

Red Diaries

by
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Original story
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FADE IN:

1 EXT. BEACH-HOUSE, FLORIDA 1949 - DAY 1

Ten feet from the water's edge, size three prints are met by size nine's.

MARGARET V.O

Two cigarettes stubbed out in the sand, one
with rouge ... twenty paces from the water,
my floral blouse ... further still a black
bottle of Dom Perignon, a pair of Fred
Perry shorts ...

A beach towel with Dorchester Hotel written across it ...

Waves breaking, erasing the barefoot prints with foam.

A red diary and gold pen lie beside a discarded Chanel
swimsuit ...

DISSOLVE TO:

3 INT. HOSPITAL LOUNGE, LONDON 1993 - DAY 3

The camera pulls back from the tooled gold lettering '1949'
on the spine of the same red bound diary stacked with sixty
others on a a trolley.

OLD MARGARET SWEENEY, eighty, is terminally ill in a
wheelchair. She is in part darkness.

Sitting opposite her is OLD CHARLIE SWEENEY, eighty-two, her
lifetime companion, a millionaire American, ex-Oxford-blue
Olympic bob-sleigh athlete, international golfer ... once so
good looking, the Kennedy's looked like him.

He is focusing an instant camera on her.

OLD MARGARET

Even after all these years, you are still
obsessed with me. Put it away!

Charlie is squinting into the shade.

OLD CHARLIE

Why don't you sit in the sun where I can
see you?

DISSOLVE TO:

4 EXT. BEACH-HOUSE, FLORIDA 1949 - DAY 4

MARGARET, thirty three, one of the most beautiful women in
the world, in a hammock, in the verandah shade.

(CONTINUED)

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4 CONTINUED:

MARGARET

You know I burn in the sun.

A brassiere and Wolsey silk stockings hang from the hammock.

She is writing up her red diary (dressed in a white Teddy Tingling lace-trimmed tennis outfit - her legs and feet bare)

Charlie is in the sun drinking bourbon (his shirt off, Perry shorts on), gazing out towards the beach.

There is a BLONDE on the beach.

Charlie picks up a Polaroid camera from the wicker table.

6 FLASH

6

He is frustrated by her.

CHARLIE

This 'getting back together' stuff's not working out, is it?

Margaret gives him a pout - 'no'.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I'm ready to go back to London. What about you?

Margaret closes her diary.

MARGARET

Yes ... back to London to be plain old boring Mrs. Sweeny.

Charlie exasperated - drains his glass, slams it down.

CHARLIE

You should have given me kids. We could have argued about them instead of this crap!

MARGARET

You started it, Charlie. You are the one that started screwing around.

11 INT. HOSPITAL LOUNGE, LONDON 1993

11

Margaret waves to OLD PEACH, a servant in the shadows, to push her chair.

OLD CHARLIE

Where did we go wrong during the war?

OLD MARGARET V.O

I gave you too much freedom

12 EXT. FARM 1940 - AFTERNOON 12

LAND GIRL (1) waits at a field gate smoking a cigarette.

INT. BARN 1940 - AFTERNOON

Charlie makes love to a LAND GIRL (2) in a haystack.

12a EXT. FIGHTER PLANE - DAY 12a

A Spitfire with a small US flag on the fuselage.

The SOUND of gunfire.

OLD CHARLIE (V.O.)

It was the Battle of Britain. I didn't know
if I was going to get through it.

INT. FIGHTER PLANE - DAY

CU - Charlie sweating - fearful.

13 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR, LONDON 1993 13

Margaret wheeled slowly along a corridor by old Peach.

Charlie with cane, walks beside her.

OLD MARGARET V.O

After the war, you didn't change.

14 INT. LARGE HOUSE 1946 - NIGHT 14

It is a small party of GUESTS. Charlie is dancing cheek to
cheek with an attractive GIRL in clinging evening gown.

Margaret pulls them apart and slaps Charlie on the face.

MARGARET

Take me home!

CHARLIE

Go to hell!

Charlie takes the Girl by the hand - leads her out.

Two MEN rush to Margaret to comfort her.

15 INT. ANOTHER LARGE HOUSE - NIGHT 15

Another party. Margaret surrounded by MALE GUESTS.

OLD MARGARET V.O

After that, Charlie, as the spurned wife of
an American playboy ... I had something
every man wanted and every wife worried
about.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

CHARLOTTE the hostess sides up to her and takes her aside

CHARLOTTE

Margaret, please tell me that you're not interested in my husband. He hasn't stopped talking about you.

Margaret glances to the HUSBAND, a handsome middle-aged man.

MARGARET

I will not steal anyone's husband, Charlotte. If he makes any advances, I will tell you about it.

CHARLOTTE

Thank you

BACK TO:

16 EXT. BEACH-HOUSE, FLORIDA 1949 - DAY

16

Margaret and Charlie stare at one another.

MARGARET

I'll give you a divorce. I know as soon as we get back you will be after some new piece of skirt anyway.

He moves to kiss her but nothing can fix the rejection Margaret has endured. She shuns his kiss.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

It is over, Charlie.

CHARLIE

I don't want it to be over

Margaret closes her diary.

MARGARET

I've found somebody else.

CHARLIE

Who?

MARGARET

I am not telling you

She gets up and makes to go into the beach-house.

Charlie follows quickly after and catches her in his arms.

He kisses her. She does not resist. She loves him too much.

2 INT. EDINBURGH COURTROOM 1960 - DAY

2

MARGARET SWEENEY, beautiful, white-skinned, dark-haired, American-Scot - one of the ten best dressed women in the world.

OLD MARGARET V.O

I grew up believing that Americans and Brits were the same people ... we had come through two wars together ... and I had all but given up my American-ness and become a British duchess.

She stands in the witness box being harangued by barrister EMSLIE waving to the COURT CROWD the 1949 red diary.

EMSLIE

I ask you, is this the sort of behavior of anything other than a woman who uses marriage as a cover for depravity?

Margaret's eyes glaze.

DISSOLVE TO:

5 INT. COURTROOM, EDINBURGH 1960 - DAY

5

CHARLIE sitting in the gallery besides GEORGE WHIGAM, Margaret's father. Behind him PEACH, his valet, and KATHLEEN, Margaret's maid. Margaret still being examined by Emslie

EMSLIE

Were you known then as plain Mrs. Sweeny?

MARGARET

Mrs. Margaret Whigam Sweeny

EMSLIE

You had no title of any kind?

MARGARET

No. Americans are all born equal.

BACK TO:

17 INT. COURTROOM, EDINBURGH 1960 - DAY

17

Emslie holding the 1949 diary up as if to let the packed courtroom read it.

EMSLIE

He massaged my inner thighs then smothered me with his lips

18 EXT. VILLA, TAORMINA, SICILY 1949 - DAY

18

The camera comes upon a set of Italian stone steps.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

EMSLIE (V.O.)

Do I understand you deny an adulterous affair with Herr von Braun?

THE SOUND OF POST-WAR BIG BAND MUSIC FROM A GRAMOPHONE.

On the bottom step a pair of black Feragimo high-heels. A few steps higher, Margaret's red diary and gold pen lie beside a burnt out candle, a copy of Vogue and left overs of an oyster and lobster dinner.

MARGARET (V.O)

I had a relationship with him after I divorced and before I married the Duke.

The wide veranda door is half-ajar.

The breeze billows out the curtains.

On the threshold a pair of crumpled white male slacks.

Across the threshold, an elegant silk black Christian Dior evening gown thrown on the back of a lounge chair.

19 INT. COURTROOM, EDINBURGH 1960 - DAY

19

Emslie waves a number of letters in the air.

EMSLIE

Nineteen Forty Nine. Love letters from Von Braun, my lord

Margaret tries to remain expressionless

20 INT. VILLA, TAORMINA, SICILY 1949 - DAY

20

The lounge exquisitely decorated with art-deco and modernist paintings. A picture of Harry Truman on the wall.

On a writing desk, an old underwood typewriter draped by a copy of the New York Times headlined 'Anti-Red Crusade'.

An ajar door accesses the bedroom. The bed hung with white silk is empty.

21 INT. COURTROOM, EDINBURGH 1960 - DAY

21

Emslie waiting for Judge WHEATLEY to hand the letters back to him. Wheatley scowls at Margaret.

EMSLIE

Did you continue to have sexual relations with Von Braun after your marriage to the Duke?

MARGARET

I thought about it.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 21
 The Wheatley's fountain pen scribbles across his court notes
 and makes a noise like

FADE TO:

22 INT. VILLA, TAORMINA, SICILY 1949 - DAY 22
 THE SOUND OF A CAT CHASING A MOUSE COMES FROM THE BACK
 OF THE VILLA.

An empty bottle of champagne lies on the kitchen door
 threshold.

Kitchen items once on the table are strewn on the floor.

Cream and jam drips from the table and walls. Hand prints
 everywhere. There are barefoot prints on the table -

a peeled banana stuffed in a hollowed out peach.

On the other side of the kitchen a door is open.

There is the flash of camera bulbs.

A car radio plays the same big band music.

INT. VILLA GARAGE, TAORMINA, SICILY 1949 - DAY

Two steps lead down into the garage.

On the bottom step a lady's Cartier watch daubed with cream.

Two feet away a whitewall tire attached to the hub of a white
 limousine that stretches back the length of two cars.

The rear door is agape.

The SOUND

23 INT. COURTROOM, EDINBURGH 1960 - DAY 23
 of Wheatley's squeaking pen.

EMSLIE

Do you assert that you are not committing
 adultery with the headless man in these
 Polaroid pictures?

Margaret gives the Polaroid photographs a cursory look. She
 tries hard not to show any sign of embarrassment.

MARGARET

I do, yes. I do deny it.

24 INT. VILLA, TAORMINA, SICILY 1949 - DAY 24

The back-seat white interior of the limo is smeared with a pink mixture of cream and jam. On the seat, a Polaroid camera.

25 INT. COURTROOM, EDINBURGH 1960 - DAY 25

Emslie hands Wheatley the photographs.

EMSLIE

You do not deny that you are featured in the photographs?

MARGARET

No ... clearly not.

26 INT. VILLA, TAORMINA, SICILY 1949 - DAY 26

The other car door also open. Hanging down framed in the doorway a gold marriage-ringed, red finger-painted hand, dripping jam. Around the wrist a bracelet of pearls.

Margaret travels her claw across the rooftop of the limo, leaving a scar of red.

The fingers as white as the car, so too the arm attached to them which curves up into the air and comes down with a smack on Siegmund VON BRAUN'S buttock.

A second white hand appears covered in cream. It also has a bracelet of pearls around the wrist. It begins rubbing in the cream.

The two hands massage the brown buttocks, turning them pink.

The buttocks begin to clench. The fingers dig into flesh, then loosen.

Siegmund is eager to comply with the cheese he's getting. His face shows it.

Margaret's hands come across his eyes and force their index and fore-fingers into his mouth. He grabs her pearlite wrists, twists, and throws her onto the limo roof with a thud.

He descends on her to lick the cream from her breasts.

She has her hands in his hair, and wraps her legs around his big-steak waist. They earnestly begin to make love in a torrent of sweat.

A hubcap drops off

27 INT. COURTROOM, EDINBURGH 1960 - DAY

27

..... Wheatley is finished studying the Polaroid's.

He leers at Margaret. Emslie picks up another photograph and hands it to Wheatley.

EMSLIE

This is a recent medical photograph of the Duke. You will note that the headless man in all three Polaroid pictures cannot possibly be the Duke.

IAN DOUGLAS CAMPBELL - fifty, twice married, French-American educated, arrogant, ciggy-holding, explosive ex-POW, hates Germans - shifts uneasily on the plaintiff's bench.

Emslie crosses back to the bench. DAVID BALFOUR - Ian's greasy hand-rubbing lawyer - hands him a large pile of medical photographs.

There is a tremendous buzz of excitement in the courtroom. The PRESS take furious notes.

Emslie puts the photographs on Wheatley's bench. Wheatley draws his palms down the sides of his face and sighs.

Margaret remains motionless.

Charlie sits in the gallery smiling.

WHEATLEY

Was your relationship the same with your ex-husband as it was with Baron Von Braun?

MARGARET

No, not at all.

WHEATLEY

What was the difference?

MARGARET

I have always been in love with Charlie ...

28 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM , LONDON 1993 - DAY

28

Old Charlie is helping Old Margaret into bed. Old Margaret laughs, but it is a sad laugh.

OLD MARGARET

I was so very fond of Siggy, but he was not you, Charlie everyone loved you. That was the problem

29 EXT. GOLF COURSE, ST. ANDREW'S 1938 - DAY

29

Charlie, twenty-seven being chaired off the golf course as winning Captain of the All American GOLF TEAM against the BRITS at St. Andrew's.

MARGARET (V.O.)

Before the war I got tired of being overshadowed by you ... everywhere we went ... you were the famous one. I was plain Mrs. Sweeny.

Margaret is pushed past and can't get near him. She feels left out.

A handsome young man - Siegmund VON BRAUN offers his arm to escort her into the clubhouse. She accepts.

MARGARET (V.O.)

That is when I met the Baron. I was frightened I was going to get old and grey without a single soul ever getting to know the real Margaret Whigham ...

30 EXT. CLUBHOUSE 1938 - NIGHT

30

Inside the clubhouse there is a party taking place.

Outside Margaret is innocently allowing Siegmund to kiss her hand.

OLD MARGARET V.O

He was so charming

31 INT. COURTROOM, EDINBURGH 1960 - DAY

31

Margaret is staring at her white gloved hands. There is a smudge of dirt on one of the finger tips and it annoys her.

WHEATLEY

You assert you were only friends with the Baron after your marriage to the Duke?

MARGARET

Yes, that is what I am saying. I had a close relationship with Baron Von Braun before the war, but when I saw him again after the war, he was married.

Margaret's attention is on the smudge.

Emslie studies his notes.

Wheatley scratches his pen across his papers.

Emslie picks up the questioning.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

EMSLIE

You have developed quite a reputation as a woman who 'puts it about' have you not?

Wheatley is interested in this.

She turns to him.

MARGARET

I would like to make it quite clear that this present action is an action to vilify a liberated American woman. It is not an action to get a divorce!

Wheatley looks towards Ian.

Ian avoids eye contact.

32 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, LONDON 1993 - DAY

32

Old Margaret squeezes Old Charlie's hand.

OLD MARGARET

How naive I was. Until that moment I thought I was one of them ... my parents were British ... I had lived in England more than twenty years ... but it was obvious they still thought of me as American.

Peach wheels in the trolley of red diaries. The 1950 diary falls on the floor.

A photograph falls out

DISSOLVE TO:

33 EXT. THE DORCHESTER, BACK ENTRANCE, LONDON 1950 - DAY

33

A team of three FURNITURE MEN. One is their Foreman MR. POOL, small, round and bowler hatted. They are putting furniture and other apartment items into a large van. They are being supervised by PEACH. He is middle-twenties, baby faced, tall, thin. He has had a permanent cold since childhood. He holds a brownie camera and is taking Pool's photograph.

PEACH

Careful now. Mrs. Sweeny is a high society lady, and lady's don't like scratches.

POOL

The one's I know do!

In laughter, a Furniture Man(1) slaps an item of furniture.

(CONTINUED)

PEACH

Don't slap it like that! You'll chip the polish

POOL

My missus likes a good polish now and then.

PEACH

I am not interested in your domestic intimacies, Mr. Pool. Mrs. Sweeny's assets are priceless.

MR.POOL

I know! Isn't that right, fellas?

The Furniture Men are in hysterics. Peach takes the photo.

PEACH

They are one hundred percent genuine, I can assure you!

MR.POOL

You're a good sport, Mr. Peach. How long have you been with your Mrs. Sweeny?

PEACH

Since she parted with Mr. Sweeny. Now, come along, gentlemen, get your big biceps back upstairs please!

34 INT. THE DORCHESTER, APARTMENT LOUNGE 1950 - DAY

34

The door of the apartment is open to the lobby. There are tea-chest packing boxes visible in the lobby.

The rest of the apartment has been stripped of its possessions, bar a few last items neatly packed.

35 INT. THE DORCHESTER, APARTMENT BATHROOM 1950 - DAY

35

GEORGE WHIGAM, a sixty-five year old, cigar smoking Scots-American textile tycoon, is in the mirrored bathroom.

GEORGE

Hell, Helen, why'd Margaret have to have mirrors all round the goddam toilet. I'm too old to be looking at my ass.

HELEN (O.S)

Like that time on the Lusitania just before Margaret was born?

GEORGE

Jesus, Helen, we had sex in them days.

36 INT. THE DORCHESTER, APARTMENT LOUNGE 1950 - DAY

36

HELEN HANNAY WHIGAM, Margaret's mother, sixty-four, crippled upper crust Scot in a wheelchair, looks over the few remaining items. The main door is ajar.

KATHLEEN MACDONALD, Margaret's slim ciggy-smoking maid tries not to listen. She directs two of the Furniture Men to take out the last of the boxes.

George joins Helen in the main room.

GEORGE

Where's Cinderella?

HELEN

In Charles's apartment fighting over their gramophone records.

GEORGE

Those two should never have split.

HELEN

Come on, George. Divorced three years and living in apartments across from each other??? Its not natural.

GEORGE

They're high society, Helen

HELEN

(not convinced)

She's our daughter, George. You've done the right thing buying her a house.

GEORGE

In goddamn Belgravia When I think back to the way I was brought up in a Glasgow tenement

HELEN

With no class

Margaret enters clutching a reel of film.

MARGARET

He will not give me my Cole Porter's!

Charlie follows behind Margaret.

CHARLIE

She's got my movie reels!

HELEN

That's enough, you two! Margaret, show me what it is you want. No arguments, Charles!

(CONTINUED)

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36 CONTINUED:
Charlie falls silent.

36

Margaret takes the handles of her mother's wheelchair, pushes triumphantly past Charlie.

George hands Charlie a drink.

CHARLIE

I can't seem to get her out of my life. No offence, George, but she's obstinate, pig-headed and single-minded!

GEORGE

Sure, son she says the same about you
(pours another)
I know Margaret. Once she starts giving dinner parties at the new place, you'll get invited eventually. Down the hatch!
(drinks)
She just can't help herself ... when she wants something you know what she's like.
(refills glasses)

CHARLIE

Yeah, she's got to have it.
(curious)
So who's she seeing?

GEORGE

The brother of the guy who invented the doodle-bug.

Charlie splutters on his drink in disbelief.

CHARLIE

A freakin' German!

GEORGE

My sentiments exactly. All we can hope for is that it blows over quickly.

FADE TO:

37 EXT. BELGRAVIA MANSION 1951 - NIGHT

37

Early 18th century red-brick terraced Belgravia mansion house.

38 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, KITCHEN - NIGHT

38

MRS. DUCKWORTH, fat Cockney house-keeping cook with a thirst for cooking sherry, is supervising Kathleen.

They are serving out meals for a dozen guests.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

MRS.DUCKWORTH

It's been non-stop. Mid-life crisis I would say. Feels that pushing thirty-five is getting old. God help us, Kathleen!

KATHLEEN

If thirty five is old, you're ancient, Mrs. Duckworth.

39 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, HALL - NIGHT

39

The Inner hall from which a beautiful Queen Anne stairway leads to the upper floors.

Kathleen carries a tray of pineapple deserts. Peach closes the dining-room doors, ferries the remains of the main course towards the kitchen past Kathleen.

Her look says 'pooftah'. His look says 'tart'.

40 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

40

SOUND of excited chatter.

An ivory ceiling edged with narrow plaster moulding. At the far end an immense bow window leading to the paved garden. A mirror screen conceals the butler's pantry.

REAY, the fish-faced bald butler DJ, searches through a stack of gramophone records.

The oval walnut dining table with carved gate legs is extended to seat eight people. The places are named.

Margaret sits at the table-head. To her left PAUL GETTY, sixty, shy, low-voiced, workaholic tycoon; Helen; MAX BEAVERBROOK, the publishing mogul's plump English son; MRS. HILDEGARDE VON BRAUN, also plump, cheerfully motherly; George; ARDEN SNEAD, twenty-two, blonde, all-body Miss America model, Max's girlfriend; and between her and Margaret, Siegmund, now German Ambassador to London.

MARGARET

Have some more champagne, Siggy.

SIEGMUND

(feigning restraint)

I have to be in Bonn tomorrow for a diplomatic briefing.

MARGARET

Max is throwing a party this weekend at the Paris Ritz. Can you come?

MAX

Margaret's my guest of honour.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

Beneath the dining table Margaret and Siegmund's legs touch.

He passes her a note.

Margaret slips the note under the table cover.

MARGARET

Haven't you found that record yet, Reay?
Max, would you like to dance?

CUT TO:

Margaret and Max are dancing. Siegmund cannot take his eyes off her.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

What do you think of my Baron Von Braun?

MAX

It'd be better if the German Ambassador hadn't brought his wife. Honey, why don't you stick with young single tycoons like me? I've no status, no sex appeal, but I'm rich!

MARGARET

One out of three is not bad, Max, but Siggy and I are old friends. I am a creature of habit.

She presses her groin in and out into his. They laugh.

41 INT. RITZ, PARIS 1951 - NIGHT

41

There is a BAND playing and the dining tables are full. The dance-floor is crowded with BALLROOM DANCERS.

There is a long curving black stairway on the far side of the hall. Siegmund, dressed in a tuxedo, waits at its foot.

At one of the tables is Ian Campbell. He is drunk. At Ian's side is YVONNE MACPHERSON, smouldering, forty year old Scottish black widow.

Sitting at the next table is Max with Arden. Ian sees Siegmund and is enraged. He spills his drink on Yvonne.

IAN

That's that effing German Von Braun!

YVONNE

For Christ sake, Ian! This dress cost a fortune!

MAX

You're out of order, Argyll.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

IAN

Yvonne's a slut. Have you slept with her?

