

# Gold Digger

Written by

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## Episode One

SHOOTING SCRIPT (Issued: 23rd August 2018)  
PINK PAGES (Issued: 10th September 2018)  
BLUE PAGES (Issued: 12th September 2018)  
YELLOW PAGES (Issued: 20th September 2018)  
GREEN PAGES (Issued: 21st September 2018)  
LILAC PAGES (Issued: 2nd October 2018)  
ORANGE PAGES (Issued: 3rd October 2018)  
SALMON PAGES (Issued: 7th November 2018)

Mainstreet Pictures / BBC One

1 **EXT. DEVON COUNTRYSIDE - FLASH FORWARD 2**

1

Caption: One Year From Now

The golden expanse of Dartmoor. Utterly still. Peaceful. As over we hear a woman's voice -

JULIA (O.S.)  
I've always been terrified of  
getting in trouble...

Then we're moving - towards a tor. Until it consumes our view-

2 **EXT. DEVON RIVER - FLASH FORWARD 2**

2

An inky black river leads us out, cleaving the landscape in two, through forest, the light being obscured as on we go -

JULIA (O.S.)  
The closest I've come to the dark  
side was the time I stole a pack of  
Opal Fruits. Judy Jenkins dared me.

3 **EXT. BACK GARDEN - FLASH FORWARD 2**

3

Coming through the trees, to hit land. Overgrown. Neglected.

JULIA (O.S.)  
Halfway down the street, I  
chickened out. Took them back.

As we travel on, life comes gradually into view. Bricks strewn from where a pizza oven lies not quite completed, rotting garden chairs, on to vine-covered armless statues.

JULIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Doing the right thing. A  
desperately dull mantra to live by,  
yet live by it I do.

Until the land flattens into - a loved and well-tended garden. Fairy lights in the trees.

JULIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I think, if I'm really honest with  
myself, I've *chosen* to be this  
way...If I didn't, if I let myself  
off the leash...

Then we're lifting up. See the Georgian pile that is the Day family home. At a top floor window we see a WOMAN, in a simple ivory wedding dress. Staring right at us -



Onscreen appears: a caption - Present Day

We pull out further, see she's crouched down in her beloved greenhouse, surrounded by flora and fauna. Up on a shelf is a knackered portable radio and a forgotten cup of tea. Julia's consumed with her task - digging up show-stopper flowers -

6aB **INT. DAY HOUSE - SPICE ROOM - MORNING**

6aB

Up on tip toes, Julia reaches for a vase for the flowers clutched in her hand. As she does so, we (but not Julia) clock a picture on the dresser / wall: a graduation photo of her youngest (Leo), flanked by his beaming parents. Her and her husband (Ted). We don't hold on this long - instead we're moving off with the whirlwind of activity that is Julia -

6aC **INT. DAY HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING**

6aC

Flowers first, we're in front of Julia, leading her into this room as the sunlight pours in. She fills the vase with water, then sets to arranging the flowers. Putting them down on the opposite counter to the Aga, on which already sits some post and a Royal Mail redelivery card. The flowers bring her joy.

6A OMITTED

6A

7 **EXT. VILLAGE - MAIN SQUARE - DAY 2**

7

A determined smile all we can see. And then we're travelling with Julia, battered old mac on, clutching an Attempted Delivery card as she heads to the Post Office. Its door politely adorned with a 'Save Our Local Post Office' flyer.

We don't go in with her. We look about this village. Thatched roof pubs, independent shops from butchers to antiques - and beyond, a pretty church. Headstones fighting for space.

Julia emerges, tearing at the package she's collected. Revealing: an ironing board cover. Not a birthday present. Before she can move off, an Aston Martin pulls in. From passenger side comes TED DAY (61, recovering everything). Shirt unbuttoned that button too far. Julia fights for composure in the face of her ex. He doesn't know what to say.

TED

Julia...I...

Before Julia can reply, or not, MARSHA OKELLO (Black British, wealthy and forthright with it) climbs out of the driver's seat. Everything about her is high end, from bodycon dress to manicured nails. Julia instinctively pulls her mac close.

MARSHA

He means Happy Birthday.

Julia's at a loss for anything to say in return. A silence groans. Her gaze drifts to the car:

Cramped in the back is Marsha's daughter CALI (21, just graduated, adrift). She gives a half wave then as Julia returns it, shyly turns to her phone. Marsha looks at Julia's package - assumes (as Julia first did) that it's a gift.

MARSHA (CONT'D)

I wasn't sure if it was...appropriate or not to get you a present, but then I thought sod it - I *want* to get you a present.

JULIA

I'm too old for presents -

And Julia hurries off, unable to bear it any longer.

7A **EXT. VILLAGE - DAY 2**

7A

Julia walks away from the village with the ironing board cover under her arm.

8 **INT. DAY HOUSE - OPEN-PLAN KITCHEN - DAY 2**

8

Julia sits alone, dwarfed by this big kitchen.

She's trying to hold onto the positivity she felt this morning - looks to the flowers on the counter - a tiny smile at them. As -

LEO (O.S.)

Mrnin.

Caught out, she turns, takes in: LEO (24). In Thai pants, topless, tanned. The obligatory travelling tattoo on arm. Julia stands, anticipating birthday wishes. They don't come.

JULIA  
Morning, darling. Sleep okay?

He nods, heads for fridge, drinks from an almond milk carton.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
How did I raise such a caveman?

LEO  
Hate to break it to you, Mum - but  
cavemen did not have almond milk.

Without being asked to, Julia pulls him out cereal, bowl, spoon - sets it on counter. He eats as if famished. Julia waits for him to say happy birthday. Tries to coax it out.

JULIA  
What have you got planned today?

Through a mouthful -

LEO  
Nothing life-changing.

He's forgotten. He's definitely forgotten. Julia just smiles.

9

**INT. TRAIN - QUIET CARRIAGE - DAY 2**

9

Julia looks at the alien object in her hands - a shiny new 'Senior Railcard'. A phone rings, she quickly casts about for the source of the noise - as does the OLDER WOMAN opposite. Knitting bag taking up the adjacent seat to ward off others.

They shake heads in mutual outrage, but then to Julia's horror she realises it's *her* phone. Embarrassed, she answers -

JULIA  
I'm in the quiet -

A burble of noise from the phone as it connects to FaceTime. Filling the screen, the knackered face of DELLA (32). Behind, an airport, but we'll mostly hear it, rather than see it.

DELLA (O.S.)  
- Happy Birthday to you, Happy  
Birthday to you, Happy Birthday  
dear Ma-mooooose, Happy Birthday to  
you.

A definite tut from the older woman. Julia's mortified.

DELLA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Cue the monkeys being shot from  
cannons, the dancing girls - not in  
a demeaning way need I add -

JULIA  
- Della I am in the quiet carriage.

DELLA (O.S.)  
Believe me, mother - you're the  
only one who cares.

JULIA  
Not true.

DELLA (O.S.)  
(wounded)  
I only rang to sing you happy  
birthday...Well, and to tell you  
the crap news. My flight back's  
been cancelled.

JULIA  
But it's...Can't you -

DELLA (O.S.)  
- I've tried everything. I even  
resorted to flirting with the man  
at the desk. No dice. The next  
flight out's not 'till tomorrow.

Julia's dented by the news. Tries to pull herself together -  
be bright - but the call cuts out. A tunnel. In relative  
darkness, Julia just looks down at her phone. Abandoned.

10 **INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY 2**

10

Old school luxe in here. Julia waits awkwardly as the  
CONCIERGE (55) checks the system. His stiff demeanour relaxes-

CONCIERGE  
Welcome back, Mrs. Day.

He pushes over two key cards. Julia looks at them. The  
humiliation. She picks up only one. As lightly as she can -

JULIA  
Just me this time.

11 **INT. HOTEL - SUITE - DAY 2**

11

Julia's doing her best to keep her spirits up, getting ready  
in this opulent room, a floor-to-ceiling view onto London.  
She's wearing the hotel robe, hair damp, half of it clipped  
up, the other half she's in the process of straightening.  
There's a knock at the door.

She pads over, opens up to reveal: a PORTER obscured by an over-the-top bouquet. Julia's stunned into silence by their size. Takes them with an embarrassed smile.

Heads back in, reading the card as she goes. Then she makes a FaceTime call - ONSCREEN: PATRICK DAY (34, control and drive his bywords) appears. Immaculate in his designer suit.

JULIA

(joking)

They're a bit on the small side...Thank you, darling.

PATRICK (O.S.)

Not every day your old ma turns sixty.

JULIA

Less of the old...How are you?

PATRICK (O.S.)

You know, horribly busy. Everyone's on their third consecutive all-nighter...Don't worry, I've told them I have to be out by eight.

Julia brave faces it.

JULIA

Don't be ridiculous, if you have to work you have to work.

PATRICK (O.S.)

But it's your sixtieth. It's the big one.

JULIA

You said that about my fiftieth... It's one day, Patrick. I'll still be sixty tomorrow, and the day after and the day after that.

PATRICK (O.S.)

You know I'd rather be with you.

JULIA

I know, but I'll be fine. Better than...Please don't worry.

PATRICK (O.S.)

I *do* worry. A lot. I feel like a total shit. But Della and Leo will have to hold the fort this once.

She doesn't tell him the truth. Just nods brightly to him.

PATRICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 We'll do you a dinner round ours.  
 Give you a chance to see the girls  
 who haven't stopped asking when  
 they're seeing Granny, and if you  
 do change your mind about the  
 hotel, the guest bedroom's all  
 yours...Got to go, sorry, Mum. I'll  
 make it up to you I swear -

Before she's able to say bye, he's gone. With a flash of anger, she smashes the flowers against the wall. The aqua-pack explodes, water drenching Julia. She drops the crumpled mess of the flowers on the floor. Shocked with herself.

