

The Danish Girl

by
Lucinda Coxon

Based on the book
by David Ebershoff

Based on a true story

THE DANISH GIRL

1 EXT. KATTEGAT SEA, JUTLAND, DENMARK, 1920'S, DAY 1

FADE IN:

A rectangle of ferociously stormy sea viewed from battered cliffs. Silver waves are whipped by a wind that flies at us, stinging, relentless. Somewhere, unseen in the barren landscape, something is at its mercy - we hear the RUSTLE and PUNCH of the weather going at it.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. WOMAN'S EYE 2

The same scene reflected across the surface of a woman's blue eye, intense with emotion, curiosity. Gradually, the WEATHER SOUNDS are overtaken by VOICES coming up. At first the SOCIAL CHATTER is PERIPHERAL, then the VOICES grow more STRIDENT, OPPRESSIVE. The eye blinks.

3 INT. GALLERY, COPENHAGEN, DENMARK, EVENING, 1928 3

A painting of the same sea, captured with remarkable accuracy of feeling. A HUBBUB OF GABBLING VOICES. Too many people in a low-ceilinged room. One voice dominates now - an older woman's. We pull out to see GRETA WAUD's blue eyes shift from deep scrutiny of the painting to polite social focus as she takes in an excited OLDER WOMAN WITH A MOUSTACHE.

GRETA

I'm sorry...?

OLDER WOMAN

I said: don't you wish you could paint like that! Really - what wouldn't you give...?

The woman heads into the crowd, leaving Greta - tall, blonde, a little out of place - to ponder that very good question. Greta moves through the well-dressed gathering, catching snatches of conversation:

SMART WOMAN

No - the one in the corner.

SMART MAN

With the dark hair...?

(CONTINUED)
April 07

SMART WOMAN

So emotional...

SMART MAN

More than the last show...

SMART WOMAN

It's all Jutland, where he grew up.

Greta watches the crowd watching each other as much as the paintings. Far off in a corner, there's an inner circle where her handsome husband EINAR WEGENER is being showered with praise. An exotic-looking woman with mischief playing on her full lips approaches Greta. This is ANNA FONSMARCK.

ANNA

(a stage whisper)

It's going very well.

GRETA

Oh yes. He'll be impossible.

The women LAUGH. As Greta looks up, Einar looks across, smiles - excited, relieved. Greta nods back, reassuring, conspiratorial. Then Einar's pulled back into the select circle by a portly goateed man, RASMUSSEN. A few words and then RASMUSSEN emits a ridiculous barking LAUGH.

Greta and Einar, arm in arm, LAUGHING. Greta wears a distinctively embroidered fine wool wrap. Their FOOTSTEPS ring down the empty street. A patina of crystallised brine coats doorways, windows, scintillating in the moonlight.

GRETA

And Rasmussen...

EINAR

Oh, I know...

GRETA

You were loving it...

EINAR

He was drunk.

GRETA

"I don't say my client is the best landscape artist in Denmark..."

Einar joins in...

(CONTINUED)

April 07

4 CONTINUED:

EINAR
"But..."

They mimic Rasmussen, his ludicrous excitement:

GRETA
"He is in the top one!"

They LAUGH hard. Someone calls from an upstairs window:

MAN AT WINDOW
Hey - people are sleeping!

The window SLAMS. Greta and Einar struggle to quieten down, head for the dancing harbour lights - partners in crime.

5 EXT. HARBOUR, NEXT MORNING 5

- MAIN TITLES BEGIN -

Fishermen selling straight off the boats to early-rising customers. Prices are loudly negotiated as the silver catch still writhes and flaps. A city coming to life.

6 INT. THE WIDOW HOUSE, BEDROOM 6

Greta and Einar asleep, tangled up in one another. Greta's eyes open. On the pillow next to her, Einar sleeps on. She studies his face: long eyelashes, cheeks hollow in repose, delicate lips. A little dog WHIMPERS, scratches at the side of the bed. Greta puts her finger to her lips: 'hush'...

7 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, STUDIO 7

Greta lets the dog ahead into a light-drenched room: a high ceiling, warped windows and tilting floor spattered with paint. One of Einar's canvases, unfinished, awaits his attention. Greta looks at it for a second, then we follow her gaze to a separate work station set up in the space. Greta pulls a tarpaulin off an easel, reveals a large, vivid portrait of a middle-aged businessman. We now notice other portraits, completed and in progress, all intensely coloured, heavily varnished. The opposite of Einar's mysterious communion with place. She assesses the portrait with a cold eye. The dog YAPS, nudges its food bowl, distracting her.

8 EXT. BUSY STREET - THE MORNING RUSH. 8

The harbour in full swing - men cycling to work, women with baskets full of produce. The fishermen are closing up. Greta and the dog move purposefully through the crowds.

9 EXT. FONNESBECH'S DEPARTMENT STORE 9

Two young women shop assistants, almost parodically feminine, adjust a pair of yellow suede shoes in the window display. A shadow falls across them - it's Greta stopping to admire the shoes. The assistants' doll faces look her up and down. Greta, with a light tan and a slick of grease to stop her lips chapping, is found wanting. She smiles, entertained, presses on.

- MAIN TITLES END -

10 INT. ART SUPPLIES STORE 10

Greta's strong hands load a tin into a wicker trolley which shows signs of repeated mending. The elderly ART SUPPLIES MAN enters the items in the Waud/Wegener account.

ART SUPPLIES MAN

It sounds like a big success - you must be pleased.

GRETA

Relieved more than anything. Can you add on an extra shellac? I'll need it soon enough.

The man hands over another large tin.

ART SUPPLIES MAN

What are you working on?

GRETA

A portrait of Fonnesbech Senior. To hang in the boardroom.

ART SUPPLIES MAN

Oh - friends in high places...

They LAUGH.

11 INT. POST OFFICE 11

Greta waits.

POST OFFICE CLERK
Waud and Wegener...?

The Clerk hands over a small bundle of letters. A cursory glance, and Greta stuffs it in the trolley, sets off again.

12 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, KITCHEN, DAY 12

A coffee pot GRUMBLES towards boiling as Greta opens the mail. It includes an art magazine, *Paris Review*, that she starts to read... The coffee pot spits and sizzles. She pulls it off the heat automatically, lost in the article.

13 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, BEDROOM, DAY 13

Einar's eyes open as the blinds rise. There's a tray - bread, butter, coffee, beside him. He stretches, takes in the silhouetted outline of his wife: tall, purposeful Greta.

GRETA
Do you know what time it is?

He smiles, sweetly suggestive of pleasure to come...

EINAR
Time you came back to bed?

GRETA
No - I'm ready to start work.

EINAR
Draw down the blinds.

She holds back, teases a little.

GRETA
I told you, I...

EINAR
Greta...

GRETA
What?

She takes him in, smiling up at her. Shakes her head.

13 CONTINUED:

GRETA

Your face... You think I can't resist
you...

EINAR

Do you want to resist me?

She approaches the edge of the bed, smiling herself now.

GRETA

No. But I'd like you to ask nicely so
I don't feel such a pushover...

Einar moves towards her.

EINAR

Greta Waud, my life, my wife...

Greta folds into his sleepy arms... A delightfully skittish
ARIA comes up as they begin to make love. Continues into:

14 INT. OPERA HOUSE, COSTUME SHOP, ONE MONTH LATER, DAY 14

Einar walks between racks of clothes that hang in two tiers so
the ruffled and feathered hems of jewel-coloured gowns brush his
cheeks. An explicit sensual pleasure, which Einar is conscious
of but feels no need to investigate. He pauses. The ARIA ceases,
he hears women CHATTING, sometimes DROPPING THEIR VOICES,
emitting DIRTY LAUGHS, which make him smile and wonder. A
stolen intimacy. Then Einar moves on, appears at a clearing in
the room. Anna is being pulled into a corset by a DRESSER. She
sees him - is delighted, breaks free for a moment, her flesh
spilling deliciously in all directions.

ANNA

Einar!

He kisses her cheek. The DRESSER hands Anna a robe, but:

ANNA

Oh don't worry about him - he's only
ever had eyes for one woman.

EINAR

My guilty secret's out.

He smiles at her, indulgent.

ANNA

So - when are you two going to breed
me a godchild?

(CONTINUED)
April 07

EINAR
You're an atheist.

ANNA
I'll reconsider.

EINAR
We're doing our best.

ANNA
Good for you, but do better. I've
been waiting an eternity. Have you
tried drinking raw eggs?

EINAR
No.

ANNA
Try it. For my sake.

Einar shakes his head. She's impossible and he adores her.

ANNA
Anyway what are you doing in today? I
thought you finished last week?

EINAR
I wanted to check on the scrim for the
storm scene. And give Greta some
space.

ANNA
Ah - she's got a shy one.

Einar nods, smiles. Anna prepares to resume her fitting.

ANNA
Well you know I'm next?

EINAR
So I heard.

ANNA
I won't be shy.

EINAR
I should imagine not.

ANNA
Good God, she'll need all her colours
for me!

14 CONTINUED:

They LAUGH and Anna signals to the dresser to pull at the corset once more, smiles in delighted anticipation of the discomfort to come.

15 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, STUDIO

15

MR FONNESBECH in a chair on a slightly raised dais. He is formally dressed, somewhat stiff. The room is oppressively still. Greta looks up from her canvas, goes to adjust Fonnesbech's arm. He is clearly affected by being touched, embarrassed. She returns to the canvas. After an uncomfortable couple of moments:

FONNESBECH

I wanted to say... I appreciate our being alone today. I hope your husband doesn't mind.

GRETA

Not at all. I could see his being here made you uncomfortable.

FONNESBECH

It wasn't personal.

Greta smiles. Shakes her head - he shouldn't worry:

GRETA

It's not uncommon.

FONNESBECH

Ah.

Fonnesbech's relieved. Though he's left with questions.

GRETA

It's hard for a man to be looked at by a woman. Women are used to it, of course, but for a man...

Mr Fonnesbech begins to look wildly vulnerable.

GRETA

To... submit to a woman's gaze. It's unsettling...

Fonnesbech nods, relieved - that's exactly it.

GRETA

Although I believe there's some pleasure to be had from it, once you...

(CONTINUED)
April 07

15 CONTINUED:

She smiles mischievously.

GRETA
...yield.

Fonnesbech swallows, cheeks pinking. Greta works, eyes glinting at what she's provoked: finally getting somewhere.

16 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE OUTSIDE COPENHAGEN, EARLY MORNING OF A WONDERFUL DAY, A FEW DAYS LATER 16

A RUSHING BREEZE, a blur of trees - daylight strobing between them. Einar and Greta race bicycles on a narrow road flanked by pines. They are BREATHLESS, determinedly competitive. The dog's in a basket on Einar's bike, ears flat. Einar, slightly ahead, suddenly swings his bike off into the dark forest... Greta follows, finds a shorter route, pulls ahead a little, WHOOPS with victory as Einar redoubles his efforts over the tough terrain and they gradually vanish into the landscape.

17 EXT. WOODED LAKESIDE 17

Incredible peace, the lake barely LAPPING at the shore. The dog WHIMPERS at the edge of the water beside two piles of clothes - Einar's neatly folded, Greta's in a jumble. We follows its gaze, discover Einar and Greta swimming, rolling, relaxed in the water, easy as otters. After a while, Einar looks to the shore, calls:

EINAR
Teddy! Come on!

The dog quivers. Greta looks up at the sky, entertained...

GRETA
You know he won't.

EINAR
Doesn't it bother you, the way he whimpers, wanting to come in?

GRETA
He doesn't want to come in, he wants us to get out.

EINAR
You can't possibly know that.

GRETA
Teddy and I have a very strong psychic connection.

(CONTINUED)
April 07

17 CONTINUED:

Einar looks at her, comically taken aback.

EINAR

Dear God, what a terrifying mother
you'll make.

Greta LAUGHS. Einar dives, the lake closing over him.

18 EXT. WIDOW HOUSE, EARLY MORNING, A MONTH LATER 18

A CHINESE LAUNDRESS with a large wheeled cart RINGS a pair of
little BELLS as she makes her way along the street...

19 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, STAIRS 19

Einar hurries down with a bag of laundry, stuffs in a chemise of
Greta's as he goes. Opens the door to the laundress.

20 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, BATHROOM 20

Greta looks at herself in the bathroom mirror, a little anxious.
She's just put on lipstick, assesses the effect.

21 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, KITCHEN 21

Greta appears as Einar returns. He reacts, seeing her dressed
up. She's slightly self-conscious.

GRETA

Well?

Einar can't help smiling at her implied self-criticism.

EINAR

Perfect. Almost.

He approaches, uses his thumb to gently blend away a smudge of
lipstick from her bottom lip. He nods. Perfect now.

22 EXT. BUSY COPENHAGEN STREET 22

Greta carries a heavy portfolio, optimistic, brisk.

23 INT. ART DEALER'S OFFICE, DAY 23

Rasmussen's face - a look of slight distaste.

RASMUSSEN

All portraits...

Greta hesitates a beat, the fact being so self-evident.

GRETA

Yes.

RASMUSSEN

They're very... different.
Subversive, almost...

A sea of Greta's work, on the desk, the floor.

GRETA

Is that bad?

RASMUSSEN

Not *per se*, but... Greta...

He winces a little. He has to end this:

RASMUSSEN

I don't think it would benefit either
of us to show these.

A vein begins to throb in Greta's neck.

RASMUSSEN

It's not a judgement on your abilities
- I agree with Einar: you could be a
first class painter if you found the
right subject matter.

It's the first time Greta's heard this. Her eyes shine, stung,
betrayed.

Einar works, hears the door. Greta brings in the portfolio,
sets it down, goes to take off her coat. Einar's tentative:

EINAR

How was it?

GRETA

It was fine.

He waits for more, but nothing comes.

24 CONTINUED:

EINAR

I finally mixed the right colour for
the snow.

Greta glances at the canvas, hostile.

GRETA

It's the bog at Bluetooth. I don't
know how you can paint the same thing
over and over.

Einar misses a beat. Greta's rolling up her sleeves.

EINAR

I suppose I just haven't finished with
it yet.

Greta shrugs, heads towards the door.

EINAR

Greta - is there anything I can...?

GRETA

Yes, could you please not speak to
Rasmussen about me again...

EINAR

Why, what have I...?

GRETA

My work is my business. Stay out of
it.

EINAR

Greta...?

But she disappears into the bathroom, the door slamming
emphatically behind her. Einar's left bewildered.

25 INT. BATHROOM

25

Greta catches her breath, already regretting the exchange with
Einar. She sits to pee, looks in her underwear. Damn! Blood.
She breathes, calms herself down.

26 INT. STUDIO

26

Einar working as Greta reappears, much more composed now,
refocused. She approaches her easel, organises her paints.
Einar steals a look at her, but says nothing. Eventually:

(CONTINUED)
April 07

GRETA
I started my period.

EINAR
I'm sorry.

GRETA
Are you?

EINAR
Of course I am... You know I am.
Greta, please...

Greta shrugs, blocks any further discussion of the topic:

GRETA
You know there is something you could
do for me?

Einar's relieved to be able to help.

EINAR
Anything.

GRETA
Anna has an extra rehearsal. She
cancelled again. Would you try on her
stockings and shoes?

Stockings and a shoebox wait on the sitter's chair. Einar's
discomfort erupts in a laugh. Is she serious?

GRETA
I'm just so behind. I don't know how
I'll be finished in time for her
opening...

But he cuts her off:

EINAR
I'll do it. It's fine.

Greta goes to the kitchen. The sound of WATER running. Einar
moves the box and stockings, sits in the chair on the dais. The
dog leaps into his lap, gets tangled in a stocking.

EINAR
No... no, not now Teddy...

He pushes Teddy down, tests the mesh of the stockings between
his fingers, finds a snag. He rolls up his trousers. Greta
returns with a bowl of soapy water.

