

PATRICK MELROSE

Episode Two

'Never Mind'

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 scruffy flat, curtains drawn against the May sunlight.

PATRICK MELROSE, a little unsteady, walks to the phone -

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.

2 INT. MOURNING SUITE, FRANK E. MACDONALD'S, NYC 1982 - DAY 2

MUSIC up: 'SUMMERTIME' from PORGY and BESS, the Paul Robeson recording from the 1930s. In C.U. DAVID MELROSE.

He lies in the mourning suite. PATRICK MELROSE is leaving the room, just as in BAD NEWS, but this time we stay with the body in its open coffin.

3 INT. CORRIDOR, FRANK E MACDONALD'S, NYC 1982 - DAY 3

And now the lid slides into place.

The COFFIN is wheeled along the corridor on a gurney, then into an industrial lift -

- 4 INT. CREMATION ROOM, NYC 1982 - DAY 4
- then into the furnace. The flames of the pilot lights flicker, the door is closed. A roar as the flames engulf the body.
- 5 INT. CREMATION ROOM, NYC 1982 - DAY 5
And now here is THE BOX which PATRICK carried in 'BAD NEWS'. Grey ASH is poured into the container, the lid screwed shut.
- 6 INT. HOTEL SUITE, MANHATTAN NYC 1982 - DAY 6
And now THE BOX lies on the carpet of PATRICK's wrecked hotel suite, as he KICKS the BOX against the wall, hurls it against the window -

'SUMMERTIME' continues -
- 7 INT. JFK DEPARTURE LOUNGE, NYC 1982 - DAY 7
And now THE BOX, battered and scratched, is on PATRICK's lap -
- until he suddenly gets up, and walks away, leaving THE BOX alone on the chair. The inscription on the plate - 'DAVID MELROSE, 1906-1982' PATRICK returns, snatches it up.

CUT TO titles, WHITE ON BLACK:

'NEVER MIND'
- 8 EXT. THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - MORNING 8
The heat of summer. In extreme C.U., a fat, juicy FIG rots in the bright, bright sun. Other figs lie nearby, some fresh, others old and squashed, sucked at by wasps.

The large fig tree overshadows the terrace of an exquisite Provencal house - 'le chateau' to locals, a mere 'farmhouse' to the owners. MUSIC - piano this time.
- 9 INT. DRAWING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - MORNING 9
Fingers on a keyboard in a darkened room, curtains drawn against the sun. DAVID MELROSE, 60 here, improvises around the theme. Wild music in a minor key, harsh flurries of high notes, superimposed on a rumbling military march. Virtuositic.

The drawing room in which DAVID plays is dim and valuable and rich, heavy curtains drawn against the sun. Exquisite items;

delicate Louis Quinze chairs, Chinese vases, an intricately carved Doge's chair, drawings by Guardi and Tiepolo and Novelli. A museum store-room, the spoils of the Jonson family's acquisitive raids on old Europe.

He is dressed in yellow and white flannel pyjamas from Bond Street, frayed now, the sole inheritance from his own father. Suddenly he stops playing, eyes hardening. He has heard something -

DAVID

Patrick?

More clearly now, the tinkle of glass. He reaches for his sunglasses, and the cigar that smoulders in the saucer of a delicate bone china tea-cup.

10

EXT. TERRACE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - MORNING

10

YVETTE, the MAID, 70, staggers with a heavy tray loaded high with wine glasses and expensive china-ware.

DAVID

Yvette! It's you!

She stops, dips. DAVID is all smiles, all charm.

YVETTE

Monsieur Melrose. I was making the table ready. For this evening -

DAVID

Ah yes. A beautiful day. I sense autumn, don't you? Je sens l'automne.

YVETTE

Oui, monsieur Melr -

DAVID

Any sign of my darling wife? Has she risen, like the sun, to cast her golden rays on us?

YVETTE

(the tray is heavy)
Not yet, monsieur.

DAVID

And my son. I hoped to spend the day with him.

YVETTE

(a sweat breaking now)
He's playing, monsieur.

Elderly YVETTE's arms are shaking, the delicate glasses RATTLING against each other. Perspiration on her forehead.

DAVID

Everyone seems to be hiding from me
this morning.

DAVID watches her discomfort, smiling, smiling...

The rattle increases. Surely she will drop the tray. He watches...

And watches...

DAVID (CONT'D)

Well. Be careful with my wife's
china, it's *extremely* valuable.

And YVETTE, shaken, makes her escape.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And if you see my son, please send
him my way!

11 EXT. VINEYARD, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - MORNING 11

A BLUR OF MOTION through broken vines, as a YOUNG BOY tumbles down the serried terraces that cover the steep slope beneath the chateau.

Laughing, hollering, there's something reckless and wild about YOUNG PATRICK MELROSE here, eight years-old, fearless and brave, slashing at the vines left and right with his wooden stick, leaping over the terraced walls, flying almost.

YOUNG PATRICK

Off with your head!

He decapitates a flower.

12 EXT. WOODS, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - MORNING 12

In a clearing stands a WELL, its wooden cover pushed to one side. Approaching, YOUNG PATRICK picks up a rock which he carries with two hands to the edge of the well.

He peers into the blackness, fascinated and horrified; the invitation of the emptiness.

Then he pushes the rock.

YOUNG PATRICK

1..2..3..4..

Finally, the splash. He hoists himself up on to the wall and attempts to drag the wooden cover back in place over the top of the well, the rotten wood crumbling in his hand.

The cover is in place. PATRICK steps gingerly on to it until he stands in the centre...

13 INT. ELEANOR'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - MORNING 13

ELEANOR MELROSE, DAVID's wife lies in bed, eyes concealed behind a mask, perspiration on her forehead, nursing her habitual hangover.

DAVID (O.S.)

Eleanor! Patrick! Where is everyone hiding?

She peels back the eye-mask. An attractive woman, fifteen years her husband's junior, but nervous, neurotic. She sits.

14 INT. WOODS, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - MORNING 14

YOUNG PATRICK tests the rotting wood with his foot.

Then jumps.

Then jumps again.

And again, higher this time, testing the strength of the rotten wood, a kind of elation in his face as he jumps higher and higher, the wood creaking and bowing dangerously beneath his feet -

15 INT. ELEANOR'S BATHROOM/BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 15
MORNING

ELEANOR's morning ritual; she opens a medicine cabinet, takes a yellow pill, a white pill, swallows them with last night's brandy, swallows one more of each, places a number of medicine bottles in her capacious handbag, brushes her teeth, powders her sweating brow. Huge, expensive dark glasses conceal her darting red eyes, and now, finally, she braces herself to leave the safety of her bedroom.

16 INT/EXT. BEDROOM, GUEST HOUSE, LACOSTE 1967 - MORNING 16

P.O.V. through the window as YOUNG PATRICK walks towards the house. ANNE MOORE should be reading - Suetonius' *Twelve Caesars*, an old leather-bound edition - but the boy is more interesting.

We've met Anne before, as Patrick's sympathetic New York friend in Episode One.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Anne! Anne are you up yet? Anne!

She picks the book up again quickly. In the doorway stands SIR VICTOR EISEN, sixty years-old, eminent philosopher, barrel-chested. A dishevelled, Edwardian air. 'Boyfriend' doesn't seem the right term, though that's what he is.

VICTOR

Who are you on?

ANNE

Caligula, appropriately enough.

VICTOR

Well, breakfast now.

ANNE

Oh, darling, you shouldn't have.

VICTOR

Have what?

ANNE

Made breakfast.

VICTOR

No, I mean I'm ready for my breakfast.

And he's gone. ANNE narrows her eyes at the door, and rises.

17

INT. BEDROOM, CLABON MEWS, LONDON 1967 - MORNING

17

- and we're in Chelsea, where NICHOLAS PRATT, 43, and BRIDGET WATSON-SCOTT, 20, are fucking - there really is no other word for it - in the bedroom of his mews house. Clothing, ashtrays, champagne bottles litter the floor - a morning-after feel. BRIDGET reaches for a joint that burns in an ashtray. She takes a puff.

NICHOLAS

Do you mind waiting until I've finished? Christ -

BRIDGET

Sorry!

She puts it in the ashtray, turns the alarm clock to face her.

NICHOLAS

You know that's a real turn-on, you reaching for the clock like that.

BRIDGET

What time's the taxi?

NICHOLAS
You might help out here. Move
around a little -

BRIDGET
If we miss our flight -

NICHOLAS
Oh, what's the bloody point.

And he clambers off her, sits on the edge of the bed,
appraises himself in the mirror.

NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
(he finds BRIDGET's powder
in her bag, dabs it on
his nose)
Ruined beauty. It won't be long
before people say 'he used to be so
handsome.'

