

MRS WILSON

Inspired by the true story of
Alison and Alexander Wilson

EPISODE ONE

Shooting Script

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Snowed-In
Productions

1 **FLASH FORWARD: EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE, GARDEN, 15TH OCTOBER 1963 - SUNSET**

We are very close on the flames of a bonfire -

Photos and papers are thrown on - the flames soon lick up black and white images of Alec and pages of handwritten notes and diary entries. We watch a word or two burn - "duty" - "love" - until the ash and smoke take over -

HARD CUT TO:

2 **FLASH FORWARD: INT. SERVITE ORDER, ALISON'S ROOM, 12TH MAY 2 1966 - DAY**

An old Smith Corona typewriter, its hammers striking crisp, white paper. CLACK-CLACK-CLACK. We close in on the words as they appear: "This is the true story of our life."

The typing stops. But the CLACK-CLACK-CLACK sound continues. Louder and faster. A chattering, deafening roar as we cut to -

3 **INT. CHOCOLATE FACTORY, OFFICE, 15TH JUNE 1963 - DAY** 3

CLACK-CLACK-CLACK. A battery of women type at speed in a glass-walled office above the factory floor.

CAPTION: London, 1963

There's a busy, friendly atmosphere and all the women gossip as they work. Except one.

ALISON WILSON. At 44, she is beautiful, self-possessed, her fingers pecking neatly at the keys. Alison doesn't chat: she's absorbed in her own world.

Alison's desk is conspicuously tidy. Her papers are neatly lined up and her pencils are in a precise row.

Alison looks up at the clock. As soon as it chimes one o'clock, she rises and heads to the door.

3A **EXT. / INT. CHOCOLATE FACTORY, 15TH JUNE 1963 - DAY** 3A

Alison leaves work. In her fitted suit and patent leather court shoes, she's an elegant mystery.

4 **OMITTED**

4

4a **EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE, 15TH JUNE 1963 - DAY**

4a

Alison arrives home, carrying a bunch of daffodils.

5 **INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, HALL, 15TH JUNE 1963 - DAY**

5

Alison walks in to her spick and span 1930s semi.

She takes off her jacket and carefully hangs it in a small cupboard. Inside, all the coats are neatly stowed, perfectly organised.

CLACK-CLACK-CLACK. We hear Alec typing. Alison smiles.

She heads into the living room.

6 **INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM, 15TH JUNE 1963 - DAY**

6

Alison walks in. There's a three piece suite. Family photos on the mantelpiece. And ALEXANDER WILSON, 60s, typing fluently, engrossed in his own world.

He smokes his pipe as he works. An overflowing ashtray sits on top of the Smith Corona. The floor is strewn with typed sheets. He doesn't hear her come in.

ALISON

Alec -

He turns, happy to see her. We see their affection. She gets a tin of tobacco out of her bag and hands it to him.

ALEC

Wonderful, thank you. (beat, off the flowers) Lovely.

ALISON

Aren't they? (beat) How's it going?

ALEC

Nearly there - final chapter -

He turns back to his work, keen to crack on.

ALISON

Where will you send it?

ALEC

My old publisher - I hope he'll
bite.

He grins, ever the optimist. Alison watches him, less sure.

Nonetheless, she nods, supportive. She picks up the ashtray
and pats him affectionately on the shoulder as she passes.

ALISON

Lunch in fifteen minutes - don't
forget your pills.

ALEC (O.S.)

Where are they?

ALISON

Bedside table.

7

INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, KITCHEN, 15TH JUNE 1963 - DAY

7

Alison puts the finishing touches to her flower arrangement;
the daffodils now in a vase. Their beauty pleases her.

She cleans up the debris from the flowers and runs a cloth
over the work top.

She folds the cloth and places it over the tap. We get a
sense that these are the mundane rituals of her life.

Alison opens the fridge. The food is beautifully ordered
inside. She pulls out an egg salad she made earlier.

ALISON

Alec - lunch is ready -

No reply.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Alec - Alec?

Again no reply. Alison heads out.

8

INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, STAIRS, 15TH JUNE 1963 - DAY

8

As she mounts the stairs, a sinking feeling comes over her.

9

INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, BEDROOM, 15TH JUNE 1963 - DAY

9

She pushes open the bedroom door.

We glimpse loving photos of Alec and Alison. Fond, scrawled notes - xxx, A - tucked into a mirror.

On the floor, lies ALEXANDER WILSON.

Alison runs in, kneels down next to him. No idea what to do.

ALISON

Oh God -

She picks up his hand. It drops. Lifeless.

On instinct, she slaps his face. SLAP. SLAP. Nothing.

She shakes him. Really properly. He is completely lifeless.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Alec - ALEC!

She starts the kiss of life. Kissing him. Pumping his chest.

She stops, fiercely kicking off her shoes to get closer.

Tries again with all her might.

Kissing. Breathing into him. Pressing his chest. Nothing.

He just lies there. Alison looks at him.

She rises.

10

INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, HALL, 15TH JUNE 1963 - DAY

10

Alison runs downstairs to the hall.

She snatches up the phone from its little table. She dials. It rings for an age. Finally -

FATHER TIMOTHY (O.S. ON PHONE)
Ealing, 6542.

ALISON

Father - it's Alison Wilson -

FATHER TIMOTHY
What is it?

ALISON

Alec - his heart -

FATHER TIMOTHY
I'm coming. Just stay there.

Alison replaces the phone. Exhales.

She thinks, tries to calm herself before lifting the receiver again. She dials another number. It's picked up immediately. But no-one speaks.

ALISON (ON PHONE)
Hello? - hello? -

COLEMAN (O.S. ON PHONE)
(brisk, older female)
Mrs Wilson.

ALISON
Coleman?

COLEMAN
Yes.

ALISON
Alec told me to call this number if
- if - he's just died.

COLEMAN
Thank you for letting us know.

ALISON
Should I -

COLEMAN
Act normally. Carry on as usual.

Dial tone. Alison slowly replaces the receiver.

11

INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, BEDROOM, 15TH JUNE 1963 - DAY

11

Alec's body is laid out on the bed. FATHER TIMOTHY - 50s, a decent, avuncular man - says a prayer for him.

Alison sits on an upright chair next to the bed, absolutely white as a ghost. She watches Father Timothy, transfixed by his words.

FATHER TIMOTHY
Have compassion, Lord, on his
sighs, have compassion on his
tears; and admit him, who has no
hope but in Thy mercy, to the
sacrament of Thy reconciliation.
Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Father Timothy comes to an end and looks over at Alison, concerned.

FATHER TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
Would you like a moment alone -
before the undertaker arrives?

Alison nods and he leaves, closing the door behind him. She goes to sit on the bed. Alison thinks. A moment.

Alison slides her hand inside Alec's jacket. Into his inside pocket. Nothing. She turns to his trouser pockets. Pulls out his wallet.

She looks at the wallet - to us it's unremarkable - brown leather - a little battered - to her, we can see it means the world. It's as if she's holding the holy grail. She starts to open it. Changes her mind.

She tucks it inside her blouse and opens the door.

12 **OMITTED** 12

14 INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM, 15TH JUNE 1963 - DAY 14

Alison comes in and quickly hides the wallet in the bureau, which she locks with a key.

She goes to a sewing basket and buries the key deep inside.

Before she can do anything else - a key in the front door - and the sound of someone coming in, dumping bags.

NIGEL (O.S.)
Dad! We won!

Alison takes a deep breath.

15

INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, HALL, 15TH JUNE 1963 - DAY

15

NIGEL WILSON - 17, in school uniform - leans, winded against the coat cupboard. He just stands there, blinking, in shock.

ALISON

Nigel - I'm so sorry -

NIGEL

But did he say anything - before -

ALISON

Yes. He asked me to look after you both. He loved you so much.

NIGEL

Have you called Gordon?

ALISON

(Nodding)
He'll be home in the morning.

Nigel nods, fighting tears. Alison watches him, now battling her own emotions, determined not to give in to them.

Father Timothy joins them from the kitchen.

Nigel's shoulders start to shake. Alison feels she has to -

ALISON (CONT'D)

Come on, Nigel - what will Father -

FATHER TIMOTHY

Let him - let it all out.

Nigel starts to cry. Alison hugs him. She breaks off, overwhelmed. She turns back to Father Timothy.

ALISON

They were very close, you see.

16

INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, KITCHEN, 15TH JUNE 1963 - NIGHT

16

It's dark, quiet. A solitary kitchen clock ticks.

Alison, in a housecoat, fills a bowl with very hot water. Detergent. She starts to scrub the floor. We can see that this is something she has done many times before. Her actions are fierce, rhythmic almost ritualistic.

Outside, the wind shakes the leaves in the trees. She turns -

17 **INT. HENDON, ALEC'S FLAT, FANTASY MEMORY, 29TH JUNE 1942 - 17 NIGHT**

A very happy, much younger Alec - aged 42, devastatingly handsome, in uniform - stands in the doorway, smoking his pipe.

18 **INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, KITCHEN, 15TH JUNE 1963 - NIGHT** 18

Alison stares at the doorway, mesmerised by the memory. The door bell goes. Alison ignores it. It goes again.

NIGEL (O.S.)

Mum?

ALISON

It's all right, I'll go.

