

A VERY BRITISH SCANDAL: DUCHESS OF ARGYLL

EPISODE 3

Written by

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1 INT. PRIVATE CLINIC. BOND STREET. DAY 17. 13:06. FLASHBACK 1

We've seen this sequence before. The strange heightened sense of it, something waiting to happen.

Caption: London 1943.

Patterned tiles stretching to a hallway with a lift. Sunlight from high windows. MARGARET, awash with furs and a veiled hat tipped over her eyes, walks to the lift and presses the button to call it with an elegant gloved finger. Everything is strangely heightened and distorted, the sun too bright, the lines too sharp. We can hear the mechanism of the weights and cables inside the lift shaft and with a hotel little 'ding' the lift announces its arrival and the doors open. Not looking or paying attention, Margaret steps in -

And there is no floor there, no lift, just a black hole. She disappears -

And the doors glide smoothly shut.

CUT TO:

2 INT. LIFTSHAFT. DAY 17. 13:06. FLASHBACK 2

Blackness, oily cables, flashes of light coming from the lift door windows at other floors and Margaret falling, falling, flailing wildly, eyes and mouth stretched in abject terror, trying to catch hold of something anything, falling, falling and the grinding axles and wheels of the lift mechanism waiting for her like a beast, her hands flail and finally grip, tight, hard, to one of the lift chains and her fall is suddenly, brutally halted, something painfully snapping inside her. The lift chain swings with the new weight and Margaret swings with it, her head hitting the side of the shaft, hard, she cries out -

Her handbag falls with a clatter, one of her shoes. She hangs there in darkness, her hands gripping the chain tight. No sound but the creak of the cables and chains, her harsh breathing. Her hands are torn, raw and bleeding. Blood runs down her arm. Her face a mask of bright blood from the slice in her scalp. Her eyes wide and white. She grips and grips to stay alive.

MARGARET

Help.

But her voice is weak and cracked, barely audible. Her hands slip on the chain, the absolute cold terror of it, she glances down at the mechanism of giant wheels and pulleys and up into the black distance through the loops and coils of cable.

And then she falls and crashes among the black oily wheels and pulleys. It doesn't look as if anyone could possibly survive this.

CUT TO:

3 OMITTED 3

3A INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. HALLWAY/STAIRS. DAY 37. 3A
11:37

DORA is holding the door open as Margaret enters, exhausted, drained. The poodle dances with happiness.

DORA
(hissing)
He's here.

Margaret starts.

MARGARET
(hissing)
The Duke?

Dora nods, starts taking Margaret's coat-

And above them, on the stairs, just out of sight, IAN. Very still. He listens to the buzzed whispers, silently goes to the top of the stairs and looks down. Margaret seems so tiny. Tiny and angry. A wasp in a jar.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
(OOV)
When did he arrive?

DORA
(OOV)
Yesterday. Just walked in.

IAN
How beautiful you are.

A moment. Margaret looks up at Ian looking down at her. Sharp as a blade in his suit. He is very still. Margaret nods at Dora and Dora leaves. The superhuman effort for Margaret to compose herself.

MARGARET

You and your disappearing acts.

A long moment. Perhaps she expects him to apologise or explain but instead...

IAN

You love me.

MARGARET

I must do, mustn't I.

IAN

And you want this marriage to work.

Ian starts coming down the stairs towards her.

MARGARET

We both want this marriage to work.
We agreed on that.

IAN

There's something that I need.
Certain, particular assurances.

MARGARET

Well, let's go upstairs and discuss
it.

But Ian is standing in front of her, looking down at her,
nothing cold about him.

IAN

Ridiculous, really, your beauty.

He stands very close, slides her fur away from her shoulders,
runs the tips of his fingers along her clavicle, lightly
grazing the inside of her blouse. He kisses her, deep and
soft and then whispers close in her ear, his breath stirring
soft wisps of hair.

IAN (CONT'D)

I know you forged those letters. I
know it was you-

Margaret struggles free, pushes Ian off her. Glares at him.
There is nothing spiteful about Ian, at all. He's just
stating quiet facts.

IAN (CONT'D)

Louise swore.

MARGARET

You fool, Ian. You poor fool. Of course she swore-

IAN

On our son's lives.

A little beat.

MARGARET

And of course, the only person it could possibly be is me, I'm the culprit, of course, no-one else, it could only be me-

IAN

Those letters stopped after I told you I got advice from Scotland Yard. That's interesting, isn't it?

MARGARET

Not particularly, no-

IAN

I think it is. You will go to court and submit to an injunction that forbids you from ever speaking about my sons or their mother again.

MARGARET

I'm not setting foot inside a court and I'm not submitting to anything!
(shouting)
Dora!

Dora appears.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Of all the terrible things you've done to me, Ian, this has to rank as one of the very worst.

(to Dora)

The Duke is leaving.

Margaret turns and heads away up the stairs, the poodle following. Dora opens the door and waits. Ian's eyes follow Margaret up the stairs.

CUT TO:

6 INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. DRAWING ROOM. DAY 37 11:44 6

Margaret enters and goes straight to the drinks cabinet. She pours a drink, her hand is shaking a little, the bottle rattles on the glass. She lights a cigarette and draws heavily on it.

In her peripheral vision is her writing desk.

And there's something about it. Something... not right. The deeply familiar is very slightly... unfamiliar.

Margaret turns her head and looks at it. The lid of her desk isn't flush. It's slightly off as if it's been wrenched.

A long moment. The sounds of London outside, taxis, children in the park, a dog barking.

Very slowly, Margaret walks towards the desk and studies it. The lid isn't tight. The hinges are slightly askew as if it has been wrenched.

Very slowly, she puts her fingers on the lid and it clatters down, as if it's been propped into place.

And the world stops turning. All sound ceases.

Everything is gone. The shelves, the drawers ransacked. Diaries. Letters. Writing paper. The envelope with the Polaroid. Gone.

Margaret almost whimpers. Her heart bangs. Horror. Wall eyed horror. She scrabbles in what's left, pulls open drawers, searches but it's all gone. Panic claws her throat. She swallows. Her mouth parched as coral. Her jaw locks with dread.

And then a sound, a shift of the atmosphere and Ian is in the doorway, languid, leaning against the frame.

IAN

So. About that injunction.

CUT TO:

7 INT. JAUNCEY'S OFFICE. DAY 38 12:25 7

A worried JAUNCEY sits on one side of the desk. He has a formal notice of a court hearing. Margaret on the other side. Her face at its most chilly.

JAUNCEY

A date for the hearing has been set. This goes against all our advice, if you attend, if you submit, it's an admission of liability-

MARGARET

(across)

Mr Jauncey, I know I pay you for advice but the Duke requires me to do this so I will do it.

Margaret, her back poker straight, her glacial, set face but underneath the desk, her hands are white knuckled.

CUT TO:

8

EXT. PARK. DAY 38. 13:56

8

PETER COMBE and Margaret walk, the poodle on a lead. Peter is frustrated with her.

*
*

MARGARET

I never wanted to talk about that bloody woman and the boys anyway, frankly it'll be a relief to never say their names again.

PETER

You forged those letters, didn't you?

Margaret is all fired up to deny, Peter is watching her very closely.

MARGARET

Of course I didn't!

A beat. Peter still watching her, doesn't believe her.

PETER

What was going through your head? Did you think Ian was going to change his Will and leave Inveraray to you? It doesn't work like that!

MARGARET

Well, it should!

PETER

It's a castle, not a fucking
maisonette in Woking!

MARGARET

Why should I lose it? I rebuilt it!
Wee-Wee didn't even push a broom
around it. She doesn't love it, she
never cared for it and I do!

(a long beat)

I do.

(another long beat)

And anyway, I never wrote those
letters.

PETER

Then why submit to the injunction?

A little shivery moment. Margaret lowers her voice.

MARGARET

Ian took things of mine.

PETER

What do you mean, he stole them?

MARGARET

No, no, nothing like that, I mean,
he just... he has things of mine.
We made an agreement. The
injunction for my property and then
we... we carry on as before.

PETER

Is 'carrying on as before' even
possible?

MARGARET

Peter, you and I both know plenty
of marriages where the husband and
wife attack each other with golf
clubs and hunting whips in private
but in public, they're all smiles.

PETER

Well now I'm really depressed.

(beat)

What does Ian have of yours?

Margaret smiles far too brightly.

MARGARET

Oh, just silly, sentimental things.
But I do want them back. It'll all
be fine, a few months and it'll be
completely forgotten about. You'll
see. I'm already sending out
invitations for a wonderful party
at Inveraray. You have to come.

*
*
*

She's so bright and glassily optimistic. Peter's unconvinced *
but Margaret takes his arm and they walk on.

CUT TO:

8A EXT. EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION. DAY 39. 10:58

8A

Establishing. A dull place. A place where the axes of commercial and mercantile dispute are ground. Slowly.

Caption: EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION.

CUT TO:

9 INT. EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION. DAY 39. 11:06

9

A very small court room. We'll be seeing a lot of this very small court room.

A court usher and clerk of the court. A STENOGRAPHER. A middle aged woman with sensible hair-do, sensible suit, sensible shoes. Perhaps one flamboyant thing about her, diamante cats eye glasses on a chain.

