

PATRICK MELROSE

Episode One

'Bad News'

Written by
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Adapted from the novel by Edward St Aubyn

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

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A TELEPHONE RINGS. A loud, persistent electronic trill -

FADE IN:

1 INT. HALLWAY, ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1982 - DAY 1

The telephone rings in the hallway of a rather messy flat, curtains drawn against the May sunlight.

A figure appears at the end of the hallway. A thin face, handsome, fine-featured, eyes of a startling intelligence, but a certain vampiric sallowness to the skin.

This is PATRICK MELROSE, twenties, unsteady, distracted. He regards the phone like an enemy, picks up. Then -

PATRICK
Hello. Hello?

VOICE (O.S.)
(well-spoken, distant)
Patrick? Hello, Patrick is that
you?

PATRICK
Nicholas?

NICHOLAS (O.S.)
Patrick, I'm afraid I have rather
bad news.

PATRICK doesn't move, his face entirely impassive.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
Hello? Hello, Patrick? Can you hear
me? I'm in New York. There appears
to be a delay. Can you hear me? It
concerns your father.

PATRICK
I'm here.

NICHOLAS(O.S.)
Your father died the night before
last, in his hotel room. It must
come as an awful shock to you.

PATRICK
Something like that.

He sits dazed, and an object falls to the floor. He kneels to retrieve it.

NICHOLAS (O.S.)
I hardly need to tell you how I
feel. I adored your father.
(MORE)

NICHOLAS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Everybody liked him. I know he
wasn't always the easiest of men.
Are you there, Patrick?

He picks up the object, puts it on a side table.

PATRICK
Yes, yes. Where is he now?

The object is a SYRINGE.

NICHOLAS (O.S.)
David? He's at Frank E. Macdonalds,
the funeral people on Madison.
Everyone goes there. 'Only the best
or go without' as your father would
have said. If you want to see him
and collect the ashes - do you have
much on?

PATRICK
Not at this *exact* moment.

He rolls down his sleeve and watches as the blood soaks
through the shirt.

NICHOLAS (O.S.)
Then we must meet up. Why don't we
meet at the Key Club? George
Watford's here, we'll raise a glass
to your father's extraordinary
life. Until then, I'm sorry to be
the bearer of such sad tidings.

PATRICK
Yes, it's a great blow. Goodbye.

And he hangs up. A moment -

- and then a grin, a great, ecstatic smile, breaks out on
PATRICK's face as he laughs and laughs.

TITLES;

'BAD NEWS'

2 EXT. VINEYARDS, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE, PROVENCE 1967 - MORNING

A brief glimpse of YOUNG PATRICK MELROSE at EIGHT YEARS-OLD,
running, running full-pelt down through vineyards, slashing
at the vines with a wooden stick.

From the distance, his father's voice -

DAVID (O.C.)
Patrick! Patrick, where are you?

YOUNG PATRICK comes to a halt, breathless, and turns towards the fine old house overlooking a valley of vineyards and woodland.

A doorbell rings, and we crash -

3 EXT/INT. DEBBIE'S FLAT, KENSINGTON 1982 - DUSK 3

- back into the present. DEBBIE HICKMAN, twenties, earnest, opens the door -

PATRICK
Old bastard's only gone and died.

And immediately she embraces him. PATRICK stands awkwardly, arms out to the side.

4 INT. BEDROOM, DEBBIE'S FLAT, KENSINGTON 1982 - DUSK 4

They lie on the bed, DEBBIE doing her best to comfort him, PATRICK tense and rigid.

DEBBIE
How did he die?

PATRICK
I forgot to ask, I was so dizzy with glee. I'm sorry, I mean dazed with grief. I wonder - could you please stop playing with my hair?
(he sits up irritable, heroin wearing off)
I need a drink, a proper drink.
Let's celebrate -

He gets up and roams the flat; the decor neat, conventional; magazines, family photos, not PATRICK's thing at all.

DEBBIE
We could go out and have a glass of wine. You're probably not interested, but we're invited to Gregory and Rebecca's for dinner.

PATRICK
'Suffering takes place while someone else is eating.' Who said that?
(a beat.)
I'm sorry. I feel rather mad at the moment.

DEBBIE
It was a complicated relationship. There's a lot to think about.

PATRICK

Yes, and I'm not sure if all the heroin is helping either.

DEBBIE

(choosing her words)

Do you think that was a good idea?

PATRICK

(snapping)

Of course it wasn't a good idea!

DEBBIE

I merely meant that perhaps this would be a good time to make a change. Start afresh!

PATRICK

Yes, well I have to go, before you tell me to seize the fucking day.

5 INT. HALLWAY, DEBBIE'S FLAT, KENSINGTON 1982 - CONTINUOUS 5

DEBBIE

Do you think, now that he's dead, that you could be a little less like him?

PATRICK

Unlikely. I'll simply have to do the work of two.

But this notion - that he's becoming his father - is enough to stop him in his tracks.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Debbie, I'm sorry, I'm not fit for human company.

DEBBIE

Don't go like this. Stay. Come back to bed.

PATRICK

I can't.

But for a moment, he relents. She kisses him.

DEBBIE

I'd heard somewhere, I don't know if it's true, that grief was meant to be an aphrodisiac. D'you think that might be true?

And she kisses him again.

6 INT. BEDROOM, LONDON 1982 - NIGHT

6

PATRICK lies in bed, smoking.

PATRICK

Why should that be? It seems to imply that sex is some sort of antidote to death, or that it's somehow life in its purest form. Which with me, of course, it absolutely is.

A cushion flies through the air. Not DEBBIE, but JULIA, mid '20s; smart, sardonic, a match for PATRICK's cynicism. Music on stereo; Joy Division or The Au Pair's *Headache for Michelle*.

JULIA

You wish. I'm so pleased you came to see me. How's your mother taking it?

PATRICK

She's with Save The Children in Chad, no-one can break the news.

JULIA

Always thinking of others.

PATRICK

Indeed.
(glass of whisky, a pill)
What's this?

JULIA

Valium.

PATRICK

That's more like it. By the way. I think I'm going to give up drugs.

He is simultaneously smoking a cigarette, taking a pill and drinking whisky. JULIA laughs.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You don't think I can.

JULIA

I'm a *little* sceptical.

PATRICK

I've done it before.

JULIA

Exactly! What's so different this time? You're hardly the Rehab-type and besides, you *like* it too much.

(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)

Addicts don't give up until they hit rock bottom, and you never will. You're too...upholstered.

PATRICK

Well, you're wrong. I'm going to get it right this time.

JULIA

Well, good for you Patrick!

PATRICK

Heroin and cocaine anyway. No point running before I can walk.

(Now he's decided, it seems a little daunting)

To which end, have you got any more Valium? Help me ween myself off.

JULIA

Sorry. Last one
(she kisses him again)

JULIA (CONT'D)

Please don't take this the wrong way, but does this mean you're now fantastically rich?

PATRICK

No, my mother's the one with the money, and she's very healthy.

JULIA

That *is* a shame.

7 INT. BEDROOM, LONDON 1982 - NIGHT

7

The bathroom cabinet. Brown screw-top bottles.

PATRICK

'Last one'.

He shakes out the jar of Valium -

8 INT. BEDROOM, ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1982 - DAY

8

A NEW DAY. PATRICK hurls open the curtains to the blinding sunlight.

9 INT. BATHROOM, ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1982 - DAY

9

A glass of whisky on the white tiles. Three SYRINGES, two crested SPOONS burnt on their underside, a lighter, anti-septic wipes, a tie that he uses as a tourniquet. Five wraps of HEROIN.

Cigarette in mouth, whisky in hand, PATRICK takes the syringe and bends the needle against the tiles. Then the next. Then the next. Bravado, absolute self-confidence.

PATRICK bends the last of the syringes and tosses the equipment into the bin.

He opens a wrap of heroin and is about to pour it into the toilet -

- hesitates -

- searches in the wastepaper bin -

PATRICK attempts to straighten the bent syringe -

10 INT. BATHROOM, ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1982 - DAY 10

Hot water from the shower splashes into the whisky glass. PATRICK stands beneath the scalding jet, the cigarette still dangling from his mouth, woozy from absolutely his last-ever fix.

Piano music, the piece we'll come to think of as 'Patrick's Theme' as we FLASHBACK from grey West London to -

11 INT. HALLWAY, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE, PROVENCE 1967 - DAY 11

YOUNG PATRICK again. The house is cool after the morning sun, and YOUNG PATRICK walks very quietly towards the music.

He stands in the doorway. A figure at the piano, in dressing gown and pyjamas. He stops playing suddenly, reaches for his cigar.

DAVID

I know you're there.

He starts to turn -

12 INT. BEDROOM, ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1982 - DAY 12

On PATRICK's arm, yellow bruises, pink threads of old scars disappear beneath a crisp white shirt. A stylish black jacket is shrugged on, a black tie. Stylish mourning.

A large sum of money is tucked into one pocket, a passport into the other. Battered suitcase at his side, he sits, full of dread at what awaits him.

13 INT. AIRPORT DEPARTURE LOUNGE, LONDON 1982 - DAY 13

On the move -

JOHNNY
So. Half-an-orphan.
Congratulations.

He's with JOHNNY, his best friend, and fellow addict,
bookish, milder. He affects the same cynicism as PATRICK, but
it's an act, a flippancy that masks real affection.

PATRICK
Yes, nearly the full set.

JOHNNY
How are you feeling?

PATRICK
Never better.

JOHNNY
But emotionally. In your *heart*.

A beat, and they both laugh.

PATRICK
I've got two more Valium, take one
now, couple more brandies on the
plane -

JOHNNY
- sleep through the flight, take
the other Valium on landing -

PATRICK
- get to the hotel in time for the
withdrawal.

JOHNNY
You're very good at this kind of
administration.

PATRICK
I know! If only it was a job.

JOHNNY
You'll be clean before you know it.

PATRICK
I think people make far too big a
deal about giving up.

JOHNNY
And what better place to avoid
drugs than New York City?

On the Tannoy, the flight is called to JFK. Time to go.
PATRICK takes his pill.