Max is used to his behavior. Arden is not.

MAX

Pleased to meet you, Yvonne. I'm his ex-brother-in-law.

YVONNE

I hear your sister only put up with him two years. I can see why.

MAX

(quietly)

He milked her for everything. Left her penniless in Cannes. Done it again, I hear ... (loudly) to that poor cow Louise Clews. Dumped her in Biarritz.

Ian is very drunk and staggering.

IAN

44

Shut your mouth, Max. I've left Louise because she is a raving looney.... she's been turning my sons against me, filling them with her demented lies.

44

Max and Yvonne are whispering.

MAX

They are not is boys.

YVONNE

Her sons are not his?

MAX

That's what Louise told me.

Yvonne's mind races wildly. She turns to Ian - his attention is elsewhere.

IAN

My god! Who's the goddess?

At the top of a staircase, Margaret is dressed in a clinging white Hartnell evening gown that leaves nothing to the imagination. She glitters with pearls, on her wrists, her neck, her tiara.

The BANDLEADER sees Margaret and starts the Band playing Cole Porter's 'Your The Tops'. She smiles, begins to descend. She strokes her way down each step. As she reaches the bottom, Siegmund takes her hand, leads her to the dance floor. There is a rush to join them.

(CONTINUED)

IAN (CONT'D)

That's the girl I'm going to marry.

MAX

(dismissive)

You're still married to my sister. Besides, that girl is Margaret Sweeny she'd way out of your league.

YVONNE

She's hardly a girl. Maybe she's got a rich daddy to fix your ruin for you, Ian.

Ian ignores Yvonne's taunt. His attention is fixed on the white-figured Margaret being guided around the room by Siegmund.

IAN

Look at the Hun. You'd think the Nazi's won the war.

Max smirks. Yvonne sips her champagne and gives a forced smile.

IAN (CONT'D)

Introduce her to me, Max! You know I only go for Americans.

Arden turns her back on Ian.

MAX

Not in a month of Sundays. You're bad news. She'd see that and run back to America. Besides you won't get near her. She's only got eyes for Baron Von Braun.

Margaret and Siegmund are happily dancing.

IAN

That Kraut is married. He won't put up much of a fight.

(beat)

I want to know when she's leaving, Max! There's nothing more romantic than a brief encounter.

Ian grins deviously. Yvonne glares at him with contempt.

The Golden Arrow Paris-London is about to leave amidst all the hullabaloo that surrounds departures.

Ian stuffs money into the hand of the CONDUCTOR.

46 INT. PULLMAN CAR, GOLDEN ARROW - DAY

46

Margaret seated at a pink decorated dining table with a single red rose in a small vase. Dressed in pink, she looks as though she smells of apple blossom. She is writing up her red diary with her gold pen.

Ian, shabby, seedy, unkempt enters the carriage.

He throws himself on to the seat opposite Margaret, pretends to be preoccupied.

He takes out an old tobacco tin, removes a crumpled pre-rolled fag, lights it with a battered cartridge case lighter.

MARGARET

It is Ian Campbell is it not? The Duke of Argyll? You were at the Ritz a few nights ago?

IAN

Sorry?

Ian pretends he does not know who she is.

MARGARET

You were at Max's party.

Ian suddenly comes alive. He becomes 'The Duke'.

IAN

Oh. Max! My ex-wife's brother. You know him?

MARGARET

Oh yes I dated him when I was a debutante in New York before he got fat.

They both laugh. Their eyes meet.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I am Margaret Sweeny.

Ian coughs.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Are you all right? You look awfully ill?

Ian takes some capsules from his pocket, swallows them with some water.

IAN

I've separated. It's hit me hard. That ... and the War.

(CONTINUED)

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46 CONTINUED:

MARGARET

You sound American ..?

Ian smiles. He turns on the charm.

IAN

Half American ... quarter French, educated in England.

Margaret sees he is wearing a tartan scarf and changes the subject.

MARGARET

The Campbell tartan? Daddy and Mother sailed from New York to Glasgow so I would be born Scottish. Two days later, they sailed back to New York with me.

Ian removes the scarf.

IAN

Here, take it. You're more entitled to wear it than I am.

She wavers about accepting the scarf. Ian places it around her neck. She sniffs it.

MARGARET

I can smell the heather already.

Ian has made his impression. He relaxes.

IAN

What does your Daddy do?

MARGARET

He is in textiles. He makes tartans. What do you do?

IAN

As a Duke? ... Nothing.

MARGARET

Do you not sit in the House of Lords?

IAN

With a bunch of old buggers? Inveraray Castle keeps me busy. Its the biggest estate in Scotland. Mountains. Islands. You name it. There's even a Spanish Armada treasure ship waiting to be re-found.

MARGARET

(very forward)

How exciting. Maybe you can invite me to your castle sometime?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

IAN

Perhaps. But only if you're not married.

MARGARET

Is that a proposal?

IAN

Don't you want to marry a Duke.

MARGARET

Do not all rich Americans these days?

Their eyes meet. Ian is first to look away.

IAN

I hardly know a soul in London. Its so changed from the old days.

MARGARET

Then you must come to one of my dinner parties. They are just the tops.

47 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, LONDON 1993 - DAY

47

Old Charlie is still with Old Margaret. She is looking through her red diary of 1951. The rest are stacked nearby.

OLD MARGARET

What made me do it? What made me interested in that man? I had heard stories about him ... even from Max's own sister .. that he was no good ... that he had stolen her most precious jewelry from her and sold it.
(beat)

But not one person warned me off him ... not Max, not even you

48 INT. DORCHESTER HOTEL, APARTMENT BEDROOM 1951 - DAY

48

Plush, over the top, ostentatious Charlie's bedroom full of gold objects and ancient furniture mixed with modern art, a left-over from Margaret's time with him.

In the opposite corner, a cabinet of golf trophies, aircraft memorabilia, pictures of bobsleigh team, the war, and one of Margaret.

The bed is a four-poster. In the bed with his golf cap on is Charlie. Standing over him on the bed is Arden, half-dressed, swinging a golf club.

CHARLIE

Hey, Miss America, you've got a handicap ... (catches club in his hand) ... Haven't you got anyone wants to take you're picture today?

(CONTINUED)

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ARDEN

It's Sunday, sweetheart. Even models go to church. Max will understand.

Arden jumps off the bed.

CHARLIE

Is that right?

Arden has picked up a framed photograph of Margaret from a side cabinet.

ARDEN

She's a walking fashion show. Why'd you divorce?

CHARLIE

So I'd be free to marry and be miserable again.

Charlie grabs Arden and pulls her back on to the bed.

49 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

49

A mass of red roses are sitting in a vase. Kathleen is clearing up. Peach is preparing to take a group photograph - Margaret, to her right Ian, to her left AMBASSADOR PING of South Korea, Arden, Paul Getty, a FEMALE GUEST, Max, Yvonne, Charlie, MISS PING, fourteen year-old daughter, Yvonne's fifteen-year old son DONALD, and MRS PING.

MARGARET

Thank you, Peach. Let's move to the drawing room? Lead the way, Charlie.

Charlie and Arden lock eyes. Max is jealous. Margaret takes Charlie's arm and we follow them as they go from one room to the other.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Well, Charlie, glad you came?

CHARLIE

I wanted to see what you were doing with my alimony payments.

MARGARET

What do you think of the Duke?

CHARLIE

Even less than Von Braun. I know a lot about him. He's a member of my club. Stick with us good tempered guys. I'd hate to see the last of the free dinners.

MARGARET

Charlie ... be serious.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

CHARLIE

Well, you should be aware that you're not
the only one interested in the Duke ...

50 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

50

... Margaret rests her eyes on Yvonne who has her arm linked
through Ian's as they enter the room. Donald follows on
behind like a puppy.

Kathleen offers Charlie a glass from a tray. As he takes one
he notices how pretty she is. She blushes then serves
Margaret.

CHARLIE

Who's the boy?

MARGARET

Yvonne MacPherson's son ... Donald.

CHARLIE

He bears an uncanny resemblance to your new
boyfriend

Margaret's eyes narrow as she sips her drink.

51 INT. SHAFTESBURY THEATRE BOX, LONDON - NIGHT

51

The performance is over and Margaret, immaculately dressed in
red, is applauding. Ian smart in a dinner-suit, except that
his collar's turned up, smokes brand cigarettes from a long
ciggy-holder he grips between his teeth as he claps.

Siegmund, in another box with his ATTACHE, sneaks a little
unnoticed wave to Margaret.

Ian struggles to open the box door. It is stuck.

MARGARET

You are not having much luck with that
lock.

IAN

I'm better at digging tunnels than
escaping.

MARGARET

Who wants to escape.

Ian starts kicking the door.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

What has got into you? (she pushes a buzzer
on the wall) Wait for the house-man.

IAN

I can't stand enclosed spaces.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET

I understand but no need to kick down the door.

IAN

I saw that Jerry leering at you ... Well, he's not going to have you, is he?

Ian takes hold of Margaret and kisses her. She is reluctant. His hands work up beneath her dress and reach the back of her thighs. Her dress bundles around her waist as he slides his hands into her panties.

Margaret struggles ... she is uncomfortable with his advances.

MARGARET

Ian. This is too sudden

There is a KNOCK on the door

SIEGMUND (O.S)

Margaret? It's Siggy

The German voice on the other side of the door freezes Ian.

Margaret is relieved.

MARGARET

Siegmund! Get the door open for us! We are stuck!

Margaret pushes Ian's hands away.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

You are far too rough.

Ian is breathless.

IAN

You still prefer that Kraut to me.

MARGARET

You both have fine qualities.

There is a rattle of keys in the lock. The door bursts open. A HOUSEMAN, Siegmund and his Attache stand in the doorway. Siegmund senses something is wrong.

SIEGMUND

Are you okay?

IAN

Sod off, you Nazi.

Siegmund's eyes dart to Margaret for an explanation. Margaret is disappointed in Ian.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

MARGARET

Siegmund ... can you drop me off at my house in Belgravia?

SIEGMUND

Of course, it is a pleasure

Ian is extremely jealous. Beside Siegmund he looks unkempt. Margaret puts her coat on.

MARGARET

Will you call me when you get back from Scotland next week?

IAN

Maybe.

Margaret is embarrassed. Siegmund ushers her out, leaving Ian looking sheepish.

52 INT. RITZ, LONDON 1951 - NIGHT

52

Margaret and Siegmund are alone at a table. Margaret is brooding. She has been drinking heavily.

SIEGMUND

That man is quite miserable. He really has some kind of problem

MARGARET

Let us not worry about him. Why is it that I am always miserable when I see you?

SIEGMUND

I attract the long suffering to me

MARGARET

Seriously, Siggy. I am miserable when you meet me, and I am even more miserable by the time you leave me.

SIEGMUND

Why are we doing this then?

MARGARET

I do not know. Maybe ... just to get away from the rubbish that takes over my life!
(drinks heavily)
Why are you here with me when you are so happily married ...
(waves to waiter)
How many children do you have now??

Siegmund is concerned Margaret is talking too loudly.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

SIEGMUND

(soft-toned)

Three. Look, I don't want to argue. My job is to argue in the interests of my country ... without shouting.

MARGARET

I am sorry, Siggy ... but I am tired of being just a clothes horse dangling from some rich man's arm. I want to be somebody!

SIEGMUND

(angry)

Why do all Americans want to be somebody!

MARGARET

Because we are all nobodies! Look at me ... I have gone through life with two awful names ... first Whigam, nickname Priggy Wiggy, then Sweeny, the Teeny Weeny Mussolini!

Siegmund laughs. Margaret is serious.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

(sticks a fork hard into the tablecloth)
I want to have a real name!

SIEGMUND

Such as what?

MARGARET

Duchess!

SIEGMUND

Is that why you are marrying this man?

MARGARET

(sobering up ... trying to hide a lie)
No

SIEGMUND

Why can't you be happy as yourself?

MARGARET

You Germans have no imagination! That is why you lost the war.

SIEGMUND

And the British do? They're dull, dull, dull ... just like the weather!

Siegmund and Margaret laugh.

David Balfour is in conference with Ian who is in a frayed old Campbell kilt, open necked shirt, khaki army sweater, and Harris-tweed jacket. He has a staff in his hand.

IAN

I've committed adultery with Margaret Sweeny.

BALFOUR

Good gracious, your grace. The Mrs. Sweeny?

IAN

I want you to tell my wife's solicitors about it!

BALFOUR

Name Mrs. Margaret Sweeny as a respondent? Is that proper, your grace?

IAN

I've committed adultery with her! Now, man, do as you are told!

BALFOUR

Aye, certainly, your grace. Now, a pen?

IAN

What do you need a pen for, Balfour?

BALFOUR

I need dates, your grace, specific dates. I'm afraid that having it away with Mrs. Sweeny, will cost you dear. Worse, you're wife will get automatic custody of the children. Do you still wish to force the action?

IAN

Look, Balfour, Margaret Sweeny's loaded. The castle is a ruin and the estate so debt ridden it needs millions spent on it to fix it. I've got no option but to marry another rich American.

(pauses)

There are a few obstacles in the way, an ex-husband, a secret lover, but that's what you'd expect from one of the world's most beautiful women.

Balfour's eyes light up in admiration of Ian.

IAN (CONT'D)

Besides, as Scotland's top noble, the country should expect nothing less from Argyll.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

BALFOUR

Very well, your grace. With a nod and a wink, you should be free to remarry in about six months.

54 EXT. SOUTH COAST BEACH - EVENING

54

Margaret and Ian walk along a deserted beach. There are still some signs of the war along the beach. Ian stops at some barbed wire in the dunes.

IAN

I haven't apologized for that night in the theatre. I snap when I hear a German voice ...

MARGARET

Do you want to tell me about it?

IAN

No

MARGARET

Are you too ashamed ...?

IAN

Yes, I am.
 (rolls cigarette. Looks out to sea)
 I was captured on the retreat to Dunkirk.
 (lights cigarette)
 It was such a cock-up.

Margaret senses his pain.

IAN (CONT'D)

My father was the Commander in Chief of the regiment. He ordered my company to fight the rear-guard action while the rest of the battalion made for the beaches.

MARGARET

Why did he pick you?

IAN

I was the Marquis of Lorne ... the son of the Campbell chief ... the last line of defence.

MARGARET

Is that the tradition?

IAN

No, he hated me ... and I hated him ... in the true Campbell tradition of father like son. As a POW he wrote to tell me that I had dishonored the Clan by being captured alive.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

MARGARET

How horrible

Ian's mood suddenly changes. He kisses Margaret without warning. She is ready this time. He pulls out of the kiss.

IAN

Louise has named you in our divorce.

MARGARET

(alarmed)

What!!!

IAN

Don't worry. It'll be over and done with quickly. Then you can marry me, and live with me in Scotland.

MARGARET

But I hardly know you, Ian.

IAN

Be the Duchess of Argyll? It'll give you what Charlie Sweeny could never give you - status.

MARGARET

You really want to make me your Duchess?

IAN

You'll be the first lady of Scotland. Marry me!

MARGARET

(unsure)

I will need to talk to Daddy first. He still wants Charlie and I to get back together. He adores Charlie.

Something in the way Margaret speaks reveals her own love for Charlie.

IAN

He's had his chance ... you're mine now.

Ian forces his lips onto hers again.

IAN (CONT'D)

How was that?

MARGARET

It was a start

They sink into a hollow in the dunes. Margaret resigned, puts her face deep into Ian's hair and closes her eyes as his hands wash up her. She slides her mouth across his cheek and kisses him hard, so hard he nearly chokes.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2) 54
 Her hands continue down his body to tear open the buttons of his shirt, leaving him exposed and sweating. She takes control.

IAN
 Marry me. I'll make you happy.

MARGARET
 I'll need to see the castle first.
 It will have to be big.

FADE TO:

57 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, LIBRARY - DAY 57
 Ian and Margaret stand in silence in the Library. Ian is downhearted. Margaret is optimistic.

MARGARET
 Shabby but homely. Where can I buy some overalls and gloves?

IAN
 In the village.

MARGARET
 Come on then. You can have a drink to cheer you up while I shop.

55 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, LONDON 1993 - DAY 55
 Old Margaret is watery eyed as she recalls

OLD MARGARET
 I was not disappointed. The moment I saw that castle ... I fell in love with it

FADE BACK TO:

56 EXT. INVERARAY CASTLE 1951 - DAY 56
 The great castle of Inveraray on Loch Fyne with its wall, gates, lodges, plantations and farm buildings, monumental bridges with its adjoining model town, is in disrepair.

OLD MARGARET (V.O.)
 One of the conical turret roofs had been lost in a fire. The rain poured in.

Twisted drainpipes hang down mildewed walls like lifeless snakes. The porch built to keep the rain off Queen Victoria's head is leaking. The cannon forged by Cellini are rusting in the drive.

CUT TO GARDEN:

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

OLD MARGARET (V.O.)

The garden was a wilderness.

The lawns are unweeded and uncut. The fences are broken. Tree trunks are lying where they have fallen. Paths cut by Mary Queen of Scots are water-logged or washed away.

OLD MARGARET

Only the natural setting saved the castle from complete desolation.

58 INT. GEORGE HOTEL BAR, INVERARAY 1951 - DAY

58

DONALD CLARK, jovial landlord is serving Ian sitting in the tartan covered, antler-headed nook drinking whisky with Balfour, IAN MCLELLAN the Chamberlain, a tall, dour priest-like man to whom everything is sacred, Doctor 'BOB' JENKINSON, Eton-chum and Ian's physician, RONNIE McCALLUM, the Duke's bagpiper, and Police Sergeant MCLAUCHLIN, the local bobby.

BALFOUR

The Trustees, your grace, have made their decision.

IAN

Well, they can damn well be undecided. It's my land!

MCLELLAN

It's the Clan's land, and it has to be protected for your heirs.

BOB

They've got you by the curlies, Ian. Especially with Louise's threat to claim half of the estate in the divorce settlement.

BALFOUR

They were very specific. No more sale of land or cottages. Isn't that right, Mr. McLellan?

IAN

What am I going to live on?

The door to the bar opens. Everyone looks towards the door. Margaret enters carrying cleaning products. She is the one radiant item in Campbell's kingdom.

The men variously admire, leer or avariciously gaze at her.

59 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, LONDON 1993 - DAY

59

Old Margaret is philosophical

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

OLD MARGARET

I was the golden goose ... and I had no inkling of how misled post-war Britons were about American wealth and generosity.

(beat)

It appeared that we Americans had it all, and had it all to give ... and that no matter how much we gave, we would always have more

60 EXT. GREEN PARK, LONDON 1951 - DAY

60

George is walking ahead with Peach who has a camera around his neck. Helen, wheeled in her chair by Kathleen, shows Helen her engagement ring.

PEACH

Not at all, sir! A chieftain's role is not the same as a Mafia godfather.

GEORGE

Well, Peach, I hope Scotland's changed since I was a boy. My Cinderella is a princess. In her coming out, she was New York debutante of the year. That's American royalty!

Helen takes Margaret hand and holds it tight and blesses her with a kiss.

HELEN

I hope he will not be a beast to you.

MARGARET

Thank you, mother.

George nods his approval. She kisses her father on the cheek.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Second and last time, Daddy ... I will keep the guest list down. For now, all I have to do is wait for Ian's divorce to come through.

Helen gives George a look of despair.

PEACH

A photo, Miss

MARGARET

Let me do my hair, Peach

Margaret prepares to pose for Peach.

Peach has his camera to eye and is about to take a snap. George slaps him on the back.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

GEORGE

Peach, my boy, how would you like to be a Duke's valet?

Poor Peach. His eyes roll, he makes a face, then recovers his composure.

PEACH

That, sir, depends on the extent of the dukedom.

61 EXT. MAXIM'S, PARIS 1951 - DAY

61

Charlie drinking coffee, Arden tea, Max vermouth. It's the morning after the night before. All are wearing dark glasses.

CHARLIE

What do you buy your ex-wife for her wedding?

ARDEN

Nothing

CHARLIE

Come on, Arden. How'd you feel if we got hitched and Margaret didn't give us anything?

MAX

She's crazy marrying him. He's violent. He'll beat her.

ARDEN

(looks to Charlie)

If any man beat on me, I'd cut his club off.

CHARLIE

Heh, Arden, I'm an all American kid, remember?

MAX

Ian's the ultimate old Etonian drunk who smashes up the clubhouse then doesn't remember.

ARDEN

I won't buy them anything breakable then.

MAX

He gave my sister a broken jaw once.

Charlie is alarmed. This is new information to him.

MAX (CONT'D)

Didn't you know? It's in his blood. He's half American.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

Charlie resents Max's snobbery.

CHARLIE

Maybe we break a few hearts, but we don't stand for breaking women's bones.

(thinks)

I'll talk Margaret out of marrying him.

ARDEN

Stay out of it, Charlie.

MAX

Yes, leave well alone

Charlie wants to say something, but Arden stares at him. Charlie throws his hands up in the air.

CHARLIE

What the hell I'll mind my own business. I'm out of here.

He is lonely without Margaret. He gets up and wanders off without a backward glance.

ARDEN

What's eating him?

MAX

Isn't it obvious. He's still in love with her.

Arden slams down her tea-cup and pushes back her chair.

ARDEN

Thanks!

She races after Charlie. Max sits nursing his hangover, regretting what he has just said.

MAX

Why does he always get the girl

62 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, LONDON 1993 - DAY

62

Margaret smiles

OLD MARGARET

Arden was so beautiful ... Max told me years later that he hated you for stealing her from him.

OLD CHARLIE

He never forgave me for stealing you from him at your Coming Out Ball. He was in love with you all of his life.

