

A VERY BRITISH SCANDAL: DUCHESS OF ARGYLL

EPISODE ONE

Written by

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0 INT. GLAMOROUS PARTY. NIGHT 1. 21:45

0

Snapshots of pearls, skin, out of focus, bathed in gold, glimpses of MARGARET at the peak of her fame, in the centre of a group of glamorous people, they are talking, laughing, she observes. It's sensual - finally her eyes meet the camera and look straight into it -

1 INT/EXT. DAIMLER. EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION. DAY 52. 11:24 1

Muffled in furs, Margaret, Duchess of Argyll sits in the back of her car. Sculpted black hair, skin as white as vellum, a carefully painted crimson mouth. Her jaw is tight. Her gloved hands clasped tightly. Her eyes are closed. She breathes slowly and carefully. In front, the car is driven by CHEESEMEN, the liveried chauffeur. DORA, Margaret's maid, dressed in a good, sober dark coat, dress and flat shoes sits beside him. Her eyes flick to Margaret's silence and stillness in the back seat.

Outside we hear the sound of a crowd, an excited, anticipatory buzzing, getting louder...

DORA

We're nearly there.

A slight twitch on Margaret's face, she knows. The buzzing becomes a roar, shouts of 'This is her, this is her! She's here!'

Margaret's eyes open, they are a startling green. Her face is impassive, a mask, refusing to acknowledge the banging on the windows. Crowds, women mainly, are shouting into the window, 'Slut! Whore!' Reporters also run alongside the car, trying to take photos.

JOURNALISTS

(muffled, from outside)

Is it really 88 men, Duchess? What time did you get up in the morning to sort out 88 men? Duchess, what's in the photos? Is it true you're being a naughty girl? Care to comment, Duchess?

Perhaps there is the slight angling of her profile as if she knows the precise calibration of her features for the best photo.

And suddenly, a woman presses her face up against the window.

WOMAN
(muffled, from outside)
How can you even show your face?

And spits at the car window. It glistens as it runs down the glass. The tiniest lapse in Margaret's composure.

Police hold the crowds back, letting the Daimler pass through.

Caption: Argyll v. Argyll. Edinburgh Court of Session. 1963.

CUT TO:

2

EXT. EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION. DAY 52. 11:28

2

Cheeseman opens the door for Margaret. She steps out of the car, now parked in the middle of the courtyard. The sounds of the chaos from protestors in the background, some giggling, enjoying the scandal, and some contorted with fury and disgust, shouts of 'Slut!' And 'Whore!'

Margaret remains icy as she is ushered up the steps and disappears inside.

CUT TO:

3

INT. EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION. DAY 52. 11:29

3

Inside the echoing hall of the building, the crowd noise diminishes and the police blow out their cheeks. The vituperation of the crowd shocks JAUNCEY, Margaret's Junior Counsel.

NB: Margaret stammers. Sometimes, that stammer is marked, an infuriating snagging of the tongue, most of the time it is an almost provocative hesitancy.

JAUNCEY
Do you need a moment? A glass of water?

Margaret answers him with a skin-stripping look of such hauteur. Of course she doesn't.

JAUNCEY (CONT'D)
Well, then.

Jauncey leads off, Margaret's heels echoing as she follows. Dora watches.

Outside Court No. 1. Heavy, forbidding wooden doors. A dense feeling of expectation inside.

JAUNCEY (CONT'D)

It'll be a few moments.

Margaret nods and Jauncey enters the court. And only now, alone, does Margaret's composure shift a little. She breathes deeply to calm her self. There is the sound of footsteps, the heavy door opens and Margaret straightens, expecting a court official but instead, it's IAN, DUKE OF ARGYLL. He wears a kilt. His eyes are bright. He is elegant and handsome. He's enjoying himself. Margaret's eyes blaze. Ian closes the door with exaggerated care.

MARGARET

Ian.

IAN

I saw the crowds waiting for you.
How was the reception.

His voice drips with condescension.

MARGARET

Rapturous. What do you want.

IAN

To help. You've played a spirited game but we both know you don't have the guts for this.

MARGARET

Do we.

IAN

Margaret, I want to give you one last chance. Because I'm an honourable man. All you have to do is nod your head and this will all be over. Otherwise my QC is going to interrogate you about the man in the photograph and when he's finished there will be nothing left of this -

(he gestures appreciatively at her beauty)

- but bones and teeth and hair. So, nod your pretty little head, my darling.

Margaret holds his eyes. Chin tilted.

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MARGARET

Hadn't you better take your seat?

Ian smiles kindly and goes back inside. Margaret turns away, rolls her veil up, clicks open her handbag, takes out a compact and mirror and checks the perfect crimson pout of her lips. Behind her, the door opens and a COURT OFFICIAL steps into the corridor.

COURT OFFICIAL

In the matter of Argyll versus
Argyll, the court now calls
Margaret, Duchess of Argyll.

Margaret studies her mouth in the compact mirror. She takes her time and only when her lips are the colour of fresh meat does she snap the compact shut with a sound like a pistol shot, drop it back into her bag and stalk past the court official into the court room.

CUT TO:

4

INT. EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION. COURT ROOM. DAY 52.
11:37

4

A tiny court room. An anticipatory hush at the sound of Margaret's heels as she walks to the witness stand.

In the press area, there are a small number of reporters. Their hands idle, not allowed to report but itching to.

At the bench, JUDGE WHEATLEY, dry and Jesuitical. WALTER FRASER QC for Margaret, GEORGE EMSLIE QC for Ian. Various solicitors and barristers, including Jauncey. A STENOGRAPHER and COURT OFFICIALS. All eyes on Margaret.

Margaret mounts the witness stand and looks across at Ian. He raises an eyebrow, as if daring her. The court stenographer poises her fingers over the keys of the stenotype, waiting. All waiting. Margaret places her hand on the Bible to swear her oath.

CUT TO:

TITLES. Camille - Home Is Where It Hurts: Margaret's pearls curl up her naked body like a snake, covering her like armour. They begin to wrap around her neck, where they constrict tighter and tighter...

CUT TO:

4A EXT. PLATFORM. GOLDEN ARROW TRAIN CARRIAGE. DAY 2. 09:27 4A

A liveried PORTER escorting Margaret, draped in furs, impeccable make up, little hat, gloves, down the platform. She is followed by Dora, struggling somewhat with hatboxes and bags from couture houses.

Caption: Golden Arrow Boat Train. Paris to London. 23rd March 1947.

CUT TO:

5 OMITTED 5

6 OMITTED 6

7 INT. GOLDEN ARROW TRAIN CARRIAGE. DAY 2. 09:30 7

Margaret sits in her sumptuous carriage. She has her vanity case and handbag with her. She flips idly through a society magazine, admiring photos of herself, 'Mrs Charles Sweeny Takes New York by Storm!' 'Mrs Sweeny; Jewel of the London Scene!' 'Mrs Sweeny, Radiant in Rome!'

She puts the magazines aside and takes out a little red leather diary, very distinctive, gold tooling and a little gold clasp from her handbag, uncaps her pen and starts to make notes.

With her mink pushed back on her shoulders, we can see the three strands of pearls around her throat. The door opens but Margaret doesn't look round. Ian settles himself on the other side of the aisle and admires her. He, like her, is more than aware that the intensity of his regard is the greatest weapon in his sexual arsenal. He admires the slender ankles, her profile. The sheer wealth of furs and jewels. A moment passes. Margaret feels his eyes on her and turns to look at him. An even, level, appraising look. A handsome man. She doesn't blush or look away. They are a match. Ian smiles at her. Margaret doesn't smile back but she's enjoying this.

IAN

Once upon a time, I saw you at the
Cafe de Paris. You were coming down
the staircase, all eyes on you, the
famous Mrs Sweeny.

MARGARET

I won't be Mrs Sweeny for much
longer.

IAN

I heard you're divorcing him.
Desertion. The man's a fool. If you
were mine, I'd never let you out of
my sight. No other woman would
exist. If you were mine.

He smiles, Margaret keeps her regard on him, amusement,
interest flickering in her eyes, the corners of her mouth.

IAN (CONT'D)

Captain Ian Campbell.

MARGARET

I know who you are. What happened
next? I can't simply have just come
down a staircase.

IAN

You were a shimmering flame and I
was enchanted. Utterly bewitched. I
said, there's the girl I'm going to
marry.

MARGARET

Who did you say that to?

IAN

My wife. I think it's why she
divorced me. My first wife, that
is.

MARGARET

I wonder what reason your second
wife will give?

IAN

Oh, she won't divorce me, no matter
how hard I try.

MARGARET

Then you should try harder. P-put
your back into it. Work up a sweat,
Captain Campbell.

IAN

You have a little stammer. How
delicious.

MARGARET

It hasn't been called that before.

And still they hold the gaze. Electric possibilities.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

What a stroke of luck we should be
in the same carriage.

IAN

Oh, it's not luck. I gave the
porter a massive tip. I'm not
leaving something I've dreamed of
for years to mere luck.

Margaret laughs. The charm of him. Ian leans across, picks up
her diary.

MARGARET

That's private.

But she makes no move to stop him.

IAN

You should put a thick line through
all these dull appointments and
write 'Cancelling everything. Off
to Scotland with Captain Campbell.'

MARGARET

Should I.

IAN

I'll be the perfect gentleman.

MARGARET

In that case, I'll stay at home.

They watch each other. Their eyes are bright. Two predators
drunk on each other's scent. The air shimmers.

CUT TO:

8

INT/EXT. DAIMLER. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS. DAY 3. 14:37

8

Under Max Richter's Organum: Beautiful mountains, incredible
sky. A thick pine forest. A long ribbon of deserted road. A
gleaming Daimler travels along.

Ian and Margaret in the back, chauffeured by Cheeseman.

