

Life Line

by
Stephen Gallagher

2 X 60'

Parts One and Two

15th November 2007

It's like we're diving through space on a dark thrill ride -
- every now and then a shape or a coloured light zips by
too fast to make out in detail.

And over the darkness we hear an impersonal female voice --

AUTOMESSAGE (V.O.)
Welcome to Life Line.

-- coinciding with the TITLE CREDIT. Credits continue as we
hear...

AUTOMESSAGE (V.O.)
Life Line is a multi-user
telephone chat line for mutual
help and support. Profanity,
abuse and the exchange of
personal details are not
permitted.

Bang! Headlights on.

AUTOMESSAGE (V.O.)
You are now connected to Life
Line.

Now we can see that we're hurtling at full tilt through a
rail tunnel. But the only sounds are voices from the
ether...

PHONE VOICE #1
Hello?

CHORUS OF PHONE VOICES
Hi.

PHONE VOICE #1
Do I need to introduce myself?

PHONE VOICE #3
Just listen along and join in
when you've got something to say.

PHONE VOICE #2
Pick a chat name, don't give your
real one. They'll cut you off.

PHONE VOICE #1
Is it only for victims'
relatives?

CHORUS OF PHONE VOICES
No... Not at all...

PHONE VOICE #2
It's for anyone who's lost
someone they love.

2 **INT. FAST TRAIN - DAY 1**

2

Continuing the sense of forward motion -- we're in the first-class carriage and following a sharply-dressed female French attendant down the aisle against the direction of travel on a wide, wide angle.

In a seat near the back of the cabin we discover PETER BRISCO, mid-30s, unshaven and fast asleep. Taupe and a Rolex, the dressed-down look of the seasoned long-haul traveller.

The attendant stops by.

ATTENDANT

Sir?

Pete stirs and opens his eyes.

ATTENDANT

We've caught up some of the time.
Half an hour to London.

Pete nods his thanks and starts to gather himself.

3 **INT. FAST TRAIN - DAY 1**

3

The train's now in daylight. The toilet door opens and PETE steps into view. He's now shaved, groomed, and in a dark lightweight suit with a crisp shirt and a tie.

The attendant's passing and they brush close.

ATTENDANT

Anything else?

PETER BRISCO

(pleasantly)

Not right now. Thank you.

Pete takes his seat.

By the doors at the far end of the carriage, the attendant pauses to answer a question from another passenger. Her eyes flick back to Pete in a moment's interested glance.

Nothing more than that. Pete's oblivious.

4 **EXT. LONDON - DAY 1**

4

A sparkling, amber-hued vista of the city.

6 **EXT. REGISTRY OFFICE - DAY 1**

6

A gaggle of wedding guests are waiting around the entrance as a black cab arrives. The Best Man jumps forward and opens the door.

TONY (38) hops out first. He's the bridegroom and a solid, likeable rock of a guy whose straight face and responsible conduct combine with a love of the ridiculous. He goes to pay the driver.

Next come the children, CARL and NANCY, as page and bridesmaid.

TONY
Help your mother.

RUTH emerges, with smart dress and bouquet, to spontaneous applause. She's short and cuddly and will rarely say a bad word about anyone.

Her Scottish best friend HEATHER steps in to deal with some stray fold or crease. Heather's sexy, single and a little bit scary.

7 **SCENE 7 OMITTED**

7

8 **SCENE 8 OMITTED**

8

9 **EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY 1**

9

Flight bag in one hand, mobile in the other, PETE's walking along and looking for a cab to hail as he's speaking.

PETER BRISCO
Yeah, just got in. Could you do me a big favour? I need a case of champagne for my brother's wedding reception. (Pause) My plane diverted to Brussels and the bag with the wedding present didn't. (Pause) Yes. To Ruth.

More frantic signalling to a cab that sees him and starts to pull over; as he moves to meet it...

PETER BRISCO
Eric. You're a hero. My battery's about to go.

10 **EXT. REGISTRY OFFICE - DAY 1**

10

TONY and RUTH emerge into the crowd, acknowledging congratulations on all sides until...

RUTH
Peter! You did make it!

PETER BRISCO
Saw the whole thing from the
back.

Though delighted to see PETE, Ruth's distracted by someone else and Tony moves in.

TONY
You effing liar.

Pete makes a guilty face and Tony embraces his brother. A long, hard and sincere hug on both sides. Then --

PETER BRISCO
Well done, bro. How did she twist
your arm?

TONY
This was actually my idea.

Pete finds this hard to believe.

PETER BRISCO
You?

TONY
Yeah. I must be turning soft.

11 **EXT. PUB - NIGHT 1**

11

Music's coming from somewhere close by. A driver lifts a case of champagne out of the back of a wine merchant's delivery van and as he carries it we pan with him to find...

A fine old-fashioned London pub, one of those enormous town coaching inns with a ballroom upstairs.

12 **INT. PUB. BALLROOM - NIGHT 1**

12

Banners and balloons. Up on the stage is a mobile disco, manned by a nerdy DeeJay with a silent just-stands-there girlfriend. PETE's flirting with HEATHER at the bar.

HEATHER
Tony says you're the successful
one in the family.

Pete glances, and we see TONY and RUTH exchanging a brief word about something minor.

PETER BRISCO
Not tonight.

HEATHER
Is it true you're you moving back
to London?

PETER BRISCO
Who told you that?

HEATHER
Ruth says you've got a house you
never see and a car that no one
drives.

PETER BRISCO
It's not about cars and houses.

Pete lowers his voice glances in the direction of Tony and
Ruth.

PETER BRISCO
It's mainly because of them.

Ruth joins them.

RUTH
Any luck persuading him to stay?

HEATHER
I think he's already persuaded.

RUTH
Come back to the house?

PETER BRISCO
I'm going to get some fresh air
and then call it a night.

Heather takes that as a cue to start disengaging. The music
cue changes and an intro starts.

RUTH
Since when were you such a wuss?

PETER BRISCO
Since fourteen hours in the air
and three on a train. A bloke
needs a bit of recovery time.

This last bit of innuendo directed half at Heather, to tell
her it's not a blow-off.

Tony appears and grabs Ruth's hand.

TONY
Hey you. First dance.

She pays attention to the music for a moment and looks
perplexed.

RUTH
I told you Hearts and Flowers.

TONY
Near enough. Guns'n'Roses.

It's the intro to their cover of Since I Don't Have You.

Before Ruth can say anything else, he tows her off to the dance space that's opening up.

Peter Brisco leans back on the bar and watches as two of his favourite people assume the dance position ready for the solo guitar intro to end and the main song rhythm to kick in.

Someone hits a switch and the glitterball suddenly bathes the room in stars. It's a tacky effect, but a potent one.

A glimpse of Heather, making a fuss of CARL and NANCY.

As the vocal begins, Ruth's token show of exasperation ends and she lets her head rest happily against Tony's chest.

He's a clown and she loves him to bits.

Closer and closer on Peter. Thoughts turning inward.

13 **INT. PUBLIC GALLERY. SIDE GALLERY - NIGHT 1** 13

The change in sound and image couldn't be more extreme. Suddenly we're in a big space in a public gallery, looking down the room to where a bunch of society-arts people are gathered before a single painting. The tinny echo of their distant voices, a touch of Mozart in the background.

Closer on the chattering crowd -- as young waiters pass amongst them with drinks and canapes, we single out one woman. A clip-on name tag indicates that she's staff.

This is KATY ADAIR.

She looks toward us and around. Curious, searching, uncertain. Like someone just whispered her name. Or walked over her grave.

Finding nothing, she returns to her conversation.

14 **EXT. PUB - NIGHT 1** 14

Outside an open fire door, TONY and PETE cooling off (not smoking) while the party continues inside.

TONY
If I was you, I'd be selling up.
Not moving back.

PETER BRISCO
You know what did it? When I
watched all the bomb coverage on
CNN.

TONY
 Didn't that put you off?

PETER BRISCO
 You'd think it would. But it does
 make you want to be closer to the
 people you're close to.

TONY
 Personally, I'd use the phone.

PETER BRISCO
 Says the man who swore he'd never
 get married.

TONY
 Point taken.

PETER BRISCO
 Bookies' favourite for least
 romantic man on the planet.

TONY
 I said, point taken!

Pete straightens, stretches.

TONY
 It's been a pig of a year. You're
 a lot more wary of strangers, I
 can tell you that.

Pete reaches down for his flight bag.

PETER BRISCO
 I'm beat. I'll give you a call in
 the morning.

They hug and part.

15 **EXT. OLD LONDON - NIGHT 1** 15

The mood continues as PETE walks alone, flight bag in hand,
 through some captivating and atmospheric piece of off-the-
 beaten track London.

16 **EXT. STREET/PHONEBOOTHS - NIGHT 1** 16

A downpour.

Running now to get out of the rain, PETE heads for a row of
 glass-sided booths.

Once in a booth, he sets his bag on the floor and catches
 his breath. He doesn't pick up the receiver, but gets out
 his own mobile.

At the far end of the row, oblivious to the rain, a young woman is holding a booth door open while she checks it out.

Mobile in hand, Pete runs his finger down the cards. Ads for hookers, ads for transexuals... he pulls out a card for a taxi firm and, reading off the number, starts to thumb-dial it into his mobile.

Meanwhile, the young woman has moved to the next booth.

PETER BRISCO

Hi. Stealers Wheels Cabs? Neat name, by the way. Can you send a car to pick me up from...
(reading the location details off the graffiti-covered display)
Elswick Gardens?

He's startled by a rapping on the glass -- he turns and is further startled by the girl's face, right up close.

Annoyed, he mouths through the glass. What?

She points. He looks.

A green card stands out from the others. On it, simply printed and with a slightly old-fashioned look, the words LOST SOMEONE? LOW? NOW CALL LIFE LINE and a number.

Peter looks at her again. We'll call her VANESSA WU. What does she want him to do?

VANESSA WU

(silently through glass)
Can I have it?

Returning his attention to his call, Pete shoves open the door so she can reach in and take it.

PETER BRISCO

(to phone)
I don't understand what you're telling me. Can you send me a car or not?

She grabs the green card and walks off.

He watches her departing figure through the scratchy glass, his mind now only half on his call.

Then suddenly his attention is drawn back to the conversation.

PETER BRISCO

Well, yes, actually, I do have a problem with that.

Before he finishes speaking, his phone makes a dying-battery squawk.

Jump to:

Pete on the street, successfully flagging down a cab.

17

INT/EXT. TAXI/PUBLIC GALLERY - NIGHT 1

17

PETE's riding in the back of the cab, sorting his wet self out. Wiping the moisture from his face, catching a trickle down his neck.

As he glances out of the side-window he sees --

Over on the far side of the street -- two or more cabs are waiting to pick up outside a lighted entrance way from which four or five people emerge.

Time stops.

Pete stares, all else forgotten.

We see what's riveting him. Singled out for attention and moving as if in a dream, KATY ADAIR.

Business clothes and a touch of makeup. That's all she really needs to look good. She gets into a cab.

He's poleaxed. He loses sight of her his cab goes by.

He's completely wrong-footed. Go back? Follow? Too late.

18

INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1

18

Lights come on to reveal...

A spectacular luxury house, furnished but mothballed... Pictures down off the walls, much of the furniture sheeted.

Still rain-soaked but oblivious to it, PETE closes the door and moves into the house. Then...

Pete hauling off one of the sheets to uncover a sofa and coffee table. Then...

Unzipping his flight bag and pulling out a notebook computer. Then...

Pete, with the notebook open and on a wi-fi connection, one-finger typing the string "Catherine Adair" into a search engine while the with other hand he neglects to dry his hair on a towel.

Up comes a list of hits, most relating to art restoration.

He stares. This has rocked his world.

KATY (cont'd)

Then a year at the Hermitage and then I moved back here.

PETER BRISCO

And since then?

KATY

Settled down, I suppose. I'm not like you. I don't thrive on change.

(beat)

I read about you.

PETER BRISCO

Where?

KATY

Somewhere. Making pots of money and living the high life.

PETER BRISCO

Was that the ski business or the marine thing?

She shrugs like, who'd know what was what?

PETER BRISCO

You want the truth of it, I was in the right place and I sold up at the right time. None of it was planned.

KATY

What happened to the job in France?

PETER BRISCO

We don't mention that.

Someone's passing -- another member of staff, carrying papers -- and she makes a quick acknowledgement. The momentary distraction gets Pete off the hook.

PETER BRISCO

Are you free for lunch?

KATY

Does it have to be lunch? I could do tomorrow night.

PETER BRISCO

Sure.

KATY

It'll just be me, though. Jack's got his Tae Kwon Do.

PETER BRISCO
Who's Jack?

KATY
My partner.

PETER BRISCO
Since when?

KATY
Since eight years... wait,
Christ, it's nearly ten. Time
flies.

PETER BRISCO
Ten years? That's... any kids?

KATY
(wry smile)
Just him.

The passing staff member is hovering at a short distance, looking apologetic and indicating her watch; Katy's got to go.

KATY
Give me your number. I'll call
you.

25 **SCENE 25 OMITTED** 25

SCENE 26 OMITTED

27 **INT. TONY AND RUTH'S HOUSE - DAY 2** 27

TONY's moving about the place, picking up the kids' toys and chucking them in Pete's direction. PETE's following him around with one of those cheap collapsible IKEA laundry baskets, catching what Tony throws.

PETER BRISCO
Fifteen years trying to forget
the biggest mistake I ever made
and one second to bring it all
back. We're going to sit there
and swap news and it's going to
be torture.

TONY
We talking drinks, or a meal?

PETER BRISCO
Both.

TONY
We've lowered the bar for
romantic dining.
(MORE)

TONY (cont'd)

These days it's anything where
the drinks don't come with straws
and lids.

PETER BRISCO

It's not that kind of date. She's
got someone.

TONY

Is she bringing him?

PETER BRISCO

No.

TONY

That should tell you something.

PETER BRISCO

Like what?

TONY

Whatever it means when a woman
wants an evening alone with an
old boyfriend.

PETER BRISCO

Please. Don't even go there.

28

INT. KATY AND JACK'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT 2

28

KATY, in nightwear, sits at her dressing table
contemplating a cheap-looking silver locket.

At the sound of an approaching high-pitched buzz, she
quickly puts it away.

JACK appears in the bedroom doorway, sporting bathrobe and
electric toothbrush.

KATY

(raising voice)

Did I tell you I'm out tomorrow
night?

JACK

Mm.

KATY

I'll take a bag and change at
work.

JACK

(switching off)

I can bring you home and then run
you back in.

KATY

No need.

