

KUDDOS

APPLE TREE YARD

EPISODE 1
Yellow Pages
by
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Based on the book by
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1 **INT/EXT. LONDON STREETS/ SECURE VEHICLE. FLASHFORWARD TO DAY 33.** 1

June. Grey morning London, travelling POV of buildings and commuters heading to work, the life of commerce/commerce of life. YVONNE, an attractive middle-aged woman, watches through a car window [partial, subjective], her mind elsewhere. Sense of her as an anonymously affluent professional.

YVONNE [V/O]
*Before I met you, I was civilized.
Civilized. Now I don't even know what
that means. Cities? Opera? A
cappuccino on every corner?*

INTERCUT:

2 **INT. HOLLOWAY PRISON - YVONNE'S CELL. FLASHFORWARD TO DAY 33.** 2

CLOSE ON:

YVONNE, getting herself suited and booted [impossible to tell where]. We see her in fragments, constructing her persona for the outside world...

The sharply tailored suit, softened by a feminine blouse, whose neckline she adjusts meticulously.

Lipstick, just enough. [We see her wedding ring as she applies it.]

A good haircut. She moves a stray strand of hair into place.

Heels, not too high.

INTERCUT:

3 **INT/EXT. LONDON STREETS/ SECURE VEHICLE. FLASHFORWARD TO DAY 33.** 3

YVONNE gazes out on the passing street. Her eyes betray a mind working intensely behind this professional veneer.

YVONNE [V/O]
*Food, shelter, sex...once those needs
are covered we can pretend we're much
more highly evolved than we really
are. That things like public transport
or good manners actually matter.*

YVONNE'S POV: Out on the street, a YOUNG COUPLE kiss [full of desire] and part.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG WOMAN remembers something, gives YOUNG MAN keys
from her pocket, a little domestic interchange.

YVONNE [V/O] (CONT'D)
*But really, we're all just animals. You
know how I know that?*

INTERCUT:

4 **INT/EXT. LONDON STREETS/ SECURE VEHICLE. FLASHFORWARD
TO DAY 33.** 4

The vehicle brakes suddenly in reaction to traffic [sound
O/S of squealing brakes, car horn].

YVONNE [V/O]
Fear.

INTERCUT:

5 **INT/EXT. LONDON STREETS/ SECURE VEHICLE. FLASHFORWARD
TO DAY 33.** 5

Reacting, YVONNE shoots out her hands to brace herself
against the seat in front -- doing this, we see her hands
are linked by handcuffs.

YVONNE [V/O]
...Fear for your life.

TRANSITION TO:

5a **INT. OLD BAILEY - CORRIDORS. FLASHFORWARD TO DAY 33.** 5a

YVONNE is led through the corridors of the court,
handcuffed now to a CUSTODY OFFICER. Although she's
trying to maintain her composure, with every step we
see her anxiety increase.

YVONNE [V/O]
*Once you've felt that, everything else --
all this so-called civilization -- is a
dream...*

They reach the door into court, held open for YVONNE and
her CUSTODY OFFICER, as her fear reaches crucial
levels...

YVONNE [V/O] (CONT'D)
*You've taught me that, my love. Fear
makes animals of us all.*

CUT TO:

6

INT. OLD BAILEY - COURTROOM. FLASHFORWARD TO DAY 33
(3/51). CONTINUOUS.

6

YVONNE takes in aspects of the working court-room -- her first time there.

(CONTINUED)

The LAWYERS assembling and chatting at their tables, all the paraphernalia of criminal justice. What lies before her.

BONNARD [O/S, FROM
ANOTHER TIME/YVONNE'S
IMAGINATION]

You're familiar, Doctor Carmichael,
with a small back alleyway called
Apple Tree Yard?

YVONNE closes her eyes, gulping for breath. Terrified.

TO BLACK.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - COMMITTEE ROOM. DAY 1.

A wormhole back to happier times [SEPTEMBER]. YVONNE centres a notebook and pen. She's similarly dressed as in the court scenes, but no handcuffs. An official atmosphere as she's questioned by a male MP. She's very much at ease being the centre of this kind of attention, professional but down-to-earth and un pompous. Likeable. Other MPs present, an older female CHAIR, but a predominantly male environment. Proceedings being videoed.

YVONNE

In terms of our research we're pushing at frontiers -- there are bound to be anxieties around that. I do understand. But a lot of those anxieties are simply unrealistic. There are intrinsic limits to the possibilities of genetic manipulation - limitations within the genes themselves.

MP

So everything we're hearing about
'Frankenfoods' ...

YVONNE

They're still foods. How they're processed and regulated -- obviously that's crucial. But it's a question for government, or business -- not science. [SEEING THE MP IS ABOUT TO REITERATE HIS OBJECTION] The more we know about DNA, the more avenues there are for gene therapy, the eradication of genetically based illness -- these are tremendous positives ...

YVONNE reaches for a water jug at her elbow to fill her empty glass. Realises the jug itself is empty. Her throat is dry, she has to clear it a bit. Sense she's been answering questions for a while.

(CONTINUED)

MP

But you can reassure us Professor? No ten foot mice on the cards, or -- triangular cows?

YVONNE

[FORBEARING] As I said in response to the question on cereal crops, the vast majority of genetic material isn't coding for a gene product....

The MP's attention has wandered to a YOUNG FEMALE ASSISTANT handing out photocopied sheets.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

[MORE FORCEFULLY] The work we're doing is never going to result in -- corn with udders.

This hint of asperity gets the MP's full attention.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

[HER PASSION] I can reassure you -- all of you -- DNA sequencing in and of itself will only ever expand our knowledge base. That's got to be a good thing. And we've really barely started, it's as though we're on -- page ten of a dictionary that will help us learn a whole new language. These are hugely exciting times.

This impresses itself on some of the listening MPs. YVONNE enjoys this.

CUT TO:

INT. PALACE OF WESTMINSTER - ANTEROOM/STAIRS. DAY 1.

YVONNE on her phone, making her way out at the end of the session. Total casual intimacy of tone -- contrast to her committee persona. Still, her breeziness indicates she's feeling up and energized from her performance in the committee room.

YVONNE

Me, just to say forget my last one, they're done with me, so you don't have to be back in time for the Tesco delivery...

A young [20/early 30s] MALE RESEARCHER ahead of her stands and holds a door open. YVONNE acknowledges him with a smile and nod of thanks, then realises he's not looking at her at all -- in fact he's holding the door open for a young, attractive FEMALE RESEARCHER [20/30s] close behind her. YVONNE fleetingly feels a little foolish.

(CONTINUED)

YVONNE (CONT'D)

...That's it. I'll cook, by the way. See ya.

The CHAIR [coming from the committee room] catches up with her.

CHAIR

We won't be seeing you this afternoon then Professor Carmichael?

YVONNE

No. David moved up the technology questions so I'd be finished by lunchtime.

CHAIR

Efficiency in the civil service. There's a novelty.

They share a smile as they head down the grand staircase.

CHAIR (CONT'D)

I do like your boots.

YVONNE gives her boots a look. The boots are stylish, a heel but not impractically high.

YVONNE

Oh, thanks. I was pleased with them...

YVONNE might be prepared for more of a chat but the CHAIR clips ahead downstairs, no time to spare. YVONNE follows downstairs, less urgently.

CUT TO:

INT. PALACE OF WESTMINSTER - SECURITY AREA/COFFEE STALL. DAY 1. CONTINUOUS.

YVONNE crosses to the little coffee stall in the atrium, gratefully selects a bottle of water. The [young male] ATTENDANT is on his phone, texting. She stands for a few seconds, failing to get his attention, though she's standing more or less in front of him.

YVONNE

Hello?

ATTENDANT looks up. She hoists the bottle of water. He still doesn't make proper eye contact, more interested in his phone. The invisibility of the middle-aged woman ...

ATTENDANT

Anything else?

(CONTINUED)

YVONNE
[PAYING] Just that, thanks.

She takes a welcome slug of water from the bottle.

COSTLEY
You were very articulate in there,
Professor.

COSTLEY stands to one side of the stall, a good-looking man, a little [though not much] younger than YVONNE. He's putting the lid on his take-out coffee.

YVONNE
Oh. Thank you.

COSTLEY
First time I've really understood what
a genome is.

YVONNE'S wrong-footed by the openness of his gaze -- perhaps she *knows* him? Carrying his coffee, he walks with her across the lobby. YVONNE still [pleasurably] on the back foot.

YVONNE
Good! Well, I've done a lot of
lecturing. Although -- it's not
Professor, actually.

COSTLEY
Right. That's more -- American?

She takes him in in detail as they talk. COSTLEY'S speech is unposh, authoritative. He's in a well cut suit. Unlike the other staff, he's not wearing a security lanyard. [maybe its edge poking from his pocket]

YVONNE
Exactly -- I probably get it because
of the mad scientist thing ... nutty
professor --

COSTLEY
Yeah, I can see you're deranged ...

A little moment as they walk. Could they be *flirting*?

COSTLEY (CONT'D)
Doctor, then?

YVONNE
Officially. I don't insist on it.

They smile. COSTLEY'S confidence and lightness attractive to YVONNE -- and she's flattered by the attention.

They leave the lobby, heading through the large doorway that leads into St. Stephen's Hall. Walking side by side.

CUT TO:

10 INT. PALACE OF WESTMINSTER - CORRIDOR. DAY 1. 10
CONTINUOUS.

A grand corridor. A vaulted roof, panels of stained glass, numerous austere statues, chandeliers.

COSTLEY

Have you appeared at one of the Select Committees before?

YVONNE

A couple. Governments get quite het up about genetics, whichever lot are in. Modification, and cloning --

COSTLEY

But it sounds like these boys are keener on the business angle. Big business.

YVONNE

Not that we'll profit from it, at the research end.

COSTLEY holds the next door open for her.

COSTLEY

So do you get nervous, appearing in front of a committee like that? You didn't seem it.

CUT TO:

11 INT. PALACE OF WESTMINSTER - GREAT HALL. DAY 1. 11
CONTINUOUS.

YVONNE aware he's keeping the conversation going ... enjoying it.

