

# AN EDUCATION

By Nick Hornby

Adapted from the article 'An Education' by Lynn Barber

1

INT. SCHOOL. DAY

1

\*

JANUARY 1962. MONTAGE

\*

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

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

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

3 INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

3

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

\*

JENNY

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

JACK

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

JENNY

Cello?

JACK

No cello.

JENNY

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

JACK

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

JENNY

Or interest.

JACK

(ignoring her)

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

JENNY

Can I stop going to the youth orchestra, then?

JACK

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

JENNY

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

JACK

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

JENNY

No. They don't want people who think for themselves.

JACK

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

4 INT. SCHOOL HALL. DAY

4 \*

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

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

5 EXT. SCHOOL. DAY

5 \*

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

GRAHAM

Should I wear, you know, Sunday best?

JENNY

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

GRAHAM

Oh, God.

JENNY

It'll be all right. I won't wait. It's going to bucket down in a minute. I'll see you at the weekend.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Jenny moves as quickly as she can towards the street.

GRAHAM

Oh, yes. Bye.

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

SMALLER BOY 1

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

\*  
\*

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

6

EXT. BUS STOP. DAY

6

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

\*

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

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

DAVID

Hello.

Jenny ignores him.

DAVID

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

Jenny smiles thinly.

DAVID

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

\*  
\*

JENNY

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

DAVID

Ah. Good point.

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

DAVID

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

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

DAVID

There. Security.

Jenny laughs and waves the money away.

\*

7 EXT. STREET. NEAR SCHOOL. DAY.

7 \*

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

DAVID

I'm David, by the way.

She says nothing.

DAVID

And you are...?

JENNY

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

DAVID

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

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

DAVID  
How did the concert go?

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

DAVID  
What are you playing?

JENNY  
(making a face)  
Elgar.

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

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

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

\*  
\*

JENNY  
I'm not a Jew!

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

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

David stops the car.

DAVID  
Jump in.

8

INT. CAR. DAY

8

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

JENNY  
It's even nicer on the inside.

DAVID  
Where to, madam?

Jenny makes a face.

JENNY  
I only live round the corner.

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

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

The Bristol is crawling along the road at walking pace.

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

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

DAVID  
Smoke?

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

David lights one for himself.

DAVID  
I suppose cellists must go to a  
lot of concerts.

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

DAVID  
Oh, they're real.

JENNY  
So people say.

DAVID  
Why don't we believe in them?

JENNY  
I suppose... What would he say?

DAVID  
Your father, this is?



JENNY

(Darkly)

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

\*

DAVID

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

\*

JENNY

(heartfelt)

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

DAVID

Good for you. Which University?

JENNY

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

DAVID

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

Jenny smiles.

JENNY

This is me. Thank you.

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

11

INT. JENNY'S SITTING-ROOM. AFTERNOON

11

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

MARJORIE

How's your mother, Graham?

GRAHAM

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

JACK

Where are you applying, Graham?

Jenny looks embarrassed. She knows what's coming.

GRAHAM

I'm not sure yet.

JACK

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

JENNY

(deadpan)

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

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

GRAHAM

I might take a year off.

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

JACK

What for?

GRAHAM

(mumbling)

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

JACK

Travelling? What are you, a teddy boy?

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

JACK

(nodding at Jenny)

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

Jenny sighs.

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

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

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

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

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

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

JENNY  
Oh!

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

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

JENNY  
They're for me!

MARJORIT2us1/N. t up 520956 Tc q 1 0 0 -1 0 (2 1



JACK

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

12B	INT. JENNY'S HOUSE. EVENING	12B	*
	Jenny sighs, puts them inside the house, shuts the door.		*
13	INT. COFFEE BAR. DAY	13	
	Jenny and two school friends, HATTIE and TINA, are sitting at a table in a typical late-50s coffee bar, sipping cappuccinos. Jenny is easily the most attractive of the three - and also, we will see, possibly the cleverest. HATTIE is slower than the other two, and a lot frumpier; TINA is pretty, and sharp rather than clever. She is also the least middle-class of the three - she's clearly a scholarship girl. They are all dressed in an unflattering and unambiguous school uniform - no attempts to disguise it with more fashionable accessories. Jenny is smoking		

HATTIE

Une vache.

Laughter.

14 EXT. STREET/COFFEE BAR. DAY

14 \*

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

JENNY

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

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

DAVID

Hello.

JENNY

Hello. Thank you.