And coming into view, the turrets and towers of Inveraray
Castle. Magical. Mythical. A fairytale. Margaret stares
through the window. She feels her heart punched. She gazes
open-mouthed. She has fallen in love.

CUT TO:

9

EXT. INVERARAY CASTLE. DAY 3. 14:40

9

The car pulls up outside the castle. There is another standard car. The drive full of weeds, the windows dirty, cracked, panes missing. Cascades of bird shit. The stone work green with moss. Slates have fallen from the roof, chunks of escarpment. The door stands open. At the top of the steps, waiting, YVONNE MACPHERSON. She smiles as Ian and Margaret approach, or smiles at Ian, anyway. Genuine, warm. Cheeseman the chauffeur starts polishing the Daimler assiduously.

IAN

Where are they?

YVONNE

In the library.

IAN

(introducing)

Yvonne MacPherson, wife of one of my dearest chums, flying visit from Nigeria, said she'd help me out, woman is a total bloody godsend. I wouldn't come in if I were you. It's a plague pit. Take a look round what's left of the gardens and then we'll go back to the hotel.

Ian enters into the dark mouth of the castle. Yvonne stays on the steps. Not exactly blocking Margaret's way but... she's there. Margaret looks at her quizzically. Yvonne smiles. It doesn't quite reach her eyes but perhaps that's deference. Perhaps it isn't.

YVONNE

I've read so much about you, seen your photograph so often, I feel I know you.

MARGARET

Do you?

No other concession to manners or grace. A little shimmering moment and from inside the house-

IAN

(OOV)

Yvonne!

Yvonne inclines her head minutely to excuse herself and heads inside. Margaret heads away into the gardens.

CUT TO:

9A INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. CORRIDORS/LIBRARY. DAY 3. 14:42 9A

Yvonne and Ian head along unloved corridors, threadbare carpets, wallpaper hanging in sad festoons from the walls. Piles of books and periodicals. An extremely demoralised mounted stag's head festooned with cobwebs. Ahead of them, the library door.

IAN

Oh, Christ. I'm dreading this.

Yvonne gives his arm a reassuring pat.

They enter the library.

CUT TO:

9B INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. LIBRARY. DAY 3. 14:43 9B

The room stuffed with papers and books. A grate piled with ash. Oil paintings on the walls, their subjects like ghosts under a patina of dust. A desk piled with more paper and books.

Two men in suits with a bundle of legal folders turn as Ian and Yvonne enter. They do not like or trust Ian. He doesn't like or trust them. They are the TRUSTEES: KERR and his silent partner.

There is also an elderly man, neatly combed white hair, a frayed smoking jacket, a woollen scarf and Wellington boots. This is NIALL CAMPBELL, the current Duke of Argyll. He wears a Ducal Ring, a signet with the Argyll crest on his little finger. He is working at his desk but turns and eyes Ian with the look of a tutor irritated by a promising student's sub standard essay.

Ian takes a deep, patient breath.

IAN

Hello, Niall. How are you?

CUT TO:

10 EXT. INVERARAY CASTLE. GARDENS. DAY 3. 14:45 10

It's eerie and unloved. A lone elderly gardener fights a losing battle with weeds. Orangeries and greenhouses with all the plants dead and the glass cracked.

Statuary covered in algae, a choked pond. The land stretching away. Margaret gazes around her. She looks up at the house. The blind dirty windows, like the filmy eyes of an old dog or a dying human. Fire damage in one turret. Holes in the roof.

But it could be so beautiful. This fairytale castle.

Distantly, we hear singing.

CUT TO:

10A OMITTED

10A

11 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. LIBRARY. DAY 3. 14:46

11

The tableau of Ian, Yvonne and the Trustees as Niall serenades them enthusiastically and discordantly with Italian Opera. La Traviata, perhaps. Niall puts his heart and soul into it. They endure.

Suddenly, without warning, Niall breaks off.

NIALL

Really quite incredibly hungry.

He strides out of the room. There's a bit of a silence.

IAN

Well?

KERR

We could sell an island.

IAN

Do it. Not Tobermory. Tobermory is off limits. Sacrosanct. Sell Tiree. Sell some land.

KERR

It's still not going to cover the costs. And we can't do anything, we can't even start repairs while His Grace-

A nod in the direction Niall left-

KERR (CONT'D)

-lives as he is fiercely resistant to anything he perceives as intrusion.

IAN

He believes in fairies. Maybe it
would help if you wore wings and
carried a wand.

The Trustees remain implacably bland.

KERR

The longer this damage remains
unrepaired, the more expensive it
becomes. We haven't even discussed
death duties.

IAN

(chilly)

My cousin is still very much alive,
hale and hearty.

KERR

I beg your pardon, I mean of
course, when the sad event occurs-

IAN

(across)

You said you'd consider an income
from the estate. For me.

The Trustee removes a document from his folder, hands it over
to Kerr who hands it to Ian.

KERR

We discussed it and we agreed.

IAN

You are princes among men! How
much!

KERR

Fifteen hundred pounds a year. For the term of your life.

IAN

Fifteen hundred? What's that going to do? Fifteen bloody hundred isn't going to touch the sides! I'd earn more selling my arsehole on the Glasgow docks!

KERR

If you don't want it-

IAN

Jesus wept, fine. I don't have a choice. Fine. Fine!

He clicks his fingers and the other Trustee holds out another document and a pen. Ian scrabbles a signature.

IAN (CONT'D)

When do I get it?

KERR

When you inherit the Duchy of Argyll.

A long, long frozen pause.

Shots fired. Battle lines drawn. Ian in retreat. He simmers.

IAN

Give Mrs MacPherson all those bits of paper, I don't have time for them.

He heads to the door, colliding with Niall re-entering, eating from a tin with a spoon-

IAN (CONT'D)

Goodbye, dearest cousin and if you're going to set fire to the place, do a decent job and burn it to the ground, there's a good chap.

Ian leaves. Niall offers a quivering pink blob to the Trustees.

NIALL

Luncheon meat? So tasty and digestible.

KERR

No, thank you, Your Grace.

Niall goes to his chair and eats noisily. The Trustees hand Yvonne the documents.

Yvonne smiles politely, tucks the papers into her folder.

CUT TO:

12 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. HALLWAY. DAY 3. 14:56

12

A line of dusty cobwebbed suits of armour, swords and shillelaghs, axes and maces. Damp bulges at the walls. Dry rot fungi bulge through the paving stones. The Argyll crest and latin motto 'Ne Obliviscaris' curves over the ceiling, swagged in dust and cobwebs. Margaret takes it all in, gazes up at the ceiling, lays a hand on the old stones as if consoling a pet or a friend. Ian comes down the stairs and watches her. Margaret points up at the latin inscription.

MARGARET

What does that mean?

Ian glances, couldn't care less.

IAN

Forget Not.

Margaret's eyes shine, the romance of it.

MARGARET

It's beautiful. You didn't tell me
it was so beautiful. She's just
neglected, that's all. Needs love
and attention.

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Ian holds his arm out to her.

IAN

You might have a point. Shall we?

*

Margaret takes his arm, they smile at each other and leave...

And above them on the stairs, Yvonne watches speculatively.

CUT TO:

12A INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY 4. 15:11

12A

Lots of indoor plants and bright sunlight. A lot of money here. A housemaid takes Ian's coat and his suitcase. He has a large box from Worth, Paris with him.

From further inside the house, we hear music. Ian steels himself. He is possibly rather drunk. Whatever he does, he mustn't look too drunk.

Caption: Campbell residence. Biarritz.

13

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY 4. 15:12

13

LOUISE 'OUI-OUI' CAMPBELL. Very rich, very elegant, very beautiful. Very proper. She's at her writing desk. There are photos in silver frames. Two solemn little boys with tennis racquets, with cricket bats. These are YOUNG IAN and COLIN. We see her distinctive hand writing... 'The boys are doing wonderfully at school and have settled in immediately. Ian and I are making the most of the peace and quiet, planning holidays and playing cards. Goodness, how dull we sound!'

The door crashes open and Ian enters with his huge box from Worth. If he was trying not to appear too drunk, he's already ruined it. Louise looks up from her letter, her lips tight and it is immediately very clear that the last thing this couple do is enjoy peace and quiet together. She is completely fed up with him.

LOUISE

Oh. You're back.

IAN

I am. And I got you a present.

He proffers the box. A moment. She makes no move to open it so he does. Pulls out a sumptuous mink coat. Holds it up so she can admire it. Louise remains stony.

IAN (CONT'D)

Lovely new mink for my lovely wife.

He drapes it over her shoulders.

IAN (CONT'D)

Absolutely magnificent. Don't you look a picture.

Louise's shoulders tense at his nearness, her face registers minutely the alcohol on his breath. He leans over and reads aloud from her letter.

IAN (CONT'D)

(reading)

Ian and I are making the most of the peace and quiet, planning holidays and playing cards, goodness, how dull we sound...

He laughs.

IAN (CONT'D)

But angel, we're not dull. We're a
laugh a minute. Look at us, having
fun.

He kisses her cheek, moves away to pour himself a drink.
Louise's eyes follow him. She wipes at her cheek where he
kissed her, shrugs the mink off her shoulders so it crumples
on the floor.

LOUISE

It's too hot for mink.

Ian doesn't seem to notice or care. He stares away from her.

CUT TO:

14 INT. SOLICITOR'S OFFICE. STAIRCASE AND CORRIDORS. DAY 5. 14
12:03

The corridor of a smart legal firm. In another lush couture
outfit, sables at her shoulders, the triple row of pearls,
diamonds in her ears, Margaret taps smartly along. She slows
as she sees a man waiting outside the door to the solicitor's
office. CHARLIE SWEENEY. He's American, very good looking in a
Kennedy sort of way, a slab of tanned face, good teeth and
hair. They look at each other for a moment.