JOHNNY

Well - good luck. Don't score off the streets.

PATRICK

I'm not going to score from anywhere. I'm serious, Johnny. You must do whatever you want, but if I'm taking control of my life, then now's the time. This is the most important thing that's happened to me and I'm going to get it absolutely right.

JOHNNY

I wish I had your determination.

Final call, a fond goodbye.

PATRICK

Well, thank you for the lift. As in so many things, I couldn't have made it without you.

JOHNNY

Pleasure. I'll see you here in two days time. A new man -

PATRICK

An *entirely* new man.

And he heads for his flight.

15 INT. JFK AIRPORT, NEW YORK 1982 - DAY

15

And, courtesy of Concorde, arrives three hours later, heading for IMMIGRATION with the exaggerated sobriety that marks out the not-quite sober.

16 INT. IMMIGRATION, JFK AIRPORT, NEW YORK 1982 - DAY

16

PATRICK produces his passport and, unwittingly, a large quantity of cash too. The BORDER CONTROL GUARD peers at his passport. Obediently, PATRICK removes the dark glasses. Red, red eyes.

BORDER CONTROL

Is the purpose of your visit business or pleasure?

PATRICK

Neither. I'm here to collect my father's corpse.

Aware of his track marks, he tugs at this short cuffs.

BORDER CONTROL

I'm sorry?

PATRICK

I AM HERE. TO COLLECT. MY FATHER'S.
CORPSE.

A moment. She returns the passport.

17 INT/EXT. YELLOW CAB, FREEWAY, NEW YORK 1982 - DAY 17

PATRICK slumps on the backseat of a decrepit yellow-cab, through the drab suburbs that surround JFK -

PATRICK (V.O.)

*Valium's wearing off. Feeling
distinctly twitchy now. Hold on.*

- then on past the CEMETERY; acres and acres of tombstones.
NOTE. In all of the following, PATRICK's internal voice is indicated in ITALICS, thoughts spoken aloud in REGULAR type, thereby allowing him to have quick-fire conversations with himself

PATRICK (V.O.)

(in his POET'S VOICE)

*Dead, long dead/Long dead and my
heart is a handful of dust
and...something something something
else. Christ, cheer up. Think happy
thoughts. Remember why you're here.*

The MANHATTAN skyline comes into view

18 INT./EXT. YELLOW CAB, MIDTOWN TUNNEL, NEW YORK 1982 - DAY 18

- and then on into the tunnel, his fingers tensing and stretching, sweat breaking out as WITHDRAWAL takes hold.

19 INT/EXT. YELLOW CAB, SIXTH AVENUE, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY 19

The gorgeous canyon of Midtown. In the gloom of the grid-locked Avenue, PATRICK's legs and arms are twitching, shivering with fever.

PATRICK (V.O.)

*Queasy, nervous, maggots under the
skin, litter of drowning kittens in
my stomach. Come on, come on....*

(a spasm of pain makes him
gasp)

Ow! Fuck off. Just fuck off!

The DRIVER glares in the rear-view mirror.

PATRICK

Can you go any faster? I really,
really need to get to my hotel.

20 EXT. DRAKE HOTEL, 61ST AND 5TH, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY 20

And now he's stumbling out into the street, hunched and wincing from the sunlight like a vampire. He doles out MONEY from the stack in his coat pocket, large notes, almost as if trying to be rid of the stuff.

21 INT. DRAKE HOTEL, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY 21

The DRAKE HOTEL is plush, but stuffy. THE RECEPTIONIST smooth, unflappable, discreet. Throughout the hotel scenes, he is a constant, omniscient presence and consequently a source of some paranoia for PATRICK. Whatever happens, he *knows*.

THE RECEPTIONIST

Mr Melrose! Good to see you again.
Your usual suite is ready. And a
message for you -

A message slip, in C.U. To: Patrick Melrose. From: Your Mother. Message: No Message.

PATRICK

Always eloquent -
(screwing up the note)
And could you send up a bottle of
whiskey and a very great deal of
ice, immediately please.

THE RECEPTIONIST

(rings a bell)
Of course.

A tiny, elderly BELL-BOY bobs nearby, eager for more tips.

22 INT. ELEVATOR/HALLWAY, DRAKE HOTEL, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY 22

BELL-BOY

(Irish accent)
This is the lift. Here are the
buttons. You're on the 33rd floor.

PATRICK

Thirty-three! Christ, talk about
temptation.

BELL-BOY

Beg pardon, sir?

PATRICK

Nothing. Just talking to myself.

Out of the elevator, past CLEANING STAFF...

BELL-BOY

This is the hallway. Here is your room. 3318. This is your key.

23 INT. HOTEL SUITE, DRAKE HOTEL, MANHATTAN 1982 - CONTINUOUS 23

Crammed with chinoiserie, the suite manages to be luxurious and dowdy at the same time.

BELL-BOY

Bathroom, shower. This is the bathroom light. Here's your TV. Turn it on here, and this is how you change channels -

PATRICK (V.O.)

Here we go. You know the drill. Another withdrawal in a foreign hotel room. Paranoia, cramps, suicidal thoughts...

PATRICK

Yes, I've used a television before-

A WAITER brings the whiskey and ice. PATRICK doles out more tips recklessly, and finally he's alone. PATRICK pours the whisky over a glass-full of ice. Gulping -

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Still, at least it's the last time.

(he drains the glass)

Or among the last times.

(he laughs, pours another drink)

No, not this time. The bastards won't get me this time. No prisoners. Concentration like a flame thrower.

He opens the curtains wide, takes in the sight of Central Park unrolling uptown, leafy and hot, beautiful on this early summer day.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

The trick is not to think about it. But how can you not think about it? It's like not wanting to get out of a wheelchair when the room's on fire.

He looks down. Thirty-three floors, straight down.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

That ought to do it.

His fingers examine the edges of the window, searching for an opening. A twist of dread, of vertigo. He presses his head against the glass - an uninvited memory.

24 EXT. WOODS, LACOSTE 1967, FLASHBACK - DAY 24

A deep, DEEP WELL, a circle of sunlight just visible at the bottom.

YOUNG PATRICK drops a stone into it, counts -

YOUNG PATRICK
1..2..3..4..

A distant splash. Deep enough. He steps back and clammers up, so that he is standing on the edge of the well -

PATRICK (V.O.)
555-1726, 555-1726...

25 INT. HOTEL SUITE, DRAKE HOTEL, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY 25

Back in the present -

PATRICK
...555-1726. Don't. Think. About
it.

He steps back from the window as if rejecting an idea and -

PATRICK (CONT'D)
*Patrick? Yes, nanny? What you need,
young man, is a nice walk in the
park.*

26 OMITTED 26

27 EXT. DRAKE HOTEL, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY 27

PATRICK crosses the avenue, dodging traffic.

28 EXT. CENTRAL PARK, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY 28

DRUG DEALERS wait near the entrance for potential customers.

DRUG-DEALER ONE
Uppers, downers, check it out.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*Well I can hardly be expected to
give up everything at once, can I?*
(MORE)

PATRICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Especially at a time like this,
sob, sob.

DRUG-DEALER ONE
Good stuff here, I got good stuff.

PATRICK (V.O.)
(NANNY'S VOICE)
*No smack though! I want to make
that absolutely clear! No, nanny.
No smack, I swear.*

PATRICK selects his dealer with a mix of intuition and guesswork. He's fearless, almost swaggering in this company - a man of experience.

PATRICK
You got any Quaaludes?

DRUG-DEALER TWO
Sure, I got Quaaludes, I got Lemmon
714s, five dollars each.

PATRICK
I'll take five, no, six. And what
about speed? *Why the hell are you
buying speed? Are you mad? You must
not take speed.*

Other DEALERS are gathering now. The following very fast -

SHADES
I got some Black Beauties, they're
pharmaceutical.

PATRICK
Meaning you made them yourself?

SHADES
Meaning they're good.

PATRICK
Do not buy any speed.
(out loud)
Give me three. Impulse buy.

DRUG-DEALER ONE
You English right?

PATRICK
That's right.

DRUG-DEALER TWO
Ain't you hot in that coat?

DRUG-DEALER ONE
They have free heroin over
there, right?

SHADES
Don't bother the man.

30 INT. HALLWAY, FRANK E MACDONALD'S, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY 30
PATRICK steps out of the elevator into a long hallway.

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST
You'll find Mr. Melrose at the end
of the corridor.

The doors close. She's gone, and PATRICK is alone. He stands a moment, frozen, vulnerable and fearful.

The music has changed. No longer Bach, it's now PATRICK'S THEME, played on the piano. Breathing hard, PATRICK starts to walk.

From his P.O.V., a voice, fierce and furious, comes from behind the door.

DAVID (V.O.)
Patrick! Come here! RIGHT NOW!

And the camera swings around to find -

YOUNG PATRICK, terrified, walking along the SAME CORRIDOR.

YOUNG PATRICK
(in a whisper)
Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Saturn
- no, Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars,
Jupiter...

He pushes open the door -

31 INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - DAY 31
DAVID MELROSE sits on the edge of his bed in the bare, gloomy room.

YOUNG PATRICK
But what have I done wrong?

Our first clear sight. Handsome, fierce and terrifying.

DAVID
Go and close the door.

YOUNG PATRICK
I don't understand.

He is shaking, terrified.

DAVID
Do I have to close it myself?

DAVID sighs, stands, walks past him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Very well...

YOUNG PATRICK, quaking, sweating, sees a blur of vivid green on the wall.

A LIZARD. He watches as it clammers up the wall, focussing all of his concentration on the creature.

DAVID, meanwhile, closes the door with 'us', the camera, on the outside.

