

**THE KEYS TO THE STREET**

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lib

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TITLES OVER:

BLACK SCREEN. Accompanied by a RHYTHMIC ORGANIC PULSE.

FADE IN:

On a MICROSCOPIC VIEW of a blood stream. Translucent artery walls. Channels branching off from one another. Cells SURGE forward then CREEP back in a regular, hypnotic rhythm.

The TITLES and PULSING SOUND continue over...

EXT. REGENT'S PARK -- MORNING

Another kind of circulatory system. Paths. Walks. Bridges. Here the ebb and surge is more chaotic: CHILDREN on rollerblades; COUPLES strolling; LONELY MEN dragging their worlds along in plastic bags as...

INT. OPERATING ROOM -- DAY

A SERIES of EXTREME CLOSE-UPS pulse past: HUMAN SKIN wiped by a cotton swab. Latex-covered HANDS. A gleaming large-bore NEEDLE with an oblique serrated edge.

The tip of the needle is placed against a WOMAN'S naked hip and we are back to...

EXT. REGENT'S PARK -- MORNING

A dog walker marches along a path with a formation of six purebreds. BEAN is seventy but looks younger. His faux military manner is undermined by the bright red cap he wears.

INT. OPERATING ROOM -- DAY

The needle PENETRATES the woman's skin. Stops when it hits bone. Force is applied. The syringe JUMPS FORWARD as bone is breached with an AUDIBLE CRACK.

EXT. PRIMROSE BRIDGE -- MORNING

Bean and his squad of dogs start across the bridge. TILT DOWN to the darkness beneath where a man in a grime-clotted jacket squats. HOB has one boot and sock off and a cord cinched tight around his ankle. He uses a syringe to inject heroin into a vein in his foot.

INT. OPERATING ROOM -- DAY

FOAMY BLOOD is drawn into the syringe. The PULSING SOUND fades... fades...

END TITLES.

EXT. PARK CRESCENT -- MORNING

The homes of the Terrace are painted a wedding cake white. Bean leads his dogs along the curving street to...

EXT. TERRACE HOUSE -- MORNING

Bean RINGS the bell. Sees a bundle of letters jammed in the door's mail slot. He pulls them loose. Takes a fast snoop.

The front door opens. Bean conjures up an overly-polite smile and bestows it upon...

MARY JAGO. She's in her late twenties. A porcelain blonde beauty with an earnest manner. She drops to one knee and scoops up the smallest dog in Bean's litter: an ugly little ornament of a shih tzu named GUSHI.

MARY

Hello, young lady. Did you enjoy your walk?

She unclips Gushi from the lead and lifts her up. Bean offers the letters.

BEAN

The mail, Miss.

MARY

Thank you, Bean.

BEAN

Have you given any more thought to my request? I keep a fixed schedule.

MARY

I'm just looking after the house--

BEAN

Her Ladyship was always here to meet me. You work.

He JINGLES the HEAVY RING OF KEYS clipped to his belt.

BEAN (CONT'D)

My other clients found giving me a key to be a great convenience. Of course, I'll provide a reference.

MARY

You're very professional.

(CONTINUED)

BEAN

The dogs benefit from the discipline, Miss. It's one of the tricks you learn. Like my red cap. They can see it from a distance.

MARY

I thought dogs were color blind.

Awkward pause. Bean glares.

BEAN

No, they're not.

She suppresses a smile. Strives to look properly chastened.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - FRONT HALL -- MORNING

Mary slips back inside and closes the door. She puts down Gushi who scrabbles away through the oak-panelled gloom. The interior of the house is rich and stately and filled with echoes.

Mary sorts through the mail. She finds a letter addressed to her that bears no stamp or postmark. Curious, she opens it and unfolds a short note.

A SMALL PHOTOGRAPH falls out. Mary bends to retrieve it as she reads the FIRST LINE of the note.

*"TO MARY JAGO, THE WOMAN WHO SAVED MY LIFE."*

Mary utters a tiny gasp of delight and relief. She turns to the photo: a shot of a thin young blonde man with a lit-up smile. His image has been cut from a larger picture. There is someone's arm around his shoulder.

Mary's eyes drink in the young man's face.

EXT. IRENE ADLER MUSEUM -- DAY

A large house with a discreet BRASS PLAQUE mounted by the door that reads: "IRENE ADLER MUSEUM".

INT. IRENE ADLER MUSEUM - SITTING ROOM -- DAY

Mary stands by the mantel, lecturing an AMERICAN COUPLE and a British family consisting of a FATHER and TWO YOUNG DAUGHTERS.

MARY

Irene Adler's reputation as a woman  
of extraordinary character was enhanced  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARY (CONT'D)  
by the scandal linking her with the  
King of Bohemia.

The American Man points to a spot above the mantel.

AMERICAN MAN  
Is that where she hid the photograph  
of herself and the King?

Mary smiles and opens a secret panel at the spot he indicated.  
Behind it is a small alcove containing a black-and-white  
PHOTOGRAPH of Irene and the King of Bohemia. The Americans  
grin and crowd closer for a look.

The British Father motions Mary over, perturbed.

FATHER  
Could you explain--for the benefit of  
my girls, of course--Irene Adler's  
greatest achievement?

MARY  
She was a 19th Century adventuress  
who outsmarted the greatest detective  
of all time.

FATHER  
How?

MARY  
Holmes snuck into Irene's house by  
pretending to be a clergyman. He  
thought he'd fooled her but she fled  
the country leaving behind a letter  
explaining to Holmes that she'd seen  
through his disguise.

One of the little girls frowns.

DAUGHTER  
She ran away?

MARY  
She had no choice.

FATHER  
I'm sorry... did you say "Holmes" as  
in "Sherlock Holmes"?

MARY  
Yes. Irene Adler was the only woman  
he ever loved. Or admired.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER  
But he wasn't real.

MARY  
No.

FATHER  
So she wasn't real?

MARY  
She's a character in the popular  
Sherlock Holmes story "A Scandal In  
Bohemia".

FATHER  
So this isn't really her house?

MARY  
No, but it's the sort of house she  
would have lived in.

FATHER  
But that's absurd. I've paid ten  
pounds and it's not even a real museum.

The American Man taps Mary on the shoulder and offers up his  
camera.

AMERICAN MAN  
Could you?

Mary takes the camera. The American Couple rummage in their  
bags. Mary turns to the British Father with a smile.

MARY  
Some people love our museum.

He nods towards the Couple and whispers.

FATHER  
But they're bloody idiots.

Mary sees both Americans wearing DEERSTALKERS and posing  
with large PIPES. She whispers to the British Father:

MARY  
Least they didn't think that Irene  
Adler was a real person.

She snaps the picture.

INT. IRENE ADLER MUSEUM - GIFT SHOP/OFFICE -- DAY

Mary returns the admission fee to the Father who stomps out with his girls. Her boss, ROMAN ASHTON, notices. He's a well-dressed middle-aged man. A dependable dreamer.

ROMAN  
Another satisfied customer?

MARY  
Some people prefer their history to have been true, Roman.

ROMAN  
It is true. Just not real.

Mary opens her handbag and takes out a mirrored compact. She carefully examines her make-up.

Roman frowns.

ROMAN (CONT'D)  
Meeting Alistair.

MARY  
We're having dinner with some big shot in the loan department.

She catches sight of something else in her bag. She pulls out the photo she received in the mail. Stares at the image of the young blonde man.

Roman glances over and sees it.

ROMAN  
Who's the mystery man?

MARY  
Hmmm? Oh... no one.

She tucks the photo away. Roman grins knowingly.

ROMAN  
Handsome chap. Nice to see you're making new friends.

Mary laughs and throws a pencil at him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - FOYER -- EVENING

Mary enters the bustling foyer. Sees a dark-haired man hurry toward her.

(CONTINUED)

ALISTAIR WINTER is a handsome, hearty fellow in his early thirties.

ALISTAIR  
Mary-dear.

MARY  
Hello, Alistair.

He kisses her cheek. Steps back and takes a quick, smiling glance at her dress.

ALISTAIR  
You wore that instead. Never mind,  
it's charming. Come meet Mr. Maddox.

He leads her deeper into the restaurant.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT -- EVENING

Mary, Alistair, and TWO OTHER COUPLES--banking types--dine at a table presided over by the regal ANTHONY MADDOX. The air is full of shop talk.

BANKER TYPE 1  
... and they want to come in and talk  
to us about "exploring their options".

BANKER TYPE 2  
Which means restructuring their loan.

Mary picks at her meal, trying not to appear too bored. Alistair is too busy following the discussion to notice.

ALISTAIR  
How did they get into this mess?

ANTHONY MADDOX  
Optimism.

BANKER TYPE 1  
Precisely. They expanded much too  
rapidly.

ANTHONY MADDOX  
When you see them, Mr. Clitheroe...

BANKER TYPE 1  
Yes?

ANTHONY MADDOX  
Remind them that we are a financial  
institution, not a charity.

(CONTINUED)



ALISTAIR

Speaking of charities, you were the keynote speaker at the Middlesex Hospital Fundraiser, weren't you Mr. Maddox?

The awkward segue makes Mary wince. Alistair pushes on.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

Mary's Grandmother is involved in that cause and several other prominent charities. Isn't that right, Mary?

MARY

Alistair, I don't think Mr. Maddox is interested in--

ALISTAIR

You might know her. Frederica Jago. A wonderful woman. Very generous.

ANTHONY MADDOX

I know Mrs. Jago. Charming lady.

Mary laughs affectionately.

MARY

A force of nature, you mean.

Maddox smiles.

ANTHONY MADDOX

Does such boldness run in the family?

MARY

Oh no. My Grandmother has the monopoly on that.

ANTHONY MADDOX

But not on charm.

Mary beams. Then she sees Alistair give her a nod, pleased by the exchange with Maddox. She watches him glance around at the others at the table with a smug expression.

Her smile dies.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK CRESCENT -- NIGHT

Alistair's car stops out front of the Terrace House. Mary climbs out. Cringes a little as Alistair's goodbye HONK-HONK shatters the quiet.

## INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Mary shuts the refrigerator. Sits at the table cheerlessly eating ice cream from the carton. She digs into her handbag and removes the photo.

Stares once more at the image of the pale blonde man.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE -- DAY

Mary leads Gushi through the front garden and up the steps of a sprawling house.

## INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- DAY

In this well-appointed room sits a well-appointed woman in her eighties: Mary's grandmother, FREDERICA JAGO.

Mary watches her delight in spoiling Gushi.

MARY

Are you sure she's not going to be too much for you, Gran?

FREDERICA

There's life in these old bones yet.

MARY

Still hoping for that letter from the Queen?

FREDERICA

Certainly. Though I think she may have to send it to Tahiti.

MARY

Tahiti this time. Why Tahiti?

FREDERICA

I've never been. And they have those lovely hotels over the water. You could come with me, dear

Mary smiles.

MARY

We two girls on the prowl?

FREDERICA

Sipping pina coladas at the swim-up bar.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Flirting with all the handsome men.

FREDERICA

Why not, Mary? A young woman should travel.

MARY

And that's what I'm about to do.  
Right out the door. I don't want to be late.

Frederica gives a little sniff.

FREDERICA

You know how I feel about this.

MARY

Gran, how could I not agree to meet him? To find out he lives so close--

FREDERICA

You told me he lives in Somers Town.

MARY

Yes. The wrong side of the tracks.

FREDERICA

The other side of the tracks.

MARY

Wouldn't you be curious?

FREDERICA

You've done a good thing for this...

MARY

Leo. His name's Leo Nash.

FREDERICA

You've done a good thing for this Mr. Nash. A Christian thing. You should leave it at that.

MARY

But now that I know who he is--

FREDERICA

You have his name; you've seen his picture: you don't know who he is.

Mary smiles. Kisses her Grandmother's cheek.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

It'll be fine, Gran. I have you around  
to keep me out of trouble.

Her Grandmother doesn't look convinced.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MARY'S BEDROOM -- AFTERNOON

Clothes are scattered about. Mary stands in front of a full length mirror trying to strike the right balance between prim and provocative.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - FRONT HALL -- AFTERNOON

Mary comes down the stairs. She's chosen a conservative outfit jazzed by earrings and heels. She scoops the photo of the blonde man and her keys into her bag just as the phone RINGS. She answers automatically.

MARY

Hello?

ALISTAIR (V.O.)

Mary.

The sound of his voice seems to leech some of the light out of Mary.

MARY

Hello, Alistair.

ALISTAIR (V.O.)

I've got some great news.

MARY

I can't talk right now. I-

The doorbell RINGS. Relief flashes across Mary's face.

MARY (CONT'D)

There's someone at the door. Can I  
call you back later?

ALISTAIR (V.O.)

Sure. I'm on the mobile.

Mary hangs up and moves to the door. She unlocks it and swings it open...

To reveal Alistair leaning casually against the frame. He grins at her.

MARY

Alistair, I really wish you'd--

(CONTINUED)

ALISTAIR

Called first?

He laughs easily and shuts his mobile phone with a practiced flip of the wrist. Steps inside, crowding Mary back.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

Mary, old man Maddox *loved* you. He's invited us to the country this weekend.

MARY

Alistair, we need to talk about--

ALISTAIR

This is a great opportunity for me. You should have seen Clitheroe's face when I received the invitation.

MARY

I'm sure it would be wonderful, but--

ALISTAIR

Don't say "but"!

MARY

... you know that going out to dinner was just, well... a favour. We've separated.

ALISTAIR

A *trial* separation.

MARY

I don't think going to the country is a good idea.

ALISTAIR

Let's sit down and talk about this.

MARY

I can't. I'm... going out.

He looks surprised. Notices for the first time her earrings and high heeled shoes.

ALISTAIR

Out?

MARY

Yes, I... I promised to spend the evening with my Grandmother.

ALISTAIR

I see.

(CONTINUED)

He forces a smile over his hurt. Mary shifts awkwardly.

MARY  
Why don't I call you?

ALISTAIR  
Okay. I'll call you tomorrow. I didn't mean to make a nuisance of myself.

MARY  
Of course not. You didn't. Don't be silly.

ALISTAIR  
Kiss?

Without comment, Mary offers her cheek. Alistair kisses her.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)  
You know all our friends keep asking about you.

He steps out. Mary closes the door behind him and leans against it.

MARY  
They're your friends, Alistair.

EXT. PARK CRESCENT -- AFTERNOON

Mary steps out and starts off down the street, oblivious to the CAR parked at the opposite end.

Alistair sits behind the wheel watching her walk away from him. He looks suspicious. When a homeless man begins to clean his windshield, he flares.

ALISTAIR  
Hey, bugger off!

It's the man we watched shooting heroin under the bridge. Hob. He glares at Alistair who prudently rolls up his window.

The RHYTHMIC ORGANIC PULSE from the title sequence begins again as...

EXT. PRIMROSE HILL BRIDGE -- EVENING

We see Mary hurrying across the bridge. She checks her watch and increases her speed.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK -- EVENING

Mary is running now. The PULSE has accelerated with her.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK CAFE - PATIO -- EVENING

Mary stops in the porch, out of breath from her run. The PULSE is pounding in time with her heart. Drowning out all other sounds.

She spots the man from the photo sitting at a table. LEO NASH is in his mid-twenties and paper-pale with a gently mocking smile and warm eyes. He seems to swim inside a comfortably battered leather jacket.

The PULSING stops. Mary fights to catch her breath.

And Leo suddenly turn. Sees her standing there. His face lights up as he raises his eyebrows in friendly enquiry. Mary breaks into a big embarrassed smile. He rises as she makes her way toward him.

LEO

Mary? I'm Leo. Leo Nash.

There is an awkward moment they fill with a handshake. With their pale colouring they look like they could be related.

MARY

I'm sorry I'm late. I had to run. I thought you might have gone.

LEO

No. Please, sit down.

He pulls a chair out for her. Remains standing.

LEO (CONT'D)

What can I get you? Cup of tea?

MARY

Yes, please.

LEO

Cake?

MARY

No, thanks.

LEO

Well, if I get one for myself, what sort do you think I should get?

(CONTINUED)

MARY  
I wouldn't know. Really.

He starts toward the cafe. Mary watches him then calls out:

MARY (CONT'D)  
Chocolate.

Leo glances back over his shoulder with a grin. Mary settles back against her seat.

And then she catches sight of a familiar red cap outside the enclosure. Bean is walking past with a bag of take-out food. He pauses to watch Leo then looks to her. He gives her a thin smile and continues on.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: A HALF-EATEN CHOCOLATE CAKE AND TWO FORKS.

