

THE PARADISE II

Episode Six

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by

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The Paradise II

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1

EXT. TOLLGATE STREET - DAY

1

Close on the sign above the shop: Lovett's Drapery.

EDMUND is staring up at it, mesmerised by it.

DENISE passing, full of purpose.

DENISE

What are you doing, Uncle?

EDMUND

Having your name above a shop --
it's no small thing.

DENISE

(laughs)

You've only just noticed?

She passes on and into the store.

EDMUND shakes off the regret that haunts him.

MORAY and DUDLEY on the move. DUDLEY teasing MORAY.

DUDLEY

You've forgotten, haven't you.

MORAY

Clearly I have or I would know what
you are talking about.

DUDLEY

Five years. This week. Five years
since that sign went up -- since
this place stopped being Emmerson's
Drapery and became The Paradise.

MORAY finds himself looking up at his sign.

2

EXT. THE MAZE. GARDENS. BELVILLE HOUSE - DAY

2

FLORA in the maze, running, enjoying herself.

She turns a corner and is startled to find TOM right there.

Before she can squeal, he puts his finger to his lips: be
quiet.

He takes FLORA by the hand and leads her away.

KATHERINE is moving through the maze, searching. She has been like this for some while, growing baffled, growing increasingly anxious.

KATHERINE

Flora? Flora, darling, where are you?

3 INT. MORAY'S OFFICE. THE PARADISE - DAY

3

Tap-tap on the door. DENISE enters in a hurry. She finds the office empty, turns on her heels, heading away again.

But she stops. A thought has taken her. A naughty thought.

She considers it for a moment.

Now she walks into the office and -- she can't resist it -- she sits in Moray's chair. It feels good.

DENISE is basking in this bliss when someone comes in. She's caught ... by MORAY. He sees her there like this. It throws him, disturbs him.

DENISE laughs and --

DENISE

You caught me. I'm sorry, darling.
I couldn't resist. I have always
wondered what it must feel like to
sit here.

MORAY

Perhaps I ought to be careful where
I leave my trousers lying.

It's teasing between them, loving.

4 EXT. GARDENS. BELVILLE HOUSE - DAY

4

In the garden, TOM sits with FLORA at a table with tea and cakes, a smile on his lips. He speaks quietly to FLORA.

TOM

It's a game. Whatever Katherine
says, we don't speak to her.

KATHERINE comes out of the maze and sees TOM and FLORA at the table.

KATHERINE

Heavens! What a trick. I might have
been searching for you the whole
day.

She gets to the table and joins them.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
It has quite jangled my nerves.

TOM flicks a look to FLORA: The game is on: they ignore KATHERINE.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
Tom, darling, did you hear me?

But TOM has ears and eyes only for FLORA.

TOM
Flora, shall we go and play in the maze?

FLORA
Yes, Papa.

FLORA dare not even look at KATHERINE.

KATHERINE
Tom! Flora. What are you doing? I am talking to you --

TOM
Flora, sweetheart, will you chase me or shall I chase you?

FLORA
You chase after me, Papa.

They are going. It's too much for KATHERINE.

KATHERINE
Do I not exist today? What is going on? Speak to me! Tom, you have been like this for days. Like a ghost staring at me but saying nothing. What is the matter?

But his look of ghostly indifference makes her fraught.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
I demand that you speak to me.

TOM simply takes the watch from his pocket and regards it for a moment, before returning it to his waistcoat.

He takes FLORA by the hand and leads her to the maze.

KATHERINE is left plagued with guilt and fear.

5 INT. LADIESWEAR. THE PARADISE - DAY

5

LUCILLE BALLENTINE is in her thirties: jolly, sparkling, kindly, fun, she's also a working class lass.

LUCILLE

What a dress this is. I feel like I'm wrapped in butter. It's heavenly.

(but doubt takes her)

Is it heavenly? I mean, do I look foolish in it? Should I buy it?

SUSY

It's perfect, Ma'am. I think so. Perhaps ... What do you think, Clara?

DENISE returns and is watching LUCILLE.

CLARA

I promise you, Madam, it is a most tasteful and fashionable choice.

LUCILLE

When do I wear it? I know some dresses are for evening ...

CLARA

Ma'am, this dress can be worn at any time.

LUCILLE

Oh, but this is all such fun and you are so kind to help me. What shoes does a lass wear with this dress?

CLARA

What kind of footwear would you prefer, Madam?

LUCILLE

I would prefer you to choose. Everything you have chosen so far is just perfect.

DENISE is taking all of this in, curious ...

CLARA

The Gibson, with the low heel. Would you like to try a pair?

LUCILLE

If you can have them all wrapped up my husband will come in to pay.

CLARA

Of course, Mrs. Ballentine.

LUCILLE

Darling Ballentine does love to spoil me. It's not too much, is it?

(MORE)

LUCILLE (CONT'D)
It's not coarse and unladylike to
buy so much?

CLARA
Not at all, Madam. We will have it
all ready for you.

She's escorting LUCILLE back to the changing room, but
LUCILLE doesn't want to go: she feels clinging, needy.

LUCILLE
I was a nurse, y'know. With hardly
a pair of boots to my name. Look at
me now. Who would have dreamed ...?

SUSY
I never dreamed I would have such a
fine uniform to wear every day, and
such fond friends to share a dorm
with.

This seems to affect LUCILLE: she hides it with an even
brighter smile.

LUCILLE
Who will deliver the parcels?

SUSY
The Delivery Lads deliver, Ma'am,
on the delivery wagon.

LUCILLE
Oh. I was rather hoping it might be
you, Susy. Or you, Clara. So I
could try them all on and you could
tell me if ... And you could see
our chandeliers and feel how thick
the carpets are ...

DENISE
If you would care for a morning
fitting at home, Mrs Ballentine,
that can of course be arranged.

LUCILLE
Yes. I like the sound of a fitting.
We could have tea and scones. Oh,
but perhaps scones are only eaten
in the afternoon?

DENISE
My apologies, Ma'am, what I meant
to say was: an afternoon fitting.

She's made LUCILLE laugh. Still she doesn't want to leave.

MORAY and DUDLEY are passing through.

DUDLEY

Of course we must mark the occasion. Window displays, flags and bunting throughout the place -- I thought perhaps Birds of Paradise, hung from the ceilings. All manner of decorations.

MORAY

I appreciate the sentiment, Dudley, but are these times for us to revel in our position?

DUDLEY

Every bright bauble will be a poke in the eye of Tom Weston. I like the thought of him seeing what we have achieved here.

MORAY

Yes. Then let us do it.

6

INT. THE THREE CROWNS - NIGHT

6

EDMUND is at the bar with SAM and MYRTLE when DENISE comes in with SUSY and CLARA.

DENISE

Uncle Edmund, that's the third night I have found you in here. Audrey will be wondering where you are.

EDMUND

Don't fret, our Denise. Hell's teeth. I sent her a note to say I'm on my way.

SAM

Far be it for me to interfere in another man's marriage, but ... Wouldn't it have been better if you'd taken the note yourself?

SUSY

Yes. Then you would have been there so you wouldn't have needed a note to say why you're not there.

They ALL look at her as they figure this one out.

And SUSY is trying to fathom it herself.

MYRTLE

Have a sit down, Susy. Rest your mind a while.

CLARA

You must admit, Mr. Lovett, you don't have any cause to stay when --

EDMUND

(adamant)

Yes I do.

SAM

I'm not one to meddle in affairs of a marital nature, but what is your reason, Edmund?

EDMUND

I can't sell my shop -- because it looks so worn-down and decrepit. If I paint it up, you watch me, it will be a more agreeable proposition for any buyer. A few days of sweat and toil will make all the difference. You'll see ...

They're joshing and teasing him, which spurs him on.

EDMUND (CONT'D)

I will prove to the lot of you I am only here because I intend to leave!

Which brings roars of laughter.

7 INT. KATHERINE'S BEDROOM. BELVILLE HOUSE - NIGHT

7

KATHERINE wakes to find TOM standing in her room. He says nothing: just stands there like a ghost ... and then he leaves.

KATHERINE is spooked to her bones. There will be no more sleep tonight.

