

APPLE TREE YARD

EPISODE 1 < H O Pages by Amanda Coe

Based on the book by Louise Doughty

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1 <u>INT/EXT. LONDON STREETS/ SECURE VEHICLE. FLASHFORWARD</u> TO DAY 33.

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

YVONNE [V/ O]

I NTERCUT:

2 <u>INT. HOLLOWAY PRISON - YVONNE'S CELL. FLASHFORWARD TO DAY 33.</u>

CLOSE ON:

YVONNE, getting herself suited and booted [impossible

3 CONTI NUED:

3

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

3

YVONNE [V/O] (CONT'D)

I NTERCUT:

4 <u>INT/EXT. LONDON STREETS/ SECURE VEHICLE. FLASHFORWARD</u> 4 TO DAY 33.

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

YVONNE [V/ O]

I NTERCUT:

. . .

5 <u>INT/EXT. LONDON STREETS/ SECURE VEHICLE. FLASHFORWARD</u> 5 TO DAY 33.

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

YVONNE [V/ O]

TRANSI TI ON TO.

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

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

YVONNE [V/ O]

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

YVONNE [V/O] (CONT'D)

CUT TO:

6 <u>INT. OLD BAILEY - COURTROOM. FLASHFORWARD TO DAY 33</u> 6 (3/51). CONTINUOUS.

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

7

MP

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

YVONNE

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

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

YVONNE (CONT'D)

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

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

YVONNE (CONT'D)

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

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

CUT TO:

8 <u>INT. PALACE OF WESTMINSTER - ANTEROOM/STAIRS. DAY 1.</u>

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

YVONNE

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

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

YVONNE (CONT'D)

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

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

CHAI R

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

YVONNE

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

CHAI R

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

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

CHAIR (CONT'D)

I do like your boots.

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

YVONNE

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

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

CUT TO:

9 <u>INT. PALACE OF WESTMINSTER - SECURITY AREA/COFFEE</u> STALL. DAY 1. CONTINUOUS.

9

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

YVONNE

Hello?

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

ATTENDANT

Anything else?

YVONNE

[PAYING] Just that, thanks.

She takes a welcome slug of water from the bottle.

COSTLEY

You were very articulate in there, Professor.

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

YVONNE

Oh. Thank you.

COSTLEY

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

YVONNE'S wrong-footed by the openness of his gaze -- perhaps she

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

сит то

10 <u>INT. PALACE OF WESTMINSTER - CORRIDOR. DAY 1.</u> CONTINUOUS.

10

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

COSTLEY

Have you appeared at one of the Select Committees before?

YVONNE

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

COSTLEY

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

YVONNE

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

COSTLEY holds the next door open for her.

COSTLEY

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

CUT TO:

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

11

YVONNE Are you allowed to say that in here?

COSTLEY

'Off the record'.

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

YVONNE

Well ...

COSTLEY Have you seen the Chapel in the Crypt?

CUT TO:

12 <u>INT. PALACE OF WESTMINSTER - GREAT HALL. STAIRS. DAY 1.</u> 12

Fiddling with her Visitor pass, YVONNE watches COSTLEY conferring with a female SECURITY GUARD at the top of the stairs -- clearly he works here, although he's in

Within some iron railings, COSTLEY unlocks a heavy wooden door at the foot of the steps. Ushers YVONNE

COSTLEY

This isn't the best bit.

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

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

You've come this far.

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

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

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

CUT TO:

15 <u>INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - CHAPEL CUBICLE. DAY 1.</u> CONTINUOUS. 15

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

COSTLEY [O' S]

See it? The back of the door.

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

COSTLEY

The suffragette. You know, the one --

YVONNE

I know who she is. Derby Day.

COSTLEYYVONNE

15 CONTINUED:

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

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

Look at you ...

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

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

Okay?

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

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

YVONNE

Does anyone el se have a key?

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

YVONNE (CONT'D) [EMBARRASSED] Thanks.

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

CUT TO:

16 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - CRYPT CHAPEL. DAY 1.

16

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

COSTLEY

[JOKE] It fits!

She smiles, but there's a cloud passing.

CONTI NUED:

YVONNE

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

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

COSTLEY

Then lucky me, eh?

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

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

Perfect.

CUT TO:

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

17

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

CUT TO:

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

18

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

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

GARY [O'S]

Hey!

YVONNE

Hey!

Puts the i Pad out of immediate sight, on a stack of

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CONTI NUED:			22
	YVONNE [V/ O]	(CONT'D)	

CUT TO:

23 INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM. NI GHT 1.

23

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

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

YVONNE

Hello? Hello?

