

SC1. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. EVENING. DAY 1

[ESTABLISHER SHOT. IT IS DUSK. HILLS, DALES, –
THIS IS PEACEFUL, BEAUTIFUL. NOT A MANMADE
SCAR IN SIGHT]

CUT TO:

SC2. EXT. VILLAGE. EVENING. DAY 1

[ADAM'S POV FROM INSIDE THE VAN: FADING
LIGHT BRUSHES WHITE WASHED COTTAGES,
COBBLED STREETS AND SQUARES, SLATE ROOFS
AND HANGING BASKETS – THERE'S A GENTLE
QUIET ABOUT THE PLACE]

CUT TO:

SC3. EXT. VILLAGE. EVENING. DAY 1

[A DELIVERY VAN PULLS UP, A PASSENGER
EMERGES – HE HAULS A LARGE RUCKSACK ONTO
HIS BACK, AND IT IS LADEN WITH BAGS OF
SHOPPING. THE PASSENGER (40'S) WAVES, CALLS
THANKS AS THE VAN DRIVES ON. FRAMED BY THE
SUNSET, HE ENTERS THE VILLAGE. THIS IS ADAM
CLAY]

CUT TO:

SC4. INT. POLICE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. EVENING. DAY 1

[THE DECOR IS HOMELY AND DATED. IN CONTRAST, A WOMAN (**KATE DOBIE**, 30'S, ATTRACTIVE, VERY STYLISH) HURRIES AROUND THE ROOM, PULLING ON HEELS, THROWING ITEMS INTO HER (EXPENSIVE) LUGGAGE, WHICH RESTS ON THE SOFA. SHE TALKS ALL THE WHILE ON HER MOBILE. IN TIMES PAST, SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN CALLED A 'WISECRACKING TOUGH COOKIE' - HER TONGUE IS FIRMLY EMBEDDED IN HER CHEEK AT ALL TIMES]

KATE:

(ON PHONE) Stop growling, Mac, or they'll put you in a zoo with all the other grizzly bears... (BEAT) ... This is my first break in two years - and I've only been gone three days...

[SHE SITS ON HER CASE, TRYING TO FLATTEN THE CONTENTS INSIDE]

KATE:

* (ON PHONE) What's the big deal - you've got other reporters.

CUT TO:

SC5. INT. DAILY GAZETTE. EDITOR'S OFFICE. EVENING.
DAY 1

[DEREK MCLEAN, THE EDITOR (50S, SCOTTISH),
BEHIND HIS DESK]

MCLEAN:

* (ON PHONE) They're not reporters... (THEN, SHOUTS, SO HIS
NEWSROOM CAN HEAR) They're imbeciles! They're an insult to
imbeciles! (THEN, ON PHONE) You should see what they're giving - if I
printed any of it, I'd be a laughing stock....

[ON HIS DESK ARE VARIOUS MOCK-UP FRONT
PAGES FOR THE DAILY GAZETTE - THE DULLEST
TABLOID ARTICLES EVER WRITTEN (SUCH AS:
"DONUTS - THE WHOLE STORY"; "CHOCOLATE - IS
IT BETTER THAN FISHING?"; "DOMINOES - AN
OLYMPIC SPORT?" - AND SO ON. ALL ARE
ILLUSTRATED). HE SWIPES THE CRAP ARTICLES TO
THE FLOOR]

MCLEAN:

* (PLEADING) I need you, Kate. The silly season's killing us, I'm dying
here... and besides - I miss you.

CUT TO:

SC6. INT. POLICE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. EVENING. DAY 1

[SHE TAKES FLIRTING IN HER STRIDE]

KATE:

(ON PHONE) Take it easy - I don't want to cheat your clotted arteries out of the last laugh. (SHE RELENTS) I'll be on the first train in the morning.

[JUST THEN, A BULKY FIGURE STEPS IN FROM THE KITCHEN. 50'S, HE WEARS A DAINTY PINNIE ATOP A POLICE UNIFORM, AND CARRIES A WOODEN SPOON DRIPPING WITH PASTA SAUCE - HE'S COOKING. HE IS SERGEANT EUGENE 'HAPPY' DOBIE]

HAPPY:

You staying for dinner?

[KATE SHRUGS, APOLOGETIC. JUST THEN, A BELL SOUNDS. HAPPY LOOKS AT KATE, TASTES HIS SPOON, DISSAPOINTED. THE BELL SOUNDS AGAIN]

KATE:

(ON PHONE) No, I can't get there any faster. The Industrial Revolution's only just hit up here - Marconi'll be inventing the radio any minute now...

[HAPPY EXITS THROUGH A DOOR TO....]

CUT TO:

SC7. INT. POLICE STATION. FRONT DESK. EVENING. DAY 1

[CONTINUOUS. THE FRONT DESK IS AN EXTENSION OF THE HOUSE (SMALL VILLAGE COP-SHOP) - JUST A COUNTER, 'WATCH YOUR HANDBAG' POSTERS AND SO ON. ADAM IS AT THE COUNTER. HAPPY ENTERS, SPOON IN HAND, PINNIE STILL ON...]

* **ADAM:**
* Hello?

HAPPY:
We're closed for the night - if it's an emergency, Ambleside's open twenty four hours.

ADAM:
I've been to Ambleside - they sent me to you.

[HAPPY EYES HIM, SUSPICIOUS - WHAT'S AMBLESIDE UP TO?]

HAPPY:
I'll bet they did.

[ADAM SEARCHES HIS POCKETS FOR A SCRAP OF PAPER, HE FINDS IT]

ADAM:
I'm looking for... (READS) ... Sergeant Happy Dobie?

HAPPY:
I'm Happy.

[GRUFF, HE LOOKS ANYTHING BUT. ADAM GULPS]

ADAM:
I just wanted... I've got some papers for you.

[HE SEARCHES IN HIS RUCKSACK, CLUMSY, KNOCKING HIS BAGS OF SHOPPING OVER. HAPPY JUST WATCHES THIS CALAMITOUS INDIVIDUAL]

ADAM:
They're in here somewhere... Got them.

[HE PULLS OUT A FISTFUL OF PAPERS, SPILLS THEM ON THE COUNTER. HAPPY'S PUZZLEMENT INCREASES; ADAM SEARCHES HIS PAPERS, PUSHES THEM ACROSS ONE BY ONE]

ADAM:

Let's see... birth certificate... passport... driving licence - won't be needing that any more...

[HE SMILES; HAPPY IS SUSPICIOUS]

ADAM:

I've got a P sixty here somewhere...

HAPPY:

(IRRITATED) Are you drunk?

ADAM:

Oh no - hardly touch the stuff - never really saw the point.

[BEAT - HAPPY GLOWERS]

ADAM:

You weren't expecting me?

HAPPY:

No.

ADAM:

Maybe I should explain, then.

HAPPY:

I'd like that.

ADAM:

I'm resigning.

HAPPY:

From what?

ADAM:

Well... from Britain. I'm resigning my citizenship.

HAPPY:

What's that got to do with me? Go to the Emigration Office or somewhere.

ADAM:

Oh, I'm not leaving. I'm not going anywhere. I've just... declared myself 'Independent'. I'm seceding.

[HE SMILES AT HAPPY, LIKE THIS EXPLAINS IT ALL.
HAPPY EYES HIM, UNSURE IF'S HE'S NUTS]

HAPPY:

I don't like jokes - never saw the point.

ADAM:

It's not a joke - I've got an acre or so of land, just up the hill. It's very beautiful. (BEAT) It'll be the Independent Republic of... Me.

[HAPPY GLOWERS. ADAM IS A LITTLE NERVOUS OF HIM]

ADAM:

You're sure they didn't tell you?

HAPPY:

No!

ADAM:

I don't mean to offend anybody - it just, didn't work out for me in... your country.

HAPPY:

My country?

[ADAM IS AWARE OF HAPPY'S FRUSTRATION]

ADAM:

I should go before it gets dark.

[HE GATHERS HIS BAGS, INDICATES THE SHOPPING]

ADAM:

I can pay export tax on these, if you...

[HE DOESN'T FINISH. HAPPY JUST GLOWERS.
ADAM BACKS OUT]

CUT TO:

SC8. INT. POLICE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. EVENING. DAY 1

[HAPPY RE-ENTERS, JUST STANDS THERE, WOODEN SPOON IN HAND - STILL PUZZLED. KATE IS BUSY GETTING HER BAGS/LAPTOP TOGETHER]

KATE:

I'm sorry to bolt like this, but apparently Fleet Street will crumble if I don't get there first thing.

[HE JUST STANDS THERE]

KATE:

Do you think I can make the station in forty minutes tomorrow morning?
Damned rental cars...

[SHE STOPS AT HIS LACK OF REPLY. SHE LOOKS AT HIM, PUZZLED]

KATE:

Dad?

CUT TO:

SC9. EXT. HILL. TOP OF HILL. MORNING. DAY 2

[HAPPY, STERN, IN FULL UNIFORM, MARCHES UP THE HILL, HIGH UP, ISOLATED. STRUGGLING TO KEEP UP, IN INAPPROPRIATE SHOES, IS KATE]

KATE:

This better be good, Happy - I've got a suicidal editor I want to keep on the right side of the window ledge.

[HAPPY CONTINUES ON]

KATE:

It's probably some back-packer, full up on too much warm beer.

[SHE STEPS IN SOMETHING, MUCH TO HER DISGUST. HE TURNS]

HAPPY:

What's the big story you're going to save the newspaper business with? Is a football player having an affair with a model? A Soap star drinking vodka before lunch?

[SHE LOOKS CHASTISED; HE CONTINUES ON UP THE HILL]

KATE:

I thought you didn't read the papers.

HAPPY:

I don't - call it a lucky guess.

[SHE GROANS AND FOLLOWS, AS HAPPY REACHES THE BROW OF THE HILL - STOPS DEAD. SHE CATCHES UP, LEANS ON HIM, PULLING SHEEP-POO FROM THE HEEL OF HER SHOE]

KATE:

He'll be sleeping it off in his tent...

[SHE STOPS AS SHE SEES WHAT HE DOES: A LARGE SQUARE, THE SIZE OF A COUPLE OF FOOTBALL FIELDS, MARKED OFF WITH FENCE POSTS AND WIRE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FEN; A STREAM RUNS THROUGH IT, AND AT ONE END, THE FOUNDATIONS OF A COTTAGE HAVE BEEN DUG OUT, THE FIRST FEW LEVELS OF BRICKS LAID]

[NEXT TO THIS, A HUT, A GOOD SIZED DWELLING, WITH A CHIMNEY, CLEARLY BUILT FROM RECLAIMED WOOD AND IRON; THERE'S A SMALL PEN (WITH GOAT), AND A CHICKEN COOP (WITH CHICKENS).

THERE ARE PALLETS OF BRICKS, BAGS OF CEMENT, TIMBER; SEVERAL AREAS ARE MARKED OFF, AND IN SOME THE SOIL HAS BEEN TURNED, TOP-SOIL ADDED - CLEARLY GROWING AREAS. IN THE MIDDLE OF ONE OF THESE, IS ADAM, SHIRTLESS, PICK IN HAND, MUSCLES GLISTENING AS HE BREAKS THE SOIL]

KATE:

Now, there's a sight to start a girl's day.

[A BROAD SMILE CROSSES HER FACE. HAPPY LOOKS AT HER]

CUT TO:

SC10. EXT. ADAM'S REPUBLIC. MORNING. DAY 2

[HAPPY AND KATE APPROACH THE FENCE]

ADAM:
(CHEERY) Morning.

HAPPY:
What the hell do you think you're doing?

ADAM:
Trying to get some potatoes in before it's too late. A lot of people think you can't grow anything up here...

[HE STOPS, SENSING THE AWKWARDNESS: HAPPY STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT; KATE SMILES]

HAPPY:
This is National Park land.

ADAM:
It used to be - belongs to me now. I claimed it.

HAPPY:
(INCREDULOUS) You can't 'claim it'!

ADAM:
You can - 'The Disused Public Land Act, sixteen fifty four' - "Any son of England, whether noble or common of birth, hath right to declare propriety, so long as he doth not bear arms agin' the Parli-ament, over any hectarate of land, on condition it be outside the boundaries of established townships, insofar as the stated land be not employed in cultivation and hath not been traversed by subjects of the King of three hundred and sixty-five days consecutive".

[LONG BEAT]

HAPPY:
What?

ADAM:
If nobody's used it or crossed it for a full year, I can claim it. Nobody's 'traversed' here - I kept a diary.

KATE:
Quite the legal expert, aren't you, Mr...?

[SHE OFFERS HER HAND; HE SHAKES IT]

ADAM:

Adam Clay. And I'm not an expert. I just... like to read.

KATE:

Kate Dobie - his, only slightly, less-perplexed daughter.

[SHE INDICATES THE PUZZLED HAPPY - THEN
SMILES, COY, WINNING - AND ADAM IS
IMMEDIATELY WON OVER. HAPPY DOES A
DOUBLE-TAKE AT THIS]

KATE:

How did you decide what land to claim, Mr Clay?