We PULL OUT SLOWLY, retreating from the closed door

32 INT. HALLWAY, FRANK E MACDONALD'S, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY 32

And now ADULT PATRICK stands there. A deep breath, as if about to plunge through ice. His hand is shaking - withdrawal or something else - as he reaches for the handle and -

CRACK. SPARKS fly from door knob to his hand. Static electricity. He wipe his hand on his trousers, reaches again and opens the CLOSED DOOR to find -

33 INT. MOURNING SUITE, FRANK E MACDONALD'S, MANHATTAN 1982 - 33 DAY

A PARTY! A COCKTAIL PARTY in full flow. Twenty or so well-heeled, mostly elderly Manhattanites in big hats and bright clothes, lightweight tartan and sunglasses, stand between a bemused PATRICK and his father's corpse.

WAITER

Martini, sir?

PATRICK

What? No, thank you...

WAITER

Mojito? Mint Julep? Old-fashioned?

But he pushes his way towards the coffin, and sees -

- a SMALL, WHITE-HAIRED MAN, very much not his father. On a table beside the body a sign reads 'In Loving Memory of Hermann Newton'

ELDERLY MOURNER

And how did you know Hermann?

PATRICK

I can't fucking believe it!

ELDERLY MOURNER

Oh, ho! Whoa there...

And he strides out -

34 INT. RECEPTION, FRANK E MACDONALD'S, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY 34

- and STORMS into reception.

PATRICK
WRONG FUCKING CORPSE!

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST
Oh. Are you sure?

PATRICK
Death transforms us all, but it's
not so powerful as to turn my
father into a small Jew. Try.
Again.

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST
(scrambling through
paperwork)
But we don't have another party in
the building.

PATRICK
I don't want to go to a party, I
want to see DAVID MELROSE!

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST
There isn't any name on here except
Mr. Newton's.

PATRICK
Well maybe my father isn't dead
after all! Maybe it was just a cry
for help, what do you think?

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST
One moment, please -

35 INT. HALLWAY, FRANK E MACDONALD'S, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY 35

And now he follows a dapper, precise FUNERAL DIRECTOR down
another corridor, to another doorway.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
This is the correct room.

PATRICK
Thank you. And please apologise to -

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
(He removes the empty
cocktail glass)
It's an emotional time.

PATRICK

Yes, that's why I took a Quaalude
but it must have been a dud.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

I'm...sorry to hear that.

PATRICK

Can I pick him up later? I'd like
to get away from New York if at all
possible.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Your father's ashes will be
available tomorrow afternoon.

PATRICK

I see. No chance of a rush job?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

I'll leave you alone with him.

At this, PATRICK's bravado evaporates. Real dread now.

PATRICK

Come on. Let's get this right.

A moment to gather himself. PATRICK gingerly tests the handle
- no shock - takes hold - rests his head on the door.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Come on, come on, come on...

PATRICK enters.

36 INT. MOURNING SUITE, FRANK E MACDONALD'S, MANHATTAN 1982 - 36
DAY

The wood-panelled room is bare except for the coffin,
slightly tilted, the head towards PATRICK.

PATRICK

*This is it. Everything left unsaid.
Everything that can never be said.
Say it now.*

He hovers, then approaches. DAVID MELROSE has been covered in
tissue paper, like a present half-unwrapped.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(a thank-you to an
imaginary friend)

Is it...is it Dad? It is! It's just
what I wanted! You shouldn't have!

He pulls the tissue paper from DAVID's face.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Fucking hell, dad. What are you
doing in a coffin?

He touches the face; the fierce, noble profile, the bruised eyes. The lower lip protrudes as in life, but there's a tear in it, a line of dried blood.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
What happened here?
(PATRICK touches the lip.)
You didn't want to go, did you? You
knew you were going to die and you
were right. What did that feel
like, pain or rage? Were you
scared? Christ, I hope so.

A tiny noise. PATRICK looks up. The window is curtained. A distinctive, heavy ornate curtain pole.

The GREEN LIZARD, the hallucination, is quite distinct and he watches as it scampers up the wall, pauses, looks to PATRICK.

PATRICK closes his eyes, forcing down a memory.

PATRICK (V.O.)
*Do not have that thought, do not go
to that place....*

He punches the coffin once. Twice, suppressing a memory.

PATRICK
Bastard. Bastard, bastard, bastard -

And then, as if aware of being watched, he straightens up and smiles contemptuously. Bravado again -

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Aw, dad. You were so fucking sad,
man, and now you're trying to make
me sad too.
(he walks suddenly away)
Well, bad luck.

He strides across the room and closes the door.

37

INT. BAR, DRAKE HOTEL, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY

37

A pill, a martini, a cigarette - the Trinity. PATRICK sits in a plush booth in the hotel restaurant. He raises the brimming martini glass to his lips.

PATRICK
(the Quaalude)
Just work this time, will you?

But his hand is shaking. He puts it down again, closes his eyes -

ANNE (O.S.)

Patrick?

38 INT. HALLWAY, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - NIGHT 38

FLASHBACK to YOUNG PATRICK sitting on the stairs. A woman, ANNE, stands over him, kindly, concerned, and takes his hand, shaking with fear, rather than with withdrawal.

ANNE

You're shaking. What is it? D'you want to tell me? Patrick?

(squeezing his hand)

Stay here? I'll be right back, I promise.

39 INT. BAR, DRAKE HOTEL, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY 39

Quickly, PATRICK swallows the pill with the martini.

ANNE (O.S.)

That looks fun.

He opens his eyes, and here's ANNE now, taking his hand again - early sixties, stylish, smiling.

PATRICK

(embracing her)

Anti-biotics.

ANNE

Patrick? I'm so sorry.

PATRICK

I'm sorry too. Punctuality is one of the smaller vices I've inherited from my father -

ANNE

I think you know that's not what I meant -

(to a passing waiter)

Tea please, Earl Grey.

PATRICK

And another of these -

(the martini)

For me it's nine o'clock.

ANNE

For you, it's always nine o'clock. What the hell - a martini for me too, please.

(MORE)

ANNE (CONT'D)
(she slides in)
So, have you been to - ?

PATRICK
The mortuary? Yes, the best I've
ever seen him.

ANNE
I don't want to disillusion you,
but when they give you the ashes,
they're really just the communal
rakings from the bottom of the
oven.

PATRICK
That's good news! Ideally they'd
all belong to someone else.
(he lights her cigarette -
an old friend and ally)
When I was young, he used to take
us to restaurants - I say
'restaurants' in the plural,
because we never stormed in or out
of less than three. I remember once
he held a bottle of claret upside
down while the contents gurgled out
onto the carpet. 'How dare you
bring me this filth?'

ANNE
At least he's somewhere he can't
complain about.

PATRICK
I half expected him to sit up like
a vampire at sunset. 'Call this a
coffin? The service here is
intolerable!'
(she laughs)
Mind you, the service was
intolerable. They sent me to the
wrong corpse.

ANNE
The wrong corpse?

PATRICK
Yes, ironic that his remains were
so hard to find. I have no trouble
discovering them in myself.
(Anne smiles, and he takes
her hand)
It's good to see you Anne. I did
need a friendly face.

ANNE takes this in, but the admission comes just as PATRICK
is becoming slurred and clumsy. The Quaalude kicking in -

ANNE

Well, he was a complicated man.

(PATRICK's eyes are
growing heavy)

That's why I was so keen to talk to
you today. I've always felt -

(PATRICK is sliding down
in his seat)

- guilty I suppose.

(the glass slips from his
hand. ANNE catches it)

Patrick, are you okay?

PATRICK

(as he hauls himself up)

Jet-lag...kicking in...

ANNE

D'you want to go lie down?

PATRICK

Let's not exaggerate. Just a little
sleepy. The antibiotics. Will you
excuse me?

He staggers through the bar, clinging to the walls, past THE
RECEPTIONIST.

THE RECEPTIONIST

Mr Melrose! All good?

PATRICK

Jet lag, s'all.

40 INT. HOTEL BAR TOILET, DRAKE HOTEL, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY 40

With some difficulty, he finds the speed capsule in his
coat's capacious pockets, cracks it open, taps some out onto
the cistern.

PATRICK

Pharmaceutical!

He snorts. Winching, pinching his nose - he waits...

And now the slurring is replaced by a manic self-confidence
and energy as the speed cuts through the thick night of the
Quaalude.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'm cured! Completely cured.
*Mustn't take too much, save for
later, but oh, that's better!*

(In his VICAR'S VOICE)

*Oh bathrooms, with thy locked
doors, thy medicine cabinets
pleaseth me mightily!*

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

*Thy towels moppeth up the rivers of
my blood -*

(he goes back to the speed
on the counter, which he
tries to scrape back into
the capsule)

Rude not to, really.

(And he snorts that too,
then flushes the toilet.

Giggling)

That'll fool them.

41 INT. BAR, DRAKE HOTEL, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY

41

And it is a considerably livelier PATRICK who returns; a manic self-confidences, his face, shirt, and suit dripping with water.

ANNE

Good God, what happened to you in there?

PATRICK

I splashed my face with water!

ANNE

(she knows)

What kind of water, Patrick?

PATRICK

Very *refreshing* water.

ANNE

Patrick, please sit down, you're making me nervous -

PATRICK

Yes, yes, people say this.

ANNE

I really wanted to apologise,
Patrick. When I found you
sitting on the stairs -

PATRICK (CONT'D)

*No, not this. Retreat,
escape, eject, eject!*

ANNE

I promised I'd get your mother -

PATRICK

And I promise you, I've forgotten
all about it. Where's our waiter?

ANNE

You seemed in distress, you
always did, and your mother
too. There was such an
atmosphere in that house. I
should have done more -

PATRICK (CONT'D)

*Think about something else.
Something like heroin. No,
not heroin. Cocaine then. 555-
1726, 555-1726 -*

ANNE

Patrick, at least take off your coat.

PATRICK

D'you ask the lobster to remove its shell? Anne, I'm so sorry, I have to go.

ANNE

But we've barely -

PATRICK

(signalling for the check)
I have to be at the solicitors before five. Papers to sign -

ANNE

(she stands)
Really? But we've only just -

PATRICK

I know! It's maddening, but the bureaucracy, what else can I do?
(a sudden embrace perhaps)
You always have been very kind, since I was a child. I'm grateful.
(Panic - tossing bills)
And now I really must go. Goodbye! Goodbye!

