

The Secret.

By Sarah Solemani

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C/O  
Jessica Cooper  
Curtis Brown  
Haymarket House  
28-29 Haymarket  
London SW1 4SP  
T: +44 (0) 7393 4465

Produced by: Working Title  
26 Aybrook Street  
London  
W1U 4AN  
+44 20 7307 30

C/O  
Melissa Myers  
WME  
9601 Wilshire Blvd  
Beverly Hills  
CA 90210  
T: 310 246 3328

1 INT. SMALL SPARE BEDROOM. NIGHT.

1

The quiet, creaky opening of a door in darkness. We creep in. TOM, late 30's, sleeps. CHARLOTTE, late 20's, hovers.

CHARLOTTE

Tom.

Charlotte stares at him.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

(louder)

Tom.

TOM wakes up with a fright. Seeing CHARLOTTE he smiles, settles back down.

TOM

You shouldn't be in here.

CHARLOTTE

Why not?

TOM

Bad luck. Seeing each other the day before. Or the night before. Something like that.

CHARLOTTE climbs in and puts her feet on TOM.

TOM (CONT'D)

Cold! Feet!

He squeals. CHARLOTTE stares ahead. She sighs, heavily.

CHARLOTTE

Oh God what if Dad gets out his ukelele?

TOM

(eyes closed)

He won't.

CHARLOTTE

He will. He'll get all Irish.

TOM

... well ...

CHARLOTTE

What if Matt gets too drunk?

TOM

He won't.

CHARLOTTE

He might. He might get naked. He does that.

TOM

He might get naked. That might happen.

CHARLOTTE

What if you hate my hair? I am trying something different.

TOM

I won't. I'll love it.

CHARLOTTE

Might not. Might not work at all. Might make me look like a prison warden. Or a dog breeder. Or a monk. Not a thin one. A friar? Friar.

TOM

Oh Char. Please. It's such a big day tomorrow.

CHARLOTTE sighs in exhaustion. She turns over and tries to get to sleep. The sound of a ticking clock. The sound of a lone car passing outside. CHARLOTTE turns over again. She lies on her back.

CHARLOTTE

Tom. I'm worried I haven't told you everything.

TOM

S'okay. We've got the rest of our lives. Shhh.

CHARLOTTE

But I've kept a secret from you. Something that happened. In France. A bad thing. A bad sex thing.

TOM sits up. He turns on the light. Definitely awake now.

TOM

For Christ's sake Charlotte, what are you ...

CHARLOTTE starts giggling.

TOM (CONT'D)

Are you winding me up?

CHARLOTTE

No. Not at all.

TOM

Why you laughing then?

CHARLOTTE

I don't know. I'm nervous.

TOM

What the - why now? Why are you doing this now?

CHARLOTTE

*Because.* I can't go to the Church tomorrow with secrets from you. I just can't, Tom, sorry.

TOM

Ok. Go on then. What?

TOM looks at CHARLOTTE. She takes a deep breath.

CHARLOTTE

Erm ... when I was in France, studying in that -

TOM

- year abroad -

CHARLOTTE

Yeah. I was seeing this guy. Older than me. Not as old as you -

TOM

Right.

CHARLOTTE

And, he was crazy. Like .. you know, mad, French ... horny. He had these massive balls -

TOM

- OK -

CHARLOTTE

and I think that meant his libido was off the scale -

TOM

- I can't believe you're doing this Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE

And we did it. All the time. Everywhere. A boat. A delicatessen. A cattery -

TOM

A cattery?

CHARLOTTE

Yeah it's like a hotel you can put your cat in if go on hol -

TOM

I've know what a cattery is Char.

CHARLOTTE

Oh. Sorry. Erm .. So yeah, one night we were at his apartment and his friend came over. We played a game. We were drinking and being stupid. And ...

CHARLOTTE winces. Covers her head in her hands.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Oh God. Oh, it's bad.

TOM

(concerned)

It's OK. It's Ok. What happened?

CHARLOTTE

Erm ... we played this thing ... a bit like strip poker, I can't really remember, the rules were weird. I kept losing. And this guy, the one I was seeing, he asked me to kiss his friend.

