

Of Human Bondage

Based upon the novel by
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
screenplay by Andrew Kevin Walker

October 11, 1996
TURNER PICTURES

The late 1800's...

INT. ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE, BEDROOM -- DAY

A curtained room. A MOTHER and CHILD lie in bed. The child, PHILIP CAREY, 9, wears a nightshirt, curled asleep. Mother's eyes are closed. She would be beautiful if not so gaunt. She caresses Philip, pressing him close.

A PHYSICIAN enters the room, grave, watching Mother a moment, then moving behind a linen screen.

BEHIND THE SCREEN, the physician moves a basin of surgical instruments and bloody towels from a table to the low shelf of a METAL CART. On the top tray of the cart, a TINY FORM lies under a blood mottled cloth.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Was it a boy or a girl?

The physician lifts the cloth to look underneath.

AROUND THE SCREEN, the physician comes out to address Mother.

PHYSICIAN

You need sleep.

MOTHER

Don't take him away yet.

The physician doesn't answer, coming to stand at the bed. A NURSE enters the room and waits by the door.

Mother's frown deepens. She kisses Philip's forehead, running her hand across his hair, trying not to cry.

She runs her hand down to his feet, feeling the shape of the right foot, then moves her hand to the left foot... the left foot is a clubfoot, deformed. Mother lets out a sob.

PHYSICIAN

Let me take him. You're tired.

Tears run down Mother's cheeks.

MOTHER

What will happen to him?

The physician comes to take Philip gently. Mother's too weak to resist, letting the boy slip away. The physician gives the still sleeping boy into the arms of the nurse... FOLLOW the nurse into the hall...

IN THE HALLWAY

The nurse carries Philip away. The physician shuts the door.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. MANOR HOUSE, LIBRARY -- DAY -- PHILIP'S OLD AGE

A gloomy library with tall shelves filled by thousands of books. The only SOUND is the TICKING of a CLOCK. An open window allows a haze of grey light from outside. PHILIP CAREY, 60, is seated in a chair, elderly and frail, alone.

His aged face betrays no emotion. He stares into the dark of the room, elbows on armrests and fingertips together.

Elderly Philip rises, crossing to a window, limping, favoring his clubfoot. It's starting to rain and he closes the window and latches it. He watches rain hit the glass.

EXT. PARIS, FRANCE -- ESTABLISHING -- DAY

The Eiffel Tower identifies the overcast horizon.

EXT. PARIS STREETS -- DAY

Young PHILIP CAREY, in his twenties, walks the busy, rain wet streets, his clubfoot limp quite pronounced. He's placid, pale and nearly handsome, nothing special.

INT. PARIS CAFE -- DAY

Philip enters this bohemian cafe. It's noisy, the air heavy with smoke. Philip crosses to one corner where a man, FOINET, sits eating alone. Foinet is dour-faced and raggedy, with a copious, tobacco-stained beard and fingers paint-stained irrevocably. Philip's intimidated.

PHILIP

Pardon me, monsieur Foinet. I should like to speak to you for one moment.

Foinet glances up, continues eating.

FOINET

Who are you?

PHILIP

Philip Carey. I study painting at your studio.

FOINET

You look familiar.

PHILIP

I've worked under you for two years now. I wanted to ask...

(pause)

I want you to tell me frankly if you think I should keep at it.

(CONTINUED)

FOINET
I don't understand.

PHILIP
I'm very poor. If I have no talent,
I would sooner do something else.

FOINET
Don't you know if you have talent?

PHILIP
All my fellow students know they
have talent, but I am aware that
many of them are mistaken.

Foinet looks up with interest for the first time, his bitter mouth outlined by the shadow of a smile.

INT. PHILIP'S PARIS APARTMENT -- DAY

Philip stands watching anxiously.
Foinet studies OIL PAINTINGS displayed side by side on
furniture and on the floor of this tiny, unkempt room.

The paintings are good; several NUDES, many STILL LIFES,
LANDSCAPES and some SKETCHES.

Foinet says nothing as he looks them carefully over, then
picks up the sketches and shuffles through them.

Philip is about to speak, but stops himself, unhappy.

Foinet finally sits, taking out cigarettes.

FOINET
People will say poverty is the best
spur to the artist. They have never
felt the iron of it in their flesh.
- They do not know the endless
- humiliations it exposes you to. It
is not wealth one asks for, but just
enough to preserve one's dignity.

PHILIP
That sounds as if you don't give me
much of a chance.

Foinet lights a cigarette.

FOINET
You could find hundreds who paint
worse... hundreds who paint as well.
-- You will never be anything but
mediocre.

(CONTINUED)

Philip nods, straightening his hair, absorbing this, moving to start collecting his work.

PHILIP

Well... I am grateful to you for having taken so much trouble.

Philip begins putting his work away. Foinet stares at the floor, picking tobacco pieces from tongue.

FOINET

Since you did ask... I say, take your courage in both hands and try your luck at something else. It sounds hard, I know, but let me tell you... I would give all I have in the world if someone had given me that advice when I was your age and I had taken it.

Foinet rises, leaving.

INT. MANOR HOUSE, LIBRARY -- DAY -- PHILIP'S OLD AGE

The CLOCK is HEARD TICKING. Elderly Philip still stands at the window, eyes closed. The rain has fogged the glass.

Elderly Philip opens his eyes.

He reaches with his hand, presses his palm to the glass and wipes downwards, clearing condensation.

EXT. LONDON, ENGLAND -- ESTABLISHING -- DAY

An Industrial Revolution nightmare cityscape, sky filled with soot. Foggy, dark and sad.

INSERT -- SMOKESTACKS -- DAY

Three giant smokestacks RUMBLE DEEPLY as they release great, black, undulating clouds into the polluted heavens.

EXT. LONDON STREETS -- DAY

Philip makes his way down busy, narrow streets. London is surrealistically overpopulated, loud, filthy and ceaseless. Steam rises from pipes jutting from alleyways. Horse-drawn vehicles are everywhere. Pedestrians shuffle all directions.

Philip forges onward, dragging two heavy SUITCASES.

EXT. HOSPITAL -- DAY

Philip keeps on, limping, looking all around. He puts down his baggage and checks a small PIECE OF PAPER in his hand, walking backward, sweating, looking up.

(CONTINUED) -

Towering above him is a massive blackened brickface building: "SAINT LUKE'S HOSPITAL."

INT. HOSPITAL, ANATOMY THEATER -- DAY

This ancient lecture-room is built in circular tiers, with a PORCELAIN SURGICAL TABLE in the well at center below.

The desks along the tiers are filled with two hundred MEDICAL STUDENTS, all male, their voices combining to an echoing din. At the top of one aisle, Philip enters, daunted, walking down towards center, looking around.

All the students are smooth-faced youths, younger than Philip, except a bearded few who might be older.

Philip holds the handrail as several students brush past. He heads back up the stairs, finding a desk at the very back, taking it and opening the NOTEBOOK he brought.

BELOW, IN THE WELL

An ATTENDANT enters thru a door, carrying a GLASS and PITCHER of water, placing them on the porcelain table.

ABOVE

Philip watches.

BELOW, IN THE WELL

As the attendant exits, ANOTHER ATTENDANT follows, carrying a PELVIS and TWO THIGH BONES, left and right, which he places on the table, then leaves.

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- NIGHT

There's a FIREPLACE and a CHAIR in this tiny apartment. Philip's collection of BOOKS are on SHELVES above the BED. Several of Philip's PAINTINGS are propped against one wall. Philip sits reading "The Origin of Species" by gas light.

A MALE VOICE can be HEARD from the hall, UNINTELLIGIBLE, and the SOUND of a WOMAN LAUGHING. Philip looks up, then resumes reading. The VOICE is again followed by LAUGHTER.

INT. PHILIP'S HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Philip's door opens as Philip looks out. A drunken MAN and heavily made-up WOMAN are at the door of the neighboring apartment.

The man, GRIFFITHS, is remarkably handsome, searching his pockets for keys while the woman gropes him. Griffiths turns to kiss the woman, moving his hands down her body.

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Philip leans back in and shuts the door. He stands listening to the WOMAN'S LAUGH. He locks the door.

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- LATER NIGHT

Dark. Philip's in bed with his eyes open. The FAINT SOUNDS of GRIFFITHS and the WOMAN HAVING SEX can be HEARD thru the wall. The WOMAN'S MOANS are particularly distinguishable.

INSERT -- SMOKESTACKS -- NIGHT

The three giant smokestacks RUMBLE, pouring out endless black clouds into the midnight sky.

INT. HOSPITAL, DISSECTING ROOM -- DAY

Down the sides of this room are IRON SLABS, grooved like meat dishes, and on each lays a CORPSE. The skin of the bodies is dark, leather-like. STUDENTS work, dissecting.

Philip stands with NEWSON, a dapper, bespectacled youth. They're partnered on one leg of a withered OLD MAN CORPSE. TWO STUDENTS, one named DUNSFORD, a large-limbed fellow, slow of speech and movement, are on the other leg.

Newson works with scalpel and tweezers. Philip watches, touching his shirtsleeve to his nose often.

NEWSON

They claim we'll get used to the smell, so much so that when you don't have it on you you'll feel quite lonely without it.

PHILIP

Why is the skin so dark?

NEWSON

Preservative. We're lucky to have a male. A female's liable to have a lot of fat about her.

PHILIP

You're rather a dab at this.

NEWSON

I've done a good deal before, animals, you know, for Pre Sci.

Across the slab, the OTHER STUDENT watches Dunsford work.

(CONTINUED)

OTHER STUDENT

I say, look out not to cut that artery.

DUNSFORD

That's all very fine to say. Silly old fool's got an artery in the wrong place.

NEWSON

Arteries are always in the wrong place. The normal's the thing you practically never get.

Philip studies the old corpse's face: a male of about fifty, with scanty, colorless hair, eyes closed, lower jaw sunken. Newson rises, offering the tools.

NEWSON

Ready to give it a try?

Philip accepts, taking Newson's place.

NEWSON

Ripping to have him so thin.

PHILIP

It's strange to think not long ago this was a person... who spoke and moved, ate and laughed.

NEWSON

What got you here, Carey?

PHILIP

My father was a doctor before he died, or so I'm told. That's part of it, I suppose. I think mostly I'm here because I value my freedom.

NEWSON

Freedom?

PHILIP

Medicine's the only profession where you keep your freedom. You carry your knowledge in your head. With a box of instruments and a few drugs - you can make your living anywhere.

NEWSON

And where will you make your living?

PHILIP

I haven't figured that out yet. Not just one place though. I want to see the world.

INT. HOSPITAL DINING HALL -- DAY

NOISY. HUNDREDS of young MEDICAL STUDENTS line the LONG TABLES, elbow to elbow, eating, talking, joking and laughing.

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- DAY

Philip sits in his chair facing his bed, reading a book, using his bed as a table to eat his lunch off of.

INT. HOSPITAL, OUTPATIENT WARD -- DAY

Surrounded by dull CURTAINS hung from metal rods, a bald, heavyset surgeon, MR JACOBS, motions with a wooden YARDSTICK for two dozen STUDENTS to gather round a YOUNG BOY, 14, seated on a table. A NURSE stands near.

MR JACOBS

Draw in close... don't be all day about it. No reason to be shy.

Philip's amongst the students who form a semi-circle. Mr Jacobs holds up the boy's small, bare, twisted foot.

MR JACOBS

Here we have a boy of fourteen suffering from talipes. Clubfoot. His father brought him in to see if there's anything can be done.

Philip looks to the floor, uncomfortable.

MR JACOBS

Clubfoot is a birth deformity, caused by the shortening of muscles and tendons of the foot.

(turns to Philip)

Maybe you better take this, Carey. It's a subject you ought to know something about.

Students laugh obsequiously. Philip blushes, barely able to contain his horror.

MR JACOBS

Have a look. Can you name the type?

Philip reluctantly steps up, takes the boy's foot in hand, studying it. He finally shakes his head.

MR JACOBS

(points with yardstick)
Talipes varus, with the foot rotated outward so that the outer side of the sole is used for walking.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG BOY

(to Philip)

It's only the looks of the thing.
I don't find it no trouble.

PHILIP

Good for you.

Philip can't bring himself to meet the boy's eyes.

MR JACOBS

There is unfortunately little of any
worth to do to correct the
situation. I suppose you've got
talipes equinus, Carey?

PHILIP

(quietly)

Yes.

MR JACOBS

You don't mind taking your sock off
a moment, do you?

Philip looks to Mr Jacobs, attempting to appear indifferent.

PHILIP

Not a bit.

Philip sits in a chair, bending to untie the laces of the
thick-soled boot on his left foot. His fingers tremble.

Philip manages to get the boot off, taking off the sock,
revealing his clubfoot, sitting straight.

Philip's sweating. The ROOM seems to SWIM around him.
All the EYES of the surrounding STUDENTS are on him.
Several WHISPER.

MR JACOBS

Keeps his foot nice and clean,
doesn't he?

Philip notices the nurse and boy looking at him, forces
himself to stare straight ahead, tortured.

MR JACOBS

Yes, that's what I thought.
(pointing with yardstick)
Take note of the differences between
varus and equinus... how the sole is
permanently flexed; the toes forced
downwards so the heel does not touch
the ground. Everyone get a look?
Notice the bend of the ankle.

Philip forces a smile, trying desperately to be ironic.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP
When you're quite done.

MR JACOBS
Yes, that's good. Thank you, Carey.

Philip bends to pull his sock back on while Mr Jacob begins leading the class away thru the curtains...

MR JACOBS
(to students)
This way. Follow me... let's get on with it. Haven't got all day...

INT. A.B.C. SHOP -- DAY

Pounding rain outside. Cafe's crowded. Philip and Dunsford are seated by the window, books in front of them, smoking.

DUNSFORD
There she is... just came out from the kitchen.

PHILIP
Where?

DUNSFORD
Her. The waitress... the pretty one.

Dunsford points. Philip looks, searching.

ACROSS THE ROOM, a waitress, MILDRED, in uniform, brings food to a CUSTOMER. Mildred's tall and thin, pretty, not beautiful. Her skin is pale and delicate.

PHILIP
Her?

DUNSFORD
Yes.

PHILIP
No one would look twice at her in Paris.

DUNSFORD
I would. Besides, this isn't Paris. All I want is a lead, and then I can manage for myself.

Philip takes Mildred in.

PHILIP'S P.O.V. -- ACROSS THE ROOM

CLOSE: on Mildred's red lips as she talks to the customer, though we CANNOT HEAR her WORDS.

(CONTINUED)

AT THE WINDOW TABLE

DUNSFORD
Her name's Mildred. I overheard it.

PHILIP
What an odious name.

PHILIP'S P.O.V. -- ACROSS THE ROOM

CLOSE: on Mildred's hand hanging at her side with a pencil between the fingers, blue veins in the back of her hand visible through her white flesh.

AT THE WINDOW TABLE

PHILIP
What makes you think I'll make a better start at it than you?

DUNSFORD
I'm not good with women. You've had more experience.

PHILIP'S P.O.V. -- ACROSS THE ROOM

Mildred listens to her portly, ruddy faced customer, a GERMAN MAN with a big bushy moustache. We CAN'T HEAR them. He's animated, wolfing down food, LAUGHING, and Mildred LAUGHS with him, an unattractive laugh.

AT THE WINDOW TABLE

PHILIP
What experience have I had with women that you have not?

DUNSFORD
At-least you've seen them nude.

PHILIP
I only painted them.

DUNSFORD
That's more than I ever did to them.

Dunsford waves to call Mildred.
Mildred seems to see him, but ignores, returning her attention to the wet-lipped German, LAUGHING again.

PHILIP
She certainly seems to enjoy that ghastly creature.

DUNSFORD
(frowning)
She does, doesn't she?

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP
Don't be downhearted. I'd say
that's a sign there's hope even for
an ape like you.

DUNSFORD
You're not very nice sometimes.

PHILIP
I know. It's because you let me.

DUNSFORD
Here she comes...

Philip and Dunsford turn their attention to Mildred as she
comes up to their table. She wears a bored, insolent look.

MILDRED
Yes.

PHILIP
Sorry to distract you, but we've
been waiting. My friend here needs
nourishment before he withers away
to nothing.

MILDRED
Do you want something? I can check
later, if you haven't decided.

PHILIP
Oh, no, we dare not lose you now
that we've got you. We may never
see you again. My friend was
wondering your name.

MILDRED
Why would he wonder that?

PHILIP
Only to be sociable.

MILDRED
I'm here to take orders and wait on
customers, not make conversations.

Philip's annoyed, putting out his cigarette.

PHILIP
Really? You appear to make them
easily enough with that great,
moustachioed nobleman there.

MILDRED
Some people might do better to mind
their own business.
(more)

MILDRED (cont)
I've got nothing to say to you. So,
do you want anything, or do you want
just to waste my time?

Philip's angry now, but bottles it.

PHILIP
Just tea.

DUNSFORD
Um... the same, and I'll have soup.

Mildred turns and walks away.

PHILIP
Ill-mannered slut.

DUNSFORD
Watch out, she'll hear.

PHILIP
Let her. Bitch.

Philip takes up another cigarette and lights it.

PHILIP
No reason for her to act like that.

TIME CUT -- MOMENTS LATER

Mildred places two CUPS and SAUCERS on the table, a TEAPOT
and a BOWL of SOUP.

PHILIP
(coldly)
Thank you, that will be all, Mildred.

She scribbles out the price on a slip of paper.

MILDRED
Well, you're certainly one up on me.

She drops the slip of paper on the table and walks away.

EXT. A.B.C. SHOP -- DAY

Philip and Dunsford come out under the doorway with Philip
SLAMMING the door, keeping back from the heavy rain.
Faceless humanity's rushing past under umbrellas.

DUNSFORD
You sure put her back up without
half trying.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

I'm really quite indifferent to the attitude of her vertebrae. I shan't go there again, I promise you that.

Dunsford shoves his books under his coat, looking up.

DUNSFORD

Listen, I'm late. Can you, uh...

(hesitates)

Do you mind, I have to make a run...

PHILIP

Go, go. I'll keep up. I'll be right behind you.

Dunsford nods, bolts out into the rain, running across the street, dashing through the multitudes.

Philip heads into the downpour, bowed, limping slowly after. Philip glances back at the cafe.