And he runs for the door.

42 OMITTED 42

43 OMITTED 43

44 INT. RESTAURANT, MANHATTAN 1982 - EVENING 44

- and settles into another booth in a high-end midtown restaurant. A glistening dry martini. The WAITER watches as he drains it in one and smacks his lips.

PATRICK

(Peter O'Toole in *Lawrence of Arabia*)
We've taken Aqaba!

WAITER

Sir?

PATRICK

I'd like another of your refreshing martinis, and bring me salmon tartare followed by steak tartare, tartare-tartare, spicy, very spicy and the wine list.

(NANNY'S VOICE)

That's it darling, get something solid inside you.

(Out loud)

Do be quiet, Nanny.

WAITER

(bemused)

Will...someone be joining you?

PATRICK

Fucking hell, I hope not.

45

INT. RESTAURANT, MANHATTAN 1982 - EVENING

45

And now the SOMMELIER pours a little wine, yellow and unctuous, presents the bottle for approval.

PATRICK

Only the best or go without!

PATRICK takes the wine in his mouth and smiles with pleasure.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You see? That still works.

Everything is under control.

(to the SOMMELIER)

Very good, thank you.

(but the voice is back)

But it's not heroin. Shhhhh!

And the food arrives. QUICK CUTS now of PATRICK gorging violently on the salmon and wine with an addict's fervour, dousing the steak tartar with Tabasco, finishing the white wine and now the red, while the VOICE in his head speaks with growing fervour -

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(in THE FAT MAN'S VOICE)

Most people, withdrawing from heroin, high on speed, cudgelled by Quaaludes and jet-lag might balk at the idea of food, but not I. I eat not from greed but from passion! Oh shut up, will you?

(the WAITER'S there)

Not you...someone else.

WAITER

(removing the plate)

Would sir care for a dessert?

PATRICK

Care for it? How do you care for a
dessert? Feed it? Visit on Sundays?
(the WAITER is confused)
A Crème brûlée and a marc de
Bourgogne.

- and now he drinks the brandy, swallows the pudding.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

*But it's still not heroin is it?
Heroin's the cavalry, the missing
chair leg, it's medicine. Heroin is
love -*

(his ADVERTISING VOICE)

Simply call 555-1726...

(out loud)

Oh, for fuck's sake SHUT UP!

WAITER

Everything okay, sir?

PATRICK

You keep asking that. How can
everything be okay? It's too much
to hope for -

WAITER

Because, there have been some
complaints -

PATRICK

You mean the voices aren't just in
my head? Fuck!

(giggling)

Perhaps I'd better get the -

The WAITER has it. PATRICK laughs at the amount, reaching
into his pocket and peeling off hundred dollar bills.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I don't suppose I could trouble you
for a quarter for the telephone?

46

INT. RESTAURANT, MANHATTAN 1982 - NIGHT

46

He stumbles towards the pay-phone -

PATRICK

Here's the deal. *If he answers,
score just enough smack to sleep
and a little for the morning.
That's all. And if he doesn't
answer, no smack at all.* Leave it
to fate. Good idea.

(he dials)

Five-five-five-one-seven-two-six-

He dials. The phone rings. PATRICK's hand is shaking in anticipation. It rings...and rings. A spasm of pain.

ANSWERING MACHINE

(a low, slow French voice)

This is Pierre. I can't come to the phone, right now -

PATRICK

Fuck you, Fate! Fuck, fuck, fucking fate, fuck, fuck...

And he bangs the receiver repeatedly -

47 INT/EXT. YELLOW CAB/RESTAURANT, MANHATTAN 1982 - NIGHT 47

PATRICK stumbles out of the restaurant, into the street -

PATRICK

Taxi!

(leaning in the window)

10th Avenue and 14th.

48 OMITTED 48

49 INT. CAB, MANHATTAN 1982 - NIGHT 49

In the cab, music; *Fade Away and Radiate* by Blondie. Uptown becomes Chelsea then Downtown, the meat-packing District - the *Fun* District.

PATRICK is sweating, shaking, a spasm of pain. The Quaaludes have worn off and the withdrawal is back. Under his breath -

PATRICK

*Christ, here it comes again.
Slivers of bamboo under your
fingernail. I want to die, I want
to die, I want to die...*

CAB-DRIVER

We're here!

(the pull over)

You know this bad place.

PATRICK

That's what I'm relying on.

50 EXT. MEAT-PACKING DISTRICT, MANHATTAN 1982 - CONTINUOUS 50

Gangs of DEALERS, wired, on the look-out, watch as PATRICK stumbles out of the cab and leans in the window.

PATRICK
(tossing ten dollars)
Wait for me here.

CAB-DRIVER
I no wait here!

A TALL DEALER, who peels off from the gang and approaches.

TALL DEALER
What you want, man? What you
looking for?

PATRICK
Smack.

TALL DEALER
Shit, you a policeman?

PATRICK
Certainly not. I'm an Englishman.
Can you take me to Loretta's?

TALL DEALER
Loretta's? What you want there?

PATRICK
Fifty dollars worth.

TALL DEALER
Sure, I can take you to Loretta's.
This way...

And they head off across the street. PATRICK hesitates -

TALL DEALER (CONT'D)
You want it, dontcha?

PATRICK's bravado is beginning to falter, but he follows -

CHILLY WILLY
WOW! DON'T STICK HIM! DON'T STICK
HIM!

An emaciated hunched figure limps towards them, one arm hanging nervelessly. Yellow-toothed, blotched, filthy, this is PATRICK's old friend CHILLY WILLY.

CHILLY WILLY (CONT'D)
Don't stick him! He's my man.

PATRICK
Hello, Chilly!

TALL DEALER
I didn't know you knew Chilly!

PATRICK

It's a small world. Were you going to stab me?

TALL DEALER

Sure I was going to stab you! Here -
(and, laughing, he holds out the knife)
My name's Mark. You need anything, you ask for Mark.

PATRICK

Well, thank you, Mark, for not stabbing me!
(MARK goes)
Does Mark stab a lot of people?

CHILLY WILLY

A lot. He's a bad man. Where you been, Patrick?

PATRICK

Oh, here and there. Can you take me to Loretta's?

51 INT. LORETTA'S, MEAT-PACKING DISTRICT, MANHATTAN 1982 - NIGHT

The basement of a dilapidated brownstone, a door with a brass flap. CHILLY knocks.

VOICE

Who is it?

CHILLY WILLY

Chilly Willy.

VOICE

How much you want?

PATRICK

Fifty.
(CHILLY looks pleadingly)
Sixty.

The flap opens, the money goes, snaps shut. Small talk...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

How's Mrs Willy? Is she well?

Then opens again. Six little packets of greaseproof paper; five for PATRICK, one for CHILLY.

52 INT. CHILLY'S APARTMENT, MEAT-PACKING DISTRICT, MANHATTAN 52
1982 - NIGHT

MRS WILLY is *not* well. She is a large woman, dozy with dope, slumped in the only chair in a filthy, fire-blackened room of incredible squalor.

PATRICK

You've done something to this room.
It's different. What's different?

MRS WILLY

It got on fire.

PATRICK

I *knew* there was something. Chilly said you might have a new syringe.

MRS WILLY

Well it ain't exactly new, but I've boiled it and everything.

PATRICK

Is it very blunt?
(she produces it from down the side of the chair. The world's biggest syringe.)
No, that's a bicycle pump.
(she puts it away)
Oh, alright. How much?

MRS WILLY

Two bags?

PATRICK

(tossing her the wraps)
Do you have a bathroom I can borrow?

53 INT. TOILET, CHILLY'S APARTMENT, MEAT-PACKING DISTRICT, 53
MANHATTAN 1982 - NIGHT

The bathroom is even more horrific than the bedroom, blackened and filthy in the yellow light. PATRICK stands, arm braced, searching for a reluctant vein.

PATRICK

Come out, come out, wherever you are! There -
(Impatient, he presses the plunger and winces with pain)
Oh for fuck's sake!

54 INT. CHILLY'S APARTMENT, MEAT-PACKING DISTRICT, MANHATTAN 54
1982 - NIGHT

PATRICK storms back in, broken syringe in hand.

PATRICK

May I suggest, Chilly, that you
invest in a new light-bulb? Hardly
worth the effort, I missed the
vein. Look!

An awful black blister on his arm.

CHILLY WILLY

Shoulda used the flashlight.

He clicks the torch on, shines it in PATRICK's face.

PATRICK

Well thanks for telling me! I need
new works. Chilly? Chilly!

But they're lost to the real world. PATRICK storms out -

55 EXT. MEAT-PACKING DISTRICT, MANHATTAN 1982 - NIGHT 55

- and stride up the street, eyes casting left and right.

PATRICK

(in NANNY'S VOICE)

*Now young man, you've had your fun,
go back to the hotel, take a nice
pill, go to sleep and in the
morning you'll be right as -
(- doubling over,
clutching his liver)
Fuck! Oh Christ, that hurts!*

He reaches for support, bracing himself, looks up and finds -

A pay-phone. It must be fate. He finds a quarter. Sweating,
shaking, he dials urgently -

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Five-five-five-one-seven-two-six...

The ring tone, then -

PIERRE

Allo?

PATRICK

Pierre? Is it really you?

PIERRE

Who is this?

PATRICK
Patrick from London. I'm...having
trouble sleeping.

PIERRE
What hotel?

PATRICK
The Drake.

A pause. Unbearable suspense.

PIERRE
My place. Twenty minutes.

And he hangs up. PATRICK punches the air with triumph and,
revived, breaks into a run.

56 INT. PIERRE'S APARTMENT, GREENWICH VILLAGE 1982 - NIGHT 56

RESTORED SCENE. PIERRE steps out of the elevator, skinny,
pale, his skin stretched tight. Piercing eyes in a sallow
face.

PIERRE
Ca va?

PATRICK
It's a *nightmare* out there.