19 **INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, HALL, 15TH JUNE 1963 - NIGHT** 19

Alison opens the door. Neighbour OLIVE holds out a pyrex dish with a casserole inside.

OLIVE

- I don't suppose you're hungry -
but maybe Nigel - and if there's
anything we can do - we're so sorry
- he was such a lovely man.

Alison nods, numb, takes the bowl and closes the door.

She stands there for a moment, lost.

The shock is fading - and sadness is rising up, taking over -

Alison walks into the kitchen to deposit the casserole - she comes out again - switches out the hall light and heads up stairs.

20 **OMITTED** 20

21 **OMITTED** 21

22 **INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, ALISON'S ROOM, 15TH JUNE 1963 - NIGHT 22**

Nigel sits on Alison's bed in the dark.

Alison arrives at the door.

ALISON

What are you doing in here?

NIGEL

Who'll do the tree now?

Nigel is staring at a SLIDE projected on the wall: Alec decorating a Christmas tree, Nigel passing him a bauble. Both of them grinning widely.

Alison comes in. Nigel moves up to make space for her. She sits down next to him. A moment.

Nigel clicks on the slide carousel:

Click: A casual Alison and Alec on the sofa [1963]. She's looking at him, adoringly. He looks straight out at us.

Alison stares at the image, reflecting.

Click: Alec at his typewriter, surrounded by sheets of paper.

Click: Alec and Nigel, 12, play football in the garden.

Alison turns to look at Nigel. He's battling his emotions.

ALISON

Shall we switch this off?

Nigel shakes his head. She squeezes his hand. It's very intimate.

Click: Alec smokes a pipe while shaving, the boys watching.

Click: Alec tells Nigel, aged 4, a bedtime story.

Click: A beaming Alison, early 20s, in Blakefield grounds.

BRRIIING. The doorbell. Alison rolls her eyes.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Another sympathy pie?

Nigel smiles.

23 **INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, HALL, 15TH JUNE 1963 - NIGHT** 23

Alison ties her housecoat tight around her tiny waist and opens the door. She looks out into the dark.

A woman is walking away towards a battered old Ford Anglia.

ALISON

Hello?

The woman turns back. She's in her early sixties, rather formal with a set hairdo. GLADYS. She's clearly taken aback by Alison's appearance but puts on a polite smile.

GLADYS

Have I come to the right house?
Alexander Wilson?

ALISON

Yes -

GLADYS

You must be his landlady.

ALISON

I'm his wife.

Gladys looks back at her, confused.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Mrs Wilson. Alison Wilson.

Gladys says nothing, just stares at Alison, as her legs start to shake a little beneath her.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

Alison stretches an arm out to steady her. But Gladys draws away, fear and hostility in her eyes.

Alison stares back at Gladys, a myriad of thoughts now starting to flit across her face. Finally -

ALISON (CONT'D)

Who are you?

Gladys tries for dignity but her voice is shaking too much.

GLADYS

Gladys Wilson - I'm Alec's wife.

The two women stare at each other - the earth shifting beneath both their feet -

Gladys's face, ashen now -

Alison - outwardly calm, but her red-raw hand gripping the door so bloody hard. A moment. Alison takes a breath.

ALISON
His ex-wife.

GLADYS
What? - no - no -

NIGEL (O.S.)
(Calling from bedroom)
Mum?

A moment of total panic. Alison whips round - but she can't see Nigel: it's OK.

Alison turns back to Gladys, now firmly back in control. She offers a perfectly judged, apologetic smile.

ALISON
It's very late. My son needs me.

Gladys can't believe it - reaches a hand forwards - but Alison starts to close the door. Polite but absolutely firm.

ALISON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry for your wasted journey.
Good night.

Alison forces the door shut. Instantly, her calm facade utterly collapses. She stands there for a moment, reeling.

But now Nigel is coming down the last few stairs. Alison's eyes glint with fear.

NIGEL
Who was she?

ALISON
Just one of dad's cousins.

NIGEL
Why didn't you ask her in?

ALISON
They didn't get on. Terrible woman.

NIGEL
But Dad likes everybody.

ALISON
I think we'd better call it a night
- you must be exhausted.

Alison heads upstairs.

24

OMITTED

24

25 **INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, BEDROOM, 15TH JUNE 1963 - NIGHT** 25

Practically hyperventilating, Alison up-ends boxes of papers. Documents, photos, manuscripts spew out over the bed. Alison tears through them, a woman possessed.

As she works her way through Alec's things, tossing stuff aside, we get a sense of his colourful life: multiple passports; files marked 'top secret'; newspaper cuttings.

Alison snatches up anything official - but she can't find what she's looking for.

She up-ends another box: Alec and Alison in their wedding photo. And this arrests her for a moment. She stares at the photo, devouring it, remembering. She casts it aside -

Still searching - she pulls out another document - her signed copy of The Official Secrets Act. Alison stares at it -

26 **EXT. SECRET INTELLIGENCE SERVICE, BROADWAY, 8TH APRIL 1940 26 DAY**

Alison, early 20s, walks briskly along Broadway, past a series of government buildings. There's an eagerness about her, a woman with real spirit, who's ready to embrace life.

CAPTION: London, 1940

Alison arrives at 54, Broadway. She's never been here before, but is keen not to show her ignorance. She walks in.

27 **INT. SECRET INTELLIGENCE SERVICE, ANTEROOM, 8TH APRIL 1940 27 DAY**

A copy of The Official Secrets Act - pristine and unsigned. An ink pen next to it.

A female hand clumsily signs: "Alison McKelvie".

COLEMAN (O.S.)
Date it.

She writes: "April 8th 1940" - smudging it a bit - and lays down the pen before looking up at us. Now we see her closely, Alison is beautiful. Wide-eyed, but keen, rather than naive.

A forceful, chain-smoking woman - COLEMAN, mid 40s - faces Alison across the desk. She inhales sharply.

COLEMAN (CONT'D)
You've been cleared to work in
intelligence, Miss McKelvie.

Alison smiles. Coleman assesses her.

COLEMAN (CONT'D)
Tell no-one - to all intents and
purposes the department where
you're going to work does not
exist.

Alison nods, chastened.

28 **INT. SIS, LISTENING HEADQUARTERS, CORRIDOR, 8TH APRIL 1940 28
DAY**

Alison hurries to keep up with Coleman as she strides down a winding corridor, passing men in uniform, propaganda posters. They go up a dark, narrow staircase and reach a locked door.

COLEMAN
From now on, if anyone asks you
about your job, you need to lie.

Coleman pulls out a key from a chain round her neck.

ALISON
Even to my mother?

COLEMAN
Make something up - you'll learn.

Coleman unlocks the door to reveal -

29 **INT. SIS, LISTENING HEADQUARTERS, 8TH APRIL 1940 - DAY 29**

A huge telephone exchange, seething with secret purpose and intense concentration.

About thirty men, with headphones on, each sit at their own desk, plugged into listening equipment. Behind them, a vast bank of wires and plugs with a mechanic at work. Near the men, thirty women type at speed in a cramped mass of desks. The noise of the typewriters - CLACK-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK.

They walk further in, among the men. Alison looks round, taking it all in, thrilled if apprehensive.

Coleman lights another fag.

COLEMAN

You'll be working for Major Wilson.

ALEXANDER WILSON - 40s, very handsome, in Indian Army uniform - looks up from his transcripts and smiles. He has a kind, open face. Alison cautiously smiles back.

But Alec has already turned back to his work: listening, writing. He's concentrated and serious. Alison watches him.

COLEMAN (CONT'D)

You type up every word of his transcripts. You add nothing, you leave nothing out. Sit here -

Alison sits down at a desk in the cramped female typing pool. Typist POPPY, 25, assesses Alison as she continues to type.

POPPY

Come to do your bit?

Alison nods. She looks round, a little daunted by the speed the other girls are working at. She pulls herself together.

ALISON

Any advice?

POPPY

Work hard and you'll survive.

Alison looks over at Alec. Poppy shakes her head and flicks her eyes towards Coleman: she's the dragon.

POPPY (CONT'D)

Major Wilson's a bit of a star actually. Heard of the Leonard Wallace mysteries?

ALISON

The writer, Alexander Wilson?

POPPY

And he always takes his secretaries out to lunch.

Alison looks back at Alec. He's totally focused, intent - one hand holding the headphone closer, the other writing -

POPPY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

He's married.

Alison nods, embarrassed, turning away.

30 **INT. SIS, LISTENING HEADQUARTERS / MONTAGE, 30TH APRIL 1940 - DAY** 30

Alec listens to his headphones and makes notes in elegant long-hand. He occasionally looks over at Alison.

Her desk is a terrible mess - uneven, mounting piles of transcripts - as she struggles to keep up with the work.

Underneath, snippets of intelligence - cutting between different voices - male and female - in Arabic - and English -

EGYPTIAN VOICE / ALEC / ALISON (V.O.)
 London: 08.00. Briefing from Cairo -
 restricted until further notice -
 Nationalist sympathies strong in
 the cabinet - plans for post-war
 independence under scrutiny in Al
 Araby - we should have lunch - one
 o'clock?

Alison types the words - realises what's going on - she looks up to see Alec watching her, playful. She smiles.

But Coleman is walking towards her. Alison quickly looks down.

TAP TAP. Coleman taps her pencil on Alison's typewriter as she carries on walking.