DAVID

How did it go?

JENNY

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

DAVID

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

JENNY

Going to school.

DAVID

I meant the evening.

JENNY

(embarrassed)

Oh. Yes. Of course. Nothing.

DAVID

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

\*  
\*  
\*

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

JENNY

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

DAVID

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

Jenny smiles.

DAVID

Seven? And we'll probably go for a spot of supper afterwards, if you... But if you, if that's not... Well, we can always put you in a taxi.

JENNY

(flat disbelief)  
Supper.

DAVID

If you want.

JENNY

The trouble is, we'll already have eaten.

DAVID

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

JENNY

(embarrassed again)  
Oh. Yes. Of course.

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

TINA

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

Jenny smiles enigmatically. Tina grabs Jenny mock-urgently.

TINA

'Oo wazzee?

JENNY

(light, playful)

Just a man who's been trying to pick me up. We're going to a concert on Friday night. And then we're having a spot of supper.

TINA

(shrieking)

A spot of supper? \*

JENNY

You've heard of supper?

HATTIE

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

JENNY

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

HATTIE

No. Of course not.

TINA

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

HATTIE

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

JENNY

Don't be so daft.

TINA

We're trying to attract the attention of boys.



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

JENNY

Why?

HATTIE

Because no man's ever going to  
ask us out to supper. Not until  
we're ladies, anyway. You're  
going to have to tell us  
everything. Otherwise it's not  
fair.

JENNY

There won't be anything to tell.

TINA

Well, make something up, then.

15

INT. JENNY'S HOUSE. EVENING

15

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

JACK

I won't allow it!

JENNY

(coolly)

MARJORIE

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

\*  
\*

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

JACK

How d'you know that?

MARJORIE

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

JENNY

He soon put a stop to that.

JACK

There we are.

JENNY

Where are we?

JACK

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

\*  
\*

JENNY

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

\*  
\*

JACK

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

MARJORIE

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

JACK

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

\*  
\*

The doorbell rings.

JENNY

That's him. Now what?

JACK

Oh, bloody hell.

MARJORIE

Jack!

Jenny starts towards the door, and then turns.

DAVID  
(deadpan)  
You didn't tell me you had a  
sister, Jenny.

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

DAVID  
You're a lucky man, Jack.

JACK  
I suppose I am, yes.

They all sit down.

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

Marjorie smiles.

MARJORIE  
Thank you.

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

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

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

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

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

DAVID  
Oh, it's a pretty straight run,

Jack smiles broadly.

MARJORIE

(playfully)

So shall I book some tickets for something?

\*

JACK

(still smiling)

No.

Beat.

JACK

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

Jenny winces.

DAVID

I was hoping Jenny would come

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

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

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

Marjorie rolls her eyes.

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

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

15A \*

Jenny and David walk towards the camera. Jenny suddenly looks young in the dress that looks too old for her - other 35+ women eyes smiling around outside, and the women don't look like girls dressed up. David makes for an incredibly glamorous and attractive couple in their late twenties who are waiting outside - DANNY and HELEN. Helen

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

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

DAVID (CONT'D)

Shall we?

They walk into the hall.

16 INT. ST JOHN'S SMITH SQUARE. NIGHT

16

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

HELEN

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

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

JENNY

I'm so sorry.

HELEN

(amused)

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

JENNY

It's beautiful. Where did it come from?

HELEN

Oh, South Ken somewhere.

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

HELEN

(nodding at the dress)

This is... Well, it's good for this sort of concert, isn't it?

JENNY

(quietly)

Thank you.

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

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

She takes a ticket from the cloakroom lady. \*

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

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

HELEN  
Sorry?

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

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

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

HELEN  
In French? Why?

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

JENNY  
I don't know.

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

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

JENNY  
Why on earth would he want to  
take me shopping?



Helen makes a knowing face.

17 INT. ST JOHN'S SMITH SQUARE. NIGHT

17 \*

David, Jenny, Danny and Helen in a row in the middle of the

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

\*  
\*

DAVID  
Have you never heard "Chante  
Francoise Sagan"?

\*

Jenny shakes her head. Her eyes are wide - she's clearly

DAVID

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

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

DAVID

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

DANNY

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

\*  
\*

JENNY

DANNY  
Next Friday morning. David will  
pick you up.

JENNY  
(crestfallen)  
Oh. Friday.

DANNY  
You're busy?

JENNY  
Well. Yes.