INT. HOSPITAL, CLASSROOM -- DAY

Blinds cover the windows. A vast, cross-sectioned, slide ILLUSTRATION of the HUMAN HEART is PROJECTED by an OPTICAL LANTERN onto a wall. LETTERS and ARROWS point out sections of the organ. An INSTRUCTOR stands silhouetted, droning.

INSTRUCTOR

The superior vena cava... the inferior vena cava... the coronary sinus... the coronary valve...

All the many STUDENTS in this class are bent over, scribbling in NOTEBOOKS, trying to keep up...

INSTRUCTOR

The foramini Thebesii... the auriculo-ventricular opening... the Eustachian valve... the fossa ovalis... the anñulus ovalis...

Except Philip. He's not making notes. He's near the back, staring off, his mind occupied elsewhere.

INSTRUCTOR

The tuberculum Loweri... the auriculo-ventricular orifice... the opening of the pulmonary artery...

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- DAY

STUDENTS pour out from a classroom and into the flow of the crowded hall. Philip's amongst them. Dunsford catches up.

(CONTINUED)

DUNSFORD

Supper?

PHILIP

Can't, sorry. I have to see Mr Cameron about a missed lecture.

DUNSFORD

I'll tag along.

PHILIP

Why bore yourself? Find Newson and go with him. I'll see you tomorrow, all right?

DUNSFORD

Fine, tomorrow then.

Philip gives a wave as he limps down another hallway.

INT. A.B.C. SHOP -- NIGHT

Philip enters carrying a book. The cafe is mostly empty. Mildred's seated, talking with the same big German as the other day. The German faces a finished meal.

Philip goes to the window table, sits and opens his book.

Mildred laughs at something the German said.

Philip tries to read for a time, but then looks up and makes a point of clearing his throat.

Mildred notices, in no hurry, rising. She goes to Philip's table, disinterested as ever.

MILDRED

Yes.

PHILIP

How are you?

MILDRED

Fine.

PHILIP

Just tea and a toasted bun.

She leaves. Philip returns to his book.

Mildred heads into the kitchen. The German rises, brushing crumbs off his belly, vigorously wiping his face and moustache with a napkin.

Philip looks up to watch the German cross to exit. The German notices Philip, gives a smile.

(CONTINUED)

Philip hides in his book. The DOOR can be HEARD SHUTTING behind the German. Mildred returns with tea and bread.

PHILIP

Thank you.

MILDRED

Anything else?

PHILIP

No. This will do.

Mildred leaves, taking a seat a few tables away. Other than Philip, her section is empty. She picks up a cheap NOVELETTE and begins reading.

Philip begins making his tea, glancing to Mildred, unsure.

PHILIP

Filthy weather we've had.

MILDRED

(looking from book)

Did you say something?

PHILIP

Um, yes... just how unfriendly the weather's been.

MILDRED

It don't make much difference to me in here all day.

PHILIP

I suppose not.

She's back to reading. Philip's disgusted with himself. He pulls his own book closer and pretends to read.

Mildred reads by mouthing the words silently to herself.

Philip watches her.

Is Mildred pretty or not? Is there something about her? She looks tired, with bags under her eyes.

Philip flips through the pages of his book, finding a pencil. He takes out a sheet of blank paper, unfolding it.

Philip studies Mildred, putting pencil to paper, making a light oval outline, sketching reference points for the eyes and mouth... beginning to SKETCH Mildred...

INT. A.B.C. SHOP -- TIME CUT -- LATER NIGHT

Philip's putting the finishing touches on his PENCIL SKETCH. It's a good likeness of Mildred.

(CONTINUED)

Mildred's still reading, yawning.
Philip rises, putting money on the table. He exits, taking his book, leaving the sketch.

INT. A.B.C. SHOP -- NIGHT

Busier than last night. The table by the window's still being cleared when Philip takes it, putting down his books and taking out cigarettes, looking around...

Searching the faces of the clientele. The German's not in.

Mildred comes to Philip's table.

MILDRED

Good evening.

PHILIP

Hello.

MILDRED

I didn't know you could draw.

PHILIP

Hm... ? Oh, that... it was nothing.
Just a sketch to pass time. I studied art, in Paris.

MILDRED

I showed the picture to the manageress and she was struck by it. Was it meant to be me?

PHILIP

It was.

MILDRED

Another waitress wants you to do one of her. If she asks, don't you do it, or everyone here'll be wanting you to do them.

PHILIP

I'll keep that in mind.

MILDRED

Where's the young fellow you used to come with?

PHILIP

Fancy you remembering him.

MILDRED

He was a nice looking fellow.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

Well, he's fallen in love recently.
Hardly see him myself anymore.

Mildred nods, noting the books on the table.

MILDRED

Both students, are you? Over at the
hospital cutting people up?

PHILIP

Nothing so bad as that.

MILDRED

What will you have tonight?

PHILIP

I say... I wonder if you'd dine with
me and come to music hall. I'll get
us a couple of stalls.

MILDRED

I don't mind.

PHILIP

When would you like?

MILDRED

I get off early Thursdays.

PHILIP

Around six, let's say? I'll come by.

MILDRED

Fine. Tea and toasted bun, is it?

PHILIP

Yes, thank you.

She leaves. Philip watches her go, pleased with himself.

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Darkness. Philip lies awake in bed. GRIFFITHS and a WOMAN
can be HEARD MAKING LOVE from the next room.

Philip turns his head to look at the wall. The WALL BECOMES
hazily TRANSPARENT... allowing Philip to SEE THROUGH; to SEE
GRIFFITHS and a REDHEADED WOMAN having intercourse on a bed.

Griffiths and the Redheaded Woman are sideways, with
Griffiths thrusting hard and desperate into her from behind.
Griffiths kisses her neck and squeezes her breasts. The
Redheaded Woman writhes, groaning, eagerly sucking
Griffiths' fingers as he pushes them into her mouth.

(CONTINUED)

Philip turns his head, staring back up at the ceiling.
The WALL RETURNS to NORMAL. SOUNDS of SEX are still HEARD.

INT. MUSIC HALL -- NIGHT

On stage, a MAN and WOMEN, brightly dressed, their faces stage-painted, sing a duet, not well. It's a production of "The Belle of New York," melodramatic musical theatre.

It's a full house. Philip's made noticeably miserable by the singing, wincing ever so slightly at a warbling high note. Beside him, Mildred's enjoying the show considerably. She's garishly dressed; a poor approximation of high fashion.

Mildred turns to Philip with a glance of pleasure. Philip returns the look, faking approval with a smile and nod.

As the SONG COMES to a CONCLUSION, Mildred applauds rapturously. Philip applauds politely.

INT. ADELPHI RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

A nice establishment, decorated in red and gold, with candles on the tables. Philip and Mildred dine.

PHILIP

My mother's early death was proof how life is unfair. My uncle, a vicar, who took me in, exposed me to hypocrisy. In school, I met cruelty, and in Paris, mediocrity. So, you see, it has all been learning again what I should have already learnt as a child.

MILDRED

I don't know what that means.

PHILIP

Only that it's hard to learn from experience since experience gets in the way. It took me forever to realize I was an excellent bohemian, but a terrible artist.

Mildred shrugs, disinterested, eating. She uses utensils in an exaggerated fashion, elbows-high, and after every bite she dabs her mouth with her napkin, overly genteel.

MILDRED

Studying art seems to have been a dreadful waste.

PHILIP

It was anything but that.

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

What did you get out of it?

PHILIP

I learned to look at hands, which I never did before. Instead of just looking at houses and trees, I now look at them against the sky. I found out shadows are not black, but colored.

MILDRED

You say the strangest things.

PHILIP

There's more in common between surgery and art than you might think.

A WAITER has arrived with inexpensive CHAMPAGNE, pouring and then leaving the bottle. Mildred's delighted by this.

MILDRED

You are going it.

PHILIP

Because I ordered fizz?

She drinks, making sure to hold up her pinkie as she does.

MILDRED

This is a pleasant restaurant. I've never been here before.

PHILIP

I'm glad if you like it.

MILDRED

These West End people, though. I don't know how some of them show their faces.

(looking around)

So many of them are painted so vainly. And I see at least three women with false hair.

(touching her hair)

Mine's all my own, every bit of it.

PHILIP

- It's lovely.

MILDRED

And look at that one there in the corner, chewing with her mouth open. Not at all like a true lady.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

Perhaps I'll look later. What do you think of the champagne?

MILDRED

I wouldn't mind having more.

She puts down her glass and Philip obliges by pouring.

MILDRED

Do be sure we leave some over. That shows them what kind of people we are, that we can leave some behind.

Philip nods, eating, watching Mildred drink daintily.

EXT. MILDRED'S STREET -- NIGHT

Night has slowed the city's pace. Horse-drawn vehicles pass as Philip escorts Mildred home.

PHILIP

I hope you rather enjoyed yourself.

MILDRED

Rather.

PHILIP

Will you come out with me again one evening?

MILDRED

I don't mind.

PHILIP

You make it sound as if you didn't much care if you came out or not.

MILDRED

If you don't take me out, some other fellow will. I need never want for men who'll take me to the theater.

(stops walking)

You'd better not walk to the door. I know what people are and I don't want anybody talking.

PHILIP

Alright.

MILDRED

Well, goodnight.

Mildred steps close and kisses Philip on the lips. It takes a moment before Philip opens his eyes, surprised, affected. Mildred gives a slight smile, then turns and walks away.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP
Goodnight, Mildred.

Mildred moves into the darkness, not looking back.
Philip watches her, touches his fingertips to his lips.

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Philip's in bed, trying to sleep. He rolls, restless,
buries his head under his pillow, motionless.

Philip sits up, wide awake, preoccupied, frustrated. He
climbs out of bed. He turns up the gas and sits in his
chair, taking up a book and opening it to read.

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- LATER NIGHT

Philip's asleep, slumped in his chair, book on his chest.
He GASPS awake, startled, dropping the book, trying to
catching his breath like he's been pulled from drowning.

He sits forward, wipes his palms across his sweaty features,
examines his trembling hands. He looks around the darkness,
afraid, having come to a sudden, terrible realization.

INT. NEWSON'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Newson pours two GLASSES of whiskey.

NEWSON
What are you talking about?

PHILIP
I'm in love with her. I've fallen
in love. It's horrible.

Newson wears a robe, blēary eyed, handing a drink to Philip.
Philip's tossed on disheveled clothes, looking sickly.

NEWSON
It's ridiculous.

PHILIP
You think I don't know? She's
common. She's revolting. It's
just, there's something about her...
something, I don't know what it is.
She's all I can think about and I
want to be with her.

NEWSON
This waitress?

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

Mildred. Mildred Rogers. Even her name is common. This is insane.

NEWSON

All you need is sleep. Everything will be different in the morning.

PHILIP

I wish I could believe that.

NEWSON

Drink up, go back, get some sleep. Let me sleep.

PHILIP

This is nothing like what I expected. I can't tell you how many times I've pictured it. Thousands.

(pause)

In my head, it's absolute perfection. I see myself entering a ballroom, alone as I have been forever...

INT. BALLROOM -- PHILIP'S IMAGININGS -- NIGHT

Philip enters a beautiful, warmly lit ballroom. He's dressed splendidly, looking to all the perfect men and women.

PHILIP (V.O.)

And, across the room, there she is...

Ahead, a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN turns, her eyes falling on Philip.

PHILIP (V.O.)

She's tall and dark and beautiful, with eyes like the night. The moment we see each other is the moment we fall in love.

Philip crosses to stand close to the beautiful woman.

PHILIP

I've been looking for you all of my life.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

-- You've come at last.

PHILIP

Will you dance with me?

The woman holds out her hand and Philip takes it. BALLROOM MUSIC BEGINS as the crowd parts to make way and...

(CONTINUED)

Philip and the woman begin dancing. Perfect synchronicity. Philip dances flawlessly, as his clubfoot is non-existent. They're a vision together.

NEWSON (V.O.)

What utter nonsense!

INT. NEWSON'S ROOM -- NIGHT

NEWSON

That's romantic notions out of books.

PHILIP

I was looking forward to happiness.
Not anguish. Not torture.

NEWSON

Nothing can live up to what you read
in books.

PHILIP

I want to vomit.

NEWSON

Go home for that.

PHILIP

What am I going to do? You really
think it will pass?

NEWSON

Isn't it obvious, being so extreme?
This is some sort of gross
infatuation. Believe me, it will be
gone by daylight. Now, I don't mean
to be rude, but you simply must get
out of my goddamned house so I can
get some goddamned sleep.

EXT. LONDON CITYSCAPE -- NIGHT

It's pitch dark over the fog-shrouded city. Silent.

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Philip stands before a MIRROR, shaving with a straight razor
over a basin of soapy water.

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- LATER NIGHT

Still dark outside. Philip's properly dressed now, in his
chair, elbows on knees, smoking cigarettes, waiting.

INT. VICTORIA STATION -- MORNING

A TRAIN halts. PASSENGERS pour out, clerks and shop-people, thronging up the platform. Philip, tired from lack of sleep, moves along side, searching.

Workers go as if impelled by a machine, ugly faces set in anxious frowns. Philip spots Mildred and moves to join her.

PHILIP

Good morning. I thought I'd come and see how you were after last night.

Mildred's clearly not pleased to see him.

MILDRED

I'm all right. I haven't got much time to waste.

PHILIP

Do you mind if I walk with you?

MILDRED

Suit yourself. You don't seem to have much to do with your time.

PHILIP

It's early enough I haven't anything else to do.

MILDRED

You look as if you didn't sleep.

PHILIP

Studying all night. Say, I'd been thinking... where's your German friend with the fair moustache? I haven't seen him at your shop lately.

MILDRED

He's around. He does business many different places. He's a commercial traveler, you know.

PHILIP

Do you think he believes there's something between the two of you?

MILDRED

Whatever brings that up, if he thinks there is, I don't know what it's got to do with you.

PHILIP

Well... it certainly looks as if you didn't set much store in me.

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED
Why should I? I don't know what's gotten into you to make you so moody.

PHILIP
Will you do me a great favor?

MILDRED
It depends what it is.

PHILIP
See another show with me tonight.

MILDRED
I don't know about that.

PHILIP
Consider it, won't you? I'd love to see you. You like the Adelphi. We'll dine there again.

MILDRED
Oh, all right. Now, I'm none too early. I have to walk fast from here...

Mildred glances at Philip's clubfoot. Philip's mortified.

PHILIP
I'm... I'm sorry.

MILDRED
It's only 'cause I'm late. I'll see you tonight.

She moves on. Philip stops. People flow around him.

INT. A.B.C. SHOP -- NIGHT

Crowded. Mildred crosses, serving, comes to Philip's table.

MILDRED
I'm awfully sorry, but I shan't be able to come tonight after all.

PHILIP
Why not?

MILDRED
Don't look so stern about it. My aunt has taken ill and it's the girl's night out.

PHILIP
It doesn't matter then, I'll just wait and see you home.

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

If you've already got tickets it would be a pity to waste them.

PHILIP

You don't suppose I want to go see a rotten musical comedy by myself, do you?

Philip takes out the TICKETS and deliberately rips them up.

MILDRED

What are you doing that for? You can't see me home, if that's what you mean.

PHILIP

You've made other arrangements?

MILDRED

I don't appreciate you acting like this. You're just as selfish as the rest of them, aren't you?

PHILIP

What is that supposed to mean?

MILDRED

You only think of yourself. It's not my fault if my aunt's queer, and I'm done talking about it.

Mildred walks away. Philip's furious.

EXT. A.B.C. SHOP -- NIGHT

Restaurant's closed. WAITERS and WAITRESSES clean up. Mildred comes out, dressed up, same as her night with Philip. She stands waiting. The street's busy.

Philip crosses over from the opposite pavement. Mildred spots him coming.

MILDRED

What are you doing here?

PHILIP

Taking the air.

MILDRED

You're spying on me. And I thought you were a gentleman.

PHILIP

Did you think any sort of gentleman would take an interest in you?

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED
I don't understand you.

PHILIP
Is it so difficult?

MILDRED
Do you know how the other girls
laugh when you come round? They say
you're spoony on me.

PHILIP
Much you care.

MILDRED
I'm not obliged to you. Why don't
you go away and leave me alone?

Philip's anger crashes, giving way to despair.

PHILIP
Mildred... don't be beastly to me.
I'm awfully fond of you. I can't
help myself. You see, he's kept you
waiting. Whoever he is he can't
care about you really. Come with me.

MILDRED
I won't. I've made up my mind, and
when I make up my mind I keep to it.

Philip's heart is torn. People hurry past on the pavement.
Cabs and omnibuses roll nosily past.

PHILIP
If I go now, I go for good. I can't
do this... it's too degrading.
Unless you come with me tonight,
you'll never see me again.

MILDRED
You seem to imagine that'll be an
awful thing for me.

Philip stands looking at her. She's eyeing the crowd and
street, watching for her date.

PHILIP
Then, goodbye. Goodbye. --

Philip limps away, crushed, forcing himself by great effort
not to look back.

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Philip's sprawled sideways on the bed, fully dressed, forearm across his eyes. SOUNDS of a PARTY can be HEARD from the HALL and NEXT DOOR; LAUGHTER and MERRIMENT.

INT. PHILIP'S HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Griffiths' crowded party has spilled into the hall. GUESTS are drunk, SINGING. Griffiths stands with a drink, his arm around a BLONDE WOMAN. Philip exits his room, locking the door and moving past, ignoring.

GRIFFITHS

Stop in for a drink, neighbor?

PHILIP

No... thank you, I've other plans.

As Philip continues on.

GRIFFITHS

Maybe on the way back, then.

EXT. MUSIC HALL -- NIGHT

PEOPLE enter the THEATRE in pairs.

Not far off, hidden in the darkness against the building, Philip watches.

In the crowd, Mildred moves toward the entrance.

Philip sees her.

In the crowd, Mildred is escorted by the German, Miller. They chat amicably as they disappear inside.

Philip's heartbroken. He moves away.

EXT. LONDON PARK -- NIGHT ...

Couples criss-cross the dimly lit grounds. Philip wanders, sweat-drenched, hands thrust in pockets. Ahead, water splashes down an ornate FOUNTAIN, a fog-like mist rising off.

Philip comes to sit on the edge of the fountain, taking off his jacket, twisting it in his hands. BEHIND HIM, the WORKINGS of his TORTURED MIND APPEAR IN THE FOUNTAIN MIST:

-A shirtless Miller stands behind Mildred, kneading her flesh in his ungainly hands. Miller's body is incredibly hairy, glistening with sweat.

