

We open on a pair of scruffy trainers. PAN UP to reveal the bottom half of a wedding dress. Pan further to reveal a faded AC/DC t-shirt. Then finally we settle on a face - KATIE (early 30's), intelligent, pretty, sparky.

She considers her reflection in a mirror with curiosity; swishes the skirt, gets used to it. Smiles. She calls through the changing area's velvet curtains.

KATIE

It's *very bad luck* to see me in the dress, that's all. Our offspring will have hairy faces and giant flightless wings. You'll just have to take it from me that I look pretty hot right now.

She gives herself a sideways glance.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Can't we talk later?

(silence)

Adam?

ADAM OOV

(with difficulty)

I think... I think I'm in love with two people.

KATIE

Ah.

Katie pales, caught off guard. A long beat, then:

KATIE (CONT'D)

Is one of them me?

ADAM OOV

Yes.

A thousand thoughts race across her face.

KATIE

Are both of them me?

Silence. Katie leans her head against the mirror as behind her a shop assistant enters with a white lace bodice. Katie sees her reflection, suddenly ridiculous, and closes her eyes.

OPENING TITLES over:

2 INT. STAIRWELL, EDINBURGH - MORNING 2

Bump, bump, bump. Katie crashes a huge suitcase down stone stairs.

3 EXT. EDINBURGH STREET - LATER 3

Katie drags her suitcase along the street, with difficulty. One of its wheels is broken. She passes a cinema screening THE ORNITHOLOGIST'S WIFE. The film's poster shows the movie star LARA TYLER. Her name is even bigger than the title.

4 INT. EDINBURGH BUS - LATER 4

Katie sits watching a TV screen at the front of a bus. A feature on the romance between Lara Tyler and her fiance JAMES AUBREY with the caption, SCREEN GODDESS LARA TYLER TO MARRY AUTHOR. Katie grimaces and cracks open a giant flapjack.

5 INT. TRAIN - LATER 5

Katie sat on her bag in a packed, noisy train corridor. Other passengers read newspapers and magazines. All the headlines refer to the imminent Tyler/Aubrey wedding. Katie averts her eyes and opens a family pack of cheese string.

6 EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - LATER 6

The train snakes its way through the remote and glorious Scottish mountains.

7 INT. TRAIN - LATER 7

Katie sits at a table on the now-empty train. Outside, a remote port on the Scottish coast comes into view. She posts a comic number of food wrappers, all hers, in the bin.

8 INT. CALEDONIAN MACBRAYNE FERRY, BAR - LATER 8

Katie is at the ferry bar. On the TV, a wedding report from Paris. The other passengers watch, rapt.

REPORTER (ON TV)

Lara Tyler - as mesmerizing off screen as she is on - as reclusive as Garbo and twice as bankable. Men want her, women want to be her...

Katie grimaces and pays for crisps and a doughnut.

KATIE
(to barman)
Can we turn that off?

9 EXT. CALEDONIAN MACBRAYNE FERRY - LATER 9

Katie stands by the rail of the ferry, gazing at the sea rushing by below, beginning to feel unwell. She takes off her engagement ring and tosses it into the grey water.

10 EXT. FISHING BOAT - LATER 10

Katie has now hitched a ride on a small fishing boat. She's sick over the side. A weathered old FISHERMAN looks at her knowingly.

KATIE
I'm not drunk, Gregor.

The Fisherman nods, disbelieving.

FISHERMAN
Was there no-one who would have
you on the mainland?

KATIE
(that stings)
No.

Katie looks across the lurching Atlantic towards a tiny island which lies ahead in a swathe of rain-mist. On the harbour wall a large weatherbeaten sign - WELCOME TO HEGG. Katie throws up again.

11 EXT. HEGG - LATER 11

Katie drags her suitcase along a single road. Great brooms of rain sweep the grass continuously. Wet sheep huddle round cowpats, ponies droop. Gulls have given up flying and dot the grass like white stones.

The SUNSHINE B&B is a lonely, dilapidated seafront bed & breakfast. A sign outside reads: ROOMS - £12 SEAVIEW, £16 DRY. A very sodden Katie pulls out a key to let herself in.

12 INT. SUNSHINE B&B. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 12

ISEABAIL NIC AODH (50's, wheelchair user) is dressed as if for a wedding.

KATIE
 (big smile)
 Hi, Mum!

Iseabail looks at her smiling, dripping wet daughter.

ISEABAIL
 Oh no. What's happened?

KATIE
 Nothing! I'm fine, I'm fine.

Katie breaks down into sobbing tears - not fine at all.
 Iseabail moves across to her - hugs her. More racking sobs.

ISEABAIL
 Well that's good. That's good.
 Just so long as you're fine.

Katie looks at Iseabail's outfit.

KATIE
 You were going somewhere?

ISEABAIL
 No.
 (beat)
 Well... yes. Maybe you'd rather
 not come.

13 EXT. HEGG, RAINSWEPT HILL - DAY

13

Rocky Hegg is lashed by horizontal rain. Two dots appear, struggling up a hill and then down towards the coastal road. They are Katie and Iseabail. Katie is pushing her mother in her wheelchair. Both wear oilskins.

KATIE
 I am like Kryptonite to men.
 Kryptonite dipped in cellulite.

ISEABAIL
 I never liked him.

KATIE
 You *seemed* to like him
 enormously.

ISEABAIL
 Never trust a man who can't open
 jars. I mean, what's a man for?

KATIE
 The jar opening bothered me quite
 a lot less than the infidelity.
 Which was my fault apparently.
 (MORE)

KATIE (cont'd)
 I wasn't upbeat enough about his
 new record.
 (a sigh)
 He told me I was just one song,
 not a whole album.

The rain drives into their faces. Katie squints through it
 and surveys the bleak landscape.

KATIE (CONT'D)
 I've missed Hegg. What's new?
 Give me the headlines.

Iseabail thinks for a moment.

ISEABAIL
 One of Donald's sheep drowned.
 They had to drag it out with a
 curtain rail.

They walk on towards gloomy storm clouds sweeping in from
 the sea. A sudden jag of lightning is followed by a low,
 grumpy growl of thunder.

KATIE
 Well, it's good to be back.

A small, ancient stone CHAPEL tilts drunkenly up ahead.
 Katie steels herself and marches on.

14 INT. ANTE-CHAPEL - DAY

14

On hooks - a line of dripping wet-weather gear. MRS
 GRAINIE (70's, face like an unwashed porridge pot) and
 AILEEN (even older) hold towers of hymn books as Katie
 pushes Iseabail inside.

MRS GRAINIE
 Mild out, isn't it, Iseabail?
 It's this global warming.
 (sees Katie)
 Katie's back.

KATIE
 Sorry, yes. Are we late?

MRS GRAINIE
 (nods inside the church)
 Too late to marry him.

AILEEN
 There's no-one to marry after
 today. Unless you double up.

If this remark stings, Katie doesn't show it. She takes off
 her oilskins, which we realize have been totally
 ineffectual. Underneath she is soaked.

Mrs Grainie hands her a brown moth-eaten blanket and Katie starts to tie it round herself. We hear a car outside.

MRS GRAINIE

Quick!

15 INT. CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

15

Katie pushes open the doors into a leaky, drafty chapel. The organ strikes up "Here comes the bride". Katie freezes. The whole congregation turn to look at her.

She has tied the blanket round herself and looks like a drowned cat.

The groom, ANGUS (35), a fisherman - reasonable-looking in a bearded, island way, but not the brightest - sees her and goes white. The organ plays on.

KATIE

Sorry. No. Hi. She's just coming.

Behind Katie the bride, MUIREEN (40), appears with her father, HAMISH (60's).

MUIREEN

You're too late, Katie Nic Aodh.
He's mine now!

On Katie, appalled and humiliated, as Muireen pushes past and makes a beeline for the altar, where the aged REVEREND MCDONAGH waits to conduct the service.

16 INT. HEGG VILLAGE HALL - DAY

16

Angus and Muireen's wedding reception in a crumbling hall. This is a Penny Wedding, i.e. everyone has brought their own food. Hamish is on his feet, giving his father-of-the-bride speech.

HAMISH

My daughter once dropped a bottle
of whisky on the floor... I've
never seen so many splinters in a
tongue!

Muireen - who has already knocked back a few - laughs alone. Katie is sitting at the back, on a table with Iseabail, Aileen, a young child, CALLUM, and an ANCIENT FISHERMAN.

AILEEN

(to Katie)

There's always the Oban tinker.
He'll be visiting come September.
(MORE)

AILEEN (cont'd)
He's keen to marry on account of
his leg.

CALLUM
I'll marry you. How old will you
be in eight years?

KATIE
Forty.

CALLUM
(weighing it up)
Oh. I could've gone to thirty-
six.

On Katie's fixed smile.

ANCIENT FISHERMAN
(to Katie, hopefully)
My wife is very sick.

LATER:

Katie stands with the old folk as everyone else dances to a
Scottish harp, bagpipe and scratchy fiddle. Even Iseabail
is whirling round in her wheelchair.

MRS GRAINIE
There'll be no more weddings on
Hegg after today. Ship-building's
moved to Korea, cod's gone. Our
children, too, off to the
mainland as soon as they can pay
the ferry. They want modern cars
and DVD's and hamsters and
conditioner.

AILEEN
The birds'll eat the fish and the
sea'll eat the cliffs and we'll
be long gone.

Katie backs slowly away.

17 EXT. HALL - EVENING

17

Katie exits the hall, takes a hit of cool evening air.
Angus is outside alone, smoking. She is taken aback to see
him. He offers her a cigarette.

KATIE
Congratulations, Angus. No
thanks.

ANGUS
So you're back. I thought you
said nothing ever happened here.

His voice is full of bitterness.

KATIE

No. Well. Nothing happening
is... becoming more appealing.
(changing the subject)
So. This is all very grown up.
You've a wife... and a beard!

ANGUS

Muireen thinks differently of
beards than you. And marriage.

Katie looks guilty. Angus crushes his cigarette underfoot.

KATIE

Look. I really hope you'll be...

ANGUS

Aye.

He turns away. Katie, her head in thought, goes inside.

18

INT. HEGG VILLAGE HALL - CONTINUOUS

18

A hand appears in front of Katie, holding a glass of
whisky. It belongs to WILLIAM SANGSTER (50s, genial), the
Laird of Hegg.

KATIE

Hallo Laird.

Katie takes the whisky, smiles, pleased to see him.

KATIE (CONT'D)

I might need my old job back.

WILLIAM

What happened to trousers-dot-
com?

KATIE

(evasive)

I... ran out of ways to describe
pockets.

WILLIAM

Ah. I'm sorry.

(gently)

If you don't mind me saying,
Katie, you've always had such
terrible taste in men.

KATIE

I know. I've given them up.

WILLIAM

Well I suppose there are none
left now. There's no easier place
on earth to stay single.

William smiles sadly. On Katie, thinking that sounds good.
The music and dancing stops.

HAMISH

(to the room)

Now the Laird will jig for luck,
for the couple, and for Hegg.

WILLIAM

Oh God.

The crowd parts and William takes to the floor. Fiddle.
He jigs nervously over some rusty swords. Katie smiles.

19 EXT. SUNSHINE B&B - EARLY MORNING. 19

Seagulls scream and dive from the clear sky into a blue
sea.

20 INT. B&B, STAIRS - EARLY MORNING 20

Katie and Iseabail go downstairs, Iseabail in a stairlift.
The staircase is lined with photos of film stars that help
cover large damp patches on the wall.

ISEABAIL

Your inheritance. Rising damp,
penetrating damp *and* mould.

They reach the bottom of the stairs where Iseabail
transfers herself into her wheelchair, sighs.

21 INT. B&B, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 21

A long line of medicine bottles is laid out on the kitchen
table. Katie reads the labels as Iseabail pops pills.

KATIE

Are you taking those properly?

ISEABAIL

You want to look after people, go
to India and look after lepers.
Climb the Andes. Shag an Inca.
Send me a shaky thing and a
jumper, I'll be fine.

KATIE

You think?

ISEABAIL

I'll be dying either way.

Horrible thing to have articulated. But Katie has heard it before.

ISEABAIL (CONT'D)

I don't want to die here though.
I want to overdose on Daiquiris
and be thrown into a volcano. But
you can't do that on a state
pension.

Katie puts some toast on for them.

KATIE

(overly casual)

William said I can have my job
back, if I want. I think I'll
just hang here for a bit.

ISEABAIL

(horrified)

Don't you get stuck here as well.
Please.

KATIE

Why not? This is the perfect
place for me right now.

Katie's flicks on the TV, turns up the volume. Images from
Paris of Lara Tyler's impending wedding.

REPORTER ON TV

...are today gathering for the
wedding of Lara Tyler, screen
goddess, Oscar Nominee, star of
Madame Bovary, *The Wolf and the
Moon*, and *The Ornithologist's
Wife*...

Seeing this, Katie reaches for a bar of chocolate.

ISEABAIL

There *is* someone out there for
you. Someone sensitive and
faithful. And kind. But you'll
never meet him if you stay here.

KATIE

Good. I don't want to meet him.
He sounds like a twat.

Katie - despite herself - is drawn into the craziness of
the celebrity wedding on TV - and the swell of PRESS and
FANS outside a Paris hotel.

22

INT. PARIS HOTEL - DAY

22

Another TV plays the same news report.

REPORTER (ON TV)

...after a *whirlwind romance*,
she's marrying James Aubrey,
author of *The Ornithologist's*
Wife, which this week topped a
list of books that people buy but
never read...

A remote control mutes the sound. It belongs to a frowning James Aubrey (30's): handsome, bookish, full of nervous energy. He's half-dressed as a Groom, his hair unkempt.

The only other person in the room is an anxious-looking SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD

I'm sure that's a... fine book.

JAMES

Thanks.

James turns to a full-length mirror, nervously fiddles with his hair. He can't get it right - too high, too flat, too messy, too square.

JAMES

Hey, would you like a copy?

SECURITY GUARD

Uh, sure. Why not.

James abandons his hair and takes a copy of the doorstop-sized *The Ornithologist's Wife* from a large Burberry bag. He hands it to the Security Guard, who weighs it heavily in his hand.

JAMES

Whirlwind romance. When two
people are right for each other,
why hang around? Right?

SECURITY GUARD

Yeah, absolutely. You're one
lucky guy.

This was not quite the answer James was after. He turns back to the mirror to attend to his hair.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Lara and I share a love of Tetris
and Big Cat documentaries. We're
a perfect match. And...

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)
 I mean, I *am* an award-winning
 writer. Everyone's acting like
 I'm just some guy off the street.

James glances at the Security Guard for support, but he's
 still thoughtfully turning the book over in his hand.

JAMES
 Would you like me to sign it for
 you?

SECURITY GUARD
 Uh, sure. Why not.

James takes it back and signs, while the Security Guard
 becomes lost in the TV's silent images of Lara Tyler.
 James tries unsuccessfully to pass the book back.

JAMES
 (eventually)
 Would you like me to get Lara to
 sign it as well.

SECURITY GUARD
 Aw! Could you? That would be
 amazing! She's amazing.

James awkwardly stuffs the book back into his bag, hurt.

JAMES
 Really, just not a problem.

There's a knock at the door.

VOICE OOV
 Time to go.

James stares at the mirror.

23 EXT. GRAND HOTEL, PARIS - DAY

23

The camera passes over the swelling ranks of press and
 fans. We pick out a young woman, CHLOE (20s) as she weaves
 her way through the crowd, carrying a take-away coffee. We
 hear snatches of journalists delivering pieces to camera:

REPORTER
 Lara's actually probably inside
 this hotel right behind me, Pam.
 But it's like a French Fort Knox
 here. No-one's coming out and no-
 one's getting in...

Chloe approaches one of the of temporary media offices that
 have been erected on the perimeter of the media scrum.

24 INT. "STARS TODAY" PARIS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

24

Computers and piles of mocked up covers for a celebrity weekly. Pacing on the phone is the British editor of *Stars Today*, CHARLEY MONK (40's).