ADAM:

I used the census - just divided the land mass of the country by the number of people in it - works out at just over an acre each. (BEAT) I thought, up here, I wouldn't be bothering anyone.

HAPPY:

(GROWLS) You bother me.

[HE TRIES TO RISE ABOVE HAPPY'S MOOD]

KATE:

Has it got a name, this... Republic of yours?

ADAM:

I thought I'd call it... 'Hope'.

[SHE EYES HIM - IS HE FOR REAL?]

KATE:

And you're going to live alone in... Hope?

ADAM:

Well, just me, Gertie and the girls.

[SHE LOOKS CONFUSED, TILL HE INDICATES THE
GOAT AND HENS]

KATE:

Gertie and the girls. Of course.

[HAPPY STEPS IN -]

HAPPY:

You'd better come with me till we sort this out.

[BUT ADAM PULLS AWAY]

ADAM:

You can't - I'm not a citizen any more. Wait here, I'll show you.

[WITH THIS, HE DARTS INTO HIS SHANTY CABIN.
HAPPY TURNS TO KATE]

HAPPY:

What was all that about?

KATE:

What?

[HAPPY BATS HIS EYES, RIDICULOUS, LOOKS COY -
A POOR IMITATION, BUT HE GETS HIS POINT
ACROSS]

KATE:

This will be page one, two and three, Happy - whatever it takes to get the story. (BEAT) And he doesn't need to know I'm a reporter, understand?

HAPPY:

(DISAPPROVING) How do you sleep at night?

[SHE SMILES, KISSES HIM ON THE CHEEK]

KATE:

Love you, Dad.

[HAPPY LOOKS UNCONVINCED. ADAM RE-
APPEARS. AS HE APPROACHES]

KATE:

(UNDER HER BREATH) And he's not bad to look at either.

[HAPPY LOOKS AT HER JUST AS ADAM ARRIVES
WITH A DISORGANISED SHEATH OF PAPERS,
SHOWS THEM]

ADAM

You see - I've got a confirmation letter from the United Nations; the European Union mandate; Statute of Limitations orders from the Home Office...

KATE:

All seems legal to me.

[SHE SMILES, LAPPING THIS UP; HAPPY IS LOST]

ADAM:

I mean - you wouldn't want to cause an international incident, would you?

[OUT ON KATE - SHE'S STRUCK GOLD]

CUT TO:

SC11. NEWSPAPERS EFFECT. DAY 3

[MUSIC PLAYS OVER THE FOLLOWING. A SPINNING NEWSPAPER BURSTS TOWARDS CAMERA, THEN STOPS - IT IS THE DAILY GAZETTE. THE HEADLINE READS: "MAN-CHILD DECLARES HIMSELF A REPUBLIC". THE SUB-HEADING: "UN CONFIRMS ACRE OF SHROPSHIRE IS INDEPENDENT". BENEATH THIS IS, "EXCLUSIVE BY KATE DOBIE"]

CUT TO:

SC12. EXT. NEWSAGENTS. DAY 3

[CLOSE-UP OF A NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING BOARD
- IT IS FILLED WITH THE DAILY GAZETTE BANNER
AND THE WORDS: ADAM IN THE GARDEN OF HOPE -
FIRST PICTURE. A HAND ENTERS FRAME, REMOVES
THE MESH, AND SLAPS A NOTE ON THE BOARD - IT
READS: SOLD OUT]

CUT TO:

SC13. NEWSPAPERS EFFECT. DAY 3

[A PILE OF DAILY GAZETTE'S WITH KATE'S STORY -
HANDS ENTER THE FRAME FROM ALL ANGLES,
ONE AT A TIME, EACH WHIPPING A COPY OF THE
PAPER FROM THE PILE. MUSIC FADES]

DISSOLVE TO:

SC14. EXT. HILL. TOP OF HILL. DAY 3

[KATE APPROACHES THE BROW OF THE HILL, ON
HER MOBILE]

KATE:

(ON PHONE) Don't worry, Mac - he's so wet behind the ears,
he's practically drowning. I'll get you a new story every day for a month.

[SHE REACHES THE BROW OF THE HILL, STOPS AS
SHE SEES -]

CUT TO:

SC15. EXT. ADAM'S REPUBLIC. DAY 3

[CONTINUOUS. ADAM'S REPUBLIC IS BESIEGED:
DOZENS OF **NSE REPORTERS, CAMERA CREWS,**
RUBBER NECKERS SURROUND HIS FENCES - NO -
ONE HAS BREACHED THEM]

KATE:

(ON PHONE) Mac - I've got to go.

[SHE HANGS UP]

CUT TO:

SC16. EXT. ADAM'S REPUBLIC. DAY 3

[KATE APPROACHES, PUSHING THROUGH THE THRONG. HAPPY IS AT THE FENCE, WITH ONE OTHER PC FOR HELP, TRYING CROWD CONTROL. INSIDE, ADAM IS LAYING BRICKS ON HIS HOUSE, TRYING TO IGNORE THE QUESTIONS. HE'S CLEARLY UNCOMFORTABLE]

VARIOUS VOICE'S (OOV):

Adam - do you plan to issue passports? What about border controls? Do you have any policy on the Middle East? And so on ("WHAT ABOUT DEFENCE?"; "ARE YOU IN THE COMMONWEALTH?").

[JUST AS KATE ARRIVES AT THE FENCE, ONE OVER-EAGER **NSE REPORTER** SURGES FORWARD - HAPPY BLOCKS HIM]

HAPPY:

Get back or I'll knock your teeth in.

[THE REPORTER BACKS OFF. ADAM TRIES TO IGNORE THEM, CONTINUES]

HAPPY:

(TO KATE) Seems the rest of the world wants to gate-crash your big story.

KATE:

He hasn't spoken to anyone - but he'll talk to me.

HAPPY:

How are you going to pull that off?

[SHE SMILES AT HIM, KNOWINGLY - SHE CAN GET MEN TO TALK]

KATE:

I'm not a journalist - remember.

[HAPPY LOOKS UNEASY]

CUT TO:

SC17. INT. DOWNING STREET. OFFICE. DAY 3

[A SERIOUS, OAK PANELLED OFFICE. ON HER FEET, BEHIND AND IMPOSING DESK, IS **CLAIRE COTTON**, DOWNING STREET HEAD OF COMMUNICATIONS (30'S, ATTRACTIVE). SITTING OPPOSITE, LIKE THE CONDEMNED, IS JUNIOR HOME OFFICE MINISTER, **CLEMENT BOTHWELL** (40'S). BOTHWELL HOLDS THE DAILY GAZETTE; CLAIRE IS ON THE PHONE]

CLAIRE COTTON:

I'll handle it... no, keep your distance, say nothing unless I prep you first - by tomorrow, it'll be forgotten - I guarantee it... yes, Prime Minister.

[SHE HANGS UP. BOTHWELL WEAKLY OFFERS...]

BOTHWELL:

Is the Prime Minister very angry?

CLAIRE COTTON:

He'll be angry when I tell him to be.

[HER LOOK COULD SPLIT GRANITE. HE VISIBLY SHUDDERS]

CLAIRE COTTON:

Tell me about the 'Disused Public Land Act'.

BOTHWELL:

(MEEK) Oliver Cromwell introduced it, to redistribute lands away from supporters of the King. It hasn't been used in three hundred and fifty years. Must've just... stayed on the books.

CLAIRE COTTON:

And his application was in your Department for how long?

BOTHWELL:

(GULPS, NERVOUS) ... A year... (SHE GLARES) ... We've been busy...

[SHE PACES, HE'S DISTRACTED BY HER LEGS]

CLAIRE COTTON:

I have a press briefing in fifteen minutes - at that briefing, I'm going to laugh this off, dismiss it as an administrative error. And I'll be right - because you're going to go back to your department, tell the Home Secretary to find a way to evict this buffoon. I've made the Prime Minister a promise, and you're going to ensure I keep it. Understand?

BOTHWELL:

Yes, Claire. Thank you.

[HE BACKS AWAY, ALMOST BOWING. AS HE GOES,
HER PHONE RINGS; SHE ANSWERS]

CLAIRE COTTON:

Press Office - Claire Cotton...

CUT TO:

SC18. EXT. DOWNING STREET. ON TV SCREEN. DAY 3

[TV PICTURES OF ANDREW MARR OUTSIDE
NUMBER 10]

ANDREW MARR:

... And while Downing Street Head of Communications Claire Cotton tried to be dismissive today, my understanding is that Adam Clay's Republic of Hope is consistent with both British and International Law. This is, of course, highly embarrassing for a Prime Minister already under pressure, and yet...

CUT TO:

SC19. INT. POLICE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY 3

[HAPPY SITS AT THE DINING ROOM TABLE,
POLISHING A WHOLE TRAY OF CUTLERY, SPREAD
OUT BEFORE HIM. HE WATCHES THE TV REPORT]

ANDREW MARR:

(CONTINUED) ... one question remains unanswered: while many of us might think of running away from it all, few would go so far as to set up our own sovereign state. What caused Adam Clay to resign from the United Kingdom?

HAPPY:

(TO HIMSELF) Poor blighter.

CUT TO:

SC20. EXT. ADAM'S REPUBLIC. VEGETABLE PATCH.
EVENING. DAY 3

[IT'S QUIET NOW - ALL THE REPORTERS HAVE
RETIRED TO THE PUB. ADAM, IN THE FADING
LIGHT, IS TAKING THE CHANCE TO LAY SOME
BRICKS. HE HEARS A TAP ON THE FENCE POST - IT
IS KATE, DRESSED A LITTLE SEXY]

KATE:

Buy a girl a cup of coffee? (NO REPLY) I don't bite.

ADAM:

(SMILES) Of course. Come inside.

[HE WIPES HIS HANDS OFF. SHE FLIRTS]

CUT TO:

SC21. INT. ADAM'S HUT. DAY 3

[ADAM ENTERS, HOLDS THE DOOR OPEN FOR KATE. HE LIGHTS A MECHANIC'S LAMP WHICH HANGS FROM THE CEILING - IT'S SURPRISINGLY SPACIOUS, TIDY, AND WELL PLANNED: A CAMP BED IS SET UP; POTS AND PANS HANG FROM A LINE, THERE ARE A COUPLE OF RECLAIMED CHESTS OF DRAWERS, A RICKETY BOOK SHELF, THERE'S A WOOD STOVE AND EVEN AN OLD BATH TUB. ALL IN ALL, QUITE HOMELY. KATE TAKES THIS ALL IN WITH HER JOURNALIST'S EYE, AS HE PUTS A COFFEE POT ON THE WOOD STOVE]

KATE:

Where do you get your electricity?

ADAM:

Over there...

[HE INDICATES THE CORNER - AN OLD BIKE IS SET UP, IMMOBILE, BACK WHEEL RAISED ON A STAND. A WIRE LEADS AWAY FROM THE BIKE TO A SMALL GENERATOR, WHICH IN TURN IS CONNECTED TO A DISUSED CAR BATTERY - IT'S A SIMPLE GYRO]

ADAM:

Two hours a day, gives me all the power I need. (BEAT) Want to see?

KATE:

Erm... sure.

[ADAM (LIKE A KID SHOWING OFF) MOUNTS THE BIKE. HE STARTS PEDDLING AT A STEADY PACE; THE GYRO GENTLY BUZZES]

ADAM:

Good for you, as well.

[SHE SMILES - A LITTLE UNSURE IF HER FLIRTING IS WORKING OR NOT: MAYBE HE'S ALWAYS LIKE THIS]

KATE:

Seems you're something of a celebrity. Doesn't it bother you?

ADAM:

They're just doing their job. I don't begrudge it.

[HER CONSCIENCE CAUSES HER TO WINCE A LITTLE. HE KEEPS PEDDLING AWAY, SMILES. AWKWARD, SHE NEEDS TO BREAK THE SILENCE]

KATE:

Where do you...

[SHE LOOKS AROUND - HE GETS HER DRIFT]

ADAM:

Outside. When no-one's looking. Makes good fertiliser. (BEAT) I think the stove needs more heat.

[HE MAKES TO GET OFF THE BIKE; SHE DOESN'T WANT TO LOOK TOTALLY INCAPABLE]

KATE:

I'll get it.

[SHE LOOKS AROUND, SEES AN OLD FOOT-PUMP (FOR CAR TYRES), ATTACHED TO A RUBBER HOSE - IT LOOKS LIKE THIS MUST BE A BELLOWS FOR THE FIRE. SHE MAKES TO STAND ON IT...]

ADAM:

That's...

KATE:

(INTERRUPTING, DETERMINED) I can do it - I'm not completely helpless.

[SHE TURNS, STANDS ON THE PEDAL, PUMPS IT A FEW TIMES - TILL WATER SCOOSHES FROM A VERTICAL PIPE AND SOAKS HER BLOUSE]

KATE:

Aarrghh!

[SHE FACES HIM, ACCUSINGLY. HE TRIES TO CONTAIN HIS MIRTH]

ADAM:

I was going to put another log in the stove.

