

**AN EDUCATION**

Written by  
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**1 INT. SCHOOL. DAY**

**1**

**JANUARY 1962. MONTAGE**

A nice girls' school in a south west London suburb. We see girls doing what girls did in a nice girls' school in 1962: walking with books on their heads, practising their handwriting, making cakes, playing lacrosse, dancing with each other.

**1A INT. CLASSROOM. DAY**

**1A**

In one of the classrooms, MISS STUBBS, an attractive, bright, animated schoolteacher, is talking to a small group of sixteen-year-old girls. Some of these girls seem to be daydreaming - looking out of the window, examining their fingernails. A couple, including a bespectacled girl who looks five years younger than everyone else in the class, write down everything the teacher says. Only one, JENNY, beautiful and animated, seems to be listening in the spirit in which Miss Stubbs would like her to listen. She's smiling, eyes shining - she loves Miss Stubbs, and these lessons. Miss Stubbs asks a question, and Jenny puts up her hand - the only one in the class to do so.

**MISS STUBBS**

(mock-sighing)  
Jenny. Again.

**JENNY**

Isn't it because Mr Rochester's blind?

**2 INT. BEDROOM. DAY**

**2**

Jenny's bedroom. Books about ponies, a much loved teddy bear; a cello huge in the small room leans against the wall.

Jenny is bent over a small desk. Victorian novels, Latin primers and dictionaries teeter in huge towers either side of her. She stands and stretches as she turns to us.

She kneels and flicks through her half-dozen or so LPs on the floor near a cheap record player - they're all classical, mostly by Elgar, apart from a Juliette Greco record. This is the one she chooses. As the music begins, she sings along.

Immediately there is a thumping noise - someone underneath her is banging on the ceiling impatiently.

**MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)**

I don't want to hear any French singing. French singing wasn't on the syllabus, last time I looked.

2.

Jenny sighs, and reaches for the volume control. She turns the music down so low that she has to lie down and put her head right next to the Dansette to hear it.

Close on Jenny as she silently mouths the words along with the almost inaudible track.

**3 INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY**

3

Jenny, her mother and father are finishing Sunday lunch. Jenny's father JACK is in his forties, MARJORIE, her mother is slightly younger than Jack, but every bit as middle-aged. The food is grey and brown, in keeping with the colour scheme of the house. They aren't talking - they're listening to Mantovani on the radio. Jenny gets up from the lunch table.

**JENNY**

I've got an English essay to do by tomorrow morning.

**JACK**

I don't want to hear anything through the ceiling this afternoon, apart from the sound of sweat dripping onto textbooks.

**JENNY**

Cello?

**JACK**

No cello.

**JENNY**

I thought we agreed that cello was my interest or hobby?

**JACK**

It's already your interest or hobby. When they ask you "What's your interest or hobby?" at your Oxford interview, you can say, "Cello". That wouldn't be a lie. You don't need to practise a hobby. A hobby is a hobby.

**JENNY**

Or interest.

**JACK**

(ignoring her)

You don't need to be good at it. You just have to be interested in it.

3.

**JENNY**

Can I stop going to the youth orchestra, then?

**JACK**

No. The orchestra shows you're a joiner-inner. Universities like joiner-inners.

**JENNY**

Ah. Yes. But. I've already joined in. So now I can stop.

**JACK**

Well, if you stop, that shows the opposite, doesn't it? That shows you're a rebel. They don't want that at Oxford.

**JENNY**

No. They don't want people who

think for themselves.

**JACK**

(missing the sarcasm, as  
is his wont)  
Course they don't.

**4 INT. SCHOOL HALL. DAY**

**4**

Jenny with cello sits in the string section. Everyone is getting settled, tuning up, latecomers still arriving. Along the row from Jenny, tuning his violin, is a nice-looking boy of her age, GRAHAM, and she waves at him. Two 13 year old boys sitting between them wave too, parodically, and then blow kisses, much to Graham's embarrassment and Jenny's fury.

The silly boys dissolve in fits of giggles: this is clearly one of the funniest moments of their lives - until one of them farts noisily and, it would appear from all the frantic gesturing, pungently. The comic value of the fart tops even the comic value of the wave, and they are scarcely able to stay seated, such is their mirth.

**5 EXT. SCHOOL. DAY**

**5**

Jenny and Graham are talking while he struggles to take his bike out of a bicycle rack slightly unbalanced by the violin strapped to his back. Graham is nervous, chronically unconfident and shy.

**GRAHAM**

Should I wear, you know, Sunday  
best?

**4.**

**JENNY**

You'd better, I'm afraid. Just to  
show my father you're un jeune  
homme serieux, not a teddy boy.

**GRAHAM**

Oh, God.

**JENNY**

It'll be all right. I won't wait.  
It's going to bucket down in a

minute. I'll see you at the weekend.

Jenny moves as quickly as she can towards the street.

**GRAHAM**

Oh, yes. Bye.

The two silly boys from before arrive to blow more kisses.

**SMALLER BOY 1**

Goodbye, darling! See you at the weekend! I will miss you with all of my heart!

Graham blushes. Jenny swipes the chief offender over the head with her sheet music.

**6 EXT. BUS STOP. DAY**

**6**

The rain has begun. Jenny attempts to cover herself. A mother and two children cross the road in front of her, and a beautiful, sleek red sports car - a Bristol - stops to let them across. David, possibly in his mid-thirties, dapper, and almost but not quite handsome, is driving the car. David, distracted, impatient, spots Jenny at the bus stop.

In front of the car a small wellington boot drops off the foot of one of the children, further slowing down their painfully slow progress across the road.

Jenny is wet. David makes eye contact. Jenny smiles ruefully, and enchantingly. David sighs, and then hesitates for a moment. The window of the Bristol slowly rolls down.

**DAVID**

Hello.

Jenny ignores him.

**DAVID**

Listen. If you've got any sense, you wouldn't take a lift from a strange man.

**5.**

Jenny smiles thinly.

**DAVID**

I am, however, a music lover, and I'm worried about your cello. So what I propose is, you put it in the car and walk alongside me.

**JENNY**

How do I know you won't just drive off with the cello?

**DAVID**

Ah. Good point.

He winds down the other window and waves on the cars that have stopped behind him.

**DAVID**

How much does a new cello cost? Twenty pounds? Thirty? I don't know. Let's say thirty.

He pulls out a wallet, takes out three ten-pound notes, hands them to her.

**DAVID**

There. Security.

Jenny laughs and waves the money away.

7 **EXT. STREET. NEAR SCHOOL. DAY.**

7

Later. The cello is in the back seat of the Bristol. Jenny is trotting alongside the car, while David leans nonchalantly across the passenger seat to talk to her while driving.

**DAVID**

I'm David, by the way.

She says nothing.

**DAVID**

And you are...?

**JENNY**

Jenny. (Beat) I've never seen a car like this before. C'est tres chic.

**DAVID**

It's a Bristol. Not many of `em  
made.

Jenny nods, but doesn't know how to respond.

6.

**DAVID**

How did the concert go?

**JENNY**

It was a rehearsal. The concert's  
next Thursday.

**DAVID**

What are you playing?

**JENNY**

(making a face)  
Elgar.

**DAVID**

Ah, Elgar. I often think it's a  
shame he spent so much time in  
Worcester, don't you? Worcester's  
too near Birmingham. And you can  
hear that in the music. There's a  
horrible Brummy accent in there,  
if you listen hard enough.

Jenny looks at him and smiles. She hadn't expected him to  
be able to make Elgar jokes.

**DAVID**

Anyway, I'm not sure Elgar and  
Jews mix very well.

**JENNY**

I'm not a Jew!

**DAVID**

(smiling)  
No. I am. I wasn't...accusing  
you.

**JENNY**

Oh. (She smiles awkwardly.) Can I  
sit in the car with my cello?

David stops the car.

**DAVID**

Jump in.

**8 INT. CAR. DAY**

**8**

Jenny shuts the door and sinks approvingly into the white leather seat. David regards the dripping girl with amusement.

**JENNY**

It's even nicer on the inside.

**7.**

**DAVID**

Where to, madam?

Jenny makes a face.

**JENNY**

I only live round the corner.

**DAVID**

What a shame. We'll just make it last as long as we can.

**9 EXT. STREET. NEAR JENNY'S. DAY**

**9**

The Bristol is crawling along the road at walking pace.

**10 INT/EXT. CAR JENNY'S HOUSE. DAY**

**10**

David reaches across Jenny while driving slowly, opens the glove compartment and takes out a packet of cigarettes.

**DAVID**

Smoke?

**JENNY**

I'd better not. I'm a bit close to home.

David lights one for himself.

**DAVID**

I suppose cellists must go to a

lot of concerts.

**JENNY**

We don't go to any concerts. We don't believe in them.

**DAVID**

Oh, they're real.

**JENNY**

So people say.

**DAVID**

Why don't we believe in them?

**JENNY**

I suppose...What would he say?

**DAVID**

Your father, this is?

8.

**JENNY**

(Darkly)

Oh, yes. He'd say there's no point to them. They're just for fun. Apart from school concerts, of course, which are no fun at all, so we go to those. The proper ones don't help you get on.

**DAVID**

Which of course is what is so wonderful about them. Anyway, you'll go one day.

**JENNY**

(heartfelt)

Yes. I will. I know. Sometimes it seems as though that's what all this slog is for. If I get to University, I'm going to read what I want and think about what I want and listen to what I want. And I'm going to look at paintings and go to French films and talk to people who know lots about lots.

**DAVID**

Good for you. Which University?

**JENNY**

Oxford. If I'm lucky. Did you go anywhere?

**DAVID**

I studied at what I believe they call the University of Life. And I didn't get a very good degree there.

Jenny smiles.

**JENNY**

This is me. Thank you.

She gets out of the car with the cello. David stares after her for a moment, then drives off.

**11 INT. JENNY'S SITTING-ROOM. AFTERNOON**

**11**

Jenny, her parents and Graham are eating afternoon tea - neat fish-paste sandwiches, Battenberg cake, best china.

**MARJORIE**

How's your mother, Graham?

**9.**

**GRAHAM**

She's fine, thanks. She sends her best, by the way.

**JACK**

Where are you applying, Graham?

Jenny looks embarrassed. She knows what's coming.

**GRAHAM**

I'm not sure yet.

**JACK**

Well, when will you be sure? You can't let the grass grow under your feet, you know. Otherwise you'll be at the back of the

queue.

**JENNY**

(deadpan)

I suppose so. I suppose the growing grass would knock you off balance, and then you'd fall over, and by the time you picked yourself up, there'd be a queue.

Her father shoots her a look - is she being cheeky?

**GRAHAM**

I might take a year off.

Jenny winces. Jack looks at him as if he's just said he'll take all his clothes off.

**JACK**

What for?

**GRAHAM**

(mumbling)

I don't know. Maybe do some travelling, that sort of thing.

**JACK**

Travelling? What are you, a teddy boy?

Close-up of Jenny - she knows what's coming, and can't bear it. Beat.

**JACK**

(nodding at Jenny)

You know she's going to Oxford, don't you? Oxford. English. If we can get her Latin up to scratch.

Jenny sighs.

**10.**

**JACK**

So she's studying English at Oxford while you're a wandering Jew...

Jenny looks at him curiously. Graham steels himself to speak.

**GRAHAM**

Mr Mellor...I'm not a teddy boy.  
I'm an homme serieux. Jeune. An  
homme jeune serieux homme.

Jenny winces again. Her father stares at Graham. Graham blushes.

**12 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE. EVENING**

**12**

It's the night of the youth orchestra concert. Jenny, her mother and father are on their way out of the door. Jack is carrying the cello. Jenny is in her school uniform, with her hair scrubbed back in a severe ponytail. The three of them are flustered. Jenny opens the front door for her father and he stumbles outside.

**JENNY**

Oh!

**12A INT/EXT. JENNY'S HOUSE. EVENING**

**12A**

She has seen something on the doorstep, and she stoops to pick it up - a large bunch of flowers.

**JENNY**

They're for me!

**MARJORIE**

(curious)

Who are they from?

Jenny opens the card that's attached to them.

**JENNY**

Gosh. Him.

**MARJORIE**

Who's `him'?

**JENNY**

Just...A chap I met.

**MARJORIE**

A chap who sends flowers? So he's  
a man-chap?

**JENNY**

Yes, he is, really.

Jack stares at the flowers in disbelief. The bunch of flowers has created in Jack the kind of panic and fear more typically associated with a biochemical attack.

**JACK**

What's going on here?

**MARJORIE**

(drily, knowing the  
trouble this will  
cause)

Jack, I'm afraid Jenny has been  
sent some flowers by a chap.

**JACK**

A chap? What kind of chap? Who?  
Why?

**JENNY**

(patiently)  
He's wishing me luck for tonight.

**JACK**

Are you sure that's all he's  
wishing? And where does he get  
the money from?

**JENNY**

He earns it, I expect.

**JACK**

What do you mean, he earns it?  
Why isn't he at school? What does  
he do?

**JENNY**

Can we just go? Otherwise the  
bunch of good-luck flowers will  
actually be responsible for me  
actually missing the concert.  
Which would be ironic, n'est ce  
pas?

**JACK**

Well I don't like it.

**MARJORIE**

Objection noted. Jenny?

**JENNY**

Noted.

12.

**JACK**

Ten bob's worth of luck, I reckon. That's a lot for a schoolgirl. You can't leave them out here, anyway. I'd burgle a house that had flowers outside. They'll think we're made of money.

12B INT. JENNY'S HOUSE. EVENING

12B

Jenny sighs, puts them inside the house, shuts the door.

13 INT. COFFEE BAR. DAY

13

Jenny and two school friends, HATTIE and TINA, are sitting at a table in a typical late-50s coffee bar, sipping cappuccinos. Jenny is easily the most attractive of the three - and also, we will see, possibly the cleverest. HATTIE is slower than the other two, and a lot frumpier; TINA is pretty, and sharp rather than clever. She is also the least middle-class of the three - she's clearly a scholarship girl. They are all dressed in an unflattering and unambiguous school uniform - no attempts to disguise it with more fashionable accessories. Jenny is smoking pretentiously, and seems to be practising some kind of pout. Tina starts to slurp the froth from her cappuccino with a spoon, inelegantly and noisily. Jenny tuts her disapproval. Tina sighs, and puts her spoon down.

**JENNY**

The whole point about him is that he doesn't feel.

**TINA**

We still don't have to like him.

**JENNY**

Camus doesn't want you to like him. What he's trying to say is that feeling is bourgeois. Being

engagee is bourgeois. His mother dies and he doesn't feel anything. He kills this Arab and he doesn't feel anything.

**TINA**

I wouldn't feel anything if my mother died. Does that make me an existentialist?

**JENNY**

No. That just makes you a cow.

13.

**HATTIE**

Une vache.

Laughter.

14 **EXT. STREET/COFFEE BAR. DAY**

14

Jenny, Hattie and Tina emerge from the cafe, talking.

**JENNY**

Well I'm going to be French. I'm going to Paris and I'm going to smoke and listen to Jacques Brel and wear black. And I won't speak. Ever. C'est plus chic, comme...

She breaks off. Parked outside a tobacconists on the other side of the road is the red Bristol. She looks towards the shop, and David emerges with a copy of the Times and a packet of cigars. Jenny crosses the road to talk to him while the others watch.

**DAVID**

Hello.

**JENNY**

Hello. Thank you.

**DAVID**

How did it go?

**JENNY**

Oh, fine. I think. I mean, I

didn't mess my bit up, anyway.  
And no-one got thrown out of the  
orchestra afterwards.

**DAVID**

Always the mark of a cultural  
triumph. Listen. I'm glad I ran  
into you. What are you doing on  
Friday?

**JENNY**

Going to school.

**DAVID**

I meant the evening.

**JENNY**

(embarrassed)

Oh. Yes. Of course. Nothing.

14.

**DAVID**

Because I'm going to listen to  
some Schubert in St John's, Smith  
Square. My friends Danny and  
Helen will be going too, so it  
wouldn't be...I'll tell you what.  
I'll come and pick you up, and if  
your mother and father  
disapprove, then you can have the  
tickets and go with one of them.  
How does that sound?

