



Ross Barnett

Film Services

Feature Film

Arthur McCann and All His Women

Screenplay by Ross Barnett

based on the novel by Leslie Thomas

DURATION:

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The film is set in a variety of locations in 1940 - 1962, with numerous flashbacks.

Waves wash onto a pristine sandy beach. Credits are written in the sand and wash away as each wave breaks.

CREDITS ROLL

FADE TO BLACK FADE IN

1. PHOTO MONTAGE (STILLS)

We see a soft-focus photograph of a girl standing on Tower Bridge, London - long shot of the bridge zooms in to close-up of the girl's face, looking into the camera. Sequence dissolves to short, soft-focus images of girls in New York, New Guinea, Barry Dock, Liverpool, Hartleypool, Sydney, Lydney, Paris, Harris, Bora Bora, Pago Pago, Hong Kong, Kings Lynn, Florence, Adelaide, Fanny Bay, Natal, Bilbao, Bilboa, Brest, the Hindu Kush and the Rann of Kutch.

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

Although I've never kept proper records, I know that during the past twenty years I've had women in London, New York, New Guinea, Barry Dock, Liverpool, Hartleypool, Sydney, Lydney, Paris, Harris, Bora Bora, Pago Pago, Hong Kong, Kings Lynn, Florence, Adelaide, Fanny Bay, Natal, Bilbao, Bilboa, Brest, the Hindu Kush and the Rann of Kutch.

Similar montage where possible showing place names of five different

Newports, three Kingstons and two Birminghams and numerous Saints, Sans or Santes

Five different Newports . . . three Kingstons . . .
two Birminghams and numerous Saints, Sans
or Santes . . .

Similar montage showing towns named Port something

There've been dozens of girls in towns called Port
Something.

DISSOLVE TO

2. EXT. - BIRDSVILLE, AUSTRALIA

*Red dust and wide open spaces of the Australian outback as camera pans
to THE BIRDSVILLE HOTEL .*

CUT TO

3. INT. - THE BAR, BIRDSVILLE HOTEL

*A girl pulls beer taps behind the bar where two 'old-timers' sit in bush hats.
She turns to the camera and smiles.*

Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

There was a barmaid called Narelle in Birdsville,
Australia now there's a place you don't
often get to . . . I've searched this world, tried
everything, and found nothing.

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

4. EXT. - THE DECK OF A SHIP, LONDON DOCKS – 1980

Panorama of the River Thames on a bleak winter's evening. Arthur leans over the railing of a somewhat rusty merchant ship. He smokes a pipe, reminiscing as the camera pans to him and zooms in.

Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

All I wanted was a true, endearing all-embracing love, but it was not to be . . . women have been my failing and my failure . . . I came close, mind.

DISSOLVE TO

5. EXT. - NEW YORK CITY STREETSCAPE - 1945

Mrs Nissenbaum, a large but attractive and well-dressed woman in mid 30s, leads a pekinese dog along a Manhattan footpath (see SCENE 85).

Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

So close . . . take Mrs Nissenbaum, for example . . . were it not for the age difference, we might have found happiness . . . and I truly regret what happened to the dog . . .

DISSOLVE TO

6. INT. - ENGLISH SUBURBAN HOUSE - 1950

Belinda, a skinny beatnik girl wearing a gypsy dress and beads, is seen holding a glass and dancing slowly to jazz at a crowded party (see SCENE 134).

Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

. . . and lovely Belinda was a strange one . . .
I spent my wedding night with Belinda . .

DISSOLVE TO

7. EXT. - ENGLISH SEASCAPE , CLIFFS - 1950

Pamela, *a pretty plump girl in wedding dress, laughs on a rainy and windswept cliff-top (see SCENE 122)*

Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

. . . although I was actually married to Pamela . . .
sweet Pamela, who swore she would wait for me
when I went to sea . . . and waited about ten minutes.

DISSOLVE TO

8. INT. - COCKATOO PARADISE BAR, SOUTH AMERICA - 1950

Monique, *a very young and very pretty Creole girl, weaves seductively between tables balancing a tray of drinks (see SCENE 113).*

Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

My other wife, Monique, was very lovely, but it
would never have worked in the long run.

DISSOLVE TO

9. EXT. - STREETScape, NEW YORK - 1962

Angie, *very stylishly dressed, climbs out of a taxi and walks seductively towards the camera (see SCENE 152).*

Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

And I really thought I had found happiness with Angie, my dear Angie, who I loved deeply. . . now she was a surprising girl, and what a disappointment.

DISSOLVE TO

10. EXT. - THE DECK OF A SHIP, LONDON DOCKS – 1970

We revert to SCENE 4. Arthur gazes at London buses crossing the bridge as commuters make their way home from work.

Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

And here I am again, about to set off around the world whilst sensible people leading sensible lives makes their way home from sensible jobs to sensible suburban homes . . . sensible people have never heard of Birdsville or Port de Loupe . . . but sensible people have never experienced anything like Brodie's Brothel in Phillips Elbow

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

11. INT. - SMALL AIRCRAFT, COCKPIT - 1965

Inside a Cessna 'plane, Arthur and the pilot are rugged up against the cold in huge fur coats and hats. The engine noise is loud. Outside, through the windows, a vast expanse of snow can be seen as the plane flies over remote Canadian forest.

Pilot

(Shouting to be heard above the noise of the engine)

There it is . . . Phillips Elbow.

CUT TO

12. EXT. - PANORAMA - VIEW FROM SMALL AIRCRAFT

Looking through the window of the plane we see a small township set in the vast snow covered landscape. In the background, forest and in the foreground a river. On the river a ship is moored against a quay. A large crowd of people stand on the quay.

Pilot

(Shouting to be heard above the noise of the engine)

There's your ship.

CUT TO

13. INT. - SMALL AIRCRAFT, COCKPIT

Younger Arthur *stands in the cramped space and bends to look out of the side window, then doubles over in pain.*

Arthur

(in pain)

Aaaaagh!

Pilot

Yep looks a tad shabby.

Arthur

No . . . I had that pain again . . . like a knife in the guts.

Pilot

Really? That's not good. Seems like you need a doctor.

CUT TO

14. EXT. - PANORAMA - VIEW FROM SMALL AIRCRAFT

Closer now, the crowd of people standing on the quay can be clearly seen.

Arthur

(Shouting to be heard)

Why are all those people standing by the ship?

Pilot

They're not standing by the ship . . . they're waiting for the steamer, the paddle steamer. It's bringing the new girls.

Arthur

The new girls?

Pilot

Yes, the new girls for Brodie's Brothel . . . soon as the river ices over, the town's cut off for four months. They bring in a new batch of girls for Brodie's, just before the river ices over.

CUT TO

15. EXT. - AIRFIELD (COVERED IN SNOW)

A husky dog lies on a blanket, chained to the side of a small shed. A wind sock hangs limp and red flags set in the snow define the landing strip.

Sammy, a young man rugged up against the weather, looks up to the sky. *The sound of the 'plane is heard - the dog barks excitedly and wags his tail. Sammy takes two orange signal discs from the shed and runs onto the landing strip.*

CUT TO

16. EXT. - PANORAMA - VIEW FROM SMALL AIRCRAFT

*Looking out of the window we see the airstrip and **Sammy** signalling with the orange discs.*

Pilot

(Shouting to be heard)

Now that's devotion to duty . . . young Sammy must be the only man in town not down on that quay.

CUT TO

17. EXT. - AIRFIELD (COVERED IN SNOW)

*The plane lands on skis. As soon as the skis touch the snow, **Sammy** throws down the batons and starts running towards the township. The husky barks excitedly as the plane draws to a halt beside the discarded batons, not far from the shed.*

Pilot

(climbing down from the 'plane)

You'll be right with your bags, will you?
okay . . . I'll be off then.

*The **pilot** walks towards the township, quickening his pace and then breaking into a run.*

Arthur

(to himself, pulling a large sailor's kitbag from the 'plane)

Good grief!

*He walks towards the shed where the husky, silent now, wags his tail enthusiastically. Suddenly **Arthur** drops the kitbag and bends forward in pain, clutching his stomach.*

Arthur

Aaaaaagh!

CUT TO

18. INT. - AIRFIELD - HUT

A telephone starts ringing in the hut, a loud, amplified ring. Arthur straightens and makes his way inside, where he picks up the receiver.

Arthur

Hello?

Old-timer

(heard on the telephone)

Sammy?

Arthur

There's nobody here.

CUT TO

19. INT. - SHACK IN THE WILDERNESS

The old-timer has a ragged beard and long hair under a bizarre hat. Animal furs hang everywhere. The old man is on crutches.

Old-timer

Where's Sammy?

Arthur

(heard on the 'phone)

They've all gone off to meet the steamer, they're down by the river.

Old-timer

(a manic look in his eyes)

What's they like? . . . *(pause, louder)* You still there? . . . What's they like?

Arthur

(heard on the 'phone)

What's who like?

Old-timer

The wimmin, fer Chrissakes . . . the wimmin, the new wimmin!

Arthur

(heard on the 'phone)

I have absolutely no idea.

Old-timer

Yer don't know? Yer one o' them hom-o-sexuals or summin'?

CUT TO

20. INT. - AIRFIELD - HUT

Arthur speaks on the 'phone, clutching the ride side of his stomach.

Arthur

Look, if you're that bothered you better get down to the river yourself. I'm going now.

He hangs up the 'phone, picks up his bag and starts walking.

CUT TO

21. INT. - SHACK IN THE WILDERNESS

Old-timer

Now you come back here, damn it! . . . Yer there?

He hangs up the telephone with a small cry, half moan. Grabbing his crutches, he hobbles out of the door (which he leaves open) and starts struggling through the virgin snow on his crutches towards trees.

CUT TO

22. EXT. - AIRFIELD (COVERED IN SNOW)

Arthur walks through the snow with his kitbag on his shoulder, following the track left by the pilot.

CUT TO

23. EXT. - STREETScape, PHILLIPS ELBOW TOWNSHIP

Arthur enters the main street, which is deserted except for some **wives** standing in their respective doorways. They look at him with hostility.

Arthur

Good morning.

Wife

And what's good about it?

Young wife

If you see Neddy Shanks, Mister, can you tell 'im his wife is waiting for 'im? The bastard'll be at the front of the queue.

CUT TO**24. EXT. - STREETScape, PHILLIPS ELBOW TOWNSHIP**

Further down the street the noise of excited conversation can be heard from the quay. A steamship whistle is heard blowing a long blast. Arthur stops for a rest, putting his kitbag down. He surveys the deserted street then hears a cheer. He resumes walking and comes to . . .

CUT TO**25. EXT. - THE QUAY, PHILLIPS ELBOW TOWNSHIP**

*. . . the quay, where a large crowd of rustic, **back-country men** are gathered. A broad expanse of river is seen in the background as a river-steamer slowly berths against the quay and a gangplank is run out. The **back-country men** are cheering and shouting excitedly.*

Man

(shouting to someone on the steamer)

Harry! Are they there, Harry?

CUT TO**26. EXT. - DECK OF THE STEAMER**

Brodie stands at the rail on the deck of the steamer, smartly dressed in fur coat and hat.

Brodie

The young ladies are here, Ben Thomas. They're just powdering their noses down below.

A rebel yell goes up from the crowd.

CUT TO

27. EXT. - THE QUAY, PHILLIPS ELBOW TOWNSHIP

*At the back of the crowd, away from the river, a commotion occurs as **Mrs Brodie** forces a passage through the **back-country men** brandishing an umbrella. **Mrs Brodie** is followed by a line of eight **women** of diverse ages and appearance. The **women** all look haggard, tired and worn out.*

Mrs Brodie

Give way there, you rude beasts . . . out of the way!

Back-country man One

Bye bye, Sadie . . . good riddance!

Back-country man Two

I love you, Mary Jane!

Back-country man Three

Yep . . . everybody's loved Mary Jane!

Mrs Brodie

(waving a small notebook)

Blacklist! . . . Blacklist!

Laughter. A very large woman pushes one of the men who careers backwards. As the women reach the gangplank and start ascending, the very large woman stops halfway up and turns.

Very large woman
(raising a finger)

You've all got it!

The back-country men cheer and applaud. The women disappear up the gangplank and the first of the new girls appears on the deck of the steamer.

CUT TO

28. EXT. - DECK OF THE STEAMER

Brodie stands at the rail on the deck of the steamer, smartly dressed in fur coat and hat. There is a stark contrast between the fresh new girls (who look over the crowd with trepidation) and the exhausted women who pass.

Brodie

Come along, girls . . . stay together now.

The first new girl, dressed like an eskimo in furs, is pushed towards the gangplank by Brodie. There are appreciative calls and whistles from the back-country men on the quay.

Brodie

Off you go now . . Mrs Brodie will take care
of you . . . go, go!

The motley group of twelve new girls descend from the steamer.

CUT TO

29. EXT. - THE QUAY, PHILLIPS ELBOW TOWNSHIP

Mrs Brodie *clears a path through the milling crowd.*

Mrs Brodie
(brandishing her umbrella)

Blacklist! . . . Blacklist! . . . get back,
you animals.

*At the threat of "blacklist", the **back-country men** are clearly intimidated, giving way as the small group of girls make their way through the crowd.*

Back-country man One
(struggling to get a view of the girls)

Can ye see 'em, John? . . . What are they like?

Back-country man Two

They are lovely, Wally! Fuckin' lovely!

CUT TO

30. INT. - BRODIE'S BROTHEL

*Safe inside the locked doors, **Mrs Brodie** addresses the **new girls** whilst outside can be heard the murmur of the crowd. The girls stand in line, a bizarre collection of women of varying age, shape and size.*

Mrs Brodie

. . . and try not to be intimidated by the men If
you have any problems whatsoever, come to myself
or Mr Brodie at once. Mr Brodie and I hope you
enjoy your stay at Phillips Elbow. Very well, Mr
Brodie, you may open the doors, thankyou.