-Miller pulls Mildred's clothing roughly off, kissing her body with his drooling wet mouth, molesting her.

(CONTINUED)

-Miller and Mildred make love violently. Miller's RAGGED, RASPING BREATHING is HEARD as Mildred drags her fingers across the matted hair of his back and shoulders.

Philip sits forward, his head in his hands.

INT. ANATOMY CLASSROOM -- DAY

A smaller, semi-circular version of the tiered theatre of Philip's first day. Mr Jacobs addresses the class before a BODY covered by a sheet. Several INTERNS assist.

MR JACOBS

The stomach, small intestine and large intestine, gentlemen... the organs of digestion.

In the desks above, Philip watches with Dunsford and others.

An intern hands a SCALPEL to Mr Jacobs as the sheet is removed from the BODY: revealing MILDRED lying on the slab, naked, ghostly pale and motionless, eyes shut.

Philip is astonished. The other students remain impassive.

MR JACOBS

I will open the abdominal cavity with vertical and transverse incisions, dividing it into nine regions.

Mr Jacobs brings the tip of the scalpel to Mildred's abdomen, about to make the first incision...

Philip watches in disbelief.

Mildred opens her eyes, turning her head to look at Philip.

MILDRED

I've been looking for you all of my life.

IN THE DESKS ABOVE

Philip GASPS awake. He looks around, realizing he must have nodded off into a nightmare.

Below, Mr Jacobs is in the middle of dissecting a MALE CORPSE for the class. Not Mildred. Nothing unusual.

Dunsford's beside Philip, leaning to whisper.

DUNSFORD

Are you all right?

Philip looks to him, straightening in his seat, still shaken.

(CONTINUED)

INT. HOSPITAL LIBRARY -- DAY

Deep in the labyrinth of overburdened bookshelves, Philip sits at a wooden DESK, studying an "ANATOMY" text.

He turns a page, then turns back, having trouble focusing on ILLUSTRATIONS before him: skinless MALE and FEMALE BODIES covered by the complex fibers of the human muscular system.

There are dark bags under Philip's eyes. He cannot concentrate, finally shutting the book in frustration. He shoves the book off the desk to the floor.

EXT. A.B.C. SHOP -- NIGHT

THRU WINDOW: Mildred can be seen waiting tables.

Philip stands looking in at her. He goes inside.

INT. A.B.C. SHOP -- NIGHT

Philip moves to sit in Mildred's section. He's nervous, waiting. When Mildred arrives, Philip can't look at her.

PHILIP

Cup of tea and a muffin, please.

MILDRED

Where have you been? I almost thought you was dead.

PHILIP

I thought if you wanted to see me you'd write.

MILDRED

I've got too much to do to be -- writing letters.

Mildred casually takes a seat.

MILDRED

I figured you'd gone away.

PHILIP

Don't you remember what I said?

MILDRED

What are you doing here, then? You swore you wouldn't see me, didn't you? But, here you are, none the less. You are funny, Philip Carey. Haven't you any self-control?

(CONTINUED)

Philip's reddens, agonized.

MILDRED

To tell the truth, the way I look at it, if you had been a gentleman, you'd have come right that next day and begged my pardon.

(pause, watching Philip)

Is that why you've come... to apologize for the way you acted?

Philip's humiliation boils over to rage. He rises, grabs a BUTTER KNIFE and STABS DOWNWARDS -- into Mildred's neck as Mildred SCREAMS and BLOOD SPURTS from her carotid artery...

Then, just as suddenly, PHILIP'S FANTASY ENDS. This did not happen. Philip still sits stewing before Mildred.

PHILIP

If only I could make you understand how frightfully I'm in love with you.

MILDRED

In love?

PHILIP

Yes, and well aware what a fool I am to love you with all my heart when you don't care two-pence for me.

MILDRED

You still haven't begged my pardon.

Philip swallows his pride.

PHILIP

I do beg your pardon. I'm very sorry.

--MILDRED

Well, in the end I did wish I went with you that night. I thought Miller was a gentleman, but discovered my mistake. I soon sent him about his business.

Philip's surprised, managing a relieved smile.

PHILIP -

Let's dine somewhere tonight, Mildred, please. You and I.

MILDRED

My aunt'll be expecting me.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

I'll send a wire saying you've been detained in the shop. For God's sake, I haven't seen you for so long and I want to talk to you.

Mildred stands, picking up her tray, considering.

MILDRED

Well, I haven't been out anywhere since I don't know how long. Come back in an hour.

Mildred goes to work. Philip sits back in his chair, letting out a great sigh, delivered.

EXT. COURTYARD -- MONTAGE -- SEASONS CHANGE

-SUMMER. A rainy HOSPITAL COURTYARD. Students cross on walkways under MASSIVE TREES in full flower...

-FALL. The same scene, except the angular branches of the TREES are bare. Walkways are covered in FALLEN LEAVES...

-WINTER. SNOW blankets everything, weighting down the TREES.

INT. CARRIAGE -- NIGHT

In a moving carriage, Mildred and Philip sit side by side.

MILDRED

People used to stop at the gate and ask who lived in my parents' house, that's how beautiful the garden was. Of course, it isn't very nice for me now having to mix with them girls in the shop. It's not the class of that people I'm used to.

PHILIP

I see.

MILDRED

I only work because I want to, not because I need to.

PHILIP

So you've said.

INT. RESTAURANT -- DAY

Philip and Mildred dine together.

PHILIP

Have you thought more about Paris?

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

What's the point? It would cost you no end of money.

PHILIP

What does that matter?

MILDRED

It matters you don't have much of anything to begin with.

PHILIP

You would love Paris, and I know you're dying to go. Say you'll come, darling, please?

MILDRED

What next, I want to know? I can't see myself traveling with a man that I wasn't married to. You oughtn't suggest such a thing.

EXT. MILDRED'S STREET -- NIGHT

Philip walks Mildred home.

PHILIP

Why don't we get married?

MILDRED

Don't talk rot.

PHILIP

I'm serious.

Mildred just shakes her head in disgust.

PHILIP

You will marry me, won't you? I can't live without you. I tried getting over it, but it's no use.

MILDRED

You've just begun school. It'll be years before you earn a penny.

PHILIP

Two can live just as cheaply as one.

MILDRED

We should have only three pounds a week between us.

PHILIP

Does my great love mean nothing?

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

I don't see how I'd be any better off than I am now. I don't see the use of it.

Philip's downtrodden, pondering, hesitant.

PHILIP

Of course you don't like me. I can't expect you to... my being a cripple.

Mildred stops, looks at Philip, pitying.

MILDRED

Philip... you know that's not true.

PHILIP

Oh, I've felt it.

MILDRED

Philip, I promise you it never made any difference. I never thought about it after the first few days.

Philip keeps silent and gloomy.

MILDRED

You know I like you awfully. You're a gentleman in every sense of the word. Only you are so trying sometimes.

Mildred touches Philip's face. She leans to put her lips to his, kissing him, then kissing his cheek.

MILDRED

Now, are you happy again?

PHILIP

I am.

Philip pulls her close and kisses her passionately. She finally pushes away, putting a hand to her hat.

MILDRED

Mind the hat, silly. You are clumsy.

She walks on. He follows.

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- DAY

Mildred's in the chair. Philip stands. They're drinking tea. The door's open to the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

I can't wait for summer. We shall be able to spend Sundays on the River. We'll take our luncheon in a basket.

(drinks)

You are beginning to like me a bit, aren't you?

MILDRED

Why would I be here otherwise?

PHILIP

Do you want more tea? Fancy me waiting on you for a change.

MILDRED

Did it surprise you when I asked to come up to your room?

PHILIP

It delighted me.

MILDRED

I've got something to say to you, Philip.

PHILIP

Well... fire away. I'm listening.

MILDRED

You're not going to be silly about it, are you?

(pause)

The fact is I'm going to get married.

Philip manages to contain his reaction to a short pause.

PHILIP

Are you?

MILDRED

You see, I'm getting on. It's time I settled down. For all I know, it might be now or never.

Philip nods, goes to sit on the bed.

PHILIP

Who is it?

MILDRED

Miller.

PHILIP

Miller, the German. But, you've not seen him for months.

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

He came in to lunch last week and asked me to move away with him. He's earning good money where he is. He makes seven pounds a week.

PHILIP

Yes. You were bound to accept the highest bidder.

MILDRED

You might congratulate me.

PHILIP

I might, mightn't I? I can scarcely believe it's true. I think I'll get you a cab, if you wait here.

Philip rises and moves towards the door. Mildred stands.

MILDRED

I'm not through, if you care to hear me out.

Philip stops by the open door.

MILDRED

I like how you don't want to make love to me.

PHILIP

That's flattering for me.

MILDRED

I do care for you. I am glad for how you treat me. You give me gifts you can barely afford. I always said you was a gentleman.

---(long pause)

I don't see the harm in you having something to remember me by.

Philip turns to look at her. She goes to sit on the bed.

MILDRED

I... I want to be sure you know that I'm grateful.

Philip stares at her. A painfully long pause.

FROM THE HALL

Philip is framed in the doorway, looking at Mildred on the bed. Philip takes a step towards her, shuts the door.

FADE TO BLACK:

MONTAGE -- PHILIP'S STUDIES

Passage of time is shown by the slowly TURNING PAGES of "GRAY'S ANATOMY," revealing ENDLESS descriptive PARAGRAPHS and ILLUSTRATIONS: the SPINE... the SKULL... the ULNA...

Against this backdrop, IMAGES DISSOLVE IN and OUT:

- An INSTRUCTOR gives a lecture beside a HUMAN SKELETON, pointing out specific bones to the class.
- Philip is bent over his desk, making COPIOUS NOTES.

As "GRAY'S ANATOMY" PAGES TURN: ...the HAND... the PELVIS... the FEMUR... the TIBIA... the HIP-JOINT...

- A huge expanse of CHALKBOARD is covered by dense MEDICAL TERMINOLOGY. An INSTRUCTOR adds to the scrawl, standing on a ladder to reach the only empty space on the board.
- Philip reads a BOOK, his eyes growing heavy... eyes closing. He jerks awake. He rubs his eyes, shakes his head to clear it, drinks tea, resumes studying.

PAGES TURNING: ...MUSCLES of the HEAD, FACE and NECK... MUSCLES of the BACK... of the ABDOMEN... of the HAND...

- STUDENTS, Philip included, are gathered in a circle around Mr Jacobs, who lectures while holding up in one hand a GLASS JAR containing a BRAIN in fluid.
- Philip's hand uses a PENCIL to write NOTES onto a NOTEBOOK PAGE already filled near to capacity with scribblings and copied medical illustrations.

PAGES TURNING: ...the BLOOD and VASCULAR SYSTEM... ARTERIES... VEINS... HEMISPHERES of the BRAIN...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Philip's seated, bent over, writing wearily in his NOTEBOOK. He's using his bed as his desk. The bed's covered in open TEXT BOOKS and PAGES of NOTES everywhere. Newson enters.

NEWSON

How goes it?

PHILIP

Badly.

NEWSON

Hm. You'd better get cracking. You can't afford to plough another exam. I need a favor.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

NEWSON (cont)

There's this girl I'm interested in,
and I've arranged a luncheon with
her this Sunday.

Newson gets a BOTTLE off a shelf, pours himself a drink.

NEWSON

The problem is, she's bringing a
chaperon; some friend of hers. So,
you will make it four, won't you?

PHILIP

I'm afraid I can't.

NEWSON

Look, I know you took a tumble
recently, but I don't care to help
you out..

PHILIP

Thank you.

NEWSON

I only mean I'm not asking you to be
charming or to make any effort. If
this chaperon woman's miserable,
that's fine with me, so long as
she's occupied.

PHILIP

As a favor, this once.

NEWSON

Excellent.

Newson takes a sip off his drink, looks at it.

NEWSON

Oh, and by the way, if for some
ungodly reason it comes up in
conversation... I don't drink.

Newson finishes the drink with a gulp.

INT. NORAH NESBIT'S ROOMS -- DAY

Luncheon sits on a table, FINGER SANDWICHES and the like,
mostly untouched. Four empty chairs face the table.

Nearby, Philip and NORAH NESBIT sit on a couch, as far apart
as possible, drinking tea. They're uncomfortable, silent.
Norah's unassumingly beautiful. She looks across the room.

NORAH

They seem to be getting along.

(CONTINUED)

Philip glances. Newson and a WOMAN are out on the BALCONY, embraced, kissing. Philip's embarrassed.

PHILIP

Yes, quite.

NORAH

Have you two been friends long?

Philip looks up like he didn't hear.

NORAH

You two... ?

PHILIP

Oh, no, just since we started medical school. It's how we met.

Norah nods. Philip drinks. Another lull. Philip looks around the room. He sits forward... sees several NOVELETTES on a table: small volumes of cheap, romantic fiction.

PHILIP

You're not reading these, are you?

NORAH

No, I don't read them.

PHILIP

Your friend then? Yes, she seems more the type.

(picks up novelette)

What rubbish.

NORAH

They're not so awful are they?

PHILIP

They are. I don't see how anyone could waste their time.

NORAH.

I should point out that the reason I don't read them is they bore me, since I spend so much time writing them.

Philip's flummoxed. Norah's amused.

PHILIP

Do you?

NORAH

Yes.

PHILIP

What I meant to say...

(CONTINUED)

NORAH
Please, it doesn't matter.

PHILIP
I am an ass.

NORAH
No, you're right about them.

PHILIP
I didn't mean what I said, you see...

NORAH
Of course you did, but that's all right. They're cheap stories to take people's minds off things. The readers like the same over and over, so practically all I do is change the names. I'm sure even you read books sometimes to escape the everyday, don't you?

PHILIP
Always, actually. Habitually.
(flips thru pages)
It isn't easy to make a living writing, is it?

NORAH
Hard to call it a living.

PHILIP
Don't you ever wish to write something more... more...

NORAH
Elevated?

PHILIP
Less melodramatic.

NORAH
I'd love to. The only thing stopping me is that I have absolutely no talent.

Philip laughs, looks at her with growing appreciation.

PHILIP
I doubt it.

NORAH
There's the proof in your hands.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

If you'll let me, I think I will borrow this. I'm going to read it and prove I'm not quite the narrow-minded snob I seem.

NORAH

In that case, we should have a good long discussion about it afterwards, over tea one afternoon.

PHILIP

I'd like that.

NORAH

So, is it a deal, Mr Carey?

PHILIP

Certainly, Miss Nesbit. You can hold me to it.

Philip bends to thrust out his hand, amused. Norah shakes.

INT. NATIONAL GALLERY -- DAY

Philip and Norah study PAINTINGS in the corridors of this great MUSEUM. They move from picture to picture, leaning to each other, speaking quietly. We CANNOT HEAR what they say.

EXT. LONDON ZOO -- DAY

A dreary day. Philip and Norah stroll through the ZOO, past giant wrought iron CAGES, under canopies of wide trees.

NORAH

I don't believe in churches and parsons and all that, but I believe in God. And I doubt He minds much about what you do as long as you keep up your end and help a lame dog over the stile now and again.

PHILIP

And, what about afterwards? Is there a heaven?

-- NORAH

I don't know. I hope for the best, and anyhow, there'll be no rent to pay and no more novelettes to write.

PHILIP

I remember distinctly when I stopped believing in God. May I bore you with it?

(CONTINUED)

NORAH

I'll try to hide my yawning.

They come to the LION CAGE, stopping to look in.

PHILIP

I was ten or eleven, living with my uncle, the vicar. I was all for religion at the time for some reason, and I read something in the Bible along the lines of "whatever you ask for in prayer, believing, you shall receive."

NORAH

Faith can move mountains.

PHILIP

Exactly. That's what my Uncle said when I asked him. Now, no one believed more fervently in God than I. So, naturally, I prayed for my foot to be fixed. Night and day, I put hands together, having chosen a specific morning a week away for the miracle to take place. I could already picture the astonishment on the faces of my aunt and uncle and the boys at school. And the night before the miracle, I remember how I turned back the rug to pray with my bare knees on the floor, so my discomfort would be further proof of my faith. But, anyway... you can guess how the story ends.

They walk.

PHILIP

Maybe that's not exactly when I stopped believing, but when I started to realize that I didn't believe in the first place.

NORAH

(nods, pause)

Do you mind my saying what a singularly depressing story that was?

She looks at Philip, letting out a short laugh, can't help herself. Philip looks at her, shrugs, laughs at himself.

PHILIP

I guess so.

Philip laughs again.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

How is it you make me laugh at that?

NORAH

Because I'm very amusing.

PHILIP

You amuse yourself at least. I wonder why I put up with you.

NORAH

You like me, Mr Carey, because I'm a silent person and never want to get a word in.

PHILIP

Oh, really? I talk too much?

NORAH

You certainly don't talk too little.

PHILIP

Well...

Philip MOTIONS with his hand at his mouth: turning a key to lock his lips and throwing it away. Norah's amused. They walk on for a moment in silence.

NORAH

You know... there's no reason for you to be so sensitive about your foot. People don't notice it nearly as much as you think they do.

Philip looks at her, uncomfortable, doesn't know what to say.

NORAH

I'm sorry... are you angry with me?

PHILIP

No. I just...

NORAH

I only say it because I care. I don't want to make you the slightest bit unhappy.

PHILIP

I think you could say anything you like to me.

She smiles.

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- DAY

Norah looks at books on Philip's shelves. Philip sits on the sill of the dirty window, smoking. The door's open.

PHILIP

I had read about the idealization that takes place in love, but I saw Mildred for exactly what she was. And still, when she was away from me it was wretchedness, and when she came back again it was despair. I was diseased.

Norah comes to take the cigarette, sharing it with him.

NORAH

I think you're well out of it now.

PHILIP

I can't tell you how thankful I am that it's over.

NORAH

Poor thing, you must have had a rotten time.

She smokes, puts her hand on Philip's shoulder.

PHILIP

I'm all better now.

Philip puts his hand on Norah's, then brings her hand to his lips and kisses it. Norah takes her hand away quickly.

NORAH

Why did you do that?

PHILIP

Have you any objection?

She looks at him.

NORAH

No.

Philip stands to face her. They stay that way a moment.

NORAH

Well?