BRIDGET
Oh, you still are.

NICHOLAS
(Geordie accent, of sorts)
Give over, luv, give over.

BRIDGET
Don't do that though.

The door buzzes.

NICHOLAS
Christ, there's the taxi.

And he staggers off towards the bathroom. BRIDGET stretches
languorously.

BRIDGET
Where are we going this time?

NICHOLAS (O.S.)
I've told you. The South of France!

18 INT. DRAWING ROOM/HALLWAY, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - 18
MORNING

And now ELEANOR tiptoes through the corridor, arriving at the
door where DAVID sits and plays. She hurries past, a prisoner
escaping the beam of a searchlight -

DAVID notes her escape. He stops playing, knowing that she
will freeze in her tracks. She does so...

INTERCUT. DAVID smiles. He plays again. ELEANOR tiptoes on.

He stops.

She stops too, holding her breath.

And now he is behind her. Kind, civil, attentive.

DAVID
Where are you off to?

ELEANOR
To pick Nicholas up from the airport.

DAVID
There's hours yet.

ELEANOR
I wanted a drive. With Anne. I promised.

DAVID
I see. You'll leave Patrick here.

ELEANOR
Of course.

DAVID
You remember our discussion.

ELEANOR
Of course.

DAVID
Well. His flight lands at two. Off you go.

And she hurries away -

19 INT. KITCHEN, GUEST HOUSE, LACOSTE 1967 - MORNING

19

ANNE puts away the last few breakfast things as VICTOR stands, ready to leave.

VICTOR
It just seems a little rude, that's all. We are his guests.

ANNE
I'm sorry, I'd no idea there'd be a test.

VICTOR
With David Melrose there's always a test. It's a good idea to prepare something intelligent to say.

ANNE

(as they leave)

Did you know Caligula tortured his wife to find out why he was so devoted to her? What's David's excuse, I wonder?

20

EXT. GUEST HOUSE, LACOSTE 1967 - CONTINUOUS

20

The cottage is in the grounds, a safe distance from DAVID. They walk towards the main house.

ANNE

And what's in this for you, Sir Victor? If you're so scared of him -

VICTOR

I'm not scared of him. I find him fascinating, that's all. At Eton he was an extraordinarily gifted young man, very distinguished. Held in awe.

ANNE

When I was at college, the football heroes got to sleep with the cheerleaders. At Eton, they got to beat young boys for burning the toast.

VICTOR

He didn't *beat* me exactly. The important thing is we're friends now, and also his guests.

ANNE

Well I'm sure it's very American of me, but I fail to see what's so glamorous about lost promise. 'Distinguished' for what? For doing nothing for a long time in the same place.

VICTOR

Please God, don't say that -

ANNE

The only one I like is the boy...

21

EXT. TERRACE/DRIVEWAY, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - DAY

21

YOUNG PATRICK runs full pelt towards his mother.

ANNE (V.O.)

At least he still has a little life in him -

Stepping outside, ELEANOR shields her eyes from the morning blaze.

ELEANOR
Patrick, where on earth have you been? Your father's been calling.

YOUNG PATRICK
Can we play now?

ELEANOR
Not now -

YOUNG PATRICK
But you said we could -

ELEANOR
Darling, I have to pick Nicholas up from the airport, there's nothing I can do about it -

YOUNG PATRICK
You promised!

ELEANOR
Au revoir! A bientot!

A beat, and YOUNG PATRICK follows after ELEANOR.

A beautiful maroon BUICK parked beneath a pine tree. Pure Americana, bizarre in this setting. She sets about wiping resin from the windscreen.

YOUNG PATRICK
Can I come with you then?

ELEANOR
No! Your father wants you here with him.

YOUNG PATRICK
I'll stay in the car, I won't say a word.

A moment, and she kneels, takes his hand.

ELEANOR
It sounds strange but your father gets jealous. He thinks it's very important that you're not too dependant on me. You mustn't prefer my company to his.

YOUNG PATRICK
I do.

ELEANOR

Well you mustn't let on. Please,
not that look -

(a kiss on the forehead)

If you're nice to him, then you can
come and find me before dinner,
tell me about your day and I'll
tell you about mine and I promise,
I swear, you will have my full
attention.

She sees ANNE and VICTOR arrive, and switches into her
hostess mode. Kisses on the cheek -

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Ah, here you are! You're just in
time. I hope you're comfortable in
the cottage. I'd have put you in
the house but you know how David
hates having to share anything with
anyone, even air. At dinner, he'll
be all over you, I'm sure.

ANNE

Patrick, are you coming with us? I
do hope so!

ELEANOR

No! No, American girls only, I'm
afraid.

ANNE

I'm sure we could make an
excepti-

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Victor, aren't you terribly
hot? Have you finished
writing your book?

VICTOR puffs up, pleased to be fulfilling his role.

VICTOR

Not quite. Identity is such a big
subject and -

ELEANOR

Forget it, you've already lost me,
Victor -

And in fumbling for the keys, she drops her bag. Bottles of
pills roll out, along with a hip-flask. ANNE notes them,
alarmed. Inside the car -

ANNE

Perhaps I should drive.

ELEANOR

No-one else can drive this car!
It's the one thing that's still
mine alone.

ANNE

But it is rather a long way.

ELEANOR

Not the way I drive.

And with a look of terrible trepidation, ANNE climbs in the car, leaving YOUNG PATRICK and VICTOR awkwardly alone.

VICTOR is not a natural with children.

YOUNG PATRICK is not a natural with adults.

VICTOR

Well, young man, what have you been up to -

The car leaves. YOUNG PATRICK turns and walks away. From the house, the sound of the piano.

22 INT. HALLWAY, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - DAY 22

The house is cool after the morning sun. There's a pause in the music, then a new melody. The piece of music we've heard before, Patrick's theme. He peeks somewhat nervously into the room -

DAVID (O.S.)

I know you're there.

YOUNG PATRICK enters -

23 INT. DRAWING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - DAY 23

DAVID

Hello, Mr. Master Man. Have they all gone?

(YOUNG PATRICK nods)

Good. We'll have our special day. Recognise this?

YOUNG PATRICK

You wrote it for me.

And YOUNG PATRICK steps forward, a little more at ease.

DAVID

When I left Eton, my father asked me what do you want to do with your life? I didn't dare tell him I wanted to compose music. 'I don't know, sir' I said. What did he say?

YOUNG PATRICK

(a routine)

'Better join the army.'

He stops playing abruptly, turns, regards YOUNG PATRICK.

DAVID
What will you do with your life, I
wonder?

YOUNG PATRICK
I don't know, sir.

DAVID regards his son fondly. He places his cigar in the ashtray, stands. Into another routine -

DAVID
Shall I pick you up by the ears?

YOUNG PATRICK
No!

Meaning 'yes'. He's delighted - they've done this before.

DAVID
Come here.

DAVID holds onto his son's ears. YOUNG PATRICK holds onto his father's wrists.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Ready?

And DAVID lifts, taking PATRICK'S weight in his wrists, giving the illusion that he's shaking him by his ears alone. They both laugh at the game - they've done this before.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Now let go!

YOUNG PATRICK
No.

DAVID
Let go and I'll drop you.

YOUNG PATRICK
No!

DAVID
Trust me! On three. Are you ready?
1, 2...

YOUNG PATRICK lets go.

But DAVID does not drop him.

And for one awful, suspended moment he really is holding PATRICK only by the ears. PATRICK wails, snatches his father's wrists, his legs kicking the air.

YOUNG PATRICK

Put me down! Put me down!

DAVID

You've learnt a very important lesson today. Think for yourself. Never let other people make important decisions for you. Do you understand? Understand!

YOUNG PATRICK

Yes!

(he drops him)

You lied! You hurt me!

DAVID

And don't whimper. It's very unattractive.

YOUNG PATRICK escapes from the room -

And for a moment, DAVID's supreme control falters. Regret, a kind of petulant remorse battles with his fury at his son's departure. His breathing becomes a little more ragged.

He takes up his cigar, puts his hand to the keyboard, winces -

NICHOLAS (V.O.)

Of course David doesn't have a penny. His terrible father cut him off. Left him nothing but a pair of old pyjamas -

His fingers are twisted and curled like talons. He rubs at them, and stands sharply -

24 INT. TAXI, LONDON 1967 - DAY

24

NICHOLAS, slumped in the back of the black-cab, conservatively dressed in striped shirt, a panama hat pulled down over his eyes.

BRIDGET

What for?

NICHOLAS

Daring to defy him, becoming a doctor. Before that, he wanted to be a composer. Could've too. Don't stare at his hands.

