

## LOYALTIES

DAVID SELZER

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF LLANDUDNO, NORTH WALES - DAY

It is a hot, slightly hazy day in the late July of 1936. We see the crescent of hotels on the seafront, the Great Orme and the Pier.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE PIER, LLANDUDNO - DAY

We are looking landward. We can hear the music of a carousel: 'The Blue Danube'. The pier is thronged with holiday makers, dressed, as the era required, rather formally - some of the men even wearing sports coats. It is largely a middle class crowd.

CUT TO:

EXT. HALF WAY ALONG THE PIER, LLANDUDNO - DAY

We see three teenagers, two girls and a boy - KATHY, GWYNNETH and ALLYN, in the full summer grammar school uniform of the day - for the girls: Gingham dresses, sandals, white socks, straw hats, and, for the boy: a striped blazer and grey flannels, his cap stuffed in his pocket, all three carrying leather satchels - walking quickly through the throngs of holiday makers towards the end of the Pier. They pass the carousel, which is a traditional one of wooden, galloping horses. Kathy is slightly in front of the others. She is sixteen, has dark, lustrous hair down below her shoulders, and a slim figure. She looks determined. Gwynneth has blond hair, permed as the fashion required. Allyn's hair is Brylcremed and cut like Clark Gable's. We hear the sounds of holiday makers, seagulls and the carousel.

CUT TO:

EXT. AT THE END OF THE PIER, LLANDUDNO - DAY

Kathy is standing by the railings looking out to sea. She looks even more determined. The other two are also standing by the railings, but a little apart from Kathy. In the middle ground behind them is a notice announcing the daily arrival and departure times of the Liverpool-Llandudno Steamer. Suddenly, Kathy takes a deep breath, pulls off her hat and flings it with all her might out to sea.

CUT TO:

EXT. AT THE END OF THE PIER, LLANDUDNO - DAY

We are behind the three looking out to sea. The hat flies up - a gull swoops and misses. Kathy has climbed on the bottom rail. She shakes her hair.

KATHY

An end to tyranny!

Allyn, giggling, steps forward, grabs Kathy's sleeve. Gwynneth watches, her hand on her hat.

GWYNNETH

Careful, Kathy!

CUT TO:

EXT. AT THE END OF THE PIER, LLANDUDNO - DAY

We are looking down at the sea from the teenagers' P.O.V. The hat lands on the water and floats.

KATHY (O.S.)

It's floating!

ALLYN(O.S.)

It'll soon get waterlogged.

And we see that begin to happen.

KATHY (O.S.)

Know all!

CUT TO:

EXT. AT THE END OF THE PIER, LLANDUDNO - DAY

Allyn replies in his best Basil Rathbone.

ALLYN

Elementary, my dear Watson!

(a beat)

Gwynneth?

GWYNNETH

I'm going to keep mine as a  
souvenir, thank you, Allyn.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PROMENADE, LLANDUDNO - DAY

We see Gwynneth and Allyn saying goodbye to Kathy. (Behind them is a newspaper kiosk. The billboards in front announce 'Test Match Latest' and 'Riots in Palestine'). Kathy watches her friends disappear into the crowd and begin to hold hands as they do so. She stares after them and sighs. We see her turn and walk slowly through the crowds, the crescent of hotels in the background. She skirts a large crowd of children, mums and dads watching a Punch and Judy show. She does not look at the show. Above the screams of laughter, we hear MR. PUNCH and MRS. PUNCH but see only Kathy - full face, close-up. She frowns briefly and anxiously at what she hears. (And we see how beautiful - and vulnerable she is).

MR. PUNCH (O.S.)

Take that, Mrs. Punch, and that.

MRS. PUNCH (O.S.)

I'll fetch a policeman.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF ST GEORGE'S HOTEL, LLANDUDNO - DAY

The hotel is a grand, four storey mid-Victorian building with a covered terrace and large sash windows. We see the hotel's name on the side of the building. We see a porter unloading luggage from the boot of a roadster.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE, ST GEORGE'S HOTEL, LLANDUDNO - DAY

We see Kathy going up the steps. The entrance is a stone portico supported by marble pillars. Beneath the portico are imposing double doors of polished mahogany inset with panes of bevelled glass. We see through the panels a uniformed doorman in his twenties smiling at Kathy. He opens one of the doors for her. (He speaks with the same accent as she does).

DOORMAN

(sotto voce)

Hello, Kathy. You know you  
shouldn't really come in this way  
- but as it's you.

Kathy blushes and puts on a mock haughty expression and accent as she 'sails' in.

KATHY

Why thank you, my man!

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER, ST GEORGE'S HOTEL, LLANDUDNO - DAY

We follow Kathy through the foyer. We are struck by the quiet and the subdued light compared with outside. We notice that the receptionist, passing the register to a guest to sign in, frowns as Kathy passes. Kathy makes eye contact with the receptionist and pulls an ooh! face. (That is, she purses her lips in mock disapproval, raises her eyebrows slightly and puts her head slightly to one side). She stops at a list of names - written in copper plate - hanging on the wall in a gold frame. The heading is 'Famous Guests at St. George's Hotel'. We see 'Elizabeth, Empress of Austria' and 'Count Otto von Bismarck of Prussia'. Kathy smiles and moves on. We follow her down the wide corridor that leads to the main dining room. We can see in the distance that the tables are being laid for dinner. The Head Waiter, KATHY'S TAD (Welsh: 'dad'), dressed in a DJ and black bow tie, and a waitress dressed in the traditional uniform of black dress and white starched cap and apron are the only people in the dining

room. (He is in his late thirties and she is in her twenties). Kathy's Tad is nuzzling the waitress's neck. He has lifted her skirt, exposing her stocking tops and cami-knickers, and has his hand between her legs. Kathy stops when she see this. Her Tad suddenly realises someone is there and, looking towards the door of the dining room, turns away from the waitress quickly, in effect, masking her, as Kathy shakes her hair and also moves - away through a door marked, 'Staff Only'.

CUT TO:

INT. STAFF CORRIDOR, ST GEORGE'S HOTEL, LLANDUDNO - DAY

We see a door marked 'Kitchen' at the end of the corridor, We can hear from behind the closed door a radio playing Bing Crosby's 1936 version of 'Pennies from Heaven'. Kathy stops at a door marked 'Mrs. Lewis - Housekeeper', knocks briefly and goes in.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSEKEEPER'S OFFICE, ST GEORGE'S HOTEL, LLANDUDNO - DAY

KATHY'S MAM, the housekeeper, is seated at her desk. She is in her middle thirties. She is wearing a short sleeved blouse. There is the vestige of a weal on her left forearm. She speaks with the same accent as Kathy.

KATHY

Hello, Mam!

KATHY'S MAM

Kathy!

She picks up an unopened envelope from her desk and, smiling nervously, holds it out to Kathy, who moves quickly across to take it. She holds it away from her, looks at her Mam and bites her lip.

KATHY

Mam, I'm so nervous.

KATHY'S MAM

Then put us out of our misery,  
girl!

Kathy tears the letter open and begins to read it - and then, smiling broadly, looks up at her Mam, who smiles and becomes tearful.

KATHY'S MAM (cont'd)  
Read it aloud, cariad.

KATHY  
The London Hospital, Hackney Road,  
Whitechapel, London E2.  
19th July 1936. Dear Miss Lewis,  
I am very pleased to be able to  
inform you that your application  
to train to be a nurse has been  
successful.

She looks up at her mother and grins.

KATHY (cont'd)  
Please report to the hospital by  
noon on 1st September.  
I enclose a list of the personal  
items you will need to bring.  
The London is, as you will be  
aware, a prestigious institution

She looks at her mother who winks.

KATHY  
and has a fine and deserved record  
as a training school. We expect  
our trainee nurses to enhance the  
reputation of the hospital in  
everything they do and say. Yours  
sincerely, Miss A.C. Chaddock,  
SRN, SCM, Matron

Kathy and her mother look at each other briefly and then Kathy rushes to her mother, who stands, and they hug. A beat. They both wipe tears from their eyes and laugh.

KATHY'S MAM

You'll be away for your birthday.  
Sweet seventeen!

The door opens. Kathy's Tad puts his head round the door.  
Kathy puts the letter down to her side.

KATHY

I'm going to London, Tad.

KATHY'S MAM

She's not going to be a servant in  
this hotel, waiting on snobby  
English cows and their daft  
husbands.

Kathy's Tad looks angry for a brief moment.

KATHY'S TAD

(to her Mam)

Hotel work is clean and you meet  
some nice people.

(off her reaction)

London's full of unsavoury types.

KATHY'S MAM

Our Kathy's a good girl!

KATHY

Mam!

A beat.

KATHY'S MAM

Aren't you going to congratulate  
her, Eric?

He turns to Kathy and forces a smile.

KATHY'S TAD (CONT'D)

Well done, Kathleen.

KATHY

Tad! Kathleen makes me sound so  
antwacky.-

KATHY'S TAD

It was Grandma Lewis' name. You'll  
always be Kathleen to me.

A pause. They look at each other, both at a loss for words.  
He turns back to Kathy's Mam, rubbing his hands together.

KATHY'S TAD (cont'd)  
Perhaps we can have a little  
celebration, Rhiannon?

KATHY'S MAM  
(winking at Kathy)  
Kathy and me've got one planned.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM, ST GEORGE'S HOTEL, LLANDUDNO - EARLY  
EVENING

Kathy's small bedroom has a dormer window, which is open.  
We can hear the sounds of a warm seaside evening and,  
distantly, a Palm Court-type string trio playing a waltz  
that might be by Johann Strauss or Franz Lehar - but we are  
too far away to tell. Kathy is writing at the dressing  
table, on which there is a small glass vase containing  
Sweet Peas. She is wearing a floral summer dress, sandals  
and white ankle socks.

KATHY (V.O.)  
The Emperor Franz Josef and the  
Empress Elizabeth emerged from the  
sumptuous cathedral into the  
bright sunlight - he in his field  
marshal's dress uniform and she in  
the most gorgeous wedding gown the  
world had ever seen. Their loyal  
subjects cheered like anything.

As we hear Kathy's voice, we see, on the chest of drawers,  
between bookends made from slate, a number of school  
exercise books and a hardback entitled: 'Elizabeth, Empress  
of Austria - A Memoir by Rupert Ashley'. Also on the chest  
of drawers there is a black and white print of Franz Xavier  
Winterhalter's portrait of Elizabeth, Empress of Austria.  
The resemblance to Kathy is striking. The following has  
been written across the bottom of the print in a florid



hand: 'For Kathy, Llandudno's Elizabeth, Best wishes, Rupert'.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT (SOFT FOCUS TECHNICOLOUR)

As Kathy continues to speak, we see that Elizabeth is Kathy and Franz Josef is Allyn. Elizabeth is wearing a silk wedding dress and Franz Josef is in dress uniform with medals. They are dressed in Hollywood Victorian and act as in a silent film.

KATHY (V.O.)

They spent their wedding night dancing to waltz after waltz. The orchestra was conducted by Johann Strauss himself in person. Later, Franz Josef said to Elizabeth, 'My darling, I must go and see to the Turks and the French. I want you to go to St. George's Hotel, Llandudno, where I know you will be safe'.

CUT TO:

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM, ST GEORGE'S HOTEL, LLANDUDNO - EARLY EVENING

A beat. Kathy looks over to her books. There is a knock on the door.

KATHY'S MAM (O.S.)

Are you ready, Kathy?

CUT TO:

INSERT (B&W)

We see newsreel footage of Jesse Owens winning the 100 metres at the 1936 Berlin Olympic Games and hear the roar of the crowd. We cut to the Olympic flags and the Swastikas flying above the stadium.

CUT TO:

INT. PALACE CINEMA, LLANDUDNO - NIGHT

We see Kathy and her Mam bemused.

CUT TO:

INSERT (B&W)

We see the newsreel title 'Street Battles in Barcelona' over footage of dead soldiers and their horses in the Plaza de Cataluna, hear dramatic music and the NEWSREEL COMMENTATOR.

NEWSREEL COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

All day long, in this once elegant city, battle has raged. The Spanish Civil War shows no sign of ending.

CUT TO:

INT. PALACE CINEMA, LLANDUDNO - NIGHT

We see Kathy and her mother lit by the light from the screen. We hear the opening music of 'Top Hat'. They are entranced.

INSERT (B&W)

We see the title sequence and hear the music of 'Top Hat'.

CUT TO:

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM, ST GEORGE'S HOTEL, LLANDUDNO - NIGHT

We see Kathy sleeping. She wakes suddenly at the sound of very loud knocking at a door in the corridor outside her room and sits up.

KATHY'S TAD(O.S.)

Let us in, you bitch!

Kathy sighs and puts her head back down on the pillow, her eyes open, as we hear more knocking - this time much quieter.

KATHY'S TAD(O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Rhiannon? Rhiannon, let us in  
love, please.

We hear a key turned in lock.

KATHY'S MAM (O.S.)  
For pity's sake, you'll wake the  
girl. Ach, you stink of drink.  
Come in off the corridor.

KATHY'S TAD (O.S.)  
I've been celebrating Kathleen's  
success.

KATHY'S MAM (O.S.)  
Any excuse.  
(a beat)  
Come in, quietly.

We hear a door shutting. A pause. Kathy gets slowly out of bed and walks to her open window. We can just, over her shoulder, see the dark sea at the end of the street - and see and hear waves falling gently on the shore.

FADE TO:

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM, NAIN'S COTTAGE, GREAT ORME - DAY

The room is dominated at one end by the black leaded kitchen range and at the other by a Welsh Dresser crammed with crockery. There are four prayer books in a neat pile on the dresser. Through the open door into the scullery, we can see, hanging on a hook on the back door, a copper miner's helmet. The family is seated round the kitchen table in their Sunday best: Kathy, Kathy's Mam, her NAIN (Welsh: 'grandmother', pronounced 'Nine'), and Kathy's uncle, TEGID, who is in his forties. (They speak with the same accent as Kathy and her mother). Every one is in black. The man's jacket is hanging on the back of his chair. Nain is standing. They all have their heads bowed in prayer.

NAIN  
For what we are about to receive.

ALL

Amen.

Nain starts ladling out stew from the large cast iron pot in front of her. On the table, there is a teapot wrapped in a wool cosey, a milk jug and sugar bowl and, in the middle of the table, a bowl of steaming boiled potatoes.

TEGID

We're very proud of you, Kathy.  
Aren't we, Nain?

Nain smiles.

TEGID (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You're the first student we've had in the family. Nursing the sick and the poor is a fine thing to do. The nurses saved my life in the Great War, y'know - when I'd been gassed - twice!

Kathy's Mam winks at Kathy, who forks a piece of potato into her mouth. She pretends the potato is hot, purses her lips and fans them. He jabs the air with his knife.

TEGID (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You must take care. The streets of London are not paved with gold, y'know, just full of Tory lickspittles, Sir Oswald Mosley and his daft Blackshirts - and godless Communists - and brazen film stars.

Kathy and her Mam laugh.

NAIN

Tegid!

They eat.

KATHY'S MAM

Will the owners give in, Tegid?

TEGID

No.

KATHY'S MAM

(to Tegid)

So when will the strike end, d'you think?

TEGID

When there's another war and the War Office needs copper.

KATHY'S MAM

Let's hope there won't be another!

TEGID

I'll be too long in the tooth for the next.

He turns to Kathy, jabbing the air again with his knife.

TEGID (CONT'D) (cont'd)

That's what you should be writing about, girl -

KATHY

Teeth?

Her Nain and her Mam laugh.

TEGID (CONT'D)

The gentry!  
(off their reaction)  
I'm serious.

He too begins to laugh. They eat.

KATHY'S MAM

You only have to ask if things are short.

TEGID

Thanks for that Rhiannon.

He winks at Kathy.

TEGID (cont'd)

But there's plenty of rabbits in  
Lord Mostyn's woods for stewing,  
(to his mother)  
eh, Mam?

She has stopped ladling and, still looking down, started to weep silently. Tegid stands quickly and goes to her, putting his arm round her.

TEGID(CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Mam! What's up?

They all look at her concerned.

NAIN  
Our Kathy has been coming here  
every Sunday since she was born.

KATHY'S MAM  
Oh, Mam.

She starts to cry as does Kathy. They go to Nain and the three women hug each other. Tegid has stepped back. He wipes away a tear.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROSVILLE BUS STOP, GREAT ORME - DAY

Tegid, Kathy, Kathy's Mam and Nain are walking to the bus stop, which is uphill from the cottage. The road is unfenced and the grass on either side is cropped close by sheep. In the background, far below, is the bay and the crescent of hotels. We can see the green single decker Crosville bus approaching downhill in the distance. Tegid and Kathy are in front. They are laughing.

TEGID  
It's no good laughin' at me, our  
Kathy. The English are not to be  
trusted.

He stops.

TEGID (CONT'D)  
Seriously. Like your Tad.

KATHY'S MOTHER

(quickly)

You know very well he's Welsh -  
with a bit of Irish.

He looks back quickly at Kathy's Mam.

TEGID

He's a bully.