Jenny doesn't know what to say. She looks at David, and his  
eagerness to please seems to convince her.

**JENNY**

Thank you. And I'd like you to  
take me. I'd like to go with  
someone who knows when to clap.

**DAVID**

I usually watch Danny. He knows  
that sort of thing.

Jenny smiles.

**DAVID**

Seven? And we'll probably go for

a spot of supper afterwards, if you...But if you, if that's not...Well, we can always put you in a taxi.

**JENNY**

(flat disbelief)

Supper.

**DAVID**

If you want.

**JENNY**

The trouble is, we'll already have eaten.

**DAVID**

Well. I mean, if you'd like supper, then, perhaps on Friday you could...not eat?

**JENNY**

(embarrassed again)

Oh. Yes. Of course.

Jenny smiles, and rejoins her friends on the other side of the road. Tina and Hattie are standing there almost with their mouths open, amazed. She doesn't say anything and starts to walk on.

15.

**TINA**

I'm sorry. I just had the strangest dream. I dreamed you crossed the road and spoke to a handsome man with the most beautiful car I've ever seen. And then you came back and you didn't mention it.

Jenny smiles enigmatically. Tina grabs Jenny mock-urgently.

**TINA**

`Oo wazzee?

**JENNY**

(light, playful)

Just a man who's been trying to pick me up. We're going to a

concert on Friday night. And then we're having a spot of supper.

**TINA**

(shrieking)

A spot of supper?

**JENNY**

You've heard of supper?

**HATTIE**

We've heard of it. But we've never eaten it.

**JENNY**

Neither of you is interested in the concert part, I notice.

**HATTIE**

No. Of course not.

**TINA**

Oh my God! I've only just realised! That's what's going to happen to you, isn't it? Look at her! Men are going to pick her up in the street and take her out to supper!

**HATTIE**

God, you're right, Tina. I hadn't thought of that. Look at her.

**JENNY**

Don't be so daft.

**TINA**

We're trying to attract the attention of boys.

16.

And she's fighting off men.  
Anyway. You're going to have to tell us more than that.

**JENNY**

Why?

**HATTIE**

Because no man's ever going to

ask us out to supper. Not until  
we're ladies, anyway. You're  
going to have to tell us  
everything. Otherwise it's not  
fair.

**JENNY**

There won't be anything to tell.

**TINA**

Well, make something up, then.

15 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE. EVENING

15

Jenny is dressed up for her evening out. She looks good, but also stiff, uncomfortable - she's not herself in her dress, which looks too old for her. Her father is standing in front of her, shouting.

**JACK**

I won't allow it!

**JENNY**

(coolly)  
Fine. He's quite happy for you to  
take me.

**JACK**

(uncertainly)  
Right. I will.

**JENNY**

Good.

**JACK**

Where is it?

**JENNY**

St John's Smith Square.

**JACK**

Where's that?

**JENNY**

I don't know. I'm sure we could  
find out.

Marjorie comes into the room.

17.

**MARJORIE**

It's in Westminster. Just around  
the corner from the Abbey.

Jack looks at her as if she'd just given directions to the  
nearest opium den.

**JACK**

How d'you know that?

**MARJORIE**

I had a life before we were  
married, you know.

**JENNY**

He soon put a stop to that.

**JACK**

There we are.

**JENNY**

Where are we?

**JACK**

Near Westminster Abbey. I'm not  
going all the way over there.

**JENNY**

The trouble is, that's where St  
John's Smith Square is.

**JACK**

And I've just said. That's where  
I'm not going. There must be  
something on locally. Where's the  
paper?

**MARJORIE**

Jack, she wants to see someone  
who can play. She doesn't want to  
see Sheila Kirkland scratching  
away. I'll take her.

**JACK**

And how are you going to get over  
there? RAF helicopter?

The doorbell rings.

**JENNY**

That's him. Now what?

**JACK**

Oh, bloody hell.

**MARJORIE**

Jack!

18.

Jenny starts towards the door, and then turns.

**JENNY**

Oh, and by the way...David's a Jew. A wandering Jew. So watch yourself.

She goes to the door.

**JACK**

(panic-stricken and shouting)

What's she talking about? I've never said anything like that in my life! Anyway, it's just an expression! I'm not against the Jews!

Jenny comes back in with David, who is dressed stylishly in his early-60s young executive leisurewear - sports jacket, slacks, cashmere sweater. He looks out of place - he is brighter and brasher than his surroundings, the most colourful thing in the room, and he seems intimidatingly exotic.

David has obviously heard Jack's last line.

**DAVID**

(pleasantly)

I'm glad to hear it. Hello. David Goldman.

He offers his hand.

**JACK**

I didn't mean I'm not against you... Actually, I did mean that, because I'm not, but...

**JENNY**

Dad!

David's hand is still extended - in his confusion and embarrassment, Jack hasn't yet taken it. He does so now, and shakes it for way too long.

**JACK**

I'm sorry. What I'm saying is that you're not the sort of, of person I'd be against, if I were the sort of person who was against...people. You're not an old...Oh, dear. I'm Jack, and this is Marjorie.

19.

**DAVID**

(deadpan)

You didn't tell me you had a sister, Jenny.

General confusion, until David chuckles naughtily. Marjorie giggles, and then offers her hand.

**DAVID**

You're a lucky man, Jack.

**JACK**

I suppose I am, yes.

They all sit down.

**DAVID**

So. Gosh. (He looks around approvingly.) This is lovely.

Marjorie smiles.

**MARJORIE**

Thank you.

**JACK**

I'm sorry, David. Can I get you a drink?

**DAVID**

I'd love one, Jack, but we're running a little late. If Jenny's ready, perhaps we'll shoot off.

Jenny looks at her father, and takes a calculated gamble.

**JENNY**

Ah. Well. Dad's got something to tell you.

**JACK**

No, no, nothing...It was more of a question, really. How would you get to St John's Smith Square from here? For future reference?

**DAVID**

Oh, it's a pretty straight run, really. Up to Hammersmith, take the A4 through Kensington and you're there.

**JACK**

Simple as that.

**DAVID**

Simple as that.

20.

Jack smiles broadly.

**MARJORIE**

(playfully)

So shall I book some tickets for something?

**JACK**

(still smiling)

No.

Beat.

**JACK**

Back by ten, please, David. She's usually in bed by then.

Jenny winces.

**DAVID**

I was hoping Jenny would come with me afterwards to have a bite of supper with my aunt Helen.

Jenny studies him carefully. Suddenly his friends Danny and Helen have become 'Aunt Helen'.

**JACK**

Oh, well, I suppose...

**DAVID**

How about if I promise to have her in by eleven thirty?

**JACK**

Well, it's Friday night. And if you're going out to the West End...

**DAVID**

Thanks, Jack. I appreciate it. See you again.

They exchange warm handshakes. He turns to Marjorie. Marjorie extends her hand. David takes it, but kisses it suavely, leaving her a little flustered.

**MARJORIE**

Have a nice time.

**JENNY**

Bye.

Jenny and David leave.

21.

**JACK**

(sniffing the air)  
What's that smell? Has he got perfume on?

**MARJORIE**

It's called after-shave, Jack. And it makes a change from carbolic soap.

**JACK**

At least there's no confusion, if you smell of carbolic soap.

Marjorie rolls her eyes.

**MARJORIE**

Nobody's ever going to get  
confused about you, dear.

**15A EXT. ST JOHN'S, SMITH SQUARE. NIGHT**

**15A**

Jenny and David walk toward the beautiful hall. Jenny suddenly looks young in the dress that looks too old for her - other adults are milling around outside, and the women don't look like girls dressed up. David makes for an incredibly glamorous and attractive couple in their late twenties who are waiting outside - DANNY and HELEN. Helen is as far from anyone's idea of an aunt as one can get. She's no more beautiful than Jenny, but she's dressed both appropriately and spectacularly, in early-60s, pre-hippy Bohemian gear. She turns heads in a way that Jenny is not yet able to. Danny too is attractive, but soberly so. David and Jenny are, in a way, paler, less striking versions of these two.

**DAVID**

Hello hello. Are we late?

**HELEN**

I was hoping we'd miss the  
beginning, and then it wouldn't  
be worth going in, and we could  
go off dancing or something.

**DANNY**

Helen is one of the more  
reluctant members of tonight's  
audience.

Jenny and David laugh politely.

**DAVID**

Jenny, these are my friends Helen  
and Danny.

**22.**

Jenny shakes hands with the two of them. They both give her fascinated and clearly appraising looks. They have heard about her.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Shall we?

They walk into the hall.

16 INT. ST JOHN'S SMITH SQUARE. NIGHT

16

It's a beautiful hall - Jenny is dazzled by the surroundings and the company. She's particularly bowled over by Helen.

**HELEN**

Look. We can leave our coats over there. I want to get rid of this.

She nods at the coat she's carrying. Jenny looks thrilled at the prospect of spending a couple of minutes with Helen. Danny hands Helen his coat, without saying anything. The girls walk over to another reception table a few yards away, behind which is a cloakroom. A lady is exchanging overcoats for tickets. Almost involuntarily, Jenny touches the sleeve of Helen's velvety jacket. She stops herself. Helen notices.

**JENNY**

I'm so sorry.

**HELEN**

(amused)  
That's OK. It's nice, isn't it?

**JENNY**

It's beautiful. Where did it come from?

**HELEN**

Oh, South Ken somewhere.

Helen looks at Jenny's outfit, her frumpy 'smart' dress, apparently wanting to return the compliment.

**HELEN**

(nodding at the dress)  
This is...Well, it's good for this sort of concert, isn't it?

**JENNY**

(quietly)  
Thank you.

23.

Helen is now at the front of the queue, and hands her coat over imperiously.

**HELEN**

We should go shopping together one day, if you want.

She takes a ticket from the cloakroom lady.

**JENNY**

That would be nice. But South Ken... C'est beaucoup trop cher pour moi.

They stare at each other. Helen is bewildered, Jenny embarrassed.

**HELEN**

Sorry?

**JENNY**

I just said....It was too expensive for me.

**HELEN**

No you didn't. You said something completely different.

**JENNY**

I just...Well, I said it in French.

**HELEN**

In French? Why?

Jenny feels humiliated; she is yet to realise what we can see - that Helen is simply very dim.

**JENNY**

I don't know.

Jenny looks away. Helen stares at her. The performance bell rings, and they make their way back to the men. To Jenny's surprise and pleasure, Helen links arms with her as they walk.

**HELEN**

Anyway. It's too expensive for me, too. We don't have to worry about that. If you want something in South Ken, get David to take

you shopping.

**JENNY**

Why on earth would he want to  
take me shopping?

**24.**

Helen makes a knowing face.

**17 INT. ST JOHN'S SMITH SQUARE. NIGHT**

**17**

David, Jenny, Danny and Helen in a row in the middle of the auditorium, watching the stage and listening to the music. Jenny can't concentrate - she's too excited by the occasion and the company. Jenny sneaks a glance at Helen, who stares straight ahead, unblinking and enigmatic. David is smiling, as if he's trying to communicate enjoyment; Danny's eyes flicker across the stage - he understands the music, its component parts, which musicians are contributing what. Jenny takes it all in.

**18 EXT. ST JOHN'S SMITH SQUARE. NIGHT**

**18**

Jenny, David, Danny and Helen emerge with the other concert-goers.

**DAVID**

I booked a table at Juliette's.  
Will that kill the mood, do you  
think?

**HELEN**

Oh, I do hope so.

The others laugh.

**HELEN**

I always think I'm going to my  
own funeral when I listen to  
classical music. (Tentatively)  
That was classical, wasn't it?

**DANNY**

Yes. Very classical. As classical  
as you can get.

Helen looks pleased.

**DAVID**

Juliette's it is, then. Heaven forbid that we should end the evening reflecting on our own mortality.

Jenny smiles in delight. She's never met people like this.

**19 INT. JULIETTE'S. NIGHT**

**19**

A singer in the Julie London mould is singing 'I'm In The Mood For Love' while cigarette girls and glamorous waitresses patrol the tables.

**25.**

Jenny is sitting with the others at a table in the club, eating and talking. She looks about twelve, but she's thrilled to be there. We know now that her life can never be the same again, and there will be no going back to fish-paste sandwiches with spotty Graham.

**DAVID**

Have you never heard "Chante Francoise Sagan"?

Jenny shakes her head. Her eyes are wide - she's clearly awe-struck. David offers her a cigarette - a Gitane - which she takes. He lights it for her while she's listening.

**DANNY**

Oh, it's wonderful.

**JENNY**

I've only got...Well, I think it's just called 'Juliette Greco'. The one with the eyes on the sleeve. I saved up and got my French conversation teacher to bring it back after Christmas.

**HELEN**

You've got a French conversation teacher?

**JENNY**

Yes.

**HELEN**

Is that why you suddenly speak  
French for no reason?

**DANNY**

(ignoring her)

You must have seen her sing?

Jenny shakes her head again and smiles. Where would she  
have seen Juliette Greco? Danny, meanwhile, is baffled. Who  
hasn't seen Juliette Greco?

**DAVID**

She's marvellous.

**DANNY**

But you should see her in Paris,  
not here. David will take you.

**DAVID**

I'd love to. You'd fit right in.

**HELEN**

(sympathetically)

Better than here, really.

26.

**DAVID**

It's wonderful to find a young  
person who wants to know things.  
There's so much I want you to  
see.

They sip their drinks pensively, possibly to allow time for  
the double-entendre to disappear into the smoke.

**DAVID**

Are you still all right to come  
and have a look at that Pembroke  
Villas place with me on Friday,  
Danny?

**DANNY**

Oh. No. Can't do it. There's a  
Burne-Jones coming up at  
Christie's on Friday. And I want  
it.

**JENNY**

(laughing in disbelief)

You're thinking of buying a Burne-Jones? A real one?

**DANNY**

I just have a feeling that the pre-Raphaelites are going to take off.

**JENNY**

I love the pre-Raphaelites.

**DAVID**

(excited by her education)

Do you?

**JENNY**

Yes, of course. Rossetti and Burne-Jones, anyway. Not Holman Hunt, so much. He's so garish.

Danny looks at her. There's clearly more to this schoolgirl than he thought.

**DAVID**

Absolutely! Why don't we all go to the auction? Wouldn't that be fun?

**JENNY**

An auction. Gosh. How exciting.

27.

**DANNY**

Next Friday morning. David will pick you up.

**JENNY**

(crestfallen)

Oh. Friday.

**DANNY**

You're busy?

**JENNY**

Well. Yes.

She doesn't want to explain why.

**DANNY**

Tant pis.

Helen looks at him aghast. Why has he started speaking French?

**DAVID**

Are you sure you're busy?

Jenny hesitates.

**JENNY**

No. I'm sure I could....re-  
arrange. That would be lovely.

20    **INT. JENNY'S HOUSE. NIGHT**

20

Jenny lets herself quietly into the house. The hallway is dark, but she can hear noises from the kitchen. She pokes her head round the corner, and sees her mother doing the washing-up.

**MARJORIE**

Oh, hello, love. Did you have a nice time?

**JENNY**

What are you doing?

**MARJORIE**

I can't get this casserole dish clean. We had hot-pot tonight, and it's all burnt round...

**JENNY**

It's twenty-five to twelve. We finish tea at seven.

28.

**MARJORIE**

I know what the time is. How was your evening?

**JENNY**

It was...It was the best night of my life.

**MARJORIE**

And he took you home in his car?  
Right to the door?

Jenny looks at her. She doesn't seem to have heard what  
Jenny has just said.

**JENNY**

Goodnight, Mum.

**MARJORIE**

And I'm glad you enjoyed the  
concert.

**21 INT. CLASSROOM. DAY**

**21**

Jenny, Hattie and Tina are sitting on their desks, waiting  
for the start of a lesson. Nine or ten classmates are  
scattered around the room, talking distractedly, but  
Jenny's group is much more animated: Tina and Hattie are  
leaning forward, listening to Jenny, their eyes bright.  
They are clearly awestruck by Jenny's tales of the outside  
world.

**TINA**

(to Hattie)

I'm not interested in Schubert. I  
want to know what else was on the  
programme.

Laughter.

