

ALTOGETHER ELSEWHERE

BY DAVID SELZER

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INSERT:

LIVERPOOL, MAY 1961

CUT TO:

EXT. FALKNER STREET, LIVERPOOL, UK - DAY

The street is cobbled. The house is a three storey Victorian terrace with three steps straight from the pavement to the front door. The house is a little dilapidated. On the windowsill of the ground floor front room is a plaster statue of the Virgin Mary facing into the room. We see ANNIE (8) standing in bright sun on a wooden basement cover. She is smiling excitedly. A record player has been brought out onto the top step. Her younger brother, BRIAN (4) sits cross-legged on the pavement looking up at her. Her mother, ROSE PHILLIPS (27), is holding a Kodak Instamatic. She is heavily made-up and wearing a smart, white overall on which is pinned a badge saying 'ROSE PHILLIPS - BEAUTY ASSISTANT - LEWIS'S. Annie and Rose are looking intently down the street.

BRIAN PHILLIPS

(sing song)

I can see yer knickers!

Annie giggles but keeps on looking. Rose turns quickly to Brian.

ROSE PHILLIPS

Cut that out now, our Brian.

Rose turns to look back down the street.

ROSE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Annie! Here's yer Da!

We see a merchant seaman, JACK PHILLIPS (29), turning the corner, his duffle bag over one shoulder. Annie's mother runs up the steps, puts the pick-up on the record and runs back down.

ROSE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Ready? Steady?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Go man, go!

We hear Bill Haley's 'Rock Around the Clock'. We see Annie jive with much enthusiasm and some style. Jack Phillips stops, waves and smiles proudly. Her mother takes a photo of Annie.

CUT TO:

INSERT

We see a still, colour photograph of Annie dancing enthusiastically.

CUT TO:

INSERT

TITLE: DAYTONA, 1961

CUT TO:

EXT. PROMENADE, DAYTONA, FLORIDA, USA - DAY

We see DWIGHT (8) standing on a promenade. He is dressed like a marine. He is wearing a nylon Davy Crockett hat. He is looking out to sea. Brown pelicans rise leisurely into the air. Behind Dwight, DWIGHT'S FATHER (38), dressed as a real marine is looking into the viewfinder of an expensive camera. DWIGHT'S MOTHER (28), standing beside the father, looks at Dwight anxiously. Behind them is a diner. The door opens and an almost Norman Rockwell look-a-like family of four comes out. We hear Bill Haley's 'See You Later, Alligator'.

DWIGHT'S FATHER

Face the camera, Goddam you!

Dwight turns round reluctantly and looks at his mother.

DWIGHT

Mom? I want to pee!

DWIGHT'S FATHER

Ten-shun, mister!

CUT TO:

INSERT

We see a still, colour photograph of an unsmiling Dwight in his Davy Crockett hat.

CUT TO:

INSERT

TITLE: LIVERPOOL, SEPTEMBER 1964

CUT TO:

EXT. FALKNER STREET, LIVERPOOL - DAY

We see Annie(11), in a new school uniform and with a leather satchel on her back, come out of the front door of the house, followed by her mother and Brian.

ROSE PHILLIPS

Good luck, love.

She kisses Annie on her cheek. Brian looks on admiringly.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Thanks, Ma. I'm really looking forward to it.

(to Brian)

Your turn next, our kid.

She walks down the street and turns to wave at the corner - and is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNT PLEASANT, LIVERPOOL - DAY

We see Annie walking down to the gates of NOTRE DAME ROMAN CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Behind is the partly built Catholic Cathedral.

CUT TO:

INSERT

TITLE: WEST VIRGINIA, SEPTEMBER
1964

CUT TO:

EXT. ULYSSES S. GRANT, MILITARY SCHOOL, WEST VIRGINIA, USA
-DAY

It is raining. We see a troop of eleven year olds in
military uniform marching to the call of a SERGEANT. Some,
including Dwight, are ever so slightly out of step.

SERGEANT

Left!

(a beat)

Left!

(a beat)

I had a good home and I left.

We see a close up of Dwight's face. It is inscrutable.
Raindrops drip from his nose.

CUT TO:

INSERT

TITLE: LIVERPOOL, APRIL 1972

CUT TO:

EXT. LIVERPOOL COLLEGE OF ART, LIVERPOOL - DAY

We see Annie (18), dressed as a punk, enjoying a spliff -
with much abandon and laughter - on the main steps with two
punk friends. The steps are crowded. We hear the buzz of
excited conversation and traffic noise. We see the Catholic
Cathedral in one direction, and the Anglican in the other.

CUT TO:

INT. EMPIRE THEATRE, LIVERPOOL - NIGHT

We see Annie and friends (including her brother, Brian) at
a Sex Pistols' concert: dancing in the aisle to, and
savouring the lyrics of, their 'God Save The Queen'. We

hear the second verse: God Save The Queen/She Ain't No Human Being/There Is No Future/In England's Dreaming.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVERPOOL COLLEGE OF ART, DARK ROOM - RED ELECTRIC LIGHT

We see Annie developing a film.

FADE TO:

INT. LIVERPOOL COLLEGE OF ART, DARK ROOM - RED ELECTRIC LIGHT

Annie holds the reel of negatives up to the light.

FADE TO:

INT. LIVERPOOL COLLEGE OF ART, DARK ROOM - RED ELECTRIC LIGHT

Annie begins to print up a contact sheet.

FADE TO:

INT. LIVERPOOL COLLEGE OF ART, DARK ROOM - WHITE LIGHT

Annie examines the columns of images on the complete contact sheet. She's pleased with what she sees.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIVERPOOL COLLEGE OF ART, LIVERPOOL (DAY)

We see Annie and a MALE STUDENT come down the main steps. At the bottom, they kiss and fondle. Annie breaks from his embrace.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

I've got to go. I'll meet you in the pub later.

MALE STUDENT

Mummy calls!

ANNIE PHILLIPS

D'you want to see me later?

(off his reaction)

Well then, I'll look forward to
you buying me drinks from the
allowance your mummy gives you.
Git!

He laughs. They part. The male student sets off up Hope Street towards the Catholic Cathedral and Annie crosses the road to go up Falkner Street toward the family home. He turns to wave but Annie has gone.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PHILLIPS' FAMILY HOME, HALLWAY, FALKNER STREET,
LIVERPOOL (DAY)

We see Annie coming through the front door.

ROSE PHILLIPS (O.C.)

Our Brian, how could you!

CUT TO:

INT, THE PHILLIPS' FAMILY HOME, BACK ROOM, FALKNER STREET,
LIVERPOOL (DAY)

Annie hurries into the back room. Brian (14) is sitting hunched, in his school uniform. Rose (37) in her Lewis' uniform and, as before, heavily made up, is almost standing over him. As Annie enters, Brian looks up to her entreatingly. Rose turns angrily.

ROSE PHILLIPS

He's been expelled!

ANNIE PHILLIPS

(to Brian)

Why?

ROSE PHILLIPS

Because he sang 'God Save the
Queen' in assembly.

(off Annie's reaction)

That version you took him to at
The Empire.

Annie laughs. Brian grins.

ROSE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)
That's right, laugh. You wouldn't
have dared if his Da'd still been
with us. You look like a freak.

Brian rushes from the room.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
I could've gone to art college
anywhere but here. I stayed
because of you and Brian.

Rose looks distraught.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)
Oh, Ma!

She crosses quickly to her mother and hugs her.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)
Cos I love you both!

Her mother stares past her.

ROSE PHILLIPS
If only we could have buried him.

Brian winks.

CUT TO:

INSERT: B&W CONTACT SHEET

We see - through the magnifier- the b&w photographs Annie has taken. We look briefly at each on the contact sheet moving across the lines and down the columns. The first half dozen are shots of her two friends modelling punk fashions. The background to all the poses is St. James' Cemetery, Liverpool. The remainder show working class people, poorly dressed, in ones, couples, families moving through Liverpool landscapes of urban deprivation: slums

partially demolished, houses boarded up, domestic detritus strewn, a mound of old bricks, treeless council estates.

CUT TO:

INSERT

TITLE: KHE SANH, VIETNAM, APRIL
1972

EXT. EARTH BUNKER, KHE SANH, SOUTH VIETNAM - DAY

We see Dwight (18) and another private soldier, REUBEN WASHINGTON, who is black, in an earth bunker. The name labels on their combat jackets read 'PFC D. Winterset' and 'PFC R. Washington' respectively. Dwight is reading a paperback copy of Mario Puzo's 'The Godfather'. They are both in disarrayed combat uniform but sprawled on the ground. Their helmets and M16s appear to have been abandoned. On the ground is a torn copy of 'The Stars and Stripes' with a photograph of President Richard Nixon on the cover. Someone has given him a Groucho Marx moustache and cigar. We can hear the thump of artillery and see the earth wall of the bunker shake. The bunker is full of litter: their half eaten rations, coke cans, crumpled cigarette packs etc. They are sharing a spliff. There is a particularly loud thump. Dwight looks up from his book. His face is expressionless. He is quietly spoken.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

Fuck the Cong! Fuck America.

His companion giggles. He puts a cassette in a Panasonic cassette player. He stares unsteadily at Dwight and presses the start button.

REUBEN WASHINGTON

Now hear this, man. 'The Star
Spangled Banner' like you never
knew it.

The bunker fills with the sound of the Jimi Hendrix number. We hear: 'Oh, say can you see/By the dawn's early light/What so proudly we hail'd/At the twilight's last gleaming?' Both are lost to the music and drug. We hear faintly the whine of an artillery shell. The explosion blacks out the screen.

CUT TO:

INSERT:

TITLE: ATHENS, JULY 1980

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS, GREECE (DAY)

In the middle distance, we see Annie (27) in charge of a fashion shoot on the steps of the Parthenon. (All that remains of her punk days is just a hint in her hairstyle, including lights). We see her pose a model and give instructions to the lighting technician. We hear the click of the camera as she takes a number of shots.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Turn your head to look over the city. That way.

Annie's accent is still noticeably Liverpool but softened. We hear the click of the camera as she takes more shots. We see a crowd behind a barricade, Dwight (27) amongst them.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOUR BUS STOP, ATHENS, GREECE (DAY)

We see Annie waiting at the back of a queue, next to a coach. She has luggage with her. At the head of the queue is a sign reading 'Classical Tour Bus'. The queue begins to board the coach and we see a woman in her forties, MRS LOUKAKIS, the tour guide, tick people off. Dwight hurriedly joins the queue. He is a little overweight and out of breath. His luggage consists of a khaki hold all.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

(to Annie)

Pardon me? Is this the queue for the Classical Tour?

She notes his accent and turns.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

It sure is -

She obviously had intended to say something else ironic, but sees something in his expression.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

That's right.

CUT TO:

INT. TOUR BUS, GREECE (DAY)

We see Annie and Dwight sitting alone in separate seats. Amongst the other passengers, we see ROGER MANDEVILLE (31) and CAROLINE ROBSON (30).

MRS. LOUKAKIS (O.S.)

(over the intercom)

Welcome to the Classical Tour. My name is Mrs. Loukakis. I am a government licensed guide. Our first stop in the antiquity, is the hilltop stronghold of Mycenae. We will remain one hour. Remember, I have seen the antiquity many times. For most of you, this will be your only chance. Please, no lateness.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE LION GATE, MYCENAE, GREECE (DAY)

Mrs. Loukakis is addressing the tourists. It is obviously very hot. As Mrs. Loukakis speaks, we are able to see something of the ruins, the hilltop on which they are set and the valley beyond.

MRS. LOUKAKIS

Some say that Agamemnon is buried here. He fought in the Trojan War but, sailing home, was becalmed having offended the gods. You will know that it is said that Agamemnon sacrificed his own daughter to appease the gods - and that his wife, Clytemnestra, slew

him in his bath because of it.
Please, now, wander carefully
among the ruins of the empire of
Mycenae.

We see the tourists wander slowly through the Lion Gate and
fan out over site - all except Dwight, who squats down in
the shadow of the gate.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST TOUR HOTEL: RECEPTION, GREECE (DAY)

Queuing at reception, Annie is in front of Dwight. They
have their passports ready. Dwight is flapping his shirt,
obviously enjoying the air conditioning.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
(to himself)
Pfff! Man!

She turns to smile and notices his passport open at the
page with personal details. She holds her passport up, open
at the same page.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Snap!
(off his reaction)
Same birthdate - same day, same
year.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
Wow! Small world.
(a beat)
And I saw you on the Acropolis
photographing those models.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Oh, right.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
But you're not taking any photos
of the ruins. I mean - I'm not
saying -

ANNIE PHILLIPS

A busman's holiday.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

Say again?

Annie laughs.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

I only take photos either when I'm
earning a living - like fashion
shoots - or making a documentary.
What do you do -

MRS. LOUKAKIS

Attention, please. When you have
completed the registration, you
will eat the buffet lunch. Please
be on the coach punctually.

Annie and Dwight have not been listening to Mrs. Loukakis.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

I'm a Vet.
(off her reaction)
You know -

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Ah.