25 INT/EXT. BUICK, COUNTRY ROAD, PROVENCE 1967 - DAY

25

ELEANOR's uppers are kicking in, and she drives with manic ebullience through the vineyards. ANNE clings on -

NICHOLAS (V.O.)

Eleanor, on the other hand, comes from one of the richest families in America. All new money of course, from the patent on a dry-cleaning fluid, but completely loaded. She was quite a catch, young Eleanor, for someone like David.

26 INT. TAXI, LONDON 1967 - DAY 26

NICHOLAS sits, warming to the story -

NICHOLAS

Of course she wasn't drunk in those days, just very shy and nervous -

27 EXT. TERRACE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - DAY 27

A reprise of the earlier shot - a fat, juicy FIG rots.

DAVID stalks out of the drawing room and across the terrace, his fingers tensing and twisting in pain and fury.

NICHOLAS (V.O.)

The house was the first thing he persuaded her to buy. First summer there, we were sitting on the terrace and she complained about the terrible waste of figs which fell from the tree and rotted there when there were people starving in the world!

Standing on the Terrace, DAVID sees his son running, running away from him through the vineyard. A look of cold fury.

NICHOLAS (V.O.)

I saw a look come over David's face - Christ, I hope you never get to see it. There were a lot of figs on the ground, some of them old and squashed, others with wasps dancing around them, and David did this amazing thing.

28 INT. TAXI, LONDON 1967 - DAY 28

Back in the cab, NICHOLAS relishing the story -

NICHOLAS

He told Eleanor to get on all fours and eat all the figs off the ground...

BRIDGET
In front of you?

NICHOLAS
Yes, she did look a little
confused. And - what's the word -
betrayed. She didn't protest
though. Just ate every single one.

BRIDGET
Kink-ky. And what did you do?

NICHOLAS
I watched.

BRIDGET
Nicholas! Typical.

NICHOLAS
You don't cross David when he's in
that sort of mood.

29 INT. TAXI, LONDON 1967 - DAY

29

BRIDGET
Why does anyone let themselves be a
victim like that?

NICHOLAS
Is every woman who chooses to live
with a difficult man a victim?

BRIDGET
Yes, if she could leave.
And what about you?

NICHOLAS
What do you mean?

BRIDGET
Why are you so loyal to someone
who's not even nice?

NICHOLAS
Why on earth should he be *nice*?
David Melrose is part of the world
that matters, and you'll find,
young lady, in the course of your
life that such people, though often
destructive and cruel, possess a
vitality that makes other people
seem dull by comparison.

BRIDGET
Gimme a break.

NICHOLAS

If I wanted *nice* we'd be at your
mother's, quietly praying for
easeful death.

BRIDGET

Hey!

30

INT/EXT. BUICK, COUNTRY ROAD, PROVENCE 1967 - DAY

30

The BUICK has come to a halt behind a tractor. In the
vineyards, WORKERS picking the grapes.

ELEANOR

Now *that's* a meaningful life -
(the GRAPE-PICKERS)
Like a Red Indian or something.
Rising with the sun, living off the
land, connected to the earth, and
if you want a chicken, you have to
strangle it yourself.

ANNE

Sounds idyllic.

ELEANOR

This is so frustrating.
(beeping the horn)
I wanted to stop for lunch!

The horn blares. ANNE, endeavouring to talk her down -

ANNE

So is Patrick looking forward to
going back to school?

ELEANOR

Why do people imagine they'll
please me by asking about Patrick?
I don't know how he is, only he
knows -

ANNE

I'm sorry, I thought -

ELEANOR

If you want to see him, he'll be
lurking tonight. Oh, God. Tonight.
I need a drink.

And without checking the road ahead, she jams the Buick into
gear and blindly pulls out past the tractor. ANNE covers her
eyes and cries out -

31 EXT. RESTAURANT, SIGNES, SOUTH OF FRANCE 1967 - DAY 31

The BUICK pulls up and parks in a random fashion in the square of an idyllic village. ELEANOR stumbles out, ANNE shaken, follows.

ELEANOR

Ah this is the place! Isn't it lovely? There's Marcel! Marcel!
(a hunched, seedy looking man is dropping cigarette ash on the table.)

After the war the Nazis shot every man in the village except Marcel, which is lucky for us because the food is *wonderful*.

32 EXT. RESTAURANT, SIGNES, SOUTH OF FRANCE 1967 - DAY 32

But it isn't wonderful, it's a terrible dark, gristly stew. ELEANOR has her eyes closed, her head nodding forward into her plate.

ELEANOR

Isn't this fun? American..girls...

ANNE

Hey. Hey, wake-up!

ELEANOR

(eyes closed)

I am awake. I'm awake. You know what I need? A cognac -

ANNE

That's not a good idea.

ELEANOR

(reaching into her bag)

Of course it is -

(a pill bottle)

It's exactly what we need after all this heavy food.

(shaking out Dexedrine)

For my headache.

(to MARCEL)

Deux cognacs, Marcel!

ANNE

May I speak frankly?

ELEANOR

(paying the bill)

I do hate it when people say that.

ANNE

Do you think perhaps you're
drinking a little too much?

ELEANOR

Too much for what?

ANNE

For lunch, for your own good. For
Patrick's.

(ELEANOR opens her eyes
now)

Obviously, it's never possible to
know exactly what goes on in a
family -

ELEANOR

No, it is not, especially when you
are neither married nor have
children yourself -

(the cognac arrives)

Merci, Marcel.

She takes the pill, washes it down with the cognac, then
starts to walk away. ANNE follows.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Extraordinary remark.

(then she stumbles,
steadies herself. ANNE
reaches out.)

Here. Seeing as you're so concerned
about my welfare -

(the keys)

You can drive.

MUSIC UP -

33 INT. DRAWING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - DAY 33

A fiercely complex fugue, beautiful and hypnotic, improvised
by DAVID. Music CONTINUES as -

34 INT. BUICK, COUNTRY ROAD, PROVENCE 1967 - DAY 34

ANNE drives, ELEANOR reclines in the seat, her eyes
flickering.

From ELEANOR's POV we see the wonderful countryside passing
by, the colours now as vivid and stylised as a Van Gogh.

34A INT. JOHNNY'S CAR, THE WESTWAY, LONDON 1982 - DAY 34A

FORWARD to LONDON 1982, the Westway from Heathrow, grey and suburban. PATRICK lies curled in the back of JOHNNY's car, shaking and sweating - the start of withdrawal.

PATRICK
Oh, Christ, that hurts.

JOHNNY
Not long now. Hold on -

35 EXT. PATRICK'S HIDING PLACE, LACOSTE 1967 - DAY 35

YOUNG PATRICK, meanwhile, runs towards his hiding place, and stands slashing at the vines that cover the entrance.

36 INT/EXT. DRAWING ROOM/TERRACE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - DAY 36

DAVID ends the music with a facetious cha-cha-cha. DAVID examines his hands. Away from the keyboard, his fingers are cramped with rheumatism. Not long now, and they'll be useless. Claws. Hands shaking, he unscrews the lid of a bottle of pills, swallows one with pastis.

He recalls PATRICK's rejection. A spasm of anger. He goes quickly to the window -

DAVID
PATRICK! Come to lunch. PATRICK!

37 EXT. PATRICK'S HIDING PLACE, LACOSTE 1967 - CONTINUOUS 37

Exhausted, his anger spent, YOUNG PATRICK sits on a stone and dries his eyes.

37A INT/EXT. JOHNNY'S CAR, THE WESTWAY, LONDON 1982 - DAY 37A

JOHNNY glances anxiously in the mirror.

DAVID (V.O.)
PATRICK!

PATRICK curls into a ball, clutches his stomach.

38 OMITTED 38

39 INT/EXT. BUICK, COUNTRY ROAD, PROVENCE 1967 - DAY 39

ANNE turns on the radio - French pop - and immediately ELEANOR springs instantly into life. Some neural switch has been thrown. The Dexedrine has kicked in. Manic now -

ELEANOR

Hello, hello, where are we? Yes, I remember. Hello. Goodness, that stew was awfully rich. I feel better now. Hello. HERE IT IS!

They pass a sign. A theme park.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

'L'OK Corral.' We must go! It'll be like going home -

ANNE

Have we got time?

ELEANOR

Of course! Please? Ple-ease?

40 EXT. SALOON, 'L'OK CORRAL', PROVENCE 1967 - DAY 40

Bang! A French COWBOY is shot and stumbles out through the saloon doors. ELEANOR, in cowboy hat, claps her hands with delight!

But with autumn looming, the amusement park has an underpopulated, melancholy air, and ANNE struggles to join in with ELEANOR's glee.

ELEANOR

Isn't it wonderful?

