

T H E R E A L J E A N

ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY : RICHARD WOOLLEY

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(1) A BLACK FRAME

THE OPENING CREDIT APPEARS - WHITE ON BLACK. A THROAT CLEARS.
A VOICE BEGINS.

WOMAN'S VOICE

For those of you who may not believe that such things happen, I would like to quote from two of the women I interviewed. The first woman:-

"I was expecting - 3 or 4 months' pregnant - and we'd had this argument because I'd been out with my sister and he came home and he made me stand in a corner naked and he beat me with a bamboo cane across my back. I had to stand there till 6 o'clock in the morning. And then he made me show people what he had done."

and the second woman:-

"He threatened to kill me no end of times. He used to put ropes round my neck and try to strangle me - he even tried once with wire, that's when I left. The worst time

he locked me and the children in a bedroom put a gas pipe underneath and turned the gas on. The police weren't interested - said it was a family squabble."

A SOUND OF COUGHING AND PAPERS RUSTLING. THE FRONT TITLES HAVE FINISHED. WOMAN'S FACE MOVES INTO THE BLACK FRAME. SHE SPEAKS INTO THE CAMERA.

WOMAN

... and if like the two men in the corner there are others who find the examples I have just read out funny, I suggest they visit the college psychiatrist immediately after this lecture. Thank you, that's all.

(2) INT. A LECTURE THEATRE IN A MODERN UNIVERSITY.

SEEN FROM THE LECTURER'S VIEWPOINT STUDENTS FILE OUT OF THE SHARPLY-RISING, CONCRETE-BENCHED ROOM THROUGH TRAP-LIKE DOORS AT THE END OF EACH ROW. IN THE FOREGROUND THE LECTURER CLEARS HER NOTES AWAY.

SHE TURNS TO RUB THE BOARD WHERE ON ONE SIDE THERE ARE STATISTICS RELATING TO DOMESTIC VIOLENCE. SHE IS A THIN-FACED WOMAN IN HER MID-THIRTIES. HER HAIR, WHICH IS GREYING VERY

SLIGHTLY, IS TIED BACK IN A BUNCH, BUT NOT HARSHLY, ENABLING TWO LOCKS TO FALL OVER EITHER EAR.

SHE STARES AT THE FIGURES FOR A MOMENT, MAKES A SMALL SHAKING MOVEMENT WITH HER HEAD AND BEGINS TO RUB THEM OUT. THE WOMAN IS JANE.

(3) A LONG GLASS-SIDED CORRIDOR IN THE SAME COLLEGE.

JANE EMERGES AT THE FAR END AND BEGINS TO WALK TOWARDS THE CAMERA. AFTER A MOMENT SHE DISAPPEARS INTO A DOOR TO THE RIGHT.

WHEN SHE RE-EMERGES WE ARE CLOSE IN FRONT OF HER TRACKING BACKWARDS AS SHE CONTINUES DOWN THE CORRIDOR. SHE HAS SEVERAL FILES. A PASSING WOMAN TURNS AFTER JANE HAS GONE PAST.

WOMAN

How's the research Jane?

JANE

(WITHOUT TURNING) Fine thanks.

ANOTHER MAN FURTHER DOWN ALSO STOPS TO SPEAK TO HER.

MAN

I've got those figures on actual deaths
for you.

JANE

(SHOUTING OVER HER SHOULDER ON THE MOVE)
Good. Put them on Sally's desk would you.

JANE PASSES OUT OF SHOT LEAVING THE MAN STARING AFTER HER.

(4) INT. A CONTINUALLY MOVING OPEN LIFT.

JANE GETS ON AND DISAPPEARS.

(5) INT. A LIBRARY IN THE SAME COLLEGE.

JANE CHECKS OUT SEVERAL BOOKS.

(6) EXT. A CONCRETE FLAGGED COURTYARD.

JANE WALKS ACROSS ACKNOWLEDGING ONLY BRIEFLY A COUPLE OF
PEOPLE WHO STOP TO SAY HELLO.

(7) EXT. TOP OF A LARGE SET OF CONCRETE STEPS.

JANE EMERGES OVER THE CREST SLOWLY, FORESHORTENED BY TELEPHOTO.

(8) INT. A REVOLVING DOOR.

JANE ENTERS THE DOOR, DROPS SOME BOOKS, PICKS THEM UP AND PUSHES HER WAY OUT.

(9) INT. A CANTEEN IN THE SAME UNIVERSITY.

IN BCU THE PILE OF BOOKS AND FILES ARE PLONKED DOWN ON A VINYL TOPPED TABLE.

JANE

(OFF) I am through with statistics Sally.
I'm going to make a film.

WE NOW SEE THE WHOLE CANTEEN WHICH IS SPARSELY OCCUPIED. SALLY AND JANE ARE IN A GALLERY SECTION ABOVE A BIGGER AREA WHICH HAS BEEN CLEARED FOR A CONCERT. BEHIND THEM A POSTER FOR THE UNIVERSITY FILM SOCIETY LOOMS. IT IS A POSTER FOR THE POLISH FILM "MAN OF IRON".

SALLY

It was a novel last week. (SHE PUSHES A COFFEE ACROSS TO JANE) You don't take milk do you?

JANE SHAKES HER HEAD AND WEARILY STIRS HER COFFEE. SHE LOOKS

UP AT SALLY.

JANE

Well ask me about it.

SALLY LOOKS UP AT JANE AND SMILES ALMOST AS IF HUMOURING HER.

SALLY

O.K. What sort of film?

JANE

About this woman.

SALLY

Which woman?

JANE

One I interviewed last week. Her story's amazing but no good for the research.

SALLY

Why not? (SHE IS GENUINELY INTERESTED NOW.)

JANE

It wouldn't register statistically, and

anyway it's mainly about after she left
her husband.

SALLY NODS. JANE LOOKS DOWN INTO HER COFFEE CUP AND SMILES.

JANE

It's very funny in parts. If you hadn't
met her you probably wouldn't believe it.

SALLY

But you do?

JANE

Yes.

JANE STARES AT THE FILM POSTER.

SALLY

A documentary?

JANE

No. It'd have to be fiction based on her
experiences. Otherwise she'd be sued and
anyway ...

JANE STOPS IN MID-SENTENCE AND SCREWS HER EYES UP SLIGHTLY.

SALLY

... and 'anyway' what?

JANE

(After a further pause) I think I'd call her Jean, and start the film with her on a beach in, say, Bridlington.

PAUSE. SALLY CUPS HER CHIN IN HER HAND AND WATCHES JANE.

JANE

She'd be saying goodbye to her daughter who is leaving to take up a job in London ...

(10) A BEACH OF AN EAST COAST YORKSHIRE RESORT.

WE SEE TWO WOMAN. THEY ARE TINY FIGURES BELOW. THERE ARE OTHER COUPLES, FAMILIES AND SINGLE PEOPLE WANDERING AROUND LIKE LOWRY MATCHSTICKS. THE TWO WOMEN STAND OUT BECAUSE THEY SEEM TO BE THE ONLY ONES STANDING STILL. WE HEAR THEIR VOICES BEGIN TO EMERGE FROM THE SOUND OF SEA AND GULLS.

DAUGHTER (SUSAN)

Will you be alright Mum?

MUM (JEAN)

Don't worry about me love. What about you
and all them fellas in London?

SUSAN

Won't have a chance to get me hands on
them. I'll have to stay in with kids most
evenings. (PAUSE) I gave you 'phone number
didn't I?

WE SEE JEAN IN CLOSE UP. SHE NODS AND THEN SMILES AND HUGS
HER DAUGHTER. SHE IS A WOMAN OF AROUND 36. HER FACE IS CARE-
WORN BUT WELL LOOKED AFTER.

JEAN

I'll miss you love.

SUSAN

(BREAKING THE HUG) I best be getting to
the station. Look after yourself Mum. Bye.

JEAN

Bye love.

THE MOTHER NOW IN THE FOREGROUND SHAKES HER HEAD SLIGHTLY AS THE DAUGHTER RUNS OFF. IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE SHE TURNS BACK AND WAVES.

FROM HIGH ABOVE WE SEE JEAN WALK OFF IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

(11) INT. A BINGO CLUB.

A BINGO CLUB WITH A GAME IN PROGRESS. WE SEE THE FACES OF THE WOMEN CONCENTRATING ON THEIR CARDS. OCCASIONALLY A HAND CROSSES OUT A NUMBER.

CALLER

Unlucky for some. THIRTEEN. One and three THIRTEEN.

THE CALLER IS ON A RAISED STAGE WITH A MACHINE THAT BLOWS THE BALLS UP A TUBE. HE IS SMARTLY DRESSED IN A BLAZER WITH HIS PROBABLY DYED HAIR SMOOTHED BACK.

THE CAMERA CONCENTRATES ON ONE HAND AND MOVES UP FROM IT TO REVEAL JEAN. SHE TURNS AND WHISPERS SOMETHING TO HER NEIGHBOUR. WE CANNOT HEAR. THEY BOTH LAUGH.

CALLER

(STUMBLING WITH THE SCANSION) Some men's
idea of heaven - l-e-e-gs eleven. All the
ones, eleven.

JEAN CROSSES OUT ANOTHER NUMBER.

THE BALLS JUMP AROUND AND FORCE THEIR WAY UP THE PLASTIC TUBE
AS IF DESPARATE TO REACH THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

TWO TEENAGE GIRLS NUDGE EACH OTHER AND GIGGLE AT A STUDIOUS
LOOKING BOY OF 16 OR SO SITTING BY HIMSELF IN FRONT OF THE
STAGE. HE TURNS ROUND AND SEES THEM LAUGHING. HE GOES RED AND
CONCENTRATES EVEN MORE CLOSELY ON HIS CARD.

CALLER

Sweet little ...

BEFORE HE CAN SAY "SIXTEEN" THERE IS A CRY OF "BINGO". JEAN
HOLDS UP HER CARD.

FACES SMILE OR LOOK RESIGNED. A WOMAN WHO HAS GONE TO SLEEP
IS WOKEN BY HER NEIGHBOUR. THE TWO GIRLS THROW THEIR BINGO
CARDS AT THE STUDIOUS BOY.

A TELLER COMES OVER TO CHECK THE WINNING CARD. THE CALLER

CONFIRMS EACH NUMBER AS THE CHECKER CALLS IT OUT. THE CARD IS CORRECT. JEAN'S NEIGHBOURS HUG HER AND THEN ALL THREE GET UP TO LEAVE.

AS THEY GO OUT THE MAN ON THE STAGE IN THE BACKGROUND STARTS A NEW GAME.

CALLER

Key to the door TWENTY ONE. Two and one TWENTY ONE.

AT THE ENTRANCE DOOR THE TWO NEIGHBOURS LOOK ON AS JEAN COLLECTS.

1st WOMAN

What you gonna do with that then Jean?

2nd WOMAN

(WINKING AT HER FRIEND) Fancy a drink?

JEAN COUNTS THE NOTES AND PUTS THEM IN HER PURSE. SHE SMILES AT HER FRIENDS.

JEAN

(IN A MODERATE YORKSHIRE ACCENT) Alright - just a quick one.

THEY LEAVE, LAUGHING. THE MAN AT THE DOOR CLOSES IT BEHIND THEM WITH A "GOODNIGHT GIRLS" AND IN THE BACKGROUND WE HEAR: "A lovely pair, a sight to see - THIRTY THREE".

(12) INT. A BASEMENT LOUNGE/KITCHEN.

JANE IS ON THE 'PHONE AT A TABLE IN THE FOREGROUND. WE SEE A TELEPHONE AND A TYPEWRITER IN CLOSE UP AND MOVE UP TO JANE'S FACE AS SHE TALKS.

JANE

... so now I'm through with boring old figures and finally writing the script ... two pages (SHE LAUGHS) ... the 'real' Jean's very keen ... wanted to star in it ... James? He's a bit jealous I think ... you know what journalists are like. Frustrated fiction writers imprisoned by facts. Anyway I must get back to work ... bye Sal.

THE 'PHONE GOES DOWN, THE TYPING STARTS.

(13) THE SALOON BAR OF A PUB 'TASTEFULLY' DECORATED.

AT THE BAR A MAN IN A BLUE BLAZER WITH HIS SHIRT COLLAR ON

THE OUTSIDE IS FINISHING OFF A DRINK. HE IS KEN. HE ORDERS ANOTHER. A MAN IN TINTED GLASSES NEXT TO KEN NUDGES HIM AND INDICATES WITH HIS HEAD.

A TABLE WITH A WOMAN ALONE. SHE IS LIGHTING A CIGARETTE. BEHIND HER A MAN WITH A MOUSTACHE IS SITTING ALONE AT ANOTHER TABLE.

THE SHOT REVERSES SO THAT THE MAN WITH THE MOUSTACHE IS IN THE FOREGROUND. TWO WOMEN JOIN HIM BUT TAKE LITTLE NOTICE OF HIM. IN THE BACKGROUND WE SEE KEN MOVE FROM THE BAR TO THE WOMAN WITH THE CIGARETTE, NOW IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE.

THE MAN REACHES HER TABLE.

KEN

(IN A YORKSHIRE ACCENT) Hello love. On holiday are you?

WOMAN

(LOOKING UP BRIEFLY AND LOOKING DOWN AGAIN) Yeah.

KEN

All on your own?

WOMAN

Yes thanks. (THE WOMAN HAS A SOUTHERN ACCENT)

THE MAN SITS DOWN IN A CHAIR BESIDE HER.

WOMAN

Someone's sittin' there.

KEN

(LAUGHING) You're right. Me.

HE STARES AT THE WOMAN WHO IS STILL LOOKING STRAIGHT AHEAD AND TAKES A DRINK FROM HIS PINT.

AS IF ON CUE THE MAN WITH THE TINTED GLASSES COMES OVER.

KEN

(TO WOMAN) This is my brother. Charlie.

THE WOMAN STILL KEEPS LOOKING AWAY.

(TO CHARLIE) Take a seat.

THERE IS THE SOUND OF MONEY POURING OUT OF A FRUIT MACHINE. KEN SHOUTS OVER TO THE MAN AT THE MACHINE.

... Get 'em in Jake will you? ... and a strong gin and orange for the lady here.

THE WOMAN FINALLY TURNS AND SMILES AT HIM.

WOMAN

Better finish this one then hadn't I?

SHE PICKS UP THE DRINK AND MOVES IT TOWARDS HER LIPS.

KEN WINKS AT CHARLIE.

THE WOMAN THROWS THE DRINK IN KEN'S FACE, GETS UP AND LEAVES.

WOMAN

Three's a crowd, ain't it?

SHE LEAVES. JAKE FROM THE FRUIT MACHINE COMES OVER WITH THE DRINKS.

JAKE

Try and rape her or something?

(14) INT. NIGHT-TIME. JANE'S BASEMENT LOUNGE

A HAND PICKS UP A GLASS OF WHITE WINE AND WE FOLLOW IT UP TO

REVEAL A MAN LYING ON A CHAISE LONGUE READING A SCRIPT. THIS IS JANE'S LOVER JAMES. HE LAYS THE SCRIPT ON HIS CHEST AND TAKES A SIP OF WINE. ALTHOUGH PROBABLY THE SAME AGE AS CHARLIE AND KEN, HE APPEARS YOUNGER. HE IS A JOURNALIST.

JAMES

... I'm not sure he'd say that Jean.

JANE

(OFF) Say what?

JAMES

"... Try and rape her?"

JANE

Why not?

JAMES

Well men aren't all one-track minded
villains.

THE CAMERA NOW HAS JANE IN THE FOREGROUND LYING ON THE FLOOR FACING AWAY FROM JAMES ON THE SOFA BEHIND. SHE SMILES.

... You run the risk of setting up the
characters too early on as black and white,

I think you need to tone down the men,
make them a bit more human ... (JANE NODS)
... otherwise that scene's alright ...
Any more goulash?

JANE

Sure, help yourself.

JAMES

(WITH A WANGLING VOICE) Jane, I am
reading your script for you.

JANE SIGHS, GETS UP OFF THE FLOOR AND GOES OFF TO GET THE
GOULASH.

JAMES TAKES ANOTHER SIP FROM HIS WINE AND PICKS UP THE
SCRIPT AGAIN.

JANE

(OFF) What about 'What got into her then?'

JAMES

(READING AGAIN) ... Umm something like
that.

(15) INT. THE PUB AS BEFORE.

JAKE COMES OVER WITH THE DRINKS AGAIN.

JAKE

What got into her then?

KEN

Not me for a start. (THE FAT MEN LAUGHS
'SUPPORTIVELY') Stuck-up little bitch.

THE THREE MEN SIT SILENTLY. KEN GULPS THE GIN AND ORANGE,
PROCEEDS STRAIGHT ONTO HIS PINT WHICH HE ALSO DRAINS, SITS
FOR A MOMENT DRUMMING HIS FINGERS AND THEN SUDDENLY GETS UP.

KEN

I'm off home.

CHARLIE

Pick you up half seven in the morning O.K.?

JAKE

Regards to the Mrs.

KEN BARELY ACKNOWLEDGES THESE REMARKS BUT HEADS OUT OF THE
PUB.

(16) EXT. ON A BUS AT NIGHT.

JEAN IS SITTING WITH HER TWO FRIENDS. THEY ARE ALL CHATTING AND LAUGHING. A SINGLE YOUNG MAN SITS IN THE FOREGROUND DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE WOMEN BUT THEY TAKE NO NOTICE OF HIM. HE GIVES HIS FARE WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING. OCCASIONALLY JEAN LOOKS AT HER WATCH. THE BUS STOPS. JEAN GETS UP.

JEAN

Night Julie, see you next week Cath.

CATH

Yeah. Thanks for the drink.

JULIE

Fancy coming out Saturday night. There's a hen-do down at Wheatsheaf ...

THE BUS CONDUCTOR INTERRUPTS, JEAN SHAKES HER HEAD TO JULIE'S OFFER AND MOVES OUT OF SHOT DOWN THE BUS.

(17) EXT. STREET AT NIGHT.

JEAN ALIGHTS FROM THE BUS AND WALKS TOWARDS THE CAMERA. SHE STOPS WAITING UNTIL THE BUS HAS DISAPPEARED INTO DARKNESS.

THEN SHE TAKES HER PURSE FROM HER COAT POCKET AND REMOVES THE WINNINGS. SHE UNBUTTONS HER COAT AND HIDES THE MONEY DOWN THE FRONT OF HER BLOUSE. SHE BUTTONS THE COAT UP AGAIN AND WALKS OFF.

(18) INT. LOUNGE OF JEAN'S COUNCIL HOUSE

LOOKING ALONG A SOFA WE SEE ONLY TWO LARGE BOOTED FEET OVER THE END OF THE ARM. AN ASHTRAY HAS TIPPED OVER BETWEEN THE FEET LEAVING ASH STREWN OVER THE MATERIAL. A HAND COMES INTO VIEW IN THE FOREGROUND. A WATCH ON THE WRIST SAYS 11.15. THE ARM IS REMOVED AND A DOOR IS VISIBLE OPENING BETWEEN THE FEET. JEAN APPEARS AND STANDS STARING DOWN AT THE CAMERA. WE ARE IN HER SMALL BUT NEATLY ARRANGED LIVING ROOM.