CUT TO

31. INT. - THE BAR - BRODIE'S BROTHEL

*Full of **back-country men**, the room is blue with cigarette smoke. Loud talk and laughter make conversation difficult as **Arthur** leans against the bar talking to a man in naval uniform, the **chief engineer** from his new ship. They drink.*

Chief Engineer

(with a broad Scottish accent)

. . . the sad thing was, he really LOVED bears . . .
I mean, the Captain loved bears with a PASSION,
see? . . . mind you, if he hadn't had too much to
drink he wouldn't have been so silly . . .

Arthur

And the bears killed him?

Chief Engineer

We found his boots. His feet were still in them.

Arthur

Oh God!

Mrs Brodie approaches them at the bar, she holds the hand a lovely Chinese girl, **Maggie**.

Mrs Brodie

(shaking hands)

'Ow very nice to see you, Mr MacAndrews . . .
This must be the gentlemen wot's come to replace
poor Captain Harrington . . . Mirabelle Brodie.

Arthur

Arthur McCann.

*In the background, **Brodie** can be heard negotiating prices with the **back-country men** who respond with raucous comments.*

Mrs Brodie

There's always a great excitement when the new girls arrive . . .

Chief Engineer

I was just saying . . . he LOVED those bears.

Mrs Brodie

This here young lady is feeling rather shy, Mister . . .

Arthur

McCann.

Mrs Brodie

. . . Mister McCann and I wondered if you might buy her a drink?

Arthur

I'd be delighted . . is she from China?

Mrs Brodie

No, she's from Korea . . what you might call a "Korea Girl" . . . ha ha ha !!!

Mrs Brodie emits a high-pitched laugh and propels **Maggie** towards **Arthur**.

Mrs Brodie

I shall leave you to get acquainted.

Arthur

(turning to **Maggie**)

What can I get you?

Maggie

One hundled dorrar . . .

Arthur

I beg your pardon?

Maggie

One hundled dorrar . . . we fuck . . . I make you happy.

Arthur

Good grief!

Arthur takes out his wallet and sees he only has seventy dollars.

Arthur

I only have seventy dollars . . .

Maggie

Mister Blodie, he say nothing less than one hundled dorrar

Arthur

Wait!

Arthur turns to the **chief engineer** who is now slumped over the bar clutching a whisky bottle.

Arthur

Can you lend me thirty bucks?

Chief Engineer

(taking a bundle of notes from his pocket)

He loved those bears . . . here, help yourself.

Arthur

Thanks . . . *(to Maggie)* let's go.

Maggie

(smiling happily and taking his arm)

Goodie!

CUT TO

32. INT. - BEDROOM- BRODIE'S BROTHEL

We see a C/U of a small paraffin cooking stove surmounted by a saucepan of water. The camera zooms out to reveal huge double bed in a room decorated with American Indian motifs and brown bear trophies. Maggie fusses about the room wearing only a silk dressing gown which falls open frequently. She hums an advertising jingle.

Maggie

Alka Seltzer, happy Alka Seltzer . . .

Arthur

(emerging from behind a screen wearing nothing but a towel)

Right !

Maggie

You crean now? You wash propery?

Arthur

Yes . . very crean . . .

Maggie

(kneeling in front of Arthur, very business-like)

Let me see.

Arthur

(rear view, totally nude)

So what brings a lovely girl like you to a God-forsaken place like this?

Maggie

(inspecting Arthur's bits)

Mistake. I was in San Francisco. I thought Phillips Elbow was a ski resort . . rich people.

Arthur

Yep . . . that was mistake.

Maggie

(testing the temperature of the water in the saucepan)

No more little talk now . . . you din' pay hundred bucks to talk . . . put your man bits in saucepan.

Arthur

What!

Maggie

(slipping off the dressing gown, fully nude)

Saucepan . . . water nice and warm . . . make it
V E R Y nice for you . . . me help you . . .

Arthur

Good grief! You can't be serious!

Maggie

(disappointed)

I am velly serious! . . . you truss me, V E R Y
nice for you.

Arthur

Jesus . . . alright.

Arthur stands astride the saucepan and gingerly lowers himself, **Maggie**
holding his hand and nodding encouragement.

Maggie

Water not hot . . . just light . . .

Arthur

(laughing out loud)

You won't tell anyone!

Maggie

No laughing! . . . velly good to cook a little!

Arthur

(still laughing, squatting over the saucepan)

How will I know when they're done?

Maggie

Oooooooooohh . . . you know, you know when they are ready . . . mmmmmmmmmmm

Maggie moves seductively in front of **Arthur** and kisses him fully on the mouth. Then she stands and guides her breast into his mouth.

Arthur

Mmmmmm . . . oh yes . . . I see what you mean . . . oh yes . . . mmmmmmm . . . wonderful . . . *(long pause)* . . . aaaaaaagghh!

Suddenly **Arthur** doubles up in pain, sending the saucepan flying. He lies on the floor in agony as **Maggie**, still naked, runs to the door.

Maggie

Misser Blodie! . . . Misser Blodie!

CUT TO

33. EXT. - AIRFIELD (COVERED IN SNOW)

*The Cessna aeroplane runs on its skis across the snow before rising into the air and flying away into the distance. Two elderly **back-country men** watch the plane take off.*

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

If you're going to suffer an attack of acute appendicitis, probably best NOT to do it when your balls are cooking in a saucepan warm water.

Back-country man One

Did ye hear about old Smiley Turk?

Back-country man Two

Yep.

Back-country man One

They say they found his crutches.

Back-country man Two

Yep.

Back-country man One

They bears et 'im, that's for sure.

Back-country man Two

Yep . . . *(pause)* . . . nuttin' but trouble, they wimmin.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

34. EXT. - STREETScape, NEWPORT (WALES) - 1939

The street is drab and dull, rows of dark terrace houses in poor condition, obviously a low income area. Children play hopscotch in the grey and depressing environment.

Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

I tell the story of Maggie and her culinary expertise merely to contrast the drudgery of everyday life which most people experience . . . my childhood was spent in a depressed area of South Wales . . .

CUT TO

35. EXT. - PANORAMA - THE DOCKS, NEWPORT (WALES)

The camera pans across the docks and shows the coal mining district in the background.

Arthur as Narrator (V/O)

. . . Newport is a shipping terminal, exporting coal to all corners of the world . . .

CUT TO

36. EXT. - STREETSCAPE, NEWPORT (WALES)

*Arthur's **Father**, an extremely handsome man in his thirties, is seen walking jauntily up the street, whistling, hands in pockets. He sees an attractive woman pushing a pram and pirouettes to watch her pass.*

Arthur as Narrator (V/O)

. . . my father, lying bastard that he was, worked as a deckhand on the pilot boat but told everyone he was the actual pilot . . .

CUT TO

37. INT. - KITCHEN - McCANN HOUSE, NEWPORT (WALES)

*Arthur's **Father** enters the kitchen where Arthur's **Mother** is busy cooking. He embraces her enthusiastically.*

Arthur as Narrator (V/O)

. . . I never did like my father, not least because of the way he treated my mother . . .

CUT TO

38. INT. - LOUNGE - McCANN HOUSE, NEWPORT (WALES)

The room is cheaply decorated with Christmas trinkets and a gaudy tree.

*Young Arthur (14 yo) is seen handing out presents to a large group of relatives including **Father, Mother, Floss (aunt), Daisy (aunt), Clementine (aunt), Ramona (aunt), Peggy (aunt), Nardine (aunt)** and three **husbands**. All the aunts are attractive women in their thirties.*

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/O)

. . . every Christmas the family would gather and there would be an unspoken guessing game as to which of my mother's six sisters was the one my father hadn't taken to bed . . .

Father

*(as **Teen Arthur** hands a present to **Floss**)*

We was going to buy you a pair of knickers, Floss, but we know you never wear any!

Floss

*(giggling as her **husband** scowls)*

Go on, Phil!

CUT TO

39. INT. - SMALL CHURCH

*Young Arthur is standing beside his **Father** who is singing lustily*

Father

. . . Oh hear us when we pray to Thee
For those in peril on the sea . . .

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

. . . it was common knowledge within the family that six of the seven sisters had succumbed to my father's charms . . .

*The camera pans across the **Mother, Floss, Daisy, Clementine, Ramona, Peggy and Nardine**, all of whom are singing the hymn. Phil McCann's (**father**) voice dominates.*

CUT TO

40. INT. - FRONT DOOR - McCANN HOUSE

*Night time. Arthur's **Mother** stands anxiously at the door, wringing her hands and looking up the street.*

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

. . . and through all his infidelities my mother stood by him, poor deluded woman that she was . . .

Mother

*(talking to **Young Arthur**)*

E's got a perilous job, your Father 'as, Arthur . . . perilous . . . 'e could be lying dead at the bottom of the sea even as we speak . . . 'oo's that swinging round the lamppost, is it Mr Griffiths or Mr Jenkins?

Young Arthur

(coming to the door and looking out)

That's Mr Griffiths.

CUT TO

41. EXT. - STREETSCAPE, NEWPORT (WALES)

Night time. In the light of the lamp Griffiths is seen swinging drunkenly around the lamp. A large woman, Mrs Griffiths, approaches.

Mother (off camera)

Oo look, 'ere comes Mrs Griffiths now . . .

Mrs Griffiths is seen violently assaulting her husband, who collapses and sits propped up by the lamp as Mrs Griffiths stomps off.

CUT TO

42. INT. - STRANGE BEDROOM

The room is softly lit by a bedside lamp. Arthur's Father (nude) is seen standing, energetically making love to a woman kneeling across the bed.

Mother (off camera)

She don't realise 'ow lucky she is, having her man safe home whilst my Phil is out at sea, risking 'is life

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

. . . as I said, I never did like my father . . . after he tricked me about his correspondence with Winston Churchill, I hated him more than ever.

CUT TO

43. INT. - FRONT DOOR - McCANN HOUSE

Arthur's Mother crouches down, her hands on Young Arthur's waist.

Mother

Promise me you'll never go to sea, Arthur . . .
promise me you'll stay safe on dry land . . .

FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN

44. EXT. - PANORAMA - THE DOCKS, NEWPORT (WALES) 1939

Night time. War has been declared - the docks are shrouded in darkness as searchlights pierce the sky and an air-raid siren is heard in the background.

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

. . . Adolf Hitler chose to invade Poland just two months before my fourteenth birthday . . . to do my bit in the fight against fascism I joined the Boy Scouts . . .

CUT TO

45. INT. - LOUNGE - McCANN HOUSE, NEWPORT (WALES)

Young Arthur is seen standing at attention in the centre of the room as his **mother** fusses about his new scout uniform, which is very smart, freshly ironed, etcetera.

DISSOLVE TO

46. EXT. -STREETSCAPE, NEWPORT (WALES)

Young Arthur and another **boy scout** are pushing a wooden handcart along the street, knocking on doors. The handcart is half full of scrap metal.

Young Arthur

*(speaking to a **woman** who answers the door)*

Any scrap metal, missus? . . . build a bomber
to bomb Berlin?

Woman

(with cigarette in mouth)

Fuck off!

CUT TO

47. EXT. - SMALL PARK, NEWPORT (WALES)

Young Arthur and the boy scout stand gazing up into the sky. The camera pans to show a silver barrage balloon high in the sky at the end of a long steel cable.

CUT TO

48. EXT. -SMALL PARK, NEWPORT (WALES)

*A sign indicates RAF - 235 BARRAGE BALLOON SQUADRON. Some huts and sandbags stand beside a heavy duty winch - a **sergeant** in RAF uniform addresses two **aircraftmen**.*

RAF Sergeant

(cigarette in mouth)

Right lads . . . bring 'er down.

*The **aircraftmen** start engine which splutters into life. They engage a gear and the winch begins to turn, dragging in the steel cable.*

CUT TO

49. EXT. - SMALL PARK, NEWPORT (WALES)

Young Arthur and the boy scout are still gazing up into the sky, open mouthed.

Rose (off camera)

'Allo boys!

*Arthur lowers his gaze and from his POV the face of Aircraftwoman **Rose Kirby** comes into focus. Rose is chubby and very pretty, speaking with a Yorkshire accent.*

Rose

'Allo boys! . . . big, innit?

Arthur

What?

Rose

The balloon . . . big.

Arthur

(looking at Rose's chest)

Yes.

Rose

(laughing)

You live around here?

Arthur

Yes Miss . . . just 'round the corner, that street over there.

Rose

(looking at the handcart)

I see you're doin' your bit, then.

Arthur

We're building a bomber to bomb Berlin.

Rose

(smiling)

That's nice . . . wot's your name then?

Arthur

My name's Arthur, Arthur McCann, Miss.

Rose

(turning to walk away)

Well then, Arthur McCann, I suppose we'll be seeing a lot of each other . . . tara then . . .

Boy Scout

You shouldn't 'ave told 'er your name! That's strictly on a 'need to know' basis.

Arthur

(disdainfully)

Fuck off!

DISSOLVE TO

50. EXT. - FOOTBALL FIELD, NEWPORT

*A labyrinth of sandbags and huts covers the field, surrounding two 5.9 inch anti-aircraft guns standing idle. A group of **soldiers**, some stripped to the waist, play football using one of the goals of the football field. **Arthur** and the **boy scout** push their handcart along the pavement beside the field until they come to a fish & chip shop.*

CUT TO

51. INT. - FISH & CHIP SHOP, NEWPORT

*Young **Arthur** and the **boy scout** stand at the counter.*

Arthur
(holding out a penny)

Penny-worth of chips please, Mr Llewellyn.

CUT TO

52. EXT. - FOOTBALL FIELD, NEWPORT

***Arthur** and the **boy scout** sit on a bench watching the **soldiers** playing football, eating chips from a huge newspaper parcel. A voice comes from behind them.*

Soldier (off camera)

Gi's a chip, you little shits.

*A huge hand dips into the paper parcel, grabbing handful of chips, and the camera pans to a scruffily dressed **soldier**.*

Soldier
(laughing and walking off)

Ta!

Arthur
(shouting)

Arsehole!

