

SECRETS RISING

by

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"SECRETS RISING"

FADE IN:

EXT : GATEWAY TO "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE" - NIGHT

A detached, family house in rural Oxfordshire, UK.

On the wrought iron gate a sign : *"Trick of the Eye House, Trompe l'Oeil Artist, Patricia Templar. By prior appointment only"*.

Moonlight drapes the house and gardens.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

In the dark corridor, a shaft of moonlight falls on a clock. It is three-thirty a.m. A door opens. A man enters the corridor. He creeps in the shadows to another door.

He hesitates. Listens. Enters the room.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", WILLIAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

This is a sick room, oxygen bottle, wheelchair. The man slithers across to the bed, switches on the bedside lamp.

The man, JOSEPH ADAMS, 47, strokes his well-manicured goatee beard, sits on the bed, and studies the occupant.

In bed, WILLIAM HENRY, in his early 70's, sleeps. Joseph clamps his hand on William's mouth. William wakes.

JOSEPH

Hello William, it's only me. Your loving and beloved son-in-law.

Joseph removes his hand. Puts his finger to his lips.

JOSEPH

Shhhh !Or I'll show Patricia our little secret.

He holds an mp3 player. William closes his eyes.

JOSEPH

Don't want to watch? I can't make you. Well, maybe...let's try...

He uses his fingers to force William's eyes open.

JOSEPH

No. No good. That'll leave marks.
Unlike this.

He squeezes and twists William's earlobes. Causes pain,
releases him, turns on the mp3 player, and selects a track.

JOSEPH

Okay, you listen, I'll watch.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE" SONNET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SONNET ADAMS, 18, Joseph's daughter, William's grand
daughter. The room is untidy and cluttered.

Sonnet sits, cross-legged, at the foot of a bed covered
with soft toys. She tosses one to PATRICIA TEMPLAR, 89, who
sits at the head of the bed.

Patricia looks and moves like a woman twenty-five years
younger. She is Sonnet's grandmother and William's wife.

SONNET

How'd you know I'd be awake?

Patricia tosses the soft toy back to Sonnet.

PATRICIA

You never sleep before a big day.
Since you were a little girl.

Sonnet tosses the soft toy to Patricia.

SONNET

You're the same!

PATRICIA

Yes.

She tosses the toy to Sonnet.

SONNET

How's Gramps?

PATRICIA

Asleep.

Sonnet tosses the soft toy back to Patricia.

SONNET

I wish he could talk to me, just
once. I've always felt that he's
got something to tell me.

Patricia laughs and throws a series of soft toys at Sonnet
to emphasise each syllable.

PATRICIA

Well...you...ne...ver...know...may
...be...he...will...some...how.

Sonnet fends off this bombardment.

SONNET

Hey! Stop! How? What do you mean?

PATRICIA

There's your main present, and a
surprise. Just from Gramps.

Sonnet moves to sit next to Patricia.

SONNET

What is it? Tell me!

PATRICIA

Don't know. Honestly. It's a
mystery. I'm very intrigued.

Sonnet picks up a photograph from the bedside table.

SONNET

Nan? What was mum like at my age?

PATRICIA

I've told you, over and over.

SONNET

Again! When she was eighteen.

PATRICIA

Oh, she liked clothes and loud
music. Just like you.

Patricia puts her arm around Sonnet. They snuggle.

PATRICIA

And boys. Just like you.

SONNET

Was she pretty?

PATRICIA
Just like you. The same hair.

SONNET
Extremely tidy?

PATRICIA
Just like you!

SONNET
Exceptionally well behaved?

Patricia tickles Sonnet and they both giggle.

PATRICIA
Just like you.

SONNET
Always helpful?

PATRICIA
Just like you.

SONNET
Adored her father?

The playful mood changes.

PATRICIA
Yes. She did.

SONNET
Not like me!

Patricia hugs Sonnet. Kisses the top of her head.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", WILLIAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joseph caresses his beard as he watches the mp3 player.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O. FILTERED)
What are you doing here? Go away.
And turn that video camera off!

MAN'S VOICE (V.O. FILTERED)
Carol! Darling! Just visiting my
wife and baby daughter.

The sound quality is that of an eighteen-year-old video.

The man's voice is Joseph's and the woman's is CAROL's, William and Patricia's daughter.

Joseph holds the flickering mp3 screen close to his face.

CAROL (V.O. FILTERED)
She's not your daughter.

JOSEPH (V.O. FILTERED)
Legally she is.

CAROL (V.O. FILTERED)
You'd no right to register her, I told you, she's not yours. Get out now. Go! I... oh...

JOSEPH (V.O. FILTERED)
Go? Leave? And lose my cash-cow?

The room fills with the sound of Carol's struggle to breathe. William gasps.

Next to him, Joseph smiles at Carol's agony, sneers at William's distress.

CAROL (V.O. FILTERED)
Joe, help. Something's wrong. I...

JOSEPH (V.O. FILTERED)
What is it?

CAROL (V.O. FILTERED)
Help. Please get help...please.

Tears stream down William's cheeks. Carol cries in pain.

A crash, a crunch as she falls.

She struggles for breath for a few more seconds.

Then silence.

JOSEPH (V.O. FILTERED)
Carol? Carol! Oh my god, I...

Joseph turns the volume down but continues watching.

JOSEPH
Gotta love this close-up of her face. Dead.

Joseph makes a selection on the mp3 player.

JOSEPH

Once more.

He starts the clip with the sound down.

JOSEPH

Sure you don't want to see your
precious Carol again? It might
give you a killer third stroke.

(beat)

Deaths, births and family secrets
eh William?

This time William watches. He cries.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", SONNET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sonnet extricates herself from Patricia's arms and twirls
some dance steps across her bedroom.

SONNET

Twenty-first of March, 2010. I'm
eighteen years old today!

She picks up a dirty mug from her desk.

SONNET

Eighteen! Yesterday I was a child,
today I'm an adult. Do you
remember your eighteenth?

PATRICIA

Very clearly. I was in France.

Sonnet dances into the en suite bathroom.

SONNET (O.S.)

France?

Sonnet emerges with champagne, a glass, and a clean mug.

PATRICIA

Yes. For that whole summer. I just
wanted to paint.

Sonnet pours and hands the glass to Patricia.

PATRICIA

Alcohol? At four in the morning?

SONNET

Been keeping it cool in the bath.
Knew you'd come tonight. This--

She pours her own drink into the mug.

SONNET

--is for my eighteenth and your
ninetieth.

PATRICIA

Oh no. Not for five months!

SONNET

Well, for both our eighteenth.

PATRICIA

I'll drink to that.

They clink the glass and the mug together in a toast.

SONNET

Your trip to France, the orphanage
just let you go?

PATRICIA

Yes, they were good. They sorted
lodgings in Paris and transferred
funds from my small account.

Sonnet snuggles down next to Patricia again.

SONNET

And you went? You weren't scared?

PATRICIA

Not scared. Excited. Paris was
lovely. But I ran away. To
Provence. Two days before my ...

BEGIN FLASHBACK :

SUPERIMPOSE : ORANGE, FRANCE, 16TH AUGUST 1938

EXT : 1938, ORANGE, RAILWAY STATION - DAY

PATRICIA (V.O.)

... birthday I arrived in Orange.

As eighty-nine-year old Patricia speaks, young Patricia arrives in Orange, a beautiful, new, leather artist's satchel on one shoulder, a backpack on the other.

EXT : 1938, ORANGE, CAFÉ, PAVEMENT TABLES - NIGHT

Young Patricia sits at a table with a crowd of young people. Old Patricia continues to reminisce.

PATRICIA (V.O.)

I made friends, found lodgings,
and on my birthday morning, I woke
up in the ancient roman theatre.

EXT : ORANGE, ANCIENT ROMAN THEATRE, 18 AUGUST 1938 - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) Bells chime 7am. The theatre is empty. Muted morning light shimmers in the warm air.
- B) A broad shaft of sunlight falls across the terraces of creamy-pale stone seats.
- C) A lizard emerges from a crack, basks in the sun ...
- D) ... runs along the stone seats, across a small sprig of lavender and disappears into another crack.
- E) A cicada lands on the sprig of lavender and chirrups. Eighteen-year old Patricia sits close to the lavender.
- F) She takes paper, water, paints out of her leather satchel, she paints the cicada on the lavender.
- G) A man embraces her from behind, PASCAL LA TOUR, 23. He speaks reasonable English.

PASCAL

So clever, ma puce. You know? The
cicada is a symbol of long life?
Et, en plus, that lavender and
love are connected?

YOUNG PATRICIA

How?

PASCAL

Cleopatra, she seduced Julius
Caesar and Mark Anthony with the
scent of lavender and now newly
married couples put it underneath
their bed. For passion!

YOUNG PATRICIA

Oh, yes, there's a nursery rhyme -

Patricia stands, dances, sings.

YOUNG PATRICIA

Lavender blue, dilly dilly,
lavender green, duh, duh, duh dum,
diddy diddy something, something
...whilst you and I, diddle,
diddle...keep the bed warm.

The quarter hour chimes. Patricia and Pascal embrace.
Patricia clings. Pascal prises himself from her arms.

PASCAL

I must to go.

YOUNG PATRICIA

Not yet.

PASCAL

I must to go to work. Le café ...

YOUNG PATRICIA

I'll come.

PASCAL

No!

YOUNG PATRICIA

But, it's my birthday!

Pascal kisses Patricia.

PASCAL

Je sais. This afternoon. After two
o'clock. Tu me promet?

YOUNG PATRICIA

Promise. I shall paint all day.

PASCAL

Alors. See you this afternoon.

He kisses her and leaves. She watches him go, smiles, and holds her painting out at arm's length.

It is very realistic. It has a three-dimensional quality.

YOUNG PATRICIA

Hmmmm ... not bad.

She signs it with her full name, "Patricia Templar". Then washes the signature away and replaces it with two "P"s.

YOUNG PATRICIA

"Pascal and Patricia".

On the back she writes : "Cicada on Lavender, Long Life and Love. Roman Theatre, Orange, August 1938".

She squints in the bright sun, looks at an archway high up in the theatre. She smiles. She begins to paint the archway. Cicadas chirrup all around.

END FLASHBACK.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", WILLIAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The clip of Carol's death ends. Joseph slips the mp3 player into his pocket, squeezes William's earlobes again.

JOSEPH

Another little squeeze, for old times sake.

Unseen to Joseph and William, somebody enters the room.

TERRY SKIRROW, 45, is William's companion-carer. He drags Joseph off the bed, checks on William.

Joseph slinks towards the door. Terry grabs him.

TERRY

Oh no you don't

JOSEPH

Let me go!

TERRY

I'll be right back William.

He marshals Joseph out of the room.

JOSEPH (O.S.)
How dare you ! let me go!

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", SONNET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sonnet sips champagne. Patricia smiles to herself. In her mind, she hears the distinctive sound of a cicada.

PATRICIA
Only male cicadas make that sound.

SONNET
Male what?

PATRICIA
I just heard a memory, a sound,
it, no, nothing really...

SONNET
Shh! What's that? Shouting.

Sonnet jumps off the bed, opens the door, peeps out.

JOSEPH (O.S.)
Let me go. You'll pay for this!

A door bangs, a lock turns. Somebody hammers from inside.

JOSEPH (O.S.)
Let me out! You can't do this!

SONNET
Terry locked father in his room!

She returns to the bed.

PATRICIA
Oh, he'll have had a good reason.

SONNET
Good riddance. Tell me more about
your eighteenth.

They settle down to chat.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", DINING ROOM - MORNING

Patricia, William, Sonnet, and Terry eat breakfast with
STEPHAN EDWARDS, 65, family lawyer and friend.

They toast Sonnet's birthday with Bucks-Fizz.

Patricia Templar is a painter. Her trompe l'oeil "trick of the eye" works, large and small, fill the house.

The walls of the dining room represent the Ancient Roman Theatre of Orange. The dining table sits in the orchestra.

STEPHEN

This is such a striking room.
Every time I'm here I spot
something new. I've just noticed,
down there, look, a piece of
crumpled paper, a program maybe,
and --

He points upwards.

STEPHEN

-- I've never noticed the person
peeping out that archway before.

SONNET

That's Gramps, isn't it Nan?

Patricia looks at the archway. She's puzzled.

PATRICIA

I, he, yes. Yes.

SONNET

They went to Orange soon after
they met. For Nan's fortieth.

William looks at Patricia, then at the archway.

SONNET

And guess what? Nan was also there
on her eighteenth birthday!

William coughs, chokes. Terry pats his back.

TERRY

Something go down the wrong way?

Patricia touches William's arm. He pulls away from her.

PATRICIA

Let's sign the papers; then we can
relax. Joseph should be here.

SONNET

Should I go?

Terry takes a key from his pocket. Waves it at Sonnet.

TERRY
I'll come with you.

They leave the dining room.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", HALLWAY - MORNING

Sonnet and Terry walk along a hallway full of Patricia's trompe l'oeil works, statuary, vegetation, false doors, windows, furniture and artifacts.

They arrive at the foot of the stairs.

SONNET
Stop! Smile!

She points a pink iPhone at Terry.

TERRY
No more photos! I should've bought
you a chess set.

Sonnet readjusts her iPhone and points it at him again.

SONNET
I'm filming you! I love it, and
it's pink! How'd you know?

TERRY
Your heavy hints helped.

Sonnet giggles.

SONNET
Champagne in the middle of the
night. Champagne for breakfast.

Sonnet giggles again. They arrive at the top of the stairs.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - MORNING

In daylight, the corridor reveals yet more trompe l'oeil paintings. Sonnet calms down outside Joseph's door.

TERRY
Scared?

SONNET
No. Yes, a little.

Terry unlocks the door. Sonnet knocks.

SONNET
Father? It's me.

She pushes the door open and looks inside. She does not enter. Joseph trims his goatee at a mirror.

He glances at Sonnet's reflection but says nothing. He uses two hairbrushes to brush his hair.

He checks himself in the mirror and walks towards the door. He brushes past Sonnet, ignores her, and then sees Terry.

JOSEPH
You! How dare you lock me up like
some common...

Terry re-locks the door to Joseph's room.

JOSEPH
What? I'll take that key you, you
-- come on. Give.

Terry pockets the key. Joseph continues to ignore Sonnet.

JOSEPH
Outrageous. That's my room. You
can't ... Where're you going?

Terry walks downstairs and winks at Sonnet who slides down the banister, beats him to the bottom, laughs up at Joseph.

SONNET
To sign some papers.

JOSEPH
Papers? What papers?

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", DINING ROOM - MORNING

Patricia looks up at the trompe l'oeil archway of the Roman Theatre. Stephen moves next to William.

STEPHEN
As your authorized signatory, I'll
sit next to you old friend.

William smiles. Shrugs his agreement.

PATRICIA
(whispers)
Pascal.

STEPHAN
Patricia?

Joseph pushes past Terry and Sonnet as they enter the room.

His shouts interrupt Patricia's reverie.

JOSEPH
I have been held, all night,
against my will and now the child
is twittering on about papers.

SONNET
Child!

JOSEPH
Please explain what the papers are
and why I have not been informed.
If she needs....

Terry pushes Joseph into a chair, sits next to him.

TERRY
Shut up, sit down.

JOSEPH
I object -- I object -- I'm very...

PATRICIA
Very objectionable. Come Sonnet,
sit down.

Everybody settles at the table.

JOSEPH
What are you doing here Stephen?

PATRICIA
Today William and I are signing
our entire estate over to Sonnet.

JOSEPH
What? Are you mad? She's a child!

STEPHEN
No, actually, she's not.

JOSEPH

Shut up! This is a family matter.

PATRICIA

And Stephen is the family lawyer
as well as a friend.

JOSEPH

Why's Terry here? Neither family
nor friend. He's a what? Servant?