(CONTINUED)

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62 CONTINUED:

62

OLD MARGARET

He was not the one for me (pensive)
 Ian was not the one for me either ...
 everyone kept trying to tell me so

63 EXT. TAORMINE, SICILY 1951 - DAWN

63

Toaromine on the slopes of Mount Etna. A playground for the Roma rich with it's beach houses, villas, grand ducal mansions in the style of classical times. Mount Etna glows in the half light.

OLD MARGARET (V.O.)

I should have admitted to myself that he
 only wanted me for my money ...

Margaret and Siegmund in the moonlight, the water shimmering with phosphoric silver as it breaks upon the volcanic sands.

OLD MARGARET (V.O.)

... but the looming marriage brought my
 relationship with Siggy to a head.

Margaret, her arms wrapped round her knees, lets the sand drift through her fingers. The breeze sweeps back her hair, droplets of water cling to her. Siegmund cannot take his eyes off her.

MARGARET

If I marry Ian, this will have to stop

SIEGMUND

Why? ... Don't you love me anymore?

MARGARET

A few stolen days ... a few times a year is
 not enough. It's not fair on me or Hilde.

Margaret reaches for her blouse. Siegmund puts out his hand to stop her.

SIEGMUND

I don't want to lose you

MARGARET

Please don't make this hard, Siggy.

Margaret puts on her blouse. Siegmund takes Margaret by the shoulders.

SIEGMUND

You want to be a duchess? What does a
 duchess do that you don't already do?

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET

Influence people. I want to change things. I want to see children grow up with a bright gleam in their eye. I want to be like you, Siggy. I want to be like Paul Getty ... make peoples' lives better.

SIEGMUND

(laughs)

This is all about grand notions of charity?

MARGARET

No. It's about me finding the good in myself.

SIEGMUND

Its already there, but Ian is no good for you. Don't do it.

MARGARET

Then tell Hilde about us.

SIEGMUND

I can't ...

MARGARET

Then there is no more to talk about.

Siegmund places a towel over Margaret shoulders and tries to put a friendly arm around her. She initially resists then gives in and allows him to encircle her with his arms.

SIEGMUND

I lost you because of the damned war ... I would never have married Hilde if I had known I would find you again. We can't turn back time, but we can rescue the time we have left. I love you and nothing will ever change that.

Both are close to tears. Margaret puts her arms around his neck.

MARGARET

Oh Siggy, I thought marrying Ian would be the end of everything.

Margaret despite herself craves love. She is a woman with a sexual appetite. She kisses him, she devours him, she demands to be satisfied in every way possible. She makes Siegmund run his hands over her body.

The waves wash the sands.

Margaret is remembering

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

OLD MARGARET

And that was the start of my new life going between three men who excused the War for all their shortcomings.

65 INT. WHITE'S CLUB, LONDON 1951 - EARLY EVENING

65

A gentleman's club. It is Christmas time. The bar is full of members for late afternoon and early evening tipples. Ian is one-over-the-eight. He is on top of the club bar dancing.

The BARMAN, a shy mess jacketed squirrel-faced seventy-year old, goes to fetch the manager. Charlie, Bob Jenkinson, and to a lesser degree Max, are preventing some of the other club MEMBERS from interfering. Retired AIR MARSHAL THOMSON, old, past-it, and gaga with Parkinson's and a cane, tries to swipe at Ian, but Charlie restrains him. Ian has a bottle in his hand and is threatening to smash the bar mirror.

IAN

That's all I hear about the war! The gassing of the bloody Jews!

The BARMAN re-appears with the MANAGER, dapper, tall, early sixties. He is accompanied by a PORTER, a large, round, beer-swilling man.

MAX

Give him a pill or something, Bob. You're his bloody doctor!

Bob reaches into his pocket for some pills.

MANAGER

Group Captain Sweeny. I think we will have to put Captain Campbell's behavior before the member's committee.

CHARLIE

As the member's committee chairman I'll block any move to black-ball him. Understood?

MANAGER

Why, sir?

CHARLIE

I have my reasons ... that is all, thank you.

MANAGER

I have been here thirty five years and I have not seen anything like it. The staff will not tolerate this kind of behavior.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: 65
 Many of the members have bad hearts. Bob Jenkinson is helping Ian away from the bar. The Manager instructs the Barman and Porter to clean up.

CHARLIE

Let's get him back to the Dorchester.

Charlie, Max and Bob drag Ian out of the Club.

66 INT. THE DORCHESTER, LOBBY - DAY 66

Margaret is in the hotel lobby at Charlie's door. She knocks. Charlie opens the door.

67 INT. THE DORCHESTER, APARTMENT LOUNGE - DAY 67

Margaret enters Charlie's apartment. She is carrying a wrapped Christmas gift. Charlie closes the door behind her. Margaret puts the gift down.

MARGARET

Is he still here?

CHARLIE

No. He went about five minutes after I called you.

MARGARET

Did he give a reason?

CHARLIE

That guy doesn't give a reason for anything he does.

MARGARET

What does that mean?

CHARLIE

It means - what the hell do you see in him? He's a worse drunk than Max.

Charlie pours some orange juice into two glasses. She accepts one of the glasses.

MARGARET

You are just jealous.

CHARLIE

Sure, that's what it is

MARGARET

What is the matter with you?

CHARLIE

I brought him back here last night and he kicked up hell at the front desk. He smacked the Concierge in the mouth.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

MARGARET

Why?

CHARLIE

Because he wouldn't get him a drink.

MARGARET

Ian would not do that?

CHARLIE

No ...? You don't know this guy.

MARGARET

Give me some credit, Charlie. Ian's got a lot of troubles at the moment with the castle, his divorce

CHARLIE

Bob Jenkinson says he's a schizophrenic ...

MARGARET

I am not going to take this crap!

Margaret rises as if to leave. Charlie knows her well enough to know she is posturing.

CHARLIE

You've never taken crap from anybody, have you? You're like a little china doll sitting on a mantle-piece. Everything else around you is chipped, but you're perfect.

Margaret's eyes narrow.

MARGARET

Oh, you are chipped all right, Charlie Sweeny.

(picks up a framed picture ...)

The Olympic athlete who did not win a medal.

(then another ...)

The ace flyer who missed halve the war because he had an ulcer.

(and another)

The amateur golf champion who never went professional because it did not pay enough!

(struggles to think of something else)

The philanthropic millionaire who made his money peddling guns!!

(exasperated)

You are a fraud, Charlie Sweeny! An utter fraud!

CHARLIE

Is that right? At least I've tried to do something with my life.

(CONTINUED)

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67 CONTINUED: (2)

All you've ever done is to swan from Bloomingdales to Harrods via Park Avenue or Park Lane.

Charlie realizes he's said the wrong thing. Margaret is wounded. She picks up the Christmas gift and hands it to him.

MARGARET

Thanks for the little speech. It is the first time you have complained about all the gifts I bought you

CHARLIE

Margaret Hell, I'm sorry. I mean ... where did we go wrong?

MARGARET

You neglected me. We'd still be married if you had lived my fantasies the way I lived yours.

CHARLIE

What does that mean?

MARGARET

You know exactly what I am talking about. You wasted our dreams. If we had gone back to America when the War started, you could have been a Senator by now.

CHARLIE

I had to do my bit ... and I don't regret it.

Margaret picks up a picture of her herself and Charlie in uniform.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

There's still a chance for us, Wiggy. Christ's sake ... don't marry Ian. I'll break it off with Arden.

MARGARET

It is too late, Charlie. His divorce is through. Let us quit this conversation while we are still friends.

Margaret kisses him on neck and makes to leave. Charlie takes hold of her. She struggles a little then gives into his desires. Then she remembers Ian and pulls herself away.

CHARLIE

Wiggy

MARGARET

I can't, Charlie. I still love you but I can't.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (3) 67
Margaret runs to the door, and without looking back, leaves.

Charlie opens the gift. It is a Polaroid camera.

68 EXT. CAXTON HALL, LONDON 1952 - DAY 68

The steps of Caxton Hall Registrar Office. Margaret and Ian emerge. They are married. They are dressed as if they have just come from Ascot.

OLD MARGARET (V.O.)

Everyone put a brave face on it ... Daddy in particular ... he did not like Ian that much.

A black Rolls is waiting. There is a large CROWD gathered to see the couple.

OLD MARGARET (V.O.)

But our wedding was news. Big news! We were the talk of the country.

George, who has given the bride away, Bob, the best man, Helen, Max, and Yvonne stand behind the couple as they pose for photographs.

Members of the PRESS wait to rush forward.

OLD MARGARET (V.O.)

I kept looking into the crowd expecting to see your face

MARGARET

I wish Charlie was here

GEORGE

This is green kryptonite for him, princess.

Margaret smiles weakly and reaches for Ian's hand. They begin to descend the stairs.

A REPORTER pushes through the crowd.

REPORTER

How does it feel to be a Duchess, your grace?

Margaret savors the moment. She feels a new strength, a new beginning.

MARGARET

Money makes people bow, but a title really makes them scrape.

Everyone laughs. Margaret enters the limo followed by Ian. They are happy. Everyone else is happy, except Yvonne.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: 68
 Across the street in an overcoat and hat to hide his face is Charlie.

OLD CHARLIE V.O
 I was there alright

69 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, LONDON 1993 - DAY 69
 Charlie twirls his cane between his knees.

OLD CHARLIE
 I had to see you ... to find out if you were happy.

OLD MARGARET
 Did you see me looking for you ...?

RETURN TO:

70 EXT. CAXTON HALL, LONDON 1952 - DAY 70
 Margaret is still stretching to see above the crowd.

OLD CHARLIE V.O
 I saw you glancing about. You looked as if you were enjoying the attention.
 (beat)
 George knew I was there ...

71 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, LONDON 1993 - DAY 71
 Margaret is surprised to discover this.

OLD MARGARET
 Why did he lie to me ...

OLD CHARLIE
 Because he loved you even more than I did.
 He didn't want to spoil your day.

There are tears in Margaret's eyes.

OLD MARGARET V.O
 No ... Ian managed to do that all on his own at the reception

72 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, DRAWING ROOM - AFTERNOON 72

The drawing room with it's ivory walls, satin curtains, a mushroom grey carpet and French and Italian furniture is the venue for the wedding reception. George, Helen, Max, Yvonne, Donald, Paul Getty, Siegmund, Hildegard, Mr. & Mrs. Ping, Bob, McCallum the Piper, Air Marshal Thomson and sixty PARTY GUESTS attended by Peach, Reay, Mrs. Duckworth, Kathleen, Dingle, and some HIRED STAFF. There is a party hubbub, the bubbly is flowing. A Congratulations banner hangs across a table stacked with Mrs. Duckworth's delicacies.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

Kathleen, Peach, Reay and Dingle keep the guests glasses topped and their plates full.

MARGARET V.O

Daddy, being Daddy, decided to make a big show of the exchange of gifts.

Ian is in full Highland dress. Margaret is wearing a Campbell tartan sash over her pearl and black evening gown. They have received an array of gifts. The Guests vie to witness the exchange.

GEORGE

Your Highnesses, Graces, Lords, Ladies, lesser nobles, and mere commoners ...
(laughter)
... This is a proud day for myself and my wife Helen. As humble Lowland Scots we never believed that one day our darling princess would marry Scotland's premier nobleman - Ian Campbell, Duke of Argyll and Lord of the Isles.
(applause)
It is with great pride I present this gift to him as a thank you.

Ian opens his present - a gold Cartier watch and a cheque. CU - the cheque is for £200,000.

The band strikes up a Cole Porter tune.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

To help start the restoration of the castle.

IAN

This is outstanding, George. Thank you.

The Guests begin to dance. Margaret puts the watch on his wrist.

IAN (CONT'D)

And thank you, Maggie. Here, I have something for you.

Margaret opens her present from Ian. She peels the wrapper -
- It is a poorly sculpted clay rabbit.

Her face falls instantly. Its a bad taste present from a nickel and dime store. Ian does not notice Margaret's disappointment despite being sober. George and Helen are speechless.

MARGARET

Oh, Ian, it is lovely.

(CONTINUED)

IAN

It's called a dumb-bunny. I saw it and it reminded me so much of you.

MARGARET

It is very sweet.

Margaret kisses him on the cheek. She is shaken.

IAN

Would you like to dance, Maggie?

MARGARET

No, Ian. Ask Yvonne.

Ian takes a delighted Yvonne's hand. Donald smiles. Margaret is almost in tears. Helen is angered.

HELEN

George, tell her now ... she's made a mistake.

GEORGE

I can't tell her that, Helen. So what, he's given her a half dollar trinket. Maybe he'll surprise her later.

Helen gives a look of 'that will be the day'

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Want to dance, Cinders?

MARGARET

No, thank you, daddy. I need to powder my face.

The bathroom, large and elegant with peach pink walls, a pinkish beige carpet and sky blue ceiling. The entire room is mirrored. Two hinged side mirrors above the basin provide a triple mirror lit by a small crystal chandelier. Built-in dress cupboards flanked by two pink half-pillars with glass columns extend along the wall opposite the basin.

She stares at herself in the mirrors.

In the basin are a white china chicken, and duck. Margaret places the dumb-bunny beside them.

She slips out of her black dress.

MARGARET

What the hell, you china doll.
(studies herself in her underwear)
You are a duchess now.

74 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, DRAWING ROOM - SAME MOMENT 74

Ian slips away with Yvonne into the library.

75 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER 75

Ian ushers Yvonne into the library. He is holding a letter in his hand.

IAN

When did this arrive???

YVONNE

This morning's post ... you were too busy getting ready for this farce.

IAN

Leave off, Yvonne, she's a bit of alright.

YVONNE

Don't tell me you love the bitch?

IAN

Maybe a little. You can still work for me.

He slides his hand down her backless dress. She struggles but is too weak to reject his advance.

YVONNE

That's not good enough. You told me that you'd pay for our son to get through Oxford?

IAN

And so I will. (whispers) Listen to me, Vonnie. I had to marry her. I need a half-a-million or the Trustees are going to kick me out of the castle and take the roof off to avoid tax duties.

YVONNE

You should have let the trustees worry about the estate. You promised me a new life in Canada.

He is playing with her. She is hopelessly in love with him. He pulls away.

IAN

Margaret seems to like you. She's looking for a secretary. If I take Peach, she can have you. What do you say?

YVONNE

God, you've made a right mess of everything.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:
Yvonne tries to kiss Ian on the lips.

75

IAN

Not now. I need a drink.

Ian shrugs her off and makes for the door. Yvonne, wounded, remains in the library, her eyes wandering the shelves, ornaments and wall paintings, her mind trying to take in the world of Margaret Sweeny.

76 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, DRAWING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

76

Ian returns to the drawing room. There is loud grinding and bumping Latin American music. Margaret in a short red dress, dances perversely with Yvonne's son Donald. She has one of his legs between her own and is rubbing her groin into his thigh. Ian intervenes. He grabs her by the arm.

IAN

What the hell are you doing?

MARGARET

Being a dumb bunny.

CU on Ian reveals a boiling anger. He seems prepared to strike her, but he laughs the situation off. He takes the boy's place. No-one notices anything except Max.

Ian averts his eyes to Yvonne who is joined by her son.

Max catches the look Yvonne gives back to Ian.

All the while, Margaret's eyes are closed and her head is on Ian's shoulder.

77 INT. LONDON-GLASGOW TRAIN 1952 - NIGHT

77

The sound of the train running fast over the tracks punctuates the dim light of the sleeper interior. Margaret, in a see-through black negligee, is oiling her body. Ian, wearing pale silk pyjamas, reaches into the pocket of his wedding jacket.

He pulls out a letter.

MARGARET

Are you going to oil me, darling?

IAN

I got this in the post this morning?

Ian's face drops as he re-reads the letter.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

IAN (CONT'D)

(reads)

Ian and Colin Campbell - are not the natural sons of Ian Campbell, Duke of Argyll. The children are not the true heirs to the Campbell estate and lands.

Ian accusingly throws the letter onto the bed. Margaret stiffens a little. She recovers by pouring some oil into the cup of her hand to rub onto the back of her thigh.

MARGARET

Is it true?

IAN

Of course not!

MARGARET

(innocently)

It is just someone making mischief. Do you not recognize the handwriting?

IAN

It's Louise's. But she wouldn't do a thing like this. Anonymous? It's not her style.

Margaret raises her eyebrows and stares at him as if to say 'Why not?'

MARGARET

You said she was a looney. Maybe she wants us to argue on our wedding night?

Ian doesn't want to believe it is Louise. Margaret finishes oiling her legs. She gets into bed.

IAN

Someone is trying to ruin my reputation.

Margaret is insinuated by the way he looks at her.

MARGARET

Ian! We are just married and you doubt me already? Get the police to do some tests.

IAN

Damn the police!

Margaret is surprised by the severity of Ian's temper.

MARGARET

If it is all lies, why are you so upset?

IAN

It is all lies!

(CONTINUED)

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77 CONTINUED: (2) 77
Margaret tries to touch him. He pushes her away and clambers into the upper bunk.

CU - Margaret, concerned that their honeymoon night is a taste of what is to come, re-reads the letter.

A look of doubt crosses her face.

78 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, LONDON 1993 - DAY 78
Old Margaret closes her red diary for 1952.

OLD MARGARET

We know now that it was Yvonne who sent the letter, but back then how could I imagine that my marriage to Ian Campbell was only going to get worse from that point on

79 EXT. INVERARAY CASTLE 1952 - DAY 79

The estate WORKERS, TENANTS and VILLAGERS have turned out to see the new Duchess. A banner across the entrance reads - 'Welcome Maggie'.

MARGARET (O.S.)

How could I? It was like a fairy tale ... the dream of every little girl ... to marry a prince with a castle and to be loved by the people.

MacCallum the piper, in full highland dress, is playing 'Scotland the Brave'.

The Rolls glides to a halt. Ian, tweed jacket and kilt, gets out.

- The crowd cheers.

He takes Margaret's hand, helps her out. She is in matching tweed jacket and skirt and wearing Ian's tartan scarf.

- A bigger cheer.

MacCallum plays 'Mairi's Wedding'.

AGNES MacCALLUM, eight year old daughter of the piper, presents Margaret with a bouquet of flowers. Margaret accepts the flowers and gives Agnes a kiss.

- The crowd cheer loudly again.

Margaret looks at Ian. She looks radiant in the Highland air. He lifts her in his arms.

- They cheer.

Ian carries Margaret over the threshold of the castle.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

IAN

You're a bloody heavy cow.

Margaret is wounded by his retort.

Peach captures the moment with his camera. Kathleen sighs.

80 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, HALL - MOMENTS LATER

80

The CASTLE STAFF are lined up, McLellan and ALEX DINGLE, aged, limping, white-haired butler, at the head.

IAN

Close the door, McLellan! The plebes have had their fun. Get me a drink, Dingle!

Margaret stares at Ian as if he is a stranger.

IAN (CONT'D)

Bring the bags up to the bedroom. I still have to legalize the marriage.

Margaret is embarrassed. Peach and Kathleen are also embarrassed. Ian grips Margaret by the arm and leads her upstairs.

The rest of the Staff watch in a half fascinated, half appalled way.

PEACH

Can someone show me and Kathleen our rooms?

His Cockney voice garnishes titters from the castle staff.

81 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE - LATER

81

Peach and Kathleen, bags in hand, are being led by McLellan and Dingle.

Eighty-four junk filled rooms of Lawrence's, Raeburns, Nasmthys record the generations of Campbells that have included two beheaded earls. Armor stands unpolished for sixty years. Carpets and rugs are threadbare. The linen is all marked 1860. Crown Derby porcelain and Waterford crystal are scattered on three floors. The stone-floored kitchen is burnt black. Marshal Ney's flintlock lies cobwebbed in a damp corner. St Molug's crosier is propping up a ceiling. The ring of Culloden sword blades on the Great Hall wall are all tarnished. The Brown Library is the only habitable sitting-room in the house.

Peach picks up a linen table napkin stamped 1860. The dust irritates him.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

MCLELLAN

I'll be grateful if you leave everything as it is, Mr. Peach. We Scots are proud of our traditions.

PEACH

As you wish, Mr. McLellan.

Peach puts the napkin down gently.

KATHLEEN

(quietly to Peach)

No-one has sneezed in here for ninety years.

Peach smiles. They continue down a corridor.

FADE TO BLACK:

82 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, HALL - SOME WEEKS LATER

82

The clatter of broken china. Margaret, in a pair of grey overalls, is tossing chipped junk china marked with a red dot into a big old footbath. Peach and Kathleen enjoy the fun.

KATHLEEN

Good shot, mam!

MARGARET

I was Bryn Mawr's champion horseshoe thrower.

Margaret throws an old plate towards the bath. The plate misses and splatters at the feet of Ian and Yvonne.

CU - Ian is not amused by the broken china.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Darling!

She advances and gives Ian a kiss. Yvonne winces.

Margaret picks a long hair off Ian's collar. She gives Yvonne an accusing look.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

We expected you both for lunch.

IAN

(lying)

Yvonne's train was late. Sorry

Margaret is not fooled.

MARGARET

Kathleen, we'll take afternoon tea in the large drawing room.

83 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, LARGE DRAWING ROOM - MINUTES LATER 83

Down one side of the room a long gallery of portraits. On the other, large south-facing windows through which the late Spring sun is streaming. Everything has been restored. The twelve point stag heads, the lion head rug, the tiger head rug, the Persian rug, oriental covered chairs and sofas, the portraits of the Dukes, the Chinese vases, the small oriental tables, the grand piano.

The double doors open. Margaret enters followed by Ian and Yvonne. She is visibly awed at the transformation.

YVONNE

It's a miracle!

IAN

It's all Saint Maggie's doing.

MARGARET

The miracle is the money Daddy lent us.
(beat)

Now, Yvonne after tea, get ready to roll up your sleeves. The paperwork is unbearable. We have so many official duties, we need to give prompt replies. Has Ian discussed your terms?

Yvonne is unprepared. She is dressed like a guest, not a servant. She turns to Ian for support. Ian shrugs.