*The **Soldier** stops in mid-stride and turns as the boys grab the handcart and run.*

FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN

53. EXT. - SMALL PARK, NEWPORT (WALES)

*Dusk. The huge silver barrage balloon lies half-inflated as the **RAF sergeant** and two **aircraftmen** fuss about it. **Arthur**, wearing his boy scout uniform, stands watching, leaning against the park railings. **Rose** wearing **RAF** uniform comes out from one of the huts and walks towards the men. Seeing **Arthur** she waves and **Arthur** waves back.*

CUT TO

54. EXT. -SMALL PARK, NEWPORT (WALES)

*Dusk. **Rose** walks across the park to **Arthur**, who comes to attention at her approach.*

Rose

'Allo Arthur. Are you busy?

Arthur

No Miss.

Rose

Rose. Would you like to nip down the fish and chip shop for us?

Arthur

Yes Miss.

Rose

Rose. Thanks, darlin' . . . cod 'n chips times five please, Arthur, 'ere's 'alf a crown.

Arthur *takes the money and sets off at a run.*

Rose

(shouting after Arthur)

Take your time!

CUT TO

55. EXT. - FISH & CHIP SHOP, NEWPORT

Dusk. Arthur leaves the shop with a large newspaper parcel of fish and chips held against his chest. He turns and starts to walk along the pavement beside the football field.

CUT TO

56. EXT. - FOOTBALL FIELD, NEWPORT

Dusk. Arthur walks beside the football field clutching the parcel when he is challenged by the bullying soldier.

Soldier (off camera)

(from the darkness)

Halt! Who goes there?

Arthur *freezes in mid-stride, saying nothing. The soldier emerges from the shadows, a rifle and bayonet slung over his shoulder.*

Soldier

Well, well, well, look 'oo it is . . . wot's the password, then?

Arthur

Password?

Soldier

(taking an interest in the parcel)

Password . . . wocha got there?

Arthur

Fish and chips . . .

Soldier

(unslinging his rifle and putting it down)

Could be a bomb.

Arthur

It's fish and chips . . for the barrage balloon people.

Soldier

(making a grab for the parcel)

Ha! For those airforce pansies? . . We'll 'ave some of them, then!

Arthur

(hugging the parcel as a brief struggle ensues)

NO!

CUT TO

57. EXT. -SMALL PARK, NEWPORT (WALES)

Dusk. Arthur arrives in the park looking a mess, his scout uniform torn and covered in grease as he clutches the remains of the fish and chip parcel against his chest. The barrage balloon, now fully inflated, stands tethered behind him as he walks tentatively towards Rose.

Rose

Bloody hell! What happened to you?

Arthur

I got robbed . . . the soldiers . . . with the guns.

Rose

Aawww . . you poor darling!

RAF Sergeant

(walking up and surveying the scene)

Where's my dinner?

Rose

Arthur got robbed . . . those bloody gunners!

RAF Sergeant

Well that's no good . . I want me bloody dinner!

Rose

(taking the shabby parcel)

Fuck off, George . . . *(tenderly to Arthur)* . . don't worry, love . . . you leave everything to me.

Arthur

(looking down at his torn and dirty uniform)

My mum's gunna kill me.

Rose

Come on! . . . let's get you cleaned up.

CUT TO

58. INT. - WOODEN HUT, GIRLS' SLEEPING QUARTERS

Rose and Arthur enter the hut which is lit by a number of electric globes hanging from the ceiling. Blackout curtains cover the windows and two **aircraftwomen** are in various stages of undress, one painting her nails.

Rose

Knickers on girls, there's a man in the house . . .
put the kettle on, Daisy, I need some hot water.

CUT TO

59. INT. - WOODEN HUT, ROSE'S BEDROOM

Rose and Arthur enter a very small segregated area which is **Rose's** bedroom.

Rose

(finding a small sewing kit)

Right, let's have that shirt, then.

Arthur takes of his scout scarf, then his shirt - he wears a singlet. **Rose** starts sewing the tears as **Daisy** enters with the kettle.

Daisy

'Ere you are, Rosie . . .

Rose

Thanks, love.

DISSOLVE TO

60. INT. - WOODEN HUT, ROSE'S BEDROOM

Later. Rose has finished sewing and sponges the grease marks from the shirt. Arthur stands in his singlet.

Rose

(finding a small sewing kit)

There you go, good as new.

Arthur

Thankyou, Miss.

Rose

Rose. Let's have your shorts.

Arthur

My shorts?

Rose

Yes, your shorts. I'll get the grease off.

Arthur undoes his scout belt and steps out of his shorts, left standing in singlet and pants as Rose sponges the shorts with warm water. There is a large "tent" in his underpants.

Rose

(looking at Arthur's pants and smiling)

My my

CUT TO

61. INT. - WOODEN HUT, ROSE'S BEDROOM

Rose's large breasts move up and down as she sits aside Arthur lying beneath her on the bed. Both are nude with articles of clothing thrown haphazardly around the room.

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

My association with Aircraftwoman Rose Kirby is, I imagine, documented in the archives of the Ministry of Defence. For me it bring back happy memories of Britain's lonely struggle against the Fascist threat . . .

DISSOLVE TO

62. INT. - RADIO ROOM, SMALL PARK

Night. Inside a small wooden hut, two radio sets, a telephone and a typewriter are on a table with a chair beside it. A narrow bed lies against the other wall. Rose sits on the chair in uniform, her skirt pulled high. Arthur, wearing his boy scout uniform, stands between her spread knees. Her jacket and shirt are undone.

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

Often, when Rose was on night duty, I would sneak out from home on some flimsy excuse and meet her secretly . . .

Rose

(examining the badges on Arthur's shirt)

Wot's this one then?

Arthur

That's my woodcraft badge.

Rose

And this one?

Arthur

That's my Morse code badge.

Rose

Really? You could help us here if you know Morse code. We control all the barrage balloons in Newport from this hut.

Arthur

Really?

Rose

(sliding the leather woggle down Arthur's scarf)

Yes. We're very important.

Arthur

No, I mean can I really help?

Rose

You ARE helping, Arthur.

Rose unbuttons Arthur's shirt, then his belt and shorts, sliding her hand inside his pants. Then her head slides down off camera.

Arthur

(standing at attention)

A scout is clean in thought, word and deed . . .
a scout must be prepared to do his best at all
times . . . a scout must help those in need . . .
a scout must . . . must . . . oh God . . . I
think I'm going to faint.

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

63. EXT. - PANORAMA, NEWPORT DOCKS

Night. Bombing raid - the docks are silhouetted against the grey sea as searchlights pierce the sky and anti-aircraft shells and tracer bullets are seen. Bombs explode in the distance.

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/O)

Throughout the year of 1943 my romance with
Aircraftwoman Rose Kirby flourished whilst my
mother thought I was running messages for the
local Air Raid Warden . . .

CUT TO

64. INT. - KITCHEN - McCANN HOUSE

Arthur's Mother straightens the scarf of his scout uniform.

Mother

Do be careful, Arthur darling . . . it's more
than I could bear if anything should happen
to you, what with your father out all night
risking 'is life at sea.

Arthur

I'll try to stay safe, Mother.

Mother

And tell them to give you a night off, you're looking quite worn out.

Arthur

(bravely)

Hitler won't stop the bombing just so that I can have a night off, Mother.

Mother

(kissing him on the cheek)

I know, darling . . . just take care, that's all.

CUT TO

65. INT. - RADIO ROOM, SMALL PARK

*Night. A grey paraffin heater stands at the foot of the bed. The camera pans to show **Arthur** enthusiastically making love to **Rose** on the bed, both naked.*

Rose

Oh yes, Danny . . . give it to me!

Arthur

(stopping)

Danny?

Rose

Whatever . . . don't stop . . . I'm almost there!

CUT TO

66. INT. - RADIO ROOM, SMALL PARK

The foot of the bed. Rose kicks out her foot and pushes over the paraffin heater, which leaks paraffin over the floor in a large puddle. A lick of flame spreads.

Rose (off camera)

Yes! . . . yes! . . . mmmmmmm . . .
(after a pause) . . . my super hero.

Arthur (off camera)

Danny?

Rose (off camera)

Arthur . . . Arthur?

Arthur (off camera)

Who's Danny?

Rose (off camera)

Are you hot?

CUT TO

67. EXT. -SMALL PARK, NEWPORT (WALES)

Night. The small wooden hut is engulfed in flames which spread to the barrage balloon, tethered close. The balloon ignites with a loud "whoomf" as aircraftmen in pyjamas run around with fire buckets.

CUT TO

68. INT. - KITCHEN - McCANN HOUSE

Day - the kitchen table is littered with breakfast dishes, teapot etc.

Mother and Arthur (both in pyjamas and dressing gown) sit in silence as **Arthur's Father** munches happily on toast and marmalade. **Arthur** has burnt hair and ash smudges across his face.

Father

(talking with his mouth full)

Helping Hitler! That a son of mine should be helping Hitler . . . you know what they do to traitors, Arthur? . . . they put them up against against a wall and shoot them!

Arthur

(as his Mother sniffles into a handkerchief)

Well I'm not a traitor.

Father

It seems an open and shut case.

Arthur

It was an accident.

Father

(sipping tea)

I don't think Mr Churchill will see it like that. I'll speak to him, of course . . . I'll do what I can.

Arthur

(hopefully optimistic)

Will you, Dad? Will you speak to Mr Churchill?

Father

Of course, I'll do what I can . . . I fear the worst, though, Arthur . . . I think it's the firing squad for you.

Arthur

Thanks for helping, Dad . . . thanks ever so much!

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

As I've already mentioned, I hated my father with a passion, and he didn't like me very much either, which is why he came up with his plan . . .

CUT TO

69. INT. - ARTHUR'S BEDROOM - McCANN HOUSE

Night. Arthur's father turns on a bedside light and shakes Arthur to wake him. He has a letter in his hand.

Father

Arthur! Wake up!

Arthur
(sleepily)

What is it?

Father
(waving the letter)

Our great leader, Winston Churchill, has declined my request for mercy . . . they're going to shoot you.

Arthur

(suddenly sitting up in bed)

What - now?

Father

Tomorrow . . . there's no time to lose . . . I've arranged your escape.

Arthur

Escape?

Father

On a ship . . . put your clothes on.

Arthur

(jumping out of bed and dressing hurriedly)

Oh, thankyou Dad . . . you're the best . . .
you've saved my life . . . I'll never forget . . .

Father

You're my son . . . hurry up, now . . . I've made
you a sandwich.

Arthur

Shall I say 'goodbye' to Mother?

Father

Best not . . . I'll pass on the message.

CUT TO

70. INT. - FIRST MATE'S CABIN, MERCHANT SHIP

Arthur is wearing nothing but underpants and huge red boxing gloves. He is prancing about the cabin as Gander, the ship's first mate, stands also in underpants and red boxing gloves. Gander is grossly overweight.

Gander

That's it, darling . . . keep your guard up, good . . . now 'it me 'ere, right in the gut . . . (**Arthur hits him**) . . . ooofff . . . oh, yes, that's a good one . . . right, that'll do for today . . . you ARE a strong boy, aren't you? Let's 'ave a look at them muscles . . .

CUT TO

71. EXT. - DECK OF THE MERCHANT SHIP

The ship's cook in greasy white jacket leans over the railing, smoking and looking out to sea. Arthur comes and leans on the railing beside him.

Cook

'Allo, Alan. Wanna fag?

Arthur

Arthur. No thanks, Cookie.

Cook

You been in there boxing with Gander?

Arthur

Yes. Mr Gander's teaching me to box.

Cook

Like pineapples, do you?

Arthur

Pineapples?

Cook

Pineapples . . . poofers, pansies, queers . . .

Arthur

I have no idea what you're talking about,
Cookie.

Cook

(dragging on his cigarette)

Yep . . . just as I thought . . . I'll tell you about
pineapples . . .

DISSOLVE TO

72. EXT. - DECK OF THE MERCHANT SHIP

Later. The cook has turned around and leans back on the railing. Arthur is visibly shaken.

Arthur

I though it strange when he kept calling me
'darling'.

Cook

Thing about the Merchant Service, Alan, is that
you've got mines, torpedoes and pineapples. Apart
from them things, it's not a bad life.

Arthur

He said it would help with my boxing . . . Are you worried about torpedoes?

Cook

Nah . . . I think the Germans have got better things to do than sink a rust bucket like this . .

FADE TO BLACK

73. INT. - BETWEEN DECKS, THE MERCHANT SHIP

Night. A massive explosion briefly illuminates a steel passageway, then darkness returns. Small fires ignite along the passage. Arthur staggers along the passage in the darkness, the camera sees Arthur's POV as he passes the small fires making his way along the passage in the darkness. A doorway appears, illuminated by moonlight.

CUT TO

74. EXT. - DECK OF THE MERCHANT SHIP

Arthur passes through the doorway to a scene of carnage, fires raging and oily smoke covering the deck of the ship. In absolute silence (Arthur's ears have been deafened by the explosion) a man covered in blood grabs Arthur by the shoulders and shouts at him - still absolute silence. The ship suddenly lurches to one side.

CUT TO

75. EXT. - UNDERWATER, THE SEA

Still Arthur's POV, underwater we see bubbles and (on the surface) white foam lit by moonlight and the flames of the burning ship.

CUT TO

76. EXT. - SEASCAPE

Still in silence, Arthur is seen swimming through an oily sea amidst floating bodies and refuse illuminated by moonlight and the flames from the ship. A huge arm reaches down to grab Arthur and he is pulled into a lifeboat.

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

77. EXT. - SHIP'S LIFEBOAT, SEASCAPE

Daylight - blue sky and sunshine. Fading in from silence, Gander's voice is heard as the interior of the lifeboat appears. From Arthur's POV we see Gander's obese frame looking down.

Gander

Arthur? . . . you alright, then? . . . Arthur?

Arthur
(slowly waking)

Mr Gander . . . what's happening.

Gander

You're quite safe, lad . . . don't you worry . . . I'll look after you.

Arthur
(sitting up and surveying the scene)

Where's everyone else?