MARGARET

You didn't have to be here. We
don't have to sign it together.

CHARLIE

(shrug)

Saves the cost of a stamp.

MARGARET

If you're thinking of trying to
change my mind-

CHARLIE

I made mistakes. It's not too late-

MARGARET

Oh, Charlie. It is.

She turns smartly to the office and after a beat, Charlie
follows her.

CUT TO:

15 INT. SOLICITOR'S OFFICE. DAY 5. 12:07

15

The smart London office of Margaret's solicitors. An elderly SOLICITOR in pince nez and a fluff of grey hair. Soon, he'll retire. Margaret and Charlie sit opposite. A document in front of them. Decree Absolute. Margaret pulls the glove from her fingers, signs and passes the pen to Charlie. He glances sideways at her composed, controlled profile... and then reluctantly, he signs too.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. SOLICITOR'S OFFICE. DAY 5. 12:11

16

Margaret and Charlie stand facing each other. All done. No longer married. Strange.

MARGARET

We'll always be friends. Always.

She holds out her hand for him to shake, Charlie takes it but tries to step in to kiss her cheek but-

MARGARET (CONT'D)

No.

And Charlie just shakes her hand.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Write to the children. It's very important that they know you love them. You can never tell a child that they're loved too much. Well. Goodbye then.

CHARLIE

Bye.

Margaret turns smartly and taps away. She is aware of Charlie watching her.

MARGARET

(sotto)

Stop watching me.

And only when she gets round the corner does she pause, a fracture in her face, her posture... But it's only for a moment, mastered by a supreme effort of will. And then she puts her chin up, straightens her back and walks away.

CUT TO:

16A INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. BATHROOM/BEDROOM. NIGHT 5. 16A
19:39

The bathroom is mirrored, impossibly luxurious. Margaret, wearing beautiful silk and lace underwear leans forward into her mirror and examines her face for any stray flecks of mascara, any imperfection in her flawless face. Finds none. She breezily lies about Charlie, already shifting the narrative.

MARGARET

Charlie cried. Like a baby. Cried and cried. He said he would never love anyone as much as he loved me.

She smiles a little with satisfaction. She clasps her pearls round her neck, hangs diamonds in her ears.

DIANA

(OOV)

We don't have to go. We could just have a girl's dinner somewhere.

Margaret goes into the bedroom. Her friend DIANA WOLKOWICKI-NAPIER, salty, smart and impossibly glamorous is lying on the bed, admiring her slim ankles, smoking. An evening dress waits on a hanger. Margaret takes it down, steps into it and turns her back so Diana can zip her up. They pass the cigarette between each other.

MARGARET

Oh, we're going. Imagine the talk if I don't turn up.

DIANA

There's already been talk. Your jaunt to the Highlands with rugged Captain Campbell. That's curdling some milk.

MARGARET

Let it. What do you know about him?

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DIANA

Terrible time with those bloody Nazis. Locked up in one of their horrendous prisoner of war camps. Men being operated on with no anaesthetic to see how long they last, that sort of thing.

MARGARET

Christ. Poor man. He said nothing about that.

DIANA

Well, it's not very erotic, is it? You're not going to fall backwards on to a chaise lounge with tales of torture and starvation.

Margaret sees Diana's eyes watching her in the mirror.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Oh, come on, tell all, it's me.

MARGARET

(airily)

Nothing to tell.

Diana snorts 'as if'. They pick up their handbags and head out.

CUT TO:

17

INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. HALLWAY. NIGHT 5. 19:43

17

Palely furnished, a lot of glass and mirrors, huge amounts have been spent. A wide hall and a curving staircase. Dora waits in the hall with Margaret's fur over her arm. Margaret's little black poodle scampers ahead.

DIANA

There are stories about Captain Ian Campbell, you know. Not war stories. Women stories.

MARGARET

Diana, there are stories about me. I liked him. I liked his castle.

DIANA

Keep your powder dry. It's not his castle yet.

MARGARET

Yet.

Dora arranges the fur on Margaret's shoulders.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Are they out there?

DORA

Of course they are.

Diana and Margaret position themselves in front of the door. Smoothing dresses, settling jewels. Dora waits, the same routine, the same rigmarole, she is entirely inured to it.

DIANA

How much do you want to bet that Maureen gets her penis out?

MARGARET

Not a penny. Maureen always gets her penis out.

Margaret blows a kiss to the poodle.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Be a good boy. Door.

Margaret and Diana arrange their faces to 'photo ready'. Dora opens the door. We see a storm of flashbulbs and calls 'This way! This way!' And then they're gone. Dora shuts the door again and drops her formal servants posture. What a lot of nonsense. Treads out of her shoes with relief.

CUT TO:

18

INT. MAUREEN'S TOWNHOUSE. DINING ROOM. NIGHT 5. 20:05

18

Margaret and Diana enter. The eccentric MAUREEN, MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA presides over an intimate gathering, beautiful, glamorous women, wealthy, handsome men. The owners of all the land, the holders of all the power, industrialists and bankers and politicians. We should never dwell too much on the men's faces because they won't be sticking around for very long. They're not important, not really. A discreet butler filling glasses, anticipatory wildness waiting in the air.

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MAUREEN

(to Margaret)

Now, you're free to grace us with
your beauty again. How we've missed
you!

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*

(of the guests)

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Handpicked by moi, to cheer you up.

MARGARET

What an exemplary hostess you are,
Maureen. You think of everything.

MAUREEN

Canapés and cock. Is there anything
else?

MARGARET

Well, hopefully a dessert.

MAUREEN

You are a wag! Let the party begin!

And she has some small clockwork toy, she winds it up and sets it on the table cloth... and off the little toy goes, jumping along...

And we see that it's a silver penis and balls. Erect and veined, bobbing along ridiculously up the length of the white tablecloth to cheers and applause...

Diana and Margaret meet eyes, raise discreet eyebrows, Maureen and her penis.

And stay with Margaret as she reviews the faces of the guests...

As the ridiculous penis bobs along, the faces of the guests become stranger, grotesque and wild... the party slides into loucheness, only Margaret remaining cool and elegant...

She meets men's speculative, hopeful, leering eyes and dismisses them...

Bounce, bounce bounce goes the mechanical cock and balls past brimming ashtrays and smeared glasses, Maureen's make up sliding down her face, braying with laughter, the sizzle of cigarettes put out in drinks, crushed in bowls of food...

And still the men's eyes watch Margaret, the most desired and she knows it...

And finally, she meets a good looking man's gaze and holds it with a challenge.

She nods at him. You.

And quickly take Maureen as Margaret and the man get up from the table, a glitter in her eye, maybe this was a man she wanted...

The little silver cock and ball squeaks and bounces like a toddler begging for attention, that and the party sliding into merry hazy debauchery playing against the subsequent scenes.

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CUT TO:

19 INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. HALLWAY. NIGHT 5. 23:08 19

Margaret heads up the stairs on the arm of the man from the party...

20 OMITTED 20

21 OMITTED 21

22 OMITTED 22

23 OMITTED 23

24 INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. BEDROOM. NIGHT 5. 23:12 24

Soft lighting... A man's hand slowly draws the zip down the length of Margaret's back. We don't see her skin, she's wearing a beautiful silk slip...

The man's fingers trail the length of her spine but Margaret moves away, turns to face him and takes charge...

The man's hand caresses Margaret's jaw, she turns her head, holding his gaze, takes his thumb in her mouth and holds it with her sharp white teeth...

Margaret's green eyes, the cat-like smile curving her mouth as she unbuttons his shirt and runs her finger down his abdomen to the waistline of his trousers, she looks up, daring and mischievous, gleaming with want and with one perfectly red fingernail pushes the man down until he's kneeling, worshipful, before her...

And on Margaret, glorying in his vulnerability, in her power. A master of the universe. Brought under her heel.

CUT TO:

24A OMITTED 24A

25 INT. MAUREEN'S TOWNHOUSE. DINING ROOM. NIGHT 5. 20:35 25

The little clockwork cock reaches the end of the table and its clockwork runs out. It bounces a few more times and topples over, among the cigarette ends and the wine stains.

CUT TO:

26 OMITTED 26 *

26A INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. BEDROOM. NIGHT 5. 23:52 26A *

Shoes kicked off on the carpet, clothes dropped in a puddle. *

And a stray, silk handkerchief... *

CUT TO: *

26B INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. BEDROOM. NIGHT 5. 23:54 26B *

Margaret with a dressing gown pulled round herself, her hair mussed, her skin glowing, her eyes soft. A man sleeps in a tangle of bed sheets. Margaret picks up the handkerchief, looks back at the sleeping man, gently curls her fingers around it... *

CUT TO: *

26C INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT 5. 23:56 26C *

Still in her dressing gown, Margaret opens a little drawer in her writing desk and drops the handkerchief in... a little talisman, a memento. *

We see letters tied with ribbon, perhaps a dried rose, other *
little mementoes, fragments which would mean nothing to *
anyone else but everything to her. They are proof that she *
is loved. When she pushes the door shut she rests her fingers *
on it for a few seconds. *

CUT TO: *

27 INT. MAUREEN'S TOWNHOUSE. DRESSING ROOM. DAY 6. 15:17 27

Very swanky and luxurious. Margaret and Maureen, having their hair set, their bare feet on little rests as manicurists attend to their finger and toenails. The manicurists keep their eyes firmly downcast. Margaret flips through society magazines titles like 'Eclat' or 'The List', checking on the photographs of herself. 'Dazzling as Ever'... 'Best Dressed, Most Elegant, Timeless Beauty...' etc etc. Maureen lies back, her eyes closed, seemingly languid.

MAUREEN

I thought of you the other day.

MARGARET

Oh?

MAUREEN

I took little Sheridan to London Zoo. I arranged for him to have a tour with one of the keepers. The boy is obsessed with animals.