IAN

I'll leave you to it. I'm needed in the grounds.

Ian closes the doors behind himself.

Margaret and Yvonne are alone. There is an awkward silence as they size each other up.

A large stack of cashbooks and papers sit on a table. Margaret opens one of the drawers in the table.

CU - A STACK OF UNOPENED PERSONAL LETTERS BOUND BY A RUBBER BAND.

Margaret looks at them quizzically then pulls out a cashbook placed besides them and closes the drawer.

MARGARET

I have been going through the books and discovered terrible debts. Did Ian mention them to you?

YVONNE

His Grace has never discussed financial matters with me.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

MARGARET

(dubiously)

But you have known him twenty years

Yvonne smiles sweetly.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Ian told me your dead husband was his best friend?

FADE TO:

84 EXT. LARGE ESTATE, 1930 - SUMMER AFTERNOON

84

A party of YOUNG FLAPPERS picnicking in large grounds.

YVONNE V.O

They were at Eton and Oxford together. I met them at a party ... I was just seventeen, they were so sophisticated.

YOUNG IAN and JAMES are fighting to kiss a beautiful YOUNG YVONNE. She is torn over which one to accept.

85 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, LARGE DRAWING ROOM 1952 - DAY

85

Yvonne hands a framed photograph of Young Ian and James and hands it to Margaret.

YVONNE

Life promised so much back then they both wanted to marry me.

MARGARET

But you preferred James?
(Puts the frame down.)

YVONNE

Eventually, yes ... Ian's father objected to me ... he insisted on Ian marrying into money.

MARGARET

Really ...?

YVONNE

Yes ... and now tragically its become second nature to him.

Margaret suddenly realizes that Yvonne knows more about Ian than she does. She feels threatened and distances herself.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET

Your first duty as my secretary will be to make a list of all the estate's debts, the length of time outstanding, and come to me for payment of them.

It is obvious Yvonne does not like being spoken to in such a manner.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Is that clear?

YVONNE

Yes, your Grace

MARGARET

You need not refer to me as Your Grace.

Yvonne answers whiningly through her teeth.

YVONNE

I am only observing tradition

Margaret smiles. She relaxes a little, as if now thinking about making a concession.

MARGARET

Alright, then. We will do it like this. In public I will call you Mrs. MacPherson.

YVONNE

Yes your Grace.

Beyond the double door there is the sound of a tea trolley.

MARGARET

On informal occasions, while taking tea, you may call me Lady Campbell. On these occasions I will call you Yvonne? Does that suit you?

It is obvious Yvonne dislikes Margaret, but for appearance sake she smiles.

YVONNE

Yes, Lady Campbell ...

Margaret throws open the doors.

MARGARET

Mrs. MacPherson and I are ready for the coffee now, Kathleen.

Kathleen wheels in a tea-trolley.

86 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE 1953 - DAY 86

A Red Diary is embossed in gold - 1953

The Castle has been almost fully restored. Everything is spotless.

- From the grand bedroom to the tapestry drawing room.
- From the armory to the saloon.
- From the gallery to the Victorian room.

All the SERVANTS have new uniforms. Dingle, Peach and McLellan are immaculate.

87 EXT. INVERARAY TOWN 1953 - SUNSET 87

A run-down two hundred year old town of five hundred people. The once whitewashed walls are green. They have not been painted for fifty years. The VILLAGERS look impoverished.

In a shop window is a poster advertising John Ford's 'She Wore Yellow Ribbon'. Parked nearby is a van with the Highland Film Board written on the side. The projector is being set up in the square outside the old jail by two CINEMATOGRAPHERS who are adjusting their equipment. The projector is pointed at the end wall of the George Hotel. Some wooden benches are being unloaded from the van and put in rows. Margaret with Dingle is with Donald Clark watching.

MARGARET

So this is the picture house?

CLARK

It's grand, your Grace. We have it every fortnight.

MARGARET

But its outdoors and it's starting to rain.

CLARK

They'll bring their sou'westers.

MARGARET

(unconvinced)

Peach, go and fetch my umbrella from the car.

88 EXT. INVERARAY TOWN - NIGHT 88

John Wayne's face is as big as the hotel-wall.

The Villagers are sitting in the rain. Children are soaked through. Someone is coughing, but everyone has their eyes fixed on the American hero.

Suddenly, a torrential downpour.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: 88
 The film flickers, then dies. A moan goes up.
 The Villagers run for the cover of the hotel.
 The Cinematographers cover up their equipment.

89 INT. GEORGE HOTEL - NIGHT 89
 George Hotel bar is packed with wet Villagers. Margaret is looking out the window.

CLARK
 We've been trying to get the old Drill Hall for years, but the Regiment won't allow it, your Grace.

MARGARET
 Who is in command of the Regiment?

CLARK
 His Grace.

Margaret sizes up the situation. She realizes the power she wields.

MARGARET
 We will set up our own picture house in the Drill Hall.
 (makes to leave)
 I will have the films sent from London twice a week.

Clark is pleased. The Villagers nod or curtsey as Margaret makes to the door followed by Peach. A little girl, soaked-through is sheltering in the doorway.

CLARK
 Away you home now, Agnes MacCallum.

MARGARET
 I've seen that little girl up at the castle washing dishes?

PEACH
 She's the daughter of the Duke's piper.

Margaret studies Agnes for a moment and recognizes her as the girl who gave her the flowers when she first arrived. Agnes is big eyed and innocent. She smiles.

MARGARET
 Do you like parties?

AGNES
 Yes, miss

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET

Peach. I want the village children sent up to the castle this Christmas.

PEACH

Yes, mam

CLARK

It's not necessary, your grace.

MARGARET

It is the twentieth century, Donald. I keep reminding my husband, but he seems to forget feudalism is dead.

CLARK

(cynically)

Campbell's don't forget anything, your grace.

The crowd in the pub laugh aloud in agreement. Margaret catches the mood of the locals. She looks at them compassionately, then turns and leaves followed by Peach.

90 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE - AFTERNOON

90

The children's Christmas party with about twenty CHILDREN.

Margaret, wearing a frilly laced peach-coloured silk gown, is playing musical chairs with them as Kathleen plays them lifts the needle off the record player.

91 EXT. INVERARAY CASTLE - EARLY EVENING

91

The last of the children are leaving with their PARENTS.

92 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, LIBRARY DOORS - SIMULTANEOUSLY

92

Peach is sitting on a large packed trunk vacating a Santa Claus suit.

Ian comes rushing past him and bursts ...

93 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, LIBRARY 1953 - DAY

93

... into the library in his filthy clothes. He rakes in the drawer in the table previously piled with papers. He is angry.

Margaret, still in her silk gown, is lounging on a window box-seat writing in her red diary.

IAN

Have you seen my ex-wife's letters??

She does not like his clothes or his rudeness of tone.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

MARGARET

Which wife?

IAN

Louise, of course! Her letters to me are missing.

MARGARET

Maybe Mrs. MacPherson threw them out.

Margaret returns to her writing.

IAN

She did not! I've asked her. The last time I saw the letters was when you were clearing out the study.

Margaret rises above his accusation.

MARGARET

What would I want with a batch of old love letters from your looney second wife?

Ian paces the room. He kicks over a small table. Something else is bothering him. He is on the verge of spilling his feelings, but can't express himself.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Oh, Ian! You are so childish. Spit it out!

IAN

Someone is out to get me! It's either you or Louise!

He continues to pace.

MARGARET

You are mad. Look at you ... if the gamekeeper saw you he would shoot you.
(beat)
Go and get changed. I am all packed and ready to set off for Glasgow. We cannot go with you dressed like that!

IAN

This is perfectly fine for Glasgow!

MARGARET

But not for Paris

IAN

Why do we have to go to Paris for Christmas shopping?

MARGARET

Maybe to buy your sons some presents?

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2)

93

Ian kicks over a chair and storms out slamming the library door behind him.

Margaret shakes her head and locks away her diary.

She stands before a mirror and compares herself with a large portrait of a previous duchess. Innocently, she notices ...

- the corner of a photograph sticking out from under the window box-seat lid -

Curious, she lifts up the lid. Inside are a dozen ten-by-eight photos.

CU- THE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE PORNOGRAPHIC

Suddenly there is the SOUND of Ian returning. She slips the photos back into the box. Ian barges in with a paper in his hand.

IAN

Look ... something big has come up.

MARGARET

What???

IAN

You'll have to go to Paris on your own.
I'll tell you when you come back. Don't worry about me ... I've got Yvonne to keep me company.

He slams the door as he leaves.

THE CAMERA PANS BACK TO LEAVE MARGARET LOOKING SMALL IN THE LARGE ROOM

94 INT. CAFE, PARIS 1953 - DAY

94

Margaret is looking out the window in a side-cafe.

OLD MARGARET (V.O.)

I was furious with Ian. But Paris was Paris as Paris has always been, I could not get enough of it ... or its attractions.

95 EXT. CAFE - DAY

95

A black car pulls up.

A man gets out. It is Siegmund. He is furtive. The car drives off.

96 INT. CAFE - DAY

96

Siegmund slides down beside Margaret and kisses her passionately.

(CONTINUED)

SIEGMUND

I knew you would tire of him ...

MARGARET

Do not be so sure of yourself, Siggy.
(takes his cigarette case from his pocket
and removes a cigarette)
How are Hildegarde and the children?

SIEGMUND

Touche! You know how to cut a man down to size. Its all that training you have had as a Duchess.

MARGARET

Do not be silly, I have not changed.

SIEGMUND

You might think so

MARGARET

I am not going to fall for that.
(lights cigarette)
Why could we not meet at the Ritz?

Margaret indicates that the cafe is shabby.

SIEGMUND

I am being careful.
(looks out window)
I have been offered the post of German
Ambassador to the United Nations.

MARGARET

Well done you deserve it.

SIEGMUND

Yes, but the CIA are doing a security check on me. Its crazy. They think every second person is spying for the Russians.

MARGARET

Me a Russian spy! What a gas

SIEGMUND

You've no idea how many double agents there are out there. Its hard to trust anyone.

MARGARET

Especially other men's wives?
(thinks)
So now you want me to spy for you.

SIEGMUND

(alarmed)
Absolutely not

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (2) 96
 no-one must ever find out about us. We have
 always been just friends ... do you
 understand what I mean?

MARGARET

Deny that we ever slept together ...? Who
 is going to believe that?

SIEGMUND

Hildegarde and the children so much want to
 go to America. I've talked so much about
 it.

97 EXT. CAFE - DAY 97
 Siegmund's black car returns and stops.

98 INT. CAFE - DAY 98
 Siegmund throws down some change, kisses her on both cheeks
 and gets up.

MARGARET

So that is it? You don't want to 'give me'
 a Christmas present before you go?

SIEGMUND

How can I possibly do so at this time ..?
 It would be so un-American ...

Siegmund leaves. Margaret watches through the window as he
 gets into his car and drives off.

OLD MARGARET (V.O)

Siggy had his eye on the future. Everyone
 wanted to go to America, even the Von
 Brauns only a small handful of
 Americans wanted to be in Europe.

99 EXT. CAFE - DAY 99
 Margaret is leaving the cafe. A YOUNG MAN goes past on a
 bicycle and winks at Margaret. She smiles.

OLD MARGARET

For me, Europe was the only place to be.

100 EXT. AIRPORT, GLASGOW - A DAY LATER 100
 Ian is well turned out in a dark suit, his hat is tilted in a
 jocular fashion as if he has been to the races. He is
 inhaling on a long holder. Peach has the engine of the car
 running and is busy helping Kathleen load a mountain of Paris
 fashion purchases into the trunk. Ian embraces Margaret.

IAN

How were the Frogs, fish-face?

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

MARGARET

Why must you be so dismissive of everyone,
Ian.
(beat)
How was Inveraray without me?

IAN

(smirking)
Some old Campbell biddy in Canada died and
left me her fortune.

MARGARET

Are you joking?

IAN

No. Never even met her. Said she had been
reading about how hard up the Clan was.
Left me two hundred thousand pounds.

MARGARET

Oh Ian! I do not believe it!
(hugs him)
This means we can pay some money back to
Daddy.

IAN

(lying)
Of course we can

101 EXT. MOUNTAINS - SAME DAY

101

The blues, purples and browns of the steep rugged hills are
balanced by the black water of the lochs.

Ian's car climbs the one-in-four gradient of the Rest and Be
Thankful, the gateway to Campbell's Kingdom.

CUT TO:

Ian and Margaret are out the car looking at the view.

IAN

There is nothing between here and America
that isn't Campbell land.

Margaret rests her cheek on Ian's shoulder.

MARGARET

And you are the master....

Ian glances down at Margaret. She pushes her face further
into his shoulder and places her hands in his jacket pockets
to keep warm. She frowns.

She pulls out dozens of horse betting slips from his pockets.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

MARGARET (CONT'D)

You have been betting!

IAN

(unapologetic)

It's only the Hamilton races.

MARGARET

How much did you lose???

IAN

Five thousand.

Margaret is irate.

MARGARET

I do not believe you have any intention of paying back Daddy.

IAN

Don't be silly. I'm going to use the inheritance money to find the Spanish treasure ship sunk in Tobermory Bay. Then I'll be able to pay your father back tenfold.

Margaret desperately wants to believe Ian. He leads her back to the car.

102 INT. CAR - DAY

102

Ian kisses Margaret who does not resist. He whispers into her ear.

IAN

I had another one of those letters while you were in Paris.

Ian hands her the letter. She reads it.

MARGARET

It is the same handwriting as before. It has to be Louise.

IAN

It's not her I tell you!

Ian snatches the letter.

MARGARET

Who else would know all those personal things about you if not Louise?

IAN

The person who stole her letters from the study! This is postmarked Paris! Do think I am stupid!

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

MARGARET

I am being set up here!

IAN

You're forging her handwriting.

MARGARET

That is absurd! What motive would I have?

IAN

To disinherit my sons!

MARGARET

Why?

IAN

So that I have to have an heir from you!

Margaret blushes at the thought of having Ian's child.

MARGARET

That's a sick joke, Ian.

Ian looks at Margaret as if to say 'Is it?'

MARGARET (CONT'D)

You're mad

103 EXT. CASTLE - DAY

103

The car arrives at the Castle. It is raining heavily.

Dingle opens the car door, hands Margaret an umbrella as she gets out. She sneezes.

Ian gets out the other side.

MARGARET

I'm going to bed.

She turns and enters the castle. Yvonne is standing at the door smiling. Margaret pushes past without a word.

Ian continues to stand in the rain staring at the letter. In a fit of anger he rips the letter up and grinds the pieces under his foot.

104 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, BEDROOM 1954 - SOME MONTHS LATER

104

Ian and Margaret's bedroom is very cold, but not sparsely furnished. The walls are ornamentally painted. The broody bedtime eyes of the 8th Duke's wife stare down on the state-sized bed that was once hers.

Margaret in bed wearing a winter overcoat and woolly hat. She clutches a large silk handkerchief while reading from a stack of the latest fashion magazines.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

Kathleen is knocking cobwebs down with a long handed feather-duster. Peach enters and winces at her efforts.

Margaret eases herself out of bed. Kathleen runs to help her.

MARGARET

Is my husband back from Tobermory yet?

PEACH

No, mam. His Grace says that it will be another week before they locate the galleon.

Peach signals Kathleen to fetch something.

PEACH (CONT'D)

We have a surprise, mam I had to sneak it past Mr. Dingle, but I know you'll like it.

Kathleen reaches for a basket on her maid's trolley. She hands the basket to Margaret. Inside is a sleeping black French poodle puppy. Margaret picks it up.

MARGARET

Oh, Peach, it is gorgeous.

KATHLEEN

The estate workers put together and bought him for you in Glasgow. He's called Gaston.

MARGARET

He is just a little baby.

105 EXT. TOBERMORY BAY 1954 - DAY

105

The sun shines. A medium sized boat is anchored in the bay. Yvonne is looking over the side at the men working from a smaller boat.

Ian, on the smaller boat with Bob Jenkinson and MacLellan, looks through an assortment of rusty iron dredged from the bottom.

Four ESTATE WORKERS are around them. They are a burly assortment of handymen. One of them is SANDY BLYTHE, a carpenter by trade.

BLYTHE

How's the Duchess, doctor?

BOB

(curt)

Still under the weather, boy.

BLYTHE

On a fine day like this too. It's a shame.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

YVONNE

Found anything, Ian?

Ian shrugs his shoulders and walks off to inspect some of the other finds.

MCLELLAN

You should mind your own business, Blythe.

BLYTHE

Is that right, McLellan?

Blythe turns to one of his work-mates.

BLYTHE (CONT'D)

The Duke's a cold hearted swine. He's made her ill. I'll bet you it's her father's money we'll be getting in our pay at the end of the week.

106 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, LIBRARY DOORS - NIGHT

106

Peach and Dingle outside the library. The sound of voices from inside. The doors are slightly ajar.

Peach puts his ear to the crack in the door and listens.

107 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, LIBRARY 1954 - AFTERNOON

107

Margaret wearing a white silk blouse, dark green cardigan, and a green tartan ankle length skirt, is arguing with Yvonne. They are waving papers about. Gaston is snapping at Yvonne's heels.

MARGARET

Spanish treasure! Six months and he found nothing! Ian said the Royal Navy were doing it as a favour. Now the estate is in debt again!

Yvonne is agitated. She hates Margaret more than before. Her fists are clenched tight by her sides.

YVONNE

I just follow orders. I've brought you the bill. Excuse me, now, I'm exhausted. I'm going to bed.

MARGARET

Those late nights with Ian in Tobermory are catching up with you?

Yvonne clenches and unclenches her hands, and smiles.

YVONNE

Your grace

(CONTINUED)

- 107 CONTINUED: 107
Margaret is angered by Yvonne's arrogance as she makes for the door.
- 108 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, LIBRARY DOORS - NIGHT 108

Peach takes fright. Yvonne closes the library door behind herself. Peach tries to look busy. Yvonne stares at him. Peach tries to ignore her.

YVONNE

If I catch you listening at that door again, I'll cut your balls off.

Peach gulps. Yvonne walks past without another word. Peach makes a face behind her back. Dingle pretends he has seen nothing.

- 109 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, LIBRARY - NIGHT 109

Margaret goes to a large folio on the bookshelf and takes out the pornographic photographs.

- 110 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE - NIGHT 110

- 59 Margaret slowly leaves the library and climbs the stairs with 59 the photographs in one hand, the Navy bill in the other.

As she climbs the her step quickens and her anger builds.

CUT TO:

She strides along the upper hallway.

She careers into the master bedroom.

- 111 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT 111

Ian is sleeping. She rips the bedclothes back.

She hits him across the face with the Navy bill.

MARGARET

You've put this bill in Daddy's name!

She throws the pornographic photographs at him.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

And you have been sleeping with that ... woman!

IAN

You're crazy

MARGARET

Do not deny it everyone is whispering behind my back about it.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

Ian responds by slapping her hard across the face. She rides out the blow

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Is that what you do to Yvonne!

Ian grabs her by the throat and forces her down on top of the photographs.

IAN

You are such a jealous bitch!

MARGARET

Get off me!

Ian, wild with anger, wants to degrade her, give her pain, show her that he is the master of her. He slaps her hard on the side of her head. She yells.

IAN

Do as you are told ... or you won't get that child you want so desperately.

He yanks her head up, then pushes her face into a pillow.

MARGARET

Ian ... Ian don't I am sorry ... I was wrong about Yvonne Ian I don't like this

He pushes his weight down onto her.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Ian, please ... it does not have to be this way. I do not care about Daddy's money. I love you (sobbing) Please let me get up

IAN

You will behave like a Duchess ... You will do as you are told!

Margaret cries with pain as Ian takes no heed of her wishes. Her eyes go up to the portrait of the 8th Duchess glaring down on her with big sad eyes.

OLD MARGARET V.O

He broke my spirit

112 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, LONDON 1993 - DAY

112

Charlie sits painfully watching Margaret recount her story from her open diary 1956.

OLD MARGARET

I was so miserable all I could think about was the life I had once had ...

The setting is magnificent. The Argyll's first Ball since 1860. FILM STARS. POLITICIANS. HIGH SOCIETY. The guests include George, Helen, Charlie, Arden, Max, and other old London and Paris faces. The estate Workers, Tenants, and Villagers and children watch through open windows.

OLD MARGARET V.O

... yet there I was at the centre of British high society and viewed as one of its brightest lights at Daddy's expense of course.

There is a CHAMBER ORCHESTRA. There are SOLDIERS as guards of honour from the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders regiment, the Duke its honorary Colonel in Chief.

Ian is dressed in his Colonel's uniform but everyone's eyes are on Margaret.

Margaret is in a shoulder-less butterfly bodiced slender-wasted magnolia gown that from the waist falls to the floor in bussled ruffle and ribboned chiffon. Her neck is encircled by her ever present three stands of pearls. Her black hair is up, crowned by a silver tiara inlaid with pearls. Her earrings are pendants of silver and full pearl. Between her magnificent breasts is a brooch of silver and pearl. On her wrists, bangles of silver and pearl. And on her ankles, silver bells, so that when she walks or dances, she jingles. She is the White Duchess.

None of the men in the room can take their eyes off Margaret.

The other women guests are jealous, none more so than Yvonne who is dressed in a cheap ballroom gown. Arden is young, but she is without finesse and experience. The politicians wives are grey and dull. The female film stars are tacky and course.

None can rival Margaret for beauty, clothes, bearing, or money. Her skin is pure white. Her tiger eyes flash at them all. Her bright red-lipstick mouth curves in an endless kiss. Her beautiful red-tipped hands at the end of her graceful arms are fondled and kissed in an endless clamor of male attention.

CUT TO:

The evening wears on. It is a success. Ian is drunk with his regiment. The Orchestra has given over to the violin players who are playing reels.