YVONNE

Didn't I? I suppose I don't, really. Not with MPs, anyway. Since I know a bit more about the subject than them...

COSTLEY

That's a relief. It'd worry me to think of MPs setting themselves up as experts on anything, let alone genetic engineering.

(CONTINUED)

YVONNE

Are you allowed to say that in here?

COSTLEY

'Off the record'.

A sudden crowd -- TOURISTS of varying ages and nationalities. They slow down. YVONNE looks at COSTLEY. The sense of mutual attraction going between them. What now? The moment when naturally they would part. YVONNE, remembering, starts to unclip the Visitors pass on her coat lapel.

YVONNE

Well ...

COSTLEY

Have you seen the Chapel in the Crypt?

CUT TO:

INT. PALACE OF WESTMINSTER - GREAT HALL. STAIRS. DAY 1. 12

Fiddling with her Visitor pass, YVONNE watches COSTLEY conferring with a female SECURITY GUARD at the top of the stairs -- clearly he works here, although he's in civilian clothes and in no way seems like an MP. What the hell is she doing? Her phone buzzes, she checks a text, from 'GARY'. It reads: '**Whats name of nose stuff? Drops??**'

She's actually taking a step away, having second thoughts and about to text, as COSTLEY runs down to get her. He's holding a key with a tag. Still holding his coffee, which is strangely reassuring.

COSTLEY

Sorted. Remind me to give it back to Martha or my life won't be worth living. Even if you are a VIP. [SEES HER WITH PHONE] Are you okay for time?

YVONNE

Yeah, fine.

YVONNE drops her phone back in the bag, follows COSTLEY. COSTLEY touches YVONNE'S elbow for a moment to guide her towards a smaller set of stone steps. The fleeting contact is electric.

CUT TO:

13 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - DOOR TO CRYPT CHAPEL. DAY 1. 13
CONTINUOUS.

Within some iron railings, COSTLEY unlocks a heavy wooden door at the foot of the steps. Ushers YVONNE inside, but leads the way, down to another door.

COSTLEY
 Strictly by appointment ... Members can use it of course. Get married here even. Not sure about funerals ...

He opens the door. A view into the chapel.

CUT TO:

14 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - CRYPT CHAPEL. DAY 1. 14
CONTINUOUS.

The chapel is empty, chairs stacked around the walls. A large, vaulted, surprising space. COSTLEY smiles at YVONNE'S surprise -- the effect he'd hoped for.

COSTLEY
 Good eh? They restored it a few years ago --

He indicates the walls.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)
 A lot of it had been plastered over. Not sure why.

YVONNE
 Maybe it all seemed a bit -- Catholic?

COSTLEY
 I know what you mean ...[A CLOSER LOOK] Though ... not quite enough hellfire and damnation.

She smiles, reacts as she realises the railing she's leaning on is thick with dust, now covering her hands and skirt. COSTLEY takes out a folded handkerchief from his pocket.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)
 Here, sorry -- obviously not on the cleaning rota.

YVONNE
 Thanks. What a gent! [AWKWARD] You don't see many hankies these days --

She dusts herself down. When she turns back to COSTLEY, he isn't there. Disconcerted, she turns further. He's now near a screen at the back of the space.

(CONTINUED)

COSTLEY

This isn't the best bit.

He puts his coffee and the key tag down on the floor. YVONNE hesitates for a moment. She could still turn back.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

You've come this far.

A beat, then she goes to join him. He guides her through the door, not lingering with his touch. A look. He's underlyingly reassuring.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

You'll have to go first, it's a bit tight -- used to be a broom cupboard.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - CHAPEL CUBICLE. DAY 1.
CONTINUOUS.

A small, utilitarian space. Electrical wires running up the wall.

COSTLEY [O/S]

See it? The back of the door.

YVONNE shifts herself to look. There's a small, old black and white photograph of a woman and beneath, a brass plaque reading 'EMILY WILDING DAVISON'. COSTLEY squeezes in to join her. They're very close. YVONNE'S reaction, uncertain, wrong-footed, but enjoying the experience.

COSTLEY

The suffragette. You know, the one --

YVONNE

I know who she is. Derby Day.

COSTLEY

Yeah, that one. She slipped in here the night of the census. 1911. Before she threw herself in front of the horse, obviously ... caused a bit of trouble.

YVONNE

What was she like?

A moment between them. Awareness of how close they're standing, him right behind her.

COSTLEY

I knew you'd be interested.

(CONTINUED)

Another moment. They're very close to each other. How much longer can they hold it? Eye contact. Breathing. As YVONNE turns, COSTLEY reaches out, cups the side of her neck.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

Look at you ...

Then they're moving in at the same time. They kiss. It's delicious, slow ... YVONNE laughs with the unexpected teenage pleasure of it.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

Okay?

He draws back. A look at her, checking. She nods. Resumes. Kissing intensifies. A luxuriant beat or two, then the tempo changes ... urgent, clumsy manipulation of only the most essential clothing -- his belt and fly, removal of his glasses into pocket, YVONNE'S pragmatic unzipping of one boot so she can step one leg out of tights and knickers ... all very human and unerotic but it does nothing to stop them, and then they're fucking. It's quick, frantic, he comes, she doesn't. But that's okay.

They stand for a while, returning to reality. Normal sounds from above. Sudden tension. Both listening.

YVONNE

Does anyone else have a key?

He shakes his head. They step apart. COSTLEY puts his glasses on and picks up the handkerchief [YVONNE'S dropped it], hands it to YVONNE.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

[EMBARRASSED] Thanks.

He looks away, adjusting his flies, as she uses the hanky to wipe herself. She puts it in her bag, looks at her boot on the floor in the tiny space.

CUT TO:

YVONNE sits on a chair, tights on now, as COSTLEY squats, puts her boot on her and zips it up.

COSTLEY

[JOKE] It fits!

She smiles, but there's a cloud passing.

YVONNE

I've ... bloody hell. I've never done anything like that before.

She's trembling, in shock. He squeezes her hand, kisses it. Something touching and tender in the quality of his attention. His calmness reassuring.

COSTLEY

Then lucky me, eh?

As they finish making themselves presentable YVONNE glances at her reflection in a surface -- the polished back of a chair, a panel maybe... Then takes COSTLEY in. The way he checks and remembers to smooth the rumpled back of his jacket, then picks up the coffee and the key tag. A sip of coffee. COSTLEY smiles at her. A moment as he acknowledges the mutual embarrassment of all this -- which makes it basically okay.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

Perfect.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - HALL. DAY 1.

YVONNE gets home to her comfortable, affluently middle-class house in the outer London suburbs. Depositing her house keys in their little hook on the hall stand, she catches sight of herself in the mirror. Hardly able to believe what's happened.

CUT TO:

INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. NIGHT 1.

YVONNE unloads a supermarket delivery with practised efficiency, as a chili con carne bubbles on the stove. Putting some bottles of red wine away, she hangs on to one, reaches for a bottle opener. She's now wearing a dressing gown, hair damp from the shower.

As she pours herself a glass of wine, she scrolls down the display on her iPad -- we see she's searched for 'Sexual Health Clinic private' in her area. O/S, the front door goes. She clicks out of the internet browser.

GARY [O/S]

Hey!

YVONNE

Hey!

(CONTINUED)

Puts the iPad out of immediate sight, on a stack of recipe books, as GARY comes in. Same age as YVONNE, substantial, capably attractive, the sense of someone who spends a lot of time in his own world. He hoists a little pharmacy bag as he kisses the top of her head, ritual affection.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Sorry, I forgot to get back --

GARY

'Sokay. The girl at the counter says the own brand stuff is exactly the same. Unsurprisingly.

YVONNE

Still suffering?

GARY gives a demonstrative blocked-sinus sniff. Stoic.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

The chili might help.

GARY

If I can taste it.

GARY'S getting himself a glass, helping himself to wine.

YVONNE

Did you get a chance to talk to, um Rosa --

GARY

[SAME TIME] How did it go? [REACTION FROM YVONNE] 'The Standing Committee'?

YVONNE

Select Committee. Fine. You know. Lots of questions about 'Frankenstein foods', but I seemed to get through to them by the end ...

GARY

Rosa wasn't in today.

CUT TO:

YVONNE and GARY eat dinner together. GARY not noticing YVONNE'S slight constraint.

GARY

According to Martin it's a thing now, no going back.

(CONTINUED)

YVONNE
Every birthday?

GARY
As if secret sodding Santa wasn't bad
enough ...

CUT TO:

INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - HALL/KITCHEN ROOM. NIGHT 1.

GARY, loading the dishwasher, pauses to insert the nose
drops, as YVONNE enters the kitchen, on the phone.

YVONNE
[ON PHONE] Yeah, he's around. Gary! It's
Carrie! Wants to pick your brains about
the programme in Aberystwyth! Here's Dad -
- love you sweetheart --

She hands the phone to GARY, heads out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - STUDY. NIGHT 1.

YVONNE closes her study door -- study at the top of the
house, a cosy, organised little space. Family photos
and artefacts [childhood drawings, pottery projects]
indicate two grown-up children. Door closed, YVONNE
allows her emotions to overcome her. She approaches her
computer -- screensaver a happy graduation shot of
daughter CARRIE with GARY and YVONNE and son ADAM,
whose face is slightly averted. She hits a key to wake
the computer from sleep, banishing the image.

CUT TO:

INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - STUDY. NIGHT 1.

YVONNE opens a file: 'ADMIN', then a file headed 'VAT'
within that. Creates a document, named 'VATquery3',
begins to type...

TRANSITION TO:

A nighttime glow. YVONNE typing a 'letter' to COSTLEY --
we see the heading 'Dear X' ... some of what we're
hearing forming on screen.

YVONNE [V/O]
*Dear X ... I don't even know your name,
but the only person I can talk to about
you, is you.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

YVONNE [V/O] (CONT'D)

[BEAT] What we did today is without doubt the most reckless act I've ever committed. I know nothing about you.

[BEAT] Well, one thing ... sex with you is like being eaten by a wolf.

CUT TO:

23

INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM. NIGHT 1.