MARGARET

Mmm. I like them myself.

MAUREEN

We went to the monkey house. My dear, those chimps with their ghastly pink bottoms, just hideous.

MARGARET

They don't know that, do they. They probably think they look adorable.

MAUREEN

And there were these other monkeys. Apes. Bonobos. Quite fascinating. Everything they do is about sex. They meet a new Bonobo, they have sex with them. Sticking it in and out, dear. Hello, how do you do, in and out, tossing each other off, fingering each other, in and out, in and out non stop. It's how they make friends. And I thought, that's Margaret. In and out, in and out. Margaret is a Bonobo.

The manicurists slide glances at each other. Margaret has stopped turning the pages of her magazine. Her face is perfectly controlled. She looks over at Maureen.

MARGARET

It is not my fault, Maureen, if you don't like it and are no good at it. I do like it. I like it very much and I am extremely good at it. That is not my fault, that is your failing.

She turns a page of her magazine, control restored.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

And Bonobo apes sound perfectly precious. I shall make a handsome donation to their welfare.

Silence except for the rasps of the nail files. Maureen slides a look at Margaret.

And there's a shiver in her look because we see now that Maureen, Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, absolutely hates her.

CUT TO:

27A EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS. ROAD. DAY 7. 13:04

27A

A large Highland Bull stands amid the dramatic backdrop of the Scottish Highlands, he stares right at us.

CUT TO:

27B EXT. INVERARAY CASTLE. GARDENS. DAY 7. 13:05

27B

The overgrown exterior of Inveraray, sitting proudly in its natural beauty. From the castle, we can hear the sound of Galli-Curci singing La Traviata on the gramophone.

CUT TO:

28 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. CORRIDORS/ LIBRARY. DAY 7. 13:06

28

We track along the dilapidated corridors, the stacks of tins, the tottering piles of periodicals and books. The gramophone record finishes on a throbbing high and all we can hear is the scratch of the needle.

We enter the library. Niall's foot lies on the carpet, we track up his body as the record slowly stops revolving to silence to his hand with it's Ducal Ring lying utterly still. Niall is dead.

CUT TO:

29 OMITTED 29

30 INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. DRAWING ROOM. DAY 9. 16:27 30

Margaret's scrap books are out and a pair of scissors and glue, cutting and pasting her life for 'posterity'. The newspapers are turned to the society pages and court circulars. There is an article about Ian inheriting the title 'CAPTAIN IAN CAMPBELL INHERITS THE DUCHY OF ARGYLL'. She taps her varnished finger on it as Dora dials a number on the phone, brings the phone over to Margaret, holding the receiver out to her. Margaret takes the receiver but not the phone so Dora stands there holding it.

MARGARET

(phone)

Yes. To the 11th Duke of Argyll at
the House of Lords. Ready?
Congratulations, Your Grace. Stop.
I'm feeling very restless, come and
see me. Stop. M. Stop.

She hands the receiver back to Dora and turns back to her scrap books, an anticipatory glow.

With her back turned to her, Dora rolls her eyes.

CUT TO:

30A EXT. TOBERMORY BAY. DAY 10. 14:45

30A

From high up, the wide, wide expanse of glittering water and a small speed boat, carving its way through the sea. Spray winnowing in the bright sun.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. TOBERMORY BAY. SPEED BOAT. DAY 10. 14:46

31

Later. The speed boat idles. We can see Margaret and Ian bent over and below them, in the green depths, the ghostly outline of a ship.

Margaret with a scarf tied round her hair, both with sunglasses. They peer over the side. Both rapt, entranced.

MARGARET

That's it?

IAN

The Dug de Florencia. Part of the Spanish Armada before it was sunk by Queen Elizabeth's spies. Buried under four centuries of silt and seaweed.

MARGARET

Your shipwreck full of jewels. Like discovering El Dorado. You could almost touch it.

And it seems so close, the ghost boat under the green water.

IAN

People have tried to reach it. Previous Dukes. Haven't managed it.

MARGARET

Maybe you will.

IAN

If I did, it would make everything more real.

Margaret looks at him with a frown.

IAN (CONT'D)

I wasn't brought up here, I don't know it. I wasn't born to it. I inherited all this from a distant cousin, not a father or even an uncle.

(MORE)

IAN (CONT'D)

I'm only the Duke because there was
no-one else. There was only me.
It's desperate really.

Margaret holds his look, understanding something vital about him, seeing her way but she doesn't offer any conventional comfort.

MARGARET

Let's go fast again. As fast as we can.

The water churns and the boat speeds away, spray glittering on the dazzling air.

CUT TO:

31A INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. DINING ROOM. DAY 10. 15:32

31A

The murky subterranean gloom. Ivy suckering its way across the cracked dirty windows. Dust and grime everywhere, the fireplace full of dead jackdaws. Bulging discoloured plaster in the ceil, long green runnels of damp down the walls. Margaret looks around, stepping carefully over piles of books. She finds a dirty tea cup with the dust of long forgotten tea in the bottom of it, gently wipes at it, holds it up to the light and sees the translucent glow of fine bone china, the delicate filigree of gold decoration. She rubs at the dust on a framed picture on the wall and uncovers a portrait of a woman, some other earlier Duchess, all 18th century ringlets with a Spaniel on her knee. She smiles at the painted aloof face of the woman, feeling a kinship.

She turns and sees Ian, lounging in the doorway, watching her. He has a Primus camping stove and a kettle. He is very still.

MARGARET

I didn't know you were there.

IAN

Yes, you did.

A little moment. There is a challenge in the air. Margaret steps up to it.

MARGARET

Yes, I did.

She takes in the Primus and the kettle.

IAN

I thought I might rustle up some tea.

MARGARET

Now?

IAN

Later.

*

The still air buzzes. Margaret gleams, familiar territory.
She steps towards Ian.

*

IAN (CONT'D)

Show me something you don't show
anyone else.

*

The longest moment. The challenge.

Then Margaret picks up Ian's hand and rather than put it to
her breast or her face, as might be expected she guides his
fingertips into her hair, runs them along her scalp. It's
unexpected and strangely intimate.

And with Ian, he can feel something on her scalp.

MARGARET

Thirty stitches to put me back
together again.

*

Ian spreads his fingers through her hair and draws her
towards him. The ancestors in their frames watch them.

*

CUT TO:

31B OMITTED

31B

31C INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. HALLWAY. DAY 10. 16:02

31C

The little camping stove is set up, the kettle waits. The stove is unlit. A box of matches nearby.

The front door is open to the gardens, the surrounding pine forests and the sky. There is birdsong. Margaret leans against the doorway, she looks at the light through the translucent delicacy of the tiny porcelain cup. She has that post sex glow. She regards the mountains and pine forests, the bowl of sky. It's knitted itself into her heart already.

Ian comes into the hallway, he's found a camping stool and deckchair from somewhere. He puts them down and looks at the unlit Primus, the cold kettle. He also has that specific glow, his limbs easy in his clothes. Margaret meets his look with a raised eyebrow.

MARGARET

(of stove)

Well, I don't know how to make it go, do I?

IAN

You don't know how to boil a kettle?

MARGARET

I make it my business not to know. Other people do it for me.

Ian is amused. He lights the Primus, sets the kettle on it.

IAN

And what will you do when civilisation collapses and the world goes dark?

MARGARET

Someone always comes along.

A moment, they regard each other. Alight with each other. Everything is possible. Ian reaches into his pocket and takes something.

IAN

Give me your hand.

Margaret does so, not knowing what he's going to do. She almost stops breathing, gazing as he slips a ring onto her finger. A ring that will one day be so famous. She stares at him.

IAN (CONT'D)

Yes?

MARGARET

We have to promise to never, ever
bore each other.

IAN

Margaret, I am many things and I
will do many things but I am
certain that none of them will be
boring.

MARGARET

Then, yes. Very much yes.

She holds the ring up to catch the sun.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I think it's time you met my
father.

CUT TO:

31D INT. DORCHESTER HOTEL. CORRIDOR. DAY 11. 14:57

31D

Ian and Margaret walk down the long corridor. They both shine with the intoxication of each other. That glorious stage of not being able to keep their hands off each other.

Ian's hand rests on her shoulder, their hips brush against each other as they walk, they smile sideways at each other, drunk on the proximity...

Someone is walking towards them, another hotel guest, a middle aged woman and Ian and Margaret move apart from each other, a polite nod of greeting and then as soon as they're past, they're almost glued to each other again...

Ian's hand slides down from her shoulder across the length of her back to her waist, her hip, their pace slows...

And stops and they turn to face each other, standing so close together...

They look at each other, can we? Should we? But overwhelming desire and lust, so...

Yes. YES.

They take each other's hands and turn and walk swiftly back in the direction they came...

CUT TO:

31E INT. DORCHESTER HOTEL. LINEN CUPBOARD. DAY 11. 15:03

31E

Establishing. A gleaming wooden door, brass handles shining and a sign 'LINEN CUPBOARD: STAFF ONLY'

A woman in hotel uniform is pushing a linen trolley towards the cupboard. She is about to open the door but pauses, there are rhythmic thumps coming from inside. The woman steps back and discreetly pushes the trolley away.

CUT TO:

32 OMITTED

32

33 OMITTED

33

34 INT. DORCHESTER HOTEL. LINEN CUPBOARD. DAY 11. 15:04 34

Ian and Margaret enjoying an epic knee trembler against tottering piles of snowy, fresh linen. A chair has been propped against the door handle. The force of thrusting causes a tottering pile of perfectly ironed linen to go toppling. Margaret laughs at the chaos of it all...

CUT TO:

34A INT. DORCHESTER HOTEL. LINEN CUPBOARD. DAY 11. 15:24 34A

And later. Ian buttons himself up, adjusts his clothes. Margaret repairs her lipstick and gives herself a little squirt of perfume. She straightens Ian's tie for him. He tucks a strand of hair behind her ear, their touch lingering. They are gleaming and drunk on each other and then Ian removes the chair and they leave... Linens all over the floor.