She doesn't want to explain why. \*

DANNY  
Tant pis. \*

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

DAVID  
Are you sure you're busy?

Jenny hesitates.

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

20 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

20

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

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

JENNY  
What are you doing?

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

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

MARJORIE

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

JENNY

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

MARJORIE

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

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

JENNY

Goodnight, Mum.

MARJORIE

And I'm glad you enjoyed the concert.

MISS STUBBS

I knew that in the end 'Jane Eyre' would work its magic upon you. I'm presuming that's what you're so animated about.

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

JENNY

Of course.

TINA

'Jane Eyre' and Jenny's new boyfriend.

JENNY

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

TINA

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

MISS STUBBS

Ah. A Mr Rochester figure.

TINA

I think he must be as blind as Mr Rochester.

Laughter. Jenny pulls a face at her.

MISS STUBBS

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

She starts to hand out essays.

MISS STUBBS

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

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

22 INT. JENNY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 22

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

23 INT. DAVID'S CAR. DAY 23

David sitting in his Bristol, waiting.

24 EXT. SCHOOL. DAY 24

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

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

Jenny and David are driving along a North Kensington street.

JENNY  
How do you know Danny?

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

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

JENNY  
What kind of work?

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

He stops the car.

DAVID  
I'll be two seconds.

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

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

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

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

David emerges from the house, jangling his keys.

27 INT. CAR. DAY 27

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

DAVID  
I'm sorry about that.

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

DAVID  
They're clients.

JENNY  
Clients?

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

He starts the car and drives off.

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

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

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



28 INT. CHRISTIE'S. DAY

28

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

\*  
\*

DANNY

You nearly missed it.

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

AUCTIONEER

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

\*  
\*  
  
\*  
\*

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

AUCTIONEER

Two hundred?

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

AUCTIONEER

Thank you, madam. Three hundred?

\*

A man raises his hand.

\*

AUCTIONEER

Do I hear three-fifty?

\*  
\*

The middle-aged Sloane nods.

\*

AUCTIONEER

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

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

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

\*  
\*

DAVID

(whispers to Jenny)

Your turn.

Jenny looks at him.



DANNY  
I know who you are, too. Tell  
him.

\*  
\*  
\*

JENNY  
(Louder, to auctioneer)  
Jenny Mellor.

\*  
\*  
\*

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

\*  
\*  
\*

DAVID  
Well done. A nerveless  
performance.

Jenny beams. She's thrilled.

29 INT. DANNY'S FLAT. DAY

29

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

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

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

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

JENNY  
That's not a Locket-Hi!!!

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

HELEN  
Certainly not me.

JENNY  
It's beautiful. Do you play?

DANNY

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

HELEN

Give it to Jenny.

DANNY

That would be even more vulgar.

DAVID

Play for us, Jenny.

JENNY

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

DAVID

She's good enough now.

JENNY

Oh, David. You've never heard me.

Danny stands up and stretches.

DAVID

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

\*  
\*

DANNY

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

DAVID/HELEN

Yes!

JENNY

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

They all look at her.

DAVID

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

JENNY

Who?

DAVID  
Jack and Marjorie.

JENNY  
About what?

DAVID  
Oxford.

Jenny hoots with derision.

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

DAVID  
We'll see.

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

DAVID  
How much?

DANNY  
(amused)  
Be careful, Jenny. You don't know  
who you're dealing with.

JENNY  
Half-a-crown.

DAVID  
You're on.

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

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

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

HELEN  
Oh, behave yourselves.

30

INT. CLASSROOM/LATIN. DAY.

30 \*

Jenny is in her Latin class, waiting for the lesson to begin. Tina and Hattie aren't with her, and she sits on her

JACK

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

JENNY

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

MARJORIE

Everyone's doing their best, Jack.

JACK

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

JENNY

We don't go to Oxford. Any of us.

MARJORIE

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

JACK

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

MARJORIE

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

JACK

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

MARJORIE

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

JACK

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

He stands up.

MARJORIE

Jack...

JACK

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



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

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

31A INT. JENNY'S HOUSE 31A \*

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

32 EXT. STREET/COFFEE BAR. DAY. 32 \*

Jenny, Hattie and Tina are walking back from school.

TINA  
You could always go to  
secretarial college with Hattie.

JENNY  
(sarcastic)  
Oh, thanks.

HATTIE  
Charming!

JENNY  
Oh, no.

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

GRAHAM  
Hello.

