

THE MEMORIAL

EXT. HOATBY, EAST MIDLANDS - DAY

We focus on various dead birds - crows, magpies, rooks, a jay - hanging from a barbed wire fence. It is a late morning at the beginning of April 1919. We hear the sounds of bird song and sheep.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOATBY, EAST MIDLANDS - DAY

We see fields full of ewes and lambs with copses beyond. We become aware of the distant sounds of sawing and hammers.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOATBY, EAST MIDLANDS - DAY

Wooden barracks under construction come into view.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOATBY, EAST MIDLANDS - DAY

We see more fields and copses then a colliery and, beyond, a steam engine pulling a line of passenger coaches in LMS [London, Midland & Scottish] livery. We focus on one particular first class carriage. CAPTAIN EDWARD STANDISH, who is in field uniform with medal ribbons (including the Victoria Cross - VC), is looking intently out of the window.

CUT TO:

INT. HOATBY, FIRST CLASS CARRIAGE - DAY

Edward is alone in the carriage. He is smoking a cigarette. We see him in profile. He is tall, thin and spare - his face very pale and tense. He looks older than his 31 years. His hair is dark brown, with a few streaks of grey. 'Handsome' and 'manly' would be appropriate epithets of the time. On the seat beside him next to his cap and his swagger stick is an open copy of The Times, dated 3rd April 1919. We can see two headlines: PEACE CONFERENCE: ALLIES MAKE GOOD PROGRESS and INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC SPREADS. Also open and on top of the newspaper is a copy of The War Poems of Siegfried Sassoon.

CUT TO:

INT. HOATBY, FIRST CLASS CARRIAGE - DAY

We see, from Edward's pov, the colliery then the outskirts of Hoatby village - then sheep pens and coal bunkers as Hoatby Station comes into view.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOATBY, STATION PLATFORM - DAY

We see the station sign: 'Hoatby'. Edward is met by the STATION MASTER, who takes off his peaked cap. Behind him is the Standish chauffeur, HILDITCH, the left side of whose face is badly burned. He touches his cap, Edward acknowledges them both.

STATION MASTER

How is Sir John, if might I ask,
Captain Standish?

EDWARD

(impatiently)
My father's very weak.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROLLS ROYCE DRIVING THROUGH HOATBY VILLAGE - DAY

We see the car driving from the station along the wide, paved, main street of the village with its inn, The Crown, and past the well kept village green with the 18th century parish church in the b.g. - the quintessential rural English village

CUT TO:

EXT. ROLLS ROYCE DRIVING THROUGH LANDSCAPE - DAY

We see again the contrasts - colliery and countryside with the burgeoning growth of early spring. A small group of farm labourers is walking in single file on the grass verge as the car passes. They touch their caps. Edward acknowledges them with his swagger stick. We pass the Camp. Edward studies it intently.

INT. HOATBY, ROLLS ROYCE - DAY

Edward leans forward and slides back the glass partition between driver and passengers.

EDWARD

I hadn't realised the transit Camp on Lord Antrobus' land would be so close to the road. Is the far side of it close to our pheasant butts, do you know, Hilditch?

HILDITCH

It is, sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOATBY, HOATBY MANOR - DAY

We see the Rolls Royce driving through the main gate with the house in the distance. The house is in the High Victorian Gothic style and built of the local limestone.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOATBY, HOATBY MANOR MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

As we approach the house, we see from Edward's pov, the blinds being slowly drawn in all of the windows and DOCTOR COSGROVE and ANDREWS, the butler, hurriedly descending the steps.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOATBY, HOATBY PARISH CHURCH - DAY

We see the 18th century church, the churchyard with gravestones and elms (in which rooks are nesting) and the lych-gate. We hear the rooks and the tackle of the horse-drawn hearse. The funeral cortege draws up beyond the lych-gate - under which the RECTOR waits in his surplice, prayer book in hand. A group of locals (colliery workers, farm workers, villagers) stands opposite the lych-gate, the men bare headed. Among them is MRS. WILKIN. Edward and THE HONOURABLE LADY CHARLOTTE ANTROBUS lead the funeral procession. Charlotte is twenty three, fair-haired and with a rosy complexion. She is strikingly pretty, slender and almost as tall as Edward. The procession includes Doctor Cosgrove, Andrews, LORD ANTROBUS and LADY ANTROBUS and Hoatby PARISH COUNCIL MEMBERS. They follow the Rector through the lych-gate. Edward is in dress uniform with a black mourning band around his upper left arm. He is impassive. Though side by side, there is a distance between Edward and Charlotte. As Edward and Charlotte enter the lych-gate we see that he has noticed Mrs. Wilkin and that he looks away.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOATBY, A COUNTRY LANE - DAY

We see the Rolls Royce driven by Hilditch and carrying Charlotte (wearing mourning black) and Edward, who is in field uniform with the mourning band on his upper left arm (as he will be, unless otherwise stated, throughout the story).

CUT TO:

INT. HOATBY, ROLLS ROYCE - DAY

Edward is sitting back in his seat, his body facing the front, his face turned to Charlotte - who is sitting on the edge of her seat, her whole body turned towards Edward. She is wearing an engagement ring.

CHARLOTTE

I know it's very sad about your father but it is nice to have you home on leave - another whole three weeks! I'm so glad you want to join me now when I visit people to help them, Edward. You used to be rather scornful about it - even disapproving.

EDWARD

The war has changed my views on many things, Charlotte.

Edward turns to look out of the window. Charlotte studies him.

CHARLOTTE

I'm still not sure we should be making this visit.

Edward continues to look out of the window as he replies.

EDWARD

It's not Mrs. Wilkin's fault her son was shot for cowardice.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOATBY, THE COLLIERY VILLAGE - DAY

We can see the winding gear at the end of the village's one street as the Rolls Royce comes into view.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOATBY, THE COLLIERY VILLAGE, MRS. WILKIN'S COTTAGE
- DAY

The Rolls Royce draws up in front of the cottage.

CUT TO:

INT. HOATBY, MRS. WILKIN'S COTTAGE - DAY

Mrs. Wilkin, Edward and Charlotte are in a cramped, dimly lit room, which is a kitchen, living room and washroom combined. Mrs. Wilkin is standing in front of the small range, which is unlit.

MRS. WILKIN
(looking at Edward)

It's good of you to visit me, sir, with only a week gone since you buried your poor father but there's nothing you can do for me now.

EDWARD
(looking quickly around)
Surely we can help in some way, Mrs. Wilkin?

MRS WILKIN
No, thank you, sir. I've got the accident money for Tom's death.
(to Charlotte)
He was my husband, Lady Antrobus.

Charlotte nods and smiles slightly.

MRS WILKIN (CONT'D)
There's only me now.
(a beat)
You know my son, Edward, was killed in the war.

A pause. Charlotte glances quickly at Edward and then back to Mrs. Wilkin.

CHARLOTTE
(stiffly)

Yes.

Edward looks away.

FADE TO:

INT. HOATBY, HOATBY MANOR LIBRARY - NIGHT (ELECTRIC LIGHT)

We can see bookcases filled with leather bound volumes on each side of the two long windows. On either side of the door is a Constable landscape. Some days have passed. The eight members (all male) of the Hoatby Parish Council are chatting in pairs, generously filled whisky glasses in hand, prior to the monthly Parish Council meeting. One of the pairs is Edward and Doctor Cosgrove. The Doctor puts his whisky glass down on the table next to him and takes a book from the shelves. He holds it out to Edward, cover to the fore. The Doctor speaks with an Ulster accent.

CUT TO:

INSERT:

The Remorseless Historian A Collection of Essays On Landscape and Mankind by Edward Standish.

CUT TO:

INT. HOATBY, HOATBY MANOR LIBRARY - NIGHT (ELECTRIC LIGHT)

DOCTOR COSGROVE

When will we see another book, Edward? The Remorseless Historian - a title of genius. How vegetation tells tales about where mankind has been. Think what future generations will make of the spoilheap at the pit!

EDWARD

They'll think we didn't care, Doctor.

He takes a long drink from his whisky glass.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I have written nothing since the beginning of the war.

The Doctor observes Edward closely. A beat. He points to the Victoria Cross ribbon on Edward's tunic.

Doctor Cosgrove

Your father was very proud when you won the VC. We all were.

EDWARD

I know.

He turns to the rest of the room.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

(raising his voice)

Gentlemen, let us make a start.

They take their places around the long table. Edward is at the head - with the Rector on his left and the CLERK to the parish council (pen poised) on his right. Doctor Cosgrove sits at the far end of the table.

RECTOR

I would wish, Captain Standish, formally, for the record -

He nods in the direction of the Clerk.

RECTOR (CONT'D)

- to express the most sincere condolences of the Parish Council to you for your father's untimely death. And to thank you for taking up so promptly the reins which your father let fall so sadly - and agreeing to chair our meetings.

EDWARD

Thank you. I'm still on active service,
Rector. I shall attend as many of your
meetings as I can.

The Doctor raises his head at the use of the word
'your'.

FADE TO:

INT. HOATBY, HOATBY COLLIERY: THE MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Edward and the colliery manager, BURNHAM (who speaks with a local accent), are sitting on either side of Burnham's rather cramped desk. Behind them is a long sash window through which we can see (in the foreground) the winding gear and (beyond) part of the spoil heap, which is smoking.

BURNHAM

I used to report to your father in person, sir, at least once a month and sometimes on a weekly basis - if there was problems.

EDWARD

We'll have to do with written reports, Burnham, for the most part.

BURNHAM

I understand, sir, but I found it very helpful to receive your father's advice particularly on dealing with the men. He had very firm views. And now with your army experience, sir -

A pause.

EDWARD

Well?.

BURNHAM

I think we've got trouble brewing. Some of the colliers have been demobbed recently and have come home very

bloody-minded - if you'll pardon the expression, sir.

EDWARD

Please come to the point, Burnham.

BURNHAM

Particularly Armstrong, the Union man from Durham. No colliery can afford what the National Union is demanding at the moment. And the fuss Armstrong is making about safety is nothing but trouble making. Everybody knows digging coal's a dangerous business. You'd think being in the war would have toughened him up.

EDWARD

You never saw action yourself, Burnham, did you?

BURNHAM

Only at the coalface, sir, when I were a lad.

EDWARD

Touché, Mr. Burnham!

FADE TO:

EXT. HOATBY COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

We see the local hunt, scattering sheep as it goes, riding through countryside like that in the opening sequence, except that the trees have acquired more leaves. We hear the sound of a hunting horn, the beat of the horses' hooves and the jangle of their tackle. Charlotte is in black riding gear. She turns to smile brilliantly at Edward, who is in hunting gear. He smiles briefly back as the hunt passes the Army Camp, which is nearing completion, in the middle distance. Edward looks over towards the Camp.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOATBY, HOATBY MANOR: HOATBY MANOR GARDENS - DAY
(SUNSET)

We see Edward (who is in field uniform with black armband) and Charlotte (still wearing black) by an ornamental lake. She is seated on a stool in front of an easel. He is looking out at the lake, on which a pair of swans glide. We hear a male peacock call. We can see that Charlotte is painting a very accomplished watercolour of the lake at sunset. As she works, she occasionally looks up at Edward. He does not notice her doing so.

FADE TO:

EXT. STANDHOLM: ESTABLISHING SHOT OF ANTROBUS MANSION - NIGHT

Against the backdrop of a Palladian mansion, we see couples in evening dress alighting from chauffeur driven cars.

CUT TO:

INT. STANDHOLM: ANTROBUS MANSION: THE BALLROOM - NIGHT
(ELECTRIC LIGHT)

We see Charlotte's mother, Lady Antrobus, and Edward - in dress uniform and without the mourning band - watching Charlotte dancing with her father, Lord Antrobus. We can hear in the b.g. a small orchestra playing a foxtrot. Charlotte gives Edward the same brilliant smile we saw earlier during the hunt. Lady Antrobus speaks with the same accent as her daughter.

LADY ANTROBUS

So thoughtful of your father to insist in his will that we should not go into deep mourning for him.

EDWARD

He was always very practical - and a realist.

LADY ANTROBUS

One has so little choice these days -
with the present government.

(off his reaction)

We are still furious about the War
Office's acquiring our land for the
Army Camp. It really is too bad.

EDWARD

It's only a temporary measure.

LADY ANTROBUS

The war has been over for six months,
Edward. I hope you will be returning to
Hoatby permanently soon.

EDWARD

We've only agreed an armistice with
Germany, Lady Antrobus.

FADE TO:

INT. HOATBY, HOATBY COLLIERY: THE MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Edward and Burnham are standing at the window. Over
their shoulders we can see the yard, the winding gear
and the spoilheap smoking.

EDWARD

Would it not be possible to remove the
spoilheap over time?

BURNHAM

It would cost too much, sir, carting it
away, burying it. It would take all
your profits.

Edward nods slowly - and then looks down.

EDWARD

Isn't that the Union man, Armstrong?

We see a group of miners, their faces black with coal
dust, crossing the yard. One of them, ARMSTRONG, looks
up. He is carrying his helmet. He has red hair.

FADE TO:

INT. HOATBY, HOATBY MANOR: EDWARD'S BEDROOM - DAY (FIRST LIGHT)

Edward is crying out loudly in his sleep, turning his head from side to side. He is sweating profusely. His face expresses horror and terror. Suddenly, his eyes still closed, he sits up and screams. Andrews enters hurriedly in night attire. He carries an oil lamp. We can see, over his shoulder, other servants - similarly dressed - in the corridor lit by the light of early dawn. The light from the oil lamp shows us an empty whisky decanter and glass on the bedside cabinet. Andrews approaches the bed. Edward opens his eyes suddenly and stares ahead. He suddenly turns to look at Andrews and then notices the other servants.

EDWARD

I'm sorry for disturbing the household,
Andrews. Bad dreams, I'm afraid.

We see Andrews looking concerned and behind him the other servants - some also looking concerned, some frankly curious.

FADE TO:

INT. HOATBY, HOATBY MANOR LIBRARY - NIGHT (ELECTRIC LIGHT)

The members of the Hoatby Parish Council are seated round a long table in exactly the same positions in which we first saw them. Edward is at the head - with the Rector on his left and the Clerk on his right. Doctor Cosgrove is at the opposite end of the table from Edward. The body language of all present suggests the meeting has been tense so far.

EDWARD

I think we've exhausted the subject of
the Army Camp, gentlemen -

FIRST MEMBER

Mr. Chairman -

Edward raises his right hand slightly.

EDWARD

All we can do at present is wait and see. I shall make your concerns known to the War Office.

There are some loud murmurs of approval - and quieter ones of dissent. Again, the doctor notices the use of the word 'your'.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

The next item is the proposed Hoatby War Memorial. Doctor Cosgrove, I believe you have something to say on the matter.

The Doctor stands up. He turns first to Edward then includes the others.

DOCTOR COSGROVE

Thank you, Mr. Chairman. I am sure you are all aware, gentlemen, that villages and towns throughout the land are planning to commemorate the sacrifice so many of our brave lads made. I think it's time we did the same.

He sits down to loud murmurs of approval.