8 EXT. TOLLGATE STREET - NIGHT

8

The GIRLS are heading homewards.

CLARA

She's done it, hasn't she. Mrs. Ballentine. She's got what we all hanker after. Bagged herself a wealthy husband, living the grand life.

SUSY

I don't. I want a kind husband.

MYRTLE

Susy, think on: if he's not well-off, what good is his kindness?

CLARA

We all say that what we dream of is love, but -- let's admit it -- what we really want is love and riches. Every fine-dressed woman who walks through that door, we long for what she has. That's why we come to work in a department store.

SUSY

Is it? I thought it was just a job.

CLARA

You're quiet, Denise. What do you say about Mrs. Ballentine's good fortune?

DENISE

I don't envy our customers. I can't say I long to come into The Paradise to shop and spend ...

CLARA

Here we go ...

SUSY

What do you want?

DENISE

I dream of a world where a girl doesn't need to find a rich husband.

CLARA starts the laughter at the absurdity of this, and the OTHERS follow, including DENISE.

MYRTLE

Oh, yes, and I am looking forward to the day when a woman is Prime Minister, and a woman is a priest in the pulpit, and a woman is in charge of The Paradise.

They're ALL laughing at that.

9

EXT. WALLED GARDEN. BELVILLE HOUSE - DAY

9

MORAY and KATHERINE sit on a bench in the secluded garden.

MORAY

His proposal to send Denise to Paris -- he could have discussed that with me.

(MORE)

MORAY (CONT'D)

It is as if he is seeking to turn
the staff against me.

KATHERINE is struggling: at times she has to close her eyes
tight shut just to stop herself from imploding.

MORAY (CONT'D)

If I try to speak to him about
these matters he brushes aside my
concerns. It is impossible for me
to run the store as I believe --

MORAY can see KATHERINE's volatile state, but can't fathom
it.

MORAY (CONT'D)

Perhaps you could encourage Tom to
see reason --

It's too much: KATHERINE can't keep it in any more.

MORAY (CONT'D)

Katherine, what is it?

KATHERINE

Can you come back tomorrow? We will
speak then ...

She needs to be away ...

MORAY

Of course ... Please tell me ...

KATHERINE

God, help me ... God, please help
me ...

She sees MORAY's pity and her terrors pour out of her.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

He is capable of such cruelty. I
never imagined ... What have I
done? We married in such haste. I
hardly knew him. I live in terror
of upsetting him. I dare not speak
for fear of how he will react.
There are times I think he hates
me. He wishes only to punish me. I
cannot bear one more day ...

It's too much, she is too vulnerable: MORAY is compelled to
hold her, to comfort her.

KATHERINE lets herself sink into his arms.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Thank you. Thank you, Moray.

What is between them now is comfort and only comfort.

MORAY

What can I do to help you?

KATHERINE

Just to have someone I can talk to
-- someone I can tell how it is.
Someone to hold me ...

MORAY

You cannot live like this,
Katherine.

KATHERINE

What else can I do?

MORAY

Promise me you will come to me when
you need someone ...

Beyond the wall, through the gate, glimpsed through the foliage, TOM stands dead still, looking at KATHERINE in MORAY's arms.

10

INT. LADIESWEAR. THE PARADISE - DAY

10

SUSY hurtles into the Department.

SUSY

It's her. It's Mrs. Ballentine.
She's here with her husband. And
he's ... He's not ... What I mean
is ...

Too late, they come in now: LUCILLE and her husband, CAMPBELL BALLENTINE. He's in his sixties. Thirty years older than Lucille.

The GIRLS take this in: it freezes them to the spot, not sure how to react, afraid of giving away their shock.

LUCILLE

Here they are, my darling: my new
friends. They have been looking
after me so sweetly.

BALLENTINE

Thank you, girls. You have made my
wife the happiest woman in the
whole of this city.

LUCILLE

Well, show them, Ballentine: show
them how obliged we are.

BALLENTINE is dishing out lavish tips to the GIRLS.

No one dare speak for fear of giving away their surprise.

DENISE
Perhaps I might take you to the
Cashier's Office, Mr. Ballentine,
to settle your account?

BALLENTINE
I'll wager it's down those stairs
again ... when I have only just
climbed up them!

But he's laughing and good-hearted.

LUCILLE is left with the GIRLS, nervous now, feeling exposed.

LUCILLE
(she laughs nervously)
I need you to show me how to walk
in my new dresses.

11 INT. STAIRWAY. THE PARADISE - DAY

11

DENISE and BALLENTINE are coming down the stairs.

BALLENTINE
I know what you're thinking.

For a moment DENISE is caught, but there's a glint in the
BALLENTINE's eyes.

BALLENTINE (CONT'D)
You're thinking: what could be
better? A man so in love with his
wife that he will indulge her every
whim. Oh, how your sales will soar.

He's teasing and he has made DENISE laugh. She likes him.

They meet MORAY as he comes up the stairs.

DENISE
Mr. Moray, sir, might I introduce
Mr. Ballentine?

MORAY
Campbell Ballentine? We met once
before, sir. I believe it was at
the race course.

BALLENTINE
Ah, yes. I was newly married. Lost
a fortune that day.

MORAY

Well, I am pleased to see you in my
... in The Paradise. If you will
excuse me ...

MORAY continues on his way and DENISE leads BALLENTINE down the stairs.

BALLENTINE regards the sweep of the store.

BALLENTINE

What a splendid enterprise ...

DENISE

We recently opened a Food Hall. We
have an Oriental Room which has
proven very popular. We try to
stock items at all kinds of prices
to attract all manner of customers.

They are on the move and reach the Cashier's Desk during the scene.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Those who can't afford the finer
goods still like to come in to gaze
at them. We have a Children's
Department, Bedding, Menswear,
Furniture: we are always looking to
expand.

During this BALLENTINE has been taking stock of DENISE, noting that there is an air about her.

BALLENTINE

I have a brewery. I started with
one ale, and now I supply more than
half the inns and hostelries in the
city. And beyond. I might be short
of breath, but I still go into work
every day and I still know every
employee by their first name.

DURING this, an idea has been forming in DENISE's mind: she can see now that there is real flint about BALLENTINE.

DENISE

I know what you are thinking.

It is BALLENTINE's turn to be curious.

DENISE (CONT'D)

We ought to have some of those ales
of yours in our Food Hall!

He laughs. Her confidence impresses him.

12

INT. LADIESWEAR. THE PARADISE - DAY

12

CLARA and SUSY are teaching LUCILLE to walk in her dress.

CLARA

The idea is to walk as though your feet were on wheels.

LUCILLE

Oh. Like this?

CLARA

Not up and down -- no hip motion. Skipping. Tripping, we call it. Keep your hands in front -- like this. Long strides are not feminine. Small strides. Every step is meant to draw attention for its grace and poise.

LUCILLE

I'm not sure I can do grace and poise.

SUSY

Perhaps try poise and worry about grace later.

They are laughing, having fun.

LUCILLE

We must all go out together. It will be my treat. Where shall we go? What is the most lavish night out we could possibly have?

CLARA

Mrs Ballentine --

LUCILLE

Please call me Lucille --

CLARA

Lucille, there's no need for extravagance.

LUCILLE

Ballentine is so handsome, isn't he.

It's a provocation. She can't help herself.

CLARA and SUSY flash a look at one another and LUCILLE can sense their awkwardness.

CLARA

Your husband clearly adores you, Madam.

LUCILLE

He is so funny sometimes. I have never known a kinder man.

There it is, the crack in LUCILLE's insistent happiness. She might cry, she might confess ... but she pushes it away.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

I am going to invite you all out to the house, and it will be the jolliest party of the year. Say that you will come.

SUSY

Of course we'll come. We want to see your chandeliers. Don't we, Clara?

SUSY sees CLARA's hesitance and she panics.

SUSY (CONT'D)

Or -- we sometimes have a picnic on Sundays.

LUCILLE

I am so glad I have found you. The only women I have met since I came here have been those well-to-do society wives who look down their noses at me.

She takes CLARA by the hand.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

I love picnics. Come and sit in my garden. We will have champagne and roasted meats and oranges ...