Gander

They're gone, lad . . . all gone . . . just you and me left . . . lucky, ain't we?

CUT TO

78. EXT. - PANORAMA, SEASCAPE

The camera zooms back from the lifeboat to show isolation on every side.

Arthur (off camera)

Where's the ship?

Gander (off camera)

She's gone too, darling . . . just you and me left,
like I said.

DISSOLVE TO

79. EXT. - SHIP'S LIFEBOAT, SEASCAPE

*Bright sunshine. In the lifeboat, **Arthur** wears nothing but an oil stained vest and underpants and **Gander** wears nothing but greasy shorts.*

Gander

(standing in the stern of the lifeboat undoing his shorts)

I fink we should wash our dirty clothes, darlin',
don't you?

Arthur

(cowering at the bow, holding a large oar)

Keep away from me, Mr Gander . . . I know all
about pineapples.

Gander

(laughing, removing his shorts)

Do you now? . . . then this will be easier than I
thought . . . I'm going to 'ave you, lad!

*The lifeboat wobbles precariously as the huge, naked and obese **Gander** makes his way towards the bow.*

Arthur
(lifting the oar)

Stay away, Mr Gander!

*As **Gander** keeps coming, **Arthur** swings the oar and hits him on the side of the head. **Gander** stands cross-eyed for some moments, swaying from side to side before toppling over the side of the boat.*

Gander

Ooooooff

Arthur
(looking over the side of the boat)

Mr Gander? Mr Gander?

CUT TO

80. EXT. - PANORAMA, SEASCAPE

***Gander's** huge bottom bobs up and down in the sea, all that can be seen of him.*

FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN

81. EXT. - SHIP'S LIFEBOAT, SEASCAPE

***Arthur** sits dejectedly in the stern of the boat when he suddenly becomes excited. Running to a storage area under a seat, he feverishly sorts through the rescue equipment until he finds a flare gun, which he loads and fires repeatedly.*

Arthur

(shouting and waving frantically)

Hey! Hey!

CUT TO

82. INT. - THE BRIDGE, ARGENTINIAN SHIP

Three ship's officers stand on the bridge, two looking through binoculars.

Ship's Officer #1

Spanish language: It's a lifeboat . . .

Ship's Officer #2

Spanish language: That is one lucky son-of-a-bitch . . .

DISSOLVE TO

83. EXT. - THE DECK, ARGENTINIAN SHIP - NEW YORK 1944

Arthur, wearing borrowed clothes too big for him, stands at the deck railing looking out as the ship enters New York harbour and passes the Statue of Liberty.

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

So at the age of sixteen I arrived in New York,
a shipwrecked mariner snatched from the sea with
nothing but the clothes I stood in, and even the
clothes were borrowed from an Argentinian sailor.

CUT TO

84. INT. - RUN DOWN OFFICE, NEW YORK - 1945

A decrepit door with a frosted window states DISTRESSED MARINERS' OFFICE, NEW YORK HARBOUR AUTHORITY. Arthur knocks and enters tentatively. An old man sits behind a desk reading a newspaper.

Old Man

Yeah? . . . Whaddaya want, sonny?

Arthur

I'm . . . er . . . I'm a distressed mariner . . .

Old Man

The hell you are!

Arthur

I am . . . my ship was torpedoed . . .

Old Man

(opening a drawer and referring to papers)

No shit? . . . You sound English . . . what was the name of your ship?

Arthur

The Queen of Atlantis . . . torpedoed.

Old Man

Here she is . . . torpedoed, you say? . . well I'll be damned! . . . you're young for a sailor.

Arthur

I'm sixteen . . . there's no-one else, I was the only survivor.

Old Man

(filling out a form)

No shit? . . . what's your name, sonny?

Arthur

Arthur . . . Arthur McCann . . .

Old Man

M . . C . . C . . A . . N

Arthur

Two Ns

Old Man

N . . N . . . well, Arthur McCann, we'll have to find you somewhere to stay . . .

CUT TO

85. INT. - CADILLAC, NEW YORK - 1945

In the back seat of a huge luxury car, Mrs Nissenbaum - a large but attractive woman - sits with a small pekinese dog on her lap. Arthur, still wearing his oversized Argentinian sailor's clothes, sits opposite her.

Mrs Nissenbaum

I do what I can to help the war effort, Arthur.

Arthur

That's very good of you, Mrs Nissenbaum.

Mrs Nissenbaum

My husband, Benny, is missing believed killed
in action . . . he was at Okinawa . . . *(sigh)* . . .
so I do what I can . . .

Arthur

My ship was torpedoed.

Mrs Nissenbaum

(leaning across and patting Arthur's knee)

I know . . . they told me . . . don't worry, you're safe
now . . .

CUT TO

86. EXT. - STREETScape, THE NISSENBAUM'S HOUSE

*The car pulls up in front of a luxury house. A **chauffeur** gets out and opens the door for **Mrs Nissenbaum** as a maid opens the front door.*

CUT TO

87. INT. - ARTHUR'S BEDROOM, THE NISSENBAUM HOUSE

*Morning sunshine filters through the lace curtains. **Arthur** (wearing oversize pyjamas) sits in a huge bed with a breakfast tray in his lap. The small pekinese dog sits on the bed in anticipation as **Arthur** eats toast.*

Mrs Nissenbaum

(knocking on the huge door and entering)

You're awake! . . . How are you feeling?

Arthur

Much better thankyou, Mrs Nissenbaum.

Mrs Nissenbaum

Now don't go giving Errol Flynn too much toast,
he's a greedy little thing . . . (*fussing with the dog*)
aren't you, my wittle precious . . . now Arthur, I want
you to think of this house as your home for as long
as you wish to stay . . .

Arthur

Thankyou, Mrs Nissenbaum.

Mrs Nissenbaum

(*sniffling into a handkerchief*)

Rebecca . . . and until Captain Benjamin Nissenbaum
returns, you will be the 'man of the house' . . . but
they tell me it's unlikely Benny will return . .

Arthur

I'm very sorry to hear that, Mrs Nissenbaum.

Mrs Nissenbaum

Rebecca . . . so until I hear otherwise, I shall think of
you as a living memorial to my dear Benny . . . you'll
do that for me, won't you, Arthur? . . you'll be my
living memorial?

Arthur

(*somewhat alarmed and confused*)

So what do I have to do?

Mrs Nissenbaum

Nothing . . . you don't have to do anything, Arthur
. . . just think of this lovely home as your home.

Arthur

I'm happy to walk around in memory of your
husband, Mrs Nissenbaum . . .

Mrs Nissenbaum

Rebecca.

Arthur

. . . but I have to go back to Wales . . . I have to go
back to my mum and dad . . .

Mrs Nissenbaum

All in good time, Arthur . . . stay and be my Benny
until you're fully recovered from your terrible ordeal.

Mrs Nissenbaum *stands up and picks up the dog, then moves towards the door.*

Come on, Errol, we'll leave the man in peace . . .
you're not Jewish, by any chance, are you?

Arthur

No. I'm Church of England.

Mrs Nissenbaum

Ah well, I suppose it's too much to expect a nice
Jewish boy to get himself shipwrecked in a lifeboat.

CUT TO

88. INT. - LUXURY RESTAURANT, NEW YORK

The restaurant is full of expensively dressed diners. Arthur, wearing a brand new suit, sits at a table with Mrs Nissenbaum.

Mrs Nissenbaum
(standing up and calling for attention)

Ladies and gentlemen . . . ladies and gentlemen, if I could have your attention for a moment . . . can I ask you to put your hands together and give a fine New York welcome to a war hero, a young man who experienced unbelievable horrors on the high seas . . .

DISSOLVE TO

89. FLASHBACK - SHIP'S LIFEBOAT, SEASCAPE

Flashback to Scene 79 - Arthur's POV, Gander's obese frame looking down.

Gander

I'm going to 'ave you, lad!

DISSOLVE TO

90. INT. - LUXURY RESTAURANT, NEW YORK

Mrs Nissenbaum

. . . a young man who is the sole survivor of a ship torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine, please put your hands together for Arthur McCann!

Diner

*(pushing a folded \$100 note into **Arthurs's** pocket as the restaurant patrons stand and applaud)*

Well done, son . . . well done.

Arthur

(as the applause dies down)

People keep giving me money!

Mrs Nissenbaum

*(leaning across the table and putting her hand on **Arthur's**)*

You save that money, Arthur . . . you've earned it!

CUT TO

91. INT. - UPPER HALLWAY, THE NISSENBAUM HOUSE

Arthur is walking past **Mrs Nissenbaum's** bedroom. The door is ajar and **Mrs N** is seen undressing. She hums happily. **Arthur** walks past and then sneaks back to peep through the open door. **Mrs N** removes bra and panties, which she throws on the bed before walking out of frame in the nude.

CUT TO

92. INT. - ARTHUR'S BEDROOM, THE NISSENBAUM HOUSE

Arthur sits at a writing desk. In a large notebook he has written ALL THE COLOURED LIGHTS OF THE WORLD - BY ARTHUR McCANN. **Mrs N**, wearing an expensive suit, knocks and enters.

Mrs Nissenbaum

Are you busy, Arthur?

Arthur

No, Mrs Nissenbaum . . . just writing a diary.

Mrs Nissenbaum

(walking closer to look over his his shoulder)

A diary? . . . how lovely . . . I have a friend coming to visit, Sadie Rosnagel . . she is just *dying* to meet you. I'll call you when she arrives.

CUT TO

93. INT. - UPPER HALLWAY, THE NISSENBAUM HOUSE

Arthur tiptoes along the hallway to Mrs N's bedroom. He pushes the door and sneaks in.

CUT TO

94. INT. - BEDROOM, THE NISSENBAUM HOUSE

Arthur picks up Mrs N's panties from the bed, caressing them and smelling them. Suddenly the maid appears silently at the door.

Maid

Misser McCann?

Arthur

(hastily pushing the panties down the front of his trousers)

Right . . . yes . . . I was just . . .

Maid

Miz Nis'baum say won't you come down join her in the drawing room.

Arthur

(as the maid waits at the door, watching suspiciously)

Right . . . okay.

CUT TO

95. INT. - DRAWING ROOM, THE NISSENBAUM HOUSE

Mrs Nissenbaum and Sadie Rosnagel sit on luxury settees as **Arthur** enters, escorted by the **maid**. *Errol Flynn, the dog, looks up.*

Mrs Nissenbaum

Ah, here he is! Come say 'hello' to Mrs Rosnagel, Arthur.

As Arthur enters the room, the panties slip down his right trouser leg.

Arthur

(walking awkwardly and gripping his right knee)

Hello, Mrs Rosnagel.

Sadie

What's wrong with his leg?

Mrs Nissenbaum

It's the lifeboat . . . like I told you . . . he was in the lifeboat for - how many days was it, Arthur?

Arthur

Six.

Mrs Nissenbaum

Six days! . . . of course there's something wrong with his leg . . . it's a wonder he can walk at all . . . come on over, Arthur, come and sit beside me.

Arthur *walks across the room and the panties (inside his trouser leg) slip down further to his ankle. He bends quickly and completes the journey holding his right ankle.*

Sadie

You see? . . . he's got something wrong with his leg.

Arthur

(sitting down on the settee)

I get twinges . . . the pain comes and goes.

Mrs Nissenbaum

Like I said, already . . . it's the lifeboat . . .

*Errol Flynn, the **dog**, suddenly perks up and starts sniffing the trouser leg where the panties are hidden. **Arthur** awkwardly tries to kick the **dog** away, but Errol Flynn persists and succeeds in extricating the panties, running around the room with the panties in his mouth.*

Sadie

(after an awkward silence)

The dog's got a pair of your panties in his mouth, Rebecca.

Mrs Nissenbaum

Naughty boy!

CUT TO

96. INT. - ARTHUR'S BEDROOM, THE NISSENBAUM HOUSE

Night. Arthur sits up in bed wearing over-sized pyjamas, reading by the light of a bedside lamp. Mrs Nissenbaum knocks on the door and enters. She wears a flimsy nightdress. Errol Flynn, the dog, trots in after her.

Mrs Nissenbaum

It sure is hot!

Arthur

It's very hot, Mrs Nissenbaum.

Mrs Nissenbaum

Rebecca. I can't sleep . . . I was thinking, maybe we could keep each other company for a while?

(she lifts the sheet and sees a large 'tent' in Arthur's pyjamas)

Oh my!

DISSOLVE TO

97. INT. - BEDROOM, THE NISSENBAUM HOUSE

Night. Mrs N and Arthur are heard making love in the background as Errol Flynn, the dog, sits beside the bed listening, head to one side.

Mrs Nissenbaum

Mmmmmm . . . oh yeah, just like that . . . don't stop now . . . oooooohh . . . do it, big boy, do it . . . yes yes yes!!! . . . aaaaaggh !!!

A condom flies through the air and lands beside the dog, who sniffs it - and after some investigation - eats it.

CUT TO

98. INT. - BEDROOM, THE NISSENBAUM HOUSE

*Errol Flynn, the **dog**, lies motionless on his back, four legs in the air.*

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

Although I was not entirely responsible for the sad and untimely death of Errol Flynn, the event signified the end of my relationship with Rebecca Nissenbaum. Put on the first available ship, I returned to Wales where my arrival coincided with the end of the war. When I returned to Wales I was treated as some kind of hero . . .

CUT TO

99. INT. - LOUNGE - McCANN HOUSE, NEWPORT - 1945

*The room is decorated with flags. Three **newspaper reporters** and two **photographers** are in the lounge room photographing **Arthur** and his **father** (wearing *Pilot Service uniform*) and **mother**. An old man, the **grandfather**, tries to be included in the photos, without success.*

Reporter #1

Can you put your arm round Arthur, Mr McCann?
That's way . . .

Grandfather

I was at sea too, you know . . . terrible, it was . . .

Photographer

Just Arthur by 'imself now, Mrs McCann . . .

Grandfather

Waves as high as houses . . .