**JENNY**

There was nothing like that. He  
was the perfect gentleman. He  
just said he wanted to take me  
places and show me things.

**TINA**

Things plural? Oh my Gawd!

More laughter. The English teacher, MISS STUBBS, young and  
fresh-faced and lively-looking, enters, and picks up on  
the excitement of Jenny's coterie.

**29.**

**MISS STUBBS**

I knew that in the end `Jane

Eyre' would work its magic upon you. I'm presuming that's what you're so animated about.

The students start to sit down at desks in a more conventional arrangement.

**JENNY**

Of course.

**TINA**

`Jane Eyre' and Jenny's new boyfriend.

**JENNY**

He's not my "new boyfriend". God.

**TINA**

It's true. He's more a man-friend, isn't he? He's got a sports-car, Miss Stubbs.

**MISS STUBBS**

Ah. A Mr Rochester figure.

**TINA**

I think he must be as blind as Mr Rochester.

Laughter. Jenny pulls a face at her.

**MISS STUBBS**

Is there no end to your thirst for literary understanding, Jenny? As you may have noticed, I'm attempting to turn the subject away from Jenny's lurid love-life and towards the matter in hand.

She starts to hand out essays.

**MISS STUBBS**

And it's quite clear on this evidence that most of you know much too much about the former, and almost nothing about the latter. Reluctantly I must concede that Jenny is evidently an expert on both matters. Excellent as always, Jenny.

Miss Stubbs slaps an essay down on Jenny's desk. We can see that it's marked 'A+'.

30.

22 INT. JENNY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 22

Jenny at her desk, working. She puts down her pen, distracted.

23 INT. DAVID'S CAR. DAY 23

David sitting in his Bristol, waiting.

24 EXT. SCHOOL. DAY 24

We see the Bristol parked outside, and Jenny walking towards it, a small figure in a large playground. She's clearly just changed out of her school uniform, and she's making last-minute adjustments to her civvies. A teacher walks towards her, and Jenny almost freezes - but the teacher merely smiles pleasantly and walks past. Jenny keeps walking at a measured pace for a moment and then breaks into a run.

25 INT/EXT. CAR/DILAPIDATED HOUSE. DAY 25

Jenny and David are driving along a North Kensington street.

**JENNY**

How do you know Danny?

David is distracted. He's driving slowly, apparently looking for an address.

**DAVID**

Oh, you know. We kept bumping into each other, and we became pals, and we've ended up doing a bit of work together, when it suits us.

**JENNY**

What kind of work?

**DAVID**

Property. A bit of art dealing.  
Some buying and selling. This and  
that...

He stops the car.

**DAVID**

I'll be two seconds.

He gets out of the car, and Jenny watches him as he crosses  
the road.

**31.**

Outside a dilapidated house covered in scaffolding stands a  
large West Indian family, mother, father, three or four  
small children and a dog. They are surrounded by what  
appears to be all their worldly goods. David squats down on  
his haunches, talks to the kids, tousles the hair of the  
smallest. Then he takes out a bunch of keys and ushers the  
family down the path. He unlocks the door and leads them  
inside.

In an upper window of the house, we see an old lady peering  
down anxiously.

**26 EXT. STREET/DILAPIDATED HOUSE. DAY 26**

David emerges from the house, jangling his keys.

**27 INT. CAR. DAY 27**

Jenny opens the glove compartment where David keeps his  
cigarettes, takes out the packet, removes one for herself,  
offers the packet to David as he gets into the car. He  
lights them both.

**DAVID**

I'm sorry about that.

**JENNY**

How do you know those, those  
...Negro people?

**DAVID**

They're clients.

**JENNY**

Clients?

**DAVID**

Jenny darling, even schwarzers have to live somewhere. And it's not as if they can rent off their own kind, is it?

He starts the car and drives off.

**JENNY**

I'm not sure I quite understand what you do.

**DAVID**

You don't need to. It's too boring. All you need to know is that I work in property so that I can take you to nice places.

Jenny's POV of the black family in one window, and the little old lady disappearing from another.

32.

28 **INT. CHRISTIE'S. DAY**

28

Danny intent on a catalogue, Helen gazing dreamily into space, as David and Jenny push their way through the crowded auction room. The auctioneer bumbles on in the background.

**DANNY**

You nearly missed it.

Jenny is in awe of rich London in all its finery. The auctioneer clears his throat.

**AUCTIONEER**

We turn to lot 41, The Tree of Forgiveness, by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. This is a rare opportunity to purchase a key work of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. Who will start me off at five hundred guineas?

Jenny glances at Danny. He makes no move at this price. Neither does anyone else. He's poised and listening hard.

**AUCTIONEER**

Two hundred?

A middle-aged lady, the epitome of the middle-aged contemporary Sloane, twin-set, pearls and a lot of powder, raises her hand. face

**AUCTIONEER**

Thank you, madam. Three hundred?

A man raises his hand.

**AUCTIONEER**

Do I hear three-fifty?

The middle -aged Sloane nods.

**AUCTIONEER**

Over to you sir. Four hundred guineas? Thank you. Four hundred and fifty...

Danny continues to sit there. Jenny is confused. The middle-aged lady bids four-fifty. David, sitting next to Danny, whispers something to him. Danny nods.

**DAVID**

(whispers to Jenny)  
Your turn.

Jenny looks at him.

33.

**AUCTIONEER**

No further bids?

**DAVID**

Quick!

Jenny raises her hand high, just as she'd do at school.

**AUCTIONEER**

Five hundred guineas from the very eager new bidder.

People look round and smile when they see who has come in. Jenny blushes, but stares fixedly ahead.

**AUCTIONEER**

Five hundred and fifty, madam?  
Thank you.

Jenny looks at David, who nods.

**AUCTIONEER**

Six hundred guineas.

Jenny gestures more economically.

**AUCTIONEER**

Six-fifty? Thank you, madam.  
Seven hundred...

Jenny is almost insouciant this time.

**AUCTIONEER**

Seven hundred?

The middle-aged lady shakes her head and purses her lips.  
when asked if she wants to bid £700.

**AUCTIONEER**

Sold for six hundred and fifty  
guineas. Thank you.

He brings down the gavel, and a murmur goes around the  
room. Jenny is excited and giggly. David pats her on the  
back.

**AUCTIONEER**

Your name, please?

Jenny looks at Danny.

**DANNY**

You know who you are.

**JENNY**

(to Danny)  
Jenny Mellor.

34.

**DANNY**

I know who you are, too. Tell  
him.

**JENNY**

(louder, to auctioneer)  
Jenny Mellor.

**DANNY**

Thank you. Couldn't have bought  
it without you.

**DAVID**

Well done. A nerveless  
performance.

Jenny beams. She's thrilled.

**29 INT. DANNY'S FLAT. DAY**

**29**

A beautiful, large, airy sitting room in the first-floor flat in Bedford Square. The flat is unusually and tastefully decorated, opulent and indicative of Bohemian good taste. Jenny is sipping a glass of white wine and walking around the room enthralled, looking at Danny's existing Pre-Raphaelite art collection; he has three or four big paintings proudly displayed on his walls. Danny is talking her through them while Helen and David, sitting on the sofa, watch - David proudly, Helen impassively.

**DANNY**

A couple of years ago you could  
pick these up for fifty quid, you  
know. Nobody was interested.

**JENNY**

Really? Fifty pounds? I don't  
believe you.

Suddenly Jenny sees a cello in the corner of the room - a good one.

**JENNY**

That's not a Lockey-Hill!

**DANNY**

There aren't many people who come  
in here and say that.

**HELEN**

Certainly not me.

**JENNY**

It's beautiful. Do you play?

**DANNY**

I used to. I vowed to myself that one day I'd own one of these. And now I own one and never touch it. It's vulgar to put it on show, really.

**HELEN**

Give it to Jenny.

**DANNY**

That would be even more vulgar.

**DAVID**

Play for us, Jenny.

**JENNY**

Gosh, no. One day. When I'm good enough for it.

**DAVID**

She's good enough now.

**JENNY**

Oh, David. You've never heard me.

Danny stands up and stretches.

**DAVID**

I shall come to hear you in St John's Smith Square. Or in Oxford, when you get there.

**DANNY**

We should all go and spend a weekend in Oxford. Straw boaters, punting, cream teas, antiquarian bookshops. Bit of business, if we can find it. What about next weekend?

**DAVID/HELEN**

Yes!

**JENNY**

A weekend away? I wouldn't be allowed to do that.

They all look at her.

**DAVID**

I'll find a way. I'll talk to them.

**JENNY**

Who?

36.

**DAVID**

Jack and Marjorie.

**JENNY**

About what?

**DAVID**

Oxford.

Jenny hoots with derision.

**JENNY**

You're going to ask my father if I can go away with you for the weekend? He'd have you arrested.

**DAVID**

We'll see.

**JENNY**

I'll bet you you can't do it.

**DAVID**

How much?

**DANNY**

(amused)

Be careful, Jenny. You don't know who you're dealing with.

**JENNY**

Half-a-crown.

**DAVID**

You're on.

They shake hands. Jenny suddenly notice the clock on Danny's mantelpiece.

**JENNY**

Mon dieu! You must take me back  
to school. And I've got to change  
back into my uniform.

There is a silence. Danny and David make momentary eye  
contact - they are clearly contemplating the erotic  
possibilities of Jenny's last sentence. Helen notices.

**HELEN**

Oh, behave yourselves.

Jenny looks at them all, mystified.

37.

30 INT. CLASSROOM/LATIN. DAY.

30

Jenny is in her Latin class, waiting for the lesson to  
begin. Tina and Hattie aren't with her, and she sits on her  
own -the atmosphere of the class is very different from  
Miss Stubbs' English lessons. The girls are different, more  
serious, less fun, and the atmosphere is more sombre. The  
teacher, MRS WILSON, is older, plainer, stricter. She pulls  
some papers out of her bag.

**MRS WILSON**

Test results for the Virgil  
translation. We will start from  
the bottom...Patricia.

Jenny puffs out her cheeks. She's not last.

**MRS WILSON (CONT'D)**

Absent. Margaret. 48%. Jenny...

Jenny winces.

**MRS WILSON (CONT'D)**

52%. That would just about scrape  
a pass in the exam proper. Not  
good enough for Oxford  
candidates.

31 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE. DAY

31

Jenny and her mother are sitting on the sofa, staring into  
space, clearly upset. On the coffee table in front of them  
is the test, covered in red ink. They hear a key in the

lock, and they look at each other.

**MARJORIE**

I'll talk to him.

Jack enters, back from work. He's wearing a suit and carrying a battered briefcase. He looks at them, and then notices the essay on the table.

**JACK**

It's her Latin, isn't it?

**MARJORIE**

The test didn't...Well, it didn't go as well as we'd hoped.

He picks up the paper.

38.

**JACK**

And you still say I shouldn't go down there and have it out with whatsername? The Latin teacher? Because this is hopeless.

**JENNY**

How are you going to "have it out" with her? What are you going to do? Shout at her until she decides I'm much cleverer than she thinks?

**MARJORIE**

Everyone's doing their best, Jack.

**JACK**

What if their best isn't good enough, though, eh? What do we do then?

**JENNY**

We don't go to Oxford. Any of us. Not even you, Dad.

**JACK**

Perhaps it's all a waste of time and money anyway.

**MARJORIE**

You don't mean that.

**JACK**

Well, what's she going to do with an English degree? And if she's going to spend three years playing that bloody cello and talking in French to beatniks, then I'm throwing good money after bad. I suppose she might meet a nice lawyer. But she could do that at a dinner dance tomorrow.

**JENNY**

Oh, yes. That's the whole point of an Oxford education. It's the expensive alternative to a dinner dance.

**MARJORIE**

What about private tuition?

**JACK**

Is anyone listening to me? How much is that going to cost me?

39.

**MARJORIE**

Five shillings an hour. Maybe a little more for A-level.

**JACK**

Five bob! But... we could spend five bob on this and five bob on that, and before we know it that's our savings down the drain.

**MARJORIE**

And what else are we spending five bob on? What else are we spending sixpence on?

**JACK**

Oh, nothing. (He gestures round the room.) It's all free. That vase was free.

**MARJORIE**

It was, actually. It was a present from Auntie Vi.

**JACK**

That chair was free. The sofa. We don't have to pay for anything. And even if we did, we don't have to work for it. That's the beauty of life, Jenny. Everything's free. Grows on trees. Wonderful, isn't it? (He warms to his theme, and grows progressively more berserk.) We've got a lovely Oxford tree in the garden, lucky for you, so that's Oxford taken care of. And a whole orchard of school trees, so that's all free. I'm sure there are some private tuition trees out there. I'll go and have a look.

He stands up.

**MARJORIE**

Jack...

**JACK**

No, no, won't take me a minute. I think I saw some at the back there, right next to the pocket money tree. I'll just nip out and check, see that they're doing all right.

40.

Don't want anyone climbing over the wall and scrumping, do we? And you never know. Maybe there'll be a man with deep pockets growing out there. Because God knows we need to find you one.

He leaves the room, apparently to look in the garden for the mythical trees.

31A INT. JENNY'S HOUSE

31A

Jenny and her mother move to the window to watch him talking theatrically to the trees.

32 EXT. STREET/COFFEE BAR. DAY.

32

Jenny, Hattie and Tina are walking back from school.

**TINA**

You could always go to secretarial college with Hattie.

**JENNY**

(sarcastic)  
Oh, thanks.

**HATTIE**

Charming!

**JENNY**

Oh, no.

Hattie and Tina follow Jenny's eyes, and they see Graham coming towards them pushing his bike, red-faced, trousers tucked into socks.

**GRAHAM**

Hello.

**JENNY**

Oh. Graham. Hello.

**GRAHAM**

I haven't seen you for ages....It all went wrong, didn't it? The tea-party, I mean. Was it because of the year off?

**JENNY**

No, no. It's just...I've got so much to do if I'm going to get the grades I need.

41.

**TINA**

Yes. She's got no time for boys.

Hattie and Tina try to suppress giggles. Graham turns an even brighter shade of red. Hattie and Tina enter the coffee bar. Jenny feels sorry for him, is on the verge of inviting him to join them...And changes her mind.

**JENNY**

(quickly)  
Bye, Graham.

She follows the girls inside.

**33 INT. JENNY'S BEDROOM/UPPER HALLWAY. NIGHT 33**

Jenny is deep in her schoolwork. She has a Latin vocabulary propped open on the window-ledge. She looks at it, walks away, mutters to herself, attempting to memorize. Her concentration is broken by a sudden gale of laughter from downstairs.

**34 INT. JENNY'S HALL. NIGHT 34**

She stands outside the living room for a moment, listening. She hears a man's voice that does not belong to her father, and then more laughter from her father and mother.

**35 INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 35**

David is in the middle of demonstrating his ability to mimic all of the Goons. Jack and Marjorie are laughing so hard that they can hardly see - they certainly miss Jenny's entrance.

**JENNY**

(curious)  
Hello.

**JACK**

Oh. Hello. David does the most brilliant Bluebottle, Jenny. Actually, he can do all the Goons.

**DAVID**

I don't think I'm very good at Eccles.

**JACK**

Oh, no, you've got him...

**JENNY**

(impatiently)

But what's he doing here?

**DAVID**

I wasn't going to disturb you. I knew you'd have your nose to the grindstone.

**JENNY**

(incredulous)

You came to see Mum and Dad?

**JACK**

Is that so hard to imagine?

Jenny spies an open bottle of wine on the coffee-table.

**JENNY**

And you're drinking? But it's not Christmas!

**JACK**

Hark at her! Makes us sound as though we've signed the pledge. You don't know everything about us, you know. We had a life before you came along.

**JENNY**

Yes, that's true. I'm only going on what I've seen over the last sixteen years.

**MARJORIE**

I'm trying to think what you missed. Nothing much comes to mind.

**JACK**

They can't stand to see me enjoying myself.

**JENNY**

Anyway. Would you excuse me? I've got a huge pile of Latin translation to do.

**JACK**

You didn't tell me David went to  
Oxford.

Jenny looks at David, who stares back at her straight-  
faced.

**JENNY**

No. I didn't.

43.