[OUT ON KATE - EMBARRASSED, GUARD DROPPED, AND SEXY]

CUT TO:

SC22. INT. ADAM'S HUT. DAY 3

[LATER. HE SITS ON THE CAMP BED; SHE SITS ON A FOLDING CHAIR, WEARING A SWEATSHIRT OF HIS - BOTH HAVE MUGS IN HAND. HE POURS COFFEE. A SMALL FIRE BURNS IN THE BATH TUB/FIRE PLACE. COSY]

ADAM:
Milk?

KATE:
Yes... if you've got any.

ADAM:
That's what Gertie's for.

[HE STANDS, CROSSES TO A BIN LID THAT SITS ON THE FLOOR. WHEN HE LIFTS THE LID, IT REVEALS A HOLE THAT'S BEEN DUG IN THE GROUND - ADAM REACHES IN AND LIFTS OUT A BOTTLE OF MILK. HE SEES KATE'S CURIOUS EXPRESSION]

ADAM:
It's what they used to do, before there were fridges.

KATE:
Of course.

[HE POURS MILK FOR BOTH]

KATE:
Why are you doing this?

ADAM:
What?

KATE:
This - setting up here? Are you making a point...?

ADAM:
There's no point to make. I just... didn't fit in.

[SHE DOESN'T REPLY, WAITS FOR MORE]

ADAM:
It stopped making sense.

KATE:

What did?

ADAM:

Everything. The System - the way we do things, our priorities (BEAT)
Two years ago, my mother died, waiting for an operation - the local hospital closed its cardiac unit,

[BEAT - KATE SEES HIS HURT]

ADAM:

We pay farmers not to grow food; we throw homeless people in jail, but release people with mental illnesses onto the street; soldiers die in wars for reasons nobody knows.

KATE:

So, you're opting out?

ADAM:

No, not at all - I'm opting in. I'm taking responsibility...

[HE'S EARNEST, STRUGGLING TO FIND THE WORDS]

ADAM:

Kate - we only get one life to live, and it's too short to spend following other people's rules, just because that's the way it's always been. I don't want to follow agendas that make no sense, set by people I've never met. I want to set my own agenda.

KATE:

But, what if everyone did what you're doing - it would be chaos.

ADAM:

I don't want to speak for everyone - just for me.

[BEAT]

KATE:

What about your family?

[HE CONSIDERS HER]

ADAM:

I've talked enough - your turn.

[SHE CONSIDERS – RELENTS]

KATE:

Happy and me moved up here when Mum got ill.

ADAM:

I thought you were from here.

KATE:

No - Mum was. I can't stand the place. Something about the air - it's too... clean, unpolluted.

[SHE SMILES, TO GO WITH THE FLIPPANCY - BUT IT DOESN'T HAVE THE USUAL RESULT: HE DOESN'T SMILE, JUST WAITS FOR HER TO TALK FOR REAL, NOT IN WISECRACKS]

KATE:

When Mum died, Happy couldn't bring himself to leave. So, I visit him... not as often as I should.

[SHE'S MELANCHOLY - THE FIRST SIGN OF SOFTNESS IN HER]

ADAM:

So, you're a big career woman in London?

KATE:

(HESITANT) No... I just... do temp work.

ADAM:

You must have dreams.

KATE:

(UNSTEADY) I thought I did...

[SHE LOOKS INTO HIS EYES, A DEFINITE MOMENT BETWEEN THEM. THEY LEAN CLOSER, THIS IS TENDER, LIKE THEY MIGHT KISS... JUST THEN, THE LAMP FLICKERS, BREAKING THE SILENCE. BOTH SIT BACK]

KATE:

I think you need to get on your bike.

DISSOLVE TO:

SC23. INT/EXT. MONTAGE SEQUENCE. DAY 4

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*
*

[IN THE HUT ADAM WINDS UP HIS CLOCKWORK
RADIO, MUSIC STARTS, HE AND KATE START
DANCING]

SC23PT. NEWSPAPER EFFECT. DAY 4

[MUSIC PLAYS AS THE DAILY GAZETTE FILLS THE
SCREEN: IT IS A HEADSHOT OF ADAM, THE
HEADLINE READS - WOULD YOU ADAM AND EVE
IT? OVERLAP WITH...]

SC23A. EXT. ADAM'S REPUBLIC. DAY 4

[ADAM FEEDING GERTIE - KATE SITS ON THE
FENCE, WATCHING. HE THROWS SLOP AT HER, SHE
DODGES. BOTH SMILE. OVERLAP WITH...]

SC23AA. NEWSPAPER EFFECT. DAY 4

*

[EFFECT - VARIOUS INTERNATIONAL NEWSPAPERS
FILL THE SCREEN IN SEQUENCE: THE SYDNEY MAIL
(HEADLINE: "COLONIES STRIKE BACK"); AND THE
ORKNEY STAR (HEADLINE: "WILL ADAM EFFECT
FISH PRICES?"). OVERLAP WITH...]

SC23B. INT. POLICE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY 4

[KATE AT HER LAPTOP, CONCENTRATING, TYPING,
PENCIL BETWEEN HER TEETH. OVERLAP WITH...]

SC23C. INT. DAILY GAZETTE. EDITOR'S OFFICE. DAY 4

[MCLEAN AT HIS DESK. HE LIFTS HIS DAILY
GAZETTE. THE HEADLINE READS: SMALL IS
BEAUTIFUL? MCLEAN IS PLEASED. OVERLAP
WITH...]

SC23D. EXT. ADAM'S REPUBLIC. DAY 4

[KATE CHASING CHICKENS IN THE COOP. ADAM WATCHES ON. KATE FALLS ON HER BACKSIDE IN THE MUD. BOTH LAUGH. OVERLAP WITH...]

SC23E. EXT. HILL. TOP OF THE HILL. DAY 4

[KATE SITTING ON THE BROW OF THE HILL, WATCHING ADAM CHOPPING WOOD. ALONG THE HILL, SHE SEES, FOR THE FIRST TIME THE PRYING LENSES OF **PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS** CLICKING AWAY FURIOUSLY. SHE'S CONCERNED. ADAM WAVES TO KATE; SHE SMILES, WAVES BACK]

SC23F. INT. POLICE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY 4

[KATE AT HER LAPTOP, PENCIL BETWEEN HER TEETH - BUT THIS TIME SHE'S FRUSTRATED. SHE TYPES THEN SCRIBBLES ON A PAD NEXT TO HER. SHE RIPS THE PAGE FROM THE PAD, TOSSES IT IN THE WASTE BASKET. THIS HAS STOPPED BEING EASY]

CUT TO:

SC24. EXT. ADAM'S REPUBLIC. DAY 5

[ADAM LAYING BRICKS - ITS SLOW PROGRESS.
HAPPY LEANS ON A FENCE POST - NOT SO MUCH OF
A CROWD TO CONTROL. THERE'S A SMATTERING
OF PEOPLE, A HANDFUL OF TENTS, CAMP FIRES.
BANNERS READ: "HANDS OFF ADAM CLAY";
"COLONIALIST PIGS OUT OF HOPE".

AN **NSE GREYING COUPLE** APPROACH. THEY
DROP A LARGE SACK OVER THE FENCE - TINS OF
FOOD ROLL OUT (THE WHOLE SACK WOULD FEED
A FAMILY FOR WEEKS). THEY WAVE TO ADAM; HE
WAVES BACK, GRATEFUL, EMBARRASSED. HE
CROSSES, LIFTS THE SACK AND CARRIES IT OVER
TO ... A PILE OF HALF-A-DOZEN SIMILAR SACKS: HE
HAS ENOUGH FOOD HERE TO LAST A YEAR!

A GROUP OF **NSE TEENAGE GIRLS** SCREAM HIS
NAME, GIGGLE, THEIR DISPOSABLE CAMERAS
FLASHING AWAY. JUST THEN KATE APPROACHES
HAPPY. SHE WAVES TO ADAM IN THE DISTANCE]

KATE:

What's all this?

HAPPY:

Peace camp - he's anti-globalisation's poster boy.

[THEY LOOK - A GROUP OF **NSE BEDRAGGLED
HIPPIES** AND A **YOUNG GRUNGE CROWD**,
GATHERED ROUND A FIRE WITH A GUITAR - A
MUTED RENDITION OF 'BLOWING IN THE WIND'
FILLS THE AIR]

KATE:

Have you seen this?

[SHE HANDS HIM A TABLOID NEWSPAPER (NOT
THE GAZETTE, BUT THE DAILY COURIER) - ON THE
COVER, IS A DOCTORED PHOTOGRAPH OF ADAM'S
HEAD ON THE BODY OF THE LAST OF THE
MOHICANS, STRIDENT, CARRYING A SPEAR. THE
HEADLINE READS: 'THE NOBLE SAVAGE']

HAPPY:

Not much noble about your profession, is there?

[KATE LOOKS WEARY]

KATE:

* That's not my paper. (BEAT) They won't stop at this, you know.

[B EAT - HAPPY LOOKS AT HER]

HAPPY:

Then, you make it right.

[SHE SMILES, GRATEFUL OF HIS BELIEF IN HER. JUST THEN, THERE'S A COMMOTION AT THE BROW OF THE HILL. HAPPY AND KATE TURN TO SEE A BLONDE WOMAN (**JOANNA CLAY**) TOTTERING DOWN THE HILL ON HIGH HEELS, THE SHORT SKIRT OF HER PINK SUIT A LITTLE TOO YOUNG FOR HER. ALONGSIDE, A SULKY TEENAGER (**MELISSA CLAY**) SCHLEPS IN MICRO-MINI AND BELLY-TOP; A SMALL GIRL (**ANNIE CLAY**), A BALL OF ENERGY, RUNS AHEAD OF THEM. THEY ARE ACCOMPANIED BY **JOURNALISTS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, AND A CAMERA CREW**]

KATE:

What's this?

ADAM (OOV):

My wife and kids.

[THEY TURN, STUNNED - ADAM IS NEXT TO THEM, A HUGE SMILE ON HIS FACE. HE VAULTS THE FENCE, JUST AS THE SMALL GIRL ANNIE ARRIVES - SHE ALMOST KNOCKS HIM OVER AS SHE JUMPS INTO HIS ARMS]

ANNIE:

Daddy!

[THE GREETINGS ARE ENTHUSIASTIC, EMOTIONAL. AS HE LETS ANNIE DOWN, JOANNA (BLONDE WOMAN) AND MELISSA (TEENAGER) ARRIVE]

ADAM:

Hello, Melissa.

[HE LEANS IN TO KISS HER - SHE LEANS AWAY, LIKE, 'HOW GROSS', AWKWARD IN HER SKIRT, AS THE CAMERAS CLICK AWAY. JOANNA BEAMS AT HIM - HE OFFERS HIS HAND, SHE MAKES TO KISS, AND THEY HALF DO BOTH, FULLY DO NEITHER. THE MEDIA SCRUM ANTICIPATES]

ADAM:

(TO JOANNA) You look... bright.

[AWKWARD BEAT. SHE GLANCES TO AN **NSE JOURNALIST**, WHO GIVES HER A RE-ASSURING WINK. KATE NOTICES THIS]

JOANNA:

(PHONY) I want you to come home, Adam.

[SHE HUGS HER RELUCTANT DAUGHTERS TO HER.
BEAT – BEFORE]

ADAM:

Why?

JOANNA:

(CONFUSED) What?

ADAM:

Why would you want me to go home with you? What about Walter?

JOANNA:

(CONTAINING FRUSTRATION) His name's William. That was a mistake - it's been over for a year.

ADAM:

I'm sorry.

[ADAM LOOKS CONFUSED; JOANNA'S TRYING HARD; ANNIE AND MELISSA SQUIRM; KATE IS HIGHLY SUSPICIOUS... AND A LITTLE PUT OUT]

MELISSA:

I want to go home, Mum.

JOANNA:

(SNAPS) In a minute.

[SHE QUICKLY (UNCONVINCINGLY) REGAINS HER COMPOSURE]

JOANNA:

Don't you love me any more?

[SHE SIMPERS. THE CAMERA SHUTTERS CLICK IN A FRENZY]

KATE:

(TO HAPPY) Oh, please.

ADAM:

(BASHFUL, AWKWARD AS HELL) I'm not sure here is the best place to talk about this...

JOANNA:

(A LITTLE DESPERATE) It wouldn't be like before, it'd be different - people are interested in us now.

ADAM:

(IN ALL HONESTY) That would make it different?

JOANNA:

Of course it would.

[BEAT]

ADAM:

How?

JOANNA:

People know you. I've had Agents on the phone. (THEN, HUSHED) We could make a lot of money.

ADAM:

Money just makes things easier, Joanna, not better.

[HE LOOKS AT HIS TWO DAUGHTERS]

ADAM:

... You and the girls could move in here.

JOANNA:

Here?

ADAM:

I could build you your own house.

[LOOKS TURN ON JOANNA NOW, AS SHE LOSES IT]

JOANNA:

It's a muddy field!

ADAM:

It's not so bad in the Summer - I like it.

JOANNA:

(RAGING) You would, you stubborn fool. Can't you see what a chance this is...

ADAM:

I'm taking a chance, Joanna - here.