ANNE

Does Patrick like it?

ELEANOR

Oh, he's never been. Look! A Ferris Wheel!

And ANNE follows on.

41 EXT. FERRIS WHEEL, 'L'OK CORRAL', PROVENCE 1967 - DAY 41

And now the Ferris Wheel carries them high above the theme park and the surrounding countryside.

ANNE

Look, there's your Buick!
(Nothing from ELEANOR)
I'm so glad we did this. Girl's day out.

ELEANOR

I'd like you to understand something.

The isolation has made ELEANOR less cautious, more open.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

He wasn't always like he is now.

ANNE

David?

ELEANOR

When I first met him, he played so brilliantly, he was so intelligent and beautiful, so different from all the other English snobs. We were going to do wonderful things together, *useful* things. Of course he was a difficult man, even then, but I thought I could turn to him. The idea of turning to him now, of being alone in the same room -
(a realisation)
Why are we stopping?

ANNE

I'm sure it's just for a moment.

ELEANOR

(panic rising)
We'll be late for Nicholas now -

ANNE

Only a few minutes.

ELEANOR

- and he'll tell David -

ANNE

I'm sure he won't mind. A few minutes.

ELEANOR

(panicking, the carriage rocking)
We're so high. Why have we stopped? Don't tell David about this, I beg you -

ANNE (CONT'D)

There's nothing to be afraid of.
(she takes her hand)
Eleanor? You have to stay still -

ANNE (CONT'D)

Eleanor? Eleanor, are you afraid of him? You seem afraid.

ELEANOR

Let's get off this fucking thing!
(shouting down, waving her hat)

(MORE)

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
Hello! Hello down there! Let us
off! LET US OFF!

And her cowboy hat tumbles down through the air -

42 INT. CUBICLE, PLANE, MARSEILLES AIRPORT 1967 - AFTERNOON 42

BRIDGET sits on the toilet and shakes out her cowboy boot -
A bag of grass, the stub of a joint.

43 INT. PLANE, MARSEILLES AIRPORT 1967 - AFTERNOON 43

BRIDGET step out of the toilet, waving away smoke. The last
few passengers are disembarking - NICHOLAS has gone. Instead -

BARRY (O.S.)
Bridge! Bridge, is that you?

A YOUNG MAN, mid-twenties, handsome, fashionable, is next to
her. Into an embrace, a lover's instant intimacy -

BRIDGET
Barry! Thank God!

BARRY
I was thinking about you this
morning. Synchronicity, Bridget!

BRIDGET
Have you seen this fabric? It's
amazing! God, I'm stoned! What are
you doing here?

BARRY
There's a jazz festival in Arles.
We're all going!
(He indicates his FRIENDS;
cool, attractive. Youth.
Pure King's Road.)
It's going to be amazing! Come!

BRIDGET
I can't! I'm staying with these
Melrose people. Oh God. Let me give
you the number -

43A INT. BAGGAGE CAROUSEL, MARSEILLES AIRPORT 1967 - AFTERNOON 43A

Meanwhile, red-faced and furious, NICHOLAS is searching for
BRIDGET. Instead, he finds -

ELEANOR
Nicholas!
(approaching at speed)
(MORE)

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, we got caught on a Ferris wheel and they wouldn't let us off.

NICHOLAS

(distracted - where is she?)

Very like you, Eleanor, to get more fun than you wanted.

ELEANOR

Thank you for coming all this way. This is Anne Moore, Victor's latest girlfriend -

(ANNE - 'Really?')

- and my new friend and confidante.

NICHOLAS

(still searching for BRIDGET)

Will you excuse me -

(BRIDGET and BARRY arrive.

NICHOLAS furious)

What the hell are you doing? I've been dragging these fucking suitcases around looking for you!

BARRY

Get a trolley, man.

(BRIDGET finds this hysterically funny)

I'm Barry.

NICHOLAS

(ignoring him)

Don't you ever do this again, you stupid little -

(ELEANOR and ANNE arrive, with BRIDGET still giggling)

And this is Bridget Watson-Scott, Eleanor Melrose.

ELEANOR

(- BARRY -)

And who's this?

NICHOLAS

He's no-one. Shall we?

BARRY

(his phone number on a Rizla)

My number. Don't smoke it!

BARRY and BRIDGET blow kisses. 'Call me!' As they head off -

ELEANOR

But he looked so fascinating! What were you talking about?

BRIDGET

He said 'don't drink the pink'. It's full of chemicals and the hangover's like coming off a speed binge.

ELEANOR

He's absolutely right of course. Perhaps he should come to dinner.

43B OMITTED 43B

44 INT. PATRICK'S HIDING PLACE, LACOSTE 1967 - AFTERNOON 44
PATRICK, meanwhile, is hungry and a little bored now. Time to venture out.

45 INT. DRAWING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - AFTERNOON 45
DAVID reaches for his pastis. He notices -
In C.U., a trail of ants crawls over the glass. Down below, YVETTE is luring YOUNG PATRICK to lunch. DAVID listens in.

YVETTE (O.S.)
Patrick, tu es en retard. Déjeuner!

YOUNG PATRICK (O.S.)
Je ne veux pas de déjeuner!

YVETTE (O.S.)
Tu as faim?

YOUNG PATRICK (O.S.)
Oui!

DAVID draws on his cigar until it glows, then lightly touches it against the column of ants. We go to -

46 EXT. TERRACE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - CONTINUOUS 46
YVETTE is holding YOUNG PATRICK's hand, leaning in, an easy intimacy.

YVETTE
Ton père a demandé de manger avec toi!

YOUNG PATRICK

Mais je ne veux pas être avec mon père!

YVETTE

Mais pourquoi? Que s'est-il passé?

YOUNG PATRICK

Je veux ma mère! I want my mother!

YVETTE

(crouching)

Je suis désolée. Ce n'est pas possible.

YVETTE embraces him, kisses him, heads off. DAVID looks as if he might explode.

In a sudden burst of indignation, YOUNG PATRICK stamps on a fig. And another. He picks one up and is about to hurl it when -

DAVID

DON'T YOU DARE!

(PATRICK freezes)

Don't you dare ever do that again!

YOUNG PATRICK

What have I done wrong?

DAVID

Come up. Right now!

YOUNG PATRICK

(quietly)

What have I done wrong?

But DAVID has gone.

47 INT. STAIRCASE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - AFTERNOON 47

YOUNG PATRICK's hand shakes as he grasps the bannister, climbing the ornate, curved staircase that leads to his father's room.

48 INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - AFTERNOON 48

The bedroom is austere, monkish. An exquisite, invaluable Correggio painting is the only decoration. Christ in thorns.

DAVID sits beneath, kneading his rheumatic hands, shaking with pain and rage.

49 INT. HALLWAY/DAVID'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - 49
AFTERNOON

YOUNG PATRICK approaches the bedroom door in terror.

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

And he stands in the doorway. His father waits.

YOUNG PATRICK (CONT'D)
What have I done wrong?

DAVID
Come over here.

YOUNG PATRICK
But what have I done wrong?

DAVID
You know perfectly well.

YOUNG PATRICK
But I was only...

DAVID
Closer.
(He stands closer)
Do you know who King Chaka was?

YOUNG PATRICK
No. But I promise I -

DAVID
King Chaka was a great and mighty
Zulu warrior who made his troops
stamp thorn bushes into the ground
and march for days across hot
jagged rocks. The soles of their
feet were slashed and burnt and
though there was resentment and
pain at the time, the calluses this
created meant that eventually
nothing would harm them. They would
feel no pain, and what had felt
like cruelty at the time was
actually a gift. It was actually
love.

(DAVID removes one
slipper, then the other)
I don't expect you to thank me now -

YOUNG PATRICK
What have I done wrong?

DAVID
- but I hope perhaps when
you're older you'll be
grateful for the skill of
detachment that I've
instilled -

YOUNG PATRICK (CONT'D)
But what have I done wrong?
Please tell me. I don't
understand -

DAVID
Go and close the door.

He is shaking, terrified.

In the darkness, his eye finds a GREEN LIZARD. A GECKO.

It clambers up the wall, scampers over the window and climbs
along the curtain rod.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Do I have to close it myself?

DAVID sighs, stands. We follow him as he walks slowly past
YOUNG PATRICK -

DAVID (CONT'D)
Very well. Take your trousers down.

- and closes the door, with our POV outside. A moment.

Then we PULL OUT FROM THE CLOSED DOOR, backing away from it,
very slowly, just as in the funeral home in Episode One.

Silence.

50 INT. DRAWING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - AFTERNOON 50

The house is quiet. The cigar smoulders in the ashtray, ice
melts in a glass of pastis.