Mary watches, fascinated, as Leo eats. He looks embarrassed.

LEO  
The doctors told me to eat. I think they meant stuff like fruits and vegetables though. But I feel good. Thanks to you.

Mary smiles, pleased.

MARY  
Can I ask you--

LEO  
*Anything.*

MARY  
I want to know about... it.

LEO  
It?

MARY  
Your illness.

LEO  
I never really thought of it as "mine".

MARY  
All these months... I've been so worried about you.

LEO  
You didn't even know who I was.

(CONTINUED)



MARY

Of course I did... in a way. I knew you were in trouble. Besides, not really knowing you--

LEO

Let you imagine me to be whoever you wanted. I know. I did the same with you. I hope I'm not a disappointment.

Mary blushes.

MARY

Of course not. You're here. You're healthy.

LEO

I am.

MARY

Still... can you tell me about it?

She looks at him expectantly. Leo seems uncomfortable but eager not to disappoint. He sits back, arms folded.

LEO

Well... I'd just finished university when I started getting pains in my side. It got worse. A lot worse. I started having terrible nosebleeds... and bruising easily. I was diagnosed with Acute Myeloid Leukemia.

Mary listens raptly. Leo sounds matter-of-fact but he tightens his arms about himself as he goes on.

LEO (CONT'D)

The doctors told me my only chance was a bone marrow transplant. They tested my brother Carl for a tissue match but he wasn't suitable. We couldn't find anyone else.

MARY

That must have been terrifying.

LEO

Terrifying and... maddening. Living in a city this crowded, you know-- statistically you *know*--that there's someone who has the cure you need living close by.

He gestures to the people around with short jabs.

(CONTINUED)

LEO (CONT'D)

They could be at the next table or walking past you every day but you've no way of... of...

MARY

Connecting.

LEO

Yes! Connecting. Yes, exactly.

He takes a deep breath. Finds a smile.

LEO (CONT'D)

It was my brother Carl who knew there'd be a way. Carl was amazing. Through the hospital he found out about the Harvest Trust. And the Harvest Trust found you.

He fixes her with a direct look.

LEO (CONT'D)

And you saved me.

MARY

All I did was offer to be tested.

LEO

Why did you?

Mary seems surprised by the question. Leo smiles.

LEO (CONT'D)

You don't wake up one morning and just volunteer to donate bone marrow... or do you?

MARY

The Harvest Trust is one of my Grandmother's charities. She knew how badly they needed donors. It just seemed like a good thing. A small thing, really.

LEO

Not to me. I wouldn't be here if--

MARY

Some people thought I was foolish.

LEO

Who?

(CONTINUED)

MARY  
My boyfriend.

She winces at the sudden stab of memory.

FLASH CUT:

INT. ALISTAIR'S FLAT - BEDROOM - FLASHBACK -- NIGHT

CLOSE on a man's HAND sliding over a woman's naked hip. It touches a BANDAGE fastened there. Then...

EXT. REGENT'S PARK CAFE - PATIO -- EVENING

Mary shrugs to dispel the image in her mind.

MARY  
He thought the operation was a risk.  
He told me I wasn't strong enough.

LEO  
Maybe he was jealous that you were  
helping a stranger.

Mary nods.

MARY  
He hated the idea of someone else  
having even a little part of me. The  
thought that you and I were somehow...  
I don't know--

LEO  
Connected?

Mary looks up sharply to see if he's making fun of her. He's not. She holds his gaze for a moment and then glances away. She's unable to keep a small measure of satisfaction out of her voice.

MARY  
He couldn't stand it.

LEO  
I'm glad you stood up to him.

Mary laughs.

MARY  
Oh, well... I didn't. I'm not terribly  
brave. I made the donation without  
telling him.

FLASH CUT:

## INT. ALISTAIR'S FLAT - BEDROOM - FLASHBACK -- NIGHT

The man's hand RIPS away the bandage. Exposes two tiny red punctures on the woman's skin.

MARY (V.O.)

He found out later.

The man is Alistair. He rears back from Mary, looking shocked and betrayed.

## EXT. REGENT'S PARK CAFE - PATIO -- EVENING

Mary falls silent. Leo studies her.

LEO

What does he think of us meeting now?

MARY

It doesn't matter. He's not my boyfriend anymore.

There is quiet defiance in these last words. Leo picks up his fork and spears another piece of cake.

LEO

Maybe you are brave.

He eats with a smile. Mary finds herself smiling back. This time she doesn't look away.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. REGENT'S PARK -- LATE EVENING

Mary and Leo walk along the shadow-dappled path. Leo has his hands thrust deep into his jacket pockets.

LEO

My brother didn't want me to write to you, you know. He was afraid you might be... I don't know, God squad or something.

Mary laughs.

MARY

Imploring you to find faith in the miracle of your salvation?

LEO

Maybe. Or maybe you'd be somebody looking for an emotional boost.

(CONTINUED)

MARY  
I'm glad you took the risk.

LEO  
Believing you're going to die changes  
your idea of risk.

They come to a fork in the path. They stop and face each other: a comfortably awkward pause.

MARY  
I had a lovely time meeting you, Leo.  
Thank you.

She offers her hand. Leo takes it in both of his.

LEO  
I'm the one who should be thanking  
you.

He hugs her suddenly. We see Mary's face over his shoulder. She's surprised and moved by the intensity of the embrace.

And then, just as swiftly, he releases her. He steps back, looking embarrassed.

LEO (CONT'D)  
Sorry... I'm sorry.

Mary can't help but smile. Both shift from foot to foot. Both prolonging the moment.

Then Leo takes another, more resolute step away from her. He grins sheepishly. Gives a little wave goodbye.

Mary waves back. Watches him back away down the opposite fork before finally turning and disappearing into the gathering dark.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - NEAR THE EXIT -- LATE EVENING

Mary strolls along, happily lost in a replay of the evening. She becomes aware of someone on the other side of a hedge. A DARK SHAPE glimpsed through the foliage. Keeping pace with her.

Mary begins to hurry. She digs her keys out of her purse.

INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - FRONT HALL -- LATE EVENING

Mary gets the door open and leaps inside. She locks it. Hurrying to the dark living room, she flips on the light and then races up the stairs.

## INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL -- LATE EVENING

Mary rushes to a window overlooking the front of the house. She peers out through the curtains.

Down below a FIGURE crosses the garden. It steals up to the house and peers into the living room. Light spills over him.

It's Alistair. He hovers about uncertainly, then backs off into the darkness once again.

Mary shakes her head sadly.

## INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - FREDERICA'S BEDROOM -- LATE EVENING

Mary eases open the door. A soundless television illuminates the room, shining off the artifacts her Grandmother has collected on her travels: South Sea carvings; Greek marble; an antique brass telescope mounted by the window.

Mary stares at her sleeping grandmother. Smiles at the sight of Gushi curled up on the bed in a nest of toys and treats. She tiptoes over. Gives the dog a pat and whispers.

MARY

Were you a good girl?

Frederica stirs and smiles.

FREDERICA

I could ask the same of you.

MARY

He was a nice boy. A gentle boy.

FREDERICA

Good.

Mary adjusts her Grandmother's bedcovers. She glances at the prescription pill vial on the bedside table.

MARY

Did you remember your pills?

FREDERICA

Yes, dear.

MARY

Gran...

FREDERICA

Of course you can stay, love.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

## FREDERICA (CONT'D)

I already made up the bed in your old room.

Mary smiles. Kisses her Grandmother's forehead.

INT. IRENE ADLER MUSEUM - GIFT SHOP/OFFICE -- DAY

Roman is working on the accounts while Mary jams Irene Adler postcards into a swivel caddy.

MARY

What if he thought I was an idiot?

ROMAN

He'll call, Mary.

MARY

I asked him to describe his disease.

ROMAN

Men love that. He'll call.

MARY

I talked about us being connected. I told him about Alistair. I... God...

Roman glances at her. Mary grins impishly.

MARY (CONT'D)

I even told him I worked in this place.

Roman laughs. He turns as a SCRAPPY LITTLE GIRL enters. She's very serious. On a mission.

ROMAN

Can I help you?

GIRL

Miss Mary Jago, please.

MARY

I'm Mary.

The Girl produces a clutch of wild flowers from behind her back.

GIRL

He told me to give these to you. They're from the park.

Mary takes the flowers. Fishes a small card from between the stems. It has a picture of a slice of chocolate cake on the cover.

(CONTINUED)

Roman tips the Girl who scampers out. He turns to Mary. She's beaming.

MARY

I've been invited to dinner.

EXT. PARK CRESCENT -- DAY

Mary is running again. Heading home from work with the clutch of flowers in her hand. She comes across Bean collecting his dogs for their afternoon walk.

MARY

Hello, Bean.

BEAN

I'll be along shortly, Miss.

She dodges around him. Hops over the longest leashes. Bean calls after her.

BEAN (CONT'D)

Provide me with a key, Miss, and you needn't be in such a panic.

Mary simply laughs and races on. Bean scowls. Loops the leashes around a fence post and steps up to the door of the Barker-Pryce house. He sorts through his HEAVY RING of keys.

EXT. TERRACE HOUSE -- DAY

Mary runs along, a bright smile on her face... that dies when she sees who is waiting outside her door: Alistair.

Mary drops her eyes. Moves past him to the door.

MARY

Hello, Alistair.

She unlocks the door and bows to the inevitable:

MARY (CONT'D)

Won't you come in.

He steps past her into the house. Mary follows, closing the door behind her.

INT. BARKER-PRYCE HOUSE - FRONT HALL -- DAY

The lock turns and Bean eases open the door. An aged golden retriever wags his tail expectantly. Bean pads past him. Glances at papers in an open briefcase on the hall chair.

(CONTINUED)



BARKER-PRYCE (O.S.)

Bean!

Bean looks up without a trace of embarrassment. Sees a stout, gruff man of about sixty stomping down the stairs: JAMES BARKER-PRYCE.

BEAN

Afternoon, sir. How are the matters of state--

BARKER-PRYCE

I didn't hear the doorbell.

BEAN

Busy man like yourself sir; all those government affairs: I just thought I'd collect Charlie and go.

Barker-Pryce slams the briefcase shut. His contempt for Bean is obvious.

BARKER-PRYCE

Charlie's behind you.

Bean bristles.

BEAN

There was one other thing, sir.

BARKER-PRYCE

More expenses?

BEAN

Nothing like that--

BARKER-PRYCE

You've been paid.

BEAN

I need a letter of reference. It's for the woman looking after the Blackburn-Norris house.

Barker-Pryce fixes him with a withering look. Bean lets a measure of iron seep into his tone.

BEAN (CONT'D)

I told her you'd do it. Sir.

Barker-Pryce glares for a moment longer. Then--surprisingly--clearly frustrated--he drops his eyes and barks:

(CONTINUED)

BARKER-PRYCE

Fine!

Bean smiles.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY

Alistair follows Mary into the kitchen. She hides her awkwardness by searching the cupboards for a flower vase. He tries for a casual tone.

ALISTAIR

I phoned you at your Grandmother's last night.

Mary is silent.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

You're seeing someone, aren't you?

MARY

Of course not.

ALISTAIR

Are you trying to make me jealous?

MARY

I'm not-- It isn't what you think.

ALISTAIR

Am I wrong about those flowers?

MARY

Alistair, please. It wasn't a date. The Harvest Trust put me in touch with the man who received my marrow donation.

The news shocks Alistair.

ALISTAIR

The man who received your donation?

MARY

I just... I wanted to know how he was doing. We met for a cup of tea. I don't see the harm.

ALISTAIR

You don't see the harm? You had the operation without telling me. You *deceived* me. Then you claim that I'm being unreasonable and move out.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

You know why I moved out.

ALISTAIR

You always bring it back to that. I told you I was sorry. We all lose our tempers. Even you.

Mary says nothing. She fills a pitcher with tap water. Desperately arranges the flowers as Alistair comes up behind her.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

Mary, we've put three years into this relationship. We're perfect together. I've missed you. Come home.

Mary takes the flowers and pushes past him, carrying the arrangement out of the kitchen.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - FRONT HALL -- DAY

Mary places the pitcher on the hall table. Alistair follows her in, frustrated.

ALISTAIR

You promised we'd talk.

MARY

Not now, Alistair. Please.

ALISTAIR

Fine. If it's a separation you want, fine. Just give me back the keys to my flat and I'll go.

MARY

I still have some things there--

ALISTAIR

You'll have to call first, won't you?

She looks at him, standing there cross and petulant... and suddenly finds herself able to call his bluff. She jerks her bag off the table and pulls out her keys.

Surprised, Alistair suddenly waves off his demand.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

Never mind. Keep them, keep them.

She stops. Alistair moves past her and opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

That was thoughtless of me. I don't want you to feel like you're not welcome back home. I mean, just because you want to be on your own for a bit--

MARY

Alistair--

He overrides her. Realizes he's pushed too far.

ALISTAIR

... don't feel that you have to make yourself lonely. All right? All right, Mary?

Hating herself, Mary surrenders to his desperation.

MARY

All right. Thank you, Alistair.

ALISTAIR

I love you. I'll make this right between us. When you do come home I promise you'll never leave again.

He slips out the door. Closes it behind him.

Mary looks at the keys, clearly feeling miserable that she didn't follow through. She tosses them back into her bag.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT -- EVENING

The interior is all cream walls, starched linen, and winking silver. Leo fidgets at a table, aware that he looks out of place despite the dress shirt and tie he wears under his leather jacket.

He sees the HOSTESS escorting Mary to the table and jumps up to meet her. His relief is palpable.

MARY

I'm late again.

LEO

I'd just given up hope. You look wonderful. Worth the wait.

MARY

Thank you.

They sit. Leo fidgets again. Mary aligns cutlery. Finally:

(CONTINUED)

MARY (CONT'D)

This is a very nice restaurant.

LEO

The kind of place you bring a girl  
from Regent's Park.

Mary looks around the room as if seeing it clearly. She  
looks suddenly deflated.

MARY

It is, isn't it? Tell me, Leo...  
where would you take a girl who wasn't  
from Regent's Park?

EXT. SOHO -- NIGHT

Splashy neon. Crowded sidewalks. Noise. A world removed  
from the restaurant.

Leo leads Mary along. They're sharing an order of chips  
wrapped in newspaper.

MARY

You're not disappointed we left?

LEO

Nope. I get nervous in expensive  
restaurants. Too many forks.

He plucks out another chip. Uses it to point to a club across  
the street.

There is a long line of COLORFUL PEOPLE waiting to get past  
the velvet ropes. The CLUB HOSTESS--a punked-out woman with  
a clipboard--moves among them, choosing the ELEGANT and  
OUTLANDISH for early admission.

Mary shakes her head.

MARY

I couldn't get into that place with a  
ticket.

LEO

Attitude. It's all in the attitude.

Leo tosses the carton of chips into the trash and pulls off  
his leather jacket.

LEO (CONT'D)

Put this on.

(CONTINUED)

Mary hands him her purse while she slips on the jacket. She reacts with surprise as Leo opens it and digs through its contents.

He pulls out her money. Shuffles it together with his own to create a thick wad of bills. She notices him placing the biggest notes on top.

LEO (CONT'D)

The key to getting inside any club is to pretend it's the last place you want to be.

MARY

How do I do that?

LEO

Think about your ex naked in bed.

Mary looks repulsed. Leo grins.

LEO (CONT'D)

Now hold that look.

EXT. CLUB -- NIGHT

The Club Hostess selects a GOTH COUPLE from the line. Looking around, she catches sight of...

Leo and Mary stalking towards her. Leo gives the place a bored once-over. Radiates an aura of jaded cool. Mary tries her best to imitate him.

The Hostess is hooked. Leo offers her a disdainful flash of their money and she waves the two past the line and into the club. When SOMEONE ELSE tries to follow, she uses her clipboard like a toll gate.

CLUB HOSTESS

Join the queue, mate.

INT. CLUB -- NIGHT

POUNDING MUSIC. Lights. PEOPLE dancing. Leo and Mary luck into a booth on the edge of the crush. They slip into its comfortable gloom, laughing.

MARY

Who taught you how to do that?

LEO

My brother Carl. He believes attitude can get you everything.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Are the two of you close?

LEO

He looks out for me. When you're ill, friends fade away. After a while not talking about this thing you live with becomes too much for everyone. It's like being in a bad relationship.

He divides up their money. Doesn't notice Mary's thoughtful expression.

MARY

I imagine when you're sick... or weak... that's all people see.