23

YVONNE and GARY in bed, GARY asleep, YVONNE awake. GARY is breathing heavily, on the verge of snoring from his blocked sinuses.

YVONNE touches GARY'S shoulder and he obligingly turns over in his sleep. Her affection towards him. A few seconds, then the phone next to the bed rings. GARY stirs, but since YVONNE is awake she responds.

YVONNE

Hello? Hello?

A few breaths at the other end, then the line cuts out. GARY now awake, tense.

GARY

Adam?

YVONNE shakes her head.

YVONNE

No-one.

GARY moves in to spoon her and warm her up. They settle down to sleep. YVONNE is wondering about the call ...

YVONNE [V/O]

Will you even give me a second thought, or is this something you do?

CUT TO:

24

OMITTED

24

25

OMITTED

25

26

INT. TUBE CARRIAGE. DAY 2.

26

New day. YVONNE'S journey into work. It's not the rush hour, so she has a seat. Still, it's busy enough.

CUT TO:

27 **EXT. WESTMINSTER STREETS./ PALACE OF WESTMINSTER. DAY 2.** 27

YVONNE'S walk from the tube takes in some of the side-streets referenced later by BONNARD -- 'the highways and byways'. Her route also includes a view of the Houses of Parliament. They have a particular significance.

CUT TO:

27a **INT/EXT BEAUFORT INSTITUTE -- ENTRANCE. DAY 2.** 27a

YVONNE walks into the impressive building, carrying a couple of takeaway coffees.

CUT TO:

27b **INT. BEAUFORT INSTITUTE -- YVONNE'S OFFICE. DAY 2.** 27b

YVONNE dumps coat and bag in her impressively appointed office. Legacies of YVONNE's impressive career adorn the walls (certificates, Degrees, awards etc.), along with shelves of books. Signs of work everywhere, piles of paper, etc.

CUT TO:

28 **INT. BEAUFORT INSTITUTE - MEETING AREA. DAY 2.** 28

YVONNE with colleague LIZ [30s]. YVONNE thinking of COSTLEY. LIZ gets out a photocopied sheet from a file. Them both juggling the takeaway coffees

LIZ

FYI, all the candidates. And the specs we put up. Save you printing out the emails ...

YVONNE

You star -- thanks Liz.

RESEARCH ASSISTANT

[PASSING] Doctor Carmichael? --

YVONNE

It's on my desk, just give me a minute, yeah?

YVONNE indicates she's in the middle of things with LIZ, so the RESEARCH ASSISTANT acknowledges this and continues on his/her way.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Look, the other thing, Kat's maternity cover ... [LIZ'S LOOK. APOLOGETIC]. Sorry, I just can't face it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

YVONNE (CONT'D)

The thought of doing that commute again every day makes me want to beat my head against a wall.

LIZ

Even for six months?

YVONNE

It's really why I went part time.
Sorry.

LIZ

It's okay. Kat practically told us at the moment of conception ...

(MORE)

28

CONTINUED:

28

LIZ (CONT'D)

we'll find someone. [BACK TO HER PAPERS] George Selway will be interviewing with us. You know him don't you? From Central?

YVONNE

Oh right, yeah. We did some external examining together, last year. He's good fun...

She sips her coffee, looks out of the window. Still unsettled.

CUT TO:

29

INT. PALACE OF WESTMINSTER - SECURITY AREA. DAY 2

29

YVONNE talks to a weary SECURITY GUARD on the desk.

YVONNE

Grey wool with a thin white stripe going through it?

SECURITY GUARD

When was it you were in?

YVONNE

Tuesday.

The SECURITY GUARD goes to have a look, leaving YVONNE to snoop a covert look around the busy entrance and into the building. She sees a CCTV camera, looks away. No sign of COSTLEY. As she waits, she feels foolish. Looks down at her large unzipped bag [big enough for a laptop]. We see a patch of grey wool, with a thin white stripe -- her 'missing' scarf. She pushes it out of sight, zips up her bag. The SECURITY GUARD reappears, shaking his head.

SECURITY GUARD

Sorry. No scarves at all.

YVONNE

Oh well, it was worth a try. Thanks.

Lingering, she takes one last look, leaves.

CUT TO:

30

EXT. WESTMINSTER STREET. DAY 2.

30

YVONNE ties her scarf round her as she walks, brisk, determined not to care. Checks her watch, takes a decision.

CUT TO:

31 **INT/EXT. WESTMINSTER COFFEE SHOP 1/ STREET O/S. DAY 2.** 31

YVONNE with a sandwich, the calendar app of her phone, the list of candidates given to her by LIZ, [pointlessly] transcribing the times of their presentations on to her phone, with their names. Busy work. As the BARISTA comes to take her empty coffee cup, she looks up to acknowledge him, and sees a significant blur through the window, reacts.

CUT TO:

32 **INT/EXT. WESTMINSTER COFFEE SHOP 1/ STREET O/S. DAY 2.** 32

YVONNE'S POV: COSTLEY, across the street, on his mobile. He sees her, finishes the call. Smiles.

YVONNE smiles back. Thrilled.

CUT TO:

33 **INT. WESTMINSTER COFFEE SHOP 1. DAY 2.** 33

COSTLEY sits with YVONNE. He seems edgy, but more surplus energy than nervousness. He has a slice of carrot cake. Precisely, he divides it in half with a fork, indicates half is for YVONNE. She's amused by the gesture, enjoys looking at him. Notices he's wearing a different but equally flattering suit, pleasing hint of vanity. COSTLEY glances at the work spread on YVONNE'S side of the table.

COSTLEY

You weren't just hanging out here then, on the off chance we'd bump into each other.

YVONNE

[INDICATES PAPERS, DOUBLE BLUFF] Oh, naturally. I work not far from here. The Beaufort Institute?

COSTLEY

Classy.

YVONNE

You've heard of it?

COSTLEY

It crops up, doesn't it? Whenever there's something in the news to do with genes or genomes or DNA -- which thanks to you I now know aren't all the same thing. Sorry...

(CONTINUED)

COSTLEY'S phone has buzzed a text. He checks it, dismissive but necessary. Pockets the phone.

YVONNE

So what is it you do exactly?

COSTLEY

You know, civil service, all very boring.

A look.

TRANSITION TO:

A little time jump. COSTLEY finishes his last clinically dispatched morsel of cake, YVONNE'S portion just toyed with -- she's too nervous to eat.

YVONNE

[BEADY] You don't look like a civil servant.

COSTLEY

You don't look like a scientist.

Touché...

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

Could there be a geekier combination? Apart from, tax accountant and --

YVONNE

-- geography teacher?

As they enjoy this, YVONNE clocks COSTLEY'S wedding ring. He sees her looking at it, about to ask.

COSTLEY

Shall we skip all that? [YVONNE'S LOOK. BEAT] I won't ask about yours if you don't ask about mine.

[YVONNE'S wedding ring acknowledged].

YVONNE

Okay.

COSTLEY

I mean, I assume neither of us is looking for a parachute...

YVONNE

[A MOMENT AS SHE GETS THIS] No. Absolutely not.

(CONTINUED)

COSTLEY

Excellent.

TRANSITION TO:

Later still. Enjoying each other's company.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

I'd be delighted if my daughter wanted to be a scientist, but to be honest at the moment that'd very much depend on lab coats coming in pink.

(CONTINUED)

YVONNE

Carrie was always totally set on it.
Tunnel vision. Like me, I suppose.

COSTLEY

My niece is doing triple science at A
level - maybe you could give her a pep
talk.

YVONNE reacts with a smile/laugh. Him -- 'what'?

YVONNE

This all seems a bit ... back to front,
don't you think?

COSTLEY

[JOKE] Shoot first, ask questions later.

His phone buzzes again. He ignores it, although YVONNE
can see it has a pull on him. She tries not to feel
self-conscious as he looks at her.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

I hope your husband appreciates how
sexy you are.

YVONNE

[DISARMED. OPEN] We got married very
young. Too young, maybe. But if you
know you've met the right person ...

COSTLEY

[GETS IT] That's a shame.

YVONNE is unexpectedly affected by this presumption,
doesn't quite know how to respond. Suddenly, COSTLEY
runs his fingers up her hand, near his on the table,
his attention on her totally. It's incredibly arousing.

SMASH CUT TO:

YVONNE, her back against the locked door, brings
herself to orgasm -- inelegant, unerotic, hands down
her pants. [FX of front door opening some flights
below].

GARY [O/S FROM
DOWNSTAIRS]

Von! You here?

Flustered reaction. Caught in the act.

YVONNE

Yep! Down in a sec!

34

CONTINUED:

34

Recovering, half-laughing. So this is her life now.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Oh God.

CUT TO:

35

INT. GYM - POOL. EVENING 3.

35

Plush private gym. WOMEN, including YVONNE and her friend SUSANNAH, swim lengths. SUSANNAH's a serious swimmer, much better than YVONNE, who does 'mum's breaststroke', keeping her head out of water. [YVONNE'S POV, swimming towards the 'Deep End' sign ...] SUSANNAH, the same age as YVONNE, clearly spends a lot of time staying fit. She's gorgeous, but down-to-earth and unglamorous, a dry manner.

CUT TO:

36

INT. PUB. NIGHT 3.

36

The real point of the outing ... YVONNE and SUSANNAH share a bottle of wine.

SUSANNAH

[SLUG OF WINE] That's alright then.
How's Gary?

YVONNE

Me first. How's it going with Chris?

SUSANNAH shrugs.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Oh.

SUSANNAH

Nothing to worry about. Just ... you know. Normal, after four months. He's stopped making quite as much of an effort, we're not tearing each other's clothes off anymore ... It's fine. Very ... civilized.

YVONNE

This isn't sounding good, Susannah.

SUSANNAH

That's because you think I'm not into civilized.

YVONNE

You're not! Not if it's a euphemism for boring.

(CONTINUED)

SUSANNAH

No, civilised. It's a bit like doing yoga until you can feel the benefit... [YVONNE'S AMUSEMENT] I thought you'd be pleased. 'Captain Sensible'.

YVONNE

[HEARTFELT] Oh God. Is that what I am?

SUSANNAH

Always.