CUT TO:

35 INT. DORCHESTER HOTEL. SUITE. DAY 11. 15:27 35

GEORGE WHIGHAM, self-made millionaire and adoring father, stands up and holds his arms wide. Margaret embraces him tightly.

MARGARET

Daddy.

GEORGE

Darling girl.

And then, rather forbidding, not impressed with title, he turns to Ian.

MARGARET

Ian, my father, George Whigham.
Daddy, Captain Ian Campbell, Duke
of -

But Ian cuts her off, not rudely but as if he's over-awed with George.

IAN

None of that antiquated nonsense,
please. Just Ian. Delighted to
meet you at last.

They shake hands, Margaret beams, the men she adores.

CUT TO:

36

INT. DORCHESTER HOTEL. SUITE. DAY 11. 15:53

36

Later, Margaret, Ian and George are served drinks. George is resisting the adventure of it all but it is... stirring. Margaret's eyes move from one to the other, enjoying her father's reaction to Ian.

MARGARET

The Argylls have salvage rights,
daddy. Granted to them by King
James II. It's full of Spanish
gold.

IAN

And a crown, sent by the Pope.
Imagine the jewels in that. The
stones. All there. Just waiting.

GEORGE

Raising it sounds a job. That's
wild water.

IAN

The Navy are sending their best men
down for free. Don't think I won't
be checking those frogmen for
doubloons though.

Some laughter.

GEORGE

Margaret's been telling me about
Inveraray. My daughter's fallen in
love with your castle.

Ian smiles at Margaret, takes her hand.

IAN

Well, my castle has fallen for her.
Hook, line and sinker. Can't bear
to be without her. That's why I
put this (the ring) on her finger.
A statement of intent.

Margaret glows. George watches her glow, Ian's adoration.

MARGARET

Well now you've made me go all
pink, I shall go and see Mother and
leave my two favourite men to talk.

She gets up and exits and looks back over her shoulder to see George refreshing their drinks. He catches her eye and smiles at her.

CUT TO:

37

INT. DORCHESTER HOTEL. SUITE. BEDROOM. DAY 11. 15:55

37

Margaret opens the bedroom door. HELEN is parked in a wheelchair, her limbs distorted and agonised by arthritis. Constant pain and shame from being bound in a chair gnaws at her, if she was anyone else it would show but in her, it just makes her more imperiously abrasive. Her Scots accent has been smoothed with elocution, much more than George's. She is perfectly made up, exquisitely dressed and bejewelled. Margaret feels her mother's eyes on her, all the time, even when she's not looking at her. Even when she's not in the same room, the same country. Her stammer is more pronounced round her mother. Margaret bends to kiss her, Helen moves her face away-

HELEN

Careful.

A beat and then Margaret bends again, much more careful and kisses Helen's cheek gently. She sits. Something crouches between them, some hard, bunched, terrible thing that can't be named but is always there. Margaret lights a cigarette with some flourish so Helen will see the ring.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Yes, I've seen it.

MARGARET

It's an Argyll family heirloom.

HELEN

Looks like it came from Woolworths.

MARGARET

Well, it didn't.

Margaret flashes her an angry look but now she's self-conscious about the ring.

HELEN

I might be stuck in this chair but
I still hear things.

(MORE)

HELEN (CONT'D)

He's still married and you're carrying on like he isn't. I know. My daughter. An adulteress. A roundheels. The squalor of it.

The tiniest flinch on Margaret's face. This cuts.

MARGARET

It's not adultery if the marriage is unhappy. It doesn't count.

HELEN

You should be ashamed of yourself. He's got children. Think on them.

MARGARET

I'm in love with him.

HELEN

Your skin's looking dull.

MARGARET

No, it isn't.

HELEN

Your jawline's looking soft. Getting a few wrinkles-

MARGARET

I am not getting wrinkles, there's nothing wrong with my jawline, I massage my creams in every night, I wear my masks and I do my exercises exactly as you taught me, for god's sake mother, why do you have to b b b b b b-

Her tongue snags. She stops. Breathes.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Be like this. Always. Could you not say something nice to me, for a change?

A long moment passes.

HELEN

I'm so lonely. Everything hurts. I think your father has a mistress. He goes out at night. He leaves me on my own. Tell him to stay here with me. He'd listen to you.

They meet eyes. Just for once, Margaret has the fleeting upper hand, being asked for help.

MARGARET

Daddy needs company. But he doesn't have a mistress. He'd never do that to me.

They hold the gaze. Helen's eyes are steady. It's Margaret who looks away first.

CUT TO:

38

INT. DORCHESTER HOTEL. LOBBY. DAY 11. 16:26

38

George shows Ian and Margaret out as if the Dorchester was his own personal house. Ian and George shaking hands.

IAN

George, you are now a patron of Clan Campbell. I'm humbled by your generosity.

GEORGE

I'm a Scot. A proud one. It's every Scot's ancestral heritage and I'm honoured to play my part.

A deep sincere look between them and then-

IAN

I've let my London club memberships lapse, you couldn't put a word in for me at your place, could you?

GEORGE

Happy to.

And then he embraces Margaret, she whispers into his ear-

MARGARET

Thank you, Daddy.

GEORGE

You've made me so proud. My daughter, the Duchess. From self-made man to aristocracy in a generation. Everything I ever dreamed of.

Margaret glows, kisses his cheek, leaving a lipstick print.
And then they're gone. George turns back to the lifts.

CUT TO:

38aA INT. DORCHESTER SUITE. BEDROOM. DAY 11. 16:28

38aA

Helen is waiting in the bedroom as George comes back in.

HELEN

How much did you give him?

GEORGE

He's going to marry her.

HELEN

How much?

GEORGE

I'm not the fool you think I am. I
got collateral. Margaret's
protected. I'm dining out this
evening.

George leaves. Helen parked in the empty room, her hands
painful claws on her lap.

CUT TO:

38A INT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT 11. 21:58

38A

NB: We don't need to see other couples, Margaret and Ian
don't notice anyone else anyway. But we hear music, there's
beautiful lighting, perhaps a spotlight that bathes them in a
glow as they dance together, gazing into each other's eyes,
entirely involved. No-one else exists. No-one at all. They
know they are the most beautiful people anywhere. There is
the flash of a camera that captures them, forever.

CUT TO:

39 INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY 12. 15:04

39

English newspapers, society magazines are open to the
photograph, Ian and Margaret in his arms, gazing at one
another. Headlines and articles... 'The Duke of Argyll and
the Best Dressed Woman in Britain'... 'A new Duchess?' 'The
Duke only had eyes for...' 'Sizzling electricity...'
'...will marry when the Duke is free...'

Louise, tight-lipped and betrayed, throws the newspaper down. Sitting with her is JANET, Ian's first wife. She is quieter, she escaped.

LOUISE

He does realise I can see this. He does realise that his sons can read, that his sons can see this. Their father with... her.

JANET

She was engaged to my brother for a while.

LOUISE

Engaged to just about everyone as I understand it. Is it true about David Niven?

JANET

That's the rumour.

LOUISE

And Prince Aly Khan.

JANET

Yes.

LOUISE

Good god.

JANET

I'm rather fond of her.

LOUISE

Janet, she's humiliating me!

JANET

He's humiliating you.

A little moment. Louise is glittering with fury. Her voice shrill. She doesn't see but standing in the doorway is a small boy, this is Young Ian. He's worried, upset. And further back, glowering and sulky is JEANNE.

LOUISE

I know what he wants. He's goading me. But I won't be goaded. He's not getting what he wants.

JANET

(quiet)

Louise?

Louise sees Young Ian. She turns away, wipes at her eyes furiously.

JANET (CONT'D)

Jeanne darling, perhaps you could take your brother for some ice cream.

JEANNE

I suppose you're going to be nasty about Papa.

But she goes, taking Young Ian.

JANET

I paid an absolute fortune for her finishing school. It didn't finish her very well.

A sob from Louise.

LOUISE

My little boy's seen me crying. You don't forget that, you don't forget things when you're little. How can he do this? How is this fair?

Janet takes a deep breath.

JANET

Louise. Mon cher Oui-Oui. Why would you want to carry on like this? Ian's making it easy for you. Divorce him. It was the best thing I did. Divorce him.

And a change in Louise, as if the fight, the fury drains out of her.

LOUISE

Ian always gets what he bloody wants. And her. I suppose Daddy's millions mean that she always gets what she wants. Do you know how he made his money? Her Daddy? His bottomless fortune? Man made silk. It comes in a tube. Silk. In a tube. Who even thinks of such a thing?

JANET

Well, he did.

LOUISE

And now she gets to buy a title. Duchess Slut. As fake as silk in a tube.

The vehemence of her. Janet looks away with a wince. A long silence. The clock ticks.

CUT TO:

40 INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 12. 20:47 40

And later. Janet has gone. Louise sits at her desk. Her fists are balled. She pulls out a sheet of headed writing paper and her pen and starts to write... her teeth gritted, her face taut.

'Dear Margaret...'

CUT TO:

41 EXT. INVERARAY CASTLE. DAY 13. 11:06 41

Margaret, wearing jaunty overalls and her pearls, greets workmen arriving, laden with ladders and trucks of scaffolding. Her children FRANCES and BRIAN are with her, slightly overawed, this the house of their new step-father... but she makes it into a game.

MARGARET

Frances, Brian, pass the biscuits round, make sure everyone has tea.

And she does adore them, and they love her. Margaret's enthusiasm is contagious. Women with mops and buckets, an army of people. There is a trestle table set up with tea urns and biscuits and Margaret helped by maids, pours mugs and passes biscuits. She is in her element. Frances and Brian offer biscuits and tea to Ian and he is charming, courteous to Frances, ruffles Brian's hair. Smiles across at Margaret. Margaret glows. Happy family. Home. At last.