57 INT. PIERRE'S APARTMENT, GREENWICH VILLAGE 1982 - NIGHT 57

RESTORED SCENE. The flat is large, bare, austere - old Soho.
A good stereo plays Talking Heads, something twitchy and
sinister, *Houses in Motion* or *The Overload* or *Born Under
Punches*.

The paraphernalia is all ready, one syringe for PIERRE, two
for PATRICK - cocaine and heroin. A ritual, like taking tea.
PATRICK counts out the money, PIERRE the drugs.

PIERRE
So what was he like?

PATRICK
My father? He was a kitten, a
prince among men, such artistic
hands, could have been Prime
Minister.

PIERRE
He was a politician?

PATRICK

No, no, it was sort of a joke. In his world, it was better if a person *could* have been Prime Minister, or a surgeon, or a concert pianist. Actually achieving something would have shown vulgar ambition.

PIERRE

Tu regrettes qu'il soit mort?

PATRICK

I regret that he lived.

PIERRE

Mais sans lui, you wouldn't exist.

PATRICK

One mustn't be egotistical about these things.

(He picks up the syringe, contemplating it.)

I had been trying to give this up.

The needle breaks the skin, the first time we've actually seen this. A bloom of blood in the barrel. Then -

From PATRICK's P.O.V. - CRACKS are starting to appear, on the walls, the floor, on PIERRE's skin and face, on the mirrored table. The sound of blood in his ears from the rush, like the roar of a jet engine. Sweat breaks out all over his body. He places the syringe down, gasping, hands trembling.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Good God.

PIERRE

Now take the heroin!

PATRICK

Oh, good God...

He falls backwards -

57A OMITTED

57A

57B OMITTED

57B

57C OMITTED

57C

58

INT. HOTEL SUITE, THE DRAKE, MANHATTAN 1982 - NIGHT

58

- and lies, winded and amazed, on the floor of his hotel room. His heartbeat is incredibly loud, like the blades of a helicopter whirring over his head. His limbs are rigid, the tendons and veins thin and brittle.

PATRICK has placed a low coffee table in front of the large TV, laying out his haul of drugs, two syringes, bottled water from the mini-bar. The movie 'ZULU' is playing, an old favourite. Rows and rows of Zulu warriors, banging their shields, stamping their feet.

On the TV, wild cuts - cartoons, horror movies, chat shows, a knife chopping vegetables, a weatherman, a commercial for Crazy Eddie, the channels changing faster and faster.

PATRICK on cocaine, pacing wildly. Lots of FAST CUTS here, HALLUCINOGENIC, a long, terrible, exhausting night as he switches between voices, between elation and terror, like the TV rapidly switching channels-

PATRICK

(WAITER'S VOICE-)

Tonight's special includes a frisson of Columbian Cocaine nestling on a bed of Chinese White Heroin...

(NANNY'S VOICE-)

And to think, he used to be such a nice boy...

(PATRICK -)

Shut-up, the lot of you...

(TAXI-DRIVER voice)

Typical, faced with a problem take more drugs, it's the ultimate self-perpetuating system!

(NANNY'S voice)

I know the aristocracy and their filthy ways.

(PATRICK)

Don't. Think. About. It.

(TAXI-DRIVER -)

What filthy ways?

(NANNY -)

Oh you won't find Nanny telling tales out of school. My lips are sealed. *But oh, the stories I could tell!*

(in ZULU, a spear thunks into a soldiers's chest.)

Please, please, please make it stop!

(MOCKING VOICE -)

Please, please, please make it stop!

(his FATHER'S VOICE)

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

If you ever tell your mother, or anyone else, about today, I will snap you in two!

PATRICK curled in a ball, his head in his hands -

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Fuck off! Just fuck off, all of you! *So take the heroin then! Take it now!*

Gasping, he administers the HEROIN. The change is immediate. A sigh of pleasure and relief as he sinks to the floor.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Coal fires on a stormy night. Rain beating against the windowpane. Everything's going to be alright. Peace at last...

59 OMITTED 59

59A EXT. WOODS, LACOSTE 1967, FLASHBACK - DAY 59A

Brief, abstract images of his childhood home; the leaves in the trees above the well -

59B EXT. WOODS, LACOSTE 1967, FLASHBACK - DAY 59B

The WELL, a circle of sunlight just visible at the bottom. YOUNG PATRICK drops the stone, counts -

YOUNG PATRICK

1...2...3...4...5...6...7...8...

60 INT. HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAWN 60

A monstrous dawn. PATRICK lies on the floor, the needle still in his arm. White noise on the TV. Warped and distorted, the phone rings on.

But he can't move, his limbs still heavy with the concrete. The ringing is louder now but the phone seems a huge distance away and it is only with immense effort that he reaches it.

Scratchy, barely audible - hallucinatory? - he hears his mother's voice.

ELEANOR

Hello? Hello, Patrick?

PATRICK

Mother? Can you hear me?

ELEANOR
Patrick, I heard the news. I don't
know what to say -

A crescendo of radio interference, and she's gone -

PATRICK
Hello, mother?

61 INT. DEBBIE'S FLAT, KENSINGTON 1982 - DAY 61

DEBBIE, maintaining an artificial brightness, is getting
ready to go out. INTER-CUT

DEBBIE
It's me! You sound sleepy. Are you
sleeping? Did I wake you up? I'm so
sorry, sorry, sorry...

62 INT. HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN 1982 - CONTINUOUS 62

PATRICK
It's five-thirty in the morning.

DEBBIE
I thought with the jet-lag you'd be
pacing the room.
(PATRICK pulls the syringe
from his arm, sits)
Are you at the hotel?

PATRICK
Well, given that you've telephoned
me here -

DEBBIE
I merely meant - I've been worrying
about you all night and I simply
wanted to know how you are.

PATRICK
You mean have I taken any drugs?

DEBBIE
Not just that. Why, have you?

He takes in the room, his own condition - a terrible shame
and depression; so much for new beginnings.

PATRICK
Well, I've been shooting coke and
heroin all night, does that count?

On DEBBIE - her disappointment and hurt.

DEBBIE

Was that a good idea?

PATRICK

In the future, can we just agree that, no, it is not a good idea?

DEBBIE

I thought...I really thought you'd be able to make a change.

PATRICK

Me too. But it seems that's not an option.

On the mirrored surface, he notices his right eye. Puffy, inflamed. *Oh, God - what now?*

DEBBIE

(deep breath - optimism!)

Patrick, you mustn't be alone -

But he HAS to be alone, looking like this. He takes the cordless phone and staggers into the bathroom.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

I've arranged for you to have dinner with someone.

PATRICK

I do not want to see anyone! This isn't one of your dinner parties, Debbie, it's a very emotional time. I'm not in a fit state to see anyone.

And he really isn't - pale as a corpse except for the red, BLOODSHOT RIGHT EYE. Shit, shit, shit...

DEBBIE

You need to be with people who care about you, and I've already fixed it with Marianne -

PATRICK

(he stops dead)

Marianne?

DEBBIE

My old University friend. You passed out in her loo, remember? They took the doors off -

It's all too plain that PATRICK does remember her.

PATRICK

That Marianne -

DEBBIE

She'd love to see you. Any time
after seven-thirty. I've faxed you
the address...

And sure enough, there's the FAX, sliding under the door.
PATRICK picks it up, scans it - an address, a phone number.

PATRICK

I'll see whether I feel up to it.

PATRICK hangs up, as DEBBIE continues to talk -

63 INT. DEBBIE'S FLAT, KENSINGTON 1982 - CONTINUOUS 63

DEBBIE

Remember, I do love you.
Patrick....Patrick?

64 INT. BATHROOM, HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY 64

MUSIC UP - pop music, sharp and bright and inane. PATRICK,
livelier now, lugs the TV, still playing, into the bathroom.

PATRICK

Mariannemariannemarianne -

The hot tap runs full blast. He sets the TV precariously on
the edge of the bath. On the screen - MARIANNE's face,
smiling, sympathetic -

MARIANNE

- it's so good to see you, Patrick -

PATRICK

- and it's so wonderful to talk to
someone who understands -

MTV vintage 1982, maybe *Physical* by Olivia Newton-John, on
the screen. Now the huge black pill of speed is in his hand.
With a celebratory flourish, he tosses it into his mouth like
a peanut then swigs from a glass of bourbon. He winces.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

No ice! This is INTOLERABLE!

And he heads out to -

65 INT. HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN 1982 - CONTINUOUS 65

The main room, where a trolley is piled high with a
devastated breakfast - a single bite from the bacon, a single
spoonful of porridge - and now it decays and stinks horribly.

PATRICK
 Everything is wrong, everything is
 hopelessly fucked up -

He searches through the remains of the breakfast, fishing around in the warm orange juice, but there's no ice there.

Punching a table lamp, he goes into the corridor -

66 INT. HALLWAY, HOTEL, MANHATTAN 1982 - CONTINUOUS 66

TWO CLEANERS are peering into a hotel suite some way down the corridor.

- then stare at barely-dressed, manic PATRICK, striding towards them, one eyelid drooping, the eye the colour of an egg yolk.

PATRICK
 Ice! Must have more of your
 delicious ice, per favor! Room
 3318.

One CLEANING LADY departs, and PATRICK peers into the room - a glimpse, a fleeting image, a MAN LYING ON THE BED. White shirt, suit and tie, the face out of sight.

67 INT. BATHROOM, HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN 1982 - CONTINUOUS 67

Meanwhile steaming hot water lips over the top of the bath and onto the bathroom floor. The TV blares, its power cable taut -

68 INT. HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN 1982 - CONTINUOUS 68

PATRICK returns with a bucket of ice in time to see water lapping at the edge of the carpet.

69 INT. BATHROOM, HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN 1982 - CONTINUOUS 69

He splashes in, hopping neatly over the TV flex and turning off the taps. Still clutching the ice he plunges his arm into the water and feels around for the plug. The water is SCALDING HOT.

He sits on the toilet seat and looks with amazement and horror at his bare arms.

The purple wounds, the track marks, one arm scalded red, the other ivory white. All bravado gone now, he slides to the floor.

PATRICK
 These aren't my arms.

JOHNNY (V.O.)
Patrick, how are you?