CLARA is trapped. She smiles and nods, yes. Capitulating.

CLARA

We would all love to come, Lucille.

13

EXT. THE YARD. THE PARADISE - DAY

13

TOM moves like a man in a trance, oblivious to those around him. It is not rage that is on him but despair.

He realises that someone is watching him ... JONAS.

JONAS

Can I offer you a glass of brandy, sir?

He is leading TOM into the store, but TOM is brimming with the need to speak.

TOM
I must be rid of him.

JONAS
Perhaps we should speak inside,
sir.

TOM
Yes. Of course.

They pass SAM and EDMUND carrying a ladder.

But TOM can't contain it: he's quiet but charged with hatred.

TOM (CONT'D)
I can't bear to watch him Lord it
about this place for one more day.

JONAS
Haste will not serve you well, Mr.
Weston. If you are determined to
dispose of Mr. Moray then do not do
so on his terms. To dismiss him now
would play into his hands. He would
come out on top.

TOM
What do you mean?

JONAS
There are things I have heard, sir.
Will you trust that I know best in
this? Let me make some arrangements
and in a few days a proposal will
be laid before you that will finish
Moray.

TOM looks at him, considering, then nods his head, yes.

14

EXT. TOLLGATE STREET - DAY

14

SAM and EDMUND are carrying the ladder across the street.

EDMUND
What do you think I'm going to do?
Run away with your ladder? I'm only
across the street.

SAM
It's not my ladder. It's the
store's ladder. All I'm saying is I
had to get permission to lend it to
you.

EDMUND

You can come over and inspect it every ten minutes if you like. I need it get the job done, don't I.

SAM

Next time ask Mr. Moray or Mr. Dudley -- or someone higher up the ladder.

EDMUND

You see this street? I look along it and there is not one person was here before me. That means something.

SAM

Yes. It means you've been here a long time and now it's your turn to pull the ladder up.

EDMUND

Our Denise. Coming into the inn to chide me. She wants rid of me. She might just as well push me down the road.

SAM

She wants you to be happy, that's all. Surely you can see that, Edmund.

They prop the ladder up against EDMUND's shop.

EDMUND

I shall paint my shop top to bottom. And when it's done ...

His defiance falters: he is facing that very prospect.

SAM

I could help you, if you want. Sunday. I would only spend it chasing girls up the river. Or chasing girls down the river.

EDMUND

Everything I know in this world is right here.

EDMUND starts scrubbing at the old paint with real venom, and SAM can see that all is not well.

The lights are low. FENTON dominates the room as though it were his own.

MORAY

I am concerned about Katherine. I fear she might fall ill ...

FENTON

That is all to the good. She will depend upon you still m-m-more.

MORAY

What I am trying to make clear to you is that it is my fault that her husband is jealous. Tom Weston is a dangerously volatile man.

JONAS

The pressure is telling on him.

FENTON

All to the good.

MORAY

My concern for Katherine is not a calculated exhibition. I feel genuinely distressed ...

FENTON

Still b-b-better. She will s-see that you are true -- she will s-s-sense it, and it will draw her closer to you.

JONAS

Mr. Moray, sir, if I may ... If we make each of them feel that their situation is rapidly growing worse --

FENTON

And then we approach Tom Weston with our proposal --

MORAY

What proposal?

A knock on the door stops them --

DENISE (O.S.)

John?

The door handle turns but the door is locked.

MORAY indicates the door at the back of the room.

MORAY

Go through this way. I don't want her to find you here.

JONAS and FENTON leave through the back door ...

And MORAY lets DENISE in.

DENISE
Who were you talking to?

MORAY
It has finally come to it.
(he laughs)
I must have been talking to myself.

They laugh and he draws her to him.

16 INT. KATHERINE'S BEDROOM. BELVILLE HOUSE - NIGHT 16

KATHERINE props a chair against the door handle, to keep it secure.

She gets into bed.

17 INT. THE PARADISE - NIGHT 17

MORAY and DENISE on the move: he is nervous, unsettled.

MORAY
Ballentine? He is spending all of his money on a wife young enough to be his daughter. The man's mind is addled with love.

DENISE
And what is so wrong with that?

MORAY
Nothing is wrong with that.

DENISE
When he talks about business matters he is as sharp as the best of us. I believe that if we were to approach him with a proposal --

MORAY
He has a pretty bride who has taken a fancy to the store -- darling, those are not grounds for us to believe the man is a suitable investor.

DENISE
Are you against it because I have brought the suggestion to you?

MORAY
I'm sorry. I'm not at my best ...

DENISE

What is it that is making you so irritable, so distracted?

MORAY has to hide the guilt and fear that are riding him.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Is it Katherine?

MORAY

What do you mean?

DENISE

I saw her when we went to dinner. She hardly spoke a word. She was festering with rage.

MORAY

I think she's unhappy in her marriage. She almost said as much.

DENISE

You went to see her?

MORAY

Yes. To plead with her to rein back her husband. His dabbling in the business of the store is making life here quite impossible.

DENISE

But you didn't tell me you were going to see Katherine.

MORAY

While they are our masters, we must deal with them, my darling. As best we can.

DENISE

Please be careful. She has not forgotten. She will never forget.

MORAY

We will find a way to be free of them and The Paradise will be mine again. Then our lives can begin. I promise you.

18

INT. KATHERINE'S BEDROOM. BELVILLE HOUSE - NIGHT

18

KATHERINE stirs from her sleep, her eyes opening slowly.

There is someone standing there in her room. A MAN.

She is afraid to look, but makes herself, and she sees ...

It is MORAY standing there. He smiles at her. Takes a step towards her.

It is too bewildering for KATHERINE: she buries her face in her hands.

When she looks again he has gone.

19

INT. THE GREAT HALL. THE PARADISE - DAY

19

DUDLEY has laid out drawings of the store decorations. MORAY examines them.

MORAY
Quite a splash.

DUDLEY
And a small flag for every
customer.

He pins a Paradise flag onto MORAY's collar.

ARTHUR brings messages for MORAY.

ARTHUR
Mr. Moray, sir, your messages.

MORAY glances through the missives and hands them to DUDLEY with a teasing wink.

MORAY
Dudley can deal with these.

20

INT. DRAWING ROOM. BELVILLE HOUSE - DAY

20

TOM is brought in to find FENTON and JONAS waiting for him.

FENTON
Mr. Weston. Let me th-thank you for
agreeing to see me. We parted on
bad terms: I would b-be indebted
should you allow me to show you the
r-r-r-respect you deserve.

TOM
I am listening, Mr. Fenton.

FENTON
You do not w-wish to sell. I accept
that. We shall both of us proceed
on that understanding. But it would
be d-d-duplicitous of me were I not
to advise you of my intentions.

FENTON waits, but TOM simply nods for him to go on.

FENTON (CONT'D)

My brother and I have a store in Manchester and one in Liverpool. We wish to expand South and, indeed, N-N-North. Our intention is to be the f-f-first and, sir, the only national formation of Emporiums.

TOM

You propose to build here?

FENTON

We have a site. Plans are being drawn.

JONAS

Until now, Mr. Weston, the battle has been between the small shops and The Paradise. That war was easily won.

FENTON

If I b-build there will be an almighty clash on an altogether different s-scale. A price war. Your best staff might well be tempted by better offers. Customers will b-b-be at the very least divided.

TOM

Why would you wish to forewarn me? It means that I might arm myself against your intentions.

FENTON

It is a battle I will w-w-win. But it will be a costly affair. I would prefer you --

TOM

To accept defeat now? In the comfort of my own home.

FENTON

Not defeat, n-no. Perhaps a more personal triumph. You will appreciate that a businessman must be -- sh-shall we say single-minded? If I build I intend to employ Moray as my store manager and I will provide him with whatever funds are needed to succeed. If you sell The Paradise to me, I will cast Moray into the wilderness. Never to return.

TOM takes his time, looking from FENTON to JONAS. Then --

TOM

No.

FENTON

I understand that em-m-m-motion
might get the better of judgement,
sir, so I will wait for one week
whilst you allow yourself some ref-
f-flection on the matter.

FENTON is leaving, but TOM stops him.

TOM

Let me explain. What you describe,
Mr. Fenton, are the circumstances.
But what you are dealing with is a
man. If I buckle to your demand it
will be because I am a coward.
(that word is difficult to
get out)
I will never do that.

FENTON and TOM nod tense farewells and FENTON goes.

JONAS watches TOM, alone now: he has seen something in that
last exchange which still reverberates around the room.

21

EXT. LOVETT'S DRAPERY. TOLLGATE STREET - DAY

21

EDMUND is scrubbing and scraping at his shop front.

SAM and ARTHUR are supposed to be helping.

ARTHUR

Once you take your name down, that
really is the end, isn't it.

EDMUND

It is.

SAM

But you have to. Take it down. I
mean, you can't paint Edmund Lovett
up there again in bright new
colours because -- well, what's
that going to look like?

EDMUND

But if my name isn't above the shop
then what is it I am supposed to be
selling? Anyone interested will
want to think they are buying a
going concern.

It's true, but he is wriggling.

ARTHUR

You could just write up there:
Draper's Shop.

SAM

There you are, see. From the mouths
of babes.

EDMUND

Yes. Well. It is for you to have
opinions and for me to decide.

There's a grudge about him, something building.

It's Sunday and the GIRLS are heading out for their picnic.
EDMUND looks across the street to where DENISE is laughing
and chatting with her FRIENDS, in the thick of things,
belonging.

It sends him back to his work with a renewed rancour.

22

EXT. GARDENS. DEERNESS HOUSE - DAY

22

A picnic blanket on the ground. Hampers bearing a banquet of
treats. Champagne aplenty. LUCILLE is already tipsy, with
that affected gaiety about her again.

LUCILLE

Eat up, girls. You're not allowed
to leave until you are properly
indulged.

MYRTLE

Five girls on a blanket and not a
man in sight! No one's going to be
indulged today.

They ALL laugh, but CLARA and DENISE see how much LUCILLE is
drinking.

LUCILLE

Have more meat. There's peasant. I
mean pheasant.

DENISE

Where I come from, peasant is a
delicacy. We have them with an egg
on top.

It's such a jolly, giggling-girl mood, but DENISE and CLARA
know that LUCILLE is fragile, that the mood could shift in an
instant.

LUCILLE

I'm a peasant. As good as. I know
you all know it. I don't know how
to dress, how to walk, how to talk.
(MORE)

LUCILLE (CONT'D)
You must be wondering how I got
myself a husband like Ballentine.

CLARA
It's none of our business, Lucille.

SUSY
I was wondering.

If CLARA's stare could kill, SUSY would keel over.

LUCILLE
He was sick. I was nursing him and
... Men always fall for their
nurses.

CLARA
There. Now we know. He's a lucky
man to have you.

MYRTLE
Is there any fried mongrel to go
with that peasant?

The game is to move the conversation on, but SUSY is not
getting it.

SUSY
Did he court you while he was sick
in hospital?

Big mistake. MYRTLE digs SUSY in the ribs.

LUCILLE
I let him woo me. Why should I not?
I had my heart broke plenty of
times. Men get well and they go
away. They forget they were in
love. I thought my time had passed.
But Ballentine didn't forget. He
wanted to marry me. So when my
chance came along, I took it.

CLARA
Lucille: you have a grand life.
Look at all of this. What girl
wouldn't wish for such good
fortune?

But LUCILLE's drinking is making her reckless now.

LUCILLE
I know what all the wives around
here think of me. You will be
thinking the same. I tricked an old
man into loving me. I am no more
than a pretty face.

Quite a conversation killer. No one knows what to say.

CLARA

I had a child to a man was already married. I have chased after men who will never love me. You have found a husband whose only desire is to make you happy. Lucille, if you think we are here to judge you for that, then you are wrong.

LUCILLE is weeping, feeling the relief of being accepted.

And there, to cap it, is BALLENTINE waving to them from a bench.

23

EXT. PATH NEAR THE RIVER - DAY

23

KATHERINE and MORAY walk by the river.

KATHERINE

It truly is a comfort to me to have you to turn to, Moray. I hope that you appreciate how grateful I am. I feel that -- knowing you are at hand, that is enough.

(she lets out a choked laugh)

I dreamt about you last night. In truth, it was hardly a dream: I saw you standing in my room, as though you were actually there. I took it as a sign. Please say that you don't mind me speaking this way.

MORAY

A sign of what, Katherine?

KATHERINE

That you are beside me.

MORAY

Katherine, seeing you this way ... Seeing you as you were when we last spoke ... Tom punishes you because I am here to remind him of how things were between us. It is a provocation to him. If we see one another -- I can't help thinking this will make this worse.

This stops her. She looks at him.

MORAY (CONT'D)

Be honest with me -- be honest with yourself: do you suppose things will get better if we continue like this?

KATHERINE

I brought you back here to punish you. It was not enough to ruin you. That could never match the hurt I felt when you abandoned me. I put you back in that place so that I could watch you with Denise and ... I didn't care how long it might take ... I wanted her to feel as I felt. To be terrified of losing you. And then to lose you. But now ... A few moments alone with you, to feel your tenderness, your protection ... I don't want to hurt anyone now. I only want to know that sometimes we can be like this. Don't take that away from me. You asked me to be honest ... That is as much truth as I can bear.

MORAY

Tom will destroy you ...

KATHERINE

Denise will destroy you. Have you thought of that?

This stops him: he doesn't know what she means. He fears it.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Tom told me what he sees in the store ... Denise has such ambition ... I saw her face when he suggested that she might go to Paris ... He says that she will outrun you ...

She's done it: she's got beneath his skin, and she can see it.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

You asked me to be honest with you, Moray. I implore you to meet truth with truth. What I describe: Is that what you see?

He has to make himself lift his head to look her in the eyes: he nods his head, yes.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

You have comforted me. Can't I comfort you?

She takes hold of his hand.

24

EXT. GARDENS. DEERNESS HOUSE - DAY

24

DENISE approaches BALLENTINE on his bench.

In the distance the GIRLS can be heard laughing on their picnic blanket.

DENISE

I thought you might like to try a piece of Myrtle's Myrtle cake, Mr. Ballentine.

BALLENTINE

Sit with me.

DENISE sits and BALLENTINE tries the cake.

BALLENTINE (CONT'D)

You have something on your mind.

DENISE

You have such a splendid home, such a good life, a lovely wife ...

BALLENTINE

Why do I not retire? Why should I? I had several opportunities to sell my brewery, but I was never tempted. It keeps me going, to work. Keeps me sharp.

(he laughs)

Every new challenge takes ten years off my life! Well, perhaps five. I make beer. I feel I have done all there is to do in selling ales to the nation. I would like one more business conquest to make me young again.

It's an enticement, and it makes DENISE smile.

BALLENTINE (CONT'D)

I heard that Moray has been trying to raise funds to get his store back -- without much success. How did he come to lose it?

DENISE

He fell in love. He gave up all that he had to be true to his girl.

BALLENTINE looks over to the picnic.

BALLENTINE

Yes. I am aware of the stories. It rather endears him to me. But then I have become something of a romantic in my old age, as you can see, Denise.

DENISE

Mr. Ballentine, would you meet with Mr. Moray so that he might put before you a proposal to invest in The Paradise? It is a sound enterprise, with potential for extensive expansion. We are not vulnerable to the whims of fashion -- in fact, we are always ahead of our customers. As modern manufacturing creates new goods, we are the first to offer them. More and more people are coming to the city -- as I did, as your wife did. What they want is the new, the glamorous, foreign goods ... People want betterment and The Paradise is a haven for all that they wish for.

BALLENTINE

Why would I need Moray to present to me when you do it so admirably?

DENISE

(laughs)

I'm sorry. I got carried away ...

BALLENTINE

Don't apologise for what you're good at, Denise. I wanted a son. Someone who would take my business and make it flourish for his own generation. If I'd had the son I wished for, he would have been just like you. Put together a formal proposition and I will consider it.

DENISE smiles, elated.

25

INT. THE GREAT HALL. THE PARADISE - NIGHT

25

MORAY watches as PORTERS hang up the store decorations ...

Great, beautiful Birds of Paradise and a banner proclaiming Five Years.

26

INT. THE GREAT HALL. THE PARADISE - DAY

26

The store is brightly decorated. STAFF are passing out flags to the CUSTOMERS.

DENISE carries her sense of elation into the scene. She's on the move with MORAY and DUDLEY.

DENISE

Mr. Ballentine understands the need for progress, that a business like ours can never rest.

MORAY is haunted by what Katherine said to him.

MORAY

I hope that "our" store does not seem to him to be taking a nap.

But DENISE can't stop her effervescence and enthusiasm.

DENISE

The Paradise appeals to him, and he is impressed with how we run things.

MORAY

So you have already been through with him the details of the business?

DENISE

No. I ... We were speaking and the way the conversation went he was taken with the idea.

She is making things worse, and DUDLEY can see that MORAY is struggling.

DUDLEY

He does seem like a good fit for us, Moray: a brewer, working with hotels: he knows the retail world.

DENISE

He has capital. He is interested. Surely we would be wise --

MORAY

Capital? It was not so very long ago, Denise, that you could hardly wrap your tongue around Crepe De Chine.

It is like a gunshot in the room.

DUDLEY

Moray, Denise may well have found exactly what you are looking for.

DENISE

Mr. Ballentine as good as said that he is willing to invest. He would like you to meet with him --

MORAY

Katherine and Tom are not minded to sell. It would antagonise them if they thought we were manoeuvring against them.

DUDLEY

But surely there is no harm in having funding in place?

MORAY

We must find investment that is from the best source and comes at the most favourable time.

DUDLEY is ready to confront MORAY -- but something shifts in him.

ARTHUR arrives with a few messages for MORAY.

ARTHUR

Mr. Moray, sir, your messages.

This time MORAY doesn't even look at them, just passes them on to DUDLEY.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I know, sir: Mr. Dudley will deal with them.

DUDLEY and ARTHUR head off, so DENISE and MORAY are alone.

And all around them the store is brightly decorated.

MORAY

I long to go back to that time of innocence between us. The two of us talking in the dark ...

DENISE

Sweetheart, it was never innocent. You were engaged to be married. I was a shop girl who worked for you. It has always been difficult: but we persevered because we love one another. It is the same now.

MORAY

Sometimes I wish you didn't work here. I wish we had met on the street. I just want us to love one another and for it all to be simple. What is wrong with that?

He is so tender, so beseeching, that DENISE cannot deny him.

DENISE

There is nothing wrong with that. I think it is called romance.

27 INT. TOM'S BEDROOM. BELVILLE HOUSE - DAY

27

TOM alone, his shirt removed.

He hears a sound and he assumes it is KATHERINE.

But the face he sees in the mirror staring at him is FLORA.

We see what she is transfixed by: the scars on TOM's back.

He is paralysed for a moment too.

When he turns around, she is gone.

28 INT. KITCHENS. THE PARADISE - DAY

28

Stoves bubbling, ovens smoking, a steam-engulfed MYRTLE is in her element.

Before ARTHUR is a step inside of the back door MYRTLE's voice stops him.

MYRTLE

Kitchens is not a passageway.
Kitchens is not somewhere you trot through. My kitchen is a place of work. Out! Out!

ARTHUR

Might Mr. Lovett have a cup of tea?

MYRTLE

Cup of tea? Oh yes, of course, I'll drop everything. I mean, look at me -- I have all day to gaze out of the windows. How slack of me not to notice that Edmund Lovett is across the street in need of a hot drink.

ARTHUR

He's painting his shop.

MYRTLE

Well now, that makes all the difference. I shall tell Mr. Dudley that lunches will be late. I must attend to our neighbour.

ARTHUR

No. Myrtle. What I'm saying is: he's not right. Edmund. It's like he's at war with his own shop.

This stops MYRTLE. She sees how concerned ARTHUR is.

MYRTLE

There's not much you miss, is there, Arthur. I will fetch it myself. And I'll cheer him up.

ARTHUR scoots off.

29

EXT. LOVETT'S DRAPERY. TOLLGATE STREET - DAY

29

Scrape, scrape, scrape: the sound of EDMUND working is like the outward sound of the thoughts that grate on his mind.

MYRTLE has brought cake for EDMUND with his tea.

MYRTLE

It's a fine job you're doing, Edmund. It has to be said.

SAM

Ah, yes, so fine that you know what's coming, don't you, Myrtle?

MYRTLE

I do. When he's finished the outside it will cross his mind to do the inside.

SAM

Just to have it all the same, like.

EDMUND is brooding, silent, stewing.

MYRTLE

And when he's done the inside --

SAM

He'll admire his handiwork and he'll say --

They don't realise how this bites into EDMUND.

SAM (CONT'D)

"It would be a shame to leave it
when I've got it looking so
splendid!"

It's too much. EDMUND blows.

EDMUND

Do you think this is no more than a
joke? You stand here like it's a
spectacle, no better than bear
bating. Let's go across the street
and laugh at old Edmund Lovett.

SAM

Edmund, we're not here to --

EDMUND

Let's entertain ourselves with a
man's failure. Do you think this is
how I want it to end? Scarping
away, for the whole street to see?

MYRTLE

Come on now, Edmund, eat your cake
--

EDMUND blows, hurls the cake at MYRTLE.

EDMUND

Cake? Cake? What is this? A party?
I don't want your cake. I know why
you're here. Point the finger. He's
still here. He can't let go of his
hopeless little shop!

EDMUND is crimson with frustration.

MYRTLE

No one's here to mock you, Edmund.
We're here because we feel for you
--

EDMUND

I don't want your pity.

He thrusts the scraper at SAM.

EDMUND (CONT'D)

Here. You scrape my name off. What
else? You want to see my belongings
on the street?

He's suffering and there is nothing they can do to stop it.

EDMUND (CONT'D)

Go on! Get away from me!

He chases them away, across the street.

Once he is alone EDMUND looks up at his name above his shop and he can't stop the tears from coming.

30 INT. STORES AND BAYS. THE PARADISE - DAY

30

As DUDLEY approaches the refectory, DENISE catches up with him, speaks to him confidentially.

DENISE

Mr. Dudley, will you help me to prepare a bid?

DUDLEY

But Moray doesn't want us to.

DENISE

Yes, I know that. But --

SAM comes hurrying up.

SAM

Denise. Your uncle. Prickly is not the word. You might want to step over there and see if you can calm him down a little. We tried. He had us just about running for our lives.

31 INT. REFECTORY. THE PARADISE - DAY

31

DENISE at the table with her meal. DUDLEY sits beside her, speaks privately.

DUDLEY

You think we should defy Moray?

DENISE

Let's not call it that. Let's call it helping him. Without his knowledge. Or his consent. But helping nonetheless. If we secure workable funding ... The Westons are crushing John, Dudley. We must do something. Even if it only amounts to a little hope to keep him going ...

Her devotion makes DUDLEY flinch.

DUDLEY

I'm not sure that acting secretly is the best way, Denise.

DENISE

I don't know what Myrtle puts in her pastry -- she claims she has a secret ingredient -- provided it's not her toenails I don't need to know so long as it tastes good.

JONAS comes in, collecting his food, coming to the table. We are never quite sure how much JONAS hears ...

MYRTLE is clearing up.

MYRTLE

Denise. What is eating up your uncle? He was throwing cake at me on the street.

DENISE

I must go across to see him -- I have been so busy ...

JONAS

Perhaps he's wise to what it is you put in your recipe, Myrtle.

He laughs.

32

INT. THE THREE CROWNS - NIGHT

32

CLARA and LUCILLE in a booth.

LUCILLE

I go to sleep with one thought. I wake up with the same thought. I push it away, but it keeps coming back. I made a mistake. A terrible mistake.

CLARA

Lucille, you are only a few months married. It can happen. When all of the wonder of it wears off, doubts creep in. That's all ...

LUCILLE

No. I see people looking at me with Ballentine -- I saw it in your face when I brought him into the store --

CLARA

What does it matter what others think of you?

LUCILLE

Because it's true. It must be true. The more kindness he shows to me, the more guilty I feel.

(MORE)

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

It is a mistake. I have to admit it. I have to.

CLARA

What are you saying? What are you going to do?

LUCILLE

I will leave him.

CLARA

Have you told him this?

LUCILLE

It is his birthday soon. He has such plans. He has invited his friends. I cannot go until after that.

CLARA

A broken heart delayed is still a broken heart.

LUCILLE's eyes flare in anger.

LUCILLE

I know what a broken heart is.

CLARA

What will you tell him?

LUCILLE

I won't. I will just be gone.

CLARA

Isn't that a cruel thing to do to a man who loves you?

LUCILLE

It is more cruel if I stay.

There is something else, and CLARA can't quite fathom it.

33

INT. FLORA'S BEDROOM. BELVILLE HOUSE - DAY

33

TOM comes in. The room is empty. He might leave but he senses that FLORA is here.

He looks, and finds the CHILD hiding.

TOM

Flora, you shouldn't have come into my room like that. You ought to knock before you come into your father's room.

He has come to discipline her, but he feels her eyes on him and the shame takes over him.

TOM (CONT'D)
Did it frighten you?

FLORA
Who did that to you?

It is the question that terrifies him.

TOM
It was the siege. The battle.

He cannot bear to have her eyes on him: he feels alone in the world with his secret.

FLORA
Will it ever get better?

He cannot bear this, wants away.

TOM
I wish you hadn't seen it. I wish
you hadn't seen ... You must knock,
do you understand? You must knock.

He turns and goes.

34

INT. DUDLEY'S OFFICE. THE PARADISE - NIGHT

34

DUDLEY leads DENISE through ledgers and figures.

DUDLEY
Don't pretend to know or understand
anything that you don't. He is a
businessman of many years
experience: he will know. Keep the
figures simple: don't inflate or
exaggerate. If he catches you out
then you have lost him.

DENISE
Wouldn't it be better if you came
with me?

DUDLEY
No, it wouldn't.

DENISE
But -- why wouldn't it?

There is something about him that is making DENISE curious.

DUDLEY
Because you found Ballentine, he's
your conquest.

There is a sound outside: someone is out there.

DUDLEY goes to investigate and DENISE follows him.

It is dark and dead quiet in the hallway.

DUDLEY (CONT'D)

There's no one here.

DENISE

What you told me -- that is not the true reason, is it, Dudley?

DUDLEY

I would present Mr. Ballentine with figures, and he would see in me a man who can be trusted with his investment. You will light up the room, Denise. I am good at what I do. The best at my own job. But something like this takes an entrepreneur.

DENISE

I just want to see the look on John's face when I tell him we have a way out.

DUDLEY

And you will, Denise. You will.

Another sound.

DUDLEY (CONT'D)

Go. Go to bed. Good luck ...

DENISE hurries off into the dark.

35

INT. DENISE'S ROOMS. THE PARADISE - DAY

35

DENISE is getting ready for her big day tomorrow. A tap on the door. DENISE finds CLARA at the door.

CLARA

There's something I need to tell you.

DENISE

Then come in ...

But CLARA can't quite come in: it's painful for her here.

CLARA

You're quite settled in.

DENISE

I miss the dorm.

CLARA

I wouldn't.

DENISE

What is it, Clara?

CLARA

Why couldn't I be the one who met Campbell Ballentine, and woo him and marry him?

DENISE

The right man will come along for you, Clara: I'm certain of it.

CLARA

You have the gift of foresight now, do you, as well as your many other talents?

DENISE

(laughs)

Perhaps. Or perhaps what I am saying is -- that is what you deserve, so I believe it is possible.

CLARA

Then have pity for the fool who falls for me.

DENISE

What did you want to tell me?

CLARA

It's Lucille. She ... You're going out?

She has seen the coat and the documents case and the way DENISE is dressed.

DENISE

Clara, will you please take care of the Department this morning? I will be away for a few hours.

CLARA

Look at you. Where shall I say has been blessed with your presence?

DENISE puts her coat on, ready to go out: she looks different, more formal, businesslike.

DENISE

I have an appointment. I will be back before lunch.

CLARA

Denise, if you think you can take on Katherine Weston ... I have watched you. I know you can't help yourself. It is all well-meant. I see that now. What am I trying to say? Isn't it simple? You broke that woman's heart. You took away from her the man she loves.

DENISE

You said "loves" ...

CLARA

Loves. Loved. Aren't they all the same?

DENISE

You think Katherine still wants John?

CLARA

He loves you, so what does it matter?

DENISE

I have to go.

DENISE picks up a document case and starts out.

DENISE (CONT'D)

What was it that you wanted to tell me about Lucille?

CLARA

Oh. It can wait.

36

INT. THE GREAT HALL. THE PARADISE - DAY

36

JONAS walks with TOM as he moves through the store.

TOM

How long would it take Fenton to build a store from nothing? Months. A year. The man is all bluff.

JONAS

He has two lucrative emporiums, and is building another. I should take him at his word, Mr. Weston, sir.

TOM stops -- looks around the store at the decorations. They seem to taunt him.

TOM

Has he spoken to Moray? He has. I know it. Well let them. I have a mind to be rid of Moray today.

JONAS

Sir, if I may ... I was struck by the reason you gave to Mr. Fenton for refusing his offer ... That it would be cowardly to submit to his demands. Your words have stayed with me. Affairs of business and finances, sir, they are performed with cunning and calculation -- but they do not require courage. Not real courage, as you know it.

TOM finds this difficult, wants an end to it.

JONAS (CONT'D)

It is not a failure of a man's nerve, sir, to buy or sell. I know you will have seen cowardice -- seen men collapse with fear ... And I sense how much you deplore cowardice. A man of your standing, an officer, decorated -- to you cowardice must be a despicable trait in any man --

TOM

Enough.

It is not the volume but the ferocity of this that makes PEOPLE stop to look.

TOM feels exposed, under scrutiny --

TOM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry ... I ...

And two images flash into his mind:

FLORA seeing the scars ...

TOM (CONT'D)

My daughter ... Flora ...

FLORA asking her FATHER will the scars ever go.

TOM pulls himself back, makes himself face JONAS.

TOM (CONT'D)

She was distressed this morning and it has left me ... I am not quite myself.

JONAS
I understand, sir.

37 EXT. THE PARADISE. TOLLGATE STREET - DAY

37

DENISE climbs into a carriage.

EDMUND sees her, dressed so fine and looking so authoritative. It bemuses him, like a great, painful distance between them. He calls her name, but his shock makes his voice low, timid --

EDMUND
Denise ...

She has not heard him, and the carriage sweeps her away.

DUDLEY is watching too, from the entrance of The Paradise.

38 INT. MORAY'S OFFICE. THE PARADISE - DAY

38

MORAY turns away from the window. He saw too.

JONAS is already in the room.

JONAS
There is something about Mr
Weston's time in the army, sir.
Something he cannot bear to speak
about.

MORAY
Denise has just left the street in
a carriage. Where has she gone to?

JONAS
You might be better asking Mr.
Dudley about that, sir.

39 INT. LADIESWEAR. THE PARADISE - DAY

39

LUCILLE is pursuing CLARA, anxious, trying to mask her desperation as she walks through the store with CLARA.

LUCILLE
Clara, I don't know what possessed
me to say such things to you --
about my husband.

CLARA
Like I said, just a few doubts.

LUCILLE
I couldn't sleep for fear that --

They pass SUSY and it makes LUCILLE clam up.

By now they are on the stairs, heading for Ladieswear.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)
You didn't tell anyone what I said
to you, did you?

CLARA has a decision to make ... She just wants done with it.

CLARA
There was nothing to tell.

LUCILLE
Because ... I couldn't bear it if
Ballentine found out. I mean, found
out what I had been saying.

CLARA
But your mind is made up?

LUCILLE can't face it, turns away.

She is quick to get in amongst the goods for sale.

LUCILLE
Oh, I have not see these shawls
before. Do you like them? We must
both have one, Clara.

CLARA
There is no need for that, Mrs.
Ballentine.

LUCILLE
I just want to show you what you
mean to me. I have a friend. I have
a true friend.

She looks around to see that they can speak privately. Now
LUCILLE pulls off a ring.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)
I want you to have this.

CLARA
I can't accept that from you.

LUCILLE
You must. Please. To show you.
Friends. Trusted friends.

It is so hurtful to CLARA: to be bought, to be bribed like
this.

CLARA

There are rules about such things
in the store. If I accept it I
could lose my position.

LUCILLE

Then don't tell them. It will be
between us.

It is too much for CLARA: she can't stop herself --

CLARA

Do you think you can buy my
sympathy, my friendship, my
silence?

LUCILLE slaps CLARA hard on the face.

CLARA takes it, gathers herself, then --

CLARA (CONT'D)

You are a customer. You are no more
to me than that.

LUCILLE turns on her heels and goes.

40

EXT. GARDENS. BELVILLE HOUSE - DAY

40

FLORA is dancing. She spins around in what seems like joyful
circles. TOM is close by, watching her.

But FLORA is spinning out of control, like she can't stop
herself. She is spinning wildly now, so that she stumbles and
falls.

By the time TOM gets to her, FLORA is crying helplessly.

TOM

Did you hurt yourself?

But by now TOM is holding the CHILD and sees that it is
distress that has gripped her.

FLORA

It's the same.

TOM

What is the same, Flora?

FLORA

The way you are with Katherine. The
same as it was with Mama. Before
she went away.

It's a shock for TOM, and he holds FLORA tight to him. We see
something shift in TOM -- a moment of reckoning.

41 INT. BALLENTINE'S OFFICE - DAY

41

BALLENTINE finishes reading papers.

BALLENTINE

The projected income for the next year ...

DENISE

Yes, sir?

BALLENTINE

I imagined it might be more. Is there a problem?

DENISE

I erred on the side of caution, sir. False expectations create disappointment and a sense of failure. What I have predicted and what we reach for are not the same thing.

BALLENTINE

(smiles, enjoying this)

Do you have the figures of what you might "reach for," Denise.

DENISE produces more papers and BALLENTINE likes what he sees.

BALLENTINE (CONT'D)

Why did Moray not make this presentation himself?

DENISE

Please don't hold this one small omission against him, sir. He has built The Paradise from nothing. He knows better than anyone what it takes to make the store successful.

BALLENTINE

The proposal meets with my satisfaction, Denise. But I have other considerations to take into account. I will not keep you waiting for an answer too long.

DENISE

Thank you, sir.

She's up and ready to go.

BALLENTINE

He's a fortunate fellow. I hope he knows it.

She smiles at him and nods shyly before she goes.

42 INT. BELVILLE HOUSE - NIGHT 42

TOM comes to the door to KATHERINE's room. He turns the handle, but the door is locked -- blocked by a chair on the other side.

43 INT. KATHERINE'S BEDROOM. BELVILLE HOUSE - NIGHT 43

KATHERINE looking at the door as TOM tries to open it.

A whispered voice from the other side of the door.

TOM (O.S.)

Katherine ...

But she buries herself in her bed and pulls the blankets up.

44 INT. THE PARADISE - DAY 44

DUDLEY finds MORAY staring at the Birds of Paradise.

MORAY

The Birds of Paradise -- were they
Denise's idea?

DUDLEY

You underestimate me, Moray.

MORAY

I do sometimes forget what you are
capable of, Dudley. I found her
sitting in my chair. As though she
were trying out the throne.

DUDLEY

(laughs)

Do you suppose I haven't done the
same? And Sam? I once found Arthur
sitting there. We are all allowed
to daydream, Moray. There is no
harm in it.

MORAY

I seem to be jumping at shadows,
don't I.

DUDLEY

You know why ...

MORAY looks at him, asking for the answer.

DUDLEY (CONT'D)

You are consumed with such underhand business with Jonas and Fenton that you refuse to notice that Ballentine is the perfect financier for you. Why is that?

It is MORAY's own moment of reckoning and he can't deny it.

MORAY

Because Denise found him. She wooed him.

DUDLEY

Denise brought you a gift. She did it for you. Because she loves you. You have lost sight of what matters. You prefer to dally with Katherine Weston in the belief that you can -- who knows what ...

MORAY

I have been an almighty fool, Dudley.

DUDLEY

You have. So what do you propose to do about it?

45 INT. KATHERINE'S BEDROOM. BELVILLE HOUSE - DAY 45

KATHERINE is newly dressed. She hears gunshots outside.

46 EXT. BACK OF BELVILLE HOUSE - DAY 46

The yards here are muddy, back of house: the grandness of the house elsewhere.

KATHERINE finds TOM taking off his boots, dead birds beside him. Guns propped against the wall.

She hesitates, about to turn away, but he stops her.

TOM

I did not come into your room to frighten you, Katherine. I came to look at you.

Still she wants away. Still he has not looked at her.

TOM (CONT'D)

I have received an offer to sell The Paradise.

KATHERINE

Why would we want to do such a thing?

TOM

I have decided it is for the best.

KATHERINE

No. You can't.

TOM

I can. I am your husband. What I decide will prevail.

KATHERINE

But -- it makes no sense --

TOM

Flora is afraid that she will lose you.

And now he looks at her: nails her still with his eyes.

KATHERINE

But why would she lose me?

TOM looks to where FLORA is petting the gun dogs.

TOM

Because I might drive you away. As I drove her mother away. Last night, Katherine, I came to your room to tell you that I don't want to lose you.

He does not take hold of her: he doesn't need to.

TOM (CONT'D)

What if we were to stop? Stop punishing one another. What if we were to say: we are married now, we can make a life? Flora adores you. We have a child to care for.

KATHERINE cannot speak, caught by the levity of this: the one thing she cannot renege on: Flora.

She crosses to the CHILD now and touches her face gently.

KATHERINE

Flora, I promised you I would always be here. I will not break my word.

She kisses the GIRL.

47 INT. KATHERINE'S BEDROOM. BELVILLE HOUSE - DAY 47
KATHERINE is writing a note to Moray.

48 INT. THE GREAT HALL. THE PARADISE - DAY 48
ARTHUR brings a note to DUDLEY.

ARTHUR
Message for Mr. Moray, sir.

DUDLEY
Thank you, Arthur.

It's a joke -- until DUDLEY sees the handwriting. Then he passes it to MORAY.

MORAY reads the note and then -- hardly able to look at DUDLEY, he sets off.

As he reaches the exit he meets DENISE coming in.

DENISE
You're going out?

He's caught out and in his panic, he grabs at what he can --

MORAY
Darling, I ... I have an appointment to see Campbell Ballentine. I took your advice and approached him.

DENISE
That is wonderful. I am so pleased.

He squeezes her hand and hurries off to the waiting carriage.

49 EXT. WALLED GARDEN. BELVILLE HOUSE - DAY 49
MORAY is waiting anxiously, mumbling to himself.

MORAY
Katherine, I am so sorry ...

50 INT. STAIRWAY. THE PARADISE - DAY 50
Coming down the stairs CLARA meets BALLENTINE at the bottom.

BALLENTINE
It's Clara, isn't it?

CLARA
It is, sir. If you will excuse me.

She wants away: it's too awkward to face him.

BALLENTINE

I wanted to speak with you, Clara.

Across the store, LUCILLE arrives and sees CLARA speaking with her HUSBAND.

It terrifies her. She waits until they are finished -- watches as BALLENTINE goes off up the stairs and then advances on CLARA ...

LUCILLE

Did you tell him?

CLARA stops, reluctantly turns around to face her.

CLARA

I wouldn't do such a thing.

LUCILLE

You did. I saw you. I saw you speaking with my husband.

CLARA

He was inviting me -- inviting all of the girls -- to his birthday party. To please you.

There is such cutting honesty in this that LUCILLE crumbles.

LUCILLE

There ... Do you see it now? Do you see why I must leave him?

CLARA

What is there to see?

LUCILLE

I don't deserve a man like him. It's true. The more devoted he is to me, the more I wait for the day when he will see me as I truly am. I tricked him. I bewitched him.

CLARA

What do you mean?