JACK

No trouble. Then I'll wait up
till you're done.

KATY

Chances are it's going to be
late.

JACK

You know I don't mind.

He restarts the toothbrush and saunters out.

29 **INT. PUBLIC GALLERY - DAY 3**

29

PETE's in the middle of the foyer. He's on his mobile.

PETER BRISCO

Hi. Whenever you're ready, I'm
here.

KATY (V.O. PHONE)

I'm right behind you.

Pete turns.

Here KATY comes, walking toward him. She's taken trouble.

He just stands there, totally disarmed, until she reaches
him.

KATY

What have you got in mind?

30 **EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 3**

30

Somewhere romantic and spectacular and not necessarily top-
drawer.

31 **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 3**

31

The staff are around PETE and KATY, taking Katy's coat,
making a welcoming fuss.

KATY

I remember this.

PETER BRISCO

Do you remember going through the
menu trying to work out what we
could afford?

KATY

Some of us still do that.

32 **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 3**

32

A while later, PETE and KATY at the table.

PETER BRISCO

But this time I thought... do I want to start yet another business? Or is it time to move on and do something completely different?

KATY

Like what?

PETER BRISCO

Live on a beach. Surf. I could afford to. If I could surf.

KATY

You won't find much beach life in London.

PETER BRISCO

That's okay. The house has got a pool.

She's gazing at him with a directness that makes him uncomfortable.

KATY

You're worrying me.

PETER BRISCO

Why?

KATY

It's great to have family. But is there no one special for you?

PETER BRISCO

There was someone.

KATY

Who?

PETER BRISCO

Melissa. But she was immature. Whenever I bought a Happy Meal I had to fight her for the toy.

KATY

Same old Pete. Dodging the serious question.

PETER BRISCO

Don't worry about me.

A slightly awkward moment is covered by the distraction of their waitress bringing something.

We take a jump forward in time to later in the meal -- the mood's bubbling again.

PETER BRISCO
Tell me about Jack.

KATY
Well... He's kind. Considerate.
Thinks the world of me. Holds my
hand in public. Worships the
ground I walk on.

PETER BRISCO
I didn't realise this was going
to be the life of Saint Francis.
Tell me something bad about him,
quick.

A beat. Then...

KATY
Sometimes he just drives me mad.

PETER BRISCO
Why?

KATY
He can't do enough for me. Which
is great, but... it gets so you
can't turn round. But how do you
say that to someone?

33

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT 3

33

PETE and KATY are walking. A space between them.

PETER BRISCO
Does Jack know about me?

KATY
Of course he does.

PETER BRISCO
What did you tell him?

KATY
It wasn't the life of Saint
Francis, I can tell you that.

PETER BRISCO
We should do this again. You, me,
and Jack. Maybe a movie or a
show.

KATY
Jack's not one for shows.

PETER BRISCO
Melissa dragged me along to The
Vagina Monologues. Talk about
getting a guy's hopes up.

She gives him a shove.

PETER BRISCO
Thought it was a ventriloquist
act.

KATY
Peter!

She links his arm tightly. They walk along for a while in a warm silence.

PETER BRISCO
My favourite building over there.

KATY
You've got loads of favourites.

PETER BRISCO
You can't see it from here.

KATY
Oh, that one. It's gone.

PETER BRISCO
Oh.

A silence. Then...

PETER BRISCO
Jack doesn't know how lucky he
is.

KATY
He's a good man.

PETER BRISCO
Good.

She holds Pete's arm a bit tighter.

34 **EXT. SPITALFIELDS MARKET - NIGHT 3** 34

The old-style glass-roofed market. Bags of atmosphere.
Lights on for night work. Some goods being shifted.

35 **INT. SPITALFIELDS MARKET. CAFE - NIGHT 3** 35

A no-frills greasy spoon for market workers. PETE draws
patterns in spilled sugar.

PETER BRISCO
We did the right thing. Didn't
we? Way back when.

KATY
I suppose.

PETER BRISCO
 You're happy. I'm happy. It was
 all for the best.

KATY considers for a while. And then...

KATY
 Oh, for God's sake. Who are we
 kidding?

PETER BRISCO
 I wasn't lying to you. I would
 have gone with you.

KATY
 And I'd have stayed.

PETER BRISCO
 So what happened?

KATY
 You wouldn't let me chuck in my
 job. And I wouldn't let you give
 up yours.

PETER BRISCO
 Which didn't last a year.

KATY
 We don't mention that.

Pete wasn't expecting that. He smiles to acknowledge the
 hit.

PETER BRISCO
 And now here we are.

Her hand is on the table.

Slowly and deliberately, he places his own over it.

She intertwines her fingers with his into a tight,
 unbreakable grip.

Then looks up into his eyes.

KATY
 (helplessly)
 We're supposed to be over this.

PETER BRISCO
 I thought we were.

PETE stands watching from a respectful distance while KATY
 makes a call.

KATY

Jack, it's me. It's going on for a while yet. Definitely don't wait up.

She closes up the phone. This was not done lightly.

PETER BRISCO

You all right?

She nods.

37 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT 3**

37

PETE and KATY are at it like gangbusters. It's Katy who's making the moves, leading the action, making certain small noises. Then we cut straight in at the moment of climax, followed by total collapse.

There's a sense almost of gratitude for the respite. Her head's against his chest. Both a bit delirious.

38 **EXT. THAMES NIGHTSCAPE - NIGHT 3**

38

The city from a high viewpoint. Looking as breathtaking as fast stock and a great lens can make it.

39 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT 3**

39

A while later. PETE and KATY in bed. All's still now.

PETER BRISCO

You asleep?

KATY

Can't.

She gets up and walks to the window.

A beat. Then, without looking at him...

KATY

I can't leave Jack.

PETER BRISCO

Even if I asked you to?

KATY

That would only make it worse. He's done nothing to deserve it.

PETER BRISCO

Then you'll go on feeling smothered.

KATY

I shouldn't have told you that.

PETER BRISCO
Then why did you?

KATY
Stop it. Please. I can't be happy
if I know that someone else is
paying for it. You've got on fine
without me all these years. I've
managed without you.

PETER BRISCO
You never even gave me a thought?

She doesn't reply.

PETER BRISCO
It's like there was a door sealed
up in my heart and when I saw you
again, bang. It blew right open.
Tell me you don't feel the same.

Still no reply.

PETER BRISCO
I think you do. I think we're
meant to be.

KATY
I can't. Don't ask me again.

She moves away from the window.

She won't look at Pete as she gathers up her clothing to
get dressed.

40 **INT/EXT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 3**

40

PETE moves to the window and looks down.

Angle down into the street -- KATY crosses to a waiting
taxi and gets in.

Pete's head falls against the glass with a gentle and
despondent thump.

The taxi drives away.

41 **INT. KATY AND JACK'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 4**

41

JACK's dressed and breakfasting with his newspaper. KATY
appears in a robe.

She starts to take a box of cereal down from a shelf.

JACK
I've done you eggs.

She puts the cereal back. Reaches for a loaf.

JACK
In the toaster.

She puts the loaf down and turns to him...

Eyes still on his paper, he's holding out a mug of coffee with the handle towards her. She takes it.

KATY
Thanks.

JACK
Shouldn't they give you the morning off?

KATY
I'll go in at lunchtime. Don't worry about it.

JACK
Hope it was worth staying up for.

Katy drinks strong coffee. Looks out of the kitchen window. Takes in a deep breath and lets it out.

On Jack, returning to his paper... with just the faintest trace of unsettlement.

42

INT. HIGH-RISE OFFICE. ERIC'S ROOM - DAY 4

42

In a classy suite of offices overlooking the financial district. PETE's in a meeting with ERIC ABBATE, early 30s, his personal banking representative. Shirtsleeves, laptop, scattered printout, coffee and biscuits served from bone china on a fine tray.

ERIC ABBATE
The bombings didn't really affect the market. The Footsie was back up in less than a day. The bottom line is that you've worked for your money, and now your money's working for you. If anything you could afford to live a little better.

PETER BRISCO
What am I going to do? Buy crap and sit looking at it? I don't think so.

ERIC ABBATE
There are a couple of people I'd like you to meet. Now that you're going to be spending more time here.

PETER BRISCO
I'm leaving London. Next flight I
can get.

KATY
Because of me?

PETER BRISCO
(without rancour)
What do you think?

47

INT. PUBLIC GALLERY - DAY 4

47

PETE and KATY walking slowly through the gallery together.

KATY
Don't do this, Pete. Don't change
all your plans.

PETER BRISCO
I'm not doing it to guilt-trip
you. I'm trying to make it easier
for both of us.

KATY
Have you told Tony?

PETER BRISCO
He thinks I'm over-reacting. But
it's what I'm going to do. How'd
it go with Jack?

KATY
Fine. We do a lot of evening
corporates here. He's used to it.

PETER BRISCO
So you never told him you were
going to meet me.

KATY
No.

PETER BRISCO
Why not?

KATY
He does know about you. Just not
about last night.

PETER BRISCO
What would he do if he found out?

KATY
I know you'd never do that to me.
So don't even go there.

Pete looks down. Gathers himself for the life without her that's about to come.

PETER BRISCO
Will you be all right?

KATY
Will you?

PETER BRISCO
If you don't get what you want,
you make a life with what you
get.

48 **INT. PUBLIC GALLERY - DAY 4**

48

PETE and KATY walking away from the cafe.

PETER BRISCO
You going to come and see me off?

KATY
(sad but sure)
No.

PETER BRISCO
This is it, then.

They stop and face one another. She nods.

Without hesitation, they embrace.

Now that Pete can't see her face, we glimpse the depth of her pain.

KATY
You'll forget me.

On Pete... it's like he's trying to fix this moment in his mind, knowing he'll have to feed off it for the rest of his life.

And when they finally part, both are recomposed.

Katy's about to say something... then realises that her voice will crack if she does, and walks away while she can still hold it together.

Pete watches her go. She doesn't look back.

49 **INT. KATY AND JACK'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 4**

49

KATY's working at the kitchen table. Open laptop. Notebooks. Whole-plate transparencies that she's inspecting with a fixed-distance magnifier.

She looks up in surprise as JACK sets a glass of wine down by her. Another glass in his hand.

JACK
You work too hard.

KATY
I didn't get much done today.

JACK
I was hoping we could talk.

KATY
I can do this and listen.

He sits.

JACK
You know what October is? Tenth anniversary. What do you say we mark it by going the whole hog? Set the seal on it.

She's blank.

JACK
You know. Forsaking all others.
Till death us do part.

KATY
Oh.

JACK
Not quite the reaction I was looking for.

KATY
Bit sudden.

JACK
Ten years.
(beat)
Something's changed. Have you been seeing someone else?

KATY
That's not really ... doesn't actually... isn't the reason.

JACK
(dismayed)
You have, haven't you?

KATY
I don't want to be married, Jack.

JACK
I'm okay to live with but not to marry. Why am I finding this out now?

KATY

You've never pushed me to it before.

JACK

I don't believe you. That wasn't just another corporate last night, was it? Who were you with?

KATY

Remember Peter? I told you about him once.

JACK

Years ago. And he's miles away.
(beat)
Oh, no.

KATY

Sorry, Jack, but you had to ask.

JACK

Are you telling me that it's been me in your bed and him in your head for all this time?

She rises. If he's going to freak, she's going to close up.

KATY

I'm not ready for this.

He catches her by the arm.

JACK

Hey. Not good enough.

KATY

Don't handle me!

She shakes him off and heads out of the kitchen. He fights his way around the obstacle course of the chairs and follows.

JACK

Catherine. Katy!

SCENE 50 OMITTED

51

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY 5 (INTERCUT)

51

PETE, once again dressed-down for travel, is checking the flight board when his phone rings.

PETER BRISCO

Yes?

52 **INT. KATY AND JACK'S HOUSE - DAY 5 (INTERCUT)**

52

JACK, looking a bit wild and the worse for wear, restlessly pacing.

JACK
Put her on.

PETER BRISCO (V.O.)
Who's this?

JACK
Just put Katy on.

PETER BRISCO (V.O.)
She isn't here.

JACK
I got this number off her phone.
I know she's with you.

PETER BRISCO (V.O.)
Are you Jack? What's happened?

JACK
You know what's happened. Either
tell her to take my calls or put
her on!

PETER BRISCO (V.O.)
I'm sorry. There's someone I've
got to speak to.

Jack's left hanging.

53 **EXT. AIRPORT - DAY 5 (INTERCUT)**

53

PETE's heading for the taxis, on his phone.

PETER BRISCO
Why didn't you tell me you'd left
him?

54 **INT. PUBLIC GALLERY - DAY 5 (INTERCUT)**

54

KATY's walking through the galleries, ditto.

KATY
I thought you were already gone.

PETER BRISCO (V.O.)
Where are you now?

KATY
I'm still at work. Jack keeps
leaving messages. I'm just hoping
he doesn't turn up.

PETER BRISCO (V.O.)
I'll come and get you.

KATY
(kinda hoping)
Then what?

PETER BRISCO (V.O.)
What do you think? This is it,
Katy. You're all I want. You know
you are. Don't you?

KATY
And you're the one I want to hear
it from. Remember the place where
we broke up?

PETER BRISCO (V.O.)
As if I'd forget it. Scene of the
worst mistake ever.

KATY
Take me to lunch there. This time
we walk out together.

55 **EXT/INT. STREET/TAXI - DAY 5**

55

The taxi's in heavy traffic. PETE's leaning forward, eager
and frustrated, trying to see ahead.

PETER BRISCO
Anywhere here will be fine.

56 **EXT. PUBLIC GALLERY - DAY 5**

56

The street is busy. PETE's getting out of the taxi. He's on
the far side of the road from the gallery.

KATY's emerging from the entrance.

Pete waves to get her attention.

She spots him. But now...

JACK
Katy!

JACK tries to catch Katy at the pavement's edge,
interrupting her crossing drill. She shakes him off and
gives him an angry earful that the street noise mercifully
drowns. It's so forceful that it sends him back a step.

Then she turns and steps off the pavement toward Pete.

WHAM! A black vehicle comes from nowhere and takes her out.
Three frames and she's gone.

On Pete, in a silent universe. Total disbelief.

61 INT. HOSPITAL. A&E DEPARTMENT. WAITING AREA - DAY 5 61

PETE looks up as one of the Trauma Team doctors, followed by a nurse, walks by him. They don't stop or pay him any attention.

He watches as they go over to JACK. We see it all from Pete's non-involved point of view. The doctor says something to Jack. Jack, bewildered, rises to his feet.

