

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

CELIA

But what?

CAROLINE

It's not like you're without. Is it?

CELIA

That isn't the point. I was an inconvenience. For fifty years.  
(shakes her head)  
Fifty years.

\*

\*

CAROLINE

(quiet)

Well. He's dead now. So.

CELIA

You never liked him.

(CAROLINE doesn't  
respond)

I can make better coffee than  
this in the microwave.

(she squints at her  
own lenses)

These glasses are mucky.

(a pause. She taps  
her fingernails on  
the table. Then -)

I've got a pen-pal. Did William  
tell you?

For the first time CAROLINE seems engaged. A glance at  
WILLIAM.

\*

CAROLINE

No.

CELIA

This fella I was at school with.  
Well except he was a lad then,  
obviously.

WILLIAM

I showed Gran how to put her  
details on Friends Reunited.

CAROLINE

So... well who is he?

CELIA

Alan. He was called. Well, he  
still is.

CUT TO:

\*

2                    EXT. FAR SLACK FARM, RIPPONDEN. DAY 1. 10.05                    2

An elderly Landrover laden with stuff pulls up. GILLIAN (43), RAFF (16) and ALAN (74) step out and unload Morrisons bags from the back; they've done their big Saturday morning shop. GILLIAN's just getting on board with some big information that ALAN and RAFF seem party to. The conversation is energetic. You have to be very determined to get a word in edgeways with GILLIAN and RAFF. We get a sense that the life they live is all a bit rough and ready. There couldn't be a more marked contrast between these people and the last lot we've just seen.

\*  
\*

GILLIAN

Hang on. Stop. Start again.  
You've...?

RAFF

When Grandad was at school -

GILLIAN

He can talk for himself.

ALAN

(reluctant but  
amused)

When I was at school there was  
this lass, this girl -

RAFF

Who he fancied.

ALAN

Whatever.

GILLIAN

Keep going.

ALAN thought there was more to say, but now he's put it into words, that seems to be it. He's smiling. ALAN's always smiling. Our abiding image of him should be of a man smiling.

ALAN

Well that's it really.

RAFF

No it isn't. I put his name on  
Friends Reunited, right -

ALAN

Oh yeah, that's it -

RAFF

And there she was. Celia Dawson.

(CONTINUED)

2

CONTINUED:

2

ALAN

Nee Armitage.

RAFF

Her and Doreen Wilkinson.

ALAN

Just two of 'em. Out of the whole year.

GILLIAN

You're joking.

RAFF

So we wrote to her.

GILLIAN

'We'?

RAFF

Grandad were a bit nervous.

GILLIAN

What for!?

ALAN

Well I were in two minds.

GILLIAN

So you wrote to her, and -

ALAN

And she wrote back. And we've kept it going, and...

(thoughtful,  
smiling)

Yeah.

(beat)

It's all nowt.

CUT TO:

3

INT. CAFE, HARROGATE. DAY 1. 10.06

3

As before.

CELIA

(casually  
dismissive)

It's all nowt.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. FAR SLACK FARM. DAY 1. 10.07 4

ALAN  
We're just pen pals.

CUT TO:

5 INT. CAFE, HARROGATE. DAY 1. 10.08 5

CELIA  
Except it's been a trip down  
memory lane. Well, sort of.  
Given that -

CAROLINE  
Given that...  
(smiling, engaged)  
you're not exactly sure which  
one he is.

CELIA  
Well you see he was in my year,  
but not in my form.

WILLIAM  
Gran was in the A stream.

CELIA

And if he's who I *think* he is,  
not everything he says adds up.  
You see, I think they lived up  
in the wilds, somewhere up  
Stainland.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. FAR SLACK FARM. DAY 1. 10.09 6

As before.

ALAN  
She lived in t'next street.

CUT TO:

7 INT. CAFE, HARROGATE. DAY 1. 10.10 7

CELIA  
Only he talks like he lived in  
the next street. And if he  
did... well I'm beggared if I  
can place him.

CUT TO:

8                    EXT/INT. FAR SLACK FARM. DAY 1. 10.11

8

ALAN, GILLIAN and RAFF head inside the farmhouse with the supermarket bags.

ALAN

I were amazed when she wrote back. I didn't think I were t'sort somebody like her'd remember.

GILLIAN

Why, what sort's she?

RAFF

Glamorous.

GILLIAN

(wry)  
Oh aye.

ALAN

(fond)  
Well, she allus seemed a bit better spoken ner t'rest. And I was always on t'shy side. And gormless, so -

GILLIAN

So where is she now?

ALAN

Harrogate. She has a little flat. At her daughter's house.

RAFF

Last time he saw her was in 1951.

GILLIAN

Really?

ALAN

(nods)  
Her dad got a job down in Sheffield, and that was it. Off they went.

RAFF

He was heart-broken.

GILLIAN

Did she know you had a thing about her?

ALAN

She'd not have looked at me twice.

\*

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

GILLIAN's not sure she likes the sound of this woman.

RAFF

I've told him, he wants to  
invite himself over.

(ALAN shakes his  
head, smiling)

Why not? Say you're passing. Say  
you're in Harrogate anyway, and  
would she like to meet up for a  
cup of tea.

A big black shiny Mitsubishi Warrior pulls up outside.  
There's a couple of motocross bikes strapped in the  
back. GILLIAN's heart sinks and her face hardens. It's  
almost through gritted teeth she says -

GILLIAN

You're Uncle Robbie's here,  
Raff.

RAFF

Yess!!

GILLIAN

(mumbles, annoyed)  
Half an hour early.

ALAN's face falls a little too as RAFF grabs his crash  
helmet and his kit bag with his leathers in.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

I want you back by five.

RAFF heads outside. GILLIAN goes with him. No pause in  
the conversation.

RAFF

No way!

CUT TO:

9

EXT. FAR SLACK FARM. CONTINUOUS. DAY 1. 10.12

9

ROBBIE (mid-40's) steps out of his silly big car. He  
wears reflective ski sun glasses and a baseball cap.  
He chews gum and walks like he's just spent five hours  
on horseback. We should feel that GILLIAN is over  
reacting slightly -

GILLIAN

I told you this last time, I  
made it clear - !

(CONTINUED)

9                    CONTINUED:

9

RAFF

Mum! It doesn't *finish* while  
five! How we gonna be *back* here  
by five? Hiya Robbie!

ROBBIE

(a casual greeting)

Raff.

\*

CUT TO:

10                  SCENE OMITTED

10

\*

11                  SCENE CONTINUOUS FROM SCENE 9, NOW.

11

\*

GILLIAN

(to ROBBIE)

I want him back by *five*.

ROBBIE

(cool, indifferent,  
opening his door  
to get back in)

Right.

GILLIAN

No, not 'right' like you're just  
saying it to shut me up. 'Right'  
like you've heard what I've said  
and it's sunk in.

\*

ROBBIE's expression behind his dark glasses never  
alters.

ROBBIE

Right.

GILLIAN

He's got homework.

\*

\*

RAFF

I've done it.

\*

\*

GILLIAN

*When?*

\*

\*

ROBBIE gets into the vehicle and shuts his door. RAFF  
gets in and lowers the passenger window.

\*

RAFF

I'll ring yer.

The Mitsubishi lurches forward and out of the yard.  
Loud music blares from the hi-fi. We linger on GILLIAN;

\*

(CONTINUED)



11 CONTINUED: 11

on her dislike and mistrust of ROBBIE. She mutters  
"bastard" under her breath. \*

CUT TO:

12 EXT. CAROLINE'S HOUSE, HARROGATE. DAY 1. 11.45 12

CELIA, CAROLINE and WILLIAM drive through a leafy suburb of Harrogate.

CAROLINE

Why don't you ask him for a photo? If you can't picture him.

WILLIAM

She's got one, he's sent one. \*

CELIA

On the email. Only I'm none the wiser. Folk change so much, don't they? Especially men.

CAROLINE's car pulls into the drive. The house is a desirable, well maintained detached property, with a bungalow built onto the main house. There are two other cars in the drive; CELIA's, and a slightly elderly BMW, the presence of which seems to surprise CAROLINE, CELIA and WILLIAM. In a bad way.

