

PATRICK MELROSE

Episode Three

'Some Hope'

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Adapted from the novel by Edward St Aubyn

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

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A voice in the darkness-

DAVID MELROSE(V.O.)
Can't sleep?

FADE IN:

1 INT. PATRICK'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - NIGHT 1
DAVID MELROSE sits by his son's bed.

DAVID
No, me neither. Must be all the excitement. All these people. Here -
(he plumps the pillows,)
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.

1A EXT. ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1990 - DAWN 1A
PATRICK's West London flat.

2 INT. BEDROOM, ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1990 - DAWN 2
PATRICK MELROSE lies awake towards the end of another sleepless night. On his bedside table -
- the green lizard, the GECKO. Tongue flicking, it squats on the pile of books by his bedside, and PATRICK watches it quite calmly before -
- sitting, rousing himself, blinking the hallucination away.
In his thirties now, PATRICK is healthier, less chaotic and self-destructive but pale, ill-at-ease as if newly released from prison (or a psychiatric ward, or rehab, as is the case). You'd be hard-pressed to say that sobriety has brought health and happiness. By the bedside - anti-depressants and sleeping pills. PROZAC perhaps.
He dresses. Routine.

3 INT. HALLWAY, ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1990 - DAWN 3
In the hallway, mail on the doorstep. He picks it up, adds it to the thick pile of unopened envelopes.

4 INT. KITCHEN, ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1990 - DAWN 4

The kettle boils. PATRICK watches, head resting against the cupboard. He pours water on the tea bag, adds one, two, three teaspoonfuls of sugar. Too much? He taps some back -

- and spills some granules on the work-top. He crushes the grains with the back of his teaspoon then, using the edge of it, he crunches the powdered sugar into A NEAT LINE.

A moment.

Then he brushes the crystalline white powder into his hand and tosses it into the sink. MUSIC CONTINUES -

5 OMITTED 5

6 INT. LIVING ROOM, ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1990 - MORNING 6

C.U. - books, legal textbooks, thick and dull - 'Street on Tort', 'Charlesworth on Negligence', 'The Concept of Justice'.

But PATRICK is laying on the sofa, watching day-time TV. Videos scatter the floor. The sun is shining on the screen. He stands and draws the curtains. Sits. Surveys the room - the mess, the claustrophobia. A spasm of self-loathing at the drabness of it all.

The sound of a door bell. He freezes. The bell sounds again. Genuine alarm from PATRICK -

PATRICK

Oh, Christ. Kill me now.

Titles, WHITE ON BLACK:

'SOME HOPE'

7 EXT/INT. CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - MORNING 7

And now here is CHEATLEY, the fine stately home of Lord and Lady Gravesend. A sweeping drive, an ornamental lake in the misty light.

Framed by a window, BRIDGET WATSON-SCOTT, NICHOLAS PRATT's Chelsea girlfriend in 'Never Mind'

But now she is Lady Gravesend, early-forties, surveying the view with dissatisfaction. She wears her dressing-gown, tea in one hand, cigarette in the other. She seems pinched, tense, the clear blue-eyes clouded over as she glowers unhappily at the makeshift marquee that now mars the rear vista.

She sighs and draws hard on her cigarette.

8 INT. CORRIDOR, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - MORNING 8

BRIDGET walks briskly down a long corridor, lined with portraits -

9 INT. DINING ROOM, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - MORNING 9

- through a dining room, where uniformed staff lay a table -

10 INT. STAIRCASE/HALL, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - MORNING 10

- up a sweeping staircase, along the hall and into -

11 INT. BEDROOM, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - MORNING 11

SONNY GRAVESEND - fifty, foolish and complacent - lies in bed with breakfast and the newspapers.

SONNY

Darling, what's all this in Dempster this morning? 'Two hundred guests, ten thousand acres, party of the year'. It sounds as if we're made of money! I told you not to talk to the press!

BRIDGET

I didn't talk to the press!

SONNY

"I'm just having a few friends round to celebrate my husband's birthday" says Lady Gravesend. Guests include Princess Margaret -'

BRIDGET

Frankly I wish I hadn't bothered. It's so grey out there! If it was May or June, we could be out on the big lawn, but in November -

SONNY

One can't choose when one's born -

BRIDGET

No. It's extremely aggravating. I've asked Tony to come early and brighten it up -

SONNY

That appalling little man shouldn't be coming at all.

(MORE)

SONNY (CONT'D)
Jumped-up little painter and
decorator...
(BRIDGET is leaving)
Just keep him away from Princess
Margaret. Little popinjay -

BRIDGET
What is a popinjay, I wonder?

SONNY
(shouting after)
Haven't you forgotten something?

BRIDGET (O.C.)
(From the corridor)
Happy Birthday!

SONNY collapses back onto the pillows and, when the coast is clear, picks up the phone - a chunky wireless model. He dials.

SONNY
Hello, it's Sonny, can you talk?...
Yes, my love, we're all set...

12 INT. HALLWAY, ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1990 - MORNING 12

The doorbell rings persistently. The door is on a chain. PATRICK opens it a little -

PATRICK
Hello?

NICHOLAS
Why haven't you replied to Bridget?
You simply *must* come. Open this
door!

No way out. PATRICK opens the door, and NICHOLAS rushes in -

13 INT. LIVING ROOM, ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1990 - CONTINUOUS

NICHOLAS flicks through the unopened mail as PATRICK tries to make it respectable.

NICHOLAS
Do you have any idea how hard it
was to get you invited in the first
place?

PATRICK
I'm very grateful, but I don't feel
ready for the world just yet.

NICHOLAS

(he finds the invitation,
bustles next door)
Why are these curtains drawn?
(he pulls them open and
inspects the room)
Better than a psychiatric ward, I
suppose. Theoretically. I need a
drink. Do you have a drink, a
proper drink?

PATRICK

That's what put me in the ward. I
can offer you herbal tea.

NICHOLAS

Don't be absurd. You might at least
open a window, or step outside once
in a while. And your mother, too,
she's almost as reclusive as you
are.

PATRICK

It's amazing, isn't it? She seems
to think there are better things to
do than go to parties.

NICHOLAS

Yes, I always thought she was a
little peculiar. Where is she?

PATRICK

As far as I know she's driving a
consignment of ten thousand
syringes to Poland. People say it's
marvellous of her, but I still
think charity begins at home. I
wish she'd bring them round here.

A moment, then NICHOLAS sighs. More serious now.

NICHOLAS

I thought all that was behind you.

PATRICK

Behind me, in front of me, who
knows?

NICHOLAS

You're being very melodramatic
today.

PATRICK

Well, I've realised that I've given
up everything and taken up nothing.

NICHOLAS
(the law books)
I thought you were going to 'work
for a living'?

PATRICK
That's the intention. In fact, it's
a necessity after the medical
bills. But I still feel rather as
if life -

NICHOLAS
That's enough. Sit down, please.
(taken aback, PATRICK does
so)
Offended as I am by the very idea
of a 'pep talk' I'm left with no
choice. You can't rot in this
hovel. Quite apart from how
depressing it all is, I owe it to
your dear papa to get you back in
the swim of things -

PATRICK
The worry is, Nicholas, that I
might drown -

NICHOLAS
Nonsense. Pull yourself together,
find something to wear, and if you
must talk about 'life', you can do
so at the party. I'm sure someone
will listen to you.
(leaving)
I'll reply to Bridget on your
behalf.
(handing over the invite)
And remember, it's a party, you're
not meant to enjoy it.

14

EXT. TERRACE, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - MORNING

14

BRIDGET certainly isn't enjoying it as she stands and frets
amidst FLOWER ARRANGERS, CATERERS, TECHNICIANS, all bustling
around the huge space.

TONY FOWLES, trusted friend, is taking control.

TONY FOWLES
Now, I know what you're thinking,
not enough colour. Which is why
I've bought you these -
(his assistants bring
large boxes)
I thought tents, I thought poles, I
thought ribbons, I thought maypoles
-

BRIDGET
They look like -

TONY FOWLES
Sonny's regimental tie. I've had
them specially made.

BRIDGET
Wonderful. Um - how much?

TONY FOWLES
Twenty plus the dreaded.

BRIDGET
I see. Sorry, what's the dreaded?

TONY FOWLES
(mouthing)
V.A.T.

BRIDGET
Goodness.

A little way off, a small GIRL, BELINDA, 7, is being shouted
at by a ferocious Scottish NANNY.