ANNIE:

Leave him alone!

[SHE TRIES TO PUSH HER MOTHER AWAY. JOANNA
HOLDS HER]

JOANNA:

(TO ADAM) See what you've done!

ADAM:

I'm sorry.../

JOANNA:

No, you're not - not as sorry as I am.

[JOANNA SEES THAT THE CAMERAS ARE
RECORDING ALL THIS. SHE'S HUMILIATED. SHE
TURNS AND DRAGS ANNIE AWAY]

ADAM:

Joanna.../

MELISSA:

You're such a geek, Dad.

[SHE TURNS AND TODDLES AFTER HER MOTHER.
THE MEDIA BUZZ WITH EXCITEMENT, SCRAMBLE
AFTER JOANNA. ADAM WATCHES - ANNIE TURNS
AS SHE'S PULLED AWAY, BLOWS HIM A KISS. HE'S
PAINED AS HE BLOWS A KISS BACK]

HAPPY:

(TO KATE) Is that her tail I can see between her legs?

KATE:

I'm not so sure - this is trouble. (BEAT) I'd better go - I've got a deadline.

[KATE HEADS OFF AS JOANNA'S POSSE DISAPPEARS
OVER THE HILL]

DISSOLVE TO:

SC25. INT. ADAM'S HUT. EVENING. DAY 5

[HAPPY AND ADAM SIT. ADAM POURS COFFEE;
HAPPY ALMOST GAGS AT THE TASTE]

ADAM:

Joanna wanted 'things' - bigger house, better car, stylish clothes. I did what was expected for years, and we had those things. Lots of them - I was a successful man, with a big office, my own secretary. Then, I realised... I didn't actually do anything. I didn't grow anything, didn't make anything - I spent twelve hours a day shuffling paper from here to there; I saw more of the balance sheets on my computer screen than I did my children. I realised that being a success wasn't all it was cracked up to be. I didn't like it - I wanted to be a good man instead. (BEAT) Anyway, Joanna didn't see it that way - so she met a man who knew how to get those things. Walter...

HAPPY:

William.

ADAM:

William. Seemed like a nice fella. They got a nice house together, nice holidays. (BEAT) I don't blame her - Joanna's a good woman; a great mother. If I was her, I'd have left me too.

[HE STANDS, PACES A LITTLE]

HAPPY:

What about the girls?

ADAM:

Beautiful, aren't they?

HAPPY:

They are.

[ADAM FIGHTS OFF THE SADNESS]

ADAM:

I think it was hard for them, Melissa especially, being older. After they left, I lost my job - 'downsized'. I took other jobs, but nothing lasted. My heart wasn't in it. I kind of crumbled for a while. I didn't set foot outside for six months.

ADAM:

Anyway, they had a new home; Joanna could give them things. One Christmas, I had no money, so I made them a Doll's House, from old wood, stuff that was lying around. I hitch-hiked to their house, got soaked... (BEAT) ...They had Play-Stations and computer games - the disappointment in their faces almost killed me stone dead, right there. I decided it was better if I didn't go back.

[LONG BEAT]

HAPPY:

There's more to being a father than clothes and presents and holidays.

ADAM:

I know that. If they handed out prizes for how much you love your kids, I'd have to build a trophy cabinet. But they don't - and you can only disappoint a child so many times. At least up here, if I make it a good place - maybe one day they'll want to visit.

HAPPY:

I wouldn't bet on it - Kate's visits are so brief these days, she hardly takes the time to unpack.

[THEY SIT A MOMENT]

HAPPY:

I like to vacuum.

ADAM:

What?

HAPPY:

Or polish, or do needle-work - that's good. When I need to think; if something's bothering me - domestic stuff helps me concentrate.

[ADAM NODS - LIKE THIS MAKES SENSE]

HAPPY:

Lately - the house has never been so clean.

ADAM:

Kate told me about your wife. I'm sorry.

[HAPPY CONSIDERS HIM]

HAPPY:

* You're a nice man, but - I don't do nice. I'd rather knock your block off.

[ADAM GETS THE MESSAGE. THEY DRINK COFFEE]

CUT TO:

SC26. INT. DOWNING STREET. OFFICE. DAY 5

[THE SAME OFFICE AS BEFORE. CLAIRE COTTON
LEANS AGAINST THE DESK, THE SKIRT OF HER
BUSINESS SUIT SHOWING ENOUGH THIGH AND
STOCKING-TOP TO INTIMIDATE BOTHWELL, WHO
SITS BEFORE HER]

BOTHWELL:

He's been in correspondence with the United Nations for over a year:
according to Article nineteen B, Resolution one four seven F, it will be
recognised by the main body of the General Assembly. There's nothing we
can do...

CLAIRE COTTON:

So, any Tom, Dick or Adam can just plant his flag and chip a chunk off the
country for themselves?

BOTHWELL:

In theory...

CLAIRE COTTON:

Damn it, this idiot is so popular, in twelve months time, the Prime Minister
could end up leader of Dundee, Milton Keynes, and any other place nobody
wants!

BOTHWELL:

Actually - we've already had ninety-seven postal applications to withdraw
from Britain, including the Shetland Islands, and a petition of fifty thousand
signatures from the people of Cornwall.

[HE MEEKLY OFFERS HER A FOLDER, AS EVIDENCE,
BUT HER GLARE CAUSES HIM TO WITHDRAW IT
QUICKLY. SHE THINKS, HARD]

BOTHWELL:

There's always the armed forces.

CLAIRE COTTON:

(WITHERING) You are the embodiment of why elected politicians are
kept as far away from real power as possible. (BEAT) This government
needs me, and I am not going to lose my job because some nut found a
crack in the law. I want him off that land - and I don't care what it takes.

[SHE STARES AT BOTHWELL - HE VISIBLY COWERS
AT HER POWER]

CUT TO:

SC27. INT. JOANNA'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT. DAY 5

[JOANNA, MUCH LESS GLAMMED-UP, SITS AT THE TABLE, SURROUNDED BY DOMESTIC BILLS. SHE LIFTS ONE, PUNCHES FIGURES INTO A CALCULATOR, WRITES ON A PAD. SHE STARES AT THIS A MOMENT, TROUBLED - THE SUMS DON'T ADD UP. A SLEEPY MELISSA ENTERS]

MELISSA:

Forgot my PE kit.

JOANNA

It's in the drier.

[MELISSA TRAMPS TO THE DRIER, LIFTS THE KIT OUT, TURNS TO EXIT. THEN –]

MELISSA:

Mum - did you fill out the permission slip for the trip to France?

JOANNA

No... I forgot. I'll sign it in the morning.

[MELISSA NOTICES THE BILLS ALL OVER THE TABLE]

MELISSA:

I don't have to go...

JOANNA

Of course you do. All your friends are going.

[BEAT - MELISSA SCHLEPS OVER, HUGS HER MUM]

MELISSA:

Love you.

JOANNA

Love you too, darling.

[MELISSA EXITS. JOANNA SIGHS, HEAVY. SHE LIFTS A BUSINESS CARD FROM THE TABLE (IT IS A DAILY COURIER CARD), CONSIDERS IT FOR A BEAT. SHE THEN TAKES THE PHONE, DIALS A NUMBER, WAITS]

JOANNA

(ON PHONE) Hello, Daily Courier? I'd like to speak to the Editor, please.
This is Adam Clay's wife - Tell him I've decided to sell my story...

[OUT ON JOANNA]

CUT TO:

SC28. INT. DAILY GAZETTE. EDITOR'S OFFICE. DAY 6

SC28A. INT. POLICE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY 6

[INTERCUT BETWEEN THEM DURING THE CONVERSATION. KATE ON THE PHONE TO MCLEAN - HE'S FURIOUS, PACING. SHE'S WEARY. BOTH HAVE THE SAME NEWSPAPER - THE DAILY COURIER: ON THE FRONT PAGE IS A PICTURE OF JOANNA. THE HEADLINE READS: MY HELL WITH WIFE-BEATER]

MCLEAN:

How could you not know about the wife and kids?

KATE:

He didn't mention them.

MCLEAN:

I can't believe they scooped us on this - what happened to, "He's so wet behind the ears, we'll have a new story every day for a month"?

KATE:

Change the record, Mac.

[BEAT - HE STOPS PACING]

MCLEAN:

You're not falling for this fool, are you?

KATE:

Don't be ridiculous - he's like a child.

[BUT HE'S NOT CONVINCED - AND NEITHER IS SHE]

MCLEAN:

I'm coming up.../

KATE:

No, Mac/

MCLEAN:

(INTERRUPTING) Our circulation went up half a million when you had the inside track; today it's dropped twice that. It's decided. And anyway - we could make a weekend of it, just the two of us. Why don't you book us a room at the local Hilton.

[BEAT - SHE'S NOT HAPPY, BUT -]

KATE:

It's 'The Lamb and Cabbage' - and if you want an en-suite bathroom, you'd better bring one with you.

[SHE HANGS UP, CONCERNED]

CUT TO:

SC29. EXT. ADAM'S REPUBLIC. DAY 6

[ADAM EMERGES, STRETCHING, JUST WOKEN UP. HAPPY IS ALREADY LEANING ON HIS FAMILIAR POST. OUTSIDE THE REPUBLIC - PEOPLE ARE PACKING UP TENTS, RUCKSACKS. ADAM CROSSES TO HAPPY]

ADAM:

What's going on?

[BEAT - BEFORE HAPPY HANDS HIM THE SAME DAILY COURIER KATE HELD]

HAPPY:

This.

[ADAM TAKES IT - HE SEES THE FRONT PAGE AND INSIDE, SPREAD OVER MANY PAGES, MORE PICTURES OF JOANNA AND ADAM: THEIR WEDDING PHOTOGRAPH, HOLIDAY SNAPS; THERE ARE A COUPLE OF SULTRY SHOTS OF JOANNA IN A SILK TEDDY.

ADAM FLICKS FROM PAGE TO PAGE: 'THREE TIMES A NIGHT HONEYMOON'; 'BOOZE AND GAMBLING NIGHTMARE'; 'I HAD TO GET OUT FOR OUR GIRLS']

ADAM:

I didn't do any of this.

[BEAT, BEFORE HAPPY TAKES THE PAPER BACK FROM HIM]

HAPPY:

I know that.

[ADAM LOOKS OVER TO THE DEPARTING SUPPORTERS - WHO CAST HIM DIRTY GLANCES]

SUPPORTER (OOV):

Scumbag.

[ADAM LOOKS SAD... TILL HAPPY POKES HIM WITH THE PAPER]

HAPPY:

Three times a night, eh?

[HE LAUGHS, LIKE A CONSPIRATOR]

CUT TO:

SC30. EXT. ADAM'S REPUBLIC. EVENING. DAY 6

[KATE CROSSES THE DESERTED REPUBLIC - SHE WEARS A HOODED TOP, HOOD UP, CHECKS AROUND TO SEE IF ANYONE IS WATCHING. GERTIE THE GOAT BLEETS, SCARES HER. SHE APPROACHES THE DOOR OF THE HUT, KNOCKS]

ADAM (OOV):
Come in.

[SHE DOES]

CUT TO:

SC31. INT. ADAM'S HUT. DAY 6

[KATE ENTERS, AND IS ALL THE WAY IN BEFORE SHE SEES - ADAM IN THE BATH. MORTIFIED, SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE TO LOOK]

KATE:

Oh, my goodness, I'm sorry, I...

ADAM:

It's okay - you'll forgive me if I don't stand up. Come in.

[SHE FREEZES]

ADAM:

I knew it was you.

KATE:

How?

ADAM:

Gertie - she's my early warning system.

[RELENTING, SHE BACKS IN, EYES AVERTED. SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHETHER TO SIT, STAND, SQUAT. SHE'S NOT ACCUSTOMED TO BEING SO UNCOMFORTABLE. HE LATHERS UP]

KATE:

I kept my hood up, in case anyone was watching...

ADAM:

Who's going to see - I'm the public's bogey-man now. Haven't you heard?

KATE:

I heard. (BEAT) There's a motion in the Commons to cut off ties with the Republic - they say you're morally unfit...

ADAM:

That's the pot calling the kettle black, don't you think? (BEAT) You do know all those things they said aren't true?

KATE:

Of course I do.

[SHE TURNS TO HIM, ALMOST WITHIN TOUCHING DISTANCE]

KATE:

Adam - you have to fight fire with fire. Let someone do an interview, photograph you - if people could hear your side... You're news.

ADAM:

I'm not news, Kate - I'm gossip. Like a Soap Opera, or a new diet. I won't get into a slanging match - people can think what they like.

KATE:

But they're hurting you.

ADAM:

They're not - it's only words. What harm can words do?

[IT'S TENSE BETWEEN THEM. SHE FEELS TERRIBLE;
HE'S STUBBORN]

ADAM:

I should get out now.

KATE:

I've got to go anyway.