Needing to get away from the scene of the crime, Julia walks to the glass door. Stares out of it. Dials a number in phone -

JULIA  
 I need to cancel my table tonight -

The words fade as she drags the door open - noise and air rush in. London before her -

12      **EXT. BRITISH MUSEUM - DAY 2**      12

The British Museum. Imposing. And to Julia as she takes it in - home. She's determinedly dressed in smartest blacks, glittering diamond earrings. Back to the image of composure.

13      **INT. BRITISH MUSEUM - GREAT COURT - DAY 2**      13

Julia looks like an ant trying to navigate the clusters of TOURISTS, selfie sticks aloft, the kids mewling. No peace to be found here. Julia gazes about her, utterly disorientated.

14      **INT. BRITISH MUSEUM - THE KING'S LIBRARY - DAY 2**      14

Julia stands rigidly, trying to get a view of the cabinet in front of her. A male figure obscuring her efforts. She waits for him to move, without much patience. He doesn't budge, seems to be intently staring at whatever's in the cabinet.

Julia tries a cough. He doesn't turn. Another. Nothing. Her ire grows. Until - everything bubbles out of her -

JULIA  
 Excuse me, are you looking at that?

The male figure turns. Suited, but not in a City way, in a stylish dandy way. He's got a slight beard, reading glasses and a leather satchel. This is BENJAMIN (35). He's taken aback by her gall, but kind of impressed by it too.

BENJAMIN  
(with an RP accent)  
Well, I was but - see -

He extends his arm gallantly, steps aside, so there's room for her. She goes and stands beside him - but as physically far away from him as possible. Julia fixes her attention on -

The cabinet. It's full of bronze figurines, but for - a red dot on a card reading 'Object Missing'. This was clearly what Julia came to see. It bottoms her out that it's not there.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)  
Wonder what we're missing.

She keeps her eyes to cabinet, this is for herself, not him.

JULIA  
A 520BC warrior woman. No bigger than my index finger and yet...you could tell everything about her. Her strength. Her capability. What she'd had to put up with.

Benjamin twists to regard Julia not the cabinet. As he does, he shifts out of the light so Julia's diamond earrings glint.

BENJAMIN  
Either you work here or that's some serious armchair buffery.

JULIA  
Buffery. Is that a word?

He laughs and it's disarming to Julia.

BENJAMIN  
Probably not...So, do you?

JULIA  
I did. Many, many years ago.

BENJAMIN  
Not that many years, I'm sure.

Julia checks herself. Is he flirting? He can't be.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)  
What did you do here? Many many years ago.

JULIA  
I was a conservator.

BENJAMIN  
And if somebody didn't know what that was?

It's been a long time since Julia was asked about herself.

JULIA

Looking after exhibits, recording their intricacies, trying to slow deterioration...Basically doing the impossible - halting the march of time -

She stops, embarrassed to have run on. But he's not bored.

BENJAMIN

Sounds kind of incredible.

JULIA

(wistful)

It was.

BENJAMIN

So why stop?

She looks up at him. Where to start.

JULIA

Life got in the way.

This seems to connect with him. He just gives a nod. Neither say anything. Finally Benjamin clears his throat, risks -

BENJAMIN

I know what you -

He's drowned out by an officious sounding burble from tannoy -

TANNOY (O.S.)

The Museum will be closing in twenty minutes.

Benjamin swallows a sigh. Typical. Julia checks her handbag.

BENJAMIN

Thanks...for the expertise.

JULIA

You make me sound about a hundred.

Benjamin shakes his head to himself, there's no saying anything right. As Julia starts to walk off, he blurts -

BENJAMIN

Would you like to go for a drink?

She stops walking. Utterly thrown.

JULIA

Who with?

BENJAMIN

Well me of course.

Julia can't compute it. Has no words.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

You can say no, I'm not some weird stalker who's going to follow you home and strangle you for rejecting me, although I am aware that by saying that I sound like some weird stalker. I'm not. Which of course I'd still say if I was...Okay, I'm going to stop talking now...Oh but also, my name's Benjamin.

Julia can't help a small laugh.

JULIA

Julia.

BENJAMIN

Julia. Nice to meet you, Julia. Anyway you may well have other plans...

And this has her face cloud, her children letting her down.

JULIA

I did. But, well - I don't now.  
(hesitates, and then -)  
Fuck it, why not?

15

**INT. TAVERN - EVENING 2**

15

Julia stands hemmed in against the swirling wallpaper and the DRUNK PATRONS. She's having second thoughts, checking the exit routes for escape as Benjamin ferries their drinks over.

BENJAMIN

Sorry it's so rammed.

The words spew from her before he's even given over her gin.

JULIA

My son works in a pub. My youngest.

She looks to him for a reaction. Horror. Shock. Gets neither.

JULIA (CONT'D)

'Works' is overstating it. He takes the least shifts possible. My husband - ex-husband, doesn't mind Leo drifting about, says it's character building. My other two go wild about it of course. Patrick, my eldest, can't talk about Leo's work ethic without turning puce -

She has to stop to breathe. He smiles at her.

BENJAMIN

That's all out there then.

It wrong-foots Julia, to be seen.

16

**INT. TAVERN - BACK ROOM - NIGHT 2**

16

Nestled away from the noise and madness, the pair sit. Their table speaks to their alcohol consumption, as does their behaviour. Bodies close, not touching, but close.

JULIA

Time travel.

BENJAMIN

Good choice, actually I'm quite jealous of that choice. Where would your first pit stop be?

JULIA

Elizabethan era. All that...

BENJAMIN

Torture?

JULIA

(laughs)

Well yes, and - discovery. Drama. Everything...everything to come...Your turn.

BENJAMIN

It's got to be invisibility.

She nods him on - needs more than that.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

To just...be. No one looking at you, judging you, none of that excruciating awareness of, of yourself all the time.

(feels exposed, so jokes)

And so I can perv on women in changing rooms of course.

Julia shakes her head at him, a ghost of a smile.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Okay, next one...What's the worst thing you've ever done?

And now we know where we are - back at the beginning.

JULIA

I've always been terrified of getting in trouble...The closest I've come to the dark side was the time I stole a pack of Opal Fruits. Judy Jenkins dared me. Halfway down the street, I chickened out. Took them back.

He laughs. His laugh pleases her.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Doing the right thing. A desperately dull mantra to live by, yet live by it I do...

Julia gazes down into her drink.

JULIA (CONT'D)

I think, if I'm really honest with myself, I've *chosen* to be this way...If I didn't, if I let myself off the leash...I don't know where it would take me.

She looks up at him, he doesn't take his eyes off her.

JULIA (CONT'D)

What I'd be capable of.

Benjamin shifts closer, hand now only inches from hers.

JULIA (CONT'D)

None of us do.

He lets his finger stray to hers. Ever so slightly. But enough. Too much for Julia. She withdraws her hand.

JULIA (CONT'D)

I'm remembering now why me and white wine aren't friends...What about you? Your worst thing?

A flicker of something crosses his face. Then it's gone.

BENJAMIN

Nothing as bad as nicking Opal Fruits.

JULIA

*That*, is not an answer.  
(off his waving it away)  
It's your game, Benjamin...

BENJAMIN

Fine - I...

Benjamin swallows, trying to find the words.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)  
I said some things to my dad,  
shitty things...Things that turned  
out to be last things.

Horrified, she instinctively reaches a hand back out for his.

JULIA  
I'm so sorry, I didn't...

But his vulnerability is gone as quickly as it was there. He  
pulls his hand away, acting breezy.

BENJAMIN  
No I'm sorry - that is totally  
unacceptable first date chat.

First date? Julia's utterly disarmed.

17 **INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT 2**

17

The pair spew out of the revolving doors, beyond drunk and  
loud. The concierge looks up, thrown, then discreetly lowers  
his eyes. The quiet of the lobby is suddenly evident to  
Julia, has her grow shy. Benjamin's taking in the opulence.

JULIA  
I'd better...

She inclines her head in the direction of the lift.

BENJAMIN  
I wouldn't forgive myself if  
anything happened to you.

Julia just looks at him. A moment's silence. Dangerous.

JULIA  
On the treacherous journey from the  
secure lift to my locked door?

BENJAMIN  
(grins)  
Exactly.

18 **EXT. HOTEL - BALCONY - NIGHT 2, LATER**

18

'The Philosopher' by Ezra Collective plays as the pair lean  
over the balcony, taking in the incredible view of London.

JULIA  
Not much to look at.

BENJAMIN  
I disagree.

JULIA

I was being wry. Or attempting to  
be. Unsuccessfully, clearly.

But as she turns she sees Benjamin's looking at her, not the  
view. It has a laugh bubble up and out of Julia.

JULIA (CONT'D)

You're ridiculous.

Feeling his gaze grow more intense, Julia twists away from  
him. Back to the view.

BENJAMIN

At the risk of you laughing at me  
again...

JULIA

A high risk.

BENJAMIN

(takes a moment, then -)  
Would you like to dance with me?

But no laugh comes. Julia doesn't turn to him or reply.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Sorry, it was a stupid idea.

Finally she turns to him and he sees her eyes are full.

JULIA

No, it's not...it's just...I can't  
remember the last time I was asked.

He tentatively offers a hand, she tentatively takes it. The  
next song kicks in - 'Baby' by Alice Smith. They drunkenly  
sway. London below. Bodies close. Julia just shuts her eyes.

19

**INT. DAY HOUSE - MASTER EN-SUITE - EVENING - FLASH BACK 1**

19

Caption: Twenty-Four Years Ago

Eyes open. The flutter of mascara wand to lash. As we pull  
out we see: Julia, as she was when she was younger. 36.  
Everything in this past - you can't quite grab hold of.

Julia's getting ready in mirror. Hair long, loose blue dress.  
Off, the sound of kids thudding along the landing. She  
smiles, puts on earrings. In reflection sees: Ted (37).

Looking so different to the Ted we've met. Hair short, in  
boxers, shirt half done up. Gazing at her with love. Lust. He  
takes her hand, places it on his boxers. She feels him. Hard.