JENNY  
Oh. Graham. Hello.

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

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

TINA

Yes. She's got no time for boys.

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

\*  
\*  
\*

JENNY

(quickly)

Bye, Graham.

\*  
\*  
\*

She follows the girls inside.

\*

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

33

\*

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

34 INT. JENNY'S HALL. NIGHT

34

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

35 INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

35

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

JENNY

(curious)

Hello.

JACK

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

\*  
\*

DAVID

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

\*  
\*  
\*

JACK

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

\*  
\*

JENNY  
(i mpati ently)  
But what's he doing here?

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

JENNY  
(i ncredul ous)  
You came to see Mum and Dad?

JACK  
Is that so hard to imagine?

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

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

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

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

MARJORIE  
I'm trying to think what you  
missed. Nothing much comes to  
mi nd.

JACK  
They can't stand to see me  
enj oyi ng mysel f.

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

JACK  
You di dn' t tell me Dav5

DAVID  
For all the good it did me.

JACK  
What did you read?

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

JACK  
(marvelling at the coincidence)  
English! Which college?

DAVID  
Merton.

MARJORIE  
Isn't that funny?

JENNY  
Extraordinary.

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

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

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

JENNY  
Dad has never come across anyone.

DAVID  
I just thought he might know some of the books.

JENNY  
Dad has never read any books.

JACK  
(stung)  
What's he written?

DAVID

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

MARJORIE

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

DAVID

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

Everyone murmurs their comprehension.

MARJORIE

Jenny used to love those books.

DAVID

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

JENNY

I'd love to meet him.

There is a pause. Jack and Marjorie look at the floor. Somehow, David has manoeuvred a situation where, effectively, he is the one being asked.

DAVID

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

JACK

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

JENNY

How often do you see him?

DAVID

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

JENNY

(disappointed)

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

JACK  
 (dubiously)  
 Well, I suppose... Would she have  
 to stay the night?

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

Jack chuckles knowingly.

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

MARJORIE  
 Sounds like too good an  
 opportunity to pass up.

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

JACK  
 Would it be a bother to you,  
 David?

DAVID  
 I'd be delighted.

Jack, Marjorie and Jenny all beam.

36 INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

36

Jenny opens the door for David.

JENNY  
 (sotto voce)  
 That was scandalous.

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

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

37 INT. DANNY'S FLAT. DAY

37

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

DAVID

Come on!

38 INT. HELEN'S BEDROOM. DAY 38

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

HELEN

Nearly ready!

39 INT. DANNY'S FLAT. DAY 39

DAVID

How can they only be nearly ready?

DANNY

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

40 INT. HELEN'S BEDROOM. DAY 40

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

HELEN

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

Jenny emerges from her reverie.

JENNY

(thrilled)  
Really? Thank you.

HELEN

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

JENNY

A nightie?

Jenny suddenly understands what Helen means.

JENNY  
Will we be sharing bedrooms?

HELEN  
You're not sleeping with him?

JENNY  
No. I'm... No.

HELEN  
Good for you.

JENNY  
Really? Do you think so?

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

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

HELEN  
With David?

Jenny pauses.

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

HELEN  
When's your birthday?

JENNY  
April.

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

Jenny stares at herself in the mirror again.

41 INT. DANNY'S FLAT. DAY

41

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

DANNY  
(thoughtful)  
Shall, we, ah... Make a move?



He gets to his feet.

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

The Bristol on the country road to Oxford.

43 INT/EXT. CAR OXFORD DAY 43 \*

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

DANNY

Imagine spending three years here.

HELEN

I know.

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

DAVID

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

HELEN

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

DANNY

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

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

DAVID

There.

He stands up, hands the book to Jenny.

JENNY

(reads)  
"To dear Jenny. With the pleasure



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

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Jenny laughs.

46

INT. B & B BEDROOM. NIGHT

46

---

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

JENNY

We've got exactly the same curtains at home.

DAVID 0 0 -1 0 842 cm BT 12 0 0 -12 108 285 Tr

---

---

---

---

JENNY  
Is that me?

DAVID

48 INT. CAR. DAY

48

DAVID  
Might be worth a look.

49 EXT. CAR COTTAGE. DAY

49

HELEN  
Sometimes they find something,  
sometimes they don't.

\*  
\*  
\*

In the distance, David is waving at them urgently.

\*

HELEN  
And when they do find something,

\*  
\*





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

Jenny nods reluctantly.