CHARLEY

Where on God's Earth is Marco Ballani?

On the CCTV monitors, a cheer from the crowd outside the hotel. A cream Mercedes draws up.

A heavily veiled BRIDE appears on the steps, followed by BRIDESMAIDS. The Bride gets into the Mercedes which drives through the shrieking crowd pursued by Paparazzi.

CHARLEY

If that's the bride I shall have Marco shot and eaten by Cockneys.

A SECOND BRIDE, second Mercedes and second lot of BRIDESMAIDS appearing on the hotel steps. Then a THIRD BRIDE and BRIDESMAIDS, followed by a FOURTH, FIFTH and SIXTH.

They all run down the stairs into identical waiting Mercedes. Chloe hands the coffee to Charley.

CHLOE

I don't think they want us to know which car the real bride's in.

Charley glares at her.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Sorry, did someone say that already?

25 EXT. DESERTED ALLEY, BACK OF THE HOTEL - DAY

25

James and the Security Guard walk towards a modest-looking Volkswagen. James tries one last time to adjust his hair in the blacked-out window before the passenger door is swung open for him.

26 INT. HOTEL, PARIS - DAY

26

STEVE KORBITZ, American, highly strung [Lara's manager-turned-wedding planner] enters a room full of communications equipment. Inside is EMMA JONES (American, 30's).

STEVE

(beaming)

The skies are full of brides, the
streets are full of brides. The
press don't know which way is up
and - still no sign of Marco
Ballani?

EMMA

No.

STEVE

It just gets better and better.
(to someone off)
Is Lara ready?

27 EXT. PARIS, SUBURBS - DAY

27

A Bridal Mercedes tears down a deserted street followed by
press. The blacked-out Volkswagen pulls over to let them
by, then drives off in the opposite direction.

28 EXT. SLEEPY PARIS SUBURB - DAY

28

An empty cobbled square. A cafe, a church. The polar
opposite of the chaos in the city.

The Volkswagen drives up and stops by a side entrance.

29 INT. TINY JEWEL OF A CHAPEL - DAY

29

Darkness. Then a clink of light. Through a viewfinder; a
restricted view of James' anxious face that zooms in and
out, focussing. James is nervously waiting at the altar.

A single choirboy starts to sing, high and beautiful. The
shot swings to the back of the aisle and we have our first
view of Lara - perfect, luminous, nervous, stunning. She
looks at James. Smiles. The shutter opens. A quiet CLICK.

Lara walks down the aisle. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. She reaches
the altar. CLICK. Lara senses it, looks around,
searching. She stares straight down the barrel of the
lens.

The camera drops down. In the darkness we see a perfect
image of bride and groom gazing at each other
electronically displayed on a digital camera screen. The
display flashes AUTO TRANSMIT? A finger clicks 'yes'. Then
the side of the organ is pulled off. Blinding light.

LARA

Oh my God.

MARCO BALLANI (Italian, 40s) tumbles out; craggily attractive with three-day stubble. He is hunched from being inside the organ but smooths off his rumpled Prada suit.

MARCO

I am the Wedding Photographer.
Can I have the tall people at the
back, please?

LARA

You! How the hell did you find
me?

MARCO

I'll always find you.

James trots up behind Lara and stands there awkwardly.

JAMES

You should give me that camera,
really.

Lara grabs at the camera around Marco's neck. Marco hangs on for dear life and Lara hauls him out onto the flagstones. A number of family sized Fanta bottles spill out behind him.

Lara looks down. The content of the bottles - yellow and a little frothy - is spilling out across the steps, pooling at her feet, soaking the train of her dress. Lara screams and steps back.

LARA

How long have you been in there?
(an awful realisation)
This is not Fanta!
(to James)
Do something! Kill him!

James hesitates for a second wondering how literally to take this. Marco uses his panic to take another shot of Lara. CLICK. Marco runs away, pursued by Lara.

30

INT. "STARS TODAY" PARIS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

30

Despondent atmosphere. Blank monitors. Suddenly a volley of stills flash up on the monitors:- Lara beautiful; Lara tearful; Lara broken; Lara furious. These are iconic shots.

CHARLEY

Marco Ballani! You golden, Roman
God!

31 INT. TINY JEWEL OF A CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

31

Lara has Marco trapped in an alcove.

LARA

You have destroyed my wedding.

MARCO

I have done you a favour. Your
boyfriend is unremarkable.

James is stood helplessly at a distance.

JAMES

Lara, leave it.

But Lara grabs Marco by the scruff, pulls him close,
spitting out her words.

LARA

When I *do* get married, it will be
somewhere so obscure you won't
even know which continent I'm on!

Security Guards drag them apart. James looks on helplessly.

DISSOLVE:

32 EXT. HEGG, BAILE MOR - DAY

32

A bright new day. Katie walks through the seafront town of
Baile Mor towards the only shop, MCVALUE'S. Its window
display is eclectic: tyres and hoovers, cables and cake
tins.

Katie reaches under the mat and pulls out a key, unlocks
the door and enters, flipping the shop sign to 'Open'.

33 INT. MCVALUES - LATER

33

Katie, bored, dusts a row of books, which includes a copy
or two of *The Ornithologist's Wife*. The door opens and the
Laird, William Sangster, enters, swinging a typewriter.

WILLIAM

Hegg: An Island History - the
definitive guide by Katie Nic
Aodh. £5 a copy, we split the
proceeds.

KATIE

A guidebook! Don't be mad.

WILLIAM
You could do with a challenge.

KATIE
William, nobody's going to buy a
guidebook to Hegg. Unless it's
cheaper than our toilet paper.

He hands her a fax. Mrs Grainie and Aileen enter, excited.

MRS GRAINIE
There's no greater Laird in all
the Hebrides! From an internet
they said!

KATIE
(reading the fax)
A marketing conference? Here?

Aileen puts a tray down - it is loaded with an army of
amateurishly painted pebble people.

AILEEN
(beaming)
For the marketeers. A pound
each, pound fifty with hair.

WILLIAM
(to Katie)
Aye. They want the Castle, just
as it is, for a week.

KATIE
Crikey. Good luck to them.

WILLIAM
Katie, this is a beautiful island
if you know where to look. And
you do. Let's impress them. It
could be the start of something.

Mrs Grainie grabs a pot of paint, puts money into the till
herself and starts counting out her change.

MRS GRAINIE
It's like the whale all over
again! You're not too young to
remember the whale, Laird?

WILLIAM
No. I remember.

MRS GRAINIE
Well there'll be money in this
lot too.

AILEEN

No throwing yourself at the men-
visitors, Katie. We don't want
them thinking it's the Orkneys
where anything goes.

Katie looks peeved as Mrs Grainie and Aileen bustle out.
William feeds paper into the typewriter, smiles at Katie.

WILLIAM

Now Katie. Chop chop. "Chapter 1:
in which a young woman rescues
her island from certain doom by
writing a brilliant guidebook."

Katie raises a sceptical eyebrow.

LATER:

Katie is alone, staring at a blank page in the typewriter.
She taps a couple of letters, tentatively, then finds her
rhythm, the words suddenly coming to her in a rush.

KATIE V/O

The island of Hegg lies half-
drowned and wind-battered, the
furthestmost drop of the outermost
spray of the curling wave of the
Outer Hebrides.

Katie smiles at her first sentence. She looks out through
the window. Eight ancient fishermen are trying to push a
tiny boat into the water.

KATIE V/O (CONT'D)

It has a population of 153, a
majority of whom are of
pensionable age.

The fishermen give up: they are too weak.

Behind this locals wallpaper a broken bus. Mrs Grainie
paints 'HEGG OPEN TOP BUS TOUR' on the side. Aileen puts a
sign in her front window: 'THE CAPPUCCINO'.

34

EXT. BAILE MOR - DAY

34

Katie walks home holding a pen and notebook, watches Angus
and Muireen up ladders hanging up a sign between two
houses, "HEGG WELCOMES OUR MARKETING GUESTS".

KATIE V/O

All those under 50 are now
married.

(aside)

Except one...

Behind her, a car ferry is approaching Hegg, A MERCEDES WITH BLACKED OUT WINDOWS on its deck.

35 EXT. SUNSHINE B&B - DAY

35

Katie arrives home at the B&B.

KATIE V/O

Since the retreat of the Vikings,
Hegg has quite rightly not been a
popular stop on the tourist
trail.

She sees Iseabail outside, swapping the numbers from the
rusty B&B sign so it reads '£21 SEA VIEW, £61 DRY'.

KATIE V/O (CONT'D)

But the islanders are a hardy and
resourceful people.

36 INT. SUNSHINE B&B, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

36

Katie comes in. Above the kettle is a poster for the LORD OF THE BAGPIPES TOUR, 1975. The Lord seems to be a performer called Connor Meaghaid. A number of darts protrude from Connor's body. She notices the poster hanging off the wall at one corner and carefully re-blu-tacs it.

Just then, the Mercedes with blacked-out windows draws up outside.

37 EXT. SUNSHINE B&B - CONTINUOUS

37

Iseabail smiles at the car in what she hopes is a welcoming manner. The back window opens about two centimetres.

ISEABAIL

Welcome to the Sunshine B&B

AMERICAN VOICE

I'm looking for the Church.
(afterthought)
I'm a marketing person.

The window comes down fully. Steve Korbitz and Emma Jones look out.

ISEABAIL

(with a wicked glint)
Go and go until you see a
tamarisk among the birches. Then
east on a path grown over with
milkwort and froach...

Emma, totally confused, takes notes.

EMMA

Sorry a tamarisk is... what is it, a wild pig?

ISEABAIL

No. I'll take you there. For a tenner.

KATIE

Mum!

Katie has appeared behind her. Iseabail smiles guiltily.

38 INT. BACK OF TRAVELLING MERCEDES - DAY 38

The Mercedes pulls up outside Hegg's crumbling chapel.

39 INT. CHAPEL - DAY 39

Steve, Emma and Katie take in the functional and basic interior.

STEVE

Is there another church? One that's not falling down?

KATIE

No. But there's lots of other attractions...

(can't think of any)

We have a Victorian toilet. Which is haunted. By a cow.

STEVE

And a *magnificent* castle, right?

Katie looks shift.

40 EXT. CASTLE MOY - LATER 40

The Mercedes is now parked in front of the black and crumbling Castle Moy. Birds fly through hollow turrets, the windows are only partially glazed and the moat is full of smashed up cars.

STEVE OOV

Oh. My. God.

KATIE

(mischievous)

Is it just what you were expecting?

Steve feigns composure.

STEVE

I love it. It's great. Thanks.

With a smile, Katie crosses the drawbridge and walks back towards the town.

KATIE

(to herself)

And that was the last we, any of us, saw of the Americans.

41 INT. CASTLE MOY - DAY

41

Emma and Steve move inside the dank, dark castle. A whale-shaped banner reads "TO ONE & TO ALL - A HAPPY & PROSPEROUS 1985!". Steve peers through the cobwebs, holding a copy of *The Ornithologist's Wife*. He reads, trying to connect the book with the surroundings.

STEVE

'Though a powdery halo of dust now floated above the gilt work, and the marble shone colder than before, time had *in no way* diminished the splendours of this Castle.'

EMMA

You can see why they relocated the film to Canada.

STEVE

We're dead people.

EMMA.

Lara won't blame you. She's a reasonable woman.

Steve stares at her, wondering if this is true. A brief moment of despair, then he snaps into life.

STEVE

Get me an office, a landline, welders, twenty thousand pounds in cash, the construction crew from *The Wolf and the Moon*... and a cappuccino.

42 EXT. BAILE MOR. DAY

42

Katie has been writing in her notepad. She and Mrs Grainie watch a fleet of gigantic trucks roll off a ferry and drive at speed towards the castle.

MRS GRAINIE
What *is* marketing exactly?

43 INT. SUNSHINE B&B - DAY

43

Iseabail descends in her stair lift. She passes a photograph of Lara Tyler, goes down a little further. Then stops, glides back up to the picture. We see the shot: in it Lara is being shepherded through a crowd of press by Steve Korbitz - the man Iseabail saw in the Mercedes.

ISEABAIL
Now, why would you be interested
in Hegg, I wonder, Miss Tyler?

44 INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT, ROME - DAY

44

Marco sits at a table wearing magnified glasses. In front of him is an antique camera stripped down to its hundreds of constituent parts which Marco is clearly reassembling with great precision and skill: tweezers, miniature brushes etc. A big job.

Above him: a single, large photograph hangs on a bare wall: Lara Tyler in a swimming pool, beautiful and unaware she is being photographed.

A nearby laptop emits a series of beeps. He clicks to an email from Ebay with the words "LARA TYLER NEW WEDDING LOCATION - BUY NOW FOR £30,000". He grabs his blackberry and speed dials.

MARCO
I need a search. Ebay user
"Sunshine B&B". Just the IP
address.

He jots down some numerical information on his hand. Marco frowns down at the unfinished job on the table. Then he walks to the door, grabs a pre-packed case and exits.

45 INT. PRIVATE JET. DARKNESS OUTSIDE.

45

Close on James' face as he sits at his laptop, searching for inspiration. Lara lies in a reclined seat at his side, eye mask on.

C/U Laptop Screen. A flashing cursor on an otherwise blank document. Words appear.

Chapter One. Jackson Kandinsky awoke from hot dreams of lost things and adjusted his testicular implant.

He reads, considers, deletes. Out of the corner of his eye he notices Lara waking. She pushes up her eye mask, smiles a sexy, sleepy smile, brushes the hair from his forehead.

LARA
Hey, you're writing.

JAMES
Yes.

LARA
What's it about this time?

James closes the laptop and improvises.

JAMES
The end of the world. As seen through the eyes of God.

A pause.

LARA
You are too brilliant for me.
Guessed where we're going yet?

JAMES
Are we going to Africa to adopt a child?

She laughs and shakes her head. The cordless phone in James' armrest rings.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Hello?

BOB is a motormouth New York film producer.

BOB OOV
James, it's Bob. I hear a bizarre rumour that Lara's retiring to sharpen your pencils.

JAMES
That's news to me.
(to Lara)
It's Bob. He says you're retiring?

Lara takes the phone.

LARA
Bob. Did you hear why I had to abandon my wedding? It's gone too far. I want to be normal now. I'm going to make little cakes and curtains.

Lara smiles at James.

BOB OOV

Just read the script! *Gold Run* is your *Rain Man*. Eighty minutes of wheelchair acting, two scenes of differently-abled sex. It's an Oscar Cert!

LARA

No thanks.

BOB OOV

(sotto voce)

Look, everyone in town knows he has block. One of you has got to work.

LARA

Goodbye Bob.

Lara hands the phone across the aisle back to James, who replaces it in the armrest.

JAMES

You're retiring?

LARA

I don't want movies. I just want you.

She kisses him softly on the lips.

46 EXT. SUNSHINE B&B - DAY

46

Rain. Katie, leaving the B&B with a tape recorder, sees two helicopters approach Hegg.

47 EXT. HEGG - FIELD OF HIGHLAND CATTLE - DAY

47

The two helicopters hover over a field of highland cattle, then come to land. The cattle scatter. James and Lara jump from the first helicopter.

JAMES

I've never been to New Zealand.

Lara whacks him playfully with her umbrella.

LARA

You know full well this isn't New Zealand!

JAMES
 (to himself)
 Do I?

Behind them Lara's entourage emerge from the second helicopter - PERSONAL TRAINER, SECURITY GUARDS, BEAUTICIANS and a HOLLYWOOD MINISTER. They head towards Steve Korbitz who stands waving by two Mercedes.

48 EXT. HEGG. DAY 48

The two Mercedes bump up a rocky track past Katie and spray her with mud.

49 EXT. CASTLE MOY - DAY 49

The Mercedes arrive at the Castle which has been scrubbed and sandblasted. The moat is now full of water, the turrets are intact.