On Pete -- still watching, numbed, just some unconsidered bystander in this.

Now the three are going into a small room off the waiting area, a light being switched on as they enter. The nurse is last in and she closes the door after them.

We can see the doctor talking to Jack through the window, but only until the nurse operates the blinds.

FADE TO:

62 INT. HOSPITAL. A&E DEPARTMENT - DAY 5 62

An orderly is washing down the empty treatment table.

FADE TO:

63 INT. HOSPITAL. A&E DEPARTMENT. WAITING AREA - DAY 5 63

Wide shot of the now-empty waiting area with PETE still sitting in the same place.

Down a corridor comes a lone figure. It's TONY, in uniform. Not the same as that worn by the A&E nurses -- he works in some different part of the hospital complex.

He sits beside Pete.

We see Pete start to explain.

As he listens, Tony puts his arm around Pete's shoulder and Pete starts to lose it.

FADE TO:

64 INT. HOSPITAL. A&E DEPARTMENT. WAITING AREA - DAY 5 64

The two brothers on their feet, TONY with his arms around PETE, whose face is buried in his shoulder.

FADE OUT.

65 INT. CHAPEL - DAY 6 65

We're looking up. A light oak coffin passes right over us.

JACK leads those following the coffin.

He's being entirely reasonable. Not what Pete might have expected.

Jack drives on, and Pete hurries into his car to follow.

68

INT. KATY AND JACK'S HOUSE - DAY 6

68

It's open house, filling with mourners who obviously know each other. The mood is strangely up and the house is loud and lively. There's even laughter, as is often the case in the immediate aftermath of a funeral. JACK leads a seriously uncomfortable PETE through the house and toward the kitchen.

One or two people touch Jack on the arm as he passes, or grip his shoulder in wordless condolence. He nods in acknowledgement. No one pays any attention to Pete.

JACK

In here.

69

INT. KATY AND JACK'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 6

69

As JACK enters the kitchen, he speaks to one of the AUNTS.

JACK

I'll put you that music on a CD.
Remind me.

Then, to Pete --

JACK

Grab a drink. Be with you in a
sec.

He moves toward the other side of the kitchen, exchanging more greetings as he goes.

Pete moves to the spot where the drinks are. Red and white wine, lined up in glasses. Canapes covered, ready for later. A teenager in charge offers him a glass. He doesn't really want it, but he takes it. Someone jostles him and excuses themselves. He feels in the way and seriously uncomfortable.

On display close to the drinks there's a big photo with a red rose laid on its frame. Katy and Jack in a professional, Venture-style portrait shot, looking the total couple.

Pete turns as Jack raises his voice to all.

JACK

Thanks for coming, everyone. Just one more thing that I couldn't say in the chapel. Though I'm sure most of you probably think I went on too much as it is.

Everyone smiles.

JACK

A very special person has joined us. Without him, today wouldn't have been possible. Or even necessary.

Suddenly the tone has changed. Darkened. The guests are looking polite and puzzled, but Pete can see where this is going. Jack's looking straight at him.

JACK

What's the matter, Peter? Peter Brisco, ladies and gentlemen. You see, nobody here knows you. And do you know why that is? We're all Katy's people. People who've loved her over the years. There's a reason why you're feeling awkward. Are you one of us? Look around. I don't think you are.

White-faced with embarrassment, Pete's looking for somewhere to set down his drink so he can go.

JACK

Pete, Pete. Don't go empty-handed.

He reaches down into the kitchen waste bin to bring out...

A spray of a dozen crushed and bedraggled red roses, with clinging debris.

JACK

Take your flowers with you. You cheeky bastard. Did you think I wouldn't guess who sent them?

Pete, face set, is trying to get past bewildered people.

PETER BRISCO

Excuse me.

JACK

They're no more welcome than you are.

Jack's following, ignoring those who are trying to calm and dissuade him, not letting up.

JACK

First you want to take her from me. And now you're trying to claim a share of what I'm going through?

70 **INT. KATY AND JACK'S HOUSE - DAY 6**

70

Rigid with humiliation, PETE makes his way back down the hall toward the door.

JACK
 (behind him, raging now)
 You have no idea of what I'm going through. I was with her for ten years. Not ten minutes. Ten years!

Pete turns, and lowers his voice so only JACK will hear.

PETER BRISCO
 And that's exactly how she described it. A life sentence.

That's it. Jack loses it and launches himself at Pete.

Others catch and restrain him as Pete gets out by the front door.

71 **EXT. KATY AND JACK'S HOUSE - DAY 6**

71

Close on PETE in his car, starting up. He's shaking.

THUMP! He looks up startled as someone slaps a hand against his roof, and he sees...

One of the male mourners, stone-faced, who now slaps the bedraggled spray of roses against the windscreen and leaves them to slide down it as he walks away.

71A **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE - DAY 6**

71A

The house looks pristine, cold, soulless. PETE sits on the sofa with the cordless phone in his hand, not in use.

He looks up as if at a sound. We hear nothing.

There, in the doorway, stands KATY. Looking at him.

He meets her eyes and shows no expression. After a beat, she turns and moves out of sight.

Pete looks down. No surprise. No reaction at all.

72 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 6**

72

PETE sits with his brother TONY. Between them stands a near-empty bottle of single malt whisky and the box it came out of. Each has a glass in his hand.

His funeral clothes all dishevelled, Pete's well into it. Tony far less so. He's here for support, not his own entertainment.

TONY
Make this the last one. Eh?

But Pete's shaking his head firmly.

TONY
You can't carry on like this.

PETER BRISCO
Can.

TONY
Don't be stupid.

Instead of replying, Pete beckons to him and then lumbers to his feet.

TONY
What?

PETER BRISCO
Come. Come see.

He carries his glass. Tony leaves his. Pete leads Tony to one of the other rooms, where...

73

INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 6

73

In the middle of the floor stand Katy's bags.

PETER BRISCO
Hers.

TONY
How'd they get here?

PETER BRISCO
Taxi brought them. Same day as the accident. She'd sent them over.

TONY
What are you going to do with them?

PETE shrugs.

PETER BRISCO
Can't open them. Combination locks. Don't know the numbers.

Then turns to go back. TONY follows.

74

INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT 6

74

PETE and TONY enter the bedroom...

PETER BRISCO
I can just see her standing by
that window. Incredible.

He gestures with his glass, and it slops everywhere.

TONY
Whoa.

He steadies Pete and takes the glass from him.

TONY
Come on. Call it a day.

He starts to guide Pete toward the bed.

PETER BRISCO
Remember when dad died? And you
wouldn't take his number off your
phone. 'Cause you said that would
be like rubbing a bit of him out.

Having positioned him, Tony guides him down. Pete falls
like a tree and lands flat-out on his back.

He doesn't seem to notice. Just keeps on talking as he
finds a pocket and fumbles out his mobile to show Tony.

PETER BRISCO
And I always thought, what if you
pressed it, and he answered?
Look. All these people on my
phone.

Tony's prising off Pete's shoes and letting them fall where
they will.

TONY
Peter, I am sorry. If I could
change any of it for you, I
would. But she's gone and that's
it.

PETER BRISCO
I know she's dead. She's just not
dead to me.

Tony wraps the sheet over him, still mostly clothed.

TONY
Go to sleep. And if you're going
to be sick, aim it that way.

We stay on Pete as Tony collects the glass from him and
moves off.

PETER BRISCO
 (letting go)
 How can something be taken from
 you... just like that?

TONY (O.S.)
 Go to sleep!

We're vaguely aware of Tony moving around but we're watching Pete glazing, glazing, breathing noisily, slipping away...

75 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT 6** 75

Lights out. KATY stands at the window, her back to us, looking out. Dressed as she was when she died.

On the bed, in the moonlight, PETE raises himself on one elbow. He's looking clean, sober, wide awake, and entirely compus mentis.

Katy looks back over her shoulder at him. A steady, unsmiling gaze, emptied of all expression and into which anything can be read.

He makes to speak her name.

76 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT 6** 76

Jump cut, same scene, different situation... PETE's eyes slowly flicker open and he's lying on his side, tousled, puffy-eyed, drooling, whey-faced...

He levers himself up like a stick being prised out of half-set glue.

There's no one at the window. TONY slumbers on beside him, clothed, lying on top of the covers, his back turned.

Stiffly, painfully, Pete gets to his feet and leaves the room.

77 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 6** 77

PETE switches on the lights. An ultramodern kitchen, fully fitted but almost empty.

The quarter-full whisky bottle stands by the sink. Pete takes a fresh glass and fills it with water from the tap.

Drinks the entire half pint of water down in one.

Then thinks for a moment before taking out his mobile and thumbing some keys while studying the screen.

ANGLE ON THE PHONE -- He's pulled up Katy's number.

A long moment and then...

He presses to call it.

PHONE

The number you have dialled is in
use or unavailable...

He snaps it off before the message completes. What did he really expect?

78 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT 6**

78

PETE's hunkered down before the sleeping TONY, holding the whisky bottle by its neck.

PETER BRISCO

She's gone, Tony. She's really gone this time.

In a move to make connoisseurs weep he takes a belt of the single malt, straight from the bottle.

PETER BRISCO

Did I ever tell you how we met?

Tony slumbers on.

PETER BRISCO

'Course I did.

79 **INT. LONDON UNDERGROUND - DAY 7**

79

Close on PETE. He's moving through at station level, looking at something through the people. He's looking haunted and unshaven, someone you'd change seats to avoid.

From Pete's moving POV -- the chilling but familiar sight of two black-clad police officers in full protection gear, machine guns held high and at the ready, alert but chatting casually as the crowd flows by them.

80 **INT. LONDON UNDERGROUND - DAY 7 (FX REQUIRED)**

80

Scruffy PETE, descending an escalator.

Looking down -- as we approach the hall at the bottom of the escalator, all the moving people appear transparent to some degree.

81 **INT. LONDON UNDERGROUND - DAY 7 (FX REQUIRED)**

81

PETE moves through the milling crowd. Everyone's like a ghost apart from him. It's as if he lives and moves on a totally different plane.

Seen through the crowd -- a glimpse of KATY from behind, moving away. She stands out because she's solid, like Pete, not translucent like the rest of them.

He tries to keep her in view.

She seems to sense him. Starts to turn her head.

Closer on Pete as his hopes rise.

Someone passes across his field of view, and bumps him.

TOTAL STRANGER

Hey! Careful!

With the jolt, all's back to normal.

PETER BRISCO

Sorry.

"Katy" is gone.

82 **INT. TUBE TRAIN - DAY 7**

82

PETE's riding. Just riding.

He looks at the woman opposite. She's holding a magazine open, but she isn't reading it... She seems to be quietly anxious, with something across the carriage holding her attention.

A young man strap-hanging seems to be similarly, unobtrusively transfixed.

Pete follows their gaze and sees...

Hands fiddling with a a small rucksack, the kind people carry through the city to work. It's on the floor. As the rucksack's owner sits back, we go with her face.

It takes Pete a moment to recognise her. She's wearing iPod earbuds and staring straight ahead. It's VANESSA WU.

83 **FLASHBACK - INT. PHONEBOOTH - NIGHT**

83

Flashback to that night at the phonebooths when PETE turned and was startled by VANESSA WU's face, right up close.

84 **INT. TUBE TRAIN - DAY 7**

84

Back to the identical shot, with every element in it exactly as before apart from one. VANESSA WU's now looking straight at PETE (and us) with an expressionless stare.

As the train slows, she picks up her rucksack and rises.

Pete watches her as she moves to stand over him, never taking her eyes off him.

The train stops. The doors are opening.

Vanessa Wu holds out a green card to Pete. He looks down but doesn't move to take it.

VANESSA WU
She wants you to call.

PETER BRISCO
Who does?

She shoves it into his hands and leaves the carriage just as the doors are closing. We pick up the name of the station, seen through the windows as she walks down the platform without a look back.

Pete looks down at the card. It's one of the old-fashioned Life Line cards.

85 **EXT. THAMES NIGHTSCAPE - NIGHT 7**

85

Amber light dances on the water. Empty trains thunder across the river with lighted carriages. The city's great buildings stand floodlit, their windows blind.

Over which we hear...

AUTOMESSAGE (V.O.)
Life Line is a multi-user
telephone chat line for mutual
help and support. Profanity,
abuse and the exchange of
personal details are not
permitted.

86 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 7**

86

PETE at the window with the phone.

AUTOMESSAGE (V.O.)
You are now connected to Life
Line.

PETER BRISCO
Hello?

CHORUS OF PHONE VOICES (V.O.)
Hi.

PETER BRISCO
Someone told me to call this
number. What's Life Line?

PHONE VOICE #3 (V.O.)
It's for anyone who's lost
someone. Just listen along and
join in when you want.

PETER BRISCO
 Okay. I get it. Like a support
 group. Sorry. Not for me.

He hangs up.

87

INT. VICTORIAN PUB - NIGHT 7

87

The real thing -- carved woodwork, etched glass, mirrors,
 tiles... A gem of a place, preserved from development.

In the bar, TONY's giving PETE a motherly once-over.

TONY
 (fixing Pete's collar)
 Did you clean your teeth?

PETER BRISCO
 (knocking his hand away)
 Piss off. And don't expect me to
 forgive you for this.

RUTH and HEATHER are emerging from the Ladies'. Both men
 lower their voices.

TONY
 Just be nice to her. It's only a
 drink.

PETER BRISCO
 You should have told me what you
 had in mind. I'm not ready for
 it.

TONY
 And you'll do us all a big favour
 if you stick with the orange
 juice.

Ruth and Heather join them.

PETER BRISCO
 Hey.

TONY
 You remember Heather?

PETER BRISCO
 Who could forget Heather?

He takes her hand and squeezes it.

TONY
 Half an hour and then Ruth and I
 have to nip off. Who's drinking
 what?

RUTH
I'll have a G and T.

HEATHER
I'll have the same.

PETER BRISCO
Vodka and orange. Lots of vodka.

Tony gives him a dead-eyed look. Pete shows no repentance.

88

INT. VICTORIAN PUB - NIGHT 7

88

The place is almost empty. People leaving. Staff collecting empties.

PETE and HEATHER are seated. Pete's head is down on the table. Heather shakes his shoulder and he sits upright with a jerk. They're alone.

PETER BRISCO
(realising what he did)
Shit.

HEATHER
I'm going home now.

PETER BRISCO
I am so sorry.

HEATHER
Do I need to put you in a taxi?

PETER BRISCO
I've been a complete arse.

HEATHER
Tony said you needed cheering up.
I didn't bargain for this.

PETER BRISCO
Tony thinks he understands, but
he doesn't. Haven't you ever lost
someone?