He twists her around. Pressing himself against her back, his  
hands against her.

And then he's yanking down his boxers, up her dress, bending her over and - he's inside her. Julia's face all we see - submitting to him. Mouth clamped shut -

20           **INT. HOTEL - SUITE - MORNING 3**

20

Julia's mouth agape. Passed out. She comes to. A moment where she doesn't know where she is, *when* this is. She turns to her side and sees: Benjamin. And we know it's present day.

It utterly disorientates her. Her gaze spins about the room - relieved to see they're fully clothed, floor covered in empty minibar bottles and snacks. She tries to force down her panic, fast nudges Benjamin awake. He gives a sleepy smile.

JULIA

You have to go.

BENJAMIN

Why's that?

She looks at him like he's mad. A million reasons.

JULIA

I was sixty yesterday. *Sixty*. And you're, well, I don't even know but you're bloody young -

The rest is silenced by his lips on hers. A gentle kiss. One that erases the rest of her sentence. After a moment, the pair pull apart, the kiss ends.

21           **INT. HOTEL - BATHROOM - MORNING 3**

21

Out of the shower, hair wet, Julia stares back at herself in the mirror. In disbelief. Then a little joy. Benjamin comes to the doorway/partition. He's still in last night's clothes.

BENJAMIN

I've had an idea.

Instinctively Julia pulls her robe tighter to her body even though he can't see her.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

It *might* constitute getting in trouble...if you can handle that...But I say we take the day off, go play at being tourists -

22           **EXT. THAMES PATH - DAY 3**

22

'Once and for All' by Clock Opera plays over the following run of scenes:



JULIA

I'm sorry...

A moment. Then softly -

BENJAMIN

It's okay.

He gently twists her to face him.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

It's okay.

And she sees - that it is. That she can be vulnerable here, without his need encroaching. He pulls her onto his chest. So she can listen to the rickety thud of his own heart.

27

**INT. HOTEL - SUITE (BY BALCONY DOORS) - MORNING 4**

27

The pair eat breakfast at a table by the outside doors. He's in his robe, she's not. Not yet comfortable enough for that. Benjamin inspects whatever jackfruit type number he's forked from his fruit salad - shows it to Julia with a grin - eats. In buoyant spirits. Infectious. Julia can't help smiling.

BENJAMIN

Until we've done the Tower of London we can't *really* consider ourselves proper tourists. I've already come up with the perfect excuse for work - and before you say anything it's not a lie, it's just not a truth as such.

JULIA

Isn't that a question of semantics?

BENJAMIN

(grins)

No, it's about intention. I have no *intention* to do harm and so - it only counts as a tiny white lie.

Julia just mmm's - not entirely convinced.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

And everyone wins because tomorrow when I'm back at work, I'll be doubly productive, because today - I'm doubly happy bunking off with you.

She shakes her head softly at him.

JULIA

You're dangerously persuasive.

BENJAMIN

I'll take that as a compliment...So I'm thinking, and I'm aware it might be overkill...we do the Tower first then an open top bus tour.

JULIA  
(with regret)  
I'd love to...

BENJAMIN  
I knew it, the bus would finish any sane person off. Forget the bus, I never mentioned a bus.

JULIA  
I have to go back to Devon. There's something I can't get out of.

Benjamin's smile fades, he turns the information over.

BENJAMIN  
This something you can't get out of - is it a short something or a long something?

JULIA  
It's a lunch something.

BENJAMIN  
So I'll pick you up from Paddington in time for dinner, yes?

JULIA  
(laughs)  
I'm starting to think you're certifiable.

He just smiles back at her, nods. Maybe he is.

28

**INT. TRAIN - NORMAL CARRIAGE - DAY 4**

28

Julia's head rests against the glass as the train leaves London. She's thrown to see a woman she hardly recognises in reflection. Actually smiling. She can't allow it too long - calls back 'Della'. Before she can even get a word out -

DELLA (O.S.)  
Where've you *been*? I was worried. I even resorted to calling Leo to see where you were who of course had no idea what day it even was...What've you been doing all this time?...I mean, how many galleries can one woman really consume?

The thrill of the secret.

JULIA  
You'd be surprised.

## 29 INT. HAZEL'S BUNGALOW - KITCHEN / DINER - DAY 4

29

Julia looks out of this box window: paved strip of garden giving way to a view onto Devon countryside. But she's gazing through it, mind full with everything.

HAZEL (O.S.)

Julia, where have you gone?

Julia spins around - and now we see the rest of the room. Oppressively full with cigarette smoke. Picnic lunch half-eaten on the counter. TV on. Mantelpiece with a photo of a faded 1940's wedding. And on the sofa, chain smoking, find -

HAZEL DAY (88, Ted's mother, Devon born and bred, emotionally absent). She has her eyes fixed onto Julia.

JULIA

I'm right here.

HAZEL

Don't take me for a fool.

Hazel uses fag end to indicate the space by her on sofa. Julia dutifully sits. Hazel coughs, takes another drag. Looks at her. For a moment, Julia fears she's been caught out.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

You're thinking of that feckless son of mine. Much use it'll do you.

Julia shakes her head in denial - a little too quickly. Hazel nods to herself with satisfaction at having got it right.

HAZEL (CONT'D)

'The one who commits adultery with a woman is lacking sense; He who would destroy himself does it'.  
Proverbs 6:32-34.

JULIA

They should make that into a fridge magnet, Hazel. Very pithy.

Just as Hazel's retort is forming, the door opens and in comes - Ted. He's done his top button up for his mother. Seeing Julia throws him. Instinctively he hides his petrol station flowers behind his back. Julia isn't surprised to see him. In fact, we may wonder if this was really her purpose...

She takes in Ted's slightly too young clothes, his thinning hair. Can't help a tiny smile. Triumph.

HAZEL

Something wrong with the bell?

And it reduces Ted to a small boy, which instantly softens Julia. The past threatening to surge back.

TED  
(dented, covers)  
Hello, mother. Nice to see you too.

HAZEL  
I have visitors.

TED  
Yes, I...it's my day is all.  
(awkward hello to Julia)  
Julia.

Julia stands, smoothes down her outfit. The power she thought she'd feel in this moment is rapidly diminishing.

JULIA  
She's all yours.

Hazel gives an involuntary snort of outrage. Clear who she would rather stayed.

TED  
Don't leave on my account.

JULIA  
Who said I was?

Ted just looks at her, disbelief and - pity. It riles her in a way only an ex can. Hence, the words blurt -

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Someone's waiting for me.

30

**EXT. HAZEL'S BUNGALOW - DAY 4**

30

Julia's defiant mood flags as she sees who's waiting for Ted in the car park. Marsha, sat in her car, working away on her phone. On seeing Julia, she brightens. Gets out.

MARSHA  
I saw your car. You really do go above and beyond the call of duty with Hazel.

JULIA  
We're family. Well. We were family.

Julia heads towards her beaten-up grey Volvo 240.

MARSHA  
(perseveres)  
How was the rest of your birthday?

JULIA  
I need to catch a train.

Marsha has something to say and so will say it. Walks with Julia to the very door of her car. Julia feels impotent.

MARSHA

Do you know, my least favourite subject at school was history. It always felt so...irrelevant. All we have is what's to come, not what's been.

JULIA

(can't help herself)  
Convenient. For you. I really have to -

Marsha puts her hand over the top of Julia's car door. Julia just looks at Marsha's hand, incensed by her gall.

MARSHA

But one thing that always stood out for me was that brief moment in the Cold War when everyone got their shit together. 'Detente'. It didn't mean they were all suddenly...  
(wants this so much)  
Best friends...that all was forgiven, it just meant - I don't know, things could be easier.

JULIA

I'm not having this conversation.

MARSHA

You will have to, at some point.

Julia stares down Marsha until she removes her hand. Julia gets in the car, harried, slams the door. Drives off - watching in the rear view as Marsha recedes. Julia's face clouds over, anger and hurt twisting it up, taken back -

JULIA (O.S.)

Marsha Okello you're cheating -

31

**INT. DAY HOUSE - OPEN-PLAN KITCHEN - NIGHT - FLASH BACK 1**

31

Caption: Twenty-Four Years Ago

Marsha's mouth, stretched wide in outrage. And then - she's laughing - and we see her as she was then. Plunging dress. She shows her hand to us (Julia).

Words, like the images, are distorted. The past has its own language. Snatched.

MARSHA

Never let me get away with anything do you.

Julia chuckles. Marsha's cards are pulled from her by - Ted - her chips scooped up. The banker in this game of poker. Cheeks and lips red wine stained. The blur of red is the same blur of red about the wine glass bases, corrupting the white tablecloth. Swiping at one half-full bottle of red - comes -

CLAYTON OKELLO (38, Black British, self-made man, mercurial). Cigar in mouth, jokily wagging a finger at his wife, before -  
Brushing up against the back of Julia's chair.

CLAYTON

Where'd we all be without our Julia-

He squeezes her bare shoulder as he pours her wine, fingers lingering too long. Ted grips tight to his chips. Furious. Julia eyes Marsha - gives her an easy smile, uses her hand to delicately remove Clayton's. Her wedding ring glinting -

32

**INT. DAY HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 4**

32

Julia's hand, aged, indent where wedding ring was. We're back in the now. She's gripping the handle of her case, dragging it out. Pauses at the dresser where's been shoved - the post. She quickly skims it, stopping at - a large official looking envelope. Unnerved, she just looks at it. Doesn't open it.

The creak of stair behind, then the lolloping footstep of - Leo. She shoves the envelope in her handbag. Turns. Bright smile. He's dressed this time, in old Uni hoodie, odd socks.

LEO

Thank fuck you're back. There's literally *nothing* to eat in the fridge, the bulb's gone in my bathroom and the kitchen sink smells like dead badger.

Julia bites down on a retort. He comes and gives her a kiss.