Father

(quietly to the grandfather)

Fuck off, grandad . . .

Reporter #1

Arthur, will you be at the War Heroes Ball next week?

Arthur

I don't know . . .

Father

(moving to Arthur's side and putting his arm around him)

Of course he'll be there . . . Mandles Dance Hall.

Grandfather

Mandles? That's the roller skating rink . . .

Reporter #1

(leaving)

We'll catch up with you again then . . .

CUT TO

100. INT. - KITCHEN - McCANN HOUSE.

Grandfather *leans on the kitchen table, a cup of tea in his hands.*

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

I loved my grandfather. It was rumoured, in the family, that he was one of the few people who knew which of my six aunts had not been furgled by my father . . .

Grandfather

. . . there's an island in the Southern Ocean, boy, about eight south, fourteen west . . . Ascension Island, they call it . . . comes out of the sea like one o' they ice-cream cones turned downside up . . . and on the leeward side there's tall, straight trees, straight as fingers on a man's hand . .

(he holds up his fingers)

. . . someone planted them trees, Arthur, especially for sailing ships what came in wrecked, demasted in a storm . . . cut down a tree, and we had a mast to get us home . . .

CUT TO

101. EXT. - MANDLES DANCE HALL

A huge banner announces WAR HEROES BALL. A crowd mingles in front of the hall, many people in uniform, the newspaper reporters and photographers prominent.

CUT TO

102. INT. - MANDLES DANCE HALL

The huge hall is decorated with flags and bunting. A small brass band occupies the stage at one end, sitting behind a lectern. A rope barrier separates the centre of the hall from spectators who line the walls three deep. The Mayor walks to the lectern on the stage.

Mayor

(holding up a hand)

Ladies and gentlemen . . . ladies and gentlemen
. . . your attention please . . . please put your
hands together and raise a fine Newport welcome
. . . I give you . . .

(he turns to the band and nods)

our war heroes!

*The band strike up "The White Cliffs of Dover" and from the opposite end of the hall a miscellaneous assortment of individuals march into the centre of the room in ranks of four. Leading the parade is a small **boy scout** wearing a gas mask, followed by a variety of **soldiers, sailors and airmen** including the **RAF Sergeant** from the barrage balloon unit (SCENE 48) who looks maliciously at **Arthur** marching behind him. A smartly dressed **sergeant** from the Parachute Regiment stands at one side as the group march raggedly into the hall.*

Sergeant

Parade parade halt!

*The band ceases playing as a **sailor** from the parade continues to march on his own until tapped on the shoulder by a spectator.*

Sailor

(shouting)

What? . . . oh, right.

Sergeant

(after waiting for the sailor to rejoin the ranks)

Parade . . . stand-at . . . ease!

Mayor

Give them a warm welcome, ladies and gentlemen.

*The visor on the gas mask worn by the **boy scout** has fogged up. As the audience applauds, **Arthur's** eye is caught by **Pamela**, a young girl in the audience who is laughing hysterically. The applause dies down and a commotion (with much shouting) is heard from the entrance where **Arthur's grandfather** is trying to get into the hall.*

Grandfather (off camera)
(heard shouting in the distance)

I've done more for this country than this bloody lot . . .

CUT TO

103. INT. - MANDLES DANCE HALL

*Later the same day. The **brass band** has been replaced by a **small dance band** and couples dance and chat. **Arthur** approaches **Pamela**.*

Arthur

Hello!

Pamela

Hello!

Arthur

Would you like to dance?

Pamela

Not really.

Arthur

(after an embarrassed pause)

Right . . . God, it's good to be home . . . after all the suffering.

Pamela

It was so bloody funny, that kid in the gas mask and that sailor who kept on marching . . . and there was some old bloke about ninety trying to get in wearing roller skates!

Arthur

Roller skates?

Pamela

He kept sliding about and they were trying to throw him out, I nearly pissed myself . . . what's it all about, anyway?

Arthur

What's what about?

Pamela

All this . . . the flags and stuff.

Arthur

It's for war heroes . . . to welcome them - us - home.

Pamela

You a war hero, then?

Arthur

I did my bit, yes . . . I was torpedoed.

Pamela

Oooooo . . . and that little kid in the gas mask,
what did he do . . . (*laughing*) . . . I'm sorry, I
shouldn't laugh . . . I'm bored now, let's go outside.

CUT TO

104. EXT. - CLIFF TOP PARK - 1945

Sunset. Arthur and Pamela sit on a romantic bench overlooking the sea.

Arthur

It used to be a roller skating rink.

Pamela

What did?

Arthur

Mandles Hall . . . that's why he was wearing roller
skates, the old man.

Pamela

Do you know him?

Arthur

No . . . just saying that's why he wore roller skates.

Pamela

Fuck, it was funny!

Arthur

Is wasn't all that funny, there was serious side to it . . . a lot of us made sacrifices, but it was worth it . . . we fought for freedom.

Pamela

(as Arthur puts his arm around her shoulder and draws her close)

My grandad looks through my keyhole and watches me undressing.

Arthur

What!

Pamela

My grandad looks through my keyhole and watches me undressing . . . I was just thinking, the funny things old people do . . . silly old devil . . . still, I suppose he doesn't have much to enjoy in life.

Arthur

And you let him watch you? Undressing?

Pamela

Sure, why not . . . mind you, I'm terrible sometimes! I get right down to my knickers, and then just before I take them off I hang my dressing gown over the keyhole! It must drive him bonkers!

Arthur

But you don't always do that?

Pamela

Not always, no . . . sometimes I let him have
a perve . . .

Arthur *starts caressing her breast - she removes his hand firmly.*

. . . don't spoil it, Alan.

Arthur

Arthur.

Pamela

Whatever . . . I'm glad the war's over . . . did you
have to go?

Arthur

That's why I was there! At the War Heroes' thing . . .
I was torpedoed.

Pamela

That's right, you told me . . . you're quite nice, Alan
. . . you can kiss me if you like.

CUT TO

105. INT. - KITCHEN - McCANN HOUSE.

Night. Arthur's mother sobs into a handkerchief at the kitchen table.

Father

Your grandfather's dead, Arthur . . . he died at the police station . . .

Arthur

Grandad's dead?

Father

Heart attack . . . at the police station . . . trust him to bugger up the end of war celebrations . . . totally bugged them up! . . . Anyway, where've you been?

Arthur

I met a girl.

Father

(brightening up)

Did you now? What's 'er name then?

Arthur

Pamela.

Father

That's a lovely name, Pamela. You just make sure you treat 'er with respect, Arthur . . . treat 'er with respect.

CUT TO

106. EXT. - FOOTBALL FIELD, NEWPORT

Evening. Arthur and Pamela sit on a bench beside the football field, eating fish and chips from a huge newspaper (see SCENE 52).

Pamela

You keep spoiling things, Alan . . . you're sex mad.

Arthur

Arthur. I'm not sex mad, I just have a healthy interest in the opposite sex . . . like your grandfather . . . 'cept that he seems to be seeing a lot more of you than I am.

Pamela

Yes, well . . . age has its privileges.

Arthur

Thing is, Pamela, there's not much point in us going out together.

Pamela

What do you mean?

Arthur

I mean we may as well finish it . . . you can't get my name right, and I'm not allowed to put a finger in you . . .

Pamela

. . . on me . . . you're not allowed to put a finger *on* me.

Arthur

No . . . *in* you . . . it just seems a waste of time.

Pamela

(after a pause)

All right then . . . I'll let you have a look . . .
no *touching* mind . . . just a look.

Arthur

(brightening)

Really?

Pamela

Promise you won't touch . . .

Arthur

Alright, no touching . . .

Pamela

Where shall we go?

Arthur

What do you mean?

Pamela

Where shall we go? . . . I'm not flashing my tits
in a public park!

Arthur

Back to my place . . . there's a shed in the garden . . .

DISSOLVE TO

107. INT. - WOODEN GARDEN SHED

Night. Arthur and Pamela are heard in almost complete darkness, small chinks of light coming through cracks in the walls.

Pamela

You're sure no-one will come in?

Arthur

No-one will come in here after dark . . .

Pamela

(heard undoing buttons and zips)

Alright then . . . there . . .

Arthur

I can't see a thing . . .

Pamela

Well that's not my fault . . . I've got them out.

Arthur

Can I touch them?

Pamela

No! . . . you put a finger on me, Arthur, and I'll scream this shed down, I swear I will . . .

Arthur

But I can't see a thing!

Pamela

Have you got a torch?

Arthur

(knocking over small items on a shelf)

Wait a minute! . . . there used to be some candles
somewhere . . . here we are!

Arthur *lights a candle and Pamela is seen naked to the waist in the romantic candle- light. She stands shyly.*

God almighty . . . you are *beautiful*, Pamela . . .
you are so lovely.

Pamela

(flattered)

You can come closer if you like - no touching
mind . . .

Arthur *moves close, holding the candle high.*

Arthur

Can I kiss you?

Pamela

Yes!

Arthur *stands up, still with the candle held high, and moves to kiss Pamela on the mouth. Hot candle wax spills onto Pamela's breast. She screams loudly.*

Pamela

Aaaaaaaagghhh . . . get it off me! . . . Help!

The door flies open and the scene is illuminated by a powerful torch as Arthur's father is heard. After a pause Pamela struggles to dress.

Father (heard off camera)

You dirty little bugger can't keep your hands to yourself, can you?

Arthur

I didn't touch her . . . it was an accident!

Father

What is it about you and women, Arthur? . . .
Are you alright, Pamela?

Pamela

(brushing past them)

No! That really hurt . . . I'm going home now.

Father

You're a disgrace to the family, Arthur . . . a total disgrace . . .

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

108. EXT. - CARGO SHIP, OPEN SEA - 1947

Arthur stands at the deck rail, looking out over the ocean at an island. A sailor, John, walks past.

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

After the debacle with Pamela there seemed nothing to keep me in Wales. Soldiers had returned from the war and unemployment was rife. The sea seemed an easy option, so I signed on for a six month tour sailing the South Americas.

Arthur

What's that island, John?

John

That be Ascension Island, son . . . 'nout there but rock and a few seals.

Arthur

Ascension Island? There's trees planted there . . .

John

That's true, lad! . . . masts for shipwrecked sailing ships, as they do say . . .

Arthur

(holding up the spread fingers of his hand)

. . . straight trees, straight as fingers on a man's hand . .

CUT TO

109. EXT. - PANORAMA, THE PORT OF PORT DE LOUPE

The cargo ship is berthed against a wharf. The small South American township of Port de Loupe is seen in the background.

CUT TO

110. INT. - POST OFFICE, PORT DO LOUPE

Arthur approaches the counter in the small, dusty Post Office where an elderly Creole post-mistress stands.

Arthur

Bonjour, Madam.

Post-Mistress

Bonjour, Monsieur.

Arthur

J'ai besoin un . . . telegram . . . thing

Post-Mistress

Pardon?

Arthur

Pour écrire un . . . telegram.

Post-Mistress

(handing over a telegraph form)

Voilà!

Arthur takes the telegraph form to small desk, where he starts to write.

CUT TO

111. INT. - C/U TELEGRAPH FORM

The camera follows Arthur's hand as he writes:

Arthur

REALIZE . . . HOW . . . MUCH . . . I . . . LOVE
. . . YOU . . . STOP . . . PLEASE . . . MARRY . . .
ME . . . LOVE . . . ARTHUR

He looks at what he has written, then strikes out "realize how much" and "please" before handing the form to the post-mistress.

CUT TO

112. EXT. - DECK OF THE CARGO SHIP

Sailors are busy loading cargo. Arthur speaks to John whilst they work.

Arthur

I've asked my girlfriend to marry me. I sent
a telegram.

John

Did you now? Well, that requires a celebration.
We'll go out on the town tonight.

CUT TO

113. INT. - THE COCKATOO PARADISE BAR - 1947

Evening. In a seedy bar Arthur sits at a table with John and two other sailors from the ship. A wind-up gramophone plays American jazz. A sensuous young Creole girl, Monique, moves between tables with a drinks' tray.

John

(lifting his glass)

To your good health, Arthur lad, and a long and
happy marriage to . . . to . . . to . . .

Arthur

Pamela.

Sailors

(draining their glasses)

To Pamela!

John

(beckoning the waitress Monique)

Four more glasses of rum, si vous plait, mademoiselle . . . better still, you can bring the bottle . . . la bouteille.

A customer winds the gramophone and put on a tango record, at which almost all the customers get up to dance.

Monique *(speaking French)*

(placing the bottle on the table and swinging her hips)

Would this little sailor like to dance with me?

John

She wants to dance with you, lad!

Arthur

With me?

John

Take the chance whilst you can.

Monique seizes Arthur's hand and pulls him onto the dance floor, where they dance a very sensuous tango. Arthur returns to the table.

John

Not too shabby . . . not too shabby at all, Arthur.
Where did ye learn to dance like that?

Arthur

(draining his glass of rum)

In New York . . .

Monique *(speaking French)*

Why does the little sailor have such a sad face?

John

He wants to get married.

Monique *(speaking French)*

He wants to get married?

Arthur

What's she saying?

John

I told her you want to get married.

Monique *(speaking French)*

You want to get married?

Arthur

Yes . . . I do want to get married.

*The music starts again and **Monique** pulls **Arthur's** to his feet, throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him passionately.*

Monique (*speaking French*)

Yes, I will marry you . . . let's dance again!

***Arthur** and **Monique** dance an even more sensuous tango as all other dancers spectate and applaud.*

CUT TO

114. INT. - MONIQUE'S BEDROOM

*Night- moonlight. **Arthur** and **Monique** make love enthusiastically on a rough bed in the untidy bedroom.*

DISSOLVE TO

115. INT. - MONIQUE'S BEDROOM

*Day (morning). Sunlight streams through the curtains as **Arthur** wakes to find **Monique's** head on his chest. Careful not to wake her, **Arthur** gets out of bed and walks, nude, to the bedroom door, which he opens to find **Monique's** father, mother, grandmother, (large) brother and younger sister all seated at the table having breakfast. He stands frozen in the doorway, nude, as the entire family bursts into applause.*

CUT TO

116. INT. - KITCHEN - MONIQUE'S HOUSE

***Monique's** father jumps up from the table smiling and grasps **Arthur's** hand.*

Father

Bienvenu, jeune homme . . . bienvenu!