51 INT. HALLWAY, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - AFTERNOON 51

In the hallway, dust hangs in a shaft of afternoon sunlight.

From elsewhere in the house, the sound of a blow. A muffled
cry. An inhalation -

51A OMITTED 51A

51B OMITTED 51B

52 EXT. VINEYARDS, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - AFTERNOON 52

A BLUR OF MOTION through crashing vines. A figure running,
running. YOUNG PATRICK, terrified, tears streaking his face.

- 53 INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - AFTERNOON 53
 DAVID's clawed hands, clenching and unclenching. He sits on the side of the bed and puts on his left slipper, his right slipper. He ties up his dressing gown -
- 54 INT. DINING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - AFTERNOON 54
 - sits at the table as YVETTE fusses around him. A lunch of very bloody beef and flageolet beans, an excellent bottle of Romanee-Conti at his side.
- YVETTE
 Est-ce que Patrick veut déjeuner?
- DAVID
 Non, il n'a pas faim.
- 54A INT. STAIRCASE, ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1982 - AFTERNOON 54A
 PATRICK, in great pain, is helped up the stairs by JOHNNY.
- 55 OMITTED 55
- 56 INT. ELEANOR'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - AFTERNOON 56
 DAVID rifles through the vast array of pills and potions in ELEANOR's medicine cabinet. Hand-written envelopes marked Seconal and Mandrax then, at last, a bottle - Opium (B.P. 0.6 grams).
 With some difficulty, he unscrews the lid of his bottle, shakes a pellet from the bottle, then another, and washes them down.
- 56A INT. BATHROOM, ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1982 - AFTERNOON 56A
 JOHNNY sorts through PATRICK's medicine cabinets. He finds aspirin, valium - empty. The syringe from the opening of 'Bad News'. A moment. He wraps it in tissue paper, discards it.
- 56B INT. BEDROOM, ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1982 - AFTERNOON 56B
 JOHNNY brings water, the aspirin, a washing up bowl, a towel to the bedside where PATRICK lies, sweating, curled in a ball.
- 56C EXT. HIDING PLACE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - AFTERNOON 56C
 In his hiding place beneath the bushes, YOUNG PATRICK huddles and suppresses his sobs.

57 INT. DRAWING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - AFTERNOON 57

DAVID waits, eyes drooping closed. Then sleeps.

58 EXT. ROAD, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - AFTERNOON 58

Tear-stained, YOUNG PATRICK walks reluctantly towards the house. The sound of a car behind him. A CAR-HORN blares. He steps to one side.

From his P.O.V., a glimpse of that other American woman - ANNE is it? - holding her hand up. He holds his hand up in return, and continues to walk.

59 OMITTED 59

60 INT. DRAWING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - AFTERNOON 60

DAVID stirs from his opium sleep. His body is extremely heavy and sluggish, and he reaches for the cold coffee on the table at his side. Then stops -

On the thin, 18th century coffee cup there is a design of gold and orange cockerels fighting one another, and as he stares, the cockerels start to MOVE, fighting each other, pecking at each other's eyes.

The hallucination startles, then fascinates DAVID and he drags himself to his feet and looks elsewhere in the drawing room.

The same Objet D'Arts that we saw earlier, but now details are pin-sharp, colours heightened and there is subtle movement in the other antiques too - a flutter in the carved wooden leaves, a slight flexing of the fingers of a crucified Jesus.

A noise from outside, and DAVID snaps alert. The Buick on the gravel -

61 EXT. TERRACE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - AFTERNOON 61

ELEANOR is saying goodbye to ANNE.

ELEANOR

Eight o'clock. Please, please don't be late.

(a whisper)

And let's forget our conversation, yes?

Somewhat concerned, ANNE leaves. BRIDGET takes in the house.

BRIDGET

Wow.

NICHOLAS

I've almost forgotten how wonderful it is here.

ELEANOR

I've completely forgotten and I live here.

NICHOLAS

Oh, Eleanor, what a sad thing to say. Tell me it isn't true.

ELEANOR

Okay, it isn't true.

BRIDGET

It's beautiful. I want one!

ELEANOR

That's what David said. We were going to turn it into a home for alcoholics. Which, in a sense, we have. Don't touch your bags, Yvette can fetch them.

NICHOLAS

I wonder where David is?

ELEANOR

(brightly)

Perhaps he's drowned in the bath! I'll find Yvette.

And she goes. BRIDGET wanders off, NICHOLAS following.

BRIDGET

(giggling)

She's *really* high.

NICHOLAS

Do you think you might possibly buck up and make a little light conversation? Something other than how vivid the colours are -

BRIDGET

Is this it?

NICHOLAS

What?

BRIDGET

The fig tree. Is it the same one?

NICHOLAS puts his fingers to his lips, but to his horror smirking BRIDGET kneels and crawls on all fours amongst the fallen figs.

NICHOLAS

Get up! Get up, d'you hear me? If David sees you...

From the balcony, unseen, DAVID watches and listens, his face a mask. NICHOLAS yanks her to her feet.

BRIDGET

Why are you all so scared of him? What d'you think he's going to do to you, Nicholas?

DAVID (O.C.)

I thought I heard someone!

Startled, they turn to find their host smiling down benignly from the high terrace.

NICHOLAS

David! How nice to see you! This is Bridget Watson-Scott.

DAVID

Hello, my dear.

BRIDGET

You have the most wonderful spot here!

DAVID

Yes, just think, with a single machine gun mounted here you could dominate the whole valley. Stay there, I'll come down. We'll have tea beneath the fig tree.

62

EXT. TERRACE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - AFTERNOON

62

YVETTE pours tea for BRIDGET, slumped in a deck chair.

BRIDGET

What a civilised life you have!

NICHOLAS rolls his eyes.

DAVID

Tell me, are you going to more weddings or memorials these days?

NICHOLAS

I still go to weddings, but I enjoy the memorials more.

DAVID

Because you don't have to bring a present. One should only go to an enemy's memorial. There's the pleasure of outliving them, but also an opportunity for a truce. Forgiveness is so important, don't you think, Bridget?

BRIDGET

Gosh, yes. Especially getting other people to forgive you.

The remark hangs for a moment.

DAVID

But why would I need anyone's forgiveness?

BRIDGET is saved by ELEANOR's arrival.

ELEANOR

How can you sit in the sun? It's so bright!

And with perfect civility, DAVID arranges the chair.

BRIDGET

Careful not to squash the figs.

ELEANOR - a momentary spasm. From DAVID, arranging her chair - nothing. BRIDGET picks one off the floor. NICHOLAS tenses.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Isn't it weird, the way the skin is purple and white at the same time?

DAVID

Like a drunk with emphysema.

BRIDGET

This one...this one is perfect.

And, provocatively, she rounds her lips and eats the fig.

All watch her. ELEANOR frozen, NICHOLAS fraught. Only DAVID moves, removing his sunglasses slowly.

The effect of the opium can be seen in his eyes, which he fixes on BRIDGET, a duel that she can only lose. She stands suddenly, crosses to the balcony -

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Goodness, look! There's a strange little boy.

ELEANOR

That's our son, Patrick.

BRIDGET
You have kids? Wow!

YOUNG PATRICK. From his POV now -

ELEANOR
Patrick! Patrick, come and say
hello! Darling, we're having tea!

DAVID steps in to view and YOUNG PATRICK recoils.

DAVID
Patrick, come and join us!

BRIDGET
Perhaps he can't hear you.

ELEANOR
Of course he can. He's just being
tiresome.

BRIDGET
God, children are so sweet. Little
boy! Hello!

ELEANOR's had enough.

ELEANOR
Let me show you to your room, so
you can get ready.

YOUNG PATRICK watches as the adults follow into the house,
his father glancing behind him.

63 INT. DRAWING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - AFTERNOON 63

Late afternoon now and NICHOLAS and DAVID smoke cigars and
drink champagne.

DAVID
(toasting)
'Only the best or go without.'

NICHOLAS
Always, provided we don't have to
go without.

DAVID
She's very....vivacious.

NICHOLAS
Bridget? She'll do for now.

DAVID

Don't apologise, she's charming.

In the corridor, YOUNG PATRICK prepares to make his way upstairs to ELEANOR. Intercut -

NICHOLAS

Sometimes I think I should be done with it and settle down with a well-bred, well-educated, well-informed woman whose conversation I can bear. Then I remember I've divorced two of them already.

And we stay with YOUNG PATRICK as he climbs the stairs to his mother's room, where he'll be safe -

DAVID

Patrick. Where are you going?

YOUNG PATRICK

Mummy wanted to see me.

DAVID

Mummy's tired after her drive. Come and say hello to your godfather.