YVONNE'S unusual tone is noted by SUSANNAH.

SUSANNAH (CONT'D)

Is everything okay? Gary?

YVONNE

Course. Yeah. He sends his love.

SUSANNAH

... It's not that girl, is it?

YVONNE

Rosa? I told him to talk to the Dean --

SUSANNAH

-- he's never gonna do that.

YVONNE

-- to make sure it was official. I know it was all in her head but you need back-up these days --

SUSANNAH

You're sure it was, then.

YVONNE genuinely taken aback.

SUSANNAH (CONT'D)

Gary's still an attractive man. I know you two are rock solid...

YVONNE

Always his greatest fan ... I think we're out of the woods on that one. Twenty years ago, maybe. The students were queueing up - he used to get so embarrassed. [BEAT] 'Still attractive'. Do you think that's what they say about us? Well, not you.

SUSANNAH

What's going on with you? You're very twitchy.

YVONNE would love to confide but knows it's a bad idea.

(CONTINUED)

YVONNE
[AN IN JOKE BETWEEN THEM] Must be my
age.

36

CONTINUED:

36

She pours SUSANNAH more wine.

CUT TO:

37

EXT. TUBE STATION NEAR GYM. NIGHT 3.

37

YVONNE on her mobile, walking home from the Tube.

COSTLEY [O/S]

[TERSE] Leave a message.

YVONNE

Hi. [BEAT] I think ... let's not. I mean it was -- you know it was really, really, what it was. But too many people can get hurt. God, cliches ... but it's true, so. Yeah. That's it. Take care.

She hangs up.

CUT TO:

38

INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM. NIGHT 3.

38

GARY, pyjamaed, brushes his teeth with an electric toothbrush, as YVONNE wipes cleanser off her face. At just the right moment, he swerves his body so that she can aim the lump of cotton wool into the bin. A smile between them in the mirror. Long held affection.

CUT TO:

39

INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM. NIGHT 3.

39

Darkness. YVONNE and GARY both asleep. The sound, from outside, of movement and glass smashing. They wake, lights on, disorientated and startled. What's going on? They scramble into action, heading downstairs.

CUT TO:

40

INT./EXT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - FRONT. NIGHT 3.

40

A slight young woman, ROSA [late 20s], is sprawled amid the spilled plastic recycling box which she's tripped over, an empty wine bottle smashed around her [hence the noise]. She's in a state of distress, drunk, trying to right the box and reinstate the contents, but she's making things worse and she's cut her hand on the broken glass -- it's bleeding.

(CONTINUED)

ROSA
Shit ...

CUT TO:

41 **INT./EXT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - FRONT. NIGHT 3. CONTINUOUS.** 41

YVONNE and GARY see this, GARY rushes out.

GARY
Bloody hell --

YVONNE
She's bleeding --

GARY
It's Rosa --

ROSA
Sorry.

YVONNE
What --

GARY
Rosa! What the hell are you doing --
careful!

CUT TO:

42 **INT./EXT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - FRONT. NIGHT 3. CONTINUOUS.** 42

YVONNE'S POV: as GARY goes out to accost ROSA, who is
in a bad way, abject, crying.

ROSA
I'm sorry. Sorry. I'm a bit pissed.

GARY
[COLD] Clearly.

ROSA
My friend, Mel -- she lives ... [GESTURES
WHERE SHE'S COME FROM] She was having a
bit of a thing - crisis. Shoulder to cry
on...I thought -- your road! Sorry.
[LOOKING AT THE BLOOD]. Shit.

GARY relents a little as he sees the state of her hand.

GARY
Oh God. What have you done to yourself?

CUT TO:

43

EXT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - GARDEN/GARAGE AREA. NIGHT 3.

43

GARY reverses his car out of the garage, stops, gets out. ROSA stands, watching, as YVONNE leaves the house with a flannel.

YVONNE

I think it needs stitching -

GARY

I'll get it looked at.

He can't really look at YVONNE. ROSA takes the flannel.

ROSA

[TO YVONNE] Thank you --

GARY indicates ROSA should get in the car.

GARY

[TO ROSA] Keep it raised ...

YVONNE clocks the particular intimacy implied by the way GARY'S dealing with ROSA -- the mixture of irritation and embarrassment. ROSA gets in the car.

ROSA

So weird, this is your house...[TO YVONNE] I'm so sorry --

GARY drives off. On YVONNE. Bewildered. Unsure what to think as she walks back into the house.

CUT TO:

44

EXT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - GARDEN/GARAGE AREA/KITCHEN. DAY 4

44

[October] Some hours later. YVONNE and GARY'S daughter CARRIE [28] and her partner SATHNAM [same age] get out of their car, CARRIE with a bunch of tulips [bit token].

YVONNE sees them through the kitchen window.

CUT TO:

45

INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. DAY 4.

45

YVONNE puts the tulips in a vase, lunch nearly ready. She's putting on a show of composure, but covertly wondering where GARY is -- kitchen clock shows it's well past one. CARRIE, coming through from getting a reference [science] book from the living room, notes YVONNE'S edginess, and her glance at the time.

(CONTINUED)

CARRIE

Poor Dad, when does he ever work on a Saturday?

YVONNE

He won't be much longer. [LIE] I think it was just some papers he forgot to bring back --

SATHNAM gratefully accepts the glass of wine YVONNE'S just poured.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Carrie love? Or there's white in the fridge...

She hoists the bottle [of red], prepared to pour CARRIE a glass.

CARRIE

Oh, no thanks. Have you spoken to Adam at all?

She goes to the fridge to get herself some juice instead, as YVONNE pours herself wine.

YVONNE

Not for a while -- Dad's been in touch on Facebook --

YVONNE is relieved to hear O/S sounds of the front door.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Here he is now!

CUT TO:

GARY and CARRIE embrace -- their special bond.

GARY

Bloody hell, A and E ...Hello, Fred. I'm not doing that again in a hurry.

CARRIE

A and E, what's wrong?

GARY

Didn't Mum say? This research assistant turned up on our doorstep in the middle of the night and managed to cut herself on a broken bottle.

CARRIE

Mum said you were at the office.

(CONTINUED)

YVONNE on the way into the dining room/area with the food. A look exchanged with GARY -- thanks for making me look like a liar. His embarrassment/evasion again. But fronting it out with CARRIE and SATHNAM.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

What was she doing pitching up here in the middle of the night?

GOOD QUESTION.

GARY

God knows! She was pissed. Hi Sathnam!

YVONNE

Did she need stitches?

GARY

A couple. All fine.

CARRIE finding this weird.

GARY (CONT'D)

Nobody died!

CUT TO:

The four of them eat lunch, the tension between GARY and YVONNE [over ROSA] well clocked by CARRIE and SATHNAM, who indicate their awareness of it to each other. They've got something on their minds too, though ...

YVONNE

Not sure about the chick peas in this ...

GARY

I like them. [BEAT] The pine nuts are a bit odd.

YVONNE

Odd? You love pine nuts, normally.

CARRIE

So, news!

GARY

Is it the Aberystwyth job?

CARRIE

I'm pregnant.

(CONTINUED)

Amazement -- shock even, from YVONNE and GARY. Who after this beat, nonetheless rush to hug and congratulate CARRIE and SATHNAM. Still, CARRIE notes that GARY takes the lead, and there's some constraint in YVONNE'S affection.

GARY
Frederick! [TO SATHNAM] Well done!

YVONNE
Congratulations!

CUT TO:

INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. DAY 4.

CARRIE talks to YVONNE as she loads the dishwasher. She's unfazed by YVONNE'S lukewarm enthusiasm for the pregnancy, unafraid to take YVONNE on.

CARRIE
I'm five years older than you were when you had me.

YVONNE
I've never pretended that was ideal --

CARRIE
Yes you did, you said it was great! 'Got it all out of the way and was back on the career ladder before the rest of them were even thinking of popping out a sprog'.

YVONNE
I'm just saying -- your work's going so well!

CARRIE
And it'll go just as well when I'm back from maternity leave. Honestly, Mum. The department's fine about it.

YVONNE
What if you don't want to go back?

CARRIE
Course I'll want to. You did.

YVONNE
[SO MUCH MORE SHE COULD SAY] It took me eight years to finish my Phd. Your dad did it in three. [BEAT] Every time he changed a nappy your Nana practically sang the Hallelujah Chorus.

(CONTINUED)

CARRIE

Well ... Nana. She still calls women who work 'career girls'.

YVONNE

Don't forget 'lady doctors'.

CARRIE

The world's moved on a bit, is what I'm saying.

YVONNE

Thank God.

SATHNAM enters from the dining room with some cleared plates.

SATHNAM

Coffee ladies, tea?

YVONNE

Oh thanks Sathnam, you're [a star] --

CARRIE'S look shames her.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Herbal, if you're making.

CUT TO:

INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. DAY 4.

Kisses and hugs as YVONNE and GARY say ad lib goodbyes to CARRIE and SATHNAM.

CUT TO:

INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. DAY 4.

GARY washes pans as YVONNE clears the rest of lunch. The partnership of many years. Both still tense.

GARY

Granny and Grandpa. Bloody hell. [BEAT] I knew I should never have let you buy me that cardigan.

YVONNE

You know, if you're sleeping with her, you can tell me.

Another beat. GARY scrubbing.

(CONTINUED)

YVONNE (CONT'D)

I mean, she seems very vulnerable and
[it's probably best to be honest about
it]...

GARY

I'm not.

(CONTINUED)

He turns to look at her.

Von. GARY (CONT'D)

Okay. YVONNE

GARY back to the pans.

YVONNE (CONT'D)
Leave that one to soak, it's always a
bugger ...

GARY
There was the -- possibility, of that.
But I closed it down. I think that's why
she was so upset.

YVONNE
'Possibility'.

GARY
That day we got the grant, back in the
summer. We were all celebrating. Pissed
...

YVONNE
You said it was all in her head.

GARY struggling to express anything emotional.

GARY
Well, largely. Von. You know it's not my
style.

YVONNE takes it all in.

YVONNE
No. So ... what, you snogged her, or was
it more than that --

GARY
I'm not giving you chapter and verse --
we're not bloody teenagers! [BEAT]
Nothing happened. That's all you need to
know.