LEO

And if they treat you that way long enough you start to believe that's all you are.

MARY

Until it becomes true.

LEO

Well not anymore. You and I are going to start fresh.

MARY

No baggage?

LEO

No backgrounds. Think about it. My bones are filled with your marrow--

MARY

Our marrow.

Leo beams.

LEO

Our marrow. That marrow makes the blood that fills my whole body. I'm positively infused with Mary Jago.

MARY

Poor you.

LEO

We're free, Mary.

MARY

To be whoever we want to be.

(CONTINUED)

LEO  
To be who we really are.

The idea startles her a little. She's very aware of Leo watching her.

LEO (CONT'D)  
I know nothing about Mary Jago except that she likes chocolate cake.

MARY  
And I know nothing about Leo Nash except...

And then she flounders. Leo waits expectantly, that gently mocking smile on his face. Mary leans across the table and works loose the knot of his tie.

MARY (CONT'D)  
He feels more comfortable without the tie.

She sits back, pulling the tie with her. It slithers from around his neck. Leo smiles.

LATER IN THE EVENING - AT THE BAR

Leo buys two beers. Carries them back through the crowd to the booth. There are several empty glasses already on the table. Mary is pleasantly tipsy.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Why can't men ever take the hint that a girl doesn't want to be bothered?

LEO  
Uhh... I can sit somewhere else.

MARY  
Not you. No, no.

She gestures to a SEXY YOUNG WOMAN in a green dress sitting at a nearby table. She appears to be fending off the advances of a man with a CREWCUT.

MARY (CONT'D)  
She's obviously waiting for her boyfriend...

LEO  
She is?

(CONTINUED)



MARY

Well... for *somebody*. You don't come to a place like this alone.

Crewcut departs. Mary looks pleased.

MARY (CONT'D)

Good for her.

LEO

She's a dripper.

MARY

She's... huh?

LEO

A dripper.

He scans the club. Points surreptitiously.

LEO (CONT'D)

You see that guy at the bar? The one with the mobile phone?

Mary looks. Sees a SLICKLY-DRESSED MAN using his mobile phone to punctuate his conversation with a YOUNG BUSINESS-TYPE.

MARY

I hate mobile phones.

LEO

He's the pagerman.

Mary looks blank. Leo grins.

LEO (CONT'D)

People call his pager. He phones back and arranges a meeting to check them out. If they're cool, he sets a price and sends them to the dripper.

As they watch, the Business-Type slips away from Mr. Slick and crosses to the Woman in the green dress. Mary gives Leo a puzzled look.

MARY

I don't--

LEO

Watch their hands.

Mary stares openly at the Woman who once more appears to be warding off a bothersome advance but...

(CONTINUED)

## AT THE EDGE OF THE TABLE

There is a fast dance of hands. Folded bills are traded for a vial full of powder. The Business-Type moves off.

Mary gapes and is suddenly alight.

MARY

Was that a drug deal? Did I just see a drug deal?

LEO

Sshhh. She's only carrying a bit of their stash. Selling it off one "drip" at a time.

MARY

A dripper.

LEO

They'll work this place for a few hours, then move on to another club.

MARY

How do you know all this?

LEO

Carl and I hung out in some pretty rough places while we were growing up.

MARY

Do you think your brother would like me?

Leo looks suddenly uncomfortable.

LEO

He doesn't know we've met.

EXT. SOHO -- NIGHT

The streets have emptied in the late hour. Mary and Leo wander along together. He looks tired but seems to be doing his best to hide it.

LEO

After the transplant, Carl got a bit funny. I used to talk about you... who you might be... what you might be like. Carl was like your ex.

MARY

Jealous? Why?

(CONTINUED)

LEO  
You saved me. He couldn't.

The words--so simple and direct--leave Mary at a loss to respond. They walk on.

EXT. PRIVATE GARDEN -- NIGHT

Mary unlocks the gate and swings it open with a CREAK. Leo follows her in. Lowers himself onto the grass. He's a little breathless and looks a lot more tired now.

LEO  
I always wondered what these gardens looked like.

MARY  
They're private to the local residents.

LEO  
Keeping out the peasants.

Then he realizes what he's said and colors.

LEO (CONT'D)  
Mary, I'm sorry.

She studies his embarrassment. Comes to a decision.

MARY  
Do you think the house on the Crescent is mine?

LEO  
That's the address I received from the Harvest Trust.

MARY  
Six bedrooms? All that terribly heavy furniture? Does that seem like me?

LEO  
How can I know what's inside? It might be all leopard prints and leather.

MARY  
Leopard prints and leather?

LEO  
Red leather?

She laughs.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

I'm house sitting for an old couple.  
The Blackburn-Norrises. They're  
travelling all summer. I'm not rich.

She catches sight of the tomb-like entrance of the Nursemaid's  
Passage and shivers. She walks back and sits on the grass  
beside Leo. He regards her closely.

LEO

A big empty house... a private  
garden... perfect for locking yourself  
away from the world.

MARY

Oh, not the world.

LEO

Your ex? Alistair?

MARY

It was time to leave.

LEO

Why?

MARY

Because keeping secrets from him didn't  
make me feel guilty anymore. It made  
me feel strong.

LEO

Like the marrow donation?

She nods and closes her eyes. Leo watches her lay back.

LEO (CONT'D)

Mary?

MARY

Mmmm.

LEO

Where did they take it from?

With her eyes still closed, she takes one of his hands and  
places it on the curve of her hip.

MARY

Feel that? That ridge of bone? That's  
the Iliac Crest.

LEO

The Iliac Crest. Is there a scar?

(CONTINUED)

She looks at him now. Her skirt zips up at the side. She slowly pulls down the tab, parting the metal teeth, to reveal the pale unmarked skin of her hip.

Leo moves to touch it, stopping just before he makes contact.

LEO (CONT'D)

Can I?

Mary nods, her eyes aglow. She reacts to the feel of his fingers against the skin. He speaks with soft wonder.

LEO (CONT'D)

No mark. Nothing to remember me by.

MARY

Where did they... where did you receive it?

He breaks contact. Rolls up his shirt sleeve. Mary traces a finger down a line of faint scars on his inner arm.

MARY (CONT'D)

So many.

LEO

Lots of treatments. But that's the one there. That's you. Your donation. I circled it in pen 'til I was sure I'd remember.

He stretches out beside her.

LEO (CONT'D)

The doctors were so cautious but I knew the transplant would work. Even now, when I get tired or bruised up, I know it's nothing.

He speaks with a gently desperate conviction.

LEO (CONT'D)

I'm getting better all the time. I feel it.

Mary only hears the conviction. She shuts her eyes. Leo whispers:

LEO (CONT'D)

It's very late. I should get you home.

Mary keeps her eyes closed.

(CONTINUED)

Why?  
 MARY

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRIVATE GARDEN -- DAWN

Leo holds a bloody handkerchief pressed to his nose. He watches Mary come slowly awake. She reacts with alarm to the sight of the blood.

Leo?  
 MARY

LEO  
 It's nothing. Sometimes my blood doesn't clot that well. I'm fine, really.

Mary takes the handkerchief from him. Gently dabs the blood from around his nose and lips.

MARY  
 I've been so selfish keeping you out all night.

LEO  
 I wanted to show you how strong you've made me.

He hears something in the distance. A ghostly sound. A layered CLOPPING.

MARY  
 You should get home. You should--

LEO  
 Mary, wait. Let me show you something.

EXT. PARK CRESCENT -- DAWN

Leo leads Mary out the gate and back onto the street.

LEO  
 Listen.

She hears it too. The ghostly CLOPPING. Leo takes back the handkerchief and shoves it away.

LEO (CONT'D)  
 Come on.

He takes her hand. Leads her around the corner onto...

EXT. PORTLAND PLACE -- DAWN

The street is empty. Leo hurries Mary down to...

EXT. DEVONSHIRE STREET -- DAWN

The CLOPPING is louder now. Leo is grinning. He and Mary run to...

EXT. HARLEY STREET -- DAWN

Leo pulls Mary around the corner. She stops in surprise at the sight of...

HORSES. In rows of three. Marching down the deserted street toward them. Each center horse has a RIDER, hooded in a dark slicker, eyes hidden.

Mary watches in amazement as they come past. Row after row. Like some dream underscored by the CLIP-CLOPPING of hooves.

Leo speaks softly, as if afraid of breaking the moment.

LEO

From the Hyde Park barracks. You never know which street they'll take. They change their route to fox the terrorists.

The horses pass, heading down Harley Street. They disappear from half-light. Mary turns to Leo, her eyes shining. She sees a last, thin streak of blood at the corner of his mouth.

She touches it, smearing it. Fascinated. And then, on impulse, she goes up on tiptoe and kisses him on that same spot.

Leo returns the kiss. The two stand there in the empty street, pressed together, as the sound of the hooves fades... fades...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - FRONT HALL -- DAWN

Mary lets herself in. She looks somehow exhausted and energized all at the same time. She kicks off her heels.

The phone RINGS. Mary ignores it. Let's the answering machine take the call.

ALISTAIR (V.O.)

Mary, it's Alistair again.

(CONTINUED)

MARY  
Oh, for God's sake.

ALISTAIR  
I don't know why you're not answering  
or where you are but, please... call  
me on my mobile--

MARY  
No.

ALISTAIR  
... or just come to Middlesex Hospital.  
I've been trying to reach you all  
night. Your Grandmother's taken a  
bad turn.

Mary looks shocked. She dives for the phone. Gets only a  
DIAL TONE.

She grabs her shoes from the floor. Runs out of the house  
in her stocking feet.

INT. MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR -- MORNING

A rumpled Alistair is sitting in the waiting area, drinking  
cold coffee when Mary comes racing down the corridor.

ALISTAIR  
Mary. At last.

Mary rushes to him, her eyes panicked.

MARY  
Alistair...

ALISTAIR  
Where have you been? Dr. Phillips  
called me when he couldn't reach you--

MARY  
What's wrong with my Grandmother?

ALISTAIR  
She tried to hang on for you, Mary.  
She wanted to see you.

MARY  
WHERE IS SHE?

ALISTAIR  
She died about an hour ago.

(CONTINUED)



Mary stares at him in horror. He tries to hug her. She pulls away and runs up the hall, frantically looking into one room... then another... then another. Searching for her Grandmother.

INT. MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL - OFFICE -- MORNING

Mary sits huddled in a chair. Her eyes are raw and swollen and stunned. Alistair sits beside her as he confers with the elderly DR. PHILLIPS.

ALISTAIR

You said it was an aneurysm?

DR. PHILLIPS

Yes, bleeding in the skull. Her heart medication stopped the blood from clotting.

Mary blinks. Looks like she's coming up from deep water.

MARY

Her medication?

DR. PHILLIPS

She needed the Warfarin to thin the blood for her heart. But an older person's blood vessels are fragile.

MARY

I... I kept after her to take it.

ALISTAIR

Don't blame yourself, Mary.

DR. PHILLIPS

The Warfarin was a necessary risk.

ALISTAIR

You see. You did nothing wrong, Mary. Nobody blames you. Not for anything.

Mary lowers her head and starts to cry in great, ragged sobs. Alistair puts his arms around her. Pulls her to his chest.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BARKER-PRYCE HOUSE - FRONT HALL -- MORNING

CLOSE ON the front door swinging open. Bean pulls out his key. Kneels to release the golden retriever, Charlie, from the leash.

(CONTINUED)

He hears the sound of a SMACK and a GROAN coming from the depth of the house. Curious, he slips inside. Pads down the front hall to the stairs. He starts up.

INT. BARKER-PRYCE HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR -- MORNING

Bean creeps down the hall to a bedroom door. It's ajar. From within comes the sounds of FISTS STRIKING FLESH and GROANS of pain.

Bean peeks through the crack. What he sees both revolts and fascinates him. He watches for a long moment...

Until Charlie noses the door part way open and trots into the room. A naked Barker-Pryce leaps back from the foot of the bed.

BARKER-PRYCE

Bean!

BEAN

Morning, sir. At it again, are we?

Barker-Pryce fumbles for a robe. Through the partially open door, Bean catches a glimpse of legs and buttocks. A second NAKED MAN is dragging himself up onto the bed.

Then Barker-Pryce is in Bean's face.

BARKER-PRYCE

You bastard. I've told you before--

BEAN

I've come for my letter of reference.

BARKER-PRYCE

What you deserve is a good thrashing.

He looks at Bean. Sweaty rage suddenly turning sly.

BARKER-PRYCE (CONT'D)

How long did you watch us, Bean?  
Perhaps you'd like to join us?

Bean curls his lip in disgust. Barker-Pryce speaks quietly. Intimately.

BARKER-PRYCE (CONT'D)

You'd like this one. He's very  
special. He takes a beating almost  
as hard as the one he gives.

He wipes beads of sweat from his face.

(CONTINUED)

BARKER-PRYCE (CONT'D)

Exquisite.

BEAN

My letter.

Barker-Pryce laughs. Squeezes past Bean and goes out into the hall. Bean glares after him.

INT. CHURCH -- DAY

Sunlight streams through the stained glass and down onto black-clad MOURNERS who fan themselves furtively.

Mary sits at the front, her face running with quiet tears. She watches the PRIEST without hearing him. His voice has been eclipsed by the beat of her PULSE in her ears and the sound of Alistair's BREATHING.

He's sitting next to her. Mary catches him stealing a peek at his watch. She looks away.

INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- DAY

The room is crowded with ELDERLY PEOPLE drinking sherry. Roman moves around the room with a tray.

INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - FREDERICA'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Mary sits on her Grandmother's bed. A travel magazine lies open, face-down on the spread with a pair of reading glasses on top. Mary picks up the magazine and looks at the article her Grandmother was reading: *Tahiti Tours*.

She sets it aside and notices the prescription Warfarin vial on the night table. Her eyes fill with tears.

She reaches for the bedside phone. Hesitates... then taps buttons. She almost changes her mind while listening to it RING down the far end of the line.

Then it's too late to hang up.

MARY

Hello... Leo? It's Mary. I... oh,  
I'm sorry. You sounded like him.  
Are you... is this Carl?

The line goes dead.

INT. LEO AND CARL'S FLAT -- DAY

CLOSE ON the telephone. A finger has mashed down the cut-off button.

(CONTINUED)

We travel up the hand and arm to the face of the man on the phone. It's Leo. The reason for his evasiveness suddenly becomes obvious.

CARL (O.S.)

Who was that?

Leo's dark-haired brother, CARL, is sprawled on the couch in front of the television. He takes a chug of beer. Watches Leo intently.

LEO

It was nobody. Some charity asking for a donation.

CARL

We've already got one fucking charity case around here, don't we?

Leo forces a smile and sets down the phone. Carl turns back to the television. He notices something on the floor beneath the coffee table.

CARL (CONT'D)

What's this?

He stretches to pick up a SNAPSHOT. It shows Carl with his arm around an empty square. It's the other part of the photograph Leo sent Mary. Carl pokes his finger through the hole. Frowns at Leo who shrugs.

LEO

Needed a picture for my bus pass.

CARL

There's a machine for that at the tube station, you plonker. I liked this picture.

He grumbles and turns back to his show. Leo crosses to the window. Stares out.

INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - FREDERICA'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Mary still holds the phone in her hands. She hangs up quickly as the bedroom door opens and Alistair thrusts his head in.

ALISTAIR

Here you are. Mary, you have to come downstairs. You've a responsibility to your guests. They came to pay their respects to your Grandmother.

(CONTINUED)

MARY  
Yes. Of course, Alistair.

ALISTAIR  
They're all very concerned about you.

He lowers his voice.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, they don't know about  
your disappearing act the night  
Frederica died.

He waits for a reaction. Mary's head remains lowered. He  
lifts her chin to see her face is tear-streaked.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)  
You mustn't feel guilty. There's  
nothing you could have done... even  
if you'd been there.

MARY  
I could have said goodbye.

ALISTAIR  
She would have liked that, I know.

He strokes her cheek gently.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)  
Now go fix your face. Roman's ready  
to leave and Mr. Edwards wants a word  
with us.

Mary nods obediently and walks to the adjoining bathroom.  
Alistair sits in her place. He notices Mary's purse open on  
the bed beside him.

He reaches in and pulls out the cut-out photo of Leo. His  
eyes go cold.

FLASH CUT:

EXT. CLUB - FLASHBACK -- NIGHT

Leo and Mary enter the club. The Punked-Out Hostess drops  
her clipboard in front of someone who tries to follow.