Ian at a desk and his silk, GEORGE EMSLIE QC. Florid, charismatic, impeccable pinstripe suiting.

COURT USHER

Court rise.

Ian and Emslie and the stenographer stand. JUDGE WHEATLEY enters. He is ascetic. Jesuitical. A tabulator of angels on pinheads.

The advocates and solicitors bow to the bench. Wheatley bows in return.

The court sits.

Ian, lean and polite, a man who bears his terrible tribulations with grace and dignity, his face completely still as he listens.

In the gallery, a reporter, young, bored so far. LENNOX. About nineteen. Covering the court circular. It's not going to set the world on fire. He bites his nails, doodles on his reporters pad.

Emslie stands, hands papers to the court official who hands them to Wheatley, who reads.

EMSLIE

M' Lord, I present to you and this court, Ian Campbell, the Duke of Argyll's application for the formal ban of his wife, Margaret, Duchess of Argyll from Inveraray Castle and its environs. His Lordship, I am sure, will be shocked to learn that not content with causing the Duke terrible distress concerning the lies about his sons, the Duchess' habit of hectoring, haranguing, taunting and arguing with my client, sometimes throughout the night, is impacting dangerously upon my client's person. His Lordship will understand that after his experiences during the war and recent illnesses, the Duke yearns for a quiet life. A life the Duchess flagrantly refuses to allow him. Therefore, for my client's health and peace of mind, we most earnestly request a swift decision in this matter.

Wheatley is appalled. Ian looks brave and stoic.

And in the gallery, Lennox has sat bolt upright. He scribbles in his notebook, eyes bright. This is gold.

CUT TO:

10 INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. BATHROOM. DAY 40. 10:34 10

Margaret lies in the bath. Her hair wrapped, a face pack on. Dora enters with a tray of coffee and the morning paper. Margaret gestures with a languid hand for the newspaper.

DORA

You're not going to like it.

She passes the paper and Margaret opens it to the screaming headline: DUCHESS OF ARGYLL BANNED FROM INVERARAY!!

Margaret's face pack cracks. She sits bolt upright, bathwater slops.

DORA (CONT'D)

I'll tell Cheeseman to get the car ready, shall I?

11 OMITTED

11

12 EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS/INVERARAY. ROAD. DAY 40. 15:13 12

The Daimler steams across the narrow gritty ribbon of road towards Inveraray. Highland cattle eye the car indifferently, jaws moving as it rattles over the bridge and slams the brakes on, slewing to a halt.

There is a police car parked across the road with an officious POLICEMAN.

There is the BUTLER, holding a silver tray with a paintbrush and paint can on it.

And there is a thick white painted line in the road.

And there is Ian who has just finished painting it, putting the paintbrush back in the can, wiping his hands with a turpy rag. He wears sunglasses. His cigarette holder clamped, as ever, between his teeth.

He stands there, watching the Daimler.

And with Margaret, watching the strange tableau, rage fizzing like a firework, she gets out of the car and steams down to Ian.

MARGARET

You had me banned, you bastard?

IAN

I did. Inveraray and environs.
This-

He indicates the painted line.

IAN (CONT'D)

-is environs. Stay on that side and
you won't be in breach of the law.

The toes of Margaret's shoes are on the painted line. Ian's on the other. She can see her reflection in his sunglasses. The copper and the butler watch. Margaret struggles to control her stammer.

MARGARET

You're the one in b-breach of the
law! You b-burgled my house. You
stole private property.

IAN

As your husband, I have every legal
right to enter our shared domicile.

MARGARET

And I've got every right to enter
the castle that I paid for!

She makes as if to barrel though Ian and suddenly the copper
is there, blocking her way.

IAN

If you're worried about your
private property, then give a
description of said items to this
friendly young bobby here.

A long moment. Ian takes his sunglasses off. Watches her.
How she can't meet his eyes. Her frantic unease.

IAN (CONT'D)

No? You don't want to talk to the
nice policeman?

A long beat, of course she doesn't.

IAN (CONT'D)

Thank you, constable.

The bobby moves away.

MARGARET

Ian. We had a deal.

IAN

Caveat emptor, darling.

MARGARET

I have children.

IAN

So do I.

Margaret almost winces at the shout. A moment passes.
Margaret so aware of the eyes of the bobby, the butler.

MARGARET

What do you want.

IAN

I want peace and quiet. I want time
to think. I think I'm owed that.

MARGARET

When do I get my things back?

IAN

We'll talk when I'm ready. And everything's locked away safely from prying eyes so you can stop sweating about that.

He puts his sunglasses back on and heads languidly back to the castle, followed by the disapproving butler. Margaret watches him leave, baulked by the police car and the bulky bobby. Her heart knocks against her ribs. The white painted line in the road. The castle beyond. The cattle's blank regard, their chewing jaws and the enormous bowl of sky.

CUT TO:

13

INT. WHITE'S CLUB. NIGHT 40. 20:26

13

Walls lined with books and portraits of old duffers. Big armchairs. Ian, Emslie and Emslie's CLERKS gathered in a corner. Ian puffs on his cigarette holder, drinks. Emslie and the clerks have been reading through the piles of Margaret's diaries, the letters tied with ribbon and the captioned Polaroids, which makes one of the young clerks blush.

Ian, with some enjoyment of the theatre of this moment, takes the envelope from his inside jacket pocket, hands The Polaroid of Margaret over to Emslie, who coughs, glances up at Ian.

EMSLIE

Is this... you?

IAN

Of course it's not me! Why the bloody hell would I be showing it to you if it was me? But it's her. Look.

The clerks crane to look. Open-mouthed. Goggle-eyed. Some shifting seats. Trousers suddenly become hot.

IAN (CONT'D)

She does photograph well. I'll say that for her. She always photographs well. There we are. Divorce on the basis of her multiple adulteries. Cut and dried.

EMSLIE

Actually, no. You need more.

IAN

What the hell are you talking about? You've got this-

He waves the Polaroid at them-

IAN (CONT'D)

Her love letters, her diaries, all these men-

He picks up the diaries, riffles through the pages-

IAN (CONT'D)

-and here, the 'V', you know what that is? Her sign. Her dirty legs open, bare, forked animal-

He makes a V out of his fingers-

IAN (CONT'D)

Open for them, her legion of lovers, V, V, V and you say I need more? You want front row seats?

Emslie attempts to calm-

EMSLIE

The letters, the diaries and-
(he coughs)
-the images are not recent. You carried on living with her. Presumably enjoying conjugal relations.

IAN

Only when I couldn't fight her off. She's like a wolf. Hold you down and strip the meat from your bones.

The young clerks go pink. Emslie is aware that they're still staring at the Polaroid. He turns it face down and gives them a reproving look.

EMSLIE

But the law can therefore decide that you condoned her behaviour. We need to prove that she was adulterous and continued to be so once you'd separated.

IAN

So what do I need, Emslie. Spit it out.

EMSLIE

We need evidence that she's still at it. We need the diary she uses now.

And on Ian, his eyes gleam.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. NIGHT 41. 23:16 14

Along the street, a small forgettable car. By the drivers side, a pile of cigarette ends. As we watch, the window cranks open and another cigarette end is added to the pile, a plume of smoke coming out of the window.

CUT TO:

15 INT. EXT. MORRIS' CAR. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. NIGHT 41. 15
23:17

A forgettable man with a comb-over. This is MORRIS, a private investigator. You can tell that besides the fug of cigarette smoke, the car is thick with terrible farts. Morris watches the street, Margaret's house. On the passenger seat, a notebook and pen, a camera and a greaseproof packet of sandwiches, a thermos. He unwraps the sandwiches, opens one, a terrible grey meat filling. He sniffs it and starts eating, joylessly.

We hear a car approaching and headlights sweep the dark road as a sports car pulls up. It parks and we see two figures get out and head to Margaret's front door. Ian and JEANNE.

Morris chews stolidly.

CUT TO:

16 INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. HALLWAY/ STAIRCASE. NIGHT 16
41. 23:19

All dark. Jeanne and Ian switch on torches, weak wavering beams of light and creep up the stairs.

JEANNE

(hiss)

Where will it be?

By her bed.^{IAN}

JEANNE

Her bed? Papa, I don't want to.

Jeanne's sudden qualm. Ian stops on the stair above her and looks down, he radiates a contemptuous disappointment in her.

And after a moment, Jeanne drops her head and carries on following him up the stairs.

IAN

That's my girl. Come on, this is exciting. We're cat burglars. Raffles the Gentleman Thief!

And it should be clear that Ian has that familiar hopped up glassy look, the thready pulse and the dry mouth. He goes silently ahead up the stairs, Jeanne follows, terrified.

CUT TO:

17 INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. BEDROOM. NIGHT 41. 23:20 17

All dark, Margaret sleeping. The poodle curled on the cover. Suddenly, he raises his head, listening.

And then he gives a little questing growl.

The door hisses open and the dark figures of Ian and Jeanne enter and the poodle starts barking -

IAN

Belt up, you curly shithouse!

MARGARET

(waking)

Who...?

She freezes when she sees the dark shapes and quickly turns on the light, Ian and Jeanne and then it's chaos, the poodle barking-

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Get out, get out-

Ian grabs Margaret and holds her down,

IAN

(to Jeanne)

Get the diary!

JEANNE

I don't know where it is, I don't know where it is!