50 INT. CASTLE MOY COURTYARD - DAY 50

James and Lara get out of the first car. He looks up at the castle gateway - there's something familiar about it. Lara looks at him adoringly - kisses him.

LARA
 Marry me.

JAMES
 (surprised)
 Of course.

LARA
 Marry me here. It will be perfect, *nothing* like Paris. It's just about you and me.

JAMES
 Where are we?

Lara's turn to be surprised.

LARA
 Hegg. As immortalized in that brilliant work, *The Ornithologist's Wife*!

STEVE
 (dryly)
 You don't recognize it from your research trips?

On James, who obviously doesn't.

51 INT. JAMES' BEDROOM, CASTLE MOY - LATER

51

James is alone, looking round his suite. It looks absurd - Edinburgh Castle meets the Brazilian rainforest. Stuffed birds hang from the ceiling. On the dressing table stands a short, round suit of armour. He lifts the visor. A stuffed owl looks out at him. He shudders and shuts the visor.

STEVE OOV

We had forty master craftsmen
working through the night. One
of them was eighty.

James jumps and turns, sees Steve in the doorway.

JAMES

Why didn't you just tell her I
made it all up?

STEVE

When Lara wants to go to the Big
Rock Candy Mountain, I don't take
her to Elm Street. This is your
first time on Hegg, isn't it?
You Googled the entire book.

JAMES

(shifty)

You're the first person to have a
problem with that.

James grabs a copy of *The Ornithologist's Wife* and heads
for the door.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I need to get some air.

James hurries out.

STEVE

(after him)

Only seven people in the world
know we're here. Stick to the
cover story, Tolstoy. And wear a
hat!

52 INT. HEGG'S MOST BARREN COVE - DAY

52

Sea-birds scream and cry. Marco pulls a boat onto the
shore. He lays a Louis Vuitton case on the rocks and opens
it. On top of clothes and cameras lies a plastic pack -
'Deluxe Monk/Wizard Costume with Authentic Belt Cord'.

53 EXT. HEGG CLIFF PATH - CONTINUOUS 53

Katie is on the cliffs above Marco. Neither sees the other. The heavens open. Katie pulls up the hood on her oilskins and runs towards a crumbling public toilet.

54 INT. VICTORIAN TOILET - MOMENTS LATER 54

Katie's torch reveals the toilet to be an over-the-top, clover-shaped display of urinals and one cubicle. As she looks around she talks into her tape-recorder.

KATIE

Chapter 2: Hegg's top hot spots.
The people of the island are
rightly proud of this ageing
public amenity. The clover-
shaped urinals are enamelled in
peacock colours, while the cow-
sized cubicle is...

Katie kicks open the cubicle door with her foot. The toilet is musky, dusky and full of spiders.

KATIE (CONT'D)

...genuinely frightening.

Suddenly, behind her the main door creaks open. Footsteps. Startled, she jumps and hides in the cubicle. She peers under the door, sees an expensive pair of men's shoes, peers over the door, sees a sodden brown hat. A piece of piping hangs off the wall.

KATIE (CONT'D)

(spookily through pipe)

Moooooooooooo.

The moo-ing echoes eerily through the plumbing and issues from the urinals. James jumps.

JAMES

Hallo?

Katie sees his face now through the gap in the cubicle door and is mortified.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Now I once spent a summer on a
cattle farm so I'm pretty sure
that's not a real cow.

(beat)

Unless it's got hold of a Kazoo.

Katie pushes open the cubicle door. She looks ridiculous. Massive oilskins, the hood pulled tight around the chin.

KATIE
 Sorry, I have a friend who
 has a similar hat.

JAMES
 No really no well I'm sorry
 to barge in on you Mrs-

KATIE
 Not Mrs.

JAMES
 (of course not)
 No. No.

KATIE
 I was pretending to be the ghost
 of this cow, which sounds of
 course completely mad... ha.

JAMES
 (lying)
 Not at all.

Katie and James look at each other warily.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 From the outside your home looks
 like it might be open to the
 public.

KATIE
 My *home*?

JAMES
 You don't... live here?

KATIE
 Not in *this* toilet, no. Here we
 live in primitive dwellings
 anthropologists call 'houses'.

JAMES
 Please forgive me. I've spent a
 lot of time with... hermits.

KATIE.
 For someone in marketing you're
 not very good at lying.

JAMES
 I am still quite junior.

He pulls off his dripping hat. He looks dog-eared and geeky
 and, to Katie, rather adorable. Katie holds out her hand.

KATIE
 Katie.

He fumbles the book into the hat and shakes.

JAMES
 I'm... Junior.
 (oh shit)
 Johnnelly. And I think I'm lost.

James opens his sodden copy of *The Ornithologist's Wife* at the map page.

KATIE
 No wonder. That book isn't right about *anything*.

James glimpses himself in a mirror, checks his hair.

55

EXT. HEGG - LATER

55

Katie and James walk back towards the Castle.

JAMES
 You've not read it. You've just seen the film. No-one's read the actual book, not all the way through.

KATIE
 This is the only book ever set on Hegg. There's nothing to do here but farm and fish. Farms are small, cod's down. Everyone who can read, read it. The Hegg Book Club gave it four out of ten.

JAMES
Four out of ten?

KATIE
 We thought it picked up around page 600 - the chapter they made into that bizarre Canadian film.

JAMES
 I think the architecture of the book was probably quite deliberate.
 (beat)
 Christ, the Hegg Book Club are tough.

KATIE
 And the love story! I didn't buy it. At all. It was soulless...

JAMES
 (mouths)
 Soulless?

KATIE

...Why write about an island
you've never been to and wouldn't
like if you did? And why write a
love story when you've clearly
never been in love?

JAMES

He's been in love.

KATIE

He wasn't when he wrote that
book. He is now, of course.
Famously. Shame. Another one
slipped through my fingers! Maybe
his second book will be better?
Is it out yet?

JAMES

Not. Yet. No.

KATIE

God it's been years. Either he's
very, very blocked or it's even
longer than that one. Imagine. Do
you want me to carry it for a
bit?

JAMES

(hollowly)

Ha.

They have arrived at the Castle. Katie takes a deep breath.

KATIE

Look... you're here to work,
obviously, but... if you ever
want a coffee I just live at the
B&B over, down there, with my
mother. Just... I'm free most of
the time and I'm a whole lot
hotter than I look! Ha.

JAMES

We've got so much... marketing to
do.

Katie blushes furiously.

KATIE

OK. Great. This wasn't. I wasn't.
Because I don't, anymore. Sorry.
OK.

Katie accidentally salutes out of embarrassment. James
nods, confused. They part. On Katie as she turns,
disgusted with herself and blushing furiously.

56 INT. SUNSHINE B&B - DAY

56

Iseabail is on Ebay, very excited. The bidding for her information about Lara is up to £5,000. She leafs through a travel brochure. The doorbell goes. This never happens.

Iseabail opens the door to find Marco, dressed in his Monk's costume. They look at one another with suspicion.

57 INT. SUNSHINE B&B KITCHEN - A SHORT TIME LATER

57

Iseabail and Marco are sat in conversation, drinking tea.

ISEABAIL

You want Iona. There's no monastery here. No monks. No miracles.

He glances over her shoulder and sees a photo of Lara Tyler on the wall.

MARCO

I like it. It reminds me of home.

ISEABAIL

(as though to an idiot)
But no free accommodation here. I believe in God but I am also very interested in yoga. Hung Jury, you see. So. No discount.

MARCO

I will pay in full, up-front.

Marco produces a wad of cash, which Iseabail takes. Marco looks around at the modest B&B, takes in the computer screen, the Ebay Homepage. His eyes narrow.

Just then, the door opens. Katie enters, kicks off her boots. She is flushed and mortified.

KATIE

I was *promised* there were no men on this island! I have just made the most unbelievable twat of myself.

She sees Marco.

ISEABAIL

We've got a guest.

On Katie's surprise and embarrassment.

58 INT. SUNSHINE B&B, KITCHEN - LATER 58

Katie is washing-up, Iseabail drying, in their own worlds.

KATIE
Junior Johnnelly. Strange name.
(to herself)
Katie Johnnelly.
(beat)
Mr and Mrs Johnnelly. Of the New
Hampshire Johnnellys.

She laughs, then catches herself up short. Suddenly, a loud BANG from the other room.

59 INT. SUNSHINE B&B - CONTINUOUS 59

Katie and Iseabail rush in to see Marco sitting innocently at the table apparently drinking the last drops from a glass of water. Nearby, sparks fly from the computer.

MARCO
(calmly)
The computer has gone on fire.

On Iseabail, livid and suspicious.

60 INT. CASTLE MOY, JAMES' BEDROOM - EVENING 60

James enters the room, which is lit by candles. He sees all his belongings have been unpacked for him and laid out with scrupulous tidiness.

An antique typewriter, loaded with a blank page, sits on a desk. Beside it a copy of a book - 'The Writer's Way'.

A door on the other side of the room is ajar. James opens it to reveal a candle-lit corridor, a trail of rose petals scattered along its length. James follows the trail.

61 EXT. CASTLE MOY, TURRET - EVENING 61

The rose petals lead James up a spiral staircase. He arrives on a turret high up in the castle. A few lanterns have been lit.

Lara is waiting for him, looking perfect in the soft evening light.

LARA
I told you it would be perfect
this time.

JAMES

Isn't it bad luck for me to see
you the night before the wedding?

LARA

I guess. But I had all these
petals I needed to use.

She beams that 20 million dollar smile. James puts his
arms around her.

JAMES

Lara, should we talk about
this... retirement idea?

LARA

It's all done. There's going to
be an announcement in the trades
next week.

(smiles)

A wedding present.

JAMES

Well, if you're sure that's what
you want. Thanks.

LARA

I do.

(beat)

So it's all down to you now to
stop us from *starving to death*.

(sing-song)

*You'd better write something
good!*

Lara hugs him tightly.

LARA (cont'd)

Hey, do you feel like dancing?

She has an iPod and dock set up on the table. She touches
the screen and soft music plays. She takes his hand and
they waltz, rather well.

JAMES

Shouldn't I lead?

LARA

Oops, yes, sorry! Ha ha!

Katie is lying in her childhood bedroom, band posters from
the mid-90's on the wall. She writes the final sentence of
the guide in her notepad.

KATIE
 (to herself)
 Further recommended reading about
 Hegg: None. The End.

She shuts it and puts it down. She lies back.

KATIE (CONT'D)
 (remembering)
 "A lot hotter than I look!" Eeuw.

She pulls a pillow over her head.

63 EXT. HEGG - SUNRISE 63

The sun comes up. Elderly crofters lead highland cattle out to graze; elderly fishermen come in from the sea.

64 EXT. CASTLE MOY - SUNRISE 64

Lights flick on in turrets and kitchens. The drawbridge lowers. Lara and her Personal Trainer run over it.

PERSONAL TRAINER
 You're getting no special
 treatment just cos it's your
 wedding day, OK? I'm gonna work
 you so hard your toenails are
 gonna drop off.

She sprints off ahead of him, like a gazelle.

65 INT. SUNSHINE B&B - EARLY MORNING 65

Marco, still in disguise, slips downstairs and out the front door, not seeing Iseabail who is sat motionless and hollow-eyed in front of the burnt-out computer.

ISEABAIL
 (to herself)
 You're not a monk and you're not
 having my story.

She picks up the phone.

66 INT. CALEDONIAN PRESS AGENCY, GLASGOW - CONTINUOUS 66

DOUGLAS HAMMOND (60's) answers the phone with half an eye on Sky Sports News.

DOUGLAS
 Douglas Hammond, Caledonian Press
 Agency... Iseabail Nic Aodh!?

67 INT. SUNSHINE B&B, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

67

ISEABAIL

(into phone)

Don't worry Dougie, it's not a
booty call. It's an *exclusive*...
Oh you want it. But it's going
to cost you.

68 EXT. HEGG - LATER

68

Lara runs through the bracken, shoots over the top of a
cairn, barely breaking sweat. The Personal Trainer,
puffing, beetroot red, stumbles over the top after her.

PERSONAL TRAINER

...That's good. Feel the burn.

Lara waits at the top of a peak for the Trainer, who is now
some way behind. She looks down at the chapel, notices
movement. She pulls binoculars from her pocket.

THROUGH BINOCULARS: A cowled figure moves around the
chapel. He turns and his face is visible. It is Marco.
The colour drains from Lara's face - this is her worst
nightmare, timesed by a million.

She drops the binoculars and runs away at speed. She is
already some distance away when the Personal Trainer
reaches the summit, puffing. He picks up the binoculars
and spots Marco. Panning round, he sees Lara disappearing
over the horizon.

69 INT. CASTLE MOY, CONTROL TURRET - DAY

69

Steve, surrounded by the entourage, glares at the sheepish
Personal Trainer.

PERSONAL TRAINER

He's disguised as a wizard. A
brown wizard. Looks like she saw
him and took off.

Though furious, Steve is thinking fast.

STEVE

If the press find out she's
bolted *again* serious questions
will be asked about her mental
health. No studio will touch her.

(suddenly comes to a
decision)

The Italian wants a wedding.

(MORE)

STEVE (cont'd)
Let's give him one. It'll keep
him occupied while we find Lara.

EMMA
Another decoy wedding? James'll
never do it.

STEVE
He will if he thinks it's for
real.

They take this in. A collective intake of breath.

EMMA
Who's going to be the bride?

STEVE
(eyeing each of them up)
Well none of you are right.

James pokes his head round the door, half-dressed, as per
Paris, in his wedding garb. They all freeze.

JAMES
Can I take some stronger hair
gel? Everything OK?

ALL
Yeah!! Good luuuck!

James exits with the hair gel. Steve stares out of the
castle towards the B&B in the distance.

STEVE
Who was that awful girl?

70 EXT. MCVALUE'S - DAY

70

A Mercedes stands outside McValue's.

71 INT. MCVALUE'S - DAY

71

Steve is seated opposite Katie flanked by beauticians
Suzelle and Anais-Anais, who are setting up futuristic-
looking beauty equipment. Katie is photocopying her newly
completed guidebook.

KATIE
But I don't look anything like
Lara Tyler.

STEVE
Nor does she until these girls
get their hands on her.

ANAIS-ANAIS & SUZELLE

Hi.

KATIE

No. Sorry.

STEVE

Two hundred pounds.

KATIE

Sorry. I *really* don't want to.
I'm off weddings.

STEVE

It's not a real wedding.
(beat)
Five hundred pounds.

Katie has moved on to stapling the guide. With some aggression. Her back is to the others.

KATIE

Are they ever? I nearly bought a wedding dress once. It was the price of a Fiat Uno.

She turns. Steve is holding up Lara's wedding dress. Katie pales, upset, the breath taken out of her. All those hopes and memories come flooding back.

STEVE

Five thousand pounds.

KATIE

(horrified)
...Has someone on the island told you I'm a prostitute?
(recovering)
No way!

STEVE

One hour's improvisation. No scenes of a sexual nature. *Five thousand* pounds.
(beat)
You can do something nice for your poor, sick mother...

On Katie, suddenly conflicted. A long look at the wedding dress as she thinks it through.

CUT TO:

Katie sits self-consciously in her underwear. Anais-Anais and Suzelle stick on acrylic fingernails, pin in hair pieces, hand her gel inserts to put in her bra. Suzelle advances on her with what look like cattle prongs.

KATIE
What the fuck are *they*?

SUZELLE
I'm going to temporarily
immobilize your naso-labial
folds.

On Katie who wishes she wouldn't.

CUT TO:

They're trying to squeeze the mortified Katie into the wedding dress. It won't fasten.

KATIE
It's just not a realistic size
for a human.

STEVE
Let's try this.

He grabs an aged, brown-ish McValue's corset from a dusty shelf.