COLEMAN
 Tidy desk, tidy mind, Miss
 McKelvie.

Alison nods. Phew.

31 **INT. AUTHOR'S CLUB, LADIES DINING ROOM, 30TH APRIL 1940 - 31 DAY**

Despite the war, the club has an air of raffish glamour. Writers sit in crimson banquettes, deep in literary gossip.

Alec is very relaxed and cheerful, filling up both their glasses. Alison is nervous, flushed, unused to drinking.

Alec fills his pipe with tobacco. She watches him. He lights up: the pipe in his lips, the flare of the match. He catches her eye and she quickly looks away.

ALEC
 What does Coleman say to you girls?
 You all arrive scared to death.

ALISON

Oh, nothing, nothing really.

ALEC

(imitating Coleman)

"Type up every word! You add
nothing, you leave nothing out."

Alison laughs. Ice broken. A moment. Alison leans forward.

ALISON

Major Wilson? - Could I ask you
about your books?

ALEC

You could - but it's not very
interesting. I just sit at my
typewriter and make things up.

The way he looks at her. Transfixed, Alison takes a sip of her champagne but misses her mouth and spills champagne down her front. She blushes bright red - rises to her feet.

32

INT. AUTHOR'S CLUB, POWDER ROOM, 30TH APRIL 1940 - DAY 32

Alison looks at herself in the mirror firmly as if to say: get a grip. She briskly turns on the tap and scrubs at her top. Splashes water on her flaming red face.

DOROTHY (O.S.)

Are you all right?

A sexy, shrewd woman in her thirties appears in the mirror. We will later find out she is DOROTHY. Alison turns.

ALISON

Just made a fool of myself - in
front of my boss.

Dorothy throws her a quizzical, slightly leading look.

ALISON (CONT'D)

No, nothing like that - just a
clumsy idiot - spilled my drink.

Dorothy nods and disappears into the cubicle. Alison thinks no more of it. She pulls herself together and returns.

33

EXT. ST JAMES'S PARK, 30TH APRIL 1940 - DAY

33

Alison and Alec walk back to work. Now we're outside, London feels bleak. A late frost. Men in uniform heading off to war. A news stand shows a headline about the Denmark surrender.

Alison takes it all in. Alec watches her keenly.

ALEC

Are you glad you came to London?

ALISON

Oh yes - Cumberland - it's
beautiful - but nothing happens
there - you'd die without books -

ALEC

Who do you read?

ALISON

Walpole, Ernest Raymond -

ALEC

You'd like Charles Morgan -

ALISON

Oh, I do, I love him -

ALEC

'Portrait in a Mirror'?

ALISON

I've just finished it.

ALEC

Do you write?

Alison blushes with pleasure at this recognition.

ALISON

Just a little - my diary - poetry -
nothing published of course -

ALEC

About what?

ALISON

Well - feelings inside me that I
want to express - does that sound
ridiculous?

ALEC

Not at all.

Alec looks at her. A real connection here. The mood shifts.

ALEC (CONT'D)
You want your life to mean
something.

ALISON
Yes.

Her fervour intrigues him. He looks at her intently.

ALEC
Do you think there's a moment in
your life - when you take a leap
and decide "Yes, that's who I am"?

She looks back at him, challenging him.

ALISON
Is that what you think?

Alec gestures a bench. She looks unsure, but sits down. As she does so her skirt rises to reveal a small hole in her tights. Alison is mortified, tugs her skirt down.

Alec hasn't noticed. It's as if he's gone into his own world. He takes out his pipe and lights it -

ALEC
Working here, you have to keep
secrets - even from your family.

ALISON
I know - Coleman told me - in no
uncertain terms -

ALEC
My wife finds it very difficult - I
don't think she trusts me -

A moment. The mood shifting. Alison, unsure what to say.

ALEC (CONT'D)
I think she's going to leave me.

Alec turns to her, his features swept with vulnerability.

Is it real or a ploy? Either way, she is drawn in, wants to reassure him -

ALISON
But - no - she won't actually leave
you. I'm sure she won't.

ALEC

What makes you say that?

ALISON

I wouldn't.

Alec throws out a warm, glorious laugh. Alison joins in, blushing hard.

ALEC

Oh, you're very honest, Miss
McKelvie.

34

INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, BEDROOM, 16TH JUNE 1963 - DAY

34

Morning sunlight streams in on Alison. She lies asleep on top of the bedclothes. Order has been restored. All the papers are back in their boxes, lined up at the foot of the bed.

KNOCK KNOCK. KNOCK KNOCK. Alison starts. Sits up.

NIGEL (O.S.)

Mum? It's half past eight.

Alison opens her door. A pale Nigel, in his school uniform comes and sits on the bed. He's dishevelled, with a clump of hair sticking up. Alison smooths down his hair affectionately.

ALISON

All right? Did you manage to sleep?

He nods. Alison looks at him, concerned.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Don't go to school - Gordon will be back soon - I'll leave some lunch for you both.

Alison reflects, walks away from him to the door.

NIGEL

Where are you going?

Alison turns back.

ALISON

I'll be back as soon as I can.

35

EXT. COLEMAN'S FLAT, 16TH JUNE 1963 - DAY

35

A large stucco fronted house split into flats.

Not a hair out of place, wearing white gloves and a smart suit, Alison rings on a buzzer next to a name card: "C".

COLEMAN (O.S.)

Yes?

ALISON

It's Mrs Wilson. Alison Wilson.

The door buzzes and clunks open.

36

INT. COLEMAN'S FLAT, 16TH JUNE 1963 - DAY

36

Pssh. Spark. Coleman, now mid 60s, lights a cigarette from a gas hob and inhales. She is deeply lined. Her teeth and fingers are even more yellow than they were twenty years ago.

COLEMAN

How did you find my flat?

ALISON

I followed Alec once.

Coleman is surprised: she didn't think her capable of that.

ALISON (CONT'D)

I wanted to check you were still his handler.

Coleman nods, gestures Alison to sit down. Her flat is dirty and unkempt, thick with cat hair and moth-holed upholstery. Alison sits gingerly on the edge of a settee.

ALISON (CONT'D)

I had a visitor last night. Alec's first wife - she thinks they're still married.

Alison throws her a look as if to say: how ridiculous. But Coleman ignores this. She simply watches Alison, smoking.

ALISON (CONT'D)

I can't find their divorce papers. I was hoping you might have a copy.

Coleman raises an eyebrow.

ALISON (CONT'D)

I thought there might be some sort of file on Alec.

COLEMAN
Nothing that can be shared with
you.

Alison nods. An awkward silence.

COLEMAN (CONT'D)
Shouldn't you be with your sons?

A moment. Alison reflects, thinking it through -

ALISON
He must have been vetted when he
joined the service -

COLEMAN
Of course.

ALISON
So you looked into who he was -

COLEMAN
A writer, top drawer family,
married -

ALISON
And then divorced.

Coleman calmly rolls her cigarette against the ashtray,
nudging ash off it, before slowing looking up.

COLEMAN
Alec was extremely important to us.
There were so few men fluent in
Arabic at that time.

A moment while Alison digests this.

ALISON
He showed me his divorce papers.

Coleman stubs out her cigarette.

COLEMAN
He was an intelligence agent. It
would hardly have been a problem to
forge a couple of documents.

Alison sits entirely still as she takes this in, refusing to
believe it. She bites her lip hard. A spot of blood, even.

ALISON
He wouldn't lie to me - no, not
like that - for twenty years.

Coleman looks back, evenly, at Alison.

COLEMAN

I'm not saying he did. (Beat) I'm just saying it's possible.

ALISON

They divorced in 1940 - I know they did -

Coleman looks at Alison, weighing something up.

COLEMAN

I think you should go home.

Grey, Alison heads to the door. Coleman softens.

COLEMAN (CONT'D)

We both know how hard it would have been for a Catholic to get a divorce. Does it even matter now?

Alison stares at her, fury building.

ALISON

She turned up in the middle of the night. I had to lie to my son.

COLEMAN

You knew what you were getting into.

Coleman holds her gaze. Alison slams the door to her flat.
BANG.

36A

EXT. SAVOY RESTAURANT, 1ST OCT 1940 - NIGHT

36A

A liveried doorman opens the door. Alison walks in, excited. She's wearing a stunning aquamarine dress, part-covered with a wrap.

37

INT. SAVOY RESTAURANT, 1ST OCT 1940 - NIGHT

37

Eyes shining, Alison glides across the room, confident and joyous. She's grown in sophistication: a dab of red, rationed lipstick and the aquamarine dress.

Alec watches as she walks towards him. He looks totally smitten with her (but in no way lascivious).

ALISON

Hello - this looks wonderful -

ALEC

No, you look wonderful -

Alison sits down, delighted.

ALISON

My best dress - Mother insisted on
me bringing it to London -

ALEC

Left pocket or right pocket?

ALISON

Right pocket.

He produces a velvet box and pushes it towards her, their
hands brushing as he does so.

ALEC

Happy birthday.

Inside is a classic, silver ink pen. Alison is delighted.

ALISON

Alec -

ALEC

Keep writing - don't give up -

Alison takes the pen out - reaches out to him - places a hand
on his wrist. He puts his hand over hers. It's electric. They
watch each other. Desire in both their eyes.

Overwhelmed, Alison retreats, moving her hand away.

ALISON

What's in the other pocket?