Mother

(smiling from the table)

Bonjour!

Grandmother

(coming from the table and grasping Arthur's hand)

Je suis la grandmere!

Arthur

La grande mer?

Grandmother

Oui! La grandmere!

CUT TO

117. INT. - MONIQUE'S BEDROOM

Arthur retreats into the bedroom and shuts the door firmly. He leans against the door with a look of horror on his face.

Arthur

Shit!

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

118. EXT. - DECK OF THE CARGO SHIP

Sailors are busy loading cargo. **Arthur** speaks to **John**.

Arthur

John . . . how long before we sail?

John

This is the last of the sugar. All being well we'll sail on the evening tide. You look flustered lad?

Arthur

Did I get married last night?

John

Married? Good God, no . . . not as I know of, anyways . . . you went off with that girl . . .

Arthur

Monique . . . I think I got married!

CUT TO

119. EXT. - THE QUAY, PORT DE LOUPE

*Evening. The ship is casting off. The elderly **post-mistress** bicycles frantically along the quay, waving a telegram. Separately, **Monique's** entire family is waving goodbye as **Arthur** waves from the ships railing.*

CUT TO

120. EXT. - DECK OF THE CARGO SHIP

***Arthur** speaks to **John**, waving and looking down at the quay.*

Arthur

(suddenly noticing the post-mistress)

The telegram . . . she's got the telegram.

John

Well it's too late now.

Arthur

Fuck! I'll never know the answer!

John

It's got to be "yes" . . . she wouldn't 'ave replied at all if she didn't say "yes".

Arthur

You think so?

CUT TO

121. EXT. - THE QUAY, PORT DE LOUPE

The telegram slips from post-mistress's hand and is carried away by the wind.

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

122. EXT. - CHURCH NEAR NEWPORT (WALES) - 1949

*St Chrisp's Church stands at the top of a cliff, buffeted by wind and rain. A limousine pulls up at the church gate, some distance from the building, and **Pamela** gets out wearing a bridal gown. Her **father** holds an umbrella which suddenly is turned inside out by the wind.*

CUT TO

123. INT. - CHURCH NEAR NEWPORT

*Inside the church an **organist** plays lustily on the piano as the wind and rain buffet the building - For Those in Peril on the Sea. **Arthur** and his best man **John** (from the ship) sit waiting, **Arthur** wearing a very smart **Merchant Navy Officer Cadet** uniform. One one side of the church sit **Arthur's relatives** including the **six aunts** and their respective **husbands**. On the other side of the aisle sit **Pamela's relatives**. There is hostility between the two camps. The church door opens noisily and **Pamela** enters, soaked. The **organist** starts the Bridal March. The **vicar** stands at the altar.*

Vicar

We are gathered here today in the sight of God
to join together this man and this woman . .

DISSOLVE TO

. . . I, Pamela Louise Stephens . . .

Pamela

. . . I, Pamela Louise Stephens . . .

Vicar

. . take thee, Arthur . .

Pamela

. . take thee, Alan . .

Vicar

Arthur.

Pamela

Arthur.

*There is a loud snort as **Arthur's father** can't contain his laughter. He gets the giggles and makes his way out of the church.*

Vicar

(after a pause)

. . . to be my lawful wedded husband . . .

Pamela

. . . to be my lawful wedded husband . . .

Vicar

. . . to have and to hold . . .

CUT TO

124. EXT. - CHURCH NEAR NEWPORT

*At the church door **Pamela, Arthur** and a small crowd of **relatives** stand sheltering from the heavy rain and wind. **Pamela, Arthur** and **Pamela's father** make a run for the car at the church gate and **Pamela's father** slips and falls in the mud.*

Pamela's father

(dramatically)

Leave me! Save yourselves!

*The remaining **relatives** run past him heading for the cars at the gate.*

CUT TO

125. EXT. - RAILWAY HOTEL, SWINDON

Night. A taxi pulls up at the door of the run-down RAILWAY HOTEL. Pamela and Arthur get out and Arthur takes two large suitcases from the boot before paying the driver and walking towards the hotel door.

Arthur

Is this it?

Pamela

My dad arranged a special rate, don't you go complaining.

CUT TO

126. INT. - HOTEL CORRIDOR, RAILWAY HOTEL

Mrs Donnelly, the landlady, leads the way along a dingy corridor.

Mrs Donnelly

I'm sorry Uncle Bert and I couldn't come to the wedding, Pamela . . . the demands of small business, you know . . . here we are . . .

CUT TO

127. INT. - HOTEL BEDROOM

The room is depressing with floral curtains covering a window which overlooks the railway lines, double bed and cheap art print on the wall - Rape of the Sabine Women.

Mrs Donnelly

This is our Bridal Suite . . . it's got a wash basin.

Pamela

Thankyou so much, Auntie Maureen.

Mrs Donnelly
(after a pause)

Right, well . . . I'll leave you to it

Mrs Donnelly *closes the door and Arthur looks moodily out over the train lines.*

Pamela

What shall we do?

Arthur

We could go to bed.

Pamela

It's only nine o'clock.

Arthur
(taking her hands and pulling her to him)

It's our honeymoon.

Pamela
(pulling away)

I don't want to do it yet . . . let's go out somewhere.

Arthur

Go out?

Pamela

Yes . . . somewhere nice, somewhere that might make up for the shitty day.

Arthur

It was a shitty day, wasn't it.

Pamela

Your dad laughing like that . . . it was so rude.

Arthur

And your dad lying in the mud . . . "Leave me! Save yourselves!"

Pamela

Yes, well . . . at least he didn't do that on purpose.

Arthur

I thought there was going to be a fight at the reception.

Pamela

Let's go somewhere nice . . . like a cocktail bar.

Arthur

You think there will be somewhere nice in Swindon?

Pamela

Funny . . . Course there will be.

CUT TO

128. INT. - FOYER - LUXURY HOTEL

Arthur and Pamela enter the foyer and look around them. Arthur looks smart in suite and tie, but Pamela looks positively lovely in evening wear.

Arthur

Now this is more like it. Can't we grab our stuff and move in here?

Pamela

(as they approach the concierge desk)

No we can't . . . ask him if they have a cocktail bar.

CUT TO

129. INT. - COCKTAIL BAR

A solo violinist plays as a waiter guides Arthur and Pamela to a romantic table. There are a number of other patrons sitting at tables.

Pamela

What would you like, Arthur?

Arthur

Rum please. Jamaican rum, straight up.

Pamela

One Jamaican rum, please, and I'll have a crème de menthe . . . it's nice here, isn't it Arthur? . . . I love the violin.

Arthur

Really? . . . I didn't think you liked classical music.

Pamela

Well, that just goes to show how little we know about each other, Arthur.

Arthur

Pam, that old bloke . . . at the wedding . . . the one in the green jumper . . .

Pamela

(laughing)

The jumper with the hole in it!

Arthur

Yes, that one . . . was he your grandfather?

Pamela

Yes, silly old bugger . . . fancy wearing a jumper to a wedding.

Arthur

Is he the one that used to look through your keyhole?

Pamela

Fancy bringing that up!

Arthur

I'm just interested, that's all.

Pamela

He was at it again last night, if you want to know.

Arthur

Last night!

Pamela

(as the waiter brings the drinks)

Thankyou . . . I put on a bit of a show for him.

Arthur

What!

Pamela

Grandad . . . I put on a bit of a show, after all, he won't be seeing me for a while.

Arthur

That's disgusting! That's bloody disgusting!

Pamela

Why? You keep nagging to look at my body . . .

Arthur

Yes, and he's seen a damn site more than I have.

Pamela

You've seen my bosoms . . .

Arthur

That's all I have seen.

Pamela

(beckoning the waiter)

Think what you've got to come . . . what a treat.
Another rum and another crème de menthe, please.
Can you make it a double crème de menthe? . . .
You'll see all my body soon, Arthur - you'll see
everything grandad's seen.

Arthur

Terrific!

Pamela

I do like the violin. It's so romantic.

DISSOLVE TO

130. INT. - COCKTAIL BAR

Later the same evening and Pamela is very drunk. She kicks off her shoes and rises unsteadily to her feet, standing on the table.

Pamela

(loudly, raising her glass)

Hey everybody . . . it's our wedding day . . . we
just got married!

Arthur

(as the customers applaud and cheer)

Oh God!

Pamela

(taking Arthur's arm to climb down)

What shall we do now?

Arthur

Perhaps we should give a demonstration fuck!

CUT TO

131. INT. - HOTEL CORRIDOR

Arthur supports **Pamela** *(very drunk)* as they make their way along the dingy corridor to their hotel room.

Pamela

(giggling)

Sssssssssshhh . . . too much noise! . . . Oops

Arthur

Oh God!

CUT TO

132. INT. - HOTEL BEDROOM

Pamela *(very drunk)* collapses onto the bed on her back.

Pamela

Sleep now nighty night!

Arthur
(shaking her)

Oh no! Please God, no! Pamela, wake up!

Arthur starts undressing the lifeless form as **Pamela** starts to snore loudly.

Arthur

Fuck fuck, fuck. fuck, fuck, fuck!

*He pulls the bedcovers back and lifts **Pamela** gently, placing the bedcovers over her as she turns onto her side and hugs a pillow.*

Arthur
(sitting on the side of the bed)

Fuck, fuck fuck, fuck, fuck!

After a pause, he goes to the washbasin and looks in the shabby mirror. Then he walks decisively to the door, turns off the light and goes out through the door.

CUT TO

133. EXT. - STREETSCAPE, SWINDON - 1949

***Arthur** walks despondently along a residential street, hands in pockets. Halfway along the street a noisy party is in progress, the front lawn a mass of cars and motorcycles. **Arthur** stands at the gate looking right and left, then casually walks up the driveway and into the house.*

CUT TO

134. INT. - SUBURBAN HOUSE, SWINDON

Arthur enters the hallway and is ignored by everyone as many couples embrace and dance. He walks to an improvised bar and helps himself to a drink. A girl wearing gypsy/hippy clothes, **Belinda**, stands behind him at the bar. **Belinda** observes the dancers through the bottom of an empty glass,

Belinda (off camera)

What time is it, then?

Arthur
(turning, surprised)

Er . . . ten past one . . . do they look different through the glass?

Belinda

Yes.

Arthur

Better? or worse?

Belinda

Dunno . . . here, you have a go . .

Arthur

Different.

Belinda

You a friend of Ken's, then?

Arthur

Ken, yes.

Belinda

Was you at the wedding?

Arthur
(alarmed)

Wedding? What wedding?

Belinda

The wedding . . . Ken and Diane . . .

Arthur

Oh, that wedding . . . no, I couldn't make it
. . . I had to go to another wedding.

Belinda

I suppose you knew Ken when he was at
university.

Arthur

Yes, I did . . . would you like to dance, then?

Belinda

(as they move into the room and dance close)

Okay . . . *(pause)* . . . just think of them now,
making love . . . are you married?

Arthur

Sort of . . . yes and no . . .

Belinda

Not getting on?

Arthur

You could say that . . . I'm not supposed to be here really . . . I don't know Ken at all . . . I just walked in.

Belinda

I know that.

Arthur

You saw me?

Belinda

Yes . . . I arrived just before you did . . . I don't know anyone here.

Arthur

Really? You don't know Ken?

Belinda

Who's Ken?

Arthur

Ken, the bridegroom . . . Ken and Diane . . .

Belinda

I made it all up.

Arthur

Really?

Belinda

Yes . . . I do it all the time.

Arthur

What . . . gate-crash other peoples parties?

Belinda

Yes . . . I go to more parties than anyone in Swindon.

Arthur

Why do you do that?

Belinda

Fun . . . company . . . I'm married but my husband's away a lot . . . his work takes him away.

Arthur

Really?

Belinda

Yes . . . he's a waste disposal expert, a dustman really . . . he has to operate some kind of special machine, so he travels all over the country . . . at least, that's what he tells me . . . and where's your wife then, you said you was married.

Arthur

I was married, I mean I am married . . . I was married this morning.

Belinda

What do you mean, you was married this morning?

Arthur

I mean I was married this morning . . . at St Chrisp's Church . . . in Newport.

Belinda

Where's your wife then?

Arthur

She's asleep . . . she passed out . . . drunk . . . at the hotel.

Belinda

Fuck! . . . that's not good . . . it's your wedding night.

Arthur

Yes.

Belinda

What's your name then?

Arthur

Arthur . . . Arthur McCann . . . what's yours.

Belinda

Belinda . . . *(pause)* . . . would you like to come home with me, Arthur McCann?

Arthur

Yes . . . yes I would.

Belinda

Come on then . . .

Belinda takes **Arthur's** hand and guides him towards the door. Beside the door, a **girl** has her skirt hitched up as a **boy** makes love to her against the wall.

Belinda

(loudly, waving to the girl)

See you at the clinic, then

CUT TO

135. EXT. - STREETSCAPE - PET SHOP, SWINDON

Night. Belinda holds Arthur's hand guiding him along the deserted street. They approach a PET SHOP which has a wooden staircase at the side leading to a second floor flat.

Belinda

(climbing the stairs, finger to her lips)

Sssshhh . . . careful not to wake the animals.

CUT TO

136. INT. - HALLWAY, BELINDA'S FLAT

Night. Inside the door, six brand new dustbins line the corridor leading to the living room and then bedroom. The living room has stacks of books placed haphazardly around.

Belinda

My husband brings his work home. Would you like a drink? We've only got elderberry wine, my father sends it . . .

CUT TO

137. INT. - BEDROOM, BELINDA'S FLAT

Belinda and **Arthur** enter the bedroom carrying their wine and sit on the bed.

Arthur

You're not from around here are you?