JEAN

Hello love. (SHE SMILES) Have a good evening?

THERE IS NO REPLY. THE FEET REMAIN MOTIONLESS. JEAN CLOSES THE DOOR.

... didn't think you'd be home yet.

JEAN TAKES HER COAT OFF.

... fancy a cup of tea?

SHE DISAPPEARS OUT OF SHOT.

... (OFF) Did our Susan ring?

A KETTLE IS SWITCHED ON. SHE RETURNS RUMMAGING THROUGH HER
HANDBAG. SHE PRODUCES THREE PACKETS OF CIGARETTES.

... Here love, I bought you sixty Bisons,
they were going cheap at bingo hall.

AS SHE THROWS THE CIGARETTES TOWARDS THE CAMERA THE SCREEN
SUDDENLY GOES BLACK AS A BODY LUNGES UP.

KEN GRABS HOLD OF JEAN BY THE SWEATER.

KEN

Don't try that one love ...

JEAN

Ken you'll stretch it.

KEN

I'm not a little boy you know.

JEAN

Come on Ken don't start ...

KEN

I've been sat here three quarters of an hour waiting for you.

JEAN

I'm sorry but ...

KEN

Came back early to be with you didn't I?

JEAN

I went for a drink after bingo.

KEN

Who with? ...

JEAN

You're drunk again.

KEN IS SLOWLY PUSHING JEAN BACK ACROSS THE ROOM.

KEN

Been with a bloke ain't you?

JEAN

I been with some mates now ...

KEN

(INCREASING HIS GRIP ON HER SWEATER)

... Mates? Women don't have mates ...

JEAN

... now leave off ...

KEN

Women have husbands right?

JEAN

Let go Ken.

KEN

And they're meant to look after their husbands - right? ... not go out on the town with their mates? ... right, right, right.

(EACH "RIGHT" IS ACCOMPANIED BY A HARD
YANK OF THE SWEATER)

JEAN

(SHOUTING) Ken leave off will you? ...
you're drunk and you're hurting me ...
(SHE MANAGES TO BREAK AWAY) ... now go
to bed and sleep it off.

KEN PAUSES FOR A MINUTE THEN LUNGES TOWARDS HER.

KEN

Not without you ...

JEAN MOVES TOWARDS THE DOOR BUT KEN GRABS HER FROM BEHIND
AND TRIES TO FORCE HIS HAND DOWN HER SWEATER.

JEAN

No Ken I've told you before. Not like
this.

SHE IS STRUGGLING. HIS HAND SLIPS INSIDE THE SWEATER AND
BLOUSE AND FINDS THE MONEY. THE KETTLE BEGINS TO BOIL.

KEN

Where'd you get this?

JEAN BACKS AWAY WITH HER HAND OUT.

JEAN

(QUIETLY) Bingo. Now ...

KEN

You little whore ...

JEAN

It's my winnings Ken.

KEN

My wife ...

JEAN

Give it back eh? ...

KEN

... on the streets ...

JEAN

I won it at bingo Ken alright? To pay our rent with O.K.? Now give it back and we'll

have a cup of tea ...

KEN ADVANCES ON JEAN.

KEN

I'll teach you this time ... you slut ...

HE HITS JEAN.

JEAN

(FIRMLY) Don't hit me Ken.

KEN

You want to be a whore you can be one ...

(HE HITS HER AGAIN) ... you old slag.

JEAN

I'm warning you Ken you know what I said
last time.

WITH HIS LEFT HAND KEN UNBUTTONS HIS TROUSER TOP AND WITH
THE RIGHT PUSHES HER HARD SO THAT SHE FALLS ON THE SOFA.

KEN

... and don't try and stop me you bitch ...

HE LURCHES ON TOP OF HER.

JEAN'S HAND REACHES OUT FOR A LAMP ON THE TABLE BEHIND HER. HER HAND CLOSES ROUND IT. AS KEN ATTEMPTS TO RIP HER SWEATER SHE BRINGS HER KNEE UP IN HIS GROIN? PICKS THE LAMP UP, PULLING THE CONNECTION OUT OF THE WALL, AND IN THE ENSUING SEMI-DARKNESS BRINGS IT DOWN WITH ALL HER STRENGTH ON KEN'S HEAD.

KEN'S BODY SLUMPS DOWN OVER HER ON THE SOFA. THE KETTLE SCREECHES.

(19) INT. JANE AND JAMES' BEDROOM.

JANE IS LYING IN BED ASLEEP WITH THE LIGHT ON. A SHEAF OF PAPERS IS ON HER LAP. JAMES' HEAD ENTERS FRAME AND GIVES JANE A KISS. SHE WAKES UP.

JAMES

It's only me. Don't wake up.

JAMES STARTS UNDESSING.

JANE

(SLEEPILY) ... James? If a woman told you she'd just murdered her husband, what

would you do?

JAMES IS NOW NAKED AND SQUEEZING A SPOT ON HIS FACE IN FRONT OF A MIRROR.

JAMES

Go to sleep.

JAMES JUMPS INTO BED AND NUZZLES UP TO JANE. SHE TURNS TO KISS HIM BUT HE GOES UNDER THE BLANKETS AND STARTS PLAYING WITH HER BREASTS.

JANE

Gently.

JAMES

Sorry.

HE DISAPPEARS FURTHER DOWN THE BED.

JANE

James ...

JAMES SURFACES.

... kiss me here. On the lips.

JAMES

Don't you want sex?

JANE

Yes.

SHE KISSES HIM ON THE LIPS AND STROKES HIS CHEST.

JAMES

Lost the mood now.

JAMES TURNS OVER TO GO TO SLEEP. JANE SITS UP AND CONTINUES TO READ THROUGH THE SCRIPT.

(20) A DESERTED SMALL RAILWAY STATION IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

THE PLATFORM IS DIMLY ILLUMINATED THOUGH THERE IS NO-ONE ABOUT. A FEW TATTERED POSTERS AND A TIMETABLE IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THE ONLY SIGNS OF 'USE'. AT THE FAR END OF THE PLATFORM A FIGURE APPEARS WITH A SMALL SUITCASE AND WALKS SLOWLY TOWARDS THE CAMERA. IT IS JEAN. SHE STOPS AND SITS IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE. WHISTLING BECOMES AUDIBLE.

IN THE GENTS OF THE STATION, A MAN IS STRIPPED NAKED TO THE

WAIST, SHAVING. HE IS WHISTLING BETWEEN EACH RAZOR STROKE. OCCASIONALLY HE STOPS BOTH WHISTLING AND SHAVING TO PULL EXAGGERATED FACES AT HIMSELF. ONCE CLEAN SHAVEN HE FIXES ON A SMALL MOUSTACHE AND, FROM A PLASTIC CARRIER BAG WHICH SEEMS TO BE HIS ONLY LUGGAGE, HE TAKES A WIG WHICH HE TRIES ON. WE CAN NOW RECOGNISE HIM AS THE MAN WHO WAS IN THE FOREGROUND IN THE PUB WITH KEN AND CHARLIE. HE STARES AT HIMSELF BUT THEN REMOVES BOTH WIG AND MOUSTACHE. HE IS A MAN IN HIS EARLY THIRTIES. HIS CLOTHES ARE WORN.

OUTSIDE AGAIN, JEAN GETS UP AND COMES TOWARDS THE TIMETABLE. SHE LIGHTS A MATCH TO READ IT. THE FIRST TRAIN IS AT 5.45. SHE BLOWS THE MATCH OUT. THE WHISTLING STOPS. SHE RETURNS TO THE BENCH.

THE MAN FROM THE GENTS EMERGES AND LOOKS UP AND DOWN THE PLATFORM. HE SPOTS JEAN BUT SITS DOWN ON A BENCH AT THE OPPOSITE END TO HER. SHE DOES NOT NOTICE HIM, HER HEAD IS SLUMPED FORWARD.

CLOSE TO WE REALISE HOWEVER THAT SHE IS NOT ASLEEP BUT SOBBING. THIS SOBBING SLOWLY BECOMES AUDIBLE TO THE MAN. HE GINGERLY APPROACHES HER FROM HIS BENCH IN THE BACKGROUND OF THE SHOT. HE STANDS NOT KNOWING WHAT TO DO AND THEN GETS OUT A CIGARETTE. THE NOISE ALERTS JEAN WHO SITS UP, ALARMED.

JEAN

Who are you? What do you want?

THE MAN REPLIES BY INDICATING THAT HE REQUIRES A LIGHT FOR HIS CIGARETTE. JEAN GIVES HIM ONE AND HE SITS DOWN NEXT TO HER, THOUGH NOT VERY CLOSE. HE PUFFS HUNGRILY. JEAN EYES HIM WITH SUSPICION.

JEAN

Cold in't it.

HE NODS AND DOES HIS COAT UP A LITTLE TIGHTER.

A GOODS TRAIN CLANKS THROUGH.

JEAN

Won't try nothing will you?

HE SHAKES HIS HEAD AND MOVES A LITTLE FURTHER AWAY FROM HER. AFTER A MOMENT JEAN OFFERS HIM A SWEET. HE TAKES IT.

JEAN

You could say thanks ...

THE MAN CONTINUES SUCKING BUT SMILES AT HER AGAIN.

JEAN BEGINS TO GET ANGRY.

JEAN

I said you could say thank you for the
sweet.

HE FOLDS THE SWEET PAPER UP AND PUTS IT IN HIS POCKET, NODS
TO JEAN AND HEADS BACK TO HIS BENCH.

JEAN

(SHOUTING AFTER HIM) Haven't you got a
tongue in your head?

THE MAN TURNS AND STICKS IT OUT.

JEAN

Charming.

AFTER A MOMENT HE COMES BACK TO JEAN'S BENCH. SHE LOOKS THE
OTHER WAY. HE HOLDS OUT HIS WRIST IN FRONT OF HER AND TAPS
IT. JEAN JUMPS UP.

JEAN

You dumb or something?

THE MAN NODS.

JEAN

Well why didn't you say so?

SHE SHOWS HIM THE TIME AND SITS DOWN AGAIN LOOKING AWAY, BUT THIS TIME WITH A MIXTURE OF NERVOUSNESS AND EMBARRASSMENT.

THE MAN DEJECTEDLY GOES BACK TO HIS BENCH. HE GETS A SLEEPING BAG OUT OF HIS PLASTIC CARRIER AND LAYS IT OUT ALONG THE BENCH. HE CLIMBS IN AND MAKES HIMSELF COMFORTABLE WITH THE CARRIER AS PILLOW. JEAN, WHO HAS BEEN LOOKING TOWARDS THE CAMERA IN THE FOREGROUND, TURNS TO WATCH HIM. WHEN HE IS FULLY SETTLED, SHE GOES OVER AND SITS ON THE END OF HIS BENCH.

JEAN

I didn't mean to shout at you, I'm sorry ...

THE MAN OPENS HIS EYES OVER THE RIM OF HIS SLEEPING BAG.

... you really dumb?

HE NODS. JEAN SMILES.

... say 'British Rail' and I'll give you a pound.

THE MAN MOUTHS "BRITISH RAIL". JEAN UPS THE OFFER, BUT IT ONLY PRODUCES MORE EXAGGERATED MOUTHING. JEAN BEGINS TO LAUGH. THE MAN LOOKS DOWNCAST AND RETREATS UNDER HIS SLEEPING BAG.

... sorry love. Look, can you keep a secret?

THE MAN RE-EMERGES AND NODS EAGERLY. JEAN BITES HER LIP AND LOOKS DOWN.

(HESITANTLY) ... well ... I've just killed someone.

THE MAN JUMPS UP IN HIS SLEEPING BAG AND MOVES TO THE OTHER END OF THE BENCH, SITTING IN IT LIKE A SACK. HE LOOKS NERVOUSLY AT JEAN, WHO BEGINS TO SOB AS SHE SPEAKS.

... I didn't mean to, I didn't.

JEAN BURSTS FULLY INTO TEARS. AFTER A MOMENT'S IRRESOLUTION, THE DUMB MAN EDGES UP TO CONSOLE HER. HE DRIES HER EYES AND THEN POINTS AT HIMSELF AND PUTS HIS FINGER TO HER LIPS. JEAN SMILES THROUGH HER TEARS.

... thanks. He was my husband see.

THERE IS SILENCE. THE MAN SITS NERVOUSLY NOT QUITE KNOWING WHAT TO DO. HE GETS UP, POINTS AT HIMSELF AND THEN AT HER. JEAN LOOKS WORRIED. THEN HE TAKES HER HAND? BOWS SLIGHTLY AND SHAKES IT. JEAN LOOKS BEMUSED BUT THEN TWIGS.

JEAN

How do you do, I'm Jean. And you're ...

HE MOUTHS HIS NAME.

JEAN

John, Jack, ... Len?

HIS MOUTHING GETS MORE FRANTIC AND HE STARTS TO MIME. HE KICKS HIMSELF.

JEAN

Eh ... Foot, Michael ... toe, Joe ...?

HE SWAYS AND NEARLY LOSES HIS BALANCE. HIS ARMS FLAIL OUT.

... swim, Jim ... sway, Ray ... oh I
don't know.

THE MAN HESITATES A MOMENT AND THEN RUNS OFF DOWN THE

PLATFORM. HE RETURNS WITH A STICK. HE POINTS AT IT AND THEN POINTS RATHER EMBARRASSEDLY AT HIS FLIES.

... stick ... oh my god ... Dick!

JEAN BURSTS OUT LAUGHING. HE LOOKS UPSET AND CLIMBS INTO HIS SLEEPING BAG. HER LAUGHING TURNS TO CRYING AND SHE FALLS ASLEEP ON THE END OF DICK'S SLEEPING BAG.

(21) INT. KITCHEN/BASEMENT OF JANE AND JAMES

SALLY IS SITTING READING THE SCRIPT AT A TABLE IN THE FOREGROUND. JANE IS DOING A YOGA HEADSTAND IN THE BACKGROUND.

SALLY

No ... I don't believe that.

JANE

What?

SALLY

I don't believe she'd go to sleep next to a man having just killed one who tried to rape her.

JANE

You mean you wouldn't.

SALLY

Nor would you.

JANE

But Jean doesn't think like that.

SALLY

Like what?

JANE

All men are the same, all men are
potentially violent.

SALLY NODS AND THERE IS A PAUSE.

SALLY

Jane does she really exist?

JANE COMES DOWN FROM HER HEADSTAND:

JANE

(SHARPLY) Who?

SALLY

The real Jean?

JANE

(ALMOST ANGRILY) Of course she does. I've been visiting her on and off for the last six weeks haven't I?

SALLY

Just checking. (SHE TURNS TO LOOK AT JANE WHO RETURNS TO HER POSE) You are listening aren't you?

JANE

Yes it's very useful.

SALLY READS THE NEXT SCENE DESCRIPTION AS WE SEE IT.

(22) THE LIVING ROOM OF JEAN AND KEN'S COUNCIL HOUSE.

IT IS EARLY MORNING. THE ROOM IS LIT BY LIGHT COMING THROUGH UNDRAWN CURTAINS. THE CAMERA MOVES ROUND TO REVEAL THE LEGS AND FEET OF KEN ON THE SOFA. A CAR HOOTS OUTSIDE. WE SLOWLY SEE THE WHOLE OF KEN'S BODY SPRAWLED OUT FACE DOWN ON THE SOFA. A CAR DOOR SLAMS. A DOOR BELL RINGS. (SALLY'S VOICE-

OVER ENDS.)

CHARLIE

(OFF) Come on Ken. We'll be late.

FOOTSTEPS MOVE ROUND TO THE WINDOW. A HAND BANGS ON THE PANE.

(23) EXT. OUTSIDE JEAN'S HOUSE.

CHARLIE IS TRYING TO PEER THROUGH A CRACK IN THE CURTAINS.
HE GETS OUT A CREDIT CARD, SLIPS THE CATCH ON THE WINDOW AND
CLIMBS IN.

(24) INT. LIVING ROOM AS BEFORE.

CHARLIE SEES THE BODY AND SHAKES IT, ASSUMING KEN IS IN A
DRUNKEN SLEEP.

CHARLIE

Lock you out of bedroom did she ...

(SUDDENLY THE BODY FALLS LIMPLY ON THE
FLOOR) ... oh my god ... Jean, Jean ...

CHARLIE RUSHES UPSTAIRS.

(25) INT. BEDROOM OF SAME HOUSE.

HE BURSTS INTO THE BEDROOM BUT FINDS NO JEAN. ON HER BED IS A NOTE ADDRESSED 'TO THE POLICE'.

HE RIPS IT OPEN AND READS IT:

"I killed my husband by mistake, because he was trying to force himself on me and was hitting me. I did not mean to but it has been going on for so long and I had warned him. As you will probably not believe me I have gone away for a while."

CHARLIE SHAKES HIS HEAD, TEARS UP THE NOTE AND PUTS IT IN HIS POCKET.

(26) INT. LIVING ROOM AS BEFORE.

HE COMES DOWNSTAIRS AND STARES AT KEN AS HE PUTS ON A PAIR OF GLOVES FROM HIS POCKET.

CHARLIE

Poor old Ken. Give 'em inch and they take your bloody life.

HE KNEELS DOWN AND DOES KEN'S TROUSERS UP. HE JAMS A NEWS-PAPER INTO ONE HAND AND A CIGARETTE INTO THE OTHER. HE PLACES THE WALLET FROM HIS BROTHER'S BACK POCKET OPEN ON THE GROUND, HAVING FIRST REMOVED THE MONEY.

A RAILWAY TIMETABLE BY THE TELEPHONE CATCHES HIS EYE. HE POCKETS IT.

A PICTURE OF JEAN AND KEN ON THE MANTELPIECE IS ALSO TAKEN.

HE HEADS FOR THE DOOR BUT PAUSES AND RETURNS TO MAKE A 'PHONE CALL.

CHARLIE

Jake? This is Charlie. Listen, Ken's been killed ... that's what I said ... by his Mrs. but she's done a bunk. Can you ring police in an hour or two? I want to try and find her first, have a talk with her, see what happened. What? ... no ... he was just after a bit of slap and tickle by looks of it ... will you manage? Thanks Jake.

HE PUTS THE 'PHONE DOWN, TAKES THE TRAIN TIMETABLE FROM HIS POCKET AND STUDIES IT.

(27) EXT. PLATFORM OF A MAINLINE STATION.

A TRAIN FULL OF FOOTBALL FANS ALL SHOUTING, WHICH IS STANDING IN HULL STATION. THE CAMERA MOVES ALONG THEM UNTIL A 'PHONE BOX COMES INTO SHOT IN THE FOREGROUND WITH JEAN IN IT.

WE GO INSIDE THE BOX TO HEAR HER TALKING.

JEAN

Right love. Meet me in four days in Appleby ... that's right ... I'll be with old Aunty Thwaites but don't tell police where I've gone will you love? ... I need time to think. Bless you (SHE STARTS TO CRY) ... bye Susan.

JEAN DRIES HER EYES AND COMES OUT OF THE 'PHONE BOX. THE ROAR OF THE FOOTBALL FANS ASSAILS HER EARS.

(28) INT. A STATION BUFFET.

JEAN JOINS DICK IN A QUEUE AT THE BUFFET. HE OFFERS HER THE PLACE IN FRONT OF HIM. HE THEN EATS A ROLL AND SWALLOWS AN ORANGE JUICE BEFORE REACHING THE CASH DESK. JEAN TURNS TO HIM AND SEES HE HAS BOUGHT NOTHING.