LUCILLE

When I was nursing him, there was one night ... He was so handsome ... When he was sleeping ... I couldn't seem to stop myself ... I kissed him. I feel as though I have stolen his soul in his sleep and that's why he loves me.

CLARA

Why would you torment yourself with such superstition? Do you think he is so easily fooled? You did not steal his love, you did not trick him.

LUCILLE

Why do I let such thoughts take over me?

CLARA

What does it matter why? Listen to me: do you love him?

LUCILLE

Of course --

CLARA

Then love him. That is all he wants from you. Love him and you will be rid of your torments. If you leave him you will curse yourself for the rest of your days. To hell with what you see in other people's eyes. Your husband adores you. You have been lucky in finding such man. Why not just accept your luck?

LUCILLE sighs with relief, takes hold of CLARA's hand.

51

INT. LADIESWEAR. THE PARADISE - DAY

51

DENISE is working, engrossed, and so she's surprised when she sees BALLENTINE standing there.

BALLENTINE

Don't look so startled, Denise. I thought you would be pleased to see me.

DENISE

I am, Mr. Ballentine. It's just ... I am glad to see you.

BALLENTINE

I had hoped Moray would have the good grace to send me a note at least.

DENISE

Has he made no contact with you?

BALLENTINE

Perhaps that is just as well. I am tempted by this place, Denise. I want to invest.

DENISE

But that is wonderful news. Thank you.

Her elation blows away her anxiety about Moray's whereabouts.

BALLENTINE

One of the things I have had to consider is this: I could just as well buy the store. Put in a manager. Someone I can trust, someone I have faith in. Someone with vision, ambition ...

DENISE

Sir, before any such considerations, I implore you to meet with Moray, hear him speak about this place. I am sure you will want to do business with him.

BALLENTINE

Very well. I am going to trust your judgement in this, Denise.

He can see she is bursting with excitement.

BALLENTINE (CONT'D)

Go on, who is it you want to tell?

DENISE

Thank you, sir. And ... Thank you.

She hurries out.

52

EXT. TOLLGATE STREET - DAY

52

EDMUND stares at his name above the shop. He steels himself.

CU: The sign with Edmund's name on it. The scraper scratches at the painted words ... erasing one letter, then the next.

EDMUND makes himself do it, his eyes like raging stars.

DUDLEY

You could take on a new calling, Edmund. My house needs painting.

EDMUND

I know I can't stay here. I know I am a married man. I have a new life -- I know it.

EDMUND's burning agony is no longer external: he has turned in on himself.

EDMUND (CONT'D)

I feel as though my old life has been taken away from me -- I have been robbed of it. And every bit of me wants to fight against that. I can't let it go. Not yet. Not like this ...

DENISE comes running out. As she is heading across the street, something happens --

EDMUND is gripped by terrible pains in his chest. They take him down. He can't keep his grip on the ladder and he --

Crashes to the ground -- with a mighty, terrible, crunch.

There is an awful frozen moment when everyone takes this in.

DENISE

Uncle -- no -- no --

She rushes over and kneels beside EDMUND on the ground.

53

INT. BEDROOM. LOVETT'S DRAPERY - DAY

53

EDMUND is unconscious, with DENISE and LUCILLE beside him.

LUCILLE

Your uncle is an ox of a man. He will recover from this. He will need rest. A lifetime of rest.

DENISE

He has been like a father to me. I have been so caught up in my own concerns, I had no time for him. The last time I spoke to him I was chiding him.

LUCILLE

Then the next time you speak to him be sure to make him laugh.

DENISE kisses EDMUND.

DUDLEY is at the door. LUCILLE steps out to let them speak.

DENISE

Where is John?

DUDLEY

If he knew what had happened, I am certain he would want to be with you here.

DENISE

You haven't answered my question,
Dudley. Where is he?

They look at one another, both knowing what this means.

DENISE (CONT'D)

You know where he is, don't you.

54

EXT. WALLED GARDEN. BELVILLE HOUSE - DAY

54

MORAY is full of dread as he waits.

He sees KATHERINE coming and he braces himself.

KATHERINE

I wanted ... Thank you for coming --

MORAY

Katherine --

KATHERINE

Will you allow me to speak while it
is all clear to me and I have the
resolve? I am a mother now. I have
the responsibility of a child. I
can't bear to think that my actions
might cause fear for that dear
girl. Do you see? I must forbid
myself from seeing you alone.

She has caught MORAY out and he is catching up.

MORAY

Yes. Yes, I see.

KATHERINE

This must be the last time.

MORAY

Then ... I would not want to burden
you with any more anxiety,
Katherine: I will go.

KATHERINE

Perhaps ... a few moments more.
When I am alone my thoughts are
governed by reason, but when I am
with you it feels different. I feel
overcome with the wish just to look
at you, to touch your hand.

MORAY

I said that I wanted you to turn to
me in your distress ...

She is about to lose him and it makes her want him.

MORAY (CONT'D)
My concern for you, Katherine, has
been entirely genuine: I want you
to know that.

KATHERINE reaches out and holds MORAY's hand tight ...

MORAY (CONT'D)
But I came here today --

KATHERINE
No --

She reaches in to kiss him. MORAY lets her kiss him but he
does not respond. As she stops and looks at him there is an
agony of silence.

MORAY
I love Denise. I cannot in any way
--

KATHERINE
You were always true to her.

MORAY
In my heart, yes.

The hurt is crippling for KATHERINE. She stands up but her
legs won't quite hold her. MORAY instinctively reaches to aid
her but she turns on him -- it is not venom, but heartbreak
that is in her face and it is ferocious.

KATHERINE
I will stand on my own.

She walks away, leaving him there.

55 INT. BEDROOM. LOVETT'S DRAPERY - DAY

55

DENISE alone with EDMUND when MORAY comes in.

MORAY
Denise, I'm sorry I wasn't here
with you.

DENISE
You were with Katherine, weren't
you?

MORAY
I love you.

DENISE
Look at me.

MORAY
I have not betrayed you.

DENISE

I want you to look at me and tell
me where you have been.

MORAY

I have been with Katherine.

DENISE

I wish to be with my uncle. Please
let me sit in peace with my uncle.

She lays her head onto EDMUND's chest.

MORAY looks at her like this, then he goes.

56

EXT. THE MAZE. GARDENS. BELVILLE HOUSE - NIGHT

56

TOM is searching for KATHERINE. He looks down each lane of
the maze without success.

Then, there she is, sitting on the ground, broken hearted.

TOM

Did Moray do this to you?

KATHERINE

No ... Tom ...
(but she can't deny it)
I can't help myself ...

57

INT. BEDROOM. LOVETT'S DRAPERY - NIGHT

57

DENISE lies with her head on EDMUND. He stirs and wakes,
finds her there.

EDMUND

I think it's about time I retired,
isn't it.

He has made her laugh.

DENISE

I'm not going to chide you, if
that's what you want.

EDMUND

What I want is a cup of tea.

DENISE

You always say I make the worst tea
in the world.

EDMUND

Then I want a cup of the worst tea
in the world.

He grips DENISE's hand.

EDMUND (CONT'D)

Why is it that pain has to teach us
what is right before our eyes?
Twenty-three years I have loved
Audrey, believing it would never
be. Now she is waiting for me and I
fight it to hold onto to a bit of
pride. Well, I am done fighting
now, Denise.

58

INT. THE PARADISE - DAY

58

LUCILLE finds CLARA with BALLENTINE.

She looks to CLARA then takes hold of BALLENTINE's hand.

BALLENTINE

All is well?

He means with EDMUND.

LUCILLE

All is well.

Her eyes are on CLARA: she means something more personal.

As MORAY passes through there are poppers cracking and flags
waving as the Five Year Celebrations begin. He is desolate
and alone amongst the festivities.

CLARA watches him pass -- seeing the defeat in him.

And DUDLEY sees it, too.

59

INT. LOVETT'S DRAPERY. TOLLGATE STREET - NIGHT

59

EDMUND is sleeping. DENISE sits holding his hand.

A sound. It's DUDLEY.

DUDLEY

Denise, I don't want you to -- I
know this must be -- you must not
think of leaving.

DENISE

I am not going to leave. I belong
here.

End