Arden is looking anxious and jealously at Margaret who is dancing with Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

Margaret and Charlie are whispering in each others ears as if they were all alone.

CHARLIE

I thought Inveraray would change you. But you've changed Inveraray. Being a duchess suits you.

Margaret smiles. She looks across the room. Arden is still watching them.

MARGARET

Are you still going to marry her?

CHARLIE

(reluctantly)

It's my last chance at happiness.

MARGARET

Are you happy, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Yes. Are you?

MARGARET

Tonight, yes. You are here.

Pulling back from the dance-floor, George and Helen are smiling.

HELEN

They still make a lovely couple.

GEORGE

He'll get her back in the end.

Ian sits watching his wife and her ex-husband. Yvonne, stands behind him, a hand on his shoulder. Ian reaches back and puts his hand on hers.

114 EXT. BEACH-HOUSE 1956 - NIGHT

114

The faint sound of Jazz music. The waves are rolling in. The wind is blowing. The beach is sand swept.

The steps of the beach house are wet with spray.

The veranda is empty apart from the wicker table and the hammock swaying in the wind.

The veranda door is shut.

115 INT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

115

The jazz music is now more distinct. The garage door is closed. There is white convertible inside. The door to the kitchen is open.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

In the kitchen, everything is as it should be.

In the hall, the bathroom door is open. The sound of the wind is intense. There is a noise like the moving of furniture.

The bathroom is empty.

The music builds. At the end of the hall, the lounge-room door is partly ajar.

The sound of furniture moving is getting louder.

Through the doorway, is a glimpse of the veranda door curtains billowing in a draft.

A sound of crashing waves. The heavy sound of breathing. The shifting of furniture.

The lounge-door flies open. It is Margaret in a bathing suit. Her mouth is bleeding. She has a black eye.

A hand reaches and pulls her back. She is hauled across the lounge by her hair. Her head crashes against the veranda door.

She lies there.

A hand slaps her across the jaw. She cries out.

Ian is standing over her. He lights a cigarette and sticks it in her mouth. He has a look of disgust on his face.

He staggers across to the writing desk with a picture of Eisenhower above the typewriter. He picks up an open bottle of scotch, and blindly careers through the door of the bedroom.

He passes out face-down on the bed.

Margaret manages to take the cigarette from her bleeding lips. Her hand is shaking. She closes her eyes and takes a long inhale and listens to the music still playing on the gramophone.

FADE OUT:

116 EXT. BELGRAVIA MANSION 1957 - DAY

116

A brass sign by the door now reads 'Argyll House'.

A hand pulls the bell knob.

117 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, HALL - DAY

117

Reay lets George into the house. Margaret, dressed in a ballgown, greets her father with delight. She embraces him.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

GEORGE
Cinderella! How was Florida?

MARGARET
(pensive)
Stormy, Daddy.

GEORGE
Where's Ian?

MARGARET
He is at his club. He's always at his club.
Oh, Daddy, I am so happy to see you.

George holds his daughter at arm's length in order to get a good look at her.

GEORGE
You've lost weight. You need to spend more time dining out this season.

MARGARET
You too, daddy. That is why I've invited you to the German embassy tonight.

GEORGE
I hope there's no hanky-panky planned with that Von Braun?

MARGARET
No, Daddy ... Siggie and I have never been like that. We are just good friends.

George is aware of Reay.

GEORGE
Let's go into the drawing-room.

118 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, DRAWING ROOM - DAY

118

George closes the drawing-room doors. There are Argyll items in the room - paintings, ornaments, which have previous been seen in Inveraray, including the portrait of the 8th Duke's wife.

GEORGE
Ian's asked me for another hundred thousand. Should I give it to him?

Margaret wants to say no, but is hesitant.

MARGARET
The people are so poor, it is obscene. The tenant's cottages are hovels. The town needs a new clock and church steeple.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

GEORGE

To hell with the church! Will he spend the money on the cottages ... not on more treasure hunting?

MARGARET

I think so, Daddy. I will make him see sense.

George looks at Margaret quizzically. He turns stern.

GEORGE

Does he laid his hands on you?

Margaret shrugs her shoulders, does not want to talk about it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(insistent)

Does he hit you

MARGARET

No, Daddy ...

He hugs her.

GEORGE

You're my little Cinderella ... but I can't go on forever propping him up. He'll ruin me. Your mother has no idea how much I've lent him..

His eye catches the portrait of the 8th Duke's wife.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Just as well we've got his paintings as security. Who is she ...?

MARGARET

The Eighth Duchess the last one to give a Duke a direct heir.

He studies Margaret's face.

GEORGE

Are we going to have an heir?

MARGARET

I do not know, Daddy.

GEORGE

(studies her)

What's that mark on your lip?

George inspects Margaret's lip with his thumb.

(CONTINUED)

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118 CONTINUED: (2)

118

Margaret goes to the mirror and pretends to notice the mark for the first time.

MARGARET

Oh that?
 (conceals the mark with lipstick)
 Guess I'm just getting on in years ...

She smiles, turns and takes her father by the arm.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

... but I can still dance all night.

119 INT. GERMAN EMBASSY - NIGHT

119

A throng of GUESTS. Viennese waltz music is being played. Siegmund is with Margaret on the dance floor.

SIEGMUND

Well, you really are someone now, Margaret,
 What does a duchess do that she did not do
 before?

MARGARET

Have love affairs?

Siegmund takes tight hold of Margaret.

SIEGMUND

Be careful.
 (concerned)
 You're shaking

MARGARET

Its the champagne

Siegmund presses her close to him. Margaret wants it to continue but is wary of gossip.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

People are watching ... someone might tell
 Ian.

SIEGMUND

Don't let a bad-tempered drunk completely
 destroy you. Enjoy the moment.

Margaret smiles and tries to relax a little.

MARGARET

Will you come and visit me in Scotland?
 We've really fixed the village up ...

SIEGMUND

You'll get me in bloody trouble.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

Hildegard is searching for Siegmund. She sees them together but harbours no sense of jealousy.

MARGARET

Will you come, Siggy?

SIEGMUND

How can I? Ian hates Germans.

MARGARET

He needs to get over that. Please, come?

They are given no time to talk further. The dance ends.

HILDEGARD

Comst, Margaret. Siegmund is needed. If I bring you, he'll follow like a little lamb.

Hildegard takes Margaret by the hand and leads off the dance floor. Siegmund follows on behind.

120 INT. WHITE'S CLUB - NIGHT

120

Ian is drinking port and is drunk, hunched in an armchair looking at the racing page of the Daily Mirror. Nearby is Air-Marshall Thomson reading the Daily Telegraph. There are some other Members close to hand. Charlie is at bar keeping his distance.

IAN

General ... Do you think I should see a psychiatrist?

AIR-MARSHALL

There's nothing wrong with you, Argyll, that a purple heart won't fix. Is it about your wife?

IAN

No, my wife's sending me.

Laughter fills the club. Ian drains his glass and holds it up for a Club Waiter to take it away and refill it.

AIR-MARSHALL

Argyll ... are you going to see that psychiatrist?

IAN

No, my mistress won't let me.

More drunken laughter fills the club. Charlie drains his drink and leaves.

DISSOLVE TO:

121 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, HALL - DAY 121

A letter is pushed through the letter box.

CUT TO:

Reay carries the letter on a small silver tray up the Queen Anne stairway to the first floor landing.

122 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, LIBRARY - DAY 122

A portrait of the 2nd Duke of Argyll hangs on the wall. Reay enters the pine panelled library with its bronze-beige carpet, ivory ceiling, embossed velvet curtains in red, green and brown on ivory.

Margaret is leafing through an album of photos.

Reay crosses to the large mahogany desk at the near-end of the room. He sets the letter down on a green-leather writing set next to Margaret's red diary. He exits.

Margaret momentarily studies a delightful little Gainsborough sketch between the windows, then slowly crosses to her desk. She picks up a brass letter opener and slits the envelope open.

An aged photograph of a naked woman falls out.

Margaret studies the photograph. She turns it over and reads the back of the photograph.

CU - Yvonne, my first love. Paris 1932.

Margaret's pulse quickens. She takes a note from the envelope and reads it.

MARGARET

I found this in the Duke's wallet.
Peach.

Margaret stares at the note. Her face creases at what the photograph means. She hesitates then puts the note back in the envelope and places it in her desk drawer along with her diary.

She hides the photograph behind the frame of the portrait of the 2nd Duke.

123 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, DINING ROOM - NIGHT 123

Peach, Kathleen and Mrs.Duckworth are tidying up in the dining room. Peach is eating one of Mrs.Duckworths left-over pineapple deserts.

Kathleen prods Peach with a fork.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

MRS.DUCKWORTH

What are you two doing?

PEACH

Eating his lordship's dinner!

MRS.DUCKWORTH

You keep your voices down. Missing his own dinner parties. It's unheard of!

PEACH

In my opinion Madam could easily be a Queen!

MRS.DUCKWORTH

Brian Peach! You're the Duke's valet. You should be the soul of discretion.

PEACH

How would you feel Mrs.D. Her Grace has tried everything to reform him. What use am I as a valet when the Duke refuses to wear the clothes set out for him. I'm a glorified taxi driver, little else. He acts like a commoner!

KATHLEEN

Did you drop him at White's?

PEACH

Where else? Arranged to ferry him back for dinner. Rang for the Porter five times. Each time he said not to let me in. He made me feel a right queer.

MRS.DUCKWORTH

That means he'll not be home tonight.

They hear the front door closing.

KATHLEEN

It's him!

The dining room doors open. It is Reay. He knows they have been gossiping. He glares at them. Peach, nose in the air, files past him followed by Kathleen. Mrs.Duckworth brings up the rear. She gives Reay a questioning look.

REAY

She's gone to bed.

MRS.DUCKWORTH

I remember when we used to laugh in this house.

Reay switches off the dining room lights, and closes the dining room doors.

124 EXT. PARIS 1957 - DAY 124

Paris - the Eiffel Tower, the Champs Elysees, Notre Dame.

125 INT. NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL - DAY. 125

Charlie sits on a wicker chair. He is dapperly dressed as always. His dark-blue overcoat is thrown over the back of a chair. He is a roman catholic. He closes his eyes.

Margaret is wandering the aisle. CU - She is looking unkempt and drawn. She is wearing a baggy camel-hair coat over a revealing silk dress that looks like bed-wear. She crosses herself, then sits in the chair next to Charlie. He opens his eyes.

CHARLIE

If Arden knew I was meeting you like this, she'd kill me.

MARGARET

You have got to help me, Charlie. Ian has terrible mood swings. He is on prescription drugs to even him out, but when he gets drunk, the mixture makes him crazy.

She puts her hand on his.

CHARLIE

I owe you nothing. My dues are paid.

MARGARET

You've got to tell me what to do.

Charlie's eyes go up. He can't believe what he's hearing.

CHARLIE

Do??? You're asking me. I'm just a dumb-assed failure, remember?

MARGARET

You know I didn't mean that. I still love you!

He shakes his head as if to say he won't be fooled again.

CHARLIE

You're cheap. You wait until I marry Arden then come out with that one. Now you're making me feel that I'm cheating on her. This is a mistake.

MARGARET

Please, Charlie. I have got no-one else to confide in. At least spare me a little more time.

126 INT. A BISTRO, PARIS - DAY

126

The bistro has a few CUSTOMERS hanging on the bar. The BARMAN is eyeing Margaret. She does not want to know.

MARGARET

Ian hits me.

CHARLIE

I warned you about him.

MARGARET

(whispers)

He will not do it with me.

CHARLIE

I find that hard to believe.

MARGARET

I have not had it for so long I am ready to sleep with the first man that comes along.

Margaret throws a glance at the Waiter.

CHARLIE

You should go back to your hotel and have a long bath.

(concerned)

Look at you. You're a mess.

MARGARET

He has made me like this. In all the years I was with you, did I ever look this bad?

Charlie studies her. The years are taking their toll.

CHARLIE

It must be the light in here.

Lets get some air.

127 EXT. JARDIN DE TUILERIES, PARIS - DAY

127

They are strolling arm in arm away from the Place de Concord. It is spring. Everything is in bloom, and blossom falls like snow. Margaret directs Charlie to stand under a cascading cherry blossom. She hands him a wrapped present. He reluctantly opens it. It is a Cartier watch.

She removes the old watch from his wrist and slips it into her coat pocket, then puts the new one on his wrist. Charlie studies her face.

CHARLIE

Scotland's giving you wrinkles.

The mention of Scotland puts Margaret into a panic.

(CONTINUED)

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127 CONTINUED:

MARGARET

Charlie, what am I going to do?

CHARLIE

Walk away or make it work. That's what I do with Arden.

MARGARET

She is not aggressive like Ian.

CHARLIE

That's what you think! She breaks the yokes in my eggs!

It is laughable. They laugh, but the humour is bitter.

MARGARET

Charlie?

CHARLIE

I should go now

Charlie knows he is weakening. He wants to leave.

MARGARET

If I got into trouble, would you save me?

CHARLIE

I've got to think of Arden, Wiggy. This isn't fair. You've got to sort out your own mess.

He takes the watch back off his wrist, reaches into her coat pocket for his old one. She does not protest, happy to smell his aftershave as he brushes against her. She puts her arms around him, resigned.

MARGARET

So this time it is goodbye, not au revoir?

He kisses her hard, breaks from her embrace, turns, runs down the pathway in the direction of the Place de Concord. Margaret watches him until he becomes a blur in the melee of Paris.

128 EXT. LONDON STREETS 1958 - SOME MONTHS LATER

128

Exterior of Dorchester.

129 INT. THE DORCHESTER, APARTMENT LOUNGE 1958 - DAY

129

The apartment is full of items spent in a life in the textile industry - mannequins draped in fabric. Everything is covered in rolls of fabric, all colors, designs, including tartans. In one corner is a bundle of Argyll socks with a picture board of Ian advertising the socks.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: 129
 He is wearing a green velvet dinner jacket, Campbell trues, a cream shirt, green bow tie.

130 INT. THE DORCHESTER, APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY 130
 Helen is in bed and is poorly. Her wheelchair is folded and lies under rolls of fabric as an indication that it has not been used for some time. By her bedside are pills and assorted medicines.

131 INT. THE DORCHESTER, APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY 131
 George smoking a cigar. It is a slimmer cigar than before. The mirrors have been covered over with fabric. George lifts a corner of the fabric to peek at himself.

GEORGE
 Hey, Helen. These mirrors are warped. My ass has got as big as your Titanic. My cigar looks like a roll-your-own!

HELEN (O.S)
 Your cigar hasn't been Roosevelt size since Calvin Coolidge.

Sound of DOOR BUZZER.

132 INT. THE DORCHESTER, APARTMENT LOUNGE - DAY 132
 George weaves his way through the fabric samples. He opens the door. It is Margaret. Her hair is newly permed.

GEORGE
 Cinderella!

His face drops. She looks like a poodle.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 Helen! Shirley Temple has come to visit us!

MARGARET
 No, daddy. I cannot see mummy looking like this.

GEORGE
 Get in there, or I'll paddle your lifeboat.

133 INT. THE DORCHESTER, APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY 133
 Margaret goes into the bedroom followed by George. She embraces her mother.

HELEN
 You look like a poodle, Margaret.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

MARGARET

Please, mummy. I've been crying all the way from Paris.

George suspects Margaret needs more money.

GEORGE

Is it about money? I'm not advancing Ian more money. I can't afford it anymore. Look at this place.

HELEN

It's draining your father dry, dear. We can't go to Florida this year.

Margaret throws George a dirty look for telling Helen about the loans.

GEORGE

I had to tell her. It's her money too.

Margaret knows that her father has done the right thing.

MARGARET

I am sorry, mummy, it is been all my fault.

GEORGE

We should have got him to sign over the castle to us. Now we're told it's not his castle anyway, it belongs to their phoney Clan Campbell trust.

MARGARET

What are we going to do?

GEORGE

What can we do? You have to hang in there if we're ever going to get our money back.

HELEN

If it was not for us he would not be in that castle at all.

Margaret is despondent. George puts his arm around her.

GEORGE

You stick it out, Cinderella. You deserve it.

HELEN

We're proud of you, aren't we, pops?

GEORGE

We've spend every penny to make you happy, Cinders, but it's no good throwing good after bad anymore. Where is he anyway?

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: (2)

133

MARGARET

God knows. He just comes and goes as he pleases.

134 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, HALLWAY - NIGHT

134

Ian descends the stairs with a briefcase in his hand. Reay and Peach are waiting at the bottom.

IAN

Tell the missus I won't be back tonight.

REAY

Yes, your Grace.

Reay opens the door and Ian and Peach depart.

135 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, BEDROOM - NIGHT

135

Margaret opens her jewelry box on her monogrammed dressing table. It is empty. Margaret panics. She scrambles about the table opening other boxes.

They are empty too. Her silver and pearls are gone, all except the three-stranded necklace she is wearing.

MARGARET

Kathleen! Kathleen!

The maid comes running

MARGARET (CONT'D)

My jewelry?? Where is it?

Kathleen rummages about on the desk.

KATHLEEN

I don't know, miss.

MARGARET

It was all here before we went to Paris.

KATHLEEN

We must have been burgled, miss.

MARGARET

Call the police.

136 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, LOUNGE - NIGHT

136

A young plain clothes DETECTIVE INSPECTOR and a middle-aged CONSTABLE are asking the servants questions. Margaret is staring at a picture of Ian. Reay enters with a newspaper.

REAY

Mam, I thought you should know of this article.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

136

Margaret reads the newspaper article. Her face goes white.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, 1993 - DAY

Margaret is reading her 1958 red diary.

OLD MARGARET V.O

I was used to being reported in the press
... In fact if a week had gone past without
the mention of my name in some society
column then I would have died. What I wore
and who I had to dinner - that got reported
half way round the world.

(beat)

But gossip ... malicious lies, that was
something new ... something that totally
threw me off beam.

137 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, LIBRARY - NIGHT

137

Margaret is speaking into the telephone.

MARGARET

Max, darling! Yes, I' have seen the
article. Who saw me with Charlie?

(beat)

Come on, Max ... I want to know the source?

(beat)

Yvonne? She is what? She is making extra
money as a gossip columnist for one of your
Sundays? I'll kill her!

The plains clothes Detective Inspector knocks on the open
door of the library. Margaret puts the phone down.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Yes? Did you find anything?

DETECTIVE

No sign of forced entry, Lady Campbell. You
suspect none of the servants?

Margaret is protective of her staff.

MARGARET

They are scrupulously honest.

DETECTIVE

Have you spoken to your husband in
Scotland?

MARGARET

Oh ... he's in Scotland?

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

DETECTIVE

The servants say he was here while you were in Paris. Perhaps you should check with him?

There is a suggestion in his voice that Margaret finds disconcerting. She tries not to give anything away.

MARGARET

Thank you. I'll do that. I'll see you out.

138 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, HALL - NIGHT

138

Margaret is closing the front door. She leans against it. She is thinking hard, trying to put two and two together. There is the sound of the latch key going into the lock.

The door opens. It is Yvonne. She is surprised by coming face to face with Margaret.

YVONNE

Oh, it's you, you're back. Is there something up?

MARGARET

You know fine there is.

Margaret takes the newspaper left on the hall table and pushes it in Yvonne's face. Yvonne tries to pretend she has not seen the article. Margaret snatches the key from her.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I have found you out. You are paid to supply gossip about me and my friends.

YVONNE

You need to see a doctor!

MARGARET

You are my private secretary. You have reported I have been seeing Charlie Sweeny! Are you trying to wreck his marriage, or mine?

YVONNE

It'll be on the rocks when Ian hears you are still seeing Von Braun as well!

The mention of Von Braun throws Margaret off her stride.

MARGARET

What do you mean by that?

YVONNE

You've been doing it with him behind Ian's back?

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

Margaret grabs Yvonne by her hair. She begins slapping her around the head.

MARGARET

I have had enough of your conniving! Get out! Your services are no longer required.

Yvonne begins to scream.

YVONNE

Reay! Reay! She's gone mad!

Reay and Kathleen come running.

Margaret opens the front door and pushes Yvonne out. Yvonne struggles and puts her foot stuck in the door. Mrs. Duckworth appears from downstairs.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

I'll going straight to Ian!

MARGARET

Then we will be on the same train!

Margaret has almost got Yvonne out. Reay stands in bewilderment.

YVONNE

He'll listen to me! You can't fire me! He's the father of my son!

The wind is taken out of Margaret's sails. She falls becalmed like a yacht in a Caribbean calm. Yvonne stares with a cynical vindictive look. Margaret feels ill. Her head spins.

MARGARET

Get out! Get out and don't ever come near me again!

Margaret slams the door shut on Yvonne and wearily rests her head against the back of the door.

There is an awkward silence as Margaret thinks.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Kathleen!

Kathleen appears from around a door as if she has heard nothing.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Pack my things! We are flying up to Scotland.

KATHLEEN

Yes, mam

139 EXT. INVERARAY, DUNIQUIACH HILL - DAY

139

Ian, shotgun crooked on his arm, whiskey hip-flask in hand, is on Duniquaich Hill, a high knoll on a ridge that overlooks the whole of Loch Fyne, the village, the castle and grounds. He is wearing a threadbare kilt and a tattered old shirt and tweed jacket with elbow patches. He watches as Margaret ascends the hill. By comparison, she is in a fine pair of corduroy plus fours, exquisite Shetland wool sweater, and a barbour jacket and green Wellingtons.

Ian takes a long draught. He hands Margaret the flask. She declines it.

MARGARET

What have you done with my jewelry?

IAN

(ignoring her question)

What's your problem with Yvonne?

MARGARET

It is her that is writing those forged letters!

IAN

(disbelieving)

Why would she do that?

MARGARET

It is obvious, Ian! She wants the bastard son you had with her made the heir to all this.