CLUB HOSTESS  
Join the queue, mate.

Alistair shoves a roll of cash into her hand.

(CONTINUED)

ALISTAIR  
I'm with them.

FLASH CUT:

INT. CLUB - FLASHBACK -- NIGHT

Alistair stands at the edge of the crowd watching Mary and Leo in the booth. His face tightens as Mary loosens Leo's tie. She sits back, pulling it with her.

His mobile phone RINGS. Alistair fishes it from his pocket.

ALISTAIR  
Alistair Winter.

DR. PHILLIPS (V.O.)  
Mr. Winter, this is Dr. Phillips. I need to contact Mary Jago and was given this number to use in an emergency.

ALISTAIR  
What's happened?

DR. PHILLIPS (V.O.)  
Her Grandmother's been taken to Middlesex Hospital. It's very serious.

Alistair stares at Mary who is laughing at something Leo's said. Dr. Phillips sounds impatient.

DR. PHILLIPS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Sir, if you know how to contact Miss Jago--

ALISTAIR  
I'll leave messages with everyone I can think of and get over there myself.

He flips shut his mobile phone. Stares at Mary for a moment longer before heading toward the exit.

And we are back to...

INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - FREDERICA'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Alistair slips the photo of Leo back into Mary's purse. He sits on the bed, waiting. Wearing a comforting smile.

INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - FRONT HALL -- DAY

Mary and Alistair come down the stairs to find Roman preparing to leave. The look he gives Mary is one of genuine concern.

(CONTINUED)

ROMAN

There you are.

She hugs him tightly.

MARY

Thank you for coming.

ROMAN

You're not to come back to the museum until you really want to, okay?

Mary nods. Alistair draws her back. Puts his arm around her.

ALISTAIR

I'll make sure of that.

Roman looks a little uncomfortable with that thought. He pats Mary's hand and leaves.

INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM -- DAY

Alistair opens the door and ushers Mary in. MR. EDWARDS, a wizened little gnome of a solicitor, turns to her.

EDWARDS

Mary, my dear. I'm so terribly sorry. Your Grandmother was one of my first clients. A lovely woman with a careful mind.

Alistair pulls out a chair for Mary and remains standing behind her. Edwards sits opposite. He polishes a pair of reading glasses and slips them on.

EDWARDS (CONT'D)

Your fiance and I both felt it prudent to do this as soon as possible.

He places his hands on the neat stack of documents before him.

EDWARDS (CONT'D)

Her will is simple. In addition to the trusts already in place from your parents, Frederica has left the bulk of her estate to you.

MARY

I know. We discussed it.

EDWARDS

You're aware of its worth?

(CONTINUED)

MARY

I am.

It's clear that Alistair isn't. He clears his throat.

ALISTAIR

Perhaps you could confirm it for us.

EDWARDS

Certainly. The estate is currently valued in the region of ten million pounds.

Alistair blinks. Mary becomes uncomfortably aware of the weight of his hand resting on her shoulder.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK -- EVENING

Mary and Alistair walk through the park. She's in a fog of memory.

MARY

Gran loved the park.

ALISTAIR

Not the safest place to be wandering after dark.

Mary shoots him a look filled with repugnance. Alistair doesn't notice. He takes her elbow and leads her on.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - FRONT HALL -- EVENING

Mary and Alistair enter. Gushi scurries in and sniffs around Mary's ankles. She picks the dog up and cuddles her. Sees Alistair take off his suit jacket and loop it over a chair.

ALISTAIR

I'll get the kettle on.

MARY

Alistair, I'd like to be alone.

ALISTAIR

Nonsense.

He gives her a smile and heads deeper into the house.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN -- EVENING

Alistair enters and begins to fill the kettle. Mary steps into the doorway behind him with Gushi in her arms.

(CONTINUED)



MARY

Why is Mr. Edwards referring to you  
as my fiance?

ALISTAIR

I don't know. He's your Grandmother's  
lawyer.

He sets the kettle on the stove and switches on the element.  
Mary puts the dog down. Switches the element off.

MARY

Meaning what?

ALISTAIR

Maybe Frederica gave him that  
impression.

MARY

Gran wouldn't do that.

ALISTAIR

You think I did? You're not saying  
it's because of the money?

MARY

No. You just did.

ALISTAIR

I do just fine with my job at the  
bank.

Mary walks out. Insulted, Alistair follows.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - UPPER FLOOR -- EVENING

Mary comes up the stairs with Alistair behind her.

ALISTAIR

I may not be "to the manor born" but  
I was good enough to take care of you  
while we were together. And I did it  
without benefit of your trust fund.

MARY

I want you to leave, Alistair.

ALISTAIR

Now that the funeral's been attended  
to and Frederica's in the ground, I'm  
dismissed.

He follows her down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

You're in no condition to be alone,  
Mary. Go lie down and I'll bring you  
a cup of tea--

MARY

I don't want your sodding cup of tea!

Alistair grabs her wrist and swings her around. Mary tries  
to pull loose.

MARY (CONT'D)

You're hurting me.

ALISTAIR

You're hysterical. You're looking  
for someone to lash out at.

MARY

We don't all need punching bags. You  
have no idea what I need.

His face darkens.

ALISTAIR

Oh, don't I? Your precious bone marrow  
man. A bloody stranger you just invite  
into our lives.

MARY

Into my life. *My* life.

ALISTAIR

Is that where you were the night  
Frederica died? With him? She was  
so desperate to say goodbye, Mary.

MARY

Stop--

ALISTAIR

She was crying for you. But you  
weren't there. What were you doing,  
Mary? Out all night with Mr. Bone  
Marrow. Tell me what you were doing!

MARY

*I was fucking him!*

Alistair SLAPS her. Sends her reeling. He pulls back  
immediately, furious with himself.

ALISTAIR

Goddamnit.

(CONTINUED)

And then he's furious with her.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)  
Happy now, Mary? Got what you wanted?  
Made me the bad guy again?

Downstairs the doorbell RINGS.

EXT. TERRACE HOUSE -- EVENING

Alistair rips open the door. Leo gives him a friendly smile.

LEO  
Hi.

ALISTAIR  
What do you want?

LEO  
I've come to see Mary.

ALISTAIR  
You are...

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - UPPER FLOOR -- EVENING

Mary hears the voices coming up from the hall below.

MARY  
Leo.

EXT. TERRACE HOUSE -- EVENING

Leo studies Alistair.

LEO  
Tell her it's Leo.

ALISTAIR  
Leo, right. I'm afraid you've just  
missed her.

LEO  
Oh... well--

ALISTAIR  
I'll tell her you stopped by.

He gives Leo a hard smile and starts to close the door. A window on the second floor opens and Mary leans out.

MARY  
Leo! It's Alistair! He won't leave!

(CONTINUED)

Alistair tries to slam the door. Leo throws his shoulder against it, knocking it wide, and enters the house.

PASSERS-BY on the Crescent stop to stare.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - FRONT HALL -- EVENING

Leo shoves past Alistair who screams in outrage.

ALISTAIR  
What the bloody hell are you doing?

LEO  
Got her locked up, mate?

ALISTAIR  
You can't come barging in here.

Leo sees Mary appear at the top of the stairs.

LEO  
Are you all right?

Alistair grabs him by the arm and spins him around.

ALISTAIR  
I'm talking to you.

LEO  
Take your hand off me.

His voice is flat and even. Alistair snatches his hand back. Glares.

ALISTAIR  
I know who you are.

LEO  
Good on you. Mary, do you want this man to leave?

MARY  
Yes.

ALISTAIR  
This is ridiculous.

LEO  
You heard her.

ALISTAIR  
*I will not be turned out!*

(CONTINUED)

He tries to shove past but Leo blocks his way. They lock eyes. Alistair is fired with rage. Leo is ice. For a moment it looks like it's going to come to blows.

Then Alistair hesitates. And in that instant it's over. Both men know it. Alistair tries to find refuge in a sneer.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

I see through you even if she can't.  
You're after the money.

LEO

Whatever you say, mate.

ALISTAIR

What's your name? Leo what?

Leo says nothing. Mary comes all the way down the stairs and tosses Alistair his suit jacket. He snatches it out of the air.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

I won't hesitate to involve the police.

MARY

Please, Alistair. You're embarrassing yourself. Just go.

Alistair glares. Whirls and SLAMS out of the house. Mary rushes to lock the door. She turns back to Leo...

Who has gone paper white. He slumps and Mary catches him. His weight pulls them both to the floor.

MARY (CONT'D)

Leo?

LEO

I'm fine... I'm...

He fights a wave of dizziness.

LEO (CONT'D)

... never used to take so much  
energy... to act hard...

He tries to find a laugh but fails. Mary hugs him tightly.

EXT. TERRACE HOUSE -- EVENING

Alistair storms across the street. The Passers-By who stopped to watch disperse under his glare. All save one. Bean sidles up to Alistair who is glowering at the house.

(CONTINUED)

BEAN

A bad family the young lady's fallen  
in with, sir. Of course I don't need  
to tell you. A gentleman like yourself--

ALISTAIR

Sod off!

He stomps away down the street. Bean stares after him, lips  
curled in anger.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MARY'S BEDROOM -- EVENING

Mary lowers Leo onto her bed. He lies back, exhausted.

LEO

Lovely bloke, your boyfriend. What  
money was he talking about?

Mary looks down on him. Pale and--for the moment--helpless.  
She ignores his question and unbuttons his shirt.

LEO (CONT'D)

Mary... I'm not... I don't think...

MARY

Sshhh.

She opens his shirt. Goes to work on his belt and trousers.

LEO

You're taking advantage of me.

MARY

Yes.

She moves to the foot of the bed. Takes off his shoes and  
socks. She pulls off his trousers. She reacts in shock to  
the wine-colored BRUISES on his inner thighs. Leo tries to  
hide them.

MARY (CONT'D)

What happened?

LEO

Nothing.

MARY

Leo.

LEO

When my blood isn't clotting right...  
it's not just nosebleeds. I bruise  
easily. The slightest bump.

(CONTINUED)

She moves back around to him. Gently his hands away.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. ALISTAIR'S FLAT - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Alistair RIPS the bandage from Mary's hip. We see his face as shock and betrayal turn to rage. He grabs Mary by the ankle. PUNCHES her in the thigh.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MARY'S BEDROOM -- EVENING

Mary flinches at the memory. She runs her fingers gently along Leo's bruises. Tracing their shapes.

MARY

You're not a bastard, are you Leo?

LEO

I don't have the strength for it.

She begins to undress. Leo watches her strip away her black funeral clothes, exposing her own pale skin. She climbs onto the bed and straddles him. Weaves her fingers in his but uses her weight to keep his hands pinned to the bed.

Leo cranes his head up to kiss her. She pulls just out of reach. He lowers his head back to the pillow.

LEO (CONT'D)

I can't hurt you, Mary.

MARY

My poor, helpless Leo.

LEO

If that's what you want.

Mary bends to kiss him. Lightly. Lightly. She gently herself down on top of him, covering his body. Pressing him down into the bed.

MARY

My poor helpless boy.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK CRESCENT -- NIGHT

The street is still. The windows of the houses all dark.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MARY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mary and Leo are spooned together, spent and naked.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

My parents died when I was little.  
My Grandmother was my family. My  
whole family.

Her voice breaks.

MARY (CONT'D)

I knew she wasn't well. I should  
have been checking on her.

LEO

We can't know when the people we care  
about are going to be taken away.  
She knew how much you loved her, didn't  
she?

MARY

I never really--

LEO

But she knew.

Mary begins to sob. Leo holds her tight.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MARY'S BEDROOM -- DAWN

The pale light has painted the room in tones of grey. Leo  
is leaning back against the headboard with Mary's head on  
his chest. She's lightly stroking a bruise on his ribs.

MARY

I wish she could have met you.

LEO

Would she have liked me?

MARY

It would've been fun watching her  
pretend not to.

LEO

You could show me where she lived.

Mary is silent for a moment. She finally counters with:

MARY

You could introduce me to Carl.

LEO

That's... not a good idea.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



LEO (CONT'D)

Carl always tried to dismiss my interest in you as something unhealthy. Like another symptom of the disease.

MARY

You still haven't told him we've been in touch.

LEO

Things are tense between us.

MARY

Why?

LEO

Some idiot doctor told Carl that being my brother puts him at risk of developing leukemia himself. Because of our genetic similarity. One time he had a nosebleed...

FLASH CUT:

INT. LEO AND CARL'S FLAT -- NIGHT

Carl looks into the mirror. Brings his hand away from his face. He stares at the blood smeared across his fingers.

LEO (V.O.)

He was so scared. So angry.

Carl catches sight of Leo in the mirror. He glares.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MARY'S BEDROOM -- DAWN

Leo closes his eyes against the memory. Sighs.

LEO

Now he checks himself for symptoms. Bruises. Bleeding gums. He doesn't think I notice. It's like I'm this terrible reminder that it could happen to him too.

Mary kisses him. Comforts him. Very gently begins to make love to him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MARY'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Leo is dozing in a twist of sheets. Mary stares at him, smiling fondly.

(CONTINUED)

She slips out of bed and quietly gathers up her funeral wear. After a moment's hesitation, she also picks up Leo's clothes. She bundles them together and leaves.

EXT. TERRACE HOUSE -- MORNING

Bean stops in front of the house with his squad of dogs. Mary opens the door with the clothes in her arms and allows Gushi out. Bean blinks at her loose robe and tousled hair. At the man's clothes she holds.

BEAN  
Day off, Miss?

MARY  
I'm sick.

BEAN  
Nothing catching, I hope.

MARY  
Oh, very contagious.

She slips back inside. Scowling, Bean leads the dogs away.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM -- MORNING

Mary sorts the clothes into the washing machine. She empties the pockets of Leo's trousers. Finds his handkerchief tattooed with dry red streaks.

Mary studies it. Captivated by the pattern of Leo's blood.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MARY'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Mary comes back into the room with a tea tray. She's surprised to see the bed empty.

MARY  
Leo?

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - UPPER FLOOR -- MORNING

Mary steps back out with the tray. She hears something from a room down the hall and tiptoes toward it. She peeks through the partially open door.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM -- MORNING

Leo wanders around the opulent room, naked. Gawks at the furnishings. He finds a silk robe on the back of a chair and shrugs it on. Studies his appearance in a full length mirror.

(CONTINUED)

Mary lowers her voice to sound gruff:

MARY

What do you think you're doing, young man?

Leo spins. Then winces in embarrassment at the sight of Mary strolling in with the tea.

LEO

Mary! I... I just... I couldn't find my clothes.

MARY

I put them in the wash.

LEO

Oh?

It's Mary's turn to look embarrassed. Leo smiles broadly and takes a sip of tea. He looks at her in surprise.

LEO (CONT'D)

How did you know I take sugar?

MARY

That's how I like it.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - DINING ROOM -- MORNING

Mary and Leo, both in robes, have ignored the chairs: they're sitting on top of the ridiculously grand dining room table slurping cold cereal.

Leo looks around in wonder.

LEO

Can you imagine having this much money? You'd never have to work again.

MARY

I like working.

LEO

But you could say no to it if you wanted. That's the real value of money. You can say no. To people. To time.

MARY

You can't buy time.

(CONTINUED)

LEO

You can. When I was really sick,  
before the Harvest Trust found you,  
Carl discovered that for enough money  
you can buy the right kind of marrow  
from India or someplace.

He looks around the room with a smile. Then winks at Mary.

LEO (CONT'D)

But we've got it okay, don't we? We  
can spend a day tucked away here,  
hidden from the world, having fun  
pretending to be rich.

MARY

Is that enough for you? Pretending?

LEO

Sure. It has to be, doesn't it?

He gobbles cereal. From the front of the house comes the  
sound of the DOOR OPENING. Leo looks around as Gushi comes  
trotting in, dragging her leash with her.

LEO (CONT'D)

The lady of the house. Where did you  
come from?

MARY

Bean must have brought her back from  
her walk.

She slips off the table and unclips the dog's leash. She  
doesn't notice Leo's frown.

LEO

Bean?

BEAN (O.S.)

Yes sir.

Leo turns to see Bean in the dining room doorway, studying  
him. Mary walks over and offers him the leash.

BEAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, Miss. The little lass got  
away from me.

MARY

That's fine. Leo, this is Bean. He  
walks Gushi.

(CONTINUED)

LEO

Hello.

BEAN

Mr. Leo. Have we met, sir? You look familiar.

LEO

I'm Carl Nash's brother.

BEAN

Carl Nash. Of course, of course. I heard you'd been sick, sir. Back on your feet?