**DAVID**

For all the good it did me.

**JACK**

What did you read?

**DAVID**

Oh, English. Just like every  
other semi-employed layabout in  
London.

**JACK**

(marvelling at the  
coincidence)  
English! Which college?

**DAVID**

Merton.

**MARJORIE**

Isn't that funny?

**JENNY**

Extraordinary.

**DAVID**

I was just telling Jack that I'm  
going back next weekend. I go and  
see my old professor every now  
and again.

**JACK**

That's what you need, Jenny.  
Someone on the inside track. It's  
not always what you know, is it,  
David?

**DAVID**

Too true. And Clive would love  
Jenny. Have you ever come across  
Clive Lewis?

**JENNY**

Dad has never come across anyone.

**DAVID**

I just thought he might know some  
of the books.

**JENNY**

Dad has never read any books.

**JACK**

(stung)  
What's he written?

44.

**DAVID**

He wrote a children's book called  
'The Lion, The Witch and The  
Wardrobe' that did very well, I  
believe.

**MARJORIE**

CS Lewis? That's the Clive you're  
talking about?

**DAVID**

Well, to us he was just the old  
codger who taught Medieval  
literature. But I came to know  
him very well. We just...got  
along, do you know what I mean?

Everyone murmurs their comprehension.

**MARJORIE**

Jenny used to love those books.

**DAVID**

Gosh. That dates me. He was  
writing them when I was there.

**JENNY**

I'd love to meet him.

There is a pause. Jack and Marjorie look at the floor.

Somehow, David has manoeuvred a situation where, effectively, he is the one being asked.

**DAVID**

I'm sorry. I'm being slow on the uptake. Would Jenny like to come with me at the weekend?

**JACK**

Well, I don't know about this weekend. But one day, yes, thank you.

**JENNY**

How often do you see him?

**DAVID**

Oh, once every couple of years. But next time, eh?

**JENNY**

(disappointed)

Hopefully I'll be there by then. So that won't be much use.

45.

**JACK**

(dubiously)

Well, I suppose...Would she have to stay the night?

**DAVID**

Well, I wouldn't want to drive back after one of those Oxford dinners.

Jack chuckles knowingly.

**DAVID**

Clive will get her a room in college. That's easy enough.

**MARJORIE**

Sounds like too good an opportunity to pass up.

**JENNY**

Please, Daddy. It would be so helpful to know something about

the place.

**JACK**

Would it be a bother to you,  
David?

**DAVID**

I'd be delighted.

Jack, Marjorie and Jenny all beam.

**36 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT**

**36**

Jenny opens the door for David.

**JENNY**

(sotto voce)  
That was scandalous.

**DAVID**

I told you. You owe me half-a-  
crown.

He kisses her on the cheek and disappears into the night.

**37 INT. DANNY'S FLAT. DAY**

**37**

David and Danny are waiting for the girls to get ready.  
Danny is sitting sprawled in an armchair; David is pacing  
up and down.

**46.**

**DAVID**

Come on!

**38 INT. HELEN'S BEDROOM. DAY**

**38**

An ornate four-poster bed occupies most of the space in the  
room. Helen is doing something to Jenny, but we can't see  
what.

**HELEN**

Nearly ready!

**39 INT. DANNY'S FLAT. DAY**

**39**

**DAVID**

How can they only be nearly ready?

**DANNY**

I wouldn't be surprised if three of them come out, you know. That's the only explanation. They're making themselves a friend. LADIES! Let's go. Please.

**40 INT. HELEN'S BEDROOM. DAY**

**40**

Jenny is wearing a floaty print dress that she has borrowed from Helen, and there are lots of other beautiful clothes strewn about the place. Jenny is sitting at the dressing table, being made up by Helen. Jenny looks three or four years older, more sophisticated....more like Helen. She can't believe it. She looks in the mirror, and for a moment, she forgets to breathe.

**HELEN**

There. You'll do. You can keep it. I can only wear so many every day.

Jenny emerges from her reverie.

**JENNY**

(thrilled)  
Really? Thank you.

**HELEN**

What about tonight? Will you be needing a nightie? Or not?

**JENNY**

A nightie?

Jenny suddenly understands what Helen means.

**47.**

**JENNY**

Will we be sharing bedrooms?

**HELEN**

You're not sleeping with him?

**JENNY**

No. I'm...No.

**HELEN**

Good for you.

**JENNY**

Really? Do you think so?

**HELEN**

You're only sixteen. And you don't want to get into the family way, do you?

**JENNY**

Oh, I'd make sure that didn't happen. I'm going to do it when I'm seventeen. On my seventeenth birthday, hopefully.

**HELEN**

With David?

Jenny pauses.

**JENNY**

Well...Golly. I suppose it will be with David, won't it?

**HELEN**

When's your birthday?

**JENNY**

April.

**HELEN**

Oh, he'll be around in April. If that's what you want. Anyway. I'll find you a nightie.

Jenny stares at herself in the mirror again.

**41 INT. DANNY'S FLAT. DAY**

**41**

The girls emerge. Both men are entranced by Jenny's transformation. David can't take his eyes off her.

**DANNY**

(thoughtful)

Shall, we, ah... Make a move?

He gets to his feet.

**42 INT/EXT. CAR COUNTRY ROAD. DAY. 42**

The Bristol on the country road to Oxford.

**43 INT/EXT. CAR OXFORD DAY 43**

The Bristol drives through Oxford. Jenny catches a quick glimpse of a dreaming spire.

**DANNY**

Imagine spending three years here.

**HELEN**

I know.

She shudders, as if someone has walked over her grave.

**JENNY**

Can we stop?

**DAVID**

Maybe later. There are a couple of things we have to do.

**44 INT/EXT. CAR OXFORD BACK STREET. DAY. 44**

Jenny and Helen in the back seat of the car, which is parked outside a house in the back streets of Oxford. There's no sign of Danny and David. Jenny sighs impatiently.

**HELEN**

Oh, it's always like this. There are millions of places I've never seen because I've been stuck in here.

**JENNY**

You never get out?

**HELEN**

There's never anywhere to go in  
the places they stop.

Jenny looks out of the window. This is self-evidently true.

**45 INT. PUB. EVENING.**

**45**

Helen and Danny, Jenny and David are standing in a quiet,  
old-fashioned pub, warming themselves at an open fire.

**49.**

David has a pen in his hand, and he's holding a book - 'The  
Lion, The Witch and the Wardrobe'.

**DAVID**

So. Now. Is he Clive, do you  
think? Or CS?

**HELEN**

I'm confused now. I thought you'd  
made him up?

**DANNY**

(attempting, briefly, to  
be patient)  
No, we...Never mind.

David walks over to the nearest table and writes in the  
book.

**DAVID**

There.

He stands up, hands the book to Jenny.

**JENNY**

(reads)  
"To dear Jenny. With the pleasure  
of meeting you. Come and see me  
again soon. Clive."

**HELEN**

Dirty old man.

Laughter. He takes a long drink from his pint of bitter. A  
group of students enter, all carrying musical instruments.  
They stand at the bar, waiting to be served. Jenny stares  
at them with longing - she wants to be one of them. Helen,  
meanwhile, stares at them as if they were aliens.

**HELEN**

(sotto voce)

Why are university girls so  
strange-looking?

Helen's right. The girls in the group are all bespectacled  
and frumpy. The others laugh.

**HELEN**

It's true. And they can't all  
have started off that way, can  
they? Most girls aren't ugly, but  
most girl students are. So there  
must be something about those  
places that, you know, makes you  
fat, or spotty, or short-sighted.

50.

**DAVID**

Well, if you look at it that  
way...I mean, that's proper  
scientific analysis. And you  
can't argue with science.

Helen looks pleased.

**HELEN**

I'm still not quite clear on what  
you want to do when you get here.

**JENNY**

I want to read English.

**HELEN**

Books?

**JENNY**

Sorry?

**HELEN**

You want to read English books?

**JENNY**

Oh. Yes. Reading English is just  
another way of saying...

**DANNY**

I wouldn't worry, Jenny. You're

wasting your breath.

**DAVID**

Anyway, tomorrow we'll try to get more of a feel for the place.

**DANNY**

Absolutely. This would be a good place to do a little business.

David catches Jenny's eye. This isn't what he meant by "getting a feel for the place."

**DANNY**

All those little old ladies wandering around...I'll bet this place is rife with stats.

**JENNY**

Please explain what stats are. You're always going on about them.

**DAVID**

All right. Think of a number. Now think about the most boring lesson you've ever had at school.

51.

Now double it. Done? Doubled? Now multiply it by the number you first thought of, and there you are. That's the official boredom content of stats.

Jenny laughs.

46 INT. B & B BEDROOM. NIGHT

46

A rather grotty and certainly unromantic B&B bedroom - so unromantic, in fact, that it even has the same fusty curtains from Jenny's sitting room. David is in bed, his hands behind his head, waiting for Jenny. As far as we can tell - he's wrapped up in the sheets quite tightly - he's in his underwear. The bedroom is lit unromantically by the 40-watt overhead light. Jenny comes into the room wearing one of Helen's nightdresses, a glamorous satiny item quite inappropriate for the occasion or the surroundings. She looks nervous.

**JENNY**

We've got exactly the same  
curtains at home.

**DAVID**

Let's not talk about curtains.  
You look beautiful. You really  
are a princess.

Jenny was about to get into bed, but his tone makes her  
pause at the edge of the bed.

**JENNY**

There's something you should  
know, David. I'm...Well, I'm a  
virgin. And I want to stay that  
way until I'm seventeen.

**DAVID**

I think that's good. I think  
that's right. And for your  
seventeenth birthday I'm going to  
take you to Paris or Rome or  
Florence and make you feel like  
the most beautiful princess in  
the kingdom of love. But we can  
still be romantic, can't we?

**JENNY**

Well, yes. Of course we can. If  
it doesn't mean...

**DAVID**

Minnie....

52.

**JENNY**

Is that me?

**DAVID**

Yes. You're my Minnie Mouse, and  
I'm your bubbalub.

**JENNY**

Oh. If that's what..

**DAVID**

Minnie.

**JENNY**

Yes, David?

**DAVID**

(prompting)  
Bubbalub...

**JENNY**

Sorry. Yes, bubbalub?

**DAVID**

Would you mind if I had a look at  
what might one day be mine? Just  
a peek?

His eyes stray to her breasts. Jenny stares at him.

**JENNY**

You just want to see them?

**DAVID**

I just want to see them.

Jenny, flustered and nervous, looks at her nightgown - she  
doesn't know what to do.

**DAVID**

Let it fall from your shoulders.

She does so. He stares.

**DAVID**

Thank you.

He sits up, and lovingly lifts the straps back up. He  
smiles at her. Relieved, she smiles back.

**47 INT/EXT. CAR COTTAGE. DAY**

**47**

The Bristol, containing David and Jenny in the front seats  
and Danny and Helen in the back, passing through a pretty  
Oxfordshire village. It pulls up outside a country cottage  
with a 'FOR SALE' sign outside.

**53.**

**48 INT. CAR. DAY**

**48**

**DAVID**

Might be worth a look.

**49 EXT. CAR COTTAGE. DAY**

**49**

The four get out of the car, and Jenny follows David and Danny to the front door of the house. Helen hangs back.

**HELEN**

Jenny...

Jenny turns around.

**JENNY**

Aren't you coming?

**HELEN**

We don't go in.

**JENNY**

What are you talking about?

**DANNY**

Helen will look after you. Go and find a nice cup of tea somewhere.

Jenny is mystified.

**JENNY**

I don't need looking after, thank you very much. David, I want to see...

David ignores her.

**DANNY**

I'm not going to tell you a second time. Now. Run along.

**49A EXT. BENCH. DAY**

**49A**

Helen and Jenny waiting for the boys. Helen is blithe, chatty; Jenny has a face like thunder.

**HELEN**

They won't be long. Either way.

**JENNY**

"Either way"?

**HELEN**

Sometimes they find something,  
sometimes they don't.

In the distance, David is waving at them urgently.

**HELEN**

And when they do find something,  
we usually have to leave quite  
quickly. They can be a bit  
naughty, sometimes. Anyway. It's  
nice to have company. I'm usually  
outside on my own.

Jenny stares at Helen. She's beginning to realise who she  
is dealing with.

|    |   |    |
|----|---|----|
| 50 | <b>SCENE OMITTED</b>                      | 50 |
| 51 | <b>SCENE OMITTED</b>                      | 51 |
| 52 | <b>INT/EXT. CAR NEW COUNTRY ROAD. DAY</b> | 52 |

An old picture of some kind is wedged between Helen and  
Jenny on the back seat. Jenny, furious, is staring out of  
the window. Helen attempts to peer around the partition,  
but settles for a wave.

**HELEN**

Coo-ee. Jenny.

Jenny doesn't respond.

**DANNY**

Sorry about being a little brisk  
back there, Jenny. We have our  
way of doing things. Silly,  
really.

Still no response.

**DAVID**

Oh, come on, Jenny. Let's not  
spoil things.

**JENNY**

(disbelieving)  
Me? I'm spoiling things?

**DAVID**

I think there must be some kind  
of misunderstanding.

Jenny shakes her head bitterly. They continue driving in  
silence.

55.

53    **EXT. DANNY'S FLAT. DAY**

53

The Bristol pulls up outside Danny's Bedford Square flat.

**DANNY**

Who wants to come up    for a  
drink?

**DAVID**

Jenny?

**JENNY**

(still furious)  
No thanks. You go. I'll find my  
own way home.

Jenny gets out of the car and starts up the road. David  
gets out and starts to chase after her.

**DAVID**

Jenny!

He catches up with her in the street.

**DAVID**

It was an old map. A Speed. It  
was cooped up in that miserable  
little cottage, and she didn't  
even know what it was. What a  
waste! It shouldn't spend its  
life on a wall in wherever the  
hell we are. It should be with  
us. We know how to look after it  
properly. We liberated it.

Jenny snorts derisively.

**JENNY**

Liberated! That's one word for it.

**DAVID**

(quickly and  
passionately)

Oh, don't be bourgeois, Jenny. You're better than that. I know you have fun with us. I can see it. You drink everything I put in front of you down in one, every last drop, and then you slam your glass down on the bar and ask for more, and it's wonderful. We're not clever like you, so we have to be clever in other ways, because if we weren't, there would be no fun.

56.

We have to be clever with maps, and..and.. You want to know what stats are? Stats are old ladies who are scared of coloured people. So I move the coloureds in and the old ladies move out and I buy their flats cheap. That's what I do. So now you know.

Jenny nods reluctantly.

**DAVID**

And if you don't like it, then I will understand, and you can go back to Twickenham and listen to the Home Service and do your Latin homework. But these weekends, and the restaurants and the concerts..They don't grow on trees.

Jenny looks at him, startled. Trees again?

**DAVID**

Do you understand? Of course you do. This is who we are, Jenny.

He turns to face her and holds out his hand. On Jenny: is she in or out? Jenny takes his hand. David pulls her towards him, holds her around the waist and begins to dance with her. Further up the pavement, Helen and Danny watch, laughing.

54 EXT/INT. CAR JENNY' HOUSE. NIGHT

54

David pulls up in the Bristol outside Jenny's house, and they sit in the dark for a little while.

**DAVID**

I suppose you have homework to do.

**JENNY**

Gosh. Yes. Loads. (Beat) Thank you. I had a nice time.

**DAVID**

(surprised, despite his speech earlier)  
Really? In spite of the, the incident? With the map?

**JENNY**

As you said in the car, it was a misunderstanding.

57.

**DAVID**

Exactly. A muddle.

**JENNY**

You have no idea how boring everything was before I met you.

**DAVID**

I hope that there's something more than excitement to our relationship.

**JENNY**

Excitement's a lot, when you're at school and you live in Twickenham.

**DAVID**

You know what I'm trying to say.  
I want you to like me for who I  
am, not just what I can do for  
you.

**JENNY**

But that is who you are. I've  
never met anyone like you. Action  
is character, our English teacher  
says.

**DAVID**

What does that mean?

**JENNY**

I think it means that if we never  
did anything, we wouldn't be  
anybody. And I never did anything  
before I met you. And sometimes I  
think no-one's ever done anything  
in this stupid country, apart  
from you.