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

GARY

Adam?

YVONNE shakes her head.

22

YVONNE

No-one.

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

YVONNE [V/ O]

CUT TO:

24 OMITTED 24

25 <u>OMI TTED</u> 25

26 <u>INT. TUBE CARRIAGE. DAY 2.</u>

26

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

CUT TO:

27 <u>EXT. WESTMINSTER STREETS. / PALACE OF WESTMINSTER. DAY 2.</u> 27

YVONNE'S walk from the tube takes in some of the sidestreets referenced later by BONNARD -- 'the highways and

CONTI NUED:

YVO

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

LI Z

Even for six months?

YVONNE

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

LI Z

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

CONTI NUED:

LIZ (CONT'D)

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

YVONNE

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

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

CUT TO:

29 INT. PALACE OF WESTMINSTER - SECURITY AREA. DAY 2

29

YVONNE talks to a weary SECURITY GUARD on the desk.

YVONNE

Grey wool with a thin white stripe going through it?

SECURI TY GUARD

When was it you were in?

YVONNE

Tuesday.

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

SECURI TY GUARD

Sorry. No scarves at all.

YVONNE

Oh well, it was worth a try. Thanks.

Lingering, she takes one last look, leaves.

CUT TO:

30 <u>EXT. WESTMINSTER STREET. DAY 2.</u>

30

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

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

YVONNE

So what is it you do exactly?

COSTLEY

You know, civil service, all very boring.

A Look.

TRANSI TI ON TO.

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

YVONNE

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

COSTLEY

You don't look like a scientist.

Touché...

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

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

YVONNE

-- geography teacher?

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

COSTLEY

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

[YVONNE'S wedding ring acknowledged].

YVONNE

Okay.

COSTLEY

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

YVONNE

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

33

YVONNE

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

COSTLEY

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

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

YVONNE

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

COSTLEY

[JCKE] Shoot first, ask questions later.

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

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

I hope your husband appreciates how sexy you are.

YVONNE

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

COSTLEY

[ŒTS IT] That's a shame.

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

SMASH CUT TO.

34

34 <u>INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - STUDY. EVENING 2.</u>

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

GARY [O'S FROM DOWNSTALRS]

Von! You here?

Flustered reaction. Caught in the act.

YVONNE

Yep! Down in a sec!

34 CONTINUED:

34

21

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

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Ch God.

CUT TO:

35 INT. GYM - POOL. EVENING 3.

35

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

CUT TO:

36 <u>I NT. PUB. NI GHT 3.</u>

36

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

SUSANNAH

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

YVONNE

Me first. How's it going with Chris?

SUSANNAH shrugs.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Ch.

SUSANNAH

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

YVONNE

This isn't sounding good, Susannah.

SUSANNAH

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

YVONNE

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

SUSANNAH

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

YVCNNESUSANNAH 603.4.-a0 1 267 639.48 Tm - 0 [HEARTFELT] Ch God. Is that what I am?

SUSANNAH

Al ways.

YVONNE'S unusual tone is noted by SUSANNAH.

SUSANNAH (CONT'D

YVONNE [AN IN JOKE BETWEEN THEM] Must be my age. She pours SUSANNAH more wine.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. TUBE STATION NEAR GYM. NIGHT 3.

37

YVONNE on her mobile, walking home from the Tube.

COSTLEY [O' S] [TERSE] Leave a message.

YVONNE

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

She hangs up.

CUT TO.

38 <u>INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM. NI GHT 3.</u>

38

40 CONTINUED:

24 40

ROSA

Shit ...

CUT TO:

41 <u>INT. /EXT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - FRONT. NIGHT 3. CONTINUOUS.</u> 41 YVONNE and GARY see this, GARY rushes out.

GARY

Bloody hell --

YVONNE

She's bleeding --

GARY

It's Rosa --

ROSA

Sorry.

YVONNE

What --

GARY

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

CUT TO:

42 <u>INT. /EXT. YVONNE' S HOUSE - FRONT. NI GHT 3. CONTI NUOUS.</u> 42

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

ROSA

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

GARY

[COLD] Clearly.

ROSA

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

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

GARY

Ch God. What have you done to yourself?

CUT TO:

43 <u>EXT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - GARDEN/GARAGE AREA. NI GHT 3.</u>

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

YVONNE

I think it needs stitching -

GARY

I'll get it looked at.

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

ROSA

[TO YVONNE] Thank you --

GARY indicates ROSA should get in the car.

GARY

[TO ROSA] Keep it raised ...

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

ROSA

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

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

CUT TO:

44 EXT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - GARDEN/GARAGE AREA/KITCHEN. DAY 4 44

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

YVONNE sees them through the kitchen window.