DAVID

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

\*

Jenny looks at him, startled. Trees again?

DAVID

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

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

54

EXT/INT. CAR JENNY' HOUSE. NIGHT

54

\*

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

DAVID

I suppose you have homework to do.

JENNY

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

DAVID

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

JENNY

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

DAVID  
Exactly. A muddle.

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

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

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

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

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

DAVID  
What does that mean?

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

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

JENNY  
Thank you.

55 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

55

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

JACK  
Here she is! The wanderer  
returns!

MARJORIE  
Did you have a nice time?

JENNY  
Lovely, thank you.

JACK  
Was he nice to you?

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

JENNY  
Look inside.

Jack examines the inscription.

JACK  
Well I never. Look at this,  
Marjorie.

He hands it to her. She examines it reverently.

MARJORIE  
"Clive"... Lucky girl. What was he  
like? \*

JENNY  
He was just... normal. Kind.

MARJORIE  
And did he show you round?

JENNY  
Oh, he was busy. David did,  
though.

MARJORIE  
What did you think?

JENNY  
Beautiful.

MARJORIE

Did it make you want to work harder?

JACK

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

MARJORIE

David's a lot older than Graham.

JACK

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

JENNY

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

JACK

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

JENNY

What?

JACK

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

MARJORIE

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

JACK

He wasn't. And now he is.

MARJORIE

Is that how you feel, Jenny?

JENNY

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

She leaves the room. Marjorie watches her go thoughtfully.

56

EXT. PARK. DAY

56

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

\*  
\*  
\*

GYM TEACHER

Ladies, please. Christmas is coming.

\*  
\*  
\*

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

\*  
\*  
\*

HATTIE

What the hell are those?

JENNY

Russian Sobranies.

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

HATTIE

Where did they come from?

TINA

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

JENNY

Paris. You can't buy them here.

TINA

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

JENNY

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

TINA

Shut up, you stuck-up cow.

JENNY

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

TINA  
You're joking.

JENNY  
Non.

HATTIE  
He's taking you to Paris?

JENNY  
(smiling smugly)  
Oui.

HATTIE  
This term?

JENNY  
Peut-etre.

TINA  
Isn't it your birthday next  
Tuesday?

JENNY  
Might be.

The two friends shriek and jump up and down.

HATTIE  
Oh, my God! Your birthday!

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

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

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

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

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

TINA

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

JENNY

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

HANNAH

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

JENNY

Apparently, I do.

Tina makes a bit of a mess of it.

She stands on the side of the road, looking at the car, with a look of admiration.

JACK

What do we want him round for?

MARJORIE

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

JENNY

What did you happen to be talking to her about?

MARJORIE

I thought it would be nice.

JENNY

What if David turns up?

MARJORIE

Are we expecting David to turn up?

Jenny shrugs.

JACK

It might not be a bad thing if he did.

MARJORIE

(doubtful)

Really?

JACK

Well, if you think about it, there's more than one way of



JACK

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

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

MARJORIE

JACK

Who'd like a piece?

In truth, the cake is a rather sorry and unappetising  
specimen. There isn't enough icing on the top. She cuts a

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

JACK  
She's a special girl.

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

JENNY  
This is Graham.

DAVID  
Graham, a pleasure. I'm David.

They shake hands. Graham suddenly looks five years younger.

JACK  
Makes your dictionary look a bit feeble, eh Graham?

Graham looks pained. Marjorie notices.

MARJORIE  
And ours too, come to that.

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

JENNY  
Clearly.

JACK  
David, what can I get you to drink?

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

JACK  
I've given him a glass of pop.

GRAHAM  
(stung)  
I'd better be going I have a stack of homework to do.

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

\*  
\*

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

JACK  
A glass of something warming?

DAVID  
You know me so well.

Hearty laughter from the two men.

JENNY  
Can I open anything yet?

Marjorie comes back into the room.

MARJORIE  
Wait for me.

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

JACK  
(flatly)  
Lovely.

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

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

JACK  
How d'you mean, Paris?

JENNY  
You know the one, Dad.

JACK  
(panic rising)  
But... We haven't got any French money. And I'm not sure... I just don't think it would \_\_\_\_\_

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

JACK

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

JENNY

(bitterly)

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

MARJORIE

I can take her.

JACK

(genuinely indignant)

To France? And leave me here on my own?

JENNY

Oh, for God's sake.

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

DAVID

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

Jack looks at him.