PATRICIA

He's...

JOSEPH

He's only here to look after that
drooling relic who, for some
secret reason of his own, won't
let you near him anymore.

Joseph sneers at William who reacts with anger. He's
incoherent, but his feelings are clear.

Terry stares at Joseph who shrinks down into his seat.

Patricia picks up a pen.

PATRICIA

Terry is a much-loved, trusted,
very welcome friend and part of
this family. You, however --

Patricia signs the papers in front of her, passes each, as
she signs it, to Stephen. He signs the papers.

PATRICIA

-- are not, and never have been, a
welcome member.

Joseph tries to stand. Terry yanks him back into his seat.

Stephen checks the papers in front of him.

STEPHEN

Oh, and finally, Joseph, as Sonnet
has reached her majority you will
no longer receive a monthly
allowance from the Templar-Henry
estate.

Joseph stands, he strokes his beard, he's in shock and
struggles to sound reasonable. He pleads.

JOSEPH

But, you can't. Sonnet? Darling?
You can't let these people...

SONNET

These people!

JOSEPH

Who'll help you? This huge house?
Patricia's valuable paintings? The
restoration? I've been planning...

PATRICIA

We know all this.

SONNET

Nan and Gramps will still be here.
And Terry of course. He knows
Nan's work and what she and Gramps
want as much as I do.

JOSEPH

But, I'm your father...

Nobody responds. Joseph glares at each of them then turns
and struts out of the room.

PATRICIA

Well, that wasn't so bad was it?
It's the first day of spring! The
sun is out. Let's enjoy. I suggest
coffee on the terrace.

Terry follows Joseph. Stephen pushes William's chair.

Sonnet turns 360°, arms raised. She looks at the room.

SONNET

Do you realise that we both spent
our eighteenth birthday mornings
in the Roman Theatre of Orange?

PATRICIA

So we did!

Sonnet has an idea. She claps, dances a few steps.

SONNET

Let's go. You and me. To Orange.

PATRICIA

Well...

Sonnet grabs Patricia, twirls with her.

SONNET

We'll start planning tomorrow.

PATRICIA

Well, maybe...but we must...

Sonnet runs out. Patricia glances at the painted archway.

She hears the chirrup of a cicada. She follows Sonnet.

EXT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", WEST FACING DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Joseph hovers by a parked car. Terry approaches him.

JOSEPH

Did you know? Their plans?

TERRY

What do you expect? You don't care for them or for Sonnet.

JOSEPH

Fuck off, sanctimonious bastard.

TERRY

Just one thing. You ever hurt any of them and I'll skin you alive and feed you to a hungry dog.

Joseph opens his car door. Terry walks away.

EXT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", SOUTH FACING TERRACE - MORNING

Stephen and William enjoy the sunshine.

STEPHEN

Never thought you'd see today.

William smiles, eyes closed, face to the sun.

STEPHEN

Are you sure about your other plans, regarding Patricia, once today is over?

William nods.

STEPHEN

Absolutely sure?

Patricia and Sonnet arrive with the coffee.

PATRICIA

Absolutely sure about what?

STEPHEN

I, er, was just checking that he's comfortable, warm enough.

Terry joins them. William points at Stephen who takes a deep breath, pauses for a second before speaking.

STEPHEN

Prepare yourselves for a bombshell.

He produces a letter and hands it to Sonnet.

STEPHEN

It took us a long time, working through the alphabet. Well ...

Sonnet reads the writing on the envelope aloud.

SONNET

"To my grand-daughter, Sonnet Adams, on her 18th birthday".

Sonnet looks at William he takes her hand. Smiles. Eyes locked, they exclude the others. Patricia stands.

PATRICIA

Stephen, should we make sure those papers are safely locked away?

STEPHEN

Locked away ? Oh! Yes, of course.

TERRY

I'll just go and, er, do...some...

They leave William and Sonnet to their moment. William watches Sonnet open and read to herself.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", STUDY - MORNING

This light, airy room has a triple aspect.

The walls are full of trompe l'oeil effects of vines and rambling roses, which bring the garden inside.

Patricia stands at the south window.

STEPHEN

You know, Sonnet should make a will. Should I talk to her?

PATRICIA

Better had.

She presses her face onto the windowpane, by doing so she can just see onto the terrace.

She watches Terry wander back, Sonnet hands him the letter.

Patricia turns to Stephen.

PATRICIA

What's in that letter?

STEPHEN

Not for me to tell you.

Patricia strains to look at the group on the terrace again. She sees Terry's face; he's surprised at what he reads.

Sonnet stands, claps her hands, laughs, and twirls around. She dances onto the lawn. Patricia and Stephen hear her laughter, muted though it is, through the closed window.

PATRICIA

Now what?

She watches as the twirling dance takes Sonnet around the side of the house.

Patricia moves to the east window, Sonnet sings, claps and dances across the lawn.

Patricia goes back to the south window and opens it.

PATRICIA

William? Terry? What is it?

TERRY

Sonnet must tell you.

Stephen looks through the north window of the study. Sonnet comes into his sight. He smiles at her exuberance.

She's now on the opposite side of the house to the south-facing terrace where William and Terry sit.

At the south window, Patricia talks to Terry.

PATRICIA
But, is everything Okay?

Stephen looks back into the room, listens to Patricia.

TERRY
Does she sound happy or not?

A second later Sonnet's laughter stops. The silence deafens.

Stephen looks back into the garden through the north window.

Sonnet stands face to face with Joseph. She says something.

Stephen shouts.

STEPHEN
Joseph! Noooo...

Stephen turns, runs out of the study. Patricia watches him then looks through the south window at Terry.

Terry reacts to Stephen's shout, runs around the house.

Patricia turns on the spot as she follows Terry's progress past the east window.

She crosses to the north window, sees Sonnet curled up on the ground. Joseph kicks Sonnet then jumps with both feet, all of his body weight, onto her back.

Patricia opens the window and throws herself over the ledge. Her long, grey hair catches in a rambling rose. She pulls herself free; hair tears out of her scalp.

Her hair flows around her. She charges Joseph, she screams like a banshee. Blood runs down her face.

EXT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", GARDEN - MORNING

Patricia's approach shocks Joseph; he stops his attack.

Terry and Stephen arrive. Terry arm-locks Joseph.

Patricia and Stephen help Sonnet. She stands.

PATRICIA
What's all this about?

JOSEPH

That tart...

PATRICIA

Sonnet?

JOSEPH

Not Sonnet, no. Although I'm sure
that she and Terry...

Sonnet musters a burst of energy and kicks him in the shin.

JOSEPH

Arrggghh!

PATRICIA

Sonnet!

JOSEPH

Bitch!

PATRICIA

Joseph!

JOSEPH

She's just like that tart Carol.

PATRICIA

Carol?

Patricia kicks Joseph's other shin.

STEPHEN

Patricia!

Joseph lunges at Patricia.

JOSEPH

Senile old witch.

Terry tightens his arm-lock on Joseph. Joseph screams.

PATRICIA

Terry!

STEPHEN

Is this about William's letter?

PATRICIA

William!

Patricia runs to the terrace. The others follow.

Sonnet holds her side as she runs. Terry drags Joseph.

EXT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", SOUTH FACING TERRACE - MORNING

William weeps. The others return. Sonnet is breathless.

SONNET

Gramps. I told him.

PATRICIA

Told who? What?

SONNET

Joseph. That he's not my father.

Stephen picks the letter up.

PATRICIA

Not your...

SONNET

Mum told Gramps just after...

Stephen reads the letter aloud.

STEPHEN

"...you were born your mother told me that Joseph Adams is not your biological father. Then she died, and I suffered my strokes."

PATRICIA

Not your father?

Joseph lunges at William. Terry restrains him.

JOSEPH

You stupid old man.

(beat)

That's right, I'm not her father. Carol says so quite clearly. Doesn't she William ?

PATRICIA

Carol says so? How...

Sonnet looks at Joseph.

SONNET

Strange, but I'm not surprised.
I'd day-dream that you weren't my
father. This feels so right.

William sobs. Joseph wriggles free and escapes.

JOSEPH

I'm well rid of the lot of you.
And your dirty little secrets.

PATRICIA

Secrets?

Joseph runs away. Terry chases, Patricia stops him.

PATRICIA

Leave him, Terry. Let him go.

SONNET

My day-dreams came true.

Sonnet's breathlessness increases.

PATRICIA

And you're pleased?

SONNET

Yes! But, do you know Bob Barratt?

PATRICIA

Bob Barratt?

Patricia shakes her head.

SONNET

My real father.

Patricia looks at William who weeps in silence.

PATRICIA

Oh, William! Is that the secret?
Well, it's out now.

STEPHEN

William waited until now, until
Sonnet came of age, because he was
afraid Joseph would take her away.

Patricia hugs William, he leans on her.

SONNET

I want to find him.

Blood seeps out of the corner of Sonnet's mouth.

SONNET

I want to find Bob Barratt.

She slumps sideways, slips off her chair.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", SONNET'S BEDROOM - DAY

Patricia checks the room, which is spotless and tidy.

On the desk a vase of daffodils, three large Easter eggs, a small tin trunk.

She unlocks the trunk, flicks through some of the contents - bits of jewellery, birthday cards, old school books, girls' magazines from the 1970's.

She picks out a photo of a young man; he walks away from the camera. He waves. She flips it over, writing on the back says :

"Bob, June 20th, 1991, going back to Cambridge."

She picks up photo of Carol and Bob. They laugh, faces close to the lens. Carol's arm stretches towards the camera as she takes the photo.

On the back of this one :

"Bob and Me, June 20th, 1991"

Patricia looks at both images side-by-side.

PATRICIA

Bob Barratt? Who are you?

She replaces them, locks the tin, puts the key on the desk.

She leaves the room.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - DAY

Patricia walks to William's room. The door is ajar.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", WILLIAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Patricia enters and sits next to William at the window.

PATRICIA

She'll be here soon. Two weeks' in hospital! Good to have her home for Easter eh?

William nods.

PATRICIA

I was wondering if...

She takes his hand. He pulls it away.

PATRICIA

I don't understand. Neither do Terry and Stephen. We all think...

WILLIAM

Duh...div...

PATRICIA

I know. Divorce. But why?

William makes a gesture with his hand to stop her talking.

PATRICIA

Let's not tell Sonnet yet.

William looks at her, his expression is cool.

PATRICIA

She's still in a lot of pain.

His attitude softens, mutual love for Sonnet runs deep.

His hand trembles with effort as it stretches across to Patricia. He offers her a small chocolate Easter egg.

They make eye contact and smile at each other.

PATRICIA

I love you.

He looks away.

They watch and wait. Then :

PATRICIA

She's home! Come on.

Patricia releases the break on the wheelchair and whirls William around. They rush to greet Sonnet. They laugh.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", HALLWAY/UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - DAY

Patricia and William are at the top of the stairs, Terry at the bottom. Sonnet uses a walking stick. She moves with care, in some pain, a little breathless.

SONNET

Wrinklies! Can I use your Stannah?

PATRICIA

You always did before, what's stopping you now?

Sonnet rides the stair lift. Terry follows with her case.

SONNET

You two look happy.

PATRICIA

Happy to have you back.

They make their way to Sonnet's room.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", SONNET'S ROOM - DAY

Sonnet teeters at the entrance to her room. A trompe l'oeil effect on the floor stuns her.

It is a parachutist's view of the ground from 12,000 feet.

TERRY

Don't fall.

SONNET

It's brilliant!

PATRICIA

We'd booked a surprise parachute jump for your birthday afternoon, with Rebecca and the others.

TERRY

Look at the ceiling.

Painted on the ceiling is an aeroplane undercarriage. An open door through which the parachutist has just jumped.

A group of girls wave down at Sonnet from the plane.

TERRY

The other girls did the jump and
took some photos.

PATRICIA

Like it?

SONNET

Yeah! Way cool. Your best ever.

PATRICIA

Well, I hope not. Anyway, you'll
have to keep the floor tidy from
now on, to keep the full effect.

SONNET

Mmmm. That might be difficult.

She dumps her shoulder bag on the floor. Terry laughs.

TERRY

See you later.

He leaves. Patricia points to the blue tin.

PATRICIA

Terry found that in Joseph's room.

SONNET

What is it?

PATRICIA

It was your Mum's, she called it
her 'Tin of Secrets'. Gramps and I
gave it her on her tenth birthday.

Sonnet limps across to the desk, looks at the tin.

PATRICIA

Anyway, we hadn't seen it for
years until about ten days ago. It
was hidden in Joseph's room.

Sonnet picks up the key.

PATRICIA

There are photos of Bob and Carol.

SONNET

No way?

PATRICIA

Yes way! We've not really looked
in the tin. Seems to be full of
memorabilia. All yours now.

Sonnet unlocks the Tin of Secrets, smiles.

SONNET

It's like getting a birthday
present from Mum.

PATRICIA

That's exactly what we thought.

Patricia and William leave. Sonnet takes the tin to her
bed, opens it, sees the photo of Carol and Bob.

SONNET

Bob?

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", KITCHEN - DAY

Terry waits for Patricia who enters and goes to the sink.

TERRY

Did you talk to William?

PATRICIA

Yes, he's agreed not to tell her
until she's stronger.

TERRY

Still no idea why?

She picks up some artists' brushes and a bottle of water.

PATRICIA

Nope. Complete mystery and he
doesn't want to give an
explanation. Stephen offered to
help him write one, letter by
letter, but William just spelled
out d-i-v-o-r-c-e.

They go into the hallway, stop near the dining room door.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", HALLWAY - DAY

Patricia stands in front of a Victorian hall stand,
complete with walking sticks and umbrellas.

It has a strange, irregular blank, white shape in the middle. It is an unfinished trompe l'oeil painting.

PATRICIA

You know, people have said that he withdrew from me after Carol's death and his strokes.

She picks up a pencil, sketches the details of a top hat and pair of gloves into the empty white shape.

PATRICIA

But it started months before that.

TERRY

What happened?

PATRICIA

Don't really know. It was a strange, tense time. Carol was happy to be pregnant, but also unhappy. Then one day a package arrived for William.

TERRY

What was it?

Patricia shrugs, mixes paints on a palette.

PATRICIA

Never told me what was in it, just that his estranged mother had died. His rejection of me started about then. We were both concerned about Carol.

(beat)

We only talked about her, not about us. Then it was too late.

She paints.

TERRY

Weird. He must have a good reason, I mean, I didn't mean that you...

PATRICIA

It's okay. And I agree with you. But it looks like I'll never know.

TERRY

It's just, oh, I don't know. Well, I'll go and check on them both.

Terry goes upstairs. Patricia paints.

She hears the chirrup of a cicada coming from the dining room. She listens, steps into the room.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", DINING ROOM - DAY

Her eyes travel around the room and stop at the archway in the top corner. The cicada chirrups again. She smiles at this imagined sound.

PATRICIA

Hah! Silly.

BEGIN FLASHBACK :

SUPERIMPOSE : ORANGE, FRANCE, 18TH AUGUST 1938

EXT : ORANGE, ANCIENT ROMAN THEATRE - MORNING

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) Bells chime 8am. Young Patricia finishes her painting of the archway and puts it in her leather satchel.
- B) She climbs to the archway, walks through, crosses a dark corridor, enters a small, dingy, derelict room.
- C) She lies down in a corner. She smiles. She remembers.
- D) She sits, takes a penknife out of her leather satchel.
- E) Bells chime 9am. She finishes carving on the wall, walks out into the theatre, sits in the sun, dozes.
- F) Bells chime 10am. She paints. She's bored. She whispers:

YOUNG PATRICIA

Pascal! Pascal, Pascal, Pascal!

She hears their conversation from earlier.

PASCAL (V.O.)

... this afternoon. After two o'clock. Tu me promet?

YOUNG PATRICIA (V.O.)

Promise. I shall paint all day.