NANNY
You're a naughty, naughty
girl! Running out here,
without a coat. You're a
nuisance to me and a burden
to your parents.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Oh, dear. I do wish Nanny
wasn't quite so horrid to
Belinda.

TONY FOWLES
Well, why don't you just sack the
old hag?

BRIDGET
She's *terrifying*. Tony, just...make
it better, will you?

And BRIDGET crosses to NANNY and her DAUGHTER. NANNY
brandishes a walkie-talkie in BELINDA's face.

NANNY
Where did you get this? Tell me!
Where? Did you steal it? Did you?

BRIDGET
I'm sure she didn't *steal* it,
Nanny. One of the security men will
have lost it. Here -
(the walkie-talkie)
I'll find who it belongs to.

BELINDA
And mummy, will you come and play?

NANNY

Your mother is much, much too busy
to play with the likes of you!

BRIDGET

Maybe later, darling.

And she walks on towards the house, pressing buttons on the walkie-talkie...

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Hello? Can anyone hear me? I have
your walkie...

A click, a buzz, feedback, then through the static, Sonny's voice -

SONNY (O.C.)

Of course I'll tell her! But it can
hardly be tonight after all the
work she's put in...

The sound fades into static. Frantic, BRIDGET shakes the walkie-talkie, turns dials, the voice comes back -

SONNY (CONT'D)

Let's not think about that now, my
love...

Confused, dazed, she looks up at the beautiful house. In the bedroom, SONNY is on the wireless phone, his back to the window.

15 INT. BEDROOM, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - CONTINUOUS 15

SONNY

...the main thing is I'll get to
see you in the flesh, even if it's
just a glimpse.

16 EXT. GROUNDS, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - CONTINUOUS 16

Click, buzz, the voices have gone. BRIDGET stands, dumb-founded as around her caterers, florists, musicians, security guards and bartenders prepare for the party of the decade.

Her hand hangs loosely by her side.

A world starting to crumble.

The sound of a phone ringing -

17 INT. JOHNNY HALL'S FLAT, NOTTING HILL, LONDON 1990 - MORNING

JOHNNY HALL, too, is clean now, though he seems to be a little better at it than PATRICK. As the phone rings on, he's in bed with JULIA, Patrick's secret girlfriend from 'Bad News', now JULIA BROGILE.

JULIA

Who is that d'you think?
(ringing continues)
Aren't you going to answer?

JOHNNY

(the answering machine
clicks on)
Not this second -

PATRICK sounds manic.

PATRICK (O.S.)

This party tonight, Bridget's party, I need you to come as my guest. I'm ready to leave the house. Am I ready? Almost certainly not -

JULIA

Patrick! Go and answer!

He sighs, pads towards the phone as PATRICK rattles on -

PATRICK (O.S.)

Debbie will be there, Christ, Debbie who hates me and who I should apologise to and can't, at least not without drugs, which is the very thing I need to apologise for, and *Julia*, God, *Julia*! -

JOHNNY

(grabbing the receiver)
Hello?

18 INT. BEDROOM, ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1990 - INTERCUT 18

PATRICK is emptying out his wardrobe, searching its depths for dinner jacket and black tie.

PATRICK

- and her bloody husband...There you are! What should I do? Should I go?

JOHNNY

If you think you're up to it -

PATRICK
I'm not! But I've had
Nicholas Pratt here,
practically marching me out
the door. Apparently, I have
to get back in 'the swim of
things' -

JULIA
(whispering)
Is he coming? Tell him he has
to come!

PATRICK
Sorry, are you with someone?

JOHNNY
(moving outside)
Well I hate to agree with Nicholas
Pratt, but perhaps he's right.

PATRICK
I'll need your help. Can you drive
me down?

JOHNNY
Of course, but I have to go to my
meeting first.

PATRICK
What meeting? Oh, *that meeting*. I
don't know how you put up with
those things. Aren't they full of
ghastly people?

JOHNNY
(heading back to JULIA)
Isn't any crowded room?

PATRICK
Which is why I mustn't go to this
party!

JOHNNY
Three o'clock. I'll see you there.
It's open to everyone, by the way.

And JOHNNY hangs up. JULIA waits, a little too expectantly.

JULIA
Patrick Melrose. He'll be fun.

JOHNNY
I wouldn't count on it.

JULIA
Have you told him about us?

JOHNNY
No, you told me not to. Have you?

JULIA

I haven't seen Patrick for ages.
Did he ask about me?

JOHNNY

(kissing again)
He said he's very much looking
forward to meeting your husband. So
am I.

JULIA

(the thought of this)
Christ, I hate parties.

18A INT. ENNISMORE GARDENS, LONDON 1990 - MORNING 18A

Weekend bag packed, PATRICK stands ready to leave the house.
But there's still something of the agoraphobic's anxiety to
the act. He puts on sunglasses, for protection.

19 INT. BATHROOM, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - MORNING 19

BRIDGET too. Hands shaking, she takes a Valium and washes it
down with a glass of champagne.

20 EXT. DRIVEWAY, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - MORNING 20

A minicab stops on the imposing gravel driveway of Cheatley;
VIRGINIA WATSON-SCOTT, 65, BRIDGET's mother, in her best
dress and coat but still out of place. Flustered, she pokes
around in her purse.

VIRGINIA

(fumbling in her purse)
Twenty pounds?..that seems rather
a...my daughter said she'd...I
think I have it...

As she counts out change, TONY passes -

TONY FOWLES

Excuse me, what are you doing here?

VIRGINIA

Oh, I'm sorry, should I not -

TONY FOWLES

Are you looking for the kitchens?

VIRGINIA

No, no, I'm Mrs Watson-Scott?
Bridget..Lady Bridget's mother?

TONY FOWLES

Oh. Really.

21 INT. NURSERY, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - MORNING 21

SONNY, meanwhile, has made a rare trip to the nursery, where THE NANNY is reading a story in a dour monotone.

SONNY

How is my favourite girl?

BELINDA

Daddy!

NANNY

What a lucky girl you are! And on a busy day like this!

SONNY

So - what are we reading?

BELINDA

('The Secret Staircase')

This one.

BRIDGET, stunned and numb, watches from the doorway.

SONNY

But you've just read it. Why would you want to hear it again?

BELINDA

Please, Dada, it's my favourite.

SONNY

Very well. 'For many generations, families of mice have made their homes in the roots and trunks of the trees in Brambly Hedge...'

BELINDA's head on his shoulder - unbearable. She storms in.

NANNY

Both parents in one day! We are honoured.

BRIDGET

We haven't got time for that.

(throwing the walkie-talkie at SONNY)

I need you to talk to security. The Princess will be here soon and they keep leaving these lying around.

SONNY

Right you are.

(VIRGINIA and TONY are arriving)

Hello, Virginia.

VIRGINIA

Hello, Sonny, happy bir-

BELINDA

(leaping into her arms)

Granny! I didn't know you were coming!

VIRGINIA

Didn't you? Well here I am! Hello, Bridget, darling. Everything alright?

BRIDGET

Absolutely perfect.

22 INT. DINING ROOM, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - AFTERNOON 22

Activity. The table is laid in the main dining room. Gilded chairs slide into place.

23 INT. NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS MEETING, NOTTING HILL, LONDON 19903-AFTERNOON

Activity! Plastic chairs are arranged, cheap biscuits emptied onto plates.

24 INT. DINING ROOM, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - AFTERNOON 24

Champagne glasses stand in serried rows, bottles buried in ice.

25 INT. NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS MEETING, NOTTING HILL, LONDON 19905-AFTERNOON

Instant coffee is spooned into plastic cups and a great urn of tea is rolled into place. A rundown community centre. There's lots of chatter, laughter, embracing, a convivial atmosphere even if JOHNNY is a little self-conscious and disconnected, taking a seat at the back of the circle of chairs. The Secretary, HARRY -

HARRY

Okay, everyone, welcome. My name's Harry, if we can start please, with a moment of silence -

The group lower their heads. A moment, then we JUMP into -

ANGIE

I should really begin with the childhood stuff, that's when it all starts, isn't it?

(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)

But I don't want to go into all
that so, fast-forward, I'm sixteen
years-old -

JOHNNY waves back to AMANDA PRATT, and slides down in his
chair. It's going to be a while...