LOUISE (V.O.)

Well, congratulations. You win. I hope you'll be gratified to know that every detail of Ian's public betrayal of me, with you, has been unbearably painful.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. TOBERMORY BAY. DAY 13. 14:03 42

A rocky shore and wild water. Ian stands with his kilt blowing, clasping some sort of thumb staff, every inch the Laird.

Margaret, Brian and Frances watch as frogmen in wet suits and flippers, oxygen tanks and ropes carry a dinghy down to the edge of the water and push off. Frances and Brian wear pirate hats.

LOUISE (V.O.)
Every photograph, every newspaper
headline, every sordid detail has
caused me unbearable hurt.

And with Ian watching the little dinghy going out to sea with the frogmen. His eyes glittering and febrile.

CUT TO:

43

INT. WHITE'S CLUB. LONDON. NIGHT 14. 21:15

43

A typical elite gentlemen's club. Leather armchairs, books, men in suits, the money, the hushed atmosphere of power and money. A beaming George shakes a delighted Ian's hand... And the burning brightness of Ian's eyes, this means so much to him, this club.

GEORGE
Welcome to White's. Honoured to
have you as a member.

IAN
A celebratory snifter, I think?

George smiles, signals a waiter. Ian sees Charlie Sweeny in an armchair, reading the paper. Ian goes over, pats him on the shoulder, harder than he needs to, it's not friendly, so Charlie's drink sloshes in his glass -

IAN (CONT'D)
Charlie Sweeny. To the victor, the
spoils, eh?

He heads back to George. Charlie looks at the place on his shoulder where Ian clapped him, there's a crease in his suit, he brushes it straight and watches him leave. No love lost.

Ian sprawls in a large armchair, fixes a cigarette into a holder, lifts his glass in a toast to George.

IAN (CONT'D)
The company of men. Like-minded,
learned men. What a balm for the
soul.

He swallows his gin in a single gulp and holds his glass out for more.

LOUISE (V.O.)

Perhaps, if I didn't love my sons so much, I would fight harder, delay the inevitable, just to deprive you of your gloating triumph. But I don't want to drag this out, for them. So I'm letting you win. I hope my pain makes you happy-

CUT TO:

44 INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. DRAWING ROOM. DAY 15. 16:31 44

Margaret stands on a dais as a seamstress crawls around her, pin cushions on her wrist, folding and draping and pinning her toile... Lengths of smoke grey chiffon. Margaret smokes. Dora stands nearby holding an ashtray. Diana lounges on the sofa, reading the letter aloud.

DIANA

(reading)

- and I hope that you never have to know the agony of having your private life laid bare for all to see. Of being paraded for the judgement of others, though knowing a little of your character, I imagine you would welcome the publicity. Sincerely, Louise.

MARGARET

Oh, poor me, poor me, pour me another. Honestly. But what can you expect from someone who calls herself Wee-Wee.

DIANA

Oui-Oui. A nickname only used by close friends and you, my darling, are never going to be one of those.

MARGARET

Then she won't know what she's missing, will she? I'm delightful. Poor old Wee-Wee.

DIANA

Oui-Oui.

MARGARET

That's what I said. Wee-Wee.

She steps off the dais and takes the letter from Diana, scans it and then takes it to her desk. It has a little key in the lock. She opens the desk and puts the letter safely inside one of the drawers.

CUT TO:

45

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY 16. 14:07

45

And sitting at her desk, Louise signs her Decree Absolute and hands it to a SOLICITOR who folds it into an official manila folder and leaves. There is the pop of a champagne cork and Louise turns as Janet pours them both two glasses of champagne.

LOUISE

Well, here's to us. The ex-wives of Captain Campbell.

JANET

At some point, Ian will do exactly the same to Margaret as he's done to us. And she'll do exactly the same as us, quietly go along with it. Exit the stage with grace and discretion. To save face. To keep up appearances. Because it's what we're bred to do.

She lifts her glass to Louise. They drink.

CUT TO:

46

INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. BEDROOM. DAY 17. 09:12

46

Hanging up, waiting for her, is the beautiful grey chiffon dress. It is the morning of the wedding. The fairytale, longed for wedding. Radiant Margaret is in her beautiful wedding underwear, she lifts the dress from it's hanger and suddenly-

CUT TO:

47

INT. LIFTSHAFT. DAY. FLASHBACK. NIGHTMARE. DAY 17. 13:06

47

The dark pit of a lift shaft. Loops of grimy oily chain and the crushing wheels of the mechanism. There is a dim light source above. All is still and sinister...

And suddenly falling, plummeting through the murk, limbs flailing-

Margaret, falling, falling, falling, the terror, hands grasping at empty air in the desperate attempt to stop falling, to stay alive-

CUT TO:

48 INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. BEDROOM. DAY 17. 09:13 48

And just as shockingly, it's gone. Margaret's heart is racing. Her skin clammy. Her breathing harsh. She sits on the side of the bed. The grey chiffon dress gripped in her hand. She puts it aside carefully, her hands shaking. On her bedside table, a carafe of water and a glass, her cigarettes and an ashtray, a paperback novel and her red leather diary. She pours a glass of water, sips at it so the glass rattles on her teeth. Lights a cigarette and inhales deep. Just one drag before she crushes it out. She tries to steady her breathing. She takes her diary, opens it and in the page for that day, marks it with a careful V. She puts the diary away. She grips the edge of the bed to stop herself from falling.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. CAXTON HALL. DAY 17. 11:16 49

And so they are wed. Ian in his clan kilt from Lanvin, Margaret in her grey chiffon and a hat of lime ostrich feathers. Ian takes Margaret's hand, slides the gold wedding band on, next to the Argyll heirloom. Margaret takes Ian's hand, slides a fine gold band onto his finger, next to his Ducal signet ring. They pose for the wedding photograph, so happy, so in love.

Around them, their children, posed for the happy day. BRIAN, FRANCES, YOUNG IAN and COLIN. Stiff in their best clothes, their hair brushed and shining, smiling their very best smiles.

And the white flash and whine of the camera on their happy day.

Caption: 1951

CUT TO:

50 EXT. INVERARAY CASTLE. DAY 17. 15:02 50

Lined up outside are the castle staff. Gardeners and servants. There is scaffolding up round the castle, it's still a major work in progress.

As the Daimler draws up, everyone cheers Margaret and Ian.
Margaret glorious in natty tweed. Confetti is thrown, flowers
are handed to Margaret, what celebrations!

Dora and Cheeseman get out with cases, Dora carrying a massive cake box.

Margaret looks up at Inveraray. Hers. Margaret takes Ian's hand to walk but as they do, Ian's eye on the line of servants. It seems something more is required of him.

IAN

I'm going to carry you.

MARGARET

What?

IAN

Across the threshold.

MARGARET

Oh, no, Ian, please, not in front of people, I don't like-

IAN

(over, declaiming)

The Duke of Argyll will carry his Duchess in to Inveraray Castle!

Cheers and applause from the crowd. Ian beams, he was right, the grand gesture is what was needed. He sweeps Margaret up, she yelps but he grips her-

IAN (CONT'D)

We have to give them a show. Just relax.

Ian sets off through the cheering crowds, all swaggering bravado...

But now the door seems very far away.

Margaret is no weight but she's stiff and clinging, so uncomfortable, her smile a rictus. Ian's own cheerful bridegroom's smile becoming tense, more gritted teeth-

IAN (CONT'D)

Christ, it's like carrying a lump of wood-

MARGARET

I'm sorry but I just don't like-

And then Ian stumbles and nearly drops her, a groan and gasp from the crowd and Margaret grips Ian-

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Please put me down-

IAN

I can't, everyone's looking-

But he's unbalanced and Margaret is gripping him and it becomes more and more ungainly. Ian's face flushes with embarrassment, aware that the watching men and women are flinching and their cheers more muted... Margaret gripping him like a bushbaby.

MARGARET

You're going to drop me-

IAN

I'm not going to drop you-

Ian gets to the stairs but Margaret hits her head on a stone wall, an audible 'clonk.' Dora puts her hand over her mouth, Cheeseman grimaces and women cry out and some men try and come forward-

MARGARET

Please put me down please-

And he does. Panting and angry, his face turned away from the crowds who are silent, shuffling with embarrassment.

IAN

There. You're down. Happy now?

And he strides inside the castle. Margaret aghast, stares after him. But the crowd is watching her so she pins the brightest smile possible on her face.

MARGARET

Thank you all so much for that
wonderful welcome! We've bought
pieces of the cake to share. Dora?

Dora nods, the message is clear 'distract them!' Margaret heads inside.

CUT TO:

51 OMITTED

51

51A INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. HALLWAY/ STAIRCASE. DAY 17. 15:09 51A

There are ladders everywhere, trestles for wallpaper. Paint tins stacked. Plumbing supplies, pipe cisterns, toilets, drums of electrical cable...

Margaret comes through and sees Ian sitting on the stairs, his shoulders slumped. She walks up the stairs towards him, angry, about to tear him off a strip-

*

IAN
Well, that went well.

Ian looks at her, that joker's grin.

*

IAN (CONT'D)
You shouldn't be so heavy.

*

Ian laughs.

*

IAN (CONT'D)
You are very lovely, wife.

*

*

Her anger evaporating, Margaret sits down next to him.

*

MARGARET
I suppose you'll do for me,
husband.

*

*

*

He kisses her head and she leans against him. The lightning flash of mood completely forgotten.

CUT TO:

52 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. CORRIDORS. DAY 17. 15:56

52

Dora heads along the battered threadbare corridors with a tray of tea things. She pauses outside a bedroom door, hand poised to knock... From inside, we hear the tell tale grind of bedsprings and headboard. Dora doesn't knock. She backs discreetly away.