JACK

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

\*  
\*

DAVID

Yes, that's the one.

JACK

(relieved)

Well, there we are.

DAVID

(perplexed)

Where are we?

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

DAVID  
(the penny apparently  
dropping)  
Of course!

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

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

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

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

59 INT. CLASSROOM. DAY

59 \*

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

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

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

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

SMALL GIRL  
Are you the girl going to Paris?

Tina, Hattie and Jenny stare at her.

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

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

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

Jenny looks at her, startled and a little sick.

60

INT. HEADMISTRESS'S OFFICE. DAY.

60

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

HEADMISTRESS  
Come.

Jenny enters, looking young and frightened.

HEADMISTRESS  
Ah. Miss Mellor.

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

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

Jenny looks at her feet.

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

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

JENNY

Can I go now?

HEADMI STRESS

Please.

\*

H5g0 0 -1 0 842 cm BT 12 0stowever, we are made aware of

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

63

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM. NIGHT

63

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

DAVID

Hold on a second. I've got something.

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

JENNY

What on earth is that for?

DAVID

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

Jenny shrieks with horror.

JENNY

With a banana?

DAVID

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

JENNY

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

DAVID

I'm sorry.

David attempts to kiss her again. Jenny wriggles clear.

JENNY

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

DAVID

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

Jenny doesn't deny it.





- 66 INT. RECORD SHOP. DAY 66
- We see three listening booths, all containing customers. Jenny and David are in the middle booth, listening to the Juliette Greco song on the soundtrack. (For a moment, the sound quality changes - soundtrack becomes source music, seamlessly.) Jenny is studying the sleeve. She wants to hug herself, she's so excited.
- 67 EXT. CAFE. EVENING. 67
- A Left Bank cafe - David and Jenny are eating steak frites outside, drinking vin ordinaire, watching the world go by. They are both anticipating the night ahead.
- 68 EXT. VIEW OF SACRE COEUR/MONTMARTRE 68
- 69 EXT. PARIS HOTEL. DAWN 69 \*
- Jenny is smoking at the second-floor window of a simple, pretty Parisian hotel, wearing a glamorous-looking slip and looking at the street life below her.
- 70 INT. HOTEL ROOM. DAWN 70 \*

71

EXT. PARK. DAY

71

...Jenny in her games kit, smoking her Sobranie with her

Jenny laughs.

72

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY

72

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

MISS STUBBS

Jenny, could I have a word?

JENNY

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

Miss Stubbs waits until the room empties.

MISS STUBBS

You can do anything you want, Jenny. You know that. You're clever and you're pretty... But sometimes those things fight. I'm worried that at the moment clever Jenny and pretty Jenny are fighting.

JENNY

What do you mean?

MISS STUBBS

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

JENNY

I think so.

MISS STUBBS

Interested enough to let her do what she wants?

JENNY

He couldn't stop me.

MISS STUBBS

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

JENNY  
 (frustrated)  
 I'm not sure what you're trying  
 to tell me.

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

Jenny looks at her.

JENNY  
 (quietly)  
 Where did you go?

MISS STUBBS  
 Sorry?

JENNY  
 (Louder, bolder)  
 Where did you go? Which  
 university?

MISS STUBBS  
 Girton. Cambridge.

JENNY  
 Oh.

MISS STUBBS  
 What does that mean? 'Oh'?

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

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

Jenny stares at her angrily.

JENNY  
 It's nothing to do with that.



The men snigger.

DANNY

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

74

INT. CLUB. NIGHT

74

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

DANNY

There he is.

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

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

DAVID

A bottle of champagne, please.

DANNY

Oh-ho. Champagne, eh?

He looks at Jenny and David expectantly.

DAVID

Don't be bashful.

HELEN

No. Be Sneezy.

Everyone ignores her.

DAVID

All right, then. If you won't tell them I will. Jenny got two As and a B in her mock-A levels.

DANNY

Fantastic.

HELEN

Congratulations.

JENNY

Thank you.





DANNY  
(dri l y)

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

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

He guides Jenny firmly out of the club.

77

EXT. CLUB. NIGHT.

77

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

DAVID

JENNY  
 (helpl essly)  
 Please take me home.

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

78 EXT. SCHOOL YARD. DAY

78 \*

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

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

HATTIE  
 A franc is too much, isn't it?