CELIA (CONT'D)

John's car. \*

CUT TO:

13 INT. CAROLINE'S HOUSE, SITTING ROOM. DAY 1. 11.50 13

WILLIAM comes in the house first, followed by CAROLINE. JOHN (46, a good-looking, charismatic academic) appears in the doorway of the sitting room. LAWRENCE (15, a blond haired rugby player) Caroline's other son, appears from behind him.

LAWRENCE

Dad's here.

JOHN'S nervous, polite, self-effacing, plausible.  
There's a tense atmosphere.

JOHN

Hi.

CAROLINE

Hello.

JOHN

I let myself in.

(CONTINUED)

CAROLINE  
(indifferent,  
polite)  
So I see.

JOHN  
(trying for a  
smile)  
Hi Will.

JOHN's presence embarrasses WILLIAM. He addresses  
CAROLINE in a mumble.

WILLIAM  
I'm off upstairs.

He heads past her and upstairs.

\*

CAROLINE  
I didn't know you had a key.

JOHN  
D'you want it back?

CAROLINE can't decide whether to say yes or no. Yes  
sounds too bitter. No sounds like she's throwing the  
doors wide open to him.

CAROLINE  
Either way.

JOHN  
How's your mother?

CAROLINE  
Fine.

JOHN  
Good.

\*

CAROLINE  
(casual, light)  
Why're you here?

JOHN  
(to LAWRENCE)  
D'you want to give us a few  
minutes?

LAWRENCE  
Sure.

Happy LAWRENCE clears off. JOHN has the bewildered  
manner of an articulate man suddenly unable to say what  
he needs to say.

13                    CONTINUED: (2)                    13

JOHN

Erm. I'm tempted to say it's a long story. But it isn't really. In fact it's pretty straight forward. Turns out... Judith's a bit of an alcoholic.

CUT TO:

14                    OMIT SCENE 14.                    14      \*

CUT TO:

15                    INT. SITTING ROOM, CAROLINE'S HOUSE. DAY 1. 12.01                    15  
CAROLINE remains standing.

JOHN

I knew she had a  
(wry)  
'significant relationship' with the stuff. I knew she 'liked a drink'. But erm... yeah. Didn't realise the extent of it.

\*

CAROLINE fights the urge to say "So what?"

\*

CAROLINE

Has she tried to get help?

JOHN

Oh yeah. More than once. I don't think it's something that'll sort itself out over night. Well, if ever. In fact. So. Yup.

CAROLINE thinks her response through carefully. The tone of it. She's careful not to sound at all vindictive or smart.

CAROLINE

And so how does this involve me?

JOHN

I've made a terrible mistake, Caroline.

Pause.

CAROLINE

Oh. I see.  
(she's thoughtful.  
Eventually...)  
You want to come back.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

JOHN

(hardly dare ask)  
What d'you think?

\*

CAROLINE

(genuine; quiet)  
I don't know.

JOHN

I was dazzled. It's pathetic,  
isn't it? Even more so when you  
see what a ridiculous, empty-  
headed mess she...

(dries up)

Sorry. You don't want to hear  
this. And so *selfish*. Out of  
necessity, I suppose. You can't  
imagine it 'til you've...

(dries up)

Sorry. I suppose I never have.  
Seen it before. Up close. The  
real McCoy. And it's only now. I  
realise. How much of a fool I've  
made of myself. And to have  
thrown away all this. Here. With  
you and the boys. And for what?  
It's appalling, it's abysmal.  
It's unthinkable.

CAROLINE can see he's genuinely on the verge of tears.

\*

CUT TO:

16

EXT. FAR SLACK FARM. DAY 1. 16.00

16

GILLIAN's penned a small flock of sheep in, and she's  
scraping out their hooves.

CUT TO:

17

INT. FAR SLACK FARM. DAY 1. 16.05

17

ALAN's settled down at the computer with a cup of  
coffee and the remainder of the packet of Hobnobs that  
RAFF started on. He's nervous. He starts writing.

ALAN

(voice over)

Dear Celia. I am planning a trip  
up to Skipton next week.

(pause)

Possibly Monday.

(pause)

If you fancied meeting up for a  
coffee, it would be a wonderful  
opportunity [to]...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

ALAN (CONT'D)

Would you fancy meeting up for a coffee? A cup of coffee. I appreciate that you probably have much more interesting things to [do]... That you may already have your week planned. But if you did happen to be available. Free. I would be delighted if you... it would be very nice to see you. With very best wishes...

(pause)

Best wishes, Alan.

He puts an 'x' after his name, then deletes it again. He moves the cursor up to send. Just as he's worked up enough courage to click the mouse, the phone rings. He answers it.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Hello?

Cutting with:

CUT TO:

18

EXT. FIELD. DAY 1. 16.06

18

Motorbike engines roar. ROBBIE's on his mobile. An ambulance. RAFF's on a stretcher being tended by paramedics. And it looks serious from where ROBBIE's standing. ROBBIE isn't the cool dude he was earlier.

\*  
\*  
\*

ROBBIE

Alan, it's Robbie. Lad's come off his bike. Is Gillian there?

ALAN

(instant panic)

No, she's -

He looks outside by way of completing the sentence. But ROBBIE's interrupted anyway -

ROBBIE

Ambulance is here. They're taking him to t'Princess Royal. Shall I see you there then, or what?

ALAN

Yeah, but - so what's he done?

ROBBIE

I dunno. He's - he's conscious now anyway, so -

(CONTINUED)

18            CONTINUED:

18

                         ALAN  
                         (more alarm)  
                         We'll see you there. Tata.

ALAN hangs up. His legs have gone a bit weak with the shock. He turns to the computer, presses the mouse to send the message before he can think about it too much (almost like it's part of his panic) then runs to the outer door.

                         ALAN (CONT'D)  
                         *Gillian!!*

CUT TO:

19            EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY 1. 16.35

19

GILLIAN's Landrover flies into the visitors' car park and pulls up messily, not quite properly in a space.

CUT TO:

20            INT. A & E, HOSPITAL. DAY 1. 16.36

20

Angry GILLIAN strides into A & E reception. ALAN struggles to keep up with her. Embarrassed, reluctant ROBBIE stands up to greet them.

                         GILLIAN  
                         Where is he?

\*  
\*

                         ROBBIE  
                         In wi' t'doctor.

\*  
\*

                         GILLIAN  
                         Well congratulations Robbie!  
                         You've finally got what you  
                         wanted.

                         ROBBIE  
                         What y'talking about?

                         GILLIAN  
                         Oh, *you know*.

                         ROBBIE  
                         This is what *I* 'wanted'? Him  
                         flat on his back in an  
                         ambulance?

                         GILLIAN  
                         You love it that every Saturday  
                         I go through *hell* worrying about  
                         him getting hurt.

(CONTINUED)

ROBBIE

I know you've got a screw loose,  
Gillian. So I won't push it. But  
you better apologise for that.

GILLIAN

Yeah, that's happening.

\*

ALAN

Let's calm down.

ROBBIE

I go biking wi' Raff 'cos he  
loves it. I love it. Eddie loved  
it. It's in us blood. So don't  
accuse me o' that [rubbish] -

GILLIAN

Yeah and if you hadn't raked up  
all that bloody trouble when  
Eddie died nobody'd have *reason*  
to think you took any  
satisfaction [from him getting  
hurt] -

ALAN

(interrupting)

Gillian. Love. Don't.

GILLIAN

You're lucky I let y'have owt to  
do with him.

ROBBIE

Yeah, and you're lucky y'haven't  
had him taken *off* yer.

GILLIAN stares at him wildly, unable to think of  
anything bad enough to say in response to this, when  
suddenly -

ALAN

Raff lad!

GILLIAN turns and sees RAFF, who's hobbling a bit.  
ROBBIE mumbles as GILLIAN dives over to hug RAFF -

ROBBIE

You'll get what's coming to you,  
one day, lady.

GILLIAN

God, you've had me worried!

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

RAFF

They fussed, mother. I said "I don't need an ambulance, I don't need an X-ray, I'm made like rubber", but nobody were listening.

CUT TO:

21 INT. CELIA'S FLAT. DAY 1. 16.45

21

CELIA's reading ALAN's email when there's a gentle knock at the door.