PHILIP

I'm so grateful to you for being nice to me. I like you so much.

NORAH

Don't be idiotic.

(CONTINUED)

Philip takes her hand and brings her closer. She leans to him. He bends to her and kisses her red lips.

NORAH
Why did you do that?

PHILIP
Because it's comfortable.

Norah reaches to pass her hand over his hair.

NORAH
It's awfully bad of you to behave like this. We were such good friends. It would be jolly to leave it at that.

PHILIP
If you really want to appeal to my better nature, you'd do well not to stroke my cheek while you're doing it.

She smiles, but does not stop touching his face.

NORAH
It's very wrong of me, isn't it?

Norah's looking into Philip's eyes, and her eyes well up with tears. Philip's astounded, emotions stirring.

PHILIP
Norah, you're not fond of me, are you?

NORAH
You clever boy, you ask such stupid questions.

PHILIP
I never imagined you could be.

He puts her arms around her and kisses her. They surrender to each other, tears in their eyes.

PHILIP
I can't believe you like me. I'm so surprised.

NORAH
And pleased?

PHILIP
Delighted, and so proud, Norah, and so happy and so grateful.

The embrace, kissing passionately.

(CONTINUED)

INT. NORAH'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The room is feminine, dark. Philip and Norah are in bed, in each other's arms, under covers.

NORAH

Aren't you rather sorry you chucked painting?

PHILIP

Not really.

NORAH

And doctoring suits you better?

PHILIP

No, I hate it, but there was nothing else to do. It's boring, and unfortunately I haven't got the scientific temperament. But, I think I'll like it more when I get into the wards.

NORAH

And eventually you'll take a practice?

PHILIP

Not for a long time, at any rate. As soon as I'm through my hospital appointments I shall get on a ship. I want to go to the East -- the Malay Archipelago, Siam, China. And then I'll take what comes along -- cholera duty in India, things like that. I want to go from place to place... all the places I've read... about.

Philip's staring up at the ceiling. Norah's staring at him.

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- DAY

Philip's bed is too small for him and Norah to lay side by side lengthwise in, so they're sideways with pillows behind their backs against the wall, naked under the sheets.

Philip reads. Norah writes in a sturdy notebook.

NORAH

I never think about the future, as long as I have enough money for three weeks rent and a pound or two left over for food. Life wouldn't be worth living if I worried over the future as well as the present.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

How is it you never worry and never let life drag you down?

NORAH

I don't know. I'll tell you one thing: I'm one of the few persons I ever met who are able to learn from experience. Just when things are at their worst, I find something always comes along.

PHILIP

I think about my future all the time.

NORAH

Yes, I've heard. Freedom, and seeing the world and the like.

PHILIP

Am I the most dreadful bore?

NORAH

Maybe not the most dreadful, but you rank highly.

Norah puts down her writing, kisses Philip. She puts her arms around him, rests her head on his chest. He kisses the top of her head and keeps reading his book.

NORAH

Are you happy, darling?

PHILIP

I've never been happier.

Norah lays there with her eyes closed.

NORAH

I love you.

Philip looks down at her, puts his book down and brings Norah's lips to his, kissing her. Long kisses. They part, staring into each other's eyes.

NORAH

When you talk about your future, you never mention me.

PHILIP

I hadn't thought about it like that. I'm talking about things in the abstract, you know. Just dreaming.

NORAH

I know you aren't able to tell me you love me yet.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

Norah...

NORAH

I'm not asking you to. I prefer you don't say it just to answer me, or for the sake of my feelings.

PHILIP

I want to say it.

NORAH

You will, when you feel it. I think there's always one who loves the other a little more. It's never completely equal, and I doubt it can be.

PHILIP

I've never been more content. I ask myself every day what it is you see in me, and there's no answer that makes sense.

NORAH

Don't be ridiculous.

PHILIP

I know I'll be able to say it soon.

NORAH

I know you will.

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- MORNING

Still dark outside. Philip's alone, just awakening, sitting up in bed, soaked with sweat. He's shivering, limbs aching.

He struggles out of bed, unsteady, holding himself against the chills. He pulls his blanket up and wraps himself in it.

EXT. PHILIP'S HALLWAY -- MORNING

Philip comes out of his room, dressed, books under his arm. He looks horribly white, still feverish. He steadies himself, fishing for keys. Griffiths comes out next door.

GRIFFITHS

Hello, neighbor.

Philip nods, struggling to lock his door. Griffiths notices.

GRIFFITHS

I say, are you feeling okay?

(CONTINUED)

Philip turns, trying to speak, but his eyes roll up in his head and he falls to his knees. Griffiths runs to catch him.

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- MORNING

KEYS are HEARD. Griffiths pushes the door open, drags Philip into the room by the armpits.

GRIFFITHS

I've got you. Here we go...

Griffiths struggles to put Philip on the bed. Philip stirs.

PHILIP

I don't feel well.

GRIFFITHS

You shouldn't. You're burning up with fever.

Griffiths starts undressing Philip.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- DAY

Elderly DOCTOR DEACON holds his STETHOSCOPE to Philip's chest. Philip's in bed, barely awake. Griffiths watches, arms crossed. Deacon straightens, finished.

GRIFFITHS

What do you make of it, doctor?

DOCTOR DEACON

Influenza.

GRIFFITHS

Quite right.

Deacon gives an annoyed look, goes to dig in his BAG.

DOCTOR DEACON

He should be in the hospital. He can be better cared for there.

PHILIP

I'd... I'd rather stay here.

GRIFFITHS

I can look after him, sir.

DOCTOR DEACON

Very well. Get this from the dispensary and follow it. I'll drop back in tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

Deacon finds PAPER and starts writing. Griffiths moves to stand over Philip, places his hand on Philip's forehead.

GRIFFITHS

You've got to do exactly as I tell you now that you're my responsibility. I'm day-nurse and night-nurse all in one.

PHILIP

It's very kind of you, but I shan't want anything. I'm perfectly fine.

GRIFFITHS

Close your eyes and get some sleep. You need it desperately.

Philip swallows, pained, closes his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Fire in the fireplace. Philip sleeps restlessly, drenched and delirious. Griffiths is in the chair, studying. Norah's seated nearby, watching Philip.

Norah gets up and puts the blankets back over Philip.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- DAY

Philip's in bed, facing the wall. He rolls over, weak, bleary eyes searching the room. Griffiths is at the fireplace, on his knees, pouring hot water into a BASIN.

PHILIP

What are you still doing here?

Griffiths gets up. He's unshaven, scruffy faced and tired.

GRIFFITHS

Did I wake you? I tried to make up the fire without making a row.

PHILIP

Where's Norah?

GRIFFITHS

She's gone to get you some soup. Feeling any better?

PHILIP

I wish you wouldn't be so good to me. Suppose you catch it?

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFITHS

Then you shall nurse me, old man.
Now, I'm going to wash you and
change the sheets.

PHILIP

I can wash myself, thank you.

Philip tries to sit up, but lays back in pain, holding his
head. Griffiths brings a basin of water and a TOWEL.

PHILIP

It's damned humiliating.

GRIFFITHS

Nonsense. If you were in the small
ward a nurse would wash you, and I
can do just as well.

Griffiths starts washing Philip's arm with the towel.

PHILIP

Why in the world are you being so
nice to me?

GRIFFITHS

It's good practice for me. It's
rather a lark having a patient.

Griffiths smiles his winning smile, unspeakably handsome.

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Griffiths lights his pipe by the fire, admiring Philip's
paintings, NUDES, on the mantelpiece. Philip's awake.

GRIFFITHS

A man's quite capable of carrying on
three or four affairs at a time if
he puts his mind to it, and he
needn't be clever as much as well
organized.

PHILIP

I would think so.

GRIFFITHS

What about you? What's your girl's
name again?

PHILIP

Norah.

GRIFFITHS

She's beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

Yes.

GRIFFITHS

Careful to hang onto her. She's the type that gets attention.

Philip thinks, sad. Griffiths goes to open the window, sits on the sill and blows pipe smoke out.

PHILIP

The problem is... I don't love her. I don't think I ever will, no matter how hard I try.

GRIFFITHS

There's always one who loves and one who lets himself be loved.

PHILIP

She said the same thing.

GRIFFITHS

It suits me fine.

PHILIP

Why do men care about women who hurt them, and not care if someone treats them decently for a change?

GRIFFITHS

Because we're young and stupid. We know it's wrong, but we haven't learned it yet.

PHILIP

The illusion of freewill is so strong in my mind that I can't get away from it, but I believe it is only an illusion. Before I do anything, I feel like I have a choice, and that influences what I do; but afterwards... I believe it was inevitable from all eternity.

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- DAY

Norah's by the window, arranging FLOWERS in a VASE. Philip's seated, shirtless, mixing shaving cream with a BRUSH in front of his mirror.

PHILIP

Thank you for helping me out.

(CONTINUED)

NORAH

You act as if it were a bother.
(of the flowers)
They brighten this dreary place a
little at least.

PHILIP

Could you get my razor from the
drawer by the bed?

Philip begins lathering his face. Norah crosses...
Norah opens a drawer in the tiny BEDSIDE TABLE. She takes
out the folded STRAIGHT RAZOR, but stops.

There's a small framed PHOTOGRAPH of PHILIP'S MOTHER in the
drawer. Norah takes out the photo, looks, holds it up.

NORAH

Who's this?

PHILIP

My mother.

NORAH

Why do you keep it in a drawer?

PHILIP

(applying shaving cream)
She had it taken when she was sick.
My aunt told me. The pregnancy was
difficult from the start. My mother
got out of bed one day, put on her
best gown and made herself up to
hide how pale she was. She barely
had the strength to do it, mind you.

Norah puts the picture back in the drawer.

PHILIP

She drove to the photographer,
posed, then drove back and climbed
back into bed. She did it so I'd
have something to remember her by.
She must have known how sick she was.

Norah brings the razor. She stands behind Philip and drapes
her arms over his shoulders, looks at him in the mirror.

NORAH

You've had it rough.

PHILIP

No more than most.

Philip turns, uses a towel to wipe off shaving cream. He
pulls Norah close and kisses her, then regards her.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

I love you.

Norah's touched. She holds Philip's face in her hands.

INT. PHILIP'S ROOMING HOUSE, STAIRWELL-- DAY

Philip's limping quickly up stairs, text books in one hand, gripping the rail as he goes. His LANDLADY appears below.

LANDLADY

Mister Carey.

Philip halts, looks down at her.

LANDLADY

There's a lady waiting to see you.

PHILIP

Me?

LANDLADY

I shouldn't have let her in, only she's been three times and seemed upset, so I told her she could wait.

Philip looks up the stairwell, confused... then worried.

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- DAY

Philip throws the door open and enters...
There sits Mildred, eyes swollen from crying.

Philip's speechless, trying to get his mind around it.

PHILIP

What the hell do you want?

MILDRED

Something terrible's happened,
Philip. I... I need your help...

Mildred cannot contain tears. Philip immediately softens.

PHILIP

What is it? What's happened?

MILDRED

(bent over, sobbing)
Oh, I can't tell you, I can't...
It's too humiliating.

PHILIP

Mildred...

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

I shouldn't have come here... but I didn't have anywhere else to go...

Looking down at Mildred, Philip has to catch his breath, his heart swelling with empathy. He's right back where he was before she left. He gets to his knees and takes her hands.

PHILIP

Mildred... don't you know there's nothing you can't tell me. Now, calm yourself. I'll get you something to drink.

Philip crosses to make a whiskey and soda. Mildred looks up, wiping tears, trying to collect herself.

MILDRED

He's left me. Miller's left me. He's gone up to Birmingham and he's sent a letter from a solicitor saying I have no claim on him, that if I molest him he'll seek the protection of the law.

PHILIP

What are you saying? A man can't treat his own wife like that.

MILDRED

We'd had a fight. He told me he was sick of me. He was frightened because... because I told him a baby was coming.

PHILIP

You're... having his baby?

Mildred nods, pressing her hands to her face.

MILDRED

If you'd have heard the things he said to me! Oh, Philip, he's left me without a penny. The lies he told me. I was a fool to ever believe a word out of his mouth.

PHILIP

No man could be such a blackguard.

MILDRED

You don't know him.

Philip brings the drink to Mildred.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

Calm down. He must provide for you.
You're his responsibility. We'd
better find you a solicitor yourself.

MILDRED

I can't afford anything like that.

PHILIP

I'll cover it for now. I don't want
you worrying. We'll take care of
you. Everything will work out.

MILDRED

You are so good to me, Philip.

PHILIP

I'm glad to be able to do something.
I can't stand seeing you like this.
Tomorrow we'll find you a place,
close by, and after that we'll look
for a solicitor. You'll see.

Mildred's calmed some, sniffing.

MILDRED

Are you fond of me still?

PHILIP

Just as fond as ever.

MILDRED

You're not seeing anyone else?

The merest pause from Philip, then he shakes his head slowly.

PHILIP

No. No one.

Mildred rises, throwing her arms around Philip and kissing
him. She rests her head on his chest. Philip's troubled.

INT. PHILIP'S HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Outside his closed door, Philip accepts a TELEGRAM from a
DELIVERY BOY, unfolds and reads it with displeasure:

Is anything the matter? Norah.

INT. POST OFFICE -- DAY

Philip's at the TELEGRAPH WINDOW, writing out his response:

Sorry, could not get away. Will write.

INT. MILDRED'S ROOMS, PARLOR -- DAY

A run-down APARTMENT, walls bare, FURNISHED, poorly, but furnished. Mildred's unpacking meager belongings from cardboard BOXES. Philip enters with more boxes, putting them down and admiring the room.

PHILIP

I don't think it'll take much to set the place in order.

MILDRED

I can't thank you enough.

PHILIP

I've looked into a few good possibilities for this afternoon. I found the address of the sportsman who was my father's executor.

Philip occupies himself examining the FIREPLACE.

MILDRED

About that. I'm starting to think a solicitor's no good.

PHILIP

What?

MILDRED

I know the situation's bleak, but I must grin and bear it.

PHILIP

Don't be absurd. Miller's obligated to look after you.

MILDRED

Philip... I should have told you... Miller never married me. He couldn't. He had a wife already, and children.

Philip doesn't understand.

MILDRED

That's why I couldn't go back to my aunt. There's no one I can depend on but you.

PHILIP

Why didn't you tell me yesterday?

MILDRED

I was ashamed.

Philip has his hands on his hips, looking at the floor.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

Well, why did you go away with him then? What made you do it?

MILDRED

I don't know. I wish I hadn't. There was something about him, and I was sick of going to the shop every morning. My aunt wanted to treat me more like a servant instead of a relation.

PHILIP

Were you in love with him?

MILDRED

I don't know.

PHILIP

It's just... I was so dreadfully in love with you. It's horrible to think you were perfectly willing to sacrifice everything for that boulder.

MILDRED

I'm sorry. I regretted it bitterly afterwards, I promise you. I don't know what came over me.

INT. NORAH'S ROOMS -- DAY

Norah opens the door to Philip. She flings her arms around him and kisses him. Philip's nervous.

NORAH

Where have you been hiding yourself, you naughty boy?..

PHILIP

I'm sorry. I've been awfully busy.

Philip enters and Norah shuts the door.

NORAH

Is something wrong? You look unhappy. _

PHILIP

Nothing's wrong at all. Are we having tea?

-NORAH

Of course. The kettle's on.

Norah goes to the fireplace to make tea. Philip goes to sit.

(CONTINUED)

NORAH

I've had wonderful news, darling.
A new publisher's offered me a
commission. Fifteen guineas for one
story. It's money from the clouds.

PHILIP

There's something I need to talk to
you about...

NORAH

I'll tell you what we'll do. Let's
take the money and go spend a day at
Oxford. I'd love to see the
colleges.

Norah comes over with a TRAY of tea and toast. She sits on
Philip's knees and tries to feed him a piece of toast.

NORAH

Is the beast hungry?

PHILIP

(forcing a smile)
Not right now he isn't.

NORAH

Later then.

PHILIP

Norah...

Norah runs her hands down Philip's face, kisses him, happy.

NORAH

Say something nice to me.

PHILIP

What shall I say?

NORAH

You might by an effort of
imagination say that you rather like
me.

PHILIP

You know I do that.

NORAH

You've been away an eternity. I've
missed you.

PHILIP

Darling, excuse me... my leg's
falling asleep.

(CONTINUED)

NORAH

(stands up)

I'm so sorry. I shall have to break this habit I have of sitting on gentlemen's knees.

Philip rises, makes a show of massaging his leg.

PHILIP

I'm afraid I can't stay long today. I'm frightfully busy with schoolwork.

NORAH

Yes, you've said. Philip, what really is the matter?

PHILIP

Nothing. I'm preoccupied. There's a demonstration at the hospital that I'm bound to attend.

NORAH

Well, if you must.

PHILIP

There's no getting out of it.

NORAH

I understand. At least I shall have you in my clutches all day tomorrow.

Norah pours tea. Philip's worried.

PHILIP

Um... I'm sorry, but I'm engaged tomorrow.

NORAH

(upset)

But, I've asked the Gordons to lunch. I told you about it a week ago.

PHILIP

I must have forgotten. I'm afraid I can't possibly come.

NORAH

What are you doing tomorrow then?

PHILIP

I wish you wouldn't cross-examine me.

NORAH

Don't you want to tell me?

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

I don't mind in the least telling you, but it's annoying to be forced to account for one's movements.

Norah takes a deep breath, making an attempt at self-control.

NORAH

Don't disappoint me tomorrow, Philip. The Gordons want to see you, and I've been looking forward to spending the day with you.

PHILIP

I'd love to if I could.

NORAH

I'm not very exacting, am I? I don't ask for much.

PHILIP

I don't see how I can. Griffiths' two sisters are up for the weekend and we're taking them out.

NORAH

Is that all? Well, Griffiths can get another man so easily.

PHILIP

No. I promised him, and I mean to keep my promise.

NORAH

But you promised me too. Surely I come first.

PHILIP

I wish you wouldn't persist.

NORAH

I don't know what you've been up to the last few days, but do you really think I can't tell there's something wrong?! What is this all about?

Philip won't look at her, checks at his watch.

PHILIP

I've got to go.

NORAH

Philip...

PHILIP

I'll be late if I don't go.

(CONTINUED)

NORAH
You won't come tomorrow?

PHILIP
No.