PASCAL (V.O.)
Alors. See you this afternoon.

She smiles at the memory.

YOUNG PATRICIA
Hah! Silly.

She gathers her things together, leaves the theatre.

END FLASHBACK.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", DINING ROOM - DAY

Patricia examines the trompe l'oeil Roman Theatre.

PATRICIA
Hmmm. Restoration. Recent photos.

She decides, leaves the room. Talks to herself.

PATRICIA
Yes. Yes. I think will. I'll go.

She settles down to paint in the hallway.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A nurse, MARY MCKAY, pushes William along the corridor.
Sonnet comes out of her room. She looks better, still pale.

SONNET
Gramps, I just...

MARY
Oh no, it's his bath time. And you should be in bed, you need to rest properly for a few more weeks yet.

SONNET
But I've been home for ten days, the doctor said...

MARY
Four week's complete rest.

SONNET
I know, it's just, some news from Nan and Terry. An email. They've

arrived in Orange. Terry goes to
Corsica tomorrow, and...

MARY

Tell us everything tomorrow.

Sonnet and William make eyes at each other, they mock the
strict nurse. Sonnet kisses William, closes her door.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", BATHROOM - NIGHT

William wears a towelling robe. Mary runs his bath. A flash
as the bulb blows. The room plunges into darkness.

MARY

I'll go get a new bulb. Should I
take you to your bedroom?

William indicates 'no'. Mary folds a towel onto his
shoulder. He rests his head on it and yawns.

Mary closes the door, heads downstairs.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", HALLWAY - NIGHT

Somebody watches through a crack in the dining room door.
Mary walks along the hallway, into the kitchen.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mary enters, crosses the room. She turns to look at the
door through which she just entered.

MARY

Sonnet?

There's no response. Somebody watches her through the crack
of the door. To the watcher it appears that Mary looks
directly into their eyes. But she sees nothing.

Mary opens another door and enters the utility room.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", SONNET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sonnet locks Carol's "Tin of Secrets" and stows it under
her bed. She sits at her computer.

ON THE MONITOR :

"Uploading file".

Then:

"File uploaded".

Sonnet types then clicks on 'Send'.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT

Mary opens a cupboard, selects a light bulb. She shuts the cupboard, turns, gasps. A hand grasps her throat.

JOSEPH
Where's Sonnet?

Mary shakes her head.

JOSEPH
You just called to her. Where?

Mary's eyes flick upwards, then back to Joseph.

JOSEPH
Good.

JOSEPH
The old man?

Mary shakes her head.

MARY
Gone away for a few days.

Joseph releases her, blood gushes from her throat. She's dead. He wipes his knife and leaves the utility room.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", SONNET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The only light in the room is from the computer. A shadow moves across the monitor. Sonnet turns, looks at her door.

Nothing there, she turns back to her computer. Joseph's reflected face appears on the monitor.

Sonnet screams, stands, turns to face him.

JOSEPH
Hello darling.

SONNET

What? How? You're not supposed...

JOSEPH

Visiting my invalid daughter.

SONNET

You're not my father.

JOSEPH

Oh yes. I forgot. That means...

He touches her breast. She recoils.

JOSEPH

...we can be close in other ways.

Sonnet makes a break for the door, calls out.

SONNET

Mary!

Joseph grabs her arm, swings her onto the bed.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", BATHROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. William stirs at Sonnet's distant shout. Listens, hears nothing, nods off again.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", SONNET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sonnet lands on the bed, her breath knocked out of her.

JOSEPH

Mary's dead.

Sonnet cries out, gasps for breath, holds her side.

JOSEPH

Breathless darling ? Those ribs still sore? If I press on them...

He presses on Sonnet's ribcage, she screams in pain.

JOSEPH

... will they puncture your lung again? Will you die?

Pain grips Sonnet, she struggles for breath.

JOSEPH

Oh yes, and if you do, I will, as
next of kin - technically speaking
- inherit your estate.

He lies on top of her, crushes her, licks her cheek.

INT : ORANGE, APRIL 2010, PATRICIA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Patricia sits at a laptop computer; she drinks wine and
reads aloud from the screen.

PATRICIA

"Gramps just having his bath...
told him you're safe...Mary's
looking after us both... "

The sound of a cicada distracts Patricia. She takes her
wine, walks onto the terrace.

She watches the bustle the square below, sees Terry as he
leaves the hotel and heads into a bar.

She takes a deep breath, talks to herself.

PATRICIA

Orange! Still smells the same.

Sonnet's email plays in her head as she sips her rosé.

SONNET (V.O.)

Those documents I found in mum's
Tin of Secrets, are attached. You
sounded intrigued by them. Hope
they're interesting. Love you.

Leaves the terrace, returns the desk, types a response.

ON THE MONITOR :

The cursor hovers over 'Send'. She clicks.

She moves the cursor to 'Open Attachment' and clicks again.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", SONNET'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Joseph lies next to Sonnet, strokes her hair.

JOSEPH

So beautiful. Just like your whore
of a mother.

SONNET

Will.

JOSEPH

Will what darling?

SONNET

My...

Joseph smiles, runs his hand up her body, and then stops.
He realises what she has said.

JOSEPH

You've made a will?

Sonnet nods, gasps for breath. He eases his weight off her.

JOSEPH

Since your birthday? So soon?

Sonnet's breathing improves.

JOSEPH

But who? There's no-one ... who?

SONNET

Lifetime pro...provision...for Nan
and Gramps...estate divided...
between...Terry and my...father.

Joseph smiles, then realises who she means. He sneers.

JOSEPH

So, nothing for me? Bitch! Bitch!
Bitch! Bitch! Bitch! Bitch! Bitch!

He thumps her face each time he says 'bitch'.

He lies down beside her, stares at her. His eyes have an
insane intensity. He smiles, drools, strokes her face.

JOSEPH

But I have something for you.

He reaches down between their bodies. Sonnet recoils. He
produces his mp3 player from a pocket.

He sits up, looks at the computer.

He giggles, high-pitched, a psychological snap he tries to control by pushing the knuckles of his hand into his mouth.

When he speaks, his voice is far too reasonable.

JOSEPH

Hey! I've had a great idea.

He walks to the desk, sets up the webcam, frames the bed and Sonnet lying there. She appears on the monitor.

JOSEPH

Fun before the busy days to come.

He walks to the bed, looks down on Sonnet.

JOSEPH

Five more to kill...

He rips open her nightdress.

JOSEPH

...the old folk will be easy...

He opens his trousers. Sonnet tries to escape. He hits her.

JOSEPH

Terry is a thick oik and Bob Barratt doesn't know me...

He drags Sonnet back into position.

JOSEPH

... neither of them'll see me coming.

He hovers over Sonnet she cries, struggles to breathe.

JOSEPH

I'll be, once more, your next of...

He thrusts into her.

JOSEPH

... kin !

(beat)

Oh, here, something else for you.,

He props his mp3 player against the pillow next to Sonnet's head, sets it to play the clip of Carol's death.

Sonnet's head moves in rhythm as Joseph rapes her, she cries and struggles to breathe.

The soundtrack of Carol's death mixes with Joseph's grunts.

Sonnet's eyes switch between Carol's death on the mp3 scree, her own rape on the computer monitor, and the smiles of her friends as they look down from the trompe l'oeil airplane on the ceiling.

INT : ORANGE, APRIL 2010, PATRICIA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Patricia looks at her monitor. What she sees horrifies her. She slams the laptop shut, holds her face in her hands.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", SONNET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joseph finishes and stands.

Sonnet's head is still, her breath shallow, her lips blue.

She stares into her mother's dead eyes.

JOSEPH

Pulmonary embolism. Carol I mean,
not you. But, collapsed lung?
Similar symptoms.

He laughs, takes his mp3 player to the computer, downloads the rape onto the player.

JOSEPH

This should finish William off.

He navigates to Sonnet's emails, reads.

JOSEPH

Ah, from the old witch. Apparently
Orange is beautiful.

(reads aloud)

"Wish you were here because I've
got the theatre to myself on
Friday evening, will take lots of
photos for the restoration work."

(finishes reading)

How nice. Friday? It's a date.

Joseph pockets Sonnet's pink iPhone, walks to the bed.

He looks at Sonnet, laughs, stifles it, giggles, and bends down to her. There's no breath, her lips are very blue, her eyes stare. He closes them. He caresses his goatee beard.

JOSEPH

Bye-bye darling, filmed your
birth, filmed your death.

He leaves the room.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Joseph checks William's room. It's empty.

INT : "TRICK OF THE EYE HOUSE", STAIRS/HALLWAY - NIGHT

He goes downstairs, starts to desecrate one of Patricia's paintings, shakes his head, and chastises himself.

JOSEPH

That's mine.

He slithers along the hallway to the door, glances back, stifles hysteria with his knuckles and leaves the house.

INT : ORANGE, APRIL 2010, PATRICIA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Patricia re-opens her laptop.

After a moment's blackness, the monitor reveals a painting of a cicada sitting on a sprig of lavender.

A cicada chirrups outside the open window. This time it fails to make Patricia smile.

EXT : ORANGE, APRIL 2010, STREET OUTSIDE HOTEL - MORNING

Terry puts a bag into a car. Patricia watches.

TERRY

Sure you'll be okay by yourself?

PATRICIA

I'll enjoy it.

TERRY

You don't seem so excited today.

PATRICIA

Oh, you know, memories. Thoughts.
That's all.

TERRY

Let's hope the address that guy in
Pisa sent is good. If so, I'll
meet Bob Barratt tomorrow.

PATRICIA

Roberto Barrattini you mean! Why
not search a for number? Call
first?

TERRY

No, I'd rather be more direct.

PATRICIA

And it's an excuse to hire a boat!

TERRY

Yes, and that.

His phone buzzes.

TERRY

Text from Sonnet. Er, she's been
invited to Rebecca's until Monday.

PATRICIA

That's good. Mother's a doctor.

TERRY

And that "as Gramps is away Mary's
got the weekend off".

He closes his phone.

TERRY

There you go. That's why you got
no answer when you called home.

PATRICIA

William's away?

TERRY

I'll bet he got Stephen to book
him into "Clovers" as soon as we
left. He didn't like having
somebody new in the house.

PATRICIA

Probably. Awkward old sod. Off you go. Take care. See you Saturday.

Terry drives away. Patricia walks to an internet café.

INT : ORANGE, APRIL 2010, INTERNET CAFE - MORNING

Patricia finishes her tasks at the computer, crosses to a printer, and collects her documents as they are printed.

She orders a coffee, sits at a table, looks at her papers. She puts one set of papers in her old leather satchel.

LETITIA PAILLON, aged 47, joins her at the table.

LETITIA

Madame Templar?

PATRICIA

Yes. Please, call me Patricia.

LETITIA

And I'm Letitia.

PATRICIA

We sound like a double act!

Letitia nods to the bar for more coffee.

PATRICIA

Thanks for meeting me so quickly.

LETITIA

Your Hotel said it was urgent. Some documents to translate.

PATRICIA

Well, not urgent. Important to me. Two old birth certificates. But, can you also research the names?

The coffee arrives.

LETITIA

No problem.

PATRICIA

There's a photograph...but...

LETITIA
Everything's useful. Can I...?

Patricia hands over the papers.

PATRICIA
Keep them. I've made two copies.

LETITIA
Good, good. There's not too much.
I can translate these quickly,
then see what else I can find out.

PATRICIA
When can we meet? Only, I've
booked a flight to Corsica.

LETITIA
When?

PATRICIA
Day after tomorrow, Saturday
morning.

LETITIA
What about tomorrow evening? We
could meet when I finish work.
Come to my house for dinner?

PATRICIA
Thank you. I'd like that. Can we
meet in the theatre? I've got
permission to take some photos
after it closes to the public.

LETITIA
Okay, seven-thirty at the theatre.
Until tomorrow. Au revoir.

She puts some coins on the table and leaves.

EXT : ORANGE, ANCIENT ROMAN THEATRE - EARLY EVENING

Patricia takes photographs in the deserted theatre.

She looks up to the archways, puts her camera into her
battered old leather artist's satchel, begins to climb.

She stops two or three times to catch her breath.

She steps through an arch into a curved corridor.

INT : ORANGE, CORRIDOR, ANCIENT ROMAN THEATRE - EARLY EVENING

She senses a movement, just out of sight beyond the curve of the corridor. She looks, misses it.

PATRICIA

Lizard!

She enters a dark, derelict room across the corridor.

INT : ORANGE, DERELICT ROOM, ROMAN THEATRE - EARLY EVENING

She explores the wall in the corner with her fingers and finds a worn carving of two letters - entwined "P's".

She photographs it; camera flashes reveal legs and lower torso of a man who hides in the depths of the room.

Patricia leaves the room, steps across the corridor, through the archway and onto the top level of the seating.

EXT : ORANGE, ANCIENT ROMAN THEATRE - EARLY EVENING

She stands on the edge of the top row of seats looking down at the theatre below. The man steps out behind her.

It is Joseph. Patricia does not see him. He holds out his hands palms forward, tiptoes towards her.

LETITIA (O.S.)

(shouts)

Patricia?

Patricia looks down and sees Letitia.

Joseph slinks back into his lair.

PATRICIA

(shouts)

Up here. I'm glad you've arrived,
these steps are a bit too steep.

Letitia climbs up to her.

LETITIA

Some shallower steps this way.

They walk away.

Joseph steps out onto the spot where Patricia had stood, listens as the footfalls of the two women recede. Silence.

He looks down the banked seating.

He imagines what he wanted to happen :

EXT : ORANGE, ANCIENT ROMAN THEATRE - EARLY EVENING

SERIES OF SHOTS: FROM JOSEPH'S P.O.V.

- A) Patricia stands on the edge of the top row of seats unaware as he creeps up behind her.
- B) His arms stretch out in front of him. His hands, palms forward, stop just short of Patricia's back.
- C) His hands push her.
- D) She tumbles. Screams. Bounces off the stone seats.
- E) He hears the perfect acoustics of the theatre project the sound of her breaking bones.
- F) He sees her land like a rag doll in the orchestra. Her head rests at an unnatural angle to her body.
- G) She's dead.

END OF JOSEPH'S IMAGINATIVE P.O.V.

EXT : ORANGE, ANCIENT ROMAN THEATRE - EARLY EVENING

Joseph bunches up his fists and pushes his knuckles into his mouth. He squeezes his eyes shut and giggles. A child who's done something wrong.

He opens his eyes and looks down into the orchestra. It's empty. There's no body. His child-like expression morphs into one of adult rage.

Something in his pocket attracts his attention. He pulls it out. It is Sonnet's stolen, pink iPhone. It vibrates. Joseph looks at the display.

ON IPHONE SCREEN :

"Terry"

Joseph presses a key. A message appears.

JOSEPH
(reads quietly)

"Guess what, I hired a boat, you'd love it! Just docked in Calvi, Corsica. Got an address nearby for your Dad. Nan's flying out tomorrow. Love, Terry, xx"

He sneers, stares at the statue of Augustus Caesar, which stands above the stage, opposite Joseph, at his eye level.

Joseph's eyes have the unfocused intensity of insanity.

INT : ORANGE, THE PAILLON HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Letitia her husband PIERRE PAILLON, 51 and Patricia sit at a dining table with the remains of a meal and a brandy bottle.

PATRICIA

That was delicious, and you both speak such good English.

LETITIA

It's necessary for our work, but it's good to talk English at home. Now then...

Letitia produces a folder.

LETITIA

...whilst I was researching the names, Pierre noticed something.

PIERRE

Yes, we're both amateur local historians, it's a...passe-temps?

LETITIA

A hobby.

She hands Patricia the photo of Pascal with his family.

PIERRE

I recognise them, the woman ...

Patricia blanches, downs her brandy and nods.

PATRICIA

Odile.

PIERRE

You know her?