EDWARD

Thank you, Doctor. I wonder if I might make a number of suggestions, gentlemen. I know my father would have wanted the Standish family to be responsible for the building of the Memorial - on, say,
(looking round)
the village green directly opposite the church.

RECTOR

How generous!

There are general murmurs of approval.

EDWARD

And I know he would have wanted the names of all of the war dead of Hoatby recorded - estate workers, villagers and miners.

RECTOR

Surely, not quite all Captain Standish.

Again, there are general murmurs of approval.

EDWARD

Well, no, not all, of course.

He looks quickly down at his papers.

SECOND MEMBER

(to the Rector)

I think we should have something from the scriptures as well as the names of the dead.

THIRD MEMBER

I think it should be a statue of a fallen soldier.

FOURTH MEMBER

No, it should be a cross.

EDWARD

May I make another suggestion, gentlemen? I shall undertake to commission the work - an artist to design the Memorial and local stone masons to execute it.

As Edward speaks, we see the different reactions of the council members, ranging from ready, deferential approval to being somewhat taken aback.

FADE TO:

EXT. LONDON, WHITEHALL - DAY

We see Edward emerging into Whitehall through the Horse Guards' gate, Household Cavalry troopers on sentry-go at either side. He returns their salutes. He crosses Whitehall through the busy horse-drawn and automobile traffic. We see him entering the War Office.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON, THE WAR OFFICE, COLONEL TURNER'S OFFICE -
DAY

Edward's Commanding Officer, COLONEL TURNER, sits behind his desk - Edward in front. Through the window behind Colonel Turner we can see other office buildings and blue sky. The Colonel holds a letter in his right hand. As he speaks, he holds the letter up briefly and then places it on his desk.

COLONEL TURNER

I have to tell you, Standish, that I could not agree to an officer of your quality resigning his commission at this difficult time.

EDWARD

I do understand that, sir. It's not something ideally I would want to do. But I don't see how I can discharge both my military and family duties.

COLONEL TURNER

I think we may have a solution - though you may feel that it is in every sense of the word too close to home. The transit camp - on your neighbour's land?

EDWARD

Lord Antrobus's - my father-in-law to be, sir.

COLONEL TURNER

Ah, yes, of course!
(a beat)

The camp is to house a battalion of Canadian infantry. As you know, we have kept as many battalions as possible at the ready in case of revolution. The Bolsheviki in Russia now Germany. And all too likely here soon, I fear, with the miners. But then you would know all about that of course.

Edward nods.

COLONEL TURNER (CONT'D)

Essential we have the troops where we need them. Twelve months or so should give us enough time to prevent any trouble. Which brings me to my point. The battalion needs a Liaison Officer. So I thought of you.

Edward laughs briefly.

EDWARD

(off his reaction)

I'm sorry, sir. I was thinking of the reaction of the Parish Council and not least Lord Antrobus. They're all very anti-camp. They believe hostilities ended completely on the eleventh of November last year and by the twelfth everything was just as it had been before August 1914.

COLONEL TURNER

Rot!

EDWARD

Indeed, sir. But I sometimes think people like me - that is, my family and our neighbours - have always led sheltered lives.

(a beat)

In a sense, the trenches were no more real to me than Cambridge or Rugby.

COLONEL

Hmm! You think too much, Standish.

Edward nods. A beat.

EDWARD

I do see that a Liaison Officer with real local knowledge and contacts would be a boon for all concerned - and the posting would solve my dilemma. I am very grateful, Colonel.

COLONEL TURNER

Not at all, Standish. I think it would be a good idea if you were to pop over to France for a day or so to meet your new CO -

He looks at a document on his desk.

COLONEL TURNER (CONT'D)

Colonel McGehan.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON, THE WAR OFFICE, OFFICE - DAY

Edward's office is less spacious than the Colonel's and the window is smaller. Edward has his feet on the desk. He is speaking on the telephone

EDWARD

I really think it best if you let me tell your father, Charlotte. I'm sure I can convince him I'm not a traitor -

He listens for a beat, frowning slightly.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Yes, of course it will mean you and I can have more time together, my dear.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON, THE TATE GALLERY, MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Swifts are flying. We see Edward going up the steps of the main entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON: THE TATE GALLERY, RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

We see Edward giving his cap, gloves and stick to a liveried attendant and then entering the exhibition room, passing a notice on an easel.

CUT TO:

INSERT:

THE WAR TO END ALL WARS: THROUGH THE EYES OF THE EMPIRE'S ARTISTS.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON: THE TATE GALLERY, MAIN GALLERY - NIGHT

We see that the gallery is full of people who all seem to be talking at the same time. The accumulated noise of their conversation is overwhelming. We see Edward taking a glass of champagne offered to him by liveried attendant and then move off. Edward makes his way through the throng, stopping occasionally to speak with people he knows. He seems well liked. Suddenly, we see that his attention is directed towards the end of the gallery. Edward moves quickly through the crowd, not acknowledging people who greet him. He stops in front of a large, bold charcoal drawing.

CUT TO:

INSERT:

We see the treeless, shell-holed landscape of the Western Front with the figure of a dead soldier, lying, in cruciform, on the rim of one of the holes - his head

covered by a cloth. We see the title, Unknown Soldier: A Work in Progress, and the artist's name, Clara Zeligman.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON: THE TATE GALLERY, MAIN GALLERY - NIGHT

Edward looks with increasing intensity at the picture. He raises his right hand slowly to his mouth then holds it there as if to stifle a cry. He begins to tremble. Other guests turn towards him. We see an elderly man in a frock coat quickly leave a couple to whom he has been talking and move towards Edward. He places his hand on Edward's shoulder. The elderly man is AARON ZELIGMAN. He speaks English with a heavy East European accent.

AARON ZELIGMAN

Young man, are you ill?

EDWARD

I do apologise.

He looks up at the drawing.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

That drawing is so shocking.

Aaron removes his hand slightly from Edward's shoulder.

AARON ZELIGMAN

I am sorry you disapprove.

Edward continues looking intently at the drawing.

EDWARD

I meant literally shocking - as if an electrical current had gone through me.

AARON ZELIGMAN

Ahh!

(a beat)

I am Aaron Zeligman. My daughter drew the picture.

Edward turns to him. They shake hands.

EDWARD

Edward Standish.

We see CLARA ZELIGMAN - 'Clara' being pronounced in the German fashion with the first syllable to rhyme with 'are' - moving purposefully toward them. She is 35, has long black hair piled in a chignon and an olive complexion. She is taller than her father and stunningly beautiful.

CLARA

Is everything all right, Papa?

AARON ZELIGMAN

Mr -

He turns to Edward.

EDWARD

Captain -

AARON ZELIGMAN

Captain Standish was unwell.

CLARA

You do look pale.

Edward smiles.

EDWARD

I'm fine now. You're both very kind.

AARON ZELIGMAN

The Captain says he has been, er, electrocuted by your drawing, Clara!

CLARA

(to Edward)

Electrocuted?

EDWARD

The drawing shocked me by its beauty - and its truth.

CLARA

Thank you.

EDWARD

What inspired you, Miss Zeligman?

CLARA

I believe that soldiers who were shot for 'cowardice in the face of the enemy' -

Edward turns back to the drawing.

CLARA (CONT'D)

had their heads covered by a cloth.

(a beat)

The cross has always been the symbol of willing sacrifice.

Edward turns back to her.

AARON ZELIGMAN

Clara!

CLARA

My father thinks Jews should be seen and not be heard. What do you think, Captain?

AARON ZELIGMAN

Maybe the Captain doesn't understand your sense of humour, Clara.

She looks at her father, raising her eyebrows slightly then turns back to Edward.

CLARA

I'm awfully sorry, Captain Standish, what must you think of me?

Edward smiles warmly. She returns his smile. A beat.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Are you related to Edward Standish, the author?

EDWARD

One and the same, I'm afraid.

CLARA

(to her father)

Captain Standish has written a book called The Remorseless Historian, Papa. It's about how nature tries to take back what human beings have destroyed.

AARON ZELIGMAN

Tch!

CLARA

(off his reaction)

It was very well reviewed!

(to Edward)

I'm very glad to meet you.

They shake hands.

CLARA (CONT'D)

You are much younger and much more handsome than I had imagined!

Edward laughs.

AARON ZELIGMAN

Clara, I must go talk with some people. Your mother would like to see you soon. She is very weak sometimes.

(to Edward)

You must excuse me, Captain. I hope you're fully recovered.

Edward and Aaron shake hands.

EDWARD

Thank you, Mr. Zeligman. I feel much better.

Clara and Aaron Zeligman embrace and Aaron Zeligman departs.

CLARA

I should like some fresh air and a little less noise. I wonder, Captain Standish, would you escort me from the building, please?

We see them making their way slowly through the throng. Clara is frequently engaged in conversation by people she knows, mostly men with whom she flirts briefly. Edward is also occasionally engaged in conversation.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON, THE TATE GALLERY: MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

We see Edward and Clara at the top of the steps, firstly silhouetted against the light from inside the gallery and then as they begin to descend the steps lit by the gas lamps down each side.

EDWARD

Your mother is unwell?

CLARA

She has suffered from pernicious anaemia on and off since my brother was born. He died when he was three. She blames herself - which makes no sense, of course.

They descend two steps in silence.

EDWARD

Your father did not seem too impressed with your description of my book.

CLARA

He has a very practical view of nature. He manufactures cheap furniture from imported Lithuanian pine.

EDWARD

My late father was a pragmatist too. We own a colliery - and all the ugliness that entails. I'm afraid he was not impressed with The Remorseless Historian.

CLARA

Ah, Papa doesn't own the forests - he just buys the wood. Jews don't have land in Lithuania.

(a beat)

I don't think Papa's a philistine. He sponsored this exhibition - partly, of course, so people would stop thinking we were Germans and partly, I think, but he won't admit it, to make sure his daughter's picture would get hung.

EDWARD

He's obviously very proud of you. Though you deserve to be exhibited in your own right, of course!

A beat.

CLARA

You have mentioned your father. Your mother?

EDWARD

She died in a riding accident when I was nine.

Clara

I'm so sorry.

She moves to put her hand on his forearm but stops. They stop at the bottom step. They are lit fitfully by the gas lamps in the street. A pause. Edward looks into the distance. He takes out his cigarette case and lighter.

EDWARD

Do you mind, Miss Zeligman?

CLARA

Only if I can have one, Captain Standish.

(off his reaction)

Now you are really shocked. But smoking in public is the proper bohemian thing for ladies to do, I assure you.

Edward hesitates briefly then resolutely offers her a cigarette. She accepts - and takes out an ivory cigarette holder from her reticule and places the cigarette in the holder. He lights her cigarette then his. A beat

EDWARD
(looking up)

What a night this is. A hint of summer.

She turns to him.

CLARA
'In such a night as this, When the
sweet wind did gently kiss the trees -'

He turns to her.

EDWARD
'In such a night did Jessica steal from
the wealthy Jew'.

They look at each other, smiling.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
I'm not sure that The Merchant of
Venice is wholly appropriate!

They laugh. A beat.

CLARA
Would you like to walk along the
Embankment, Captain? Or perhaps someone
is expecting you?

EDWARD
Only the porter at my club!

CLARA
Which, let me guess, is the Athenaeum.

They laugh.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON, THE EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

We follow Edward and Clara as they stroll along the Embankment.

CLARA
(turning to Edward)
You're an unusual soldier, Captain Standish

She looks at his medal ribbons.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Your medals.
(off his reaction)
There were no other military men present tonight and you obviously know a lot of people in the arts.

She stops and turns towards him.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Your reaction to my drawing was approval - unlike quite a number of people who were there tonight - but you understood it and were moved by it.

EDWARD
I understand it too well, Miss Zeligman.

A beat. Clara studies him briefly. They walk on and pass Victoria Gardens. We can see shadowy, recumbent forms through the trees. There is a muffled cry and then the slow, sotto voce singing of a snatch of 'The Bells of Hell go Ting-A-Ling-A-Ling' (to the tune of 'She Only Answered Ting-A-Ling-A-Ling') in a clear, tenor voice.

CLARA
We're about to enter the third decade of the 20th Century and we still have people sleeping in the open in the capital of the greatest empire the world has ever known!

EDWARD

So many of them are ex-soldiers.
Sometimes, it seems as if the war will
never end.

They continue their walk. We see the Houses of
Parliament come into view. A beat.

CLARA
You must have hated it.

EDWARD
Every minute.

They stop.

CLARA
But then why -

EDWARD
Because at first I thought it was
right. And then because I thought I
should stick by my men. And finally
because I knew whatever stand I might
take would make not the slightest
difference to the generals and the
politicos.

CLARA
But you couldn't be certain.

EDWARD
I realise that now.

A beat.

CLARA
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you
melancholy.

A beat.

CLARA (CONT'D)
Would you care to join me for dinner,
Captain?

EDWARD

Yes, please. I would like that very much.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON, SOHO: AN ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant is very crowded and very noisy. There is an accordionist in one corner. Edward and Clara are seated at a small table at the rear. They are sitting close together. Edward is re-filling their wineglasses. They are flushed from the wine.

EDWARD

Miss Zeligman, I have a favour to ask.

A beat.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

May I call you, Clara? I have never met any one with whom it's so easy to talk.

CLARA

I agree - I mean you may call me Clara, providing I may call you, Edward.

(a beat)

Is there no one at all?

A pause. Edward appears to be about to answer and changes his mind. Clara notices.

EDWARD

Clara, I have a proposition to make.

CLARA

(using her hand as fan)

Oh, Edward!

He laughs.

EDWARD

The family estate is in a place called Hoatby.

(off Clara's reaction)

It's in the Midlands. Nineteen Hoatby men died in action. I want to commission an artist to design a fitting remembrance in local stone. I'd like to commission you to design the War Memorial.

CLARA

I'd be very interested.

(off his reaction)

But there would be conditions. You must understand that I am a pacifist and a suffragette so any Memorial I design will not glorify war or men!

EDWARD

Hear, hear!

Clara raises her eyebrows slightly.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Agreed.

CLARA

I'd need to come to Hoatby to complete the design - so I can get a feel for the place and the people - and supervise the work.

EDWARD

Yes, of course.

CLARA

Ideally I think I'd need to visit the Western Front - so I could at least see where so much of the slaughter happened.

EDWARD

I'm going to France on an official matter the day after tomorrow. Perhaps you could join me a few days later and we could go over into Belgium?

A beat. They look at each other intently.

CLARA

Yes - thank you.

(a beat)

But most important of all. Before you make your mind up finally you must see more of my work.

(a beat)

We could go to my studio when we have finished our meal, if you like?

EDWARD

I agree wholeheartedly to all of your conditions.

They laugh then raise and clink their glasses.

FADE TO:

INT. LONDON, STAIRWELL OF CLARA'S APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is a four storey building off Bedford Square, Bloomsbury, purpose-built to provide apartments for the reasonably 'well to do' - lawyers, doctors, professors (the University of London is only a couple of blocks away) in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The stairwell is carpeted, well decorated and anonymous. We see Clara and Edward ascending together, Edward laughing at something she has said.

CLARA

Shh, mister! This is a respectable 'ouse!

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON, HALLWAY OF CLARA'S STUDIO/APARTMENT - NIGHT

The walls are white but covered for the most part with paintings - a Whistler, a couple of Sickerts and more contemporary artists like Bomberg. Edward stops to look at the paintings.

CLARA

Let me take your cap, Edward.

He hands it to her.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Would you like some wine? I have a nice sparkling wine from the Veneto?

EDWARD

(turning to her)

Please. That would be wonderful.

CLARA

The studio's straight ahead. Go in when you're ready.

Clara goes to the kitchen. Edward has one last look at the paintings in the hall and then moves into the studio:

INT. LONDON, CLARA'S STUDIO - NIGHT

As in the hall, the walls are, for the most part, covered with paintings and drawings though some are on the floor propped against the wall. On the wall above a table are family photographs - we recognise Clara and her father. Some were obviously taken in the shetl in Lithuania, and show Clara as a toddler. To one side of the photographs is a large clock. To the other, is a poster announcing a midday cello recital at the Wigmore Hall in July 1914. The cellist's name is Bruno Domenici. On the table is a cigarette box and a gramophone with an impressive brass horn. We discover each particular aspect of the room as Edward does. He stops finally before an impressionistic etching entitled Remembrance: Lost Love (which is next to the concert poster). It shows, in the background, the sun setting over hills covered in snow and in the middle ground there is a wood of conifers bordering a field. The field, which forms the foreground of the etching, is partly snow covered and is replete with stalks that might be the remains of a harvest. Amongst the stalks is a body. It appears to be a man's and in uniform. Under the title are the last

six lines of Christina Rossetti's poem Remember. Edward begins to recite them.

EDWARD

(softly)

Yet if you should forget me for a
while/and afterwards -

Clara enters, carrying a tray with two fluted wine glasses and an ice bucket with a bottle of sparkling wine in it. She stops.

CLARA

(normal volume)

- remember, do not grieve -

Edward speaks more loudly, turns and then goes to take the tray from her. Clara shakes her head slightly while continuing to recite

EDWARD/CLARA

(more or less in unison)

For if the darkness and corruption
leave/A vestige of the thoughts that
once I had,/Better by far you should
forget and smile/Than that you should
remember and be sad.

As she recites, she walks past him, places the tray on the table with the gramophone and turns to face him. They finish reciting exactly together and smile at each other. Clara turns back, expertly removes the cork with her thumbs and pours the wine. Edward speaks as she does so.

EDWARD

I think we should drink a toast to our
project.

Clara turns, carrying her own glass and taking one to Edward - speaking as she moves.

CLARA

I think that's an excellent idea - so,
here's to the Memorial - Hoatby and the
Western Front.

EDWARD/CLARA

The Memorial - Hoatby and the Western
Front!

CLARA

Should we have some music to celebrate?

She crosses to the gramophone, her glass still in her
hand, and speaks as she does so.

CLARA (CONT'D)

What would you like?

EDWARD

Something carefree, please!

She places the glass on the table. She looks through her
records and then turns holding up a record in its
sleeve.

CLARA

How about a fox trot?

She reads from the sleeve in a cod American accent.

CLARA (CONT'D)

'You're here and I'm here' by Jerome
Kern.

She turns to wind the gramophone and puts on the record.
The music plays and Clara turns towards Edward and opens
her arms to suggest they dance - which they do,
excellently and closely within the confines of the
studio. They remain together when the music stops,
looking intently at each other. They are about to kiss,
when Clara moves gently but suddenly back. She takes his
hand and they move to a chaise longue on the opposite
side of the room as she speaks.

CLARA (CONT'D)

You're not free, are you?

They sit. A beat. Edward looks at her.

EDWARD

I became engaged to Charlotte in 1913, when I was 25 and she was 17. We have known each other since we were children. We have - had a lot in common. She's the daughter of Lord and Lady Antrobus. The Antrobus estate in part borders Hoatby. She loves the countryside. She's a consummate horsewoman and accomplished watercolourist.

A beat.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I was a reservist before the war so I was mobilised at the beginning of September 1914, barely a month after war had been declared. Though I hoped that the war would really be over by Christmas as all of the ballyhoo had it, I knew the Germans had been preparing for years. I knew death was a possibility and told Charlotte that I thought it would be selfish of me to marry her and that I thought I should release her from her promise - which she rejected. Perhaps secretly I was having second and third thoughts about our engagement.

He looks at Clara.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I've realised this evening - or rather at last admitted to myself - that I love Charlotte like a sister not a lover - and that I don't know what to do. How to act in an honourable way and hurt as few people as possible.

Clara holds his gaze for a beat. She rises, crossing to the table with the gramophone and cigarette box. She opens the box and, turning to Edward offers it to him. Edward shakes his head and smiles and mouths 'No thank you'. She turns her back on Edward as she lights a cigarette. We hear the clock ticking. Behind her and to

one side is the concert poster. She straightens her back. She turns back to Edward.

CLARA

We must have a coffee - and a cognac as well!

EDWARD

Please.

(a beat)

This evening has been full of such lovely surprises!

He laughs. Clara smiles and goes out to the kitchen. Edward finishes his wine, puts his elbow on the armrest, his head on his hand and slowly closes his eyes. Clara returns with the coffee and brandy to find him asleep. She goes out and returns with a blanket. She lays his head on the armrest, lifts his legs on to the chaise longue, and covers him with the blanket. She looks down at him, studying him, smiling slightly as she does so.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON, CLARA'S STUDIO - NIGHT (MOONLIGHT)

Edward is crying out, sitting upright on the chaise longue. We see him silhouetted against the studio window. The moonlight is diffused rather than a direct beam. He stops screaming, and breathes heavily. We hear the door open. We see the shaft of light from the hall, which illuminates Edward. The door is closed and we see Clara cross the studio to Edward. She is wearing a peignoir.

CLARA

What is it, Edward?

Edward looks at her, begins to sob and looks away. Clara takes him in her arms and strokes the back of his head. With an effort, he stops crying and puts his feet on the floor. She sits next to him, still holding him. We see an impression of their faces now as the moonlight shifts.

CLARA (CONT'D)

What is it?

A pause. Edward stares ahead as speaks

EDWARD

During the last battle of Ypres, I was
in charge of a number of firing squads.

She stiffens.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

We took it in turns.

She stops holding him.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

We thought it was the right thing -

He breaks down again. She looks away.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

We carried out the actual executions in
the ruins of a slaughterhouse of all
places. We were so far gone no one
commented on the irony. God, that
sounds like an excuse.

A beat.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

It is the last one I was responsible
for that I have nightmares about. It
was exactly like all the rest except
that when I removed the bag after the
coup de grace I recognised the boy.

She looks back at him again.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

It was one of our tenants. Edward
Wilkin. Along with the other Hoatby
tenants and colliers who died, Wilkin
went to war with my father's
enthusiastic approval - and, bearing in
mind that the lad was only seventeen,

connivance. Seeing his dead face,
contorted with fear - a face that had
not yet felt a razor - I was filled
with the shame of it all: our
exploitation of the land and the
people, our self-righteousness, our
indifference.

A pause. The silence in the studio is absolute - except
for the ticking of the clock.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I have decided that I must tell the
boy's mother.

CLARA

Tell her what? That you made sure her
son was dead?

He turns to her.

EDWARD

No! Tell her -
(a beat)
that he was not really a coward. That
he faced the firing squad bravely -
even if he didn't.

CLARA

Do you really think she cares about
whether he was a coward or not?

A pause.

EDWARD

What can I do?

A pause. Again, the silence is absolute except for the
clock.

CLARA

Is this why the Memorial is so
important to you? A public way for the
Standishes to atone?

EDWARD

Yes, except that I can see no way for Wilkin's name to go on it. It would seem to make a mockery of all the other names.

(off her reaction)

Shooting him was wrong, terribly wrong. But he was a coward. The others were not.

They look away from each other. A pause. Again, the silence and the clock.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I am sorry to have burdened you with this, Clara. I have told no one - but for shame not lack of opportunity. His mother still lives in Hoatby, dammit.

(a beat)

I realise that telling her would be as much for my sake as hers, perhaps more so.

Edward stands up and turns to face Clara.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I shall go. You must find me repulsive. I am everything you are against.

As Clara speaks, we see her silhouette reach and take Edward's hands and gently pull him back to sit by her on chaise longue.

CLARA

I opposed the war not because I thought it would allow monsters to behave badly but because I knew it would make decent people act like monsters.

She looks over to where the drawing, 'Lost Love', and the concert poster are in the moonlit shadows and then back to Edward.

CLARA (CONT'D)

I am 35 - and in some ways I feel like a widow. My 'lost love' was Bruno Domenici. He came to London from Umbria

in 1910, to be lead cellist with the Philharmonic. I became his lover - or his mistress, as I learned after he'd gone back to Italy. He left me suddenly in 1915, without a word. I was frantic - until he wrote - and then I became even more frantic. He had returned, he said, because his wife

(a beat)

had forwarded his call-up papers. He was sorry he hadn't mentioned his wife and, oh yes, his children - how I ached for a child when I read that! - but it was me he had really loved and after the war -

A pause. She turns to Edward.

CLARA (CONT'D)

I didn't know whether to be more angry with his deception about his wife or with his pretending to be a pacifist!

(a beat)

I learned - by chance, through mutual acquaintances - that he'd been killed in the Italian Alps on the frontline with Austria.

(a beat)

I was an unpaid whore. And I love - loved him so much. How I despise men that use women!

A beat. Her eyes are brimming with tears - but she does not cry.

CLARA (CONT'D)

My parents had met him briefly - and disapproved because he was a goy,

(off Edward's reaction)

a gentile - but they never knew, thank God, how close we were.

(a beat)

You are the only person I have ever told.

She slowly brings her hands to her face, as Edward moves to her, speaking as he does so.

EDWARD

Clara -

CLARA

(turning away)

No, please. You'll make me cry.

(turning back)

And I've shocked you, haven't I?
Embarrassed you?

EDWARD

I'm angry for you. And, yes,
embarrassed by my own deceits.

(a beat)

You are the most remarkable woman I've
ever met, Clara.

Clara wipes her eyes and, laughing.

CLARA

Thank you for the compliment, good sir!

(a beat)

We were right not to kiss earlier. I
want to commit myself to another man -
but my next lover may be my last so he
must be right and I must know for
certain that he's right.

They look intently at each other for a beat.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Try to rest and we'll talk later.

Having just met you, I'm in no hurry to
say goodbye.

She rises, and kisses him on the forehead. As she
leaves, the open door floods the studio with a shaft of
light from the hall. It briefly illuminates Edward,
watching her leave. He is staring after Clara, as the
door closes and the room is filled with moonlight again.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON, CLARA'S STUDIO - DAY

We hear a knock on the door, see Edward rousing himself and Clara entering with a cup of coffee. She is wearing the peignoir she wore in the night.

CLARA

Good morning.

She hands him the cup, looking down at him. She smiles. She sits beside him on the chaise longue.

EDWARD

Thank you.

He rubs his left hand on his stubble as he speaks.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I must look frightful

CLARA

I have a razor you can use.

(a beat)

It was Bruno's.

EDWARD

Thank you.

They look intently at each other. A beat.

CLARA

Meanwhile... Let's be jolly again!

She crosses to the gramophone, which she winds up. She selects a record, puts it on the turntable and carefully places the needle on the run-in groove. She has put on 'You're here and I'm here' once more.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Shall we dance - sublimely?

Edward smiles, rises and joins her. They dance, very closely and suddenly stop to kiss passionately, pushing and turning their bodies as close together as possible. Suddenly the record sticks. Edward breaks gently away, smiling.

EDWARD

You see. I have not yet deserved your
commitment

Clara moves to the gramophone and Edward to the studio
window. We see over his shoulder the front courtyard of
the British Museum. Clara joins him. A beat.

CLARA

Have you time to visit the Museum?

EDWARD

My morning is free - then I must make
the final arrangements for my visit to
France. And arrangements for you to
follow on later if you are still game?

Clara smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON, BRITISH MUSEUM: MAIN ENTRANCE, COURTYARD -
DAY

We see Clara and Edward walking quickly across the
courtyard and up the main steps, her arm in the crook of
his.

CLARA (V.O.)

I'd get my classical tutors to bring me
here. I'd bribe them by promising to
learn a new irregular verb after each
visit.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON, BRITISH MUSEUM: ANCIENT GREECE - DAY

They pause before the Elgin Marbles. They are arm-in-
arm. Edward has his cap under his free arm.

EDWARD

Did we save these from Johnny Turk? You
remember the Turks fired on the

Parthenon? Or did we steal them from
Johnny Greek?

CLARA

Not so much of the 'We'. Let's find out
what Karl Marx said.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON, BRITISH MUSEUM READING ROOM - DAY (ELECTRIC
LIGHT)

We see Clara and Edward whispering at one of the tables.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON, BRITISH MUSEUM COURTYARD - DAY

They descend the main steps laughing, again arm in arm.
Edward stops halfway down, seeing something on the
steps. He picks it up. It is a playing card. He shows
Clara the card. We can see that it is the Queen of
Hearts. Edward bows, takes her hand and kisses it. She
laughs - and touches his cheek. She watches him walk
off, turn, smile, wave his swagger stick and then
continue.

FADE TO:

EXT. FRANCE, ARMY CAMP NEAR CALAIS - DAY

Edward is being driven up to the Camp checkpoint in an
open staff car. The driver's shoulder flash reads
'Canadian Regiment'. A guard lifts the barrier and
casually waves them through. He does not salute. As they
make their way towards a block of wooden buildings, they
pass two private soldiers, in unkempt, dirty uniforms.
The privates make no effort to salute, one actually
looking directly at Edward. They pass a building signed
as 'Camp Hospital'. A long line of soldiers is waiting
to be admitted. Some are leaning against the wooden
walls of the building. Most are unkempt. All look
unwell.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANCE, QUAYSIDE AT CALAIS - DAY (DAWN)

We see a small crowd on the quayside in a vast wooden shed. They are waiting for passengers to disembark from the cross-channel ferry, which has just docked. The shed echoes with the sound of baggage being unloaded, shouted orders in French, people greeting each other in various languages. We see Edward in the crowd. He waves suddenly as we see Clara pause at the top of the gangway. She waves quickly and descends. Edward kisses her on the cheek.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELGIUM: ROAD ENTERING YPRES - DAY

We see a taxi approaching the sign for Ypres. Buildings by the road show signs of serious shrapnel damage.

INT. BELGIUM: TAXI - DAY

There is a glass partition between the driver and the passengers. Clara is on the edge of her seat, looking out of the window.

CLARA

(turning to him)

I hadn't realised how much damage had been done to people's homes - how close the front was to ordinary life.

EDWARD

It was only a couple of miles to the nearest of our trenches from the centre of Ypres. It was the very ordinariness of the setting that made trench warfare so horrific -

(looking away)

like a nightmare.

EXT. BELGIUM: ESTAMINET D'HIRONDELLES, YPRES - DAY

We see the taxi drawing up in front of the inn. Edward and Clara alight. The building has been damaged by shrapnel. Edward turns to the TAXI DRIVER, who has placed Clara's suitcase on the pavement.