72 EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

72

VIEW THROUGH A CAMERA VIEWFINDER: The chapel is guarded by security guards 'undercover' in kilts. James and Emma get out of a Mercedes. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

73 INT. MCVALUES BACKROOM - DAY

73

Steve, Suzelle and Anais-Anais are staring, amazed. We see they are looking at Katie, who looks beautiful in the wedding gown. She turns to a full length mirror.

Katie stares at herself; a complex, criss-crossed reaction to the transformation. Steve breaks the moment by pulling the veil over her face. He looks unhappy.

STEVE
Not thick enough.

He glances at the net curtains hanging in the window.

74 INT. MERCEDES - DAY

74

The blacked out car snakes across the island

STEVE
You're an Oscar nominee, you're
the face of Guerlain, you ooze
confidence, you define poise.

Katie turns her head. Her face is totally obscured by multiple layers of net curtain. Steve's radio crackles.

EMMA OOV

Ok, so we think the chapel may be bugged.

Steve rolls his eyes.

STEVE

(to Katie)

Can you do an American accent?

75 EXT. HEGG/CHAPEL - DAY

75

The bridal Mercedes drives speedily along the coastal road past the Personal Trainer beating the gorse with a stick looking for Lara. It arrives at the chapel.

THROUGH VIEWFINDER: arrival of the Mercedes from above. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

76 INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

76

James watches Emma open the lid on the upright piano to make sure Marco isn't inside. She gives James a thumbs up. The doors at the back open. Recorded organ music. James turns to watch his bride come down the aisle.

KATIE'S POV: she can see nothing through the veil; she bumps from pew to pew, reaches the step to the altar and trips over her own lace. James gives her his arm.

JAMES

Lara? You OK?

KATIE

Mmm.

The tanned HOLLYWOOD MINISTER smiles at them both.

HOLLYWOOD MINISTER

Hi.

77 EXT. CHAPEL, UP A TREE - MOMENTS LATER

77

Marco listens to the service on headphones.

HOLLYWOOD MINISTER OOV

Will you love her, comfort her, honour and protect her...

Marco reviews photos of Lara he's saved on his camera over the years: Lara with an ice-cream; Lara holding up a giant fish; Lara in Paris.

HOLLYWOOD MINISTER OOV (CONT'D)
 ...and forsaking all others be
 faithful to her as long as you
 both shall live?

MARCO
 (almost silent)
 Si.

Marco realizes what he has just said.

JAMES OOV
 I will.

MARCO
 I will.

He lowers the camera in shock, a deep realisation.

78 INT. CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

78

JAMES
 I, James Neil Aubrey, take you,
 Lara Elizabeth Tyler, to be my
 wife, for richer, for poorer, in
 sickness and in health, to love
 and to cherish...

Emma finds the bug hanging from an inside window and
 crushes it underfoot.

79 EXT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

79

White noise in Marco's ear. He slowly removes the
 earpiece, upset, deep in thought.

80 INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

80

The Hollywood Minister turns to Katie. Silence as Katie
 struggles to get the order of service inside the vast
 swathes of veil.

KATIE
 (appalling cod American)
 Ah Lara Aylizubuth Taaylor, tayuk
 yew, James Neel Ohbray...

James is horrified: who is this woman?. Katie speeds up to
 try to disguise the accent. The Hollywood Minister smiles
 extra wide.

KATIE (CONT'D)
 ...to be my huysbynd, to hayve
 and to heyold from this day
 forward, fuh bayda, fuh wuhse,
 fuh richer, fuh poorer, sickness,
 health, love, cherish, death,
 part; in the presence of Gheewood
 ah make theus vow.

Strained silence.

HOLLYWOOD MINISTER
 Who has the rings?

Steve does.

STEVE
 (to James)
 Play along, play along - I'll
 explain later.
 (to Minister)
 I believe the ring text is
 optional?

Steve grabs the rings off the Bible. He forces a tiny one
 over Katie's knuckle and the other onto James' ringfinger.
 He nods at the Minister.

HOLLYWOOD MINISTER
 I now pronounce you man and wife.
 You may kiss the bride.

Katie shakes her head - she didn't agree to *that*. The
 wedding march kicks in. James grabs the veil and lifts it.

JAMES
 Who is this?

KATIE
 Junior?

JAMES.
 (disbelief)
Toilet Girl?

81 INT. MERCEDES - MOMENTS LATER

81

The car is speeding away from the chapel.

JAMES
 Where is she?

STEVE
 This is what we are trying to
 establish.

They turn a corner and see an armada of ferries crossing the Minch. A press helicopter wheels in the sky and swoops down over them.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Things just got a whole lot worse.

The two Mercedes drive across the drawbridge into Castle Moy. The drawbridge goes up.

82 INT. CASTLE MOY COURTYARD - DAY

82

James, Steve and Emma get out of the car. Katie gets out after them, wrestling the veil clear of her face. She looks around in disbelief. The place has been transformed. James storms after Steve across the courtyard.

STEVE
We had to buy time to look for Lara.

JAMES
Who's we? *Who's* looking for her?

STEVE
...The gang.

JAMES
You mean the gang of *beauticians*? Are you mad? How long's she been gone? She could have fallen off a cliff! You think the Italian's going to buy that toilet attendant is my wife?

Steve and James disappear inside.

KATIE
(offended)
I'm not a toilet attendant.
(to Emma)
Could I get my money and go home now?

EMMA
Not my department.

Emma disappears inside. Katie, increasingly irritated by the dress, struggles after her.

83 INT. CASTLE MOY GRAND ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

83

James and Steve are standing on a grand staircase of blue and white marble.

JAMES

...she has been hunted by the press since she was fifteen! So guess what - they make her jumpy...

Katie takes in her surroundings - the castle has been reinvented.

JAMES (CONT'D)

...And what have you done? Lost her on a small island with the one paparazzo she hates the most.

Katie turns in wonderment, taking in hangings, paintings, murals of birds and stars.

KATIE

How - *when* - did you do all this?

Steve ignores her.

STEVE

(to James)

Try and get your tiny mind round the bigger picture. If this gets out, her already sky high insurance premiums will go intergalactic. And that, my friend, will be the end of her career.

JAMES

Do keep up. *Lara's given up* making movies!

STEVE

Like Renee gave up? Like Julia gave up? It's only you and she that think she's quitting. And when you and she inevitably split, I'm the one has to make sure she has a career to go back to.

Emma is on the landing, looking out of a window.

EMMA

Incoming.

James and Steve join her and follow her gaze.

THEIR POV of Douglas, the news agency man Iseabail tipped off, leading a Braveheart charge of JOURNALISTS through Baile Mor towards the Castle. Katie arrives at the top of the stairs.

KATIE

Can I please have my clothes and my cheque? My mother's expecting me...

(sees the journals)

Yikes.

JAMES

(to Steve)

Well I'm going to find her!

STEVE

The last thing we need is you charging around attracting unwanted attention.

JAMES

Lara is missing! There may be wolves out there...

STEVE

(apparently relenting)

You're right. I wasn't thinking straight. Go to her. This way, both of you.

Steve opens a heavy wooden door and stands aside. Katie and James pass through. Steve pulls the door shut and turns the key in the lock. Banging and yelling from inside.

KATIE OOV

You gave me your word!

STEVE

Well I'm full of shit. My last colonic took a week.

Steve and Emma walk away and look out of the window at the journalists gathering on the other side of the moat.

STEVE (CONT'D)

As long as they think Lara's inside the castle they'll camp here, and as long as they're here they're not going to look for her.

84

EXT. CASTLE MOY - DAY

84

Pan down a row of reporters, plus TV cameras, crew etc.

JOURNALIST

(holds mobile phone up)

No fucking reception!

Suddenly a number of island couples appear over the brow of a hill. They hold trays of cakes and towers of cups, tea, whisky, umbrellas and a cash box. Mrs Grainie surveys the scrum of visitors beneath her with satisfaction.

MRS GRAINIE

Charge!

They rattle down the hill and start hawking.

AILEEN

Strupak? Strupak a pound.

MRS GRAINIE

It's like tea. It *is* tea.

Someone puts a pound in Aileen's pot.

AILEEN

They're paying it!

MRS GRAINIE

It's like the whale all over again!

A roaring trade.

85

INT. RECEPTION ROOM, HONEYMOON TURRET - DAY

85

James and Katie retreat from the locked door (and proximity to each other) and look around them. This is a bird-themed Shag Palace, dominated by a vast round silk bed.

JAMES

There must be a way out.

James skirts round the bed, going from window to window looking for a way out. Each ledge leads to a sheer drop.

KATIE

I am not a toilet attendant.

James shakes his head in disbelief. Like he cares.

KATIE (CONT'D)

And I did tell you my name.

JAMES

Of course! If only I could remember your name I bet we could find a way out of here!

KATIE

Sorry. It's cruel to give the servants names, isn't it? Don't want to get too attached to them.

JAMES

Astonishing. Give you a good wash and a white dress and suddenly everything's about you. It's not your big day, *Katie*.

KATIE

Nor yours, apparently.

Katie and James scowl at each other across the giant bed. He storms away, crossing a glass dance floor for two, which immediately lights up and starts playing love classics. He tries stamping on it to turn it off. This doesn't work, much to Katie's amusement.

Katie takes in her surroundings; velvet, gold, crystal, a giant mound of identically wrapped wedding gifts. The luxury is overwhelming. She spies a bird-shaped jacuzzi, erotic murals, stuffed birds.

KATIE (CONT'D)

(realization)

You're having an *Ornithologist's Wife* themed wedding!

James looks around him in surprise, realizes he is.

JAMES

(defensive)

And if we are?

Katie giggles.

KATIE

I suppose it could be worse. I could be trapped inside Stephen King's honeymoon. Though apparently he's a nice guy.

JAMES

So we'd both rather be here with Stephen King. How much are you getting paid for this? In hillbilly money?

KATIE

Not nearly enough.

JAMES

So you'll be forced to sell your story afterwards - just to 'set the record straight', right? You'll understand if I don't speak to you?

He pulls open a final pair of curtains to reveal a table set for two, complete with an ice sculpture of a naked James and Lara.

KATIE

Nice arse.

On James - stony faced. A gift bag is under each chair. Katie picks one up.

KATIE (CONT'D)

I-Phone, diamond earrings... It's a party bag, isn't it? You're getting party bags from your own wedding!

She pulls out a diamond encrusted calculator and dissolves into a fit of laughter. James glares at her.

KATIE

You're too far gone to understand. But it's so funny.

She taps the keys giddily, being gloriously stupid.

KATIE (CONT'D)

I'm counting all my money on my very expensive money counting machine. Oh it's so golden and valuable!

Katie mimes the i-Phone ringing

KATIE (CONT'D)

Bling bling!
(she picks up)
Hello! Eight times six million?
I'll just check for you.

JAMES

This is actually worse than spending my wedding night alone.

Katie stifles a further bout of giggles.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Do try and get your head around this. I'm marrying Lara Tyler. I'm not marrying you. This is Lara's idea -
(corrects himself)
And my idea - of a great wedding.
(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

If I were marrying you we would be in the place of your choosing - the bar of some brightly lit two star hotel, no doubt, draped in tinsel, drinking German wine, watching your cousins have sex in the carpark.

KATIE

You're a horrible snob.

JAMES

So are you.

She stalks over to a bookshelf. All the books are copies of *The Ornithologist's Wife*.

KATIE

What an eclectic library.

She picks one up, opens the book. It's autographed.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Ahhh. Signed. That's tragic.

Suddenly the colour drains from her face.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Did you sign the register?

JAMES

You saw me. Why?

(beat)

Why?

KATIE

Is that the legal bit? I think, in all the fuss... I may have signed my own name.

JAMES

So?

Both look down at the rings on their fingers in horror. Barry White croons from the dance floor.

86

EXT. ISOLATED STONE CROFT - DAY

86

A helicopter swoops low over an ELDERLY WOMAN standing outside a tiny stone outhouse, holding a tray of cakes.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Get a move on, ye carnaptious bampot! There's money to be made.

87 INT. OUTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

87

An ELDERLY MAN sits on an old-fashioned toilet in the middle of the outhouse.

ELDERLY MAN

(muttering)

And have to look at you, woman?

Ye've a face like a burst settee!

The man pulls a few pages from a paperback book and uses them as toilet paper. It is a copy of *The Ornithologist's Wife*. He flushes and leaves.

Pan up - Lara is pressed against the ceiling like a spider. She drops down, looks up through the tiny outhouse window, and sees the elderly couple leave together.

88 INT. CROFT - KITCHEN

88

The doorhandle turns, the door opens, Lara enters. She stands like Goldilocks in the tiny flagstoned kitchen, looking around at the fire and ancient pots and pans - all seemingly from another age.

89 INT. CROFT - BEDROOM

89

Lara enters the sparse but orderly bedroom. She opens the cupboard and looks at the clothes - a staid tartan skirt, a high necked shirt, sensible shoes.

She sits down at the dressing table. A hairbrush, a glass pot of cotton wool; an old photograph of the couple's wedding day, covered in dust, which Lara studies.

Lara looks at herself in the mirror. As she does her expression changes into a suggestion of the elderly wife. She picks up a few hairpins - starts to scrape her hair back.

LARA

(Scottish, into mirror)

Get a move on, ye carnaptious bampot.

She's not satisfied. She tries again - an astonishingly accurate echo of the elderly woman's voice.

LARA (CONT'D)

There's money to be made.

She picks up some cotton wool and inserts it into her cheek. She looks up at herself.

LARA (CONT'D)

I've a face like a burst settee
have I? Tha's fifty years wi'
you! Get a move on, ye
carnaptious bampot. There's
money to be made out o' that Lara
Tyler.

This time she is totally convincing - much more than an impression - full of inner rage and grief - a soul transformation. Not for nothing is Lara Tyler a Golden Globe winner.

90

INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - DAY

90

Katie and James are sat on opposite sides of the jacuzzi, with just their feet in. They each have exactly half the wedding cake and a magnum of champagne. They insult each other between angry mouthfuls. The cake is delicious, the champagne vintage.

JAMES

You're not already married are you? Because I'm imagining that might be helpful.

KATIE

(that hurts)

No. Not.

JAMES

No, I remember now. Not married. But still a world authority on romance in literature. When not cruising toilets for men.

KATIE

(with mouth full)

Parasite. I hope she's made you sign a pre-nup.

JAMES

How *did* they get you into her dress?

KATIE

She has! How does *that* work? When you get divorced does she get half your kindness?

That stings. A moment's pause, before.

JAMES

I'm no parasite. I didn't even live with Lara until very recently. She's built me this...
(MORE)

JAMES (cont'd)
gazebo in the grounds, where I...
write.

KATIE
(triumphant)
She keeps you in a shed at the
bottom of the garden! Like a
tortoise. Ha ha!
(silly voice)
I'm writing very sloooooowly.

JAMES
Look, you're what? Late thirties?

KATIE
Thirty, just!

JAMES
And still live with your Mom.

She hurls the remainder of her cake at him, which hits him
on the neck.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(deadly earnest)
Not the hair!

KATIE
I am living with my mother
temporarily because she is sick.

He gets out of the jacuzzi, fetches a napkin, starts
cleaning up.

JAMES (CONT'D)
What is it you do again? Are you
president of this Hegg Book Club?
Or do you just administer their
medication?

Katie draws herself up tall, practically spits.

KATIE
I, too, am a writer.

James' eyes sparkle.

JAMES
A writer of what, exactly?

Katie immediately regrets her words.

KATIE
Of something that people actually
read.

JAMES
Do you write cereal packets?

KATIE

Look, this *long-awaited* second novel of yours...

JAMES

Do you write... your name over and over in the dirt on the back of trucks?

KATIE

...Has it got a title?

JAMES

Not yet. Do you write erotica?

KATIE

No!

(pause)

If you must know, I write for an online menswear catalogue.

(corrects herself)

A trouser catalogue. I don't do it anymore.

James is beside himself with glee.

JAMES

'Strong brown Trousers, Five for three' that kind of thing?