EINAR

Do you have another pair? Teddy
snagged this one.

Greta marvels at his delicacy, goes out. Einar unlaces his boots. Greta returns with fresh stockings. She kneels in front of Einar, eases off his boots, peels off his socks. Einar's toes curl back, flinching. Greta looks up:

EINAR

Just cold.

Greta nods. Places Einar's feet in the water, washes them. We see this makes Einar feel increasingly vulnerable.

EINAR

You won't tell anyone about this?

Greta's surprised, dries his feet.

GRETA

Who would I tell?

EINAR

Greta...

She sees he means it now. A little surprised:

GRETA

I won't tell anyone. No.

Greta mixes paints. Einar battles with the stockings.

GRETA

That's backwards...

He fiddles with the second stocking now, a light sweat dewing his forehead by the time he's rolled both to the knee. He opens a shoebox: - the yellow pair from the shop window.

EINAR

I saw these in the window of
Fonnesbech's...

GRETA

Smart aren't they?

EINAR

I don't think they'll fit...

GRETA

Try them... Anna's a big woman.

He takes them out... The first shoe just fits. Something catches in Einar's throat as he pushes his foot into the second. Greta's eyes are narrow as she works. Einar looks down at his feet, the disjuncture between the body above and below the knee... he breathes... can't keep his hands steady.

GRETA

Sit still...

Einar nods. Tries... Greta stops work.

GRETA

I need the dress.

They both look over to where Anna's dress hangs. It is white, weighted with beads at the hem and cuff. Beautiful.

EINAR

No, Greta...

GRETA

I need to see how the hem falls.

She goes to get it... Einar asserts himself now, firm:

EINAR

I don't want to put it on.

GRETA

I've not asked you to!

She lays it across him. He goes to lightly push it away -

GRETA

Would you just relax...? The sooner I start, the sooner I finish. Close your eyes.

He's reluctant. Greta WHISPERS, genuine:

GRETA

Please.

Einar yields as Greta runs her fingers gently down his face, closing his eyes, begins to arrange the dress over him, like dressing a paper doll. Satisfied, Greta returns to work.

Einar's eyes stay closed, his breathing slightly laboured, his lips apart... The dress weighs heavily on him. His head moves slightly, feeling it brush at his neck. His fingers curl involuntarily around the beaded cuff. The SOUNDSCAPE becomes heightened: the creak of Greta's easel, the jangling of her

(CONTINUED)

April 07

bracelets, the sound of the sea, the wind in the riggings. The SOUNDS build, combine, fill his head... then:

ANNA (O.S.)

Well hello, there!

Einar starts, pants... Anna's in the doorway, delighted with a huge bunch of lilies. She starts to LAUGH, and because it's Anna, Greta LAUGHS also. The dog YAPS, excited, confused. But Einar's vulnerable, disoriented. Greta sees, stops...

GRETA

Oh Einar...

ANNA

Oh, don't worry my darling...

She hands the flowers to him, kisses him:

ANNA

We're going to call you Lili...

Einar manages to laugh as the dog runs BARKING in circles, Anna's delight now banishing the day's frustrations.

There are lights on in the Widow House.

Greta closes the book she's been reading, looks up to see Einar, working, engrossed. An almost trance-like state. She watches him a while, then approaches, rests her head against his back. He's comfortable with the contact, but keeps concentrating.

GRETA

I'm jealous.

EINAR

What?

GRETA

Such concentration. Sometimes when you're working, I think you're going to slip through the surface of the painting and vanish.

He smiles a little.

GRETA

Sink into the bog. Like your friend's kite when you were a boy.

EINAR

Hans. It was Hans' kite I crashed.

He recalls the incident, happy, turns to Greta.

GRETA

I didn't mean to disturb you.

EINAR

That's okay. I've finished.

He kisses her.

EINAR

And don't worry, I won't disappear into the bog.

He widens his eyes, surprised at his own realisation:

EINAR

The bog is in me, silly.

She pushes him off, LAUGHING. The sound of SOCIAL GABBLE...

A whirl of activity: another private view. Greta views the work of Rasmussen's latest discovery - incredibly detailed paintings of individual fish. Einar appears at her side.

GRETA

What do you think?

EINAR

They're a beautiful exercise.

GRETA

Is that what you're going to tell the man who painted them?

EINAR

I'm going before Rasmussen has a chance to introduce us. Niels and Elsa want to go to Sarastra's.

Einar nods to a young couple NIELS and ELSA who we recognise from his show. Niels is comically impatient. Greta LAUGHS.

GRETA
I'll see you there...

Greta and Einar kiss, and Einar disappears into the crowd.

Greta looks around, spots a tall man with golden hair in unruly curls being feted by a gaggle of people: HENRIK SANDAHL. He looks up for a moment, making eye contact with Greta. She turns away, almost collides with Rasmussen.

RASMUSSEN
Greta.

GRETA
Ah, Rasmussen.

A chilly social kiss. An embarrassing pause.

GRETA
All portraits.

Greta nods to the pictures. Rasmussen laughs extremely nervously. Greta smiles.

Coloured lanterns puncture the darkness. Greta joins Einar, Niels and Elsa, all laughing, Niels especially.

NIELS
Greta - at last! Einar's being
appallingly diplomatic...

Einar settles Greta in her seat with a warning look.

ELSA
I thought they were witty. Niels is
too jealous Rasmussen took the boy on
to form a proper opinion.

NIELS
The boy: there's your clue Greta. She
wants to fuck the artist!

EINAR
Good for Elsa. More of it.

ELSA
Isn't that what you're all in it for,
after all?

30 CONTINUED:

Niels wipes a punishing kiss across Elsa's face. Greta and Einar exchange an amused look. Niels' face suddenly lights up to see more people coming into the bar:

NIELS

Oh - fresh from the fish market!

The newcomers CHEER, join the table, kiss, shake hands. Einar scoots closer to Greta to make room.

31 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, BEDROOM, LATER THAT NIGHT

31

Einar's in bed. Greta pulls off her dress, looks round to see him watching her as she lays her stockings over the chair beside her dressing table.

GRETA

What?

EINAR

Can't a man watch his wife get undressed?

She goes to take off her lace-edged slip, self-conscious now.

EINAR

That slip is new...

GRETA

You're very observant.

EINAR

It's very pretty. Leave it on...

She hesitates, but Einar pulls back the sheet... Greta keeps the slip on, climbs in beside him. He strokes her body through the silk...

EINAR

Very... pretty...

GRETA

I might let you borrow it.

Einar shrugs, rising flirtatiously to the challenge.

EINAR

I might enjoy that.

Greta LAUGHS, and Einar kisses her. She teases:

(CONTINUED)

April 07

31 CONTINUED:

GRETA

Oh really...? Is there something you'd like to tell me?

EINAR

Why...? Is there something you'd like to know...?

His fingers trace, quivering, over her...

GRETA

No... I'm your wife. I know everything.

Einar thrills, pulls her on top of him, a fresh passion, fresh risk about their union. MUSIC comes up...

32 INT. OPERA HOUSE, EVENING, A WEEK LATER

32

Anna, radiantly lit, in a fabulous costume, SINGS an ACHINGLY SAD ARIA. Greta and Einar watch, transfixed. As the final notes fade, there are tears in Greta's eyes. The audience breaks into RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE. Einar looks to Greta...

GRETA

I forget she can do that. I forget that's who she is.

Einar nods in agreement, as Anna takes her call...

33 INT. PARTY VENUE, LATER THAT NIGHT

33

A champagne cork POPS. Anna's triumphant first night. She's on magnificent form, working the room. Greta's portrait hangs in pride of place. Greta and Einar chat with a group that includes Niels and Elsa. Anna swoops in, WHISPERS something in Greta's ear. Greta's eyes widen in surprise and she looks across at two young men on the other side of the room.

GRETA

Both of them...?

ANNA

And barely my age if you added them together!

Einar laughs. Greta shakes her head.

ANNA

Married people are so delightfully easy to shock.

(CONTINUED)
April 07

EINAR

We just pretend to be shocked because it encourages you.

ANNA

I know. That's why you're the only couple in my party for the Artists Ball...

A look between Greta and Einar.

ANNA

Oh, I know Einar hates it, but he'll have to bear with us.

EINAR

Greta can go without me.

ANNA

Greta without an escort? It would be a scandal.

EINAR

Greta doesn't mind a scandal. She enjoys being different.

GRETA

You've had too much champagne.

EINAR

The first time I met her she came up to me in the corridor of the art school and asked me out.

GRETA

Okay, that's true.

EINAR

Me a teacher, her a student. I said: but I don't even know who you are, and she said: 'I'm the tallest girl in Copenhagen - everyone knows who I am'.

Greta LAUGHS at the memory. Shrugs, only mildly embarrassed.

ANNA

But you fell for her -

Einar scrutinises Greta.

EINAR

She made me. She seemed so sure.

GRETA

I was sure. I still am.

NIELS

Oh please - enough!

Elsa elbows him, turns to Greta.

ELSA

No - what was it about him?

Greta looks at Einar.

GRETA

I don't know...

She remembers, drawing Einar into the recollection.

GRETA

But we went for coffee, and after, I
kissed him... and it was the strangest
thing... it was like kissing myself.

A look between Einar and Greta, a connection crackling.

ANNA

Well these two won't be staying much
longer...

EINAR

Unmarried people are so delightfully
easy to shock.

She and Einar smile, make their way towards the door.

Einar comes in, Greta's already in bed. He starts to undress,
turns out the light.

GRETA

Turn it back on.

He looks at her. She shrugs, smiles - it's her turn, after
all... He turns it back on, a little awkward now, undressing in
front of her. She sees this, toughs it out, watching him anyway.

GRETA

I'd forgotten what I said when I met
you.

EINAR
You were bold.

GRETA
I still am.

Einar wears just his shirt now, begins to unbutton.

GRETA
You know it wasn't true. There was
another girl taller than me, but I
decided she didn't count.

EINAR
Why...?

GRETA
Because it suited me better that way.

EINAR
Shameless.

Einar peels off his shirt. Underneath, he wears Greta's lace-
edged slip. Greta GASPS slightly... Einar approaches her,
delighted at having outdone her with this imaginative twist.

EINAR
Beautiful shameless Greta...

She traces her fingers across his chest, slips the thin silk
straps from his shoulders, challenged but aroused...

35 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, BATHROOM, NEXT MORNING 35

Greta in the bath, preoccupied. A sense of gathering focus.

36 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, BEDROOM 36

Einar asleep, a SCRATCHING sound in the background. We see fast
charcoal strokes on paper, Greta wrapped in Einar's dressing
gown, at the side of the bed. She's fascinated, suddenly able
to see the femininity of his features, plays with it, creating a
revised Einar... His eyes open...

GRETA
Did I wake you?

He raises his eyebrows, entertained. What does she think? She
smiles, carries on working.

36 CONTINUED:

GRETA
Sorry... I couldn't sleep.

EINAR
Why?

GRETA
Wondering about things.

EINAR
What things?

GRETA
Everything.

Einar LAUGHS.

GRETA
Wondering if we made a baby last
night.

Einar smiles, surprised.

EINAR
What d'you think?

Greta shrugs, keeps sketching.

GRETA
Wondering when you got so pretty.

EINAR
Oh, I was always pretty, you just
never noticed.

Greta LAUGHS, keeps working.

37 INT. ART SUPPLIES STORE, DAY

37

Greta loads up her wicker trolley.

ART SUPPLIES MAN
What is it you're working on now.

GRETA
Another commission for Fonnesbech.
But I have to work up at the big
house. The subject doesn't travel.

ART SUPPLIES MAN
Oh, these rich types won't put
themselves out for anyone.

(CONTINUED)
April 07

37 CONTINUED:

Greta suppresses a smile.

38 INT. BEAUTIFUL INTERIOR, HIGH ARCHED WINDOW

38

Rolling countryside through the window behind Greta as she studies her latest sitter, begins to make sketches.

GRETA

Head up, please?

We now see the horse she's been hired to immortalise. Greta's working in a very glamorous stable.

39 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, STUDIO, EVENING

39

Einar looks at the sketches Greta has made of him, darkly fascinated. He hears Greta come in. She calls through:

GRETA (O.S.)

Hello...?

EINAR

In here...

Greta comes in, puts down her workbag. Einar's still looking at the sketches. Greta's a little self-conscious...

EINAR

These are good.

GRETA

Do you think?

He nods, absolutely serious. Greta absorbs this, gratified.

GRETA

Well thank you. Thank you.

They embrace, and Greta heads towards the bedroom.

EINAR

How's my rival?

GRETA

He's not much of a rival.

The conversation continues:

40

INT. WIDOW HOUSE, BEDROOM

40

Greta smiles, takes down her hair.

GRETA

Though he does smell good.

Greta notices a bright skirt peeking out of her wardrobe.

EINAR (O.S.)

And I don't?

GRETA

Hm?

41

INT. WIDOW HOUSE, STUDIO

41

Greta comes back in, a little preoccupied.

EINAR

Smell good?

Greta can't follow what he's saying... refocuses.

GRETA

Oh - I had coffee with Anna. She
asked about the Artists' Ball.

Einar draws breath to protest, but:

GRETA

Don't worry - I told her no.

EINAR

You should go, you enjoy it.

GRETA

With you I enjoy it.

Einar feels guilty.

EINAR

Look - it's good to be seen at those
things. I understand that.

GRETA

And that's why you hate them.

Greta shrugs - she gets it. He smiles.

(CONTINUED)
April 07

41 CONTINUED:

EINAR
I feel as though I'm performing
myself.

GRETA
Giving them your Einar Wegener.

Exactly. Greta looks at him a moment.

GRETA
Why not give them something different,
go as someone else?

She tilts her head. A look between them... this is a
departure... Einar hesitates a moment...

EINAR
Did you have someone in particular in
mind?

A mischievous smile spreads across Greta's face... she starts to
laugh, Einar begins to understand... laughs along...

EINAR
No - that's outrageous!

GRETA
You'd be very convincing... You might
even enjoy it...

Einar marvels at her... she's only half-joking.

42 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, BATHROOM

42

Greta sweeps a layer of foundation over Einar's face, finishes
up. Einar opens his eyes. Greta's taken aback.

GRETA
Wow. You'll have to shave closer.

Einar takes in his blanked-out face in the mirror.

GRETA
We should ask Anna to do this, she's
the expert.

EINAR
(quickly)
No - you.

She goes to apply eyeliner...

(CONTINUED)
April 07

GRETA

So... Close your eyes... This is
hard on someone else...

EINAR

Here...

Einar takes the crayon, draws a couple of pretty good lines.

EINAR

How's that?

She marvels at his reflection. It's bizarrely compelling.

GRETA

Better than I ever manage.

His reflection looks back. Greta's energy is up...

GRETA

Can I sketch you?

Einar sits on the chaise, the dog in his lap. Greta sketches quickly, absorbed, excited. She rearranges him, 'feminising' his poses. We see him from behind, a side angle... never face on, but his movements are more and more parodically feminine for Greta's entertainment. The more he acts it, the more fun it is, until finally Einar goes too far. Greta scolds, still laughing:

GRETA

No, don't make her a slut!

EINAR

It's your fault, you excite her.

He gets up, takes the pencil and pad. His face closes on hers.

GRETA

Why, Miss Lili, you are forward...

EINAR

You have no idea...

He falls on her, laughing, passionate... Greta responds, but grabs a cloth and wipes his made-up face as he kisses her.