CUT TO:

53 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. BEDROOM. DAY 17. 16:37

53

Tattered curtains at the windows. The glass needs replacing but the room is bathed in sunlight. The bed sheets are tossed and rumpled. Margaret is rumpled and shining, her nightdress somewhere, she is naked under the sheet except for her pearls. Ian is not there, perhaps we hear bath water running somewhere to suggest he's having a bath. Margaret stretches luxuriantly, happy. She holds her hand up in the motes of sun and admires her wedding ring and her Argyll jewel, glinting and casting prisms round the walls. The blue of the sky outside.

CUT TO:

53A INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. BATHROOM. DAY 17. 16:37

53A

And next door. Ian stares into a mirror. He is so still. He barely breathes. He barely blinks.

The bones of his body look awkward. He stares, boring into his reflection, as though unaware of anything else around him...

CUT TO:

54 EXT. INVERARAY CASTLE AND GARDENS. DAY 18. 12:04 54

A hive of activity. Scaffolding going up. Gardeners with wheelbarrows hefting new plants. New baths. Toilets and copper piping waiting to be carried inside. Music from transistor radios. Margaret, in her jaunty overall and pearls at the centre of it, knowing how much she is admired, in her element.

CUT TO:

55 OMITTED 55

56 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY 18. 14:11 56

Surrounded by dust sheets and wallpaper trestles, painters and decorators, Margaret at a little desk. They both have coffee. There is a bottle of brandy nearby, part of a make shift cocktail collection on a battered tin tray with some coupe glasses, some crystal tumblers and a cocktail shaker. All the rudiments of sophisticated living but in a building site. The deafening sounds of drills and hammers but to Margaret, it's music. Ian's face flinches with each hammer blow. The sound of drills. Ian opens envelopes. Bills. Bills from roofers, builders, electricians, gardeners... He passes them across the table to Margaret. He smokes. He fetches the brandy bottle. He pours a large slug into his coffee cup and offers it to Margaret who shakes her head. They don't speak, they can't speak, the noise is too deafening. Margaret signs cheque after cheque after cheque, zeroes abounding... Ian smokes. He pours more brandy. He drinks.

CUT TO:

57 INT. DAIMLER / INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. HALLWAY/CORRIDOR DAY 57
19. 15:13

Young Ian and Colin sitting in silence as the Daimler travels over the bridge towards the castle.

Inside, Young Ian and Colin move through the hallway to where Ian and Margaret are waiting. Margaret is keyed up, apprehensive but excited, wanting to make the best impression.

Young Ian and Colin shake Ian's hand formally. They are in awe of their father, worship him.

YOUNG IAN

Father.

COLIN

Father.

IAN

Ian. Colin. You've both grown.

And then Margaret swoops on the boys, embracing them. They shrink from her slightly, she's too much, she pretends not to notice.

MARGARET

We're so happy you're here. Such handsome boys! We've got so much to show you. Your bedrooms are all ready. Come through, there's toast and cake and my little doggy can't wait to make friends!

Young Ian and Colin trail unhappily towards the door.

IAN

I'm going for a walk.

MARGARET

They've only just got here-

IAN

It'll give you a chance to get to know each other. Better without me. I'll be back for dinner.

And he strides away. A moment with Margaret and then she heads inside.

CUT TO:

58

INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. DINING ROOM. NIGHT 19. 21:04

58

A long polished table. Margaret sits at one end, the other end is laid for Ian but he's not there. Young Ian sits on the side. Colin on the other. The atmosphere is tense.

YOUNG IAN

Where's my father?

MARGARET

Still on his walk.

YOUNG IAN

Has he had an accident? He might have fallen.

MARGARET

Of course not, no.

And a moment with Margaret when she thinks, christ, he could have...

MARGARET (CONT'D)

He knows the countryside round here. It belongs to him. He hasn't fallen anywhere. He's just forgot the time.

A long silence passes.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I know this is hard for you. And I know how hard it is to share your daddy. I hated sharing my daddy with anyone. But there's enough to go round, for all of us.

YOUNG IAN

We don't call him daddy. We call him father.

A moment. Margaret tries another tack.

MARGARET

When I was a little girl, I was rather lonely. And my daddy got me two puppies. Such lovely company, always so cheerful. Would you both like a puppy? To be your friend when you're here?

Colin looks up hopefully. He'd like a puppy.

YOUNG IAN

What would happen when we weren't here?

MARGARET

Well, I'd look after it. I love dogs and you could write letters from school and I'd read them out so your puppy would know exactly what you'd been up to!

YOUNG IAN

Dogs can't understand what you say.

Colin looks down again. There isn't going to be a puppy.

MARGARET

It was just an idea.

YOUNG IAN

We've got a mother.

MARGARET

I'm not trying to be your mother.

Young Ian's head is down.

A long silence. Young Ian scrapes patterns on the tablecloth with the tines of his fork.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Ian, please don't do that.

Young Ian doesn't stop immediately. But he does stop. Puts his hands in his lap.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Would you prefer it if I wasn't here when you visited? Would that be better?

YOUNG IAN

That would just make everything my fault.

Another despairing silence.

MARGARET

You know, maybe I should send some men out to look for your daddy.

YOUNG IAN

(shouts)

He's our father!

MARGARET

Your father.

And another silence. And in the silence, footsteps approaching and Ian bursts in, looking rather wild. Colin and Young Ian rush to him.

IAN

Colin should be in bed, they both should be.

MARGARET

We were waiting for you. Ian was worried you'd fallen down a mountain.

YOUNG IAN

No, I wasn't. You own all this countryside. It's yours. You'd never fall down anywhere.

Margaret is open-mouthed.

IAN

Damn right. Only cretins fall down mountains. Right, bed. Come on-
(to Colin)
-you can have a chapter of Biggles.

Young Ian and Colin leave, Ian turns back.

IAN (CONT'D)

Don't keep them up so late. I'll never hear the end of it from Oui-Oui.

And then he leaves. Margaret alone at the end of the gleaming table. She breathes out, lights a cigarette with a snap of her lighter.

CUT TO:

60

EXT. INVERARAY CASTLE. GARDENS. DAY 20. 17:43

60

The scaffolding has gone. The stone work and buttresses clean of moss and guano. The roof on tight, windows sparkling. The gardens are lush and beautiful.

An artist and a large canvas on an easel, the soft sounds of the brush in oil paint.

Margaret sits posing in a beautiful gown, diamonds sparkling, her pearls gleaming. Her little poodle nearby. Her head turns as Ian walks past, not acknowledging her. He carries a butterfly net and collectors' jars. He looks gaunt and stretched and not particularly well. Margaret frowns. The artist clears his throat and after a moment, Margaret turns back to her pose, rearranges her face from the frown.

The artist bends to his work again.

CUT TO:

61

INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. LIBRARY. NIGHT 20. 22:37

61

Ian opens his collectors bag and unpacks jars filled with fragile colour. Butterflies. He uncaps a little bottle of ether, dampens a pad and holds it over the air holes of the jar. The bright, delicate wings of the butterfly and its fragile questing antennae go still.

Ian lifts it out carefully, studies the veins and infinitesimal tiny feathers of the wings.

There is a knock on the library door and the handle turns but the door is locked.

MARGARET

(OOV)

Ian? Ian, are you coming to bed?

Ian doesn't even appear to have heard her. He lays the butterfly on a display board.

And drives a pin through its body.

He stands back admiring his handiwork. He takes a drink.

CUT TO:

62

INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT 20. 22:38

62

Margaret in her silky dressing gown, the poodle at her heels, listening at the library door. She knocks again.

MARGARET

Ian? Why have you locked the door?
Come to bed.

But there is no answer. Some sense that this has been happening a lot. She leaves, the poodle trotting at her heels.

CUT TO:

63

INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. HALLWAY. NIGHT 20. 22:43

63

Margaret wanders the silent dark corridors alone. The skitter of the poodles claws on the flagstones behind her. The silent hulks of the suits of armour. The polished and painted Argyll coat of arms, the motto 'NE OBLIVISCARIS' now accompanied by its English translation 'FORGET NOT' blazing in gold. She smiles a little with pleasure at how she's healed the poor place. She strokes the old restored stones.

CUT TO:

64

INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. BEDROOM. NIGHT 20. 22:56

64

Margaret's side of the room is tidy and elegant. Ian's side is a morass of kilts and boots and unravelling jumpers and garish paper backs, detective novels, westerns, thrillers.

Margaret curled into an armchair, the poodle snuggled against her. Cigarette smoke curling up. Everything silent except for the faint sounds of the country, just audible. An owl. The shriek of some tiny animal cornered by a fox. She has her little red diary open. She taps the pen, staring away from it. The castle creaks around her.

And finally she writes: LONELY.

She closes the diary. Stares at Ian's horror show of clothes. Gets up to tidy them away.

She picks up terrible old jumpers, rancid kilts, face pinched at the state of them.

And at the bottom of the pile of clothes and crumpled paperbacks. One of the battered paperbacks has two thick envelopes, addressed to Ian. They've both already been opened so she slides the letters out of them and reads them... Her face flattening out in shock.

The letters are notices of legal action for non-payment of debts. Writs. One from Worth in Paris. One from the Royal Navy.

CUT TO:

65

INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. LIBRARY. DAY 21. 09:11

65

Ian sits on the sofa. His head is down, his shoulders hunched as if he is ashamed. Stacked up against the walls are his collecting jars, display cases of pinioned butterflies. Margaret stands over him with the writs.

MARGARET

You told me the Navy were supplying divers for free because they were interested in the project. Six thousand pounds!

IAN

They're chisellers. Jackals.

MARGARET

The Royal Navy are not chisellers.

IAN

Then they're arseholes.