CUT TO:

YVONNE struggles to decant a load of cardboard, tins
etc from the kitchen bin, taking overspilling bags
outside, kicking the door open.

CUT TO:

52 **INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM. DAY 4.** 52

GARY on his laptop, checking football results/emails/news, while very loud prog rock/heavy metal blasts out from a nearby speaker.

CUT TO:

53 **EXT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - GARDEN/GARAGE AREA. DAY 4.** 53

One of the bags spills recycling as YVONNE wrangles it all into the green bin.

YVONNE
Shit -- just --

She tries to stuff the contents in the recycling bin but the lid won't stay up, so she has to do it one-handed [other hand holding up the lid] with increasing over-emotional frustration.

YVONNE (CONT'D)
-- go in you bloody --

Tins etc cascade to the ground. On YVONNE: this sums up her life.

CUT TO:

54 **INT. WESTMINSTER COFFEE SHOP 1. DAY 5.** 54

[NEW DAY]. YVONNE enters, COSTLEY at 'their' table in the window. He looks tense, rises as soon as he sees her. Sense of his suppressed energy. [NB: we get a glimpse of the BARISTA we'll see in sc 59]

COSTLEY
Let's go somewhere else.

CUT TO:

55 **INT. WESTMINSTER COFFEE SHOP 2. DAY 5.** 55

A less busy, more obscure venue. YVONNE brings coffees as COSTLEY juggles two mobiles and a Blackberry, out on the table, switching them off, pocketing them.

YVONNE
[ALMOST A JOKE] Remind me what it is you do again?

COSTLEY
I told you. Crown Estate. Oiling the wheels.

(CONTINUED)

A buzz from one of the devices, he takes it out, checks it, puts it back in his pocket.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)
[CHANGE OF ENERGY] Right. I'm all yours.

And it really seems he is. Giving YVONNE the full beam of his attention.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)
How's the wonderful world of protein sequencing?

YVONNE
[GENUINELY IMPRESSED] You got it right.

COSTLEY
Course I did.

Their legs touch under the table. Looks between them.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)
What made you change your mind then? About seeing me again?

YVONNE
[BEAT, EVASIVE] I suppose you're irresistible.

COSTLEY
There's something else going on with you, isn't there?

He holds her look. Seeing her.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)
[SUDDEN] Tell me something surprising, about your work -- something everyone gets wrong.

YVONNE
Really? Um ... that we know what we're doing? Seriously -- there's this image of science, the clinical thing. That we're efficient, and sort of -- we know everything. When all we can ever do is hazily grasp a fraction of what we're trying to pin down. Like the genome -- sorry.

COSTLEY
No, go on ... the genome. I'm interested.

YVONNE

[IS HE?] Okay. Typical haploid human genome --

COSTLEY

Haploid --

YVONNE

-- your basic genome -- has three billion DNA base pairs. Of those, less than 2% code for proteins. So 98% of the DNA, we don't really know what it's there for -- might be useful, might be just biochemical rubbish. And what I do -- we're scrabbling around in all that muck trying to pick out the good stuff.

YVONNE a little self-conscious about her enthusiasm as COSTLEY digests this.

COSTLEY

'We'll Never Conquer Space.'

YVONNE

People tend to prefer the needle in a haystack analogy.

COSTLEY

It's an Arthur C Clark thing. I loved all that when I was a teenager, sci fi. Basically, when people were getting worked up over the moon landings he said don't worry, whatever we discover the universe is too big and random for us ever to know it properly.

YVONNE

[LIKING THIS] 'We'll never conquer space'...

COSTLEY

Might be Ray Bradbury. Anyway. Life's mysterious. Which is a good thing, right?

A beat of sympathy. The desire between them fills the silence.

YVONNE

What are we doing?

COSTLEY

Not what I'd like to be doing.

Beneath the table, he reaches, hand moving under YVONNE'S skirt.

(CONTINUED)

55

YVONNE

Oy.

COSTLEY

No-one's looking.

Hand between her legs. She jams her legs together, trapping him. Challenging look. But aroused.

CUT TO:

56

INT. WESTMINSTER COFFEE SHOP 2 - TOILET. DAY 5.

56

YVONNE applies lipstick in the mirror, keyed up. [being a disabled toilet, the cubicle is quite spacious.]
Reacts to the [coded] knock -- one long, two short.

CUT TO:

57

INT. WESTMINSTER COFFEE SHOP 2 - TOILET. DAY 5.

57

YVONNE and COSTLEY scrabble to have sex, him sitting on the closed toilet seat.

YVONNE

This is elegant ...

But he shushes her, and desire trumps self-consciousness.

CUT TO:

They're now shagging frantically. We see it subjectively -- the pleasure, the intensity -- no objectivity until ...

COSTLEY

Look --

He holds YVONNE's head so that she can see them, caught in the mirror. She doesn't want to, but his grip is insistent.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

You're beautiful.

A split second of meeting her own reflection, the two of them framed together, him smiling at her, before she pulls her head away. Lost in sensation.

CUT TO:

58 **EXT. WESTMINSTER COFFEE SHOP 2. DAY 5.** 58

YVONNE walks out, alone, feeling amazing.

CUT TO:

59 **EXT. WESTMINSTER COFFEE SHOP 1./ STREET OUTSIDE. DAY 5.** 59

She walks on, smiling to herself -- the secret she's keeping. Then she stops -- brought short. She's across the street from the first coffee shop where she met COSTLEY. There's a police car outside, along with an unmarked car, its cavalier parking suggesting it too might belong to police. Few BYSTANDERS on the pavement, some filming on phones.

YVONNE'S POV:

As YVONNE watches, a young man [the BARISTA we saw in sc.54] is brought out of the cafe in handcuffs, flanked by UNIFORMED POLICE, and hustled into the car. Possible counter-terrorism operation.

On YVONNE. She turns back to look toward the other coffee shop, thinking of COSTLEY, and the possible connection of this incident to his moving them on. But the street is empty.

YVONNE [V/O]
Am I in over my head with you?

CUT TO:

60 **INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - CHAPEL CUBICLE. DAY 6.** 60

[NEW DAY] The moment after YVONNE comes, with COSTLEY in the confined space, as before, but him on his knees this time [he's used his mouth on her]. Her recovering.

YVONNE [V/O]
I can't plead biology. Sex may be an animal pleasure, but adultery, I'm discovering, is a human one.

CUT TO:

61 **INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - CHAPEL CRYPT. DAY 6.** 61

The two of them clean themselves up, YVONNE putting on her coat/raincoat.

COSTLEY
You were carrying it.

YVONNE'S look -- so what?

(CONTINUED)

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

If anyone saw us going downstairs together they might wonder why you're dressed differently coming out.

YVONNE

Surely no-one's that filthy.

As she takes off the coat, COSTLEY takes out a mobile from his jacket, which he offers her. Rueful expression. She doesn't take it, taken aback.

COSTLEY

Pay-as-you-go SIM. I've got one too. I know it's tacky ... but if we're going to do this, at least we can make sure no-one gets hurt.

He has a point. A tiny moment before crossing the Rubicon, then YVONNE goes to take the phone. It's a smart phone -- not the latest model, but a good one.

YVONNE

You didn't go for the cheapest option.

COSTLEY

Why would you have a cheap phone in your bag? Shouts 'affair'. My number's on there already. Same for me. Pay-as-you-go that's just for you. Obviously don't link it to your email account. Just calls. Just us. And try not to top up at the same place twice. It's important not to establish a pattern. [CHARMING] Kind of the opposite of what you do.

YVONNE

[BEAT] Love in the twenty first century. Lust.

YVONNE puts the phone in her bag, a little embarrassed by her reference to love.

COSTLEY

We're both grownups.

YVONNE

Exactly.

CUT TO:

YVONNE leaving.

(CONTINUED)

62

CONTINUED:

62

ANGLE ON: She looks back at COSTLEY. He's already on his Blackberry, sending a message, on to the next thing, walking in a different direction. On YVONNE.

CUT TO:

63

EXT. WESTMINSTER STREET. DAY 7.

63

[NEW DAY] YVONNE [different clothes, sense of a different day] on the new mobile, talking to COSTLEY. Her journey from the tube station.

COSTLEY [O/S]

Has anyone seen you using the phone?

YVONNE

No-one I know, obviously.

COSTLEY [O/S]

What will you tell your husband, if he finds it? If he goes in your bag?

YVONNE

He won't. We're not like that. He's really not the jealous type.

This conversation INTERCUTS with COSTLEY throughout:

64

EXT. PALACE OF WESTMINSTER - SECURITY GATES. DAY 7.
CONTINUOUS.

64

COSTLEY stands at a doorway, taking in VISITORS and MPs, apparently conducting some casual form of surveillance as he talks to YVONNE.

COSTLEY

It's important to imagine the worst case scenario.

YVONNE

I'll say it belongs to Liz from work ... she left it after a meeting and I've been carrying it around intending to give it back.

COSTLEY [O/S]

You're good.

YVONNE

Worrying, isn't it? He won't though -- ask. Or notice.

COSTLEY

Tell me something that winds you up about him.

(CONTINUED)

YVONNE

What?

COSTLEY

Your husband. Something that really gets on your nerves ... go on.

YVONNE

No! Um ... no. I'm not doing that. No parachutes, remember?

But in some way she's delighted by this approach.

COSTLEY

Forceful. Liking it.

YVONNE

I'm going.

COSTLEY rings off, enjoying this exchange as much as YVONNE. Casually, he notes the licence plate of an official car pulling up into the security drop-off area. An MP and AIDE getting out. COSTLEY takes out one of his other phones, covertly texts the registration number to someone ...

CUT TO:

65

EXT. BEAUFORT INSTITUTE. DAY 7.

65

YVONNE hurries into the sleek academic building, signed 'Beaufort Institute'. Glowing.

CUT TO:

66

INT. BEAUFORT INSTITUTE - YVONNE'S OFFICE. DAY 7.

66

YVONNE dumps her jacket and puts some additional papers into her bag in the impressively appointed corner office.