NORAH
Then, maybe you needn't trouble to
come at all.

Philip looks at her, his face crimson.

PHILIP
That's just as you like.

NORAH
Don't let me detain you any longer.

Philip goes to exit, -not looking back.
Norah's ruined.

EXT. NORAH'S ROOMING HOUSE -- DAY

Philip exits, face set, determined not to let this hurt him.
He glances backwards, hurrying down the street as quickly as
his limp allows, running away.

INT. MILDRED'S PARLOR -- NIGHT

A few pictures now hang. Mildred sits in an armchair facing
a bright fire, glass of wine in hand. Philip comes to place
flowers on the mantelpiece.

MILDRED
They're lovely.

PHILIP
I'm glad you like them.

Philip sits in an armchair beside her, taking up his glass.

PHILIP
It's really just like home.

MILDRED
-I might be worse off, mightn't I?

She stares into the fire, -sipping wine. Philip settles back
into his chair, content.

PHILIP
What would you like to do tomorrow?

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

Oh, I'm going to Tulse Hill. You remember the manageress at the shop? She's asked me to spend the day. Of course she still thinks I'm married.

PHILIP

But... I refused an invitation so that I might spend Sunday with you.

MILDRED

You shouldn't have. I promised her.

PHILIP

How can you go alone?

MILDRED

I'll say Miller's away on business. Her husband's in the glove trade. He's a very superior fellow.

Philip sits back with a frown.

MILDRED

You don't grudge me a little pleasure, do you? It's the last time I shall be able to go anywhere for I don't know how long.

PHILIP

No, you're right. Forgive me for being selfish. I want you to be happy.

MILDRED

I am happy, you know that. It's all because of you.

Mildred gives Philip a smile, then looks back into the fire.

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- DAY

CLOSE ON: a handwritten LETTER:

Forgive me and come to tea as usual. I love you.
Norah

Griffiths stands reading the letter. Philip watches him.

GRIFFITHS

You'd better leave it unanswered.

PHILIP

I can't. I should be miserable if I thought of her waiting and waiting.

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFITHS

My dear fellow, one can't break this sort of affair off without somebody suffering. You must just set your teeth to that.

(sees Philip agonizing)

If you're so anxious not to give her pain, go back to her.

PHILIP

No. I can't do that. It's not my choice.

GRIFFITHS

People do get over these things, you know. She probably isn't so wrapped up in you as you think.

(hands the letter back)

Write and tell her it's done. It'll hurt her less if you do it brutally than if you try half-hearted ways.

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- LATER DAY

As Philip WRITES a LETTER, HIS VOICE is HEARD:

PHILIP'S VOICE (V.O.)

My dear Norah, It pains me to make you unhappy, but I think we had better let things remain where we left them Saturday...

INT. NORAH'S ROOMS -- DAY

Norah reads the LETTER. PHILIP'S VOICE CONTINUES:

PHILIP'S VOICE (V.O.)

I don't think there's any use in letting this drag on. In all honesty, I don't feel for you what I thought I felt. You were right to tell me to go away, and I do not propose to return. Goodbye. Philip Carey.

Norah's eyes fill with tears.

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- DAY

Philip sits in his chair, reading a book open on the bed. A KNOCK is HEARD on the door. Philip looks to it.

NORAH (O.S.)

(from other side of door)

Philip?

(CONTINUED)

Norah can be HEARD KNOCKING again.

NORAH (O.S.)
Philip?

Philip's afraid, holding still, waiting. Norah KNOCKS...
The DOOR KNOB turns, but it's locked..

NORAH (O.S.)
I received your letter.
(pause)
I lost my temper the other day and
I shouldn't have. I wrote and
apologized. You weren't satisfied,
so I've come to apologize again.
(pause)
Philip, won't you let me in?

Philip's distraught, rising and crossing to stand further
away from the door, but a FLOOR BOARD CREAKS under foot.

NORAH (O.S.)
It's no use to act this way, I know
you're in there. Please, let's make
friends again. I'm so sorry if I
offended you.

Philip's determined to remain stoic, hand to his mouth.

NORAH (O.S.)
Philip, if you're not careful, I'll
start to take your letter seriously.

Norah's VOICE begins to BREAK. She's CRYING.

NORAH (O.S.)
You can't tell me you don't care for
me anymore. It can't be true. Why ---
are you being so cruel to me...?

She can be HEARD SOBBING. Philip remains motionless.

NORAH (O.S.)
Oh, you can't mean it! Why are you
doing this to us? I love you,
Philip...

NORAH'S VOICE is thick, choked with emotion.

NORAH (O.S.)
Please, please answer me... oh,
God...
(KNOCKING on door)
... open this door. It's wrong for
you to treat me like this...

(CONTINUED)

Philip goes back to sit down, doubling over, eyes closed, clamping his fists over his ears.

NORAH (O.S.)

I love you. I love you so much...
please... please...

NORAH gives up KNOCKING. All you can HEAR is HER CRYING.

Then, NORAH'S FOOTSTEPS can be HEARD as she walks away. Philip finally sits up, drained, but having managed to remain in control; having managed to survive.

He looks at the door for a long time. SILENCE.

He runs his hand through his hair, turning his attention back to the book on the bed.

Philip sits, reading, when sudden misery overwhelms him -- he bursts into tears. He slides to his knees, his face to the floor, wracked by SOBS, CRYING with all of his might.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. MILDRED'S PARLOR -- NIGHT

A fire in the fireplace. Mildred has fallen asleep on the couch, sewing in one hand. There is an innocence to her in sleep that she lacks awake; some of her face's natural harshness is gone. She is pretty.

Philip stands near, drink in hand, completely still. He just stands there looking down at Mildred. The ROOM around Philip seems to grow DARKER...

The AIR around Mildred DARKENS. A dim LIGHT GLOWS from inside MILDRED'S BELLY, almost imperceptibly, as MILDRED'S WOMB becomes TRANSPARENT, allowing Philip to SEE INSIDE...

MILDRED'S WOMB is a brown, dry husk, with a baby CREATURE curled fetal inside. The CREATURE is barely visible in the GLOW, covered entirely in thick FUR, stirring slightly.

EXT. LONDON PARK AND GARDENS -- DAY

Mildred and Philip sit on a bench, watching PEOPLE stroll by. Mildred's bundled in many layers of clothing, no longer bothering with pretense, hair tied in a knot.

PHILIP

You must meet my friend Griffiths.
You will like him.

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

I don't fancy meeting anyone till
this damn baby's done making me fat.
I'll be glad when it's over, I
guarantee.

PHILIP

I'd hazard a guess that what you're
counting on as being the end of it
is actually only the beginning.

MILDRED

I don't feel like discussing this
again. I'm sending it away. I can
find some decent woman to look after
it for seven and six-pence a week.

PHILIP

Why do you refuse to consider
keeping the child here?

MILDRED

It's jolly difficult for a woman to
earn a living by herself, and it
doesn't make it any easier when
she's got a baby.

PHILIP

You'll have me to fall back on.

MILDRED

Then I dare not fall too far.

Philip's dissatisfied.

MILDRED

It'll be better for the baby and
it'll be better for me. Besides,
it's not forever.

PHILIP

At least we'll have Paris at last.
I can't wait. It'll be so romantic.

MILDRED

It'll cost a lot of money.

PHILIP

If the strain gets too much, I'll
write my uncle and beg from him.

MILDRED

I know there's been expenses you
didn't count on, but you can't say
I haven't offered you anything in
return.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

Good heavens, I don't want anything
in return.

MILDRED

You know... you've never talked
about our last day together before
I left.

PHILIP

What would I say?

MILDRED

I'm trying to tell you... if you
still want...

PHILIP

I understand. I do understand.

(pause)

I've been sick with love for you
ever since I first saw you. But at
least for now... well, the thought
of Miller simply disgusts me. And,
I've unfortunately got a vivid
imagination.

MILDRED

You are funny.

PHILIP

I know I am.

INT. HOSPITAL, MATERNITY WARD -- NIGHT

Many BABIES can be HEARD CRYING. A NURSE leads Philip down
a long passageway formed by CURTAINED PARTITIONS on each
side. The nurse stops and pulls one curtain open...

IN THE PARTITION

Philip enters and the nurse follows. Mildred's here, weak,
lying with her BABY at her side. Philip's face lights up.

PHILIP

Mildred... how are you?

MILDRED

I'm relieved.

Philip comes to stare down at the baby in wonder. The
baby's red and wrinkled and healthy.

MILDRED

It's a funny-looking little thing,
isn't it? I can't believe it's mine.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP
May I... ?

Philip gently lifts the baby up, cradles it, transfixed.

PHILIP
Is it a boy or a girl?

MILDRED
It's a girl, silly.

PHILIP
What will you call her?

MILDRED
I haven't really thought about it.

Philip's smitten, holding his pinkie out, trying to get the child to clutch it with her tiny hand.

NURSE
(to Mildred)
I have to put the baby back in the ward for now. Would you like to hold her a minute more?

MILDRED
No, you go ahead.

The nurse takes the baby from Philip.

NURSE
(to Philip)
You can't stay long, sir. I'll come back to get you.

The nurse leaves. Philip watches the baby go, then comes to the bedside, beaming.

PHILIP
Well done, darling.

He bends to kiss her lips. She puts her arms round his neck.

MILDRED
You've been a brick to me, Phil dear, you really have.

PHILIP
At this moment, I feel that you're mine at last. I've waited so long for you.

INT. VICTORIA STATION -- DAY

A TRAIN WHISTLE SHRIEKS. The station bustles as usual. A TRAIN waits, spewing steam. FOLLOW: Mildred as she walks, TRAVEL BAG-slung over her shoulder and BABY squirming in one arm. Philip's seeing them off, fretful.

PHILIP

I hear all sorts of things about baby-farming and cruelty. Lord knows what kind of ghouls she'll end up with.

MILDRED

I'll know exactly who she ends up with since I'll be choosing who takes care of her. Now, the train's about to leave.

PHILIP

Don't haggle. I'd rather pay more than run the risk of her being starved or beaten. And don't put her with anyone who's already got children...

MILDRED

Honestly, you couldn't make more fuss if you was the father. We've been all through this.

PHILIP

All right... goodbye. I'll be waiting here Wednesday.

MILDRED

Good luck with exams.

Mildred stops as Philip kisses her goodbye, then she heads off towards the train. Philip's antsy, regretful...

PHILIP

Mildred, wait...!

Philip catches up with her, kisses the baby. Mildred rolls her eyes and lumbers on. Philip waves. Philip watches them go, sad.

INT. ADELPHI RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

A busy night. Griffiths enters, searching, crossing... Griffiths arrives at a table occupied by Philip and Mildred. Philip rises, glad and excited.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP
 (to Mildred)
 Here he is at last.
 (shakes Griffiths' hand)
 Where have you been? Out making
 love to one of your numerous flames?

GRIFFITHS
 If only.

PHILIP
 (introducing them)
 Mildred Rogers... Harry Griffiths...

Griffiths grins his enviable grin. Mildred puts out her hand to shake, but Griffiths takes it and kisses it.

GRIFFITHS
 I've heard a great deal about you.

MILDRED
 Not so much as I've heard about you.

PHILIP
 Nor as bad.

Griffiths gives Philip an amused glance as they sit.

GRIFFITHS
 Has he been blackening my character?

PHILIP
 You two ought to feel like you've
 already met, I've talked so much
 about you to one another.

GRIFFITHS
 - - I'm sure we'll be fast friends.

Griffiths hefts the wine bottle, examines it.

GRIFFITHS
 Now, if you don't mind me joining
 you in a glass of this vinegar,
 congratulations are in order.
 Having recently qualified, as Philip
 well knows, I've just been appointed
 house-surgeon at a hospital in the
 North of London.

PHILIP
 Have you?

MILDRED
 Congratulations.

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFITHS
I'm heading home for a few days
holiday before I report, so enjoy me
while you've got me.

Philip raises his glass.

 PHILIP
Bravo. A toast... to Harry
Griffiths. Much success.

Mildred and Griffiths raise their glasses.
They CLINK glasses together.

INT. . ADELPHI RESTAURANT -- TIME CUT -- LATER NIGHT

Dinner's done. Philip and Mildred are laughing while
Griffiths tugs on a corkscrew, opening another wine bottle.

 GRIFFITHS
... well, the gentleman was
obviously quite upset with me.

 PHILIP
I imagine.

 GRIFFITHS
I told him it was awfully
disconcerting to have him staring at
me the whole time I'm dancing with
his girlfriend, and that I wasn't
going to get half as far with her as
I intended to if he kept gawking.

 MILDRED
You didn't!

 GRIFFITHS
-I couldn't help myself. - - -

 MILDRED
What did he say?

 GRIFFITHS
He tried to punch me, of course.
Any civilized man would.

 MILDRED
And did you fight him?

 GRIFFITHS
No, I ran away very quickly.

Mildred laughs, thoroughly enjoying Griffiths. Griffiths
pours more wine all around. Philip's happy.

(CONTINUED)

GRIFFITHS

Now, here's one of my favorites. An absolutely true story, even though you won't believe it.

PHILIP

About your actor friend?

GRIFFITHS

Please, not in mixed company. No, this was something that happened at Saint Luke's years ago. Seems there was this one student, a superlative pupil, studying medicine. He was universally admired and envied. And one instructor, who happened to be particularly proud of this student, was in charge of giving the the final written exam to the class. So, the day of the test, just as the last few seconds were ticking by...

(stands, gesticulating)

The student stands bolt upright. He starts gurgling and thrashing all about, running in circles, turning blue, slobbering and sputtering...

Philip laughs, but notices other patrons bothered by Griffiths' boisterous display...

GRIFFITHS

Till finally he just drops dead to the floor.

(slaps the table)

Stone dead.

PHILIP

We get the picture.

Griffiths plops back down, drinks wine.

GRIFFITHS

Well, Christ, what a tragedy. I mean, here he is, the school's golden student, gone from this world just as he was reaching to grasp the brass ring. The instructor's stricken. He corrects the exam immediately, which is flawless, and he gives an honorary degree of some sort to the dead chap's parents. It's the least he can do. Well, not the least, because the next day he performs an autopsy to try to tell the parents what happened. And, do you know what he found?

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

What?

GRIFFITHS

He cuts this boy open, and he finds, jammed there in the boy's windpipe: a balled up paper with all the examination answers written in tiny letters. The student was cheating, you see, and tried to get rid of the evidence, but it went down the wrong pipe.

MILDRED

(wide-eyed)

That's the most morbid thing I've ever heard in my entire life.

GRIFFITHS

Yes, isn't it?

Griffiths laughs and Mildred joins in.

PHILIP

I don't believe one word of it.

GRIFFITHS

I told you you wouldn't.

INT. MILDRED'S PARLOR -- DAY

Philip and Mildred enter, staying in the doorway.

MILDRED

It's so nice of him to be so fond of you. He is a good friend for you to have.

Mildred puts up her face for Philip to-kiss her. He does.

MILDRED

Thank you so much for this evening.

PHILIP

I'll see you tomorrow.

IN THE HALL

Philip steps back as Mildred begins closing the door, but she stops and sticks her head out gaily.

MILDRED

Tell Harry I'm madly in love with him.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP
(laughing)
All right, I will.

She shuts the door. Philip walks away, satisfied.

INT. MILDRED'S PARLOR -- LATE DAY

Tea time. Mildred and Philip are on the couch. Griffiths is in a chair facing them, getting all Mildred's attention.

MILDRED
What makes you want to be a doctor
so badly, of all things?

GRIFFITHS
You really want to know?

MILDRED
Absolutely.

GRIFFITHS
It's the only occupation where a
woman takes off her clothing, I
examine her, and I send the bill to
her husband.

Mildred giggles, feigning offense.

MILDRED
You are awful. Isn't he, Philip?

PHILIP
I tried to warn you.

Philip stands, taking out his watch and looking at it.

PHILIP
It's about time we went out to
dinner, Mildred.

MILDRED
Is it that late?

GRIFFITHS
I'll be getting along then, I guess.

PHILIP
It was good seeing you once again.

MILDRED
(to Griffiths)
Are you doing anything tonight?

GRIFFITHS
Me? No... I'm just packing to leave.

(CONTINUED)

A brief pause. Philip seems irritated.

PHILIP
I'll go and have a wash.
(to Mildred)
Would you like to wash up before
dinner, dear?

MILDRED
(to Griffiths)
Why don't you come with us?

Griffiths looks to Philip, then back to Mildred.

GRIFFITHS
I dined with you last night. I'd
only be in the way.

MILDRED
That doesn't matter. Make him come,
Philip. He won't be in the way,
will he?

PHILIP
Let him come by all means if he'd
like to. He's always welcome.

Philip forces a smile.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

THRU THE WINDOW: Mildred and Griffiths are chattering and laughing, basking in each other's company. Philip's annoyed, nodding when addressed, but keeping silent, drinking, doing little to hide his displeasure.

INT. MUSIC HALL -- NIGHT

In the darkened theatre, the MUSICAL PERFORMANCE has begun. Mildred's seated between Philip and Griffiths. Philip has his arms crossed. Mildred and Griffiths seem content.

Philip glances over at them, still in a foul mood. He stiffens as something catches his eye...

Mildred and Griffiths are holding hands between them.

The whole world goes SILENT. No MUSIC or SINGING anymore. UTTER SILENCE: as Philip struggles to keep his BREATHING even, beginning to sweat. He keeps his head straight, strains to watch them out of the corner of his eye.

He swallows, anxiety soaring, till it is finally too much to bear. Philip mutters to excuse himself, rising, exiting.

PHILIP

Harry, are you in love with her?

GRIFFITHS

What? Is that what you've been so funny about this evening?

PHILIP

It doesn't matter to you... you've got so many women -- don't take her away from me.

It's hard for Philip to keep his composure. He's ashamed.

GRIFFITHS

My dear boy, I wouldn't do anything like that.

PHILIP

I saw you hold her hand. I saw you.

GRIFFITHS

That? That was our joke on you, but it didn't seem you noticed, so I gave up. I'm far too fond of you...

PHILIP

A joke?

GRIFFITHS

I was only playing the fool tonight. If I'd known you were going to take it like that I'd have been more careful.

Philip's starting to regain sanity.

PHILIP

Is that true? ---

GRIFFITHS

I don't care a twopenny damn for her. I give you my word of honour.

Philip gives a sigh of relief, smiling gratefully.