Belinda

No. Bert and I are from the West Country, Cornwall. We came here looking for jobs, and all we found is garbage.

Arthur

I've never met anyone like you.

Belinda

(sliding down onto her knees in front of Arthur)

I'll do for tonight, won't I? . . . After all, it is your wedding night . . . I'll try to make it like the real thing.

Arthur

I'm sure it will be like the real thing

Belinda *kneels on the floor in front of Arthur as his face reflects intense pleasure*

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

By the tender age of twenty two, perversion had hardly entered my young life, except, of course, for my experiences with Mr Gander, who I had finally murdered. Before Mr Gander, my only memory of anything perverted or exotic was a childhood dream in which I saw myself pushing my protesting mother up the chimney of the fireplace in our living room in Newport. Like most young men, my subsequent pursuit of conventional sex left neither time nor opportunity to consider anything more complicated. I had experienced quantity, not variety . . . with Belinda, this was about to change.

DISSOLVE TO

Belinda *stands in front of Arthur with her back to him, lifting her long her up to expose a row of buttons down the back of the gypsy dress. Arthur starts undoing the buttons from the top, exposing her bare back one button at a time. Finally Belinda steps out of the dress, revealing a studded leather halter which leaves her breasts exposed, black stockings and high heeled shoes. She turns to face Arthur, clipping her hair back into a high ponytail.*

Belinda

Take your clothes off, Arthur!

DISSOLVE TO

Belinda *is tied to the four corners of the bed with leather shackles.*

Belinda

You want to do all sorts of dirty things to me,
don't you Arthur?

Arthur

(naked and somewhat embarrassed)

I suppose so.

Belinda

You're a filthy pervert!

Arthur

I'm not really

Belinda

Yes you are! . . . 'ave a look at some of them books,
they might give you some ideas . . .

Arthur

(browsing through one of the books)

I can't ride a donkey.

Belinda

Fuck off . . . do you want to turn me over, onto my
tummy?

Arthur

Whichever's more comfortable . . .

Belinda

No, Arthur . . . *less* comfortable . . . whichever is less comfortable . . . you can whip me if you like . . .

Arthur

Why would I want to do that?

Belinda

It's a game, Arthur . . . but it's a serious game . . . there's no point in playing if you're not going to be serious.

Arthur

Alright then.

Belinda

You dirty beast . . . there's a whip hanging in the wardrobe.

Arthur *opens the wardrobe to find an amazing array of S & M toys hanging up.*

Arthur

Jesus! . . . which whip would you like?

Belinda

No, Arthur . . . which whip would *you* like, you're in charge, remember . . . use the one with lots of tails . . . yes, that one . . . now pretend you're going to tear up my dress and stuff my mouth to stop me screaming . . .

Arthur
(Looking around)

Which dress?

Belinda

Oh no, not the dress I wore tonight! . . . Not the dress my father gave me for my fourteenth birthday!

Arthur
(picking up the dress)

This dress?

Belinda

Yes!

Arthur

You want me to tear it?

Belinda

Not really, you dill . . . just pretend . . .

Arthur

Okay . . . I'm tearing your clothes . . .

Belinda
(writhing on the bed)

Garments . . . you're tearing my garments . . .

Arthur

Right! . . . I'm tearing your garments . . . now
I'm ripping off your vest . . .

Belinda

What?

Arthur

Your vest . . . I'm ripping it off . . .

Belinda

Who wears a fucking vest?

Arthur

Well, it's cold . . . I thought, probably . . .

Belinda

Alright, never mind . . . there's panties in the
drawer over there, grab some of those and push
them in my mouth . . . then you can ravish me . . .

Arthur

(going to a chest of drawers)

Oh good

DISSOLVE TO

Arthur *lies on his back on the bed, Belinda snuggles up against him.*

Arthur

God, I'm so tired.

Belinda

You can't be tired . . . you've hardly touched me
. . . I know your sort, you're the kind of man who
likes to whip a young girl across the bottom!

Arthur

Really?

Belinda

(climbing off the bed and bending over a chair)

Yes . . . make me bend over this chair . . .

Arthur

Bend over the chair, bitch . . .

Belinda

That's more like it, you're getting the hang of it
now . . . don't whip me, Arthur . . .

Arthur

(standing up and taking the whip)

I will whip you . . . push your bottom back . . .

Belinda

(arching her back)

Oh no! . . . don't whip me hard . . .

Arthur brings the whip down with tremendous force. **Belinda** springs upright and screams loudly which sets off a cacophony of barking from the pet shop below.

Belinda

FUCK! . . . that really hurt, you stupid shit.

Arthur

What?

Belinda

. . . and you've woken up the animals . . .

Arthur

But you wanted me to whip you!

Belinda

I didn't realise you're some kind of sadist! . . .
anyway, you've spoilt it now.

CUT TO

138. INT. - HOTEL BEDROOM, RAILWAY HOTEL

Arthur slips quietly into bed beside **Pamela**, who snores happily.

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

Thus began the happiest years of my life . . .

CUT TO

139. EXT. - GREENGROCER'S SHOP, NEWPORT - 1951

Day. A basket on the end of a rope is lowered down from the first floor window to the shop below . . . the same basket, loaded with lush mushrooms, tomatoes and eggs is seen being raised.

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

The home Pamela and I shared was situated above a greengrocer's shop owned by one of her numerous relatives. Every morning we would lower a basket to be filled with fresh garden produce for our breakfast.

CUT TO

140. EXT. - GREENGROCER'S SHOP, NEWPORT

Day. Arthur wearing smart Merchant Navy Officer Cadet uniform is seen leaving the shop with a briefcase and walking up the street.

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

Every day I travelled to Cardiff Technical College, where I was doing my Navigation Course. Pamela had a job in Newport and she would meet me at the station . . .

DISSOLVE TO

Evening. Arthur (with his briefcase) and Pamela walk up the street arm-in-arm and return home to the grocery shop

. . . and we would walk home together, much in love, and in the evenings we would make love.

CUT TO

141. INT. - BEDROOM, NEWPORT

Night. Arthur and Belinda make love in a romantic environment.

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

I was careful not to let any any romantic distraction compromise my marriage, even though opportunities presented themselves at the technical college. Some Sundays we would walk along the cliff path and sit on the very same seat where we sat on our first meeting years before . . .

DISSOLVE TO

142. EXT. - CLIFF TOP PARK - 1950

Sunset. Arthur and Pamela sit on the romantic bench overlooking the sea (see SCENE 104).

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

143. EXT. - PUTTING GREEN

Day. Arthur and Pamela play mini-golf on a putting green, hitting their golf balls and walking along the course.

Pamela
(lining up a putt)

What's going to happen to us when you go back to sea?

Arthur

What do you mean?

Pamela

What will happen? . . . to us?

Arthur

(hitting his ball)

I don't know what you mean . . . nothing's going to happen to us.

Pamela

(lining up another putt)

But you'll be away . . . for months . . .

Arthur

That's my job, that's why I've been studying for four years . . . you knew that when we got married.

Pamela

Yes, but it's going to happen now . . . you're qualified, you'll be given a ship.

Arthur

I should bloody well hope so!

Pamela

(stopping and turning to face Arthur)

But we've never *talked* about it, have we?

Arthur

What's there to talk about?

A group of four elderly golfers gather at the hole behind Arthur and Pamela.

Elderly Golfer #1
(shouting)

Fore!

Arthur

Fuck off!

Elderly Golfer #2

Well really!

Pamela
(picking up the two golf balls and walking away)

Don't use language like that, please . . . you're not at sea now, you know.

Arthur
(walking after her)

For God's sake!

Arthur follows **Pamela** towards the exit and an elderly **manager** comes out of his office.

Manager

Oi!

Pamela
(handing her golf club and two balls to Arthur)

Give the man his balls back!

Both Pamela and Arthur laugh and he takes her in his arms.

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

144. INT. - BRIDGE, LARGE MERCHANT SHIP - 1962

Day. Arthur, now 10 years older and wearing the uniform of a Merchant Navy First Officer. stands beside the wheel on the bridge, a navigation table in the background.

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

Although I failed to realise it at the time, the concerns Pamela raised that day on the putting green turned out to be valid. Nothing was the same after I returned to sea . . . I travelled the four corners of the earth, being careful to avoid the small port of Port de Loupe where presumably my first wife, Monique, awaited my return.

CUT TO

145. EXT. - THE DECK, MERCHANT SHIP - NEW YORK 1962

Day. Panorama of the harbour as the ship enters New York.

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

It wasn't long before I was back in New York, where I decided to confront Rebecca Nissenbaum and apologise for my sudden departure . . .

CUT TO

146. INT. - PUBLIC TELEPHONE BOOTH, NEW YORK

Arthur, in his naval uniform, consults his diary ALL THE COLOURED LIGHTS OF THE WORLD and dials.

Arthur

Mrs Rosnagel? My name is Arthur McCann,
from Wales . . . we met briefly at Rebecca
Nissenbaum's house after the war . . . you
do? . . . yes, I'm trying to get in contact
with Rebecca

CUT TO

147. INT. - LUXURY DRAWING ROOM, ROSNAGEL HOUSE

Mrs Rosnagel (*see SCENE 95*) *sits on a luxury divan.* **Arthur** *sits opposite her in a lounge chair.*

Mrs Rosnagel

Thankyou for coming to see me, Arthur . . . I
wanted to tell you in person, it's not good news,
I'm afraid . . . Rebecca Nissenbaum is dead!

Arthur

Oh no! What happened?

Mrs Rosnagel

She took her own life . . .

Arthur

What?

Mrs Rosnagel

In a fit of depression . . . she jumped from the
Queensboro Bridge. . landed plumb on Welfare
Island.

Arthur

Because I murdered Errol Flynn and ran away?

Mrs Rosnagel

Errol Flynn? God no, it had nothing to do with that greedy little it dog . . . it was because her husband returned from the war.

Arthur

Really? But I thought she loved him?

Mrs Rosnagel

She did love him when he was 'missing, presumed killed in action' . . . but when he turned up in person she didn't love him so much . . . he was an asshole, treated her like dirt . . . so she did what I would have done if Benny Nissenbaum turned up as my husband . . . she jumped off the Queensboro Bridge.

CUT TO

148. EXT. - QUEENSBORO BRIDGE

Evening. Arthur, still wearing his naval uniform, stands at the parapet of the bridge with a large wreath. Looking down towards Welfare Island, he throws the wreath over. A policeman approaches, waving his baton.

Policeman

You're not thinking of jumping are you? . . .
It's illegal to jump.

Arthur

No, no . . . I'm just grieving for a friend, a friend who jumped some years ago.

Policeman

(after some consideration)

Your friend shouldn't have done that . . . it's illegal to jump.

CUT TO

149. INT. - TAXI CAB, NEW YORK - 1962

Arthur climbs into the front seat of the cab.

Arthur

Take me somewhere fun, somewhere where there's life . . .

CUT TO

150. EXT. - STREETSCAPE, NEW YORK - 1962

Evening. The taxi pulls up on a busy street outside the SPLIT LEGS GO-GO BAR. Arthur gets out, hesitates, then enters the bar.

CUT TO

151. INT. - SPLIT LEGS GO-GO BAR, NEW YORK

Early evening, the bar is almost empty with few customers. A single stripper dances half-heartedly in a cage suspended from the ceiling. Angie sits on a stool at the bar as Arthur enters and stands near her.

Arthur
(to the bartender)

Beer, please.

Arthur *surveys the scene for some time.*

Arthur
(to Angie)

It must be difficult, dancing in that cage . . like
some kind of animal.

Angie

Fuck yeah! . . . it sure ain't easy.

Arthur

Why did you say that?

Angie

Because it's damn hard, dancing in there.

Arthur

No, 'fuck yeah' . . . why did you say 'fuck yeah'?

Angie

You have a problem with that?

Arthur

I'm surprised. You seem a lovely girl, I'm surprised
you use language like that.

Angie
(laughing)

You're a sailor and you're worried about my language?

Arthur

Can I buy you a drink?

Angie

Sure, why not. Danny, another Jack Daniels please.

Arthur

I take it you work here?

Angie

Yep. Been working here two weeks . . . a girl's gotta live.

Arthur

Is the money good?

Angie

That's a subjective question. When you're broke, the money is excellent, but it's not what I want to do.

Arthur

And what would you like to do?

Angie

I'd like to go to art school, become a commercial artist . . . fat chance, huh?

Arthur

Why do you say that?

Angie

Why do you ask so many questions?

Arthur

You seem an interesting person. How old are you?

Angie

I'm twenty two. How old are you?

Arthur

I'm thirty two. My name is Arthur, Arthur McCann.

Angie

And I'm Angie. You're from England, Arthur.

Arthur

Yes . . . well, Wales technically.

Angie

You seem a nice person. You wanna watch me dance?

Arthur

Now?

Angie

No, later . . . my shift starts at ten.

Arthur

Okay, I'll come back . . . on second thoughts, I'd much rather meet you somewhere else.

Angie

You wanna fuck me, you mean?

Arthur

(wincing)

There's that word again! . . . no, just chat, like we are now.

Angie

Really? . . . why, I'd like that.

Arthur

Do you know the Barclay Hotel? There's a nice bar there.

Angie

I'll find it. What time?

Arthur

Two p.m. tomorrow . . . how would that suit?

CUT TO

152. INT. - LOUNGE BAR, BARCLAY HOTEL, NEW YORK

Day. Angie enters the bar wearing a smart suit and broad-brimmed hat, causing something of a sensation as patrons turn to look at her. She walks up to Arthur (who wears civilian clothes) and holds out her hand.

Angie

(shaking hands, taking off her hat and sitting down)

You look different out of uniform.

Arthur

Better? . . . or worse?

Angie

Different.

Arthur

And *you* look different . . . you look sensational.

Angie

Why, thank you!

Arthur

They call this the 'English Bar'.

Angie

Really? I've always wanted to go to England . . . they have those cute bars with the grass roofs.

Arthur

No, you're thinking of Honolulu.