GEORGE

Liz was right --

GEORGE SELWAY [late 30s/40s] pops his head round the door. Pleasantly nerdy demeanour.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

She said you'd got the best office ... blimey.

YVONNE

Hi George, sorry -- cutting it a bit fine --

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Are you? [CHECKS WATCH] We're still missing one candidate. Might be a no-show. Couldn't borrow a pen could I?

YVONNE takes up a pen from her desk as she moves to the door to join him.

CUT TO:

INT. BEAUFORT INSTITUTE - LECTURE THEATRE. DAY 7.

YVONNE settles herself in the lecture theatre, chatting to LIZ. There are nine POST-GRAD STUDENTS -- six of them male -- waiting with varying degrees of nervousness [some of them boning up on their notes like actors running lines].

LIZ

You look well.

YVONNE

Do I? Thanks.

The staff table is at the front of the theatre, in front of a projection screen, facing the students in the audience. YVONNE has the central seat, to be flanked by the other two. GEORGE approaches, offers YVONNE a thin plastic cup of coffee from a machine [two more for the two of them].

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm fine thanks --

He puts it in her place, nonetheless.

GEORGE

Thought you'd both be latte girls, am I right? Well, that was the button I pressed, it probably all tastes the same ...

LIZ

Sorry Yvonne, I know you like posh coffee --

YVONNE

It's fine. As long as it's caffeine. I like to pretend I'm classy but I'm really easy.

She takes a propitiatory sip of the horrible coffee, settles into her place. Bending down to her bag to get her list of candidates and [official] phone, YVONNE sees the screen of her pay-as-you-go is lit up -- a text. Using the bag as a screen, she furtively checks it -- it reads: **'Want to make you wet.'**

(CONTINUED)

A beat of her concealed pleasure at this before she hastily clicks out of the text, leaves the phone in her bag. Summons her best professional manner, as the last CANDIDATE -- a slight young man -- hurries apologetically into the room, finding a place at the back.

LIZ

Ah, looks like we're ready to begin!

CUT TO:

INT. BEAUFORT INSTITUTE - LECTURE THEATRE. DAY 7.

The same small male CANDIDATE gives a nervous presentation, his laptop hooked up to the AV system to display his Powerpoint slides. We see: *We see: Understanding heart development using Gene Ontology?*

CANDIDATE

Shit, sorry, bear with me a sec --
[ATTEMPTS TO CHANGE DISPLAY] sorry ...
[CONTINUES] okay, yes. Heart development, I hope that's clear? Yes. Good. So I was looking at some of the recent work around fetal heart development with specific reference to gene ontology...

During this, beneath the table, YVONNE is aware of the mobile from COSTLEY buzzing another incoming text in her bag. Slight reaction from LIZ. YVONNE reaches down without looking and turns the mobile off. Gives the CANDIDATE her full attention.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. BEAUFORT INSTITUTE - LECTURE THEATRE. DAY 7.

JAMIE -- one of three confident YOUNG MEN dominating the front row -- gives his presentation. He has a Liverpudlian accent and the confidence of someone who expects to amuse.

JAMIE

Good afternoon. I'm here to talk to you about why genome editing should have transformed the way we treat cancer. But hasn't. But it should have.

He gets a few laughs.

TRANSITION TO:

70

INT. BEAUFORT INSTITUTE - LECTURE THEATRE. DAY 7.

70

YVONNE drains the dregs of her coffee as a young woman [EMANUELLA] finishes her presentation [returning to her title slide for the presentation: 'Bottlenecks in interpreting sequencing data associated with rare diseases']. Not as brash as JAMIE, but confident in a serious-minded way.

EMANUELLA

[ITALIAN ACCENT] In conclusion, although bioinformatics have an obvious commercial application, bioinformatics resources are also invaluable when considering the genetics of disease ...

One of the aggressive YOUNG MEN is whispering to JAMIE -
- perhaps something about EMANUELLA'S appearance.
YVONNE glances her disapproval. They stop.

CUT TO:

71

EXT. BEAUFORT INSTITUTE. DAY. 7.

71

YVONNE relishes the fresh air hitting her face as she leaves the building. GEORGE holds the door open for her, both with coats on.

GEORGE

Any way Liz slices it, these things are always a slog -- you getting the Tube?

YVONNE

I've got a few things to do.

GEORGE

I'll see you tomorrow then. [JOKE]
When fates are decided.

YVONNE

See you George.

GEORGE heads off, up towards Piccadilly Circus. YVONNE deliberates, facing Westminster, the Houses of Parliament [silhouetted in the late daylight] and what they mean for her. Reaches in her bag for the pay-as-you-go phone, switches it on.

JAMIE [O/S]

I've been stalking you.

YVONNE starts -- JAMIE is by the railings, unlocking his bike. She drops the phone back in her bag.

(CONTINUED)

71

CONTINUED:

71

JAMIE

RMU, the Phd with Merchant supervising, the Beaufort ... It's my dream career. Basically, I want to be you. [FLIRTING] Maybe without the heels.

YVONNE

[DRY] Well, we enjoyed hearing your presentation.

She's not inclined to linger. She doesn't warm to JAMIE, although she's amused by his boldness.

JAMIE

Hang on. I mean, whatever the outcome Dr Carmichael -- obviously I totally respect that -- I'd really appreciate the opportunity to talk to you about your research.

YVONNE takes the card he's offering her, which has his name, mobile number and email. JAMIE is giving her a lot of eye contact.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

[AFTER HER] I'm very discreet.

On YVONNE: He's outrageous.

CUT TO:

72

INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/LAUNDRY. NIGHT 7.

72

YVONNE with GARY, clearing dinner.

YVONNE

I didn't imagine this. One of the junior research candidates basically offered to sleep with me after the interviews today.

Snort of amusement from GARY.

GARY

It's tough out there ... the job market. Very tough indeed.

YVONNE

He honestly did! He gave me his card. Told me he's very discreet.

GARY

Tempted?

YVONNE

Would I be telling you if I was?

(CONTINUED)

This is suddenly a complicated exchange, given ROSA and COSTLEY and the amicable communication barrier they're upholding. YVONNE stops GARY putting an empty tomato tin in the rubbish.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Tin! Hang on! Tin!

GARY, roll of the eyes, takes it out of the bin, puts it in the recycling.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

He made my skin crawl a bit actually. Confident little sod. Lots of, you know -- primate crotch display.

GARY

You're the one with all the power though. Maybe that's what it was about. You could screw him over so he decided to try the same. Redress the balance.

YVONNE

Well he's not getting the job. His presentation was extremely pedestrian.

GARY

See? You won.

YVONNE makes a little 'champ' gesture as GARY starts leaving for the living room.

GARY (CONT'D)

Adam came by, around lunchtime. I was lucky not to miss him.

YVONNE

[ELECTRIFIED] Adam?

CUT TO:

INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/LAUNDRY. NIGHT 7.
CONTINUOUS.

YVONNE follows GARY, agitated. Her mood utterly transformed.

YVONNE

Why didn't you -- [say anything before]

GARY

It was a flying visit -- he's down for a friend's gig, he said. Picked up a piece of kit -- loop pedal? I've probably got it wrong.

(CONTINUED)

He's being effortfully casual, in contrast to YVONNE.

YVONNE

How was he?

GARY

Fine.

YVONNE

Did he look well?

GARY

Ish. He's looked worse. [BEFORE SHE CAN SAY MORE] He looked fine, love. You know what it's like. Stayed for a cup of tea and the contents of the biscuit tin.

YVONNE

Did he say how long he's around?

GARY

Just for this gig I think, then straight back up to Manchester. He sends his love. Said to give you a big kiss.

YVONNE wants more, but that's all she's getting.

CUT TO:

INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - ADAM'S ROOM/HALLWAY. NIGHT 7.

YVONNE switches the light on in ADAM'S abandoned teenage boy's bedroom. Signs of his music obsessions, a graffiti tag sprayed on the back of the door, an exercise bike and other random household kit incongruously stacked in one cleared corner, the bed stripped. Nothing to see. Still, she sits on the bed and looks around, feeling bleak. O/S, downstairs, the sound of GARY'S voice on the phone. [**See appended page for additional dialogue**]

CUT TO:

INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - ADAM'S ROOM/HALLWAY. NIGHT 7.

From upstairs, YVONNE watches GARY on a call, moving from one room to another, on his mobile, sense of agitation. He shuts the door, muffling the sound, apparently wanting privacy. Is he talking to ROSA?? [**YES -- See appended page**]. On YVONNE.

CUT TO:

76

EXT. VICTORIA EMBANKMENT. LATE DAY/DUSK 8.

76

[NEW DAY] Light fading at the end of a bright, cold day. COSTLEY and YVONNE walk together. No physical contact. COSTLEY, as ever, alert to every PASSERBY.

YVONNE

It seems impossible while you're right in the middle of it. Then, one day ... [GESTURES, 'GONE'] it's like they say, with kids. The days are long but the years are short.

COSTLEY

[HIS OWN KIDS] Long ...too right. God, the bloody swimming lessons!

YVONNE

Those I don't miss.

COSTLEY

Must be a relief though, seeing them launched -- out in the world. Well balanced of you to have an arty one and a scientific one.

Some pain in that for YVONNE.

YVONNE

Oh yeah, all following my master plan. [BEAT, VULNERABLE] I'm not sure you ever stop worrying.

COSTLEY

If you care, you worry. Basic human equation.

CUT TO:

77

EXT. VICTORIA EMBANKMENT GARDENS. LATE DAY/DUSK 8.
CONTINUOUS.

77

They're wandering through the gardens, taking in the Victorian bronze statue of a weeping woman. Circling the statue, they stop to read the inscription, COSTLEY reading aloud.

COSTLEY

'IS LIFE A BOON?/ IF SO, IT MUST BEFALL/THAT DEATH WHENE'ER HE CALL/MUST CALL TOO SOON.' Not exactly win win, is it? Life's a boon, then you die. Or life isn't a boon, it's just shit. And then you die.

(CONTINUED)

YVONNE

What do you reckon? [RE THE QUESTION
ON THE STATUE] What's the time, Mr
Wolf?