**DAVID**

That's a good place to end the  
weekend. I'll give you a tinkle.

**JENNY**

Thank you.

They look at each other. David is clearly smitten. He moves  
towards her. He wants to kiss her, but he doesn't want to  
frighten her - in the end, Jenny makes it easy for him and  
moves towards him. They kiss gently and tenderly.  
Flustered, Jenny breaks it off, gets out of the car and  
goes inside while David watches.

58.

55 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

55

Jenny enters the sitting room with her overnight bag to  
find the radio on, her father reading the paper and her  
mother knitting. When Jenny comes in, Jack beams. He has  
clearly turned some kind of corner.

**JACK**

Here she is! The wanderer  
returns!

**MARJORIE**

Did you have a nice time?

**JENNY**

Lovely, thank you.

**JACK**

Was he nice to you?

Jenny unzips her bag and pulls out her copy of the book. She hands it to her father.

**JENNY**

Look inside.

Jack examines the inscription.

**JACK**

Well I never. Look at this, Marjorie.

He hands it to her. She examines it reverently.

**MARJORIE**

"Clive"...Lucky girl. What was he like?

**JENNY**

He was just...normal. Kind.

**MARJORIE**

And did he show you round?

**JENNY**

Oh, he was busy. David did, though.

**MARJORIE**

What did you think?

**JENNY**

Beautiful.

59.

**MARJORIE**

Did it make you want to work harder?

**JACK**

Never a dull moment with David,  
is there? If it's not concerts,  
it's famous authors. Bit  
different from that lad you  
brought home for tea, isn't he?

**MARJORIE**

David's a lot older than Graham.

**JACK**

Graham could live to be two  
hundred, and he still wouldn't be  
swanning around with famous  
authors. Hasn't got it in him.

**JENNY**

He might become a famous author,  
for all you know.

**JACK**

Being one isn't the same as  
knowing one, is it? Anyone can be  
one. But if you move in those  
circles...

**JENNY**

What?

**JACK**

Well, it says something about  
you, doesn't it? It says you're  
going places. It says you're well  
connected. He's an impressive  
young man, that David. I like him  
more and more.

**MARJORIE**

Well, they say opposites attract,  
don't they? I wouldn't have  
thought he was your sort.

**JACK**

He wasn't. And now he is.

**MARJORIE**

Is that how you feel, Jenny?

**JENNY**

I feel....I Feel I should do my  
homework.

She leaves the room. Marjorie watches her go thoughtfully.

60.

56 EXT. PARK. DAY

56

A group of girls cross-country running. Jenny and her friends are at the back of the group, and the gym teacher, jogging backwards, gesticulates at them to get a move on.

**GYM TEACHER**

Ladies, please. Christmas is coming.

They put on enough of a spurt to satisfy her, and then immediately stop when the teacher is no longer watching. Seeing an attractive bench, they sit down. From somewhere under a skirt, Jenny produces a packet of exotic-looking cigarettes and offers them around.

**HATTIE**

What the hell are those?

**JENNY**

Russian Sobranies.

Hattie and Tina make snooty faces. Jenny takes a cigarette. The others follow suit. Jenny lights them, and they all grimace. The contrast between the sophisticated cigarettes, and the unsophisticated smokers and context is pronounced.

**HATTIE**

Where did they come from?

**TINA**

She might have bought them from the Savoy, or Claridges, or the opera, or some fancy nightclub. Who knows, with Jenny?

**JENNY**

Paris. You can't buy them here.

**TINA**

(suddenly looking at her suspiciously)  
You never bought them yourself?

**JENNY**

(mimicking Tina's  
grammar cruelly)  
No. I never.

**TINA**

Shut up, you stuck-up cow.

**JENNY**

But I'll bring you some back, if  
you want.

61.

**TINA**

You're joking.

**JENNY**

Non.

**HATTIE**

He's taking you to Paris?

**JENNY**

(smiling smugly)

Oui.

**HATTIE**

This term?

**JENNY**

Peut-etre.

**TINA**

Isn't it your birthday next  
Tuesday?

**JENNY**

Might be.

The two friends shriek and jump up and down.

**HATTIE**

Oh, my God! Your birthday!

**TINA**

I wouldn't like to be you. All  
those dinners you've had off him.  
Ouch.

**JENNY**

You have such a Victorian attitude to sex, you two.

**TINA**

Oh, sorry, Dr Kinsey. We're not all as experienced as you. I mean, you've done it...(She counts on her fingers) I make it never! Can that be right?

**HATTIE**

But your parents are just going to let you swan off like that?

**JENNY**

They don't know yet. David's got a plan, he says. He usually has something up his sleeve.

62.

**TINA**

I've noticed that. What did he tell them when you had your weekend in Oxford?

**JENNY**

(animated by the memory)  
Oh, it was....(She changes her mind) David went to Oxford. Merton. English. And he offered to show me round.

**HATTIE**

So you have a good-looking boyfriend with pots of money, brains and a nice car.

**JENNY**

Apparently I do.

Tina makes a bitter face.

**TINA**

And they tell us there's a God.

Laughter. Jenny glances off into the distance, and spots a portly middle-aged woman heading in their direction.

**JENNY**

Sod. Miss Davies.

They stand up, grind their Sobranies into the mud, kick them under the bench, and set off at a brisk trot. The Sobranie stubs come to rest near a pile of dog poo.

57 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE. DAY

57

Breakfast on Jenny's birthday. Jenny is at the table buttering toast. Jack is reading the paper, Marjorie is cooking him eggs and bacon.

**JACK**

Is David taking you somewhere special tonight?

**JENNY**

Not that I know of.

**MARJORIE**

I've asked Graham round for tea and birthday cake.

**JENNY**

Graham?

63.

**JACK**

What do we want him round for?

**MARJORIE**

I happened to be talking to his mother about something, and...

**JENNY**

What did you happen to be talking to her about?

**MARJORIE**

I thought it would be nice.

**JENNY**

What if David turns up?

**MARJORIE**

Are we expecting David to turn up?

Jenny shrugs.

**JACK**

It might not be a bad thing if he did.

**MARJORIE**

(doubtful)  
Really?

**JACK**

Well, if you think about it, there's more than one way of skinning a cat.

**JENNY**

And who's the skinned cat, in this enchanting image? Me?

**JACK**

No, of course...

**JENNY**

I have an education to pursue.

**58 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE. EVENING**

**58**

Graham, Jenny and her father are at the dinner table, sitting in the dark. Marjorie kicks the door open with her foot and comes in holding a birthday cake with seventeen candles burning on it. She puts it down carefully on the table.

**64.**

**JACK**

Blow them out, then, before the whole place burns down.

Jenny closes her eyes, makes her wish, blows out her candles. Her father and mother both look at her, apparently attempting to read her mind. Jack gets up to turn the lights on. We can see that by Jenny's side are two unopened, carefully-wrapped presents, both exactly the same size - clearly books.

**MARJORIE**

Who'd like a piece?

In truth, the cake is a rather sorry and unappetising specimen. There isn't enough icing on the top. She cuts a couple of slices which immediately collapse.

**GRAHAM**

Never mind. I'll have one of those.

**JACK**

Come on. Presents.

Without any real enthusiasm, Jenny opens the first one of the two, from her mum and dad. It's a Latin dictionary.

**JENNY**

Oh. Thank you. I needed a new one.

**GRAHAM**

(crestfallen)

Oh dear.

The doorbell rings. Jenny perks up. Jack goes to answer it, and immediately the house is energised: it's David.

**58A INT/EXT JENNY'S HOUSE**

**58A**

Jack answers the door to David.

**58B INT. JENNY'S HOUSE**

**58B**

**JACK (O.S.)**

Good grief. You won't believe this, Jenny. Did you leave anything in the shop?

David enters. You can hardly see him for all the parcels and flowers he's carrying.

**DAVID**

It's a special day.

**65.**

He and Jenny exchange a glance. Jack comes in behind him.

**JACK**

She's a special girl.

**DAVID**

Oh, I know it. (to Graham) Hello,  
young man.

**JENNY**

This is Graham.

**DAVID**

Graham, a pleasure. I'm David.

They shake hands. Graham suddenly looks five years younger.

**JACK**

Makes your dictionary look a bit  
feeble, eh Graham?

Graham looks pained. Marjorie notices.

**MARJORIE**

And ours too, come to that.

**JACK**

Well, we're not the ones trying  
to impress her.

**JENNY**

Clearly.

**JACK**

David, what can I get you to  
drink?

**DAVID**

What's everybody else having?  
What have you got there, Graham?

**JACK**

I've given him a glass of pop.

**GRAHAM**

(stung)

I'd better be going I have a  
stack of homework to do.

Graham says his goodbyes. He tries to catch Jenny's eye,  
but she looks away. Marjorie shows him to the door.

**DAVID**

Yes. Well. You can put the pop  
away now. What is there for the  
grown-ups?

**JACK**

A glass of something warming?

**DAVID**

You know me so well.

Hearty laughter from the two men.

**JENNY**

Can I open anything yet?

Marjorie comes back into the room.

**MARJORIE**

Wait for me.

**DAVID**

Before you start on that little lot , I have a surprise. Next weekend, we're all going to Chez Georges to celebrate Jenny's birthday.

**JACK**

(flatly)

Lovely.

**DAVID**

Chez Georges is in the Boulevard St Germain. In Paris.

Jenny giggles her delight. Jack's smile is a little more forced.

**JACK**

How d'you mean, Paris?

**JENNY**

You know the one, Dad.

**JACK**

(panic rising)

But..We haven't got any French money. And I'm not sure...I just don't think it would agree with me.

**JENNY**

Dad!

**JACK**

They don't like us, the French,  
you know. John Sutton at work  
went once. They were very rude to  
him. I'm not sure I'd like that.

67.

Jenny understands David's ploy perfectly, and the role she  
must play. Her eyes fill with tears. Jack notices.

**JACK**

I don't want to spoil anyone's  
fun, but...It's not for me,  
Europe. We'll go another time.

**JENNY**

(bitterly)

You've just said you don't like  
Europe. What's going to change?  
It'll have to be Europe, won't  
it? Because it isn't going to be  
you.

**MARJORIE**

I can take her.

**JACK**

(genuinely indignant)

To France? And leave me here on  
my own?

**JENNY**

Oh, for God's sake.

Jack looks cornered. He needs to find a way out.

**DAVID**

Listen, I'm really sorry to have  
caused all this to-do. I just  
thought it might be nice. But  
I'll go with Aunt Helen and Uncle  
Daniel. They can have your  
tickets.

Jack looks at him.

**JACK**

Aunt Helen? The one who went to  
the concert with you?

**DAVID**

Yes, that's the one.

**JACK**

(relieved)

Well, there we are.

**DAVID**

(perplexed)

Where are we?

68.

**JACK**

Aunt Helen! Don't you see? If  
Aunt Helen's going to be  
there...

**DAVID**

(the penny apparently  
dropping)

Of course!

**JACK**

I didn't want to put a spoke in  
anyone's wheels. But if you look  
at it from my angle...A bachelor,  
taking my daughter off to  
Paris...

**DAVID**

Oh, impossible. I hadn't thought  
it through properly. I do  
apologise, Jack. Would you prefer  
it if Helen took Jenny on her  
own? I don't mind. I've been to  
Paris before.

**JACK**

Oh, I couldn't possibly ask...No,  
no. If Aunt Helen's going...

He smiles broadly. He's off the hook. Jenny catches David's  
eye and smiles.

Hattie, Tina and Jenny are sitting on their desks, waiting for a lesson to start. Hattie shows Jenny a piece of paper which apparently contains some kind of shopping list.

**TINA**

There are some things you must buy for us, and some things you only have to buy for us if you're a proper, true friend. (She points at Hattie, then at herself.) Chanel perfume, Chanel perfume. (She repeats the gesture) Chanel lipstick, Chanel lipstick. What have I forgotten?

**HATTIE**

Those funny cigarettes you were smoking. Sobranies. Ten packets each.

A very small girl, twelve or thirteen, comes in to the classroom and approaches Jenny.

69.

**SMALL GIRL**

Are you the girl going to Paris?

Tina, Hattie and Jenny stare at her.

**SMALL GIRL**

Well are you or aren't you?  
Because I'd like some perfume.

Miss Stubbs comes into the classroom carrying books and essays. She sees the small girl and shoos her out. She then approaches Jenny and whispers discreetly into her ear.

**MISS STUBBS**

Jenny, the headmistress would like a word at the end of the lesson. I'm afraid that the legend of Mr Rochester may have travelled further than you intended.

Jenny looks at her, startled and a little sick.

The office is dark, wood-panelled, foreboding, apparently designed to put all visitors ill-at-ease. The headmistress would probably choose to be wood-panelled if she could. She's tweedy, bespectacled, severe. There is a knock at the door. She doesn't look up from her paperwork.

**HEADMISTRESS**

Come.

Jenny enters, looking young and frightened.

**HEADMISTRESS**

Ah. Miss Mellor.

Jenny tries to look back at her with all the courage she can muster.

**HEADMISTRESS**

We're all very excited about your forthcoming trip to Paris. Our excitement, indeed, knows no bounds. Some of us can talk of little else.

Jenny looks at her feet.

**HEADMISTRESS**

An older man, I understand. A word of warning, Miss Mellor.

70.

There may well have been the odd sixth-form girl who has lost an important part of herself - perhaps the best part - while under our supervision. These things happen, regrettably. If, however, we are made aware of this loss, then of course the young lady in question would have to continue her studies elsewhere, if she still has any use for 'A'-levels. Is that clear?

**JENNY**

Can I go now?

**HEADMISTRESS**

Please.

Jenny turns round and walks out without saying another word.

**62 INT. HOTEL BEDROOM. EVENING**

**62**

**62PT 1**

Through the window of a hotel suite, we see a BEA jet soaring into the sky.

**62PT 2**

David and Jenny aren't on it, though. They are letting themselves into the room. Jenny stares at the featureless sitting room.

**JENNY**

There's no bed.

**DAVID**

Ah. I pushed the boat out and got us a suite.

**JENNY**

A suite!

**DAVID**

Well, if work stops us getting to Paris until tomorrow, then work can buy us a nice hotel room. Anyway, it's a special occasion, isn't it?

**JENNY**

I would have thought that tonight of all nights we only need a bedroom.

**71.**

Close on David's reaction - she hasn't forgotten that tonight's the night.

63 INT. HOTEL BEDROOM. NIGHT  
63

David and Jenny in bed, in a dimly lit bedroom. They are kissing - David more passionately than Jenny. He is making little whimpers of excitement, and Jenny is clearly trying hard to hide her nerves. We're acutely aware of her age, and of her virginity. Suddenly David breaks off.

**DAVID**

Hold on a second. I've got something.

Rather absurdly, he half-disappears over the side of the bed, reaching for something on the floor. He comes back with a banana. Jenny stares at him.

**JENNY**

What on earth is that for?

**DAVID**

I thought....I thought we might want to practice.

Jenny shrieks with horror.

**JENNY**

With a banana?

**DAVID**

I thought we'd get the messy bit over with first.

**JENNY**

David, I don't want to lose my virginity to a piece of fruit.

**DAVID**

I'm sorry.

David attempts to kiss her again. Jenny wriggles clear.

**JENNY**

Let's wait until we get to Paris. I think the moment might have gone.

**DAVID**

I'm sorry, Minnie. I'm such a fool.

Jenny doesn't deny it.

**JENNY**

And David..... if tomorrow night  
does happen, it will never happen  
again, so...

**DAVID**

(alarmed)  
Why won't it ever happen again?

**JENNY**

Because the first time can only  
happen once.

**DAVID**

(relieved)  
Oh.

**JENNY**

So, please...No Minnies. No baby-  
talk. I'm not old enough for baby-  
talk. Treat me like a grown-up.

David looks chastened.

**JENNY**

(brightly)  
I know. Let's go and sit in our  
sitting-room.

**DAVID**

(cheered up)  
Hooray! I'll order some  
champagne.

Jenny looks at him with what might, from one angle, be  
construed as fondness.