JEAN

I thought you were starving?

DICK SHAKES HIS HEAD AND POKETS SEVERAL SUGARS FROM THE FREE SUGAR TRAY. AT THE TABLE HE NUDGES JEAN AND FLASHES OPEN HIS COAT. INSIDE ARE ROLLS AND BISCUITS.

JEAN

Look I'm not ...

DICK PUTS A HAND OVER HER MOUTH AND SMILES AT A COUPLE STARING EMPTILY AT THEM.

A TRAIN ANNOUNCEMENT BRINGS THE COUPLE TO LIFE. THEY GET UP LEAVING UNFINISHED COFFEE AND BACON AND EGG. DICK SALVAGES IT.

JEAN

Wouldn't starve with you around ...

DICK - HIS MOUTH FULL - NODS ENTHUSIASTICALLY. JEAN SMILES AT HIM.

... you're a funny one aren't you. (SHE PAUSES AND LOOKS DOWN IN HER CUP) Look

Dick I think it's best if I carry on by myself.

DICK STOPS CHEWING. HIS MOUTH FALLS SLIGHTLY OPEN. JEAN LOOKS UP.

... No offence meant, but ... well police'll be after me and I need time to sort things out. Anyway your family'll be wondering where you are.

DICK SHAKES HIS HEAD? GETS UP AND PUTS HIS ARM ROUND JEAN AND POINTS AT HIMSELF.

... You'll protect me? (SHE LAUGHS) I'll be alright.

DICK SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS AND SITS DOWN WITH A "SEE-IF-I-CARE" LOOK ON HIS FACE.

(29) EXT. CAR PARK OF SAME STATION

A CAR PULLS UP. A MAN GETS OUT AND HURRIES INTO THE STATION.

(30) INT. STATION BUFFET AS BEFORE

JEAN PUTS OUT HER HAND TO DICK, WHO TAKES IT.

JEAN

Thanks for the company.

THROUGH THE GLASS DOOR SHE SEES CHARLIE APPROACHING DOWN THE PLATFORM.

JEAN

Christ ... it's Charlie (DICK LOOKS UP)
... my brother-in-law.

A TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWS. DICK JUMPS UP, PULLS JEAN THROUGH ANOTHER GLASS DOOR AND PUSHES HER ON A TRAIN THAT IS JUST MOVING OUT. HE THEN JUMPS ON HIMSELF.

CHARLIE ENTERS THE BUFFET? BUYS A COFFEE AND SITS AT THE TABLE RECENTLY VACATED BY JEAN AND DICK.

HE STARES AT A SUITCASE BY THE TABLE.

CHARLIE

(TO NEIGHBOURING WOMAN) This your case?

WOMAN

No, some lady just dashed onto a train
and left it. I was going to take it down
to lost ...

CHARLIE

(HAS MEANWHILE LOOKED AT THE LABEL)

It's alright, I'll do it.

(31) EXT. STATION PLATFORM.

HE GRABS THE CASE, RUNS ON TO THE PLATFORM, BUT THERE IS
ONLY A MAN SWEEPING.

(32) EXT. URBAN PARK.

THE CAMERA PANS WITH A CAR SIMILAR TO CHARLIE'S TO REVEAL
JANE AND SALLY JOGGING IN A PARK BY A LAKE. THEIR VOICES
GRADUALLY BECOME AUDIBLE IN RATHER BREATHLESS CONVERSATION.

SALLY

... and apart from that I really liked it.
It's a good script.

JANE

It's Jean's really.

SALLY

Not the bits (SHE COUGHS) she wasn't
there for ...

JANE

Charlie you mean? Yes, he's mainly mine,
except for the end of course. Jean says
I've made him too nice!

THE LAST REMARK IS SHOUTED OVER HER SHOULDER AS SALLY HAS
DROPPED BACK AND SAT DOWN BY THE LAKE. JANE TURNS ROUND AT
A JOG AND COMES AND JOGS ON THE SPOT BY SALLY.

SALLY

(OUT OF BREATH) Depends a bit on who you
get to play him ...

JANE

Got to find some money before I think of
that.

SALLY

Jane sit down for a minute.

JANE SITS BUT DOES ARM EXERCISES.

... where are you going to try?

JANE

Well I've sent it to tele, and some commercial film companies.

SALLY

And the film council?

JANE

Yes and the film council.

SALLY

They should support it. Film about women and so on.

JANE

That was last year apparently.

SALLY

Oh.

JANE GETS UP AND MOVES OFF. SALLY RELUCTANTLY FOLLOWS.

... and who's going to direct it?

JANE

Me.

SALLY

You?

JANE

I've written film reviews, anyway I
wouldn't trust anyone else.

THEY RUN OUT OF THE PARK UNDER A RAILWAY BRIDGE WHICH A 125
TRAIN HAPPENS TO BE CROSSING.

(33) INT. A BRITISH RAIL 125 TRAIN.

DICK'S FACE APPEARS ROUND THE EDGE OF A SEAT. HE IS LOOKING
DOWN THE GANGWAY TOWARDS THE CAMERA FROM THE FAR END OF THE
CARRIAGE.

A REVERSE ANGLE WITH THE BACK OF DICK'S HEAD IN THE FORE-
GROUND REVEALS A TICKET COLLECTOR IN THE NEXT CARRIAGE. DICK
NUDGES JEAN WHO IS ASLEEP NEXT DOOR TO HIM. SHE PEERS OVER
THE BACK OF HER SEAT.

JEAN

It's alright, I've got money.

SHE GETS HER PURSE OUT. BUT DICK TAKES HER HAND AND LEADS HER DOWN THE TRAIN AWAY FROM THE INSPECTOR.

THEY STOP IN EACH COACH AND EACH TIME THE INSPECTOR CATCHES UP UNTIL THEY ARE IN A FIRST CLASS SECTION AT THE END OF THE TRAIN. IT IS EMPTY APART FROM AN AGEING BUSINESSMAN AND HIS WIFE WHO ARE BOTH DOZING WITH THEIR TICKETS LAID OUT NEATLY FOR INSPECTION.

DICK CREEPS UP TO REMOVE THE TICKETS. THE MAN WAKES UP. DICK PRETENDS TO HAVE LOST HIS BALANCE AND FALLS ON THE MAN.

JEAN PULLS HIM OFF.

JEAN

Dick for heaven's sake. I'm sorry sir.

THEY CARRY ON UNTIL THEY ARE IN THE LAST DOORWAY AT THE END OF THE TRAIN.

JEAN

Very clever plan. Now we'll have to pay first class.

JEAN GETS HER PURSE OUT.

DICK LOOKS MOMENTARILY DEJECTED AND THEN LOOKS AROUND. HE OPENS THE TOILET DOOR, WAVES AT THE BUSINESSMAN WHO IS STILL STARING AT HIM IRATELY FROM THE FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT, SEES THAT THE INSPECTOR IS ONLY ONE CARRIAGE AWAY AND THEN SPOTS THE RED EMERGENCY COMMUNICATION HANDLE.

HE REACHES UP AND PULLS IT. THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A HALT.

HE PUSHES OPEN THE DOOR AND JUMPS OUT, PULLING JEAN WITH HIM, HER HANDBAG SPILLING ALL OVER THE LINE.

(34) EXT. BY RAILWAY LINE.

DICK GRABS HER WALLET. JEAN PICKS UP WHAT SHE CAN AND THEN FOLLOWS DICK, WHO IS RUNNING ACROSS A FIELD INTO A WOOD.

(35) INT. JEAN AND KEN'S LIVING ROOM.

IN THE LIVING ROOM OF JEAN'S HOUSE THE POLICE ARE REMOVING THE BODY OF KEN. IN THE FOREGROUND A DETECTIVE IS ON THE 'PHONE.

DETECTIVE

... check if she has a passport will you
... of course not, if we'd found one here
I wouldn't be asking you to check would

I? ... Jeanette Anne Jones.

A JUNIOR DETECTIVE ENTERS WITH SOME PHOTOS OF JEAN. THE SENIOR OFFICER THUMBS THROUGH THEM WHILST 'HOLDING ON' THE 'PHONE.

HE SMILES AT ONE AND SHOWS IT TO HIS JUNIOR. IT IS JEAN IN A BIKINI. HE SELECTS ANOTHER AND RETURNS TO THE 'PHONE.

DETECTIVE

She has? ... right. Notify all ports
and airports.

(36) INT. MAINLINE STATION.

CHARLIE IS WAITING AT THE TICKET BARRIER OF A BIG RAILWAY STATION (DONCASTER). HE IS HALF OBSCURED BY A PILLAR SO AS NOT TO BE SEEN BY THE PASSENGERS AS THEY COME THROUGH.

AS THE FLOW OF PASSENGERS DWINDLES HE MOVES OUT AND APPROACHES THE MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE WHOM WE RECOGNISE AS THE ONE FROM THE FIRST CLASS CARRIAGE OF JEAN'S TRAIN.

IN THE DISTANCE WE SEE HIM SHOW THEM A PHOTOGRAPH. THE MAN NODS AND INDICATES TOWARDS THE TRAIN. CHARLIE THANKS THEM

AND RUNS OFF.

(37) EXT. DAY. IN THE COUNTRYSIDE NEAR A RIVER.

JEAN AND DICK ARE LYING EXHAUSTED ON THE BANK, HALF HIDDEN BY A CLUMP OF BUSHES. DICK STRETCHES AND SITS UP. HE OPENS HIS COAT AND SELECTS A SANDWICH. HE SPOTS THE WALLET IN ANOTHER INSIDE POCKET.

HE TAKES IT OUT AND LOOKS AT IT. HE OPENS THE NOTES COMPARTMENT. HE LOOKS OVER AT JEAN AND THEN RETURNS TO THE MONEY.

JEAN, LYING ON HER FRONT, OPENS ONE EYE.

JEAN

One hundred pounds less the cost of a cup of coffee.

DICK JUMPS AND QUICKLY CLOSING THE NOTES COMPARTMENT, HANDS THE WALLET OVER TO JEAN. AS HE DOES SO A PHOTO OF JEAN FALLS OUT. HE PICKS IT UP.

JEAN REACHES OUT FOR THE WALLET AND SITTING UP, PUTS IT IN HER COAT POCKET. SHE RUBS HER FACE, GETS A COMB OUT OF HER BAG AND STARTS TO COMB HER HAIR.

JEAN

That was a damn fool thing to do Dick,
stop train like that. Now I'm stuck in
the middle of nowhere ...

DICK MUNCHES CONTENTEDLY. JEAN WATCHES HIM. HE IS STUDYING
THE PHOTO. IT IS ALSO OF JEAN IN A BIKINI.

... I've lost my case and lumbered myself
with a lunatic ... (SHE STARTS TO SOB,
HEAD IN HANDS) ... oh I wish our Susan
were here.

DICK TURNS TO LOOK AT HER. HE IS ABOUT TO PUT THE PHOTO IN
HIS POCKET. JEAN LOOKS UP.

JEAN

What are you going to do with that?

DICK'S ANSWER IS TO PRODUCE A WHOLE SERIES OF PICTURES OF
WOMEN FROM A POCKET. HE SPLAYS THEM OUT TOWARDS JEAN LIKE
A PACK OF CARDS.

... well you're not having me.

JEAN MOVES TO GRAB THE PHOTO BACK BUT DICK JUMPS UP AND RUNS DOWN TO THE RIVER, WHERE HE SLOWLY SINKS UP TO HIS KNEES IN MUD.

JEAN OBSERVES HIM IN THE FOREGROUND AND LAUGHS.

... Serves you right. I'm going to find out where I am.

SHE HEADS OFF, LEAVING DICK STILL STRUGGLING TO GET OUT OF THE MUD.

(38) INT. JANE AND JAMES' FLAT.

CLOSE UP OF A DOOR. A DOORBELL RINGS. JAMES COMES INTO SHOT AND TAKES THE POST, INCLUDING A PARCEL.

IN THE FOREGROUND JANE SITS EATING HER BREAKFAST WHILST READING A NEWSPAPER. JAMES COMES BACK OVER FROM THE DOOR SORTING THROUGH THE LETTERS. HE GIVES THREE TO JANE AND KEEPS THE REST. JANE OPENS THE FIRST ONE.

JANE

Rejection number five.

JAMES

(BUSY WITH HIS OWN POST) Oh dear.

JANE

(READING) "The BBC regret that they are not short of material at the moment."

(SHE THROWS THE LETTER AWAY) but when you write a politically harmless period drama please let us know.

JAMES LOOKS UP AND SMILES. HE PUTS HIS HAND ON JANE'S KNEE AND PATS IT WHILST CONTINUING TO READ HIS LETTER. JANE IGNORES THE GESTURE AND OPENS A SECOND LETTER. SHE READS IT AND HER FACE LIGHTS UP.

JANE

The film council's short-listed me.
Isn't that great?

JAMES

The film council? (HIS ENTHUSIASM IS MUTED) Good.

JANE GETS UP AND HUGS JAMES, WHO LOOKS UNEASY.

JANE

Oh I'm so pleased. Jean said we'd do it.

SHE RELEASES JAMES AND GOES OVER TO THE RECORD PLAYER IN THE LOUNGE SECTION.

FROM A REVERSE ANGLE WE SEE THE LID OF THE RECORD PLAYER BEING OPENED. JAMES FRAMED IN THE LID TURNS ROUND.

JAMES

Jane?

JANE'S HAND FREEZES WITH THE STYLUS IN MID-FRAME.

... Why can't I visit Jean with you?

JANE

I should have thought that was obvious.

JAMES SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS AND TURNS BACK. THE STYLUS GOES DOWN ONTO THE RECORD.

(39) EXT. A LARGE COUNTRY HOUSE.

JEAN IS A TINY FIGURE AT THE FRONT DOOR. SHE SUMMONS UP THE COURAGE TO RING THE BELL. AS SHE WAITS THERE IS A SCRAPING

NOISE BEHIND HER. SHE TURNS.

DICK IS HOPPING UP THE DRIVE DRAGGING ONE FOOT AFTER HIM,
HIS FACE WRACKED WITH PAIN.

JEAN

I thought I'd shaken you off. What you
done?

AT THAT MOMENT THE DOOR OPENS. A TASTEFULLY DRESSED THIN
AND PALE WOMAN ANSWERS THE DOOR.

WOMAN

What do you want?

JEAN

Well I did just want to know where I was
but ...

SHE STARES AT THE FIGURE OF DICK WHO COMES UP TO THE DOOR
AND COLLAPSES IN A HEAP ON THE GROUND.

... but my friend ...

WOMAN

There's a 'phone box half a mile down
the road.

AT THIS POINT DICK DOUBLES UP IN RENEWED AGONY. THERE ARE
TEARS OF PAIN IN HIS EYES.

JEAN

I don't think he could ...

WOMAN

So I see. Well I suppose you'd better
come in then.

(40) INT. COUNTRY HOUSE.

INSIDE THE HOUSE SHE LEADS THE WAY THROUGH A LARGE HALL
TO AN ENORMOUS MODERN KITCHEN. SHE INDICATES AN UNSUITABLY
HARD CHAIR FOR DICK TO REST HIMSELF ON.

WOMAN

(INDICATING A SMALL ADJOINING PANTRY)

There's a 'phone in there. I suggest you
call an ambulance. My husband will be
home in an hour or two. Please be gone

by then. (THE WOMAN HESITATES)

JEAN

Right. Thanks very much.

WOMAN

I'm going to continue my rest. (PAUSE)

I've not been too well you know.

THE WOMAN LEAVES. JEAN KNEELS TO LOOK AT DICK'S FOOT. SHE REMOVES HIS MUDDY BOOT.

JEAN

Why I'm doing this I do not know. (DICK GRIMACES) Keep it still then ...

WITH THE SHOE OFF SHE DISAPPEARS INTO THE PANTRY TO 'PHONE. DICK LOOKS CAREFULLY AFTER HER AND THEN STANDS UP AND DARTS ACROSS THE KITCHEN TO WHERE THERE ARE SOME CAKES. HE GRABS ONE BUT DOES NOT MAKE IT BACK TO HIS SEAT, BEFORE JEAN RETURNS. HE STUFFS THE CAKE IN HIS POCKET AND SPRAWLS ON THE FLOOR.

JEAN

Dick!

DICK INDICATES HIS BROKEN ANKLE WAS A RUSE TO GET A BED FOR THE NIGHT. JEAN IS ABOUT TO HIT, KISS OR TICKLE HIM WHEN A VOICE SPEAKS.

VOICE

Do make yourself at home.

JEAN TURNS QUICKLY ROUND AND LOOKS UP INTO THE FACE OF A SUAVE MAN IN HIS EARLY FIFTIES. HE IS LOOKING STERN, BUT HIS LIPS DENOTE A WEAKNESS AND SENSUOUSNESS WHICH COUNTERACTS THE AUTHORITY HE IS TRYING TO PUT ACROSS. AFTER HER INITIAL SHOCK, JEAN SENSES HE IS NOT AS FRIGHTENING AS HE LOOKS.

JEAN

You must be the husband.

MAN

Husband, father, uncle and son to be precise.

JEAN

Back early from work?

MAN

As it happens yes. But I'm not sure it's
any of your business.

JEAN

Well my friend twisted his ankle and ...

MAN

So I see ...

JEAN

Your wife very kindly said we could call
an ambulance...

MAN

No need for that ...

THE MAN IS NOW HELPING DICK BACK INTO HIS CHAIR. DICK GOES
SUITABLY LIMP.

... our doctor can look at your friend
when he comes to visit my wife.

JEAN

She said she'd been ill

MAN

Occupational therapy rather than a
physical complaint.

JEAN

(LOOKING A BIT BLANK) Oh. Well we'll be
gone as soon as we can.

MAN

Nonsense, you must stay the night ...
that hurt?

THE MAN TWISTS DICK'S ANKLE CAUSING DICK TO THUMP ON THE
TABLE LIKE A WRESTLER ASKING FOR A SUBMISSION. AT THIS
POINT THE WIFE APPEARS.

MAN

Ah the real patient. Good evening dear.

WOMAN

(TO JEAN) I thought I told you to go.
Have you ordered an ambulance?

JEAN NODS.

HUSBAND

Dr. Mason is still visiting you today
is he not?

HIS WIFE NODS.

... well then, no need for an ambulance.
(THE WIFE TURNS TO GO) And check there
are sheets on the spare bed will you.
(TURNING TO JEAN) Merely sprained I would
say. By the way I'm Giles Robson M.P. ...

JEAN STARES AFTER THE WIFE. THE MAN HOLDS OUT HIS HAND.

... Tory.

JEAN

(COMING TO) How do you do. I'm Jean, eh
Jean Archer, and this is Richard ...

DICK SURREPTITIOUSLY TAPS HIS FOOT.

... Richard Foot.

THERE IS ANOTHER SILENCE IN WHICH JEAN STARES AT THE FLOOR,
THE HUSBAND STARES AT JEAN AND DICK STARES AT THE HUSBAND.

HUSBAND

Well Ms Archer perhaps you would care to make us a cup of tea while I hope Dicky Foot here through to the sitting room.