KATIE

I have also written the official guidebook to Hegg. Which is more accurate than certain other accounts of life on the island.

JAMES

It sounds fascinating.

KATIE

What's this nameless book of yours about then, if it exists?

James considers whether to venture his next response.

JAMES

It's about the end of the world as seen through the eyes of God.

KATIE

Ha haa! Did no-one ever say to you write about what you know?

James glares at her.

KATIE (CONT'D)

She thinks you're a genius,
doesn't she? So you're trying to
be one and it's left you totally
blocked. Pathetic.

This strikes a nerve.

JAMES

Living with your Mom, pretending
to be a movie star, writing a
guidebook to an island no one
will ever visit. *That's* pathetic.

Both have gone too far. They stare at each other, hurt.
James opens a bottle of champagne for himself, then stalks
off to a large pyramid of identically wrapped presents.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I am going to open my presents
now.

91 EXT. HEGG'S MOST BARREN COVE - DAY

91

A thin figure picks her way across the stones. Not Lara,
but Suzelle, carrying a walkie-talkie, followed by Anais-
Anais and the Personal Trainer.

SUZELLE

Hallo? This island is *much* bigger
than you said, ok?

92 INT. CONTROL TURRET - CONTINUOUS

92

STEVE

(into walkie talkie)
Perhaps you'd like to do time in
the San Quentin nailbar instead.
Keep looking. Over.
(protesting buzz)
And out!

He throws the walkie talkie down. Emma is scouring the
media encampment through binoculars.

EMMA

She couldn't get back here now
even if she wanted to.

STEVE

Where *is* she?

93 EXT. CASTLE MOY - DAY

93

The back view of an elderly woman in dowdy Scottish clothes, complete with headscarf, hobbling towards the press encampment. She pauses, takes a deep breath, and heads on.

Lara, for it is she, is unrecognizable. She approaches some journalists who are smoking outside.

JOURNALIST ONE

I thought it was all set in
Canada. Like the film. Did you
know it was set here?

JOURNALIST TWO

(shakes head)
I normally do war.

LARA

(perfect Scottish)
Can I use your mobile?

JOURNALIST TWO

No reception. Pay phone in
there, 'parently.

He points towards a newly erected marquee which bears a large sign 'HEGG MEDIA VILLAGE'. Not a flicker of recognition from the journalists. Lara smiles.

94 INT. 'MEDIA TENT' - DAY

94

The marquee has been hastily assembled by the islanders using the side of the old tour bus, sails and an upturned boat. The bus windows have been removed and it now acts as a bar. Lara enters, passing a stall where Katie's *Hegg: An Island History* is selling like hotcakes.

Lara weaves slowly through the crowd of journalists. She catches snatches of conversation -

JOURNALIST THREE

...she just has no sense of
moderation whatsoever!

JOURNALIST FOUR

I know. A couple of months ago,
she's in Melrose Seafood in LA.
Lara feels sorry for the
lobsters, buys the whole tank to
liberate them and gets James to
carry them into the river one at
a time.

(MORE)

JOURNALIST FOUR (cont'd)
 But they're seawater animals, ok -
 so he's just releasing the last
 one when they all start floating
 to the surface - dead. She loses
 it, drives off, leaving him in
 the water, up to his ears in dead
 facking lobsters.

Lara blushes furiously. A small queue issues from the red
 phone box around which the marquee has been built.

HAMISH
 Fifty-six!

Lara takes a ticket - number "Ninety-eight" - and drifts to
 the bar. Suddenly, a laugh goes up nearby: Iseabail is
 sitting with her news agency friend Douglas.

ISEABAIL
 (yells to the bar)
 Keep the triples coming! I'm
 buying.

MRS GRAINIE
 (darkly to her husband)
 Look at her flashing her cash
 about like the Sheikh of Oman.
 As if the story was hers to sell.

Lara overhears, her eyes narrow. Behind her, "Stars
 Today's" Charley Monk sweeps in. His P.A., Chloe, totters
 in behind him carrying his bags. They have just arrived.

CHARLEY MONK
 There are street children in
 Buenos Aires who knew about this
 before we did!

Charley stands on a chair directly behind Lara and yells
 over the hubbub.

CHARLEY MONK (CONT'D)
 OK, I am *Stars Today* and I am
 buying copy for our *So Long Lara*
Tyler Special Issue. I am buying
 photographs, I am buying eye-
 witness accounts, I am buying
 hearsay. And I'll raise your
 current rag by fifty percent.

JOURNALIST SIX
 (dismissive)
 Good luck mate. It's a total
 washout. Nobody saw anything and
 there are no pictures.

Charley is unfazed.

CHARLEY MONK

Marco Ballani, the greatest pap
the world has ever known, is out
there somewhere. And if I know
Marco, he's in that honeymoon
suite right now taking pictures
from inside the wedding cake!

JOURNALIST SIX

(pointing)

D'you mean that Marco Ballani?

In a far corner of the tent a solitary figure is slumped
over a table, his back to the throng, a large number of
empty glasses in front of him. It is Marco.

CHARLEY MONK

Marco Ballani doesn't drink!

Charley strides over to Marco and shakes him.

CHARLEY

Marco? Please tell me you're
celebrating?

MARCO

No. I am retired. Go away.

Charlie is speechless. He storms angrily back to the bar.

Lara has witnessed all this. She takes a breath and wanders
slowly over towards Marco. He has started to cycle through
old pictures of Lara in his camera's memory. She sees this
over his shoulder.

LARA

(in character)

Och, did you not get a picture of
the wedding then? Oh well. Lara
Tyler has delighted us for long
enough. Time to move on, say I.

Marco downs a whisky, picks up another, doesn't look up.

MARCO

Maybe yes. For me.

LARA

The golden goose is dead. Well,
married and retiring. Which is
death by another name.

MARCO

(a poetic drunk)

She is not retiring.

(MORE)

MARCO (cont'd)
 The bright lights have got too
 much right now so she's searching
 for the dark. But the dark will
 rob her of who she is. That
 missing Oscar will eat away at
 her.

This piques Lara's interest. Marco looks up, struggles to
 focus, stares at her.

MARCO (CONT'D)
 ...Do I know you?

LARA
 (confident in her
 performance)
 No, I don't think so, my dear.

He drinks.

MARCO
 I've had enough. Following them
 both, seeing them together...
 seeing her reduce herself to his
 level...
 (he shakes his head)
 Everywhere she has been, I have
 been too. Every hotel and motel
 and airplane and restaurant. I
 know her better than she knows
 herself. But the more I follow
 her the more she hates me.
 (drinks)
 It's a destructive, circular...
 thing. And so my pilgrimage is
 over.

Lara notices that the monk's cowl has been discarded.

LARA
 (incredulous)
 Are you *in* love with her?

MARCO
 We are both obsessive,
 pernickety, uncompromising. And
 lonely. I lived in a space this
 big...
 (gestures)
 ...for three days to get a photo.
 She lived in her pool for two
 weeks before she filmed '*The
 Drowning*'. We are the same
 person, of course I love her.

Marco flips through the camera memory to photos of Lara
 swimming in her pool.

LARA
You didn't sell these.

MARCO
Of course not. They are too personal.

This affects Lara. She looks at Marco in a new light.

HAMISH OOV
Ninety-eight!

LARA
Do you have change for the phone?

Marco gives her a couple of coins, then returns to staring at his pictures as Lara crosses to the phone.

95 INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

95

A copy of *The Ornithologist's Wife* has been left inside. Lara turns it over and comes face to face with James' photo on the back. She dials his number, listens.

JAMES'S VOICE
Can't take your call right now.
If that's Random House, I've had
a succession of computer issues
and an illness, but it's going
really well, and I'll be mailing
some chapters at the weekend.
BEEP

LARA
(her own voice)
James? I'm sorry. I'm sorry...

96 INT. MEDIA VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

96

Marco suddenly sways to his feet.

MARCO
(to no one in particular)
I must confront her. Or I will
have no peace.

Marco exits. The still brooding Charley turns to catch a glimpse of Lara in the phone box. Now she is talking in her own voice she has subconsciously let go of the 'character' a little, and is moving more like Lara.

Something about her suddenly seems familiar to Charley. His eyes narrow.

97 EXT. CASTLE MOY - CONTINUOUS

97

Marco stands at the edge of the moat, looking up at the Castle, searching for a way in.

Suddenly a commotion. The drawbridge is coming down. Steve and Emma appear. Lights and camera flashes.

A forest of boom mikes drop over Steve's head. Marco uses the distraction and walks boldly across the drawbridge.

STEVE

(to Press)

Lara Tyler and James Aubrey were finally married today in a small, tasteful private ceremony. They will be leaving for a secret honeymoon destination in the morning, but as you can see they will be spending their wedding night...

(points several times)

...in that turret there. That window there is where the action is. Thankyou.

The Press all point all their cameras at the turret. Smiling, Steve and Emma retreat back into the Castle, the drawbridge goes up.

98 INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - LATER

98

Katie is on the bed, which is littered with presents and torn wrapping paper. She's looking through a selection of DVDs about tigers, panthers, lions etc.

KATIE

I don't get it.

JAMES

Lara and I like big cat documentaries. Deal with it.

James comes over to the bed, playing arpeggios on an unwrapped zither. Each note makes Katie twitch with irritation.

The door behind them opens and it's Marco. He takes in the scene: Katie on the bed, James apparently serenading her.

MARCO

Where is Lara?

JAMES.

As if I'd tell you!

MARCO

Behind the back of the world's
most fascinating woman you drink
champagne and cavort with
prostitutes!

KATIE

I am not a prostitute...

MARCO

A rat in a dress is still a rat,
Katie.

KATIE

...I'm his wife.

Marco beams as he takes in this news: Lara is not married.

JAMES

She's a horrendous mistake.
(beat, to Katie)
You *know* this guy?

KATIE

Well... he's staying at the B&B.

MARCO

(to James)
You have failed again to marry
Lara. This is a better match for
you. I will find Lara.

James charges at Marco. Marco sidesteps. Both leap for a pair of crossed swords on the wall. The swords are welded together half way down the blade.

Marco drops the swords and grabs the ice-sculpture of James and Lara kissing. It is slippery. He attempts to throw it. It flies off at an angle and takes out one of the main lights. The room is plunged into darkness.

99

EXT. CASTLE MOY - CONTINUOUS

99

Lara exits the Media Village. Charley, a suspicious look on his face, follows. He calls after her.

CHARLEY

I suspect I may have stumbled on
my very own Lara Tyler exclusive.

Lara freezes to the spot. Thinks about what to do. She turns to Charlie, flashes her twenty million dollar smile, then leaps up, giving him a windmill kick to the head that knocks him out.

LARA
Stop the press.

This is witnessed by Iseabail - just then exiting the tent - clutching her large bundle of money.

Iseabail tries to wheel herself away as quietly as possible but her wheels squeal and give her away. Lara turns. She sees Iseabail, picks up her glasses and sets off after her.

100

INT. CASTLE MOY, HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

100

The fight continues in the near darkness. Marco is hidden behind a sofa throwing stuffed birds at James. Katie watches, sipping champagne.

JAMES
Are you going to fight like a man, or just throw puffins at me?

MARCO
I don't know. Maybe I'm going to mix it up.

JAMES
Oh yeah?

He stands, raises his fists. The zither whistles past his ear and crashes into the wall. James chases Marco and pins him down on the dance floor which lights up and plays music as they wrestle.

MARCO
I will find her. And when I find her, I will have her.

JAMES
I don't think so. She hates you.

MARCO
Yes, I know. I'm working on it.

Marco kicks James off and runs to the door. He exits and locks it behind him. James gets there too late. He hammers on the locked door dementedly, runs at it, bounces off and recoils in pain.

KATIE
Look.

Katie is examining the wall. The zither has made a dent in the 'stonework'. Which appears to be made of polystyrene.

101 INT. HONEYMOON SUITE TURRET/BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER 101

James hacks through the polystyrene wall with the welded together swords. He and Katie pass through and emerge 'backstage'. Reveal that some of the walls are flats, held up by bungees, carrabinas and sandbags. The flats are marked with film titles - HARRY POTTER, VERA DRAKE, THE GOLDEN COMPASS, etc.

JAMES

Why can't a wall ever just be a wall?

Above their heads Katie and James can see battlements and sky. There's a ladder. They exchange looks and start to climb it.

102 EXT. CASTLE MOY BATTLEMENTS - DAY 102

James and Katie pull themselves out onto the battlements. There is no easy way down. They peer over the edge at the moat below. The stone is cold on Katie's bare feet and she hops up and down to keep warm.

James heads back inside the castle, returning a moment later with a bungee rope.

103 EXT. CASTLE BATTLEMENTS - MOMENTS LATER 103

James peers cautiously over the edge of the battlements and ties one end of the bungee round his waist. It is a long way down. He searches for somewhere to tie the other end and eventually decides on a crenellation.

KATIE

You've abseiled before?

JAMES

John Travolta's got a climbing wall.

KATIE

Of course he has.

James gingerly crawls onto the parapet.

JAMES

Goodbye then.

KATIE

Oh. I'm staying here, am I?

James looks blank, moves one leg over the side, feels for a foothold in the Castle wall.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Why is your girlfriend more of a
priority than my sick mother?

JAMES
My girlfriend thinks she can
speak wolf.

KATIE
We don't have wolves on Hegg.
Hedgehogs, birds and mice only.
We don't even have bees.

JAMES
Save it for your memoirs.

Katie colours.

KATIE
You do know that's a bungee?
You'll bounce. Quite a lot.

He looks at her very surprised and then down at the rope.
He pulls it. It stretches. Katie lifts the end off the
crenellations and re-secures it, winding it around three or
four crenellations and then around her own waist.

JAMES
OK. Let it down slowly! One loop
at a time.

KATIE
Alright Lancelot.

James walks down the side of the Castle wall, gets to the
end of his section of bungee. Katie heaves a loop off the
battlements with some violence. James slips ten feet,
crashes against the wall and bounces up and down like a
giant baby in a door swing.

JAMES
(boinging)
Agggh! Watch what you're doing!
It's not funny.

KATIE
Depends on your point of view.

We see hers from which he looks very funny indeed.

KATIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
More bungee?

JAMES
Not yet, I'm...

Katie pulls TWO loops at once and James bounces fifteen feet, smashing and bashing. Katie ducks down behind the battlements, grinning.

JAMES (CONT'D) (cont'd)
AAGGGHHH! You could've killed
me.

James, now hovering over the water looks up at the turret top with loathing. Katie peers over at him innocently.

KATIE
(mock concern)
Shhhh.

Suddenly a Great Gray Owl flies through the sky straight at her. She topples over the edge and falls like a stone.

KATIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
AAGGGGHHHH! Help!

Katie falls the full distance into the moat with a splash and then flies high into the air. She bounces to a slow standstill leaving them both at approximately the same level. Katie looks hilarious. James is laughing at her.

JAMES
We must weigh about the same.

KATIE
(scared and upset)
Not funny.

He unties himself and kicks himself away from the wall towards the bank. Katie starts to untie her end as fast as she can.

JAMES
Depends on your point of view.
Jump? On three. One, two.

KATIE
Wait! They've given me these
plastic nails and I can't...

JAMES
Three!

James leaps for the bank. The released bungee flies up to the top of the turret and, without James' weight on the end of it, Katie plunges into the moat with a splash and a yelp. She starts sinking.

KATIE
The dress.

The wedding dress is so heavy it is drowning her. James climbs out of the moat, keeping an eye on the paparazzi fires not far away.

KATIE (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Help!

She disappears under the surface. And stays down. James runs his hands through his hair in panic then dives into the moat after her.

104 INT. MOAT, UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS 104

Katie kicks weakly among the wrecked cars still resting at the bottom of the moat, losing consciousness. The big dress is tangled in one of their doors.

James swims towards her. It takes a superhuman effort to rip the skirt away and pull her body, now clad in just the bodice, towards the surface.