CELIA

Hello?

CAROLINE appears at the door.

\*

CAROLINE

John's gone. He's gone to fetch some of his things. He's moving back in.

CELIA's non-plussed. She takes it in, nods.

\*

CELIA

Right.

CAROLINE

I've told him he'll have to sleep in another room.

\*

CELIA

It seems very easy for him. After what he's done.

CAROLINE

Turns out she's an alcoholic.

CELIA

And he's just discovered this? After goodness knows how many months.

CAROLINE

He knew she had a problem. He didn't know the extent of it.

CELIA weighs things up.

\*

CELIA

He wants to meet me. In Skipton. For a cup of coffee.

CAROLINE

Oh! Your -

\*

(CONTINUED)



21

CONTINUED:

21

CELIA

Alan.

CAROLINE

Are you going?

She considers. Briefly. Then answers quietly, flatly.

CELIA

No.

CAROLINE accepts this without much further thought.

CAROLINE

D'you think I'm making a  
mistake?

CELIA

It doesn't matter what I think,  
love.

\*

CAROLINE absorbs this. She tacitly accepts it as her mother saying she does think she's making a mistake. A moment, then she withdraws. CELIA weighs things up, then goes back to her message from ALAN. She reads it again. Then she presses 'reply'.

CELIA (CONT'D)

(voice over)

Dear Alan.

She pauses. We look deep into her eyes. There's something sad, thoughtful, deep there. Is she really going to turn him down?

CELIA (CONT'D)

(voice over)

Sadly -

(a pause, starts  
again)

Unfortunately -

(another, longer  
pause. Starts  
again)I would be delighted to meet you  
in Skipton on Monday.

CUT TO:

22

EXT. FAR SLACK FARM. DUSK 1. 17.30

22

\*

The Landrover pulls up. GILLIAN rasps the handbrake on.

\*

GILLIAN

I'll get kettle on.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 22

She gets out of the Landrover one side, RAFF and ALAN the other. ALAN grabs RAFF for a quiet word -

ALAN  
If you jack this in. Properly.  
Once and for all. I'll buy you a  
car when you pass your test.

RAFF looks concerned, amazed, rather than delighted.

Why? RAFF

ALAN  
Because that's how much your mum  
(a whisper, deadly  
serious)  
*can't stand it.* She lost your dad,  
she doesn't want to lose you.

RAFF hadn't realised that's how GILLIAN felt, and it comes as a bit of a slap.

Bit of a montage now:

CUT TO:

23 EXT. CAROLINE & JOHN'S HOUSE. HARROGATE. DUSK 1. 18.00 23 \*

JOHN's car pulls into the drive. LAWRENCE heads out of the house to help his dad with his stuff.

CUT TO:

24 INT. CAROLINE & JOHN'S HOUSE. HARROGATE. NIGHT 1. 18.05 24 \*

JOHN and LAWRENCE lug JOHN's bags in, sharing a joke/laugh about something. WILLIAM, sat quietly reading *Antony and Cleopatra* alone in the sitting room, doesn't budge to help. WILLIAM looks distastefully at his dad moving back in.

CUT TO:

25	EXT. FAR SLACK FARM. NIGHT 1. 19.00	25	*
----	-------------------------------------	----	---

GILLIAN continues to scrape out the hooves of a small flock of sheep that she's penned in. RAFF comes limping along. They smile at one another, a tacit understanding that he's come to help. Without saying anything - and slightly to her surprise - he goes and kisses her, and then simply gets on with it.

CUT TO:

26 INT. FAR SLACK FARM. NIGHT 1. 19.01 26 \*

ALAN's looking out of the window at GILLIAN and RAFF. He's also sitting in front of the computer. He logs on, and sees there's a message from CELIA. He opens it. We don't need to see the message, we just need to see his face; he smiles. He's delighted, can't believe his luck. He starts tapping out a message back.

CUT TO:

27 INT. CAROLINE & JOHN'S HOUSE, CAROLINE'S STUDY. 27  
HARROGATE. NIGHT 1. 19.05 \*

Preoccupied CAROLINE's busy at her computer when there's a tap at the door. JOHN appears. All plausible and tentative.

JOHN  
Do you...? Really. Want me to  
sleep in the spare bedroom? *Just*  
so I know where to put my stuff.

CAROLINE's tired. She takes her reading glasses off. \*

CAROLINE  
I've got the Independent Schools  
Inspectorate coming in this  
week, and...  
(gently but firmly)  
Just don't push it. All right?

JOHN takes it in. Nods, accepts it. He withdraws. We look at CAROLINE for a moment. She seems to have a heavy heart. Has she made the wrong decision allowing JOHN to come back? Is it what she really wants?

CUT TO:

28 INT. CELIA'S FLAT. NIGHT 1. 19.06 28 \*

CELIA's reading ALAN's reply, explaining where there's a cafe he knows where they could meet. CELIA goes back to her inbox, and clicks on a previous message of ALAN's, which has an attachment. She opens the attachment. It's the photo of himself that he sent her. It may have RAFF and GILLIAN on it too, but it's ALAN she's looking at. She smiles. Happily. Like her heart's melting. Does she realise who he is after all, more than she's been prepared to let on? Even to herself, almost.

CUT TO:

29 INT. FAR SLACK FARM. NIGHT 1. 20.00

29 \*

Evening. ALAN's relaxed in front of the telly. We can hear the distant thud of music from upstairs, so that's where RAFF is. GILLIAN, exhausted and dishevelled from seeing to the sheep, comes through from the kitchen with two cups of tea. One for herself, one for ALAN. She sits with him.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

GILLIAN

What did you say to Raffy? About buying him a car.

ALAN

Oh.

GILLIAN

He does his own thing, dad. If he wants to be friends with Robbie, fine. I hate him, the dozy pillock, *but*. He's Eddie's brother and Raff has to make up his own mind about folk.

ALAN

I asked him not to tell you.

GILLIAN

I appreciate that, and I appreciate you interfering. I love it when you interfere. But I'm not stopping him doing stuff he likes doing. He has to outgrow things. Naturally. Then he won't resent people. Me.

\*

ALAN

I'm meeting her. In Skipton. On Monday.

GILLIAN

Are you.  
(realising,  
delighted)  
Are you?

\*

ALAN

If she turns up.

GILLIAN

Why wouldn't she?

ALAN

I don't know. I don't know that I'll have enough to say to her. Enough to keep a conversation going. Perhaps I should find an excuse.

(CONTINUED)

GILLIAN

What for?

ALAN

(blurting it out)

I did ask her out once.

A little pause. GILLIAN can see he's nervous. Scared he's bitten off more than he can chew.

GILLIAN

Did you?

ALAN

Yeah.

A pause.

GILLIAN

So -

ALAN

Only she never turned up. I sat there nearly two hours, and then. After. I found out that's when she'd gone. To Sheffield. That same day.

GILLIAN

You're kidding.

ALAN

She's probably forgotten.

GILLIAN

Well that were a rotten trick.

ALAN

Well it might not've been. She might've just forgot. If they were flitting, she'd have a lot on her mind. And - you know... we were only kids. Teenagers. So...

GILLIAN

Aw, dad. Well you don't *have* to go.

\*

ALAN

Oh, I can't pull out now. And it was sixty years ago.

GILLIAN

So what?

ALAN

(wistful)

I thought sun shone out of her.  
I can still feel that feeling I  
felt when I looked at her.

GILLIAN

You've been married to me mother  
for fifty years since then!

ALAN

Oh, I know. And I loved your  
mum.

(deeply sincere,  
deeply fond, it  
brings a tear to  
his eye saying it)

We were pals. But Celia... it were  
more like... I don't know.

(daft love sick  
grin)

"Now heaven walks on earth". Is  
that a line from something?

GILLIAN considers.

GILLIAN

Probably. It will be.

ALAN

Shakespeare.

GILLIAN

(nodding carefully)

One o' that crowd, yeah.

Then a bit more montage -

CUT TO:

30

INT. CELIA'S FLAT. MORNING. DAY 2. 08.00

30

Monday morning. CELIA surreptitiously watches CAROLINE  
leaving for the day in her car with WILLIAM and  
LAWRENCE, both in school uniform. There's a secret  
delight in CELIA's surreptitiousness; she's up to  
something.

