

PATRICK MELROSE

Episode Four

'Mother's Milk'

Written by
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Adapted from the novel by Edward St Aubyn

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

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A1 EXT. THE TERRACE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - EVENING A1

Music up: something nostalgic, perhaps the lush strings that start Louis Armstrong's *I Only Have Eyes for You*.

A figure sits in the spot that overlooks the vineyard, Eleanor's favourite spot. A NURSE carries a tray and sets it down on the table. The wheelchair is wheeled around and we see -

ELEANOR, transformed. A series of strokes has taken a terrible toll. But she smiles as we -

CUT TO:

TITLES -

'MOTHER'S MILK'

1 OMITTED 1

2 EXT. HOUSE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - MORNING 2

Early morning, an August day.

3 INT. DRAWING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - MORNING 3

ROBERT, 10 years-old now, walks the rooms of Patrick's silent childhood home, opening doors, re-familiarising himself - and us - with the place.

In the drawing room, yoga mats, guitars and drums. Confined to the corner, a shape beneath a dust sheet.

ROBERT pulls back a corner, revealing David's beloved piano. He plays a high note, taps out a tune.

4 INT. HALLWAY, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - MORNING 4

He leaves and -

5 INT. STAIRCASE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - CONTINUOUS 5

- descends the fine staircase to the ground floor, past the spot where Young Patrick waited for Eleanor in 'Never Mind'.

6 INT. CORRIDOR/ELEANOR'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 -6 MORNING

The old dining room has become ELEANOR's bedroom. Robert stands outside a door and watches. From his P.O.V. -

ELEANOR sits up in bed in the darkened room. A series of terrible strokes have taken their toll, and she looks frail and bewildered and trapped, her face lop-sided, her eyes cloudy.

A NURSE sits at her side - CLAUDINE, her carer - and puts a cup to her lip. ROBERT wonders - should I enter? A whisper -

MARY (O.S.)
Robert, darling -
(he turns)
Let's say hello later. We need to
go to the airport. Granny is
waiting.

ROBERT clearly doesn't relish this.

7 INT. PATRICK AND MARY'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 -7
MORNING

PATRICK MELROSE, now very much in middle-age, lies contorted, sleeping fitfully. On his bedside table, bottles of pills. Suitcases, yet to be unpacked.

A SMALL CHILD tumbles down on his face, causing him to yelp in pain and surprise.

PATRICK
Fuck-ing hell!

MARY
Patrick!

PATRICK
Sorry! Sorry, sorry, sorry Thomas!

THOMAS, ROBERT'S younger brother, bounces on the bed.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I was just finally dropping off.
I've been awake all night.

MARY
And now it's time to get up!

PATRICK
I thought we were on holiday.

MARY
Yes, I thought so too, but we've
been up since five, haven't we
Thomas?
(a kiss goodbye)
We're off to fetch my mother from
the airport.

PATRICK

Well don't *rush* back.

MARY

There's lots to do. Open all the windows, air the place.

(heading out)

If you could finish unpacking, that would be very helpful -

He closes his eyes. A beat, then -

The strum of a guitar, the patter of drums. A jam session. PATRICK crosses to the window.

That wonderful Provençal view, but now on the lawn three figures sit, legs crossed, one of them tapping on the drums.

PATRICK scowls, swears. On the warpath, he crosses to the wardrobe, opens the door -

Leaflets, paraphernalia, cardboard boxes full of books.

8

EXT. DRIVEWAY, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - DAY

8

MARY is just getting into the car when PATRICK strides past in t-shirt and pyjama bottoms, his feet rammed into unlaced brogues. In his arms, a bulging box of books and leaflets, all balanced on a cheap notice-board. Forced brightness -

PATRICK

Have a nice trip! Goodbye!

MARY

At least wait until we've unpacked -

PATRICK

I'm just going to say hello! Drive safely!

And on he strides to -

9

EXT. LAWN, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - CONTINUOUS

9

SEAMUS, late forties, beaming and bright, sits with his acolytes, KEVIN and ANNETTE.

SEAMUS

Ah, Patrick! I thought I heard your car last night. Welcome back! Eleanor can't wait to see you. This is Kevin, Annette -

ANNETTE/KEVIN

Hey, Patrick!/Halloooo!

SEAMUS

Patrick, we were just discussing how wonderful your mother is, letting The Foundation use your beautiful home. Amazing woman. She's helped so many people to connect.

PATRICK

With what?

SEAMUS

With other realities.

PATRICK

Yes, well, back in this one -
(the box of books)
- when I opened my wardrobe this morning, there were so many copies of *The Way of the Spirit* that they were getting in the way of the shoes.

SEAMUS

The Way of the Shoes. That's actually the better title, reminding us to keep our feet on the ground.

PATRICK

Do you think these signs of institutional life could be removed when we're here on holiday? In August this is *our* family home.

SEAMUS

Of course. I apologise.

PATRICK

These leaflets for reiki workshops and healing circles, they're wasted on us. In fact this board, despite it's attractive cork surface, is yours not ours.

SEAMUS

I'll take it to my cottage -

PATRICK

My *mother's* cottage -

SEAMUS

- where she lets me stay -

PATRICK

For how long? I thought you were going back to Ireland.

SEAMUS

No, I'm staying for the summer. You
won't know I'm here!

PATRICK manages to stop himself. He turns and leaves,
snatching some rogue wind-chimes from the tree as he passes.

And SEAMUS watches him go, his good-humour unshakable.

10 INT. KITCHEN, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - MORNING 10

Back inside the house, PATRICK takes a moment to calm down.
The day is getting hotter already, and he takes a glass of
water, fills it, drinks it, goes to put it down -

A SCORPION, tiny and delicate, skitters over the draining
board. He contemplates killing it, hesitates, takes a glass,
places it over the tiny creature. CLAUDINE, Eleanor's nurse,
enters.

CLAUDINE

Monsieur Melrose?

PATRICK

Bonjour Claudine! Comment est ma
mère?

CLAUDINE

Si vous voulez monter, votre mère
vous attend.

11 INT. ELEANOR'S ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - MORNING 11

PATRICK enters the dim, stuffy room and crosses to ELEANOR,
who sits in her bed. Even in the light, it's clear that she
has transformed - thinning hair, snagged teeth, a terrible
fearfulness locked into her eyes. Illness has blown her apart
like a dandelion clock, but she organises her face into a
smile and PATRICK does his best to put her at ease.

ELEANOR

I want you to know...that I'm very
unhappy... at not being able
to...communicate.

PATRICK

(taking a seat)
It must be horrible.

ELEANOR

Yes. Horrible. Yes. But I am brave.

An awkward silence. ELEANOR eyes an envelope on her bedside
table -

PATRICK

The others are at the airport,
picking up Mary's mother.

(PATRICK picks it up,
opens.)

They're all very keen to see you.
Only when you're feeling up to it.
Thomas has grown, as you'd expect -
(the contents)
What's this?

PATRICK opens and reads, while ELEANOR strains for words.

ELEANOR

Need you.

PATRICK

I'm sorry, I'm just trying to -
(a deep breath)

This appears... If I understand
correctly, you want to, you intend
to give this house away.

ELEANOR

Yes -

PATRICK

To the Foundation, the
Transpersonal Foundation, with
immediate effect.

ELEANOR

Yes. Soon. Please, understand?

12

EXT. DRIVEWAY, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - DAY

12

The car returns. PATRICK comes out to meet them and, dazed
and furious, starts to unpack. Here's KETTLE, MARY's mother -
sunglasses, flowing dress.

PATRICK

Good flight?

KETTLE

Hello, Patrick. No, hideous. There
was an awful woman next me who was
terrifically proud of her *breasts*
and kept sticking them in her
child's face.

MARY

It's called breast-feeding.

KETTLE

Thank you, darling. I know it's all the rage but when I was having children, the clever woman was the one who went to the party looking as if she'd never been pregnant, not the one with her breasts hanging out. At least not for breast-feeding...oh!

PATRICK is already walking away with KETTLE's bag.

MARY

(hurrying after)

Robert, can you show Granny to her room.