Angie

No, definitely England. Grass roofs and funny little windows.

Arthur
(*laughing*)

Aaaaah . . the pubs, you mean . . . we call them thatched roofs.

Angie

Whatever. Maybe I could get a job in an English bar?

Arthur

We don't have go-go girls, I'm afraid.

Angie

I could work behind the bar. You're going back to England soon?

Arthur

The day after tomorrow. Thursday.

Angie

So soon? Then I'll never see you again!

Arthur

I don't see why not . . . I come to New York regularly.

Angie

(giving this statement some thought)

Okay. When will you be back in New York?

Arthur

One month.

Angie

I see . . . will you come to the club tonight? . . .
watch me dance?

Arthur

I'm sorry, Angie, I can't . . . I have to have dinner
with the shipping agent.

Angie

Oh! . . . that's a shame.

Arthur

I'm free tomorrow.

Angie

Are you married, Arthur?

Arthur

No I was married . . . she, er . . . she died.

Angie

(concerned, placing her hand on his arm)

Really? That's terrible . . .

Arthur

I don't like to talk about it . . . and you, do you have a boyfriend?

Angie

No-one special . . . I guess I set my sights high . . . I don't suppose you'd like to share a flat with me, here in New York . . . when you're here?

Arthur

I'd like that, Angie . . . I'd like that very much!

DISSOLVE TO

153. INT. - RUN DOWN APARTMENT, NEW YORK - 1962

Day. The small apartment shows signs of neglect, poor paintwork and ragged carpet. Angie and Arthur survey the view from the windows, overlooking other tenements.

Angie

Well?

Arthur

What do you think?

Angie

It sure is crummy . . . but it's affordable.

Arthur

Let's take it for one year.

Angie

Okay!

Arthur
(pulling her close)

There's a bed.

Angie

You randy beast . . . wives don't do that sort of thing in the middle of the day.

Arthur

Some wives do.

Angie

Not with their husbands they don't . . . and anyway, I'm not your wife yet.

Arthur

A mere formality.

Angie
(pulling away)

We need to sign the lease, Arthur, and then I have some stuff to move in . . . and we need to shop.

Arthur

I'm sailing tomorrow . . . let's go out.

Angie

You're leaving so soon?

Arthur

I told you . . . at least we'll have one night together before I have to go.

Angie

Right.

DISSOLVE TO

154. EXT. -STREETSCAPE, NEW YORK - 1962

Night. Angie and Arthur make their way home after dinner, arm in arm.

Arthur

So tonight will be like our honeymoon.

Angie

We'll be able to have a honeymoon every time you come back to New York.

CUT TO

155. EXT. - ENTRANCE TO THE APARTMENT

Night. Arriving home, Angie and Arthur find Sandra, an attractive young woman, sitting on their doorstep with a suitcase. Sandra is sobbing.

Sandra

(standing up and throwing her arms around Angie)

He's done it again, Angie! He hit me!

Angie

That asshole!

Sandra

I can't go back there, I just can't.

Angie

Open the door, Arthur . . . don't you worry, honey,
you're safe here . . .

CUT TO

156. INT. - RUN DOWN APARTMENT, NEW YORK

Night. Inside the apartment Sandra sits on one of the few available chairs, still sobbing.

Sandra

I don't know what to do . . . I can't go back
there.

Angie

You stay here with us tonight and then tomorrow
we'll sort things out with Leroy . . . you don't
mind, do you, Arthur?

Arthur

There's only one bed!

Angie

Sandra won't mind . . .

Arthur

It's my last night in New York!

Sandra

(standing up)

I better go, it's obviously not convenient . . .

Angie

Now you sit right back down, young lady . . .
Arthur!

Arthur

What?

Angie

This is my best friend . . . she's in trouble.

Arthur

But my ship sails tomorrow . . .

Angie

You're coming back aren't you?

DISSOLVE TO

157. INT. - BEDROOM, NEW YORK

Night. Angie lies in bed with her head on Arthur's chest. Sandra lies beside Angie.

Angie

Don't be cross, honey . . . you know I'll make it up to you when you get back.

Angie turns her back on Arthur and cuddles Sandra. Arthur puts his hands behind his head and stares at the ceiling.

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

158. EXT. - GREENGROCER'S SHOP, NEWPORT - 1962

Day. Arthur returns to the flat (see SCENE 139) wearing his naval uniform and carrying two large suitcases. The greengrocer is busy setting out vegetables in front of the shop.

Greengrocer

'Allo Arthur . . . welcome home.

CUT TO

159. INT. - KITCHEN, NEWPORT

Day. Pamela, now in her thirties, has put on a lot of weight and is now quite fat. She sits at the kitchen table with a cup of tea. Arthur sits in his shirt sleeves.

Pamela

So, how was your trip?

Arthur

Fine . . . uneventful.

Pamela

Nothing exciting happened then?

Arthur

Not really, no . . . and how've you been, how are things here?

Pamela

We need to talk, Arthur . . . we need to sort some things out.

Arthur

What do you mean?

Pamela

Not now, Arthur, not when you've just walked in the door.

Arthur

When then? You've got me worried now.

Pamela

Let's go for a walk tomorrow, we'll have a nice long chat.

Arthur

What do you want to talk about?

Pamela

Just the way things are . . . let's go to the putting green, we can knock some balls a bout and relax.

CUT TO

160. EXT. - PUTTING GREEN - KIOSK

Day. Arthur and Pamela stand at the kiosk of the putting green (see SCENE 143) where the elderly attendant is about to close.

Pamela

Two please.

Attendant

We're closed.

Pamela

No you're not, it's only half past three.

Attendant

We close at four. You won't be finished by four.

Arthur

Maybe we should just go for a walk instead.

Pamela

No! . . . it is half past three, you do not close until four o'clock, and I want to putt!

Attendant

(grumpily)

Ten bob.

CUT TO

161. EXT. - PUTTING GREEN

Day. Arthur and Pamela walk to the first tee, Pamela carrying two clubs and two balls. The attendant follows in the background. Pamela hits her ball hard up the first lane.

Pamela

That's the *fucking* trouble with you, Arthur . . .
you're a gutless wimp!

Arthur

What on earth are you talking about?

Pamela

(imitating Arthur's voice)

'Maybe we should just go for a walk instead.'

Arthur

(hitting his ball half-heartedly)

Well, the bloke wants to close up.

Pamela

The council pays him to work until four o'clock.
It's our taxes that pay his wages.

Arthur

Poor old bugger.

Pamela

(sinking her ball in the hole)

Poor old bugger, my arse . . . your trouble, Arthur,
is that you're boring . . . you're so . . . ordinary!

*In the background, the **attendant** can be seen lifting the flag from the first hole and putting a wooden bung in the hole.*

Arthur

(teeing up at the second hole)

How can you say that? . . . I'm the captain of a merchant ship, for God's sake . . . I've got my master's ticket!

Pamela

(hitting her ball hard)

And how boring is that? You never *do* anything exciting!

Arthur

Jesus! . . . if I'm that boring, why did you marry me?

Pamela

(shouting)

I didn't want to! . . . I sent a telegram to say 'no', you stupid prat, and you lost the fucking thing!

Attendant

(in the background)

Language! That's against the council bylaws, that is.

Pamela

Fuck off!

Arthur

You said 'no'?

Attendant

(walking back to the kiosk)

Right! . . . I'm calling the law.

Pamela

I said 'no' . . . and then when you got home all happy and started making the arrangements . . . well, I just went along with it.

Arthur

Oh no! . . . that can't be true!

Pamela

Then I read your stupid diary and realised I'd made a mistake.

Arthur

'All the Coloured Lights of the World'?

Pamela

Your pathetic fantasies, yeah.

Arthur

That's all they were, Pam . . . just fantasies.

Pamela

I *know* that, Arthur . . . that's just it . . . you're a gutless wimp . . . all those women in your diary . . . if they were *real*, if you were a real man . . . well, I'd respect you . . . you want to know who

fucks me when you're on your boring trips around the world? . . . anyone who wants to, that's who!

Arthur

Jesus, Pamela . . . why didn't you tell me?

Pamela

(crying, tears running down her cheeks)

I've had the pants off half the men in this town.

Arthur

Well, what if I *did* do those things in my book?
What if I have made love to all those women?

Pamela

(handing her golf club to Arthur)

It's too late to pretend you're a good fuck now . . .
I don't love you, Arthur . . . it's over.

Pamela *hands her golf club to Arthur and walks hurriedly away, leaving Arthur standing as the attendant and a policeman approach.*

Policeman

This man says you've been a bit of a naughty boy.

CUT TO

162. EXT. - HARBOUR PANORAMA - NEW YORK 1962

Day.

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

Although I had loved Pamela in my way, the end of the relationship came as a welcome release and I returned to New York full of optimism . . . where Pamela had been middle-aged and fat, Angie was young and slim . . . where Pamela thought me boring and conservative, Angie thought me exciting and adventurous . . . where Pamela represented my past, Angie represented all that I had been searching for over the years . . . love, affection and sensuality . . . or so I thought.

CUT TO**163. EXT. - ENTRANCE TO THE APARTMENT, NEW YORK**

Day. Arthur wearing his naval uniform knocks on the door, which is answered by a middle-aged man wearing a poorly fitted toupee.

Man

Hello, can I help you?

Arthur
(astonished)

Who are you?

ManWho are *you*?**Arthur**

I live here.

ManNo, no . . . I live here . . . say, are you the sailor?
I got a letter for you!

CUT TO

164. EXT. -STREETSCAPE, NEW YORK - 1962

Day. Arthur returns to the street (see SCENE 154) slowly and reads the letter. The street is busy with pedestrians and traffic, Arthur's face reflects his hurt and disappointment.

CUT TO

165. INT. - SPLIT LEGS GO-GO BAR, NEW YORK

Day. The bar is almost empty with few customers (see SCENE 151). A single stripper dances half-heartedly in the cage. Arthur sits at the bar talking to the bartender, George.

Arthur

But why, George? . . . there was no explanation.

George

Thing is, Alan . . . you did something to our Angie. The day you left for England, she was sitting where you're sitting now, and the tears were flowing down her cheeks.

Arthur

But I didn't do anything to her!

George

Oh yes you did! Thing about Angie was, she didn't sit down to pee . . .

Arthur

I don't follow you . . .

George

Angie was a man, mister

Arthur

Fuck off! We were going to get married!

George

Yep . . . cost me five hundred dollars . . . lot
of other fellas lost money too.

Arthur

What the *fuck* are you talking about?

George

There was this running bet, see, that he . . . that
she . . . couldn't spend the night with a man and
pass himself off as a girl. Then you came along
. . .

Arthur

Fuck! I *kissed* her . . . if Sandra hadn't turned up
I would have . . . oh God, not Sandra too?

George

(nodding his head slowly)

Yep . . . don't feel too bad about it . . . they're clever
these guys . . . mind you, it was funny . . . we had
customers falling of their chairs they was laughing
so much!

Arthur

Yes, thankyou . . . thankyou for that.

George

Well anyways, it started as a joke . . . then you came along and Angie fell for you . . . she really loved you . . . it wasn't a joke any more.

Arthur

I hope she suffered!

George

Oh, she suffered alright . . . you broke her heart.

Arthur

And what about my heart?

George

She was real sorry . . . she said that she had finally found someone decent and loving . . . those words aren't used often in a place like this, so I'll say then again . . . decent and loving . . . have another drink, Alan . . .

Arthur

(draining his glass and leaving)

No thanks, George . . . I've had enough to drink . . . and I've had enough of women . . . fuck them, no more women for me! . . . Goodbye, George.

George
(shaking his head)

You take care, Alan.

FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN

166. EXT. -STREETSCAPE, NEW YORK - 1962

Day. Arthur leaves the bar and walks along the street towards Times Square. He draws level with a very beautiful and smartly dressed young woman, Margaret, arguing with a taxi driver.

Margaret

. . . so what am I supposed to do? I told you to collect from my office . . . so you want to have me arrested? . . . wait a minute . . .

(Margaret approaches Arthur who tries to ignore her)

. . . excuse me, Sir . . . hello! . . . excuse me . . .
hi! I don't suppose you could lend me five bucks?
. . . I stupidly left my purse at home . . . please?

Arthur relents and takes out his wallet, handing Margaret a five dollar note.

Margaret

Thankyou . . . thankyou so much, don't go away!

Margaret pays the taxi driver and returns, looking in her handbag.

Thankyou so much, you're a knight in shining armour . . . look, you must look me up and let me return your loan.

Arthur

That's not necessary . . . it's nothing, forget it.

Margaret

(smiling beautifully and handing Arthur a business card)

I absolutely insist . . . here's my card, and you *must* give me a call . . . I owe you!

Arthur

(reading the card)

The No-Sex-Before-Jesus-Comes-Again Society?

Margaret

Yes . . . the office is in Brooklyn, but if you call me I can come and meet you somewhere . . .

Arthur

(turning and walking away)

Goodbye, Margaret . . .

Margaret

You'll call me?

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

167. EXT. - THE DECK OF A SHIP, LONDON DOCKS – 1980

Panorama of the River Thames on a bleak winter's evening (see SCENE 4). Arthur, now aged fifty, leans over the rusty railing draws on his pipe.

(Old) Arthur as Narrator (V/0)

All I really wanted, all I was searching for, was a decent and loving relationship . . . sometimes I could hear them all laughing at me . . . Rose Kirby who wanted my young body . . . Rebecca Nissenbaum who wanted a memorial to her husband Benny . . . Monique who wanted a husband . . . Pamela who wanted someone exciting and adventurous . . . Belinda who wanted - well, I'm not sure what Belinda wanted . . . all pissing themselves laughing, calling out and whistling . . . all my women . . . and in the background there's Mr Gander who I murdered and my bastard father, my bastard father laughing loudest and longest . . . so much for love . . .

I finished the book, All The Coloured Lights of the World by Arthur McCann . . . maybe I'll change the title . . . maybe it could be a movie . . .

_____ THE END _____

**FADE TO BLACK
CREDITS ROLL**