LEO

Doing okay, thanks.

BEAN

Tell your brother, old Bean says hello.

LEO

I will.

BEAN

Be seeing you around then.

He pats the HEAVY RING of keys on his hip and smiles at Mary.

BEAN (CONT'D)

I'll lock up after myself, Miss.

He touches the brim of his red cap and departs. A moment later, they hear the front door CLOSE and LOCK.

LEO

You gave him a key?

MARY

With my Gran's funeral and all, it seemed... He had references. Do you know him?

LEO

Not really. Carl knows a lot of creeps. You should walk Gushi yourself.

He sets his bowl aside and slips off the table.

LEO (CONT'D)

I have to go.

(CONTINUED)

MARY  
Back to Carl.

LEO  
I've been gone all night. He worries.  
He's still my brother.

MARY  
When will I see you again?

LEO  
I don't know. I've lots to do.

MARY  
I see.

LEO  
Would tomorrow night be too soon?

Mary smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

The light in the hall comes on. Mary steps hesitantly into the room. She looks at the furniture shrouded by ghostly dust covers. The metal grills shut over the inside of the windows. She feels the silence weighing on her.

MARY  
Gran?

There is no answer. Fighting her disquiet, Mary moves to a shelf full of framed photographs: travel pictures taken of Frederica in foreign lands.

Mary takes one down. Briefly touches her Gran's laughing face before hurrying from the house.

EXT. NURSEMAID'S PASSAGE -- NIGHT

Mary unlocks the gate. Pauses at the entrance with the framed photo cradled in her arms. The tunnel stretches before her, long and dark. Light seeping through the far end shows the passage to be empty.

Mary starts along. Traffic RUMBLES overhead: background to her footsteps CLACKING against the concrete floor.

She's more than halfway across when the SILHOUETTE OF A MAN appears at the far end.

(CONTINUED)

Mary hesitates. Glances back the way she came. Then she forges resolutely ahead.

The Silhouette lolls against the wall of the tunnel. As Mary gets close, we see it's Hob, the homeless thug who was shooting heroin under the bridge.

He steps out in front of Mary, blocking her way. Mary tries to duck around him. Hob moves to stop her.

MARY

Excuse me, please.

She's frightened. Hob grins unpleasantly. He's very stoned. Leaning toward her, he begins to BARK like a dog. Mary cringes back.

And then, from behind them, a man's voice ROARS:

ALISTAIR (O.S.)

LEAVE HER ALONE!

Mary turns as Alistair comes charging down the tunnel. He catches Mary up in a protective embrace.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

Hob BARKS at Alistair who snarls.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

For Christ's sake, shut up.

HOB

Give me twenty quid and I'll shut up.

ALISTAIR

Come on, Mary.

He shepherds her around Hob who follows on their heels.

EXT. PRIVATE GARDENS -- NIGHT

Alistair hurries Mary up the overgrown path and through the crescent-shaped garden with Hob screaming at them.

HOB

TWENTY QUID! I WANT MY TWENTY!

They reach the gate. Mary unlocks the door and they escape to the street.

EXT. TERRACE HOUSE -- NIGHT

Mary and Alistair reach the front door. She fumbles with her keys. Alistair stares back down the street.

ALISTAIR

Fucking madman. Good thing I came along when I did. I warned you about walking out after dark.

MARY

How is it that you did happen to come along, Alistair?

ALISTAIR

I came by here but you weren't home so I went by your Gran's.

MARY

You followed me from her house.

ALISTAIR

I was working up the courage to apologize.

He notices Hob shuffling down the opposite side of the street.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

Uh... Mary, I know I've behaved badly.

HOB

Hey!

Mary stiffens with fear at the sight of Hob. Alistair goes on in a rush.

ALISTAIR

I know I've hurt you. Please, tell me what I can do to make it up.

HOB

Hurry along, mate. Say goodnight and give me my twenty.

ALISTAIR

Will you just fuck off.

HOB

We had a deal. I want my twenty.

Alistair turns back to Mary who gives him a look of utter disgust. She unlocks the door and backs through, leaving him no room to follow. He looks desperate.

(CONTINUED)



ALISTAIR

Mary, please. You don't know what you mean to me.

MARY

Yes, I do. Twenty pounds.

She closes the door. Alistair BANGS on it.

ALISTAIR

Mary. For Christ's sake. MARY!

Hob gives a drugged-out laugh. He joins Alistair calling for her.

HOB

Mary! MareEEEEEE!

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - FRONT HALL -- NIGHT

Mary throws the bolt and sets the chain. She backs across the hall and lowers herself to sit on the bottom step as Alistair BANGS on the door and Hob SCREAMS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - FRONT HALL -- MORNING

Mary is gone. Replaced by Gushi waiting patiently. The LOCK turns and the door opens... until the CHAIN stops it.

BEAN (O.S.)

Miss? Miss Jago!

Mary hurries down the hall in her robe. She frees the chain. Bean forces an obsequious smile over his impatience.

BEAN (CONT'D)

Morning, Miss. Another day off?

Mary nods. Bean clips Gushi to the leash.

BEAN (CONT'D)

Seen any more of young Mr. Nash? Shame about his illness.

MARY

He seems to think he's over the worst.

BEAN

That's not what Carl told me.

MARY

What did he say?

(CONTINUED)

BEAN  
Just a passing remark. Sounded as if  
Mr. Leo's not a hundred percent.

MARY  
He will be.

BEAN  
If you say so, Miss. You've met Carl?

MARY  
No, I haven't.

BEAN  
Really?

And then he adds casually:

BEAN (CONT'D)  
Perhaps Mr. Leo thinks you might not  
approve.

MARY  
Approve?

BEAN  
You know, the drugs and... other  
things.

He makes a show out of leading Gushi to the door, milking  
the moment. Mary comes to a decision and...

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN -- MORNING

All six of Bean's dogs are sprawled or sniffing around the  
kitchen table. Mary strains tea into two mugs. Hands one  
to Bean.

BEAN  
Leaves. Makes all the difference.

MARY  
How do you know Carl Nash?

BEAN  
From around the neighborhood. Around  
the park.

MARY  
But how did you actually meet?

Bean sips tea. Smiles thinly.

(CONTINUED)

BEAN

Well, if you can be discreet...

Mary nods gravely. Bean pauses for dramatic effect.

BEAN (CONT'D)

Sometimes he works for one of my clients.

MARY

Doing what?

BEAN

Money changes hands. Certain... services are performed.

MARY

Services?

BEAN

Behind closed doors.

Mary stares at Bean in surprise.

MARY

Are you saying...

BEAN

I'm not in there with them, am I?  
All I know is that it sounds painful.

Mary sits back, trying to process what she's heard. Bean lowers his voice into a conspirator's whisper.

BEAN (CONT'D)

I could ask around. Find out a little more. Wouldn't cost much.

MARY

I don't think that will be necessary, Bean.

INT. IRENE ADLER MUSEUM - SITTING ROOM -- EVENING

Mary switches on the light and shows Leo in.

MARY

Irene Adler's living room.

He goes straight to the mantel and opens the secret panel to reveal the photograph of Irene and the King. Mary looks impressed.

(CONTINUED)

MARY (CONT'D)

How did you know that was there?

LEO

Sherlock Holmes pretends to be...  
what is it? A priest? He gets into  
Irene's house and finds the photo.  
But when he comes back the next day,  
Irene's gone.

MARY

Leaving only a letter to explain that  
she'd outsmarted him. You like  
Sherlock Holmes?

LEO

Conan Doyle's a good read.

He studies the image of the woman in the photo.

LEO (CONT'D)

I didn't like that Irene just ran  
away.

MARY

Sometimes running away is safer.

INT. IRENE ADLER MUSEUM - BEDROOM -- EVENING

Leo turns up the faux gas lamps to reveal the lavishly  
detailed room. A portrait of Irene watches him stroll about.

LEO

A museum for someone who never existed.

He bounces on the bed. Gives Mary a playful leer. She  
remains in the doorway.

MARY

Leo... is there a reason you don't  
want me to meet Carl?

LEO

What?

MARY

I've just been thinking... there must  
be something about him you don't want  
me to know.

LEO

You've heard something. It was Bean,  
wasn't it?

(CONTINUED)

Mary says nothing. Leo shakes his head.

LEO (CONT'D)

Mary, can't you see what he's doing?  
He's sending me a message: I know who  
you are; I know where you come from.

MARY

Why would he bother?

LEO

Because he's a bitter old man who  
resents the fact that a guy like me  
can be inside with you while he's out  
there with your dog.

MARY

He said horrible things about your  
brother.

LEO

Carl is no saint.

MARY

He deals drugs, doesn't he?

Leo's face goes tight.

LEO

I've never had the luxury of worrying  
about where the money comes from.

MARY

Is that all he does? I mean, Bean  
also hinted...

LEO

Hinted what, Mary?

MARY

Is Carl a prostitute?

Shame flashes in Leo's eyes. Mary looks stricken.

MARY (CONT'D)

You didn't know. Leo, I'm so sorry,  
I--

LEO

Of course I knew.

He pushes off the bed, looking angry. Sick.

(CONTINUED)

LEO (CONT'D)

What do you think it's like? Knowing your brother hangs around the public toilets? Knowing he visits the oh-so-respectable homes around the park? Selling his arse to rich people. Sweaty old men paying him to act out their fantasies. Paying extra to--

He chokes.

LEO (CONT'D)

... to perform the rough stuff. Getting off on causing pain. On feeling it.

He clenches his hands into fists. Clenches his eyes shut.

FLASH CUT:

INT. PALE ROOM - FLASHBACK -- DAY

Carl lifts his head from a pillow, his face contorted with agony. We see his arms and chest rubbed with bruises. Then we are back in...

INT. IRENE ADLER MUSEUM - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Leo's sways, made dizzy by his own rage.

LEO

Filthy bastards. If they'd experienced real pain... chronic, inescapable pain... they'd think twice about trying to take pleasure from it.

MARY

Leo...

LEO

You didn't need... to know any of this. That's the beauty of what we had.

Mary reacts with shock to the word "had". Leo doesn't appear to notice.

LEO (CONT'D)

The way we came together had nothing to do with our families or with what we've done with our lives. It was just you and me brought together--

(CONTINUED)

MARY

By our blood. But we were bound to find out each other's secrets.

LEO

I didn't know you'd judge me by them.

MARY

I'm not being judgmental.

Leo stops suddenly. He looks at her.

LEO

I thought... if you knew you'd be ashamed of me.

MARY

You don't know me very well.

LEO

No.

MARY

Would you like to?

EXT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Mary and Leo stand before the enormous house. She's still uneasy. He is awed.

LEO

This is your Grandmother's house?

MARY

Mine now, I suppose.

INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Mary stands in the entrance, watching Leo move around the grand room, peeking under dust covers. Marvelling.

LEO

You grew up here?

MARY

Guilty.

LEO

The stuff I said about rich people... you knew I was joking, right?

MARY

Sounded pretty serious to me.

(CONTINUED)

LEO

No, no, I love the rich. Some of my favorite people are spoiled little... I mean affluent pillars of society.

She gives him a small smile. He becomes aware of her uneasiness. He crosses to her and takes her hands.

LEO (CONT'D)

Introduce me to your Grandmother.

INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - FREDERICA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mary has photos of her Grandmother spread across the bed. She and Leo sift through images of exotic locations.

MARY

Gran kept telling me to see more of the world. She thought I was terribly unadventurous. She'd been everywhere.

LEO

You never wanted to travel?

MARY

I did. But there was school and later Alistair. I told myself I was lucky to have found what I wanted here with him.

LEO

What was that?

Mary gets up. Moves restlessly around the room touching artifacts brought back from her Grandmother's travels.

MARY

Stability. Safety. I guess to a little girl who has lost her parents, the world seems a dangerous place.

LEO

You're not a little girl anymore.

She sits by the antique telescope. Peers through the eyepiece.

Leo traces images in the photos.

LEO (CONT'D)

I always wanted to leave. Not tell anyone. Just disappear.

(CONTINUED)



MARY

Where?

LEO

I don't know. Someplace exotic. Someplace I could stay for years and years and come back... changed. Not recognized by anyone I'd left behind.

He looks at Mary peering through the telescope.

LEO (CONT'D)

What do you see, Mary?

MARY

Hmm? Oh... nothing. Just--

LEO

What do you *see*?

She hears him get off the bed. She keeps her eye to the telescope, pretending to search the neighborhood.

MARY

I see... a woman. She's standing at a window.

LEO

In full view of the street? That's not very safe. Is she alone?

MARY

A stranger's just come into the room. I can't make out his face. He's standing behind her. Very close behind her.

Leo crosses to the window and stands behind her. Very close behind her.

LEO

What are they doing now?

MARY

He has his hands on her hips... he's sliding them up under her blouse.

Leo puts his hand on Mary's hips. Slides them up beneath her shirt. Her breathing quickens. She keeps her eye glued to the telescope.

MARY (CONT'D)

He's kissing her... her neck... her ear...

(CONTINUED)

Leo mimics the action.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Using his teeth... lightly. One hand  
is slipping down... down...

She sucks air softly as Leo reaches between her legs. Arches  
her back.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Leo...

LEO  
Sshhh. Keep looking.

And he gently turns her head back to the eyepiece.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LEO AND CARL'S FLAT -- NIGHT

Carl is sprawled on the couch, rolling joints by the glow of  
a silent television. He looks up as Leo enters quietly.

LEO  
Oh... you're up late.

CARL  
Waiting for you.

He watches Leo peg his jacket.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Where've you been?

LEO  
Out. Around.

CARL  
You've been out and around a lot  
lately.

Leo shrugs noncommittally. Carl tracks him with his eyes.  
Lifts some post-it notes from beside the phone.

CARL (CONT'D)  
The hospital called back. I wrote  
everything down.

LEO  
Christ. Not tonight... okay?

CARL  
We've got to talk.

(CONTINUED)

LEO  
Not about this.

CARL  
Then about money. Treatments cost.  
We've got to start bringing in some  
cash.

LEO  
"We" this time?

Carl's face hardens.

CARL  
Okay, "you". You like that better?

Leo gives him an even look. Carl flushes and glances away.  
His voice is surly with guilt.

CARL (CONT'D)  
It wouldn't kill you to take a turn  
through the Park.

He fires up the joint. Sucks greedily on its smoke then  
waves it at Leo.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Here. Good for what ails you.

LEO  
No thanks.

CARL  
When did you turn into such a fucking  
white knight?

Leo shrugs and heads for his bedroom. Carl calls out after  
him.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Hey... you're not holding out on me,  
are you? We're brothers. We're still  
there for one another.

LEO  
Sure. Always.

He hesitates on the threshold. Turns, marches back, and  
scoops up the post-it notes. He carries them into his room.

Carl takes another hit off the joint. Stares after Leo.  
Suspicious.

## INT. LEO AND CARL'S FLAT - LEO'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Leo closes the door. Turns on a lamp and reads the post-it notes. He sags down onto the bed. Squeezes his eyes shut.

## INT. HEALTH FOOD MARKET -- DAY

Mary is shopping. Examining shelves full of powders and potions and vitamin remedies. She gives up. Moves to the vegetable bins.

A SHOP CLERK gives her an approving nod.

## SHOP CLERK

Those are very high in anti-oxidants.

## EXT. REGENT'S PARK -- DAY

Mary strolls home with her groceries. She smiles as a flight of KIDS goes rushing past along the grass. Then her smile dies at something she sees.

## REVERSE ANGLE - CLOSE ON TWO MEN

Meeting at the crest of a small rise. There is a fast dance of hands as folded bills are exchanged for a bag of heroin. As they move apart we see...

Mary watching from the path.

She stares as the two men go their separate ways. One is Hob. The other--who is disappearing over the rise--is Leo.

Mary stands frozen until she notices Hob ambling toward her. He glowers at her. Mary hurries on with her groceries.

## INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN -- EVENING

CLOSE ON Leo's leather jacket slung over the back of a chair. Mary is chopping the vegetables she bought at the market. She keeps stealing glances out the door and down the length of the house to...

## INT. TERRACE HOUSE - FRONT HALL -- EVENING

Leo is on the phone. Talking quietly. Asking questions. He replaces the receiver. Takes a moment to rally himself before heading back toward the kitchen with a falsely hearty:

## LEO

Hey, how's dinner coming?

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - DINING ROOM -- EVENING

Leo and Mary are sitting in the chairs this time. Both are quiet. Caught up in their own thoughts.