105 EXT. CASTLE MOAT - CONTINUOUS 105

James, panicking, drags her onto the bank. He tries to remember what the recovery position is. Pulls at her arms and legs so she's in a quite extraordinary arrangement. He rolls her around onto her front. That's not right, rolls her again. He is about to come down for the kiss of life when Katie chokes to life again. She starts to cry. He half-holds her. Awkwardly.

KATIE
D-d-don't look at my l-l-legs.

106 EXT. CLIFF PATH - EVENING 106

Lara pushes Iseabail who clutches her massive wad of cash to herself, very concerned.

ISEABAIL
You know it's very kind of you
but there's really no need. I
can do it.

LARA
(Scottish accent)
Och, I insist.

They get to a bend in the path which Lara does not take. She goes straight ahead, over the heather towards the edge of the cliffs.

ISEABAIL
I thought you were wonderful in
The Wolf and The Moon.

LARA.
(American accent)
Thanks for getting the word out
about my wedding.

ISEABAIL
How did it go?

LARA.
It left me with fond memories of
Paris.

ISEABAIL
They say Paris is lovely this
time of year.

LARA.
It is. The roses are out in the
Bois de Boulogne.

Lara is heading straight to the precipice.

LARA
Every time I try to get married
my mother gets her own show on
cable. I'm everyone's favourite
cash cow.

They are now right at the edge. A dislodged stone falls a
terrible distance down onto the beach.

LARA (CONT'D)
Throw the money over.

Iseabail is thinking fast.

LARA (CONT'D)
The money or the wheelchair.
With you in it.

No response.

LARA (CONT'D)
Did you hear me?

ISEABAIL
Yes. I'm thinking about it.

On Lara, intrigued.

107 EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER 107

A rain of tenners flutter down to the shingle like sycamore seeds.

108 EXT. HEGG - EVENING 108

James and Katie are staggering, semi-clung together for warmth, teeth chattering, across scrubland. Katie, without her skirt on, is very bodyshy. The McValues corset is clearly visible through the bodice of the dress.

KATIE

Thanks for saving my life.

JAMES

Well... sorry for drowning you.

KATIE

Don't be. My life flashed in front of my eyes and halfway through I was just bored. Being drowned was a highlight.

JAMES

For me too. Nice to actually do something productive for once.

A moment's silence.

KATIE

Look... you were right. About me staying with my Mum. I am a loser.

JAMES

Yeah, well you were right about my book being a bit soulless. And me being blocked. I guess I'm the bigger loser.

They head off into the distance.

KATIE

No, I'm definitely the bigger loser.

JAMES

Not by a long shot.

KATIE

Why are Americans so competitive?

109 INT. SUNSHINE B&B. LIVING ROOM - DAY

109

Marco has plugged his laptop into the landline jack and is hacking into James Aubrey's voicemail.

ELECTRONIC VOICE

You have one new message.

Lara's voice issues through the speakers.

LARA'S VOICE

James. I'm sorry. I'm sorry I brought us here. If you get this message - I can't get into the Castle, but maybe you can get out. In your book, that place where they kiss? Meet me there. Bring a priest and the rings.

(suddenly defiant)

We can still beat them all!

The message ends. Marco thinks a for moment, then presses a key.

VOICEMAIL VOICE

Message deleted.

Marco grabs a copy of *The Ornithologist's Wife*, marvels at its weight and heads to the door.

110 EXT. HEGG CLIFFS - EVENING

110

Iseabail and Lara make their way along the cliff path. It is hard and bumpy work manoeuvring the wheelchair.

LARA

The *Washington Post* ran a leader on my armpits. Who wants to read that in the morning? It's pornography. Photos of my 'gym-veined arms' can never be a long term solution to the public's collective self-esteem issues. And you know what? They just make mine a helluva lot worse! I have to retire...

Their road is blocked by a massive boulder. With surprising strength, Lara rolls it over the cliff edge.

LARA (CONT'D)
 (heaving the rock)
 ...or it won't stop until they
 get the shot of me, weighing
 three hundred pounds, dead in the
 changing rooms of TJ Maxx!

ISEABAIL
 (mildly)
 Well if marriage and retirement
 from the film industry turns you
 into the kind of billionaire who
 is less likely to tip the poor
 off cliffs that can only be a
 positive thing.

This catches Lara off guard.

LARA
 I'm sorry.

She sinks to the ground. Without warning, uncontrollable
 tears burst out. Iseabail watches her before putting her
 hand on Lara's head. They look like mother and daughter.

ISEABAIL
 I'm sorry too.

After a moment, Lara rubs the wheel of Iseabail's chair
 with her hand. She speaks through her sniffles.

LARA
 I was offered a part in a
 wheelchair recently. I'm not
 doing it though.
 (long beat)
 How fast can you go in this?

111 INT. SUNSHINE B&B - EVENING

111

C/U a note on the kitchen table. *Gone to get rich and drunk
 - back perhaps x Mum.*

The door opens and James and Katie stagger in, shaking and
 shivering, too cold to speak. Katie reaches for a hook on
 the wall, lowers a washing rack from the ceiling. A sheet
 hangs from it and forms a partition so they can get
 undressed in private.

James pulls off his sodden jacket, Katie kicks off her
 shoes, rips off her stockings. James is trying to unbutton
 his wet waistcoat, but his fingers don't work, he just
 tears it off. Katie is trying to unlace the corset behind
 her but her fingers don't work either. Pools of moatwater
 accumulate on the lino.

Katie takes a pair of scissors from a kitchen drawer, and pulls the sheet back like a curtain. She hands them to James who cuts her out of the corset.

Embarrassment fades as they stand there in their underwear, still shaking, trying not to look at each other. The corset falls to the floor. Both realize at the same time that James' boxer shorts have quills on and stifle a smile and blush respectively.

JAMES

Christmas present from Lara. She thought they might help with the writing.

Katie takes towels from the cupboard, throws one to James, who dries his hair while staring at the Connor Meaghaid Lord of the Bagpipe poster that's riddled with darts.

JAMES

Must have been a terrible concert.

KATIE

Dad. Gone. We don't talk about him.

JAMES

Ok.

112 INT. SUNSHINE B&B LIVING ROOM - EVENING

112

A fire blazes in the grate. As James looks around, Katie sees the B&B through his eyes - old and dirty and damp - and is ashamed.

KATIE

It needs... everything.

JAMES

I like it.

They sit down next to the fire. James sees a calendar on the wall. It's turned to April and has a picture of Angus (whose wedding we saw at the start), smiling broadly, stood behind some crab pots, a snapping crab in each hand.

JAMES (CONT'D)

April really is the cruellest month.

KATIE

Poor Angus.

JAMES
(off Katie's look)
Oh, I'm sorry. Is he your...?

KATIE
No. Should've been probably,
but I only go for arty boys with
monster commitment issues. My ex-
fiance was in a band. They just
had a top forty hit with the song
"Bedhopper".

JAMES
So the clues were there.

KATIE
I thought it was ironic. Stupid.
But then I also thought he liked
girls who, you know, give
intelligent compliments.

She stares into the fire.

KATIE (CONT'D)
The choruses in his songs were
all the same though.
(beat)
The verses too. I shouldn't have
kept pointing that out,
apparently. I'm so done with
relationships.

JAMES
Well they say it's when you stop
looking that you -

KATIE
- get married?

James smiles.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Actually, this is becoming
surprisingly bearable. At least
the fact that you are going to
leave me for another woman has
been agreed in advance.

James sees Lara's picture on the wall. A long thoughtful
moment for both.

KATIE (CONT'D)
What's she like? I suppose she's
just like anybody else, just a
normal girl?

JAMES

No. She's rare and fine and
peculiar. And modest. And
generous. And very smart.

(beat)

And really really nice.

(beat)

And brilliant. At everything.

Katie ponders this.

KATIE

But can she do *this*?

Katie takes a teaspoon and hangs it on her nose. Beams.

JAMES

(charmed)

I don't believe she can.

Something between them, but Katie breaks the moment.

KATIE

I'll get you some clothes.

113 EXT. HEGG WOODLAND - EVENING

113

Iseabail is correcting the map in *The Ornithologist's Wife*
for Lara.

ISEABAIL

Keep going here until you come to
a yellow rock shaped like a
toucan. Inside those cliffs lies
Uamh-Aoraidh - The Cathedral.

Lara studies the drawing.

LARA

How can I ever thank you?

ISEABAIL

Embarrass me by sending money.

Lara nods, then sets off. Iseabail watches for a moment
then wheels herself away.

114 INT. SUNSHINE B&B - UPSTAIRS - EVENING

114

Katie is dressed and showered. She is putting torch, rope,
thermos etc into a rucksack.

The door opens. James is dressed in the tartan outfit from
the "Connor Meaghaid Lord of the Bagpipe Tour" poster in
the kitchen: flares and a fur waistcoat.

KATIE (CONT'D)
 Retro classic. 100% pure new wool
 in a 13oz cloth. Untouched since
 1978.

She adjusts them for him.

KATIE (CONT'D)
 With elasticated cuff featurette
 in the small of the leg, to
 maximize wear and minimize
 creasing.

JAMES
 What would I do without you?

115 INT. SUNSHINE B&B. STAIRS - EVENING

115

Katie and James are heading downstairs when the front door
 opens and a windswept Iseabail enters.

ISEABAIL
 Katie! There's money on Whale
 Beach! Enough for us to go away.
 But we have to get down there
 before the tide comes in!

She notes the wet clothes on the kitchen floor and stops,
 quails at the sight of Katie on the stairs with James.

ISEABAIL (CONT'D)
 (weakly)
 Connor?

KATIE
 No! Mum, this is... my husband.

ISEABAIL
Husband?

JAMES
 It's been crazy. Erm. Hi.
 James. Pleased to...

ISEABAIL
 Why is he dressed as your father?

KATIE
 Well, his girlfriend is
 missing...

ISEABAIL
 He has a girlfriend? Is this
 Toilet Man?

KATIE
(colouring)
What?

ISEABAIL
The man you made a pass at in the
toilet?

KATIE
No! Why is there money on Whale
Beach?

ISEABAIL
I rang Douglas, tipped him off
about the wedding - he gave us
five grand in cash but Lara Tyler
found me with it. She's not
married. She's out and about and
dressed as Euphemia MacCrimmon.
I've just taken her halfway to
Uamh-Aoraidh...

Iseabail tails off. Finally computes.

ISEABAIL (CONT'D)
James Aubrey?

JAMES
Indeed.
(coldly to Katie)
Very clever. So you manufactured
this whole situation?

Katie looks helplessly at Iseabail, speechless.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Five thousand pounds for telling
the press, the same again for
playing the decoy, and when it's
all over, the same again to 'set
the record straight'. Quite an
industry you have out of ruining
other people's happiness.

KATIE
That is so not...

JAMES
Making cow eyes at me for hours,
to add a little spice to the
story...

KATIE
Cow eyes?!

JAMES
(cruelly)
Well let me tell you, for a
honeytrap to work there needs to
be a honey.

James leaves, slamming the door behind him.

116 INT. CASTLE MOY CONTROL TURRET - EVENING 116

Anais-Anais, Suzelle and the other searchers sit shivering
with hot drinks in front of Steve.

STEVE
You're all fired.

Emma enters.

EMMA
Okay, don't flip out, but James
and that girl have escaped.

Steve buries his face in his hands and sinks to the floor.
Emma reaches out to comfort him but he suddenly stands.

STEVE
We need local knowledge. Take me
to the top. Take me to the
crippled mother.

117 EXT. HEGG - EVENING 117

James storms across gorse and heather, then uphill through
light mist. He has no idea where he's going.

118 INT. SUNSHINE B&B KITCHEN - EVENING 118

Katie and Iseabail are sat at the kitchen table, both very
low. Iseabail trying to process Katie's story.

ISEABAIL
Do you like him?

KATIE
He's an emotionally retarded arty
boy who's in love with the
perfect woman. Of course I like
him.

Iseabail's looking at the poster of Connor, thinking.

ISEABAIL

Did you tell him?

(off Katie's non-
response)

A life spent making mistakes is
so much better than a life spent
doing nothing. Falling for your
father was the best mistake I
ever made. I got you. My worst
mistake was not going after him.
I've spent a lifetime wondering
what would've happened if I had.

Katie sees where her mother is going with this.

KATIE.

No. Would rather die.

ISEABAIL

Really? Then we'll get a big
photo of him and stick it up
there and you can throw darts at
it for the rest of your life.

On Katie.

119 EXT. HEGG WILDS - EVENING

119

Marco sits on a rock exasperatedly speed-reading James' novel, trying to discover where the wedding took place. He rolls his eyes and throws the book a short distance away.

Then he stands, realizes he has no alternative and returns to the book. He sits down again and opens the book.

120 EXT. HEGG CAMPFIRE - EVENING

120

Charley has gathered six or so paparazzi around him.

CHARLEY

All is not what it seems.

He turns. He has a black eye.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

I've just been kicked in the face
by the most beautiful woman in
the world, dressed as my boarding
school matron.

Charley produces a black and white photograph of a stern Scottish lady with a young Charley stood next to her.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Which is an image-change I'm liking very much. I want that Lara pic. More than I've ever wanted anything in my life. Leave no stone unturned, no pothole unplumbed. Burn down the forests, scythe down the heather, smoke out the barns. I'll pay two hundred grand for a cover shot.

A bristling of cameras.

121 EXT. HEGG'S BOGGY INTERIOR - EVENING

121

A tractor's wheels turn in the mud. The CROFTER driving the tractor is ancient - a walking walnut. We see a rope behind the tractor pull tight. It is attached to James who has become stuck in a bog.

JAMES

Thanks. Thank you so much.

122 INT. ANCIENT CROFTER'S HOUSE - EVENING

122

We are in the smallest, simplest, poorest house in the Hebrides. It has only one room - there is no fridge, no cooker, no mod cons, just a cupboard, a sideboard, a bed and two chairs. James stands by the fire, drying his trousers.

JAMES

Thank you. Is the Cathedral near here? Or any other caves?

The Crofter says nothing. He stands there expressionless, but obviously entranced before turning and tottering outside again. The door shuts. James squeezes liquid from his trousers into a tin bath.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Great. So now I've been recognized.

The door opens. The Crofter holds it open for his WIFE as if for the most beautiful woman in the world. They totter over to the cupboard and take out a thin booklet and an LP. It's a programme for the "Connor Meaghaid's Lord of the Bagpipe Tour 1975" and a recording of the same.

They hand James a pen, they obviously expect him to autograph them.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 Ah right, yes.
 (relieved)
 No, that's not me.

The Crofter pushes the pen at him more insistently.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 OK. Who to?

No answer. He signs the LP as Connor.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 (of the programme)
 I'll just leave it blank for
 Ebay!

His wife stares at James. He signs the programme as well. The wife shuffles to the sideboard, on which stands a sepia photograph of the pair of them, much younger and surrounded by children. She opens it and takes out a Connor Meaghaid biography - *The Wind in My Sails*, brings it to James. He signs it.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 I'll be getting along in a
 moment. You've been very kind.
 If you had a map of Hegg I could
 perhaps borrow?

But the Crofter reaches under the bed and pulls out an incredibly old case which he opens and pushes towards James. Inside is a set of bagpipes. James shakes his head and shuts the case. They open it again, put the bagpipes in his hand. It is clear that James has no choice.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 I may be a little rusty.

He tries to work out which bit to put in his mouth, blows into it briefly, squashes the bag. It sounds terrible.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 I've been concentrating on the
 zither is the thing.

He looks up. The couple face each other. They start to set and turn in time to some ancient Connor Meaghaid tune they hear in their heads.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 (quietly to himself)
 Beautiful. Both deaf.

He plays another long and horrible note and watches them dance. They are fragile and slow but at peace in the other's familiar arms.

James is deeply moved by the sight of these withered old people treasuring each other. He pretends to play, the odd droning note escaping. Eventually he puts the bagpipes down. The couple notice the movement and turn to him.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(tapping his watch)
I really need to get on.

They look bereft.

JAMES (CONT'D)
OK. Just one more.

They watch him this time. He tries to actually play. The sound is unbearable, even to him.

123 EXT. HEGG'S BOGGY INTERIOR - EVENING 123

Katie strides across the fields, a cauldron of emotions. She follows James' footprints to a big hole and tractor tracks leading from it to the cottage. In the distance: the wailing of the bagpipes.

124 EXT. ANCIENT CROFTER'S HOUSE - EVENING 124

Katie hesitates at the door, looks in one of the windows at James earnestly playing the pipes so terribly and the couple dancing. She is bewitched and then deeply touched.

125 INT. ANCIENT CROFTER'S HOUSE - EVENING 125

There's a knock at the door. A string pulls on a Scottish flag above the fireplace, making it wave. The Crofter opens the door while James cowers behind a chair.

KATIE
(talking and using sign language)
Hello Mairead. Caleb. Mild out isn't it?

CALEB
(signing, subtitled)
It's this global warming. There's a huge great sea running in on Staffa. The wind's rising, there's a storm brewing...

KATIE
(signing)
I heard my husband playing the pipes.

The Crofters are very confused indeed. Katie sees James, indicates that he should come with her. He waves 'bye' to the Crofters and joins her at the door.

JAMES

Thank you. I was just about to come back and find you.

On Katie, thrilled.

KATIE

Really?

JAMES

We need to get divorced.

Beat. The balloon deflates.

KATIE

Yes. Yes. Of course.

(beat)

We should go and see Reverend McDonagh, he'll know what to do.

126

EXT. HEGG INTERIOR - A SHORT TIME LATER

126

Katie and James going over scree and cairn. They come over the brow of a hill. The shapes of houses appear in front of them through the mist.

KATIE

I didn't sell your wedding. My mum did. She's dying and a bit pissed off about it.

Highland cattle emerge through the fog, islands in a sea of cloud.

JAMES

I'm sorry.

KATIE

Lara made her throw all the money over a cliff if that makes it any better. Though she tried to give me a dustbuster and told me to retrieve what I can.

They have wandered into a village - very similar in style to Baile Mor - but only half the size.

JAMES

What *is* this place?

KATIE

A decoy village. They built it in World War Two to draw enemy fire away from the shipyard.

JAMES

Why is everything so small?

KATIE

Cheaper. And you can't tell from the air, everything's to scale.

James pushes open the door to a miniature house. There are signs of long since departed inhabitants.

JAMES

They even made furniture?

KATIE

Ah no. The irony was a German U-boat got lost and caught on the rocks. The crew that made it ashore climbed up here and moved in. They went totally undetected for about two years - fishing, nicking the odd cow, growing turnips and having barbecues. When you're writing the end of the world as seen through the eyes of God, we'd prefer it if you didn't mention this place.

Voices nearby. They freeze, duck down, dart inside the nearest house. It is rather quaint inside - a bed, two stools, a saucepan.

FIRST PAPARAZZO OOV

Why is everything so fucking small?

Torches flash past the window. A second PAPARAZZO is holding *The Ornithologist's Wife* open at the map page.

SECOND PAPARAZZO OOV

It says here it's a wildlife centre.

FIRST PAPARAZZO OOV

You're a fucking woman with your map-reading.

The first paparazzo hears a noise, turns off his torch.

FIRST PAPARAZZO OOV (CONT'D)

Shh.

The door to a house opens very slowly. Katie springs forward, the strings of her hood tight around her face, brandishing a saucepan.

KATIE
Incomers! Incomers!

FIRST PAPARAZZO
Argh! Sorry love, didn't realize
anyone lived here.

Katie bangs her rusting Nazi pot madly.

KATIE
I'll throw another puffin on the
griddle! Strupak for you?
Strupak?

FIRST PAPARAZZO
Er. No thanks.

SECOND PAPARAZZI
(points at map)
Are we here...?

KATIE
(wildly)
Aye. Between the wolves and the
sucking bog. Incomers without
number have been pulled into that
bog and drowned.

Katie grabs his hand. Makes something of reading his palm.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Ahhhh. But you'll drown in any
case. It's your fate.

He's horrified. Both papparazzi back away from her. Katie closes the door. James is behind it.

JAMES
Griddled puffin? On a Friday?

They stand there waiting for the coast to clear. Katie takes a last look around the dirty, miniature room.

KATIE
Ah, the life we could have had.
(opens door)
Come on then!

Iseabail has opened the door to Steve and Emma.

STEVE

...so you see we need to find
Lara and James and get the hell
out of here.

ISEABAIL

They could be anywhere by now.

STEVE

But I think you know where they
are. And for the right price, I
think you'll tell me.

A moment of decision for Iseabail.

128

EXT. HEGG INTERIOR - DUSK

128

The light is finally beginning to fail now. Katie and
James walk through rolling fog.

KATIE

There's something about islands,
isn't there? Or is it just that
I'm from one?

JAMES

No, there's something about
islands.

KATIE

And this is a particularly crappy
one. You should see Barra, it's
stunning.

JAMES

I like this one, it's beautiful.

A beat between them.

A low moo breaks the moment. They both jump. They are
surrounded by Highland cattle.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Now that is one big Scottish cow.
Here cow. It's OK.

He tries to pet it.

KATIE

Don't touch it. They're beef
cattle. Very unfriendly. I
thought cows were your area of
expertise.

JAMES
I don't have any areas of
expertise.

KATIE
Stay very still.

JAMES
That's bears. I say back away.

They start to back away. The cattle follow them, slowly,
then faster and faster.

KATIE
You see, *this* is cow eyes.

JAMES
Quite threatening.
(re: his red tartan
trousers)
It's the trousers.

KATIE
No it isn't. Cattle are
colourblind! You never stayed on
a cattle farm.

JAMES
I did! I just... stayed in my
room a lot, read some books.

The cows suddenly charge.

JAMES (CONT'D)
RUN!!

Katie and James turn and sprint towards the fence.

KATIE
Jump!

They leap over the fence, not athletic by any means but
perfectly in synch, and crash onto a gorse bush, laughing.

JAMES
Ow! You OK?

KATIE
(picking prickles out of
her hair)
Don't say I never take you
anywhere nice.

James gets up and is immediately confronted with Angus,
who's had a few drinks.

ANGUS
Get away from her, American!

Angus punches James in the side of the head. He goes down.

KATIE
Angus!

JAMES
Wha-?

Angus stands angrily over a dazed James, who suddenly recognizes him.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Mr April?

ANGUS
You come over here, taking our women.

KATIE
Your women? Angus! Don't!

Angus refrains from kicking James in the face.

ANGUS
(to Katie)
Run away with me! I never thought I had a chance with you until you came back but now... Marry me?

KATIE
You're *married* to Muireen.

ANGUS
I don't want her. I never wanted her. I always wanted you.

James stands up, brushes himself off.

JAMES
Shame. You're married, she's married, what a tragedy.

ANGUS
She's married? Who to?

JAMES
To me.

ANGUS
(to Katie)
But you said - you said -
(disbelieving)
Is it true?

Katie considers the options.

KATIE

Yes.

James puts a proprietorial arm around her as the rage visibly rises in Angus.

ANGUS

I'll fight you for her. I win, I keep her.

JAMES

Fight? I don't fight! Or I didn't...

Angus runs at him, gets him in a headlock.

JAMES (CONT'D)

...before I got married.

KATIE

Angus! Put him down!

ANGUS

I just proposed to her!

JAMES

(angrily)

Well I've already *married* her.
So don't go proposing to her again.

James suddenly manages to get a grip on Angus and flips him over into the gorse. Angus lies on his back in the prickles, looking up at Katie.

ANGUS

I wanted to grow old with you.
You're beautiful and clever now.
You're easy to love now. But I
will still love you when the
wind's dried you out. When you're
old and broken. When you can't
remember my name.

(points at James)

Will he?

James says nothing, just looks at the floor uncomfortably.

KATIE

Angus, I'm sorry. Go back to
Muireen. Sort it out. She loves
you. It's better when people love
you back.

ANGUS
 (re: James)
 So do you love him?

The question hangs in the air, unanswered.

KATIE
 Come on.

She puts out a hand to help Angus up, but he remains martyrishly spreadeagled on the gorse.

ANGUS
 I'm alright here.

Katie and James turn away into the dusk.

129 EXT. HIGH ROCK - SUNSET 129

Katie and James walk along a path that leads to a high rock facing westwards out to sea. They pause, standing close, watching the sun sink down into the Atlantic.

Finally Katie moves away slightly, breaking the moment, pointing out the path.

James looks at her for a moment, nods, and they move off.

130 EXT. HEGG WILDS - SUNSET 130

By the light of a torch, Marco is still scan-reading *The Ornithologist's Wife*. He finishes it, shakes his head.

MARCO
 Total dogshit.
 (beat)
 Where is this cave?

Marco flicks open a map.

131 EXT. CLIFFTOPS - SUNSET 131

A proscenium arch of a cave mouth extends into the Atlantic. The last rays of the sun illuminate a spectacular Giant's Causeway of hexagonal blue basalt linking the clifftops with the beach below.

Lara makes her way down these precarious natural steps and disappears inside the cave.

132 EXT. REVEREND MCDONAGH'S HOUSE - NIGHT 132

Katie and James approach the small house of the island's elderly minister, Reverend McDonagh.

133 INT. REVEREND MCDONAGH'S HOUSE - NIGHT 133

A small but cosy study and bedroom in one. A fire roars in the grate, an oil lamp burns at the desk. Katie and James are sat side by side on the bed. Reverend McDonagh, who was about to go to bed, pours whisky into three tumblers.

REVEREND MCDONAGH
It's not as simple as that.
Annulment is a lot of paperwork.

He hands them the whisky and looks at James.

REVEREND MCDONAGH (CONT'D)
Only married five minutes and
already chasing after another
woman, eh? Why not give this
marriage a go first?

KATIE
Because the woman he's engaged to
is Lara Tyler!

The minister looks blank.

JAMES
She's an actress.

KATIE
She's ultra-beautiful, mind-
blowingly talented and...
(remembers James'
description)
...rare and fine and modest. And
generous and nice. And brilliant.
At everything.

Through this James pulls conflicted "yes-but-no" expressions. The world has turned.

REVEREND MCDONAGH
But he's married to you.

KATIE
Exactly! A mind-blowingly
ordinary shop assistant from the
Outer Hebrides. Bit of a come
down.

JAMES

You're not ordinary.

Katie is touched. She smiles at James.

REVEREND MCDONAGH

She could be Miss Universe with a fist full of Oscars and a Nobel Peace Prize and she'd still be the wrong woman for somebody. Weddings and marriages are very different creatures.

JAMES

Can't have one without the other.

REVEREND MCDONAGH

Weddings are like sunsets, the romance of a moment. Marriage is the sea into which that red sun sets. Ebbing and flowing, coming and going, always changing yet always constant.

JAMES

We got married due to a technical error and wilful fraud at a decoy wedding. That can't be a good basis for an enduring marriage.

KATIE

(sadly)

No.

REVEREND MCDONAGH

If you say so.

(with regret)

Well then. In days past, the MacNeils of Barra, huge ginger brutes they were, would cross the Minch to Hegg to steal our sheep and snatch a wife at the same time. But if we could reclaim the woman before sunrise the marriage didn't count. It's still in Hegg law. If we make it to Uamh-Aoraidh before sunrise your license with Miss Tyler would still be valid. We could go ahead with the original ceremony as planned. If that's what you really want.

JAMES

The sun only just set.

KATIE

This is the Hebrides. It comes
up again in an hour.

REVEREND MCDONAGH

When God made time he made plenty
of it. When God made twine he
made balls of it.

(he looks at them)

You think about it while I get
the car. She's fast but a bit
temperamental. Might take a
moment to start her up.

He gets up to leave the room.

REVEREND MCDONAGH (CONT'D)

One last thing, has the marriage
been consummated?

KATIE & JAMES

(a little sadly)

No.

JAMES

I just haven't had time.

REVEREND MCDONAGH

No. When God made time...

He nods and leaves. They watch him pass the window,
carrying the oil lamp.

134 INT. UAMH-AORAI DH CAVE - NIGHT

134

The cave is beautiful. Fingal's cave, but smaller. The
roaring Atlantic crashes onto a smooth pebbled beach. Lara
stands by a small fire which she has managed to get going.

135 INT. REVEREND MCDONAGH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

135

Katie and James stare into the fire.

KATIE

How do you know when you've met
the one?

The minister passes the window holding a can of oil. He
looks in to see them looking intently at each other.

JAMES

Whenever you look at them you
find yourself singing "You are
the wind beneath my wings."

KATIE
 (laughing)
 Is that what happens when you're
 with Lara?

JAMES
 (thinks for a moment)
 You know they asked 10,000 men to
 name their ideal partner and
 9,800 said Lara? Statistically
 that must include at least 800
 gay men. If you're male and Lara
 Tyler's interested in you, she's
 the one. It's kind of a rule. If
 you can't be happy with Lara
 Tyler you can't be happy with
 anyone.
 (beat)
 I have to go outside now or I'm
 going to kiss you.

KATIE
 (sadly)
 No, I'll go. I'll go and help
 Reverend McDonagh.

She leaves. James stares into the fire, frustrated and
 confused.

136 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT 136

Marco turns into the cove next to Uamh-Aoraidh. He stops at
 the bottom of the blue basalt steps, then starts to climb.

137 INT. REVEREND MCDONAGH'S CAR - NIGHT 137

Katie and James in the minister's car - an ancient Trabant.
 A bit of a terror ride.

REVEREND MCDONAGH
 You're unlucky it's summer. In
 winter the sun sets at teatime
 and doesn't rise again till
 lunch.

Katie and James both miserable.

138 EXT. CLIFFTOP - NIGHT 138

The car screeches to the edge of the cliff, which is
 covered in yellow gorse. The sun is starting to rise above
 the horizon.

139 INT. REVEREND MCDONAGH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

139

REVEREND MCDONAGH
(suddenly sombre)
You are sure about this?

Neither Katie nor James move.

REVEREND MCDONAGH (CONT'D)
Because you seem like a good
match to me.

140 EXT. UAMH-AORAI DH CAVE - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

140

Marco peers through a fissure in the rock. He sees the old woman he spoke to in the Media Village. She is washing the make up off her face in the water of the cave. An intake of breath as Marco realises it is Lara.

He smooths down his hair, checks his breath, tries to get up the courage to go and talk to her.

Marco enters, staying in the shadows. But he stops. His courage fails him. He watches as Lara frowns and ties her hair back with a piece of seaweed. A wave washes over his feet.

141 EXT. CLIFF TOP - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

141

James stands next to Katie. Behind them the entrance that leads down to the cave. Reverend McDonagh holds an oil lamp in one hand, a Bible in the other. Fingers of light reach over the horizon.

REVEREND MCDONAGH
Do you, James Aubrey, take Katie
Nic Aodh as your lawful wedded
wife?

JAMES
No... I do not.

REVEREND MCDONAGH
And do you, Katie Nic Aodh, take
James Aubrey as your lawful
wedded husband?

KATIE
Absolutely not. No. Thank you.

The minister looks at the sun rising.

REVEREND MCDONAGH
 If you would now remove and
 return your rings as a sign that
 you are not married.

They take them off and place them on the Bible.

142 INT. UAMH-AORAI DH CAVE - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

142

Lara is staring out to sea, looking worried. She sees the
 fingers of sunrise through the mouth of the cave and the
 encroaching tide. Then she sees a figure.

LARA
 James?

Marco steps out of the shadows, stands before Lara. She
 sighs.

LARA
 How did you find me this time?

MARCO
 I said I would always find you. I
 am very persistent.

LARA
 I noticed. It's extremely
 impressive.

MARCO
 I had prepared something to say
 to you but I think you may have
 heard most of it already. You
 gave a very convincing
 performance.
 (beat)
 You still want to retire? We can
 retire together perhaps?

Lara comes closer.

LARA
 Do people like us retire?

They stand a foot apart, caught in the tension of the
 moment. This could go any of a number of ways.

143 EXT. CLIFFTOP - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

143

James is looking out to sea.

JAMES
 She's in there. Look - smoke.

Reverend McDonagh and James are about to set off into the cave. James is reluctant to move. He takes Katie's hand. The minister sees this.

REVEREND MCDONAGH
(to James)
Follow soon. The tide is coming
in.

And the minister starts his rocky descent.

144 INT. UAMH-AORAI DH CAVE - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

144

Lara looks at Marco intrigued, they are inches apart, not kissing but utterly entranced.

REVEREND MCDONAGH OOV
(a long way off)
Miss Tyler? Is that you?

LARA
...Yes!

REVEREND MCDONAGH
We're coming down.

It's do or die time between Marco and Lara.

LARA
(finally)
You should go.

Marco's world collapses. He hides his agony manfully, begins to walk away.

MARCO
Yes, I will go. I have stuff to
do. Anyway.

Marco starts to drift out of sight.

LARA
(after him)
I'll see you around!

Marco turns back. He nods. And then slips away.

The priest steps through the crack in the cave roof.

145 EXT. CLIFF TOP - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

145

James, still on the clifftop with Katie, looks down at the two rings he is holding in his right hand.

KATIE

Good thing there are no pets involved.

JAMES

If it wasn't in the middle of the night, in the middle of the Atlantic, after one of the maddest weeks of my life... I'd think I was in love with two people.

Katie's heard this before. The sun is appearing on the horizon. Katie watches James walk away towards the mouth of the cave, she takes a deep breath.

KATIE

Well, if it doesn't work out with Lara... or you'd rather be with someone who doesn't care how your hair looks...

(beat)

She gives you block, so maybe you're not one of the 9,800. Maybe you're one of the 200. That's not so impossible is it? How about you don't marry her?

There. She's said it. James has stopped in his tracks. He turns to look at her.

KATIE (CONT'D)

How about you hang here with me?

He moves slowly towards her. She shuts her eyes. And he very, very gently kisses her on the forehead. Bottomless, limitless oceans of disappointment.

KATIE (CONT'D)

No. This is where you tell me I'm just one chapter, not a whole book.

A noise behind them. A line of paparazzi are approaching from across the heather.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Go!

James - ashen - climbs down the steps into the cave. Katie watches him disappear, then gathers herself, and turns to face the oncoming press.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Guys! Lara Tyler's not in the Castle.

(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)
 They're getting married now in
 the haunted toilet. It's a local
 tradition! This way.

With tears in her eyes, Katie leads the press away.

146 INT. UAMH-AORAI DH CAVE - SUNRISE

146

James clambers down the rocks with a very heavy heart.
 Lara and Reverend McDonagh look up at him. James goes
 towards Lara, it's awkward.

JAMES
 You OK?

LARA
 Yeah, you?

JAMES
 Yeah.

Water laps round their ankles.

REVEREND MCDONAGH
 If we're going to do this we have
 to be quick.

James and Lara turn towards each other. James runs his
 fingers through his hair anxiously.

JAMES
 I don't really like big cat
 documentaries.

LARA
 That's okay.

She takes his hand in hers.

REVEREND MCDONAGH
 Do you, James Neil Aubrey, take
 Lara Elizabeth Tyler...

147 INT. HAUNTED TOILET. CONTINUOUS

147

Steve and Emma burst open the door to the toilet. With
 trepidation, they enter.

STEVE
 Lara? James?

A low sound pulls them up short - a kind of ghostly moo -
 probably just the wind. Outside the door, Iseabail smiles
 to herself.

But then Katie appears over the hill coming towards her, leading the world's press, Pied Piper style.

Iseabail sees the tears streaming down Katie's face and her heart breaks for her.

ISEBAIL

Oh Katie...

DISSOLVE:

148 EXT. BAILE MOR - MORNING AFTER 148

Seagulls cry. The island is strewn with rubbish. A reporter does one last broadcast.

ENGLISH TV REPORTER

From the Tyler/Aubrey point of view it was the perfect celebrity wedding. Over five hundred journalists and photographers on one tiny island...

149 INT. UAMH-AORAI DH CAVE - DAY 149

The cave is full of water. On the cave floor: seaweed and ten pound notes sway with the waves.

ENGLISH TV REPORTER V/O

...But not one of them managed to photograph the couple or even confirm that a wedding ever took place.

150 EXT. BAILE MOR - MORNING AFTER 150

Charley and various Paparazzi walk past in the back of the TV Reporter's shot, very grumpy indeed.

ENGLISH TV REPORTER.

It seems in the war of celebrity against the media, the celebrities are winning.

CAPTION: SOME MONTHS LATER

151 INT. KODAK THEATRE, LOS ANGELES - EVENING 151

C/U Lara Tyler's face. Perfectly made up now. Divine, smiling, Hollywood.

LARA

Thank you. Thank you.

The A-Z of emotions in two seconds: elation, fear, joy, gratitude, guilt. She looks as if she could collapse into tears but instead, at the last second, she becomes calm and dazzling.

LARA (CONT'D)
Thank you so much.

Pull out to reveal that she is standing at a podium, clutching an Oscar.

LARA (CONT'D)
Members of the Academy, and all those who made *Gold Run* possible. James. Matt. Bob. Steve. Zeck. Thank you.

Celebrities applaud.

LARA (CONT'D)
But I want to dedicate this award to an exceptional and brave wheelchair user who was an inspiration, not just for the performance that you have so kindly rewarded this evening, but for my life. Truly. I want to read you this... These are her words as I remember them. Words from a journey we took together last summer.

Lara unfolds a piece of paper and reads.

LARA (CONT'D)
"I'm not *confined* to a wheelchair - I'm *freed* by a wheelchair. I've got snow tyres! I can go anywhere. I'm not a victim and neither are you! You travel the world, earning more money than Julie Walters!"

Massive laughter from the assembled throng.

LARA (CONT'D)
I think she meant Julia Roberts. "So you can't pop out for milk in your pyjamas anymore. That's not a prison. Live the life you've been given and love living it because it's gone before you know it."

Letters appear under her: LARA TYLER, ACADEMY AWARD WINNER, BEST ACTRESS.

LARA (CONT'D)
 I heard she just recently...
 passed away. And... I didn't get
 a chance to say goodbye...
 (glancing upwards)
 Good advice about the wheel
 brakes, Scottish Mom. Catch ya
 later.

Applause.

OSCAR VOICE OVER
 And let's enjoy once again a clip
 of that sensational comeback
 performance in the hit movie *Gold
 Run...*

Roll clip of Lara:

152 EXT. PARALYMPIC GAMES - DAY 152

A shot of Lara in a wheelchair winning Paralympic gold. She slams on her wheel-breaks for an impressive stop. Close on her face as she surveys the applauding fans. A tear slips down her cheek.

153 INT. SUNSHINE B&B - DAY 153

Click. A tanned Katie turns off the TV. The Sunshine B&B has been emptied. Iseabail's stair-lift remains.

154 INT. KATIE'S BEDROOM - LATER 154

Katie's bedroom has been packed up too. Katie puts some last bits in a suitcase - a handful of photographs. She flips through them. She and Iseabail in front of the Eiffel Tower, Sydney Opera House, the Taj Mahal, with Incas, on safari and at the foot of Mount Vesuvius.

Katie smiles and puts them in her suitcase.

155 EXT. KITCHEN, SUNSHINE B&B - DAY 155

Katie leaves the Sunshine B&B, which is now boarded up. A garish sign outside announces "SOLD" and the imminent arrival of a new hotel.

156 EXT. BAILE MOR - DAY 156

Baile Mor is transformed. Hegg is obviously a tourist hot spot these days. A smart ferry terminal has been erected and a sign gives a list of regular ferry times to Barra.

Through a smart glass window we can see hikers being served enormous slices of cake in "Cafe Lara".

With her luggage, Katie stands behind the seawall looking out at the roaring ocean. Then she approaches McValue's, which is also different. It's now "Tyler's Treats". In the window: posters, DVDs and cut-outs for *Gold Run*.

157 INT. TYLER'S TREATS - CONTINUOUS

157

Old stock has been replaced with cuddly whales, Lara Tyler DVDs and rows of Katie's *Hegg: An Island History, Second Edition*, which is now professionally published. A Japanese TOURIST picks up a copy of *The Ornithologist's Wife*. Katie enters.

JAPANESE TOURIST

Is this the novelization of the film?

JAPANESE CHILD

(looking at the guidebook)

No, Pop. The book came first. This guidebook says it's rubbish. His second book is better apparently. More... mature. And, look, only one chapter.

The child picks out a slim hardback copy of James' second novel. It is incredibly short, but appears to have already won quite a few prizes. It is called *A Simple Song*. William enters from the backroom.

WILLIAM

Katie! Strupak? Or a proper drink?

They head behind the counter.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

You're really off again?

William gets out a bottle of whisky, pours.

KATIE

Going to have a go at travel writing. I won't forget who gave me my big break.

He hands her a huge glass of whisky. Katie glances at a life-size cut out of Lara in *Gold Run*, looks away.

WILLIAM

Well it's not the same without you, Katie. Never was. We miss you. I miss you.

(MORE)

WILLIAM (cont'd)
 (beat)
 I almost wish you'd never written
 that damn guidebook.

His eyes are full of love and she sees it. But William
 checks himself. Realistic. Stoic.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
 The thing is, you never feel old.
 (beat)
 To your future.

KATIE
 And yours.

They put down their glasses. An end of it.

WILLIAM
 I'll see you off.

158 EXT. FERRY DECK - DAY

158

Katie stands on the top deck of the brand new ferry, "The
 Ornithologist's Wife". She stands next to Hamish the
 captain, looking back at the dark angular shape of Hegg
 diminishing to nothing on the blue line of the horizon.

A much better-dressed Mrs Grainie is nearby with Aileen
 selling a tray of souvenirs to the tourists - dolls, cakes,
 books.

MRS GRAINIE
 (to Katie)
 You'll be back. Your dad was a
 traveller but your mam was a stay-
 at-home.

KATIE
 I don't think she was, deep down.

MRS GRAINIE
 I'll warrant you're a bit o'
 both.

Suddenly there's a problem. The ferry coming the other
 way, "The Wolf and the Moon", is approaching them too
 close, and Hamish has to pull hard on the wheel to avert a
 collision.

HAMISH
 Will he not give me more space
 than that! Give him a job, he
 thinks he's the Laird of Barra.

The ferries miss each other by a whisker. Hamish yells at
 the other captain, who turns out to be Angus.

HAMISH (CONT'D)
 You've the whole Minch and you're
 coming straight at me!

Angus is stood behind the wheel with a heavily pregnant Muireen. He has his arm round her; they look happy. Katie smiles.

And she's suddenly face to face with James Aubrey on the other ship's deck.

JAMES
 Hello!

KATIE
 Hello. Hi!

JAMES
 Hi. You're not great drivers in
 these parts are you?

And they're passing each other. They start jogging along the decks to keep parallel. Ripple of excitement among the tourists - yells of 'It's Him, it's Him'.

KATIE
 Long time no see.

JAMES
 I was hoping for our first
 meeting to be a little more
 casual.

KATIE
 You're going to Hegg.

JAMES
 Yes. I did try and get your
 attention with conventional
 weapons - phones, email, and so
 on but...

KATIE
 I've been away!

JAMES
 And you're leaving again!
 You've left! Did you read my
 book?

KATIE
 Yes.

JAMES
So why didn't you get in touch?

KATIE

What?!

And now they're at the furthest reaches of each boat and the ferries have passed and they're looking out at each other across the lengthening arrowhead wakes the boats leave behind them.

JAMES

Didn't you see the dedication?

KATIE

It's dedicated to Lara!!

JAMES

No it's not!

She can see him talking but can't hear, can't believe they're being separated at this point, desperately needs to know more. Everyone on both ferries is listening in.

She rushes towards Mrs Grainie's stall and people pass a copy of James' new book, *A Simple Song*, along the deck to her. She turns to the dedication page. Mrs Grainie has done the same.

MRS GRAINIE

'To my wife. A chapter can be a book.' What does he mean it's not dedicated to Lara?

AILEEN

What does he mean a chapter can be a book?

KATIE

I don't know.
(but realizing)
I don't know!

The engines of the ferry suddenly cut out. Hamish is talking on the radio. In the distance we see James animatedly talking to Angus. Angus is shaking his head. Muireen clouts him. And suddenly both ferries are turning.

ANGUS

(through the radio)
He's not married.

HAMISH

HE'S NOT MARRIED!

KATIE

He didn't get married?

Aerial shot of the ferries pulling side to side. Excited tourists on both boats recognize James. James and Katie can almost reach out and touch each other.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Given the circumstances that's *much* too oblique! 'To toilet girl' I might've got. Or, you know... 'To Katie'.

JAMES

At the time I had to be a little bit cryptic. Early drafts of that dedication were a lot more obtuse. Did you like the book?

KATIE

I loved it.

JAMES

They say write what you know.

KATIE

The Hegg Book Club gave it a nine. Are you Irwin?

JAMES

Similar in all the most important ways. And you know what?

KATIE.

What?

JAMES

You remind me a *lot* of Elsie.

From Katie's face we can see that this is an enormous compliment. The crew have set up a gangplank between the two ferries and James and Katie are making their way along it. They meet in the middle and...

JAMES (CONT'D)

Your guidebook was rather too good by the way.

KATIE

You read it? How embarrassing. I was quite rude about you in the Second Edition.

JAMES

I can't think of anyone I'd rather be insulted by.

KATIE

So? You're coming back to Hegg because?

JAMES

Oh, I'm on a sheep stealing raid.

James gestures at his fellow passengers.

JAMES (CONT'D)

We all are. I was thinking perhaps I might grab myself a woman at the same time. But it's predominantly a sheep snatching thing....

And James leans in to kiss her. Confusion from the passengers, then applause. Mrs Grainie and Aileen are running along the side of the ferry stopping people taking photos.

MRS GRAINIE & AILEEN

Put your cameras away please. No flash photography. It's a private moment! What kind of a parasite are you? Leave them be!

They pass each other, very concerned.

MRS GRAINIE

This mustn't get out!

AILEEN

No-one must know!

MRS GRAINIE

Everything we've worked for!
Gone in a moment!

Katie and James are too wrapped up in each other to notice.

JAMES

Shall I come with you or will you come with me?

She doesn't know. Nor does he. So he kisses her again. She runs her hands through his hair, ruffles it up.

And that's where we leave them: standing in the middle of a gangplank in the middle of the Hebridean Sea.

159

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

159

Lara exits a Beverly Hills hotel, head down, sunglasses on in a blaze of flashbulbs and security. Emma makes a path for her through a thicket of microphones and opens the door of the limousine.

TV REPORTER

(to camera)

No one will comment on the claims
that the Tyler-Aubrey marriage
has broken down or on the
sensational rumours that their
wedding never even took place.
Lara Tyler is believed to be in
this exact building behind me -

As Lara is about to get into the car she pauses, lifts up
her sunglasses, poses briefly, even smiles before
disappearing inside. The car immediately pulls away.

A couple of blocks down. A motorbike drives out from an
underground garage after the limo, tails it for a bit then
draws alongside the passenger seat. The rider is dressed in
black leather and he has a camera. It is Marco Ballani.

160

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

160

Lara and Marco's eyes meet through the back window. She
smiles a not altogether pure smile. He winks. He lifts
his camera. Lara looks away, leans forward.

LARA

(to the chauffeur)

Let's lose him for a bit.

And the car races over red lights and down an alley. Marco
speeds up after it, short-cuts round a block, catches up.

Road-movie music as the camera twists up into the sky
leaving the sexiest car chase of all time swerving and
turning round the streets of an ever smaller Los Angeles.

THE END