70 INT. BATHROOM, HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY 70

On the TV, WILE E. COYOTE sits astride a rocket, speeding, speeding, over taking ROADRUNNER before smashing into a mountainside.

PATRICK
Fine. I nearly died again last night.

PATRICK, meanwhile, is in the bath, glass in one hand, phone in the other.

71 INT. LIVING ROOM, JOHNNY'S FLAT, NOTTING HILL 1982 - CONTINUOUS 71

Curtains drawn against the sun, JOHNNY lies crashed out on the sofa. For once, irony defeats them both. INTERCUT -

JOHNNY
I see. Well, maybe this wasn't the right time after all.

72 INT. BATHROOM, HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY 72

On TV, WILE E. COYOTE looks into the camera, face black with soot, then falls, falls, falls.

PATRICK
Yes, thank God my father's dead, otherwise I'd have no excuse.

JOHNNY
I've never known you to need an excuse. When do we two Olympians meet again?

PATRICK
(with his toe, he tests the balance of the TV at the end of the bath)
At the airport. Bring a lot of gear. Maybe we'll finally kill ourselves tomorrow night.

A BEAT. PATRICK has never said any of this out loud before, and now that he has, it's almost...liberating.

JOHNNY, meanwhile, wonders if he's joking. After all, they must never take anything seriously.

JOHNNY

Doesn't seem much of a plan.

PATRICK

No. Still, much the kindest thing to do.

(his watch on the bath)

I've got to go. Drinks with my father's friends

JOHNNY

Then I'll leave you to get ready.

PATRICK

'til tomorrow. Make sure you get a lot.

He hangs up and pours the bourbon onto his face, sucking it in until the bottle is empty.

Bottle in hand, he lies submerged in the water.

Doorbell rings -

73 INT. HALLWAY/HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY 73

The ageing BELL-BOY with a DRUG-STORE PACKAGE.

The door opens a crack. PATRICK, naked, dripping wet, shoves money into his hand and slams the door.

74 INT. HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY 74

PATRICK has rediscovered a sort of vengeful glee, Hamlet before The Mousetrap. AN EYE PATCH is settled over the infected eye and PATRICK is ready to inspect himself in the mirror. Clean shirt and tie, cuff-links, beautiful suit. The eye-patch is eccentric, but gives him a pirate's swagger. A man with a mission -

On his tie, or shirt perhaps, a dot - he wipes it with his thumb. Blood. He swabs it with his handkerchief.

Then, like a true gentleman, he takes TWO LOADED SYRINGES and pops them into his breast pocket, disguising them with the handkerchief.

PATRICK

Pip, pip! Be prepared.

He pulls on his protective overcoat, tosses the drug paraphernalia into his suitcase, locks it, steps back and takes in the room.

It is a scene of total and utter devastation. Broken furniture, sodden carpet, stinking food, bottles and wet towels everywhere. It might have been ransacked by Vikings.

He sighs, heads for the door, opens it and walks straight into -

75

INT. HALLWAY, HOTEL, MANHATTAN 1982 - CONTINUOUS

75

A POLICE OFFICER. PATRICK's hand snaps to his pocket - the syringes. With forced casualness -

PATRICK

What seems to be the trouble, officer?

POLICE OFFICER

You hear anything suspicious last night? Noises, cries?

PATRICK

No, I was lost to the world.

He indicates a trolley, being wheeled from the next door room by MEDICS. A covered CORPSE, the CLEANERS looking on.

POLICE OFFICER

Heart attack.

PATRICK

Well, the party has to end some day I suppose.

POLICE OFFICER

There was a party?

PATRICK

No, I just meant...

As the gurney passes, PATRICK glimpses the arm of the CORPSE poking out. The same white shirt, the same gold cuff-links. PATRICK's own profile beneath the shroud; his future self.

POLICE OFFICER

You're from England, right?
(PATRICK is frozen at the sight of his own corpse)
Hey! You hear me?

PATRICK

What? Yes, yes, I'm from England.

POLICE OFFICER

I could tell from the accent.

PATRICK

They'll make you a detective yet!

He strides off, the COP's eyes burning into his back.

POLICE OFFICER
Take off your coat! You'll fry out
there!

76 EXT. THE KEY CLUB, UPPER EAST SIDE 1982 - DAY 76

Sweating in the noon heat, PATRICK runs up the steps -

77 INT. THE KEY CLUB, UPPER EAST SIDE 1982 - CONTINUOUS 77

- into the cool, marbled hallway where he's met by GEORGE WATFORD, a large red-faced man, unflappable, decent -

GEORGE
Patrick. Bang on time. Just like
your father.
(they shake hands with
genuine warmth)
He was very, very proud of you. I'm
sure you know that.

Here at least, NICHOLAS PRATT is sincere in his sorrow.

NICHOLAS
Hello, little man. Sorry for your
loss. You must be feeling ghastly.
(on the move)
What happened to your eye? Girl
trouble? Now that I'm responsible
for your moral guidance-

PATRICK
Nothing like that. Picked up an
infection on the plane.

NICHOLAS
Well it suits you. Very raffish.
You'll fit right in here -

And they push open the doors to a grand club, Regency London
in midtown Manhattan. Up the stairs -

GEORGE
I think you'll find this place
amusing. Your father did. It had
all the things that you can't find
in England anymore. Have you had a
Bullshot?
(to a WAITER)
Three Bullshots please -
(then on)
I've invited Ballantine Morgan,
though I suspect he's the most
frightful bore.

NICHOLAS

His family own a bank. At least I
think they do. I've asked the
question but it's so hard to listen
to his fucking answers.

77A INT. MAIN ROOM, THE KEY CLUB, UPPER EAST SIDE 1982 - 77A
CONTINUOUS

Into the main room -

NICHOLAS

Here we are -

One person. BALLANTINE stands to greet them.

PATRICK

The gang's all here.

Gleeful irreverence is infecting him. Fast, back and forth -

NICHOLAS

(moving on)

This is Ballantine Morgan -

BALLANTINE

(small, self-satisfied)

So sorry about your father. I
didn't know him personally but from
what George tells me, he was a
great English gentleman!

PATRICK

(taking their seats)

What have you been telling him,
George?

GEORGE

Only what an exceptional man your
father was.

PATRICK

I certainly never met anybody quite
like him.

NICHOLAS

He refused to compromise!

GEORGE

'Nothing but the best, or go
without!'

BALLANTINE

I quite agree!

PATRICK
'Never apologise, never explain',
that was another one.

GEORGE
Yes!

PATRICK
'Observe everything', 'Trust
nobody' -

NICHOLAS
All very wise -

PATRICK
'Never try, effort is vulgar',
'Things were better in the
eighteenth century' Oh, and
'Despise all women, but your mother
most of all.'

A deeply uncomfortable pause. Thank God, the WAITER arrives.

GEORGE
And here are our Bullshots! Beef
consommé and vodka; something of an
acquired taste -

To their astonishment, PATRICK takes the brown, soupy liquid
from the tray and drains the whole thing in one go -

PATRICK
I've acquired it! Another please.

- and any reverence and decorum that PATRICK might have had,
is evaporating. He's going to have fun instead.

GEORGE
(moving things on)
He was very impressive at the piano
-

PATRICK
If you like pastiche -

NICHOLAS
- and in conversation too -

PATRICK
That depends. Some people don't
like uninterrupted rudeness, or so
I'm told.

NICHOLAS
Who are these people?

GEORGE

It's true, I did once tell him to stop being quite so argumentative.

BALLANTINE

And what did he say?

GEORGE

Told me to bugger off!

The men laugh uproariously. PATRICK watches wearily -

PATRICK

What a lot of faithful gun dogs.

He directs them to the walls, hung with Victorian hunting portraits. NICHOLAS is riled, about to intervene -

BALLANTINE

Are you...interested in hunting, Patrick?

NICHOLAS

Christ, here we go -

PATRICK

Christ, here we go -

BALLANTINE (CONT'D)

I thought he might be interested in a story -

NICHOLAS

The thought you never have is that someone might not be interested -

BALLANTINE

I'd shot a Tanganyikan mountain goat, the last male of its species, which of course was rather a bittersweet moment -

NICHOLAS

For the goat, certainly -

PATRICK

Actually I have a hunting story, Ballantine, from my father. Nicholas, you know the one -

NICHOLAS

Steady on, Patrick. Enough now.

PATRICK

You'll like this, Ballantine. My father was a cavalry officer, stationed in India in the 1920s, and he used to go pig-sticking, galloping through the high grass with a lance, chasing wild boar.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Very dangerous, these boar, could easily take down a horse, gore the rider to death, but thrilling too. The only blemish on this particular trip - I heard this story when I was, what, eight? - was when one of the party was bitten by a wild dog and developed the symptoms of rabies. Three days from the nearest hospital and this hunting party of judges and generals decided to truss up their foaming, thrashing friend in a net and hoist him off the ground...

78

EXT. TERRACE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - EVENING

78

Pre-dinner drinks in 1967, and DAVID is holding forth to NICHOLAS. YOUNG PATRICK reads nearby.

DAVID

Dinner was served, lanterns down the table, silver, well-trained servants, but none of us could quite enjoy dinner with all that screaming. So I got up from the table, fetched my pistol, went up to the rabid man and shot him in the head.

(NICHOLAS's smile is frozen)

No cure, you see. Much the kindest thing to do. Everyone agreed. Eventually.

(DAVID sips his champagne, relishing the disquiet)

And that, I think, was the beginning of my love affair with medicine.

DAVID looks to his son. Smiles -

79

INT. TABLE, THE KEY CLUB, UPPER EAST SIDE 1982 - DAY

79

- back in New York, PATRICK enjoys the disquiet too.

But the enjoyment is brief. As his fellow diners shift in their seat, PATRICK takes in the sound of music. At some point the pianist has stopped playing Cole Porter and is now playing his father's composition.

Panicked, PATRICK looks around. The PIANIST is facing away, but from the back could quite easily be his father. PATRICK stands, knocks over the chair, runs for the door -

80 INT. TOILET, THE KEY CLUB, UPPER EAST SIDE 1982 - DAY 80

And into the marbled bathroom where he vomits copiously in and around the sink, gasping for breath. The MEMBER next to him is horrified.