PATRICIA

No, but I met her. Once.

They all look at the photo in which a young woman smiles, a baby sucks a piece of paper and a young man stares in the camera like a rabbit caught in headlights.

PATRICIA

I was here in 1938. I took this photograph of Odile with her husband, Pascal, and their son.

BEGIN FLASHBACK :

SUPERIMPOSE : ORANGE, FRANCE, 18th AUGUST 1938

EXT : ORANGE, CAFÉ, PAVEMENT TABLES - MORNING

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) A WAITRESS serves coffee to young Patricia.
- B) A MOTHER sits at the next table. A BABY on her shoulder stares at young Patricia.
- C) She shows him a painting; he smiles at her and wriggles.
- D) His mother turns, young Patricia holds out her arms. The mother lets the baby sit on Patricia's knee.
- E) The mother points to herself, then to the baker's shop next door. Patricia nods, the woman goes into the shop.
- F) The baby's chubby fingers try to pick up the cicada.
- G) Pascal steps out of the café, checks the customers.

YOUNG PATRICIA

Pascal!

PASCAL

Mais non! Why are you here? We agreed, after two o'clock only.

The baby offers the painting to Pascal.

YOUNG PATRICIA

He wants to show you my painting.

The mother walks out of the bakers. Patricia stands.

YOUNG PATRICIA
Here's his mother.

His mother smiles, takes the baby from Patricia. Patricia gets a camera out of her leather satchel.

YOUNG PATRICIA
Say cheese! Fromage !

The mother laughs, the baby sucks the painting, and Pascal stares into the lens.

The mother hands the painting back to Patricia. A corner is missing where the baby sucked it.

Patricia wedges the painting under the camera on the table.

WOMAN
Au revoir Mam'selle. A plus chéri.

She holds the baby up to Pascal for a kiss.

WOMAN
Un baisser pour ton papa.

The woman leaves.

BEAT

YOUNG PATRICIA
Papa ?

PASCAL
Yes. My son, and my wife, Odile.

YOUNG PATRICIA
But, you're divorced? Yes?

Pascal doesn't answer, turns, goes into the café. Young Patricia walks away, forgets her camera and painting.

END FLASHBACK.

INT : ORANGE, APRIL 2010 THE PAILLON HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Patricia looks at the photograph.

PATRICIA
I took this photo over seventy years ago and saw it for the first time forty-eight hours ago.

(beat)
 What do you know about them?

Pierre holds up the two birth certificates.

PIERRE
 They had two sons.

LETITIA
 But confusing birth certificates.

Patricia studies the translated birth certificates.

LETITIA
 They state the date of birth for
 both boys, as "May 1939" and yet
 they're not recorded as twins.

Pierre turns the photograph over.

PIERRE
 I thought so, this says "August
 1938." You took this in 1938?

PATRICIA
 Yes, on my eighteenth birthday.

LETITIA
 Often papers were lost, or mixed
 up during the war. Documents from
 the time can be confusing.

PATRICIA
 The boys' names?

Pierre takes the certificates from Patricia.

PIERRE
 Henri-Luc Florens and Guillaume-
 Henri Florens.

Patricia looks at the photo again. She shakes her head.

PIERRE
 Coffee?

Letitia nods to him, he leaves the dining room.

PATRICIA
 But his name was Pascal La Tour.
 Why were his sons called Florens ?

LETITIA

Ah, now, it was because of Pascal La Tour that Pierre recognised the family in your photograph. Pascal was famous for a while. A hero of the Maquis, the local resistance.

She gets another file from the desk and explains.

LETITIA

Because there's a lot on record about Pascal, we know that Odile left him early in the war.

PATRICIA

Do you know why?

Letitia hands Patricia a document from the file.

LETITIA

No. But we found a photograph of the family at the station in Marseille. Look.

A faded French newspaper cutting, December 17 1940, with a photograph of Pascal and Odile. Each holds a child.

PATRICIA

What does it say about them?

LETITIA

Nothing about them specifically. It's an article about families leaving Vichy France.

(beat)

Many husbands stayed behind. We know that Odile went to Angers, to her parents in the Loire valley.

PATRICIA

Angers?

LETITIA

Do you know it?

PATRICIA

No, but it's where the packet containing these documents came from. My husband received it late January of 1992. He told me that

his mother's solicitor sent it
after her death.

Letitia hands her another document.

LETITIA

Odile reverted to her maiden name
of Florens, and changed the boys'
surname at the same time.

PATRICIA

You said that papers were lost,
mixed up during the war. What do
you think of these certificates?

LETITIA

Well, they're definitely copies.
Issued in Angers. Probably at the
same time as the names changed.

She points at a date on each certificate.

LETITIA

The re-issue dates, March 1941.
Maybe the originals were lost.

PATRICIA

What about the birth dates?

LETITIA

Puzzling. An administrative error
maybe? Who knows?

She looks at the Birth Certificates again.

LETITIA

The day of birth is missing, but
such omissions, well, again, the
war, separation, displaced people,
there are many possible reasons.

Patricia steps out onto the terrace.

EXT : ORANGE, APRIL 2010, THE PAILLON HOUSE, TERRACE - NIGHT

Pierre arrives with the coffee. Letitia lights a candle.
They sit, sip, and listen to the cicadas.

PATRICIA

When I met him, my husband's
surname was Florens. He changed it

by deed poll, 50 years ago, just before our marriage.

LETITIA
Quelle coincidence !

PIERRE
To Templar?

PATRICIA
No. Templar's my maiden name and also my professional name.
(beat)
He's younger than me. Seventy-one to my eighty-nine. When we married I was already well-known as Patricia Templar.

She sips her coffee and closes her eyes.

LETITIA
Why did he change his name?

PATRICIA
Don't really know. He was bitter about his childhood, but didn't talk about it.

PIERRE
You didn't know he was French?

PATRICIA
Vaguely. At the beginning. Over fifty years ago.
(beat)
We came to Orange for my fortieth birthday. But he refused to speak anything but English, which was perfect. He never came to France again.
(beat)
In fact, he had a lovely, light Scottish accent. We met in Edinburgh where he had worked for a few years.

She takes papers from her satchel, hands them to Letitia.

PATRICIA
This might be relevant.

Letitia and Pierre look at these new papers.

PATRICIA

A painting that Sonnet found along
with the other documents.

LETITIA

The corner's missing!

PATRICIA

Yes. A baby-sized nibble.

Letitia and Pierre look at the painting and at the
photograph in which the baby sucks a piece of paper.

Patricia closes her eyes again.

BEGIN FLASHBACK :

SUPERIMPOSE : ORANGE, FRANCE, AUGUST 1939

EXT : ORANGE, STREET - MORNING

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) Young Patricia hides, looks at Pascal's café.
- B) Bells chime 7am. Pascal arrives, opens up the café.
- C) Young Patricia leaves a basket at the café door.
- D) She removes small painting from her leather satchel.
- E) She tucks it next to the head of the baby in the basket.
- F) The baby's face turns, he sucks the corner of the paper.
- G) The corner breaks off.

YOUNG PATRICIA

Just like your brother.

She hides again, waits until Pascal finds the bag.

She walks away.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT : ORANGE, THE PAILLON HOUSE, TERRACE - NIGHT

Patricia watches as Pierre studies the photo with a magnifying glass.

PIERRE

I can't see if this is the same piece of paper.

PATRICIA

There were two paintings.

PIERRE

Two?

He looks again at the copy of the painting.

PATRICIA

The one in the photograph and a virtually identical one painted about eleven months later.

PIERRE

Which one is this?

PATRICIA

I hope it's the one in the photo.

LETITIA

Why two?

PATRICIA

Because there were two boys. One mine. Born May 25 1939.

Pierre looks at the birth certificates.

PATRICIA

I left my son at Pascal's café with the second painting; so that Pascal would know the boy was his.

LETITIA

What are you saying?

PIERRE

When your husband changed his name, what did he ...

PATRICIA

Henry. He's called William Henry.

LETITIA

Guillaume-Henri? What date is his birthday?

PATRICIA

It's May but he's never known the exact date. It all fits with what you've found.

(beat)

He told me that there'd been a problem with his original birth certificate. He selected the first of May when he applied for a passport.

(beat)

We've always celebrated on that day. But ...

PIERRE

If the papers your husband received in 1991 showed his birth date to be the twenty-fifth ...

PATRICIA

Yes. Exactly.

SUPERIMPOSE : CORSICA, CALENZANA VILLAGE

EXT : CALENZANA, TOWN HALL STEPS - DAY

Terry holds a town map. He sets off through the streets, consults the map, and finds the house he wants.

At the window, a man talks on a telephone. Terry watches.

TERRY

Well, I'm about to make this one of the best days of your life - or one of the worst. Here goes.

EXT : CALENZANA, ENRICO'S HOUSE - DAY

Terry crosses the street, knocks at the door, which is ajar. An explosion of noise follows, the unmistakable sound of an over-enthusiastic DOG.

The dog pushes the door open, bounds out. He's huge, he's happy, he pirouettes around Terry. The dog is ecstatic.

He rolls over, squirms on his back, Terry pets him.

TERRY

Hey, what's your name?

ENRICO (O.S.)

Zat's Hervé! Entrez. Come inna.

INT : CALENZANA, ENRICO'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - DAY

Terry enters a large room. Paintings cover the walls, floor to ceiling. Many more lean against walls and furniture.

There's nobody there. Hervé runs through into another room.

ENRICO (O.S.)

Hervé! Arrêt! Calme toi! Allo?
Could-a you help-a me pliz?

Terry follows the voice into a room at the back.

INT : CALENZANA, ENRICO'S KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - DAY

This room, like the first, heaves with paintings.

ENRICO BARRATTINI, twists in mid-air, an arm raised at a strange angle, one toe barely touches the floor.

ENRICO

Voyez! My sleev-a she gotta
caught-a.

Terry rushes forward to help.

Enrico's head is a perfect ball of thick, curly grey hair and full curly grey beard.

He has brown, wrinkled cheeks and nose. He looks about 85 years old. His mismatched clothes are too large.

Terry unhooks the sleeve of Enrico's baggy cardigan from the ornately carved design of a huge wooden picture frame.

Enrico's English is clipped and almost too proper, with a strong, almost stereotypical, Franco-Italian accent.

ENRICO

Awfully-a grattfool. Wanted-a to
a-straighten it before-a you
arrived-a. You knocked-a on ze
door-a and zen Hervé, well...

He picks up a toppled stool and pats the dog's head.

ENRICO

Sankz-a ever so much-a. Du thé ou
du café?

Hervé runs out into the garden.

TERRY

Er, coffee please.

ENRICO

Bené. Okey-dokey.

TERRY

Were you expecting me?

ENRICO

Si, si. Yes-a. La Sécretaire at
zuh Town-a Hall-a she called-a me.
Pretends-a to be concerned-a. Izza
nosy old-a crow! Told-a me to
expect a Mr Terrence Skeerrow.

Hervé bounds in with a ball for Terry who goes to the door
and throws it as far up the garden as he can.

TERRY

Your English is very good.

ENRICO

Sank you. Self-a taught-a. Roberto
tells me iz old-fashioned-a. I
watched-a too many old-a films-a
'e says. "Passaporto to Pimlica",
"Zuh Titfield-a Zunderbolt-
a", "Eschool-a pour-a Scondrelles"
and so on and so force-a.

Enrico pours coffee.

TERRY

There is something quaint in the
way you speak.

ENRICO
 Quaint-a! Oui. Yes. Spiffing.
 Terrible accentta eh? Franco -
 Italiano - Ealingo - Comediano!

He laughs and leads Terry out into the garden.

EXT : CALENZANA, ENRICO'S GARDEN - DAY

Terry and Enrico sit at a table.

TERRY
 Roberto is your son? Roberto
 Barrattini?

ENRICO
 Si.

TERRY
 Does he, or has he ever, also
 called himself Bob Barratt?

Hervé brings the ball back to Terry.

ENRICO
 Ah oui, at Cambreej. Issa
 Professorri of Italiano.

TERRY
 It's Roberto I've come to see, but
 I thought he'd left Cambridge?

ENRICO
 As a student-a, si, long-a time
 ago. Mais, 'e returned-a zere
 since two years. After teaching in
 Pisa.

TERRY
 Yes. We traced him to Pisa, and
 one of his old colleagues gave us
 this address.

Terry throws the ball for Hervé.

ENRICO
 Are-a you a friend of-a Roberto?

TERRY
 No, I've never met him.

(beat)

I have some news for him. It's a family matter, so it's your news as well I suppose.

Terry opens his bag, takes out a photo album.

TERRY

I'll leave this with you. You'll understand.

He hands the album to Enrico.

TERRY

Maybe you could talk to Roberto then call me? I'm staying in Calvi, in the marina. I've rented a boat.

He produces a business card, "House Boat", writes his mobile phone number on it, puts it on the table.

Enrico opens the album.

The first picture is a copy of the photo of Bob Barratt and Carol dated 20 June 1991.

Opposite that is a photo of a baby dated March 30 1992

ENRICO

Sank-a you Meester Skeerrow-a, obligato.

Terry leaves.

EXT : CALVI MARINA - EVENING

Patricia stands on Terry's rented boat looking out to sea.

Terry brings drinks he looks at Patricia for a second.

TERRY

So, d'you like the idea of staying on a boat? Makes a change, eh?.

There's no response. He gives her a glass of wine.

TERRY

What happened in Orange after I left? Who are Pierre and Letitia?

PATRICIA

New friends, they drove me to the airport, better than a taxi.

TERRY

Something did happen, didn't it?

PATRICIA

Yes, the past happened. You know that adage "death and taxes always get you in the end" ? Well, there's a third. "Secrets".

She stops speaking, sips her wine, looks out to sea.

PATRICIA

What's he like, Sonnet's father?

TERRY

Haven't met him. I met his father, Enrico, a bit eccentric. I told you all about him. In the car.

PATRICIA

The car?

TERRY

From the airport? Patricia, I'm worried. You're not yourself.

PATRICIA

I'm not, you're right. I'm not.

She looks at Terry and downs her wine in one mouthful.

TERRY

Patricia!

PATRICIA

Terry, William wants a divorce because--

TERRY

Because he's not thinking straight.

PATRICIA

No, listen. About four months before Carol's death, and Sonnet's birth, William received a--

TERRY

A mysterious package. Yes, you told me, remember? On Easter Sunday. Sonnet had just been discharged from hospital. It was only three weeks ago.

PATRICIA

Ah yes, I told you. Well, it was from a lawyer in Angers.

TERRY

Angers?

PATRICIA

Northern France.

She pours another glass of wine.

TERRY

And?

PATRICIA

At the time, he said it concerned the death of a distant relative. There were a few documents.

(beat)

The thing is, Sonnet found the documents, or some of them, in Carol's "Tin of Secrets".

Patricia drinks the second glass of wine in one go.

TERRY

Patricia, this, I'm not following.

PATRICIA

William made a discovery through those documents, but before he could tell me there was that horrible time when...

She pours more wine; walks to the prow, looks out to sea.

TERRY

Carol died? Then William's strokes?

Terry joins her at the prow and puts his arm around her.

PATRICIA

Yes, and he couldn't tell me.
Literally, he couldn't talk
anymore. I think Joseph stole the
papers from William.

TERRY

I wouldn't put it past him, he
kept Carol's tin, after all, with
the letters from Bob Barratt.

PATRICIA

Somehow, the papers from Angers
ended up in the tin.

Patricia starts to sob. She downs the third glass of wine.

TERRY

Patricia, please...

PATRICIA

The papers wouldn't have made
sense to Joseph. But, when Sonnet
told me about them I was
intrigued. She scanned them and
sent them to me --

Her sobs rise to the edge of hysteria.

TERRY

Patricia, just tell me.

PATRICIA

The papers are the proof of--

TERRY

What? What do they prove?