IAN

(in denial)

Don't be stupid. He's not my son. You know nothing about Yvonne.

Margaret draws Ian a nasty look.

MARGARET

Do not you take her side. She is an evil bit of work, conspiring against both of us. The servants and the whole of Inveraray are talking behind our backs. We are well rid of her.

Ian takes another long hit of whisky.

IAN

You might be. I'm not.

Margaret does not like what he sees in him. He puts his hand in a trouser pocket.

(CONTINUED)

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139 CONTINUED:

IAN (CONT'D)

Your jewelry didn't fetch as much as you think.

(takes out a piece of paper)

You'll need to pay five thousand to get them back.

Margaret is deeply hurt. He half hands / throws her a pawn ticket. Margaret finds it hard to believe.

MARGARET

Why did you do this?

IAN

I'm short of readies. The trustees have cut me off.

MARGARET

Why did you not ask me for the money?

IAN

I'm not going to come running to you every time I need to blow my nose. For god's sake, you're just a bloody woman.

MARGARET

I'm your wife, Ian.

IAN

Wife! You're a bloody trophy, darling. So everybody keeps telling me.

Ian thinks this is funny. Margaret turns cold with him.

MARGARET

Humiliation, Ian, it is an old army game. It maybe works on Yvonne, but you should not try it out on me. It didn't win the war for the Nazis.

Ian's face goes red. The moment passes. He takes another swig of whisky.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Oh, I though you should know. Next week the Von Braun's are coming to stay.

IAN

You crazy bitch

Margaret smiles smugly and turns. She starts down the hill.

IAN (CONT'D)

(shouting after her)

I'm not having any Krauts in my house!

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (2)

139

MARGARET

(to infuriate him)

You lived with them five years. You must have something in common.

Ian in a fit, throws away his flask and loads his shotgun and fires into the air.

Margaret keeps walking.

140 EXT. INVERARAY CASTLE, ENTRANCE - DAY

140

Margaret greets the Von Brauns as they get out of their car.

MARGARET

Its taken two years to get you here!

Siegmund is very proud of his family. He has five CHILDREN aged 16, 12, 10, 8 and 4. Peach is overwhelmed by them.

Ian, in front of the servants, is putting on a show of being hospitable.

HILDEGARD

It's lovely, Ian. Our schloss was destroyed in the War. Now, we live like nomads ... back and forth across the Atlantic.

IAN

(sarcastically)

I'm so happy for you, Baroness.

141 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, LARGE DRAWING ROOM - EVENING

141

Hildegard dressed for the evening is playing the grand piano. The two youngest children have fallen asleep on the sofa. At the far end, Peach and Dingle are playing Monopoly with the three older children. Ian has been drinking. He is no longer congenial. Hildegard plays some Mozart.

HILDEGARD

My father was a Prussian count.

IAN

Was he faithful to your mother?

Hildegard is not upset by Ian's remark. She laughs.

IAN (CONT'D)

You should worry about my wife and your husband being alone together.

Hildegard laughs again.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

HILDEGARD

I have five children by Siegmund. You should trust Margaret, Ian.

IAN

She sacked my mistress this week.

Hildegard is only slightly thrown by Ian's remark.

HILDEGARD

You should be philosophical about it. Mistresses come and go.

IAN

In my case, so do wives.

Hildegard embarrassed, smiles but continues to play. Ian clicks his heels in German fashion, grins and leaves. Hildegard raises her eyebrows.

142 EXT. INVERARAY CASTLE, ENTRANCE - NIGHT

142

Margaret and Siegmund are out walking. They are within the shadows of the castle entrance.

SIEGMUND

I don't know why I've come. I should not have come.

MARGARET

You are becoming a bore, Siggy

She turns to go into the castle. Siegmund kisses her.

SIEGMUND

I thought I was over you, but I'm not.
(kisses her again)
Will you come to see me in New York?

MARGARET

No, Siggy! The newspapers would have a field day. There is already stupid gossip. You will lose everything you have worked for.

SIEGMUND

I was wrong in Sicily, Margaret. I love you too much to worry about trivial things like that any more.

MARGARET

You will not think that in the morning.

SIEGMUND

I'm going to face the brute, once and for all. He thinks all Germans are butchers and murderers.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

He takes her hand and leads her towards the castle.

MARGARET

No. He'll be drunk and abusive.

SIEGMUND

This is not about you. It is about the future of my country. Its time he understood that the war is over!

Siegmund goes into the castle.

143 EXT. LOCHSIDE - NIGHT

143

Margaret sits in the rain by the lochside with her arms around her knees as in Sicily. Her hair clings to her face, her clothes cling to her as she clings to her memories. Despite everything, she is devastatingly beautiful as the rain washes her skin.

144 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, LARGE LOUNGE - NIGHT

144

Ian is on the couch drunk. Siegmund is trying to reason with him.

IAN

Christ, man! I was one of the Prominentien! I was in the middle of Auschwitz while you were gassing the Jews.

Siegmund is not fazed. Ian pours himself another drink.

IAN (CONT'D)

My family thought I was in Colditz. Your bloody lot moved us into Auschwitz so the Allies wouldn't bomb it.

Ian's nostrils are twitching. He can still hear the screams and smell the burning.

IAN (CONT'D)

They moved us out just before the Russians came. To the very end of the war I was told I would to be traded for Rudolf Hess.

SIEGMUND

The War affected all of us? I am sorry for what my countrymen did to you, but it is over now. We must move on.

IAN

Bugger off! Go on, bugger off!

Ian stares at Siegmund, then slowly gets up from the couch. He takes his hat from a cloak stand, opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

- 144 CONTINUED: 144
- IAN (CONT'D)
- I don't want to see you ... or your little super-race family here in the morning
- He slams the door.
- 145 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, LONDON 1993 145
- Charlie listens. He coughs. Margaret stops. There are signs that he is not well.
- MARGARET V.O
- I had dreamed that Siggy would rescue me from Ian ... but I knew Siggy did not have the strength to stand up to Ian. He did not love me enough ... and that ...
- 146 EXT. LOCHSIDE - NIGHT 146
- The rain is pouring down. Margaret is hugging the dog. She is soaked to the skin.
- OLD MARGARET V.O
- ... made a right mess of everything.
- 147 INT. CASTLE - DAY 147
- Margaret is standing in the bare hallway of the castle shivering with cold.
- Ian is blocking her way as
- 148 EXT. CASTLE - DAY 148
- ... Siegmund and his family leave in their car along the castle drive and out the gates.
- 149 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, BEDROOM - DAY 149
- Margaret is in bed. She does not look well. Gaston is up on the bed.
- MARGARET V.O
- I was ill for a months afterwards. Ian got Bob to keep me sedated. I was a virtual prisoner ...
- Bob is packing his doctor's bag. He smiles weakly at Margaret.
- BOB
- You are getting better. Come now, take your medicine
- He puts some tablets into her hand and passes her a glass of water.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:
Kathleen comes rushing in.

KATHLEEN

Doctor! Come quick! His Grace has collapsed!

Bob is distracted.

Margaret puts the tablets under the bed-covers.

150 INT. DUKE'S BEDROOM - LATER IN THE DAY

150

Ian is in bed in pyjamas. He is looking poorly. Margaret, in a robe, is sitting by the bedside, not looking much better..

MARGARET

(concerned)

Why did you not tell me you were taking barbiturates? Is that what those little purple pills are?

IAN

Purple hearts. I was very depressed after the war. They give me my kick.

MARGARET

They make you moody and violent.

Ian is vulnerable.

IAN

I'm a hopeless addict. I'd be a monster without them. They'd lock me up.

MARGARET

Is there any hope for us, Ian?

Ian's mood changes. His old nasty self returns.

IAN

There is if you drop those stupid allegations about Yvonne being a newspaper informer. She can't get a job anywhere. You keep slandering her.

MARGARET

But it is true. Max told me himself.

Ian gets up out of the bed.

IAN

Max is a liar. Louise says it's you that's spreading the lies about my boys.

MARGARET

Not this again! What would I gain from it?

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

Ian, by a wave of his arms, indicates the castle and everything in it. Margaret is incensed. She lashes back.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I am being wronged here!

IAN

Yvonne said you were mad.

Margaret's blood pressure rises. She screams.

MARGARET

Are you still seeing her???

IAN

I'm going to get Bob to give you a stronger sedative.

MARGARET

It is Yvonne who wants her son to be heir to all this!

IAN

You want to blame Yvonne for everything. It's you who's been sending the letters! No wonder she's suing you.

MARGARET

What???

He throws a stack of mail in her direction.

IAN

You were too ill for us to bother you with it.

Margaret goes pale. She has to sit down. Ian studies her. She is a shadow of her former self. She holds her head in her hand.

POV - the 1958 red diary lies on the floor under the bed.

Margaret sees the diary. She reaches for it .. but Ian picks it up first.

MARGARET

What are you doing? Give it to me!

She snatches the red diary from him, and clings on to it.

IAN

I've read everything! Now I know what you have really been doing behind my back.

Margaret rushes out of the room.

151 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, LIBRARY - MINUTES LATER

151

Margaret (still clutching the diary) crosses to her desk and pulls open her letter drawer. It is empty.

She feels a pain in her abdomen. Ian is behind her.

IAN

I've sent all your dirty letters from Von Braun to my club in London.

Margaret tries to fathom out the reasoning behind sending her letters to London.

IAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to nail you with those letters.

Margaret clutches her abdomen in a fit of pain. She sits down.

MARGARET

Why are you so cruel to me?

IAN

Leave off. You've been screwing Von Braun and some other guy. The letters prove it. Get up!

MARGARET

I can't. I'm having a miscarriage.

Ian goes pale. He knows she is lying. Or is she? Is it his? He is confused and it seems easier to give in to back down.

IAN

You're a liar. I'm going to divorce you!
(points to diary)
Those diaries are going to ruin you!

Ian leaves the room.

Margaret, in great distress, calls for help.

MARGARET

Kathleen! Kathleen!

Kathleen appears almost immediately.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Send this to Mr. Sweeny for safe keeping.

KATHLEEN

(takes diary) Yes, mam

(CONTINUED)

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151 CONTINUED:

151

MARGARET
Now get Doctor Jenkinson.

FADE UP:

152 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, BEDROOM - DAY

152

Bob Jenkinson is putting a large syringe into Margaret's arm. Ian is on a bedside chair.

Kathleen stands quietly listening.

BOB
(whispering)
Nothing to worry about, Ian. She'll be as right as rain by the time you get back from seeing Yvonne in London.

IAN
I'm leaving that damned Peach behind. I swear he tells her my every move.

Kathleen hides her concern.

153 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, HALLWAY - DAY

153

Ian, in long overcoat, is haranguing Reay.

IAN
I don't give a damn what you think, man, you are a servant, and I am your master. You will not tell me who and who I cannot have in my own house.

154 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, LIBRARY - DAY

154

The door to the library is ajar. Yvonne is in the library rifling through Margaret's desk.

IAN O.S
If I ever hear you utter a word to me again without being spoken to first, you will be sacked! Is that clear?

She has gathered together all the red diaries, letters, and photos she can find. It is the photos that please her most. The Polaroid's.

Mrs. Duckworth watches through the door, then slides away.

155 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, HALLWAY - DAY

155

Yvonne descends the stairs with two heavy suitcases. She gives Reay a dirty look.

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED:

155

IAN

Mrs. MacPherson is collecting her personal belongings. There is nothing strange in this.

REAY

Yes, your Grace

CUT TO:

Reay closes the front door.

He is joined by Mrs. Duckworth who raises her eyebrows with a 'what are going to do about it' look.

Reay crosses the hallway and picks up the telephone.

156 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, BEDROOM1 - DAY

156

Margaret is in bed. She is asleep. Gaston sits quietly on the bed cover.

Peach enters the room. He is followed by Kathleen carrying a small suitcase and some clothes over her arm.

KATHLEEN

Mam ... (wakes her) ... Mr. Sweeny says we must get you back to London.

Kathleen helps her up out of the bed and begins to dress her. Peach keeps watch by the door.

PEACH

I swear, Kathleen, if MacLellan catches us he'll have us arrested.

157 EXT. CASTLE - DAY

157

Peach and Kathleen help Margaret into a car unnoticed.

They drive away.

158 EXT. BELGRAVIA MANSION - DAY

158

Margaret is driven by Peach up to the house. Charlie is on the doorstep with the Servants.

Margaret gets out. In front of the Servants she tries to appear as if nothing has happened.

159 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, LOUNGE - DAY

159

Margaret kicks off her shoes. Charlie produces a letter.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Reay told me that they've removed the contents of your writing desk. That's not good, is it?

MARGARET

No

CHARLIE

This arrived a couple of days ago (hands her a legal paper). Louise Clews has taken an injunction out against you for libel.

MARGARET

(contemptuous)

Why is she doing this?

CHARLIE

What are you going to do?

MARGARET

(bravely)

I will fight it. She will not like the publicity.

Charlie hands Margaret another paper.

CHARLIE

Yvonne's solicitors have set a court date for her action against you for slander.

Margaret laughs. She tosses the paper away

MARGARET

Forget her, Charlie. She's a loser.

CHARLIE

(picking up the paper) She's got Ian to support her in her action against you.

MARGARET

Is that a joke?

CHARLIE

No. He's agreed to do it.

MARGARET

(reading)

My God. What kind of husband is he??

CHARLIE

A bloody stupid one

MARGARET

(searching for answers)

The letters are innocent.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: (2)

159

Lots of married women get love letters from neglected unhappy people. That does not mean that they sleep with them.

Charlie seems to want to believe her.

CHARLIE

That's what I thought so I intercepted these at the Club.

Charlie gives Margaret her unopened parcel of letters. Margaret is elated.

MARGARET

You saviour! Oh Charlie, what would I do without you!

CHARLIE

I ask myself that all the time ... What about your diaries? Is there anything in them that they can damage you with?

MARGARET

(lying)

Of course not ... not a thing.

160 EXT. KINGS CROSS STATION - DAY

160

Balfour comes out of the station.

161 INT. CAR - DAY

161

Ian and Yvonne are in a car. Balfour gets into the car. Ian reluctantly shakes the solicitor's hand.

BALFOUR

So the duchess has been doing things with her boyfriends? Is that right, your Grace?

IAN

She's been putting it about, Balfour! I've proof of everything.

Balfour rubs his hands together in glee

BALFOUR

Let's have a look then, your Grace.

162 INT. LONDON BANK - DAY

162

A small city branch with a BANK STAFF of six. Yvonne is looking over their shoulders as Ian and Balfour paw the contents of a black tin deed box. Balfour's eyes light up when he sees the photos. Ian snatches them from his hand and passes him the original drafts of the forged letters.

(CONTINUED)

BALFOUR

(doubting) You say these are the original drafts of the forged letters allegedly from your second wife? (Asks again) These are the originals?

Yvonne bites her lip. She has managed to dupe Ian.

BALFOUR (CONT'D)

Are you sure they were with the other papers taken from the London house?

IAN

Don't doubt me, Balfour. Mrs. MacPherson discovered them in my wife's desk.

BALFOUR

I don't doubt you, your Grace. But forgery is not grounds for divorce. It is an imprisonable offence.

Balfour is looking for guidance.

IAN

I want you to Photostat them and send them to my ex-wife's solicitor. He will have the bitch sent to jail.

Balfour notices Yvonne appears gleeful.

BALFOUR

Oh, I see. You don't want to divorce her Grace just yet?

IAN

I will if she doesn't stop saying that my sons are not mine.

Yvonne's smile clears from her face.

BALFOUR

I see. The rest is for a rainy day, is it, your Grace? You just want the paternity issue cleared up once and for all?

IAN

Close the tin up, Balfour. I want you to take the whole damned lot back with you to Edinburgh.

Balfour does as he is told.

YVONNE

Are you going back to Scotland tonight?

IAN

Yes. But I've something to do first.

163 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, HALL - NIGHT

163

Margaret is sitting on the steps at the bottom of the stairway. She is smoking a cigarette. She has obviously been there for some time for the ashtray is spilling over. She hears a key going into the latch and knows who it is. She jumps up in preparation for the showdown.

Ian comes through the door. He is dressed in a brown suit. From the look on his face, he knows she's discovered her papers are missing. Expecting a storm, he is quite calm.

MARGARET

What have you done with my diaries?

Ian makes no pretence of not understanding her drift.

IAN

I'm saving them for a rainy day.

MARGARET

You've no right. They contain my private thoughts.

IAN

And actions. Every little detail. Who ... when ... where ... Florida, Sicily, Paris.

MARGARET

You've been plotting and conspiring to divorce me since the day you married me. You want all my wealth for yourself, so you can set up here with Yvonne!

Margaret turns to go upstairs. Ian follows her. Margaret reaches the top landing before he catches her by the leg and pulls her down. He grabs her by the throat and begins to squeeze. She knees him in the groin and as he falls backward, she pushes him with her foot. He falls headfirst down the stairs.

Margaret crawls to the edge of the stairway. She is terrified that he is dead.

At the bottom of the stair Ian is stirring. He looks up and gives Margaret a killing stare. He staggers to his feet and makes for the door. He leaves.

Margaret sits at the top of the stairs in a daze.

CUT TO:

Margaret sits at her desk in the library in a state of shock

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED: 163
Margaret goes to bed and sleeps with her one remaining diary (1958) under her pillow.

164 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, LOUNGE - DAY 164

Margaret is sitting on the sofa writing her diary. She has been drinking. She is in an agitated state. There is a knock. She looks up. Peach enters the drawing room.

PEACH

Mam. I have been dismissed.

MARGARET

Oh, Brian. I am sorry.

PEACH

He took the morning plane to Scotland.

MARGARET

I must go after him.

PEACH

I don't think that's wise, your Grace? Let me call Mr. Sweeny.

MARGARET

No, Brian. I have to sort this out myself.

PEACH

Mam, you need help.

MARGARET

My marriage is at stake, Brian. What will the public think if I am divorced for adultery.

PEACH

Everyone loves you, mam.

MARGARET

(brightening)

Do they, Brian?

PEACH

Yes, mam, myself included, even though I am not that way inclined. They also know what a beast His Grace is.

Margaret laughs.

MARGARET

Oh, Peach, you have been such a loyal servant.

(then melancholic)

I must get my diaries back!

She gets up. She is a bundle of nerves.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

164

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Please, Brian ... help me. You have no idea how important this is.

Peach takes her by the arm and steadies her.

PEACH

Go and freshen up, mam, then I'll drive you to the airport. There's plane for Glasgow later today.

165 EXT. INVERARAY CASTLE - NIGHT

165

Margaret arrives by taxi. She is immaculately dressed.

166 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, LARGE DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

166

Margaret throws open the drawing room doors. Ian is standing by the log fire with the local Police Sergeant McLaughlin. Margaret is caught unprepared.

IAN

You are no longer welcome in this house.

MARGARET

So you need Sergeant McLaughlin to tell me that?

Blythe and TAYLOR the locksmith appear in the doorway with their tools. Ian flips a hand to dismiss them.

IAN

I'm having bolts put on all the doors.

MARGARET

Go to hell, Ian. Let the Sergeant go home. He does not want to be humiliated anymore than I do. I am going to bed. I will expect you soon. We need to talk.

Margaret closes the doors behind her.

167 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

167

It is the dead of night. An owl has woken Margaret. She is alone. She is restless. Ian has not come to her.

She gets up, lights a candle, and leaves the room.

168 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

168

She passes along the corridor and climbs the stairs to the attic to the room where she knows that Ian will be sleeping.

She tries the door handle. It turns but it won't open.

Lying on the floor is the new bolt that is to be fitted.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED: 168
She smiles. She tries pushing on the door. It does not give.
She gives up and turns back.

169 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 169
Margaret enters with the candle. Ian steps out of the shadows. Margaret is scared.

MARGARET

No need to play cat and mouse with me, is there?

IAN

I don't want to sleep with you.

MARGARET

It is hard to keep a marriage going when I have a husband, his ex-wife, and his mistress all ganging up against me.
(changes tone)
I want my diaries back. I will agree to the divorce if you return them.

Ian is in her face.

IAN

Its a bit late for that. I have got Polaroid's of you doing it with that Nazi.

Ian detects that he has Margaret frightened.

IAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to ruin you and him with these pictures. They'll all see that I'm not the bad guy in all this.

MARGARET

Who are they, Ian? Yvonne and Louise? What about your poor kids? Maybe you do not give a damn about them because they are not yours.

IAN

I can prove you're an adulteress. That's enough for you not to receive a single penny in settlement.

Margaret spits in his face. Ian lashes out at her with the back of his hand.

The candle is knocked to the floor and goes out. Ian begins beating her. There is no sound from Margaret as Ian takes out his hatred of her.

170 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, HALLWAY - SOME WEEKS LATER 170

Charlie, in a grey overcoat and black armband, his hat in his hand, accompanied by Peach, is being kept waiting.

He is pacing up and down. McLellan is standing guarding the door to the lounge.

Charlie's patience snaps. He bursts past McLellan and flies into the room.

171 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, LARGE LOUNGE - DAY 171

Yvonne is standing by the window. Bob Jenkinson, who now looks like a seedy drug pusher is preparing a syringe. Margaret is squatting on the lion's head floor rug. She is dressed in a night-gown and is cradling Gaston in her arms. She is heavily bruised. Ian is standing over her.

As Charlie bursts in, Margaret turns and sees Charlie. She screams.

MARGARET

Charlie! They have poisoned my dog!

Charlie flies at Ian and punches him in the jaw. The blow knocks Ian to the floor.

IAN

The bitch is ill! Bob has decided to section her!

Charlie ignores him. He goes straight to Margaret.

CHARLIE

Get up, sweetheart. We're leaving.

IAN

She's crazy, Charlie. She killed the dog herself.

CHARLIE

God, I wish the Nazis had gassed you.