MONTAGE BEGINS -

- 44 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, BATHROOM 44
Einar has one of Greta's sketches of 'Lili' stuck on the bathroom mirror. Plucks a few hairs from his eyebrows to better resemble the glamorous arch in the sketch.
- 45 INT. FONNESBECH'S DEPARTMENT STORE, COSMETICS DEPT 45
Einar tests lipsticks on the back of his hand, absorbed. Two women LAUGH and he looks round, self-conscious, but it's nothing - just Greta messing around with one of the assistants.
- 46 EXT. NARROW STREET, DAY 46
Einar follows Greta, watches her hips sway, the way her weight shifts; copies, feeling his way into her walk.
- DISSOLVE TO:
- 47 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, STUDIO 47
Einar's face, still concentrating as he paces the floors in Anna's yellow shoes, his trousers rolled up around the ankle.
- 48 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, BATHROOM, EVENING 48
Einar's (unmade-up) face in the mirror. Greta does the last button at the back of a simple shift dress he's wearing. She looks into the mirror.
- 49 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, BEDROOM, EVENING 49
Einar in the dress, sitting with his legs wide apart as Greta sketches. She nudges him and he corrects his posture... We see sketches around the room depicting 'Lili's' progress.
- 50 INT. FONNESBECH'S DEPARTMENT STORE 50
Greta pays an assistant for several pairs of stockings.
- 51 INT/EXT. WIDOW HOUSE, STAIRS LEADING UP 51
Greta coming home, her key in the lock.
- MONTAGE ENDS -

52 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, STUDIO

52

The Lili sketches depict a gamut of moods, face and posture already becoming iconic. The sound of the FRONT DOOR brings Einar through, anxious...

EINAR

I wondered where you were, it's getting late.

GRETA

We have plenty of time. I bought these...

Einar examines the stockings with interest. Greta watches, entertained at his enthusiasm, but a little apprehensive..

GRETA

Einar, are you sure about tonight?

Einar looks up, surprised. Nods, without hesitation.

53 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, BATHROOM, EVENING

53

Greta applies lipstick. We see Einar from behind - watching, and glimpse his lips in the margin of the mirror, moving in sympathy. Greta hands over the lipstick, watches anxiously as Einar tries. She hands him a tissue to blot, takes the tissue back again, struck by the resulting kiss mark. Then:

EINAR

I was wondering if I could borrow this?

He holds a velvet cap pinned with a butterfly brooch.

EINAR

I think it'll work with the dress.

Greta shrugs - sure - a little taken aback at his enthusiasm.

54 EXT. RHADUSPLADSEN, A GRAND FOUNTAIN-FILLED SQUARE, NIGHT 54

The spouting dragons of the fountains fill the square with dancing light and sound. A glamorous, eclectic gathering: the fun-loving, the arrogant, the eccentric, the bourgeois - all rubbing shoulders on their way into the grand Radhuset.

55 EXT. NARROW COBBLED STREET LEADING TO RHADUSPLADSEN 55

Greta draws close to the square, realises Einar has dropped back. She turns to see him transformed in a chiffon dress with a linen sailor's collar and cuffs, looking a little nervous.

GRETA
What is it...?

Einar's eyes shine animated. He cuts an ungainly figure, but the impression is more confusing than jarring.

EINAR
Am I pretty enough?

Greta's surprised by the sincerity of the question.

GRETA
Of course you are...

He takes Greta's hand and she pulls closer.

EINAR
I'll never be as pretty as you.

Greta studies the features, the fire behind the eyes. An intensity she had not been expecting... something new...

GRETA
You look so beautiful... I want to
kiss you...

A charged moment... Greta's genuinely moved... but then Einar/Lili laughs, breaks away... leaving Greta with a beat of emotion that doesn't belong anywhere.

56 EXT. RHADUSPLADSEN, A GRAND FOUNTAIN-FILLED SQUARE, NIGHT 56

Greta and 'Lili' mingle with the crowd. A VOICE rings out:

ANNA
Greta!

A flicker of fear then... Greta interposes herself and:

GRETA
Anna, let me introduce...

Anna's eyes snag for a moment as they search the familiar face and realisation dawns. Delight floods her face. Then:

(CONTINUED)
April 07

ANNA

It's Lili...!

GRETA

That's right. Einar's cousin from
Bluetooth...

ANNA

My dear, you're exquisite...

She LAUGHS, thrilled, exchanges a look with Greta. Lili's
eyelashes flutter, a picture of shyness as Anna summons the rest
of her party - revelling in their shared secret...

ANNA

In - let's go in...

Greta and Lili - holding hands - join the crush:

EINAR/LILI

You won't leave me, will you...?

Greta looks down at Einar/Lili's grip on her hand.

GRETA

(sincerely)

No. No, never.

She squeezes the hand and they press forward together.

A spectacular event. An orchestra plays and hundreds dance.
Anna's party stand by an extravagant display of oysters. There's
a circle of men in tuxedos nearby. One glances across at Lili.
Lili looks away, blushing.

EINAR/LILI

People are looking.

GRETA

Well you're a pretty girl, you'll have
to get used to that.

But she sees he's really uncomfortable.

GRETA

It's fine. You're just feeling self-
conscious. There's Helene -

She waves to a woman with short black hair. Lili shrinks.

(CONTINUED)

April 07

EINAR/LILI
Go and talk to her...

GRETA
No, I'll stay with you...

EINAR/LILI
Go. I'll be fine. Go before she
comes over here...

Greta reluctantly crosses the room and greets Helene warmly.
But by the time she glances back, Lili has gone.

Lili sits at the edge of the dancefloor on a bench carved with
mermaids, a nerve fluttering in her cheek. We see a young man,
Henrik Sandahl, study her closely - closely enough to see she is
not everything she appears, but this only seems to charm him.
He sits beside her. Lili self-consciously takes a notebook from
her bag, begins to jot things down. Henrik leans in, his golden
hair in Lili's peripheral vision...leans forward until Lili's
refusal to engage becomes comical.

HENRIK
Are you a reporter?

Lili looks up.

EINAR/LILI
(flatly)
No.

HENRIK
A poetess...?

Lili packs up the notebook and hurries away.

Lili feels her way along the wall, relieved to be in the cool
air. As her eyes adjust to the darkness, she sees a couple
kissing against a tree. A flash of the woman's white thigh, as
the man pushes up her dress. Lili turns away, walks straight
back into a smiling Henrik.

HENRIK
You know what they say about that oak?

EINAR/LILI
No...

Henrik's intensely predatory, sexually charismatic...

HENRIK

That if you eat its acorns you can
make a wish and become anyone you want
for a day.

Einar's reaction flashes through Lili's facade:

EINAR/LILI

Why would they say that...?

Henrik bows, entertained by the effect he's had...

HENRIK

Henrik Sandahl. At your disposal.

He moves to shake Lili's hand. She allows this, but he lifts it
to his lips. Lili pulls away, flustered, heads back in...

HENRIK

Are you here with someone?

EINAR/LILI

Yes - my cousin's wife.

HENRIK

Who's your cousin?

Lili hesitates, turns back:

EINAR/LILI

Einar Wegener. He's a painter.

HENRIK

Rather a good one. Better than most
people think.

EINAR/LILI

Is that right?

HENRIK

Most people my age at any rate.

EINAR/LILI

Well....

She makes to leave again, but:

HENRIK

Don't go back in. It's cooler out
here. Besides, I'm a romantic.

EINAR/LILI

Oh really...

HENRIK

I prefer the shadows and...

Lili steals a look at him. He lowers his voice... an suddenly serious and determinedly seductive tone...

HENRIK

I don't mean to presume, but I've been watching you.

A tremor of panic runs through Lili...

HENRIK

I think you might be the same.

Henrik holds out his hand. Lili looks at it, a sense of connection she can't understand, previously unimaginable... Then, trembling, Lili reaches out and rests her delicate, manicured hand in Henrik's... and suddenly her nerves are completely steady. Henrik leads Lili into the garden, into the shade of the magical oak...

Noisier and smokier now, too much aquavit drunk, the guests a little out of focus. Greta scans the dishevelled crowds, concerned - no sign of Lili. Suddenly, Anna's at her side.

ANNA

I've been looking for you...

GRETA

Did you see Einar? I can't find him, I'm worried...

Anna watches perplexed as Greta fights through the crowds, the experience increasingly lurid as she searches the smudged faces of the women and the leering men for Lili...

Outside in the cool and the quiet Lili and Henrik sit on a bench under a canopy of bare vines. Lili's cheeks burn. Henrik is clearly fascinated. The slight sense of playacting between them only heightens their excitement.

HENRIK

You're different from other girls.

Lili scoffs gently.

EINAR/LILI

That's not a very original line.

HENRIK

It's true. You're old fashioned.

Lili takes Henrik in, decides to continue...

EINAR/LILI

Provincial. I'm new to the city.

HENRIK

No, it's more than that. I feel I'd need to ask permission before I kissed you.

A bolt of something goes through Lili. Her eyes sink, drawn and repulsed, to Henrik's lips. She can hardly breathe...

EINAR/LILI

I probably ought to find Greta.

As she stirs to move, Henrik grabs her hand.

HENRIK

Why don't you tell her I'll walk you home...?

EINAR/LILI

She wouldn't like that...

He advances, his body pressing against her, commanding...

HENRIK

Lili...

Lili pulls away, flustered, aroused...

EINAR/LILI

Einar might be waiting up... he wouldn't like this...

HENRIK

Wouldn't he...?

EINAR/LILI

No...

HENRIK

Lili...

Henrik kisses her. When he releases her she gasps, and he kisses her again, finds his passion returned this time... When she finally catches her breath she can't look at him...

EINAR/LILI

You didn't ask permission...

HENRIK

I couldn't risk you saying no.

Across the garden, beneath the oak Greta looks on, stunned, as Lili clutches Henrik's arm, looks suddenly faint, upset...

HENRIK

What is it...?

EINAR/LILI

I don't know... I feel...

Lili looks down, confused and then panicked. Blood pours from her nose... down the front of her dress... she's appalled. People stare, recoil.

HENRIK

What is this...?

EINAR/LILI

I don't know...

Henrik tries to find a handkerchief, struggles to know what to do... Then he sees Greta approaching, horrified... He pulls away from Lili, can see how this looks...

GRETA

What happened here?

Lili holds out her arms to Greta. Henrik starts to move away... Greta reaches Lili, quickly takes her weight...

GRETA

What did he do to you...?

Henrik glances back for a moment then disappears into the distance. Greta wraps her scarf around 'Lili', who now looks like Einar in grotesque drag, smeared with make-up and blood.

GRETA

Quickly, lean on me...

People stare as Greta supports Einar out of the courtyard.

61 EXT. RHADUSPLADSEN, A GRAND FOUNTAIN-FILLED SQUARE/ NARROW 61
COBBLED STREET

Greta leads Lili into the street. They stumble back down the narrow cobbled street, clinging together, ashamed.

62 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, BEDROOM, NEXT MORNING 62

Greta wakes suddenly - and alone. The events of the previous night are still written in her features.

63 INT. STUDIO 63

Greta appears. Einar is sketching, bears no trace of the previous night's upset. Greta has to prompt engagement:

GRETA
How are you...?

EINAR
You were late home last night, I
thought I'd let you sleep. How was
it? Did Lili have fun?

Greta's stunned. Hesitates a moment, then goes to the kitchen, upset.

64 INT. KITCHEN 64

Lili's bloodied clothes are soaking in a bucket. Greta struggles with the sight. Begins to make coffee, but then:

65 INT. STUDIO 65

Greta returns, watches Einar, anger building. He allows it for a little while, then turns, braced to face her:

GRETA
I think it would be better if Lili
didn't come here again.

EINAR
Fine.

GRETA
'Fine'. Is that it?

EINAR
I mean I understand.

(CONTINUED)
April 07

GRETA

Do you...? You know what I would like
to understand?

Einar takes Greta in... how furious, how shaken she looks.

GRETA

Exactly what happened between you and
Sandahl last night?

EINAR

(quickly)
Nothing.

Greta HUFFS, disbelieving. Einar repeats himself, angrily:

EINAR

It was nothing.

GRETA

Did he know it was you?

Einar blushes, shies away.

EINAR

I don't know... It wasn't as simple as
that.

GRETA

Well then how was it?

EINAR

Greta, it's hard to explain...

Greta suddenly SHOUTS, losing control:

GRETA

I watched him kiss you, Einar, so
could you please make an effort?

Einar's shocked, ashamed. He takes stock, then quietly:

EINAR

I think he knew who I was. But I
wasn't always... me. There was a
moment when I was... just Lili. And I
think he could see that.

Greta struggles to comprehend this shift in the landscape.

GRETA

But Lili doesn't exist. We made her
up.

(CONTINUED)
April 07

65 CONTINUED:

EINAR
I know...

GRETA
We were playing a game!

EINAR
I know we were... but then it
changed...

Greta's mind reels, panic rises...

GRETA
This is absurd. We need to stop. Make
it stop Einar.

With genuine anxiety:

EINAR
I'm going to try...

GRETA
I love you. You are my whole life.
You need to do better than 'try'.

She storms out, slamming the door, leaving Einar alone.

66 EXT. WIDOW HOUSE, EARLY MORNING, TWO WEEKS LATER 66

The CHINESE LAUNDRESS RINGS her tiny BELLS along the street.

67 INT. STUDIO, MORNING 67

The Lili portraits are gone. Einar regards a blank canvas. His fingers pinch at the bridge of his nose. Greta looks across from her still life. They tread on thin ice.

GRETA
Another headache?

EINAR
Just starting...

GRETA
Can I get you something?

EINAR
No, that's alright...

GRETA
Maybe you should see a doctor.

(CONTINUED)
April 07

67 CONTINUED: 67

Einar nods, noncommittal, heads out to the bathroom.

68 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, BATHROOM 68

Einar braces against the sink, his head hanging. He looks up at himself in the mirror, angry, confused.

69 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, BEDROOM, NIGHT 69

Greta asleep in bed. Einar awake. He finally turns over, closes his eyes. Greta's eyes open.

70 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, STUDIO, NEXT MORNING 70

Greta emerges from the bedroom. Einar's smartly dressed.

GRETA

Are you going somewhere?

EINAR

I'm seeing Rasmussen for lunch.

GRETA

It's early for lunch.

EINAR

I've some errands to run.

And he goes, leaving Greta to stew. She goes to the window, looks out, anger rising.

71 EXT. OPERA HOUSE 71

No lights on, no signs of life.

72 INT. OPERA HOUSE, STAGE DOOR 72

Einar passes through, nods amiably to the familiar doorman.

STAGE DOORMAN

Mr Wegener.

EINAR

Thorbjorn.

73 INT. OPERA HOUSE, CORRIDOR

73

Einar passes dressing room doors, open, empty. At the very end of the corridor, a door, marked "Anna Fonsmarck". Einar KNOCKS. No reply. He goes in, closes it behind him.

74 INT. ANNA'S DRESSING ROOM

74

Einar turns on the lights, quickly pulls off his coat. He leans forward, bracing against the bench, looks in the mirror. There's a desperation about him. But now he sees: the front of his shirt gapes - reveals a cleavage, formed by his rounded shoulders. Einar is compelled... nervously unbuttons his shirt to the waist and leans forward again. The effect is startling. He traces the shape of his 'breasts' with trembling hands.

With a new urgency, he quickly strips off shirt, trousers, terrified that someone might catch him, yet driven to press on. He pulls off his underwear, returns to the mirror, pushes his cock back between his legs, squeezing his thighs tight until he has an approximation of a vagina. He rounds his shoulders again, takes in the arresting transformation, breathless with excitement, terror. A sense of impending inevitable transgression. He pulls open his rucksack. A carefully folded silk package unfurls into a dress...

75 INT. STUDIO

75

Greta sits in the chair looking out of the window, face set against terror, her sketchbook closed in her lap, brooding, pressure building. She opens the sketchbook: Lili...

76 INT/EXT. CAFE ON CANAL

76

Einar/Lili slips into a cafe, pushes back a headscarf. We see Henrik waiting at a table. He quickly stands when he spots Lili - who is consumed with shyness, real fear.

HENRIK

I didn't think you'd come.

Lili settles in her seat.