He reaches into his left pocket of his jacket and pulls out
two documents. Divorce papers. A *decree absolute* and a
special Catholic annulment from Rome.

Alison takes in what they are, excited and terrified in equal
measure. He looks at her, all humility.

ALEC

You do know I'm entirely unsuitable
for a young lady.

ALISON

Twice my age, a Catholic -

ALEC

I thought you weren't religious.

ALISON

I'm not. My family are Church of England. Well, at least on Sundays -

A smile touches her lips. Disappears.

ALEC

What?

Alison shakes her head. He encourages her: tell me -

ALISON

I've never met a divorced man - let alone had dinner with one - I don't know if I can - if we should -

She trails off, blushing. A moment. She looks up at him.

Alec nods, looks away, seemingly very struck by this.

[We will understand this in Ep 2 (Sc31) from another POV. He has seen Dorothy]

ALEC

You're right - you have your whole life ahead of you, Alison - I've lived too many lives already.

Alison watches him, disappointed and a little confused.

38

INT. UPPER DECK OF BUS, 1ST OCT 1940 - NIGHT

38

** Formerly scene 38a**

Thoughtful Alison rides the bus home alone.

38a

EXT. LONDON STREETS, 1ST OCT 1940 - NIGHT

38a

** Formerly scene 38**

A thoughtful Alison walks home. In her aquamarine dress, she's an exotic anomaly among the blitzed, drab buildings.

A woman of her own age looks up from sorting through the rubble of her old home. In her hands, a small blanket. She stares at Alison, her eyes blank with loss, her body heavy with despair. She turns away and folds the blanket.

Moved, Alison turns away and walks on

39

INT. ALISON'S BALHAM FLAT, BEDROOM, 1ST OCT 1940 - NIGHT 39

Cheap digs. Depressing, damp but respectable. Stacked up on a tea crate next to the single bed, are a few of Alec's novels.

Alison picks one up. The colourful dust jacket shows Wallace, the handsome, intrepid spy. She replaces it, straightening the pile as she does so. She sighs and pulls out a notepad.

She gets out her new pen, admires it, unscrews the lid, and writes -

ALISON (V.O.)
Dear Mother, my birthday was super.
My colleagues bought me a beautiful
fountain pen. I'm using it right
now! Work is going really well. You
keep asking what I'm actually
doing. The truth is -

She pauses, wondering how to lie. Struggling with it.

An air raid SIREN starts, in the distance. Alison looks up, assesses how long she's got - continues hurriedly writing -

ALISON
I know what you're like and I
didn't want to worry you - I'm
driving an ambulance -

WOOOOOFFF! A thunderous roar and screaming white light.

40

EXT. BOMB SITE, 1ST OCT 1940 - NIGHT

40

Pitch black. Hazy sounds slowly emerge. Crying. Whimpers.

Black turns to brownish yellow as the smoke subsides a bit.

Alison is part-revealed through the haze, still on her bed, but the bed itself has collapsed around her. And the whole thing is stuck in a tangle of joists and floorboards.

The crying and whimpering is Alison herself. A very faint -

ALISON
Help -

Alison coughs, tries to clear the filth from her throat.

ALISON (CONT'D)
I'm stuck -

Still nothing.

Alison gingerly tries to stand. She can't. There's no room. But she can crawl. As she moves, she comes across the pen. She picks it up and starts to crawl towards the light -

41 **EXT. BALHAM, STREET, 1ST OCT 1940 - NIGHT**

41

Alison sits on the pavement, her head in her hands. Her hair is thick with white-grey plaster dust and singed. The blue dress is filthy.

Discordant white noise throbs in her exploded ear drums. Sirens - shouts from paramedics - screams for help.

Alison slowly looks up. Her eyes are vacant and blood-shot, her face is gashed. In her peripheral vision, a shape on the road. It's a dead, naked male body. Alison turns and retches.

She gets to her feet - wobbly, in shock - as if to go home. But her solid Victorian mansion block is now a smoking, broken shell. She stares at it, unsure what to do next.

She takes a few steps towards it - then changes her mind and walks - as if on autopilot - in the opposite direction.

42 **EXT. SECRET INTELLIGENCE SERVICE, BROADWAY, 1ST OCT 1940 - 42 NIGHT**

Shaking, Alison approaches SIS.

There, leaning against the wall, smoking, is Alec. He wears a tin hat marked ARP; his face is covered in scratches with a black eye coming up.

Their shock as they see each other. Concern for each other.

It feels entirely natural to embrace. It's not sexual - just human comfort. In his arms, Alison starts to cry.

ALISON
I've got nowhere to go.

43 **INT. HENDON, ALEC'S FLAT, BATHROOM, 1ST OCT 1940 - NIGHT 43**

Alison sits on edge of bath. Her hair wet. She's wrapped in a towel.

She stands, naked, on the bath mat. She picks up her greying darned pants and girdle. Thinks. Discards them.

She pulls Alec's dressing gown from the back of the door. She puts it on, nothing underneath.

She ties a knot at the waist. Practices opening it. Loosens the knot a little.

44

INT. HENDON, ALEC'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM, 1ST OCT 1940- NIGHT 44

The living room, like every other in the flat, is in the eaves of the building. A tiny, cosy garret.

Heart beating, Alison walks in. He looks over briefly - his face bruised and cut also - before turning back to fiddle with the crackling wireless.

ALEC
Churchill is on -

Alison picks up a tumbler of brandy and finishes it. Alec manages to tune the wireless.

Alison walks over to Alec. He does nothing, looks unsure. It's impossible to know what he's thinking.

She unties the dressing gown and stands there, in front of him, willing him to take the lead.

He comes closer now - but, to her surprise and disappointment - he re-ties the dressing gown. He's paternal, caring.

A moment. It's not what Alison wants.

She takes off the dressing gown and stands in front of him, totally naked. Handing him her soul and her body.

Alec looks at her. A moment.

He pulls Alison towards him.

45

INT. HENDON FLAT, LIVING ROOM, 2ND OCT 1940 - DAYBREAK 45

Alison wakes alone, on the floor, under blankets, surrounded by cushions. It's cosy, romantic. She looks around.

She can see through to the bedroom, where Alec sits on the edge of the bed, praying, with a rosary. She watches him, fascinated.

Alison sits up, pulling on Alec's dressing gown. Alec hears her and comes back into the room, smiling.

ALEC
Hello - morning -

ALISON
Hello (beat) Do you pray every day?

ALEC
(nodding)
In these uncertain times -

He struggles to find the right words.

ALEC (CONT'D)
One needs to have faith.

46 **INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM, 18TH JUNE 1963 - DAY** 46

Alison pours tea from a fine bone china pot. Utterly in control. Regal. She looks over at Father Timothy.

ALISON
I'd like a full mass for Alec. It's what he would have wanted.

FATHER TIMOTHY
Of course, I assumed as much.
(Beat)
We'll convert Mum in the end, won't we boys?

Alison smiles lightly: something they've discussed before.

ALISON
Hope you like it strong. Gordon - would you pass the sugar?

GORDON - 21, dashing, a chip off the block - dutifully passes it along to Father Timothy.

He looks sombre, taut with grief.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Slice of cake?

Father Timothy accepts a slice of sponge cake.

FATHER TIMOTHY
Any thoughts on the service? Hymns?

GORDON
'I vow to thee my country'. Dad was very patriotic.

ALISON
He always used to make us stand for the National Anthem.

Alison smiles at her sons, nostalgic. A happy memory.

GORDON

I was wondering if I might say a few words about my father's work?

Nigel nudges Gordon hard. A sudden awkward chill. Alison smiles graciously, smoothing things over.

ALISON

He worked in the foreign office - as well as the writing.

NIGEL

Twenty one published novels.

Alison's face suddenly falls: Out of the window, in her eye-line, the green Ford Anglia is pulling up.

FATHER TIMOTHY

Gosh. How on earth did he come up with so many plots?

Alison doesn't answer. Her eyes are trained on the car.

A neat, very correct man gets out. This is DENNIS WILSON, 42.

FATHER TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

The amount of work he must have put in - conjuring it all up.

Outside: Dennis gets a comb from his pocket and runs it swiftly through his hair. He makes for the front door.

ALISON

Oh no, the stories just fell out of him.

(Beat)

Excuse me a minute.

Maintaining an utterly calm facade, Alison rises.

47

OMITTED (FLASHBACK)

47

48

OMITTED (MATERIAL MOVED TO 1/46)

48

49

INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, HALL, 18TH JUNE 1963 - DAY

49

Alison wipes a sheen of sweat off her neck, takes a deep breath and opens the door with a dazzling, flirtatious smile.

ALISON

Hello. Can I help you?

Dennis looks at Alison, taken aback by this friendly welcome.

DENNIS
Dennis Wilson. My mother sent me.

50 **INT. CAFE, 18TH JUNE 1963 - DAY**

50

The cafe is fugged up with steam and smoke.

A marriage certificate sits on a greasy table. It's between ALEXANDER JOSEPH PATRICK WILSON and GLADYS [1919].

Alison carefully lays down a second one: between ALEXANDER DOUGLAS GORDON CHESNEY WILSON and ALISON [1941].

They each examine the other's certificate.

ALISON	DENNIS
Alexander Joseph Patrick	Alexander Douglas Chesney
Wilson - born 1893 -	Wilson - born 1900 -

*

Dennis looks totally bemused by the discrepancies - whereas Alison quickly takes it in his stride.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
He's changed his name - his age -

ALISON
(lowering her voice)
It must have been part of his work.

DENNIS
As a clerk in the foreign office?

ALISON
He kept things from you, I'm afraid.

We can see Alison is as satisfied with this as Dennis is shattered. He looks away, runs his comb through his hair.

Alison nudges her chair in closer. Their voices are low, urgent whispers, reflecting the shame of their situation.

ALISON (CONT'D)
As I tried to tell your mother, I married Alec in 1941. He showed me his decree absolute.

DENNIS
But - there was no divorce -

ALISON

Of course there was -

DENNIS

- no -

ALISON

He's been living with me in London
for the last twenty years. What did
you think he was doing?

DENNIS

Working, living in digs - Dad said -

ALISON

'Dad said' - You hardly knew him!

DENNIS

I did. We did. He sent money -
visited - never missed a birthday.

Alison takes this in - devastated - before fury spills out.

ALISON

What right do you have - coming
here? He lived with us - loved us -
why won't you just leave me alone?

DENNIS

We need his body, Mrs Wilson.

Total silence.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

For the funeral.

Alison now reeling, completely at a loss.

ALISON

But I've arranged a mass - in the
local church - in Ealing - we
discussed it - it's what he wanted.

DENNIS

No - no - my mother has organised a
burial service in Southsea. On
Friday.

The symmetry of it. Two families, both victims of his deceit.

ALISON

But - but - I'm his wife.

DENNIS

And so is my mother.

ALISON

She's not - she's deluding herself -

DENNIS

She'd know if she'd signed her own
divorce papers, wouldn't she?

Alison draws herself up, thinking fast.

ALISON

Well, she did. I have the proof.

Alison stares at Dennis, challenging him to call her a liar.
A polite, respectful man, he reflects, passes Alison a card.

DENNIS

Bring us the papers then. As soon
as you possibly can.

51 **OMITTED**

51

52 **OMITTED**

52

53 **INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, KITCHEN, 19TH JUNE 1963 - DAY**

53

In pyjamas and dressing gowns, Gordon and Nigel are finishing off kippers and toast. Alison bustles in and starts clearing up. She takes Nigel's plate the moment the final piece of fish has been loaded on to his fork.

GORDON

You look smart, Mum.

ALISON

Back to work, I'm afraid.

GORDON

Already? (beat) I'd thought you could help me write my eulogy -

ALISON

Of course I will - later. Would you buy something for tea?

He nods, a bit bemused, and she hands him a couple of coins.

54

EXT. PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE, 19TH JUNE 1963 - DAY

54

Alison stands outside, watching people come and go, business to attend to. She psychs herself up and marches in.

55

INT. PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE, 19TH JUNE 1963 - DAY

55

Alison holds one of the P.R.O.'s large leather-bound file of marriage certificates. She stands at the front of a queue waiting for the RECORDS LADY to come off the phone. As she waits she picks almost invisible specks of lint off her top.

The lady puts down the phone and turns to Alison. Alison draws herself up and pushes the official file towards her, open at ALEC and GLADYS's marriage certificate.

ALISON

Hello, yes, I'm looking for the divorce papers that dissolved this marriage. Alexander and Gladys Wilson, married in '19.

The lady pulls on her spectacles and looks for herself.

RECORDS LADY

But there's no *decree absolute* attached.

ALISON

Exactly - where is it?

The lady looks at her as if she's absolutely dense.

RECORDS LADY

If it's not here in our records, Alexander and Gladys Wilson are still married.

Alison stands there, unable to accept this final, categorical evidence that Alec was still married to Gladys when he died.

RECORDS LADY (CONT'D)
All right, madam? Next, please.

ALISON
But I know the parties involved.
The marriage did end in 1940.

RECORDS LADY
Not according to our records.

ALISON
Then your records are wrong.

RECORDS LADY
Next, please.

But Alison refuses to budge and pulls out the charm.

ALISON
Look, I'm sorry, but documents must
occasionally get lost? - this was
during the war.

The lady looks unsure but doesn't outright deny it. Alison pauses, her voice cracking now.

ALISON (CONT'D)
So how can I find them? I can't
tell you how much it means to me.

RECORDS LADY
(softening)
Divorce was very rare during the
war. I'm sure it would have been
covered in the papers. We could
look him up in the Times archive?
See what we can find out about him?

Alison stares at her, taking in the repercussions of this - before abruptly snatching up the file and turning away.

RECORDS LADY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Put it back where you found it.

Alison walks away back towards the files.

As she does so, she passes a desk where a couple of people are working.

An ASSISTANT with a trolley gathers up the files from the desk.

A WOMAN gets up to go, leaving her files and paperwork on the desk. Alison looks over. The woman has left a decree absolute on the desk [for the trolley assistant to collect].

Alison looks at the document, thinks, and starts to walk towards it -

56 **OMITTED**

56

57 **INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, KITCHEN, 19TH JUNE 1963 - NIGHT**

57

It's the dead of night. A very concentrated Alison is at the kitchen table. The wireless is on low, playing dance tunes.

Alison opens her handbag and retrieves Alec and Gladys's marriage certificate. Then a *decree absolute* belonging to a Graham and Mavis Williams. Both carefully torn from the file.

She unrolls an old piece of cloth. Inside is a small, sharp knife, a tiny bottle of clear fluid, a bottle of ink and a piece of rubber.

Alison carefully dabs some fluid on to the cloth and rubs at the decree absolute. The name 'Williams' gradually disappears.

Time has passed. Alison blows on the forged paper to dry the ink.

She rises and washes the ink off her hands. She wipes down the sink with a cloth and folds it. She stands at the sink and looks back at her work, reflecting, lost in memories.

Coming to, she turns to the open window and closes it.

[NB second half of this scene to be used to break up the following flashback, possibly between scenes 60 and 61.]

58 **INT. HENDON, ALEC'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM, 29TH JUNE 1942 - 58 NIGHT**

In her nightie, Alison creeps in to find Alec working at the table with baby Gordon, sleeping, swaddled on his shoulder.

WIRELESS (V.O.)
German Field Marshall Rommel and
his army have made steady advances
towards El Alamein, just one
hundred miles west of Cairo...

He is forging a passport using the same bottles and cloth. Alison watches him, very intrigued.

He pauses from time to time to check on Gordon, stroke his soft head. It's a beautiful, intimate father and son tableau.

Alec turns, looking shattered.

ALEC

Do you think I'm a good father?

ALISON

Of course you are -

ALEC

It's the thought of leaving him.

ALISON

What are you talking about?

ALEC

They've asked me to go undercover.

A worried Alison takes Gordon and listens.

ALEC (CONT'D)

You remember our intercepts from the Egyptian Embassy?

ALISON

Of course -

ALEC

Well since you left, they've become more sinister.

ALISON

Sinister? How?

ALEC

We're beginning to suspect there are traitors there - talking secretly to the Nazis -

Alison looks shocked.

ALEC (CONT'D)

There's a major battle planned at Alamein so we need to find out what's happening on the ground as soon as possible -

ALISON

And how do you fit into this?

ALEC

Because of my Arabic - they want me
to go to Cairo -

ALISON

But - the Egyptians - they'll never
trust you -

Alec nods, his face sombre.

ALEC

I need a motive for betrayal - the department are going to fire me.

ALISON

On what grounds?

ALEC

They'll make something up, an arrest, a real stink. It'll be very public. You know how it works.

Alison takes this in, devastated.

ALISON

What will I tell Mother? I was just starting to win her round -

ALEC

I have to, Alison. It's my job.

ALISON

But - no - tell them you've got a wife and a new baby and -

Alec looks away. Alison's face falls.

ALISON (CONT'D)

You've already agreed.

She stares at Alec, disappointed. Alec gets up and puts his arm round Alison and softly kisses the top of Gordon's head.

ALEC

You know how it is - I didn't have a choice.

Alison nods, understanding, and hugs him tight.

Alison and Alec throw bread to the ducks. They appear every inch happy, normal parents. Alec is smart in his uniform, holding baby Gordon, enjoying helping him throw in the bread. Alison is very glamorous.

Alec's face suddenly falls. Two men in uniform are walking towards them.

Alec turns to Alison and smiles. This is it. It's OK. She smiles back, nervous but understanding, on side.

Alec hands her Gordon. Tries to hug her but it's all a rush -

POLICEMAN

Major Wilson, I am arresting you
for wearing uniform under false
pretences -

He starts to roughly cuff Alec. Alec offers up some charm.

ALEC

It's alright, I come in peace.

POLICEMAN

You come however I tell you to -

The cuffs go on extra tight. Alec can't help gasping in pain.

A flicker of fear - a glimpse inside - before the confident
smile returns.

ALEC

Take Gordon home, love -

Alison nods, feeling sick. She forces herself to walk away.

60 **INT. HENDON, ALEC'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM, 7TH JULY 1942 - 60
NIGHT**

Alison sits stock still, coming to terms with her new
reality. The evening paper on the table in front of her.

The headline: "MAJOR CHARGED WITH WEARING UNIFORM UNDER FALSE
PRETENCES." A photo of Alec in his uniform, with his medals.

Gordon starts to cry in the bedroom. Alison doesn't move. She
just sits and stares at the paper as he continues wailing.

61 **INT. HENDON, ALEC'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM, 4TH DEC 1942 - DAY 61**

A beautiful, frosty day. Sun pours in on a stressed Alison as
she clears the table. Gordon sits in a high chair, watching.

WIRELESS (O.S.)

On this glorious December day, a
month after Allied Victory at
Alamein, General Montgomery and his
men of the Eighth Army...

Upset by this, Alison flicks off the radio. She turns to
Gordon.

ALISON

Where's Daddy? Why isn't he home?

62 **INT. HENDON, ALEC'S FLAT, BEDROOM, 4TH DEC 1942 - NIGHT** 62

The sound of hard rain pounding on the attic roof. Gordon is asleep in the cot next to the double bed.

Alison lies in bed, unable to sleep. She reaches under the pillow - and pulls out Alec's rosary. She turns it over in her hands, thinking.

63 **EXT. SECRET INTELLIGENCE SERVICES, BROADWAY, 5TH DEC 1942 - NIGHT** 63

It's absolutely pouring. Without an umbrella, a soaked Alison stands by the entrance to SIS.

She watches as men and women - mainly in uniform - emerge hurrying out into the wet night.

Coleman appears behind her - as if from nowhere -

COLEMAN
Go home, Mrs Wilson.

ALISON
But the Alamein campaign is over -
why isn't he back?

COLEMAN
Go home and wait for your husband.

ALISON
Can you just tell me where -

COLEMAN
Stop asking questions.

A miserable Alison watches Coleman turn and walk away.

64 **INT. HENDON, ALEC'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM, 22ND DEC 1942 - NIGHT** 64

Alison dresses a small Christmas tree with real candles. Gordon, now just about walking, potters next to her.

ALISON
Look, Gordon -

She switches out the lights and the candles burn like little stars in the dark. They gaze at the tree, mesmerised.

A key in the door - Alison turns - and Alec is standing there. Unshaven, dishevelled, but grinning widely and holding out a cuddly toy camel for Gordon.

Alison lifts up Gordon and together they fall into his arms.

65 **INT. HENDON, ALEC'S FLAT, BATHROOM, 22ND DEC 1942 - NIGHT 65**

It's dimly lit. Alison stands at the door, watching. She's ready for bed, in a silk night dress.

Alec lies in a shallow bath, using a jug to wash himself. He's reflective, his face troubled.

ALISON

I hardly recognise you with all that beard.

ALEC

(pulling silly faces)

'The disgraced British officer'. Or
'The agent who secured victory in Alamein.'

ALISON

Oh, so you single-handedly won us the battle, did you?

ALEC

Well - more or less -

They laugh, happy to be back together. Alison comes in.

ALISON

Come to bed - they'll drag you back to work soon enough -

Alec says nothing. Alison looks at him, heart sinking.

ALEC

I'm not going back, Alison.

(Beat)

They want me to stay undercover.

ALISON

What? How can you?

ALEC

They'll find me a job in London - something menial - as a cover - but, in reality, I'll be doing field work, reporting to Coleman.

ALISON

How long for?

Alec doesn't reply.

Alison sits on the edge of the bath, her world crumbling.

ALISON (CONT'D)

So - to the outside world - to my
family - you'll be the disgraced
officer - forever?

ALEC

I'll be serving my country -

Alison looks away, downcast. He reaches out a wet hand. She doesn't take it.

ALEC (CONT'D)

Alison - I'm so sorry -

ALISON

You're not the one who'll have to
deal with it. Questions from my
family. What shall I tell them?

Alison's eyes burn into Alec's.

ALISON (CONT'D)

People say terrible things about
you.

ALEC

But you know who I am.

Alison looks at Alec, trying to read him. His face is so open and genuine. It's a key moment in their marriage.

ALEC (CONT'D)

Alison - trust me.

Alison nods and takes his hand.

And then quickly flicks water over him. He retaliates. Playful, they both laugh as they have a mini-water fight.

A thoughtful Alison examines the finished forged *decree absolute* between Alec and Gladys.

She folds it and puts it into her handbag and snaps it shut.

67 **EXT. SOUTHAMPTON. GLADYS'S HOUSE, FRONT GARDEN, 20TH JUNE 67
1963 - DAY**

Handbag over her arm, heart beating, Alison stands in Gladys's front garden. She's more tense than we have ever seen her: everything rests on this meeting.

She assesses the house bitterly - it's bigger than her semi - a detached Victorian seaside villa.

Alison walks to the door and rings the bell. Dennis answers.

DENNIS

Thank you for coming.

68 **INT. GLADYS'S HOUSE, HALL, 20TH JUNE 1963 - DAY** 68

Dennis helps Alison with her coat. It's awkward and formal.

DENNIS

I'll just fetch my mother.

Alison nods. Dennis disappears upstairs.

Alison stands waiting. She glances in the mirror, nervously tucking a piece of hair into place. There, in the reflection, is the open door to the living room.

She turns and looks through the door to spot a typewriter. The same Smith Corona model. With an ash tray on top.

Compelled, Alison walks in.

69 **INT. SOUTHAMPTON. GLADYS'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM, 20TH JUNE 69
1963 - DAY**

Alison stands in the middle of the room, utterly still. It is laid out in exactly the same way as her own. The typewriter, the ashtray, a pipe, the arm chair.

Alison starts to walk round, heart pounding. Alison snatches up photos in silver frames. Three children, not just Dennis. An adorable photo of them all building sand castles together.

Losing all control, she wrenches open drawers, torturing herself now. She finds notes to Gladys in his handwriting. The "xxx,A" at the end of a letter.

Then - a framed PHOTO of GLADYS, ALEC AND THEIR CHILDREN TAKEN RELATIVELY RECENTLY. She picks it up, staring at it, feeling sick.

Alison drops the frame - the glass smashes - she turns to see Dennis has returned.

DENNIS

My mother's taken to her bed. She doesn't want to see you.

Alison stares at him, rabbit in headlights - unsure what do - she holds out the divorce papers -

Dennis is taken aback. He can't make sense of it at all.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

But I checked at the records office. There was nothing.

ALISON

They got lost in the war.

Alison passes them to him. She watches him.

DENNIS

My mother was nursing her sister in Scotland in September 1940.

Alison looks at him, hardly able to cover her emotions.

ALISON

She must have travelled to London.

DENNIS

The day after she died?

ALISON

It's here in black and white.

Dennis examines the papers closely and lets out a sigh.

DENNIS

Do you think Dad did some intelligence work? Knew how to forge documents?

Alison snatches them back, running out of options.

ALISON

Don't be ridiculous -

He sighs, feeling her pain.

DENNIS

It's the only explanation.

(Beat)

(MORE)

DENNIS (CONT'D)
If he was legally married to you,
why have we started to receive his
war pension?

A terminal blow. For a moment Alison is lost for words, then -
she pushes on, but unable to stop herself -

ALISON
An administrative error, if you
give me time, a couple of days -

DENNIS
No. No.

Calm, reasonable Dennis has had enough.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
My mother's whole life has been
destroyed - if you carry on, you'll
give me no choice - I'll have to
make official enquiries.

ALISON
What - what - do you mean?

DENNIS
I'll go to the police, ask them to
investigate.

Alison stares in horror.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Was your marriage ever valid? Or
should you be charged with bigamy?
An offence that I believe attracts
a custodial sentence.

Alison sinks to the floor and closes her eyes. It's over. Her
shoulders start to shake. And finally the tears - so long
held back - start to flow freely down her face.

Dennis watches, moved, at a complete loss, as Alison breaks
down before his eyes. No dignity, no pride - just pure grief.

Alison finally looks up, her face wet with tears.

ALISON
I loved him so much.

A moment. A generous Dennis speaks quietly.

DENNIS
We need his body for the funeral,
that's all we want from you.

Alison doesn't answer. She starts to pick up the glass shards from the broken frame and place them on the coffee table.

She's clumsy and cuts her thumb quite badly - by accident or deliberately? - in any case, she continues picking pieces up, blood dripping profusely from her hand.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Your hand -

Alison shrugs and sinks back against an armchair, letting her hand bleed on to her pastel blue jacket. She's still on the floor. Glass fragments sticking to her skirt and tights. For once, she doesn't even notice.

Dennis heads out and returns with a tissue. He tries to pass it to her but it's as if she has given up, gone numb.

ALISON
His body is at the undertakers in
Ealing.

Dennis turns brotherly. He wraps the tissue tightly round Alison's thumb. She lets him. It's weirdly intimate, caring.

DENNIS
You can have your mass in Ealing as
long as you bring his body to
Southsea for burial afterwards.

Alison grips his hand and exhales.

ALISON
Thank you.

DENNIS
But his name and date of birth on
the coffin must be the ones we knew
him by.

ALISON
I've already briefed the
undertaker.

Dennis looks at her evenly. He's given away enough. Alison nods and rises. She looks round the room once more.

ALISON (CONT'D)
My sons must never find out. Never.
They adored him.

DENNIS
So did I.

There's nothing else to say. Alison walks out.

70 **OMITTED FLASHBACK** 70

71 **OMITTED (MATERIAL MOVED TO SCENE 69)** 71

72 **EXT. ALISON'S HOUSE, 20TH JUNE 1963 - NIGHT** 72

The sun sets over suburbia. We see Alison at an upstairs window, drawing the curtains.

73 **INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, BEDROOM, 20TH JUNE 1963 - NIGHT** 73

Alison walks away from the window and looks round the room, at Alec's things. She examines them - his watch by the bed, his pyjamas under the pillow, rosary on his bedside table - reassuring herself that he did live here. She's not mad.

She picks up the rosary, turns it in her hands.

She opens the wardrobe. Alec's clothes. Shirts. Trousers. His old army uniform. She buries her face in the army jacket, inhaling his smell -

74 **OMITTED** 74

75 **OMITTED** 75

76

OMITTED

76

77

INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, HALL, 24TH JUNE 1963 - DAY

77

A powerful Alison stands in front of the hall mirror, applying a bold, red lipstick. But her red raw hands belie her untroubled face. She slips them into white gloves.

Nigel appears in the mirror behind her.

NIGEL

Shall I come with you?

ALISON

No, it's fine. Last details - the choice of coffin and so on.

NIGEL

I want to come with you.

ALISON

Spend some time with your brother. He'll be back at sea soon.

Frustrated, Nigel watches Alison leave.

78

INT. UNDERTAKERS, ANTEROOM, 24TH JUNE 1963 - DAY

78

Alison stands in the gloomy room, staring at a picture on the wall: a leafy meadow and rainbow, engraved with writing: "A life well used brings a happy death." Alison blinks.

The UNDERTAKER comes in, a sycophantic, smiling chap.

UNDERTAKER

Mrs Wilson? How are we?

Her acting is impressive, not over the top in any way.

ALISON

I'm afraid I've been rather stupid -

UNDERTAKER

Nothing we can't take care of.
Please sit down, don't upset
yourself.

He gestures the leather Chesterfield. She sits.

ALISON

You're going to think me a fool but-

She pauses, then reluctantly 'confesses'.

ALISON (CONT'D)

My son signed the death certificate
and I'm afraid he got some details
wrong. The date of birth and -
being from such a grand family -
there were so many middle names.
Poor boy - just lost his dad - I
can't believe I asked him to do it -

UNDERTAKER

So you'd like to change the
engraving on the coffin?

ALISON

Yes, yes please.

UNDERTAKER

There. That wasn't so bad, was it?
I'll just get the paperwork.

He leaves. Alison's face changes. The grieving widow turns to self-loathing mother.

UNDERTAKER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Now, look who I found in the
waiting room.

The undertaker returns with a defiant Nigel.

NIGEL

I want to see him, mum.

Alison nods, heart pounding.

UNDERTAKER

Certainly. If you'll just give me a minute to prepare the viewing room.

Nigel just stands there.

UNDERTAKER (CONT'D)

Come on son, you go and sit by mother. Hold her hand, that's right. She's got a lot on her mind.

As he sits down, the undertaker mouths over Nigel's head.

UNDERTAKER (CONT'D)

Haven't said a word.

Alison nods, relieved. Smiles a thank you.

UNDERTAKER (CONT'D)

Now, is there anything else?

ALISON

I'm afraid there is. I put a notice in the Times - and a cousin has -

UNDERTAKER

Crept out of the woodwork? We see it all the time. After a bequest?

Alison sees an opportunity to take the moral high ground.

ALISON

Actually, no. She reminded me that Alec wanted to be buried in Southsea, next to his sister.

Nigel looks at Alison, a little puzzled. She ignores him.

UNDERTAKER

That's absolutely fine, Mrs Wilson. We're here to make this tragic time as straightforward as possible.

Alison nods. He makes to leave, turns.

UNDERTAKER (CONT'D)

Just to confirm - given the change of plan - that you'd still like your husband to be taken to Ealing the night before the mass to rest before the Blessed Sacrament?

Alison reflects.

UNDERTAKER (CONT'D)
It's the Catholic tradition - to
cleanse the soul before it ascends
to heaven - it incurs no extra
charge.

ALISON
Yes, I do. Thank you.

He nods and scuttles off.

79

INT. CAFE, 24TH JUNE 1963 - DAY

79

Alison and Nigel sit opposite each other, rather ill at ease with each other. Tea and a plate of cakes in front of them. An awkward silence. Alison tries to put a piece of cake on Nigel's plate. He declines.

ALISON
Are you all right?

He nods, looks up at Alison with a wan smile.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Not long till the holidays and then
you can relax -

NIGEL
Before St Catherine's - if I get in
-

ALISON
I thought you'd applied to Oxford.

NIGEL
It's the name of the college - at
Oxford - Dad and I chose it.

Alison bites her lip, appalled that she didn't know this.

ALISON
I'm sorry -

NIGEL
What for?

ALISON
I wasn't there for you.

NIGEL
What do you mean?

ALISON

Being a Dad - it all came so naturally to him - and I was forever cooking or cleaning or working at that blasted office.

Alison looks really sad. Nigel can't bear any more emotion.

NIGEL

It doesn't matter.

ALISON

It does.

Alison's eyes burn with determination.

82 INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, BEDROOM, 3RD JULY 1963 - DAY 82

Shopping bags in the background. A funeral veil a la Jackie Kennedy is laid out on the bed. The black dress. Jewellery. Black gloves. It looks more like the preparations for a wedding than a funeral.

A very tense Alison picks up the dress and steps into it. She stretches to do up the zip. She can't get it to the top.

83 **OMITTED** 83

84 INT. ALISON'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM, 3RD JULY 1963 - DAY 84

Gordon is resplendent, handsome, in full naval uniform. He's messing around with his ornamental sword, joshing with Nigel.

Nigel is in an old suit that is too tight for him. He's laughing, looking adoringly at his big brother.

Nigel stops giggling abruptly when he Alison walks in.

ALISON

It's fine - could you do my zip?

She turns her back to Gordon, and he does up the zip.

ALISON (CONT'D)

So, what's so funny?

GORDON

Nothing.

ALISON

(sad)

You would have told Dad.

GORDON

Just being silly. You know what they say about us naval types? A girl in every -

WHACK. Alison slaps Gordon round the face.

Gordon stares at her, appalled. Nigel looks down, shocked.

ALISON

You treat women with respect.

Alison walks out. We stay with Gordon and Nigel as they look at each other - what on earth happened there?

ALISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The car's outside, boys.

Alison walks up the aisle, Nigel and Gordon either side. They are an exceptionally good-looking trio. She looks fantastic. The dress skimming her body like a glove, the veil just tipping over her eyes.

The church is full. A good turn out. Alison nods at people as she goes. Next-door neighbour Olive, the typists from work.

Alison stares at the coffin ahead of her, on a stand in front of the altar - she turns into the front pew and sits down.

Alison looks around. She spots a sassy, good-looking woman in her fifties. Alison stares at her. Who is she? [Dorothy].

Alison turns back and faces the front, every inch the grieving widow.

86	OMITTED [FLASHBACK]	86
87	OMITTED [MATERIAL MOVED TO 1/85]	87
88	INT. EALING CATHOLIC CHURCH, 3RD JULY 1963 - LATER	88

An emotional Gordon is at the front, a battered book in his hand. Alison watches him, utterly riveted.

GORDON

When I was a boy, I loved bedtime -
my friends used to laugh at me,
didn't understand it - but it was
because of Dad. He didn't just read
stories to us, he invented them -
battles, romances, mysteries -
exciting, fantasy worlds - every
night was a new adventure -

Gordon is threatening to crumble. He looks over at Alison. She nods: you can do it. Utterly supportive, maternal.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Maybe that's no surprise - he did
make his living as a writer. I'd
like to end by reading from one of
his books.

With shaking hands, Gordon opens the book and reads.

GORDON (CONT'D)

"Few people realise what our
country owes to the gallant men of
the silent service. To them fame
and glory seldom come, riches
never. Often they die quiet, even
shameful deaths. Theirs is the
ideal patriotism which is prepared
to sacrifice home, family,
everything for the sake of the land
that gave them birth."

Without taking her eyes from Gordon, Alison reaches for Nigel's hand and squeezes it.

Gordon's voice cracks as he says, almost under his breath -

GORDON (CONT'D)

Thank you Dad and rest in peace.

He returns to the pew. Alison looks at him, moved.

FATHER TIMOTHY
We will now sing hymn 258.

Everyone stands and starts to sing. Except Alison. She opens her mouth but no words come out. We move in closer on her. Alison sets her face.

ALL
(singing)
I vow to thee my country, all
earthly things above, entire and
whole and perfect, the service of
my love.

As the hymn continues, memories flood over Alison -

88A

MONTAGE OF FRAGMENTED MEMORIES

88A

Alec walking towards her - his eyes dancing with joy - his eyes gliding past her - were his eyes for someone else?

Standing in the rain outside SIS - looking for Alec -

The flare of a match abstracting - fracturing - becoming -

Alec's pipe - Coleman's cigarette -

The flame becoming a blinding explosion - the bomb -

Emerging, cleansed, naked in Alec's bath -

Splashing water on her face in the Author's Club -

That woman in the mirror - who was she? - [Dorothy]

89

INT. EALING CATHOLIC CHURCH, 3RD JULY 1963 - DAY

89

Alison whips her head round.

That woman is here. She saw her when she walked in.

She scans the singing congregation for Dorothy but can't find her. Who was she? Who is she? Did she imagine her presence?

Alison turns back to face the front. Emotionless now.

The hymn comes to an end. Father Timothy returns to the front.

FATHER TIMOTHY
Let us pray.

Alison watches as her sons immediately fall to their knees.

Alison follows Gordon and Nigel in going on to her knees. She finds some relief in the gesture as she rests her hands on the pew in front and closes her eyes.

89A **OMITTED**

89A

89B **OMITTED (MATERIAL MOVED TO 1/89)**

89B

90 **EXT. EALING CATHOLIC CHURCH, 3RD JULY 1963 - DAY**

90

The service is over and the congregation are milling around on the steps outside.

Alison is among them. On the surface she is in control, greeting people, shaking hands. Her sons, by her side. But she's scanning for Dorothy. Her eyes flitting around.

In the edge of her vision, the coffin is being loaded clumsily into the hearse. The undertaker keeps looking at Alison, gesturing her in no uncertain terms to hurry up.

Alison tries to leave, but is accosted by a deaf, old lady.

ALISON

Auntie Edie, I'm so sorry - we have
to go - the burial is in Southsea.

The deaf old lady looks at her as if she hasn't heard a word.

ALISON (CONT'D)

(raising her voice)

The burial is in Southsea. Alec
wanted to be buried by the sea.

Alison turns away to be accosted by a stranger, BERT, 58.

BERT

My condolences, Mrs Wilson. Alec
was such a fine chap - much loved
at the hospital.

ALISON

I beg your pardon?

BERT

Bert Ashby. From the Central
Middlesex.

Gordon looks surprised. Alison nods, taking this in her stride.

ALISON

Of course - Mr Ashby - thank you so much for coming.

A tap on Alison's shoulder from the undertaker.

UNDERTAKER

Mrs Wilson - the hearse is waiting.

91

INT / EXT. FUNERAL CAR, 3RD JULY 1963 - DAY

91

An ultra-tense Alison sits between her two boys in the back seat. Ahead of her, out of the windscreen, the hearse.

Nigel looks very wan. Gordon looks out the window as they drive down the A3 faster than customary [for a hearse].

GORDON

I don't see what the hurry is.

ALISON

The burial service is at four.

GORDON

Couldn't we have done it tomorrow?

Alison purses her lips, doesn't answer. They drive on.

GORDON (CONT'D)

That chap from the hospital - seemed to know Dad well -

ALISON

He must have looked after Dad when he had his heart problems.

Gordon says nothing, thoughtful.

Alison focuses on the hearse out of the windscreen. She doesn't dare look at her boys.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Now, there's a cousin of Dad's who's going to be there. With her two sons.

NIGEL

The lady Dad didn't get on with?

ALISON

Exactly - so don't feel you need to talk to her.

GORDON

So why on earth is she coming?

ALISON

I just told you - she's your
father's cousin.

GORDON

But still - we shouldn't have to -

ALISON

Gordon, please!

Gordon watches her, concerned.

ALISON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry - once the funeral is
over, I'll be back to normal.

92

EXT. SOUTHSEA, VERGE NEAR BURIAL PLOT, 3RD JULY 1963 - DAY 92

An extremely nervous Alison steps out of the car with her
boys to see Dennis and family's car pulling up alongside.

Alison steels herself.

Dennis steps out of the second car, followed by a frail,
haggard Gladys in a dark brown, stiff dress and ADRIAN, 46.

Dennis and Alison make eye contact. He nods: it's all right,
I've sorted it.

The two families loiter awkwardly. Alison and Gladys avoid
each other's eye.

The young priest FATHER NICHOLAS walks over from the plot.

FATHER NICHOLAS

Hello all.

He looks at all the mourners, waiting for introductions. A
moment. A very tense Alison looks at Dennis, not sure what to
say. Before Dennis can speak, Gordon steps forward.

GORDON

Gordon Wilson, Alec's son.

Dennis nods, calmly.

DENNIS

Dennis Wilson. We're Alec's
cousins.

Alison looks at him, grateful.

But Gladys blanches at hearing it out loud. Dennis puts his arm round her and she almost collapses back against him.

Father Nicholas looks taken aback by her reaction.

GORDON

Everyone loved my father. Even those who hardly knew him.

In shock, Gladys swivels to Alison - no, this can't pass.

A long, terrible moment - before Dennis saves the day. He grips his mother's hand and leads her towards the plot.

93

EXT. SOUTHSEA, BURIAL PLOT, 3RD JULY 1963 - DAY

93

The two families stand either side of the grave.

Alison - flanked by Nigel and Gordon. Gladys - flanked by Dennis and Adrian. Two wives, each with two sons.

FATHER NICHOLAS (O.S.)

Into your hands, Father of mercies, we command our brother Alec in the sure and certain hope that, together with all who have died in Christ, he will rise with him on the last day. Merciful Lord, turn toward us and listen to our prayer: open the gates of paradise to your servant and help us who remain to comfort one another with assurances of faith, until we all meet in Christ and are with you and with our brother forever.

Alison and Gladys lock eyes. They don't look at the coffin as it descends - but at each other.

Alison's face is blank with grief. Staring at Gladys, drinking her in. Almost unable to believe this is happening.

Gladys stares back, grief mixed with deep shame. This elegant woman twenty years her junior has stolen her husband.

FATHER NICHOLAS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We ask this through Jesus Christ
Our Lord. Amen.

Alison reaches to the ground and throws a handful of earth over the grave. She looks at Gladys: please, go ahead.

But Gladys is overcome - and supported by her sons - returns to her car. Father Nicholas closes his Bible and withdraws.

ALISON
All right, boys?

They nod and Nigel accepts a hug. Over his head, Alison sees Dennis coming towards her to make his goodbyes.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Boys, would you wait for me in the car?

They nod dutifully and return to the car, smiling politely at Dennis as they cross his path.

ALISON (CONT'D)
(to Dennis)
Thank you.

DENNIS
I did it for Dad. Whatever he did, I loved him. I always will.

Dennis looks down at the coffin in the ground, saying a final, silent farewell. Alison watches him, moved. And grateful once more for his part in the day.

ALISON
He would have been proud of you.

Dennis looks up. Blinks away a tear.

DENNIS
I'd better get back.

ALISON
I was wondering about the headstone-

DENNIS
No, no headstone.

Alison looks at Dennis, appalled.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
What would we even engrave on it?
Which name? Which date of birth?

The shame of it settles on Alison.

ALISON
An unmarked grave.

DENNIS

It's what my mother wants.

He turns. Alison gently stays him with a hand on his arm.

ALISON

Can I ask you something personal?

Alison plucks up courage. Blushing, laid bare.

ALISON (CONT'D)

When he visited... did he stay the night?

Alison looks at him, her intelligent eyes imploring him.

Dennis looks closely at her. Is he being kind or truthful?

DENNIS

No. No, he didn't.

Alison closes her eyes. A huge spear drawn from her side. She opens her eyes and smiles lightly, shakes Dennis's hand.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Mrs Wilson - could we stay in touch? Perhaps meet up one day?

Alison looks at him, appalled. Dennis looks over at her boys.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

They're my half-brothers.

ALISON

I'm sorry. You must never meet again.

Nigel and Gordon wait by the car, leaning on the bonnet. Gordon, smoking, reflective, watching his mother intently. Nigel, clearly exhausted.

The few mourners retreat and, as they do so, we see a figure approaching in the distance. A dignified Pakistani man, SHAHBAZ KARIM, 65.

Alison is by the grave, noticeably lighter of mood. She shakes Father Nicholas's hand, offering him her thanks.

He retreats and now it is just Alison.

We close in on her as she kneels down. Her veil falls back down over her eyes.

ALISON
(whispered)
You made mistakes but you were a
good father... you were mine.

Alison opens her eyes. She rises and turns to see Karim.

SHAHBAZ KARIM
I wanted to pay my respects.
Shahbaz Karim. Alec was my best
friend in India, before the war.

No surprise left in her, Alison holds out her hand.

SHAHBAZ KARIM (CONT'D)
You must be Alec's daughter?

ALISON
His wife.

SHAHBAZ KARIM
Oh, my dear - I'm so sorry I didn't
recognise you - I'm somewhat blind
these days - and it's been so long -

ALISON
What are you talking about?

SHAHBAZ KARIM
Dorothy?

In shock, Alison slowly raises her veil. Karim's face falls. She's not Dorothy. And the pain in her expression.

He says nothing, trouble flitting across his face.

ALISON
Who's Dorothy?

SHAHBAZ KARIM
No, no - it was my mistake -

ALISON
Mistake? I told you I was Alec's
wife and you called me 'Dorothy'.
So please just tell me who she is.

Karim says nothing. A long, devastating silence. Alison's eyes glint with sharp fury. She grits her teeth.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Tell me.

Karim watches her, unreadable. Finally, quite gently -

SHAHBAZ KARIM

Do you know the real reason Alec
went undercover in 1942?

Alison is thrown - mind racing - she slowly shakes her head.

SHAHBAZ KARIM (CONT'D)

Then, with respect, you're asking
the wrong question.

Alison stares back at him, in shock.

SHAHBAZ KARIM (CONT'D)

You should talk to Coleman.

He nods kindly and turns to go. Alison forces out a whisper -

ALISON

Who's Dorothy?

Karim turns back and offers a reassuring smile.

SHAHBAZ KARIM

Your husband was a good man.

He walks on, leaving Alison bewildered and alone.

END OF EPISODE ONE