26 INT. HALLWAY, N.A. MEETING, NOTTING HILL, LONDON 1990 - 26
AFTERNOON

PATRICK carries a small overnight bag, his suit on a hanger,
bundled to his chest. The meeting has overrun, and he's
striding impatiently towards the room.

PETER (V.O.)

Someone told me recovery was about
learning to put your tie round your
neck instead of your arm. That's
easy, I thought, I can do that...

27 INT. NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS MEETING, NOTTING HILL, LONDON 19907-
CONTINUOUS

- we follow PATRICK as he approaches the meeting room.

In the room, PETER is skinny, wired, as nervous as PATRICK,
who sits now.

PETER

...but when I was using, I found it
easy to cross the road because I
genuinely didn't care if I was run
over or not. Now I'm in recovery
I'm fucking terrified. I walk for
miles for a zebra crossing -

(PATRICK sits forward)

Just this morning I found myself
chopping out lines of Colman's
Mustard Powder. Little neat lines.

(Laughter. Recognition
drawing PATRICK in)

I make tea, and I find myself
worrying that I've put too much
sugar in the spoon, I watch TV and
I start to think I'm controlling
it. I couldn't watch it last night
'cos I was worried I was putting
the weatherman off by staring at
him. So sometimes I think, fuck it,
what's the point, just start using
again, what's to stop you? Is
saying this out loud meant to help
somehow? Am I meant to feel better
now? I don't know. Anyway. Thanks.

GROUP

Thanks Peter.

SECRETARY

So anyone else? Anyone who hasn't spoken yet?

JOHNNY hesitates - he hasn't seen PATRICK and so is free from the coolness he assumes in his presence. Instead -

JOHNNY

My name's Johnny and I am an addict.

GROUP

Hi Johnny!

JOHNNY

I'm going to a party with a good friend tonight, also in recovery, not in NA, and I know there'll be lots of drugs around, alcohol too...

PATRICK has sunk in the chair, touched by JOHNNY's sincerity. From AMANDA, at the front -

AMANDA

I'm going too! Hi Johnny!

JOHNNY

Anyway, it's a big party and I just feel under threat I suppose. So I just wanted to reaffirm my desire to stay clean today, and hopefully keep my friend clean too. Thanks.

GROUP

Thanks, Johnny.

And JOHNNY sits down, relieved.

At the back of the room, PATRICK takes this in, his cynicism suppressed, for now at least.

HARRY

Thanks, Johnny. Now before we finish it's newcomer time, newcomers only, please. Anyone?

JOHNNY looks around the room and sees PATRICK for the first time.

PATRICK snaps into his impervious manner, shrugs, taps his watch. JOHNNY turns back, smiles -

28 INT. NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS MEETING, NOTTING HILL, LONDON 19908-
CONTINUOUS

We follow PATRICK into the corridor, where he fumbles for a cigarette, shaken.

29 INT. NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS MEETING, NOTTING HILL, LONDON 19909-
AFTERNOON

JOHNNY and AMANDA are stacking chairs.

AMANDA

I *knew* you were talking about Cheatley! Is it true that Patrick Melrose is coming? Because I'm not sure it's good for people like us to be around that kind of negativity -

JOHNNY

And here he is!

AMANDA

Hello, Patrick! Nice to see you out and about.

JOHNNY

Amanda was just wondering if you were coming to the party.

PATRICK

You know I think I might!

AMANDA

Great! I'll see you there! I may need you for an emergency meeting!

JOHNNY

I'll feel safer knowing *you're* there.

She leaves. PATRICK narrows his eyes.

PATRICK

She's not an addict, she just likes a bit of coke. Amateur!

(while JOHNNY stacks chairs)

Honestly, I don't know how you stand it. The slogans, all that fatuous jargon -

JOHNNY

That's not a reason to hope they fail.

PATRICK

I don't hope they *fail*! I just don't know how anyone can bear the hypocrisy.

JOHNNY

They have a slogan for that too. 'Fake it to make it.'

PATRICK

Christ, it's worse than I thought.

JOHNNY

It's just a place to confess.

PATRICK

Fine, if you confess the thing that matters and people never do.

JOHNNY

Even so, if it helps to say these things out loud -

PATRICK

But it's so unnecessary!

JOHNNY

Why? Don't you find it hard not to take drugs?

PATRICK

Of course, it's a fucking nightmare, being lucid.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

My inner-life, Johnny, is an endless reel of decapitations and dogs fighting over the liver I quite want back thank you very much. Oblivion would be wonderful, if I didn't have this horror of forgetting.

JOHNNY

Forgetting what?

30 OMITTED

30

30A INT. NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS MEETING, WEST LONDON 1990 -
CONTINUOUS

30A

Please note: pick-up shot - continuation of 29.

PATRICK

Don't try and make me share, don't try to recruit me to your *cult*.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

There are things I've never told anyone, and never will. Including you.

31 EXT. A40 1990 - AFTERNOON 31

- JOHNNY's car cruises down the Westway, out through the suburbs. Warehouses, estates...

32 EXT. M4 1990 - EVENING 32

Then out into the industrialised countryside.

33 INT. NURSERY, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - EVENING 33

Two hours to go. VIRGINIA and BELINDA are playing happily as BRIDGET and TONY return, dressed now for the evening.

BELINDA

(a bag of sweets)

Look what Granny bought me! Would you like one?

BRIDGET

You mustn't give her sweets. They're very bad for her teeth. Nanny disapproves terribly, don't you, Nanny?

NANNY

(returning with a tray)

Yes, I do. What are we talking about?

(Seeing the sweets)

No! No, no, no, absolutely no sweeties in the nursery!

BELINDA

(running away)

I'm not in the nursery any more!

NANNY

And now she's over-excited!

NANNY sets off in pursuit.

VIRGINIA

Perhaps she could just have one or two after dinner.

BRIDGET

(a deep breath)

Ah yes, now, the dinner.

(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I meant to tell you, you're going out to supper with our neighbours, the Bossington-Lanes. It's going to be so stuffy and formal here with Princess Margaret -

VIRGINIA

Oh.

BRIDGET

You don't mind, do you? We thought it'd be nicer, more relaxed, at their dinner table. Then you can come later to the big party, the exciting bit -

VIRGINIA

(devastated)

No, no, that sounds very nice. Will you excuse me, I must just -

And she heads out, tugging the paper tissue from her cardigan sleeve, struggling to hide her hurt.

TONY FOWLES

You deserve an Oscar.

BRIDGET

I'm thinking of her too!

BELINDA returns.

BELINDA

Is granny upset?

BRIDGET

What on earth makes you say that?

BELINDA

She looked sad when she left.

A moment. A twist of BRIDGET's conscience, then -

BRIDGET

That's just the way her face looks when it relaxes. Let's get on. So much still to do!

33A EXT. LITTLE SODDINGTON HOTEL 1990 - EVENING

33A

Johnny's car pulls up at a chintzy, mid-range country hotel.

34 INT. HOTEL ROOM, LITTLE SODDINGTON 1990 - EVENING

34

PART 1 PATRICK'S HOTEL ROOM

A flowered duvet on twin beds too close together, a chintzy cell. PATRICK, half-dressed, boils the kettle, spoons sugar into the cup. Too much in the spoon?

He picks up the Hotel brochure - a lurid picture of a bleeding rib of beef. 'Dine in our famous Cotswold Carvery...'

PATRICK
'Book early to avoid
disappointment.' Hm.

He channel-hops, quick flashes, perhaps a moment of 'Zulu'. The inanities of local news, the TV WEATHERMAN talking straight at him. PATRICK glares back at the TV. He wonders - is he putting him off?

PART 2 INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

The WEATHERMAN gives the forecast.

WEATHERMAN
We've had a fairly bright pleasant afternoon, 4 or 5 degrees, but as night falls so will those temperatures. Nothing unusual for this time of year, and it's going to be a dry night but with temperatures of one or two degrees in central regions. Tomorrow, we're looking at mist and fog but still no rain, at least not until the weekend and then we really *will* see a change...

PART 3 PATRICK'S HOTEL ROOM

He snaps off the TV, hurls himself back onto the bed. The Gecko here perhaps? But memories of the past, other hotel rooms -

DAVID (V.O.)
Good God, what an appalling dump.
You see what I'm reduced to?

35 INT. HOTEL ROOM, PROVENCE 1968 - DAY

35

Mediterranean light. Twin beds too close together. DAVID MELROSE inspects the hotel room. This is shortly after his divorce - no beard yet, but a redness to the eyes, stubble - the beginning of the decline.

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

YOUNG PATRICK is behind him with the suitcases, nervous, sweating, his TEN YEAR-OLD SELF.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Do you report back?

YOUNG PATRICK
(he shakes his head)
Perhaps we could find somewhere
else. Perhaps we could -

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

YOUNG PATRICK
Don't mind.

DAVID sits wearily, and removes his shoes.

YOUNG PATRICK is shaking, 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
I'm going to the bathroom.

A moment. Then -

DAVID
Well. Don't be long.

The bathroom door closes on DAVID.

36 INT. HOTEL BATHROOM, THE CAMARGUE, PROVENCE 1968 - DAY 36

YOUNG PATRICK paces, tearful, fists clenching and unclenching, muttering to himself.

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

There's no escape, no alternative. Hand trembling, YOUNG PATRICK opens the door. DAVID waits on the bed -

HARD CUT TO -

37 INT. HOTEL ROOM, LITTLE SODDINGTON HOTEL 1990 - EVENING 37

The same fear - panicked breathing. PATRICK grabs the bedside phone. Affecting calm -

PATRICK
Johnny, can we get out of here? As soon as possible.

38 OMITTED 38

39 EXT. DRIVE, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - NIGHT 39

And here is SONNY, shifty, checking his watch, waiting nervously.

Flaming torches light the driveway as BRIDGET hurries her mother into a battered local mini-cab. VIRGINIA peers into her purse.

BRIDGET
We'll let you know when it's time to come back. Not too early!

VIRGINIA
Righty-o!

BRIDGET
Please don't say 'righty-o'.

VIRGINIA
Sorry. Must have caught it off your father!

BRIDGET
Now do you have some money?

VIRGINIA
I think so. The cab from the station was more expensive than I...

But the royal car is approaching. Panic.

BRIDGET
Here comes the Princess! For goodness sake, I'll pay you back later! Go! Drive, drive!

And she waves the minicab off. SONNY arrives.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
Now remember. Don't fawn.

SONNY
Righty-o.

BRIDGET
Christ, not you too.

PATRICK and JOHNNY are walking up the drive, taking in the flaming torches, the liveried WAITERS, the splendour of it all -

PATRICK
Bloody hell, Bridget.

JOHNNY
Only the best for Sonny.

They arrive just as PRINCESS MARGARET is stepping from her car. Along with one LADY-IN-WAITING, luggage, one SECURITY MAN. BRIDGET curtsies - all from PATRICK and JOHNNY's POV.

PATRICK
Stay close. Don't go too far away.

JOHNNY
I won't. Hold your nerve. It's going to be fine.

40 INT. RECEPTION ROOM, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - NIGHT 40

In a grand, high-ceilinged Reception Room, SONNY and his inner-circle are awaiting the Princess's arrival. There are twenty or so guests for drinks and dinner. NICHOLAS PRATT stands with JACQUES and JACQUELINE D'ALANTOUR, the French Ambassador and his wife.

JACQUELINE
So this old flame of yours, Bridget Gravesend, she is bien née?

NICHOLAS
Not at all. Father was very used-car-salesman, mother pure Surrey Pines.

JACQUES
'Not quite from the top basket' as you say.

JACQUELINE
And is that why you didn't marry her?

NICHOLAS

Pas du tout. I'm quite bien né enough for two. No, I'm happy to associate with everyone, from the monarch to the humblest baronet in the land.

JACQUELINE

But there are so many varieties of snobbery. Some, like not having pigs at one's table, are simply common sense..

JACQUES

And yet, as ambassador, it is sometimes necessary to have pigs at one's table.

JACQUELINE

If they are at one's table, they are no longer pigs.

While the three of them enjoy the wisdom of this remark, NICHOLAS spots PATRICK and raises his glass.

PATRICK

All the old faces. I wouldn't be surprised if my fucking father leapt out from behind a pillar. 'Supri-ise!'

WAITER

Champagne, gentlemen?

PATRICK/JOHNNY

No, thank you.

PATRICK

Years since I spoke to a stranger without drugs -

JOHNNY

Even when we did take drugs, all we ever saw was the inside of loos.

PATRICK

Yes, nowadays when I go to the loo, I say to myself, what are you doing here? You don't take drugs anymore. It's only after I've stormed out that I remember I need a piss -

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I suppose 'the young' will be taking ecstasy this evening.

JOHNNY

Ecstasy, the non-addictive high.

PATRICK

Call me old-fashioned, but I don't like the sound of a non-addictive drug. If it's not going to fuck you up, what's the point?

(as a WAITER passes)

Christ, I need a drink.

PATRICK/JOHNNY

No, thank you.

JOHNNY

I feel a bit stupid, saying this to you, but..if you did want to talk -

PATRICK

(snapping)

For fuck's sake, stop trying to recruit me -

JOHNNY

Purely as a friend -

PATRICK

(- then regretfully)

Yes. Of course. I'm sorry.

BRIDGET

Patrick Melrose -

(arriving)

I kept hearing that you'd died.

PATRICK

Just once or twice. Bridget, you look lovely.

JOHNNY

It's true, you do.

BRIDGET

Thank you, both.

(adjusting PATRICK's tie)

I've put you with someone who'll keep an eye on you. My cousin, Mary.

A WOMAN in evening dress. MARY, late-20s, wise, calm, watchful - we'll see more of her.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Ah, here she is!

PRINCESS MARGARET enters and all eyes turn - our first proper look. There's not a fanfare exactly, silence instead as SONNY and BRIDGET rush to her side.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Remember, don't sit down until P.M.
sits down!

As all heads turn to P.M., PATRICK catches MARY's eye.
Conspicuously not applauding. She smiles back.

41 INT. DINING ROOM, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - NIGHT 41

The high double doors swing open, and PRINCESS MARGARET and
SONNY head into the dining room. It looks sumptuous, but P.M.
has seen many, many rooms like this.

TONY FOWLES

Of course I love the countryside,
but I do wish everything would stay
still. I'm so aesthetic, I want to
arrange the cows and glue them to
the spot.

PRINCESS MARGARET

Tony, you are funny!

SONNY

(watching this)
What's he doing here anyway? Bloody
Rasputin -

BRIDGET

You're ridiculous, a ridiculous
snob.

SONNY

(separating P.M. and TONY)
Ma'am, if I could just -

PRINCESS MARGARET

Oh. Why? Where am I sitting?

SONNY

Next to the French Ambassador,
ma'am.

PRINCESS MARGARET's disappointment is palpable.

JACQUES

I think it was Marcel Proust who
said that the number of guests at
dinner should be more than the
graces and less than the muses, but
this is something absolutely
extraordinary.

PRINCESS MARGARET

I don't know *what* you're talking
about. Shall we get started?

Everyone stands ready. PATRICK, distracted, sits, notes his error, stands. The PRINCESS sits, which means the rest of the guests can sit too.

42 INT. DINING ROOM, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - NIGHT 42

Dinner is now underway, and the seating plan is as below;

JACQUELINE - - TONY, BRIDGET, JACQUES, MARGA., SONNY - JOHNNY

- - - - MARY, PATRICK, NICHOLAS -- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Seated in the centre, P.M. is holding forth.

PRINCESS MARGARET

- my lady-in-waiting leant over to the taxi driver and said 'take us to the Royal Garden Hotel' which, as you know, is at the bottom of the drive, and the taxi driver nodded at me and said -
(sort-of Cockney accent)
'I know were *she* lives!'

SONNY

(laughing extravagantly)
What a wonderful story! What wonderful people! Salt of the earth!

Meanwhile, the WAITER goes to pour white wine. PATRICK declines. He is intensely uncomfortable, fidgety, ill-at-ease. MARY notes all of this and makes an attempt at casual conversation.

MARY

I saw you earlier.

PATRICK

Hm?

MARY

In reception. We're staying at the same hotel.

PATRICK

Ah! Home of the famous Cotswold Carvery.

MARY

'Book early to avoid disappointment'.

PATRICK

If only I'd known it was so easy. To avoid disappointment, I mean.

MARY

Would you rather be there than here?

PATRICK

Almost anywhere. And yet if I wasn't here, it's the only place I'd want to be.

MARY

So how do you manage?

PATRICK

Hm?

MARY

To avoid disappointment?

PATRICK is surprised to be almost enjoying himself now.

PATRICK

It's impossible. Salvation crumbles as soon as you touch it. I mean look at everyone - snobs, social climbers, museum pieces.

MARY

I must say, I'm not quite sure why I'm here either. I think Bridget likes the family to know she's arrived.

On BRIDGET, unhappy, as P.M. talks to SONNY.

PATRICK

I'm sure. But arrived where?

Over to PRINCESS MARGARET.

PRINCESS MARGARET

(Examining her fork -)

What is this? Venison? It's hard to tell in this murky sauce.

SONNY

Yes, it is venison. I'm awfully sorry about the sauce. It's perfectly disgusting.

PRINCESS MARGARET

(turning to D'ALANTOUR)

Do you like it? It's venison.

JACQUES

Really, it is something absolutely marvellous. The sauce is so subtle. I did not know one could find such cooking in this country...

And in his enthusiasm, a gobbet of sauce flies off his fork and lands on PRINCESS MARGARET's dress.

JACQUES (CONT'D)
Ma'am. The sauce. I can only apologise...

A terrible silence.

PRINCESS MARGARET
Wipe.

JACQUES
I beg your pardon?

PRINCESS MARGARET
I said wipe.

BRIDGET
(gripping the table)
Oh God. Oh God...

And JACQUES has no choice but to dab his napkin in the water and start to wipe at the brown spots.

PRINCESS MARGARET
I thought I couldn't dislike the sauce more when it was on my plate.

SONNY
The sauce has been a disaster, ma'am, I'm so sorry.

PRINCESS MARGARET
There's no need for you to apologise.

While NICHOLAS relishes this, PATRICK can't bear it - it's too reminiscent of the kind of scene he witnessed as a child. Surely someone can intervene...

But JACQUELINE D'ALANTOUR, proud and haughty, can bear it no more. She stands and walks the length of the table.

JACQUES
Jacqueline, I have done something unpardonable.

JACQUELINE
Ma'am, let me help you.

PRINCESS MARGARET
He spilled it. He should wipe it up! In fact, one feels that he might have had a great career in dry-cleaning if he hadn't been blown off course.

JACQUELINE
Allez, Jacques, that's enough.

PRINCESS MARGARET
There's still a spot here. Wipe it up!

JACQUELINE
(she has had enough)
Non, c'est vraiment insupportable!

PRINCESS MARGARET
What is 'insupportable' is to be showered in this revolting sauce! I needn't remind you that your husband is Ambassador to the Court of St James!

A silence, a stand-off. JACQUELINE snaps first, bobbing briefly then heading out of the room. The door slams.

PRINCESS MARGARET (CONT'D)
A silence. I don't approve of silences!
(back to SONNY)
I get sent fallow dear from Richmond Park. You have to be on the list. The Queen said to me 'Put yourself on the list.' So I did.

SONNY
How very sensible, ma'am.

NICHOLAS
What I admire about Princess Margaret is the way she puts everyone at their ease.

Conversation resumes but PATRICK sits, frozen.

MARY
Are you all right?

43

INT. HALLWAY, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - NIGHT

43

The main course is being cleared. Outside the dining room, JACQUELINE D'ALANTOUR paces and curses in vicious French, railing against P.M.

She is watched from the stairs by BELINDA in her nightdress.

JACQUELINE
Hello, little girl. Who are you?

BELINDA
I'm Belinda. Is Princess Margaret in there?

JACQUELINE

Oh yes. Why don't you go and say
hello?

44 INT. DINING ROOM, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - NIGHT 44

The desert course is being served.

PRINCESS MARGARET

Remind me, Sonny, do you have any
children?

SONNY

Yes, indeed ma'am, a daughter,
seven years-old.

PRINCESS MARGARET

No male heir then.

SONNY

Even so, I'm very fond of her.

Over to NICHOLAS, monopolising PATRICK, who'd much rather be
talking to MARY.

NICHOLAS

Of course, in many ways I feel
responsible. It was I, after all,
who introduced the humble Miss
Watson-Scott, as she was then, to
the beau monde at your dear
father's house. Who knew then that
she was destined to command the
very heights of society? You're
very lucky, a reprobate like you,
invited to this glittering
occasion.

PATRICK

And I'm eternally grateful.

NICHOLAS

How are you managing?

PATRICK

Dying for a drink.

BELINDA has entered, and loiters nervously by the door,
unseen except PATRICK and MARY. WAITERS weave around her.

PATRICK waves at BELINDA. She waves back. MARY notices.

NICHOLAS
It's quite delicious. You
have my sympathy. I've never
been a heroin addict but I
did have to give up
cigarettes, which was quite
bad enough...

MARY
Oh, dear. I wonder if someone
should -

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(to MARY)
Will you excuse me?

PATRICK goes round the table to BELINDA, watched by MARY.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Were you looking for someone?

BELINDA
I wanted to meet Princess Margaret.

PATRICK
I see. Well, believe me, you'd be
much better off without. Why don't
we ask your mother to come?

But now NICHOLAS has spotted BELINDA.

NICHOLAS
Oh look! It's a little person who
can't sleep!

PRINCESS MARGARET
Who is it?

SONNY
I'm afraid it's my daughter, ma'am.

PRINCESS MARGARET
She should be in bed.

BRIDGET turns -

BRIDGET
Patrick, thank you. What are you
doing here, darling? This is a
dinner for grown-ups.

BELINDA
Which one's Princess Margaret?

JACQUELINE
(returning, mischievously)
Why don't you get your mother to
present you to her?

BELINDA
Will you mummy? Please?

PATRICK winces, BRIDGET hesitates. Meanwhile -

PRINCESS MARGARET
Do you have any politics?

SONNY
Conservative, ma'am!

BRIDGET and BELINDA arrive and wait patiently, PATRICK nearby, watching.

PRINCESS MARGARET
So I assumed, but are you involved in politics? For my own part, I don't mind who's in government so long as they're good at governing. What we must avoid at all costs is these windscreen wipers: left, right, left, right...

BRIDGET
Ma'am, I wonder if I could introduce...

PRINCESS MARGARET
Not now. She ought to be in bed. She'll just get over-excited.

SONNY
Quite right. Honestly darling, how did she escape?

BRIDGET looks at her husband with pure contempt.

A moment, and she takes her daughter's hand and walks briskly out of the room.

PATRICK, too, watches all of this with a terrible sense of recognition. *What am I doing here? Get me out, get me out...*

SONNY (CONT'D)
And now I think perhaps we should join the others.

PRINCESS MARGARET
Must we? We've been having such a cosy time. I do so *hate* big parties.

SONNY
Oh, me too. It was my wife's idea..

The following sequence should have a sense of movement, of continuous action, tuning in and out of conversations, replicating the experience in real time. A single, flowing take, or at least the illusion of one.

PART X EXT. MARQUEE / MARQUEE TERRACE (NIGHT FOR NIGHT):

Behind the house the band is on a small stage inside the marquee, playing CANDLES ON THE CAKE.

PART 1 EXT/INT. FRONT DRIVEWAY / ENTRANCE LOBBY (N/N):

In front of the house PATRICK smokes with the trepidation of a man about to face a firing squad. Guests are arriving, and among them we find CINDY SMITH, an American model, impossibly glamorous, and DAVID WINFALL, not so glamorous.

CINDY

Sonny and I are so grateful to you.

DAVID

Anything for Sonny. Try to avoid Bridget though. She can be rather fierce.

CINDY

Of course -

DAVID

If security asks, you're to pretend to be my wife.

CINDY

How far am I meant to go?

They join the party inside the house, and PATRICK looks after them. He turns back to the arriving cars and sees -

DEBBIE, ex-girlfriend, talking to JULIA, now JULIA BROGLIE, his ex-lover, and glaring AMANDA.

PATRICK hurries indoors - a hand on his arm.

GEORGE

My dear, what a nice surprise!

PART 2 INT. ENTRANCE LOBBY (NIGHT FOR NIGHT):

GEORGE WATFORD, very elderly now, sits in a chair in the entrance hall. PATRICK is genuinely pleased to see him.

PATRICK

George!

GEORGE

I'm sitting here because I can't hear anything otherwise.

PATRICK

(sitting)

I thought people were supposed to lead lives of quiet desperation.

GEORGE

Not quiet enough. Have you found something you enjoy doing?

PATRICK

Yes, but sadly I've had to give that up.

GEORGE

Then you're guilty of the greatest sin of all.

PATRICK

Am I?

GEORGE

Wasting time. You must make a *contribution*. No man is an island, though there are a surprising number here who own one. And not just in Scotland.

PATRICK

Of course you're right. My father once said to me 'if you have a talent, use it. Or you'll be miserable all your life.' It was almost the only non-hostile remark he ever made.

GEORGE

He was a very brilliant man, but never happy I think.

PATRICK

Yes, well, I hardly ever think about him these days.

GEORGE

Whatever you feel, he would have hated you to make the same mistakes. Patrick -
(gripping his hand)
No more wasted time.

This hits its mark.

PATRICK

I must go and find my -

GEORGE

Go - go...

PART 3 INT. ENTRANCE LOBBY / MAIN LOBBY / MUSIC ROOM (N/N):

Leaving George, he continues to move into the next room where he suddenly finds himself facing DEBBIE. She's not pleased to see him.

DEBBIE

Patrick.

PATRICK

Debbie. You look lovely. But you always did at parties.

DEBBIE

I'm surprised you can remember. You were either upstairs in bed with someone else, or passed out in the loo -

PATRICK

Yes, well, that's something I wanted to talk to you about. I don't think I was terribly nice to you and -

DEBBIE

I know this one. It's a twelve-step thing, isn't it? I'm on your 'moral inventory'.

PATRICK

No, I just -

DEBBIE

Will you excuse me?

And while PATRICK winces, she heads off past -

SONNY

(coming down the stairs)
David, Cindy! You made it!

CINDY

Happy Birthday, darling.

DAVID

Sonny, are you sure this is all above board? Bridget just gave me the most terrible scowling look.

SONNY

Just stick to our story. You met Cindy, wife couldn't come, asked her instead, didn't check, nothing to do with me.

DAVID

Right. So, met Cindy, wife couldn't come, asked Cindy instead...

DAVID sidles off. SONNY takes CINDY to a quieter corner of the room and regards her with barely-concealed lust.

SONNY

Hello there.

CINDY

Happy Birthday, darling.

A kiss, a whisper. NICHOLAS and PATRICK watch this encounter as we move in on them.

NICHOLAS

What I find with beautiful women is that, after one's waited around for ages, they all arrive at once, as buses are supposed to do. Not that I've ever waited around for a bus. Oh look there's Princess Margaret. One has to be careful not to trip over her.

PATRICK

That was quite a scene.

NICHOLAS

Yes, I do admire P.M., she has something of your father's joie-de-vivre. Imagine if they'd met!

PATRICK

Imagine.

But PATRICK's eye is drawn to BRIDGET, who also watches SONNY, silent and despairing and drinking heavily.

NICHOLAS

The way she used a minor accident to screw the maximum humiliation out of the Ambassador. Of course I'm absolutely devoted to his wife who, behind all that phoney chic, is a genuinely malicious person - (JACQUES and JACQUELINE arrive) And here they are!

PATRICK

Will you excuse me? I must talk to our hostess.

JACQUELINE

I hope we didn't drive away your young friend. He seemed very nervous.

NICHOLAS

Oh, we can do without him. Mon cher Jacques, I thought you were absolutely brilliant, the way you handled that tiresome woman...

PATRICK has followed BRIDGET into the music room, has taken her by the hand and sat her down. But now PRINCESS MARGARET is approaching.

JACQUES

Thank you, but I feel the royal presence bearing down on us. Perhaps we should explore the depths of the party.

NICHOLAS

My dear fellow you are the depths of the party. Au revoir!

And they flee, just as PRINCESS MARGARET arrives and walks with him into the music room.

PRINCESS MARGARET

Consorting with the enemy?

NICHOLAS

They came to me for sympathy, but I told them they'd come to the wrong place! He's a clumsy fool, and as to his absurd wife...

AMANDA PRATT arrives, smiling, interrupting NICHOLAS.

AMANDA

Hello there! Isn't this a lovely party?
(a nod to P.M.)
Ma'am.

NICHOLAS

(chilly)
I'll come and find you later.
Alright?

AMANDA heads off, downcast.

PRINCESS MARGARET

Who was that?

NICHOLAS

My daughter. Now where was I, I've quite lost my flow -

...and now over P.M.'s shoulder, to BRIDGET and PATRICK, talking fondly.

BRIDGET

...the main thing I remember, apart from your poisonous father, was that beautiful house.

PATRICK

Nothing compared to all of this.

BRIDGET

Yes, funny how things turn out. It's all lovely, I just wish it wasn't full of such awful shits. Not you, of course. Or mummy -

Behind PATRICK, VIRGINIA has wandered into the party, rather dazed, clutching her large handbag.

PATRICK

You seemed so incredibly cool to me. Not like my parents' usual crowd at all. And so kind too. When you're young you notice kindness.

BRIDGET

Kind. You're sure you're not confusing me with someone else? -
(VIRGINIA's passing)
You wouldn't be an angel and talk to her for a second, would you?
(before he can object)
Mummy? This is my old friend Patrick Melrose...

PATRICK smiles at VIRGINIA.

PATRICK

So! Quite a party!

PART 4 INT. MUSIC ROOM / MAIN LOBBY / BLUE DRAWING RM (N/N):

- and now we follow BRIDGET into the main hall as she tracks SONNY, still talking to CINDY. DAVID intercepts her, sweaty and eager for exoneration.

DAVID

Bridget! Lovely party! I just wanted to clarify - I met Cindy, my wife couldn't come...

But she brushes past him and watches as, in the drawing room, SONNY grabs a glass of champagne, presses it on CINDY, who places one hand, momentarily, on her stomach. SONNY laughs, touches that hand tenderly, whispers in her ear, then turns back.

Quickly, BRIDGET turns out of sight, shaken, confused -

- as TONY FOWLES arrives; coked-up, melodramatic.

TONY FOWLES

What is it, darling?

BRIDGET

Oh, I just saw Cindy Smith with Sonny. I said we shouldn't invite her because we didn't know her and now she's here and...oh, I'm just being paranoid.

TONY FOWLES

Yes. Probably.

BRIDGET

Probably paranoid?

TONY FOWLES

(a moment's thought, then)

Is there somewhere we can go?

And as she takes him by the arm, BRIDGET looks back, but SONNY has disappeared.

PART 5 EXT. MARQUEE / MARQUEE TERRACE (NIGHT FOR NIGHT):

Patrick is outside on the lawn, watching the crowd dance in the marquee. SONNY, now drunk, joins him -

SONNY

Patrick Melrose, why aren't you *drinking*?

On stage, the BAND LEADER is introducing each musician, after which they play a brief solo.

PATRICK

Sonny. Happy Birthday!

SONNY

I frightfully dislike this bit. What makes him think we wanted to know their names?

BAND LEADER

On saxophone, Joe Martin!

SONNY

I saw you talking to Bridget. Is she having fun, d'you think? She does look stormy....

BAND LEADER (CONT'D)

And on cornet, 'Chilly Willy' Watson!

PATRICK hears the BAND LEADER's announcement and strains to see the cornet player, but -

JOHNNY

(a rescue)

Sonny, may I steal Patrick for one moment?

(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
(still staring - could it
be?)
Everything alright?

PATRICK
What? Yes, I thought I -

JOHNNY
Let's go here -
(a little quieter)
I thought I'd save you from our
host.

And we return to SONNY in the crowd - an urgent, whispered
conversation with CINDY.

PATRICK
There's a blast of palpable
stupidity that comes from that man,
like opening the door of a sauna.
(Anxious, SONNY hurries
through the crowd)
My God, look at them all. I
remember these people from my
childhood. Hard and dull.

JOHNNY
They're the last Marxists.
(PATRICK - 'go on')
The last people to believe class is
a total explanation. When they've
lost that doctrine in Peking and
Moscow, it'll still flourish under
the marquees of England. The true
heirs of Marx and Lenin.

PATRICK
And a little bit of
Gloucestershire. Let's get out of
here.

But JULIA arrives -

JULIA
What are you two muttering about?
Hello, stranger -
(kissing his cheek)
Oh, Christ -
(arriving -)
Johnny, Patrick, this is my
husband, Angus.

Bearded, Scottish, a little dull. They shake hands.

ANGUS
Quite a party. Must have cost a
pretty penny!

JULIA

My husband is obsessed with how much everything *costs*. Why don't you go and get me a drink. They're *free*. Johnny will help you.

PATRICK

Actually, Johnny and I were about to -

A glance of exasperation from JOHNNY as he leaves with ANGUS.

JULIA

(watching ANGUS)

My husband. He looked so good on paper but he's completely obsessed with whether a cheap-day return is refundable if you don't use the second half.

(PATRICK laughs)

Shall we go exploring?

(they head into the house,
JULIA still holding her
champagne glass)

It's very good to see you again. I thought perhaps you'd been avoiding me. As a bad influence.

PATRICK

Not you. The world.

JULIA

You're here now. Perhaps we can liven up this dreary party.

PATRICK

You certainly have to kick a lot of bodies before you find a live one.

JULIA

Tony's got some charlie, but I suppose that's against the rules.

In the crowd, we find TONY FOWLES, who is slipping a wrap of cocaine to AMANDA.

PATRICK

I think technically, yes.

JULIA

Christ, why are you all so *dull*? Men used to tell me how they used butter for sex. Now they tell me how they've eliminated it from their diet. Look, there's Debbie.

(DEBBIE joins TONY)

Doesn't she look beautiful?

PATRICK

Very. Well, I'd better go find
Johnny -

JULIA

We could always go upstairs.

PATRICK

Upstairs. What for?

JULIA

For sex. No strings.

PATRICK

Well, I suppose it's something to
do.

JULIA

Thank you.

PATRICK

No, no, I'm really keen.

JULIA

Well then, let's go. Before my
husband gets back.

PART 6 INT. DINING ROOM / BLUE DRAWING ROOM (N/N):

Patrick and Julia move through the house. At the bottom of
the stairs, they approach a SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD

I'm sorry, ma'am, the house is
closed to -

JULIA

(with supreme confidence)
We're staying here.

The SECURITY GUARD hesitates but shrinks under her glare,
lets them through.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Thank you!

PART 7 INT. LANDING / STAIRCASE (NIGHT FOR NIGHT):

Up the stairs -

PATRICK

I can't help thinking this is a
terrible idea.

JULIA

Shhhh! Listen!

The sound of shouting is coming from the end of the hall.

There we can see SONNY and BRIDGET, their furious row happening simultaneously with JULIA and PATRICK's conversation.

As PATRICK and JULIA listen in -

BRIDGET

...and you *invited* her! Here, to our home, with our daughter sleeping upstairs, surely you can see how... monstrous and humiliating that is?

SONNY

Could we perhaps talk about it in the morning?

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

No! We will talk about it now -

SONNY

- because the guests are going to start wondering where we -

BRIDGET

I don't CARE about your fucking guests! Tell me - is it the first time she's been here?

SONNY

What?

BRIDGET

To the house, is this the first time she has been a guest in *our* house?

SONNY

Yes!

BRIDGET

Sonny -

SONNY

No. No, she has been here once, maybe twice before -

BRIDGET

And where was I?

SONNY

In London, I think, seeing friends.

BRIDGET

And did you fuck her here?

SONNY

What?

BRIDGET

Did. You. Fuck. Her -

SONNY

I don't have to answer all these
quest -

BRIDGET

Did you fuck her here?

SONNY

Yes, but not in our bedroom!

JULIA

You must have heard.

PATRICK

About the affair?

JULIA

It gets better. Cindy's *pregnant*.
With a precious boy-child. Sonny's
so desperate for a male heir he's
going to make Cindy the next
Countess of Gravesend.

PATRICK

Poor Bridget.

JULIA

- like some sort of tin-pot Henry
VIII. Honestly, you have to laugh.

PATRICK

Well, you don't *have to* laugh.

JULIA

Don't be so pious. Serves her
right.

PATRICK

What for?

JULIA

You *know* what for. All that
climbing. No wonder she looks so
tired.

PATRICK

You know, I have my reservations
about your character.

JULIA

Oh, me too!

BRIDGET, tearful but furious, is walking away from a dazed
SONNY. JULIA hears her approach -

JULIA (CONT'D)

Quick - let's go.

And she takes his hand and takes him along, and we leave THE PARTY.

46

INT. NURSERY, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - NIGHT

46

In the dark room, PATRICK and JULIA are beginning to make love, standing against the wall. It's very passionate, so much so that JULIA's champagne glass falls and breaks.

JULIA

Guess who I'm having an affair with?

PATRICK

Do we have to discuss this now?

JULIA

Your friend Johnny.

PATRICK

Well, that's put me right off.

JULIA

(an attempt at reignition)
I thought you might want to steal me back. Johnny's perfectly nice but that's the problem.

(she kisses him)

I was so pleased when I heard you were coming tonight. Patrick Melrose. It took me by surprise. The fact is, I've missed you.

PATRICK

Me too. But I think...I think I'd rather stay friends with Johnny.

JULIA

Really?

PATRICK

I don't want more irony and tension.

JULIA

But you love irony and tension!

PATRICK

You just imagine everyone's like you.

JULIA

Fuck off, Patrick

PATRICK

Look, we'd better part now, don't you think? Before we have a row.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(his cigarette lighter
shows the way)
Best go down separately. You go
first.

JULIA
(curt, angry)
God, you're a pain.

The door closes, and PATRICK is alone again.

He lights a cigarette, looks around for somewhere to use as
an ashtray. The doll's house? He sees JULIA's broken
champagne glass. He throws the cigarette out the window, and
picks it up-

He holds the glass in his hand a moment. A memory. Then,
walking with some purpose, he heads out -

47 OMITTED 47

48 OMITTED 48

49 INT. HALLWAY/STAIRS, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - 49
CONTINUOUS

- onto the landing, and the main stairs. BRIDGET is
ascending, tearful.

BRIDGET
What are you doing here?

PATRICK
Sorry. Came up with a girl.

BRIDGET
Oh God, I feel old. So much for
security -

PATRICK
(her red eyes)
You alright?

BRIDGET
Yes, they say you never enjoy your
own parties. I'm going to find my
mother -

And he continues down the stairs -

- past the suspicious SECURITY GUARD. He heads past. The
SECURITY GUARD glares, thinks 'Rich cunts...'

50 INT. MARQUEE, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - NIGHT 50

Early '90s dance music - 'Groove is in the Heart' perhaps. The young have indeed taken ecstasy, and the lights are flashing, young and old dancing a little awkwardly. A rave in dinner-jackets - very, very uncool. Thoughtful, PATRICK surveys this strange world. JOHNNY's by his side.

JOHNNY

I was looking for you. Where have you been?

PATRICK

Nowhere. I wonder - can we find somewhere to talk?

51 INT. UPSTAIRS TERRACE, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - NIGHT 51

With some urgency -

PATRICK

I told you there was something I've never said out loud and never would. And now I'm going to. Forgive my inarticulacy, it's not that I'm embarrassed, it's...I don't want it to be a burden for you.

JOHNNY

Go ahead.

PATRICK

So. I've told you about my parents' drunkenness and the violence, but what I was skirting around was -

A WAITER enters, offering drinks.

PATRICK/JOHNNY

No thank you/Not now.

WAITER

Just to let you know the fireworks will be starting in a few minutes.

JOHNNY

Thank you.

A pause, while the WAITER leaves. Finally -

PATRICK

When I was eight years-old, my father 'abused' me as we're invited to call it these days.

A moment, as JOHNNY struggles to take this in.

JOHNNY

What do you mean, 'abused'?

PATRICK

I...it was...

(he is struggling to hold
himself together now)

Nobody should do that to anybody
else. The first time I -

The WAITER again -

WAITER

In fact, the fireworks are about to-

PATRICK

(with real vitriol, a
flash of his father)

Look, do you think you could leave
us alone for one fucking minute so
we can have a conversation?

WAITER

(retreating)

I'm sorry, sir.

PATRICK

We're not children, do we look like
we're interested in the fucking
fireworks!

(The WAITER goes, then
lower, back to JOHNNY)

What do I mean by abused? I mean
sexually abused.

JOHNNY

God, I'm sorry. No wonder you hated
him so much.

PATRICK

Well now you know. The first
incident masqueraded as a
punishment, though I never knew the
crime which gave it a certain
Kafkaesque charm -

JOHNNY

What a bastard. It must have split
the world in half.

PATRICK

Yes, I think that's what happened.
What makes you say that?

JOHNNY

It just seemed obvious.

PATRICK

When it was happening, in that moment - this will sound strange - there was a lizard on the wall, a gecko, bright green and I thought, if I can somehow put myself inside...I might get through this. Not much of an escape plan, I know. The point is now I'm exhausted by hating him. It's not enough, and if I'm going to break into the world, not just *this* -
(the party)
- but the real world, to learn something, make a contribution, live rather than just survive, then I'm going to have to say these things out loud.

A crackle and bang from outside. The fireworks have begun.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

We're missing the fireworks, if you want to -

JOHNNY

That's alright.

52 OMITTED

52

53 INT. BRIDGET'S BEDROOM, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - NIGHT

BRIDGET hastily packs a suitcase. BELINDA is curled up asleep on VIRGINIA's lap.

VIRGINIA

I wondered if perhaps you'd like your old room back?

BRIDGET

(snapping)

Mummy, I don't know, let's decide when we get there.

VIRGINIA

Whatever makes you happy.

BRIDGET, remorseful, takes in her mother cradling BELINDA. She comes and sits with her.

BRIDGET

I've treated you dreadfully sometimes. Snobbishly.

VIRGINIA

Oh, no. Only sometimes. Your father always blamed that Nicholas Pratt man. You were such a nice girl until you met him, but then you started criticising everything at home, people you'd known all your life, perfectly nice people. Your father always loved you, but I can't pretend he wasn't hurt sometimes. Have I said too much?

BRIDGET

Not at all.

She takes her hand. A moment, then -

VIRGINIA

Let's have a nice long talk tomorrow. We should probably get started. We've a long way to go.

53A INT. UPSTAIRS TERRACE, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS, 1990 - NIGHT

JOHNNY and PATRICK stand in silence.

JOHNNY

I'm not recruiting, I swear -

PATRICK

Go on -

JOHNNY

But perhaps the only way to move on is to become more detached about yourself and more attached to something else -

PATRICK

A hobby you mean -

JOHNNY

- or someone else -

PATRICK

Fall in love, have kids -

JOHNNY

Why not?

PATRICK

I tried falling in love, many times, as you know -

JOHNNY

Not sure I'd call that love -

PATRICK

Even so, my experience of love is that you get excited thinking someone can mend your broken heart, disappointed when you realise they can't.

JOHNNY

But the next time.

PATRICK

Hm. Of course, the other danger is that without bitterness, spite, sarcasm, snobbery and self-loathing, there might be nothing left.

JOHNNY

Perhaps. Or think what you could put there instead.

54 EXT/INT. HALLWAY, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - NIGHT 54

As fireworks continue, PRINCESS MARGARET, a little woozy now, is retreating, pursued by an inebriated JACQUES D'ALANTOUR.

JACQUES

Ma'am! Ma'am, wait. Ma'am, I wished to apologise. I think it was Talleyrand who said -

VIRGINIA, BRIDGET and the sleeping BELINDA are struggling down the stairs with the suitcase.

PRINCESS MARGARET

Ah, there's our hostess! I wanted to find Sonny...

BRIDGET regards the Princess coldly. Then -

BRIDGET

I really couldn't care less. Ma'am.

And they hurry off, leaving P.M. alone.

55 EXT. DRIVE, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - NIGHT 55

SONNY, GEORGE, and NICHOLAS are smoking cigarettes in a huddle near the entrance.

SONNY

I've been a bloody fool.

NICHOLAS

I can't say I disagree.

Behind them, as SONNY speaks, BRIDGET, VIRGINIA and BELINDA get into their car -

SONNY

But I was driven to it! Bridget's not having a son has been frightfully hard but I'm not sure I like the idea of life without her. And Cindy has got some very peculiar ideas. She's already suggested I knock a wall through, and the way she looks at the furniture, like a bloody auctioneer

-

GEORGE

Isn't that Bridget now?

The engine starts, and SONNY drops his glass and starts to run after it.

SONNY

Bridget! Bridget, where are you going! Stop! Stop the car!

VIRGINIA looks back through the rear window and sees her son-in-law on the grand drive behind them, gasping.

She allows herself a smile.

56	OMITTED	56
57	OMITTED	57
58	EXT. DRIVE, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - CONTINUOUS	58

A general exodus is taking place. The BAND are packing their stuff away, WAITERS are clearing up glasses.

PATRICK and JOHNNY walk towards the car.

PATRICK

I wonder if there's some alternative to hatred.

JOHNNY

Forgiveness?

PATRICK

Oh, I'm sure my father was intensely unhappy, but to forgive someone, doesn't there have to be some effort to change?

JOHNNY

But if he'd changed, he wouldn't
need forgiving -

The INSENSITIVE WAITER is passing with a tray of glasses.
PATRICK spots him.

PATRICK

Excuse me, hello. Look, I'm sorry
if I snapped at you earlier, I was
in the middle of saying something
rather tricky.

WAITER

I was only doing my job.

PATRICK

Of course you were, and I
apologise.

JOHNNY

So do you think there's any way to
forgive him?

WAITER

Of course. It wasn't that bad.

JOHNNY

No, not you!

JOHNNY and PATRICK laugh. The WAITER tuts and leaves.

PATRICK

Well if the waiter can forgive
me... You go ahead. I don't think
I'll be able to sleep yet, and the
thought of that hotel room -

JOHNNY

Well - thanks for telling me.

PATRICK

No need to get Californian about
it.

JOHNNY

No need to be so English.
(at the car now)
It's the end of the party.

PATRICK

More than that. It's the end of an
era.

JOHNNY

Well. Let's hope so.

JOHNNY walks away, past the band, and the cornet player that PATRICK noticed earlier.

Is it possible? He walks closer, stares quite openly. CHILLY WILLY turns.

CHILLY WILLY

Can I help you?

PATRICK

I knew someone in New York called Chilly Willy. You're not -

CHILLY WILLY

Where'd he live?

PATRICK

Tenth Avenue.

CHILLY WILLY

What did he do?

PATRICK

He sold... he lived on the streets. It's impossible, I know...

CHILLY WILLY

The coat. The English guy who wouldn't take his coat off, right?

PATRICK

Patrick Melrose. Christ, you look well. I had no idea -

CHILLY WILLY

I was always a musician, I just -
(a diving motion with his
hand)
You know?

PATRICK

Your wife once sold me a horse syringe for twenty dollars. It was like this -

CHILLY WILLY

Yeah, she OD'ed.

PATRICK

Oh, I'm sorry. Still, it's a miracle you're alive.

CHILLY WILLY

You too. But then everything's a miracle, man. It's a miracle that we don't melt in the bath like a piece of soap.

And CHILLY WILLY heads off.

MARY
Nice to meet you.

PATRICK turns and sees MARY, walking towards him.

PATRICK
You too -
(a thought - why not?)
See you at breakfast perhaps.

MARY
Yes. Why not? The Cotswold Carvery?

PATRICK
Around nine perhaps.

MARY
Avoid disappointment.

And she walks on, smiling. PATRICK watches her go.

59 EXT. GROUNDS, CHEATLEY, THE COTSWOLDS 1990 - DAWN 59

And now PATRICK is alone, walking away from the house, the smoke from the fireworks still hanging in the air.

It's very late - almost early - and there's the hint of a lightening in the eastern sky.

Still, he's not quite ready for sleep. Instead he strides off across the grass towards an ornamental lake.

At the edge of the water, he stops and lights his last cigarette and crumples the pack.

PATRICK bends down, finds a stick, feels its weight in his hand and hurls it out into the lake.

As it breaks the water -

CUT TO:

60 EXT. VINEYARD, LACOSTE 2002 - MORNING 60

Blazing Provençal light. August.

A BLUR OF MOTION through broken vines, as a YOUNG BOY tumbles down the serried terraces that cover the steep slope beneath the chateau. He slashes at the vines left and right with his plastic sword, leaping over the terraced walls, flying almost.

61 INT. WOODS, CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2002 - MORNING 61

In a clearing stands a well, its depths concealed with a wooden cover. THE BOY approaches and climbs up onto the edge.

He points his toe, tests the air above the well.

Then JUMPS. And lands.

Concrete. Dead leaves. The well has been sealed. No longer 1967.

A VOICE (O.S.)

Robert! Robert, where are you?

ROBERT MELROSE stops immediately, caught in the act, then jumps down and runs back towards the house.

62 EXT. TERRACE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2002 - MORNING 62

PATRICK MELROSE, twelve years older than the man at the party, shouts across the diminished grounds.

He is joined by MARY, who carries their second son THOMAS.

They stand and watch their son hurtling towards the house.

PATRICK

Robert, hurry up! Your grandmother wants you. Come and say hello to Eleanor!

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF PART THREE

*