INT. MILDRED'S PARLOR -- DAY

Philip sits at a table, studying. Mildred enters from the bedroom, wearing a new dress, looking in a MIRROR.

PHILIP

It's very smart.

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

It'll have to go back and be altered. The skirt hangs all wrong.

PHILIP

You better make the dressmaker hurry if you want to take it to Paris.

MILDRED

It'll be ready in time.

PHILIP

Only three more whole days till we're finally there. We'll go over by the eleven o'clock, shall we?

MILDRED

If you like.

She goes to sit on the couch, watching Philip work.

PHILIP

It seems you were having a great flirtation with Griffiths last night.

MILDRED

(laughs)

I told you I was in love with him.

PHILIP

I'm glad to know he doesn't feel the same way about you.

MILDRED

How do you know that?

PHILIP

I asked him. He said he didn't have any interest in you-whatsoever.

Philip's back to work. Mildred still watches him. Pause.

MILDRED

Would you like to read a letter I've had from him this morning?

Philip looks up, searching Mildred's face.

Mildred goes to a dresser, takes an ENVELOPE from a drawer, then crosses and hands it to Philip. Philip opens the letter and reads. Eight handwritten pages.

MILDRED

He does love me. That's what the letter says. He loves me passionately.

(CONTINUED)

Philip grows heartsick as he reads.

MILDRED

I met him for lunch this afternoon.
He feels sorry for you, but he can't
help himself.

Philip puts the letter down, surprisingly calm.

PHILIP

You mustn't take Griffiths too
seriously.

MILDRED

I can't help myself either, Phil.

Philip rises, walks to hand the letter back.

PHILIP

It's not worth sacrificing
everything for an infatuation.
Griffiths is incapable of caring for
anyone more than ten days.

Philip goes back to sit, returning to his work as if this
were nothing and it's already been decided.

PHILIP

If you're in love with him you can't
help it. I'll just have to bear it
as best I can. When we get over to
Paris you'll forget about him.

MILDRED

I'm afraid I shan't be able to go
away on Saturday.

PHILIP

Nonsense.

MILDRED

I'm not going. I can't.

PHILIP

It's too late to change your mind.

MILDRED

You said you didn't wish me to go
unless I wanted it too, and I don't.

Philip's letting his fury out slow.

PHILIP

I'm not having anymore tricks played
on me. I'm sick of being made a
blasted fool of. You will come.

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

You said yourself I couldn't help it if I'm in love with Harry.

PHILIP

Have you forgotten that when you were in trouble I did everything for you?! I planked out the money to keep you till the baby was born. I'm paying for the keep of the baby, your rent, every stitch of clothing you're wearing...

MILDRED

If you were a gentleman...

PHILIP

I am not a gentleman! If I were, I wouldn't waste my time on a vulgar slut like you!

MILDRED

I never liked you, I want you to know. You forced yourself on me.

PHILIP

I don't give a damn if you like me or not. You're coming to Paris or you can take the consequences.

MILDRED

You needn't try to frighten me by that. I'm quite capable of earning a living on my own.

PHILIP

By all means. And let Harry help you with rent and the baby. He'll be glad to, I'm sure. He owes me seven pounds at the moment and pawned his microscope last week.

Philip gathers his books, heads to the door, stops.

PHILIP

If you want to give me your answer tomorrow, I shall be in about tea time.

He exits.

INT. PHILIP'S HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Philip comes down the hall with his books under his arm, goes to start BANGING on Griffiths' door, waits.

(CONTINUED)

He KNOCKS again. He moves on to his own door and goes in.

INT. PHILIP'S ROOM -- DAY

Philip sits disheveled with his feet up on the window sill, looking out at the neighboring brick wall. He's smoking, drinking WHISKEY from a glass. A KNOCK comes on his door.

PHILIP

Come in.

Mildred enters, tentative. Philip does not turn to face her.

MILDRED

I've gone to see Harry.

PHILIP

Where's he been?

MILDRED

He's staying elsewhere for your sake.

PHILIP

How considerate.

MILDRED

I've decided... if you still want me to go away with you, I'll come.

PHILIP

Because of the money.

MILDRED

Partly. Also, because Harry says what you said about him; that he's fickle by nature, not like you, and I should be mistaken to throw you away for him. He says he won't last and you will. -

PHILIP

Do you want to go away with me?

Tears come to Mildred's eyes. She goes to sit on the bed.

MILDRED

You have no idea how painfully I'm in love with him. --

Philip finally turns in his chair to glance at her.

PHILIP

It is terrible, love, isn't it?
Fancy anyone wanting to fall in love.

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED
I wish I were dead. I wish I'd died
when the baby come.

Philip looks at the cigarette in his hand, watches the smoke
rise off it. He closes his eyes.

PHILIP
Maybe...
(pause)
Maybe why don't you go away with
him? Go somewhere to be with him.

MILDRED
What? How can I?

PHILIP
I'll give you money.

Mildred looks at him. Philip refuses to look at her.

MILDRED
You?

PHILIP
The best thing might be for you to
get it over, and then you'd come
back to me. You'd see you were
mistaken.

Mildred's wiping tears, hesitant.

MILDRED
Harry wouldn't hear of it.

PHILIP
He would, if you persuaded him.

MILDRED
Do... do you mean it? How could we
possibly?

PHILIP
I'll give you just enough to go away
from Saturday to Monday. He's
heading home Monday anyway till his
appointment at North London.

Mildred's getting her hopes up.

MILDRED
Are you serious? Would you really?

PHILIP
What choice have I got? If you
promise to come back to me, I'll
give you the money. You must swear.

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

I would. I promise you. Oh, if you could only let us go, you're right that all I need is to get over it. You're sure though... you're sure you won't hate me?

PHILIP

No matter how hard I've tried to hate you, I can't.

Mildred gets up and goes to kneel at Philip's side, clasping his hand in hers.

MILDRED

You're the best fellow I've ever known. Afterwards, I will love you so much. I'll come to Paris or anywhere you like. You'll see.

Philip rises, pulls his hand away. He brings his bottle and glass, pouring a drink on the bedside table, downing it with a bitter swallow. He opens the drawer, getting money.

PHILIP

There's one other thing. Tell Griffiths to stay out of my way. I can't ever face him again.

Philip goes to give the money to Mildred, still holding the glass. She throws her arms around him and hugs.

MILDRED

Wait for me at the station Monday morning. I'll be yours again.

She turns and runs out the door. Philip stands there alone.

Philip turns slowly to the room... sees his face in his MIRROR. With a cry of rage, he hurls the glass at the mirror... SHATTERS the MIRROR into shards.

INT. VICTORIA STATION -- MONTAGE -- PHILIP WAITS

-MORNING. Dawn light warms the train station. Very few PASSENGERS have yet arrived. A handful of PORTERS wait. Philip sits on a bench, waiting. The tracks are empty.

-NOON. Philip's still waiting, standing by the same bench. The station is spectacularly busy, with PASSENGERS pouring out of TRAINS, heading all directions; HUNDREDS of CITIZENS.

-NIGHT. Dark. One train sits silent. Everyone's gone. Except Philip, sitting on the bench. A few WORKERS push brooms. Philip gets up and limps away.

MONTAGE -- MONTHS PASS

Passage of time is shown by the PAGES of a DAILY CALENDER falling one by one: thru AUGUST... SEPTEMBER... OCTOBER...

-While the faces of CLOCKS DISSOLVE IN and OUT, second, minute and hour HANDS SPINNING round and round...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CLASSROOM -- DAY

Philip's seated. Another student, RAMSDEN, takes the neighboring desk. He studies Philip.

RAMSDEN

Excuse me... you're Carey, aren't you? You were Griffiths' friend.

PHILIP

Not anymore.

RAMSDEN

I've heard all about it. I'm still in touch with him. He's very hurt you never responded to his letters.

PHILIP

Why the hell should he care?

RAMSDEN

I'm saying this entirely on my own, but he'd do anything to make it up.

PHILIP

I'm not interested.

RAMSDEN

You heard what happened.

PHILIP

No.

RAMSDEN

Well, what he told me was he went away to Oxford for a weekend with that woman. She was starting to wear on him by Saturday, and by Sunday he was thoroughly bored and done with the whole thing. Except she wasn't done by a long shot. She started bombarding him with love letters; letters asking why he didn't answer her telegrams and telegrams asking why he didn't answer his letters.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

Where was she?

RAMSDEN

I think she stayed in Oxford some. Harry was at his parents on holiday, then in North London. Well, she turned up eventually and started following him around everywhere; I mean obsessively. Anyhow, to make it short, he ended up having her dragged off his doorstep by the police. That finally stopped it.

(shakes his head)

You're lucky you got out of it as easily as you did.

PHILIP

Yes, lucky-me.

(pause)

I wonder where she is now?

RAMSDEN

She's supposedly got a job somewhere that keeps her busy. I tell you, Harry wishes he never had anything to do with her.

INT. HOSPITAL, IN-PATIENTS' WARD -- NIGHT

A vast room of HOSPITAL BEDS. NURSES and DOCTORS make rounds. Philip comes to the bed of THORPE ATHELNY, 48, who lies reading. There is something dashing about Thorpe even though he is ever shaggy and eccentrically disheveled.

THORPE

Hello again.

PHILIP

Good evening.

THORPE

You're not a doctor, are you, young fellow?

PHILIP

I'm a clerk. The doctor will be along. Is everything alright?

THORPE

Absolutely. I'm just curious by nature.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

(looking at PAPERWORK)
Yes, I've noticed. Getting well
past the jaundice now I see. How's
your appetite?

THORPE

Huge. Enormous. Herculean.

PHILIP

It says here you're a journalist,
Mister Athelny. Perhaps I've read
some of your articles.

THORPE

I write for all the papers. You
cannot open a paper without seeing
something of mine. Look here...

Thorpe gets a NEWSPAPER from the bedside table, opens it...

THORPE

(reading)

"Procrastination is the Thief of
Time. Why not order today?
Thousands of pairs of gloves from
leading markets of the world at
astounding prices."

(to Philip)

And this I'm particularly proud of...

(reading)

"Thousands of pairs of stockings
from the most reliable manufacturers
of the universe at sensational
reductions."

Thorpe hands over the bold ADVERTISEMENT.

PHILIP

It captures the imagination.

THORPE

I'm wasted on advertisements, but
I'm trapped for fear of breaking the
hearts of my loyal readership.

PHILIP

I'm sure we would all shed a tear
were we deprived of your carefully
chosen words on umbrellas and
undergarments.

THORPE

Ah, but I detect the faint ring of
sarcasm in your voice, young clerk.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP
 (smiles)
 Was it so faint?

Philip puts the paper down, picks up the Thorpe's book.

PHILIP
 You're not going to tell me you've
 been occupying your leisure reading
 poetry? That is a most improper
 proceeding in a hospital patient.

THORPE
 It's San Juan de la Cruz. Do you
 know Spanish?

PHILIP
 Unfortunately not.

THORPE
 You should read Spanish. It has not
 the mellifluousness of Italian; it
 does not ripple like a brook, but it
 surges like a mighty river in flood.

Philip finishes flipping thru the book, puts it down.

PHILIP
 I should get on with my work.

THORPE
 You must come have dinner with me
 and my family when I get home again.
 Let me make all this up to you.

PHILIP
 There's nothing to make up. It's
 the whole point of the hospital...

THORPE
 My friend, I'm afraid I insist, and
 I won't accept no for an answer.

PHILIP
 In that case... my answer must be
 yes.

THORPE
 Yes.

EXT. THORPE ATHELNY'S HOUSE -- DAY

Philip comes to a shabby house in a shabby part of town.

INT. THORPE ATHELNY'S HOUSE, FOYER -- DAY

Thorpe opens the door and ushers Philip in.

PHILIP
I'm sorry I'm late.

THORPE
You're not late. Come... we're just sitting down...

INT. THORPE ATHELNY'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM -- DAY

The home is small and claustrophobic. Thorpe pulls Philip into this rather overwhelming scene: the Athelny family, NINE CHILDREN and Thorpe's wife, BETTY, seated around a table piled high with food and drink, chattering noisily.

THORPE
Everyone, our distinguished guest has arrived.
(to Philip)
Sit, sit, make yourself at home...

Everyone quiets, turning their attention to Philip.

PHILIP
Um... hello.

Thorpe puts Philip into a seat and plops down beside him.

THORPE
Say hello, Mr Carey, to my wife, Betty...

Betty nods hello, a large woman with curling pins in her hair, sleeves rolled up past her elbows.

BETTY
Welcome. Athelny says you were very kind to him in hospital.

THORPE
And you must be introduced to the live stock...

Thorpe points out his CHILDREN, youngest to oldest, a year or two between-them, aged from 3 to 18...

THORPE
Jane, Edward, Rosie, Harold, Athelstan, Connie, Molly, Thorpe. Thorpe is my eldest son, heir to the title, estates and responsibilities of the family. And lastly Sally...

(CONTINUED)

They each say "hello" with varying degrees of shyness. SALLY, the oldest at 18, is seated across the table from Philip and it's hard not to notice how plain she is.

THORPE

You're looking particularly radiant today Sally. Isn't she, Mr Carey?

PHILIP

Well, yes, I...

THORPE

Have you ever seen such a handsome, strapping girl? Never had a day's illness in her life. It'll be a luck man who marries her.

SALLY

Don't let dinner get cold, father.

THORPE

Quiet right. Who'll do the honors... ? Molly?

Molly puts her hands together for prayer. The family bows their heads and Philip follows suit.

MOLLY

God is good, God is great, let us thank him for our food, Amen.

The family begins passing FOOD, heaping their plates with great, steaming helpings.

THORPE

Excellent, Molly. You dawdle over the words a little and keep us all in suspense, but still well done. Help yourself, Mr Carey. Oh, do have more than that...

Thorpe takes a serving dish from Philip and dishes up a daunting portion of roast beef.

PHILIP

That's plenty, thank you.

THORPE

One of the rules of this house is that Sunday dinner should never alter. Roast beef and rice pudding. If you want to be happy you must always eat roast beef and rice pudding on Sundays.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

THORPE (cont)

(pointing)

Have the Yorkshire pudding. No one can make it like my wife. That's the advantage of not marrying a lady. You did notice she wasn't a lady, didn't you?

PHILIP

(embarrassed, awkward)

I never thought about it.

THORPE

No, she's not a lady or anything like it. Her father was a farmer. We've had twelve children and nine of them are alive. I tell her it's about time she stopped, but she's an obstinate woman and I don't think she'll be satisfied till she's had twenty.

BETTY

Sally needn't worry about your food getting cold, Athelny, with so much hot air blowing on it.

Thorpe laughs a great jolly laugh, eating.

THORPE

Do you know the legend of the halcyon, Mr Carey? When the kingfisher, flying over the sea, is exhausted, his mate places herself beneath him and bears him along upon her stronger wings. That is what a man wants in a wife.

(to one child)

-Rosie, your nose needs cleaning.

ROSIE

I haven't got a hankie, daddy.

THORPE

Well, use your sleeve, child. That's what it's there for.

Thorpe pulls a bright BANDANA from his pocket and passes it.

Philip eats. The food is good. He watches as one of the youngest children, EDWARD, helps out by cutting the food on the plate of the very youngest, JANE. Edward feeds Jane and Jane chews exaggeratedly, grinning.

INT. THORPE ATHELNY'S HOUSE, LIBRARY -- DAY

Thorpe enters, patting his belly and giving a satisfied groan. Philip follows him into this cluttered room. There's a fire in the fireplace.

THORPE

My Lord, I shall burst at the seams.
Didn't I tell you?

PHILIP

It was very good.

Thorpe and Philip sit by the fire. Thorpe lights a pipe while Philip smokes cigarettes.

THORPE

It's the greatest mistake in the world to think that one needs money to bring up a family. You need money to make them gentlemen and ladies, but I don't want my children to be ladies and gentlemen. Sally's going to be apprenticed to a dressmaker. The boys are all going to serve in the Navy. It's a healthy life with good food and good pay and a pension in the end.

PHILIP

Sounds sensible.

THORPE

What about you? What do you want out of life?

PHILIP

Me? Hm. Eventually, my dream is to see the world.

THORPE

But, I didn't ask what you dream. You can't live a dream, you can only dream it.

PHILIP

I'm... not sure what you just said makes a bit of sense.

THORPE

(laughs)

Yes, that happens sometimes. Are you happy doctoring?

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

I think. I believe I've finally hit my stride in the wards. It's some difference dealing with persons rather than text books. I'm fascinated by the absolute humanity found there. All those patients; some you can help and some you simply cannot. Truly makes you ponder the meaning of it all.

THORPE

There was a great king once who wanted to know the history of man, and so his sage presented him with five hundred volumes. But, the king had no time to read so many ponderous tomes, and demanded that his sage condense them. For twenty years, the sage toiled, somehow managing to reduce the history to less than fifty volumes. But, the king was now too old to read even just these, sending the sage away again. Twenty more years passed, and when the sage finally returned, old and grey himself, he had it all down to one slender volume. Except, the king was on his death bed, barely clinging to life. So the sage gave him the history of man in one sentence, and it was this: he was born, he suffered, and he died. There was no meaning in life.

Thorpe blows a great billow of smoke. Sally enters with a TRAY, setting it down near their chairs, serving tea.

PHILIP

-- I'm not sure what I make of that.

THORPE

What it says to me is if life has no meaning, maybe it's up to you to give it meaning.

(to Sally)

Sally, dear child, much as I would enjoy keeping you forever, when will you finally walk out the door?

SALLY

Soon enough.

(CONTINUED)

THORPE

Suitors line up outside Sunday school two by two, begging for the honor of escorting her home, but she will have nothing to do with them.

Sally ignores, continues serving tea.

THORPE

An electrical engineer, an electrical engineer mind you, has taken to drink because she refused to share her hymn book with him. I shudder to think what will happen when she puts up her hair.

SALLY

Sugar, Mr Carey?

PHILIP

A little, thank you.

THORPE

She never pays attention to me. She goes about her business indifferent to wars, revolutions and cataclysms.

The CHILDREN begin filing in, still shy around Philip, herded by Betty.

BETTY

We're off to Sunday school.

THORPE

Very good. What a scrubbed clean bunch of monkeys. My Lord, look at all of you...

Thorpe rises and stands amongst them, kissing and hugging.