EINAR/LILI

No. Nor did I.

Cautious eye contact.

77 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, STUDIO, LATER 77

Greta begins to sketch, almost afraid to commit the scene to paper. Gradually she gathers energy until the work grows frenzied: a frightening new direction in the Lili portraits.

78 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, BEDROOM/STUDIO, EVENING 78

Greta lies on the bed, exhausted. Hears the door, doesn't move. Einar appears, in his overcoat. Quietly:

GRETA
A long lunch.

Einar shrugs, evasive. Greta watches him take off his coat.

GRETA
I thought you might not come back.

Einar's shocked.

EINAR
That's absurd...

GRETA
Is it?

Einar can hardly bear the question... feels terrible, wraps his arms around her. Greta lets herself be held, both deeply troubled. Einar gently rocks his wife. Greta closes her eyes.

79 INT. ART DEALER'S OFFICE, A MONTH LATER, DAY 79

A door opens and Greta sits up - a THIN YOUNG MAN appears.

THIN YOUNG MAN
He won't be much longer.

Greta sits back, too pessimistic to feel nervous.

80 INT. ART DEALER'S OFFICE, HALF AN HOUR LATER 80

Rasmussen studies a series of Greta's portraits, his mouth puckered with poorly disguised distaste. Greta watches, steeling herself to withstand the humiliation.

RASMUSSEN
I just... I don't know...

(CONTINUED)
April 07

He pushes another aside, reveals an extraordinary - very different - painting. Sugary pastel tones depict a strange and terrible scene: Lili fainting into the arms of a blond-haired man, blood streaming over her clothes. There's incredible movement and drama in the piece. Greta herself seems shocked by it. Rasmussen stops, intrigued, repulsed.

GRETA

Oh - this one...

RASMUSSEN

It's...

GRETA

It's a new direction...

Rasmussen's breathing changes...

GRETA

Don't bother with it.

RASMUSSEN

Do you have more like this...?

Greta barely understands the question at first, then she shows him the next two.

GRETA

Yes... It's a triptych.

'Lili Sewing' and 'Lili Sleeping' flank the main canvas.

RASMUSSEN

Who is the model...?

GRETA

It's... Einar's cousin.

RASMUSSEN

Yes, the likeness is... Are there others...?

GRETA

A whole series back at the studio.

Rasmussen licks his lips, excited but uncertain...

RASMUSSEN

These are different... For these, I don't know...there may be a market.

Greta has to confirm what she's heard:

80 CONTINUED:

GRETA
You're taking them.

He nods, as surprised as she is.

81 EXT. HOUSEBOAT

81

Lili hurries along the gangplank, Greta's embroidered wrap flying joyously in the wind behind her. Henrik appears from inside, embraces her passionately.

HENRIK
Come in...

LILI
I don't have long... Greta's seeing
Rasmussen.

82 INT. HOUSEBOAT

82

Lili takes in the low ceiling and cramped space - a strong contrast with the Widow House. She's delighted by it -

LILI
Oh it's wonderful...

HENRIK
Why don't you introduce me to Greta properly..?

Lili's shocked.

LILI
No - I couldn't.

HENRIK
I don't like all these lies.

LILI
I know...

HENRIK
I want to live my life. I don't want
it hidden in a corner somewhere.

He strokes her face. Lili smiles, adoring. Henrik kisses her and she responds eagerly. His hand works its way down her body, between her legs. Lili squirms, uncomfortable. He persists... Lili bears it as long as she can, then gently:

(CONTINUED)
April 07

LILI
No... Henrik...

HENRIK
Yes...

LILI
No...

Still in the moment of passion...

HENRIK
Einar...

Lili recoils, stunned... astonished...

LILI
What...?

HENRIK
(sweetly)
Come on... it's alright...

But Lili pushes him away, upset, bewildered...

LILI
I don't understand...

Henrik's frustrated.

HENRIK
Einar... please...

Lili panics, grabs her things to leave, horribly exposed...

LILI
I don't know what you mean... I don't
know what you want...

HENRIK
I want you!

LILI
No...

HENRIK
Yes... wait... Wait!

But Lili bolts, stumbles out through the door and back across
the gangplank, leaving Henrik powerless, bereft.

83 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, STAIRS LEADING UP, DAY 83

Greta, preoccupied, struggles to carry her portfolio.

84 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, KITCHEN 84

Greta enters, preoccupied by her experience with Rasmussen, is taken aback to see Lili at the table. Then Lili looks round - her face swollen and streaked with tears.

GRETA
(concerned)
Are you alright...?

Lili reaches out her hand and Greta takes it...

EINAR/LILI
No...

She holds Greta at arms length. Takes a deep breath.

EINAR/LILI
I've been seeing Henrik Sandahl.

Greta's reels, recoils... She's speechless as Lili clatters out of her seat, stumbles through the studio to the bathroom.

85 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, BEDROOM 85

Greta sits in the chair in the window, waiting. The bathroom door opens. Einar. They both look devastated.

EINAR
I thought perhaps you knew.

GRETA
(barely audible)
No.

EINAR
You always seemed to know everything.

GRETA
Not this.

He nods. Greta's desperate confusion surfaces:

GRETA
So... are you in love with Sandahl?

Einar's appalled:

(CONTINUED)
April 07

EINAR

No - I love you, only you. But Lili...

Angry tears well in Greta's eyes.

GRETA

Why can't you just be honest about this!

But Einar's angry too...

EINAR

I am! I need you to believe me. You of all people to understand. Greta... please... Lili and me... I don't know why or how but...we're not the same person.

Greta shakes her head, unable to take this in... He looks at her, desperate imploring... Greta struggles:

GRETA

Okay, I need you to tell me... when Henrik and 'Lili' are together, they what...? They kiss - we know that...

Einar nods, awkward. Greta steels herself:

GRETA

Has it gone beyond that?

EINAR

No...

GRETA

Tell me the truth.

EINAR

I am, I am. Lili's never gone further than that with a man. She... she wouldn't...

Greta hears the implication... a bodyblow for her:

GRETA

There have been other men?

Einar sits on the bed, bites down on something difficult:

EINAR

There was another, yes, but it was a long time ago.

CONTINUED:

A chill runs through Greta...

GRETA

When?

EINAR

Do you really want to know?

GRETA

When?

Einar gathers his courage.

EINAR

There was a boy in Bluetooth...

GRETA

But Lili was never in Bluetooth...

EINAR

I see now that she was...

Greta rubs her brow... everything's happening too fast...

EINAR

A boy named Hans - my best friend back then...

GRETA

The boy who flew kites...

EINAR

He was wonderful, Greta: the best climber, best fighter - the only boy for miles whose family had a telephone. Lili fell for him. And he kissed her. Just once.

Einar darkens at the memory:

EINAR

But my father came in and caught them... He knocked Hans down - he was so angry...

Einar shakes his head...

EINAR

Hans left soon after, never came back. He's a dealer in Paris, now - peddling Old Masters to rich Americans.

(CONTINUED)
April 07

Greta absorbs this. She looks up - Einar looks pale, dark circles under his eyes.

GRETA

Einar, I don't know what to...

He breathes suddenly, against pain... Greta's face changes.

GRETA

Einar...?

His eyes close, sweat forming on his brow.

EINAR

Greta, I'm sorry, I don't feel so well...

He doubles over, clutching his stomach... moans horribly...

GRETA

Einar...

She rushes to catch him as he faints...

DR HEXLER closes the door firmly on Greta, leaving her to fret in the waiting room.

Hexler sits behind a desk. He's brisk but kind.

HEXLER

Would you undress...

Einar looks uncomfortable, but begins...

HEXLER

How long have you been married?

EINAR

Six years.

Hexler takes notes as Einar continues stripping.

HEXLER

Children?

EINAR

No.

HEXLER

Is there regular copulation?

EINAR

Yes. Perhaps less now than...

HEXLER

Than before you started to dress as a woman?

Einar's shocked to hear this out loud. A NURSE brings coffee.

HEXLER

Mr Wegener I'm a specialist. You may be embarrassed - I am not.

The Nurse goes out again. Einar looks cowed. Hexler seeks to inject a rational note...

HEXLER

You know the most likely explanation for all this is a tumour?

Einar's surprised.

EINAR

A tumour...?

HEXLER

It would explain the pain, the confused state of masculinity and the infertility. Let's hope it is that, because that we can cure.

EINAR

I don't think that's what it is...

Hexler yields a little...

HEXLER

So. Tell me about Lili. Where does she come from?

Einar considers...

EINAR

Inside me.

Hexler absorbs this, unhappy with the response. He switches on the bright examination lamp.

HEXLER

Let's have a look...

(CONTINUED)
April 07

87 CONTINUED:

87

The doctor places his palm against Einar's stomach.

88 INT. RADIUM INSTITUTE, CORRIDOR

88

Greta hurries along beside Einar who lies on a hospital trolley. They look anxious, bewildered, everything going too fast. Einar grasps her hand:

EINAR

I don't want to do this. There's nothing wrong with me.

GRETA

That's not true Einar.

EINAR

Don't let him hurt Lili...

The convoy flies on down the institutional corridor.

89 INT. RADIUM INSTITUTE, X-RAY ROOM

89

Greta watches helplessly through a heavily tinted window as thick leather straps are used to bind Einar to a trolley.

GRETA

What will the X-ray do?

HEXLER

Perform a miracle, Mrs Wegener: destroy the bad and save the good.

GRETA

Will it hurt him?

HEXLER

A small surface burn.

Greta's afraid. The attendants abandon Einar and the X-ray machine begins to WHIRR. Hexler speaks into a funnel:

HEXLER

Try to sleep, Mr Wegener...

Suddenly, the machine JUDDERS and Einar's body bucks against the leather straps... Einar begins to shake.

GRETA

It's hurting him...

Hexler watches, anxious, curious...

(CONTINUED)
April 07

HEXLER

Be brave Mrs Wegener. He'll thank us
for it later...

The machinery roars and Einar vanishes into himself.

Einar sleeps. Greta holds a flannel to his brow. Hexler
appears in the doorway at last. Greta quickly gets up...

HEXLER

The X-ray found nothing.

GRETA

No tumour?

Hexler shakes his head, grave.

HEXLER

I believe the bleeding is to do with
his diet. I've drawn up a list of
food he should avoid...

GRETA

That's it...?

HEXLER

No - not at all.

Hexler is nervous, but his tone is threatening:

HEXLER

Do you keep a lock on your wardrobe?

GRETA

Of course not.

HEXLER

Mrs Wegener, you haven't been
encouraging this delusion? You do
understand that your husband's
insane?

GRETA

No, that's not true...

HEXLER

I'm sorry, I've no choice. I'm
obliged to inform the authorities.

Greta's astonished, angry...

90 CONTINUED:

GRETA

That's absurd... We trusted you, we
came to you for help...

But Hexler takes off down the corridor. Greta's stunned, looks
in at Einar, sleeping, exhausted.

91 EXT. HARBOUR, MORNING, TWO WEEKS LATER 91

The early sun glances off the windows of the Widow House.

92 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, BEDROOM 92

The dog looks up from the bed. Runs over to greet Greta who has
just come in from the studio. We see now the dog is keeping
Einar company. Greta speaks in a hushed voice.

GRETA

I won't be long.

EINAR

Don't worry about me, I'm fine.

Greta nods, though this is clearly not the case. He is ashen,
his eyes glazed, surrounded by two dark circles.

GRETA

Can I get you anything?

Einar shakes his head. Greta smiles, but she's worried.

93 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE RASMUSSEN'S GALLERY, DAY 93

Greta hurries past the window. Inside we can make out a blur of
Lili portraits on show.

94 INT. ART DEALER'S OFFICE, COPENHAGEN 94

Greta in Rasmussen's office. He's unusually excited.

RASMUSSEN

Greta! Where have you been?

GRETA

Away. Why, what's wrong?

RASMUSSEN

I sold the Lili portraits!

94 CONTINUED:

GRETA
You sold them?

RASMUSSEN
I have enough interest to mount a full
show.

Greta's amazed.

GRETA
Well that's wonderful...

RASMUSSEN
And there's more - I had a call from
the Etienne Dufour Gallery - they
would like to represent you in Paris.

GRETA
In Paris...?

RASMUSSEN
You should go as soon as possible.

Greta's mind races...

GRETA
Oh - I can't travel just now...

RASMUSSEN
(firmly)
Greta, this is your moment. You've
waited long enough... And these
dealers can be fickle.

Rasmussen tuts, disapproving.

95 EXT. MARKET STREET

95

Greta hurries through, preoccupied.

96 INT. POST OFFICE

96

GRETA
Waud and Wegener.

97 EXT. STREET

97

Greta scans the mail as she walks, smiles to see her *Paris Review*, but underneath is a letter from The Radium Institute, Hexler's name on the back. Greta stops, reads, blocking the

(CONTINUED)
April 07

97 CONTINUED:

busy pavement: "*no choice... perversion...*". She struggles for a moment, folds the letter, stuffs it in her jacket. A dark decision resolves itself in Greta's face...

98 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, BEDROOM, DAY

98

Einar's asleep. Greta packs, driven - sees Einar sit up.

GRETA

I didn't mean to disturb you.

EINAR

Is something wrong?

Greta gathers her courage.

GRETA

I've been asked to exhibit in Paris...
We have to go.

EINAR

Paris? Now?

GRETA

Tomorrow. Rasmussen said it would
make all the difference.

Einar's incredulous...

EINAR

But... I can't...

GRETA

You can. I'll take care of you...

EINAR

No, Greta...

GRETA

(furious)

Can't you just do this one thing for
me?

But by the time her outburst is over, she's shaking...

EINAR

Greta, what's happening?

Greta looks at him, waiting for the truth. Braces herself:

GRETA

I had a letter from Hexler...

(CONTINUED)
April 07

98 CONTINUED:

EINAR
He wants to lock me up.

Greta holds his hands, utterly determined:

GRETA
But everything will work out for us.
Really - I know it. You just have to
trust me...

EINAR
I do, I do...

Greta steels herself:

GRETA
So... Is there anything to take care
of before we go? Is there anyone you
need to tell?

Einar considers a moment, a very slight struggle, then:

EINAR
No.

Greta nods, relieved. She kisses his cheek, resumes packing.
Einar concentrates on keeping breathing.

99 EXT. PARIS BY NIGHT 99

A dazzling archetypal view of the Seine and its light-studded
bridges, the Cathedral of Notre Dame a bold silhouette in the
background. VOICES come up, an EXCITED SOCIAL SOUND.

100 INT. ETIENNE DUFOUR GALLERY, NIGHT 100

An emphatically chic Parisian crowd admires a triumphant series
of Lili portraits. A small group gathers round Greta, their new
star, and a still pale Einar.

GRETA
Einar's a painter too...

MAN IN GROUP
Oh? Do you exhibit in Paris?

EINAR
I think my work is a little...
introspective for French taste.

An ENTHUSIASTIC AMERICAN WOMAN interrupts...

(CONTINUED)
April 07

ENTHUSIASTIC AMERICAN WOMAN
Excuse me - is the model here?

Einar rides it out. Greta doesn't miss a beat.

GRETA
No, she stayed behind in Denmark.

ENTHUSIASTIC AMERICAN WOMAN
Oh, I was so hoping to meet her.

The woman looks at Einar, beady-eyed...

ENTHUSIASTIC AMERICAN WOMAN
Are you by any chance related...

Einar smiles, happily surprised, recalling someone dear...

EINAR
Yes. Lili's my cousin.

He's surprised to find himself emotional, laughs it off.

ENTHUSIASTIC AMERICAN WOMAN
The resemblance is unmistakable.

EINAR
We're very close. I miss her.

Greta can hardly bear to see this...

ENTHUSIASTIC AMERICAN WOMAN
Well maybe she can visit?

Einar looks at Greta. Greta smiles stiffly at the woman.