EDWARD

Attendez-nous, monsieur, si vous plait.
Moins de cinq minutes, ca va?

TAXI DRIVER

C'est bien, monsieur.

Edward, carrying Clara's case, holds the inn door open for her. She enters and he follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELGIUM: COUNTRY ROAD OUTSIDE YPRES - DAY

We see the same taxi containing Edward and Clara travelling along the road.

CUT TO:

INT. BELGIUM: TAXI - DAY

Clara is looking out of the window.

CLARA

Passiondale. How English you have all
made it sound!

She turns to Edward.

EDWARD

We renamed so many places - 'Halfway
House', 'Clapham Junction'.

(a beat)

Tens of thousands killed for a few
square miles of mud - in a little over
two and half years.

He looks out at the landscape. Clara watches him. A beat.

CLARA

The landlord and particularly his daughter were very pleased to see you.

Edward turns back to her.

EDWARD

Niece. Her husband died at Verdun. When we were out of the frontline for long enough, two or three of us would always stay here. Busson, the landlord, did his best to keep a good table and -

A beat. He looks briefly out of the window and then ahead.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

until his niece came, turned a blind eye to the ladies we entertained.

Clara studies him. Edward stares ahead.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I'm one of those men you referred to who have used women.

A pause.

CLARA

Have you told Charlotte?

EDWARD

It has never occurred to me to do so.

CLARA

But you feel you can tell me!

EDWARD

I feel I must be honest with you - about my past, that you'll be angry but not be shocked. Not that Charlotte would have been shocked that I had been with les filles de soldats - she would

have expected it - but she would have been shocked if I'd told her!

(turning to Clara)

You know, I have never realised that until now.

(off her reaction)

That Charlotte's innocence is a sort of pretence - like my heroism.

CLARA

Perhaps your judgement of Charlotte is too harsh.

They turn away from each other and stare out of the windows.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELGIUM: FRONTLINE NEAR YPRES - DAY

We see Edward and Clara alight from the taxi and Edward talking with the driver. We see them walking a few feet apart, carefully and with difficulty across a blasted landscape between two white tapes strung on low poles, with the odd tree stump left and much of the detritus of war - empty shell cases, a shattered gun carriage. There is no bird song. Nevertheless there are the beginnings of natural growth. They stop at the edge of a trench. We see inside the trench. We see a fire step and rusted tin cans. The floor and the walls of the trench are dried mud. We look across the shell holes and tangled barbed wire of No-Man's-Land to the remains of the German trenches. We see Edward pointing out various features across the landscape, when suddenly two men in the uniform of the Belgian Army, carrying a large, unexploded shell, appear above the rim of a shell hole out in No-Man's-Land. They place the shell on a low wooden cart. One of the men, BELGIAN SOLDIER, straightens his back and, in doing so, notices Edward and Clara.

BELGIAN SOLDIER

(calling across)

Attention! Ici, il-y-a le danger de mort.

EDWARD

Je comprends. Je suis un soldat comme vous.

BELGIAN SOLDIER

(shielding his eyes)

Ah, oui. Pardon, monsieur. Je pensais que vous etiez des touristes.

He turns back to his work. Edward and Clara stand in silence, still apart.

FADE TO:

INT. BELGIUM: TAXI - DAY

Clara and Edward are sitting apart in the taxi. Edward looks at his hands - Clara out of the window.

CUT TO:

INT. BELGIUM: A SLAUGHTERHOUSE NEAR YPRES - DAY

The building has been partly demolished by shellfire. Edward and Clara are standing in the remains of a white tiled chamber with what, judging from the cast iron columns some of which are still intact, had been a high ceiling. The corners of the chamber are full of unidentifiable debris. From the walls, protrude large cast iron hooks. Edward walks towards the furthest column. He raises his hand as if to touch it - but turns to Clara. She walks quickly to him and takes him in her arms.

CUT TO:

INT. BELGIUM: ESTAMINET D'HIRONDELLES, YPRES - NIGHT

It is the evening of the same day. Edward and Clara are the only people eating. We can see other customers in the background at the bar. Edward and Clara are sitting close together.

EDWARD

Perhaps we shouldn't have gone. We were intruding on the past.

CLARA

But it's your past. And how are people like me - those of us who were safely at home - to learn the truth of what happened to you all if we don't intrude into the past? I always opposed the war. Knowing what I know, I would have done much, much more.

She places her hand on his.

CLARA (CONT'D)

The Memorial will speak for us. It will be our Yom Kippur.

(of his reaction)

Every year - around the end of September or the beginning of October - religious Jews spend a whole day in prayer asking forgiveness for their sins against God and against each other.

(a beat)

You must learn to forgive yourself, Edward.

He nods.

EDWARD

It's a question of fully acknowledging the past and shaping the future rather than being shaped by it. I see The Memorial as helping me do that.

(a beat)

And my asking Charlotte to release me from our engagement.

(a beat)

I love you, Clara.

She moves back slightly.

CLARA

Let's shape our future carefully,
Edward. It's very fragile. I'm not
ready to commit myself.

(a beat)

Does Charlotte know I'm coming to
Hoatby?

EDWARD

I've sent her a note about my plans for
The Memorial and how important it is
you visit Hoatby and the Western Front.

Clara puts her head slightly on one side and raises her
eyebrows slightly.

CLARA

So, she knows all about me?

Edward smiles.

EDWARD

Not quite - not yet.

(a beat)

Sometimes it's only the heart that can
conquer uncertainty, not the mind.

She reaches across and takes his hands in hers. Edward
smiles again and nods.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOATBY: STATION PLATFORM - DAY

It is late afternoon. Edward helps Clara alight from a
first class carriage. The Station Master, and behind
him, Hilditch are waiting. Each touches his cap as
Edward and Clara approach. A porter unloads the luggage
- which includes a large easel - from the guard's van.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOATBY: COUNTRYSIDE - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

We see that spring is even further advanced. Edward and Clara drive in the Rolls Royce through the landscape. We see again the contrast between the colliery and the countryside. Clara is looking at the scenery with great interest, occasionally taking notes. Edward closes the glass partition and slumps back into his seat. Clara turns to him.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOATBY: HOATBY MANOR DRIVE and THE MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

We see the Rolls Royce drive up to the flight of steps to the main entrance. Andrews and other staff are waiting on the steps. As Hilditch opens the car door, BELLIS and another footman descend to collect the luggage. Edward introduces Clara to Andrews, who bows his head.

FADE TO:

INT. HOATBY: HOATBY MANOR, DINING ROOM - DAY

Edward (in field uniform) and Clara are standing close to each other in front of the sideboard on which there is a full array of chafing dishes. Andrews is to one side. Edward lifts the lids of each of the dishes as he speaks.

EDWARD

Miss Zeligman, we have kedgeree,
devilled kidneys, eggs: scrambled,
boiled, fried, poached, back bacon -
smoked and non-smoked, venison sausage,
smoked haddock. Please help yourself.

CLARA

Is the haddock kosher, please?
(off their reactions)
I think coffee and toast, thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. HOATBY: HOATBY MANOR, LIBRARY - DAY

After breakfast, Edward and Clara are studying the Constables. We hear a knock on the door and Bellis enters carrying the easel and followed by another footman with a box containing Clara's charcoal, paints etc.

EDWARD

(to Clara)

By the windows?

CLARA

That's perfect, thank you.

Edward nods to the footmen and they leave. Clara and he go back to studying the landscapes, standing close together, their heads inclined to each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOATBY: HOATBY MANOR, THE LAKE - DAY

Later that morning, Edward and Clara are strolling by the lake. They are both smoking, Clara using the ivory cigarette holder. We see Bellis approaching from the house.

BELLIS

The Honourable Lady Charlotte Antrobus has arrived, sir.

EDWARD

Thank you, Bellis. We'll return shortly. Please ask her to wait in the Library.

Bellis leaves. Edward and Clara exchange looks. We can see, though they cannot, the figure of Charlotte at one of the Library windows.

CUT TO:

INT. HOATBY: HOATBY MANOR, LIBRARY - DAY

As Edward and Clara enter, Charlotte and Andrews are supervising Bellis' placing a painting on the easel set up for Clara's work. We see that the painting is the completed watercolour of the lake framed.

EDWARD

Charlotte, how nice! Please let me introduce you. The Honourable Lady Charlotte Antrobus. Miss Clara Zeligman.

Andrews and Bellis exit. Clara and Charlotte move toward each other, with Clara making most of the movement. They shake hands rather formally. Charlotte notices Clara's cigarette and holder.

CLARA

How pretty you are!

Charlotte blushes.

CHARLOTTE

Thank you.

A beat. Clara and Charlotte smile at each other. Edward watches them briefly and then crosses to the easel.

EDWARD

You've brought the watercolour. You've really captured the essential beauty of the lake, Charlotte. It's one of your best.

(to Clara)

Clara, what do you think?

Charlotte looks embarrassed. Clara goes to the easel.

CLARA

It's really very good, Lady Antrobus. It's so - evocative - and the colours are so true. You should have illustrated The Remorseless Historian.

CHARLOTTE

(stiffly)

My father would have considered that rather improper.

She turns to Edward, who nods in agreement. A pause. We hear the Library clock ticking.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Do you ride, Miss Zeligman?

CLARA

Oh, please, call me Clara, my dear.

CHARLOTTE

But we've only just been introduced, Miss Zeligman!

(off their reaction)

Oh! How silly! Yes, of course, Clara. But do you ride, Clara?

CLARA

I don't ride, Charlotte.

(partly to Edward)

My father always says that only Cossacks ride horses!

Charlotte looks quizzical and turns to Edward, who is smiling at Clara. Andrews re-enters.

ANDREWS

(to Edward)

Excuse me, sir. There is a person from the colliery outside on the drive - who refuses to wait in the entrance hall. He wishes to see you urgently, sir. Ordinarily, I would send him packing to Mr. Burnham, of course, but - well, I thought you ought to know, sir.

EDWARD

Thank you, Andrews, I shall come at once.

Edward extinguishes his cigarette.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Please excuse me, ladies.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOATBY: HOATBY MANOR, STEPS TO MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Armstrong, his face and hands black with coal dust, stands at the foot of the steps. Edward stands half-way down. Armstrong speaks with a North East accent. He takes in Edward's field uniform and the VC ribbon.

ARMSTRONG

I was in the Durham Light Infantry myself, a sergeant - and invalided out in 1917 - with a com-men-da-tion, which I threw on the midden.

EDWARD

What made you leave home and come down to Hoatby?

ARMSTRONG

Home's where the missus and the bairns are. I brung them where the work was.

A beat.

EDWARD

I wish you would come inside, Armstrong.

ARMSTRONG

I would no more think of comin' in ma dirt than I would at 'ome. I've come straight from the pit 'cos it's urgent. The pit's full of firedamp. I can smell it.

EDWARD

The pit has always been free of it. The only recent accident was a roof fall.

ARMSTRONG

Yes, I've heard all about how Tom Wilkin died and Burnham tried to put the blame on him - whereas it were rotten props to blame.

EDWARD

My father ensured that Wilkin's widow received full compensation.

ARMSTRONG

Aye.

A beat.

ARMSTRONG (CONT'D)

You seem honest enough - just a bit blind. So I've come to en-light-en you - personal, like - before I bring the men out on strike.

EDWARD

Are you threatening me, Armstrong?

ARMSTRONG

I'm doing what any good officer - commissioned or otherwise, did in the war, Captain Standish - I'm trying to save my men's lives.

A beat. Armstrong turns on his heel and walks with the hint of a military-gait down the drive. Edward briefly watches him go and then ascends the steps, we see that Clara and Charlotte are watching, each from a separate Library window. Edward looks at Clara as he mounts the steps.

INT. HOATBY: HOATBY MANOR, LIBRARY - DAY

We see that Charlotte and Clara have moved away from the windows. They are silent. Clara has crossed to one of the Constables. Charlotte looks at her watercolour. As Edward re-enters Clara and Charlotte turn to him.

EDWARD

Please excuse me but I must telephone the colliery manager immediately.

Edward sits at his desk, puts the receiver to his ear and dials.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Burnham? Armstrong has just been to see me.

(listens)

Yes, yes, I know he should have seen you but he came to me instead. Listen, please. He says he can smell firedamp.

(listens)

I know that has never been a problem but it is possible is it not that it has become one? He seems sensible enough.

(listens)

I am not doubting your ability. But firedamp is a possibility, yes? I would like you to investigate it.

(listens)

No, I do not think that it would be a sign of weakness on my part! Attend to it, please, as soon as you can.

(listens)

Yes,

(his voice rising)

I am aware of the financial implications.

He slams the receiver into its holder.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Damn!

A beat. We hear the clock ticking

CLARA

What's firedamp?

EDWARD

Gas.

(off her reaction)

Quite common in mines. Nothing to worry about.

(a beat)

Charlotte, I'm going to take Clara on a grand tour of Hoatby and district today and tomorrow. I wonder would you care to join us?

A pause - then Charlotte moves quickly to Edward and leans over him, her back to Clara. Clara turns to look out of the windows.

CHARLOTTE

Am I an afterthought, Edward?

EDWARD

Of course not, my dear, it's just -

CHARLOTTE

You're so distant now.

Edward takes Charlotte's hands. Clara continues to look out of the windows as Andrews enters.

ANDREWS

The Rolls is ready, sir.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOATBY: HEDGE-LINED COUNTRY LANE - DAY

Hilditch is driving. Clara and Charlotte occupy the back seat. Edward sits on the pull down seat - or rather perches on the edge of it. Both Charlotte and Edward point out things of interest. Clara sketches as they talk.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOATBY: INTERIOR OF PARISH CHURCH - DAY

Shafts of sunlight pierce the windows of Victorian stained glass. The Rector is showing Clara the various memorials on the walls. Edward and Charlotte follow.

RECTOR

We are particularly well endowed with some rather splendid Georgian and Victorian memorials, Miss Sellman, especially -

He smiles, not noticing Clara's reaction to the mispronunciation of her surname.

Rector (CONT'D)
of the Standish family, of course. And
here is the latest sad addition.

Edward and Charlotte join the Rector and Clara as we
stop in front of a new, brass memorial.

CUT TO:

INSERT:

In Memoriam, Sir John Standish,
1859 - 1919.
'A Just Steward'
Beloved Husband of the late Elizabeth
Standish,
1862 - 1897.
Beloved Father of Captain Edward
Standish, VC, 1st. Mercian Light
Infantry, born 1888.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOATBY: LIMESTONE QUARRY - DAY

We see the quarrymen loading slabs of uncut stone onto
flat carts to be pulled by drays. We focus on Edward,
Clara and the MASTER STONEMASON, who are closely
inspecting the rock. Charlotte is sitting in the Rolls.

MASTER STONEMASON
(to Clara)
They call this limestone, 'Oolite'.
Greek, y'know, for eggs and stone. See
how tight the grains are packed, Miss,
like roe, fish eggs.

CLARA
You've studied geology, Mister Ashby?