CUT TO:

EXT. THEATRE, EPIDAUROS, GREECE (DAY)

Annie is standing on the acting area. Various tourists,
including Dwight (who is on the bottom tier), Roger
Mandeville and Caroline Robson (at the top) are distributed
among the semi-circle of tiered, stone seating. Annie tries
out the famed acoustics.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Is this the face that launched a
thousand ships/And burnt the
topless towers of Ilium?.

But louder than she meant. Various reactions from her
fellow tourists: including slight puzzlement from Dwight

and appreciation from Roger and Caroline. Roger even claps briefly. Caroline smiles. Though a little embarrassed, Annie notices how good looking Roger is. She crosses to Dwight and sits next to him.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

That took cahones.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Just being a wooden top.

(off his reaction)

Dumb.

He nods. She appraises him.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Were you in Vietnam?

DWIGHT WINTERSET

Yeh, how -

She shrugs gently. He smiles ruefully.

DWIGHT WINTERSET (CONT'D)

Sure.

He taps his head with a knuckle.

DWIGHT WINTERSET (CONT'D)

Steel plate. My skull's wired together like one of those urns in the museum.

A pause.

DWIGHT WINTERSET (CONT'D)

I use my pension to travel Europe.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Like Ulysses.

(a beat)

D'you never make it home?

DWIGHT WINTERSET

I send postcards.

(a beat)

Jeez. This is the country to screw
up with your Mom and dad.

Annie laughs. He joins in.

DWIGHT WINTERSET (CONT'D)
Hey. I send postcards to everybody
I meet. May I have your address?

He produces a small notebook and stubby pencil from his
shirt pocket and hands them to Annie, who takes them.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Where do people write to you?

DWIGHT WINTERSET
I tell them in the postcard.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST TOUR HOTEL: RESTAURANT, GREECE (NIGHT)

Annie enters alone. A waiter approaches. Dwight, eating
alone, has attracted her attention.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
(to the waiter)
Thanks. I'll join, er, him.

She sits at Dwight's table. He holds up a bottle of red
wine.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
Would you like some wine? It's
French.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Please.

She proffers her glass.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
I've only just ordered. A steak.
Rare.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Of course!
(off his reaction)
Nothing.

Annie looks at the menu. A waiter arrives.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)
I'll have the Greek salad.

The waiter leaves. Dwight raises his glass.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
Chin, chin.
(off her reaction)
That's 'cheers' in Italian.
(off her reaction)
Well, that's what they say instead
of cheers.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Have you been to Italy?

DWIGHT WINTERSET
Rome. The Colisseum. The Forum.
And Pompeii. All the ruins. You?

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Venice.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
A fashion shoot?

ANNIE PHILLIPS
No. I went with a guy I knew. I
had photographs in an exhibition
there.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
Documentary photos?

She nods, pleased he has remembered and understood.

DWIGHT WINTERSET (CONT'D)
What were they of?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Part of a study I'd been working
on since I was a student. Poor
people in Liverpool slums - no
inside toilets, no proper heating
- moved to treeless council
estates -

(off his reaction)
project housing - harsh, black and
white photographs of
(miming quotation marks)
'affluent' Britain. INSTANT
COMMUNITIES it's called.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
You're angry. You a commie?
(off her reaction)
Hell, I've no problem if you are.
Chin, chin.

He raise his glass. She laughs, raising her glass.

DWIGHT WINTERSET (CONT'D)
It's the Mafia scares me.

He is looking into his glass. She looks at him. A beat. He
looks up.

DWIGHT WINTERSET (CONT'D)
You're so focussed.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Well, I am a photographer, y'know!

DWIGHT WINTERSET
No, seriously.
(a beat)
The fashion photos to keep you
alive and the real photos that you
want to take. What did your
parents want you to be?

ANNIE PHILLIPS
What I am.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
Wow.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST TOUR HOTEL: BAR, GREECE (NIGHT)

Dwight is very drunk. Annie a little. They are drinking Metaxa. They are sitting apart on a sofa.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
How d'yer know, Annie?

ANNIE PHILLIPS
What, Dwight?

DWIGHT WINTERSET
'Bout, Nam, Annie?

ANNIE PHILLIPS
You seem - a little - lost - at
times! Is that why you travel so
much?

Dwight drunkenly taps his nose with his index finger.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
(sotto voce)
Cosa Nostra.

He leans forward and beckons her closer. She moves closer, amused.

DWIGHT WINTERSET (CONT'D)
Daren't go home.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Are you -

DWIGHT WINTERSET
Drugs.

Annie nods, slightly drunk.

DWIGHT WINTERSET (CONT'D)
Yeh.
(sotto voce)
Organised Crime is destroying
America with substance abuse. I

exposed them at my high school
graduation reunion in 1973.

(a beat)

KGB.

Annie begins to sober up quickly. Is he drunk or nuts or both? Dwight falls sideways onto the sofa. Annie walks very carefully to the bar. The BARMAN is expecting her. Annie points in the general direction of Dwight.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Would you -

BARMAN

Of course, madam.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Efharisto, kyrie. Kale nichta.

She exits, a little unsteady. The barman is impressed, lustful and contemptuous.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRST TOUR HOTEL: ANNIE'S BEDROOM (NIGHT)

DWIGHT WINTERSET (O.S.)

Annie! Annie Phillips!

I love you, Annie Phillips.

Annie sits bolt upright in her bed in her darkened bedroom. She is naked. He begins to sing.

DWIGHT WINTERSET (CONT'D)

Pretty woman walking down the
street

Pretty woman the kind I'd like to
meet -

She gets up quickly, crosses to the window and peeps through the curtain. Dwight is below her window - also naked.

DWIGHT WINTERSET (CONT'D)

Pretty woman I don't believe you,
you're not the truth

no one could look as good as you
(Mercy).

Roger Mandeville, in pyjama shorts, carrying a bathrobe, followed by the barman and Mrs. Loukakis, in a dressing gown, approaches.

ROGER MANDEVILLE
Time for bed, I think.

Dwight turns.

ROGER MANDEVILLE (CONT'D)
Police and so on.

He holds up the bathrobe. Dwight looks up at Annie's window.

MRS. LOUKAKIS
Mr. Winterset.

Dwight tries to focus on her. Roger signals her politely to leave it to him.

ROGER MANDEVILLE
Dwight - it is, Dwight, isn't it?

Dwight turns to Roger, who is still holding up the bathrobe.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
Only the lonely know the way I
feel tonight/Only the lonely know
this feeling ain't right.

As he sings, he puts on the bathrobe and allows himself to be led away by Roger and the barman. Mrs. Loukakis disappears huffily into the night.

DWIGHT WINTERSET (CONT'D)
There goes my baby/There goes my
heart/They've gone forever/So far
apart.

A pause.

DWIGHT WINTERSET (CONT'D)
(shouting distantly)
Fuck America! Fuck the NVA!

Annie closes the chink in her curtains.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOUR BUS, GREECE (DAY)

The tourists are on the bus, except for Dwight. Annie is sitting alone. Mrs. Loukakis is standing at the entrance to the bus, looking at her watch. Dwight comes lumbering across the car park, dragging his khaki hold all.

CUT TO:

INT. TOUR BUS, GREECE (DAY)

We can see but not hear Mrs. Loukakis remonstrate with Dwight. He boards the bus (Mrs. Loukakis following) and, avoiding all eye contact, especially with Annie, he makes his way awkwardly, the hold-all knocking against people's knees, to the back.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
Sorry. Sorry. Sorry.

We see the various reactions of his fellow passengers, including Annie looking out of the window and Roger nodding at him encouragingly.

MRS. LOUKAKIS (O.S.)
(over the loudspeaker)
So much for lateness.
(a beat)

Our next stop is Olympia - home of the games - and the gold statue of Zeus, one of the seven wonders of the antiquity, a master work by the sculptor, Pheidias. The statue is no more.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLYMPIA: CAR PARK, GREECE (DAY)

We see the tour party leave the bus - except for Dwight. He has remained in his seat, his head bowed in sleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLYMPIA: SITE, GREECE, (DAY)

The party is gathered in a group round Mrs. Loukakis before the ruins of the Temple of Zeus.

MRS. LOUKAKIS

Every four years, the sacred
Olympian flame is re-kindled in
the sacred grove and brings the
illuminating spirit of Olympia -
of prowess and peaceful rivalry -
to the furthest corners of the
earth.

(a beat)

So, now, you are free to wander at
your will - for no more than an
hour.

She emphasises the last point with her index finger. The party disperses, except for Annie who approaches the guide.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Excuse me, Mrs. Loukakis.

Mrs. Loukakis smiles.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Dwight, Mr. Winterset, meant no
harm. He was wounded in Vietnam.
He's got a plate in his head. God,
that sounds naff. What I mean is -

MRS. LOUKAKIS

I know what you mean, my dear. But
you are wrong.

(a beat)

My father was a partisan. He lost
an arm fighting the Germans. He
acted with dignity until his
death.

She gently lays her hand on Annie's forearm.

MRS. LOUKAKIS (CONT'D)
But mostly we are stronger.
(off her reaction)
Women!

They both smile.

MRS. LOUKAKIS (CONT'D)
In your country, you have
acknowledged that fact.
(off her reaction)
Mrs. Thatcher.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Yuk!

Mrs. Loukakis laughs.

MRS. LOUKAKIS
Now, you must go to the museum.
You will enjoy it.

CUT TO:

INT. OLYMPIA: THE MUSEUM, GREECE (DAY)

Annie is looking closely at pottery in a glass-topped
exhibit case. Roger Mandeville goes up to her. She does not
notice.

ROGER MANDEVILLE
On the base of Pheidias' wine jug

-

Annie looks up, startled at first and then, again, noticing
how attractive he is.

ROGER MANDEVILLE (CONT'D)

It is written: I belong to
Pheidias.

He obviously finds her attractive too.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
You read Ancient Greek?

ROGER MANDEVILLE
A smattering, but not the point.
Imagine it. Centuries before the
Romans added Britain - or at least
bits of it - to their empire, the
greatest sculptor in the world had
his wine jug pinched by his work
mates.

Annie laughs. They look at each other.

ROGER MANDEVILLE (CONT'D)
I must re-join my girl friend, I'm
afraid

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Afraid?

ROGER MANDEVILLE
Careless talk. Perhaps see you
later?

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Perhaps.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLYMPIA: SITE, GREECE, (DAY)

The party is returning to the bus. Mrs. Loukakis and Annie
are walking together.

MRS. LOUKAKIS
Ah, I knew I'd read about you in
The Guardian. So, I can talk
freely.
(off her reaction)

All the time the fascist colonels
were in power The Guardian printed
article after article about their
abuses. Ach! How could the home of
democracy produce so many tyrants?

A pause. Mrs. Loukakis stops and turns to Annie.

MRS. LOUKAKIS (CONT'D)

Perhaps you should become a war
photographer. There will be war
soon between Iran and Iraq.
Without photographs, how will we
know the truth?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

I'm not sure I could take
photographs of people suffering.
Part of me thinks it would be sort
of like exploitation. Mostly
though, I'd want to help. God,
that makes me sound a right prig.
I just mean I wouldn't have the
strength to be disciplined enough
to do what I was there for.

MRS. LOUKAKIS

Or weak enough.

(off her reaction)

Remember - mostly we are stronger.

They laugh.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAVERNA, OLYMPIA, GREECE (NIGHT)

Annie enters on her own. Roger sees her, stands and waves
her over. They shake hands as she arrives at the table.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

I'm Roger Mandeville and this is

(turning to Caroline)

Caroline Robson.

Caroline nods, unsmiling.

CAROLINE ROBSON

Caro.

Annie smiles at them both.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

I'm Annie, Annie Phillips.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

Please join us.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Well, I -

CAROLINE ROBSON

The Annie Phillips? Yes? Sit.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Yeah.

Annie sits. Caroline turns to Roger.

CAROLINE ROBSON

Annie had this mesmeric exhibition
in Bradford

(off his reaction)

at the National Museum of
Photography when she was -

She turns to Annie.

CAROLINE ROBSON (CONT'D)

25?

Annie nods.

CAROLINE ROBSON (CONT'D)

And she's becoming known as a
cutting edge fashion photographer.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

Surely the sisterhood disapproves?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Not the way I take 'em, pal.

Caroline laughs but sees Roger is charmed.

CAROLINE ROBSON

(to Annie)

Roger's a tad snotty about
photography. Trivial, was that
your description?

ROGER MANDEVILLE

Well, not all -

Annie briefly lays her hand on his forearm. Caroline
notices. Annie removes her hand and mimes quotation marks.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

'A photograph is a secret about a
secret. The more it tells the less
you know.'

She turns to Caroline and winks. Caroline relaxes.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

I think we should order.

Caroline laughs. She holds up her hand palm outwards to
Annie.

CAROLINE ROBSON

High five, sister.

Annie responds.

CAROLINE ROBSON (CONT'D)

He hates not to know the source of
a quotation - and he hates it even
more if he has to ask.

Roger waves his napkin.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

I surrender.