JEAN FILLS A KETTLE AND THEN LOOKS FOR A TEAPOT. SHE OPENS ENDLESS CUPBOARD DOORS AND EVENTUALLY OPENS ONE WITH TEN TEAPOTS OF DIFFERENT SHAPES AND SIZES INSIDE. SHE PICKS THE MOST ORNATE AND ADMIRES IT.

(41) INT. COUNTRY HOUSE DRAWING ROOM.

THE HUSBAND AND DICK ARE SITTING IN SILENCE. DICK IS READING A COPY OF COUNTRY LIFE WITH HIS MUD-SPATTERED LEG UP ON THE BEST SOFA. THE HUSBAND IS SITTING WITH HIS CHIN RESTING ON HIS THUMBS, HIS FOREFINGERS TOUCHING IN FRONT OF HIS NOSE AND HIS ELBOWS ON THE ARMS OF A SUBSTANTIAL AND DEEP ARMCHAIR. HE IS STARING INTO THE FIRE.

HUSBAND

What's keeping Ms Archer I wonder.

DICK REPLIES BY PULLING A SMALL BOGEY FROM THE END OF HIS NOSE AND FLICKING IT ACROSS THE ROOM. THE HUSBAND DOES NOT

NOTICE.

... attractive woman.

DICK LOOKS ACROSS AT THE HUSBAND, WHO LOOKS UP AND SMILES.
DICK TAKES OUT THE PHOTO OF JEAN AND PASSES IT TO HIM.

... Your girlfriend?

DICK SHAKES HIS HEAD.

(42) EXT. RAILWAY TRACK NEAR A RIVER.

A RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER A RIVER. IT BECOMES RECOGNISABLE AS
THE PLACE THAT THE TRAIN STOPPED WHEN DICK AND JEAN JUMPED
OUT. IT IS DUSK AND A RED GLOW HOVERS ON THE HORIZON.

CHARLIE IS STANDING ON THE EMBANKMENT OF THE APPROACH TO
THE BRIDGE. HE IS SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING.

HE PICKS UP AN OLD CIGARETTE PACKET, A BROKEN PLASTIC MUG.

A TRAIN PASSES AT SPEED.

CHARLIE LOOKS UP AT IT. A POWER STATION STEAMS BEHIND HIM
IN THE DISTANCE.

CHARLIE KICKS A STONE IN FRUSTRATION AND WATCHES IT ROLL DOWN THE EMBANKMENT TO A HEDGE. IT STOPS BY SOMETHING THAT IS GLINTING.

CHARLIE RUNS DOWN THE EMBANKMENT, BUT FINDS ONLY A COKE CAN.

BY HIS OTHER FOOT HE DISCOVERS A PLASTIC PILL CONTAINER WITH JEAN'S NAME ON IT. HE LOOKS OVER TOWARDS THE WOODS BEYOND THE RIVER.

(43) INT. POLICE STATION.

POLICE STATION INTERVIEWING ROOM SEEN THROUGH A GLASS PANEL FROM AN OFFICE AREA. JEAN'S DAUGHTER SUSAN IS BEING INTERVIEWED. IN THE FOREGROUND A FILE ON "Jones, Jeanette Anne, (Mrs)" IS BEING TYPED OUT.

"MEDICAL HISTORY: 1976, 78, 81. Complained of depression and headaches. Valium prescribed. Liable to emotional outbursts - tears or anger. 1982. Referred to a psychiatrist. Appointment not taken up.

(44) INT. FOYER FILM COUNCIL

ENTRANCE TO THE FILM COUNCIL OFFICES. JANE ENTERS IN THE

FOYER SHE PAUSES TO TAKE A PILL.

(45) INT. FILM COUNCIL BOARD ROOM.

SHE ENTERS A ROOM WITH A LONG OVAL TABLE AND 15 PEOPLE SITTING ROUND IT. THERE IS AN UNREAL SILENCE. SHE IS ALLOTTED A SEAT AND ONLY NOW DO WE HEAR REAL SOUND AND THE VOICE OF ONE OF THE MEN ROUND THE TABLE - WHICH ONE IS UNCLEAR.

VOICE

... the film council has short-listed your film despite the fact that you have virtually no experience. So what makes you feel we should be financing you to make this film, which is after all a very ambitious project?

THE CAMERA STAYS BEHIND JANE'S HEAD WITH ALL THE FACES WATCHING.

CU OF JANE. SHE IS BITING HER LIPS. DISSOLVES INTO

(46) INT. BEDROOM IN COUNTRY HOUSE AT NIGHT.

JEAN LYING ALONE IN BED IN AN EXPENSIVELY DECORATED ROOM.

THE ROOM IS LIT ONLY BY MOONLIGHT. THE CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY INTO HER FACE IN CLOSE UP. SHE HAS BEEN CRYING. THE CAMERA MOVES FROM HER FACE TO TWO PHOTOGRAPHS ON THE BEDSIDE TABLE. ONE IS OF HER HUSBAND, THE OTHER OF HER DAUGHTER. SUDDENLY A SHAFT OF LIGHT FALLS ACROSS THE PICTURE. THERE IS A SOUND OF THE DOOR OPENING. JEAN STARTS UP IN BED.

AT THE DOOR THERE IS ONLY A BRIEF SILHOUETTE AGAINST THE LIGHT AND THEN THE DOOR IS SHUT AGAIN WITH THE PERSON INSIDE.

JEAN

Dick is that you?

THERE IS NO REPLY.

JEAN

Don't play silly buggers Dick. Put the light on.

THE LIGHT GOES ON. JEAN BLINKS AND THEN LOOKS SHOCKED.

IT IS NOT DICK BUT THE HUSBAND.

HUSBAND

Don't worry, I've just come to see if
you're alright.

THE HUSBAND APPROACHES AND SITS ON THE BED.

JEAN

(NERVOUSLY) I'm fine.

HUSBAND

Good. (PAUSE) Got everything you want?

JEAN

Yes thanks.

THE MAN STAYS SITTING.

HUSBAND

Fine. (ANOTHER PAUSE) I was just wonder-
ing if there was anything you'd like
mentioning in the House of Commons ...

JEAN STARES INCREDULOUSLY

... any particular problems you face -
as a woman for instance ...

THE MAN SMILES. HIS FACE DISSOLVES INTO

(47) INT. FILM COUNCIL BOARD ROOM.

CLOSE UP OF A MIDDLE-AGED MAN IN FASHIONABLE CLOTHES WHO IS STARING AT JANE. THE MAN RAISES HIS EYEBROWS SLIGHTLY AND LEANS FORWARD SMILING.

MAN

There is something that worries me about your script Jane. We start out with a Cathy-leaving-home and end up with a Candy-gone-butch. (HE WAITS FOR LAUGHTER TO ACCOMPANY HIS OWN. BUT THERE IS NONE) It seems to me you have mixed fantasy and reality in a very dangerous way ...

WOMAN

I thought it was rather clever.

JANE

Dangerous to who?

MAN

... hold on ... thus setting up for your

own purposes a society to be criticised
that does not exist. Take this
outrageously stereotyped M.P. ...

WOMAN

Sounded rather like our patron to me ...

MAN

(SMILES INDULGENTLY) ... are you
seriously suggesting that a man of that
standing, with the choice of the best
prostitutes in London and a wife down
the corridor is going to come in and ...

JANE MAINTAINS EYE CONTACT WITH THE MAN.

JANE

Some men have this childish need to
prove their power over women whenever
and wherever they come across them.

MAN

(SCREWING UP HIS MOUTH DOUBTFULLY)
Do they?

JANE

When I was 18 our local M.P. slept with me on the sofa after my parents had gone to bed simply because I had ignored him, and then offered me a research assistant's job in the House of Commons.

THE ASSEMBLED COMPANY ROUND THE TABLE BEGINS TO LOOK A BIT UNCOMFORTABLE. SOME SMILE, OTHERS SCRIBBLE.

... and if you read the notes with my application, you will see that this story and these characters are based on a real life experience.

MAN

That's as may be, but the point I'm making is that the film-maker's job and more especially the scriptwriter's job is to RE-present reality so that it is believable as well as accurate. You must choose between fantasy and reality, and that I feel you have failed to do.

THE CHAIRPERSON HAS ALREADY SIGNIFIED THAT THE MAN SHOULD

END AND HE NOW SITS BACK. JANE HOWEVER STANDS UP AND WALKS SLOWLY ROUND TO THE MAN. THE OTHER COUNCIL MEMBERS LOOK NERVOUS. THE CHAIR INDICATES THAT TEA SHOULD BE BROUGHT IN. THE WOMAN WHO HAS INTERRUPTED BEFORE LOOKS GLOWINGLY SUPPORTIVE.

JANE

So you mean that anything that looks unbelievable can't be shown, even if it's true, unless it's in the form of a harmless comedy series or a make-believe musical. Even if there are men who are privileged, shallow, lustful, arrogant and totally stereotyped in real life, or ordinary women who do extraordinary things, I can't show them on the screen because people like you think only the Hollywood greats and characters who speak in foreign languages are real. It's exactly because fantasy and reality are always kept separate that we never get anywhere near to the truth. (SHE IS NOW STANDING IN FRONT OF THE MAN) What would you call yourself? A real person or a predictable stereotype?

THERE IS A STUNNED SILENCE. THE BISCUITS ARE PASSED
AGITATEDLY ROUND THE TABLE.

CHAIRMAN

Jane, why don't you ... (HE INDICATES
HER SEAT)

JANE

I'm sorry ...

SHE RETURNS TO HER SEAT. A CUP OF TEA IS PLACED IN FRONT
OF HER. SHE TAKES A SIP. THE COUNCIL ALL STARE AT HER.

THE ORIGINAL MAN COVERS A SMILE IN HIS HAND. HIS FACE
DISSOLVES BACK INTO

(48) BEDROOM IN COUNTRY HOUSE AS BEFORE.

THE HUSBAND IS STILL SITTING ON THE BED. HIS HAND REACHES
IN UNDER THE BEDCLOTHES.

SIMULTANEOUSLY JEAN'S HAND REACHES FOR THE FLEX OF THE
LAMP BY HER BED.

AS THE HUSBAND'S OTHER HAND GOES TO PULL THE BEDCLOTHES OFF
SHE LEAPS FORWARD, GAGS THE FLEX ROUND HIS NECK AND, PULLING

IT TIGHT, TIES IT TO THE BEDPOST, BRINGING THE ORNATE TALL POTTERY LAMP CRASHING DOWN IN THE PROCESS.

SHE GETS UP TO GET DRESSED.

JEAN

And if you want to do something useful in Parliament - keep your mouth shut.

THE MAN STRUGGLES.

JEAN

Be careful love or you'll strangle yourself.

HUSBAND

But I only wanted to look - I paid the money.

JEAN STOPS WITH HER COAT HALF ON.

JEAN

You what?

(49) INT. DRAWING ROOM IN COUNTRY HOUSE.

THE SLEEPING FACE OF DICK ON THE SOFA WITH A BLANKET PULLED ROUND IT LIKE A SHAWL. IT IS SMILING IN THE MIDDLE OF SOME PLEASANT DREAM. THE LIPS ARE LICKED OCCASIONALLY AND THE EYES FLICKER. CLUTCHED IN HIS HAND ARE SOME TEN POUND NOTES. SUDDENLY A HAND ENTERS AND SLAPS THE FACE HARD. THE EYES OPEN AND THE MONEY INSTINCTIVELY DISAPPEARS UNDER A CUSHION. THE EYES LOOK UP.

JEAN IS STANDING LOOKING DOWN.

JEAN

Wake up pimp. I'm leaving and I don't want to see your face again. If that blob upstairs wants his money's worth he can stare at your body.

SHE LEAVES THE ROOM. DICK, WHO HAS FROZEN, COMES TO AND SITS UP. HE LOOKS AT THE MONEY IN HIS HANDS AND MAKES AS IF TO TEAR IT. THEN HE BEATS HIS FOREHEAD WITH HIS FIST.

A STRANGLED SCREAM FROM UPSTAIRS BRINGS HIM TO REALITY. HE RUNS OUT OF THE ROOM.

(50) THE COUNTRY HOUSE BEDROOM.

DICK BURSTS INTO THE BEDROOM AND THROWS THE MONEY AT THE MAN.

HUSBAND

Dick ... your leg? ... why you ... aagh ...

HAVING MADE HIS SYMBOLIC PENANCE, DICK COLLECTS THE MONEY UP AGAIN AND LEAVES THE ROOM, HAVING FIRST GIVEN THE HUSBAND A PARTING KICK WITH HIS 'BAD' LEG.

(51) EXT. NIGHT. IN THE GARDEN OF THE HOUSE AND BEYOND.

DICK APPEARS OUT OF THE FRONT DOOR. IT IS RAINING. HE LOOKS IN VAIN FOR JEAN AND THEN RUNS OFF INTO THE DARKNESS.

HE STUMBLES ON, CRASHING INTO TREES, TRIPPING OVER BRAMBLES, UNTIL HE SUDDENLY BURSTS INTO A CLEARING WHERE TWO HEADLIGHTS ARE SUDDENLY TURNED ON HIM. HE TRIES TO DIVE BACK INTO THE UNDERGROWTH, BUT FALLS.

VOICE

Hey you - come here.

AGAIN DICK TRIES TO CRAWL AWAY.

VOICE

Come over here to the car. I won't hurt you.

DICK MOVES GINGERLY TOWARDS THE LIGHTS. A THIRD TORCHLIGHT GUIDES HIM INTO THE CAR. THE OWNER OF THE TORCH GETS IN ON THE OTHER SIDE. IT IS CHARLIE.

CHARLIE

You live round here?

DICK SHAKES HIS HEAD.

CHARLIE

On holiday are you?

DICK NODS.

CHARLIE

Bit late to be out in't it?

DICK SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS. HIS MOVEMENTS BEGIN TO RESEMBLE THOSE OF A VILLAGE IDIOT. HE NODS AND GRINS INANELY, ALMOST SEDUCTIVELY AT CHARLIE, WHO REALISES HE HAS GOT INVOLVED WITH SOMEONE MENTALLY SUBNORMAL. HE PULLS A PICTURE FROM HIS

WALLET AND, PUTTING IT CLOSE IN FRONT OF DICK'S FACE, SPEAKS IN 'IDIOT'S' LANGUAGE.

CHARLIE

This woman - you seen her?

THE PICTURE IS OF JEAN.

DICK (WHO HAS NOT RECOGNISED CHARLIE, WHOM HE VERY BRIEFLY - IF AT ALL - SAW ON THE STATION) IS MOMENTARILY THROWN OFF GUARD BUT RECOVERS AND SHAKES HIS HEAD VIGOROUSLY.

CHARLIE

You sure?

DICK NODS, SMILES AND SUDDENLY STARTS PLAYING WITH THE HOOTER, WHICH SOUNDS EXTREMELY LOUD OUTSIDE IN THE NIGHT.

THE CAR DOOR IS OPENED AND DICK IS PUSHED OUT.

CHARLIE SETTLES DOWN IN HIS SEAT TO SLEEP.

DICK SLOPES OFF INTO THE WOODS. HIS FACE IS NOW GENUINELY DISTRAUGHT AND AFTER STAGGERING ON A WHILE HE EVENTUALLY FALLS DOWN IN A DITCH IN FLOODS OF TEARS. HE PULLS THE

PICTURE OF JEAN FROM HIS BREAST POCKET AND KISSES IT.

THEN, IN CLOSE UP, WITH RAIN TRICKLING DOWN HIS FACE AND THE PICTURE IN HIS HAND, HIS EYES CLOSE WITH EXHAUSTION.

(52) INT. JANE AND JAMES' BASEMENT.

WE PULL OUT FROM A COMPOSED FACE OF JANE WITH HER EYES CLOSED TO REVEAL HER DOING MEDITATION IN THE LOUNGE PART OF THE BASEMENT. THE CLASSICAL MUSIC THAT HAS BEEN USED IN THE 'JEAN' FILM IS PLAYING ON THE RECORD PLAYER. THERE IS A FEELING OF CALM AND PEACE.

THE PEACE IS BROKEN BY THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS AND A LETTER BEING PUSHED THROUGH THE LETTERBOX. JANE 'COMES TO' IMMEDIATELY AND, GETTING UP, COMES BEHIND THE CAMERA. SHE REAPPEARS WITH A COUPLE OF LETTERS AND PLACES THEM ON THE TABLE IN THE FOREGROUND. WE CAN SEE THAT ONE IS FROM THE FILM COUNCIL.

SHE FETCHES A PACKET OF CIGARETTES, POURS HERSELF A DRINK AND SITS DOWN AT THE TABLE. SHE GETS UP ONCE MORE TO FETCH A PAPER KNIFE. SHE LIGHTS A CIGARETTE, TAKES A DRINK AND OPENS THE LETTER.

WE WATCH HER FACE READ IT. HER EXPRESSION IS ONE OF CONCERN.

SHE LETS THE PAPER DROP ON THE TABLE AND THEN COLLAPSES
HERSELF IN TEARS.

IN THE FOREGROUND THE FIRST PART OF THE LETTER IS VISIBLE.
"Dear Jane, Somewhat to my surprise the council felt unable
to support your project 'Jean'." A CIGARETTE SMOKES IN AN
ASHTRAY BEHIND THE LETTER. BEHIND THAT A TELEPHONE LOOMS
OUT OF FOCUS. THE CRYING CONTINUES. THE MUSIC PLAYS.
SUDDENLY THE 'PHONE RINGS.

JANE IGNORES IT. AFTER A FEW RINGS IT STOPS. THE MUSIC AND
CRYING CONTINUE.

(53) EXT. A SUBURBAN ROAD ON A WET GREY MORNING.

WELL KEPT SEMIS AND SMALL DETACHED HOUSES LOOM OUT OF THE
MIST AS WE MOVE PAST THEM. HUSBANDS LEAVE FOR WORK. CURTAINS
ARE DRAWN BACK. MILK IS DELIVERED.

JEAN IS WALKING ALONG HALF-HEARTEDLY HITCHING. SUDDENLY SHE
VIRTUALLY BUMPS INTO A COMPACT FAMILY HATCHBACK REVERSING
OUT OF A DRIVE. A MAN DRESSED FOR THE OFFICE CLIMBS OUT

HE SPOTS JEAN AND STARES UNEASILY AT HER FOR A MOMENT AND
THEN GETS IN THE CAR AND TRIES TO START IT. THE BATTERY IS

TOTALLY FLAT.

JEAN'S FACE APPEARS AT THE PASSENGER WINDOW.

JEAN

Need a shove love?

MAN

Well yes but ...

JEAN MOVES ROUND TO THE FRONT. THE CAR STARTS AS SHE PUSHES IT DOWN THE REMAINDER OF THE DRIVE SLOPE.

JEAN STANDS AND WATCHES AS THE MAN HOOTS THREE TIMES. AS IF ON CUE HIS WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN APPEAR FROM THE HOUSE AND CLIMB IN.

ONCE MORE JEAN SPEAKS THROUGH THE WINDOW. THIS TIME TO THE WIFE.

JEAN

Could you give us a lift to the other side of town?

THE FAMILY LOOKS MOMENTARILY DISTURBED, BUT THEN THE BACK DOOR IS OPENED AND JEAN CLIMBS IN BESIDE THE TWO CHILDREN.

(54) INT. CAR.