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

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

79 INT. HEAD'S OFFICE. DAY

79

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

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

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

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

Jenny is smoking on the balcony. \*

80A INT. JENNY'S BEDROOM. 80A \*

Jenny is at her desk in her bedroom, trying to work, but she can't concentrate. Her hair is tied back in a ponytail. She gets up, pulls back the curtains, looks out of the window. We see what she sees: a sleepy suburban street at night. She looks back at her desk. It looks even more boring than the street. She looks at her scrubbed seventeen-

JACK

JENNY

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

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

GIRL 1

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

MISS STUBBS

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

Girl 1 looks at her blankly.

MISS STUBBS

Never mind. Lear...

ANN \*

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

TINA

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

No.

Jenny starts to giggle.

ANN \*

Speak thus?

Tina shakes her head.

ANN \*

Where are his eyes?

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

ANN \*

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

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

JENNY

Ooh. Miss. Me. I can.

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







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

HEADMI STRESS

Nobody does anything worth doing without a degree.

JENNY

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

HEADMI STRESS

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

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

HEADMI STRESS

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

Jenny can't contain herself any longer.

JENNY

Boring!

HEADMI STRESS

I'm sorry?

JENNY

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

HEADMI STRESS  
Because without formal  
qualifications. . .

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

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

Jenny stands up.

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

She leaves the office.

EXT. SCHOOL. DAY

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

JACK  
 All that...

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

MARJORIE  
 Jack!

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

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

Jack gapes at her. He's floundering.

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

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

86 INT. DANNY'S FLAT. NIGHT

86

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

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

Danny isn't so pleased.

DANNY  
(cool)  
Congratulations.

There is much chinking of glasses.

HELEN  
I thought you'd see sense about  
university.

Jenny smiles.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
You'll stay pretty now.

Laughter from David and Jenny.

JENNY  
Am I still allowed to read?

HELEN  
English? Books?

More laughter.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
You won't be laughing when she  
goes all specy and spotty,  
David.

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

87 EXT. DANNY'S NIGHT

87 \*

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

\*  
\*

JENNY  
Danny didn't seem very pleased  
about our engagement.

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

JENNY  
(trying not to be  
pleased)  
Jealous?



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

Jenny gives her a look.

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

She leaves the room.

JENNY  
And this is where you're living?

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

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

DAVID  
Is that tea ready? One sugar,  
please.

JENNY  
(frustrated by his  
evasions)  
David!

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

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

She hands him his tea.

DAVID  
A wandering Jew. (He pauses to  
take a sip.) Ifcm 20 0 -1Evm 20 0 -1Evm 20 0 -1Evm 20 0 -

DAVID  
(mumbling)  
I live at home.

\*  
\*  
\*

JENNY  
We all live at home.

\*  
\*

DAVID  
No. I mean...I live at home...in  
the same way that you live at  
home.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

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

\*  
\*



JENNY

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

HATTIE

Three scenes.

JENNY

It says two here. Look.

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

HATTIE

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

Tina rubs Hattie's head sympathetically.

TINA

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

Jenny shrugs.

JENNY

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

\*

TINA

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

JENNY

What's this afternoon?

TINA

French. The translation paper.

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

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

MARJORIE

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

\*  
\*  
\*

JENNY

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

\*  
\*  
\*

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

Something about this depresses Jenny. Marjorie notices.

MARJORIE

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

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

JACK

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

JENNY

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

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

JACK

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

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

DAVID

Everybody ready? I think you'll like this place, Jack. Their wine list is as good as anything I've seen in London.

JACK

Someone told me that.

JENNY  
David, probably. Who else would  
it have been?

92 EXT. STREET/JENNY'S HOUSE NIGHT

92 \*

Jack and Marjorie approach David's Bristol.

JACK  
I was hoping you'd take us in  
this.

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

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

DAVID  
Madame. Monsieur.

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

93 INT. CAR. NIGHT

93

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

DAVID  
Everyone happy?

DAVID  
Sorry about this.

He slows the car and turns in to the garage.

96 EXT. GARAGE. NIGHT

96

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

ATTENDANT  
How can I help you, sir?

DAVID  
You might as well fill her up.

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

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

97 INT. CAR. NIGHT

97

Jenny watches him walk towards the phone box.

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

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

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

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

JACK  
What do you think?

Nobody pays him any attention. They lapse into silence. Jack starts to fiddle with the features in the car - a

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

98 EXT. GARAGE. NIGHT

98

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

DAVID  
(desperately)  
Jenny!

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

99 INT. CAR. NIGHT

99

David gets into the car.