MARY

I went by the Museum today.

LEO

Yeah?

MARY

I told Roman I'd be coming back to work on Monday.

LEO

That's good. So is dinner.

MARY

Everything's fresh. I picked it up on the way home.

LEO

Mmmm.

MARY

I walked through the park. Leo... we have to talk.

Leo stops eating. He puts down his fork and looks at her.

LEO

Why is it that when people say "we have to talk," what they really mean is "you have to listen".

MARY

I saw you selling drugs.

LEO

I'm helping my brother.

MARY

Carl's making you--

LEO

I'm *helping* my brother. Christ, Mary, you have no idea what I've cost him.

MARY

If you need money--

(CONTINUED)

LEO  
Another donation? More of your  
charity?

MARY  
What I did was never about charity.

LEO  
No, it was about a vain young woman  
trying to punish her boyfriend.

MARY  
Leo!

He shoves himself to his feet. Angry. Almost reeling.

LEO  
It was about a poor little heiress  
trying to make a connection.

MARY  
Why are you acting like this?

LEO  
I'm not helpless, okay? I can still  
do things for my brother. Can't you  
understand that?

MARY  
Of course I understand. The two of  
you... you're blood.

Her soft words stop him. She goes on quietly. Firmly.  
Dreading his reaction.

MARY (CONT'D)  
But, Leo... if you're dealing... I  
can't be with you if you're dealing.

He stares at her for a long moment. Then he turns and leaves  
the room. Moments later Mary hears the front door SLAM.

She hangs her head and cries.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Mary scrapes the remains of dinner into the garbage. She  
stacks the plates in the sink. Turns and catches sight of  
his leather jacket hooked over the chair.

She picks it up. Cradles it. Something falls out of the  
pocket. One of the post-it notes Carl gave Leo. There's a  
phone number written on it.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - FRONT HALL -- NIGHT

Mary punches the number from the post-it note into the phone.  
She listens to the distant RINGING.

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)  
You've reached the Middlesex Hospital  
Department of Oncology. If you know  
the extension of the office--

Mary hangs up. She looks anguished.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK -- DAY

Mary is walking with a contemplative Roman. She's anxious.  
Almost flighty.

MARY  
He must be ill again. The calls to  
the hospital. The bruises.

ROMAN  
Has he said anything?

MARY  
No. He's so proud of how strong he's  
been getting. But not knowing for  
sure is just--

ROMAN  
Killing you?

MARY  
That's not fair.

ROMAN  
Neither is leukemia.

Mary falls silent. Roman slings a comforting arm around her  
shoulders.

ROMAN (CONT'D)  
Just be there for him, Mary. It really  
isn't all that complicated.

She leans against him. A few paces later, he casually  
remarks:

ROMAN (CONT'D)  
You know, Alistair keeps calling the  
Museum.

MARY  
Alistair.

(CONTINUED)

The very name seems to exhaust her.

MARY (CONT'D)

I guess dealing with him isn't all that complicated either, is it?

Roman gives her a squeeze. They walk on in a companionable silence.

INT. ALISTAIR'S FLAT - BEDROOM -- EVENING

Alistair stands before a mirror. He applies lipstick. Presses his shirt collar to his mouth, making a perfect lip mark. He smudges it up.

The DOORBELL rings.

INT. ALISTAIR'S FLAT -- EVENING

Alistair exits the bedroom. Grabs a glass from a pair on the coffee table and kisses the rim. He sets it back down, wipes the rest of the lipstick from his mouth and moves to answer the door.

Mary is in the hall.

ALISTAIR

Oh, it's you.

MARY

I told you I was coming.

He walks across the room and gestures to a shopping bag on the coffee table.

ALISTAIR

I got your stuff together. I'm a little busy now, so if you'll just...

Mary takes the bag. Sits on the couch and looks through the contents.

Alistair bristles.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

Everything is there.

MARY

Really? There was a lipstick I quite liked. Same shade as your new friend. Seen it?

(CONTINUED)



ALISTAIR

For Christ's sake, Mary. Can't you see what I'm trying to do? I'm in love with you. I want you to come to your senses.

MARY

I did. I left.

ALISTAIR

This Leo is nothing. He's a diversion. A bit of rough. You're using him like you used me.

MARY

What?

ALISTAIR

You remember. Poor little rich girl languishing away in that big house. Friday nights spent playing cribbage with your Grandmother's starchy old friends.

MARY

Stop it.

ALISTAIR

I was good enough for you then, wasn't I? Good enough to help you escape. What a lark it must have been to play grown-up... to play house... and still have someone solid and dependable to cling to.

MARY

And what did you get in return? Someone to parade in front of your bank buddies. I was an accessory. A bit of upper class flash like your good shoes and your credit cards.

ALISTAIR

That's not a problem with your latest plaything, is it?

MARY

This is sick, Alistair. We're done. I'm leaving.

ALISTAIR

That's right. Run away again. Just like you always do. Funny how you never seem to get anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

She tosses his flat keys on the coffee table and rises.  
Alistair moves to block the door.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

Your Grandmother wouldn't have approved  
of him, you know. She'd have worried  
herself into that aneurysm. Not that  
you'd care.

MARY

Let me by.

ALISTAIR

You left her to die with strangers  
while you drooled all over him.  
Undressing each other in public.  
Your Grandmother would have been  
disgusted.

MARY

What? We never--

ALISTAIR

I saw you! Pulling at his tie.  
Treating him like a dog at the end of  
a leash.

Mary looks at him in horror.

MARY

At the club. The night Gran died.  
You followed us.

ALISTAIR

No, I--

MARY

You knew where I was and you didn't  
tell me.

ALISTAIR

It wasn't that night. It was... it  
was...

MARY

You monster. You son of a bitch  
*bastard!*

She shoves her way past him.

ALISTAIR

Mary!

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Keep the fuck away from me.

ALISTAIR

You're not in love with this Leo.  
It's pity. You'll come running back  
when you get tired of holding his  
hand during chemo.

She whirls. Appalled. Enraged. Searches for the most  
cutting thing she can say.

MARY

We're getting married.

She slams out of the flat. Alistair stands there, his face  
ashen, his fists opening and closing uselessly.

EXT. MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL -- DAY

The automatic doors bump open. Leo steps out carrying a  
plastic bag emblazoned with the HOSPITAL CREST. His face is  
drawn with pain. He walks to a public telephone. Feeds in  
some coins and taps buttons.

LEO

Hello... Mary?

EXT. REGENT'S PARK -- NIGHT

TWO SHADOWS scale an iron gate. Drop to the ground. It's  
Leo and Mary.

MARY

Don't the police patrol the park at  
night?

LEO

They can't be everywhere at once.

He falls silent. Leads her through the trees. Mary takes  
his hand.

MARY

I'm glad you phoned.

LEO

I've been a fool.

They come out of the trees onto the moonlit grass of the  
central recreational area. Leo takes a deep breath.

LEO (CONT'D)

This is it. I love this place.

(CONTINUED)

He pulls her to the center of the space where he does a slow spin. They seem to be in an endless expanse of silver shadowed grass. The horizon is tinged red by the glow of the surrounding city. Lights from the distant buildings seem a world away.

LEO (CONT'D)

We're hidden right in the middle of the busiest part of London. It's like the eye of a storm.

Mary smiles.

MARY

Alistair says the park is dangerous at night. I went by his place to pick up the last of my things.

LEO

How did it go?

MARY

I thought it went well.

He gives her a look. Mary shakes her head helplessly.

MARY (CONT'D)

It was awful. How did I ever think I loved him? He'll leave me alone now though.

LEO

You sound very sure.

MARY

I told him we were getting married.

Leo goes very still.

LEO

I'd marry you in a second.

MARY

What? Oh, Leo... no. It was--

LEO

A joke? Something hurtful to say to Alistair?

MARY

Leo, stop.

(CONTINUED)

LEO

You gave me a new life, Mary. I want to spend it with you. Every second of it that I have left.

MARY

Don't talk like that.

LEO

It would be just the two of us. We could travel. Disappear together. Away from your ex.

His voice drops.

LEO (CONT'D)

Away from my brother.

MARY

I'm not asking you--

LEO

No. I'm asking you. I love you. I want to marry you.

The quiet desperation in his tone breaks Mary's heart. They stand in the moon-rimed clearing. Finally, Mary manages:

MARY

I'll marry you, Leo.

He hugs her. Rests his head on her shoulder. She tightens her arms around him. Listens to his whisper.

LEO

It'll be just us, Mary. Just us. I promise.

EXT. PRIMROSE HILL BRIDGE -- MORNING

Bean marches along with his squad of dogs. Slows at the sight of a man obviously waiting for him. It's Alistair.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK CAFE - PATIO -- MORNING

Alistair and Bean sit at one of the tables.

BEAN

The Harvest Trust, you say, sir? Bone marrow transplants? Doesn't sound natural, does it?

(CONTINUED)

ALISTAIR

You said Miss Jago had fallen in with a bad family.

BEAN

Just rumours, sir. Bone marrow isn't all they inject, if you take my meaning.

ALISTAIR

What more can you find out?

BEAN

Spy for you, sir?

Bean makes a show of looking shocked. Alistair snaps:

ALISTAIR

Cut the crap. I can make it worth your while.

BEAN

Gentleman like yourself? I never doubted it.

EXT. TERRACE HOUSE -- DAY

Mary strolls home from work. She pulls out her keys and unlocks the door.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - FRONT HALL -- DAY

Mary steps inside. She bends to recover the afternoon mail fanned out beneath the door slot when...

TWO LARGE DOGS charge her. Mary shrieks in surprise as they lick and paw playfully at her. She staggers to her feet. Recognizes the dogs from Bean's pack.

MARY

Bean.

No answer. Mary hears a FAINT THUMP from upstairs.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - UPPER FLOOR -- DAY

Mary reaches the top of the stairs. Eyes the gloomy hallway.

MARY

Bean?

Still no answer. A little nervous now, Mary starts toward the half-open door to the master bedroom. She passes her room...

(CONTINUED)

And Bean steps out with a wiggling terrier in his hands. Mary jumps and shouts.

BEAN  
Sorry, Miss.

MARY  
What are you doing up here?

BEAN  
Little blighter gave me the slip. I think he's taken too much of a liking to Miss Gushi.

MARY  
I was calling you.

BEAN  
My hearing's not what it used to be.

He carries the dog to the stairs. Mary follows him. Watches him start down.

MARY  
I don't want you up here again.

BEAN  
Pardon, Miss?

MARY  
You heard me.

He gives her a knowing little leer and continues down the stairs. She hears him gathering up the other dogs.

Mary shivers.

EXT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Leo and Mary are tangled together on the sheet-shrouded couch. They've just finished making love.

LEO  
Take the key back. Fire him. Both you and Gushi will be better off.

MARY  
Leo...

LEO  
Why do you think Bean walks dogs, Mary? Not exactly an animal lover, is he?

(CONTINUED)

He absently plays with a corner of the sheet as he talks.

LEO (CONT'D)  
He does it so he can get inside  
people's homes.

FLASH CUT:

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - FRONT HALL - FLASHBACK -- DAY

Bean paws through the letters fanned out on the floor beneath  
the mail slot.

LEO (V.O.)  
They give him a key because it's  
convenient.

FLASH CUT:

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MARY'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK -- DAY

Bean keeps the terrier ducked under one arm as he slides a  
hand under the mattress. Sifts through Mary's lingerie  
drawer. Holds up a nightdress.

LEO (V.O.)  
They don't think about him sniffing  
around. Prying into their lives.

EXT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Leo drops the corner of the sheet over Mary's face. He  
smooths it out, gently feeling the shape of her features  
through the cloth.

LEO  
Looking for whatever's been safely  
hidden away.

MARY  
You're scaring me.

He kisses her through the cloth. Feels her arch her body  
against him.

LEO  
I'll talk to Bean. Besides...

EXT. GLOBE PUB -- NIGHT

Bean steps from the shadows as Alistair's car pulls into the  
lot. He hands Alistair a letter in exchange for a wad of  
bills as we hear Leo:

(CONTINUED)



LEO (V.O.)

There's nothing for him to discover.

Alistair looks at what he's been given. An envelope emblazoned with the Harvest Trust logo.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. IRENE ADLER MUSEUM - SITTING ROOM -- NIGHT

Mary addresses an unusually large group of TOURISTS. Her delivery is cheerfully confident. Relaxed.

MARY

Even by today's standards, Irene's independence can be thought of as thoroughly modern.

She pops open the secret panel over the fireplace. Inside, leaning against the photograph is something else: an ENVELOPE.

Mary looks surprised. Covers quickly.

MARY (CONT'D)

She left a picture... and a letter... explaining to Holmes that she'd seen through his deception.

She takes out the envelope. It's been opened. Mary sees the Harvest Trust logo. Sees her name and address.

She steps aside as the Tourists move forward to see the photo of Irene. One Tourist holds his place near the door.

It's Alistair. He smiles at Mary.

INT. IRENE ADLER MUSEUM - GIFT SHOP/OFFICE -- DAY

Mary storms in with a smug Alistair following behind. She holds up the Harvest Trust letter.

MARY

What is this?

ALISTAIR

Consider it a wedding present.

MARY

Is this going to tell me Leo's sick again? Do you think I'd desert him because of that? Leo is everything I've ever wanted.

(CONTINUED)

She RIPS UP the letter. Let's the pieces flutter to the floor. Alistair smiles thinly.

ALISTAIR  
Ignorance *is* bliss, I suppose.

He strolls to the door. Pauses for effect.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)  
You're right, Mary. You don't need to see what that letter said. I'm sure Leo's been honest with you about his health.

She glares at him. Alistair smiles.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)  
Brave, selfless Mary.

He exits. Mary's gaze drifts to the pieces of letter. She hesitates...

And then stoops to gather them up.

INT. LEO AND CARL'S FLAT - BATHROOM -- DAY

Leo packs his shaving kit. He glances nervously through the open door, checking out the rest of the flat.

It's empty. He can see the couch: unoccupied for once but still bearing signs of Carl's recent occupation: dented cushions; a picket of beer bottles; drug gear scattered across the coffee table.

Leo finishes packing his kit. He catches sight of his reflection in the mirror. He's pale and there are dark circles under his eyes.

As he leaves, we see the waste basket full of blood-dotted tissues.

INT. LEO AND CARL'S FLAT -- DAY

Leo hurriedly shoves his shaving kit into a duffel bag. Jams the plastic bag with the HOSPITAL CREST in beside it and shrugs on his leather jacket.

With a last, sad glance at the couch, he shoulders the duffel and--after carefully checking the hall--slips from the flat.

He doesn't even bother to close the door.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Leo's duffel is an incongruous lump in the middle of the ornate room. Mary steps over it to get into bed. She watches Leo getting undressed.

He notices the photo she took from her Grandmother's closet on the nightstand. Tucked into the corner of the frame is the cut-out picture of him.

LEO

You kept it.

MARY

Of course.

He sits on the bed and pulls the picture loose. Stares at it with sad eyes.

FLASH CUT:

INT. LEO AND CARL'S FLAT - FLASHBACK -- DAY

CLOSE ON the entire photograph. Carl and Leo grinning. Their arms around one another.

The BLADE of a knife is dragged between them, then turned and dragged sideways across Leo's chest. FINGERS push Leo's image out of the photograph, leaving a mutilated shot of Carl embracing an empty square.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mary watches Leo slip his picture back into the frame.

MARY

You looked much happier then.

LEO

It was before the illness.

He pulls off his shirt. Mary reaches out. Strokes his side just beneath his ribs.

MARY

You have more bruises.

LEO

It's nothing.

She begins kissing the swollen marks.

MARY

You've been calling the hospital.

(CONTINUED)

LEO  
Just to check in. I won't have to do  
it anymore.

MARY  
Leo, if there's something--

LEO  
There's nothing. Nothing.

He pulls back the covers and rolls into bed. Mary kisses  
the bruises on his chest. Follows their path down... across  
his stomach... down further...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM -- LATE NIGHT

Mary wakes to a soft sound. She looks across the pillow to  
Leo. His head is turned toward her, eyes closed in sleep.  
The moonlight is bright enough to reveal TEARS running down  
his face.

Mary reaches over and lets the back of her knuckles brush  
the glistening wetness of his cheek. She looks scared.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BATH -- LATE NIGHT

Mary enters with her handbag. She carefully closes the door  
before turning on the light. Sitting on the edge of the  
tub, she opens her bag and takes out the pieces of the Harvest  
Trust envelope.

