118 INT. JEREMY'S LEADER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

118

JEREMY finishing his work. Nice and calm, he folds his
papers away. Reaches over to turn off the DESK LAMP.

His face suspended in CU, in the dark, for a second.

BLINK! The light goes out.

END OF EPISODE TWO