IAN
In her bedside table, get it!

MARGARET
Ian, let go of me, I'll bite you!

IAN
You can try...

Margaret battles to free herself-

IAN (CONT'D)
Empty threats, as always!

JEANNE
I got it! I got it, let's go!
Let's go!

Jeanne runs from the room but Ian stays, holding Margaret down, enjoying her shock and fight-

And then he barks at her, in her face, a feral beast, enjoying himself far too much, lets go and follows Jeanne, Margaret gasping and shocked, struggles out of bed to follow-

CUT TO:

18 EXT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. NIGHT 41. 23:24

18

Morris' car parked up the street. He watches as Jeanne comes flying out of the house, racing for her car, wrenching open the door and starting the engine, gunning it as Ian follows, whooping with the thrill of it, jumping in and slamming the door shut...

And followed by Margaret, barefoot and bare legs in her night dress... She stands right in front of the car and beats her fists on the bonnet-

MARGARET
Don't you dare, don't you dare,
don't you dare-

And then Jeanne reverses sharply and just drives round her...

Margaret alone, breathless and despairing in the empty road. Lights going on in nearby houses, curtains twitching at the noise... Margaret watches the brake lights disappear.

From his car, Morris, a sly smile at the corner of his mouth. He can see the shape of Margaret's body in her nightdress. The prurient, entertainment value of it all.

CUT TO:

19

INT. EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION. DAY 42. 12:37

19

Lennox in the press area. He's been joined by some other reporters, older lags. They are all ready, pens poised, eyes bright.

Judge Wheatley. Emslie and his clerks. Ian, again with the mien of a man enduring his many tribulations with dignified stoicism.

Emslie stands.

EMSLIE

M'Lord, I present Ian Campbell the Duke of Argyll's, petition for divorce from Margaret, Duchess of Argyll on the ground of her multiple adulteries. My client, the pursuer, is fully aware that a petition brought by the husband against his wife is unusual but the evidence we will present at a date given by the court is unequivocal, highly intimate and frankly, utterly damning.

Ian looks noble, Wheatley frowns with distaste. Lennox and the reporters scribble frantically, glittering with the thrill of all this posh filth. The scratch of their pencils audible.

CUT TO:

20

INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. DRAWING ROOM. DAY 43. 11:09 20

A tray of tea. JANE sits apart, her face impassive as a mill pond. Her silence is potent. Margaret is tear stained and anxious, feeling like she's fighting for her father. Pleading. GEORGE is tired, distant. He has a briefcase with him.

GEORGE

There are reporters outside the house. They come in the garden. Knock on the windows.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Shout through the door. Questions about you. About you and men.

Jane's silence shudders through the room.

MARGARET

It's lies. It's all Ian's lies. Trying to turn people against me. There are things I could say about him but I don't. He's getting everyone to gang up on me-

The tiniest snort from Jane, perhaps she even just shifts her weight in her chair but it's enough-

MARGARET (CONT'D)

The Judge. Wheatley, who banned me from Inveraray, I've heard he's a member of Clan Campbell! Does anyone report on that? Because how is that fair? And Ian's doctor, that Petro, saying I'm mad, there's things I could say about him too but no, it's just me, it's all about me-

GEORGE

I'm getting too old for this. You have to warn me, warn us. I don't want to learn it from the newspaper or have some pimply youth scream at me over the garden wall, what does Ian have?

MARGARET

Nothing!

A tremor across Jane's face.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Nothing. Daddy, I promise you. I promise you.

A long, long moment. George's shoulders drop. He suddenly looks exhausted. But he believes her. Margaret's relief.

GEORGE

Bloody man.

He opens the briefcase and takes out a manila folder, a legal document inside it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Remember I told you that I got
collateral from Ian. For you.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

So, if anything were to happen, you
wouldn't be left empty handed.
This is a Deed of Gift. From him.
To you. Paintings. Silver,
Antiques. Argyll heirlooms
inherited with the title, with the
castle. All valued.

MARGARET

I'm not allowed in the castle.

GEORGE

You have a right to remove what's
yours.

He passes her the document. Puts his hand on her shoulder.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Excuse me for a moment.

George exits. Margaret watches him go.

MARGARET

He looks so tired.

JANE

You exhaust him. The mess you make.

MARGARET

The mess I make?

JANE

Well, no-one else makes it, do
they?

A long, seething sizzling still moment. The two women staring
at each other.

MARGARET

Well, it's clear whose side you're
on, isn't it, Jane?

Jane looks away, she pours tea for herself. Sips. Margaret
turns to the document, starts leafing through it.

CUT TO:

21

INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. STAIRCASE. DAY 43. 11:12

21

George at the top of the stairs, leaning against the wall.
His body ripples with pain. He clenches his teeth so he
doesn't make a sound.

The strength leaves his legs and he sits heavily on the top stair, gripping the spindle of the banister, his face creased with the effort of riding the wave of pain. He presses his hand across his mouth. The staircase wavers, the perspective is strange, the floor is very far away. Slowly the pain recedes. He breathes. There is sweat on his forehead. He takes his hand from his mouth. There is a small smear of blood on it. He looks at the blood with terrible inevitability. He takes his handkerchief and wipes his hand clean. He sits there, feeling the minutes of his life tick away.

CUT TO:

22 INT. EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION. DAY 44. 12:03 22

Margaret, brittle and beautiful. Furs and jewels. Jauncey. More reporters in the press area. Staring down in gleeful fascination. The court clerk and usher. The stenographer.

And Wheatley. Again. He leafs through papers.

JAUNCEY

It is entirely reasonable that the Duchess should be granted access to Inveraray Castle. She must be allowed to identify articles she claims as personal possessions.

Wheatley looks at Margaret. Chilly and disapproving. Margaret meets his eyes. A long moment.

WHEATLEY

I'll allow a day. Dawn till dusk.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS. ROAD. DAWN 45. 05:53 23

All dark. The Daimler is parked on the non-environs side of the white line.

There is a faint shimmer of light on the horizon.

CUT TO:

24 INT/EXT. DAIMLER. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS. DAWN 45. 05:53 24

Dora and CHEESEMAN.

And in the back, Jauncey with a massive briefcase on his lap. Jauncey is dozing. Margaret watchful, the fury coming from her in waves. She eyes the light in the sky.

MARGARET

Dawn. Let's go.

Jauncey jolts awake as the car sets off.

CUT TO:

25 OMITTED 25

26 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. HALLWAY/STAIRS. DAY 45. 06:30 26

The door of the castle slams open and Margaret stands there in silhouette.

Her eyes rove over the suits of armour, more men in judgement, the axes and swords hanging in display under the gold leaf family motto.

Slowly, deliberately, she takes an axe from the display and weighs it in her hand. She heads into the castle, dragging it behind her, it's sharp blade striking sparks on the stone flags.

She walks up the stairs. The tip of the axe carves a furrow in the carpet.

Ian stands at the top of the stairs. Wreathed in a nimbus of cigarette smoke.

IAN

Hello, Satan.

And then he sees the axe.

IAN (CONT'D)

Fucking hell!

Ian turns and runs, terrified. Margaret gives chase, deranged.

CUT TO:

27 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. CORRIDORS. LIBRARY. DAY 45 06:31 27

Ian pelts down the corridor and goes into the library, we hear the key turn in the lock.

MARGARET

You bastard, Ian! You fucker! I'll cut your hands off! Everything you've done to me! You think I'm unhinged, I'll show you unhinged, you shit! You streak of paralysed piss!

She crashes the blade of the axe into the door-

Inside the library, Ian cowers, watching the door shake under the onslaught, he nearly whinnies with fear-

IAN

I'm sorry! Don't hurt me! I'm sorry!

And outside the library, Margaret with her hat over her eyes, her teeth bared like an animal, crashing the axe into the door, over and over again, splinters flying, the wood splitting-

We hear a polite cough.

27A INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. HALLWAY/STAIRS. DAY 45. 06:45 27A

Margaret, Jauncey and Dora. Jauncey has a clipboard and various documents and the Deed of Gift. Margaret is staring at the ceremonial axe from her fantasy. It is Dora who's coughed so politely. Margaret drags herself back to reality.

MARGARET

Well, this is definitely mine.
(a suit of armour)
And this.

And she sees Ian coming down the stairs, in disreputable pyjamas and dressing gown, cigarette holder clamped between his teeth, scratching himself rudely. She gives him a huge smile of murder.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

(of Ian)

This bedraggled thing I'll cheerfully leave behind.

IAN

My charming wife. That reminds me, must move my bowels.

MARGARET

(to Dora)

I want all my clothes, nothing left
behind. If he tries to stop you,
kick him.

Dora goes up the stairs, avoiding Ian. Margaret comes up the
stairs, level with Ian, points to a painting.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Mine.

IAN

Shouldn't you have brought a van?

MARGARET

I don't remove things. I p-pay
people to remove things for me.
They'll come later. Keep up please,
Mr Jauncey.

Margaret carries on heading up the stairs.

IAN

So I'm going to have to put up with
your burly labourers too, am I?

Jauncey scurries past Ian.

IAN (CONT'D)

Wonderful clipboard. Very debonair.

Margaret and Jauncey leave, Ian watches them, his head
wreathed in a nimbus of cigarette smoke.

CUT TO:

27B INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. CORRIDORS/LIBRARY. DAY 45. 11:28 27B

Margaret steams down corridors, into the library. She points
at paintings, cabinets of ceramics, statuary, tapestries...

MARGARET

Mine. Mine. Mine and mine.

Jauncey scurries behind, ticking off items on his clipboard-

CUT TO:

27C INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. DINING ROOM. DAY 45. 12:49 27C

Again, Margaret pointing out items she owns, furniture, silver, crystal-

MARGARET
Mine. Mine. Mine. Mine...

CUT TO:

27D EXT. INVERARAY CASTLE. GARDENS. DAY 45. 13:24 27D

A little table set up with white linen and silver. Dora serves Margaret a picnic lunch from a hamper.

Nearby, Jauncey eats a sandwich from a paper bag.

Ian glowers from the window above Margaret.

Margaret can feel Ian glaring. She nibbles with ostensible defiance on a tiny slice of quiche.

CUT TO:

27E INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. BEDROOM. DAY 45. 15:32 27E

Margaret and Jauncey. Margaret gestures at the chest of drawers, more porcelain, more silver.

MARGARET
Mine.

But the fight is ebbing out of her as the day draws on.

CUT TO:

27F INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY 45. 17:43 27F

Margaret's portrait smiles down on her, the cannon ball crouches on the table. Outside, the day is winding down. Long shadows.

JAUNCEY

We should be thinking about leaving.

MARGARET

Dawn till dusk, the judge said.
It's not dusk.

Jauncey looks pointedly at the window and the fading light.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I'm never going to be allowed here again. I just want to sit here for a moment. Please, let me just sit here. For a moment.

Her face is hollow and grief stricken. A long beat. Jauncey leaves. Margaret sits, for the last few moments, in the fading light.

CUT TO:

27G INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. HALLWAY. DUSK 45. 18:20

27G

Margaret walks out of the castle for the last time. It is dim and shadowy. She stops and looks back. The gold lettering of the family motto. The dull gleam of the bulk of the armour, the vaulted ceilings. A few moments, unbearable to turn her back on it. She puts her hand on the old stones... and then she steels herself and walks out.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. INVERARAY CASTLE. GARDENS DUSK 45. 18:22

28

Margaret walks through the gardens, one last time and stops dead. Ahead of her, gathered together, are Jauncey and two men. We should recognise these men. The TRUSTEES. KERR and his partner. They are reading through the Deed of Gift. They have their own cases with their own documents. Jauncey is worried. Margaret approaches slowly, confused.

MARGARET

What is it?

KERR

Your Grace, Malcolm Kerr, Chair of the Board of Trustees for the Argyll estate.

MARGARET

I know who you are and the Trust
can't stop me from taking what's
mine.

She indicates the Deed of Gift.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Everything on there is mine. Gifted
to me by the Duke.

KERR

But the Duke has already used all
these heirlooms as security against
a personal loan.

MARGARET

Yes, to my father.

KERR

No. To another lender.

A silence.

MARGARET

But that would have been after he
agreed this with my father.

KERR

No. It was before your husband
inherited. When he was married to
his previous wife.

And with Margaret, a sick shock rising and churning.

MARGARET

(to Jauncey)

What are they talking about, what
do they mean?

JAUNCEY

I thought you said your father had
taken legal advice on this?

MARGARET

...I assumed he had...

KERR

What we mean is that your husband
cannot offer these heirlooms as
collateral against a personal loan
from your father when they have
already been accepted as collateral
from another lender.

(MORE)

KERR (CONT'D)

What we mean is that these
heirlooms do not belong to your
husband and therefore, this Deed of
Gift is completely invalid. That,
Your Grace, is what we mean.

Margaret's face flattens out with the force of this betrayal.
Her mouth dry as sand. She feels a dangerous sense of
spiralling out of control. She looks up at Inveraray. There
is a light in the window and we can see Ian looking down.

JAUNCEY

(gently)

It's dusk. We have to leave. Now.

Her throat tightens. Her eyes fill with tears. The Trustees
are awkward. Jauncey makes a move as if to try and comfort
her but Margaret steps away from him sharply. Her face
contorts as she tries not to howl. The silent castle, the
darkening gardens, the tableau of men. The light in the
window with Ian watching.

CUT TO:

28A INT/EXT. DAIMLER. SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS. DUSK 45. 18:31 28A

Very tight in on Margaret. Dora and Cheeseman in front,
miserable Jauncey clutching his briefcase. Margaret keeps her
face turned away. The dark country streams past the windows.
Her teeth gritted tight so she doesn't make a single noise.
The road and country outside unspool too fast, that dangerous
feeling of losing control, she squeezes her eyes shut.

CUT TO:

29 INT. LIFTSHAFT. DAY 17. 13:06. FLASHBACK 29

Falling through darkness, falling-

And a phone shrilling.

CUT TO:

30 INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. DRAWING ROOM. DAY 46. 16:52 30

Margaret with her hands clutched in her hair, her face tight.
That same sense of being entirely out of control, the phone
rings and rings and finally, she picks it up.

MARGARET

(phone)

Yes.

IAN

(OOV/phone)

Satan, it's me. I'm in London. I think it's time you got your things back.

CUT TO:

31

INT. PRIVATE DINING ROOM. NIGHT 46. 19:42

31

Lit by candles. A single large table with a white cloth. Two places laid. Only Margaret is there. She has been there some time. A full ashtray. An empty glass. Her hands are clasped together very tightly. Finally, a door opens and a WAITER leads Ian in. Ian is carrying a glass of gin. The waiter holds his chair out for him. Passes a menu to Ian who takes it, offers one to Margaret who shakes her head.

IAN

Steak. Rare. Cut off its horns and wipe its arse.

The waiter leaves. Ian regards Margaret. He's not unkind.

IAN (CONT'D)

I've seen you look better. Rode hard and put away wet. That's how you look.

MARGARET

Where are they then? My personal items.

IAN

Well, I haven't brought them with me, have I. I thought we should have a civil conversation first. Fun as all this has been, it's gone far enough.

With Margaret, the word 'fun'. Jesus actual Christ.

MARGARET

I think you might have died in that prisoner of war camp. You died but didn't realise it and this-

She gestures at him-

MARGARET (CONT'D)

-is just a corpse you drag around.
You don't feel anything at all, do
you?

Ian thinks about it. She's got something there.

IAN

No, you're right. I don't. I never
have. No...life. But this, between
you and I, this battle, this makes
the heart race, the blood bang.
This is the closest I get to really
feeling alive.

He shrugs a little, all the explanation that's needed.

MARGARET

You cheated my father. He trusted
you. And you cheated him.

IAN

Your father wanted you to be a
Duchess. He couldn't see anything
beyond that. Give any chancer, any
fraud a title and perfectly sane
people will take them at their
word. It's the national disease.

Margaret's mouth is starting to tie up, fury at the way Ian
is describing George.

MARGARET

You w-wanted his money. You w-
wanted my money. And now, you've
spent it all and you need another
rich wife. I expect you've already
got one lined up. That's what this
is really about.

IAN

No, it's about your innumerable
flagrant infidelities. Who is he,
by the way? The man in the
photograph? I'd like to buy him a
drink and congratulate him on the
terrifying girth of his hose.

MARGARET

You weren't faithful to me, Ian.

IAN

Who were my mistresses? Name them.

MARGARET

Jane. For one.

Ian laughs.

IAN

And can you prove it? Do you have diaries, letters? A photograph?

A silence. No, Of course not.

IAN (CONT'D)

But I do. Here's the situation. My case can be heard by a judge and details that I know you would prefer to remain private will become a matter of legal record. Or.

MARGARET

Or?

IAN

You pay me two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. You clear my debts. You pay my lawyers. You agree to be divorced for adultery. And then all this unpleasantness goes away.

MARGARET

You're going to shame me into submission.

Ian shrugs, 'yes but what are you going to do?'

IAN

At least it'll be over.

MARGARET

But it won't be over, will it. There'll be something else, then something else then something else again and you'll hold it over me forever.

IAN

That's a risk you'll have to take. Well?

Margaret's eyes are lowered. Her hands clasped so tight. And for a long moment, it looks as though Ian has won. He certainly thinks so. And then Margaret looks up, eyes blazing.

MARGARET

See you in court.

She takes her bag and strides out. And for once, Ian is utterly wrong footed.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. DAY 47. 11:21

32

Morris' car parked up the street.

There are reporters crowded round the steps to Margaret's house, scribbling as Jauncey speaks. Margaret sphinx-like in finery.

JAUNCEY

I have been instructed by the Duchess to file her counter-petition against the Duke for divorce on the grounds of his adultery.

A thrill runs through the crowd, they press closer.

REPORTERS

Who with? Who are you naming? Who's the woman?

MARGARET

Who? Why, it's my step-mother.

A fractured stunned moment and then the reporters press closer, a camera flashes. Margaret angles her face infinitesimally for the photographer to get the best shot.

CUT TO:

33 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE. LIBRARY. DAY 48. 10:13

33

The newspaper open on the desk. A huge photograph of Margaret's cat like smile. Blazing headlines. AT EACH OTHERS THROATS! DUCHESS COUNTER-SUES! Ian grins down at it, the game. He lifts his glass to the photograph of Margaret.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. DAY 48. 12:32

34

Again, Morris in his dull car is parked up the street, observing all.