CUT TO:

45

45 <u>INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. DAY 4.</u>

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

CONTI NUED:

CARRI E

Poor Dad, when does he ever work on a Sat ur day?

YVONNE

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

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

YVONNE (CONT'D)

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

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

CARRI E

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

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

YVONNE

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

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

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Here he is now!

сит то

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

46

GARY and CARRIE embrace -- their special bond.

GARY

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

CARRI E

A and E, what's wrong?

GARY

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

CARRI E

Mum said you were at the office.

(CONTINUED)

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

CARRIE (CONT'D)

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

GARY

Frederick! [TO SATHNAM] Well done!

YVONNE

Congrat ul at i ons!

CUT TO:

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

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

CARRI E

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

YVONNE

I've never pretended that was ideal --

CARRI E

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

YVONNE

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

CARRI E

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

YVONNE

What if you don't want to go back?

CARRI E

Course I'll want to. You did.

YVONNE

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

48

CARRI E

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

YVONNE

Don't forget 'lady doctors'.

CARRI E

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

YVONNE

Thank God.

SATHNAM enters from the dining room with some cleared plates.

SATHNAM

Coffee I adi es, tea?

YVONNE

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

CARRIE'S Look shames her.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Herbal, if you're making.

CUT TO:

49 <u>INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. DAY 4.</u>

49

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

CUT TO.

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

50

50

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

GARY

I'm not.

He turns to look at her.

GARY (CONT'D)

Von.

YVONNE

Okay.

GARY back to the pans.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Leave that one to soak, it's always a bugger ...

GARY

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

YVONNE

'Possi bility'.

GARY

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

YVONNE

You said it was all in her head.

GARY struggling to express anything emotional.

GARY

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

YVONNE takes it all in.

YVONNE

No. So ... what

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

CUT TO:

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

53

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

YVONNE

Shit -- just --

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

YVONNE (CONT'D)

-- go in you bloody --

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

CUT TO:

54 <u>INT. WESTMINSTER COFFEE SHOP 1. DAY 5.</u>

54

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

COSTLEY

Let's go somewhere else.

CUT TO:

55 INT. WESTMINSTER COFFEE SHOP 2. DAY 5.

55

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

YVONNE

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

COSTLEY

I told you. Crown Estate. Oiling the wheels.

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

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

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

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

How's the wonderful world of protein sequencing?

YVONNE

[GENUI NELY I MPRESSED] You got it right.

COSTLEY

Course I did.

Their legs touch under the table. Looks between them

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

What made you change your mind then? About seeing me again?

YVONNE

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

COSTLEY

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

He holds her look. Seeing her.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

[SUDDEN] Tell me something surprising, about your work -- something everyone gets wrong.

YVONNE

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

COSTLEY

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

YVONNE

Oy.

COSTLEY

No-one's looking.

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

CUT TO.

56 <u>INT. WESTMINSTER COFFEE SHOP 2 - TOILET. DAY 5.</u>

56

58 <u>EXT. WESTMINSTER COFFEE SHOP 2. DAY 5.</u>

58

YVONNE walks out, alone, feeling amazing.

сит то

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

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

YVONNE'S POV:

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

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

YVONNE [V/ O]

CUT TO:

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

60

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

YVONNE [V/ O]

CUT TO:

61 <u>INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS - CHAPEL CRYPT. DAY 6.</u>

61

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

COSTLEY You were carrying it.

YVONNE'S look -- so what?

(CONTINUED)

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

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

YVONNE

Surely no-one's that filthy.

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

COSTLEY

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

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

YVONNE

You didn't go for the cheapest option.

COSTLEY

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

YVONNE

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

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

COSTLEY

We're both grownups.

YVONNE

Exact I y.

CUT TO:

62 <u>EXT. PALACE OF WESTMINSTER - SECURITY GATES. EVENING 6.</u> 62 YVONNE I eaving. ANGLE ON: She looks back at COSTLEY. He's already on his Blackberry, sending a message, on to the next thing, walking in a different direction. On YVONNE.

CUT TO.

63 <u>EXT. WESTMINSTER STREET. DAY 7.</u>

63

[NEW DAY] YVONNE [different clothes, sense of a

CONTI NUED:

YVONNE

What?

COSTLEY

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

YVONNE

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

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

COSTLEY

Forceful. Liking it.

YVONNE

I'm goi ng.