Caroline and Annie laugh.

ROGER MANDEVILLE (CONT'D)

Who said it?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Diane Arbus.

(off their reaction)

She was an American photographer. She specialised in photographs of unusual people - people with stories. Her most famous is probably 'Jewish Giant at Home with His Parents in the Bronx'.

CAROLINE ROBSON

Yes, I've seen it - somewhere. You do know your subject.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

Indeed you do. But shall we sort of change the subject? Speaking of freaks, let's raise a glass to our mutual and absent friend, Dwight Winterset.

They raise their glasses and laugh. Annie looks a little guilty.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND TOUR HOTEL: RECEPTION (NIGHT)

Annie, Caroline and Roger enter reception. Mrs. Loukakis and the Barman are trying to quieten a jovially drunk Dwight, who is holding an open bottle of red wine. Roger moves forward. Annie and Caroline hang back. Dwight sees Roger.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

Roger! Buddy!

He sways towards Roger. He puts his finger to his lips and looks from left to right.

DWIGHT WINTERSET (CONT'D)

(to Roger)

Ssh! I want to talk to you 'bout the Mafia. Just you and me.

Roger approaches.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

How nice, Dwight.

He looks quickly at Mrs. Loukakis and the Barman and then back at Annie and Caroline.

ROGER MANDEVILLE (CONT'D)

Why don't we all go and have a nice drink in the bar?

CAROLINE ROBSON

Bye bye, boys!
(to Annie)
Time to go?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Too right!

They go off arm in arm, waving at Roger, who is smiling wryly, and Dwight, who is drinking from the bottle.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND TOUR HOTEL: CORRIDOR, GREECE (NIGHT)

Annie and Caroline are still walking arm in arm down the corridor.

CAROLINE ROBSON

We've a bottle of brandy - French!
- in our bedroom. Nightcap?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

That would be great. But what about Roger?

Caroline stops, disengages her arm and turns to Annie.

CAROLINE ROBSON

I recognised the gleam in Roger's eye. He sees Dwight might be a potential subject.
(off Annie's reaction)

Roger had a novel published three years ago to little critical acclaim and fewer sales. He thinks what the world is waiting for is a work of faction.

(off Annie's reaction)

A combination of fact and fiction. And what better subject than a drunken Vietnam Vet with steel in his brain and an obsession with the Cosa Nostra?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Sounds a bit like, like exploiting a real person.

Caroline raises an eyebrow.

CAROLINE ROBSON

Thus spake the photographer.

(a beat)

Come on.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND TOUR HOTEL: BEDROOM, GREECE (NIGHT)

Caroline is pouring brandy into two glasses.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

I have been so busy gassing about me that I haven't asked what you and Roger do. I assume he doesn't make a living from writing?

CAROLINE ROBSON

Not yet. But he will, if wanting to be famous is what will make the difference. And, no, you haven't monopolised the conversation.

She passes Annie a glass. She raises it to Caroline in salutation.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Thank you, kind soul.

CAROLINE ROBSON
I lecture in English at Sussex
University and Roger lectures in
Comparative Cultures.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
I'm impressed.

CAROLINE ROBSON
Mmm!

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Can Roger read Ancient Greek?

CAROLINE ROBSON
Yes, he has a first in Classics
from Balliol. Why do you ask?

ANNIE PHILLIPS
No reason.
(a beat)
He's quite modest in some ways,
isn't he?

Caroline laughs.

CAROLINE ROBSON
It's our public school education.
We take it for granted we're good
at lots of things. After all, our
maters and paters paid through
their noses for it. Prosit!

They raise their glasses.

CAROLINE ROBSON (CONT'D)
Do you have a significant other,
Annie?

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Lots of others - but nobody
significant.

CAROLINE ROBSON
Does your mother envy your
freedom?

(off her reaction)
Sex - not work!

Annie laughs.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
My mother's a devout Catholic. It
wouldn't occur to her that her
unmarried daughter would even know
about sex.

CAROLINE ROBSON
Mine is frequently green. 'If we
had had the Pill, I could have had
your father without you!'.
.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
God, that's an awful thing to say,
Caro!

CAROLINE ROBSON
D'you want children?

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Of course.

CAROLINE ROBSON
Because you're Catholic?

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Lapsed.
(a beat)
With the right guy.

CAROLINE ROBSON
I'm not sure I envy your certainty
- or despise it.

Annie laughs.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Christ - and they say scousers are
direct.

Caroline laughs.

CAROLINE ROBSON

Drink?

CUT TO:

EXT. SANCTUARY OF APOLLO, DELPHI, GREECE (DAY)

The tour party is standing in front of the Temple of Apollo. We can see the valley below. Annie, Roger and Caroline are standing together. Dwight is watching them from the other side of the small crowd.

MRS. LOUKAKIS

In the antiquity, it was believed
that Delphi

Caroline puts her hand to her head and whispers something to Roger.

MRS LOUKAKIS

was the omphalos -

Caroline and Roger leave the small group.

MRS LOUKAKIS (CONT'D)

the navel, the centre of the
world.

Annie notices, and then follows.

MRS LOUKAKIS (CONT'D)

Here, the Sibyl uttered her
oracular pronouncements.

Roger helps Caroline to sit on the bottom step of the ruined Altar to Apollo. Caroline looks up at Annie.

CAROLINE ROBSON

Christ - and I thought I could
drink.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

You managed a whole bottle of 5
star Martell between you.

CAROLINE ROBSON

Cheapskate!

MRS LOUKAKIS

Now, as always, you are free to wander about this site of the antiquity.

Caroline suddenly puts her head to one side and retches.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

Come on. Let's get you back to the hotel - before Mrs. Loukakis accuses you of desecration.

MRS LOUKAKIS

Remember that Delphi became part of the Empire of Rome in the first century before Our Saviour.

Roger lifts Caroline gently. Annie goes to help.

CAROLINE ROBSON

Thanks, Annie, but you continue the tour.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

(to Annie)

And watch out for Dwight. He adores you.

CAROLINE ROBSON

Don't tell her that. She feels sorry for him.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Not that sorry.

They laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD TOUR HOTEL: RECEPTION, DELPHI, GREECE (NIGHT)

Annie is sitting on a sofa. She has make-up on - a touch of eye shadow and lipstick. Roger arrives and goes to her.

ROGER MANDEVILLE
Caro still feels wretched. So,
only my company only tonight.

They look steadily at each other. Annie breathes out.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
I'll manage.

CUT TO:

INT. TAVERNA, DELPHI, GREECE (NIGHT)

Roger and Annie are at a table for two. Other members of
the tour party are in the taverna but not Dwight.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Are you going to tell Dwight
you're going to write about him?

ROGER MANDEVILLE
Well, I'm not, really.
(off her reaction)
I'm not planning a biography. The
rough hewn stuff of his life will
form the basis of the book that's
all.
(a beat)
When you're taking your
documentary pics do you ask
permission?

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Yes.

ROGER MANDEVILLE
Always?

ANNIE PHILLIPS
When I can.

ROGER MANDEVILLE
I rest my case. Let's change the
subject.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

You're keen on that.

ROGER MANDEVILLE
Especially when the new subject's
me -

Annie laughs. Roger puts his hand on hers.

ROGER MANDEVILLE (CONT'D)
and how much I desire you.

Annie begins to laugh - and then stops. She sighs.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Please tell me more.

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD TOUR HOTEL: RECEPTION (NIGHT)

The lights are low. It is very late. Only the NIGHT PORTER is on duty behind the reception desk. Annie and Roger enter, pretty drunk and very close. They walk past the night porter with exaggerated sobriety and then collapse into giggles as they enter the corridor off which is the darkened bar. Out of sight of reception, they stop and begin to kiss and touch each other passionately. They stop and move quickly into the bar, Annie leading Roger by the hand.

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD TOUR HOTEL: BAR (NIGHT)

They move to the far corner of the extensive bar, where they again kiss passionately and begin to undo each other's clothing. Dwight enters swaying drunkenly. They do not see him. He begins to pull violently at the grill in front of the bar proper. Annie and Roger freeze - as best they can. The night porter enters and turns the lights on.

NIGHT PORTER
Sir, what is it you are doing?

Dwight wheels round and falls to the floor but not before he has seen Roger and Annie drunkenly making their way out.

NIGHT PORTER (CONT'D)
I shall call the police, sir.

In the corridor, Roger and Annie stop, lean against the wall and try to suppress their laughter. We can see Mrs. Loukakis in her nightgown making her way across reception.

NIGHT PORTER (CONT'D)
Rise at once, sir.

Annie becomes serious and puts the palms of her hands on the side of Roger's face.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Love me!

Roger becomes serious too. They kiss passionately, sinking slowly to the floor and continuing to undress each other.

FADE TO BLACK.

INSERT

TITLE: ORLANDO, FLORIDA, AUGUST
1990

CUT TO:

EXT. CINDERELLA'S CASTLE, ORLANDO (DAY)

Annie (37) and Roger (41) are standing near an actor dressed as Cinderella. Annie pointing a camera at their daughter, Rachel (9), who is wearing Mickey Mouse ears and gazing up at the castle.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Rache!

ROGER MANDEVILLE
Rachel!

Rachel turns and looks attentively at her parents. Annie takes the photo.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Shall we take your picture with
Cinderella?

Rachel rushes forward.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

Please!

CUT TO:

INT. FLORIDA MALL HYATT, RESTAURANT (DAY)

Annie and Rachel (who is still wearing her Mickey Mouse ears) are having breakfast. Rachel holds up an (American) biscuit.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

Why do Americans call these
biscuits, Mum?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

I don't know, Rache. Let's ask a
waitress.

As she begins to look round, Roger arrives carrying a piece of paper. He looks pleased. Annie and Rachel look expectantly at him. He sits.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

It's from Clive.

(a beat)

Bernard Zeleznik wants to buy the
film rights of 'Steel Plate'.

Annie grabs his hand.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Oh, Roger, that's great!

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

Who's Bernard Zeleznik?

Roger turns to Rachel.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

He's a very, very famous film
director.

Rachel nods.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Will you and Clive be meeting him?

ROGER MANDEVILLE
Eventually, I expect.

A beat.

ROGER MANDEVILLE (CONT'D)
It's rather a modest achievement
compared with yours.
(off her reaction)
You're practically a household
name where fashion snaps are
concerned -
and the next exhibition of your
real work will tour most of the
known world, I understand!

ANNIE PHILLIPS
If I didn't know you better,
Roger, I'd -

A beat.

ROGER MANDEVILLE
Well?

A pause. Rachel has been watching them both very carefully.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE
Mum, can I go with you to New York
to see the exhibition?

She turns a little distractedly to Rachel.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Of course, Rache.

She turns back to Roger.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

It's not a contest, Roger.

(off his reaction)

Between us. Anyway, your new book's had really good reviews.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

Don't patronise me, Annie.

A pause. They eat again. Annie puts her fork down and breathes deeply.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

I know you won't like my saying this but I think you must contact Dwight Winterset now the book's going to be made into a film.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

Why?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

He may see it and realise it's sort of about him.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

It's fiction.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

You never asked him. The book's dedicated to him.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

The film won't be.

A pause.

ROGER MANDEVILLE (CONT'D)

Why don't you tell him next time you reply to one of his postcards?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

It's your responsibility.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

The letters N.A.G. come to mind.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE
I know how to spell 'Nag', daddy.

She looks at them both.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE (CONT'D)
Please don't argue.

Annie puts her hand on Rachel's.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
We're not, luvvy.

Roger smiles at Annie.

ROGER MANDEVILLE
Only the slightest difference of
opinion, Rachel, between an old
married couple.

He looks to Annie for a response. Annie smiles.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
That's right. A lovers' tiff.

CUT TO:

INSERT

TITLE: ALTON, ILLINOIS, AUGUST
1990

CUT TO:

EXT. LAMBERT AIRPORT, ST LOUIS (DAY)

Dwight (37) is waiting in the queue for a cab. He looks around as if he were being followed. He is carrying a large, well used rucksack. He is dressed very casually. The next cab draws up.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
Alton, please.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI CAB, NEW CHAIN OF ROCKS BRIDGE, ST LOUIS (DAY)

The cab takes him across the new Chain of Rocks Bridge, I270, by the confluence of the Mississippi and Missouri. We see the Old Chain of Rocks bridge. The cab driver speaks with a thick East European accent.

CAB DRIVER

You from round here, mister?

Dwight sits forward.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

My mom and dad live in Alton.
Well, dad did. I'm home for his
funeral.

A pause.

DWIGHT WINTERSET (CONT'D)

Say, d'you ever have any trouble
with the Mafia?

We see the driver's startled eyes in the rear-view mirror.

CAB DRIVER

Hey, mister. I got green card.
Going to be citizen. Want no
trouble. Ok?

Dwight sits back.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

Ok. You've told me all I need to
know, friend.

The driver looks even more startled.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALTON CEMETERY, ALTON, ILLINOIS (DAY)

Dwight and his mother (57) are standing by an open grave. Dwight is wearing an ill fitting black suit. The PASTOR is officiating.