NAIN

That's quite enough

They look quickly at Kathy, who looks quickly away, turns, shakes her hair and starts walking to the bus stop. They look after her. Suddenly, a hare leaps across the road in front of the oncoming bus. Kathy sees the hare and stops. We see it just clearing the wheels of the bus.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLATFORM, LLANDUDNO JUNCTION RAILWAY STATION - DAY

CUT TO:

It is an early September morning. A GNWR (Great North Western Railway) steam train is beginning to move. We can hear the steam being forced through the funnel. A sign on a carriage reads: 'London-Holyhead Express'. Kathy, waving a handkerchief, very tearful, leans out of the open window of a door marked with a '3' for Third Class. Her mother, also waving and tearful, begins to follow the train along the platform.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORECOURT, EUSTON RAILWAY STATION, LONDON - DAY

Kathy walks slowly across the noisy, echoing forecourt, carrying a small cardboard suitcase. She is wearing a navy blue mackintosh, low healed shoes and lisle stockings. She is looking round at the bustle and the size of everything.

CUT TO:

EXT. HACKNEY ROAD, WHITECHAPEL, LONDON - DAY

Kathy, carrying her suitcase, looks at the names on the shops and at those with signs in Yiddish written in Hebrew script. An old, Hasidic man passes her. She stares as politely as possible. Suddenly, a YOUNG JEWISH MAN runs past her and takes hold of a billboard outside a newsagent. She stops to watch him. We can just see what is written on the billboard as he rips the sheet off: 'DAILY MAIL SAYS HURRAH FOR THE BLACKSHIRTS!' (He speaks with an East London Jewish accent).

YOUNG JEWISH MAN

Bastards!

He rushes into the shop. Kathy, slightly opened mouthed, turns to watch him go.

YOUNG JEWISH MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Fascist collaborators!

Kathy pulls an oooh! face.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE LONDON HOSPITAL - DAY

Kathy enters the gates.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM, THE LONDON HOSPITAL - DAY

The room is cramped. Kathy is standing before a small wall mirror pinning the London Hospital badge to her uniform. We can see in the mirror part of a fitted wardrobe and chest of drawers. On top of the latter is the print of Elizabeth, the biography, the seven exercise books and the empty vase. She looks up at her reflection with pride - but her expression changes when she looks at her hair. She begins to try to get her hair under her white starched cap. She takes a strand of her hair, holds it in front of her with her index and forefinger gripping the strand at a point just below her ear and studies the effect.

KATHY

No!



She pulls a fish face (that is, she sucks in her cheeks, crosses her eyes and puts her head slightly to one side) and then returns to trying to put her hair up.

FADE TO:

INT. LECTURE HALL, THE LONDON HOSPITAL - DAY

At the front of the Lecture Hall and on the podium which runs for nearly the width of the hall is a substantial desk-cum-demonstration bench behind which lecturers stand. Students sit in tiered seating - which reaches to the back of the hall - with narrow shelves in front of them for books and note taking. Each side of the hall are long, curtainless windows. The lecturer is THE DEAN. He wears a Harris Tweed suit. He has a stethoscope round his neck. Behind him, on a pulled down screen, is a drawing of John Merrick, the Elephant Man. The electric projector looks new. The students today are trainee nurses, Kathy amongst them.

THE DEAN

The London Hospital has always taken pride in its charitable work. The great surgeon, Frederick Treves, personally ensured that Merrick, the Elephant Man, -

He gestures to the screen with his pointer.

THE DEAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

could have some quality of life. The man was not an imbecile but such was his physical deformity that the nurses, all volunteers, shrank from him - much to his distress. Treves got a lady of his acquaintance to undertake to walk into Merrick's room, smile and shake him by the hand. The Elephant Man -

INT. LECTURE HALL, THE LONDON HOSPITAL - DAY

We see Kathy wide eyed and tearful.

THE DEAN (V.O.)  
burst into tears and sobbed as if  
his heart would break.

CUT TO:

INT. CASUALTY DEPARTMENT, LONDON HOSPITAL - DAY

Kathy is walking across the department. The doors suddenly burst open and two St. John's Ambulance men enter carrying a stretcher on which there is an INJURED GIRL of about nineteen. Her head is bleeding. She is holding a compress of some kind to it. The SISTER goes quickly to the stretcher and studies the girl briefly.

SISTER  
(to the men)  
Put her in that cubicle, please!  
(to Kathy)  
Get a bowl of lukewarm water and a  
cloth and clean her wound.

FIRST AMBULANCE MAN  
There are more on their way,  
Sister. There's a regular battle  
going on in Cable Street.

CUT TO:

INT. CUBICLE, CASUALTY DEPARTMENT, LONDON HOSPITAL - DAY

Kathy is gently dabbing the girl's headwound.

KATHY  
How did it happen?

INJURED GIRL  
Police.  
(off Kathy's reaction)  
We stopped the fascists marching  
through Whitechapel today.  
(off her reaction)  
Mosley's Blackshirts?

Kathy nods. The girl shakes her head.

INJURED GIRL (CONT'D)

The coppers didn't like their  
friends being disappointed so they  
set about us.

KATHY

Us?

INJURED GIRL

Communists, Jews.

(off Kathy's reaction)

Where are you from, sweetheart?

KATHY

Llandudno.

The girl laughs briefly then grimaces with pain.

INJURED GIRL

Blimey! Where's that?

CUT TO:

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM, THE LONDON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit by a central bulb in a utilitarian looking glass shade. There is a stamped envelope addressed to her mother propped on the dressing table and next to it a birthday card. Next to that is an opened brown paper parcel in which there is an opened presentation box for a fountain pen. Next to that is a bottle of ink. Kathy is lying prone on the bed, writing (with the pen) in an exercise book. The number of exercise books on the chest of drawers has increased to ten. A radio is playing softly down the corridor: Fred Astaire's 'Let's Face The Music And Dance'.

KATHY (V.O.)

One day, while strolling on the  
Promenade -

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT (SOFT FOCUS TECHNICOLOUR)

As Kathy continues to speak, we see Kathy as Elizabeth, Kathy's Tad as Bismarck and then Kathy as Kathy. All three are dressed in Hollywood Victorian and act as in a silent film. The difference between Kathy as Kathy and Kathy as Elizabeth is their attire - plain and sumptuous respectively.

KATHY (V.O.)

Elizabeth was approached by a large man with mutton chop whiskers. He raised his hat. 'Your majesty, please allow me to introduce myself, I am Count Otto Von Bismarck and at your service'. Elizabeth was very flustered. Suddenly, a young woman appeared and said to the Count. 'You are a villain, sir, begone'. 'Curse it', said the Count, 'I am discovered'. After he had gone, Elizabeth invited Kathy, for it was she, to tea at the St. George's Hotel. Kathy told Elizabeth that she wrote romantic novels under a pseu-, pseudonym - Merrick. 'Why,' said the Empress, 'you are my very favourite authoress!'

CUT TO:

INT. CINEMA - NIGHT

An usherette is showing Kathy and four other trainees - all in uniform and all giggling - to their seats with a torch. The light from the screen flickers across the audience.

NEWSREEL COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

His abdication broadcast over, King Edward is driven away from Buckingham Palace for the last time. He will join Mrs. Simpson in Paris.

CUT TO:

INT. CINEMA - NIGHT

We see Kathy and two of the other trainees dabbing at their tears with their handkerchiefs as Snow White begins to sing 'Some Day My Prince Will Come'.

CUT TO:

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM, THE LONDON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

As before, the room is dimly lit by a central bulb. The window is partly open. A stamped envelope addressed to her mother is propped on the dressing table. Next to it is a tear-off calendar showing April 13th 1937. The number of exercise books on the chest of drawers has increased to eleven. Kathy is lying prone on the bed, writing in an exercise book. A radio is playing softly down the corridor: Bing Crosby's 'Begin the Beguine'.

KATHY (V.O.)

At the Empress's request -

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT (SOFT FOCUS TECHNICOLOUR)

As Kathy continues to speak, we see Kathy as Kathy, Kathy as Elizabeth and Allyn as Franz Josef. Again, all three are in Hollywood Victorian and act as in a silent film. Franz Josef is again in full dress uniform - and the difference between Elizabeth and Kathy is, as before, that between sumptuousness and plainness.

KATHY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Kathy travelled back to Vienna with Elizabeth in order to protect her. So grateful was the Emperor, Franz Josef, that he arranged a ball in Kathy's honour and offered to find her a handsome, rich and royal suitor. Kathy said, 'I'm afraid I must decline, your Majesty. I am going to become a nurse with Florence Nightingale.'

CUT TO:

INT. CINEMA - NIGHT

We see the silhouette of Kathy and three other trainees and on the screen the newsreel title 'Guernica - New Horror in Spanish Civil War'. We hear dramatic music and then a daylight scene of people carrying bodies on stretchers against a background of ruined, burning buildings.

CUT TO:

INT. CINEMA - NIGHT

We see on the screen the opening titles and hear the opening music of '39 Steps'.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF A TENEMENT BUILDING, WHITECHAPEL, LONDON - DAY

A car draws up. Kathy and a doctor get out, each with a medical bag. Three barefoot and raggedly dressed girls stop their skipping game to watch. Kathy pauses briefly to take in the dilapidated state of the building, smiles at the girls, who simply stare back. She pulls a fish face. They smile shyly. She follows the doctor into the building.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STAIRWELL OF THE BUILDING - DAY

Kathy and the doctor climb the stairs, which are stone and dirty.

CUT TO:

INT. A ONE ROOM FLAT IN THE BUILDING - DAY

Kathy and the doctor are attending a woman in labour in a one room flat. The floor is carpeted with newspapers. The woman cries out. Kathy, with great tenderness but also great efficiency, soothes the woman.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON - DAY

It is a bright spring day. Kathy is having her photograph taken feeding the pigeons. (The photographer is one of many working each day in the Square). The pigeons swarm about her. We hear Gertrude Lawrence singing: Someday I'll find you.

CUT TO:

EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON - EARLY EVENING

It is an early evening in summer. Kathy and four other trainees - two we have already seen, two we have not - are strolling through Piccadilly Circus, giggling at the prostitutes. We see the statue of Eros in the background. We hear Ella Fitzgerald singing: Nice work if you can get it.

CUT TO:

EXT. REGENT STREET, LONDON - NIGHT

Kathy and three other trainees - one we have seen before, the others we have not - are gazing up at the Xmas lights. We hear George Formby singing: Leaning on the lamp post at the corner of the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. THAMES EMBANKMENT, LONDON - NIGHT

It is a foggy, winter's night. Big Ben looms in the background. Kathy and two other trainees - neither of whom we have seen before - are hurrying along the Embankment away from Big Ben. We can see huddled figures lying on the benches. We hear Jessie Mathews singing: Everything's in rhythm with my heart.

CUT TO:

EXT. NATIONAL WESTMINSTER BANK, MADOC STREET, LLANDUDNO - DAY

Kathy and her Mam are in summer dresses, walking up Madoc Street towards the Great Orme. We can see the road and tramway climbing steeply up the hill. Gwynneth and Allyn come out of a jeweller's shop. They are wearing business

suits. Gwynneth, followed by Allyn grinning broadly, rushes over holding up her left hand. We can see an engagement ring.

GWYNNETH

Kathy. Mrs. Lewis. We've just got engaged.

KATHY

That's great!

KATHY'S MAM

Congratulations.

KATHY'S MAM

I hope you'll be very happy.

Suddenly, Allyn gets Kathy's attention, raise his eyebrows in a comic fashion and begins to do a Charlie Chaplin walk in a tight circle. Passers-by look on, some amused, some puzzled. Kathy claps. Her Mam glances at her. Gwynneth grabs hold of Allyn's elbow and stops him.

GWYNNETH

Allyn!

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF GREAT ORME TRAMWAY STATION, LLANDUDNO - DAY

We see Kathy and her Mam queuing to get on the tram.

CUT TO:

INT. GREAT ORME TRAM, LLANDUDNO - DAY

We see the Great Orme's landscape - sheep, limestone outcrops and cropped grass - come into view as the tram climbs.

KATHY'S MAM

(laughing)

We're like real trippers. Gadding about on a Wednesday.



KATHY

I am on holiday, our Mam!

Kathy looks out of the glassless window and then points.

KATHY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Look. You can just see Nain's  
cottage.

A beat. Kathy turns to her mother.

KATHY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

D'you think Gwynneth and Allyn're  
a bit young to settle down?

KATHY'S MAM

I wasn't much older when I met  
your Tad.

KATHY

Supposing they meet someone else?

KATHY'S MAM

Sometimes you don't have any  
choice.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREAT ORME, LLANDUDNO - DAY

Kathy is sitting and her Mam lying back on a limestone outcrop above a grassy slope which leads down to a small church with a slate roof. A low walled cemetery lies to the side of the church. Beyond that the land stops and we can see the sea.

KATHY

Mam. I've got something to tell  
you.

We see her Mam tense. A pause. Kathy takes a deep breath.

KATHY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I don't go to chapel every week in  
London.

Her Mam laughs.

KATHY'S MAM

I only go to please your Nain. But  
I do like the hymns.

Suddenly, a group of five nuns in black habits comes out of the church.

KATHY

(sotto voce)

Look.

Her Mam sits up. The nuns begin to climb the slope away from Kathy and her Mam. The effort of climb and their respective ages causes the group to become a file. They disturb two crows, which flap away across the cropped grass, their cawing deadened in the warm, still air. Kathy and her Mam watch in silence until the first of the nuns reaches the top of the slope.

KATHY (cont'd)

A couple of them looked not much  
older than me.

KATHY'S MAM

I couldn't live like that -  
however much a pig you're father  
is!

Kathy studies her Mam, who is looking out to sea. A beat.

KATHY'S MAM (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Kathy -

KATHY

Yes, Mam?

She turns to Kathy and puts her hand on her daughter's arm.

KATHY'S MAM

You know how much I love you,  
cariad.

Kathy, a little puzzled, smiles. Her Mam turns back to look seaward.

KATHY'S MAM (cont'd)  
You will be careful, won't you?

KATHY  
What d'you mean, our Mam?  
(off her reaction)  
Of course I will.

A beat. Her Mam suddenly leaps to her feet, turns to Kathy and holds out her hands.

KATHY'S MAM  
Come on, girl! Let's go and get  
some fish 'n chips.

FADE TO:

INSERT (B&W)

We see the newsreel title, 'Peace in Our Time - Prime Minister's Triumphant Return from Munich', and footage of Neville Chamberlain, with brolly, waving the infamous note from Hitler before he boards his aircraft for London.

CUT TO:

INSERT

We see and hear the opening titles and music of 'Lost Horizon'.

CUT TO:

INSERT (B&W)

We see newsreel footage of the aftermath of Kristallnacht - grinning Stormtroopers, people walking passed shops with windows smashed, Stars of David and graffiti reading 'Juden Raus!' scrawled in whitewash on doors. The accompanying music is dramatic and ominous.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SISTER'S OFFICE, ROTHSCHILD WARD, THE LONDON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The NIGHT SISTER is seated at her desk. Kathy is standing in front.

NIGHT SISTER

Quite a lot of the patients don't speak English. Most of them are from Germany but some came originally from Poland. Some of them have the beginnings of TB.

We hear a cry from the ward. A beat.

NIGHT SISTER (cont'd)

Well, what are you waiting for?

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROTHSCHILD WARD, THE LONDON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Kathy quickly enters the ward and goes to a young man, JULIUS KOHN, of about twenty, who is struggling to sit up in bed and coughing. He is dark haired, very thin, very pale and with a hectic blush on his cheeks. His skin has a slightly yellowish hue. (He speaks with a German-Jewish accent).

JULIUS KOHN

I dreamt I was still in Dachau.

Kathy gently adjusts his pillows.

KATHY

Is that where you're from?

Julius laughs and then coughs.

KATHY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(soothingly)

Lie back.

She pours some water into a glass from the carafe on the bedside locker.

KATHY (cont'd)

This will help.

Julius sits up sufficiently to take some sips and lies back exhausted.

JULIUS KOHN  
Dachau is a concentration camp.

Kathy looks none the wiser but doesn't pursue the matter. He closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM, THE LONDON HOSPITAL - NIGHT  
(BLACKOUT)

Her bedroom is as before but there are violets in the vase, the number of exercise books has increased to fifteen. Kathy is lying prone on her bed, reading a letter. The radio down the corridor is playing 'Wish Me Good Luck As You Wave Me Goodbye' by Gracie Fields.

TEGID (V.O.)  
Remember the slate miners I told you about. They were all on piecework but so important was knowledge that they stopped work at noon down in the very deepest slate caverns for an hour -

CUT TO:

INSERT (SOFT FOCUS TECHNICOLLOUR)

As Tegid continues to speak, we see Julius, as the German poet, Heinrich Heine, in Hollywood Victorian and acting as in a silent film, striding across a meadow, declaiming.

TEGID (V.O.)  
to recite poems, sing hymns, read from the Bible and debate, debate about freedom and dignity.

CUT TO:

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM, THE LONDON HOSPITAL - NIGHT  
(BLACKOUT)

She puts down the letter and picks up an exercise book, opens it, finds the right page and begins to write.

CUT TO:

INSERT (SOFT FOCUS TECHNICOLLOUR)

As Kathy speaks, we see Julius as Heinrich Heine and Kathy as Elizabeth (dressed as usual). The house painter (in paint daubed overalls) is Kathy's Tad.

KATHY (V.O.)

Elizabeth had fallen madly in love with Heinrich Heine and Heinrich had fallen in love with her. Well into the night, they would read each other the poems they had written. Though passionately in love, their relationship was innocent. But a dastardly republican, posing as a house painter, believed they were having a love affair. While he was painting the palace, he tried to catch them but, of course, in vain.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROTHSCHILD WARD, THE LONDON HOSPITAL - DAY

Kathy is making Julius' bed. He is sitting by the side. He has put on a little weight but still has that hectic blush. He is reading The Daily Mirror. He puts it down on the bed. We can see the headline: 'IRA BOMB CAMPAIGN CONTINUES'.

JULIUS KOHN

What's your name?

KATHY

Student Nurse Lewis.

Julius laughs.

JULIUS KOHN

How formal!

(a beat)  
I was a student once.

Kathy stops what she is doing and notices how sad he has become.

KATHY  
What were you studying?

JULIUS KOHN  
I was going to become a concert pianist.

KATHY  
Well, you will, provided -

A pause. She finishes making the bed.

KATHY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
you rest.

He gets back into bed.

JULIUS KOHN  
Will you sit with me while I rest?

Kathy glances quickly over to the Sister's office then back to Julius.

KATHY  
I can't do that!

She moves off - and looks back briefly.

KATHY (cont'd)  
(softly)  
It's Kathy.

CUT TO:

INT. LECTURE THEATRE, THE LONDON HOSPITAL - DAY

The trainee nurses, Kathy included, are hunched over their examination papers. We hear the lecture theatre clock ticking. All of the windows now have blackout curtains and

each pane is criss-crossed with anti-blast tape. Through the windows, we can see men filling sandbags.

CUT TO:

INT. LECTURE HALL, THE LONDON HOSPITAL - DAY

The Hall is full of nurses, doctors, students, trainees and orderlies. Many are sitting on steps or standing at the back. The Matron is seated by the desk-cum-demonstration bench. The Dean is speaking.

THE DEAN

...of course, we all hope that good sense will triumph but we must prepare for the worst. At the right time, all our patients will be evacuated to hospitals where there is less chance of air raids. We would like volunteers to remain behind so we can care for the victims of bombing, of which, sadly, we are warned to expect many. All of you are free to volunteer, including those of you who recently completed your training.

CUT TO:

INT. LECTURE HALL, THE LONDON HOSPITAL - DAY

We see Kathy in her full nurse's uniform, looking proud.

CUT TO:

INT. A WARD KITCHEN, LONDON HOSPITAL - DAY

Kathy and another nurse are looking through the window onto the road beyond the hospital gates. They are watching patients and nurses being evacuated on double decker London Transport buses. Some of the patients have to be carried on in stretchers. Julius is one of them. He looks up towards the building. Kathy half waves but realises he can't see her. She looks wistful. Her companion looks at her curiously.



CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER NURSE'S BEDROOM, THE LONDON HOSPITAL - DAY

Kathy and a dozen other nurses are crowded into the room - some sitting on the bed, the rest standing. Kathy is near the door. They are listening to the radio.

CHAMBERLAIN'S VOICE

I have to tell you now that no such undertakings have been received and that consequently this country is at war with Germany.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MATRON'S OFFICE, THE LONDON HOSPITAL - DAY

The Matron is sitting behind her desk. To one side, is a well dressed, middle aged man, MR. ZELESNIK. In front of the desk, is an empty chair. He is studying a set of papers, which he is holding.

MR. ZELESNIK

We can afford to lose a nurse at this time, Matron?

He looks up.

MATRON

Despite all of the talk, there has not been one air raid in the last two weeks since war was declared, Mr. Zelesnik. I am not saying the emergency is over but -

MR. ZELESNIK

Of course.

He smiles.

MR. ZELESNIK (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You're the boss!

She smiles politely and looks down at her papers. He looks down at his papers and then up at the Matron.

MR. ZELESNIK (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
And do we know why Nurse Lewis  
volunteered?

She too looks up and turns to him.

MATRON  
I encouraged her.  
(off his reaction)  
She is quite a capable nurse. And  
very caring. But, to be frank, Mr.  
Zelesnik, she can be a bit of a  
dreamer. She gets bored easily -  
particularly now when things are  
not busy. She needs something to  
challenge her.

There is a knock at the door.

MATRON (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Come in!

Kathy enters. The Matron indicates the empty chair.

MATRON (CONT'D)  
Please sit down, Nurse Lewis.

Kathy sits, looking apprehensive. She puts her hands together in her lap.

MATRON (cont'd)  
This is Mr. Zelesnik. He is one of  
our most generous patrons.

Mr. Zelesnik makes a deprecating gesture. Kathy smiles nervously.

MR. ZELESNIK  
(to Kathy)  
Nurse Lewis, do you know what is  
happening to Jews in German  
occupied Europe?

KATHY

Yes, sir.

MR. ZELESNIK

You do?

A pause. Mr. Zelesnik looks at her appraisingly.

MR. ZELESNIK (cont'd)

The British government has decided that Jews who escaped from the evils of Nazi Germany are nevertheless to be classed as Enemy Aliens.

The Matron looks uncomfortable.

MR. ZELESNIK (cont'd)

They are to be interned -

He half turns to the Matron, who looks down at her desk

MR. ZELESNIK (cont'd)

where Mosley's Blackshirts are interned, of all places. On the Isle of Man.

(off Kathy's reaction)

Do you know where that is, my child?

Kathy is about to pull an ooh! face at 'my child' but catches the Matron's eye.

KATHY

Me and - my Mam and I had a holiday there once.

Mr. Zelesnik nods.

MATRON

Some of the Enemy Aliens -

Mr. Zelesnik sighs quietly. The Matron looks uncomfortable again.

MATRON (cont'd)

are sick - some of them you may  
have nursed.

Kathy's eyes widen.

MATRON (cont'd)

We are looking for a volunteer  
from the London to join the staff  
of the small infirmary where the -  
Aliens are interned. There will be  
volunteers from other London  
hospitals.

KATHY

I'd really love to go!

Mr. Zelesnik looks pleased. The Matron raises her hand  
slightly.

MATRON

We do have other nurses to see. We  
will let you know tomorrow.

CUT TO:

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM, THE LONDON HOSPITAL - NIGHT  
(BLACKOUT)

Her nursing certificate is framed and is hanging on the  
wall. On the chest of drawers is a photograph of Kathy and  
her Mam on the 'Prom' at Llandudno. They are in their  
summer dresses, her Mam's arm is round Kathy's shoulder and  
Kathy's arm is round her Mam's waist. The number of  
exercise books has increased to nineteen. Kathy is lying on  
the bed writing. The radio down the corridor is playing  
'Moonlight Serenade' by the Glenn Miller orchestra.

KATHY (V.O.)

Dear Mam, You'll never guess where  
I'm going to spend this Christmas.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIVERPOOL-DOUGLAS FERRY QUAY, DOUGLAS IOM - DAY

We see Kathy, in her navy blue mackintosh over her uniform, descending the gangway and carrying her suitcase. 'ISLE OF MAN FERRIES' is stencilled on the canvas sides of the gangway. It is a bright, warm late September day.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROMENADE, DOUGLAS IOM - DAY

We see Kathy walking along the promenade and then stopping at a sentry box and a barbed wire barrier. We can hear music in the distance - the third movement of Beethoven's string quartet opus 135. The FIRST SENTRY, a corporal, with a rifle slung over his shoulder, inspects her papers, winks at her - and signals to the SECOND SENTRY, also armed, to lift the barrier.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROMENADE, DOUGLAS IOM - DAY

Kathy continues her walk along the promenade. The music becomes louder. She notices that the beach is full of male civilians. Many have brought chairs onto the sand. Some are in conversation, some playing chess, some reading. She notices the string quartet. She is looking for faces she knows, one in particular. She stops. One of the players could be Julius - but she realises her error and walks on lost in thought.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MANX PALACE HOTEL, DOUGLAS IOM - DAY

She stops in front of the hotel and studies the hotel sign, which is partly obscured by an official Home Office notice pasted on the wooden board: 'Infirmary - Enemy Aliens Keep Out'.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN, THE MANX PALACE HOTEL - DAY

Kathy, MATRON HARDY and the other nurse, JUDY, are standing in the kitchen. Kathy's suitcase is on the tiled floor and she is unbuttoning her mackintosh. Each of them is wearing

a different uniform. Matron Hardy is in her late thirties. Her accent has a trace of the Cotswolds.

MATRON HARDY  
(to both)  
Nurse Richards. Nurse Lewis.

Judy and Kathy nod to each other.

MATRON HARDY (cont'd)  
(to Kathy)  
I did my training at the London

She gestures towards Kathy's badge.

MATRON HARDY (cont'd)  
and then moved to Guys'. We can  
have a good gossip about it later  
-

She grins and tips her head in Judy's direction.

MATRON HARDY (cont'd)  
when these St. Thomas' types are  
not about. Have a cup of tea with  
Nurse Richards. I'll show you  
around later. We've only got six  
patients at the moment - four  
chronic sick

Kathy becomes more attentive.

MATRON HARDY (cont'd)  
and two fractures - but there'll  
be more when the cold weather sets  
in. Come and see me in my office  
when you're settled. All right?.

KATHY  
Thank you, Matron.

The Matron leaves. Kathy and Judy sit down at the kitchen table. Judy pours Kathy a cup of tea. Judy is a Londoner.

KATHY (cont'd)

She's nice. The London Matron's fierce.

JUDY

Yeh, Hardy's all right. It's pretty easy-going here.  
(a beat)  
I'm Judy.

KATHY

Kathy.

JUDY

Where you from originally?

KATHY

Llandudno. It's -

JUDY

Oh, I've heard of it. Never been though.

KATHY

It's a bit like Douglas.

JUDY

Borin', then.

Kathy smiles. Judy takes out a packet of cigarettes and offers it to Kathy.

KATHY

Thanks. I do occasionally.

Judy lights Kathy's cigarette and then her own.

JUDY

My grandad was Welsh.

KATHY

That's nice!

They look at each other and then laugh. A beat.

KATHY(cont'd)

Are there any patients here  
who were at the London?

Judy leans back and pretends to study Kathy.

JUDY  
Young or old?

Kathy blushes.

KATHY  
His name's Julius - Julius Kohn.

Judy leans suddenly forward.

JUDY  
I'm so sorry. He died - last week.  
(a beat)  
Were you -

Kathy gets up quickly.

KATHY  
No. He was just - nice.

She stubs out her cigarette

KATHY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
I need to unpack my things.

CUT TO:

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM, THE MANX PALACE HOTEL, DOUGLAS IOM -  
DAY

The room is a shabbier version of Kathy's bedroom in  
Llandudno. Kathy is sitting on the bed, her case unpacked,  
staring at the wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROMENADE, DOUGLAS IOM - NIGHT

There are no street lights because of the blackout but a  
pale moon gives some illumination. Kathy and Judy - both in  
mufti - are walking towards the barrier. We can see the



outline of a car parked beyond it and the outline of GRAHAM WOOD standing next to the car. He is wearing a trilby.

KATHY

Won't your friend, Graham, think  
I'm a bit of a gooseberry?

Judy puts her arm through Kathy's.

JUDY

The only way I can get him to come  
out with me is if we go in a  
group. Perhaps he's shy - or he  
doesn't like me.

She laughs.

JUDY (cont'd)

But he can really give a girl a  
good time.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CREEL INN, PEEL IOM - NIGHT

The car, a Riley saloon, with its lights shrouded as per blackout regulations stops in front of the pub which overlooks the harbour. Kathy, Judy and Graham get out and move towards the pub. We see the sign. 'The Creel Inn'. (Graham speaks with a Coventry accent).

GRAHAM WOOD

The drink flows free here, so I'm  
told.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CREEL INN, PEEL IOM - NIGHT

The pub is very crowded. There is Irish music playing on the radio, even more loudly than the talk. Graham is 25, quite stocky, has Brylcremed, mousey hair, a Ronald Coleman moustache and a 'manly' chin. He is talking animatedly to Kathy - though we cannot hear what he is saying - who is leaning towards him to hear better. As he talks, he studies her hair, her skin, her features avidly. Judy is not

amused. Graham comes to the end of the story. He appears to be asking them if they want another drink. The girls nod. When he has moved off, Judy leans into Kathy and seems to be saying something aggressive. Kathy looks bemused. She looks for the Ladies and pushes her way through the crowd in that direction.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR, THE CREEL INN, PEEL IOM - NIGHT

Kathy is making her way down the corridor, in which there is the staff entrance to the bar. As she passes the entrance, PETER, wearing a long white apron, suddenly appears from the bar. He is 24, sandy haired, willowy, clumsy, with a 'face like an angel'. Kathy starts.

PETER

D'you know that you're one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen? Only one of them, mind.

(a beat)

You're Kathy -

(off her reaction)

I can read lips but I didn't catch your surname - and I'm Peter O'Brien. And that English feller you're with who's been here before is called Wood, which is quite right because he seems an awful bore.

Kathy grins.

PETER (cont'd)

He looks a bit like Dick Tracey. Is he a private eye, d'you think?

Kathy laughs.

KATHY

Judy, the other girl, told me he works for the local newspaper.

PETER

Did she now?

A beat. Peter turns back to her.

PETER (cont'd)

You're Celtic by the look of you.  
And I'd like to take you to the  
pictures in Douglas, this Monday  
night, which just happens to be my  
night off, what d'you say? I'll  
meet you outside the Regal - 7.00  
o'clock sharp.

KATHY

Yes. Righto.

PETER

You will?

A beat. Peter appears to be studying her carefully.

PETER (cont'd)

Are you  
(a beat)  
Welsh, by any chance?

KATHY

How did -

Kathy gets the joke. She begins to pull a fish face but stops as Peter takes her right hand and gently kisses it and then goes back into the bar. Kathy stares after him - then smiles to herself and breathes deeply. We can see through the doorway that Graham has been watching them from the other side of the bar.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROMENADE, DOUGLAS IOM - NIGHT

We see Graham's car draw up near the barricade. Judy gets out.

JUDY

Goodnight, Graham. Thanks for  
tonight. See you soon, I hope.  
(a beat)  
Hurry up, Kathy!

Judy begins to walk off.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAHAM WOOD'S RILEY SALOON - NIGHT

Graham pulls the front passenger seat forward for Kathy to get out. As she does so, she puts one hand on the seat to steady herself. Graham covers it with his hand.

GRAHAM WOOD

(whispering)

I'd like to take you out, Kathy,  
for a meal and to the pictures.

KATHY

That wouldn't be right, Graham.  
What about Judy?

GRAHAM WOOD

What about her?

He grabs her hand.

KATHY

I must go. Please, Graham, let go  
of my hand.

She pulls her hand away with difficulty, gets out hurriedly.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROMENADE, DOUGLAS IOM - NIGHT

She shows her pass to the Second Sentry and starts to run after Judy. She catches her up.

JUDY

You've been a long time, madam.  
Flirting with him then!

KATHY

No, Judy!

Judy flounces off. Kathy watches her go.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROMENADE, DOUGLAS IOM - DAY

Kathy is pushing a patient, MR. SHULS, an old man, wrapped in blankets, along the Promenade. As on the day of her arrival, the beach is crowded. As before, many of the men have brought chairs onto the sand. As before, some are in conversation, some playing chess, some reading and the quartet is playing. MR. KAHN, on the beach, looks up and sees Mr. Shuls. The former is in his thirties and wearing a shabby jacket a size too small. He speaks English with a German-Jewish accent.

MR. KAHN

Mr. Shuls, so good to see you out.

Kathy pushes the wheelchair right up to the Promenade railing. She and Mr. Shuls look down at Mr. Kahn.

MR. KAHN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Is that you, Nurse Lewis?

She stands to one side of the wheelchair.

KATHY

Mr. Kahn! You shouldn't be out in the cold.

Mr. Kahn laughs.

MR. KAHN

I am quite well now! The sea air has been good to me.

He looks back to Mr. Shuls.

MR. KAHN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Nu, Mr. Shuls. All will be well now Nurse Lewis is here to look after us.

Smiling, he turns back to Kathy. A beat. He becomes serious and takes a step closer.

MR. KAHN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You remember Julius Kohn, Nurse  
Lewis?

She looks down, breathes deeply, looks back up, a little  
tearful, at Mr. Kahn.

KATHY

I know.

Mr. Kahn nods slowly. Mr. Shuls looks at Kathy  
appraisingly.

CUT TO:

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM, THE MANX PALACE HOTEL, DOUGLAS IOM -  
NIGHT

Wartime economies mean that the central light is of a particularly low wattage. Blackout covers the windows. We see familiar objects: the nursing certificate on the wall, the now thirty exercise books, the biography, the print and the slate bookends on the chest of drawers and the photo, the calendar (showing Monday 2nd October 1939), the empty vase, hairbrush and comb on the dressing table together now with some sea shells. Kathy is seated at the dressing table. She is holding a photograph of Gwynneth and Allyn as bride and groom. He is in uniform. It is very much a traditional wedding photograph except that Allyn is laughing hugely and Gwynneth is smiling indulgently at him. By the photo, is a small, opened cardboard box. Kathy picks up the piece of wedding cake inside and eats it as she continues to study the photo. She puts the photo down, looks at her reflection in the mirror and smiles. She begins to apply lipstick in an obviously unpractised manner. She is wearing a plain brown wool dress.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN HALLWAY, THE MANX HOTEL, DOUGLAS IOM - NIGHT

The hallway has the remains of the hotel's reception desk, with a public telephone beside it. Kathy, her navy blue mackintosh over her dress, is walking hurriedly along the hallway when Judy, in uniform and carrying a metal tray with medicines on it, comes through a door marked 'Ward 1'.

JUDY  
(sotto voce, hissing)  
Where d'you think you're going,  
Madam?

KATHY  
I -

JUDY  
(louder)  
You're going to meet Graham,  
aren't you?

KATHY  
No.

Kathy turns to face Judy full on. A beat

KATHY (cont'd)  
If you must know it's someone I  
met at the pub.

Judy moves close, gripping the tray tightly.

JUDY  
I don't believe you. You're a  
little liar. Who is it?

KATHY  
It's Peter  
(off Judy's reaction)  
the barman.

JUDY  
The Paddy?!

A door further down the corridor opens and the Matron comes  
through.

MATRON HARDY  
Nurses, what on earth do you think  
you are doing?

JUDY  
Nothing, Matron.

KATHY  
Very sorry, Matron.

MATRON HARDY  
(to Kathy)  
If you're going out on your night  
off, then go, please.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ALHAMBRA CINEMA, DOUGLAS IOM - NIGHT

Peter is waiting outside. He's wearing a leather motorcycle jacket. The last of the queue is going through the double doors. Kathy arrives breathless.

KATHY  
Peter, I'm so sorry I'm late.

He smiles broadly to see her and then notices she is upset. He takes her elbow.

PETER  
What's wrong?

He looks intently at her. He takes both her elbows.

PETER (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Who's upset you?

KATHY  
Me and Judy, she's the other  
nurse, had a misunderstanding. But  
it doesn't matter.

Peter smiles at her.

PETER  
How could anybody have a  
misunderstanding with you?

Kathy is captivated.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ALHAMBRA CINEMA SCREEN, DOUGLAS IOM - NIGHT



We see newsreel film of three RAF Armstrong Whitworth Witley Bombers taxiing at sunset along a runway.

NEWSREEL COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

The RAF has flown to the very heart of Hitler's Germany - Berlin itself! To drop not bombs on innocent civilians - but leaflets telling ordinary Germans how the Nazi gangsters are swindling them!

CUT TO:

INT. THE ALHAMBRA CINEMA AUDITORIUM, DOUGLAS IOM - NIGHT

Kathy and Peter are sitting close together on the back row.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ALHAMBRA CINEMA SCREEN, DOUGLAS IOM - NIGHT

We see the titles of the 'The Wizard of Oz' and hear Judy Garland sing the opening bars of 'Over the Rainbow'.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ALHAMBRA CINEMA AUDITORIUM, DOUGLAS IOM - NIGHT

Kathy and Peter are kissing.

FADE TO:

EXT. PROMENADE, DOUGLAS IOM - NIGHT

The pale moon of the previous week is beginning to wax. Kathy and Peter are walking hand in hand. They stop some twenty feet from the barricade. Kathy turns to Peter.

KATHY

I've told you all about my family,  
what about yours?

PETER

Well.  
(a beat)  
Ok.

(a beat)  
The Da is landlord of Milligans in  
Duke Street in the Fair City -  
(off her reaction)  
Dublin, Baile Atha Cleath -

KATHY  
Is that Irish?

PETER  
Erse. Now don't be vulgar, Nurse  
Lewis.

Kathy giggles.

PETER (cont'd)  
As I was saying before I was so  
rudely interrupted, the Da's a  
famous borran player.  
(off her reaction)  
It's a sort of drum. D'you know  
nothing, Nurse Lewis? Now, me Ma  
is a sublime singer of Irish folk  
songs - Siobhan O'Neill - a voice  
as smooth as Jameson's whiskey!

KATHY  
Oh, Peter!

PETER  
'Tis true.

A beat.

KATHY  
Was O'Neill her maiden name?

Peter stops and turns to her suddenly. A beat.

PETER  
Oh, to be sure, to be sure.

He walks on. She walks quickly to catch up.

PETER (CONT'D) (cont'd)

And me brother has a first class honours degree in Latin and Greek and other things ancient from University College, Dublin. In his time, he was a famous player of Gaelic football. He became a Christian Brother, and now, God bless him, he's a missionary up the Amazon.

A pause.

KATHY  
What about you?

PETER  
I'm nothing.

They stop. He turns to her.

PETER (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Give us a kiss.

They kiss. Kathy tries to break away gently.

KATHY  
I must go.

PETER  
Ok, Cinderella! I've got Monday night off next week too. Shall we go to the flicks again, d'you think? It's 'The Lady Vanishes'.

KATHY  
I'd love to. But I must vanish now.

A beat. Peter studies Kathy.

PETER  
Is that Welsh humour?

She pulls a fish face. He laughs.

PETER (CONT'D) (cont'd)

It's getting chilly, Kathy.

Peter goes to take her closer in his arms.

KATHY

I must.

Peter lets her go and smiles. He watches her walk off and then turn and wave. We can see a shadowy figure in the background but they cannot. It is Graham.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROMENADE, DOUGLAS IOM - DAY

Kathy is walking along the promenade into town. She is wearing her navy blue mackintosh, with the collar turned up, over her uniform and is bare headed, her long hair loose and blown by the wind. We see Graham's car draw up on the opposite side of the road. He winds down the window and calls across.

GRAHAM WOOD

Want a lift into town, Kathy?

Kathy stops, turns and looks reluctant.

GRAHAM WOOD (cont'd)

What's up? It's not a Rolls, I know.

KATHY

It's Judy.

A beat during which Graham looks ahead and grips the steering wheel more tightly then turns back to Kathy.

GRAHAM WOOD

Look. As far as I'm concerned, Judy and me are just good friends.

He smiles.

GRAHAM WOOD (cont'd)

Come on, hop in. It's too cold to walk.

Kathy crosses the road and moves round to the nearside of the car. Graham leans over and opens the door. Kathy gets into the front passenger seat and closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAHAM WOOD'S RILEY SALOON - DAY

GRAHAM WOOD  
Where're you from, Kathy?

KATHY  
Llandudno, it's -

He turns quickly to her.

GRAHAM WOOD  
We used to go there every summer.  
St. George's Hotel.

KATHY  
I live there. Mam's the  
Housekeeper and my Tad's the Head  
Waiter.

GRAHAM WOOD  
No, what a coincidence.  
(a beat)  
Every summer we went there -  
before me mum died.  
(off Kathy's reaction)  
It was a long time ago - when she  
had our kid sister.

A beat. He puts the engine into gear and the car moves off down the promenade.

KATHY  
Where you from?

GRAHAM WOOD  
Coventry. You know Lady Godiva.

He nudges Kathy with his elbow. The car turns off the promenade and into Derby Drive.

GRAHAM WOOD (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
And the IRA bomb. My dad had his  
grocery wrecked.

KATHY  
Oh, dear.

GRAHAM WOOD  
He's still got two others. He  
wanted me to work for him but I  
was keen to go to university to  
study history.

She is impressed. A pause. The car turns into Lord Street.

GRAHAM WOOD (cont'd)  
Instead, I'm the advertising  
manager on the local paper here.  
(a beat)  
But I'm doin' my bit though  
(off her reaction)  
- for the war effort.

He turns to look at her briefly and, as he does so, he taps  
the side of his nose with his forefinger.

GRAHAM WOOD (cont'd)  
Bit hush hush.

Kathy looks out.

KATHY  
Can you drop me here, please,  
Graham?

The car stops in front of Woolworth's. He grabs her arm.

GRAHAM WOOD  
I'd like to take you out, Kathy.  
Nice meal, pictures. What you say?

She tries to free her arm.

GRAHAM WOOD (cont'd)  
Say you'll think about it?

KATHY

I don't think so, Graham. Thanks  
all the same.

He lets her arm go. She opens the door, gets out quickly  
and looks in.

KATHY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Bye.

GRAHAM WOOD

See you soon, Kathy.

He leans back in his seat, lights a cigarette and watches  
her go into Woolworth's. Suddenly, he jerks forward and  
stabs out his cigarette in the ashtray on the dashboard. He  
continues to grind the butt, after it is extinguished, into  
the ashtray. His jaw is clenched.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY LANE NEAR PEEL IOM - DAY

Peter is riding a BSA motorbike carefully and slowly down a  
unmade country lane, with, on either side, high dry stone  
walls overgrown with moss. He stops and switches off the  
engine. We can hear crows cawing. He parks the bike at a  
five barred gate. He looks around. He removes a tattered  
bag from the pannier. We hear the clink of a couple of full  
bottles. He climbs over the gate.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONIFEROUS WOOD NEAR PEEL IOM - DAY

He walks carefully through a thick, coniferous wood -  
carrying the bag in his left hand. We begin to hear the  
sea. A figure suddenly steps out from behind a tree. Peter  
quickly puts his right hand inside his leather motorcycle  
jacket.

PETER

(whispering)

Stan?

Stan is in his late twenties, has cropped hair like a convict and is wearing dark blue overalls with 'INTERNEE' sewn onto the left breast, a cap and a muffler. Peter removes his right hand from inside his jacket and holds up the bag.

PETER

I've two bottles of the best Irish whiskey for you, as promised.

Stan takes the bag and looks expressionlessly at Peter. A pause.

PETER (cont'd)

Well?

STAN

We don't trust yow - and not just because yow's a Mick.

Peter's expression hardens briefly.

STAN (cont'd)

Yow don't like me do yow?

(a beat)

What are yow up to?

Peter shakes his head and smiles.

PETER

I've told you, Stan, I want you and the lads to cause a fuss whenever we're shippin' whiskey onto the island from the 'aul country and whenever we're shippin' it over the water to England. The polis and the customs'll turn a blind eye to the odd crate but not a boatload.

STAN

It's guns you're shippin', ain't it?

PETER



Whiskey, Stan! On my mother's  
life.

(a beat)

You lot can't have any more love  
for the English authorities than  
me.

Stan takes a step forward and points at Peter, whose right  
hand moves towards the front of his jacket.

STAN

Listen, son. We're locked up 'ere  
because we love England and  
because we dared to speak out  
against the worldwide Jewish  
conspiracy.

(off his reaction)

Look at the Jewboys in the best  
hotels in Douglas, while we're  
stuck 'ere!

A pause. Stan moves a step closer and grins. He shakes the  
bag, clinking the bottles loudly.

STAN (cont'd)

But we'll see what we can do for  
yow, son.

CUT TO:

EXT. LORD STREET, DOUGLAS, IOM - DAY

Graham is standing outside W.H. Smith's, the bookseller and  
stationer, looking through the window. Kathy comes out of  
the shop, carrying a brown paper bag large enough to hold  
an exercise book, and sets off in the opposite direction to  
Graham. She is wearing her navy blue mackintosh and her  
hair is loose. It is clear that Graham has been waiting for  
her and that she has not seen him. He suddenly appears at  
her side.

GRAHAM WOOD

Hullo, Kathy. What a surprise!  
Come and have a coffee.

He takes her elbow. He is moving her towards the door of the Kardomah Cafe.

KATHY

No, Graham, thanks. I don't have time.

GRAHAM WOOD

Don't be silly! Course you have.

CUT TO:

INT. THE KARDOMAH, DOUGLAS, IOM - DAY

The cafe is crowded. Kathy and Graham sit at a table near the rear. Kathy places the brown paper bag on the table beside her. A waitress in a brown uniform and with a white apron and cap comes up to take their order. Graham is leaning over the table solicitously in Kathy's direction

GRAHAM WOOD

Would you like something to eat, Kathy?

KATHY

No, thanks. Just coffee, please, Graham.

Graham turns to the waitress.

GRAHAM WOOD

Two milky coffees, please, miss.

He turns back to Kathy.

GRAHAM WOOD (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Well, this is nice!

KATHY

Graham, about Judy -

GRAHAM WOOD

Oh, let's forget about her.

(off her reaction)

I'm sorry, Kathy, I didn't mean to raise my voice. It's just that

Judy Richards doesn't matter to me  
- and you do. A lot.

Kathy looks briefly at the tablecloth and then back at  
Graham. He leans forward again and looks intently at Kathy.

GRAHAM WOOD (cont'd)  
You know I told you I'm doing my  
bit.

Kathy nods.

GRAHAM WOOD (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Well, I'm keeping an eye on things  
for the authorities.

Kathy watches him.

GRAHAM WOOD (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
I want to be a journalist. They  
let me write the odd piece now and  
again but I want to do it full  
time.

Kathy sits forward suddenly, placing her hand on the brown  
paper bag.

KATHY  
I want to be writer.

He points to the brown paper bag.

GRAHAM WOOD  
Is that why you've bought the  
exercise book?

She looks quickly at the bag and then at him.

KATHY  
How did you know?

He taps the side of his nose.

GRAHAM WOOD  
What d'you want to write about?

KATHY

I've been writing stories for  
years about Elizabeth of Austria.  
We look a bit alike.

Graham leans further across the table and studies Kathy's  
features with an undisguised interest.

GRAHAM WOOD

Yes, you do, don't you? She was  
the last Empress of the Austro-  
Hungarian Empire, right?. She was  
assassinated in Geneva, wasn't  
she?

KATHY

Yes, she was.

GRAHAM WOOD

And her nephew, Arch Duke  
Ferdinand started the last war.

(off her reaction)

By getting himself shot, of  
course!

(a beat)

It's a joke. You can laugh.

She smiles.

GRAHAM WOOD (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I suppose you could say old  
Ferdie's brought us together.

(off her reaction)

Without the First World War  
there'd be no Hitler.

KATHY

You do know a lot about history.

GRAHAM WOOD

Only enough to know we English are  
being sold down the river. Oops -  
and the Welsh too.

They laugh - as the waitress arrives with the coffees. A  
pause.

GRAHAM WOOD (cont'd)

Thanks, Miss.

The waitress moves off.

GRAHAM WOOD (cont'd)

I'm working on a really big story  
and I want you to help me. Will  
you?

KATHY

What is it?

GRAHAM WOOD

You know that Mosley's Blackshirts  
are interned near Peel?

KATHY

Peel - where the pub is?

GRAHAM WOOD

That's right the Irish pub - full  
of Republicans. Now, imagine the  
IRA, the Blackshirts and the Enemy  
Aliens getting together. Think of  
that. They'd take over the island.

(off her reaction)

Just what the Nazis want so they  
can invade.

He pronounces 'Nazis' with a short 'a'.

KATHY

But the Enemy Aliens are nice  
people.

He sips his coffee, puts his cup down and looks at her.

GRAHAM WOOD

Most of them are good lads, I'm  
sure, but there'll be one or two  
rotten eggs. Bound to be. Adolf'd  
not miss a trick like that. Now  
what I want you to do is just keep  
an ear and eye open - let me know  
if any of the Enemy Aliens start

acting suspiciously, preparing for something.

KATHY

How will I know? I don't speak any of their languages.

GRAHAM WOOD

You'll know all right, Kathy.  
Signals - that sort of thing.

He puts his hand on hers.

GRAHAM WOOD (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Say you'll do it. You'll be helping save lives.

She withdraws her hand. She looks down at her cup.

KATHY

I'll try.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROMENADE, DOUGLAS IOM - NIGHT (BLACKOUT)

It is moonlit. Kathy and Peter are sitting in a shelter kissing. Peter stops suddenly.

PETER

You're shaking. Is it me or the cold?

Kathy laughs.

KATHY

The cold, of course.

Peter stands, removes his leather motor cycle coat and puts it around Kathy.

KATHY (cont'd)

No.

PETER

I'm fine.

KATHY

Oh, that's better! I wish I had this in the Infirmary. It's perishin' there.

PETER

The seaview'll make up for it!

KATHY

The Matron's got that. Me and Judy are round the back. Mine overlooks the fire escape. It's worse than home.

(a beat)

I must go.

They stand. Kathy removes the coat and hands it back to Peter.

KATHY (cont'd)

Thanks for the coat.

Peter quickly puts it on and then puts both his hands on Kathy's shoulders and looks into her face.

PETER

Y'know you're the loveliest girl I've ever seen.

(off her reaction)

No flannel. You remind me of the Mother of God, God forgive me.

(off her reaction)

You really do.

A beat.

PETER (cont'd)

Let's get you home before you turn to ice.

They walk off quickly hand in hand.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, THE MANX PALACE HOTEL, DOUGLAS IOM - NIGHT

Kathy is lying prone on the bed writing in an exercise book.

KATHY (V.O.)

This was to become Kathy's most difficult mission to date for the Empress.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT (SOFT FOCUS TECHNICOLLOUR)

As Kathy continues to speak, we see Peter as the Duke of Westchurch, lying on a chaise longue and gazing fondly at a portrait of Elizabeth, that is, Kathy. We see Kathy as Elizabeth - and as Kathy. All characters are dressed, as previously, in Victorian Hollywood and act as in a silent film.

KATHY (V.O.)

Disguised as Elizabeth and at her most urgent command, she was to pretend to fall in love with the Duke of Westchurch, whose family seat was to be found in the English county of Castrashire. The Duke, who had never met the Empress, had worshipped Elizabeth from afar for many years but was now dying of consumption. The Empress wanted his last months to be heavenly. 'But I must avoid a scandal! Say you will do this for me!' 'Of course, your majesty!', said Kathy instantly. But little did she know that she would fall in love with the dying Duke.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY LANE NEAR PEEL IOM - DAY

This is the same lane which Peter made his way down on his motorbike. We see Graham's Riley stop by the five barred gate. Graham gets out, climbs over the gate and walks



through the wood without any of Peter's apprehension. Suddenly, Stan appears.

STAN

Graham. Come over here, yow'd  
bugger.

Grinning, Graham walks quickly over to Stan. They shake hands and pretend to punch each other's shoulders. Stan looks Graham up and down.

STAN (cont'd)

Yow've not grown much since  
school, 'ave yow!

GRAHAM WOOD

Cheeky git!

A pause. Stan puts his head on one side.

STAN

How's yer fiancey?

Graham grabs Stan violently by the lapels.

GRAHAM WOOD

What've yer heard?

Stan holds up his hands.

STAN

Nothin, nothin. Me mam mentioned  
in one of her letters that you'd  
split up, that's all. Just being  
friendly.

Graham lets go of Stan and steps back. A pause. He takes a packet from his inside pocket. Stan goes to take it.

GRAHAM WOOD

Not so fast. Tell me what the  
Paddy's up to first.

STAN

How do we know we can trust yow?

Graham grips his forearm.

GRAHAM WOOD

You know I've always been a supporter of Mosely - but working from the inside'll achieve much more than fighting in the streets.

Stan shakes off Graham's grip.

GRAHAM WOOD (cont'd)

I'm free to make things happen. You're locked up. Now tell me what's goin' on, Stan.

STAN

What's in it for us?

GRAHAM WOOD

A small fortune.

Stan laughs.

STAN

To spend here?

GRAHAM WOOD

And new identities.

(off his reaction)

For when you're released, yer pillock! The war'll be over soon.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, THE MANX PALACE HOTEL, DOUGLAS IOM - DAY

Kathy is asleep. Afternoon light comes through the partly drawn blackout curtains. We hear a tapping at the window. It disturbs Kathy and she wakes quickly. She is wearing a full length winciette nightdress. She puts on a long cotton dressing gown. She goes carefully to the window. She draws back the curtains and there is a smiling Peter. She quickly pulls up the sash window.

KATHY

(whispering)

Come inside before anyone sees  
you. You shouldn't be here.

He steps in. She closes the window, partly draws the  
curtains and turns to him.

KATHY (CONT'D)  
How did you know -

A beat.

KATHY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
You tricked me into telling you!

Peter laughs.

KATHY (cont'd)  
Ssh! Come away from the window.  
The soldiers patrol the alley.

PETER  
I've never had any problems with  
the Brits.

He looks around.

PETER (cont'd)  
You're right it's cold in here.

He moves towards her.

PETER (cont'd)  
Let me warm you up.

KATHY  
Sit at the end of the bed, at  
once.

As he moves towards it, she pulls the blanket off the bed,  
wraps it round her and sits on the chair in front of the  
dressing table. Peter moves to the print of Elizabeth.

PETER  
She looks like you. Is it your  
grandma?

Kathy laughs lightly.

KATHY

It says who it is on the bottom.

Peter peers closely at the print.

PETER

Oh, yes, of course.

He points to the row of exercise books.

PETER (cont'd)

Are these your school exercise books?

KATHY

Oh no. I've written stories since I first learned to write.

Peter suddenly looks round the room as if trapped. Kathy notices but continues.

KATHY (cont'd)

Love stories.

She studies him. A beat.

KATHY (cont'd)

I've never told anybody that except for me Mam, of course, and Nain and Uncle Tegid. And a couple of friends.

(a beat)

Is there anything wrong, Peter?

A pause.

PETER

I've got to go now, Kathy. The pub'll be opening soon. I'll see you.

He moves hastily to the window.

KATHY

Peter.

Kathy rushes to the window. He pulls up the window and steps out without looking back. We see her watching him go down the fire escape and hear the clatter of his shoes on the iron steps. She closes the window slowly. The blanket slips off and she makes no attempt to put it back around her. Over her shoulder, we see him run across the yard - Kathy covers her mouth with her hand - but, as he reaches the back gate, he appears to make a conscious effort to calm down. He carefully opens the gate and looks into the alley. When he judges it safe to do so, he closes the gate and disappears into the alley. Kathy moves listlessly to her dressing table, sits and stares at her image. After a pause, she takes out a pad of 'best' note paper from the top drawer and reaches for her fountain pen.

FADE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE KARDOMAH, LORD STREET, DOUGLAS, IOM - NIGHT

It is a cloudy night. Kathy and Graham come out.

GRAHAM WOOD

I'll walk you back. You never know these days.

KATHY

It's all right, Graham, really -

GRAHAM WOOD

I insist.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROMENADE, DOUGLAS IOM - NIGHT

Kathy and Graham are passing a shelter. We can see the barricade dimly in the distance. Suddenly, he pulls her into the shelter.

GRAHAM WOOD

Kathy, I want you to marry me.

KATHY

Graham.

GRAHAM WOOD

You're the loveliest girl I've met  
- and nice with it.

He embraces her and begins to kiss her. After a struggle,  
she is able to pull her head away.

KATHY

Stop it.

There is laughter in the distance.

FIRST SENTRY (O.S.)

Yeh, stop it, you dirty bugger!

SECOND SENTRY (O.S.)

Lucky bugger, more like!

Graham lets her go, holds up his hands to placate her.

GRAHAM WOOD

It's just that I love you so much,  
Kathy. You're so attractive.  
(a beat)  
I'm so lonely, Kathy.

She reaches out to comfort him but then stops.

KATHY

I'm sorry, Graham, but I don't  
love you.

A pause.

KATHY (cont'd)

I'm going now.

We see Graham making an effort to recover.

GRAHAM WOOD

I'll walk you to the barricade.

KATHY

That'll be so embarrassing,  
Graham.

GRAHAM WOOD

They'll mind their 'pees' and  
'ques'. They know who I am.

They leave the shelter. Graham tries to put his hand under her elbow but she pulls her arm away.

CUT TO:

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM, THE MANX PALACE HOTEL, DOUGLAS IOM -  
DAY

As before, the blackout curtains are partly drawn, and the afternoon light streams in. Kathy, however, though in her nightdress and in bed, is awake staring at the ceiling. There is a light tap at the window. Kathy immediately leaps out of bed, rushes to the window, pulls back the curtains - revealing Peter, looking contrite, holding her letter, or rather the unopened envelope, almost like an invitation - and pulls up the window. She helps Peter into the room, closes the window and looks out to check there is no one about.

CUT TO:

INT. A ROOM IN A BUILDING OVERLOOKING THE BACK OF THE  
INFIRMARY - DAY

We see Graham and two other men, DETECTIVE INSPECTOR QUILLIN and DETECTIVE SERGEANT KERMODE. They are dressed in a similar fashion to Graham, including the trilbys, watching Kathy looking out and drawing the blackout curtains to. The three men are expressionless.

GRAHAM WOOD

That's him.

CUT TO:

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM, THE MANX PALACE HOTEL, DOUGLAS IOM -  
DAY

KATHY

I'm so glad you've come back.

She notices the unopened letter and points to it.

KATHY (CONT'D)

But how did you know it was from  
me?

Peter holds it briefly to his nose and smiles at her. She  
blushes.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Oh, of course, my Chanel No 5.  
(a beat)  
But why didn't you open it?

Peter looks down. His hands and arms drop to his sides.  
Kathy looks at him with concern. A beat.

PETER

No point.  
(a beat)  
I can't read - or write! I even  
get the letters in my own name the  
wrong way round!  
(a beat)  
Apart from the family, you're the  
only person who knows.

He looks up at her, his body suddenly tense.

PETER (cont'd)

I'm stupid - like Da always said.

KATHY

No, you are not.  
(off his reaction)  
How could a stupid person survive  
in a world full of writing and not  
get caught!

He looks up at her. Kathy moves to him and puts her arms  
round him and her face on his shoulder. He embraces her.  
She looks up into his face.

PETER



You really don't think the less of me, d'you?

KATHY

When I was in elementary school, if you was top of the class you sat at the front and by the window - though the wall was too high for you to see out - and if you was bottom you sat at the back in the far corner, the Naughty Boys' corner. Well, I did something wrong one day - probably paying even less attention than usual - and I was sent to sit in the corner. None of the boys could read. I thought it was wicked. And I thought how lucky I'd been to learn to read so easily.

He closes his eyes.

KATHY (cont'd)

I'd like to teach you how to read if you'd let me - but somewhere nice.

She looks round the room. Peter opens his eyes and suddenly becomes energised.

PETER

It just so happens that I have the loan of the prettiest cottage on the Isle of Man. Why don't you come and stay the next weekend you're free?

(off her reaction)

I'll sleep on the sofa downstairs.

He places his hand on his heart. Kathy laughs.

KATHY

I'd really like that  
(off his reaction)  
- the cottage, I mean.  
(a beat)

Though I'd have to be back on  
Saturday night. I'm on duty first  
thing on Sunday morning.

They embrace and kiss, becoming passionate until Kathy  
gently pushes him away.

PETER

Ok. I know. I'd better go. I'll  
pick you up next Friday.  
(off her reaction)  
In a van - not on the bike.

They laugh and move to the window, where they kiss again.  
They break.

PETER (cont'd)

What'll you tell the Matron and  
your best friend, Judy?

Kathy grimaces at the mention of Judy's name.

KATHY

I'll make up a story.

They laugh.

KATHY (cont'd)

Ssh!

They kiss again.

CUT TO:

INT. A ROOM IN A BUILDING OVERLOOKING THE BACK OF THE  
INFIRMARY - DAY

We see Graham and his two companions watch Kathy and Peter  
kiss, then the window's being raised, Peter climb down the  
fire escape, cross the yard and emerge into the alley.

FADE TO:

EXT. PETER'S COTTAGE, NEAR PEEL, IOM - DUSK

The cottage is set back from the road behind a low drystone wall. There is a vegetable garden - in which most of the plants are still thriving - between the wall and the cottage, which is one storey, built of rough hewn stone with a slate roof. There is a small, two pane window to either side of the front door. A Morris 1CWT van draws up in front of the gate and Peter and Kathy get out, Peter carrying her suitcase.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, PETER'S COTTAGE, NEAR PEEL - DUSK

Peter is carrying an oil lamp and Kathy's case. The cottage has two rooms, the back one being the bedroom. He sets the case down on the bed and then the oil lamp on a chest of drawers. He lights the lamp. Kathy automatically goes to the window - we can see the sea in the distance - and draws the blackout curtains. She turns. They smile at each other shyly. Peter goes to the fireplace and lights the coal fire.

PETER

I'll leave you to unpack. If you  
want to wash your pretty face,  
you'll have to use the kitchen  
sink, I'm afraid, but there's  
plenty of hot water on the range.  
Come through when you're ready.

He moves to the open door and then half turns back.

PETER (cont'd)

The y'know's in the yard.

He closes the door. Kathy looks round the room. There is nothing personal in it and it is almost entirely utilitarian except for a vase of dried flowers on the mantelpiece. She takes off her navy blue mackintosh. She opens her case. She takes her brush, comb, bottle of Eau de Cologne and toilet bag to the dressing table. She comes back to take out her night dress and, as she does so, touches something under the bed with her shoe. She looks down and sees it is a shoebox. Curious, she pulls it out and removes the lid. Inside, is a white cloth with oil stains. She begins to lift the cloth and realises it is

wrapped round something heavy. She undoes the cloth. Inside is a Smith & Wesson .38 revolver. She stares at it then hurriedly re-wraps it, places it back in the shoebox, puts the lid on and pushes the box back under the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM/KITCHEN, PETER'S COTTAGE -  
DUSK

The room is lit by two oil lamps. A coal fire is burning in the grate. Peter is standing by the range stirring a cast iron cooking pot. The pine table is laid with cutlery and wine glasses (both containing red wine) but no cloth - with a candle lit in the middle. To one side of the candle is a bread board and a fresh loaf. Kathy is sitting at the table - a glass of wine by her, untouched - smiling at Peter, who, to begin with, has his back to her. He tastes the stew.

PETER  
(to himself)  
That's good.

He turns to her.

PETER (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Why're you smiling? Not that it  
isn't the loveliest of smiles.

KATHY  
You. You're such an unusual man -  
and such a nice one. And this is  
like my Nain's cottage. We used to  
have rabbit stew. And I've never  
drunk wine before

PETER  
This is best black market beef and  
that's the best black market  
Claret.  
(off her reaction)  
Red wine from France. Me Da had me  
apprenticed to the Chef at the  
Shelbourne - best hotel in Dublin.

'If you can't learn to read, learn  
to cook and know wine'.  
(off her reaction)  
No sad looks now.

He crosses to the table and picks up his full glass.

PETER (cont'd)  
A toast.

Kathy picks up her glass. He becomes serious.

PETER (cont'd)  
Our future.

He goes to drink from the glass but notices Kathy looks  
unsure.

PETER (cont'd)  
Ah, you Methodist you!

KATHY  
Don't be cheeky!

PETER  
You say what I've just said and I  
say it again too and then we have  
a drink. All right?

They grin at each other.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM/KITCHEN, PETER'S COTTAGE -  
NIGHT

Later. They have finished the stew.

KATHY  
That was lovely.

Peter goes to fill her empty glass. She partly covers it  
with her hand.

KATHY (cont'd)

I don't think I should. I feel a  
bit light headed.

He refills his own.

PETER

That's how it's meant to be - but  
perhaps you'll have some later.  
Meanwhile, I'll get the pudding.

He collects their dirty plates.

KATHY

Let me.

PETER

You're a princess, sorry, empress.  
You don't do the dishes.

He goes to the sink and puts the dishes and cutlery in.

KATHY

Peter.

He turns, smiling.

KATHY (cont'd)

I found a gun under the bed.

A beat. He continues smiling.

PETER

Did you now.

KATHY

Whose is it?

He goes back to the table and sits down.

PETER

It's mine, Kathy.

A beat.

PETER(cont'd)

I'm a soldier. I'm fighting to  
free Ireland.

She sits upright.

KATHY

Peter O'Brien's not your real  
name, is it?

PETER

It's best you don't know too much,  
Kathy.

KATHY

Don't you trust me.

PETER

With my life.

KATHY

Then tell me your real name.

A pause.

PETER/PEARSE

It's Pearse O'Neill.

KATHY

Pearse is a lovely name.

PEARSE

I was named after one of the  
heroes of the Easter Rebellion in  
1916.

Kathy nods.

PEARSE (cont'd)

They fought like gods in O'Connell  
Street - and the English, like  
cowards, shot them bound hand and  
foot in Kilmainham Gaol.

KATHY

'I write it out in a verse -  
MacDonagh and MacBride/And

Connolly and Pearse/Now and in  
time to be,/Wherever green is  
worn,/Are changed, changed  
utterly:/A terrible beauty is  
born.'

Pearse is moved. He looks at her with wonder.

KATHY (cont'd)  
We had an elocution competition at  
school. I chose that poem. I  
didn't win.

Pearse laughs and raise his glass.

PEARSE  
Kathy, I toast you.

KATHY  
I'd like some more wine now,  
please, Pearse.

He pours it. She takes a drink.

KATHY (cont'd)  
Are you in the IRA?  
(off his reaction)  
Did you have anything to do with  
the Coventry Bomb?

A pause.

PEARSE  
It was only meant to damage  
property.

KATHY  
Graham, y'know, Graham Wood?

Pearse nods.

KATHY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Well, his father had his shop  
window smashed.



A beat. Pearse gets up, glass in hand and moves away from the table.

PEARSE

Two innocent men have been  
sentenced to hang.

KATHY

Did you have anything to do with  
it?

He returns to the table and moves his chair round close to hers.

PEARSE

Ireland has suffered like no  
other, Kathy. Cromwell, Drogheda,  
The Battle of the Boyne, the  
Famine - Jesus, millions died,  
millions had to flee to America,  
just to be fed - and the lads  
that have to cross the water every  
year - away from their families -  
to dig the English roads. All we  
have to right wrongs is the odd  
bomb on the back of a pedal cycle!

He looks away. A beat.

PEARSE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Twas me that put the bomb in the  
saddle bag on the bike.

(off her reaction)

But it was only meant to damage  
property - like Graham Wood's Da's  
shop window!

(off her reaction)

Mother of God, Kathy, the polis  
ignored the warning!

He looks at her. She returns his look.

KATHY

A few days ago, you said I was  
like the Mother of God.

He looks away.

KATHY (cont'd)

'Was it needless death after  
all?/For England may keep  
faith/For all that is done and  
said./We know their dream;  
enough/To know they dreamed and  
are dead;/And what if excess of  
love/Bewildered them till they  
died?'

A pause.

KATHY (cont'd)

Promise me that none of you meant  
to kill anyone.

He looks up at her.

PEARSE

I swear we didn't.

KATHY

Pearse, I love you so much.

PEARSE

Kathy.

He rises and they kiss with increasing passion. Pearse releases her and begins to unbutton her dress. They look into each other's eyes.

FADE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM/KITCHEN, PETER'S COTTAGE -  
MORNING

Pearse - in his pyjamas - is serving a traditional fry-up -  
bacon, sausage, black pudding, fried bread, fried potatoes  
- to Kathy - who is in a cotton shift with a flower motif  
embroidered on the yoke, with Pearse's motor cycle jacket  
over her shoulders. They smile at each other. Pearse  
sprinkles salt and pepper liberally on his meal.

PEARSE

This Graham feller -  
(off her reaction)  
yes, of course, I'm jealous,  
what'd you expect!

KATHY  
He's a bit odd. He's got me  
spying.  
(off his reaction)  
on the Enemy Aliens.

PEARSE  
They're all loonies! Playing  
violins on the beach.

Kathy looks at her plate.

KATHY  
I was quite keen on one of them.

PEARSE  
Till you saw sense!

She looks up.

KATHY  
He died.

PEARSE  
Ach, Kathy. I'm sorry.

He moves to her, goes to his knees and hugs her. She  
smiles. A beat.

PEARSE (cont'd)  
This Graham. I reckon he has  
(Scotland Yard voice)  
ul-terior mo-tives!

She laughs.

PEARSE (cont'd)  
Seriously.

She nods.

KATHY

Perhaps you're right.

He kisses her, beginning gently to caress her breasts through her night dress. She begins to respond.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROUDLE OR THE FAERIE GLEN, IOM - DAY

Kathy and Pearse walk hand-in-hand through the autumn leaves. They stop above a small waterwheel. Pearse points upstream.

PEARSE

A wealthy heiress was murdered up there!

KATHY

I'm not wealthy and you're -

A pause. They look at each other. Pearse breathes deeply and takes both her hands.

PEARSE

You must make a wish - and not tell me.

KATHY

There'd be no need - 'cos you already know.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROMENADE, DOUGLAS IOM - DUSK

The Morris van stops about twenty yards from the barricade.

CUT TO:

INT. MORRIS VAN, IOM - DUSK

Kathy and Pearse finish kissing.

PEARSE

This has been the best twenty four  
hours of my life.

KATHY

I love you.

PEARSE

I love you too.

She goes to take her suitcase, but Pearse grabs it, opens his door and moves quickly round the front of the van and opens hers. Her ushers her out with low bow and a sweep of his arm.

CUT TO:

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM, THE MANX PALACE HOTEL, DOUGLAS IOM -  
EARLY MORNING

Kathy is asleep. There is a knocking at the door which increases in intensity. Kathy sits up suddenly as the door opens and Matron Hardy enters hurriedly. A grey daylight from the landing lights Kathy and silhouettes the Matron.

MATRON HARDY

Nurse Lewis, please help me.

Matron Hardy leaves. Kathy gets out of bed hurriedly, puts her dressing gown on and quickly follows the Matron.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MANX PALACE HOTEL REAR YARD- EARLY MORNING

The Matron and Kathy are looking down at Judy's body. She is in uniform, her dress has risen up to her thighs, exposing the top of one of her black stockings and her pink suspenders. Her pink knickers are lying torn at her feet and her neck is covered in bruises. We can hear the sound of a police car siren. The Matron and Kathy stand helpless, apart. They do not know where to look.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MANX PALACE HOTEL, DOUGLAS IOM, MATRON'S OFFICE -  
DAY

Detective Inspector Quillin is sitting relaxed behind the desk and Detective Sergeant Kermode is slightly to one side and leaning, with his arms folded, against a bookcase - on which they have placed their trilbys. Kathy sits in uniform in front of the desk, slightly forward, her hands clasped.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR QUILLIN  
Why d'you think it couldn't have  
been one of the Enemy Aliens?

KATHY  
They're not that sort.

He leans forward.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR QUILLIN  
What sort's that, Miss?

KATHY  
Y'know, to murder -

He leans back.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR QUILLIN  
You'd be surprised at what sort  
murders, wouldn't she, Sergeant  
Kermode?

The Sergeant leans forward towards the Inspector and speaks almost sotto voce.

DETECTIVE SERGEANT KERMODE  
Take Mr. Shuls now, Inspector  
Quillin.

Kathy is not sure which one to direct her response to.

KATHY  
But he can only move round in a  
wheel chair!

DETECTIVE SERGEANT KERMODE  
That your professional opinion, is  
it?

Kathy unclasps her hands and seems to grip her knees.

KATHY

Yes.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR QUILLIN

Tell us about Nurse Richards'  
boyfriends?

Kathy breathes deeply, quickly.

KATHY

She was keen on somebody called  
Graham Wood. He's the advertising  
manager -

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR QUILLIN

Yeh, we know Mr. Wood. He's  
eliminated.

The Sergeant suddenly leans forward.

DETECTIVE SERGEANT KERMODE

What about Peter O'Brien?

Kathy sits back as far as she can. A beat.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR QUILLIN

You know, the barman at that pub  
you went to with Nurse Richards in  
Peel?

SERGEANT KERMODE

We know he's been here - in  
secret, like.

A beat. He is watching Kathy closer. She waits.

DETECTIVE SERGEANT KERMODE (CONT'D)

And we know he came to see Nurse  
Richards.

KATHY

He came to see me!

A pause.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR QUILLIN

Does the Matron know? No?

He smiles.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR QUILLIN (CONT'D)  
(cont'd)

That'll have to be our little  
secret, Miss, for now, won't it?  
Sergeant Kermode's going to draw  
up a statement for you to sign.  
You can go. You've been most  
helpful. Please show the young  
lady out, Sergeant.

Sergeant Kermode moves quickly to the door as Kathy rises slowly. As he holds the door open for her, he smirks, raising one eyebrow.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONIFEROUS WOOD NEAR PEEL, IOM - DAY

Stan is walking away from Pearse.

PEARSE

You haven't heard me out, Stan.

Stan turns and takes steps towards Pearse, who moves his right hand quickly inside his jacket.

STAN

We've had a better offer.

PEARSE

What?

STAN

That's for us to know and you to  
guess.

He turns and then turns back, pointing at Pearse's chest.

STAN (cont'd)

And don't think about using that.

CUT TO:



EXT. THE ALHAMBRA CINEMA, DOUGLAS IOM - NIGHT

Kathy is waiting outside the cinema, she is looking anxiously for Pearse. He arrives, grinning.

PEARSE

This is a first, you waiting

Kathy goes quickly to him, and holds, grips his upper arms.

KATHY

I tried to 'phone you but they said you were out.

PEARSE

What is it, Kathy?

KATHY

Judy's been murdered.

A beat.

KATHY (cont'd)

The police know you've been coming to my room.

A beat. He looks round.

PEARSE

Christ, they could have followed you. Come on.

He grabs her elbow and they move quickly down the main street and then into a side street.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE STREET, DOUGLAS, IOM - NIGHT

Pearse opens a wooden door in the wall and, taking Kathy's hand, leads her into the yard.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE STREET, PUB YARD, DOUGLAS, IOM - NIGHT

We can just make out the 1CWT Morris van. Kathy is too preoccupied to notice it. Pearse knocks in an obviously prearranged fashion on the back door. A Judas hole is partly opened. There is a whispered, slightly heated but inaudible conversation between Pearse and someone we can't see on the other side of the door. The door is unlocked from the inside. Pearse leads Kathy into an unlit corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR, SIDE STREET PUB, DOUGLAS, IOM - NIGHT  
(BLACKOUT)

He closes the door and locks it.

PEARSE  
Keep close to me.

KATHY  
Where are we?

PEARSE  
It's a pub. Can you not smell the  
porter?

CUT TO:

INT. SCULLERY, SIDE STREET PUB, DOUGLAS, IOM - NIGHT

He shuts a door and switches on the dim light. They are in the scullery. The tap is dripping in the stone sink. Pearse takes her in his arms and holds her tight. A beat.

PEARSE  
When they asked about her  
boyfriends, did you not tell them  
about Graham Wood?

KATHY  
Yes, they said - they knew him.

PEARSE  
Anything else?

A pause. He puts her slightly from him.

PEARSE (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
I know you've had a shock,  
sweetheart, but try to remember.

A beat.

KATHY  
They said - 'he's eliminated'.

A pause. Pearse looks thoughtful.

KATHY (cont'd)  
What did they mean?

PEARSE  
Oh, probably - probably that  
they'd already interviewed him and  
he'd got an alibi. Come on, give  
us a kiss.

They kiss - and then Pearse puts her slightly from him and  
places his hands on her cheeks.

PEARSE (cont'd)  
This is a bad time to tell you  
this, Kathy, but I've got to go  
away for a few days.

He lets his hands fall off her reaction.

PEARSE (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
It's nothing to do with the polis  
or anything. I've had this planned  
for some time. I'll only be away  
three days.

KATHY  
Where will you be?

PEARSE  
Best you don't know.  
(off her reaction)  
There's no danger.

Kathy looks briefly down and then back at Pearse. He puts  
his hands back on her cheeks.

PEARSE (cont'd)

To be on the safe side, let's meet here - same time, 5th of November.

KATHY

Guy Fawkes' night!

PEARSE

Ahh, now wasn't he the hero then?

Kathy smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. MANX PALACE HOTEL, WARD 1 - DAY

Mr. Shuls and Mr. Kahn are the only patients. Both are sitting up in bed. Kathy is taking Mr. Kahn's temperature.

KATHY

You shouldn't have spent so much time on the beach, Mr. Kahn.

We hear his murmured protests. Mr. Shuls puts down the book he is reading and looks out of the window. (His speaks with a thick East European Jewish accent).

MR. SHULS

Poor Nurse Richards. A terrible thing.

He turns to Kathy.

MR. SHULS (cont'd)

Do the police think it was one of us did this terrible thing to the shiksa?

MR. KAHN

English, Mr. Shuls.

MR. SHULS

Ach, I forget.

KATHY

I know. A girl who isn't Jewish.

MR. SHULS

A wonderful nurse yet, and she  
speaks Yiddish

She smiles at him and turns back to Mr. Kahn. She pulls out  
the thermometer.

KATHY

102, Mr. Kahn. I knew it.

Mr. Kahn glances at Mr. Shuls then turns to Kathy.

MR. KAHN

Should we be worried?  
(off her reaction)  
About the police.

KATHY

No, it's the Irish they want to  
hurt this time not the Jews.

CUT TO:

INT. THE KARDOMAH, DOUGLAS, IOM - DAY

Kathy is sitting at 'their' table. She is stirring  
absentmindedly whatever is left in her cup. Graham joins  
her.

GRAHAM WOOD

Aren't you the early bird?

Kathy looks up.

KATHY

You know what's happened to Judy?

GRAHAM WOOD

Yes.

He sits down and takes her hands.

GRAHAM WOOD (cont'd)

It must've been awful for you!

She pulls her hands away.

KATHY

And Judy!

GRAHAM WOOD

Of course, Judy. But we've got to think about the living in wartime.

A beat.

GRAHAM WOOD (cont'd)

(pointing)

D'you want another?

KATHY

No!

Graham for the first time looks carefully at her.

KATHY (cont'd)

Sorry. No thanks. It's just.

He reaches for her hands again, which she withdraws.

GRAHAM WOOD

I know.

A beat.

KATHY

Did the police speak to you?

GRAHAM WOOD

Oh yes, they've eliminated me.

A beat. Kathy studies him.

GRAHAM WOOD (cont'd)

Perhaps one of the Enemy Aliens did it?

KATHY

I'm not spying on them anymore. You've not told me the truth about them, Graham.

The waitress arrives. Graham turns to her.

GRAHAM WOOD

Not now.

The girl bridles but goes. Graham leans forward.

GRAHAM WOOD (cont'd)

What about that Irish feller  
you've been seeing?

Kathy stands, pushing her chair back noisily, opening her purse and putting some coins on the table.

KATHY

That's more than enough for my  
coffee. I don't want ever to see  
you again, Graham Wood.

She walks quickly out of the cafe. The waitress watches her go as Graham begins to stir the remaining contents of her cup.

CUT TO:

INT. VEHICLE REPAIR SHOP, BELFAST - NIGHT

The only illumination is from an angle poise lamp attached to a bench at which Pearse is working. We cannot see what he is doing. Standing in shadow by the small door set in the large double doors of the workshop is the IRA LOOK-OUT. He appears to be listening. He is holding a Tommy gun in one hand. There is a knock on the small door. (The IRA Look-out speaks with a Belfast accent)

IRA LOOK-OUT

(sotto voce to Pearse)

Kill the light, son. That'll be  
the plans.

Pearse switches off the lamp and stretches himself. We see, in silhouette, the Look-out open the small door a fraction, take the plans and close the door gently. Pearse switches on the lamp. As the Look-out moves to the work bench and puts the plans down, we move and see that Pearse is building a bomb with a timing mechanism.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAHAM WOOD'S BEDSIT, DOUGLAS IOM - NIGHT

The bedsit is anonymous, except for a rather expensive looking leather suitcase on top of the wardrobe and, on the bedside locker, a grainy, black and white photograph of Kathy. She is in uniform and coming down the steps of the Manx Palace. She was obviously unaware that she was being photographed. Graham, cigarette in mouth, is sitting in his braces at the kitchen/dining table. He is wearing a leather holster across his chest. On the table is a revolver, which he has taken apart. He finishes cleaning it and then carefully and slowly begins to put it back together.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN HALLWAY, THE MANX HOTEL, DOUGLAS IOM - NIGHT

Kathy, with her outdoor clothes on, is knocking gently on Matron Hardy's office door. The Matron opens the door and smiles.

KATHY

I'm just goin' to get some fresh  
air on the prom, Matron. Just  
opposite.

MATRON HARDY

Thanks for telling me. Be careful.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROMENADE, DOUGLAS IOM - NIGHT

Kathy is standing at the railings looking out to sea. Behind her is the dark mass of the blacked out hotels. In front of her, the crest of waves is dimly lit by a clear, starry November sky. We can hear the waves breaking on the shingly beach. Suddenly, from behind, someone puts a hand over her mouth, twists her arm up her back and pulls her down the stone steps onto the beach. We can see and hear whoever it is pushing her down on the shingle and then hit her across the face. She seems stunned. Her attacker rips at her clothing. Kathy suddenly becomes conscious. Her attacker puts his hand over her mouth. There is a muffled struggle. Suddenly a beam of light pierces the blackness above them.



MATRON HARDY (O.C.)  
Nurse Lewis, are you all right?

FIRST SENTRY (O.C.)  
Put that bloody light out!

Kathy's attacker rises suddenly. We see that her attacker, though hatless, might be Graham. We hear him run off across the shingle. A beat. The light goes off. We hear Matron Hardy make her way quickly to the steps. She looks down. She sees Kathy on the shingle, rushes down the steps and goes quickly to her.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MANX PALACE HOTEL, DOUGLAS IOM, MATRON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Inspector Quillin and Sergeant Kermode are positioned much as before. Kathy too is sitting in front of the desk - but wrapped in a blanket, hunched, staring at the floor.

INSPECTOR QUILLIN  
Well, missy, it seems to us you've got three choices, that right Sergeant Kermode?

SERGEANT KERMODE  
Quite right, Inspector Quillin.

INSPECTOR QUILLIN  
One: you were attacked by the murderer of Nurse Richards - so that makes Peter O'Brien your attacker.

Kathy does not react.

INSPECTOR QUILLIN (cont'd)  
Two: you were attacked by one of your other boy friends. You agreed to meet him in the dark on the beach, he went too far, you had a row, he hit you, you made up the story about the attempted rape so Matron wouldn't tell you off.

A beat.

INSPECTOR QUILLIN (cont'd)  
Three: you withdraw the charges.

A pause.

INSPECTOR QUILLIN(cont'd)  
So it's three then.

He gets up, pushing his chair back quite violently. He goes to the door, grabbing his hat, the Sergeant follows and does likewise. The Inspector opens the door and the detectives go out. A beat.

INSPECTOR QUILLIN (O.C.) (cont'd)  
Thanks for the use of your office,  
Matron. Nurse Lewis has decided  
there are no charges to be made.  
She's a very lucky lady that we  
don't charge her with wasting  
police time.

The Matron comes in. She bends over Kathy and puts an arm round her. We hear the front door slammed.

CUT TO:

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM, THE MANX PALACE HOTEL, DOUGLAS IOM -  
DAY

Kathy is sitting writing at her dressing table. She has her bed quilt and a blanket wrapped round her. The weal on the side of her face where her attacker struck her is now quite pronounced. We watch her write, the expression on her face, part physical pain, part intellectual concentration. The voice we hear is a young woman's not a girl's.

KATHY (V.O.)

Elizabeth's first born son,  
Rudolf, was a cavalryman and a  
liberal. 'After a long period of  
sickness,' he wrote, 'a wholly new  
Europe will arise and flower.'

She pauses.

KATHY (V.O.) (cont'd)  
His father, Franz Josef, so  
tragically misunderstood him.

A beat. Kathy very gingerly touches the bruise.

KATHY (V.O.)(cont'd)  
At Mayerling, in a suicide pact,  
Rudolf shot Marie Vetsera and,  
eight hours later, having greeted  
his valet and whistled the  
overture from Lohengrin, he shot  
himself.

She looks at her reflection in the dressing table mirror  
and then hangs her head and begins to sob but immediately  
represses the noise of her crying as if to stifle her  
anguish.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE STREET PUB YARD, DOUGLAS, IOM - NIGHT

Kathy uses the same pre-arranged knock as Pearse. The Judas  
hole opens, closes then the door opens.

CUT TO:

INT. SCULLERY, SIDE STREET PUB, DOUGLAS, IOM - NIGHT

Pearse leads Kathy into the unlit scullery, holding her  
hand. He switches the dim light on and turns to her. He is  
smiling broadly. Pearse goes to take her in his arms and  
kiss her.

KATHY  
Oh, Pearse, I'm so -

PEARSE  
I've so much to tell you, Kathy.

He takes hold of her shoulders.

PEARSE

What is it?

He notices her face.

PEARSE (cont'd)  
How did that happen?

KATHY  
I fell - tell me your news.  
(a beat)  
Then I'll tell you mine.

PEARSE  
It must throb so.

KATHY  
Forget it. It's fine. I'm a nurse,  
remember.

PEARSE  
Ok, Matron  
(a beat)  
It's sort of good and bad news.  
Ach, I don't know where to begin.

A beat. We hear the tap dripping into the stone sink.

PEARSE (cont'd)  
I'd work to do in Belfast for the  
Cause. At Harland & Wollf.  
(off her reaction)  
The big shipyard with all the  
British navy contracts and no  
Catholic workers.

A beat. Drip. Drip.

PEARSE (cont'd)  
I'd to put a bomb in it.  
(off her reaction)  
No, wait. I didn't do it. I  
watched all those Unionist  
bastards go through the gates to  
work - and imagined them going  
home to mothers, sons, wee girls

and maybe, if they were real  
lucky, someone like you.

He takes her hands in his.

PEARSE (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
You've changed my life, Kathy. I'd  
risk anything for you.

(off her reaction)

If they ever found out, the boys'd  
shoot me.

(off her reaction)

Don't misunderstand me, Kathy. The  
Cause is right - Ireland must be  
free. Britain's tyranny has killed  
so many innocents. But how could I  
have thought that taking the  
chance of killing more by accident  
was the right thing to do?

KATHY

Oh, Pearse.

A beat. Drip. Drip.

PEARSE

I'll need to go to Dublin for a  
few days to explain to the Army  
Council why the bomb didn't go  
off. 'Faulty fuse, most likely,  
lads. First mistake I've ever  
made'.

He laughs. She steps back. A pause.

KATHY

You made the Coventry bomb, didn't  
you, not just put it in the saddle  
bag?

He tries to take her hands. She moves further back.

PEARSE

Ok. I made the bomb.  
(a beat)

But I've changed, so I have.  
Please believe me, Kathy.

Kathy lets him move to embrace her. He suddenly looks more closely at her bruise. Her grabs her elbows.

PEARSE (cont'd)  
Somebody's struck you, Kathy,  
haven't they? Who was it? One of  
your patients?

KATHY  
Pearse!

A beat. He grabs her shoulders quite roughly.

PEARSE  
It was that little shit, Graham,  
wasn't it?

KATHY  
Oh, Pearse!

She begins to sob, without restraint. He takes her gently into his arms and begins to stroke her hair.

PEARSE  
I'm sorry. I was only angry for  
you. Tell me about it when you're  
ready.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CREEL INN, PEEL IOM - NIGHT

The next evening. Clouds pass fitfully across the moon. We see Graham's Riley saloon draw up. Graham switches off the engine and sits a moment before getting out and walking towards the pub. He is alone.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CREEL INN, PEEL IOM - NIGHT

CUT TO:

Graham is the only customer. He has put his trilby on the bar. A BARMAN is carefully pulling half a pint of stout.

GRAHAM WOOD

Where's the usual barman?

BARMAN

Ah, he's away so.

(off Graham's reaction)

To Eire.

GRAHAM WOOD

When's he due back?

The barman places the half pint carefully in front of Graham.

BARMAN

Let it settle a moment, sir.

(a beat)

You were saying, sir? Oh yes. No, we'll not see him again.

Graham pulls the glass towards him and then turns it slowly to and fro.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CREEL INN, PEEL IOM - NIGHT

We see Graham walk towards his car and get in.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAHAM WOOD'S RILEY SALOON - NIGHT (BLACKOUT)

Graham leans slightly forward to put the key in the ignition. He is about to turn it when we simultaneously hear a revolver being cocked and see the barrel of a .38 Smith & Wesson revolver jammed into his neck so forcefully that he inclines his head but nevertheless tries to look in the rearview mirror. But whoever it is, though in the back of the car, has positioned himself so that cannot be seen in the mirror.

PEARSE (O.C.)

No words. We'll drive to a quiet place. I'll take the car from there - and you'll walk home.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAHAM WOOD'S RILEY SALOON - NIGHT (BLACKOUT)

We can see the car is moving down the lane off which Graham and Pearse separately met Stan.

PEARSE

Now. Just to the left, there's a gate.

Graham is already changing down and slowing to stop at the gate. Pearse's motorbike is leaning against the gate.

PEARSE (cont'd)

Well, I never. You've been here before.

Pearse jams the barrel into his Graham's neck.

PEARSE (cont'd)

No words! Switch off!

The engine dies. We see Pearse's finger squeeze the trigger. The gunshot blows the front of Graham's skull off, sending the trilby flying, splattering the windscreen and offside front window with blood and brain and filling the car with cordite smoke. Pearse does not move. A beat. He puts the gun in his inside pocket, pushes the front passenger seat forward and clambers awkwardly out of the passenger's side.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY LANE NEAR PEEL IOM - NIGHT

He stands, leaning against the car and lets his head fall back. A pause. He moves round to the driver's side, opens the door, pulls out the body, lets it drop to the ground being carefully to ensure that the head is as far from his clothes as possible. He squats, searches for and removes Graham's gun and wallet. He then lifts the body by the



jacket collar and manhandles it over the gate like the proverbial sack of potatoes. He climbs after it.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONIFEROUS WOOD NEAR PEEL IOM - NIGHT

Pearse drags the body through the wood. The sound of the sea increases in volume the further he goes until eventually he is at the edge of a cliff - and we can see over at the waves crashing on the rocks. He tips the body over and watches it fall.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY LANE NEAR PEEL IOM - NIGHT

Pearse climbs back over the gate and wheels his motorbike round to the front of the car and leans it against the offside headlight. He moves to the rear of the car, shutting the driver's door as he goes and removes the petrol cap. He suddenly notices that Graham's hat has fallen on the road. He picks it up, re-opens the driver's door, throws the hat into the car and shuts the door. He strikes a match, drops it into the petrol tank and leaps back as the sudden roar and flame light up the night. He briefly watches the car and the bike begin to burn, smiles in a satisfied way, turns and sets off up the lane into the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MATRON'S OFFICE, MANX PALACE HOTEL, DOUGLAS IOM - DAY

A week has passed. We can see that Kathy's bruise is healing. Kathy, the Inspector and the Sergeant are once again in the office: Kathy seated as before in front of the desk, the Inspector behind but the Sergeant sitting beside him, though slightly further back.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR QUILLIN

(to Kathy)

So you see, we know almost all we need to know about Peter O'Brien.

(a beat)

Except where he is.  
(a beat)  
And we'd like you to tell us that,  
please.

KATHY  
I don't know where is, Inspector.

The Sergeant shifts a little in his seat. A beat. She meets his stare.

DETECTIVE SERGEANT KERMODE  
Y'know he's a criminal. He  
deliberately blew people up in  
Coventry - and at Waterloo  
Station.

KATHY  
So you say!

The Inspector holds his hands up.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR QUILLIN  
Now, now.

A pause.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR QUILLIN (cont'd)  
If you do find out where he is, I  
know you'll contact us on this  
number.

He passes a card across to her. She takes the card. She stands.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR QUILLIN (cont'd)  
I'm glad to see the bruise is  
healing, Miss.

She returns his gaze.

CUT TO:

EXT. PEARSE'S COTTAGE, NEAR PEEL, IOM - DUSK

We see Kathy, carrying her suitcase, walking along the lane to the cottage. It has begun to snow. Despite the weather, she is walking slowly. She seems weary. We hear crows calling and the wind rustling the fallen autumn leaves. Kathy stops at the gate. All the plants in the vegetable garden are dead or dormant except some rows of Brussels Sprouts. The blackout curtains are drawn at all the windows. Kathy opens the gate, goes through, shuts it carefully, takes a step or two down the path then stops. It has begun snowing more heavily. The front door is slightly ajar. She continues and pushes the door open.

PEARSE (O.C.)  
(sotto voce)  
Come in quickly, Kathy.

She catches her breath and does as Pearse says.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM/KITCHEN, PEARSE'S COTTAGE -  
NIGHT

We hear the door shut and the key turned and bolts fastened quietly. The room is pitch-black.

PEARSE (CONT'D)  
I'll light the lamp.

The deep yellow light suffuses the space. He puts the lamp on the hall stand - next to his revolver. Pearse takes Kathy's case and gently places it on the stone slabs. He goes to kiss her but she puts her head on his shoulder. He strokes her hair.

PEARSE (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
I'm sorry I couldn't meet you off  
the bus.

KATHY  
I wasn't followed.

PEARSE  
And the 'phone you used to call  
me?

KATHY

It was the call box on the other side of town, like you said.

PEARSE

Fine girl y'are!

(off her reaction)

It's a song.

(a beat)

I've supper prepared. It's the coldest of collations. Smoke up the chimney would be a dead give away - so there's no heat either. Sorry. Come on through.

He bows.

PEARSE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

My Empress.

She smiles wanly. Pearse studies her. She goes to take off her coat but Pearse is there - with a pretend posh Dublin hotel intonation.

PEARSE (cont'd)

Will you please be allowing me, modom, to divest you of your robes? On second thoughts, perhaps not or you'll catch your death.

He raises his eyebrows comically. He puts on a Russian accent.

PEARSE (cont'd)

We could be snowbound - for many, many months, my darlink.

Kathy smiles wanly. Pearse looks thoughtful.

PEARSE (cont'd)

You're the weary one.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM/KITCHEN, PEARSE'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

They've finished the first course.

PEARSE

A grand pie, wasn't it?  
(off her reaction)  
And more blackmarket Claret,  
modom, to wash away the taste of  
the blackmarket pork?

She nods. He fills her glass. A beat.

KATHY

The police know a lot about you.  
Everything.  
(a beat)  
Including Waterloo.

A pause. He puts the bottle down, without filling his own glass.

KATHY (cont'd)

Except your real name and where  
you are now.

Pearse watches her, studies her.

KATHY (cont'd)

I love you, Pearse. I do. But I'm  
so confused.  
(off his reaction)  
They said you'd been helping the  
Blackshirts.  
(off his reaction)  
No, don't say anything. I need to  
think.

A pause. The wind gusts against the window panes.

KATHY (cont'd)

You know, when they were  
questioning me about who'd  
attacked me, they didn't once ask  
me if it was a soldier. It was  
almost as if they knew who it was.

A beat.

PEARSE

They knew it was their pal, Graham Wood - like they knew it was their pal, Wood, did the murder.

(off her reaction)

He was Special Branch, so he was. He was the one with the Blackshirts in his pocket!

A long pause. She looks up.

KATHY

Was?

(off his reaction)

You said was.

A pause.

KATHY (cont'd)

What's happened to him, Pearse?

A pause. Pearse pours himself a glass of wine. He takes a long drink from it.

PEARSE

I've dispensed justice.

A pause.

KATHY

You mean you've murdered him. You promised.

A beat. He grips the edge of the table, relaxes, looks at her.

PEARSE

I promised, God help me, Kathy, not to kill the innocent.

He rises from the table off her reaction.

PEARSE(cont'd)

That bastard was guilty as shit!

Kathy is crying.

KATHY

I wasn't sure it was him.

PEARSE

For Christ's sake, of course it was him!

(a beat)

I'm sorry.

A long pause. Pearse sits, as if defeated. The wind gusts against the window panes.

KATHY

It doesn't matter whether it was him or not. You had no right to kill him.

A pause.

KATHY (cont'd)

I want to go, Pearse.

PEARSE

Go?

KATHY

Back to Douglas.

PEARSE

What? It's snowing!

KATHY

I don't know whether I can love you any more. I need to be alone for a bit.

PEARSE

Like Greta bloody Garbo!

KATHY

Why are you so angry, Pearse?

He stands suddenly, his chair clattering to floor.

PEARSE

I've put my life on the line twice  
- once with the boys and now with  
the polis - because I love you.

KATHY

Then give me time, Pearse.

PEARSE

Ok. I'll go - now.

(off her reaction)

You've not got the proper clothes.

You wait till stops snowing.

He moves to the hall stand and picks up his gun.

KATHY

What are you going to do?

PEARSE

I'd of had to disappear anyway.

(a beat)

I was going to ask you to come  
with me.

He picks up the chair, places it back by the table and then goes into the bedroom. We hear him moving about. During all this, Kathy stares at her empty plate, her eyes brimming. He comes out of the bedroom, carrying a large hold-all. He goes to the back door, unlocks it, comes back and puts the key on the table. He looks at her. He turns and goes quickly out of the back door. The wind blows in a flurry of snow. He closes the door quietly.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, PEARSE'S COTTAGE, NEAR PEEL - DAWN

The blackout curtains are only partly drawn. We can see Kathy, fully clothed and wrapped in the counterpane, lying curled up but awake. Like an automaton, she lifts the counterpane off her, gets up, moves to the window and draws back the curtains slowly. It has stopped snowing but we can see that the remains of Pearse's footprints - moving away from the cottage and across the fields - have already been partly obliterated by fresh snow.



CUT TO:

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM, THE MANX PALACE HOTEL, DOUGLAS IOM - NIGHT

Kathy is sitting writing at her dressing table. The calendar shows 5th December 1939.

KATHY (V.O.)

Elizabeth kept vigil by Rudolf's coffin in St. Stephen's Cathedral from late afternoon on the day of his funeral until the ceremony itself.

A beat. She puts her pen down and closes her exercise book. She gets ready to go out, combing her hair carefully in the mirror - but not putting on lipstick.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ALHAMBRA CINEMA, DOUGLAS IOM - NIGHT

The black and white images on the screen reflect on Kathy's face in a monochrome chiaroscuro. She does not look at the screen but at some point in front of her that might be a foot or ten miles away. She is surrounded by young couples.

NEWSREEL COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

There'll be no Christmas tree from Norway in Trafalgar Square this year but plucky Londoners are doing the best to make this the season of good cheer.

CUT TO:

INT. WARD 1, MANX PALACE HOTEL, DOUGLAS, IOM - DAY

The small ward is full of men of various ages with respiratory ailments. Mr. Shuls looks very ill. Kathy is carefully pouring some sort of medicine onto a spoon for Mr. Kahn. The Matron comes in and goes quickly to her.

MATRON HARDY

I'll take over, Nurse Lewis.

(off her reaction - sotto  
voce)  
The detectives are here again.  
I've told them how busy we are and  
-  
(a beat)  
and that it's time they left you  
alone.

Kathy looks tearful and mouths her thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MATRON'S OFFICE, MANX PALACE HOTEL, DOUGLAS IOM -  
DAY

Both detectives are seated but Kathy is standing, her hands  
on the back of the chair she has sat in before. The body  
language of all three is different from that on previous  
occasions - the detectives are circumspect, Kathy defiant.

KATHY  
I prefer to stand, thank you.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR QUILLIN  
We've found a man's body.  
(a beat)  
And a burnt out motorbike.

She grips the back of the chair. The detectives notice

DETECTIVE SERGEANT KERMODE  
D'you know whose they are?

A beat.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR QUILLIN  
Can't you guess?

DETECTIVE SERGEANT KERMODE  
They belong to someone you know.

KATHY  
Stop it!

The detectives glance in the direction of the door.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR QUILLIN  
That's enough of that now.

A long pause. The detectives exchange glances. Inspector Quillin nods almost imperceptibly then turns back to Kathy.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR QUILLIN (cont'd)  
When did you last see Graham Wood?

Her grip relaxes just a little.

KATHY  
More than a month ago.

DETECTIVE SERGEANT KERMODE  
Didn't you wonder where he was?

KATHY  
The last time I saw him I told him  
I didn't want to see him again so,  
no, I didn't wonder where he was.

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR QUILLIN  
People usually do what you tell  
them?

DETECTIVE SERGEANT KERMODE  
Why didn't you want to see him  
again?

KATHY  
I always try to do what I think is  
right.

CUT TO:

INT. THE KITCHEN, THE MANX PALACE HOTEL - DAY

Kathy and the Matron are sitting at the table. In the vase on the table are some sprigs of holly. They are finishing a ration book Christmas dinner, eating what looks like Christmas pudding. There is a Bristol Cream sherry bottle on the table. Each of them has an empty glass. A radio is playing. We hear the end of an ITMA show.

TOMMY HANDLEY (V.O.)

The compliments of the seasoning to you. And last but not least - one of my hybrid animals which I obtained by crossing a pig with a sheep...

VOICE (V.O.)

I think it's positively Persico.

TOMMY HANDLEY (V.O.)

What's that? Whose voice is that?

FUNF (V.O.)

This is Funf speaking. I too have a secret radio.

TOMMY HANDLEY (V.O.)

Well, I'll be tickled with a turnip.

We hear applause and the show's signature tune. The Matron switches off the radio. She has obviously enjoyed the show very much. Kathy smiles slightly. The Matron fills both their glasses. The Matron lifts her glass.

MATRON HARDY

Let's forget these last few horrible months. Here's to the future.

Kathy begins to cry. The Matron goes to her, puts an arm round her shoulder and sighs heavily but inaudibly. A pause.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PROMENADE, LLANDUDNO - DAY

It is a grey January day. Kathy is walking along the Promenade, carrying her suitcase - a larger one than she had when she first went to London but still cardboard. The entrance to the Pier is closed, with a barricade across it like the one on the Douglas promenade, and guarded. There are rolls of barbed wire stretched along the entire crescent of the beach.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE, ST GEORGE'S HOTEL, LLANDUDNO -DAY

The door is locked. Kathy peers in and can see the furniture covered in dust sheets. She presses the bell marked 'Night Porter'. Kathy turns to look at the grey sea. We can see she is wearing a wedding ring. The door opens. It's her Mam.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSEKEEPER'S OFFICE, ST GEORGE'S HOTEL, LLANDUDNO - DAY

Kathy's Mam lights a small gas ring under the kettle. She appears tense.

KATHY'S MAM

We'll soon have a cuppa.

KATHY

I'm sorry I didn't let you know I was coming.

KATHY'S MAM

That's all right.

A beat. Kathy is studying her Mam, who has not made eye contact with her yet.

KATHY'S MAM (cont'd)

I saw Gwynneth last week. You know Allyn was in France?

Kathy nods.

KATHY'S MAM (cont'd)

She'd just heard the Germans have taken him prisoner. Isn't that awful? Gwynneth's beside herself.

Kathy nods. Her mother half turns to her.

KATHY'S MAM (cont'd)

Nain's ill.

(off her reaction)  
Oh, nothing too serious but I'll  
need to go home to look after her  
-which is just as well because the  
hotel has been requisitioned for a  
load of civil servants from  
London.

A beat.

KATHY'S MAM (cont'd)  
And your Tad's run off with that  
tart of a waitress.

KATHY  
Oh, Mam!

KATHY'S MAM  
Good riddance. It's just my pride  
that's hurt.  
(off her reaction)  
Really! It's a relief. And I'm  
still young.

She is relaxed now.

KATHY'S MAM (cont'd)  
Come and give us a hug, girl.

Kathy, smiling bravely, moves round the desk. As she does  
so, her mother notices the wedding ring and takes Kathy's  
left hand and looks up. Kathy suddenly rushes into her  
Mam's arms, sobbing. Her Mam cradles her, stroking her  
hair.

KATHY'S MAM (cont'd)  
There, there, cariad.

Kathy sits, takes some deep breaths and wipes her eyes.

KATHY  
The Isle of Man's a bit like  
Gretna Green.  
(off her reaction)  
You don't have to have your  
parents' permission to get

married. But I'm sorry I didn't  
tell you.

She looks down. Her Mam covers her mouth with her finger  
tips.

KATHY (cont'd)  
I got the telegram telling me he  
was dead the day after I  
discovered I was going to have his  
baby. He's - he was Irish. He was  
in France - like Allyn.

She looks up.

KATHY (cont'd)  
I really loved him, Mam. I did.

She begins to sob uncontrollably.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INSERT (B&W)

We see a frightened woman with a shaven head being jostled,  
spat and laughed at by a crowd of men and women. The men  
seem to be laughing and the women spitting. The woman  
stares vacantly into the camera lens.

NEWSREEL COMMENTATOR (V.O.)  
Though the war in Europe has been  
over for nearly a year, justice is  
still being meted out to Nazi  
collaborators, big and small.

CUT TO:

INSERT (B&W)

We see and hear the opening titles and music of 'Brief  
Encounter'.

CUT TO:

INSERT (B&W)

We see long lines of raggedly dressed men, women and children queuing between rows of large wooden huts, reminiscent of Auschwitz. Each person holds a bowl of some sort. They are queuing for soup. Smoke drifts across the landscape.

NEWSREEL COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

From all over Europe, they fled  
the menace of war. Now, they are  
waiting patiently to go home - or  
find a new home. But these are the  
lucky ones.

CUT TO:

INSERT (B&W)

The newsreel cuts to a scene of a street with a long, high wall almost entirely covered by lists of names pasted to the bricks. The camera pans across the lists and the people anxiously studying them.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIBRARY, MADOC STREET, LLANDUDNO - DAY

Kathy, in midwife's uniform and a couple of books under her arm, is descending the small flight of Library steps. She sees Gwynneth, who is pushing a pram (a state of the art, pre-war version with big wheels, suspension and a hood) - and Allyn, in a 'demob' suit, is walking beside her. He looks much older than his twenty six years. Kathy moves towards them.

KATHY

Gwynneth. Allyn. I haven't seen  
you for ages.

They stop and turn to her. Gwynneth mouths 'hello' and Allyn just looks - haunted.

GWYNNETH

We were sorry to hear about your  
Uncle Tegid, weren't we, Allyn?



Kathy searches Allyn's face.

KATHY

I miss Uncle Tegid. How pleased he'd have been to know the mines and quarries are going to be nationalised!

GWYNNETH

Allyn's read the story you wrote for the newspaper about the accident and how there was no compensation, haven't you, Allyn? And I've told him it was broadcast on BBC Wales. Read by Hugh David himself. We knew you'd be a famous writer one day, didn't we, Allyn?

A pause. Kathy and Gwynneth look at each other. Kathy squeezes Gwynneth's elbow. Kathy looks into the pram, smiles and makes appropriate baby faces and noises.

GWYNNETH (cont'd)

Trefor's doing so well - isn't he, Allyn? You are such a good midwife, Kathy.

ALLYN

We need to go.

GWYNNETH

Allyn -

He moves off. Gwynneth makes an apologetic face.

KATHY

I understand -

Gwynneth, suddenly tearful, grips the pram handle and looks intently at Kathy

GWYNNETH

No, you don't. He's been home for more than a year now, Kathy.

KATHY

I know -

GWYNNETH

I'm sorry you're a widow, Kathy -  
but Allyn has come home a dead  
man.

A pause. Gwynneth looks down.

GWYNNETH (CONT'D)

That was an awful thing to say.

Kathy lays the palm of her hand on Gwynneth's cheek.

KATHY

He'll be himself again soon,  
Gwynneth. He's always loved being  
alive.

GWYNNETH

I want him to come back for me -  
and Trefor.

KATHY

But that's daft, Gwynneth. He  
loves you and Trefor, everybody  
can see that.

GWYNNETH

It's you he's talking about - all  
the time.

KATHY

But he never says a word -

Gwynneth leans towards her.

GWYNNETH

He's always thought you were  
marvellous.

A pause. They look at each other

KATHY (CONT'D)

Gwynneth.

(a beat)

He'll 'ave seen things we've not even read about. Some of the POWs were near the death camps - y'know, like Belsen, on the newsreels.

GWYNNETH

I couldn't watch them. I put my hands in front of my eyes.

She smiles weakly at Kathy.

KATHY

You must ask him to tell you, Gwynneth.

A pause.

GWYNNETH

Could you talk to him?

(off her reaction)

No, please, you've always been able to talk to him.

KATHY

-

Gwynneth puts her hand on Kathy's forearm.

GWYNNETH (CONT'D)

Think about it.

She looks round anxiously in the direction which Allyn took.

GWYNNETH (CONT'D)

I can't see him.

She turns back to Kathy.

GWYNNETH (CONT'D)

I must dash. He doesn't have a key. Think about it. Please

Kathy watches Gwynneth scurry down the street with the pram, until she is hidden by the crowd. Kathy is about to set off when something prompts her to turn and look over her shoulder. There is, of course, nothing there - and she smiles to herself.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICTORIAN PRIMARY SCHOOL, LLANDUDNO - DAY

Kathy collects her daughter, Siobhan, from school. The little girl has Kathy's hair and Pearse's eyes. They hug each other and Siobhan begins to chat about her day as they move off. Again, something prompts Kathy to turn and look over her shoulder. Again, of course, there is nothing there - and she turns back to pay full attention to what Siobhan is telling her.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROSVILLE BUS, GREAT ORME, LLANDUDNO - DAY

We see Kathy and Siobhan in profile on the single decker, which is travelling up the Orme.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM, NAIN'S COTTAGE, GREAT ORME, LLANDUDNO - DAY

Kathy's Mam emerges from Nain's bedroom. Kathy and Siobhan are at the table. Siobhan has a glass of milk - and a slice of bread and dripping. Kathy looks up.

KATHY'S MAM

(mouthing)

Nain's very poorly.

KATHY

Siobhan, would you like to go for a walk?

SIOBHAN

Soon.

(a beat)

What does my name mean?

Kathy looks briefly at her mother.

KATHY

It means that you're a gift from  
God. Do you understand?

Siobhan nods.

KATHY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Why did you ask?

SIOBHAN

Clark said my name was stupid?  
He's named after Clark Cable.

Kathy looks across to her Mam, who does her own version of  
the ooh! face.

KATHY

Oh, well. I'm sure Clark's very  
nice really.

There is a knock at the door.

SIOBHAN

I'll go.

She leaps from her chair and Kathy follows. She opens the  
door. It is Pearse. He is carrying a bouquet of cut  
flowers. He has put on weight, grown a moustache and is  
wearing a suit. Smiling nervously and handing her the  
bouquet, he looks at Kathy, studying her - and then down at  
Siobhan. Kathy breathes deeply and does not smile. She  
bends down to Siobhan and smiles.

KATHY

Go and find your Nain, Siobhan,  
and ask her to play with you.

Pearse reacts to the name. Siobhan is reluctant. Kathy  
gently touches her shoulder.

KATHY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Go on, cariad.

Siobhan re-joins Kathy's Mam at the table. Kathy goes out, pulling the door to behind her.

CUT TO:

EXT. NAIN'S COTTAGE, GREAT ORME, LLANDUDNO - DAY

Kathy is cradling the bouquet in the crook of her arm.

KATHY

Let's walk onto the Orme.

PEARSE

You're even prettier now than six years ago. And your little girl's lovely.

KATHY

Ours.

A beat. They look at each other.

KATHY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Come on.

They cross the road, with Kathy leading, and walk on the sheep-cropped grass to a boulder. They sit.

PEARSE

It's good to see you. I've imagined this so -

KATHY

I used to imagine this.

He laughs.

KATHY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Until Siobhan was born.

A pause.

PEARSE

Why did you call her after my mother?

KATHY

You know what the name means.

Pearse nods. A beat. Kathy begins to appraise him. She smiles slightly.

KATHY (cont'd)

You're looking very prosperous.

PEARSE

Ah, didn't the Da die -  
(off her reaction)  
and am I not the landlord of the  
busiest pub in all Dublin!

A pause.

KATHY

What made you look for us, Pearse?

PEARSE

I had to meet a feller near  
Holyhead last month - an old  
comrade. He'd seen your piece in  
the paper, so he had, and he  
thought you might be the Kathy I'd  
cried into my Guinness over.

(a beat)

I'm sorry. I joke when I'm  
nervous.

KATHY

I remember.

(a beat)

And when you're not.

He laughs quietly. She smiles. A pause.

PEARSE

Why did you stop imagining we'd  
meet?

A pause.

KATHY

Why didn't you come looking for me?

PEARSE

Because you'd told me it was over.

KATHY

I was nineteen!

(a beat)

I didn't really believe it was over until I held Siobhan.

He tenses. She reacts.

KATHY (cont'd)

What you did was wrong - killing Graham Wood - and you're still doing it, aren't you?

He looks into the distance.

KATHY (cont'd)

Why have you come?

PEARSE

When I heard your story, I was mortified with guilt and regret - chances of happiness and love lost forever.

(off her reaction)

I'm married. We don't seem to be able to have children - and we've grown apart.

A pause.

PEARSE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Knowing you had taken the name O'Neill, I guessed that you'd not married and the child was mine. I came to check -

(off her reaction)

and to see if I could help.

KATHY

Does your wife know you're here?



PEARSE

It's none of her business.

KATHY

How could you even think that!

(off his reaction)

You don't understand do you?

A pause. She stands. She puts the bouquet down on the boulder where she has been sitting. He looks confused.

KATHY (cont'd)

I want you to go now.

He stands and takes her hands. She lets him.

PEARSE

Now I've found you - and Siobhan -  
I'm not going to let you go out of  
my life again. Mother of God,  
Kathy -

She shakes her hands free and steps back.

KATHY

Yes. Mother of God!

They look at each other. Her fists are clenched. A beat. He looks down.

KATHY (cont'd)

You found us - by accident. You  
made no attempt to look for me for  
five years.

A pause.

KATHY (cont'd)

I want you to go - now.

(off his reaction)

I want time to think.

She waves her hands in frustration.

KATHY (cont'd)

(off his reaction)

What do I tell Siobhan, should she know, should she see you again?

He looks up and starts towards her. She holds up both hands.

KATHY(cont'd)  
It's as if you'd returned from the dead.

He hands her a card, which she takes.

PEARSE  
If you want to, you can write to me there.  
(off her reaction)  
The wife taught me to read and write.

She sighs, then bites her bottom lip.

KATHY  
Go, please.

He turns and walks back towards the road. She watches him go. He pauses, turns to face her and raises his hand - partly in a wave and partly in a salute.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM, NAIN'S COTTAGE, GREAT ORME, LLANDUDNO - DAY

Kathy opens the front door. Her Mam is watching, through the window above the sink, Siobhan is playing teacher with her dolls in the back yard. Kathy joins her.

KATHY'S MAM  
Nain's asleep at last.

She turns to Kathy.

KATHY'S MAM  
That was Siobhan's Tad, wasn't it?

Kathy turns quickly away and goes to sit at the table, her fist to her mouth. Her Mam follows her and, from behind, enfolds her in her arms, resting her head on Kathy's

KATHY

Oh, Mam. The only thing I'm ashamed of is not telling you the truth.

KATHY'S MAM

The only thing you really told a fib about was being married. And I guessed you weren't fairly quickly.

(off Kathy's reaction)

There was no war widow's pension, softie.

Kathy laughs. Her mother lets her go. Kathy stands and they hug each other.

KATHY'S MAM (CONT'D)

Your Tad and me had to get married. Tegid and his pals arranged it!

She laughs. She holds Kathy's hands.

KATHY'S MAM (CONT'D)

Did you guess?

KATHY

I think so.

A pause. Kathy's mam is thoughtful. She lets Kathy's hands go.

KATHY'S MAM (CONT'D)

Now, you promised Siobhan a treat.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAPPY VALLEY, GREAT ORME, LLANDUDNO - DAY

Kathy and Siobhan are sitting near the top of the valley - which is a natural feature landscaped with paths and

terraces. Kathy has her arm round Siobhan. The little girl's head is nestled against her mother. Two of Siobhan's dolls are sitting on the bench beside them. Lying on the bench is an illustrated version of 'Beauty and the Beast'. Through the pine trees, they look down on the open air theatre stage in the middle of the green and, beyond, the sea and the Pier. Sheep are grazing on the green - and, beyond them, a crow is pecking at something sinewy. Daffodils are blooming in abundance among the pines. Kathy is closing one of her exercise books.

SIOBHAN

Are you going to write any more stories about Elizabeth, Mam?

A beat. Kathy looks down towards the Pier.

KATHY

No.  
(a beat)  
I don't know.  
(a beat)  
Not yet.

She looks down at Siobhan.

KATHY (CONT'D)

If I do, it would be a long time before you'd want to read them.  
(off her reaction)  
They'd be for grown-ups. Elizabeth was a really unhappy lady, even though she was an empress.

SIOBHAN

Are you not going to write any more stories until I'm grown-up?

Kathy laughs.

KATHY

I'm going to tell you about a story I'm in the middle of writing.

SIOBHAN

Am I in it?

KATHY  
Yes, and my Nain, and your Nain.

SIOBHAN  
And Clark?

Kathy laughs.

KATHY  
No!

SIOBHAN  
And you?

KATHY  
Of course.

SIOBHAN  
And the man who came today?

A pause. Kathy kisses the top of Siobhan's head.

KATHY  
Perhaps.

SIOBHAN  
Will he come to see us again?

Kathy lays her head gently on Siobhan's. A pause. Kathy lifts her head up.

KATHY  
I don't think so.  
(a beat)  
No.

SIOBHAN  
Can we go and see him?

KATHY  
He lives too far away.

A pause.

SIOBHAN  
Did Elizabeth die?

KATHY  
Yes. Everybody dies.

SIOBHAN  
Even you?

Kathy laughs and hugs Siobhan.

KATHY  
But not for a very, very, very  
long time. Ok?

Siobhan nods.

SIOBHAN  
Can I play with my dolls, please,  
Mam?

KATHY  
Of course, cariad.

Kathy watches Siobhan, with a struggle, carry the dolls and the storybook over to a low rock, prop the dolls against the rock and begin to read to them. Her voice is a background murmur. Kathy looks again down to the Pier.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIER, LLANDUDNO - DAY

As we hear Kathy's V.O., we see, from her P.O.V., the Pier in the middle distance - close enough to see figures walking along in ones and twos but not close enough to be certain about age or gender.

KATHY (V.O.)  
Lucheni had waited all day among  
the pines. When she and her  
entourage passed by, the  
unemployed labourer tried to  
approach the Empress to beg for  
alms. Her equerry turned him away.  
As always self-absorbed, she saw



THE END

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