LEO (CONT'D)

The good news is Kurt's got a load of bricks for the pizza oven, he'll give me the lot for five hundred - which I said I was good for obviously, but I'm, well, short.

JULIA

So you want money?

LEO

Thanks, Mum. You're the best.

Julia just looks at Leo. Doesn't reach for her wallet.

JULIA

Do you or do you not know where the  
lightbulbs live?

And she wheels her case to the front door. Opens it to go.

LEO

Where are you going now?  
(off her lack of reply)  
I get it. This is about your  
birthday. I've said it already but  
I'll say it again - I'm sorry I  
forgot, I just have a lot going  
on...I'll make it up to you at your  
fast approaching seventieth.  
(laughs, Julia doesn't)  
Oh come on, you've made your point.

JULIA

(snaps)  
Not everything is always about you.

Leo's stunned, she's never spoken to him like this. She goes.

33 OMITTED

33

33A **INT. TRAIN - QUIET CARRIAGE - DAY**

33A

Julia looks a different woman from the one who travelled down. The light in her has dimmed. She's staring blankly ahead - not wanting to face what's in her handbag. Of a sudden, she twists to the empty seat beside her full with her handbag. Grabs out the envelope. Rips it open, pulls from it -

Her decree absolute. Announcing the official end of her marriage to Ted.

It cuts Julia to her core.

34 **INT. LONDON PADDINGTON - EVENING 4**

34

Julia stands watching something across the way. And now we see what she sees: Benjamin under the big clock. Around him the swirl and hurry of SUBURBAN COMMUTERS heading home.

Julia just looks at him. Full of indecision. Is she going to join him? Is she going to walk away? Then she - turns, away -

As we see - Benjamin look at the clock. He checks his phone - nothing. Panic fills his face. She's not coming. Then into view walks - Julia. When Benjamin sees her, he breaks into a grin. Pulls something from his coat -

BENJAMIN

I know flowers are the traditional  
reunion gift of choice, but -

Hands her a present. It hasn't been wrapped and clearly isn't new. A charity shop book, 'Thames Path Walks'. He opens the cover so she can see it reads: 'J - 1 down, 7 to go. Walk with me? B x'. Julia's touched, if a little guarded.

35

**INT. BASEMENT RESTAURANT - NIGHT 4**

35

Crammed on tiny stools, hemmed in by HIPSTER DINERS, Julia and Benjamin. Two very brief menu's barely visible in the dim light. Thumping wordless music plays. Julia tries to hide her discomfort as Benjamin collars a WAITER with an undercut.

BENJAMIN

Excuse me, sorry, is there anywhere  
a bit less hectic we could sit?

WAITER

Sure, follow me...You're a brave  
man. I wouldn't bring my Mum here.

Everything goes very still and very quiet for Julia. She  
looks to Benjamin, waiting, hoping he'll correct the waiter  
but he says nothing, awkward. If not - embarrassed. So -

JULIA

Lucky he didn't then, isn't it?

36

**INT. BASEMENT RESTAURANT - STAIRWELL LOCATION TBC - NIGHT 4** 36

Julia grips tight to her handbag as she hurries for the exit.  
It's like a dark rabbit's warren. Benjamin comes after her.

BENJAMIN

You do *not* look like my mum...As  
the late great Aaliyah once sang -  
'age ain't nothing but a number'.

JULIA

I don't even know who she is. Which  
says it all, don't you think?

BENJAMIN

What I *think* is we might be putting  
a little too much weight on your  
knowledge of 90's R'n'B singers.

JULIA

This isn't funny, Benjamin.

BENJAMIN

That's a question of perspective.

Julia stops walking, can't hold the burning question in any  
longer -

JULIA

Why aren't you with someone your  
own age?...What's wrong with you?

BENJAMIN

(still tries to joke)  
I see we're done with the  
pleasantries.

JULIA

I know nothing about you. Nothing  
concrete anyway.

(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)

BENJAMIN

That is *not* true. You know lots -

JULIA

- I don't even know your last name, which is a pretty bloody basic detail, wouldn't you say?

BENJAMIN

Greene. My last name is Greene. Now can we try and go back to having a nice evening, please?

Julia looks back at him. A long moment. And then -

JULIA

I don't think we can.

She turns, starts walking away. Fighting to hold it together.

BENJAMIN

Fine you want to know stuff? Here's *stuff* - I was born in Royal Surrey hospital, I'm a Virgo and an only child...I always wanted a brother, someone to look out for me, but in the end who really looks out for anyone in this life?..My parents were...well, let's just say they don't factor into the story...

His words dry up. He can't go there. Julia's watching him floundering, wanting to make it better. As she steps closer - he steps back - his barriers up now -

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

And in answer to your question - I *was* with someone my own age, I even thought I was going to marry her...but it turned out she had a very different plan.

Benjamin gives a laugh. But it's not funny. So it dies.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

So I think, fine - that's me done, and then I happen to meet you and...I forget her, for just a little while, I forget her...

(eyes to hers)

Yeah, you're older. Big deal.

(MORE)

## BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

## 37 INT. HOTEL - EN-SUITE (ENTRANCE) - NIGHT 4

37

The pair burst into the room like teenagers, Benjamin backheels the door shut, and they're - kissing. A heat to them. He presses her up against the wall by the door. It's all lips and teeth and passion. The moment carrying them both away so that Benjamin reaches for her jeans, the zip of them -

Instinctively, Julia's hand reaches out for his. Grabs it. Stops it. The kiss ended too. She can barely get her breath back, but when she does finally speak, it's a whisper of utter crushing vulnerability -

JULIA

I want this so much. I just...

She swallows the rest of the sentence for shame. Just - shakes her head. But before the past, her hang-ups, everything can get in the way of them, Benjamin's kissing her-

## 37A INT. HOTEL - EN-SUITE (BED) - NIGHT 4

37A

Julia's face all we can see, eyes squeezed shut as she surrenders to her body. To Benjamin. Head arched back, her hand gripping tight onto headboard as she - gets close, closer - comes. Could cry. With joy, hurt, the whole lot.

Her eyes open. A dazed look in them. As if underwater. And now we see the rest of the room, Benjamin underneath the sheets beside her, the pure satisfaction of pleasuring her -

Then she's kissing him again, and he's climbing on top of her, both of them ripping at his shirt to remove it -

And we leave them to it -

## 38 EXT. HOTEL - BALCONY - NIGHT 4, CONT.

38

Go outside. The skyline at night. London showing off.

## 39 INT. HOTEL - SUITE - DAY 5

39

Lost in the white sheets, Julia looks a different person. Free. A post-coital sheen to her, wearing a silk robe and smiling as Benjamin comes from the door, 'The Guardian' under arm, ferrying their breakfast tray over. The room now a mess of high-end menswear shopping. As he sets tray down, he lifts up the silver cloche in a 'ta da' way. Revealing an anything-you-can-think-of-breakfast. Julia gives a laugh at the sight.

JULIA

Did you just tick *everything*?

BENJAMIN  
(grins)  
Maybe...

She smiles at his enthusiasm, he shovels a sausage into his mouth, bounces back into the bed beside her.

JULIA  
All I fancy is my usual bowl of  
Weetabix and half a banana.

BENJAMIN  
Very rock and roll.

JULIA  
(amused by him)  
Aren't you sick of ordering in?

BENJAMIN  
Er - no.

JULIA  
So you'd happily just stay holed up  
here, never leaving the room?

BENJAMIN  
You're literally describing my  
dream scenario.

Julia gives a soft laugh but it dies.

JULIA  
It's not real life though is it.

BENJAMIN  
Who needs real life?

Her vulnerability creeps in.

JULIA  
I think...I think I do. We have to  
face it at some point.

Reality intruding. Benjamin doesn't reply for a few moments.  
Is it hesitation we're reading? Until -

BENJAMIN  
Okay, so, what do we do?

She's thrown - he actually wants this to be real.

JULIA  
We..?

He gives a nod, of course. It means everything to her.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
We'd tell people?

BENJAMIN  
The dreaded people...

Eliciting a small smile from Julia.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)  
Who gets the honour of being told  
first then?

JULIA  
I guess, my kids.

BENJAMIN  
Alright then.

It's actually happening. Excitement courses through Julia.

JULIA  
They're going to love you, I know  
they will -  
(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)

40           **INT. JAQUE RESTAURANT - NIGHT 5**

40

An institution of a place. Wood panelling, marble floor, and sat at the bar: in a box-fresh white shirt, black trousers and turquoise Paul Smith leather brogues, is Benjamin. Draining a martini.

Our gaze twists away, down to a phone. And now we realise we're in Julia's POV: sat at an empty table. Gaze flitting nervously from phone to the door - seeing Patrick stride in.

JULIA (O.S.)

And if there's any resistance,  
it'll only be because they're  
protective of me.

(MORE)

JULIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Especially Patrick. He stopped speaking to his dad after he left. Even now, months and months on, he still calls twice a week, even though he really is so busy -

41 INT. JAQUE RESTAURANT - NIGHT 5

41

Julia's view on: Della, arriving looking incongruous amongst the well-heeled PATRONS. Thinking she's unobserved she shrugs off her jacket, sees sweat patches, curses at herself.

JULIA (O.S.)  
 The trick with Della is not to read too much into her face. She looks permanently cross. Maybe she is, I don't know, she never talks to me - not really -

Della turns to us, irked to realise she's been seen -

42 INT. JAQUE RESTAURANT - NIGHT 5

42

Julia looks down at her hands, the space where wedding ring used to be. To control her nerves she lays her napkin out on her lap, resmooths it. Looks up at Patrick and Della, weakly smiles. The ting of door opening, and her gaze goes to:

Leo walking in. In a shirt, but the effort stops there.

JULIA (O.S.)  
 And Leo?..Well, Leo's Leo.

Julia is so pleased to see her youngest. Feels bad about how they left it. She hugs him, holds him tight. Into his ear -

JULIA (CONT'D)  
 Thanks for coming, darling.