The Daimler arrives, Margaret rushing round to help George out of the car, Dora opening the front door in readiness. Cheeseman bringing cases from the boot.

And a black cab roars up, Jane flinging herself out of it.

JANE

George, have you lost your mind?
None of it's true! None of it!

But George is inside the house, helped by Dora and Margaret blocks Jane, her eyes blazing.

MARGARET

He doesn't need you anymore.

JANE

You'll say anything to get him all to yourself, won't you? You'll say absolutely anything.

MARGARET

You know what you did, Jane.

She gives Jane an elegant gloved finger and slams the front door in her face.

CUT TO:

35 INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. DRAWING ROOM. DAY 48A. 15:30 35

Jauncey and WALTER FRASER QC. Precise, polite and quietly-spoken, the polar opposite of Emslie's florid orotundities. There are stacks of legal files on the table. Margaret stands at the window, watching the street anxiously. Fraser is deep in papers.

FRASER

You have a witness to your husband's adultery with your step-mother?

MARGARET

(airily)
They're abroad at the moment.
Difficult to reach.

Jauncey and Fraser exchange a look, they doubt the existence of a witness.

FRASER

It would be useful to speak to them sooner rather than later.

MARGARET

Of course.

Fraser turns back to the papers.

FRASER

Your husband has cited Peter Combe
as one of the co-respondents.

MARGARET

Peter's a friend. A good friend.
There's never been anything of that
nature between us.

FRASER

And the other names?

MARGARET

Mr Fraser. I meet men. I dine with
men. I converse with men. It does
not follow that I have affairs with
every man that I meet. There's only
so many hours in the day.

A silence. Jauncey and Fraser glance at each other.

FRASER

And the image? The gentleman in the
Polaroid photographs? Who is he?

Margaret doesn't answer, looking out of the window.

CUT TO:

35A OMITTED

35A

35B INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. DRAWING ROOM. DAY 48A. 15:32 35B

FRASER

Your Grace?

Margaret turns.

MARGARET

The newspapers won't be able to report on anything said in court, you're sure of that.

FRASER

Divorce is a private matter between individuals. There's no public interest in the painful dissolution of a marriage. Obviously, press interest will be high-

MARGARET

My father is rather poorly at the moment and my children have their own lives, I don't want-

FRASER

The details of the case and individual testimonies cannot be reported, at least not in the British press. They can report the judgement, though that's usually very brief. Legally dry. Not fodder for the front pages.

MARGARET

The decision has to go my way. He doesn't get to divorce me, I get to divorce him, for cruelty, neglect, violence, stealing, being drunk-

She takes a breath.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Well. For being him, I suppose.

(a beat)

I have a chance here, don't I? A real chance it can go my way. He stole my private property, he shouldn't be allowed to use it against me at all!

FRASER

As evidence, the diaries and letters are easily contested, even the Polaroid photographs of the gentleman alone are not evidence of your adultery.

(a beat)

However.

(MORE)

FRASER (CONT'D)

There is the irrefutable fact of
the gentleman. With you. In your
bathroom.

A beat.

MARGARET

The gentleman in the photograph is my husband, the Duke of Argyll. I deny all charges of adultery. I am an entirely faithful wife.

FRASER

He'll have to be examined to prove he's not the man.

MARGARET

Oh, no. How completely awful for him.

And from downstairs in the hall, the sound of a fall, a shout-

DORA

(OOV)

Help! I need help!

Margaret runs from the room, Jauncey and Fraser follow-

CUT TO:

36

INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. HALLWAY. DAY 48A. 15:33

36

Margaret hurries out of the drawing room. George has fallen on the tiled hallway floor, Dora is crouched over him trying to lift him-

MARGARET

(to Jauncey)

Call an ambulance-

She rushes down to George who tries to sit himself up.

GEORGE

It's just a silly tumble, my legs went, it's nothing.

His voice is hoarse, painful. And then suddenly his mouth is full of blood, it runs down his chin and his coat, it drips on the floor, his eyes are wide and terrified. Margaret's white face.

CUT TO:

37 OMITTED 37

38 INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. BEDROOM. NIGHT 48A. 21:43 38

Lamplight. George is in bed. His bedside table crowded with bottles of pills and morphine.

Margaret paces by the bedroom door as we see IVOR GRIFFITHS bending over George, his pyjama sleeve rolled up, giving him an injection. Margaret glances then looks away, her father looks too frail, as if it's indecent for her to see him like that.

Griffiths finishes his work and joins her by the doorway. Margaret stares at him rather wild, imperious.

MARGARET

I'll get a second opinion.

GRIFFITHS

I'm so sorry Margaret. I'll come and see him later.

He touches her arm and leaves quietly.

Margaret sits on the side of his bed. George's eyes are open, dazed with morphine. His lips are dry. Margaret has a tumbler of water and gently, so so gently, she holds it to George's lips, a napkin held under his chin to catch any spills. But even this is too much for George so Margaret drips the edge of the napkin in the water and carefully dabs George's lips with it.

George watches her and even through the fog of opiates, there is fear. He's terrified. Margaret puts the tumbler and napkin down and takes George's hand. Meets his eyes and holds that terrified look with such gentleness and certainty. She strokes his cheek. George opens his mouth as if he's trying to speak but nothing comes and Margaret shakes her head gently, as if she's comforting a child.

MARGARET

Ssssh. Better in the morning, Daddy. That's what you always said to me, isn't it? When I'd had one of my furies, one of my tantrums. Better in the morning. And you were always right.

She's smiles at him, so certain, no fear and after a few moments, George drifts off.

The certainty drains from Margaret. She holds George's hand. The papery thin skin brittle over his knuckles. The corded veins. His face is gaunt. The skull beneath the skin. His breathing laboured. She holds his hand so gently, she watches his face with grief and fear.

CUT TO:

39 INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. BATHROOM/BEDROOM. NIGHT 48A. 39
21:57

Margaret in her night clothes. A chiffon scarf tied around her moulded hair. She creams her make up off, dropping clods of cotton wool streaked with powder, mascara and lipstick until her face is gleaming and naked. She massages in oils and lotions. She watches herself in the mirror. And suddenly stops. Her hands shaking, her heart banging, a panic attack, she drops the bottle of lotion, grips the edge of the basin, whimpering, a raw animal noise-

-And a flash of the liftshaft, of Margaret crumpled among the wheels and fierce machinery, looking up and seeing the lift descending, the toothed wheels turning and as the base of the lift descends, the long ropes of steel chains seem to form a V-

And we're back in the bathroom. Margaret almost bent double, fighting for breath through gritted teeth.

She sinks to her knees among the clods of cotton wool and the fallen bottles of lotion, puts her hands together like a child and prays, eyes tight shut and tears squeezing from under her eyelids-

MARGARET

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord
is with thee, blessed art though
among women, oh God, don't let him
die, don't let him die, please,
please, please, please don't let
him die...

CUT TO:

40 EXT. GRAVEYARD. DAY 49. 11:25

40

SA MOURNERS. The mound of the grave, heaped with flowers. A small wooden cross, a place holder for the stone, with a brass plaque with George's name and his dates of birth and death. Margaret white-faced and dry-eyed stares down at it. She is hollowed out. She looks, for once, graceless and shapeless in her mourning black. The only person there is Peter, dressed in black. He touches Margaret's arm to lead her away and she clings to him as they leave through the gravestones.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. GRAVEYARD. DAY 49. 11:27

41

The Daimler parked up. Peter and Margaret approach, Peter opens the door for Margaret and as he goes round to get in the other side, MAUREEN is suddenly there.

MAUREEN

Wait here, Peter. This will only
take a few moments.

She gets in and slams the door before Peter can say anything.

CUT TO:

42 INT/EXT. DAIMLER/ GRAVEYARD/STREET. DAY 49. 11:28 42

Margaret looks round in shock as Maureen settles herself.

MAUREEN

Out you pop, Cheeseman. Have a
cigarette.

Cheeseman meets Margaret's eyes in the driving mirror.
Margaret nods curtly. Cheeseman gets out. A moment.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Poor George. I always liked him.
Lovely service. Gorgeous hymns. I
stayed at the back. Didn't want to
intrude.

MARGARET

You're intruding now, Maureen.

MAUREEN

It's not the best timing but this
just won't wait. You have to stop
this ridiculous charade with Ian.
That's my advice as a friend and if
you've an ounce of sense, you'll
take it.

MARGARET

I thought all my friends had
deserted me.

MAUREEN

Do you blame them? The show you're
making of yourself. My dear, I
could weep.

MARGARET

I didn't know you cared.

MAUREEN

I don't. But it's not just your
yawning fanny being shown to the
world, it's all of ours, isn't it?
Plastered all over the papers,
thumbed by every shop girl and
grocer. All nudge nudge, wink wink
and sniggering speculation about
our class. You're breaking the
rules. Our private lives stay
behind closed doors.

(MORE)

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

It's why the little people in their grubby pits look up to us because we are not them but you are dragging us down so we look just like them. All bare arses and flapping cocks.

MARGARET

Maybe we should be dragged down.

MAUREEN

You maniac! That's socialism!

(a beat)

You are going to give Ian what he wants. Give him everything. You think you're friendless now, your life will be a howling wasteland if you do not stop. So, stop.