**MONTAGE SEQUENCE - PARIS**

**64 EXT. LEFT BANK. DAY.**

**64**

Juliette Greco on the soundtrack. Jenny leans against a  
wall, the Seine and Notre Dame behind her. David takes her  
picture. She looks fantastic in the clothes David has given  
her for her birthday.

65 INT. ART GALLERY. DAY

65

A crowded Left Bank gallery. Jenny is sitting on the floor watching an impossibly handsome young Frenchman paint black the body of an impressively passive naked woman. The young man sitting next to Jenny gives her an appraising look. David, standing at the back and looking square and uncomfortable, notices.

73.

66 INT. RECORD SHOP. DAY

66

We see three listening booths, all containing customers. Jenny and David are in the middle booth, listening to the Juliette Greco song on the soundtrack. (For a moment, the sound quality changes - soundtrack becomes source music, seamlessly.) Jenny is studying the sleeve. She wants to hug herself, she's so excited.

67 EXT. CAFE. EVENING.

67

A Left Bank cafe - David and Jenny are eating steak frites outside, drinking vin ordinaire, watching the world go by. They are both anticipating the night ahead.

68 EXT. VIEW OF SACRE COEUR/MONTMARTRE

68

69 EXT. PARIS HOTEL. DAWN

69

Jenny is smoking at the second-floor window of a simple, pretty Parisian hotel, wearing a glamorous-looking slip and looking at the street life below her.

70 INT. HOTEL ROOM. DAWN

70

The bedroom is simple and romantic - everything the airport hotel wasn't. David is lying amid rumpled sheets, smoking what is clearly a post-coital cigarette, and watching Jenny from behind.

DAVID

Do you still feel like a schoolgirl?

Jenny turns round, smiles, shakes her head.

**DAVID**

And it wasn't too uncomfortable?

**JENNY**

Not after the...first bit. It's funny, though, isn't it? All that poetry, and all those songs and films, about something that lasts no time at all?

David looks at her. She isn't being cruel. She just doesn't know any different. She returns to her people-watching. He smokes ruminatively.

74.

71 **EXT. PARK. DAY**

71

...Jenny in her games kit, smoking her Sobranie with her friends on the park bench again. Hattie and Tina are examining their bottles of Chanel reverently. Jenny is back to being her seventeen-year-old self; somehow her seventeen-year-old self looks comical, and no longer appropriate.

**TINA**

How can you go back to double French when you've had a weekend with an older man in a posh hotel in Paris? You wouldn't catch me coming anywhere near this dump.

**JENNY**

(artfully)

It wasn't all glamour. We spent half the weekend at Heathrow in a hotel suite .

**HATTIE**

A suite? Oh my God. Your life.

They smoke their Sobranies ruminatively.

**TINA**

You're going to miss it. All the swanning around in posh hotels.

**JENNY**

Why will I need to miss it?

**TINA**

When you go to Oxford. Unless you're planning on being with David forever.

Jenny doesn't say anything.

**HATTIE**

You're not, are you?

**JENNY**

(distracted)  
God, no.

**TINA**

So? Won't you miss it?

Jenny shrugs. Clearly she will, and clearly she hasn't thought about it before.

**HATTIE**

We'll miss it.

75.

Jenny laughs.

72 INT. CLASSROOM. DAY

72

Jenny's English class file past Miss Stubbs at the end of a lesson. Miss Stubbs stops Jenny.

**MISS STUBBS**

Jenny, could I have a word?

**JENNY**

Of course. (To Hattie and Tina)  
I'll catch you up.

Miss Stubbs waits until the room empties.

**MISS STUBBS**

You can do anything you want, Jenny. You know that. You're clever and you're pretty... But sometimes those things fight. I'm

worried that at the moment clever  
Jenny and pretty Jenny are  
fighting.

**JENNY**

What do you mean?

**MISS STUBBS**

I couldn't bear it if clever  
Jenny lost. It's because of  
people like you that I plough  
through illiterate essays by  
Sandra Lovell about her pony. And  
there aren't many of you, I can  
tell you. One every few years. Is  
your boyfriend interested in  
clever Jenny?

**JENNY**

I think so.

**MISS STUBBS**

Interested enough to let her do  
what she wants?

**JENNY**

He couldn't stop me.

**MISS STUBBS**

He might not have to stop you.  
That's what I'm trying to tell  
you.

76.

**JENNY**

(frustrated)

I'm not sure what you're trying  
to tell me.

**MISS STUBBS**

I'm telling you to go to Oxford.  
No matter what. Or you'll break  
my heart.

Jenny looks at her.

**JENNY**

(quietly)

Where did you go?

**MISS STUBBS**

Sorry?

**JENNY**

(louder, bolder)

Where did you go? Which university?

**MISS STUBBS**

Girton. Cambridge.

**JENNY**

Oh.

**MISS STUBBS**

What does that mean? `Oh'?

**JENNY**

You're clever. And you're pretty. So presumably, Clever Miss Stubbs won. And here you are, reading all those pony essays. I don't know. These last few months, I've been to Paris, and to jazz clubs, and I've eaten in wonderful restaurants, and seen wonderful films, heard beautiful music...

**MISS STUBBS**

I'm sure you have. But I was filled up with beautiful things, books and music and conversation, in exactly the same way at Cambridge. And I didn't have to pay the same sort of price. Are you taking precautions, Jenny?

Jenny stares at her angrily.

**JENNY**

It's nothing to do with that.

77.

**MISS STUBBS**

Isn't it?

**JENNY**

Maybe our lives are always going

to end up with pony essays. Or housework. And yes, maybe we'll go up to Oxford. But if we're all going to die the moment we graduate, maybe it's what we do before that counts.

**MISS STUBBS**

I'm sorry you think I'm dead.

**JENNY**

I don't think you're dead. But...

**MISS STUBBS**

(coldly)

You'd better get to your next class.

She turns her back on Jenny.

**73 EXT. CAR. NIGHT**

**73**

Helen, Danny, Jenny get out of David's Bristol, which is parked outside a nightclub called Esmerelda's Barn. David has parked next to a white Rolls-Royce.

**JENNY**

(looking at the Rolls-Royce)

And we know the person who owns this?

**DAVID**

Yes. Perc Rachman. He's a....

**DANNY**

A bastard.

Danny and David laugh.

**DAVID**

He's a business acquaintance, and we need to talk to him.

**JENNY**

I gathered that much. But why do we have to crawl around the West End looking for his car? Why don't you just make an appointment, if you want to see him?

The men snigger.

**DANNY**

What? Ring his office? Talk to his secretary? That isn't how it works with him, dear.

74    **INT. CLUB. NIGHT**

74

The four walk in and take their coats over to the cloakroom. The club is a smoky West End club, full of smartly-dressed and dubious-looking men, and young, glamorous, dubious-looking women. Jenny and Helen look out of place - Helen too ethereal, Jenny too innocent. There is jazz playing.

**DANNY**

There he is.

We see a nasty-looking man in his late 30s/early 40s. He is wearing a white sharkskin suit and smoking a big cigar. He's standing by the roulette table, talking to an even nastier-looking man in a dark suit.

They find a table at the back and sit down. A waitress comes over to their table.

**DAVID**

A bottle of champagne, please.

**DANNY**

Oh-ho. Champagne, eh?

He looks at Jenny and David expectantly.

**DAVID**

Don't be bashful.

**HELEN**

No. Be Sneezy.

Everyone ignores her.

**DAVID**

All right, then. If you won't tell them I will. Jenny got two

As and a B in her mock-A levels.

**DANNY**

Fantastic.

**HELEN**

Congratulations.

**JENNY**

Thank you.

79.

**DAVID**

The B was in Latin. But it's much better than it was, isn't it, Minnie?

Rachman is now standing on his own. Danny nudges David, and they go over to talk to him just as the champagne arrives. The waiter pops the bottle of champagne and pours two glasses. The girls smile and clink glasses.

**HELEN**

Don't worry.

**JENNY**

About what?

**HELEN**

Someone told me that in fifty years no-one will speak Latin, probably. Not even Latin people. So you shouldn't mind too much about your B.

Jenny stares at her, trying to think of a response.

75 **INT. CLUB. NIGHT**

75

Danny and David are at the bar, having just finished talking to Rachman. Danny puffs out his cheeks and shakes his head.

**DANNY**

Well, I'm not sure you'd want him to marry your sister. I'm not even sure you'd want to talk to him in a night-club, come to

that.

They both chuckle. There is a silence for a moment.

**DANNY**

(gently)  
You do know what you're doing,  
old chap? With Jenny?

**DAVID**

This is the one, Danny.

**DANNY**

We've heard that before.

**DAVID**

You can see she's different.  
She's got everything. You've got  
Helen, and....

80.

**DANNY**

(drily)  
And you've got Helen with brains.

**DAVID**

(rumbled)  
Yes.

**DANNY**

I don't want to see her hurt.

They make their way back to their table.

76 **INT. CLUB. NIGHT**

76

While David and Helen watch, Danny and Jenny dance. Danny's a good dancer; Jenny is nervous at first, but becomes more comfortable and more expressive, with Danny's help.

**JENNY**

(knowing that she should  
make conversation, as  
all the couples around  
her are doing)  
Have you...Have you bought any  
more paintings recently?

**DANNY**

Have I? Let's think? Oh, I picked up a little Piper the other day. A good `un, I think.

**JENNY**

I'm still trying to work out what makes good things good. It's hard, isn't it?

**DANNY**

The thing is, Jenny, you know, without necessarily being able to explain why. You've got taste. That's not even half the battle. That's the whole war.

Jenny smiles at him with gratitude. There is a sudden closeness between them. David is watching them carefully. They return to their table.

**DAVID**

Jenny, we should go. It's late.

**JENNY**

(disappointed)  
Oh. Yes.

81.

**DANNY**

Alas. One day, school will be over forever, and we can talk about art all night.

**DAVID**

(to Danny)  
You're all right in a taxi, aren't you?

He guides Jenny firmly out of the club.

77 **EXT. CLUB. NIGHT.**

77

Jenny is about to to open the passenger door of the Bristol, but David stops her.

**DAVID**

Wait there.

He runs to the back of the car, opens the boot and starts rummaging through it. It seems to be full of everything but the thing he's looking for.

**JENNY**

What are you doing?

He slams the boot shut and comes back empty-handed.

**DAVID**

Will you marry me?

Jenny stares at him for a moment, then laughs.

**JENNY**

What were you looking for?

**DAVID**

I thought I had a ring. It wouldn't have been the right one. But it would have done for tonight.

**JENNY**

(eyes twinkling with amusement)  
Oh, David.

**DAVID**

I'm serious.

**JENNY**

You're very sweet.

**DAVID**

What do you think?

82.

**JENNY**

(helplessly)  
Please take me home.

She gets into the car. We see the desperation in David's face, lit by the headlights of a passing taxi, as he slams the door on Jenny after she's got in.

Jenny, Tina and Hattie all smoking in the school toilets. Jenny is distracted, and standing apart from the others. Tina looks at her.

**TINA**

How do you say 'A penny for your thoughts?' in French?

**HATTIE**

A franc is too much, isn't it?

**TINA**

For her thoughts, yes. You'd be overpaying by about ninety-nine centimes.

Suddenly the door bursts open and the Latin teacher comes in.

79 **INT. HEAD'S OFFICE. DAY**

79

The three girls are lined up in front of the headmistress, hands by their sides.

**HEADMISTRESS**

I'm surprised that you two are standing in front of me. I'm not surprised to find you here, Miss Mellor, though I do feel rather like the judge who sent Al Capone to prison for tax evasion. We take a very dim view of smoking. We take an even dimmer view of some of your other behaviour, which as far as we know has taken place off school premises. Your appearance here today, however, allows me to remind you that we are trying to teach you how to become young ladies, not nightclub hostesses. In reality, of course, you are neither. You are merely silly little girls. Detention after school. Go away.

83.

Jenny's face sets hard. Something in her shuts down.

80      **EXT. JENNY'S BALCONY. EVENING**

80

Jenny is smoking on the balcony.

80A     **INT. JENNY'S BEDROOM.**

80A

Jenny is at her desk in her bedroom, trying to work, but she can't concentrate. Her hair is tied back in a pony-tail. She gets up, pulls back the curtains, looks out of the window. We see what she sees: a sleepy suburban street at night. She looks back at her desk. It looks even more boring than the street. She looks at her scrubbed seventeen-year-old face in the mirror - so much younger than the Jenny we have seen with David. She makes herself up, and she gets older and more glamorous before our eyes. In her make-up and her school uniform, she's half-woman, half-child. We hear the noises drifting up from the kitchen: the radio, the washing-up, occasional muffled conversation. Jenny walks out of the bedroom and slips downstairs.

81      **INT. KITCHEN. EVENING**

81

Jenny's mother and father are doing the washing up and listening to the radio. They have their backs to the door. Jenny enters the room quietly and watches them for a moment

**MAN ON THE RADIO**

They do need some looking after,  
but nothing that will require too  
much work. Just leave them in  
your potting shed for a couple of  
weeks, and they'll look after  
themselves.

**JACK**

Oh, aye. The potting shed. Who  
does he think I am? Prince  
Rainier of Monaco?

**JENNY**

What if I got married instead of  
going to college?

Jack and Marjorie turn around and stare at this strange apparition wearing too much make-up and a school uniform.

**JACK**

Married?

**JENNY**

Married.

84.

**JACK**

It would depend who it was,  
surely?

**JENNY**

Would it? That's interesting.

**JACK**

Course it would. I wouldn't want  
you married off just for the  
sake of it.

**JENNY**

Thanks.

**MARJORIE**

Has somebody asked you?

**JENNY**

Yes.

**JACK**

Who?

Marjorie rolls her eyes.

**MARJORIE**

What did you tell him?

**JENNY**

Nothing yet.

**JACK**

David?

**JENNY**

No. A man I just met walking his  
dog.

**JACK**

David's asked you to marry him?  
Bloody hell. Pardon my French.

**MARJORIE**

Do you have any choice? Or is it too late.

She looks at her daughter knowingly. Jack merely looks confused.

**JACK**

Of course she's got a choice. But it's an interesting one, isn't it?

85.

**JENNY**

This is where you're supposed to say, "But what about Oxford?"

**JACK**

Well. Looked at it one way, you wouldn't really need to go now, would you? He's a man going places. And say what you like, but they know how to take care of their money, don't they? He'll see you're looked after.

**JENNY**

(quietly, turning the words over in her mouth)

I wouldn't need to go. Would you like to expand on that?

**JACK**

You know what I mean.

Jenny laughs bitterly. She can't believe it.

**JENNY**

All that Latin! All those essays! What was the point? Why didn't you just send me out prowling round nightclubs? It would have been less trouble. And I might have had more fun.

**JACK**

We don't know about nightclubs. We knew about education. Anyway, it all turned out for the best.

**JENNY**

How?

**JACK**

He wouldn't have wanted you if  
you were thick, would he?

Jenny stares at them and walks out.

**82 INT. CLASSROOM. DAY**

**82**

English. Miss Stubbs is standing at the front holding a copy of King Lear, and listening as members of the class massacre the text. Some about by overacting; others read to the best ability, tonelessly and with no understanding of the class, various are messing of their of the words.

**86.**

Lear himself is being read by Ann, the bespectacled girl from the first scene. She's no King Lear, and she's one of the bad readers.

**GIRL 1**

May not an ass know when the cart  
draws the horse? Sings whoop jug  
I love thee.

**MISS STUBBS**

Yes, when it says `Sings', it  
means he sings those words.

Girl 1 looks at her blankly.

**MISS STUBBS**

Never mind. Lear...

**ANN**

Does any here know me. This is  
not Lear. Does Lear walk thus?

**TINA**

(sotto voce, to Jenny,  
in the seat next to  
her)

No.

Jenny starts to giggle.

**ANN**

Speak thus?

Tina shakes her head.

**ANN**

Where are his eyes?

Tina doesn't need to say anything - she just looks at Jenny, makes a pair of spectacles with her fingers and squints. Jenny's giggling fit increases in intensity.

**ANN**

Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied. Ha! Waking? Tis not so. Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Jenny's arm shoots up, as if to answer the question.

**JENNY**

Ooh. Miss. Me. I can.