KETTLE

It's not too near the children, is it?

13 INT. HALLWAY, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - DAY 13

KETTLE's discarded suitcase stands on the landing.

MARY

Patrick? Where are you?

14 INT. DRAWING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - DAY 14

She enters. PATRICK is pouring a glass of wine from a bottle, largely empty. She is shocked, but tries not to betray this.

MARY

(- the wine)

Goodness. What's happened here?

PATRICK

A temporary measure.

MARY

It's been a while.

PATRICK

(moving on, the letter)

She's excelled herself this time. From the solicitors, care of my mother, if 'care' is the right word. I've been disinherited.

MARY

What?

PATRICK

She's signing the house over to this joke charity. Nothing to us, nothing to the children.

MARY

Oh, Patrick -

PATRICK

Oh, and she wants to know if I'll check for loopholes. It's not enough to be disinherited, I have to chip in with the paperwork.

MARY

That's awful. Did she say why?

PATRICK

It took half the morning, but apparently she wants to 'do good'. She wants to help people, anyone really, just as long as they're not fucking related to her!

MARY

Not so loud!

PATRICK

Oh, and she 'seeks closure' and wants my 'validation.' That bastard Seamus might as well have been whispering in her fucking ear!

MARY

Darling, you're ranting -

PATRICK

I have to rant! She was always a lousy mother, but I hoped she might take a holiday towards the end of her life, feel that she'd achieved enough by way of betrayal and neglect and that it was time to have a break, play with her grandchildren.

15

INT. HALLWAY, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - CONTINUOUS

15

ROBERT has left the others, and now stands outside the door, listening in. INTERCUT -

PATRICK (O.S.)

What frightens me is how much I loathe her.

(MORE)

PATRICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Reading that letter, I tried to
loosen my collar so I could
breathe, and then I realised it
wasn't my collar, it was actually a
noose tightening around my neck, a
noose of *loathing*...

16 INT. DRAWING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - CONTINUOUS 16

MARY
She's a frightened old woman!

PATRICK
I know!
(quieter)
I know. What do I loathe then? I
loathe the poison dripping down
from generation to generation. I'd
rather die than inflict the same
thing on our children.

17 INT. HALLWAY, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - CONTINUOUS 17

MARY (O.S.)
That won't happen. Not if we don't
let it.

On ROBERT, confused and troubled.

18 INT. BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - NIGHT 18

Insomnia, as the cicadas compete with the click-click-click
of an oscillating electric fan. There are three in the bed
tonight - THOMAS sleeps soundly with MARY, while PATRICK lies
wide-awake.

Click-click-click...

19 INT. KITCHEN, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - DAWN 19

In the kitchen, the scorpion is still under the upturned
glass.

Giving up on sleep, hung-over, PATRICK is making black
coffee. He sees the glass, lifts it, lets the scorpion
scamper away.

19A OMITTED 19A

20 EXT. TERRACE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - MORNING 20

Breakfast. KETTLE, in sun-hat, speaks in a low voice to MARY, while PATRICK drinks coffee and consults papers.

KETTLE

She's giving it *all* away?

MARY

To the charity, yes.

KETTLE

Strange kind of charity.

A car is pulling up in the driveway. A new arrival. PATRICK springs to his feet, as ROBERT is approaching.

MARY

Robert, go and say hello.

(under her breath)

I'm only telling you in case Patrick seems a little off.

KETTLE

So he should be. It's so lovely here. Nothing at all to the grandchildren? Goodness, what on earth did he *do* to her?

MARY

Nothing!

Getting out of the car -

JULIA

Hello there!

She's joined by her daughter, LUCY, shy, the same age as ROBERT, who loiters shyly.

MARY

Let's not talk about it, certainly not in front of the children.

KETTLE

Who's this now?

MARY

I told you. It's Patrick's friend, Julia. Lucy's her daughter.

PATRICK kisses and hugs JULIA, as LUCY loiters.

KETTLE

He certainly seems pleased to see her.

JULIA
(shouting over)
Mary! Hello there!

MARY forces a smile.

MARY
He's just being nice to her. She's
been having a hard time.

21 EXT. GARDEN, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - AFTERNOON 21

PATRICK and JULIA are lounging in the shade, drinking wine.

PATRICK
Most people wait for their parents
to die with a mixture of sadness
and plans for a new swimming pool.
Seeing as I'm going to have to
renounce the swimming pool, I
thought I might ditch the sadness
too.

JULIA
But can't you fight it? You're a
barrister for Christ's sake.

PATRICK
She may be an un-maternal idiot,
but it's still her money. If she
wants to blow the last of it on a
New Age hotel, there's nothing I
can do to stop her.

JULIA
Can't you pretend to be a shaman
and keep the place?

PATRICK
Sadly I'm one of the few people on
the planet with absolutely no
healing powers.

Nearby ROBERT and LUCY sit reading in silence, some distance
apart.

JULIA
Why aren't you playing with each
other? Play! Play!

PATRICK
Besides, I have quite enough
trouble looking after my family
without saving the world.

JULIA

I think looking after your children can be a way of giving up.

(PATRICK takes this in)

They become the whole ones, the well ones, the ones who don't drink too much, get divorced, become mentally ill. You spend so much time guarding them from decay and depression that you end up decayed and depressed.

(She takes PATRICK's hand. ROBERT sees this)

I'm sorry, I'm a little down. Since the divorce I get these terrible moments of vertigo, like I don't exist.

ROBERT

(listening in)

I get that!

JULIA

At your age? I think that's very pretentious.

ROBERT

It's true!

PATRICK

But it doesn't stop you being a happy child, does it?

ROBERT

Sometimes, when it's going on.

Stung by JULIA's teasing, ROBERT stalks back to his mother.

JULIA

(laughs, squeezes PATRICK's hand)

You're doing a *wonderful* job.

SEAMUS (O.C.)

Hello, there!

PATRICK

Oh Christ, it's the landlord.

PATRICK picks up a book, turns his back to SEAMUS.

JULIA

Am I allowed to talk to him?

Back to MARY and ROBERT -

ROBERT

Why does she have to come on our holiday?

MARY

Well, Julia's on her own now and daddy wants to cheer her up.

ROBERT

But why?

MARY

I think she makes him feel young. Look at him. Like a teenager.

ROBERT

I don't think you like Julia very much.

MARY

Robert! I do like her. But whereas clever people are just thinking aloud, Julia is thinking about what she sounds like.

(she watches JULIA
talking with SEAMUS)

I shouldn't have said that. Don't repeat it.

ROBERT

Fine. But don't make me play with Lucy.

MARY

We won't *make* you, we just thought it would be nice for you to spend time with someone your own age.

ROBERT

You wouldn't go to tea with someone just because she was 39.

MARY

Absolutely right. I hope your father's not about to start another fight -

JULIA and SEAMUS are speaking, JULIA dry and sarcastic on PATRICK's behalf, while he closes his eyes, bites his tongue.

SEAMUS

I'm writing a book, you see, about the healing work we do here.

JULIA

Are you a healer yourself?

PATRICK

(he can't help himself)
Yes, Seamus, who have you healed?

SEAMUS

Well, I worked in a nursing home for many years, washing patients who were covered in their own faeces, spoon-feeding old people who couldn't feed themselves, that kind of thing. I'm grateful for it. It kept me grounded.

PATRICK

Well it's a shame you didn't stick with that, you might have actually done some tangible good.

SEAMUS

Patrick likes to keep me grounded too. But I think we do tangible good, with the courses we run.

JULIA

But why is it a charity? If people pay -

SEAMUS

We bring inner-city kids here. They love it, the meditation, the trance music, the drumming. They say to me 'Seamus, this is incredible, it's like tripping without drugs.'

PATRICK

Do we need a charity for tripping? Of all the ills in the world, it seems a wild hole to plug. Why not just give them acid?

SEAMUS

You can tell he's a barrister!

PATRICK

I'm all for people having hobbies, but can't they do it in the comfort of their homes?

SEAMUS

Sadly, some homes are not that comfortable.

PATRICK

No. I know the feeling.