Maureen goes to get out of the car but Margaret stops her. She is very quiet, Maureen has to lean forward to hear her.

MARGARET

I fell forty feet down a lift shaft. I thought I was going to die. I thought I was going to be crushed to death. But I didn't die. And then I was told that I wouldn't walk again. I was too broken and I'd spend the rest of my life bed ridden. But I walked. I walked. So do not tell me what to do, Maureen.

Margaret gets louder, wilder, she beats her fist on the back of the driver's seat-

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Do not tell me what to do! Do not! Tell me! What to do! I will not be told! Not by you or Ian or anyone else, I will not be fucking told!

A moment.

MAUREEN

You are a Duchess. There are photographs of you with a man's erect penis in your mouth-

Margaret stares.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Oh, did you think it was a secret?
Never mind what the scandal is
doing to you, consider what it's
doing to us. Floodgates open.
Nothing sacred. You won't be
forgiven, Margaret. We will close
ranks and we have ranks to close.
You, dear, do not.

Maureen gets out of the car and leaves. Peter gets in and
studies Margaret's profile.

PETER

Let's get drunk.

CUT TO:

43 OMITTED

43

43A INT. COCKTAIL BAR. NIGHT 49. 23:58

43A

A beautiful bar. Margaret and Peter are the only patrons.
Perhaps a few drunks stumbling out. It's very late. The
barman is clearing, he wants to go home.

Margaret and Peter are quiet, companionable.

PETER

You know how the rumour mill works.
People are betting on who it is.
Who you're protecting.

MARGARET

I'm not telling you.

PETER

I'm not asking. You should know me
better than that.

A little beat.

MARGARET

One single tiny moment. The click
of a camera.

(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)

That's what's really on trial, you know. The fact that I got on my knees and enjoyed it.

PETER

It's not a trial.

MARGARET

Even the people on my side, Mr Fraser, Jauncey, when they look at me, I can see they're thinking 'what sort of woman are you? What sort of woman does that?' It's a trial. Mr Fraser thinks I have a strong case, if "if" I'm good and nice and I don't want to be good and nice.

PETER

Pretend. Ian's pretending to be the sad, wronged, noble husband, you can pretend to be good and nice. Pretend until you've ground your teeth to stumps.

MARGARET

I have to look sorry too. Sorry that I've been forced to defend myself. The law doesn't like women who aren't sorry. I have to school my face to remorse.

PETER

Let's see it.

A moment. Margaret puts on a face of suffering.

PETER (CONT'D)

It needs work.

Margaret laughs.

MARGARET

Good and nice and sorry. I want to go into court and burn everything to the ground.

The barman ostensibly takes their glasses and wipes their table.

PETER

Do you think he wants us to go?

MARGARET
Nightcap at mine?

CUT TO:

44 EXT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET. NIGHT 49. 03:02

44

Morris stands in the street, looking at the lit windows of the house. All the other houses in the street are dark.

Shadows move in the lit room and Morris slides away into the murk towards his car.

After a few moments, the front door opens and Margaret and Peter come out, embracing on the doorstep.

MARGARET

I'm sorry you've been dragged into this, I really am.

PETER

I'm a grown up. You don't have to worry about me.

MARGARET

Thank you for being my friend.

PETER

Always.

She kisses his cheek and Peter leaves, weaving a little, drunk. He turns to wave, perhaps a snappy salute and Margaret responds, then she goes back into the house. The sound of the door closing is sharp in the quiet street.

And up the dark road, in his dull brown car, Morris takes the camera from his eye, makes a note in his spiral notebook.

CUT TO:

45 OMITTED 45

46 INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY. DAY 50. 10:22 46

A big desk. Sunlight through a window. Ian stands, seething, grinding his teeth, Emslie and a clerk, both looking embarrassed. DR WILLIAM TULLOCH takes an anglepoise light and directs it to shine on Ian's crotch. He places a magnifying glass and a small comb and a towel on the desk.

TULLOCH

Pubic hair is fascinating.
Idiosyncratic as a finger print. I
can tell my regular patients apart
by a mere clump of the downstairs
fuzz. The photograph, if you
please.

A moment. Emslie hands it over from its envelope. Tulloch peers professionally.

TULLOCH (CONT'D)
Not that clear, is it?

A knock on the door and Fraser and Jauncey enter.

IAN
What the fuck are you doing here?

JAUNCEY
We're obliged to be present in all matters pertaining to our clients defence.

IAN
Jesus Christ.

Fraser and Jauncey arrange themselves round the room.

TULLOCH
Well then, Your Grace. Release the beast.

Ian grits his teeth. Then lowers his trousers furiously, holds up his shirt front. The lawyers suddenly find the ceiling interesting. Tulloch shines the anglepoise light onto Ian and bends over him with magnifying glass and comb.

IAN
(to Emslie)
This. This is why I call her Satan.
I want you to tear her to shreds.

He winces, glares furiously at Tulloch.

TULLOCH
My apologies. A little tangle.

FRASER
Sir, I want to remind you that the evidence for your case, acquired dishonourably, is flimsy and circumstantial at best, excessively punitive and spiteful at worst. Your wife has endured much during your marriage and I am confident that the law will be far kinder to her than you've been.

Ian looks at Fraser as though he'd like to rip his head off.

EMSLIE

(smoothly)

Well, that all depends on the view
of the judge, doesn't it, Mr
Fraser.

And on the Polaroid, lying face up on the doctor's desk, in
full view of the sun, almost gilded by it.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION. DAY 51. 11:03

47

A gaggle of reporters. Some rubber necking crowds. Argyll v
Argyll. Newspaper vendors. People are generally having a
great time. Like a crowd at a Tudor execution. Festive,
ghoulish, censorious.

Caption: Argyll v Argyll. 1963.

CUT TO:

48 INT. EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION. JUDGE'S CHAMBER. DAY 51. 11:34 48

The back view of a judge, in robes and wig staring out of the
window. We can hear the hubub of the crowds. Every part of
him radiates disapproval.

The judge turns.

And it's Wheatley. His austere, ascetic, disapproving face.

CUT TO:

49 INT. EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION. CORRIDOR. DAY 51. 11:48 49

Margaret, glorious in Norman Hartnell. Her pearls gleaming.
Her mouth red. Dora with the poodle, Jauncey and a wigged,
gowned Fraser.

MARGARET

How can it be Judge Wheatley again?

FRASER

If you could forget Wheatley for
just one second, you have bigger
issues. The photograph of you and
Peter Combe-

MARGARET

I might have known Ian would have
me watched. I should have known-

FRASER

You said there was nothing between
you and Mr Combe-

MARGARET

There isn't. And Peter will swear
to it. How is Ian allowed to watch
me like that? To spy?

JAUNCEY

You have to drop your counter-claim
against him. You have no evidence
about your step-mother-

MARGARET

I know what I know, I know Jane and
Ian had an affair-

JAUNCEY

Without a witness, it's just
speculation. You have to drop it.
You have to.

A moment. Margaret hesitates- A court usher calls-

COURT USHER

All parties in Argyll versus
Argyll! All parties!

FRASER

Drop the case. I'll make it sound
good.

Margaret nods unwillingly and Fraser and Jauncey leave.
Margaret gives the poodle a stroke. Dora brushes at the
shoulders of her coat and Margaret leaves.

CUT TO:

50

INT. EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION. COURT ROOM. DAY 51.
11:56

50

The tiny court room.

Ian. Emslie. Clerks.

Margaret. Fraser. Clerks. Jauncey.

The court usher. The stenographer who we've seen before.
Still in her sensible clothes and shoes and her unsensible
cats eye glasses on their sensible chain. She is the only
other woman there. Wheatley, remote and chilly.

Ian and Margaret very ostensibly do not look at each other
though they are hyper aware of every tiny movement the other
makes.

Peter is in the witness stand. Fraser standing. Ian drills
his eyes on Peter.

FRASER

How would you describe your
relationship with the Defender?

PETER

The Duchess and I are friends. We
go to dinner, walk our dogs
together. Go to the cinema. I make
her laugh. She's needed that,
during her marriage. Someone to
make her laugh. I'm a bit of a
clown.

FRASER

The Pursuer has a photograph of you
and the Defender embracing on her
doorstep in the early hours of the
morning.

PETER

Yes, they do.

FRASER

Have you at anytime in your
friendship been intimately involved
with the Defender?

PETER

Never. We have never once been
adulterous, it's never even been a
remote possibility. We are friends.
That embrace is the embrace friends
give each other.

Peter's voice rings with certainty. He is impressive. He is
excused and leaves the stand, he ignores Ian as he walks past
him and at the door of the court, he turns quickly, meets
Margaret's eye and gives her a little reassuring wink. And
with Margaret, buoyed and so grateful.

Time lapse.

Tulloch in the witness box. Emslie up. All of these public
details are anathema to Wheatley.

EMSLIE

Dr Tulloch, a material piece of evidence against the Duchess, the Defender in this case, is a Polaroid photograph. You've seen this photograph.

TULLOCH

I have. I studied it for professional comparison.

The court usher passes the photograph to Wheatley who peers closely at it.

EMSLIE

My Lord, The Defender claims the man in the photograph is her husband. You examined him to establish if that was so.