HEATHER
As it happens, I have, but I
don't go making a five-act opera
out of it. Life stinks. Get over
it.

PETER BRISCO
I don't know what to do.

HEATHER
Talk to someone.

She rises.

HEATHER
Someone else.

89 **INT. TONY AND RUTH'S HOUSE - NIGHT 7**

89

RUTH's got her OU study books spread out on the kitchen table. TONY passes behind her to get himself a glass of water.

RUTH
Have they settled yet?

TONY
Nancy's still reading.

RUTH
Why don't you give Pete a call.
See how it went.

TONY
(checking his watch)
What time is it? (gets it in focus) I'd leave it. They're probably fornicating like a couple of ferrets by now.

SCENE 90 OMITTED

91 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 7**

91

PETE, semi sobered-up, is emptying his pockets onto a side table.

Lying there from earlier is the Life Line card.

He picks it up.

92 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 7**

92

PETE's alone, sobered-up, on the phone and pacing.

PETER BRISCO
Is it like counselling, or what?

PHONE VOICE #3 (V.O.)
No, it's just talking to people who've been through the same thing.

PETER BRISCO
The woman who gave me the card said, "She wants you to call."
What was all that about?

A moment's silence, and then...

CHORUS OF PHONE VOICES (V.O.)
(all seem to find this
significant)

Ah.

PETER BRISCO
What? What did I say?

PHONE VOICE #3 (V.O.)
You'd better stick around. You
might find it gets interesting.

93

INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 8

93

PETE's on the phone as he looks through his cupboard for something to microwave.

PETER BRISCO
I've been riding on the Tube she
used to get to work. It feels
like I'm passing through the
space where she's been.

VANESSA WU (V.O.)
I used to do that.

PHONE VOICE #2 (V.O.)
I still do.

PETER BRISCO
Well, I'm glad somebody
understands.

94

INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE - DAY 8

94

PETE collecting some dry cleaning being delivered to the door, still talking on the phone,

PETER BRISCO
It was fate. We were fated to be
together. But we're not. That's
very hard to deal with.

VANESSA WU (V.O.)
I can't throw out his clothes.

PETER BRISCO
I know. I've still got her
suitcases.

95

INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE. POOL - NIGHT 8

95

PETE floats in the pool. Eyes closed, the phone on a speakerphone setting .

PHONE VOICE #5 (V.O.)
(male, with slight
strange distort)
(MORE)

PHONE VOICE #5 (V.O.) (cont'd)

I had a dream, once. I was walking into a shop. I knew there was a bomb inside it but I couldn't stop myself. As soon as I passed through the doorway, the bomb went off.

Pete sinks lower into the water.

PHONE VOICE #5 (V.O.)

The whole world went white and I could feel this hot wind washing over me, and I knew that it was taking my skin away and that I was going to die.

VANESSA WU (V.O.)

That must have been terrible.

PHONE VOICE #5 (V.O.)

It was the most beautiful thing I ever saw in my life.

AUTOMESSAGE (V.O.)

A new caller has joined the discussion.

KATY (V.O.)

(with slight distort)

Hello. I haven't been doing this for long. Is anyone listening?

96

INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE. POOL - NIGHT 8

96

Continuous.

PETE snaps to alertness at the sound of Katy's voice, his head coming up out of the water so he can listen properly.

CHORUS OF PHONE VOICES (V.O.)

Yes/there's always someone here/where else would we go?

KATY (V.O.)

I want to talk about the person I lost. We were apart for a long time. But it was always as if we were destined to be together. Like our entire lives were a journey and we were living this great story. Journeys end in lovers meeting. But the ending never happened.

Pete Grabs up the handset to join in.

PETER BRISCO
 (jumping right in)
 Hi.

KATY (V.O.)
 Hello.

PETER BRISCO
 Sorry for jumping in. What you
 said just reminded me of someone
 I used to know.

KATY (V.O.)
 That's all right.

PETER BRISCO
 We had an experience very similar
 to yours.

KATY (V.O.)
 Then you must know how I feel.

PETER BRISCO
 Did your person die?

KATY (V.O.)
 I don't believe death always has
 to be the end.

PETER BRISCO
 (settling to talk)
 Really? Well, wouldn't that be
 something.

It's like, for the first time since Katy, he's encountered
 someone he can really talk to.

97

INT. VICTORIAN PUB - DAY 9

97

TONY at the bar, soft drink and a sandwich in his lunch
 hour. He glances up as PETE slides onto a stool beside him.

TONY
 How'd it go with Heather?

PETER BRISCO
 I don't think I'm her type.
 (beat)
 She told you, didn't she.

Tony lays down his newspaper.

TONY

You can insult me, I'm family.
But she said it was yak, yak,
yak, Katy this, Katy that, and
then you got so pissed you passed
out. That is not what's meant by
a blind date.

PETER BRISCO

Like I didn't warn you.

TONY

You're carrying on like you and
Katy were a fifteen year affair.
It was three days! I've had
shaves that lasted longer!

PETER BRISCO

I don't expect you to understand.

TONY

Get a bit of perspective, Peter.
You had a life before Katy. It's
the same life you've got now.

PETER BRISCO

No, Tony. That was a fifteen year
journey with something wonderful
at the end of it. This is not the
same.

TONY

You don't know what's around the
corner.

PETER BRISCO

But I can tell you who isn't.

TONY

It kills me to see you like this.
Why don't you let me find you
some people to talk to?

PETER BRISCO

I've got some people to talk to.

He rises. Claps his brother on the shoulder.

PETER BRISCO

And if you don't mind, I'm going
to slope off now and give them a
call.

He walks out.

Tony looks after him, nonplussed.

98

INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE - DAY 9

98

PETE on the phone. Some different angle on the house.

PETER BRISCO

When this woman on the train said to me, "she wants you to call..."

KATY (V.O.)

You need to be careful. They're always listening.

PETER BRISCO

"They". Who are "they"? What can they do to us?

KATY (V.O.)

This is Life Line. You must have worked it out by now. Haven't you?

PETER BRISCO

Worked out what?

KATY (V.O.)

These aren't the kind of people you'll find on an ordinary chat line.

PETER BRISCO

Sometimes I wonder.

KATY (V.O.)

About what?

PETER BRISCO

Whether you and I could have met before. In some other life.

KATY (V.O.)

Well, don't say too much about that. If you break the rules, that's it. You won't get back on.

99

INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 9

99

PETE at the window again. Minimal lighting, mostly from below. Pete's edgy throughout.

PETER BRISCO

Just us tonight, is it?

KATY (V.O.)

Seems that way.

PETER BRISCO
I don't mind if you don't.
Talking to you is like talking to
her.

KATY (V.O.)
(warning)
Don't.

PETER BRISCO
When you said that death isn't
always the end. What did you mean
by that?

KATY (V.O.)
It's what I believe. I think
journeys really do end in lovers
meeting. If the love's strong
enough, there's no force in
heaven that can stop it from
happening.

PETER BRISCO
So how did your journey end?

KATY (V.O.)
It hasn't, yet.

PETER BRISCO
The story so far, then.

KATY (V.O.)
I was prepared to sacrifice my
career for him. But he wouldn't
let me. And he was willing to
sacrifice his dreams for me. But
I wouldn't let him. Could you
imagine two people more meant for
each other? But because of it, we
were apart for fifteen years.

As Pete listens, his certainties grow.

PETER BRISCO
Fifteen years.

KATY (V.O.)
That's what I said.

PETER BRISCO
Don't tell me. His dreams didn't
even work out.

KATY (V.O.)
(deliberately)
We don't mention that.

PETER BRISCO
What? What made you say that?

KATY
Don't you know?

Pete can't help it.

PETER BRISCO
Katy, it can't be you!

AUTOMESSAGE (V.O.)
(interrupting)
Profanity, abuse and the exchange
of personal details are not
permitted on Life Line.

PETER BRISCO
(protesting over)
No! No, wait! No!

Pause, then...

AUTOMESSAGE (V.O.)
I am sorry, caller. You are
removed from Life Line.

Dead line signal.

Quickly, he cuts off the call and redials.

Without success.

FADE OUT.

100

INT. LONDON UNDERGROUND - DAY 10

100

A few days later. Stubble.

PETE's walking through a tunnel in the Underground, with a bunch of other people who've just arrived on the same train. He looks a bit scruffy, a bit beaten, a bit wild.

As we watch him, he pulls out the green Life Line card and checks it, front and back.

Then, pocketing it again, he moves out of our line of sight.

His move reveals...

A young woman who's been standing next along the carriage. Her eyes are on him as he moves.

This is CATT. She's early 20s, wouldn't look out of place behind a stall in Camden Market... a slight frame clad in a vest top and cargo pants.

She's significantly younger than Pete and no less attractive than Katy, but in an entirely different way.

She's not just glancing at him casually. She's watching and following him.

As the doors open and Pete's let out, she gives it a beat and then sets off after.

101 **EXT. DESERTED OFFICE BLOCK - DAY 10** 101

Establisher of a big, empty 70s office building that stands alone in a run-down area.

102 **EXT. DESERTED OFFICE BLOCK - DAY 10** 102

PETE tries the entrance doors. They're secured on the outside with a padlock and chain through the handles. He puts his face right up against the glass and shades around his eyes so that he can see in.

It's pretty obvious that the foyer hasn't been used in ages. There's junkmail and flyers all over the floor, and at least one piece of upturned furniture.

But on the wall there's a business directory with a slide-in slot for the name of each of the building's tenants. Some slots are empty.

But the one right at the bottom clearly reads LIFE LINE.

103 **EXT. DESERTED OFFICE BLOCK - DAY 10** 103

PETE's walking around the building, looking for any sign of life and seeing none.

As he turns a corner, he can hear a hammering from somewhere.

Following the sound, Pete discovers...

CATT hammering on one of the service doors.

CATT

Come on! Come on!

She starts booting the door for that extra notice-me element. She's wearing hand-decorated Doc Martens with flowers painted on them.

PETER BRISCO

I think we're both wasting our time.

CATT

There's got to be someone in there.

PETER BRISCO
Who are you looking for?

CATT
An outfit called Life Line. D'you know them?

PETER BRISCO
They must owe you money.

She gives him a dark look as if at a bad joke, and starts kicking at the door again. She speaks, kicks, speaks again.

CATT
This... (kick) is the address...
(kick) in the business... (kick)
directory.

PETER BRISCO
I've been all around the building. You're not going to find anyone.

Catt stops, flops back against the door. Tears of frustration.

PETER BRISCO
Hey. What is it?

CATT
Do you know what Life Line is?

PETER BRISCO
Do I. It's a chat line for people who've lost someone.

CATT
I lost someone. I thought I'd lost him for good. But then I heard him. Guess where.

She turns and starts kicking at the door again...

CATT
And now I can't... get... back... on!

A big place, youth-skewed, loud music, American football on a plasma TV, tall stools reaching tall tables.

PETE and CATT have their own table with a small army of empty imported beer bottles building up on it. As they talk Catt plays idly with Pete's phone, running through the features menus.

CATT

Doesn't matter what you try. Once you get booted off Life Line, you're off it for good.

PETER BRISCO

(rescuing his phone)

I tried calling from different numbers.

CATT

Me too. Made no difference. Soon as they spot that it's you, phhhht.

PETER BRISCO

Why'd they throw you off?

CATT

Because someone had to open his big mouth and break one of the rules. No personal details. That got us barred. What about you?

PETER BRISCO

Same thing. Except in my case, it was my fault.

Pete takes a deep breath and suppresses a burp. He's put a lot of booze away.

PETER BRISCO

Things were starting to get weird.

CATT

Don't give up now. You'll find her again.

PETER BRISCO

Really weird.

CATT

We should team up.

PETER BRISCO

To achieve what?

She takes his hand on the table and grips it. Can't see her other hand.

CATT

To find out where our endings are.

PETER BRISCO
 (looking at their
 intertwined hands)

Hey.

CATT

What?

PETER BRISCO
 I'm grieving and confused. And
 more than a little pissed.

(beat)

And that hand-under-the-table
 business is not playing fair.

CATT

(seriously)

Find me two people in this bar
 with more reason to be together.
 We've both been cheated out of
 our happy endings. Come on.
 (kisses him once, lightly) It's a
 lonely old world. (kisses him
 again, with perceptibly more
 mojo) It doesn't have to mean
 anything.

105 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT 10**

105

PETE closes the front door and turns to CATT, who's
 standing a couple of yards in with the selfconsciousness of
 a first-time guest.

PETER BRISCO
 (still fairly drunk)
 Are you all right with this?

CATT

Are you?

PETER BRISCO
 I dunno. What are we doing?

106 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT 10**

106

PETE and CATT. Hurricane sex.

She takes control. Pulls him to her. Puts her hand behind
 his head to hold him as they kiss.

They fall onto the bed with Catt on top, and as the
 hormones kick in they keep at it with increasing commitment
 while struggling to shuck the rest of their clothing.

107 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY 11**

107

PETE and CATT, collapsed together in a sexy heap.

PETER BRISCO
I don't know your name.

CATT
I know yours. It's in your phone messages. "Yo Pete." Who's Tony?

PETER BRISCO
My brother.

CATT
He does texting like he's fourteen.

PETER BRISCO
I'm starting to think this was...

CATT
Don't you dare call it a mistake.

PETER BRISCO
Well, what do you call it?

CATT
Fate.

Shaking his head, Pete starts to slide out of bed.

She catches him and draws him back... semi-reluctantly, he settles again.

CATT
You miss her. You wish it was her instead of me. It's all right to say it.

PETER BRISCO
I miss her. Like someone pinned me down and ripped her out of me.

She understands. They lie close, each thinking their own thoughts.

108

INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 11

108

PETE's in a robe, throwing together some breakfast.

CATT appears in the doorway. She's all dressed again.

CATT
I'll get something on my way home. I don't want to outstay my welcome.

PETER BRISCO
Where do you live?

CATT

Nowhere you'd want to see. Trust me, your place was the better choice. So. What do you want to do now?

PETER BRISCO

I think this is what you call the cold light of day.

CATT

Thanks very much.

PETER BRISCO

Hey. I'm not saying it was a mistake.

CATT

I put my number on your phone. In case you want to call me.

PETER BRISCO

I'll see you out.

CATT

I know the way.

She's turning to go, but then she stops.

CATT

Don't give up on her, Peter. She spoke to you.

PETER BRISCO

She did not speak to me. I just thought she did. You can miss a person so much that you can't believe they'd leave you.

CATT

But just imagine. If you could pick up that phone. And the dead could speak.