MARGARET

And what mink coat from Worth?

IAN

I bought it for Louise.

MARGARET

You didn't buy it Ian because they've issued a writ for four thousand pounds. That's ten thousand all together!

IAN

Why are you being such a fucking wife?

And he's staring at her as if loathes her. The sudden viciousness. A moment, Margaret wildly wrong footed.

MARGARET

I'm not being 'a wife'. It's a lot of money. On t-t-t-top of everything else.

She gestures, the castle. The... everything.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

This is serious! They're writs!

IAN

Let them come for me. I'll kill myself. That'll get rid of the problem. You can't take a corpse to court-

MARGARET

Oh, for Christ's sake!

A moment.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I'll pay both of them. This time. I don't want you being dragged through the courts. Though it's g-g-g-galling in the extreme to think of paying for Wee-Wee's mink.

She waits for him to say thank you but he doesn't.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I want to clean up this library. All this paper-

IAN

You do not touch these. These are my cousin Niall's papers. His work. Heirlooms.

MARGARET

Ian, they're rubbish-

IAN

You wouldn't know serious academic work if it bit you on the fanny. These are an act of thought, of inquiry, of creation. What have you ever made in your life? Nothing except yourself-

MARGARET

Who else was I supposed to make? And I made two beautiful children-

IAN

Your children. What a wonderful job you've done there. They're completely spoiled.

Margaret flushes with rage-

MARGARET

Don't you d-d-d-d-d-d-d-

IAN

(mimicking)

D-d-d-d-

MARGARET

-d-d-d-d-d-

IAN

(mimicking)

d-d-d-d-d-d-

MARGARET

-d-d-d-d-dare t-t-t-alk about my
children like that!

IAN

Pay the b-b-b-bills, that's what
you're for! That's all you're for!

Ian hurls himself off the sofa and out of the room. Margaret
flinches away at the suddenness of the movement, stands
there, her hand over her mouth, clutching the writs.

CUT TO:

66

INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY 21. 14:22

66

Margaret sits very still for the artist, MR CLACY. All is
silent but for the soft sounds of the brush and the oil paint
and the gentle snoring of the poodle. Margaret's heart still
races from the row, her pulse beats hard under her pearls.
The drawing room door opens and Ian enters. Margaret
stiffens. Mr Clacy turns and sees Ian, a little
uncomfortable moment, sensing the tension, knowing they're de
trop.

MARGARET

(to the artist)

Thank you, Mr Clacy.

Mr Clacy leaves, probably glad to get out of there. Ian
crosses to Margaret and bends low. Kisses her neck gently and
whispers in her ear. His voice has no mocking edge, he's
genuine.

IAN

I'm sorry. I'm a monster. A bastard
and a monster. I'm so sorry. I'd be
nothing without you. Nothing.
Forgive me.

She turns to him and they hold eyes. That look between them, a version of the look they shared in the train carriage, the unblinking regard but they know each other better now, perhaps it's sadder, more understanding.

MARGARET

How many men did I marry? Every morning I wonder which Ian I'm going to wake up to.

She puts her hand to his cheek.

They kiss gently, it looks like love.

CUT TO:

66A EXT. INVERARAY CASTLE. GARDENS. DAY 22. 13:32

66A

Castle staff set up trestle tables with white linens, carry champagne buckets, trays of glasses. Arrange little nests of chairs and tables. Silver rose bowls brimming with flowers.

CUT TO:

67 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY 22. 14:57

67

The portrait is finished and hung. The room, the castle is complete.

Maids and servants set up tables, ice buckets of champagne bottles, ranks of glasses... Margaret enters, impeccably, gloriously dressed, glittering and shimmering.

Caption: 1953. Grand Opening of the restored Inveraray Castle.

Maureen, resplendent in finery, is admiring the portrait, though, as ever, there's acid in the sugar.

MAUREEN

(of portrait)

Every inch the Duchess. As if you'd been born to it. What a triumph, darling. It's all exquisite. You should be very proud.

MARGARET

Maureen. I didn't know people had started arriving.

MAUREEN

Oh well, we have. Little old me. And a special someone I don't think you were expecting.

Maureen's gossipy, minxy smile; a flicker of a frown from Margaret.

CUT TO:

68

EXT. INVERARAY CASTLE. GARDENS. DAY 22. 14:59

68

Margaret stalks out through the gardens, past the throng of servants. She is blisteringly, coldly furious.

And in some elegant arbour, alluring and glamorous by a pond full of ornamental carp, draped in mink... Louise. She looks up the castle, admiring the shining windows, the fluttering flags, all burnished and new. Margaret pins a smile onto her glacial face.

MARGARET

Wee-Wee. How lovely to see you.

LOUISE

Oui-Oui.

MARGARET

That's what I said. Glorious mink. I think I bought it.

Louise strokes the mink, smiles as Ian comes through the garden in his clan tartan, the suave Laird. In front of Margaret's stunned face, he kisses Louise's cheek, all charm and warmth.

IAN

Oui-Oui. You made it. What do you think of the old place then? See yourself here?

Margaret's face a mask as Louise gives a little smile not directed at her but oh, so meant for her.

LOUISE

Do you know, I actually can.

IAN

Get yourself outside a glass of
Champagne. Have a poke about. Cast
your beady eye over the fixtures
and fittings.

Louise smiles and sashays away. Margaret's hot green stare on
Ian as he watches Louise leave.

IAN (CONT'D)

She's looking rather good, isn't
she.

MARGARET

Did you invite her?

IAN

Louise is the mother of my heir.
Needs her stamp of approval.

MARGARET

You didn't consider that it might
upset me? When I've put so much
work into this day?

IAN

I didn't give you a second's
thought.

MARGARET

What did you mean, can she see
herself here?

IAN

Well not now, we couldn't be under
the same roof for longer than a
couple of hours but when I die,
it'll be up to my son. And it's
traditional to have one's old mum
rattling around in one of the
wings.

MARGARET

But what about me, when you die?

IAN

You'll probably be sad for a bit
but then you'll marry some ghastly
banker and go off to Monaco-

MARGARET

(across)

No, Ian. What happens to me and Inveraray? The home I've built, what happens?

IAN

That will also be up to my son.

And with Margaret, if it depends on them then she'll be banished. A long, long moment. That challenge in the air 'what are you going to do now?' And then suddenly she is playful, this is the game.

MARGARET

Does this mean I've got to make friends with her?

IAN

It would help.

MARGARET

Then that is what I'll do. By the time I'm done, she'll adore me.

IAN

If she doesn't want to stab you in the neck while you sleep, I'd call it a triumph.

And distantly, we hear approaching cars. The crunch of gravel.

MARGARET

Here they come. Shall we, Your Grace?

Ian offers her his arm. Margaret takes it, smiling up at him but just take her as they leave, her rigid jaw and flinty eyes.

CUT TO:

A storm of flashbulbs. Ian, resplendent in Campbell tartan and Margaret, her hand tucked through his elbow, smile at the clustering photographers. Margaret's smile so wide, it could crack. In the admiring crowd, Maureen's assessing little eyes flick between them, enjoying the tension.

Diana watches Margaret with a worried grimace. Louise studies the gardens critically.

CUT TO:

69A INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT 22. 69A
21:12. FLASHFORWARD

A pool of light from a lamp. A cigarette twining smoke from an ashtray. Laid out on the desk we see the familiar glue pot, the scissors...

And laid out, the light from the lamp falling on it so the writing is clear and distinct, the letter from Louise, every sentence screaming with hurt and betrayal...

CUT TO:

69B EXT. INVERARAY CASTLE. GARDENS. DAY 22. 15:06 69B

Beyond the dazzling flashbulbs and camera shutters rattling like gunfire, Margaret sees Louise, the mink draped over her shoulders. Louise raises her glass to her mockingly. Maureen's assessing little eyes flick between Louise and Margaret, loving the drama, the tension, already dining out on it.

CUT TO:

70 OMITTED 70

71 OMITTED 71

71A INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT 22. 71A
21:15. FLASHFORWARD

Margaret bent over her desk, she cuts the letter quick and expert with her scissors, we see tiny strips of paper with single words 'sons' 'love' 'happy' 'Ian'...

CUT TO:

71B EXT. INVERARAY CASTLE. GARDENS. DAY 22. 15:09 71B

Margaret smiling in the throng of people, can't take her eyes off Louise... Ian some distance away, glad-handing with neighbours, lots of laughter and bonhomie and Margaret finds Diana suddenly at her shoulder.

DIANA

Margaret. Don't push her into the pond or anything. Promise.

MARGARET

Of course I won't.

Diana doesn't believe a word of it. And Ian calls Margaret over, indicates a gang of photographers.

IAN

They're ready for us-

Margaret goes to Ian, they pose in front of the photographers.

CUT TO:

71C INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT 22. 71C
21:26. FLASHFORWARD

Margaret pastes strips of paper, her face entirely focussed, concentrating on one thing only...

She finishes, she sits back, satisfied.

CUT TO:

71D EXT. INVERARAY CASTLE. GARDENS. DAY 22. 15:11 71D

And Margaret smiles sweetly at Louise, tucks her hand tighter inside Ian's arm, gazing up at him lovingly, the castle shining in the sunshine behind them.

MARGARET

(to reporters)

It's been one of the greatest privileges of my life to restore Inveraray Castle to such magnificent grandeur. An enduring legacy for my husband, the Duke of Argyll. And his heirs.

She beams. A storm of camera flashes.

CUT TO:

72

INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT 22.
21:28. FLASHFORWARD

72

Margaret looks down at her work, the words reorganised,
pasted together on a piece of writing paper...

**'...I love you so much, I am so happy that my sons are yours,
not Ian's.**

Your own Louise.'

Margaret takes a deep breath. Her eyes flash with triumph and
revenge.

END OF EPISODE