CLUB MEMBER

You might have used the cubicle!

PATRICK

Good idea -

And he stumbles into the peace and quiet of the cubicle and locks the door.

81 INT. TOILET CUBICLE, THE KEY CLUB, UPPER EAST SIDE 1982 - ~~DAY~~

He wakes some hours later, nauseous, slimy. He peers at his watch with his one good eye and swears -

81A INT. MAIN ROOM, THE KEY CLUB, UPPER EAST SIDE 1982 - DAY 81A

- rushing back through the Club, clocking the empty table. Christ, how long has been out? Idiot, idiot, idiot. Then -

82 EXT. FRANK E MACDONALD'S FUNERAL HOME, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY 82

- rushing to the funeral home, arriving to find the FEMALE RECEPTIONIST locking the door. He bangs repeatedly on the glass.

PATRICK

You've got my father!

83 INT. FRANK E MACDONALD'S FUNERAL HOME, MANHATTAN 1982 - 83
CONTINUOUS

The FEMALE RECEPTIONIST recoils - he looks even more deranged than last time as he bangs on the glass.

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST

I'm afraid we're closed! I'm sorry - if you come back tomorrow...

PATRICK

I need his remains! Now! I'm flying first thing and I can't leave without him.

PATRICK

It's David Melrose. Please?

(she opens the door)

Also, could I trouble you for a paper bag?

84 EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE, MANHATTAN 1982 - DUSK 84

THE BOX containing DAVID MELROSE is carried in a grocery bag swinging from PATRICK's hand. Brisk, efficient -

PATRICK

Now, Marianne. I have half a gram of coke, a fifth of heroin, one Quaalude, one Black Beauty. A few lines to get the conversation flowing, a Quaalude for Marianne to get her in the mood. Or perhaps pity is the way, in which case use it for the comedown, sleep on the flight - my God, you're good - then you're home, thank Christ for Concorde, and Johnny will be waiting and - well, let's see.

Trotting up to a handsome brownstone, PATRICK is jaunty again, a suitor on his way to a date.

85 INT. MARIANNE'S APARTMENT, MANHATTAN 1982 - DUSK 85

NANCY BANKS, MARIANNE's formidable mother, opens the door to find PATRICK hugging the BOX to his chest with one hand, rubbing something on his gums with the other.

PATRICK

Hello, I'm Patrick, Marianne's friend!

NANCY

Nancy, Nancy Banks. We have met.

PATRICK

Yes, of course. I'm sorry, little distracted, it's just -

As if to explain, he indicates THE BOX and pulls a sad face.

NANCY

Yes, Marianne told us. Is that him? I'll tell Consuela there'll be one more for dinner! Marianne! She's dying to see you!

JERRY BANKS appears, American, milder, kinder than his wife.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Jerry, you remember Patrick, lovely Debbie's boyfriend.

PATRICK

(shaking his hand)
Yes, I turned blue in your bathroom.

JERRY

We had to take the door off! Come
in, come in!

86 INT. LOUNGE, MARIANNE'S APARTMENT, MANHATTAN 1982 -
CONTINUOUS

86

The apartment is comfortable, sumptuous.

JERRY

(Handing PATRICK a
martini)

Marianne says he was a remarkable
man.

PATRICK

You should have heard the remarks.

NANCY

Was it a difficult relationship,
Patrick?

PATRICK

Yes, Nancy, yes it was.

JERRY

When did the trouble start?

PATRICK

June the 9th 1906. The day he was
born.

JERRY

Well fatherhood was very different
in those days.

NANCY

Yes, perhaps he just didn't know
how to express his love?

PATRICK

Cruelty is the opposite of love,
not some inarticulate expression of
it.

A VOICE -

MARIANNE (O.C.)

That sounds about right to me.

PATRICK turns to see MARIANNE BANKS. A husky voice - she
doesn't so much speak as swallow articulately. Beautiful,
elegant, poised, kissing her mother and father -

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

Thankfully, that's not something
I've ever had to worry about.

PATRICK

I love you -

MARIANNE

Hello, Patrick.

PATRICK

Hello. *Love you and adore you...*

MARIANNE

I'm so, so sorry for your loss.

He puts the BOX down, walks across the room, puts his arms
around her, his head on her chest, exhales and holds tight.

PATRICK (V.O.)

*I want to be buried right here.
You're the answer, you're the one
to save me, can't you tell? If I
could have you I'd give up drugs
forever -*

MARIANNE

(looking to her parents,
amused but sympathetic)
Goodness!

PATRICK

*- or at least have someone
attractive to take them with -
(to MARIANNE, too loud)
Are we going out to dinner? Please
say yes!*

NANCY

Actually, I thought we'd all have
dinner here!

PATRICK

(not looking away)
It's just we have so much to talk
about and I'm not quite ready for -
(nods towards parents)
Or is that very rude?

NANCY bites her lip and scowls, about to object. JERRY
indicates - 'let it go' - and nods approval to MARIANNE.

87 INT. ARMENIAN RESTAURANT, UPPER WEST SIDE 1982 - NIGHT 87

A blue dome, painted with stars; candles, rugs on the walls. The upper-Broadway restaurant is snug, modest, a funky ethnic student hang-out and so not what PATRICK is used to at all. But MARIANNE is upbeat, sympathetic - her hand on his arm.

MARIANNE

It's Armenian, is that alright?

PATRICK

Absolutely. I love Armenian.

The BOX sits in its own chair, to PATRICK's side.

MARIANNE

Aren't you hot with your coat on?

PATRICK

If it makes you uncomfortable -

MARIANNE

A little.

PATRICK

Then off it goes. Perhaps I'll take the eye-patch off too...

(MARIANNE winces a little)

I'll leave it on.

(to the WAITER)

Two martinis please.

MARIANNE

One. I don't drink.

PATRICK

You don't? *Bad sign, very, very bad.*

MARIANNE

I find it numbs the senses, blurs the edges -

PATRICK

Your point being? I completely agree, and I don't usually either but, you know - grief!

(a silence)

Say something, remember how this is done, something other than lies or ridicule or contempt -

(So -)

Debbie sends her love. *Not that, you fucking idiot.*

MARIANNE

Sweet Debbie. How is she?

PATRICK

The fuck should I know. She's a great girl. Very supportive. Change the subject. She says you're studying law.

MARIANNE

That's right! At Columbia. It's so tough, but I love it.

PATRICK

I once thought about studying law. I used to imagine myself in *Twelve Angry Men*, being terrifically eloquent and righting wrongs -

MARIANNE

You'd be a wonderful lawyer. You have to do it! Why don't you?

PATRICK

Because hard work and ambition are vulgar.

MARIANNE

Patrick, you don't really think that -

PATRICK

Me? No, no, no, not at all -
(David's ashes)
That's what he said.

MARIANNE

But you have an education, the financial means. It's not too late -
(reaching across, taking his hand - contact)
- and you're *not* your father.

PATRICK

Of course you're absolutely right. I feel quite inspired! I'll make a start, soon as I get off the plane. A new man!
(to THE BOX)
Did you hear that, dad? I'm going to be a lawyer!

MARIANNE

(contact lost again)
I'm concerned about the box.

PATRICK

Don't worry, I think it counts as hand luggage.

MARIANNE

I mean, perhaps we could put him on the floor -

PATRICK

Yes! Let the waiters kick him about. Revenge at last! Why should he get away with it, just because he's dead?

MARIANNE

Get away with what?

A possibility. But his hand is shaking, coming down...

PATRICK

Will you excuse me a moment?

And he goes, leaving MARIANNE alone, sympathy fading -

88

INT. ARMENIAN RESTAURANT, UPPER WEST SIDE 1982 - NIGHT

88

Later, Armenian food sits untouched on the plate, unlike the martinis.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Well this is going well. All the signs are good -

(MARIANNE yawns!)

Christ, she wants you. She's dying for it, dying for it -

MARIANNE

(his untouched plate)

I thought you liked Armenian food?

PATRICK

The martinis are excellent.

He drains the glass, she watches sadly. He's a mess now.

MARIANNE

'They fuck you up, your mum and dad. They may not mean to, but they do.'

PATRICK

Who says they don't mean to?

MARIANNE takes this in - leaning forward again.

MARIANNE

Did you ever tell your father how you felt?

PATRICK
Not while he was alive. Probably
just as well.

MARIANNE
Why? What would you have said?

PATRICK is momentarily stilled and silenced by this question.
It is...sobering and he is absolutely sincere in his answer.

PATRICK
I'd have said...I'd have told
him...

The WAITER is there suddenly, clearing the plates. Clatter.

PATRICK (CONT'D) (decisively) Nobody should do that to anybody else.	MARIANNE (distracted, to the WAITER -) Thank you.
---	--

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Oh, I'm sorry, I took the question
seriously.

MARIANNE
I'm sorry, you were saying -

PATRICK
Just...never mind.

The moment of connection has passed now.

MARIANNE
Patrick, I'm sorry, I should get
back.

PATRICK
We've always had connection,
haven't we? I mean I wasn't
imagining it -

MARIANNE
I've always been very fond of you
and Debbie -

And perhaps here he tries to kiss her now, an awful clumsy
lunge, and when she pulls away -

PATRICK
(grabbing her hand)
I don't suppose you want a
Quaalude, do you?

MARIANNE glares...

89 EXT. ARMENIAN RESTAURANT, UPPER WEST SIDE 1982 - NIGHT 89

...then strides out into the street, all patience and sympathy gone. PATRICK follows, desperate now -

PATRICK
I'm sorry if I've been a little screwy -

MARIANNE
It's an emotional time. Taxi!

PATRICK
Still, imagine what I'd be like if I was still on drugs!

MARIANNE
Good night, Patrick.

The TAXI pulls up. PATRICK follows, serious now, no longer playing a part.

PATRICK
Yes. Good night. Good night. You know I sometimes think if I were to meet the right woman, someone intelligent who wasn't afraid to challenge me, I might be able to get my life back in order.