She goes.

PETE sits around the table with ERIC ABBATE and developer VINCE GUEST. Eric and Vince are discussing a marina and waterfront development project and PETE's pretending to listen. They've got feasibility study brochures, plans, and sheets of figures all over the table.

But as Eric passes papers before him, he can see that Pete's tuned out and is hearing nothing. It's exasperating, but Eric can't really let that show.

Then Pete's phone beeps with a text message. That gets his attention.

With the merest gesture of apology, he raises his phone to read it.

On Pete as the message sinks in...

Then he rises from the table and walks away without a word.

110 **SCENE 110 OMITTED** 110

SCENE 111 OMITTED

SCENE 112 OMITTED

SCENE 113 OMITTED

114 **INT. PUBLIC GALLERY - DAY 11** 114

PETE stands framed in the gallery architecture.

He starts to walk.

As he moves through the building, he looks serious and apprehensive. Like an unpleasant surprise is in the process of being sprung on him.

115 **INT. PUBLIC GALLERY. SIDE GALLERY - DAY 11** 115

As PETE enters the side-gallery, he sees...

A lone figure standing before the canvas under restoration.

It's CATT.

The restorers aren't here at the moment. The information video plays in silence, the headsets hanging on their hooks.

Tense, wary, he walks toward her. Stands behind her, exactly as Katy once stood behind him. Catt hasn't taken her eyes off the picture. But she knows he's there.

CATT

Coming along nicely. Wouldn't you say?

PETER BRISCO

What are you doing?

CATT

Checking in with an old friend.

PETER BRISCO

I'm not your old friend.

CATT
I'm talking about the picture.

Pete's looking at her darkly.

CATT
See where all the underpainting's
been exposed?

She looks him steadily in the eyes.

CATT
Thirty years rolled up in a damp
attic. That made the canvas rot
and the paint flake off. They can
fix what's there and replace
what's lost. But they can't make
it look the way it used to, and
still keep it real.

She returns her gaze to the picture. Pete's staring hard at
her. In the background, unnoticed by either, Katy talking
silently on the video screen.

CATT
What do you think's more
important? The original look of a
painting? Or how we see it now?

PETER BRISCO
I wouldn't know.

CATT
You can't turn the clock back.
It's a material world.

She turns to face Peter.

CATT
But if you know what to look for,
it's all still in there. The
artist's intention. The soul of
the picture. In one way or
another.

PETER BRISCO
Who are you?

CATT
Who am I?

She gives him a look that says, What a strange thing to
ask.

Then she starts to walk away.

And after a few paces, without actually stopping, she turns
to look back.

CATT
Good question.

She turns and walks on.

Leaving him standing there.

END OF EPISODE ONE

1 **INT. PUBLIC GALLERY. SIDE GALLERY - DAY 11** 1

CATT moves around behind the gauze onto which an enlarged image of the restoration is being projected, as if to see it from every possible angle.

CATT
It's strange from here. Like
being right inside the picture.

PETE's seeing her face through one of the faces in the image. She meets his eyes through the half-transparent gauze.

CATT (CONT'D)
Poor Pete. There is an answer.
And I think you know where to
find it.

Undramatically, she moves out of the light.

He waits for a moment and when she doesn't reappear, he goes around the gauze screen...

And no one's there.

He re-emerges round the other side, just in time to glimpse...

The briefest flash of Catt as she leaves this side gallery.

2 **INT. PUBLIC GALLERY - DAY 11** 2

PETE emerges from the side gallery and stops.

No sign of Catt before him, anywhere.

3 **EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY 11** 3

A city view, even more stunning and wonderful than any that we've shown before.

4 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 11** 4

PETE, unshaven and looking rough, is on the phone and pacing.

AUTOMESSAGE (V.O.)
I am sorry, caller. Your access
has been prohibited.

He grimaces and hits the redial button.

(snip)

AUTOMESSAGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I am sorry, caller. Your access
has been prohib--

He reacts and hits redial again.

(snip)

And again...

AUTOMESSAGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Your access has been prohibited.

It all turns into a total fuck-it moment when he hurls the
phone at the sofa.

SCENE 5 OMITTED

6

EXT/INT. STREET/PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT 11

6

This area's probably OK by day but it feels dog-rough and
scary by night. PETE's conspicuous in a lighted phone booth
with the phone to his ear, and not at all comfortable.

AUTOMESSAGE (V.O.)
Life Line is a multi-user
telephone chat line for mutual
help and support. Profanity,
abuse and the exchange of
personal details are not
permitted.

A shift in sound, from one recording to another.

AUTOMESSAGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You are now connected to Life
Line.

PHONE VOICE #7 (V.O.)
...This man said that my sister
was one of the people who
couldn't be accounted for.

Yesss! A silent gesture of triumph from Pete. Then a
nervous glance around through the glass. Someone's moved in
and is waiting... just a blurry, unsettling shape outside.

PHONE VOICE #7 (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I just looked at him. I couldn't
take it in.

VANESSA WU (V.O.)
How long before you knew for
sure?

The speaker hesitates.

PHONE VOICE #7 (V.O.)
Someone just came on. Can you say
something?

Silence.

PHONE VOICE #7 (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Hello? I know you're there.

Pete starts to sweat. They're talking to him. So...

PETER BRISCO
(reluctantly)
I need to find someone.

And the automessage cuts in.

AUTOMESSAGE (V.O.)
I am sorry, caller. Your access
has been prohibited.

PETER BRISCO
No!!

The line now gives out a dead signal.

There's nothing he can do.

7 **EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 11**

7

A black cab draws up and TONY gets out.

TONY
(to the driver)
Keep it running. I'll be out in
one minute.

He heads into the restaurant.

SCENE 8 OMITTED

9 **INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 11**

9

PETE sits at the very same table that we once saw him share with Katy. He's seriously, monumentally pissed. In his own mind, he's causing no one any trouble. He's not being so loud that he's dominating the place, but he's making all those around him edgy and uncomfortable.

An inexperienced and embarrassed-looking young waitress has been assigned to stand by him, but that's all she can do.

IN PETE'S MIND -- KATY's right there, sitting where she did before.

Then he sees TONY, coming up behind the manager. Pete's instant response is to throw his arms wide and grab the sides of the table so that no one can move him.

PETER BRISCO

No.

TONY

Yes, kid. Come on, now.

PETER BRISCO

NoNoNo.

The manager promptly turns away to the other diners, leaving Tony and the young waitress to cope with Pete.

TONY

(to waitress)

Can you get his other arm? He won't bite you.

They take an arm each, and manage to disengage Pete's grip from the table.

TONY (CONT'D)

Got him? Okay.

Over Pete's ineffectual protests they raise him up onto his feet, and start guiding him toward the door.

SCENE 10 OMITTED

11 **EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 11**

11

TONY brings PETE out to the waiting taxi.

Pete's legs briefly give way, and there's a moment where Tony has a struggle to keep him on his feet.

The taxi driver observes the state of Pete, and...

VROOM! The taxi's gone.

TONY

Oh, great.

He's left standing there, holding Pete up.

SCENE 12 OMITTED

13 **INT. TONY AND RUTH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 12**

13

RUTH's clearing up after breakfast. CARL and NANCY are in pyjamas. TONY comes in.

CARL
Can we go on your computer?

RUTH
Half an hour. Then I've got an
essay to write.

As the kids leave the kitchen, PETE appears in the doorway.
Borrowed robe, mug in hand.

PETER BRISCO
Sorry, guys. Sorry.

RUTH
It's not on, Pete. What do you
think Katy would say if she could
see you like this?

PETER BRISCO
If Katy was around to see me like
this, that would kind of resolve
the problem.

Ruth looks at Tony -- Tony makes a "See what I have to deal
with?" face.

14 **EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY 12**

14

PETE's walking, mostly against the crowd.

There, through people, through traffic, he sees...

CATT. Just standing there. Seeming to be watching him from
a distance with a dispassionate stare.

He stares for a moment. Then starts to move toward her.

PAAAAAARP!! A car brakes and stops.

It takes Pete's attention off the woman for a second, and
when he looks again...

It isn't Catt.

15 **EXT. STREET NEAR UNDERGROUND STATION - DAY 12**

15

PETE continues to walk off his hangover.

He stops. Stands where he can lean back against the
architecture for a moment and regain his grip.

It slowly dawns on him that he's looking at something
meaningful.

Pete's POV -- the sign over an underground station
entrance.

PETER BRISCO
If I do I'll just follow you
home.

She raises a hand to a passing taxi, and it stops. Pete follows her to it.

PETER BRISCO (CONT'D)
Do you work for Life Line?

She shakes her head at his lack of understanding.

PETER BRISCO (CONT'D)
It's not funny. I can't get back
on.

VANESSA WU
You never really got what it was
about, did you?

She closes the door and the cab moves off.

Pete watches it go...

And sees it stop with the traffic only a few yards further
on.

He runs to catch up with it, and shouts at the side window.

PETER BRISCO
Who told you to give me the card?

After a moment, she relents and drops the window.

VANESSA WU
I don't know her name. If it
helped you, fine. If it didn't,
please. I just want to be left
alone.

We can see an ID pass on a cord around her neck. Without drawing attention she eases it out of sight.

PETER BRISCO
I have to speak to her again.

VANESSA WU
Then you shouldn't have broken
the rules.

PETER BRISCO
The rules don't make sense.

The traffic's starting to move again.

VANESSA WU
There's a reason for them. All
kinds of things stay possible.
(MORE)

VANESSA WU (ONSCREEN, BIGGER)
(CONT'D)

I didn't want to leave without him but they told me I could find out more at the hospital. It was a whole day before anyone could say that he'd died in the first explosion. (edit) I'll see him again. One day I'll see him again.

The frame freezes when the clip ends. Her skin is flecked with healing wounds.

SCENE 23 OMITTED

24 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT 12** 24

PETE snaps awake to the ringing of the phone, elsewhere in the house. He squints at his watch.

Then throws back the covers and swings out of bed.

25 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 12** 25

The ringing phone in the main room.

Here comes PETE in his boxers, switching on a couple of low lights on the way.

He reaches out for the phone...

And when his hand's in midair, the ringing stops.

He stands frozen for a moment until we're in no doubt that the phone's fallen silent, then grabs it up. We hear dial tone until he inputs 1471.

BT VOICE (V.O.)

You were called -- today -- at oh-two-twenty hours. The caller withheld their number.

He sets down the receiver.

26 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 12** 26

PETE's waiting for the electric kettle to boil. He's got his mobile to his ear.

PETER BRISCO

Did I wake you? I'm sorry if I did.

CATT (V.O.)

I wasn't asleep.

PETER BRISCO (cont'd)

How can I sit here and swear to you that I spoke to the love of my life? When the love of my life is dead.

CATT

Who says death has to be the end?

PETER BRISCO

It's kind of a law of nature.

CATT

Like no laws ever get broken.

PETER BRISCO

What sounds reasonable at four o'clock in the morning doesn't always stand up in the cold light of day.

She reaches across and takes his hand. He looks down at their hands as she intertwines her fingers with his.

CATT

Peter, it's me.

His eyes quickly flick up to her face. What's she telling him?

CATT (CONT'D)

Your new best friend. Whatever's troubling you, you can spit it right out. (pause) I don't mean that literally.

PETER BRISCO

I'm a mess, kid. Look at me. You go along for fifteen years thinking you're happy. And then someone shows you what your life should have been. How do you go back after that? You can't.

CATT

I think she was a very lucky woman.

PETER BRISCO

I never mentioned the gallery. Did I?

CATT

Why would you?

Pete takes a long moment to respond. Then --

PETER BRISCO

She worked there.

Catt shows no surprise.

CATT

Then I can see how I must have touched a nerve. Sorry.

She's looking into his eyes.

Their hands slip apart. The moment's over.

30

EXT. SPITALFIELDS MARKET - NIGHT 12

30

Could be magic hour. PETE and CATT have walked out together.

PETER BRISCO

I'm sorry for dragging you out at this hour. Let me stand you the cab fare home.

CATT

I feel like walking.

PETER BRISCO

I'll walk with you.

She shakes her head and then kisses him on the cheek.

CATT

I'm a big girl.

PETER BRISCO

Will you mind if I call you again?

CATT

Try me.

He stands and watches as she walks away. And his eye is drawn to...

Flowers being unloaded from a van.

31

INT. TONY AND RUTH'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY 13

31

PETE steps in and holds out a big bunch of flowers to Tony.

PETER BRISCO

For Ruth.

32

INT. TONY AND RUTH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 13

32

The flowers are now in a vase. TONY's emptying the dishwasher. PETE's trying to keep out of the way, helping with the odd item when he can guess where it goes.

PETER BRISCO

We met though this chat line.

Tony stops what he's doing.

TONY
You are kidding.

PETER BRISCO
Not on it. Because of it.
Actually we'd both been thrown
off it.

TONY
You blow off my wife's best
friend. Who, I've got to say...

He lowers his voice with a glance toward the doorway.

TONY (CONT'D)
...I would shag in an instant
were it not for my sacred vows
and craven fear of discovery. And
then you take up with someone
from a chat line?

PETER BRISCO
You're making it sound kind of
cheap.

TONY
Pardon me.

He returns to his task.

TONY (CONT'D)
Where's she from?

PETER BRISCO
I don't know.

TONY
What does she do?

PETER BRISCO
Don't know.

Tony now slams the dishwasher door shut in irritation.

TONY
Do you know anything about her?

PETER BRISCO
(lamely)
She's good company. It's like
being with Katy.

TONY
In what way?

PETER BRISCO
She pushes all the right buttons.

TONY
And that in itself is dangerous
enough. Are you seeing her again?

PETER BRISCO
Tonight. (responding to Tony's
exasperated reaction) You're the
one who wanted me to get back out
there.

TONY
Not with your radar switched off!
You're a single man with money.
You might as well hang a bullseye
on the front of your trousers.

33

INT. NOISY BAR - NIGHT 13

33

Nowhere near as crowded and noisy as the last time we were
here. PETE and CATT having beers in a side booth. Catt's
mobile lies on the table, Pete's toying with his.

CATT
We're pretty good together. Don't
you think?

PETER BRISCO
If you say so.

CATT
Give me your phone.

Without waiting, she takes it from his hand and slides
around to his side.

Holding it out at arm's length, she takes a heads-together
picture of the two of them and then shows it to him.

CATT (CONT'D)
There you are. Screensaver.

PETER BRISCO
In parts of Nevada that's an
entire marriage ceremony.

CATT
Steady on.

He puts his phone away.