THORPE

Behave yourselves. Obey your mother. Say goodbye to your Uncle Philip.

The children mumble goodbyes, filing back out, but one child, Rosie, comes and reaches up to kiss Philip's cheek, much to Philip's delight. Sally comes to shake hands...

SALLY

It was a pleasure to meet you.

THORPE

Sally never kisses gentlemen till she's seen them twice.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

Then, you must ask me again.

SALLY

Soon you won't hear him either.

Sally follows the other children out. Betty turns back.

BETTY

Do make a habit of this, Mr Carey.
There's always a good dinner
Sundays, and it's charity to come
and talk with Athelny.

PHILIP

I would like nothing better.

EXT. LONDON THOROUGHFARE -- NIGHT

Philip limps down the crowded street. He begins to cross, but is held off by traffic, trying again... he halts...

On the opposite sidewalk, Mildred's walking slowly along.

Philip backs away, hides behind a lamppost, watching.

Across the street, Mildred studies the faces of passing pedestrians. She turns and walks beside a MAN, trying to engage him in conversation, but he picks up his pace.

Mildred backtracks, frustrated, searching again. She follows a short MAN in a bowler hat, talking to him, smiling, touches his arm. The man pulls away and hurries on.

Philip realizes, horrified. FOLLOW as he moves across the street, dodging vehicles, reaching the other side...

PHILIP..

Mildred! _

Mildred makes a startled turn, then recognition sets in. She's ashamed and can't disguise it.

MILDRED

Philip.

PHILIP

What's happened to you?..

MILDRED

I don't know what you mean.

PHILIP

You do. Oh, God, it's ghastly.
Haven't you any dignity left?

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

What do you care? You don't think I do this because I like it, do you? I should have thought you'd be pleased to see me end up like this.

PHILIP

You don't know me very well, do you, even now?

MILDRED

Go away. Leave me alone.

She walks. Philip follows.

PHILIP

Where's the baby?

MILDRED

She's with me now.

PHILIP

Wouldn't they take you back at the shop?

MILDRED

If they did would I be here? I walked my legs off looking for work.

PHILIP

Stop and talk to me.

MILDRED

You don't want anything to do with me anymore, and I don't want anything to do with you.

Mildred keeps going. Philip stops.
Mildred disappears into the masses. ---

Philip turns and begins to walk away, but stops.
He's unsure. He decides, hurrying back after her...

Philip makes his way to Mildred, calling to her.
Mildred stops and faces him with an indignant look.

PHILIP

Look here... if you want to get away from this, I've an idea. I'm frightfully hard up now. The old flat had too many memories, so I moved. My new place has got a spare room. What I'm trying to say is, I pay a woman to clean and do a little cooking.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP (cont)

You could do that and your staying there wouldn't cost much more than the money I should save on her.

MILDRED

Do you mean to say you could take me back? After all that's happened?

PHILIP

I want to help. That's all.

Mildred looks up at him, dewy-eyed.

MILDRED

Oh, you are good to me. You are good to me, thank you.

INT. PHILIP'S NEW ROOMS, SPARE ROOM -- NIGHT

Philip opens the door from the other room, looking into this miniscule space. These rooms are even worse than what Philip had before. Mildred follows with her baby.

PHILIP

I warned you it wasn't much.

MILDRED

It'll do.

PHILIP

May I hold her?

Mildred gives the baby up to Philip. He's gentle, loving.

PHILIP

I'm afraid I haven't got a crib.

MILDRED

She'll sleep with me. She always does.

IN THE MAIN ROOM

Fire in the fireplace. Mildred comes out and continues sizing the place up, looking at the minor kitchenette. Philip follows with the baby.

MILDRED

It's the smallest kitchen I've ever seen.

PHILIP

You'll find it large enough to cook our sumptuous repasts.

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

What will other people say about us living together?

PHILIP

There's only a man and his wife. He's out all day, and I never see her except to pay the rent.

Mildred's now studying Philip's PAINTINGS on the mantlepice, NUDES, two of women and one of a male.

MILDRED

I've always wished you'd take these down.

PHILIP

What's wrong with them?

MILDRED

They're indecent. And they aren't nice for the baby. She's beginning to notice things.

PHILIP

Don't be so tasteless.

MILDRED

Tasteless? Modest, I'd say. I don't like looking at naked people all day. If you want to know what I think, I think they're sickening.

PHILIP

I don't want to know what you think. They stay where they are, and that's the end of it.

Mildred looks annoyed, looks at the paintings, arms crossed.

INT. PHILIP'S NEW ROOMING HOUSE, STAIRWELL -- DAY

Philip's making his way backwards up the narrow stairwell, struggling as he drags a fine CHRISTMAS TREE up with him.

INT. PHILIP'S NEW ROOMS, MAIN ROOM -- DAY

Fire in the fireplace. The evergreen's in the corner, sparsely decorated. Philip and Mildred are seated, eating.

Philip picks at a piece of tough, under-cooked meat with his fork and knife, leaving most, mildly disgusted.

PHILIP

Well, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

He drinks, wipes his mouth and excuses himself.

MILDRED
What did you think?

PHILIP
It was as delicious as always.

He goes into the other room. Mildred begins clearing the table. Philip returns with the baby and goes to sit by the fireplace, delighted by the child, bouncing her on his knee.

The baby coos at him and laughs. Mildred watches them.

MILDRED
You're perfectly silly with that child. It's absurd for you to be so devoted to another man's baby.

This wounds a bit, but the baby's grin cures Philip quick.

PHILIP
Maybe it is, but I couldn't care less.

MILDRED
It's all very fine for you. You don't have any of the disagreeable part. How would you like being kept awake in the middle of the night because her ladyship wouldn't sleep?

PHILIP
I think I would enjoy any time spent visiting with her ladyship.

Philip lifts the baby up, then brings her close, kissing.

MILDRED
Well, it's time for her to go to bed.

PHILIP
She was just in.

MILDRED
But she wasn't sleeping was she?

PHILIP
Can't we keep her up a little longer?

MILDRED
No. If she doesn't sleep tonight she'll be hellish tomorrow.

Mildred comes over, waiting to collect the child.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP
Merry Christmas, little angel.
Sleep well.

He kisses the baby. Mildred takes her and goes into the spare room. Philip takes up a book and begins reading.

MILDRED (O.S.)
(from other room)
Some Christmas this is with no presents under the tree.

PHILIP
We're lucky to have the tree.

Philip reads. Mildred returns, unnoticed, stands looking at Philip with a fixated stare; staring for the longest time.

INT. PHILIP'S NEW ROOMING HOUSE, STAIRWELL -- DAY

Philip comes down the stairs, dragging the dead Christmas tree. The tree's brittle branches leave a trail of dead, brown evergreen needles on the stairs behind.

INT. PHILIP'S NEW ROOMS, MAIN ROOM -- NIGHT

Philip returns home, pulling off his coat. Mildred stands in the doorway of the spare room, dressed for bed.

PHILIP
Why on earth aren't you in bed?

MILDRED
I wasn't sleepy.

PHILIP
You ought to go to bed all the same.

Philip goes to the fireplace, uses the poker to jab at the the remnants of the dead fire.

MILDRED
Have you been enjoying yourself?

PHILIP
Yes, I've had a ripping time.

Philip sits in his chair.

MILDRED
Whenever you go for dinner at the Athelny's, you never ask me along.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

I can't impose on them. They barely have room for me as is.

MILDRED

It's all right. It's nice not to have to cook for a change.

She crosses to Philip.

MILDRED

Can I sit down?

She sits on Philip's knees without waiting for an answer. Philip's uncomfortable with this.

PHILIP

If you're not going to bed you'd better go and put on a dressing gown.

MILDRED

I'm all right as I am. I thought I'd wait up for you... in case you wanted anything. Anything at all.

PHILIP

That's very nice of you, but also very naughty, now...

Mildred puts her arms round him, places her face against his.

MILDRED

Why are you so horrid to me, Phil? It seems so unnatural for us living together like this if that's all there is to it.

Philip extricates himself, gets up, leaving her in the chair.

PHILIP

I'm sorry... please... I don't want us to be anything more than friends.

MILDRED

Don't be such an old silly. If I don't mind, you can't have any objection.

PHILIP

But I do. I just can't... it would spoil everything.

MILDRED

Why have you been acting like this? Why have you been so different?

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

(sad, struggling)

I'm sorry if I hadn't made myself clear before. I was wrong to blame you all this time because you didn't care for me. It was absurd, my trying to win you over, I realize that now, but you see... I don't feel anything for you anymore.

Mildred looks hurt and confused.

PHILIP

I don't know how or when it happened, but I don't love you. I'm cured of it.

MILDRED

I should have thought if you loved me really you'd love me still.

PHILIP

I'm just as bewildered. I thought it would last forever. I used to long for the time when you would be faded and wrinkled so that nobody cared for you and I should have you all to myself.

MILDRED

You don't mean what you're saying. I know you're nervous. I can make it up for all the harm I did before.

PHILIP

No.

Mildred rises, goes to touch his face. Philip resists.

MILDRED

You don't know how nice I can be.

PHILIP

I don't want this...

Mildred puts her arms around him and brings her lips to his, but Philip pushes her roughly off, backing away...

PHILIP

No, I'm sorry, but you disgust me. I can't bare to have you touch me.

Mildred backs away, stunned.

MILDRED

Me? Me?! I disgust you?

(CONTINUED)

She lets out a shrill, angry laugh, fury rising.

MILDRED

You son of a bitch. You're the one who's disgusting. You make me sick, you hear me? I never cared for you not once. I was making a fool of you, always. God damn you... !

Philip's astonished by her hysterical vehemence.

MILDRED

I would have never let me touch you if not for the money. It used to turn my stomach to let you kiss me. We used to laugh at you, Griffiths and me. We laughed at you.

Mildred steadies herself with one hand on the mantelpiece.

MILDRED

I wish I could tell you how much I hate you. Goddamn you to hell! Cripple! Cripple!

Mildred storms off into her room, slamming the door.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. PHILIP'S NEW ROOMING HOUSE -- DUSK

Philip, in hospital coat, walks to his dilapidated building.

INT. PHILIP'S NEW ROOMS, MAIN ROOM -- DUSK

Philip enters. Drapes are drawn. The gas burns low.

PHILIP

Mildred?

Philip turns the gas up. His BELONGINGS are revealed RUINED: mirror smashed, curtains and pillows slashed, books scattered. Philip looks around in disbelief.

The fireplace is littered with broken plates and glasses.

IN THE SPARE ROOM

Philip enters. The damage is similar. A table's overturned. The bed and pillows have been eviscerated.

IN THE MAIN ROOM

Philip returns, picking up books, replacing them on shelves. He looks to the mantelpiece, where his PAINTINGS, the offending nudes, sit ripped and torn, with a kitchen KNIFE still jutting out from one canvas.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. PHILIP'S NEW ROOMING HOUSE -- DAY

Philip slips out and heads to the street, but his elderly landlady, MRS HIGGINS, follows close behind in the doorway.

MRS HIGGINS
Mr Carey... Mr Carey...

Philip halts with reluctance, backtracking.

PHILIP
Yes, Mrs Higgins?

MRS HIGGINS
We've kept missing each other.

PHILIP
Yes, haven't we.

MRS HIGGINS
You're rent's gone two weeks unpaid.

PHILIP
I apologize. I've written my uncle.
I should be able to square the bill
by Saturday.

MRS HIGGINS
My husband and I have our own rent
to pay. I can't let accounts run on.

PHILIP
(leaving)
It shan't be a problem. This
Saturday, I assure you. Goodbye.

INT. HOSPITAL, IN-PATIENTS' WARD -- DAY

Dunsford's just leaving a patient's bed as Philip arrives.

PHILIP
Dunsford, how are you?

DUNSFORD
Holding up. How've you been?

PHILIP
Not bad either. Listen, hate to
ask, but lend me a pound or two?
Just till the end of the month.

DUNSFORD
I've got less than nothing. Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

It's not as if it's dire, thanks anyway. You don't have a few bob you can spare, do you?

DUNSFORD

Nothing. What about getting some off your uncle?

PHILIP

I've written him three times.

DUNSFORD

Sorry.

Dunsford walks away. Philip spots another clerk, FINCH, a handsome boy with close-cropped hair, a few beds down. Philip heads for him. Finch is changing bandages.

PHILIP

Finch, how are you?

FINCH

Carey, I was nosing around for you before. I ran across Norah Nesbit last week and she asked how you were. You used to go with her, didn't you?

PHILIP

Um... yes. Months ago.

FINCH

She was looking rather nice. She must be doing well herself.

PHILIP

Did she seem angry with me?

FINCH

Not that I noticed. She talked very nicely of you.

PHILIP

Did she?

- FINCH

She did.

INT. POST OFFICE -- DAY

Philip stands writing out a TELEGRAM:

Might I visit one afternoon?
-Philip Carey

INT. NORAH NESBIT'S ROOMS -- DAY

Norah answers the door. Philip stands there straightening his hair, nervous. Norah's beautiful, warm and gracious, as if nothing bad had ever happened.

PHILIP

Hello.

NORAH

Philip, how are you? Come in.

PHILIP

For you...

Philip gives Norah a small bouquet of flowers. Norah brings them to her nose.

NORAH

They're lovely, thank you, sir.

PHILIP

Thank you for seeing me. I wouldn't have blamed you if you hadn't even answered. We have so much to talk about.

NORAH

Certainly we do.

As Philip follows Norah into the room he falters... A gentleman, MR KINGSFORD, 44, tall and broad shouldered, with long hair plastered down, sits with his legs crossed.

NORAH

Mr Carey, meet Mr Kingsford...

MR KINGSFORD

Hello.

Mr Kingsford rises, offers his hand. Philip comes to shake.

PHILIP

A pleasure.

NORAH

Mr Kingsford's the editor of one of Harmsworth's magazines. They've been taking a good deal of my work lately.

PHILIP

Excellent.

MR KINGSFORD

I'm just going. I'll see myself out. You two enjoy your afternoon.

(CONTINUED)

Mr Kingsford gets his hat and tips it on his way to the door, leaving. Norah sits on the couch, pointing at a chair.

NORAH

Sit down. It's quite a surprise hearing from you after so long.

PHILIP

I realize.

(looking around)

I must say, it's awfully jolly to be sitting in this room again.

NORAH

Did Mr Finch tell you I ran into him?

PHILIP

He did. Norah... I don't know quite how to put it exactly.

(pause)

I guess it's best just to come right out with it. The way I acted... the way I hurt you... I can't tell you how sorry I am. I've thought about you so often since then, and how good you were to me. Can you ever forgive me?

NORAH

Philip...

PHILIP

I made such a mistake.

NORAH

Philip, you need to know, I am engaged to be married to Mr Kingsford.

Philip can't help his disappointment.

NORAH

I met him soon after you. He's been extremely kind to me.

PHILIP

How foolish of me. I don't know what I was expecting. I must look very ridiculous.

NORAH

No. You're too hard on yourself. None of this was your fault. You were never really in love with-me.

PHILIP

It's not pleasant being in love.

(CONTINUED)

NORAH

Will you stay and smoke some cigarettes? I'd like to hear how you are.

PHILIP

If you don't mind, I think I'll go.

NORAH

I understand.

Philip rises. Norah walks him to the door.

PHILIP

I hope you are happy. It's the best thing that could have happened to you.

NORAH

You will come again sometime. We will keep in touch.

PHILIP

Yes, of course.

Philip pauses in the open doorway. He turns to Norah and holds out his hand. They shake hands.

PHILIP

Goodbye.

NORAH

Goodbye.

INT. PHILIP'S NEW ROOMING HOUSE, HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Philip sloughs up the stairs into the hall. At his door, he goes through the familiar routine of keying the lock and --- turning the knob, but the door will not budge.

Philip tries again, failing, and only now sees the "NOTICE" tacked to the door with much official-looking print on it.

Philip tries the key again. He turns and looks with uncertainty to the dark, empty hallway.

MONTAGE -- PHILIP'S POVERTY --

- Night. Philip's seated on a PARK bench, counting his coins in small piles beside him. He has very little.

- Night. Philip wanders the fog shrouded STREETS, aimless. A CARRIAGE clatters by, barely visible in the murk. From the distance, BIG BEN can be HEARD TOLLING.

(CONTINUED)

- Night. Philip sleeps on a PARK bench with his coat over him as a meager blanket.
- Day. In a decrepit PUBLIC WASHROOM with moldering walls and leaky fixtures, Philip washes his face and head in a sink. Others do the same. A HOMELESS WRETCH lies asleep in a puddle on the cracked tile floor.
- Day. In the IN-PATIENT'S WARD, Philip goes about his duties, moving from one patient to the next, greeting a fellow clerk as if nothing were amiss.
- Day. The HOSPITAL CAFETERIA'S crowded with diners. Philip sits alone, pasty-faced, watching others around him eat stew and sandwiches. Philip drinks tea.
- Day. In the IN-PATIENT'S WARD, Philip, ravaged by hunger and sleeplessness, steps behind a privacy curtain, gripping his stomach. The pain doubles him over.

Philip straightens, taking out cigarettes, lights one. He takes a deep drag, holding his breath to trap the smoke in his guts.

- Night. Philip sleeps restlessly, again on a PARK bench.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. THORPE ATHELNY'S HOUSE -- DAY

Philip's looking to the house longingly, holding himself against the chilly air, but he's tormented about going in.

He hasn't any choice. He walks towards the shabby house.

INT. THORPE ATHELNY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN -- DAY

Philip is lead into the kitchen by the noisy Athelny children who swarm around him. They laugh and tug at his clothing, competing for attention. They're excited by Uncle Philip's visit and he's buoyed by their affection.

Betty and Sally turn from dinner preparations to greet him. They can't help being taken aback by Philip's appearance.

BETTY

Good evening, Mr Carey.

Philip sees their concern but wants to ignore it, patting the heads of the children.

SALLY

We missed you last Sunday.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP

Yes, I was just telling how I had
been taken ill...

(as Sally takes his coat)

Thank you.

(to Betty)

But, it's all better now.

BETTY

I'm glad for that.

Philip can't help staring at the food.

BETTY

Athelny's waiting for you in his
book room.

INT. THORPE ATHELNY'S HOUSE, LIBRARY -- DAY

Philip enters with Betty behind. Thorpe's seated.

BETTY

Dinner won't be ready for another
ten minutes. Can I get you an egg
beaten up in a glass of milk?