COSTLEY

Eh?

He looks round, cups YVONNE'S face in his hands.
Tender. Registering her melancholy.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

Me, I reckon life is a boon.

They kiss. Then COSTLEY'S looking round, seeing if
they're being watched. Encourages her to walk, leaving
the gardens.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEMPLE TUBE. LATE DAY/DUSK 8.

COSTLEY upping the pace, leads YVONNE past the station,
the first evening COMMUTERS going in.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS NEAR TEMPLE TUBE. LATE DAY/DUSK 8.

They walk through the maze of narrow streets, ending up
at the entrance to a tiny yard with stone steps leading
down. He's leading her by the hand.

CUT TO:

INT. YARD NEAR TEMPLE TUBE. LATE DAY/DUSK 8.
CONTINUOUS.

COSTLEY jams YVONNE against the wall to the right of
the entrance, snogs her. She objects, worries about the
public space.

COSTLEY

It's alright. Risk assessment.

He indicates a wall to her left.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

No visibility from the windows. And
the camera's facing the wrong way.

ANGLE ON: A CCTV camera to the right points down
another alley.

(CONTINUED)

He slips his hand inside her coat, brushing her nipple.
She gasps. Aroused.

O/S sound of approaching footsteps. They jump apart as a YOUNG BUSINESSMAN appears from the Strand entrance, on his way to the Tube. As he disappears, COSTLEY turns back to YVONNE, pretending to reach for something in his coat pocket.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)
[PERFORMING] You haven't got a light?

Two YOUNG WOMEN walk down the steps. One glances dismissively at YVONNE.

YVONNE
[TAKEN ABACK] No. Sorry.

YOUNG WOMEN disappear. COSTLEY frustrated.

COSTLEY
Miscalculated. Too near rush hour.

CUT TO:

YVONNE mulling something over as they reach the Tube station -- as is his way, suddenly COSTLEY'S attention seems to be elsewhere. He's taking out his Blackberry.

YVONNE
Is that why you wanted to meet later -- so it was dark? [HE SIGHS] It's really a thing with you. Public places.

COSTLEY
You know me well enough by now. It turns me on, just does. It's probably genetic --

YVONNE
Christ, you really think that means anything? Absolves you of all responsibility -- just, 'hard wiring' -
-

COSTLEY
Okay, bad choice of words --

YVONNE
This is ridiculous! At our age. I mean, what sort of stupid game are we playing, anyway?

COSTLEY
Hey.

A glance around to make sure no-one's looking. He takes her hand.

(CONTINUED)

81

CONTINUED:

81

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

I thought ... you too.

YVONNE

Well, no. It's you, actually. You turn me on.

As soon as she makes this vulnerable admission, her defences go up.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I know the deal -- I might be stupid but I'm not blind. Those girls just now, you'd be screwing them if you could, preferably outdoors, but you have to settle for what's on offer. I mean, look at me!

COSTLEY

You're gorgeous!

YVONNE

I'm middle-aged! My body looks like a -- bloody, jelly baby!

She pulls away, heading for the Tube.

CUT TO:

82

INT. TEMPLE TUBE. LATE DAY/DUSK 8.

82

Flustered, YVONNE flails for her Oyster card, jams it on the reader. It won't go through. Flashes up 'Seek Assistance'.

CUT TO:

83

INT. TEMPLE TUBE. LATE DAY/DUSK 8.

83

YVONNE goes through the choreography of topping up her Oyster on the machine. She has a good view of the street. COSTLEY is nowhere to be seen. She hates herself for being so upset.

CUT TO:

84

INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - STUDY. DAWN 9.

84

Very early morning. YVONNE subdued, reflective. Writing to COSTLEY in the computer file, in nightwear after a sleepless night.

YVONNE [V/O]

Gary's friend, Michael, he started base jumping, in his forties.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

84

CONTINUED:

84

YVONNE [V/O] (CONT'D)

Flinging himself off cliffs. At least you don't do that. You just ask other people to.

Long beat.

YVONNE [V/O] (CONT'D)

It's down to me, to stop this. I'm not a teenager.

She's interrupted by a noise from outside, to the front of the house[FX]. Goes out of the study to investigate.

CUT TO:

85

EXT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - FRONT. DAWN 9.

85

Two BLOKES are dragging an old, stained mattress to where YVONNE has put out her recycling bins. YVONNE knocks on the bedroom window pane to get their attention.

CUT TO:

85a

INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM. DAWN 9.

85a

YVONNE

Hey! What the hell are you doing??

The BLOKES look up, then, unperturbed, amble off, leaving the mattress. One leaves his Coke can on top for good measure.

CUT TO:

86

INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - HALL/FRONT ROOM. DAY 9.

86

Later. YVONNE, incensed, on the phone ... with a view of the mattress outside. Dressed now.

YVONNE

Well who do I need to speak to? ['IF IT'S A RECYCLING ISSUE...'] It's not a [REFRAINS FROM SWEARING]... it's not a recycling issue, I've already explained. Well, except that yet again you haven't collected the recycling so now people are treating the area outside my house as a dump. ['IF YOU WANT TO ARRANGE A COLLECTION, I CAN GIVE YOU THE NUMBER ...'] I don't want to arrange a collection! It was already supposed to be collected, on Tuesday! I mean, I spend my life separating cereal boxes and bean tins and bloody milk cartons -- you know? I'm a model citizen!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

86

CONTINUED:

86

YVONNE (CONT'D)

I eat five a day, I pay my taxes -- I don't even get parking tickets. ['THERE'S NO NEED TO TAKE THAT TONE WITH ME'] Oh forget it.

She hangs up. Upset beyond all reason, because thinking of COSTLEY. Slumped on the stairs/armchair, the manky mattress in view, she begins to find her own emotion ridiculous. Has to laugh.

GARY appears from the back of the house, ready to leave for work.

GARY

Everything okay? [YVONNE -- 'FORGET IT'. NOTICING, MILD] Someone's left a mattress outside ...

[On YVONNE.]

CUT TO:

87

EXT. WESTMINSTER STREETS. DAY 9.

87

YVONNE'S journey to work, as before.

CUT TO:

88

INT. BEAUFORT INSTITUTE - YVONNE'S OFFICE. DAY 9.

88

YVONNE at her desk, going through pedestrian-looking emails. The trudge of work. Mobile rings in her bag, she takes it out -- the adultery mobile. Decides not to answer. Leaves it on her desk, as she pretends to be absorbed in finishing and sending her email. Can't resist a glance at the phone. Puts it back in her bag to remove the temptation.

CUT TO:

89

EXT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - FRONT. NIGHT 10.

89

[NEW DAY] November. GARY chucks an overnight bag into the passenger seat of his car. Remembering something, he trots inside.

CUT TO:

90

INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM. NIGHT 10.

90

YVONNE'S finishing her make-up in the mirror -- party make-up. Half-dressed.

(CONTINUED)

90

CONTINUED:

90

GARY [O/S]

Von -- I'm taking the charger from the kitchen!

CUT TO:

91

INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - LANDING/STAIRS. NIGHT 10.

91

YVONNE appears, GARY downstairs. Holding a phone charger.

YVONNE

That's mine!

GARY

[STOPS SHORT. SURPRISED] You look nice.

YVONNE

Jonathon's leaving do? I'll be making your apologies.

GARY

Oh, course -- that's tonight, is it?

He puts the charger down on the hall table, already heading out.

YVONNE

[RE CHARGER] They'll have one at the hotel.

GARY

Ah, I told them not to bother with a hotel. I'm kipping at Andy's ... See you tomorrow! Love to Jonathon!

On YVONNE.

YVONNE

Bye!

CUT TO:

92

EXT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - FRONT. NIGHT 10.

92

GARY gets in the car, drives away.

CUT TO:

93

INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM. NIGHT 10.

93

YVONNE picks up a dress slung across the bed on its hanger. Shimmies into it. It's a sexy dress.

(CONTINUED)

She looks at herself: pretty good. But an underlying sense of -- what's the point?

In front of her, on the dressing table, is her usual day/work bag. She tips it out to transfer her essentials to a smaller evening bag. A little heap of stuff left behind -- receipts, a plaster, paper napkin, sugar packet, and the card from JAMIE with his name and details. Seeing it, YVONNE takes the card and tears it up, dumps the pieces in the wastepaper bin under her table. As she does this, the adultery phone goes. She hesitates for a beat or two, then picks it up before it can go to answer phone. Unable to resist.

YVONNE
[DISAPPOINTED WITH HERSELF] Hello.

COSTLEY [O/S]
Hello, stranger.

Capitulation on her face...

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTMINSTER STREET. NIGHT 10.

YVONNE, glammed up for the party, walks down the quiet street, lost in thought. Suddenly she becomes aware of the sound of footsteps behind her, glances back. No-one there. An unsettling little moment. She carries on.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL LONDON PUB. NIGHT 10.

An old, tucked-away gin palace. YVONNE having a drink with COSTLEY, who admires her cleavage as she takes off her coat. An edge of defensiveness lingering in YVONNE from their last interchange, battling with attraction.

COSTLEY
I was imagining something shorter.

YVONNE
Rules are -- tits or legs. You can't have both.

COSTLEY
Oh, but I can ... and the rest.

YVONNE
Ding dong.

COSTLEY
[TRYING SOMETHING OUT] Go and take your knickers off.

(CONTINUED)

YVONNE

Who says I'm wearing any?

His expression makes her laugh.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

God I love men. Of course I'm wearing them. A dress like this?

COSTLEY

Take them off then. There's got to be something in it for me, you going to this party.

YVONNE

[WISTFUL] We could have had a night at a hotel, with Gary away. [COSTLEY'S LOOK] I know -- you can't. I love hotels. Gary hates them, famously.

COSTLEY'S look: doesn't want to hear about GARY.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Sorry.

COSTLEY

So ...

He indicates the Ladies, off in a corner.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

I'll take mine off too if you like.

Capitulating, YVONNE stands.

YVONNE

Only if you put them back on over your trousers.

CUT TO:

A comically frantic interlude as YVONNE relieves herself of her Spanx -- the Herculean effort of rolling herself out of them. The relief.

YVONNE

Jesus Christ.

She stuffs the Spanx into her handbag.

CUT TO:

97

EXT. WESTMINSTER STREETS. NIGHT 10.

97

They walk along together. It's so dark and underlit, they feel safe walking with arms linked.

COSTLEY

Don't go talking to any strange men.

YVONNE

It's a science faculty, it'll be wall to wall strange men. Although at least the head of department insists on getting in good caterers for leaving dos. And masses of drink.

COSTLEY

Text me later then, even if you're pissed. Especially if you're pissed...

They stop, in a doorway. Snog. It develops. COSTLEY breaks off to look round.

YVONNE

Risk assessment.

Exactly. He sees a CCTV camera angled on to them. Leads YVONNE round the corner.

CUT TO:

98

EXT. ALLEY (APPLE TREE YARD). NIGHT 10.

98

They're in a little blind alley, backs of tall buildings on three sides.

YVONNE

Is that what you did with me? That first time in the crypt? 'Risk assessment'.

COSTLEY

Do I really seem that cold?

COSTLEY dips her into a closed-up loading bay. YVONNE balks.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

It's fine.

YVONNE

How do you know?

COSTLEY

Intuition.

Kisses her. YVONNE breaks off -- really?

(CONTINUED)

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

By which I mean of course a
combination of observation --

He nods at the blind spots, the emptiness.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

-- knowledge, and experience.
Otherwise known as gambler's edge...

Resumes. Hands deftly checking out the underwear
situation. A smile.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

Good girl.

They continue.

YVONNE

I can't.

COSTLEY

Yes you can --

A bit further.

YVONNE

I really can't --

COSTLEY

Oh, but you can ...

Laughter between them. He concentrates on her arousal --
the point of no return. YVONNE closes her eyes.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. ALLEY (APPLE TREE YARD). NIGHT 10.

Post-coital. YVONNE straightens her hair, under a
streetlight. She sees the street sign -- Apple Tree Yard.

YVONNE

Where's the apple tree ...

COSTLEY

Long gone.

YVONNE

What's the time?

COSTLEY

Ten past nine. Shit.

Manner changes. YVONNE notes it.

(CONTINUED)

YVONNE

Go. Go on.

COSTLEY

Text me, okay? Send me a picture.

YVONNE

Which way?

COSTLEY points. [They're going in opposite directions].
YVONNE, rounding the corner, suddenly sees a CCTV camera, high in the angle of the wall. Trained on the spot where they shagged.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Oh, God...

COSTLEY

[TURNS BACK TO SEE, MATTER OF FACT]
Dummy. [YVONNE'S LOOK] It's a dummy camera. They're not hooked up to anything. They put them up as a deterrent, that's all. Seriously. You can tell the difference if you know what to look for.

And he's off. YVONNE watches him go, him picking up speed, light on his feet, already on his phone. Amusement from her. Looks at the 'dummy' camera.

YVONNE

I'm fucking a spook.

And as she says it, she realises it's true ...

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

CUT TO:

100

OMITTED

100

101

INT. UNIVERSITY. NIGHT 10.

101

Lights blazing, the party in full swing. YVONNE enters, the belle of the ball. Spots LOTS OF PEOPLE she knows, including JONATHON, the outgoing department head whose party it is.

CUT TO:

102

INT. UNIVERSITY. NIGHT 10.

102

YVONNE knocks back a glass of wine offered from a tray of loaded glasses by a WAITER.

(CONTINUED)

102

CONTINUED:

102

She's feeling lit up by the sex and her recent insight. She stands with LIZ and GEORGE, who's pushed the boat out in a floral shirt.

GEORGE

Proper champagne. Is Jonathon really paying for it all himself?

They watch JONATHON, who's enjoying himself.

YVONNE

Maybe he got one of the patrons to put their hands in their pockets. Peller or someone.

LIZ

Doesn't that count as a bribe?

YVONNE

Not if he's retiring!

CUT TO:

103

INT. UNIVERSITY - TOILETS. NIGHT 10.

103

YVONNE tries to feign total sobriety as she talks to serious-minded -- and sober -- EMANUELLA over the din [YVONNE on her way in, EMANUELLA on her way out].

EMANUELLA

-- myself, I thought you would give the job to the man from St Jude's, the microRNA work --

YVONNE

-- but that ground was all pretty much covered by Harker in the nineties. We actually had a bit of spat about it in 'Nature' -- look it up!

CUT TO:

104

INT. UNIVERSITY - TOILETS. NIGHT 10.

104

Later. YVONNE [now alone] fluffs her hair in the mirror. A bit pissed.

YVONNE

[TO MIRROR, GLEEFUL] You're fucking a spook.

CUT TO:

105

EXT. UNIVERSITY - COURTYARD. NIGHT 10.

105

Later. Sense of the party's progression. YVONNE and LIZ stand with GEORGE as he has a cigarette. LIZ nicks a drag from him, hands the ciggie back. Other revellers around. A hardcore atmosphere now; the GUESTS have thinned out. A group near them having a heated argument.

LIZ

Not like Gary to miss a party.

YVONNE

[RE ARGUMENT] God, what is it with bacteriologists? It's totally like Gary... [SHE SEES LIZ IS MAKING A DRY JOKE] Oh. Anyway, he's in Sunderland.

GEORGE

Isn't Sunderland where they have that -
-

YVONNE

Amazing mouse lab. Yeah. Gary always raves about it.

LIZ

Do send him my love won't you? Haven't seen him for yonks.

YVONNE

Of course -- [TEXT BUZZES IN HER BAG] talk of the devil ... Scuse me.

ANGLE ON:

YVONNE takes out the pay-as-you-go. Sits on a low wall to read a text from COSTLEY. '**Hey JBILF, want to come back to Apple Tree Yard?**'. She texts back. '**JBILF??**'.

GEORGE sits by her. They're both quite pissed now. He has a bottle -- tops up her glass.

GEORGE

Signs are, they're about to run out ...

YVONNE

Better make hay while the sun shines.

Another text buzzes in as GEORGE upends the remains of the champagne into his own glass. [LIZ settles to sit nearby during this, with a good view of the two of them.]

YVONNE checks the phone. COSTLEY'S text: '**JBILF = Jelly Baby I'd Like to ...**'.

(CONTINUED)

As YVONNE reads this, GEORGE goes to put the empty champagne bottle down by their feet, and it topples/he topples, so there's a little moment where YVONNE lurches to right the bottle/lurches a little against GEORGE. She barely notices as she's engrossed in COSTLEY'S text.

We see it again: '**JBILF = Jelly Baby I'd Like to ...**'.

Amused and touched, YVONNE replies: '**Ur busted, 007**'.

CUT TO:

A little later. YVONNE with her phone as LIZ passes, heading out, grappling with her coat.

LIZ

I'm for my bed. Total lightweight these days!

YVONNE

Me too!

She puts the phone back in her bag, guiltily. Doing this, she sees her 'legit' smartphone has a text. It's from GARY. '**Hope party fun. Make sure u take cab home. GXX**'.

YVONNE assuages the mixed feelings this elicits by putting her half-full glass down on a side table -- some of the WAITERS now clearing glasses.

GEORGE

Fancy splitting a cab?

YVONNE

Good idea! You're heading west aren't you?

GEORGE

-- left my stuff in my office ... won't take a sec.

He moves off. YVONNE steadies herself against a wall, realising how pissed she now is. Little look at her mobile, GARY'S message, before she puts it back in her bag. Sees her knickers in there.

CUT TO:

107

INT. UNIVERSITY - GEORGE'S OFFICE. NIGHT 10.

107

YVONNE sits, eyes closed, on an institutional two-seat sofa in GEORGE'S office [much smaller and less nice than hers] as he fossicks around, getting coat and briefcase.

YVONNE

I hate his haircut. Gary. He hasn't changed it in nearly thirty years. I hated it thirty years ago, actually...

GEORGE

Dearie me.

YVONNE

Sorry. Did I say that out loud? Definitely ... definitely time for bed.

She holds out her hand for GEORGE to haul her up. He's not that sober himself. He sloppily goes in for a kiss. YVONNE easily deflects it.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

George, come on ...

GEORGE

Does your husband know you're fucking someone else?

This gets through YVONNE'S drunkenness.

YVONNE

No! [BEAT] Course I'm not!

GEORGE is pulling her closer. Although she's troubled by the accusation, she's prepared to laugh it off. He's trying to kiss her again.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Don't be silly --

She tries to shake her arm away, move off, everything still unimportant. But GEORGE tightens his grip and shoves her back on the sofa -- all moving very quickly, still trying to kiss her.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

I said no!

As YVONNE squirms away, GEORGE hauls back and hits her across the side of the head, very hard. YVONNE stunned, in pain. As she reels, he shuts the door, turns off the light. She starts to recover, move again. GEORGE gets hold of her.

(CONTINUED)

107

CONTINUED:

107

GEORGE

You move, even a tiny bit, and I'll
hit you again, yeah?

And he means it. On YVONNE, unable to believe what's
happening.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Understand?

She nods. She's terrified. Closes her eyes as he looms
above her.

TO BLACK.

YVONNE [V/O]

*Fear. That's what makes animals of us
all.*

CUT TO:

108

INT. OLD BAILEY - COURTROOM. FLASHFORWARD TO DAY 33
(4/30).

108

YVONNE at the entrance to court, as at the top of the ep -
- being escorted to the dock.

YVONNE [V/O]

So help me God.

END OF EPISODE 1.

(CONTINUED)

ADDITIONAL DIALOGUE TO ACCOMPANY SC 74/75.

INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - ADAM'S ROOM/HALLWAY. NIGHT 7.

GARY on his mobile to ROSA, eager for privacy.

GARY

Of course I'm not trying to get rid of you ... you're an asset to the department. But working with me is clearly making you unhappy.

ROSA

I don't know what to do.

GARY

I think you should take some leave and have a good long think about things. Put it all in perspective. I'm really not worth so much angst. Just ask my wife ...

ROSA

I'm not a joke.

GARY

I know you're not. Believe me, I'm very sorry about all this.