Ian's face falls.

BOB

She's having a breakdown, Charlie.

Charlie ignores Bob.

CHARLIE

You've poisoned her like the dog, Campbell.

Margaret is on her feet. He puts his coat around her.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Her mother has just died

IAN

I'm not to blame.

CHARLIE

You're not to blame? That's all you can say. You've spent millions of dollars of her family's money. The thanks she gets is a dead dog and an attempt to commit her to an asylum.

Margaret looks at Charlie. Her face is badly bruised and swollen.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Jesus. What's he done to you?

MARGARET

I will be all right, Charlie.

Charlie punches Ian again and flattens him.

172 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, HALLWAY - DAY

172

Peach is carrying the dead dog. Charlie takes Margaret's arm past McLellan who is too ashamed to look. The rest of the Servants have gathered in the Hall to see what the shouting is about. Margaret sees them and holds up her head. Charlie speaks to Dingle.

CHARLIE

Bury the dog, Dingle.

Dingle nods and bows. Margaret has won his respect. Margaret and Charlie walk down the Hall without a word. There is a ghostly silence.

IAN

Margaret, come back here! I order you!

Margaret falters, but Charlie helps her to keep walking.

173 EXT. CANNES, SOUTH OF FRANCE 1958 - SOME WEEKS LATER

173

Margaret in bathing costume sits on a lounge on the Carlton Hotel beach beneath a large parasol. She has dark sunglasses on. She is watching someone getting out of the water and running towards her.

It is Charlie. He is looking hunky and healthy. He's in great shape and knows it from the way the girls look at him.

CHARLIE

The water's cold. You should try it.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

MARGARET

You know I only swim at night.

CHARLIE

Maybe it's time to change.

MARGARET

I will think about it. So Arden has left you?

Charlie suddenly looks tired. He looks for an excuse.

CHARLIE

Got tired of Europe. Gone back to Illinois.

MARGARET

Some choice. You or Chicago.

Charlie ignores her remark and dries his hair.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Daddy thinks I should divorce Ian rather than wait to see what he does?

CHARLIE

Your father's right. The allowance you get from me is paying Louise's alimony, Yvonne's son's education, and the castle staff wages. The man loves spending other people's money.

Charlie dislikes Ian immensely.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

They don't like wife-beaters at the Club. Did you know I outrank him there?

This comes as a surprise to Margaret.

MARGARET

I thought only kings and princes outranked dukes?

CHARLIE

He was only a captain in the army. His title got him a commission that was all. Amongst men he's way down the scale. You should forget him?

Charlie puts his arm around Margaret's shoulders.

MARGARET

And take up with you again? Thanks, the sex was good, but Mrs doesn't get doors opened for you.

(CONTINUED)

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173 CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE

Who cares? Opening doors is good exercise.

Margaret breaks out into a cackle.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

See, I can still make you laugh.

Margaret turns serious.

MARGARET

I made an awful mistake going back to Inveraray ...

Charlie knows the signs.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Ian forced me to retract my statements about Yvonne and Louise, and now they're both suing me for damages!

Charlie cups Margaret's face in his hands. Margaret tries to shake her head out of his hands.

CHARLIE

You've got to divorce him for mental cruelty.

MARGARET

I cannot! I cannot! He has still got my diaries.

Charlie is exasperated.

CHARLIE

What have you put in those diaries?

MARGARET

'Everything'

CHARLIE

What do you mean ... 'everything'.

MARGARET

'Everything' ... you know

CHARLIE

You mean 'everything'.

MARGARET

Yes, from when we first met when I was sixteen ... 'everything'.

CHARLIE

How much of 'everything'.

(CONTINUED)

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173 CONTINUED: (3)

MARGARET

Everything.

CHARLIE

Shit.

MARGARET

If he uses my diaries as evidence, I will
lose my title

CHARLIE

They'll crucify you!

MARGARET

(naively)

They would not do that to a duchess?

174 INT. COURT CHAMBERS, EDINBURGH - DAY

174

Ian is with Balfour who is gowned up. Balfour has one of
Margaret's diaries.

BALFOUR

I can get Wheatley for you, your Grace.
He's a strict catholic. He takes a dim view
on harlot wives.

Ian is shaking his head in disapproval.

IAN

I'd rather have one of the 'boys'.

BALFOUR

They know you too well. They might end up
sympathizing with her. No, your Grace, go
for Wheatley, he'll do the job for us.

IAN

I want Von Braun and at least twelve others
named as adulterers.

BALFOUR

The sex apostles?

IAN

Don't be funny with me, my man.

Balfour bows and scrapes.

BALFOUR

No, your Grace.

He flicks through a diary.

BALFOUR (CONT'D)

Her diaries read like a sex bible. There
seems to be hundreds of men mentioned here.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED:

IAN

There are hundreds! There's a list at the back.

Balfour is by turn shocked, amused, delighted, and disturbed.

BALFOUR

Is that who I think it is? And him? My my my

Ian snatches the list from him. Balfour picks up the Polaroids.

BALFOUR (CONT'D)

We only need to prove one, your Grace. If we can determine who the headless man is in the pictures, then as long as it is not you.

IAN

It is not me, little man. Its that Von Braun.

BALFOUR

Calm yourself, your Grace. We'll keep it strictly between the parties.

IAN

No! I want it stuck up on the Court of Session wall. And every name stuck up with it. I want the world to see she is a whoring American tart who is unfit to be a Duchess. I want the title stripped from her.

Ian is in quite a fit. He swallows some capsules. Balfour winces.

BALFOUR

Then Lord Wheatley is definitely your man. But you'll require more recent proof than these diaries. You will need her latest work

IAN

Leave that to me.

INT. UPPER GROSVENOR STREET BEDROOM - NIGHT

Margaret is awoken by a noise. She switches on the light. There is a telephone on the bedside table. Her red diary is beneath it.

BEAT

Her bedroom door bursts open. It is Ian and Yvonne.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED: (2)

174

Margaret reaches to grab the telephone to dial

Yvonne crosses the room. She takes hold of Margaret's wrist and twists it maliciously.

Ian sees the diary under the telephone. He seizes it.

YVONNE
(gleeful)

Now we've got the last one, you smug bitch!

Margaret wrenches her wrist free. It is too late.

Ian recrosses the room to the door. Yvonne follows. They leave.

175 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, BATHROOM - NIGHT

175

Margaret is bathing her wrist under the cold tap. In the mirror she sees the dumb-bunny.

She grabs it and smashes it on the floor.

176 INT. BELGRAVIA MANSION, LOUNGE - DAY

176

Margaret and George with their solicitor MACFIE, nervous, itch-skinned, but dapperly dressed. Charlie listens in.

MARGARET

I will take them to court for breaking and entering.

CHARLIE

He still had a key.

MARGARET

Cannot I get my diaries back, Mr. MacFie? He stole them.

MACFIE

Sorry. He's lodged them with the Court in Edinburgh as evidence. In law, it doesn't matter how he acquired them.

GEORGE

So Judge Wheatley only gave us one day to remove everything belonging to us in the castle?

MACFIE

No. The Duchess has one day to remove all her clothes and personal items. The Deed of Covenant the Duke signed over to you for the loans is being contested by the Trustees.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET

But he pointed out all the things he gifted to me in return for Daddy's money.

MACFIE

The Trustees are bringing an action to recover what you have already removed without their permission. It is my advice that you do not contest the divorce.

Charlie and George nod their heads in agreement, but Margaret is beyond reasoning with.

MARGARET

I am not going lose my status as a duchess!
I'm going to fight!

Margaret and Charlie are circumspect.

MARGARET

Do you remember that day, Charlie

CHARLIE

How could I forget

MARGARET

Everyone in their finery haggling over worthless pieces of tat.

The servants, Dingle at their head, are all lined up at the entrance. On the stroke of eight, they bow as Margaret enters followed by George, Charlie, MacFie, Kathleen, Peach, Pool and six Furniture Men. They in turn are followed by Sergeant McLaughlin, the Constable, and a gaggle of over thirty PRESSMEN who are amazed at the lavish opulence within the grey walled castle. At the far end of the hall are McLellan in his ornate chamberlain's suit, Balfour and EMSLIE QC., tall, smart, self-assured, moustached, and legal.

MARGARET V.O

I wasn't there to get what was mine ... I was there for revenge. We all were. We'd had enough of the ways of Ian Campbell

.....

Margaret goes about the house pointing at items that are hers or that she states have been gifted to her by Ian. MacFie makes notes. Balfour makes notes. George confirms if the object is Margaret's, McLellan if it is the Campbell Trusts'. He constantly appeals to Emslie, who along with Charlie, is the only one remaining calm.

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Margaret, Duchess of Argyll's.

MCLELLAN

Margaret, Duchess of Argyll's.

EMSLIE

Remove!

MCLAUGHLIN

Remove!

The object is taken to the waiting lorries. Margaret points.

GEORGE

Margaret, Duchess of Argyll's!

MCLELLAN

Duke of Argyll Trust Estate.

MACFIE

Deed of Covenant!

BALFOUR

Contested, and noted.

EMSLIE

Remains subject to court judgement.

MCLAUGHLIN

Remains.

179 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, LIBRARY- DAY

179

Dusty outlines of where pictures once hung are clearly visible.

MARGARET V.O

McLellan had removed many of the objects I wanted to the cellar or attic

180 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE - NIGHT

180

The day wears on into night. The clocks tick on. Most in attendance catch some sleep including George and Charlie.

MARGARET V.O

... But I ground him on, marking objects with stickers - green to go, red to stay, amber for contested ...

(beat)

I did not sleep that night ... I combed every inch of that castle

In a moment of quiet, Margaret notices the old footbath and recalls the crash of breaking porcelain.

181 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, LIBRARY - DAY

181

Margaret remembers Ian's dirty photographs. She looks under the box cover, but nothing is there.

MARGARET V.O

... until finally morning came and I stood face to face with an old friend.

She looks up and sees the portrait of the 2nd Duke.

She looks behind it and finds the photograph of Yvonne.

182 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, HALL - MORNING

182

The Hall clock strikes seven-thirty. Everyone is weary.

MCLELLAN

The castle is to be cleared in one half hour! I think that enough has been taken.

MACFIE

That is your opinion, Mr. McLellan, not the law's.

MCLELLAN

I've had quite enough of this stupid woman! Now, madam, I want you and your jackals out!

Margaret points to the Chamberlain's clothes McLellan is wearing.

MARGARET

I purchased all the servant's clothes with my own money. Here are the receipts.

GEORGE

(gleeful)

Margaret, Duchess of Argyll's!

MACFIE

It is not contested. I request that the items are removed.

BALFOUR

This is absurd.

Emslie is not amused, but the law is clear. Emslie waves his hand and all the Servants including Dingle begin to remove their uniforms. It is the final indignity for McLellan. He removes his coat.

MARGARET

And the trousers, please

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED:

182

A titter of laughter starts to sweep through the castle as McLellan removes his trousers. Peach comes forward with a threadbare kilt draped over his arm.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Thank you, Mr. McLellan. I would like you to have back the lovely tartan kilt you were wearing when I first came here.

183 EXT. INVERARAY CASTLE - MORNING

183

The clock strikes eight.

The entourage has already passed through out into the morning. Margaret takes one last reflective look at the interior of the castle as the panelled doors of Inveraray close behind her. She breathes the air. The camera bulbs go off.

Charlie happily takes her arm. A hundred villagers are waiting to see her off.

CHARLIE

Mrs. Sweeny was never as popular as this.

MARGARET

Or as smug

184 INT. COURTROOM, COURT OF SESSION, EDINBURGH - DAY 1

184

Margaret is the defendant. Sitting for her is MacFie, and FRASER QC., dean of faculty, a pale, lean, high-cheek boned man. Ian is the plaintiff. Sitting for him is Balfour and Emslie.

MARGARET V.O

I was to pay for that smugness by the time we got round to the divorce case. Wheatley was a hanging judge who despised the upper classes.

LORD WHEATLEY, rabid socialist father of five, Edinburgh slum-boy made good soccer fan presides over the court. On one side of the gallery are Charlie and George. On another side of the gallery is Yvonne. Ian is on the stand being examined by Fraser.

FRASER

Lets recap. You say it was an unhappy marriage, and that the Defendant poisoned the marriage by sending slanderous forged letters to yourself, pretending they were from your ex-wife?

IAN

That's what I'm saying.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

WHEATLEY

Why would she do that?

IAN

Because she was jealous of my ex-wife.

Wheatley glances briefly at Margaret.

FRASER

You say that she was completely wrong to accuse her secretary Mrs. MacPherson of selling stories about her to the newspapers, and that you wanted her to apologize?

IAN

Yes, I did.

FRASER

Do you know who sold the stories to the press?

IAN

I think she did it herself for the publicity.

The press in the gallery laugh.

FRASER

You say that she admitted to committing adultery with at least four, maybe five men?

IAN

At least. Including her ex-husband.

Ian points at Charlie. Charlie's reaction is one of anger.

FRASER

Why did you not contemplate divorcing her until after you had seized her diary from her that night in her bedroom?

IAN

I did not have any proof until then.

WHEATLEY

But you already had proof did you not? She admitted it.

IAN

She said that she would deny it in court.

Margaret shakes her head. Ian's lies are hard to swallow.

(CONTINUED)

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FRASER

I contest that you held up taking divorce action until your wife had spent large sums of money to settle out of court with your ex-wife and your mistress? Is this not the case?

A mumble of shock goes around the courthouse. Yvonne brazens it out.

IAN

I admit I gave supporting evidence to my ex-wife and Mrs. MacPherson in their cases.

FRASER

Against your wife?

IAN

Yes. We were estranged by then.

Wheatley raises his head and gives Ian a long stare.

FRASER

Were you? Is it not true that you had sexual intercourse with your wife during and after these cases, and right up to her last night at Inveraray Castle?

IAN

No, I had the doors bolted to keep her out.

FRASER

Are you telling the court that you did not want to have sex with your wife?

IAN

Yes.

All eyes turn on Margaret.

FRASER

Did you not promise to patch up the marriage if she agreed to your conditions and that once she had done so, you cold heartedly assisted your ex-wife and Mrs. MacPherson with their damage actions.

IAN

I certainly did not!

FRASER

I beg to differ.
(turns his back on Ian))

(CONTINUED)

Did you not subsequently terrorize your wife by entering her home unlawfully with Mrs. MacPherson to steal the diary for the proof on which your entire accusations hang?

IAN

That's only an interpretation of the events.

FRASER

I contest that it is an accurate interpretation of the events.

IAN

I do not.

Wheatley gives Ian a disgusted look.

WHEATLEY

Have you anything further, Mr. Fraser?

FRASER

Yes, my lord. Some final questions. Are you still taking drinamyl as proscribed to you by your physician Dr. Jenkinson?

IAN

Yes.

WHEATLEY

What is drinamyl?

FRASER

Purple Hearts, Lord Wheatley. They are proscribed for violent schizophrenics. An overdose can be fatal.

(turns)

Is that not correct?

IAN

They can induce heart attacks, yes.

Margaret is looking at Ian and remembering past events.

FRASER

Would you agree that the drinamyl does not always curb your schizophrenia, and that you have sadistic violent fits?

IAN

(indignant)

I am perfectly normal.

(CONTINUED)

FRASER

Have you ever beaten your wife in any way or in any violent manner for sexual pleasure?

IAN

No.

FRASER

Are you sure of this?

IAN

Yes. What are you getting at?

FRASER

Do you possess a large collection of 'dirty' pictures.

IAN

They are quite legal. The Aga Khan's are better.

Some of the gallery are shocked, some amused. Wheatley looks at pictures produced in evidence. He is dismissive.

WHEATLEY

Are these commonly available for purchase in this country?

FRASER

As works of art, my lord but 'dirty' pictures, that is quite another matter. Do you consider the photograph given to your wife by your valet as a 'dirty' picture?

The picture is shown to Ian. Ian looks at Yvonne.

IAN

I do not.

FRASER

Did you take the picture yourself?

IAN

No.

FRASER

Is the woman in the picture Mrs. MacPherson?

IAN

(hesitant)

Yes It was given to me by her husband when we were in the death camp. It was the only personal item he had managed to hold on to.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED: (5) 184
 Margaret's reaction is one of surprise. Wheatley's look of disgust for Ian has turned to one of pity.

FRASER

For clarification ... what was your relationship with James MacPherson.

IAN

We were best friends.

185 INT. COLDITZ PRISON 1943 -DAY 185

MacPherson, towel over his forearm and carrying a pair of shinning boots is being ridiculed and pushed about by some German GUARDS. Ian, drooped head, stands by idly

FRASER V.O

I appreciate that ... but officially, what did the Germans classify him as?

IAN V.O

As I was a Marquis, they made him my batman.

186 INT. AUSCHWITZ CAMP 1945 - DAY 186

Ian and MacPherson in death camp uniforms. MacPherson is clearly dying of hunger. Ian is trying to fed him some bread. MacPherson is putting the picture of Yvonne into his hand and whispering in his ear. Ian is nodding.

IAN O.S

In the last days of the war, there was no distinction. You were either alive or dead.
 (close to breakdown)
 It was inhuman treatment ...

MacPherson is dead in Ian's arms.

187 INT. COURTROOM - DAY 1 187

Ian is shaking with the memories.

IAN

.. and no one in this room

Ian is unable to finish his sentence. Fraser nods to Wheatley.

WHEATLEY

Thank you, Lord Campbell. You may step down.

188 INT. COURTROOM - NEXT DAY 188

It is the second day of the case. Yvonne is giving evidence. Fraser is examining her.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED:

FRASER

Are you the woman in this photograph?

Fraser hands her the photo.

YVONNE

(meekly)

Yes but it was a long time ago ... a holiday in France.

FRASER

For the court's sake, who did you work for first, the Duchess or the Duke?

YVONNE

The Duke. I met him and my husband some years before the war. We were very young.

FRASER

The Duke was a close personal friend of your deceased husband, was he not?

YVONNE

That's correct. They were schoolboy friends.

FRASER

Your husband and the Duke were captured together in the retreat to Dunkirk. They shared a cell for five years when they were held by the Germans, is that correct?

YVONNE

Yes, I got fairly regular letters from Colditz before they were moved.

FRASER

To the death camp

YVONNE

I found out later it was Auschwitz.

The latter name produces some disquiet.

FRASER

Your husband did not survive the war?

YVONNE

(painfully)

No. He died a few days before Auschwitz was liberated.

Wheatley is aware that the questioning is upsetting many people in the court.

(CONTINUED)

WHEATLEY

Mr. Fraser. What relevance has this death camp line of enquiry got to do with these divorce proceedings?

FRASER

I'm trying to establish the relationship between Mrs. MacPherson and the Petitioner, my lord.

Wheatley thinks about this for a moment, then waves Fraser to proceed.

FRASER (CONT'D)

After the liberation, did the Duke seek you out to let you know your husband's last wishes.

YVONNE

Yes, he did

FRASER

Can you tell us what these wishes were?

Yvonne looks at Ian. She takes a deep breath.

YVONNE

He asked Ian to look after me and my son.

There is a buzz in the courtroom.

FRASER

And in your opinion, Mrs. MacPherson, has the Duke 'looked after you'?

YVONNE

Yes, in a way

Fraser turns to address Wheatley.

FRASER

My lord, I would like to demonstrate that the petitioner has more than 'looked after' the witness.

Fraser turns back to Yvonne.

FRASER (CONT'D)

When did you actually become the Duke's personal secretary?

YVONNE

Immediately after the war when he inherited the Dukedom.

(CONTINUED)

FRASER

Was that about the time the Duke separated from his second wife?

Yvonne does not like the inference, but she nods 'yes'.

FRASER (CONT'D)

When did you start working for the Duchess?

YVONNE

Just after she married the Duke.

FRASER

How many years later was this?

YVONNE

About four or five years later.

WHEATLEY

(adding up)

So you had known the Duke about fourteen ... fifteen years before you became the Duchess's confidential secretary?

YVONNE

That's right but there was the six years of war in between.

FRASER

Yes. We know about that.

(pause)

You were her Grace's only secretary, is that correct?

YVONNE

Yes I took over from that awful man Peach. Why Ian took him on I will never know.

FRASER

Perhaps it was a convenient idea at the time.

(looks to Margaret, smiles)

You arranged Lady Campbell's diary, her social engagements, charity dinners, that sort of thing? (suggests) Probably you even opened her mail?

YVONNE

Yes, I did all of that. I took care of her press calls, her travel arrangements, her correspondence.

FRASER

So at all times, you knew exactly where she was, who she should be meeting, where she would be staying, is that correct?

(CONTINUED)

Yvonne is not sure if she is being led into a trap.

WHEATLEY

Answer the question, Mrs. MacPherson.

YVONNE

Yes, I had to know everything down to the smallest detail - what she would wear, who she would meet, what she might talk about I am highly educated. I took honours at Oxford.

FRASER

I am sure the court can see that for themselves.

(picks up a paper)

You would have been aware if the Duchess had been making allegations against the Duke's second wife Louise?

YVONNE

Yes.

FRASER

Did you ever personally hear her make allegations in public about the Duke's second wife?

Yvonne hesitates to answer. She looks to Ian for assistance. Wheatley follows her gaze. Ian looks down.

YVONNE

Personally, no.

FRASER

So you heard her make no slanderous remarks as such about the Duke's second wife?

YVONNE

Not that I can recall

FRASER

Yet you told her husband, the Duke, who you have known twenty odd years, that the Duchess had written and sent the letters that contained the allegations about his second wife?

YVONNE

Who else could it have been

FRASER

Indeed, who?

(turns to address the entire courtroom)

If I was looking for a writer of such letters, I might conclude that it was someone whom had known the Duke many years.

(CONTINUED)

(turns back)
Someone whom felt peeved that he had
married such a beautiful woman as Margaret
Sweeny.