MASTER STONEMASON

Nay, Miss, I cannot read. I'm just a
good listener

(off Clara's surprise)
and a good businessman. But see the
fossils, Miss, the tiny shells.

Clara's touches the rock.

MASTER STONEMASON (CONT'D)

It's not like marble, however we cut
it. It'll still feel proud. Millions of
years it's been here.

(turning to Edward)

Seems just right for the lads, Captain
Standish. Something they walked over
when they were growing.

EDWARD

You're right, Ashby.

(turning to Clara)

It's their birthright, their bedrock.

She smiles.

MASTER STONEMASON

(turning to Clara)

Aye, and it's what Hoatby Manor were
built of. Me dad and grandad cut that
stone.

CUT TO:

INT. HOATBY: EDWARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight enters the room through slightly parted
curtains. Edward is asleep but increasingly restless. He
sits up suddenly. He is naked from the waist up. He is
still asleep. He opens his arms as if to hold someone or
ward them off. He begins to call out haltingly in his
sleep, though the words sound slurred.

EDWARD

Where is he?

(a beat)

Help the lad, help him

The bedroom door opens. Clara is holding an oil lamp - its light illuminates her face and the top of the nightgown she is wearing. A beat. We can dimly see at the far end of the corridor the figure of Andrews. Clara enters quickly, closing the door and crossing to the bed.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

For God's sake, help!

She puts the lamp down on the bedside locker, next to the half empty whisky decanter, and bends to soothe Edward's forehead. He wakes suddenly. The fear leaves his face quickly. He smiles, taking both of Clara's hands. He kisses them, the fingers and then palms. She kisses his forehead, then his cheek and finally his lips. He responds with passion as she sits on the edge of the bed. He caresses her back and then her thigh. She caresses his shoulder. They kiss. She begins to tense as Edward gently takes hold of her breasts and strokes her nipples through the silk of her nightgown. She moves her hand from his arm and reaches down under the bed clothes. He arches with the sensation and puts his left hand under her nightgown. She opens her legs.

FADE TO:

INT. HOATBY: EDWARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (MOONLIT)

Clara is lying with her head in the crook of Edward's arm and looks up at the ceiling. They are both smoking. Edward is studying her face.

CLARA

I feel I'm beginning to know nearly everything about you, everything that has happened to you, made you what you are.

(a beat)

Are you able to tell me now how you came to win the VC? I know you say you feel uncomfortable even having it

mentioned. War is wrong. But being brave can never be.

EDWARD

Perhaps.

(a beat)

Strange. I feel I can talk about it now. It's finished - redeemed, I suppose.

(a beat)

A machine gun nest had most of my company pinned down in No-Man's-Land. The bombardment had failed to destroy the German defences - but Intelligence had said otherwise. My men were dying. I took a risk and went for the machine gun nest. Nothing touched me.

(a beat)

I killed five men with a grenade. Two of the men might have been eighteen! And saved hundreds for slaughter at a later date.

(a beat)

I have always been keen to see the good in things -

He turns at Clara.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

It seems easier some times than at others.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOATBY: THE COLLIERY VILLAGE, MAIN STREET - DAY

It is late morning of the next day. We see the Rolls Royce driving up the main street towards the pit entrance as Doctor Cosgrove, black bag in hand and looking tired, emerges from the cottage next to Mrs. Wilkin's. We see curtains being drawn across the window. The Rolls Royce stops and Edward (in field uniform) gets out, followed by Clara, her sketch book in her hand. Charlotte remains in the car. We see him introducing

Doctor Cosgrove to Clara - and then we focus on Doctor Cosgrove and Clara.

DOCTOR COSGROVE

We're glad, Miss Sillyman, that you're able help us with our Memorial. Now, you'll excuse me, but I must be on my rounds.

The Doctor raises his hat, and, taking note of her reaction to his mispronunciation of her surname, he turns to Edward.

DOCTOR COSGROVE (CONT'D)

(sotto voce to Edward)

This influenza epidemic's getting a real hold, Edward. A lassie in there just died from it. There's nothing to do.

EDWARD

You must take care. You're all we have.

The Doctor nods and they watch him walk off.

CLARA

(to Edward)

Is there anything we can do to help?

EDWARD

He's a very practical man. He'd tell us if there were.

A beat.

CLARA

(again to Edward)

I think I'd like to walk the rest of the way to the colliery and
(holding up sketch book)
perhaps do some sketching.

Edward turns back to the car and starts to speak to Charlotte through the open door.

EDWARD

Would you -

CHARLOTTE

No, thank you.

EDWARD

You know I must escort Clara through the village, Charlotte.

Clara looks away.

CHARLOTTE

She seems to matter an awful lot to you, Edward.

EDWARD

You know how important this work is to me.

We see the car move off up the street - with Edward looking briefly after it - and through the entrance to the colliery yard - where we see Burnham emerging, putting on his coat as he does so. Meanwhile, Edward and Clara are walking slowly up the street. He points out Mrs. Wilkin's cottage.

FADE TO:

INT. HOATBY: HOATBY MANOR, LIBRARY - DAY

It is a day or so later. Clara is working at her easel. A strand of her hair has come loose. Edward is by her side, admiring her work. His hand rests lightly on the small of her back. Clara stops and looks at him.

CLARA

Charlotte is lovely, Edward - and so young.

EDWARD

Yes - she is. Her parents are over protective. They would not let her help nurse the wounded or even the men convalescing. And she wanted to very much.

(a beat)
She's told me that she'll not be
accompanying us on tomorrow's visits.

CLARA
(turning to Edward)
Do you think she knows?

EDWARD
I'm sure not - but servants gossip.
Sometimes I think they see us as
characters in a play - certainly not as
real people. I want to be the first to
talk to Charlotte about her releasing
me from our engagement - and to find
the right time and place to do that -
rather than have it done for me by two
households of servants.

CLARA
Will she release you?

EDWARD
If she were able to make up her own
mind, I think that she would agree -
that it would be foolish to condemn
ourselves to a loveless marriage. But
her parents will put a lot of pressure
on her.

A beat. Clara returns to her work.

CLARA
You slept peacefully last night.

EDWARD
My God, yes. And without whisky. No
nightmare. For the first time since -
(a beat)
But his mother came into a dream. I was
standing in the colliery yard - and I
turned and it became a parade ground
and there was Mrs. Wilkin.
(a beat)
I'm convinced now more than ever that I
should talk to her.

She stops working and strokes his cheek with the back of her hand. He looks directly at her.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

How I love you!

FADE TO:

EXT. HOATBY: HOATBY VILLAGE, STONEMASON'S YARD - DAY

We see the Master Stonemason, Edward and Clara. They are standing in front of three massive boulders of limestone, which have been blasted from the quarry walls. We see, through their gestures, that Clara and Ashby are discussing how the boulders should be cut into slabs. In the b.g., we see one of the flat carts, with a dray harnessed and in the shafts. We see other masons at work and hear the noise of hammers on chisels, chisels and saws on stone.

CUT TO:

INT. HOATBY: HOATBY MANOR, LIBRARY - DAY

Clara is working at her easel. As she works, the sunlight fades. She looks out of the window as it begins to rain.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOATBY: STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT

It is raining. The station gaslamps are lit. Edward, and the Station Master, are on the platform to greet the troop train. Hilditch is standing some two or three paces behind Edward. The train pulls in. The officers disembark first - Edward and COLONEL MCGEHAN salute and shake hands. He speaks with a Donegal accent with some Canadian vowel sounds. Behind them the rest of the battalion begins to disembark.

EDWARD

(saluting)

Good to see you again, sir.

COLONEL MCGEHAN
(returning the salute)
And you, Standish. Gentlemen -

He turns to the other officers - a major, two captains (one of whom wears medical insignia and the other is CAPTAIN MCGUIRE), three lieutenants. The shoulder flashes of all of them read 'The Canadian Regiment'.

COLONEL MCGEHAN (CONT'D)
our British Liaison Officer, Captain Standish. I know some of you met him when he visited us in France but I'll introduce you all properly tomorrow in the dry.

Edward and the others salute.

EDWARD
(turning to Hilditch)
Please see to Colonel McGehan's bags, Hilditch.
(turning back)
When you are ready, sir, I have arranged for the Rolls to take us to Hoatby Manor.

Colonel McGehan smirks. The other officers exchange glances. Colonel McGehan turns back.

COLONEL MCGEHAN
Let's get 'em out of the rain, gentlemen.

Colonel McGehan and Edward turn and walk along the platform.

EDWARD
Did you have a good journey, sir?

COLONEL MCGEHAN
Like hell, Standish. The Channel was rough as a switchback. And at least a half of the men have this goddamn flu.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOATBY: ARMY CAMP PARADE GROUND - DAY

The battalion is drawn up on the parade ground so that Colonel McGehan can address the troops. He is flanked by Edward and the other officers we saw last night. They all stand on a low rostrum. Below the rostrum and also facing the men, is the RSM (Regimental Sergeant Major). As Colonel McGehan speaks, we see the battalion on parade. Though standing in line, they are not standing pristinely to attention. We see a battalion of dishevelled, sick, unmotivated, anxious and angry men.

COLONEL MCGEHAN

We may be in this transit Camp for three or six months. You will keep yourselves fit and ready for action. Those of you with the flu will get yourselves well.

(a beat)

The village is full of sick people. A young girl died a few days ago. So - you will be confined to barracks till further notice.

A murmuring, that began almost as soon as Colonel McGehan began to speak, becomes marked.

RSM

(parade ground volume)

No talking in the ranks, there!

COLONEL MCGEHAN

Dismiss the men, RSM.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOATBY: THE COLLIERY VILLAGE, MRS. WILKIN'S COTTAGE
- DAY

We see Edward alighting from the Rolls Royce. Clara remains in the car. She gives him an encouraging smile.

CUT TO:

INT. HOATBY: THE COLLIERY VILLAGE, MRS. WILKIN'S COTTAGE
- DAY

Mrs. Wilkin opens the door.

MRS. WILKIN
Captain Standish.

He removes his cap.

EDWARD
I wonder if I could come in for a
moment, Mrs. Wilkin.

She indicates that he should come in past her. He does
so. She follows him into the kitchen, living room and
washroom combined.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
I would like to talk to you about your
son.

MRS. WILKIN
(her hand to her throat)
Is he not dead?

Edward is confounded. A beat.

EDWARD
I was with your son when he died.

She stares at him.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
(a beat)
I was in charge of the firing squad. He
died immediately. I want you to know
that he was in no pain.

A pause. She becomes angry.

MRS. WILKIN
Why have you come?

EDWARD

I wanted you to know he was in no pain
when he died.

A pause.

MRS. WILKIN

You could have stopped it.

EDWARD

No, the Court Martial - it had to be
done -

MRS. WILKIN

You could have told the soldiers not to
shoot!

A pause.

MRS. WILKIN (CONT'D)

Why have you come?

EDWARD

I thought perhaps I could help in some
way.

MRS. WILKIN

You know Tom and me named Edward after
you.

EDWARD

I know.

A pause.

MRS. WILKIN

Will you put his name on the Memorial?

EDWARD

That would be impossible, Mrs. Wilkin.
You must see that.

MRS. WILKIN

You could do it. You're paying for it.
You could have told them not to shoot.

You could have. Now get out! For pity's sake, get out! Get out.

CUT TO:

EXT. MRS. WILKIN'S COTTAGE - DAY

We see that both Hilditch and Clara have heard Mrs. Wilkin's shouting. Hilditch looks away as the front door opens and Edward comes out. Clara opens the car door and goes to move towards Edward. Edward gets in. We see them deep in conversation as the car moves off. Clara has her hand on Edward's shoulder. His head is bowed. Hilditch stares straight ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. HOATBY MANOR, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The six diners are: Edward (head of table), Charlotte at the opposite end, Colonel McGehan to Charlotte's right, Lady Antrobus to Edward's left, Clara to Edward's right, Lord Antrobus to his daughter's left. All are in evening dress, except Edward who is wearing his dress uniform and Colonel McGehan, similarly attired. Andrews is in attendance throughout. He serves the wine, which flows freely throughout the meal. Bellis and another footman come and go as appropriate, bringing dishes, serving, removing dishes. We see that the first course - with appropriate wine - is being served.

LORD ANTROBUS

(to Colonel McGehan)

How long do you expect to be with us, Colonel? The Camp has played havoc with our pheasant shoots this year.

(to Edward)

That right, Edward?

(to Colonel McGehan)

We are grateful for all you chaps have done for us, of course, but the war is over. It looks as though the Hun is going to be made to well and truly pay

if the talks at Versailles go according to plan.

EDWARD

(generally)

Humiliation is a bitter lesson from which nobody learns, I fear.

LORD ANTROBUS

(to Edward)

On the contrary, Edward. Rubbing a dog's nose in it - isn't that what we do?

(to Colonel McGehan)

Well?

COLONEL MCGEHAN

(to Lord Antrobus)

The War Office have not given us a timetable.

(off his reaction)

We're as anxious to be gone as you are to get rid of us. But there's a new enemy, Lord Antrobus. The Bolsheviks!

LORD ANTROBUS

That is true, of course. Edward's coal mine is full of 'em, union agitators - but I would have thought our chaps could cope.

A beat.

LORD ANTROBUS (CONT'D)

Many of your men got this influenza, Colonel?

COLONEL MCGEHAN

(to Lord Antrobus)

About a third. But we're keeping them out of Hoatby. People are dying there, I understand.

LORD ANTROBUS

(turning to Edward)

Is that right?

EDWARD
(to Lord Antrobus)
One of the miners' children. Doctor
Cosgrove was attending her.

LADY ANTROBUS
(generally)
One of our maids has it.

The diners fall silent. Dishes are cleared and the next
course is served.

CHARLOTTE
(to Colonel McGehan)
What part of Canada are you from,
Colonel?

COLONEL MCGEHAN
(to Charlotte)
Montreal.

LORD ANTROBUS
(to Colonel McGehan)
Tiresomely French, I would assume?

COLONEL MCGEHAN
(to Lord Antrobus)
Full of good Catholics.

LADY ANTROBUS
(sotto voce to Edward)
How exciting! We are eating with
Catholics and Jews, Edward!

Edward looks quickly towards Clara and Colonel McGehan,
neither of whom appear to have heard the remark.

LORD ANTROBUS
(to Colonel McGehan)
But you sound Irish, Colonel?

COLONEL MCGEHAN
(to Lord Antrobus)
I am. I emigrated to Canada in 1890.
North America is the land of
opportunity.

He empties his wine glass. Andrews moves in to refill it.

EDWARD

(generally)

Oliver Standish - you know one of the Plymouth Brethren, the Founding Fathers, was a distant forebear of mine.

COLONEL MCGEHAN

(to Lord Antrobus)

Why here am I a butcher's errand boy from Donegal become a successful canned meat manufacturer in Montreal and a colonel in his Imperial Majesty's Canadian Regiment. Isn't the British Empire wonderful? Why, look what we're doing in Ireland! Not a potato famine in sight!

LORD ANTROBUS

(to Colonel McGehan)

Are you a Fenian, sir?

COLONEL MCGEHAN

(to Lord Antrobus)

I'm a patriot, Lord Antrobus. I fight for my adopted fatherland -

(singing)

'O Canada, we stand on guard for thee!'