CATT (CONT'D)
I can't work out what I've got
that you need. Compared to some
of the women you must know.

PETER BRISCO
 If I said you reminded me of Katy
 -- would you be offended?

CATT
 No. I know you miss her.

PETER BRISCO
 We had fifteen wasted years to
 make up for. We never even got
 started.

CATT
 Don't call them wasted.

PETER BRISCO
 Feels like it now.

One of those silences. Pete looks down. A bit embarrassed
 at what he's done to the mood.

PETER BRISCO (CONT'D)
 Sorry.

CATT
 Hey.

She gives his arm a sympathetic squeeze. Then she nuzzles
 his ear.

CATT (CONT'D)
 You know what you've got that I
 need?

PETER BRISCO
 What?

CATT
 I could reeeeeeeally use two
 hundred quid.

He looks at her.

PETER BRISCO
 Seriously?

CATT
 I wasn't kidding when I said I
 was skint.

PETER BRISCO
 Okay. We can stop by the
 cashpoint on the way to your
 place.

CATT
 Cashpoint yes. I'll spare you my
 place.

PETER BRISCO
I don't think she's using.

HOWARD BAKER
Well, bully for the boys and girls at Coutts Brisbane House. That's where she went when I threw her out. Has she asked you for money yet?

Pete avoids the question.

PETER BRISCO
Did she ever mention Life Line?

HOWARD BAKER
What's that? Another rehab programme?

PETER BRISCO
Not exactly.

HOWARD BAKER
She was a living wreck and she was dragging me down with her. In the end I took her over there and dumped her on the doorstep. I'm not proud of the way I handled it. But you'd have to go through it to understand.

PETER BRISCO
Have you been in touch with her since?

HOWARD BAKER
Something happened after she got there. I don't know what. Two weeks ago she passed me in the street without a second look. I won't say it didn't hurt. But what I felt most of all was relief. What did she tell you?

PETER BRISCO
I know nothing about her. Except she maybe studied art?

HOWARD BAKER
(cynical disbelief)
Art?

Baker hands back Pete's phone.

HOWARD BAKER (CONT'D)
You're welcome to her. She's dead to me now.

PETER BRISCO
Of course I am.

CATT
If you aren't, I can go.

Pete makes a conscious effort to get over his surprise and look welcoming.

PETER BRISCO
Come on in.

She moves in to be close to him as he unlocks the door.

43 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 14**

43

PETE and CATT are now in the hallway. Pete secures the door after them. As he turns from it, he's frowning.

CATT
What's the matter?

PETER BRISCO
(genuinely puzzled)
I don't know.

Catt beckons.

CATT
Come here. Closer.

He leans toward her as she's urging, although he clearly doesn't get why.

Then...

PETER BRISCO
That's her perfume! How did you --

CATT
Shh!

She places her finger on his lips to silence him.

CATT (CONT'D)
What do you think I wanted the money for? Close your eyes. Go on!

Despite himself, Pete has to obey. A familiar perfume is a powerful thing.

As his eyes close helplessly, the finger on his lips becomes an erotic caress as her fingertips trace across his cheek and trace his jawbone up behind his ear.

PETER BRISCO
This is so wrong.

She slaps it out of his hand so it flies all over the place.

PETER BRISCO (CONT'D)
Suit yourself.

He grabs her by the arm again.

53 **EXT/INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 14**

53

We're outside. We can hear Catt's voice from inside the house.

CATT (O.S.)
No! Peter, no! Please!

The door opens.

With her shoes and what's left of her clothes, CATT is shoved out.

PETE steps back and slams the door.

She throws herself against it and hammers on the panels, crying and calling his name.

CATT (CONT'D)
Peter! Please!

And she carries on for a while to no effect... seems like he's just slung her out and walked away, but then...

54 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 14 (INTERCUT)**

54

We see that PETE hasn't moved from the door. He's there, wracked by the sound of her pleading.

55 **EXT/INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 14 (INTERCUT)**

55

CATT runs out of steam, stops banging on the door.

Then leans close to it and speaks with new self-control.

CATT
Peter. Are you listening? Peter?
It's Katy.

With PETE -- he looks up.

CATT (CONT'D)
I know what you were looking for before. On my arm? You won't find any needle marks. That's from a whole other person.

Pete can't move. Can't even blink.

CATT (CONT'D)

She was desperate to get out of this life. I was desperate to get back in. So she's gone, and here I am. I've come back to you, Peter. I broke every rule there is. What else do I have to do?

Closer on Pete.

CATT (CONT'D)

Go back to Vanessa Wu. Make her tell you the whole truth. And if you think you can handle it, I'll be at the gallery tomorrow. I'll be there five minutes before it closes. If you're not... then I'll know. I was never the one after all.

With Pete.

After a few moments with nothing else said, he turns his head to listen harder.

Then he scrambles to his feet and opens up the door to reveal...

No one there.

56

INT. TONY AND RUTH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 15

56

RUTH'S clearing her coursework from the kitchen table. File folders, legal pad, pens... as she talks to PETE she's flicking through her library textbooks, removing the all the post-it notes that she's been using to mark specific passages.

PETER BRISCO

You can tell him to stop worrying, anyway. Tell him I've dumped her.

RUTH

What happened?

PETER BRISCO

There was a part of me that was starting to think I'd got Katy back. I know how it sounds, I'm not going to defend it.

RUTH

It's human nature, Pete. Your defences go down when someone dies.

PETER BRISCO
 Yeah, well, she pushed it that
 bit too far. I caught her trying
 to go through Katy's stuff.

Ruth stops what she's doing and looks at him with sympathy.

RUTH
 Oh, Pete.

PETER BRISCO
 What have I done now?

RUTH
 Come here.

She gives him a big hug.

PETER BRISCO
 (over her shoulder)
 A hug for the idiot.

RUTH
 (stepping back)
 You're not an idiot. Look.

She picks up a half-read magazine from the kitchen worktop.

RUTH (CONT'D)
 Page fifteen, Psychic Simone
 answers your letters. From every
 widow who sees a stray cat and
 thinks it's her husband with a
 message. We all know it's
 rubbish, but it's irresistible
 rubbish. I've even caught Tony
 reading it.

PETER BRISCO
 Maybe I should drop Psychic
 Simone a line.

RUTH
 Just keep things in proportion.

57

INT. TONY AND RUTH'S HOUSE - DAY 15

57

CARL and NANCY are at Ruth's computer. They're on an avatar-building page similar to Meez.com. In a box on the screen there's an animated figure -- slender, youthful, big-eyed like an anime character, surprisingly lifelike as she blinks and sways and smiles out at the viewer.

As they click on various menu options, limited elements of the figure change. Hairstyle, hair colour, skin colour, costume, accessories.

PETE appears behind them. Puts his hand on Carl's head and ruffles his hair a bit.

PETER BRISCO
I'm sorry I got you kicked out of
your bedroom the other night.
What are you doing?

CARL
Making an avatar for Nancy.

PETER BRISCO
What's an avatar?

NANCY
It's your screen character in the
game.

CARL
Her last one got killed. If she
wants to carry on playing, she
has to make a new one.

On Pete -- taking that on board...

As the semi-realistic figure on the screen smiles and sways
in a disturbingly seductive manner.

58

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY 15

58

VANESSA WU is emerging from a sandwich shop with a bag and
a carry-out coffee. The ever-present white earbuds are in.

Within a few strides, she's startled as PETE falls into
step beside her.

PETER BRISCO
What's on the iPod?

This isn't a welcome intrusion.

VANESSA WU
It's private.

She starts to speed up.

PETER BRISCO
Please?

She slows. Resignedly tugs on the cord so the earbuds come
out. Then turns to him.

PETER BRISCO (CONT'D)
What you said. About Life Line.
When you said all kinds of things
were possible.

VANESSA WU

And?

PETER BRISCO

Did you mean the talking dead? I really need to know.

She's staring at him. How's this going to go?

59

EXT. VANESSA WU'S WORLD - DAY 15

59

PETE and VANESSA WU are walking in the area.

VANESSA WU

It was nearly two years ago. He was right by the blast and I was barely touched. I came home to an empty flat knowing I'd never see him again.

PETER BRISCO

What was his name?

VANESSA WU

Thomas Tyler. Tom. It's like they die but you don't feel them leave. So you're left with this... I don't know what you call it. Like a burden.

PETER BRISCO

I know exactly what you mean.

VANESSA WU

And then everyone wants a piece of the tragedy. But what they really want is a place on the stage without having to suffer. I couldn't talk to anyone until I found Life Line. But as soon as I got on there it was like... everyone there knew. Really knew. From the inside.

PETER BRISCO

"From the inside", meaning what?

She doesn't want to go that far.

PETER BRISCO (CONT'D)

Is it him? That you speak to.

VANESSA WU

If no one comes out and asks the question, then anything stays possible.

PETER BRISCO
I'm asking the question.

She struggles.

Then she holds up her iPod. As one might a cross or a bible, in a declaration of faith.

VANESSA WU
Yes. It's Tom. We found each other again.

60 **EXT. VANESSA WU'S FLAT - DAY 15**

60

VANESSA WU leads PETE toward the door.

VANESSA WU
I could use help with the rent but I can't share the place with anyone else. Not after Tom. I can't even throw out his clothes.

They go in.

61 **INT. VANESSA WU'S FLAT - DAY 15**

61

Mostly it's one big gloomy room with alcoves off and a separate bedroom. VANESSA WU's searching through CDs.

PETE moves in to look at her computer setup -- a slimline NOTEBOOK COMPUTER with its case decorated with PVC flower stickers, speakers that don't even match each other, a pile of CDs, and a landline phone that's been opened up like a dissected frog and connecting wires soldered to its circuit boards.

PETER BRISCO
Is this how you make the recordings?

VANESSA WU
One of the techs lashed it up for me. I tried it with Skype and I tried an old modem, but Life Line wasn't having it. This is the only way that works.

She finds the CD she was looking for and pops it into the tray. As she boots up the playback software...

VANESSA WU (CONT'D)
I keep it on, twenty-four seven.

PETER BRISCO
If you're struggling now, wait 'til you get the bill.

VANESSA WU

Well, here's the thing. It's never appeared on a phone bill yet.

She turns up the speaker volume. And we hear:

KATY (V.O.)

Could you imagine two people more meant for each other? But because of it, we were apart for fifteen years.

Over it, Vanessa Wu makes a questioning face -- is that her?

Pete nods.

PETER BRISCO (V.O.)

Fifteen years.

KATY (V.O.)

That's what I said.

Pete leans forward and gets right near the speaker. Vanessa Wu stands back and watches him.

PETER BRISCO (V.O.)

Don't tell me. His dreams didn't even work out.

KATY (V.O.)

(deliberately)
We don't mention that.

PETER BRISCO (V.O.)

Katy, it can't be you!

AUTOMESSAGE (V.O.)

(interrupting)
Profanity, abuse and the exchange of personal details are not permitted on Life Line.

AUTOMESSAGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A caller has been removed.

VANESSA WU

That's when I picked up the phone.

Pete's surprised to hear it continue...

KATY (V.O.)

Oh, no.

VANESSA WU (V.O.)

What were you going to tell him?

KATY (V.O.)

To be happy and... Oh, God, I don't know. Just to keep faith and believe that he'd see me again. Apparently that's too much to ask. This thing's a curse.

Vanessa Wu stops the playback.

VANESSA WU

She hasn't been on since.

PETER BRISCO

What if one of them could find a way back?

VANESSA WU

Wouldn't that be something.

62 **INT. DESERTED OFFICE BLOCK - NIGHT 15**

62

We're inside the foyer. Looking at the business directory with the Life Line name in the lowermost slot.

And then as our attention roves wider we become aware of a figure outside the glass frontage. Doing something to the lock.

A sound of shearing metal resonates like a gunshot.

One of the glass doors opens inward with a grinding squeal and PETE hesitates, listening for an alarm, before opening it wider and quickly stepping in.

There's a pry bar in his hand. He closes the door after himself... carefully, as if to compensate for the noise he just made.

63 **INT. DESERTED OFFICE BLOCK. BASEMENT - NIGHT 15**

63

PETE descends stairs to basement level. It's gloomy, dusty, deserted. Some litter, some damage.

It's dark ahead. Producing keys with a keyring maglight, he continues on.

But within a few strides...

CHUNG! A zone-sensor security light illuminates the corridor for the next few yards.

64 **INT. DESERTED OFFICE BLOCK. BASEMENT - NIGHT 15**

64

By the maglite beam we see a set of double-doors with the Life Line name affixed on a dusty card.

The nearest corridor light comes on. Then PETE arrives.

He pushes at one of the doors; it opens, revealing some emergency-level lighting beyond.

Prybar held ready like a weapon, he goes on through.

65

INT. DESERTED OFFICE BLOCK. BASEMENT - NIGHT 15

65

PETE emerges into a large, low-ceilinged room that's like collision between an old analogue phone exchange and a branch of Radio Shack in the 1970s. Racks of selector switches running off into darkness like library shelving. Big reel-to-reel tape machines. Patch boards. Light panels.

There's a low, anxiety-inducing hum. Could be a big transformer. Could be our composer.

PETER BRISCO

Hello?

He shines the maglight around and picks out something of interest. He moves toward it and we see...

A small stack of the printed green Life Line cards that's been knocked over and fanned out across a desktop.

He picks up the card that's moved farthest. It leaves a clean, sharp-edged outline in dust.

Suddenly, startlingly, a scattering of lights plays across the two-motion selectors and several of them move into play, wipers turning on their spindles and ratcheting across the contacts.

And as if that wasn't enough to make him jump, behind him a big professional reel-to-reel tape machine self-starts with a loud clunk and we hear:

AUTOMESSAGE (V.O.)

(small, tinny speaker)

A new caller has joined the discussion.

The tape reels stop with a clunk, rewind noisily, and reset themselves with a clunk.

He starts to back toward the doors.

Pete's head turns as a different tape machine starts. Same routine.

AUTOMESSAGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Profanity, abuse and the exchange of personal details are not permitted on Life Line. A caller has been removed.

His attention's drawn in yet another direction as a third machine starts up before the previous one has stopped.

It's like it's coming at him from all sides. He's almost at the doors now.

AUTOMESSAGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I am sorry, caller. You are
removed from Life Line.

He's almost at the door. He turns to go.

He's gone. And we linger in the empty room, as the secret machinery continues to run.

SCENE 66 OMITTED

67

INT. PUBLIC GALLERY. SIDE GALLERY - NIGHT 15

67

CATT crosses the empty gallery. The restoration project has been covered up for the night but the info film plays on.

Catt stops before the screen. Watches.