TOM

Right?

CHARLOTTE

So I did. I told you! He was -

TOM

Yeah.

CHARLOTTEE

So I kissed his friend. And I guess that turned him on.

TOM

I'm assuming this 'friend' was another bloke.

CHARLOTTE

Yeah. He worked for a tiling firm. It was supposed to be a works drinks.

TOM

... Ok.

CHARLOTTE

And erm ... we took our clothes off, because of the game. All of us sort of lost... And we ... we kind of ... did it.

TOM

So you had a threesome?

CHARLOTTE

Yeah. Yes. But. .. it went on quite a while ... a whole weekend in fact. And a bit of Monday morning slash early afternoon. Until they had to go to work. Tiling.

A moment. They both sit up, facing ahead.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

What are you thinking?

TOM stares.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. Shit, I'm sorry. Oh God - I think I'm overwhelmed. I'm completely overtired. What have I just done? Now you hate me.

TOM

I don't. I love you. I'm marrying you.

CHARLOTTE

Really?

TOM nods.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Thank you.

TOM

Were you careful?

CHARLOTTE

Yes.

TOM

Did you have a nice time?

CHARLOTTE

I don't wanna -

TOM

You can tell me. Be honest. Was it a pleasurable experience?

CHARLOTTE

Well... I mean, yeah. Yeah it was.

TOM digests all this.

TOM

Well then. I guess ... that's all that matters, that you were safe and, you know .. it was a positive thing.

CHARLOTTE

God you're amazing. God I love you.

CHARLOTTE hugs him.

TOM

I love you too. Now, *please* go to sleep.

TOM turns off the light. They settle in the darkness.

CHARLOTTE

Is there anything you want to tell me?

TOM remains motionless.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Tom? ... Do you have any dirty secrets? Anything you're really, *really* ashamed of?

Nothing from TOM.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Tom?

TOM

(irritated)

No.

CHARLOTTE

Ok.

TOM

Why?

CHARLOTTE

I don't know. It's cathartic. I feel better telling you.

TOM

Good.

CHARLOTTE

So there's nothing shady you've done that you want to share with me? In thirty nine years of life. Nothing that haunts you? That you regret? That -

TOM sits up. He turns on the light. He's annoyed.

TOM

Your sister's said something hasn't she?

CHARLOTTE

Bee? No. Why would -

TOM

I don't want to talk about it -

CHARLOTTE

Too late, mate. We're getting married tomorrow - you need to spill those beans!

CHARLOTTE won't let up. TOM sighs, reluctantly.

TOM

I had ... an ... *issue* with an ex-girlfriend.

CHARLOTTE

Right.

TOM

She made life very difficult for me.

CHARLOTTE

Herpes?

TOM

Tut. No.

CHARLOTTE

Oh my God you have a kid.

TOM

No, Char.

CHARLOTTE

Ok. Phew. Carry on.

TOM

I feel really uncomfortable doing this.

CHARLOTTE

Well don't. You shouldn't.

TOM

I'd prefer to tell you another time.

CHARLOTTE

Why?



TOM  
So I can explain properly.

CHARLOTTE  
Explain now.

TOM sighs, obviously troubled.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
What, Tom? What the hell happened?

He can't do it.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
Just say it. It's fine. Just ...  
say ...

TOM  
She said I raped her.

CHARLOTTE looks at him.

TOM (CONT'D)  
She said I pinned her down and  
raped her.

CHARLOTTE looks at him.

TOM (CONT'D)  
After a night out. I knew she was  
crazy, everyone warned me. Her  
nickname was Psycho Jo for God's  
sake. Erm ... it was at my old  
flat. ... yeah, it was rough. It  
was. But she made no indication  
whatsoever that she wasn't enjoying  
it. She instigated it, if anything.  
I thought she was just ... crazy,  
you know, made me grab her neck and  
stuff and....

TOM takes a moment to compose himself.

TOM (CONT'D)  
And a week later. She'd gone to the  
police and said I'd raped her.  
There were bruises... I don't know.  
I was taken in for interview.

CHARLOTTE  
(almost inaudibly)  
Interview?