TULLOCH

I did. I observed all the distributions of the suprapubic hair formation. The man in the photograph has a thick bushy growth that extends towards the umbilicus. The Duke, by contrast, has a very thin and fine suprapubic distribution.

Ian's face pinched and angry. The stenographers fingers rattle on the keys.

EMSLIE

And what did you conclude from your experienced professional examination?

TULLOCH

That the person in the photograph was different from the Duke.

EMSLIE

Different.

(beat)

(MORE)

EMSLIE (CONT'D)

Not her husband. Thank you, Dr
Tulloch.

A heavy silence. Margaret's veiled eyes. She knows Ian is
staring at her.

CUT TO:

50A INT. EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION. CORRIDORS. DAY 51. 50A
12:32

A quiet, deserted corner. Margaret leans against the wall.
Her head too heavy for her neck, drained. Her brow furrowed,
a headache bulging behind her eyes. Distant footsteps echo
and come closer and as we've seen her do before, she
straightens up, the glacial mask, she pretends to be looking
in her handbag. It's Jauncey. He nods at her, the brief break
is over and Margaret follows him back into the court.

CUT TO:

50B INT. EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION. COURT ROOM. DAY 51. 50B
13:43

As before. Wheatley, Stenographer. Clerks. Advocates.

Ian is in the witness stand. A chair is being carried by a
court official.

EMSLIE

I have a letter from my client's
physician, declaring that the Duke
has a medical condition that
requires him to sit.

With Margaret. First she's heard of it.

Ian seated in the witness stand. He looks handsome, a husband
any woman would be glad of. The perfect combination of
romantic hauteur and proud hurt at his terrible wife.

Margaret's eyes drilled on him. Emslie's voice fruity, confiding.

IAN

My wife frequently went out in London, unaccompanied by me. Sometimes she returned at midnight. Sometimes three or four o'clock in the morning. She said she was with friends.

EMSLIE

Were you entirely happy about that?

IAN

No. All her friends were men. She assured me they were completely innocent.

EMSLIE

You believed her?

IAN

Of course. But then, my suspicions became overwhelming. I moved out of our London home, to Claridge's hotel. After that, I discovered her diaries, letters and... other things that she kept secretly.

EMSLIE

Was there anything you noticed in the diaries that caught your attention?

IAN

The lists of names and dates. The names of men. And the letter V.

EMSLIE

And what does the Defender signify with the use of the letter V?

IAN

She signifies that intercourse occurred.

EMSLIE

How do you know this?

IAN

Because it occurs next to my own name, in the early years of our marriage. When we were happy.

Ian drops his eyes, he manages to convey an infinite sadness. Wheatley's eyes on him and then they flick to glassy Margaret, white faced and still.

Time lapse. Fraser cross-examines.

FRASER

You had intercourse with the Defender when you were married to your previous wife. You committed adultery.

IAN

I did so for the purposes of obtaining a divorce.

FRASER

I see. You are practised in calculation when it comes to obtaining a divorce.

Ian doesn't answer.

FRASER (CONT'D)

You say you moved out of the London home and took a suite at Claridge's. But you were reconciled with her. In Paris. You shared the same room, the same bed.

IAN

Briefly.

FRASER

Briefly or not, at that time, you condoned what you suspected.

IAN

My wife is persuasive. There were many nights at Inveraray when I was forced to lock myself in my library, in order to sleep but even then she would batter on the door.

The inference about Margaret's persuasiveness and her battering on the door hangs in the air.

FRASER

But you didn't mind when the Defender paid for your scheme to salvage a shipwreck from Tobermory Bay. The restoration of Inveraray Castle. I put it to you that you only began to care about the Defender's London lifestyle when her money began to dry up.

IAN

No.

FRASER

You weren't angry when the Defender refused you money?

IAN

No.

FRASER

You didn't physically attack her? There were no occasions of violence?

IAN

No.

FRASER

You didn't, with the help of your daughter, terrorise the Defender by holding her down in her bed and stealing her diary?

IAN

I didn't terrorise her. I merely took the diary from her bedside table as she picked up the phone to call the police. My daughter, Lady Jeanne will agree.

FRASER

Oh, I'm sure.

FRASER (CONT'D)

You drink, don't you? You drink to excess.

A beat.

IAN

I drink the usual amount.

FRASER

I put it to you that you drink to a degree that would influence a man's behaviour, his judgement, his state of mind, that would cause his wife distress, even as she did everything in her power to care and support-

IAN

(ice)

My wife, the Defender, is unfaithful and I drink the usual amount.

A silence. Fraser lets Ian's anger sit with the court. Margaret watches Ian. Ian stares at her, such arctic loathing.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION. DAY 52. 08:51

51

Early morning. Crowds start arriving. Morning papers doing hot trade: ARGYLL V ARGYLL! AFTER THE DUKE, THE DUCHESS TAKES THE STAND!

The young reporter, Lennox, paces, excited.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION. DAY 52. 11:24

52

We replay in rapid fragments Margaret's arrival at court-

Margaret's tight face-

The shouts of 'whore'-

The gobbet of spit landing on the window of the Daimler.

CUT TO:

53 OMITTED 53

54 INT. EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION. COURT ROOM. DAY 52. 54
11:46

Margaret. Fraser, Jauncey and clerks. Ian, Emslie, solicitor and clerks. Court Usher. Wheatley. Stenographer. Peter watches Margaret's testimony.

Margaret is stood in the witness stand. Her pearls gleam around her neck. Wheatley's eyes on her. All the men's eyes on her.

FRASER

What purpose do your diaries serve?

MARGARET

They are a record of my social engagements. People who have written, dinner invitations, parties.

FRASER

The letter V your husband alleges is a symbol for intercourse is a short hand for these social engagements. An aide-memoire.

MARGARET

Yes. People who have sent flowers for example.

FRASER

And the love letters?

MARGARET

They are from before my marriage. Many women keep such letters. They are comforting, especially if one is unhappy.

FRASER

You were unhappy with your husband?

MARGARET

I wanted very much to be happy. I tried to make my husband happy.

(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)

But he was volatile and neglectful
and I was very lonely.

FRASER

I must ask you about an explicit
Polaroid photograph. You said the
man was your husband?

MARGARET

I thought it must be. He did keep
material of that nature. It was his
fetish.

Ian glares. Emslie shakes his head at him 'don't react'.

FRASER

And the woman in the image? Is that
you?

MARGARET

Might I see it?

A moment. The polaroid is collected and passed to Margaret
who studies it. Wheatley watches her study it. The line of
her mouth, the slant of her eyes. Margaret can see him
looking in her peripheral vision. She can feel his look on
her skin. A queasy, repelled attraction. There isn't a woman
walking who hasn't felt that look and knows what it is.

Margaret passes the photo back.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I'm sorry but the image is so
faded, it's impossible for me to
say who that woman is.

FRASER

Your Grace. Your husband alleges
that you have had adulterous
liaisons with over 80 men. Have you
ever been unfaithful to your
husband?

MARGARET

No. Never.

And she is aware of Wheatley's eyes burning into the side of
her face.

Timelapse. The direction of the sun through the windows has
shifted. Quite some time has passed. Emslie is about to
stand for the prosecution.

FRASER

M'lord, the Defender has been standing for quite some time. Perhaps she might be permitted a chair?

WHEATLEY

The defender will remain standing. Mr Emslie.

A moment. Fraser sits and with Margaret, she looks at Wheatley. The stenographer eyes quickly look at Margaret and then upwards to Wheatley and then back down to her fingers poised on the keys.

MARGARET

My husband was allowed to sit.

WHEATLEY

The defender will restrict her remarks to what is germane. Mr Emslie, if you please.

And now Margaret knows, without a shadow of doubt, the way this is going to go. Across the court, she sees Ian's little smile.

EMSLIE

I would like to ask you about the love letters? You say they are innocent?

MARGARET

I say that they were sent to me before my marriage.

EMSLIE

And you kept them because they were comforting?

MARGARET

Yes.

Emslie picks up a letter, he reads, declaims hammily-

EMSLIE

A letter to the Defender. "My Love. My tongue feels dry and violent upsurges shake my body. I can hardly wait, so much am I filled with visions of you, memories and others which will become truth soon." Goodness me. Violent upsurges is comforting?

(MORE)

EMSLIE (CONT'D)

Comforting, for most women, would be a kind word? Not a violent upsurge?

MARGARET

That is a letter sent to me before I married the Duke.

EMSLIE

Yes, the court heard you say that. The court has also heard that Peter Combe is just a friend.

MARGARET

He is.

EMSLIE

Then I would like your explanation for this?

He holds up a photograph. Peter and Margaret kissing on the doorstep of Upper Grosvenor Street.

EMSLIE (CONT'D)

Peter Combe leaving your house in the early hours of the morning and you embrace, very lovingly, in public.

FRASER

M'lord, Mr Combe has already testified in respect of his and the Defenders' relationship.

WHEATLEY

I'll allow.

And take Fraser's frustration.

EMSLIE

What was Peter Combe doing with you in the early hours of the morning that might occasion such a warm embrace?

MARGARET

We were talking. We played some music. We talked. About holidays. That's all. I embraced him because he's my good friend.

Emslie flicks a repulsively sarcastic eyebrow.

EMSLIE

What is V?