PATRICIA

That William is my son.

Terry takes a step back.

TERRY

What?

The glass falls from Patricia's hand and into the water.

She leans over and watches. She falls.

Terry grabs her and pulls her to safety.

She screams and thrashes about. Terry slaps her face to calm her down. She sobs and then falls into a stupor.

INT : CALENZANA, ENRICO'S GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Another room stuffed with paintings. Patricia is in bed. Terry and Enrico watch as a DOCTOR gives her an injection

DOCTOR

She'll sleep. She's had a shock?

TERRY

Yes, I can't tell you about it but, well, it's bigger than the shock I gave Enrico.

DOCTOR

Ah, Enrico's secret belle-fille.

Enrico puffs out his chest, a proud grandfather. The three men leave the bedroom.

INT : CALENZANA, ENRICO'S FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

They walk down a staircase lined with paintings into the front room. The doctor leaves the house.

ENRICO

Oo izza your-a lady friend-a Terrence?

TERRY

Lady friend? Of course, with all the drama, I didn't tell you. She's Carol's mother.

ENRICO

Ah oui? Really?

TERRY

Sonnet's grandmother.

ENRICO

Zen she's my family. She must-a to stay-a here. Jolly goodda.

TERRY

Well, no, I don't want to impose. The boat isn't suitable for her, but I'll find a hotel tomorrow.

ENRICO

Beh non! She must-a stay here. I
insista old bean.

Terry laughs at this as he steps through the door.

TERRY

Okay old bean, for now. I'll be
back in the morning. Toodle-pip!

He gets into his car, Enrico is delighted.

ENRICO

Toodla-pippa? I don'ta know zis.
Je l'aime bien. Toodla-pippa!

EXT : CALENZANA, ENRICO'S GARDEN - MORNING

Patricia and Terry eat breakfast. Church bells call the
villagers to Sunday mass. The photo album is on the table.

Enrico is inside, they can hear him moving canvasses about
and talking to himself. Hervé sits at Patricia's feet.

TERRY

First time that dog's been still.

PATRICIA

He senses that I need calm.

TERRY

After the storm eh?

PATRICIA

What happened to me?

TERRY

You'd had a shock, and it hit hard
when you told me.

Patricia stands and takes a few steps. Hervé follows.

PATRICIA

Can't stay here, Terry, not
with...

She indicates Enrico in the house.

PATRICIA

He's too happy. He's had good news
and I've had...

TERRY

He wants to help. Especially now
he knows that you have Sonnet in
common.

Patricia hears Enrico inside. She walks further from the
house. Terry follows her.

PATRICIA

I really need time to think. It's
all too weird. Just work it out.
As William's mother and wife, I'm
Sonnet's grandmother and her
great-grandmother.

(beat)

Carol's mother and grandmother.

(beat)

William is Carol's father and
half-brother and he's also his
granddaughter's uncle.

TERRY

You are sure about...

PATRICIA

Yes! It all adds up. William came
to the same conclusion remember.

TERRY

As did your friends in Orange. It
seems probable, but, so long ago.

He throws a stone for Hervé.

PATRICIA

I abandoned my baby; I tried to
forget him, and then married him.
How could I not know? Incest!
That's why Carol died. Punishment.

Huge sobs rack her body. Terry tries to calm her.

Hervé runs to her, pushes his snout into her hand. She pets
the dog. Terry helps her back to her chair.

Enrico comes out at the sound of the commotion.

TERRY

Let me take you home?

PATRICIA

Home? No, I can't.

ENRICO

Can'ta go home-a? Stay here.

PATRICIA

No, I want...

ENRICO

Insisto. You and Hervé need-a each other. E's 'appy around you, and you're-a sane-a when e's-a close-a by-a.

PATRICIA

Sane! So, I'm insane without him?

ENRICO

In-a-dubitably!

Patricia smiles.

ENRICO

Reste ici. I know-a zat my art-a gallery eesa leettle disorganised. Mais, I 'ave a leettle maison. Come. See.

Enrico offers her his arm. She's reluctant, but walks with him and Hervé up the garden.

Terry follows them until his mobile phone rings. He walks back towards the main house.

PATRICIA

I haven't asked!

ENRICO

What it is?

PATRICIA

About Bob, Roberto. How he took the news.

ENRICO

Oh mais oui, my dear, 'e's ever so delighted.

They walk through an olive grove to a small stone cottage.

EXT : CALENZANA, MAISON DE MIMOSA - MORNING

ENRICO

'ere we are. "Maison de Mimosa".
It 'as everyzing. Roberto stays
here. 'E finds-a my 'ouse untidy.

PATRICIA

Does he now!

Enrico gives her a key with a flourish and a courtly bow.

ENRICO

Take a look-a. Take-a your time.
Toodla-pippa!

He walks away through the trees. Hervé stays with Patricia who stands in the shade of the heavy yellow blossom of the mimosa tree that stands at the corner of the cottage.

EXT : CALENZANA, ENRICO'S GARDEN - MORNING

Enrico talks to himself as he walks to the main house.

ENRICO

Must-a show her my leettle
Picasso, then she'll see zat I'm
serious.

Something occurs to him.

ENRICO

Mais, bien s^ur. I must-a. Zat's
'ow Roberto met Carol. Stupido!

This thought excites Enrico; he enters the house.

INT : CALENZANA, ENRICO'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - MORNING

Enrico rushes in.

ENRICO

Terrence?

He goes through to the front room.

ENRICO

You must-a help-a me to find...

INT : CALENZANA, ENRICO'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - MORNING

Terry shushes Enrico. He speak into the phone.

TERRY

Good, thank you. Could you just confirm the flight details?

He listens and writes on a piece of paper.

ENRICO

Flight?

Terry ends his call and turns to face Enrico.

TERRY

I have to leave. Flight at six fifteen this evening. Can Patricia stay here?

ENRICO

What's 'appened?

Terry closes the door that leads to the back of the house.

TERRY

Where is she?

ENRICO

At zuh petite maison.

TERRY

Can she stay here?

ENRICO

But of course. Tell me.

Terry rattles his car keys.

TERRY

Sonnet was attacked, Wednesday evening.

ENRICO

Mon Dieu. 'Ow she is?

TERRY

Four days ago. But, her texts and emails ... ?

He opens the front door.

ENRICO

I ask 'ow she is?

Something dawns on Terry.

TERRY

Whoever did it took her phone.

Enrico stands in front of Terry and demands his attention.

ENRICO

Terrence. 'Ow. She. Is?

TERRY

In hospital. William's in a nursing home. The live-in nurse was murdered. Sonnet was left for dead. She was, she was... Roberto!

ENRICO

'E called you? E's wiz 'er?

TERRY

Yes, he got my number from our lawyer. After you called him yesterday, he decided to visit her today.

ENRICO

Good, zat's good. But, 'e was going to go next week. You said-a Sonnetta was away. I told 'im zat.

TERRY

He was hoping that she'd get home sometime today. Eager to see her. But I, I got a text from her last night, it...

ENRICO

Ah, but it was not from 'er remember. What did Roberto find?

TERRY

An empty house. Police tape across the door. There was an incident phone number. He called them.

They hear a noise in the back room.

PATRICIA (O.S.)

Terry? Enrico?

TERRY
Don't tell her.

The door opens and Hervé bounds. Patricia follows.

PATRICIA
Hervé! Sit!

Hervé snaps into a smart sit at Patricia's ankle. Enrico ushers them both back into the kitchen.

ENRICO
Come, come, encore un café and you
can-a tell-a me what's wrong-a wiz
zuh petite maison and-a why you
won't-a stay.

They leave the room.

Enrico turns at the door and makes a calming gesture to Terry. Terry takes some deep breaths.

Enrico follows Patricia and Hervé into the kitchen.

PATRICIA (O.S.)
Well, actually it's charming. I
suppose I could...

ENRICO (O.S.)
Is-a really too small-a. I know,
and Hervé would-a insist-a on
staying zere wiz you...

PATRICIA (O.S.)
Well, he might...

Terry half listens then pushes open the kitchen door.

INT : CALENZANA, ENRICO'SHOUSE, KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - MORNING

Terry enters. Patricia feeds Hervé, Enrico washes pots.

TERRY
You look like you belong here.

ENRICO
Non. Is no good. She sinks-a zat
zuh petite maison is too small-a.

PATRICIA
I didn't say that.

ENRICO

She should-a go 'ome. 'Er 'ealth,
'er family, she must-a...

This alarms Terry.

PATRICIA

Nonsense. I'll make my own
decisions. I can stay away as long
as I like. Now, the rent...

ENRICO

Non! No rent-a. Mais Hervé stays-a
wiz you.

Patricia smiles and looks at the dog who worships at her
feet. Patricia and Enrico shake hands on the deal.

TERRY

Well, that sounds good because I
think I'll go home.

Patricia is suspicious.

PATRICIA

Who called?

ENRICO

It-a wassa Sonnetta.

PATRICIA

Sonnet! It was Sonnet?

TERRY

Yes, I, she, we were cut off
before I could call you.

ENRICO

I was just-a about-a to say "Allo"
to my new belle-fille and zut! Cut
off.

PATRICIA

Well, I haven't spoken to her
since I left home, a week
tomorrow.

ENRICO

Oh, a week! Is-a not-a long-a,
quand même. I zink maybe she's-a
nervous about-a meeting-a Roberto,
eh Terrence? What?

Terry catches onto Enrico's thinking.

TERRY

Yes. She wants one of us to be there, with her and William, when Roberto visits.

PATRICIA

But I...

TERRY

And after, well, you know, your news, I...

Patricia nods, she appreciates his discretion.

TERRY

Anyway, I have a flight booked, Roberto'll meet me at Gatwick and I'll take him to meet Sonnet.

PATRICIA

So quick. You leaving.

ENRICO

Tout à fait. Jolly good-a. Alors, let us install-a you into-a your petite maison, my dear.

PATRICIA

My things ?

TERRY

All here. They were still in the car when you were taken ill.

He holds out his arms for Patricia. They hug.

TERRY

I'm going to pack up at the boat and drive straight to Bastia Airport. Don't worry.

Enrico makes a 'phone me' gesture. Terry nods.

EXT : CALVI MARINA - DAY

Terry makes a call as he walks along the marina from the car to his rented boat. He boards and goes below decks.

INT : CALVI MARINA, MAIN CABIN OF TERRY'S RENTED BOAT - DAY

Terry starts to pack. A man steps out of the bathroom. He stabs Terry in the neck. Terry grabs at the wound.

TERRY

Shit!

He turns to see Joseph who backs away from him.

TERRY

You?

He looks at his hand.

JOSEPH

No. There's no blood.

Joseph waves a syringe at Terry. Terry tries to attack Joseph but stumbles and slumps onto the sofa.

JOSEPH

Mivacron.

TERRY

Miva ... crrrrghnn ... ?

He's immobilised, eyes closed.

JOSEPH

Paralyses you. Even your eyes,
tongue and facial muscles.

Joseph tapes Terry's eyes open.

JOSEPH

Pity that. I'd like to hear you
beg. But you can see and hear.

Joseph fixes up an intravenous drip.

JOSEPH

This'll keep you topped-up.

Joseph searches Terry's pockets and finds his mobile phone.

JOSEPH

Wonder how I kept tabs on you?

He pulls another mobile out of his own pocket and waves it in Terry's face. It is Sonnet's distinctive pink iPhone.

JOSEPH

I was even on the same flight as the old witch yesterday morning. A lucky coincidence. But I already knew you were here.

Terry's taped-open eyes flash anger. Joseph notices.

JOSEPH

Not so tough now, eh?

He unrolls a set of surgical instruments.

JOSEPH

You once said something about skinning me alive and feeding me to a hungry dog? Well, guess what?

He cuts Terry's clothes off. He searches the pockets, the note with Terry's flight details, looks at his watch.

JOSEPH

Quarter past six from Bastia?

He searches in Terry's hand luggage, finds his passport, looks at the photo and caresses his goatee beard.

Terry's phone rings. Joseph ignores it.

JOSEPH

Pity. I'll have to shave. First I need a hungry dog. Plenty of those around the port. Let's take a taster for them.

He cuts a lump of flesh from Terry's thigh, wipes his hands, looks at Terry's phone and presses some buttons.

JOSEPH

Whoever it was left a message.

ROBERTO (V.O. FILTERED)

Terry? Roberto here. I got your message. Gatwick at eleven-thirty; Flight BA6773 from Bastia. I'll be there.

Joseph connects his mp3 to the television, leaves the boat. Terry watches Sonnet's rape, can't move or close his eyes.

SUPERIMPOSE : JOHN RADCLIFFE HOSPITAL, OXFORD, UK.

INT : OXFORD, HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

Rain pours down outside. Sonnet is in bed. Bruises cover her face; her right eye is swollen shut.

ROBERTO BARRATTINI, aged 39, sits next to the bed. He and Sonnet are awkward, ill at ease with each other. Roberto speaks excellent, barely-accented, English.

SONNET

This should've been our big day.

ROBERTO

I know. It'll be better when you see Terry.

SONNET

Yeah, I can't wait. I thought that he might not get a flight today, it being a Sunday. It'll be great to, I mean, you're here, and...

ROBERTO

I understand. But he arrives late. He'll visit in the morning.

SONNET

Where's Nan?

ROBERTO

She's staying with my dad.

SONNET

Does she know what happened?

ROBERTO

No.

SONNET

Will she be safe there? Father, Joseph, wants to kill us all.

ROBERTO

We're all safe. No sign of Joseph.

SONNET

Something's not right. I'm sure he knows where Nan is. There's something I wish I could remember.

ROBERTO

Fancy a short walk along the corridor before lunch? Then you must rest, doctor's orders.

SONNET

Good idea. I need to move.

Roberto helps her, they walk side by side.

ROBERTO

I'm going to meet William this afternoon, before I go to the airport.

SONNET

He's so upset.

ROBERTO

That's understandable.

SONNET

Terry'll kill Joseph.

She hooks her arm in Roberto's elbow.

INT : CALVI MARINA, MAIN CABIN OF TERRY'S RENTED BOAT - DAY

Joseph enters the cabin. Terry remains immobilised. Sonnet's dead eyes stare out from the television screen.

Joseph taps the drip. The bag is still half-full. He unplugs his mp3 player from the television.

JOSEPH

Enjoy the entertainment?

Terry's taped-open eyes are red and dry despite his tears. He can't blink. Joseph speaks with mock-concern.

JOSEPH

Eyes sore? Some soothing eye drops maybe? Oh! I know...

Joseph pushes the knuckles of one hand into his mouth, giggles as he uses the scalpel in his other hand to slice open Terry's staring eyeballs.

Eye fluid pours down Terry's face.

JOSEPH

Now, what comes before feeding you
to a dog? Oh yes, I need to skin
you alive.

He uses the scalpel to peel back areas of Terry's skin and makes some deeper cuts.

He enjoys himself, and then he opens the door to the deck.

JOSEPH

Here boy, come here.

A large, lean dog enters. Joseph feeds him raw flesh. He leaves the dog with Terry and goes into the bathroom.

EXT : CALVI MARINA, CAFÉ - DAY

Joseph, now clean-shaven, sits at a table with BEPPÉ GAVIANO, 25. They have a language problem.

Beppé signs with his arms raised "using a rifle". Joseph glances around, slams Beppé's arms down, puts a thumb up and nods "yes".

Joseph stands. He hands Beppé an envelope. Beppé makes a gesture with his fingers "where's the money". Joseph makes the universal "call me" gesture.

Joseph steps to a waiting taxi. He looks back at Beppé in the cafe as he drives away and signs "call me" again.

Beppé makes a "fuck you" gesture to the departing taxi. He opens the envelope and takes out a photo of Patricia.

EXT : CALENZANA, MAISON DE MIMOSA - EVENING

Patricia and Hervé sit at table outside the door. Enrico walks up from the main house with a carafe of rosé.

ENRICO

A leetle night-a cap-a. You are
certain zat you've 'ad enough-a to
eat-a?

PATRICIA

Bread, cheese, olives and now
rosé. What more could I want on
such a lovely evening?

They sit in companionable silence for a few seconds.

ENRICO

My farzer died-a on zis doorstep.

PATRICIA

Goodness! Recently?

ENRICO

No, no. October zuh zurty-first-a,
nineteen and forty-zree.

As Enrico speaks the hill behind and above Maison de Mimosa transforms into October 1943. Enrico and Patricia sit, as they were, a small island of 2010 in the backdrop of 1943.

EXT : CALENZANA, HILL BEHIND MAISON DE MIMOSA, 1943 - EVENING

A GROUP OF SOLDIERS patrols the top of the hill.

EXT : CALEZANA, MAISON DE MIMOSA, 1943 / 2010 - EVENING

ENRICO

Zis cottage was-a broken. A ruin.
Mes grandparents leaved in zuh
main 'ouse-a wiz my aunt, 'er
'usband, zeir children et moi.

PATRICIA

Your parents?

ENRICO

Separated. My farzer was among zuh
Free French Forces 'oo liberated
la Corse.

Enrico watches as a soldier leaves the group and walks towards the ruin.

ENRICO

'e 'ad been-a wiz zuh résistance
en France, bee-fore joining zuh
Free French.

He watches the soldier draw close. Patricia doesn't see the actions in 1943, she watches Enrico as he talks.

Behind her Maison de Mimosa is the ruin of 1943.

ENRICO

Zis was 'is parent's farm.

PATRICIA

What happened?

The soldier reaches the ruin, face heavily disguised with camouflage paint. He stands next to Enrico at the door.

ENRICO

Zuh 'igh Command told-a zuh Free
French zat zis area was-a secure.
My farzer sought it was-a safe to
visit-a zuh farm. Mais, non.

Somebody shoots the soldier. He is hit, but shoots whoever was hiding in the derelict cottage and kills him.

ENRICO

'e lay, mortally wounded-a. My
grandfarzer came out of ze 'ouse.

In October 1943, there are no olive trees between the ruin and the main house. The door of the main house opens. A man, HENRI BARRATTINI, 52, looks out.

SOLDIER/ENRICO'S FATHER

Papa! C'est moi.

Enrico's Grandfather runs to the soldier, his son. He props him in the doorway of the derelict cottage.

Enrico watches the 1943 scene. He remembers. Patricia watches him in 2010, she's caught up in his story.

HENRI BARRATTINI

Mon fils.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) Henri cradles his son's head as he dies.
- B) The rest of the FAMILY, two WOMEN, a group of CHILDREN, arrive at the ruin.
- C) They mill around Patricia and Enrico like ghosts. Patricia is unaware of them, Enrico smiles at them.
- D) The woman and some of the children cry.
- E) A SMALL BOY, the child Enrico, steps forward.

F) Henri takes his son's dog tag, gives it to his grandson.

G) The child places it around his neck.

H) The background of 1943 fades.

I) Enrico touches the dog tag at his neck.

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS.

PATRICIA

So sad.

Enrico looks at the spot, next to him on the step, where his father died. It is as if he still sees him.

Then he looks at his watch.

ENRICO

Terrence will be-a landing at-a
Gat-a-wick-a soon.

He stands and steps towards the cottage door.

ENRICO

May I show-a you somesing?

PATRICIA

Of course.

He enters the cottage, she follows him.

EXT : LONDON, GATWICK AIRPORT, CAR PARK - NIGHT

Roberto leads Joseph/Terry to a car. They run through the heavy rain. Joseph/Terry looks at Roberto's back with hate then smiles to Roberto's face when he turns around.

INT : LONDON, CAR - NIGHT

Roberto drives out of the airport complex and joins a motorway heading west. Rain heaves, the sky is dark.

ROBERTO

A pity that you couldn't have
stayed longer with Papa.

JOSEPH/TERRY

Yes.

ROBERTO
He's a little eccentric. No?

JOSEPH/TERRY
No.

ROBERTO
Oh, you didn't find him so?

Joseph/Terry does not respond. Roberto tries again.

ROBERTO
He and Patricia seem to get on.
Good company for each other.

JOSEPH/TERRY
(whispers) Not for long.

He smirks as he looks out of the window.

His lips move as he mouths things to himself in silence.

ROBERTO
Terry?

Joseph/Terry realises that Roberto expects a response to something that he has said.

JOSEPH/TERRY
Sorry?

ROBERTO
I said, I'm glad that Patricia
stayed with Papa. She can tell him
all about Sonnet.

Joseph/Terry stifles a laugh and affects a sad face.

JOSEPH/TERRY
Yes.

They drive on in silence. Joseph watches the passing landscape; they are out of town.

He slips a knife out of a pocket and folds his arms to hide the knife from Roberto. He breaks the silence.

JOSEPH/TERRY
You seem remarkably calm about
this whole situation.

ROBERTO

Yes? I do? Well, I suppose I am in a little shock.

Joseph smiles and nods to himself.

ROBERTO

It's not everyday that one gains a grown-up daughter. She's beautiful. Just like her mother.

JOSEPH/TERRY

Beautiful?

ROBERTO

You never knew Carol did you?

JOSEPH/TERRY

Yes, I...

ROBERTO

But, didn't you start work for the family after William became ill?

Joseph touches his shaven chin.

JOSEPH/TERRY

Photographs. I meant I've seen photos of Carol. They're all over the house.

ROBERTO

So, you know just how much Sonnet looks like her mother?

JOSEPH/TERRY

Looked like.

ROBERTO

Well, yes, of course. The bruises. But they'll soon fade.

Joseph withdraws into himself. He's puzzled. He slips the knife back into his pocket.

INT : ENRICO'S GARDEN, MAISON DE MIMOSA, SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Enrico stands in front of a wall of black and white photos.

ENRICO

Zuh big house-a and zuh land-a was mine after my grandparents died.

Enrico points to a 1920's photo of a couple.

ENRICO

I lived many years in Italia wiz my aunt. 'Er 'usband was Italian. Zey simply absorbed-a me into zeir brood-a of nine-a children.

He points to photos of large family groups 1940's/50's.

PATRICIA

Nine!

ENRICO

Yes. Si. I 'ad a very 'appy child'ood. And Sonnetta 'as a lot of cousins to meet-a. Some are 'er age. Voyez.

Enrico points to some more recent photos.

INT : M40, EAST OF OXFORD, CAR - NIGHT

Joseph/Terry notices something about the route.

JOSEPH/TERRY

This isn't the way to the house.

ROBERTO

No. I promised that I'd drive you straight to the hospital.

JOSEPH/TERRY

Ah yes. To the chapel of rest?

ROBERTO

What?

JOSEPH/TERRY

She ... ?

ROBERTO

Ah! Oh my God Terry. I said that she was "left for dead", not that she was dead. Oh God, it must have been a bad line. Fuck! I'm so sorry.

JOSEPH/TERRY

She's ...?

ROBERTO

She's alive. Shit! Papa, and
Patricia. Must call them ...

JOSEPH/TERRY

She's? Alive?

ROBERTO

Yes! she was "left for dead", but
she, god, she somehow managed to
crawl to William's room. There was
oxygen there and an alarm button
to a response service. She ...

JOSEPH/TERRY

Alive?

ROBERTO

Yes! William was in the bathroom.
He was unhurt.

Joseph looks out of the window; his features agitated.

ROBERTO

Their nurse was murdered.

JOSEPH/TERRY

William?

ROBERTO

At a nursing home near Banbury.

JOSEPH/TERRY

What has Sonnet said?

ROBERTO

Enough. It was Joseph.

INT : CALENZANA, MAISON DE MIMOSA, SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Patricia and Enrico look at the photo gallery.

PATRICIA

These photos are better organised
than your art gallery.

ENRICO

Oui, mais ce n'est pas moi.
Roberto made-a zis photographic-a
display-a for me. Since four
years. After Agnèthe died. Look,
'ere she is with bambino Roberto.

He points to a photograph of a woman and infant.

ENRICO

E'll be a good-a papa my Roberto.

INT : HEADINGTON, OXFORD, CAR - NIGHT

Signs direct Roberto to the hospital car park.

ROBERTO

Nearly there. I promised to pop in
with you, in case she's awake. She
really wants to see you.

JOSEPH/TERRY

At this time?

ROBERTO

I'm sure she'll be asleep. But we
have rooms in a local guest house.
We can visit her after breakfast
tomorrow.

Joseph opens the car door whilst the car is in motion.

He pulls out his knife.

ROBERTO

Terry!

JOSEPH/TERRY

I can't. I can't

Joseph/Terry lunges with the knife at Roberto's throat. He
misses but slices through his cheek. He rolls out of the
car. Roberto stops the car. His cheek gushes blood.

He gets out of the car. The heavy rain washes the blood
from his cheek. Reveals a deep gash.

Joseph, a few yards away under a streetlamp, looks back.

ROBERTO

Terry!

Joseph runs away, he dodges into an adjacent street.

INT : CALENZANA, MAISON DE MIMOSA, SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Enrico points to a series of photos of the cottage.

ENRICO

I came-a back 'ere in 1960, and
restored-a zis cottage. To feel-a
close-a to my farzer.

(beat)

I sink zat 'e would-a like you.

PATRICIA

You can't know that. You didn't
even know him yourself.

ENRICO

C'est vrai. Mais, zere are many
ways to know people. Ze instincts
of ze emotions are very strong-a.
Some'ow I do know 'im. And-a now I
know you. I tell-a you zat he
would 'ave liked-a you.

(beat)

It iss a feeling inna my bones.
Why we don't-a takes some flowers
to 'is-a grave-a tomorrow?

PATRICIA

I'd like that.

ENRICO

Enjoy-a your first-a night-a in
Maison de Mimosa. Dormez bien.

PATRICIA

I'm sure I will. I might even
paint tomorrow. The colours and
the bright sunshine are just
wonderful.

She and Hervé stand at the door and watch as Enrico walks
down through the olive grove to the main house.

INT : OXFORD, HOSPITAL, CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SONNET'S WARD - DAY

A POLICEMAN stands guard at the door.

DETECTIVE ANGELA ROGERS talks to Stephen Edwards.

Behind them, through the glass wall, they watch as Roberto talks to Sonnet.

DETECTIVE ROGERS

We're fairly certain it was Joseph Adams disguised as Terry.

STEPHEN

How's Sonnet taken the news?

DETECTIVE ROGERS

Doesn't know. She thinks that Terry missed his flight. She's disappointed that he's not here.

They walk along the corridor to a drink machine.

STEPHEN

Not surprising. He's brother, uncle, father, best friend rolled into one. But, where is he? He's not answering his phone.

DETECTIVE ROGERS

Mmm. That's worrying. The Corsican police are on to it.

Roberto joins them.

ROBERTO

She's eating breakfast now. But she's suspicious about Terry.

DETECTIVE ROGERS

The police guard and the cut on your face may have alerted her.

ROBERTO

Told her that I fell. I hate to start our relationship with lies and secrets. But the doctor...

STEPHEN

There's so much we don't know ourselves yet. Why worry her?

ROBERTO

I know. Father and Patricia?

DETECTIVE ROGERS
 They'll be okay. The Calvi police
 are probably already at your
 father's house.

A police constable arrives with a note for the detective.

ROBERTO
 Good. Thanks. I'll just go back to
 Sonnet. To my daughter.

DETECTIVE ROGERS
 Enjoy. You've got a lot of
 catching up to do.

Roberto leaves them. Rogers hands Stephen the note.

DETECTIVE ROGERS
 Terry Skirrow was found dead this
 morning. Murdered.

EXT : CALENZANA, ENRICO'S GARDEN - MORNING

Patricia arrives at the door to the kitchen/dining room
 with a bunch of flowers. Hervé is with her.

PATRICIA
 I went shopping this morning, for
 your father's grave.

ENRICO
 Splendid! You 'avva decided to
 stay. Excéllent. Et les fleurs are
 simply delight-a-ful.

Enrico tugs a battered straw trilby down onto his curls and
 picks up an olive-wood cane and a small backpack.

PATRICIA
 As I'm staying a place sacred to
 his memory I'd like to visit him.

ENRICO
 Jolly good-a. On y va!

Patricia, Enrico and Hervé set off and are well out of
 earshot as the phone rings in Enrico's front room.

EXT : CALENZANA, VILLAGE STREETS - MORNING

Many people greet Enrico as he walks through the village. He is well-known. A local character.

Hervé stays by Patricia's heel until they reach a dusty track where he picks up and offers her a stick.

EXT : CALENZANA, THE DUSTY TRACK - MORNING

Trees line one side of most of the track. In the bright sunshine, they provide welcome shade for the walkers. On the first tree, a sign says "Cimitière".

ENRICO

Always we play wiz sticks on zis walk. Eh, Hervé?

Patricia throws the stick; Hervé collects and fetches it.

EXT : CALENZANA, HILLSIDE ABOVE THE DUSTY TRACK - MORNING

Beppé hides and watches Patricia, Enrico and Hervé.

EXT : CALENZANA, THE DUSTY TRACK - MORNING

Hervé's throw and fetch game continues throughout.

ENRICO

Alora. Roberto and Carol?

PATRICIA

What do you mean?

ENRICO

You 'ave not asked-a yourself-a 'ow zey met?

PATRICIA

I thought we'd ask Roberto.

ENRICO

I know.

PATRICIA

Should be able to ask him soon.

ENRICO

Non, no, no. I mean I know-a 'ow
it wassa zat zey met. Roberto
wassa looking-a for you.

PATRICIA

For me?

ENRICO

Yes! For-a me.

PATRICIA

For you?

ENRICO

No! 'E wassa looking-a for you for
me. Zat is, on my be'alf. After I
read-a about you in a magazine.
Zuh "trompe l'oiel expert".

PATRICIA

But why did you want to find me?

ENRICO

Simple. I have a Picasso.

Patricia stops in her tracks. Enrico carries on walking.

PATRICIA

A Picasso?

ENRICO

Oh, issa small-a composition. From
ze 1930's when 'e experiment-a wiz
trompe l'oiel effects in Provence.

PATRICIA

You have a Picasso!

Enrico stops and waits for her to catch up.

ENRICO

Si, si. Beh oui, I know zat most-a
of my collection is what? Rubbish.
Si. But I do 'ave a Picasso.

Enrico throws the stick for Hervé. They walk on.

ENRICO

Zuh magazine said zat you ...

PATRICIA

Picasso said that art "washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life". Oh, to see a Picasso! For my dusty soul...

ENRICO

Splendid. Splendid. I show-a you later. If I can-a find it.

PATRICIA

If you can find it!

ENRICO

Issa inna my gallery.

PATRICIA

We need to get that place sorted.

ENRICO

Oui. But, zuh magazine, it said zat you studied-a trompe l'oeil, en Provence, before zuh war.

PATRICIA

Yes, I lived there for about a year. What has all this to do with Roberto meeting Carol?

Enrico takes a bottle of water and a plastic cup from his bag. He pours some water in his palm for Hervé.

ENRICO

I sent-a to 'im a photo of-a my Picasso and zuh magazine article. 'E wassa inna Cambreej.

Patricia, then Enrico drinks some water.

PATRICIA

And he came to find me?

ENRICO

Oui, mais, apparemment 'e found-a Carol instead.

Enrico re-packs the water and they walk on.

EXT : CALENZANA, HILLSIDE ABOVE THE DUSTY TRACK - MORNING

Through the cross hairs of his rifle sight Beppé watches Patricia, Enrico and Hervé stop for a drink.

The trees stop Beppé from lining up a clear shot. He pans the rifle sight ahead of the walkers and sees a significant gap in the line of trees. He pans back to them. He waits.

EXT : CALENZANA, THE DUSTY TRACK - MORNING

Patricia throws a stick for Hervé.

PATRICIA

I'm glad that Carol had a love affair. Joseph didn't make her happy.

ENRICO

Forget 'im. Sonnetta 'as a new farzer and a second grandfarzer. And-a you too 'ave new friends.

Hervé returns with the stick, holds it to Patricia's hand.

PATRICIA

Yes, and I've never had a dog before. I know that he's yours...

ENRICO

No, 'e's yours. 'E 'as chosen you.

Patricia smiles, puts her head down and fusses Hervé.

PATRICIA

Something happened. Something I'm ashamed of. Something I tried to keep secret for years. I can't tell you. Well, not yet. But I told Hervé everything last night, he licked my tears away. Then I slept like a baby.

ENRICO

Ha, yes. Zuh best psychiatrist-a is a puppy licking-a your-a face.

Patricia throws the stick. Hervé chases it. They reach the end of the line of trees.

EXT : CALENZANA, HILLSIDE ABOVE THE DUSTY TRACK - MORNING

The cross hairs focus just in front of the last tree.

EXT: CALENZANA, THE DUSTY TRACK - MORNING

Patricia watches as Hervé fetches his stick. He stops, cocks his head at a noise, runs back towards the village.

PATRICIA

Hervé! Viens! Come here!

EXT : CALENZANA, HILLSIDE ABOVE THE DUSTY TRACK - MORNING

Beppé hears Patricia's shout. He pans the rifle sight back and sees Patricia and Enrico obscured, in part, by the trees, as they look back towards the village.

He pans further and sees Hervé as he greets another dog.

EXT : CALENZANA, THE DUSTY TRACK - MORNING

Patricia and Enrico watch as Hervé runs towards them with KITTY, a very elegant dalmation.

ENRICO

Ah! 'Is girlfriend, Kitty. Où est ton Papa, Kee-Kee?

Kitty turns and runs towards the village pursued by Hervé. Enrico and Patricia wait at the edge of the trees.

EXT : CALENZANA, HILLSIDE ABOVE THE DUSTY TRACK - MORNING

Through binoculars Beppé sees Patricia and Enrico stop at the edge of the trees.

He pans towards the village and sees the dogs.

He pans further and sees, GERARD GINOUX, a portly police officer aged 45, who runs towards Patricia and Enrico.

BEPPÉ

Merde! Ginoux.

He checks on Patricia and Enrico once more. Now they sit on a low wall, just clear of the trees.

BEPPÉ

Beh oui.

He picks up his rifle, and aims at Patricia's head.

EXT : CALENZANA, THE DUSTY TRACK - MORNING

Patricia and Enrico sit and wait for the dogs.

ENRICO

Kitty and 'er Papa sometimes-a zey
walk wiz us. 'E will catch up.

PATRICIA

Here they come!

Hervé and Kitty skitter to a stop at Patricia's feet.

EXT : CALENZANA, HILLSIDE ABOVE DUSTY TRACK - MORNING

Beppé has Patricia's head in his sights. His trigger finger
begins to pull the trigger.

EXT : CALENZANA, THE DUSTY TRACK - MORNING

Patricia bends down, greets Kitty.

A sharp retort reverberates across the valley. A small puff
of dust kicks up in front of Patricia. Nothing alarming.

But both dogs yelp and run towards the village.

EXT : CALENZANA, HILLSIDE ABOVE THE DUSTY TRACK - MORNING

Through his rifle sight, Beppé sees the cloud of dust where
his bullet hits the dusty track.

BEPPÉ

Merde!

He sees Enrico glance up towards him; he moves a hundred
metres to another well-camouflaged spot.

He watches them through his binoculars.

SERIES OF SHOTS: BEPPE'S P.O.V.

A) Patricia sits on the wall; she looks for the dogs.

- B) Enrico walks towards Ginoux who bends, puts his hands on his knees, and catches his breath.
- C) Enrico and Ginoux talk. The policeman's gestures animate his unheard speech. His urgency evident to Beppé.
- D) Patricia gets off the wall and walks towards the men.
- E) Enrico talks to her; she grasps her chest and falls.

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS : BEPPE'S P.O.V.

Beppé stands and walks away.

BEPPÉ

Putain!

He hears the wail of an ambulance as it heads to the scene.

EXT. LONDON, GATWICK AIRPORT - DAY

Stephen Grogan watches from the lounge. A plane stands on the runway. The last of the passengers walk through the tunnel linking the plane to the terminal.

On the tarmac, the baggage trolleys have collected the last of the suitcases.

A coffin is unloaded.

An airport official joins Stephen.

AIRPORT OFFICIAL

Mr Edwards. I can take you to be
with Mrs Templar now. Please
follow me.

They leave the lounge.

INT : "CLOVER" PRIVATE NURSING HOME, PATRICIA'S ROOM - DAY

Patricia emerges from her bathroom. She wears a towelling robe and her hair is wet. She towels it. A MAID arranges her clothes in the wardrobe.

MAID

Everything's unpacked Mrs Templar.
Would you like some tea?

PATRICIA

Thank you, and yes, please.

MAID
Mr Henry would like to join you.

PATRICIA
Of course. It's been ten days.

MAID
A happy reunion!

PATRICIA
Yes. A reunion.

The maid leaves.

Patricia sits at the dressing table, brushes her long hair.

She looks at the photographs that the maid unpacked: her and William at their wedding; William with baby Carol; and William in his wheelchair with baby Sonnet.

She turns the wedding photograph face down. She closes her eyes. In her mind's eye she sees the face...

BEGIN FLASHBACK :

SUPERIMPOSE : ORANGE, AUGUST 1939

EXT : ORANGE, STREET - EARLY MORNING

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) . . . of her three-month old baby as she carries him.
- B) She kisses him; he suckles on the tip of her nose.
- C) She puts his basket on the steps of Pascal's café.
- D) She places something in the basket next to the baby.
- E) She watches him. She cries. She smiles.

YOUNG PATRICIA
Just like your brother.

She leaves.

END FLASHBACK.

INT : BANBURY, "CLOVER" NURSING HOME, PATRICIA'S ROOM - DAY

Patricia looks into the mirror.

The reflection she sees is of her younger self, tears on her cheeks, hands across her breasts as if they ache.

She blinks. She sees her present self in the mirror. Tears on her cheeks. Hands across her breasts as if they ache.

There's a knock at the door.

PATRICIA

Yes?

MAID (O.S.)

Tea.

PATRICIA

Come in.

The maid arranges the tea table at the window and leaves.

Patricia sees an envelope propped against the side of the mirror. She opens it and slips out some of the contents - photographs of Hervé and of Maison de Mimosa.

She starts to look at each photo. A knock on the door interrupts her. She walks window and looks out.

PATRICIA

Come in.

She sees a momentary flash on her mind's eye of the basket containing her son as she saw it from her hiding place after she had placed it on the doorstep of Pascal's café in August 1939. She whispers his name.

PATRICIA

Guillaume.

She turns around to greet her husband. A male orderly wheels him to the tea table.

PATRICIA

William.

The orderly leaves. William looks up at her, his face blank. She doesn't know what to say.

Then a deep sob wracks his body, his shoulders heave. He leans towards her. Patricia sits next to him and holds him. She gently rests his head on her chest and kisses the top of it.

She rocks him.

PATRICIA

I shouldn't have left you; I
shouldn't have gone away.

EXT : CALENZANA, MAISON DE MIMOSA - DAY

The cottage door is open, Enrico steps out and tips water from a vase. Hervé wags his tail.

He walks up the hill and fills the vase with lavender as Hervé gambols around him. They walk back to the cottage. Hervé runs in front, eager to get to the cottage.

He stops and looks at the now half-closed door. He growls.

Enrico catches up with Hervé who slowly advances on the cottage. His hackles up. Enrico notices the door.

ENRICO

Il y a quelqu'un ? Somebody zere ?
Hello ?

The door opens Beppé steps out rifle pointed at Enrico.

ENRICO

Non!

Hervé jumps at Beppé who shifts his aim and shoots the dog mid-air. Hervé's full weight hits Beppé, he stumbles and drops his rifle.

Enrico picks it up, takes a few steps away from Beppé.

ENRICO

Hervé? Hervé! Non!

He takes aim at Beppé who runs away. Enrico shoots once, misses. The recoil knocks him off his feet.

He crawls to Hervé and cradles the dog's limp head.

He hears shouts and looks down towards his house. Kitty runs up the hill, closely followed by Gérard Ginoux.

ENRICO

Il est mort. Hervé est mort!

Kitty licks Hervé who appears dead. Then he whimpers.

ENRICO

Tu vis! Tu vis!

Kitty checks Hervé all over and then concentrates on his shoulder. He has a small flesh wound.

Ginoux reaches the cottage and picks something up from the ground. He hands it to Enrico. The bullet casing matches the one found on the dusty path.

GINOUX

C'était un jeune voyou de Calvi,
Beppé Gaviano. Je le reconnu.

He speaks into his radio. Enrico walks towards the house, followed by Hervé who limps along guarded by Kitty.

INT : BANBURY, "CLOVER" NURSING HOME, PATRICIA'S ROOM - DAY

William has calmed down. Patricia holds his hand.

Stephen Edwards arrives and shares their tea.

STEPHEN EDWARDS

I contacted Terry's uncle and
cousin, told them the funeral's
the day after tomorrow. Well, they
were sorry, of course. But they
didn't know him. They send their
condolences.

PATRICIA

Not coming?

STEPHEN

No. I told them that we'd see to
everything.

PATRICIA

Yes, yes. That's what we want
isn't it William. He was like our
s... he was family.

(beat)

Terry tried to stop Joseph. I said
"leave him, Terry. Let him go."

Stephen stands and paces.

STEPHEN

We'll need to discuss the house.
Sonnet doesn't want to go back
there. Ever. Nor William.

PATRICIA

Me either. We'll sell it. It's not
home anymore.

(beat)

It's been a false home.

STEPHEN

False?

Patricia holds William's face between her hands.

PATRICIA

William, I know.

William's eyes widen then he frowns.

PATRICIA

Guillaume Henri Florens,
illegitimate son of Pascal de la
Tour and...

William shakes his head and raises a finger to her lips.

STEPHEN

Who?

PATRICIA

William?

William and Patricia look into each other's eyes; explore
each other's face as if for the first time.

Stephen turns away. He sees the photographs of the cottage
on the dressing table and idly flicks through them.

He breaks the silence.

STEPHEN

As your solicitor, my opinion is
neutral, but as your friend, I
can't believe that you two are
getting divorced.

PATRICIA

Oh, we have to, don't we William?

William smiles at her and nods.

PATRICIA

We'll always have a home together.

Patricia and William beam at each other.

STEPHEN

It's beyond me. This the cottage?

He holds the photographs up. Patricia looks round.

PATRICIA

Yes! Enrico must have slipped them
into my suitcase.

Stephen passes them to her. She shows them to William.

Stephen notices something else in the envelope.

STEPHEN

There's another envelope.

(reads out loud)

"The photos of your petite maison
and your dog will keep your heart
grounded. And here's my Picasso to
keep your soul dust-free."

PATRICIA

What? His Picasso! He found it.

She stands and takes the smaller envelope from Stephen.

She slips the painting out. She takes a brief look at it
then holds it close to her chest. She whispers to herself:

PATRICIA

Oh no, Oh no, Enrico, it's just
piled on yet more dust.

EXT : BANBURY, "CLOVER" NURSING HOME - DAY

Terry's funeral cortège pulls away from the nursing home.

A WOMAN watches the cars leave. She walks after them for a
few yards, stops, blows her nose and wipes her tears.

Joseph hides and watches. He takes advantage of the woman's
distraction, sneaks into the nursing home and past the
empty reception desk.

INT : MOURNER'S CAR - DAY

Patricia, William, Roberto, Sonnet and Stephen sit in silence. Sonnet speaks, she's tearful.

SONNET

So few of us to remember him.
And he died alone.

ROBERTO

The doctors say he was unconscious
before he even landed in the
water. He didn't suffer.

He hugs Sonnet.

PATRICIA

I told him the boat was dangerous.
I nearly fell overboard.

She looks out of the window; William has his eyes closed. Roberto catches Stephen's eye he shakes his head in secret collusion over Terry's death. Stephen nods in agreement.

ROBERTO

I measure friendship by quality,
not quantity.

Sonnet nods.

SONNET

Matron's laying on a buffet for
Terry followed by a celebratory
carpet bowls competition - "The
Terry Skirrow Cup"

ROBERTO

Carpet bowls?

STEPHEN

Indoor boules. Whenever William
stayed here, Terry would visit. He
organised all sorts of activities
for the residents.

Sonnet laughs.

SONNET

Inmates he called them!

INT : BANBURY, "CLOVER" NURSING HOME, CORRIDOR - DAY

A grandfather clock shows 11.15

Joseph reads the resident's names on their doors. He finds what he's looking for. Patricia and William's doors are next to each other. He enters William's room.

INT : BANBURY, "CLOVER" NURSING HOME, WILLIAM'S ROOM - DAY

Joseph checks the room and hides in the wardrobe.

INT : BANBURY, "CLOVER" NURSING HOME, CORRIDOR - DAY

The grandfather clock shows 2.30

The corridor is empty, elevator doors closed. A light travels along the floor numbers as the lift rises. The light stops at the sixth floor. The doors open.

Stephen pushes William's wheelchair from the elevator to his room. Patricia, Sonnet and Roberto follow.

They all enter William's room.

STEPHEN

Well, I'm off. I'll see you soon.

He leaves.

ROBERTO

I must call papa.

PATRICIA

Call from my room, but tuck Sonnet up in my bed first will you?

Sonnet looks pale and tired and holds an engraved trophy.

SONNET

Do you think they let me win this?

ROBERTO

No! no!

PATRICIA

No! You were a natural.

SONNET

Never played carpet bowls before.

ROBERTO

Amazing! A ready-made career. Come on, you need a nap.

SONNET

I brought Mum's 'tin of secrets',
Nan, you wanted something from it.
It's in your room.

PATRICIA

Thanks sweetie. I'll look later,
it can wait. We all need a nap.

SONNET

But ...

Overlapping dialogue:

PATRICIA	ROBERTO
Later!	Later!

Sonnet and Roberto leave the room. Patricia sits beside William. They look at the sweeping Cotswolds view from the window. A shared moment of sad reflection.

Unseen, Joseph slithers out of the wardrobe.

In one hand, he holds a knife and some insulating tape. He places the knife on the bed and sneaks up behind Patricia.

He gags her. William struggles to turn around. Joseph hits William so hard that the wheelchair tips over.

He pulls Patricia's arms behind her and tapes her wrists together. He drags William upright and sets his wheelchair next to Patricia.

He picks up some scissors from the dressing table.

His voice rasps, he's demented. He punctuates his speech by cutting off locks of Patricia's long hair.

JOSEPH

I'd like to draw this out but
don't have time.

(cuts hair)

So, the short version is this:

(cuts hair)

I watched Carol die when ...

(cuts hair)
 I could've saved her.
 (cuts hair)
 I raped and beat Sonnet ...
 (cuts hair)
 thought she was dead.
 (cuts hair)
 I skinned Terry, alive,
 (cuts hair)
 and fed him to a dog.
 (cuts hair)
 I'm going to slit your throats,
 (cuts hair)
 then castrate that greasy wop,
 (cuts hair)
 and rape Sonnet into Kingdom Come.
 (cuts hair)
 Now thenarghhhhh....

He spins around. His knife is buried up to it's hilt just above his right ear. Sonnet steps away from him.

JOSEPH

Bitch!

He rushes her. She dodges. He grabs her long hair with one hand and the knife in his skull with the other. He hauls Sonnet closer to him and twists at the handle of the knife.

Blood begins to flow down his face. Roberto enters.

ROBERTO

Terr...Joseph? My God, stop! Stop!

He pulls Sonnet out of Joseph's weakening grasp. She's covered in his blood.

SONNET

I did it ... I stabbed him.

Joseph's speech slurs. He walks towards Roberto and Sonnet.

JOSEPH

Gethow my wa...s'bitch...

His movements slow down as though he wallows in mud.

ROBERTO

Joseph, just sit down. Keep still.

He tries to guide Joseph to the bed but Patricia turns, sees the knife in Joseph's head, and screams as well as she can through her tape-up mouth.

The noise attracts Joseph. He turns his head. His eyes move more slowly than his head. He finally focuses on Patricia.

He moves towards her. His head lists. One side of his face collapses. He sees his reflection in the mirror, touches the knife and grips it.

He bends forward from the waist, twists, and pulls.

ROBERTO

No! Joseph, leave it.

The knife suddenly comes out of Joseph's head. He straightens up. Blood pumps, he jerks, and turns. He lurches towards Patricia and William.

JOSEPH

Druh...nnh...go...Carol... ngggh.

Joseph's blood splatters over Patricia and William. He makes a feeble cutting gesture with the knife.

He falls forward across the table.

He crashes through the window.

INT : BANBURY, "CLOVER" NURSING HOME, PATRICIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sonnet sleeps. Patricia and Roberto watch her. Patricia's head is bandaged.

ROBERTO

Doctor said she'll sleep. But, what was she doing there? I'd tucked her up in bed.

PATRICIA

How'd she find the strength?

ROBERTO

Who knows? Hatred for him? Love for you and William? Anger for herself?

PATRICIA

And for Carol and Terry. She heard what he said. My Carol! And Terry. Dying like that!

Roberto gives her a hug.

ROBERTO

I'll leave you to rest.

PATRICIA

You stay here with her. I want to be with William.

She collects a toilet bag, her handbag and Enrico's envelope from her dressing table.

Roberto looks at Sonnet.

ROBERTO

Ten days ago I didn't know she existed. It's a lifetime.

PATRICIA

Hard to believe that it's been, what, six weeks since her birthday? Her coming of age opened a Pandora's Box of secrets.

ROBERTO

I'm only one secret!

Patricia kisses Roberto on the cheek.

PATRICIA

Yes, you are. I'm glad you've found each other. Hey? You could have been, should have been, my son-in-law .

She leaves the room.

INT : BANBURY, "CLOVER" NURSING HOME, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Patricia starts to open a door. This is not William's room. She turns and goes to William's door. Police incident tape forbids entry. She goes in anyway.

INT : BANBURY, "CLOVER" NURSING HOME, WILLIAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

A breeze blows through the broken window. Patricia holds her bandaged head as she hears voices echoed from earlier :

JOSEPH (V.O.)
 ...Carol die...could have saved
 her; I raped Sonnet; I skinned
 Terry alive and fed him to a...

ROBERTO (V.O.)
 Joseph, my God, stop! Stop!

SONNET (V.O.)
 I did it...I stabbed him.

JOSEPH (V.O.)
 Druh...nnh...go...Carol...ngghh

She turns to leave and sees Carol's 'tin of secrets'

PATRICIA
 Ah, so this is why she came back.

She picks it up, leaves the room and closes the door.

She crosses to William's new room. He sleeps.

She opens the box, ignores most of the papers and photographs as she looks for something specific.

She finds it. A small painting of a cicada sitting on a sprig of lavender. She turns it over, the inscription says:

"Cicada on Lavender, Long Life and Love.

Roman Theatre, Orange, August 193 "

A small, baby-mouth shaped piece of the corner is missing and with it the final digit of the year.

Patricia slips Enrico's 'Picasso' out of the envelope.

It is a small painting of a cicada sitting on a sprig of lavender. She turns it over, the inscription says :

"Cicada on Lavender, Long Life and Love.

Roman Theatre, Orange, August 193 "

A small, baby-mouth shaped piece of the corner is missing and with it the final digit of the year.

PATRICIA

"Just like your brother."

She looks at the paintings side-by-side. She compares them, back and front. She touches both sets of the initials "PP"

PATRICIA

"PP", Pascal and Patricia.

She smiles.

PATRICIA

Pablo Picasso! Enrico, you've a lot to learn about art. But, how did this end up in your gallery?

EXT : ORANGE, ANCIENT ROMAN THEATRE, AUGUST 18, 2010 - DAY

The sun is bright, the air still and full of the sound of cicadas. Patricia sits in the shady side of the theatre. Her scalp healed, her hair cut short.

She watches the tourists.

Letitia Paillan joins her. They hug.

LETITIA

It's lovely to see you again, and Happy Birthday.

PATRICIA

Ninety! I had to be here today.

LETITIA

Of course.

PATRICIA

How's Pierre ?

LETITIA

He's fine. He sends his respects. Such a lot has happened to you since we all had dinner together.

PATRICIA

Too much. Hard to comprehend that whilst I was enjoying this...

She gestures around the theatre.

PATRICIA

...Sonnet was fighting for her life. And that whilst I was moving into Maison de Mimosa, that mad man was butchering Terry.

LETITIA

Shhhh ! Don't torture yourself.

PATRICIA

You're right. Got to look forward.

She takes both paintings of a cicada on lavender out of her old leather artist's satchel. A cicada chirrups nearby as the women look at the paintings.

PATRICIA

This one is Enrico's "Picasso". I imagine that Odile chucked it and it probably ended up on a flea market where Enrico snapped it up as a "genuine Picasso from his 1930's Provençal period".

She smiles, and something her amuses Letitia.

PATRICIA

He's such a, oh I don't know, such a "boy" I was going to say. But he must be eighty-five if he's a day. He has such enthusiasm and such a terrible accent.

(beat)

Such joie de vivre!

LETITIA

You've got a dose of that today.

PATRICIA

Ha! Yes! I do feel good today. I suppose it's because I'm over the hill and picking up speed.

Letitia takes a folder out of her bag.

LETITIA

I have some news for you. Two pieces of sad news; some excellent news, and some marvellous news.

Patricia looks at the two paintings again.

PATRICIA

Okay. In that order please.

Letitia hands Patricia a copy of the photo of Odile, Pascal and their son that she took on the morning of her eighteenth birthday. It has "August 18th 1938" written across the top.

PATRICIA

Seventy-two years ago today.

LETITIA

The child died three months later.

Patricia holds the photograph closer and looks at the smiling infant. Touches his face.

Letitia lays the photograph of Odile, Pascal and two infants at Marseille station on top of the first photograph. It has "December 1939" stamped on it.

LETITIA

Odile is holding her son, born in May 1939. Pascal is holding your son, also born in May 1939.

Patricia looks puzzled as she stares at this photograph.

PATRICIA

I don't understand.

LETITIA

Odile became pregnant at the same time as you, more or less.

Patricia looks at the first photo. She hears an echo of Odile's happy voice as she speaks to Pascal and their son :

ODILE (V.O.)

A plus chéri... un baiser pour ton papa.

PATRICIA

Poor Odile. So happy with her baby and husband, but only three more months. The other sad news?

LETITIA

As we thought, and can now confirm, Pascal died in the war.

Patricia absorbs this.

PATRICIA

The good news?

Letitia points to the photo of the family at Marseille station taken in December 1939.

LETITIA

Here, thirteen months after their first son died, they clearly have two children. We discovered that Odile took her son to Angers and left yours with Pascal.

Patricia looks at photo of the family at Marseille station.

PATRICIA

Her son to Angers? So he was...

LETITIA

Guillaume Henri la Tour, later
Guillaume Henri Florens, later ...

PATRICIA

William Henry. My William. Not my son! Oh, that is marvellous news. I must call him. Straight away.

Patricia starts to gather her things.

LETITIA

No. Wait. That was only the excellent news. The marvellous news is yet to come.

PATRICIA

What could be more...

Letitia points, a few yards away a man watches Patricia.

PATRICIA

But ...

The man walks across to Patricia and Letitia.

PATRICIA

William? Walking?

The man stops, she stands. They are face-to-face. It is Enrico minus his ball of curly hair and huge curly beard.

PATRICIA

Enrico? Enrico!

(beat)
 You look so much younger.

She hugs him. He responds with a big bear hug. Then he puts her from him and looks into her eyes.

PATRICIA
 But, what are you doing here?

LETITIA
 Pascal's sister married an Italian. They adopted his son.

Patricia struggles with this. She shakes her head.

PATRICIA
 But ... Enrico Barrattini?

LETITIA
 The war, the end of a marriage, an illegitimate child, an adoption, lost papers, names changed.

Enrico bows and makes a serious announcement in his best franco-italian-ealing-comedy accent :

ENRICO
 Enrico Luca Barrattini, formerly Henri Luc La Tour. Your leettle bastardo.

This shocks Patricia and Letitia. Enrico bursts into laughter at the expressions on their faces. He picks Patricia up and swings her around.

ENRICO
 Mummy!

Patricia and Letitia laugh and cry with him.

INT : ORANGE, ROMAN THEATRE, DERELICT ROOM - DAY

Patricia and Enrico look at the corner of the room.

ENRICO
 Mummy! A boy does-a not-a like-a to sink about 'is parents' sex-a life.

PATRICIA

Are you always going to call me
"mummy"?

ENRICO

Toujours.

She takes his hand and pulls him down into the corner.

PATRICIA

Come here.

ENRICO

Mummy!

PATRICIA

Shut up and look at this.

She touches the old, worn carving of the initials "PP".

MONTAGE:

- A) Patricia's ninety-year old hands morph into --
- B) -- the hands of eighteen-year old Patricia as she touches the fresh carving seventy-two years ago --
- C) - then back into Patricia's old hand as they touch the smooth, worn carving of the present.

ENRICO

Picasso? 'E was-a 'ere?

PATRICIA

Idiot! But where did you get my
painting from?

ENRICO

Was inna zuh grenier of zuh 'ouse.
I find it-a when-a my grandfazer
died-a.

PATRICIA

Grenier?

LETITIA

The attic.

PATRICIA

Pascal kept it!

Letitia smiles at them.

LETITIA

Do you realise that, as well as
mother and son, you are also
brother and sister-in-law?

PATRICIA

Is that incestuous? I don't care
anymore. We must call William!
Tell him that he can keep his wife
and that he has a brother.

ENRICO

Tell-a 'im in person. We'll be-a
back-a in-a Calenzana tonight.

LETITIA

I have one more thing to show you,
we have time before I take you to
the airport.

EXT : ORANGE, CEMETERY - DAY

Letitia watches as Patricia arranges flowers on a grave.
Enrico traces the words on the gravestone with a finger.

The epitaph says :

"Gaston Henri La Tour,

Février 12 1938 - Novembre 25 1939

Fils de Pascal Henri La Tour and Odile Florens La Tour."

Patricia wedges the photo of Pascal, Odile and Gaston into
the flowers.

PATRICIA

Funny to think that I held him
seventy-two years ago today.

ENRICO

Mon frère. Nobody-a ever told-a of
'im to me. Secretzza rising up-a
everywhere.

They walk to the car. Letitia drives.

INT : ORANGE - MARSEILLE, LETITIA'S CAR - DAY

LETITIA

Information that I got from Angers showed that Odile was very bitter.

PATRICIA

With good reason. I behaved badly.

ENRICO

Beh non! Pascal was-a bad, not you. You were a child-a yourself.

LETITIA

She never accepted her second son, Guillaume, born only six months after Gaston's death. She was ill for a while. Probably post natal depression.

PATRICIA

Compounded by betrayal and grief. Poor Odile. Poor William. I feel that he and I were meant to meet. So that I could make up for her lack of care.

ENRICO

Oui. You had-a a space in-a your life.

Patricia takes his hand.

PATRICIA

I'm sorry that I left you.

ENRICO

You were scared.

PATRICIA

Yes.

LETITIA

Sometimes the universe puts things back into it's proper order, or as near as possible.

ENRICO

Do you sink zat we were all-a meant-a to meet up again? Wiz zuh 'elp of the paintings, and zuh

magazine article, and-a Roberto
finding-a Carol?

LETITIA

I believe so.

PATRICIA

The universe probably didn't plan
for Carol and Roberto to have an
affair!

LETITIA

By the way, Enrico, because Odile
took your original papers and
tampered with them, Henri-Luc
Florens still has an identity in
Angers.

ENRICO

Secrèt identité what! I always-a
felt-a zat I am an international
manna of mystery. Suits-a me, non?

PATRICIA

Non! The only mysterious thing
about you, is your accent. I've
never heard anything like it. But
please don't lose it.

ENRICO

Of-a course-a not-a, Mummy.

EXT : CALENZANA, THE DUSTY TRACK - DAY

Patricia and William hold hands, Roberto pushes the
wheelchair. Enrico carries a basket, Sonnet flowers.

Patricia wears a huge badge that says :

"90 - THE OLDER I GET, THE BETTER I WAS"

Hervé carries a stick.

They arrive at the wrought-iron gates of the cemetery.

EXT : CALEZANA, CEMETERY - DAY

PATRICIA

I should have visited him as soon
as I got home yesterday.

ENRICO

You had a birzday to celebrate!
And-a he's not-a going anywhere.

ROBERTO

Papa!

They pass graves and family plots. Hervé runs ahead.

SONNET

It was a great party Nan. And I've
got so many half-cousins, second
cousins, aunts, uncles, grands and
greats!

ROBERTO

Talking of relations, tell Nan
what you discovered about Pascal.

SONNET

Oh yeah, I have a double
relationship with all of you here,
apart from Gramps. Papi...

She cocks a thumb at Enrico.

SONNET

...is my grand-uncle as well as my
grand-father, Dad is also my
cousin.

PATRICIA

And I know that I'm Great-Nan as
well as Nan. You've already told
me that I have to buy you twice as
many presents.

SONNET

Yes, but, Pascal is my two-times
Great-Grandfather because he's
both Gramps' and Papi's father.

PATRICIA

Must be. But, can that happen?

ROBERTO

Wait, the best is yet to come as
far as Sonnet's concerned.

SONNET

Because of Pascal, I am my own
cousin!

ENRICO

And-a `ere `e iz-a.

Hervé stops and puts his stick on a grave. They gather round, lay flowers and stand in respectful silence.

The epitaph reads :

"Pascal Henri La Tour

Janvier 28 1916 - Octobre 31 1943.

Fils. Frère. Père. Héro."

ENRICO

If-a `e `adn't-a dipped-a his-a
wick-a where `e shouldn't-a, sorry
Mummy, then-a most of us would-a
not-a be `ere.

Roberto stifles a laugh.

ROBERTO

Papa!

They all laugh. Patricia unpacks a picnic from the basket. They settle down around Pascal to eat and drink.

PATRICIA

He's right. But Thank God there
was no incest after all.

SONNET

Well, yes there was. Mum was dad's
half-aunt and he her half-nephew.
They also had a half-cousin
relationship.

ENRICO

As well-a as zuh wicka-dipping
sort-a of-a relationship-a.

ROBERTO

Papa!

The mood around Pascal's grave is jovial. Patricia pulls a camera from her old leather satchel and snaps a few photos.

Sonnet stands and makes a serious announcement.

SONNET

I'd like to change my surname.

ROBERTO
Of course. You must.

SONNET
But not to "Barrattini" dad. I
want to be "Sonnet La Tour".

Silence from the others. Sonnet looks at each of them.

SONNET
After my double great-grandfather,
your father, your grandfather and
your lover.

Patricia raises a toast.

PATRICIA
To Pascal and Sonnet La Tour.

The others join in the toast.

ENRICO
Sonnetta La Tour-a, sounds-a like
a...

The others laugh and throw their drinks over him.

ROBERTO
Papa!

ENRICO
Just-a saying. Don't-a mean it
old-a boy.

FADE OUT