PASTOR

Man that is born of woman has but
a short time to live and is full
of misery.

CUT TO:

INSERT

TITLE: ORLANDO, FLORIDA, AUGUST
1990

CUT TO:

INT. FLORIDA MALL HYATT, RESTAURANT, ORLANDO (DAY)

Annie, Rachel and Roger are at breakfast.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Rache, what do you want to do
today?

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

Magic Kingdom, please.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Cinderella's Castle again?

Rachel nods vigorously, her Mickey Mouse ears bobbing.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

Can we buy some ears for Uncle
Brian?

ROGER MANDEVILLE

I can just see Brian cruising in
Mickey Mouse ears.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Roger!

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

What's -?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Of course, we can get some ears
for Uncle Brian. He's always had a
really wacky sense of humour

Roger suddenly puts his hand to his mouth.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Roger?

He gets up quickly from the table.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

Excuse me.

Annie rises.

ROGER MANDEVILLE (CONT'D)

No, no. I'll be fine.

He almost runs out. Annie looks after him. Rachel looks very concerned.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

What's wrong with daddy?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

I think he's going to be sick.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

Can I have his sausage, please?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Rache!

(a beat)

Well, if he doesn't come back in the next few minutes.

Roger returns with a handkerchief to his mouth. Annie rises, goes to him and rubs his shoulder.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

It's ok. I'm a little better but I think I should stay here today and rest.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

That's ok. We'll stay and look after you, won't we, Rache?

Rachel nods a little reluctantly.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

No, no. We mustn't spoil Rachel's day. I'll be fine.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Well, if you're sure. You won't need the hire car?

ROGER MANDEVILLE

No. You must take it.

CUT TO:

INT. FLORIDA MALL HYATT, CORRIDOR (DAY)

Annie and Rachel emerge from a lift hand in hand. They have obviously enjoyed themselves. Rachel is still sporting Mickey Mouse ears.

CUT TO:

INT. FLORIDA MALL HYATT, BEDROOM, ORLANDO (DAY)

Annie and Rachel enter.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Roger.

There is no answer. Annie looks in the bathroom.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

I bet he's in the bar by the pool.
Let's surprise him.

CUT TO:

INT. FLORIDA MALL HYATT, BAR, ORLANDO (DAY)

Annie and Rachel enter. Roger is not there. They walk through to the pool.

CUT TO:

INT. FLORIDA MALL HYATT, POOL, ORLANDO (DAY)

They walk into the pool area. He is not there.

CUT TO:

INT. FLORIDA MALL HYATT, BAR, ORLANDO (DAY)

They walk back through.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Perhaps he's in the restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. FLORIDA MALL HYATT, RESTAURANT (DAY)

They look in. He's not there.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

I bet he's shopping in the Mall.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCOURSE, FLORIDA MALL, ORLANDO (DAY)

They cross the Mall heading for J.C. Penney's.

CUT TO:

INT. J.C. PENNEY, FLORIDA MALL, ORLANDO (DAY)

They are standing in the middle of the men's section looking round.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE BLOSSOM BOULEVARD, ORLANDO, FLORIDA (DAY)

They are driving along the boulevard looking to right and left. There are no white people walking along the side of the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERNATIONAL DRIVE, ORLANDO, FLORIDA (DAY)

They pass Wet 'n Wild, the Ponderosa Steakhouse and the International Drive Hyatt.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

Why didn't we stay here, mum?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Daddy didn't think it would be our sort of hotel.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

Are you being ironic? Is that the right way to say it?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Yes - and no. I'm being sarcastic.

She pats Rachel's hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN, ORLANDO, FLORIDA (DAY)

They are waiting first in line at level crossing gates in a renovated Victorian street. An Amtrak diesel, engineers in striped overalls on the footplate, pulling a freight train passes slowly. One of the engineers sounds the horn. As the gates begin to rise and Annie gets ready to move off, a black vagrant stumbles from the side walk onto the hood of the car and looks through the windscreen, bewildered and very drunk. Rachel grabs her mother's arm and screams.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

Mum!

Two black patrolman appear and pull the man roughly off the hood. Annie pulls the sobbing Rachel to her. The driver immediately behind sounds his horn impatiently.

CUT TO:

INSERT

TITLE: ALTON, ILLINOIS, AUGUST
1990

INT. WINTERSET FAMILY HOME, ALTON (NIGHT)

Dwight has a glass of orange juice and is looking at a large notice board in the den on which are pinned all of the postcards he sent home.

DWIGHT'S MOTHER
Dinner's ready.

He walks through into the dining room, puts his glass on the table and sits. Dwight's mother is putting the pot roast and the vegetables on his plate.

DWIGHT'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
I've done pot roast, corn-on-the-cob and squash. Used to be your favourite. Beer, son?

She passes him his plate. He indicates the glass.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
Orange juice is fine, mom.

He pours himself a glass. She sits and begins to eat.

DWIGHT'S MOTHER
Will you come home now?

A pause. Dwight eats.

DWIGHT'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
He didn't get on with his dad, y'know?

Dwight looks up.

DWIGHT'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
Your father wanted to ask you to come home, I know he did. His pride wouldn't let him.
(a beat)
You're more like him than you know.

(a beat)
Eat, honey.

Dwight resumes eating.

DWIGHT'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
You've got to remember about your
father that he was only 19 when
the Japs took him prisoner on
Guadalcanal. He suffered for -

Dwight puts his fork down heavily on his plate.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
Then he should've understood about
Nam.

A pause.

DWIGHT WINTERSET (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, mom.

DWIGHT'S MOTHER
No, son. Best said.

A pause.

DWIGHT'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
He kept all your postcards, you
know. And built that notice board
for them.

(a beat)
I want you to come home to be
safe.

(off his reaction)
This war that's going to happen in
the Persian Gulf -

DWIGHT WINTERSET
It's Europe I travel round, mom.

DWIGHT'S MOTHER
Well, that's next door to Iraq and
Kuwait. We looked in the atlas at
school the other day.

(a beat)

Say you'll think about it.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
I'm on the Mafia's hit list.

DWIGHT'S MOTHER
Oh, honey. Stop that.
(a beat)
Think about it.
(off his reaction)
Coming home. Yeh?

CUT TO:

INSERT

TITLE: ORLANDO, FLORIDA, AUGUST
1990

INT. FLORIDA MALL HYATT, BEDROOM, ORLANDO (NIGHT)

Annie and Rachel are watching CNN in their bedroom. The sound is off. We see a map of the northern end of the Gulf. We can see Iraq and Kuwait - and arrows showing the route of the Iraqi army's invasion of Kuwait.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE
Why are we just watching the news?

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Daddy may be on it.

A beat. Annie stands.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)
Come on.

CUT TO:

INT. FLORIDA MALL HYATT, FOYER, ORLANDO (NIGHT)

Annie is standing at the reception desk speaking to the NIGHT DUTY MANAGER. Rachel is sitting in one of the armchairs in reception talking to her Teddy.

NIGHT DUTY MANAGER

Well, Mrs. Mandeville, from what you say it looks as though Mr. Mandeville left the hotel during the day. Please come back tomorrow morning when the day staff are here.

CUT TO:

INT. FLORIDA MALL HYATT, BEDROOM, ORLANDO (NIGHT)

Annie, sleepless in the darkened bedroom, stands at the window watching the city's lights - traffic, traffic lights, street lights, lights in apartment blocks, restaurants. Rachel, fully clothed, is asleep on the king-size bed. The tv is on but the sound is off. We see archive footage of the UN and then amateur video footage of Iraqi tanks on the streets of Kuwait.

FADE TO:

INT. FLORIDA MALL HYATT, BEDROOM, ORLANDO (NIGHT)

It is sometime later. Annie is still at the window. There is virtually no traffic. Lights are out in apartment blocks. We see traffic lights go through their changes. We see the lights of an airplane cross the horizon.

CUT TO:

INT. FLORIDA MALL HYATT, BEDROOM, ORLANDO (DAY)

Annie watches the sun rise. We see the streets, apartments and restaurants gradually lit. We see the traffic increase along the Orange Blossom Boulevard and we can begin to see the billboards clearly.

FADE TO:

INT. FLORIDA MALL HYATT, BEDROOM, ORLANDO (DAY)

Annie is still at the window. It is early morning but we can see the Mall cleaners (all Hispanics and blacks) either crossing the car park to their vehicles or, most of them, walking off the site. We see the Mall workers (almost all white) arriving, parking up and walking into the Mall.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER, FLORIDA MALL HYATT, ORLANDO (DAY)

Annie is at the reception desk, talking with the DAY DUTY MANAGER. Rachel is sitting in one of the armchairs reading Cinderella.

DAY DUTY MANAGER

Nobody saw your husband, Mrs.
Mandeville. I asked.

A black, female RECEPTION CLERK looks briefly up and then goes back to her work. A pause.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

I'd like our safety deposit box,
please. I want you to photocopy my
husband's passport so that all the
hotel staff can see it.

A beat.

DAY DUTY MANAGER

Of course, madam.

He goes off. Annie makes eye contact with the Reception Clerk. They both smile briefly. The Day Duty Manager returns with the box. Annie opens the box and riffles through the contents.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

His passport's gone - and so's
half the traveller's cheques.

She looks up.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Could anybody else have opened the
box?

DAY DUTY MANAGER

Madam. The Hyatt sets the highest

-

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Ok, ok. Of course! I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

INT. FLORIDA MALL HYATT, BEDROOM, ORLANDO (DAWN)

Annie is looking out of the window. Rachel is reading to her Teddy. The phone rings. Annie rushes to it, picks it up and turns her back to Rachel, who is looking intently at her mother. A beat.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Who is this?

(a beat)

Yes, I remember. At Reception.

(a beat)

Do you know something about my husband?

(a pause)

Are you sure?

(a beat)

Of course your are. Thank you.
You've been kind. Really.

She puts the phone back on the cradle.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

Was that about Daddy?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Sort of.

CUT TO:

INSERT

TITLE: ALTON, ILLINOIS, AUGUST
1990

CUT TO:

EXT. CONFEDERATE CEMETERY, ALTON, ILLINOIS (DAY)

Dwight and his mother are the only people there. They are standing in front of the memorial with bronze plates listing the names of the dead. They are both looking at the lists.

DWIGHT'S MOTHER

I think this was the only place
your father felt at peace, a sort
of quiet melancholy, I guess. He
felt so sorry for those boys. And
himself. And you.

Dwight looks around as if he were being followed. A pause.
His mother turns to Dwight.

DWIGHT'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

I got to get back to school
tomorrow.

(off his reaction)

I must. I love teaching. It's so
very important to me - ever since
you went to Military School.

They look at each other.

DWIGHT'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Nothing to be done, honey.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GREAT RIVER ROAD, ALTON, ILLINOIS (DAY)

Dwight's mother is driving the Oldsmobile. They are driving
south on the river side of the road. Dwight is watching a
long string of barges, which they gradually overtake.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

And still a couple of thousand
miles to go to the Delta.

DWIGHT'S MOTHER

How you loved stories about that
river. You must've read
Huckleberry Finn ten times.

Dwight is watching a heron flapping towards the Missouri
shore.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

Mississippi means father of the
waters in Chippewa.

DWIGHT'S MOTHER

I know, honey. How you struggled
with all those 'esses' and 'pees'.

Dwight, still watching the river, smiles slightly and nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIASA MURAL, GREAT RIVER ROAD, ALTON, ILLINOIS (DAY)

We see the Oldsmobile park up and Dwight and his mother get out. They are the only visitors. They stare up at the Amerindian mural painted on the bluffs.

DWIGHT'S MOTHER

I've never been able to understand
what you see in this, son?

DWIGHT WINTERSET

You've read the inscription, mom.
The Indians honoured their
enemies.

DWIGHT'S MOTHER

Why don't you go to Cahokia
tomorrow?

(off his reaction)

They've excavated the old Indian
mounds and built a museum and all.

Dwight nods and they turn to make their way back to the car. Suddenly, Dwight's mother grabs his arm and points upward.

DWIGHT'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Look, son. Two bald eagles gliding
above the bluffs.

Dwight looks up and we watch the birds glide.

DWIGHT'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

As long as they nest each year on
the bluffs, America's safe. Now
that's what I call a legend.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAHOKIA MOUNDS, ILLINOIS (DAY)

It is morning. Dwight climbs to the top of the largest mound. Another TOURIST is there. He has just finished photographing something with an expensive telephoto lens. He turns to Dwight and points westward - in the same direction the camera was pointing.

TOURIST

Look. You can see the Gateway Arch
in St Louis.

Dwight looks and nods.

TOURIST (CONT'D)

Only reason I come here - to take
shots of the Arch in all different
lights. Gateway to the Old West -
opening up those empty prairies.
Not much to these mounds.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

This one is more than a thousand
years old.

TOURIST

Means nothing to me.

Dwight continues to stare in the direction of the Arch. The tourist leaves.