TOM  
Everything was dropped, charges  
were dropped. But it went around  
the uni and made life really hard.  
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)  
I was on antidepressants, lost  
weight, yeah... terrible. Don't  
like to think about it.

For the first time in the whole piece, CHARLOTTE is quiet.

CHARLOTTE  
Oh my God.

TOM  
I told you.

CHARLOTTE  
Oh my God.

TOM  
Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE  
That's ... that is just ... I can't  
believe that.

TOM  
I know. It's crazy. It's  
ridiculous.

CHARLOTTE  
I mean ... that's big, that's a big  
thing to happen to someone.

TOM  
Yeah.

CHARLOTTE starts to heavy breath.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Char? You OK? Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE  
I can't ... erm ... breathe.

CHARLOTTE sits on the floor, head in legs. TOM rubs her back.

TOM  
Charlotte. Please don't get upset.  
Not tonight. Please.

CHARLOTTE  
You should have told me. You should  
have told me something like that.

TOM  
When? When exactly? I couldn't just  
casually mention during X-factor oh  
by the way I was arrested for being  
a rapist.

CHARLOTTE starts laughing.

CHARLOTTE

I'm not laughing. I'm not. I mean I  
am, but I'm not finding this funny.  
I feel sick. I feel totally sick.

TOM

Charlotte. I promise you. She was  
not a well person. And she  
developed some sort of infatuation  
and to keep me in her life she lied  
and ... And I've moved on now.

CHARLOTTE

Ok.

TOM

Ok.

CHARLOTTE

Ok... How could someone do that to  
you? As if you were capable of ...  
it's just so ridiculous.

TOM looks at her intently. Full of love, and sorrow and fear.

TOM

It's in the past. It's over.

A genuine moment of love between them.

CHARLOTTE

I better go back to my room.

TOM

No. Really?

CHARLOTTE

It's OK. I'm OK. I'm a slag and  
you're a -

TOM

Don't.

CHARLOTTE

Too soon?

TOM nods.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Sorry. Ok. I'm going to go. Night.  
If you hear my Dad snoring I'm  
sorry.

CHARLOTTE leaves the room and walks through her large,  
shabby, Bohemian family London home. She passes her parents

bedroom and sees them asleep in each others arms.

3 INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

3

CHARLOTTE turns the light on to her bedroom. Hanging up is her wedding dress. Simple, elegant. She runs her fingers over the silk. She holds the dress up to her, in front of the mirror. She stares at herself.

4 INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

4

The pop of a champagne cork. Cheers. A bustling kitchen in the morning with a few family members or friends who are staying, TOM included. DOUG, Charlotte's Dad, eccentric, loud - pours.

DOUG

Drink. Drink for you. And you.  
Where's my lovely wife. Ah ha.

He hands a glass to Charlotte's mum, LYNN embraces her.

LYNN

What makes you so relaxed?

DOUG

Love is in the air, Lynn. What's  
not to feel relaxed about?

They cheers and drink. A few ahh's.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Wait for it ...

DOUG pulls out his ukelele. Groans all around. He plays.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I call this one, 'ode to my Son in  
Law'

DOUG begins to serenade TOM. TOM blushes and laughs.

5 INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

5

CHARLOTTE hasn't slept well. She pulls on a dressing gown. She goes down the stairs, pausing when she hears laughter.

6 INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

6

She goes into the kitchen. It's a wonderful, joyous sight. TOM and CHARLOTTE share a smile. She runs to him.

TOM

You Ok?

CHARLOTTE nods, smiling. He wraps his arms closer around her.

7

INT. HOUSE. DAY.

7

The house has gone into full operation, people finishing getting ready, deliveries arriving. LYNN, in rollers, is in the kitchen washing up the breakfast things, on the phone.

LYNN

You have to turn left at the roundabout, Jean and then it's straight up - no, left at the roundabout - yes and then straight up til you get to the Chur- Call me when you - Yeah. Good luck.

During the above CHARLOTTE, still in her dressing gown, comes in and gets a yogurt out the fridge.

LYNN (CONT'D)

(alarmed)

Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE sits down and peels off the yogurt lid.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Come on.