She pulls out the torn inner letter. Shuffles the sections  
and begins to arrange them on the closed toilet lid. We  
read:

*"SAD DUTY TO INFORM YOU..."*

The breath catches in Mary's throat. She puts down another  
piece.

*"HIGH FAILURE RATE..."*

Then another.

*"PROLONGED STRUGGLE..."*

Her hands struggle as she sifts through the remaining pieces.

MARY  
Oh, Leo...

She finds the key piece.

(CONTINUED)

"THE DEATH OF LEO NASH ON THURSDAY THE 7TH OF AUGUST."

We hold on this last phrase, CREEPING IN on "The death of Leo Nash". Mary brings her hand to her mouth, stunned.

MARY (CONT'D)

Leo... dead.

A SUDDEN KNOCK at the door makes her come close to screaming.

LEO (O.S.)

Mary?

She can't answer. Leo KNOCKS again.

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

Mary, are you all right?

She sees the door knob begin to turn.

MARY

Yes! I... I'll be right out.

The knob stops turning. Mary rakes the pieces of letter back into her bag and shoves the bag in the sink cabinet.

She flushes the toilet. Splashes water on her face. Taking a nervous breath, she opens the bathroom door.

Leo stands there, a concerned look on his face.

LEO

Are you okay?

MARY

Of course. Are you, Leo?

He smiles gently, touched by her concern.

LEO

I'm fine. You worry about me so.

She slips past by him. Leo gives the bathroom a quick once-over before turning out the light.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mary crawls back into <sup>bed</sup>. Feels Leo snuggle up beside her. His arms wrap tightly around her, keeping her close.

She lays there. Stiff and afraid. Staring into the dark.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM -- MORNING

Leo comes awake. Finds himself alone in the bed.

LEO

Mary?

No answer. She's gone.

Leo flops back down on the pillow. We PUSH past him to the framed photo of Frederica. The cut-out picture of Leo that was tucked into the corner is gone.

INT. SEEDY STAIRWELL -- MORNING

A sleepy-eyed LANDLORD leads Mary up the stairs.

LANDLORD

They skipped out and left a bunch of shit. Don't know if any of it's worth collecting.

MARY

We take all sorts of things. Not just clothes.

LANDLORD

Well, the flat rents furnished so the kitchen stuff stays.

INT. LEO AND CARL'S FLAT -- MORNING

The Landlord unlocks the door. Mary steps past him. Makes a slow turn to take in the squalid surroundings.

MARY

How do you know they skipped?

LANDLORD

They owe back rent. I came by last night to collect. Door's open, the flat's empty. You figure it out.

She walks to Leo's bedroom.

INT. LEO AND CARL'S FLAT - LEO'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Mary steps inside the small room. Sees the unmade bed. The empty hangers in the open closet. A collection of books and papers on a shelf catch her eye.

She crosses to them. Some are letters bearing the Harvest Trust logo. One informs Mr. Leo Nash that his bone marrow donor has requested he contact her.

(CONTINUED)

It provides Mary's name and address on Park Crescent. Paper clipped to it is Mary's invitation to meet her at the cafe.

Mary sets the letters aside. Finds a brand new paperback of Sherlock Holmes stories. Under it is a copy of the Social Register. She flips to a page marked by a folded newspaper clipping. It's the section on Frederica Jago.

Portions have been underlined. Passages about Frederica's prominent charity work. A lavish description of her home. Her travels. Words like "WEALTHY" and "PHILANTHROPIC" and "AFFLUENT" leap out. Underlined at the bottom are the words "GRANDDAUGHTER, MARY JAGO".

Mary unfolds the newspaper clipping. It's her Grandmother's obituary.

INT. LEO AND CARL'S FLAT -- MORNING

Mary slams out of the bedroom, startling the Landlord.

LANDLORD

You done?

MARY

Yes.

Then she notices something on the coffee table. The mutilated photograph. She picks it up. Stares at the young man we've come to know as Carl. His arm around an empty square.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN -- MORNING

Leo is making himself a cup of tea when Gushi suddenly starts barking and wagging her tail. Leo looks around.

Finds Bean in the doorway, swinging the key in his hand, and smiling.

BEAN

Good morning, Mr. Leo.

Leo stares at him sourly.

LEO

Save it. She's not here.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY -- MORNING

Mary enters. Scans the building directory until she finds the suite number for THE HARVEST TRUST.

INT. HARVEST TRUST - DR. KIRKE'S OFFICE -- MORNING

DR. KIRKE, a sternly handsome middle-aged woman, leads Mary into the room.

KIRKE

Frankly, I don't know what more I can tell you, Miss Jago. Leo's relapse was quite sudden. His death caught us all by surprise.

She waves Mary to a chair and takes the seat behind her desk.

KIRKE (CONT'D)

His brother Carl insisted he be the one to break the news to you. He said he wanted to thank you personally.

MARY

I suppose he changed his mind.

KIRKE

It happens. That's why we always follow up with a letter.

MARY

I never actually met either of them. I mean... we spoke on the phone and Leo sent me a photo...

She opens her handbag and removes the small photo of Leo and the larger picture from which it was originally cut. She fits the two pieces together.

MARY (CONT'D)

I wanted to cut out Leo's picture... to put in my wallet... but I think I misunderstood...

She laughs queerly at the sound of the last word. Dr. Kirke frowns.

MARY (CONT'D)

... I think I cut out his brother's picture by mistake.

KIRKE

Yes. That's Carl you've cut out. Leo's on the left.

Mary takes the photo back. Stares at the two brothers.

(CONTINUED)



MARY

I just assumed that the blonde hair...  
I mean he... Carl... he looks so much  
more like me.

KIRKE

It doesn't work like that, Mary.

MARY

We were such a good match.

KIRKE

Having the same tissue type doesn't  
mean you'll have any other  
similarities.

Mary looks up. Her eyes are bright with unspilled tears.

MARY

No. Of course not. Silly of me.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - DINING HALL -- MORNING

Bean strolls in. Picks and pokes at the rich keepsakes. He  
glances at Leo.

BEAN

Do you have my money?

LEO

Give me time. We're not married yet.

BEAN

You're an enterprising young fellow.  
You'll come up with it.

He gives Leo a look of mock sadness.

BEAN (CONT'D)

Miss Jago has heard some dreadful  
things about Carl. Be a shame if she  
found out which Nash brother she was  
engaged to.

LEO

Mary Jago is the best thing that ever  
happened to me, Bean.

BEAN

Hard to find a trusting one nowadays,  
isn't it.

## INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - FREDERICA'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Mary sits on her Grandmother's bed, surrounded by the pictures and relics of the woman's life. She looks dazed and defeated. Her tears, when they come, are hot and sharp as glass.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. PARK CRESCENT -- EVENING

Mary stands across the street from the Blackburn-Norris house. She's studying it like she would something coiled and dangerous.

## INT. TERRACE HOUSE - FRONT HALL -- EVENING

Mary opens the door. Peers nervously into the gloom.

MARY

Leo?

There is no answer. She steps in. Closes the door quickly and quietly.

## INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MARY'S BEDROOM -- EVENING

Mary opens the suitcase on the floor of the wardrobe. Begins jamming clothes and shoes into it.

A sound makes her freeze. She quickly shuts the wardrobe.

## INT. TERRACE HOUSE - UPPER FLOOR -- EVENING

Mary steps into the dark hall. Creeps down to the master bedroom. She peeks through the partially open door.

## INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM -- EVENING

Leo is sitting on the bed, wearing the silk robe. The contents of the bag with the HOSPITAL CREST are scattered on the spread before him: a few articles of clothing, a wallet.

Leo is weeping. Anguished. Looking at the cards in the wallet. At the photos of his brother. He runs his finger along the raised letters of the man's name: LEO DAVID NASH.

Mary studies him and the fear in her eyes is gradually eroded by his sobs. She sees him shut the wallet and sweep the things back into the bag. He carries it over to his duffel and hides it among the clothes within.

He wipes at his eyes and nose. Then gingerly touches his mouth. He crosses to the room's full length mirror.

(CONTINUED)

Stands there, running a finger over his gums, checking for tell-tale signs of blood. He squeezes the flesh of his arms and waits anxiously to see if the marks left by his fingers fade.

Mary makes a soft sound and pushes the door all the way open. She walks across the room to him. Leo turns to look at her for a space of heartbeats.

Mary shakes her head wearily and surrenders to something inside her.

MARY  
My poor, helpless boy.

She pulls his head to her chest. Cradles him. Comforts him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GLOBE PUB -- DAY

An incredulous Alistair glares across the table at Bean.

ALISTAIR  
What do you mean they're still living together? It's been days.

BEAN  
Mr. Leo told me they're getting married.

Alistair rubs his forehead as if trying to push back a migraine. Bean shrugs and takes a sip of ale.

BEAN (CONT'D)  
She must want to take care of him.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - DINING ROOM -- EVENING

Leo puts his fork down. Mary watches him push back his dinner plate.

MARY  
Full?

LEO  
No appetite today. But it was good.  
You're a good cook.

MARY  
And you're pale. You shouldn't be so pale.

(CONTINUED)

LEO

You worry about me too much.

She rises.

MARY

I'll make us both a cup of tea. You try to eat a little more.

Leo obediently forks up another bite. Mary leaves the room.

And Leo sets down the fork. He frowns a little, troubled by his lack of hunger.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Leo is stretched out in bed, wide awake, listening to the rhythm of Mary's breathing. Satisfied that she is asleep, he gently climbs out of bed and, naked, steals across the floor to the bathroom door.

Mary opens her eyes, clearly having feigned sleep.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BATH -- NIGHT

Leo closes the door and turns on the light. He sits on the toilet. Makes a fist with one protruding knuckle.

He BEATS on his legs. Hard. Clenching his teeth. Wincing with each blow. Silent.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM -- MORNING

Mary is awake. Head resting on Leo's chest. She is staring at the line of faint white puncture scars on his inner elbow.

Leo stirs. Stretches. Comes awake without opening his eyes.

MARY

You're bruising again.

LEO

Mmmm? It's nothing. Really.

He strokes her hair. Mary slips from the bed, pulling the covers with her. Leo blinks and sits up. Gives her a sunny smile.

Then he notices his thighs. They are BLACK with unnaturally dark bruises.

LEO (CONT'D)

Fuck!

(CONTINUED)

MARY  
It's bad, isn't it?

He feels the welts, horrified. Mary is genuinely moved by his fear.

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE -- DAY

Leo sits in a plastic chair. Waiting restlessly. He skins back a shirt sleeve to check his arm. Looks anguished by the sight of dark bruises.

GOVERNMENT CLERK  
Number Seventeen.

Leo jerks. Rolls down his sleeve and walks to a wicket marked PASSPORTS. He pushes the application form and two headshots across to the Clerk.

GOVERNMENT CLERK (CONT'D)  
Identification, please.

Leo pulls out a birth certificate and driver's license. Hands them to the Clerk who scans the name: LEO DAVID NASH.

EXT. IRENE ADLER MUSEUM -- AFTERNOON

Mary locks up and starts away along the sidewalk.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - ENTRANCE GATE -- AFTERNOON

Mary heads toward the park entrance. She hears a car door SLAM. A moment later Alistair seizes her arm.

ALISTAIR  
Why haven't you called me? You read the letter. I know you read the letter.

MARY  
Leave me alone, Alistair.

ALISTAIR  
Your precious little Leo isn't who you thought he was.

MARY  
So what? Neither were you.

She tries to walk away from him. Alistair wrenches her back. Mary rounds on him, flaring.

(CONTINUED)

MARY (CONT'D)  
He's dying, Alistair. He thinks he's developed leukemia.

ALISTAIR  
He's faking it.

MARY  
I've seen the symptoms. They're real this time. He's terrified.

ALISTAIR  
He's after your money, Mary. Why else would he bother with you?

MARY  
Is that why you bother with me?

ALISTAIR  
You'd rather be with some shitty con man--

MARY  
Than with you? My God, yes.

Alistair goes white. Somehow manages to control his temper.

ALISTAIR  
I'm taking you home where you'll be safe. We'll call the police.

Mary sees a POLICE CONSTABLE come strolling out of the park.

MARY  
Why wait?

She yanks free of Alistair and runs to the man. Alistair sees her talking rapidly. Gesturing back at him. Shaking with frustration, he hurries back to his car.

Mary watches him drive off. She looks sick. Exhausted. The Constable pulls out his notebook and pen. Dutifully makes a report.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - KITCHEN -- EVENING

Mary is cooking when she hears the front door open. A moment later, Leo enters with the afternoon mail. He looks pale and exhausted.

LEO  
You have a postcard from the Blackburn-Norrises.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

I saw. They'll be home day after tomorrow.

LEO

I guess we'll have to decide where to elope to.

MARY

Tahiti. They have lovely hotels built over the water.

Leo manages a smile. Mary takes a spoon full of sauce and offers him a taste.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mary and Leo are in bed. He rolls close to her. Begins kissing her throat.

MARY

Leo...

LEO

We haven't in days.

MARY

I'm very tired.

She pulls away from him. We see confusion in his eyes. After a moment, he rolls away. Mary stares up at the ceiling.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK CRESCENT -- MORNING

The street is quiet. Deceptively peaceful. We CLOSE on the Terrace House.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BATH -- MORNING

Leo is brushing his teeth. He spits into the sink. Sees BLOOD in the white foam.

He lifts his lip, squeezing his gum. Blood seeps from the gum line, running into the spaces between his teeth.

Leo looks frightened. He notices Mary standing behind him, watching him in the mirror.

MARY

Are you all right?

(CONTINUED)

LEO  
No. No, I'm not. Can't you see what's  
happening?

MARY  
Is this how it happened before?

FLASH CUT:

INT. LEO AND CARL'S FLAT - FLASHBACK -- NIGHT

Leo watches, horrified, as Carl (the real Leo) stands before  
a mirror examining his own bleeding gums.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BATH -- NIGHT

Leo turns to Mary. He looks sick with fear.

LEO  
This is exactly how it happened before.  
And I know where it leads.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Leo exits the bathroom, troubled, and drops down on the bed.  
Mary follows. Sits beside him.

MARY  
We'll both be away from here after  
tomorrow. Everything will be better  
then.

She rubs his shoulders comfortingly.

MARY (CONT'D)  
You're about to marry an heiress.

LEO  
What good is money if I'm...

He trails off. Mary's hands find their way to his bruises.

MARY  
You faced this before with your  
brother. Now you'll face it with me.

LEO  
Just the two of us?

Mary hesitates. He turns and looks at her imploringly. She  
gives a small nod.

MARY  
Together.

(CONTINUED)



He hugs her. Mary rocks him gently.

EXT. TERRACE HOUSE -- MORNING

Mary exits the house. She hears the approaching YAP of dogs. She sees Bean's red cap bobbing down the sidewalk.

She hurries across the street to avoid meeting him.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - FRONT HALL -- MORNING

We hear the sound of Bean's KEY in the lock. The door is opened from inside by Leo. Bean regards him warily.

BEAN

Not feeling well, are we?

LEO

I have your money.

BEAN

Congratulations. Be sure to kiss the blushing bride for me.

LEO

Meet me tonight. Ten o'clock at the Nursemaid's Passage.

He gently toes Gushi out the door. Closes it on Bean.

EXT. TERRACE HOUSE -- MORNING

Bean stares at the closed door for a long moment before bending to catch Gushi's collar. His expression is wary. Almost frightened.

INT. IRENE ADLER MUSEUM - SITTING ROOM -- DAY

Mary is alone in the room. Staring at the picture of Irene Adler in the secret compartment above the mantel. Her eyes are unreadable.

After a long moment, she firmly closes the compartment door. Seals the photo up in darkness.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - BANDSTAND -- DAY

There is a field of striped deck chairs arrayed on the grass. Hob is slumped in one. He's pale and sweating. His clotted jacket pulled tight about him.

He rouses himself as Leo slips into the chair next to him.

(CONTINUED)

HOB  
Christ, mate, you look like shit.

LEO  
You're one to talk.

HOB  
I'll be okay once you fix me up.

LEO  
Got the money?

HOB  
You'll hafta carry me this one--

Leo starts to get up. Allows Hob pull him back down.

HOB (CONT'D)  
C'mon! C'mon! Maybe you know  
somebody... needs a job done.

LEO  
Maybe. Maybe me. Tonight.

He slips something from his pocket. Palms it to Hob who gives it a quick glance.

HOB  
That's not gonna last me.

LEO  
That's to get you straight.

He slides a larger packet into Hob's jacket.