DAVID  
Jenny, I...

JENNY  
(as cold as ice)  
Take us home.

JACK  
What's going on?

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

Jenny laughs, mirthlessly, then starts to weep.

JACK  
What's happened?

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

DAVID  
Jenny, it's not...

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

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

DAVID

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

JENNY

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

DAVID

Jenny...

JENNY

What's your address?

David gestures vaguely.

JENNY

Where?

DAVID

Byron Avenue.

JENNY

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

DAVID

There's no point..

JENNY

(screaming)  
WHAT NUMBER?

DAVID

Seventeen.

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

JENNY

(bitterly sarcastic)  
Good grief. It's the truth.

DAVID

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

JENNY

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

DAVID

Don't be like this.

JENNY

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

\*

DAVID

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

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

JENNY

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

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

DAVID

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

101 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

101

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

JACK  
What's going on?

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

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

JACK  
He just drove off.

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

JACK  
(pathetic)  
Can you tell us? Please? Jenny?

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

102 EXT. STREET/DAVID'S HOUSE. DAY

102 \*

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

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

The woman deposits the child in the drive, goes back into the house, comes out behind an enormous 1950s pram. David

WIFE

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

She nods at the children.

WIFE

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

JENNY

(Looking into the pram)  
She's beautiful.

WIFE

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

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

JENNY

Four months!

WIFE

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

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

103 INT. JENNY'S HOUSE. DAY

103

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

MARJORIE

Did you see her?

JENNY

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

JACK

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

He starts for the door.

JENNY  
(contemptuously)  
Sit down.

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

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

JACK  
We didn't...

He gives up hopelessly. Marjorie says nothing.

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

Jack looks at her.

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

JENNY  
What are you talking about?

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

\*

Jenny looks at him in disbelief.

MARJORIE  
(to Jack)  
I wondered how stupid you were.  
Now I know.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY. NIGHT

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

JACK (O.S.)

JACK

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

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

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He holds Jenny's gaze. She looks away.

\*

110

INT. HEADMISTRESS'S OFFICE. DAY

110

JENNY  
(Laughing bitterly)  
Some other chap? There won't be



113 INT. COFFEE BAR. DAY

113 \*

Jenny on her own, smoking nervously. Hattie and Tina come in. They obviously haven't seen her since it all happened. They both hug her sympathetically and sit down. Nobody knows what to say.

TINA

I'm sure my uncle knows someone who could kill him. If that would help.

Jenny smiles wanly, and briefly.

HATTIE

We should have stopped you.

JENNY

Did you want to?

TINA

Of course we didn't. Why would we stop you? Restaurants, hotels, foreign cities, no exams...

JENNY

(Bitterly)

Yes. Who'd have thought there'd be a downside to all that? I could tell you all about the imagery in Jane Eyre. But I couldn't see that a man who stole maps from old ladies might be a liar.

They look at her. This is new information.

HATTIE

Well, if you'd told us that we might have tried to stop you.

JENNY

There are a lot of things I didn't tell you. I was dreaming.

TINA

That's the thing about our lives, isn't it? It's so easy to fall asleep, when there's nothing to keep you awake.

Beat.

HATTIE

Are you getting on with the work all right on your own?

Jenny thinks.

JENNY  
(heartfelt)  
No. No, I'm not.

114 EXT. STREET MISS STUBBS FLAT. DUSK.

114 \*

Jenny in a suburban street. She's looking for an address. She finds the house, walks down the path, rings on a bell. Miss Stubbs comes to the door.

MISS STUBBS

Just a place to...I'm sorry I  
said those silly things. I didn't  
understand.

MISS STUBBS  
Let's forget all about it.

A poster catches Jenny's eye.

JENNY  
A Burne-Jones.

Miss Stubbs laughs.

JENNY  
What?

MISS STUBBS  
You make it sound as though it's  
an original. Do you like him?

Jenny pauses.

JENNY  
Yes. I do. Still.

MISS STUBBS  
Still? Gosh, you sound very old  
and wise.

JENNY  
(heartfelt)  
I feel old. But really not very  
wise. Miss Stubbs, I'm...I need  
your help.

MISS STUBBS  
I was so hoping that's what you  
were going to say.

DAVID

Jenny.

Jenny says nothing.

DAVID

Jenny. Minnie. I wanted to tell you that I am going to ask my wife for a divorce.

Jenny looks at him disbelievingly.

JENNY

Don't you understand what you've