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

CUT TO:

65 <u>EXT. BEAUFORT INSTITUTE. DAY 7.</u>

65

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

CUT TO:

66 <u>INT. BEAUFORT INSTITUTE - YVONNE'S OFFICE. DAY 7.</u>

66

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

GEORGE

Liz was right --

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

GEORGE (CONT'D)

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

YVONNE

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

CONTI NUED:

ŒCRŒ

Are you? [CHECKS WATCH] We're still missing one candidate. Might be a noshow. Couldn't borrow a pen could !?

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

CUT TO:

67 <u>INT. BEAUFORT INSTITUTE - LECTURE THEATRE. DAY 7.</u>

67

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

LIZ

You look well.

YVONNE

Do I? Thanks.

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

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Ch, I'm fine thanks --

He puts it in her place, nonetheless.

GEORGE

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

LIZ

Sorry Yvonne, I know you like posh coffee --

YVONNE

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

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

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

LIZ
Ah, looks like we're ready to begin!

70 <u>INT. BEAUFORT INSTITUTE - LECTURE THEATRE. DAY 7.</u>

70

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

EMANUELLA

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

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

CUT TO:

71 EXT. BEAUFORT INSTITUTE. DAY. 7.

71

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

GEORGE

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

YVONNE

I've got a few things to do.

GEORGE

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

YVONNE

See you George.

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

JAM E [O'S]

I've been stalking you.

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

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

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Tin! Hang on! Tin!

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

YVONNE (CONT'D)

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

GARY

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

YVONNE

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

GARY

See? You won.

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

GARY (CONT'D)

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

YVONNE

[ELECTRI FI ED] Adam?

CUT TO:

73

73 <u>INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/LAUNDRY. NIGHT 7.</u> CONTINUOUS.

YVONNE follows GARY, agitated. Her mood utterly transformed.

YVONNE

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

GARY

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

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

YVONNE

How was he?

GARY

Fi ne.

YVONNE

Did he look well?

GARY

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

YVONNE

Did he say how long he's around?

GARY

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

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

CUT TO:

76 <u>EXT. VICTORIA EMBANKMENT. LATE DAY/DUSK 8.</u>

76

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

YVONNE

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

COSTLEY

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

YVONNE

Those I don't miss.

COSTLEY

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

Some pain in that for YVONNE.

YVONNE

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

COSTLEY

If you care, you worry. Basic human equation.

CUT TO:

77 <u>EXT. VI CTORI A EMBANKMENT GARDENS. LATE DAY/DUSK 8.</u> CONTI NUOUS.

77

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

COSTLEY

'IS LIFE A BOON?/ IF SO, IT MUST
BEFALL/THAT DEATH WHENE'ER HE
CALL/MUST CALL TOO SOON.' Not exactly

win win, is it? Life's a boon, then you die. Or life isn't a boon, it's just shit. And then you die.

77 CONTINUED:

46 77

YVONNE

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

COSTLEY

Eh?

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

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

Me, I reckon life is a boon.

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

CUT TO:

78 <u>EXT. TEMPLE TUBE. LATE DAY/DUSK 8.</u>

78

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

CUT TO:

79 <u>EXT. STREETS NEAR TEMPLE TUBE. LATE DAY/DUSK 8.</u>

79

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

CUT TO:

80 <u>INT. YARD NEAR TEMPLE TUBE. LATE DAY/DUSK 8.</u> CONTI NUOUS.

80

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

COSTLEY

It's alright. Risk assessment.

He indicates a wall to her left.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

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

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

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

CONTI NUED:

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

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

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

YVONNE [TAKEN ABACK] No. Sorry.

YOUNG WOMEN disappear. COSTLEY frustrated.

COSTLEY

M scal cul at ed. Too near rush hour.

CUT TO:

81

81 <u>EXT. TEMPLE TUBE. LATE DAY/DUSK 8.</u>

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

YVONNE

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

COSTLEY

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

YVONNE

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

COSTLEY

Okay, bad choice of words --

YVONNE

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

COSTLEY

Hey.

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

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

I thought ... you too.

YVONNE

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

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

YVONNE (CONT'D)

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

COSTLEY

YVONNE [V/O] (CONT'D)

Long beat.

YVONNE [V/O] (CONT'D)

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

CUT TO:

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

85

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

CUT TO:

85a INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM. DAWN 9.

85a

YVONNE

Hey! What the hell are you doing??

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

CUT TO:

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

86

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

YVONNE

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTI NUED:

YVONNE (CONT'D)

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

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

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

GARY

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

[On YVONNE.]

CUT TO:

87 EXT. WESTMINSTER STREETS. DAY 9.

87

YVONNE'S journey to work, as before.