LEO (CONT'D)  
That's for after. Fuck this up and  
you're cut off for life.

HOB  
You just name the place.

INT. GLOBE PUB -- DAY

Alistair frowns at Bean.

ALISTAIR  
Nursemaid's Passage?

Bean takes a sip of brown ale. Nods sagely.

BEAN  
He wants to meet you.

(CONTINUED)

ALISTAIR

He's got a shot at ten million pounds.  
What does he think I can offer him?

BEAN

I know his type, sir. Common shit.  
He's cooped up in that big house  
without his drugs or his other vices.  
Pretending to be a good boy. It's  
too much work. You offer him a quick  
payday and he'll vanish.

Alistair churns the idea around. Bean pitches his voice  
low.

BEAN (CONT'D)

It's sad, of course. His leaving  
sudden like that is sure to break  
Miss Jago's heart. Someone will need  
to be there to comfort her.

ALISTAIR

You really think he'll just go?

BEAN

You trust old Bean, sir. The mean  
little bastards always go for the  
short money.

EXT. ROYAL LAWN CEMETERY -- DAY

CLOSE ON a fresh plot of earth. There is no headstone or  
plaque yet: just the raw dirt rising from the manicured grass.

Mary stares down at the grave. She's frowning slightly, as  
if trying to work out how she should feel.

Finally she kneels and places a simple clutch of flowers on  
the grave. Caught in the stems is the mutilated photo of  
the man we knew as Carl. His arm embracing emptiness.

Mary straightens and walks away from him. And from the mound  
we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The bed covers are mounded up over Mary and Leo. We see him  
kissing her throat. Working his way down her shoulders.  
She looks stiff and anxious.

## INT. ALISTAIR'S FLAT - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Alistair finishes dressing in dark clothes. He checks his appearance in the vanity mirror. He strikes a tough look. Grins savagely before leaving the room.

## INT. BEAN'S BEDSIT -- NIGHT

Bean is watching television in the cramped room. He checks the time on the clock radio. He rises. Puts on his jacket and red cap.

## EXT. PRIMROSE BRIDGE -- NIGHT

Hob is hunkered down beneath the bridge. He is shooting up. Injecting himself in the foot.

## INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Leo kisses his way down Mary's belly. Moves to her hip. The Iliac Crest. Kissing.

MARY

Leo...

LEO

Sshhh.

## EXT. PARK CRESCENT -- NIGHT

Alistair parks down the block from the Terrace House. He gets out. Stares at the upper windows as if willing himself to see inside.

A HISS catches his attention. Bean materializes from the dark. Waves to Alistair to follow.

## EXT. PRIVATE GARDEN -- NIGHT

Hob grabs the spikes of the iron fence and hauls himself over. He lands clumsily. Lumbers away, giggling slightly.

## INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mary trembles. Struggles against the way she is responding to Leo attentions. Her body begins to shake with restrained passion.

## EXT. PARK CRESCENT -- NIGHT

Bean unlocks the gate and swings it open. The metal hinges SCREEEE, breaking the silence. Bean leads Alistair into the moonlit garden.

(CONTINUED)

BEAN

Here...

He pulls off his red cap and sets it on Alistair's head.

BEAN (CONT'D)

Keep him off balance. Let him think it's me coming. Maybe you've turned his offer down.

Alistair stuffs some bills into Bean's hand. Marches off toward the tunnel.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mary forces back a cry. On the edge of climax. He whispers:

LEO

I need you, Mary.

EXT. NURSEMAID'S PASSAGE -- NIGHT

Alistair pauses for a moment before stepping into the black mouth of the tunnel. The only light is the faint moonlight at the far end...

Where a FIGURE crouches against the wall.

A look of anger flashes across Alistair's face. He pulls the cap lower. Keeping his face down, he marches forward.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mary closes her eyes, surrendering herself as Leo begins to thrust against her. He seems desperate to lose himself in the physical passion.

A DROP OF BLOOD beads up at the end of his nose. Trembles with Leo's every push.

EXT. NURSEMAID'S PASSAGE -- NIGHT

Alistair sees the Figure rise up as he approaches. It speaks in a low voice.

HOB

Hey, doggie-dog man. Carl doesn't like you sniffing around.

ALISTAIR

Is that your real name? Carl? I'll be sure to tell the police.

(CONTINUED)

The Figure shuffles toward him, giggling. Stoned. Alistair hesitates. He's suddenly unsure.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

Who are you?

A FAST GLEAM of reflected light blurs past Alistair's face. A dark red GASH suddenly stretches from his chin to his cheek.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The drop of blood from Leo's nose falls and SPLATTERS onto Mary's pale cheek. It's followed by several more. Mary opens her eyes. Reacts in horror.

MARY

No no no no, stop.

INT. NURSEMAID'S PASSAGE -- NIGHT

Alistair screams. Raises his hand to his face. There is a second steely BLUR and a gash opens in his wrist. Alistair scrambles back toward the end of the Passage.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mary scrambles back against the headboard. Leo sees the blood on her skin. He touches his nose.

LEO

Oh Christ!

EXT. NURSEMAID'S PASSAGE -- NIGHT

Alistair is grabbed from behind and SLAMMED into the tunnel wall. He slumps to the ground, head and shoulders out in the yellow light of the lamps around the Crescent.

Bean watches from hiding as Alistair is grabbed from behind and dragged back into the darkness.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Leo swipes at the blood on his face, trying to staunch the flow. He smears it over his lips and cheek.

LEO

It's not clotting.

Mary makes a sound of revulsion. Rolls off the bed and snatches up her robe. Leo looks devastated.

LEO (CONT'D)

Mary... you can't catch it.

(CONTINUED)

He holds is hand out to her, terrified. Mary backs away.

LEO (CONT'D)  
Please, Mary... don't back away from me--

MARY  
Like Carl did?

He looks at her. Shocked. Hurt.

LEO  
I'm sick. Please. I might be *dying*.

MARY  
I'll donate marrow again.

Her words jar him.

LEO  
You just say the magic words and I'm healed?

MARY  
Second-time transplants have a good success rate apparently.

He watches her use a tissue to clean her face.

LEO  
You really believe this has all been some fairy tale, don't you? Some way of connecting the princess to the peasant boy.

MARY  
What should I believe?

LEO  
Didn't they tell you about "graft-versus-host disorder"? The patient's body attacks the transplanted marrow like a poison.

FLASH CUT:

INT. PALE ROOM -- DAY

Carl (the real Leo) is stretched out in bed, writhing in agony. His brother sits at his side, holding his hand, tears running down his cheeks. We see for the first time that the pale room is actually a hospital room.

(CONTINUED)

LEO (V.O.)  
 You can't imagine the pain your charity  
 caused.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mary shrugs but her voice grows tight.

MARY  
 You still went ahead with it.

LEO  
 Your marrow was a four out of six  
 antigen match. That's enough if you're  
 desperate. But it's harder on the  
 recipient. Carl's marrow would have  
 been perfect.

Mary laughs helplessly.

MARY  
 Oh yes, Carl. Perfect Carl. A junkie  
 who deserted his sick brother.

LEO  
 Stop it!

MARY  
 And where is Carl now, huh? Fuck  
 Carl.

LEO  
 I can't help how it was. It doesn't  
 give you the right to stand there and  
 talk about another transplant like  
 it's easy. Like you've got the power  
 of life and death. It was agony.

MARY  
 Is that why you haven't asked me to  
 donate again? Or is there some other  
 reason? Because that pain... it was  
 worth it, wasn't it?

Leo stares at her, unable to find the words.

FLASH CUT:

INT. MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR -- DAY

Leo looks down at Carl (the real Leo) stretched out on a  
 gurney. Carl's eyes are closed. He's dead.

(CONTINUED)



A NURSE hands Leo a plastic bag emblazoned with the HOSPITAL CREST. Inside are his brother's clothes and personal effects. Leo pulls out the wallet.

MARY (V.O.)

You're still here. Even if Carl did abandon you.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Leo sinks down on the bed, exhausted. Broken.

LEO

Carl's a fool.

He looks down at his blood-smeared fingers.

LEO (CONT'D)

You're all I have left, Mary. I can't lose you.

He blinks back tears. Agonized.

LEO (CONT'D)

There's something I have to tell you--

MARY

No.

He's surprised by her decisive tone.

LEO

Mary--

MARY

You're talking because you're scared and desperate.

She takes another tissue from a box. Crosses to him and methodically begins to wipe the blood from his face.

MARY (CONT'D)

I'll call Dr. Phillips. He'll see you tomorrow morning before we leave. When you know for certain if there's something wrong with you, I'll listen to anything you have to say.

LEO

I love you. I want you to understand... you knew the real me.

He tries again to explain.

(CONTINUED)

LEO (CONT'D)

You knew who I really was and--

MARY

Tell me the rest tomorrow. If you still want to.

He manages a confused nod and drops back on the bed. Wet-eyed. Emotionally wrung out.

Mary looks at the stained tissue in her hand. Drops it into the waste basket as...

EXT. NURSEMAID'S PASSAGE -- NIGHT

Sharp bursts of icy light--CAMERA FLASHES--illuminate splashes of red: bloodstained walls; the crumpled red cap; Alistair's corpse.

An INSPECTOR turns to his PARTNER.

INSPECTOR

Who reported it?

INSPECTOR 2

The old man there heard the screams.

He gestures to Bean who stands a few paces away. The Inspector checks Alistair's wallet.

INSPECTOR

Alistair Winter. No cash. No credit cards.

He calls over to Bean.

INSPECTOR (CONT'D)

Do you recognize this man, sir?

BEAN

I've seen him creeping about in the last few weeks.

INSPECTOR 2

We have a report of him in the neighborhood harassing an ex-girlfriend.

INSPECTOR

Stupid bugger.

A CONSTABLE approaches with his radio.

(CONTINUED)

## CONSTABLE

Inspector. We've got something you should see.

## EXT. PRIMROSE BRIDGE -- NIGHT

The two Inspectors pick their way along by the beam of a CONSTABLE'S flashlight. It swivels to illuminate the space under the bridge.

Hob is there, stretched out on his back, the syringe still stuck in his bare foot. His dead eyes staring at the brickwork above.

Next to Hob is a gory knife. One of the Inspectors fishes something out of Hob's pocket. A blood-dewed credit card.

## INSPECTOR

Well well well.

He shows the card to his partner. CLOSE ON the name: Alistair Winter.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. PARK CRESCENT -- MORNING

The white houses look pale and ghostly. Alistair's car is still parked at the curb. Beaded with dew.

The door to the Terrace House opens. Leo steps out. He checks an address on a slip of paper and heads down the street.

Mary watches him from the upper floor window. She looks like a ghost herself: a pallid figure barely real behind the glass.

The PULSING SOUND from the opening scenes begins again as...

## INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - EXAMINATION ROOM -- MORNING

Leo is shown into the room and left to wait. He looks around nervously.

## INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MARY'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Mary walks to the wardrobe and takes out her suitcase.

## INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - EXAMINATION ROOM -- MORNING

Leo, now naked, sits on the examination table while Dr. Phillips pokes and prods his bruises.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM -- MORNING

Mary finishes making up the room. She takes the framed photo of her Grandmother and leaves.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - EXAMINATION ROOM -- MORNING

Dr. Phillips swabs Leo's inner elbow with alcohol. Fixes Leo with a stern look at the sight of the old puncture marks.

He places the tip of hypodermic needle against Leo's skin.

INT. TERRACE HOUSE - MARY'S BEDROOM -- EVENING

Mary's suitcases are packed and sitting on the bed. Mary finishes dressing. Eyes herself in the mirror above the vanity.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - EXAMINATION ROOM -- MORNING

FOAMY BLOOD is drawn into the syringe. The PULSING SOUND fades... fades...

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM -- DAY

Leo leafs through a magazine. He's anxious. The door to the examination room opens and Dr. Phillips waves him in.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - EXAMINATION ROOM -- DAY

Dr. Phillips motions Leo to a chair. He consults a file.

DR. PHILLIPS

Well, we've got some interesting results. Your blood *hasn't* been clotting properly.

LEO

I bloody know that.

DR. PHILLIPS

Calm down. It's not leukemia. It's a temporary condition brought on by the presence of something in your system. A substance called Warfarin.

LEO

Warfarin?

DR. PHILLIPS

Yes. It's found in rat poison. But it's mainly used as a blood-thinning medication for elderly heart patients.

(CONTINUED)

Leo exhales sharply.

EXT. TERRACE HOUSE -- DAY

Leo races up to the door. Grabs at the knob. Locked. He tries to shove his key in the hole but it won't fit.

He blinks at the bright new hardware. The lock has been changed.

LEO

Mary!

Snarling, he punches the door.

EXT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE -- DAY

Leo stands in front of Frederica's house. Staring at the neglected garden. The metal grills pulled shut inside the windows.

He approaches the door. Peers through the side window. Then he crouches and pushes open the mail slot to squint inside.

The door opens under his hands.

INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - FRONT HALL -- DAY

Leo eases the door open and steps inside. He sees something on the floor near the entrance to the living room. His duffel bag. Packed and waiting.

Suddenly furious, Leo kicks it aside.

INT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Leo steps into the room. Takes in the sheet-covered furniture. Then he notices something on the mantel.

A pill vial.

He walks over and snatches it up. Reads the label: "JAGO, FREDERICA: WARFARIN. TWICE DAILY AS DIRECTED."

Leo flings it aside. It rolls to the entrance. Coming to a stop near Mary's feet.

She picks it up. Straightens to meet his look of surprise.

LEO

You're here.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

I'm home. Did you think I'd run away?

She gestures to his bag.

MARY (CONT'D)

Your things are all there.

He's confused by her calm. Her confidence. He lets tears well up in his eyes.

LEO

Do you know what you did to me? Do you have any idea?

Mary is unmoved.

LEO (CONT'D)

You *poisoned* me.

MARY

I obliged you. You wanted to be my Leo.

Leo blinks away the useless tears, his expression suddenly fired with rage. He advances on her as if to strike her. Mary meets his gaze...

MARY (CONT'D)

You still could be.

She gives the vial a gentle shake, *RATTLING* the remaining pills together.

Leo stares. She meets his gaze evenly. For a long moment, neither one moves.

Then Leo drops his eyes. He moves carefully past her. Picks up his duffel bag and walks out.

The front door *CLOSES* a moment later.

MARY (CONT'D)

No mark. No scar. Nothing to remember you by.

She stands there for a moment longer. Then she walks around the room and begins pulling the dust covers off the furniture.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FREDERICA'S HOUSE -- DAY

Weeks later and the garden is lush and bright and well-maintained. The trim freshly painted. Roman carries Mary's suitcases to the taxi at the curb.

ROMAN

Did the police investigation turn up anything else?

MARY

No. It was just another mugging. Some drug addict. Case closed.

ROMAN

Poor Alistair.

Mary's brief look of sadness flits across her face.

MARY

He always said the park was dangerous after dark.

She glances back at the house.

MARY (CONT'D)

You'll check on the place occasionally? Water the garden?

ROMAN

You could have hired a housesitter.

Mary hides a small smile. Roman puts her suitcases in the taxi.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

The Museum won't be the same without you.

MARY

Holmes survived without his Irene. Besides, I've been told a woman should travel.

He hands her a stack of Irene Adler postcards. Mary laughs and hugs him tightly. She climbs into the cab. Roman closes the door. Waves as it pulls away.

INT. TAXI -- DAY

Mary sits, gently rocked by the motion of the car. She slips the postcards into her purse.

Beside the vial of Warfarin.

(CONTINUED)

She pulls out something else. The square photo of a smiling Leo.

She stares at the image for a long moment. Then she cracks the window and offers the picture to the gap. The wind catches it.

Gone.

Mary leans back, temple to the window glass. She watches the neighbourhood houses BLUR past.

After a moment, she closes her eyes.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

The wind carries Leo's photo to the sidewalk where it disappears beneath the scrabble of furry legs. Bean is passing by with his squad of dogs.

He stops outside a house. Loops the leashes around a fence post and walks to the door.

He knocks.

There is no answer. Bean takes a key off the HEAVY RING at his waist. Unlocks the door.

BEAN

Hello? Mrs. Goldsworthy?

Still no answer. With a crafty smile, Bean slips inside and closes the door.

We HOLD on the blank door for a moment. Then begin to PULL BACK. Past the huddle and scratch of the dogs. Past the curb and street. BACK until we see a whole sweep of the street. And from that succession of blank doors and empty windows we...

FADE OUT.