Fraser has struck a chord in Yvonne who does not know how to
answer.

EMSLIE

My Lord, this is a divorce case. The
witness is not on trial.

FRASER

I will move on ...(now enjoying himself)...
You subsequently took out an action for
unfair dismissal against the Duchess, isn't
that correct?

YVONNE

She dismissed me out of hand for no reason.

FRASER

Your employer gave a reason at the time ...
You had leaked confidential information to
the press.

YVONNE

That's nonsense! I was shoved out the door
without a bye or leave.

FRASER

Did it not seem strange that the Duke
became your principal aider and abettor to
bring your action against the Duchess for
wrongful dismissal to court?

YVONNE

We settled out of court.

FRASER

Did he not give you documents which he
thought would help bring about an out of
court settlement in your favour?

YVONNE

Not that I know of.

FRASER

Come on, Mrs. MacPherson. Was he not your
main witness and that he was willing to
give evidence under subpoena if you had
gone to court?

YVONNE

I don't know if he would have given
evidence.

(CONTINUED)

FRASER

Really, Mrs. MacPherson! The Duke had pledged to your dead husband to 'look after you'.

YVONNE

I was literally out in the streets.

FRASER

But not without old friends

Fraser points to the Ian. He remains expressionless.

FRASER (CONT'D)

Is it not true that in a reciprocal arrangement, you were a witness in the damages action brought against the Duchess by the Duke's second wife?

YVONNE

I was never called.

FRASER

That's because that action was also settled out of court!

YVONNE

I don't honestly know.

FRASER

I think you know more than you wish to say. On your own admission you knew everything about the Duchess down to the smallest detail. When the poisoned letters came through the door, you must have opened them, read them?

YVONNE

I was told they were from a well wisher.

A number of people in the court laugh. Yvonne looks to Ian. He is not laughing. Yvonne corrects herself.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

I was never about when they arrived.

FRASER

Is that because you were the one writing, then sending them?

YVONNE

(frightened)

Certainly not!

Margaret smiles. Emslie stands up.

(CONTINUED)

EMSLIE

My lord, these letters are sub-judiciary.
I hope Mr.Fraser is not about to allude to
their contents.

Fraser is annoyed. Wheatley waves Elsie to sit down.

WHEATLEY

Stick to the evidence, Mr.Fraser

FRASER

Yes, my Lord. Just some final questions.
(coughs)
Have you ever had sexual intercourse with
the petitioner?

The Court gasps. Yvonne is thrown by the question. Her
defences are down, but she finally wants her relationship
with Ian out in the open.

YVONNE

Yes.

Margaret gives a MacFie's arm a 'I told you so' pinch.

FRASER

Once? Occasionally? Regularly? Very
regularly? Which one best describes your
relations?

YVONNE

(hesitant)

Very regularly.

There are gasps at the revelation.

FRASER

I see. Even during the Duke's marriage to
Lady Campbell?

YVONNE

All the way through it.

She looks at Margaret defiantly. The buzz in the court is
electric.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

I want Ian to have this divorce. He
deserves it after what he has had to put up
with from her.

Margaret is smiling.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED:

189

OLD MARGARET

Oh the joy it gave me to hear her say what I had expected all along. That two faced bitch had been going behind my back from day one.

190 INT. NEWSPAPER PRINTROOM - NIGHT

190

The presses are rolling

OLD MARGARET V.O

Now it was out for all to read in every morning newspaper from Edinburgh to Timbuktu. Ian Campbell was a misogynous adulterer and liar ...

191 INT. WHITE'S CLUB, LONDON

191

The Old Boys of the club are reading their papers.

192 EXT. COURT OF SESSION, EDINBURGH

192

Margaret, on Charlie's arm, is chased up the steps of the court by a horde of REPORTERS.

OLD MARGARET V.O

... and suddenly I had the public on my side.

193 INT. COURTROOM - DAY 3

193

Peach is giving evidence. The gallery is packed. A group of WOMAN WELL-WISHERS have sent down a note of support to Margaret. Emslie rises.

EMSLIE

Do you consider taking something from somebody's pocket and putting it in your own pocket theft?

PEACH

No, sir, not as a valet. As a valet you pick up your employer's things, put them in your pocket, and give them to him later.

EMSLIE

Did you permanently deprive the Duke of a photograph he kept in his wallet?

PEACH

Which photograph is that, sir. His Grace had many different photographs.

EMSLIE

(irritated)

I refer to the one handed to you now.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED:

Peach takes the photo from a Clerk. He studies the photograph.

PEACH

The one of Mrs. MacPherson, sir?

EMSLIE

Yes, Mister Peach. Did you steal it from the Duke?

PEACH

No, sir, It fell out of his pocket as he was going into his Club. He was terribly drunk. I'm not allowed in the Club, sir, so I put it through the letter box of Upper Grosvenor Street addressed to Her Grace.

EMSLIE

And why did you do that?

PEACH

It seemed the right thing to do, sir.

EMSLIE

Did you put the photograph in an envelope?

PEACH

Yes, I did, sir.

EMSLIE

(mundanely)

What did you write on the envelope?

PEACH

Nothing, sir.

EMSLIE

You just said you addressed it to the Duchess?

PEACH

That's right, sir. The Duchess has her own monogrammed envelopes.

EMSLIE

But you put a note inside to the Duchess?

PEACH

But I didn't write on the envelope.

EMSLIE

So you intentionally wanted the Duchess to see this photograph?

Peach seems to be stuck for an answer.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED: (2)

EMSLIE (CONT'D)

Take your time, Mr.Peach

PEACH

I'm not very bright, sir.

Wheatley is not amused.

WHEATLEY

Do not play with the court. Do you understand?

Peach nods.

PEACH

I thought she should know a bit about what was going on behind closed doors.

EMSLIE

Did you not work for the Duchess before the Duke?

PEACH

Yes, sir.

EMSLIE

Why did you leave the Duke's employment?

PEACH

I was sacked, sir.

EMSLIE

Why?

PEACH

Mine is not to reason why, sir.

EMSLIE

Were you not interested to find out?

PEACH

No, I was terribly disgusted with him by that time.

Ian signals to Emslie to drop that line of questioning.

EMSLIE

I'll not press you on the matter.
You are in the Duchess's employment now?

PEACH

No, sir. I have been given employment by Mister Sweeny. He is an excellent employer.

EMSLIE

But you were briefly re-employed by the Duchess, were you not?

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED: (3)

193

PEACH

You know that, sir. You were at Inveraray when the Duke's chamberlain lost his trousers.

The court roars with laughter.

194 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

194

Margaret is giving evidence. She is being examined by Emslie

EMSLIE

Let us recap. You were named as the adulteress in the Duke's divorce of his second wife were you not?

MARGARET

I was shocked by that.

EMSLIE

Come now, we are all grown up here. Where there is smoke there is fire? You already had knowledge of him.

MARGARET

At that time, no. I was aware he was separated, and I was cautious. I did not give into his advances until many months after the divorce petition was lodged.

EMSLIE

However, he was still legally married to his second wife.

(smirks)

Lets come back to Herr Von Braun. He was a married man with five children?

MARGARET

Yes

EMSLIE

Didn't it bother you that you he risked his own marriage by having an affair with you?

Emslie waves a number of Margaret's love letters in the air.

MARGARET

Yes, it bothered both of us greatly that our friendship would be misinterpreted.

EMSLIE

Did you have sexual relations with him after your marriage to the Duke?

MARGARET

I thought about it. He is a very attractive man.

(CONTINUED)

EMSLIE

Do I understand you are still denying that you committed adultery with Von Braun?

MARGARET

Yes, I am.

EMSLIE

Do you assert that you are not committing adultery with the man in the Polaroid pictures shown here?

Margaret gives the Polaroid photographs a cursory look.

MARGARET

I do, yes. I do deny it.

EMSLIE

You do not deny that you are featured in the photographs?

MARGARET

No, I do not. It is obviously myself and my husband.

Wheatley is studying the Polaroid's. He leers at Margaret.

WHEATLEY

Your present husband? Surely not?

Emslie picks up another photograph and hands it to Wheatley.

EMSLIE

Is a recent medical photograph of the Duke. You will note that the man in the Polaroid cannot possibly be the Duke.

Emslie crosses back to his bench. Balfour hands him a large pile of medical photographs.

EMSLIE (CONT'D)

We have medical photographs of one hundred and two of the men cited by my client.

There is a tremendous buzz of excitement in the courtroom by the press.

EMSLIE (CONT'D)

None of them match the man in the Polaroid photographs.

There is a sudden sense of absurdity and embarrassment throughout the courtroom. Emslie deposits the photographs on Wheatley's bench and Wheatley draws his palms down the sides of his face and sighs. Margaret remains motionless.

(CONTINUED)

EMSLIE (CONT'D)

Only two of the respondents refused to be medically examined and photographed ... Siegmund Von Braun and Charles Sweeny.

Charlie smiles at Margaret.

Wheatley draws his own conclusions from Emslie's statement.

WHEATLEY

Was your relationship the same with your ex-husband as it was with Von Braun?

MARGARET

No, not at all.

WHEATLEY

What was the difference?

MARGARET

Charlie and I are more than mere friends he is my ex. He is a one off.

WHEATLEY

I see. Were you at all times more than mere friends with Mr.Von Braun?

MARGARET

At all times? Or after my marriage?

WHEATLEY

You assert you were only mere friends with Von Braun after your marriage?

MARGARET

Yes, that is what I am saying.

Wheatley makes some notes. Emslie picks up the questioning.

EMSLIE

You've had a good deal to do with litigation recently, have you not?

MARGARET

Eight in all. And my husband has been at the root of them all. Until I married him I had a spotless reputation. I had never been in a lawyer's office. I did not know what a writ or a summons was. Since then I have spent a fortune on legal protection and despite everything I have still acquired the reputation of being a sex maniac.

Margaret's description is not helping to win over Wheatley.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET (CONT'D)

As I stated earlier, this present action is an action to vilify me. It is not an action to get a divorce. I would like to make that quite clear.

Margaret turns to Wheatley but he avoids eye contact.

EMSLIE

Are you saying that it was the Duke of Argyll who was spreading the allegations about you?

MARGARET

That's precisely what I'm saying.

EMSLIE

Spreading it to person's by word of mouth?

MARGARET

Yes.

EMSLIE

And yet you took the blame? Why?

MARGARET

He begged me to stop the actions. He made me feel sorry for Yvonne and his ex-wife. It seemed pretty pointless to punish them for Ian's manipulations. They were victims, much the same way that I am now a victim of his deception and cruelty.

The crowd in the gallery are in sympathy with Margaret.

EMSLIE

That is hindsight. The point of the matter is that in the diary taken from your bedroom, there is a list of men's names at the rear. Von Braun's and many others are amongst them

MARGARET

They are a list of my dinner party guests.

EMSLIE

All men? With numbers against their names?

MARGARET

The numbers represent their conversational powers.

There is a look of disbelief on Wheatley's face.

(CONTINUED)

EMSLIE

I submit that all of these men were men you had sexual relations with while married to your present husband.

MARGARET

Perhaps they would have liked to, but I did not.

There is laughter.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I have always had lots of admirers. I have always enjoyed male company. Ian never gave me the attention I was used to. He is incapable of that, and other men sensed that.

EMSLIE

So you sought that love elsewhere?

(reads)

He covered me with fresh cream and placed a strawberry in the most delicious of places

...

I ask you, is this the sort of behavior of anything other than a woman who uses marriage as a cover for depravity?

(reads)

He massaged my inner thighs then smothered me with his lips.

Emslie is gleeful as he sums up

EMSLIE (CONT'D)

There are one hundred and four names in this book. Are we to believe that with entries like this that these are fantasies? I think not.

I believe they are genuine reportings of the defendant's experiences with many men, during her marriage to his Grace.

Emslie hands the diary to Wheatley. He flicks through the diary. Margaret's remains standing as Wheatley's condemning eyes dress her down.

WHEATLEY

Before I let you stand down, I would like to point out that in my experience this is one of the most despicable cases I have presided over. I am quite disgusted by the behavior of everyone who has given evidence. There is not one of you that I do not consider depraved.

Margaret holds her head up and moves to sit.

Lord Wheatley sits with a sixty five thousand word judgement. The courtroom is packed. Ian, Margaret, and the witnesses are present.

WHEATLEY

I do not have much to say about Ian, Duke of Argyll except that I found him to be a thief and a pornographer. Heaven help us if he ever takes his seat in the House of Lords.

There is an audible intake of breath form the courtroom.

WHEATLEY (CONT'D)

While it is not my place to pass judgement on Yvonne MacPherson, I believe her to be at the root of much that went wrong with the marriage.

(reads on)

I found Brian Peach to be a liar and a person in whom trust can not be placed.

(sighs)

As for the Mystery Man and Von Braun, if not one and the same, they are unreliable men with the morals of alley cats. I regret that I have not had the Mystery Man in the witness box.

(looks at Margaret)

However, my greatest disgust is for Margaret, Duchess of Argyll, who I have concluded is a completely promiscuous woman whose sexual appetite cannot not be satisfied by any number of men.

(concludes)

As the man in the photography is not the plaintiff, then I must conclude that the defendant has committed an adulterous act. I hereby grant the correspondent's request for divorce on grounds of adultery

Ian's party is jubilant. Emslie and Balfour shake hands.

WHEATLEY (CONT'D)

... and it is my judgement that the defendant shall bear the full cost of these proceedings!

At this statement there is a clamor by the press to leave to report it to their editors.

Margaret, supported by Charlie and George, is visibly shaken.

MARGARET

I guess I should have listened to you both. I am deeply sorry, Daddy.

196 EXT. COURT OF SESSION, EDINBURGH - DAY

196

Outside the court, Margaret, flanked by George and Charlie, is met by half of Fleet Street. She is more infamous than before.

REPORTER

This has been the most expensive court case in Scottish legal history and the judgement has gone against you. Does this mean you are now bankrupt?

GEORGE

(looking ill)

I have all the costs covered

REPORTER

What are you going to do now, Duchess?

MARGARET

He has got my money, I've got sex. You tell me what you would rather have ... the money or me?

REPORTER

What do you think of the Duke ordering a bonfire to be burnt on the highest hill of his estate in celebration of victory?

MARGARET

No doubt I am paying for it.

Suddenly George clutches his chest and collapses. There is a clamor as Charlie fights to make room to lay the old man down on the stone-slab steps.

197 EXT. INVERARAY HILL - EARLY EVENING

197

A bonfire is burning on the hill.

198 INT. INVERARAY CASTLE, GREAT HALL -NIGHT

198

Ian is sitting alone in the great hall. He looks a defeated man.

199 EXT. CEMETERY, LONDON - DAY

199

There is a lone PIPER playing. Margaret is dressed in black at the funeral. She is supported by Charlie. She is upset and worried.

MARGARET

Daddy wanted to be buried with Mummy, not in Scotland. He did not care for it much anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Its a fine country, with a few rogues ...
that's all.

MARGARET

What Daddy left will not cover all the
costs of the divorce.

CHARLIE

Don't worry, I've still got a dollar or
two.

200 INT. THE DORCHESTER, LOBBY - DAY

200

Charlie comes out the elevator and runs straight into Yvonne.
Behind her is a PORTER carrying two very large trunks. Yvonne
looks old and tired. She is accompanied by her son Donald.
She is wearing some of Margaret's stolen jewelry.

CHARLIE

Yvonne!

YVONNE

Charlie

CHARLIE

Where are you off to?

YVONNE

I'm emigrating to Canada.

Charlie notices the jewelry.

CHARLIE

What's brought this on?

YVONNE

Ian's going to remarry.

CHARLIE

Really?

YVONNE

Some woman called Matilda Mortimer! A
penniless widow! I know the type. Another
American! She's just after him for his
title!

Charlie looks at Yvonne and tries not to smile. All her
scheming has come to nothing.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

It's not fair, Charlie. I've had to steal
to pay for my boy's education.

Yvonne fingers her jewelry. She indicates to Donald to go on
ahead with the baggage.

(CONTINUED)

YVONNE (CONT'D)

It never came out in the divorce case, but it's true that Louise's sons are not Ian's. The oldest boy is my dead husband's. God knows who the father of the youngest is. Could even be a German (laughs).

Charlie is not sure Yvonne is telling the truth or not.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Why should I lie?

Charlie raises his hand and points after Yvonne's son.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

That's Ian's real son. That's why I wrote the letters. I wanted him to publicly recognize my son as his. He's a lot like his father when he was younger.

Charlie studies Yvonne as she looks at her son and realizes that a lot of water has passed under the bridge. He feels sorry for her.

SON

Mum! Hurry up or we'll miss the plane.

Yvonne holds out her hand to Charlie. He takes it.

YVONNE

No hard feelings. Canada's a great country to start out poor in. If you see Max give him my regards.

Charlie watches Yvonne depart arm in arm with her Son.

Charlie is sitting in a leather chair relaxing. Sitting next to him is Max, a leaner, fitter Max who is sipping orange juice. The Air-Marshall is a little way off. There is a noise that makes everyone look up. It's Ian, and he's drunk. Violently drunk.

MAX

Christ, that's all we need. That cheating swine.

Ian sees Max, but not Charlie.

IAN

Max! Max!

MAX

Go away. I don't want anything to do with you. I should have taken my sister's side years ago.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

IAN

What's happened to the old pal bit, then?
Eh, Max? Eh, Max?

Ian is prodding Max in the shoulder with his fist

AIR-MARSHALL

Shut up, Campbell, or we'll have you
ejected instantly.

IAN

Do you know who you are really talking to,
Thomson? I was one of the Prominenten.

MAX

Churchill should have bombed the hell out
of Auschwitz. We might not have had to
stomach Ian Campbell, wife beater, burglar,
black-mailer, con-man, and down right
bastard.

IAN

You can't talk to me like that? I'm a peer.

CHARLIE

Can't we? We've taken a vote. You're out.
You leave now, or we throw you out.

IAN

You can't blackball me. I'm the biggest
bloody duke you've got.

He turns, half-stares at everyone. His past has finally
caught up with him.

Charlie snaps his fingers.

The Manager and Porter take Ian and drag him like a lump of
shot game out of the club. Max sits smugly.

Charlie starts to gently whistle 'Your The Tops'.

202 INT. THE DORCHESTER, CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

202

Charlie practising his golf swing. The apartment door bursts
open and Margaret rushes at him with a bottle of champagne, a
bouquet of flowers, and flings her arms around him.

MARGARET

Oh Charlie! Charlie! Charlie!

CHARLIE

Wow! What are you so excited about.

MARGARET

Read this! Read this! It's so wonderful.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

The Lord Lyon of Scotland

(reads)

... In Scotland it is perfectly correct for a duchess to retain her title - even if she remarries. While this is not approved of in England, there are many things which we in Scotland feel are quite correct. Even if the Duchess of Argyll marries a plain Mister, she is still entitled to retain her title Margaret, Duchess of Argyll.

MARGARET

Is it not wonderful. I can be Mrs. Sweeny and the Duchess of Argyll as well.

Margaret starts kissing Charlie, and giggling. She leads him towards the four poster bed.

CHARLIE

Now wait a minute, there's one thing I want to know. Who was the mystery man?

MARGARET

You of course

CHARLIE

Me?

MARGARET

(Hesitates. Is it the truth?)

Yes what sort of girl do you think I am?

The room goes dark and London is a big mass of lights that seem to blend into the universe that engulfs a million worlds like our own.

203 INT. HOSPITAL, LONDON 1993 - DAY

203

The lighting is low. Old Margaret hands the last diary marked 1993 to Old Charlie.

OLD MARGARET

All these years before and since that I wrote and wrote into my diaries ... I was writing to you. Every word was for you, Charlie ... I started writing them after the first night we met

204 INT. BALLROOM, NEW YORK 1931 - NIGHT

204

Young Charlie is cha-cha'ing with innocent Young Margaret.

She has only eyes for him.

205 INT. BOOKSTORE, NEW YORK 1931 - NEXT DAY 205

A red diary stamped 1931 is displayed.
Young Margaret sees it and buys it

206 INT. HOSPITAL, LONDON 1993 - DAY 206

Old Charlie cradles the diaries

 OLD MARGARET
 (frail)
 These are my love letters to you

Old Charlie is near tears.

The emotion wells in him. He cries.

 OLD MARGARET (CONT'D)
 Peach

OLD PEACH steps forward out of the shadows around the bed.

 OLD MARGARET (CONT'D)
 Take these down to the car.

 OLD PEACH
 Yes, mam

Peach wheels out the red diaries. Margaret and Charlie are alone. He sits holding her hand.

 OLD MARGARET
 Do not let go until I am gone

207 EXT. ISLAND IN A LOCH - DAY 207

A small boat is tied up. Three women in black are standing over a fresh dug grave as six men lower a coffin into the hole.

 OLD CHARLIE V.O
 After the divorce case, a disgraced Ian Campbell was forced by the Trustees to leave Inveraray and spend the rest of his life in the South of France. He was brought back to Scotland to be buried. Three of his four wives attended the funeral. Margaret was not invited. His eldest son by Louise Clews inherited the title.

A fresh face young man IAN JUNIOR stand emotionless.

208 INT. DORCHESTER HOTEL, APARTMENT - DAY 208

Charlie is sitting reading through the diaries.

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED:

OLD CHARLIE V.O

I read every page of her love letter to me
that she had kept for sixty two years ...
It took me six weeks

CUT TO:

The 1993 diary slips from his hand.

209 EXT. HIGHGATE CEMETRY, LONDON - DAY

209

Peach is alone with two GRAVE DIGGERS. He indicates to them
to begin shovelling earth.

OLD CHARLIE V.O

I was laid next to Margaret, and as she
wished, her red diaries joined us in
eternity.

The earth is thrown on to the diaries placed on top of the
coffin.

FADE OUT: