

The Decoy Bride

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HanWay
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24 Hanway Street, London W1T 1UH
Telephone +44(0)20 7290 0750 Fax +44(0)20 7290 0751
Email info@hanwayfilms.com Website www.hanwayfilms.com

NOT TO BE DUPLICATED

The Decoy Bride

Director:	Sheree Folkson	Ugly Betty (TV) Casanova (TV) The Young Person's Guide to Becoming a Rock Star (TV)
Producers:	Robert Bernstein & Douglas Rae	Wuthering Heights Nowhere Boy Brideshead Revisited Becoming Jane Mrs. Brown
Cast:	David Tennant Kelly McDonald	BBC's Doctor Who (TV) No Country for Old Men Finding Neverland Gosford Park Trainspotting

The Decoy Bride

All Superstar Lara wants is to marry her cute Brit writer, James, on a secret Scottish island; but with ambitious paparazzo Marco right on their tail the high maintenance diva is going to need a 'decoy bride.'

The solution is heartbroken local girl Katie, who Lara thinks is the ideal replacement to be dressed in white and head down the aisle.

However, this might now be the one and only Hollywood wedding where the bride and groom really fall in love ...

THE DECOY BRIDE

by
Sally Phillips and Neil Jaworski

April 2010

Ecosse Films
Brigade House
8 Parsons Green
London
SW6 4TN

+ 44 207 371 0290

TITLES OVER:

Blackness. A man's breathing. Suddenly, a slice of light.

1 INT. OUT OF THE WAY CHURCH - NIGHT 1

POV through a crack. TWO SECURITY GUARDS with flashlights do their rounds. The crack widens, there's a creak. One guard turns and looks straight at the camera.

The crack closes to almost nothing. A faint sweep of torchlight half illuminates a hiding place, a man's knees, a bottle of Fanta, crisps, and is gone. Heavier breathing.

SECURITY GUARD OOV
Location secured.

The crack opens again. The security guards exit, locking the door behind them with multiple locks.

CAPTION: FIVE DAYS LATER

2 EXT. GRAND HOTEL - DAY 2

A HOTEL DOORMAN is standing in front of a top hotel. He's sweating, looks nervous. A wall of noise around him.

His POV - we see the WORLD'S PRESS and hundreds of FANS are staring at him, held back by barriers.

All waiting for something to happen.

3 INT. "STARS TODAY" OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 3

British tabloid editor, CHARLEY MONK (40's), stares at these images on CNN. On his desk a mocked-up cover of 'Stars Today' magazine screams "WEDDING OF THE CENTURY!". There's a BLACK BOX where a photo should go.

CHARLEY
She's not in there, I can feel it.

CHLOE
The world's press and the bride's
mother say she is.

On TV a scream from the crowd as a cream Mercedes draws up.

4 EXT. GRAND HOTEL - DAY - CONTINUOUS 4

Through the hotel's revolving doors, a BRIDE in an opaque veil emerges. She runs down the steps to the Mercedes which drives through the crowd, pursued by Paparazzi on scooters.

5 INT. 'STARS TODAY' OFFICE 5

Everybody bursts into life.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLEY
I over-estimated her.

He turns from the screen. Chloe's still transfixed. He watches as the blood drains from her face. He turns back.

AN IDENTICAL SECOND BRIDE - this one dressed in Midnight Blue, appears on the hotel steps. Then a THIRD BRIDE, followed by a FOURTH - all in different colours.

As one, they all run down the stairs into waiting Mercedes, like a mad bridal rainbow. Confusion from the press and fans, paparazzi going in all directions.

INT. "STARS TODAY" OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Charley looks, impressed, at the Mercedes driving off in different directions.

CHLOE
I don't think they want us to know
which car the real bride's in.
(off Charley's glare)
Sorry, did someone say that
already?

CHARLEY
Where's Marco Ballani? Which car
is Marco Ballani following?

CHLOE
We haven't heard from Marco for a
week. We think he's gone skiing.

CHARLEY
(incredulous)
What?! I'll have him shot and eaten
by cockneys.

INT. GRAND HOTEL - DAY

A celebrity manager, STEVE KORBITZ (American, 40s), enters a room full of communications equipment. Inside is his assistant, EMMA JONES (American, 30's).

STEVE
The skies are full of brides, the
streets are full of brides. The
press don't know which way is up.
I'm a genius. And still no sign of
Marco Ballani?

EMMA
No. We think he's gone skiing.

7 CONTINUED:

STEVE
Great. Then the decoys should do
it.

8 INT. GRAND HOTEL - DAY

8

In a luxurious hotel room, footage of the madness on TV.

ANCHOR V/O
...Lara Tyler, the world's highest
paid movie star, repeated yesterday
that she will release no
photographs of her wedding to the
media. And as you can see, she is
going to *extraordinary lengths* to
keep them, us, away.

A picture of a startled man, JAMES AUBREY, eating a cream
cake flashes up on screen.

ANCHOR V/O (CONT'D)
Tyler's engagement to James Aubrey,
the English author of little-known
novel *The Orthithologist's Wife*
surprised many Hollywood watchers.

A remote control mutes the TV. It is in the hand of James
Aubrey (30s, handsome, bookish). He's in a morning suit,
reading his wedding speech, which is covered in scribble. A
SECURITY GUARD sits on a chair looking at him blankly.

JAMES
(rehearsing)
I know what you're all thinking:
why would anyone on earth want to
marry... Lara Tyler?

He glances at the guard, hoping for a laugh. Nothing.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(tries again)
I'm playing with you. Of course,
it's obvious. We all know that my
new wife is incredibly,
phenomenally... tidy.

He locks eyes with the guard. No reaction.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(not giving up)
And clean.

Tumbleweed. He slashes the lines from the speech, beginning
to panic. The moment is broken by a knock on the door.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE OOV

Time to go.

Terror in James' eyes. He stuffs the speech into a pocket. The security guard stands up. He's huge.

SECURITY GUARD

You're one lucky, lucky guy

JAMES

I know.

INT. OUT-OF-THE-WAY-CHURCH - DAY

Viewfinder shot. Extreme close up of James' face. It pulls back, focuses, and we see James, now button-holed and waiting anxiously in front of several full pews. He pulls his speech out of his pocket, scribbles something.

Then a single CHOIRBOY starts to sing, high and beautiful. The viewfinder zooms and focuses on the doors of the chapel as they open. We have our first view of LARA TYLER (30s) - perfect, luminous, nervous, stunning. A quiet CLICK.

Cut out to the chapel. James turns to see his bride and wells up. Lara smiles at him and walks down the aisle.

Viewfinder shot as she comes. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. Lara reaches James - CLICK - she senses something, turns her head and stares straight down the barrel of the lens.

James looks on, confused, as Lara walks straight past him and up to the organ.

JAMES

Hullo?

Inside the organ we see a perfect image of bride and groom displayed on a digital camera screen. The display flashes "AUTO TRANSMIT". Then the side of the organ is pulled off. Blinding light.

INT. OUT OF THE WAY CHURCH - DAY

Marco Ballani (Italian, 40s, craggily attractive) is squashed inside, sporting five-day stubble. A ripple of concern from the congregation.

LARA

You!

Lara lunges at the camera around his neck and drags him bodily from the cavity. Fanta bottles fall out with him and spill on the floor. His legs crumple, he has cramp.

MARCO
(to Lara, cool as hell)
I am the Wedding Photographer.
(to the congregation)
Can I have the tall people at the
back, please?

He whips the camera round, it's pointing at Lara.

LARA
Take one more photo, I shall have
your arms surgically removed and
inserted in your anus.

MARCO
That would certainly be an invasion
of privacy.

James strides up to Marco.

JAMES
Give me that camera.
(to security)
Get him out of here and let's all
calm down and start again.

But Lara is looking down. The content of the bottles -
yellow and frothy - is spilling out across the steps, pooling
at her feet, soaking the train of her dress.

LARA
How long have you been in there?
(an awful truth)
This is not Fanta!
(to Marco)
OHHH! *I am going to kill you.*

She's deadly serious. Marco runs down the aisle pursued by
Lara, who has now grabbed a giant, antique candle-stick.
Security come after, then Steve. Then, reluctantly, James.

11 INT. "STARS TODAY" OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

11

Despondent atmosphere. Blank monitors. Suddenly a volley of
stills flash up on the monitors:- Lara and James looking at
each other, Lara suspicious, Lara furious.

CHARLEY
Marco Ballani! You golden, Roman
God!

12 EXT. A QUIET SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

12

Marco bursts through the doors and out into the square,
closely followed by Lara - she's incandescent, beautiful and
heading towards him, swinging the candlestick.

LARA

Have you no soul? You're ruining my life!

MARCO

I ruin plenty of lives. You're nothing special.

LARA

You... Abscess! I will annihilate you.

MARCO

Why? I do you a favour. Your boyfriend is very unremarkable.

James emerges in time to hear this. Marco leaps onto a waiting scooter and drives to safety 50 yards away. Lara raises the candlestick impotently over her head.

LARA

When I do get married you won't even know what CONTINENT I'm on!

Marco disappears on the scooter, laughing loudly.

INT. CHURCH FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Lara sits on a pile of hymn books, shoulders slumped.

JAMES

Everyone's still there. We can still get married. You could wear something else.

(re the stains)

We could get that out.

(no we can't)

We can get it dry cleaned in an hour. We can cut it out. It'll still be a beautiful dress... it'll just be shorter.

LARA

(snappy)

You wear it then...

(then, with sadness)

I just wanted one moment in our lives which was normal and for us.

JAMES

I know.

LARA
(close to tears)
I will not be defeated by that
disease of a man. We're going to
have to disappear completely.

James gently strokes Lara's hair.

JAMES
(kindly, with humour)
Maybe we should book a venue in
Outer Space. Or the Lost Underwater
Kingdom of Atlantis.

LARA
(teary laugh)
Both are terrible for hair.

EMMA
(to Steve, sotto voce)
Outer Space? I don't think you can,
yet.

LARA
(an idea forming)
We need somewhere crazy-remote.
New species of *frog* remote.

She stares out at the sky, thinking.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. SEA - DAY 14

Aerial shot of a small launch heading towards a tiny island.

OPENING TITLES END WITH: THE DECOY BRIDE

15 EXT. SMALL LAUNCH. DECK - DAY 15

The boat is rusting and dilapidated. On its deck a few
weather-beaten passengers brave the cold and spray and look
out to the far horizon where a tiny island is just visible.

One passenger holds a copy of STARS TODAY which flaps angrily
in the wind as if alive. The headline is WEDDING OF THE
DECADE CANCELLED and underneath there's Marco's photo of a
feral, candle-wielding Lara.

The wind whips the paper away and blows it along the deck,
where it catches on the legs of a young woman, stood apart
from the other passengers, alone by the rail, looking out.

This is KATIE NIC AODH, early 30's, intelligent, pretty,
usually quite sparky; but not so today. She takes off an
engagement ring and throws it into the sea.

16 EXT. HEGG - LATER 16

Katie drags a suitcase along a single road on the tiny island. Great brooms of rain sweep the grass. 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.

17 INT. SUNSHINE B&B, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 17

ISEABAIL NIC AODH (50's, wheelchair user) is sat in a flowery dress, mostly obscured by oilskins. She has a wrapped casserole on her lap.

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 her mother; takes in her outfit.

KATIE
You're going somewhere?

ISEABAIL
Yes. Maybe you'd rather not come.

18 EXT. HEGG, RAINSWEPT HILL - CONTINUOUS 18

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

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 didn't really bother me. Being dumped by text while I was trying on the wedding dress bothered me more. I am like Kryptonite to men. Kryptonite dipped in cellulite.

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)

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

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

On hooks - a line of dripping wet-weather gear. MRS GRAINIE (70's, face like an unwashed porridge pot) and AILEEN (even older) hold 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.

Katie ignores the remark and takes off her oilskins, which 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.

19 CONTINUED:

MRS GRAINIE

Quick!

20 INT. CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

20

Mrs Grainie shoves Katie into a leaky, drafty chapel.

The organ strikes up "Here comes the bride". Katie freezes. The small congregation turn to look at her. She has tied the blanket round herself and looks like a drowned cat.

KATIE

(mortified)

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

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

The bride, MUIREEN (40), enters with her father.

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 venerable REVEREND MCDONAGH waits to conduct the service.

REVEREND MCDONAGH

Welcome all to the wedding of Angus
and Muireen. I know that some of
you have travelled far.

Reverend McDonagh twinkles at Katie.

21 INT. HEGG VILLAGE HALL - DAY

21

Angus and Muireen's wedding reception. This is a Penny Wedding, i.e. everyone has brought their own food. Katie is sitting at the back, on a table with Iseabail, Aileen, a young child, CALLUM, and ROAN, an ancient fisherman.

AILEEN

(to Katie)

There's always the Oban tinker.
He'll be visiting come September.
He's keen to marry on account of
his leg.

CALLUM

I'll marry you, Katie. 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. Roan rests a hand on her knee.

ROAN

(hopefully)

My wife is very sick.

LATER:

Everyone dances to a Scottish harp, bagpipe and scratchy fiddle. Katie is dancing awkwardly with Callum whilst the island elders look on balefully.

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.

The music stops. Callum wanders off, leaving Katie alone.

Katie exits the hall, takes a hit of cool evening air. Angus is outside alone, smoking. He offers her a cigarette.

KATIE

Congratulations, Angus. No thanks.

ANGUS

(bitter)

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

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.

INT. HEGG VILLAGE HALL - A LITTLE LATER

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

KATIE

Hallo Laird.

Katie takes the whisky, smiles, pleased to see him. William
smiles back at her.

KATIE (CONT'D)

I might need my old job back.

WILLIAM

What happened to your fancy
Edinburgh job? Trousers-dot-com,
wasn't it?

KATIE

(lying)

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

WILLIAM

(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. Hegg's the easiest place on
earth to stay single. There's no
single men left. Except me, of
course. And I'm far too old for
you.

He's hoping she will contradict him. She doesn't.

23 CONTINUED:

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Will you dance?

She will.

24 EXT. SUNSHINE B&B - EARLY MORNING. 24

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

25 INT. B&B, STAIRS - EARLY MORNING 25

Katie and Iseabail go downstairs, Iseabail in a stairlift.
Wallpaper is peeling due to 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.

26 INT. B&B, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 26

A long line of medicine bottles are 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 said, but Katie has heard it before.

ISEABAIL (CONT'D)
I don't want to die here. I want to
see the world, overdose on
Daiquiris and be thrown into a
volcano. But you can't do that on
state benefits.

KATIE
(overly casual)
William said I can have my job
back, if I want.

ISEABAIL

(horrified)

Don't you get stuck here too.
Please. 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.

27

EXT. HEGG, BAILE MOR - DAY

27

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'.

28

INT. MCVALUES - LATER

28

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 to here! Don't be mad.
Come see our disused toilet that
may or may not be haunted by the
ghost of a drowned cow.

WILLIAM

You see, we need to channel this
raw, creative energy. Else you're
liable to get restless and go
wandering off again.

KATIE

Nobody's going to buy a guidebook
to Hegg. Unless it's cheaper than
our toilet paper.

He hands her a fax. Katie reads it.

KATIE (CONT'D)

(astonished)

A marketing conference? Here?

Mrs Grainie and Aileen bustle in.

MRS GRAINIE

The tide has turned!

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 my Castle, just as
it is, for a week.

KATIE

Crikey. Good luck to them.

WILLIAM

This is a beautiful island, Katie.
If you know where to look. And you
do. Let's impress them. The guide
book 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

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

WILLIAM

No. I remember.

AILEEN

There'll be money in this lot too.

MRS GRAINIE

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 and her
Laird rescue their 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'.

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 tiny, rusting car ferry is docking in the harbour. Katie double-takes. Its deck has room for only one car. The car is A SHINING MERCEDES WITH BLACKED OUT WINDOWS.

Katie walks past a derelict, crumbling castle.

KATIE V/O

The island's once-fine castle has, like its owner, the Laird of Hegg, now fallen on hard times.

31 EXT. SUNSHINE B&B - DAY 31

Katie arrives home at the B&B.

KATIE V/O

Since the retreat of the Vikings,
Hegg has not been a popular stop on
the tourist trail and is indeed
only accessible by boat.

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 remain a hardy
and resourceful people.

32 INT. SUNSHINE B&B, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 32

Katie comes in. Above the kettle is a poster for the LORD OF
THE BAGPIPES TOUR, 1975. The Lord in question 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.

The Mercedes with blacked-out windows draws up outside.

33 EXT. SUNSHINE B&B - CONTINUOUS 33

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, Hegg's
only B&B. We have rooms available.

AMERICAN VOICE

I'm looking for the Castle.
(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.

INT. BACK OF TRAVELLING MERCEDES - DAY

The Mercedes drives across the island.

EXT. CASTLE MOY - LATER

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)

Do you like it?

STEVE

(feigning composure)

It's spectacular.

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.

INT. CASTLE MOY - DAY

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

"The gilt work glistened proudly;
time had in no way diminished the
splendours of this Castle..."
We're dead. Lara's expecting to
walk straight into his stupid book!

Steve hurls the book hard at a wall.

EMMA.

This, all of this, is outside of
your control. Lara will know that.
She is a reasonable woman.

Is she? A moment of despair, then Steve snaps into life.

STEVE

Get me an office, a landline,
steeplejacks, welders, twenty
thousand pounds in cash, 50,000
litres of water, the construction
crew from *Harry Potter*... and a
cappuccino.

Katie has been writing in her notepad. She and Mrs Grainie
watch a shining truck marked "Pinewood Film Studios" drive
carefully off the weather-beaten ferry and drive at speed
towards the castle.

MRS GRAINIE

What *is* marketing exactly?

Iseabail is sitting on her sofa reading a celebrity magazine,
flicking through the photographs of the Tyler/Aubrey wedding
debacle. In one of the photos there is a clear picture of
Steve Korbitz, the man Iseabail saw in the Mercedes. There
is a caption - "Lara Tyler with her wedding planner, Steve
Korbitz". Iseabail reacts as if shot.

ISEABAIL

Curiouser and curiouser.

A bachelor pad, on the top floor of a building in Vatican
City. Street lamps illuminate the walls which are covered in
photos of celebrities. In style they are somewhere between
Robert Doisneau and *Heat* magazine. Lara features prominently.

Through a half-open bedroom door, we hear the sounds of sex,
loud, operatic. The phone rings. Marco appears in a flash,
pulling on a crumpled shirt. The scene plays in Italian.

MARCO

Pronto?

He listens for a bit and then hangs up. He pulls on a pair
of trousers.

A semi-naked woman appears in the bedroom doorway. On the wall behind her is a beautiful photo of Lara. He ignores her. Starts to dress, phone pressed to his ear.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I have to go. Lara Tyler has booked out a boutique hotel in Fiji. She's getting married.

MONICA

So you're going to Fiji?

MARCO

Of course not. Fiji is the one place we can now eliminate.

Marco grabs a phone and speed dials as he pulls on some trousers. He flicks through internet screens.

MARCO (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Giovanna, those credit cards you track for me..? Any unusual activity on the six accounts belonging to Steve Korbitz. K-O-R-B-I-T-Z.

He waits. The woman leans over his cooker, lights a cigarette from the hob, eyes him with mistrust.

MARCO (CONT'D)

So he's been using cash? One transaction is better than nothing. What did he buy?

(into phone, astonished)

Stuffed puffins?? Where from?

He scribbles a number on his arm, hangs up, turns to Monica.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Thank you. Let yourself out.

MONICA

You are an iguana. You are incapable of love.

He walks to a cupboard, picks up a packed suitcase and a case of camera equipment, and opens the front door.

MARCO

Love is a chemical illusion. I'm sorry. I am not boyfriend material.

He exits, shutting the door behind him.

40 EXT. SUNSHINE B&B - DAY 40

Rain. Katie, leaving the B&B with a tape recorder, sees a smart private boat sailing towards Hegg, not headed for the harbour but a deserted cove.

41 EXT. HEGG - DESERTED COVE - SAILING BOAT - DAY 41

James and Lara are on the deck of the boat. Behind them are members of Lara's entourage - including two beauticians (Anais-Anais and Suzelle), a Personal Trainer, and a Hollywood Minister.

James takes in the stunning view.

JAMES

This is beautiful. I've no idea where we are but it's perfect.

LARA

"The sea turns and shakes its manacles of salt at the sharp rocks on which too many waves have died."

JAMES

(doesn't like this)
Ooh. Who's that?

LARA

It's you. Chapter forty-nine of my favourite book, 'The Ornithologist's Wife'.

JAMES

I think I was drunk when I wrote that. Why did you learn that bit?

LARA

I fell in love with you when I read that book. My husband is going to be one of the great writers of the twenty-first century.

JAMES

(to himself)
No pressure.
(to Lara)
So where are we exactly?

LARA

You know where we are.

JAMES

(to himself)
Do I?

41 CONTINUED:

He stares again at the shore. No he absolutely doesn't.

42 EXT. HEGG. DAY 42

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

43 EXT. CASTLE MOY - DAY 43

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

44 INT. CASTLE MOY COURTYARD - DAY 44

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

LARA

It's just how you described it in your book!

JAMES

(the penny finally dropping)
We're on Hegg?

STEVE

(dryly)
You don't remember it from your many research trips?

On James, who obviously doesn't.

LARA

I don't know why we didn't think of this before! It's your favourite place in the world.

On James deciding not to tell her right now that it isn't. Lara reads his shock as sadness. She holds him.

LARA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry we couldn't have family. But this is so special, isn't it? It's perfect. And it's just us. Let's go in. I want to see the Hall of a Million Feathers!

James' eyes widen. He look at Steve.

JAMES

Should we?

Steve is smiling but he's cold as steel.

STEVE

Yes, you really should. It's quite something.

45 EXT. SEASCAPE - DAY

45

The vast and churning sea. A small rowing boat bobs precariously on the waves, inching towards Hegg.

46 INT. JAMES' BEDROOM, CASTLE MOY - LATER

46

James shuts the door behind him, leans on it and breathes. He's deeply freaked. He surveys his suite. There's a desk with an old typewriter on it and a brick of a book. This is THE ORNITHOLOGIST'S WIFE.

The rest of the room looks absurd - Edinburgh Castle meets the Brazilian rainforest. Stuffed birds hang from the ceiling. On a dressing table stands a short round suit of armour. He lifts the visor, a stuffed owl looks out at him. He shudders, shuts the visor, turns. Steve is suddenly there.

STEVE

(bitterly)

The Hall of a Million Feathers.
We had forty master craftsmen
working through the night. One of
them was eighty.

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.

(beat)

I need to get some air.

James opens the copy of *The Ornithologist's Wife* to check that there's a map, shuts it and heads out the door.

STEVE

Only seven people in the world know
we're here. If anyone asks, you're
at a marketing conference. Keep
your head down. And wear a hat.

47 INT. HEGG'S MOST BARREN COVE - DAY 47

Sea-birds scream and cry. Marco pulls a small rowing boat onto the shore. He lays a Louis Vuitton case on the rocks and opens it. On it lies a plastic pack: 'Deluxe Monk/Wizard Costume with Authentic Belt Cord'. Next to it is a computer print out with details of Hegg's only hotel, The Sunshine B&B

48 EXT. HEGG CLIFF PATH - CONTINUOUS 48

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.

49 INT. VICTORIAN TOILET - MOMENTS LATER 49

It's an over-the-top, clover-shaped display of urinals and one cubicle. Katie 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. 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAMES (CONT'D)

(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 her chin.

KATIE

Sorry, the Laird of the island 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.

49 CONTINUED: (2)

He fumbles the book into the hat and shakes.

JAMES
I'm... J-J-John...
(oh shit)
John... Johnson. 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*.

50 EXT. HEGG - LATER

50

Katie and James walk back towards the Castle.

JAMES
(sceptical)
You haven't read it. No-one's read
it. Not all the way through.

KATIE
This is the only book ever written
about Hegg. There's nothing to do
here but farm and fish. Everyone
who can read, has read it. The Hegg
Book Club gave it four out of ten.

JAMES
Four out of *ten*?

KATIE
We thought it picks up around page
600.

JAMES
I think the architecture of the
book was probably quite deliberate.
Wow, the Hegg Book Club are a tough
crowd.

KATIE
Oh and the 'love story' I
didn't buy that at all. It was just
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

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

(blushing furiously)

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. Katie turns, disgusted with herself and blushing furiously.

51 INT. SUNSHINE B&B - DAY

51

Iseabail is on the computer, very excited, googling Lara and Steve. The doorbell goes. This never happens.

CUT TO:

Marco is at the door, dressed in his Monk's costume, it's not a very convincing outfit.

ISEABAIL

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

MARCO

(shrugs)
That's okay.

ISEABAIL

(as though to an idiot)
But no free accommodation here. I believe in God so-so 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 very un-monkish wedge of cash.

52 INT. SUNSHINE B&B SITTING ROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

52

Marco is alone. He scans the modest B&B, takes in the computer screen with the pictures of Steve and Lara. His eyes narrow. Iseabail enters with a cup of tea. He stands up, moves away from the computer. Both have suddenly recognized each other as an adversary.

MARCO

Blessings.

And he takes the tea. Iseabail looks at him more closely and his designer luggage. She eyes his camera case.

MARCO (CONT'D)

(off her look)
It's a hobby. I hope to capture one of your very rare birds on film.

ISEABAIL

We don't really have birds. We have hedgehogs.

MARCO
(shrugs)
Boh. I'm here now.

They eyeball each other. The front door opens. Katie enters, kicks off her boots. She is flushed and mortified.

KATIE
I have just made the most
unbelievable twat of myself.

ISEABAIL
We've got a guest.

On Katie's surprise and embarrassment.

Katie is washing-up, Iseabail drying.

ISEABAIL
(re Marco)
I don't trust this monk.

KATIE
(seriously)
People say they monkey around.

Iseabail doesn't laugh.

ISEABAIL
I think he's a journalist.

KATIE
Why?

Katie's suddenly, genuinely worried about Iseabail's mind.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Are you taking your pills properly?

Suddenly, a loud BANG from the other room.

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
The computer has gone on fire.

On Iseabail, livid and suspicious.

55 INT. CASTLE MOY, JAMES' BEDROOM - EVENING 55

Close up. Paper in a type-writer. We read the words

"Chapter One. Jackson Kandinsky awoke from hot dreams of lost things and..."

James' fingers hover over the keys. He has not the least idea how to continue. He eventually types

"...adjusted his testicular implant."

He sweeps the paper out of the machine, crumples it and throws it into the bin.

56 INT. SUNSHINE B&B - EVENING 56

Katie, too is bent over a type-writer. Her fingers fly over the keys. She types *THE END*, pulls the paper from the machine, lays it on a pile beside her. In the silence, a vanquished thought returns.

KATIE
(despairing)
I'm a whole lot hotter than I look.

She's burning with shame, lowers her head onto the keyboard.

57 INT. CASTLE MOY, JAMES' BEDROOM - EVENING 57

James is lying face-down on the bed in frustration. There's a knock on the door on the other side of the room.

JAMES
Yes?

There's no answer. James goes over to the door, opens it to reveal a candle-lit corridor. James follows the candles.

58 EXT. CASTLE MOY, TURRET - EVENING 58

The candles lead James up a spiral staircase. He opens a door to the night sky. He's on a turret. Candles everywhere. Lara is waiting for him. She's made-up, dressed-up, she's breathtaking in this flickering light. He's overwhelmed.

JAMES
Are you sure - it's so terribly,
terribly unlucky to make love the
night before the wedding?

LARA
(not serious)
I hate it when you beg for sex.

JAMES

You are... staggeringly beautiful.
(apologetic)
Can I be the one person who is
allowed to say that?

LARA

You can be the one person who
doesn't have to say that.

She kisses him, pulls away, he's reeling, longing for more.

LARA (CONT'D)

Starve me of yourself, turn me
concave with caverns of
longingness.

JAMES

(despairing)
Oh God, did I write that?
'Longingness', that's not even a
word!

LARA

(embarrassed)
No, that was just me, saying what I
was thinking.

JAMES

Oh I see. I'm sorry.

Lara pours glasses of champagne.

LARA

James. I'm going to retire. This
life, it's too much. I feel like
an animal. It's brought me to the
edge. I want to have a home. I
want a marriage. I want to be
normal. With you. I want to make
little cakes and curtains.

JAMES

Will little cakes and curtains be
enough?

LARA

(playful)
...I can upholster things. I could
breed spaniels and learn to fly.

JAMES

You can do anything you want.

James puts his arms round her. They look up at the stars.

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

She leans her head on his shoulder.

59 EXT. HEGG - SUNRISE

59

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

60 EXT. CASTLE MOY - SUNRISE

60

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?

She sprints off ahead of him, like a gazelle.

61 INT. SUNSHINE B&B - EARLY MORNING

61

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, dials a number.

ISEABAIL (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Is that the Caledonian Press
Agency? It's an *exclusive*... Oh you
want it. But it's going to cost
you.

63 EXT. HEGG - LATER

63

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 cowed figure moves around the chapel. He turns and his face is visible. It is MARCO.

On Lara - vertigo, utter devastation, disorientation. Her legs go, the colour drains from her face - this is her worst nightmare, timesed by a million - a primal urge to flee.

She drops the binoculars and runs away at speed.

The Personal Trainer reaches the summit, there's no sign of Lara. He picks up the binoculars and spots Marco. Panning round, he can see no sign of Lara at all.

Steve, surrounded by the entourage, glares at the sheepish Personal Trainer. He is considering having a panic attack.

STEVE

When you say 'kind of like missing'?

PERSONAL TRAINER

Oh, she's totally gone.

STEVE

So she saw him. Did he see her?

PERSONAL TRAINER

Don't know. He's disguised as a wizard, a brown wizard. He's in a tree, by a little church?

STEVE

(head in hands)

How does he do this?

EMMA

He is *amazing*.

Steve shoots a glare. Emma looks at her shoes, humbled. Steve paces, working himself towards an idea.

STEVE

Ok, he's in a tree. He wants a picture of the happy couple, let's give him one. We go through with the wedding *exactly as planned* but with a stand-in. Ballani, convinced he is at the real wedding takes his photo and leaves. We locate Lara, return to the chapel and go again. But this time for real.

EMMA

It's brilliant. I'll tell James.

STEVE
(snaps)
You will tell that Googling leech
nothing. If he finds out Lara is
missing he'll go looking for her.
And the last thing we need is that
m-

James pokes his head round the door, half dressed in morning
suit. Everyone freezes.

JAMES
Anais-Anais, I'm going to do my own
hair this time because I know what
I want.

ANAIIS-ANAIIS
Fine.

JAMES
(sensing tension)
Everything alright?

ALL
Yay. Good luck!!! Away, away.

He leaves.

EMMA
But if James doesn't know, how will
he do it?

STEVE
(a beat)
He has to think it's for real.

They take this in. A collective intake of breath.

STEVE (CONT'D)
We need a decoy bride.
(eyeing each of them up)
None of you are right. Too tall,
too fat, too black.
(thinks)
Who was that awful girl?

65 EXT. MCVALUE'S - DAY 65

A Mercedes stands outside McValue's.

66 INT. MCVALUE'S - DAY 66

Steve is seated opposite Katie flanked by beauticians Suzelle
and Anais-Anais, who are setting up futuristic-looking beauty
equipment. Katie is photocopying multiple copies of her newly
completed book 'Hegg: An Island History'.

KATIE

But I don't look anything like Lara Tyler.

STEVE

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

ANAIIS-ANAIIS & SUZELLE

Hi.

STEVE

(sweetly)

But we all think you're full of potential.

KATIE

No. Sorry.

STEVE

Two hundred pounds.

KATIE

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

STEVE

Five hundred pounds.

(beat)

It's not a real wedding.

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.

(MORE)

66 CONTINUED: (2)

STEVE (CONT'D)
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 McValue's corset from a dusty shelf.

67 EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

67

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.

68 INT. MCVALUES - DAY

68

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. She does not look unlike Lara Tyler. Steve breaks the moment by pulling an exquisite, thin veil over her face.

They all stare at Katie as Steve motions that she should rotate while they squint at her to see if she passes the acid test. Steve is not entirely happy.

STEVE

Let's just be extra sure.

He rips down some net curtains hanging in the window.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

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. You're a Harvard graduate and your latest thing is quoting Gertrude Stein. At length and from memory.

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?

EXT. HEGG/CHAPEL - DAY

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.

INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

The chapel is decorated for the wedding. 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.

71 CONTINUED:

71

JAMES
Lara? Are you OK?

KATIE
Mmm.

The tanned HOLLYWOOD MINISTER smiles at them both.

HOLLYWOOD MINISTER
Hi.

72 EXT. CHAPEL, UP A TREE - MOMENTS LATER

72

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's first attempt to get married.

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.

Marco lowers the camera in shock, a deep realisation.

73 INT. CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

73

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.

74 EXT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS 74

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

75 INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS 75

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 Gheeoood 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.

75 CONTINUED:

JAMES
Who is this?

KATIE
John Johnson!

JAMES.
(disbelief)
Toilet Girl?!

76 INT. MERCEDES - MOMENTS LATER

76

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 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.

77 INT. CASTLE MOY COURTYARD - DAY

77

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! Do you really think that
Marco Ballani is going to believe
that this toilet attendant is my
wife?

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

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 heads after her.

78 INT. CASTLE MOY GRAND ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS 78

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

Katie turns in wonderment at the transformed castle, taking in hangings, paintings, murals of birds and stars.

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

Steve ignores her.

STEVE
(to James)
This is my job - to protect her
career.

JAMES
Her career? She's retiring!

STEVE
FYI, there's only you and her that
think that.

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

EMMA
Incoming.

James and Steve join her and follow her gaze. A Braveheart charge of JOURNALISTS is heading towards the Castle.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

God help us. How did this happen?
Why is every journalist in the
world on Hegg?

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 journos)
Yikes.

JAMES

(to Steve)
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.

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. A roaring trade.

AILEEN
They're paying it!

MRS GRAINIE
It's like the whale all over again!

80 INT. RECEPTION ROOM, HONEYMOON TURRET - DAY 80

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 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)

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'? You'll understand if I don't speak to you.

He opens a 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 (CONT'D)

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)
(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

And my idea - of a great wedding.
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.

A helicopter can be heard swooping over an ELDERLY WOMAN
standing outside a stone outhouse, holding a tray of cakes.

ELDERLY WOMAN

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

81 CONTINUED:

81

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)
 A pack of journalists just stepped
 off the ferry, wi' more coming over
 the Minch!

82 INT. outhouse - CONTINUOUS

82

ROAN, the elderly man from Angus' wedding, sits on an old-fashioned toilet in the middle of the outhouse.

ROAN
 (muttering)
 And have to look at you, woman?
 Ye've a face like a burst settee!

He 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.

83 INT. CROFT - KITCHEN

83

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.

84 INT. CROFT - BEDROOM

84

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 and scrapes 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, inserts it into her cheek. There's a glass of water by the bed. She pours some into a pot of powder to make a kind of playdough.

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

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
of your unfinished books?

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... 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 Mum.

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

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
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

'Five pairs of brown trousers with elasticated waistbands, thirty pounds while stocks last.' 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

(warily)

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?

(MORE)

85 CONTINUED: (3)

KATIE (CONT'D)
And you're trying to be one so that
you're good enough to be with Lara
Tyler 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.

86 EXT. HEGG'S MOST BARREN COVE - DAY 86

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?

87 INT. CONTROL TURRET - CONTINUOUS 87

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

Emma is scouring the media encampment through binoculars.

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

STEVE
Where *is* she?

88 EXT. CASTLE MOY - DAY 88

The back view of an elderly woman in dowdy Scottish clothes,
complete with headscarf, stood looking up at the impenetrable
Castle Moy. Emma's right - there's no way in. Some
journalists stand beside her, smoking.

Lara, for it is she, is unrecognizable.

LARA
(perfect Scottish)
Would you have a mobile that I
could borrow?

JOURNALIST ONE
No reception. Pay phone in there,
'parently.

Not a flicker of recognition. He points towards a newly
erected marquee outside which an islander is painting the
words 'HEGG MEDIA CENTRE'. Lara blanches, steels herself and
starts to walk towards it.

89 INT. 'MEDIA TENT' - DAY

89

This is the belly of the beast. Lara has walked into her own
private hell. On a stall Katie's *Hegg: An Island History* is
selling like hotcakes.

Lara weaves slowly through the crowd of journalists. Her
image is on every laptop. She's repelled. On her face as
she catches snatches of chat.

JOURNALIST ONE
Fat or thin? Over-weight or under-
weight?

JOURNALIST TWO
Could she be both? Top-heavy
Hollywood star looks gaunt on happy
day?

JOURNALIST ONE
Hollywood star has dress taken out
and in ...

JOURNALIST TWO
Friends fear for Misshapen
Hollywood Star.

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

VOICE OOV
Fifty-six!

Lara takes a ticket - number "Ninety-eight". Suddenly, a
laugh goes up nearby: Iseabail is the centre of attention,
she sits behind a pile of cash.

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

MRS GRAINIE

(darkly to Lara)

Look at her flashing her cash about
like the Sheikh of Oman. As if the
story was hers to sell.

Lara's eyes narrow. Behind her, "Stars Today's" Charley Monk
sweeps in.

CHARLEY

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

Charley stands on his suitcase directly behind Lara and yells
over the hubbub.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

OK, I am *Stars Today* and I am
buying copy for our Lara Tyler
Wedding Special Issue. I am buying
photographs, I am buying eye-
witness accounts, I am buying
hearsay. And whatever it is I'll
raise your current rag by fifty
percent.

Lara turns, eyes him, her enemy.

LARA

Stars Today. Are you a writer?

CHARLEY

(stepping back down)

Oh I'm the King of the Damned.

LARA

(under her breath)

Charley Monk.

JOURNALIST TWO

(dismissive)

Good luck mate. It's a total
washout. Nobody saw anything and
there are no pictures.

CHARLEY

You mean you have no pictures.
Marco Ballani will have pictures.
Marco Ballani will be in the
honeymoon suite as we speak, taking
pictures of the happy couple from
inside the wedding cake!

JOURNALIST THREE

(pointing)

That Marco Ballani?

Charley and Lara snap-turn to a far corner of the tent where a solitary figure is slumped over a table, his back to the throng, a half-empty bottle of Scotch before him. It is indeed Marco. The blood drains from Charley's face.

CHARLEY

But Marco doesn't drink.

He walks over, sits down. Marco is exceedingly drunk.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

(small cracked voice)

Do you have the photo?

Marco says nothing. Charley explodes.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

Answer me!!!

Marco looks up with bloodshot eyes

MARCO

I have nothing.

Charley stomps off, angrily for the bar. As he clears we pull focus to Lara who is standing like a statue behind him, fixed on Marco, murder in her eyes.

She breaks a glass on a table, conceals the jagged edge under her sleeve and moves towards him.

LARA

(in character)

Och. Did ye not get your picture?
She'll probably retire now and
you'll never see her again.

MARCO

(not looking up)

She will never retire. The bright
lights have got too much right now
so she is searching for the dark,
but the dark will rob her of
herself.

This pulls Lara up short. Marco downs a whisky, picks up another, looks up, struggles to focus, stares at her.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Do I know you?

(CONTINUED)

LARA
(iron)
No you do not.

She sees Marco is flipping through photos on his camera.

MARCO
No, I know only her. We are the
same, she and I.

LARA
What?!

MARCO
We are both too intense. We dance
on the precipice and flirt with the
fall.

LARA
She just wants to be normal.

MARCO
She's the shooting star who wants
to be a torch.

Marco is staring at a photo, a bitter-sweet memory.

MARCO (CONT'D)
She lived in her pool for two weeks
before filming *The Drowning*. I
lived above her in her poolhouse
roof.

Lara pales. She sits down next to him and takes the camera
from him, flips forward and back through the memory.

LARA
You didn't sell these?

MARCO
I didn't sell those. They are too
personal.

He takes the camera back. Lara is emotionally wrong-footed.

MARCO (CONT'D)
I have spent the last ten years
ruining her life and now I've lost
her I realize I love her. I am a
cavern of longingness. Is that
good English?

LARA
I think so.

MARCO

She just got married to someone
else. Must I abandon all hope? I
will die without her.

LARA

(quietly)
Don't die.

VOICE OOV

Ninety-eight!

Lara puts the jagged glass down on the table, sighs.

LARA

Do you have change for the phone?

Marco gives her a couple of coins. As she stands, he stands,
a gentleman.

MARCO

Thank you. This has been very
therapeutic.

She crosses to the phone, Marco still standing, in thought.

90 INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

90

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

Hello, I'm sorry but I 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 so sorry...

91 INT. MEDIA VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

91

Marco, still drunk, is exiting the tent, a determined look on
his face.

The 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.

91 CONTINUED:

91

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

92 EXT. CASTLE MOY - CONTINUOUS

92

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 and powerful, directional lights drop over Steve's head. Marco uses the distraction to walk boldly across the darkened 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, Emma giving Steve a discreet thumbs-up. The drawbridge goes up.

93 INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - LATER

93

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's still drunk but sobering fast. 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 not a rat... 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

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.

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.

INT. CASTLE MOY, HONEYMOON SUITE - CONTINUOUS

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.

96 INT. HONEYMOON SUITE TURRET/BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER 96

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, ropes and sandbags. The flats are marked on the back with various HARRY POTTER film titles. Behind the flats are the ruined walls of the real Castle Moy.

JAMES

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

Above their heads Katie and James can see battlements and sky. James unties a rope from a flat which comes crashing down. Katie does the same. There's a ladder. He wraps the rope round his arm and climbs the rungs. Katie follows.

97 EXT. CASTLE MOY BATTLEMENTS - DAY 97

95 James and Katie pull themselves out onto the battlements. 95 They peer over the edge. They are at the back of the Castle, away from the press, but there is no easy way down.

James searches for somewhere to tie the rope and eventually decides on a crenellation. Katie's watching him.

KATIE

You've abseiled before?

JAMES

John Travolta's got a climbing wall.

KATIE

Of course he has.

James gingerly steps onto the parapet holding the rope.

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 would your girlfriend be more of a priority than my sick mother?

Katie starts to tie her rope round a different crenellation. Her acrylic nails are making it difficult.

JAMES

There might be wolves out there.

He's straddling the crenellation, double-checking his knot. He removes his jacket, chucks it to one side.

KATIE

I know there were wolves in your stupid book, but we're on the real Hegg now. Hedgehogs, birds and mice only here. We don't even have bees.

JAMES

Save it for the next edition of your guidebook. If there is one.

Katie's furious. She throws a leg over the side.

KATIE

Race you down, Lancelot.

Katie's never abseiled before. It's hard in a wedding dress and impossible in heels. James easily over-takes her. He gets near the water, kicks off the side of the Castle, lets go of his rope and lands on the other side of the bank. On the crenellations we see Katie's knot is loosening.

KATIE (CONT'D)

It's slipping, the knot's slipping!

Katie suddenly plunges into the moat with a splash and a yelp. The wedding dress is so heavy it is drowning her.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Help!

James is going to leave her but finds he can't.

KATIE (CONT'D)

The dress!

And with that she disappears under the surface. And stays down. James runs his hands through his hair in panic then slips into the moat (cold) and swims towards her.

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.

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.

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, towards the edge of the cliffs.

ISEABAIL

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

LARA.

(American accent)

So. Thanks for getting the word out about my wedding.

ISEABAIL

How did it go?

LARA.

It didn't. Thanks to you. How much did they pay you?

Lara is heading straight to the precipice.

LARA

Every time I eat a burger and fries my mother gets a 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)
Did you hear me?

ISEABAIL
Yes. I'm thinking about it.

On Lara, intrigued.

101 EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER 101

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

102 EXT. HEGG - EVENING 102

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 it happened.

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. Aside from the chattering of teeth.

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.
(MORE)

102 CONTINUED:

JAMES (CONT'D)
And about 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 do you have to be so
competitive?

103 INT. SUNSHINE B&B. LIVING ROOM - DAY 103

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. Maybe you can get out. In
your book, the place where they
kiss? Meet me there. Bring a
priest and the rings.
(suddenly defiant)
I love you. I do love you!

The message ends. Marco thinks a for moment, smiles
deviously, 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, flicking through it.

104 EXT. HEGG CLIFFS - EVENING 104

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.
(MORE)

LARA (CONT'D)
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!

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

LARA (CONT'D)
(heaving the rock)
It won't stop until they get the shot of me, weighing three hundred pounds, dead in the changing rooms of TJ Maxx! I have to retire!

ISEABAIL
(mildly)
Well if retirement turns you into the kind of billionaire who is less likely to tip people off cliffs...

This catches Lara off guard.

ISEABAIL (CONT'D)
But it does seem rather a shame to give up when you're so very good at it. Because there's such a lot of us who aren't good at anything at all. You know, I've seen all your films. And since I got ill you've made my life better.

Lara 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 (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I ruined your wedding.

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 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.

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

(staring into fire)

The choruses in his songs were all the same though.

(beat)

The verses too. I shouldn't have kept pointing that out, apparently. And so he told me I was just a song, not a whole album.

(beat)

I'm finished with relationships.

JAMES

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

KATIE

- get married? 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.

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. James chooses his words with care.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You know I think maybe you were
right about the goodie bags. They
were maybe a bit too much.

Katie breaks the moment.

KATIE

I'll get you some clothes.

Long shot. Lara pushes Iseabail along the cliff, they are in deep conversation. They stop. Iseabail is correcting the map in *The Ornithologist's Wife* for Lara, which she studies.

ISEABAIL

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

LARA

How can I thank you?

ISEABAIL

Embarrass me by sending money.
(with sudden urgency)
I need to get off this island, you
see. And soon. And I need to see
the world and be thrown into a
volcano. It is my destiny.

LARA

Oh my God, I just realised who you
are! You're Maggie, the
Ornithologist's Wife! She's based
on you! Maggie who would not bend,
Maggie who turns on her oppressors.

ISEABAIL

(why not?)

Yes, that's me.

107 CONTINUED:

LARA
You have been such an inspiration
to me.

ISEABAIL
Thanks. So don't forget about that
money.

Lara hugs her and sets off. Iseabail watches for a moment
then wheels herself away.

108 INT. SUNSHINE B&B - UPSTAIRS - EVENING 108

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?

109 INT. SUNSHINE B&B. STAIRS - EVENING 109

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 a bit 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

Lara Tyler made me throw the cash I
got from selling her wedding over
the cliff. 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.

109 CONTINUED: (2)

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've made 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.

110 INT. CASTLE MOY CONTROL TURRET - EVENING 110

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.
(beat)
Who was that awful woman?

111 EXT. HEGG - EVENING 111

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

112 INT. SUNSHINE B&B KITCHEN - EVENING 112

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 another
woman. Of course I like him.

Iseabail looks 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.

113 EXT. HEGG WILDS - EVENING 113

Marco sits on a rock, speed-reading James' novel.

MARCO
Where do these stupid people kiss?

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 it.

114 EXT. HEGG CAMPFIRE - EVENING 114

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 who is now walking around 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. Lara Tyler has finally gone mad and so we need the photo that marks the end of her illustrious career. 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. It's all over for Lara Tyler.

A bristling of cameras.

115

EXT. HEGG'S BOGGY INTERIOR - EVENING

115

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.

116

INT. ANCIENT CROFTER'S HOUSE - EVENING

116

We are in the smallest, simplest, poorest house in the Hebrides. It has only one room - there is no fridge, no cooker, 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, obviously expecting an autograph.

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)
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.

117 EXT. HEGG'S BOGGY INTERIOR - EVENING 117

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.

118 EXT. ANCIENT CROFTER'S HOUSE - EVENING 118

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.

119 INT. ANCIENT CROFTER'S HOUSE - EVENING 119

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.

KATIE

(thrilled)

Really?

JAMES

We need to get divorced.

KATIE

(disappointed)

Yes. Yes. Of course.

(beat)

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

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 wants me to go back later with a dustbuster.

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.

SECOND PAPARAZZO

Nah, it's this map, it's all wrong.

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

FIRST PAPARAZZO OOV

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 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 paparazzi 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 miniature room.

120 CONTINUED: (3)

JAMES (CONT'D)
Ah, the life we could have had.

Katie opens the door.

KATIE
Come on.

121 EXT. SUNSHINE B&B - EVENING 121

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.

122 EXT. HEGG INTERIOR - DUSK 122

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 just Hegg. You should
see Barra, it's stunning.

JAMES
I like this one, it's beautiful. I
wish I'd come sooner.

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 you'd spent a summer on a cattle farm? Isn't this 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

(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 and read.

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.

Katie and James walk up a path that leads to a high rock
facing westwards out to sea. They pause, standing close,

Katie watches the sun sink down into the Atlantic. James
watches Katie watching this, beautiful in the amber glow.

She turns to look at him. A beat, then James moves away,
breaking the moment, pointing out the path.

Katie looks at him for a moment, nods, and they move off.

By the light of a torch, Marco is still scan-reading *The
Ornithologist's Wife*. He gets to the bit where two people
kiss and starts to look more animated. He closes the book
and throws it away.

MARCO

Total dogshit.

(beat)

So... where is this cave?

Marco flicks open a map.

125 EXT. CLIFFTOPS - SUNSET 125

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.

126 EXT. REVEREND MCDONAGH'S HOUSE - NIGHT 126

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

127 INT. REVEREND MCDONAGH'S HOUSE - NIGHT 127

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
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 might not be the strongest 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.

128 INT. UAMH-AORAI DH CAVE - NIGHT

128

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.

129 INT. REVEREND MCDONAGH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

129

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. 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.

130 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT 130

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

131 INT. REVEREND MCDONAGH'S CAR - NIGHT 131

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.

132 EXT. CLIFFTOP - NIGHT 132

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

133 INT. REVEREND MCDONAGH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 133

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.

134 EXT. UAMH-AORAIDH CAVE - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE 134

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 realizes 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 the cave, staying in the shadows. But courage fails him. He watches as Lara ties her hair back with a piece of seaweed. A wave washes over his feet.

135 EXT. CLIFF TOP - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE 135

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.

136 INT. UAMH-AORAIDH CAVE - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE 136

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.

LARA (CONT'D)

How did you find me this time?

MARCO

I always find you. I am very persistent.

LARA

I noticed. It's quite impressive.

MARCO

I had prepared something to say to you but I think you may have heard most of it already. Of course you gave a very convincing performance.

(beat)

You want to retire? Maybe we can retire together?

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.

137

EXT. CLIFFTOP - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

137

James is looking out to sea.

JAMES

She's already 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.

138

INT. UAMH-AORAI DH CAVE - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

138

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

You should go.

MARCO

Really?

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

LARA

(kind, after him)

Perhaps I'll see you around.

Marco turns back. He nods. And then slips away. The priest steps through the crack in the cave roof.

139

EXT. CLIFF TOP - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

139

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

(torn)

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

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

KATIE

James, wait.

James turns to her. Katie tries to find the words.

KATIE VO

If it doesn't work out with Lara...

(beat)

She gives you block. Just think for a minute - maybe you're not one of the 9,800.

(MORE)

139 CONTINUED:

KATIE VO (CONT'D)
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.

KATIE
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. James wants to say something.

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. 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.

140 INT. UAMH-AORAI DH CAVE - SUNRISE

140

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. Confession time.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

JAMES
I don't really like big cat
documentaries.

LARA
That's okay.

She takes his hand in hers. James turns towards Reverend McDonagh who senses the turmoil within him.

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

141 INT. HAUNTED TOILET. CONTINUOUS 141

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, Iseabail smiles to herself.

But then Katie appears over the hill coming towards her, leading the world's press. Iseabail sees the tears streaming down Katie's face and her heart breaks for her.

ISEBAIL
Oh Katie...

DISSOLVE:

142 EXT. BAILE MOR - MORNING AFTER 142

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...

143 INT. UAMH-AORAI DH CAVE - DAY 143

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.

144 EXT. BAILE MOR - MORNING AFTER

144

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 striking back.

145 INT. KODAK THEATRE, LOS ANGELES - EVENING

145

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 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 *Mary, Queen of Scots*
possible. James. Matt. Bobby. Marc.
Josie. Steve. Zeck. Thank you.

(big applause)

Some of you know that I wasn't
going to act again. And then, one
summer, I met an inspiring woman
and this is what she said to me.

(beat)

"I'm not a victim and neither are
you. You travel the world, earning
more money than Julie Walters!"

(huge laughter from crowd)

I think she meant Julia Roberts.
"So you can't pop out for milk in
your pyjamas anymore. Don't focus
on the ordinary things you can't
do, focus on the extraordinary
things you can do, and most
importantly love the life you've
been given because it's gone before
you know it."

She cries. Letters appear under her: LARA TYLER, ACADEMY
AWARD WINNER, BEST ACTRESS.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

145

LARA (CONT'D)
 Sorry. I heard she just recently...
 passed away. And... I didn't get a
 chance to say goodbye...So
 (glancing upwards)
 Thanks Maggie, and this one's for
 you.

146 INT. SUNSHINE B&B - DAY

146

The Sunshine B&B is now half packed-up. There's applause on the TV. Click. A tanned Katie turns the Oscar coverage off, smiles and shakes her head.

KATIE
 Mental.

147 INT. KATIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

147

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.

148 EXT. KITCHEN, SUNSHINE B&B - DAY

148

Katie leaves the Sunshine B&B, which is now boarded up. A garish sign outside announces "UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT".

149 EXT. BAILE MOR - DAY

149

Baile Mor is largely unchanged, though the island obviously features on the tourist trail these days, as evidenced from the hikers milling around the town.

With her luggage, Katie stands behind the seawall looking out at the roaring ocean.

KATIE V/O
 (clears throat)
 Hegg: An Island History, 2nd
 edition. The island of Hegg is the
 furthestmost drop of the outermost
 spray of the curling wave of the
 Outer Hebrides. It is a place too
 remote even for bees to visit, and
 has, since the retreat of the
 vikings, lived in the shadow of
 more fashionable neighbours. But
 for those who know the island -
 really know it - it is a little
 scrap of perfection jutting out of
 the Hebridean Sea.

She smiles, turns and approaches McValue's. It's now "Tyler's Treats". In the window: posters, DVDs.

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.

Two TOURISTS examine a very slim book as Katie enters.

TOURIST 1

This is James Aubrey's new book.
Much better apparently. More...
mature. And only one chapter.

TOURIST 2

(opens book)

Ah look, he dedicated it to Lara.

Katie, overhearing, smiles sadly. William enters from the backroom.

WILLIAM

Katie! What are you doing back?
Strupak? Or a proper drink?
(sees Katie's bags)
Ah, but you're leaving again, so
soon?

William gets out a bottle of whisky, pours.

KATIE

Yes, this travel writing's just too
much fun. But I won't forget who
gave me my big break.

William hands her a huge glass of whisky. Katie glances at a life-size cut out of Lara Tyler.

WILLIAM

Well it's not the same without you,
Katie. Never was. We miss you. I
miss you.
(beat)
I should have known that bloody
guidebook would take off! Idiot!

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.

150 CONTINUED:

KATIE

And yours.

They put down their glasses. An end of it.

WILLIAM

I'll see you off.

151 EXT. SMALL LAUNCH DECK - DAY

151

Katie stands on the top deck of the launch we first saw her on. It has been given a lick of paint and renamed "The Ornithologist's Wife". She stands next to Roan 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 sat nearby with Aileen. The tourists from the cafe are next to them. Tourist Two has opened *A Simple Song* and has already started to read it.

AILEEN

It's my first time off the island!
We're going to a folk festival.

MRS GRAINIE

(to Katie)

Off again? You'll be back. Your
dad was a traveller but your mam
was a stay-at-home.

KATIE

I don't know that she was, deep
down.

Suddenly there's a problem. There's another launch coming the other way and it's too close. Roan has to pull hard on the wheel to avert a collision.

ROAN

Will he not give me more space than
that! Give him a job, he thinks
he's the Laird of Barra.

The boats miss each other by a whisker. Roan yells at the other captain, who turns out to be Angus.

ROAN (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. Suddenly Katie's face to face with James Aubrey on the other ship's deck.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Hello!

KATIE

Hello. Hi!

JAMES

Hi. You're not great drivers in
these parts are you?

And they're passing each other. They move along the decks to
keep parallel. Ripple of excitement among the few passengers

MRS GRAINIE

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

ntional weapons - phones, email,
and so on.

KATIE

I've been away!

JAMES

And you're leaving again!
Did you not read my new book?

KATIE

No, not so much.

The boats have passed each other. The distance between them
increases and they have to shout.

JAMES

Did you not see the dedication?

KATIE

It's dedicated to Lara!!

JAMES

No it's not!

Katie can see him shouting 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.

Mrs Grainie grabs the copy of *A Simple Song* from the tourist. She turns to the dedication page, reads it out.

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 launch suddenly cut out. Roan is talking on the radio. Suddenly both boats are turning.

ANGUS

(through the radio)
He's not married.

ROAN

HE'S NOT MARRIED!

KATIE

He's not married?!

Aerial shot of the tiny boats pulling side to side. James and Katie can almost reach out and touch each other.

JAMES

(beat)
So you didn't read my book? That's a bit harsh.

KATIE

I... couldn't really bring myself to read it.
(beat)
But I hear The Hegg Book Club gave it seven and a half.

JAMES

Seven and a half? That's pretty generous for the Hegg Book Club.
(beat)
Well I hope you'll read it one day, because there's a character in it that kind of reminds me a lot of you.

MRS GRAINIE

(to Aileen)

Oh my! She must be Elsie!

AILEEN

(disbelief)

What, Katie?!

From Mrs Grainie's face we can see that this is an enormous compliment. A change of tone.

JAMES

It's a book about a man. A really stupid man who makes a... really bad decision. And how he loses somebody amazing from his life and... how he comes to realise that he cannot continue in his life... without her.

(beat)

They say write about what you know.

Katie swallows. James throws a rope to Katie. She catches it. They pull on it, pull each other closer, until the boats gently bump together.

JAMES (CONT'D)

So naturally it's set against the backdrop of the Spanish Civil War. By the way, I read your guidebook.

KATIE

Really? How embarrassing.

(becoming emotional)

I've been quite rude about you in the Revised Edition.

JAMES

I can't think of anyone I'd rather be insulted by. I liked that line ??? It reminded me of ???

KATIE

And you're coming back to Hegg now 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....

151 CONTINUED: (4)

151

And James pulls the boats together at last. He leans over the railings to kiss her.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Shall I come with you or will you
come with me?

She doesn't know. Nor does he. So he kisses her again.

And that's where we leave them: bent together over the railings, each in their own tiny boat, in the middle of the Hebridean Sea.

152 EXT. SWISH HOTEL, LOS ANGELES - DAY

152

TV REPORTER

(to camera)

No one will comment on the claims
that the Tyler-Aubrey marriage has
broken down. All we know for
certain is Lara Tyler is believed
to be in this exact building behind
me.

Lara suddenly exits the hotel, head up, sunglasses on in a blaze of flashbulbs and security. Emma and Steve make a path for her through a thicket of microphones and open the door of the limousine.

But 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.

153 INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

153

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