She eats.

LYNN (CONT'D)

It's nearly eleven.

CHARLOTTE

There's not much cherry in this.

CHARLOTTE examines the pot label.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

For a cherry yogurt. Hardly any cherry at all.

LYNN

Hello?! Earth to bride. There's a schedule, there's masses to do, have you even had a shower?

CHARLOTTE takes another spoonful and sets the yogurt down.

CHARLOTTE

Mum. I need to talk to you about something really serious. But you need to stay calm.

TOM walks into the kitchen. He looks dapper in his suit. CHARLOTTE bristles. Sensing this, so does LYNN. TOM stops, pretending not to notice the tension.

TOM  
I'm missing a cuff link.

LYNN  
Spare room mantelpiece, by the  
clock.

TOM  
(smiles)  
Matt's here.

CHARLOTTE nods.

TOM (CONT'D)  
See you there, then.

CHARLOTTE smiles. TOM leaves.

8 CAMERA FOLLOWS TOM AS HE RETRIEVES HIS CUFF LINK FROM THE SPARE ROOM. WE CAN SEE HE IS TROUBLED BUT A CAR HORN OUTSIDE BEEPS, GIVING HIM NO TIME TO DWELL ON IT. 8

9 EXT. HOUSE. DAY. 9

TOM is greeted by three friends, ushers, waiting for him in a posh car. TOM climbs in and looks back to see CHARLOTTE and LYNN talking in the kitchen window. We can't hear them but they are deep in conversation. The car zooms off.

10 INT. KITCHEN. DAY. 10

Apart from bustle in the house, silence in the kitchen.

CHARLOTTE  
What do I do?

LYNN drains a glass of champagne left on the table.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
What would you do?

LYNN  
Forget it.

CHARLOTTE  
What?

LYNN  
Forget about it. Put it out of your  
mind.

CHARLOTTE  
I'm not sure I can.

LYNN

You can, you can. Of course you can. You have to.

CHARLOTTE

I *have* to?

LYNN

Yes.

CHARLOTTE

Why?

LYNN

Because... No, because you love him and he loves you and that's all that matters.

CHARLOTTE

But -

LYNN

He's never hurt you has he? Never done ... *that* to you has he?

CHARLOTTE

No, but -

LYNN

Well then. Poor chap. There are some fruit loops about Charlotte, things like this can happen. Tom got involved with the wrong person. Poor guy.

CHARLOTTE

Yeah. Yeah, you're right, I can't imagine.

A moment. They look at each other.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Though there is something else ...

LYNN

Oh Charlotte. What are you trying to do? Get yourself in a state for? This is ... just nerves that's all.

LYNN jumps up and begins to removes her rollers.

CHARLOTTE

Mum.

LYNN

Jeans's come from Zimbabwe. Getting a visa for her husband has been a nightmare.

LYNN stops. She puts down the rollers and sits back down, after a quick flick of the watch.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Ok. Ok. I'm listening.

CHARLOTTE

Right. So.. after my Birthday last year we came home. I was drunk. And so was he. And he wanted to ... you know. But I was just too ... I felt sick. I wanted to be sick

LYNN

(quietly)

Didn't drink enough water as usual.

CHARLOTTE

Mum.

LYNN

I'm listening!

CHARLOTTE

And he wanted to ...

LYNN

Ok Charlotte -

CHARLOTTE

I didn't feel like it.

LYNN

Do I have to hear this? Today of all days.

CHARLOTTE

He held me, quite tightly. And I think... he sort of shook me. I think he shook me.

LYNN

You think?

CHARLOTTE

Maybe. I don't know, I was drunk.

LYNN

Well either he shook you or he didn't shook, shake you. What are you saying?

CHARLOTTE

I don't know what I'm saying. I just remember one night it was a bit weird. Because I think I was afraid of him. Not for long but ...

(MORE)



CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
 if I'm honest with myself ... for a  
 moment, I was scared.

LYNN  
 Ok.

CHARLOTTE  
 So what does that mean?

LYNN  
 Well, I wasn't there, was I?

CHARLOTTE  
 No, I know you weren't actually  
*there* Mum, but ... knowing what we  
 know now. .. what are your  
 thoughts? What do you *think*?

LYNN  
 You know what I really think,  
 Charlotte? I think you're twenty  
 nine. I think all your friends are  
 married. I think you've been single  
 pretty much your whole adult life  
 because you always find problems  
 with decent men. And you couldn't  
 find a problem with this one. So  
 you've made one up.

LYNN holds CHARLOTTE's stare. LYNN smiles.

LYNN (CONT'D)  
 Silly. It's Tom. *Tom*, for God's  
 sake. Your lovely Tom who cooks you  
 dinner and arranges fireworks for  
 your birthday

LYNN rummages in her handbag.

God I'd love to have all that.

She finds her lipstick. She begins applying it.

It's fine, everything's totally  
 fine.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
 Hello Mum. Hello Bridey.

LYNN and CHARLOTTE look up to see BEE, Charlotte's older  
 sister. Late 30's, rucksacked, tanned, knotted hair. She has  
 obviously been away for a long time. Emotional, group hug.

LYNN  
 Talk about cutting it fine! Bloody  
 hell.

They hold each other. We take our time with this.

LYNN (CONT'D)  
Your hair really stinks, Bee.

CHARLOTTE  
It is pretty bad.

BEE  
Sorry.

They start laughing.

11 INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

11

CHARLOTTE and BEE getting ready. It's sisterly, banter. BEE is trying to stick eyelashes on CHARLOTTE. Though this isn't her 'thing' - she is gentle, and careful with it.

BEE  
Aren't you supposed to get a professional to do all this?

CHARLOTTE  
I didn't want any fuss. Oww.

BEE  
Hold still.

She artfully finishes applying the eyelash.

BEE (CONT'D)  
There we are.

CHARLOTTE stands up. She looks at herself. She takes the pins out of her hair, and lets it tumble down. Now, she's the finished bride. They look at each other in the mirror.

BEE (CONT'D)  
What is it?

CHARLOTTE looks at her in the mirror.

CHARLOTTE  
I just wish you had been here earlier.

12 INT. CAR. DAY.

12

DOUG is driving his daughters to the church. CHARLOTTE's in the passenger and BEE in the back seat. DOUG looks smart, with a carnation in his button hole. CHARLOTTE looks natural, minimal make-up, loose hair. The girls are quiet. DOUG puts the radio on. Whitney Houston's 'I will always love you' is playing (or a power ballad we can get clearance on). He sings. BEE joins in. Finally CHARLOTTE can't resist joining them.

13 EXT. STREETS. DAY.

13

Exterior shots of the car whizzing through London and we hear their raucous singing, until they pull up with a church in the distance.

14 INT. CAR. DAY.

14

DOUG turns the engine off. He turns to CHARLOTTE who smiles at him.

DOUG

This is the happiest day of my life.

CHARLOTTE

Oh Dad.

BEE

What about your own wedding?

DOUG

Happier than that.

CHARLOTTE

When we were born?

DOUG

Hmmm... Nope. This is definitely happier.

BEE and CHARLOTTE share a smirk in the mirror.

DOUG (CONT'D)

This is your life, Charlotte. Your real life, about to start. Being a child, school, uni ... that's not it. It's getting married, having children, filling a house with nice things, that's really *living*. That's what it's all about.

BEE

Whoops.

DOUG

(laughs)

Well if you stayed in the country for five minutes...

CHARLOTTE

I don't know, Dad. There was life before.

DOUG  
Not like this. This is the big  
stuff. This is the meat of the  
meal.

DOUG puts a hand on her knee.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
I'll check they're all set and come  
and get you.

DOUG gets out the car. Silence in the car with CHARLOTTE and  
BEE. They both watch guests in the distance.

BEE  
Does Auntie Beverly get smaller?

CHARLOTTE  
I think so. Or maybe her hats get  
bigger.

They watch a small woman in a massive hat walk into the  
church. A cab pulls up and a funky couple spill out.

BEE  
(impressed)  
Is that Lucy from your college?

CHARLOTTE  
Yep.

BEE  
Wow, is that her -

CHARLOTTE  
Yep.

BEE  
Where did she find -

CHARLOTTE  
Internet. His Dad is a Lord. Or a  
Duke or something that comes with a  
really huge garden.

A moment of silence while they watch.

BEE  
You seem calm.

CHARLOTTE  
Do I?

BEE  
Yes! Did you take one of mum's not  
so secret Valium?

CHARLOTTE laughs. So does BEE. CHARLOTTE turns to her.

CHARLOTTE  
How do you feel about me marrying  
him?

BEE  
Erm ... great, I feel great! He's  
great.

CHARLOTTE  
How do you really feel?

BEE  
What is this? If he makes you happy  
I'm happy.

CHARLOTTE  
Do you think he's capable of stuff?

BEE looks confused.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
Bad stuff.

BEE  
Erm... I'm not following.

CHARLOTTE  
Bad stuff. Like raping someone he  
was on a date with?

CHARLOTTE looks at BEE intently waiting for her response.

BEE  
Jesus.

CHARLOTTE  
Tell me. Be honest.

BEE  
Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE  
(anger rising)  
You have to tell me. Bee, did you  
hear anything about him -

BEE  
No, no. I don't know. I mean, there  
were rumours -

CHARLOTTE  
Well why the *hell* didn't you say  
anything? How could you not mention  
it?

BEE

I don't know -

CHARLOTTE

You didn't think to let me know? Or warn me? Or something?

BEE

As soon as you got together I was off, wasn't I?

CHARLOTTE

You had email! You found time to post photos of you with the fucking Masai Mara !

BEE

I just ... how would I have put it?

CHARLOTTE

Bee. Are you kidding? You didn't think you should bring it up and let me know so that I am not sitting here outside my own fucking wedding wondering who the man waiting for me inside actually is.

SILENCE.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Did something happen between you two?

BEE

God, no. No.

CHARLOTTE

Did you... oh my god did you ever...?

BEE

No.

CHARLOTTE

He was your friend.

BEE

He wasn't, that's the thing, he wasn't my friend.

CHARLOTTE

He was in the pub with you when I first met him.

BEE

We went to the same Uni, Charlotte he was in my circle. But he wasn't my friend.

CHARLOTTE

Swear.

BEE

Charlotte -

CHARLOTTE

Swear nothing happened between you.

BEE

I swear nothing happened. Oh my God, what the hell is wrong with you?

CHARLOTTE

(panicking)

Sorry, I don't know what's happening to me. I'm sorry. I feel like I'm losing my mind.

BEE

There were just stupid rumours, Charlotte, I don't think you need to worry.

CHARLOTTE

She was a crackpot?

BEE

Yes. I don't know. Probably.

CHARLOTTE

She must have been, mustn't she? He'd never dream of.... She was insane, right? Some insane girl with a mental problem. Right?

BEE

Yeah. I guess.

CHARLOTTE

Because the thing is Bee ... I remember meeting her. At a party. In Old Street. On the roof. She was wearing doc martens. Phil made a joke about them. She walked around asking people for cigarettes and then she left. I can see her. On that roof. And I remember thinking, why do they call her 'Psycho Jo'? She doesn't look mad. She looks *sad*. I remember thinking that Bee, I remember thinking she had a sad face. Like something bad had happened to her.

Silence.

BEE

I don't know what to say.

CHARLOTTE

Try. Try to think. Help me. What do I do?

Silence.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Bee?

Silence.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

What do I do? Tell me.

BEE

Drive.

CHARLOTTE

Drive?

BEE

Drive. Drive away. Drive the car now. Let's go.

CHARLOTTE

Where would we go?

BEE

Anywhere. Doesn't matter.

BEE leans forward in the car in earnestness.

BEE (CONT'D)

If you want to. We can. Everyone will get over it. Even Tom, eventually.

CHARLOTTE

We'll just .. Drive?

BEE

We'll figure it out. Doesn't matter.

CHARLOTTE

I can't. I can't do that, can I?

BEE

This is your life. You're not sure. You need to sure, Char.

CHARLOTTE

What will happen?



BEE

You won't marry him. You'll move on. You'll be OK.

CHARLOTTE

I'll be OK won't I?

BEE

You'll feel bad for a bit and then you'll feel OK.

CHARLOTTE

Let's go.

BEE

Really?

CHARLOTTE

Let's do it.

BEE

OK.

CHARLOTTE

Let's drive.

CHARLOTTE gets out the car. She gets into the driving seat. She starts the engine. She sees DOUG come down the hill. He waves at her. He mouths 'it's time.' He looks so happy. CHARLOTTE looks at him.

FADE TO BLACK.

15

INT. HOUSE. NIGHT.

15

Blackness. The sound of a woman screaming. Faintly we hear 'Let me go.' Slowly light fades in and laughter is heard through the screams, removing the menace. TOM is carrying CHARLOTTE over the threshold of the house. Her family, DOUG, LYNN, BEE and a man in just his boxers, presumably MATT and a few other guests, follow her. Euphoric, tipsy, exhausted.

DOUG

Nightcap in the kitchen! Lynn I'm getting out that whiskey from my retirement and you can't stop me.

LYNN

Well I'll have a dribble.

TOM heads up the stairs, carrying CHARLOTTE.

TOM

Good night everyone.

Cheers and wolf whistles from the crowd from the bottom of the stairs before they pile in to the kitchen.

CHARLOTTE  
Wait. Wait a sec.

TOM  
What? I've made an honest woman of  
you haven't I?

CHARLOTTE  
Let's have a nightcap.

TOM  
Really?

CHARLOTTE  
Yeah. A small one. Please.

TOM  
Oh. Ok.

Trying not to think anything of it, TOM puts CHARLOTTE down  
and they go into the kitchen.

16 INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

16

Round the table. Shot glasses. Fire. Chatter. LYNN, pissed,  
has her arms draped over TOM. She pats his head. CHARLOTTE  
puts down the remains of the wedding cake and some spoons.  
Some of the guests pick at the cake and down shots. Camera  
roves taking in this late night, relaxed, family vibe.  
Formalities gone, this is a close network of London's Bohemia  
doing what they do best. Lock in. CHARLOTTE pours out shots.  
She looks at BEE. BEE eyes a glass, CHARLOTTE hands her one.  
BEE downs it.

LYNN  
You're a good boy, you are.

TOM  
Thanks Lynn.

LYNN  
My son!

Cheers from around the table. DOUG strums his ukelele, making  
a weird yodelling sound.

CHARLOTTE  
Alright Dad. That's enough.

CHARLOTTE downs another shot.

LYNN  
From tonight, I've got three  
children and that makes me happy.  
Because being a parent is the best  
job in the world. It is.

DOUG  
Hard work, mind.

LYNN  
You'll give me Grandchildren, won't  
you? Won't you.

TOM laughs.

LYNN (CONT'D)  
Lots and lots of them.

TOM  
I will. I promise. In fact ...

TOM raises from the table, expecting CHARLOTTE to follow.

DOUG  
Your husbands waiting, Char.

LYNN  
Ahhhh.

CHARLOTTE  
This is so delicious.

She takes a mouthfull of cake but spills a shot glass of  
whiskey. She jumps up.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
Ooops. I'll just clean this up.  
Won't be a sec. You go.

CHARLOTTE goes to the sink. The drunk wedding party keep  
singing, BEE watches as CHARLOTTE wipes herself down by the  
sink. Slowly, she folds the tea towel. She busies herself  
straightening out some crockery then, eventually, slips out  
the door.

17 INT. STAIRS. NIGHT.

17

CHARLOTTE walks up the stairs.

BEE  
Char.

CHAR looks around to see BEE standing at the foot of the  
stairs.

CHARLOTTE  
(pretending)  
Yeah.

BEE  
(pretending)  
You going up then?

CHARLOTTE

Yeah.

BEE nods.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Why?

BEE

No. Just... night then.

CHARLOTTE

Good night Bee.

BEE goes back into the kitchen. CHARLOTTE goes up the stairs in darkness

18 INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

18

It's dark. We can't see properly, but can make out shapes. A figure grabs CHARLOTTE. We know it must be TOM but in the blackness it feels like a stranger. He kisses her neck.

TOM

Wife.

More kisses on her neck. He tries to undo her dress.

TOM (CONT'D)

My wife.

CHARLOTTE

Tom.

He kisses her face.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Where's the light?

CHARLOTTE tries to turn the light on.

TOM

Who cares.

He slips her dress down over her shoulders. He kisses her. CHARLOTTE fumbles around the wall and turns the light on.

TOM (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

CHARLOTTE looks at him.

TOM (CONT'D)

Oh Char, you can't.. you can't worry. I meant it today. I'm going to look after you. I'm going to take care of you.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)  
 I'd rather die than let anything  
 bad happen to you. You've got to...

TOM chokes. Looks like he might cry. Vulnerable and afraid.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 You've got to believe me, Char. I'd  
 rather die.

CHARLOTTE holds his face. She smiles.

CHARLOTTE  
 Silly. I just wanted to see your  
 face because ... I'm so happy.

They kiss and fall on the bed.

19

INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

19

The next morning. BEE is awake. It's obvious she hasn't  
 slept. She stares dead ahead. There's a knock on the door.

BEE  
 Come in.

It's TOM, dressed, with his hair wet. BEE pulls the duvet  
 slightly around her.

TOM  
 I just wanted to say goodbye. I  
 feel like I barely spoke to you  
 yesterday.

BEE  
 Oh. Yeah. You off then?

TOM  
 Yeah. Taxi's here. Got the  
 passports. She has no idea where  
 we're going.

BEE  
 Ahh. That's nice.

TOM comes into the room. He hovers a moment before sitting on  
 BEE's bed. It feels like a strange move. BEE sits up,  
 awkwardly.

TOM  
 Did you have fun?

BEE  
 Yeah. It was great.

TOM  
 Great?

BEE  
Wonderful. It was wonderful.

TOM  
Did you stay up late?

BEE  
Really late, yeah. Too late,  
really.

They smile.

TOM  
You're alright, aren't you?

BEE  
Hungover, but...

TOM  
No I mean... Last night, you were  
quite quiet, I don't know. Not  
yourself.

BEE  
Well it's a lot, isn't it? Seeing  
everyone and ... catching up.

TOM holds her gaze. BEE can't look him in the eye until

BEE (CONT'D)  
I had a lovely time, Tom. She  
seemed really happy.

TOM  
Well I'm part of the family now,  
so...

BEE  
I know.

CHARLOTTE comes in the room, excited. TOM jumps up.

CHARLOTTE  
They're all waiting to send us off!

BEE smiles.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)  
I think Dad's still pissed.

TOM  
(laughing)  
Oh really?

CHARLOTTE  
You coming Bee?

BEE

I'm so hungover, Char, I can't face anyone - sorry.

CHARLOTTE

Fair enough. Bye then.

BEE

Bye. Bon Voyage. Have a wonderful time. Bye!

BEE's all big grins, waves, and kisses. As the BEE's face changes. She turns over and puts the covers over her head.

20 INT. HALL. DAY.

20

Bleary eyed guests that have stayed are lingering amidst DOUG and LYNN. MATT's still in his boxers. TOM and CHARLOTTE come down the stairs with suitcases. Cheers, claps and goodbyes.

21 EXT. DRIVE. DAY.

21

TOM and CHARLOTTE walk down the drive to waiting taxi. The driver takes their bags into the boot. TOM climbs into the cab, leaving the door open. CHARLOTTE pauses on the drive.

TOM

Charlotte?

Charlotte doesn't move.

TOM (CONT'D)

Char? Get in.

She stares at him. Who is he?

TOM (CONT'D)

Charlotte, get in the cab. Come on.

She's frozen to the spot. We take our time over this.n.

TOM (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Get in. Get in the car.

We see her family wondering what's going on.

TOM (CONT'D)

You're being insane. Get in. Come on, baby. Please.

The word 'insane' strikes her. She doesn't know him at all. She remains exactly where she is, motionless.

**CUT TO BLACK.**  
**CREDITS ROLL**