FADE TO:

EXT. CAHOKIA MOUNDS, ILLINOIS (DAY)

Dwight is still staring westwards. We are not sure how long he has been there but the light values have changed. We can see the Arch and the tall buildings of downtown St Louis. An airplane crosses the horizon to land at Lambert airport. Some tourists come and go.

FADE TO:

EXT. CAHOKIA MOUNDS, ILLINOIS (DAY)

The light values have changed again. Dwight is still staring westward. A middle aged FEMALE TOURIST speaks to her husband, who shakes his head doubtfully. She approaches Dwight circumspectly.

FEMALE TOURIST
You all right, son?

Dwight doesn't turn.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
I'm thinking about the
Mississippi, ma'am. It doesn't
matter how long we stand here, we
wouldn't know it was there -
unstoppable, endless.

FEMALE TOURIST
As long as you're all right then?

Dwight turns to the woman.

DWIGHT'S WINTERSET
Never better, ma'am, never better.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OLDSMOBILE (DAY)

Dwight drives back to Alton via East St Louis. He sees abandoned streets. Black youths menace his car at traffic lights. Dwight looks around as if he were being followed.

CUT TO:

INSERT

TITLE: ORLANDO, FLORIDA, AUGUST
1990

INT. BEDROOM, FLORIDA HYATT, ORLANDO (DAY)

Annie is at the window, Rachel reading to her teddy and CNN, sound off, has George Bush senior at a press conference in the White House. There is a knock at the door. Annie goes to the door, looks through the spyhole and opens it. A BELLBOY is holding out an envelope.

BELLBOY
For Mr. Mandeville.

Rachel looks up. Annie almost snatches the envelope.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Thanks. Oh, just a moment.

She goes to her purse, takes out two dollars, goes back to the door and gives it to the bellboy.

BELLBOY
Thanks. Have a nice day now.

She closes the door and frantically opens the envelope. She pulls out a fax and begins to read it.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE
Is that from Daddy?

ANNIE PHILLIPS
No, it's from his agent.

CUT TO:

INSERT

Fax from: Clive Watkins, Literary Agent, 235 Charing Cross Road, London, WC1 3HT

Roger,

Sorry I can't make the signing in the Windy City - but I'm expecting a call from Bernard Zeleznik! Be nasty!

Clive.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, FLORIDA MALL HYATT, ORLANDO (DAY)

Annie picks up the phone, looks at the fax and dials a number. She turns her back to Rachel.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Clive Watkins, please?

A pause.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Clive?

(a beat)

What's Roger up to?

(a beat)

I can't. He's not here.

(a beat)

What's the signing in Chicago?

(a beat)

No, I didn't know his new book was being published here.

(a beat)

When's the signing - and where?

(a beat)

You can tell me, Clive.

(a beat)

Thanks.

She puts the phone down

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

I know where Daddy is.

Rachel rushes over and hugs her.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

He was sort of playing hide and seek.

Rachel looks up. Annie kisses her forehead.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Silly, grown-ups' games, Rache.

CUT TO:

INSERT

TITLE: ALTON, ILLINOIS, AUGUST
1990

CUT TO:

INT. WINTERSET FAMILY HOME, ALTON, ILLINOIS (DAY)

Dwight is writing a note. He puts it in an envelope on which he writes 'MOM'. He puts it on the mantelpiece. He takes a postcard from his rucksack and a battered address book. He turns to 'A'. He writes the name, address and then the message. He puts the postcard in the rucksack and puts the rucksack on his back. He goes into the den and looks at the postcard notice board. He turns and goes out of the front door, closing it gently behind him.

CUT TO:

INSERT:

TITLE: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AUGUST
1990

INT. CONCOURSE, UNION STATION, CHICAGO (DAY)

Dwight looks around as if he were being followed. He takes an airplane ticket out of his rucksack and checks it. He checks his watch. He returns the ticket to his rucksack and goes over to a bank of luggage deposit boxes. He puts the rucksack in one and glances over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO (DAY)

Dwight is strolling, rubber necking the skyscrapers.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO (DAY)

Dwight passes Borders Books, near the Water Tower. A cab stops in front of the store. Annie and Rachel alight. Annie pays the driver. They enter the store. Dwight has gone half a block. They have not seen him nor he them. He looks around briefly as if he were being followed.

CUT TO:

INT. BORDERS BOOKS, NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE (DAY)

There is a display of Roger's new book: THE MEMORIES OF SLAVES. We can see from the publicity material it is about Liverpool and the Triangular Trade in British goods to West Africa, slaves to the Americas, cotton and molasses to Liverpool. Annie buys a copy of the book and she and Rachel join the signing queue.

CUT TO:

INT. BORDERS BOOKS, NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE (DAY)

Annie and Rachel arrive at the signing table. Roger looks up. Caroline is standing behind him - and has already seen Annie and Rachel.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

Daddy? Where've you been?

Annie and Caroline exchange a long look - and then they both look at Rachel, who has gone right up to the signing table. Annie takes Rachel's hand and bends right down to her.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

We've got to go, Rache.

(off her reaction)

Your Daddy and me -

Roger sits, pen poised, mouth slightly agape. As Annie begins to pull Rachel away, Rachel begins to cry.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

We've got to go.

Rachel is reluctant so Annie is having to actually pull her - not hard for Rachel is an obedient child - but the effort she is having to make is obvious. She has to push past people in the signing queue. Their reactions range from curiosity to disapproval. Roger and Caroline stare after them.

CUT TO:

INSERT

TITLE: MOSCOW, MAY 2000

CUT TO:

INT. SHEREMETEVO AIRPORT ARRIVALS, MOSCOW (DAY)

Dwight (47) emerges into the Arrivals Hall, carrying what must be the same rucksack from ten years before. He sees Reuben Washington immediately - the only black face there. They approach each other, high-five, embrace and part.

REUBEN WASHINGTON

Dwight, my man.

He looks Dwight up and down.

REUBEN WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

You travelling in-cog-ni-to?

CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES ML 320, MOSCOW (DAY)

THE SVU has smoked glass windows. Reuben climbs into the driver's seat, Dwight into the passenger seat. There is a powerfully built man in the rear seat, GREGOR.

REUBEN WASHINGTON

My torpedo - Gregor.

He turns to Gregor.

REUBEN WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Dwight Winterset - my old army
buddy.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

Hi!

GREGOR

'Ave a nice day!

Dwight nods and then notices the bulge in Gregor's jacket.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

Ok.

Gregor smiles and nods.

CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES ML 320, MOSCOW (DAY)

They are driving towards Moscow. Suddenly, Reuben points to the opposite side of the road.

REUBEN WASHINGTON

Les girls!

Along the side of the road are perhaps twenty prostitutes in tight mini-skirts lining up for business. On the overgrown waste ground behind them are more girls either walking to the middle of the area with their punters or away from it.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

Wow!

GREGOR

Chechen whores!

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN DINER, MOSCOW (NIGHT)

Reuben and Dwight are finishing their meals. Reuben points through the window at a modern office block with most of its windows lit.

REUBEN WASHINGTON

FSB.

(off Dwight's reaction)

KGB to you. And see to the left behind the Coca Cola ad, a brand new church, complete with golden onion domes. What a country!

They finish their meal. A WAITRESS collects their plates. Dwight looks up at her.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

Dasvidaniya!

Reuben laughs. The waitress goes.

REUBEN WASHINGTON
You said 'goodbye'

DWIGHT WINTERSET
Well, I don't stay anywhere long.

REUBEN WASHINGTON
You will when you hear what I've
got to say.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
The proposition you mentioned in
your postcard?

REUBEN WASHINGTON
Right on, baby.

Reuben leans forward.

REUBEN WASHINGTON (CONT'D)
I came to Moscow to buy gold with
good old American dollars on the
black market with the Russian
Mafiya.

Dwight looks around quickly and furtively. Reuben notices
but continues.

REUBEN WASHINGTON (CONT'D)
Now, I'm making some money but the
trouble is the market ain't really
black.

(off Dwight's reaction)
The Russkies are so racist they
put Rednecks to shame. Anti-black,
anti-Georgian, anti-Muslim, anti-
Jew. Even Gregor. Nothing he says.
I can smell it. Now this is where
you come in. I want you to be my
white front man.

(off Dwight's reaction)
With your connections.

Dwight is still puzzled. Reuben leans forward.

REUBEN WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Y'know. You being a -
(sotto voce)
a made guy.

CUT TO:

INT. REUBEN'S APARTMENT. MOSCOW (DAY)

The apartment is smartly and newly furnished. Reuben is standing, a glass of bourbon in his hand. Dwight is pacing anxiously and increasingly frantically up and down, holding but not drinking an orange juice.

REUBEN WASHINGTON
You're jokin' me, right?

Pace, pace.

REUBEN WASHINGTON (CONT'D)
Hold still, man.

Dwight stops suddenly and whirls round

DWIGHT WINTERSET
It's because of the Mafia I keep
travelling.

Pace, pace.

REUBEN WASHINGTON
They're after you?

Dwight stops and whirls again.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
I speak against them.
(off Reuben's reaction)
To anybody I meet.

A pause.

REUBEN WASHINGTON
But I read about you.

He crosses to a wall unit and rummages through a drawer. He holds up a battered paperback version of 'Steel Plate'. He

opens the book at the dedication page, crosses back and hands it to Dwight.

REUBEN WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

See. It's dedicated to you. Read it.

Dwight misunderstands and reads aloud tonelessly.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

To Dwight Winterset, Consigliere
and Old Soldier.

A pause. He stares at Reuben - then throws the book onto the sofa and begins to pace even more frantically. Reuben moves in front of him.

REUBEN WASHINGTON

(quietly)

For fuck's sake, man, speak to me.

Dwight stops.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

Have you read the book? What does it say about me?

REUBEN WASHINGTON

Jesus. I don't read books. A bro - Lionel, you remember him, tall guy, fragged that gungho lootenant - well, he found it in a prison library he happened to be studying in - and send it me clan-di-ness-in-ly.

Reuben gestures at the book's cover.

REUBEN WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

You know this guy?

Dwight closes the book and studies the cover.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

I met him once, in Greece - twenty years ago.

(a beat)
I send postcards to his wife - his
ex-wife.

A pause. Reuben studies him. He goes to hand the book back
to Reuben.

REUBEN WASHINGTON
Keep it, man. You better read it.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
I'd like that bourbon.

Reuben nods, goes back to the wall unit and begins to fix a
bourbon.

DWIGHT WINTERSET (CONT'D)
I'm sorry this has gone belly up
for you. I'll pay back the
airfare.

REUBEN WASHINGTON
No, buddy. An honest mistake.

He laughs. He brings Dwight's drink over, hands it to him
and gestures to the book.

REUBEN WASHINGTON (CONT'D)
What you gonna do 'bout that?
(off Dwight's reaction)
The guy dissed you, right? Even
could've got you killed, right?

DWIGHT WINTERSET
I gotta think. I'll leave
tomorrow.

REUBEN WASHINGTON
Hey, read the book, first. Repent
at leisure, my ma'd say. Be a
tourist for a few days. I'll get
Gregor to drive you. He's a Vet
like us.
(off Dwight's reaction)
Afghanistan. Just like Nam, baby.
No one understands.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
Won't you need him?

REUBEN WASHINGTON
I've got more torpedoes than you
can shake a stick at. It's
generals I need not grunts.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
I'm sor -

REUBEN WASHINGTON
Heh, here's to us.

They raise their glasses.

REUBEN WASHINGTON(CONT'D)
Fuck the Cong!

DWIGHT WINTERSET
Fuck America!

CUT TO:

EXT. RED SQUARE, MOSCOW (DAY)

Dwight and Gregor are queuing for the Lenin Mausoleum. They are next to go in. Behind them, in the middle distance, a film crew is setting up. A policeman steps in front of Dwight and Gregor, his back to them, and holds his right hand up. A group of a dozen or so old people go straight in. Dwight expects Gregor to remonstrate but he smiles.

GREGOR
Veterans. Of the Great Patriotic
War.

CUT TO:

INT. LENIN MAUSOLEUM, MOSCOW (ELECTRIC LIGHT)

Dwight and Gregor walk slowly past the glass sarcophagus. Some of the old people dab their eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. RED SQUARE CEMETERY, MOSCOW (DAY)

Dwight and Gregor are standing in front of a bust of Stalin. There are fresh red roses on the bust and more at the foot of the pedestal. In the background, the film crew has begun work and a small crowd is gathering.

GREGOR

How you say. Hair of Lenin.

CUT TO:

EXT. RED SQUARE, MOSCOW (DAY)

Dwight and Gregor join the crowd around the film crew. Roger Mandeville is speaking to camera. At the front of the crowd is Rachel Mandeville (now 19). Dwight recognises him but not, of course, Rachel.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

...centre of the empire for a
thousand years...

GREGOR

(to Dwight)

Have seen ghost?

We can hear Roger continuing in the background but not make out the words.

GREGOR (CONT'D)

Vyetnaam?

DWIGHT WINTERSET

Different war, buddy.

He looks around furtively as if he were being followed.

DWIGHT WINTERSET (CONT'D)

Let's get out of here. I need a
drink.

They leave the crowd and walk quickly from the square. They pass soldiers unloading crowd barriers from army trucks.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANEZH SQUARE, MOSCOW (NIGHT)

Dwight and Gregor are very drunk and holding on to each other. The entrance to Red Square is blocked by barricades manned by police. We can see that the square is lit and see the silhouettes of soldiers marching. We can hear martial music. The music and the marching stop - an order is called. A thousand or more bass voices shout: Huzzah! Huzzah! Huzzah!' Dwight turns swaying to Gregor.

GREGOR

For our new Tzar!
(off his reaction)
Vladimir Putin.

CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES ML 320, MOSCOW (DAY)

Gregor is driving.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

It says on the cover of the book that it's going to be made into a film. That was ten years ago.

REUBEN WASHINGTON

Hey, you a rich man then!

DWIGHT WINTERSET

The book's not really about me. Nobody'd know. It's that dedication - like hanging a sign round my neck: Kill Me!

A beat. Gregor turns his head briefly.

REUBEN WASHINGTON

So, where next, baby?

DWIGHT WINTERSET

Wherever. The next available flight.

REUBEN WASHINGTON

Cool.

(a beat)
You got enough -

DWIGHT WINTERSET
Yeah. You've been more than
generous, man. Especially since
things didn't work out -

REUBEN WASHINGTON
Hey. No problem. You had a good
week thanks to our tour guide
here.

He claps Gregor on the shoulder. Gregor smiles and nods.

REUBEN WASHINGTON (CONT'D)
Perhaps I should go into the
travel business.

He laughs. A beat.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
You ever think about going home?

REUBEN WASHINGTON
Like you think about going home?
Russia is one rich whore I mean to
ride till she comes! Send me a
postcard, baby!

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR PARK ENTRANCE, SHEREMETEVO AIRPORT, MOSCOW (DAY)

As the Mercedes ML 320 goes in, a Volga taxi comes out.

CUT TO:

INT. VOLGA TAXI, MOSCOW (DAY)

Annie Phillips and Rachel Mandeville are in the taxi.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE
How's Gran?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Not good. I don't know whether she even knows who we are now. Your Uncle Brian's convinced she doesn't. I know it's awful - and she'd say it was

She imitates Rose Phillips' voice and they both smile

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)
a mortal sin, our Annie - but I hoped she wouldn't recover from the pneumonia.
(a beat)
They keep filling her full of anti-biotics.

They look at each other. Rachel pats her mother's hand.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE
I wish I could help.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
You can. Be what you want!

RACHEL MANDEVILLE
I'm sorry Daddy and you missed each other.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
So am I.
(off her reaction)
No, really. It would have been so good for us to have seen the play together.

She briefly puts her hand on Rachel's.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)
Did he think you were good?

RACHEL MANDEVILLE
He's biased - like you are. The audience reaction's been really overwhelming - and, so, humbling. I thought they'd throw things.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Presumably they're delighted that

-

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

Look!

It is the prostitutes. One, in tussocky waste ground in the middle distance, seems to be giving a punter oral sex.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE (CONT'D)

How could they?!

CUT TO:

INT. MOSCOW ARTS THEATRE, MOSCOW (STAGE LIGHTS)

We see Annie watching a performance of Anton Chekov's 'The Cherry Orchard'. It is act two of the play. The stage set comprises a ruined chapel, a well, some tumbled tombstones and a stone bench. A road leads to a manor house. Poplars are darkening to one side. In the distance there is a row of telegraph poles and far, far away on the horizon is the impression of a large town, visible only in very fine, clear weather. The following characters are on stage: MADAME RANEVSKY, the owner of the orchard, ANYA, her seventeen year old daughter - Rachel Mandeville - GAYEV, Madame Ranevsky's brother, TROFIMOV, a perpetual university student, FEERS, an elderly man servant, LOPAKHIN, a business man. Madame Ranevsky is sitting with Anya on the stone bench. Gayev is sitting on the edge of the well. Trofimov and Lopakhin are reclining on the stones. Feers is standing.

GAYEV

I am silent. I promise. No more poetry.

A long, reflective pause. Suddenly, off stage, there is a far away sound of a snapped string or cable, dying away, mournful. They all look in the direction of the sound.

MADAME RANEVSKY

What is that?

A pause.

LOPAKHIN

I really dunno. Per'aps, in the shaft of some distant mine, a bucket's broken loose. But it must be very far away.

GAYEV

A bird? A heron?

TROFIMOV

Or a brown owl -

Madame Ranevsky stands suddenly - and, momentarily puts her palms together in involuntary prayer and then puts them to her sides.

MADAME RANEVSKY

I feel - somehow uneasy.

A pause. Feers looks over at his mistress - and then carries on, speaking to everyone.

FEERS

Before the troubles, the same thing happened: an owl screeched, and the samovar hooted without stopping.

GAYEV

What troubles?

FEERS

The liberation!
(off Anya's reaction)
of the serfs.

MADAME RANEVSKY

Well, good people, let us go, it's getting dark.

Everybody rises.

MADAME RANEVSKY (CONT'D)

(to Anya)

Tears? Oh, what's the matter my
darling?

She embraces her daughter.

ANYA
There's nothing the matter,
mother. Nothing at all.

We see Annie proud, tearful.

CUT TO:

INSERT:

LIVERPOOL, OCTOBER 2001

CUT TO:

EXT. FALKNER STREET, LIVERPOOL (DAY)

Annie (48) and Brian (44) leave the house and get into his
car.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S CAR, FALKNER STREET, LIVERPOOL (DAY)

Brian starts the car and they move off. Brian's Liverpool
accent is still pronounced.

BRIAN PHILLIPS
For God's sake, there's nothing
for you to feel guilty about
Annie.
You were right. Ma wasn't being
looked after properly.

They turn into Hope Street.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S CAR, HOPE STREET, LIVERPOOL (DAY)

ANNIE PHILLIPS
You don't feel guilty do you?

BRIAN PHILLIPS
Only that Ma never knew about me -
and probably never will.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
God, she'd have written to the
Pope or had a stroke or both.

He laughs. They turn left on to Hardman Street.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S CAR, HARDMAN STREET, LIVERPOOL (DAY)

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONTD)
There's such a thing as too much
information, our Brian.

A pause.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)
Is it much of a shlepp to
Blundellsands? I can't remember.

BRIAN PHILLIPS
Shlepp. Ooh - very London show
biz.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Ha ha!

BRIAN PHILLIPS
Anyway
(posh Scouse)
Blundellsands is so uncommon.

Annie laughs. They stop out the lights. When Brian speaks next, he raises his voice an octave and speaks with a cod germanic accent.

BRIAN PHILLIPS (CONT'D)
We must go to Blundellsands if
anything is to be done!
(off Annie's reaction)
Lucy Mannehim in Hitchcock's '39
Steps' - well, sort of.

A pause.

BRIAN PHILLIPS (CONT'D)
Between us we're doing the right
thing for Ma.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
But you do all -

BRIAN PHILLIPS
And you pay all the bills.
(a beat)

They move off and turn into Renshaw Street.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S CAR RENSHAW STREET, LIVERPOOL (DAY)

BRIAN PHILLIPS
I chose to stay in Liverpool.
Right?

Annie nods. A pause.

BRIAN PHILLIPS (CONT'D)
Thank God, Rachel's rehearsals
began at the end of August.

They stop at lights.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Roger wasn't hurt - only shocked.
Nothing compared to - How many
dead? Do they know the actual
number yet?

Brian shakes his head.

BRIAN PHILLIPS
Actually to be there to see the
towers come down.

They move off.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S CAR, LIME STREET, LIVERPOOL (DAY)

They turn onto Lime Street. We can see the neo-Classical St George's Hall on the left and the neo-Gothic Lime Street station on the right.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Nineteenth century Liverpool was
like a city state.

BRIAN PHILLIPS
Like Rome. Built on slavery.

We see the Empire Theatre.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
And there's the Empire to prove
it.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S CAR, SCOTLAND ROAD, LIVERPOOL (DAY)

CUT TO:

We see new apartment blocks.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Bit different from the old Scottie
Road.

BRIAN PHILLIPS
Remember when the Orange Lodges
would go to Southport for their
annual outing and when the train
past the big flats that used to be
there people'd hang out anything
green?

Annie nods.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
And especially big, emerald green
knickers!

They laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S CAR, STANLEY ROAD, LIVERPOOL (DAY)

We see signs of dereliction and lawlessness, including shuttered pubs on nearly every corner - some for sale, one its charred roof timbers exposed - and white people without exception, a number overweight.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S CAR, DERBY ROAD, LIVERPOOL (DAY)

We see a Port of Liverpool sign and large, active dockyard cranes.

CUT TO:

EXT. SERPENTINE ROAD, BLUNDELLSANDS, SEFTON (DAY)

We see Brian's car travelling down a broad, well kept Victorian road of imposing houses. We see a jogger and a man walking briskly reading The Guardian.

CUT TO:

EXT. FERNLEA NURSING HOME, BLUNDELLSANDS, SEFTON (DAY)

We see the car turn into the gate and the nursing home sign. The house is a substantial late Victorian mansion. Perhaps a shipowner's.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIAN'S CAR, FERNLEA NURSING HOME DRIVE,
BLUNDELLSANDS, SEFTON (DAY)

Annie speaks next in a cod central European accent.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Most interesting.

BRIAN PHILLIPS
Paul Lukas, 'The Lady Vanishes'.

A beat.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Just like Ma.

CUT TO:

INT. RESIDENTS' LOUNGE, FERNLEA NURSING HOME,
BLUNDELLSANDS, SEFTON (DAY)

The MANAGER is escorting Annie and Brian through the room.

MANAGER
We make a point of calling our
guests by an appropriate title
followed by their surnames.
Dignity is so important.

They pass a man of indeterminate age, wearing a cap. He is standing, constantly touching his cap - one foot shod, the other bare. An elderly woman sits in armchair nursing a teddy bear. Another is moaning - an attendant comforting her. Most patients are just sitting, staring.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
Your mother's on the terrace. With
a care assistant, of course.

The door to the terrace is secured by a security lock requiring a pass code. The Matron enters the code, opens the door and ushers Annie and Brian through.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRACE, FERNLEA NURSING HOME, BLUNDELLSANDS, SEFTON
(DAY)

CUT TO:

Annie and Brian are sitting on either side of Rose (68) on a bench. Each holds one of Rose's hands. Rose looks much as she has always done - though without a trace of make up - but she is staring into the paving. Occasionally, for no

apparent reason she nods her head vigorously. Annie and Brian are looking into the distance. In the furthest distance is Snowdonia. In the middle distance, container ships are navigating the roads from Liverpool Bay into the Mersey estuary, past the lightships.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Look at the ships, Ma.

Rose continues to stare at the paving. There is a sudden, gentle popping noise. Annie turns her head towards the noise.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

What's that?

BRIAN PHILLIPS

Carp in the pond coming up to the surface.

Annie turns back.

BRIAN PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Really.

Suddenly, we hear the sound of a tenor sax being played faraway.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

(sotto voce)

God.

CUT TO:

INSERT:

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 2001

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT LOUNGE, BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, NEW YORK (DAY)

Caroline (50) and Roger (51) are standing at the window of the lounge to one side of a baby grand - on which we can see photographs of Rachel, of both Roger and Caroline separately receiving awards and Roger on various locations. Caroline is dressed in smart casual attire appropriate for

a successful academic whose work has been featured in the New York Times. Roger is barefoot, in jogging pants and a teeshirt. His hair is a little unkempt. We can see, over their shoulders as it were, Manhattan brightly lit in sunshine. The smoke from Ground Zero is blowing over the Eastside, the East River and Queens. Caroline turns to Roger and lays a hand on his forearm.

CAROLINE ROBSON

I think you should come with me today, I really do. Seeing some of the other faculty members -

ROGER MANDEVILLE

Will take my mind off things? Do people talk about anything else?

CAROLINE ROBSON

You could share perspectives.

He turns to her.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

You sound like a therapist.

A pause. They look at each other.

ROGER MANDEVILLE (CONTD) (CONT'D)

I'm not ready to. For the first time in my life I experienced something which was profoundly significant for me yet over which I had no control. I couldn't have stopped the towers coming down, or people jumping, or people covered in concrete dust running through Tribeca - any more than I could have stopped Hiroshima or Auschwitz. But I was there, Caro, a witness - for the first time in my life I was an actual eye witness - and my mind's eye won't close. When it does, I'll go back to ordinary things - like writing sumptuously expensive tomes about dead empires for sumptuously

expensive coffee tables handmade
from reclaimed wood.

He turns back to the window.

ROGER MANDEVILLE (CONT'D)
Meanwhile, I'll watch the pyres
burn.

She touches his hair.

CAROLINE ROBSON
Have you taken your medication
today?

ROGER MANDEVILLE
Caro!

CAROLINE ROBSON
You look tired. Rest this
afternoon. Promise?

We hear the front door intercom buzzer. Caroline looks at
her watch.

CAROLINE ROBSON (CONT'D)
Damn. I'm going to be late. Would
you get the door, there's a
darling?

Roger calls after her.

ROGER MANDEVILLE
I thought I was supposed to rest.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY, BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, NEW YORK (DAY)

Roger walks along the hallway and presses the intercom
button.

ROGER MANDEVILLE
Yes?

DWIGHT WINTERSET (O.S.)

It's Dwight Winterset.

Roger, his finger still on the button, stares at the intercom. A beat.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

Who?

DWIGHT WINTERSET (O.S.)

We met in Greece a long time ago.

(a beat)

You dedicated a book to me.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

Ah!

Caroline appears, carrying a briefcase of lilac canvas.

CAROLINE ROBSON

Who is it?

Roger takes his finger off the button and turns to her.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

Dwight Winterset.

CAROLINE ROBSON

My God, what does he want?

ROGER MANDEVILLE

I've no idea.

CAROLINE ROBSON

You'll have to let him in. I must go.

Roger opens the door. Dwight is carrying a video in one hand and holding the same khaki holdall in the other. We can see the title: 'Steel Plate'. He looks scruffy but unthreatening. Caroline moves forward and holds out her hand.

CAROLINE ROBSON (CONT'D)

Hello, Dwight. We met in Greece aeons ago. I don't know whether you remember.

They shake hands

DWIGHT WINTERSET

Yeah.

CAROLINE ROBSON

I've got to go. A Faculty meeting.
Sorry.

She moves past him. Dwight turns.

CAROLINE ROBSON (CONT'D)

Perhaps you'll still be here when
I get back. You two've probably
got a lot to talk about.

Roger scowls at her over Dwight's head. Dwight turns back
to Roger.

CAROLINE ROBSON (CONT'D)

(to Roger - miming)

Sorry.

She goes.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

(to Dwight)

You'd better come in.

Dwight does so and wipes his shoes. Roger closes the door
after him.

ROGER MANDEVILLE (CONT'D)

Please go through.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT LOUNGE, BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, NEW YORK (DAY)

Dwight walks to the window, still holding the video and
holdall and stares out. Roger sits in an armchair near the
piano.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

(sotto voce)

Wow!

ROGER MANDEVILLE

What do you want? I don't want to be a churlish host but - I'm a little tired.

Dwight turns.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

I won't keep you. I read the book. Y'know.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

Oh, really! What did you think?

DWIGHT WINTERSET

Why didn't you ask my permission to dedicate it to me? People've told me you should have done.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

My publisher then - I've a different one now, of course - assured me that he'd made every effort to contact you.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

But Annie had addresses.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

I know. And Clive claimed he'd written to you at each one.

(a beat)

You know Annie and I are not -

DWIGHT WINTERSET

I know.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

Oh.

(a beat)

You know you barely feature in the book itself.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

I know. Anyway, Organised Crime
doesn't read books - but anybody
can read a dedication.

(a beat)

I didn't come about the book.

He holds up the video.

DWIGHT WINTERSET (CONT'D)

This is about me.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

Blame the director. You know what
Hollywood's like. Writers are
scum. I lost all control at a very
early stage.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

This makes me look a fool.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

I'm sorry but what can I do about
it?

DWIGHT WINTERSET

A fool.

Roger rises.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

Look. Do you need money? I could -

DWIGHT WINTERSET

A fool.

ROGER MANDEVILLE

Now listen -

He suddenly places his hand on his chest.

ROGER MANDEVILLE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I suddenly feel - a bit
dicey.

Dwight puts the holdall down.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

Say -

Roger falls, striking his head on the piano. He is lying on his back. Blood oozes onto the carpet.

DWIGHT WINTERSET (CONT'D)

Jeez.

He lets go of the video, which slides under the piano, crosses quickly to Roger and feels the pulse in his neck.

DWIGHT WINTERSET (CONT'D)

Jeez.

He quickly grabs his hold-all and rushes from the room. We see the video under the piano, some blood smeared on it. We hear the front door open and close.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT LOUNGE, BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, NEW YORK (DAY)

The smoke from Ground Zero is drifting across the sky. Roger is still lying on his back. We can see that the bloodstain has not increased. We hear the front door open and close. Caroline enters.

CAROLINE ROBSON

Roger?

She switches on the lights, rushes to him and puts her head on his chest. In doing so, she sees the video. She begins to reach for it then stops. Tearful, she clasps her hands.

CAROLINE ROBSON (CONT'D)

My God.

She takes out her mobile and dials 911.

CAROLINE ROBSON (CONT'D)

I want to report a death. I think it might be a homicide.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT, BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, NEW YORK (TWILIGHT)

Caroline is dialling a number on her mobile. NYPD personnel are coming and going through the main door of the apartment building. We see the smoke from Ground Zero still blowing east in the dark sky.

CAROLINE ROBSON

Annie?

(a beat)

It's Caroline.

(a beat)

Yeah.

(a beat)

Yes, it's Roger. He's dead.

(a beat)

Yes. Yesterday.

(a beat)

It might be murder.

(a beat)

Dwight Winterset, you remember, knocked on the door out of the blue. I had to go out. I feel so guilty -

(a beat)

Well, it could be him. He had a video of 'Steel Plate'. I don't know what to think.

(a beat)

Yes, the police are looking for him.

(a beat)

I can't remember where Rachel is. It's gone completely -

(a beat)

Oh, of course, I'd forgotten about the play.

(a beat)

You're in Liverpool? Of course you are.

(a beat)

Yes, I do think that's the right thing to do. She'll be devastated, poor love.

(a beat)

She did. I know.

(a beat)

Ok. I'll be in touch as soon as I know anything.

CUT TO:

INSERT:

LIVERPOOL, OCTOBER 2001

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE TATE GALLERY, LIVERPOOL
(NIGHT)

We see a poster advertising: 'Enterprising Women of Soweto - Major Exhibition of New Photographs by Annie Phillips'.

CUT TO:

INT. GROUND FLOOR GALLERY, TATE GALLERY, LIVERPOOL
(ELECTRIC LIGHT)

Annie is part way through her speech. We see Rachel and Brian in the audience.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Is digital photography proper photography? Wrong question. Would Diane Arbus or Lee Miller or Margaret Bourke-White have used a digital SLR? You bet they would!

Laughter.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Is photographic reportage art? Wrong question. What's on these gallery walls are portraits -

CUT TO:

INSERT: EXHIBITION COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH 1

We see the framed photograph mounted on a white wall. By a roadside, a woman in her thirties (who has turned to face the camera) is backcombing a seated woman's hair. Two future customers sit on battered plastic chairs. A third

squats. All of the customers are in their twenties and none are traditionally dressed.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (V.O.)
with as much attention paid to
composition and colour as any
portrait in oils.

CUT TO:

INSERT: EXHIBITION COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH 2

On the busy footbridge at the Chris Hani-Baragwanath Hospital, a young woman selling plastic bowls holds up a yellow one to the camera grinning.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (V.O.)
Why these portraits?

CUT TO:

INSERT: EXHIBITION COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH 3

In a one roomed house, a woman in her thirties in traditional dress is working a sewing machine with her foot. Her dress and the material are brightly and subtly coloured.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (V.O.)
Liverpool is built on
exploitation. Henry Tate did what
he could do to make amends for the
history of sugar.

CUT TO:

INSERT: EXHIBITION COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH 4

An elderly woman in Soweto-European dress stands at the entrance of her spaza shop. She is smiling.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (V.O.)
These women have such creative
energy.

CUT TO:

INSERT: EXHIBITION COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH 5

At a busy tax rank, there are a number of stallholders. This photo focusses on a smiling woman in traditional dress, selling grilled fresh mealies or corn on the cob.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (V.O.)

They are role models -
entrepreneurial and courageous -

CUT TO:

INSERT: EXHIBITION COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH 6

At a busy tax rank, there are a number of stallholders. This photo focusses on two women in a mix of European and traditional dress selling cooked chicken feet.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (V.O.)

in a country where a great crime
was committed over and over and
over -

CUT TO:

INSERT: EXHIBITION COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH 7

On the busy footbridge at the Chris Hani-Baragwanath Hospital, an old woman is selling traditional medicines.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (V.O.)

whose legacy is horrendous
violence - mostly against women.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PHILLIPS' FAMILY HOME, BACK ROOM, FAULKNER STREET,
LIVERPOOL (DAY)

The decor and furniture are still very much Rose Phillips' but '90s style. Brian and Rachel are sitting at the table. We can see Annie talking on her mobile at the end of the hallway but not hear her words distinctly. Brian is rolling a cigarette. He passes it to Rachel. She puts it to her lips and leans over as Brian fires up his lighter.

BRIAN PHILLIPS

So how are the rehearsals going
our kid?

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

Great. There's a real ensemble
feel to it. Everybody's supporting
everybody else - no bitchiness.

BRIAN PHILLIPS

That's great. Working as a team.
But the play!
(a beat)
'A Woman -' what?

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

'A Woman Killed With Kindness'.
You're not going to wind me up,
Brian.

BRIAN PHILLIPS

I mean Shakespeare's bad enough
but -

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

You're not going to wind me up.
Ok, what would you really want to
see? More plays about the riots?

BRIAN PHILLIPS

Yeah, I would. Sorry to get
serious. Yeah, I know you take it
seriously too. But I've lived my
whole life here in Toxteth and
worked with people here for,
Christ, thirty years. I've bored
you rigid about the bigotry and
racism in this city - but it's
still an issue. Do you know after
the riots, there'd be graffiti
everywhere: VOTE ANC?

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

You've told me - and shown me the
photos.

He laughs.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE (CONT'D)

The play's about forgiveness,
reconciliation, redemption. South
Africa -

BRIAN PHILLIPS

When VOTE ANC was sprayed on walls
Mandela was still on Robben Island
for life - and the ANC was still
committed to the armed struggle.

Annie comes in.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

That was Caroline again.

Rachel becomes tearful.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

The coroner's verdict is that
Roger died of a heart attack and
fell - or fell and then died of a
heart attack.

Brian moves round to Rachel and puts his arm round her.
Annie sits next to her and holds her hand.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

Nothing suggests foul play but
absolutely nothing rules it out
apparently.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

Do you think that man could have
killed Daddy?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Someone who sends picture
postcards from all over the world
year after year to someone he
fancied twenty five years ago but
has never made any attempt to meet
again maybe is eccentric -
(off their reaction)

ok - weird but not violent.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

I suppose so. But why did he go to the apartment - and with the video?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Roger never got his permission to write about him.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

I didn't know that.

BRIAN PHILLIPS

He was bit ruthless at times, your Dad.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Maybe Dwight resented that and the resentment built up - and he wanted to have it out with him.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

Or kill him.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Perhaps - but it seems so unlikely.

(a beat)

Anyway, the coroner's released the body for burial so that suggests -

Rachel becomes tearful.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

We can do this later, love.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

No, please. I'll be fine.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Caroline, you and me are the three executors of his will - both of his work and his money. With Granny, we are also the

beneficiaries. He wants to be buried in Grasmere. Caroline's spoken to Granny and I've agreed to go up and see her about the funeral arrangements.

BRIAN PHILLIPS

That stuck up -

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

I know but -

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Not now, our Brian.

They laugh.

BRIAN PHILLIPS

(to Rachel)

You sound like me Da.

(to Annie)

And you sound just like Ma.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Caroline and I are also his literary executors. She wants us to complete a project he'd planned. She'd do the words - I'd do the pics.

BRIAN PHILLIPS

What's it about?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Moorish Iberia.

BRIAN PHILLIPS

Yer what?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

The Moors, the Muslims in Spain and Portugal. Their tolerance of other religions, their learning, architecture.

(to Rachel)

Should I do it?

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

I'd like you to.

They smile at each other. Brian nods. A pause. He looks at his watch.

BRIAN PHILLIPS

Vot votch?

(off their reaction)

Much votch!

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

Casablanca.

(off Annie's reaction)

Brian played me the video last week.

BRIAN PHILLIPS

(to Annie)

And my talented niece is right.

The elderly Jewish couple in

Rick's bar are practising their

English for the trip to New York.

(a beat)

Speaking of which, I must go

avisiting.

(off Annie's reaction)

No, you two stay here. Be

together.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN THEATRE, EVERYMAN, LIVERPOOL (LIGHTS)

CUT TO:

Annie, Brian and Caroline are watching the end of the last scene of Thomas Heywood's tragedy, 'A Woman Killed with Kindness'. Rachel is playing Anne, the woman of the title. The actors are in nineteenth century dress. The set is minimalist. Anne is lying on a truckle bed. Frankford, her estranged husband, and Sir Francis, Anne's brother, are standing next to the bed.

SIR FRANCIS

Then comfort, Mistress Frankford;
You see your husband hath forgiven
your fall;
Then rouse your spirits and cheer
your fainting soul.

He looks anxiously at her.

SIR FRANCIS (CONT'D)

How goes it with you, Nan?

ANNE

Not of this world.