Close on the screen -- so close that the pixel pattern is visible. Singling out Katy from a wider scene, in which she's observed discussing something with one of her team in the museum workshop.

Close on Catt -- watching, with tears welling up in her eyes.

No-one's watching her. It can't be an act. We need be in no doubt that her emotion is real.

And just as we've played the moment for all it's worth...

A harsh bell rings throughout the entire gallery, breaking the mood.

TANNOY VOICE (V.O.)
The gallery will close in five
minutes. Please make your way to
the exit.

Reawakening to her surroundings, Catt composes herself and complies.

Lights are being switched off as she leaves the side gallery.

68

INT. PUBLIC GALLERY - NIGHT 15

68

CATT emerges from the side gallery, recomposing herself.

And as she's heading toward the exit...

There's PETE. At a distance. Looking kind of shell-shocked.

Catt takes a moment, then all but runs to him.

She throws her arms around him and squeezes him tight with her face buried in his shoulder, oblivious to the people heading out around them and the gallery staff passing back and forth.

Pete's not yet committed. But he has to respond somehow. Tentatively, he puts his arms around her and returns the embrace.

69 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 15**

69

The door bursts open and PETE and CATT come in as if landed here by an incoming wave. She's dragging him by the hand.

CATT

Don't say a thing until I show you.

She's taking him toward the room where Katy's bags are.

70 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 15**

70

PETE follows her in. CATT's dragging out the big suitcase and laying it flat.

She flexes her fingers like a safecracker.

PETER BRISCO

I don't know the combin --

She raises an eyebrow.

He falls silent as instructed.

With three straight moves and no trial and error, she sets the numbers and...

Click. The lock flies open.

CATT

I've got something here from a long time ago. I never parted with it because it came from you. And I never wore it because frankly it was such a piece of crap.

She makes contact and comes up with...

A cheap silver locket on a chain.

CATT (CONT'D)

Remember this?

PETER BRISCO

It's the locket I bought you.

She hands it to him.

CATT

Open it.

He opens it -- no pictures. We can see that, but Catt can't. He looks at her.

CATT (CONT'D)

I took the pictures out. To prove to Jack that you and me were over. That was the day I thought I'd finally let you go.

Pete closes the locket. Holds it in his fist.

He's starting to crack up.

CATT (CONT'D)

Hey.

She quickly moves to him and puts her arms around him, holding him as he breaks down completely.

CATT (CONT'D)

What's my name?

PETER BRISCO

Katy.

CATT

Say it again.

He would if he could.

71

EXT. VANESSA WU'S WORLD - DAY 16

71

PETE with VANESSA WU again, on the move. He's wild-eyed, almost manic.

PETER BRISCO

I know how it sounds, but you're the only person I can tell. You gave me the Life Line card, and you opened my eyes. I owe you everything.

VANESSA WU

Well, that's nice.

She isn't meeting his eyes and she's kind of cool.

PETER BRISCO

I thought you'd be happy for me.

VANESSA WU

I'm going to be late for a lecture.

PETER BRISCO
You still go to lectures?

VANESSA WU
I give them.

Pete manages to stop her.

PETER BRISCO
Whoa. Sorry. Wait. What have I
done wrong?

VANESSA WU
(relenting)
Nothing. I am happy for you. But
look at me. I get a voice on a
line. And look what you get. If
you wish for something and then
you see it being given to someone
else -- don't you think that's
hard?

PETER BRISCO
I'm sorry. What can I say?

VANESSA WU
Nothing. Keep on being happy.

She goes.

72

INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT 16

72

Close on PETE, lying face-down with his chin on his folded
arms. CATT with her arm thrown across his shoulders and her
head close to his.

PETER BRISCO
I was supposed to be thanking
her. And I just went raving on
about us. I never even thought.

CATT
You've got nothing to feel bad
about.

PETER BRISCO
I know.

CATT
You got your lover back. It's not
your fault she didn't.

PETER BRISCO
Maybe there's love and there's
love.

CATT
I've never actually heard you say
you love me.

PETER BRISCO
I love you.

CATT
Yay!

He rolls over to face her.

PETER BRISCO
Do you know how hard that is for
a bloke?

CATT
(giggling)
Do I.

They gaze into each others' eyes and grow serious again.

CATT (CONT'D)
What now?

PETER BRISCO
I want my brother to know about
us.

CATT
How much do you think you can
tell him?

PETER BRISCO
Not everything, obviously. He'd
have me put away. But they've got
to accept you. I need it, and you
deserve it.

CATT
They'll think I'm after your
money.

PETER BRISCO
Let's not burn that bridge 'til
we come to it.

73

INT. TONY AND RUTH'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT 17

73

TONY opens the door to find --

PETE, in a big overcoat, with a bottle in his hand.

PETER BRISCO
I was given to understand that
here dwells a woman with a wok.

TONY

And she's not afraid to use it.
(lowers his voice) Be prepared
for a bit of language. It's like
the Indiana Jones Stunt Show in
there.

PETER BRISCO

This is Catt.

He turns, revealing...

CATT, scrubbed-up for company.

Tony takes a moment. Then...

TONY

Come in, Catt. Welcome.

Pete lets her precede him and then follows her in...

And we stay on Tony, whose narrowed eyes are on Catt and
who senses disaster.

74

INT. TONY AND RUTH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 17

74

A glimpse through the kitchen doorway as RUTH gamely
battles with the wok, two-handedly tossing noodles as
flames shoot toward the ceiling.

RUTH

Get Tony to sort you out with a
drink! I'll be with you in a
minute!

She flinches as another fireball erupts and rises.

75

INT. TONY AND RUTH'S HOUSE - NIGHT 17

75

The dining table set for a no-kids, best-tablecloth, candle-
in-a-bottle evening. CARL and NANCY are in the doorway,
giggling. TONY's on his feet, moving to usher them away.

TONY

Go on.

They run off, still giggling. He closes the door and
returns to the table where RUTH, PETE and CATT are eating.

PETER BRISCO

Fantastic, Ruth.

RUTH

I had the takeaway number handy
in case it all went wrong.

Tony reaches for the bottle to top up glasses.

TONY

I hope this isn't all a big step down for you. If he's had you up the Ritz and the Ivy every night.

PETER BRISCO

That's illegal in a Christian country.

CATT

Don't worry, Tony. I have simple tastes.

76

INT. TONY AND RUTH'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 17

76

Later. RUTH's setting up a tray of best china, and TONY is reaching down a percolator from the top shelf.

RUTH

Pete's not stupid.

TONY

Most of the time no. But look at her. She's half his age.

RUTH

He's got this idea that she might be Katy.

TONY

What?

RUTH

That's what he told me. But that was when he said he'd dumped her.

77

INT. TONY AND RUTH'S HOUSE - NIGHT 17

77

The coffee's been poured. TONY's handing it across the table to RUTH, PETE and CATT.

TONY

So where are you living, Catt?

CATT

I just moved in with Pete.

TONY

When did that get decided?

PETER BRISCO

Couple of days ago.

RUTH

(gamely breaking the
silence)

Whirlwind romance..!

But Catt's been watching Tony.

CATT
I don't think Tony approves of me. Do you, Tony?

TONY
I never said any such thing.

CATT
I'd rather you were honest.

Tony hesitates. Then decides to go for it.

TONY
Okay. Look at it from my point of view. My brother's a single guy with money. You meet on a chat line and you're moving in a couple of weeks later.

He makes an open-handed gesture to say, "And the only conclusion is..."

CATT
How am I going to convince you that's not the case?

TONY
I don't know. Try me.

CATT
I can't win, can I?

PETER BRISCO
(cutting in)
Tony. You insist on thinking I was doing fine before. I wasn't. Since Katy came along my life's actually had some meaning for the first time in years.

TONY
So who is she? Catt or Katy?

Pete looks blank. He's unaware of what he just said.

CATT
He can call me what he likes, Tony.

TONY
What's your real name, though? Where've you come from?

Catt sits back from the table and raises her hands.

CATT

I'm sorry, Pete. I've tried my best.

PETER BRISCO

Oh, no. Come on. I'm sure we can work this out.

CATT

I'm not the one who's forcing you to choose.

She walks out.

PETER BRISCO

(rising to follow,
looking at Tony)

Oh, thanks. Thanks very much.

TONY

(rising too, hands
raised in protest)

I didn't start it. I'm sorry, kid. I'm just calling it the way I see it.

PETER BRISCO

It's killing me to say this. But if she's not welcome here, then neither am I.

He walks out of the room. Tony and Ruth look at each other and then head after.

78

INT. TONY AND RUTH'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT 17

78

The hallway's empty and the door stands open. Catt's nowhere in sight. PETE's grabbing his coat as RUTH and TONY appear.

RUTH

You're always welcome. We're just concerned about you!

PETER BRISCO

(rounding on her)
Concerned about the kids' inheritance, more like.

RUTH

What?

PETER BRISCO

Your kids in my will. You're scared they're never going to see the money.

TONY
Don't talk to Ruth like that!

PETER BRISCO
Now you know how I feel.

TONY
You're insane.

Pete's on his way out, but turns back.

PETER BRISCO
So what are you going to do? Get me put away? Like you did with dad?

TONY
At least I can count on you being around for it this time.

Pete walks out into the night.

79 **EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT 17**

79

CATT stands. Knowing Pete's coming. Watching and waiting.

Pulling his coat on, PETE joins her.

PETER BRISCO
I'm sorry.

CATT
Not your fault.

He puts his arm around her shoulders and they walk.

SCENE 80 OMITTED

81 **EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT 17**

81

A short time later. PETE and CATT walking, holding hands tightly. They pass a waste bin overflowing with dumped free newspapers.

PETER BRISCO
I don't know what I can say to bring them around.

CATT
Anything but the truth.

PETER BRISCO
Yeah, right. The truth. Here comes Peter with his Corpse Bride.

Wrong thing to say.

She pulls her hand out of his -- he tries to hang on but she yanks her fingers out of his grip like a cork from a bottle.

PETER BRISCO (CONT'D)
Katy. No. I'm sorry.

CATT
(stalking ahead)
Say anything you like to me. But never that. Peter?

She realises he's fallen behind. She looks back and --

He's picked up one of the discarded newspapers and is studying the front page with concern.

He holds it up for Catt (and us) to see.

We see the picture of Vanessa Wu taken from her online profile. She's not the main headline but she's got at least a third of the front page. Her headline reads:

SUICIDE PLUNGE OF TRAGIC VANESSA

As Catt rejoins him, Pete turns the paper around again and reads aloud.

PETER BRISCO
"Friends say that the vivacious twenty-six year-old scientist had become quiet and withdrawn after narrowly surviving a bomb attack that killed twelve people including her partner, Thomas Tyler, twenty-four."

CATT
Does it say what happened?

PETER BRISCO
(scanning the rest)
It says she jumped off a roof.

82

EXT. VANESSA WU'S FLAT - NIGHT 17

82

PETE and CATT make their way up the stairs. Pete leading, full of purpose. Catt's a step behind him, glancing around warily. She's a reluctant partner in this.

They reach Vanessa Wu's door. It's been forced and repaired and there's an official-looking notice taped to it.

Pete steps in and tries the door.

CATT
Maybe we shouldn't.

But Pete turns and takes a wary look around and, as soon as he's certain that no one is watching, abruptly throws his body weight against the door. Not a big shoulder charge, just enough to pop it open.

83 **INT. VANESSA WU'S FLAT - NIGHT 17**

83

Nothing's changed in here. PETE goes straight to the desk with the phone and notebook lash-up.

PETER BRISCO
It's Life Line.

He turns up the volume on the PC speakers and we fade up with...

PHONE VOICE #4 (V.O.)
The car was parked under the
blossom, the blossom was pink,
I'll always remember...

CATT
What are you doing?

PETER BRISCO
She might be on there.

It ends suddenly because CATT pulls the wires out of the phone rig, to Pete's surprise and dismay.

PETER BRISCO (CONT'D)
What did you do that for?

CATT
You want to know if she did it
because of us. Are you going to
feel better if the answer's yes?
Let it go.

84 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE. POOL - NIGHT 17**

84

Later. CATT swims, just under the surface. She moves like an eel through the water, sensuous and sleek. PETE sits on the side, feet in the pool... like this was Catt's idea and it's the last thing he feels like right now.

She surfaces right by him. Hair streaming water, elbows on the side.

CATT
I know the whole point of coming
back to London was to be close to
them. But what about me?

PETER BRISCO
I'm not saying you're wrong.

CATT

You're not saying anything. I don't blame them, Peter. But what's our life going to be like if we stay?

PETER BRISCO

Where do you want to go?

CATT

Anywhere you don't have to explain me to anybody. Where it's just you and me.

PETER BRISCO

I've got friends in Paris.

CATT

Then I don't want Paris.

He looks gloomy and helpless. So she relents a bit.

CATT (CONT'D)

Okay. Paris for starters. But give the friends a miss, eh? This time around.

He nods, but she can see he isn't happy.

CATT (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

PETER BRISCO

It's like... you can have your dearest wish. But only if you're prepared to give up everything else.

CATT

Peter.

He looks at her.

CATT (CONT'D)

I did.

She's looking at him openly, and Pete is prompted to remember how enormous this is and realise what an arse he's being.

He slides into the water and puts his arms around her.

And there they stand, two still and tiny figures in a big, empty pool, the light dancing all around them.

85 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE - NIGHT 17**

85

PETE's overcoat is hanging on a hook. Wet-haired and in his robe, he comes to it and reaches inside. He glances back. Catt can be heard turning on the shower.

From a deep pocket on the inside of the overcoat he brings out...

Vanessa Wu's notebook computer, recognisable by its worn stickers.

86 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE - DAY 18**

86

Next morning. PETE's alone, fully dressed, in the main room, feet up in a corner of the sofa -- with an iPod like Vanessa Wu's and some earbuds in. He's found something.

And as we slowly push in on him we can hear...

VANESSA WU (V.O.)

My dream happens on a cliff. I was born near the sea. And in my dream I'm back there.

87 **FLASHBACK - EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

87

We see VANESSA WU, with her ever-present iPod earbuds, walking toward the edge of the roof with the lights of the city spread out beyond.

VANESSA WU (V.O.)

I'm standing on the cliff and I'm looking out, and I can see these distant lights across the water. I keep thinking they're the lights of home, and all I have to do is take one step out and I'll be there. One step. All it takes is the nerve to do it.

PHONE VOICE #3 (V.O.)

You should move on. There's nothing for you here.

She's right at the edge, now. She raises her arms.

VANESSA WU (V.O.)