Colonel McGehan raises his glass a little unsteadily to Lord Antrobus, who turns his attention elsewhere.

LADY ANTROBUS

(to Clara)

And when will you be returning to London, Miss Zeligman?

CLARA

(to Lady Antrobus)

In a month or six weeks, Lady Antrobus. Edward and I are going to present the completed design of the Memorial to the people of Hoatby in a few weeks. And

we've agreed that I should supervise
the erection of the Memorial.

Lady Antrobus notices the use of Edward's first name. In
the b.g., we see Bellis approach Andrews and speak to
him with some urgency.

LADY ANTROBUS

(to Clara)

You must find it so irksome to be away
from your own people, I am sure.

Clara is speechless. Lady Antrobus turns away.

LADY ANTROBUS (CONT'D)

(to Edward)

I hear that awful Wilkin woman has been
saying that her son's name should be on
your Memorial.

Edward and Clara exchange glances. Charlotte notices.
Lady Antrobus notices both the exchange and her
daughter's reaction.

EDWARD

(to Lady Antrobus)

One can only feel sorry for Mrs.
Wilkin, Lady Antrobus.

Andrews, nodding his apologies to Lady Antrobus,
approaches Edward and leans in closely so that only
Edward can hear. A pause. Edward stands.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

(generally)

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm afraid I have
just received some very bad news from
the colliery. Some sort of accident. I
must go at once. But, please, stay.

Lord Antrobus rises.

LORD ANTROBUS

No, no. In the circumstances, we should
go. My dear,

(to Lady Antrobus)

Charlotte.

Everybody has risen, Colonel McGehan, rather unsteadily, begins the move away from the table, followed by the Antrobuses.

CLARA

I'll come with you, Edward.

The Colonel does not react - but the Antrobuses do.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOATBY: THE COLLIERY YARD - NIGHT (ARC LIGHT)

The crowd - mostly women and children with a few elderly men - parts slowly for the Rolls Royce (driven by Hilditch and containing Edward, still in his dress uniform, and Clara, still in evening dress). The crowd ignores the car, concentrating on the silent winding gear. We see that Doctor Cosgrove is waiting in the entrance to the offices. The car stops, Edward and Clara alight and enter the offices with Doctor Cosgrove.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOATBY: THE COLLIERY YARD - DAY (DAWN)

The day is beginning to dawn greyly. Silence. We see the crowd still waiting. Hoatby Manor servants are providing food and hot drinks. Edward stands to one side with Doctor Cosgrove. We see Clara standing at the window of Burnham's office.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOATBY: COLLIERY YARD - NIGHT (DUSK)

The arc-lights are on. Edward, Doctor Cosgrove and the crowd are still in the yard. Silence. Suddenly, the winding gear starts up and the watchers move forward a little - still silent. We hear the cage come to rest and see and hear its metal gates opening. Burnham (in mining

gear) emerges followed by four miners carrying a stretcher. We can see the body on the stretcher is Armstrong's. There is a gasp from the crowd and a woman begins to wail. As she does so, she bursts from the crowd and falls across the stretcher.

YOUNG CHILD (V.O.)

Mam!

Doctor Cosgrove moves to the stretcher and the prostrate woman. Burnham walks up to Edward. He is covered in coal dust and exhausted.

BURNHAM

(just above whispering)

There are three dead, sir. The lads did their best. There was an explosion. Armstrong was right. I should have listened.

EDWARD

We both should have listened, Burnham. I should have given you the authority to take action immediately. Those men have paid the price for my stupidity - and greed.

INT. HOATBY: HOATBY MANOR, DINING ROOM - DAY

It is the next morning. Edward, Clara and Colonel McGehan are at breakfast. Andrews is on duty as before. Edward and Clara are sitting close to each other, talking quietly, their breakfasts untouched, at the far end of table. Colonel McGehan, who is seated at the end of the table nearest the sideboard, occasionally looks in their direction.

CLARA

Edward, you look very pale. Perhaps you should rest.

Edward is staring into the distance.

EDWARD

I can hear the cage opening and see
Armstrong's body being brought out -
and feel it as if it ranks with any of
the horrors I've seen.

We see that Colonel McGehan has finished his breakfast
and is leaving. Edward and Clara do not notice. A beat.

EDWARD(CONT'D)

How can I live with the enormity of the
Somme and Passchendaele?

CLARA

Because you are human. You must be more
forgiving.

(off his reaction)

Of yourself, Edward.

Colonel McGehan enters hurriedly.

COLONEL MCGEHAN

Standish - apologies, Miss Zeligman -
we must go to the Camp immediately.
Some of the men went AWOL last night,
got drunk as rats in Hoatby. Seems -
(to Clara)

begging your pardon, miss - there was
an attempted rape or some such.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOATBY: ARMY CAMP - PARADE GROUND - DAY

The battalion is lined up on the parade ground. The
seven accused stand more or less to attention at the
front. They are flanked by armed guards. The officers
stand as before on the rostrum facing the accused - and,
behind them, the rest of the men. We notice one of the
accused in particular - ROBINSON. He is the most defiant
looking of the seven.

COLONEL MCGEHAN

(reading)

You are all charged with going absent without leave and being drunk and disorderly in Hoatby.

He looks up.

COLONEL MCGEHAN (CONT'D)

While seven of you were brawling with the locals, one of you attempted to rape a barmaid.

We see the seven accused as Colonel McGehan speaks and, behind them, the assembled battalion. Three, particularly Robinson, look defiantly at the Colonel. The others hang their heads.

COLONEL MCGEHAN (V.O.)

(CONT'D)

The girl knows it was a Canadian soldier but can't describe him. I want the culprit to stand forward now. The seven of you know who he is. For pity's sake, she could be your sister.

A long pause.

COLONEL MCGEHAN (CONT'D)

Very well - since you're all equally silent you're all equally guilty and all will receive the same sentence. Six months hard labour without pay.

There is murmuring.

RSM

(parade ground volume)

Quiet in the ranks there.

The guard marches the prisoners off, leaving the officers and men seeming to confront each other.

FADE TO:

INT. HOATBY: PARISH CHURCH - NIGHT

The church is gloomy, lit only by flickering gaslight. Clara is setting up her easel by the pulpit with her large sketchbook opened on it. She covers the easel and sketchbook with a white cloth. We see people entering the church. The Parish Council Members occupy the front pew. Estate workers and Hoatby Manor staff occupy the middle pews - and mining families the back, Mrs. Wilkin among them but very definitely on her own. Edward is standing next to Clara. Charlotte enters and sits in the front pew next to the Rector, who rises and bows slightly and then turns to Edward.

RECTOR

I think we are ready to start, Captain Standish, if that is acceptable to you.

EDWARD

(to the audience)

I would like to welcome you all on behalf of the Parish Council and thank the Rector for allowing us to use the church for this occasion. Before I introduce Miss Zeligman, who will talk to you about the design for the Memorial, I would like to speak to you briefly about the deaths of the three miners.

We hear the audience show its surprise.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I know what will be or rather should be in the report of His Majesty's Inspector of Mines. I intend to take action now and not wait. I will be improving the ventilation to remove the firedamp. I will, of course, be providing properly for the men's widows and their children.

We see the varied reactions - of the mining families, the tenants, the Hoatby Manor staff, the Hoatby Parish Council Members and Charlotte.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I will also agree to the Union's pay demand.

We see more reactions, including and especially Charlotte's, Doctor Cosgrove's and the rest of the Parish Council - they are appalled - and we hear the buzz of shock and pleasant surprise, which diminishes but does not entirely go as Edward continues to speak.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

And now I would like to introduce you to Miss Clara Zeligman. She is, in my opinion, one of the finest artists working in England today and we are very honoured to have her design our Memorial. I know that you will be as impressed with the design as I am.

Edward stands to one side. Clara steps forward.

CLARA

Thank you, Captain Standish.

A beat. She touches her throat briefly with her hand.

CLARA (CONT'D)

(to the audience)

This commission has mattered more to me than anything I have done.

(a beat)

The Memorial will consist of nineteen -

She glances in Mrs. Wilkin's direction then looks round the audience generally.

CLARA (CONT'D)

rough hewn slabs of local limestone - one for each of the dead. Each slab will have the soldier's forename and surname, his civilian occupation, military rank, regiment, date and place of birth, date and place of death and manner of death.

She removes the sheet from the easel.

CUT TO:

INSERT:

We see nineteen giant slabs of limestone (each drawn to the Golden Mean), arrayed in a fan-shape with writing on the leading edge of each slab. We hear the growing buzz of hostility from the front pew, which suddenly breaks forth into a cacophony of protests from the Parish council.

VARIOUS PARISH COUNCIL
MEMBERS (V.O.)

Scandalous!, Just a pile of stones,
What do you expect from a woman and a
Hun?, A mockery of brave men!
Cosmopolitan vileness!

CUT TO:

INT. HOATBY: PARISH CHURCH - NIGHT (GASLIGHT)

We see Clara and Edward's reaction as the protests mount. We see Doctor Cosgrove rise and face Edward.

DOCTOR COSGROVE
(nearly shouting)

You never thought fit to ask us what we
wanted, did you? You assumed your offer
to pay gave you the sole right to
choose.

As the people begin to leave the church - in high
dudgeon in the case of the Parish Council, with
uncertainty in the case of the villagers, the estate
workers and the indoor servants and mostly with some
quiet satisfaction in the case of the colliery families
- we see that Clara has bowed her head, holding her hand
to her mouth. Edward is comforting her. He has his hands
on both her shoulders. He has his back to Charlotte so
does not see her rise and leave. Nor does Clara. We see
that Charlotte is distressed and tearful. The Rector
approaches Clara and Edward.

THE RECTOR
Err, most unfortunate. Oh dear!

EDWARD
(turning to the Rector)

I shall resign as a chairman of the
Parish Council, of course.

We see that he has noticed Mrs. Wilkin seated still at
the back of the church. He turns back to Clara. He takes
her into his arms. The Rector looks on.

CUT TO:

INT. HOATBY: HOATBY MANOR, DINING ROOM - NIGHT (ELECTRIC
LIGHT)

Edward and Colonel McGehan are dining informally and in
silence. They have reached the main course.

COLONEL MCGEHAN
(conversationally)
Something wrong with Miss Zeligman's
mother, Captain?
(off Edward's reaction)
I saw the telegram being delivered and
couldn't help overhearing.

EDWARD
Influenza.

McGehan nods grimly. A pause. They continue eating.

COLONEL MCGEHAN
How d'you find the men's morale?

EDWARD
Very worrying. They're obviously
exhausted, longing for home - and many
of them are sick, of course. But
there's something else - a surliness,
an indiscipline that's barely kept in
check.

COLONEL MCGEHAN
My officers are doing their best,
Standish.

Andrews enters, carrying a letter.

ANDREWS
(to Edward)
Excuse me, sir.

He hands Edward the letter.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)
(speaking more quietly)
This has just arrived from Lord
Antrobus, sir. I understand that it is
urgent and requires an immediate reply
if possible, sir. The Antrobus
chauffeur is waiting in the Entrance
Hall.

Edward rises.

EDWARD
Would you excuse me, Colonel?

COLONEL MCGEHAN
Go 'head, Captain.

CUT TO:

INT. HOATBY, HOATBY MANOR LIBRARY - NIGHT

He enters the Library, closes the door and moves across
to sit at his desk. He opens the letter and begins to
read.

LORD ANTROBUS V.O.
Standish,

My wife and I were always unsure about
your suitability as a suitor. The
failure of your family to obtain a
peerage was always a matter of
considerable concern. However, we put
our daughter's happiness, of course,
above all such considerations and we
knew that the Standish fortune would
just about provide appropriately for
the daughter of a peer of the realm.

Edward smiles.

LORD ANTROBUS V.O.

(CONT'D)

A fortune you now seem determined to fritter away.

It is clear from our daughter's account of the presentation in the church that you have betrayed her innocent trust with your unseemly liaison with a German - and a Jewess to boot -

He frowns.

LORD ANTROBUS V.O.

(CONT'D)

- and with your espousal of Bolshevik ideas. You have let down property owners everywhere. You are a traitor to your class, sir!

Edward smiles.

LORD ANTROBUS V.O.

(CONT'D)

Charlotte wants no more of you. Fortunately, she is still young enough to find a suitable husband.

Consider your engagement to our daughter at an end - and sue for breach of promise if you dare!!

He laughs and shakes his head.

LORD ANTROBUS V.O.

(CONT'D)

I want your written undertaking that you will never attempt to see our daughter again.

Antrobus.

A beat. Edward takes a sheet of notepaper from the rack on the desk. A pause. He begins to write.

EDWARD V.O.

My dear, dear Charlotte,

Your father has asked me to promise to never see you again. You and I have known each other for most of our lives. So, when your present hurt and anger abate, as they must, and you are married to someone who can make you happy, as I know you will be, I would want very much for us to meet as old friends with many happy memories and some sad ones.

A beat.

EDWARD V.O. (CONT'D)

I fell in love with Clara as soon as I met her and realised that the love I felt - still feel for you - is that of a brother for a sister.

A pause. He writes again quickly.

EDWARD V.O. (CONT'D)

Clara has done nothing dishonourable. My shame is that I did not have the courage to tell you what was in my heart until now.

I truly, truly wish you every happiness, Charlotte.

With much affection,
Edward.

Edward folds the letter, puts it in an envelope, seals the envelope and addresses it. He puts that letter in a larger envelope.

CUT TO:

INSERT:

We see Edward writing 'Lord Antrobus' on the larger envelope.

CUT TO:

INT. HOATBY, HOATBY MANOR LIBRARY - NIGHT

He seals the envelope with a sense of a finality.

FADE TO:

INT. HOATBY: HOATBY MANOR, EDWARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We see Andrews holding an oil lamp. He is leaning over Edward, who is sleeping fitfully.

ANDREWS

(quietly)

Sir!

(urgently)

Sir!

Edward comes suddenly awake.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

I am sorry to wake you, sir. There has been a telephone call for the Colonel, who has requested that I ask you to join him in the entrance hall as quickly as possible.

CUT TO:

INT. HOATBY: HOATBY MANOR, THE ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

Edward, buttoning his tunic, joins Colonel McGehan

COLONEL MCGEHAN

I'll brief you as we go.

They start for the door, which Andrews is holding open.

COLONEL MCGEHAN (CONT'D)

The prisoners broke out from the guard house about midnight - two were shot dead by the men on guard, two were captured before they left the Camp.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOATBY: HOATBY MANOR, FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

Electric light from the entrance hall is cast through the open door. Colonel McGehan and Edward descend the steps quickly to the Rolls Royce.

COLONEL MCGEHAN

The other three have got clean away killing one of the guards and taking rifles and ammunition.

The engine is running. Hilditch holds open the passenger door. They pause before entering the car.

COLONEL MCGEHAN (CONT'D)

I'm sure that one of three who've escaped, Robinson, is the ringleader - and probably was the one who tried to rape the barmaid. He was after trying to persuade the men on guard to join them saying they were all sure to die of the influenza if they stayed. When he had no takers he killed one of them - and the rest returned the fire.

CUT TO:

INT. HOATBY: THE CAMP, MCGEHAN'S OFFICE - DAY (first light)

Colonel McGehan is standing behind his desk with his officers and Edward around him. A map is spread out across the desk.

COLONEL MCGEHAN

We'll need to mobilise hand-picked men to ensure loyalty and put half a platoon in each of the lorries. They can quarter the area systematically.

EDWARD

I suggest that, in addition, we have, say, four foot patrols, each led by a mounted officer. Also, we might ask for a spotter plane from the Royal Air Force base at Wittering.

COLONEL MCGEHAN

Good thinking on both counts. All the Royal Air Force needs to know is that we're looking for three armed deserters.

EDWARD

It might also help if we were to tell the local police, sir. They could add -

COLONEL MCGEHAN

No, this is bloody embarrassing enough without that. We do that and the whole thing'll be blown up into a mutiny

(off Edward's reaction)

Three men went Absent Without Leave, Captain Standish, and stole some guns and ammo. There have also been three unfortunate accidents with firearms. Understood, Captain?

Colonel McGehan holds Edward's gaze. Neither looks away. A beat.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOATBY: WOODLAND - DAY

We see that spring is far advanced and summer is close. Edward is on horseback, walking his horse on a path through an old mixed wood of oaks, beeches and sweet chestnuts - either side of the path are single lines of Canadian troops, rifles at the ready, moving slowly but

lethargically rather than carefully through the thickish undergrowth beneath the trees. They look even more weary and, some of them, sicker than we have seen them before. We hear loud bird song, the gentle tap of the horse's hooves on the path, the noise of its tackle and the rustle of the men through the leaves and twigs. We begin to hear the distant sound of the engine of a Sopwith Camel biplane.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOATBY: GRASSY FIELD - DAY (BRIGHT)

We see Edward and the troops emerge from the wood, and, as they do, we hear the engine of the biplane come closer.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOATBY: SKY - DAY (BRIGHT)

The biplane banks towards the wood and comes in very low. The pilot gestures to indicate nothing has been sighted.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOATBY: GRASSY FIELD - DAY (BRIGHT)

The men have stopped automatically to look at the biplane. Edward, controlling his horse - which is shying at the noise of the plane - acknowledges the signal. Suddenly, one of the men draws Edward's attention to an open gateway at the far side of the field in which a military motor cycle has stopped. The dispatch rider waves a piece of paper above his head and then starts riding carefully towards Edward over the uneven field. Edward urges his horse to a gallop in the direction of the dispatch rider.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOATBY: GRASSY FIELD - DAY (BRIGHT)

Edward and the dispatch rider meet. Edward, reining in the horse as the soldier salutes him, takes the message, which is type-written on a form.

CUT TO:

INSERT:

Field message

From: Colonel McGehan
To: Captain Standish
11.50, June 8th 1919
Mutineers surrounded at Standholm.
Trapped in stables at Antrobus Mansion.
Make all speed to join us.
Signed: Colonel McGehan

CUT TO:

EXT. STANDHOLM: ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE ANTROBUS MANSION - DAY

An army lorry moves up the drive. We see that Edward and Colonel McGehan are in the cabin with the driver. Armed soldiers are in the rear under the canvas awning.

CUT TO:

EXT. STANDHOLM: ANTROBUS MANSION MAIN STEPS - DAY

We see Lord Antrobus, a shotgun broken on his arm, and on the steps behind him, three gamekeepers, each with shotguns. To one side is a police constable, looking uneasy. On the step below Lord Antrobus is Colonel McGehan and, below him, and slightly to one side, is Edward.

LORD ANTROBUS

Of course I've called the police, you damn fool!

COLONEL MCGEHAN

This is an army matter, Lord Antrobus,
and I'm warning you not to interfere.

LORD ANTROBUS

Are you threatening me on my own land?

COLONEL MCGEHAN

That's right, your lordship -
(to the gamekeepers)
and your men!

(to Edward)

Time we went to work, Captain.

LORD ANTROBUS

(to Edward)

Traitor!

Colonel McGehan turns and descends the steps. Edward, glancing at Lord Antrobus, turns to follow Colonel McGehan and, as he does so, sees Charlotte and her mother at an upper window. He pauses briefly and smiles gently at Charlotte and then goes on his way. Both Charlotte and her mother look saddened and afraid.

CUT TO:

EXT. STANDHOLM: ANTROBUS MANSION STABLEYARD - DAY

We see two stable blocks on either side of a cobbled yard. We see Captain McGuire, the RSM, a corporal and twenty privates taking cover behind the corner of the side of the stable block which is nearer the Mansion. Edward and Colonel McGehan join them. The officers have drawn their revolvers. The men have their rifles at the ready. We see the other stable block, where the mutineers are. The main door, a side door and the shutters are closed. The only sounds are the muffled noise of edgy horses moving uneasily in their stalls.

CUT TO:

EXT. STANDHOLM: ANTROBUS MANSION STABLEYARD - DAY

Colonel McGehan places a metal megaphone to his lips

COLONEL MCGEHAN

I want you three men to surrender now. Empty the ammunition out of your guns, throw them into the yard and come out slowly with your hands up. The longer you take to give up the worse the punishment.

Suddenly a shutter is opened and two rifle shots ring out. Everyone ducks down. We hear one bullet ricochet and we see Edward has been cut quite deeply in the right cheek. He staunches it with his handkerchief and signals to Colonel McGehan that he is OK.

COLONEL MCGEHAN (CONT'D)

(through the megaphone)

Fire at will!

The troops fire six rapid volleys.

COLONEL MCGEHAN (CONT'D)

(through the megaphone)

Cease fire!

Silence. We hear raised but muffled voices from the stable. Suddenly the door opens. Two rifles are thrown out.

FIRST MUTINEER (V.O.)

We're coming out with our hands up.

SECOND MUTINEER (V.O.)

Don't shoot

COLONEL MCGEHAN

(through the megaphone)

Come out, slowly, you godforsaken bastards!

Two of the mutineers - not Robinson - come out.

COLONEL MCGEHAN (CONT'D)

(to Edward - sotto voce)

Robinson's still in there.

They walk slowly across the yard with their hands in the air. They look in a worse condition than their erstwhile comrades. As they reach Colonel McGehan and the others, four horses suddenly come galloping out of the stable, frightened and neighing. Thick smoke emerges through the open door.

COLONEL MCGEHAN (CONT'D)

RSM, have six men take hold of these two. Corporal take eight men with you to round up the horses. The rest of you watch the stable block.

The RSM and the Corporal salute. The troops take action sluggishly. We see the RSM and six men lead the two prisoners away and the Corporal with eight privates set off at a shambling run after the horses. Colonel McGehan, Edward, Captain McGuire and the remaining privates watch the stable block, from which flames are now flickering. Suddenly, Lord Antrobus appears behind them.

LORD ANTROBUS

(still spluttering)

I demand that you have your men put out the fire this instance - and round up the horses. They are thoroughbreds.

Colonel McGehan and Captain McGuire turn to face Lord Antrobus. Edward does so briefly and then turns back to watch the stable block when Colonel McGehan begins to speak.

COLONEL MCGEHAN

Please don't interfere Lord Antrobus.
Everything is under control. My men -

As he is speaking, we see behind him Robinson escaping, rifle in hand, through the side door of the stable block and into an alley - and that Edward has seen this.

EDWARD

Colonel. Robinson is getting away through the side door.

Colonel McGehan and Captain McGuire turn back quickly.

COLONEL MCGEHAN
Halt or we'll fire!

Robinson runs down the alley.

COLONEL MCGEHAN (CONT'D)
Fire at will, men!

They open fire. Robinson cries out and, as he does so, seems to disappear through the brick wall of the alley, the wall opposite the stable block. Edward points to the alley.

EDWARD
(to McGehan)
Behind the right hand wall of the alley is a walled garden. The garden has two entrances - one in the alley and the other on the far side of the garden but effectively hidden by a box hedge. We can enter that way.

COLONEL MCGEHAN
Lead on, Captain Standish.
(to the privates)
You four help with the fire. You two with us.

They leave Lord Antrobus silent with rage. Edward, Colonel McGehan, Captain McGuire and the privates pass the stable block, from which flames are beginning to leap. They reach the partly open wooden door in the wall of the garden.

COLONEL MCGEHAN (CONT'D)
Captain McGuire take these two men and guard the door.

McGuire deploys the two privates. Edward and Colonel McGehan move down the alley.

CUT TO:

EXT. STANDHOLM: ANTROBUS MANSION WALLED GARDEN - DAY

Smoke is drifting across the walled garden, which is overlooked by the Mansion. We can see a distraught Charlotte at the upper window. At first she is looking away from the garden - perhaps to wherever the horses have bolted. We can hear the noise of buckets and shouts of command, including Lord Antrobus', as attempts are made to put out the fire. The garden paths are made of bricks and laid out in grid pattern. When Edward and Colonel McGehan open the wooden door and enter the garden, Charlotte notices them and suddenly becomes even more distraught. It appears she can see something they and we cannot. Edward and Colonel McGehan take cover behind the box hedge, which is crescent-shaped, the concave curve facing the door. Edward's wound is continuing to bleed. Suddenly, he looks up and notices Charlotte at the window. He realises she can see something they cannot. Suddenly Robinson comes into view and they see him. He has been wounded in the upper left arm. He holds his rifle at the ready and is increasingly frantic, looking for a way out other than the way he came in. He gives up - and heads for the entrance he came through only for Captain McGuire to challenge him.

CAPTAIN MCGUIRE(V.O.)

Halt! Or I'll fire!

Robinson dives out of sight behind a low wall as two revolver shots ring out.

COLONEL MCGEHAN

(sotto voce)

Bloody fool! McGuire should have shot him on sight!

Edward glances at Colonel McGehan. We see Robinson slowly crawl from behind the wall and, looking round for better cover, sees the box hedge. He rises to a crouching position and makes his way towards the hedge, looking repeatedly over his shoulder in the direction of the door he came through. As Robinson comes round the side of the hedge he looks up and sees the partly open wooden door - but not Edward and Colonel McGehan. The latter steps forward, and, cocking his revolver, points it at Robinson.

COLONEL MCGEHAN (CONT'D)

Drop your weapon, Robinson. It's over -
and you're for it.

Robinson turns sharply, very surprised but he recovers quickly and has his rifle pointed at Colonel McGehan. Robinson speaks with a Canadian accent.

ROBINSON

We both shoot, we both get hit. Better
let me go.

COLONEL MCGEHAN

You'll rot in hell first.

Suddenly Robinson's attention moves slightly away from McGehan's and, as it does, he moves his weapon in the same direction - and speaks at the same time.

ROBINSON

Well, miss, aren't you the ideal
target!

Colonel McGehan does not move but Edward whirls round. Charlotte is standing close behind him but clearly in Robinson's line of fire. She is ashen and holds her hands to her face in fear and horror.

EDWARD

Charlotte!

ROBINSON

Put yer weapons down, gents, or I'll
kill the girl. Sod what happens to me.

We see Edward lowering his revolver.

EDWARD

For God's sake, this has to stop!

A pause. Though still with his rifle trained on Charlotte, Robinson seems to slump. He looks at Edward, then at Colonel McGehan and then back to Charlotte.

ROBINSON

All I wanted was to get home.
(to Colonel McGehan)

If you promise to go a bit easy on me,
I'll give yer me weapon and tell you
who tried to do the barmaid.

Edward looks to Colonel McGehan, who nods at Robinson encouragingly. Robinson lowers his rifle to his side, the barrel facing downwards.

COLONEL MCGEHAN

We'll assume it was you, yer bastard.

Colonel McGehan's revolver goes off. Robinson is hit in the chest and goes down immediately. Edward moves to him - and checks the pulse in his neck. He is dead. Edward looks up.

EDWARD

You shot him in cold blood.

COLONEL MCGEHAN

It was an accident - and anyway
'tis a Colonel's word - albeit an Irish
colonial's - against a Captain's,
though one of the English gentry.

EDWARD

My God -

COLONEL MCGEHAN

Unless, of course, you want to involve
your betrothed as a witness.

Edward half turns in Charlotte's direction.

COLONEL MCGEHAN (CONT'D)

We shot cowards at the front didn't we,
man? And we wasted time on trials.

As Colonel McGehan begins to move off towards the other gate, Edward turns to Charlotte, who still stands with her hands to face. Edward moves towards her and puts his hands gently on her shoulders. She lets her hands fall to her sides and stares at Robinson's corpse.

EDWARD

I am sorry you had to see that.

COLONEL MCGEHAN (V.O.)

It's over there. You'll not need a
stretcher.

Edward glances over his shoulder and then gently turns
Charlotte away from the corpse and, putting his arm
round her leads her towards the door in the wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. STANDHOLM: ANTROBUS MANSION WALLED GARDEN DOOR -
DAY

We are on the other side of the wall in the alley. The
wooden door opens wide and Edward comes through first,
still with his arm round Charlotte. Suddenly, she stops,
puts her hand up towards the wound on his face and then
down on his forearm. She looks into his face.

CHARLOTTE

You've seen things like that and much
worse for four years. How could you
bear it?

A beat

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Thank you for your letter. It was kind.

EDWARD

I should have spoken to you before. It
was cowardly not to.

CHARLOTTE

You felt sorry for me.

A beat.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Edward, she's so much older -
(off his reaction)

I'm sorry. I am a bit of a goose
sometimes.

Edward looks into her eyes. She returns his gaze. He
puts his hand to her cheek.

EDWARD

Charlotte -

FADE TO:

INT. LONDON: THE WAR OFFICE, COLONEL TURNER'S OFFICE -
DAY

We are in Colonel Turner's office. The Colonel is behind his desk and leaning forward - Edward, also leaning forward, is sitting in front of the desk.

COLONEL TURNER

Lord Antrobus has written to the Prime Minister himself about his horses and stables. He is demanding a fortune in compensation.

EDWARD

Money is not the issue, sir.

COLONEL TURNER

That is not the War Office's view! For God's sake, Standish, you were the liaison officer.

EDWARD

What could anybody do? Given the state of the troops' morale and their health, Colonel McGehan and his officers contained the situation as well as they could.

Colonel turner

Well then?

EDWARD

(his voice rising)

McGehan is not a monster but he shot Robinson in cold blood, sir.

COLONEL TURNER

And saved us all a lot of embarrassing questions. You've gone soft, young man.

Turner looks at the ribbons on Edward's tunic. A beat.
Edward hands Turner an envelope.

EDWARD

I am sorry, sir. I did not intend to
lose my temper. I came to report to you
in person - and resign.

COLONEL TURNER

And, as before, I refuse to -

EDWARD

As you will see, I am buying myself
out.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON: STAIRWELL OF CLARA'S APARTMENT BUILDING -
DAY

Sunlight is shining brightly through the frosted glass
windows of the stairwell. Edward, in mufti and wearing a
fedora, with a document case under his arm, has reached
the landing outside Clara's apartment. He is about to
press the bell but stops. He turns away from the door,
walks to the bannister and looks down the stairwell. He
lights a cigarette - and then moves back to the door,
quickly stubbing the cigarette out in the fire bucket by
the door. He presses the bell push. A pause. Clara opens
the door. She is a little pale and seems tired.

CLARA

Oh, Edward! How lovely! But -

She gestures at his clothes.

EDWARD

I saw my CO yesterday - or, rather, my
ex-CO.

(off Clara's reaction)

I've bought out my commission.

A beat. Clara takes both his hands in hers and studies
him.

CLARA

Come in, come in.

He takes his hat off. She takes his elbow and then notices the wound on his left cheek. Her hand goes towards it.

EDWARD

A long, long story.

CLARA

Then tell me later.

She turns, then looks quickly back at him as he follows.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON: HALLWAY OF CLARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

The hall is lit with the sunlight coming through the open studio door.

CLARA

Let me take your hat. It suits you.

He gives it to her and we see that she has noticed the document case. She places his hat on a small, side table.

EDWARD

How is your mother?

CLARA

She's getting better.

Edward nods and smiles.

CLARA (CONT'D)

We have nurses in constant attendance and our own doctor visits three times a day.

She looks at Edward.

CLARA (CONT'D)

We are very privileged, Edward.

A beat. Edward nods.

CLARA (CONT'D)

My father is in the studio. He has come to persuade me to move back permanently with them - and is suggesting that he has a studio built for me in the garden. He has not said as much - but they are assuming that I will never marry now.

They look at each other.

CLARA (CONT'D)

We must go in.

They move through.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON: STUDIO IN CLARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

The studio is filled with sunlight. The windows are open. We can hear the distant noise of traffic - horse-drawn and petrol driven - from the street below.

CLARA

You remember, Edward, Papa.

EDWARD

How good to meet you again, Mr. Zeligman.

They shake hands.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I'm very pleased to hear that Mrs. Zeligman is getting better.

AARON ZELIGMAN

Clara is a good nurse. Her mother has - how do you say - rallied because of her

nursing. She has been with her night,
morning, noon.

He turns to Clara, smiles and nods.

AARON ZELIGMAN (CONT'D)

I must go, Clara. Your mother will be
waking up from her afternoon nap
shortly. We will talk more about my
proposition later - over dinner, yes?

Clara nods and smiles slightly. He turns to Edward,
noticing the mufti.

AARON ZELIGMAN (CONT'D)

Goodbye, er, Captain -

EDWARD

Mister.

MR ZELIGMAN

Now you are a mister again, young man,
and they've signed the Treaty in Paris,
real Peacetime it is at last!

Aaron Zeligman and Clara exit arm in arm. Edward moves
to the table beneath the photographs and places his
document case on it. He notices and walks over to study
a new charcoal drawing that is hanging next to
Remembrance: Lost Love. Slightly to the left of the
centre of the drawing are two elderly men, who look
intently somewhere to the right of the viewer. One of
the men is clean shaven and wears a homburg and a black
serge suit. The other has a beard, earlocks, fur hat and
a long gabardine coat. Both men look like Clara's
father. At their feet and at the centre of the drawing
are what appear to be leaves. But, on closer inspection,
the word 'Remember' in English, French, German, Italian,
Hebrew, Greek etc. appears over and over like the veins
in the leaf. The drawing is entitled Vizkor: Remember.
Clara returns and moves towards Edward.

EDWARD

(looking at the drawing)

How arresting your work is. It's so expressive - about ideas and yet full of feeling.

A beat.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

(turning to Clara)

What does your father think of the drawing?

CLARA

He looked at it for some time. Turned to me. Said nothing. Looked back and nodded.

(off Edward's reaction)

He understood, you see, that while he should always remember that he is a Jew, and that the world is full of anti-semites, he should also remember that he left his past behind because it was smothering him. That each of us has to be ourselves.

EDWARD

Is this part of what you are going to say to your parents? I'm sorry. It's not my place -

Clara smiles at him.

CLARA

Of course you have a right to ask. I know what I should say to them. I simply don't know what I will say.

A beat. She studies him.

CLARA (CONT'D)

But tell me how you came to resign - and the wound?

She takes his hand and they move to the chaise longue as Edward speaks. They sit slightly apart.

EDWARD

There was a mutiny at the Army Camp. A siege at the Antrobuses. Charlotte was threatened.

(off Clara's reaction)

Charlotte is fine. But three of the Canadians are dead - one of them murdered by McGehan.

(off her reaction)

We've postponed demobilising tens of thousands of troops - keeping some of them oceans of miles from their homes - because of the Bolshevik threat. What happens? Thousands of men are dying from influenza - and there are scores of mutinies -

(off her reaction)

oh, yes - the War Office corridors are buzzing with rumours about mutinies - which are being blamed on the Bolsheviks! While I was in uniform, I could say nothing. I still have some reputation as a writer - I know some of the more influential newspaper editors. This scratch

(pointing to his cheek)

was a reminder to me to act, shape not just react to events. I could not even break off my own engagement -

(off Clara's reaction)

Lord Antrobus did it by letter!

He laughs.

CLARA

Charlotte -?

He looks in the direction of Remembrance: Lost Love.

EDWARD

She has grown up.

CLARA

So - ?

EDWARD

(turning to Clara)

I'm sorry. I'd meant to tell you properly. And I really did not come to rant about the military and politics. I came for two much more important reasons.

He rises and crosses to the table to collect his document case, speaking as he does so.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
One of them is The Memorial.

He returns to the chaise longue, taking some papers out of the case.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
I would like you to look at these. They relate to some additions to the design, which I would like you to approve, if you felt able.

He returns to the chaise longue, where he hands them to Clara. The only sounds are the distant noise of traffic, the ticking of the wall clock and the shuffle of the papers as she reads them. When she has finished she looks up, smiles a little tearfully and nods.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
I'd hoped you would approve. I shall instruct Ashby to carry out the work as quickly as possible so that it should be completed within a month - late July?

She nods. A pause.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
My second reason is - something I must tell you -

A beat. He looks again in the direction of Remembrance: Lost Love.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

and I know that this is not the right time but there will probably never be a right time.

He turns to her. A pause.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Clara - I love you and I have my own proposition to put to you. I want you to marry me.

CLARA

Oh, I'd thought -

EDWARD

What?

CLARA

Nothing, nothing!

EDWARD

I want us to keep all that we value in our present lives. I'd not want either of us to feel that marriage meant we would lose even a small amount of what we consider important. I think you should live most of the year in London - and visit Hoatby Manor for holidays - like the Windsors and Sandringham! -

Clara laughs.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

and, if you agreed, I should on average spend half of each month in Hoatby and half in London.

CLARA

How you have planned things! Like a military manoeuvre!

EDWARD

Well?

She rises from the chaise longue and walks to the family photographs, then looks at the poster and the two charcoal drawings and finally (as she begins to speak) through the window into the distance

CLARA

I've thought a lot about my mother's illness, about Mrs. Wilkin's loss and isolation, the importance of the Memorial and all the hatred and the bigotry it has exposed. And about you and Charlotte.

A beat. She stops and turns to Edward.

CLARA (CONT'D)

I've thought about how much you and I have in common - and how different our families and our cultures are or seem to be. And how those differences mean nothing to the two of us.

(a beat)

We have to take risks - and be hurt if we fail - or be elated if we're lucky.

She moves back quickly to sit beside him.

CLARA (CONT'D)

Otherwise we can pretend we are safe - but really all we're doing is hoping death will leave us alone. So, yes, I will marry you, Edward Standish.

They kiss, becoming increasingly passionate.

FADE TO:

INT. LONDON: BEDROOM IN CLARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

They are lying in bed, Clara in the crook of Edward's arm. They are naked, a sheet covering them. Two partly full champagne flutes are on the table on Edward's side of the bed - as is the open champagne bottle.

CLARA

I think I'll tell papa first - and then we can decide how we should tell mama. Do you think I should tell them about Bruno? I want papa to know how important you have become to me.

EDWARD

Telling them now about Bruno might hurt them more than if you had told them at the time. I am sure they would feel guilty about the secret you have had to keep all this while. Tell them about the future.

CLARA

Oh, Edward!

She turns her head and kisses his cheek.

EDWARD

You have redeemed me.

CLARA

You have redeemed yourself - through kindness, compassion and love.

They kiss slowly and with increasing sensuality.

FADE TO:

INT. HOATBY: HOATBY MANOR LIBRARY - DAY

A month has passed. The windows are wide open. We see swifts wheeling in the distant sky and hear them screeching. A typical late July day. Clara is at her easel - and Edward writing at the desk. The Library has obviously become their workroom at the Manor. They are both smoking. There is a gramophone in a corner. The Unknown soldier: A Work in Progress and Charlotte's watercolour hang behind the desk.

CLARA

How those birds screech!

Edward looks up.

EDWARD

Telepathy! I'm just writing about them!
The older country folk still call them
'Devil Birds'! The swifts migrate from
southern Africa each spring and return
to the same nest. They're monogamous -
like us.

Clara laughs.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

They make love and sleep on the wing -
they must fly forever.

A beat. They look at each other. Andrews brings in the
morning post on a tray.

ANDREWS

There is no post for you this morning,
Ma'am, I am afraid.

CLARA

Thank you.

She turns to look out of the windows.

EDWARD

Thank you, Andrews. That will be all.

ANDREWS

Thank you, sir. Ma'am.

He leaves.

EDWARD

I know you're disappointed that your
father has not written - but he did say
that he would not be able to come, that
he did not want to leave your mother
yet even for a few days.

CLARA

I know.

EDWARD

And he did come to the Registry Office
and witness our wedding.

CLARA

He looked so stricken.

EDWARD

But he came.

CLARA

Stop being so damned sensible, Edward.

There is the sound of raised voices in the corridor
outside the Library. Doctor Cosgrove rushes in and goes
straight to Edward. Andrews follows closely.

ANDREWS

I'm so sorry, Sir -

DOCTOR COSGROVE

What the hell d'you think yer doing,
man? Making yourself an outcast - and
letting that lovely girl slip through
your fingers. She's got engaged to a
baronet, you know!

He looks briefly at Clara. Edward gestures to Andrews
that he is to leave. Andrews exits.

DOCTOR COSGROVE (CONT'D)

Letters to the Times about the
Versailles Treaty being a mistake and
not joining in the celebrations - and
these damn wage increases for Hoatby
Manor staff as well as the colliers.
Are you trying to bankrupt yourself -
and the rest of the gentry?

EDWARD

Natural justice and social justice,
Doctor, are not necessarily the same as
the interests of one's class, whatever
class that might be.

A pause.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I'd like us to continue to be comrades,
Doctor.

DOCTOR COSGROVE

You mean Bolsheviks!

EDWARD

You've lost your sense of proportion -
as well as your humour.

DOCTOR COSGROVE

It's been taken from me by influenza
(a beat)
and Partition. We should have defeated
the Fenians like we did the Germans.

He leaves. Edward moves quickly to take Clara in his
arms. We hear doors slam. They hold each other close. A
beat.

EDWARD

I'd not realised until now what a
blustering innocent bigot he has
become, always was, I suppose.

CLARA

You'll win him round.

EDWARD

I'm not sure now that I want to.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOATBY: HOATBY MANOR DRIVE - DAY

It is sultry, slightly hazy but sensuously warm. Edward
and Clara are dressed in black, bareheaded and walking
arm in arm down the drive towards the entrance gates.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOATBY: HOATBY MANOR MAIN GATES - DAY

Just outside the gates, to the left, partly on the wide grass verge and partly on the road, a crowd of fifty or so has gathered - the Manor servants (including Andrews), miners and their families, estate workers and their families, villagers etc. The gentry - and Parish Council members - are absent. Mrs. Wilkin is at the back and slightly apart. The Memorial is covered by a white tarpaulin. Bellis and another footman are standing either side of the tarpaulin. Edward is standing in front of the crowd. Clara is slightly to one side.

EDWARD

Thank you all for coming today. I commissioned the Memorial because I thought it was my duty to do so, to do what my father would have done - as squire of Hoatby Manor, if you like.

(a beat)

It now means something very personal to me.

He looks at Clara and then back at the crowd.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

All of the men who will be commemorated here forever - did the best they could for their families and their comrades. I think their country let them down - in some instances, I know I personally did.

The crowd reacts off Edward's words. He nods to Bellis and the other footman to remove the tarpaulin and turns towards the Memorial. The crowd cranes forward - we see puzzlement, surprise, recognition. The edges of the twenty three slabs are rough hewn except for the edges on which the inscriptions are carved. The slabs are laid out like a partly opened fan and rest on a rough hewn limestone plinth. We focus on the plinth and its inscription.

CUT TO:

INSERT:

'Each and every one died for their country'

CUT TO:

EXT. HOATBY: HOATBY MANOR MAIN GATES - DAY

We see Edward in profile as in the opening scene but, though solemn for the occasion, he is relaxed - and a little tanned.

EDWARD

Able, George - ostler - lance corporal,
Ist Mercian Light Infantry - born: 25th
March 1897 -died: 10th October 1917 at
Passchendaele, killed in action.

A pause.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Alden, Albert - shepherd - private, Ist
Mercian Light Infantry - born: 4th
January 1898 in Hoatby - died: 1st
July 1916 on the Somme, killed in
action.

A pause.

CUT TO:

INSERT:

Armstrong, Thomas
miner
sometime sergeant
Durham Light Infantry, commended for
bravery,
born: 23rd February 1890 in Ashington
died: 14th June, at Hoatby Colliery,
killed by neglect.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOATBY: HOATBY MANOR MAIN GATES - DAY

EDWARD (V.O.)

Armstrong, Thomas
miner, sometime sergeant

Durham Light Infantry, commended for
bravery - born: 23rd February 1890 in
Ashington - died: 14th June, 1919, at
Hoatby Colliery, killed by neglect.

We focus now on various individuals in the crowd and
their reactions, while Edward's voice fades to a murmur.
We focus finally on Mrs. Wilkin, who is impassive. We
focus back to the whole scene - the Memorial, Clara,
Edward and the crowd.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Sowerby, Albert - blacksmith - private,
Ist Mercian Light Infantry - born: 10th
June 1898 in Hoatby - died: 1st July
1916 on the Somme, killed in action

A pause.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Wilkin, Edward -

We focus again on Mrs. Wilkin. Slowly, as Edward recites
the inscription, she begins to cry, but holds herself
rigid.

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

- apprentice shot firer - private, Ist
Mercian Infantry - born: 15th August
1900 in Hoatby - died: 6th November
1917 at Passchendaele, killed by his
comrades

A pause. We see the crowd gradually begin to disperse -
the Hoatby Manor servants go back through the gates,
others to right and left along the road - until only
Edward and Clara, Mrs. Wilkin and the other widows and
their children are left. Then they too disperse except
for Mrs. Wilkin, who is still weeping silently. We see
Mrs. Wilkin turn to Edward and Clara. She nods at Edward
and Clara and walks off with dignity. They look after
her - and then walk back through the gates and towards
the Manor. As they do so, Edward folds his right arm
around Clara's waist and holds her close. We see swifts
swooping above the house and, in the blue distance above

and beyond the house, a dirigible moving slowly across
the sky.

THE END

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