101 INT. PARIS APARTMENT, BEDROOM, NIGHT

101

Greta and Einar in bed, kissing, beginning to make love.
Gradually we see Greta's urgency eclipse Einar's until:

EINAR
Greta...

GRETA
It's okay...

EINAR
No... it's not... please... I can't.

GRETA
You just need to relax...

(CONTINUED)
April 07

101 CONTINUED:

101

EINAR

No...

He physically resists, stops her. The attempt at intimacy is over, failed. Greta's hurt, humiliated. The spectre of Lili hovers over them again. Eventually:

GRETA

Are you very unhappy?

Einar's a little surprised by the directness of the question.

EINAR

I suppose so.

Neither of them moves, emotional paralysis.

102 INT/EXT. PARIS APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

102

Greta watches from the window: Einar in the busy street below, on through the crowds until he's out of sight.

103 EXT. RUE DE NUIT

103

Different part of town, different atmosphere. Prostitutes on the corner CLUCK indulgent as Einar passes. He looks self-consciously about, enters a dingy house as another man comes out. They barely acknowledge one another.

104 INT. 22 RUE DE NUIT, 1ST FLOOR LANDING

104

A hatch in a door slides open, and MADAME CARTON's eyes flash greedily from behind an iron grille.

105 INT. 22 RUE DE NUIT, ROOM NO. 3

105

The tiny room contains a chair and a bin. We hear GROANS from an adjoining room. There are two small windows with black shades drawn. Einar settles, slowly lifts one of the shades. Behind smudged glass, a worn-out girl in a corset and stockings grinds against a chair, sullen. Beyond her, we see another dark window, another man with his nose pressed against it.

Einar studies the girl and gradually his body begins to mirror hers, a parody of female abandon. We see his reflection in the glass now, gradually eclipsing her... He breathes, an almost orgasmic GASPING breath of relief.

106 INT. PARIS APARTMENT, STUDIO, DAY, LATER

106

This apartment is configured so that the studio is a more isolated space. Greta works on the background of a Lili portrait, working from an old sketch. Einar arrives home.

EINAR (O.S.)
I bought boudins blancs for dinner.

Through her concentration:

GRETA
Lovely...

EINAR
And some endive...

Greta assesses her work so far. The sound of RUNNING WATER.

107 INT. PARIS APARTMENT, BEDROOM

107

Greta arrives, finds Einar drying his face with a towel.

GRETA
Will you sit for me? Just as you are.
We haven't done that since art school.

EINAR
(recalling)
No...

GRETA
You enjoyed it then...

EINAR
Did I...?

He smiles. She strokes his face, encouraged.

GRETA
The teacher suddenly at the mercy of
the student. You found it exciting.

Greta curls in to him. He gently extricates himself.

EINAR
I... I can't just now. I'm sorry.

Greta feels ashamed, can't help herself:

107 CONTINUED:

GRETA

I miss you. I miss you working beside me.

Einar hesitates.

EINAR

I'm not much in the mood for work lately.

GRETA

Well you need to start slowly...

EINAR

I can't remember the landscape any more. I can't remember Bluetooth.

Greta struggles to adjust to this, then:

GRETA

Well you could help me with this background. What does it need...?

Einar looks at the painting, seems hardly able to pull it into focus...

GRETA

A kettlehole lake...? A farmhouse, far off...

EINAR

Yes but not so that you could really make it out. Just a smudge really.

GRETA

Exactly... The sort of thing you're better at...

But he gently stops her -

EINAR

Greta...

He's not going to do it. Turns away.

108 INT. BARON HANS AXGIL'S OFFICE, QUAI D'ORSAY, PARIS, ONE ~~WEEK~~
LATER, DAY

HANS AXGIL on the telephone. An impressively upholstered man, quixotic, appealing. The emphatically masculine room - dark wood infused with Hans' cigar smoke - overlooks a breathtaking view of the Seine. A sense of space, freedom.

(CONTINUED)
April 07

HANS

Hey, he's playing with us! He knows the price...

Hans laughs, shakes his head. A quiet KNOCK and a secretary pulls a face around the door. Hans waves her away, impatient.

HANS

Look, I have to go. I have some Danish girl waiting to see me. But tell him we'll find another buyer, no problem. He's always the same!

Greta's immediately on her feet, catching Hans by surprise. She's almost his height, and her strong right hand stretches towards him, unavoidable. She's no girl.

GRETA

Hans Axcgil..?

Hans shakes her hand, a little intrigued...

HANS

Miss Waud...

Greta's a little anxious, over-eager...

GRETA

Thank you for seeing me...

HANS

Don't thank me yet - I can't represent you.

GRETA

I know, your letter was clear on that point...

HANS

I don't handle any contemp...

GRETA

Of course, no, I know that...

HANS

The reviews for your show were terrific, but your work is way out of my...

GRETA

Perhaps if you let me speak, things
would be clearer...?

Hans stops, surprised. His secretary suppresses a smile.

HANS

Let you speak?

Hans takes her in, the tough fragility of her. Smiles.

HANS

I'm a much better listener when I'm
eating.

He nods goodbye to his secretary, shows Greta the door.

110 EXT. STREET NEAR SMART BRASSERIE

110

Hans and Greta press through the crowds, a striking pair.

HANS

So when did you arrive?

GRETA

Four months almost.

HANS

I don't know why Rasmussen gave you my
number...

GRETA

I asked him, I wanted to meet you to
put a face to a name...

Hans smiles, encouraged, as they reach a smart brasserie.

GRETA

I believe you were a childhood friend
of my husband.

HANS

(crestfallen)

You have a husband?

She walks into the brasserie, ahead, away from him.

111 INT. SMART BRASSERIE

111

HANS

And a bottle of the Mersault...

(CONTINUED)
April 07

The waiter nods, hurries away. Hans takes a piece of bread, starts to chew as he scrutinises Greta's face.

HANS

So?

GRETA

I'm married to Einar Wegener.

Hans stops chewing, amazed.

HANS

Einar?

GRETA

You remember him?

HANS

Of course I remember him. My God - has he changed? I bet he hasn't! Not a bit...

Hans is excited, a boy again. Greta can't help it, blurts:

GRETA

He told me that you kissed him once.

HANS

I what...???

But his amazement shifts as it comes back to him...

HANS

Oh no! You're right - I'd forgotten. We were fooling in the kitchen, Einar put on his grandmother's apron... His father was sleeping - or so we thought. He was always sleeping - what was it? - some lung thing..?

Hans laughs, amazed at his younger self:

HANS

Anyway, Einar just looked so pretty in that apron - I kissed him! Next thing I know, his father's chasing me out. I don't know what he thought was going on. But we were just little boys, you know, playing around?

GRETA

His father knocked you down...

111 CONTINUED:

HANS

No - I was a big boy. Believe me, he
wouldn't have stood a chance...

Hans shakes his head...

HANS

Einar. Hey - why didn't he come
today?

GRETA

He doesn't know I'm here. I don't
think he'd like me asking for help.

Hans' eyes flash, focused. This is what she's come for, then:

GRETA

We don't really know people here.
And Einar's... he's lost his way.
He's not working. He needs someone
to represent him - someone who knows,
him. He needs a friend.

Hans scrutinises Greta, her pride at odds with her need. And
for the first time in her life, Greta looks away, unable to hold
someone's gaze.

112 INT. PARIS APARTMENT, KITCHEN

112

Greta, in workclothes, looks at the food Einar's bought.

GRETA

Those artichokes are beautiful.

Einar appears, fresh from the shower.

GRETA

Shall we have them for lunch?

EINAR

I had a late breakfast.

He kisses her on the cheek.

GRETA

Einar - I've a new dealer coming over
later. I'd like you to meet him.

EINAR

I don't want a new dealer. It doesn't
make sense for me. I'm hardly working
anyway.

(CONTINUED)
April 07

112 CONTINUED:

GRETA
That might change.

EINAR
I don't think so.

She goes to contradict, but he cuts her off:

EINAR
No dealer. Thank you.

GRETA
It's Hans Axcgil.

Einar stops, astonished. His face darkens.

GRETA
Dinner at La Dauphine, then back here
to see the paintings.

Einar adjusts a little.

GRETA
He remembers you with great
fondness... Surely you'll join us?

113 INT. LA DAUPHINE RESTAURANT, NIGHT

113

An intimate place by the Pont Neuf. An empty chair at the
table. Greta and Hans wait. Hans smokes.

HANS
Perhaps he doesn't want to see me?

GRETA
No - no, it's not that. We should
order without him.

HANS
Does he abandon you often?

GRETA
Of course not!

Hans is surprised at her strength of reaction.

HANS
I was joking.

A waiter stands over them, amplifying the moment.

114 EXT. MARAIS STREET, NIGHT

114

Hans walks Greta home, rests his hand on her back when a crowd of young men passes. Greta shivers a little at his touch, shrinks away.

HANS
Cold?

GRETA
(not entirely honestly)
Just my hands suddenly.

Hans reaches in his pocket, pulls out leather gloves.

GRETA
No...

HANS
Go on... Why not.

She accepts them, starts to pull them on. They're huge on her, a source of mirth. A relief.

115 EXT. PARIS APARTMENT, COURTYARD

115

Greta unlocks the door to her building...

HANS
I can come back another time, if you think Einar would prefer it...

GRETA
Really. He's expecting you... and it will do him good...

Hans is a little apprehensive. So is Greta.

116 INT. PARIS APARTMENT, ENTRANCE/LIVING ROOM

116

Teddy sniffs around Hans excitedly as they enter.

GRETA
Oh, that's Teddy...
(she calls:)
Einar...?

Greta noses into the living room, Hans following. Then they both see: Lili on the chaise, in imitation of a pose in a picture on the wall behind her... dangerously charged, her cheek flushed, eyes shining. A tray with crystal glasses.

(CONTINUED)
April 07

GRETA

Lili...

Greta reorientates herself in the proceedings, turns to Hans who stands struggling to make sense of the scene before him:

GRETA

Hans, may I introduce Lili Wegener -
Einar's cousin from Bluetooth.

Now Lili's up, her hand held out. Hans takes it...

LILI

You can't imagine how happy I am.

He holds on to her hand, instinctively kind...

LILI

We met once before in Bluetooth, but
you probably don't remember...

Hans is utterly wrongfooted...

GRETA

Can I take your coat Hans?

He comes to, allows Greta to relieve him of it. She takes it away. Lili continues, frighteningly animated...

LILI

A *digestif*, Hans? It's so chilly all
of a sudden. I feel the cold these
days. I don't know why...

HANS

Thank you.

Hans sits, but his eyes wander to the portraits that are now ranged around the room. A kaleidoscope of Lili.

LILI

I'm so sorry Einar couldn't be here.
He told me: in Bluetooth you were the
only one who let him paint in peace,
who told him it was alright to be a
painter.

Greta returns to the room. Hans searches Lili's face for the remains of his old friend Einar.

HANS

He... used to sketch my portrait.
Take a stone and draw me on the rocks
at the side of the road.

LILI

He always said the day you left
Bluetooth was the worst day of his
life! But who could stay there? With
the wind and the rain, and in winter
the earth hard as iron. You know, when
Einar's mother died, they had to bury
her at sea, the earth froze too hard
to dig into.

Greta feels the horror of this.

GRETA

I didn't know that.

LILI

Oh yes.

GRETA

Einar never told me that.

LILI

He wouldn't remember, he was only a
baby. Poor Einar. Still, he did well
in the end...

Greta turns to Hans:

GRETA

Would you like to see some of Einar's
work...?

LILI

Do we have any?

Greta's surprised, unsettled by the question.

GRETA

Yes, of course, Lili...

LILI

Oh, but couldn't we see it another
time? I so want to hear more from
Hans... Hans, are you married?

HANS

No...

LILI

Why not?

Greta flinches, but:

LILI

He doesn't mind, do you...?

Greta looks helpless. Hans takes over:

HANS

I've... been on my own a long time
now. I'm too set in my ways.

LILI

I think marriage is the single thing
we should all hope for in life.

HANS

Really?

Lili looks utterly buoyant...

LILI

It creates someone else, more than
just the two of you. It would be
terrible never to know that...

Her expression crumbles... Hans looks to Greta...

GRETA

Lili...

Lili's dissolving...

LILI

Excuse me.

She hurries out towards the bedroom, clearly in distress.

GRETA

You... you ought to go...

HANS

No - let me help...

She turns, holds Hans' hands... the intimacy, intensity of
connection surprises him:

GRETA

Please - please - I'm sorry...

116 CONTINUED:

116

And she breaks away, hurries after Lili. Hans hears Lili SOB when Greta joins her. Struggles to comprehend the situation.

117 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PARIS APARTMENT, NIGHT

117

Hans looks up at the window before heading into the night.

118 INT. PARIS APARTMENT, BEDROOM

118

Greta, still shocked, looks at Einar. He's half Lili still, sits bewildered, afraid on the edge of the bed, head hanging.

EINAR

I don't think he noticed anything, do you?

GRETA

I don't know...

EINAR

No, I think I got out just in time.

GRETA

Sleep now. We'll talk more tomorrow.

EINAR

Can I borrow a nightdress?

Greta's shocked.

GRETA

No... we've never done that. Lili's never spent the night...

Einar confesses:

EINAR

Greta... When I dream, they're Lili's dreams...

Greta struggles to accommodate this, very reluctant... but she gives in, nods. What else can she do?

119 INT. PARIS APARTMENT, BEDROOM, LATER

119

Greta in bed. Lili's sleeping head on the pillow next to her, where Einar's once was. Greta turns out the light.

120

EXT. JARDINS DE LUXEMBOURG, NEXT DAY

120

Koi carp glide under the murky surface of a pond. Hans and Greta stare into the water. Hans broods.

GRETA

He's been Lili for a while now on and off. We had to leave Denmark. They wanted to lock him up.

HANS

Dear God...

GRETA

But last night was exceptional. I've never seen her so... vivid.

HANS

You say 'on and off'...

GRETA

He's been himself the whole time we've been in Paris until this. Though that's not really true. He's not been properly himself for a long time. I've been... pretending.

HANS

It doesn't look as though you can pretend much longer.

Greta looks away, sees, families, couples. Ordinary life...

HANS

Greta...?

He rests his hand on top of hers. Greta turns quickly to face him again. His hand stays firm... a transfer of heat...

GRETA

You know, Einar and I are fine - we have each other.

Greta stands, fastens her coat. Hans looks at her.

HANS

And now you have me.

Hans holds out a stiff address card. Greta hesitates, conflicted, then quickly takes it. Turns back towards the park. Hans follows.

121 INT. PARIS APARTMENT, BEDROOM

121

Greta arrives to find Lili in a bright dress with matching scarf. Shopping bags everywhere. Tension in the air.

GRETA

A new dress...

LILI

And a scarf to match. I couldn't help it. Don't you love it?

GRETA

Too much yellow in it for me, but it's perfect for you...

LILI

Einar gave me money to go shopping. You never know when you'll need to look pretty...

GRETA

We're actually a little short of money at the moment.

Lili hardly misses a beat:

LILI

I know, but now I'm back, I can sit for you again, can't I...?

A slight edge in Lili's voice now:

LILI

That worked well before, Greta, didn't it...?

Lili and Greta take each other in, on a new footing.

122 INT. PARIS APARTMENT, STUDIO

122

Greta paints Lili who exults in the relief of being herself - a new confident spirit beneath the translucent skin. Greta rearranges her hair. Lili responds keenly to Greta's suggestions. Greta squeezes the last of a colour out of a tube, goes to a trunk and opens it. Amidst a jumble of paints are Hans' big leather gloves. The sight gives Greta pause. But she takes out her paint and closes the lid. Back to work.

123 INT. ETIENNE DUFOUR GALLERY, RAINY NIGHT, ONE MONTH LATER 123

Another show of 'Lili' paintings. Greta works the room, then sees Hans, across the crowd. They make their way toward one another. An awkward social kiss. Greta's unusually brittle.

HANS

It's a good crowd.

GRETA

She's a popular girl. Thank you for coming.

HANS

Thank you for asking me. I thought you'd forgotten all about me.

GRETA

We've been busy.

HANS

Is Einar here?

GRETA

No. He hates these things.

HANS

Is he well...?

GRETA

He's excited. We have an old friend coming to town: Anna Fonsmarck, the soprano. Do you know her?

HANS

I don't think so. Could I take you to dinner?

GRETA

No.

Hans absorbs this, regroups.

HANS

Greta, have I upset you?

GRETA

No.

HANS

Greta...

(CONTINUED)
April 07

He rests his hand on her arm, pressing for some honesty...
Greta's cornered, the heat of the room, the nearness of Hans.

GRETA

I am still Einar's wife.

She brushes past him, into the crowd. A MAN'S VOICE calls:

MAN

Hans!

His social mask slips quickly back into place.

Later: CLOSE ANGLE on Greta, watching as a flirtatious woman
woman WHISPERS something in Hans' ear. His eyes widen, he
LAUGHS. Greta looks away.

A concerned GALLERY EMPLOYEE frets as Greta leaves.

GALLERY EMPLOYEE

But take an umbrella...

GRETA

I'm fine...

GALLERY EMPLOYEE

If you just wait a minute someone will
drive you...

But Greta's out in the rain, the party still in full swing.

Greta runs through the wet courtyard and up the stairs.

Greta lets herself in, breathless. Lili's waiting.

LILI

How was it?

She sees the state of Greta...

LILI

You're soaked...? Didn't somebody
drive you?

She hurries to take Greta's coat, but Greta pulls away:

GRETA

I didn't want to be driven, I wanted to walk!

LILI

Greta... what is it? Didn't it go well? Did someone upset you...?

Greta knows what she's asking is hard, but:

GRETA

I need to see Einar.

Lili flinches, shakes her head, touches Greta, tender.

LILI

No, Einar's not... Let me help...

Greta cuts her off sharply, desperation building:

GRETA

I need my husband. Just get him!

LILI

I can't...

Lili's eyes cloud. Greta moderates, already losing hope...

GRETA

I want to talk to my husband. I want to hold my husband. I need him. Can you get him? Can you at least try?

Lili deliberates, pained by the request...

GRETA

Please...

Lili's eyes plead, but Greta's desperate, won't give up... Finally Lili shakes her head, desperately sorry... Greta turns on her heel. The front door BANGS as she heads off into the night, leaving Lili alone and deeply sad.

Greta sits in the dark, watching the rain on the pond. She turns Hans' address card, now sodden, in her fingers.

128 EXT. BARON HANS AXGIL'S APARTMENT, NIGHT

128

Hans heads for his building, is amazed to see Greta on the front step...

HANS
Greta... what is it?

She gets to her feet...

HANS
You're soaked...

He goes to comfort her, and she embraces him... initiates a desperate snatched kiss before breaking away, upset. Hans pursues her...

HANS
Greta... wait...

GRETA
I can't...

HANS
Wait...

He hurries to catch up.

129 INT. PARIS APARTMENT, BATHROOM, NIGHT

129

Lili transitioning to Einar. It happens awkwardly, and when Einar looks in the mirror, he's baffled by his reflection.

130 I/E. HANS' CAR/RAINY STREETS

130

Hans drives an exhausted Greta through the narrow streets of the Marais. Finally pulls up outside their building.

HANS
Will you be alright?

GRETA
I'm always alright.

He reaches for her hand. Greta stiffens.

HANS
For God's sake. Take some kindness
where you can.

(CONTINUED)
April 07

He turns her hand, his thumb probing her palm. Greta struggles not to yield to the weight and warmth of him. Her eyes fill, overburdened with longing and uncertainty.

GRETA

Einar always comes back in the end.
He always has...

HANS

Maybe this time... he just can't.

GRETA

I'm sorry.

Greta shakes her head, gently rejecting Hans.

GRETA

I've never not finished a painting, I
don't know how to give up.

Hans smiles, rueful. Finally lets Greta take back her hand.

Greta appears in the doorway. Sees Einar sitting in the chair by the bed. She's struck by how vulnerable he looks. He looks up, and with genuine regret:

EINAR/LILI

I don't think I can give you what you
want...

He looks away, ashamed. It's unbearable. Greta approaches him. He looks like Lili dressed as Einar.

EINAR/LILI

I don't know how long I can go on like
this Greta.

GRETA

No.

She pushes in beside him. Einar/Lili lies in Greta's lap. They hold each other into the night.

A grand crowd gathered for the Danish National Opera's *Carmen*. There's a wonderful photo of Anna and a vibrant print of Greta's Anna portrait. Greta looks at it as she follows Lili in, then Hans closes behind her, moves her along.

133 INT. OPERA GARNIER, PARIS 133

Greta, Lili and Hans sit together. Lili looks at Hans, excited, adoring, but she's pale. As the music swells, she lifts opera glasses, clutches Greta's hand: there's Anna.

134 INT. OPERA GARNIER, PARIS, BACKSTAGE PARTY 134

Lili flirts with Hans and enthuses to other cast members...

ANNA

He needs to see someone.

GRETA

You know what happened with Hexler.

ANNA

But he's so thin, Greta...?

Greta looks across at Einar.

GRETA

Lili watches her figure...

ANNA

And his breathing's so shallow...
What's wrong with his eyes...?

GRETA

Alright, alright...

ANNA

Look, there's a doctor - he runs the
Women's Clinic in Dresden. He helped
me not so long ago...

Greta's face changes as she understands what Anna's telling her.

ANNA

Well never mind that, the important
thing is... he's interested in men
like Einar.

Greta's surprised.

ANNA

He's in Paris next month. Just talk
to him? It couldn't hurt, could it?

Greta looks across. Einar is sick. Hans looks back.

135 INT. PARIS APARTMENT, STUDIO, DAY 135

Greta looks up from her work as Einar comes in from the bedroom, pulling on a jacket. He looks terrible. Almost transparent, cheekbones jutting proud.

GRETA
You're awake... How d'you feel?

He gestures, noncommittal.

GRETA
You're going out... Can't you stay a little...?

EINAR
No - I... I have to go somewhere.

GRETA
Where?

Einar bridles at the question. Greta immediately regrets it.

GRETA
I'm sorry - I don't know how to hold on to you any longer.

EINAR
I know, but I love you and I'm going to find an answer.

He touches her arm and leaves, a new resolve in him.

136 I/E. PARIS APARTMENT, STUDIO/STREET OUTSIDE 136

Greta watches as Einar travels, tired, down the street.

137 INT. BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE 137

Einar at a desk piled high with books. He reads, driven, fascinated. We see the books: *The Normal and Abnormal Man*, *A Scientific Study of Sexual Immorality*...

138 EXT. STREET, LATER 138

Einar makes his way down the street. He looks bizarre in the daylight, like a woman dressed as a man. He passes a couple of rough-looking younger men. One HISSES under his breath:

(CONTINUED)
April 07

YOUNGER MAN

Lesbian...

Einar looks round, amazed, almost amused at the mistake... when the men recognise that Einar is - in fact - a man, they LAUGH, shocked. Einar keeps walking, conscious of the men shadowing him, making silly obscene noises and comments. He turns purposefully into a narrow side street, anger and anxiety building as the men pursue. Now the men pull level with him, jostle, one moving ahead and rubbing his crotch.

YOUNG MAN

Oh, aren't you a pretty boy?

The Young Man leers and LAUGHS and then we suddenly see his nose burst with blood as Einar's fist connects. The two men are caught by surprise as he lashes out with terrific energy, but they regroup and in no time Einar's down, fists and feet flying until the men finally run away.

139 EXT. PLACE DES VOSGES, LATER

139

A kite dances against the brightness of the sky. Einar squints to follow its progress. He sits on the edge of the fountain near the busy children's playground. He looks terrible enough, but the context throws things into a truly grim perspective. Einar washes his face in the fountain.

140 INT. BARON HANS AXGIL'S OFFICE, QUAI D'ORSAY, PARIS

140

Animated discussion between Hans and two other men. Hans' secretary puts her head around the door. He glances up, a little annoyed, but something in her face gives him pause.

141 INT. BARON HANS AXGIL'S OFFICE, RECEPTION

141

A beat before Hans recognises Einar's badly swollen face.

HANS

Einar...

142 INT. BARON HANS AXGIL'S OFFICE, BATHROOM

142

Hans cleans up Einar's face with cotton wool and iodine.

EINAR

Sorry I've never been to see you here before.

(CONTINUED)

April 07

HANS

That's alright. You're here now.

EINAR

I couldn't let Greta see me this way.
She has enough to put up with.

Hans acknowledges the truth of this, carries on.

EINAR

You're good at this.

HANS

I boxed for a while.

EINAR

Shame you weren't with me earlier.

Einar smiles at his own humour, but it hurts too much.

143 INT. ORNATE ENTRANCE HALL, TURKISH BATH

143

Einar follows Hans.

EINAR

You don't have to do this. You could
have just taken me home...

HANS

I'm glad of the company. Makes it
less of a guilty pleasure. Besides,
It'll bring out the bruising.

144 INT. STUNNINGLY TILED STEAM ROOM

144

Hans and Einar sweat it out.

HANS

Let me know if you feel light-headed.

EINAR

I'm permanently light-headed.

HANS

God, Einar, what's happened to you? I
don't understand...

EINAR

Ha - nor do I. But I don't think it's
anything new... Even in Bluetooth...

HANS

What?

EINAR

Well I was different.

HANS

Christ, we were both different. The only two who didn't have bogs for brains.

EINAR

No, seriously...

HANS

I am serious - being different from all that was no crime. That's why we became friends.

Einar nods, accepts Hans' generosity. They take each other in, the absurdity of their situation settling between them.

EINAR

I wanted to thank you for looking after Greta.

Hans is slightly uneasy.

HANS

It's no great hardship.

EINAR

I've let her down.

HANS

She doesn't think that.

Einar struggles a moment, then:

EINAR

Every morning I promise myself I'll spend the whole day as Einar. But there's so little Einar left.

HANS

You need building up...

EINAR

No. I think Lili's thoughts. All the time. Even here, now, I'm having to work so hard just to... to be me. To be this.

(CONTINUED)
April 07

He gestures, hopeless. But Hans won't be defeated.

HANS

You think these things because you're exhausted...

Einar confesses.

EINAR

Hans, I think sometimes about killing Einar. It's only the thought that I'd be killing Lili too that stops me. That and Greta.

Hans is appalled, struggles for words.

HANS

You need to see someone. A doctor.

EINAR

No.

HANS

I don't mean like that quack in Copenhagen. I'll help you find someone, Einar.

Hans lays his big hand heavily on his friend's shoulder.

HANS

You have to try.

Einar in a reclining chair, beside a pull-down chart of the human brain. He's focused, engaged. BUSON seems excited.

BUSON

A confused state of identity.

He snaps down a diagram of the frontal lobe.

BUSON

I drill small holes - here, here and here...

He touches Einar's forehead... Einar blanches, surprised.

BUSON

My last case believed he was five different people. I fixed him.

145 CONTINUED:

EINAR

How is he?

BUSON

He lives with his mother. Quiet but
happy.

146 INT. DR MCBRIDE'S ROOMS, ONE WEEK LATER

146

A CLOCK TICKS in the self-conscious reconstruction of Freud's consulting room. MCBRIDE adjusts his pince-nez.

MCBRIDE

Mr Wegener, I've listened carefully
and I'm afraid it's not good news.

From the couch, Einar waits for the diagnosis.

MCBRIDE

You're a homosexual.

Einar fails to stifle a laugh.

147 INT. ETABLISSEMENT HYDROTHERAPIQUE, ONE WEEK LATER, DAY

147

Dr Mai observes Einar, fascinated, over tented fingers.

DR MAI

Go on, go on...

EINAR

Well, I don't really know what kind of
help I need, but I can't go on living
without knowing who I am.

DR MAI

Mm... very good...

Dr Mai nods vigorously, scribbles definitively onto a pad.

MAI

Excuse me... who brought you here?

EINAR

I... I brought myself.

MAI

Uh-huh.

EINAR

Is that a problem...?

(CONTINUED)
April 07

147 CONTINUED:

147

MAI

Not at all. Excuse me a moment...

He nods politely goes out, leaving Einar alone. Curiosity gets the better of Einar and he works his way to the desk, looks at the pad. As the sun falls across it, he can clearly see the imprint of a word: schizophrenic...

148 INT. ETABLISSEMENT HYDROTHERAPIQUE, CORRIDOR 148

Dr Mai hurries down the corridor flanked by male nurses.

149 INT. ETABLISSEMENT HYDROTHERAPIQUE, DR MAI'S ROOM 149

Dr Mai and the men look on, impotent, as the lace curtain floats at the window onto the courtyard. Einar has gone.

150 INT. PARIS APARTMENT, BEDROOM, NIGHT 150

Greta and Einar/Lili curled up in bed together. Greta's eyes already closed. Her arms securely folded around her husband.

EINAR

Do you think I'm insane?

She opens her eyes.

GRETA

Who told you that?

EINAR

I've been to see some doctors.

Greta's surprised.

EINAR

I'm sorry, I know we said no more,
but... Look at me Greta...

Greta looks. A bizarre hybrid: man and woman. Greta's eyes fill.

GRETA

Did I do this to you?

Einar doesn't understand...

EINAR

How...?

(CONTINUED)
April 07

150 CONTINUED:

GRETA
Sometimes I think if it hadn't been
for the paintings...

EINAR
Oh no... no, no. You helped bring
Lili to life, but she was always...
she was waiting...

GRETA
But now she's making you ill.

EINAR
I don't know what to do. The doctors
can't help me.

Einar's at the end of the road. Greta broaches the subject she
most fears:

GRETA
Do you want to try one more...?

Einar is surprised. What does Greta have in mind?

151 INT. LECTURE HALL ENTRANCE, DAY 151

Greta approaches the entrance. There's a sign displayed:
Members Only. Greta hovers but a suspicious Usher looks on. A
couple of older men push through in front of her.

152 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LECTURE HALL 152

Greta peers through a slim glass door panel, sees a tall,
imposing man: PROFESSOR BOLK. We see a sign advertising the
lecture: *Ovarian Grafting: A New Approach* by "Professor Bolk of
the Women's Municipal Hospital in Dresden".

153 INT. RESTAURANT, DAY 153

Greta and Einar sit, both nervous. Opposite, Bolk observes Einar
closely. A nervous tension in the air.

BOLK
So what do you think would explain
what you've been experiencing Mr
Wegener?

EINAR
Professor Bolk... the fact is... I
believe I am a woman inside.

(CONTINUED)
April 07

GRETA

And I believe it too.

Einar looks to Greta, grateful to hear her say this out loud.

EINAR

You probably think I'm insane. That we both are...

Bolk smiles. He lights a cigarette, taking his time.

BOLK

Well, there are people who think that I'm insane. But I think you're probably right.

Einar's amazed. Bolk breathes, begins:

BOLK

I've met another man like you.

Einar grasps Greta's hand, filled with hope...

BOLK

I pursued his case - against the wishes of my colleagues, of course.

Bolk considers a moment, then:

BOLK

I told him I could operate. To make him fully a woman.

EINAR

Yes...

Einar nods vigorously, Greta struggles to take in the idea.

BOLK

That was what he wanted.

GRETA

What... what happened to the man? Was the operation successful?

BOLK

It never took place. On the morning of the operation, he ran away. He was too frightened.

EINAR

I wouldn't do that.

153 CONTINUED:

Bolk manages a grim laugh.

BOLK

Perhaps he was the smart one. The surgery has never been attempted before.

Greta tries to get a grip on things:

GRETA

Professor Bolk, what is this surgery...?

BOLK

Two operations...

Einar beats him to it...

EINAR

The first to remove the male parts...

BOLK

The second to construct a vagina.

Greta can't take this in, looks to Einar, but Einar's rapt.

BOLK

An irreversible change, and a high risk of failure, of complications.

Bolk's hand waves through the air, suggesting the worst...
Greta and Einar are forced to consider this...

GRETA

It's too dangerous.

EINAR

It's my only hope.

Greta and Einar exchange a look. Bolk observes.

BOLK

I leave for Dresden at lunchtime tomorrow.

He warns them, an unmistakably serious tone:

BOLK

Mrs Wegener, I believe I can help your husband. But he won't be your husband when I've finished.

154 INT. PARIS APARTMENT, BEDROOM, NIGHT

154

Greta and Einar, in bed together, holding each other close, neither of them likely to sleep. After a while:

EINAR

You know...

He breaks the stillness of her thoughts.

EINAR

There's a magic oak tree in the Radhuset... and if you eat one of its acorns you can wish to be anyone you want for a day.

GRETA

I didn't know that.

EINAR

Who would you wish to be Greta?

Greta considers the terrible truth of it:

GRETA

Your wife.

Einar holds her closer. Both beginning to understand that Greta may not be Einar's wife for much longer.

GRETA

I'm so afraid of being without you.

EINAR

It was all I wanted, to be with you always... But you'd have Lili...

Greta nods.

EINAR

Lili loves you Greta. And you have your work.

Greta's surprised, it seems so meaningless.

GRETA

My work.

EINAR

Of course.

It seems a poor consolation. Greta recalls, confesses:

(CONTINUED)
April 07

GRETA

I used to wonder sometimes if you'd married me because you knew you were better. That I couldn't compete with you.

Einar's shocked.

EINAR

I never thought that.

Greta despairs at her own stupid insecurity.

EINAR

I married you because I loved you. Because you were the only person who made sense of me. Who made me possible. You still are.

Greta nods. They lean in to one another. They breathe together in the night for the very last time.

Professor Bolk spreads butter on his breakfast tartine. He looks up as someone approaches the table: Einar.

CLOSE ANGLE on Greta, at the door, watching as Einar sits, and the men begin a discussion. As they relax together, Greta's deepest fear is realised: the deal is done.

A NOISY bustling platform. People rushing in all directions. Einar checks his ticket, about to board the train. Hans and Greta are with him, almost swept away by the tide of people. Hans carries his case. They find a space in the crowd.

EINAR

I feel strange going dressed like this.

GRETA

It's important. Hans says the Germans will check your papers.

HANS

Don't take any chances. You're nearly there.

Hans and Einar embrace, then Hans holds him at arms length.

EINAR

I won't be seeing you again.

HANS

You know, I've only really liked a handful of people in my life and you've been two of them.

Einar half-laughs. Hans twinkles.

HANS

Take care. Take care.

The men part. Einar turns to Greta. What can he say?

GRETA

I wish you'd let me come with you.

EINAR

I can't. You love Einar. And I have to let him go.

They embrace, emotional. She removes her embroidered wrap.

GRETA

Here, take this...

He takes it, smiles, and boards the train - just in time. The air fills with steam and NOISE. Greta raises her hand to wave as the train pulls out, carries Einar away.

Greta and Hans walk towards his car, Greta setting a fast pace. She continues straight past the car.

HANS

Greta...?

She barely turns, hands stuffed firmly in her pockets.

GRETA

I'm going to walk.

She strides down the busy street. Hans watches her dart in and out of traffic, trying to outrun the pain, her face set, her body strong. She could walk like this forever.

- 158 INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT 158
 Einar in a compartment with an old woman and her dog. The woman's stockings bag around her ankles, just above the shoes, split to accommodate swollen feet. She is falling asleep. Einar watches the scenery fly by outside.
- 159 INT. PARIS APARTMENT, STUDIO, EVENING 159
 Greta prepares a fresh canvas.
- 160 INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR 160
 Einar makes his way down the train with his suitcase, goes into the bathroom.
- 161 INT. TINY BATHROOM ON TRAIN. 161
 Einar strips off his clothes, pulls on Lili's chemise. As he takes in his reflection we hear a Guard pass by CALLING OUT:
 GUARD (O.S.)
 Next stop, Dresden. Dresden is the
 next stop...
- 162 I/E. TRAIN CORRIDOR/DRESDEN STATION 162
 Lili carries the suitcase down the corridor to disembark as the train arrives in Dresden...
- 163 INT. PARIS APARTMENT, STUDIO 163
 Greta, charcoal in hand, the canvas before her, waits to begin.
- 164 EXT. STREET, DRESDEN, AFTERNOON 164
 Lili walks into town, a high road that gives her a panoramic view of the river.
- 165 EXT. COFFEEHOUSE IN DRESDEN, AFTERNOON 165
 Lili sits and looks out of the window. Across the road, the Women's Hospital. Lili sips her coffee, gathers her strength.

166 INT. PROFESSOR BOLK'S CLINIC, DRESDEN, RECEPTION, EARLY EVENING

LILI

Yes, my name is Lili, I'm here to see
Dr Bolk.

RECEPTIONIST

Lili what?

Lili wonders, surprised at the question...

EINAR

Oh... Lili Elbe. Yes. Like the river.

The Receptionist nods. Writes it down.

167 INT. PARIS APARTMENT, STUDIO 167

Greta sketches Lili onto her canvas... stops when she has to go
below the waist. Greta frets.

168 INT. PROFESSOR BOLK'S OFFICE 168

Lili sits with Professor Bolk. Behind him, anatomical models of
women's reproductive parts, plastic fetuses.

LILI

Must I really wait?

BOLK

It's only a week, We need you to rest
and gain some weight. We can't risk an
infection.

Professor Bolk rises, rests his hands on Lili's shoulders,
paternal. Lili pats his hand, tender, submissive.

BOLK

For what we're attempting, you'll need
to be strong.

169 EXT. PROFESSOR BOLK'S CLINIC, DRESDEN, GARDEN, DAY 169

Lili amidst other young women patients, many pregnant. She
concentrates on balancing a teacup on her knee. A VOICE:

URSULA (O.S.)

Do you think Spring will come early?

Lili looks round. A delicate blonde, URSULA, sits nearby.

(CONTINUED)
April 07

169 CONTINUED:

URSULA
I saw you looking at the crocuses.

LILI
Oh - yes. You're having a baby.

Ursula nods, cradles her round belly.

URSULA
And you?

LILI
No - I'm ill inside. But Dr Bolk's
going to make me better. He's
operating tomorrow.

URSULA
Will you be able to have children
after?

The question catches Lili by surprise, sets her thinking...

LILI
I don't know.

URSULA
I hope so.

Lili smiles, full of optimism.

170 INT. PROFESSOR BOLK'S CLINIC, DRESDEN, LILI'S ROOM, EVENING 70

A particularly solicitous NURSE gives Lili a white pill.

NURSE
To help you sleep tonight.

Later - Lili at the sink, wipes a washcloth over her face. The
water runs a peachy colour as powder and rouge rinse away. Lili
looks in the mirror at Einar for the last time.

171 INT. PARIS CAFE, EVENING

171

Hans smokes his cigar. Picks a speck of tobacco from his
tongue.

HANS
Rasmussen called. The Dufour people
want you in their group show. I like
the idea.

(CONTINUED)
April 07

171 CONTINUED:

Greta looks across at him, hasn't heard anything.

GRETA
I'm sorry?

HANS
The Dufour Gallery?

But Greta shakes her head. Hans SIGHS, considers, then:

HANS
Greta, why don't you go...?

GRETA
He asked me not to.

HANS
He wanted to protect you. I'll go
with you. You should be there. We
both should.

Greta turns on him:

GRETA
No. If I go, it'll be alone.

HANS
Now you're sounding like Einar.

GRETA
I am like Einar.

Hans seethes, frustrated.

HANS
What do you want me to do Greta?

GRETA
I want you to go away.

Hans is surprised, hurt.

HANS
Really?

Greta looks down, fixes her eyes on a burn mark on the tabletop. Hans absorbs this. Without looking up, Greta senses movement as Hans chair is pushed aside. She steels herself to wait... By the time she looks up, Hans is gone.

- 172 INT. PARIS APARTMENT, BEDROOM, NIGHT 172
Greta in bed alone, the space beside her aching empty.
- 173 INT. PROFESSOR BOLK'S CLINIC, DRESDEN, NEXT DAY 173
Einar/Lili sleeps a deep sleep. We pull out to see the operating theatre around her, Bolk prepped to begin.
- 174 INT. BARON HANS AXGIL'S OFFICE, PARIS, DAY 174
Hans goes through mail, stalls at a handwritten envelope. Damn.
- 175 INT/EXT. TRAIN, DAY 175
Greta travelling very fast, the scenery flying by outside.
- 176 INT. PROFESSOR BOLK'S CLINIC, DRESDEN, CORRIDOR 176
Bolk escorts Greta along the corridor.
- BOLK
She regained consciousness very briefly. We're having to give her a great deal of morphine, of course, so that's to be expected.
- GRETA
Has she spoken?
- BOLK
Only to ask where Einar was...
- Suddenly a SCREAM rings down the corridor, filling Greta with fear. Up ahead, a couple of nurses start to run.
- BOLK
It's nothing, I assure you...
- But Greta runs too...
- 177 INT. CLINIC, LILI'S ROOM 177
Greta arrives, is stunned to see Lili held down by ropes weighted with sandbags. She looks terrible, grey-green, exhausted. A nurse administers morphine, another soothes.

177 CONTINUED:

NURSE

You mustn't move Lili. It only makes
it worse...

GRETA

(under her breath)

My God...

The nurse pushes a paralysed Greta gently aside -

NURSE

Excuse me...

The nurse slips a mask over Lili's face. She sucks gratefully
at the numbing gas. Greta comes to, galvanises herself, moves
the nurse aside, takes hold of the mask.

GRETA

I'll do that. I'm here now. Don't
worry, I'm here...

She smooths Lili's brow, determined, devoted.

178 EXT. PROFESSOR BOLK'S CLINIC, GARDEN, TWO WEEKS LATER, DAY 78

Lili dozes in her wheelchair. Greta sketches. Lili smiles a
little but her eyes don't open. Greta notices, stops.

LILI

I can feel I'm getting better when I
listen to your pencil.

She opens her eyes.

LILI

You've always sketched me better than
I was.

GRETA

Have I...?

LILI

What you draw, I become. You made me
more beautiful, now you're making me
strong. Such power in you.

Greta smiles. Lili reaches out and touches her hands. Lili's
eyes shine, full of anticipation.

LILI

Shall we go back to Denmark then,
Greta? Shall we go home?

179 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, COPENHAGEN. STUDIO, ONE MONTH LATER, DAY 9

Greta CRACKS the lock on the shutters, pushes them open, flooding the long-dark room with light.

180 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, COPENHAGEN, BEDROOM, DAY 180

A thick rope bisects the room. Anna hands a sheet up to Greta on a chair. Greta pegs the sheet to the rope.

ANNA

Do you think this is really necessary?

GRETA

I just thought Lili might want some privacy. Things will be different, after all.

ANNA

Did she think of living alone?

GRETA

No. Why would she?

Greta moves her chair further along, climbs back up.

GRETA

She was worried about us living together at first - she thought people might talk.

Greta smiles, shakes her head.

GRETA

That's the kind of thing Einar would worry about.

ANNA

Lili's more pragmatic than Einar - she thought it might blight your chances with men - both of you!

GRETA

You're impossible...

Anna laughs, hands up the next sheet... Greta smiles back, indulging Anna.

181 EXT. TRAIN STATION 181

Greta's eyes scan the crowds, nervous, hawklike. Then her face lights up. She waves, hurries towards... Lili. A sense of triumph in their joyful reunion.

182 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, BATHROOM 182

Lili applies lipstick in the mirror, assesses the result, a tentative moment... Puts her new make-up bag next to Greta's. Smooths her hair. It's time.

183 INT/EXT. WIDOW HOUSE, STUDIO/HARBOUR VIEW, MORNING A WEEK LATER 183

The bustling harbour through the open window. Lili, dressed, made up, looks out, poised to embrace the world.

GRETA

Lili...?

Greta holds out a little pill-box.

GRETA

So, these ones when you need them, but these...

LILI

Every two hours. And I have to eat something first. I have a few macaroons in my bag all ready

Greta marvels at Lili... so pale, but so alive.

GRETA

Good luck.

184 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE WIDOW HOUSE 184

Lili makes her way confidently down the street, turns back for a moment to wave to Greta.

185 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, STUDIO 185

Greta waves from the window... Laughs in pure joy.

186 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FONNSBECH'S DEPARTMENT STORE 186

Lili swings along. A man lifts his hat as she passes and she looks away, surprised and pleased.

187 INT. FONNESBECH'S DEPARTMENT STORE 187

Lili polishes a silver tray until she can see her own excited face perfectly mirrored in it. She fits perfectly with the other painted dolls behind the perfume counter.

MANAGERESS

And remember, making a purchase at Fonnesbech's is not merely shopping. It's an experience! You lived in Paris, yes?

LILI

Oh yes...

MANAGERESS

Speak in an accent! The store is a stage - we are here to perform.

Lili looks out over the cut-glass bottles and endlessly reflecting surfaces, thrilled ...

188 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FONNSBECH'S DEPARTMENT STORE 188

Lili spills out happily with all the other girls... She laughs, waves goodbye as one of the girls hurries into the arms of her waiting boyfriend.

189 EXT. STREET RUNNING PAST CANAL 189

Lili walks along the canals, delighting in the journey. The sun dances on the water and all around people are meeting, kissing and parting, a world of life that she's finally part of. A man steps aside with flirtatiously elaborate chivalry to allow Lili to pass. Lili smiles, saunters on into the distance.

190 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, GRETA'S SIDE OF THE ROOM, NIGHT 190

A quiet, dreamy atmosphere. Greta lies awake, watches Lili's lamplight silhouette on the other side of the dividing sheet. Lili reads in bed, a romance novel. After a while:

(CONTINUED)
April 07

GRETA

You know one night last week, I had
the strangest dream.

LILI

What...?

GRETA

I dreamed you were getting married.

Lili's silhouette sits up...

LILI

Do you think I ever will...?

GRETA

Who knows? So many strange things
have happened.

LILI

I want to, Greta.

Greta absorbs this.

GRETA

It's not so long ago we were
married... you and me.

Greta waits in the silence for some response.

LILI

It was you and Einar.

GRETA

I know it was Einar. But really it
was you and me.

Lili's silhouette waits a moment, then lies back down. Greta
curls into herself.

Lili at work. She explains to an older female customer:

LILI

And in Paris, a lady would never dream
of spraying the scent directly onto
herself.

The woman listens, entranced by Lili's animated lecture.

191 CONTINUED:

LILI
No, you spray the air, see, and walk
into it...

Lili skips into the mist of scent.

LILI
You try...

The woman is shy, but Lili's enthusiasm is so infectious...

192 EXT. FONNSBECH'S DEPARTMENT STORE

192

Lili and her colleagues pour out of the store. Lili offers them
sweets from her handbag.

GIRL
It's so unfair - you've got the
sweetest tooth and the narrowest hips
in the whole store...

GIRL 2
How do you manage it, eating so much
sugar?

LILI
Oh, the trick is to eat nothing
else...

They all LAUGH. Lili moves to go...

GIRL
See you tomorrow!

The girls wave and go their separate ways.

193 EXT. CANALSIDE

193

Lili passes the cafe on the canal as usual, glances inside...
Her footsteps slow... Sitting alone at a table is a familiar
face: Henrik.

194 INT. CAFE ON CANAL

194

Henrik looks up from his newspaper: Lili. He looks shocked...
then delighted...

HENRIK
Is it really you...?

194 CONTINUED:

194

Lili smiles...

LILI

I believe so.

They begin to laugh, lit up with euphoria. Henrik hurries to pull out a chair for Lili to sit down...

195 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, STUDIO, NIGHT

195

Lili lies on the chaise gazing up at the moon through the skylight, lost in thought. The sound of Greta's pencil working away as she sketches Lili.

GRETA

I've been thinking: we could set up Einar's things. You could start painting. You might like that.

Lili's surprised.

LILI

I can't think so.

GRETA

You might be good at it.

LILI

It doesn't interest me.

GRETA

I just thought...

Lili snaps slightly:

LILI

I want to be a woman, not a painter.

GRETA

I see. Well, people have been known to do both.

LILI

I didn't mean it that way... Look, can we stop work for a minute.

GRETA

Of course...

Lili gets up, a little testy, takes a pill from her box. Greta's concerned, can't help herself:

(CONTINUED)
April 07

GRETA

Didn't you just take one of those a minute ago?

LILI

I overdid it at work today. We were busy so I didn't stop for lunch.

GRETA

You need to be more careful.

Lili's annoyed now. A warning shot:

LILI

Greta...

Greta backs off. Lili tries to calm down.

LILI

I'm going to get some fresh air. I feel like a walk.

GRETA

I could get Teddy's leash and come with you...

LILI

It's okay, I'm happy alone.

Lili gets her coat and Greta's wool wrap.

LILI

Can I borrow this?

GRETA

Of course...

But as Lili heads for the door -

GRETA

We always used to walk together.

Lili turns back. This is a moment she's felt coming for some time...

LILI

You know sometimes I wonder why you let me go through all this if you thought everything would be the same afterwards.

Greta's wrongfooted...

GRETA

I didn't. But I promised Einar I'd take care of you.

LILI

For goodness' sake Greta - Einar is dead. We both have to accept that. You took care of me, now I have to take care of myself. I have to have a life of my own. And you need to do the same.

Lili SHOOS away the dog, heads for the door, and is gone.

Greta alone, looks at Lili's empty bed on the other side of the dividing sheet. We hear Lili come in... after a while, she appears in the doorway, looks at Greta.

LILI

I know how much you miss him.

Greta braces against a tide of emotion. Lili comes to sit on Greta's bed.

GRETA

I don't think I can talk to you about it.

LILI

The two of you together... I can remember. I saw what you had. And I wanted it for myself some day. I still do, Greta - anyone would...

Greta hears this...

LILI

And you'll have all that again.

GRETA

That's very hard to imagine.

LILI

Much harder, surely, to imagine life without it.

Lili holds Greta's hand, strokes it.

197 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, STUDIO, DAY 197

Greta reorganises, determined as ever - paints, brushes, solvents everywhere. She digs into a holdall, finds a pair of oversized leather gloves. Hans' gloves. Works the stiff material in her hands.

198 INT. POST OFFICE, DAY 198

The queue moves, Greta reaches the desk:

GRETA
Waud and...

Greta stops... a moment of reassessment...

POST OFFICE CLERK
...Wegener?

Greta comes to...

GRETA
No. No, just Waud.

As the clerk goes to fetch the mail, Greta looks across at the queue of people waiting to use the telephone... deliberates.

199 INT. POST OFFICE, TELEPHONE CUBICLE 199

Greta dials... waits, uncharacteristically nervous...

GRETA
Oh, hello, it's Greta Waud...

200 INT. BARON HANS AXGIL'S OFFICE, PARIS, RECEPTION 200

The Receptionist at her desk, on the phone:

RECEPTIONIST
I could ask him to call you back later...

201 INT. POST OFFICE, TELEPHONE CUBICLE 201

Greta's disappointed, wrong-footed.

GRETA
No, no that's fine. Just tell him...

201 CONTINUED:

201

She struggles to compose a message.

GRETA

Just tell him it's a beautiful day in
Copenhagen.

She hangs up.

202 EXT. STREET NEAR POST OFFICE

202

Greta turns a corner - damn! - sees Lili coming towards her, on
Henrik's arm. Henrik sees Greta... alerts Lili. They halt,
nervous. Greta quickly collects herself, walks towards them,
nods politely and passes by. Lili and Henrik exchange a look...

LILI

Greta... wait...

She runs, catches up with Greta.

LILI

It's not what you think.

GRETA

It doesn't matter.

Lili insists, leans in closer, lowering her voice.

LILI

Greta, Henrik is homosexual. There's
nothing between us - how could there
be now?

Greta glances back at Henrik, takes off again. Lili watches her
go, disappointed.

203 INT. WIDOW HOUSE, STUDIO, NIGHT

203

Lili enters, finds Greta sitting reading. Greta looks up for a
moment. An awkward beat.

LILI

Greta...

GRETA

I was just going to bed.

Greta puts the placemark in her book, closes it.

LILI

No - wait. Please.

(CONTINUED)
April 07

Greta settles a little. Waits.

LILI

I... I should have told you about Henrik.

Greta lets the apology sit a moment, then:

GRETA

No you shouldn't. I'd have made a fuss.

LILI

He's just a friend, Greta. A chaperone, I suppose. And... someone to talk to.

GRETA

Because you can't talk to me.

LILI

About some things, no.

Greta nods, sad. Lili sits with her.

LILI

I think you'd like him.

Greta shrugs. Maybe she would.

LILI

He's doing very well.

GRETA

That's what I hear.

LILI

He's been invited to exhibit in New York. He asked if I'd go with him. As a friend, you know. 'It's a new kind of city', he says. 'You'll fit right in'.

GRETA

Will you go...?

LILI

Not this time, perhaps. But in future, who knows...?

GRETA

Who knows.

LILI

Things have been difficult lately.
Between you and me. We've been
through so much together... But I've
made a big decision. And I think it
will improve things...

Greta looks up, shrugs - she already knows:

GRETA

You're moving in with Henrik.

Lili's surprised.

LILI

No. I'm going back to Dresden. For
the second operation.

Greta's blood runs cold.

GRETA

But... but surely it's not time.

LILI

It is time.

GRETA

You're not strong enough...

LILI

Professor Bolk thinks I am...

GRETA

Professor Bolk hasn't seen you...

LILI

I've made up my mind.

Greta shakes her head, disbelief...

GRETA

You're not ready.

LILI

I am so ready. So ready to be myself.

Greta hears this, but she's afraid...

GRETA

It could kill you.

LILI

It will complete me.

203 CONTINUED:

She touches Greta's arm, insists kind but firm:.

LILI

We need to do this. Finish what we started.

Lili braces a moment before:

LILI

I'm going on Friday.

Greta's mind races to absorb the announcement...

LILI

Bolk said I ought to have somebody with me.

Lili bites down on it:

LILI

Will you come with me? This one last time?

Greta struggles to find an answer.

204 INT. PROFESSOR BOLK'S CLINIC, DRESDEN, LILI'S ROOM, RAINY ~~2014~~ NIGHT

A nurse studies her watch, the seconds ticking away. We see now that in her other hand she holds Lili's wrist, checks the pulse. Lili's sitting up in bed, Greta's wrap around her shoulders. The Nurse nods, satisfied.

NURSE

Perfect.

She adjusts Lili's pillows. As the Nurse leaves and the shot widens we see Greta in the chair beside the bed. Lili looks at her, smiles a little.

LILI

You're still angry with me.

GRETA

I'm not angry with you, I'm worried about you.

LILI

Come here.

Greta lays her head in Lili's lap, tired with anxiety. Lili strokes her hair. We feel the depth of love between them. After a while.

(CONTINUED)

April 07

LILI

Do you remember the wishing tree in
the Radhuset?

GRETA

Yes...

Lili laughs.

LILI

What nonsense.

Greta's shocked.

GRETA

Do you think...?

LILI

Well, I never needed it. I had you.

She takes Greta's face in her hands.

LILI

You heard my wish Greta. When no one
else could hear me, you did.

Greta's eyes begin to fill. Lili strokes Greta's cheek, begins
to change gear...

LILI

You should go now. We both need our
rest for tomorrow.

Greta collects herself. Nods...

GRETA

I can stay...

LILI

Greta...

She kisses Greta's cheek.

LILI

Go. It will all be fine. Take
this... There's a chill in the air.

Lili goes to hand over Greta's wrap, but:

GRETA

No, keep it. I'll take yours.

Lili smiles, a little mischievous.

204 CONTINUED:

LILI
Too much yellow for you.

Greta shrugs, acknowledging the tease:

GRETA
Well it's dark out. And you never
know, I might get used to it.

A look between them. Greta hesitates a moment, afraid.

LILI
I'm going to be fine.

Greta nods, determined to believe it.

205 EXT. DRESDEN STREET, NIGHT 205

Greta walking, alone in a strange city. Passing couples and groups of friends only serve to reinforce her isolation.

206 INT. DRESDEN HOTEL, RECEPTION 206

The CONCIERGE approaches, solicitous.

GRETA
Room 204.

The concierge turns to get Greta's key and she sees in the mirror behind him - a familiar face -

GRETA
Hans.

Greta turns, barely holding herself together... he catches her in a heavy, passionate embrace. A huge sense of relief, reunion, trust. Hans can't let her go.

HANS
It's okay.

Greta nods, greatly comforted by his presence.

GRETA
Yes.

HANS
Everything will be okay.

Greta hangs on to Hans, desperately wanting it to be true.

(CONTINUED)
April 07

206 CONTINUED:

HANS

I wish you'd told me you were here.
It's a long way via Copenhagen.

Greta almost manages to laugh, greatly comforted by his presence.

GRETA

Have you been waiting long?

HANS

Long enough not to want to wait any longer.

207 INT. HOTEL ROOM, LATER

207

In the low yellow light of a bedside lamp, Hans and Greta make love at last... deeply engaged, a profound sense of reunion and belonging... Greta's cheeks wet with tears.

208 INT. PROFESSOR BOLK'S CLINIC, DRESDEN, RECEPTION, NEXT MORNING

Morning light streams in, harsh, unforgiving. Hans holds the door for Greta. She's barely inside when the Receptionist jumps urgently to her feet.

RECEPTIONIST

Professor Bolk would like a word...

Hans and Greta's faces register anxiety.

209 INT. PROFESSOR BOLK'S CLINIC, DRESDEN, LILI'S ROOM

209

Lili sleeps fitfully, slick with sweat. Bolk's afraid. Hans looks on, concerned.

BOLK

We're struggling to keep the fever down. Perhaps if she hadn't lost so much blood...

Greta turns, angry:

GRETA

I don't understand why you went further than we agreed...

Bolk draws Greta aside as a nurse discreetly absents herself.

(CONTINUED)
April 07

209 CONTINUED:

BOLK

She had been in a lot of pain again,
the way you described to me before.
And there had been some bleeding...

Greta's surprised.

GRETA

Bleeding...?

BOLK

I needed to find out why. I
investigated - with Lili's consent.

Bolk hesitates. Greta steels herself,

BOLK

Einar was female, at least in part.

GRETA

We told you that...

BOLK

No - I mean tangled in the intestine,
I found a pair of ovaries.

Greta's astonished. Looks at Lili...

BOLK

(deeply regretful)
I'm sorry... I have to be honest. The
prognosis is not...

He can't finish, but Greta barely hears him anyway...

GRETA

Go away... Leave us alone.

Bolk goes out. Greta looks round - Hans in the doorway. A look
between them, then he leaves her alone with Lili, sensitive to
the moment.

210 INT. PROFESSOR BOLK'S CLINIC, DRESDEN, GARDEN, NIGHT 210

Heavy spots of rain begin to splash down. Most of the hospital
in darkness. A light glowing in one room.

211 INT. PROFESSOR BOLK'S CLINIC, DRESDEN, LILI'S ROOM 211

Greta in the chair at Lili's bedside, mopping her brow. The rainstorm beating outside. A nurse enters with a jug of water. Greta nods, grateful.

212 INT. PROFESSOR BOLK'S CLINIC, DRESDEN, CORRIDOR, DAWN 212

A cleaner works her mop and bucket down the corridor. Hans sleeps in a chair up ahead.

213 INT. PROFESSOR BOLK'S CLINIC, DRESDEN, LILI'S ROOM 213

Lili sleeping, calmer now. Her face translucent in the morning light. Greta sleeps in the chair beside her. Greta wakes, disoriented for a moment, then looks at Lili, sleeping peacefully, clearly cooler now... Greta quickly feels her brow - no heat there any more... Greta's relief is palpable. She smooths Lili's fringe, then gets up, opens the curtains - wide - the sun just starting to show in the rain-washed sky. She turns back to see Lili's eyes open.

GRETA

Lili...?

Lili struggles to speak. Greta quickly pours a glass of water... Lili sips. Smiles. Then she sees Hans hurry in... thrilled to see her awake... She smiles...

HANS

Oh, Lili. How are you?

Hans very carefully embraces her. Her voice is faint, cracked. She takes in Hans and Greta:

LILI

I'm... entirely myself.

Hans laughs gently.

HANS

I'll tell Bolk she's awake.

Hans goes. Greta sits back beside Lili. Fixes her hair.

GRETA

You had us a little worried last night.

LILI

You mustn't worry about me any more
Greta.

GRETA

I'll try. But it's an old habit. I've
been slow to change. I could hardly
keep up with you...

Lili smiles, takes Greta's hand, a great sense of calm in her.
She looks at Greta. Greta still there, always there.

LILI

Greta. How have I ever deserved you?
Such love.

Greta nods, emotional.

LILI

I'm sorry you were frightened. There's
nothing to be afraid of any more.

GRETA

No.

LILI

Everything to look forward to.

Greta nods. Lili laughs softly then leans back, and looks out
of the window.

LILI

Was it raining before?

GRETA

Yes... A storm.

LILI

It's stopped now.

GRETA

You should rest. You had a fitful
night.

Lili smiles, closes her eyes as she recalls:

LILI

No, it was a wonderful night.
I had the most beautiful dream, you
know? I dreamed I was a baby in my
mother's arms... and she looked down
at me... and called me Lili...

Lili's features arrange themselves into an expression of perfect joy as she sinks back into something which Greta gradually sees is much deeper than sleep...

GRETA

Lili...

Greta clutches the hand...

GRETA

Lili...?

She clutches again, uselessly... Greta presses Lili's hand against her cheek, overwhelmed with grief.

GRETA

Lili...

Lili looks blissfully happy.

Hans' car rolls off the ferry, into the bleak landscape. Hans, Greta and the dog inside. Greta looks out, knows the landscape so well although she's never been here before.

Greta looks around the hall as Hans brings in their cases. They are subdued but tender together. Greta wears Lili's scarf.

HANS

There's a break in the cloud. We should go for a walk... we might not get another chance.

Greta barely nods.

Hans tails Greta, battling the incredible wind. Lili's scarf flies like a flag at Greta's throat. She walks on, closer to the cliff edge, the going getting tougher. Finally Greta reaches an amazing vantage point, is stunned by the view: a rectangle of ferociously stormy sea, silver waves whipped by a wind that stings, relentless. We hear the RUSTLE and PUNCH of the weather going at her. Hans joins her. They stand there looking out until they can hardly breathe any more. Then:

HANS

Tomorrow I'll show you where we used
to play.

Greta nods, without looking round.

HANS

Come.

He takes her arm, but as she turns away the wind rips up under her scarf, snatches it into the air. Greta GASPS and Hans hurries to try and catch it, but...

GRETA

No - let it go...

She pulls him back from the dangerous cliff edge. The scarf swoops up and dives down, curls and rolls, as free as child... a girl at play. Greta clutches her coat at her breast, almost delirious at the beauty of it. Hans watches it with her, the absurdly joyous spectacle of it, a stunning farewell. And as the scarf dances out from the cliff, out to sea, there is behind Hans and Greta, just visible in the distance, Hans house, old and solid, smoke rising up from its chimney...

ENDS