I know. I've been waiting for someone. I had a warning for him. He thinks he's going to be happy. But he's so wrong. He has no idea.

From the edge of the roof, Vanessa Wu executes a perfect swan dive into space.

With a look of concern, PETE operates the iPod control to back up the file and replay.

VANESSA WU (V.O.)
He thinks he's going to be happy.
But he's so wrong. He has no
idea.

Close on Pete. Troubled now.

Then he reacts to a sound. The front door. Someone's letting themselves into the house.

Quickly, he pulls out the earbuds and pockets his iPod.

CATT (O.S.)
Pete! Where are you?

PETER BRISCO
(starting to rise)
In here.

CATT (O.S.)
(closer)
Stay where you are. Close your
eyes.

PETER BRISCO
Why?

CATT (O.S.)
Do as you're told.

Pete settles back and closes his eyes, and we stay close on him... we're aware of a moving shadow as CATT passes around to stand before him.

CATT (CONT'D)
Now.

Pete opens his eyes to see...

Catt as we've never seen her before. It's like she's been blasted with the Gorgeous Gun. Hair, makeup, knockout new dress, and all looking as if it's utterly natural to her. All the stops out on a completely unforced beauty. Girl into woman.

CATT (CONT'D)
They were doing makeovers at the
mall. Is it too much?

PETER BRISCO
Good God in his heaven.

He rises. Touches her chin to turn her face toward him.
Looking into her eyes...

PETER BRISCO (CONT'D)
You look fantastic.

CATT
New life. New start. New look.

89 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY 18** 89

PETE and CATT in bed, making love; Catt's on top and making all the running.

When we go close on Pete we can see that he's not 100% into it.

FLASHBACK -- a brief and vertiginous moment of Vanessa Wu's swan dive, looking down on her from above.

Back in the room -- Catt senses his momentary disengagement.

CATT
What's the matter?

PETER BRISCO
Nothing.

90 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY 18** 90

Afterwards. PETE and CATT lie together.

CATT
I've booked Paris.

PETER BRISCO
(surprised)
When?

CATT
While I was out. Is tomorrow too soon?

Pete makes a shrug. He supposes not.

91 **SCENE 91 OMITTED** 91

92 **SCENE 92 OMITTED** 92

93 **INT. HIGH-RISE OFFICE. CORRIDOR - DAY 19** 93

PETE with ERIC ABBATE, walking toward the meeting room. Eric carries a file and is checking through its contents on the move.

ERIC ABBATE

I really wish you'd stayed in the meeting. You passed up on a good opportunity there.

PETER BRISCO

I had other things on my mind.

ERIC ABBATE

And if you want to give a third party unlimited drawing power on your account, it's going to take more than a faxed authority to set it up.

PETER BRISCO

What fax are we talking about?

ERIC ABBATE

The one you sent me yesterday.

Eric hands him a sheet from the file.

Pete slows to study it as Eric heads on into the meeting room.

94

INT/EXT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE - DAY 19

94

PETE comes through with the flight bag we saw at the beginning. He sets it down with four or five suitcases that include Katy's old ones. The house looks stripped-out and impersonal now.

The doorbell rings. He goes to answer.

He opens the door to find --

TONY. With the Doc Martens shoe box under his arm.

They stand looking at each other. Then --

TONY

Wanna fight?

Pete turns and walks back into the house, leaving Tony to come in and close the door behind him.

Pete resumes what he was doing. And as Tony joins him...

TONY (CONT'D)

You really are going.

PETER BRISCO

Tonight. Catt's buying a few things for the trip. You might not want to be here when she gets back.

TONY

How long does that give me?

PETER BRISCO

What do you want, Tony?

TONY

I just came from Coutts Brisbane House.

PETER BRISCO

Did you, now.

TONY

She hasn't been back. When the staff cleared her things out they found this under the bed. Don't look at me like that, Pete. You can't be so shag-happy that you can't see why I'm doing this.

He's opening the box.

PETER BRISCO

She's got a past. Big deal. You don't get it, Tony. That's of no interest to me.

TONY

Not even this?

From the box he holds up a photo. It's the Venture-style shot of Katy and Jack, last seen in a frame at the house.

TONY (CONT'D)

That's Jack, isn't it? The boyfriend who gave you a hard time at the funeral?

Pete just looks.

TONY (CONT'D)

She's got his letters. Katy to Jack, Jack to Katy. Postcards and Valentines. And this, in his handwriting.

A notebook. Pete looks but won't take it.

TONY (CONT'D)

It's about you. And it's not kind. This whole thing with you and her. I'm pretty sure he's put her up to it, bro.

PETER BRISCO

No.

TONY

Then how do you explain it?

PETER BRISCO

There's nothing to explain.

TONY

You're telling me he's not been using her to set you up?

PETER BRISCO

Why don't we ask him?

Pete gets his mobile.

PETER BRISCO (CONT'D)

He phoned me once. Before the accident. So his number's on here somewhere.

He's thumb-dialling his way through a menu.

PETER BRISCO (CONT'D)

Yep. This'll be him.

He presses a button to make the call, puts the phone to his ear, and looks defiantly at Tony as he waits to connect.

Then --

A mobile starts ringing in the bedroom.

Pete and Tony exchange a long, inexpressive look.

Then Pete leads the way.

95 **INT. PETER BRISCO'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY 19**

95

The ringing mobile lies plugged into a charger.

PETE and TONY move into place and stand looking down on the phone.

Pete thumbs a button on his own mobile...

And the one on the dressing-table stops in mid-ring.

96 **EXT. KATY AND JACK'S HOUSE - DAY 19**

96

PETE and TONY at the front door. Pete's ringing the bell.

They wait. Nothing.

PETER BRISCO

What do we do now? Break in?

Tony produces a bunch of keys.

TONY

These were in the box with all
the other stuff.

97

INT. KATY AND JACK'S HOUSE - DAY 19

97

PETE and TONY let themselves in. Curtains are drawn and the whole place is gloomy.

There's mail piled up on the floor.

They step over it and move cautiously forward into the rest of the house. Pete goes ahead as...

Tony pauses by a phone and answering machine on the hall table. The message light is blinking furiously.

Pete looks back sharply as we hear --

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Jack, it's Charles. Call me back.
(Beep)

SCENE 98 OMITTED

99

INT. KATY AND JACK'S HOUSE. UPSTAIRS - DAY 19

99

The master bedroom. PETE looks in. The room's empty, the bed neatly made. Everything looks pristine. He's about to go...

But something's wrong. Pete wrinkles his nose. Something smells bad.

And while all this is going on we can hear, from downstairs...

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Jack, it's Charles. Need to know
when you're coming into work.
(Beep)

Jack, it's Charles again. Can you
call Human Resources? It's been
five weeks!

(Beep)
Jack? Jack? Pick up, Jack. Jack?

He moves into the room and around the bed, looking, seeing nothing suspicious. He leans over to look under the bed...

And then, in response to what he sees there, he reaches out and hauls back the cover in a single big gesture.

In that one sweep, he uncovers a bare mattress with one massive, dark, dried-in bloodstain contaminating it. About a gallon of the stuff that's spread and soaked in.

And it stinks.

TONY (O.S.)

Pete!

Pete turns and heads back down.

SCENE 100 OMITTED

101 **EXT. KATY AND JACK'S HOUSE. BACK GARDEN - DAY 19** 101

We're in the small garden, looking toward the house. As PETE and TONY emerge from the back of the house, a flurry of dark wings flaps up through the frame.

We pull back a bit. Pete stops at the heap of stuff they were picking over and then we see...

Something of a body poking out.

Pete drops to his knees and starts uncovering the body. It takes only seconds to reveal...

Jack's upturned face and outflung arm, with dried-out lengthwise cuts on the inner arm that gape like slashes in a pillow. The birds have had his eyes.

102 **EXT. KATY AND JACK'S HOUSE - DAY 19** 102

PETE sits on the front doorstep. Trying to take it all in.

TONY puts a hand on his shoulder and grips it sympathetically.

TONY

I'll give the police a call.

Pete seems not to hear. Tony moves away.

After a moment, Pete stirs. Becomes aware.

Seeing that Tony's attention is elsewhere, Pete silently rises to his feet and begins to move away.

103 **EXT. KATY AND JACK'S HOUSE - DAY 19** 103

Close on PETE, walking away from the house, attention fixed ahead of him.

His phone rings. He takes it out. When he speaks, it's like he's manufacturing normal.

PETER BRISCO

Hi. You all done? Me too. Let me tell you where to meet.

An American-style layout, with stools along the counter as well as the usual booths and tables. A run-down eatery that was never up to much to start with. Very few customers.

On PETE -- sitting alone, looking over a coffee cup. He looks up as...

CATT comes in through the door, carrying shopping. From her expression she's not certain she's got the right place. Busy traffic roaring by outside.

But then she sees Pete, and comes over.

CATT

What made you pick this dump?

PETER BRISCO

It's got a low profile.

She sits.

CATT

I picked up a few last things.
Want to see?

She starts to bring up one of the carrier bags to show him.

PETER BRISCO

Not right now. I've got some bad news for you.

CATT

What kind of news?

PETER BRISCO

It's about Jack.

Serious now, shopping forgotten, she's giving him her full attention.

PETER BRISCO (CONT'D)

It appears he took his own life.
But then despite being dead he managed to bury himself in the garden.

She tries to look surprised, but then she can see that she's being messed with and gives in.

CATT

Pete, you're gonna hate me.

PETER BRISCO

Why?

CATT

I needed money so I went to the house. I thought Jack would be out. But he'd lay down on the bed and cut his wrists. He'd been there for days. I swear to you, I did him no harm.

PETER BRISCO

Why'd you move him?

CATT

I don't see what good this is doing. What's Jack got to do with us?

PETER BRISCO

Can you remember the morning when you told me you'd left him?

CATT

Of course I do.

PETER BRISCO

You said I had to buy you lunch in the place where we broke up. Only this time we'd walk out of there together.

She's nodding.

Pete's stopped. She doesn't know why.

She searches his face for clues.

Pete just sits there, waiting, his expression not changing.

Then...

CATT

We're sitting in it. Aren't we.

PETER BRISCO

Yes, Jack. We are.

She studies him a while longer to be sure, but the game's up.

She sits back. A different person. Harder. Cooler.

CATT

I don't suppose another screwing would convince you.

PETER BRISCO

I've got to say, that pretty much clinched it for a while.

(MORE)

PETER BRISCO (cont'd)

It never occurred to me there was one other person who could know all her moves.

CATT

Ten years of sleeping with someone will do it.

PETER BRISCO

Hats off to you, Jack. Well done. When did you dream this up?

CATT

Well, I didn't slash my wrists with any grand scheme in mind.

PETER BRISCO

So once you'd got me all to yourself. What then?

CATT

You. Driven to despair by the woman you love. Following her around like a whipped dog. Pleading with other men not to take what she's giving away. Weeping in the next room and begging her to stop. All the happiness you ever wanted, handed to you and then destroyed before your eyes. While the woman you love just laughs in your face.

Pete leans across the table.

PETER BRISCO

But instead of that, Jack. All the work you did to convince me? Well, now I believe. I know she's out there. Journeys end in lovers meeting and one day I'll see her again. Thank you, Jack. And bless you. I know you wanted to screw me over. But what you've given me is beyond price.

He rises.

PETER BRISCO (CONT'D)

While you, Jack -- listen to yourself. You're already in hell. And you're welcome to it. You miserable bastard.

Pete walks away. Catt's left sitting there, mouth hanging open.

Then as Pete goes out, Catt sets her expression and jumps to her feet, knocking back the chair.

105

EXT. DINER AND GRILL - DAY 19

105

The busy road with noisy traffic. PETE's walking away from the diner as CATT erupts out of the doorway in fury and shouts to be heard.

CATT
You don't walk away from me!
You're gonna pay!

PETER BRISCO
Do your worst.

He keeps going. But Catt gets around in front of him and blocks his way.

CATT
I will, but not to you. Watch the ones you love. Tony, Ruth... What are those kids called? Carl and Nancy?

Pete's face sets. This is unexpected.

PETER BRISCO
You stay away from them.

CATT
If you think I'm in hell, just wait 'til you see what's coming to them.

Pete takes a hard breath and looks all around. Suddenly looking trapped and helpless.

PETER BRISCO
You'd do that?

CATT
Just watch me.

And now we see the real significance of that lookaround, as in one lightning-fast move Pete shoves Catt hard in the chest. She's pushed backward into the road...

WHUMPH! At the exact moment that a fricking enormous lorry speeds through the frame, smashing her away.

We stay on Pete.

Not done lightly. But no doubt at all in his mind that it had to be done.

106

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL. ICU - DAY 19

106

CATT lies in an intensive care bed, fully intubated and connected to various drips and monitors. A nurse is putting drops into her eyes.

PETE stands looking. There's a DOCTOR beside him.

DOCTOR
Are you a relative?

PETER BRISCO
I'm paying the bills. What's the issue, here?

DOCTOR
We think it's what we call a locked-in state. Awake and aware but unable to respond.

Pete moves closer and looks down on her face.

PETER BRISCO
Can she hear me now?

DOCTOR
Assume she can. Would you like me to give you a minute?

Without waiting for Pete to answer, the doctor withdraws and occupies himself at a distance by checking another patient's records. The nurse follows a moment later, leaving Pete alone with Catt.

He crouches, so that he's level with her and can look into her face.

PETER BRISCO
A minute for you, Jack? That's probably about as much as I'm willing to spare. You, of course, have all the time there is. Enjoy.

He rises, and walks away from the bed without looking back.

And as he passes the doctor...

PETER BRISCO (CONT'D)
Keep her going. Whatever it takes.

He walks on.

PETE is walking alone through the underpass near Waterloo, heading home. His tread is light. The colour is slowly leaking back into his world.

And in his head, the voice of Katy... low, slinky, sexy, and comforting.

KATY (V.O.)

*This path unravels.
Deep in hidden rooms filled with
dust
And sour night-breath the lost
city is sleeping.
Above the hurt sky is weeping,
soaked nightingales have ceased
to sing.*

We see, as we're moving along, that the words of the poem are actually glazed into the tiles of the underpass. Flowing along with him as he walks. It's Euridice, the tale of Orpheus' lost love who returned to him from the dead. Thousands of Londoners pass it every day.

KATY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Dusk has come early. I am
drowning in blue.
I dream of a green garden
where the sun feathers my face
like your once eager kiss.
Soon, soon I will climb
from this blackened earth
into the diffident light.*

And as it reaches its end, Pete ascends the steps and is lost into bright daylight while we remain below.