

THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN

a screenplay

by

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based on the novel by

John Fowles

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THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN

1. EXT. THE COBB. LYME REGIS. DAWN.. 1867.

A clapperboard. On it is written 'The French Lieutenant's Woman'. Scene 1. Take 3.

It shuts and withdraws, leaving a close shot of Anna, the actress who plays Sarah. She is holding her hair in place against the wind.

VOICE (O.S.)

All right. Let's go.

The actress nods, releases her hair. The wind catches it.

VOICE (O.S.)

Action.

Sarah starts to walk along the Cobb, a stone pier in the Harbour of Lyme. It is dawn. Windy. Deserted.

She is dressed in black. She reaches the end of the Cobb and stands still, staring out to sea.

2. EXT. WHITE LION HOTEL. LYME. DAY.

The Hotel overlooks Lyme Bay. In background Lyme High Street. Bustle. Men on horseback. Shepherds with flocks of sheep etc.

Charles' voice is heard from an open window in the hotel.

CHARLES (O.S.)

Sam!

3. INT. HOTEL ROOM. LYME. DAY.

Charles sitting in a hip bath.

CHARLES

Where the devil are you ?

4. INT. HOTEL. SITTING ROOM. LYME. DAY.

Sam is laying Charles' clothes out on a sofa. Fossils lie on various shelves.

SAM

Here, sir.

CHARLES (O.S.)

My gown!

Sam picks up gown.

5. INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

Charles climbing out of hip bath.

Sam enters with dressing gown. Charles puts it on.

SAM

I've laid out your clothes, sir.

CHARLES

What clothes ?

SAM

Your fossiling clothes.

CHARLES

I'll want my grey suit.

They move into the sitting room.

6. INT. SITTING ROOM.SAM

But I thought you were going fossiling this morning, sir.

Charles sits. Sam places a towel round his neck, dips brush in bowl, and begins to lather Charles' face.

CHARLES

No fossils today, Sam. Today is a day for action. I've been an absolute one hundred per cent - heaven forgive me - damned idiot. I shall do it this morning, immediately after breakfast!

SAM

Do what, sir ?

CHARLES

I should have done it weeks ago.

Sam picks up cut-throat razor and begins to shave Charles.

SAM

Ah. Well, better late than never, sir.

CHARLES

But first, breakfast! A double dose of muffins. And then to Miss Ernestina's. I'll shave myself this morning.

He takes razor.

And kidneys and liver and bacon.

Sam goes to the door.

And Sam!

SAM

Mr. Charles ?

6 CONTINUED

CHARLES

When we are at Mrs. Tranter's be sure you don't dally with Miss Ernestina's maid.

SAM

Me, sir ? Dally, sir ?

CHARLES

This is my day, not yours.

Sam goes out. Charles looks at himself in the mirror, shaves.

7. EXT. STREET. LYME. DAY.

Carriage, with Charles and Sam in it, going up hill along the High Street.

8. EXT. MRS. TRANTER'S HOUSE. DAY.

The carriage arrives. Charles jumps out, strides to the front door. It is opened at once by Mary.

MARY

Good morning, sir.

CHARLES

Good morning. Please tell your mistress I would like to see her. Ah! Mrs. Tranter!

He takes off his hat and walks in.

Mary remains at the door for a moment, looking at Sam.

9. SAM WINKING AT MARY.

10. INT. MRS. TRANTER'S HOUSE. HALL.

Mrs. Tranter walks towards Charles.

MRS. TRANTER

Charles! My goodness, you are up early!

10 CONTINUEDCHARLES

Good morning Mrs. Tranter. A beautiful morning.

MRS. TRANTER

It is indeed.

CHARLES

Is Ernestina ... awake ?

MRS. TRANTER

Mary, is my niece awake ?

MARY

She is, mu'm.

MRS. TRANTER

Tell her Mr. Charles is here.

MARY

Yes, mu'm.

Mary bobs and goes up the stairs.

CHARLES

Might it be possible for me to see Ernestina ...
alone ?

11. INT. STAIRCASE.

Mary stops and looks down into the hall.

MRS. TRANTER

But of course. Of course.

She leads Charles towards the garden room.

Mary turns quickly and hurries up the stairs.

12. INT. ERNESTINA'S BEDROOM.

Ernestina half dressed. Mary knocks and enters.

MARY

Mr. Charles is here, Miss, to see you.

ERNESTINA

Mr. Charles ?

MARY

He's downstairs waiting for you Miss.
He wants to speak to you.

ERNESTINA

Oh, dear! What shall I ...
What dress shall I wear ?

MARY

Oh your green is so lovely Miss. You look as
pretty as a picture in your green.

ERNESTINA

Yes, yes. My green. I'll wear that.

13. INT. GARDEN ROOM.

MRS. TRANTER

The conservatory ... is a private place.
Will that suit ?

CHARLES

It will suit. Thank you. I shall wait for
her ... in the conservatory.

14. INT. KITCHEN.

The Cook at the sink.

Sam at the window, looking across the garden into the
conservatory. Charles' figure can be discerned, walking
about.

14. CONTINUED

COOK

I always thought you from London spent half the day in bed.

SAM

No ma'm. Up and about, we're always up and about, early birds ready to catch the early worm, ma'm. Us Londoners.

COOK

I didn't know you had worms in London.

Ernestina can be seen going into the conservatory.

Mary comes into the kitchen.

SAM

She's gone in to him.

MARY

Doesn't she look a princess ?

COOK

What's going on in this house this morning ?

15. INT. GARDEN ROOM.

Mrs. Tranter looking at Ernestina and Charles through the conservatory window. Charles is talking.

16. INT. CONSERVATORY. DAY.

CHARLES

... No, the real reason for calling at such an unseemly hour is my urgent need to make a confession to you.

ERNESTINA

What is your crime ?

16 CONTINUED

Charles clears his throat.

CHARLES

It cannot have escaped your notice that it is fully six weeks since I came down here to Lyme from London. The purpose of my trip was scientific - to explore the flint beds of the Undercliff, west of the town, for the particular kind of fossil, known as the echinoderm, which is my especial -

ERNESTINA

You promised a confession, Charles, not a lecture.

CHARLES

Allow me a moment.

ERNESTINA

It is most tiresome to listen to things one doesn't understand before breakfast.

She looks towards the house and glimpses Mrs. Tranter. Mrs. Tranter scurries away.

CHARLES

What I was going to say was that I came to Lyme for fossils - but I have stayed for you.

ERNESTINA

Ah!

CHARLES

For your sweet company.

ERNESTINA

Now there's a simpler notion. I can understand that.

17. INT. MRS. TRANTER'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Mrs. Tranter tiptoes into her bedroom. She moves to the window from which she can see the conservatory below.

18. INT. KITCHEN.

SAM

She's not going to turn him down, is she ?

MARY

Never. She'd give her left arm. And all her dresses.

19. INT. CONSERVATORY

CHARLES

It was my intention to ask you if I might speak to your father, but I realise my chances of success are slender.

ERNESTINA

Your chances with papa, do you mean ?

CHARLES

Precisely. He knows my views on Mr. Darwin for example, and I know his. I can hardly expect him to allow his daughter to marry a man who believes his grandfather to be an ape - although in my case a titled ape.

ERNESTINA

Are you suggesting that it is entirely papa's decision ?

CHARLES

Oh no. It is yours.

ERNESTINA

Yes. It is. Papa will do what I want and I will do what I want.

19 CONTINUEDCHARLES

In that case ... might you take pity on
a crusty old scientist, who holds you very
dear ... and marry me ?

Ernestina bursts into tears.

ERNESTINA

Oh Charles! I have waited so long for this
moment.

He takes her hands.

20. INT. KITCHEN.SAM

He's home and dry.

21. INT. MRS. TRANTER'S BEDROOM.

Mrs. Tranter watching, delighted, her hand to her mouth.

22. INT. CONSERVATORY.

Charles under an overhanging branch.

CHARLES

This is not mistletoe, but it will do.

ERNESTINA

Oh Charles ...

They kiss chastely.

23. HOTEL ROOM. EARLY MORNING. PRESENT. 1979.

*Dim light. A man and a woman in bed asleep. It is at once
clear that they are the man and woman playing Charles and
Sarah, but we do not immediately appreciate that the time
is the present.*

23 CONTINUED

A telephone rings.

Mike turns, lifts receiver.

MIKE

Yes? (pause) Who is it? (pause)

Yes, it is. (pause) I'll tell her.

Mike puts the phone down, turns on light, wakes Anna.

MIKE

Anna.

ANNA

Mmmn?

MIKE

You're late. They're waiting for you.

ANNA

Oh God.

She sits up.

What happened to the alarm call?

MIKE

I don't know.

ANNA (yawning)

Who called?

MIKE

Jack.

She looks at him.

ANNA

Did you answer the phone?

23 CONTINUEDMIKE

Yes.

ANNA

But then - they'll know you're in my room,
they'll all know.

MIKE

In your bed.

He kisses her.

I want them to know.

ANNA

They'll tell my husband. Christ, look at the
time.

She gets out of bed, naked, puts on a short gown, looks
in mirror, brushes her hair.

ANNA

They'll fire me for immorality.

He gets out of bed, naked, goes to her, touches her.

They'll think I'm a whore.

MIKE

You are.

24. EXT. HOTEL. PRESENT.

Anna getting into car. It drives off.

25. INT. CAR.

Anna sitting.

CHAUFFEUR

Chilly morning.

26. INT. SMALL COTTAGE. LYME. DAY.

Two labourers are carrying a coffin down the stairs.
They have difficulty manoeuvring it.

They pass the sitting figure of Sarah and carry the
coffin into the street, leaving the door open.

Sarah is sitting by the window, drawing.

27. CLOSE UP. THE DRAWING.

The drawing is of an old woman on her death bed.

28. INT. COTTAGE.

The Vicar's voice is heard giving instructions to the
labourers. He comes into the room. He looks down at
Sarah. She continues to draw.

VICAR

You realise you cannot stay here any longer ?
I happen to know that Miss Duff has made no
provision for you in her will. The place is to
be sold.

pause

How much money do you possess ?

pause

28 CONTINUEDVICAR (Cont ...)

When did you last eat ?

pause

Miss Woodruff, I think I know
someone who can help you. Mrs. Poulteney
from the Grange. She might take you in.

Sarah looks up.

SARAH

Does her house overlook the sea ?

VICAR

It does. Yes.

SARAH

Then I would be grateful for your good offices,
Vicar.

29. OMITTED.30. EXT. MR. FREEMAN'S WHARF. PORT OF LONDON. DAY.

A carriage draws up. Charles gets out of it and looks
about him. A ship unloading. Tea chests, on pulleys, being
deposited on the wharf. They are stamped: 'Freeman's Teas'.
Men wheeling the tea chests towards the warehouse. Dray
horses with carts standing by.

31. INT. MR. FREEMAN'S OFFICE. WAREHOUSE. DAY.

The office looks over the wharf. Mr. Freeman and Charles
are sitting at his desk.

31 CONTINUED

MR. FREEMAN

Yes, indeed. I recognise, Charles, that you bring to Ernestina not only your love and protection, but also ... in time ... a considerable inheritance.

CHARLES

That is so.

MR. FREEMAN

I know my daughter loves you. You seem to me an upright man. Let us shake hands.

They stand and shake hands. Mr. Freeman clasps Charles' shoulder warmly.

MR. FREEMAN

I started here, Charles, with my dear wife at my side.

He looks up at a portrait of Mrs. Freeman. Charles, too, looks up.

31 A. INT. MR. FREEMAN'S WAREHOUSE. DAY.

A large body of men stacking tea chests as they arrive from the wharf. Mr. Freeman and Charles walk through the warehouse.

MR. FREEMAN

We could have met at my office in the City, but I thought you would be interested to see this place.

CHARLES

Indeed I am.

MR. FREEMAN

In a few months we shall be opening depots in Bristol and Liverpool.

They walk out onto the wharf.

31 B. EXT. THE WHARF. DAY.

The ship unloading.

Mr. Freeman and Charles survey the scene.

MR. FREEMAN

You know I have no son, Charles ?

CHARLES

I do, sir, yes.

MR. FREEMAN

This isn't the time to talk about it, but if you ever felt disposed to explore the world of commerce, I would be delighted to be your guide.

Charles looks at him.

CHARLES

Thank you.

MR. FREEMAN

The times are on our side, dear boy. This is the age of progress, Charles. Progress is like a lively horse. Either you collar it or you come a cropper. We can make a veritable paradise here if we set our hearts and minds to it. I am convinced, Charles, that one day an empire of sorts will come to Ernestina and yourself. And thereafter to your children.

PAGES 17, 18 AND 19 ARE OMITTED. THE NEXT PAGE IN THE SCRIPT IS

PAGE: - 20

32 EXT. THE COBB. LOWER LEVEL. LYME. DAY.

Charles and Ernestina walking towards the camera.

CHARLES

It was after that, when all had been agreed and the lawyers duly informed, that we had ... well ... a small philosophical disagreement.

ERNESTINA

Oh dear, don't tell me.
Did he talk of his famous 'empire' ?

CHARLES

He did.

ERNESTINA

And did he propose that you might one day want to join him in the ruling of it?

CHARLES

No, no. Quite the contrary. He was most respectful of what he called my position as a 'scientist and a gentleman'.

ERNESTINA

Then why did you quarrel ?

CHARLES

It was hardly a quarrel. I merely gave him a short dissertation on the subject of the Theory of Evolution -

ERNESTINA

Oh Charles! How wicked of you to taunt him with that!

32 CONTINUEDCHARLES

If it was a taunt, he threw it effortlessly back in my face. He ventured the opinion that Mr. Darwin should be exhibited in a cage in the zoological gardens. In the monkey house.

Charles stops walking. A gust of wind. They are near the steps to the upper level of the Cobb.

CHARLES

And now shall we return? The wind is getting -

ERNESTINA

Too strong for a delicate Londoner?
I insist on showing you the one landmark
Lyme has to offer.

She climbs the steps. He follows. A gust of wind. She clings to him. They reach the upper level of the Cobb.

ERNESTINA

I should have thought you might have welcomed the wind. It provides reason for your continuing to hold my arm without impropriety.

They suddenly see Sarah standing at the very end of the Cobb, looking out to sea. The wind blows her shawl.

CHARLES

Good Lord! What on earth is she doing?

ERNESTINA

Who is it?

32 CONTINUEDCHARLES

I don't know.

Ernestina peers at the woman.

ERNESTINA

Oh, it's poor 'Tragedy'.

CHARLES

Tragedy ?

ERNESTINA

One of her nicknames. The fisherman have a grosser name for her.

CHARLES

What ?

ERNESTINA

They call her the French Lieutenant's ...

She looks at him.

... Woman.

CHARLES

Do they ?

A stronger gust of wind. The woman sways, clutches a cannon bollard.

CHARLESI must speak to her. She could fall.
(To Ernestina) Please go down.

He takes her to the steps.

32 CONTINUED

ERNESTINA

She won't thank you. She's mad.

CHARLES

It's dangerous.

Ernestina descends the steps. Charles runs towards Sarah.

Madam!

The woman does not turn.

Charles speaks loudly above the wind and sea.

Forgive me, I am alarmed for your safety.

The wind -

She turns sharply, stares at him.

He stops speaking.

33. CLOSE UP. SARAH. STARING AT HIM.

34. EXT. THE COBB. LONG SHOT DAY.

Charles and Sarah, staring at each other.

35. INT. MRS. TRANTER'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY.

Mary setting sandwiches and cakes on a tray.