THE LATTER SMILE AT HER OCCASIONALLY, AS DOES THE WIFE, RATHER AS IF SHE WERE A DELINQUENT TO BE HUMOURED. THEY TRAVEL IN SILENCE.

THE HUSBAND IS DROPPED AT A SMALL STATION. THE WIFE TAKES OVER THE DRIVING SEAT.

THE CHILDREN ARE DROPPED AT SCHOOL.

(55) EXT. MOTORWAY SERVICES.

JEAN IS DROPPED AT A MOTORWAY SERVICES. AS SHE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE CAR, THE WOMAN PRESSES A POUND NOTE IN HER HAND AND THEN DRIVES OFF AT SPEED.

(56) INT. CAR ON MOTORWAY.

LOOKING THROUGH A WINDSCREEN DRIVING UP A MOTORWAY. ON EITHER SIDE IS A TYPICALLY BRITISH INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND.

A VOICE WITH A GERMAN ACCENT

(FEMALE)

... you know why Britain is so dirty?

Because she was confused in her toilet training period. First the Saxons, then the Danes, then the Romans and finally the Normans. Very confusing for an infant nation. No wonder there is so much shit all over the place.

JANE

And the Germans?

VOICE

We became a nation in a period of ten years. A short sharp smack on the behind from Bismarck and that was it.

WE SEE JANE LAUGHING. SHE IS DRIVING.

JANE

You're not at all like I imagined Hannalore Schutwelle would be.

WE SEE A PLEASANT LOOKING WOMAN IN HER LATE THIRTIES. SHE HAS BROWN HAIR AND IS QUITE SMALL. SHE IS WEARING CASUAL BUT VERY EXPENSIVE LOOKING CLOTHES.

HANNA

You mean I'm not big blonde and blue eyed. That's because my father was a British soldier. (SHE LAUGHS)

JANE

No, I mean you're not frightening or patronising or lecherous or even stupid like most of the other producers I met.

HANNA

Ah but I'm a woman.

JANE

Is that why you gave me money? Because I am too?

HANNA

Nein, nein. I thought the script was fun, honest, well-written, critical of British men who I've never liked since I was conceived ... (PAUSE) ... and above all cheap to make with a big profit potential. What more could I want apart from how do you say ... a piss ...

JANE PULLS OFF THE ROAD AT A SERVICES.

(57) INT. MOTORWAY SERVICES SHOP.

JEAN ENTERS THE MAGAZINE AND SWEETS-SELLING SECTION, PICKS UP A PACKET OF SWEETS AND STOPS BY THE MAGAZINE SECTION. A TRUCK DRIVER IS LOOKING ALONG THE ROWS. JEAN ABSENT-MINDEDLY OPENS HER PACKET OF SWEETS AND BEGINS TO WATCH HIM. EVENTUALLY HE REACHES UP TO THE TOP SHELF AND TAKES DOWN A MEN'S MAGAZINE. HE STARES AT THE ADVERTISEMENT ON THE BACK.

JEAN PICKS UP AN 'EXCHANGE & MART' TO COVER HER OBSERVATION.

THE MAN FINALLY OPENS THE MAGAZINE AND BEGINS HURRIEDLY LOOKING THROUGH THE PICTURES. HE REACHES THE CENTRE PAGES AND CONFIDENTLY TURNS IT ON ITS SIDE.

JEAN SMILES TO HERSELF AND THEN ADVANCES ON THE MAN. SHE TAPS HIM ON THE SHOULDER. THE MAN JUMPS AND CLOSES THE MAGAZINE.

JEAN

Excuse me love. Did you know your flies
were open?

JEAN HEADS TO THE CASH DESK, LEAVING THE MAN HOLDING THE

MAGAZINE DESPERATELY FEELING FOR HIS FLIES. THE TWO WOMEN AT THE DESK HAVE ALSO SEEN THE INCIDENT AND ARE LAUGHING.

(58) EXT. MOTORWAY SERVICES.

JEAN LOOKS IN AT THE WINDOW OF THE TRANSPORT CAFE SECTION. THE MEN EAT IN SULLEN SILENCE.

(59) INT. TRANSPORT CAFE.

SHE GOES IN AND BUYS HERSELF A LARGE BREAKFAST. THE MEN'S EYES FOLLOW HER TIREDLY OUT OF MALE 'DUTY'. SHE PUTS HER TRAY DOWN AT A TABLE BY HERSELF.

THE DOOR TO THE CAFE SWINGS OPEN AND THE MAN WHO WAS READING THE MAGAZINE COMES IN. HE GOES AND ORDERS HIS FOOD. AS HE IS WAITING HIS DULL EYES SURVEY THE ROOM. HE SPOTS JEAN.

AT ALMOST THE SAME MOMENT JEAN LOOKS UP AND QUICKLY DOWN AGAIN. SHE HAS SEEN HIM.

THE MAN COLLECTS HIS BREAKFAST AND GOES TO SIT WITH THREE OTHER MATES. WE SEE THE GROUP FROM JEAN'S POV. HE WHISPERS SOMETHING TO THE GROUP, THEY ALL TURN AND STARE AT JEAN. IN

THE FOREGROUND JEAN EATS HER BREAKFAST, OCCASIONALLY LOOKING AT THE MEN.

SHE HASTILY FINISHES HER COFFEE AND GETS UP TO GO.

TWO OF THE MEN FROM THE TABLE ALSO GET UP AND GO TO THE EXIT WHERE THERE IS A FRUIT MACHINE SITUATED. THEY START TO PLAY IT, KEEPING AN EYE ON JEAN WHO HAS STOPPED AND IS LOOKING ROUND TO SEE IF THERE'S ANOTHER EXIT. BY THIS TIME THE EYES OF ALL THE MEN IN THE ROOM ARE ON HER.

THE CAMERA AS HER, WALKS TOWARDS THE MEN AT THE DOOR. THE MAN SHE SPOKE TO IN THE SHOP STEPS OUT.

MAN

(WITH A SOUTHERN ACCENT) What you doing in here?

JEAN

Same as you.

MAN

Reserved for transport this one, unless of course you're a driver.

THE MEN ALL LAUGH. JEAN HEADS TO GO PAST HIM. HE PUTS HIS ARM ACROSS THE DOOR.

MAN

We don't like public using this area.

A WOMAN BEHIND THE COUNTER STOPS TO LOOK AT THE SCENE WITH SOME APPREHENSION.

WOMAN

Let her through Jim. She's done no harm.

JIM

Matter of opinion that ...

JEAN'S FACE LOOKS AROUND. THE MEN'S FACES STARE.

A WOMAN'S VOICE OFF

She's with me.

EVERYONE TURNS TO SEE A WOMAN IN OVERALLS WHO HAS COME UP BEHIND JIM AND REMOVED HIS ARM FROM THE DOOR.

... come on love.

SHE LEADS JEAN ACROSS TO THE COUNTER, BUYS A SANDWICH AND THEN LEADS HER PAST THE TEMPORARILY STUNNED MEN AND OUT OF THE CAFE.

(60) EXT. MOTORWAY SERVICES

OUTSIDE THEY WALK TO AN ARTICULATED TRUCK. JEAN LOOKS GENUINELY SURPRISED.

JEAN

You drive this?

WOMAN

You sound just like one of them. Where you headed?

JEAN

Leeds.

WOMAN

Happens I am too, so you're in luck.

(SHE SMILES AT JEAN) I'm Helen.

JEAN

I'm Jean.

(61) INT. MOTORWAY TOILETS.

WE SEE ONLY TWO CLOSED DOORS.

HANNA

So why didn't you have all those nasty men getting in their trucks and giving chase, crashing violently one by one, victims of their male ... Stolz ... how do you say it ... pride?

JANE

Would you have paid for it?

HANNA

Na ja ... next time perhaps. When you make daughter of Jean.

THE CHAINS PULL AND THEY BOTH EMERGE OUT OF THEIR DOORS.

JANE

... and Dick?

HANNA LAUGHS.

(62) EXT. WOODLAND.

DICK IS LYING IN THE GRASS WITH HIS FACE ON ONE SIDE, THE PICTURE OF JEAN CLENCHED IN HIS HAND. THE CAMERA IS AT GROUND LEVEL. HE OPENS AN EYE AND LOOKS SUSPICIOUSLY TOWARDS THE CAMERA AND THEN HIS EXPRESSION CHANGES TO PUZZLEMENT.

A WIRE NETTED FENCE COMES INTO FOCUS.

IN A WIDE SHOT DICK SITS UP AND FINDS HIMSELF SITTING CLOSE TO A MOUNT FENCE OFF WITH A 'KEEP OUT' SIGN ON IT. HE GETS UP, LOOKS AROUND AND HOPS OVER THE FENCE.

HE FINDS AN ENTRANCE DOOR. HE CREEPS UP ON IT AND TENTATIVELY PUSHES AT IT. IT OPENS. HE GOES IN.

(63) INT. CORRIDOR.

A DIMLY LIT CORRIDOR LEADS DOWNWARDS. TWO WOMEN'S VOICES ARE HEARD APPROACHING UP THE CORRIDOR. DICK FLATTENS HIMSELF BEHIND A RECESS IN THE WALL.

1st WOMAN

The whole Leeds area's been wiped out
apparently.

2nd WOMAN

(LOOKING AT HER WATCH) Bit late starting the attack weren't they?

1st WOMAN

Yes, so they're going to have a teabreak now and then start calculating their response.

2nd WOMAN

I hope the kettle works. It's been here since 1952.

DICK'S FACE HAS TAKEN ON A LOOK OF ALARM AS THE TWO WOMEN IN THE UNIFORM OF THE W.R.V.S. WALK PAST HIM. HE CREEPS OUT AND HEADS DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

(64) INT. CONTROL ROOM OF A REGIONAL SEAT OF GOVERNMENT

HE ENTERS A ROOM WITH A NUMBER OF MAPS, A CENTRAL CONTROL DESK, AND A NUMBER OF PEOPLE SITTING OR STANDING AROUND. A MAN IN A SUIT IS TALKING INTO A MICROPHONE WHICH BOOMS AROUND THE HALL.

MAN

... as your regional governor I am empowered as of now to take whatever steps I deem necessary to maintain order and ensure your survival. These include requisition of supplies, sealing of off 'hopeless' areas which inhabitants will not be allowed to leave, and shooting of people on sight if they are suspected of any act injurious to the state or its representatives...

A CUP OF TEA IS PUT DOWN BESIDE THE SPEAKER.

... thanks. No sugar for me and just a dash of milk.

THE LAST STATEMENT BOOMS OUT OVER THE SYSTEM. SOMEONE SWITCHES THE MIKE OFF. THE SPEAKER SHOUTS ACROSS AT A MAN DRAWING AN EXTREMELY WIDE CIRCLE (SO WIDE THAT HE IS USING A STEP LADDER) ON A MAP OF YORKSHIRE.

... Have we actually told them the bomb's dropped yet?

MAN AT MAP

I think most people would know that sir.

DICK SETTLES HIMSELF COMFORTABLY IN A CHAIR BY THE ENTRANCE.
NO-ONE SEEMS TO TAKE MUCH NOTICE OF HIM.

A SOLDIER COMES IN FROM ANOTHER ENTRANCE AND SALUTES THE
SPEAKER.

SOLDIER

Captain James, Special Air Services,
Operation Roundarm reporting. We have
spotted a large contingent of women and
children heading this way and require
guidance on action to be taken.

THE SPEAKER REFERS TO A MANUAL.

SPEAKER

(READING) "If any civilians refuse to
stop on request, shoot them, but do not
waste time burying them as they may well
be contaminated." Why only women and
children?

SOLDIER

The men were all down at the pub when
the bomb fell.

THE SPEAKER LOOKS UP AND SMILES AT THE SOLDIER, WHO SALUTES
AND HEADS OFF TO THE ENTRANCE WHERE DICK IS SEATED. HE
MARCHES STRAIGHT PAST HIM, BUT THEN DOES A DOUBLE-TAKE AND
COMES BACK.

SOLDIER

Who are you?

DICK POINTS AT HIMSELF.

SOLDIER

Your name?

DICK PUTS HIS FINGERS TO HIS LIPS TO INDICATE 'CAN'T SAY'.

SOLDIER

Are you an official undercover intruder?

DICK NODS HOPEFULLY. THE CAPTAIN SHOUTS AT THE MAN AT THE
MAP.

SOLDIER

What time are the official intruders due?

MAN ON STEP LADDER

(PRECARIOUSLY ON TIPTOES TO REACH UPPER-MOST ARC OF THE CIRCLE) Not till mid-day.

SOLDIER

You're a bit early aren't you? (DICK SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS) Can I see your R.P.C. please.

DICK LOOKS ONLY MOMENTARILY NONPLUSSED AND THEN BEGINS A CONVINCING AND THOROUGH SEARCH OF HIS POCKETS, BUT AT THAT POINT A FAMILIAR VOICE ECHOES DOWN THE CORRIDOR. DICK FREEZES.

VOICE

All going well is it? The bomb's been 'dropped' - good'- first broadcast made - fine - first counter-insurgents eliminated - excellent.

WE NOW SEE THE M.P. OF THE NIGHT BEFORE APPROACHING DOWN THE DIMLY LIT CORRIDOR TOWARDS THE CAMERA.

... and someone's calculated we should all be dead in here ... (LAUGHING) ... have they ... oh dear ... the Minister will have to ...

THE M.P. STOPS DEAD IN HIS TRACKS ON SEEING DICK, WHO HAS TRIED TO HIDE HIS FACE. THE M.P. TURNS TO THE CAPTAIN.

... what is he doing here?

SOLDIER

Claims to be an O.U.I. sir (THE M.P. LOOKS BLANK) An official undercover intruder sir. Certain members of the Police Special Patrol Group have been delegated to try and penetrate the R.S.O.G.s sir. (PAUSE) But he doesn't seem to have his R.P.C. - his Roundarm Participation Certificate, sir.

DICK'S FACE LOOKS FROM THE M.P. TO THE CAPTAIN.

M.P.

He won't have an R.P.C. because he's not an O.U.I. from the S.P.G. and he should

not be in an R.S.O.G. Get him out of here.

SOLDIER

I was about to interrogate him sir.

AT THAT MOMENT A NOTE IS DELIVERED TO THE CAPTAIN. HE READS IT.

... Permission to go sir, we've been called to Leeds on riot duty.

M.P.

Riot duty? This is only a mock-up you know. Anyway Leeds has been blown up, hasn't it?

SOLDIER

I think they're expecting a real riot, sir.

M.P.

Well take him with you.

THE M.P. PASSES OUT OF SHOT LEAVING DICK SMILING AT THE SOLDIER AND INDICATING WITH HIS ARM 'AFTER YOU'. THE SOLDIER

TAKES HIM ROUGHLY BY THE ARM.

(65) INT. HELEN'S TRUCK

LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN OF HELEN'S TRUCK. HELEN AND JEAN'S BACK OF HEADS ARE IN THE FOREGROUND. AN ARMY LANDROVER PULLS PAST THEM INTO VIEW. TWO SOLDIERS ARE SITTING IN THE BACK. THEY LOOK UP AT THE TRUCK AND BEGIN TO POINT, LAUGH AND JEER.

HELEN

Hold on tight love.

SOUND OF GEAR CHANGING. THE TRUCK ROARS.

(66) INT. ARMY LANDROVER.

IN THE LANDROVER LOOKING BACK AT THE TRUCK WITH THE TWO SOLDIERS EITHER SIDE OF THE SCREEN IN THE FOREGROUND.

1st SOLDIER

Hey dumbo want to see a couple of birds driving a truck?

DICK'S HEAD COMES UP INTO SHOT. THE TRUCK GETS CLOSER.

(67) INT. HELEN'S TRUCK

IN THE TRUCK JEAN LEANS FORWARD IN DISBELIEF.

JEAN

My god that's the bloke I told you
about.

HELEN

Do you want me to leave off?

JEAN

No, serves him right.

ANOTHER GEAR CHANGE.

(68) INT. LANDROVER

IN THE LANDROVER LOOKING IN FROM THE BACK WITH THE TWO
SOLDIERS LOOKING OUT ABOVE THE CAMERA IN THE FOREGROUND AND
DICK STARING WITH HIS MOUTH OPEN IN THE MIDDLE.

1st SOLDIER

Cor look at the old slag drivin' - bet
her husband's sorry.

2nd SOLDIER

Husband? You must be joking.

1st SOLDIER

The other one's alright. Wouldn't mind a roll on the hard shoulder with her.

2nd SOLDIER

Well you're gonna have one the way they're drivin'.

THERE IS AN EXTRA LOUD ROAR AND THE SOLDIERS COWER BACK.

2nd SOLDIER

The silly cunts are going to crush us.

DICK HAS BEEN LOOKING FROM ONE SOLDIER TO THE OTHER. AT THE LAST REMARK HE SUDDENLY DIVES OVER THE FRONT SEAT AND YANKS ON THE HANDBRAKE.

(69) INT. TRUCK

FROM THE TRUCK. THE LANDROVER SUDDENLY VEERS ON TO THE HARD SHOULDER.

HELEN

I think your pal's trying to say he's
sorry.

(70) EXT. MOTORWAY HARD SHOULDER

ON THE HARD SHOULDER. THE TRUCK PULLS UP AND JEAN JUMPS DOWN
AND WALKS BACK TOWARDS THE LANDROVER. THERE IS THE SOUND OF
THUMPS AND THEN THE FIGURE OF DICK IS PUSHED OUT OF THE
LANDROVER IN THE FOREGROUND. THE LANDROVER PULLS OFF WITH
SHOUTS OF 'QUEERS' AND 'BLOODY WOMEN DRIVERS'. DICK LIES ON
THE HARD SHOULDER. JEAN STOPS AND STARES DOWN AT HIM.

JEAN

Come on, creep, no-one else's going to
give you a lift in that state.

(71) INT. HELEN'S HOUSE.

A BCU OF DICK'S BANDAGED FACE SO THAT WE CANNOT REALLY TELL
WHERE WE ARE. HE IS APPARENTLY SLEEPING. THERE IS THE DISTANT
SOUND OF A TELEVISION NEWS BULLETIN.

JEAN

(OFF) What's your husband do?

HELEN

(OFF) Looks after me when he's here.

(SHE CHUCKLES)

ONE OF DICK'S EYES OPENS AND CLOSES AGAIN.

JEAN

Don't he work?

HELEN

Would if he could.

THERE IS A PAUSE THEN THE TELEVISION IS SWITCHED OFF.

HELEN

Fancy a drink?

BOTH DICK'S EYES OPEN AS IF ON CUE.

JEAN

What about him?

DICK'S FACE LOOKS HOPEFUL, BUT HE CLOSES HIS EYES TO FEIGN SLEEP.

HELEN

He'll be alright here.

HIS FACE FALLS. THERE IS THE SOUND OF A DOOR CLOSING. HIS EYES OPEN AGAIN.

SOMEONE SHOUTS "ENDSLATE". A SLATE COMES IN UPSIDE DOWN AND A VOICE SAYS "SCENE I/TAKE I ENDBOARD".