SEAMUS

Well. Good to meet you, Julia -

PATRICK

And Seamus -

SEAMUS

Patrick.

PATRICK

This 'gift' of Eleanor's. About the house.

SEAMUS

Yes, she mentioned that.

PATRICK

I'm looking into it. Don't go picking out the wallpaper just yet.

SEAMUS smiles, leaves, entirely in control.

22 INT. BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - NIGHT 22

3 a.m. Another night without sleep. As MARY and THOMAS slumber, PATRICK sits in an armchair, tries to read by the bedside light. Impossible. He gets up -

23 INT. OFFICE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - NIGHT 23

- then unpacks the contents of the legal file. David's old bedroom has been turned into the Foundations's office, and PATRICK sits with a glass of whisky, and goes through the documents, the bank statements, the tax files -

24 INT/EXT. OFFICE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - DAWN 24

- and is still there the next morning, smoking by the window.

25 OMITTED 25

26 INT. ELEANOR'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - CONTINUOUS 26

ELEANOR struggles to eat lunch with CLAUDINE nearby. She has insisted on using the fork, but is finding it difficult.

ELEANOR

Can't...find my mouth.

MARY steps in, helping her. PATRICK finds himself struggling between pity and rage. ROBERT observes this. ELEANOR shakes her head - no more - and CLAUDINE leaves.

PATRICK

I hesitate to mention this -

MARY

Please, keep on hesitating -

PATRICK

(in his calmest voice)
- but this idea of yours, to
sign over to the Foundation.
I've looked through the
papers and I want to point
out it leaves you very
exposed -

ELEANOR

(panicking, fear in her
eyes)
I really...I really...no...

PATRICK

Of course you're free to do
as you wish, but your store
of capital won't pay for much
more care. We could go broke
very quickly...

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

No, no, no...

MARY (CONT'D)

Patrick is only trying to help. You
can do what you like, but if you
give away too much, too soon -

PATRICK

If you could just loan the house
for the time being and decide -

ELEANOR

(hands over face)
I REALLY DO OBJECT!

MARY does what PATRICK can't do and puts her arms around
ELEANOR, calming and soothing her.

PATRICK

We'll leave. You must be tired. I'm
sorry if I upset you.

She holds her hand out to ROBERT. Confused, he goes over,
leans in to kiss her. She holds him, whispers in his ear.

ELEANOR

Don't...leave me.

ROBERT

Now?

Her hand is tight on his arm.

ELEANOR

Don't...no...

But ROBERT steps back, turns away and leaves with his father.

27 INT. KITCHEN, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - DAY

27

ROBERT watches his father as he opens a bottle of wine, frightened and confused. MARY enters

PATRICK

What can drive a man mad is being forced to have the emotion he's being forbidden to have at the same time. The treachery makes me feel furious, and now I'm forced to feel pity. Well I'm a simple sort of man and I remain *fucking angry!*

MARY

Robert, everyone's by the pool, go and join them.

(once he has gone)

I don't think it's kind to turn Robert against his grandmother.

PATRICK

In a beauty contest between her only child and a complete stranger, my mother chose the stranger -

MARY

- and you're right to feel betrayed, but Robert -

PATRICK

No, she lied to *all* of us. At every stage she told me, this is destined for Robert, this is for Thomas, for *our* children, but all those little concessions to family feeling are being tossed away, replaced by the trademark family malice and spite.

MARY

That's not inevitable -

PATRICK

Isn't it?

MARY

Not necessarily. Please - spend time with the children. That's why we're here.

28 EXT. SWIMMING POOL, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - AFTERNOON 28

And now PATRICK, bottle in hand, has thrown all that energy into being an aggressively good dad. MARY follows him down to the pool, where JULIA, KETTLE, ROBERT and LUCY are reading quite contentedly.

PATRICK

Right. Who wants to play in the pool? Robert?

ROBERT

I'm reading!

PATRICK

Nonsense. Let's play, that's why we're here. Lucy? Julia? No?

JULIA shakes her head and returns to her book.

29 EXT. SWIMMING POOL, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - AFTERNOON 29

And now they're in the pool for a kind of water-rugby, with PATRICK a little too enthusiastic.

So that when ROBERT has the ball, PATRICK grabs it too, and tries to keep hold of it. There's a tussle, light-hearted enough, but when ROBERT wins and snatches the ball, there's a suspended moment -

- before PATRICK lunges at him a little too hard and ROBERT goes underwater. The play-fighting continues a moment too long, with ROBERT underwater. He burst to the top, panicked, reaching for the side.

MARY

ROBERT!

PATRICK

He's alright, we're just playing -

MARY

It's too much -

KETTLE

I knew this would happen, I could feel it -

PATRICK

For Christ's sake, Kettle -

JULIA

I'm sure he's fine -

MARY pulls him out of the pool.

PATRICK

There's nothing to see. You're okay, aren't you? Robert?

MARY is there. He's tearful, shaken, but loyal to his father -

ROBERT

I'm fine. Really. It's just a game.

But PATRICK stands alone in the centre of the pool.

PATRICK
There, you see?

Only JULIA gives him a sympathetic look.

30

INT. KITCHEN, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - EVENING

30

A little later - dressed for the evening. PATRICK has snuck inside. Somewhat furtively, he is shaking pills into the palm of his hand. Behind him, JULIA is bringing in plates from supper.

JULIA
That looks like fun.

PATRICK
Not fun, a necessity I'm afraid -
(he shows her the label)
Want one?

JULIA
I've got my own -

PATRICK
Of course you have -

JULIA
- but if you're offering. How long?

PATRICK
Four years.

JULIA
I thought you were only meant to
take it for thirty days.

He shakes a pill into her hand.

PATRICK
Oh, I definitely have a problem,
namely it's not strong enough. I
get all the side effects, memory
loss, dehydration, nightmarish
withdrawals, everything except
sleep.
(pills between finger
and thumb)
Strange to think that we used to do
this for fun. Remember taking acid
in Greece?

JULIA
I remember where you stashed it.

PATRICK
Yes, sorry about that.

JULIA
Obviously I didn't mind. But. Let's
not get nostalgic.

PATRICK
Another pleasure denied.

He pours wine, to wash them down.

JULIA
Whenever I get nostalgic I force
myself to remember what youth was
actually like.

PATRICK
It was awful. The trouble is, all I
really remember is sex. A great
abundance of sex and a sense of
potential, instead of the absence
of sex and a sense of waste.
Christ, I'm going to need 40mg
tonight.

JULIA
Perhaps - perhaps we shouldn't have
this conversation.

PATRICK
Perhaps not.

He lifts the glass, and they swallow their pills together.

31 INT. THOMAS'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - NIGHT 31

But even 40mg is not enough. In his old childhood bedroom,
PATRICK's feet stick out the bottom of the tiny bed. No hope
of sleep, memories crowding in. A *whisper* -

ELEANOR (V.O.)
*Hello, my darling boy. I'm so sorry
to wake you -*

31A INT. DRAWING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - DAWN 31A

A brief glimpse of a portrait; the Melrose family now -

32 INT. YOUNG PATRICK'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1968 - 32
DAWN

- as we flashback to ELEANOR, in this same room, speaking
soft and low -

YOUNG PATRICK
What time is it?

ELEANOR
It's very early.

YOUNG PATRICK
Are we going now?
(she nods)
Shall I pack my bag?

ELEANOR
Oh, my darling -
(taking his hand)
I've got to go without you.

YOUNG PATRICK
You can't -

ELEANOR Please understand. You need to stay here with your father, just for a short while. Then when I've spoken to the lawyers -	YOUNG PATRICK (CONT'D) I want to come. Why can't I?
--	--

ELEANOR
Patrick! Listen to me, this is
important. If we're to be together
I must do this exactly right. I
have to speak to the lawyers first.
It won't be long, but I must be
careful, do this properly, then I
can come back for you. Do you
understand? Patrick - do you
understand?

33 INT. THOMAS'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - NIGHT 33

Back in the present day, PATRICK abandons any hope of sleep
in this room. He sits -

34 INT. CORRIDOR, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - NIGHT 34

- and walks along the corridor, heel to toe, until he reaches
JULIA'S door. He pauses, reaches for the handle -

ROBERT
Daddy.

ROBERT rubs his eyes, pale and frowning.

PATRICK
Hello.

ROBERT

What are you doing?

PATRICK

Good question. Thomas has pushed me out of bed again, so I thought I'd go and sleep in his room.

ROBERT

But that's Julia's room.

PATRICK

Yes, I wanted to check she was -
(on cue - THOMAS crying)
Poor Thomas, I'd better, you must -
Goodnight.

And wincing, cursing himself, he walks away.

35 EXT. POOL, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - DAY

35

And now PATRICK stands in pyjamas and sunglasses, David Melrose-style, watching the automated pool-cleaner crawl round the floor of the pool. Ennui - failing as a father, failing as a husband, failing as a son.

36 EXT. BEDROOM, GATE TERRACE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - DAY

Seated in her wheelchair, PATRICK pushes ELEANOR into the glaring light. She shields her eyes.

37 EXT. TERRACE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - DAY

37

A long table has been laid out - JULIA, LUCY, ROBERT, MARY are there, CLAUDINE helping with THOMAS. PATRICK pushes ELEANOR to KETTLE, aloof in dark glasses and sun hat, conspicuously uninterested.

PATRICK

I must say, it's like a dream,
having both of you here together at
the same time.

ELEANOR

Like a...dream.

KETTLE

(indifferent)

My dear, so nice to see you out.
How are you?

ELEANOR

Very...I am very...

PATRICK
(crossing to MARY)
Well, I'll leave you two to chat.

The struggle continues, KETTLE's interest visibly waning.

MARY
Thomas, don't touch the wine,
that's for grown-ups.

PATRICK
It certainly is.

MARY
(the wine -)
Is that the answer?

PATRICK
We'll find out.

MARY
I'm sure we will.

CLAUDINE leads THOMAS away to play elsewhere.

KETTLE
I was going to buy Thomas some
child reins for his birthday but
apparently they're out of fashion.

MARY
I am not putting my child in a
harness!

KETTLE
Really? Nanny used to swear by
them.

MARY
And I used to swear at them.

KETTLE
You didn't actually, because
swearing was not allowed, unlike in
some households.

PATRICK
(to MARY -)
Which one of our mothers is worst,
d'you think? I realise the
disinheritance-thing gives Eleanor
the edge, but yours is certainly
putting in the work -

MARY
(more wine for PATRICK)
At least eat something first.

PATRICK

Anyone who thinks a week is a long time in politics should have her to stay. A week is a fucking *eternity* -

JULIA

I don't know how you cope without a nanny.

MARY

I don't know how I'd cope with one. I've always wanted to look after the children myself.

JULIA

Yes, motherhood takes some people that way. It didn't in my case, but I was quite young when I had Lucy.

(MARY bites her tongue.)

I think you can be too nice to children. If you want them to be television producers or chief executives it's no use filling their heads with ideas of trust and truth-telling and reliability. They won't be able to compete in the real world.

KETTLE

Hear hear!

SEAMUS (O.C.)

Hello there!

SEAMUS is approaching the house. PATRICK bridles, but keeps quiet.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

I was going to call by and see Eleanor, but here she is now.

But KETTLE would love an escape from ELEANOR's company. Making room -

KETTLE

Seamus, please sit here, join us for lunch.

SEAMUS

Oh, I wouldn't want to intrude on a family affair.

(reaching for food)

Perhaps for a moment or two.

PATRICK exchanges an ironic look with JULIA, pours wine.

KETTLE

Patrick says you're a writer.

PATRICK

Did I?.

KETTLE

I've sometimes wondered myself about writing a book. I have so many ideas, it's just getting them down on paper.

SEAMUS is ignoring ELEANOR and chatting up KETTLE with the full force of his charm. ELEANOR, jilted, looks on, neglected.

SEAMUS

I swear, it can do your head in. I've done the beginning, several beginnings. But then maybe it's all beginnings, do you know what I mean?

KETTLE

Oh, I *do*.

PATRICK

She's just doing it on purpose now, just to annoy us -

MARY

We won't give her the satisfaction.

KETTLE

I must say, it all sounds absolutely *fascinating*.

SEAMUS

Join us! I'll sign you up for a session.

KETTLE

D'you know, perhaps I will. Patrick, I'm going to do a workshop!

PATRICK

You should. It's the only way you'll see the house in the cherry season.

SEAMUS

Ah, the cherries. Now they're something. We always have a ritual around the cherries, don't we Eleanor? You know, the fruits of *life*.

PATRICK

Sounds very profound. Do they taste better than if they were simply the fruits of the cherry tree?

ELEANOR

Cher...ries!

SEAMUS

Eleanor loves the cherries. I'll bring you some.

PATRICK

A handsome rent. A simple bowl of cherries in exchange for all of this. Talk about the luck of the Irish -

ELEANOR

No. No, no, no, no -

MARY

Patrick! Enough.

ELEANOR

(Panicked. Springing into terrible life)

NOOOOO! No....rent!

Embarrassment. Shame. SEAMUS smiles, squeezes her hand and speaks quietly to her.

ROBERT, meanwhile, stands abruptly and walks away. MARY goes to follow.

PATRICK

No, I'll go. It's my fault.

38 OMITTED

38

39 EXT. SWIMMING POOL, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - DAY

39

ROBERT sits with his legs in the pool as PATRICK approaches and joins him.

PATRICK

I'm not giving you much of a holiday, am I? I'm sorry. Must try harder.

ROBERT

Is granny really giving this away?

PATRICK

That's what she wants to do.

ROBERT

But...we love it here.

PATRICK

Yes, but this is hers, not ours. She's always been pathologically generous, and if she was giving it to the blind, or the homeless, or to medical research or the victims of torture, we'd understand.

ROBERT

But she's giving it to Seamus.

PATRICK

To the Foundation, so yes - to Seamus.

ROBERT

Do you loathe her?

PATRICK

Of course not, and you mustn't either.

JULIA arrives -

JULIA

Well, this is a touching scene. Mary wants you back, before Seamus seduces Kettle.

PATRICK

He's trying to get Mary disinherited too. We'll have to kill him after all.

ROBERT

If we kill Seamus, will we keep the house?

PATRICK

Sadly not.

JULIA

More efficient to kill Kettle, before she changes her will.

PATRICK

You're right. I let emotion cloud my judgement.

But it's all too much for ROBERT - too much malice, too flirtatious. He leaves and, with some remorse, PATRICK watches him go.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Tell them we're on our way!

(Watching ROBERT go -)

I should be more careful I suppose.

JULIA
(taking ROBERT's place)
About what?

PATRICK
I've tried so hard not to pass on
the malice and resentment, to give
them a different sort of childhood,
but they're just fresh mistakes.
And Robert notices everything -
(she sits next to him)
He caught me outside your room last
night.

JULIA
What were you doing outside my
room?

PATRICK
I thought I'd come and see you.
Would you have been pleased?

A moment, then she leans across and kisses him.

JULIA
Maybe next time.

PATRICK
Is there going to be a next time?

JULIA
You're bored and lonely, I'm bored
and lonely -

PATRICK
That's a terrifying amount of
boredom and loneliness in one room.

JULIA
Maybe they'll cancel each other
out. Like electrical charges.

PATRICK
We should conduct an experiment.

JULIA
In controlled conditions.

PATRICK
See whether we eliminate boredom or
achieve an overload of loneliness.

They kiss again.

JULIA
We should go back, or people will
think we're having an affair.

40 INT. DRAWING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - NIGHT 40

A chair, David's favourite. PATRICK stands on it, a little woozy. Clamped between his teeth, like a pirate, is a screwdriver, and he now attempts to unscrew an oil painting from the wall.

MARY watches from the doorway.

MARY

I'm almost too scared to ask.

PATRICK

I'm cheering myself up. These are by Boudin. Sell these and we might just be able to afford a second bedroom in Queens Park, a normal, child-sized bedroom rather than a converted broom cupboard -

MARY

You can't *steal* from her.

PATRICK

Not from her, from him. If he's getting the house, I'm at least going to keep the fucking Boudins. Pass me that other screwdriver, will you?

MARY

You can't keep this up. At some point, you'll have to let it all go.

PATRICK

Bit late for that -

MARY

I don't mean the house.
(PATRICK doesn't speak)

MARY (CONT'D)

Do you want to come up to bed with me?

PATRICK

Let's not introduce exciting words like 'want'. We both know Thomas will be claiming my place. I'll sleep down here. Pass me the screwdriver, will you?

(but MARY has already left him)

Screwdriver!

41 EXT. TERRACE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - NIGHT 41
PATRICK smokes and drinks on the terrace. Above, there's a light in Julia's window.

42 INT. CORRIDOR/JULIA'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - NIGHT 42
PATRICK pushes at the door, which is open. JULIA lies awake.

PATRICK
Can I come in?

He enters, and JULIA sits, and they kiss. After a moment -

JULIA
Are you alright? You seem elsewhere.

PATRICK
No. No, I'm here.

And they begin to undress.

43 INT. JULIA'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - DAWN 43
They lie in bed as the sun rises. That air of detachment still lingers; they're tender, but self-conscious too.

PATRICK
What time's your flight?

JULIA
We have to leave here at nine.

PATRICK
Our timing -

JULIA
- has never been very good.

They kiss.

PATRICK
I should go. Before Thomas wakes up.

JULIA
Patrick. Summer fling. Yes?

A genuine question. Neither of them quite know what this is yet.

PATRICK
Summer fling.

44 EXT. DRIVEWAY, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - DAY 44

Departures. JULIA and LUCY are giving KETTLE a lift to the airport. PATRICK is helping her with the bags.

JULIA
Well, thank you for having us.

PATRICK
We'll speak on the phone.

JULIA
When you get a chance.

PATRICK
It won't be the same.

JULIA
No. It won't. 'Bye.

- and we see this conversation from MARY'S P.O.V. - a pointedly chaste peck on the cheek between PATRICK and JULIA, but MARY isn't fooled. KETTLE arrives.

KETTLE
Oh, dear. I wanted to say goodbye to Seamus. Send him my love, won't you? It'll be strange to be here without you, Patrick. Oh - is this your car? It's very small...

MARY waves them all off. PATRICK walks away, pointedly not looking back.

PATRICK
Just us, thank God. Now we can have fun.

45 EXT. SWIMMING POOL, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - DAY 45

Smouldering cigar, black sunglasses and wine glass, PATRICK sits, detached, while the children play nearby. Documents, papers from the solicitors.

MARY edits a manuscript. A tense and fragile peace.

ROBERT
Ow! Something bit me!

MARY
Let me see.

ROBERT
Mosquito, right near my eye.

PATRICK

Don't be too hard on mosquitos.
Only the pregnant female whines,
whereas women never stop...

The awful remark hangs in the air. Behind his dark glasses, PATRICK feels the hot flush of shame.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I don't know why I said
that. Here, let me help.

And he stumbles up to play with THOMAS, but the atmosphere has soured. Too drunk, too early in the day.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Actually, I'm going to make some
coffee.

He leaves. MARY watches, compassion fading. Growing hard.

46 INT. KITCHEN, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - DAY 46

In the kitchen, PATRICK spoons out coffee. His hand is shaking - a new development.

Spilt sugar - echoes of 'Some Hope', the nightmare of relapse and recovery.

47 INT. OFFICE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - DAY 47

In the office, the fax chugs away. Legal documents to sign. He eyes the phone, picks it up, dials. The murmur of an answering machine.

PATRICK

Hello. Just checking that you got
back safely -

And we switch P.O.V.'s to MARY in the hallway, watching, guessing.

PATRICK sees her too, hangs up with his finger, changes tone.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'll try again tomorrow. Bye.
(turning to the papers)
Solicitors. Nearly there.

48 INT. BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - NIGHT 48

And now MARY and PATRICK both lie rigid, tense, as the electric fan clicks - click - click.

PATRICK gives in, gets up. MARY - wide awake.

49 INT. DRAWING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - NIGHT 49

PATRICK is back on the chair, screwing the stolen Boudins back into place. In dressing gown, MARY watches from the doorway.

PATRICK

It's the right thing to do.

MARY

I'm sure it is.

PATRICK

Also, they're fakes. I spoke to a man at Sothebys. You can tell from the waves apparently. Seamus isn't the first person to bamboozle her, some art dealer in Paris pulled off that facile trick thirty years ago.

MARY

Well, let's not tell Seamus.

PATRICK

Certainly not.

MARY

Imagine his face when he finds out.

PATRICK

'Dere go da flotation tanks!'

And they laugh together - a great relief.

50 INT. DRAWING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - NIGHT 50

- and now they lie together on the sofa. Quiet, tender -

PATRICK

I think -

MARY

Go on -

PATRICK

I need to let this all go. The family's being split in half and the only way to keep together is to drop the whole thing.

MARY

We couldn't afford the upkeep anyway. Let Seamus worry about it.

PATRICK

It's not about the money -

MARY

I know -
(a deep breath)
But when you've talked about the
things that happened here - won't
it help? To move on?

PATRICK

Perhaps. If I didn't have my
mother's protection, at least I had
the protection of this place. Now
that's being taken away too, I feel
I might go mad. At the same time,
part of me can't wait to get rid of
the fucking place.

MARY

Then let's go back to London.

PATRICK

Or somewhere else. After this
holiday, we need a holiday.

MARY

Where would we go?

51 INT. HALLWAY, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - DAY 51

Sweating, mopping his brow, a SMARTLY-DRESSED MAN waits in
the doorway, briefcase in hand.

PATRICK greets him, shakes his hand, leads him upstairs.

52 INT. ELEANOR'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - DAY 52

- and now he produces from his briefcase an official stamp,
pens, documents. M. GAUTIER is the notary, here to witness
the signing.

ELEANOR sits with a pen, the documents in front of her. MARY
and CLAUDINE the nurse are also present. PATRICK places the
documents in front of her - indicates where she must sign.
Hands her the pen.

She signs. Signs again.

M.GAUTIER stamps the document.

PATRICK

There we are. C'est fini.

ELEANOR beckons him closer, presses a note into his hand.
Crumpled paper. He reads the scrawl. 'why seamus no come'

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'm sure there's a good reason.

53 INT. ELEANOR'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - DAY 53

Later. PATRICK sits and reads at ELEANOR's side. But there's noise from the corridor. ELEANOR stirs, panicked.

PATRICK

I'll go and see.

54 INT. KITCHEN, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - DAY 54

PATRICK's P.O.V. as he walks towards the kitchen where the hippyish couple are happily making tea for themselves. KEVIN and ANNETTE, with rucksacks on their backs.

KEVIN

Hello there! We're back! It's Patrick, isn't it? Kevin, Annette -

ANNETTE

We're making tea. D'you have any fresh lemons?

PATRICK

I don't understand -

ANNETTE

Oh. Did Seamus not talk to you? He said you might have a spare room?

55 EXT. THE GUEST HOUSE, LACOSTE 2003 - DAY 55

PATRICK, furious, storms towards the Guest House, where SEAMUS sits, reading in the sun.

PATRICK

Seamus, I don't want to disturb your hard work -

SEAMUS

Not at all. Please, here
(offering up a chair)
- be my guest.

PATRICK

Is that what I am now? Your guest?
Or are you in fact *our* guest until we leave?

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Because we are not prepared to have you billet your sidekicks with us -

SEAMUS

I merely thought, given that you've so much space, you accommodate my guests for the last week -

PATRICK (CONT'D)

The terms of my mother's gift are
absolutely clear -

MARY follows on, ROBERT behind her.

SEAMUS

'Terms' is a very legalistic
way of putting it. There's
nothing in writing about the
Foundation providing you with
a free holiday. I have a
genuine sympathy for the
trouble you've had in
accepting your mother's
wishes -

MARY

Go back to the house, Robert.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

We're not talking about the trouble
I've had, we're talking about the
trouble you're having -

SEAMUS

They're inseparable!

PATRICK

Everything looks inseparable to a
moron!

MARY

Let's all calm down, shall we?

PATRICK

My wife's your great defender,
Seamus. My theory is you're a bad
man pretending to be an idiot
whereas she thinks you're merely an
idiot.

MARY

If we could stay on the subject -

ROBERT has returned and listens in, shocked by it all.

SEAMUS

Perhaps the community should hold a
meeting, Kevin and Annette, Mary
and yourself -

PATRICK

We're not part of your fucking
'community'!

SEAMUS

If you don't want to be part of it,
then perhaps you should go.

MARY

Well. At least we know where we stand.

And now ROBERT can bear it no longer.

ROBERT

Why don't you go away, you horrible man, and leave us alone! This is my grandmother's house and we have more right to be here than you do!

MARY takes his hand and tries to calm him down. PATRICK joins them, a united front. Faced with this, SEAMUS retreats.

SEAMUS

Well I'm going to have to process some of these negative feelings.

PATRICK

Fine. You process away. Be my guest. Do a ritual!

And he starts to walk away. The family head back towards the house, but PATRICK can't resist one more attack. He turns, looking truly murderous. MARY watches -

PATRICK (CONT'D)

One last thing. My mother gave me this -

(the slip of paper)

It's a little shaky, she's not well. It says 'why Seamus no come'. Now she's given you the house you've dropped her.

SEAMUS

I don't need lectures from you on the importance of my friendship with Eleanor.

PATRICK

Just go and see her. I know she's not great company but that's just one of the treasure trove of things you have in common.

SEAMUS

I don't have to stand for these insults. You have no idea what an extraordinary woman she is.

PATRICK

You're quite wrong. I couldn't wish for a more extraordinary mother.

He walks back to his family, and they walk away united, for the moment at least.

55A INT. BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - DAY

55A

But now is packing while PATRICK lies on the bed.

PATRICK

Do you remember the olden days,
when we used to go to bed in the
afternoon.

MARY

I've just got Thomas to sleep.

PATRICK

That's not the reason. We're not
exactly grinding our teeth in
frustr -

MARY

For Christ's sake, I have one hour.
One hour to finish packing, find a
nursing home, finish all my work,
make phone calls, talk to Robert,
and now I have to make you feel
better too!

PATRICK

Fine, forget I asked.

MARY

- and why do you always ask for
attention when you know it's
impossible? I think you'd be
horrified if I tried to make love
to you now.

PATRICK

Well, not horrified.

MARY

(growling, collapsing)
Let's finish packing. Then we'll
see.

They lie there, and close their eyes.

MUSIC UP: *Summertime* from Porgy and Bess, the more sombre
Paul Robeson recording.

56 INT. THOMAS'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - MORNING 56

PATRICK sits on his childhood bed; the last time he'll ever
be here.

57 INT. HALLWAY, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - MORNING

57

He walks down the hallway and -

58 INT. STAIRCASE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - CONTINUOUS 58

- descends the fine staircase to the first floor, past the spot where he waited uselessly for ELEANOR in *Never Mind*.

He walks down the corridor, stops a moment. Through the gap in the door to ELEANOR's room -

MARY

We're taking the children to the U.S. They've never been. Just for ten days. Claudine will look after you while we're gone.

PATRICK enters -

59 INT. ELEANOR'S ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - CONTINUOUS 59

MARY

...we'll find you somewhere in London, somewhere comfortable. Then we'll come back and bring you home.

PATRICK

Time to go.

MARY and ROBERT leave. PATRICK and ELEANOR alone. Silence, then -

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Can I get you anything, or -?

ELEANOR

I want -
(she beckons him closer)
I want you...to kill me.

PATRICK is speechless for a moment, then.

PATRICK

I'd love to help, but it's against the law.

ELEANOR

No...longer.

PATRICK

I understand. Here -

Looking for solace in practicality, he begins to feed her, supporting her head as she takes sips from the plastic cup.

There's a new, unexpected tenderness to all of this - he takes great care.

But now CLAUDINE is back. He kisses his mother's forehead.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

When we get back...I'll see what I
can do. I promise.

60 INT. CORRIDOR, STAIRCASE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - 60
CONTINUOUS

Shaken by ELEANOR's request, PATRICK approaches MARY and
ROBERT, who wait silhouetted in the doorway.

PATRICK

Ready.

One last look, and they step out into the sunlight. PATRICK
pulls the door closed -

61 INT. ELEANOR'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - 61
CONTINUOUS

ELEANOR hears the slamming of the door, the sound of the
engine, the wheels on the gravel.

62 INT/EXT. TERRACE/DRAWING ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - 62
CONTINUOUS

The car drives away -

- watched from the drawing room by SEAMUS, the same vantage
point where DAVID MELROSE once stood and spoke of machine-
gunning the valley.

SEAMUS turns.

He takes in the fine room, the Boudins on the wall...

63 INT. HALLWAY, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - CONTINUOUS 63

The hallway, silent now -

64 INT. KITCHEN, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - CONTINUOUS 64

The kitchen, empty and melancholy -

65 INT. PATRICK AND MARY'S BEDROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 65
CONTINUOUS

The bed, stripped bare now.

65A EXT. THE HOUSE, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 2003 - CONTINUOUS 65A

One last look at the house -

66 INT. CAR, PROVENCE 2003 - DAY 66

PATRICK, in the passenger seat. No looking back as we MATCH CUT TO:

67 INT/EXT. YELLOW CAB, FREEWAY, NEW YORK 1982 - DAY 67

It's 1982, and PATRICK's younger self is making that twitchy, paranoid trip to pick up DAVID's ashes.

The MANHATTAN skyline. The Empire State, the Chrysler, the WORLD TRADE CENTER -

The sweat on his forehead, the leg that won't stop shaking.

C.U. of his hand, nervously tapping, fingers tensing. Another hand takes his, a child's hand, and -

68 INT/EXT. YELLOW CAB, FREEWAY, NEW YORK 2003 - DAY 68

We're in the present day. ROBERT's face pressed to the taxi window. PATRICK smiles at his excitement.

PATRICK

What d'you think?

ROBERT (O.C.)

It's exactly like I expected it to be.

69 EXT. THE CROWN MIDTOWN, NEW YORK 2003 - DAY 69

They join MARY and THOMAS on the pavement outside a generic midtown mid-price hotel. No porters or bellboys here. They struggle in with their bags.

70 INT. ROOM, THE CROWN MIDTOWN, NEW YORK 2003 - DAY 70

Curtains are pulled apart to reveal - a brick wall, a fire escape. Two adjoining rooms, a fold-out sofa and TV. THOMAS, now wide awake, jumps on one bed while ROBERT, exhausted, flicks through the cable channels.

PATRICK

So much for the views. It's like living in a quarry.

MARY

It's only for one night.

ROBERT

I'm so tired.

MARY

I know, but you have to try and stay awake.

ROBERT

I'm starving too. Can we have room service?

PATRICK

No room service here, I'm afraid. I'll go and get something. Who wants pizza!

(but they're all exhausted or distracted)

I'll be back soon.

71 INT. CORRIDOR, THE CROWN MIDTOWN, NEW YORK 2003 - DAY 71

And outside the door, he breaks into a run -

72 EXT. DRAKE HOTEL, NEW YORK 2003 - DAY 72

PATRICK, carrying a brown bag of groceries, stands in front of the DRAKE HOTEL - the location of his epic breakdown in 'Bad News.' He hesitates. He really should head back -

73 INT. LOBBY, DRAKE HOTEL, NEW YORK 2003 - DAY 73

Inside, it's all exactly as before; money, comfort, luxury, privilege. Even the sinister BELLBOY is there, along with the same RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST

Are you staying with us, sir?

PATRICK

Sorry? Oh, you're here! Hello again!

RECEPTIONIST

Are you a hotel resident?

PATRICK

Not this time. Just...meeting a friend in the bar.

74 INT. BAR, DRAKE HOTEL, NEW YORK 2003 - DAY 74

PATRICK sits at the bar, the sack of groceries by his side, draining his glass.

PATRICK

Another whisky please, no ice.

He looks around, suddenly out of place, a middle-aged man weighed down by groceries. The second drink is accompanied by the cheque; he laughs at the price, downs the whiskey, pokes in his wallet for the money.

75 INT. CORRIDOR, THE CROWN MIDTOWN, NEW YORK 2003 - NIGHT 75

And now, drunk, with groceries in one hand, take-away pizzas in the other, he staggers back to the room -

76 INT. HOTEL ROOM, THE CROWN MIDTOWN, NEW YORK 2003 - NIGHT 76

- and bursts in with manic good cheer, into an atmosphere of palpable tension. He has been gone too long, ROBERT is weepy, MARY worried and angry (while THOMAS sleeps next door.)

PATRICK

Sorry sorry sorry, had to walk miles. Here - pizza!

(unpacking)

Couldn't find a kettle so I got us a Travel Smart Hot Beverage Maker -

(the groceries)

No oats that taste of oats or apples that taste of apples, only oats that taste of apples-

(a bottle of whisky, opened and one quarter drained. ROBERT sees this, PATRICK sees him seeing)

- and cinnamon of course, to go with the toothpaste.

He ruffles ROBERT's hair, but he shrugs this off. MARY sees this, and the look of sadness it provokes.

Meanwhile the pizzas, leaking grease onto the carpet, are hopeless and cold.

MARY

Goodness, aren't they big! No knives, we'll have to just...tear at them.

PATRICK

Christ. Thick as a nappy. Sorry about that. I ordered the special, but what is this? Is this...pineapple?

(ROBERT is unbearably sad)

Hey, hey Robert - what's wrong?

ROBERT

I want it to be like France.

And this hits PATRICK hard.

MARY

We're all exhausted. Let's start
the holiday again tomorrow, shall
we?

In the next room, THOMAS starts to cry. PATRICK slumps.

77 OMITTED 77

78 INT/EXT. CAR/NEW YORK FREEWAY, NEW YORK 2003 - DAY 78

MARY drives the rental-car out of the city, PATRICK sleeping
in the passenger seat.

79 EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD, 2003 - DAY 79

Into the suburbs now -

MARY (V.O.)

Are you sure this is alright?

PATRICK (V.O.)

Of course. She was very keen on the
phone. We can stay as long as we
want.

80 INT/EXT. CAR/BACK-ROADS, CONNECTICUT 2003 - DAY 80

And the countryside, finally pulling up at a handsome house
set in beautiful grounds. A man stands and waves from the
porch; sleek, self-satisfied, pompous but not unkind.

PATRICK

Oh, God. She's invited Henry.

MARY

Who's Henry?

PATRICK

Nancy's cousin. He got all the
money, which makes Nancy *furios*.
Whatever you do, don't talk about
politics. He's a nice man, but
pretty much a fascist.

MARY

Oh good.

NANCY, ELEANOR's younger sister, joins him, looking a little
less enthusiastic.

COUSIN HENRY

Hello! It's the Melroses!

PATRICK

Christ, I hate the rich.

MARY

Especially now you're not going to become one.

PATRICK

Especially now.

They get out of the car. The Melrose family suddenly feel distinctly shabby.

81 OMITTED

81

82 EXT. THE MANSION, CONNECTICUT 2003 - DAY

82

The tour. NANCY, brittle and self-absorbed, is wary.

NANCY

There's a games room, a cinema, a pool of course -

PATRICK

This is very kind of you, Nancy.

NANCY

After what my sister's done to you, it's the least I can do.

(PATRICK bridles at the tone. To MARY)

Patrick says that you *work* now!

MARY

Oh, I've always worked, I'm in publishi-

NANCY

(distracted)

They won't run indoors, will they?

MARY

Of course not.

NANCY

- shouting, that sort of thing.

The garden is lovely and the kids run around happily,

COUSIN HENRY

Nonsense. They must do whatever they want -

NANCY

- but they should stay out of the woods. It's a Lyme disease hotspot, and the ticks are just dreadful this year, the poison ivy too. It looks pretty, but really it's like a Cambodian swamp. Best to assume you're always in danger.

PATRICK

A rule to live by.

MARY

Robert! Thomas! Shall we go for a swim?

PATRICK

I'll go get the costumes.

NANCY

I'll come with you. We need to talk about Eleanor.

83 EXT. DRIVEWAY, THE MANSION, CONNECTICUT 2003 - DAY 83

PATRICK slams the car boot shut, heaves the cases inside.

84 INT. HALLWAY, THE MANSION, CONNECTICUT 2003 - DAY 84

- and scatters clothes as he searches for the swimming costumes.

85 INT. STUDY, THE MANSION, CONNECTICUT 2003 - DAY 85

PATRICK sits impatiently with swimming costumes in his lap as NANCY flicks furiously through an auction catalogue.

NANCY

So many things, so many lovely things, all stolen. A world class fortune, gone.

(the catalogue)

These - these were ours! Made for Napoleon. They used to just sit on the terrace in the rain. A million and a half dollars, that's what my little stepbrother got for Mummy's garden tubs. Wouldn't you like to have some of these for *your* children?

PATRICK

I would but it's a little late for that now.

NANCY

Poor Patrick. I know *exactly* how you must feel.

PATRICK

(a bitter laugh)

You seem to be doing just fine here, Nancy.

NANCY

This place? Believe me, this is nothing to what we *should* have had -

PATRICK

Shall we talk about my mother?

(he sits with her)

There's really no improvement, or hope of improvement. She's aware of this and has asked me to kill her.

NANCY

Oh, Patrick! That's not fair, that's really not fair!

PATRICK

I have no doubt that helping her to die would be the most loving thing I could do.

NANCY

Well maybe...maybe you should rent an ambulance and drive her to Holland.

PATRICK

Arriving in Holland isn't in itself fatal.

NANCY

Patrick, please! Let's not talk about this any more, it's too upsetting.

PATRICK

Fine, but I haven't told Mary, so -

NANCY

Goodness, why haven't you told her?

PATRICK

In case it's a good idea.

MARY arrives.

MARY

Those swimming costumes?

(he hands them over)

Nancy, we're very grateful.

NANCY

Treat it like home! But no wet feet
on the carpets please -

MARY

Of course -

NANCY

And they mustn't play with the
figurines, they're Meissen.

It's all getting a bit much for PATRICK -

PATRICK

I don't suppose you'd like a drink
before dinner?

NANCY

Oh, I don't drink. Didn't you know?
I watched it destroy Daddy's life.
But you help yourself.

A moment. MARY looks at the floor.

PATRICK

Later perhaps.

86 INT/EXT. DRAWING ROOM/LAWN, THE MANSION, CONNECTICUT 2003 -86
DAY

A little later, and PATRICK is sneaking away from the family
group, checking to see no-one has noticed. Furtive, urgent.

87 INT. DRAWING ROOM, THE MANSION, CONNECTICUT 2003 - DAY 87

He wears long swimming shorts, still damp, and a shirt, and
is searching for the drinks tray -

PATRICK

There you are!

He goes to pour a glass of whisky then, not wanting to dirty
the glass, decides to take a swig from the bottle.

The sound of the children playing. He should join them.

But the bottle; the level is lower than expected.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Damn.

Perhaps he could water it down? No water. Think!

He takes another swig - looks around for somewhere to hide
the evidence -

88 OMITTED 88

89 INT/EXT. CAR/DRIVEWAY, THE MANSION, CONNECTICUT 2003 - DAY 89

He hurries outside, stashing the empty bottle in a bush on the way to the rental car, where he fumbles the keys, drops them, climbs in. *Ding-ding-ding* - safety belt not on. He starts the engine.

90 EXT. DRIVEWAY, THE MANSION, CONNECTICUT 2003 - DAY 90

Ding-ding-ding. Heading for the entrance, driving a little too fast, the car on the left side of the road. A swerve. The car on the right side of the road.

91 INT/EXT. CAR/ROAD, CONNECTICUT 2003 - DAY 91

PATRICK is driving much, much too fast. *Ding-ding-ding*. To drown out the noise he turns the radio on. American Rock Anthems. He shouts and whoops along -

92 EXT. CAR PARK, LIQUOR STORE, CONNECTICUT 2003 - DAY 92

- and sprays gravel in the forecourt of the Vino Veritas Liquor Store. *Ding-ding-ding*. He stumbles from the car and runs inside.

93 INT/EXT. CAR/CAR PARK, LIQUOR STORE, CONNECTICUT 2003 - DAY 93

Three bottles of booze in a brown paper bag are dumped onto the passenger seat. Suddenly the business of driving seems entirely beyond him.

He looks at his watch, looks around him. A pay-phone.

94 EXT. CAR PARK, LIQUOR STORE, CONNECTICUT 2003 - DAY 94

PATRICK pumps coins into the phone. The murmur of JULIA's answering machine. He pours whisky into a take-out coffee cup.

PATRICK

Julia, it's Patrick. Are you hiding behind your machine? Ah well.

The shaking hand, the slurred speech - he's heading back to the bottom. He starts to cry.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Feel a little in freefall here. I wanted a friendly voice. Ah well. I love you.

He hangs up. What was that? Might it be true?

95 OMITTED 95

96 EXT. DRIVEWAY, THE MANSION, CONNECTICUT 2003 - EVENING 96

He parks the rental car on the diagonal, runs up the steps -

97 INT. DRAWING, THE MANSION, CONNECTICUT 2003 - EVENING 97

PATRICK replaces the bottle. Gathers himself. Impossibly drunk. Still wearing shorts.

98 INT. HALLWAY, THE MANSION, CONNECTICUT 2003 - EVENING 98

He's buttoning up his trousers as he walks towards the dining room -

99 INT. DINING ROOM, THE MANSION, CONNECTICUT 2003 - CONTINUOUS 99

MARY, NANCY and COUSIN HENRY; sleek, self-satisfied, pompous but not unkind. ROBERT sits, bored. THOMAS plays with toy cars on the floor.

NANCY

There you are! We were about to call the police!

PATRICK

There's a slobbering thought. I'm so sorry, I had a sudden yen to see the countryside. Sobering. Did I say slobbering? I meant sobering.

He takes his seat unsteadily. This is the drunkest we've seen him, and NANCY is mortified, MARY is furious. ROBERT is frightened - he has never quite seen this state before - and the air of tension is increased by THOMAS burbling away.

MARY

I was just saying how tired the children are from playing outside.

PATRICK winces, reaches for the wine. MARY - 'don't.'

NANCY

Of course it's nothing to what we used to have. My grandfather had a 150-acre garden on Long Island. I'm not talking about the woods and fields, a garden -

PATRICK

Shall we change the subject?

NANCY is stung.

MARY

Henry has been telling us all bout
the Middle East.

PATRICK

- or we could change it back.

COUSIN HENRY

I was recalling Pearl Harbour. When
Admiral Yamamoto had finished his
attack, he said 'Gentlemen, we have
roused a sleeping giant - '

And during the above, PATRICK reaches for the wine. MARY
touches his hand - no, please no more - but he pours it all
the same, and all the while THOMAS's noise gets louder.

COUSIN HENRY (CONT'D)

...and it is this thought that
should be in the mind of the
world's terrorists and their state
sponsors.

NANCY

Are you familiar with the phrase
'children should be seen not
heard?'

A beat, then MARY bridles.

MARY

Of course. I think it's nonsense.

NANCY

For my part, I've always thought it
was entirely too liberal.

MARY

(laughing, appalled)

You'd rather not see him either?
Fine.

MARY stands and takes ROBERT and THOMAS to the door. ROBERT
is visibly upset at his father's state.

PATRICK

Christ, Nancy, you sound just like
my father.

NANCY

Patrick, we're just trying to
extend some hospitality -

PATRICK

Oh we just po' white trash,
throwing ourself on the charitee of
our American kin.

HENRY

You don't have to accept it, if you
don't want to.

PATRICK

You're right, we don't.

MARY stands in the doorway. 'Not again...'

MARY

But we'd like to.

PATRICK

Speak for yourself.

MARY

I am! And I'm also trying to speak
for our children.

PATRICK

You're not even speaking for
yourself! 'Entirely too liberal!'
I mean, fuck off!

100

INT. BEDROOM, THE MANSION, CONNECTICUT 2003 - NIGHT

100

Later. MARY packs their suitcases while PATRICK, a little
more sober and ashamed now, stands in the doorway.

MARY

Less than twenty-four hours.

PATRICK

A new personal best.

MARY

Hardly worth unpacking.

PATRICK

(THOMAS on the bed)

You're safely installed with your
lover, I see.

MARY

I'll move him to one side.

PATRICK

No, God forbid you should let
one drop, one tiny drop of
love and affection escape
from the children -

MARY (CONT'D)

Lower your voice. Lower your
voice -

MARY (CONT'D)

You're right! I've no love or affection when you're like this.

PATRICK

And the rest of the time?

MARY

(she laughs)

The 'rest of the time'?

She sits. Quietly, calmly - THOMAS is right there.

MARY (CONT'D)

I think you ought to know; I've started to imagine life without you. Any compassion or patience I might have had, it's all dried up - and it's not just the drinking, or this demeaning...*thing* with Julia - demeaning to you as much as me - or the mindless destruction. It's the way the children are involved. That thing Nancy said, about watching her father destroy his life. It's what Robert saw this evening -

(PATRICK knows this too)

- and yet you don't stop. If you can't change, you have to go.

PATRICK

I see. Would you like me to go now?

MARY

Yes, please.

(goes back to packing)

At least there are plenty of spare bedrooms.

101 INT/EXT. CAR/DRIVEWAY, THE MANSION, CONNECTICUT 2003 - DAY 01

The rental car is driving away. No-one waves goodbye. Inside, a barely suppressed atmosphere of anger and embarrassment -

102 INT/EXT. CAR/BACK ROADS, CONNECTICUT 2003 - DAY 102

Heading back to New York. PATRICK checks behind - the kids aren't listening. In a low voice -

PATRICK

I didn't want to tell you while we were on holiday. And it's not an excuse. My mother has asked me to kill her. To help her die.

MARY
I see. I'm sorry.
(she takes this in)
God.

And they drive on in silence.

103 EXT. THE CROWN MIDTOWN, NEW YORK 2003 - DAY 103

And wearily, once again unload their bags outside the hotel -

104 INT. CORRIDOR, THE CROWN MIDTOWN, NEW YORK 2003 - DAY 104

- and head down an identical corridor to their room.

105 INT. HOTEL ROOM, THE CROWN MIDTOWN, NEW YORK 2003 - NIGHT 105

Grocery bags, take-out cartons. THOMAS already asleep under the sheets. ROBERT looks through the door at his father, lying on the floor in front of the sofa bed, channel hopping.

MARY watches too, the news about ELEANOR still with her. Not forgiveness exactly, but a sense of understanding. Quietly -

MARY
Why don't you go and sit with your
father. Watch TV. He'd like that.

ROBERT's about to approach, but now PATRICK opens a miniature of whisky, pours it, knocks back a pill, then becomes aware of ROBERT's presence. He shows the tiny bottle to ROBERT.

PATRICK
I'm cutting down.
(He tries a smile.
ROBERT smiles back.
With open arms)
Come and say goodnight.

ROBERT
(remaining in the
doorway)
Goodnight then.

And ROBERT closes the door. PATRICK watches, and remembers -

105A INT. HALLWAY, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - NIGHT 105A

- YOUNG PATRICK walking down the corridor, late at night, pushing at his mother's door -

105B INT. ELEANOR'S ROOM, THE CHATEAU, LACOSTE 1967 - CONTINUOUS
105B
- ELEANOR is awake. She sees YOUNG PATRICK and smiles, throws
back the sheet. He climbs in and she pulls him close.

106 INT. HOTEL ROOM, THE CROWN MIDTOWN, NEW YORK 2003 - NIGHT 106

Lying on the floor, PATRICK hears the laughter through the
walls.

He turns on the TV, turns the volume up. Channel hops, the
channels changing faster, faster -

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF PART FOUR

*