PHILIP

No, thank you. I'm not in the least
bit hungry.

BETTY

(as she exits)

Maybe I'll get it for you just the
same.

PHILIP

You needn't bother.

Betty pulls the door shut, which makes Philip even more
uncomfortable. Thorpe who seems not his usual, jovial self.

PHILIP

It's good to see you.

THORPE

It's good to see you also.

PHILIP

What, no chiding tonight? No
anecdotes to regale me with? No
jokes of questionable taste?

Thorpe smiles.

THORPE

I have been worried about you.

(CONTINUED)

PHILIP
Me?

THORPE
I wrote last Sunday to ask if anything was the matter, and as you didn't answer I went to your rooms on Wednesday.

Philip's mortified.

THORPE
I saw the notice on your door.

PHILIP
I've been staying with a friend.

THORPE
Well, pardon me for saying, but by the look of you your friend must live in a bramble.

Philip says nothing, caught in a lie.

THORPE
Forgive me. My insensitivity knows no bounds.

PHILIP
You needn't worry about me.

THORPE
My dear young clerk, Betty and I have been broke in our day. Why didn't you come here?

PHILIP
I... I couldn't. I couldn't bare to.

Philip's visibly shaken, exhausted, trying not to break down.

PHILIP
I'm sorry. I don't feel well. I'm very weak... I...

Philip trails off, turns his back. Thorpe rises, moving to Philip, taking Philip into his arms and holding him. Philip surrenders gratefully, resting his head on Thorpe's shoulder.

PHILIP
I'm so sorry.

THORPE
What on earth are you sorry for?

PHILIP
I don't know, but I am.

(CONTINUED)

Sally looks into the room with a KNOCK on the door.

SALLY
Dinner, father.

THORPE
Sally, Philip's coming to live with us.

SALLY
That is nice. I'll go and get his bed ready.

She leaves. Philip remains enfolded in Thorpe's arms.

EXT. THORPE ATHELNY'S HOUSE -- TIME LAPSE

Before our eyes, DAYLIGHT dies, becoming DUSK, and DUSK is overtaken by the NIGHT. Warm firelight glows in one window.

INT. THORPE ATHELNY'S HOUSE, LIBRARY -- NIGHT

Sally is seated in the window seat, sewing. Philip enters and Sally looks up at him.

PHILIP
Do you mind if I sit in here with you?

SALLY
I don't mind.

Philip goes to sit in the chair facing Thorpe's empty chair.

PHILIP
The bed's too soft. It's not what I'm used to lately.

SALLY
Enjoy the quiet. It's rare in this household.

Philip sits back, looking up at books on the shelves.

PHILIP
Now that I'm locked out of my own rooms, all I can think about is my books. How they're in there and I'm out here. And a photograph of my mother.

SALLY
Haven't you read the books?

PHILIP
Yes, mostly, but I still miss them.

(CONTINUED)

SALLY

If you've already read them, aren't you done with them?

PHILIP

You're never done with books. They're like old friends. You want to keep them forever.

SALLY

You and father both.

PHILIP

It is odd I guess. I cherish books as mementos. Reading is like being a traveler in unknown countries.

SALLY

I'd rather go to unknown countries.

PHILIP

Certainly. I intend to. Soon as I'm through my appointment I'm getting on one of the large tramps, as ship's doctor. One that takes things slow enough for me to see something of where it stops.

SALLY

Where will you go?

PHILIP

To the East. Bangkok and Shanghai and everywhere. I can't wait. I can't wait for my life to finally get started.

SALLY

Hasn't it started already?

Philip looks over at Sally. She's just sitting there sewing.

PHILIP

No, not yet. I don't think so.

SALLY

Hmm.

She doesn't look up from her work. Philip watches her a moment, then faces forward, pondering.

PHILIP

Soon. Very soon.

INT. IN-PATIENTS WARD -- NIGHT

Philip stands between beds, opening a LETTER. He reads:

Please come see me. I am in trouble.
Yours truly,
Mildred Rogers

Philip tears the letter up and walks to throw the pieces into a waste barrel. He's about to do the same with the envelope, but stops himself, staring at it unhappily.

Mildred's RETURN ADDRESS is written there. Philip tears off the corner with the address and pockets it.

INT. SORDID ROOMING HOUSE, HALLWAY -- DAY

Philip comes down this filthy hall. ANGRY VOICES and CRYING BABIES can be HEARD through the water-stained walls.

INT. SORDID ROOMING HOUSE, MILDRED'S ROOM -- DAY

Philip KNOCKS and is let in by Mildred. Mildred goes back to sit on the bed. Philip looks around this terrible place.

MILDRED

You must not have expected ever to hear from me again.

Mildred's voice is rough.

PHILIP

No. Not after the way you left. You're sounding very hoarse. Have you got a sore throat?

MILDRED

I have for some time.

Philip pushes the door closed. He notices the skirts hanging on the back of the door, touches the muddied hems.

MILDRED

I suppose you're qualified by now.

PHILIP

Not yet. Final examinations are just around the corner.

(pause)

Where's the baby?

MILDRED

She got sick. She died.

Philip's hurt by this, angry underneath.

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED
You might say you're sorry.

PHILIP
I'm not. It's probably for the best.

MILDRED
How can you say that?

PHILIP
What do you want? Why did you ask me to come?

MILDRED
I'm sick. I don't know what's the matter with me.

PHILIP
What are you complaining of?

MILDRED
My throat, and I've come out in a rash that I can't get rid of.

Philip's looks at her, more concerned now.

PHILIP
Let me look at your throat.

Philip takes her to the gas light, has her put her head back and open her mouth for inspection.

PHILIP
It's... I'm afraid it's very bad.

MILDRED
What is it?

PHILIP
Syphilis.

Mildred's fears are confirmed. She just kind of sinks forward in misery, clutching her hands in her lap.

MILDRED
Is there anything can be done?

PHILIP
You know there isn't.

Mildred nods her head barely.

PHILIP
You must give up this life. You must try to get something else, anything else.

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

What else is there I can do?

PHILIP

You're a danger to others. A grave danger. Even you must understand how wrong it would be.

MILDRED

It's easy for you to say.

PHILIP

Damn it, it's criminal, Mildred. It's criminal for you to go on like you are.

MILDRED

What do I care? Let them take their chance. Men haven't been so good to me that I need bother my head about them.

Philip sees it's futile, closes his eyes to compose himself.

PHILIP

Fine. I'll put in a prescription and have it brought to you. I can help lessen the pain.

MILDRED

You're not leaving, are you?

PHILIP

I must go.

MILDRED

Can't you stay a minute more? I don't want to be left alone just yet.

PHILIP

I can't do anything else for you.

MILDRED

I'm afraid. I don't want to die. You don't understand how alone I am. You're the only friend I've ever had.

PHILIP

I would stay if I could, but I can't. I'll have someone bring the medicine tomorrow.

He moves to the door, looks back at her, feels for her. Mildred looks scared and helpless.

PHILIP

I'm... I'm glad I was your friend.

(CONTINUED)

118.

He exits, closes the door. Mildred stares at the door.

INT. IN-PATIENTS WARD -- NIGHT

High windows are open. A breeze seems to sweep across the sea of privacy curtains, gently RATTLING the metal RINGS the curtains hang from.

Everywhere PATIENTS are asleep. Philip's sitting hidden away behind one curtain, in a chair, head back, eyes closed. GAS HISSES quietly. WATER can be HEARD DRIPPING. Somewhere not too far away, a MALE PATIENT is HEARD CRYING quietly.

Philip brings his head forward and opens his eyes, listening. WATER DRIPPING. The MAN can be HEARD CRYING a little louder, pained and pleadingly. FOOTSTEPS can be HEARD... a CURTAIN PULLED ASIDE...

The MAN is CRYING. A CLERK'S VOICE is HEARD, quietly.

CLERK'S VOICE (O.S.)
You're going to be fine, sir. Try
to sleep if you can.

Philip turns his head, listening. The MAN'S still CRYING.

CLERK'S VOICE (O.S.)
You're alive. I know it hurts, but
you're alive. You're still alive.

Quiet. WATER DRIPPING. Philip listens, motionless.

EXT. THORPE ATHELNY'S NEIGHBORHOOD -- NIGHT

Philip and Sally walk down this street of dingy houses huddled together. Philip's in hospital garb.

PHILIP
I remember, some time ago, one man
was brought in... he couldn't get
any work, so he had pawned
everything he owned and bought a
revolver. He tried to kill himself,
but he made a mess of it and lived.
And then, with one eye missing and
half his face ruined, he came to the
conclusion that he wanted to go on;
that the world wasn't such a bad
place after all.

SALLY
How do you stand the things you see?

(CONTINUED)

119.

PHILIP

It is often tragic, but there's laughter along with the tears. It's everything at once. Joy and despair. Lust and drunkenness and death. The love of mothers for their children, and of men for women. Human nature's taken by surprise there. It's very raw. It's not good or bad. That's how you face it; it's just facts.

They walk a time in silence.

PHILIP

What I'm beginning to finally learn is just how unusual the normal is.

SALLY

What do you mean?

PHILIP

Well, I've seen hundreds of patients now, and I've lived my life side by side with dozens of schoolmates, and fellow students at hospital, and a handful of friends and family. Each one of them, almost to a man, was flawed in some way, great or small. Do you know what I mean? Some were sick or deformed in body, or wounded or diseased. Some were just wrong and always will be unchanged, because they're petty or mean-spirited, or naive or hypocritical or small-minded; whatever they are in spite of their intentions. Anyway, the normal is the rarest thing in the world. And finding out that helps me not to hate my own deformity as much.

SALLY

You mean your foot?

PHILIP

Partly, yes.

SALLY

You shouldn't hate it. You should be thankful for your foot in a way.
(off Philip's look)
Without it, you wouldn't be who you are. If you were born without it, you would have lived a different life entirely, every moment.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

120.

SALLY (cont)

People would have treated you differently. You wouldn't have turned out at all the way you are.

Philip looks at her. She looks back at him, matter of fact.

PHILIP

What an incredibly kind thing for you to say.

Sally just shrugs.

INT. THORPE ATHELNY'S HOUSE, FOYER -- DAY

Philip and Sally come in from outside. The house is quiet.

SALLY

Everyone's gone to bed.

PHILIP

Thank you for keeping me company.

SALLY

Goodnight, Mr Philip.

Sally holds out her hand. Philip shakes, amused.

PHILIP

If you were very nice, you'd kiss me goodnight like the rest of your family.

SALLY

I don't mind.

PHILIP

Well, goodnight then.

Sally draws close and kisses Philip on the cheek. Philip smiles. They remain close, looking into each other's eyes.

PHILIP

You're so very sweet, Sally.
Goodnight.

Philip kisses Sally's lips, gentle. They keep their eyes closed and kiss again. Sally's lips are full and soft.

They put their arms around each other. Sally opens her eyes and smiles at Philip. He touches her plain face.

INT. THORPE ATHELNY'S HOUSE, SALLY'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Dark, till the door opens. Philip and Sally enter quietly. Sally shuts the door and locks it. She and Philip move into the room, embracing in the moonlight.

(CONTINUED)

SALLY
I've always liked you.

PHILIP
I don't know why.

SALLY
I don't know either.

They kiss with passion. They move, lowering themselves onto the bed, into darkness.

INT. HOSPITAL, ANATOMY THEATER -- DAY

The huge room of circular tiers from Philip's first days. Every single desk is occupied. Every STUDENT is bent over his examination BOOKLET, writing furiously. The ONLY SOUNDS are of PENCIL POINTS SCRATCHING across PAPER.

Mr Jacobs stands in the well at center below, looking up, keeping watch, checking his pocket watch.

Philip is amongst the toiling students, intent on his own essay, turning a page in his booklet, writing non-stop.

INT. HOSPITAL, HALLWAY -- DAY

The corridor is filled with a crush of bodies: STUDENTS jockey for position at double doors where long sheets of PAPER are posted. "EXAMINATION RESULTS."

Students moves away from searching the list, some elated and many deflated, replaced by others elbowing forward.

Philip reaches the list, jostled, searching the many names written there... finding...

Carey, Philip.....PASS

Philip almost can't believe it, overjoyed, laughing, shouting, pushing through to escape the press of bodies.

INT. DRESSMAKING SHOP, BACK ROOM -- DAY

Philip enters, excited, clutching a piece of rolled PAPER, searching. WOMEN work at QUILTED DUMMIES, pinning up fabric and piecing together dresses. Philip crosses to Sally.

PHILIP
Darling, I did it.

SALLY
What are you doing here... ?

(CONTINUED)

122.

Philip kisses her.

SALLY

Philip!

She's embarrassed, acutely aware of her co-workers, putting down her work and pulling Philip out to the door...

INTO THE EMPTY HALL

SALLY

What's this all about?

PHILIP

Look... see for yourself...

Philip unrolls his DIPLOMA, giving it to Sally.

PHILIP

I did it. It's finally over. I've graduated.

SALLY

Oh, I'm glad. Congratulations. You must be so proud...

PHILIP

We have to celebrate. Come away with me now.

SALLY

You know I can't.

PHILIP

Then, I'll wait right here.

SALLY

Philip.

PHILIP

All right, I'll meet you later. I can't tell you how happy I am. This is it. It's finally happening.

SALLY

I'm so happy for you.

PHILIP

What shall we do tonight?

SALLY

Philip, there's something we have to talk about...

PHILIP

(smiling)
What? What is it?

(CONTINUED)

123.

Sally looks back towards the shop doorway, hesitant. Philip sees it's serious.

PHILIP

What's the matter, Sally?

SALLY

I don't know. I'm not sure.

PHILIP

I don't understand.

Sally takes a deep breath, looking for how to tell. Suddenly, it dawns on Philip -- he knows.

PHILIP

Do you mean to say... ?

SALLY

I'm afraid I might be pregnant.

Philip's afraid, dry mouthed, stunned.

SALLY

It's not certain yet. I'm sorry. I had to tell you.

PHILIP

You haven't anything to be sorry for.

SALLY

I want you to know, I don't expect anything from you. I know how long you've been wanting the things you want. I don't intend to stand in your way.

PHILIP

I don't know what to say. I don't know what to say just now.

SALLY

One more mouth to feed in the Athelny household won't make a difference. It won't. Don't worry yet anyway. It isn't for sure.

(looks to door)

I have to get back.

She hesitates, then kisses Philip's cheek. She goes back into the shop. Philip's numb. He looks at the diploma rolled up in his hand.

INT. NATIONAL GALLERY -- DAY

Philip's seated on a marble bench, surrounded by PAINTINGS. He checks his watch. A few other PATRONS wander the museum.

Sally arrives far across the room. Philip goes to her.

IN A MARBLE HALLWAY

Sally takes Philip's hand. He's nervous. They're alone.

SALLY

Have you been waiting long?

PHILIP

No, not really. I looked around at the paintings some.

SALLY

Well, it's turned out all right. It was a false alarm.

PHILIP

What? Was it?

SALLY

I'm not pregnant.

PHILIP

No?

SALLY

No, I'm not.

PHILIP

Really?

SALLY

Aren't you glad? I thought you'd be pleased.

Philip's looking at her, biting his lip, holding her hand.

PHILIP

I'm not sure.

SALLY

You should be relieved.

PHILIP

I should be. I know. I guess... I had decided I was going to ask you to marry me, so...

(CONTINUED)

SALLY

I thought you might, but you don't have to anymore. I shouldn't have liked to have stood in the way of your life.

PHILIP

You wouldn't have done that.

SALLY

Of course I would. It would have been everything you don't want.

PHILIP

It's just odd. I was rather getting used to the idea of having you as my wife... us having a baby.

SALLY

You're noble, but it's so completely unnecessary now. We'll see plenty of each other before you go sailing away, but there won't be any hard feelings when you do. You have your freedom, Philip. You have everything you ever wanted.

She smiles, squeezes Philip's hand.

SALLY

Are you all right?

PHILIP

Yes. I'm fine.

Sally smiles goodbye, releases Philip's hand, walking away. Philip watches her go.

...Sally walks down the long, polished marble hallway.

Philip still watches her.

Sally turns a corner. She's gone.

Philip looks to the marble floor, troubled.
Philip looks down the long, empty hallway.
Philip looks to the floor, uncertain.
He is alone.

INT. MANOR HOUSE, LIBRARY -- DAY -- PHILIP'S OLD AGE

A gloomy library with tall shelves filled by thousands of books. The ONLY SOUND is the TICKING of a CLOCK. ELDERLY PHILIP, 60, stands at the window, hands in pockets.

Outside is the greyest, rainiest day imaginable. Elderly Philip stares into it, his aged face betraying no emotion.

(CONTINUED)

126.

He is alone. The CLOCK is TICKING.

Another SOUND is HEARD. FOOTSTEPS, in the hallway, growing CLOSER, till the library door is thrown open, letting in a contrast of warm light. SALLY enters, in her fifties, elderly, along with a very young GRANDDAUGHTER who runs gleefully to Elderly Philip.

GRANDDAUGHTER

Grandfather... grandfather!

Philip kneels with a smile, catching the child in his arms and receiving kisses.

ELDERLY PHILIP

Here I am. Did you miss me?

Elderly Sally goes to turns on an electric LAMP.

ELDERLY SALLY

Dinner's ready.

ELDERLY PHILIP

Then, what are we waiting for?
(to granddaughter)
Are you hungry, little one?

GRANDDAUGHTER

Yes. Are you?

ELDERLY PHILIP

Famished. Go save us a place at the table, will you?

Philip releases the child and she runs out the way she came.

ELDERLY SALLY

What are you doing hiding up here?

ELDERLY PHILIP

Brooding pointlessly.

Elderly Philip smiles, holds-out his arms. Elderly Sally comes to him and they embrace, holding tight.

INT. MANOR HOUSE, DINING ROOM -- DAY

A bright room bustling with familial activity. Supper time. The table is splendidly appointed, with flowered centerpieces, surrounded on all sides by boisterous IMMEDIATE FAMILY and EXTENDED FAMILY: SONS and DAUGHTERS, SONS-IN-LAW and DAUGHTERS-IN-LAW, in their twenties and thirties, and many CHILDREN of varying ages.

Elderly Philip and Elderly Sally enter, taking their seats, side by side, joining in the conversation and the laughter, living their lives, happily together. -----the end-----