FRANKFORD

I see you are not, and I weep to
see it.
My wife, the mother to my pretty
babes,
Both those lost names I do restore
thee back,
And with this kiss I wed thee once
again.
Though thou art wounded in thy
honoured name,
And with that grief upon thy
deathbed liest,
Honest in heart, upon my soul thou
diest.

ANNE

Pardoned on earth, soul, thou in
heaven art free.
Once more thy wife dies thus
embracing thee.

She dies.

FRANKFORD

New married, and new widowed; Oh,
she's dead,
And a cold grave must be our
nuptial bed.

SIR FRANCIS

Sir, be of good comfort, and your
heavy sorrow
Part equally amongst us; storms
divided
Abate their force, and with less
rage are guided. He that hath
least part
Will find enough to drown one
troubled heart.

He turns to sister and closes her eys.

SIR FRANCIS (CONT'D)
Peace be with thee, Nan.

He turns to Frankford.

SIR FRANCIS (CONT'D)
All we that can plead interest in
her grief,
Bestow upon her body funeral
tears.
Brother, had you with threats and
usage bad
Punished her sin, the grief of her
offence
Had not with such true sorrow
touched her heart.

FRANKFORD
I see it had not; therefore on her
grave
I will bestow this funeral
epitaph,
Which on her marble tomb shall be
engraved.
In golden letters shall these
words be filled:
Here lies she whom her husband's
kindness killed.

CUT TO:

INSERT:

THE ALGARVE, APRIL 2002

CUT TO:

EXT. BALCONY, APARTMENT, ALVOR, THE ALGARVE (DAY)

Annie (49) and Caroline (52) are sitting in well upholstered patio chairs around a large, expensive looking hardwood table. They are viewing a photograph of Lagos' Moorish walls and main gateway on a laptop. We can see through the patio window the tv on in the lounge. It is the war on Iraq on BBC News 24.

CAROLINE ROBSON

That's good. Just right.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Yeah. That's that then. And ahead of schedule.

CAROLINE ROBSON

I've enjoyed working with you.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Me too.

CAROLINE ROBSON

Let's celebrate.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

We do every night.

CAROLINE ROBSON

I mean let's be tourists. We can have this place for another week at least. Emma and Charles won't need it until the end of the month at the earliest. We've plenty of room. Why don't we ask Rachel to come out - if she's free - if only for a long weekend?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Ok. Yes. That would be good.

(a beat)

One problem. Possibly - for you. She might want Brian to come as well.

CAROLINE ROBSON

Isn't that taking the
tenant/landlord relationship a tad
far - never mind the niece/uncle
thing?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

She feels protective towards him.
Especially in the last six months
since Ma died

(off her reaction)

I know you two don't agree -

CAROLINE ROBSON

No problem. For Rachel, I'll
behave.

Annie smiles and picks up her mobile from the table.

CAROLINE ROBSON (CONT'D)

Do you think it's good for
Rachel's career to stay in
Liverpool? I mean not that -

ANNIE PHILLIPS

I asked her the same question -
and after she'd snarled at me she
explained that she feels being
there she's at the start of
something - you know like Glasgow
being re-generated or Birmingham -
and that touring company she loves
working for is in easy travelling
distance.

(a beat)

It's not a luvvies' company. She
knows she's got a place in it on
her own merits - even though she
sounds like a posh southern git -
and despite her parents' names not
because of them.

CAROLINE ROBSON

But she's kept Roger's surname.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

She loved her daddy. And anyway
the company does a lot of
sixteenth and seventeenth century
drama and the Artistic Director
thought Mandeville would look good
on the programmes.

(off Caroline's reaction)

He was being ironic.

(a beat)

Now you're sure about Brian?

CAROLINE ROBSON

Absolutely.

She crosses her fingers. Annie scrolls for Rachel's number.

CAROLINE ROBSON (CONT'D)

Where shall we eat tonight?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

I'd like to go to church first, if
that's ok.

(off Caroline's reaction)

I'll explain.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALVOR PARISH CHURCH SQUARE, THE ALGARVE (TWILIGHT)

Annie and Caroline are sitting on a bench. Annie is reading
from a guidebook.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

On Nov. 1, 1755, Lisbon was badly
damaged by an earthquake. The
source was some distance off the
coast. The tremors demolished
large public buildings and about
12,000 homes. As November 1 is All
Saint's Day, a large part of the
population was in church; most of
the churches were destroyed. The
total number of persons killed in
Lisbon alone was estimated to be
as high as 60,000, including those
who perished by drowning and in

the fire that burned for about six days following the shock. Damage was reported in Algiers, 1,100 kilometres to the east. The earthquake generated a tsunami that produced waves about six metres high at Lisbon and three times as high along the Algarve Coast.

She closes the book and looks at the church.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

This is one of the few churches that remained intact - and the only building that survived in Alvor. Ma would have said, 'Told yer!' There was nothing too terrible for Ma not to find another reason to believe.

CAROLINE ROBSON

And you? Does it revive your faith?

Annie begins to cry silently, the tears welling up. Caroline puts her arm round her. Annie smiles.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Time to grieve for Ma now - and Roger.

CAROLINE ROBSON

If only there still wasn't that uncertainty about how he died.

Caroline becomes tearful and nods. They look at each other and laugh - find a couple of paper handkerchiefs and dry their eyes.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

I have enjoyed working with you. I always knew you'd be a good friend.

Caroline smiles. A beat.

CAROLINE ROBSON
I don't think I'll ever be
bothered to have another long term
relationship with a man again.

Annie laughs.

CAROLINE ROBSON (CONT'D)
How about you?

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Chance'd be a fine thing. There's
been no one as exciting as Roger
- but Roger and me were not a long
distance couple. He was very
competitive. I think he found my
success, as he saw it, a bit
threatening.

CAROLINE ROBSON
I don't think Roger was the sort
to go the distance with anyone. I
think he was - a bit shallow
emotionally.

Annie nods.

CAROLINE ROBSON (CONT'D)
There, I've said it.

A pause.

CAROLINE ROBSON (CONT'D)
The excitement had gone. What kept
us together was that we were
trapped in the groves of academe -
Roger the celebrity. Me the
scholar. So no competition there
but a lot of parties - sorry,
networks - in common.

ANNIE PHILLIPS
Will you stay in New York
permanently?

CAROLINE ROBSON

I think so. Maybe a different apartment. You must come and stay.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

I'd like to.

She looks at the church clock.

ANNIE PHILLIPS (CONT'D)

You know you asked just now whether my faith has been revived. Only in being human. That clock has struck the hours for centuries come quakes, tidal waves, wars, dictators, genocides - providing somebody remembered to wind it up.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF FORTELAIZA DE SAGRES, THE ALGARVE (DAY)

We see the outside walls of the Fortelaiza.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD, FORTELAIZA DE SAGRES, THE ALGARVE (DAY)

Annie, Caroline, Rachel and Brian emerge from the darkness of the entrance tunnel. They go to the stone wind compass - a set of grooved limestone slabs made into a large circle. A guide is speaking alternatively in English and Portuguese to a small coach party. It includes two carers and four men in their forties with various levels of mental impairment - and two with physical impairment. One has lost a leg and uses crutches. One is bent double. The other two need to be guided.

GUIDE

Only the stone is left. In Henry the Navigator's time there would have been perhaps -

The man bent double taps on the toecap of the guide's shoe. The guide looks down. The man indicates that the guide's shoelace is undone.

GUIDE (CONT'D)

Obrigado. Fazo mais tarde.

(a beat)

perhaps a large wooden pointer that would have swung with the direction of the wind. Henry's caravels captured the west of Africa for Europe.

BRIAN PHILLIPS

(sotto voce)

Not to mention the first of ten million black slaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORTELAIZA DE SAGRES PROMONTORY, THE ALGARVE (DAY)

Annie, Caroline, Rachel and Brian are strolling round the promontory. They pass the party again. The bent man runs to the edge of the cliff to watch the fishermen perched in the crannies.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORTELAIZA DE SAGRES RAMPART, THE ALGARVE (DAY)

Annie, Caroline, Rachel and Brian are on the rampart opposite Cape St Vincent. Caroline is talking particularly to Rachel.

CAROLINE ROBSON

For the Moors, Cape St Vincent was the end of the world. Algarve comes from the Arabic for the west. Their caliphate, their empire stretched from Baghdad to here.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

What Osama Bin Laden wants to do.

BRIAN PHILLIPS

He's a fascist as well as an imperialist. They were comparatively enlightened for the

time. It wasn't until the Christians had driven the Arabs out of Spain that the Jews were persecuted.

As Brian is speaking, the coach party passes by and, as it does so, one of the men who usually needs to be guided leaves the party and approaches the four of them, holding out his hand. They suddenly notice the man as he comes up to Rachel. In his hand is a coin. Rachel turns quickly to Brian.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

(sotto voce)

What should I do?

BRIAN PHILLIPS

It's a game. Look it's an old coin, an escudo. Take it and say - what's the word?

CAROLINE ROBSON

Obrigado.

BRIAN PHILLIPS

Right and give it back to him.

Rachel takes the coin.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

Obrigado.

She gives it back. He moves to Annie and holds out his hand with the coin in it. Annie looks into his eyes and sees the hope and the longing. She takes the coin.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Obrigado.

She gently hands the coin back. One of the carers hurries over and takes the man gently by the arm. She addresses Annie and then Rachel

CARER

Tenho muita pena, senhoras.

CAROLINE ROBSON

Tudo bem.

Everybody smiles.

BRIAN PHILLIPS

What was that?

CAROLINE ROBSON

No problem.

BRIAN PHILLIPS

I'm impressed. Mark you, public school education -

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

Why was that man doing that?

CAROLINE ROBSON

He's a child - in his head and his heart. It's a game, like Brian said.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

But why did he come to me first?

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Because you're young, and lovely, and you have kind eyes.

BRIAN PHILLIPS

'There's not enough kindness in the world, sir.'

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

(matter of fact)

Sydney Greenstreet, 'The Mask of Dmitrios'.

Brian looks pleased.

BRIAN PHILLIPS

Well good, our girl!

They leave the rampart - Annie with one arm round Rachel's waist and the other linked with one of Caroline's arms and

Brian holding Rachel's hand - and walk towards the dark exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF COUNTRY ROAD, THE ALGARVE (DAY)

We see a car, driven by Caroline, and containing in addition Annie, Rachel(20) - and Brian (45) in the front passenger seat. Both sides of the road are lined with eucalyptus trees and the occasional cork tree.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR, COUNTRY ROAD, THE ALGARVE (DAY)

CAROLINE ROBSON

I'm as much against the war as you are -

BRIAN PHILLIPS

The simian president is a typically American bully full of self-righteous bullshit.

CAROLINE ROBSON

Just as Ian Paisley's typically British, I suppose.

A beat.

CAROLINE ROBSON (CONT'D)

Ask anybody virtually anywhere in the world what they think America's like and they'll be able to give you an answer.

BRIAN PHILLIPS

Anybody?

CAROLINE ROBSON

Just as they could about Ancient Rome!

BRIAN PHILLIPS

Exactly - and for the same bloody reason.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

We're suffering collateral damage in the back.

Brian turns. Caroline looks in the mirror.

RACHEL MANDEVILLE

A truce? While we're in a confined space.

BRIAN PHILLIPS

Right.

CAROLINE ROBSON

Grudgingly.

A pause. We see from Annie's POV someone selling oranges by the roadside.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Caro? Would you stop so I can buy some oranges, please.

The car stops round the bend from the orange seller.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, THE ALGARVE (DAY)

We see the orange seller. It is Dwight, bearded as in New York.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, THE ALGARVE (DAY)

We see Annie from Dwight's POV walking towards him. From a distance, she could be 27. As she gets closer, we see that Dwight recognises her.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORANGE SELLER'S STALL, THE ALGARVE

The stall is by the roadside in front of a small stone cottage with a corrugated iron roof. Behind the cottage is a grove of orange and lemon trees. We see that Annie does not recognise Dwight. He avoids eye contact with her.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Bom dias. Uno -

DWIGHT WINTERSET

Hi, I speak English.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

American?

DWIGHT WINTERSET

(gently)

Fuck America!

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Oh! I see.

She thinks she has heard an echo - but quickly dismisses the thought.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

Pardon my French.

Oranges and money change hands.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Did you grow these?

Dwight indicates the cottage and small holding with his thumb over his shoulder.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

My place!

ANNIE PHILLIPS

A retreat.

DWIGHT WINTERSET

Paradise.

ANNIE PHILLIPS

Right.

(indicating the oranges)
Thanks.

DWIGHT WINTERSET
Have a nice day!

ANNIE PHILLIPS
And you.

She turns and walks back to the car, becoming progressively younger. Dwight watches her.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, THE ALGARVE (DAY)

At the bend in the road. Annie begins suddenly to walk more slowly and then stops altogether. She turns back to look at the orange seller. We can see that she has recognised Dwight. He sees her looking and quickly looks away. She turns to look at the stationary car. Rachel is looking at her through the rear window. Annie begins to walk - towards the car.

EXT. ORANGE SELLER'S STALL, THE ALGARVE (DAY)

Dwight watches her walk out of sight round the bend.

THE END