MARGARET

I already said, it's a shorthand
for my social engagements, an aide-
memoire-

EMSLIE

The V is your cipher for
intercourse, isn't it? You like to
keep trophies of your conquests,
letters, photographs, the V is
sexual conquest. It's everywhere in
your diaries, V, V, V, V-

He riffles the pages of the diaries.

MARGARET

It's nothing to do with that-

EMSLIE

Well, what is it? Because it isn't
flowers.

Very close on Margaret. She grips the witness stand and a
nerve jumps in her cheek-

And a flash of the accident. Margaret crumpled at the bottom
of the lift shaft, the mechanism grinding, turning, her white
face looking up in pure terror as the lift descends, coming
closer, inexorably closer and the girders and stanchions on
the bottom structured as a V-

Back in the courtroom, Margaret breathes deeply, quelling
panic. She licks dry lips.

MARGARET

It's private. It doesn't mean
anything.

EMSLIE

Private. Innocent.

EMSLIE (CONT'D)

Like the violent upsurges. Do you know the difference between the truth and a lie?

MARGARET

Yes, I do. And I have heard my husband lie in this court.

EMSLIE

You have lied constantly throughout your marriage, you have told the most egregious lies about your own step-mother, claiming she and your husband were having an affair, you're lying about your lovers and you are lying about the identity of the woman in the Polaroid photograph because that is you, isn't it?

And a long, long pause. Jauncey and Fraser are intent, eyes on her waiting for the denial. Willing it.

And with Margaret in that silence, the stenographers fingers poised, waiting. She takes in Emslie's gloat. The clerks. Ian's sly gleefulness. And Wheatley. How he hates her. The glitter of his hate. She can smell that hate. She meets all their eyes. They want her to cower. They want her to break. They want her to be ashamed. The moment ticks by. She stands straighter.

MARGARET

Yes, it's me.

It's silent but there's a ripple round the court that's audible. Jauncey and Fraser slump slightly. Emslie is delighted but puts on shock. Ian grins. Wheatley's disgust could not be more apparent.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Those are my pearls. My ring. That is my bathroom. I am that woman.

Emslie looks round the court. Milking his moment like it's a Jersey cow.

EMSLIE

There we are. Well. I'm sure I'm not alone in having no further questions.

MARGARET

I have something to say.

EMSLIE

I said, no further questions.

Margaret ignores him, fixes her eyes on Ian, across the court.

MARGARET

This action from my husband is not merely about a divorce. He doesn't care about infidelities. He doesn't care about affairs. He doesn't care about any man in any photograph. What he cares about is destroying me. He wants nothing less than my total ruination. Dust and ashes. And all I ever tried to do was help him.

A silence.

WHEATLEY

The defender may step down.

A beat and Margaret steps down and exits. Her heels ring in the court room. Ian's eyes drilled on her and she holds his gaze and then looks away from him and the heavy doors slam as she exits.

CUT TO:

55 INT. EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION. CORRIDOR. DAY 52. 15:22 55

Margaret leans against the wall, exhausted. Completely drained.

The sound of a slow hand clap and Margaret turns, Ian is there.

IAN

Spectacular. Absolutely spectacular.

Margaret regards him. The light is cruel, show the lines on his face, the gaunt hollows at his temples and cheeks. The pouches under his eyes and the tobacco stains on his fingers.

MARGARET

Well, you win. I know that. You win. I'll be the dirty joke, you'll make sure of it. But all the energy you put into hating me, Ian, now you've won, the battle's over, what's left for you?

IAN

The sweet nectar of victory, that's what's left.

MARGARET

All this time, I thought you were a monster but you're not at all. You're just a thin, ill, broken man. An unloved, frightened little boy. I know what happens to me next is going to be bad, but I'm not scared. I'm afraid for you. Because nothing is ever going to be enough, is it? Not women, not money, not drink, not the sweet taste of victory over me. It will never be enough. Not for you.

And a moment. Margaret's level searching regard and just for a second, something passes over Ian's face. Something like terror. And then it's gone. He manages to curl his lip at her and leaves back into the court.

CUT TO:

56

INT. EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION. DAY 53. 15:31

56

Two months later. Lennox and the reporters in the press area, the court is now packed with reporters and public. This is what they've been waiting for.

Ian, Emslie and clerks. Fraser and Jauncey. Peter.

Wheatley. He has a pile of paper. The judgement. Fraser is at the bench, speaking low and urgent.

FRASER

M'Lord, I implore you to consider my client's reputation, there is no public interest in a judgement of this nature-

WHEATLEY

(across)

Be seated Mr Fraser.

Fraser returns to his seat, leans across to Jauncey.

FRASER

(whisper)

He's going to crucify her.

And Emslie turns to Ian and nods.

Very tight on Wheatley. He sips a glass of water and begins.

WHEATLEY

In this application for divorce on the grounds of adultery, I have considered the evidence and testimonies of both Pursuer, Ian Campbell, Duke of Argyll and the Defender, Margaret Campbell, Duchess of Argyll. Concerning the Duchess, I consider her to be a highly sexed woman who had ceased to be satisfied with normal relations and had started to indulge in disgusting sexual activities to gratify a debased sexual appetite.

The sound of rapid scribbling from the reporters.

WHEATLEY (CONT'D)

Evidence was supplied in the form of diaries, letters and Polaroid photograph. The man or men depicted cannot be identified as the angle of the image excludes the head-

And very tight on Lennox in the gallery, he writes the phrase 'THE DUCHESS AND THE HEADLESS MAN'

LENNOX

(under his breath)
Dynamite.

WHEATLEY

And that the defender and the man or men depicted were indulging in a gross form of sexual relationship-

The reporters thrill, one turns to each other and makes the universal sign of blow job, tongue in the cheek, the hand moving round an imaginary dick-

REPORTERS

(whispering, thrilled)
She's a nosher!

Fraser and Jauncey cannot believe what they're hearing. Ian looks replete with satisfaction, Emslie more florid than ever-

CUT TO:

57 INT. EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION. DAY 52. 15:34

57

FLASHBACK. We hear Wheatley's judgement over.

Margaret walks away down the corridor. Ahead of her, Dora is waiting with the poodle on a lead.

WHEATLEY

(OOV)

There is enough in her own few admissions and proven facts to establish that she was a completely promiscuous woman, whose sexual appetite could only be satisfied with a number of men, whose promiscuity had led to a queer form of perversion and whose attitude to the sanctity of marriage was what the moderns might call sophisticated but what in plain language can only be described as wholly immoral.

Caption: Wheatley's judgement took three hours and ten minutes to deliver.

Margaret takes the poodle from Dora and defiant in her feather hat, heads to the open doors of the court.

CUT TO:

57A INT. EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION. COURT ROOM. DAY 53.
15:42

57A

As before. Tight on Wheatley.

WHEATLEY

I find the Duchess guilty of adultery with several men,

(Beat)

Including the man or men in the Polaroid photograph. But I award the Duke his divorce on the grounds of his wife's adultery with Peter Combe.

(MORE)

WHEATLEY (CONT'D)

The Duke will pay 1/8th of the expense, the Duchess to pay the rest.

CUT TO:

58 INT. EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION. STAIRCASE. DAY 53. 15:48 58

An impromptu celebration party. The pop of a bottle of champagne, foaming and fizzing. Ian fills glasses, Maureen, Petro, Yvonne, Jane, and a younger woman, MATILDA MORTIMER, much younger. 30s, dressed expensively, beaming.

Celebrations, cheers and glasses clinking.

Captions:

John Petro was imprisoned for supplying drugs illegally.

Three weeks after the divorce, Ian married Matilda Mortimer, an American heiress.

We see Ian embrace his new bride but as the jubilant celebrations whirl around him, we see him losing the taste for it. He starts to withdraw. His gleeful grin falls away. He looks inward at what is left and it's not enough. Nowhere near enough. His eyes, his face, his life is hollow and he knows it. He drains his glass to the sour dregs and holds it out for more.

Caption: Ian Campbell, 11th Duke of Argyll died in France in 1973.

CUT TO:

59 OMITTED 59

59A EXT. EDINBURGH COURT OF SESSION. DAY 52. 15:58 59A

FLASHBACK. The square is empty. Litter left blowing from the avid crowd. Newspapers blowing with their screaming headlines THE DUCHESS AND THE HEADLESS MAN! Sub-header: 'Grotesque sexual acts!' 'Entirely promiscuous woman!' 'A queer form of perversion!'

Margaret walks through the detritus of her life, her red hat blazing, the poodle trotting along beside her.

Caption:

Margaret, Duchess of Argyll died on 25th July 1993.

She never named The Headless Man.

In 1993, John Major, then Prime Minister reviewed a dossier of secret information about Duchess and the Headless Man. He ordered the dossier to remain closed until 2063.

And then, just for a few seconds, Margaret looks straight at us. Straight down the barrel of the camera. Mocking, challenging.

And then she turns on her heel and stalks away from us, straight backed, chin lifted, defiance blazing.

CUT TO:

60 OMITTED 60

61 EXT. INVERARAY CASTLE. DAY 53. 09:30 61

And a beautiful wide shot of Inveraray, the loch, the pine woods. The Pale turrets, the gardens.

Caption: Inveraray, the castle Margaret built, is open to the public. There is a tea room and a gift shop.

END.