CUT TO:

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

88

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

CUT TO:

89 <u>EXT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - FRONT. NI GHT 10.</u>

89

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

CUT TO:

90 <u>INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM. NI GHT 10.</u>

90

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

GARY [O'S] Von -- I'm taking the charger from the kitchen!

CUT TO:

91 <u>INT. YVONNE'S HOUSE - LANDING/STAIRS. NIGHT 10.</u>

91

YVONNE appears, GARY downstairs. Holding a phone charger.

YVONNE

That's mine!

GARY

[STOPS SHORT. SURPRISED] You look nice.

YVONNE

Jonat hon's

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

In front of her, on the dressing table, is her usual day/work bag. She tips it out to transfer her essentials to a smaller evening bag. A little heap of stuff left behind -- receipts, a plaster, paper napkin,

YVONNE

Who says I'm wearing any?

His expression makes her laugh.

YVONNE (CONT'D)
God I love men. Of course I'm wearing them A dress like this?

COSTLEY

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

YVONNE

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

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

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Sorry.

COSTLEY

So ...

He indicates the Ladies, off in a corner.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

I'll take mine off too if you like.

Capitulating, YVONNE stands.

YVONNE

Only if you put them back on over your trousers.

CUT TO:

96 INT. PUB - TOILET CUBICLE. NIGHT 10. 96

A comically frantic interlude as YVONNE relieves herself of her

97 <u>EXT. WESTMINSTER STREETS. NI GHT 10.</u>

97

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

COSTLEY

Don't go talking to any strange men.

YVONNE

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

COSTLEY

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

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

YVONNE

Risk assessment.

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

CUT TO:

98 <u>EXT. ALLEY (APPLE TREE YARD). NI GHT 10.</u>

98

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

YVONNE

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

COSTLEY

Do I really seem that cold?

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

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

It's fine.

YVONNE

How do you know?

COSTLEY

Int uit i on.

Kisses her. YVONNE breaks off -- really?

CONTI NUED:

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

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

He nods at the blind spots, the emptiness.

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

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

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

COSTLEY (CONT'D)

Good girl.

They continue.

YVONNE

I can't.

COSTLEY

Yes you can --

A bit further.

YVONNE

I really can't --

COSTLEY

Oh, but you can ...

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

TRANSITI ON TO.

99 <u>EXT. ALLEY (APPLE TREE YARD). NI GHT 10.</u>

99

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

YVONNE

Where's the apple tree ...

COSTLEY

Long gone.

YVONNE

What's the time?

COSTLEY

Ten past nine. Shit.

Manner changes. YVONNE notes it.

YVONNE

Go. Go on.

COSTLEY

Text me, okay? Send me a picture.

YVONNE

Which way?

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

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Oh, God...

COSTLEY

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

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

YVONNE

I'm fucking a spook.

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

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

CUT TO:

100 <u>OMI TTED</u> 100

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

GEORGE

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

They watch JONATHON, who's enjoying himself.

YVONNE

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

LIZ

Doesn't that count as a bribe?

YVONNE

Not if he's retiring!

CUT TO:

103 INT. UNIVERSITY - TOILETS. NIGHT 10.

103

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

EMANUELLA

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

YVONNE

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

CUT TO:

104 <u>INT. UNI VERSITY - TOILETS. NIGHT 10.</u>

104

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

YVONNE

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

CUT TO:

105 <u>EXT. UNI VERSI TY - COURTYARD. NI GHT 10.</u>

105

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

LI Z

Not like Gary to miss a party.

YVONNE

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

GEORGE

Isn't Sunderland where they have that -

YVONNE

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

LIZ

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

YVONNE

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

ANGLE ON:

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

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

GEORGE

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

YVONNE

Better make hay while the sun shines.

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

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

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

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

Amused and touched, YVONNE replies: '

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

YVONNE

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

GEORGE

Dearie me.

YVONNE

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

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

YVONNE (CONT'D)

George, come on ...

ŒORŒ

Does your husband know you're fucking someone else?

This gets through YVONNE'S drunkenness.

YVONNE

No! [BEAT] Course I'm not!

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

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Don't be silly --

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

YVONNE (CONT'D)

I said no!

As YVONNE squirms away, <u>GEORGE hauls back and hits her across the side of the head, very hard</u>. YVONNE stunned, in pain. As she reels, he shuts the door, turns off the nolds f thr.

107 CONTINUED:

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GEORGE

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

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

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Under st and?

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

TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

108 <u>INT. OLD BAILEY - COURTROOM. FLASHFORWARD TO DAY 33</u> 108 (4/30).

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

YVONNE [V/ O]

END OF EPISODE 1.

ADDITIONAL DIALOGUE TO ACCOMPANY SC 74/75.