[SHE STANDS, EXITS, UNHAPPY. HE WATCHES HER]

CUT TO:

SC32. INT. POLICE HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 6

[KATE SITS AT THE COFFEE TABLE, IN AN
ARMCHAIR, WITH A GLASS OF WINE. HER LAPTOP
IN FRONT OF HER. SHE THINKS LONG AND HARD,
BEFORE PUTTING FINGER TO KEYBOARD. SHE
TYPES: ADAM CLAY - THE MAN BEHIND THE MYTH.
SHE STARES AT THIS A MOMENT - IS THIS THE
RIGHT THING?]

CUT TO:

SC33. INT. ADAM'S HUT. NIGHT 6

[ADAM SLEEPS IN THE CAMP BED. THEN, HE
WAKES WITH A START - BUT HE QUICKLY COMES
TO HIS SENSES WHEN HE SEES... ANNIE, STANDING
AT THE DOOR]

ADAM:

Annie - what are you doing here? (BEAT) Come in, come here, darling.

[SHE TAKES A HESITANT STEP INSIDE]

ANNIE:

The television said you batter wives.

[HE SCUTTLES OUT OF BED (IN PYJAMAS), TAKES
HOLD OF HER, RE-ASSURING]

ADAM:

*

The only thing I've ever battered is cod.

[HIS JOKE FALLS FLAT]

ADAM:

Annie - I've never hit anyone in my life - that's just people trying to cause trouble.

[BEAT - ANNIE THINKS ABOUT THIS]

ANNIE:

My friend Simone says you're a loony.

ADAM:

Well... she could be right. (BEAT) Where's your Mum?

ANNIE:

At home.

ADAM:

What? How did you get here?

ANNIE:

I took the train - I had some birthday money. I told the man Mum was in the toilet when I bought my ticket. Then, I cried to get on the bus. I can cry really easy.

[ADAM SMILES TO HIMSELF, IMPRESSED]

ADAM:

Does your Mum know where you are?

ANNIE:

(SHRUGS) I sneaked out - she thinks I'm in bed.

[BEAT - ADAM THINKS, HARD]

ANNIE:

Can I stay here?

[HE RISES, GRABS HIS SHOES - AMUSED AND
LOVING HIS DAUGHTER]

ADAM:

We'd better call her.

CUT TO:

SC34. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. PHONE BOX. NIGHT 6

[AN OLD RED PHONE-BOX, ISOLATED, HILLS IN THE BACKGROUND. ADAM IS INSIDE; ANNIE WAITS OUTSIDE. ADAM'S VOICE IS MUFFLED FROM INSIDE, AS ANNIE STRETCHES A PIECE OF BUBBLE-GUM OUT HER MOUTH, ON HER FINGER, VERY LONG; THEN SHE GETS HER OTHER HAND INVOLVED, STRETCHES IT FURTHER, A GIANT TRIANGLE. IN THE SCHOOLYARD, THIS WOULD DRAW ADMIRATION. ADAM EMERGES FROM THE PHONE-BOX, LOOKING A LITTLE SHELL-SHOCKED - SHE STUFFS THE GUM BACK IN HER MOUTH]

ADAM:

We'll get up early, head down in the morning.

ANNIE:

Did she shout?

ADAM:

No. (BEAT) A bit.

ANNIE:

Did she say you're an irresponsible fool? Sometimes she says that.

ADAM:

It was... words to that effect. (BEAT) Come on, trouble-maker.

[HE SMILES; SHE SKIPS ALONG]

CUT TO:

SC35. INT. HOTEL. CORRIDOR. NIGHT 6

[KATE STANDS AT A DOOR. THERE'S SHUFFLING FROM INSIDE TILL MCLEAN OPENS THE DOOR, WEARING ONLY A BATHROBE. A BROAD SMILE CROSSES HIS FACE]

MCLEAN:

I knew you'd come. There's always been a spark between us.

[SHE IGNORES THIS, HANDS HIM A DISC AND AN ENVELOPE]

KATE:

I want this in the morning edition, Mac.

MCLEAN:

(OFF GUARD) What is it?

KATE:

The truth - he doesn't deserve all this.

MCLEAN:

(INDICATING THE ENVELOPE) And this?

KATE:

My resignation - effective immediately.

[BEAT - AS HE TAKES THIS IN]

MCLEAN:

You have fallen for him.

KATE:

Ironic, isn't it - I set out to hook him, and I wind up on the end of the line.

[SHE TURNS TO LEAVE]

KATE:

Word for word, Mac.

MCLEAN:

Of course.

[BUT HIS FACE NOW HAS A HARD LOOK. AS SHE DEPARTS, HE TAKES HIS MOBILE FROM THE POCKET OF HIS ROBE, HITS THE SPEED-DIAL. HE WATCHES KATE EXIT AS...]

MCLEAN:

(ON PHONE) Claire Cotton's office... (BEAT) ... Then, interrupt her - tell her I'm about to make her day.

CUT TO:

SC36. INT. DOWNING STREET. OFFICE. NIGHT 6

[CLAIRE COTTON PERCHED ON HER DESK, ON THE
PHONE, SMILES TO HERSELF]

CLAIRE COTTON:

I owe you one, Mac.

[SHE REPLACES THE PHONE RECEIVER. THERE'S A
KNOCK AT HER DOOR, IT OPENS, BUT BEFORE
ANYONE CAN ENTER –]

CLAIRE COTTON:

Out!

[THE DOOR CLOSES, SHARPISH. CLAIRE SMILES,
ENJOYING HER NEWS]

CUT TO:

SC37. INT. ADAM'S HUT. NIGHT 6

[ANNIE IN THE CAMP BED; ADAM LIES ON THE FLOOR WITH PILLOW AND BLANKET. HE CAN'T WIPE THE SMILE OFF HIS FACE]

ADAM:

Do you think I'm a loony?

ANNIE:

A bit. (BEAT) Must be cool to have your own country, though.

ADAM:

It is.

ANNIE:

It means, you're, like, the King and the bin-man.

ADAM:

I suppose it does. I'm not going to have a King, though - I'm just going to be normal.

ANNIE:

Can I come and live here with you?

[THE LUMP IN HIS THROAT GETS BIGGER]

ADAM:

Maybe one day, when you're bigger. You need to help your Mum just now.

ANNIE:

Why does Mum hate you?

ADAM:

She doesn't hate me - she just... doesn't like the way I do things.

[ANNIE "HUMPHS", NOT CONVINCED]

ADAM:

I know she has to give you rows and stuff, but - your Mum's very special. When I first met her, I couldn't speak to her, I thought she was so fantastic - she was funny, and kind, and I was, like, blah, blah, blah.

[HE MAKES NOISES LIKE AN IDIOT. ANNIE LAUGHS]

ANNIE:

So, why did she dump you?

[OUCH! SO YOUNG, YET SO DIRECT!]

ADAM:

She had a lot to put up with. I didn't turn out to be the kind of husband she thought she was marrying, and that must be hard. (BEAT) Your Mum loves you very much - you know that, don't you?

[ANNIE THINKS ABOUT THIS; ADAM SMILES AT HIS
WONDERFUL DAUGHTER]

DISSOLVE TO:

SC38. EXT. JOANNA'S HOUSE. FRONT. DAY 7

[MORNING. A COUNCIL ESTATE. ANNIE AND ADAM APPROACH A HOUSE, TENTATIVE - A POLICE CAR IS PARKED AT THE FRONT. ADAM MAKES TO KNOCK THE FRONT DOOR; ANNIE GIVES HIM A "PSSST!". IT CATCHES HIS ATTENTION - SHE PUTS HER FINGER TO HER LIPS ('SSHH'), NODS FOR HIM TO FOLLOW HER. SHE HEADS ROUND THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE TOWARDS THE BACK GARDEN. HE FOLLOWS - TWO CONSPIRATORS!]

CUT TO:

SC39. EXT. JOANNA'S HOUSE. BACK GARDEN. DAY 7

[ANNIE EMERGES INTO THE GARDEN, FOLLOWED BY ADAM. MELISSA SITS ON A SUN-LOUNGER (T-SHIRT AND JEANS), BOOK IN HAND. SHE RISES WHEN SHE SEES ADAM]

ADAM:

Hello, Melissa.

[SHE BLANKS HIM]

MELISSA:

(TO ANNIE) Mum's furious with you.

ANNIE:

I don't care.

[ADAM STEPS FORWARD, PEACEMAKER. MELISSA IS LIKE BRITNEY'S YOUNGER, CRANKIER SISTER. ADAM TRIES TO MAKE LIGHT OF THINGS]

ADAM:

Seems I can't help causing trouble.

MELISSA:

Yeah, I saw the papers.

[SHE SULKS; HE'S TERRIFIED]

ADAM:

You... you know I didn't...

MELISSA:

(INTERRUPTING) Of course I do: I was there, Dad - remember?

ANNIE:

Don't be rude, Melissa.

MELISSA:

(MIMICKING HER) Shut your face, Annie.

[MELISSA TURNS HER BACK, SLUMPS BACK INTO THE SUN-LOUNGER. ADAM APPROACHES]

ADAM:

(TO MELISSA) Can I ask you something? (SHE SHRUGS) Do I embarrass you?

MELISSA:

(LAUGHS, SOUR) What do you think?

ADAM:

Would you rather I was like other Dads?

MELISSA:

At least they're normal.

ADAM:

I think "Normal" is over-rated. Everybody's weird in one way or another.

MELISSA:

Whatever.

ADAM:

You shouldn't feel pressure to...

MELISSA:

(INTERRUPTING) Talk to the elbow, Dad - at least it's got a point.

[BEAT - IT HURTS THAT SHE'S LIKE THIS. HE
SQUATS, SO HE'S NEXT TO HER]

ADAM:

I'll pack it in, if you like/

ANNIE:

No!

ADAM:

Just say the word, Melissa - I'll come back to the city. I'd never do anything to hurt you.

[SHE LOOKS AT HIM, SULLEN, FOR A LONG BEAT]

MELISSA:

I don't want you to stop it 'cause of me.

ADAM:

But, if it's giving you problems, at school or something/

MELISSA:

(INTERRUPTING) It's not. (BEAT) I think it's kind of cool.

[HIS HEART SOARS AT THIS, BUT HE CONTAINS
HIMSELF. SHE RISES]

MELISSA:

Why did you stop coming to see us?

ADAM:

I... I had nothing to offer - you and Annie seemed too settled in your new life... you had William...

ANNIE:

(INTERRUPTING) We hated William.

MELISSA:

You're not supposed to 'offer' anything. You're just supposed to be there - be our Dad.

[BEAT]

ADAM:

I'll always be your Dad.

[BEAT - BEFORE MELISSA TURNS, WALKS TO THE GARDEN SHED. AS SHE GOES, ANNIE TURNS TO THE HOUSE - AND SEES JOANNA LOOKING OUT AT HER, A SHOCKED EXPRESSION ON HER FACE. MELISSA EMERGES FROM THE SHED - CARRYING A RATHER TATTERED-LOOKING DOLL'S HOUSE. ADAM ALMOST CHOKES AT THE SIGHT]

ADAM:

I thought you'd thrown it away.

MELISSA:

Why would we throw it away, Dad? You made it.

[JUST THEN, THE BACK DOOR BURSTS OPEN, AND JOANNA RUSHES TOWARDS THEM - FOLLOWED BY **TWO POLICEMEN**. SHE ALMOST SMOTHERS ANNIE IN HER HUG]

JOANNA:

My baby! Are you hurt? Let me feel your forehead.

ANNIE:

(STRUGGLING) Get off! I'm fine.

[SHE PUSHES HERSELF FREE. JOANNA GLARES AT ADAM; HE LOOKS AT THE POLICE OFFICERS]

ADAM:

What do you need them for?

CUT TO:

SC40. EXT. JOANNA'S HOUSE. FRONT. DAY 7

[MOMENTS LATER FROM THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE, ADAM COMES FLYING OUT ONTO THE PATH, THROWN BY THE POLICEMEN. HE SPRAWLS ON THE GROUND]

ADAM:

I just brought her home.

[PEOPLE ARE GATHERED - AND THERE ARE **NSE PHOTOGRAPHERS**, SNAPPING AWAY FURIOUSLY. JOANNA BACK, HOLDING THE TWO GIRLS BEHIND HER. ANNIE STRUGGLES TO GET FREE. ADAM MAKES TO GO TO THEM, BUT A POLICEMAN HOLDS HIM BACK. ADAM STRUGGLES - THE CAMERAS CATCH IT ALL]

ADAM:

They're my daughters!

[THEY THROW HIM TO THE GROUND. HE RISES. WHEN HE MAKES TO HAVE ANOTHER GO, THE POLICEMAN PULLS HIM IN CLOSE]

POLICEMAN #1:

(UNDER HIS BREATH) Calm down - we're on a bonus to arrest you.

ADAM:

Arrest me? What for?

POLICEMAN #1:

Anything - it doesn't matter.

[ADAM LOOKS INTO HIS FACE - AND SEES HE'S TRYING TO HELP]

POLICEMAN #1:

Go.

[ADAM STEPS BACK. THE CROWD LOOK ON. AS ADAM GOES, POLICEMAN #2 SHOVES POLICEMAN #1, PROTESTING THAT THEY DIDN'T GET THEIR MAN]

CUT TO:

SC41. INT. POLICE HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY 7

[KATE, ASLEEP AMID A TORMENT OF DUVET - SHE'S HAD A TROUBLED NIGHT. SHE WAKES WITH A START - TO SEE HAPPY STANDING OVER HER]

KATE:

What time is it?

HAPPY:

Eleven o'clock.

KATE:

In the morning?

HAPPY:

Thought you might want to see this.

[HE DROPS THE DAILY GAZZETTE (MCLEAN'S PAPER) ONTO HER CHEST]

HAPPY:

What happened to you, Kate?

[HIS DISAPPOINTMENT IS LIKE A PHYSICAL BLOW TO HER. HE EXITS. SHE LOOKS AT THE PAPER - THE HEADLINE READS: 'LAKES MAN LEFT MOTHER TO DIE'. THERE'S A PHOTOGRAPH OF ADAM - AND A HEADSHOT OF KATE: 'EXCLUSIVE BY KATE DOBIE']

KATE:

Oh no.

CUT TO:

SC42. INT. BUS STATION. BUS STAND. DAY 7

[ADAM, FORLORN, LEANS AGAINST THE STAND, WAITING FOR HIS BUS. HE GLANCES DOWN AT THE LITTER BIN NEXT TO THE STAND, AND SOMETHING CATCHES HIS EYE. HE REACHES INTO THE BIN, AND PULLS OUT A DISCARDED COPY OF THE DAILY GAZETTE. HE SEES THE HEADLINE, KATE'S PHOTO - HE'S STUNNED: SHE'S A JOURNALIST. HE OPENS THE PAPER AND SEES OTHER HEADLINES: 'CRITICISES OUR BOYS IN MIDDLE EAST'; 'FORCED WIFE OUT'; 'OPEN OUR BORDERS, SAYS LAKES' REBEL'. THERE ARE PHOTOS: 'ADAM IS EVIL'. HE'S DEVASTATED]

CUT TO:

SC43. INT. PUB. BAR. DAY 7

[MCLEAN SITS AT THE BAR WITH A COUPLE OF EQUALLY RUDDY-FACED NSE COLLEAGUES, POURING WINE. KATE APPROACHES, HOLDING THE GAZETTE]

KATE:

I trusted you - you said you'd print the truth.

MCLEAN:

Oh, grow up. What's the truth got to do with anything - our business is selling newspapers.

KATE:

What Adam's doing is important - you twisted it, into lies.

MCLEAN:

Stop behaving like a besotted schoolgirl - you can still have a future with me.

[HE TRIES TO PULL HER TO HIM. BEFORE HE CAN, SHE LIFTS THE ICE-BUCKET FROM THE BAR, POURS IT OVER HIS HEAD. MCLEAN BOLTS FROM HIS STOOL, SOAKED, SHOCKED]

KATE:

How's my future looking now?

[AS SHE EXITS, CAMERAS FLASH AT MCLEAN FROM AROUND THE PUB. HE TRIES TO HIDE HIS FACE]

CUT TO:

SC44. EXT. HILL. ADAM’S REPUBLIC. DAY 7

[ADAM TRUDGES WEARILY, HEAVY-LEGGED, TO THE BROW OF THE HILL. WHEN HE GETS THERE, HE SEES - THE REPUBLIC HAS BEEN TRASHED: HIS HOUSE (WHAT THERE WAS OF IT) HAS BEEN FLATTENED; HIS HUT HAS BEEN RIPPED APART, ITS CONTENTS STREWN ACROSS THE LAND; HIS CROPS HAVE BEEN RUINED, HIS FOOD STORES SCATTERED. GERTIE AND THE CHICKENS ARE GONE. ADAM VISIBLY DEFLATES]

CUT TO:

SC45. INT. DOWNING STREET. OFFICE. DAY 7

[CLAIRE COTTON AT HER DESK; KATE'S TABLOID
EXPOSE BEFORE HER. SHE'S ON THE PHONE –
SMILING]

CLAIRE COTTON:

It's better you don't know the details, Prime Minister - suffice to say, they
did exactly what was asked of them: not one brick left standing - the cabin,
the crops, completely demolished - a job well done.

[SHE SMILES TO HERSELF - LIKE THERE'S ANY
DOUBT]

CLAIRE COTTON:

* The papers are being drawn up as we speak, Prime Minister... (BEAT) ...
* His ex-wife has two small children; I'm sure we can trump up an unfit
mother charge: she'll sign - if she refuses, I'll have officials from so many
government departments on her doorstep, she won't know where to put them
all... (BEAT) ... Yes, sir, this evening... Yes, Prime Minister.

[SHE HANGS UP - LOOKS VICTORIOUS]

CUT TO:

SC46. EXT. ADAM’S REPUBLIC/NEAR HUT. HILL. DAY 7

[KATE SPRINTS OVER THE BROW OF THE HILL, SEES
THE WRECKED REPUBLIC, STOPS. HORROR
CROSSES HER FACE. SHE RUNS DOWN TO THE
TRASHED HUT]

KATE:

Adam! (NO REPLY) Adam!

*
*

[BEAT – SHE FINDS A TATTERED COPY OF THE
DAILY GAZETTE – HER BASTARDISED ARTICLE,
HER PHOTO. SHE REALISES HE’S GONE AND WHY.
PANIC SETS IN]

CUT TO:

SC47. INT. JOANNA'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY 7

[EVENING. JOANNA IRONING SCHOOL UNIFORMS.
THE DOORBELL GOES]

JOANNA:

(CALLING) Go away - I've got nothing to say.

[SHE CONTINUES - BUT THE BELL GOES AGAIN.
SHE GROANS, CROSSES TO THE DOOR]

JOANNA:

If you don't leave me alone, I'll call the pol...

[AS SHE OPENS THE DOOR, SHE SEES, STANDING
THERE, CLAIRE COTTON. NEXT TO HER, IS A
MIDDLE-AGED MAN, CARRYING A MANILLA
FOLDER]

CLAIRE COTTON:

Mrs Clay - I'm Claire Cotton, and this is Doctor Seacombe from Moreside
Psychiatric Hospital - we have some papers we'd like you to sign.

[CLAIRE SMILES; JOANNA LOOKS A LITTLE OUT OF
HER DEPTH]

CUT TO:

SC48. EXT. HILL. NIGHT 7

[THE SUN IS SETTING. IN THE DISTANCE, WE SEE
KATE - SHE'S STILL SEARCHING FOR ADAM]

KATE:

(FAR AWAY) Adam!

[BEAT - BEFORE SHE CONTINUES WALKING]

FADE TO BLACK:

SC49. EXT. ADAM'S REPUBLIC. DAY 8

[MORNING. FADE IN - KATE SLEEPS IN ADAM'S SLEEPING BAG, ON HIS MATTRESS, AMIDST THE CHAOS OF THE DEMOLISHED HUT. SHE STIRS. SHE'S DISORIENTED AT FIRST, THEN JUMPS UP - SHE LOOKS AROUND, SEES ADAM, RIGHTING GERTIE'S TROUGH, PUTTING SLOP IN IT]

KATE:
Adam!

[HE DOESN'T TURN AS SHE RUNS ACROSS TO HIM (AS SHE DOES, HAPPY EMERGES OVER THE BROW OF THE HILL WITH ANOTHER NSE POLICEMAN). SHE REACHES HIM - HE DOESN'T LOOK AT HER, CONTINUES WITH THE SLOP]

KATE:
I couldn't find you... I looked all night... (BEAT) ... I thought you were...

[SHE DOESN'T FINISH, WELLING UP]

ADAM:
I had to find the animals.

[HE CONTINUES, STILL MAKING NO EYE CONTACT. KATE SEES THAT THE CHICKENS ARE WALKING AROUND FREE, THE COOP DEMOLISHED. HAPPY APPROACHES]

KATE:
Adam, I'm so sorry... I thought they would write the truth...

[HE FACES HER FOR THE FIRST TIME. LONG BEAT, AS HAPPY ARRIVES (HAPPY SEES SHE IS DISTRESSED, BUT SHE MADE THIS BED...)]

ADAM:
Don't be sorry – trust me, it was my mistake: you're a journalist – I've only myself to blame.

*
*

[THIS HANGS BETWEEN THEM A LONG MOMENT, TILL HAPPY MOVES TOWARDS ADAM]

HAPPY:
Adam Clay, I'm detaining you under the Mental Health Act, nineteen sixty-six -

KATE:

No!

HAPPY:

You'll be remanded in custody until such times as a hearing can be convened to appraise your state of well-being and mental competency.

KATE:

(WEEPING) You can't...

[BUT HAPPY DOESN'T REMOVE HIS GAZE FROM
ADAM'S FACE]

HAPPY:

I thought you'd rather it came from me than a stranger. Sorry, lad.

[ADAM SMILES, GENTLE]

ADAM:

Thank you, Eugene.

CUT TO:

SC50. INT. POLICE STATION. CELL. DAY 8

[ADAM SITS ON HIS BED, SLUMPED, LOOKING DEFEATED. THE CELL DOOR OPENS AND HAPPY ENTERS. HE NODS TO THE NSE GUARD, WHO CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND THEM]

HAPPY:

How are you doing?

ADAM:

I've been better.

[BEAT]

HAPPY:

It was your wife, you know.

ADAM:

What was?

HAPPY:

That signed the papers to have you sectioned - it has to be a member of the immediate family.

[A WEARY, WRY SMILE CROSSES ADAM'S FACE]

ADAM:

It's not important.

[BEAT]

HAPPY:

They'll appoint a lawyer to represent/

ADAM:

(INTERRUPTING) No.

[BEAT - HAPPY DOESN'T UNDERSTAND]

HAPPY:

Who's going to defend you?

ADAM:

Nobody.

HAPPY:

They'll steam-roller you - they've got expert witnesses; they've called me and Kate.

ADAM:

This is not my country - the court has no authority over me.

HAPPY:

They'll put you away.

[ADAM LOOKS BELLIGERENT]

HAPPY:

I'll bring your documents in - your UN stuff, the EU papers/

ADAM:

You can't - they're gone. When they demolished my house.

[BEAT - HAPPY HAS RUN OUT OF OPTIONS.
FINALLY]

HAPPY:

Kate wants to visit - she feels awful...

ADAM:

(INTERRUPTING) No.

HAPPY:

She might be able to help.

[ADAM JUST ROLLS OVER IN THE BED, FACES THE
WALL. HAPPY LOOKS DEFEATED. FROM BEHIND
HIS BACK, HE TAKES A SMALL WOODEN FRAME,
COVERED IN COTTON, SOME SPOOLS OF
COLOURED THREAD - HE DROPS THEM ONTO THE
BED: IT IS NEEDLE-POINT]

HAPPY:

Brought you this. Always helps me to think.

[HE KNOCKS THE CELL DOOR, READY TO LEAVE]

ADAM:

You lied – you are a nice man.

*

CUT TO:

SC51. EXT. JOANNA'S HOUSE. DOORSTEP. DAY 8

[JOANNA OPENS THE FRONT DOOR...TO SEE KATE
STANDING THERE. THERE'S A FROZEN MOMENT,
AS THEY EYE EACH OTHER UP]

KATE:

I want to talk to you.

CUT TO:

SC52. INT. JOANNA'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY 8

[IN THE LIVING ROOM. THEY SIT OPPOSITE EACH OTHER]

KATE:

(PLEADING) They'll lock him up - Adam won't back down. (NO REPLY)
You know he's not mad.

JOANNA:

You have no idea what it was like for us - we were a laughing stock: people pitied me.

KATE:

All right, he might have some strange ideas, but it all makes sense - to him.

JOANNA:

You think he's harmless, don't you? A big innocent lump that wouldn't bother anyone?

[BEAT - KATE'S LOOK TELLS HER THAT'S
BASICALLY TRUE]

JOANNA:

I tried. I really tried - thought, maybe, it was a phase he was going through, a mid-life crisis or something, that he'd get over it. But it's who he is - it's who he's always been. (BEAT) I don't want to ask questions about government and wars and homeless people. I just want what everybody else has.

[KATE TAKES THIS IN]

KATE:

But the things you said in the papers - they're not true.

JOANNA:

And the things you wrote were?

[KATE LOOKS SUITABLY CHASTISED]

JOANNA:

It's all right for you, with your university degree and your career - I was nobody, married to a man who didn't care about the real world.

[BEAT - JOANNA REGAINS A LITTLE COMPOSURE]

JOANNA:

* A magazine has offered me a lot of money to do a photo-shoot. Have you any idea what that means to me and the girls?

KATE:

And you're prepared to let them hurt Adam for that?

[JOANNA SAYS NOTHING - BUT SHE DOESN'T LOOK
HAPPY EITHER]

CUT TO:

SC53. INT. POLICE STATION. CELL. DAY 8

[EVENING. ADAM WALKS BACK AND FORTH. HIS DINNER REMAINS UNTOUCHED, THE TRAY ON HIS BED NEXT TO THE UNTOUCHED NEEDLE-POINT. JUST THEN, HE HEARS A MUFFLED CRY FROM OUTSIDE - HE CAN'T MAKE IT OUT. THEN, HE HEARS IT AGAIN, THIS TIME A LITTLE CLEARER]

VOICE (OOV):

(MUFFLED) Free Adam Clay.

[ADAM CROSSES TO THE WINDOW, TRIES TO SEE OUT. HE PRESSES HIS FACE AGAINST THE GLASS/BARS, STRUGGLING TO SEE]

VOICE (OOV):

(A LITTLE CLEARER) Adam Clay is innocent.

VOICE 2 (OOV):

Free the 'Republic of Hope One'.

[JUST THEN, THE CELL DOOR OPENS, AND A **PRISON GUARD** ENTERS, CARRYING A BOX FILLED WITH LETTERS. HE DUMPS THEM ON THE BED, EXITS. ADAM LIFTS A HANDFUL OF LETTERS FROM THE BOX, CURIOUS]

DISSOLVE TO:

SC54. INT. POLICE STATION. CELL. DAY 9

[MORNING. THE LIGHT IS STREAMING THROUGH THE WINDOW/BARS. ADAM SITS AT THE TABLE - SURROUNDED BY A HALF DOZEN BOXES AND HUNDREDS OF LETTERS. HE'S WRITING. THE CELL DOOR OPENS - IT IS HAPPY]

HAPPY:
What's this?

ADAM:
People wishing me good luck. I'm writing replies.

HAPPY:
To all of them?

ADAM:
They've taken the time - it's only polite.

[BEAT - HAPPY CAN'T BELIEVE THIS]

HAPPY:
Maybe you are nuts after all.

*

CUT TO:

SC55. INT. COURT HOUSE. COURT ROOM. DAY 9

[NOT A FORMAL COURT ROOM - ADAM SITS AT A DESK ONE SIDE OF THE AISLE; THE GOVERNMENT'S FOUR **LAWYERS** SIT ON THE OTHER SIDE. IT'S BUSY, WITH **PUBLIC** AND **PRESS**. CLAIRE COTTON SITS AT THE BACK; KATE IS BEHIND ADAM IN THE PEWS; HAPPY IS NEXT TO HER. KATE CATCHES ADAM'S EYE - THEY HOLD THE GAZE FOR A MOMENT, TILL HE LOOKS AWAY. AS WE SEE THEM -]

BALIFF (OOV):

All rise.

[EVERYONE DOES (EXCEPT ADAM), AND THE **JUDGE** ENTERS - SHE IS **40S**, WEARS A BUSINESS SUIT (NO GOWNS OR WIGS). SHE REACHES HER SEAT]

BALIFF (OOV):

Be seated.

[EVERYONE SITS. THE JUDGE WRITES AS SHE TALKS]

JUDGE:

The purpose of this hearing is to establish the mental competency or otherwise of Adam Aloysius Clay.

[KATE CATCHES ADAMS'S EYE - 'ALOYSIUS'? HE LOOKS AWAY]

JUDGE:

There are only two options open to the court: if Mr Clay is found to be competent and capable of conducting himself in Society, then he is free to go and pursue whichever endeavours he chooses; however, if the court finds that Mr Clay poses a threat to himself or others, he will be confined to a psychiatric institution for whatever treatment and duration medical staff deem appropriate.

[BEAT - THERE'S A COLLECTIVE INTAKE OF BREATH AROUND THE ROOM; KATE IS FEARFUL; EVEN ADAM LOOKS CONCERNED AT THIS]

JUDGE:

Who stands for the Crown?

[ONE OF THE FOUR LAWYERS RISES...]

MITCHELL:

Clarence Mitchell, Your Honour.

[SHE LOOKS UP - SEES MITCHELL'S COLLEAGUES]

JUDGE:

(SARCASTIC) I see you've brought your cheerleaders along, Mr Mitchell.

[MITCHELL LOOKS SUITABLY OUTRAGED AT THIS TONE. HE SITS]

JUDGE:

Who stands for Adam Aloysius Clay?

[THERE'S NO REPLY. BEAT]

JUDGE:

Who stands for Adam Aloysius Clay?

[AGAIN, NOTHING - TILL MITCHELL GETS TO HIS FEET]

MITCHELL:

Mr Clay has refused representation, Your Honour - he claims not to recognise the authority of the court.

JUDGE:

Recognise it or not, Mr Clay, this court is going to decide your fate.

[HE JUST LOOKS AT HER - SAYS NOTHING.
EVENTUALLY –]

JUDGE:

Proceed with you first witness, Mr Mitchell.

CUT TO:

SC56. INT. COURT HOUSE. COURT ROOM. DAY 9

[PROFESSOR ALDOUS FINCH (60S, OXBRIDGE) IS
ON THE WITNESS STAND; MITCHELL STANDS AT
HIS DESK]

MITCHELL:

State your name and position, please, Professor.

FINCH:

I am Aldous Finch, Professor Emeritus in Psychoanalytic Behavioural
Therapy at Beauchamp College, Oxford.

KATE:

(QUIET, TO HAPPY) Rent-an-Expert - this guy's never out of the Old
Bailey - charges two grand a day.

[HAPPY LOOKS SHOCKED]

MITCHELL:

You've seen Mr Clay's case notes, Professor - is there anything in there
which gives you cause for concern?

FINCH:

Oh, yes - in particular, the period following the breakdown of his marriage.

MITCHELL:

Elaborate, if you would, Professor.

FINCH:

By his own admission, Mr Clay "crumbled" and retreated into a dingy bedsit
for half a year...

[ADAM LOOKS TO HAPPY - HAPPY LOOKS
ASHAMED, LIKE HE'S BETRAYED ADAM]

FINCH:

This is evidence of severe psychiatric trauma, a total melt-down of mental
capability.

MITCHELL:

I see - and would you regard this as an isolated incident?

FINCH:

Oh, no - it's most likely a continuing pattern in Mr Clay's life. He clearly
demonstrates all the traits of Narcissistic Personality Disorder.

MITCHELL:

Illuminate the court further, if you'd be so kind.

FINCH:

This is a malformed personality type, where the subject believes that the world revolves around him and his needs. It's a trait we all exhibit as toddlers - when we want to stick our fingers into electrical sockets, or throw tantrums when we can't have ice cream - but balanced individuals grow out of it, as they get older, learn their place in the world. Mr Clay, I fear, never developed beyond this stage - his attempt to establish himself as a sovereign republic is a clear example of this.

[THE COURT ROOM LAUGHS; HENRY LOOKS PUT
UPON; KATE LOOKS WORRIED; THE JUDGE MAKES
NOTES]

MITCHELL:

And would you say this causes him to pose a threat to others?

FINCH:

It most certainly can be a danger to others. Narcissists feed on other people's lives like a vampire feeds on its victims. It is very closely related to schizophrenia, and the subject can spiral into destructive violence.

MITCHELL:

Nothing further, your honour.

[HE SITS, SMUG.

KATE IS WORRIED]

FADE TO:

*

SCENE 57 IS NOW CUT

SC58. INT. COURT ROOM. MONTAGE. DAY 9

BOTHWELL:

The Government's position is very clear, despite reports in the press. No one has the right to carve up Great Britain, just because they feel like it. He's attempting to undermine the very core of Society - if the man's not mad, then he's an Anarchist.

CUT TO:

SC59. INT. COURT ROOM. MONTAGE. DAY 9

MCLEAN:

He believes power stations should be closed, and we should all cycle to create our own electricity.

He told one of my reporters the reason he was seceding was that his children's Christmas presents got wet in the rain.

[HE LOOKS OVER TO CLAIRE COTTON, WHO GIVES HIM AN APPROVING NOD. THROUGHOUT THIS, KATE AND HAPPY LOOK MORE AND MORE WORRIED]

CUT TO:

SC60. INT. COURT HOUSE. COURT ROOM. DAY 9

[HAPPY SITS ERECT ON THE WITNESS STAND, A
PILLAR OF SOCIETY]

* **MITCHELL:**
* Answer the question please Sergeant.

* **HAPPY:**
(RELUCTANT) I examined the place after he left - and yes, he kept his
food in a hole in the ground.

MITCHELL:
Mr Clay declared himself as an independent republic to you, Sergeant, is
that correct?

HAPPY:
Yes.

MITCHELL:
Did he say how he planned to operate this Republic?

HAPPY:
I don't understand what you mean.

MITCHELL:
Well - does he have a national anthem or a flag?

[SNIGGERS FROM AROUND THE ROOM]

MITCHELL:
Did he have stamps? Was he wearing some kind of exotic national dress.

HAPPY:
(NOT PLEASED) Not as far as I'm aware.

MITCHELL:
Does Mr Clay strike you as normal, Sergeant?

JUDGE:
The Sergeant is not qualified to answer that question, Mr Mitchell.

MITCHELL:
I apologise, Your Honour. (BEAT) In your thirty years of policing,
Sergeant, have you ever come across anyone who behaves like Mr Clay, or
has the outlook of Mr Clay?

[LONG BEAT - HAPPY EXCHANGES SAD GLANCES
WITH ADAM]

HAPPY:

No.

[MITCHELL SMILES, SMUG; CLAIRE COTTON
WATCHES ON, SATISFIED]

JUDGE:

I'll ask you again, Mr Clay - do you have any questions in response?

[ADAM JUST LOOKS AT HER, SAYS NOTHING]

CUT TO:

SC61. INT. POLICE STATION. CELL. NIGHT 9

[ADAM SITS ALONE, FORLORN. THE DOOR OPENS
AND... CLAIRE COTTON ENTERS. HE LOOKS
STUNNED; SHE OOZES POWER - AND HER SKIRT
RIDES EVEN HIGHER THAN USUAL. LONG BEAT]

CLAIRE COTTON:

Not going so well for you out there, is it?

*
*
*

[HE SAYS NOTHING; SHE PACES, HER HEELS
CLICKING ON THE STONE FLOOR. SHE NOTICES
THE WOODEN FRAME HAPPY LEFT – NOW AN
IMPRESSIVE SCENE IS STITCHED INTO THE
COTTON]

CLAIRE COTTON:

I like you, Mr Clay - you're gutsy, and you don't care what people think. I
spend my days surrounded by men so terrified of public opinion, they
wouldn't know an honest thought if it sat in their lap and invited them home
for supper.

[STILL, NO RESPONSE. SHE STANDS BEFORE HIM]

CLAIRE COTTON:

If you agree to abandon the Republic, I'll make sure your wife gets the
biggest rebate in the history of personal income tax - and you can name your
own job anywhere in Britain. I'll make it happen.

[STILL, HE SAYS NOTHING]

CLAIRE COTTON:

Think about it, Adam - when you stop being a rebel and start being a loser,
people quickly lose interest.

[BEAT - SHE SASHAYS OUT, CLOSING THE DOOR
BEHIND HER. HE JUST SITS]

CUT TO:

SC62. INT. COURT HOUSE. COURT ROOM. DAY 10

[KATE IS NOW IN THE STAND. SHE LOOKS TO
ADAM, ANXIOUS. HE STAYS EXPRESSIONLESS]

MITCHELL:

You're employed by the Daily Gazette newspaper, Miss Dobie, are you not?

KATE:

No.

MITCHELL:

(TAKEN ABACK) I remind you, you're under oath, Miss Dobie - are you
employed by the Daily Gazette?

KATE:

No - I resigned last week.

MITCHELL:

But you were employed by the Daily Gazette when you wrote these articles?

KATE:

Yes.

MITCHELL:

Are the things you wrote in them true?

KATE:

Not exactly.

MITCHELL:

Well, either they are or they aren't.

KATE:

They're slanted to make Mr Clay look foolish.

[BEAT]

MITCHELL:

How did you get this information?

KATE:

From talking to Mr Clay.

MITCHELL:

And what is your relationship with Mr Clay?

KATE:

We're friends... or at least we were. (BEAT) When Mr Clay was talking to me, he wasn't aware that I was a journalist.

MITCHELL:

That seems upsetting to you, Ms Dobie.

[BEAT - SHE LOOKS AT ADAM, SADLY]

KATE:

I deceived him. I'm not proud of that.

MITCHELL:

Mr Clay doesn't believe in our Society, does he Miss Dobie?

KATE:

It's not exactly that - he just thinks we don't run it right. (BEAT) I agree with him.

MITCHELL:

Ms Dobie - are you in love with Mr Clay?

[THERE'S A GASP FROM THE PUBLIC, MURMURINGS
OF SHOCK; ADAM'S ATTENTION IS NOW ON HER.
BEFORE SHE CAN ANSWER...]

JUDGE:

That will do, Mr Mitchell.

MITCHELL:

Are you in love with Mr Clay?

JUDGE:

Mr Mitchell!

MITCHELL:

Your Honour, she's clearly in love with the man...

KATE:

Yes, I am - but what's that got to do with it? Oh, Adam - please say something! They're making you look crazy!

JUDGE:

(SHOUTS) Order!

[OUT ON ADAM - HIS SILENT RESOLVE
WEAKENING]

CUT TO:

SC63. INT. COURT HOUSE. COURT ROOM. DAY 10

[THE COURT HAS SETTLED AGAIN. HAPPY SITS NOW, HIS ARM AROUND KATE, SUPPORTIVE]

BALIFF (OOV):

The court calls Joanna Clay.

[THE CALL GOES OUT, "JOANNA CLAY". THERE ARE MURMURINGS AROUND THE COURT. ADAM CATCHES CLAIRE COTTON'S EYE: SHE LOOKS CONFIDENT. JOANNA ENTERS, UNDER PRESSURE. SHE CROSSES TO THE STAND, SITS, ANXIOUS. HER GAZE CATCHES ADAM'S: HE SMILES]

JUDGE:

Mrs Clay - this is not a trial, though you are required to take an oath. A man's future is at stake here, and your evidence must have the utmost integrity. Do you understand?

JOANNA:

Yes.

[MITCHELL STANDS, MOVES OUT FROM BEHIND HIS DESK]

MITCHELL:

Mrs Clay - how long were you married to Adam Clay?

JOANNA:

Eleven years. We separated five years ago.

MITCHELL:

And how would you describe Mr Clay's behaviour towards you during your marriage?

[LONG BEAT. EVERYONE EYES EVERYONE ELSE AS THEY WAIT]

JOANNA:

He was... fine.

[THERE'S A COLLECTIVE GASP IN THE ROOM]

MITCHELL:

Excuse me?

JOANNA:

Adam was a good husband.

MITCHELL:

Mrs Clay, you're on record as saying that Mr Clay was frequently drunk and abusive during your marriage - and may I remind you, you're under oath.

[SHE RAISES HER EYES, LOOKS AT ADAM; HE
LOOKS BACK. BEAT]

MITCHELL:

Was Mr Clay abusive towards you and your children?

[STILL SHE DOESN'T REPLY. CLAIRE COTTON
LOOKS FURIOUS]

JUDGE:

Answer the question, Mrs Clay.

JOANNA:

No - he never even raised his voice to me; and I've never seen him drunk in my life.

MITCHELL:

Your Honour - this witness is clearly lying. She signed a sworn affidavit specifying numerous incidents during her marriage.

JUDGE:

Mrs Clay?

[JOANNA FILLS UP. ADAM LOOKS FURIOUS.]

MITCHELL:

Your Honour, I demand this woman be held in contempt...

JUDGE:

That'll do, Mr Mitchell...

[JOANNA IS NOW WEEPING]

MITCHELL:

... she treats this court with such disdain, that one can only surmise that she has no honour...

[ADAM BOLTS TO HIS FEET]

ADAM:

Stop it!

[SHOCKED SILENCE - EVERYONE LOOKS AT ADAM]

ADAM:

That's enough!

[HE SCANS THE COURT - ALL EYES ARE ON HIM. HE
KNOWS HE HAS NO OPTION]

DISSOLVE TO:

SC64. INT. POLICE STATION. CELL. NIGHT 10

[ADAM LIES ON HIS BED, STARING AT THE CEILING.
THE DOOR OPENS - JOANNA ENTERS. ADAM SITS
UP, SHOCKED. THE **GUARD** CLOSES THE DOOR]

JOANNA:

Thank you for what you did today.

[HE SAYS NOTHING, JUST MOVES ALONG SO SHE
CAN SIT. LONG BEAT]

JOANNA:

I'm sorry, Adam. For everything - I should never have spoken to that paper.
(BEAT) They were offering so much money... and things have been so
tough...

ADAM:

It's okay. I don't care what people say.

JOANNA:

That's fine when it's just you, Adam - but we've got children. They look up
to you... when people say these things... And that girl... (HE LOOKS TO
HER) ... she cares about you very much.

[BEAT - HE SAYS NOTHING, LOOKS SAD]

CUT TO:

SC65. INT. COURT HOUSE. COURT ROOM. DAY 11

[ADAM IN THE WITNESS BOX. HE SQUIRMS, LOOKS UNCOMFORTABLE]

JUDGE:

Carry on, Mr Mitchell.

[MITCHELL IS ON HIS FEET - ALMOST TRIUMPHANT. HE STEPS FORWARD]

MITCHELL:

Mr Clay, you have resigned from Great Britain, is that correct?

[ADAM SAYS NOTHING. BEAT]

MITCHELL:

Mr Clay, you resigned your citizenship, did you not?

[AGAIN, ADAM SAYS NOTHING. KATE LOOKS TO HIM, PLEADING]

JUDGE:

You will answer the question, Mr Clay.

MITCHELL:

Mr Clay, you seceded from the United Kingdom, didn't you?

[LONG BEAT - SILENCE, UNTIL...]

ADAM:

Yes, sir.

[REACTION FROM THE PUBLIC. MITCHELL GATHERS HIMSELF]

MITCHELL:

Great Britain is one of the most civilised nations on earth, developed over centuries of endeavour in every imaginable field. Don't you believe in British Democracy?

ADAM:

I think it would be a good idea.

[SNIGGERS AROUND COURT; CLAIRE COTTON'S NOT HAPPY]

MITCHELL:

Don't you believe every individual has a responsibility to Society?

ADAM:

I don't know – what do you mean by 'Responsibility'?

MITCHELL:

(STRUGGLING) It means... not passing the load onto others.

ADAM:

* You see, that's my problem, because that's exactly what we do. Nowadays
* everybody hands over responsibility for everything. Nothing is our problem
* – it's the government, it's society, it's youth, immigrants, hospitals, teachers
* – but it's not us, not our problem, so there's nothing we can do about it.
* (BEAT) We've surrendered so much that nothing is our responsibility.

MITCHELL:

* But Society is founded on principles of common responsibility, Mr Clay.

ADAM:

* But in reality, common responsibility means I let the people in power think
* for me. They decide to fight wars with people I've never met, or which
* hospitals to close down. And I'm sorry. I can't sign up to that any more.

[LOUD RHUBARBS AROUND THE COURT. CLAIRE
COTTON LOOKS FURIOUS]

CUT TO:

SC66. INT. COURT HOUSE. COURT ROOM. DAY 11

[CLOSING STATEMENTS. MITCHELL IS ON HIS FEET]

MITCHELL:

Your honour, the Crown has demonstrated, beyond any reasonable doubt, that this man is not fit to take responsibility for his own life, let alone the governance of a state, however small. Expert and eye witnesses have given solid statements as to the state of the defendant's mind. (BEAT) We beseech the court to find that Adam Clay should be confined to a psychiatric hospital for the safety of himself and the rest of civil society.

[HE SITS, BUT LESS CONFIDENT THAN BEFORE.
CLAIRE COTTON WATCHES]

JUDGE:

Mr Clay?

[ADAM RISES TO HIS FEET SLOWLY]

ADAM:

Your honour - I'm not sure I want to defend myself against what these people say: most of it is true. I do keep my food in a hole in the ground, and I cycle to make electricity - what's wrong with that? Oil's going to run out sooner or later - I'm just getting a head start.

[THE COURT LAUGHS, IS ENRAPPED]

ADAM:

Professor Finch says I suffered psychiatric trauma when my family left - I challenge anyone not to suffer psychiatric trauma if that happens to them. And if the Professor says I've got a disorder, then maybe I have. Only - this 'Narcissism' says that I'm obsessed with my own importance, is that right, Professor?

[FINCH, NOW ON THE PUBLIC BENCHES, LOOKS
AWKWARD]

FINCH:

Well... generally speaking...

ADAM:

Doesn't it seem a little self-important of you to sum up a man's whole character without ever having met him or spoke to him?

[AND OUTBURST OF LAUGHTER FROM THE COURT.
FINCH SQUIRMS]

ADAM:

* If our Society is so free, then how come I'm not free to leave it? (BEAT)
* Newspapers have printed lies about me. That's not freedom - that's being
lied to. And if I'm so crazy, how come Miss Cotton, over there, came to my
jail cell the other night and offered me a job if I gave up the Republic - you
wouldn't offer a crazy man a job, now, would you Miss Cotton.

[SHE IS ENRAGED; THE COURT ROOM ERUPTS IN
LAUGHTER]

JUDGE:
Order!

[IT SETTLES]

ADAM:
I'm not a lawyer, like Mr Mitchell, or a political operator, like Ms Cotton.
I'm just a man, Your Honour - that's where my conscience comes from. Not
from rules invented by Kings and Prime Ministers and businessmen. I
* understand the world all too well and I don't want to be part of it. (BEAT) I
don't believe I can ever be a good citizen - Your Honour, I'd rather be a
good man.

[HE SITS. THERE'S A MOMENT'S HUSH, BEFORE –]

JUDGE:
The court will retire to consider its judgment. We'll convene tomorrow
morning at nine.

[SHE RISES]

BALIFF (OOV):
All rise.

DISSOLVE TO:

SC67. INT. POLICE STATION. CELL. NIGHT 11

[ADAM SITS ALONE, CONTEMPLATIVE. THE CELL DOOR OPENS - KATE IS THERE. HAPPY LETS HER IN, CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HER]

KATE:

Buy a girl a cup of coffee? (BEAT) I don't bite.

[BEAT - BEFORE ADAM SHIFTS UP, SO SHE CAN SIT]

KATE:

How have you been?

ADAM:

I'm good... the food's really nice in here.

[SHE'S AS UNCONVINCED AS WE ARE. SHE SITS]

KATE:

I was very proud of you today.

ADAM:

(AWKWARD) I only said what I thought.

KATE:

I know. (BEAT) Adam, I'm so sorry...

ADAM:

(INTERRUPTING) Ssshhh.

[HE PLACES A FINGER ON HER LIPS]

ADAM:

No apologies. I'm a grown-up - I make my own decisions about who I let in and who I don't.

KATE:

(FRAGILE) And what have you decided?

ADAM:

This.

[HE TAKES HER FACE IN HIS HANDS AND KISSES HER - LONG, GENTLE, TENDER]

CUT TO:

SC68. INT. COURT HOUSE. COURT ROOM. DAY 12

[MORNING. EVERYONE IS PRESENT, WATCHING]

JUDGE:

The question before this court is whether Mr Clay is capable of existing within society, without causing harm to its members or himself. (THEN TO ADAM) It is not a mere question of your sanity, Mr Clay - if it were, I would have to conclude that you are, in fact, the most sane person in this room, including the Judge who inhabits this bench.

[FROM THE BACK OF THE ROOM –]

CLAIRE COTTON:

I object!

[THERE'S A FROZEN MOMENT - EVERYONE TURNS TO CLAIRE]

JUDGE:

I object to you too, Miss Cotton, in many ways - but in my court room, I can say it; and you'd better keep your opinions to yourself unless you want to spend the evening in a jail cell.

[THERE'S A MURMUR OF APPROVAL AROUND THE ROOM. CLAIRE COTTON LOOKS FURIOUS]

JUDGE:

When I undertook this hearing, my learned colleagues in the Judiciary told me there were only two possible outcomes if I were to defend the Society I seek to represent; Mr Clay either abandons this idea of the Republic of Hope, re-enters Society and becomes a productive member; or, I can have him committed to a psychiatric facility, where he will receive whatever treatment medical staff consider necessary.

[THERE'S SHOCK AROUND THE COURT. KATE LOOKS TERRIFIED]

JUDGE:

I, however, believe there is a third outcome - and it is this, which I consider to be the preferred and correct option. Mr Clay...

[THE COURT ALMOST VISIBLY TENSES]

JUDGE:

You have, Sir, no case to answer - you are free to go!

[THE COURT ERUPTS; KATE HUGS ADAM; CLAIRE COTTON RUSHES OUT SPEAKING MANICALLY ON HER MOBILE PHONE, BARKING ABOUT 'APPEALS']

DISSOLVE TO:

SC69. EXT. HILL. DAY 12

[ADAM WALKS UP THE HILL WITH KATE; MELISSA AND ANNIE RUN ON AHEAD, FREE, HAPPY AND UNENCUMBERED BY PRETENCE.

ADAM AND KATE KISS - GENTLE, SWEET AND LOVELY. BUT THEY ARE DISTURBED BY A NOISE, FROM OVER THE BROW OF THE HILL. BOTH RUN TO THE TOP OF THE HILL - WHEN THEY GET THERE THEY STOP COLD.

BEFORE THEM, NOT ONLY IS ADAM'S REPUBLIC BACK IN TACT - THERE ARE OTHERS: FIVE, SEVEN, NINE.

THE WHOLE AREA IS FENCED OFF, AND PEOPLE HAVE PLOTTED OUT THEIR LAND - ALL NEW 'REPUBLICS'.

AMONGST THEM, WE SEE HAPPY, HIS PINNIE ON, COOKING OVER AN OPEN FIRE FOR EVERYONE (HE WAVES TO THEM); WE RECOGNISE SOME OF THE **PROTESTERS** FROM EARLIER ON, PUTTING UP TEMPORARY HUTS. ADAM LOOKS STUNNED]

ADAM:
I thought it was over.

KATE:
No - this is just the beginning.

ADAM:
So how do you feel about milking goats.

[BOTH SMILE. THEY KISS AND HEAD TOWARDS THE REPUBLIC, TOWARDS HOPE]

THE END