MARIANNE
Please, stop -

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
You're making a fool of yourself -

PATRICK
Please don't go, I need some company or I don't what I'll do -

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
Get OFF me!
(She pushes him away)
Self-indulgent little shit! Jesus, what the hell is wrong with you?

She crosses to the CAB.

PATRICK
You're right, I'm sorry, I've been an idiot, but please don't leave! My hotel's not far, we could have one more drink, just a drink...
(she slams the CAB door)
I don't want to be on my own tonight, I can't be, and there isn't anyone else. Just sit with me. Don't leave me alone!

She indicates the BOX OF ASHES -

MARIANNE
You're not alone.

- and with that the CAB drives off.

90 EXT. BROADWAY, MANHATTAN 1982 - NIGHT 90

And now PATRICK, furious and ashamed and thwarted, strides back to the hotel, the BOX clutched to his chest.

PATRICK
Death and destruction, shame and violence, ungovernable shame and violence...

From this point on, PATRICK is barely sane.

91 INT. HOTEL SUITE, DRAKE HOTEL, MANHATTAN 1982 - NIGHT 91

- BURSTING into the hotel room, which is magically neat and tidy once again. He wrenches off the eye-patch (redness still there, but less prominent). There's a manic spite to him, a dangerous lack of control, as he -

- hurls the BOX of ashes against the wall.

- kicks it across the room.

In the BATHROOM, he uses the lid of the toilet cistern, trying to crack it open, but breaking the lid instead.

PATRICK
I'm going to flush you down the loo, send you to the sewers with the alligators and the shit...

He bangs at the BOX with an ICE-BUCKET, levering it off with ICE-TONGS. No good.

He hurls it back into the bedroom, jumps on the BOX again and again, throws it at the wall -

- then finally he picks up the BOX, hurls it at the window -

But it bounces off the double glazing, bounces and lands once more at his feet. Invulnerable.

Instead, self-destruction. He crosses to the glass, presses his body against it, feeling at the edges, searching for a way of opening the window.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Open up! Open, damnit. What's the point of a fucking window if you can't -

Thirty-three floors, straight down to the street. A flash, a fleeting image of -

92 EXT. WOODS, LACOSTE 1967, FLASHBACK - DAY 92

The deep, deep well, a circle of sunlight at the bottom.

YOUNG PATRICK climbs up so that he is standing on the edge of the well.

He tests the air with his toe. The invitation of the emptiness -

93 INT. HOTEL SUITE, DRAKE HOTEL, MANHATTAN 1982 - NIGHT 93

With shaking hands, PATRICK empties his remaining stash of drugs out onto the coffee table, scooping them into a pile. Heroin, cocaine, Quaalude, Valium, speed, alcohol.

PATRICK

Over-associative, over-accelerated, sedation, scalpel. Anaesthetic first, surely Doctor?

(his FATHER'S VOICE)

No, Patrick. Scalpel first, anaesthetic afterwards -

Patrick sets a bottle of whisky up, a glass, and begins -

Crawling across the floor of the wrecked room, still in his coat and eye patch he lifts the SOFA and crawls beneath it, the SOFA lying on his chest now.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

There. Nobody can find you here. But what if nobody finds me here?

The sound of a key in the lock -

Terrified, he peeks from beneath the frills of the sofa.

Someone has entered the room. A pair of brogues, a battered suitcase. PATRICK holds his breath, terrified -

DAVID (V.O.)

Good God, what an appalling dump. You see what I'm reduced to?

Another figure enters, the white tennis shoes of a NINE YEAR-OLD BOY, and now we are in -

94 INT. HOTEL ROOM, PROVENCE 1968 - DAY 94

Mediterranean light. Twin beds too close together. No faces here, just the voices -

DAVID

Your mother will be delighted. I can see her gloating, when you report back. Do you report back?

YOUNG PATRICK

Perhaps we could find somewhere else. Perhaps we could -

DAVID

No, we must live within our means! This will do. Now -
(the beds)
-left or right?

YOUNG PATRICK

Don't mind.

DAVID removes his shoes.

YOUNG PATRICK is rigid, terrified, doing all he can not to run from the room.

DAVID

I'm a very tired man. Come and talk to me, Patrick.

YOUNG PATRICK

I have to -

DAVID

Patrick. Come and talk to your dear old dad. Please...

YOUNG PATRICK closes the door.

95 INT. HOTEL SUITE, DRAKE HOTEL, MANHATTAN 1982 - NIGHT 95

Drug debris - remnants of everything he has taken. Now he prepares a speedball, hands shaking.

The hit is stronger than anything he has taken so far, and the force of it knocks him backwards on to the floor.

He closes his eyes.

Fade to black -

ELEANOR (V.O.)

(a whisper)

Patrick. Oh, Patrick. Wake up, my love.

96 INT. YOUNG PATRICK'S BEDROOM, LACOSTE 1967 - DAWN 96

In C.U., our first sight of ELEANOR MELROSE. An attractive woman, nervous and neurotic, here wide-eyed, a little tearful, summoning up her bravest face.

But she wakes YOUNG PATRICK gently, her face close to his -

ELEANOR
(a whisper)
Hello, my darling boy. I'm so sorry
to wake you.

YOUNG PATRICK
What time is it?

ELEANOR
It's very early.

YOUNG PATRICK
Are we going now?
(she nods)
Shall I pack my bag?

She kisses him lightly on the forehead. He wraps his arms around her and we -

97 INT. BATHROOM, HOTEL SUITE, DRAKE HOTEL, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAWN 97

Slam back into the present.

MANHATTAN'S DAWN LIGHT shines through the bathroom window on the bathtub.

MUSIC UP - 'I'LL BE YOUR MIRROR' BY THE VELVET UNDERGROUND.

A HAND grabs at the rim. PATRICK wakes up in the bath. There's blood on the white porcelain. He sits. Still alive. Just. There's a breeze on his face, sounds from the street below -

98 INT. HOTEL SUITE, DRAKE HOTEL, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY 98

Pulling a dressing gown around him, he walks into the suite and takes in the mayhem that he has caused.

He shuffles over to the drawn curtains which move slightly in the breeze. He opens them and discovers that the window has finally been opened.

He looks out at the milky light, at the street, 33 floors below, hesitates, and closes it then.

PATRICK (V.O.)
 'The sun shone, having no
 alternative, on the nothing new.'

MUSIC CONTINUES. All of PATRICK's best clothes are rolled into a tight bundle and rammed into a suitcase.

99 INT. HOTEL SUITE, DRAKE HOTEL, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY 99

Once again, PATRICK bends the needles against the white tiles. He wraps them in toilet paper, throws them in the bin. The eye-patch, the spoon, the empty wraps all go.

100 INT. CORRIDOR, DRAKE HOTEL, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY 100

PATRICK follows the elderly BELL-BOY down the corridor. Exhausted, humbled, more muted now.

PATRICK
 Life's not just a bag of shit, but
 a leaky one. You can't help being
 touched by it. Don't you find?

BELL-BOY
 I believe, sir, that's the common
 consensus.

101 INT. ELEVATOR, DRAKE HOTEL, MANHATTAN 1982 - CONTINUOUS 101

BELL-BOY
 'There will be rivers of blood and
 the wicked shall be drowned nor
 shall the high places be spared and
 the bridges shall be swept away and
 men shall say that the end of the
 world cometh upon them!'

PATRICK
 And they shall have a point. They
 shall have a very good point.

102 INT. RECEPTION, DRAKE HOTEL, MANHATTAN 1982 - DAY 102

THE RECEPTIONIST hands over the bill. An astronomical sum.

PATRICK takes out the envelope of cash, takes out the last of his pile of bills.

PATRICK
 Well, no-one can say I don't know
 how to have fun.

THE RECEPTIONIST

Your limo's waiting. We hope you enjoyed your stay with us!

PATRICK

(walking)

Enjoyed isn't the word. I loved it!

He walks away. Behind him -

BELL-BOY

Sir! Mr. Melrose, sir!

(THE BOX)

You nearly forgot this!

PATRICK

Or *did* I?

BELL-BOY

Sir?

PATRICK

What I mean is - no need to call Vienna!

(taking the BOX, tipping)

Thank you very much. Rivers of blood, eh?

BELL-BOY

(still uncomprehending)

Sir?

PATRICK

(a beat)

Never mind. Never mind.

And with the BOX under his arm, he walks out into the bleaching white light of the Manhattan morning. MUSIC UP -

103

INT. JFK DEPARTURE LOUNGE, NEW YORK 1982 - DAY

103

And now he sits on the leather chair in the departure lounge, the BOX held on his lap.

His foot starts to tap, his hand clenching and unclenching...

ANNOUNCEMENT

Flight BA2 to London Heathrow, this is the final call. All passengers for Flight BA2 please make your way to the boarding gate now.

A moment, a decision. PATRICK puts the BOX on the seat next to him and walks smartly towards a bank of public telephones. He fumbles in his pocket, all bills gone now, quarters and dimes.

He dials the number, pumps in the coins. The phone rings, and rings...

PATRICK
Come on, come on....
(it's picked up)
Johnny, can you hear me?

JOHNNY (O.S.)
Patrick, how are you!

PATRICK
I'm fine. I tried to kill myself
last night -

JOHNNY
I see. Where are you calling from?

PATRICK
Oh, the bottom.

And there it is - a realisation. Unsure whether to laugh or cry, he starts to do both.

JOHNNY
Patrick?

PATRICK
I don't have long, can you hear me?
I've decided, I'm going to take
control of my life. I'm going to
get clean.
(silence)
Can you hear me?

JOHNNY
I can. Are you sure this time?

PATRICK
(struggling to maintain
bravado)
Of course. People always make far
too big a deal about these things.

JOHNNY
So what do you want to do instead?
(In the silence, PATRICK
starts to cry.)
Hello? Patrick? What are you going
to do inste...

And as the line goes dead we CUT TO BLACK. MUSIC - Loud!
Upbeat!

END OF EPISODE ONE.

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