Miss Stubbs looks at Jenny more in sorrow than in anger - Jenny's behaviour now is something new in their relationship. Jenny stares back at her defiantly. Suddenly Miss Stubbs notices something glinting on her hand: an engagement ring.

87.

**MISS STUBBS**

Oh, Jenny.

She is, as she promised she would be, heartbroken.

**JENNY**

What?

**MISS STUBBS**

Take it off.

Hattie, who is sitting behind Jenny, notices the ring, too, for the first time.

**HATTIE**

Oh my God. Is that really what I think it is? I'M GOING TO BE A **BRIDESMAID!**

There is an excited susurration in the classroom.

**MISS STUBBS**

You know there's a school rule  
about jewelry.

**JENNY**

Half the girls in this room are  
wearing jewelry.

**MISS STUBBS**

Yes. But none of it is going to  
ruin their lives.

**JENNY**

(coolly)

We have a difference of opinion  
on that.

Miss Stubbs stares at her. Jenny can only just steel  
herself to stare back.

**MISS STUBBS**

Let's see who's right. Come with  
me.

Jenny doesn't move.

**MISS STUBBS**

Please don't make me drag you out  
like a child.

Jenny gets to her feet. Teacher and pupil leave the room,  
while the rest of the class watches.

88.

83 INT. HEADMISTRESS'S OFFICE. DAY

83

**HEADMISTRESS**

How far advanced are these  
ridiculous plans? Have you set a  
date? Have you decided on a  
church?

**JENNY**

We won't be getting married in a  
church. David's Jewish.

The headmistress stares at her, dumbfounded.

**HEADMISTRESS**

Jewish? He's a Jew? You're aware,  
I take it, that the Jews killed  
our Lord?

**JENNY**

(beginning to feel less  
intimidated by her  
surroundings)  
And you're aware, I suppose, that  
our Lord was Jewish?

The headmistress snorts scornfully

**HEADMISTRESS**

I suppose he told you that. We're  
all very sorry about what  
happened in the War. But there's  
no excuse for that sort of  
malicious and untruthful  
propaganda.

Jenny smiles to herself.

**HEADMISTRESS**

Anyway, I can now see that you  
are even more in need of  
responsible advice than I  
realised. Is it true that you  
don't intend to sit for your  
exams? And therefore you won't be  
applying for University?

**JENNY**

Yes, that's right.

**HEADMISTRESS**

What do you think you're doing?

**JENNY**

Nobody has been able to explain  
to me the point of University.

89.

Therefore I don't see the point  
of the exams, either.

**HEADMISTRESS**

Nobody does anything worth doing  
without a degree.

**JENNY**

And nobody does anything worth  
doing with one, either. No woman,  
anyway.

**HEADMISTRESS**

So what I do isn't worth doing.  
Or what Miss Stubbs does, or Mrs  
Wilson, or any of us here.

Jenny doesn't say anything. The headmistress takes her  
silence as an admission of defeat.

**HEADMISTRESS**

Because none of us would be here  
without our degrees, you realise  
that, don't you? And yes, of  
course studying is hard, and  
boring, and...

Jenny can't contain herself any longer.

**JENNY**

Boring!

**HEADMISTRESS**

I'm sorry?

**JENNY**

Studying is hard and boring.  
Teaching is hard and boring. So  
you're telling me to be bored,  
and then bored, and then finally  
bored again, this time for the  
rest of my life. This whole  
stupid country is bored. There's  
no life in it, or colour in it,  
or fun in it. It's probably just  
as well that the Russians are  
going to drop a nuclear bomb on  
us any day now. So my choice is  
either to do something hard and  
boring, OR to marry my... my Jew,  
and go to Paris and Rome and  
listen to jazz and read and eat  
good food in nice restaurants and  
have fun. It's not enough to  
educate us any more, Mrs Walters.  
You've got to tell us why you're

doing it.

90.

**HEADMISTRESS**

Because without formal  
qualifications...

She grinds to a halt. She has never had to answer this  
question before.

**HEADMISTRESS**

It doesn't have to be teaching,  
you know. There's the Civil  
Service.

Jenny stands up.

**JENNY**

I don't wish to be impertinent,  
Mrs Walters. But it is an  
argument worth rehearsing. You  
never know. Someone else might  
want to know what the point of it  
all is, one day.

She leaves the office.

**84 EXT. SCHOOL. DAY**

**84**

Jenny is half-walking, half-running, towards the school  
gates. She's scared, of course, but exhilarated, too. All  
that pressure, and all those years of education, suddenly  
over, unexpectedly, and certainly unceremoniously. She  
looks neither left nor right, but other girls, younger  
girls, watch her through the windows as she leaves. Jenny  
doesn't even look round when she goes through the school  
gates.

**85 INT. KITCHEN. EVENING**

**85**

Later. Jenny and Marjorie are sitting at the kitchen table.  
Jack is standing over them; he hasn't even taken his coat  
off, or put his briefcase down.

**JACK**

How d'you mean, left?

Jenny doesn't answer.

**JACK**

What about your exams?

**JENNY**

I'm not sitting them.

**JACK**

What are we going to tell people?

91.

**JENNY**

(witheringly)

Oh, telling people. I'd forgotten that what we tell people is more important than anything.

**JACK**

All that...

Marjorie knows what he's going to say, and doesn't want him to.

**MARJORIE**

Jack!

**JACK**

No. No need for Jack. She should hear it. All that money! Do you know how much it's cost me for you to go through school and take no exams?

**JENNY**

I'm sure David will pay you back. Send him a bill. As you said, he wouldn't have wanted me if I was dim, so he should fork out. Just tell me why there's a point in sitting my exams, and there's no point in me going to University.

Jack gapes at her. He's floundering.

**JACK**

You know what your trouble is, don't you? You're too clever by half.

**JENNY**

In which case I should have left school years ago, shouldn't I? Ask them for the money back. If I'm too clever by half, you overpaid by a third.

**86 INT. DANNY'S FLAT. NIGHT**

**86**

Danny, Helen, David and Jenny are in Danny's flat; we have just missed The Announcement - there is champagne already open. Danny glances quickly and discreetly at David, who catches his eye.

**HELEN**

That's...Gosh. That's fantastic news.

**92.**

Danny isn't so pleased.

**DANNY**

(cool)  
Congratulations.

There is much chinking of glasses.

**HELEN**

I thought you'd see sense about university.

Jenny smiles.

**HELEN (CONT'D)**

You'll stay pretty now.

Laughter from David and Jenny.

**JENNY**

Am I still allowed to read?

**HELEN**

English? Books?

More laughter.

**HELEN (CONT'D)**

You won't be laughing when she goes all speccy and spotty, David.

Helen is bemused by their mirth. Danny watches David thoughtfully.

**87 EXT. DANNY'S. NIGHT**

**87**

David and Jenny come out of Danny's flat and approach David's car.

**JENNY**

Danny didn't seem very pleased about our engagement.

**DAVID**

I thought that, too! I was wondering whether he might be a bit jealous.

**JENNY**

(trying not to be pleased)  
Jealous?

**93.**

**DAVID**

You may have noticed that Helen's not really Oxford material. I'm going to keep him out of your way.

They both smile. David opens the door for Jenny and she gets into the car.

**87A INT. JENNY'S KITCHEN. DAY**

**87A**

Jenny is making David a cup of tea. Her mother is keeping an eye on Jenny - in Marjorie's mind at least, this is a rehearsal for something.

**DAVID**

I haven't put my...my stamp on it yet. Haven't had time. It needs a woman's touch, really. And if you don't like it, we can move. Just

say the word.

**JENNY**

Where is the flat again?

**MARJORIE**

You have to put the cosy on  
straight away.

Jenny sighs and rolls her eyes. She picks up the hand-  
knitted tea-cosy and puts it on her head.

**JENNY**

Like that?

David laughs.

**MARJORIE**

(oblivious)

No. On the tea-pot.

**JENNY**

(deadpan)

Ah.

She puts the tea-cosy on the tea-pot.

**DAVID**

Just down from Russell Square.  
Two minutes' walk from the  
underground.

94.

**MARJORIE**

Jenny! We could walk to... (She  
tries to think of somewhere Jenny  
might find interesting.) We could  
walk to the British Museum!

Jenny gives her a look.

**MARJORIE**

I'll leave you to it. Don't let  
it stew.

She leaves the room.

**JENNY**

And this is where you're living?

**DAVID**

I've stayed there for the last couple of nights. (Beat) On and off.

**JENNY**

You've stayed there two nights "on and off"?

**DAVID**

Is that tea ready? One sugar, please.

**JENNY**

(frustrated by his evasions)

David!

**DAVID**

I'm sorry. You must think I'm very odd.

**JENNY**

No, but.... You seem to float around. I never know where you are.

She hands him his tea.

**DAVID**

A wandering Jew. (He pauses to take a sip.) If I tell you something, will you promise not to laugh?

**JENNY**

It depends on how funny it is.

95.

**DAVID**

(mumbling)  
I live at home.

**JENNY**

We all live at home.

**DAVID**

No. I mean...I live at home...in

the same way that you live at home.

**JENNY**

But I live with my mother and fa...(It clicks.) You don't mean it.

David nods, shamefacedly.

**JENNY**

Your mother and father?

**DAVID**

Just my mother. My father's dead. I've been meaning to tell you, Minnie, and it would have been much better than all those silly lies. But...

He looks quite upset. We warm to him. Jenny leans over and takes his hand.

**DAVID**

Anyway. You can see how much I need you. And you won't regret this, I promise. We'll have so much fun. And just think. When we get married, you won't have to wait in the car while I do my business.. You'll be waiting at home, looking at the Burne-Jones on the wall. Home, Minnie. Our home. Can you imagine?

Close on Jenny. She can't imagine, really.

90 INT. COFFEE BAR. DAY

90

Jenny, Tina and Hattie in the coffee bar. Jenny is eagerly scanning the English literature exam paper.

96.

**JENNY**

Did you do this one? "Show from any TWO scenes in 'Pride and Prejudice' how far it is true that Jane Austen's methods are

`essentially dramatic'".

**HATTIE**

Three scenes.

**JENNY**

It says two here. Look.

She shows the paper to Hattie. Hattie slumps onto the formica table and groans.

**HATTIE**

Two. Two. Two. I can't believe it.

Tina rubs Hattie's head sympathetically.

**TINA**

It was an unfair question. You're hopeless at maths. What do you do all day, anyway, Lady Muck?

Jenny shrugs.

**JENNY**

I've been looking at flats. I've been to look at dresses. I've been reading a lot, too.

**TINA**

Reading, trying on dresses... Where did we go wrong?

**JENNY**

What's this afternoon?

**TINA**

French. The translation paper.

Jenny is lapping it all up. She might even be envious.

91 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE. EVENING

91

Jenny and Marjorie are in the sitting room, all dressed up and waiting for David to come and pick them up. Jenny looks great, as usual; her mother looks smart, if somewhat old-fashioned.

**MARJORIE**

Don't worry. He'll find a nice place in no time. He sees plenty of them.

**JENNY**

I'm not sure he sees plenty of nice places.

Would you like a radiogram for a wedding present? We love ours.

Something about this depresses Jenny. Marjorie notices.

**MARJORIE**

You won't be bored, you know. He's not boring.

Now they are both thoughtful. As if on cue, Jack comes into the sitting room, pulling at his tie, looking apprehensive. He appears to be wearing Brylcreem. He looks like a little boy who has been made to put on his Sunday best.

**JACK**

What sort of things can you have for starters? I mean, how will I know what are starters and what aren't? I'm all right if it's soup or fruit juice. But if it's anything more than that...

**JENNY**

We've been through this, Dad. It'll be quite clearly marked on the menu.

The doorbell rings. Jack stiffens. Jenny goes to answer the door.

**JACK**

Why don't you three go out? I'll be happy here with a tin of...

David enters the room. He is relaxed, happy. He has worn a tie, possibly because he knew that Jack would wear a tie. Jack and Marjorie stand, and they exchange greetings.

**DAVID**

Everybody ready? I think you'll like this place, Jack. Their wine

list is as good as anything I've  
seen in London.

**JACK**

Someone told me that.

98.

**JENNY**

David, probably. Who else would  
it have been?

**92 EXT. STREET/JENNY'S HOUSE NIGHT**

**92**

Jack and Marjorie approach David's Bristol.

**JACK**

I was hoping you'd take us in  
this.

**DAVID**

Oh, you won't want to go in  
anything else after tonight. Mind  
you, it drinks petrol. I'm afraid  
we'll have to stop on the way in  
to town.

He opens the back door for his future in-laws.

**DAVID**

Madame. Monsieur.

They get in, he closes the door, runs round to open the  
front passenger door for Jenny.

**93 INT. CAR. NIGHT**

**93**

David starts the car, and glances in the rear-view mirror.

**DAVID**

Everyone happy?

**JACK**

I feel like Eamonn Andrews.

**DAVID**

Is that a good thing?

**MARJORIE**

Of course. Eamonn Andrews is the poshest person that Jack can imagine being.

**94 EXT. STREET/PETROL STATION. NIGHT 94**

The Bristol cruises down a London arterial road.

**95 INT. CAR. NIGHT 95**

We see, from David's POV, a petrol station approaching.

**99.**

**DAVID**

Sorry about this.

He slows the car and turns in to the garage.

**96 EXT. GARAGE. NIGHT 96**

David gets out of the car as the attendant comes over.

**ATTENDANT**

How can I help you, sir?

**DAVID**

You might as well fill her up.

David looks around and spots a phone box just outside the garage. He leans in through the open car window.

**DAVID**

I'm just going to make a quick call. I'll be two ticks.

**97 INT. CAR. NIGHT 97**

Jenny watches him walk towards the phone box.

**JACK**

Do you think we should offer him some petrol money? Or would he feel insulted?

Jenny watches David as he dials the number. He notices her, waves, puts the money in the slot.

**JACK**

He'd feel insulted, probably. He said tonight was his treat. That must include the petrol, for God's sakes?

David starts to talk, and turns away, as if he's frightened that someone in the car can lip-read.

**JACK**

What do you think?

Nobody pays him any attention. They lapse into silence. Jack starts to fiddle with the features in the car - a table springs down from the seat in front of him, much to his alarm.

**JACK**

God almighty. What have I done?

100.

Jenny opens the glove compartment, looking for the cigarettes that David always keeps there. She finds the cigarettes, and closes the glove compartment. But she has seen something in there, so she opens it again. She takes out some letters and papers and starts to look through them.

98    **EXT. GARAGE. NIGHT**

98

David has finished his phone call and is walking towards the car. He sees Jenny looking through letters and papers, sees the open glove compartment, starts to run across the forecourt.

**DAVID**

(desperately)  
Jenny!

It's too late. We see Jenny's stricken face, gleaming in someone else's headlights.

99    **INT. CAR. NIGHT**

99

David gets into the car.

**DAVID**

Jenny, I...

**JENNY**

(as cold as ice)  
Take us home.

**JACK**

What's going on?

**DAVID**

There's been a...Jenny's had a  
bit of a shock.

Jenny laughs, mirthlessly, then starts to weep.

**JACK**

What's happened?

**JENNY**

It's another one of David's  
little muddles and  
misunderstandings.

**DAVID**

Jenny, it's not...

**JENNY**

I don't want to hear another word  
from anybody. Take me home. NOW.

101.

Marjorie and Jack look at each other. David swings the car  
around and they drive home in silence; Jenny cries  
constantly, without making a sound.

100 **EXT. JENNY'S HOUSE. NIGHT**

100

The Bristol draws up outside Jenny's house. David jumps out  
of the car and lets Marjorie and Jack out. Jack starts to  
walk towards the house and then stops.

**JACK**

(desperately)  
You can sort this out, can't you,  
David?

Jenny gets out of the car too.

**DAVID**

Of course I can. She's just got the wrong end of the stick about something.

**JENNY**

Go inside, Dad.

Jenny and David watch Jack and Marjorie go into the house. The moment the door is closed, Jenny walks towards David. She's holding a bunch of letters that she took out of the glove compartment. She starts to throw them at him, one by one.

**JENNY**

Mr and Mrs David Goldman, Mr and Mrs David Goldman, Mr and Mrs David Goldman, Mr and Mrs David Goldman..

When she has thrown the last one, she flies at David - she slaps him, punches him, scratches him. David tries to grab her hands, but she's too wild.

**DAVID**

Just let me...

**JENNY**

You're MARRIED!

**DAVID**

Legally, yes, but...

Finally he manages to subdue her. She leans against the car, distraught.

**JENNY**

When were you going to tell me?

102.

**DAVID**

Soon. It just - it never seemed the right time. You seemed so happy, and I was happy, and...It would have spoiled everything. What can I do, Minnie? What can I

do? How can...

**JENNY**

"Oh, Jenny. I'm just too busy to find somewhere to live...I live with my mummy." You were living with your wife! All this time!

**DAVID**

Jenny...

**JENNY**

What's your address?

David gestures vaguely.

**JENNY**

Where?

**DAVID**

Byron Avenue.

**JENNY**

Byron Avenue! It's no wonder we kept bumping into each other, then, is it? What number?

**DAVID**

There's no point..

**JENNY**

(screaming)

**WHAT NUMBER?**

**DAVID**

Seventeen.

Jenny picks one of the envelopes up off the ground and looks at it.

**JENNY**

(bitterly sarcastic)

Good grief. It's the truth.

**DAVID**

Please. You have to understand. I was with you just about all the spare time I had.

**JENNY**

Spare time? Spare time? I can't tell you how grateful I am.

**DAVID**

Don't be like this.

**JENNY**

I have nothing. I left school. I didn't take my exams. Where's it all gone, now? I gave my life away.

**DAVID**

Jenny, I can get a divorce. Everything will turn out for the best. You'll see.

We can see Jack and Marjorie peering through the lace curtains anxiously.

**JENNY**

Go and tell them. Go and tell them, then go and tell your wife. I want to see you. I want to stand there and watch.

David stands on the pavement, looking towards the house. He looks away; he can't make eye contact with Jenny's parents.

**DAVID**

They're not going to listen to me now. Let me come round tomorrow. When everyone's calmed down a bit.

**JENNY**

(suddenly desperate)

Please don't leave me to tell them on my own. Please. You owe me that much. You owe them that much.

**DAVID**

(sadly)

I owe them a lot more than that. I owe them everything. They gave me you.

He opens the boot. It's full of cases of whiskey. Jenny doesn't even bother asking what they are doing there. David

takes one of the bottles, opens it, takes a long slug.

**JENNY**

Two minutes. And then I'll come  
out and drag you in.

**104.**

Jenny marches into the house and slams the door. The camera stays on David. He gets back into the car and takes another slug of whiskey. Then his shoulders begin to shake, and he cries and cries.

**101 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE. NIGHT**

**101**

Jenny comes in, leaving the door open for David. Her parents are standing in the sitting room, looking at her anxiously. Their coats are still on, and they haven't put the lights on yet.

**JACK**

What's going on?

**JENNY**

He's helping himself to some  
Dutch courage before facing you.  
Stolen Dutch courage, from the  
look of it. He has something to  
tell you.

She stands, pale and young-looking again, opposite her parents. Suddenly they are all three lit up by headlights. Shot from their POV of the Bristol roaring off up the street.

**JACK**

He just drove off.

We close slowly in on Jenny's face. But of course he'd drive off!

**JACK**

(pathetic)

Can you tell us? Please? Jenny?

Jenny can't deal with her own pain, let alone his. He already looks like a broken, foolish old man. They should hug. But they don't.

A suburban street, full of semi-detached houses, not far from Jenny's house. Jenny walks down the road tentatively - she's looking at the numbers on the houses. She looks young again - tired, no make-up, no elegant clothes. She can't bring herself to wear anything that David bought her.

She hesitates at the top of the driveway to the house, steels herself to walk down. But just at that moment the door opens; there's a homely-looking woman, early 30s. She is holding the hand of a three-year-old. Jenny is stunned. But there's more to come.

105.

The woman deposits the child in the drive, goes back into the house, comes out behind an enormous 1950s pram. David has found time to father another baby.

**WIFE**

Oh. Hello.

**JENNY**

(almost inaudible)

Hello. I'm sorry. I think I must have the wrong house.

The woman stares at her.

**JENNY**

Yes. I wanted number...It's my cello lesson. Silly. I...

She dries up and looks at the woman helplessly.

**WIFE**

Oh, no. Don't tell me. Good God. You're a child.

Jenny blushes. Beat. She turns and tries to walk back up the driveway, but the woman won't let her go.

**WIFE**

No. No. You stay here. If you're old enough to sleep with him, you're old enough to look at me.

**JENNY**

I can't.

But she doesn't move, either.

**WIFE**

You didn't know about any of this. Presumably.

Jenny shakes her head.

**WIFE**

No. They never do. Did he ask you to marry him?

Jenny nods.

**WIFE**

Yes. Of course he did. You're not in the family way, are you? Because that's happened before.

Jenny shakes her head.

106.

**WIFE**

Thank God for that. At least you can escape intact. (Beat) Relatively speaking. Not all of them have done.

She nods at the children.

**WIFE**

That's why he never goes through with anything. He does love them.

**JENNY**

(looking into the pram)  
She's beautiful.

**WIFE**

Thank you. He. (Bitterly) He's four months old.

Jenny does the maths. It's all she can do to stop herself from reeling backwards - she's visibly shaken.

**JENNY**

Four months!

**WIFE**

Yes. Babies often are that sort of age. Perhaps you can remember a night four months ago when he seemed a little distracted. Anyway. If you'll excuse us.

She pushes past Jenny and leaves her standing bereft on the path.

103    **INT. JENNY'S HOUSE. DAY**

103

Marjorie and Jack are in the kitchen. Marjorie is sipping tea, shoulders hunched, defeated. Jack is pacing around the room, furious. Normal life has clearly been suspended during this crisis. Jenny walks in.

**MARJORIE**

Did you see her?

**JENNY**

I saw her. I didn't talk to her. There wasn't any need.

**JACK**

Well we've got to have this out. If you won't do it, I will.

He starts for the door.

107.

**JENNY**

(contemptuously)

Sit down.

**JACK**

I beg your pardon? I'm still your father, Jenny.

**JENNY**

Oh, you're my father again, are you? What were you when you encouraged me to throw my life away? I'm a silly schoolgirl. Was, anyway. Silly schoolgirls are always being seduced by glamorous older men. But what about you two?

**JACK**

We didn't...

He gives up hopelessly. Marjorie says nothing.

**JENNY**

And now I've got nothing.  
I'm...I'm broken.

Jack looks at her.

**JACK**

That doesn't mean...what I think  
it means, does it? It can't.

**JENNY**

What are you talking about?

**JACK**

Just tell me that you  
didn't...you haven't, you  
know...You didn't....

Jenny looks at him in disbelief.

**MARJORIE**

(to Jack)

I wondered how stupid you were.  
Now I know.

**104 INT. UPPER HALLWAY. NIGHT**

**104**

Jack stands outside Jenny's bedroom door with a cup of tea.  
He knocks tentatively.

**108.**

**105 INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT**

**105**

Close-up of the floaty print dress that Helen gave her. The dress is suddenly jerked out of shot, and we pull back to reveal a weeping Jenny stuffing it violently into an already full box of things she is throwing out. The contents represent her now-despised, David-created adult self. We can see Juliette Greco albums, photos, expensive-looking jewelry boxes. She continues to stuff things into

the box. There's a knock on the door.

**JACK (O.S.)**

Jenny.

She continue to put her David-life away into bags. She ignores him.

**106 INT. UPPER HALLWAY. NIGHT**  
**106**

Jack is almost in tears.

**JACK**

There's a cup of tea for you here.

No answer. He puts the tea on the floor, and sits down next to it.

**JACK**

I know I made a mess of everything.

He waits for an answer - nothing.

**JACK**

All my life I've been scared, and I didn't want you to be scared. That's why I wanted you to go to Oxford. So that if someone asked you out to a nice restaurant, you wouldn't panic about what was a starter and what was a main course. And then David came along, and he had money, and he knew famous writers, and he knew how to get to classical music concerts. But he wasn't who he said he was. He wasn't who you said he was, either.

**107 INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT**  
**107**

Jenny is about to rip a poster off the wall, but she pauses.

**109.**

108 INT. UPPER HALLWAY. NIGHT

108

**JACK**

The other day, your mother and I were listening to a programme about CS Lewis on the radio, and they said he moved to Cambridge in 1954. And I said to Marjorie, Well, they've got that wrong, because how would our Jenny get her book signed, if he wasn't in Oxford?

109 INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

109

Jenny's face crumples. She knows he's right.

**JACK (O.S.)**

Jenny, I'm sorry.

109A INT. DANNY'S FLAT. DAY

109A

Jenny is sitting on the sofa in Danny's flat. Danny and Helen are in dressing gowns; there are newspapers strewn around. Danny pours her a brandy. Helen is sitting next to her, holding her hand.

**HELEN**

I don't really understand what difference it makes. When I found out that...

**DANNY**

Helen! Not now.

Helen shrugs.

**DANNY**

I tried to tell him. I'm not speaking to him now, if that's any consolation.

**JENNY**

(bitterly)

It's a funny world you people live in. You both watched me... carrying on with a married man,

but you don't think it's worth  
saying anything.

110.

**DANNY**

Ah, well if you want that sort of  
conversation...You watched David  
and I help ourselves to a map,  
and you didn't say much, either.

He holds Jenny's gaze. She looks away.

110 INT. HEADMISTRESS'S OFFICE. DAY

110

Jenny has put on her school uniform for this meeting; it  
completes a circle. She's back where she started from, or  
would like to be, anyway. If she seems older than she did  
when we first met her, it's because things have happened to  
her, and they've left a mark on her face. She's worried and  
tired. The headmistress, meanwhile, is delighted by her  
return - but only because of the opportunities for smugness  
and schadenfreude it provides.

**HEADMISTRESS**

So. Your Jewish friend turned out  
to be married already, I  
understand. How unfortunate.

Jenny doesn't say anything. She has clearly decided to  
swallow anything she has to.

**HEADMISTRESS**

Anyway. How do you think we can  
help?

**JENNY**

I'd like to repeat my last year  
at school. Start all over again.

**HEADMISTRESS**

I got the impression the last  
time we spoke that you didn't see  
the point of school. Or of me, or  
of any of us here.

**JENNY**

I know. I was stupid.

**HEADMISTRESS**

So what is the point?

**JENNY**

I know that I need to go to university.

**HEADMISTRESS**

And what happens if some other chap wants to marry you during your studies next year?

111.

**JENNY**

(laughing bitterly)

Some other chap? There won't be any other chaps. Not for a long, long time, anyway.

**HEADMISTRESS**

I'm afraid I think you're the sort of young lady who attracts chaps whether she wants to or not. No, I think the offer of a place at this school would be wasted on you. You showed how little you valued us only weeks ago. And I must confess that it gives me a sort of grim satisfaction to return the sentiment now.

**JENNY**

(bitterly)

Is it really so grim, your satisfaction?

**HEADMISTRESS**

It gives me no pleasure to see our schoolgirls throw their lives away. Although, of course, you're not one of our schoolgirls any more. Through your own volition.

**JENNY**

I suppose you think I'm a ruined woman.

**HEADMISTRESS**

Oh, you're not a woman.

Beat. Jenny stands up and leaves without saying a word. The headmistress is pleased with her final line.

**111 INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT 111**

Jenny working hard in her room. It's been completely stripped bare of everything except schoolbooks. She has become ageless, genderless - her life is now monastic.

**112 EXT. PARK. DAY 112**

Jenny walking alone through her old park.

**112.**

**113 INT. COFFEE BAR. DAY 113**

Jenny on her own, smoking nervously. Hattie and Tina come in. They obviously haven't seen her since it all happened. They both hug her sympathetically and sit down. Nobody knows what to say.

**TINA**

I'm sure my uncle knows someone who could kill him. If that would help.

Jenny smiles wanly, and briefly.

**HATTIE**

We should have stopped you.

**JENNY**

Did you want to?

**TINA**

Of course we didn't. Why would we stop you? Restaurants, hotels, foreign cities, no exams...

**JENNY**

(Bitterly)

Yes. Who'd have thought there'd be a down side to all that? I could tell you all about the

imagery in Jane Eyre. But I  
couldn't see that a man who stole  
maps from old ladies might be a  
liar.

They look at her. This is new information.

**HATTIE**

Well, if you'd told us that we  
might have tried to stop you.

**JENNY**

There are a lot of things I  
didn't tell you. I was dreaming.

**TINA**

That's the thing about our lives,  
isn't it? It's so easy to fall  
asleep, when there's nothing to  
keep you awake.

Beat.

**HATTIE**

Are you getting on with the work  
all right on your own?

113.

Jenny thinks.

**JENNY**

(heartfelt)  
No. No, I'm not.

114 EXT. STREET MISS STUBBS FLAT. DUSK.

114

Jenny in a suburban street. She's looking for an address.  
She finds the house, walks down the path, rings on a bell.  
Miss Stubbs comes to the door.

**MISS STUBBS**

Jenny!

It's a warm greeting. She ushers her inside.

115 INT. MISS STUBBS' FLAT. DUSK.

115

It's a proper Bohemian flat, up in the eaves. There are books and papers and paintings covering every available surface. Jenny looks around. Finally, for the first time, we see her in somewhere she can feel at home.

**JENNY**

This is lovely.

Miss Stubbs makes a face.

**JENNY**

But it is. Really. I'd love to live somewhere like this.

Miss Stubbs laughs.

**MISS STUBBS**

Oh, it's not hard. Go to Oxford and become a teacher and this is what you end up with.

**JENNY**

But all these books and pictures....

**MISS STUBBS**

Penguin paperbacks. Posters and postcards.

**JENNY**

(apparently  
understanding  
something)

Yes, but...That's all you need, isn't it?

114.

Just a place to...I'm sorry I said those silly things. I didn't understand.

**MISS STUBBS**

Let's forget all about it.

A poster catches Jenny's eye.

**JENNY**

A Burne-Jones.

Miss Stubbs laughs.

**JENNY**

What?

**MISS STUBBS**

You make it sound as though it's an original. Do you like him?

Jenny pauses.

**JENNY**

Yes. I do. Still.

**MISS STUBBS**

Still? Gosh, you sound very old and wise.

**JENNY**

(heartfelt)

I feel old. But really not very wise. Miss Stubbs, I'm....I need your help.

**MISS STUBBS**

I was so hoping that's what you were going to say.

**116 EXT. STREET IN OXFORD. DAY**

**116**

Eighteen months later. Swelling orchestral music. Close on Jenny cycling, absorbed, happy, the cello strapped to her precariously. The camera pulls back to show her cycling through the streets of Oxford. She's done it. We follow her for a little while. She dismounts outside a church and leans the bike against a wall. Just as she's about to leave it, she sees something and freezes. We follow her gaze: it's the red Bristol, parked a little way down the road just in front of her. She scans the street to see if she can find David. She can - he's coming round a corner, a littler further down the street, unwrapping a packet of cigarettes. Jenny moves into his eye-line. He sees her, stops, then walks towards her.

**115.**

**DAVID**

Jenny.

Jenny says nothing.

**DAVID**

Jenny. Minnie. I wanted to tell you that I am going to ask my wife for a divorce.

Jenny looks at him disbelievingly.

**JENNY**

Don't you understand what you've done?

David looks at her. This isn't going to be as easy as he thought.

**DAVID**

I can see my behaviour must have been... confusing. But we've never sat down and had a proper chat about it all. About the whys and wherefores. They can wait. The important thing is that you're still my Minnie Mouse, and I love you, and you had fun. You know you had fun.

**JENNY**

Yes. I had fun. But I had fun with the wrong person, at all the wrong times. And I can't ever get those times back, now. (Beat) Look, David. I'm in Oxford. Every day I wake up and pinch myself. And when I think how close I came...

She looks at him and shakes her head, as if awaking from a dream. A young man stops behind her on his bike, dismounts, leans his bike against the wall next to hers, waits for her to finish. She turns her back on David, and the young man offers her his arm. They walk away together, and David stares longingly after them.

**THE END**