YOUNG PATRICK turns and walks slowly down the stairs.

NICHOLAS

Hello, Patrick. Up to mischief are you?

DAVID

Almost certainly.

NICHOLAS

That's what I like to hear.

DAVID is kind and tender with his son, but something has changed. NICHOLAS loiters.

DAVID

(kindly)

Everything all right?

YOUNG PATRICK

(terrified, confused)

Yes, father.

DAVID

We know you didn't eat lunch. Did you have tea?

YOUNG PATRICK

No.

DAVID

That's why you're so pale. Well you must eat if you're going to grow up strong. Go and see Yvette, she'll find you something. Leave Mummy be today. All right?

DAVID places his hand on his son's head, part papal benediction, part threat, and heads past NICHOLAS.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Dinner at eight. Don't be late.

A moment of eye contact between NICHOLAS and his GOD-SON, NICHOLAS, too, knowing something is up, smiling uneasily.

Music - luscious strings, the voice of Louis Armstrong -

64 INT. ELEANOR'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - EVENING 64

ELEANOR's musical taste leans towards show-tunes, Frank Sinatra, big-band jazz. The stereo, however, is 1967's finest.

But the timeless good taste of the house only occasionally succumbs to the spirit of the times, and the LP is Louis Armstrong, singing 'I Only Have Eyes for You.'

A glass of champagne in her hand, ELEANOR dances woozily -

ELEANOR

Are the stars out tonight/I don't know if it's cloudy or bright...

In the following, a sense of PREPARATION for a rite, nervous anticipation, as MUSIC CONTINUES -

65 INT. GUEST BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - EVENING 65

- over a huge row as they dress for dinner.

NICHOLAS

What the hell were you playing at!

BRIDGET

I don't know WHAT you're talking about!

NICHOLAS

That business with the figs!

BRIDGET

I thought it would turn you on! It did the first time. You were practically dribbling.

NICHOLAS
 As to your conversation.
 'What a perfect life you have
 here, what a wonderful
 view...'

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
 Fuck off. Just fuck off,
 Nicholas or I'll elope with
 Barry!

NICHOLAS
 And why on earth did you give that
 yob their phone number!

BRIDGET
 He asked!

NICHOLAS
 So lie! There is such a thing as
 dishonesty, you know!
 (She storms out)
 Where are you going? Don't leave
 when I'm talking to you!

66 OMITTED 66

67 INT. BATHROOM, DAVID'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 -67
 EVENING

MUSIC CONTINUES -

Steaming, scalding water pours into DAVID's bath. He sits on
 a chair, cross-legged, deep in thought. Something ascetic
 about this, Puritanical.

68 INT. GUEST BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - EVENING 68

MUSIC CONTINUES -

BRIDGET smokes a large joint and reads *The Valley of the
 Dolls*.

NICHOLAS (O.C.)
 Le me in! Open this door!
 (The door-handle rattles)
 Come on now. Please darling, a
 joke's a joke.

BRIDGET laughs woozily and inhales the joint.

68A EXT. HALLWAY, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - CONTINUOUS 68A

NICHOLAS
 Open this door!

69 INT. ELEANOR'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - EVENING 69
 ELEANOR lines up her pills for the evening. A great many.
 With champagne, she pops them one at a time. MUSIC CONTINUES-

70 INT. BATHROOM, DAVID'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 -70
 EVENING
 DAVID, in his dressing gown, slowly places his arm into the
 steaming, scalding water.

The skin is red, the pain excruciating. Every nerve orders
 him to take his arm out, but he holds it, holds it - his face
 full of contempt, rage, disgust. MUSIC CONTINUES -

71 INT. ELEANOR'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - EVENING 71

C.U. of the YOUNG PATRICK standing silently in the doorway,
 watching his mother, in evening-wear now, sitting at her
 desk, humming along -

She catches sight of PATRICK, and jumps.

ELEANOR

Patrick, don't skulk! Either come
 into a room or leave! Sorry,
 darling, you made me jump, that's
 all.

Impulsively, desperately, he tries to embrace her. ELEANOR
 hesitates, self-conscious about what to do next.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

If you do that, I can't write can
 I?

YOUNG PATRICK

What are you writing?

ELEANOR

A cheque, for charity, to Save The
 Children. Because it's important,
 when one has so much, to give
 something back. You'll remember
 that, won't you? When daddy and I
 are no longer with you.

(MORE)

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Handsome boy. Now, tell me. How was
 your day together? Did you walk?
 Did you have lunch? Tell me all
 about it -

His father's voice - laughter. He can't be here.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
Patrick? What is it?

A sudden panic. His eyes flicker about, looking for an exit -

YOUNG PATRICK
(his eyes flick to the
door)
Can I take your glass down? Bring
you another?

A moment as ELEANOR, distracted and confused, forgets the question; the fog closing in again. She lets the moment go, drains the glass -

ELEANOR
What a thoughtful boy. I'm so
pleased you've turned out well.
(a kiss)
I think the secret is not to
interfere.

And YOUNG PATRICK hurries out into the hall -

72

EXT. STAIRCASE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - EVENING

72

- looking both ways. All clear. Out onto the landing and down the stairs.

His father again.

He freezes on the stairs and watches as DAVID passes above without seeing him. He exhales -

Then looks at his hand. A drop of blood. The stem of the champagne glass has snapped in his tightening fist.

Disaster! Panic setting in. He looks to the landing - DAVID's voice, laughing with NICHOLAS. Close-by -

He looks at his hand. Blood dripping on the carpet. If his father discovers he has broken it -

DAVID's voice again, as he returns to his room -

DAVID
I'll see you downstairs in an hour.

A decision. There are ten, twelve steps to the ground.

YOUNG PATRICK closes his eyes tight. Bunches his fists -

- he falls...

73 INT. ELEANOR'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - EVENING 73
A SCREAM. ELEANOR sits, frozen, too numb and frightened to follow her instincts, pinned to her chair as if by a javelin.

74 INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - EVENING 74
The cries continue. DAVID ties his tie.

75 EXT. STAIRCASE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - EVENING 75
And now ELEANOR finally walks out onto the landing, to find YVETTE cuddling YOUNG PATRICK, kissing him, calming him. From ELEANOR'S POV -

YVETTE
Tu vas te casser la figure un de ces jours. Où est-ce que tu as mal, pauvre petit?

And a look of terrible sadness crosses ELEANOR'S face.

ELEANOR
Merci, Yvette. I'll take over now.

And she comes and sits next to him, moving the fallen cowboy hat. She winces and brushes glass off the step.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
Ouch. Poor mummy sat on some glass. Serves me right, no doubt.

YOUNG PATRICK
It was an accident. Don't tell father.

ELEANOR
I wouldn't dream of it. Shall I tell you what I'll do instead? We'll go to L'OK Corral. Tomorrow, first thing, no excuses. Would you like that? Just you and me?

And suddenly -

YOUNG PATRICK
I want to get away -

ELEANOR
What on earth do you mean?

YOUNG PATRICK
Leave here.

A decision to be made, a whisper -

ELEANOR

Yes.

But a TELEPHONE starts to ring, and now NICHOLAS and BRIDGET are on their way down too. An excuse for ELEANOR.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

I really must get that.

(a kiss on the forehead)

I'll be back to tuck you in, I promise.

PATRICK watches her go, then resignedly goes back upstairs.

NICHOLAS and BRIDGET come down still bickering. NICHOLAS slightly rouged, BRIDGET in a Bohemian red velvet dress.

NICHOLAS

It looks like you bought it from a stall in Kensington Market.

BRIDGET

I *did* buy it from a stall in Kensington Market.

(passing PATRICK)

Hello again, strange little boy.

NICHOLAS

Well you look like a medieval witch.

BRIDGET

And you look like an old fart, a stuffy, conventional old...

ELEANOR is waiting at the bottom of the stairs.

ELEANOR

(to BRIDGET)

Telephone for you, um...

BRIDGET

Wow. How exciting! Who could it be!

And avoiding NICHOLAS' glare, she skips off.

ELEANOR

Imagine *wanting* to talk to someone on the telephone. I dread it.

NICHOLAS

Youth.

ELEANOR

I dreaded it even more in my youth.

She looks for her son, but he has gone. Should she follow? Meanwhile -

76 INT. DINING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - CONTINUOUS 76

On the telephone -

BRIDGET
(lighting a joint)
Barry, thank GOD! I don't think
I've ever wanted to speak to
someone so much in my LIFE.

Meanwhile -

77 EXT. THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - CONTINUOUS 77

ANNE and VICTOR walk towards the house, ANNE in white, VICTOR
in a crumpled linen suit.

VICTOR
Don't ask people what they do *for* a
living. Don't ask the staff how
they *feel*. And don't provoke David!

ANNE
Fine, but will you do one thing for
me tonight?

VICTOR
Of course.

ANNE
Don't suck up to them. Don't let
them bully you. Don't try and fit
in.

VICTOR
Isn't that three things?

ANNE
They're all connected. You're as
good as these people. In fact
you're better. You have warm blood.

In they go.

78 INT. DRAWING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - EVENING 78

ELEANOR and NICHOLAS are uneasy in each other's company.

ELEANOR
Vodka?

NICHOLAS
Perfect.
(an ornamental throne)
What an extraordinary chair.

ELEANOR

It used to belong to some Doge. It should really be in a museum. Needless to say it's David's favourite.

(NICHOLAS leaps to his feet as if it were electrified)

He likes to rest his cigars on the arm. I don't think he'll sit in it if you're in it already.

NICHOLAS

I'm not so sure. He does like to have his own way.

ELEANOR

Tell me about it. Hi!

ANNE embraces ELEANOR with affection

NICHOLAS

Good God, Victor, your suit. Couldn't you have got Anne to iron that for you?

VICTOR

Well, I...

ANNE

Oh, has it begun already? We're barely through the door.

Vodka is passed around.

ELEANOR

Let's have a pleasant evening, shall we? Let's drink to..to..
(time passes)
Let's drink.

They all throw the vodka back.

79

INT. HALLWAY, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - EVENING

79

BRIDGET is whispering on the phone, drawing hard on a joint, unaware that DAVID is watching her; dressing gown over his dinner suit but in the same yellow slippers.

BRIDGET

Christ, I wish I was with you instead... Why, what would you like me to do to you?

Without changing his expression, we follow DAVID as he walks on to the DRAWING ROOM where VICTOR is holding forth -

VICTOR

...psychoanalysis will one day seem
as quaint as medieval map-making,
when we understand how the brain
really works.

NICHOLAS

Nothing a don likes more than
bashing another man's discipline.

VICTOR

One can hardly call psychoanalysis
a discipline.

ANNE

But it helps people!

VICTOR

Ah, the therapeutic promise!
(And only now does DAVID
make himself known)
Here he is - a real doctor!

DAVID

(all eyes upon him)
Victor, Anne, a pleasure to see
you. Eleanor, I do like you in
pink. It matches your eyes. Is that
vodka I see?

ANNE

(on ELEANOR's behalf)
Please don't take this the wrong
way but I find it hard to imagine
you as a doctor.

VICTOR

Anne!

DAVID

So did I, my dear, and I must
confess to stumbling a little over
the Hippocratic Oath. Fortunately,
my wife's money removed the
necessity of my living a useful
life. Her great gift.

He raises his glass to her, as does ELEANOR to him, and they
drink the vodka.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I appreciate your escorting my wife
to the airport.

ANNE

It was pure pleasure -
(returning *The Twelve*
Caesars)
- as was this.

DAVID

So much pleasure in one day -

ANNE

My cup runneth over -

DAVID

I've had a very special day too.
There must be magic in the air.

And right on cue, in comes BRIDGET.

BRIDGET

Hey, Dave. Love those kinky yellow
slippers.

NICHOLAS winces, DAVID smiles. A smile like a knife.

DAVID

Do you really like them? I'm so
pleased. Vodka, my dear?

BRIDGET

Do you have a Coke? Alcohol's such
a crude high.

Silence.

DAVID

Let's have dinner.

80 INT. DINING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - NIGHT

80

The guests wait to be seated, ELEANOR dazed.

ELEANOR

Victor, you sit there. No, no Anne,
you sit next to... No, that's not
right...

DAVID

Thank God we're only six. While we
wait for Eleanor to solve the
problem, Anne, tell me, what did
you think of the Emperor Alba?

ANNE

(eyes darting to VICTOR)
Terrific. A terrific character.

VICTOR
(to the rescue)
Anne was particularly taken with Caligula.

ANNE
Victor attempted to make me feel sorry for him.

DAVID
Bridget - you sit here with me.

VICTOR
But Tiberius killed all of his family! It's only natural that those who are terrified will become terrifying, given the opportunity.

ANNE
Was that how it worked at Eton?

VICTOR
Anne takes a rather satirical attitude to the English public school system -

NICHOLAS
Does she now.

VICTOR
- but the compulsion to repeat what one has experienced is like gravity. It takes special equipment to break away.

NICHOLAS
Careful, Victor. You sound like a psychoanalyst.

ANNE
And as to the obsession with screwing his sisters -

NICHOLAS
Well you know what they say. Vice is nice, but incest is best.
(ANNE rolls her eyes)
I'm sure I'd have liked the chap. He did exactly what he wanted to do. No nonsense about ethics.

ANNE
Why do you think it's superior to be amoral?

NICHOLAS

It's not a question of being superior, it's a question of not being a prig or a bore.

DAVID

What one aims for is *ennui*.

And soup is served.

81 INT. YOUNG PATRICK'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - 81 NIGHT

Meanwhile, upstairs in his room, YOUNG PATRICK lies and stares at the ceiling, breathing quickly, panic rising; all the symptoms that we've seen in his older incarnation.

On the wall above him, the green GECKO. A memory this time.

He closes his eyes, squeezing them tight -

82 INT. DINING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - NIGHT 82

A joint of veal is wheeled into the dining room by YVETTE.

DAVID

Eleanor, what a marvellous memory you have, to be able to duplicate the dinner we had last time.

(ELEANOR stares into her glass, insensible)

Look at Eleanor! She has that expression she puts on when she is thinking of her dear rich dead mother. I'm right, aren't I darling?

ELEANOR

Yes, David.

DAVID

(telling a fairytale)

Once Eleanor's dear father had been dismissed for being too drunk, she decided to purchase a Duke, a 'real, old aristocrat' on the grounds that if you're going to buy a husband, he might as well be a Duke. And so the Duc de Valencay was re-upholstered with thick wads of dollars. But you just can't treat human-beings like things!

BRIDGET

Definitely.

DAVID
You agree with me?

BRIDGET
Definitely.

ANNE
Maybe the human antiques wanted to
be bought.

DAVID
I've no doubt of that. I'm sure
they were licking the windowpane.
What so shocked Eleanor's mother
was that he dared to rear up on his
Louis Quinze legs and start giving
orders.

BRIDGET
You see, I feel that so strongly.
The problem with the world is
people treating other people like
things.

DAVID
I so agree. That's something else
we have in common. Things should be
treated with great care.

And DAVID takes BRIDGET's hand, rubbing her palm with his
thumb.

Too much for ANNE. She stands noisily, excuses herself and
heads into the hall -

83

INT. HALLWAY, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - NIGHT

83

- where she paces and smokes furiously, not wanting to go
back in.

ANNE
'What one aims for is ennui!'

She steps on something, bends down, picks it up. A shard of
glass. A voice -

YOUNG PATRICK sits on the bottom of the stairs

ANNE (CONT'D)
Hello, Patrick.

YOUNG PATRICK
I broke a glass. Don't tell my
father.

His hand is crudely bandaged with a handkerchief.

ANNE

You look so grim. What's up? Can't
you get to sleep? Does it hurt? Let
me see if it's -
(he recoils)
I only wanted to -

YOUNG PATRICK

I'm fine.

ANNE

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

84 INT. DINING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - CONTINUOUS 84

As NICHOLAS goes into his act, DAVID looks to the hallway.
Who is that woman talking to?

NICHOLAS

...I gather that Gerald Frogmore
shot more birds last year than
anyone in England. Not bad for a
chap in a wheelchair.

DAVID

Perhaps he resents their freedom of
movement.

85 INT. HALLWAY, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - CONTINUOUS 85

YOUNG PATRICK is still mute.

ANNE

What about your mother? Do you want
to tell your mother?
(he nods)
I'll go and get her. We'll be back
right away, I promise.

ANNE gets up and walks towards the dining room

YOUNG PATRICK

I don't believe you.
(ANNE turns)
You say you will but you won't.

ANNE

Patrick - I will.

86 INT. DINING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - CONTINUOUS 86

BRIDGET

So do you believe in capital
punishment?

DAVID

Not since it ceased to be a public occasion. In the eighteenth century, a hanging was a good day's outing. Everyone enjoyed themselves.

NICHOLAS

Even the man who was being hanged.

ANNE enters and discreetly approaches ELEANOR. DAVID watches.

DAVID

(listening in to ANNE)
Fun for all the family. God knows it's what I aim for...

ANNE

(whispering to ELEANOR)
I found Patrick on the stairs. He wants to talk to you.

ELEANOR rises unsteadily and goes with ANNE towards the door. DAVID does not betray his anxiety, but it's there.

DAVID

Darling. Eleanor. I thought we agreed that you wouldn't rush to Patrick each time he whines and blubbers.

ELEANOR

But he fell down earlier. He may be hurt.

DAVID

In that case he may need a doctor.

To ANNE and ELEANOR's alarm, he stands -

ANNE

He's not hurt! He just wants to talk to his mother.

DAVID

You see, darling? He isn't hurt and so it's just a question of sentiment; does one allow oneself to be black-mailed or not?

A terrible stalemate. DAVID sits.

DAVID (CONT'D)

If you sit, we can discuss it.

ELEANOR sits. Then, for the moment, ANNE sits, fuming.

DAVID (CONT'D)

The proposition I want to make is that education should be something of which a child can later say;
(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

if I survived that, I can survive anything.

ANNE

(the final straw)

That's crazy and wrong and you know it!

VICTOR

I certainly think a child should be challenged -

ANNE

For goodness sake, Victor!

NICHOLAS

No-one wants to make anyone miserable. We're just saying -

ANNE

We! Because God forbid you should contradict him -

NICHOLAS

- that it doesn't do a child any good to be molly-coddled. I know it's an unfashionable view to hold, but in my opinion, nothing that happens to you as a child really matters.

ANNE

When it comes to things that don't matter, you're top of my list.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Saying silly things to sound less pompous and pompous things to sound less silly, it's pathetic!

NICHOLAS

Oh, my word, a ferocious backhand from the young American lefty -

BRIDGET

Nothing that happened in *your* childhood did matter, Nicholas. You just did what everyone expected.

Anger, upset. DAVID is enjoying himself now. Discreetly, he takes a KNIFE from the table -

NICHOLAS

Well I refuse to apologise for an uneventful childhood, or to relish the suffering at the expense of the happiness - big lawns, buckets and spades, throwing coins into the golden pool at the Ritz -

While the above is said, BRIDGET winces and looks down. Beneath the table, something is touching her thigh. The KNIFE, DAVID's hand pressing it there. But DAVID is looking forward, expressionless.

BRIDGET
What the fuck!

DAVID
Would you like a fig? They're at
their best this time of year.

He holds the fruit out to BRIDGET.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I know how much you like them.

A long moment. NICHOLAS caught in his betrayal.

BRIDGET
I'll need a knife.

DAVID smiles. And ANNE stands.

ANNE
I'm sorry, I've tried, but I can't
do this anymore.
(she stands. To NICHOLAS)
You - you're a pompous, silly
little sycophant. And you -
(BRIDGET)
- you should know better.

ELEANOR, meanwhile, has retreated still further, and is muttering to herself, practicing stock phrases. 'Must you go? Please don't go' DAVID, impassive, unpacks a cigar.

ANNE (CONT'D)
The only thing in your favour is
that you frighten him -
(-NICHOLAS-)
That aside, you're a failure. I'm
sure you have all kinds of excuses
and justifications for your
mediocrity, but there's nothing
romantic or glamorous about it.
It's your son I feel sorry for, and
if I had my way -
(DAVID, immune. 'What's
the point?')
Victor, stay with your friends by
all means but if you do then I
never want -

VICTOR
No, no, I'll come with you. Must
get up early and finish my book.

ANNE

Eleanor, Patrick is in the hallway.
He is sad and he is lonely and
scared. I promised I'd bring you
with me. Will you come and find out
what has happened?

A long moment. DAVID lights his cigar, nonchalant.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Eleanor? Please?

ELEANOR stands -

DAVID

Eleanor.

And finds the words -

ELEANOR

Must you leave so soon?

Then sits. DAVID has won.

DAVID

I hope you'll forgive me if I don't
wave goodbye.

ANNE walks out into the hall, VICTOR in tow -

NICHOLAS

For someone so conventional, Victor
does love an unconventional
girlfriend.

DAVID

Almost nothing is as entertaining
as the contortions of a clever
Jewish snob.

NICHOLAS

Very broad-minded of you to have
one in the house at all -

And now BRIDGET has had enough.

BRIDGET

Oh do fuck off, the pair of you.

And she too stands and leaves.

87

INT. HALLWAY, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - CONTINUOUS

87

YOUNG PATRICK'S P.O.V, peering through the stair-rods as ANNE
takes VICTOR'S hand and whispers -

ANNE

Thank you.

VICTOR

No, you were right. In the end one must oppose cruelty, even if only by refusing to take part.

ANNE

Why are we whispering?

VICTOR

I have no idea!

ANNE

(leaving, remembering)
One moment.

ANNE turns and heads to the stairs. YOUNG PATRICK backs away into the shadows.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Patrick? Patrick, it's only me!

She walks up the stairs a little, peers into the darkness of the landing. No sign of him.

ANNE (CONT'D)

He must have gone to bed. Oh well.

But on the landing, YOUNG PATRICK watches...

88 INT. GUEST BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - NIGHT 88

BRIDGET speaks in a low-voice on the phone, throwing her clothes into a suitcase.

BRIDGET

One-thirty, outside the village church. Barry, you are saving my life.

89 SCENE OMITTED 89

90 EXT. TERRACE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - NIGHT 90

And tip-toes towards the terrace where, smoking cigars and drinking brandy, DAVID listens as NICHOLAS entertains.

DAVID

I'm not familiar with the house of Watson-Scott.

NICHOLAS

They're terribly Old Vicarage.
Desperate to get Bridget into
Country Life. Mother's 'keen on
roses', daddy likes the gee-gees. I
took them to Covent Garden to see
Le Nozze di Figaro, and when the
conductor took to the podium,
Rodney Watson-Scott said 'They're
under starter's orders...'

DAVID laughs, BRIDGET curses and escapes unseen until she
sees the strangest sight - ELEANOR's BUICK, all lit-up and
filled with smoke, blaring French pop music.

91 INT/EXT. BUICK, TERRACE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - NIGHT 91

ELEANOR sits in her dressing-gown, drunk and high, smoking
Players and drinking cognac.

From ELEANOR's POV, through the haze she sees BRIDGET
hobbling down the drive and away. She raises her hand in
farewell. ELEANOR waves back.

92 EXT. CHURCH, LACOSTE 1967 - NIGHT 92

And now the clock strikes two, and BRIDGET stands shivering
in her mini-skirt. Headlights - a car. Hope! But it drives
on.

BRIDGET

Oh, Barry.

No use. He's not coming. She starts to walk down the hill.

93 INT/EXT. BUICK, TERRACE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - NIGHT 93

ELEANOR's private party in the smoky car continues as BRIDGET
returns, hobbling on blistered feet with a defeated air.

ELEANOR winds down the window -

ELEANOR

You see? It's not as easy as you
think!

And BRIDGET hobbles back to the house. A track comes on the
car radio. Jagged, minor key; *Season of the Witch* perhaps,
the Julie Driscoll cover version. ELEANOR turns up the
volume, slowly reclines the seat, cigarette still burning in
her hand.

94 OMITTED 94

95 OMITTED 95

96 OMITTED 96

97 OMITTED 97

97A INT. ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1982 - DAY 97A
- and we leap FORWARD fifteen years. PATRICK sleeps fitfully.
The worst of the withdrawal has passed, and he lies in
tangled sheets, sweat on his brow.

JOHNNY sleeps in an armchair. Someone enters the room, a
FEMALE FIGURE. She crosses to PATRICK, feels his brow with
the back of her hand. JOHNNY wakes.

FEMALE VOICE
You can go now.

98 INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - NIGHT 98

DAVID MELROSE sits up in bed in the gloomy, monkish room and
SCREAMS.

He sits, puts his twisted hand to his chest, attempting to
calm himself.

98A INT. DRAWING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - NIGHT 98A

A portrait on the wall, a photograph - ELEANOR, YOUNG PATRICK
and DAVID, his hand on his son's shoulder.

98B INT. BEDROOM, ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1982 - DAY 98B

The BOX with its engraved brass plate. A reflection of the
same female figure. She crosses to the bed.

PATRICK sleeps fitfully. Calmly, JULIA picks up a book, sits
by his bed and waits.

99 OMITTED 99

100 INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - NIGHT 100

YOUNG PATRICK lies in bed, wide awake. A shape in the
doorway. His father.

DAVID

Can't sleep?

(YOUNG PATRICK shakes his
head)

No, me neither. Must be all the
excitement. All these people. Here -

(he plumps the pillows,
straightens the sheet)

Better?

(PATRICK nods)

I'll leave you now. But know one
thing. If you ever tell your
mother, or anyone else, about
today, I will snap you in two.

A moment for this to sink in. Then DAVID leaves.

CUT TO BLACK.

*