Sam approaches her from behind, squeezes her waist.

The servants' bell rings.

MARY

They want their tea.

SAM

Let them wait.

35. CONTINUEDMARY

Don't be silly.

SAM

You don't want to spoil them.

He tickles her. She giggles.

The bell rings again.

36. INT. ERNESTINA'S SITTING ROOM. DAY.

Ernestina at bell pull. Charles is looking out of the window.

ERNESTINAWhat is she doing ? I'm dying for my tea.CHARLES

Tell me, who is this French Lieutenant ?

ERNESTINA

Oh ... he is a man she is said to have ...

CHARLES

Fallen in love with ?

ERNESTINA

Worse than that.

CHARLES

Ah. And he abandoned her ? Is there a child ?

ERNESTINA

I think not. Oh, it's all gossip.

36 CONTINUEDCHARLES

What is she doing here ?

ERNESTINA

They say she is waiting for him to return.

Ernestina goes to the bell pull and pulls it.

CHARLES

How banal.

37. INT. KITCHEN.

The bell ringing.

Mary trying to get away from Sam's embrace.

MARY

Stop it!

38. INT. SITTING ROOM.ERNESTINAWhere is the girl ? It's probably your man making eyes at her.CHARLES

Out of the question. My man is a true gentleman's gentleman.

ERNESTINA

Huh!

CHARLES

But how does she live ?

38 CONTINUED

ERNESTINA

Who ?

CHARLES

This ... French Lieutenant's Woman.

ERNESTINA

She sews, or something. Oh, really, I don't want to talk about her.

39. INT. MRS. POULTENEY'S HOUSE. WINDOW IN HALL. DAY.

Sarah standing, looking out of window.
Servants on stairs watch her.
Mr. Fairley passes her, without a glance.

From the landing the Vicar's voice.

VICAR

Miss Woodruff, would you please come up ?

Sarah climbs the stairs, past the servants. The Vicar is waiting at the door of Mrs. Poulteney's room.

VICAR

Do come in.

40. INT. MRS. POULTENEY'S SITTING ROOM.

Mrs. Poulteney is sitting.

VICAR

Mrs. Poulteney, this is Miss Woodruff.

MRS. POULTENEY

Ah. I see.

She studies her.

40. CONTINUED

MRS. POULTENEY (Cont ...)

I wish, as the Vicar has told you, to take a companion. The Vicar has indicated to me that you might be a suitable person for such a post. You are without employment ?

SARAH

I am, ma'm.

MRS. POULTENEY

But you have education ? You have been a governess ?

SARAH

I have, ma'm.

MRS. POULTENEY

The post of companion requires a person of irreproachable moral character. I have my servants to consider.

The Vicar coughs.

Mrs. Poulteney looks at him and then turns back to regard Sarah in silence.

MRS. POULTENEY

You speak French, I believe ?

SARAH

I do, ma'm.

MRS. POULTENEY

I do not like the French.

The Vicar coughs again.

40 CONTINUED

MRS. POULTENEY

Perhaps you might leave us now, Mr. Forsythe ?

VICAR

Yes, of course, Mrs. Poulteney.

He stands and bows.

Good afternoon.

He leaves the room.

MRS. POULTENEY

Mr. Forsythe informs me that you retain an attachment to a ... foreign person.

SARAH

I do not wish to speak of it, ma'm.

Mrs. Poulteney stares at her.

MRS. POULTENEY

But what if this person returns. What then ?

Sarah bows her head and shakes it.

You shake your head, but I have heard, from the most impeccable witnesses, that you are always to be seen at the same place when you are out. You stand on the Cobb and look to sea.

Sarah looks at her.

I have been encouraged to believe that you are in a state of repentance, but I must emphasise that such staring out to sea is provocative, intolerable and sinful.

40 CONTINUEDSARAH

You clearly consider me unsuitable for this position, Mrs. Poulteney. Do you wish me to leave the house ?

MRS. POULTENEY

I wish you to show that this ... person is expunged from your heart.

SARAH

How am I to show it ?

MRS. POULTENEY

By not exhibiting your shame.

pause

SARAH

I will do as you wish, ma'm.

MRS. POULTENEY

I will not have French books in my house.

SARAH

I possess none.

MRS. POULTENEY

I would desire you to be constant in your attendance at divine service.

SARAH

Yes, ma'm.

MRS. POULTENEY

God console us in our adversity.

40 CONTINUEDSARAH

Yes, ma'm.

pause

MRS. POULTENEY

I would like to hear you read from the bible.
Psalm 121. If your expression is agreeable
to me, you shall have the position.

She hands Sarah a bible.

41. INT. DRESSINGROOM. PRESENT.

*Anna is standing in her corset, her back to the camera.
Her dresser is unlacing the corset. It comes off. Anna
rubs her waist. She sighs with relief.*

ANNA*Christ!*42. INT. MRS. POULTENEY'S SITTING ROOM. EVENING.

Mrs. Poulteney and Sarah, in different dresses, sitting.
Sarah is reading from the Bible; Psalm 140.

SARAH

Deliver me, O Lord, from the evil man;
Preserve me from the violent man;
Which imagine mischiefs in their heart;
Continually are they gathered for war;
They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent;
Adders' poison is under their lip. Selah.
Keep me, O Lord, from the hands of the wicked;
Preserve me from the violent man,
Who have purposed to overthrow my goings.

Sarah looks at Mrs. Poulteney, who has fallen asleep.

48. INT. HOTEL ROOM. LYME. NIGHT. PRESENT.

Anna, with glasses on, reading a book. Mike reading the sports page of a newspaper. She looks up.

ANNA

Wow!

MIKE

What ?

ANNA (referring to book)

In 1867 there were six thousand brothels in London and eighty thousand prostitutes. The male population of London was one million three hundred thousand, but the prostitutes had two million clients a week.

MIKE

Two million!

ANNA

You know when I say - in the graveyard scene - about going to London ? Wait.

She picks up her script of The French Lieutenant's Woman, flips the pages, finds the page. She reads aloud:

'If I went to London I know what I should become. I should become what some already call me in Lyme'

MIKE

Yes ?

ANNA

Well, you see, quite a number of the prostitutes were originally servants and governesses.

43 CONTINUED.ANNA (cont...)

If they lost their job, that was it. They had no chance. No choice. They were on the streets. That's what she's really jawed with, you see. I mean, it's real.

MIKE

The male population was one million three hundred thousand but the prostitutes had two million clients a week?

ANNA

Yes.

MIKE

That means that - outside of marriage - a Victorian Gentleman had about two point five fucks a week.

She looks at him.

44. EXT. UNDERCLIFF. DAY.

The Undercliff is a great dense wood in-land of the cliffs, looking over Lyme Bay. It has a very strange atmosphere, quite un-English in character. The terrain is abrupt, cut by deep chasms and towers of chalk and flint cliffs. The undergrowth is matted, the foliage lush. The ashes and beech trees are vast and tangled. Chasms are choked with ivy and wild clematis. The bracken is eight feet tall. Masses of wild flowers.

44 CONTINUED

Charles, dressed in his fossil-hunting clothes, and carrying equipment, stands looking up at the vast trees above him.

45. CHARLES SEEN, FROM HIGH, THROUGH TREES.46. HAMMER ON FLINT.

The camera tracks back to reveal Charles at the bottom of an inland flint cliff, hammering. He puts hammer down, takes out chisel, begins to scrape the surface. He puts chisel down, drinks from water-bottle, cools his forehead with water. He is about to pick up chisel when he looks down sharply.

47. THE TREES. CHARLES' P.O.V.

A figure glimpsed, moving through trees.

48. CHARLES LIFTING SMALL TELESCOPE.49. THE TREES, MAGNIFIED.

Stillness.

50. UNDERCLIFF

Charles leaves the flint cliff. He looks at the place where he had glimpsed the figure. He hesitates, and then goes towards the trees.

He tramps through the matted undergrowth, suddenly falls. He stands. He goes on. Branches claw at him.

50. CONTINUED

He suddenly finds a path. He follows it.
It opens onto a little green plateau, studded with
wildflowers.

He is close to the edge of the Undercliff.

51. LYME BAY FAR BELOW52. CHARLES ON THE PLATEAU.

The plateau goes to a brink. He walks towards it and
looks down.

53. THE LEDGE

On the broad sloping ledge of grass Sarah is sitting.

The ledge is five feet below the plateau. Below it is
a mass of brambles - beyond it the cliff falling to the
sea.

54. THE PLATEAU

Charles looking down.

55. THE LEDGE.

Sarah sitting on the ledge, looking out to sea.

She turns sharply, and sees Charles.

She stands quickly, stares at him.

56. CHARLES AND SARAHCHARLES

I am very sorry to disturb you.

He turns and climbs back towards the path.

57. C.H. SARAH. DRESSING ROOM. PRESENT.

She takes off her wig, puts it on a table. She shakes her hair loose. She lies back in a chair, closes her eyes.

A hand takes her wig, and places a coca-cola by her side.

58. EXT. THE DAIRY.

Charles seen emerging from trees. He walks towards the dairy. The dairy woman sitting by the door. She looks up as he approaches.

59. INT. MRS. TRANTER'S HOUSE. DAY.

Mary opening front door. Sam stands on the doorstep with a bunch of flowers.

SAM

For the lovely young lady upstairs.

He gives the flowers to Mary and brings a small posy from behind his back.

SAM

And for the even more lovely one down.

He gives the posy to her. She smells the flowers and looks at him through them.

60. INT. DAIRY.

A slant-roofed room. Slate floor. A line of scalding bowls, copper pans on wooden trestles, each with a golden crust of cream, ranged under the cheeses.

The Dairywoman is ladling milk from a churn into a china bowl. Charles receives it and drinks.

The Dairyman comes in the door; a vast bald man. The woman disappears. The man stares.

CHARLES

Very fine milk.

The man stares.

How much do I owe you ?

MAN

A penny.

Charles gives him a penny.

61. EXT. DAIRY.

Charles comes out, followed by the Dairyman. They stand a moment.

CHARLES

Thank you very much.

Suddenly a figure in black appears out of the trees walking on the path towards Lyme. It is Sarah. She glances in their direction and goes on. The two men watch her.

CHARLES

Do you know that lady ?

DAIRYMAN

Aye.

61. CONTINUEDCHARLES

Does she come this way often ?

DAIRYMAN

Often enough. And she been't no lady.
She be the French loot'n'nts Whore.

Charles glares at him.

62. INT. ERNESTINA'S ROOM. DAY.

A knock at the door. Mary comes in, with flowers.

MARY

From Mr. Charles, Miss Tina. With his
compliments.

ERNESTINA

Did he bring them himself ?

MARY

No, miss.

ERNESTINA

Where is Mr. Charles ?

MARY

Don't know, miss. I didn't ask him.

ERNESTINA

Ask who ?

MARY

His servant, miss.

ERNESTINA

But I heard you speak with him.

MARY

Yes, miss.

62 CONTINUEDERNESTINA

What about ?

MARY

Oh just the time of day, miss.

ERNESTINA

You will kindly remember that he comes from London.

MARY

Yes, miss.

ERNESTINA

If he makes advances I wish to be told at once. Now bring me some barley water.

Sullenly Mary bows a curtsey and leaves the room.

Ernestina takes envelope from flowers and opens it.

63. THE LETTER.

'For my beloved. Charles.'

64. EXT. UNDERCLIFF.

Sarah walking.

Charles pursuing her. He catches her up.

CHARLES

Madam!

Sarah stops, turns to him.

He smiles.

64 CONTINUED.

CHARLES

I am very sorry to have disturbed you just now.

She inclines her head, moves on. He walks with her.

CHARLES

I gather you have recently become ... secretary to Mrs. Poulteney. May I accompany you ? Since we walk in the same direction ?

She stops.

SARAH

I prefer to walk alone.

They stand.

CHARLES

May I introduce myself ?

SARAH

I know who you are.

CHARLES

Ah ... then ?

SARAH

Kindly allow me to go on my way alone.

pause

And please tell no-one you have seen me in this place.

She walks on.

He remains still, looking after her.

26. ACT; CARAVAN; PRESENT; DAY;

Anna in her caravan. A knock on the door.

ANNA

Hello!

Mike comes in.

MIKE

May I introduce myself?

ANNA

I know who you are.

They smile. He closes the door.

MIKE

So you prefer to walk alone?

ANNA

Me? Not me. Her.

MIKE

I enjoyed that.

ANNA

What?

MIKE

Our exchange. Out there.

ANNA

Did you? I never know ...

MIKE

Know what?

85. CONTINUED

ANNA

Whether it's any good.

MIKE

Listen. Do you find me - ?

ANNA

What ?

MIKE

Sympathetic.

ANNA

Mmm. Definitely.

MIKE

I don't mean me. I mean him.

ANNA

Definitely.

MIKE

But you still prefer to walk alone ?

ANNA

I said -

MIKE

Yes, sorry - you don't. She does.
You prefer company.

He strokes the back of her neck.

Do you ?

ANNA (smiling)

Not always. Sometimes I prefer to walk alone.

MIKE

Tell me, when you said that - outside -
you swished your skirt - very provocative.
Did you mean it?

ANNA

Well, it worked. Didn't it?

Third assistant's face at door.

THIRD ASSISTANT

We're going again.

66. EXT. UNDERCLIFF. DAY. ANOTHER ANGLE.

CHARLES

May I accompany you? Since we walk in the
same direction?

She stops.

SARAH

I prefer to walk alone.

CHARLES

May I introduce myself?

SARAH

I know who you are.

She collapses in laughter. He grins.

VOICE (O.S.)

Cut! (with bewilderment) What's going
on?

67. INT. MRS. POULTENEY'S SITTING ROOM. DAY.

Mrs. Poulteney is sitting. Sarah standing.

Mrs. Poulteney is looking away from Sarah.

MRS. POULTENEY

I should never have listened to the Vicar.
I should have listened to the dictates of
my own common sense. You are a cunning, wicked
creature.

pause

SARAH

May I know of what I am accused ?

Mrs. Poulteney turns sharply to her.

MRS. POULTENEY

You have been seen walking on the Undercliff!
Not twice, but thrice!

SARAH

But what, pray, is the sin in that ?

MRS. POULTENEY

The sin! You, a young woman, alone,
in such a place!

SARAH

It is nothing but a large wood.

MRS. POULTENEY

I know very well what it is. And what
goes on there - the sort of person who
frequents it.

SARAH

No-one frequents it. I go there to be alone.

67 CONTINUED.

MRS. POULTENEY

Do you contradict me, Miss ? Am I not to know what I speak of ?

pause

I will permit no-one in my employ to go to or to be seen near, that place. You will confine your walks to where it is seemly. Do I make myself clear ?

SARAH

Yes. I am to walk in the paths of righteousness.

Mrs. Poulteney looks at her sharply.

68. INT. MRS. TRANTER'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY.

Mary bustling about the kitchen. Sam, with his feet up, watching her.

SAM

Why don't you come with the young lady, when they're married, as her maid ?

MARY

I'm Mrs. Tranter's maid.

SAM

She wouldn't mind.

He stands and moves to her.

I could show you around London, see the sights.

MARY

You wouldn't want to go walking out with me in London, with all them fashionable London girls.

68 CONTINUED

SAM

If you had the clothes, you'd do. You'd do very nice.

She moves away.

MARY

You're joking with me.

SAM

I'm dead serious. I'm not going to stay a servant all my life. Not by a long chalk. I'm going to be a draper. I want my own shop.

She looks at him wide-eyed.

All I need is one hundred pounds.

MARY

And where are you going to get that ?

SAM

I'll get it.

He takes her face in his hands, kisses her, murmurs softly: -

I'll get it.

69. INT. ERNESTINA'S SITTING ROOM. DAY.

Ernestina is lying on a chaise longue wearing a peignoir. Charles is kissing her hand.

ERNESTINA

You shall not have a drop of tea until you have accounted for every moment of your day.

69 CONTINUED

Charles brings from behind his back a fossil and gives it to her.

CHARLES

A gift - for you.

ERNESTINA

Good gracious! How pretty.
What is it ?

CHARLES

An echinoderm. It was once a sea urchin, of sorts.

ERNESTINA

Where did you find it ?

CHARLES

I have been exploring the Undercliff.

ERNESTINA

The Undercliff ? But it's supposed to be dangerous and disreputable. The only people who go there ... are servants.

CHARLES

And why do they go there ?

ERNESTINA

I hear they go there ... to dally.

CHARLES

Do they indeed ?
Well, I saw no dallying servants.

ERNESTINA

Nor dallying scientists ?

69 CONTINUED.

CHARLES (smiling)

No.

pause

ERNESTINA

You don't intend to take me there, I hope.

CHARLES

Certainly not. The place is full of wild and ferocious animals. I wouldn't want you eaten up.

She takes his hand.

ERNESTINA

Charles ... please tell me ... do you think me very foolish? I mean to say ... do you think me a child? You see, I'm so little educated. But I am a person of feeling.

He squeezes her hand.

CHARLES

You are a person of sweet feeling.

70. EXT. MRS. POULTENEY'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The house is dark.

A figure can be seen looking out of an upper window.

71. INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Sarah standing by the window, looking out to sea.

She is in her nightgown, her hair is loose.

She is crying.

71 CONTINUED.

A church bell rings nine o'clock.
Far out to sea a lantern winks.

A door slam O.S. Voices: Millie sobbing; Mrs. Fairley's voice; 'Come on you wretch!' The voices descend.

MILLIE (O.S.)

Oh, mum, it's not my fault!

MRS. FAIRLEY (O.S.)

Slut!

MILLIE (O.S.)

I'm ill, mum.

MRS. FAIRLEY (O.S.)

You should be whipped!

Sarah stands. A door below opens and closes.
Sarah walks to the door of her room and opens it.

72. INT. MRS. POULTENEY'S DRAWING ROOM.

MRS. POULTENEY (to Millie)

The ferns are dying! You have left them to die.
You have left them for dead.

MRS. FAIRLEY

For the second time this week, Mrs. Poulteney.

MRS. POULTENEY.

Appalling! I will tolerate much, but I will
not tolerate this!

73. INT. LANDING.

Sarah stands on the landing, looking down. Mrs. Poulteney's door opens. Millie rushes out sobbing, up the stairs, past Sarah, and stumbles up the next flight to her room. Sarah follows.

74. INT. MILLIE'S ROOM

Millie moaning on her bed. Sarah comes in and goes to her.

SARAH

Millie. Are you unwell ?

She bends over her.

Are you unwell ?

MILLIE

Oh, miss, I've been sick, oh so sick,
I've fainted twice, I've not been well,
I've fainted twice.

She sobs. Sarah puts a blanket over her.

SARAH

You shall have a doctor, Millie.

MILLIE

Oh, I hate it, miss. I hate this house.
But what can I do ? My cousin, miss, was
thrown out of service, because she got the
measles. She went to the bad. I don't want
to go to the bad, miss.

Sarah strokes Millie's hair. Millie quietens.

SARAH (softly)

There. There.

75. INT. HOTEL. EMPTY BILLIARD ROOM. NIGHT. PRESENT.

Mike and Anna rehearsing, holding scripts.

MIKE

Miss Woodruff!

ANNA

Just a minute, I've lost the place.

She turns pages of script.

MIKE

I suddenly see you. You've got your coat caught in brambles. I see you, then you see me. We look at each other, then I say: 'Miss Woodruff'.

ANNA

All right.

MIKE

Right. I see you. Get your coat caught in the bramble.

She mimes her coat caught in bramble.

MIKE

Right. Now I'm looking at you. You see me. Look at me.

ANNA

I am.

MIKE

Miss Woodruff!

ANNA

I'm looking at you.

MIKE

Yes, but now you come towards me, to pass me. It's a narrow path, muddy.

She walks towards him.

MIKE

You slip in the mud.

ANNA

Whoops!

She falls.

MIKE

*Beautiful. Now I have to help you up.
(He refers to the script) You look up at
me, a look both 'timid and forbidding'.*

ANNA

*Timid and forbidding? How the hell do I
do that?*

MIKE

Just feel your way into it.

ANNA

Let's start again.

She goes back to the chair.

*I've got my coat caught in the brambles.
Suddenly you see me. Then I see you.*

MIKE

Miss Woodruff!

75 CONTINUED

She moves her coat caught in brambles, tugs at it, walks along, and towards him. He steps aside. She moves swiftly to pass him, and slips. She falls to her knees. He bends to help her up. She looks up at him. He stops a moment, looking down, and then gently lifts her. With his hand on her elbow, he leads her towards the window.

MIKE

I dread to think, Miss Woodruff, what would happen if you should one day turn your ankle in a place like this.

She is silent, looking down.

He looks down at her face, her mouth.

ANNA

I must ... go back.

MIKE

*Will you permit me to say something first?
I know I am a stranger to you, but -*

SHARP CUT TO: -

76. SARAH TURNING SHARPLY. A BRANCH SNAPPING.77. UNDERCLIFF. DAY.

Men's low voices.

Charles standing. Sarah moving swiftly over the grass and disappearing behind a thicket of gorse.

The voices come nearer. Suddenly a dog and two men appear, in the undergrowth. The dog barks, the men stare at Charles and then withdraw hurriedly. Racing footsteps; a shrill whistle; the dog turns and disappears after the men.

77 CONTINUED.

Silence.

78. THE THICKET OF GORSE.

Sarah stands, tensely.

Charles appears.

CHARLES

They have gone. Poachers, I should think.

The gorse is in full bloom. He studies her standing against it.

CHARLES

It was not really necessary to hide.

SARAH

No gentleman who cares for his good name can be seen with the scarlet woman of Lyme.

CHARLES

Miss Woodruff, I know something ... about your circumstances. I deplore your unfortunate situation. It cannot be ... any great pleasure to be in Mrs. Poultney's employ.

She does not respond.

You should leave Lyme. I understand you have excellent qualifications. I would be happy to make enquiries for you in London.

SARAH

I cannot leave this place.

CHARLES

Why? You have no family ties, I believe, that confine you to Dorset?

78 CONTINUEDSARAH

I have ties.

CHARLES

To this French gentleman ?

She turns away.

Permit me to insist. These matters
are like wounds. If no-one dares speak of
them, they fester. If he does not return,
he was not worthy of you. If he returns,
I cannot believe that he will be so easily put
off -

SARAH

He will never return.

pause

CHARLES

You fear he will never return ?

SARAH

I know he will never return.

CHARLES

I do not take your meaning.

She looks away, stays silent, looks back at him.
She speaks calmly, looking into his eyes.

SARAH

He is married.

79. MRS. TRANTER'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY.

Mary, the Cook and undermaid preparing a tray of tea. Sam sitting.

MARY

It's that Mrs. Poulteney. The one who kicked me out onto the street.

SAM

Is it? Poison her tea.

MARY

I'm not frightened of her. I work here now, where I'm respected.

SAM

I'll say you are. Ugly old devil.

MARY

She is that.

SAM

Who's that with her?

MARY

Don't you know her? That's poor 'Tragedy'.

The servants' bell rings. They all look up.

80. MRS. TRANTER'S HOUSE. GARDEN ROOM. DAY.

Mrs. Tranter, Mrs. Poulteney, Sarah, Ernestina and Charles, sitting.

MRS. TRANTER

Miss Woodruff, it is a pleasure to meet you.
Are you liking Lyme?

Charles looks at Sarah.

SO CONTINUEDSARAH

Thank you ma'm. Yes.

MRS. TRANTER

Were you born far from Lyme ?

SARAH

In Dorchester ma'm. It is not very far.

A knock on the door. Mary and the undermaid enter with the tea.

MRS. TRANTER

Ah, tea! Thank you Mary.

Mrs. Poulteney glares at Mary. Mary ignores her. The maids set the tea.

MRS. POULTENEY (to Ernestina)

How long will you remain in Lyme, Miss Freeman ?

ERNESTINA

Oh, for the summer. I must say, Mrs. Poulteney, you look exceedingly well.

MRS. POULTENEY

At my age, Miss Freeman, spiritual health is all that counts.

ERNESTINA

Then I have no fears for you.

MRS. POULTENEY

With gross disorders on the streets it becomes even more necessary to protect the sacredness of one's beliefs.

CHARLES

Gross disorders on the streets, Mrs. Poulteney ?

80 CONTINUEDMRS. POULTENEY

Certainly, Mr. Smithson. Even a disciple of Darwin, such as I understand you to be, could not fail to notice the rise of the animal about us. It no doubt pleases you, since it would accord with your view that we are all monkeys.

CHARLES

I must look more closely into it, Mrs. Poulteney, the next time I find myself on a street.

Mary and the undermaid leave the room. Mrs. Tranter begins to pour tea.
She passes a cup to Ernestina.

SARAH (to Mrs. Tranter)

Please allow me to help you, Mrs. Tranter.

MRS. TRANTER

Thank you.

Ernestina gives cup to Mrs. Poulteney. Sarah gives cup to Charles.

MRS. POULTENEY

Your maid, for example. I have been informed by Mrs. Fairley that she saw her only this morning talking with a person. A young person. Mrs. Fairley did not know him.

CHARLES

Then it was no doubt Sam. My servant.

Ernestina gives plate and napkin to Mrs. Poulteney. Sarah gives plate and napkin to Charles. Her hand opens the napkin slightly. He looks down. Inside the napkin is the corner of an envelope.

81. CLOSE UP. CHARLES

He looks up quickly.

82. INT. THE ROOM.ERNESTINA

Yes, I must say, Charles, your servant spends an inordinate amount of his time talking to Mary.

CHARLES

But surely we are not to forbid them to speak to each other? What is the harm in that?

ERNESTINA

There is a world of difference between what may be accepted in London and what is proper here. I think you should speak to Sam. The girl is too easily led.

CHARLES

But I do not understand what crime Mary and Sam, by talking, appear to commit.

MRS. POULTENEY

Your future wife is a better judge than you are of these things, Mr. Smithson. I know the girl in question, I had to dismiss her. If you were older you would know that one cannot be too strict in such matters.

CHARLES

I bow to your far greater experience, madam.

83. THE ROOM

They all sip tea in silence.

84. EXT. MRS. TRANTER'S HOUSE. DAY.

Mrs. Poulteney and Sarah sitting in their carriage. Ernestina and Mrs. Tranter stand by the carriage. Mrs. Poulteney turns to Ernestina.

MRS. POULTENEY

I am glad that you and I are of a mind, Miss Freeman.

The carriage drives out of the gate. Ernestina runs towards the house.

85. INT. GARDEN ROOM.

Charles, alone, tearing open envelope. He takes out a letter.

86. THE LETTER.

'I pray you to meet me at eleven tonight. St. Michael's Churchyard.'

87. INT. GARDEN ROOM.

Charles thrusts the envelope and letter into his pocket as Ernestina rushes in, slamming the door, bursting into tears. He takes her in his arms.

CHARLES

My dearest. What is it ?

ERNESTINA

Oh Charles, she's a horrid old woman, and I took her part against you! How could I ? I'm as horrid as she is.

87 CONTINUED

CHARLES

You're sweet and silly. Aren't you ?

ERNESTINA

Yes.

CHARLES

What if this wicked maid and my rascal Sam should fall in love ? Are we to throw stones ?

ERNESTINA

Only at Mrs. Poulteney!

He laughs, kisses her eyes. She looks up at him, clings to him.

Eighty eight days to our wedding. It's an eternity.

CHARLES

Let us elope - and go to Paris.

ERNESTINA

Oh Charles - what wickedness!

He kisses her lips quickly.

CHARLES

If only the worthy Mrs. Poulteney could see us now!

She nuzzles into his chest, giggling.

88. CLOSE UP CHARLES. HIS FACE TENSE.

89. EXT. CHURCHYARD. NIGHT.

Sarah standing in the shadow of a large tombstone.

Footsteps approaching on gravel.

90 EXT. CHURCHYARD. NIGHT.

Charles approaching. He looks about.

Sound of organ suddenly from inside the church. (It continues in background throughout the scene.) Charles stops still.

Sarah's voice; a swift whisper; -

SARAH

Come here!

Charles turns, goes to her.

SARAH

Thank you for coming. Thank you.

They both speak in low voices.

CHARLES

How did you dare to behave in so impertinent and presumptuous a manner? How dare you do such a thing in front of Miss Freeman?

SARAH

I had no-one else to turn to.

CHARLES

It must be obvious that it would be most improper of me to interest myself further in your circumstances.

SARAH

Yes. It is obvious.

She turns her face away. It is caught in moonlight.

CHARLES

Why do you not go to London? And find a new life?

90 CONTINUEDSARAH

If I went to London I know what I should become. I should become what some already call me in Lyme.

CHARLES

My dear Miss Woodruff ...

SARAH

I am weak. How should I not know it? I have sinned.

He stares at her.

You cannot imagine ... my suffering. My only happiness is when I sleep. When I wake, the nightmare begins.

Footsteps. They freeze.

91. THE CHURCHYARD.

The Vicar walking towards the church.

92. THE TOMBSTONE.

She takes his hand, leads him to a darker place by a larger tombstone.

The organ grows louder. The church door closes. The organ dims.

They stand in the shadow of the tombstone.

CHARLES

This is highly -

SARAH

Why am I born what I am? Why am I not born Miss Freeman?

CHARLES

That question were better not asked.

SARAH

I did not mean -

CHARLES

Envy is understandable in your -

SARAH

Not envy. Incomprehension.

She looks at him.

You must help me.

CHARLES

It is not in my power - to help you.

SARAH

I do not - I will not believe that.

CHARLES

What in heaven's name do you want of me ?

SARAH

I want to tell you of what happened to me
eighteen months ago.

The organ suddenly stops.

I beg you. You are my only hope. I shall
be on the Undercliff tomorrow afternoon and
the next afternoon. I shall wait for you.

CHARLES

I must go.

He walks away.

SARAH

I shall wait.

95. INT; HOTEL BEDROOM. NIGHT. PRESENT.

Mike and Anna in bed. Moonlight. She is asleep.
He is looking at her.

He quietly gets out of the bed, lights a cigarette,
looks out of the window. He turns, looks back at the bed.
Anna's foot is exposed. He moves to the bed, tucks the
foot in, carefully. Anna murmurs;

ANNA

Jerry ...

She wakes, looks up at him.

ANNA

What are you doing ?

MIKE

Looking at you.

ANNA

Come back.

He gets back into the bed. She puts her arm around him,
and folds him to her breast.

96. INT. DR. GROGAN'S STUDY. NIGHT.

The room is bow-fronted and looks over the bay.
A brass Georgian telescope rests on a table in the
bow window.

Grogan is pouring brandy. Charles is examining and looking
through the telescope.

GROGAN

Like my telescope ?

CHARLES

It's most elegant, and indeed ... most
effective.

96 CONTINUED.

GROGAN

I use it to keep an eye out for mermaids.
I'm delighted you dropped in. It's about time
we met. Here. The best brandy in Lyme. I
keep it for visitors from London, who share a
taste for the good life.

CHARLES

Your good health, Doctor.

GROGAN

Yours. I understand you're a scientist, a
seeker after fossils. Care for a cheroot?

CHARLES

Thank you. Yes, my interest is fossils.
(He smiles) I gather it is not yours.

GROGAN

When we know more of the living it will
be time to pursue the dead. That's my view.

CHARLES

Mmm.

GROGAN

But I'm sure it's a fascinating study.

They sit back with their brandy and cheroots.

CHARLES

Yes. I was introduced the other day to a
specimen of the local flora that rather
inclines me to agree with you. A very strange
case, as far as I understand it. Her name is
Woodruff.

GROGAN

Ah, yes. Poor 'Tragedy'. I'll tell you something. We know more about the fossils out there on the beach than we do about that girl's mind. There is a German doctor called Hartmann who has recently divided melancholia into several types. One he calls natural. By which he means one is born with a sad temperament. Another he calls occasional, by which he means springing from an occasion. The third class he calls obscure melancholia. By which he really means, poor man, that he doesn't know what the devil it is that caused it.

CHARLES

But she had an occasion, did she not ?

GROGAN

Oh, come now, is she the first young woman to be jilted ? No, no, she belongs to the third class - obscure melancholia. Listen to me. I'll tell you, in the strictest confidence - how sharp of you, by the way, to remark her uncommon interest, after only one encounter - now, in the strictest confidence, I was called in to see her - a tenmonth ago. She was working as a seamstress, living alone, well, hardly living. Weeping without reason, unable to sleep, unable to talk. Melancholia as plain as the pox. I did what I could for her but I could see there was only one cure. To get her away from this place. But no, she wouldn't have it. What does she do ? She goes to a house she knows is a living misery, to a mistress who doesn't know the difference between a servant and slave. And she won't be moved. I tell you, Smithson, you could offer that girl the throne of England and a thousand pounds to a penny she'd refuse.

96 CONTINUEDCHARLES

It's incomprehensible.

GROGAN

Not at all. Her torture becomes her delight. Hartmann has an interesting thing to say about one of his patients. 'It was as if the woman had become addicted to melancholia as one becomes addicted to opium'.

Charles throws the stub of his cheroot into the fire.

CHARLES

And she has confided the real state of her mind to no-one ?

GROGAN

She has not.

CHARLES

But if she did ... if she could bring herself ... to speak ?

GROGAN

She would be cured. But she does not want to be cured.

98. EXT. BEACH; DAY PRESENT.

Anna running out of the sea.

She runs along the beach to Mike, who is lying on a towel, his eyes closed. She stands above him and flicks water on him. He cries out. She giggles, falls onto the sand beside him.

MIKE

Was that good ?

97. CONTINUED

ANNA

Wonderful.

She stretches, looks up at the sky.

98. EXT. UNDERCLIFF. DAY.

A dell, high up, overlooking the sea.

Sarah and Charles emerge through trees into the dell. She sits. He sits. She looks out to sea.

SARAH

I was working as a governess. At the Talbots.

His name was Varguennes.

99. EXT; BEACH. DAY. PRESENT.

Anna turns over suddenly onto her stomach and looks towards the Undercliff.

MIKE

What's the matter?

She is silent. He rolls over to look at her face.

What's the matter? You look sad.

ANNA (softly)

No.

MIKE

Why are you sad?

ANNA

I'm not.

He lies under her, pulls her down gently, kisses her. Her eyes close, then open. She looks towards the Undercliff.

101. EXT. THE UNDERCLIFF. DAY.

The dell. Sarah is sitting on a hummock. Charles is sitting on a flat-topped block of flint. She looks out to sea. Her face is in profile to him.

SARAH

His name was Varguennes. He was brought to the house after the wreck of his ship. He had a dreadful wound. His flesh was torn from his hip to his knee. He was in great pain. Yet he never cried out. Not the smallest groan. I admired his courage. I looked after him. I did not know then that men can be both very brave and very false.

pause

He was handsome. No man had ever paid me the kind of attentions he did, as he ... was recovering. He told me I was beautiful, that he could not understand why I was not married. Such things. He would ... mock me, lightly.

pause

I took pleasure in it.

pause

When I would not let him kiss my hand he called me cruel. A day came when I thought myself cruel as well.

CHARLES

And you were no longer cruel ?

SARAH

No.

101. CONTINUEDCHARLES

I understand.

SARAH(fiercely)

You cannot, Mr. Smithson. Because you are not a woman. You are not a woman born to be a farmer's wife but educated to be something ... better. You were not born a woman with a love of intelligence, beauty, learning, but whose position in the world forbids her to share this love with another. And you are not the daughter of a bankrupt. You have not spent your life in penury. You are not ... condemned. You are not an outcast.

CHARLES

Social privilege does not necessarily bring happiness.

SARAH

It brings the possibility of happiness.

102. EXT. DAY. BEACH. PRESENT.

Mike and Anna lying side by side. Her eyes are closed. He is looking at her.

Over this, the voices of Sarah and Charles; -

SARAH(V.O.)

Varguennes recovered. He asked me to go back with him to France. He offered me ...

CHARLES(V.O.)

Marriage ?

Anna opens her eyes and looks at Mike.

103 EXT. UNDERCLIFF. DAY.

SARAH

Yes. He left for Weymouth. He said he would wait there one week and then sail for France. I said I would never follow him, that I could not. But ... after he had gone ... my loneliness was so deep, I felt I would drown in it.

pause

I followed him. I went to the Inn where he had taken a room. It was not ... a respectable place. I knew that at once. They told me to go up to his room. They looked at me ... and smiled. I insisted he be sent for. He seemed overjoyed to see me. He was all that a lover should be. I had not eaten that day. He took me ... to a private sitting room, ordered food.

pause

But he had changed. He was full of smiles and caresses but I knew at once that he was insincere. I saw that I had been an amusement for him, nothing more. He was a liar. I saw all this within five minutes of our meeting.

pause

Yet I stayed. I ate the supper that was served. I drank the wine he pressed on me. It did not intoxicate me. I think it made me see more clearly. Is that possible?

CHARLES

No doubt.

103 CONTINUED

pause

SARAH

Soon he no longer bothered to hide the real nature of his intentions towards me. Nor could I pretend surprise. My innocence was false from the moment I chose to stay. I could tell you that he overpowered me, that he drugged me. But it is not so.

She looks at him directly.

I gave myself to him.

Silence.

I did it ... so that I should never be the same again, so that I should be seen for the outcast I am. I knew it was ordained that I could never marry an equal. So I married shame. It is my shame ... that has kept me alive, my knowing that I am truly not like other women. I shall never like them have children, a husband, the pleasures of a home. Sometimes I pity them. I have a freedom they cannot understand. No insult, no blame, can touch me. I have set myself beyond the pale. I am nothing. I am hardly human any more. I am the French Lieutenant's Whore.

Charles stands, walks over to her, looks down at her. For a moment it seems that he will take her in his arms. He straightens.

CHARLES

You must leave Lyme.

103 CONTINUED

Suddenly voices, laughter, from below, ascending.
Sarah stands. She beckons to him silently and moves
to the trees. He follows.

The laughter comes closer.

Sarah and Charles hide behind thick ivy. They look
through it down to an ashgrove.

104. THE ASH GROVE. THEIR P.O.V.

A girl and a boy, coming up towards them.
The girl has his arm round her waist.
He turns her to him and kisses her. They fall to the
grass. The girl lies back. The boy kisses her.

105. C.U. SARAH SMILING AT CHARLES106. CHARLES

He stares at her.

107. CHARLES AND SARAH.

They are looking at each other. Her smile fades.

Silence.

CHARLES

We must never meet alone again.

She turns away.

A shrill laugh from below. Charles turns to look.

108. THE ASHGROVE

The girl running downhill. The boy chasing her.
Their figures flash between trees; a laugh; a scream;
silence.

CHARLES

Go. I will wait.

She moves past him, into the ash grove.

109. CHARLES

He watches her walk downhill through trees.

110. EXT. THE DAIRY.

Mrs. Fairley and the Dairyman outside the Dairy.
He is pouring milk. Mrs. Fairley gasps and stares.

111. THE DAIRY FIELD. MRS FAIRLEY'S P.O.V.

Sarah walking openly downhill towards Lyme.

112. C.U. SARAH. WALKING CALMLY.113. INT; HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT. PRESENT.

Mike is lying on a sofa, staring at the ceiling.

Jazz is playing from a transistor radio.

114. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE WHITE LION HOTEL. NIGHT.

A small ragged boy running along the street.
He stops at the White Lion, looks in quickly, goes in.

115. INT. WHITE LION. STAIRS.

Sound of drinkers from the tap room.
The boy running up the stairs swiftly and silently.

115. CONTINUED

He walks along the landing, looks at a door, takes an envelope from a pocket, slips it under the door, turns and scampers down the stairs.

116. INT. HOTEL. CHARLES' SITTING ROOM. NIGHT.

Charles is lying on the sofa in dressing gown, staring at the ceiling. (same set-up as 113)

The envelope slides through the door.

He looks at it, stands quickly, goes to door, opens it. No-one.

He closes door, picks up envelope, opens it, takes out letter.

117. THE LETTER.

'The secret is out. Am at barn on Undercliff. I beg you to come. You stand between me and oblivion.'

118. CHARLES SLOWLY PUTS THE LETTER IN HIS POCKET.119. EXT. DR. GROGAN'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Charles knocking at the door. His carriage stands by the kerb.

Thunder.

Housekeeper opens the door.

HOUSEKEEPER

Yes ?

CHARLES

Forgive me. I must speak to Dr. Grogan.

HOUSEKEEPER

Dr. Grogan is not here.

119 CONTINUEDCHARLES

Not here ?

HOUSEKEEPERHe is at the asylum. He was called to the
asylum.CHARLES

Thank you.

120. EXT. ASYLUM. LYME. NIGHT.

The asylum is a large, dark building.

Charles' carriage drives up. Charles gets out, goes
up the steps to the main door and knocks loudly. After
a few moments a grille in the door opens. A man's face,
half seen.MAN

Yes ?

CHARLESI believe Dr. Grogan is here. I must speak
to him.MAN

You can't come in here.

CHARLESMy name is Smithson. It is a matter of the
utmost urgency.

The grille shuts.

Charles stands. It begins to rain, heavily.

121. EXT. ASYLUM. THE CARRIAGE.The carriage driver stares fixedly ahead, his hood over
his head. Rain.

122. CHARLES AT THE DOOR.

The door is heard being unbolted. It opens. Charles goes in. The door is bolted behind them.

123. INT. ASYLUM. HALL.

The hall is large, silent, stone.

MAN

Dr. Grogan is busy. He says to wait.
Follow me.

He leads Charles down the stone corridor to a door.

Here.

Charles goes in.

You wait there.

124. INT. ASYLUM. SMALL ROOM. NIGHT.

The room is bare. A table, two chairs.

Charles goes to the window, which is barred. He stares out at the rain.

He turns abruptly.

125. DOOR OF ROOM. HIS P.O.V.

Two female patients are at the open door, looking at him. One of them is smiling.

126. CLOSE UP OF CHARLES.

He gasps with shock.

127. THE ROOM

One of the women goes towards him. She speaks as if in fever. As she speaks, she touches his body. He recoils, tries to tear her hand away.

127 CONTINUED.

WOMAN

Help me- help me - help me - help me -
help me - help me -

The man comes in, seizes her, hits her, drags her out.

Shouts along the corridor. A scream.

128. INT. CORRIDOR.

Charles goes into the corridor.

The woman is being dragged along, screaming.

Various other sounds can be heard: moans, abrupt laughs, whimpers, sudden shouts.

At the far end of the corridor a line of patients shuffles across. A man in a dark suit herds them.

Charles turns swiftly, goes back into the room, closes the door.

129. INT. ROOM.

Charles stands.

Sudden sound of footsteps approaching. The door opens - Grogan comes in, wiping his hands on a towel.

GROGAN

Smithson, Yes, I can guess what you've come about. Sorry I wasn't at home. I've just delivered a bouncing baby. Unfortunate mother. Unfortunate daughter. Well, the fact is we don't know where she is.

CHARLES

I'm sorry, I ... I don't understand what you're saying.

GROGAN

You don't ? You don't know what's happened. ?

CHARLES

No.

GROGAN

Then why are you here ?

CHARLES

I need your advice.

GROGAN

My advice! I'm not sure I've any left to give. Miss Woodruff has disappeared. You didn't know that ? Mrs. Poulteney dismissed her. There's a search party out. I have offered £5 to the man who brings her back, or finds her body.

CHARLES

She is alive. I have just received a note from her.

Grogan stares at him.

GROGAN

I must attend to the mother. Go to my house and wait for me. Tell my house-keeper I said to let you in.

CHARLES

Yes.

130. EXT. THE UNDERCLIFF. NIGHT.

Sarah running up hill through the trees.

Thunder.

131. GROGAN'S STUDY. NIGHT.

Grogan pouring two glasses of brandy.

GROGAN

Tell me the facts.

CHARLES

I have had meetings with her. I was concerned to help her. She is a remarkable woman. I was encouraged by the conversation we had, you and I, to see her once more, to listen to her ... fully. I thought that the end of it. But now she wants to see me again.

He looks into Grogan's eyes.

She is so alone.

GROGAN

I see. (Looks at watch) I must call off the search party. But now - the girl. You know where she is ?

CHARLES

Yes.

GROGAN

Mm. Well, you can't go to her, can you ? You cannot risk any further compromise, can you ?

CHARLES

I am in your hands.

131 CONTINUEDGROGAN

You are engaged to be married ?

Charles looks at him.

CHARLES

I am.

Grogan goes to a book shelf and takes down a copy of 'Origin of the Species'. He puts his hand on it, as on a bible.

GROGAN

Nothing that has been said in this room tonight or that remains to be said shall go beyond these walls. Well, now, you ask for my advice.

He paces up and down the room.

I am a young woman of superior intelligence and some education. I am not in full command of my emotions. What is worse, I have fallen in love with being a victim of fate. Enter a young god. Intelligent. Goodlooking. Kind. I have but one weapon. The pity I inspire in him. So what do I do ? I seize my chance. One day, when I am walking where I have been forbidden to walk, I show myself to someone I know will report my crime to the one person who will not condone it. I disappear, under the strong presumption that it is in order to throw myself off the nearest cliff-top. And then- in extremis, I cry to my saviour for help.

CHARLES

I don't ... understand ...

131 CONTINUEDGROGAN

I have spoken to Mrs. Fairley. She was at the Dairy on the Undercliff. The girl walked out of the woods under her nose. It was deliberate. She wanted to be seen.

CHARLES

But only a person of warped mind -

GROGAN

Would wish to harm you ? Listen to me. I have known many prostitutes. I hasten to add - in pursuance of my own profession, not theirs. And I wish I had a guinea for every one I have heard gloat over the fact that a majority of their victims are husbands and fathers. 'I am cast out. But I shall be revenged.'

CHARLES

But she is not a prostitute! Neither is she a fiend!

GROGAN

My dear man, you are half in love with her.

Charles stares at him.

CHARLES

That statement is highly insulting to Miss Freeman.

GROGAN

It is indeed. But who is making the insult ?

Charles moves towards the door. Grogan catches his arm.

GROGAN

Man, man, are we not both believers in science ? Do we not both hold that truth is the one great principle ? You are hiding the truth! Know thyself, Smithson, know thyself!

131. CONTINUED.

CHARLES

On my most sacred honour nothing improper has passed between us.

GROGAN

I believe you. But let me ask you this. Do you wish to hear her? Do you wish to see her? Do you wish to touch her?

Charles sits, covers his face.

CHARLES

Oh my dear Grogan, if you knew ... the confusion ... my life is in.

GROGAN

You are not the first person to doubt his choice of bride.

pause

I will go to see the lady. I shall tell her you have been called away. And you must go away, Smithson.

CHARLES

Yes.

He looks at Grogan.

I shall honour my vows to Miss Freeman.

GROGAN

I know of a private asylum in Salisbury. Miss Woodruff... will be kindly treated ... and helped. Would you bear the expense?

CHARLES (slowly)

Yes. I would bear the expense.

132. EXT. WHITE LION. DAWN.

The storm has cleared. The growing dawn is still, clear.

133. INT. CHARLES' SITTING ROOM.

Charles stands by the window. He looks out at the sky.
His expression is purposeful.

He turns, goes into his bedroom. Through the open door
we see him dressing.

134. THE UNDERCLIFF. DAWN.

Charles striding through the woods. The sun slants
through the trees.

A fox.

A roedeer.

Dense birdsong.

He climbs until he sees the sea stretched out below.

He stops.

The thatched roof of a barn.

135. EXT. BARN.

Charles approaches it. Silence.

He looks in at a small window, turns, looks about,
opens door, enters.

136. INT. BARN.

Sunlight floods through the window.

He peers into the shadows, suddenly perceives a bonnet
hanging on a nail, by a partition.

He goes to partition, looks over.

137. SARAH CURLED UNDER HER COAT, ASLEEP.

138. THE BARN

Charles withdraws to the door of the barn, stands a moment,
speaks.

138 CONTINUEDCHARLES

Miss Woodruff.

A rustle from behind the partition. Sarah looks over, sees him. Her hand goes to her mouth. She goes back. He stands.

She comes out and walks towards him.

She stops a few feet away from him.

CHARLES

Have you passed the night here ?

She nods.

Are you hungry ?

She shakes her head.

Do not ... fear. I have come to help you.

He lays his hand on her shoulder.

She seizes his hand, raises it to her lips, kisses it.

He snatches his hand away.

CHARLES

Pray control yourself, I -

SARAH

I cannot.

She slips to her knees, cries softly.

I cannot.

He bends to her, slowly lifts her. She stands. His hands remain on her arms. She looks up at him. He takes her into his arms. She sways into his embrace. He kisses her deeply, crushing her body to him.

138 CONTINUED

A giggle is heard, from outside the barn.

Charles breaks away from Sarah, looks at the door, goes to it, opens it.

139. EXT. BARN. CHARLES P.O.V.

Sam and Mary, staring in astonishment.

140. EXT. THE BARN DOOR. THEIR P.O.V.

Charles standing. Behind him Sarah. She disappears from view.

141. EXT. BARN.

Charles walks towards them.

CHARLES

What are you doing here ?

SAM

Out walking, Mr. Charles.

CHARLES (to Mary)

Kindly leave us a moment.

Mary bobs and walks away.

CHARLES (to Sam)

I have come here to help this lady. At the request of the physician who is treating her. He is fully aware of the circumstances.

SAM

Yes, sir.

CHARLES

Which must on no account be disclosed.

141 CONTINUED

SAM

I understand.

CHARLES

Does she ?

SAM

She won't say nothing. On my life.

They stare at each other.

On my solemn oath, Mr. Charles.

Sam goes to join Mary. Charles watches them walk away.

He turns and goes back into the barn.

142. EXT. THE WOODS.

Sam and Mary helpless in silent laughter.

143. INT. BARN.

Sarah is standing. He goes to her.

CHARLES

I have taken an unpardonable advantage of your unhappy situation. Forgive me. I am wholly to blame.

pause

You must go to Exeter. There is talk in the town of committing you to an institution. You need not take it seriously. But you will save yourself ... embarrassment if you do not return to Lyme. Where are your belongings ?

SARAH

At the coach depot.

143 CONTINUEDCHARLES

I will have them sent to the depot in Exeter.
Walk to Axmouth Cross. Wait for the coach
there. Take the money in this purse.

He gives her the purse.

SARAH

Thank you.

He gives her a card.

CHARLES

Here is my lawyer's address. Let him know
where you are. I will instruct him to send
you more money.

SARAH

Thank you.

They look at each other.

I shall never see you again.

CHARLES

No.

pause

You are a remarkable person, Miss Woodruff.

SARAH

Yes, I am a remarkable person.

144. EXT. UNDERCLIFF, DAY, PRESENT.

*Anna, wearing jeans, weaves her way through the crowd
towards Mike. Mike is in costume, eating salad. She
sits beside him.*

THE SCENES

In background a mobile cartoon- the unit eating lunch at treble tables: some playing football. Ernestina and Mary in each one at a table.

ANNA

I'm going. To London.

MIKE

Yes.

Pause

Have a good time.

She looks at him.

ANNA

I'll miss you.

MIKE

Will you cook for your husband?

ANNA

He can take me out to dinner.

MIKE

How nice for you.

He takes her hand.

No, it will be nice for you. Nice for him, too.

ANNA

I'll miss you.

The third assistant approaches.

144 CONTINUED.

THIRD ASSISTANT. (to Mike)

I'll bring you up to the White Lion straight
after lunch. Okay?

MIKE

Right.

THIRD ASSISTANT (to Anna)

See you in Exeter, darling. Think of us
stopping away.

ANNA

I will.

Third Assistant goes.

MIKE

I must see you in London.

ANNA

We'd have to be careful.

MIKE

I'll be there Tuesday or Wednesday. I must
see you.

ANNA

Yes. Yes.

*Voice on loud hailer; 'Right everybody. We're moving
up to The White Lion.'*

145. INT. WHITE LION. SITTING ROOM.

Sam folding shirts. Charles comes in.

145 CONTINUEDCHARLES

Sam, I want you to go to London today.
Open up the house. I'll be there tomorrow.
Change of plan.

SAM

I see, sir. (He clears his throat)
This doesn't have any bearing on your future
plans, I ... uuh ... I trust, sir ?

CHARLES

My future plans ? What are you talking
about ?

SAM

Well ... I've got to think about my future,
sir.

Charles glares at him.

CHARLES

Have you ? Well, your immediate future is to
be in London today. Is that clear ?

SAM

Yes, Mr. Charles.

146. INT. MRS. TRANTER'S HOUSE. HALL. DAY.

Mary opening front door. Charles.

CHARLES

Ah. Good afternoon.

MARY

Good afternoon, sir. Miss Ernestina is
in the garden.

146. CONTINUEDCHARLES

Thank you.

He enters, takes off his hat and gloves and gives them to her. He clears his throat, speaks quietly.

CHARLES

Sam ... has explained the circumstances of this morning ?

MARY

Yes, sir.

CHARLES

You ... understand ?

MARY

Yes, sir.

He feels in his waistcoat pocket and brings out a golden coin. He presses it into her hand.

MARY

Oh sir, I don't want that.

He moves down the hall.

She looks at the coin.

147. INT. GARDEN ROOM.

Charles walks through the room to the window. He looks out into the garden.

Ernestina is sitting with tea, reading a book.

Charles stands, heavy and pensive, looking out on the scene.

He walks into the garden.

148. EXT. MRS. TRANTER'S HOUSE. GARDEN. DAY.

Charles strides across the lawn.

CHARLES

Good afternoon!

ERNESTINA

Charles!

He takes her hand.

So you have actually deigned to desert the world of the fossil for me. I am honoured.

CHARLES

I grant that the fossil is beguiling but, I assure you, the true charm of the world resides in this garden.

ERNESTINA

Honeyed words.

She squeezes his hand.

Look. My first plum cake. Baked by my own hand. And you are to be the guineapig.

She cuts the cake and gives him a slice.

CHARLES

It looks a most admirable creation.

He munches.

It is beyond compare. It is, if I may say so, quite the finest, the most sensitive ... piece of cake I have ever tasted.

ERNESTINA

I am truly flattered.

148 CONTINUED

pause

CHARLES

My dearest, I am afraid I must leave you for a few days. I must go to London.

ERNESTINA

To London ?

CHARLES

To see Montague - my lawyer.

ERNESTINA

Oh Charles!

CHARLES

It's unavoidable, I'm afraid. Apparently there are matters outstanding - to do with the marriage settlement. Your father is a most scrupulous person.

ERNESTINA

What does he want ?

CHARLES

Who ?

ERNESTINA

My father.

CHARLES

Justice for you.

ERNESTINA

Sweet justice, that takes you away from me.

CHARLES

Ernestina, I know our private affections are the paramount consideration, but there is also a legal and contractual side to matrimony which is -

118 CONTINUED

ERNESTINA

Fiddlesticks!

CHARLES

My dearest Tina -

ERNESTINA

I am weary of Lyme. I see you so little.

CHARLES

I shall be back in three days.

ERNESTINA

Kiss me then. To seal your promise.

He hesitates for a second, then kisses her.

149. INT. HOTEL ROOM. EXETER. EVENING.

Sarah is alone in the room.

She is taking parcels from a canvas bag.

She unwraps the first and takes from it a nightgown.

She lays it on the bed.

She unwraps the second parcel. It is a dark green merino shawl. She holds it, feels it, brings it to touch her cheek. She shakes the shawl out and then arranges it round the shoulders of the laid-out nightgown.

She studies the image for a moment, goes through the open door into her small sitting room, where a fire burns, and puts a kettle on the hearth.

150. INT. REAL TENNIS COURT. LORDS. LONDON. DAY.

(N.B. - Real Tennis is the old English game of tennis, played in an indoor court.)

Charles and Montague in the middle of a rally.

The rally is violent, intense. Charles hits the ball savagely and wins the point.

151. INT. DRESSING ROOM. LORDS. DAY.

Montague dressing. Charles comes in, dressed.

MONTAGUE

Goodness, Charles, you were in cracking form.
Sharp as a razor. What's the answer?
Country grub?

Charles laughs shortly.

CHARLES

It's good to ... hit a ball.

MONTAGUE

You were hitting it as though you hated it.

Charles closes the door.

CHARLES

Harry ... a word ... you will be hearing
from a person. A Miss Woodruff - from
Exeter. She will give you her address. I'd like
you to send her some money for me.

MONTAGUE

Of course. How much?

CHARLES

Fifty pounds.

MONTAGUE

Of course.

pause

Miss Woodruff.

CHARLES

Yes.

pause

151. CONTINUEDCHARLES (cont...)

And I want to hear ... nothing more about it.

Montague looks at him.

MONTAGUE

You shan't.

152. EXT. CHARLES' KENSINGTON HOUSE. EVENING.

Lamplight.

A carriage draws up. Charles jumps out, walks quickly up the steps to his house and knocks on the door.

He waits.

He knocks again, violently.

153. INT. KENSINGTON HOUSE. HALL. EVENING.

Sam walking towards front door.

He opens it. Charles strides in.

CHARLES

Where the devil have you been ?

SAM

I'm sorry sir.

CHARLES

Are you deaf ?

Charles walks up the stairs.

Lay out my clothes. I'm dining at my club.

SAM

Yes, sir. Can I have one word with you, sir ?

CHARLES

No. You can't.

154. INT. LONDON CLUB. EVENING.

Charles enters the smoking room.
Two men of Charles' age, Nathaniel Dyson and Sir Tom
Burgh, drinking at a table.

SIR TOM

Charley! What the devil are you doing out
of the matrimonial lock-up ?

CHARLES

Good evening, Tom. Nathaniel, how are you ?

Nat raises a languid hand.

On parole, you know. The dear girl's down
in Dorset taking the waters.

SIR TOM

I hear she's the rose of the season.
Nat says: ' Damned Charley. Best girl and
best match.' Ain't fair, is it, Nat ?

CHARLES

Would you discuss a punch and bubbly ?

SIR TOM

We would certainly discuss a punch and bubbly.
James! Punch and bubbly!

Charles sits.

NAT

How is the esteemed uncle, Charles ?

CHARLES

In remarkably good health.

154 CONTINUED

SIR TOM

How goes he for hounds ? Ask him if he needs
a brace of the best Northumberland. Real
angels. Do you know who their granpapa was ?
Tornado. You recall Tornado - at Cambridge ?

CHARLES

I recall him. So do my ankles.

Servants bring a bowl of punch and champagne.

SIR TOM

Aye, he took a fancy to you. Always
bit what he loved.

Servants pour champagne.

SIR TOM

What a profoundly good idea this was,
Charley.

He raises his glass.

Dear old Tornado - God rest his soul.

Charles and Nat raise their glasses. and murmur:
' God rest his soul'.

155. INT. CLUB. DINING ROOM.

Waiter approaching their table with two decanters of
port.

He places them.

SIR TOM

Bravo! Port is essential to wash down the
claret.

155 CONTINUEDNAT

As claret was essential to wash down the punch.

SIR TOM

As punch was essential to sluice the champagne.

They are all drunk, Charles the most drunk.

NAT

What follows ?

SIR TOM

What follows ? A little drive round town follows. That most essentially follows.

He pours more port for them all.

156. EXT. CLUB. NIGHT.

Charles staggering on the steps. The others laugh, and help Charles into Sir Tom's carriage.

157. INT. THE CARRIAGE. MOVING.CHARLES

Tom, dear old fellow, you're a damn good fellow.

SIR TOM

So are you, my Charley boy. We're all damn good fellows.

CHARLES

Where are we going ?

NAT

Where damn good fellows always go of a jolly night. Eh, Tom ?

157 CONTINUEDSIR TOM

The Bishop's son has hit it, Charley.
 (he puts finger to lips) But not a word to
 his old man.

158. INT. SALON. IN BROTHEL. NIGHT.

About a dozen men of various ages are sitting in the
 chandeliered salon, as Charles, Sir Tom and Nat enter.
 A girl in petticoats is serving champagne. The 'Madame'
 sits on a dais by the side of a little stage, watching.

The small stage is hidden by deep red curtains, on
 which are embroidered in gold, two pairs of satyrs and
 nymphs, in sexual congress.

A hush falls on the room as the curtain opens. A hand-
 cranked carousel on stage displays pretty, buxom girls,
 in classical tableaux vivants, 'their female loveliness
 unmarred by dress'. The girls hold wine glasses above
 their heads. The 'Madame' invites the gentlemen to
 taste the wine. Customers mount the stage and find ways
 to reach the glasses which the girls hold out of reach.
 As the stage revolves, the girls ré-adjust their stances
 into increasingly obliging Poses Plastiques. The
 patrons, Sir Tom and Nat among them, become more daring.

159. CLOSE UP. CHARLES ASLEEP, HEAD IN HANDS.160. EXT. CHARLES' KENSINGTON HOUSE. MORNING.

Sam opens the front door to a messenger, who hands him
 an envelope.

SAM

Thank you very much.

He shuts the door.

161. INT. KENSINGTON HOUSE. KITCHEN. MORNING.

Sam steaming open the envelope. He takes out a letter. He reads it. He replaces it, picks up some gum, begins to seal the envelope.

162. INT. KENSINGTON HOUSE. CHARLES' BEDROOM. MORNING.

Charles lying, half dressed, asleep, across the bed. Sam enters, goes to Charles, bends over him.

SAM

Mr. Charles ... Mr. Charles ...

Charles opens his eyes.

A letter's just come for you, sir.
Special messenger, from Mr. Montague.

He gives the letter to Charles.

Charles looks at the handwriting on the envelope.

163. THE ENVELOPE.

In Sarah's handwriting: - For the Personal Attention of
Mr. Charles Smithson.

His hands tear open the envelope. He opens the letter.

The letter: - 'Endicott's Family Hotel, Exeter'.

164. THE BEDROOM

Charles looks up from the letter to Sam.

CHARLES

Bring me tea.

165. INT. KENSINGTON HOUSE. THE STUDY. MORNING.

Charles at desk, in dressing gown, writing a letter.
Sam comes in, places tray of tea on side table, remains standing. Charles continues to write.

166. THE WRITING PAPER. CHARLES' HAND.

'There can be no question of further communication
between us -

Charles hand stops writing.

167. CHARLES AND SAM

Charles turns to Sam.

CHARLES

What is it ?

SAM

I would like your advice, sir.

CHARLES

On what subject ?

SAM

My ambition is to go into business, sir - in
due course.

Charles turns back to his letter and continues to write.

CHARLES

Business ?

SAM

Yes, sir.

CHARLES

What sort of business ?

SAM

Drapers and haberdashers. I've set my
heart on a little shop.

CHARLES

Would that not be a somewhat expensive
undertaking ?

167 CONTINUED

SAM

It would cost two hundred and eighty pounds.

CHARLES

And how much have you put by ?

SAM

Thirty pounds. That's three years saving. So I was wondering if you could help me.

Charles turns to look at him, as he picks up the letter from his desk, calmly tears it into pieces and puts the pieces into the pocket of his gown.

CHARLES

I can't say it sounds a very practical idea to me, Sam.

Sam stares at him coldly.

SAM

I am very enthusiastic about the idea myself, sir. Very.

CHARLES

I see. Well, let me think about it. I shall certainly be happy to think about it. Pack, will you ? We're going to Lyme today.

SAM

To Lyme, sir ?

CHARLES

To Lyme. Yes.

168. INT; BAR IN LONDON; PRESENT.

Anna and Mike at table with drinks.

ANNA

How are you ? How's it going ?

103 CONTINUEDMIKE

All right. Bloody hard. I'm exhausted.
I've been lying for you.

ANNA

Hmm.

MIKE

How's it been? Have you been having a good
time?

ANNA

I don't know ... it's all so unreal ...

MIKE

What do you mean?

ANNA

The world isn't real ... up here.

MIKE

What about your husband? Isn't he real?

ANNA

I miss Sarah. I can't wait to get back.
I can't wait to be in Exeter.

MIKE

You know what's going to happen in Exeter?
I'm going to have you in Exeter.

ANNA

Are you now?

MIKE

Yes. (He smiles) I am.

169. TRAIN ARRIVING AT STATION. AFTERNOON.

Large signs: EXETER.

The train stops. Sam runs along platform to meet Charles, who descends from a first class compartment.

SAM

Carriage to Lyme, sir ?

Charles looks up at the sky.

CHARLES

It's going to rain - badly.

They both look up.

We had better stay the night. We'll put up at The Ship.

SAM

But we're expected in Lyme, sir.

CHARLES

We'll be there first thing in the morning. I think I'll stretch my legs. You go on with the baggage.

SAM

Shall I order dinner, sir ?

CHARLES

I'll decide when I come in. I may attend Evensong at The Cathedral.

Charles walks down the platform.

170. EXT. BACK STREET. EXETER. DUSK.

Charles appears in the street. He looks about him. A small boy passes. Charles stops him, asks him a question.

170 CONTINUED

The boy leads Charles to a corner and points.
Charles gives him a coin and disappears round the corner.

171. EXT. ENDICOTT'S FAMILY HOTEL.

Charles approaching. He enters.

172. INT. HOTEL. THE HALL.

Charles in the hall. The door of a room is ajar.
He knocks and goes in. A woman rises.

WOMAN

A room, sir ?

CHARLES

No, I ... that is, I wish to speak to one
of your ... a Miss Woodruff ?

WOMAN

Oh the poor young lady, sir, she was a-coming
downstairs yesterday morning and she slipped,
sir. She's turned her ankle terrible. I
wanted to ask the doctor, sir, but she won't hear
of it.

CHARLES

I have to see her ... on a business matter.

WOMAN

Ah. A gentleman of the law ?

CHARLES

Yes.

WOMAN

Then you must go up, sir. (shouting) Betty Anne!

The maid, Betty Anne, appears.

Take this gentleman to Miss Woodruff's room.

173 INT. LANDING.

Betty Anne leads Charles to a door. She knocks and opens it.

BETTY ANNE

A gentleman to see you, Miss.

Charles steps into the room. Betty Anne closes the door behind him.

174. INT. SARAH'S SITTINGROOM.

Sarah is sitting in a chair by the fire, her naked feet on a stool. One ankle is bandaged. A blanket over her knees. She is wearing her green shawl over a long sleeved nightgown. Her hair is loose.

She looks up at him, swiftly, then down.

CHARLES

I was passing through Exeter.

pause

Had I not better go at once and fetch a doctor ?

SARAH

He would only advise me to do what I am already doing.

CHARLES

You are not in pain ?

She shakes her head.

At any rate be thankful that it did not happen on the Undercliff.

SARAH

Yes.

174 CONTINUED

Silence.

SARAH (cont ...)

Do sit down.

Charles sits by the table. He looks at her.
The firelight flickers over her white nightgown,
her face, her hair.
Rain patters on the window.

Sarah raises her hands suddenly to her mouth, bends her
head, begins to cry quietly.

CHARLES

Miss Woodruff ... please ... I should
not have come ...

She shakes her head violently. She stops crying, looks
at him.

SARAH

I thought never to see you again.

She looks down. He closes his eyes.

Silence.

Suddenly a cascade of coal falls from the fire. One
or two bounce out of the grate and onto the edge of
Sarah's blanket. She jerks the blanket away.

Charles stands quickly and shovels the coals back into
the fire. He snatches the blanket, which is smouldering,
throws it on the floor and stamps on it. He picks it up,
slaps it and then carefully places it across her legs,
bending over her. As she is doing so, her hand rests
on his.

They look at each other. Their fingers interlace.

174 CONTINUED

He drops to his knees. They kiss violently.
He half withdraws. She presses him back to her mouth.
They kiss again. He raises her head and looks at her.
They kiss again. The chair rolls back. He turns to
look at the bedroom door, which is open.

He stands, pulls her up. She falls towards him.
He picks her up in his arms. The shawl falls.
He kisses her mouth and her breasts as she lies
back in his arms. He carries her into the bedroom.

In the dim light of the bedroom he throws her across
the bed. She lies, one arm flung back.

Sound of stripping of clothes. He appears, goes to
the bed. His body covers her. He moves upon her.

He enters her. She cries out with pain. He stops.
She draws him to her. He makes love to her.

CHARLES

Oh, my dearest ... my sweetest
angel ... my sweetest angel ... oh, Sarah.

Gasps. A long groan.

They are still.

175. EXT. ENDICOTT'S HOTEL. EVENING.

Sam looking at hotel. He goes in the door. Camera pans
to see through window Sam talking to Betty Anne. He
gives her a coin.

176. INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM. EVENING.

Sarah and Charles on the bed. They lie in silence.
Her hand touches and caresses his. He looks at her.

176 CONTINUED

CHARLES

I was ... the first.

SARAH

Yes.

CHARLES

Why did you lie to me - about the Frenchman ?

SARAH

I don't know. It was ... a dream.

CHARLES

You mean he does not exist ?

SARAH

Oh, yes. He exists. I did follow him to Weymouth, to the Inn. As I drew near I saw him come out, with a woman. The kind of woman one cannot mistake. When they had gone, I walked away.

CHARLES

But then - why did you tell me - ?

SARAH

I don't know. I cannot explain.

She puts a finger on his mouth.

Not now.

CHARLES

I must make myself free.

SARAH

I ask nothing of you.

CHARLES

I am to blame. I knew when I came here -

176 CONTINUED.

SARAH

I wished it so. I wished it so.

He strokes her hair.

CHARLES

Sarah ... it is the sweetest name.

SARAH

I have long imagined a day such as this. I have longed ... for it. I was lost from the moment I saw you.

CHARLES

I ... too.

pause

I must go to Lyme, to see her, to tell her. You must give me a day's grace. You will wait for me? Won't you? I shall come back for you, my sweet ... mystery.

He takes her in his arms, kisses her.

177. EXT. ENDICOTT'S HOTEL. EVENING.

Sam standing at a doorway, looking up at a dimly lit window.

178. INT. SARAH'S SITTING ROOM. EVENING.

Charles has dressed. He is putting on his coat.

Sarah appears at the bedroom door, walks into the room. She walks without impediment. Charles looks down at her foot.

CHARLES

Your ankle ... ?

She smiles.

SARAH

I wanted you to come to my room. Don't you understand ? I was waiting for you.

CHARLES

You are ... so much quicker ... than me.

She smiles . He kisses her . She holds him .

SARAH

Do what you will. Or what you must.
Now I know there was truly a day upon which
you loved me, I can bear anything. You have
given me ... the strength to live.

179. EXT; EXETER STATION. PLATFORM. NIGHT. PRESENT.

The London Train is standing at the platform. Mike runs up the platform with a sandwich to the open window of a compartment. Anna is in the compartment looking out. Porters banging doors. He gives her the sandwich.

MIKE

Cheese and onion.

ANNA

Perfect.

She bites into sandwich.

MIKE

I'm losing you.

ANNA

What do you mean ?

MIKE

I'm losing you.

ANNA

What are you talking about ? I'm just going to London for -

MIKE

Stay tonight.

ANNA

I can't.

MIKE

Why not? You're a free woman.

ANNA

Yes. I am.

MIKE

I'm going mad.

ANNA

No you're not.

She leans through the window and kisses him.

MIKE (intensely)

I want you so much.

ANNA (with mock gravity)

But you've just had me. In Exeter.

She bursts into laughter. He grins slowly. A solitary woman in the compartment looks up at them.

The train moves out of the station. She remains at the window. He remains on the platform.

180. INT. HOTEL ROOM, THE SHIP, EXETER, DAY.

Charles writing a letter. He seals the envelope, writes address. He calls.

CHARLES

Sam! Sam!

180 CONTINUED.

Sam enters.

SAM

Sir ?

CHARLES

I want you to deliver this letter to the lady at this address. See that you give it into her hands. And then back here. Hire a fast carriage. We go to Lyme. But no baggage. We return here tonight.

SAM

Tonight, Mr. Charles ? But I thought -

CHARLES

Never mind what you thought.

181. EXT. EXETER. THE RIVER. DAY.

Sam walking. He stops, opens letter, reads.

182. THE LETTER.

'I am he who will know no peace, no happiness, until he holds you in his arms again. Wait for me. I am yours. C.'

183. RIVER BANK.

Sam throws letter into the water. It floats away.

184. INT. ENDICOTT'S HOTEL. BEDROOM WINDOW.. DAY.

Sarah sitting on the bed, which is made. She covers her face, begins to cry. she stands, goes to the window, looks out.

185. EXT. EXETER STATION. HER P.O.V.

A goods train going out.

186. INT. BEDROOM WINDOW.

Sarah at the window, crying.

187. INT. CHARLES' HOTEL ROOM. EXETER.

Charles at window. Sam enters.

SAM

Carriage ready, sir.

CHARLES

Did you deliver the letter?

SAM

Into the lady's hands, sir.

CHARLES

Thank you, Sam.

They go out.

189. C.U. ERNESTINA

She is listening. Sound of front door closing, of Mary and Charles' voices. Her face lights up.

Sound of quick knock on her door and it opening.

ERNESTINA

Charles!

Sound of door closing. Silence. She frowns.

What is it? Charles? What is it?

190. ERNESTINA'S SITTING ROOM. DAY.

Charles stands by the door.

CHARLES

Please sit down.

She does so, slowly.

190 CONTINUEDERNESTINA

What has happened ?
Why do you look at me like that ?

CHARLES

I do not know how to begin to say what I
must. I have come to tell you the truth.

ERNESTINA

The truth ? What truth ?

CHARLES

That I have, after many hours of the deepest,
the most painful consideration, come to the
conclusion that I am not worthy of you.

ERNESTINA

Not worthy of me ?

CHARLES

Totally unworthy.

She laughs.

ERNESTINA

You are joking.

CHARLES

No.

pause

ERNESTINA

Will you kindly explain to me what you are
saying ?

CHARLES

The terms your father offered in the settlement
were more than generous -

190. CONTINUEDERNESTINA

But you despise the idea of marrying into trade.

CHARLES

I do not despise it - I -

ERNESTINA

Then what are you saying ?

pause

CHARLES

Ernestina, I have realised, in these last days that too great a part of my regard for you has always been ignoble. I was far more tempted by your father's fortune than I have cared to admit. Now I have seen that to be the truth -

ERNESTINA

Are you saying you have never loved me ?

CHARLES

I am not worthy of you.

ERNESTINA

Charles ... I know I am spoiled. I know I am not ... unusual. But under your love and protection ... I believed I should become better. I would do anything ... you see ... I would abandon anything ... to make you happy...

She covers her face.

He stands still.

She suddenly looks at him.

190 CONTINUEDERNESTINA

You are lying. Something else has happened.

pause

CHARLES

Yes.

ERNESTINA

Who ?

CHARLES

You do not know her.

ERNESTINA (dully)

I don't know her ?

CHARLES

I have known her ... many years. I thought the attachment was broken. I discovered in London ... that it is not.

pause

ERNESTINA

Why did you not tell me this at the beginning ?

CHARLES

I hoped to spare you the pain of it.

ERNESTINA

Or yourself the shame of it. Who is she ?
What woman could be so vile as to make a man
break his vows ? I can guess. She is married.

190 CONTINUEDCHARLES

I will not discuss her. I came to tell you the truth, the most terrible decision of my life -

ERNESTINA

The truth! You are a liar. My father will drag your name - both your names, through the mire. You will be spurned and detested by all who know you. You will be hounded out of England, you will be -

He moves to the door and opens it.

Ernestina sways, slumps to the floor.

He starts towards her, halts, goes to the bellpull and pulls it. He goes to the open door and stands.

She lies still.

Through the open door Mary seen running up the stairs. Mrs. Tranter suddenly appears on the landing.

CHARLES (to Mary)

Run to Doctor Grogan.. Ask him to come here immediately.

191. INT. CHARLES' HOTEL ROOM. LYME..DAY.

Charles comes in and slams the door.

He opens the window and takes in a long breath of air.

He goes to writing table and nervously sets out writing materials. He begins to write 'Dear Mr. Freeman -'

A sharp knock on the door. Sam enters with brandy.

CHARLES

What the devil do you want ? I didn't ring .

191 CONTINUED

SAM

I brought you a glass of brandy, sir. I thought you might want it.

Charles takes brandy and sips.

It's never true, sir.

Charles looks at him.

CHARLES

Yes, it is true. Miss Freeman and I are no longer to marry. Now go. And keep your mouth shut.

He bends to the paper. Sam does not move. He looks up.

Did you hear what I said ?

SAM

Yes, sir. Only, with respect, I have to consider my own situation.

CHARLES

What ?

SAM

Will you be residing in London from now on, sir ?

CHARLES

We shall probably go abroad.

SAM

Ah. Well, I beg to advise you that I won't be accompanying you. And I'm not coming back to bloody Exeter either. I'm leaving your employ. As I ought to have done weeks ago, when all this started.

191 CONTINUED

Charles stands.

CHARLES

Go to hell!

They glare at each other. Sam opens the door.

He turns.

SAM

I don't fancy nowhere, sir, as I might meet
a friend of yours.

Sam goes out slamming the door. Charles rips it
open.

CHARLES

Sam!

SAM

If you wish for attention, ring for one
of the hotel domestics.

He goes down the stairs. Charles slams the door and
stands.

He picks up the brandy glass and hurls it into the fire-
place.

192. INT. SARAH'S SITTING ROOM. EXETER. DAY.

Sarah is dressing. She puts the shawl around her
shoulders and looks at herself in the mirror. She hears
sounds of children in the street, goes to the window and looks
down at them.

She turns back into the room, picks up a kerchief which
Charles has left behind him. She fondles it, puts it down.

193. INT. HOTEL. LYME. LANDING. DAY.

193 CONTINUEDCHARLES

Mr. Barnes! Make up my bill! I'm leaving.

VOICE

Rightaway, Mr. Smithson.

Charles goes back into his room and slams the door.

194. INT. HOTEL ROOM.

The room is in chaos. Wardrobe doors and cupboard drawers wide open, clothes spilling out. Charles is trying to pack his belongings into two large trunks. He flings the clothes in.

A quick knock at the door. Grogan comes in. Charles looks at him, continues packing, moving from wardrobe to trunk.

GROGAN

I await your explanation, sir.

CHARLES

I am leaving Lyme.

He pulls at a drawer in a chest of drawers. The drawer comes out and falls with a crash.

CHARLES

Damn!

GROGAN

I have put Miss Freeman to sleep.
When she wakes you could be by her.
It is not too late - to mend the matter.

CHARLES

It is far too late.

Grogan watches him.

194. CONTINUEDGROGAN

I have been told by Mrs. Tranter that there is another woman.

CHARLES

I must ask you not to reveal her name.

GROGAN

You ask me to follow your example in deceit ?

CHARLES

I believed the deceit to be necessary.

GROGAN

As you believed the satisfaction of your lust to be necessary.

CHARLES

I will not accept that word.

GROGAN

You had better learn to. It is the one the world will attach to your conduct.

CHARLES

Let it do so.

He continues to pack.

GROGAN

You will marry the lady ?

CHARLES

That is my deepest wish.

GROGAN

You have committed a crime. It will fester in you all your life.

194 CONTINUED

Charles stops packing and looks at him.

CHARLES

No ... Grogan. You do not understand. She is remarkable. She is free. I am free also. She has given me this freedom. I shall embrace it.

Silence.

GROGAN

So be it.

195. EXT. ENDICOTT'S HOTEL. EXETER. NIGHT.

A carriage comes down the street and draws up. Charles gets out and goes into the hotel.

196. INT. ENDICOTT'S HOTEL. EXETER. HALL. NIGHT.

Charles comes in the front door. Mrs. Endicott looks out of her room. Charles gives her a coin.

CHARLES

Miss Woodruff expects me. I'll find my own way.

He turns to the stairs.

MRS. ENDICOTT

The young lady's left, sir.

CHARLES

Left? You mean gone out?

MRS. ENDICOTT

No, sir. I mean left.

He stares at her.

She took the London train this afternoon.

196 CONTINUEDCHARLES

What ?

MRS. ENDICOTT

She took the three o' clock to London.
Didn't leave no address.

CHARLES

You're a liar.

He turns and bounds up the stairs.

Sarah!

MRS. ENDICOTT

Where are you going ?

197. INT. SARAH'S ROOM

Charles bursts in.

MRS. ENDICOTT (O.S.)

What are you doing ? You can't do that.

Charles goes to the writing table, shelves, etc., lifts
objects, table cloth, goes into bedroom through open door.

Mrs. Endicott comes into the room

MRS. ENDICOTT

You've no right! You're trespassing.

Charles stares at the unmade bed.

Did yqu hear what I said ?

Charles turns to her, speaks with great violence.

197 CONTINUEDCHARLES

Get out!

She retreats to the door.

Charles follows her and slams it.

He looks about the room, silent in the moonlight.

He sits down and stares at the window.

198. INT. ANNA'S LONDON APARTMENT, DAY, PRESENT.

Anna in foreground on sofa reading the last few pages of her script of the French Lieutenant's Woman. Jimmy sitting at a desk, using a calculator and making notes.

The phone rings. He picks it up.

JIMMY

Hello.

Silence.

Hello.

199. INT. MIKE'S LONDON HOUSE, DAY.

Mike holding the telephone.

Children's voices from the garden.

JIMMY (V.O)

623 - 4358.

Mike puts the phone down.

200. INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT

Jimmy listening to dialling tone.

He replaces the receiver.

200 CONTINUEDANNA*Who was that ?*JIMMY*Don't know. He put the phone down.*ANNA*Who did ?*JIMMY*I don't know. He didn't say.*ANNA*Maybe it was a wrong number.**Jimmy looks at her.*JIMMY*Yes. Maybe.*201. INT. MIKE'S LONDON HOUSE.*Mike sitting by the phone. In background, in the garden, children are playing. Sonia comes into the room. She looks at him.*SONIA*You all right ?*MIKE*What ? Yes. Fine.**She moves to the garden door.**Listen. What about asking a few people to lunch on Sunday ?*SONIA*What people ?*MIKE*Oh ... some of the cast.*

201 CONTINUEDSONIA

Fine.

MIKE

Well .. you know ... the film's nearly over,
 Anna's got to get back to the States ... you
 know

SONIA

Fine. Fine. As long as it's not the whole
 unit.

MIKE

No, no, just ... you know ...

SONIA

All right. Fine.

She goes into the garden.

202. INT; ANNA'S LONDON APARTMENT

The phone rings. Jimmy picks it up.

JIMMY

Hello.

MIKE (V.O.)

Hello Jimmy. It's Mike here. Listen. We're
 having a little lunch party here on Sunday.
 Can you both come ?

JIMMY

Uuh ... well ... here's Anna.

He passes the phone to Anna, his hand over the receiver.

(whispering) Lunch on Sunday.

200 UNFINISHED

Anna lies back on the sofa.

ANNA (into phone)

Hi?

MIKE (V.O.)

You've gone. Where are you? You weren't in your room.

ANNA (laughing)

What?

MIKE (V.O.)

In Exeter. Listen, come to lunch on Sunday. Oh, by the way, I love you.

ANNA

How lovely. Yes. We'd love to come. See you then.

MIKE (V.O.)

Great.

She puts the phone down, looks at Jimmy.

ANNA

Lunch on Sunday.

JIMMY

I know.

She picks up her script. He looks at her.

Weren't you going down to do the last scene on Sunday?

ANNA

No. They're behind schedule. It's Wednesday.

ANNOUNCINGJIMMY

Al. Have they decided what they want to do with the one?

ANNA

I've decided.

JIMMY

What have you decided?

ANNA

I want to play it exactly as it's written.

JIMMY

Is there going to be a fight about it?

ANNA (grimly)

I hope not.

203. HAND HOLDING NEWSPAPER.

The newspaper is opened at an advertisement.

GRIMES (V.O.)

'Will Miss Sarah Woodruff urgently communicate her whereabouts to Montague and Son, 180 Chancery Lane, London.'
Yes. Very well worth it, I would say.

204, INT. GRIMES' OFFICE. DAY.

Grimes and Charles sit at a desk.

On desk various cups with tea dregs, glasses, ashtrays with cigar stubs.

204. CONTINUED

GRIMES

Well, Mr. Smithson, I'm not going to pretend to you that it will be an easy task. But we have considerable experience in looking for needles in haystacks and we have had our successes in this field. Oh yes. I have four good men who will go onto the job at once. We shall try the Educational Boards of all the Church Schools. We shall also investigate these new female clerical agencies. They're booming, growing like wildfire. And we'll investigate all the girl's academies in London.

CHARLES

Yes.

GRIMES

I shall also be examining the register of deaths.

pause

One last question, sir for the moment.

CHARLES

Yes ?

GRIMES

Does the young lady wish to be found, would you say, or not ?

pause

CHARLES

I cannot say.

205. INT. CHARLES' KENSINGTON HOUSE, DAY.

Montague leans back in his chair, reading aloud from a letter.

MONTAGUE

'We are instructed by Mr. Ernest Freeman, father of Miss Ernestina Freeman, to request you to attend at these chambers at 3 o' clock this coming Friday. Your failure to attend will be regarded as an acknowledgement of our client's right to proceed. Aubrey and Baggott.'

CHARLES

What does it mean ?

MONTAGUE

It means they have cold feet. But they're not letting us off altogether. My guess is we will be asked to make a confessio delicti.

CHARLES

A statement of guilt ?

MONTAGUE

Just so. I am afraid we must anticipate an ugly document. But I can only advise you to sign it. We have no case.

206. EXT. FACTORY: LONDON. DUSK.

Dozens of women emerging from the factory. Charles stands at a street corner, his eyes searching the crowd. Some of the women look at him and laugh. He turns away.

207. INT. AUBREY'S CHAMBERS. DAY.

Piles of legal volumes on the desk and the floor. Rolls of sheep skin bound in green ferret. Box files of cases ranged high around the room.

207 CONTINUED

Charles and Montague enter the room. Aubrey rises from behind his desk. Behind him, Mr. Freeman. Standing by the wall, Serjeant Murphy. Aubrey and Montague shake hands curtly. Neither Aubrey or Freeman look at Charles. Serjeant Murphy, however, stares at him. He is very tall and thin.

AUBREY (to Montague)
You know Serjeant Murphy ?

MONTAGUE
By reputation only.

Murphy and Montague nod to each other. Aubrey, Montague and Charles sit. Murphy sits and puts his feet up. Mr. Freeman remains standing. Aubrey shuffles papers.

AUBREY
I think, Mr. Montague, that the facts of this abominable breach of engagement are not in dispute. Your client has himself provided abundant evidence of his own guilt in this letter to Mr. Freeman - (he waves letter) - though I note that with the usual impudence of his kind he has sought to -

MONTAGUE
Mr. Aubrey, I must object to such language -

MURPHY
Would you prefer to hear the language I should use, Mr. Montague - in open court ?

pause

AUBREY
I consider this disgraceful letter adds impertinent insult to an already gross injury by omitting any reference to the blackest aspect of his crime.

207. CONTINUED

AUBREY (Cont...)

I refer to his sordid liason with another woman.

He glowers at Charles.

You may, sir, have thought Mr. Freeman not to be fully cognisant of your amours. You are wrong. We know the name of the female with whom you have entered into such base relations. We have a witness to circumstances I find too disgusting to name. Circumstances which took place in the town of Exeter three months ago, in June of this year.

Charles flushes. Mr. Freeman is now looking at him. Murphy's eyes never leave him.

MONTAGUE

My client did not come here to defend his conduct.

MURPHY

Then you would not defend such an action ?

MONTAGUE

With respect, sir I must reserve judgement on that matter.

MURPHY

The judgement is hardly at issue, Mr. Montague.

AUBREY

Our advice to Mr. Freeman has been clear. In my very long experience this is the vilest example of dishonourable behaviour I have ever had under my survey. I believe firmly that such vicious conduct should be exhibited as a warning to others.

Charles suddenly looks at Murphy. They hold each others gaze.

AUBREY

However, it is your client's good fortune that Mr. Freeman has elected to show a mercy the case in no way warrants. He does not, upon conditions, immediately have it in mind to proceed.

pause

I have, with esteemed advice - (he glances at Murphy) - prepared an admission of guilt. I should instruct you that Mr. Freeman's decision not to proceed immediately is most strictly contingent upon your client's signing on this occasion and in our presence, and witnessed by all present, this document.

MURPHY

Read it.

Aubrey adjusts his spectacles.

AUBREY

'I, Charles Algernon Henry Smithson, do fully, freely and solely by my desire to declare the truth, admit that :

1. I contracted to marry Miss Ernestina Freeman.
2. I was given no cause whatsoever to break my solemn contract with her.
3. I was fully and exactly apprised of her rank in society, her character, her marriage portion, and future prospects, before my engagement to her hand.

207 CONTINUEDAUBREY (cont...)

4. I did break that contract without any justification whatsoever beyond my own criminal selfishness and lust.
5. I entered into a clandestine liason with a person named Sarah Woodruff, resident at Lyme Regis and Exeter.
6. My conduct through out this matter has been dishonourable. By it, I have forever forfeited the right to be considered a gentleman.

pause

I hereby acknowledge that the injured party may make whatever use she desires of this document.'

Silence.

MONTAGUE

Mr. Smithson, you are entitled to withdraw with me into another room to consider this matter.

CHARLES

That will not be necessary.

He looks at Aubrey.

I should like to ask one question. What does 'the injured party may make whatever use she desires of this document' mean ?

MURPHY

It means precisely what it says.

207 CONTINUEDCHARLES

But does it mean, for example, that Miss Freeman may insert this document in 'The Times', if she so wishes ?

AUBREY

The clause is quite clear. (He reads.)
'The injured party may make whatever use she desires of this document'.

MURPHY

Which would include the insertion of it, into 'The Times' if the injured party so wishes.

CHARLES

I will sign.

All stand. Charles signs the document, followed by the others as witnesses.

A pause.

Charles turns and leaves the room, followed by Montague.

208. EXT. LONDON NEWS. DAY. PRESENT.

A white Mercedes draws up. Anna jumps out, runs towards a door. The chauffeur gets out, stretches.

209. INT; WIG MAKERS; DAY.

Anna looking into the mirror, wearing a wig. John stands behind her.

JOHN

Yes, I think it's nice. It makes you look more mature.

210. INT. GRIMES' OFFICE. DAY.

ANNA

Then what?

JOHN

Then the other one.

ANNA

Ah.

JOHN

You want that, don't you?

ANNA

*Do you think it could be a bit fuller ...
(she pats the side of her head) ... here?*

JOHN

Sure. Why not?

Anna regards herself in the mirror.

ANNA

*Mmm. Yes. I think I'm going to like her in
in this.*

210. INT. GRIMES' OFFICE. DAY.

Grimes and Charles standing.

CHARLES

Nothing at all?

GRIMES

Nothing. I am sorry.

pause

210 CONTINUEDCHARLES

Don't give up.

He leaves the room.

211. EXT. NEWS; DAY; PRESENT.*Anna comes quickly out of the wigmakers into the Mercedes. The Mercedes drives off.*212. INT. CHARLES' HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

Charles and Montague sit at a distance from each other.

Silence.

CHARLESI don't understand. To give herself to me ...
and then to dismiss me ... as if I were
nothing to her.MONTAGUE

Perhaps you were nothing to her.

pause

CHARLES

I cannot believe it.

MONTAGUE

But on the evidence you must believe it.

pause

CHARLES

No. I do not.

213. EXT. LONDON STREET. NIGHT.Charles walking along the street. He passes a public house.
Loud singing from within. He looks through the windows.

214. INT. PUBLIC HOUSE. NIGHT.

Charles comes in and stands, watching. A group of men surround a girl who is dancing on a table. Old ladies, at a table near the window, drinking stout, cackling. A group of young women at the bar.

Charles' glance swings from one female face to another. He goes out.

215. EXT. LONDON STREET. NIGHT.

Charles passes a blind beggar, a group of urchins, whores standing in doorways. An old lady, sitting at a window, taps loudly to draw his attention. The whores call out after him. He crosses the street and gets into a hansom cab.

216. STREET OFF THE HAYMARKET

The hansom goes down the street, and turns the corner.

217. ANOTHER STREET.

This street is narrow and silent.
A solitary girl stands under a gas lamp.

Charles cranes forward. She has a faint resemblance to Sarah. He knocks with his stick on the roof of the cab. It stops.

Footsteps. The girl looks in the window.

GIRL

Hullo, sir.

218. THE GIRL'S HOUSE, STAIRS, AND ROOM. NIGHT.

The girl leads. Charles follows.

GIRL

Is it for all night, sir ?

218 CONTINUEDCHARLES

Yes. How much will that be ?

GIRL

A sovereign, sir.

They enter the room. Charles gives her a sovereign.

Thank you, sir. Make yourself at home. I shan't be a minute.

She goes through a door into another room.

He stands by the fire.

Through the door sounds of a child, a low murmur.

The door opens. The girl comes in.

GIRL

It's my little girl, sir. She'll be all right.
She's as good as gold.

The girl has undressed and now wears only a peignoir over her naked body.

GIRL

I've got some wine, sir. Would you like a glass of wine ?

CHARLES

What wine is it ?

GIRL

It's German wine.

CHARLES

Thank you. A glass.

She goes to a cupboard, takes out a bottle, half empty, and pours a glass, takes it to him.

218 CONTINUEDGIRL

Sit down by the fire, sir, go on, for a minute, warm yourself. I'll see if I can get it going better.

He sits, with glass. She kneels at his feet and pokes the fire.

It's best quality coal, but it's the cellar. It's so damp down there.

Charles looks at her breasts. He swallows wine and grimaces. The girl stops poking the fire.

That's got a bit more life to it.

She stands.

Like the wine, sir? Go on, have some more.

The baby begins to cry in the other room. The girl pours some more wine.

Drink up. It's good for your muscles.

The cries grow louder. The girl stands uncertainly.

CHARLES

Go to her.

GIRL

Yes, I'll just ...

She goes into the other room. The door remains open. Charles drinks. Sounds of girl attempting to soothe the baby. The baby is not soothed.

The girl comes back into the room. She sits, pulls on some boots.

218 CONTINUEDGIRL

I can't quieten her. I've got a girlfriend - next door. She'll take her. Oh, I'm sorry, sir.

She stands, puts on cloak over her peignoir.

Could you just ... keep an eye on her, sir ... for a minute ?

CHARLES

Yes, yes.

GIRL

I won't be a minute.

She goes out.

Charles sits with drink. A moment's silence from the other room, then a prolonged cry. Charles stands, goes to the open door and looks into the room.

219. OTHER ROOM.

In dim light, the baby in a small truckle bed.

CHARLES

Hush, hush. Your mother will return soon.

At this the child screams. Charles goes to her, pats her head. This has no effect. He suddenly gropes for his watch, frees the chain from his waistcoat and dangles it over her. The cries stop. She reaches up, grabs the watch. She plays with it. He gently takes it from her and dangles it in front of her, like a pendulum. She watches this with delight, then grabs it, gurgling with laughter.

218 CONTINUED

CHARLES

Yes, yes, isn't it a pretty watch ? ...
That's a good little girl ... isn't it a
pretty watch ?

The door of the other room opens. The girl comes through
and stands in the doorway.

GIRL

She wasn't there.

She looks at the gurgling baby and then at Charles.

Oh ...

CHARLES

Intelligent child.

202. CLOSE UP. BABY WITH WATCH.

203. SITTING ROOM.

Charles walks in, drains his glass, grimaces.

The girl comes in from the other room, closing the door.
She slips out of her boots and cloak.

GIRL

You like little baby girls, sir ?

Charles grunts.

GIRL

Would you like me to sit on your lap ?

CHARLES

Do.

The girl does.

218 CONTINUED

GIRL

You're a very handsome gentleman.

CHARLES

You're a very pretty girl.

GIRL

You like us wicked girls ? You like
wickedness, do you ?

She slips his hand under her peignoir onto her breasts.
She kisses him. His hand wanders over her body. Her
robe falls away. She stands.

GIRL

Come on. It's a nice soft bed.

He stands. She drops her robe, shows him her body.

GIRL

Like me ?

The baby begins to cry in the other room.

The girl gets into the bed. He suddenly sways,
closes his eyes, puts his hand to his head.

GIRL

You all right ?

The baby continues to cry. He walks to the bed and
looks down at the girl.

CHARLES

I don't know your name.

GIRL

Sarah, sir.

218 CONTINUED

He is racked by a sudden spasm. Twisting sideways he begins to vomit uncontrollably.

The girl jumps out of bed. She puts her hand on his shoulder.

CHARLES (violently)

Go to your baby!

219. EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE. DAY. PRESENT.

The house is double fronted, with a portico.

The door opens, suddenly. A girl of nine stands in the doorway. She looks down the steps.

GIRL

Hullo! I saw you through the window!

220. REVERSE SHOT

Anna and Jimmy walking up the steps of the house.

ANNA

Hullo! Are you Lizzie?

LIZZIE

Yes. I am.

221. MIKE'S HOUSE. GARDEN.

Food and drink on tables.

In background Sonia talking to Jimmy. 'Mrs. Poulteney' with Anna. Lissie wandering about. A Dalmatian.

In foreground Mike with wine bottles, 'Ernestina' and 'Grogan'. Mike is looking in the direction of Anna.

'GROGAN'

Mumlers! Come here!

221. GROGAN.

The Palmer is looking at him. He ruffles his head.

'GROGAN'

Good boy.

'ERNESTINA'

Masters? What a funny name.

'GROGAN'

Yes, he's a good dog. (to Mike) Sometimes you know, I get offered work - on location - abroad, but I never take it. Couldn't leave him alone.

'ERNESTINA'

But someone else could easily take care of him, couldn't they?

'Grogan' looks at her.

'GROGAN'

No.

222. ANOTHER PART OF THE GARDEN.

'Mrs. Poulteney' and Anna.

'MRS. POULTENEY'

I must say they have a lovely garden, don't they?

ANNA

Yes.

'MRS. POULTENEY'

Well, it's a lovely house. Don't you think? So serene. Of course, she seems so serene, doesn't she, the wife?

ANNA

Yes, yes.

222. ANOTHER PART OF THE GARDEN.

'MRS. FOULTENEY'

Look at their little girl. Isn't she lovely? Such a pretty little thing.

MIKE (aside). 'Mrs. Foulteney' stops him.

Aren't you a pretty little thing? Who made that dress for you?

LIZZIE

I don't know.

'MRS. FOULTENEY' (to Anna)

I made all my own dresses once upon a time. Everyone admired them. I honestly have no idea why I took up acting.

223. ANOTHER PART OF THE GARDEN.

MIKE and JIMMY.

JIMMY

Have they decided how they are going to end it?

MIKE

End it?

JIMMY

I hear they keep changing the script.

MIKE

Not at all. Where did you hear that?

JIMMY

Well, there are two endings in the book, aren't there? A happy ending and an unhappy ending?

323. CONTINUEDMIKE

Yes. We're going for the first ending -
I mean the second ending.

JERRY

Which one is that ?

MIKE

Haven't Anna told you ?

324. ANOTHER PART OF THE GARDEN.

Anna and Sonia.

ANNA

It's a great garden. Who looks after it
for you ?

SONIA

I do.

ANNA

What, all on your own ?

SONIA

Mmm. More or less.

ANNA

What about Mike ? Doesn't he help ?

SONIA

Oh, when he's here. A bit. He's pretty
lazy actually.

Anna smiles.

ANNA

I really envy you.

224. INT; MIKE'S HOUSE.

SONIA

Envy me? Why?

ANNA

Well, for being able to create such a lovely garden.

SONIA (laughing)

Oh, I wouldn't bother to envy me, if I were you. Give some more wine.

Sonia goes towards a table for a bottle.

225. INT; MIKE'S HOUSE. LANDING.

Mike standing in shadow. The bathroom door opens.

Anna comes out. He grasps her arm, speaks in a low voice.

MIKE

It's been pure bloody hell.

ANNA

For Christ's sake! Anyone could -

MIKE

I've been going crazy.

ANNA

Mike -

MIKE

We do the last scene on Wednesday, Do you realise that? Stay with me. Wednesday night. Stay with me. We've got to talk. It can't end like this - I -

A noise below. She breaks away, to the stairs. He hisses.

225. INT. HOTEL ROOM.

MIKE

Must be Monday.

226. EXT. A LAKE. DAY.

The following title appears on the screen; -

THREE YEARS LATER

Charles, with a beard, walks along the terrace of a hotel by the side of the lake and sits.

A porter descends the steps of the hotel and gives Charles a telegram. He opens it.

227. THE TELEGRAM

'She is found. Under name Mrs. Roughwood. Montague.'

228. EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

A carriage going through the countryside.

229. C.U. CHARLES IN THE CARRIAGE

230. THE CARRIAGE GOING UP A WOODED DRIVE

It comes out of the drive to the courtyard of a house.

The house is remarkably modern, white, brilliant in the sunlight.

Charles gets out of the carriage and slowly walks towards the house.

231. EXT. THE HOUSE.

Charles knocks at front door, waits. The door is opened by a boy of twelve.

231 CONTINUEDBOY

Good morning.

CHARLES

Good morning.

BOY

I'm Tom Elliott. Who are you ?

CHARLES

My name is Smithson.

BOY

Mama and Papa aren't here at the moment.

CHARLES

I ... I'm looking for a Mrs. Roughwood.

BOY

Oh! Yes. Please come in.

Charles goes in.

232 . INT. HOUSE.

The interior of the house is white, full of light.
A piano is playing, haltingly. Laughter from another
room.

The boy goes to the foot of the stairs and shouts up.

BOY

Mrs. Roughwood! Someone to see you.

The boy turns to Charles

I think she's working. But she won't mind
being interrupted.

232. CONTINUED.

Sarah's voice from above: 'What is it?'

She appears on the landing and looks down into the hall.

She sees Charles.

He stands still, looking at her.

BOY

Please go up.

Charles walks up the stairs towards her. She waits.
He reaches her. They look at each other.

She turns, goes towards room. He follows.

233. INT. STUDIO.

Pictures on walls. A trestle table. Piles of drawings.
A drawing in progress on a small table.

She closes the door.

CHARLES

Mrs. Roughwood.

SARAH

Mr. Smithson.

pause

CHARLES

My solicitor was told you lived at this address. I do not know by whom.

SARAH

By me.

pause

233 CONTINUED

CHARLES

By you ?

pause

I have been looking for you for three years.

pause

I broke off my engagement. I came back for you, to take you with me, to marry you. You had gone.

pause

And now ... all these years later ... you choose to let me know that you are alive. Why ?

SARAH

I could not do so before this.

pause

CHARLES

You have married.

SARAH

No. I have not. I pass as a widow ... in the world.

pause

CHARLES

What is this house. ?

SARAH

He is an architect. His name is Elliott. They gave me shelter - a long time ago. I am tutor to their children, but I ... I am free to do my own work. They have encouraged it.

233 CONTINUED

He looks at the drawings. They are of children.

CHARLES

These are yours ?

SARAH

Yes.

CHARLES

You have found your gift.

He looks at her.

Why did you leave Exeter ? You told me you loved me. You showed ... your love.

pause

Answer me.

SARAH

There was a madness in me ... at the time, a bitterness, an envy. I forced myself on you, knowing that you had ... other obligations. It was unworthy. I suddenly saw, after you had gone, that I had to destroy what had begun between us.

CHARLES

Are you saying you never loved me ?

SARAH

I could not say that.

CHARLES

But you must say that! You must say: 'I am totally evil. I used him as an instrument. I do not care that in all this time he has not seen a woman to compare with me, that his life has been a desert without me, that he has sacrificed... everything ... for me!' Say it!

233 CONTINUED

SARAH

No.

CHARLES

Why did you ask me here ? What do you want of me ?

SARAH

I saw the newspaper advertisements long ago -

CHARLES

You saw them ? You read them ? And did nothing ?

SARAH

Yes. I changed my name.

CHARLES

Then you have not only ruined my life. You have taken pleasure in doing so.

SARAH

You misjudge me. It has taken me this time to find my strength. It has taken me this time ... to find my freedom.

CHARLES

Freedom!

SARAH

Yes.

CHARLES

To make a mockery of love, of all human feeling. Is that all Exeter meant to you ?

233 CONTINUED

CHARLES (Cont...)

One brief transaction of the flesh ? Only that ?
You have planted a dagger in me and your 'damned
freedom' gives you licence to twist it in my
heart'. Well, no more!

He strides to the door. She seizes his arm.

SARAH

No!

He flings her away, violently.

CHARLES

Yes!

She falls to the floor, hitting her head. He stops.

She sits up, holding her head. He stares down at her. She
looks at him. She smiles.

SARAH

Mr. Smithson ... I called you here ...
to ask your forgiveness.

pause

You loved me once.

pause

If you still love me, you can forgive me.

She stands.

I know it is your perfect right to damn me.

pause

But if you do ... still ... love me ...

They look into each others' eyes.

233 CONTINUEDCHARLES

Then I must ... forgive you.

pause

SARAH

Yes. You must.

Slowly he takes her hand.

ROCK MUSIC

234. EXT. GARDEN. NIGHT. PRESENT.

The waltz party in full swing. A rock band on a platform. All the actors we have seen in the film are present, in modern clothes.

Grogan lurches by, drunk, dancing with Mary. Sam is dancing with Mrs. Poulteney; the Prostitute with Mr. Freeman; Mrs. Fairley with Serjeant Murphy; Aunt Trunter with Mr. Aubrey; Millie with Montague; Mrs. Endicott, the Exhibition girls with Sir Tom; Nat, the Dairyman and members of the crew. Anna is dancing with a member of the crew. Mike is drinking, with members of the crew.

Mike and Anna still wear their costumes of the previous scene.

Mike leaves his group, goes to Anna and her partner, mutters something to the man, who laughs and leaves Mike to dance with Anna.

235. MIKE AND ANNA DANCING .MIKE

How soon can you be ready ?

ANNA

I have to change.

235. CONTINUED

MIKE

I know. But how soon can you be ready?

ANNA

Two minutes after I've changed.

MIKE

We'll just slip away. I adore you.

ANNA

And where are you taking me?

MIKE

That's a secret.

Ernestina comes into the garden, wearing a fur coat, and boots. She goes up on a small platform, opens her coat and, to applause and whistling, reveals that she is dressed in a Victorian corset. She starts to do a kind of fan dance, opening and closing her coat. Great enthusiasm.

MIKE (to Anna)

Right. Now. See you in your dressing room in five minutes.

She slips through the crowd to the house.

Mike edges through the crowd.

Anna's white Mercedes is standing outside the house.

Mike goes into the house.

236. EXT. GARDEN.

Ernestina being carried off the platform. Laughter. She is thrown about between a number of men, who dance with her in turn.

239. INT. HOUSE. NIGHT.

Mike comes out of a room, walks to another door.
He knocks briefly and goes in.

Anna is not in the room. Her dresser is brushing her
hair in a mirror.

MIKE

Where's Anna?

DRESSER

Gone.

MIKE

Gone? Gone where?

The dresser looks at him.

DRESSER

Back to London.

MIKE

What? When?

DRESSER

Just now.

239. EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT.

Anna in her Mercedes driving away from the house.

220. EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT.

Mike runs out of the house. The Mercedes is approaching
the gate. In background laughter and rock music from the
party. He calls out:

MIKE

Anna!

END OF REEL 1

He runs across the courtyard and up a grass slope.

The Mercedes goes out of the gate. He cries out:

MIKE

Anna!

He stares into the night.

The rock music fades. A single piano is heard.

DISSOLVE INTO:

240. INT. HOUSE. STUDIO. LONG SHOT DAY.

In background the piano playing. Sunlight falls across the room through the long windows.

Charles and Sarah stand, embracing.

The camera tracks towards them and stops.

They kiss.

CHARLES (softly)

Sarah.