30A

INT. CO-OP, RIPPONDEN. DAY 2. 08.40

30A

GILLIAN's just straightening her Co-op overalls, with her  
name badge on. It just reads 'Gillian'. She checks  
herself out in the mirror (she's in the staff loo), then  
heads into the shop. We go with her...

CUT TO:

31            EXT. CAROLINE'S SCHOOL, HARROGATE. DAY 2. 08.45            31

CAROLINE's school is very posh and very traditional.  
Like Christ's Hospital or something. Except in  
Harrogate. CAROLINE's car pulls into the school gates.  
There's a sign outside which reads 'Sulgrave Heath  
School'. Somewhere on there it reads Headteacher:  
Caroline Elliot, Ph.D, M.Ed.

CUT TO:

32            SCENE OMITTED            32      \*

33            INT. SCHOOL CHAPEL. DAY 2. 09.00            33

CAROLINE - wearing a formal black gown - heads through  
the filled chapel towards the front for posh morning  
assembly. It should feel like the parting of the Red  
Sea (well, almost) as she walks down the aisle through  
pews full of posh fee-paying kids. We glimpse  
(separately) WILLIAM and LAWRENCE, with their  
respective classmates. LAWRENCE, the joker, who we  
might expect to be the type to fart about in assembly,  
watches his mum with huge respect. He loves this moment  
of the day. He's really proud of her. The assembled  
school is singing the last stanza of 'Grant us oh our  
heavenly father, now in these our early days'.

CUT TO:

34            INT. CO-OP, RIPPONDEN. DAY 2. 09.01            34

GILLIAN heads down the aisle towards the check-out area  
(at exactly the same speed as CAROLINE) saying to a  
couple of colleagues/shoppers -

GILLIAN  
Morning, love. Morning.

GILLIAN reaches the tills at the front, and prods in  
her code number. She glances up at the queue, inviting  
the first customer to come forward.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Good morning.

CUT TO:

35            INT. SCHOOL CHAPEL. 09.02            35

CAROLINE reaches the lectern at the front just as the  
last rousing lines of the hymn are sung. She looks down  
at all 700 of their shiny upturned faces.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)



39

CONTINUED:

39

CELIA

(vo)

Alan?

CUT TO:

40

INT. CAFE. SKIPTON. DAY 2. 10.02

40

ALAN's shocked out of his little day dream/memory, and sees CELIA standing in front of him. She smiles. She looks lovely; well dressed, nicely made up, and all cheery. She still has a big but subtle presence to ALAN, even if she is sixty years older than the last time she saw him. She's just as compelling to look at as he remembers. ALAN stands up quickly, nearly falling over himself. His mouth's dry, he can barely speak =

\*

ALAN

Celia.

\*

CELIA

How are you?

ALAN

I'm...

(he remembers to smile)

not so bad. How're you?

CELIA

Oh, I'm all right.

ALAN

Good. Good! Well that's -

CELIA

I know who you are now.

ALAN

Sorry?

CELIA

Penny dropped. As soon as I saw you.

A pause. ALAN didn't realise she *didn't* know who he was through their various e-mailed correspondence.

ALAN

You didn't...? [Know who I was?]

CELIA

I didn't for long enough.

ALAN

But I [sent a photograph] -

(CONTINUED)

CELIA

Even with the photograph. I was thinking you were that other Alan from up Stainland.

ALAN

Alan Robertshaw?

CELIA

Robertshaw!

ALAN

Wi' t'spindly legs?

CELIA

Had he?

ALAN

Spaghetti legs, me dad called him.

CELIA

I don't remember his legs. Now you lived in t'next street.

\*  
\*

ALAN

I didn't realise there was a confusion. Are you disappointed?

\*

CELIA

No.

(she smiles)

How was your journey?

\*

ALAN feels thrown; he was so thrilled that she turned up, and now so gutted that she's confused him with someone else. He smiles bravely.

ALAN

Fine. Thank you. Only -

(changes tack)

What can I get you?

CELIA

She'll come over. Only what?

ALAN's mouth remains dry. Her presence sends his head into a whirl, a whirl which he knows will send the wrong signal to his mouth and make him perpetually say clumsy things.

ALAN

I didn't get a ticket. For the car park. I didn't have the right change, so -

CELIA

Oh. Well d'you want to go back  
and [get one]?

ALAN

Well let me get you something  
first, and then -

CELIA

(staring at him,  
smiling)

Isn't it odd? The things you  
remember. And the things you  
don't.

ALAN

Yes. Always.

She looks at him closely. And something comes to her...

\*

CELIA

Didn't you ask me out once?

ALAN stares at her. She *does* remember him.

ALAN

Did I?

CELIA

You probably don't remember.

ALAN

Erm...

CELIA

You did.

ALAN

Oh...

CELIA

That's right, and then I  
couldn't come. Because... it was  
when we were moving to  
Sheffield. Yeah, we went a day  
early. I can't remember why now,  
it'd be my mother not being  
organised. You go and get your  
ticket. I'll -

(waves at the  
WAITRESS)

Could I have a latte please?

ALAN

It's ringing a bell now you've  
said it.

\*

\*

CELIA

Good. But you got the note. \*

ALAN

Did I?

CELIA

Yeah.

ALAN

What note?

CELIA

I sent you a note. To say I  
couldn't come. I gave it to  
Eileen Pickford to give you.

ALAN

Eileen?

CELIA

Yeah, to say sorry I was letting  
you down, but here was my new  
address. In Sheffield. So you  
could write to me.

ALAN

(he's amazed)

Did you?

Beat.

CELIA

Don't tell me you didn't get it.

ALAN

Well... [no].

CELIA

You didn't?

Bemused ALAN's shaking his head. CELIA smiles it off - \*

CELIA (CONT'D)

Well it's a good job you'd  
forgotten or else you'd have  
spent the last sixty years  
thinking I'd stood you up!

ALAN tries to smile. Laugh, even. As if!

CELIA (CONT'D)

You go and get your ticket.

Polite, reluctant ALAN ducks out of the shop. We linger  
on CELIA for a moment. \*

CUT TO:

41                    EXT. CAFE. SKIPTON. DAY 2. 10.10                    41

ALAN emerges from the shop and heads towards the car park; he can't believe what he's just heard. He looks worried rather than delighted. His whole *life* could have been different.

CUT TO:

42                    INT. CAROLINE'S SCHOOL, HARROGATE. DAY 2. 10.15                    42

CAROLINE heads along a corridor in her huge posh shiny school. She's nervous. Two teachers, a man and a woman, emerge from a class room together, chatting familiarly. He's young, mid to late twenties, good looking, she has an intellectual, jolly manner, and is in her mid-forties. They don't see CAROLINE, because as they emerge from the classroom, they turn and head the other way. Is CAROLINE seems livelier than she does at home. \*

CAROLINE

Kate! Have you got five minutes?

CAROLINE has a natural authority and dignity of manner (yet somehow casual with it too) that leaves us and them in no doubt that she's the boss. She walks off. KATE excuses herself politely from MICHAEL and heads off after CAROLINE. \*

CUT TO:

43                    INT. CAROLINE'S OFFICE, SCHOOL. DAY 2. 10.16                    43

CAROLINE comes into her office, followed by KATE. CAROLINE shuts the door behind her.

CAROLINE

Take a - sit down.

KATE

(smiles, worried)

Very formal.

CAROLINE goes and sits behind her big desk. She's nervous. She considers skirting round things, then goes straight for it -

CAROLINE

John turned up. On Saturday. He wants to move back in. So. So I said yes. For the boys' sake. \*

KATE absorbs this. Inside she's gutted. Outwardly she remains calm, thoughtful, respectful, tentative - \*

(CONTINUED)

KATE

When you say "move back in".  
Does that mean - ?

CAROLINE

I don't know. What it means.  
Exactly. Yet.

\*

\*

KATE

I'm amazed. After everything  
he's done. After everything  
you've said.

CAROLINE

It's mainly for the boys. God  
knows we see enough of it here.  
Parents who put their children  
anywhere except first. They  
think they do, until it comes to  
their own convenience and happ -

She shuts up.

KATE

Happiness.

CAROLINE

I don't want to be like that.

KATE

He doesn't put them first.

CAROLINE

Yes well perhaps all the more  
reason why I should.

KATE's gutted. But tries not to show it. CAROLINE  
becomes slightly tongue-tied, embarrassed.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Look. I'm very...  
(she waits for the  
right word)  
fond. Of you. You know that. I  
just... don't think I can do  
this any more. Obviously, we can  
be friends, but the other  
thing...

(KATE looks  
embarrassed too,  
tries not to)

It's not me. I mean it's not *not*  
me, I'm just not...

(she struggles,  
dries up)

Ready. To go there.

43                    CONTINUED: (2)                    43

KATE takes it on the chin, but she's gutted. The bell sounds for the end of break. Moments pass. Eventually -

KATE

I've got 9V.

CAROLINE

Bad luck. Sorry. I am sorry.

\*

KATE leaves. We linger on CAROLINE. And her confused feelings.

\*

\*

CUT TO:

44                    EXT. CAR PARK, SKIPTON. DAY 2. 10.17                    44

ALAN gets his ticket from the machine, then heads over to his car. But when he gets there, it's gone. An empty space. And on the ground, smashed glass near where the driver's side door would have been. ALAN looks around him in disbelief. Is this the wrong spot? Had he parked it somewhere else? He stands there looking a bit hopeless, with his parking ticket and no car to stick it in. Then the penny drops. It's been nicked! He's devastated; today of all days!

\*

\*

ALAN

No, no, no, no - keep calm.

\*

He puts his hand to his chest. We realise he has a heart problem.

\*

\*

CUT TO:

45                    INT. CO-OP, RIPPONDEN. DAY 2. 10.20                    45

GILLIAN fills the cigarette shelves behind the counter. Someone comes up to the till. GILLIAN turns around to serve, and sees 22-year-old PAUL JATRI smiling at her. PAUL is louche, cool, cute. In a rough, slightly dirty kind of way. GILLIAN seems a mixture of embarrassed and irritated to see him. But tries to appear indifferent.

\*

\*

\*

\*

PAUL

Can I have twenty Bensons?

\*

She turns around to get the cigarettes. PAUL leans across the counter and looks at her arse/legs. She turns around and puts the cigarettes on the counter. PAUL unashamedly stays where he is, leaning on the counter, now looking up at her cleavage.

\*

PAUL (CONT'D)

Y'going up to t'White Horse again, Friday night?

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED:

45

GILLIAN

This Friday, no, probably not.

PAUL

Why not?

GILLIAN

I've stuff to do.

PAUL

Have y'eck. Well that's a shame. \*

(lowers his voice, \*

all seductive)

I thought I might buy you a few  
beers. Again.

GILLIAN

That's five pound sixty. \*

He hands her a tenner. \*

PAUL \*

I'll be there anyway. If you're  
feeling... lonely. \*Somehow he manages to make it sound like a eumphemism for  
'randy'. \*

GILLIAN

Right.

(hands him his  
change)

Mind how you go.

PAUL takes his change, smiles at her, pulls a face  
indicating pleasure and pain, implying how hot she is,  
and leaves. GILLIAN heaves a sigh of relief when he's  
gone: embarrassed, humiliated, annoyed with herself. \*

CUT TO:

46

INT. CAFE. SKIPTON. DAY 2. 10.21

46

CELIA's sipping coffee when ALAN returns. He's anxious,  
desperate not to appear so. \*

CELIA

Is that what you thought?

ALAN

Sorry?

CELIA

That I'd stood you up?

ALAN

Oh. Erm -

(CONTINUED)



CELIA

You must've done.

ALAN

Well. Yes. I suppose. I  
[might've] -

CELIA

You did?

ALAN

(nods, shrugs)  
Well -

CELIA

How embarrassing. How sad.

ALAN

No. Look. It's water under the  
bridge. I think my car's [been  
stolen] -

CELIA

'Cos I fair hoped you'd write.

ALAN stares at her. His voice doesn't seem to work -

ALAN

*Did you?*

CELIA

Yeah. I fair waited for a  
letter. It didn't occur to me  
that she wouldn't give it to  
you.

(CELIA thinks  
things through)

Happen she were jealous.

ALAN

(worried)  
Happen she forgot.

CELIA

I probably assumed you didn't  
have time to bother writing.

ALAN

No. No. No. Celia. I'd have  
written if I'd got it.

CELIA

That's last time I'll ask Eileen  
Pickford to do anything for me.

ALAN

She's dead.

46      CONTINUED: (2)

46

Pause.

CELIA

Is she. Well. That'll teach her.  
D'you know, that's *all* come back  
to me just now. Just seeing your  
face.

ALAN

I married her. Eileen. She were  
Gillian's mother.

CELIA stares at him.

CELIA

Good Lord.

ALAN

Aye.

CELIA

Well. She was a nice lass.

\*

They stare at each other, realising how different  
things might've been, but for the want of Eileen  
delivering the letter.

\*

ALAN

I think my car's been stolen.

CUT TO:

47      INT. POLICE STATION, SKIPTON. DAY 2. 11.00

47

ALAN and CELIA sit in a police interview room. They  
talk in hushed voices.

\*

\*

CELIA

I can't say mine was a happy  
marriage. Because it wasn't. I  
don't say that to everyone.  
He wasn't the most faithful of  
husbands. Shall we say. And not  
just once, either. There was a  
whole string of 'em. A whole  
stream of 'em. What's the  
collective noun for women who  
aren't very fussy? Sorry, is  
that too much information?

\*

ALAN's slightly uncomfortable, but he's intrigued too.

ALAN

No.

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED:

47

CELIA

Caroline says it takes two people to make a marriage go wrong. I don't believe that, but... she probably gets sick of me going on about it. Well she does. She says, "He's dead, get over it". Not in so many words, but that's what it amounts to.

\*

ALAN

I'm sorry.

\*

CELIA

Tell me about Eileen.

ALAN

Oh well, we were very happy. Happy enough. Very steady. Then she developed Alzheimers.

(he smiles sadly)

She didn't know me at finish.

Pause.

CELIA

Fancy her not giving you my letter.

(this information troubles ALAN)

She must've liked you.

\*

A uniform PC comes in. He talks to ALAN carefully and kindly, as if ALAN's borderline senile.

PC

So I've processed all your information, Mr. Buttershaw, concerning your vehicle. How're you fixed for getting home?

On ALAN; he hadn't even thought about it. Because he doesn't want to go home.

ALAN

Oh.

CUT TO:

48

INT. CO-OP, RIPPONDEN. DAY 2. 11.20

48

GILLIAN's on a surreptitious phone call on her mobile.

\*

GILLIAN

In broad daylight? In Skipton? You're joking!

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

Cutting as and when necessary with:

CUT TO:

49 INT. ANOTHER CAFE, SKIPTON. DAY 2. 11.21 49

ALAN's on his mobile. CELIA sits opposite. A WAITRESS puts two cups of coffee down on the table.

ALAN

So I was wondering if you could  
come and pick me up. Not  
straight away necessarily -

CELIA

I don't know why you won't  
let me drive you.

GILLIAN

Well yeah. Course I can.  
But I don't knock off while  
three. Have you been to  
t'police?

ALAN covers the mouthpiece and addresses CELIA.

ALAN (CONT'D)

It's a long way, and then you'd only have to drive back to Harrogate.

(then to GILLIAN)

Course we've been to t'police!

CELIA

It's nobbut forty miles. Or so.  
Isn't it?

GILLIAN

Have you got your pills with you?

ALAN

(light, casual, he  
doesn't want CELIA  
to know he takes  
heart pills)

Yes. Yes! Yes.

GILLIAN

And have you some cash on you?

AT,AN

Yes, I'm okay there.

GTLJ.TAN

So you're basically all right?

ALAN

Well it were a bit of a shock.  
And they're not optimistic about  
getting it back. Not all in one  
piece, anyway.

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

49

GILLIAN

Right, well I'll set off as soon  
as I can after three. Okay?

\*  
\*

ALAN

Okay.

\*

GILLIAN's manager is prowling. She whispers urgently -

\*

GILLIAN

I'm going to have to go, dad.

ALAN

Okay, tata love.

GILLIAN

Keep in touch.

ALAN

Tata.

(he hangs up)

She doesn't get off work 'til  
three. Otherwise she'd be  
straight over.

\*

CELIA

I'm not a bad driver if that's  
what you're thinking. We could pop  
down Elland! We could look up a  
few of our old haunts.

\*  
\*

That sounds good to ALAN.

CUT TO:

50

EXT. RAFF'S SCHOOL. DAY 2. 12.00

50

ROBBIE sits outside the school in a patrol car  
(ROBBIE's a uniform P.C.). RAFFY heads over from the  
school, opens the passenger side door and leans in.

\*  
\*  
\*

RAFF

I got your text.

ROBBIE

Yeah, and I got yours. You're  
not jacking it in. It's like I  
told you - get in - you've to  
get straight back on.

\*  
\*

(RAFF gets in the  
car)

\*

It's what your dad woulda said.  
It's what your dad woulda done.

RAFF

It upsets me mum too much.

(CONTINUED)

ROBBIE

You can't live your life not  
doing stuff just 'cos -

RAFF

(interrupts)

It's shook me as well, so -

ROBBIE

You're just saying that! This is  
about Gillian not wanting you to  
have owt to do wi' me.

\*

RAFF

(genuinely  
surprised)

No it isn't.

\*

\*

ROBBIE

I'm gonna tell you summat now,  
Raff. About your mother. About why  
she doesn't like you and me  
bothering with each other.

\*

(RAFF's worried;  
what can he mean?)

When our Eddie - when your dad  
died. You know what happened?

RAFF

Yeah. Ish.

ROBBIE

It wasn't an accident. This is my  
personal theory. You know what  
happened, right?

\*

RAFF only knows what he's been told. He's always  
assumed he probably wasn't told everything.

RAFF

Yeah.

ROBBIE

Death by misadventure.

RAFF

Yeah.

ROBBIE

Bollocks. She killed him.

RAFF doesn't get it, it's too big to take in.

\*

CUT TO:

51 EXT. CELIA'S CAR, SKIPTON. DAY 2. 12.10

51

CELIA and ALAN drive out of Skipton.

\*

ALAN

She were heart broken when he died. All over t'place. Farm to run, never enough money. That's why she works at co-op. That's why I moved in. She was struggling. I've still got my little house.

CELIA

Oh have you?

ALAN

Up Barkisland. Lovely view. I rent it out. Which suits me. I didn't like on my own.

\*

CELIA

I'm used to it. I've felt like I've been on my own for the last forty years.

ALAN

(heartfelt)

I'm sorry you've been so unhappy.

CELIA

Nay it isn't your fault.

ALAN

It isn't what you deserve. My memory of you is smiling. A lovely big smile. You were radiant.

CELIA laughs. Embarrassed, flattered. Her face has lit up.

\*

CELIA

It's been a long time since anybody's called me that.

ALAN

You still are.

They smile at one another. Then suddenly ALAN spots something -

ALAN (CONT'D)

That's - *it is! It's my car!*

His car's just driven past them, going the other way. ALAN peers after it.

(CONTINUED)

CELIA

You're joking.

ALAN

I'm not! I'm *not*! That's my  
registration plate!

CELIA

(decisive)

Right.

ALAN

What you doing? Celia!

She's doing a three point turn. Cut to an external shot  
as other vehicles are forced to stop as CELIA's vehicle  
lurches across the opposite carriageway.

\*

CELIA

You get on your phone to the  
police, I'll put my foot down.

ALAN

(clutching his  
chest)

What do I ring? 999?

CELIA

If you like.

ALAN

But that's emergencies.

CELIA

This is an emergency!  
(a vehicle toots at  
her)

Oh, shut up!

(then to ALAN)

Not you.

(struggling with  
the gear lever)

Where's first gear when you  
bloody well need it?

\*

Cut to an external shot as CELIA puts her foot down and  
heads off in the same direction that ALAN's car went  
in. Back inside the car, CELIA has spotted ALAN  
clutching his chest.

CELIA (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

ALAN

I'm fine.

(then to the phone)

Yes, hello, police please.

(to CELIA)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



51

CONTINUED: (2)

51

ALAN (CONT'D)

I just have a heart condition.  
(to the phone)  
Buttershaw, Alan.

CELIA

Have you?

ALAN

(to the phone)  
Far Slack Farm, Ripponden, West  
Yorkshire. HX5 7LD.

(then to CELIA)  
I'm supposed to avoid  
excitement.

(then to the phone)  
Yes, my car's been stolen, I've  
just reported it, and now we've  
just spotted it, and now we're  
just following it. At speed.

Cut to an external shot as ALAN's car sails past, and  
then CELIA's car speeds after it. Cut to back inside  
CELIA's car -

ALAN (CONT'D)

We're...  
(to CELIA)  
Where are we?

CELIA

We're on the B437 heading back  
towards Skipton.

ALAN

We're on the B437 heading back  
towards Skipton. It's a light blue  
Vauxhall Astra. \*

ALAN's car turns off the road. CELIA is right behind it  
now. She turns off too. \*

ALAN's car goes through a red light. CELIA goes through  
the red light too. The thief now knows that the car  
pursuing him is onto him. He starts ducking and diving  
down small streets, making as many turns as he can to  
throw them off. But CELIA's determined and remains  
right behind him. We cut to back inside CELIA's car. \*  
ALAN's still on his mobile. He's nervous; he's not  
convinced they're doing the right thing, but he daren't  
say anything.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Well I'm not sure where we are  
now...

(he glances at a  
street sign)  
Albert Street.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

51      CONTINUED: (3)

51

ALAN (CONT'D)

Well in fact we've just left  
Albert Street and now we're in  
summat else.

Suddenly ALAN's car is forced to stop; there's no way  
through. It's an emergency stop, and CELIA's far too  
close, and despite her best efforts to slam the brakes  
on, her car goes smashing into the back of it. The two  
front doors of ALAN's car are thrown open, and two  
little KIDS run out, racing off in opposite directions.  
ALAN and CELIA are left sitting there, stunned and  
shaken, everything suddenly having stopped. ALAN and  
CELIA look at one another. ALAN's still on the phone to  
the emergency services.

\*

ALAN (CONT'D)

(to the phone)

They've... we've...

(he turns to CELIA)

Are we all right?

Cut to outside the car a few seconds later as CELIA and  
ALAN emerge to assess the damage. It isn't great but  
it's enough to ensure that neither car can be driven  
without being fixed.

\*

\*

CELIA

Sorry.

ALAN

Nay, I'm sorry you've -

He nods at her car. A distant police siren approaches.  
ALAN feels his chest.

CUT TO:

52      INT. POLICE STATION, SKIPTON. DAY 2. 12.40

52

ALAN and CELIA talk hush hush again, and drink tea from  
styrofoam cups.

\*

ALAN

Twenty years ago. First time it  
happened. I had to take early  
retirement. Then I had another  
funny do ten years after that. On  
holiday. I should be dead really.

\*

CELIA

Good heavens.

ALAN

Still. We've had an adventure.

(CONTINUED)

CELIA

I wonder what would've happened  
if Eileen had given you that  
letter?

ALAN

We'll never know.

CELIA

We could speculate.

ALAN

I'd certainly have written.  
There's very little doubt about  
that.

CELIA

What would you have put?

ALAN

"Dear Celia". I'd have put.  
"Thank you for sending me your  
address".

CELIA

Then what.

ALAN

I've no idea.

CELIA

Oh well we wouldn't have got  
very far then, would we?

ALAN

"I am sorry you were unable to  
turn up.

(he considers)

"At least - however - I was not  
left sitting there for two  
hours. On the bench. Outside the  
Town Hall. In the snow. As I  
might have been had you not  
written".

CELIA

You weren't!

\*

ALAN

Well not the snow bit obviously,  
it was July, but -

CELIA

I thought you said you couldn't  
remember it.

ALAN

Yeah. Well.

(bravely)

I lied. I remember it like it was yesterday, I was gutted.

CELIA

Oh, Alan! And there was me in Sheffield thinking you didn't want to write to me.

ALAN

But... you didn't feel t'same way about me as I felt about you.

CELIA

How do you know I didn't? I'd been waiting for you to ask me out for months. Years.

\*

ALAN can't believe his ears. Then he remembers -

ALAN

Two hours ago you thought I was someone with spindly legs from up Stainland.

\*

CELIA

I knew damned well who you were, first time you wrote. I was pretending. Pretending to myself.

He's bemused. A pause.

ALAN

Why?

CELIA

Because I did like you. A lot. And I was never sure how you really felt about me. Not when you didn't write. So...

\*

\*

(a moment)

And there, I can say it now. Because it was two hundred years ago, and because I'm shameless, and if I didn't say it now I never would. I was -

(dare she say it?)

in love with you.

ALAN stares at her. The same PC as before comes back in again. He's just as polite as before, and now talks to them both like they're senile.

(CONTINUED)

55

CONTINUED:

55

RAFF

Not everything. Robbie turned up  
outside the school gates this  
morning.

GILLIAN

Robbie?

RAFF

He said summat. Weird.

On GILLIAN as the penny drops and she realises where  
this is coming from.

GILLIAN

Robbie's a mad bastard.

RAFF

Do you know what he thinks?

GILLIAN

Yeah. Course I know. He tried to  
have me arrested! Like I hadn't  
enough to cope with at the time.  
Look. If You wanna talk about  
this now, fine. But you're going  
to have to come with me.

CUT TO:

56

EXT. ANOTHER CAFE, SKIPTON. DAY 2. 17.12

56

CELIA and ALAN are sitting opposite one another at a  
table. CELIA's just prodding her mobile off.

CELIA

It's hopeless. You can never get  
hold of her at school, she  
always has it switched off. I've  
left a message anyway.

ALAN

Right.

CELIA

And if I get desperate I can  
always ring John. Well! Who'd  
have thought it? Us. Here today.  
Like this.

\*

ALAN's staring at her.

ALAN

Were you really -  
(whisper)  
in love. With me.

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED:

56

Unseen by ALAN, the WAITRESS has come over.

WAITRESS

What I can get you?

CELIA

Oh...

CELIA peers through her increasingly inadequate lenses at the menu board behind the counter.

CELIA (CONT'D)

What d'you suppose a  
crappuccchino is? Alan?

ALAN

(peering)

Isn't that an 'f'?

CELIA

(looking out of the  
window)

Where?

ALAN

On the board.

CELIA

Is it?

WAITRESS

Frappuccchino. It's coffee with  
ice.

CELIA

They've always to muck  
everything about these days,  
haven't they? Still, if you're  
not taking risks, you're not  
living. That's what our William  
says, and he lives in his  
bedroom. So what does he know?  
Oh go on, I'll have one.

ALAN

Well, following that impeccable  
logic...

(he turns to the

WAITRESS)

I'll have one as well. Thank  
you.

CELIA's smiling at ALAN's impeccable logic. The  
WAITRESS sets off about her business. CELIA and ALAN  
look at one another.

(CONTINUED)

CELIA

I'd forgotten you were a  
comedian.

ALAN

I'd forgotten you were one.  
(smiles, leans  
across the table  
and whispers)  
You knew damned well it didn't  
say crappuccino.

CELIA

Well. People bother with you  
more if they think you're  
senile. Look at that policeman.  
Either that or they run a mile.  
(adjusting her  
glasses politely)  
Which can be equally  
entertaining.

Pause.

ALAN

Were you really. In love with  
me.

CELIA

I used to think about you. When  
I was so miserable with Kenneth.  
I used to wonder what you were  
up to. And who you were with.  
And how different things  
might've been if I'd married a  
lad like you. Did you ever think  
about me? When you were with  
Eileen?

\*

ALAN

Now and again. I don't think I've  
ever stopped thinking about you.

\*

They're gazing at each other.

CELIA

We missed a trick, didn't we?

ALAN

I can't believe Eileen didn't  
give me that letter.

CELIA

Well, we can't change it.

ALAN

It's... such a big thing. Not to  
have done. She must've known.

(CONTINUED)



56

CONTINUED: (3)

56

CELIA

Well. You've got Gillian and  
Raffy, and I've got my lot, and  
I don't regret that, do you?  
Whatever else's happened.

ALAN

(a very slight  
hesitation)  
No. No. Course not.

CUT TO:

57

INT. GILLIAN'S LANDROVER. DAY 2. 17.30

57

GILLIAN and RAFF speed along in the Landrover.  
GILLIAN's hassled as RAFF goes on at her, like she  
hasn't got enough to worry about with her dad stranded  
in Skipton with his heart condition.

\*

RAFF

He says it wasn't an accident.  
He says me dad wouldn't have  
been that stupid.

GILLIAN

Look -

RAFF

He took risks with his biking,  
right enough, but calculated  
risks, Robbie said. He were big  
on safety on t'farm.

GILLIAN

Yeah. Yeah! He was. When he  
wasn't off his head drunk!

(she's not told him  
that before and  
she regrets it  
instantly)

Look -

RAFF

He said you argued. All t'time.

GILLIAN

Yeah! Like thousands of others!

RAFF

He said how days before he died  
you'd argued and told him you'd  
like to see him dead. And then -

GILLIAN

Did he.

(CONTINUED)

57

CONTINUED:

57

RAFF

I said you loved him. And he  
ought to shut his mouth.

GILLIAN

Right, well, good for you.

RAFF

But then he said most of what he  
deals with is stuff like this.  
Domestics.

GILLIAN

What you don't realise -

RAFF

He said every copper knows  
people don't kill people they  
couldn't give a toss about.

GILLIAN

What you don't realise. Raff.  
About Robbie. Is. When Eddie -  
(corrects herself)  
when - your dad died. Jesus -

She pulls in at the side of the road.

\*

CUT TO:

58

EXT. ROAD. CONTINUOUS. DAY 2. 17.31

58

GILLIAN pulls in at side of road.

CUT TO:

59

INT. LANDROVER. CONTINUOUS. DAY 2. 17.32

59

GILLIAN struggles to get herself into the right mode to  
explain herself. Dealing with this is just as important  
as picking her dad up in Skipton.

GILLIAN

It warped him. Robbie. He  
couldn't accept it, he couldn't  
come to terms with it. He  
couldn't accept it *just*  
*happened*. He had to blame  
someone. So. Obvious choice. Me.

RAFF struggles not to cry. He almost doesn't know how  
to cry. He's not a boy that usually gives in to tears.

\*

RAFF

He said one day he'd prove it.  
He won't. Will he?

(CONTINUED)

59      CONTINUED:

59

GILLIAN realises RAFF's concern is for her; not for ROBBIE or EDDIE.

GILLIAN

No, love. No.

She hugs him. And he wants to be hugged. But privately we see in GILLIAN's face that there's more to it than she's letting on. What she's not telling him is that EDDIE took his own life. And it frightens her that now ROBBIE's opened the can of worms, RAFF will find out.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO:

60      INT. ENTRANCE HALL, CAROLINE & JOHN'S HOUSE. HARROGATE. DAY 2. 17.45      60

CAROLINE arrives home from work. She has mounds of work; folders, bags etc. She looks exhausted and preoccupied as usual. She's just stuffing her car keys in her handbag when she finds an unexpected envelope. She doubtless recognises the hand writing. It's Kate's. She opens it. It's a hurriedly written letter. It reads - "I've been indiscreet. Don't hate me. Kate". CAROLINE's devastated. Suddenly -

\*

JOHN

(OOV, languid)

Is that you, Ma?

CAROLINE stuffs the repugnant note in her pocket. She goes through to the sitting room...

CUT TO:

61      INT. SITTING ROOM, CAROLINE & JOHN'S HOUSE. DAY 2. 17.46      61

...where JOHN, WILLIAM and LAWRENCE are all lounging about. WILLIAM in his uniform reading *Antony & Cleopatra*, and LAWRENCE in his dishevelled rugby kit, lolling upside down on the settee, gazing at indoor tennis on TV. JOHN's sipping a glass of scotch. They look like an advert for farting about languidly and wasting time.

\*  
\*

CAROLINE

Hard at it. Are we?

JOHN

I was going to cook supper, but...

(he stands up and starts pulling his jacket on)  
you might have to.

(CONTINUED)

61

CONTINUED:

61

CAROLINE reflects upon the fact that it doesn't seem to have taken him long to get back into his old ways. She refuses to get cross about it; she can always kick him out.

CAROLINE

Right.

LAWRENCE

(casual, half  
asleep)

I got a 'B' in my science test today Ma, and then I scored a try.

\*  
\*

WILLIAM

He thinks if he lies like that he'll be able to see up the girlies' skirts on the telly.

CAROLINE

Good. Good. Well done.

WILLIAM

Because he's not very bright.

JOHN's heading for the door, pulling his car keys from his jacket pocket.

JOHN

We've been discussing your mother.

CAROLINE

Have you.

JOHN

Age cannot wither her. Nor custom stale her infinite variety. Apparently.

CAROLINE

Really?

WILLIAM

Ignore him. He's drunk.

JOHN

Mature love. Antony and Cleopatra. All that clap-trap. You didn't tell me she had a fella.

CAROLINE

She hasn't. It's just some old... someone she writes to. On her email.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

61

JOHN

Right, well I'm off to Skipton.  
To pick her up.

CAROLINE

What?

JOHN

She's been trying to get hold of  
you.

CAROLINE

Oh...!

She digs her mobile out of one of her bags.

JOHN

She went to meet this Alan. In  
Skipton. And then she pranged  
her car.

\*

CAROLINE

(panic)

Is she all right?

JOHN

Yeah yeah. But the car's  
damaged, so she needs picking  
up, so -

CAROLINE

I'll go.

JOHN

I'll go.

CAROLINE

(pushing past him)

I'll go.

\*

CUT TO:

62 INT. CAFE. SKIPTON. DAY 2. 17.47

62

As before.

ALAN

So. If I had written, and if we  
had kept in touch... going back  
to speculating.

CELIA

Oh. Well. Happen you'd have  
popped down to visit me.

ALAN

More than likely.

(CONTINUED)

CELIA

Then we might have gone dancing.

ALAN

I imagine so.

CELIA

And then...

ALAN

And then. Well. We might have started...

He daren't say it.

CELIA

Courting.

ALAN

Yeah.

CELIA

Except by then I'd have met Kenneth.

ALAN feels wrong-footed.

ALAN

Would you?

CELIA

Him with his university education and his prospects.

ALAN

Would that've been it then?

CELIA

I don't know.

(she looks at him.

He feels genuinely

worried)

You see, I think that's what I was dazzled by. His prospects. I wouldn't be now. Now I know there are much more important qualities a man can have. But then...

I wanted a nice house with a bit of garden. And a car. Things my mum and dad had never had. So no. I'd probably have made the same mistakes.

\*

\*

\*

\*

ALAN

I had prospects.

CELIA

Oh I know, I wasn't -

(CONTINUED)

62            CONTINUED: (2)

62

ALAN

Not same as Kenneth perhaps -

CELIA

I wasn't comparing. I'm just  
saying. And anyway. You weren't  
there.

ALAN

No.

CELIA

So.

ALAN

But I'm here now.

CELIA

You certainly are.

CUT TO:

63            EXT. CAROLINE'S CAR. SKIPTON. EVENING 2. 18.15

63      \*

CAROLINE's talking to KATE on her bluetooth.

\*

CAROLINE

You told Michael Dobson? Of *all*  
people? That insidious little  
prick! No, Kate, I'm delighted,  
I'm thrilled. I'm over the fucking  
moon.

\*  
\*  
\*

(she just notices  
she's driving past  
the cafe where  
she's picking  
CELIA up from, and  
there's a parking  
space right  
outside)

I'm going to have to go, I'm  
going, I'm driving.

She halts, prods her phone connection off, puts the car  
into reverse, then we cut to an external shot as -

\*

CUT TO:

64            EXT. CAFE. SKIPTON. EVENING 2. 18.16

64      \*

CAROLINE's just reversing into the space as GILLIAN's  
Landrover drives straight into it, with the same  
speedy, messy aplomb GILLIAN demonstrated when she  
parked at the hospital earlier. GILLIAN and RAFF jump  
out of the Landrover and head towards the cafe. GILLIAN  
takes the trouble to shout out/mouth at CAROLINE's car -

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

64

CONTINUED:

64

GILLIAN

Sorry!

(pointing  
elaborately at the  
cafe)

Emergency!

CUT TO:

65

INT. CAROLINE'S CAR. SKIPTON. EVENING 2. 18.17

65

\*

CAROLINE

Oy! *OY!!!*

But GILLIAN's disappeared inside the cafe. CAROLINE's livid. Road rage; she transfers her anger at KATE onto GILLIAN. She pulls her handbrake on, irrespective of the fact that she's not parked, slaps her hazard warning light on, and heads out of her car; she's not putting up with that even if she's now inconveniencing other road users.

CUT TO:

66

INT. CAFE. SKIPTON. EVENING 2. 18.18

66

\*

GILLIAN and RAFF come piling into the cafe. The cafe's quiet, subdued, empty. Apart from ALAN and CELIA, sitting gazing at one another across the table.

GILLIAN

Dad!

ALAN

Gillian -

CAROLINE comes in, right behind GILLIAN. She's icily calm, impressive, terrifying. She's very slightly taller than GILLIAN as well. GILLIAN hasn't seen her. RAFF has -

RAFF

Mum -

CAROLINE

That was the most selfish,  
*mindless* piece of driving I've  
ever witnessed.

GILLIAN

I won't be a minute, love. Then  
you can have it.

(CONTINUED)



CAROLINE

You could see I had my reversing  
lights on. You could see I'd  
already started manoeuvring.

GILLIAN

Yeah, well if you keep your hair  
on, I'll be less than sixty  
seconds.

CAROLINE

(quietly, but right  
in GILLIAN's face)

Idiot.

CAROLINE heads over to her mother.

GILLIAN

(a mumble, but loud  
enough)  
Snotty bitch.

RAFF

(a mumble)  
Are y'gonna let her talk to you  
like that?

CELIA and ALAN have nervously witnessed all this.

CAROLINE

Mum. Are you all right?

CELIA

I'm fine -

CAROLINE

(all charming)  
And this must be Alan?

CELIA

Yes.

Charismatic CAROLINE offers her hand to shake. ALAN, as  
ever, smiles politely, despite the fact that angry  
GILLIAN's right behind unaware CAROLINE (perhaps  
hanging back a little bit as she and RAFF realise that  
CELIA's CELIA, so this bitch must be CELIA's daughter).

CAROLINE

How d'you do? I'm Caroline.

ALAN

(nervously glancing  
at GILLIAN)  
How d'you do?

CAROLINE

Thank you for staying with her  
'til I got here. We're going to  
have go, some brain dead low  
life trailer trash stole my  
parking space, so -

ALAN

(jumping in quickly  
before it gets any  
worse)

And...

(embarrassed)  
you've met my daughter.

CAROLINE

Sorry?

ALAN

Gillian. This is Celia. And  
Caroline.

GILLIAN keeps a lid on her anger and smiles at CELIA.  
She knows how important it is to her dad. She speaks  
politely.

GILLIAN

Hello. Celia.  
(she offers her  
hand and CELIA  
shakes. CAROLINE  
stiffens. Angry  
and embarrassed)  
I've heard a lot about you.  
(then, drily,  
without looking at  
CAROLINE)  
I've met Caroline.

Silence.

CELIA

Right.  
(pause)  
Well.  
(pause)  
Now then. We've... got some news  
for you. Both of you.

GILLIAN and CAROLINE can't look at each other. It comes  
out spontaneously - ALAN says it to GILLIAN, and CELIA  
says it to CAROLINE...

CELIA (CONT'D)  
We're getting married.

ALAN  
We're getting married.

\*

(CONTINUED)

66      CONTINUED: (3)

66

CAROLINE and GILLIAN, now accidentally standing next to one another, gawp in horror and disbelief at their respective parent.

**END OF EPISODE ONE**