Leo withdraws from the hug. Still a little hurt, defensive -

LEO  
 I'm not a total shit.

JULIA  
 (warmly, her apology)  
 I know.

And Leo forgives her. Needs her love. Della and Patrick exchange an eye roll with each other. Leo sits down.

LEO  
 So. What we drinking?

PATRICK

We've been waiting for you to  
order.

LEO

Well wait no longer my friend.

Leo gestures over a WAITER. Patrick takes over the business of ordering wine, but we stay on Julia. Her nervous glance over to Benjamin. His reassuring smile back. The minor bickering of her children washes over her a moment. Until -

LEO (CONT'D)

The lobster looks lush.

PATRICK

We're having the set menu.

DELLA

It's fifty quid a kilo.

LEO

It's Mum's birthday dinner, belated  
birthday dinner - so it's up to her-  
(all sweetness to Julia)  
Do we have to go off the set menu?

JULIA

Have whatever you want darling.

Leo shoots Patrick a triumphant grin. Patrick wants to hit him but the SOMMELIER's showing the wine, opening, pouring.

JULIA (CONT'D)

There's, well...there's something I  
need to tell you all and I'd  
appreciate if you didn't pass it on  
to your father...

And the three children stop everything they're doing.

LEO

(genuinely scared)  
You aren't dying are you?

A laugh from Julia. One that releases all her tension.

JULIA

No, I am not dying, Leo. Sorry to  
disappoint.  
(laying the groundwork)  
The divorce has finally come  
through and I...

It upsets Leo, but Patrick nods. Good. Whilst Della hates difficult conversations. And Julia finishes her thought -

JULIA (CONT'D)

I've met someone.

Surprise.

DELLA

Like a romantic someone?

JULIA

(nods)  
Like a romantic someone.

And as Julia tremblingly reaches to have a slug of wine, she nods over her glass to Benjamin. Their signal - he starts heading over. Unbeknownst to the children. Patrick is silent, seemingly trying to work it all through in his head.

LEO

Well, that's better than you dying.  
I think.

DELLA

Don't be a dick. It's much better.

(MORE)

DELLA (CONT'D)

Benjamin arrives at Patrick's side. Patrick turns to him, irked.

PATRICK

We're not ready to order. I'll let you know when we are.

JULIA

(laughs awkwardly)

No, it's - this is the someone. Benjamin. This is Benjamin.

No one says anything. Julia takes in her kids -

Leo's stifling a laugh, Della's staring down at the menu and Patrick is furiously glaring at Benjamin. Great start.

43 **INT. JAQUE RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - NIGHT 5**

43

Julia waits for Della to emerge from the cubicle. Every second is an agonising wait for Julia. When she finally hears the flush, and the scrape of the lock pulled back, Julia quickly pretends to be washing her hands.

Della emerges from the cubicle, sees her mum, averts her gaze. Julia keeps going to speak. Thinking better of it. Aware of her mother's attempts, Della busies herself - by checking her teeth for food, by tipping out her battered handbag to retrieve a lipgloss. And apply.

JULIA

Could I..?

DELLA

You're wearing lipgloss now as well?

JULIA

(challenging her)

As well as?

Instantly remorseful, Della doesn't reply. Instead she hands over the lipgloss. Julia applies it thickly.

DELLA

Suits you.

Julia knows that's her version of an apology. Nods thanks.

44 **INT. JAQUE RESTAURANT - NIGHT 5**

44

As she returns, with Della in tow, Julia sees the men talking in low, heated voices. She's spotted by the men and -

Everyone fast makes nice. Benjamin turns to her, gives her a twinkly smile. The bill arrives. Julia gets her purse out.

PATRICK  
No, Mum. Put it away.

Julia does as she's told. Patrick looks to Benjamin to pay, Della fishes out crumpled tens, Leo doesn't even try. Before it gets awkward, Patrick whacks his Amex down on the bill.

45 **EXT. MAYFAIR STREET - NIGHT 5**

45

Everyone shrugs their coats on as Julia kisses her kids goodbye. An excruciatingly awkward parting between mother and daughter. Benjamin just stands there like a spare part.

BENJAMIN  
Really good to meet you all.

It feels like an age before any of the children respond. Julia feels her hurt swell, until -

Patrick steps forward, pulls Benjamin in for an embrace. Julia lights up at her son's gesture. Acceptance. She gives Patrick a proud nod. Patrick smiles back -

SNAP TO BLACK:

Out of the darkness, a caption appears:

**Part Two: 'Her First-Born'**

46 **INT. TOILET CUBICLE - DAY 1**

46

Patrick's face all we can see. Gone is the smile, jaw set in fury. Eyes squeezed shut, as over we hear his slurred voice -

PATRICK (O.S.)  
I refuse to be anything like my  
parents.

And now we're behind him, suit trousers yanked down just enough for us to realise what he's doing to himself.

PATRICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
My Mum...I love her, I really do,  
but...she's weak. Always has been.

His speed increases, elbow juddering out fast, faster.

PATRICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
My father...He's not even worth the  
oxygen.

As his body stiffens, his phone rings. Patrick grunts with frustration, fumbles for phone, sees it's 'Mum'. Jabs it off.

PATRICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 I'm a good man, I have to be a good  
 man, else - what am I?

His face again. Shutting eyes, trying to get the moment back.  
 But it's gone. His eyes snap open - staring right back at us.

47 **INT. CITY LAW FIRM - WORKSPACE - DAY 1**

47

A steel and glass vastness, decked out in as many shades of grey as it's possible to find. SECRETARIES work out here. Patrick strides along, eliciting nods of various degrees of warmth. His phone to his ear, listening to a voicemail -

JULIA (O.S.)  
 Sorry to call you at work darling  
 but I wanted to let you know I've  
 booked a hotel, which I can already  
 hear you saying is a flagrant waste  
 of money but I refuse to put you  
 and Eimear to any trouble -

Patrick hears a throaty laugh. Knows it well, looks to where is stood: HEIDI (23, whipsmart but underplays it). Patrick pulls his phone from his ear, all set to make an approach, when he sees the rest of the picture. Bending from having fixed a paper jam for her - is JUSTIN (26) a taller more alpha version of Patrick. The pair are flirting.

Irked, Patrick turns on his polished heel, strides towards a shut door. Its plaque reads: 'Patrick Day - Senior Associate' -

48 **INT. CITY LAW FIRM - PATRICK'S OFFICE - DAY 1, CONT.**

48

We enter with Patrick until his frustrations get the better of him and he - backheels the door shut on Heidi, the office, and us.

48A **INT. PATRICK & EIMEAR'S HOUSE - LANDING - NIGHT 1**

48A

Patrick's eyes are all we can see. Looking at something. Moved. Through the door we see that it's: CHARLOTTE (6). She's dead to the world. He stands there a moment, flooded with emotion - guilt, love, the lot. Then moves off down the corridor towards the master bedroom -

49 **INT. PATRICK & EIMEAR'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 1**

49

Patrick's eyes all we can see. Looking at something. Moved. His BABY. He stands over her cot, watching the rise and fall of her chest. Trying not to breathe, not to wake her. His phone goes. She wakes. Starts crying. He tries to shush her.

Into the room, laundry basket first, comes the frazzled brilliance of EIMEAR (36, Irish-Arabic, self-made, never without an opinion). She just looks at Patrick.

EIMEAR  
Are you serious?

PATRICK  
I was stealthy. *Beyond* stealthy.  
(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

The baby's screams intensify. Eimear picks her up. Bone dry -

EIMEAR

Yeah, I can see that.

Eimear dumps the basket down, comes and hoiks the baby up, takes her into the bed. Pulls down her vest, starts trying to get the baby to latch on. Behind on the wall, professional family photos, African sculptures, a huge mirror.

EIMEAR (CONT'D)

What time's the mothership descending?

Patrick sags down into his leather chair. Undoes top button.

PATRICK

Quite unfathomably she's decided she'd rather stay in a hotel than our perfectly nice guest bedroom.  
(as he takes off his tie)  
Nevermind the cost of it, she'll be on the other side of town from her grandchildren. Which is just...bizarre.

EIMEAR

It is your mother.

Patrick stops folding his tie, looks up. Instantly defensive.

PATRICK

What's that supposed to mean?

Eimear gives a conciliatory wave of the hand, tries the other boob, but still the baby won't latch on, still cries.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

She's had a crappy year. If she wants to treat herself, then she should, don't you think?

EIMEAR

Yes, yes I do. I'm tired is all and this fucker -

Guilt hits Eimear instantly, she directs this to the baby -

EIMEAR (CONT'D)

Lovely fucker, hasn't given me a minute's peace all day. Well, she just had, and then some great oaf -

PATRICK

- Some great handsome oaf?

Eimear just shakes her head at him. No. Even though he's exhausted, Patrick pushes himself back to standing.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Give her to me.

Eimear hands the baby over, sinks down into bed. Patrick pads the room, softly jiggling the baby and communing with her. In their own little world. Where nothing else matters.

50           **INT. PATRICK & EIMEAR'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING 2**           50

Patrick moves through the chaos of early morning in this house. Kisses Eimear, ruffles the baby's scant hair, then hoicks CHARLOTTE (6) up off her seat. She squeals happily. Eimear beams at him. It's the best feeling - a job well done.

50A           **EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE / BARNES STREETS - MORNING 2**           50A

Patrick walks out of his Victorian four bed and onto this suburban pavement as if a king. Identikit houses, identikit leafiness, none of which he notices as he texts his siblings on one group message: 'Mum's birthday today'-

51           **INT. CITY LAW FIRM - LOBBY - MORNING 2**           51

All the other lawyers in all their other suits and all their other muted tone briefcases, all ascending the escalator. Amongst them - find Patrick. Reluctantly making a phone call.

MARSHA (O.S.)  
Your father's out in the garden.

Patrick has to fight to sound vaguely polite.

PATRICK  
Could you get him for me. Please.

MARSHA (O.S.)  
I think I can manage that...Edward,  
Edward?..It's Patrick for you.

Patrick shakes his head to himself - trying to swallow his ire. After a moment, a man's voice. Pleasantly surprised.

TED (O.S.)  
Patrick?

PATRICK  
I hope you know what day it is.

TED (O.S.)  
You really think that badly of me?

PATRICK  
That's all I called to say.

And Patrick hangs up.

52

**INT. CITY LAW FIRM - PATRICK'S OFFICE - DAY 2**

52

Patrick works away at his computer, giving Heidi directives without actually looking at her. Safer that way.

PATRICK

You any good with flowers?

Heidi looks up from toothcomb-reading a thick contract.

HEIDI

(Liverpudlian, joking)

Is that a gender-neutral question  
Mr. Day, or are we swerving into  
dangerous territory?

PATRICK

Sod off. It's a yes no question.

She acts mock chastened, then grins and nods.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Will you order something nice for  
my mother's birthday?

HEIDI

What colours does she like?

Patrick just shrugs as he carries on working.

HEIDI (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

When I grow up I want my son to be  
just like you.

Now he looks up from his screen. Raises his eyebrow.

PATRICK

White?

HEIDI

Not a colour. Leave it to me. How  
much do you want to spend?

PATRICK

However much. I want it to be  
special. She's...

(twisted up by it)

She's on her own now.

Heidi puts her face between the gap in their screens.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

What?

HEIDI

Just when I was enjoying judging  
you for being a mediocre son...

Their eyes meet. For just that moment too long.

53      **INT. PATRICK & EIMEAR'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 2**      53

Patrick's in bed keeping himself busy between his two phones, anything not to think. Doesn't see - Eimear coming in from ensuite in lingerie. She waits for him to look up. He doesn't. She darts a nervous glance to the baby. Sleeping. Phew. So clears her throat loudly. Patrick now looks up. Thrown.

PATRICK  
(exhales)  
Shit.

EIMEAR  
Right response.

As Eimear climbs into bed, pulling the duvet back to reveal Patrick's muscular chest and pj shorts, he's going into panic. Guilt. She kisses him, goes to take his phone from him-

PATRICK  
I...

She stops - draws her head back as he grips onto his phone.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
You look amazing, you really do...

Hurt fills Eimear's face. She rolls off him, onto her back.

EIMEAR  
But.

He doesn't know what to say. Eimear twists away. Patrick lies there impotently. Reaches a tentative hand out for her back, then just before he touches her, pulls away. Hating himself.

Catches sight of himself in mirror, a hard gaze - and then fast fumbles for bedside lamp, for the relief of - darkness.

54      **EXT. STREETS (EITHER CITY OR BARNES) - MORNING 5**      54

Neon yellow running top, Patrick's arms punching through the air as he runs. Through the still waking streets. Earphones in, 'Pressure' by Chase & Status fills our ears as he tries to hammer his brain clear of all thoughts. Failing.

55      **INT. CITY LAW FIRM - PATRICK'S OFFICE - DAY 5**      55

On the song plays, clearly one he turns to regularly, as Patrick works - earphones in. An automaton here. His phone rings, cutting out the song. He sees it's 'Mum', snatches it -

PATRICK

*Finally*, are you okay? You never  
don't answer your phone. I was  
about to send out a search party.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

JULIA (O.S.)  
I'm very much okay...Dinner  
tonight. All of us. No excuses.

56 **EXT. MAYFAIR STREETS - NIGHT 5**

56

Patrick walks along the pavement on his personal phone, murmuring at intervals as if he's listening to -

EIMEAR (O.S.)  
I swear she makes it her absolute  
mission to shite the minute the new  
nappy's on -

But he isn't - instead he's focusing on the text he's writing on work phone to 'Heidi': Thanks for holding the fort.' His thumb hovers over the x. To kiss or not.

EIMEAR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
She's got through five outfits  
today. In a way she should be  
commended - to be so small and yet -

The words drift away as Patrick adds the kiss. Jabs send. Fast pockets his phone guiltily then looks into the restaurant window of Jaque's. We follow his gaze:

There, sat alone at a big table, all dressed up is: Julia. In Patrick's eyes, looking sorrowful.

PATRICK  
Typical, the others are late. Poor  
mum's just sat there on her own...

57 **INT. JAQUE RESTAURANT - NIGHT 5**

57

Patrick makes fast progress through the restaurant, sees Julia's face light up at seeing him. He takes in her outfit - clothes he's never seen before, new earrings, makeup. It throws him. And then he's delivering a kiss on each cheek.

PATRICK  
You look...

Which makes Julia self-conscious. She heads off the rest -

JULIA  
How are you, darling, how's work?  
And Eimear, and the girls?

PATRICK  
They send Granny their love.

Julia beams off this. Patrick produces a gift box from his jacket, perfectly (shop) wrapped. Watches as she unwraps it - and the question he's been waiting to ask bursts forth -

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Did Dad get you anything?

Julia's mood dips. Ted. Always Ted.

JULIA

Can we not...not tonight.

PATRICK

Just tell me, did he get you a present?

JULIA

Why would he?

PATRICK

Er because you were married for thirty-five years.

JULIA

(not a reminder she needs)  
Patrick.

His jaw clenches, unclenches. He rearranges his tie.

PATRICK

He at least got you a card, tell me he at least got you a card.

JULIA

(snaps)

I don't want a card from him, I don't want anything from him. All I want is to have a nice evening with no mention of that fucking man.

He's visibly shocked by her fire. She takes a moment. Then finishes unwrapping her present as if nothing happened. Unveiling: Alex Monroe gold flower earrings.

JULIA (CONT'D)

You're a good boy.

Which has a half-smile cross Patrick's lips. And we -

JUMP CUT TO:

Patrick swills a taster of wine around his glass, sniffs, savours, nods to sommelier. Enjoys his moment of command, not clocking Leo and Della sharing an eyeroll at his expense. He gets a text from Heidi. Just - 'X'. He feels himself grow hard, isn't listening at all to whatever his mother's saying.

JULIA  
- Appreciate if you didn't pass it  
on to your father...

Patrick realises everyone's gone quiet. Hasn't heard why. He crosses his legs, quickly makes a 'listening' face.

LEO  
(genuinely scared)  
You aren't dying are you?

A laugh from Julia. It startles Patrick. The first person he looks to for answers is Della, but she's ashen. Patrick can't work out what's gone on, but his focus is now entirely here.

JULIA  
No, I am not dying, Leo. Sorry to  
disappoint.  
(laying the groundwork)  
The divorce has finally come  
through and I...

Patrick nods. Good. But his mum's not finished her thought.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
I've met someone.

He can't compute it a minute. His hands fumble to loosen his tie. All we can hear is the thump thump of Patrick's pulse - his sister and mother's words lost to a background murmur.

DELLA (O.S.)  
Like a romantic someone?

JULIA (O.S.)  
(nods)  
Like a romantic someone.

LEO (O.S.)  
Well, that's better than you dying.  
I think.

DELLA (O.S.)  
Don't be a dick. It's much better.

A throat clearing behind him has all the noise rush back in for Patrick. He twists, sees: black trousers, white shirt. A waiter with an imperious look. It really irritates Patrick.

PATRICK  
We're not ready to order. I'll let  
you know when we are.

JULIA

(laughs awkwardly)

No, it's - this is the someone.  
Benjamin. This is Benjamin.

Patrick takes every inch of Benjamin in forensically:

The flashy new shoes, vintage Rolex, other sleeve riding up to reveal - a stick and poke tattoo. Patrick's gaze stays there, computing it, then up to that young face - not far off his own - looking back at him with a cocksure smile.

59           **INT. JAQUE RESTAURANT - MEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 5**

59

Patrick stands side-by-side in the urinals with Leo. He's just staring straight ahead at the gleaming white tiles.

LEO

What the actual fuck?

Leo looks at him for an answer. A response. Something. Patrick just finishes his piss, shakes off, zips up.

LEO (CONT'D)

He can't be much older than you.

(still gets no response)

Do you think Mum's having some kind of breakdown?

Patrick goes to rigorously wash his hands in the sink, looking in mirror's reflection at the back of his brother. The unkempt hair, the piercings, down to the tatty trainers.

PATRICK

This is a smart place, you know.

60           **INT. JAQUE RESTAURANT - NIGHT 5, LATER**

60

Patrick smiles his mother and sister off to the bathroom. His dessert untouched in front of him. The minute they've disappeared - he turns to Leo, gives him a look of - leave this to me. Then - Benjamin's in his sights.

PATRICK

Tell me, Benjamin - what kind of cushty work number have you got that allows you to be prowling galleries in the afternoon?

BENJAMIN

Copywriting. You set your own hours. Hence - the prowling.

PATRICK

Sounds almost too good to be true.

Benjamin reads the inference, smiles with equanimity. Finds his business card. Holds it up. It's trendy. His name, the company name 'HTK Copywriting Agency'. Patrick takes it.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Very nice. Very...cool. Us lawyers  
don't do cool.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

As Benjamin reaches to take card back, Patrick pockets it. Forces a smile. Benjamin meets it. All false politeness here.

BENJAMIN

I'm sure there are other perks.

PATRICK

Yes, there are. The wolf's kept firmly from the door...What part of the world is it you hail from?

BENJAMIN

Kent.

PATRICK

Kent's a big place. Where exactly?

A moment, could it be discomfort he spots in Benjamin?

BENJAMIN

A tiny village. You won't know it.

PATRICK

Try me.

BENJAMIN

It's called Newenden.

PATRICK

Family still there?

Benjamin evades this by indicating Patrick's dessert.

BENJAMIN

You not eating that?

Patrick pushes it across to Benjamin. Firmly.

PATRICK

Be my guest...I couldn't help noticing, you've got yourself quite the tattoo there.

Benjamin yanks down his sleeve, forces a smile. Turns to Leo -

BENJAMIN

Leo - Julia tells me you're back home.

LEO

Temporarily. I'm back home temporarily.

BENJAMIN

Yeah hey no I get it, it's not easy for your generation to try to -

(MORE)

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

LEO  
- Wouldn't say you're far off my  
generation, Ben.

Benjamin's patience evaporates.

BENJAMIN  
(snappily)  
*Benjamin.*

Silence hits the table. A few moments pass. Then Benjamin pushes back in his chair. Trying to regain the advantage.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)  
How about we all address the  
colossal elephant in the room?

PATRICK  
I don't know what you mean.

Benjamin keeps on trying.

BENJAMIN  
I get that this is awkward for you.  
I'd be the same, she's your mum,  
you're rightly protective of her -

PATRICK  
- Thanks for the permission.

BENJAMIN  
You see this youngish guy and  
you're thinking - what's his game?

Patrick takes a sip of his own wine to keep his cool.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)  
All I can say to try and reassure  
you is...I'm not going to hurt her.

Patrick just nods to himself. But his jaw's clenching,  
unclenching. Whereas Leo possesses no such self restraint.

LEO  
Good, because if you did, we'd kill  
you.

Uncontrolled fury fills Benjamin's face. And it's this moment  
that Julia comes back into on her return from the bathroom.

Patrick twists around with a forced smile, one Julia can see  
straight through as she sits. To his relief, the bill comes.  
As Patrick sees Julia get her purse out, he intervenes.

PATRICK  
No, Mum. Put it away.  
(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

He fixes his gaze on Benjamin - to see if he'll pay. He doesn't even try to. Just turns to Julia, beams. It's her smile back that makes Patrick want to explode. His mum - in a way he's never seen her before. Patrick whacks his Amex down.

61 **EXT. MAYFAIR STREET - NIGHT 5**

61

As Benjamin speaks, Patrick picks lint off his own coat.

BENJAMIN

Really good to meet you all.

Patrick doesn't reply. But then sees his mother's disappointment. Can't stand it. So pulls Benjamin in for a hug. What his mother can't see -

Is the heavy thud he delivers to Benjamin's back. Letting him know who is boss.

Patrick disengages, hails a cab. As it pulls in, he opens the door for his mum. Julia climbs in, Benjamin next. Patrick gives the CABBIE a twenty. Julia leans over Benjamin's lap, directs this last to Patrick - meaning more than the moment.

JULIA

Thank you.

Everything to Patrick. He nods. The siblings watch the cab drive off - Julia kissing Benjamin as if a giddy teenager. Patrick can't look away from the sight, masochistic.

LEO

That is properly grim.

Patrick dead arms Leo without even looking at him.

62 **INT. HIPSTER PUB - NIGHT 5**

62

Patrick weaves through ALE-SOAKED PUNTERS, and over sticky carpet, to deposit drinks with his siblings at a table.

DELLA

You'll love this - Leo's *already* managed to tell Dad.

LEO

It just slipped out. I made him swear not to say anything to Mum.

PATRICK

She specifically asked us not to.

LEO

What can I say? I'm in shock. I  
mean she hardly soft-soaped us.  
With either bombshell.

(MORE)

LEO (CONT'D)

PATRICK  
(irritated)  
The divorce isn't a bombshell. It's  
overdue.

Leo clearly doesn't agree. Della intervenes.

DELLA  
How did Dad take it?

LEO  
He thought the timing  
was...interesting.

PATRICK  
How depressingly typical. Thinking  
the whole world revolves around him-

Patrick swigs back his whisky. Watching Della fiddle at the  
label on her beer bottle. His mood darkening by the second.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Benjamin...what's he after?

LEO  
One word. Well, two I suppose -  
Gold. Digger. Thank you, Kanye.

This lands with Patrick. He goes quiet, thinking it over.

DELLA  
Do we instantly have to be  
suspicious?

LEO  
Er yes, Della - he's, what, twenty,  
thirty years younger than Mum?

DELLA  
And..?

Leo shakes his head at Della. Patrick sets his glass down.

PATRICK  
Mum has the house, the villa, her  
investments. She's the proverbial  
Golden Fleece.

DELLA  
(bone dry)  
I'm sure she'd love to be described  
like that.

PATRICK  
The man didn't even *try* to pick up  
the bill.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Nevermind that he's decked out in  
designer gear, which I find hard to  
believe he paid for.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

DELLA

So what if Mum wants to treat him.  
It's her money -

LEO

- Hang on that's my inheritance  
you're talking about. Well, our.

Della shakes her head to herself at Leo's avarice.

PATRICK

He was evasive, artfully so. When  
you think about it, how much did he  
really give away about himself?

DELLA

It was a dinner, not an  
interrogation.

PATRICK

(running with it now)  
He might be an opportunist, he  
might be far worse - either way,  
we'll obviously have to stop it.

Leo nods in fervent agreement, but Della laughs, outraged.

DELLA

Can you hear yourself?  
(does an impression)  
'We'll obviously have to stop it'.

Criticism from his sister is Patrick's worst thing.

DELLA (CONT'D)

Has it occurred to either of you  
that Mum was happy tonight? Like  
actually, properly happy? In a way  
she hasn't been since our bellend  
of a father walked out.

Leo visibly recoils at this - defensive of his Dad. Goes to  
make his case but sees he'd get nowhere as Patrick just nods,  
sinks his drink. With a hint of malice, Leo twists to Della.

LEO

How is it then, Emily being back?

Patrick eyes his sister, sees how utterly floored she is.

DELLA

She's...back?..How do you know?

LEO

It's this newfangled thing called  
social media...I *assumed* she'd tell  
you.

(MORE)

LEO (CONT'D)

PATRICK

There is a thing called tact, Leo.

LEO

Coming from both of you?

(stands to go)

I've got mates to see, not that  
this hasn't been lovely.

They wave bye in a forced friendly way. Leo huffs out.

DELLA

You didn't need to...I'm totally  
fine about it. So what? She's back,  
she didn't tell me, it's no biggie.

Patrick just looks at her. Knows her better. Fast -

DELLA (CONT'D)

How's everything with you, anyway?

He gives a 'fine' shrug. Della can't help but be sarcastic.

DELLA (CONT'D)

So much detail, it's overwhelming.

PATRICK

Everything's great. If you count  
getting -

(checks his phone)

Four missed calls from your wife  
because you're out past, wait for  
it, ten o'clock.

DELLA

Remind me never to get married.

PATRICK

I don't think you need reminding.

She gives him that.

DELLA

I've just realised something of  
epically tragic proportions - our  
sixty-year-old mother is getting  
laid more than both of us.

A horrifying thought for Patrick.

Empties line the outside of the pool table where Della's  
whipping Patrick in a game. Out-drinking him too. He's worse  
for wear, leaning against his pool cue to keep upright.

PATRICK

I can't believe Leo told Dad.

DELLA

I can. Leo takes hero worship to an absurd level.

PATRICK

Because he doesn't know him.

(darkening)

Not like we do.

Della shakes her head to herself. Isn't doing this. Focuses on her next shot, and - pots. Turns to Patrick for praise.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Dell, do you...do you ever think about -

DELLA

(can't, so fast, across)

- This thing with Benjamin will burn out, guaranteed, so let her enjoy herself.

Patrick knows he's been shut down. Can't let it go.

PATRICK

And if it doesn't?..

Della just shrugs. So much wanting to burst out of her. Not allowing any of it to. Patrick looks at her - needs her.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

She's our Mum, it's our job to protect her...

64

**INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT 5**

64

Looking a mess, careering up to front desk, comes Patrick. The concierge from before surveys Patrick without kindness.

PATRICK

One of your guests, Julia, Julia Day, what room is she in?

CONCIERGE

I'm afraid I'm not at liberty to disclose that information, sir.

PATRICK

I'm her son, I need to speak to her.

The concierge gives a thin smile, then catches the eye of the chunk of SECURITY GUARD hovering in the back of the lobby.

CONCIERGE

That may well be the case, sir -

PATRICK

- It *is* the case, look -

And Patrick yanks his phone out, scrolls through all the pictures of his kids, before finally - one of him and Julia, in the Devon garden. At quick glance it may look like Julia and Benjamin. The concierge surpresses a reaction to this.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Me. My Mum...Now - What. Room. Is. She. In?

CONCIERGE

I'll see if Mrs. Day is willing to receive further visitors.

The concierge dials. Hears the disconnect of a phone off the hook. Holds it so Patrick can hear with a look of triumph.

PATRICK

Further visitors...I'm not a visitor, I'm her son, he's...he's -

Hatred contorts his face. The concierge gestures the guard over who is at Patrick's elbow within a matter of seconds. Physically dwarfing him. It has Patrick's anger dissolve, he looks small. Like a lost boy.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

He's with her....

65      **INT. CITY LAW FIRM - OPEN PLAN AREA - NIGHT 5**

65

Patrick has lost his tie, his eyes are wild and set on - Justin. Who is ferrying paperwork and a Twix over to Heidi. In his drunken fury, Patrick trips over a bin. Before he can make a further fool of himself, Heidi's ushering him inside -

66      **INT. CITY LAW FIRM - PATRICK'S OFFICE - NIGHT 5**

66

Pride wounded, Patrick shrugs off Heidi's assistance, slumping in his chair. Head lolling. Heidi pushes the door shut on an amused Justin. She's concerned for Patrick.

HEIDI

Didn't think you were coming back...And shit-faced.

PATRICK

I...I...

He looks up at her - so much he wants to say. Can't.

HEIDI

I'll get you some water.

He gives a grateful groan and she's gone. Patrick swivels in his chair - and instantly regrets it. Dizziness hits. Heidi returns, comes and perches on his desk, hands him water but he clumsily spills it. She puts her hand about his and feeds it to him. Their hands stay entwined on the cup. He looks up -

PATRICK

Justin's not good enough for you.

HEIDI

(quietly)

I'm not interested in Justin.

And she's only inches from him. Wanting to kiss him. Lips closing in - of a sudden, Patrick lurches up and away. Silence. Heidi's crestfallen. Patrick tries to explain.

PATRICK

I refuse to be anything like my parents.

Now we know where we are - hearing his words from earlier. Patrick steadies himself against the glass. Looks at Heidi, sees her cheeks burning and can't handle it - so looks away.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

My Mum...I love her, I really do, but...She's weak. Always has been.

Shakes his head to himself, full of guilt, hatred.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

My father...He's not even worth the oxygen.

He bends, grabs his briefcase from under his desk, steadies himself on the arm of his swivel chair, but it swivels, so he nearly falls back. Curses. Heidi goes to check he's okay, but then thinks better of it. He walks to the door.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(desperately)

I'm a good man, I *have* to be a good man, else - what am I?

Sprawled on the back seat, Patrick's using his phone to Google - 'Benjamin', then a combination of other (drunkenly misspelled) words: 'Copy Writer', 'Newenden', then 'Con Man' -

Nothing. No social media profile. No search results. Patrick stares at the screen, eyelids drooping, and he passes out -

68           **INT. DAY HOUSE - PATRICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASH BACK 1**           68

Caption: Twenty-Four Years Ago

Eyes snap open. See - a perfectly spaced glow-in-the-dark solar system. And then, we're climbing down bunk bed ladder, now seeing the pyjama clad figure of YOUNG PATRICK (10). As he passes the bottom bunk, YOUNG DELLA (8) stirs. Climbs out after him. Wordlessly takes his hand, headed for the bathroom, when they hear -

The shatter of broken glass. It has them both stop.

A slam of door. So loud it runs through both kids. Della grips tighter to Patrick's hand. Then - silence.

They look between each other, trying to work it out. Allowing relief to come, when - a strangled cry pierces the air -

69           **INT. ADDISON LEE CAR - NIGHT 5**           69

The scream-screach of car acceleration. Patrick jolts awake. Doesn't know where he is. When this is. Where that memory came from. He sees the car seats, his dishevelled self in window reflection, and the relief he feels gives way to a choked sob. Embarrassed, he coughs to try to cover his upset.

70           **INT. PATRICK & EIMEAR'S HOUSE - EN-SUITE - NIGHT 5**           70

Patrick showers off the stench of the night. Rough with himself, eyes screwed shut as if to block out everything. He finishes up, yanks the screen back, stumble-steps out -

Eimear's standing in the misted up fog of bathroom, holding a towel out, trying to contain her fury. He takes the towel.

PATRICK  
(murmurs)  
Thanks.

She nods. So much wanting to explode from her. He dries himself with no care, wanting to leave. Eimear just watches.

EIMEAR  
(as controlled as she can)  
I never thought I'd be the kind of  
woman who checks up on her husband.

He doesn't say anything. Wraps the towel around his waist.

EIMEAR (CONT'D)  
I'm going back to work. I've  
emailed my old Chambers already -

PATRICK

- But, but we agreed a year -  
(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

EIMEAR  
- We agreed a lot.

Silence fills the room. The heat mist dissipating.

PATRICK  
I can't do this now. My head's...

Eimear turns to go. Desperate words spew from Patrick.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Mum's shagging someone my age...She  
brought him to dinner. To meet us.  
Like it was a...a *thing*.

He waits for a response. Sympathy, understanding, something.  
Gets nothing so yanks back cabinet door to retrieve Nurofen.

EIMEAR  
What's he like?

PATRICK  
A liar. Probably a criminal.

EIMEAR  
(bone dry)  
You got all that from the one  
meeting?

PATRICK  
He. Is. Half. Her. Age.

He bends to drink from the tap, swallow his tabs.

EIMEAR  
It would've been hard for her,  
telling you all.

Patrick twists around to her, mouth dripping, disbelieving.

PATRICK  
Hard for *her*? Are you serious?

EIMEAR  
You'd prefer it if she stayed  
miserable, would you?.. She's a  
woman in her own right, not just  
your mother.

A short bark of a laugh from Patrick. His anger building, he  
yanks his towel off and goes to stuff it into the towel rack.

PATRICK  
You're really on her side, like  
really?

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter to you that I'm  
your husband? That you're meant to  
be loyal to me?

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

She comes in close to his naked form. A heat to this.

EIMEAR

Do you know who you sound like?  
(right into his ear)  
Your father.

The towel slips, dragging the rest down with it - Patrick hurls his fist out in rage - it slams into the door. A grunt of pain. Eimear steps back as if from a wild animal. The two as far apart as we've seen them.

Patrick looks at his hand, blood seeping from middle knuckle -

71 **INT. RANGE ROVER / EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY - FLASH FORWARD 1** 71

Caption: One Year From Now

A thick scar on middle knuckle. A hand gripping tight to steering wheel - Patrick, driving. In his casual wear, looking tense as he focuses on what's beyond the windscreen: the A road giving way to a one-track lane, Devon countryside.

His jaw clenches, unclenches. He goes to change gear. A female hand joins his on the stick. It belongs to -

Eimear. Dressed up, hair twisted in head scarf, looking incredible. He twists his fingers in hers. Grateful for her.

EIMEAR

How is it that when you frown you  
look more handsome, and when I  
frown I just look fucking furious.

She turns back, checks: the kids haven't heard the swear word. They're both merrily oblivious, plugged into the rear seat entertainment system. Eimear grins at Patrick, he tries to give a smile back. Can't. Brow furrowing all the more.

EIMEAR (CONT'D)

It will be okay.

He just looks at her.

EIMEAR (CONT'D)

Alright it won't be okay, but your  
mother's old enough to make her own  
mistakes. All you can do is be  
there to pick up the pieces.

PATRICK

Well that's cheered me up.

Eimear gives a dry laugh.

EIMEAR

Luckily for you, you miserable sod,  
whatever happens, whichever way it  
cuts, you've always got us.

Patrick looks suddenly very vulnerable.

PATRICK

Is that a promise?

EIMEAR

Too fucking right it is.

The kids heard that. A laugh of relief bursts from Patrick.

72 **EXT. COUNTRY LANES / INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY - FLASH FORWARD 1** 72

The car twists through narrow lanes opening out to reveal -  
the Day house driveway. Patrick slows at the sight ahead:

Julia up a ladder tying a 'Reception' sign. Benjamin acts as  
the anchor. He's embraced the country look - checked shirt,  
wellies. A man seemingly at peace with himself. Julia shakes  
her head at the lopsided way she's hung the sign. He kisses  
her. The kind of passion that isn't meant to be witnessed. A  
couple in love. Patrick can't tear his eyes from the sight.

73 **INT. DAY HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASH FORWARD 1** 73

A luxury Southbank one-bedroom apartment. Part of a bespoke  
brochure. Patrick's looking at it. He turns to regard - the  
head of the table: Benjamin. What *is* he planning? Benjamin  
sees Patrick looking, meets his gaze and just - smiles.

It enrages Patrick but before he can do anything, Eimear's  
coming from the kitchen ferrying a moussaka. Cursing at the  
burn. He helps her find a place for it at the table where:

The family sit, lots of cross conversations happening, none  
of which Patrick tunes in to. Just a murmur of noise as  
Eimear starts serving up. His gaze focuses on the way his  
mother wraps her fingers around Benjamin's, listens to his  
whispered conversation. Patrick can't look anymore.

He turns his gaze to - Della - who resolutely refuses to meet  
his eye. It tugs at him. Then - the empty seat where Leo  
should be. A voice cuts through his thoughts -

BENJAMIN (O.S.)

(to Julia)

Somebody's glass is empty...Which  
is unacceptable.

With barely concealed hate, Patrick gazes down at Benjamin. Eimear slides her hand onto Patrick's knee. He puts a hand over hers, grips tight to it. As if to hold himself together.



PATRICK

Mum - I'm sorry, but he's not a  
good man. There are so many things -

Julia puts her hand on his arm. Not a kind soft hand. A firm  
one. Holds his eye, and then - with cold anger -

JULIA

I will say this one last time,  
Patrick. Do not make me choose.

Patrick is taken aback. She doesn't allow him right of reply, just turns, walks out. Patrick left alone, wretched.

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**INT. DAY HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY - FLASH FORWARD 2**

77

The day of the wedding. Patrick in his morning suit, gripping clipboard in one hand with guest list, batch of orders of service - italic lettering, floral decoration - for the church in the other. He checks his watch - just two hours to go. Swallows. Looks about him -

The last minute preparations, the family getting in the way of the BLACK-CLAD STAFF. Benjamin, like an island. Mic-checking his opening words. Patrick can't bear the sight.

Looks instead for - Eimear, hair in curlers, acting as Della's efficient right-hand woman. Della's pulling out from a battered canvas bag - disposable cameras - her own little touch. They put them on every table or available surface.

Charlotte runs around excitedly. She skips over to - Leo - standing by a window, rolling up. He ignores her. It deflates Charlotte. Annoyed, Patrick storms forward.

PATRICK

Are you really going to behave like  
this all day?

Leo turns to his brother, words ugly with upset -

LEO

You promised. You said you'd stop  
it.

The failure pins Patrick to the spot. He can't cope with the responsibility, walks away. Angry. Patrick goes to the table of wedding favours. These consist of small brown paper bags, each with string tying on a tag complete with guest's name written in calligraphy. Patrick lets his OCD rip and alphabetizes the names. We see - 'Eimear', 'Hazel', 'Kieran', 'Marsha' - then at 'Patrick' - he can't resist a peek inside. He pulls out a card. Stupefied by what it says:

'Patrick - I know you're having an affair.'

It's like all the air leaves his body. His gaze spins between his wife, his sister, his brother, and - Benjamin. Looking for the culprit. Benjamin's words intruding -

BENJAMIN  
(into the mic)  
Marriage is forever. Given the  
right person. It's - unbreakable.

Benjamin pauses, waits until Patrick is looking his way.  
Patrick's grip on the card has it curl so tight. Furious.