(72) INT. SET FOR PREVIOUS SHOT

WE NOW SEE THE WHOLE SCENE WITH A CAMERA CLOSE UP TO DICK WHO IS LYING ON A SOFA IN THE MIDDLE OF A BARE ROOM. JANE IS KNEELING BY HIM. SHE PUTS HER FINGERS TO HER LIPS TO INDICATE THAT DICK ACTOR SHOULD STAY QUIET AND WALKS TO OUR CAMERA. HANNA COMES INTO SHOT SITTING IN A CHAIR SMOKING A CIGARETTE. THERE IS NO SIGN OF A TV OR OF JEAN AND HELEN.

HANNA

One down, two hundred and fifty to go.

Well done.

JANE

I am so nervous Hanna.

HANNA

You should be ...

A 'PHONE RINGS IN THE BACKGROUND. JANE SMILES.

... the great thing is to give a good
impression of knowing what you want.
It doesn't matter if you don't.

VOICE

(OFF. BEING SILLY) ... Jane, 'phone ...
it's a man.

JANE

Who?

VOICE

James.

JANE

(TO HANNA) Already.

JANE GETS UP AND GOES OUT OF FRAME. THE CREW SHAKE THEIR HEADS IN MOCK DISAPPROVAL.

(73) INT. A 'PHONE BOX IN THE COUNTRY

CHARLIE IS ON THE 'PHONE.

CHARLIE

... has Susan come up yet? ... Susan, my niece. I bet she knows where Jean is ... what? ... take her down the pub, buy her a drink or two ... I'll ring again tomorrow ... business alright is it? ... Bye Jake.

(74) EXT. A 'PHONE BOX IN A COUNTRY VILLAGE

A GIRL IS WAITING OUTSIDE. CHARLIE POPS HIS HEAD OUT OF THE DOOR.

CHARLIE

Won't be a minute love. One more call.
(SMILING) Come and join me if you're cold.

THE GIRL GIGGLES.

(75) INT. A PUB.

THE PUB IS FAIRLY CROWDED WITH BOTH BLACKS AND WHITES. HELEN AND JEAN ARE SITTING IN A CORNER. WE OBSERVE THEM FROM A DISTANCE TAKING IN THE GENERAL NOISE OF THE PUB. HELEN WAVES OCCASIONALLY AT A MATE. A BLACK MAN WANDERS OVER TO THEIR TABLE AND PUTS HIS ARM ROUND HELEN.

CLOSE IN THE BLACK MAN PUTS HIS HAND OUT TO JEAN. JEAN LOOKS NERVOUS.

HELEN

This is my husband, Paul.

JEAN LOOKS QUITE SHOCKED.

(76) EXT. NIGHT. A STREET OF TERRACED HOUSES.

DICK EMERGES FROM ONE OF THE DOORS RATHER CAUTIOUSLY.

HE STANDS FOR A MOMENT ON THE DOORSTEP. THERE IS A SOUND OF POLICE SIRENS IN THE AIR.

HE MOVES FORWARD BUT AT THAT POINT TWO BLACK KIDS WALK PAST FOLLOWED BY A PANDA CAR WHICH SEEMS TO BE SHADOWING

THEM. HE RETREATS INTO THE DOORWAY BUT THEN RE-EMERGES AND STARES AFTER THEM. HE SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS AND SETS OFF.

HE PROCEEDS DOWN THE STREET. THE SIRENS SEEM TO BE GETTING LOUDER. SUDDENLY A GROUP OF ABOUT TWENTY BLACK AND WHITE YOUTHS RUSH OUT FROM A CORNER IN FRONT OF HIM, NEARLY KNOCKING HIM OVER. HE STOPS. A MOMENT LATER A POLICE TRANSIT PARKS WITH ITS BLUE LIGHT FLASHING.

(77) INT. THE PUB AS BEFORE

JEAN AND HELEN ARE LEAVING THE PUB.

(78) EXT. ON THE STREETS

DICK TURNS A CORNER TO FIND HIMSELF CONFRONTED WITH THE BACK VIEW OF A LINE OF POLICEMEN WITH SHIELDS. BEHIND THEM ARE SOME MEN WITH FILM CAMERAS.

(79) EXT. OUTSIDE THE PUB

JEAN IS ON THE PAVEMENT A LITTLE WAY BACK FROM A GROUP OF BLACKS AND WHITES WHO ARE MERELY STANDING STARING AT THE LINE OF POLICE AND SHIELDS. THERE IS THE OCCASIONAL SHOUT OF ABUSE BUT MOSTLY IT IS MORE LIKE A SOCIAL OCCASION WITH

LAUGHTER AND SO ON. HELEN AND HER HUSBAND ARE TALKING WITH A GROUP OF BLACKS, THEY ARE POINTING AT THE POLICE AND SHRUGGING THEIR SHOULDERS. THERE ARE A FEW CAMERAMEN ON THIS SIDE.

(80) INT. IN A HOTEL ROOM

A BLANK TELEVISION SCREEN FILLS THE FRAME. THERE IS SILENCE APART FROM THE RHYTHMIC SCRATCHING SOUND OF SKIN ON SHEET. IT GETS FASTER AND FINALLY STOPS ACCOMPANIED BY A GROAN. A FEW SECONDS LATER THE TV COMES ON FROM REMOTE CONTROL. IT IS A LIVE REPORT FROM THE 'RIOT' ZONE.

(81) EXT. BEHIND THE POLICE LINES

DICK SURVEYS THE SCENE. SUDDENLY A POLICE VAN ROARS DOWN THE STREET FROM BEHIND HIM. IT PAUSES TO LET THE LINE OF POLICE OPEN AND THEN DRIVES THROUGH AT SPEED. THE MEDIA MEN FOLLOW AT A RUN.

(82) EXT. OUTSIDE THE PUB

THE VAN BURSTS THROUGH. THE CROWD SCATTERS BUT A LITTLE BLACK GIRL RUNS OUT INTO THE ROAD SHOUTING FOR HER DADDY. THE VAN SWERVES BUT KNOCKS HER DOWN.

JEAN IS CLOSE BEHIND HAVING DASHED OUT TO TRY AND PULL HER CLEAR. SHE KNEELS BY THE LITTLE GIRL, LISTENS TO HER HEART AND BEGINS MOUTH TO MOUTH RESUSCITATION. ALMOST IMMEDIATELY SHE IS SURROUNDED ON ALL SIDES BY A THROG OF CAMERAMEN AND PHOTOGRAPHERS ALL SHOUTING QUESTIONS AND TRYING TO GET PICTURES OF HER WITH THE CHILD.

(83) INT. THE HOTEL ROOM

WE HEAR THE SOUNDTRACK OF THE TV. WE SEE THE VIEWER. IT IS CHARLIE. HE IS LYING PROPPED UP IN BED COVERED ONLY BY A SHEET. ON THE FLOOR BESIDE HIM IS A MEN'S MAGAZINE SPLAYED OPEN AS IT HAS FALLEN. HE JUMPS UP FROM BED AND PEERS AT THE TV CLOSE TO.

JEAN'S FACE APPEARS ON THE TV SCREEN. SHE IS BEING ASKED QUESTIONS BUT IS REPEATING "SOMEONE GET AN AMBULANCE".

(84) EXT. TERRACED STREET BEHIND POLICE LINE

DICK FLATTENS HIMSELF AGAINST THE WALL AS THE POLICE RETREAT PURSUED BY A NOW VERY ANGRY CROWD.

ONCE THE 'RIOT' HAS PASSED HE SEES THE CROWD OF PRESS PEOPLE.

HE RUNS TOWARDS IT.

AN AMBULANCE ARRIVES. A PATH IS CLEARED THROUGH THE THROG AND JEAN EMERGES WITH SEVERAL PRESS PEOPLE STILL TRYING TO ASK HER QUESTIONS.

DICK RUNS UP AND PUSHING AT THE REPORTERS, MANAGES TO GET HER FREE. SHE LEANS ON HIM GRATEFULLY AS HE LEADS HER AWAY FROM THE ACCIDENT, LEAVING BEHIND VARIOUS REPORTERS TALKING TO THEIR CAMERAS IN THE BACKGROUND. JEAN IS CRYING.

(85) INT. HOTEL ROOM

ON THE TV A REPORTER IS GIVING A SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

"And so what might have started as a quiet drink at the Hayrick pub here behind me ended up as a molotov cocktail party on the streets of ..."

CHARLIE NOTES DOWN HAYRICK AND THE NAME OF THE TOWN.

(86) EXT. NIGHT OUTSIDE THE HAYRICK PUB

A WHOLE LOAD OF FILM EQUIPMENT IS BEING LOADED INTO A VAN. THERE IS A GENERAL HUSTLE AND BUSTLE OF POST-SHOOT WRAP. IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE JANE IS TALKING TO HANNA. IN THE FORE-

GROUND JAMES IS SITTING ON A SUITCASE SMOKING A CIGARETTE.
AFTER A MOMENT HE PUTS OUT THE CIGARETTE AND HEADS TOWARDS
JANE.

WITH JANE NOW IN THE FOREGROUND WE SEE JAMES APPROACHING.

HANNA

Tomorrow I fly back to Berlin and you'll
have no mummy to run to ...

JAMES IS NOW CLOSE BEHIND JANE. HE TAPS HER ON THE SHOULDER.

JAMES

Jane.

THE CAMERA ANGLE NOW ALTERNATES BETWEEN HAVING JAMES AND
HANNA IN THE FOREGROUND WITH JANE CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE.

JANE

Excuse me a moment Hanna. What is it
James?

JAMES POINTS AT HIS WATCH

JAMES

I've been waiting five hours and I've

got to go back early tomorrow.

JANE

Hold on a tick love and then I'll be with you. By the way Hanna, this is my friend James.

THEY NOD AT EACH OTHER POLITELY FROM A DISTANCE, BUT JAMES DRAWS JANE BACK TOWARDS HIM.

JAMES

I have come a long way to see you and all I get is 'hold on', 'won't be a minute' and 'just one more shot'.

JANE

(TO HANNA) Excuse me. Some confusion about accommodation. (TO JAMES) James listen. I said on the 'phone don't expect too much if you come. Why don't you go along to where I'm staying and we'll have a chat later. Alright?

HANNA IS BEGINNING TO LOOK SOMEWHAT IMPATIENT, WHICH JANE NOTICES AND SMILES AT HER.

JAMES

No it is not alright. If you've got no time for me fair enough, but don't expect me to hang around.

JANE

Oh come on James, I'm glad you're here. I can't give you my attention, but I need your support ...

HANNA POINTS AT HER WATCH.

HANNA

Eh Jane I have a ring in my hotel in half an hour. (SHE HOLDS A MOCK RECEIVER TO HER EAR)

JANE

Won't be a minute Hanna, just getting the address sorted out. (TO JAMES, KEEPING HER VOICE DOWN) It means a lot to me to know you're going to be around later to kiss and cuddle, it gets so lonely ...

JAMES

Well I'm sorry. Finish your film and
then come and cuddle me.

JAMES STRIDES OFF WITH HIS SUITCASE.

HANNA

Sorted out your friend's accommodation?

JANE SMILES SADLY. HANNA PUTS HER ARM AROUND HER.

HANNA

Come, we go for a drink.

(87) EXT. DAY. ON THE M62 MOTORWAY AT THE PENNINE WAY
BRIDGE

IT IS EARLY MORNING. HELEN'S TRUCK HAS PULLED OFF THE MOTOR-
WAY AND JEAN IS SAYING GOODBYE.

HELEN

I can put you on a train in Warrington.

JEAN

We'll manage twelve miles, won't we Dick?

DICK LOOKS SOMEWHAT PERTURBED BUT NODS RELUCTANTLY.

... It'll clear our heads. Thanks very much Helen.

HELEN

For landing you in a riot? (SHE LAUGHS)
Look after each other. Call in when you're next in Leeds.

JEAN

Bye.

HER CAB DOOR SWINGS SHUT AND THE TRUCK PULLS OFF DOWN THE MOTORWAY. DICK WAVES. THEY WALK ACROSS THE BRIDGE HIGH ABOVE THE MOTORWAY.

(88) EXT. DAY. ON THE PENNINE WAY ITSELF

THE SUN IS SHINING, THE SCENERY IS MAGNIFICENT. DICK IS SHOWING OFF JUMPING UP AND DOWN ROCKY CRAGS, DISAPPEARING WITH MOCK LOSS OF BALANCE OVER APPARENTLY SHEER INCLINES.

THEY REACH A PANORAMIC VIEWPOINT AND SIT DOWN TO REST. FOR A WHILE JEAN IS SILENT WATCHING AS DICK BUILDS A POINTED

CAIRN OUT OF STONES IN THE BACKGROUND TO HER LEFT. HER FACE BECOMES PENSIVE, EVEN SAD. DURING THE NEXT SPEECH THE CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY ON HER FACE IN PROFILE.

JEAN

Do you know this is the first time I've been away from home by myself since I was married 18 years ago. That's a long time in't it? (SHE THROWS A STONE AT DICK'S CAIRN BUT MISSES. HE LOOKS UP AND NODS) Me and Ken used to go away with our Susan. (SHE BENDS TO PICK A SPRIG OF HEATHER) but we'd just sit in cafes mostly. If I said owt he'd answer, but sort of between his teeth - like he didn't want me to talk or maybe me talking made him feel stupid. I don't know. (PAUSE) He'd laugh with his friends though, shout his head off with his friends ... even show me off to his friends as long as I kept me mouth shut. (PAUSE) Why was he so angry all the time though? Like I'd done something to him ...?

DICK PUTS A PRECARIOUS STONE ON TOP OF THE POINTED CAIRN. HE

IS NOW IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND. HE LOOKS UP AND SMILES AT JEAN. JEAN TURNS TO HIM FROM THE BACKGROUND.

... Why did you take money from that M.P.?
(DICK SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS) ... you were gonna have a good night's sleep while he had his way, weren't you? (DICK SHAKES HIS HEAD) Yes you were. I thought you were different from other blokes ... you know, a friend ... but you're not are you?

DICK HURLS A STONE AT THE CAIRN WHICH COLLAPSES. JEAN GETS UP AND WALKS OFF DOWN THE HILL.

DICK BURIES HIS FACE IN THE HEATHER, CRYING.

JEAN SITS DOWN BY A STREAM AND THROWS STONES INTO IT. THEN SHE STOPS AND WATCHES A FISH THAT IS CAUGHT IN A POOL.

DICK RECOVERS, WIPES HIS EYES AND STARTS REMODELLING THE STONES OF THE COLLAPSED CAIRN INTO A KIND OF BOWL SHAPE. HE DECORATES THE EDGES WITH BITS OF BRACKEN AND HEATHER. A SHADOW FALLS OVER THE STONES. HE LOOKS UP.

IT IS JEAN. SHE HAS A SMALL FISH IN HER HANDS WHICH SHE

GIVES TO DICK. HE LAYS IT IN THE BOWL. SHE KNEELS DOWN AND TAKES HIS FACE IN HER HANDS AND KISSES HIM ON THE FOREHEAD.

JEAN

You can't answer back can you?

DICK TRIES TO PULL HER TO HIM.

... hold on.

DICK NODS. SHE GENTLY BEGINS TO UNDRRESS HIM.

THE CAMERA MOVES AWAY IN A SERIES OF STATIC SHOTS ENDING WITH A VERY LONG SHOT OF THEM MAKING LOVE ON THE HORIZON.

(89) INT. THE HAYRICK PUB, SHORTLY AFTER OPENING TIME IN THE MORNING.

THREE OR FOUR HARDENED DRINKERS ARE LINED UP AT THE BAR AND A COUPLE OF DRESSED UP WOMEN ARE SITTING AT A TABLE SMOKING.

THE BAR DOOR OPENS AND CHARLIE ENTERS. HE WALKS ACROSS TO THE BAR, BUYS A DRINK AND SHOWS THE PICTURE OF JEAN TO THE BARMAN. THE LATTER SHAKES HIS HEAD BUT POINTS TO THE TWO WOMEN.

CHARLIE JOINS THEM AT THEIR TABLE. HE SHOWS THEM THE PICTURE AND THEY NOD.

(90) EXT. DAY. THE PENNINE WAY

ON THE PENNINE WAY. JEAN'S HEAD IS LYING ON DICK'S CRUTCH. THEY ARE BOTH LYING LOOKING UP AT THE SKY TOTALLY NAKED. JEAN TURNS TO LOOK UP AT DICK, WHOSE HAND IS PLAYING WITH HER HAIR.

JEAN

Am I squashing you?

DICK SHAKES HIS HEAD. THERE IS SILENCE APART FROM THE CURLEWS.

JEAN

Funny not to hear a bloke grunting and cursing ... you were like a little boy.

DICK'S HAND STOPS PLAYING WITH HER HAIR.

... you know what I mean. Soft, relaxed, gentle ... (PAUSE)

DICK GETS UP ON HIS ELBOWS.

... like one of those sweets that melt
in your mouth not in your hand ...

DICK NOW LOOKS POSITIVELY ALARMED.

... but have a hard centre.

DICK'S FACE RELAXES. HE LIES BACK AGAIN. JEAN ROLLS OVER
AND RAISES HERSELF ON HER ELBOWS. SHE MAKES CIRCLES ON
DICK'S CHEST WITH A PIECE OF HEATHER.

... My husband was all hard, just like
a frozen pea. First sign of warmth and
he went all mushy ...

SHE LAUGHS AND STRETCHES UP TO KISS DICK.

... it were lovely, honest ...

DICK SMILES AND PUSHING HER HEAD ONTO HIS CHEST PROCEEDS
TO SEARCH FOR NITS IN HER HAIR.

... eh I'm not a bleeding ape you know.

AT THIS THEY BOTH JUMP UP AND RUN ACROSS THE HEATHER,

PRETENDING TO BE APES, FINALLY FALLING INTO A HEAP OF
RENEWED LOVE-MAKING IN A BRACKEN SURROUNDED HOLLOW.

(91) EXT. DAY. HELEN'S HOUSE

IN THE STREET WHERE HELEN LIVES. THE DOOR TO HELEN'S HOUSE
OPENS. CHARLIE IS SHOWN OUT BY HER HUSBAND.

(92) INT. CHARLIE'S CAR

IN THE CAR CHARLIE MAKES ARROWS IN VARIOUS DIRECTIONS ON AN
ATLAS. HE PAUSES AND TAKES OUT THE PICTURE OF JEAN WITH HIS
BROTHER. JEAN IS BEING SQUEEZED TIGHT BY KEN. HE IS CUPPING
HER RIGHT BREAST AND POINTING AT IT, MAKING A SILLY FACE.
CHARLIE SMILES.

(93) EXT. DAY. ON PENNINES

ON THE PENNINES A CLOUD PASSES OVER THE SUN. STORM CLOUDS
GATHER. THICK MIST BEGINS TO SWEEP IN.

DICK AND JEAN ARE LYING ARM IN ARM ASLEEP IN THE HEATHER.
PULLING OUT FROM THEIR SLEEPING FACES WE SEE THAT THEY ARE
THEMSELVES NOW SURROUNDED BY MIST. JEAN SHIVERS AND WAKES
UP. SHE SHAKES DICK.

THEY SCRAMBLE SHIVERING UP THE BRACKEN COVERED SLOPE IN SEARCH OF THEIR CLOTHES.

IN THE MIST ALL THEY CAN FIND IS DICK'S OVERCOAT.

SUDDENLY DICK COMES ACROSS A POTHOLE ENTRANCE. HE BECKONS JEAN.

THEY BOTH CLAMBER INTO THE POTHOLE ENTRANCE.

RAIN BEGINS TO FALL AND THE WIND GETS UP, SWEEPING ACROSS THE HEATHER. A WELL-EQUIPPED, WELL-WRAPPED, MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN APPEARS OUT OF THE MIST. SHE PAUSES TO CONSULT A COMPASS AND THEN STRIDES TOWARDS THE CAMERA.

HER EYE CATCHES SOMETHING IN THE HEATHER. IT IS A PILE OF SCATTERED OVER AND UNDERCLOTHES. SHE RAISES HER EYEBROWS SLIGHTLY AND LOOKS AROUND.

WOMAN

Anyone there?

HER VOICE IS CARRIED AWAY BY THE WIND. SHE TAKES A TORCH FROM HER ANORAK POCKET AND FLASHES IT INTO THE MIST. SHE THEN HEADS OFF WITH THE OCCASIONAL SHOUT OF "ANYONE THERE". UNTIL THE LIGHT IS A MERE PINPOINT.

(94) INT. COUNTRY PUB AT LUNCHTIME

'CHARLIE' IS BUYING DRINKS. HE IS WEARING DIFFERENT CLOTHES.
HIS VOICE SOUNDS SLIGHTLY CHANGED.

CHARLIE NOW IN THE BACKGROUND. IN THE FOREGROUND, JANE IS
ON THE 'PHONE.

JANE

James ... James! ... shit ...

SHE PUTS THE 'PHONE DOWN. IN THE BACKGROUND CHARLIE TAKES
THE DRINKS TO A TABLE. AFTER A PAUSE JANE GOES OVER TO THE
SAME TABLE.

SHE SITS DOWN, LOOKS AT HER WATCH AND THEN LOOKS OUT OF THE
WINDOW.

ACTOR CHARLIE TAKES A DRINK.

JANE STARES INTO HER DRINK, SWIRLING IT ROUND.

ACTOR CHARLIE

This mist's going to mess up your
schedule I suppose?

JANE NODS.

... anything useful we could be doing
while we wait?

HE SMILES INNOCENTLY AT JANE WHO LOOKS UP AND SMILES AT
HIM.

JANE

There could be.

(95) INT. IN THE POTHOLE

JEAN AND DICK ARE BOTH CURLED TOGETHER UNDER THE SAME COAT.
DICK'S TEETH ARE CHATTERING WITH THE COLD.

JEAN

If we both die at the same time ...

DICK LOOKS ALARMED.

... I'm not saying we're going to, in fact
we're not, but if we did do you think
there's more of a chance of us staying
together afterwards ... because we died at
the same time I mean?

DICK SHRUGS/SHIVERS HIS SHOULDERS. JEAN KISSES DICK.

... I hope so. (PAUSE) Wonder how
they're treating my old man up there -
if he's come to yet, that is ...

JEAN STARTS TO SOB. DICK HAS STARTED TO DOZE OFF.

... Dick, Dick, don't go to sleep
love, you might not wake up.

(96) INT. DAY. IN A HOTEL BEDROOM.

JANE LOOKS AT CHARLIE LYING BESIDE HER. SHE GETS UP AND
STARTS GETTING DRESSED. HE SITS UP AND RUBS HIS FACE.

ACTOR

Sorry.

JANE

(FRIENDLY) Don't worry. Probably 'cause
I asked you.

ACTOR

Shit.

JANE

(GENTLY) It's not important.

JANE CONTINUES DRESSING.

ACTOR

I feel such a fool.

JANE

(LAUGHING) Oh for Christ's sake it's not the end of the world.

ACTOR

(SHARPLY) Don't laugh.

JANE

(SIGHING) Sorry. At least the fog's cleared.

CHARLIE STARES INTO SPACE.

(97) EXT. DAY. PENNINE WAY BRIDGE OVER M62.

PENNINE WAY BRIDGE OVER THE M62. CHARLIE PARKS HIS CAR AND CLAMBERS UP THE HILLSIDE TO THE BRIDGE. THE MIST HAS CLEARED.

HE IS WEARING A SMART BERMUDA SHIRT, BLUE COTTON TROUSERS, SANDALS AND DARK GLASSES. TWO WELL-KITTED WALKERS COME BY AND LOOK AT HIM INCREDULOUSLY. CHARLIE PULLS OUT THE PICTURE AND SHOWS IT TO THEM. THEY SHAKE THEIR HEADS. CHARLIE LEANS OVER THE BRIDGE AND STARES AT THE CARS BENEATH. THE WOMAN WE SAW THE EVENING BEFORE WITH THE COMPASS, CROSSES THE BRIDGE. CHARLIE SHOWS HER THE PHOTOGRAPH. WE GO CLOSE IN.

WOMAN

Was your niece wearing jeans and a grey pullover like that ... (SHE POINTS AT THE PHOTO)

CHARLIE

Yeah ... probably ... why?

WOMAN

Well I did see some clothes like that about five miles up the 'way' ... near Hebden Caves.

CHARLIE IS GONE WITHOUT EVEN A THANK YOU.

WOMAN

(SHOUTING AFTER HIM) ... Do take a coat
with you, it can turn cold very
suddenly ...

CHARLIE IS ALREADY OUT OF SIGHT OVER A HILLCREST.

(98) EXT. DAY. PENNINE WAY NEAR POTHOLE.

CHARLIE APPEARS VERY PUFFED OVER THE TOP OF A RIDGE AND
SURVEYS THE SCENE. FAR IN THE DISTANCE A TRACTOR AND
TRAILER DRIVE AWAY WITH A DOG BARKING.

HE LIES FACE DOWN IN THE HEATHER. HIS EYE CATCHES SOMETHING
METAL. HE STRETCHES HIS HAND OUT. IT IS A WOMAN'S PURSE.
INSIDE IS A PICTURE OF JEAN AND A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF
MONEY. HE SMILES. HE GETS UP AND KICKS AROUND IN THE HEATHER.

HE DISCOVERS THE POTHOLE ENTRANCE.

(99) INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN

IN THE KITCHEN OF A FARMHOUSE. THERE IS AN AGA COOKER IN
THE BACKGROUND WITH TEA TOWELS DRAPED OVER IT. THE FLOOR
HAS RED TILES. JEAN AND DICK ARE SEATED CLOSE TO THE AGA
WITH THEIR FEET IN STEAMING BOWLS OF WATER AND BLANKETS

WRAPPED AROUND THEM. THEY ARE BOTH DOZING. A WOMAN ENTERS WITH TWO CUPS OF TEA.

WOMAN

There you go. My husband's gone back up to look for your purse love ... he says you were both nearly dead with cold. Like two sheep at lambing.

JEAN SMILES BUT DOES NOT SPEAK. DICK DRINKS HIS TEA AVIDLY.

THE FARMER'S WIFE LEANS AGAINST THE AGA AND SMILES AT THEM. SHE IS IN HER EARLY FORTIES.

WOMAN

Having a quick canoodle and fog came down eh?

JEAN NODS SHEEPISHLY. THE FARMER'S WIFE TURNS TO STIR A POT ON THE AGA. SHE OPENS THE OVEN, PUTS THE POT FROM THE TOP PLATE IN.

WOMAN

Jim and I used to do that when we was courting. Not so much now. Weekends if

the weather holds, Christmas and
birthdays.

JEAN LOOKS UP FROM HER CUP OF TEA.

JEAN

That's quite a lot.

WOMAN

You reckon?

DICK IS LISTENING WITH A MIXTURE OF SHOCK AND INTRIGUE ON
HIS FACE. THE WIFE SMILES AT HIM.

WOMAN

Quiet one your husband.

JEAN NODS.

WOMAN

They often are. (PAUSE) I've made bed
up for you.

THE WIFE GOES OUT. DICK STRETCHES HIS HAND ACROSS TO JEAN.
THEY SMILE AT EACH OTHER AND KISS.

(100) INT. BEDROOM OF THE FARMHOUSE

JEAN AND DICK ARE LYING CUDDLED UP TOGETHER IN AN OLD-FASHIONED DOUBLE BED WITH A SLATTED HEADBOARD. THE MOON STREAMS IN THROUGH NARROW STONE-FRAMED WINDOWS.

DICK IS ASLEEP. JEAN HAS HER EYES OPEN AND IS STROKING HIS HAIR. THERE IS A DISTANT SOUND OF SHEEP. JEAN CLOSES HER EYES. A GARDEN GATE OPENS AND CLOSES AND THERE IS THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS ON A GRAVEL PATH. A DOOR OPENS BELOW. JEAN OPENS HER EYES.

WIFE

(OFF) That you Jennifer?

VOICE

Yes.

WIFE

You alright?

VOICE

(PAUSE) Yes. I missed bus. Had to walk.

(PAUSE) Night Mum.

WIFE

Night love, sleep well.

THERE IS THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS CLIMBING THE STAIRS. A DOOR CLOSES IN THE ROOM NEXT DOOR. JEAN CLOSES HER EYES AGAIN. THERE IS A MOMENT'S SILENCE AND THEN THERE IS THE SOUND OF SOBBING - GENTLE AT FIRST BUT GETTING LOUDER AND MORE VIOLENT, AS THOUGH STIFLED BY A PILLOW.

JEAN GENTLY PUTS DICK'S SLEEPING HEAD ON THE PILLOW AND SITS UP. SHE LISTENS FOR A MOMENT LONGER AND THEN GETS OUT OF BED.

OPENING THE DOOR FROM HER BEDROOM SHE TIPTOES DOWN THE LANDING TO THE ADJACENT BEDROOM. SHE KNOCKS SOFTLY.

(101) INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM IN FARMHOUSE

JEAN ENTERS. A GIRL IS LYING FULLY CLOTHED ON THE BED WITH HER HEAD BURIED IN A PILLOW. JEAN APPROACHES THE BED.

JEAN

What's the matter love?

THE GIRL TURNS NERVOUSLY AND LOOKS UP.

GIRL

Who are you?

JEAN

My name's Jean. Your Dad found me and my friend on the moors. (SHE CHUCKLES COMFORTINGLY) We'd got lost. He's taking us to the station in the morning.

GIRL

Oh. (SHE IS DRYING HER EYES AND TRYING TO RECOVER) I'm Jenny.

JEAN

What's up?

THE GIRL BITES HER LIP AND BURIES HER HEAD IN THE PILLOW AGAIN, CRYING. JEAN SITS DOWN ON THE BED AND PUTS A HAND ON THE GIRL'S SHOULDER.

JEAN

Boyfriend left you has he?

GIRL

No, no ... I can't say ...

JEAN STROKES HER HAIR AND THEN NOTICES MUD ON THE GIRL'S JEANS.

JEAN

(HESITANTLY) You've not been attacked
have you?

THE GIRL NODS IN HER PILLOW. JEAN LOOKS MOMENTARILY
SHOCKED. THE GIRL LOOKS NERVOUSLY UP FROM THE PILLOW AS IF
WAITING FOR A RESPONSE. THEN JEAN HUGS HER AS THE GIRL SOBS
INTO HER SHOULDER.

GIRL

It was so horrid ...

(102) INT. A FILM CUTTING ROOM.

A HAND COMES INTO SHOT AND SWITCHES AN EDITING TABLE TO
STOP. WE CAN SEE THE FILM GOING ROUND AND THE VIEWING SCREEN.
THE IMAGE FREEZES ON JEAN ROCKING THE GIRL. WE PULL OUT TO
REVEAL JANE AND AN EDITOR SITTING AT THE MACHINE. THE EDITOR
WINDS BACK A BIT AND LOOKS AT THE LAST PART OF THE SCENE
AGAIN, STOPPING IT IN THE SAME PLACE.

EDITOR

You know what I think Jane?

JANE, WHO HAS BEEN SLIGHTLY PREOCCUPIED MAKING NOTES, LOOKS
UP.

JANE

What do you think Ken?

KEN

A small tastefully done flashback is what we need here. Just to heighten the pathos of the scene.

JANE

(FIRMLY) I didn't shoot any footage of the girl being raped, you know that.

KEN

No, what I had in mind was to take some of that countryside footage at dusk and build up a soundtrack, which believe me could be quite enough to convince the audience of the horror of the situation. In fact I got two of the lads to ...

JANE

No Ken.

THE 'PHONE BEGINS TO RING. WE SEE IT IN THE FOREGROUND.
JANE COMES ACROSS TO ANSWER IT.

JANE

Hello ... oh hello James ...

IN THE BACKGROUND THE EDITOR PRODUCES A ROLL OF SOUND FILM AND BEGINS TO LACE IT ON THE STEENBECK.

... OF COURSE I've finished shooting, I finished six weeks ago ... where are you ... at the airport? ... you could have sent a card ... yes alright ... I've got one or two very important things to tell you. Bye.

SUDDENLY THE SOUND OF A GIRL SCREAMING COMES FROM THE STEENBECK. JANE SLAMS DOWN THE 'PHONE AND MARCHING ACROSS TO THE EDITING TABLE, STOPS IT, RIPS OUT THE SOUND FILM AND THROWS IT IN THE BIN. KEN GOES TO THE BIN AND TRIES TO RETRIEVE THE FILM. HE IS ANGRY.

JANE

I said no, Ken.

KEN

Do you want to sell this film love? Do you want to get more than a handful of

back-slapping women's libbers and jaded intellectuals who daren't go into a porn cinema to see it? I've been in this business fifteen years and I know what makes people come to a film, I know what people want. They want to laugh, they want to cry, they want to be frightened and they want sex.

JANE STARES AT THE IMAGE ON THE STEENBECK SCREEN AND THEN STARTS IT RUNNING AGAIN.

JEAN IS ROCKING THE GIRL IN HER ARMS. THE VOICE OF KEN CONTINUES OVER FOR A BIT.

... I'm not suggesting we see her knickers being pulled down or her tits being grabbed or anything. Just a few screams and a bit of music ...

JANE'S VOICE

Shut up Ken.

(103) INT. THE GIRL'S BEDROOM IN FARMHOUSE

THE GIRL RECOVERS SLIGHTLY AND LOOKS UP AT JEAN THROUGH HER TEARS.

GIRL

Have you ever been ...

JEAN

Not officially, no love. But I know what it feels like.

THE GIRL NESTLES IN JEAN'S ARMS.

GIRL

I can't tell me mum, she'd be so upset ... and me dad'd never believe me.

SHE STARTS CRYING AGAIN.

JEAN

Well you must tell police then.

GIRL

I got car number. I been repeating it ever since.

SHE SOBS INTO JEAN'S ARMS AGAIN, WHO GENTLY STROKES HER HAIR.

(104) EXT. EARLY MORNING. HIGH UP IN DALES ABOVE SETTLE/
CARLISLE RAILWAY.

CHARLIE'S CAR IS PARKED ON A DESOLATE ROAD. THE LANDSCAPE IS BARE APART FROM AN INCONGRUOUS TELEPHONE BOX.

CHARLIE WAKES UP AND LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOW, GETS OUT OF THE CAR, STRETCHES AND HAS A PEE. HE THEN WALKS TO THE NEARBY 'PHONE BOX.

HE DIALS AND GETS THROUGH.

CHARLIE

Morning Jake, this is your early morning call from the highest 'phone box in England ... well wake up then ... I know it's six thirty ... cheaptime still in't it? Now listen, I've lost her again. You get anything out of Susan? ... good ... and you nearly got something into her ... (SHARPLY) ... very funny. She's my niece remember ... an old Aunt in where ...? Appleby in Westmoreland, lives by the

church ... and a second cousin in
Blackpool she used to fancy ... Well
done ... business alright is it? ...
good ... tara Jake.

HE PUTS THE RECEIVER DOWN AND OPENS THE 'PHONE BOX DOOR. HE
WATCHES AS A TRAIN CROSSES A MAGNIFICENT VIADUCT IN THE
DISTANCE.

(105) EXT. MORNING. STREET/CHURCHYARD IN APPLEBY-IN-
WESTMORELAND.

WE PAN FROM LOOKING DOWN A STREET TO A CHURCHYARD WHERE JEAN
AND DICK ARE STANDING BY A GRAVE.

JEAN IS STOOPED SLIGHTLY, READING THE INSCRIPTION, WHICH
READS:-

"Sarah Thwaites. Gone to join those ahead."

JEAN SMILES AND KNEELS BY THE GRAVE.

JEAN

I never thought of her being dead. Lived
all alone you know. Never married. Wonder
what she'd have advised me.

JEAN TURNS TO LOOK FOR DICK BUT HE HAS WANDERED OFF AND IS LYING ON A LONG CASKET TOMB SUNNING HIMSELF. JEAN SPOTS HIM AND GOES OVER.

... Dick!

HE PATS THE STONE BESIDE HIM BUT JEAN SITS DOWN WITH HER BACK AGAINST THE TOMB.

... Perhaps I should give myself up ...

DICK SHAKES HIS HEAD VIGOROUSLY.

... Well we've got five pounds. I can't go and claim social, and you're not exactly made of money.

DICK LOOKS HURT.

... Well what do you suggest?

DICK JUMPS OFF THE TOMBSTONE AND RUNS OUT OF THE CHURCHYARD BECKONING HER TO FOLLOW.

(106) EXT. CAR PARK IN APPLEBY MARKET PLACE

DICK IS SIDLING PAST CARS LOOKING IN AT WINDOWS AND OCCASIONALLY TRYING DOOR HANDLES. JEAN IS WALKING BEHIND HIM.

JEAN

Don't be daft Dick. We can't steal a car.
... Well not in a place like this.
Anyway I can't drive, can you?

DICK SHAKES HIS HEAD.

... well then. We'd best hang on till our
Susan gets here.

SUDDENLY JEAN STOPS AND STARES AT ONE OF THE CARS. WE CANNOT SEE THE CAR AS SHE IS LOOKING DOWN OUT OF FRAME.

JEAN

This one's familiar.

DICK SUDDENLY RUNS INTO FRAME, TAPS HER ON THE SHOULDER AND POINTS.

CHARLIE IS COMING DOWN THE STREET. THEY RUN FOR A CAFE.

(107) INT. CAFE

LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW WITH JEAN AND DICK IN THE FOREGROUND. THE CAR REVERSES OUT OF ITS PARKING PLACE TOWARDS THE CAFE. SUDDENLY JEAN GRABS DICK.

JEAN

The number plate. It's him. Quick.

(108) EXT. MARKET PLACE

SHE PULLS DICK OUT OF THE CAFE AND SPOTTING A CAR THAT SOMEONE HAS LEFT RUNNING OUTSIDE THE BAKER'S, SHE DIVES IN AND DESPITE HER LACK OF KNOWLEDGE, JOLTS OFF DANGEROUSLY AFTER CHARLIE, WITH A TERRIFIED DICK SITTING BESIDE HER.

(109) INT. THE STOLEN CAR

CHARLIE'S CAR IS VISIBLE SOME DISTANCE IN FRONT. THE SIGNS INDICATE THEY ARE APPROACHING BLACKPOOL. AS THEY PULL OFF THE MOTORWAY THE CAR BEGINS TO FALTER. CHARLIE'S CAR PULLS AWAY.

(110) EXT. STREET ON OUTSKIRTS OF BLACKPOOL.

JEAN AND DICK'S CAR BUMPS TO A HALT AGAINST A LAMP POST.
THEY HAVE RUN OUT OF PETROL.

JEAN

Now what can we do.

(111) INT. JANE AND JAMES' BASEMENT

SALLY IS DOING A CROSSWORD IN THE FOREGROUND. JANE IS
COOKING IN THE BACKGROUND.

SALLY

'Do it ascending in four and two letters'

JANE

Never again.

SALLY

That's five and five.

JANE

Never again will I make a film.

SALLY

You haven't made one yet.

JANE

It's such a battle getting people to do what you want.

SALLY RAISES HER EYEBROWS AND RETURNS TO HER CROSSWORD. JANE COMES AND SITS BESIDE HER WITH A DRINK.

JANE

You fed up with me too Sally?

SALLY

(NODDING) I don't think you've talked about anything else for weeks. How's James for instance?

JANE

(SIPPING HER DRINK) Alright.

SALLY

Did you tell him about ...?

JANE

"Charlie", yes. He'd been having it off with a fellow journalist.

SALLY

So what's happened?

JANE

(SHRUGS HER SHOULDERS) I live here, he lives here and we presume we're still in love.

SALLY

And your filmstar lover?

JANE

Stayed interested till he eventually got an erection and then pissed off ...

JANES STARES OUT OF THE WINDOW.

... Sally how can I end it.

SALLY

I thought you said it was going alright.

JANE

The film, not me and James.

SALLY

Jane as much as I love you, I am not discussing that film once more until it is finished.

JANE GETS UP AND GOES BACK TO HER COOKING.

JANE

I'll ask Jean.

SALLY

(PROVOCATIVELY) She should know, it's her story isn't it?

JANE

Yes, but I must think of what's most effective cinematically.

SALLY SMILES AND GOES BACK TO HER CROSSWORD. SHE FILLS IN THE CLUE.

SALLY

'Make-up'.

(112) EXT. DAY. BLACKPOOL BEACH WELL COVERED BUT NOT PACKED
WITH HOLIDAYMAKERS.

JEAN AND DICK ARE PICKING THEIR WAY BETWEEN FAMILIES TOWARDS THE CAMERA. DICK LOOKS COMPLETELY DIFFERENT. HE HAS PUT ON HIS WIG AND MOUSTACHE AND DONNED A PAIR OF REFLECTIVE SUN-GLASSES. JEAN HAS MADE AN ATTEMPT AT DISGUISE WITH A SOMBRERO AND DARK GLASSES.

THEY EVENTUALLY SELECT A SPOT AND SIT DOWN.

JEAN

Don't know why they sell these here.

SHE LIES DOWN ON HER STOMACH TO 'SUN' HERSELF.

DICK SITS SURVEYING THE SCENE. A BALL HITS HIM ON THE HEAD. THE THROWS IT BACK AT A CHILD WHO PRESUMES IT IS A GAME AND CHUCKS IT ONCE MORE AT DICK. IN THE BACKGROUND IN FRONT OF A BEACH SHELTER ARE THE CHILD'S MUM AND DAD.

FATHER

Stop bothering that man Jimmy.

MOTHER

Leave him alone, he's alright.

DICK LOOKS MOMENTARILY CONFUSED, NOT SURE WHO TO 'SIDE'
WITH.

IN THE END HE RETURNS THE BALL TO THE CHILD, WHO IS OVER-
JOYED.

FATHER

(TO DICK) Look how can you expect him
to leave you alone if you carry on
playing with him?

MOTHER

He was only giving ball back.

FATHER

Keep out of this.

THE CHILD THROWS THE BALL AGAIN AND WE NOW OBSERVE FROM A
DISTANCE AS THE FATHER COMES OVER AND A FULL SCALE ROW
DEVELOPS WITH DICK, THE CHILD AND THE MAN GESTICULATING
EQUALLY. AN AUDIENCE GATHERS.

SUDDENLY DICK SPOTS CHARLIE ON THE EDGE OF THE CROWD. HE
DIPS OUT OF THE ARGUMENT (IN WHICH HE NO LONGER SEEMS TO BE
RELEVANT) AND GOES TO JEAN.

HE NUDGES HER AND POINTS TO CHARLIE. SHE BURIES HER FACE DEEPER IN THE SAND.

CHARLIE NOW APPROACHES DICK. HE LOOKS DOWN AT THE SLEEPING BODY, WINKS AT DICK AND SHOWS HIM THE PHOTOGRAPH OF JEAN.

CHARLIE

Seen her around here at all?

DICK PUTS HIS FINGERS TO HIS LIPS AND INDICATES THAT JEAN IS SLEEPING. HE PRETENDS TO STUDY THE PICTURE. HE THEN NODS, POINTS TO THE PIER AND MAKES THE SIGN OF SOMEONE PULLING A FRUIT MACHINE. CHARLIE THANKS HIM SILENTLY AND HEADS OFF.

DICK NUDGES JEAN AND THEY FOLLOW DISCREETLY BEHIND.

(113) INT./EXT. ON PIER

CHARLIE GOES INTO ONE OF THE SLOT MACHINE ARCADES.

DICK AND JEAN FOLLOW. JEAN SITS AT A MINI-BINGO. DICK TAKES UP A POST AT A FRUIT MACHINE. SUDDENLY SOME KIDS RUN PAST AND PLAYFULLY KNOCK JEAN'S SOMBRERO OFF.

CHARLIE CATCHES SIGHT OF HER AND HEADS HER WAY.

DICK'S FRUIT MACHINE PAYS OUT.

JEAN RUNS OUT TOWARDS THE FUNFAIR PURSUED BY CHARLIE.

DICK, TORN BETWEEN THE MONEY AND JEAN, EVENTUALLY LEAVES THE MONEY AND GIVES CHASE AFTER CHARLIE.

(114) EXT. THE FUNFAIR

CHARLIE IS KNOCKED DOWN TRYING TO TAKE A SHORT CUT ACROSS THE DODGEMS WHEREAS DICK CLIMBS IN A CAR AND TRIES TO DRIVE ACROSS, BUT GETS BOXED IN BY A COUPLE OF KIDS.

JEAN REACHES THE RACEHORSE SWITCHBACK AND RUNNING TO THE FRONT OF THE QUEUE PUSHES THROUGH THE BARRIER. SHE JUMPS ON TO A VACANT HORSE WHICH IS JUST MOVING OFF IN TANDEM WITH A SURPRISED ELDERLY WOMAN WHO LOOKS LIKE SHE SHOULD NEVER HAVE GOT ON.

CHARLIE IS TEMPORARILY BLOCKED BY AN IRATE ATTENDANT BUT FORCES HIS WAY THROUGH ON TO THE NEXT HORSE.

DICK VAULTS A FENCE AND MANAGES TO JUMP ON THE HORSE NEXT DOOR TO CHARLIE, WHO IS SURPRISED TO SEE HIS INFORMANT FROM THE BEACH.

CHARLIE

Come to lend a hand? Well I'll tell you the truth about that woman now. (HE POINTS IN FRONT) She killed my brother. Murdered him in cold blood. Just ran off. He never did her no harm. in fact he was her husband. I mean to teach her a lesson before the soft arm of the law get her.

A HORRIFIED DICK NODS WITH FAKED INTEREST AND LOOKS NERVOUSLY TO SEE IF THEIR HORSES ARE CATCHING UP JEAN AND THE OLD LADY. OF COURSE BEING ON FIXED RATIOS THEY ARE NOT.

THE OLD LADY NEXT TO JEAN FROM JEAN'S POV.

OLD LADY

... he died last year you see, but we always came here every autumn together. 30 years we were married. He'd sit on this horse and I'd sit on that one. He'd always win, except last year because he'd lost so much weight. He was most upset. He couldn't believe he'd only won all those years because he was heavier.

THROUGHOUT THIS EXCHANGE JEAN LOOKS NERVOUSLY BEHIND HER.

JEAN AND HER COMPANION APPEAR OVER THE CREST OF A 'RISE'
AND START TO GO DOWN FAST.

JEAN LOOKS OVER HER SHOULDER.

THE TWO HORSES BEHIND REAR UP ABOVE HER AS THEY TOP THE
RISE. CHARLIE SEEMS TO BE POINTING AT HER AS IF HE WAS
TAKING AIM WITH A GUN.

JEAN TURNS TO THE OLD LADY.

JEAN

Goodbye love.

FROM A DISTANCE BEHIND A PERIMETER FENCE WE SEE JEAN SLIDE
OFF HER HORSE AND RUN TOWARDS THE CAMERA. DICK AND CHARLIE
FOLLOW SUIT IN THE BACKGROUND THOUGH SUDDENLY CHARLIE STOPS.
AT THAT POINT JEAN REACHES THE CAMERA.

WE SEE JEAN JUMPING THE FENCE STRAIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF TWO
MEN. CHARLIE IS IN THE FOREGROUND. DICK LOOKING FROM
CHARLIE TO JEAN AND BACK IN THE MIDDLE.

THE MEN SHOW JEAN THEIR CARDS. THEY ARE POLICE.

POLICEMAN

Jeanette Ann Jones I arrest you on a charge of murdering your husband Kenneth Jones, defrauding British Rail, assaulting Sir Giles Robson in the privacy of his own home, being involved in a riot, stealing a motorcar and lastly attempting to avoid payment in a funfair. If you wish to say anything ...

JEAN IS LOOKING BACK TO WHERE CHARLIE IS STANDING.

JEAN

(POINTING) Yes, arrest that man. He's raped a girl and just tried to kill me.

CHARLIE DISAPPEARS OFF INTO THE CROWD.

POLICEMAN

He's not our concern I'm afraid madam, now ...

ALL THIS TIME DICK HAS BEEN TRYING TO GET THE OTHER POLICE-

MAN INTERESTED IN HIM BUT HE IS JUST PUSHED AWAY. NOW THEY TAKE JEAN TO A WAITING CAR. SHE SHOUTS BACK AT DICK.

JEAN

Go home Dick. Wait for me there will you love? I won't be long.

DICK NODS IN THE FOREGROUND AND BLOWS JEAN A KISS. SHE WAVES.

DICK - A SMALL FIGURE NOW - WATCHES THE CAR PULL AWAY AND WANDERS OFF BACK THROUGH THE FUNFAIR. HE REMOVES HIS WIG AND MOUSTACHE.

A LITTLE GIRL COMES UP AND ASKS HIM FOR TWENTY PENCE FOR A BINGO GAME. HE TAKES HER HAND AND BUYS HER A GAME.

(115) INT. BINGO STALL ON EDGE OF AMUSEMENT ARCADE.

THE SMOOTH LOOKING CALLER SITS UP ABOVE THEM AMONG THE PRIZES REELING OFF THE NUMBERS WHICH BOUNCE UP AT HIM THROUGH A PLASTIC TUBE.

AS WE ZOOM IN ON THE CALLER HIS VOICE BEGINS TO FADE AND WE HEAR THE VOICE OF THE JUDGE SUMMING UP IN JEAN'S TRIAL.

"... seeing as there is no evidence to suggest that your husband was planning to do more than have intercourse with you, and seeing that your subsequent behaviour since the murder points to a wilful tendency to violence, I have no choice but to sentence you to five years for manslaughter. I would add that had the jury not been so generous in throwing out the charge of murder, I would have seen fit to have given you a considerably tougher sentence. As it is you should consider yourself lucky to have got off so lightly for such an unnecessarily violent crime."

THE CAMERA HAS REACHED THE MOUTH OF THE BINGO BALL TUBE. A NUMBER 13 BALL IS PICKED OUT BY THE CALLER'S HAND.

CALLER

Unlucky for some 13.

THE LITTLE GIRL COVERS THE NUMBER 13 ON HER FIXED PLASTIC BINGO "CARD". SHE REGISTERS A LINE.

LITTLE GIRL

Bingo, Bingo. We've won.

SHE STANDS ON HER STOOL AND HUGS DICK.

(116) INT. A PREVIEW THEATRE.

THE LIGHTS GO UP AND WE ARE LOOKING DOWN FROM THE SCREEN AT THE RATHER GLAZED FACES OF A PRESS SHOW AUDIENCE. SOME GET UP AND HURRY AWAY. OTHERS WAKE UP. A COUPLE OF MEN CHAT EARNESTLY IN THE BACKGROUND. ANOTHER MAKES A DRINKING MOVEMENT WITH HIS HAND TO A WOMAN IN THE FRONT AND POINTS AT HIS WATCH.

(117) INT. A SMALL BAR AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE THEATRE.

DRINKS AND SNACKS ARE LAID OUT AND THERE IS A RATHER UNGRACIOUS RUSH FOR THE GLASSES OF WINE. HANNALORE, JAMES AND THE EDITOR, KEN, ARE ALL THERE.

JANE IS HUDDLED NERVOUSLY IN A CORNER WITH SALLY.

JANE

What do you think they made of it?

SALLY

You can never tell by their faces.

JANE

I shouldn't have had the judgement in.
Just gone for the music like the dubber
said.

SALLY

Oh shut up, it's the most effective bit.

(PAUSE)

HANNALORE IS BECKONING TO JANE TO COME OVER.

SALLY

Where's the 'real' Jean by the way?
Thought she was coming.

JANE

(DEFENSIVELY) She was, but she only got
out yesterday and wanted to go home first.

SALLY

(SMILING) And find the real Dick.

JANE

If he waited.

HANNALORE HAS NOW PUSHED HER WAY THROUGH THE CROWD TO WHERE JANE AND SALLY ARE STANDING.

HANNA

Come on Jane, no hiding place please. I want you to meet a very good friend of mine, Nicholas Foot of the Evening Post.

JANE IS PULLED THROUGH THE CRAMPED LITTLE BAR TO A RATHER SHY LOOKING BUT DAPPER GREY HAired MAN. THEY ARE INTRODUCED.

HANNA

Nick thought it was marvellous, didn't you? He's going to pack the cinemas for us.

MR. FOOT

A very interesting film. Totally unbelievable of course, but fun.

JANE'S FACE FALLS SLIGHTLY, BUT AT THAT MOMENT A HAND TAPS HER ON THE SHOULDER.

IT IS JAMES.

JAMES

Jane a 'phone call for you. Wouldn't
give his name but says it's urgent.

(118) INT. OFFICE OF THE PREVIEW THEATRE. FILM CANS FILED
AROUND

JANE COMES IN AND PICKS UP THE RECEIVER LYING ON A TABLE.

JANE

Hello? ... who's that? ... a car accident
... who am I speaking to? ...

SHE LOOKS AT THE MOUTHPIECE. THE 'PHONE IS DEAD. SHE REPLACES
THE RECEIVER.

(119) INT. SMALL BAR AS ABOVE.

IN THE FOREGROUND MR. FOOT IS STILL TALKING ABOUT THE FILM TO
HANNA. JANE APPROACHES FROM THE BACKGROUND IN THE CENTRE OF
FRAME BETWEEN THEM. HER SHATTERED LOOKING FACE STOPS THEIR
CONVERSATION AND THEY BOTH TURN TO LOOK AT HER.

JANE

The real Jean is dead.

MR. FOOT LOOKS COMPLETELY NONPLUSSED. HANNA MOVES TO CONSOLE JANE. THE CAMERA MOVES IN ON JANE'S EYES, WHICH ARE STARING.

(120) EXT. DAYTIME (SUNNY). THE SMALL RAILWAY STATION WHERE JEAN MET DICK.

A TRAIN PULLS IN. THERE IS NO REAL SOUND. IT IS LIKE A SILENT MOVIE. JEAN GETS OFF WITH HER SUITCASE.

IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE BACK OF A MAN'S HEAD. IN THE BACKGROUND SHE LOOKS UP AND DOWN THE PLATFORM. SHE SPOTS THE MAN. THEY WALK TOWARDS EACH OTHER. THE MAN IS DICK.

THEY HUG AND WALK OUT OF THE STATION.

(121) EXT. THE COMPOUND OF THE SAME STATION.

A SMALL GROUP OF WOMEN INCLUDING JEAN'S DAUGHTER SUSAN ARE THERE TO MEET JEAN. THEY HUG AND THEN HER DAUGHTER INDICATES THAT SHE WANTS TO TAKE A PICTURE OF JEAN ALONE.

JEAN STANDS BY HERSELF OUTSIDE THE STATION ENTRANCE.

SUDDENLY A CAR SPEEDS INTO THE STATION COMPOUND AND HEADS STRAIGHT FOR JEAN.

SHE IS KNOCKED DOWN.

WE JUST HAVE TIME TO RECOGNISE THE DRIVER AS CHARLIE AS THE CAR SPEEDS OFF.

DICK RUNS OVER AND LAYS HIS HEAD ON JEAN'S BREAST. HE SHAKES HIS HEAD. THE SILENCE IS BROKEN BY THE SOUND OF A TRAIN ARRIVING.

(122) EXT. DAYTIME. SAME SHOT AS ABOVE OF THE SMALL STATION.

A TRAIN PULLS IN. THERE IS REAL SOUND. JEAN GETS OFF BUT SHE IS WEARING DIFFERENT CLOTHES AND HAS NO SUITCASE. SHE IS ACCOMPANIED BY JANE, DICK, JAMES AND SALLY. THEY WALK OUT OF THE STATION.

THEY CLIMB INTO A TAXI AND ARE DRIVEN OFF.

(123) EXT. A GRAVEYARD

AT A GRAVE WHICH HAS BEEN FRESHLY DUG. THE SAME GROUP THAT HAS ARRIVED BY TRAIN IS STANDING ROUND THE GRAVE. WE WATCH

FROM A DISTANCE.

WE MOVE IN CLOSER.

'DICK' ACTOR

We'll have to get back to the station
I'm afraid Jane. (TO 'JEAN' ACTRESS)
Come on love.

JEAN ACTRESS KISSES JANE GOODBYE. JANE HOLDS HER HAND FOR A
MOMENT.

JANE

Thanks for coming down. Have a nice time
in Greece. (STARTING TO CRY) I'm sorry
you never met her.

DICK ACTOR GENTLY LEADS JEAN ACTRESS AWAY. JAMES AND SALLY
COME TO COMFORT JANE. SHE LOOKS UP AT THEM.

... You two go and find something to eat.
I'll meet you later at the station.

JAMES AND SALLY GO OFF.

JANE STANDS LOOKING AT THE GRAVE. A MAN WITH A BEARD
APPROACHES AND PUTS A JAM JAR OF FLOWERS BY THE GRAVE.

HE SQUATS AND STARES AT THE GRAVESTONE.

JANE

(SOFTLY) Did you know her well?

THE MAN, AS IF DISTURBED, LOOKS UP BRIEFLY AND NODS.

JANE

A relative?

THE MAN POINTS TO THE JAM JAR ON WHICH A HANDWRITTEN
INSCRIPTION IS STUCK.

JANE BENDS DOWN TO READ IT. IT READS:-

"To my dearest Janet.
Will the woman ahead
Wait for the man behind.
Your silent friend,
Jack."

JANE LOOKS BRIEFLY AT THE MAN BUT THE MAN STAYS STARING AT

THE GRAVE. SHE STRAIGHTENS UP AND BEGINS TO WALK AWAY FROM THE GRAVE. THE CAMERA PULLS UP AND OUT FROM THE SCENE UNTIL THE GRAVESTONES STRETCH AWAY ANONYMOUSLY.

THE END